

**C. George Sandulescu**, Editor

Joyce Lexicography Volume Fifteen

## ***Finnegans Wake* without Tears**

**The Honuphrius**

**&**

**A Few Other FW Interludes**

properly paraphrased for the general public.



Virgin and Child  
between **St  
John the  
Baptist  
and St  
Onuphrius**.  
Neapolitan  
School, 16<sup>th</sup> c

**We are all in the gutter, but some of  
us are looking  
at the stars.**



*...Actually, what  
Beckett and Wilde  
say was said by  
Plato and by  
Joyce, in a subtler  
way...*

rice

**Echo, choree choreco!**  
D'VSE4J56

*ecce homo*



CGS

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București 2012

C. George Sandulescu, Editor  
**Finnegans Wake without Tears**  
The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes  
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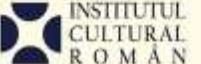


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Executive Advisor:  
GEORGE SANDULESCU

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F.M Boldereff. *Reading Finnegans Wake.* Classic Nonfiction Library. Woodward, Pa. 1959. pp115-28.

The quotation on the cover comes from Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892), act iii, said by Lord Darlington to Mr Dumby, who retorts with an 'echo response' (which is indeed a mannerism in Stanley Kubrick's very last film, with the Joycean title of *Eyes Wide Shut*) (1892 is another Joycean coincidence).



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H C E

In the interval of one single year, from 11 November 2011 to 11 November 2012, *Contemporary Literature Press* has managed to publish Fifteen Volumes of James Joyce Lexicography, totalling **4873** pages, as part of the series bearing the same name. We hope that at least another dozen, if not fifteen, will see the light of the Internet in the year to come, which is the year until 11 November 2013!



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

**Vol. 1.** The **Romanian** Lexicon of *Finnegans Wake*. 45pp. Launched on 11 November 2011.

<http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu.lexicon-of-romanian-in-FW.html>

**Vol. 2.** Helmut Bonheim's **German** Lexicon of *Finnegans Wake*. 217pp. Launched on 7 December 2011.

<http://editura.mttlc.ro/Helmut.Bonheim-Lexicon-of-the-German-in-FW.html>

**Vol. 3.** A Lexicon of **Common Scandinavian** in *Finnegans Wake*. 195pp. Launched on 13 January 2012.

<http://editura.mttlc.ro/C-G.Sandulescu-A-Lexicon-of-Common-Scandinavian-in-FW.html>

**Vol. 4.** A Lexicon of **Allusions and Motifs** in *Finnegans Wake*. 263pp. Launched on 11 February 2012.

<http://editura.mttlc.ro/G.Sandulescu-Lexicon-of-Allusions-and-Motifs-in-FW.html>

**Vol. 5.** A Lexicon of **"Small" Languages** in *Finnegans Wake*. 237pp. Launched on 7 March 2012.

**Dedicated to Stephen J. Joyce.** <http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu-small-languages-fw.html>

**Vol. 6.** A **Total** Lexicon of Part Four of *Finnegans Wake*. 411 pp. Launched on 31 March 2012.

<http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu-total-lexicon-fw.html>

**Vol. 7. UnEnglish English** in *Finnegans Wake*. The First Hundred Pages. Pages 003 to 103. 453pp. Launched on 27 April 2012.

**Dedicated to Clive Hart.** <http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu-unenglish-fw-volume-one.html>

**Vol. 8. UnEnglish English** in *Finnegans Wake*. The Second Hundred Pages. Pages 104 to 216. 280pp. Launched on 14 May 2012.

<http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu-unenglish-fw-volume-two.html>



**Vol. 9. UnEnglish English** in *Finnegans Wake*. Part Two of the Book. Pages 219 to 399. 516pp. Launched on 7 June 2012.  
<http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu-unenglish-fw-volume-three.html>

**Vol. 10. UnEnglish English** in *Finnegans Wake*. The Last Two Hundred Pages. Parts Three and Four of *Finnegans Wake*.  
From FW page 403 to FW page 628. 563pp. Launched on 7 July 2012.  
<http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu-unenglish-fw-volume-four.html>

**Vol. 11. Literary Allusions** in *Finnegans Wake*. 327pp. Launched on 23 July 2012.  
**Dedicated to the Memory of Anthony Burgess.** <http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu-literary-allusions.html>

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**Vol. 15.** *Finnegans Wake without Tears*. The Honuphrius & A Few other Interludes, paraphrased for the UnEducated. 248p.  
Launched on 7 November 2012. <http://editura.mttlc.ro/sandulescu-the-honuphrius.html>

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

C. George Sandulescu, Editor  
*Finnegans Wake without Tears*  
The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes  
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# Part One

The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes

C. George Sandulescu

## The Honuphrius



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Volume Fifteen of Joyce Lexicography is meant to be a watershed: it is intended to represent a gentle transition from the “very idiosyncratic” language of FW to the “very idiosyncratic” story in FW. It provides the beginning of an instrument for dealing with the pragmatics of the narrative – Person, Place, Time – concurrently and deliberately marginalising the Irish element in both use of Anglo-Irish and of Song. For that, after all, is the job of the Republic of Ireland!

I am using “very idiosyncratic” here in the sense of “far more than strange,” which is an absolutely accurate description of both these literary phenomena. To use a word created after Joyce, the ideal epithet to be used about it would be “**ostrobogulous**.” That’s right: it is indeed an ostrobogulous book! James Joyce would be quite delighted with the epithet, I’m sure.

FW has by now, on top of everything, acquired the stature of “a sacred book,” according to Northrop Frye in his *Anatomy of Criticism* (1957 : 314), just by being the most massive off-the-beaten-track item emerging out of one single human mind.

The story of FW has so far been neglected by me, in exactly the same way in which the 40 or more languages of FW have so far not been given the deserved attention by the rest of the world. Mind you, **name identification** the way Glasheen

goes after them requires the subtle stylistic sophistication of a Raymond Queneau, *le grand chef de la Pléiade*, in order to get somewhere.

Today, at a time when Europe **as a whole** pockets one Nobel Prize all to herself, the **Languages** of Europe are sure to have their long-awaited share of the bounty (or is it a 'booty of non-war'?!). And it goes without saying that the **Stories** of Europe themselves deserve their share too – collectively, rather than piecemeal...

It is time, therefore, that Language and Story are put on an equal footing in this **Lexicographic Series**, which continues to grow.

Consequently, the book by my good friend and colleague Glanville Price entitled *The Languages of Europe* (1998) acquires greater topicality in this very context. I only conclude by adding that the author, former Professor of French at Stirling, Leeds and Aberystwyth is not only a more than fluent speaker of **Romanian**, but also was very active for years within the Board of **Welsh** Television.

In short, the purpose of this book, and of the whole series, past, present, and future, is to repair and mend Joyce scholarship neglects of very long standing. Namely: the exact equilibrium between **Language** & **Story** is one such thing.

**Hypothetical Questions**  
**accompanied by equally hypothetical answers.**  
For Purposes of Further Advanced Research.

It was as clear as daylight that after the novel *Ulysses* Joyce had to write another book: when the post *Ulysses* book first came to Joyce's mind, what was the author's very first thought? Was it the title? Was it the story? Was it the gimmicky 'language'? Was it the mere fear of authorial idleness and vacuum? What was it? What was the centrepiece trigger?

Genetic criticism is sure to have its own answer. But I am not a geneticist, and I do not quite believe in it. My answer is more simple, and more down to earth.

I bluntly maintain that it was the main character. The reason? So very simple: ALL Joyce's writings are one-character writings – starting with his *Epiphanies*, and finishing... say... with his last will and testament.

On the basis of that all too simple but solid way of arguing... IN THE

BEGINNING, to quote both The Genesis & St John, all in one, Joyce had **The Main Character**. And nothing else. The rest is what was being constructed, starting from that point in the space of his imagination.

So, the first thing he needed for this main character was its complex identity. And all police departments, when you say that, would go – first and foremost – for the full name!

It is here that was his the first interesting problem: in its three-term completeness this name occurs nowhere in the book, and it is less than seldom repeated: though it occurs in ever so many variants on every other page!

But it is time, I think, to get down to brass tacks. I consider both Naming and Titling to be devices of Rhetoric in the modern theory of fiction. So, within that particular frame of reference it is always more practical to start from the hard data.

First digression to make things simple: And what can be simpler than Anthony Burgess, made famous by Stanley Kubrick. Let us take the title *Clockwork Orange* – invented by one, kept by the other, never properly understood by the vast majority of the general public... Bearing in mind that the novel was first issued in 1962, and the film seven years after in 1971, it posited tremendous translation problems – the title, I mean – in ever so many countries. The French were the first to be most unhappy, with their *Orange Mécanique*. I myself was puzzled too, to start with.

But at the very end of *Joysprick*, Anthony Burgess patiently explains (something Joyce never ever dreams of doing): “When I wrote a novel called *A Clockwork Orange*, no European reader saw the Malay word for ‘man’ – *orang* – was contained in the title (Malay students invariably write ‘orang squash’ and no amount of correction will kill the habit).”

So much for the first word, from the horse’s mouth. But how about the second? It is perhaps even more relevant than the first, though far more insidious to track. Anthony Burgess was a teacher, turned journalist, turned novelist, and a compulsive reader. (I could not even invite him to my house, because he invariably sat himself down and started reading my whole library...) And philosophy also interested him from time to time. It so happened that a professor of philosophy of the University of London wrote the bestseller *The Concept of Mind* as early as 1949; Gilbert Ryle wrote the following, largely quoting Thomas Hobbes: “Human nature differs only in degree of complexity from **clockwork**” (1949 : 20)

To put it otherwise, the word was in the air in British philosophical circles from Hobbes onwards, and Ryle resorts to it at least two dozen times in the course of the book. So it is to me as clear as daylight that Burgess must have picked it up from the air, in his random readings.

Now back to Joyce: I tend to advance that Joyce—in the making of FW—trigger-started from Honuphrius, which he anglicised as Humphrey, then added a

bit of a monkey in the (*chimp+chimney...*), so no wonder, Burgess too—a Joyce addict—had to resort to some ourag-outang mumbo jumbo in his title...

But my most important point is the third name, that of Earwicker. Why? Why *earwig*, for heaven's sake? My theory is the following, bringing Joyce closer to the accusations of plagiarism directed against both Oscar Wilde and T. S. Eliot.

I will only give a brief explanation here, which—with luck—I will try to develop and prove in the subsequent volumes...

Just like myself, Joyce could and would think multilingually; and encouraged his whole family to do the same.

*Ohrwurm* means in German a lot more than it means in English. At least it was so in Joyce's days; and has stayed like that in the Oxford Dictionaries that I possess today.

The other week, on Monday 22 October, there were at least two BBC Radio programmes devoted to *earworms*. The problem is that both the BBC and the Wikipedia were applying the phenomenon to **music only!**

But I am now asking you all an important question: what if Joyce himself was suffering from **multi-language earworms**? The way Shakespeare quotations circulate... to the point of becoming pathological fixations with some people(s), no matter what their profession(s)...

“Put but money in thy purse,” said Iago. And the whole of Brussels repeats

that today – through the voice of Berlin – to Athens, and to Dublin, and Madrid, and Lisbon, and to Rome... “There are many things in heaven and earth” is another linguistic bookworm that I am myself pestered with in old age, whenever I think of, say, post-communism anywhere in the world...

Joyce does apply *Ohrwurm* to Language and Languages. It was surely obsessive with him, and it may well have been somewhat fringing the pathological. But the literary method is beyond doubt – the more I think of it – built right into the third and last part of the name of the main character.

Last but not least: There is a major Research Project nicely called **The Earwormery!** It is nicely run jointly by Goldsmith College, The University of London, the British Academy, and BBC 6 (<http://earwormery.com/>). But none of these venerable institutions ever thought of applying the phenomenon to Language discourse – they only stick to music.. On the other hand, James Joyce did take in language as part of this major phenomenon in both *Ulysses* (“la ci darem la mano” etc) and in *Finnegans Wake*.

In consequence, the Literary Method is deeply implanted in the very name of the very main character. That does give meaning indeed to the earwig, which all Oxford Dictionaries define as a mere earworm... That is why, it becomes so very necessary to **learn by heart all the three hundred variants of the sigla H C E, which follow right here...** Just in order to be able to understand the story as told

by himself, about himself, and still, in spite of so many years of collective effort, still only **for** himself!

Europe WinterTime ClockChange 2012

**C. George Sandulescu**

P.S. Do not forget: the '**earworm**' is the most sophisticated variety of *Joycean Monologue* so far pinned down. Years ago, I wrote a book on the subject.

The technical term was not 'in circulation' at the time within the Rhetoric of Fiction: **I am now, and hereby, introducing it!**

## C. George Sandulescu

### H C E – The 333 TOKENS of the Name.



#### Ονούφριος

(from Egyptian: "he-who-is-continuingly-good")  
Byzantine icon.

Onuphrius lived as a hermit in the desert  
of Upper Egypt in the 4th or 5th centuries.

Following F.M Boldereff. *Reading Finnegans Wake*.  
Classic Nonfiction Library. Woodward, Pa. 1959.  
pp115-28.

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003.03:1	Howth Castle and Environs. #		1.
004.26:9	hod, cement and edifices		2.
004.32:1	Haroun Childeric Eggeberth		3.
006.35:5	he calmly extensolies	[NOT in Boldereff!]	4.
007.22:12	. <i>Hic cubat edilis.</i>		5.
010.21:10	) How Copenhagen ended.	[NOT in Boldereff!]	6.
011.15:11	happinest childher everwere.	[NOT in Boldereff!]	7.
<b>013.05:1</b>	<b># Hush! Caution! Echoland! #</b>		8.
<b>013.06:1</b>	<b># How charmigly exquisite!</b>		9.
013.22:12	heathersmoke and cloudweed Eire's	[NOT in Boldereff!]	10.
017.25:2	. Hither, craching eastuards,		11.
017.26:1	: hence, cool at ebb,		12.
018.23:10	Head-in-Clouds walked the earth.	[NOT in Boldereff!]	13.
018.30:10	. A <u>h</u> atch, a <u>c</u> elt, an <u>e</u> arshare		14.
018.31:11	<u>e</u> arth <u>c</u> rust at all of <u>h</u> ours,		15.
021.13:7	<u>h</u> is <u>h</u> omerigh, <u>c</u> astle and <u>e</u> arthenhouse.		16.

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025.06:6	, hive, comb and earwax,	[NOT in Boldereff!]	17.
029.18:8	, Humme the Cheapner, Esc,		18.
029.30:6	humile, commune and ensectuous	[NOT in Boldereff!]	19.
029.35:5	hubbub caused in Edenborough. #		20.
030.02:6	<b>H</b> arold or <b>H</b> umphrey <b>C</b> himpenden's [+030.07:8] <b>E</b> arwicker(s)		21.
030.04:7	enos chalked halltraps)		22.
030.14:6	, Hag Chivychas Eve,		23.
031.03:4	earthside hoist with care.		24.
032.12:5	<b>. The great fact emerges that all holographs so far exhumed [...] initialled by Haromphrey bear the sigla <b>H.C.E.</b></b>		25.
032.18:7	the nickname <b>H</b> ere <b>C</b> omes <b>E</b> verybody.		26.
033.13:2	. Habituels conspicuously emergent. #	[NOT in Boldereff!]	27.
033.30:1	H. C. Earwicker		28.
035.20:2	. Hesitency was clearly to be evitated.	[NOT in Boldereff!]	29.
035.20:8	Excreation as cleverly to be honnisoid.	[NOT in Boldereff!]	30.
036.12:8	H. C. Earwicker	[NOT in Boldereff!]	31.
036.22:3	hotel and creamery establishments	[NOT in Boldereff!]	32.
036.29:4	High Church of England	[NOT in Boldereff!]	33.

037.01:5	Heidelberg mannleich cavern ethics)	[NOT in Boldereff!]	34.
038.16:6	hup a ' chee	[NOT in Boldereff!]	35.
039.34:8	, Eglantine's choicest herbage,	[NOT in Boldereff!]	36.
039.05:8	classic Encourage Hackney		37.
046.01:3	He'll Cheat E'erawan		38.
051.14:1	<u>h</u> aardly <u>c</u> reditable <u>e</u> dventyres of the <u>H</u> aberdasher, the two <u>C</u> urchies and the three <u>E</u> nkelchums		39.
053.28:8	Eagle Cock Hostel		40.
055.11:7	, the <u>h</u> en and <u>c</u> rusader <u>e</u> verintermutuomergent,		41.
055.29:1	haughty, cacuminal, erubescant (		42.
058.19:1	<u>h</u> uman, <u>e</u> rring and <u>c</u> ondonable,		43.
<b>059.03:3</b>	<b><u>h</u>is <u>E</u>agle and <u>C</u>hild</b>		44.
<b>059.03:10</b>	<b><u>c</u>orn and <u>h</u>ay <u>e</u>mtors</b>		45.
062.21:2	, Humpheres Cheops Exarchas,		46.
066.17:7	Hyde and Cheek, Edenberry,		47.
068.11:11	. Houri of the coast of emerald,	[NOT in Boldereff!]	48.
070.15:2	hikely excellent crude		49.
070.34:4	<u>H</u> ouse, son of <u>C</u> lod [...] to be <u>E</u> xecuted		50.
071.27:3	, <i>Hatches Cocks' Eggs</i> ,		51.
073.30:10	, at <u>H</u> owth, or at <u>C</u> oolock or even at <u>E</u> nniskerry,		52.

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073.19:7	( <i>Et Cur Heli!</i> )	53.
074.02:2	, haught crested elmer,	54.
076.05:9	, Ham's cribcracking yeggs,	55.
076.32:1	erst curst Hun	56.
078.03:10	( <i>hypnos chilia eonion!</i> )	57.
085.12:3	, a highly commendable exercise,	58.
088.02:1	high chief evervirens	59.
095.12:6	H <sup>2</sup> C E <sup>3</sup>	60.
096.34:3	hagious curious encestor	61.
097.03:5	Humfires Chase	62.
097.08:7	. Ear canny hare	63.
098.18:7	had claimed endright,	64.
098.36:6	. Howforhim chirrupeth evereachbird!	[NOT in Boldereff!] 65.
100.18:3	( <i>En caecos harauspices!</i> )	66.
101.12:14	Homo Capite Erectus,	67.
102.06:1	hiding the crumbends of his enormousness	68.
102.16:6	Handiman the Chomp, Esquoro,	69.
105.14:1	, <i>He Can Explain,</i>	70.
106.24:3	<i>Howoke Cotchme Eye,</i>	71.
106.32:5	<i>Huffy Chops Eads,</i>	72.

106.36:2	<i>Excellent <u>H</u>alf<u>c</u>entre</i>		73.
107.12:10	hardily curiosing entomophilust		74.
107.14:5	<u>e</u> ternal <u>c</u> himerah <u>h</u> unter		75.
108.15:7	Elberfeld's Calculating Horses.		76.
108.23:8	(Hear! Calls! Everywhair!)		77.
111.06:7	, Cheepalizzy's Hane Exposition)		78.
119.18:4	<u>h</u> is <u>h</u> es <u>h</u> ecitency <u>H</u> ec,		79.
125.14:8	Hans the Curier	[NOT in Boldereff!]	80.
126.14:10	a conciliation cap onto the eskers of his hooth;	[NOT in Boldereff!]	81.
126.15:1	cap onto the esker of his hooth;		82.
126.17:11	<u>h</u> einousness of <u>c</u> hoice to <u>e</u> veryknight		83.
126.24:4	Hirish tutores Cornish made easy;	[NOT in Boldereff!]	84.
127.03:7	heptagon crystal emprisoms		85.
127.08:5	coal at the end of his harrow	[NOT in Boldereff!]	86.
127.10:6	<u>e</u> scapemaster-in- <u>c</u> hief from all sorts of <u>h</u> ouding- places;		87.
128.05:2	; <u>h</u> idal, in <u>c</u> arucates he is <u>e</u> numerated,		88.
128.05:8	, <u>h</u> old as an <u>e</u> arl, he <u>c</u> ounts;		89.
128.24:6	; <u>h</u> ock is leading, <u>c</u> ocoa <u>c</u> omes next, <u>e</u> merly tries for the flag;		90.

128.36:8	; has an eatupus complex	(→Oedipus...)	91.
129.04:10	; Cattermole Hill, ex-mountain		92.
129.09:7	hatched at Cellbridge but ejoculated abroad;		93.
129.14:3	<u>h</u> omoheatherus <u>c</u> heckinloss <u>e</u> gg		94.
129.16:1	half emillian via bogus census		95.
130.35:3	Hwang Chang evelytime;		96.
131.07:3	; hoveth chieftains evrywehr,		97.
131.30:1	<i>hereditaris columna erecta,</i>		98.
131.30:4	<i>hagion chiton eraphon;</i>		99.
132.06:5	; a <u>h</u> unnibal in <u>e</u> xhaustive <u>c</u> onflict,		100.
132.36:2	; comm, eilerdich, heckleury	[NOT in Boldereff!]	101.
133.24:6	; hallucination, cauchman, ectoplasm;		102.
134.19:9	hard cash earned		103.
134.34:1	hinted at in the eschatological chapters		104.
134.34:5	eschatological chapters of Humphrey's	[NOT in Boldereff!]	105.
135.29:11	Hewitt Costello, Equerry,		106.
136.14:	<u>H</u> ay <u>c</u> ock, <u>E</u> mmet,		107.
136.26:6	; caller herring everydaily,		108.
136.40:1	changed endocrine history		109.
137.07:9	; <u>H</u> ennery <u>C</u> anterel – <u>C</u> ockran, <u>e</u> ggotisters,		110.

137.12:5	; <u>h</u> heard in <u>c</u> amera and <u>e</u> xcruciated;	111.
137.14:2	<u>h</u> eavengendered, <u>c</u> haosfoedted, <u>e</u> arthborn;	112.
137.18:1	honorary captain of the extemporised	113.
137.21:1	Elder Charterhouse's	[NOT in Boldereff!] 114.
138.06:8	excrescence to civilised humanity	115.
138.16:2	H.C. Endersen	116.
138.26:5	; hears cricket on the earth	(→ Dickens Title) 117.
140.33:4	combarative embottled history,	[NOT in Boldereff!] 118.
141.20:1	<u>H. E. C</u> himneys' <u>C</u> ompany	119.
151.18:6	<u>h</u> aunting <u>c</u> revices for a deadbeat <u>e</u> scupement	120.
157.26:5	Heliogobbleus and Commodus Enobarbarus	121.
160.12:1	East Conna Hillock	122.
173.23:3	history, climate and entertainment	123.
176.07:1	<i>Henressy Crump Expolled,</i>	124.
176.10:7	<u>C</u> olours, <u>E</u> ggs in the Bush, <u>H</u> abberdasherisher,	125.
179.18:10	<u>h</u> uge <u>c</u> hest-house of his <u>e</u> lders	126.
188.15:7.2	<u>c</u> ondemned fool, [...] <u>e</u> goarch, <u>h</u> iresiarch,	127.
192.18:2	<u>e</u> xcruciated, in <u>h</u> onour bound to the <u>c</u> ross	128.
194.04:9	ere the compline hour	129.
196.21:5	King fierceas Humphrey,	[NOT in Boldereff!] 130.

197.08:7	? Huges Caput Earlyfouler.	131.
198.08:8	! H. C. E.	132.
198.09:1	has a codfisk ee. [NOT in Boldereff!]	133.
205.22:7	Her Chuff Exsquire!	134.
205.29:14	(Evro-peahahn cheic house,	135.
215.20:1	Etrurian Catholic Heathen,	136.
215.27:3	! <i>Hircus Civis Eblanensis!</i>	137.
219.05:6	, childream's hours, expercatered.	138.
241.06:5	heather cliff emurgency	139.
242.33:6	Howarden's Castle, Englandwales.	140.
245.21:6	. Hulker's cieclest elbownunsense.	141.
246.06:5	? Housefather calls enthrateningly.	142.
254.20:1	, Hocus Crocus, Esquilocus,	143.
260.F1:9	Herod with the Cormwell's eczema	144.
260.18:1	enthewsyass cuckling a hoyden	145.
261.13:5	, of him, a chump of the evums,	146.
261.17:3	, entiringly as he continues highly-fictional,	147.
261.18:4	his chthonic exterior	148.
262.01:5	? Easy, calm your haste!	149.
262.11:1	# Hoo cavedin earthwight #	150.

<b>263.02:1</b>	erst crafty hakemouth	151.
<b>263.13:3</b>	. Hispano-Cathayan-Euxine,	152.
<b>263.13:4</b>	, Castillian-Emeratic-Hebridian,	153.
<b>263.14:2</b>	, Espanol-Cymric-Helleniky?	154.
263.22:3	emerald canticle of Hermes	[NOT in Boldereff!] 155.
<b>263.28:4</b>	. <i>Haud certo ergo.</i>	156.
264.01:1	# Honour commercio's energy	157.
264.09:1	Harbourer-cum-Enheritance.	158.
264.03:3	. Even Canaan the Hateful.	159.
<b>271.24:3</b>	. <b>E</b> at <b>e</b> arly <b>e</b> arthapples. <b>C</b> oax <b>C</b> obra to <b>c</b> hatters. <b>H</b> ail, <b>H</b> eva, we <b>h</b> ear ! . <b>E</b> at <b>e</b> arly <b>e</b> arthapples.	160.
272.19:3	! It's <b>h</b> haunted. The <b>c</b> hamber. Of <b>e</b> rrings.	161.
274.01:1	helm coverchaf emblem	162.
274.08:1	entre chats and hobnobs,	163.
275.01:4	, Erin's hircohaired culoteer. #	164.
284.01:2	, hce che ech,	165.
290.28:10	, his craft ebbing,	166.
291.F1	# O hce ! O hce ! #	167.

302.28:2	. Eche	168.
303.20:6	hof cullchaw end	169.
306.14:3	, <u>e</u> conomy, <u>c</u> hemistry, <u>h</u> umanity, &c.	170.
309.20:5	, harbour craft emittences,	171.
310.01:3	harmonic condenser enginium (	172.
310.19:8	, hummer, enville and cstorrap (	173.
315.20:1	, Howe cools Eavybroolly!	174.
319.16:5	. Eh, chrystal holder?	175.
321.13:9	elegant central highway.	176.
321.15:2	, <u>H</u> ircups <u>E</u> mpybolly!	177.
324.08:2	hailed him cheeringly, their encient,	178.
324.11:1	# – Heave, coves, emptybloody! #	179.
326.09:3	hero chief explunderer	180.
328.25:6	Heri the Concorant Erho,	181.
328.04:8	<u>H</u> oruse to <u>c</u> riumph over his <u>e</u> nemy,	182.
332.16:2	, else thy cavern hair!)	183.
342.19:8	! Emancipator, the Creman hunter (	184.
342.20:4	<i>Hermyn C. Entwhistle</i> )	185.
352.32:9	, His Cumbulent Embulence,	186.
355.12:6	<u>H</u> er <u>c</u> ush <u>ic</u> cup <u>s</u> ' <u>c</u> are to <u>e</u> duce.	187.

360.28:1	hoody crow was ere.	188.
362.17:7	heaviest corpus exemption)	189.
363.02:11	, hitch a cock eye,	190.
363.09:6	hoax chestnote from exexive.	191.
364.27:12	, hearth and chemney easy	192.
367.04:1	# Here endeth chinchinatibus (→ Geography...)	193.
371.36:8	, hugon come errindwards,	194.
372.19:2	(chalkem up, hemptyempty!)	195.
373.12:1	# Horkus chiefest ebblynuncies! #	196.
374.23:8	. Hence counsels Ecclesiast.	197.
374.34:1	Hung Chung Egglyfella	198.
375.14:11	! Hired in cameras, extra !	199.
375.20:4	<u>h</u> ives the <u>c</u> ourt to <u>e</u> xchequer	200.
377.03:3	Hecech	201.
377.04:5	! <u>H</u> ead of a <u>h</u> elo, <u>c</u> hesth of <u>c</u> hamgnon, <u>e</u> ye of a gull!	202.
378.27:5	. Hang coersion everyhow!	203.
378.04:11	hulm culms evurdyburdy.	204.
380.11:7	hospitable corn and eggfactor,	205.
380.16:11	hangars, chimbneys and equilines	206.
394.28:10	Earl Hoovedsoon's choosing	207.

394.33:9	( <u>h</u> ear, O <u>h</u> ear <u>C</u> aller <u>E</u> rrin!)		208.
398.05:1	heroest champion of Eren		209.
398.13:6	highly continental evenements,		210.
409.36:1	Eusebian Concordant Homilies		211.
418.2:6	Highfee the Crackasider.	[NOT in Boldereff!]	212.
420.20:7	. Here Commerces Enville.		213.
421.02:8	. House Condamned by Ediles.		214.
421.23:2	. HeCitEncy!	[NOT in Boldereff!]	215.
423.31:2	Helpless Corpses Enactment.		216.
425.36:3	<u>e</u> arth <u>c</u> louds and in <u>h</u> eaven		217.
433.20:13	<u>H</u> is <u>E</u> saus and <u>C</u> os		218.
433.23:7	. Hip confiners help compunction.	[NOT in Boldereff!]	219.
434.12:7	Hayes, Conyngham and Erobinson	[NOT in Boldereff!]	220.
455.13:7	<u>c</u> rass, <u>h</u> airy and <u>e</u> ver-grim life,		221.
455.31:8	home cooking everytime.	[NOT in Boldereff!]	222.
463.04:5	home cured emigrant		223.
468.20:1	# <u>E</u> cho,	(→SEE ALL <u>e</u> cho in <i>The Concordance</i> .)	224.
480.14:10	. Ecce Hagios Chrisman!		225.
480.20:1	# – Hunkalus Childared Easterheld.		226.

480.26:6	. Hillcloud encompass us!	227.
481.01:1	# – <b>Hail him <u>h</u>eathen, <u>h</u>eal <u>h</u>im <u>h</u>olystone!</b> <b><u>C</u>ourser, <u>R</u>ec<u>c</u>ourser, <u>C</u>hange<u>c</u>hild... ...? [16 items]</b> <b><u>E</u>ld as <u>e</u>ndall, <u>e</u>arth... ... ..? [22 items]</b>	228.
481.21:2	humeplace of Chivitats Ei,	229.
481.36:12	house of Eddy's Christy,	[NOT in Boldereff!] 230.
485.35:1	# – Hell's Confucium and the Elements!	231.
488.23:11	Hullo Eve Cenograph	232.
488.32:1	his coglionial expancian?	[NOT in Boldereff!] 233.
494.06:3	! <b><u>H</u>eavenc<u>r</u>y at <u>e</u>arth<u>c</u>all,</b>	234.
494.08:7	, <b><u>h</u>ecklar!</b>	235.
497.26:1	Hosty's and Co, Exports,	236.
498.30:11	, erica's clustered on his hayir,	237.
498.36:7	, healed cured and embalsemate,	238.
502.12:6	<b><u>h</u>ice,</b>	239.
502.36:8	entire horizon cloth!	240.
507.36:2	ever hawked crannock,	241.
508.11:1	# – <b>How culious an epiphany!</b> #	(→ EPIPHANY!) 242.
508.12.1	# – <i>Hodie casus esobhrakonton?</i>	243.
512.17:9	huggerknut cramwell energuman,	[NOT in Boldereff!] 244.

512.18:5	herreraism of a cabotinesque exploser?	[NOT in Boldereff!]	245.
513.21:2	Edwin Hamilton's Christmas		246.
514.11:2	Heavystost's envil catacalamitumbling.		247.
518.16:3	Hostages and Co, Engineers,		248.
519.01:3	cling hellish like engels		249.
522.30:4	homosexual catheis of empathy	[NOT in Boldereff!]	250.
523.27:6	hosty in his comfy estably		251.
523.14:1	# – Hotchkiss Culthur's Everready,		252.
525.02:1	homelies of creed crux ethics.		253.
525.26:2	<i>Human Conger Eel!</i>		254.
532.01:1	eirenarch's custos himself	[NOT in Boldereff!]	255.
532.03:10	! Ho, croak, evildoer !		256.
532.06:5	! Eternest cittas, heil!		257.
533.33:10	. Hiemlancollin.		258.
534.07:1	# – Calm has entered.		259.
534.34:7	! Eristocras till Hanging Tower !		260.
535.11:9	, handshakey congrandyoulikethems ecclesency.		261.
535.34:8	Haveth Childers Everywhere		262.
536.04:4	. Hello, Commudicate! How's the buttes? Everscepistic!	[NOT in Boldereff!]	263.

537.01:10	elephant's house is his castle.		264.
537.36:1	<u>H</u> odder's and <u>C</u> ocker's <u>e</u> rithmetic.		265.
544.10:10	haunted, condemned and execrated,		266.
546.10:8	: <i>Hery Crass Evohodie</i> .		267.
548.09:5	hochsized, her cleavunto, her everest,	[NOT in Boldereff!]	268.
551.15:3	; <u>C</u> hau, <u>C</u> amerade : <u>e</u> vangel of good tidings, omnient as the <u>H</u> ealer's word,		269.
556.08:2	Holiday, Christmas, Easter	[NOT in Boldereff!]	270.
557.01:3	Hemself and Co, Esquara,		271.
559.22:1	Eh? Ha! Check		272.
564.14:1	<b><u>che</u>eks,</b>		273.
564.14:9	equally handsome chief		274.
564.16:4	<b><u>che</u>ered</b>	[not in Boldereff!]	275.
568.27:3	horse elder yet cherchant		276.
569.11:2	. How chimant in effect!		277.
569.28:1	. Call halton eatwords!		278.
569.30:3	ever have crash		279.
571.25:8	. Horsehem coughs enough.		280.
572.21:1	# <u>H</u> onuphrius is a <u>c</u> oncupiscent <u>e</u> xservicemajor	[Circumstantial Evidence!]	281.

572.30:3	, a commercial, emolulous of Honuphrius,	282.
574.07:9	heathen church emergency	283.
577.23:5	, <u>heck</u> hisway	284.
578.12:4	! <u>Heck</u> lar's <u>c</u> hampion <u>e</u> thnicist.	285.
578.35:8	<u>e</u> vec <u>c</u> ette <u>h</u> is	286.
579.20:11	. Herenow chuck english	287.
579.06:2	. <u>H</u> ot and <u>c</u> old <u>e</u> lectrickery	288.
580.25:4	<u>h</u> ydro <u>c</u> omic <u>e</u> stablishment	289.
582.03:6	huskiest coaxing experimenter	290.
582.06:7	<b>Humpfrey, champion emir,</b>	291.
584.33:8	. <b><u>E</u>cho, <u>ch</u>oree <u>ch</u>ore<u>c</u>o!</b>	292.
588.28:2	. <b><u>E</u>sch</b>	293.
589.09:12	hugest commercial emporialist,	294.
590.22:1	honoured christmastyde easteredman.	295.
593.05:6	Haze sea east → H.C.E.	[not in Boldereff!] 296.
593.19:1	# A <u>h</u> and from the <u>c</u> loud <u>e</u> merges,	297.
593.19:7	, <u>h</u> olding a <u>c</u> hart <u>e</u> xpanded.	298.
594.08:8	Heliotropolis, the castellated, the enchanting.	299.
594.24:5	horned cairns erge,	300.

594.28:7	. Edar's Chuckal humoristic.	301.
594.36:9	Henge Ceolleges, Exmooth,	302.
595.23:2	hoseshoes, cheriotiers and etceterogenous	303.
595.32:3	. <u>H</u> e <u>c</u> an <u>e</u> ase. [subtle!]	304.
596.05:6	; hailed chimers' ersekind;	305.
596.16:12	holiday crowd encounter;	306.
596.19:2	, a <u>h</u> ygienic <u>c</u> ontrivance so <u>c</u> alled from the <u>e</u> ditor;	307.
596.28:7	hullow chyst excavement;	308.
597.18:8	heat, contest and enmity.	309.
599.25:2	<u>C</u> umulonubulocirrhonimbant <u>h</u> eaven <u>e</u> lecting,	310.
600.17:4	<u>ex</u> - <u>C</u> olonel <u>H</u> ouse's pretermost <u>h</u> eiress	311.
600.29:4	. <i>Homos <u>C</u>ircas <u>E</u>lochlannensis!</i>	312.
604.05:9	cublic hatches endnot	313.
604.06:8	Higgins Cairns and Egen.	314.
604.19:3	! Hagiographice canat Ecclesia.	315.
612.15:4	. Hump cumps Ebblybally!	316.
613.27:1	# Health, chalce, endnessnessessity!	317.
614.23:1	# <u>H</u> ave we <u>c</u> herished <u>e</u> xpectations ?	318.
614.25:2	Eblania's conglomerate horde.	319.
614.35:8	heroticisms catastrophes and eccentricities	320.

615.07:10	as hophazards can effective it,	[not in Boldereff!]	321.
616.02:4	<u>h</u> artiest that <u>Coolock</u> <u>e</u> ver!		322.
616.14:2 to 9	<u>e</u> ver <u>c</u> omplete <u>h</u> airy of <u>c</u> hest, <u>h</u> amps and <u>e</u> yebags	(circumstantial evidence of deliberate emphasis!)	323.
616.23:3	<u>h</u> e <u>a</u> <u>c</u> u <u>p</u> s		324.
617.28:1	earnestly conceived hopes.		325.
619.14:2	erect, confident and heroic		326.
622.13:5	helpyourselftoastrool cure's easy.	[NOT in Boldereff!]	327.
623.01:9	Ericoricori coricome huntsome	[NOT in Boldereff!]	328.
623.08:11	hockockles and everything.	[NOT in Boldereff!]	329.
623.17:2	. Hoteform, chain and epolettes,	[NOT in Boldereff!]	330.
623.27:2	. Hoteform, chain and epolettes,		331.
623.09:9	, <u>e</u> ch?		332.
623.33:14	hardest crux ever.		333.

Occurrences of the trigraph **ech** and its congeners  
in Clive Hart's *Concordance to FW*:

**ech**

264.03:2

**284.01:2.3.4** ,hce che ech,

623.09:9

---

**Eche**

302.28:2

---

## echo

093.12:5

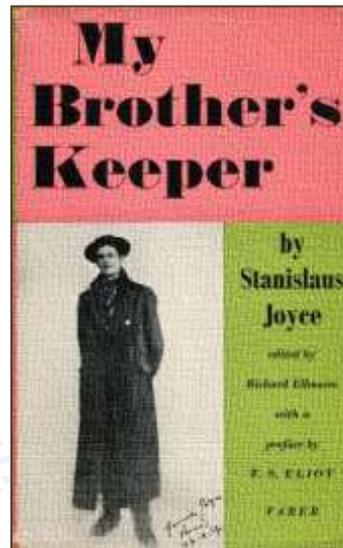
126.03:2

158.20:2

379.01:2

409.12:3

485.04:2



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C. George Sandulescu

**On Relativity...**

The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes

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București 2012

It is a platitude to say that ‘relativity’ is relative! However: There are things more difficult than “foreign” words in FW. (Foreign in relation to what, by the way?)

That is **The Names**. And that is The Glasheen Territory!

Over the past 40 years or so – as I was not at all tied down by one Academic Bureaucracy or another, I developed a strange specialization, namely *The Linguistic Analysis of Difficult Texts*.

That in fact turned out to be my Torino Course... Strictly applying it to FW, I made it into Session Panels at several Joyce Conventions, with noted Joyceans taking active part, like Jacques Aubert, Carla Marengo, and Liana & Anthony Burgess.

In my personal opinion, they were far more relevant to the scholars’ job of understanding the text than, say, the book *Nora* by Lady Brenda Maddox, launched with too much pomp and circumstance at the 1990 Monaco Convention.

The simple starting question is here – **why is The Honuphrius Interlude written in such clear and limpid language** (English)?

I advance the point that the interlude – in addition to summarizing the

whole book, in stunning fashion, remains as difficult as the rest, mainly on account of the Names, or rather, of the Characters lying behind the so many names so fleetingly mentioned.

Together with all the other interludes, Honuphrius provides an excellent point of entry into the Book as a whole. I do not know of anybody who has so far said that! There is next to no research into this particular interlude.

**C. George Sandulescu**

## Part Two

The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes

## The Honuphrius Interlude



**Finnegans Wake 572.21-573.35**

**SkeletonKey Summary**

331b to 332d

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson:  
*A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake* (1944)

**FW572**

**H**onuphrius is a **c**oncupiscent **e**xservicemajor who makes dishonest propositions to all. He is considered to have committed, invoking *droit d'oreiller*, simple infidelities with Felicia, a virgin, and to be practising for unnatural coits with Eugenius and Jeremias, two or three philadelphians. Honophrius, Felicia, Eugenius and Jeremias are consanguineous to the lowest degree. Anita the wife of Honophrius, has been told by her tirewoman, Fortissa, that Honophrius has blasphemously confessed under voluntary chastisement that he has instructed his slave, Mauritius, to urge Magravius, a commercial, emulous of Honuphrius, to solicit the chastity of Anita. Anita is informed by some illegitimate children of Fortissa with Mauritius (the supposition is Ware's) that Gillia, the schismatical wife of Magravius, is visited clandestinely by Barnabas, the advocate of Honuphrius, an immoral person who has been corrupted by Jeremias. Gillia, (a cooler blend, D'Alton insists) *ex equo* with Poppea, Arancita, Clara,

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**FW573**

Marinuzza, Indra and Iodina, has been tenderly debauched (in Halliday's view), by Honuphrius, and Magravius knows

1  
2

Honuphrius is a concupiscent ex-service-major, who makes dishonest proposals to all. He is father of Felicia, Eugenius, and Jeremias. He is considered to have committed infidelities with Felicia and to have practised unnatural coitus with Eugenius and Jeremias. He is the husband of Anita. He has instructed his slave (Mauritius) to urge an emulous friend (Magravius) to solicit Anita's chastity, while requiring her to deceive himself by rendering conjugal duty when demanded. He pretends publicly to possess his wife in thirty-nine different ways whenever he has rendered himself impotent to consummate by artifice.

