

Joyce Lexicography
Volume
Seventy-Two



Vol. 72



A Lexicon of *Finnegans Wake*:
Boldereff's Glosses
Linearized.

Edited by
C. George Sandulescu

Redacted by
Lidia Vianu

București 2014

CONTEMPORARY
LITERATURE PRESS

<http://editura.mttlc.ro>

**FW Episode
Fourteen**

Joyce Lexicography. Volumes 58-76.

A Lexicon of *Finnegans Wake*: Boldereff's Glosses Linearized.

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The Irish Trojan Horse

At the beginning of the year 2014, *Contemporary Literature Press* continues the James Joyce Lexicography Series started in November 2011. The present 19 volumes contextualize and linearize the second part of Frances Boldereff's *Reading Finnegans Wake*, initially published as far back as 1959. Our series focuses on Boldereff's own obsessions as to what the reader might recognize time and again in Joyce's last text: HCE, Dear Dirty Dublin, Jonathan Swift and his Stella, Chapelizod, 1132, Finn MacCool...

De ce a scris James Joyce *Finnegans Wake*?

La început de an 2014, *Contemporary Literature Press* își continuă seria lexicografică James Joyce deschisă în noiembrie 2011. Publicăm acum 19 volume care contextualizează și linearizează partea a doua a cărții *Reading Finnegans Wake*, publicată de Frances Boldereff încă din anul 1959. Ne concentrăm asupra numelor de persoane, locuri și incidente pe care autoarea le identifică repetat în ultimul text scris de Joyce: HCE, Dear Dirty Dublin, Jonathan Swift și Stella, Chapelizod, 1132, Finn MacCool... Boldereff anunță din prefață că nu caută decât "cuvintele legate de

Boldereff explained that she was interested in “words of Irish reference only”, words which could “establish the Irish identity”. She made a point of never referring to “Joyce’s meaning”. As she herself put it, “Joyce has not written a history, nor a study-book of any kind; he is conveying his wonderful excitement over his country.”

According to Frances Boldereff, then, James Joyce evokes Ireland emotionally: she chose Irishness as a possible key to *Finnegans Wake*.

Her choice of Ireland could hardly go wrong.

Her explanation of this choice, however, does not sound quite right.

Finnegans Wake research began a few years after Joyce’s death. CLP has made most of it available to its readers:

In 1944, Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson published *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. The year 1959 brought no less than four books at once: Boldereff, James Atherton with a *Study of Literary Allusions*, Matthew Hodgart and Mabel Worthington with *Song*, and Richard Ellmann with James Joyce’s life. In 1962 and 1963, Clive Hart published both *Structure and Motif* and *A Concordance to Finnegans Wake*. After the year 1965 there was an explosion of Lexicons: among others, Dounia Bunis Christiani came with *Scandinavian Elements* (1965),

Irlanda”, cuvintele care definesc o “identitate irlandeză”. Ea declară de la bun început că nu caută alte “înțelesuri” în Joyce, și încheie cu explicația următoare: “Joyce nu a scris o istorie ori un manual; el și-a comunicat afecțiunea reală pentru țara sa.”

Frances Boldereff consideră că *Finnegans Wake* este o evocare afectivă a Irlandei: ea se folosește, așadar, de spiritul irlandez pentru a pătrunde în textul lui Joyce.

Alegerea Irlandei este fără îndoială o idee bună.

Explicația acestei alegeri, însă, nu o duce pe autoare prea departe.

Studii critice despre ultima carte scrisă de Joyce au început să apară la doar câțiva ani după moartea lui. CLP a prelucrat pe rând pentru cititorii ei informații din volumele cele mai importante:

În 1944, Joseph Campbell și Henry Morton Robinson publică *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. Anul 1959 aduce 4 cărți simultan: Boldereff, James Atherton cu *Study of Literary Allusions*, Matthew Hodgart și Mabel Worthington cu *Song* și viața lui Joyce scrisă de Richard Ellmann. În 1962 și 1963, Clive Hart publică *Structure and Motif* și *A Concordance to Finnegans Wake*. După anul 1965 a urmat o explozie de Lexicoane: dintre lexicografi, Dounia Bunis Christiani publică *Scandinavian Elements* (1965), Helmut Bonheim termină *Lexicon of the German* (1967). Adaline Glasheen alcătuiește un *Census* al personajelor (1977). În 1978, Louis Mink publică *Gazetteer*.

while Helmut Bonheim published his *Lexicon of the German* (1967). Adaline Glasheen compiled a *Census* of the characters (1977). In 1978, Louis Mink published his *Gazetteer*.

Boldereff noticed one essential fact, which she never carried to an ultimate conclusion, though: the harder Joyce fought to become a citizen of Europe and a speaker of all languages, the more acutely his small Ireland stuck to every fibre of his mind. Ireland was the one, the inescapable Earworm of Joyce's intelligence: it haunted him in spite of himself, at all times.

We are now publishing Boldereff's Glosses because we feel they are pointing the reader in the right direction: Earworms *are* a possible Trojan horse.

1 January 2014
Bucharest—Monte Carlo

Boldereff a descoperit un lucru esențial, chiar dacă nu a mers cu concluziile suficient de departe: în ciuda dorinței aprinse a lui Joyce de a fi cetățean al lumii întregi și de a-i cunoaște toate limbile, Irlanda a rămas până la moarte spațiul lui definitiv. Irlanda a fost refrenul obsedant al vieții lui interioare și, implicit, al scrisului lui. Nu s-a eliberat de ea niciodată, indiferent în ce spațiu s-ar fi aflat, deși a părăsit-o de foarte tânăr.

Acesta este motivul pentru care publicăm în context prelucrarea linearizată a părții a doua din cartea lui Frances Boldereff: ea indică o direcție de cercetare importantă. Obsesiile unui scriitor spun multe despre opera lui. Speranța noastră este că, împreună cu celelate volume ale seriei, și această nouă carte îl va ajuta pe cititor să se întrebe cu folos, De ce a scris James Joyce *Finnegans Wake*?

C. George Sandulescu & Lidia Vianu

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**FW Episode
Fourteen**



Contemporary Literature Press
Editura pentru Studiul Limbii Engleze prin Literatură

Director:
LIDIA VIANU
Executive Advisor:
GEORGE SANDULESCU



The only online Literature Publishing House of the University of Bucharest

ISBN 978-606-8592-08-4

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Acknowledgments

Frances Boldereff: *Reading Finnegans Wake*, Classic Nonfiction Library, Woodward, Pennsylvania, 1959, Part 2, "Idioglossary He Invented", pp. 1-282.

N.B. This Lexicographic Series as a whole is primarily meant as **teaching material** for the larger half of Continental Europe, which, for practically three quarters of a century, was deprived of ready access to the experimental fiction and poetry of the world. All Western literary criticism was also banned. Hence, the imperative necessity of re-issuing a considerable amount of post-war discussions. **The Publisher.**

N.B. Not all placement errors have been specifically corrected everywhere, though we have done the maximum to set everything right.

GS & LV

Cover Design, Illustrations, and overall Layout by **Lidia Vianu**

Given the importance of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, all postgraduates in English, Romanian, French, and German work on this research project as part of their normal and regular academic assignments. **LV**

Academic Director C L P

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If you want to have all the information you need about *Finnegans Wake*, including the full text of *Finnegans Wake* line-numbered, go to the personal site **Sandulescu Online**, at the following internet address: <http://sandulescu.perso.monaco.mc/>

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Vol. 72

A Lexicon of Finnegans Wake:
Boldereff's Glosses Linearized.

**FW
Episode Fourteen**

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http://editura.mttlc.ro/boldereff-linearized.html | 310p | 7 January 2014 |

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<http://editura.mttlc.ro/boldereff-linearized.html>

You are kindly asked to address your comments, suggestions, and criticism to the Publisher: lidia.vianu@g.unibuc.ro

C. George Sandulescu

Joycean Coincidences.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the novel *Ulysses* happens in one single day: that day is the day when Joyce met his wife for the first time **good and proper**.

In consequence, the centre-point of Joyce's first book, which is *Portrait of the Artist*, is "The Dead", which is ultimately a summary of the life of *Dubliners*, the tiny collection of sketches bearing that name preceding it.



The conclusions are clear at this stage: if the most important thing in *Ulysses* is “a day in the life of a town”, that day was the day when Joyce met his wife good and proper—and that is a matter of common knowledge. This second most important piece of writing being “The Dead”, the most important narrative element in most non-science fiction narratives is the woman. And the name of the woman in “The Dead” is the name of Joyce’s wife—Nora.

However: it seems that nobody has ever noticed that *Finnegans Wake*, too, is exclusively based on something more than vital in Joyce’s wife’s life. To put it otherwise: *Finnegans Wake* was there, too, when Joyce met his wife for the first time! Just because nobody so far, after three quarters of a century of criticism passing in front of our eyes, nobody so far has noticed that the day the main character of “The Dead” met future European writer James Joyce, she was working for an establishment which was called “The Finn’s Hotel”!

Do you want another formidable coincidence? Here it is: in spite of his chronic, lifelong eye trouble, Joyce was aware of Marshall McLuhan’s belated so-called “discovery” of the relation between the word and the image. This is the following: as far back as 1909, when they had settled “for good” in Trieste, Joyce went back to Dublin to set up the first cinema there, and stayed for two and a half months away from his beloved wife.

The further strange coincidence is that, in the process of setting up a cinema in Dublin, he associated himself with a rich Italian businessman, whose business was that of setting up cinemas all over Europe. And it so happens, and here comes the coincidence, that the businessman who set up a cinema in Dublin on the incitation of Joyce, and with his help, had already been setting up a cinema in the remote city of Bucharest in Romania. And the last and nicest coincidence is the following: that very first cinema in Dublin, set up by James Joyce and his associate, was called the Volta. And the associate that he was working with had also called the very first cinema in Bucharest the Volta.

I hereby advance the idea, which cannot be confirmed by any Richard Ellmann biographer, that both the cinema in Bucharest and the cinema in Dublin had been a major subject of conversation in the drinking sessions Joyce had had with the Romanian sculptor Constantin Brancusi.

It is inevitable that it should be so.

P.S. We learn from Richard Ellmann's life of James Joyce (Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce*, Oxford University Press, 1982, pp. 300-311) that on 18 October 1909 James Joyce went to Dublin in order to set up a Volta Cinematograph there. He stayed in Dublin till 2 January 1910. Three Volta cinemas already existed: two in Trieste and one in Bucharest. The Romanian Volta was opened on Doamnei street in May 1909, and was the first cinema in town. Joyce had

secured the financial help of the four small businessmen who had already set up the other three Cinemas, and whom he sent telegrams to in Bucharest all through December 1909.

The Dublin Volta changed its name in 1921. Its importance to FW research lies in the fact that it led Joyce to see for the first time the small room Nora had inhabited while working at Finn's Hotel, when the two had met for the first time. Joyce installed there two of his associates, who soon left for Bucharest, which provides one more, quite unexpected, coincidental connection between Joyce and the capital of Brancusi's native Romania.

The Volta Cinematograph actually links once again the three elements discussed before: Nora, James Joyce, and Brancusi... Their literary meeting place is *Finnegans Wake*, where Frances Boldereff finds the word "volt(a)" on pages 40 and 285, and explains it thus:

"This is a fine Irish remembrance of an unpleasant experience when Joyce returned to Dublin to open the Volta Theatre where foreign movies were to be exhibited, and had so much trouble with electricians, one of whom walked out one half hour before the curtain on opening night!"

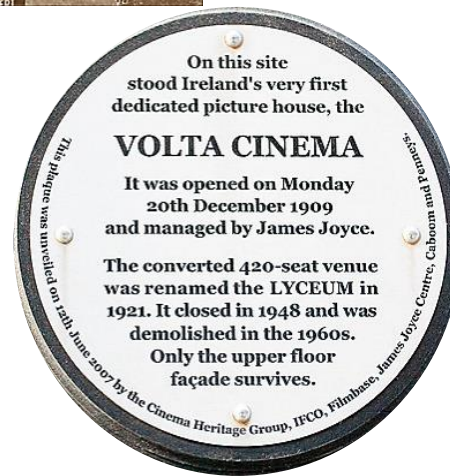
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040.05	moltapuke on voltapuke , resnored alcoh alcoho alcoherently to
285.18	volts yksitoista volts kymmenen volts yhdek-
	san volts kahdeksan volts seitseman volts kuusi
	volts viisi volts nelja volts kolme volts kaksi
	volts yksi!

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The Volta Theatre in Mary Street. Courtesy of Liam O'Leary, Film Archives



<http://editura.mttlc.ro>

București 2014

Frances Boldereff

A Word of Intent

Part Two of *Reading Finnegans Wake* is a glossary of those words and phrases pertaining to the life of Ireland to be found in Joyce's poem. It has been prepared by a minute examination into the archaeology, literature, history, genealogy, educational institutions, geography and individual lives of remembered persons (whether great or obscure) of the island.

It differs in several important ways from the usual glossary – it does not attempt to cover the full meaning of the reference; it is obvious that each word or phrase might in itself be a volume; it does not give even the most common or the most central or the widest definition – it often illustrates by an obscure anecdote a person or event about which thousands of words are available; it seeks to do only one thing, to **establish the Irish identity** of the word or phrase and for this purpose a brief, unimportant scrap of information serves as well as a polished dictionary-type definition and it has the further virtue of allowing into the matter some glimpse of the passion which lies behind and is the life of Ireland. Where the material has been taken from very early sources, the dryness and sparse reality of the ancient phrasing have been retained, so as to convey the feel of the antiquity of Ireland.

[...]

...should the reader desire to advance in the technique of reading Joyce, he has only to read several entries in the glossary, pursue in the pages there noted the phrase about which the entry has been made, follow the matter up for himself by investigating an appropriate sourcebook similar to those mentioned in the entries and then return to the text to read into it the full import of Joyce's meaning.

[...]

... limiting the glossary to **words of Irish reference only**

[...].

There is no reference to Joyce's meaning.

The attempt has been made to give the meaning as it would exist for an Irishman, past or present.

[...]

The definitions are more precisely characterizations; they may be rounded and general, but are more likely to be partial – resembling the vocabulary of a private person in which a name may conjure up a life-time of association or may call to mind some momentary flash of acquaintance which the person bearing the name would not be likely to remember. I preferred this method because Joyce has not written a history, nor a study-book of any kind; he is conveying his wonderful excitement over his country – and the dry lean fact alternating with vivid detail it is hoped will convey some small measure of his excitement. I am not without hope that some few readers will just read the glossary through.

[Frances Boldereff, *Reading Finnegans Wake*, 1959, Part 2, pp i-viii.]

Boldereff's Glosses Linearized



14. Episode Fourteen (45 pages, from 429 to 473)

FW Address	FW Text	Boldereff Glosses	FW429	Line
			Jaunty Jaun, as I was shortly before that made aware, next	1
			halted to fetch a breath, the first cothurminous leg of his night-	2
			stride being pulled through, and to loosen (let God's son now be	3
			looking down on the poor preambler!) both of his bruised	4
			brogues that were plainly made a good bit before his hosen were,	5
			at the weir by Lazar's Walk (for far and wide, as large as he was	6
			lively, was he noted for his humane treatment of any kind of	7
			abused footgear), a matter of maybe nine score or so barrelhours	8
			distance off as truly he merited to do. He was there, you could	9
			planemetrically see, when I took a closer look at him, that was to	10
			say, (gracious helpings, at this rate of growing our cotted child of	11
			yestereve will soon fill space and burst in systems, so speeds the	12
			instant!) amply altered for the brighter, though still the graven	13
			image of his squarer self as he was used to be, perspiring but	14

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			happy notwithstanding his foot was still asleep on him, the way	15
			he thought, by the holy januarious, he had a bullock's hoof in his	16
			buskin, with his halluxes so splendid, through Ireland untran-	17
			scended, bigmouthed poesther, propped up, restant, against a	18
			butterblond warden of the peace, one comestabulish Sigurdsen,	19
			(and where a better than such exsearfaceman to rest from roving	20
429.21	buried upright like the Osbornes	It was the custom of early pagan kings of Ireland to be buried standing upright, in full armor, ready to meet their foes, as in real life.	the laddyown he bootblackened?) who, buried upright like the	21
			Osbornes , kozydozy, had tumbled slumbersomely on sleep at	22
			night duty behind the curing station, equilebriated amid the	23
			embracings of a monopolized bottle.	24
			FW430	
			Now, there were as many as twentynine hedge daughters out	1
			of Benent Saint Berched's national night-school (for they seemed	2
			to remember how it was still a once-upon-a-four year) learning	3
			their antemeridian lesson of life, under its tree, against its warn-	4
			ing, beseated, as they were, upon the brinkspandy, attracted to	5
			the rarerust sight of the first human yellowstone landmark (the	6

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FW Episode Fourteen.

18

			bear, the boer, the king of all boors, sir Humphrey his knave	7
			we met on the moors!) while they paddled away, keeping time	8
			magnetically with their eight and fifty pedalettes, playing foolu-	9
			fool jouay allo misto posto, O so jaonickally, all barely in their	10
			typtap teens, describing a charming dactylogram of nocturnes	11
			though repelled by the snores of the log who looked stuck to	12
			the sod as ever and oft, when liquefied, (vil!) he murmoaned	13
			abasourdy in his Dutchener's native, visibly unmoved, over his	14
			treasure trove for the crown: <i>Dotter dead bedstead mean diggy</i>	15
			Jaun (after he had in the first place doffed a hat with a rein-	17
			forced crown and bowed to all the others in that chorus of praise	18
			of goodwill girls on their best beehivour who all they were girls	19
			all rushing sowarmly for the post as buzzy as sie could bie to read	20
			his kisshands, kittering all about, rushing and making a tremen-	21
			dous girlsfuss over him pellmale, their <i>jeune premier</i> and his rosy-	22
			posy smile, mussing his frizzy hair and the golliwog curls of him,	23
			all, but that one; Finfria's fairest, done in loveletters like a trayful	24
			of cloudberry tartlets (ain't they fine, mighty, mighty fine and	25
			honoured?) and smilingly smelling, pair and pair about, broad	26
			by bread and slender to slimmer, the nice perfumios that came	27
			cunvy peeling off him (nice!) which was angelic simply, savouring	28
			of wild thyme and parsley jumbled with breadcrumbs (O nice!)	29
			and feeling his full fat pouch for him so tactily and jingaling	30

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19

			his jellybags for, though he looked a young chapplie of sixtine,	31
			they could frole by his manhood that he was just the killingest	32
			ladykiller all by kindness, now you, Jaun, asking kindlily (hillo,	33
			missies!) after their howareyous at all with those of their dolly-	34
			begs (and where's Agatha's lamb? and how are Bernadetta's	35
			columbillas? and Juliennaw's tubberbunnies? and Eulalina's	36
			FW431	
			tuggerfunnies?) he next went on (finefeelingfit!) to drop a few	1
			stray remarks anent their personal appearances and the contrary	2
			tastes displayed in their tight kittycasques and their smart fricky-	3
			frockies, asking coy one after sloy one had she read Irish legginds	4
			and gently reproving one that the ham of her hom could be	5
			seen below her hem and whispering another aside, as lavariant,	6
			that the hook of her hum was open a bittock at her back to have	7
			a sideeye to that, hom, (and all of course just to fill up a form	8
			out of pure human kindness and in a sprite of fun) for Jaun, by	9
			the way, was by the way of becoming (I think, I hope he was)	10
			the most purely human being that ever was called man, loving all	11
			up and down the whole creation from Sampson's tyke to Jones's	12
			sprat and from the King of all Wrenns down to infuseries) Jaun,	13
			after those few prelimbs made out through his eroscope the	14

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20

			apparition of his fond sister Izzy for he knowed his love by her	15
			waves of splabashing and she showed him proof by her way of	16
			blabushing nor could he forget her so tarnelly easy as all that	17
			since he was brotherbesides her benedict godfather and heaven	18
			knows he thought the world and his life of her sweet heart could	19
			buy, (brao!) poor, good, true, Jaun!	20
			— Sister dearest, Jaun delivered himself with express cordia-	21
			lity, marked by clearance of diction and general delivery, as he	22
			began to take leave of his scolastica at once so as to gain time	23
			with deep affection, we honestly believe you sorely will miss us	24
			the moment we exit yet we feel as a martyr to the dischurch of	25
			all duty that it is about time, by Great Harry, we would shove	26
			off to stray on our long last journey and not be the load on ye.	27
			This is the gross proceeds of your teachings in which we were	28
			raised, you, sis, that used to write to us the exceeding nice letters	29
			for presentation and would be telling us anun (full well do we	30
			wont to recall to mind) thy oldworld tales of homespinning and	31
			derringdo and dieobscure and daddyho, these tales which reliter-	32
			ately whisked off our heart so narrated by thou, gesweest, to	33
			perfection, our pet pupil of the whole rhythmetic class and the	34
			mainsay of our erigenal house, the time we younkens twain were	35
			fairly tossing ourselves (O Phoebus! O Pollux!) in bed, having	36

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FW Episode Fourteen.