Anita is the wife of Honuphrius and the mother of Jeremias, Eugenius, and Felicia. She is informed by her tirewoman (Fortissa) that Honuphrius has confessed to instructing his slave (Mauritius) to urge his friend (Magravius) to solicit her chastity. Anita knows that the schismatical wife of Magravius (Gillia) has been debauched by Honuphrius and is now visited by Honuphrius' advocate (Barnabas) who was

from spies that Anita has formerly committed double sacrilege with Michael, *vulgo* Cerularius, a perpetual curate, who wishes to seduce Eugenius. Magravius threatens to have Anita molested by Sulla, an orthodox savage (and leader of a band of twelve mercenaries, the Sullivani), who desires to procure Felicia for Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius and Macdugalius, four excavators, if she will not yield to him and also deceive Honuphrius by rendering conjugal duty when demanded. Anita who claims to have discovered incestuous temptations from Jeremias and Eugenius would yield to the lewdness of Honuphrius to appease the savagery of Sulla and the mercernariness of the twelve Sullivani, and (as Gilbert at first suggested), to save the virginity of Felicia for Magravius when converted by Michael after the death of Gillia, but she fears that, by allowing his marital rights she may cause reprehensible conduct between Eugenius and Jeremias. Michael, who has formerly debauched Anita, dispenses her from yielding to Honuphrius who pretends publicly to possess his conjunct in thirtynine several manners (*turpiter!* affirm *ex cathedris* Gerontes Cambronses) for carnal hygiene whenever he has rendered himself impotent to consummate by subdolence. Anita is disturbed but Michael comminates that he will reserve her case tomorrow for the ordinary Guglielmus even if she should practise a pious fraud during affrication which, from experience, she knows (according to Wadding), to be leading to nullity. Fortissa, however, is encouraged by Gregorius, Leo, Viteilius, and Magdugalius, reunitedly, to warn Anita by describing the strong chastisements of Honuphrius and the depravities (*turpissimas!*) of Canicula, the deceased wife of Mauritius, with Sulla, the simoniac, who is abnegand and repents. Has he hegemony and shall she submit?

3 himself corrupted by Jeremias. Anita discovers incestuous  
4 temptations from Jeremias and Eugenius. Anita has been  
5 threatened by Magravius with molestation from a certain  
6 orthodox savage (Sulla), if she will not yield to him and also  
7 render conjugal duty to Honuphrius. She would yield to  
8 Honuphrius to save the virginity of Felicia for Magravius, but  
9 fears that by allowing his marital rights she may cause  
10 reprehensible conduct between Jeremias and Eugenius. She is  
11 dispensed by her priest (Michael), under pain of anathema,  
12 from yielding to Honuphrius. Four Excavators (Gregorius, Leo,  
13 Vitellius, and Macdugalus) warn her through her tirewoman  
14 (Fortissa) of strong chastisements by Honuphrius, and advise  
15 her to submit to Honuphrius. They describe, also, as a  
16 warning, the depravities practised by the savage (Sulla) on the  
17 wife of Honuphrius' slave (Canicula).

18 Sulla would procure Fortissa for the Four Excavators.  
19 Fortissa has had illegitimate children by Honuphrius' slave  
20 (Mauritius). The priest, Michael, has formerly committed  
21 double sacrilege with Anita and wishes to seduce Eugenius.

22 The case has been reviewed by the following theorists:  
23 Ware, D'Alton, Halliday, Gilbert, Wadding, and D'Oyly  
24 Owens. The question is: Has Honuphrius hegemony and shall  
25 Anita submit?

26 [ The second phase of the discussion (FW573 to FW576)  
27 reviews the history of the case. ]  
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C. George Sandulescu, Editor  
***Finnegans Wake without Tears***  
**The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes**  
properly paraphrased for the general public.

47

Translate a lax, you breed a bradaun. In the goods of Cape and  
Chattertone, deceased. 33  
This, lay readers and gentlemen, is perhaps the commonest 34  
35

The court rules that so long as there is a joint deposit  
account in the two names a mutual obligation is posited.



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<http://editura.mttlc.ro>

București 2012

**The Honuphrius,  
in English, in French, and with Two Different Romanian Translations**



CONTEMPORARY  
LITERATURE PRESS

## The Honuphrius Interlude

FW572.21 - 573.35

### French

**Romanian** no 1  
(more **Latinate** in tone!)

**Romanian** no 2  
(more **Balkanized** in tone!)

572

**H**onuphrius is a  
**C**oncupiscent **e**xservicemajor  
who makes dishonest  
propositions to all. He  
is considered to have  
committed,  
invoking *droit d'oreiller*,  
simple infidelities with  
Felicia, a virgin,  
and to be practising for  
unnatural coits with  
Eugenius and Jeremias,  
two or three philadelphians.  
Honuphrius, Felicia,  
Eugenius

Honuphrius est un ex-major  
de l'armée concupiscente qui  
fait des propositions  
malhonnêtes à tout le monde.  
Il passe pour avoir commis,  
invoquant *le droit d'oreiller*,  
des infidélités simples avec  
Félicia, vierge,  
et pratiqué des coits contre  
nature avec Eugenius and  
Jeremias,  
deux ou trois philadelphiens.  
Honuphrius, Felicia,  
Eugenius

Honuphrius este un fost  
maior de armată  
concupiscent care face  
tuturor propuneri  
rușinoase. Se crede că,  
invocând *le droit d'oreiller*, a  
comis  
infidelități simple cu Felicia,  
fecioară,  
și că practică coit contra  
naturii cu Eugenius și  
Ieremia,  
doi sau trei indivizi din  
Philadelphia. Honuphrius,  
Felicia, Eugenius

Onofrei este un fost 21  
maior lacom peste poate care  
face avansuri  
deochiate cui nu te aștepți. Se 22  
zice că, în numele unui așa  
zis *droit d'oreiller*,  
s'ar fi culcat cu fecioara 23  
Felicia,  
ba mai că i-ar fi înțeпоșat pe 24  
la spate și pe Evghenie și pe  
Ieremia,  
vreo doi-trei domnișorei... 25  
Atât Onofrei, cât și Felicia,  
precum și Evghenie



and Jeremias are consanguineous to the lowest degree. Anita the wife of Honuphrius, has been told by her tirewoman, Fortissa, that Honuphrius has blasphemously confessed under voluntary chastisement that he has instructed his slave, Mauritius, to urge Magravius, a commercial, emulous of Honuphrius, to solicit the chastity of Anita. Anita is informed by some illegitimate children of Fortissa with Mauritius (the supposition is Ware's) that Gillia, the schismatical wife of Magravius, is visited	et Jeremias sont consanguins au dernier degré. Anita, la femme de Honuphrius, s'est laissé dire par sa femme de peine, Fortissa, ue Honuphrius a confessé blasphèmeusement sous châtiment volontaire qu'il avait instruit son esclave, Mauritius, de pousser Magravius, commerçant, émule d'Honuphrius, à solliciter la chasteté d'Anita. Anita est informée par les enfants illégitimes de Fortissa et Mauritius (la supposition est de Ware) que Gillia, femme schismatique de Magravius,	și Ieremia sunt rude îndepărtate. Anitei, nevasta lui Honuphrius, i-a spus femeia în casă, Fortissa, că Honuphrius a mărturisit, blasfemie, sub pedeapsă voluntară, că l-a trimis pe sclavul lui, Mauritius, să-l îndemne pe Magravius, comerciant, omul lui Honuphrius, să solicite castitatea Anitei. Anita este informată de copiii nelegitimi ai Fortissei cu Mauritius (așa bănuiește Ware) că Gillia, nevasta schismatică a lui Magravius, este vizitată	și Ieremia sunt rude de sânge deloc apropiate. Anicuța, nevasta lui Onofrei, știa de multă vreme de la servitoarea ei Plinuța că Onofrei ar fi mărturisit sub pedeapsă de bună voie că i'ar fi dat ordin sclavului său Moriț să'i ceară lui Mărgulici, un circ negustoresc al lui Onofrei, să încerce să scoată pe Anița din cumițenia ei. Când o privește Anicuța, ea aflase de la plozii pe care Plinuța îi făcuse cu Mărgulici – Văru' e cel ce-a răspândit zvonu' – că Iulia, muierea înstrăinată a lui Mărgulici, primește pe	26 27 28 28 30 31 32 33
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**C. George Sandulescu**, Editor  
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 properly paraphrased for the general public.

**51**

<p>clandes- tinely by Barnabas, the advocate of Honuphrius, an immoral person who has been corrupted by Jeremias. Gillia, (a cooler</p>	<p>est visitée clandestinement par Barnabas, l'avocat de Honuphrius, personne immorale corrompue par Jeremias. Gillia (mélange</p>	<p>clandestin de Barnabas, apărătorul lui Honuphrius, individ  imoral, care a fost corupt de Ieremia. Gillia (fire</p>	<p>ascuns în patul ei pe Barnab, care nu'i decât avocatu' lui Onofrei, un gembaş cu totul lipsit de orice scrupule, care fusese dealfel prost crescut de Ieremia. Iulia – ceva mai</p>	<p>34  35</p>
<p>blend, D'Alton insists) <i>ex equo</i> with Poppea, Arancita, Clara,</p>	<p>de beauté, insiste D'Alton), ex-aequo avec Poppée, Arancita, Clara,</p>	<p>mai blândă, susţine D'Alton), <i>ex equo</i> cu Poppea, Arancita, Clara,</p>	<p>cumsecade, se încăpăţânează să creadă Aldea – <i>ex equo</i> cu Pompilia, Portocalia, Clara,</p>	<p>36</p>
<b>573</b>				
<p>Marinuzza, Indra and Iodina, has been tenderly debauched</p>	<p>Marinuzza, Indra et Iodina fut tendrement débauchée</p>	<p>Marinuzza, Indra şi Iodina, a fost cu tandreţe desfrânată</p>	<p>Măriuca, Ilinca şi Adina fusese drăgăstos înţepată de Onofrei</p>	<p>1</p>
<p>(in Halliday's view), by Honuphrius, and Magravius knows</p>	<p>(selon les vues de Halliday), par Honuphrius, mais Magravius sait</p>	<p>(după opinia lui Halliday) de Honuphrius, iar Magravius ştie</p>	<p>(asta e cel puţin părerea lui Aluidică), iar Mărgulici ştia bine prin</p>	<p>2</p>
<p>from spies that Anita has formerly committed double sacrilege</p>	<p>par ses espions qu'Anita a anciennement commis un double sacrilège</p>	<p>de la spionii lui că Anita a comis mai demult dublu sacrilegiu</p>	<p>iscoadele sale că Aniţa se trăsese pă toate părţile</p>	<p>3</p>

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**52**

with Michael, <i>vulgo</i> Cerularius, a perpetual curate, who wishes	avec Michael, <i>vulgo</i> Cerularius, vicaire titulaire d'une église sucursale, qui souhaite	cu Mihail, <i>vulgo</i> Cerularius, vicar perpetuu, care aspiră	cu Mihăiță, <i>vulgo</i> Marele Pulidis – popit pă vecie, care mai și vrea	4
to seduce Eugenius. Magravius threatens to have Anita molested	séduire Eugenius. Magravius menace de faire molester Anita	să-l seducă pe Eugenius. Magravius amenință că o să aibă el grijă să fie Anita molestată	să'l împugă și pe Eugen. Mărgulici amenință că nu se lasă până nu'l pune	5
by Sulla, an orthodox savage (and leader of a band of twelve mercenaries, the Sullivani), who desires to procure Felicia for	par Sulla, sauvage orthodoxe (et chef d'une bande de douze mercenaires, les Sullivani), qui désire procurer Felicia à	de Sulla, sălbatec ortodox (și capul unei bande de doisprezece mercenari, Sullivani), care vrea să le-o aducă pe Felicia în pat lui	pe Sulică să'i tragă o bătaie bună Aniței. Sulică e un bătăuș de maidan – și tartorul unui găști de golani, cărora le place să li se zică Sulicarii ! Sulică și gașca lui țin morțiș ca Felicica să fie făcută poștă	6 7
Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius and Macdugalius, four excavators, if she will not yield to him and also deceive Honuphrius by ren-	Gregorius, Leo, Vittelius et Macdugalis, les quatre excavateurs, si elle ne lui cédait pas et aussi tromper Honuphrius en	Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius și Macdugalius, patru excavatori, dacă ea refuză să-i cedeze și tot odată să-l înșele pe Honuphrius făcându-și	de cei patru crai de curte veche – GriGri, Leonte, Vițelu' și Malacu'. Asta o să se întâmple sigur dacă ea n'o să vrea să i'o ia la cioc. Și pe deasupra să'l înșele și pe Onofrei,	8 9

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**53**

dering conjugal duty when demanded. Anita who claims to have	accomplissant les devoirs conjugaux quand ils seront exigés. Anita qui prétend avoir	datoria conjugală atunci când i se cere. Anita, care pretinde că a	desfăcându’și picioarele la vrerea lui. Anicuța pretinde că a	10
discovered incestuous temptations from Jeremias and Eugenius	découvert les tentations incestueuses de Jeremias et Eugenius	descoperit tentații incestuoase la Ieremia și Eugenius,	iscodit unele ispite incestuoase din partea lui Ieremia și Evghenie	11
would yield to the lewdness of Honuphrius to appease the	qui cédaient à la paillardise de Honuphrius pour apaiser la	ar ceda desfrânării lui Honuphrius ca să potolească	o să trebuiască să cedeze libidinosului Onofrei numai și numai spre a potoli	12
savagery of Sulla and the mercernariness of the twelve Sullivani,	sauvagerie de Sulla et la mercenardise des douze Sullivani,	sălbăția lui Sulla și venalitatea celor doisprezece Sullivani	brutalitatea lui Sulică și a celor doișpe Sulicari din gașca lui.	13
and (as Gilbert at first suggested), to save the virginity of	et (comme Gilbert le suggera tout d’abord), pour sauvegarder la virginité de	și (cum a sugerat Gilbert de la bun început) ca să păstreze virginitatea	Și – precum prezisese cel dintâi Gagiu – să salveze astfel feciorenia	14
Felicia for Magravius when converted by Michael after the	Felicia pour Magravius lorsqu’il sera converti par Michael après la	Felicieii pentru Magravius după ce acesta va fi convertit de Mihail după	Felicicăi, căci, pasămite, când Mărgulici va fi fost convertit de Mihăiță după	15
death of Gillia, but she fears that, by allowing his marital rights	mort de Gillia, mais elle redoute qu’en abandonnant ses droits maritaux	moartea Gilliei, dar se teme că, făcându-și datoria de nevastă,	moartea Iuliei. Dar Aniței îi e tare teamă că îngăduindu-i drepturi matrimoniale,	16
she may cause reprehensible	elle puisse être la cause d’une	poate isca acte reprehensibile	ea ar putea bine stârni purtări	17

conduct between Eugenius and Jeremias. Michael, who has formerly debauched Anita, dispen- ses her from yielding to Honuphrius who pretends publicly to possess his conjunct in thirty-nine several manners ( <i>turpiter!</i> affirm <i>ex cathedris</i> Gerontes Cambronses) for carnal hygiene whenever he has rendered himself impotent to consummate by subdolence. Anita is disturbed but Michael comminates that he will reserve her case tomorrow for the ordinary Guglielmus	conduite répréhensible entre Eugenius et Jeremias. Michael, qui a jadis débauché Anita, la dispense de céder à Honuphrius qui fait semblant publiquement de posséder son conjoint en trente-neuf manières différentes ( <i>turpiter,</i> affirme <i>ex-cathederis</i> Géronte de Cambrai) pour l'hygiène charnelle à chaque fois qu'il s'est rendu impuissant à consommer selon l'artifice. Anita est troublée mais Michael menace de réserver son affaire pour le lendemain pour l'ordinaire Gugliemus	între Eugenius și Ieremia. Mihail, care a desfrânat pe Anita cândva, o dezleagă de la obligația să-i cedeze lui Honuphrius, care declară public cum că își posedă consoarta în treizeci și nouă de feluri ( <i>turpiter!</i> afirmă <i>ex cathedris</i> Gerontes Cambroneses) pentru igiena carnală ori de câte ori ajunge la neputință de consum prin subdolență. Anita este tulburată dar Mihail amenință că va păstra cazul mâine pentru Guglielmus cel ordinar	urâte atâ din partea lui Evghenie cât și a lui Ieremia. Mihăiță, care a avut în trecut intimități cu Anicuța, o scutește de obligația de a se mai da lui Onofrei, care se laudă sus și tare că și-a posedat nevasta în treizecișinouă de poziții toate diferite ( <i>turpiter!</i> declară <i>ex cathedris</i> Babalâcul de Gabroveau) pentru igiena trupească ori de câte ori a ajuns, bietul de el, la neputința de a și realiza dorința prin șiretlic. Anicuța e tulburată peste măsură dar Mihăiță amenință că mâine o va da pe mâna grosolanului de Gulgutieru	18 19 20 21 22 23 24
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**55**

even if she should practise a pious fraud during affrication	même si elle pratiquait une pieuse fraude pendant l'affrication	dacă face cumva fraudă pioasă de africare,	chiar și dacă ea ar recurge la cuvioasa viclenie a sugiucului	25
which, from experience, she knows (according to Wadding),	que, par expérience, elle sait (selon Wadding),	care, știe și ea din experiență că (după Wadding)	pe care experiența îi spune – știind asta chiar de la Vadim – că	26
to be leading to nullity. Fortissa, however, is encouraged by	mener à nullité. Fortissa, cependant, est encouragée par	duce la nulitate. Cu toate acestea, Fortissa este încurajată de	poate duce la anularea legământului nupțial. Plinuța este însă împinsă de	27
Gregorius, Leo, Viteilius, and Magdugalius, reunitedly, to warn	Gregorius, Leo, Viteilius, et Magdugalius, concurrentement, pour avertir	Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius și Magdugalius laolaltă, s-o prevină pe	GriGri, de Leonte, de Vițelu' și de Malacu' – toți la un loc – să o prevină pe	28
Anita by describing the strong chastisements of Honuphrius	Anita en décrivant les durs châtiments d'Honuphrius	Anita descriindu-i asprele pedepse ale lui Honuphrius	Anicuța, descriindu-i	29
and the depravities ( <i>turpissimas!</i> ) of Canicula, the deceased wife	et les dépravations ( <i>turpissimes!</i> ) de Canicula, la femme décédée	și depravările ( <i>turpissimas!</i> ) Caniculei, nevasta decedată	limpede severele pedepse pe care i le va aplica Onofrei cât și perversiunile ( <i>turpissimas!</i> ) ce o așteaptă din partea Cuculinei, nevasta dusă pe vecie	30
of Mauritius, with Sulla, the simoniac, who is abnegand and	de Mauritius, avec Sulla, le simoniaque, qui est un renègat et	a lui Maruitius, cu Sulla simoniacul, care abnegă și	a lui Mărgulici, ca să nu mai vorbim de Sulică Simoniacu', cel care	31
repents. Has he hegemony	se repent. A-t-il Hégémonie	se pocăiește. Are oare el	se tot pocăiește fără de	32

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**56**

and shall she submit?

et se soumettra-t-elle?

hegemonie și se va supune  
ea?

încetare. Este el oare cu  
adevărat stăpânitorul, iar ea  
să fie prea supusa ?

Translate a lax, you breed  
a bradaun. In the goods of  
Cape and  
Chattertone, deceased.

Traduis *lax par bradan*.  
Bon thon  
chasse de race.

Tradu liber, neam și cui.  
Mărfuri de Cape &  
Chattertone, expirate.

Să faci bine să traduci  
somnu', că de nu clădești un  
viespar. Pun rămășag  
pe mărfurile ce ne sosesc de  
la Cape & Chattertone, firmă  
de pe vremuri.

33

This, lay readers and  
gentlemen, is perhaps the  
commonest...

Cela, gentils et laïcs  
lecteurs, est peut-être la plus  
commune...

Iată, cititori laici și  
creștini, cea mai firească  
dintre...

Aceasta, doamnelor și  
domnilor cititori, este fără  
doar și poate cea mai  
obișnuită...

35

(translated by  
**Philippe Lavergne**)

(translated by  
**Lidia Vianu**)

(translated by  
**George Sandulescu**)

## The Honuphrius Directory, As Visualised by Adaline Glasheen



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	Glasheen Gloss	Glasheen References / Renvois	Axiological Comments	More comments by G. Sandulescu
<b>A. Honuphrius</b>	→Humphrey. The passage parodies M. M. Matharan (qv): <b>Casus de matrimonio fere quingenti quibus applicat et per quos explicat sua asserta moralia circa eamdem materiam.</b> Parsseis, 1893	571-73 ( <i>passim</i> )	blunt identity!	
<b>B. Eugenius</b>	O Hehir has shown that <b>Eugene</b> and <b>Coemghen</b> (qv) mean well-born or fair-born in Greek and Irish. Coemghen is anglicized as <b>Kevin</b> (qv) and Kevin is <b>Shaun</b> (qv).	?562.33 572-73 ( <i>passim</i> )	very neat presentation of Equivalence + Identity!	
<b>C. Jeremias</b>	→ Jerry <b>Jerry</b> : Shem (qv) as Jeremiah (qv) and as Jerry, which is an ass's (qv) name. →Jerry Godolphin. Jerry is listed under Kevin.	572-73  absent in Glasheen!		

## D. Felicia

Issy (qv), perhaps in reference to felix culpa. <i>Felicia</i> is an obscene book by Andrea de Nerciat.	347.35 572-73 (passim) 618.01	very neat! too curt perhaps...
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## E. Anita

→ Anna Livia <b>Anna Livia Plurabelle</b> – heroine of FW, Mrs Earwicker, Eve (q.q.v.), Everywoman, Everygoddess, Everyriver (see Artemis). She is specially Dublin's little winding, brown, polluted river, Anna Liffey, which rises in the Wicklow hills and meets salt Dublin Bay at Island Bridge – see Sarah. According to Mr Kelleher, Joyce sent Frank O'Connor a postcard from Paris, asking, "What was the old name of the Liffey?" Mr O'Connor answered, "Ruirtech," which means "swift running." The Swift Running took on the name of the place through which it ran – <i>Magh</i> (pronounced "moy") <i>Lifé</i> or Plain of Life. <i>Lifé</i> 's meaning is unknown. Mr O Hehir, on the other hand, thinks it	absent in Glasheen! The narrative base of "Anna Livia Plurabelle" (I, vii) is Poem XI in the <i>Saltair na Rann</i> – see Synopsis. <b>I Anna Livia Plurabelle</b> 41.23 (appy, leppy and playable); 104.1-2 (Annah the Allmaziful) – see Amazon (the Everliving) – see Eve (the Bringer of Plurabilities); 153.2 (Amnis Limina Permanent); +207.8-9 (Annushka Lutetiavitch Pufflovah) – with Pavlova (q.v., and <i>Lutetia</i> , the Roman
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plausible to derive *Lifé* from Irish “leaf” and points out that FW makes much play with Liffey-Leafy (see Leafy). Whether unknown or leafy, all “alive,” “live,” and “life” refer to Anna Livia and tie her to Eve (q.v.), which means “life” in Hebrew. All mentions of whiskey (q.v.) also refer to the Liffey, for *usquebaugh* means “water of life” – see Phoenix, John Jameson. See also Livia Schmitz, Delta, Signs.

Anna, Mr O Hehir shows to be connected by Joyce with Irish words for “water” (see A, Mem, “river,” “fen”). Standish O’Grady (q.v.) says Cormac’s Glossary calls Anna (q.v.) mother of the Irish gods, being the same as Dana (q.v.).

Joyce also makes much of “Anna” meaning “grace” (q.v.) in Hebrew, and of Mary Anne (q.v.), Marian, Marion, which ties onto Marion (Molly) Bloom, the Virgin Mary (q.q.v.) and to Joyce’s mother, Mary Murray (q.v.). Nor should we forget Anne McCann, and Lucia Anne Joyce (q.q.v.) . See also Ani, St Anne, Queen Anne , Anne Hathaway. As for goddesses, Robert Graves says in *The White Goddess* that if you need

name of Paris); 215-24 (Anna... Livia... Plurabelle); 268.28-29 (analectual pygmyhop); 297.25 (appia lippia pluvaville); 299.26-27 (analytical plausible); +325.4-5 (Anna Lynchya Pourable) – with Anne Lynch (q.v.); 327.6 (anny livving plusquebelle); 512.10 (Annabella, Lovabella, Pullabella), .16 (antelithual paganelles); 548.6 (Appia Lippia Pluviabilla); 568.4-5 (annamation...livlianess...plurity of bells); 569.12 (Alla tingaling pealabells); 619.16 (Alma Luvia, Pollabella); 627.27-28 (allaniuivia pulchrabelled).

## II Anna Livia

10.26; 13.30, 31; 14.16-17;

a single, simple, inclusive name for the Great Goddess, Anna is the best choice.

Plurabelle is an addition to the river names “Anna Liffey.” It certainly connects with the plurality of persons that is Eve (“mother of all living”)—see also Belle, Isabel, Laura, Laura Belle. It appears to me that the name is won in I, viii when Anna Livia exchanges innocence for fertility.

Anna Livia’s full name, undistorted, occurs but once in FW – 215.24. She is usually called Anna, Anne, Ann, An, Nann, Nancy, Livia, Livy, Liv, Lif, Liffey, Life, ALP (see One Hundred and Eleven). The initials ALP appear so often in acrostic (e.g., 4.28-29, “addle liddle phifie”; 613.27-28, “Arrive, likkypuggers in a poke!”) that I do not list them below. The lists that do follow are not exhaustive.

63.13-14; 81.17; 86.9; 128.14;  
139.19; 153.6-7; 154.4-5;  
182.27; 195.4; 196.3, 4, 5;  
198.10; 199.11, +34 – see  
Annona; 200.16, 36; 207.19;  
213.32 (bis); 215.12, 35;  
236.17-18; 242.28 (see  
Avenlith); 265.14; 273.11;  
284.15; 287.7; +293.25 – with  
Anne Lynch (q.v.), 28-29, 30;  
308.20; 309.23; 333.4-5; 337.8;  
340.22; ?348.36; 355.32;  
+366.3 – with Lucia (q.v.);  
373.34; +392.32 – see Anne  
Lynch; 404.1; +406.27 – with  
Anne Lynch (q.v.); 451.15;  
452.18-19; 463.10, 16; 496.27;  
+506.34 – see Anne Lynch;  
549.16; 562.7; 569.12; 580.25;  
583.21, 22; +586.35-36 – with  
Ham (q.v.); 600.5 (see Inn);  
608.14; 614.24.

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**III Anne, Annie, Anna, etc.**

4.28 (see Liddell); +7.25, 26,  
27 – with Annie Rooney  
(q.v.); 9.14; 10.26; +12.6 –  
with St Anne, Mary (q.q.v.);  
14.17; 18.11; 19.26, 30; 20.35;  
28.31 (se Anastasia);  
+38.30 – with Eve (q.v.; see  
also Havvah); 49.11; 53.26;  
+54.4-5 – with Poor Old  
Woman (q.v.); +55.5 – with  
Finn (q.v.; see also Fen);  
67.8; 71.36; 72.1; 80.20; 94.16  
(see Anna); 101.36; 104.8;  
105.9; +106.31 – with Ariane  
(q.v.); +113.18 – with Anne  
Hathaway (q.v.); +117.16 –  
with Anne Boleyn (q.v.);  
139.8, 22; 143.10; 179.14;  
+182.27 – with Ann  
Whitefield (q.v.); 200.32;  
+203.21 – with Manon  
Lescaut (q.v.; see also

Flanders), +.36 – with  
Arrah-na-Pogue (q.v.);  
207.28; +209.6 – with Albert  
Victor (q.v.), 34-35; 220.19;  
242.29 (see Avenlith), 36;  
+243.2, 4 – see Ani; 244.20,  
29 (see Nancy Hands);  
246.21 (bis); +248.26 – with  
Dean (q.v.), 27; 254.15, 26;  
257.8-10; +258.14 – with Eve  
(q.v.); +268.left margin –  
with Amaryllis (q.v.);  
+275.14 – with Ariane (q.v.);  
277.12, 18; 280.3, 9; 284.15;  
286.19; 293.22; +294.29 –  
with Ann Whitefield (q.v.;  
also a Spanish river); 298.1;  
301.7; 302.1; 308.1-2;  
+311.12 – see Anna; 312.1,  
+.9 – with Ann Whitefield,  
Tanner (q.q.v.); 318.11, 24-  
25; +327.12 – with Annie  
Rooney (q.v.); 328.14, 19 (see

Sheeres); +331.25 – with  
Nana, Anna Karenina  
(q.q.v.); 340.25, 29; 342.28;  
347.28 (see Anastasia);  
+350.8 – with Hen (q.v.),  
+.23 – with Julia, Juliet  
(q.q.v.); 361.15; 364.22  
(Eblana or Dublin, q.v.);  
374.32; 378.2; 382.27 (see  
Nancy Hands); ; 403.23 (see  
Anastasia); +406.27 – see  
Anne Lynch, 28; 419.20;  
422.26; 439.8-9; +441.31 –  
with Elizabeth, Elsa (q.q.v.);  
+451.11 – with Solomon  
(q.v.); 452.34; +454.6-7 –  
with Shaun the Post (q.v.);  
+463.16 – with Nana (q.v.);  
475.21; 478.16; 492.8; +493.5,  
6 – see Mary, +.32 – with  
Ani (q.v.); 495.33; 496.4;  
+498.19 – with Ani (q.v.);  
500.2; 501.11; +504.33

(*Pommes Anna* is a fine French dish named for a 19<sup>th</sup>-century courtesan) – with Pomona (q.v.); +512.18 – with Maud Gonne (q.v.); 514.6; 516.32; 521.24; 532.21, 24; +537.6-7 – with Christine Beauchamp, Christ (q.q.v.); +548.10 – with Annie Laurie, Laura (q.q.v.), 11; +551.6 – with Diana (q.v.); +553.2 – with Ana (q.v.); 559.34; +567.15 – with Anne of Denmark, Anne Boleyn (q.q.v.); 568.17-18; +571.26 – with Mrs O’Shea (q.v.); 572-73 (Anita occurs 9 times); 575.6-7 (see Doyle); 576.8; 578.21; 584.32; 585.22, 30; 586.31; 600.10; 603.5; +606.30 – with Prankquean (q.v.); 607.11-12; 610.17; 620.34; +623.34 –

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with Anne Hathaway (q.v.);  
626.1-2.

**IV Livia, Liffey, etc.**

3.24; 4.28; 7.1-2, 35; 11.5, 32,  
35; 14.29-30; 17.27, 33, 36;  
18.34; +23.20-21 – see  
Nyanza; 26.8, +.16 – with  
Lafayette (q.v.); 36.26; 41.22;  
42.18, 25; 50.14; 54.24; 63.14;  
64.17; 81.17; 88.34; +104.1 –  
with Eve (q.v.); 126.13;  
138.3; 146.23; 159.12-13  
(Mississippi); 172.19; 174.26;  
203.6, 30; 204.5, 14; +208.5 –  
with Liddell (q.v.); 213.10;  
215.33-34, 35; +224.29 – with  
Morgana le Fay (q.v.);  
230.25; 245.11, 23-24; 254.11;  
260.21, 25; 268.n. 6;  
+275.12 – with Lavinia  
(q.v.); 287.21; 289.28; 310.5;  
315.13; 317.32; 318.4; +328.17

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(see Lif); 332.17; 342.25;  
361.18, 26; 380.3; 382.13, 27;  
420.11, 34; 445.34; 447.23;  
451.15; 452.19; 474.32;  
493.14; 495.21; 503.4; 512.6;  
526.1; +546.35 – with Fulvia  
(q.v.); +547.5 – with Fulvia  
(q.v.), 17, 34; 548.1; 553.4;  
568.4-5; 576.1, +.36 – with  
Smith, Livia Schmitz (q.v.);  
578.6; 583.21; 595.8; 617.1;  
619.20, 29; 624.22; 628.6.

#### **V Plurabelle**

11.25; +27.16 – see Pious and  
Pure; +201.35 – see Laura,  
Laura Bell; 224.10, 25; 264.2;  
290.24; 518.33; 610.21.

#### **VI ALP, LAP, PAL, PLA, APL, LPA**

(see also One Hundred and  
Eleven) 7.2; 8.30; 17.34;

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57.11; 65.8; 66.18, 26;  
+69.10 – with the lost Pleiad  
(q.v.; and *Paradise Lost*);  
85.11; 102.23; 105.21; 106.24  
(see Apple); +107.9 – with  
Elizabeth (q.v.); 113.20;  
119.20; 126.29 (see Apple);  
148.22; 177.20; +183.13 –  
with Elizabeth (q.v.); 201.30,  
31; +208.20 – with Elizabeth  
(q.v.); 209.9; +235.21 – with  
Polly Peachum (q.v.); 243.29  
("Alpoleary" = Bog Latin for  
Dublin, q.v.); 256.34; 264.3;  
268.n. 6; 287.9; 293.11  
(lapis – see Stone); 293.fig.;  
294.3; 296.5; 297.11, 17;  
298.1; 299.14, 17; 300.20;  
314.33 (see Apple); 318.12,  
13, 32; 332.3; +334.14 – with  
Bonaparte (q.v.); 340.6;  
348.6; 349.22; 362.14; 393.20;  
420.18; 441.31; 451.23;

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478.10; +483.19 – with  
Rebecca (q.v.); 523.22;  
528.18, 21; 534.11; 549.12;  
553.25-26; 564.22; 577.24;  
+595.19 – with Lamp (q.v.);  
597.13; +615.25 – with lost  
Pleiad (q.v.; and *Paradise  
Lost*); 624.25; 625.27.

### 1. Fortissa

→ Kate / Kate Strong / ?Forty

absent in Glasheen!

very  
inadequate  
treatment

### 2. Mauritius

the Man Servant  
(+ → Canicula)

572.29

572.33

573.31

### 3.

### Magravius

→ Magrath

absent in Glasheen!

Magrath seems to be the Cad, Gill, Snake (qqv); +004.04  
he is HCE's enemy, traducer, Anna Livia's special 060.26  
hate. His wife is Lily Kinsella (qv, + → Gillia), his 145.22

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servant is Sully the Thug (qv).	212.03
→ Master Magrath.	243.03
	284.n4
	292.n3
	296.n3
	323.21
	353.10
	377.04
	448.10
	488.36
	494.26
	495.03
	511.02
	511.07
	572-73: Magravius
	584.05
	615.16
	615.30
	618.01
	622.04

**4. Ware's**  
Ref

Sir James Ware (1594-1666), author of <i>The Antiquities and History of Ireland</i> .	542.13	in what way
	572.32	Reference?

<b>5. Gillia</b>	presumably wife of Gill (qv) and identical with Bareniece Maxwell and Lily Kinsella (qqv), who is wife of Magrath (qv). How these identities can be brought together, I do not know.	102.25 (→ Seven) ?229.11 ?254.36 +391.21 with Giletta (qv) 572.33 572.35 (→ Seven) 573.16	This character insufficiently researched.
<b>6. Barnabas</b>	solicitor whom Lily Kinsella (qv) carries on with.		fairly inadequate treatment
<b>7. D'Alton</b>	John D'Alton (1792-1867), Irish historian, author of Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin, History of the County of Dublin, etc	019.09 +572.36, with John Dalton (qv)→ English chemist ...	
<b>8. Poppea</b>	wife of Nero (qv)	572.36	misspell! [e→ae] very bad Glasheen never mentions

			treatment!	the colours of the RAINBOW here!
<b>9. Arancita</b>	absent in Glasheen!			
		absent in Glasheen!		
<b>10. Clara</b>	St Clara (1194-1253), founder of the Franciscan nuns. Also County Clare. Perhaps also Mavis Clare and Claribel (qqv).	266.10 290.21		The Honuphrius Episode address is ignored deliberately.
<b>11. Marinuzza</b>	absent in Glasheen!			
		absent in Glasheen!		
<b>12. Indra</b>	Hindu god of the clear sky, greatest of Vedic gods, lord of thunder and the elements	060.21 223.07 573.01		No comments about the listing of a male among

				females!
<b>13. Iodina</b>	absent in Glasheen!		absent in Glasheen!	
<b>14. Halliday</b> Ref	absent in Glasheen!		absent in Glasheen!	very insufficiently researched
<b>15. Michael</b> <b>Cerularius</b>	Father Michael	573.04 573.15 573.18 573.23		very large entry!  But totally irrelevant here!
				('Michael - means 'father who is like God') But in what language?
<b>16. Sulla</b>	Lucius Cornelius (138-178 BC, bloodthirsty Roman dictator. He mixes with Sully the Thug (qv), maybe because Sulla watched a strangling on his deathbed, and thugs strangle.	573.06 573.13 573.31		over- ambiguous treatment

**17. the  
Sullivan**

a band of twelve mercenaries, led by Sulla, or 573.07  
 Sully the Thug (qqv). They are listed under  
Twelve (qv). There was, as it turns out, a  
 "Sullivan Gang" in Joyce's Dublin.

**18.  
Gregorius**

absent in Glasheen! 573.08  
 573.28  
 There are six  
 distinct  
*Gregory*  
 entries!

Matthew Gregory, first of the Four

**19. Leo**

often refers to Mark Lyons. absent in Glasheen!  
 very  
 inadequate  
 treatment!

**20. Vitellius**

Aulus Vitellius, Roman emperor from 2 January 307.L  
 to 22 December 69. "Vitellus" means veal or calf +406.14, with Tellus (qv)  
 in old Latin, and the name is applied to Luke 406.18  
 Tarpey (qv), who, as St Luke, is symbolized by ox 573.08  
 or calf. →Four Evangelists. 573.28  
 →Salomé

**21.**

→ MacDougal,

<b>Macdugalius</b>	absent in Glasheen!	absent	the 4 <sup>th</sup> of the Four Elders (qv). As Evangelist (qv) he is St John, whose heraldic beast is the Eagle. I cannot account for the name MacDougal – it is sometimes said to be Scottish. [...]
<b>22. Gilbert</b> Ref	J. T. Gilbert, author of History of Dublin (1854)	+573.13, with W. S. Gilbert, Stuart Gilbert (qqv)	
<b>23. Gerontes</b> <b>Cambronses</b>	absent in Glasheen!	absent	→ Cambrensis, Giraldus

- |                                  |   |                            |  |
|----------------------------------|---|----------------------------|--|
| <b>24.</b><br><b>Guglielmus</b>  | Caulis (William Cabbagestalk). Mr Mink says, the statue of William Smith O'Brien (qv) of the Cabbage Patch Rebellion (celebrated in "Slattery's (qv) Mountain Foot"). Formerly, the statue stood at the south end of the O'Connell (qv) Bridge. | 553.14                     | over-ambiguous treatment. misprint in the address given: it should be 573.14 |
| <b>25. Wadding</b><br><b>Ref</b> | Luke Wadding (1588-1657), Irish Franciscan, historian, author of the <i>Annales Minorum</i> .   | 024.20<br>377.15<br>573.26 |  |
| <b>26. Canicula</b>              | the dog-star, "deceased wife of Mauritius" (qv).  | 512.36<br>573.30           | confusing...<br>!tautological!   |

## The Idea behind the Text: Raymond Queneau?

1939

*FW*  
James Joyce

1947

*Exercices de style*  
Raymond Queneau



1947

Raymond  
Queneau

*Exercices  
de style*

Gallimard

Paris 1947

Introductory

Introductory

Introductory

Introductory

Introductory

**BackCover BLURB**

**Notations**

**Composition de  
mots**

**Surprises**

**L'arc-en-ciel**

Le narrateur rencontre dans un bus un jeune homme au long cou, coiffé d'un chapeau orné d'une tresse tenant lieu de ruban. Ce jeune homme échange quelques mots assez vifs avec un autre voyageur, puis va s'asseoir à une place devenue libre.

Un peu plus tard, le

Dans l'S, à une heure d'affluence. Un type dans les vingtsix ans, chapeau mou avec cordon remplaçant le ruban, cou trop long comme si on lui avait tiré dessus. Les gens descendent. Le type en question s'irrite contre un voisin. Il lui reproche de le bousculer chaque fois

Je plate-d'autobus-formais co-foultitudinairement dans un espace-temps lutécio-méridienal et voisinai avec un longicol tresseautourduchapeauté morveux. Lequel dit à un quelconquanonyme : « Vous me bousculapparaissiez. »

Ce que nous étions serrés sur cette plate-forme d'autobus ! Et ce que ce garçon pouvait avoir l'air bête et ridicule ! Et que fait-il ? Ne le voilà-t-il pas qui se met à vouloir se quereller avec un bonhomme qui - prétendait-il ! ce damoiseau ! - le bousculait ! Et ensuite il ne trouve rien

Un jour, je me trouvai sur la plate-forme d'un autobus violet. Il y avait là un jeune homme assez ridicule : cou indigo, cordelière au chapeau. Tout d'un coup, il proteste contre un monsieur bleu. Il lui reproche notamment, d'une voix verte, de le bousculer chaque fois qu'il descend des gens.

narrateur revoit ce jeune homme qui est maintenant en train de discuter avec un ami. Celui-ci lui conseille de faire remonter le bouton supérieur de son pardessus.

qu'il passe quelqu'un. Ton pleurnichard qui se veut méchant. Comme il voit une place libre, se précipite dessus.

Deux heures plus tard, je le rencontre cour de Rome, devant la gare Saint-Lazare. Il est avec un camarade qui lui dit: "tu devrais faire mettre un bouton supplémentaire à ton pardessus"; il lui montre où (à l'échancrure) et pourquoi.

Cela éjaculé, se placelibravocement.

Dans une spatiotemporalité postérieure, je le revis qui placesaintlazarait avec un X qui lui disait : tu devrais boutonsupplémenter ton pardessus. Et il pourquexpliquait la chose.

de mieux à faire que d'aller vite occuper une place laissée libre ! Au lieu de la laisser à une dame !

Deux heures après, devinez qui je rencontre devant la gare Saint-Lazare ? Le même godelureau ! En train de se faire donner des conseils vestimentaires ! Par un camarade ! À ne pas croire !

Ceci dit, il se précipite, vers une place jaune, pour s'y asseoir.

Deux heures plus tard, je le rencontre devant une gare orangée. Il est avec un ami qui lui conseille de faire ajouter un bouton à son pardessus rouge.



Grammar

Précisions

Dans un autobus de la ligne S, long de 10 mètres, large de 2,1, haut de 3,5, à 3 km. 600 de son point de départ, alors qu'il était chargé de 48 personnes, à 12 h. 17, un individu de sexe masculin, âgé de 27 ans 3 mois 8 jours, taille de 1 m 72 et pesant 65 kg et portant sur la tête un chapeau haut de 17 centimètres dont la calotte était entourée d'un ruban long de 35 centimètres, interpelle un homme âgé de 48 ans 4 mois 3 jours et de taille 1 m 68 et pesant 77 kg., au moyen de 14 mots dont l'énonciation dura 5 secondes et qui faisaient allusion à des déplacements involontaires de 15 à 20

Grammar

Présent

À midi, la chaleur s'étale autour des pieds des voyageurs d'autobus. Que, placée sur un long cou, une tête stupide ornée d'un chapeau grotesque vienne à s'enflammer, aussitôt pète la querelle. Pour foirer bien vite d'ailleurs, en une atmosphère lourde pour porter encore trop vivantes de bouche à oreille des injures définitives. Alors, on va s'asseoir à l'intérieur, au frais. Plus tard peuvent se poser, devant des gares aux cours doubles, des questions vestimentaires, à propos de quelque bouton que des

Grammar

Passé simple

Ce fut midi. Les voyageurs montèrent dans l'autobus. On fut serré. Un jeune monsieur porta sur sa tête un chapeau entouré d'une tresse, non d'un ruban. Il eut un long cou. Il se plaignit auprès de son voisin des bousculades que celui-ci lui infligea. Dès qu'il aperçut une place libre, il se précipita vers elle et s'y assit. Je l'aperçus plus tard devant la gare Saint-Lazare. Il se vêtit d'un pardessus et un camarade qui se trouva là lui fit cette remarque : il fallut mettre un bouton supplémentaire.

Grammar

Imparfait

C'était midi. Les voyageurs montaient dans l'autobus. On était serré. Un jeune monsieur portait sur sa tête un chapeau qui était entouré d'une tresse et non d'un ruban. Il avait un long cou. Il se plaignait auprès de son voisin des bousculades que ce dernier lui infligeait. Dès qu'il apercevait une place libre, il se précipitait vers elle et s'y asseyait. Je l'apercevais plus tard, devant la gare Saint-Lazare. Il se vêtait d'un pardessus et un camarade qui se trouvait là lui faisait cette remarque : il fallait mettre un bouton supplémentaire

Grammar

Exclamations

Tiens ! Midi ! temps de prendre l'autobus ! que de monde ! que de monde ! ce qu'on est serré ! marrant ! ce gars-là ! quelle trombine ! et quel cou ! soixante-quinze centimètres ! au moins ! et le galon ! le galon ! je n'avais pas vu ! le galon ! c'est le plus marant ! ça ! le galon ! autour de son chapeau ! Un galon ! marrant ! absolument marrant ! ça y est le voilà qui râle ! le type au galon ! contre un voisin ! qu'est-ce qu'il lui raconte ! l'autre ! lui aurait marché sur les pieds ! ils vont se fiche des gifles ! pour sûr ! mais non ! mais si ! va h y ! va h y ! mords y l'oeil ! fonce !

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properly paraphrased for the general public.

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millimètres. Il va ensuite s'asseoir à quelque 2 m. 10 de là.

118 minutes plus tard il se trouvait à 10 mètres de la gare Saint-Lazare, entrée banlieue, et se promenait de long en large sur un trajet de 30 mètres avec un camarade âgé de 28 ans, taille 1 m. 70 et pesant 71 kg. qui lui conseilla en 15 mots de déplacer de 5 centimètres, dans la direction du zénith, un bouton de 3 centimètres de diamètre.

doigts gras de sueur  
tripotent avec assurance.

cogne ! mince alors ! mais non ! il se dégonfle ! le type ! au long cou ! au galon ! c'est sur une place vide qu'il fonce ! oui ! le gars ! eh bien ! vrai ! non ! je ne me trompe pas ! c'est bien lui ! là-bas ! dans la Cour de Rome ! devant la gare Saint-Lazare ! qui se balade en long et en large ! avec un autre type ! et qu'est-ce que l'autre lui raconte ! qu'il devrait ajouter un bouton ! oui ! un bouton à son pardessus ! À son pardessus !

Languages

Translation

Dans l'Y, en un hexagone d'affouragement. Un typhon dans les trente-deux anacardiens, chapellerie modeste avec coréopsis remplaçant la rubellite, couchette trop longue comme si on lui avait tiré dessus. Les gentillesses descendent. Le typhon en quêteur s'irrite contre un voiturier. Il lui reproche de le bousculer chaque fois qu'il passe quelqu'un, tondeur pleurnichard qui se veut méchant. Comme il voit une placette libre, il se précipite dessus.

Huit hexagones plus loin, je le rencontre dans la courbe de Roncq, devant la gargouille de

Languages

Anglicismes

Un dai vers middai, je tèque le beusse et je sie un jeugne manne avec une grète nèque et un hatte avec une quainnde de lèsse tresseés. Soudainement ce jeugne manne bi-queumze créé et acquiouse un respectable seur de lui trider sur les toses. Puis il reunna vers un site eunoccupé.

A une lete aoure je le sie égaine; il vouoquait eupe et daoune devant la Ceinte Lazare stécheunne. Un beau lui guivait un advice à propos de beutone.

Languages

Latin de cuisine

Sol erat in regionem zenithi et calor atmospheri magnissima. Senatus populusque parisiensis sudebat. Autobi passant completi. In uno ex supradictis autobibus qui S denominationem portebat, hominem quasi junum, cum collo multi elongato et cum chapito a galono tressato cerclato vidi. Iste junior insultavit alterum hominem qui proximus erat: pietinat, inquit, pedes meos post deliberationem animæ tuæ. Tunc sedem libram vidente, cucurrit là.

Sol duas horas in coelo habebat descendues. Sancti Lazari stationem

Languages

Hellénismes

Dans un hyperautobus plein de pétrolonantes, je fus martyr de ce microrama en une chronie de métaffluence: un hypotype plus qu'icosapige avec une pétase péricyclé par caloplegme et un macrotrachèle eucylindrique anathématise emphatiquement un éphémère et anonyme outisse, lequel, à ce qu'il pseudolégeait, lui épivédait sur les bipodes mais, dès qu'il euryscopa une cœnotopie, il se péristropha pour s'y catapelter.

En une chronie hystère, je l'esthèsis devant le sidérodromeux stathme hagiolazarique, peripatant

Languages

Italianismes

Oune giorne en pleine merigge, ié saille sulla plateforme d'oune otobousse et là quel ouome ié vidis? ié vidis oune djiovanouome au longué col avé de la treccie otour dou cappel. Et lé ditto djiovanouome oltragge ouno pouovre ouome à qui il rimproveravait de lui pester les pieds et il ne lui pesterait noullément les pieds, mais quand il vidit oune sédie vuote, il corrit por sedersilà.

A oune oure dè là, ié lé révidis qui ascoltait les consigles d'oune bellimbouste at zerbinotte a proposto d'oune boutoné dé pardéssousse.

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Saint-Dizier. Il est avec un cambreur qui lui dit: "Tu devrais faire mettre un bouton-pression supplémentaire à ton pare-chocs." Il lui montre où (à l'échantillon) et pourquoi.

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ferrocaminorum passente devant, junum supradictum cum altero ejusdem farinae qui arbiter elegantiarum erat et qui apropo uno ex boutonis capae junioris consilium donebat vidi.	avec un compsanthrope qui lui symboulait la métacinèse d'un omphale sphincter.
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The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes

## Registers

### Alors

Alors l'autobus est arrivé. Alors j'ai monté dedans. Alors j'ai vu un citoyen qui m'a saisi l'oeil. Alors j'ai vu son long cou et j'ai vu la tresse qu'il y avait autour de son chapeau. Alors il s'est mis à pester contre son voisin qui lui marchait alors sur les pieds. Alors, il est allé s'asseoir.

Alors, plus tard, je l'ai revu Cour de Rome. Alors il était avec un copain. Alors, il lui disait, le copain : tu devrais faire mettre un autre bouton à ton pardessus. Alors.

## Registers

### Vulgaire

L'était un peu plus dmidi quand j'ai pu monter dans l'esse. Jmonte donc, jpaye ma place comme de bien entendu et voilàtipas qu'alors jremarque un zozo l'air pied, avec un cou qu'on aurait dit un télescope et une sorte de ficelle autour du galurin. Je lregarde passque jlui trouve l'air pied quand le voilàtipas qu'ismet à interpellier son voisin. Dites-donc, qu'il lui fait, vous pourriez pas faire attention, qu'il ajoute, on dirait, qu'il pleurniche, quvous lfaites essprais, qu'i bafouille, deummarcher toutltemps sullé panards, qu'i dit. Làdsus, tout fier de lui, i va

## Registers

### Interrogatoire

- À quelle heure ce jour-là passa l'autobus de la ligne S de midi 23, direction porte de Champerret ?  
- À midi 38.  
- Y avait-il beaucoup de monde dans l'autobus de la ligne S sus-désigné ?  
- Des floppées.  
- Qu'y remarquâtes-vous de particulier ?  
- Un particulier qui avait un très long cou et une tresse autour de son chapeau.  
- Son comportement était-il aussi singulier que sa mise et son anatomie ?  
- Tout d'abord non ; il était normal, mais il finit par s'avérer être celui d'un cyclothymique paranoïaque

## Registers

### Apartés

L'autobus arriva tout gonflé de voyageurs. Pourvu que je ne le rate pas, veine il y a encore une place pour moi. L'un d'eux il en a une drôle de tirelire avec son cou démesuré portait un chapeau de feutre mou entouré d'une sorte de cordelette à la place de ruban ce que ça a l'air prétentieux et soudain se mit tiens qu'est-ce qui lui prend à vitupérer un voisin l'autre fait pas attention à ce qu'il lui raconte auquel il reprochait de lui marcher exprès a l'air de chercher la bagarre, mais il se dégonflera sur les pieds. Mais comme une place était libre à l'intérieur qu'est-ce que je

## Registers

### Philosophique

Les grandes villes seules peuvent présenter à la spiritualité phénoménologique les essentialités des coïncidences temporelles et improbabilistes. Le philosophe qui monte parfois dans l'inexistentialité futile et utilitaire d'un autobus S y peut apercevoir avec la lucidité de son oeil pinéal les apparences fugitives et décolorées d'une conscience profane affligée du long cou de la vanité et de la tresse chapeautière de l'ignorance. Cette matière sans entéléchie véritable se lance parfois dans l'impératif catégorique de son élan vital et récriminatoire

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s'asseoir. Comme un pied.

J'repasse plus tard Cour de Rome et j'l'aperçois qui discute le bout de gras avec autre zozo de son espèce. Dis-donc, qu'i lui faisait l'autre, tu dvrais, qu'i lui disait, mettre un ottbouton, qu'il ajoutait, à ton ardingue, qu'i concluait.

légèrement hypotendu dans un état d'irritabilité hypergastrique.

- Comment cela se traduit-il ?

- Le particulier en question interpella son voisin sur un ton pleurnichard en lui demandant s'il ne faisait pas exprès de lui marcher sur les pieds chaque fois qu'il montait ou descendait des voyageurs.

- Ce reproche était-il fondé ?

- Je l'ignore.

- Comme se termina cet incident ?

- Par la fuite précipitée du jeune homme qui alla occuper une place libre.

- Cet incident eut-il un rebondissement ?

- Moins de deux heures plus tard.

- En quoi consista ce rebondissement ?

- En la réapparition de cet individu sur mon chemin.

disais il tourna le dos et courut l'occuper.

Deux heures plus tard environ, c'est curieux les coïncidences il se trouvait cour de Rome en compagnie d'un ami un michet de son espèce qui lui désignait de l'index un bouton de son pardessus qu'est-ce qu'il peut bien lui raconter ?

contre l'irréalité néoberkeleyenne d'un mécanisme corporel inalourdi de conscience. Cette attitude morale entraîne alors le plus inconscient des deux vers une spatialité vide où il se décompose en ses éléments premiers et crochus.

La recherche philosophique se poursuit normalement par la rencontre fortuite mais anagogique du même être accompagné de sa réplique inessentielle et couturière, laquelle lui conseille nouménale de transposer sur le plan de l'entendement le concept de bouton de pardessus situé sociologiquement trop bas.

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București 2012

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- OÙ et comment le revîtes-vous ?
- En passant en autobus devant la cour de Rome.
- Qu'y faisait-il ?
- Il prenait une consultation d'élégance.

The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes

Rhetoric

**Métaphoriquement**

Au centre du jour, jeté dans le tas des sardines voyageuses d'un coléoptère à grosse carapace blanche, un poulet au grand cou déplumé harangua soudain l'une, paisible, d'entre elles et son langage se déploya dans les airs, humide d'une protestation. Puis attiré par un vide, l'oisillon s'y précipita. Dans un morne désert urbain, je le revis le jour même se faisant moucher l'arrogance pour un quelconque bouton.

Rhetoric

**Apocopes**

Je mon dans un aut plein de voya. Je remar un jeu hom don't le cou é sembla à ce de la gira et qui por cha a un ga tres. Il se mit en col contre un voya, lui repro de lui mar sur les pi cha fois qu'il mon ou descen du mon. Puis il al s'as car u pla é li.

Re ri gau, je l'aper qui mar en long et en lar a un a qui lui don des con d'élég en lui non le pre bou de son pard.

Rhetoric

**Onomatopées**

Sur la plate-forme, pla pla pla, dun autobus, teuff teuff teuff, de la ligne S (pour qui sont ces serpents qui sifflent sur), il était environ midi, ding din don, ding din don, un ridicule éphèbe, proût proût, qui avait un de ces couvrefeufs, phui, se tourna (virevolte, virevolte) soudain vers son voisin d'un air de colère, rreuh, rreuh, et lui dit, hm hm : «vous faites exprès de me bousculer, monsieur.» Et toc. Làdessus, vroutt, il se jette sur une place libre et s'y assoit, boum.

Ce même jour, un peu plus tard, ding din don, ding din don, je le revis en compagnie d'un autre éphèbe, proût

Rhetoric

**Polyptotes**

Je montai dans un autobus plein de contribuables qui donnaient des sous à un contribuable qui avait sur son ventre de contribuable une petite boîte qui contribuait à permettre aux autres contribuables de continuer leur trajet de contribuables. Je remarquai dans cet autobus un contribuable au long cou de contribuable et dont la tête de contribuable supportait un chapeau mou de contribuable ceint d'une tresse comme jamais n'en porta contribuable. Soudain le dit contribuable interpelle un contribuable de voisin en lui reprochant amèrement de

Rhetoric

**Paragoges**

Ung jourz verse midir, surl laa plateformet arrièreu d'uno autobusi, j'aperçuss uno jeuneu hommeu aux coux tropr longg ett quie portaito ung chapeaux entourée d'ung galong tressés aux lieux deu rubann. Soudainj, ile interpellat sono voisino eno prétendanti queue celuio-cix faisaito exprès deu luiv marcheri surb lesq piedsa chaquex foisa quh'ile montaiti oui descendaiti desd voyageursi. Ilo abandonnat d'ailleurst rapidemento lab discussiong pourv sei jeteri sura uneu placeu librex.

Quelqueasu heuresu plusu tardu, jeu leu revisu devantu

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proût, qui lui causait bouton  
de pardessus (brr, brr, brr, il  
ne faisait donc pas si chaud  
que ça...). Et toc.

lui marcher exprès sur ses  
pieds de contribuable  
chaque fois que d'autres  
contribuables montaient ou  
descendaient de l'autobus  
pour contribuables. Puis le  
contribuable irrité alla  
s'asseoir à la place pour  
contribuable que venait de  
laisser libre un autre  
contribuable.

Quelques heures  
de contribuable plus tard, je  
l'aperçus dans la cour pour  
contribuables de Rome, en  
compagnie d'un  
contribuable qui  
lui donnait des conseils  
d'élégance de contribuable.

lau gareu Sainte-Lazareu  
enu grandex conversationg  
aveco uno camaradeb quib  
luib disaitr dew fairex  
remontert leq boutonq  
supérieurm dek sonj  
pardessusssssssssssssssssss.

The 5 Senses

**Olfactif**

Dans cet S méridien il y avait en dehors de l'odeur habituelle, odeur d'abbés, de décédés, d'oeufs, de geais, de haches, de ci-gîts, de cas, d'ailes, d'aime haine au pet de culs, d'airs détestés, de nus vers, de doubles vés cés, de hies que scient aides grecs, il y avait une certaine senteur de long cou juvénile, une certaine perspiration de galon tressé, une certaine âcreté de rogne, une certaine puanteur lâche et constipée tellement marquées que lorsque deux heures plus tard je passai devant la gare Saint-Lazare je les reconnus et les identifiai dans le parfum cosmétique, fashionable et tailoresque qui émanait d'un

The 5 Senses

**Gustatif**

Cet autobus avait un certain goût. Curieux mais incontestable. Tous les autobus n'ont pas le même goût. Ça se dit, mais c'est vrai. Suffit d'en faire l'expérience. Celui-là - un S - pour ne rien cacher - avait une petite saveur de cacahouète grillée je ne vous dis que ça. La plate-forme avait son fumet spécial, de la cacahouète non seulement grillée mais encore piétinée. à un mètre soixante au-dessus du tremplin, une gourmande, mais il ne s'en trouvait pas, aurait pu lécher quelque chose d'un peu suret qui était un cou d'homme dans

The 5 Senses

**Tactile**

Les autobus sont doux au toucher surtout si on les prend entre les cuisses et qu'on les caresse avec les deux mains, de la tête vers la queue, du moteur vers la plate-forme. Mais quand on se trouve sur cette plate-forme alors on perçoit quelque chose de plus âpre et de plus rêche qui est la tôle ou la barre d'appui, tantôt quelque chose de plus rebondi et de plus élastique qui est une fesse. Quelquefois il y en a deux, alors on met la phrase au pluriel. On peut aussi saisir un objet tubulaire et palpitant qui déurgite des sons idiots, ou bien un ustensile aux spirales tressées

The 5 Senses

**Visuel**

Dans l'ensemble c'est vert avec un toit blanc, allongé, avec des vitres. C'est pas le premier venu qui pourrait faire ça, des vitres. La plate-forme c'est sans couleur, c'est moitié gris moitié marron si l'on veut. C'est surtout plein de courbes, des tas d'S pour ainsi dire. Mais à midi comme ça, heure d'affluence, c'est un drôle d'enchevêtrement. Pour bien faire faudrait étirer hors du magma un rectangle d'ocre pâle, y planter au bout un ovale pâle ocre et là-dessus coller dans les ocres foncés un galurin que cernerait une tresse de terre de Sienne brûlée et entremêlée par-

The 5 Senses

**Auditif**

Coinquant et pétaradant, l'S vint crisser le long du trottoir silencieux. Le trombone du soleil bémolisait midi. Les piétons, brillantes cornemuses, clamaient leurs numéros. Quelques-uns montèrent d'un demi-ton, ce qui suffit pour les emporter vers la porte Champerret aux chantantes arcades. Parmi les élus haletants, figurait un tuyau de clarinette à qui les malheurs des temps avaient donné forme humaine et la perversité d'un chapelier pour porter sur la timbale un instrument qui ressemblait à une guitare qui aurait tressé ses cordes pour s'en faire une ceinture.

bouton mal placé.

sa trentaine. Et à vingt centimètres encore au-dessus, il se présentait au palais exercé la rare dégustation d'un galon tressé un peu cacaoté. Nous dégustâmes ensuite le chouignegueume de la dispute, les châtaignes de l'irritation, les raisins de la colère et les grappes d'amertume.

Deux heures plus tard nous eûmes droit au dessert : un bouton de pardessus... une vraie noisette...

plus douces qu'un chapelet, plus soyeuses qu'un fil de fer barbelé, plus veloutées qu'une corde et plus menues qu'un câble. Ou bien encore on peut toucher du doigt la connerie humaine, légèrement visqueuse et gluante, à cause de la chaleur.

Puis si l'on patiente une heure ou deux, alors devant une gare raboteuse, on peut tremper sa main tiède dans l'exquise fraîcheur d'un bouton de corozo qui n'est pas à sa place.

dessus le marché. Puis on t'y foutrait une tache caca d'oie pour représenter la rage, un triangle rouge pour exprimer la colère et une pissée de vert pour rendre la bile rentrée et la trouille foireuse.

Après ça on te dessinerait un de ces jolis petits mignons de pardingues bleu marine avec, en haut, juste en dessous de l'échancrure, un joli mignon bouton dessiné au petit quart de poil.

Soudain au milieu d'accords en mineur de voyageurs entreprenants et de voyajrices consentantes et des trémolos bêlants du receveur rapace éclate une cacophonie burlesque où la rage de la contrebasse se mêle à l'irritation de la trompette et à la frousse du basson.

Puis, après soupir, silence, pause et double-pause, éclate la mélodie triomphante d'un bouton en train de passer à l'octave supérieure.

## Hypothetical Exercise

### Poor lay Zanglay

Ung joor vare meedee ger preelotobüs poor la port Changparay. Eel aytay congplay, prayk. Jer mongtay kang maym ay lar jer vee ung ohm ahvayk ung long coo ay ung chahrpo hangtooray dünn saught der feessel trayssay. Sir mirssyer sir mee ang caughtlayr contrer ung ingdeevēdüh kee lühee marshay sühr lay peehay, pühee eel arlah sarsswar.

Ung per plüh tarh jer ler rervee dervang lahr Garsinglahzahr ang congparhrgnee d'ung dangdee kee lühee congsayhiay der fare rermongtay d'ung crang ler bootong der song pahrdessüh.

There are a lot of things to sort out here:

First, the text is written in what language?

Second, what does it say, word for word, from start to finish?

Third, and most important – WHO WROTE IT?

Last, but not least, For what purpose?

And,

To take the biscuit:

Could you read it aloud, as it was meant from the start to be read aloud?

Next task, of course, is to translate this text into

Rumanian!

Accurately!

Can you do it ?



## FrageStellung

The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes

- 🕯 Can the Honuphrius Interlude provide the vital clue to the whole Book?
- 🕯 Can it Provide at least the **Cogent Summary** of the Overall Story? (Did Burgess and the Others See That?)
- 🕯 Who are the **Main Characters**, and Who Stands behind them, all according to Adaline Glasheen?
- 🕯 Why the Choice of Names?
- 🕯 How Important is the Name **Honuphrius**?
- 🕯 How Important is the Name **Vitellius**?

- 🕯 How Central to the 16 June 1904 Dublin was the Name of **Sullivan**?
- 🕯 What Stands behind **Eugenius**, Etymologically? See O Hehir's Opinion...
- 🕯 What Stands behind **Jeremias**, Etymologically? See O Hehir's Opinion...
- 🕯 Why does Adaline Glasheen Totally Ignore the Names of **The Seven Rainbow Girls**?
- 🕯 Who Was, Is, and Will Be **Canicula**? Voire La Canicule! Voire La Canule!
- 🕯 **Magravius** seems to be All Important to Glasheen! Is it Really So?  
(Is Magravius so really important as Adaline Glashhen makes him to be?)
- 🕯 What is **affrication** (FW573.25:10)? Is it called "French Massage" in today's permissibility?
- 🕯 Who are **The Four Excavators** (FW573.08:7)?

- 🕯 Why Are They So Named?
- 🕯 Why **Macdugalius** in the First Place?
- 🕯 Why the Four Evangelists At All?
- 🕯 What is the Precise Meaning of the Very Last Question? (**Has he hegemony and shall she submit?**)

## Part Three

The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes



## The Eleven Interludes disseminated throughout *Finnegans Wake*



**Ecce Homo**  
Hieronymus Bosch (1470s)

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson: *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. Harcourt Brace & Co, New York. 1944

Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake. An Index of the Characters and Their Roles*. University of California Press, Berkeley. 1977.

Bernard Benstock: *Joyce-again's Wake : An Analysis of Finnegans Wake*. University of Washington Press, 1965.

C.George Sandulescu: *Tel Language of the Devil*. Colin Smythe. Gerrards Cross. 1987. Dufour Editions. Chester Springs, PA. p. 193

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(Notoriously, The Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth is exactly such an INTERLUDE!)

(COD 2: something performed or done during the pause between the acts of a play. Also present is the inserted story in the picaresque novel, Tom Jones, or Don Quixote... q.v. for concrete examples. Also Dickens has it in *The Pickwick Papers*. qv!)

**(An Interlude is indeed a subEpisode, that is, a story within a story, as a rhetorical device!)**

**(In short, An Insert!)**

1. **The Museyroom** (FW008.09-010.23)
2. **Mutt and Jute** (FW016.10-018.20)
3. **The Tale of Jarl van Hooter and the Prankquean** (FW 021.05-023.15)
4. **The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly** (FW044.24-047.29)
5. **The Mookse and the Gripes** (FW152.15 to 157.08???)
6. **Burrus and Caseous** (FW160.35 to 168.14)

7. **The Norwegian Captain** (FW311.05 to 332.09)
8. **How Buckley Shot the Russian General** (FW337.32 to 355.07)
9. **The Ondt and the Gracehopper** (FW414.18-419.10)
10. **St Patrick and the ArchDruid** (FW609.24-613.14)
11. **The Honuphrius Interlude** (FW572.21-573.35)

## Main Characteristics of the Eleven Interludes:

- ✂ They are quickly **identified**...
- ✂ They are all fairly easily **detachable** from the main text...
- ✂ There are plenty of unifying factors and **common** denominators.
- ✂ In a word, these interludes evince **independence**...
- ✂ Last but not least, there is **language specificity**: **clean & limpid** for Honuphrius, a separate story that absolutely nobody pays critical attention to... probably because it is too *décolletée*... a favourite term of Paul de Kock (1793-1871)...(→le Dictionnaire Robert...)

## 1. The Museyroom

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson: *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. 1944.  
Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*. 1977.

*Finnegans Wake* 008.09-010.23

**SkeletonKey Summary**

40d to 42cd

FW008

This the way to the museyroom. Mind your hats goan in!  
Now yiz are in the Willingdone Museyroom. This is a Prooshi-  
ous gunn. This is a ffrinch. Tip. This is the flag of the Prooshi-  
ous, the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of  
the Prooshious. This is the ffrinch that fire on the Bull that bang  
the flag of the Prooshious. Saloos the Crossgunn! Up with your  
pike and fork! Tip. (Bullsfoot! Fine!) This is the triplewon hat of  
Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleumhat. This is the Willingdone on his  
same white harse, the Cokenhape. This is the big Sraughter Wil-  
lingdone, grand and magentic in his goldtin spurs and his ironed  
dux and his quarterbrass woodyshoes and his magnate's garters  
and his bangkok's best and goliar's goloshes and his pullupon-  
easyan wartrews. This is his big wide harse. Tip. This is the three  
lipoleum boyne grouching down in the living detch. This is an

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...a view may be had of the Wellington Museum in  
Phoenix Park, a charming waterloose country round  
about, and two pretty white villages, like the two saucy  
Maggies themselves, amid the foliages. Penetrators are  
permitted into the museum. For her passkey supply to the  
janitrix, the mistress Kathe. Tip.

[This Museum should be regarded as a kind of  
reliquary containing various mementoes symbolizing not  
only the eternal brother-conflict, but also the military and  
diplomatic encounters, exchanges and betrayals of  
recorded history.] An old woman conducts a party  
through the museum, pointing out relics from the battle  
career of her hero Wellington, the Iron Duke. There are

inimyskilling inglis, this is a scotcher grey, this is a davy, stooping. This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. A Gallawghurs argaumunt. This is the petty lipoleum boy that was nayther bag nor bug. Assaye, assaye! Touchole Fitz Tuomush. Dirty MacDyke. And Hairy O'Hurry. All of them arminus-varminus. This is Delian alps. This is Mont Tivel, this is Mont Tipsey, this is the Grand Mons Injun. This is the crimealpine of the alps hooping to sheltershock the three lipoleums. This is the jinnies with their legahorns feinting to read in their handmade's book of strategy while making their war undisides the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is big Willingdone mormorial tallowscoop Wounderworker obscides on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower. Tip. This

FW009

is me Belchum sneaking his phillippy out of his most Awful Grimmet Sunshat Cromwelly. Looted. This is the jinnies' hastings dispatch for to irrigate the Willingdone. Dispatch in thin red lines cross the shortfront of me Belchum. Yaw, yaw, yaw! Leaper Orthor. Fear siecken! Fieldgaze thy tiny frow. Hugacting. Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to fontannoy the Willingdone. Shee, shee, shee! The jinnies is jillous agincourting all the lipoleums. And the lipoleums is gonn boycottoncrezy onto the one Willingdone. And the Willingdone git the band up. This

23 exhibits under glass and pictures on the walls. A flag, a  
24 bullet, a military hat; Duke Wellington on his big white  
25 horse; three soldiers crouching in a ditch; a pair of  
26 Napoleon jinnies, making believe to read a book of  
27 strategy; and a sex-caliber telescope through which the  
28 Duke trains on the flanks of the jinnies. The reader begins  
29 to recognize through all the shooting-gallery noises and  
30 the smoke-confused scenes of battle the omnipresent story  
31 of a great man, two temptresses, and three soldiers.  
32 Between the Duke and the jinnies dispatches go back and  
33 forth. This is me, Belchum, bearer of the dispatches. First, a  
34 dispatch from the jinnies to annoy the Willingdone:  
35 "Behold thy tiny frau, hugacting. Signed: Nap." This is me,  
36 Belchum, carrying the dispatch. And this is Wellington's  
answer, displayed on the regions rare of me, Belchum:

1 "Figtreeyou! Damn fairy Ann – ça ne fait rien. Vôtre:  
2 Willingdone." (That was the first joke of Wellington. Tit  
3 for tat.) This is me, Belchum, in his twelve-league boots,  
4 footing it back to the jinnies. [Napoleon and Wellington  
5 are exchanging insults, Napoleon being represented  
6 through the jinnies.]

7 Here now are some more exhibits: Balls, cannon  
8 fodder, other views of the jinnies, the soldiers and the  
9 Willingdone. The Wellington cry is "Brum! Brum!  
Cumbrum!" The jinnies' cry is "Donnerwetter! Gott straffe

is bode Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his secret word with a ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's hur-old dispatchback. Dispatch deployed on the regions rare of me Belchum. Salamangra! Ayi, ayi, ayi! Cherry jinnies. Figtreeyou! Damn fairy ann, Voutre. Willingdone. That was the first joke of Willingdone, tic for tac. Hee, hee, hee! This is me Belchum in his twelvemile cowchooks, weet, tweet and stampforth foremost, footing the camp for the jinnies. Drink a sip, drankasup, for he's as sooner buy a guinness than he'd stale store stout. This is Roo-shious balls. This is a ttrinch. This is mistletropes. This is Canon Futter with the popynose. After his hundred days' indulgence. This is the blessed. Tarra's widdars! This is jinnies in the bonny bawn blooches. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This is the Willingdone, by the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre! (Bullsear! Play!) This is camelry, this is floodens, this is the solphereens in action, this is their mobbily, this is panickburns. Almeidagad! Arthiz too loose! This is Willingdone cry. Brum! Brum! Cumbrum! This is jinnies cry. Underwetter! Goat strip Finnlambs! This is jinnies rinning away to their ouster-lists dowan a bunkersheels. With a nip nippy nip and a trip trip-py trip so airy. For their heart's right there. Tip. This is me Belchum's tinkyou tankyou silvoor plate for citchin the crapes in the cool of his canister. Poor the pay! This is the bissmark of the marathon merry of the jinnies they left behind them. This is the Willingdone branlish his same marmorial tallowscoop Sophy-Key-Po for his royal divorsion on the rinnaway jinnies. Gam-

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England!" To the tune of "It's a long way to Tipperary," the jinnies run away. This is me, Belchum, poor the pay! This is Wellington, brandishing his telescope on the runaway jinnies. A triad of soldiers is observing him; one of them is a hindoo sepoy, Shimar Shin. Suddenly Wellington picks up the half of the hat from the filth and hangs it on the crupper of his big white horse. (The last joke of the Willingdone.) The crupper wags with the hat to insult the sepoy, who, mad as a hatter, jumps up with the cry. Whereupon, Wellington, a born gentleman, tinders a matchbox to the cursing Shimar Shin. The do-for-him sepoy blows the whole of the half of the hat off the top of the tail on the back of Wellington's big white harse. (Bullseye! Game!) This way out of the museum.  
Phew, but that was warm.

### Glasseen Synopsis

p. xxvi

Inside the mound is the Willingdone (q.v.) Museyroom, a waxworks (life-sized? miniature like toy soldiers?) where relics and replicas of Waterloo are exhibited (fed) to the populace—art-as-circus replacing the missing meal.

bariste della porca! Dalaveras fimmieras! This is the pettiest

FW010

of the lipoleums, Toffeethief, that spy on the Willingdone from his big white harse, the Capeinhope. Stonewall Willingdone is an old maxy montrumeny. Lipoleums is nice hung bushelors. This is hiena hinnessy laughing aloud at the Willingdone. This is lipsyg dooley krieging the funk from the hinnessy. This is the hinndoo Shimar Shin between the dooley boy and the hinnessy. Tip. This is the wixy old Willingdone picket up the half of the threefoiled hat of lipoleums fromoud of the bluddle filth. This is the hinndoo waxing ranjymad for a bombshoob. This is the Willingdone hanking the half of the hat of lipoleums up the tail on the buckside of his big white harse. Tip. That was the last joke of Willingdone. Hit, hit, hit! This is the same white harse of the Willingdone, Culpenhelp, wagglng his tailoscrupp with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insult on the hinndoo seeboy. Hney, hney, hney! (Bullstrag! Foul!) This is the seeboy, madrashattaras, upjump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone: Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! This is the Willingdone, bornstable ghentleman, tindere his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shin. Basucker youstead! This is the dooforhim seeboy blow the whole of the half of the hat of lipoleums off of the top of the tail on the back of his big wide harse. Tip (Bullseye! Game!) How Copenhagen ended. This way the museyroom. Mind your boots goan

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Janitrix, guide to the war museum, is Kate (q.v.), a raucous, scavenging hag of a Countess Cathleen Ni Houlihan (q.q.v.) — Stephen met her at the Christmas dinner table and at the street fight in “Circe” (*Ulysses* 579-580, 584). Grossly ignorant, Kate makes a muck of explicating martial icons. What she interprets as Waterloo, a formal military engagement (see Joyce’s sketch of Waterloo, *First Draft*, facing p. 51) is the nuclear family at its nuclear frictions — protective mother, rival male siblings, tempting nymphets, male-chauvinist father, masturbation, micturation, defecation, exhibition, penis envy, castration—an old-fashioned war but none the worse for that.

Wiley old Willingdone sits on his “big white harse,” spying on his two (q.v.) Jinnies (q.v.); his harse, Copenhagen (q.v.; see also William III), is horse, the Wellington Monument in Phoenix Park, sword, cannon, magician’s wand, thing of wounds and wonder. The Jinnies forge an insulting letter, signed “Nap” (Napoleon, q.v.). The Duke perceives their deceit, retorts with a kind of “Dear Jenny, publish and be damned.” It is a French letter, dooming the daughters to barrenness of the fig tree. Both letters are written in the blood of Belgium (see Belchum). Willingdone now fires-thunders-defecates at the Jinnies and at his sons, three (q.v.) soldiers or

out.

23 Lipoleums (q.v.). The Jinnies, having provoked war, desert. The Lipoleums stand. One Lipoleum — an Irish-Hinndoo-Corsican (q.q.v.) rebel — threatens to throw a bomb because Willingdone insults him by picking up (as it might be an enemy flag or a shamrock or some other absurd and sacred object) half of their threefoiled hat out of the battlefilth (sacred soil of Ireland or any homeland) and putting the half hat on the tail of his big white harse. Ever the joker and gentleman, the Duke offers the rebel a match to light the bomb. The bomb is hurled and blows up Copenhagen's tail and the Lipoleum's own hat. Maybe this retells how the *Fianna Eireann* (boy scouts) tried and failed to blow up the Magazine in 1916.

As "Lumproar" (Emperor) the father lies buried on the battlefield. The process is sometimes obscure to me, but in FW an exchange of belongings or bodily parts (hats or heads) means an exchange of roles. Willingdone and the Lipoleum exchange half-a-hat and a match.

## 2. Mutt and Jute

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson: *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. 1944.  
Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*. 1977.

*Finnegans Wake* 016.10-018.20

**SkeletonKey Summary**

47cd to 49d

FW016

Jute. — Yutah!	10	[Thinking of these things, we become aware, guide and tourist,
Mutt. — Mukk's pleasurad.	11	of a fire on yonder hill, and in the flickering light, a figure
Jute. — Are you jeff?	12	looms.]
Mutt. — Somehards.	13	This carl in pelted thongs, like a stone age
Jute. — But you are not jeffmute?	14	Parthalonian – who is he? Is he a Mousterian cave man? He is
Mutt. — Noho. Only an utterer.	15	drinking from a kind of skull. What a queer sort of man! Let us
Jute. — Whoa? Whoat is the mutter with you?	16	cross the heaps of gnawed bones into his firelight. He can,
Mutt. — I became a stun a stummer.	17	perhaps, post us the way to the pillars of Hercules. "Comment
Jute. — What a hauhauhauhaudibble thing, to be cause! How,	18	vous portez-vous aujourd'hui, mon blond monsieur? 'Scuse us,
Mutt?	19	Charlie, you talk Danish?"
Mutt. — Aput the buttle, surd.	20	"N."
Jute. — Whose poddle? Wherein?	21	

Mutt. — The Inns of Duntarf where Used awe to be he.	22	“Norwegian?”
Jute. — You that side your voice are almost inedible to me.	23	“N.N.”
Become a bitskin more wiseable, as if I were	24	“English?”
you.	25	“N.N.N.”
Mutt. — Has? Has at? Hasatency? Urp, Boohooru! Booru	26	“Saxish?”
Usurp! I trumple from rath in mine mines when I	27	“N.N.N.N.”
rimimirim!	28	Well then, he must be a Jute. Let’s have a chat.
Jute. — One eyegonblack. Bisons is bisons. Let me fore all	29	[Guide and tourist, now merged into one, have entered
your hasitancy cross your qualm with trink gilt. Here	30	the firelight in the form of a dull, prying, somewhat timorous
have sylvan coyne, a piece of oak. Ghinees hies good	31	island-native, Mutt. The lumbering stranger from overseas, with
for you.	32	thick and sometimes stuttering tongue, taps his chest and
Mutt. — Louee, louee! How wooden I not know it, the intel-	33	introduces himself, in Germanic accent, as a Jute:]
lible greytcloak of Cedric Silkyshag! Cead mealy	34	“Yutah!”
faulty rices for one dabblin bar. Old grilsy growlsy!	35	“Pleased to meet you,” Mutt replies obscurely.
He was poached on in that egtentical spot. Here	36	“Are you deaf? Deaf-mute? What is the matter with you
		anyhow?”
		“Not deaf,” answers Mutt; “but I have suffered
		somewhat damage from a bottle in a local tavern – or rather,
		from a battle at Clontarf.”
		Jute stutters, “Hauhauhauhorrible!” Then he gives the
		blurry native a shake. “Come on! Wise onto yourself! Wake up!”
		Mutt, cringing and resentful at the unexpected show of
		force, disconnectedly belches something about usurpers and the
		Celtic champion, Brian Boru.
		Jute attempts to calm him with a bit of wooden money, a
<b>FW017</b>		
where the liveries, Monomark. There where the mis-	1	
sers moony, Minnikin passe.	2	
Jute. — Simply because as Taciturn pretells, our wrongstory-	3	
shortener, he dumptied the wholeborrow of rubba-	4	
ges on to soil here.	5	
Mutt. — Just how a puddinstone inat the brookcells by a	6	
riverpool.	7	
Jute. — Load Allmarshy! Wid wad for a norse like?	8	

Mutt. — Somular with a bull on a clompturf. Rooks roorum  
rex roome! I could snore to him of the spumy horn,  
with his woolseley side in, by the neck I am sutton  
on, did Brian d' of Linn.

Jute. — Boildoyle and rawhoney on me when I can beuraly  
forsstand a weird from sturk to finnic in such a pat-  
what as your rutterdamrotter. Onheard of and um-  
scene! Gut aftermeal! See you doomed.

Mutt. — Quite agreem. Bussave a sec. Walk a dun blink  
roundward this albutisle and you skull see how olde  
ye plaine of my Elters, hunfree and ours, where wone  
to wail whimbrel to peewee o'er the saltings, where  
wilby citie by law of isthmon, where by a droit of  
signory, icefloe was from his Inn the Byggnig to  
whose Finishthere Punct. Let erehim ruhmuhrmuhr.  
Mearmerge two races, swete and brack. Morthering  
rue. Hither, craching eastuards, they are in surgence:  
hence, cool at ebb, they requiesce. Countlessness of  
livestories have netherfallen by this plage, flick as  
flowflakes, litters from aloft, like a waast wizzard all of  
whirlworlds. Now are all tombed to the mound, isges  
to isges, erde from erde. Pride, O pride, thy prize!

Jute. — 'Stench!

Mutt. — Fiatfuit! Hereinunder lyethey. Llarge by the smal an'  
everynight life olso th'estrange, babylone the great-  
grandhotelled with tit tit tittlehouse, alp on earwig,

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tip. "Ein Augenblick! Let bygones be bygones! Business is  
business. Take this bit of Trinkgeld and go buy yourself a  
drink."

[Perceiving that the money is wooden, the native now  
definitely identifies the stranger as the perennial invader.] It is  
he of the billowing greatcoat, Cedric Silkyshag! Obsequiously,  
now, the native attempts to ingratiate himself by calling  
attention to the local points of scenic interest: "The spot where  
Humpty Dumpty fell; by the river, here, the place of the liverish  
monarch, Mark the First; under the moon, there, Little Mary's  
Pass; the old stone by the pool." But the great man hardly shares  
the native's wonder before these things. He has it straight from  
Tacitus simply that a barrow of rubbish was dumped here. Tired  
of Mutt's half-intelligible patois, he makes to move away.

Mutt stays him a moment. "All right," says Mutt; "but  
wait a sec. Take a turn around these ancient plains, where the  
whimbrel once did wail to pewee, and where cities once will  
rise. From the old inn out there on the Hill of Howth to this Park  
of the Phoenix the glaciers did spread. Two races have merged  
here, a sweet and a salt; like tides they have played against each  
other. Stories have fallen, thick as snowflakes, and they all lie  
now entombed. Fuit Ilium. Mild und leise. Here in under they  
lie—large and small, he and she alike. The ancestral earth has  
swallowed them. However, this earth of ours is not brickdust  
but humus. It is fertile. The old figures return. The old round

drukn on ild, likeas equal to anequal in this sound  
seemetry which iz leebez luv.

FW018

Jute. — 'Zmorde!

Mutt. — Meldundleize! By the fearse wave behoughted. Despond's sung. And thanacross mound have swollup them all. This ourth of years is not save brickdust and being humus the same returns. He who runes may rede it on all fours. O'c'stle, n'wc'stle, tr'c'stle, crumbling! Sell me sooth the fare for Humblin! Humblady Fair. But speak it allsoftly, moulder! Be in your whisht!

Jute. — Whysht?

Mutt. — The gyant Forficules with Amni the fay.

Jute. — Howe?

Mutt. — Here is viceking's graab.

Jute. — Hwaad!

Mutt. — Ore you astoneaged, jute you?

Jute. — Oye am thonthorstrok, thing mud.

(Stoop) if you are abcedminded, to this claybook, what curios of signs (please stoop), in this allaphbed! Can you rede (since We and Thou had it out already) its world? It is the same told of all. Many. Miscegenations on miscegenations. Tieckle. They

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with its four stages will certainly pass again." Then Mutt, abruptly breaking off, with a hush and a whisper begs the fare to Dublin. "Sh!" says he. "Hold your whisht!"