21

			FW432	
			been laid up with Castor's oil on the Parrish's syrup (the night	1
			we will remember) for to share our hard suite of affections with	2
			thee.	3
			I rise, O fair assemblage! Andcommencio. Now then, after	4
			this introit of exordium, my galaxy girls, <i>quiproquo</i> of directions	5
			to henservants I was asking his advice on the strict T.T. from	6
			Father Mike, P.P., my orational dominican and confessor doctor,	7
			C.C.D.D. (buy the birds, he was saying as he yerked me under	8
			the ribs sermon in an offrand way and confidence between peas	9
			like ourselves in soandso many nuncupiscent words about how he	10
			had been confarreating teat-a-teat with two viragos intactas about	11
			what an awful life he led, poorish priced, uttering mass for a	12
			coppall of geldings and what a lawful day it was, there and then,	13
			for a consummation with an effusion and how, by all the manny	14
			larries ate pignatties, how, hell in tunnels, he'd marry me any	15
			old buckling time as flying quick as he'd look at me) and I am	16
			giving youth now again in words of style byaway of offertory	17
			hisand mikeadvice, an it place the person, as ere he retook him	18
			to his cure, those verbs he said to me. From above. The most	19

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FW Episode Fourteen.

22

432.20	Dubloonik	<p>The birthplace of Joyce and seat of the rulers of Ireland since the fall of Tara, 566.</p> <p>In an old book it recalls that the point of the river over which the bridge of the hurdles was thrown was at this time called Dubhlinn, which literally is the Black Pool called after a lady named Dubh, who had formerly drowned at this spot. From this time forward it took the name of Dubhlinn Atha Cliath, or the Black Pool of the Ford of Hurdles, and this ford extended from a point at the Dublin side of the river, where the Dothor falls into the Liffey at Rings-End, to the opposite side where the Poll-beg Lighthouse now stands. The Danish and English name Dublin is a mere modification</p>	<p>eminent bishop titular of Dubloonik to all his purtybusses in</p>	20
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23

		of Dubhlinn, or Black Pool, but the native Irish have always called and still do call the city of Dublin, Ath Cliath, or Baile Atha Cliath, that is, the Ford of Hurdles or the Town of the Ford of Hurdles.		
			Dellabelliney. Comeallyedimseldamsels, saddle down and lissle	21
			all! Follow me close! Keep me in view! Understeady me saries!	22
			Which is to all practising massoeurses from a preaching freer and	23
			be a gentleman without a duster before a parlourmade with-	24
			out a spitch. Now. During our brief apsence from this furtive	25
			feugtig season adhere to as many as probable of the ten com-	26
			mandments touching purgations and indulgences and in the long	27
			run they will prove for your better guidance along your path of	28
			right of way. Where the lisieuse are we and what's the first sing	29
			to be sung? Is it rubrics, mandarimus, pasqualines, or verdidads	30
			is in it, or the bruiselivid indecores of estreme voyoulence and,	31
			for the lover of lithurgy, bekant or besant, where's the fate's to	32
			be wished for? Several sindays after whatsintime. I'll sack that sick	33
			server the minute I bless him. That's the mokst I can do for his	34
			grapce. Economy of movement, axe why said. I've a hopesome's	35
			choice if I chouse of all the sinkts in the colander. From the com-	36

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FW Episode Fourteen.

24

			FW433	
			mon for ignitious Purpalume to the proper of Francisco Ultramare,	1
			last of scorchers, third of snows, in terrorgammons howdydos.	2
			Here she's, is a bell, that's wares in heaven, virginwhite, Undetri-	3
			gesima, vikissy manonna. Doremon's! The same or similar to be	4
			kindly observed within the affianced dietcess of Gay O'Toole	5
			and Gloamy Gwenn du Lake (Danish spoken!) from Manducare	6
			Monday up till farrier's siesta in china dominos. Words taken in	7
			triumph, my sweet assistance, from the sufferant pen of our joco-	8
			sus inkerman militant of the reed behind the ear.	9
			Never miss your lostsomewhere mass for the couple in Myles	10
			you butrose to brideworship. Never hate mere pork which is bad	11
433.12	hog of the howth	The Hill of Howth near Dublin	for your knife of a good friday. Never let a hog of the howth	12
			trample underfoot your linen of Killiney. Never play lady's game	13
			for the Lord's stake. Never lose your heart away till you win his	14
			diamond back. Make a strong point of never kicking up your	15
			rumpus over the scroll end of sofas in the Dar Bey Coll Cafeteria	16
			by tootling risky <i>apropos</i> songs at commercial travellers' smokers	17
			for their Columbian nights entertainments the like of <i>White limbs</i>	18

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FW Episode Fourteen.

25

433.19	<i>teasing</i>	<p>The princess Tea, the daughter of Lughaidh, the son of Ith, and the wife of Heremon who was son of Milesius, thus one of the most illustrious female rulers of ancient Erin. She gave orders for the erecting of a royal palace for herself in Teamhair, the royal seat at Tara.</p> <p>The ancient seanachies contain many legends of Tea, showing that in ancient Ireland women were held in high reverence.</p>	<i>they never stop teasing or Minxy was a Manxmaid when Murry</i>	19
433.20	His Esaus and Cos	HCE reference	<i>wor a Man. And, by the bun, is it you goes bisbuiting His Esaus</i>	20
			and Cos and then throws them bag in the box? Why the tin's	21
			nearly empty. First thou shalt not smile. Twice thou shalt not	22
			love. Lust, thou shalt not commix idolatry. Hip confiners help	23
			compunction. Never park your brief stays in the men's con-	24
			venience. Never clean your buttoncups with your dirty pair of	25
			sassers. Never ask his first person where's your quickest cut to	26

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26

			our last place. Never let the promising hand use make free of	27
			your oncemaid sacral. The soft side of the axe! A coil of cord, a	28
			colleen coy, a blush on a bush turned first man's laughter into	29
			wailful moither. O foolish cuppled! Ah, dice's error! Never dip	30
			in the ern while you've browsers on your suite. Never slip the	31
			silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man,	32
			collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you	33
			truss be circumspectious and look before you leak, dears. Never	34
			christen medlard apples till a swithin is in sight. Wet your thistle	35
			where a weed is and you'll rue it, despyneedis. Especially beware	36
			FW434	
			please of being at a party to any demoralizing home life. That	1
			saps a chap. Keep cool faith in the firm, have warm hoep in the	2
			house and begin frem athome to be chary of charity. Where it	3
			is nobler in the main to supper than the boys and errors of out-	4
			rager's virtue. Give back those stolen kisses; restaure those all-	5
			cotten glooves. Recollect the yella perals that all too often beset	6
			green gerils, Rhidarhoda and Daradora, once they gethobby-	7
			horsical, playing breeches parts for Bessy Sudlow in flesh-	8
			coloured pantos instead of earthing down in the coalhole trying	9
			to boil the big gun's dinner. Leg-before-Wicked lags-behind-	10

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FW Episode Fourteen.

27

		Wall where here Mr Whicker whacked a great fall. Femora-	11
		familla feeled it a candleliked but Hayes, Conyngham and Erobin-	12
		son sware it's an egg. Forglim mick aye! Stay, forestand and	13
		tillgive it! Remember the biter's bitters I shed the vigil I buried	14
		our Harlotte Quai from poor Mrs Mangain's of Britain Court on	15
		the feast of Marie Maudlin. Ah, who would wipe her weeper dry	16
		and lead her to the halter? Sold in her heyday, laid in the straw,	17
		bought for one puny petunia. Moral: if you can't point a lily get	18
		to henna out of here! Put your swell foot foremost on foulardy	19
		pneumonia shertwaists, irriconcible with true fiminin risirvi-	20
		tion and ribbons of lace, limenick's disgrace. Sure, what is it on the	21
		whole only holes tied together, the merest and transparent washing-	22
		tones to make Languid Lola's lingery longer? Scenta Clauthes	23
		stiffstuffs your hose and heartsies full of temptiness. Vanity flee	24
		and Verity fear! Diobell! Whalebones and buskbutts may hurt	25
		you (thwackaway thwuck!) but never lay bare your breast sec-	26
		ret (dickette's place!) to joy a Jonas in the Dolphin's Barncar	27
		with your meetual fan, Doveyed Covetfilles, come pulsing payn-	28
		attention spasms between the averthisment for Ulikah's wine and	29
		a pair of pulldoors of the old cupiosity shape. There you'll fix	30
		your eyes darkled on the autocart of the bringfast cable but here	31
		till youre martimorphysed please sit still face to face. For if the	32
		shorth of your skorth falls down to his knees pray how wrong	33

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28

			will he look till he rises? Not before Gravesend is commuted. But	34
			now reappears Autist Algy, the pulcherman and would-do per-	35
			former, <i>oleas</i> Mr Smuth, stated by the vice crusaders to be well	36
			FW435	
			known to all the dallytaunties in and near the ciudad of Buellas	1
			Arias, taking you to the playguehouse to see the <i>Smirching of</i>	2
			<i>Venus</i> and asking with whispered offers in a very low bearded	3
			voice, with a nice little tiny manner and in a very nice little tony	4
			way, won't you be an artist's moral and pose in your nudies as a	5
			local esthetic before voluble old masters, introducing you, left	6
			to right the party comprises, to hogarths like Bottisilly and	7
			Titteretto and Vergognese and Coraggio with their extrahand	8
			Mazzaccio, plus the usual bilker's dozen of dowdycameramen.	9
435.10	phyllisophie s of Bussup Bulkeley	Bishop Berkely (1685-1753) was born at a cottage near Dysert Castle, two miles from Thomastown. He went to school at the Grammar School in Kilkenny, where Swift, Congreve, Farquhar were also educated.	And the volses of lewd Buylan, for innocence! And the phylli-	10

		<p>He was made Bishop of Cloyne (in Irish, Cluain Uamha, the meadow of the cave) in 1734. This was an ancient bishoprie founded by St. Colman in the sixth century. In the cathedral at Cloyne is an alabaster effigy of Bishop Berkeley by Bruce Joy. He wrote a pamphlet, <i>The Querist</i>, which is often quoted as Irish Nationalist propaganda, directed against the wasteful economy of the Ascendancy.</p> <p>He is the most brilliant thinker and philosopher writing in the English language, the only true philosopher that language can claim, an idealist of a most original cast of mind, who promulgated the thesis "esse</p>		
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		<p>est percipi", the doctrine which denies the existence of matter. He also attacked Locke's position of the separation of primary and secondary qualities as pertaining to things, stating that it is only in the particular, the actual, in which anything can have being and that therefore, there could be no presence of a primary quality such as color, accompanying it, that the primary qualities do not exist separately, but only as they are manifested in existing objects which also always have some one or more of the secondary qualities at the same time.</p> <p>He graduated from Trinity, the College from which so many of Ireland's great men have graduated, and he</p>		
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FW Episode Fourteen.

31

		referred to himself always as an Irishman, especially in his private notebooks.		
			sophies of Bussup Bulkeley. O, the frecklessness of the giddies	11
435.12	nouveautays	<p>The princess Tea, the daughter of Lughaidh, the son of Ith, and the wife of Heremon who was son of Milesius, thus one of the most illustrious female rulers of ancient Erin. She gave orders for the erecting of a royal palace for herself in Teamhair, the royal seat at Tara.</p> <p>The ancient seanachies contain many legends of Tea, showing that in ancient Ireland women were held in high reverence.</p>	nouveautays! There's many's the icepolled globetopper is haunt-	12
			ed by the hottest spot under his equator like Ramrod, the meaty	13
			hunter, always jaeger for a thrust. The back beautiful, the un-	14
			draped divine! And Suzy's Moedl's with their Blue Danuboyes!	15
			All blah! Viper's vapid vilest! Put off the old man at the very	16

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32

			font and get right on with the nutty sparker round the back.	17
			Slip your oval out of touch and let the paravis be your goal.	18
			Up leather, Prunella, convert your try! Stick wicks in your ear-	19
			shells when you hear the prompter's voice. Look on a boa in	20
			his beauty and you'll never more wear your strawberry leaves.	21
			Rely on the relic. What bondman ever you bind on earth I'll be	22
			bound 'twas combined in hemel. Keep airly hores and the worm	23
			is yores. Dress the pussy for her nighty and follow her piggy-	24
			tails up their way to Winkyland. See little poupeep she's firsh	25
			ashleep. After having sat your poetries and you know what	26
			happens when chine throws over jupan. Go to doss with	27
			the poulterer, you understand, and shake up with the milch-	28
			mand. The Sully van vultures are on the prow. And the	29
			hailies fingringmaries. Tobaccos tabu and toboggan's a back	30
			seat. Secret satieties and ononymous letters make the great un-	31
			watched as bad as their betters. Don't on any account acquire	32
			a paunchon for that alltoocommon fagbutt habit of frequenting	33
			and chumming together with the braces of couples in Mr Tun-	34
			nelly's hallways (smash it) wriggling with lowcusses and cock-	35
			chafers and vamps and rodants, with the end to commit acts of	36
			FW436	

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FW Episode Fourteen.

33

			interstipital indecency as between twineties and tapegarters,	1
			fingerpats on fondlepets, under the couvrefeu act. It's the thin	2
			end; wedge your steps! Your high powered hefty hoyden thinks	3
			nothing of ramping through a whole suite of smokeless hus-	4
			bands. Three minutes I'm counting you. Woooooon. No triching	5
			now! Give me that when I tell you! <i>Ragazza ladra!</i> And is that	6
			any place to be smuggling his madam's apples up? Deceitful	7
			jade. Gee wedge! Begor, I like the way they're half cooked.	8
			Hold, flay, grill, fire that laney feeling for kosenkissing disgeni-	9
			cally within the proscribed limits like Population Peg on a hint or	10
			twim clandestinely does be doing to Temptation Tom, atkings	11
			questions in barely and snakking svarewords like a nursemagd.	12
			While there's men-a'war on the say there'll be loves-o'women	13
			on the do. Love through the usual channels, cisternbrothelly,	14
			when properly disinfected and taken neat in the generable way	15
			upon retiring to roost in the company of a husband-in-law or	16
			other respectable relative of an apposite sex, not love that leads	17
			by the nose as I foreshmellt but canalised love, you understand,	18
			does a felon good, suspiciously if he has a slugger's liver but I	19
			cannot belabour the point too ardently (and after the lessons of	20
			experience I speak from inspiration) that fetid spirits is the thief	21
			of prurities, so none of your twenty rod cherrywhisks, me	22
			daughter! At the Cat and Coney or the Spotted Dog. And at	23

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FW Episode Fourteen.

34

			2bis Lot's Road. When parties get tight for each other they lose	24
			all respect together. By the stench of her fizzle and the glib of her	25
436.26	Dublin	<p>The birthplace of Joyce and seat of the rulers of Ireland since the fall of Tara, 566.</p> <p>In an old book it recalls that the point of the river over which the bridge of the hurdles was thrown was at this time called Dubhlinn, which literally is the Black Pool called after a lady named Dubh, who had formerly drowned at this spot. From this time forward it took the name of Dubhlinn Atha Cliath, or the Black Pool of the Ford of Hurdles, and this ford extended from a point at the Dublin side of the river, where the Dothor falls into the Liffey at Rings-End, to the opposite side where the Poll-beg Lighthouse now stands. The</p>	gab know the drunken draggletail Dublin drab. You'll pay for	26

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35

		Danish and English name Dublin is a mere modification of Dubhlinn, or Black Pool, but the native Irish have always called and still do call the city of Dublin, Ath Cliath, or Baile Atha Cliath, that is, the Ford of Hurdles or the Town of the Ford of Hurdles.		
			each bally sorraday night every billing sumday morning. When	27
			the night is in May and the moon shines might. We won't meeth	28
			in Navan till you try to give the Kellsfrieclub the goby. Hill or	29
			hollow, Hull or Hague! And beware how you dare of wet cock-	30
			tails in Kildare or the same may see your wedding driving home	31
			from your wake. Makes of ashens when you flirt spoil the lad	32
			but spare his shirt! Lay your lilylike long his shoulder but buck	33
			back if he butts bolder and just hep your homely hop and heed	34
			no horning but if you've got some brainy notion to raise cancan	35
			and rouse commotion I'll be apt to flail that tail for you till it's	36
			FW437	
			borning. Let the love ladleliked at the eye girde your gastricks	1

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36

			in the gym. Nor must you omit to screw the lid firmly on that	2
			jazz jiggery and kick starts. Bumping races on the flat and point	3
			to point over obstacles. Ridewheeling that acclivisciously up	4
			windy Rutland Rise and insighting rebellious northers before the	5
437.06	Dunlob	<p>The birthplace of Joyce and seat of the rulers of Ireland since the fall of Tara, 566.</p> <p>In an old book it recalls that the point of the river over which the bridge of the hurdles was thrown was at this time called Dubhlinn, which literally is the Black Pool called after a lady named Dubh, who had formerly drowned at this spot. From this time forward it took the name of Dubhlinn Atha Cliath, or the Black Pool of the Ford of Hurdles, and this ford extended from a point at the Dublin side of the river, where the Dothor falls into the Liffey at Rings-End, to the opposite</p>	saunter of the city of Dunlob . Then breretonbiking on the free	6

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		side where the Poll-beg Lighthouse now stands. The Danish and English name Dublin is a mere modification of Dubhlinn, or Black Pool, but the native Irish have always called and still do call the city of Dublin, Ath Cliath, or Baile Atha Cliath, that is, the Ford of Hurdles or the Town of the Ford of Hurdles.		
437.06	dunlob	➔ Dublin		
			with your airs of go-be-dee and your heels upon the handlebars.	7
			Berrboel brazenness! No, before your corselage rib is decartilaged,	8
			that is to mean if you have visceral ptosis, my point is, making	9
			allowances for the fads of your weak abdominal wall and your	10
			liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as	11
			though you needed healthy physicking exorcise to flush your	12
			kidneys, you understand, and move that twelffinger bowel and	13
			threadworm inhabiting it, lassy, and perspire freely, lick your	14
			lector in the lobby and why out you go by the ostiary on to	15
			the dirt track and skip! Be a sportive. Deal with Nature the great	16
			greengrocer and pay regularly the monthlies. Your Punt's Per-	17

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			fume's only in the hatpinny shop beside the reek of the rawny.	18
			It's more important than air — I mean than eats — air (Oop, I	19
			never open momouth but I pack mefood in it) and promotes that	20
			natural emotion. Stamp out bad eggs. Why so many puddings	21
			prove disappointing, as Dietician says, in Creature Comforts	22
			Causeries, and why so much soup is so muck slop. If we	23
			could fatten on the elizabeetons we wouldn't have teeth like	24
437.25	hippopotami ans	<p>This is a reference to St. Augustine's embrace of the Manichean faith before he became a Roman Catholic and then Bishop of Hippo.</p> <p>The second and third references imply his conduct in relationships to Pelagius, great Irish heretic, who was condemned, after he had formally been exonerated by Pope Honorius, largely through the influence of St. Augustine and the Council of Hippo.</p>	the hippopotamians . However. Likewise if I were in your	25

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437.25	hippopotami ans	➔ Ecclectiastes of Hippo		
			envelope shirt I'd keep my weathereye well cocked open for	26
			your furnished lodgers paying for their feed on tally with	27
			company and piano tunes. Only stuprifying yourself! The too	28
			friendly friend sort, Mazourikawitch or some other sukinsin of	29
			a vitch, who he's kommen from olt Pannonia on this porpoise	30
			whom sue stooderin about the maul and femurl artickles and who	31
			mix himself so at home mid the musik and spans the ivory	32
			that lovely for this your Mistro Melosiosus MacShine MacShane	33
			may soon prove your undoing and bane through the succeeding	34
			years of rain should you, whilst Jaun is from home, get used to	35
			basking in his loverslowlap, inordinately clad, moustacheteasing,	36
			FW438	
			when closehended together behind locked doors, kissing steadily,	1
			(malbongusta, it's not the thing you know!) with the calfloving	2
			selfseeker, under the influence of woman, inching up to you, dis-	3
			arranging your modesties and fumbling with his forte paws in your	4
			bodice after your billy doos twy as a first go off (take care, would	5
			you stray and split on me!) and going on doing his idiot every	6
			time you gave him his chance to get thick and play pigglywiggly,	7

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			making much of you, bilgetalking like a ditherer, gougouzoug,	8
			about your glad neck and the round globe and the white milk and	9
			the red raspberries (O horrifier!) and prying down furthermore to	10
			chance his lucky arm with his pregnant questions up to our past	11
			lives. What has that caught to sing with him? The next fling	12
			you'll be squitting on the Tubber Nakel, pouring pitchers to the	13
			well for old Gloatsdane's glorification and the postequities of	14
			the Black Watch, peeping private from the Bush and Rangers.	15
			And our local busybody, talker-go-bragk. Worse again! Off of	16
			that praying fan on to them priars! It would be a whorable state	17
			of affairs altogether for the redcolumnists of presswritten epics,	18
			Peter Paragraph and Paulus Puff, (I'm keepsoaking them to cover	19
			my concerts) to get ahold of for their balloons and shoot you	20
			private by surprise, considering the marriage slump that's on this	21
			oil age and pulexes three shillings a pint and wives at six and	22
			seven when domestic calamities belame par and newlaid bellow	23
			mar for the twenty twotoosent time thwealthy took thousands	24
			in the slack march of civilisation were you, becoming guilty of	25
			unleckylike intoxication to have and to hold, to pig and to pay	26
			direct connection, <i>qua</i> intervener, with a prominent married member	27
			of the vicereeking squad and, in consequence of the thereinunder	28
			subpenas, be flummoxed to the second degree by becoming a	29
			detestificated companykeeper on the dammymonde of Luca-	30

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			lamplight. Anything but that, for the fear and love of gold! Once	31
			and for all, I'll have no college swankies (you see, I am well	32
			voiced in love's arsenal and all its overtures from collion boys	33
			to colleen bawns so I have every reason to know that rogues'	34
			gallery of nightbirds and bitchfanciers, lucky duffs and light	35
			lindsays, haughty hamiltons and gay gordons, dosed, doctored	36
			FW439	
			and otherwise, messing around skirts and what their fickling in-	1
			tentions look like, you make up your mind to that) trespassing	2
			on your danger zone in the dancer years. If ever I catch you at it,	3
			mind, it's you that will cocottch it! I'll tackle you to feel if you	4
			have a few devils in you. Holy gun, I'll give it to you, hot, high	5
			and heavy before you can say sedro! Or may the maledictions	6
			of Lousyfear fall like nettlerash on the white friar's father that	7
			converted from moonshine the fostermother of the first nancy-	8
			free that ran off after the trumpadour that mangled Moore's melo-	9
			dies and so upturned the tubshead of the stardaft journalwriter	10
			to inspire the prime finisher to fellhim the firtree out of which	11
			Cooper Funnymore planed the flat of the beerbarrel on which	12
			my grandydad's lustiest sat his seat of unwisdom with my tante's	13
			petted sister for the cause of his joy! Amene.	14

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			Poof! There's puff for ye, begor, and planxty of it, all abound	15
			me breadth! Glor galore and glory be! As broad as its lung and	16
			as long as a line! The valiantine vaux of Venerable Val Vous-	17
			dem. If my jaws must brass away like the due drops on my lay.	18
			And the topnoted delivery you'd expected be me invoice! Theo	19
			Dunnohoo's warning from Daddy O'Dowd. Whoo? What I'm	20
			wondering to myself whose for there's a strong tendency, to put	21
			it mildly, by making me the medium. I feel spirts of itchery out-	22
			ching out from all over me and only for the sludgehummer's	23
			force in my hand to hold them the darkens alone knows what'll	24
			who'll be saying of next. However. Now, before my upperotic	25
			rogister, something nice. Now? Dear Sister, in perfect leave again I	26
			say take a brokerly advice and keep it to yourself that we, Jaun, first	27
			of our name here now make all receptacles of, free of price. Easy,	28
			my dear, if they tingle you either say nothing or nod. No cheeka-	29
			cheek with chipperchapper, you and your last mashboy and the	
			padre in the pulpbox enumerating you his nostrums. Be vacillant	31
			over those vigilant who would leave you to belave black on white.	32
			Close in for psychical hijiniks as well but fight shy of mugpunter.	33
			I'd burn the books that grieve you and light an allassundrian bom-	34
			pyre that would suffragate Tome Plyfire or Zolfanerole. Perousse	35
			instate your <i>Weekly Standerd</i> , our verile organ that is ethelred by all	36

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			FW440	
			pressdom. Apply your five wits to the four verilatest. The Arsd-	1
			ken's <i>An Traitey on Miracula or Viewed to Death by a Priest</i>	2
			<i>Hunter</i> is still first in the field despite the castle bar, William	3
			Archer's a rompan good cathalogue and he'll give you a riser on	4
			the route to our nazional labronry. Skim over <i>Through Hell</i>	5
			<i>with the Papes</i> (mostly boys) by the divine comic Denti Alligator	6
			(exsponging your index) and find a quip in a quire arisus aream	7
			from bastardtitle to fatherjohnson. Swear aloud by pious fiction	8
			the like of <i>Lentil Lore</i> by Carnival Cullen or that <i>Percy Wynns</i>	9
			of our S. J. Finn's or <i>Pease in Plenty</i> by the Curer of Wars,	10
			licensed and censored by our most picturesque prelates, Their	11
			Graces of Linzen and Petitbois, bishops of Hibernites, <i>licet ut</i>	12
			<i>lebanus</i> , for expansion on the promises, the two best sells on the	13
			market this luckiest year, set up by Gill the father, put out by Gill	14
			the son and circulating disimally at Gillydehooly's Cost. Strike up	15
			a nodding acquaintance for our doctrine with the works of old	16
			Mrs Trot, senior, and Manoel Canter, junior, and Loper de Figas,	17
			nates maximum. I used to follow Mary Liddlelambe's flitsy tales,	18
			espically with the scentaminted sauce. Sifted science will do your	19
			arts good. <i>Egg Laid by Former Cock</i> and <i>With Flageolettes in Send</i>	20

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440.21	tea	<p>The princess Tea, the daughter of Lughaidh, the son of Ith, and the wife of Heremon who was son of Milesius, thus one of the most illustrious female rulers of ancient Erin. She gave orders for the erecting of a royal palace for herself in Teamhair, the royal seat at Tara.</p> <p>The ancient seanachies contain many legends of Tea, showing that in ancient Ireland women were held in high reverence.</p>	<i>Fanciesland</i> . Chiefly girls. Trip over sacramental tea into the long	21
			lives of our saints and saucerdots, with vignettes, cut short into	22
			instructual primers by those in authority for the bittermint of your	23
			soughts. Forfet not the palsied. Light a match for poor old	24
			Contrabally and send some balmoil for the schizmatiks. A hemd	25
			in need is aye a friendly deed. Remember, maid, thou dust art	26
			powder but Cinderella thou must return (what are you robbing	27
			her sleeve for, Ruby? And pull in your tongue, Polly!). Cog that	28
			out of your teen times, everyone. The lad who brooks no	29

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			breaches lifts the lass that toffs a tailor. How dare ye be laughing	30
			out of your mouthshine at the lack of that? Keep cool your fresh	31
			chastity which is far better far. Sooner than part with that vesta-	32
			lite emerald of the first importance, descended to me by far from	33
			our family, which you treasure up so closely where extremes	34
			meet, nay, mozzed lesmended, rather let the whole ekumene	35
			universe belong to merry Hal and do whatever his Mary well	36
			FW441	
			likes. When the gong goes for hornets-two-nest marriage step	1
			into your harness and strip off that nullity suit. Faminy, hold	2
			back! For the race is to the rashest of, the romping, jomping	3
			rushes of. Haul Seton's down, black, green and grey, and hoist	4
			Mikealy's whey and sawdust. What's overdressed if underclothed?	5
			Poposht forstake me knot where there's white lets ope. Whisht!	6
			Blesht she that walked with good Jook Humprey for he made	7
			her happytight. Go! You can down all the dripping you can	8
			dumple to, and buffkid scouse too ad libidinum, in these lassi-	9
			tudes if you've parents and things to look after. That was what	10
			stuck to the Comtesse Cantilene while she was sticking out Mavis	11
			Tofffeelips to feed her soprannated huspals, and it is henceforth	12
			associated with her names. La Dreeping! Die Droopink! The	13

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			inimitable in puresuet of the inevitable! There's nothing to touch	14
			it, we are taucht, unless she'd care for a mouthpull of white pud-	15
			ding for the wish is on her rose marine and the lunchlight in her	16
			eye, so when you pet the rollingpin write my name on the pie.	17
			Guard that gem, Sissy, rich and rare, ses he. In this cold old	18
			worold who'll feel it? Hum! The jewel you're all so cracked	19
			about there's flitty few of them gets it for there's nothing now	20
			but the sable stoles and a runabout to match it. Sing him a ring.	21
			Touch me low. And I'll lech ye so, my soandso. Show and show.	22
			Show on show. She. Shoe. Shone.	23
			Divulge, sjuddenly jouted out hardworking Jaun, kicking	24
			the console to his double and braying aloud like Brahaam's ass,	
			and, as his voixehumanar swelled to great, clenching his manlies,	26
			so highly strong was he, man, and gradually quite warming to	27
			her (there must have been a power of kinantics in that buel	28
			of gruel he gobed at bedgo) divorce into me and say the cur-	29
			name in undress (if you get into trouble with a party you are	30
			not likely to forget his appearance either) of any lapwhelp or	31
			sleevemongrel who talks to you upon the road where he tuck	32
441.33	goattanned saxopeeler	To break up the Union of the Catholics and the Dissenters, England did everything in her power. Tone was a powerful	you to be a roller, O, (the goattanned saxopeeler upshotdown	33

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		<p>adversary, but the Clares, Beresfords, Fosters, Duignans and others tried to keep Ireland "a heap of un'cementing sand". The Irish Parliament, a tool of the English, passed Acts which deprived Irishmen of the right of public meeting and police were permitted to search houses, without warrant. The 'Black and Tans' of this period destroyed newspaper plants and wrecked the business premises of men suspected of 'United' membership and those who worked for the union of all Ireland were treated as criminals, hung, and their property taken from their families. The Autobiography of Wolfe Tone gives an unforgettable picture of this struggle.</p>	
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		Again, after the Easter Rising, when Eamon De Valera had established a free Irish State, Lloyd George sent into Ireland a force of Britons, 1920-1921, as bloodthirsty as can be imagined, who waged a fierce war of vengeance on the Irish people, who called this British police forces 'The Black and Tans', obviously in memory of earlier like bands of men. The war they waged against the Irish is the most despicable ever to have occurred.		
441.33	goattanned saxopeeler	➔ black and tan		
			chigs peel of him!) and volunteers to trifle with your round-	34
			lings for proffered glass and dough, the marrying hand that	35
			his leisure repents of, without taking out his proper password	36
			FW442	

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			from the eligible ministriss for affairs with the black fremdling,	1
			that enemy of our country, in a cleanlooking light and I don't	2
			care a tongser's tammany hang who the mucky is nor twoo	3
			hoots in the corner nor three shouts on a hill (were he even	4
			a constantineal namesuch of my very own, Attaboy Knowling,	5
			and like enoch to my townmajor ancestors, the two that are	6
			taking out their divorces in the Spooksbury courts circuits,	7
			Rere Uncle Remus, the Baas of Eboracum and Old Father	8
			Ulissabon Knickerbocker, the lanky sire of Wolverhampton,	9
			about their bristelings), but as true as there's a soke for sakes in	10
			Twoways Peterborough and sure as home we come to newsky	11
			prospect from west the wave on schedule time (if I came any	12
			quicker I'll be right back before I left) from the land of breach	13
			of promise with Brendan's mantle whitening the Kerribrasilian	14
			carry fire and sword, rest insured that as we value the very name	16
			in sister that as soon as we do possibly it will be a poor lookout	17
			for that insister. He's a markt man from that hour. And why do	18
			we say that, you may query me? Quarry? Guess! Call'st thou?	19
			Think and think and think, I urge on you. Muffed! The wrong	20
			porridge. You are an ignoratis! Because then probably we'll	21
			dumb well soon show him what the Shaun way is like how we'll	22
			go a long way towards breaking his outsider's face for him for	23
			making up to you with his bringthee balm of Gaylad and his	24

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			singthee songs of Arupee, chancetrying my ward's head into	25
			sanctuary before feeling with his two dimensions for your nup	26
			tial dito. Ohibow, if I was Blonderboss I'd gooandfrighthisdual-	27
			man! Now, we'll tell you what we'll do to be sicker instead of	28
			compensation. We'll he'll burst our his mouth like Leary to the	29
			Leinsterface and reduce he'll we'll ournhisn liniments to a	30
			poolp. Open the door softly, somebody wants you, dear! You'll	31
			hear him calling you, bump, like a blizz, in the muezzin of the	32
			turkest night. Come on now, pillarbox! I'll stiffen your scribeall,	33
			broken reed! That'll be it, grand operoar style, even should I,	34
			with my sleuts of hogpew and cheekas, have to coomb the brash	35
442.36	Close Saint Patrice	Ireland also a wine he liked.	of the libs round Close Saint Patrice to lay my louseboob on his	36
			FW443	
			behaitch like solitar. We are all eyes. I have his quoram of	1
			images all on my retinue, Mohomadhawn Mike. Brassup! More-	2
			over after that, bad manners to me, if I don't think strongly about	3
			giving the brotherkeeper into custody to the first police bubby	4
			cunstableness of Dora's Diehards in the field I might chance to	5
			follopon. Or for that matter, for your information, if I get the	6
			wind up what do you bet in the buckets of my wrath I mightn't	7

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		even take it into my progromme, as sweet course, to do a rash act	8
		and pitch in and swing for your perfect stranger in the meadow	9
		of heppiness and then wipe the street up with the clonmellian,	10
		pending my bringing proceedings verses the joyboy before a	11
		bunch of magistrafes and twelve good and gleeful men? <i>Filius</i>	12
		<i>nullius per fas et nefas</i> . It should prove more or less of an event	13
		and show the widest federal in my cup. He'll have pansements	14
		then for his pensamientos, howling for peace. Pretty knocks, I	15
		promise him with plenty burkes for his shins. Dumnlimn wimn	16
		humn. In which case I'll not be complete in fighting lust until I	17
		contrive to half kill your Charley you're my darling for you and	18
		send him to Home Surgeon Hume, the algebrist, before his ap-	19
		pointed time, particularly should he turn out to be a man in brown	20
		about town, Rollo the Gunger, son of a wants a flurewaltzer to	21
		Arnolff's, picking up ideas, of well over or about fiftysix or so,	22
		pithecoïd proportions, with perhaps five foot eight, the usual	23
		X Y Z type, R.C. Toc H, nothing but claret, not in the studbook	24
		by a long stortch, with a toothbrush moustache and jawcrockerics,	25
		<i>alias</i> grinner through collar, and of course no beard, meat and	26
		colmans suit, with tar's baggy slacks, obviously too roomy for	27
		him and springside boots, washing tie, Father Mathew's bridge	28
		pin, sipping some Wheatley's at Rhoss's on a barstool, with some	29
		pubpal of the Olaf Stout kidney, always trying to poorchase mov-	30

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			ables by hebdomedaries for to putt in a new house to loot, cigarette	31
			in his holder, with a good job and pension in Buinness's, what	32
			about our trip to Normandy style conversation, with an oc-	33
			casional they say that filmacoulored featured at the Mothrapurl	34
			skrene about Michan and his lost angeleens is corkyshows do	35
			morvaloos, blueygreen eyes a bit scummy developing a series of	
			FW444	
			angry boils with certain references to the Deity, seeking relief	1
			angry boils with certain references to the Deity, seeking relief	2
			railwaybrain, stale cough and an occasional twinge of claudication,	3
			having his favourite fecundclass family of upwards of a decade,	4
			both harefoot and loadenbrogued, to boot and buy off, I mean.	5
			So let it be a knuckle or an elbow, I hereby admonish you!	6
			It may all be topping fun but it's tip and run and touch and flow	7
			for every whack when Marie stopes Phil fluther's game to go.	8
			Arms arome, side aside, face into the wall. To the tumble of the	9
			toss tot the trouble of the swaddled, O. And lest there be no	10
			misconception, Miss Forstowelsy, over who to fasten the plight-	11
			forlifer on (threehundred and thirty three to one on Rue the	12
			Day!) when the nice little smellar squalls in his crydle what the	13
			dirty old bigger'll be squealing through his coughin you better	14

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			keep in the gunbarrel straight around vokseburst as I recommence	15
			you to (you gypseyeyed baggage, do you hear what I'm praying?)	16
			or, Gash, without butthering my head to assortail whose stroke	17
			forced or which struck backly, I'll be all over you myselx hori-	18
			zontally, as the straphanger said, for knocking me with my name	19
			and yourself and your babybag down at such a greet sacrifice with	20
			a rap of the gavel to a third price cowhandler as cheap as the nig-	21
			gerd's dirt (for sale!) or I'll smack your fruitflavoured jujube lips	22
			well for you, so I will well for you, if you don't keep a civil tongue	23
			in your pigeonhouse. The pleasures of love lasts but a fleeting but	24
			the pledges of life outlusts a lieftime. I'll have it in for you. I'll	25
			teach you bed minners, tip for tap, to be playing your oddaugghter	26
			tangotricks with micky dazzlers if I find corsehairs on your	27
			river-frock and the squirmside of your burberry lupitally covered	28
			with chiffchaff and shavings. Up Rosemiry Lean and Potanasty	29
			Rod you wos, wos you? I overstand you, you understand. Ask-	30
			ing Annybettyelsas to carry your parcels and you dreaming of	31
			net glory. You'll ging naemaer wi'Wolf the Ganger. Cutting	
			chapel, were you? and had dates with slickers in particular	33
			hotels, had we? Lonely went to play your mother, isod? You was	34
			wiffriends? Hay, dot's a doll yarn! Mark mean then! I'll homesseek	35
			you, Luperca as sure as there's a palatine in Limerick and in	36

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			FW445	
			striped conference here's how. Nerbu de Bios! If you twos goes	1
			to walk upon the railway, Gard, and I'll goad to beat behind the	2
			bush! See to it! Snip! It's up to you. I'll be hatsnatching harrier	3
			to hiding huries hinder hedge. Snap! I'll tear up your limpshades	4
			and lock all your trotters in the closet, I will, and cut your silk-	5
			skin into garters. You'll give up your ask unbrodhel ways when	6
			I make you reely smart. So skelp your budd and kiss the hurt!	7
			I'll have plenary sadisfaction, plays the bishop, for your partial's	8
			indulgences if your my rodeo gell. Fair man and foul suggestion.	9
			There's a lot of lecit pleasure coming bangslanging your way,	10
			Miss Pinpernelly satin. For your own good, you understand, for	11
			the man who lifts his pud to a woman is saving the way for	12
			kindness. You'll rebmemer your mottob <i>Aveh Tiger Roma</i>	13
			mikely smarter the nickst time. For I'll just draw my prancer	14
			and give you one splitpuck in the crupper, you understand, that	15
			will bring the poppy blush of shame to your peony hindmost till	16
			you yelp papapardon and radden your rhodatantarums to the	17
			beat of calorrubordolor, I am, I do and I suffer, (do you hear me	18
			now, lickspoon, and stop looking at your bussycat bow in the	
			slate?) that you won't obliterate for the bulkier part of a running	20
			year, failing to give a good account of yourself, if you think I'm	21

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			so tan cupid as all that. Lights out now (bouf!), tight and sleep	22
			on it. And that's how I'll bottle your greedypuss beautibus for	23
			ye, me bullin heifer, for 'tis I that have the peer of arrams that	24
			carry a wallop. Between them.	25
			Unbeknownst to you would ire turn o'er see, a nuncio would	26
			I return here. How (from the sublime to the ridiculous) times	27
			recollection by rintrospection of thee but me far away on the	29
			pillow, breathing foundly o'er my names all through the empties,	30
			whilst moidhered by the rattle of the doppeldoorknockers. Our	31
			homerole poet to Ostelinda, Fred Wetherly, puts it somewhys	32
			better. You're sitting on me style, maybe, whereoft I helped	33
445.34	Liffalidebankum	The Lifé, or Liffey, the river which flows past Dublin and is interwoven as the symbol of life throughout <i>Finnegans Wake</i> . It would be impossible to exaggerate how intimately the history of this river is interwoven with Irish history from earliest pagan times.	your ore. Littlegame rumilie from Liffalidebankum , (Toobli-	34
			queme!) but a big corner fill you do in this unadulterated seat of	35
			our affections. Aerwenger's my breed so may we uncreepingly	36

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			FW446	
			multipede like the sands on Amberhann! Sevenheavens, O heaven!	1
			Iy waount yiou! yore ways to melittleme were wonderful so	2
			Ickam purseproud in sending uym loveliest pansiful thoughts	3
			touching me dash in-you through wee dots Hyphen, the so	4
			pretty arched godkin of beddingnights. If I've proved to your	5
446.06	I'm a man of Armor	→ one man in his armour	sallysfashion how I'm a man of Armor let me so, let me sue, let	6
446.06	I'm a man of Armor	A passage Joyce evidently enjoyed because he has used it in Ulysses, which comes from the Drapier's Letter IV, addressed to the Whole People of Ireland, October 1724, written by Jonathan Swift and appearing under the pen-name, "the Drapier". The passage reads as follows: "For in reason, all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery: But		

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		<p>in fact, eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt."</p> <p>At the Battle of Clontarf The Annals of the Four Masters especially record that the Danes were in heavy armor and the Irish in satin shirts. The ancient Irish appear to have felt pride in not wearing armor, because they continued for hundreds of years to wear satin shirts, after all their enemies had adopted armor.</p>		
			me see your isabellis. How I shall, should I survive, as, please the	7
			uniter of U.M.I. hearts, I am living in hopes to do, replacing	8
			mig wandering handsup in yawers so yeager for mitch, positively	9
			cover the two pure chicks of your comely plumpchake with	10
			zuccherikissings, hong, kong, and so gong, that I'd scare the bats	11
			out of the ivfry one of those puggy mornings, honestly, by my	12
			rantandog and daddyoak I will, become come coming when,	13
			upon the mingling of our meeting waters, wish to wisher, like	14
			massive mountains to part no more, you will there and then, in	15

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			those happy moments of our your soft accord, rain kiss on me	16
			back, for full marks with shouldered arms, and in that united	17
446.18	(touf! touf!)	From the German, meaning to baptize	I.R.U. stade, when I come (touf! touf!) wildflier's fox into my	18
			own greengeese again, swap sweetened smugs, six of one for half	19
			a dozen of the other, till they'll bet we're the cuckoo derby	20
			when cherries next come back to Ealing as come they must, as	21
			they musted in their past, as they must for my pressing season,	22
			as hereinafter must they chirry will immediately suant on my	23
			safe return to ignorance and bliss in my horseless Coppal Poor,	24
446.25	queens	Ireland	through suirland and noreland, kings country and queens , with	25
446.25	kings country and queens	King's County is now called Offaly. The area was made shire land in the time of Philip and Mary and was given the name King's County in honor of Philip. Queen's County was named after Queen Mary at the same time. Today it is called Leix.		
446.25	queens	→ judyqueen		
			my ropes of pearls for gamey girls the way ye'll hardly. Know me.	26
			Slim ye, come slum with me and rally rats' roundup! 'Tis	27

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			post purification we will, sales of work and social service,	28
446.29	adoption of fosterlings	The system of fosterage was generally prevalent among the pagan nobles of Ireland. The foster child was reared and educated as one of his own, either by a chieftain or king and there grew up between foster father and child the closest of relations, whose loyalty endured throughout life.	missus, completing our Abelite union by the adoption of	29
			fosterlings . Embark for Euphonia! Up Murphy, Henson and	30
			O'Dwyer, the Warchester Warders! I'll put in a shirt time	32
			if you'll get through your shift and between us in our shared	32
			slaves, brace to brassiere and shouter to shunter, we'll pull off our	33
			working programme. Come into the garden guild and be free	34
446.35	Dublin	The birthplace of Joyce and seat of the rulers of Ireland since the fall of Tara, 566. In an old book it recalls that the point of the river over which the bridge of the hurdles	of the gape athome! We'll circumcivicise all Dublin country.	35

		<p>was thrown was at this time called Dubhlinn, which literally is the Black Pool called after a lady named Dubh, who had formerly drowned at this spot. From this time forward it took the name of Dubhlinn Atha Cliath, or the Black Pool of the Ford of Hurdles, and this ford extended from a point at the Dublin side of the river, where the Dothor falls into the Liffey at Rings-End, to the opposite side where the Poll-beg Lighthouse now stands. The Danish and English name Dublin is a mere modification of Dubhlinn, or Black Pool, but the native Irish have always called and still do call the city of Dublin, Ath Cliath, or Baile Atha Cliath, that is, the Ford of</p>		
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		Hurdles or the Town of the Ford of Hurdles.		
			Let us, the real Us, all ignite in our prepurgatory grade as apos-	36
			FW447	
			cals and be instrumental to utensilise, help our Jakeline sisters	1
			clean out the hogshole and generally ginger things up. Meliorism	2
			in massquantities, raffling receipts and sharing sweepstakes till	3
			navel, spokes and felloes hum like hymn. Burn only what's Irish,	4
			accepting their coals. You will soothe the cokeblack bile that's	5
447.06	Armourican's	→ North Armorica	Anglia's and touch Armourican's iron core. Write me your	6
447.06	Armourican's	Niall of the Nine Hostages, when he had finished his design upon the kingdom of Wales, carried his arms into France and invaded the country at that time called Armorica, but now Little Brittany, and from thence he led St. Patrick and his two sisters into captivity.		