Jute has impatiently listened, with occasional deprecating interjections. Now he sticks on the Irish word "whisht." Mutt resumes: he indicates where the giant lies, and the fay; where lies the Viking grave. "Are you astonished, you stone-aged Jute, you?"

"I am thunderstruck; I am Thor's thunderstroke, I am Thingmote."

[ The archaic figures fade. We are following the finger, not of Mutt, but of a learned Courier, conducting a little group of tourists. We are examining the soil for relics of the most distant past. ]

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### 3. The Tale of Jarl van Hooter and the Prankquean

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson: *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. 1944.  
Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*. 1977.  
Bernard Benstock: *Joyce-again's Wake : An Analysis of Finnegans Wake*. 1965.  
CGS: *Tel Language of the Devil*. Colin Smythe. Gerrards Cross. 1987. Dufour Editions. Chester Springs, PA. p. 193

*Finnegans Wake* 021.05-023.15

**SkeletonKey Summary**

p 51-52

FW021

It was of a night, late, lang time agone, in an auldstane eld, when Adam was delvin and his madameen spinning watersilts, when mulk mountynotty man was everybully and the first leal ribberrobber that ever had her ainway everybuddy to his love-saking eyes and everybilly lived alove with everybiddy else, and Jarl van Hooter had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse, laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jimminies, cousins of ourn, Tristopher and Hilary, were kickaheeling their dummy on the oil cloth flure of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse. And, be dermot, who come to the keep of his inn only the niece-of-his-in-law, the prankquean. And the prankquean pulled a rosy

5 “Of a night, late, long time ago, when Adam delved and  
6 Eve span, when life and love were wild and free and everyone  
7 did as he pleased, Jarl van Hooter, the melancholy widower,  
8 was alone. Tristopher and Hilary, his two little jimminies, were  
9 kicking their dummy about on the floor of his homerigh, castle,  
10 and earthenhouse. And be dermot, who came to the keep of his  
11 inn only the prankquean. She asked for a poss of porter. And  
12 that was how the skirmishes began. The lord of the house  
13 refused her, in Dutch, and the door was shut in her face. So  
14 her grace o’ malice kidnapped the little Tristopher and carried  
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one and made her wit foreinst the dour. And she lit up and fire-land was ablaze. And spoke she to the dour in her petty perusienne: Mark the Wans, why do I am alook alike a poss of porterpease? And that was how the skirtmisshes began. But the dour handworded her grace in dootch nossow: Shut! So her grace o'malice kidsnapped up the jiminy Tristopher and into the shandy westerness she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl van Hoother warlessed after her with soft dovesgall: Stop deaf stop come back to my earin stop. But she swaradid to him: Unlikelihud. And there was a brannewail that same sabboath night of falling angles somewhere in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Tourlemonde and she washed the blessings of the love-spots off the jiminy with soap sulliver saddles and she had her four owlers masters for to tauch him his tickles and she convorted him to the onesure allgood and he became a luderman. So then she started to rain and to rain and, be redtom, she was back again at Jarl van Hoother's in a brace of samers and the jiminy with her in her pinafrond, lace at night, at another time. And where did she come but to the bar of his bristolry. And Jarl von Hoother had his baretholobruised heels drowned in his cellarmalt, shaking warm hands with himself and the jiminy Hilary and

FW022

the dummy in their first infancy were below on the tearsheet, wringing and coughing, like brodar and histher. And the prank-

16 him off to her wilderness in the west. Jarl van Hoother  
17 bellowed after her, but she carried the boy away. She had the  
18 child instructed by her four wise old masters, and he became a  
19 blackguard. — Then around she circulated and, be redtom,  
20 after a brace of Halloweens, she was back again at Jarl van  
21 Hoother's, where Hilary and the dummy were kicking about,  
22 like brother and sister, on the floor. She asked for two poss of  
23 porter. Van Hoother again refused her. The door was shut in  
24 her face. So she set down little Tristopher, picked up little  
25 Hilary, and ran off with him to the west. Jarl van Hoother cried  
26 after her, but she carried the boy away. She had the child  
27 instructed by her four wise old monitors, and she made a  
28 Cromwellian out of him — Then around she circulated, and, be  
29 dom ter, after a pair of transformations, she was back again at  
30 Jarl van Hoother's, where the jiminy and the dummy were  
31 making love upon the floor. She asked for three poss of porter.  
32 And that was how the skirmishes ended. The Jarl himself, the  
33 old terror of the dames, came hippety-hop out the portals of  
34 his castle, dressed in his ample costume. He ordered the  
35 shutter clapped in her face. It was shut. (+ Centum No 2) And  
36 they all drank free. For one man in his armor was a fat match  
always for any girls under skirts. And that was the first piece  
of alliterative poetry in all the flaming flatuous world: a sweet  
exposure of the Norwegian Captain. It was resolved that the  
prankquean should hold to the dummy, the boys keep the

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quean nipped a paly one and lit up again and redcocks flew flack-  
ering from the hillcombs. And she made her witter before the  
wicked, saying: Mark the Twy, why do I am alook alike two poss  
of porterpease? And: Shut! says the wicked, handwording her  
madesty. So her madesty 'a forethought' set down a jiminy and  
took up a jiminy and all the lilipath ways to Woeman's Land she  
rain, rain, rain. And Jarl von Hoother bleathered atter her with  
a loud finegale: Stop domb stop come back with my earring stop.  
But the prankquean swaradid: Am liking it. And there was a wild  
old grannewwail that laurency night of starshootings somewhere  
in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in  
Turnlemeem and she punched the curses of cromcruwell with  
the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had her four larksical  
monitrix to touch him his tears and she provorted him to the  
onecertain allsecure and he became a tristian. So then she started  
raining, raining, and in a pair of changers, be dom ter, she was  
back again at Jarl von Hoother's and the Larryhill with her under  
her abromette. And why would she halt at all if not by the ward  
of his mansionhome of another nice lace for the third charm?  
And Jarl von Hoother had his hurricane hips up to his pantry-  
box, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), ant  
the jiminy Toughertrees and the dummy were belove on the  
watercloth, kissing and spitting, and roguing and poghuing, like  
knavepaltry and naivebride and in their second infancy. And the  
prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay twink-  
ling. And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of trihump,

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peace, and van Hoother let off steam. He is the joke of the  
entire town.

### Glasheen Synopsis

p. xxviii

20.19-23.15

Movable type moves, at the buried father's dictation,  
writes a defense: the woman tempted me. Jarl van Hoother  
(q.v.) is passive, "dead" like Ibsen's Masterbuilder. The  
Prankquean (q.v.) comes, "a lure and an assessor," comes three  
times bringing gifts of woman, fire and water or firewater (see  
Whiskey); she comes like Bidy O'Brien (q.v.) in "Finnegan's  
Wake" and asks a question he can't answer, can't understand;  
but like the Jinnies (q.v.) at Waterloo, the Prankquean tempts,  
provokes the man to come out fighting, make war-thunder-  
dung. She also reverses the nature of his sons. (Some sources  
of this story are found under Grace O'Malley, Dermot and  
Grania, Masterbuilder, Bidy O'Brien, Gemini, Tristopher and  
Hillary, q.q.v.). The reversal of the twins is repeated on 287-  
293.

---

asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am alook alike three poss of por-	29
ter pease? But that was how the skirtmishes enduppded. For like	30
the campbells acoming with a fork lance of-lightning, Jarl von	31
Hoother Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came	32
hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his	33
three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chol-	34
lar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves	35
and his ladbroke breeks and his cattegut bandolair and his fur-	36

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framed panuncular cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen or-	1
angeman in his violet indignation, to the whole length of the	2
strongth of his bowman's bill. And he clopped his rude hand to	3
his eacy hitch and he ordurd and his thick spch spck for her to	4
shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clup (Per-	5
kodhuskurunbarggruauyagokgorlayorgromgremmitghundhurth-	6
rumathunaradidillifaititilibumullunukkunun!) And they all drank	7
free. For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any	8
girls under shurts. And that was the first peace of illiterative	9
porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world. How kirssy the	10
tiler made a sweet unclose to the Narwhealian captol. Saw fore	11
shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to hold	12
her dummyship and the jimminies was to keep the peacewave	13
and van Hoother was to git the wind up. Thus the hearsomeness	14
of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.	15

## Bernard Benstock

What Bernard Benstock (1965: 282-296) does in his analysis of the Tale of Jarl van Hoother and Prankquean is precisely this: he 'strips the input of noise', and attempts to 'abstract and digest according to criteria of relevance'.

CGS: *Tel Language of the Devil*. Colin Smythe. Gerrards Cross. 1987. Dufour Editions. Chester Springs, PA. p. 193



*Demonstration of Pun Possibilities in the  
Tale of Jarl van Hoother*

*Joyce-again's Wake : An Analysis of Finnegans Wake.*  
University of Washington Press, 1965. pp282-296



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ends with its elimination is not a single one but repetitive, a second principle is introduced: if the river-flow through the land and the urine-flow through the body are synonymous with the life-flow, the drinking process (like the rain falling in the Wicklow hills in the *Wake*) is representative of birth and resurrection. This principle is attached to the male protagonist, the imbiber Earwicker, who partakes of the whiskey that is the water of life (if only in its Gaelic etymology). While the female exists as eternal flow, the male is subject to death and must be revived, as Finn and Finnegan and Dionysus and Osiris and Christ are. In the ultimate pattern Anna Livia also "dies" at the end of *Finnegans Wake*, but it is a single action that is continuous, as the dying sentence that ends the book is resurrected at the beginning. In contrast cowardly Earwicker dies a thousand deaths and enjoys an equal number of resurrections.

To return to the urination-masturbation configuration: whereas in real life they remain separate acts that cannot biologically be performed simultaneously, in Joyce's scheme they become almost interchangeable for Earwicker. The deeper significance is certainly the onanistic one, representing as it does Earwicker's sexual guilt and his loneliness, the act foreshadowing the unsuccessful sexual union enacted in the early morning hours in chapter 16—coming as it does in consequence of being awakened by Jerry's bed-wetting trauma (563.1-6)—so that urinating becomes a rationalization for the masturbating Earwicker. Thus the indiscretion in Phoenix Park can be interpreted in various ways depending upon the varying degrees of severity of guilt. On the most innocent level we have Earwicker (like his infant son) obeying the simplest of nature's calls: wandering through the park he feels the need to relieve himself and takes advantage of the darkness, the natural surroundings, and the supposed isolation. He is observed by the two girls who, through embarrassment or malicious mirth, snicker at him. Their snickering attracts the attention of the three soldiers who find the larger tableau of two girls laughing at a middle-aged man urinating in the park even funnier, and consider it a story worth telling.

Alternately, what the girls may well have seen was Earwicker

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masturbating (the socially more serious misdemeanor and the juicier story for the soldiers to retell), in which case Earwicker's defense is to insist that he was actually urinating (accepting the lesser crime when accused of the greater). This can be further complicated—and it often is—into Earwicker's purposeful self-exhibition before the girls, an erotic act containing all the frustrations of onanism, or into voyeurism, implying that it was the girls who were urinating (in Prankqueanish fashion) and Earwicker peeping: this is suggested by references to the Dublin crest which is purported to depict two maidens gingerly lifting their skirts to step over a puddle. In no case, however, except in the hero's guilty imagination, can anything more serious (any act of sexual aggression) be attributed to the pathetic publican. That something actually happened in the park is undeniable, but the degree of difference between man's actual state of guilt and the dimensions of his guilt feelings are purposefully exaggerated by Joyce. In any event, urinating—whether the committed act or as a rationalization or guilty alibi for masturbating—remains important, and the Tale of Jarl van Hooter expands in significance when viewed as a retelling of the peccadillo in Phoenix Park.\*

As a review of the park script, the tale is both myth retold and a new scenario all its own. The hero remains the familiar H.C.E., that singular hero, now known as Jarl van (or von) Hooter (the Earl of Howth; Van der Decken, the Flying Dutchman; van Hou-

\* It has been a source of unnecessary frustration to *Wake* analysts that such self-contained and apparently lucid portions of the *Wake* as the Prankquean Tale do not offer golden keys unlocking the exegetical mysteries. Such segments as these can be regarded by the logic that governs the pattern of dreams to be at the furthest remove from the *real* source of the dreamer's disturbance. That they are by nature transparent narratives means that they are the most disguised versions of Earwicker's sin, and indeed the Jarl is more sinned against than sinning. It has often been tempting to me to read this tale in reverse, as a photographic negative: the Prankquean as Earwicker, van and von Hooter as the two temptresses, or the *jinivies* as the temptresses, paralleling the *jinivies* of the Museyroom portion. In any event, I suspect that the events of the tale are purposely tangential to the event which nonexisterly stands for THE event in Phoenix Park.

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ten's cocoa—the last for reasons best known to Joyce and William York Tindall). The Prankquean in this case is equally singular, although she represents the two temptresses (the mother-daughter pair, Anna Livia and Issy; the two parts of Issy's conflicting egos) and is both the legendary Grania (Grainne, Grace) and the historical Grace O'Malley (Grainne O'Malley). By kidnaping the twins in alternate succession, she is re-enacting the apocryphal event of the privateer's vengeful raid on Howth Castle; by thumbing her nose at the raging, aging, impotent Jarl, she is re-enacting Grania's love-flight from Finn. Each time she arrives at the castle she takes the cantankerous Jarl by surprise (the Earl was at dinner when the pirate called; Finn and his cohorts were drugged when Grania ran off with Dermot). But Joyce creates substitutes for eating and drinking (although both of these are quite important in the *Wake*, the first primarily linked with Shaun, the second with Earwicker and Shem). At the first call van Hoothier "had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse, laying cold hands on himself"; at the second he "had his baretholobruised heels drowned in his cellarmalt, shaking warm hands with himself"; at the third he "had his hurricane hips up to his pantrybox, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs." It is apparently his action at the moment which preoccupies his attention, resulting in his unawareness of her arrival. The last action of the three most suggests eating (the Earl's preoccupation); the middle instance most suggests drinking (Finn's distraction); but the first is innocent of both of these socially acceptable pursuits. All three, however, strongly invoke sexual images: the expression *laying cold hands on himself*, the erotic phallic symbol of *lamphouse* with *burnt head*, the word *hips*, and the vaguely suggestive *pantrybox*, which seems to be something other than just a place where foodstuffs are stored. All these connote masturbation, while component elements also support the milder suspicion that the good Jarl was doing nothing more monumental than relieving himself, a necessary adjunct to his drinking: the drowning of the second instance and the hurricane of the third both presuppose a goodly amount of liquid.

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But while Jarl van Hoothier is performing the composite eating-drinking-urinating-masturbating act, what is the Prankquean up to? Like the female pirate that she is, she arrives by sea and departs in haste the same way. For Joyce such a flight over water becomes "raining," an easy surrogate for urinating, and a hyperbole at that, to keep pace with the exaggerated retelling of the events. And the "wit" that she makes before the "dour" is not only her clever, sphinxlike riddle before the surly Jarl, but the insulting act of urinating in front of his door (a typical prankish gesture befitting the setting of the Beltane or Samhain fire festivals—"and fireland was ablaze"—the evenings preceding All Souls' and All Saints'). Again the same ambiguities are implied: Earwicker either masturbating or micturating, or Earwicker spying at the urinating temptresses. In any case the parallels with legendary and historical events are important only when superimposed upon the basic "original sin" motif of Earwicker's nocturnal fall in Phoenix Park: "O foenix culprit!" (23.16).

The early morning scene in the penultimate chapter of the *Wake* has already been mentioned in relation to the Prankquean-van Hoothier Tale, but the importance of the urinating-masturbating theme merits a closer look at the parallels. In this cinematic scene at dawn, the Porters (the Earwickers' family name in the film version) are awakened by Jerry's crying. They hurry to the children's room to learn that he had "pipettishly bespilled himself from his foundingpen as illspent from inkinghorn" (563.5-6). This involuntary bed-wetting forecasts a literary future for Shem, who, we have learned during the Shem chapter, makes "synthetic ink" from his feces, "for his own end out of his wit's waste" (185.7-8):

when the call comes, he shall produce nichthemericly from his unheavenly body a no uncertain quantity of obscene matter not protected by copiright . . . bedung to him, with this double dye, brought to blood heat, gallic acid on iron ore, through the bowels of his misery, flashly, faithfully, nastily, appropriately, this Esuan Menschavik and the first till last alshemist wrote over every square inch of the only foolscap available, his own body [185.28-36].

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But Shem's "Latin" incantation for making the synthetic ink is interrupted by such comments as "highly prosy, crap in his hand, sorry!" and "did a piss, says he was dejected, asks to be exonerated" (185.17-18, 23)—the latter suggesting Earwicker's courtroom plea. Here again defecation and urination prove dually significant, and the word *pipettisbly* adds the sexual connotation, since it is most often associated with the lascivious alter ego of Issy in her correspondence with her "lover" or her other self, as witness her letter (457-461): "pet" (457.25), "pettest" (458.4), "Pip pet" (459.25); as well as an earlier letter (143-148): "pepette" (143.31), "pette" (143.32), "Peppt" (144.17), "pettest" (145.8), "pippy" (146.33), "*pipetta mia*" (147.33).

The awakened bed-wetter is comforted by his mother, while his groggy, disgruntled father stands naked in the doorway. Despite Mrs. Porter's admonition in her own "pig-latin" that he may be seen by the child ("*Vidu, porkego! Ili vi vigardas*"—566.26), Mr. Porter is seen by Jerry (as Ham sees Noah's nakedness), who comes to understand the significance of his father's erection: "first futherer with drawn brand . . . That crag! Those hullocks! . . . a stark pointing pole . . . the dunleary obelisk . . . the Wellington memorial . . . O my big bagbone! . . . a buntingcap of so a pinky on the point . . . standard royal when broken on roofstaff" (566.24-567.10). To the modern psychologist this might well represent the sort of trauma that will warp the child; to Joyce it meant, like all knowledge hidden from the uninitiated, a source of awareness for the precocious child which leads to an understanding beyond that of his compeers. For Earwicker, who has exposed the secret to his heir, it means the end of his sexual reign. The coition that takes place once the children are again asleep ("The galleon-man jovial on his bucky brown nightmare. . . her lamp was all askew and a trumbly wick-in-her"—583.8-9, 30-31) merely amuses the wife ("it tickled her innings to consort pitch at kickso-lock in the morm"—584.2-3), since she is apparently accustomed to a better performance these days than her husband's ("Magrath he's my pegger. . . He'll win your toss. . . He's posh. I lob him"

—584.5-8). Even the Earwickers' hen crows with derision at Mr. Porter's efforts: "the hen in the doran's shantyqueer began in a kikkery key to laugh it off" (584.20-22). When dawn thus "re-peals an act of union" (585.25)—the metaphor changing from cricket to Irish politics—the husband is enjoined to "Withdraw your member! Closure" (585.26-27), and the sad fact is revealed that Mr. Porter "never wet the tea!" (585.31). The predictable irony is that the aging man who pursues young girls (the image of his own daughter disguised as the niece-of-his-in-law) is in actuality a cuckold and a sexual has-been.

Many echoes of aspects of van Hooth's tale are prevalent throughout the *Wake*, especially sounding the theme of either the male or female urinating. The basic riddle of *Mark the Wanst, why do I am alook alike a poss of porterpease?* occurs in several forms: "How do you do that lack a lock and pass the poker, please?" (224.14-15); "Moke the Wanst, whye doe we aime alike a pose of poeter peaced?" (372.4-5); "wheer would his aluck alight or boss of both appease" (417.7); "For why do you lack a link of luck to poise a pout of perfect, peace?" (493.29-30); and "What'll you take to link to light a pike on porpoise, plaise?" (623.14-15). Secondary echoes are heard in such phrases as "pint of porter place" (260.6), "pip for Mr Potter of Texas, please" (274.n3), and "the pint of porter" (511.19), while tertiary soundings may include "trickle triss, please" (96.15), "Whose porter? Which pair?" (187.15-16), "tome to Tindertarten, pease" (191.21), "a potion a peace, a piece aportion, a lepel alip, alup a lap" (397.18-19), and "to pose three shielings Peter's pelf" (520.14). Other references to the liquid consumed and eliminated are found in "Piessporter" (38.5), "boomarpooter on his brain" (327.33-34), "he dropped his Bass's to P flat" (492.3), and to wine, porter, and ale may be added champagne: "peepair of hideseeks" (462.10).

A particularly large group of words punned with such urine substitutes as "peas," "peace," and "poss" are found throughout the *Wake* (as witness their significance in the quotations already used as well as in the group below):

<p>278 <span style="float: right;"><i>Appendix</i></span></p> <p>ptee . . . peteeet peas [19.1-2]          possing of the showers [51.2]          And both as like as a duel of lentils? Peacisely [89.4]          plight pledged peace [94.7]          widowpeace upon Dublin Wall [101.18]          Peamengro [171.29]          pious Eneas [185.27]          poing her pee [204.12]          posspots [258.16]          spilleth peas [267.11]          possetpot [294.31]          trying to make keek peep [296.13]          pond's apeace [301.11]          hot peas [363.27]          peace peace perfectpeace [364.20]          peaces pea to Wedmore [391.27]          sweetpea time [392.25-26]          clister of peas, soppositorily petty [406.19]          pease Pod pluse [412.31]          between peas [432.9]  <i>Peace in Plenty</i> [440.10]          your pease again was a taste tooth psalty [456.4]          Poss, myster [466.30]          Mint your peas [472.5-6]          anyposs length [495.6]          this leggy peggy spelt pea [496.19]          peacies [496.32]          ppease [571.21]          peascod [578.8]          old missness wipethemdry . . . as proud as a peahen [578.19-20]          A lintil pea [625.23]</p> <p>Other puns involve expressions for urine and urinating, particularly vulgarizations and the familiar euphemisms employed for the benefit of children:</p> <p>wec peep, see . . . see peegee [6.31-32]          preelittle [10.32]          peegee [11.10]          peegee o'er the saltings [17.20]          pispigliando [38.14]</p>	<p style="text-align: right;"><i>Appendix</i> 279</p> <p>pisononse . . . the wetter is pest [39.14]          peece [50.5]          cockaleak and cappapee [58.25]          Szpissmas [101.28]          Spissially [113.16]          piscines [127.35]          polerpassie [128.25]          Pissasphaltium [157.2]          piscivore [171.8]          Fanny Urinia [171.28]          inspissated [179.25]          did a piss [185.23]          wious pish [189.1]  <i>Domine vopiscus</i> [193.31]          peihos piped [205.32]          pistania [206.31]          passe of him [207.14]          pay [207.14]          pison plague [212.24]          Euro pra nobis [228.26]          Pull the boughpee to see how we sleep [248.18-19]          pitsched . . . against our seawall [254.1-2]          Elpis, thou fountain of the greeces [267.4]  <i>There was a sweet hopeful called Cis</i> [267.L]          pizdroot [287.31]          Pee for Pride [296.5]          Like pah, I peh [296.28]          I'll pass out if the screw spliss his strut [296.12]          bistrispissing [302.6-7]          Fore auld they would to pree [336.10]          pitschobed [339.5]          wee engrish, one long blue streak, jisty and pithy [351.8-9]          Some Poddy pitted in [361.15]          trisspass through minxmingle hair [363.26]          Irish prisscess [396.8]          Piscisvendolor [408.36]          he made a cat with a peep [420.6-7]          shoepisser pluvions [451.36]          bissing will behind the curtain [467.6-7]  <i>p.p.</i> [467.33]          Trickspissers will be pairsecluded [503.29]</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;">280 <i>Appendix</i></p> <p>an early peepee period [533.26]          pisoved [548.10]          Haveandholdpp [571.29]          Urania [583.16]          Panniquanne starts showing of her peequular talonts [606.30]</p> <p>wee, wee [57.13]          wee [103.6]          wetbed confession [188.1]          The wee taste the water left [212.25]          he was wetting [223.36]          Mahamewetma [297.30]          nowet badder [298.22]          their wetting [314.33]          for a wee [354.9]          weeter to wee [354.34]          Wee, wee, that long alancey one [360.34]          wetting with the bimblebeaks [416.10]          golden violents wetting [461.17-18]          wee wiping womanahoussy [578.32]          our weewee mother [598.34]          this lad wetting his widdle [620.22-23]          cara weeseed [625.24]</p> <p>meeting waters most improper [96.14]          she had never cessed at waking malters among the jemassons [229.22-23]          they made whole waters [312.4]          mouths making water [386.11]          making wind and water [391.17]          May he me no voida water [435.34]          on the makewater [420.7]          the mingling of our meeting waters [446.14]          Water <i>non</i> to be discharged [586.5]</p> <p>Allusions to Tom Moore's "The Meeting of the Waters" echo the association that occurs to Bloom in <i>Ulysses</i> as he passes Moore's statue on College Green: "He crossed under Tommy Moore's roguish finger. They did right to put him up over a urinal: meeting of the waters" (U 151). Another urinary allusion is also carried over from <i>Ulysses</i> into the <i>Wake</i>: the postcard that Denis</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Appendix</i> 281</p> <p>Breen received with the succinct message: "U.P.: up" (U 147) becomes: "Ah well, sure, that's the way (up) and it so happened there was poor Matt Gregory (up), their pater familias, and (up) the others and now really and (up) truly they were four dear old heladies" (386.12-15).</p> <p>Other variations on the micturition motif include the Irish word for urine, "mun" (251.4), also seen in "hespermun" (538.23); the Persian <i>sharb</i> in "Shasser"* (494.20); Japanese <i>shoben</i> in "Shoebenacaddie" (200.23); and the Latin word† already seen in "minxmingled hair" (363.26), but also available in "your dirty minx" (80.30); "Miction" (106.19); "micturios mites" (166.28); "mixture" (184.22); "mixto" (185.24); "Minxy Cunningham" (95.9)—it should be remembered that Martin Cunningham "drowned" (387.28, 393.5); "comminxed" (139.11); "minxit" (185.21); "Minxing marrage" (196.24); "Aminxt" (222.32); "Minxy was a Manxmaid" (433.19); and "a minx from the Isle of Woman" (496.8-9). The two <i>minxing minx</i> are of course the tempresses, the "two quitewhite villagettes who hear show of themselves so gigglesomes minxt the follyages" (83.4), who in reality are merely the maidens seen on the Dublin coat of arms discreetly and daintily lifting their skirt hems ever so slightly: "helts her skelts up the casuaway the flasht instinct she herds if a tinkle of tunder" (227.5-6). One identification of the two young ladies cites a pair of eighteenth-century beauties named Elizabeth and Maria Gunning, transformed by Joyce into</p> <p>Elsbett and Marryetta Gunning, H 2 o, by that noblesse of leechers at his Saxontannery with motto in Wwalshe's ffrenchllatin: O'Neill saw Queen Molly's pants: and much admired engraving, meaning complet manly parts during alleged recent act of our chief mergey margey magistrades, five itches above the kneecap, as required by stat-</p> <p>* Identified as the Belshazzar who saw the handwriting on the wall, Joyce's "Bill Shasser's Shotsbrift writing academy" (494.20-21) involves more than wall-writing. Shasser, apparently a relative of the Pisser Burke of <i>Ulysses</i>, is urinating and defecating against that same wall. See also "Sish" (587.19).</p> <p>† The children urinate and defecate before going to bed: "they do ming no mender" (259.5).</p>
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<p>Tristopher and Hilary, were                      Christopher                      (Hotspur and Prince Hal)  <i>taufte</i> (baptize, Ger.)                      "In tristitia hilaris, in                      hilaritate tristis"—                      Bruno</p> <p>cloth flure of his                      floor                      floe                      flore                      Flur (fields,                      Ger.)</p> <p>dermot, who come to the                      Dermot, Diarmaid                      bedammit                      by the word</p> <p>the prankquean, And the                      queen of pranks                      slut, wench                      Franke (paw, Ger.)</p> <p>wit foreinist the dour. And                      wet in front of                      joke before                      riddle against                      foreign                      forene                      (unite,                      Nar.)                      forness (opposite, Ir.)</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">285</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Appendix</p> <p>And spoke she to the dour  <i>petit Parisian,-enne</i>                      pretty perusings                      pettish, peevish                      (Prussian, Persian, Peruvian)                      ruse, prank</p> <p>why do I am                      look like                      look-alike</p> <p>pot of porter, please                      peas in a pod                      pot of pottage                      mess of pottage                      peas porridge hot                      passports                      pass water  <i>posse</i> (to be able, Lat.)                      Piesporter                      Mr. Potter (H.C.E.)</p> <p>the skirtmisshes began. But                      skirmishes                      skirt she-be                      misses  <i>mishe</i> (I am, Irish)                      Moses</p> <p><i>Misch-March</i>—Lewis Carroll</p> <p>dootch nassow: Shut! So                      Dutch now so close                      douche Nassau shite                      douse Norse                      the duchess</p> <p>her grace o'malice                      answered  <i>antwoorden</i>, Dutch                      handiwork                      hand-to-mouth                      her grace,</p> <p>Grace O'Malley                      malicious                      Alice</p> <p>kidnapped                      snapped up                      snapped</p> <p><i>Schutt</i> (rubbish,                      Ger.)</p> <p>the shandy westerness she                      jiminy Tristopher and into the                      shady wilderness                      merry west  <i>schaude</i>                      (shame, Ger.)                      chanty waste                      shindy</p> <p><i>Tristram Shandy</i>—Laurence Sterne</p>





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<p>with a loud finegale: Stop dumb stop come back with my earring                  lewd fine gale dumb, mute Erin                  Fingot damn hearing                  Fina MacCnol <i>daw</i> (stupid, Dutch) earwig                  Finnegaz herring                  én Myerling                  fair stranger                  (Irish)</p> <p>stop. But the prankquean swarwid: Am liking it. And there                  was a wild old grannewail that laurency night of starshootings                  Wilde grand new wail larceny falling stars                  granoy St. Lawrence O'Toole Stella                  Grainne Laurence Sterne                  Grana Usile "Larry McHale"—Charles Lever</p> <p>somewhere in Erin. And the prankquean went for her forty years'  <i>Erenhon</i></p> <p>walk in Turnlemecm and she punched the curses of cromcruwell                  leman, lover <i>crazie</i> cruel Cromwell                  turn <i>mime</i> crosses Cromwell's crew                  pantomime—Punch and Judy cruises  <i>Turm</i> (tower, Ger.) crises  <i>Tür</i> (door, Ger.)  <i>Tor</i> (gate, Ger.)                  René-Joseph de Toumemine                  tourmaline</p> <p>with the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had her four                  top of a nail</p> <p>larksical moaitrix to touch him his tears and she provoked                  lexical moaitrix teach him to cry converted                  larcenous monkey tricks history perverted                  lachrymose <i>wise</i> provoked                  larks one-in-three proved                  sickle meretrix                  cycle                  lachadaisical</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">291</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Appendix</p> <p>him to the onecertain allsecure and he became a tristian. So                  omniscient omnipotent sad Christian                  uncertain Lord Protector Tristan                  once-certain <i>secour</i>                  all-so-sure</p> <p>then she started raining, raining, and in a pair of changers,                  a interchangeables                  changelings</p> <p>he dom ter, she was back again at Jarl von Hooter's and the                  Dermot                  damn to her                  thrice (Lat.)</p> <p>Larryhill with her under her abromette. And why would she halt                  Hilary apron                  larrikin umbrella                  hell Abraham                  St. Lawrence O'Toole <i>abromado</i> (foggy, Sp.)</p> <p>at all if not by the ward of his mansionhome of another nice lace                  guard Mansion House night late                  wall <i>maison</i>                  man</p> <p>for the third charm? And Jarl von Hooter had his hurricane hips                  time hurricane lamps                  term</p> <p>up to his pantrybox, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs                  sentry box chewing his cud old four stomachs                  bread box powdering aches                  Bantry Bay summaging                  Santry                  Pandora's box                  Pan (pan—)</p> <p>(Dare! O dare!), and the jiminy Toughertrees and the dummy were                  dear oh dear Tristopher                  hard, severe tough tree                  there Tophet three                  give (Lat.)</p>

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292	Appendix
<p>belove on the watercloch, kissing and spitting, roguing and                      in love oil cloth rogue                      beloved water closet rough                      below rouge  <i>Aerab-us-Pagne—</i>                      Boucicault</p> <p>paghuing, like knavepastry and naivebride and in their second infancy.                      kissing paltry knave navel bridal second childhood                      poking nave Second Coming                      puking naive                      St. Patrick and St. Brigid</p> <p>And the prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay                      plucked a white rose                      drew a blank</p> <p>twinkling. And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of tribump,                      twin wittiest Arch of Triumph                      wettest ark three bumps                      whitest aque trump                      test Empty Dumpty</p> <p>asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am stook alike three poss of                      three, third trespass                      sad                      thryst                      thrice</p> <p>porter pease? But that was how the skirtmishes endapped,                      skitts upended                      skirtmishes ended                      ended up                      dropped                      duped</p> <p>For like the campbells acoming with a fork lance of lightning,                      bells coming foreglance                      belles acumen                      "The Campbells Are Coming"</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Appendix 293</p> <p>Jarl von Hoother Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames,                      sons of thunder, terror of the Danes,                      Sts. James &amp; John Brian Boru                      bone urges beaver of the flames                      boa women                      Boru queens</p> <p>came hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his                      hippity-hop forced open darkway                      hip hip buzzay unbuttoned                      hip handy fish                      hops handicapped capno                      haphazard</p> <p>three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic                      three-shuttered Broadbrim (Quaker)                      three-towered Broad Clutch                      three-buttoned trousers gingerbread                      setoon (pillar, Pers.)                      Surtoon The Seven Articles of Clothing:                      sbst-on                      the Dublin cant of arms</p> <p>ebollar and his allzbuff hemmed and his bullbraggin                      collar cuffs ballbestrings                      cholera all a-buff, naked bragging                      gingery-choleric buffalo brogans  <i>aleph, herb, gbinel</i> brogues                      à la boewf papal bull  <i>hemmen</i> (inhibit, Balbriggan                      Ger.) brigand  <i>Hemd</i> (shirt, Ger.)</p> <p>soxangloves and his Ladbroke breeches and his cattegut bandolair                      socks and gloves breeches cat bandoleer                      sex and love broke wind cagut lair                      Anglo-Saxons Pembroke brides Catholic O'Leary's band                      Ragnar Ladbroke Carechisen six                      categorical <i>dolar</i>                      (pain, Sp.)                      cattegut                      gw (good, Ger.)</p>

The



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<p>294 <span style="float: right;"><i>Appendix</i></span></p> <p>and his furframed panuncular cumbottes like a rudd yellan          faifacted avuncular colottes red yellow  <i>fur</i> (thief, Lat.) pantaloen cummerbunds rude yelling  <i>fremd</i> (strange, pantslette cumberance ruddy flae          Ger.) Pan <i>bottes</i>          (boots, Fr.)</p> <p>gruehleen orangeman in his violet indignation, to the whole          blue green Ulsterman vile indignation hale          griesome orangutang violent indigo          tree blue orange Indian nation          groveling <i>rang</i> (color, Pers.) dig          bleeding  <i>grübeln</i> (to ponder, Ger.)  <i>grue</i> (turn from with disgust, Fr.)</p> <p>Seven Colors of the Rainbow</p> <p>length of the strength of his bowman's bill. And he clopped his          long strong archer pike, lance clapped          length strength bow  <i>kau</i> (build, Ger.)          Isa Bowman          Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke</p> <p>rude hand to his easy hitch and he ordurd and his thick spch spck          red easy hitch ordered in speech          right tickl ordure spoke  <i>ici</i> (here, Fr.) odor speak          icy endured <i>spacken</i>          E.C.IE. ord (word, Swed.) (to spit, Ger.)</p> <p>for her to shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clap          shut dummy dainty shut clapper shut          stop pappy puppy shutter up          sharp dopey opener thunderclap  <i>dap</i> (to steal, club          slang) clap (slang)  <i>dapi</i> (pnol, O. Norse)          "Polly Put the Kettle On"          "Yet up he rose and donn'd his clothes"—Ophelia's song</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">295 <span style="float: left;"><i>Appendix</i></span></p> <p>(Peckndhskuranbargruauyagokgolapozgromgeemmitghundhurthrumat-          perk husk barge, boat agok: struggle <i>mit</i>, with          kind: scrotum grusa: porridge, semen bund: hundred          cod: kurun: running, vagina layer hush: hearth  <i>barg</i> (lightning, Pers.) ru: rue          current yago: hunt yore math:          Iago gore green: man, penis destruction  <i>groz</i> (thunder, Rus.)          green: woman, vagina</p> <p>One hundred-lettered word for thunder:          humaradidilifaitidililbumullunokkunnio!) And they all drank free.          thunder dilly tit lib: free <i>kennen</i>, know made free          uns: together Tilly mull: demolish          rad: afraid ill burn: dia "And they all drank tea"  <i>rad</i> (river, Pers.) burn: arse  <i>bomull</i> (cotton-wool, Nor.)          Id <i>fat</i>, made nuk: destruction, nucleus</p> <p>For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any girls  <i>armour</i> fat match girl's          armor fat chance          ardor</p> <p><i>Arms and the Man</i>—Shaw          "Arma virumque"—Virgil          "Eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in          his shirt"—Swift</p> <p>under shirts. And that was the first peate of illiterate          undershirts piece illiterate          skirts piss illiterate          shorts sheets ill-lit  <i>Schurz</i> (apron, Ger.)</p> <p>poetry flaming flooded flat Kersee the Tailor          pottery flame bloody fat Tilly the Toiler          poeter flame-end fatuous Phil the Fletcher          part <i>Flamend</i>, Flemish flamend Teddy the Tiler  <i>flamant</i> (flamingo, Fr.) cursed till</p>
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The



296	<i>Appendix</i>	
made a sweet unclose to the suit of clothes sweet finish Swede uncle sweat exposure	the Narwhalian Norwegian narwhale Nosh wheel heel Tim Healy	captol, Saw fore shalt Captain so forth capitol soar capot forestaw kapot seafare cap "As thou sows so shalt thou reap" "Therefore shall a man leave . . ." (Gen. 2:24)
thou sea. Betoun ye and be. see between you and me be between "Y" and "B" "C" return see "Z" <i>béton</i> (concrete, Fr.) town.	The prunkquean was to hold her	
dummyship and the jimminies position custody <i>Dampfschiff</i> (steamboat, Ger.) ghost ship pirate ship <i>demi-chapeau</i> (half-a-hat)	was to keep the pearewave and van keep the peace rule the waves hold back her urine	
Hoothet was to git the wind up. get the wind up provide wind break wind open the window windup	Thus the hearsomeness of the obedience, <i>gehorsam</i> fearsomeness handsomeness Herr Solness hearse arse	
burger felicitates the whole of the polis. citizen, <i>burgher</i> burglar bugger	hold hale whale all	city, <i>polis</i> police piss poles "Obedientia stivium arbis felicitas"—Dublin's motto



## 4. The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson: *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. 1944.

Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*. 1977.

*Finnegans Wake* **044.24-047.29**

**SkeletonKey Summary**

61c to 63a

FW044

{ *Ardite, ardit!* 22  
Music cue. 23

The ballad tells how Humpty Dumpty fell and curled up like Lord Oliver Cromwell by the butt of the Magazine Wall.

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București 2012

“THE BALLAD OF PERSSE O'REILLY.”



FW045

Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty  
How he fell with a roll and a rumble  
And curled up like Lord Olofa Crumple  
By the butt of the Magazine Wall,  
(Chorus) Of the Magazine Wall,  
Hump, helmet and all?

He was one time our King of the Castle  
Now he's kicked about like a rotten old parsnip.  
And from Green street he'll be sent by order of His Worship  
To the penal jail of Mountjoy  
(Chorus) To the jail of Mountjoy!  
Jail him and joy.

Once King of the Castle, now he's kicked around like a rotten old parsnip, and he'll be sent to the penal jail of Mountjoy. He was fafafa-father of all schemes for to bother us: contraceptives for the populace, open-air love, and religious reform. Arrah, says you, I'll go bail for him: all his butter is in his horns. With his bucketshop store, He'll Cheat E'erawan they called him. Soon we'll bonfire all his trash, and Sheriff Clancy'll be winding up his unlimited company. Gall's curse on the day when Eblana Bay saw his Black-and-Tan man-o'-war. He's a Norwegian camel old cod. He made bold a maid to woo, and it was either during some fresh-water garden pumping or while admiring some monkeys in the zoo. He ought to blush for himself. He was jolting by Wellington's

- 1 Monument, when some bugger let down the back trap of the
- 2 omnibus, and he caught his death of fusiliers. Sore pity for his
- 3 children and missus. When that frau gets a grip of him there'll be
- 4 earwigs on the green. Then we'll sod the brave son of
- 5 Scandiknavery, we'll bury him in Oxmanstown, with the devil
- 6 and the Danes. And not all the king's men nor his horses will
- resurrect him – for there's no spell that's able to resurrect a Cain.





---

He is, begod.	24
Lift it, Hosty, lift it, ye devil ye! up with the rann, the rhyming	25
[rann!	26
It was during some fresh water garden pumping	27
Or, according to the <i>Nursing Mirror</i> , while admiring the mon-	28
[keys	29
That our heavyweight heathen Humpharey	30
Made bold a maid to woo	31
(Chorus) Woohoo, what'll she doo!	32
The general lost her maidenloo!	33

FW047

He ought to blush for himself, the old hayheaded philosopher,	1
For to go and shove himself that way on top of her.	2
Begob, he's the crux of the catalogue	3
Of our antediluvial zoo,	4
(Chorus) Messrs. Billing and Co.	5
Noah's larks, good as noo.	6
He was joulting by Wellinton's monument	7
Our notorious hippopotamuns	8
When some bugger let down the backtrap of the omnibus	9
And he caught his death of fusiliers,	10

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(Chorus) With his rent in his rears.	11
Give him six years.	12
'Tis sore pity for his innocent poor children	13
But look out for his missus legitimate!	14
When that frew gets a grip of old Earwicker	15
Won't there be earwigs on the green?	16
(Chorus) Big earwigs on the green,	17
The largest ever you seen.	18
Suffoclose! Shikespower! Seudodanto! Anonymoses!	19
Then we'll have a free trade Gaels' band and mass meeting	20
For to sod the brave son of Scandiknavery.	21
And we'll bury him down in Oxmanstown	22
Along with the devil and Danes,	23
(Chorus) With the deaf and dumb Danes,	24
And all their remains.	25
And not all the king's men nor his horses	26
Will resurrect his corpus	27
For there's no true spell in Connacht or hell	28
(bis) That's able to raise a Cain.	29

## 5. The Mookse and the Gripes

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson: *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. 1944. [The red digits in braces are the extensive footnotes in the original SkeletonKey book: for advanced research you would need to go direct to the book to get these supplementary explanatory texts.]

Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*. 1977.

*Finnegans Wake* **152.15-157.08**

**SkeletonKey Summary**

114a to 116d

FW152

The Mookse and The Gripes.  
Gentes and laitymen, fullstoppers and semicolonials, hybreds  
and lubberds!  
Eins within a space and a wearywide space it wast ere wohned  
a Mookse. The onesomeness wast alltolonely, archunsitslike,  
broady oval, and a Mookse he would a walking go (My hood!  
cries Antony Romeo), so one grandsumer evening, after a great  
morning and his good supper of gammon and spittish, having  
flabelled his eyes, pilleoled his nostrils, vacticanated his ears and  
palliumed his throats, he put on his impermeable, seized his im-  
pugnabile, harped on his crown and stepped out of his immobile  
*De Rure Albo* (socolled becauld it was chalkfull of masterplasters  
and had borgeously letout gardens strown with cascadas, pinta-

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As none of you knows Javanese, I will give you a free  
translation of the old fabulist's parable, "The Mookse and The  
Gripes." {8}

Ladies and gentlemen:

Once within a space there lived a Mookse. Feeling lonely,  
he went walking. Having spruced himself, he left his fine estate,  
to see how badness was badness in the worst of all possible  
worlds.

With his father's sword he was girded.

He had walked not far, when he came upon a boggy-  
looking stream. As it ran it dribbled, like any lively purliteasy.

costecas, horthoducts and currycombs) and set off from Luds-  
town *a spasso* to see how badness was badness in the weirdest of  
all pensible ways.

As he set off with his father's sword, his *lancia spezzata*, he was  
girded on, and with that between his legs and his tarkeels, our  
once in only Bragspear, he clanked, to my clinking, from veetoes  
to threetop, every inch of an immortal.

He had not walked over a pentiadpair of parsecs from his  
azylium when at the turning of the Shinshone Lanteran near

FW153

Saint Bowery's-without-his-Walls he came (secunding to the one  
one oneth of the propicies, *Amnis Limina Permanent*) upon the  
most unconsciously boggylooking stream he ever locked his  
eyes with. Out of the colliens it took a rise by daubing itself Ni-  
non. It looked little and it smelt of brown and it thought in nar-  
rows and it talked showshallow. And as it rinn it dribbled like any  
lively purliteasy: *My, my, my! Me and me! Little down dream  
don't I love thee!*

And, I declare, what was there on the yonder bank of the  
stream that would be a river, parched on a limb of the olum, bolt  
downright, but the Gripes? And no doubt he was fit to be dried  
for why had he not been having the juice of his times?

His pips had been neatly all drowned on him; his polps were  
charging odours every older minute; he was quickly for getting  
the dresser's desdaign on the flyleaf of his frons; and he was  
quietly for giving the bailiff's distraint on to the bulkside of his  
*cul de Pompe*. In all his specious heavings, as be lived by Opti-  
mus Maximus, the Mookse had never seen his Dubville brooder-

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And on the opposite bank, hanging from a tree, was the  
Gripes.

The Gripes, completely desiccated, had never looked so  
badly.

Adrian (that was the Mookse's name now) [9] sat down  
across from the Gripes, on a stone, [10] as pontifically as  
possible.

Whereupon the Gripes greeted him in a whining voice,  
and asked to know the news.

The bull bellowed at him threatentingly to remember to  
whom he was speaking.

The Gripes asked to know the time. [11]

"This," replied the Mookse, "is what I, with my Bull,  
*Laudabiliter*, have come to settle with *you*. Will you give up?"

You should have heard the voice that answered him!  
What a little voice!

"I was just thinking of that, sweet Mookse; I can never  
give up to you. My temple is my own. Nor shall I ever be able to  
tell you whose cloak you are wearing."

"*Your* temple, you pig in a poke! Mine is always open to  
men of stout heart. Whereas, I regret to proclaim that I cannot  
help you from being killed by inches. My side is as safe as  
houses; I can prove that against you, I bet you this dozen of  
tomes."

The Mookse elevated, to give point to his remark, his

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on-low so nigh to a pickle.

Adrian (that was the Mookse now's assumptinome) stuccstill phiz-à-phiz to the Gripes in an accessit of aurignacian. But Allmookse must to Moodend much as Allrouts, austereways or wastersways, in roaming run through Room. Hic sor a stone, singularly illud, and on hoc stone Seter satt huc sate which it filled quite poposterously and by acclammitation to its fullest justotoryum and whereopum with his unfallable encyclicling upom his alloilable, diupetriark of the wouest, and the athemyst-sprinkled pederect he always walked with, *Deusdedit*, cheek by jowel with his frisherman's blague? *Bellua Triumphanes*, his everyway addedto wallat's collectium, for yea longer he lieved yea broader he betaught of it, the fetter, the summe and the haul it cost, he looked the first and last micahlike laicness of Quartus the Fifth and Quintus the Sixth and Sixtus the Seventh giving allnight sitting to Lio the Faultyfindth.

— Good appetite us, sir Mookse! How do you do it? cheeped the Gripes in a wherry whiggy maudelenian woice and the jack-

FW154

asses all within bawl laughed and brayed for his intentions for they knew their sly toad lowry now. I am rarumominum blessed to see you, my dear mouster. Will you not perhopes tell me everything if you are pleased, sanity? All about aulne and lithial and allsall allinall about awn and liseias? Ney?

Think of it! O miserendissimest retempter! A Gripes!

— Rats! bullowed the Mookse most telesphorously, the con-cionator, and the sissymusses and the zozzymusses in their ro-benhouses quailed to hear his tardeynois at all for you cannot

19 jeweled staff to the star vault. And he proved it to the extinction  
20 of the Gripes altogether; proved it by Neuclydius, and  
21 Inexagoras, and Mommsen, and Thompsen ... and after that he  
22 re-proved it by the binomial theorem and every other authority  
23 in the book.  
24

25 While the Mookse was promulgating his *ipsos-factos* and  
26 *sed-contras*, this rascally Gripes had all but succeeded in making  
27 monophysites of his subordinates. But though the Gripes had,  
28 time and time again, sought to teach his own flock how to  
29 trumpet forth the double meanings of his doctrines, {12} his  
30 pastors were found to be at loggerheads and at variance with  
31 the constitutions of his provincial creed, and so he got the hoof;  
32 he having wished to follow the Eastern rather than the Roman  
33 interpretation of the relation of the Father and the Son to the  
34 Holy Ghost. {13}  
35  
36

“In a thousand years, O Gripes, you will be blind to the world,” said the Mookse.

“In a thousand years,” answered the Gripes, “you may be still more bothered.”

“I shall be chosen as the first of the last by the electress of Vale Hollow,” said the Mookse, proud of his fine English cut.

“I shall not even be the last of the first, I hope, when we are visited by the veiled horror,” confessed the Gripes limply, miserable foe of the social order.

And like dog and serpent they went at each other

wake a silken nouse out of a hoarse oar. Blast yourself and your anathomy infairioriboos! No, hang you for an animal rurale! I am superbly in my supremest poncif! Abase you, baldyqueens! Gather behind me, satraps! Rots!

— I am till infinity obliged with you, bowed the Gripes, his whine having gone to his palpruy head. I am still always having a wish on all my extremities. By the watch, what is the time, pace?

Figure it! The pining peeve! To a Mookse!

— Ask my index, mund my achilles, swell my obolum, wosh-up my nase serene, answered the Mookse, rapidly by turning clement, urban, eugenious and celestian in the formose of good grogory humours. Quote awhore? That is quite about what I came on *my* missions with *my* intentions *laudibilter* to settle with *you*, barbarousse. Let thor be orlog. Let Pauline be Irene. Let you be Beeton. And let me be Los Angeles. Now measure your length. Now estimate my capacity. Well, sour? Is this space of our couple of hours too dimensional for you, temporiser? Will you give you up? *Como? Fuert it?*

*Sancta Patientia!* You should have heard the voice that answered him! *Culla vosellina.*

— I was just thinkling upon that, sweets Mooksey, but, for all the rime on my raisins, if I connow make my submission, I cannos give you up, the Gripes whimpered from nethermost of his wanhope. Ishallassoboundbewilsothoutoosezit. My tumble, loudy bullocker, is my own. My velicity is too fit in one stockend. And my spetial inexshellsis the belowing things ab ove. But I will never be abler to tell Your Honouriousness (here he near lost

FW155

10 viciously.

11           Meanwhile, the Little Cloud Girl, in her light dress, was  
12 leaning over the banistars, lisyening all she childishly could. She  
13 was alone. She tried to make the Mookse look up at her and to  
14 make the Gripes hear how coy she could be, but it was all mild's  
15 vapour moist. Their minds were beset with their learned  
16 quotations. And she tried the winsome wonsome ways her four  
17 winds had taught her. But she might just as well have carried  
18 her daisy's worth to Florida! For the Mookse was not amused,  
19 and the Gripes was lost in obliviscence.

20  
21           "I see," she sighed. "They are stupids!"

22           The shades began to glidder along the banks, dusk unto  
23 dusk. The Mookse could no longer hear, the Gripes no longer  
24 see. The Mookse thought of the deeps he would profound on the  
25 morrow, the Gripes of the scrapes he would escape if he had  
26 luck enough.

27  
28           And the dew began to fall.

29  
30           Then there came down to the thither bank a woman of  
31 no appearance, and she gathered up the Mookse where he lay.  
32 There came down to the hither bank a woman too all-important,  
33 and she plucked down the Gripes from his limb. {14} There were  
34 left now only an elmtree and a stone. And Nuvoletta, the Little  
35 Cloud Girl, a lass.

36           Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time and made up  
her drifting minds. She climbed over the banistars, gave a childy

his limb) though my corked father was bott a pseudowaiter, whose o'cloak you ware.

Incredible! Well, hear the inevitable.

— *Your temple, sus in cribro!* Semperexcommunicambi-  
sumers. Tugurios-in-Newrobe or Tukurias-in-Ashies. Novar-  
ome, my creature, blievend bleives. My building space in lyonine  
city is always to let to leonlike Men, the Mookse in a most con-  
sistorous allocution pompifically with immediate jurisdiction  
constantinently concluded (what a crammer for the shape-  
wrucked Gripes!). And I regret to proclaim that it is out of my  
temporal to help you from being killed by inchies, (what a  
thrust!), as we first met each other newwhere so airy. (Poor  
little sowsieved subsquashed Gripes! I begin to feel contempt  
for him!). My side, thank decretals, is as safe as motherour's  
houses, he continued, and I can seen from my holeydome what  
it is to be wholly sane. Unionjok and be joined to yok! Parysis,  
*tu sais*, crucycrooks, belongs to him who parises himself. And  
there I must leave you subject for the pressing. I can prove that  
against you, weight a momentum, mein goot enemy! or Cos-  
pol's not our star. I bet you this dozen odd. This foluminous  
dozen odd. *Quas primas* — but 'tis bitter to compote my know-  
ledge's fructos of. Tomes.

Elevating, to give peint to his blick, his jewelled pederect to  
the allmysty cielung, he luckystruck blueild out of a few should-  
be santillants, a cloister of starabouts over Maples, a lucciolys in  
Teresa street and a stopsign before Sophy Barratt's, he gaddered  
togodder the odds docence of his vellumes, gresk, letton and  
russicruxian, onto the lapse of his prolegs, into umfullth one-  
scuppered, and sat about his widerproof. He proved it well who-  
onearth dry and drysick times, and *vremiament, tu cesses*, to the

1 cloudy cry, a light-dress fluttered, she was gone. And into the  
2 river that had been a stream there fell a tear — it was a leap  
3 tear. [15] But the river tripped on her way.

4 No applause, please, ladies and gentlemen!

5 Nolan Brown, you may leave the room.

6 [ Having concluded his fable, the professor resumes the  
7 argument. He is unfolding ... ]  
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## Glasheen Synopsis

p. xli

“The Mookse and the Gripes,” “Burrus and Caseous” are  
two kinds of brother-battle and they recur. The first is a strictly  
male battle in which the battlers are in love with fighting each  
other; and, cold to the lures of Nuvoletta (q.v.), they drive her to  
drown herself like Ophelia or the Lorelei (q.q.v.). The second is a  
struggle for a girl, Margareen-Cleopatra (q.q.v.), who gets tired  
of the fighting and deserts them for Antony (q.v.).

---

extinction of Niklaus altogether (Niklaus Alopysius having been	31
the once Gripes's popwilled nimum) by Neuclydus and In-	32
exagoras and Mumfsen and Thumpsem, by Orasmus and by	33
Amenius, by Anacletus the Jew and by Malachy the Augurer and	34
by the Cappon's collection and after that, with Cheekee's gela-	35
tine and Alldaybrandy's formolon, he reproved it ehrltogether	36

FW156

when not in that order sundering in some different order, alter	1
three thirty and a hundred times by the binomial dioram and	2
the penic walls and the ind, the Inklespill legends and the rure,	3
the rule of the hoop and the blessings of expedience and the jus,	4
the jugicants of Pontius Pilax and all the mummyscrips in Sick	5
Bokes' Juncroom and the Chapters for the Cunning of the Chap-	6
ters of the Conning Fox by Tail.	7
While that Mooksius with preprocession and with propre-	8
cession, duplicity and diplussedly, was promulgating ipsofacts	9
and sadcontras this raskolly Gripes he had allbust seceded in	10
monophysicking his illsobordonates. But asawfulas he had	11
caught his base semenoyous sarchnaktiers to combuccinate upon	12
the silipses of his aspillouts and the acheporeoozers of his hagg-	13
own pneumax to synerethetise with the breadchestviousness of	14
his sweatovular ducese sofarfully the loggerthuds of his sakel-	15
laries were fond at variance with the synodals of his somepooliom	16
and his babskissed nepogreasymost got the hoof from his philio-	17
quus.	18
— Efter thousand yaws, O Gripes con my sheepskins, yow	19
will be belined to the world, ensayed Mookse the pius.	20
— Ofter thousand yores, amsered Gripes the gregary, be the	21

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goat of MacHammud's, yours may be still, O Mookse, more botheared.	22 23
— Us shall be chosen as the first of the last by the electress of Vale Hollow, obselved the Mookse nobily, for par the unicum of Eleljiacks, Us am in Our stabulary and that is what Ruby and Roby fall for, blissim.	24 25 26 27
The Pills, the Nasal Wash (Yardly's), the Army Man Cut, as british as bondstrict and as straightcut as when that broken- arched traveller from Nuzuland . . .	28 29 30
— Wee, cumfused the Gripes limply, shall not even be the last of the first, wee hope, when oust are visitated by the Veiled Horror. And, he added: Mee are relying entirely, see the forte- thurd of Elissabed, on the weightiness of mear's breath. Puffut!	31 32 33 34
Unsightbared embouscher, relentless foe to social and business succes! (Hourihaleine) It might have been a happy evening but...	35 36

FW157

And they viterberated each other, <i>canis et coluber</i> with the wildest ever wielded since Tarriestinus lashed Pissasphaltium.	1 2
— Unuchorn!	3
— Ungulant!	4
— Uvuloid!	5
— Uskybeak!	6
And bullfolly answered volleyball.	7
Nuvoletta in her lightdress, spunn of sisteen shimmers, was	8

## 6. Burrus and Caseous

Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*. 1977.

*Finnegans Wake* **160.35-168.14**

**SkeletonKey Summary**

FW160

My heeders will recoil with a great leisure how at the out-

35

Story to be discussed separately in a forthcoming volume.

FW161

michelangelines have fooled to dread I proved to mindself as to your sotisfiction how his abject all through (the *quickquid* of Professor Ciondolone's too frequently hypothecated *Bettlermensch*) is nothing so much more than a mere cashdime however genteel he may want ours, if we please (I am speaking to us in the second person), for to this graded intellectuals dime *is* cash and the cash system (you must not be allowed to forget that this is all contained, I mean the system, in the dogmarks of origen on spurios) means that I cannot now have or nothave a piece of cheeps in your pocket at the same time and with the same manners as you can now nothalf or half the cheek apiece I've in mind unless Burrus and Caseous have not or not have seemaultaneously sysentangled themselves, selldear to soldthere, once in the

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### Glasheen Synopsis

p. xli

"The Mookse and the Gripes," "Burrus and Caseous" are two kinds of brother-battle and they recur. The first is a strictly male battle in which the battlers are in love with fighting each other; and, cold to the lures of Nuvoletta (q.v.), they drive her to drown herself like Ophelia or the Lorelei (q.q.v.). The second is a struggle for a girl, Margareen-Cleopatra (q.q.v.), who gets tired of the fighting and deserts

dairy days of buy and buy.	14	them for Antony (q.v.).
Burrus, let us like to imagine, is a genuine prime, the real	15	
choice, full of natural greace, the mildest of milkstoffs yet un-	16	
beaten as a risicide and, of course, obsoletely unadulterous	17	
whereat Caseous is obversely the revise of him and in fact not an	18	
ideal choose by any meals, though the betterman of the two is	19	
meltingly addicted to the more casual side of the arrivaliste case	20	
and, let me say it at once, as zealous over him as is passably he.	21	
The seemsame home and histry seeks and hidepence which we	22	
used to be reading for our prepurgatory, hot, Schott? till Duddy	23	
shut the shopper op and Mutti, poor Mutti! brought us our poor	24	
suppy, (ah who! eh how!) in Acetius and Oleosus and Sellius	25	
Volatilis and Petrus Papricus! Our Old Party quite united round	26	
the Slatbowel at Commons: Pfarrer Salamoss himself and that	27	
sprog of a Pedersill and his Sprig of Thyme and a dozen of the	28	
Murphybuds and a score and more of the hot young Capels and	29	
Lettucia in her greensleeves and you too and me three, twinsome	30	
bibs but handsome ates, like shakespill and eggs! But there's many	31	
a split pretext bowl and jowl; and (snob screwing that cork,	32	
Schott!) to understand this as well as you can, feeling how back-	33	
ward you are in your down-to-the-ground benches, I have com-	34	
pleted the following arrangement for the coarse use of stools and	35	
if I don't make away with you I'm beyond Caesar outnullused.	36	

FW162

The older sisars (Tyrants, regicide is too good for you!) be-	1
come unbeurrable from age, (the compositor of the farce of	2
dustiny however makes a thunpledrum mistake by letting off this	3
pienofarte effect as his furst act as that is where the juke comes	4

in) having been sort-of-nineknived and chewly removed (this	5
soldier - author - batman for all his commontoryism is just	6
another of those souftsiezed bubbles who never quite got the	7
sandhurst out of his eyes so that the champaign he draws for us	8
is as flop as a plankrieg) the twinfreer types are billed to make	9
their reupprearance as the knew kneck and knife knickknots on	10
the deserted <i>champ de bouteilles</i> . (A most cursery reading into the	11
Persic-Uraliens hostery shows us how Fonnumagula picked	12
up that propper numen out of a colluction of prifixes though to	13
the permienting cannasure the Coucousien oafsprung of this	14
sun of a kuk is as sattin as there's a tub in Tobolosk) <i>Ostiak</i>	15
<i>della Vogul Marina!</i> But that I dannoy the fact of wanton to	16
weste point I could paint you to that butter (cheese it!) if you	17
had some wash. Mordvealive! Oh me none onsens! Why the	18
case is as inessive and impossible as kezom hands! Their inter-	19
locative is conprovocative just as every hazzy hates to having a	20
hazbane in her noze. Caseous may bethink himself a thought of	21
a caviller but Burrus has the reachly rounded head that goes	22
best with thofthinking defensive fideism. He has the lac of wis-	23
dom under every dent in his lofter while the other follow's	24
onni vesy milky indeedmymy. Laughing over the linnuts and	25
weeping off the uniun. He hisn't the hey og he lisl'n't the lug,	26
poohoo. And each night sim misses mand he winks he had the	27
semagen. It was aptly and corrigidly stated (and, it is royally	28
needless for one <i>ex ungue Leonem</i> to say by whom) that his	29
seeingscraft was that clarety as were the wholeborough of Poutres-	30
bourg to be averlaunched over him pitchbatch he could still make	31
out with his augstritch the green moat in Ireland's Eye. Let me	32
sell you the fulltroth of Burrus when he wore a younker. Here	33
it is, and chorming too, in six by sevens! A cleanly line, by the	34

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gods! A king off duty and a jaw for ever! And what a cheery 35  
ripe outlook, good help me Deus v Deus! If I were to speak 36

FW163

my ohole mouthful to arinam about it you should call me the 1  
ormuzd aliment in your midst of faime. Eat ye up, heat ye up! 2  
sings the somun in the salm. *Butyrum et mel comedet ut sciat* 3  
*reprobare malum et eligere bonum*. This, of course, also explains 4  
why we were taught to play in the childhood: *Der Haensli ist* 5  
*ein Butterbrot, mein Butterbrot! Und Koebi iss dein Shtinkenkot!* 6  
*Ja! Ja! Ja!* 7

This in fact, just to show you, is Caseous, the brutherscutch 8  
or puir tyron: a hole or two, the highstinks aforefelt and anygo 9  
prigging wurms. Cheesugh! you complain. And Hi Hi High 10  
must say you are not Hoa Hoa Hoally in the wrong! 11

Thus we cannot escape our likes and dislikes, exiles or am- 12  
busheers, beggar and neighbour and — this is where the dime- 13  
show advertisers advance the temporal relief plea — let us be 14  
tolerant of antipathies. *Nex quovis burro num fit mercaseus?* I am 15  
not hereby giving my final endorsement to the learned ignorants 16  
of the Cusanus philosophism in which old Nicholas pegs it 17  
down that the smarter the spin of the top the sounder the span 18  
of the buttom (what the worthy old auberginiste ought to have 19  
meant was: the more stolidly immobile *in space* appears to me 20  
the bottom which is presented to use in time by the top primo- 21  
mobilisk &c.). And I shall be misunderstood if understood to 22  
give an unconditional sinequam to the heroicised furibouts of 23  
the Nolanus theory, or, at any rate, of that substrate of apart 24  
from hissheory where the Theophil swears that on principial he 25

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was the pointing start of his odiose by comparison and that whiles	26
eggs will fall cheapened all over the walled the Bure will be dear	27
on the Brie.	28
Now, while I am not out now to be taken up as unintention-	29
ally recommending the Silkebjorg tyrondynamon machine for	30
the more economical helixtrolysis of these amboadipates until	31
I can find space to look into it myself a little more closely first	32
I shall go on with my decisions after having shown to you in	33
good time how both products of our social stomach (the excellent	34
Dr Burroman, I noticed by the way from his emended food	35
theory, has been carefully digesting the very wholesome criticism	36

FW164

I helped him to in my princeps edition which is all so munch	1
to the cud) are mutuearly polarised the incompatabilily of any	2
delusional acting as ambivalent to the fixation of his pivotism.	3
Positing, as above, too males pooles, the one the pictor of the	4
other and the omber the <i>Skotia</i> of the one, and looking want-	5
ingly around our undistributed middle between males we feel	6
we must waistfully woent a female to focus and on this stage	7
there pleasantly appears the cowrymaid M. whom we shall	8
often meet below who introduces herself upon us at some precise	9
hour which we shall again agree to call absolute absent or the	10
babbling pumpt of platinism. And so like that former son	11
of a kish who went up and out to found his farmer's ashes we	12
come down home gently on our own turnedabout asses to meet	13
Margareen.	14
We now romp through a period of pure lyricism of shame-	15
bred music (technologically, let me say, the appetising entry of	16

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this subject on a fool chest of vialds is plumply pudding the carp 17  
before doevre hors) evidenced by such words in distress as *I* 18  
*cream for thee, Sweet Margareen*, and the more hopeful *O Mar-* 19  
*gareena! O Margareena! Still in the bowl is left a lump of gold!* 20  
(Correspondents, by the way, will keep on asking me what is the 21  
correct garnish to serve drisheens with. Tansy Sauce. Enough). 22  
The pawnbreaking pathos of the first of these shoddy pieces 23  
reveals it as a Caseous effort. Burrus's bit is often used for a toast. 24  
Criticulture can tell us very precisely indeed how and why this 25  
particular streak of yellow silver first appeared on (not in) the 26  
bowel, that is to see, the human head, bald, black, bronze, brown, 27  
brindled, betteraved or blanchemanged where it might be use- 28  
fully compared with an earwig on a fullbottom. I am offering 29  
this to Signorina Cuticura and I intend to take it up and bring it 30  
under the nosetice of Herr Harlene by way of diverting his 31  
attentions. Of course the unskilled singer continues to pervert 32  
our wiser ears by subordinating the space-element, that is to 33  
sing, the *aria*, to the time-factor, which ought to be killed, *ill* 34  
*tempor*. I should advise any unborn singer who may still be 35  
among my heeders to forget her temporal diaphragm at home 36

FW165

(the best thing that could happen to it!) and attack the roulade 1  
with a swift *colpo di glottide* to the lug (though Maace I will 2  
insist was reclined from overdoing this, his recovery often being 3  
slow) and then, O! on the third dead beat, O! to cluse her eyes 4  
and aiopen her oath and see what spice I may send her. How? 5  
Cease thee, cantatrickee! I fain would be solo. Arouse thee, my 6  
valour! And save for e'er my true Bdur! 7

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I shall have a word to say in a few yards about the acoustic	8
and orchidectural management of the tonehall but, as ours is a	9
vivarious where one plant's breaf is a lunger planner's byscent	10
and you may not care for argon, it will be very convenient for	11
me for the emolument to pursue Burrus and Caseous for a rung	12
or two up their isocelating biangle. Every admirer has seen my	13
goulache of Marge (she is so like the sister, you don't know, and	14
they both dress A L I K E !) which I titled <i>The Very Picture of</i>	15
<i>a Needlesswoman</i> which in the presence ornates our national	16
cruetstand. This genre of portraiture of changes of mind in order	17
to be truly torse should evoke the bush soul of females so I am	18
leaving it to the experienced victim to complete the general	19
suggestion by the mental addition of a wallopy bound or, should	20
the zulugical zealot prefer it, a congorool teal. The hatboxes	21
which composed Rhomba, lady Trabezond (Marge in her <i>ex-</i>	22
<i>celsis</i> ), also comprised the climactogram up which B and C may	23
fondly be imagined ascending and are suggestive of gentlemen's	24
spring modes, these modes carrying us back to the superimposed	25
claylayers of eocene and pleastoseen formation and the gradual	26
morphological changes in our body politic which Professor	27
Ebahi-Ahuri of Philadespoinis (III) — whose bluebutterbust I	28
have just given his coupe de grass to — neatly names a <i>boîte à</i>	29
<i>surprises</i> . The boxes, if I may break the subject gently, are worth	30
about fourpence pourbox but I am inventing a more patent pro-	31
cess, foolproof and pryperfect (I should like to ask that Shedlock	32
Homes person who is out for removing the roofs of our criminal	33
classics by what <i>deductio ad domunum</i> he hopes <i>de tacto</i> to detect	34
anything unless he happens of himself, <i>movibile tectu</i> , to have a	35
slade off) after which they can be reduced to a fragment of their	36

FW166

true crust by even the youngest of Margees if she will take plase  
to be seated and smile if I please.

Now there can be no question about it either that I having  
done as much, have quite got the size of that demilitary young  
female (we will continue to call her Marge) whose types may be  
met with in any public garden, wearing a very "dressy" affair,  
known as an "ethel" of instep length and with a real fur, reduced  
to 3/9, and muffin cap to tone (they are "angelskin" this fall),  
ostentatiously hemming apologetically over the shirtness of  
some "sweet" garment, when she is not sitting on all the free  
benches avidously reading about "it" but ovidently on the look  
out for "him" or so "thrilled" about the best dressed dolly pram  
and beautiful elbow competition or at the movies swallowing  
sobs and blowing bixed mixcuits over "childe" chaplain's "latest"  
or on the verge of the gutter with some bobbedhair brieffrocked  
babyma's toddler (the Smythe-Smythes now keep TWO domes-  
tics and aspire to THREE male ones, a shover, a butlegger and  
a sectary) held hostage at armslength, teaching His Infant  
Majesty how to make waters worse.

(I am closely watching Master Pules, as I have regions to sus-  
pect from my post that her "little man" is a secondary school-  
teacher under the boards of education, a voted disciple of Infan-  
tulus who is being utilised thus publicly by the *seducente infanta*  
to conceal her own more muscular personality by flaunting  
frivolish finery over men's inside clothes, for the femininny of  
that totamulier will always lack the musculink of a verumvirum.  
My solotions for the proper parturience of matres and the edu-  
cation of micturiosis mites must stand over from the moment till

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I tackle this tickler hussy for occupying my uttentions.)	29
Margareena she's very fond of Burrus but, alick and alack!	30
she velly fond of chee. (The important influence exercised on	31
everything by this eastasian import has not been till now fully	32
flavoured though we can comfortably taste it in this case. I shall	33
come back for a little more say farther on.) A cleopatrician in	34
her own right she at once complicates the position while Burrus	35
and Caseous are contending for her misstery by implicating her-	36

FW167

self with an elusive Antonius, a wop who would appear to hug	1
a personal interest in refined chees of all chades at the same time	2
as he wags an antomine art of being rude like the boor. This	3
Antonius-Burrus-Caseous grouptriad may be said to equate	4
the <i>qualis</i> equivalent with the older socalled <i>talis</i> on <i>talis</i> one	5
just as quantly as in the hyperchemical economantarchy the tan-	6
tum ergons irruminate the quantum urge so that eggs is to whey	7
as whay is to zeed like your golfchild's abe boob caddy. And this	8
is why any simple philadolphus of a fool you like to dress, an	9
athemisthued lowtownian, exlegged phatrisight, may be awfully	10
green to one side of him and fruitfully blue on the other which	11
will not screen him however from appealing to my gropesarch-	12
ing eyes, through the strongholes of my acropoll, as a boosted	13
blasted bleating blatant bloaten blasphorus blesphorous idiot	14
who kennot tail a bomb from a painapple when he steals one	15
and wannot psing his psalmen with the cong in our gregational	16
pompoms with the canting crew.	17
No! Topsman to your Tarpeia! This thing, Mister Abby, is	18
nefand. (And, taking off soutstuffs and alkalike matters, I hope	19

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we can kill time to reach the salt because there's some forceglass 20  
neutric assets bittering in the soldpewter for you to plump your 21  
pottage in). The thundering legion has stormed Olymp that 22  
it end. Twelve tabular times till now have I edicted it. Merus 23  
Genius to Careous Caseous! *Moriture, te salutat!* My phemous 24  
themis race is run, so let Demoncracy take the highmost! (Abra- 25  
ham Tripier. Those old diligences are quite out of date. Read 26  
next answer). I'll beat you so lon. (Bigtempered. Why not take 27  
direct action. See previous reply). My unchanging Word is sacred. 28  
The word is my Wife, to expone and expound, to vend and to 29  
velnerate, and may the curlews crown our nuptias! Till Breath 30  
us depart! Wamen. Beware would you change with my years. Be 31  
as young as your grandmother! The ring man in the rong shop 32  
but the rite words by the rote order! *Ubi lingua nuncupassit, ibi* 33  
*fas! Adversus hostem semper sac!* She that will not feel my ful- 34  
moon let her peel to thee as the hoyden and the impudent! That 35  
mon that hoth no moses in his sole nor is not awed by conquists 36

FW168

of word's law, who never with humself was fed and leaves 1  
his soil to lave his head, when his hope's in his highlows from 2  
whisking his woe, if he came to my preach, a proud pursebroken 3  
ranger, when the heavens were welling the spite of their spout, 4  
to beg for a bite in our bark *Noisdanger*, would meself and Mac 5  
Jeffet, four-in-hand, foot him out? — ay! — were he my own 6  
breastbrother, my doubled withd love and my singlebiassed hate, 7  
were we bread by the same fire and signed with the same salt, 8  
had we tapped from the same master and robbed the same till, 9  
were we tucked in the one bed and bit by the one flea, homo- 10

C. George Sandulescu, Editor  
***Finnegans Wake without Tears***  
**The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes**  
properly paraphrased for the general public.

151

---

gallant and hemycapnoise, bum and dingo, jack by churl, though	11
it broke my heart to pray it, still I'd fear I'd hate to say!	12
12. <i>Sacer esto?</i>	13
Answer: <i>Semus sumus!</i>	14

The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes

## 7. The Norwegian Captain

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson: *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. 1944.  
Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*. 1977.

*Finnegans Wake* 311.05-332.09

**SkeletonKey Summary**

198a to 200b

FW311

It was long after once there was a lealand in the luffing ore it was less after lives thor a toyler in the tawn at all ohr it was note before he drew out the moddle of Kersse by jerkin his dressing but and or it was not before athwartships he buttonhaled the Norweeger's capstan.

So he sought with the lobestir claw of his propencil the clue of the wickser in his ear. O, lord of the barrels, comer forth from Anow (I have not mislaid the key of Efas-Taem), O, Ana, bright lady, comer forth from Thenanow (I have not left temptation in the path of the sweeper of the threshold), O!

But first, strongbowth, they would deal death to a drinking. Link of a leadder, dubble in it, slake your thirdst thoughts awake with it. Our svalves are svalves aroon! We rescue thee, O Baass, from the damp earth and honour thee. O Connibell, with mouth burial! So was done, neat and trig. Up draught and whet them!

5 This was a long time after the days of yore: long after  
6 the day when he put into port with his ship, and not so long  
7 after the day he was asked was there a tailor shop in the  
8 town? Noy before the day he threw out Kerrse [Persse  
9 O'Reilly]; and not before the day, when, athwartships, he  
10 buttonholed the Norwegian Captain.  
11

12 The host sought, meanwhile, with guilty conscience  
13 and open ear, a clue to the popular judgment on him. [ In  
14 his head ticked phrases reminiscent of the "Negative  
15 Confession" of the Book of the Dead: ] "I have not mislaid  
16 the key of Efas-Taem. I have not left temptation in the path  
17 of the sweeper of the threshold."  
18

19 [ Then the customers lifted, with half-threatening  
20

— Then sagd he to the ship's husband. And in his translatic norjankeltian. Hwere can a ketch or hook alive a suit and sowterkins? Soot! sayd the ship's husband, knowing the language, here is tayleren. Ashe and Whitehead, closechop, successor to. Ahorror, he sayd, canting around to that beddest his friend, the tayler, for finixed coulpure, chunk pulley muchy chink topside numpa one sellafella, fake an capstan make and shoot! Manning to sayle of clothse for his lady her master whose to be precised of a peer of trouders under the pattern of a cassack. Let me prove, I pray thee, but this once, sazdz Mengarments, saving the mouthbrand from his firepool. He spit in his faist (beggin): he tape the raw baste (paddin): he planked his pledge (as dib is a dab): and he tog his fringe sleeve (buthock lad, fur whale). Alloy for allay and this toolth for that soolth. Lick it and like it. A barter, a parter. And plenty good enough, neighbour Norreys, every bit and grain. And the ship's husband brokecurst after him to hail the

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lugger. Stolp, tief, stolp, come bag to Moy Eireann! And the Norweeger's capstan swaradeed, some blowfish out of schooling: All lykkehud! Below taiyor he ikan heavin sets. But they broken waters and they made whole waters at they surfered bark to the lots of his vauce. And aweigh he yankered on the Norgean run so that seven sailend sonnenrounders was he breastbare to the brinabath, where bottoms out has fathoms full, fram Franz José Land til Cabo Thormendoso, evenstarde and risingsoon. Up the Rivor Tanneiry and down the Golfe Desombres. Farety days and fearty nights. Enjoy yourself, O maremen! And the tides made, veer and haul, and the times marred, rear and fall, and, holey

21 implication, their glasses to a Sinn Fenn toast:] "Ourselves,  
22 ourselves, alone!" And the drinks were tossed off in the  
23 very manner of an "Upboys and at 'em."

24 [ Whereupon there began to be unwound and  
25 resnarled the endless yarns: (A) *A Tavern Brawl*, confused  
26 with (B) *A Tailor in the Town*. Apparently, a blustering  
27 mariner, known as the Norwegian Captain and very like  
28 the figure of H.C.E., was in the habit of putting into port  
29 and the sailing away to roam the deep again for years. He  
30 was something of a Flying Dutchman. On one of his visits  
31 he encountered the Ship's Husband – another bulky fellow  
32 very like the figure of H.C.E. The Captain asked where he  
33 might order himself a suit of clothes, and the Ship's  
34 Husband recommended a shop, successor to Ashe and  
35 Whitehead. In the wild disorder of the tavern tellings and  
36 retellings of the tale the Ship's Husband becomes confused,  
1 or amalgamated, with the obscure personality of the tailor.  
2 The Norwegian Captain is fitted, but then, instead of  
3 decently paying his bill, sets out to sea. And the Ship's  
4 Husband bellows after him in vain.

5 [ The reader is reminded by many rhythmical  
6 echoes of the story of Jarl van Hoother and the Prankquean,  
7 the Norwegian Captain playing in this case the role of  
8 prankmaster. One is not surprised to see the Norwegian  
9 Captain circle past twice again. On his second visit he  
10  
11

bucket, dinned he raign!

— Hump! Hump! bassed the broaders-in-laugh with a quick piddysnip that wee halfbit a second.

— I will do that, sazd Kersse, mainingstaying the rigout for her wife's lairdship. Nett sew? they hunched back at the earpicker.

But old sporty, as endth lord, in ryehouse reigner, he nought feared crimp or cramp of shore sharks, plotsome to getsome. It was whol niet godthaab of errol Loritz off his Cape of Good Howthe and his trippertrice loretta lady, a maomette to his monetone, with twy twy twinky her stone hairpins, only not, if not, a queen of Prancess their telling tabled who was for his seeming a casket through the heavenly, nay, heart of the sweet (had he hows would he keep her as niece as a fiddle!) but in the mealtub it was wohl yeas sputsbargain what, rarer of recent, an occasional conformity, he, with Muggleton Muckers, alwagers allalong most certainly allowed, as pilerinnager's grace to petitionists of right, of the three blend cupstoomerries with their customed spirits, the Gill gob, the Burkley bump, the Wallisey wanderlook, having their ceilidhe gailydhe in his shaunty irish. Group drinkards maaks grope thinkards or how reads rotary, jewr of a chrestend, respecting the otherdogs churchees, so long plubs will be plebs but plabs by low frequency amplification may later agree to have another. For the people of the shed are the sure ads of all quorum. Lorimers and leathersellers, skimmers and salters, pewterers and paperstainers, parishclerks, fletcherbowyers,

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girdlers, mercers, cordwainers and first, and not last, the weavers.  
Our library he is hoping to ye public.

12 enters the tavern and orders a great meal, but instead of  
13 paying, simply departs, leaving the Ship's Husband  
14 whistling for the bill. ]

15 — Then said the Norwegian Captain to the Ship's  
16 Husband, "Where can I get myself a suit?" "Suit?" said the  
17 Ship's Housebound, "There is a tailor, successor to Ashe  
18 and Whitehead." And then: "O'Hara," said he, turning to  
19 the best of his friends, "sell a suit of clothes to this  
20 gentleman." So he was measured and fitted out. A bargain  
21 was struck, and he made to go. But the Ship's Husband  
22 cried after him: (FW312) "Stop thief! Come back to my  
23 Erin!" And the Norwegian Captain answered: "All  
24 likelihood!" And away he yankered on the Norgean run, so  
25 that he he was breastbare to the briny-bath seven years.  
26 And the tides made, veer and haul, and holey bucket,  
27 dinned he raign!

30 Hump! Hump! laughed the tavern company, with  
31 knowing glances at the tavernkeeper.  
32  
33  
34

## Glasheen Synopsis

p. liv-lv

BOOK II, section iii (309-382) "Scene in the Pub"  
... McCann's (q.v.) story, told to John Joyce (q.v.), of  
a hunchbacked Norwegian captain who ordered a

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2

Innholder, upholder.  
— Sets on sayfohr! Go to it, agitator! they bassabosuned over the flowre of their hoose. Godeown moseys and skeep thy beeble bee!

— I will do that, acordial, by mine hand, sazd Kersse, piece Cod, and in the flap of a jacket, ructified after his nap of a blankit their o'cousin, as sober as the ship's husband he was one my god-father when he told me saw whileupon I am now well and jurily sagasfide after the boonamorse the widower, according to rider, following pnomoneya, he is consistently blown to Adams. So help me boyg who keeps the book!

Whereofter, behest his suzerain law the Thing and the pilsener had the baar, Recknar Jarl, (they called him Roguenor, Irl call him) still passing the change-a-pennies, pengeypigses, a several sort of coyne in livery, pushed their whisper in his hairing, (seemed, a some shipshep's sottovoxed stalement, a dearagadye, to hasvey anyone doing duty for duff point of dorkland compors) the same to the good ind ast velut discharge after which he had exemptied more than orphan for the ballast of his nurtural life. And threw a cast. A few pigses and hare you are and no chicking, tribune's tribute, if you guess mimic miening. Meanly in his lewd-brogue take your tyon coppels token, with this good sixtric from mine runbag of juwels. Nummers that is summus that is toptip that is bottombay that is Twomeys that is Digges that is Heres. In the frameshape of hard mettles. For we all would fain make glories. It is minely well mint.

Thus as count the costs of liquid courage, a bullyon gauger, stowed stivers pengapung in bulk in hold (fight great finnence! brayvoh, little bratton!) keen his kenning, the queriest of the crew, with that fellow fearing for his own misshapes, should he be

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suit from a Dublin tailor, J. H. Kerse of 34 Upper Sackville Street. The finished suit did not fit him, and the captain berated the tailor for being unable to sew, whereupon the irate tailor denounced him for being impossible to fit.

Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 22

... his father's story of Buckley and the Russian General .... Buckley ... was an Irish soldier in the Crimean War who drew a bead on a Russian general, but when he observed his splendid epaulettes and decorations, he could not bring himself to shoot.... He raised his rifle again, but just then the general let down his pants to defecate. The sight of his enemy in so helpless and human a plight was too much for Buckley, who again lowered his gun. But when the general prepared to finish the operation with a piece of grassy turf, Buckley lost all respect for him and fired.

Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 411

He then narrated the story of Buckley; when he came to the piece of turf, Beckett (q.v.) remarked, "Another insult to Ireland."

Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 411, note

HCE's pub, inn (q.v.), or theatre goes by almost as many names as he does, but it is the "pint of porter place"

himpself namesakely a foully fallen dissentant from the peripulator, sued towerds Meade-Reid and Lynn-Duff, rubbing the hodden son of a pookal, leaden be light, lather be dry and it be drownd on all the ealsth beside, how the camel and where the

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deiffel or when the finicking or why the funicking, who caused the scaffolding to be first removed you give orders, babeling, were their reidey meade answer when on the cutey (the corespondent) in conflict of evidence drew a kick at witness but (missed) and for whom in the dyfflun's kiddy removed the planks they were wanted, boob.

Bump!

Bothallchoractorschumminaroundsansumuminarumdrumstrumtruminahumptadumpwaultopoofoolooderamaunsturnup!

— Did do a dive, aped one.

— Propellopalombarouter, based two.

— Rutsch is for rutterman ramping his roe, seed three. Where the muddies scrimm ball. Bimbim bimbim. And the maidies scream all. Himhim himhim.

And forthemore let legend go lore of it that mortar scene so cwympty dwympty what a dustydust it razed arbororiginally but, luck's leap to the lad at the top of the ladder, so sartor's risorted why the sinner the badder! Ho ho ho hoch! La la la lach! Hillary rillarry gibbous grist to our millery! A pushpull, qq: quiescence, pp: with extravent intervolve coupling. The savest lauf in the world. Paradoxmutose caring, but here in a present booth of Ballacly, Barthalamou, where their dutchuncler mynhosts and serves

33 that his sons avoid till they become strong and clever. In the  
34 pub, innkeeper and customers spend the hour before  
35 closing time, watching two plays (Shem's?) and a musical  
36 program on a TV set. This is the set given the father by his determined children (309.13-311.4), certain invaders of Ireland. I take the TV set to be a warning, a challenge, and also a Jacob-like trick, a Trojan horse, Hamlet's mousetrap.

1 The TV plays are *The Norwegian Captain* (q.v.), *How*  
2 *Buckley* (q.v.) *Shot the Russian General* (311.5-332.9; 337.32-  
3 355.7). These and the music are about the overthrow of the  
4 father by, respectively, Shem, Shaun, Issy. Shem takes his  
5 father's daughter from him; Shaun shoots him dead; Issy, a  
6 moon priestess (like Norma, q.v.), castrates him.

7 Thereafter – in “real” or not-TV life – HCE's sons  
8 come knocking at the door, singing another version of “The  
9 Ballad of Persse O'Reilly” (q.v. – see also Tenducci); his  
10 daughter comes to say she's off with a young man (370.23-  
11 373.12). The sons capture HCE, mock, threaten, taunt, try  
12 him, beat him up for his sins – compare Falstaff, Socrates  
13 (q.q.v.) – (373.13-380.5).

14 Alone in the pub, HCE plays Roderick O'Connor  
15 (q.v.), last native king of Ireland, who was overthrown by  
16 the Anglo-Norman invaders. He drinks up the guest's  
17 leavings, falls from his throne dead drunk. Anna Livia  
18 shelters him after his fall; as the stout ship *Nansy Hans*, she  
19  
20  
21  
22

them dram well right for a boors' interior (homereek van hohm-ryk) that salve that selver is to screen its aunty and has ringround as worldwise eve her sins (pip, pip, pip) willpip futurepip feature apip footloose pastcast with spareshins and flash substittles of noirse-made-earsy from a nephew mind the narrator but give the devil his so long as those sohns of a blitzh call the tuone tuone and thonder alout makes the thurd. Let there be. Due.

— That's all murtagh purtagh but whad ababs his dopter? sissed they who were onetime ungerls themselves, (when the youthel of his yorn shook the bouchal in his bed) twilled along-side in wiping the rice assatiated with their wetting. The lappel of his size? His *ros in sola velnere* and he sicckumed of homnis terrars. She wends to scoulas in her slalpers. There were no peanats in her famalgia so no wumble she tumbled for his famas

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roalls davors. Don't him forget! A butcheler artsed out of Cullege Trainity. Diddled he daddled a drop of the cradler on delight mebold laddy was stetched? Knit wear? And they addled, (or ere the cry of their tongues would be uptied dead) Shufflebotham asidled, plus his ducks fore his drills, an inlay of a liddle more lining maught be licensed all at ones, be these same tokens, for-giving a brass rap, sneither a whole length nor a short shift so full as all were concerned.

Burniface, shiPLY after, shoply after, at an angle of lag, let flow, brabble brabble and brabble, and so hostily, heavyside breathing, came up with them and, check me joule, shot the three tailors, butting back to Moyle herring, bump as beam and buttend, roller and reiter, after the diluv's own deluge, the seasant samped as

23 bears him by starlight over the sea to "Nattenlaender"  
24 (380.6-382.30). This is a set piece — Death and the Old  
25 Man — and it balances Death and the Old Woman (619-628).  
26 For old man, old woman, death is going out to sea (q.v.),  
27 with dawn lighting up the same church windows (382.11).  
28 *The Norwegian Captain* is a comedy of love-intrigue,  
29 and I cannot follow the ins and out of the intrigue, much  
30 less explain the significance of the ill-fitting suit (suit as  
31 clothes — see Peter Jack Martin? suit as courtship?) The story  
32 is about a wild pagan sea-rover (all Ireland's Viking  
33 invaders) who steals the daughter of an Irish innkeeper, the  
34 Ship's Husband (q.v.), from her father and from a rival  
35 suitor, Kersse (q.v.) the tailor. By some female stratagem,  
36 the captain is reluctantly converted to landlubber,  
1 Christian, Irishman, becomes a respectable husband and  
2 father. The Ship's Husband reconciles him and Kersse. The  
3 captain is hunchbacked, called Humphrey, and the girl is  
4 Anne; they recall, therefore, the courtship of HCE and Anna  
5 Livia (compare 197, 624.27-30), and the play warns the  
6 father (the TV-viewing innkeeper, not the innkeeper in the  
7 TV play) that, as he took a daughter, so his daughter will be  
8 taken. The marriage of captain and daughter is an outburst  
9 of joy, peace, fertility for Ireland.

10 *How Buckley Shot the Russian General* (a rerun of  
11 events at Waterloo) has a *fabliau* feeling, but is also filled  
12  
13

skibber breezed in, tripping, dripping, threw the sheets in the wind, the tights of his trunks at tickle to tackle and his rubmelucky truss rehorsing the pouffed skirts of his overhawl. He'd left his stickup in his hand to show them none ill feeling. Whatthough for all appentices it had a mushroom on it. While he faced them front to back, Then paraseuls round, quite taken atack, sclaiming, Howe cools Eavybroolly!

— Good marrams, sagd he, freshwatties and boasterdes all, as he put into bierhiven, nogeysokey first, cabootle segund, jilling to windwards, as he made straks for that oerasound the snarsty weg for Publin, so was his horenpipe lug in the lee off their mouths organs, with his tilt too taut for his tammy all a slaunter and his wigger on a wagger with its tag tucked. Up. With a good eastering and a good westering. And he asked from him how the hitch did do this my fand sulkers that mone met the Kidballacks which he suttonly remembered also where the hatch was he endnew strandweys he's that fond sutchenson, a penincular fraimnd of mind, fordeed he was langseling to talka holt of hems, clown toff, tye hug fliorten. Cablen: Clifftop. Shelvling tobay oppe-long tomeadow. Ware cobbles. Posh.

— Skibbereen has common inn, by pounautique, with poke-way paw, and sadder raven evermore, telled shinshanks lauwering frankish for his kicker who, through the medium of gallic

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— Pukkelsen, tilltold.  
That with some our prowed invisors how their ulstravoliance led them infroraid, striking down and landing alow, against our aerian insulation resistance, two boards that beached ast one, wid-

14 with pity and terror for the son who shoots (say he is  
15 Brutus or Prince Hal, q.q.v.), for the father who is shot (say  
16 he is Julius Caesar or Falstaff, q.q.v.). Freud comes into it  
17 too, for Buckley, who kills for the honor of Ireland, also kills  
18 a father and the totem ancestor, the uncanny deer, bull,  
19 white whale that haunts men's dreams and is even more  
20 precious than the trigger finger.

21  
22       When *Buckley* is over, the customers say Buckley  
23 was right to shoot and the innkeeper agrees (355.8, 21), thus  
24 finding against himself – Guilty, but fellow culprits ...  
25 (363.20). And after the fellow culprits, customers, sons,  
26 have attacked him, he drinks hemlock and falls from his  
27 throne. "All men," Anna Livia says, on another occasion,  
28 "have done something. Be the time they've come to the  
29 weight of old fletch."  
30

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ness thane and tysk and hanry. Prepatrickularly all, they summed.	5
Kish met. Bound to. And for landlord, noting, nodding, a coast	6
to moor was cause to mear. Besides proof plenty, over proof.	7
While they either took a heft. Or the other swore his eric. Heaved	8
two, spluiced the menbrace. Heirs at you, Brewinbaroon! Weth	9
a whistle for methanks.	10
— Good marrams and good merrymills, sayd good mothers	11
gossip, bobbing his bowing both ways with the bents and skerries,	12
when they were all in the old walled of Kinkincaraborg (and that	13
they did overlive the hot air of Montybunkum upon the coal	14
blasts of Mitropolitos let there meeds be the hourihorn), hibernia-	15
ting after seven oak ages, fearsome where they were he had gone	16
dump in the doomerling this tide where the peixies would pickle	17
him down to the button of his seat and his sess old soss Erinly	18
into the boelgein with the help of Divy and Jorum's locquor and	19
shut the door after him to make a rarely fine Ran's cattle of fish.	20
Morya Mortimor! Allapalla overus! Howoft had the ballshee	21
tried! And they laying low for his home gang in that eeriebleak	22
mead, with fireball feast and turkeys tumult and paupers patch	23
to provide his bum end. The foe things your niggerhead needs	24
to be fitten for the Big Water. He made the sign of the ham-	25
mer. God's drought, he sayd, after a few daze, thinking of all	26
those bliakings, how leif pauses! Here you are back on your haw-	27
kins, from Blasil the Brast to our povotogesus portocall, the furt	28
on the turn of the hurdies, slave to trade, vassal of spices and a	29
dragon-the-market, and be turbot, lurch a stripe, as were you	30
soused methought out of the mackerel. Eldsfells! sayd he. A	31
kumpavin on iceslant! Here's open handlegs for one old faulker	32
from the hame folk here in you's booth! So sell me gundy, sagd	33
the now waging cappon, with a warry posthumour's expletion,	34

---

shoots ogos shootsle him or where's that slob? A bit bite of	35
keesens, he sagd, til Dennis, for this jantar (and let the dobblins	36

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roast perus,) or a stinger, he sagd, t. d., on a doroughbread ken-	1
nedey's for Patriki San Saki on svo fro or my old relogion's out	2
of tiempor and when I'm soured to the tipple you can sink me	3
lead, he sagd, and, if I get can, sagd he, a pusspull of tomtar-	4
tarum. Thirst because homing hand give. Allkey dallkey, sayd	5
the shop's housebound, for he was as deep as the north star (and	6
could tolk sealer's solder into tankar's tolder) as might have sayd	7
every man to his beast, and a treat for the trading scow, my cater	8
million falls to you and crop feed a stall! Afram. And he got and	9
gave the ekspedient for Hombreyhambrey wilcomer what's the	10
good word. He made the sign on the feaster. Cloth be laid! And	11
a disk of osturs for the swanker! Allahballah! He was the care-	12
lessest man I ever see but he sure had the most sand. One fish-	13
ball with fixings! For a dan of a ven of a fin of a son of a gun of	14
a gombolier. Ekspedient, sayd he, sonnur mine, Shackleton Sul-	15
ten! Opvarts and at ham, or this ogy Osler will oxmaul us all,	16
sayd he, like one familiar to the house, while Waldemar was	17
heeling it and Maldemaer was toeing it, soe syg he was walking	18
from the bowl at his food and the meer crank he was waiting for	19
the tow of his turn. Till they plied him behaste on the fare. Say	20
wehrn!	21
— Nohow did he kersse or hoot alike the suit and solder skins,	22
minded first breachesmaker with considerable way on and	23
— Humpsea dumpsea, the munchantman, secondsnipped cutter	24
the curter.	25

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— A ninth for a ninth. Take my worth from it. And no mistaenk, 26  
they thricketold the taler and they knew the whyed for too. The 27  
because of his sosuch. Uglymand fit himshemp but throats fill us 28  
all! And three's here's for repeat of the unium! Place the scaurs 29  
wore on your groot big bailey bill, he apullajibed, the O'Colonel 30  
Power, latterly distented from the O'Conner Dan, so promonitory 31  
himself that he was obliffious of the headth of hosth that rosed 32  
before him, from Sheeroskouro, under its zemblance of mardal 33  
mansk, like a dun darting dullemitter, with his moultain haares 34  
stuck in plostures upon it, (do you kend yon peak with its coast so 35  
green?) still trystfully acape for her his gragh knew well in pre- 36

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cious memory and that proud grace to her, in gait a movely water, 1  
of smile a coolsome cup, with that rarefied air of a Montmalency 2  
and her quick little breaths and her climbing colour. Take thee 3  
live will save thee wive? I'll think uplon, lilady. Should anerous 4  
enthroproise call homovirtue, duinnafeare! The ghem's to the 5  
ghoom be she nere zo zma. Obsit nemon! Floodlift, her ancient 6  
of rights regaining, so yester yidd, even remembrance. And 7  
greater grown then in the trifle of her days, a mouse, a mere 8  
tittle, trots off with the whole panoromacron picture. Her young- 9  
free yoke stilling his wandercursus, jilt the spin of a curl and jolt 10  
the breadth of a buoy. The Annexandreian captive conquest. 11  
Ethna Prettyplume, Hooghly Spaight. Him her first lap, her his 12  
fast pal, for ditcher for plower, till deltas twoport. While this 13  
glowworld's lump is gloaming off and han in hende will grow. 14  
Through simpling years where the lowcasts have aten of amilikan 15

honey and datish fruits and a bannock of barley on Tham the	16
Thatcher's palm. O wanderness be wondernest and now! Listen-	17
eath to me, veils of Mina! He would withsay, nepertheloss, that	18
is too me mean. I oldways did me walsh and preechup ere we set	19
to sope and fash. Now eats the vintner over these contents oft	20
with his sad slow munch for backonham. Yet never shet it the	21
brood of aurowoch, not for legions of donours of Gamuels. I	22
have performed the law in truth for the lord of the law, Taif	23
Alif I have held out my hand for the holder of my heart in Anna-	24
polis, my youthrib city. Be ye then my protectors unto Mussa-	25
botomia before the guards of the city. Theirs theres is a gentle-	26
meants agreement. Womensch plodge. To slope through heather	27
till the foot. Join Andersoon and Co. If the flowers of speech	28
valed the springs of me rising the hiker I hilltapped the murk I	29
mist my blezzard way. Not a knocker on his head nor a nick-	30
number on the manyoumeant. With that coldtbrundt nattelddster	31
wefting stinks from Alpyssinia, wooving nihilnulls from Memo-	32
land and wolving the ulvertones of the voice. But his spectrem	33
onlymergeant crested from the irised sea in plight, calvitousness,	34
loss, nngnr, gliddinyss, unwill and snorth. It might have been	35
what you call your change of my life but there's the chance of a	36

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night for my lifting. Hillyhollow, valleylow! With the sounds	1
and the scents in the morning.	2
— I shot be shoddied, throttle me, fine me cowheel for ever,	3
usquebauched the ersewild aleconner, for bringing briars to Bem-	4
bracken and ringing rinbus round Demetrius for, as you wrinkle	5
wryghtly, bully bluedomer, it's a suirsite's stircus haunting hes-	6

C. George Sandulescu, Editor  
***Finnegans Wake without Tears***  
**The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes**  
properly paraphrased for the general public.

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teries round old volcanoes. We gin too gnir and thus plinary	7
indulgence makes collemullas of us all. But Time is for talerman	8
tasting his tap. Tiptoptap, Mister Maut.	9
He made one summery (Cholk and murble in lonestime) of his	10
the three swallows like he was muzzling Moselems and torched	11
up as the faery pangeant fluwed down the hisophenguts, a slake	12
for the quicklining, to the tickle of his tube and the twobble of	13
his fable, O, fibbing once upon a spray what a queer and queasy	14
spree it was. Plumped.	15
Which both did. Prompt. Eh, chrystal holder? Save Ampster-	16
dampster that had rheumaniscences in his netherlumbs.	17
— By the drope in his groin, Ali Slupa, thinks the cappon,	18
plumbing his liners, we were heretofore.	19
— And be the coop of his gobbos, Reacher the Thaurd, thinks	20
your girth fatter, apopo of his buckseaseilers, but where's Horace's	21
courtin troopers?	22
— I put hem behind the oasthouse, sagd Pukkelsen, tuning	23
wound on the teller, appeased to the cue, that double dyode	24
dealered, and he's wallowing awash swill of the Tarra water. And	25
it marinned down his gargantast trombsathletic like the marousers of	26
the gulpstroom. The kersse of Wolafs on him, shitateyar, he sagd in	27
the fornicular, and, at weare or not at weare, I'm sigen no stretcher,	28
for I carsed his murhersson goat in trotthers with them newbuckle-	29
noosers behig in the fire behame in the oasthouse. Hops! sagd he.	30
— Smoke and coke choke! lauffed till the tear trickled drown a	31
thigh the loafers all but a sheep's whosepants that swished to the	32
lord he hadn't and the starer his story was talled to who felt that,	33
the fierifornax being thirst on him motophosically, as Omar	34
sometime notes, such a satuation, debauchly to be watched for,	35

would empty dempty him down to the ground.

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FW320

— And hopy tope! sagd he, anded the enderer, now dyply  
hypnotised or hopeseys doper himself. And kersse him, sagd he,  
after inunder tarrapoulling, and the shines he cuts, shinar, the  
screeder, the stitchimesnider, adepted to nosestorsioms in his  
budinholder, cummanisht, sagd he, (fouyoufoukou!) which goes  
in the ways smooking publics, sagd he, bomboosting to be in  
thelitest civile row faction for a dubblebrasterd navvygaiterd,  
(flick off that hvide aske, big head!) sagd he, the big bag of my  
hamd till hem, tollerloon, sagd he, with his pudny bun brofkost  
when he walts meet the bangd. I will put his fleas of wood in the  
flour, and he sagd, behunt on the oatshus, the not wellmade one,  
sagd he, the kersse of my armsore appal this most unmentionablest  
of men (mundering eeriesk, if he didn't scalded him all the  
shimps names in his gitter!) a coathemmed gusset sewer, sagd he,  
his first cudgin is an innvalet in the unitred stables which is not  
feed tonights a kirtle offal fisk and he is that woe worstered  
wastended shootmaker whatever poked a noodle in a clouth!

So for the second tryon all the meeting of the acarras had it.  
How he hised his bungle oar his shourter and cut the pinter off his  
pouner and lay off for Fellagulphia in the farning. From his  
dhruimadhreamdhru back to Brighten-pon-the-Baltic, from our  
lund's rund turs bag til threathy hoeres a wuke. Ugh!

— Stuff, Taaffe, stuff! interjoked it his wife's hopesend to the  
boath of them consistently. Come back to May Aileen.

— Ild luck to it! blastfumed the nowraging scamptail, in flating  
furies outs trows his cammelskins, the flashlight of his ire wacker-

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ing from the eyewinker on his masttop. And aye far he fared from	27
Afferik Arena and yea near he night till Blawland Bearing,	28
baken be the brazen sun, buttered be the snows. And the sea	29
shoaled and the saw squalled. And, soaking scupper, didn't he	30
drain	31
A pause.	32
Infernal machinery (serial number: Bullysacre, dig care a dig)	33
having thus passed the buck to billy back from jack (finder the	34
keeper) as the baffling yarn sailed in circles it was now high tide	35
for the reminding pair of snipers to be suitably punished till they	36

FW321

had, like the pervious oelkenner done, liquorally no more powers	1
to their elbow. Ignorinsers' bliss, therefore, their not to say rifle	2
butt target, none too wisely, poor fish, (he is eating, he is spun,	3
is milked, he dives) upholding a lamphorne of lawstift as wand	4
of welcome to all men in bonafay, (and the corollas he so has	5
saved gainsts the virus he has thus injected!) discoastedself to that	6
kipsie point of its Dublin bar there, breaking and entering, from the	7
outback's dead heart, Glathule Bourne or Boehernapark Nolagh,	8
by wattismade or bianconi, astraylians in island, a wellknown	9
tall hat blown in between houses by a nightcap of that silk or it	10
might be a black velvet and a kiber galler dragging his hunker,	11
were signalling gael warnings towards Wazwollenzee Haven to	12
give them their beerings, east circular route or elegant central	13
highway. Open, 'tis luck will have it! Lifeboat Alloe, Noeman's	14
Woe, Hircups Emptybolly! With winkles whelks and cocklesent	15
jelks. Let be buttercup eve lit by night in the Phoenix! Music.	16
And old lotts have funn at Flammagen's ball. Till Irinwakes from	17

Slumber Deep. How they succeeded by courting daylight in saving darkness he who loves will see.	18
Business. His bestness. Copeman helpen.	19
Contrescene.	20
He cupped his years to catch me's to you in what's yours as minest to hissant, giel as gail, geil as gaul, Odorozone, now our- menial servent, blanding rum, milk and toddy with I hand it to you. Saying whiches, see his bow on the hapence, with a pat- tedyr but digit here, he scooped the hens, hounds and horses bidy by bunny, with an arc of his covethand, saved from the drohnings they might oncounter, untill his cubid long, to hide in dry. Aside. Your sows tin the topple, dodgers, trink me dregs! Zoot!	21
And with the gust of a spring alice the fossickers and swaggelers with him on the hoof from down under piked forth desert roses in that mulligar scrub.	22
Reenter Ashe Junior. Peiwei toptip, nankeen pontdelounges. Gives fair day. Cheroot. Cheevio!	23
Off.	24
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FW322

— Take off thatch whitehat (lo, Kersse come in back bespoking of loungeon off the Boildawl stuumplecheats for rushirishis Irush- Irish, dangieling his old Conan over his top gallant shouldier so was, lao yiu shao, he's like more look a novicer on the neyay).	1
— Tick off that whilehot, you scum of a botch, (of Kersse who, as he turned out, alas, hwen ching hwan chang, had been mocking his hollaballoon a sample of the costume of the country).	2
— Tape oaf that saw foull and sew wrong, welsher, you suck of	3
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a thick, stock and the udder, and confiteor yourself (for bekersse	9
he had cuttered up and misfutthered in the most multiplest	10
manner for that poor old bridge's masthard slouch a shook of	11
cloakses the wise, hou he pouly hung hoang tseu, his own fittier	12
couldn't nose him).	13
Chorus: With his coate so graye. And his pounds that he	14
pawned from the burning.	15
— And, haikon or hurlin, who did you do at doyle today, my	16
horsey dorksey gentryman. Serge Mee, suit! sazd he, tersey ker-	17
sey. And when Tersse had sazd this Kersse stood them the whole	18
koursse of training how the whole blazy raze acurraged, from	19
lambkinsback to sliving board and from spark to phoenish. And	20
he tassed him tartly and he sassed him smartly, tig for tager, strop	21
for stripe, as long as there's a lyasher on a kyat. And they peered	22
him beheld on the pyre.	23
And it was so. Behold.	24
— Same capman no nothing horces two feller he feller go	25
where. Isn't that effect? gig for gag, asked there three newcom-	26
mers till knockingshop at the ones upon a topers who, while in	27
admittance to that impedance, as three as they were there, they had	28
been malttreating themselves to their health's contempt.	29
— That's fag for fig, metinkus, confessed, mhos for mhos, those	30
who, would it not be for that dielectrick, were upon the point of	31
obsoletion, and at the brink of from the pillary of the Nilsens and	32
from the statutes of the Kongbullies and from the millestones of	33
Ovlergroamlius libitate nos, Domnial!	34
— And so culp me goose, he sazd, szed the ham muncipated of	35
the first course, recoursing, all cholers and coughs with his beauw	36

FW323

on the bummell, the bugganeering wanderducken, he sazd, (that  
his pumps may ship awhoyle shandymound of the dussard), the  
coarsehair highsaydighsayman, there's nice tugs he looks, (how  
you was, Ship Alouset?) he sazd, the bloedaxe bloodooth baltxe-  
bec, that is crupping into our raw language navel through the  
lumbsmall of his hawsehole, he sazd, donconfounder him, voyag-  
ing after maidens, belly jonah hunting the polly joans, and the  
hurss of all portnoysers befuddle him, he sazd, till I split in his flags,  
he sazd, one to one, the landslewder, after Donnerbruch fire.  
Reefer was a wenchman. One can smell off his wetsments how he  
is coming from a beach of promisck. Where is that old muttyny,  
shall I ask? Free kicks he will have from me, turncoats, in Bar  
Bartley if I wars a fewd years ago. Meistr Capteen Gaascooker, a  
salestrimmer! As he was soampling me ledder, like pulp, and as  
I was trailing his fumbelums, like hulp, he'll fell the fall of me  
faus, he sazd, like yulp! The goragorridgorballyed pushkalsson,  
he sazd, with his bellows pockets fullled of potchtatos and his fox  
in a stomach, a disagrees to his ramskew coddlelecherskithers'  
zirkuvs, drop down dead and deaf, and there is never a teilwrmans  
in the feof fife of Iseland or in the wholeabelongd of Skunkinabory  
from Drumadunderry till the rumnants of Mecckrass, could milk  
a colt in thrushes foran furrow follower width that a hole in his  
tale and that hell of a hull of a hill of a camelump bakk. Fadgest-  
fudgist!

Upon this dry call of selenium cell (that horn of lunghalloon,  
Riland's in peril!) with its doomed crack of the old damn ukonnen  
power insound in it the lord of the saloom, as if for a flash sala-  
magunnded himself, listed his tummelumpsk pack and hearinat  
presently returned him, ambilaterally alleyeoneyesed, from their

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uppletoned layir to his beforetime guests, that bunch of palers on	30
their round, timemarching and petrolling how, who if they were	31
abound to loose a laugh (Toni Lampi, you booraascal!) they were	32
abooned to let it as the leashed they might do when they felt (O,	33
the wolf he's on the walk, sees his sham cram bokk!) their joke	34
was coming home to them, the steerage way for stabling, ghus-	35
torily spoeking, gen and gang, dane and dare, like the dud spuk	36

FW324

of his first foetotype (Trolldedroll, how vary and likely!), the filli-	1
bustered, the fully bellied. With the old sit in his shoulders, and	2
the new satin atlas onder his uxter, ernaling his breadth to the swelt	3
of his proud and, picking up the emberose of the lizod lights, his	4
tail toiled of spume and spawn, and the bulk of him, and hulk of	5
him as whenever it was he reddled a ruad to riddle a rede from the	6
sphinxish pairc while Ede was a guardin, ere love a side issue.	7
They hailed him cheeringly, their encient, the murrainer, and	8
wallruse, the merman, ye seal that lubbs you lassers, Thallasee or	9
Tullafilmagh, when come of uniform age.	10
— Heave, coves, emptybloddy!	11
And ere he could catch or hook or line to suit their saussyskins,	12
the lumpenpack. Underbund was overraskelled. As	13
— Sot! sod the tailors opsits from their gabbalots, change all	14
that whole set. Shut down and shet up. Our set, our set's	15
allohn.	16
And they poured em behoiled on the fire. Scaald!	17
Rowdiose wodhalooing. Theirs is one lessonless missage for	18
good and truesirs. Will any persen bereaved to be passent bring-	19
back or rumpart to the Hoved politymester. Clontarf, one love,	20

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one fear. Ellers for the greeter glossary of code, callen hom:	21
Finucane-Lee, Finucane-Law.	22
Am. Dg.	23
Welter focussed.	24
Wind from the nordth. Warmer towards muffinbell, Lull.	25
As our revelant Colunnfiller predicted in last mount's chattiry sermon, the allepected depression over Schiumdinebbia, a bygger muster of veiryng precipitation and haralded by faugh sicknells, (hear kokkenhovens ekstras!) and umwalloped in an unusuable suite of clouds, having filthered through the middelhav of the same gorgers' kennel on its wage wealthwards and incursioned a sotten retch of low pleasure, missed in some parts but with lucal drizzles, the outlook for tomarry (Streamstress Mandig) beamed brider, his ability good.	26
What hopends to they?	27
Giant crash in Aden. Birdflights confirm abbroaching nub-	28
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FW325

tials. Burial of Lifetenant-Groevener Hatchett, R.I.D. Devine's Providence.	1
Ls. De.	2
Art thou gainous sense uncompetite! Limited. Anna Lynchya Pourable! One and eleven. United We Stand, even many offered. Don't forget. I wish auspicable thievesdayte for the stork dyrby. It will be a thousand's a won paddies. And soon to bet. On drums of bliss. With hapsalap troth, hipsalewd prudity, hopesalot honnessy, hoopsaloo luck. After when from midnights unwards the fourposter harp quartetto. (Kiskiviikko, Kalastus. Torstaj, tanssia.	3
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Perjantaj, peleja. Lavantaj ja Sunnuntaj, christianismus kirjallisuus,	11
kirjallisuus christianismus.) Whilesd this pellover his finnisch.	12
— Comither, ahorace, thou mighty man of valour, elderman	13
adapive of Capel Ysnod, and tsay-fong tsei-foun a laun bricks-	14
number till I've fined you a faulter-in-law, to become your son-	15
to-be, gentlemens tealer, generalman seelord, gosse and bosse,	16
hunguest and horasa, jonjemsums both, in sailsmanship, szed the	17
head marines talebearer, then sayd the ships gospfather in the scat	18
story to the husband's capture and either you does or he musts	19
and this moment same, sayd he, so let laid pacts be being betving	20
ye, he sayd, by my main makeshift, he sayd, one fisk and one flesk,	21
as flat as, Aestmand Addmundson you, you're iron slides and so	22
hompety domp as Paddley Mac Namara here he's a hardy canooter,	23
for the two breasts of Banba are her soilers and her toilers, if thou	24
wilt serve Idyall as thou hast sayld. Brothers Boathes, brothers	25
Coathes, ye have swallen blooders' oathes. And Gophar sayd unto	26
Glideon and sayd he to the nowedding captain, the rude hunner-	27
able Humphrey, who was praying god of clothildies by the seven	28
bosses of his trunktarge he would save bucklesome when she	29
wooded belove on him, comeether, sayd he, my merrytime mare-	30
lupe, you wutan whaal, sayd he, into the shipfolds of our quad-	31
rupede island, bless madhugh, mardyck, luusk and cong! Blass	32
Neddos bray! And no more of your maimed acts after this with	33
your kowtoros and criados to every tome, thick and heavy, and	34
our onliness of his revelance to your ultitude. The illfollowable	35
staying in wait for you with the winning word put into his mouth	36

FW326

or be the hooley tabell, as Horrocks Toler hath most cares to call 1

it, I'll rehearse your comeundermends and first mardhyr you entirely. As puck as that Paddeus picked the pun and left the lollies off the foiled. A Trinity judge will crux your boom. Pat is the man for thy. Ay ay! And he pured him beheild of the ouishguss, mingling a sign of the cruisk. I popetithes thee, Ocean, sayd he, Oscarvaughther, sayd he, Erievikkingr, sayd he, <i>intra trifum triforium trifoliorum</i> , sayd he, onconditionally, forfor furst of gielgaulgalls and hero chief explunderer of the clansakiltic, sayd he, the streameress mastress to the sea aase cuddycoalman's and let this douche for you as a wholly apuzzler's and for all the puk-kaleens to the wakes of you, sayd he, out of the hellsinky of the howtheners and be damned to ye, sayd he, into our roomyo connellic relation, sayd he, from which our this pledge is given, Tera truly ternatrine if not son towards thousand like expect chrisan athems to which I osker your godhsbattaring, saelir, for as you gott kvold whereafter a gooden diggin and with gooder ensure from osion buck fared agen fairioes feuded hailsohame til Edar in that the loyd mave hercy on your sael! Anomyn and awer. Spickinusand.	2
— Nansense, you snorsted? he was haltid considerable agenst all religions ovetrow so hworefore the thokkurs pokker the big-bug miklamanded storstore exploder would he be wholesalesolde daadooped by Priest Gudfodren of the sacredhaunt suit in Diaeblen-Balkley at Domnkirk Saint Petricksburg? But ear this:	3
— And here, aaherra, my rere admirable peadar poulsen, sayd he, consistently, to the secondnamed sutor, my lately lamented sponsorship, comesend round that wine and lift your horn, sayd he, to show you're a skolar for, winter you likes or not, we brought your summer with us and, tomkin about your lief eurekason and his undishcovery of americle, be the rolling forties, he	4
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sayd, and on my sopper crappidamn, as Harris himself says, to let	32
you in on some crismion dottrin, here is the ninethest pork of a man	33
whisk swimmies in Dybblin water from Ballscodden easthmost	34
till Thyrston's Lickslip and, sayd he, (whiles the heart of Lukky	35
Swayn slaughed in his icebox for to think of all the soorts of	36

FW327

smukklers he would behave in juteyfrieze being forelooper to her)	1
praties peel to our goodsend Brandonius, <i>filius</i> of a Cara, spouse	2
to Fynlogue, he has the nicesth pert of a nittlewoman in the	3
house, la chito, la chato, la Charmadouiro, Tina-bat-Talur, cif for	4
your fob and a tesura astore for you, eslucylamp aswhen the surge	5
seas sombren, that he daughts upon of anny livving plusquebelle,	6
to child and foster, that's the lippeyear's wonder of Totty go,	7
Newschool, two titty too at win winnie won, tramity trimming and	8
funnity fare, with a grit as hard as the trent of the thimes but a	9
touch as saft as the dee in flooing and never a Hyderow Jenny the	10
like of her lightness at look and you leap, rheadoromanscing long	11
evmans invairn, about little Anny Roners and all the Lavinias of	12
ester yours and pleding for them to herself in the periglus glatsch	13
hangs over her trickle bed, it's a piz of fortune if it never falls from	14
the stuffel, and, when that mallaura's over till next time and all the	15
prim rossies are out dressparading and the tubas tout tout for the	16
glowru of their god, making every Dinny dingle after her down	17
the Dargul dale and (wait awhile, blusterbuss, you're marchadant	18
too forte and don't start furlan your ladins till you've learned the	19
lie of her landuage!), when it's summwer calding and she can hear	20
the pianutunar beyant the bayondes in Combria sleepytalking to	21
the Wiltsh muntons, titting out through her droemer window	22

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for the flyend of a touchman over the wishtas of English Strand,	23
when Kilbarrack bell pings saksalaisance that Concessas with	24
Sinbads may (pong!), where our dollimonde sees the phantom	25
shape of Mr Fortunatus Wright since winksome Miss Bulkeley	26
made loe to her wrecker and he took her to be a rover, O, and	27
playing house of ivary dower of gould and gift you soil me	28
peepat my prize, which its a blue loogoont for her in a bleakeyed	29
seusan if she can't work her mireiclles and give Norgeyborgey	30
good airish timers, while her fresh racy turf is kindly kindling up	31
the lovver with the flu, with a roaryboaryellas would set an Ei-	32
weddyng on fire, let aloon an old Humpopolamos with the boomar-	33
poorter on his brain, aiden bay scye and dye, aasbukividdy,	34
twentynine to her dozen and cocoo him didulceydovely to his	35
old cawcaws huggin and munin for his strict privatear which	36

FW328

there's no pure rube like an ool pool roober when your pullar	1
beer turns out Bruin O'Luinn and beat his barge into a battering	2
pram with her wattling way for cubblin and, be me fairy fay, sayd	3
he, the marriage mixer, to Kersse, Son of Joe Ashe, her coax-	4
fonder, wiry eyes and winky hair, timkin abeat your Andraws	5
Meltons and his lovsang of the short and shifty, I will turn my	6
thinks to things alove and I will speak but threes ones, sayd he,	7
my truest patrions good founter, poles a port and zones asunder,	8
tie up in hates and repeat at luxure, you can better your tooblu	9
prodestind arson, tyler bach, after roundsabouts and donochs and	10
the volumed smoke, though the clonk in his stumble strikes warn,	11
and were he laid out on that counter there like a Slavocrates	12
amongst his skippies, when it comes to the ride onerable, sayd he,	13

that's to make plain Nanny Ni Sheeres a full Dinamarqueza, and	14
all needed for the lay, from the hursey on the montey with the	15
room in herberge down to forkpiece and bucklecatch, (Elding,	16
my elding! and Lif, my lif!) in the pravacy of the pirmanocturne,	17
hap, sayd he, at that meet hour of night, and hop, sayd he, and the	18
fyrsty annas everso thried (whiles the breath of Huppy Hulle-	19
spond swumped in his seachest for to renumber all the mallyme-	20
dears' long roll and call of sweetheart emmas that every had a	21
port in from Coxenhagen till the brottels on the Nile), while	22
taylight is yet slipping under their pillow, (ill omens on Kitty	23
Cole if she's spilling laddy's measure!) and before Sing Mattins in	24
the Fields, ringsengd ringsengd, bings Heri the Concorant Erho,	25
and the Referinn Fuchs Gutmann gives us <i>I'll Bell the Welled</i> or	26
<i>The Steeplepoy's Revanger</i> and all Thingavalley knows for its	27
never dawn in the dark but the deed comes to life, and raptist bride	28
is aptist breed (tha lassy! tha lassy!), and, to buoy the hoop	29
within us springing, 'tis no timbertar she'll have then in her arms-	30
brace to doll the dallydandle, our fiery quean, upon the night of	31
the things of the night of the making to stand up the double	32
tet of the oversear of the seize who cometh from the mighty	33
deep and on the night of making Horuse to crihump over his	34
enemy, be the help of me cope as so pluse the riches of the roed-	35
shields, with Elizabeliza blessing the bedpain, at the willbedone	36

FW329

of Yinko Jinko Randy, come Bastabasco and hippychip eggs, she	1
will make a suomease pair and singlette, jodhpur smalls and tailor-	2
less, a copener's cribful, leaf, bud and berry, the divlin's own little	3
mimmykin puss, (hip, hip, horatia!) for my old comrhade salty-	4

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mar here, Briganteen	5
General Sir A. I. Magnus, the flapper-	6
nooser, master of the good lifebark <i>Ulivengrene</i> of Onslought,	7
and the homespund of her hearth, (Fuss his farther was the norse	8
norse east and Muss his mother was a gluepot) and, gravydock or	9
groovy anker, and a hulldread pursunk manowhood, who (with	10
a chenzen for his delight time and a bonzeye nappin through his	11
doze) he is the bettest bluffy blondblubber of an olewidgeon what	12
overspat a skettle in a skib.	13
Cawcaught. Cooaged.	14
And Dub did glow that night. In Fingal of victories. Cann-	15
matha and Cathlin sang together. And the three shouters of	16
glory. Yelling halfviewed their harps. Surly Tuhall smiled upon	17
drear Darthoola: and Roscranna's bolgaboyo begirlified the	18
daughter of Cormac. The soul of everyelsesbody rolled into its	19
olesoleself. A doublemonth's licence, lease on mirth, while hooney-	20
moon and her flame went huney-suckling. Holyryssia, what boom	21
of bells! What battle of bragues on Sandgate where met the bobby	22
mobbed his bibby mabbing through the ryce. Even Tombs left	23
doss and dunnage down in Demidoff's tomb and drew on the	24
dournailed clogs that Morty Manning left him and legged in by	25
Ghoststown Gate, like Pompei up to date, with a sprig of White-	26
boys heather on his late Luke Elcock's heirloom. And some say	27
they seen old dummydeaf with a leaf of bronze on his cloak	28
so grey, trooping his colour a pace to the reire. And as owfally	29
posh with his halfcrown jool as if he was the Granjook Meckl or	30
Paster de Grace on the Route de l'Epée. It was joobileejeu that	31
All Sorts' Jour. Freestouters and publicranks, hafts on glaives.	32
You could hear them swearing threaties on the Cymylaya	33
Mountains, man. And giving it out to the Ould Fathach and louth-	34
mouthin after the Healy Mealy with an enfysis to bring down	

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the rain of Tarar. Nevertoletta! Evertomind! The grandest	35
bethehailey seen or heard on earth's conspectrum since Scape	36

FW330

the Goat, that gafr, ate the Suenders bible. Hadn't we heaven's	1
lamps to hide us? Yet every lane had its lively spark and every	2
spark had its several spurtles and each spitfire spurtle had some	3
trick of her trade, a tease for Ned, nook's nestle for Fred and	4
a peep at me mow for Peer Pol. So that Father Matt Hughes	5
looked taytotally threbled. But Danno the Dane grimmed. Dune.	6
'Twere yeg will elsecare doatty lanv meet they dewscant hyemn	7
to cannons' roar and rifles' peal vill shantey soloweys sang! For	8
there were no more Tyrrhanees and for Laxembraghs was pass-	9
thecupper to Our Lader's. And it was dim upon the floods only	10
and there was day on all the ground.	11
Thus street spins legends while wharves woves tales but some	12
family fewd felt a nick in their name. Old Vickers sate down on	13
their airs and straightened the points of their lace. Red Rowleys	14
popped out of their lairs and asked what was wrong with the	15
race. Mick na Murrough used dripping in layers to shave	16
all the furze off his face. The Burke-Lees and Coyle-Finns	17
paid full feines for their sins when the Cap and Miss Coolie	18
were roped.	19
Rolloraped.	20
With her banbax hoist from holder, zig for zag through pool	21
and polder, cheap, cheap, cheap and Laughing Jack, all augurs	22
scorenning, see the Bolche your pictures motion and Kitzzy	23
Kleinsuessmein eloping for that holm in Finn's Hotel Fiord,	24
Nova Norening. Where they pulled down the kuddle and they	25

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made fray and if thee don't look homey, well, that Dook can eye	26
Mae.	27
He goat a berth. And she cot a manege. And wohl's gorse	28
mundom ganna wedst.	29
Knock knock. War's where! Which war? The Twwinns.	30
Knock knock. Woos without! Without what? An apple. Knock	31
knock.	32
The kilder massed, one then and uhundred, (harefoot, birdy-	33
hands, herringabone, beesknees), and they Barneydansked a	34
kathareen round to know the who and to show the howsome.	35
Why was you hiding, moder of moders? And where was hunty,	36

FW331

poppa the gun? Pointing up to skylless heaven like the spoon out	1
of sergeantmajor's tay. Which was the worst of them phaymix	2
cupplerts? He's herd of hoarding and her faiths is altared. Becom-	3
ing ungoing, their seeming sames for though that liamstone	4
deaf do his part there's a windreetop whipples the damp off the	5
mourning. But tellusit allasif wellasits end. And the lunger it	6
takes the swooner they tumble two. He knows he's just thrilling	7
and she's sure she'd squeam. The threelegged man and the tulip-	8
pied dewydress. Lludd hillmythey, we're brimming to hear! The	9
durst he did and the first she ever? Peganeen Bushe, this isn't the	10
polkar, catch as you cancan when high land fling! And you Tim	11
Tommy Melooney, I'll tittle your barents if you stick that pigpin	12
upinto meh!	13
So in the names of the balder and of the sol and of the holl-	14
chrost, ogsowearit, trisexnone, and by way of letting the aandt	15

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out of her grosskropper and leading the mokes home by their	16
gribes, whoopsabout a plabbaside of plobbicides, alamam alemon,	17
poison kerls, on this mounden of Delude, and in the high places	18
of Delude of Isreal, which is Haraharem and the diublin's owld	19
mounden over against Vikens, from your tarns, thwaites and	20
thorpes, withes, tofts and fosses, fells, haughs and shaws, lunds,	21
garths and dales, mensuring the megnominous as so will is the	22
littleyest, the myrioheartzed with toroidal coil, eira area round	23
wantanajocky, fin above wave after duckydowndivvy, trader arm	24
aslung beauty belt, the formor velican and nana karlikeevna,	25
sommerlad and cinderenda, Valtivar and Viv, how Big Bil Brine	26
Borumoter first took his gage at lil lolly lavvander waader since	27
when capriole legs covets limbs of a crane and was it the twylyd	28
or the mounth of the yare or the feint of her smell made the seo-	29
men assault of her (in imageascene all: whimwhim whimwhim).	30
To the laetification of disgeneration by neuhumourisation of our	31
kristianiasation. As the last liar in the earth begeylywayled the	32
first lady of the forest. Though Toot's pardoosled sauve l'hum-	33
mour! For the joy of the dew on the flower of the fleets on the	34
fields of the foam of the waves of the seas of the wild main from	35
Borneholm has jest come to crown.	36

FW332

Snip snap snoodly. Noo err historyend goody. Of a lil trip	1
trap and a big treeskooner for he put off the ketyl and they	2
made three (for fie!) and if hec dont love alpy then lad you	3
annoy me. For hanigen with hunigen still haunt ahunt to finnd	4
their hinnigen where Pappapparrassannuaragheallachnatull-	5

C. George Sandulescu, Editor  
***Finnegans Wake without Tears***  
**The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes**  
properly paraphrased for the general public.