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		—Keating, <i>General History of Ireland</i> .		
			essayes, my vocational scholars, but corsorily, dipping your	7
			nose in it, for Henrietta's sake, on mortinatality in the life of	8
			jewries and the sludge of King Haarrington's at its height, running	9
			boulevards over the whole of it. I'd write it all by mownself if	10
			I only had here of my jolly young watermen. Bear in mind, by	11
			Michael, all the provincial's bananas peels and elacock eggs mak-	12
447.13	Earl and Talbot Streets	<p>At the far end of the village where the road turns, it crosses a small stream that supplied the castle and palace with water.</p> <p>This place is called Talbot's Leap from a tradition that when Cromwell was on one of his marauding expeditions in this neighborhood, he paid a visit to Talbot's castle at Belgard while the owner was absent and helped himself as he pleased. When Talbot returned he was naturally</p>	ing drawadust jubilee along Henry, Moore, Earl and Talbot	13

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		enraged, and collecting a few retainers, gave chase to Cromwell and his soldiers, overtaking them at Tallaght. Finding, however, that the Ironsides were more than a match for his company, he hastily retired and finding the drawbridge raised, by a supreme effort jumped his horse across the fosse and thus saved his life.		
			Streets. Luke at all the memmer manning he's dung for the pray	14
			of birds, our priest-mayor-king-merchant, strewing the Castle-	15
			knock Road and drawing manure upon it till the first glimpse of	16
			Wales and from Ballses Breach Harshoe up to Dumping's Corner	17
			with the Mirist fathers' brothers eleven versus White Friars out	18
			on a rogation stag party. Compare them caponchin trowlers	
447.20	Dublin's favourite souwest wateringplat z	Bray, as a watering place, may be said to date from the extension of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway to the town in 1851. An esplanade was built	with the Bridge of Belches in Fairview, noreast Dublin's favourite	20

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		<p>along the shore and it became a fashionable resort.</p> <p>It was to this place Joyce's family moved to 1 Martello Terrace, Bray. It was from here that Joyce was first sent to school, at was here that he acquired that vivid sense of what the sea is, so conspicuous in <i>Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man</i>.</p>		
			souwest wateringplatz and ump as you lump it. What do you	21
			mean by Jno Citizen and how do you think of Jas Pagan?	22
			Compost liffe in Dufblin by Pierce Egan with the baugh in	23
			Baughkley of Fino Ralli. Explain why there is such a number	24
			of orders of religion in Asea! Why such an order number in	25
			preference to any other number? Why any number in any order	26
			at all? Now? Where is the greenest island off the black coats	27
			of Spaign? Overset into universal: I am perdrix and upon my	28
			pet ridge. Oralmus! Way, O way for the autointaxication of	29
447.30	Fords in a huddle	The name of Dublin in Gaelic, translated into English, which	our town of the Fords in a huddle ! Hailfellow some wellmet	30

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65

		name it had in the beginning has now, ie, Baile Atha Cliath.		
			boneshaker or, to ascertain the facts for herself, run up your	31
447.32	Drumgondola	<p>Drumcondra. For hundreds of years this has been one of the principal highways leading out of the city—in a Chancery Roll of 1450 it is styled, “The Royal Way”. It became the mail road from Dublin to the North.</p> <p>Belvidere House, now St. Patrick’s Training College, was the seat of the Coghill family, for many years associated with this locality, and the school where Joyce was placed by his father for his secondary education.</p> <p>The district between Drumcondra and Swords was the scene of repeated robberies in the eighteenth century; on the 24th of March, 1798, the</p>	showeryweather once and trust and take the Drumgondola tram	32

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66

		North Mail Coach on its way from Dublin was attacked near Santry by a party of "Innocents" (insurgents), who robbed the passengers of property, including all their arms and 400 pounds sterling.		
			and, wearing the midlimb and vestee endorsed by the hierarchy	33
			fitted with ecclastics, bending your steps, pick a trail and stand	34
			on, say, Aston's, I advise you strongly, along quaith a copy of	35
			the Seeds and Weeds Act when you have procured one for your-	36
			FW448	
			self and take a good longing gaze into any nearby shopswindow	1
			you may select at suppose, let us say, the hoyth of number	2
			eleven, Kane or Keogh's, and in the course of about thirtytwo	3
			minutes' time proceed to turn aroundabout on your heehills to-	4
			wards the previous causeway and I shall be very cruelly mis-	5
			taken indeed if you will not be jushed astunshed to see how you	6
			will be meanwhile durn weel topcoated with kakes of slush	7
			occasioned by the mush jam of the cross and blackwalls traffic	8
			in transit. See Capels and then fly. Show me that complaint book	9

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67

			here. Where's Cowtends Kateclean, the woman with the muckrake?	10
448.11	d'lin	→ Dublin	When will the W.D. face of our sow muckloved d'lin, the Troia	11
448.11	d'lin	<p>The birthplace of Joyce and seat of the rulers of Ireland since the fall of Tara, 566.</p> <p>In an old book it recalls that the point of the river over which the bridge of the hurdles was thrown was at this time called Dubhlinn, which literally is the Black Pool called after a lady named Dubh, who had formerly drowned at this spot. From this time forward it took the name of Dubhlinn Atha Cliath, or the Black Pool of the Ford of Hurdles, and this ford extended from a point at the Dublin side of the river, where the Dothor falls into the Liffey at Rings-End, to the opposite side where the Poll-beg Lighthouse now stands. The</p>	of towns and Carmen of cities, crawling with mendiants in per-	12

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		Danish and English name Dublin is a mere modification of Dubhlinn, or Black Pool, but the native Irish have always called and still do call the city of Dublin, Ath Cliath, or Baile Atha Cliath, that is, the Ford of Hurdles or the Town of the Ford of Hurdles.		
			forated clothing, get its wellbelavered white like l'pool and	13
			m'chester? When's that grandnational goldcapped dupsydurby	14
			houspill coming with its vomitives for our mothers-in-load and	15
			stretchers for their devitalised males? I am all of me for freedom	16
			of speed but who'll disasperaguss Pope's Avegnue or who'll	17
			uproose the Opian Way? Who'll brighton Brayhowth and bait	18
448.19	the Bull Bailey	The old Bailey lighthouse is believed to have been erected by Robert Readinge in the reign of Charles II and was placed so high that it was often hidden by fogs hanging around the heights when it was clear at sea level.	the Bull Bailey and never despair of Lorcansby? The rampant	19

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		In making some excavations at the new lighthouse, a large quantity of human remains were found – probably relics of the battle fought on this spot in 646 A.D. between Kings Conall and Kellagh, joint Kings of Ireland, and Aengus, who, as son of the previous King, disputed the sovereignty with them.		
			royal commissioners! 'Tis an ill weed blows no poppy good. And	20
			this labour's worthy of my higher. Oil for meed and toil for feed	21
			and a walk with the band for Job Loos. If I hope not charity what	22
			profiteers me? Nothing! My tippers of flags are knobs of hard-	23
			shape for it isagrim tale, keeping the father of curls from the	24
			sport of oak. Do you know what, liddle giddles? One of those	25
			days I am advised by the smiling voteseecker who's now snoring	26
			elued to positively strike off hiking for good and all as I bldy	27
			well bdly ought until such temse as some mood is made under	28
			privy-sealed orders to get me an increase of automoboil and foot-	29
			wear for these poor discalced and a bourse from bon Somewind for	30
			a cure at Badanuweir (though where it's going to come from this	31

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			time —) as I sartunly think now, honest to John, for an income	32
			plexus that that's about the sanguine boundary limit. Amean.	33
			Sis dearest, Jaun added, with voice somewhit murky, what	34
			though still high fa luting, as he turned his dorse to her to pay	35
			court to it, and ouverleaved his booseys to give the note and	36
			FW449	
			score, phonoscopically incuriosited and melancholic this time	1
			whiles, as on the fulmament he gaped in wulderment, his on-	2
			saturncast eyes in stellar attraction followed swift to an imagin-	3
			ary swellaw, O, the vanity of Vanissy! All ends vanishing! Pur-	4
			sonally, Grog help me, I am in no violent hurry. If time enough	5
			lost the ducks walking easy found them. I'll nose a blue fonx	6
			with any tristys blinking upon this earthlight of all them that	7
			pass by the way of the deerdrive, conconey's run or wilfrid's	8
			walk, but I'd turn back as lief as not if I could only spoonfind	9
			the nippy girl of my heart's appointment, Mona Vera Toutou	10
			Ipostila, my lady of Lyons, to guide me by gastronomy under	11
			her safe conduct. That's more in my line. I'd ask no kinder of	12
			fates than to stay where I am, with my tinny of brownie's tea,	13
			under the invocation of Saint Jamas Hanway, servant of Gamp,	14
			lapidated, and Jacobus a Pershawm, intercissous, for my thuri-	15

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			fex, with Peter Roche, that frind of my boozum, leaning on my	16
			cubits, at this passing moment by localoption in the birds' lodg-	17
			ing, me pheasants among, where I'll dreamt that I'll dwealth mid	18
			warblers' walls when throstles and choughs to my sigh hiehied,	19
			with me hares standing up well and me longlugs dittoes, where	20
			a maurdering row, the fox! has broken at the coward sight till	21
			well on into the beausome of the exhaling night, pinching stop-	22
			andgo jewels out of the hedges and catching dimtop brilliants	23
			on the tip of my wagger but for that owledclock (fast cease to it!)	24
			has just gone twoohoo the hour and that yen breezes zipping	25
			round by Drumsally do be devils to play fleur. I could sit on safe	26
			round by Drumsally do be devils to play fleur. I could sit on safe	27
			hoerrisings, laughing lazy at the sheep's lightning and turn a wida-	
			most ear dreamily to the drummling of snipers, hearing the wire-	29
			less harps of sweet old Aerial and the mails across the nightrives	30
449.31	(peepet! peepet!)	From the <i>Journal to Stella</i> , the letters Swift wrote to Esther Johnson in Ireland while he was in England. The "little language" which appears in them is supposed to be a teasing imitation of Stella's speech when a small child, still	(peepet! peepet!) and whippoor willy in the woody (moor park!	31

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		affectionately remembered by Swift. He refers to her as "Ppt" and to himself as Pdfr, which may mean poor dear foolish rogue. Joyce imitates this language in other places in <i>Finnegans Wake</i> , especially the confusion of the letters "I" and "r", in expressions such as Swift uses, "nevle saw ze rike" for "never saw the like".		
			moor park!) as peacefed as a philopotamus, and crekking jugs	32
449.33	tealeaves	The princess Tea, the daughter of Lughaidh, the son of Ith, and the wife of Heremon who was son of Milesius, thus one of the most illustrious female rulers of ancient Erin. She gave orders for the erecting of a royal palace for herself in Teamhair, the royal seat at Tara.	at the grenoulls, leaving tealeaves for the trout and belleeks for the	33

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73

		The ancient seanachies contain many legends of Tea, showing that in ancient Ireland women were held in high reverence.		
			wary till I'd followed through my upfielded neviewscope the	34
			rugaby moon cumuliously godrolling himself westasleep amuckst	35
			the cloudscrums for to watch how carefully my nocturnal goose-	36
			FW450	
450.01	sheegg	Reference to the shee, the fairy people of Ireland and to Mrs. Shea, the woman whom Parnell loved and whose divorce was the scandal with which England broke Parnell's power.	mother would lay her new golden sheegg for me down under in	1
			the shy orient. What wouldn't I poach — the rent in my river-	2
			side, my otther shoes, my beavery, honest! — ay, and melt my	3
			belt for a dace feast of grannom with the finny ones, those happy	4
450.05	swansway	In Rathmines, there once flowed a stream which gradually sank underground	greppies in their minnowahaw, flashing down the swansway	5

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74

		and is now wholly subterranean, which was called Swan Water and which gave its name to an avenue known as Swanville Place, or Way, which is at the spot where Swan Water flowed past. Joyce obviously has used this name of an early Irish village outside Dublin to remind us of the novel by Proust, one part of which is titled "Swan's Way" in the translation of Scott-Moncrieff.		
			leaps ahead of the swift MacEels, the big Gillaroo redfellows	6
			and the pursewinded carpers, rearin antis rood perches astench	7
			of me, or, when I'd like own company best, with the help of a	8
			norange and bear, to be reclined by the lasher on my logansome,	9
			my g.b.d. in my f.a.c.e., solfanelly in my shellyholders and lov'd	10
			latakia, the benuvolent, for my nosethrills, with the jealosomines	11
			wilting away to their heart's deelight and the king of saptimber	12
			letting down his humely odours for my consternation, dapping	13
			my griffeen, burning water in the spearlight or catching trophies	14

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		of the king's royal college of sturgeone by the armful for to bake	15
		pike and pie while, O twined me abower in L'Alouette's Tower,	16
		all Adelaide's naughtingerls juckjucking benighth me, I'd ga-	17
		mut my twittynice Dorian blackbudds chthonic solphia off my	18
		singasongapiccolo to pipe musicall airs on numerous fairy-	19
		aciodes. I give, a king, to me, she does, alone, up there, yes see,	20
		I double give, till the spinney all eclosed asong with them. Isn't	21
		that lovely though? I give to me alone I trouble give! I may have	22
		no mind to lamagnage the forte bits like the pianage but you	
		can't cadge me off the key. I've a voicical lilt too true. Nomario!	24
		And bemolly and jiesis! For I sport a whatyoumacormack in the	25
		latcher part of my throughers. And the lark that I let fly (olala!)	26
		is as cockful of funantics as it's tune to my fork. Naturale you	27
		might lower register me as diserecordant, but I'm athlone in the	28
		lillabilling of killarnies. That's flat. Yet ware the wold, you!	29
		What's good for the gorse is a goad for the garden. Lethals lurk	30
		heimlocked in logans. Loathe laburnums. Dash the gaudy death-	31
		cup! Bryony O'Bryony, thy name is Belladama! But enough of	32
		greenwood's gossip. Birdsneests is birdsneests. Thine to wait but	33
		mine to wage. And now play sharp to me. Doublefirst I'll head	34
		foremost through all my examhoops. And what sensitive coin	35
		I'd be possessed of at Latouche's, begor, I'd sink it sumtotal, every	36

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			FW451	
			dolly farting, in vestments of subdominal poteen at prime cost	1
			and I bait you my chancey oldcoat against the whole ounce you	2
			half on your backboard (if madamaud strips mesdamines may	3
			cold strafe illglands!) that I'm the gogetter that'd make it pay like	4
			cash registers as sure as there's a pot on a pole. And, what with one	5
			man's fish and a dozen men's poissons, sowing my wild plums to	6
			reap ripe plentihorns mead, lashings of erbole and hydromel and	7
			bragget, I'd come out with my magic fluke in close time, fair,	8
			free and frolicky, zooming tophole on the mart as a factor. And	9
			I tell you the Bective's wouldn't hold me. By the unsleeping	10
			Solman Annadromus, ye god of little pescies, nothing would	11
			stop me for mony makes multimony like the brogues and the	12
451.13	Dublin	<p>The birthplace of Joyce and seat of the rulers of Ireland since the fall of Tara, 566.</p> <p>In an old book it recalls that the point of the river over which the bridge of the hurdles was thrown was at this time called Dubhlinn, which literally is the Black Pool called after a</p>	kishes. Not the Ulster Rifles and the Cork Milice and the Dublin	13

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		<p>lady named Dubh, who had formerly drowned at this spot. From this time forward it took the name of Dubhlinn Atha Cliath, or the Black Pool of the Ford of Hurdles, and this ford extended from a point at the Dublin side of the river, where the Dothor falls into the Liffey at Rings-End, to the opposite side where the Poll-beg Lighthouse now stands. The Danish and English name Dublin is a mere modification of Dubhlinn, or Black Pool, but the native Irish have always called and still do call the city of Dublin, Ath Cliath, or Baile Atha Cliath, that is, the Ford of Hurdles or the Town of the Ford of Hurdles.</p>		
			Fusees and Connacht Rangers ensembled! I'd axe the channon	14

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451.15	– black water	<p>In the first great victory of Owen Roe O'Neill at Benburb, the action took place in the angle formed by the junction of the River Oonah and the Black Water, adjacent to the village.</p> <p>He held his men in during the morning and having sent his cavalry to cut off reinforcements for the enemy, awaiting their return, he began his attack in the afternoon with the strong sun in his enemies' eyes; his own cavalry returned and in fresh condition, captured the enemies' guns and the infantry overswept Monroe's forces, gaining complete charge of the field one hour after the battle had begun.</p>	and leip a liffey and drink anny black water that rann onme way.	15
451.15	liffey	The Lifé, or Liffey, the river which flows past Dublin and is		

		interwoven as the symbol of life throughout <i>Finnegans Wake</i> . It would be impossible to exaggerate how intimately the history of this river is interwoven with Irish history from earliest pagan times.		
451.15	rann	<p>Rann is the name for a stanza of Irish verse of certain definite characteristics.</p> <p><i>Saltair na Rann</i> is an early Irish book the manuscript of which is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It means Psalter of Poems. This was the work of the great genealogist Dubhaltach Mac Firbisigh, written in 1650. The title was taken from a more famous book, written by Angus Ceile De in the 8th century, also called, <i>Saltair na Rann</i>, which</p>		

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		consists of 150 poems on the history of the Old Testament.		
			Yip! How's thats for scats, mine shatz, for a lovebird? To funk is	16
			only peternatural its daring feers divine. Bebold! Like Varian's	17
			balaying all behind me. And before you knew where you	18
			weren't, I stake my ignitial's divy, cash-and-cash-can-again, I'd	19
			be staggering humanity and loyally rolling you over, my sow-	20
			white sponse, in my tons of red clover, nighty nigh to the metro-	21
			nome, fiehigh and fiehigher and fiehighest of all. Holy petter and	22
			pal, I'd spoil you altogether, my sumptuous Sheila! Mumm all	23
			to do brut frull up fizz and unpop a few shortusians or shake a	24
			pale of sparkling ice, hear it swirl, happy girl! Not a spot of my	25
			hide but you'd love to seek and scanagain! There'd be no stand-	26
			ing me, I tell you. And, as gameboy as my pagan name K.C. is	27
			what it is, I'd never say let fly till we shot that blissup and	28
			swumped each other, manawife, into our sever nevers where I'd	29
			plant you, my Gizzygay, on the electric ottoman in the lap of	30
			lechery, simpringly stitchless with admiracion, among the most	31
			uxuriously furnished compartments, with sybarate chambers, just	32
			as I'd run my shoestring into near a million or so of them as a	33
			firstclass dealer and everything. Only for one thing that, how-	34
			over famiksed I would become, I'd be awful anxious, you under-	35
			stand, about shoepisser pluvius and in assideration of the terrible	36

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			FW452	
			luftsucks woabbling around with the hedrolics in the coold amstop-	1
			here till the borting that would perish the Dane and his chapter	2
			of accidents to be atramental to the better half of my alltoolyrical	3
			health, not considering my capsflap, and that's the truth now out	4
			of the cackling bag for truly sure, for another thing, I never could	5
			tell the leest falsehood that would truthfully give sosisfiction. I'm	6
			not talking apple sauce eithou. Or up in my hat. I earnst. Schue!	7
			Sissibis dearest, as I was reading to myself not very long ago	8
			in Tennis Flonnels Mac Courther, his correspondance, besated	9
			upon my tripos, and just thinking like thauthor how long I'd like	10
452.11	Hothelizod	Chapelizod (Chapelle d'Iseut), a hamlet near Dublin, which was supposed to be the birthplace of Isolde, beloved of Tristram and daughter of Aengus, King of Ireland.	myself to be continued at Hothelizod , peeking into the focus and	11
452.11	Hothelizod	The Hill of Howth near Dublin		
452.11	Hothelizod	➔ Chapellidiseut		
			pecking at thumbnail reveries, pricking up ears to my phono on	12
			the ground and picking up airs from th'other over th'ether, 'tis	13