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aghmonganmacmacmacwhackfalltherdebbenonthedubblandadd-	6
ydoodled and anruly person creeked a jest. Gestapose to parry	7
off cheekars or frankfurters on the odor. Fine again, Cuoholson!	8
Peace, O wiley!	9

The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes

## 8. How Buckley Shot the Russian General

Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*. 1977.

*Finnegans Wake* **337.32-355.07**

**SkeletonKey Summary**

FW337

Story to be discussed separately in a forthcoming volume.

We want Bud. We want Bud Budderly. We want Bud Budderly  
boddily. There he is in his Borriralooner. The man that shunned  
the rucks on Gereland. The man thut won the bettllle of the  
bawll. Order, order, order, order! And tough. We call on Tan-  
cred Artaxerxes Flavin to compeer with Barnabas Ulick Dunne.

32  
33  
34  
35  
36

**Glasheen Synopsis**

p. liv-lv

FW338

Order, order, order! Milster Malster in the chair. We've heard it  
sinse sung thousandtimes. How Burghley shuck the rackushant  
Germanon. For Ehren, boys, gobrawl!  
A public plouse. Citizen soldiers.  
TAFF (*a smart boy, of the peat freers, thirty two eleven, looking  
through the roof towards a relevolution of the karmalife order privioous  
to his hoisting of an emergency umberolum in byway of paraguastical  
solation to the rhyttel in his hedd*). All was flashing and krashning  
blurty moriartsky blutcherudd? What see, buttywalch? Tell ever

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BOOK II, section iii (309-382) "Scene in the Pub"  
... McCann's (q.v.) story, told to John Joyce (q.v.), of a  
hunchbacked Norwegian captain who ordered a suit  
from a Dublin tailor, J. H. Kerse of 34 Upper Sackville  
Street. The finished suit did not fit him, and the  
captain berated the tailor for being unable to sew,  
whereupon the irate tailor denounced him for being  
impossible to fit.  
Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 22

so often?

BUTT (*mottledged youth, clerigical appealance, who, as his pied friar, is supposing to motto the sorry dejester in tiffaff toffiness or to be digarced from ever and a daye in his accounts*). But da. But dada, mwilshsuni. Till even so aften. Sea vaast a pool!

TAFF (*porumpfly helping himself out by the cesspull with a yellup yurruip, puts up his furry furzed hare*). Butly bitly! Humme to our mounthings. Conscribe him tillusk, unt, in his jubalant tubalence, the groundsapper, with his soilday site out on his moulday side in. The gubernier-gerenal in laut-lievtonant of Baltiskeeamore, amaltheouse for leporty hole! Endues paramilitary langdwage. The saillils of the yellavs nocadont palignol urdlesh. Shelltoss and welltass and telltuss aghom! Sling Stranaslang, how Malorazzias spikes her, coining a speak a spake! Not the Setanik stuff that slimed soft Siranouche! The goot old gunshop monowards for manosymples. Tincurs tammit! They did oak hay doe fou Chang-il-meng when that man d'airain was big top tom saw tip side bum boss pageantfiller. Ajaculate! All lea light! Rassamble the glowrings of Bruyant the Bref when the Mollies Makehalpence took his leg for his thumb. And may he be too an intrepidation of our dreams which we foregot at wiking when the mom hath razed out limpalove and the bleakfrost chilled our ravery! Pook. Sing ching lew mang! Upgo, bobbycop! Lets hear in remember the braise of. Hold!

BUTT (*drawling forth from his blousom whereis meditabound of his minkerstary, switches on his gorsecopper's fling weitoheito langthorn, fed up the grain oils of Aerin, while his laugh neighs banck as*

FW339

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... his father's story of Buckley and the Russian General .... Buckley ... was an Irish soldier in the Crimean War who drew a bead on a Russian general, but when he observed his splendid epaulettes and decorations, he could not bring himself to shoot.... He raised his rifle again, but just then the general let down his pants to defecate. The sight of his enemy in so helpless and human a plight was too much for Buckley, who again lowered his gun. But when the general prepared to finish the operation with a piece of grassy turf, Buckley lost all respect for him and fired.

Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 411

He then narrated the story of Buckley; when he came to the piece of turf, Beckett (q.v.) remarked, "Another insult to Ireland."

Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 411, note

HCE's pub, inn (q.v.), or theatre goes by almost as many names as he does, but it is the "pint of porter place" that his sons avoid till they become strong and clever. In the pub, innkeeper and customers spend the hour before closing time, watching two plays (Shem's?) and a musical program on a TV set. This is the set given the father by his determined children (309.13-311.4), certain invaders of Ireland. I take the TV set to be a warning, a challenge, and also a Jacob-like

that flashermind's rays and his lipponease longuewedged wambles). Ullahbluh! Sehyoh narar, pokehole sann! Manhead very dirty by am anoyato. Like old Dolldy Icon when he cooked up his iggs in bicon. He gatovit and me gotafit and Oalgoak's Cheloven gut a fudden. Povar old pitschobed! Molodeztious of metchennacht belaburt that pentschmyaso! Bog carsse and dam neat, sar, gam cant! Limbers affront of him, lumbers behund. While the bucks bite his dos his hart bides the ros till the bounds of his bays bell the warning. Sobaiter sobarkar. He was enmivallupped. Chromean fastion. With all his cannoball wappents. In his raglanrock and his malakoiffed bulbsbyg and his varnashed roscians and his cardigans blousejagged and his scarlett manchokuffs and his tree-coloured camiflag and his perikopendolous gaelstorms. Here weeks hire pulchers! Obriania's beromst! From Karrs and Polikoff's, the men's confessorers. Seval shimars pleasant time payings. Mousoumeselles buckwoulds look. Tenter and likelings.

TAFF (all Perssiasterssias shookatnaratatattar at his waggon-horchers, his bulgeglarying stargapers razzledazzlingly full of eyes, full of balls, full of holes, full of buttons, full of stains, full of medals, full of blickblackblobs). Grozarktic! Toadlebens! Some garment-guy! Insects appalling, low hum clang sin! A cheap decoy! Too deep destroy! Say mangraphique, may say nay por daguerre!

BUTT (if that he hids foregodden has nate of glozery farused ameeet the florahs of the follest, his spent fish's livid smile giving allasunderly the bumfit of the doped). Come alleyou jupes of Wymmingtown that graze the calves of Man! A bear rainging in his heavenspawn consomation robes. Rent, outraged, yewleaved, grained, bal-looned, hindergored and voluant! Erminia's capecloaked hoodman! First he s s st stepes. Then he st stoo stoop. Lookt.

1 trick, a Trojan horse, Hamlet's mousetrap.  
2 The TV plays are *The Norwegian Captain* (q.v.), *How*  
3 *Buckley* (q.v.) *Shot the Russian General* (311.5-332.9; 337.32-  
4 355.7). These and the music are about the overthrow of the  
5 father by, respectively, Shem, Shaun, Issy. Shem takes his  
6 father's daughter from him; Shaun shoots him dead; Issy, a  
7 moon priestess (like Norma, q.v.), castrates him.

8  
9 Thereafter – in “real” or not-TV life – HCE's sons  
10 come knocking at the door, singing another version of “The  
11 Ballad of Persse O'Reilly” (q.v. – see also Tenducci); his  
12 daughter comes to say she's off with a young man (370.23-  
13 373.12). The sons capture HCE, mock, threaten, taunt, try  
14 him, beat him up for his sins – compare Falstaff, Socrates  
15 (q.q.v.) – (373.13-380.5).

16  
17 Alone in the pub, HCE plays Roderick O'Connor  
18 (q.v.), last native king of Ireland, who was overthrown by the  
19 Anglo-Norman invaders. He drinks up the guest's leavings,  
20 falls from his throne dead drunk. Anna Livia shelters him  
21 after his fall; as the stout ship *Nansy Hans*, she bears him by  
22 starlight over the sea to “Nattenlaender” (380.6-382.30). This  
23 is a set piece – Death and the Old Man – and it balances  
24 Death and the Old Woman (619-628). For old man, old  
25 woman, death is going out to sea (q.v.), with dawn lighting  
26 up the same church windows (382.11).

27  
28  
29 *The Norwegian Captain* is a comedy of love-intrigue,

30

TAFF (*strick struck strangling like aleal luskly Lubliner to merumber by the cycl of the cruize who strungled Attahilloupa with what empoisoned El Monte de Zuma and failing wilnaynilnay that he was pallups barn in the minkst of the Krumlin befodt he was popoused into the monkst of the vatercan, makes the holypolygon of the emt on the greaseshaper, a little farther, a little soon, a lettera-*

FW340

*cettera, oukraydoubray*). Scutterer of guld, he is retourious on every roudery! The lyewdsky so so sewn of a fitchid! With his walshbrushup. And his boney bogey braggs.

BUTT (*after his tongues in his cheeks, with pinkpoker pointing out in rutene to impassible abjects beyond the mistomist towards Lissnaluhly such as the Djublian Alps and the Hoofd Ribeiro as where he and his trulock may ever make a game*). The field of karhags and that bloasted tree. Forget not the felled! For the lomondations of Oghrem! Warful doon's bothem. Here furry glunn. Nye? Their feery pass. Tak! With guerillaman aspear aspoor to prink the pranks of primkissies. And the buddies behide in the byre. Allahblah!

TAFF (*a blackseer, he stroves to regulect all the straggles for wife in the rut of the past through the widnows in effigies keening after the blank sheets in their faminy to the relix of old decency from over draught*). Oh day of rath! Ah, murther of mines! Eh, selo moy! Uh, zulu luy! Bernesson Mac Mahahon from Osro bearing nose easger for sweeth prolettas on his swooth prow!l!

BUTT (*back to his peatrol and paump: swee Gee's wee rest: no more applehooley: dodewodedook*). Bruinoboroff, the hooney-

31 and I cannot follow the ins and out of the intrigue, much less  
32 explain the significance of the ill-fitting suit (suit as clothes –  
33 see Peter Jack Martin? suit as courtship?) The story is about a  
34 wild pagan sea-rover (all Ireland's Viking invaders) who  
35 steals the daughter of an Irish innkeeper, the Ship's Husband  
36 (q.v.), from her father and from a rival suitor, Kersse (q.v.)  
the tailor. By some female stratagem, the captain is  
reluctantly converted to landlubber, Christian, Irishman,  
1 becomes a respectable husband and father. The Ship's  
2 Husband reconciles him and Kersse. The captain is  
3 hunchbacked, called Humphrey, and the girl is Anne; they  
4 recall, therefore, the courtship of HCE and Anna Livia  
5 (compare 197, 624.27-30), and the play warns the father (the  
6 TV-viewing innkeeper, not the innkeeper in the TV play)  
7 that, as he took a daughter, so his daughter will be taken. The  
8 marriage of captain and daughter is an outburst of joy, peace,  
9 fertility for Ireland.  
10

11 *How Buckley Shot the Russian General* (a rerun of events  
12 at Waterloo) has a *fabliau* feeling, but is also filled with pity  
13 and terror for the son who shoots (say he is Brutus or Prince  
14 Hal, q.q.v.), for the father who is shot (say he is Julius Caesar  
15 or Falstaff, q.q.v.). Freud comes into it too, for Buckley, who  
16 kills for the honor of Ireland, also kills a father and the totem  
17 ancestor, the uncanny deer, bull, white whale that haunts  
18 men's dreams and is even more precious than the trigger  
19  
20

moonger, and the grizzliest manmichal in Meideveide! Whose annal livves the hoiest! For he devoused the lelias on the fined and he conforted samp, tramp and marchint out of the drumbume of a narse. Guards, serf Finnland, serve we all!

TAFF (*whatwidth the psychophannies at the front and whetwadth the psuckofumbers beholden the fair, illcertain, between his bulchrichudes and the roshashanaral, where he sees Bishop Ribboncake plus his pollex prized going forth on his visitations of mirrage or Miss Horizon, justso all our fannacies daintied her, on the curve of the camber, unsheathing a showlaced limbaloft to the great consternations*). Divulge! Hyededye, kittylys, and howdeddoh, pan! Poshbott and pulbuties. See that we soll or let dargman be luna as strait a way as your ant's folly me line while ye post is goang from Piping Pubwirth to Haunted Hillborough on his Mujiksy's Zaravence, the Riss, the Ross, the sur of all Russers, as my farst is near to hear and my sackend is meet to sedon while my whole's a peer's

21 finger.

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When *Buckley* is over, the customers say Buckley was right to shoot and the innkeeper agrees (355.8, 21), thus finding against himself – Guilty, but fellow culprits ... (363.20). And after the fellow culprits, customers, sons, have attacked him, he drinks hemlock and falls from his throne. “All men,” Anna Livia says, on another occasion, “have done something. Be the time they’ve come to the weight of old fletch.”

### FW341

aureolies. We should say you dones the polecad. Bang on the booche, gurg in the gorge, rap on the roof and your flup is unbu...

BUTT (*at the signal of his act which seems to sharpnel his innermalls menody, playing the spool of the little brown jog round the wheel of her whang goes the millner*). Buckily buckily, blodestained boyne! Bimbambombumb. His snapper was shot in the Rumjar Journal. Why the gigls he lubbed beeyed him.

TAFF (*obliges with a two stop yogacoga sumphoty on the bones for ivory girl and ebony boy*). The balacleivka! Trovatarovitch! I trumble!

BUTT (*with the sickle of a scygtthe but the humour of a hummer, O, howorodies through his cholaroguled, fumfing to a fullfrengh with*

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<i>this wallowing olfact</i> ). Mortar martar tartar wartar! May his	12
boules grow wider so his skittles gets worse! The aged monad	13
making a venture out of the murder of investment. I seen him	14
acting surgent what betwinks the scimitar star and the ashen	15
moon. By their lights shalthow throw him! Piff paff for puffpuff	16
and my pife for his cgar! The mlachy way for gambling.	17
[Up to this curkscrew bind an admirable verbivocovisual pre-	18
sentment of the worldrenowned Caerholme Event has been being	19
given by The Irish Race and World. The huddled and aliven stable-	20
crashers have shared fleetfooted enthusiasm with the paddocks	21
dare and ditches tare while the mews was combing ground. Hippo-	22
hopparray helioscope flashed winsor places as the gates might see.	23
Meusdeus! That was (with burning briar) Mr Twomass Noho-	24
holan for their common contribe satisfunction in the purports of	25
amusement telling the Verily Roverend Father Epiphanes	26
shrineshriver of Saint Dorough's (in browne bomler) how	27
(assuary as there's a bonum in your osstheology!) Backlegs	28
shirked the racing kenneldar. The saintly scholarist's roastering	29
guffalawd of nupersaturals holler at this metanoic excomologosis	30
tells of the chestnut's (once again, Wittyngtom!) absolutely	31
romptyhompty successfulness. A lot of lasses and lads without	32
damas or dads, but fresh and blued with collecting boxes. One	33
aught spare ones triflets, to be shut: it is Coppingers for the	34
children. Slippery Sam hard by them, physically present how-	35

FW342

<i>somedever morally absent, was slooching about in his knavish</i>	1
<i>diamonds asking Gmax, Knox and the Dmuggies (a pinnance for</i>	2
<i>your thoughts, turffers!) to deck the ace of duds. Tomtinker Tim,</i>	3

C. George Sandulescu, Editor  
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<i>howbeit, his unremitting retainer, (the seers are the seers of</i>	4
<i>Samael but the heers are the heers of Timoth) is in Boozer's</i>	5
<i>Gloom, soalken steady in his sulken tents. Baldawl the curse,</i>	6
<i>baledale the day! And the frocks of shick sheeples in their shum-</i>	7
<i>mering insamples! You see: a chiefsmith, semperal scandal</i>	8
<i>stinkmakers, a middinest from the Casabianca and, of course,</i>	9
<i>Mr Fry. Barass! Pardon the inquisition, causas es quostas?</i>	10
<i>It is Da Valorem's Dominical Brayars. Why coif that weird</i>	11
<i>hood? Because among nosoever circusdances is to be apprehended</i>	12
<i>the dustungwashed poltronage of the lost Gabbarnaur-Jaggar-</i>	13
<i>nath. Pamjab! Gross Jumpiter, whud was thud? Luckluckluck-</i>	14
<i>luckluckluckluck! It is the Thousand to One Guinea-Gooseberry's</i>	15
<i>Lipperfull Slipver Cup. Hold hard, ridesiddle titelittle Pitsy</i>	16
<i>Riley! Gurragrunch, gurragrunch! They are at the turn of the</i>	17
<i>fourth of the hurdles. By the hross of Xristos, Holophullopopu-</i>	18
<i>lace is a shote of excrement! Bumchub! Emancipator, the</i>	19
<i>Creman hunter (Major Hermyn C. Entwistle) with dramatic</i>	20
<i>effect reproducing the form of famous sires on the scene of the</i>	21
<i>formers triumphs, is showing the eagle's way to Mr Whyte-</i>	22
<i>hayte's three buy geldings Homo Made Ink, Bailey Beacon</i>	23
<i>and Ratatuohy while Furstin II and The Other Girl (Mrs</i>	24
<i>'Boss' Waters, Leavybrink) too early spring dabbles, are showing</i>	25
<i>a clean paioffluid to Immensipater. Sinkathinks to oppen here!</i>	26
<i>To this virgin's tuft, on this golden of evens! I never sought of</i>	27
<i>sinkathink. Our lorkmakor he is proformly annuysed He is</i>	28
<i>shinkly thinkly shaking in his schayns. Sat will be off follteedee.</i>	29
<i>This eeridreme has being effered you by Bett and Tipp. Tipp and</i>	30
<i>Bett, our swapstick quackchancers, in From Topphole to Bot-</i>	31
<i>tom of The Irish Race and World.]</i>	32

---

TAFF ( <i>awary that the first sports report of Loudnin Reginald</i> )	33
<i>has now been afterthoughtfully colliberated by a saggind spurts</i>	34
<i>flash, takes the dipperend direction and, for tasing the tiomor of</i>	35

FW343

<i>malaise after the pognency of orangultonina, orients by way of Sagit-</i>	1
<i>tarius towards Draco on the Lour). And you collier carsst on him,</i>	2
<i>the corsar, with Boyle, Burke and Campbell, I'll gogemle on</i>	3
<i>strangbones tomb. You had just been cerberating a camp camp</i>	4
<i>camp to Saint Sepulchre's march through the armeemonds re-</i>	5
<i>treath with the boys all marshalled, scattering giant's hail over the</i>	6
<i>curseway, fellowed along the rout by the stenchions of the</i>	7
<i>corpse. Tell the coldspell's terroth! If you please, commeylad!</i>	8
<i>Perfedes Albionias! Think some ingain think, as Teakortairer</i>	9
<i>sate over the Galwegian caftan forewhen Orops and Aasas were</i>	10
<i>chooldrengs and micramacrees! A forward movement, Miles na</i>	11
<i>Bogaleen, and despatch!</i>	12
BUTT ( <i>slinking his coatsleeves surdout over his squad mutton</i>	13
<i>shoulder so as to loop more life the jauntlyman as he scents the</i>	14
<i>anggreget yup behound their whole scoopchina's desperate noy's</i>	15
<i>totalage and explaining aposteriorly how awstooloo was valde-</i>	16
<i>sombre belowes hero and he was in a greak esthate phophiar an</i>	17
<i>erixtion on the soseptuple side of him made spoil apriori his popo-</i>	18
<i>porportiums). Yass, zotnyzor, I don't think I did not, pojr. Never</i>	19
<i>you brother me for I scout it, think you! Ichts nichts on nichts!</i>	20
<i>Greates Schtschuptar! Me fol the rawlawdy in the schpirrt of a</i>	21
<i>schkrepz. Of all the quirasses and all the qwehrmin in the tra-</i>	22
<i>gedoes of those antiants their grandoper, that soun of a gun-</i>	23
<i>nong, with his sabaothsopolettes, smooking his scandleoose at</i>	24

---

botthends of him! Foinn duhans! I grandthanked after his obras	25
after another time about the itch in his egondoom he was legging	26
boldylugged from some pulversporochs and lyoking for a stool-	27
eazy for to nemesisplotsch allafranka and for to salubrate himself	28
with an ultradungs heavenly mass at his base by a supreme pomp-	29
ship chorams the perished popes, the reverend and allaverred	30
cromlecks, and when I heard his lewdbrogue reciping his cheap	31
cheateary gospeds to sintry and santry and sentry and suntry I	32
thought he was only haftara having afterhis brokeforths but be	33
the homely Churopodvas I no sooner seen aghist of his frighte-	34
ousness then I was bibbering with vear a few versets off fooling for	35
fjorg for my fifth foot. Of manifest 'tis obedience and the. Flute!	36

FW344

TAFF ( <i>though the unglucksarsoon is giming for to git him, jotning</i>	1
<i>in, hoghly ligious, hapagodlap, like a soldierry sap, with a pique at</i>	2
<i>his cue and a tyr in his eye and a bond of his back and a croak in his</i>	3
<i>cry as did jolly well harm lean o'er him</i> ) Is not athug who would.	4
Weepon, weeponder, song of sorrowmon! Which goathey	5
and sheepskeer they damnty well know. Papaist! Gambanman!	6
Take the cawraidd's blow! Yia! Your partridge's last!	7
BUTT ( <i>giving his scimmianised twinge in acknuckledownedgment</i>	8
<i>of this cumulikick, strafe from the firetrench, studently drobs led, sa-</i>	9
<i>toniseels ouchyotchy, he changecors induniforms as he is lefting the</i>	10
<i>gat out of the big: his face glows green, his hair greys white, his</i>	11
<i>bleyes bcome broon to suite his cultic twalette</i> ). But when I seeing	12
him in his oneship fetch along within hail that tourrible tall	13
with his nitshnykopfgoknob and attempting like a brandylogged	14
rudeman cathargic, lugging up and laiding down his livepelts	15

so cruschinly like Mebbuck at Messar and expousing his old	16
skinful self tailtottom by manurevring in open ordure to renew-	17
murature with the cowruads in their airish pleasantry I thanked	18
he was recovering breadth from some herdsquatters beyond the	19
carcasses and I couldn't erver nerver to tell a liard story not of I	20
knew the prize if from lead or alimoney. But when I got inoccu-	21
pation of a full new of his old basemiddelism, in ackshan, pagne	22
pogne, by the veereyed lights of the stormtrooping clouds and	23
in the sheenflare of the battleaxes of the heroim and mid the	24
shieldfails awail of the bitteraccents of the sorafim and caught the	25
pfierce tsmell of his aurals, orankastank, a suphead setrapped,	26
like Peder the Greste, altipaltar, my bill it forsooks allegiance	27
(gut bull it!) and, no lie is this, I was babbeing and yetaghain	28
bubbering, bibbelboy, me marrues me shkewers me gnaas me	29
fiet, tob tob tob beat it, solongopatom. Clummensy if ever mis-	30
used, must used you's now! But, meac Coolp, Arram of Eirze-	31
rum, as I love our Deer Dirouchy, I confesses withould pride-	32
jealice when I looked upon the Saur of all the Haurousians with	33
the weight of his arge fullin upon him from the travaillings of	34
his tommuck and rueckenased the fates of a bosser there was fear	35
on me the sons of Nuad for him and it was heavy he was for me	36

FW345

then the way I immingled my Irmenial hairmaierians ammon-	1
gled his Gospolis fomiliours till achaura moucreas I adn't the	2
arts to.	3
<i>TAFF (as a marrer off act prepensing how such waldmanns from</i>	4
<i>Burnias seduced country clowns he is preposing barangaparang</i>	5
<i>after going knowing what he is doing after to see him pluggy well</i>	6
<i>moidered as a murder effect you bet your blowie knife before he</i>	7

<i>doze soze sopprused though he is) Grot Zot! You hidn't the hurts?</i>	8
Vott Fonn!	9
BUTT ( <i>hearing somrother sudly give tworthree peevish sniff snuff</i>	10
<i>snoores like govalise falseleep he waitawhishts to see might he stirs</i>	11
<i>and then goes on kuldrum like without asking for pepeace or anysing</i>	12
<i>a soul). Merzmard! I met with whom it was too late. My fate! O</i>	13
<i>hate! Fairwail! Fearwealing of the groan! And think of that</i>	14
<i>when you smugs to bagot.</i>	15
TAFF ( <i>who meanwhilome at yarn's length so as to put a nodje</i>	16
<i>in the poestcher by wile of stoccan his hand and of rooma makin</i>	17
<i>ber getting umptyums gatherumed off the skattert had been lavish-</i>	18
<i>ing lagan on lighthouse words of silent power susu glouglou biri-</i>	19
<i>biri gongos upon the repleted speechsalver's innkeeping right which</i>	20
<i>thanks giveme and naperied norms nonobstaclant there can be little</i>	21
<i>doubt have resulted in a momstchance ministring of another guid-</i>	22
<i>ness my good to see) Bompromifazzio! Shumpum for Pa-li-di</i>	23
<i>and oukosouso for the nipper dandy! Trink off this scup and be</i>	24
<i>bladdy orafferteed! To bug at?</i>	25
BUTT ( <i>he whipedoff's his chimbley phot as lips lovecurling to the</i>	26
<i>tongueopener he takecups the communion of sense at the hands of</i>	27
<i>the foregiver of trosstpassers and thereinofter centelinnates that</i>	28
<i>potifex miximhost with haruspical hospedariaty proferring into his</i>	29
<i>pauses somewhat salt bacon). Theres scares knud in this gnarld</i>	30
<i>warld a fully so svend as dilates for the improvement of our</i>	31
<i>foerses of nature by your very ample solvent of referacting upon</i>	32
<i>me like is boesen fiennnd.</i>	33
[ <i>The other foregotthened abbosed in the Mullingaria are</i>	34
<i>during this swishingsight teilweisioned. How the fictionable world</i>	35

FW346

<i>in Fruzian Creamtartery is loading off heavy furses and affubling themselves with muckinstushes. The neatschknee Novgolosh.</i>	1
<i>How the spinach ruddocks are being tatoovatted up for the second comings of antigreenst. Hebeneros for Aromal Peace. How</i>	2
<i>Alibey Ibrahim wisheths Bella Suora to a holy cryptmahs while the Arumbian Knives Riders axecutes devilances round the jehumispheure. Learn the Nunsturk. How Old Yales boys is making rebolutions for the cunning New Yirls never elding still begidding never to mate to lend never to ate selleries and never to add soulleries and never to ant sulleries and never to aid silleries with sucharow with sotchyouroff as Burkeley's Show's a ructiongetherall. Phone for Phineal toomellow aftermorn and your phumeral's a roselixion.]</i>	3
<i>TAFF (now as he has been past the buckthurnstock from Peadhar Piper of Colliguchuna whiles they all are bealting pots to dubrin din for old daddam dombstom to tomb and wamb humbs lumbs agamb glimpse agam glance agen rise up road and hive up hill and find your pollyvoulley foncey pitchin ingles in the parler). Since you are on for versingrhetorish say your piece! How Buccleuch shocked the rosing gimirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov and az ov and off like a gow! And don't live out the sad of tearfs piddyawhick! Not offgott affsang is you buthbach? Ath yet-heredayth noth endeth hay? Vaersegood! Buckle to! Sayyessik Ballygarry. The fourscore soculum are watchyomaycodding to cooll the skoopgoods blooff. Harkabuddy feign! Thingman placeyear howed wholst somwom shimwhir tinkledinkledelled. Shinfine deed in the myrtle of the bog tway fainmain stod op to slog free bond men lay lurkin on. Tuan about whattinghim! Fore sneezturmdrappen! 'Twill be a rpnice pschange arrah sir?</i>	4
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Can you come it budd?	30
BUTT ( <i>who in the cushlows of his goodsforseeking hoarth ever</i>	31
<i>fondlinger of his pimple spurk is a niallist of the ninth homestages</i>	32
<i>the babybell in his baggutstract upper going off allatwanst begad</i>	33
<i>lest he should challenge himself beygoad till angush). Horrasure</i>	34
toff! As said as would. It was Colporal Phailinx first. Hittit was	35

FW347

of another time a white horsday where the midril met the bulg	1
sbogom roughnow along about the first equinarx in the cholon-	2
der on the plain of Khorason as thou goest from the mount of	3
Bekel Steep Nemorn elve hundred and therety and to years	4
how the krow flees end in deed after a power of skimiskes	5
blodidens and godinats of them when we sight the beasts (heg-	6
heg whatlk of wraimy wetter!) moist moonful date man aver	7
held dimsdzey death with and higheye was in the Reilly Oirish	8
Krzerszzone Miliesia asundurst Sirdarthar Woolwichleagues	9
good tomkeys years somewhile in Crimealian wall samewhere	10
in Ayerland during me weeping stillstumms over the freshprosts	11
of Eastchept and the dangling garters of Marrowbone and daring	12
my wapping stiltstunts on Bostion Moss old stile and new style	13
and heave a lep onwards. And winn again blaguadargoo or	14
lues the day plays goat the banshee pealer if moskats knows	15
whoss whizz the great day and the druidful day come San	16
Patrisky and the grand day the excellent fine splendorous long	17
agreeable toastworthy cylindrical day go Sixt of the Ninth the	18
heptahundred annam dammias that Hajizfijiz ells me is and	19
will and was be till the timelag is in it that's told in the Bok of	20
Alam to columnkill all the prefacies of Erin gone brugk. But	21

---

Icantenue. And incommixtion. We was lowsome like till we'd	22
took out after the dead beats. So I begin to study and I soon	23
show them day's reasons how to give the cold shake to they	24
blighty perishers and lay one over the beats. All feller he look	25
he call all feller come longa villa finish. Toumbalo how was	26
I acclapadad! From them banjopeddlars on the raid. Gidding	27
up me anti vanillas and getting off the stissas me aunties.	28
Boxerising and coxerusing. And swiping a johnny dann	29
sweept for to exercitise myself neverwithstanding the topkats	30
and his roaming cartridges orussheyng and patronning out	31
all over Crummwiliam wall. Be the why it was me who haw	32
haw.	33
TAFF ( <i>all for letting his tinder and lighting be put to beheiss in</i>	34
<i>the feuer and while durblinly obasiant to the felicias of the skivis</i>	35
<i>Still smolking his fulourite turfkish in the rooking pressance of</i>	36

FW348

<i>laddios</i> ). Yaa hoo how how col? Whom battles joined no bottles	1
sever! Worn't you aid a comp?	2
BUTT ( <i>in his difficultous tresdobremient he feels a bitvalike a</i>	3
<i>baddlefall of staot but falls a batforlake a borrlfull of bare</i> ). And	4
me awlphul omegrims! Between me rassociations in the postlea-	5
deny past and me disconnections with aplompervious futules	6
I've a boodle full of maimeris in me buzzim and medears runs	7
sloze bleime as I now with platoonic leave recoil in (how the	8
thickens they come back to one to rust!) me misenary post for	9
all them old boyars that's now boomaringing in waulholler me	10
alma marthyrs. I dring to them bycorn spirits fuselaidng and	11

you cullies adjutant even where its contentised wody with	12
absents wehrmuth. Junglemen in aglement I give thee our	13
greatly swooren Theoccupant that Rueandredful the thrown-	14
fullvner and all our royal devouts with the arrest of the whole	15
inhibitance of Neuilands! One brief mouth. And a velligoolap-	16
now! Meould attashees the currgans (if they could get a kick at	17
this time for all that's hapenced to us!) Cedric said Gormleyson	18
and Danno O'Dunnochoo and Conno O'Cannochar it is this	19
were their names for we were all under that manner barracksers	20
on Kong Gores Wood together thurkmen three with those	21
khakireinettes our miladies in their toileries the twum plum-	22
yumnietcies Vjeras Vjenaskayas of old Djadja Uncken who	23
was a great mark for jinking and junking up the palposes of	24
womth and wamth we war and the charme of their lyse brocade.	25
For lispias harth a burm in eye but whem it bames fire norone	26
screeneth. Hulp hulp huzzars! Raise ras tryracy! Freetime's	27
free! Up Lancesters! Anathem!	28
<i>TAFF (who still senses that heavinscent houroines that enter-</i>	29
<i>trained him who they were sinuorioals from the sunny Espionia but</i>	30
<i>plied wopsy with his wallets in thatthack of the bustle Bakerloo</i>	31
<i>(11.32) passing the uninational truthbosh in smoothing irony over</i>	32
<i>the multinotcheralled infructuosities of his grinner set). The rib</i>	33
<i>the rib the quean of oldbyrdes Sinya Sonyavitches! Your</i>	34
<i>Rhoda Cockardes that are raday to embrace our ruddy inflamtry</i>	35
<i>world! In their ohosililesvienne biribarbebeway. Till they've</i>	36

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kinks in their tringers and boils on their taws. Whor dor the pene	1
lie Mer Pencho? Ist dramhead countmortal or gonorrhhal stab?	2

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Mind your pughs and keaoghs if you piggots marsh! Do the	3
nut dingbut! Be a dag! For zahur and zimmerminnes! Sing in	4
the chorias to the ethur:	5
<i>[In the heliotropical noughttime following a fade of trans-</i>	6
<i>formed Tuff and pending its viseversion a metenergic reglow</i>	7
<i>of beaming Batt the bairdboard bombardment screen if taste-</i>	8
<i>fully taut guranium satin tends to teleframe and step up to</i>	9
<i>the charge of a light barricade. Down the photoslope in syncopanc</i>	10
<i>pulses with the bitts bugtwug their teffs the missledhropes</i>	11
<i>glitteraglatteaglutt borne by their carnier walve. Spraygun</i>	12
<i>rakes and splits them from a double focus: grenadite damny-</i>	13
<i>mite alextronite nichilite: and the scanning firespot of the</i>	14
<i>sgunners traverses the rutilanced illustred sunksundered lines.</i>	15
<i>Shlossh! A gaspel truce leaks out over the caeseine coatings.</i>	16
<i>Amid a fluorescence of spectracular mephiticism there caoculates</i>	17
<i>through the inconoscope stealdily a still the figure of a fellow-</i>	18
<i>chap in the wohly ghastr Popey O'Donoshough the jesuneral</i>	19
<i>of the russuates. The idolon exhibisces the seals of his orders:</i>	20
<i>the starre of the Son of Heaven the girtel of Izodella the Calot-</i>	21
<i>tica the cross of Michelides Apaleogos the latchet of Jan of</i>	22
<i>Nepomuk the puffpuff and pompom of Powther and Pall the</i>	23
<i>great belt band and bucklings of the Martyrology of Gorman.</i>	24
<i>It is for the castomercies mudwake surveice. The victar. Pleace</i>	25
<i>to notnoys speach above your dreadths please to doughboys. Hll</i>	26
<i>smthngs gnwrng wthth sprsnwtch! He blanks his oggles because</i>	27
<i>he confesses to all his tellavicious nieces. He blocks his nosoes be-</i>	28
<i>cause that he confesses to everywheres he was always putting up his</i>	29
<i>latest faengers. He wollops his mouther with a sword of tusk in as</i>	30
<i>because that he confesses how opten he used be obening her howonton</i>	31

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<i>he used be undering her. He boundles alltgotter his manucupes</i>	32
<i>with his pedarrests in asmuch as because that he confesses before</i>	33
<i>all his handcomplishies and behind all his comfoderacies. And</i>	34
<i>(hereis cant came back saying he codant steal no lunger yessis</i>	35

FW350

<i>catz come buck beques he caudant stail awake) he touched upon</i>	1
<i>this tree of livings in the middenst of the garerden for inasmuch</i>	2
<i>as because that he confessed to it on Hillel and down Dalem and</i>	3
<i>in the places which the lepers inhabit in the place of the stones</i>	4
<i>and in pontofert jusfuggading amoret now he come to think of it</i>	5
<i>jolly well ruttengenerously olyovyover the ole blucky shop. Puger</i>	6
<i>old Pumpey O'Dungaschiff! There will be a hen collection of him</i>	7
<i>after avensung on the feld of Hanar. Dumble down looties and</i>	8
<i>gengstermen! Dtin dtin dtin dtin!]</i>	9
<i>BUTT (with a gisture expansive of Mr Lhugewhite Cadderpollard</i>	10
<i>with sunflowered beautonhole pulled up point blanck by mailbag</i>	11
<i>mundaynism at Oldbally Court though the hissindensity buck far</i>	12
<i>of his melovelance tells how when he was fast marking his first</i>	13
<i>lord for cremation the whyfe of his bothem was the very lad's thing</i>	14
<i>to elter his mehind). Prostatates pujealousties! Dovolnoisers</i>	15
<i>prayshyous! Defense in every circumstancias of deboutcheries</i>	16
<i>no the chaste daffs! I Pack pickets pioghs and kughs to be palsey-</i>	17
<i>putred! Be at the peme prease of not forgetting or mere betoken</i>	18
<i>yourself to hother prace! Correct me pleatze commando for</i>	19
<i>cossakes but I abjure of it. No more basquibezigues for this pole</i>	20
<i>aprican! With askormiles' eskermillas, I had my billyfell of</i>	21
<i>duckish delights the whole pukny time on rawmeots and juliannes</i>	22
<i>with their lambstoels in my kiddeneys and my ramsbutter in</i>	23

---

their sassenacher ribs knee her do her and trey her when	24
th'osirian cumb dumb like the whalf on the fiord and we prey-	25
ing players and pinching peacesmokes trouppers tomiatskyns	26
all for Father Petrie Spence of Parishmoslattary to go and leave	27
us and the crimsend daun to shellalite on the darkumen (scene	28
as signed Slobabogue) feeding and sleeping on the huguenottes	29
(the snuggest spalniel's where the lion's tame!) and raiding	30
revolutions over the allbegeneses (sand us and saint us and	31
sound as agun!). Yet still in all spit for spat like we chantied on	32
Sunda schoon every warson wearrier kaddies a komnate in	33
his schnapsack and unlist I am getting foegutfulls of the rugi-	34
ments of savaliged wildfire I was gamefellow willmate and send	35

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us victorias with nowells and brownings dumm sneak and	1
curry and all the fun I had in that fanagan's week. A strange	2
man wearing abarrel. And here's a gift of meggs and teggs. And	3
as I live by chipping nortons. And 'tis iron fits the farmer ay.	4
Arcdesedo! Renborumba! Then were the hellscyown days for	5
our fellows the loyal leibsters and we was the redugout raw-	6
recruitmenters praddies three and prettish too a wheeze we has	7
in our waynward islands wee engrish one long blue streak	8
jisty and pithy af durck rosolun with hand to hand as Homard	9
Kayenne was always jiggilyjugging about in his wendowed	10
courage when our woos with the wenches went wined for a song	11
tsingirillies' zygarettes while Woodbine Willie so popiular	12
with the poppyrossies our Chorney Choplain blued the air.	13
Sczlanthas! Banzaine! Bissbasses! S. Pivorandbowl. And we all	14

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tuned in to hear the topmast noviality. Up the revels drown the	15
rinks and almistips allround! Paddy Bonhamme he vives! En-	16
core! And tig for tag Togatogtug. My droomodose days Y loved	17
you abover all the strest. Blowhole brasshat and boy with his	18
boots off and the butch of our bunch and all. It was buckoo	19
bonzer beleeme. I was a bare prive without my doglegs but I	20
did not give to one humpenny dump wingh or wangh touching	21
those thusengaged slavey generales of Tanah Kornalls the	22
meelisha's deelishas pronouncing their very flank movemens	23
in sunpictorsbosk. Baghus the whatwar! I could always take good	24
cover of myself and eyedulls or earwakers preyers for rain or	25
cominations I did not care three tanker's hoots ('sham! hem!	26
or chaffit!) for any feelings from my lifeprivates on their reptro-	27
grad leanins because I have Their Honours booth my respectables	28
soeurs assistershoo off Lyndhurst Terrace the puttih Misses	29
Celana Dalems and she in vinting her angurr can belle the troth	30
on her alliance and I know His Heriness my respektoble me-	31
dams culonelle on Mellay Street Lightnints Gundhur Sawabs	32
and they would never as the aimees of servation let me down.	33
Not on your bludger life touters! No peeping pimpadoors!	34

FW352

(ye olde cottesmable!) his urssian gemenal in his scutt's rudes	1
unreformed and he went before him in that nemcon enchelonce	2
with the same old domstoole story and his upleave the fallener	3
as is greatly to be petted (whitesides do his beard!) and I seen his	4
brichashert offensive and his boortholomas vadnhammaggs vise	5
a vise them scharlot runners and how they gave love to him	6
and how he took the ward from us (odious the fly fly flirtation	7

of his him and hers! Just mairmaid maddeling it was it he was!)	8
and my oreland for a rolvever sword by the splunthers of colt	9
and bung goes the enemay the Percy rally got me messgèr (as	10
true as theirs an Almagnian Gothabobus!) to blow the grand off	11
his aceupper. Thistake it's meest! And after meath the dulwich.	12
We insurrectioned and be the procuratress of the hory synnotts	13
before he could tell pullyirragun to parrylewis I shuttm missus	14
like a wide sleever! Hump to dump! Tumbleheaver!	15
TAFF ( <i>camelsensing that sonce they have given bron a nuhlan</i>	16
<i>the volkar boastsung is heading to sea vermelhion but too wellbred</i>	17
<i>not the ignore the umzemlianness of his rifal's preceedings in an effort</i>	18
<i>towards autosotorisation effaces himself in favour of the idiology</i>	19
<i>alwise behounding his lumpy hump off homosodalism which means</i>	20
<i>that if he has lain amain to lolly his liking - cabronne! - he may pops</i>	21
<i>lilly a young one to his herth - combrune -) Oholy rasher I'm be-</i>	22
<i>liever! And Oho bullyclaver of ye bragadore-gunneral! The</i>	23
<i>grand ohold spider! It is a name to call to him Umsturdum Vonn!</i>	24
<i>Ah you were shutter reshottus and sieger besieged. Aha race of</i>	25
<i>fiercemarchands counterination oho of shorpshoopers.</i>	26
BUTT ( <i>miraculising into the Dann Deafir warcy his bigotes</i>	27
<i>bristling as jittinju triggity shittery pet he shouts his thump and</i>	28
<i>feeh fauh foul finngures up the heighohs of their ahs!)</i> Bluddy-	29
muddymuzzle! The buckbeshottered! He'll umbozzle no more	30
graves nor home no haunder lou garou for gayl geselles in	31
dead men's hills! Kaptan (backsights to his bared!) His Cum-	32
bulent Embulence the frustate fourstar Russkakruscam Dom	33
Allah O'Khorwan connundurumchuff.	34
TAFF ( <i>who asbestas can wiz the healps of gosh and his bluzzid</i>	35
<i>maikar has been sulphures to himsalves all the pungataries</i>	36

FW353

<i>of sin praktice in failing to furrow theogonies of the dommed).</i>	1
Trisseme the mangoat! And the name of the Most Marsiful	2
the Aweghost the Gragious one! In sobber sooth and in souber	3
civiles? And to the dirtiment of the curtailment of his all of man?	4
Notshoh?	5
BUTT ( <i>maomant scoffin but apoxyomenously deturbaned but</i>	6
<i>thems bleachin banes will be after making a bashman's haloday out</i>	7
<i>of the euphorious hagiohygiyecynicism of his die and be diademmed).</i>	8
Yastsar! In sabre tooth and sobre saviles! Senonnevero! That	9
he leaves nyet is my grafe. He deared me to it and he dared me	10
do it and bedattle I didaredonit as Cocksnark of Killtork can	11
tell and Ussur Ursussen of the viktaurious onrush with all the	12
rattles in his arctic! As bold and as madhouse a bull in a meadows.	13
Knout Knittrick Kinkypeard! Olefoh the sourd of foemoe	14
times! Unknun! For when meseemim and tolfoklokken rolland	15
allover ourloud's lande beheaving up that sob of tunf for to	16
claimhis for to wollpimsolff puddywhuck. Ay and untuoning	17
his culothone in an exitous erseroyal <i>Deo Jupto</i> . At that instullt	18
to Igorladns! Prronto! I gave one dobblenotch and I ups with	19
my crozzier. Mirrdo! With my how on armer and hits leg an	20
arrow cockshock rockrogn. Sparro!	21
[ <i>The abnihilisation of the etym by the grisning of the grosning</i>	22
<i>of the grinder of the grunder of the first lord of Hurtreford ex-</i>	23
<i>polodotonates through Parsuralia with an ioanmorinthorrorumble</i>	24
<i>fragoromboassity amidwiches general uttermosts confussion are</i>	25
<i>perceivable moletons skaping with mulicules which coventry</i>	26
<i>plumpkins fairlygosmotherthemselves in the Landaunelegants</i>	27
<i>of Pinkadindy. Similar scenatas are projectilised from Hullulullu</i>	28

C. George Sandulescu, Editor  
**Finnegans Wake without Tears**  
**The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes**  
properly paraphrased for the general public.