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			transported with grief I am this night sublime, as you may see	14
			by my size and my brow that's all forehead, to go forth, frank	15
			and hoppy, to the tune the old plow tied off, from our nostorey	16
			house, upon this benedictine errand but it is historically the most	17
			glorious mission, secret or profound, through all the annals of our	18
452.19	efferfreshpainted livy	From the Letters of William Butler Yeats, dated Sunday, May, 19th, 1929, "I went out to Jack's this afternoon and saw there much of this new york-very strange and beautiful in a wild way. Joyce says that he and Jack have the same method. He bought two of Jack's pictures of the Liffey."	— as you so often term her— efferfreshpainted livy , in beautific	19
452.19	efferfreshpainted livy	The Lifé, or Liffey, the river which flows past Dublin and is interwoven as the symbol of life throughout <i>Finnegans Wake</i> . It would be impossible to exaggerate how intimately the history of this river is		

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		interwoven with Irish history from earliest pagan times.		
			repose, upon the silence of the dead, from pharoph the nextfirst	20
452.21	Vico road	<p>Vico Road in Dalkey, an island in which was a private school where Joyce taught.</p> <p>Gorman and Hugh Kenner and others think that it recalls Giambattisto Vico, whose cyclic theory of history they believe Joyce adopted. A study of Joyce appears to me not to confirm such a theory, except in the loose general way that nature makes use of all her materials over and over again in a cycle which is rhythmic in structure. The rhythm is what Joyce fixed on, but any theories more closely related to Vico's can not be found, as he was not a believer in the expounding of historical theses; he wanted to</p>	down to ramescheckles the last bust thing. The Vico road goes	21

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		examine, to understand and to immortalize. That he concurred in the existence of a general pattern of a rhythmic structure in the history of cultures there can be no doubt.		
			round and round to meet where terms begin. Still onappealed	22
			to by the cycles and unappalled by the recourers we feel all	23
			serene, never you fret, as regards our dutyful cask. Full of my	24
			breadth from pride I am (breezed be the healthy same!) for 'tis a	25
			grand thing (superb!) to be going to meet a king, not an every-	26
			night king, nenni, by gannies, but the overking of Hither-on-	27
			Thither Erin himself, pardee, I'm saying. Before there was patch	28
452.29	lord at Lucan	→ Lucan	at all on Ireland there lived a lord at Lucan. We only wish	29
452.29	a lord at Lucan	<p>A town at the juncture of the Liffey and the Griffen. In 1758 the medicinal quality of the spa was discovered and for a number of years it became a fashionable resort.</p> <p>The Lucan demesne was originally the patrimony of the Sarsfields, the last of whom</p>		

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		was the famous General Patrick Sarsfield, afterwards Earl of Lucan. He fell at the Battle of Landen in 1693. The title became extinct in 1719. He was the gallant defender of Limerick and a very great commander, whom bad luck prevented from freeing his country from English domination.		
			everyone was as sure of anything in this watery world as we are	30
			of everything in the newlywet fellow that's bound to follow. I'll	31
			lay you a guinea for a hayseed now. Tell mother that. And tell	32
			her tell her old one. 'Twill amuse her.	33
			Well, to the figends of Annanmeses with the wholeabuelish	34
			business! For I declare to Jeshuam I'm beginning to get sunsick!	35
			I'm not half Norawain for nothing. The fine ice so temperate	36
			FW453	
			of our, alas, those times are not so far off as you might wish to	1
			be congealed. So now, I'll ask of you, let ye create no scenes in	2

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			my poor primmafore's wake. I don't want yous to be billow-	3
			fighting your biddy moriarty duels, gobble gabble, over me till	4
			you spit stout, you understand, after soused mackerel, sniffing	5
453.06	braggart of blarney	Legend does not say how the Blarney stone came to be invested with its remarkable properties, but it probably dates from the protracted negotiation between Queen Elizabeth and the MacCarthy Mor of that time, about a matter of land tenure. The queen herself is said to have coined the phrase, exclaiming angrily, after a succession of evasive answers from MacCarthy, 'This is more Blarney!' He was the owner of Blarney Castle near Cork—in the ledge of which the Blarney Stone is built.	clambake to hering and impudent barney, braggart of blarney ,	6
			nor you ugly lemoncholic gobs o'er the hobs in a sewing circle,	7
			stopping oddments in maids' costumes at sweeping reductions,	8

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			wearing out your ohs by sitting around your ahs, making areek-	9
			eransy round where I last put it, with the painters in too,	10
			curse luck, with your rags up, exciting your mucuses, turning	11
			breakfarts into lost soupirs and salon thay nor you flabbies on	12
			your groaning chairs over Bollivar's troubles of a bluemoondag,	13
			steamin your damp ossicles, praying Holy Prohibition and Jaun	14
			Dyspeptist while Ole Clo goes through the wood with Shep	15
			together, touting in the chesnut burrs for Goodboy Sommers	16
			and Mistral Blownowse hugs his kindlings when voiceyversy	17
			it's my gala bene fit, robbing leaves out of my taletold book.	18
453.19	tunc	Joyce has imitated on pp 122-123 the rhythm of a modern scholarly work on the Book of Kells and in particular, its discussion of the Tunc page.	May my tunc fester if ever I see such a miry lot of maggalenes!	19
			Once upon a drunk and a fairly good drunk it was and the rest	20
			of your blatherumskite! Just a plain shays by the fire for absent-	
			er Sh the Po and I'll make ye all an eastern hummingsphere of	
			myself the moment that you name the way. Look in the slag	23
			scuttle and you'll see me sailspread over the singing, and what	24
			do ye want trippings for when you've Paris inspire your hat?	25
			Sussumcordials all round, let ye alloyiss and ominies, while I	26
			stray and let ye not be getting grief out of it, though blighted	27

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			troth be all bereft, on my poor headsake, even should we forfeit	28
			our life. Lo, improving ages wait ye! In the orchard of the bones.	29
			Some time very presently now when yon clouds are dissipated	30
			after their forty years shower, the odds are, we shall all be hooked	31
			and happy, communionistically, among the fieldnights eliceam,	32
			<i>élite</i> of the elect, in the land of lost of time. Johannisburg's a re-	33
			velation! Deck the diamants that never die! So cut out the lone-	34
			some stuff! Drink it up, ladies, please, as smart as you can lower	35
			it! Out with lent! Clap hands postilium! Fastintide is by. Your	36
			FW454	
			sole and myopper must hereupon part company. So for e'er fare	1
			thee welt! Parting's fun. Take thou, the wringle's thine, love.	2
			This dime doth trost thee from mine alms. Goodbye, swisstart,	3
			goodbye! Haugh! Haugh! Sure, treasures, a letterman does be	4
			often thought reading ye between lines that do have no sense at	5
			all. I sign myself. With much leg. Inflexibly yours. Ann Posht	
			the Shorn. To be continued. Huck!	7
			Something of a sidesplitting nature must have occurred to	8
			westminstrel Jaunathaun for a grand big blossy hearty stenor-	9
			ious laugh (even Drudge that lay doggo thought feathers fell)	10
			hopped out of his woolly's throat like a ball lifted over the	11

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			head of a deep field, at the bare thought of how jolly they'd like	12
			to be trolling his whoop and all of them truetotypes in missam-	13
			men massness were just starting to spladher splodher with the	14
			jolly magorios, hicky hecky hock, huges huges huges, hughy	15
			hughy hughy, O Jaun, so jokable and so geepy, O, (Thou pure!	16
			Our virgin! Thou holy! Our health! Thou strong! Our victory!	17
			O salutary! Sustain our firm solitude, thou who thou well	18
			strokest! Hear, hairy ones! We have sued thee but late. Beauty	19
			parlous!) when suddenly (how like a woman!), swifter as mer-	20
			cury he wheels right round starnly on the Rizzies suddenly, with	21
454.22	sternish	<p>Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), author of the famous <i>Tristram Shandy</i>, was a native of Clonmel, a town about twenty miles from Waterford.</p> <p>When he was a small boy of seven, while staying at the parsonage of Annamoe, in the environs of Dublin, he miraculously escaped death when he fell unharmed through a millrace while the mill was working.</p>	his gimlets blazing rather sternish (how black like thunder!), to	22

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			see what's loose. So they stood still and wondered. Till first he	23
			sighed (and how ill soufered!) and they nearly cried (the salt of	24
			the earth!) after which he pondered and finally he replied:	25
			— There is some thing more. A word apparing and shall the	26
454.27	heart's tone	Theobald Wolfe Tone, the founder of the United Irishmen, who, alone and unknown, went to France from Philadelphia, to which city he had fled for his life from the English, and there met and persuaded the leaders of the French government to send an expedition of soldiers to effect the freedom of Ireland. His Autobiography is one of the finest ever written and deserves a place among the masterpieces of the world for the living quality which is instant in every part of it. No man of greater integrity ever lived, he of whom Padraic	heart's tone be silent. Engagements, I'll beséal you! Fare thee	27

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		Pearse said, "I would rather have been his friend than the friend of any other man who ever lived. " and in this sentiment I concur. The Duke of Wellington considered Tone a man of genius – "He came near being as fatal an enemy to England as Hannibal was to Rome. "		
			well, fairy well! All I can tell you is this, my sorellies. It's prayers	28
			in layers all the thumping time, begor, the young gloria's gang	29
			voices the old doxologers, in the suburrs of the heavenly gardens,	
			once we shall have passed, after surceases, all serene through	
			neck and necklike Derby and June to our snug eternal retribu-	32
			tion's reward (the scorchhouse). Shunt us! shunt us! shunt us!	33
			If you want to be felixed come and be parked. Sacred ease there!	34
			The seanad and pobbel queue's remainder. To it, to it! Seekit	35
			headup! No petty family squabbles Up There nor homemade	36
			FW455	
			hurricanes in our Cohortyard, no cupahurling nor apuckalips	1

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			nor no puncheon jodelling nor no nothing. With the Byrns	2
			which is far better and eve for ever your idle be. You will hardly	3
			reconnoitre the old wife in the new bustle and the farmer shinner	4
			in his latterday paint. It's the fulldress Toussaint's wakeswalks	5
			experdition after a bail motion from the chamber of horrus.	6
			Saffron buns or sovran bonhams whichever you'r avider to like	7
			it and lump it, but give it a name. Iereny allover irelands. And	8
			there's food for refection when the whole flock's at home. Hog-	9
			manny di'yegut? Hogmanny di'yesmellygut? And hogmanny	10
			di'yesmellyspatterygut? You take Joe Hanny's tip for it! Post-	11
			martem is the goods. With Jollification a tight second. Toborrow	12
455.13	crass, hairy and ever-grim life	HCE reference	and toburrow and tobarrow! That's our crass, hairy and ever-	13
			grim life , till one finel howdiedow Bouncer Naster raps on the	14
			bell with a bone and his stinkers stank behind him with the	15
			sceptre and the hourglass. We may come, touch and go, from	16
			atoms and ifs but we're presurely destined to be odd's without	17
455.18	Moy Kain	Moy, a town on the Blackwater, with a tree-planted square, was built on the plan of Marengo by its founder, the Earl of Charlemont (1728-1799).	ends. Here we moult in Moy Kain and flop on the seemy side,	18

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		Also a river of Ireland.		
			living sure of hardly a doorstep for a stopgap, with Whogoes-	19
			there and a live sandbag round the corner. But upmeyant, Pro-	20
			spector, you sprout all your abel and woof your wings dead	21
			certain however of neuthing whatever to aye forever while	22
			Hyam Hyam's in the chair. Ah, sure, pleasantries aside, in the tail	23
			of the cow what a humpty daum earth looks our miseryme here-	24
			today as compared beside the Hereweareagain Gaieties of the	25
			Afterpiece when the Royal Revolver of these real globoes lets	26
			regally fire of his <i>mio colpo</i> for the chrisman's pandemon to give	27
			over and the Harlequinade to begin properly SPQueaRking	28
			Mark Time's Finist Joke. Putting Allspace in a Notshall.	29
			Well, the slice and veg joint's well in its way, and so is a	30
			ribroast and jackknife as sporten dish, but home cooking every-	31
			time. Mountains good mustard and, with the helpings of ladies'	32
			lickfings and gentlemen's relish, I've eaten a griddle. But I fill	33
			twice as stewhard what I felt before when I'm after eating a few	34
			natives. The crisp of the crackling is in the chawing. Give us an-	35
			other cup of your scald. Santos Mozos! That was a damn good	36
			FW456	
			cup of scald! You could trot a mouse on it. I ingoyed your pick	1

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			of hissing hot luncheon fine, I did, thanks awfully, (sublime!).	2
			Tenderest bully ever I ate with the boiled protestants (allinoilia	3
			allinoilia!) only for your peas again was a taste tooth psalty to	4
			carry flavour with my godown and hereby return with my best	5
			savioury condiments and a penny in the plate for the jemes.	6
			O.K. Oh Kosmos! Ah Ireland! A.I. And for kailkannonkabbis	7
			gimme Cincinnatis with Italian (but <i>ci vuol poco!</i>) ciccalick cheese,	8
			Haggis good, haggis strong, haggis never say die! For quid we	9
			have recipimus, recipe, O lout! And save that, Oliviero, for thy	10
			sunny day! Soupmeagre! Couldn't look at it! But if you'll buy me	11
			yon coat of the vairy furry best, I'll try and pullll it awn mee. It's in	12
			fairly good order and no doubt 'twill sarve to turn. Remove this	13
			boardcloth! Next stage, tell the tabler, for a variety of Hugue-	14
			not ligooms I'll try my set on edges grapeling an aigrydoucks,	15
			grilled over birchenrods, with a few bloomancowls in albies.	16
			I want to get outside monasticism. Mass and meat mar no man's	17
			journey. Eat a missal lest. Nuts for the nerves, a flitch for the flue	18
			and for to rejoice the chambers of the heart the spirits of the	19
			spice isles, curry and cinnamon, chutney and cloves. All the vital-	20
			mines is beginning to sozzle in chewn and the harmonies to	21
456.22	erics	The eric was reparation paid for a crime in pre-Christian Erin. In an ancient manuscript	clingleclangle, fudgem, kates and eaps and naboc and erics and	22

		<p>there is described how for the crime against Cormac it was decided to levy an eric as follows: if the guilty people only held their lands and stock on the condition of certain personal services and the payment of a certain rent every third year, which was called saer-rath or free wages, they should now be reduced one half the tribe to base wages, which represented a species of slavery under which they were forced to pay every year what the parties on free wages paid, but every third year.</p> <p>Conn of the Hundred Battles, accepting the arbitration of the judges upon his crime of unfairly slaying Mogh Nuadat, paid eric for it, consisting of his own ring of gold, his brooch,</p>		
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		his own sword and shield, 200 driving steeds and 200 chariots, 200 ships, 200 spears, 200 swords, 200 cows, 200 slaves and his daughter in marriage. This is recorded in the <i>Book of Munster</i> .		
456.22	kates	Kathleen-na-Houlihan, Ireland, as she is known to the poets.		
			oinnos on kingclud and xxxoxo and xooxox xxoxoxxxxx till	23
			I'm fustfed like fungstif and very presently from now posthaste	24
			it's off yourll see me ryuoll on my usual rounds again to draw	25
			Terminus Lower and Killadown and Letternoosh, Letterspeak,	26
			Lettermuck to Littorananima and the roomiest house even in	27
			Ireland, if you can understamp that, and my next item's platform	28
			it's how I'll try and collect my extraprofessional postages owing	29
			to me by Thaddeus Kellyesque Squire, dr, for nondesirable	30
			printed matter. The Jooks and the Kelly-Cooks have been	31
			milking turnkeys and sucking the blood out of the marshalsea	32
			since the act of First Offenders. But I know what I'll do. Great	33
			pains off him I'll take and that'll be your redletterday calendar,	34
			window machree! I'll knock it out of him! I'll stump it out of	35
			him! I'll rattattatter it out of him before I'll quit the doorstep of	36

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			FW457	
457.01	Con Connolly's	<p>James Connolly, founder of the Socialist Republican Party, who believed in Marxian doctrine of Social Revolution and worked his entire life to overthrow the capitalist system, but was not a Communist, and was for any program which gave an equitable distribution of wealth and power.</p> <p>With Padraic Pearse he held the General Post Office as a chief stronghold of the Volunteers in the Easter Rising of 1916, which was set fire to by the shells of British guns and when the building was abandoned he and Pearse were captured and executed. While</p>	old Con Connolly's residence! By the horn of twenty of both of	1

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		awaiting execution he said, "Other socialists will not understand why I am here, they forget that I am an Irishman."		
			the two Saint Collopys, blackmail him I will in arrears or my	2
			name's not penitent Ferdinand! And it's daily and hourly I'll	3
			nurse him till he pays me fine fee. Ameal.	4
			Well, here's looking at ye! If I never leave you biddies till	5
			my stave is a bar I'd be tempted rigidly to become a passionate	6
			father. Me hunger's weighed. Hungkung! Me anger's suaged!	7
			Hangkang! Ye can stop as ye are, little lay mothers, and wait in	8
			wish and wish in vain till the grame reaper draws nigh, with	9
			the sickle of the sickles, as a blessing in disguise. Devil a curly	10
			hair I care! If any lightfoot Clod Dewvale was to hold me up,	11
			dicksturping me and marauding me of my rights to my onus, yan,	12
			tyan, tethera, methera, pimp, I'd let him have my best pair of	13
			galloper's heels in the creamsourer. He will have better manners,	14
			I'm dished if he won't! Console yourself, drawhure deelish!	15
			There's a refond of egg-sized coming to you out of me so mind	16
			you do me duty on me! Bruise your bulge below the belt till I	17
			blewblack beside you. And you'll miss me more as the narrowing	18
			weeks wing by. Someday duly, oneday truly, twosday newly,	19

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			till whensday. Look for me always at my west and I will think	20
			to dine. A tear or two in time is all there's toot. And then in a	21
			click of the clock, toot toot, and doff doff we pop with sinnerettes	22
			in silkettes lining longroutes for His Diligence Majesty, our	23
			longdistance laird that likes creation. To whoosh!	24
457.25	Meesh, meesh	→ mishe, mishe	— Meesh, meesh , yes, pet. We were too happy. I knew some-	25
457.25	Meesh, meesh	Gaelic for "I am, I am", the form of a famous poem by Amergin, one of the earliest poets of Ireland, which Stewart McAlister believes may very well have been a sacred hymn of the Druids. It begins, "I am the wind which blows over the sea, I am the wave of the ocean" and closes "I am the god who creates in the head of man the fire of thought."		
			thing would happen. I understand but listen, drawher nearest,	26
			Tizzy intercepted, flushing but flashing from her dove and dart	27

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FW Episode Fourteen.

100

			eyes as she tactilifully grapbed her male corrispondees to flusther	28
			sweet nunsongs in his quickturned ear, I know, benjamin brother,	29
			but listen, I want, girls palmassing, to whisper my wish. (She	30
			like them like us, me and you, had thoud he n'er it would haltin so	31
			lithe when leased is tacitempust tongue). Of course, engine dear,	32
			I'm ashamed for my life (I must clear my throttle) over this lost	33
			moment's gift of memento nosepaper which I'm sorry, my	34
			precious, is allathome I with grief can call my own but all the	35
			same, listen, Jaunick, accept this witwee's mite, though a jenny-	36
			FW458	
			teeny witween piece torn in one place from my hands in second	1
			place of a linenhall valentino with my fondest and much left to	2
458.03	bulledicted	➔ bulling a law	tutor. X.X.X.X. It was heavily bulledicted for young Fr ML,	3
			my pettest parriage priest, and you know who between us by	4
			your friend the pope, forty ways in forty nights, that's the	5
			beauty of it, look, scene it, ratty. Too perfectly priceless for	6
			words. And, listen, now do enhance me, oblige my fiancy and	7
			bear it with you morn till life's e'en and, of course, when never	8
458.09	galways	Galway County is a part of Connaught. The western half of it is Connemara, the most	you make usage of it, listen, please kindly think galways again	9

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101

		<p>beautiful and most Irish part of Ireland, on the eastern side of which lies Joyce's Country, bounded by Lough Mask and Lough Corrib.</p> <p>The OKellys, O'Maddens and De Burghs (Burkes) lived in the land to the east of Lough Corrib.</p> <p>Joyce's wife, Nora Barnacle, was from Galway and it was the residence of her mother and uncle, Michael Healy, a staunch and true friend to Joyce throughout his lifetime.</p>		
			or again, never forget, of one absendee not sester Maggy. Ahim.	10
			That's the stupidest little cough. Only be sure you don't catch your	11
			cold and pass it on to us. And, since levret bounds and larks is	12
			soaring, don't be all the night. And this, Joke, a sprig of blue	13
			speedwell just a spell of floralora so you'll mind your veronique.	14
			Of course, Jer, I know you know who sends it, presents that	15
			please, mercy, on the face of the waters like that film obote,	16
			awfly charmig of course, but it doesn't do her justice, apart from	17

C. George Sandulescu
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FW Episode Fourteen.

102

			her cattiness, in the magginbottle. Of course, please too write,	18
			won't you, and leave your little bag of doubts, inquisitive, be-	19
			hind you unto your utterly thine, and, thank you, forward it	20
			back by return pigeon's pneu to the loving in case I couldn't	21
			think who it was or any funforall happens I'll be so curiose to	22
			see in the Homesworth breakfast tablotts as I'll know etherways	23
			by pity bleu if it's good for my system, what exquisite buttons,	24
			gorgiose, in case I don't hope to soon hear from you. And thanks	25
			ever so many for the ten and the one with nothing at all on. I will	26
			tie a knot in my stringamejip to letter you with my silky paper,	27
			as I am given now to understand it will be worth my price in	28
			money one day so don't trouble to ans unless sentby special as	29
			I am getting his pay and wants for nothing so I can live simply	30
			and solely for my wonderful kinkless and its loops of loveliness.	31
			When I throw away my rollets there's rings for all. Flee a girl,	32
			says it is her colour. So does B and L and as for V! And listen	33
			to it! Cheveluir! So distant you're always. Bow your boche!	34
			Absolutely perfect! I will pack my comb and mirror to praxis	35
			oval owes and artless awes and it will follow you pulpicy	36
			FW459	
			as far as come back under all my eyes like my sapphire chap-	1

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103

			lets of ringarosary I will say for you to the Allmichael and	2
459.03	solve qui pu	The cry that went up over the battlefield at Waterloo.	solve qui pu while the dovedoves pick my mouthbuds (msch!	3
459.03	solve qui pu	<p>"Sauve qui peut" the cry of many French officers at the close of the Battle of Waterloo, who are now known to have been bribed by the British to help defeat Napoleon.</p> <p>The Irish had the most intense interest in this battle as they were trying to bring about their freedom from England and heartily hoped for her downfall.</p> <p>Joyce's spelling here as quoted refers to the reader's predicament!</p>		
			msch!) with nurse Madge, my linkingclass girl, she's a fright,	4
			poor old dutch, in her sleeptalking when I paint the measles	5
			on her and mudstuskers to make her a man. We. We. Issy	6
			done that, I confesh! But you'll love her for her hessians	7
			and sickly black stockies, cleryng's jumbles, salvadged from	8

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			the wash, isn't it the cat's tonsils! Simply killing, how she	9
			tidies her hair! I call her Sosy because she's sosiety for me	10
			and she says sossy while I say sassy and she says will	11
			you have some more scorns while I say won't you take a few	12
			more schools and she talks about ithel dear while I simply	13
			never talk about athel darling; she's but nice for enticing my	14
			friends and she loves your style considering she breaksin me	15
			shoes for me when I've arch trouble and she would kiss my	16
			white arms for me so gratefully but apart from that she's	17
			terribly nice really, my sister, round the elbow of Erne street	18
			Lower and I'll be strictly forbidden always and true in my own	19
			way and private where I will long long to betrue you along with	20
			one who will so betrue you that not once while I betreu him not	21
			once well he be betray himself. Can't you understand? O bother,	22
			I must tell the trouth! My latest lad's loveliletter I am sore I done	23
			something with. I like him lots coss he never cusses. Pity bon-	24
459.25	Pip pet	From the <i>Journal to Stella</i> , the letters Swift wrote to Esther Johnson in Ireland while he was in England. The "little language" which appears in them is supposed to be a teasing imitation of Stella's	hom. Pip pet . I shouldn't say he's pretty but I'm cocksure he's	25

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		speech when a small child, still affectionately remembered by Swift. He refers to her as "Ppt" and to himself as Pdfr, which may mean poor dear foolish rogue. Joyce imitates this language in other places in <i>Finnegans Wake</i> , especially the confusion of the letters "I" and "r", in expressions such as Swift uses, "nevle saw ze rike" for "never saw the like".		
			shy. Why I love taking him out when I unlatched his cordon	26
459.27	Ope, Jack, and atem!	"Up Guards, and at them!", a saying attributed to the Duke of Wellington, which he denied.	gate. Ope, Jack, and atem! Obealbe myodorers and he dote so.	27
			He fell for my lips, for my lisp, for my lewd speaker. I felt for	28
			his strength, his manhood, his do you mind? There can be no	29
			candle to hold to it, can there? And, of course, dear professor, I	30
			understand. You can trust me that though I change thy name	31
			though not the letter never while I become engaged with my	32
			first horsepower, masterthief of hearts, I will give your lovely	33

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			face of mine away, my boyish bob, not for tons of donkeys, to	34
			my second mate, with the twirlers the engineer of the passio-	35
			flower (O the wicked untruth! whot a tell! that he has bought	36
			FW460	
460.01	wellingtons	Duke Wellington, originally Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Wesley, an Anglo-Irishman, who in the House of Lords explained his effort to get the Emancipation Bill passed as due to the fact that he considered it a substitute for rebellion. The man who fired on and burned down Copenhagen after having stolen the Danish navy, lying in its own waters, a neutral country.	me in his wellingtons what you haven't got!), in one of those	1
			pure clean lupstucks of yours thankfully, Arrah of the passkeys,	2
			no matter what. You may be certain of that, fluff, now I know	3
			how to tackle. Lock my mearest next myself. So don't keep me	4

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107

			now for a good boy for the love of my fragrant saint, you villain,	5
			peppering with fear, my goodless graceless, or I'll first murder	6
			you but, hvisper, meet me after by next appointment near you	7
460.08	the Ship	The bar and restaurant in Dublin where Joyce met his friend St. John Gogarty, as described in <i>Ulysses</i> .	know Ships just there beside the Ship at the future poor fool's	8
460.09	lovemountjoy square	Mountjoy Square in Dublin was once the center of a fashionable quarter, named after Lord Mountjoy, the English Deputy who was an enemy of Hugh O'Neill's. In 1602 Mountjoy erected a Fort at Charlemont to drive off the Irish forces, but it was captured and held for 8 years by Phelm O'Neill.	circuts of lovemountjoy square to show my disrespects now, let	9
			me just your caroline for you, I must really so late. Sweet pig,	10
			he'll be furious! How he stalks to simself louter and lover,	11
			immutating aperybally. My prince of the courts who'll beat me	12
			to love! And I'll be there when who knows where with the	13
			objects of which I'll knowor forget. We say. Trust us. Our	14

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460.15	Dargle	The Dargle River and the Cookstown River join to form the Bray. It flows through the seat of Viscount Powerscourt, falling over a 300 foot rock-shelf to form the Powerscourt Waterfall. It is in the environs of Dublin.	game. (For fun!) The Dargle shall run dry the sooner I you	15
			deny. Whoever heard of such a think? Till the utmost of all	16
460.17	stele our harts	➔ hearts of steel	elmoes shall stele our harts asthone! And Mrs A'Mara makes	17
460.17	stele our harts	The insurrection of the White Boys led to the formation of other insurrectionary groups, among whom were the Hearts of Steel Boys whose rising came about thus: An absentee nobleman, possessed of one of the largest estates in the kingdom, instead of letting it, when out of lease, for the highest rent, adopted a novel mode of taking large fines and		

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		small rents. The occupier of the ground, though willing to give the highest rent was unable to pay the fines and therefore dispossessed by the wealthy owner, who, not contented with a moderate interest for his money, racked the rents to a pitch above the reach of the old tenant. Upon this the people rose against forestallers, destroying their houses and maiming their cattle, which now occupied their former farms. When thus driven to acts of desperation they did not confine themselves to their original object, but became general reformers. The army was called in to subdue them.		
			it up and befriends with Mrs O'Morum! I will write down all	18
			your names in my gold pen and ink. Everyday, precious, while	19
			m'm'ry's leaves are falling deeply on my Jungfraud's Messonge-	20

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			book I will dream telepath posts dulcets on this isinglass stream	21
			(but don't tell him or I'll be the mort of him!) under the libans	22
			and the sickamours, the cyprissis and babilonias, where the	23
			frondoak rushes to the ask and the yewleaves too kisskiss them-	24
			selves and 'twill carry on my hearz'waves my still waters reflec-	25
			tions in words over Margrate von Hungaria, her Quaidy ways	26
			and her Flavin hair, to thee, Jack, ahoy, beyond the boysforus.	27
			Splesh of hiss splash springs your salmon. Twick twick, twinkle	28
460.29	lex leap	The name of the town is Danish (Lax-hlaup), meaning Salmon Leap, and this name was translated from an older Irish one, which was subsequently translated into Latin by Giraldus Cambrensis as <i>Saltus Salmonis</i> . In documents, deeds, etc., it was abbreviated to "Salt Salm", which by a further abbreviation became "Salt". In this way there derived the names of the baronies in County Kildare, North Salt and South Salt.	twings my twilight as Sarterday afternoon lex leap will smile on	29

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	<p><i>The Annals of the Four Masters</i> record that in 915 A.D. a battle took place at what is now Confey, about a mile north of Leixlip, between the Danes and the Leinstermen.</p> <p>Black Castle is believed to date from the time of Henry II and in the fifteenth century it was granted to the Earl of Kildare. After the rebellion of Silken Thomas, the English government repossessed it. In 1646 the Confederate forces under General Preston and Owen Roe O'Neill, in their march on Dublin, took up a position adjoining Leixlip on the Liffey, but due to disagreement among these two leaders the attack was called off.</p>	
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112

		The Salmon Leap was a place of attraction over a great number of years, but has now fallen into decay.		
460.29	lex leap	➔ Leixlip		
			my fourinhanced twelvemonthsmind. And what's this I was	30
			going to say, dean? O, I understand. Listen, here I'll wait on thee	31
460.32	teacakes	<p>The princess Tea, the daughter of Lughaidh, the son of Ith, and the wife of Heremon who was son of Milesius, thus one of the most illustrious female rulers of ancient Erin. She gave orders for the erecting of a royal palace for herself in Teamhair, the royal seat at Tara.</p> <p>The ancient seanachies contain many legends of Tea, showing that in ancient Ireland women were held in high reverence.</p>	till Thingavalla with beautiful do be careful teacakes , more stues-	32
			ser flavoured than Vanilla and blackcurrant there's a cure in, like	33

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113

			a born gentleman till you'll resemble me, all the time you're	34
			awhile way, I swear to you, I will, by Candlemas! And listen,	35
			joey, don't be annoyed with me, my old evernew, when, by the	36
			FW461	
			end of your chapter, you citch water on the wagon for me being	1
461.02	Vanisha	in place of Vanessa, the name which Dean Swift gave to the young Miss Vanhomrigh, with whom he corresponded and for whom he had a lasting, if somewhat equivocal, affection.	turned a star I'll dubeurry my two fesces under Pouts Vanisha	2
			Creme, their way for spilling cream, and, accent, unto extend	3
			my personallitey to the latents, I'll boy me for myself only of	4
			expensive rainproof of pinked elephant's breath grey of the	5
			loveliest sheerest dearest widowhood over airforce blue I am	6
			so wild for, my precious once, Hope Bros., Faith Street, Charity	7
			Corner, as the bee loves her skyhighdeed, for I always had a	8
			crush on heliotrope since the duses of yore cycled round the	9
461.10	Finest Park	➔ phoenix	Finest Park , and listen. And never mind me laughing at what's	10
461.10	Finest Park	A reference to Phoenix Park in Dublin, largest public park		

		<p>in the world, where the murder of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Frederick Cavendish and the Permanent Under-Secretary, Thomas Henry Burke, by Joe Brady and his Invincibles, in the year 1882, was an event which rocked the Irish world and led to the downfall of Parnell and the loss of liberty for Ireland, because Forster saw in it a chance to implicate Parnell in the guilt and accused him in the English Parliament of permitting crime in pursuance of the Land League. Parnell said he would defend himself only to the Irish people and the famous trial of Pigott completely freed Parnell, but this began the break in his power, which the English desired at any cost.</p>		
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		<p>The name Phoenix as applied to this Park came from the old manorhouse, the original purchase from which the government developed the Park, the name of which is supposed to have referred to the appearance of the house standing on a hill overlooking the Liffey, suggesting the conventional attitude of the Phoenix bird rising from its ashes.</p> <p>The more widely accepted version of the origin of the name, however, is a derivation from a spring called "Fionn-uisge" (Feenisk), which had been resorted to from time immemorial for the beneficial effects of its waters. It seems probable that the Fionn-uisge, or Feenisk spa, originated the</p>		
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		<p>name of the lands on which the Phoenix manor house was built by Sir Edward Fisher. The lands formed the earliest portion of the Park, subsequently known as the Phoenix.</p> <p>The government being without any official residence for the Irish Viceroys, in 1618 repurchased the Phoenix lands with the new house and until the Restoration it was the principal viceregal residence.</p>		
			atever! I was in the nerves but it's my last day. Always about	11
			this hour, I'm sorry, when our gamings for Bruin and Noselong	12
			is all oh you tease and afterdoon my lickle pussiness I stheal	13
			heimlick in my russians from the attraction part with my terri-	14
			blitall boots calvescatcher Pinchapoppapoff, who is going to be	15
			a jennyroll, at my nape, drenched, love, with dripping to affec-	16
			tionate slapmamma but last at night, look, after my golden vio-	17
			lents wetting in my upperstairs splendidly welluminated with	18
			such lidlylac curtains wallpapered to match the cat and a fire-	19

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			please keep looking of priceless pearlogs I just want to see will	20
			he or are all Michales like that, I'll strip straight after devotions	21
			before his fondstare— and I mean it too, (thy gape to my gazing	22
			I'll bind and makeleash) and poke stiff under my isonbound with	23
			my soiedisante chineknees cheeckchubby chambermate for the	24
461.25	Shane	<p>Shane O'Neill. When Conn O'Neill, Shane's father, accepted the title of Baron of Dungannon, Shane went into rebellion.</p> <p>On his father's death he slew his half brother and was inaugurated The O'Neill. He prevented England from taking over the province.</p> <p>Wherever he set up his tent, the great King-candle before it, thicker than a man's body, shining in the night, his battle-axe guard at the door, victory generally fell to those he led. Elizabeth and her Deputies tried in every way to defeat</p>	night's foreign males and your name of Shane will come forth	25

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		him – they tried to capture him, to poison him, to murder him, to coax him into accepting an English title, all in vain. He penetrated the English Pale, and victorious, they consented to recognize him as The O'Neill.		
			between my shamefaced whesen with other lipth I naked open	26
			my thigh when just woken by his toccatootletoo my first morn-	27
			ing. So now, to thalk thildish, thome, theated with Mag at the	28
			oilthan we are doing to thay one little player before doing to	29
			deed. An a tiss to the tassie for lu and for tu! Coach me how to	30
			tumble, Jaime, and listen, with supreme regards, Juan, in haste,	31
			warn me which to ah ah ah ah....	32
			— MEN! Juan responded fullchantedly to her sororal sono-	33
			rity, imitating himself capitally with his bubbleblown in his	34
			patapet and his chalished drink now well in hand. (A spilt, see,	
			for a split, see see!) Ever gloriously kind! And I truly am	36
			FW462	
			eucherised to yous. Also <i>sacré père</i> and <i>maître d'autel</i> . Well,	1

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			ladies upon gentlemen and toastmaster general, let us, brindising	2
			brandisong, woo and win womenlong with health to rich vine-	3
			yards, Eriñ go Dry! Amingst the living waters of, the living in	4
			giving waters of. Tight! Loose! A stiff one for Staffetta mullified	5
			with creams of hourmony, the coupe that's chill for jackless jill and	6
			a filiform dhouche on Doris! Esterelles, be not on your weeping	7
462.08	in his fail	➔ Inisfail	what though Shaunathaun is in his fail ! To stir up love's young	8
462.08	in his fail	One of the early names of Ireland, mentioned by Keating. The following story of Inish Fáil is from the prophecies ascribed to Conn of the Hundred Battles, "While standing in the usual place one morning, Conn happened to tread upon a stone and immediately the stone shrieked under his feet, so as to be heard all over Tara and throughout all East Meath. Conn then asked his Druids why the stone had shrieked, what its name was and what it		

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		said. The Druids took fifty-three days to consider and at the expiration of that period returned the following answer, Fal is the name of the stone; it came from Inis Fail or the island of Fal; it has shrieked under your royal feet and the number of shrieks which the stone has given forth, is the number of kings of your seed that will succeed you 'til the end of time'."		
			fizz I tilt with this bridle's cup champagne, dimming douce from	9
			her peepair of hideseeks, tightsqueezeed on my snowybrusted and	10
			while my pearlies in their sparkling wisdom are nipping her	11
			bubblets I swear (and let you swear!) by the bumper round of	12
			my poor old snaggletooth's solidbowel I ne'er will prove I'm	13
			untrue to your liking (theare!) so long as my hole looks. Down.	14
			So gullaby, me poor Isley! But I'm not for forgetting me	15
			innerman monophone for I'm leaving my darling proxy behind	16
			for your consolerling, lost Dave the Dancekerl, a squamous run-	17
			away and a dear old man pal of mine too. He will arrive inces-	18

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			santly in the fraction of a crust, who, could he quit doubling and	19
			stop tippling, he would be the unicorn of his kind. He's the	20
			mightiest penumbrella I ever flourished on behond the shadow	21
			of a post! Be sure and link him, me O treasauo, as often as you	22
			learn provided there's nothing between you but a plain deal	23
462.24	Leperstown	Leopardstown, on the road to Bray from Dublin.	table only don't encourage him to cry lessontimes over Lepers-	24
			town . But soft! Can't be? Do mailstanes mumble? Lumtum	25
			lumtum! Now! The froubadour! I fremble! Talk of wolf in a	26
			stomach by all that's verminous! Eccolo me! The return of	27
462.28	Jaunstown	Johnstown is the seat of the Earl of Mayo, a small village 82 miles from Dublin.	th'athlate! Who can secede to his success! Isn't Jaunstown ,	28
			Ousterrike, the small place after all? I knew I smelt the garlic	29
			leek! Why, bless me swits, here he its, darling Dave, like	30
			the catoninelives just in time as if he fell out of space, all	31
			draped in mufti, coming home to mourn mountains from his	32
			old continence and not on one foot either or on two feet	33
			aether but on quinquiseular cycles after his French evolution	34
			and a blindfold passage by the 4.32 with the pork's pate in his	35
			suicide paw and the gulls laughing lime on his natural skunk,	36
			FW463	

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			blushing like Pat's pig, begob! He's not too timtom well ashamed	1
			to carry out onaglibtogradakelly in his showman's sinister the	2
			testymonicals he gave his twenty annis orf, showing the three	3
463.04	home cured emigrant	HCE reference	white feathers, as a home cured emigrant in Paddyouare far be-	4
			low on our sealevel. Bearer may leave the church, signed, Figura	5
			Porca, Lictor Magnaffica. He's the sneaking likeness of us, faith,	6
			me altar's ego in miniature and every Auxonian aimer's ace as	7
			nasal a Romeo as I am, for ever cracking quips on himself, that	8
			merry, the jeenjakes, he'd soon arise mother's roses mid bedew-	9
			ing tears under those wild wet lashes onto anny living girl's	10
			laftercheeks. That's his little veiniality. And his unpeppeppedi-	11
			ment. He has novel ideas I know and he's a jarry queer fish be-	12
			times, I grant you, and cantanberous, the poisoner of his word,	13
			but lice and all and semicoloured stainedglasses, I'm enormously	14
			full of that foreigner, I'll say I am! Got by the one goat, suckled	15
			by the same nanna, one twitch, one nature makes us oldworld	16
			kin. We're as thick and thin now as two tubular jawballs. I hate	17
			him about his patent henesy, plasfh it, yet am I amorist. I love	18
			him. I love his old portugal's nose. There's the nasturtium for	19
			ye now that saved manny a poor sinker from water on the grave.	20
			The diasporation of all pirates and quinconcentrum of a fake like	21

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			Basilus O'Cormacan MacArty? To camiflag he turned his shirt.	22
			Isn't he after borrowing all before him, making friends with	23
			everybody red in Rossya, white in Alba and touching every dis-	24
			tinguished Ourishman he could ever distinguish before or be-	25
			hind from a Yourishman for the customary halp of a crown and	26
			peace? He is looking aged with his pebbled eyes, and johnnythin	27
			too, from livicking on pidgins' ifs with puffins' ands, he's been	28
			slanderising himself, but I pass no remark. Hope he hasn't the	29
			cholera. Give him an eyot in the farout. Moseses and Noasies,	30
			how are you? He'd be as snug as Columbsisle Jonas wrocked in	31
			the belly of the whaves, as quotad before. Bravo, senior chief!	32
			Famose! Sure there's nobody else in touch anysides to hold a	33
			chef's cankle to the darling at all for sheer dare with that prison-	34
			potstill of spanish breans on him like the knave of trifles! A jolly-	35
			tan fine demented brick and the prince of goodfilips! Dave	36
			FW464	
			knows I have the highest of respect of annyone in my oweand	1
			smooth way for that intellectual debtor (Obbligado!) Mushure	2
			David R. Crozier. And we're the closest of chems. Mark my use	3
			of you, cog! Take notice how I yemploy, crib! Be ware as you,	4
			I foil, copy! It's a pity he can't see it for I'm terribly nice about	5

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			him. Canwyll y Cymry, the marmade's flamme! A leal of the	6
			O'Looniys, a Brazel aboo! The most omportent man! <i>Shervoos!</i>	7
			Ho, be the holy snakes, someone has shaved his rough diamond	8
			skull for him as clean as Nuntius' piedish! The burnt out	9
			mesh and the matting and all! Thunderweather, khyber schinker	10
			escapa sansa pagar! He's the spatton spit, so he is, scaly skin	11
			and all, with his blackguarded eye and the goatsbeard in	12
			his buttinghole of Shemuel Tulliver, me grandsourd, the old	13
			cruxader, when he off with his paudeen! That was to let the	14
			crowd of the Flu Flux Fans behind him see me proper. Ah,	15
			he's very thoughtful and sympatrico that way is Brother Intelli-	16
			gentius, when he's not absintheminded, with his Paris addresse!	17
			He is, really. Holdhard till you'll ear him clicking his bull's	18
			bones! Some toad klakkin! You're welcome back, Wilkins, to	19
			red berries in the frost! And here's the butter exchange to pfeife	20
			and dramn ye with a bawful of the Moulseybaysse and yunker	21
			doodler wanked to wall awriting off his phoney. I'm tired hair-	22
			ing of you. Hat yourself! Give us your dyed dextremity here,	23
464.24	dapper dandy	→ nipper dandy	frother, the Claddagh clasp! I met with dapper dandy and he	24
464.24	dapper dandy	Napper Tandy, hero of Ireland.		

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		In October 1779 the Irish Parliament, through its member Grattan, in a famous speech, called An Amendment to the Address to the Throne, asked the throne of England for Free Trade, the right to import and export as she pleased. However eloquent this speech was, it was the fact that the Volunteers of Ireland were armed over all the country and Napper Tandy had his military crops mustered on the College Green just outside the doors of the Irish Parliament, which "persuaded" the English government to restore to Ireland the trade rights she had been robbed of.		
			shocked me big the hamd. Where's your watch keeper? You've	25
			seen all sorts in shapes and sizes, marauding about the moppa-	26
			mound. How's the cock and the bullfight? And old Auster and	27

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			Hungrig? And the Beer and Belly and the Boot and Ball? Not	28
			forgetting the oils of greas under that turkey in julep and Father	29
			Freeshots Feilbogen in his rockery garden with the costard? And	30
			did you meet with Peadhar the Grab at all? And did you call on	31
			Tower Geesyhus? Was Mona, my own love, no bigger than she	32
			should be, making up to you in her bestbehaved manor when	33
			you made your breastlaw and made her, tell me? And did you	34
464.35	Lambay	<p>Lambay Island is three miles off shore from Dublin. It was for a time the residence of Archbishop Ussher.</p> <p>This island was always mentioned in the mock crowning, held yearly until modern times, at Dalkey Island, where Stephen the First was crowned King and named among his other titles, "Elector of Lambay".</p>	like the landskip from Lambay ? I'm better pleased than ten	35
		➔ Dalkey Island, for a few details concerning this mock crowning, exactly to the spirit of Joyce.		

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			guidneys! You rejoice me! Faith, I'm proud of you, french davit!	36
			FW465	
			You've surpassed yourself! Be introduced to yes! This is me aunt	1
			Julia Bride, your honour, dying to have you languish to scan-	2
			dal in her bosky old delltangle. You don't reckoneyes him? He's	
			dal in her bosky old delltangle. You don't reckoneyes him? He's	3
			Jackot the Horner who boxed in his corner, jilting no fewer than	4
			three female bribes. That's his penals. <i>Shervorum!</i> You haven't	5
			seen her since she stepped into her drawoffs. Come on, spinister,	6
			do your stuff! Don't be shoy, husbandmanvir! Weih, what's on	7
			you, wip? Up the shamewaugh! She has plenty of woom in the	8
			smallclothes for the bothsforus, nephews push! Hatch yourself	9
			well! Enjombyourselves thurily! Would you wait biss she buds	10
			till you bite on her? Embrace her bashfully by almeans at my	11
			frank incensive and tell her in your semiological agglutinative yez,	12
			how Idos be asking after her. Let us be holy and evil and let her	13
			be peace on the bough. Sure, she fell in line with our tripertight	14
			photos as the lyonised mails when we were stablelads together	15
			like the corks again brothers, hungry and angry, cavileer	16
			grace by roundhered force, or like boyrun to sibster, me and	17
			you, shinnners true and pinchme, our tertius quiddus, that never	18

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			talked or listened. Always raving how we had the wrinkles of	19
			a snailcharmer and the slits and sniffers of a fellow that fell foul	20
			of the county de Loona and the meattrap of the first vegetarian.	21
			To be had for the asking. Have a hug! Take her out of poor	22
			tuppeny luck before she goes off in pure treple licquidance. I'd	23
			give three shillings a pullet to the canon for the conjugation to	24
			shadow you kissing her from me leberally all over as if she was a	25
			crucifix. It's good for her bilabials, you understand. There's no-	26
			thing like the mistletouch for finding a queen's earring false.	27
			his hym to the hum of her garments. You try a little tich to the	29
465.30	rossy	A reference to O'Donovan Rossa, who began the Fenian movement in the Army, by swearing in one soldier, etc. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life – twice convicted for treasonable conspiracy against the British government.	tissle of his tail. The racist to the racy, rossy . The soil is for the	30
			self alone. Be ownkind. Be kithkinish. Be bloodysibby. Be irish.	31
465.32	Be inish	→ Inisfail	Be inish . Be offalia. Be hamlet. Be the property plot. Be Yorick	32
465.32	Be inish.	One of the early names of Ireland, mentioned by Keating.		

		<p>The following story of Inish Fáil is from the prophecies ascribed to Conn of the Hundred Battles,</p> <p>“While standing in the usual place one morning, Conn happened to tread upon a stone and immediately the stone shrieked under his feet, so as to be heard all over Tara and throughout all East Meath. Conn then asked his Druids why the stone had shrieked, what its name was and what it said. The Druids took fifty-three days to consider and at the expiration of that period returned the following answer, ‘Fal is the name of the stone; it came from Inis Fail or the island of Fal; it has shrieked under your royal feet and the number of shrieks which the</p>	
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		stone has given forth, is the number of kings of your seed that will succeed you'til the end of time.'"		
465.33	Be cool.	➔ Finn McCool	and Lankystare. Be cool. Be mackinamucks of yourselves. Be	33
465.33	Be finish.	➔ Finn McCool		
465.33	Be cool.	Sometimes written Mac Cumhaill. The celebrated Finn Mac Cumhaill, poet and warrior, was contemporary with Cormac. He was educated for the poetic profession and studied under Cethern, the son of Fintan, but having taken more freedom with one of the daughters of Monarch Conn at Tara than her father approved of, the young bard was obliged to fly the court and abandon his gentle profession for the more rough and dangerous one of arms. Finn lived to the year 283, when he was killed by		

		<p>Aichleach at Ath Brea on the Boyne. Finn was succeeded by his sons, Oisín and Fergus, and their cousin Cailt�, all of whose writing are found in the Dinn Seanchas.</p> <p>He was the last commander of the select militia, set up to protect Ireland from invaders, called Fenians, or associatedly, the Fian.</p> <p>Dr. O'Curry states it as his belief that "it is quite a mistake to suppose Finn Mac Cumhaill to have been imaginary or mythological. Much that is narrated of his exploits is apocryphal, but Finn himself is an undoubtedly historical personage and that he lived at about the time his appearance is recorded in the Annals is as certain as that Julius Caesar</p>		
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		lived. His pedigree is fully recorded on the unquestionable authority of the Book of Leinster, in which he is set down as the son of Cumhall, who was the son of Trenmor, son of Snaelt, son of Eltan, son of Baiscni, son of Nuada Necht, who was of the Heremonian race and monarch of Erinn about A.M. 5090, according to the Four Masters, that is, 11 B.C."		
			finish. No martyr where the preature is there's no plagues like	34
465.35	swansway	In Rathmines, there once flowed a stream which gradually sank underground and is now wholly subterranean, which was called Swan Water and which gave its name to an avenue known as Swanville Place, or Way, which	rome. It gives up the gripes. Watch the swansway . Take your	35

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		is at the spot where Swan Water flowed past. Joyce obviously has used this name of an early Irish village outside Dublin to remind us of the novel by Proust, one part of which is titled "Swan's Way" in the translation of Scott-Moncrieff.		
			tiger over it. The leady on the lake and the convict of the forest.	36
			FW466	
			Why, they might be Babau and Momie! Yipyip! To pan! To	1
466.02	All folly me yap to Curlew	➔ Curlews crown our nuptuas	pan! To tinpinnypan. All folly me yap to Curlew! Give us a pin	2
466.02	All folly me yap to Curlew	Battle of the Curlews, Sligo County. It is related that at four o'clock in the afternoon the English army entered the Curlews in three divisions. On such a road as that which		

		traversed the mountains, with bog and wood on both sides, only infantry could be employed. At first MacDermott's men bore the whole weight of the English attack, but the English vanguard faltered, there was confusion and the English, overcome by the battle-axes of the Irish, ran in headlong flight down the hill. The Curlews were again passed by the broken remains of Clifford's army, who continued their flight until safely behind the battlements of Boyle. The head of the English Governor was sent to Red Hugh O'Donnell and when seen by Irish chiefs still supporting England, they all deserted the English.		
			for her and we'll call it a tossup. Can you reverse positions?	3

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			Lets have a fuchu all round, courting cousins! Quuck, the duck	4
			of a woman for quack, the drake of a man, her little live apples	5
			for Leas and love potients for Leos, the next beast king. Put	6
			me down for all ringside seats. I can feel you being corrupted.	7
			Recoil. I can see you sprouting scruples. Get back. And as	8
			he's boiling with water I'll light your pyre. Turn about, skeezy	9
			Sammy, out of metaphor, till we feel are you still tropeful	10
			of popetry. Told you so. If you doubt of his love of darearing	11
			his feelings you'll very much hurt for mishmash mastufractured	12
			on europe you can read off the tail of his. Rip ripper rippest and	13
			jac jac jac. Dwell on that, my hero and lander! That's the side	14
			that appeals to em, the wring wrong way to wright woman. Shuck	15
			her! Let him! What he's good for. Shuck her more! Let him	16
			again! All she wants! Could you wheedle a staveling encore out	17
			of your imitationer's jubalharp, hey, Mr Jinglejoys? Congrega-	18
			tional singing. Rota rota ran the pagoda <i>con dio in capo ed il dia-</i>	19
			<i>volo in coda</i> . Many a diva devoucha saw her Dauber Dan at the	20
			priesty pagoda Rota ran. Uck! He's so sedulous to singe always	21
			if prompted, the mirthprovoker! Grunt unto us, I pray, your fore-	22
			boden article in our own deas dockandoilish introducing the	23
			death of Nelson with coloraturas! <i>Coraio, fra!</i> And I'll string	24
			second to harmanize. My loaf and pottage neaheaheahear Ro-	25
			chelle. With your dumpsey diddely dumpsey die, fiddeley fa.	26

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			<i>Diavoloh!</i> Or come on, schoolcolours, and we'll scrap, rug and	27
			mat and then be as chummy as two bashed spuds. Bitrial bay	28
			holmgang or betrayal buy jury. Attaboy! Fee gate has Heenan	29
			hoity, mind uncle Hare? What, sir? Poss, myster? Acheve! Thou,	30
			thou! What say ye? <i>Taurus periculosus, morbus pedeiculosus.</i>	31
			<i>Miserere mei in miserilibus!</i> There's uval lavguage for you! The	32
			tower is precluded, the mob's in her petticoats; Mr R. E. Meehan	33
			is in misery with his billyboots. Begob, there's not so much	34
466.35	Ireland's eye	Inis-mac-Nesain, Island of the sons of Nesan, near the Hill of Howth, in the County of Dublin. This island was originally called Inis-Ereann, i.e., Erin's Island, which is the name given in the <i>Dinnsenchus</i> , and afterwards it was called as above for Dicholla, Munissa and Nadsluagh, the three sons of Nessian who erected a church upon it. The name Ereann-Ey was given the island by the Danes in	green in his Ireland's eye ! Sweet fellow ovocal, he stones out of	35

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		whose language ey or ei denotes island. The same people translated, remodelled or altered the names of other islands near Dublin, as Dalk-ey; Lamb-ey for Inis-Reachrainn, etc.		
			stune. But he could be near a colonel with a voice like that. The	36
			FW467	
			bark is still there but the molars are gone. The misery billyboots	1
			I used to lend him before we split and, be the hole in the year,	2
			they were laking like heaven's reflexes. But I told him make your	3
			will be done and go to a general and I'd pray confessions for	4
			him. Areesh! Areesh! And I'll be your intrepider. Ambras!	5
			Ruffle her! Bussing was before the blood and bissing will behind	6
			the curtain. Triss! Did you note that worrid expressionism on	7
			his megalogue? A full octavium below me! And did you hear	8
			his browrings rattlemaking when he was preaching to himself?	9
			And, whoa! do you twig the schamlooking leaf greeping ghastly	10
			down his blousyfrock? Our national umbloom! Areesh! He	11
			won't. He's shoy. Those worthies, my old faher's onkel that	12

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			was garotted, Caius Cocoa Codinhand, that I lost in a crowd,	13
			used to chop that tongue of his, japlatin, with my yuonkle's	14
			owlseller, Woowoolfe Woodenbeard, that went stomebathred,	15
			in the Tower of Balbus, as brisk, man, as I'd scoff up muttan	16
			chepps and lobscouse. But it's all deafman's duff to me,	17
			begob. Sam knows miles bettern me how to work the	18
			miracle. And I see by his diarrhio he's dropping the stammer	19
			out of his silenced bladder since I bonded him off more as a	20
			friend and as a brother to try and grow a muff and canonise his	21
			dead feet down on the river airy by thinking himself into the	22
			fourth dimension and place the ocean between his and ours,	23
467.24	the churchyard in the cloister of the depths	→ Old House by the Coachyard	the churchyard in the cloister of the depths , after he was capped	24
467.24	the churchyard in the cloister of the depths	<i>The House by the Churchyard</i> by Le Fanu. This was an old novel in Joyce's father's library which Joyce must have read as a child, since its scenes and characters were impressed deeply on his mind and they turn up in many places		

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		throughout the entire work, too numerous to mention here. Its scene was laid in Chapelizod which was supposed to be the birthplace of Iseult.		
			out of beurlads scoel for the sin against the past participle and	25
			earned the factitation of coddling chaplan and being as homely	26
467.27	swift	Dean Jonathan Swift – author of <i>The Drapier's Letters</i> , <i>A Modest Proposal</i> , and other pieces which taught the Irish how to regard themselves and to seek their existence as a separate nation. His writings are referred to throughout the entire <i>Finnegans Wake</i> , as it was largely he, in modern times, who awoke Ireland from her lethargy.	gauche as swift B.A.A. Who gets twickly fullgets twice as alle-	27
			manden huskers. But the whacker his word the weaker our ears	28
467.29	parses orileys	In the Easter Rising – Padraic Pearse was shot by the English as a leader of the Rebellion.	for auracles who parles parses orileys . Illstarred punster, lipster-	29

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		<p>John Boyle O'Reilly (1844-1890) poet and revolutionary, was born at Dowth Castle on the Boyne River near Newgrange and the tumulus of Dowth. He edited the Boston Pilot which gained the support of the Irish in America for the Irish people in their struggles for freedom, particularly in connection with the National Land League, headed by Parnell. The O'Rahilly who had opposed the Rising, but had gone out in it because he felt himself committed if the action had once been taken, in dashing from their headquarters in the General Post Office, then in flames, was shot dead. Persse was the maiden name of Lady Gregory.</p>		
			ing cowknucks. 'Twas the quadra sent him and Trinity too. And	30

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			he can cantab as chipper as any oxon ever I mood with, a tiptoe	31
			singer! He'll prisckly soon hand tune your Erin's ear for you.	32
467.33	<i>p. p.</i>	From the <i>Journal to Stella</i> , the letters Swift wrote to Esther Johnson in Ireland while he was in England. The "little language" which appears in them is supposed to be a teasing imitation of Stella's speech when a small child, still affectionately remembered by Swift. He refers to her as "Ppt" and to himself as Pdfr, which may mean poor dear foolish rogue. Joyce imitates this language in other places in <i>Finnegans Wake</i> , expecially the confusion of the letters "I" and "r", in expressions such as Swift uses, "nevle saw ze rike" for "never saw the like".	<i>p.p.</i> a mimograph at a time, numan bitter, with his ancomartins	33
			to read the road roman with false steps ad Pernicious from	34
			rhearsilvar ormolus to torquinions superbers while I'm far	35

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			away from wherever thou art serving my tallyhos and tullying	36
			FW468	
			my hostilious by going in by the most holy recitatandas <i>ffff</i> for	1
			my varsatile examinations in the ologies, to be a coach on the	2
			Fukien mission. P? F? How used you learn me, brather	3
			soboostius, in my augustan days? With cesarella looking on.	4
			In the beginning was the gest he jouststly says, for the end is	5
			with woman, flesh-without-word, while the man to be is in a	6
			worse case after than before since she on the supine satisfies	7
468.08	Toughtough	From the German, meaning to baptize	the verg to him! Toughtough , tootological. Thou the first	8
			person shingeller. Art, an imperfect subjunctive. Paltry,	9
			flappent, had serious. Miss Smith onamatterpoetic. Hammis-	10
			andivis axes colles waxes warmas like sodullas. So pick your	11
			stops with fondnes snow. And mind you twine the twos	12
			noods of your nicenames. And pull up your furbelovs as far-	13
			above as you're farthingales. That'll hint him how to click the	14
			trigger. Show you shall and won't he will! His hearing is in-	15
			doubting just as my seeing is onbelieving. So dactylise him up	16
			to blankpoint and let him blink for himself where you speak the	17
			best ticklish. You'll feel what I mean. Fond namer, let me never	18

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			see thee blame a kiss for shame a knee!	19
468.20	Echo	HCE reference	Echo , read ending! Siparioramoci! But from the stress of	20
			their sunder enlivening, ay clasp, deciduously, a nikrokosmikon	21
			must come to mike.	22
			— Well, my positively last at any stage! I hate to look at alarms	23
			but, however they put on my watchcraft, must now close as I	24
			hereby hear by ear from by seeless socks 'tis time to be up and	25
			ambling. Mymiddle toe's mitching, so mizzle I must else 'twill	26
			sarve me out. Gulp a bulper at parting and the moore the	27
			melodest! Farewell but whenever, as Tisdall told Toole.	28
			Tempos fidgets. Let flee me fiackles, says the grand old mano-	29
			ark, stormcrested crowcock and undulant hair, hoodies tway!	30
			Yes, faith, I am as mew let freer, beneath me corthage, bound.	31
			I'm as bored now bawling beersgrace at sorepaws there as Andrew	32
			Clays was sharing sawdust with Daniel's old collie. This shack's	33
			not big enough for me now. I'm dreaming of ye, azores. And, re-	34
			member this, a chorines, there's the witch on the heath, sistra!	35
468.36	'Bansheeba	This is the English spelling for the gaelic ban-sidhe and means the woman of the sidh (fairy people who live in the hills and are the descendants of the Tuatha de Danaan).	'Bansheeba peeling hourihaared while her Orcotron is hoaring	36

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468.36	peeling	<p>Sir Robert Peel, when Chief Secretary for Ireland, wrote of Daniel O'Connell's speech in defense of John Magee: "His speech is a more atrocious libel upon the Government and the administration of justice, in Ireland than the gross libel which he professed to defend." When he became Prime Minister he declared that Queen Victoria was against Repeal and that England would go to war with Ireland rather than see Repeal go through. In answer to this, the Irish in New York held a series of meetings which lasted a week, whereat it was counselled that if England plunged Ireland into civil war, Canada should be seized. President Tyler expressed himself as in favor of Repeal.</p>		
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		Peel was in favor of a Cromwellian type was against the Irish and a new influx of English into Ireland, but the Irish did not rise, due to the influence of O'Connell, who did not believe in blood-shed.		
			FW469	
			ho. And whinn muinnuit flittsbit twinn her ttittshe cries	1
			tallmidy! Daughters of the heavens, be lucks in turnabouts	2
			to the wandering sons of red loam! The earth's atrot! The	3
			sun's a scream! The air's a jig. The water's great! Seven oldy	4
			oldy hills and the one blue beamer. I'm going. I know I am.	5
469.06	Banba-shore	Ireland was originally called Banba from the name of the third queen of the first colony, who was wife to Mac Coill. The reason the name is not used as often as Eire is because the latter queen was wife to the king who was ruling at the	I could bet I am. Somewhere I must get far away from Banba-	6

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		<p>time it was conquered by Milesius.</p> <p>An illustration of the name as used occurs in The Prophecies of St. Berchan:</p> <p>'Shortly there will come a youth,</p> <p>Who will relieve Banba from Oppression,</p> <p>So that the foreigner's power shall never be</p> <p>After him in Dun da Leth ghlas (Downpatrick)'</p> <p>And in Keating the note that 'along with other historians the judges of Banba used to be in the same way preserving Ireland's history, for a man could not be a judge without being an historian.'</p>		
			shore , wherever I am. No saddle, no staffet, but spur on the	7
			moment! So I think I'll take freeboots' advise. Psk! I'll borrow	8
			a path to lend me wings, quickquack, and from Jehusalem's	9

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469.10	Cheerup street	"Are you up?" – the slogan of the United Irishmen. It is said that when General Lake, Commander of the British forces to suppress the United Irishmen's activities in Ireland, was visiting in Ulster, put his thumb to a parrot in his host's home, he was answered by the parrot, "Are you up?", much to everyone's chagrin!	wall, clickclack, me courser's clear, to Cheerup street I'll travel	10
469.11	moyne	Moyne, in County Mayo, contains Ross Abbey. From its heights may be seen the beautiful wild Joyce Country.	the void world over. It's Winland for moyne , bickbuck! Jee-	11
469.12	Come, my good frog-marchers	Under the beautiful work of Wolfe Tone, an expedition of French soldiers was organized for the purpose of landing in Ireland and helping to free the Irish from English domination. Though the plan failed through bribery and treachery in high	jakers! I hurt meself nettly that time! Come, my good frog-	12

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		places – the French soldiers were willing and anxious to help their Irish brothers to throw off the yoke of tyranny.		
			marchers! We felt the fall but we'll front the defile. Was not my	13
			olty mutther, Sereth Maritza, a Runningwater? And the bould	14
469.15	Fingale	Fine-Gall, or Fingal, in the County of Dublin, the territory which was in the possession of the Danes of Dublin in the Age of Christ 1052 and is now a name applied to a district of the County of Dublin extending about fifteen miles to the north of the city. In the year 1052 a predatory excursion was made into Fine-Gall by the son of Mael-na-mbo and he burned the country – skirmishes took place around the fortress, where many fell on both sides, so that the lord of the foreigners, Eachmarcach, son of	one that quickened her the seaborne Fingale ? I feel like that	15

		<p>Raghnall, went over seas and the son of Mael-na-mbo, the ancestor of Dermot Mac Murrough, who was king of Leinster at the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland, whose real name was Diarmaid, assumed the kingship.</p> <p>The following genealogical table will show how the Mac Murroughs, Kavanaughs and other septs are descended from him:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Domhnall, the 14th generation from Enna Ceinnscalach 2. Diarmid 3. Donnchadh, surnamed Mael-na-mbo 4. Diarmaid Mac Mael-na-mbo, King of the Danes of Dublin 		
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		5. Murchadh, a quo Mac Murrough 6. Dunnchadh Mac Murrough 7. Marchadh of the irish, ancestor of Mac Davy More 8. Domhnall Caemhanach, ancestor of Kavanagh familiy and Enna, ancestor of family of Kinsellagh		
			hill of a whaler went yulding round Groenmund's Circus with	16
			his tree full of seaweeds and Dinky Doll asleep in her shell.	17
			Hazelridge has seen me. Jerne valing is. Squall aboard for Kew,	18
			hop! Farewell awhile to her and thee! The brine's my bride to	19
			be. Lead on, Macadam, and danked be he who first sights Halt	20
			Linduff! Solo, solone, solong! Lood Erynnana, ware thee wail!	21
			With me singame soarem o'erem! Here's me take off. Now's	22
			nunc or nimmer, siskinder! Here goes the enemy! Benny dick	23
			hotfoots onimpudent stayers! Sorry! I bless alls to the whished	24
			with this panromain apological which Watllwewhistlem sang to	25
			the kerrycoys. Break ranks! After wage-of-battle bother I am	26
469.27	Adry	→ ardree	thinking most. Fik yew! I'm through. Won. Toe. Adry. You	27

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469.27	Adry	The Ard Righ (pronounced ree) was the chief king or monarch of Erinn.		
			watch my smoke.	28
			After poor Jaun the Boast's last fireless words of postludium	29
			of his soapbox speech ending in'sheaven, twentyaid add one with	30
			a flirt of wings were pouring to his bysistance (could they snip	31
			that curl of curls to lay with their gloves and keep the kids	32
			bright!) prepared to cheer him should he leap or to curse him	33
			should he fall, but, with their biga triga rheda rodeo, the cherubs	34
			in the charabang, set down here and sedan chair, don't you	35
			wish you'd a yoke or a bit in your mouth, repulsing all attempts	36
			FW470	
			at first hands on, as no es nada, our greatly misunderstood one	1
			we perceived to give himself some sort of a hermetic prod or	2
			kick to sit up and take notice, which acted like magic, while	3
			the phalanx of daughters of February Fildyke, embushed and	4
			climbing, ramblers and weeps, voiced approval in their customary	5
			manner by dropping kneedeep in tears over their concelebrated	6
470.07	piopadey boy	"Peep-o-Day Boys": Protestants, who raided	meednight sunflower, piopadey boy , their solase in dorckaness,	7

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		Catholic houses for arms at the break of day, met in a battle at a place called The Diamond and defeated the Catholic "Defenders". The Protestant forces then formed an association called the Orange Society which rapidly spread throughout Ulster. It seems that they regarded Catholics with special abhorrence and they took an oath to exterminate any in their midst. They put up notices to Catholics to leave the province by a certain date. Grattan denounced these Orange outrages, but the Castle party did nothing.		
470.07	piopadey boy	➔ peep of tim boys		
			and splattering together joyously the plaps of their tappyhands	8
			as, with a cry of genuine distress, so prettly prattly pollylogue,	9
			they viewed him, the just one, their darling, away.	10

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			A dream of favours, a favourable dream. They know how they	11
			believe that they believe that they know. Wherefore they wail.	12
			Eh jourd'weh! Oh jourd'woe! dosiriously it psalmodied. Gues-	13
			turn's lothlied anspring to-maronite's wail.	14
			Oasis, cedarous esaltarshoming Leafboughnoon!	15
			Oisis, coolpressus onmountof Sighing!	16
			Oasis, palmost esaltarshoming Gladdays!	17
			Oisis, phantastichal roseway anjerichol!	18
			Oasis, newleavos spaciosing encampness!	19
			Oisis, plantainous dewstuckacqmirage playtennis!	20
470.21	Pipetto, Pipetta	From the <i>Journal to Stella</i> , the letters Swift wrote to Esther Johnson in Ireland while he was in England. The "little language" which appears in them is supposed to be a teasing imitation of Stella's speech when a small child, still affectionately remembered by Swift. He refers to her as "Ppt" and to himself as Pdfr, which may mean poor dear foolish rogue. Joyce imitates this	Pipetto, Pipetta has misery unnoticed!	21

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		language in other places in <i>Finnegans Wake</i> , especially the confusion of the letters "I" and "r", in expressions such as Swift uses, "nevle saw ze rike" for "never saw the like".		
			But the strangest thing happened. Backscuttling for the hop	22
			off with the odds altogether in favour of his tumbling into the	23
			river, Jaun just then I saw to collect from the gentlest weaner	24
			among the weiners, (who by this were in half droopleaf long	25
			mourning for the passing of the last post) the familiar yellow	26
			label into which he let fall a drop, smothered a curse, choked a	27
			guffaw, spat expectoratically and blew his own trumpet. And next	28
			thing was he gummalicked the stickyback side and stamped the	29
			oval badge of belief to his agnelows brow with a genuine	30
			dash of irrepressible piety that readily turned his ladylike	31
			typmanzelles capsy curvy (the holy scamp!), with half a	32
			glance of Irish frisky (a Juan Jaimesan <i>hastaluego</i>) from under	33
			the shag of his parallel brows. It was then he made as if be	34
			but waved instead a handacross the sea as notice to quit while	35
			the pacifettes made their armpacts widdershins (Frida! Freda!	36
			FW471	

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			Paza! Paisy! Irine! Areinette! Bridomay! Bentamai! Soso-	1
			sopky! Bebebekka! Bababadkessy! Ghugugoothoyou! Dama!	2
			Damadomina! Takiya! Tokaya! Scioccara! Siuccherillina! Peoc-	3
			chia! Peucchia! Ho Mi Hoping! Ha Me Happinice! Mirra! My-	4
			rha! Solyma! Salemita! Santa! Sianta! O Peace!), but in self-	5
			righting the balance of his corporeity to reexchange widerem-	6
			brace with the pillarbosom of the Dizzier he loved prettier, be-	7
471.08	estellos	Stella, of the <i>Journal to Stella</i> , letters to Esther Johnson from Jonathan Swift. Most of his adult life he was in close personal relationship with two women, Hester Vanhomrigh and Stella, who were jealous of one another and to neither of whom does he seem to have been completely open and honest. Joyce unjustly remarks in his notes on <i>Exiles</i> that Swift was brought low by a woman; this appears surprising in view of Swift's intimate	tween estellos and venoussas , bad luck to the lie but when next	8

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		correspondence implying affection to both which he never confirmed nor denied – a kind of situation intolerable to a passionate heart, reflecting a lack of honor in a personal sense on Swift's part which no biographer can quite hide. And a kind of conduct impossible to imagine in Joyce.		
471.08	estellos	→ a stell		
471.08	venoussas	in place of Vanessa, the name which Dean Swift gave to the young Miss Vanhomrigh, with whom he corresponded and for whom he had a lasting, if somewhat equivocal, affection.		
			to nobody expected, their star and gartergazer at the summit of	9
			his climax, he toppled a lipple on to the off and, making a brand-	10
			new start for himself to run down his easting, by blessing hes	11
			stheres with the sign of the southern cross, his bungaloid borsa-	12
			line with the hedgygreen bound blew off in a loveblast (award	13
			for trover!) and Jawjon Redhead, bucketing after, meccamaniac,	14

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		(the headless shall have legs!), kingscouriered round with an easy	15
		rush and ready relays by the bridge a stadion beyond Ladycastle	16
		(and what herm but he narrowly missed fouling her buttress for	17
		her but for he acqueducked) and then, cocking a snook at the	18
		stock of his sermons, so mear and yet so fahr from that region's	19
		general, away with him at the double, the hulk of a garron,	20
		pelting after the road, on Shanks's mare, let off like a wind hound	21
		loose (the bouchal! you'd think it was that moment they gave	22
		him the jambos!) with a posse of tossing hankerwaves to his	23
		windward like seraph's summonses on the air and a tempest of	24
		good things in packetshape teeming from all accounts into the	25
		funnel of his fanmail shrimpnet, along the highroad of the	26
		nation, Traitor's Track, following which fond floral fray he was	27
		quickly lost to sight through the statuemen though without a	28
		doubt he was all the more on that same head to memory dear	29
		while Sickerson, that borne of bjoerne, <i>la garde auxiliaire</i> she	30
		murmured, hellyg Ursulinka, full of woe (and how fitlier should	31
		goodboy's hand be shook than by the warmin of her besom	32
		that wrung his swaddles?): <i>Where maggot Harvey kneeled till bags?</i>	33
		<i>Ate Andrew coos hogdam farvel!</i>	34
		Wethen, now, may the good people speed you, rural Haun,	35
		export stout fellow that you are, the crooner born with sweet	36

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			FW472	
472.01	Shamrogues hire	Shamrock, symbol of Ireland	wail of evoker, healing music, ay, and heart in hand of Sham-	1
			rogueshire! The googoos of the suckabolly in the rockabeddy are	2
			become the copiosity of wiseableness of the friarylayman in the	3
			pulpitbarrel. May your bawny hair grow rarer and fairer, our own	4
472.05	Mint	“There is one curious characteristic distinguishing from its earliest appearance, the Celtic language from its Indo-European sisters: this is the loss of the letter “p” both at the beginning of a word and when it is placed between two vowels. This dropping of the letter “p” had already given to the Celtic language a special character of its own at the time when, breaking forth from their earliest home the Celts crossed the Rhine and proceeded, perhaps a thousand years	only wideheaded boy! Rest your voice! Feed your mind! Mint	5

		<p>before Christ to establish themselves in the British isles. The Celts who first colonised Ireland said, for instance, atir for pater, but they had not yet experienced that curious linguistic change which at a later time is assumed to have come over the Celts of the Continent and caused them to actually change into a "p" the Indo-European guttural "q".</p> <p>Their descendants, the modern Irish, to this very day retain the primitive word forms which had their origin a thousand years before Christ. So much so is this the cost that the Welsh antiquary, Lhuyd, writing in the last century asserted that 'there were scarce any words in the Irish besides what are borrowed from the</p>		
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		<p>Latin or some other language that begin with 'p', insomuch that in an ancient alphabetical vocabulary I have by me that letter is omitted.' "</p> <p>Quoted from Douglas Hyde, <i>Literary History of Ireland</i></p>		
472.06	<p>your peas! Coax your qyous!</p>	<p>"There is one curious characteristic distinguishing from its earliest appearance, the Celtic language from its Indo-European sisters: this is the loss of the letter "p" both at the beginning of a word and when it is placed between two vowels. This dropping of the letter "p" had already given to the Celtic language a special character of its own at the time when, breaking forth from their earliest home the Celts crossed the Rhine and proceeded, perhaps a thousand years</p>	<p>your peas! Coax your qyous! Come to disdoon blarmey and</p>	6

		<p>before Christ to establish themselves in the British isles. The Celts who first colonised Ireland said, for instance, atir for pater, but they had not yet experienced that curious linguistic change which at a later time is assumed to have come over the Celts of the Continent and caused them to actually change into a "p" the Indo-European guttural "q".</p> <p>Their descendants, the modern Irish, to this very day retain the primitive word forms which had their origin a thousand years before Christ. So much so is this the cost that the Welsh antiquary, Lhuyd, writing in the last century asserted that 'there were scarce any words in the Irish besides what are borrowed from the</p>		
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		Latin or some other language that begin with 'p', insomuch that in an ancient alphabetical vocabulary I have by me that letter is omitted.' "		
		Quoted from Douglas Hyde, <i>Literary History of Ireland</i>		
			walk our groves so charming and see again the sweet rockelose	7
			where first you hymned <i>O Ciesa Mea!</i> and touch the light the-	8
			orbo! Songster, angler, choreographer! Piper to prisoned! Musi-	9
			cianship made Embrassador-at-Large! Good by nature and	10
			natural by design, had you but been spared to us, Hauneen lad,	11
			but sure where's the use my talking quicker when I know you'll	12
			hear me all astray? My long farewell I send to you, fair dream of	13
			sport and game and always something new. Gone is Haun! My	14
			grief, my ruin! Our Joss-el-Jovan! Our Chris-na-Murty! 'Tis well	15
			grief, my ruin! Our Joss-el-Jovan! Our Chris-na-Murty! 'Tis well	16
			follow receding on your photophoric pilgrimage to your anti-	17
			podes in the past, you who so often consigned your distributory	18
			tidings of great joy into our nevertolatetolove box, mansuetudi-	19
			nous manipulator, victimisedly victorihoarse, dearest Haun of	20
			all, you of the boots, true as adie, stepwalker, pennyatimer,	21
			lampaddyfair, postanulengro, our rommanychiel! Thy now pal-	22

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			ing light lucerne we ne'er may see again. But could it speak how	23
			nicely would it splutter to the four cantons praises be to thee,	24
			our pattern sent! For you had — may I, in our, your and their	25
			names, dare to say it? — the nucleus of a glow of a zeal of soul	26
			of service such as rarely, if ever, have I met with single men.	27
			Numerous are those who, nay, there are a dozen of folks still	28
			unclaimed by the death angel in this country of ours today,	29
			humble indivisibles in this grand continuum, overlorded by fate	30
			and interlarded with accidence, who, while there are hours and	31
			days, will fervently pray to the spirit above that they may never	32
			depart this earth of theirs till in his long run from that place	33
			where the day begins, ere he retournes postexilic, on that day	34
			that belongs to joyful Ireland, the people that is of all time, the	35
			old old oldest, the young young youngest, after decades of	36
			FW473	
			longsuffering and decennia of brief glory, to mind us of what	1
			was when and to matter us of the withering of our ways, their	2
			Janyouare Fibyouare wins true from Sylvester (only Walker	3
			himself is like Waltzer, whimsicalissimo they go murmurand)	4
			comes marching ahome on the summer crust of the flagway.	5
			Life, it is true, will be a blank without you because avicum's not	6

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			there at all, to nomore cares from nomad knows, ere Molochy	7
			wars bring the devil era, a slip of the time between a date and a	8
			ghostmark, rived by darby's chilldays embers, spatched fun	9
			Juhn that dandyforth, from the night we are and feel and fade	10
			with to the yesterselves we tread to turnupon.	11
			But, boy, you did your strong nine furlong mile in slick and	12
			slapstick record time and a farfetched deed it was in troth, cham-	13
			pion docile, with your high bouncing gait of going and your	14
			feat of passage will be contested with you and through you, for	15
			centuries to come. The phaynix rose a sun before Erebia sank his	16
			smother! Shoot up on that, bright Bennu bird! <i>Va faotre!</i>	17
473.18	sphoenix spark	A reference to Phoenix Park in Dublin, largest public park in the world, where the murder of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Frederick Cavendish and the Permanent Under-Secretary, Thomas Henry Burke, by Joe Brady and his Invincibles, in the year 1882, was an event which rocked the Irish world and led to the downfall of Parnell and the loss	Eftsoon so too will our own sphoenix spark spirt his spyre	18

	<p>of liberty for Ireland, because Forster saw in it a chance to implicate Parnell in the guilt and accused him in the English Parliament of permitting crime in pursuance of the Land League. Parnell said he would defend himself only to the Irish people and the famous trial of Pigott completely freed Parnell, but this began the break in his power, which the English desired at any cost.</p> <p>The name Phoenix as applied to this Park came from the old manorhouse, the original purchase from which the government developed the Park, the name of which is supposed to have referred to the appearance of the house standing on a hill overlooking the Liffey, suggesting the</p>		
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	<p>conventional attitude of the Phoenix bird rising from its ashes.</p> <p>The more widely accepted version of the origin of the name, however, is a derivation from a spring called "Fionn-uisge" (Feenisk), which had been resorted to from time immemorial for the beneficial effects of its waters. It seems probable that the Fionn-uisge, or Feenisk spa, originated the name of the lands on which the Phoenix manor house was built by Sir Edward Fisher. The lands formed the earliest portion of the Park, subsequently known as the Phoenix.</p> <p>The government being without any official residence for the Irish Viceroys, in 1618</p>	
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		repurchased the Phoenix lands with the new house and until the Restoration it was the principal viceregal residence.		
473.18	sphoenix spark	➔ phoenix		
			and sunward stride the rampante flambe. Ay, already the	19
			sombrer opacities of the gloom are sphanished! Brave footsore	20
			Haun! Work your progress! Hold to! Now! Win out, ye divil ye!	21
			The silent cock shall crow at last. The west shall shake the east	22
			awake. Walk while ye have the night for morn, lightbreakfast-	23
			bringer, morroweth whereon every past shall full fost sleep.	24
			Amain.	25

We have so far published in this James Joyce Lexicography Series:

Part One

Volume	Title	Number of Pages	Launched on
Vol. 1.	The Romanian Lexicon of <i>Finnegans Wake</i> . http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu.lexicon-of-romanian-in-FW.html	455pp	11 November 2011
Vol. 2.	Helmut Bonheim's German Lexicon of <i>Finnegans Wake</i> . http://editura.mttlc.ro/Helmut.Bonheim-Lexicon-of-the-German-in-FW.html	217pp	7 December 2011
Vol. 3.	A Lexicon of Common Scandinavian in <i>Finnegans Wake</i> . http://editura.mttlc.ro/C-G.Sandulescu-A-Lexicon-of-Common-Scandinavian-in-FW.html	195pp	13 January 2012
Vol. 4.	A Lexicon of Allusions and Motifs in <i>Finnegans Wake</i> . http://editura.mttlc.ro/G.Sandulescu-Lexicon-of-Allusions-and-Motifs-in-FW.html	263pp	11 February 2012
Vol. 5.	A Lexicon of "Small" Languages in <i>Finnegans Wake</i> .	237pp	7 March 2012

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Dedicated to Stephen J. Joyce.

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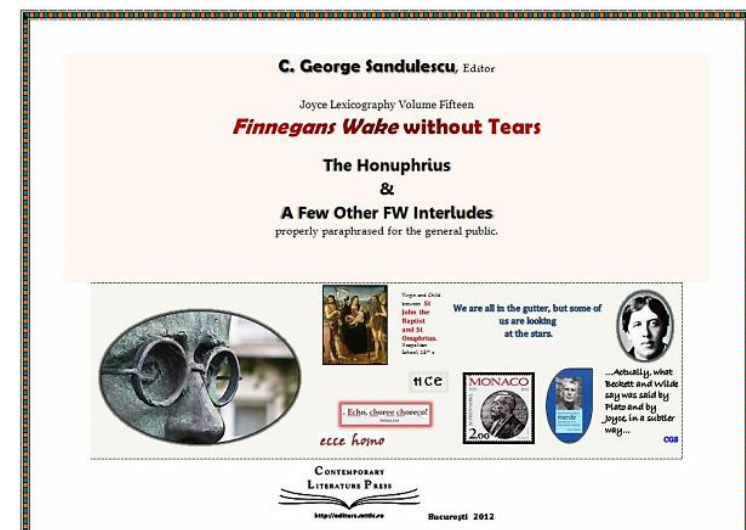
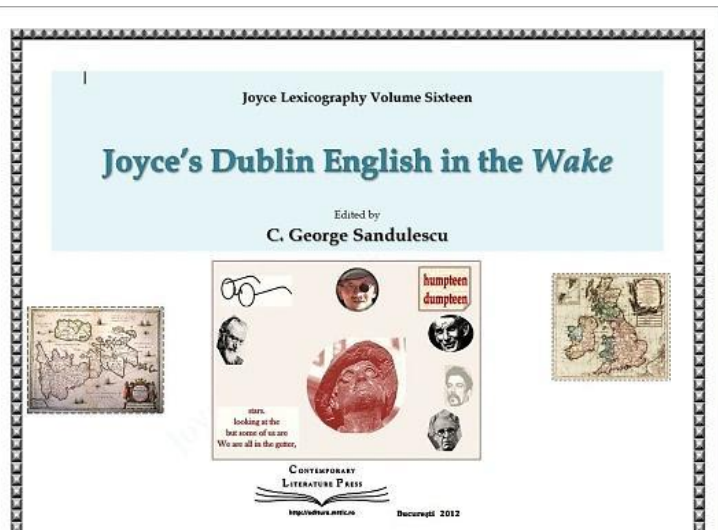
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