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<i>Bawlawayo empyreal Raum and mordern Atems. They were</i>	29
<i>precisely the twelves of clocks noon minutes none seconds.</i>	30
<i>At someseat of Oldanelang's Konguerrig by dawnybreak in</i>	31
<i>Aira.]</i>	32
<i>TAFF (skimperskamper his wools gatherings all over cromlin</i>	33
<i>what with the birstol boys artheynes and is it her tour and the</i>	34
<i>crackery of the fullfour fivefirearms and the crockery of their dam-</i>	35

FW354

<i>dam domdom chumbers). Wharall thubulbs uptheaires! Shatta-</i>	1
<i>movick?</i>	2
<i>BUTT (pulling alast stark daniel with alest doog at doorak while</i>	3
<i>too greater than pardon painfully the issue of his mouth diminuen-</i>	4
<i>doing vility of vilities he becomes allasvitally faint). Shurenoff!</i>	5
<i>Like Faun MacGhou!</i>	6
<i>BUTT and TAFF (desprot slave wager and foeman feudal un-</i>	7
<i>sheckled now one and the same person their fight upheld to right</i>	8
<i>for a wee while being baffled and tottered umbraged by the shadow</i>	9
<i>of Old Erssia's magisquammythical mulattomilitiaman the living</i>	10
<i>by owning over the surfers of the glebe whose sway craven minnions</i>	11
<i>had caused to revile as too foul for hell under boiling Mauses'</i>	12
<i>burning brand he falls by Goll's gillie but keenheartened by the</i>	13
<i>circuminsistence of the Parkes O'Rarelys in a hurdly gurdly Cicilian</i>	14
<i>concertone of their fonngeena barney brawl shaken everybothy's</i>	15
<i>hands while S. E. Morehampton makes leave to E. N. Sheil-</i>	16
<i>martin after Meetinghouse Lanigan has embaraced Vergemout</i>	17
<i>Hall and without falter or mormor or blathrehoot of sophsterliness</i>	18
<i>pugnate the pledge of fiannaship dook to dook with a commonturn</i>	19
<i>oudchd of fest man and best man astoutsalliesemoutioun palms it</i>	20

---

<i>off like commodity tokens against a cococancacacacano tioun).</i>	21
When old the wormd was a gadden and Anthea first unfoiled her	22
limbs wanderloot was the way the wood wagged where opter	23
and apter were samuraised twimbs. They had their muttherring	24
ivies and their murdherring idies and their mouldhering iries in	25
that muskat grove but there'll be bright plinnyflowers in Calo-	26
mella's cool bowers when the magpyre's babble towers scorching	27
and screeching from the ravenindove. If thees lobed the sex of	28
his head and mees ates the seep of his traublers he's dancing	29
figgies to the spittle side and shoving outs the soord. And he'll	30
be buying buys and go gulling gells with his flossim and jessim	31
of carm silk and honey while myandthys playing lancifer lucifug	32
and what's duff as a bettle for usses makes coy cosyn corollanes'	33
moues weeter to wee. So till butagain budly shoots thon rising	34
germinal let bodley chow the fatt of his anger and badley bide	35
the toil of his tubb.	36

FW355

<i>[The pump and pipe pingers are ideally reconstituted. The</i>	1
<i>putther and bowls are peterpacked up. All the presents are deter-</i>	2
<i>mining as regards for the future the howabouts of their past</i>	3
<i>absences which they might see on at hearing could they once smell</i>	4
<i>of tastes from touch. To ought find a values for. The must over-</i>	5
<i>listingness. When ex what is ungiven. As ad where. Stillhead.</i>	6
<i>Blunk.]</i>	7

## 9. The Ondt and the Gracehopper

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson: *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. 1944. [The red digits in braces are the extensive footnotes in the original SkeletonKey book: for advanced research you would need to go direct to the book to get these supplementary explanatory texts.]  
Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*. 1977.

*Finnegans Wake* **414.18-419.10**

**SkeletonKey Summary**

263b to 265d

FW337

feeble too. Let us here consider the casus, my dear little couis 18  
(husstenhasstencaffincoffintussemtosemdamandamnacosaghcusa 19  
-  
ghhobixhatouxpeswchbechoscashlcarcaract) of the Ondt and 20  
the Gracehoper. 21  
The Gracehoper was always jiggig ajog, hoppy on akkant 22  
of his joyicity, (he had a partner pair of findlestilts to supplant 23  
him), or, if not, he was always making ungraceful overtures to 24  
Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespatilla to play pupa-pupa and 25  
pulicy-pulicy and langtennas and pushpygyddyum and to com- 26  
mence insects with him, there mouthparts to his oreifice and his 27  
gambills to there airy processes, even if only in chaste, ameng 28  
the everlistings, behold a waspering pot. He would of curse 29  
melissciously, by his fore feelhers, flexors, contractors, depres- 30

THEY: "Give us a song!"

SHAUN: "I would rather spin you a fable, one of Aesop's

Grimm gests of Jacob and Essau. Let us consider the case –

**[12]**{Centum No 9} x – y the case of 'The Ant and The

Grasshopper': **[13]**

" 'The Gracehoper was always dancing and happy, or else  
making overtures to Floh, Luse, Bienie, and Vespatilla, inviting  
them to play with him, even if only in chaste. He would curse  
deliciously with his antennae, until she was red with shame, and  
furnish her with spider-web hose. Or he would be always making  
up funny funereels about Besterfather Zeus, the Aged One, inside



sors and extensors, lamely, harry me, marry me, bury me, bind me, till she was puce for shame and allso fourmish her in Spinner's housery at the earthsbest schoppinhour so summery as his cottage, which was cald fourmillierly Tingsomingenting, groped up. Or, if he was always striking up funny funereels with Besterfarther Zeuts, the Aged One, With all his wigearred corollas, albe-

FW415

dinous and oldbuoyant, inscythe his elytrical wormcasket and Dehlia and Peonia, his druping nymphs, bewheedling him, compound eyes on hornitosehead, and Auld Letty Plussiboots to scratch his cacumen and cackle his tramsitus, diva deborah (seven bolls of sapo, a lick of lime, two spurts of fussfor, threefurts of sulph, a shake o'shouker, doze grains of migniss and a mesfull of midcap pitchies. The whool of the whaal in the wheel of the whorl of the Boubou from Bourneum has thus come to taon!), and with tambarins and cantoridettes soturning around his eggshill rockcoach their dance McCaper in retrophoebia, beck from bulk, like fantastic disossed and jenny aprils, to the ra, the ra, the ra, the ra, langsome heels and langsome toesis, attended to by a mutter and doffer duffmatt baxingmotch and a myrmidins of pszozlers pszinging *Satyr's Caudledayed Nice* and *Hombly, Dombly Sod We Awhile* but *Ho, Time Timeagen, Wake!* For if sciencium (what's what) can mute uns nought, 'a thought, abought the Great Sommboddy within the Omniboss, perhaps an artsaccord (hoot's hoot) might sing ums tumtim abutt the Little Newbuddies that ring his panch. A high old tide for the barheated publics and the whole day as gratiis! Fudder and lighting for ally looty, any filly in a fog, for O'Cronione lags acrumbling

31 his sheath wormcasket; and Dehlia and Peonia, his nymphs,  
32 coaxing him; and Auld Lady Plussiboots to scratch his head and  
33 cackle his transitus; and all of them with tambourines and  
34 castanets dancing their *danse macabre* to the ra, the ra, the ra, the  
35 ra, attended by a Mutt and Taff boxing match and a troop of  
36 sozzlers singing "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and "Humpty  
Dumpty Sat on a Wall," but "Ho, Tim Finnegan's Wake!" [14] For  
if science can mute us nought about the Great Sommboddy,  
1 perhaps art may sing us something about Little Newbuddies that  
2 ring his paunch: for O'Cronione lies acrumbling in his sands [15]  
3 but his sunsununs still tumble on. [16]  
4 " " "Gracious me! What a sight for the gods!" vented the  
5 Ondt, who, not bein a summer fool, was thoughtfully making  
6 silly faces at himself before the isinglass of his window. "We shall  
7 not come to the party, for he is not on our social list. Nor to old  
8 Ba's burial either, the sluggard." He lifted hands and prayed:  
9 "May my reign flourish as broad as Beppy's realm, as high as  
10 Happy's heaven. May it grow and flourish."  
11 " " The Ondt was a cosmopolitan, well-built, and spacious  
12 fellow, very solemn and chairman-looking. – Now, when the  
13 silly Gracehoper had jingled through a jungle of love and debts,  
14 and jangled through a jumble of life in doubts, wasting his  
15 substance among bumblebees and ladybirds, he fell sick and  
16 knew not where to turn for food and help. What a plight! He  
17 repented his folly and was melancholy.  
18  
19  
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in his sands but his sunsunsuns still tumble on. Erething above  
ground, as his Book of Breathings bed him, so as everwhy, sham  
or shunner, zeemliangly to kick time.

Grouscious me and scarab my sahull What a bagateller it is!  
Libelulous! Inzanzarity! Pou! Pschla! Ptuh! What a zeit for the  
goths! vented the Ondt, who, not being a sommerfool, was  
thothfolly making chilly spaces at hisphex affront of the icinglass  
of his windhame, which was cold antitopically Nixnixundnix.  
We shall not come to party at that lopp's, he decided possibly,  
for he is not on our social list. Nor to Ba's berial nether, thon  
sloghard, this oldeborre's yaar ablong as there's a khul on a khat.  
Nefersenless, when he had safely looked up his ovipository, he  
loftet hails and prayed: May he me no voida water! Seekit Ha-  
tup! May no he me tile pig shed on! Suckit Hotup! As broad as  
Beppy's realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish! As high as

FW416

Heppy's hev'n shall flurrish my haine shall hurrish! Shall grow,  
shall flourish! Shall hurrish! Hummum.

The Ondt was a weltall fellow, raumybult and abelboobied,  
bynear saw altitudinous wee a schelling in kopfers. He was sair  
sair sullemn and chairmanlooking when he was not making spaces  
in his psyche, but, laus! when he wore making spaces on his ikey,  
he ware mouche mothst sec'd and muravyngly wisechairman-  
looking. Now whim the sillybilly of a Gracehoper had jingled  
through a jungle of love and debts and jangled through a jumble  
of life in doubts afterworse, wetting with the bimblebeaks, drik-  
king with nautonects, bilking with durrydunglecks and horing  
after ladybirdies (*ichnehmön diagelegenaitoikon*) he fell joust as

22 " ' He had eaten himself out of house and home; he had  
23 lived heartily. But when the winter storms came, he went out of  
24 his house and took a round stroll; and the winds were tearing  
25 everything to pieces.

26 " ' Blind as a batflea, he tossed himself in the vico, [17]  
27 wondering where would he light; and next time he meets the  
28 Ondt he will be lucky if he beholds not a world of different. –  
29 Behold His Majesty the Ondt upon his throne, smoking Havana  
30 cigars, handsomely clothed, relaxing in his sun parlour, seated  
31 before his tasty plate, as happy as a boy basking on the Libido,  
32 with Floh, Luse, Biennie, and Vespatilla. "Emmet and demmet  
33 and be jiltse crazed and be jadeses whipt!" sneezed the jealous  
34 Gracehoper, at his wit's end. "What do I see?"

35 " ' The Ondt, that perfect host, was having a wonderful  
36 time, blissful as a happy Mohammedan among houris. He was  
amusing himself chasing Floh, and tickling Luse, and tackling  
Bienie, and jucking Vespatilla. The verpatetic figure of  
Gracehoper, signifying chronic despair, was too much for the  
company. "Let him be the Weeper, with his parasites dropping  
away from him; I'll be the jolly one now! Let him be the one to  
write off his phoney stuff; I'm the one to make the melody that  
mints the money. *Ad majorem Dei gloriam* – and forpounds,  
shillings, pence! Capsizer of his own boat, now he seeks advice  
from me, the lord of loaves, whom he formerly despised. So be it!  
Let him receive now the weight of my wisdom."

sieck as a sexton and tantoo pooveroo quant a churchprince, and wheer the midges to wend hemsylph or vosch to sirsch for grub for his corapusse or to find a hospes, alick, he wist gnit! Bruko dry! fuko spint! Sultamont osa bare! And volomundo osi videvide! Nichtsnichtsunichts! Not one pickopeck of muscow-money to bag a tittlebits of beebread! Iomio! Iomio! Crick's corbicule, which a plight! O moy Bog, he contrited with melancholy. Meblizzered, him slugged! I am heartily hungry!

He had eaten all the whilepaper, swallowed the lustres, devoured forty flights of styearcases, chewed up all the mensas and secles, ronged the records, made mundballs of the ephemerids and vorasioused most glutinously with the very timeplace in the ternitary — not too dusty a cicada of neutriment for a chittinous chip so mitey. But when Chrysalmas was on the bare branches, off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the grillies in his head and the leivnits in his hair made him thought he had the Tossmania. Had he twicycled the sees of the deed and trestraversed their revermer? Was he come to hevre with his engiles or gone to hull with the poop? The June snows was flocking in thuckflues on the hegelstomes, millipeeds of it and myriopoods, and a lugly whizzling tournedos, the Boraborayelers, blohablasting tegolhuts up to tetties and ruching sleets off the coppeehouses, playing ragnowrock rignewreck, with an irritant, penetrant, siphonopterous spuk. Grausssssss! Opr! Grausssssss! Opr!

The Gracehoper who, though blind as batflea, yet knew, not a leetle beetle, his good smetterling of entymology asped nissunitimost lous nor liceens but promptly tossed himself in the vico, phtin and phtir, on top of his buzzer, tezzily wondering

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“ ‘ The thing pleased the Ondt; he laughed and he laughed; and he made such a noise the Gracehoper feared lest he misplace his throat.

“ ‘ ‘ I forgive you, Ondt,” said the Gracehoper, weeping. “Take care of the girls; I commit them to your care. I played the piper, so now I must pay. And I accept your reproof, for, like Castor and Pollux, we are complementary twins. The prize of your save is the price of my spend. Ere those flirts now gadding about you quit your Mookse-like mocking for my Gripes-like groping, a stretch of time must elapse. But take stock of my tactics, and all's well; for as I view by your far-look, so should you hale yourself to my heal. Regard my thin wines, while I see your whole bread chest. In *my* laughable universe you'd find such prodigious beforeness with so much behind. Your feats are enormous, your volumes immense; your genius is world wide, your space is sublime! But, Holy St. Martin, why can't you beat time?” ‘ ‘ [18]

And Shaun concludes with the sign of the cross: “In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holocaust, all men.”

where would his luck alight or boss of both appease and the  
next time he makes the acquaintance of the Ondt after this they  
have met themselves, these mouschical umsummables, it shall be  
motylucky if he will beheld not a world of differents. Behailed  
His Gross the Ondt, prostrandvorous upon his dhroner, in his  
Papyllonian babooshkees, smolking a spatial brunt of Hosana  
cigals, with unshrinkables farfalling from his unthinkableables,  
swarming of himself in his sunnyroom, sated before his com-  
fortumble phullupsupply of a plate o' monkynous and a confucion  
of minthe (for he was a conformed aceticist and aristotaller), as  
appi as a oneysucker or a baskerboy on the Libido, with Floh  
biting his leg thigh and Luse lugging his luff leg and Bieni bussing  
him under his bonnet and Vespatilla blowing cosy fond tutties  
up the allabroad length of the large of his smalls. As entomate  
as intimate could pinchably be. Emmet and demmet and be jiltse  
crazed and be jadeses whipt! schneezed the Gracehoper, aguepe  
with ptchjelasys and at his wittol's indts, what have eyeforsight!

The Ondt, that true and perfect host, a spiter aspinne, was  
making the greatest spass a body could with his queens lace-  
swinging for he was spizzing all over him like thingsumanything  
in formicolation, boundlessly blissfilled in an allallahbath of  
houris. He was ameising himself hugely at crabround and mary-  
pose, chasing Floh out of charity and tickling Luse, I hope too,  
and tackling Bienie, faith, as well, and jucking Vespatilla jukely  
by the chimiche. Never did Dorsan from Dunshanagan dance it  
with more devilry! The veripatetic imago of the impossible  
Gracehoper on his odderkop in the myre, after his thrice eph-  
emeral journeys, sans mantis ne shooshooe, featherweighed  
animule, actually and presumptuably sanctifying chronic's de-  
spair, was sufficiently and probably cocoo much for his chorous

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## Glasheen Synopsis

p. lviii

Similarly in III, i, the Ass puts to Shaun the Post a series of  
needling questions, designed to get Shaun to admit knowledge of  
letters, of the sexual female letter Delta (q.v.), knowledge Shaun  
gained and then denied in "Night Lessons." Shaun eats and  
grows, shows himself conceited, merciless, prudent, but no, no,  
no, he knows nothing about money or sex – no, no, no, he never  
spent it! Some day he will write a defense of himself, a "savings  
book," dedicated to Swift's Stella (q.v.), a woman killed with  
coldness. In "The Ondt and the Gracehoper" (q.v.), a companion  
piece to "The Mookse and the Gripes" (q.v.; see also Dives and  
Lazarus), Shaun is the prudent Ondt who forgoes girls in this  
world so he can have houris in heaven.

FW418

of gravitates. Let him be Artalone the Weeps with his parasites	1
peeling off him I'll be Highfee the Crackasider. Flunkey Footle	2
furloughed foul, writing off his phoney, but Conte Carme makes	3
the melody that mints the money. <i>Ad majorem l.s.d.! Divi gloriam.</i>	4
A darkener of the threshold. Haru? Orimis, capsizer of his ant-	5
boat, sekketh rede from Evil-it-is, lord of loaves in Amongded.	6
Be it! So be it! Thou-who-thou-art, the fleet-as-spindhrit,	7
impfang thee of mine wideheight. Haru!	8
The thing pleased him andt, and andt,	9
<i>He larved ond he larved on he merd such a nauses</i>	10
<i>The Gracehoper feared he would mixplace his fauces.</i>	11
<i>I forgive you, grondt Ondt, said the Gracehoper, weeping,</i>	12
<i>For their sukes of the sakes you are safe in whose keeping.</i>	13
<i>Teach Floh and Luse polkas, show Bienie where's sweet</i>	14
<i>And be sure Vespatilla fines fat ones to heat.</i>	15
<i>As I once played the piper I must now pay the count</i>	16
<i>So saida to Moyhammlet and marhaba to your Mount!</i>	17
<i>Let who likes lump above so what flies be a full 'un;</i>	18
<i>I could not feel moregruggy if this was prompollen.</i>	19
<i>I pick up your reproof, the horsegift of a friend,</i>	20
<i>For the prize of your save is the price of my spend.</i>	21
<i>Can castwhores pulladefkiss if oldpollocks forsake 'em</i>	22
<i>Or Culex feel etchy if Pulex don't wake him?</i>	23
<i>A locus to loue, a term it t'embarass,</i>	24
<i>These twain are the twins that tick Homo Vulgaris.</i>	25
<i>Has Aquileone nort winged to go syf</i>	26

C. George Sandulescu, Editor  
**Finnegans Wake without Tears**  
**The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes**  
properly paraphrased for the general public.

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<i>Since the Gwyfyn we were in his farrest drewbryf</i>	27
<i>And that Accident Man not beseeked where his story ends</i>	28
<i>Since longsephyring sighs sought heartseast for their orience?</i>	29
<i>We are Wastenot with Want, precondamned, two and true,</i>	30
<i>Till Nolans go volants and Bruneyes come blue.</i>	31
<i>Ere those gidflirts now gadding you quit your mocks for my gropes</i>	32
<i>Of my tectucs takestock, tinktact, and ail's weal;</i>	33
<i>As I view by your farlook hale yourself to my heal.</i>	34

FW419

<i>Partiprise my thinwhins whiles my blink points unbroken on</i>	1
<i>Your whole's whercabroads with Tout's trightyright token on.</i>	2
<i>My in risible universe youdly haud find</i>	3
<i>Sulch oxtrabeeforeness meat soveal behind.</i>	4
<i>Your feats end enormous, your volumes immense,</i>	5
<i>(May the Graces I hoped for sing your Ondtship song sense!),</i>	6
<i>Your genus its worldwide, your spacest sublime!</i>	7
<i>But, Holy Saltmartin, why can't you beat time?</i>	8
<i>In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holo-</i>	9
<i>caust. Allmen.</i>	10

## 10. St Patrick and the ArchDruid

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson: *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. 1944.  
Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*. 1977.

*Finnegans Wake* 609.19-614.36

**SkeletonKey Summary**

347d to 349bc

FW609

gers the thingaviking. Obning shotly. When the messenger of the risen sun, (see other oriel) shall give to every seeable a hue and to every hearable a cry and to each spectacle his spot and to each happening her houram. The while we, we are waiting, we are waiting for. Hymn.

*Muta*: Quodestnunc fumusiste volhvuns ex Domoyno?

*Juva*: It is Old Head of Kettle puffing off the top of the mornin.

*Muta*: He odda be thorly well ashamed of himself for smoking before the high host.

*Juva*: Dies is Dorminus master and commandant illy tonobass.

*Muta*: Diminussed aster! An I could peecieve amonkst the gatherings who ever they wolk in process?

*Juva*: Khubadah! It is the Chrystanthemlander with his porters of bonzos, pompommy plonkyplonk, the ghariwallahs, moveyovering the cabrattlefield of slaine.

19 A.D. 432  
20 [ All is now in readiness for the crucial moment of  
21 Part Four; the crucial moment indeed of history; the  
22 moment of the renovating impulse. This crisis is  
23 represented by the arrival in Ireland of St. Patrick (about  
24 432 A. D.) and his debate with the Archdruid before  
25 High King Lughaire | pronounced Leary |. The  
26 archdruid is called Bulkily, Balkelly, and Burkeley and  
27 speaks his piece in Chinese pidgin; Patrick speaks in  
28 Japanese pidgin and is called the Eurasian  
29 Generalissimo. We behold here a curious convergence of  
30 many themes.  
31  
32  
33  
34

*Muta:* Pongo da Banza! An I would uscertain in druidful scatterings one piece tall chap he stand one piece same place?

35

36

FW610

*Juva:* Bulkily: and he is fundementially theosophagusted over the whorse proceedings.

1

*Muta:* Petrificationibus! O horild haraflare! Who his dickhuns now rearrexes from underneath the memorialorum?

2

3

*Juva:* Beleave filmly, beleave! Fing Fing! King King!

4

*Muta:* Ulloverum? Fulgitudo ejus Rhedonum teneat!

5

6

*Juva:* Rolantlossly! Till the tipp of his ziff. And the ubideintia of the savium is our ervics fenicitas.

7

8

*Muta:* Why soly smiles the supremest with such for a leary on his rugular lips?

9

10

*Juva:* Bitchorbotchum! Eebrydime! He has help his crewn on the burkeley buy but he has holf his crown on the Eurasian Generalissimo.

11

12

13

*Muta:* Skulkasloot! The twyly velleid is thus then paridi-cynical?

14

15

*Juva:* Ut vivat volumen sic pereat pouradosus!

16

*Muta:* Haven money on stablecert?

17

*Juva:* Tempt to wom Outsider!

18

*Muta:* Suc? He quoffs. Wutt?

19

*Juva:* Sec! Wartar wartar! Wett.

20

*Muta:* Ad Piabelle et Purabelle?

21

*Juva:* At Winne, Woermann og Sengs.

22

*Muta:* So that when we shall have acquired unification we shall pass on to diversity and when we shall have passed on to diversity we shall have acquired the instinct of combat and when

23

24

25

[ The name of the archdruid suggests, in the first place, the Irish metaphysician George Berkeley (1685 - 1753). The druid's strictly idealistic philosophy, too, is strongly Berkeleyan in character, with a flavouring of Kant. Practical, hard-headed St. Patrick, on the other hand, though unable quite to follow the trend of the druid's transcendentalist argument, knows well enough how to give a popular reply. As the representative of the Rock of Peter he is the protagonist of effective action. He simply cuts the gloriously involved Gordian knot of metaphysics with a sharp, good-enough retort, and wins from the populace a triumphant cheer. With that stroke, the deep night of druidical brooding is dispelled and the way is opened for the day of progressive action. The logic of Finnegans Wake itself, which is the logic of slumber and druidic myth, is overcome by St Patrick's blow. This is the moment of transition into waking life: from here on the book slides quickly toward the opening of the eyes to day.

[ The name of the archdruid suggests, in the second place, Buckley, who shot the Russian General; and this suggestion is supported by the designation of St Patrick as the Eurasian Generalissimo. In the depths of

we shall have acquired the instinct of combat we shall pass back to the spirit of appeasement?

*Juva*: By the light of the bright reason which daysends to us from the high.

*Muta*: May I borrow that hordwanderbaffle from you, old rubberskin?

*Juva*: Here it is and I hope it's your wormingpen, Erinmonker!

Shoot.

Rhythm and Colour at Park Mooting. Peredos Last in the Grand Natural. Velivision victor. Dubs newstage oldtime turf-tussle, recalling Winny Willy Widger. Two draws. Heliotrope

FW611

leads from Harem. Three ties. Jockey the Ropper jerks Jake the Rape. Paddock and bookley chat.

And here are the details.

Tunc. Bymeby, bullocky vampas tappany bobs topside joss pidgin fella Balkelly, archdruid of islish chinchinjoss in the his heptachromatic sevenhued septicoloured roranyellgreenlindigan mantle finish he show along the his mister guest Patholic with alb belongahim the whose throat hum with of sametime all the his cassock groaner fellas of greysfriaryfamily he fast all time what time all him monkafellas with Same Patholic, quoniam, speeching, yeh not speeching noh man liberty is, he drink up words, scilicet, tomorrow till recover will not, all too many much illusiones through photoprismic velamina of hueful panepiphanal world spectacurum of Lord Joss, the of which zoantholitic furniture, from mineral through vegetal to animal, not appear to full up to-

26 sleep it was Buckley who won, but in the course of  
27 daylight history it will be the General. {19} The theme of  
28 imperialism developed in the Butt and Taff episodes  
29 (FW338 to 355) here becomes expanded and clarified.  
30 Rome, Russia, England, and Japan coalesce as  
31 representatives of successful statecraft, in opposition to  
32 the Gnostic, Individualistic, Irish, Taoist combination of  
33 the druid. The former is Shaunish, the latter Shemmish;  
34 the former is lord of the day, the latter of night.

36 [ Just as Patrick's triumph comes at the point of waking, so his opposite's, Buckley's, came in the middle-depth of night. And if we turn back, now, to the very early encounter of Mutt and Jute, we shall see in it the prelude to Buckley's conquest: Mutt, the representative of the dark world, pointed out to Jute, the blond conqueror, the marvels of his dream landscape and elicited from him an exclamation of awe.

8 [ As if to stress the continuity of Mutt and Jute,  
9 Butt and Taff, and Druid/Patrick episodes, Joyce opens  
10 the present scene with a discussion between two queer  
11 fellows Muta and Juva, who are watching from a  
12 distance the arrival of the saint and his train of pack-  
13 bearers. ]  
14  
15

gether fallen man than under but one photoreflexion of the  
several iridals gradationes of solar light, that one which that part  
of it (furnit of heupanepi world) had shown itself (part of fur of  
huepanwor) unable to absorbere, whereas for numpa one pura-  
duxed seer in seventh degree of wisdom of Entis-Onton he savvy  
inside true inwardness of reality, the Ding hvad in idself id est,  
all objects (of panepiwor) allside showed themselves in trues  
coloribus resplendent with sextuple gloria of light actually re-  
tained, untisintus, inside them (obs of epiwo). Rumnant Patholic,  
stareotypopticus, no catch all that preachybook, utpiam, to-  
morrow recover thing even is not, bymeby vampsybobsy tap-  
panasbullocks topside joss pidginfella Bilkilly-Belkelly say pat-  
fella, ontesantes, twotime hemhaltshealing, with other words  
verbigratiagradating from murmurulentous till stridulocelerious in  
a hunghorangoangoly tsinglontseng while his comprehen-  
durient, with diminishing claractinism, augumentationed himself  
in caloripeia to vision so throughsighty, you anxiooust melan-  
cholic, High Thats Hight Uberking Leary his fiery grassbelong-  
head all show colour of sorrelwood herbgreen, again, nigger-  
blonker, of the his essixcoloured holmgrewnworstedes costume  
the his fellow saffron pettikilt look same hue of boiled spinasses,

FW612

other thing, voluntary mutismuser, he not compyhandy the his  
golden twobreasttorc look justsamelike curlicabbis, moreafter, to  
pace negativisticists, verdant readyrainroof belongahim Exuber  
High Ober King Leary very dead, what he wish to say, spit of  
superexuberabundancy plenty laurel leaves, after that com-  
mander bulopent eyes of Most Highest Ardreetsar King same

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## Glasheen Synopsis

p. lxix

609.24-613.14

2. The colloquy between St Patrick and Archdruid Berkeley before King Leary (q.q.v.) is something I don't understand – by all means see *First Draft* where the passage is given in its plainest form, which seems to say that color is determined by the nature of the light in which it occurs. In the uncertain light of dusk, Shem failed in “The Mime” to guess Issy's color, heliotrope; in the uncertain light of dawn (whose colors are the reverse of sunset's) Shem-Patrick guesses right or at any rate, achieves a “practical solution.” Patrick, the stranger, wins a prize that must be Ireland. Note that Saints Kevin and Patrick find practical solution to woman-as-water and woman-as-seven-colors. Note too, both legends were formerly told in reverse. Now they are told as received (in their daylight mode?): St Kevin did not yield to tempting woman; St Patrick did overcome the Archdruid. It is possible (I don't make it out) that King Leary links with St Laurence (“Larry”) O'Toole because they both let the stranger – i.e., Patrick, the Anglo-Normans, into Ireland.

thing like thyme choppy upon parsley, alongsidethat, if please-	7
sir, nos displace tauttung, sowlofabishospastored, enamel Indian	8
gem in maledictive fingerfondler of High High Siresultan Em-	9
peror all same like one fellow olive lentil, onthelongsidethat, by	10
undesendas, kirikirikiring, violaceous warwon contusiones of	11
facebuts of Highup Big Cockywocky Sublissimime Autocrat, for	12
that with pure hueglut intensely saturated one, tinged uniformly,	13
allaroundside upinandoutdown, very like you seecut chowchow	14
of plentymuch sennacassia Hump cumps Ebblybally! Sukkot?	15
Punc. Bigseer, refracts the petty padre, whackling it out, a	16
tumble to take, tripeness to call thing and to call if say is good	17
while, you pore shiroskuro blackinwhitepaddynger, by thiswis	18
aposterioprismically apatstrophied and paralogically periparoly-	19
sed, celestial from principalest of Iro's Irismans ruinboon pot	20
before, (for beingtime monkblinkers timeblinged completamen-	21
tarily murkblankered in their neutrolysis between the possible	22
viriditude of the sager and the probable eruberuption of the	23
saint), as My tappropinquish to Me wipenmeselps gnosegates a	24
handcaughtscheaf of synthetic shammyrag to hims hers, seeming-	25
such four three two agreement cause heart to be might, saving to	26
Balenoarch (he kneeleths), to Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths	27
down) to Greatest Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths down quite-	28
somely), the sound sense sympol in a weedwayedwold of the	29
firethere the sun in his halo cast. Onmen.	30
That was thing, bygotter, the thing, bogcotton, the very thing,	31
begad! Even to uptoputty Bilkilly-Belkelly-Balkally. Who was	32
for shouting down the shatton on the lamp of Jeeshees. Sweating	33
on to stonker and throw his seven. As he shuck his thumping	34
fore features apt the hoyhop of His Ards.	35
Thud.	36

FW613

Good safe firelamp! hailed the heliots. Goldselforelump!	1
Halled they. Awed. Where thereon the skyfold high, trampa-	2
trampatramp. Adie. Per ye comdoom doominoom noonstroom.	3
Yeasome priestomes. Fullyhum toowhoom.	4
Taawhaar?	5
Sants and sogs, cabs and cobs, kings and karls, tentes and	6
taunts.	7
'Tis gone infarover. So fore now, dayleash. Pour deday. To	8
trancefixureashone. Feist of Taborneccles, scenopegia, come!	9
Shamwork, be in our scheining! And let every crisscouple be so	10
crosscomplimentary, little eggons, youlk and meelk, in a farbiger	11
pancosmos. With a hottyhammyum all round. Gudstruce!	12
Yet is no body present here which was not there before. Only	13
is order othered. Nought is nulled. <i>Fuitfiat!</i>	14

**THIS INTERLUDE should end here !**

<i>Muta</i> : Quodestnunc fumusiste volhvuns ex Domoyno?	24
<i>Juva</i> : It is Old Head of Kettle puffing off the top of the mornin.	25
<i>Muta</i> : He odde be thorly well ashamed of himself for smoking	26
before the high host.	27
<i>Juva</i> : Dies is Dorminus master and commandant illy tonob-	28
brass.	29
<i>Muta</i> : Diminussed aster! An I could peecieve amonkst the	30
gatherings who ever they wolk in process?	31
<i>Juva</i> : Khubadah! It is the Chrystanthemlander with his	32
porters of bonzos, pompommy plonkyplonk, the ghariwallahs,	33

---

moveyovering the cabattlefield of slaine.	34
<i>Muta</i> : Pongo da Banza! An I would usertain in druidful	35
scatterings one piece tall chap he stand one piece same place?	36

FW610

<i>Juva</i> : Bulkily: and he is fundementially theosophagusted over	1
the whorse proceedings.	2
<i>Muta</i> : Petrificationibus! O horild haraflare! Who his dickhuns	3
now rearrexes from underneath the memorialorum?	4
<i>Juva</i> : Beleave filmly, beleave! Fing Fing! King King!	5
<i>Muta</i> : Ulloverum? Fulgitudino ejus Rhedonum teneat!	6
<i>Juva</i> : Rolantlossly! Till the tipp of his ziff. And the ubideintia	7
of the savium is our ervics fenicitas.	8
<i>Muta</i> : Why soly smiles the supremest with such for a leary on	9
his rugular lips?	10
<i>Juva</i> : Bitchorbotchum! Eebrydime! He has help his crewn on	11
the burkeley buy but he has holf his crown on the Eurasian	12
Generalissimo.	13
<i>Muta</i> : Skulkasloot! The twyly velleid is thus then paridi-	14
cynical?	15
<i>Juva</i> : Ut vivat volumen sic pereat pouradosus!	16
<i>Muta</i> : Haven money on stablecert?	17
<i>Juva</i> : Tempt to wom Outsider!	18
<i>Muta</i> : Suc? He quoffs. Wutt?	19
<i>Juva</i> : Sec! Wartar wartar! Wett.	20
<i>Muta</i> : Ad Piabelle et Purabelle?	21
<i>Juva</i> : At Winne, Woermann og Sengs.	22
<i>Muta</i> : So that when we shall have acquired unification we	23
shall pass on to diversity and when we shall have passed on to	24

---

diversity we shall have acquired the instinct of combat and when	25
we shall have acquired the instinct of combat we shall pass back to	26
the spirit of appeasement?	27
<i>Juva</i> : By the light of the bright reason which daysends to us	28
from the high.	29
<i>Muta</i> : May I borrow that hordwanderbaffle from you, old	30
rubberskin?	31
<i>Juva</i> : Here it is and I hope it's your wormingpen, Erinmonker!	32
Shoot.	33
Rhythm and Colour at Park Mooting. Peredos Last in the	34
Grand Natural. Velivision victor. Dubs newstage oldtime turf-	35
tussle, recalling Winny Willy Widger. Two draws. Heliotrope	36

FW611

leads from Harem. Three ties. Jockey the Ropper jerks Jake the	1
Rape. Paddock and bookley chat.	2
And here are the details.	3
Tunc. Bymeby, bullocky vampas tappany bobs topside joss	4
pidgin fella Balkelly, archdruid of islish chinchinjoss in the his	5
heptachromatic sevenhued septicoloured roranyellgreenlindigan	6
mantle finish he show along the his mister guest Patholic with	7
alb belongahim the whose throat hum with of sametime all the his	8
cassock groaner fellas of greysfriaryfamily he fast all time what	9
time all him monkafellas with Same Patholic, quoniam, speeching,	10
yeh not speeching noh man liberty is, he drink up words, scilicet,	11
tomorrow till recover will not, all too many much illusiones	12
through photoprismic velamina of hueful panepiphanal world	13
spectacurum of Lord Joss, the of which zoantholitic furniture,	14
from mineral through vegetal to animal, not appear to full up to-	15

---

gether fallen man than under but one photoreflexion of the	16
several iridals gradationes of solar light, that one which that part	17
of it (furnit of heupanepi world) had shown itself (part of fur of	18
huepanwor) unable to absorbere, whereas for numpa one pura-	19
duded seer in seventh degree of wisdom of Entis-Onton he savvy	20
inside true inwardness of reality, the Ding hvad in idself id est,	21
all objects (of panepiwor) allside showed themselves in trues	22
coloribus resplendent with sextuple gloria of light actually re-	23
tained, untisintus, inside them (obs of epiwo). Rumnant Patholic,	24
stareotypopticus, no catch all that preachybook, utpiam, to-	25
morrow recover thing even is not, bymeby vampsybobsy tap-	26
panasbullocks topside joss pidginfella Bilkilly-Belkelly say pat-	27
fella, ontesantes, twotime hemhaltshealing, with other words	28
verbigratiagrading from murmurulentous till stridulocelerious in	29
a hunghoranghoangoly tsinglontseng while his comprehen-	30
durient, with diminishing claractinism, augumentationed himself	31
in caloripeia to vision so throughsighty, you anxiooust melan-	32
cholic, High Thats Hight Uberking Leary his fiery grassbelong-	33
head all show colour of sorrelwood herbgreen, again, nigger-	34
blonker, of the his essixcoloured holmgrewnworsteds costume	35
the his fellow saffron pettikilt look same hue of boiled spinasses,	36

FW612

other thing, voluntary mutismuser, he not compyhandy the his	1
golden twobreasttorc look justsamelike curlicabbis, moreafter, to	2
pace negativisticists, verdant readyrainroof belongahim Exuber	3
High Ober King Leary very dead, what he wish to say, spit of	4
superexuberabundancy plenty laurel leaves, after that com-	5

mander bulopent eyes of Most Highest Ardreetsar King same	6
thing like thyme choppy upon parsley, alongsidethat, if please-	7
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gem in maledictive fingerfondler of High High Siresultan Em-	9
peror all same like one fellow olive lentil, onthelongsidethat, by	10
undesendas, kirikirikiring, violaceous warwon contusiones of	11
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that with pure hueglut intensely saturated one, tinged uniformly,	13
allaroundside upinandoutdown, very like you seecut chowchow	14
of plentymuch sennacassia Hump cumps Ebblybally! Sukkot?	15
Punc. Bigseer, refracts the petty padre, whackling it out, a	16
tumble to take, tripeness to call thing and to call if say is good	17
while, you pore shiroskuro blackinwhitepaddynger, by thiswis	18
aposterioprismically apatstrophied and paralogically periparo-	19
lysed, celestial from principalest of Iro's Irismans ruinboon pot	20
before, (for beingtime monkblinkers timeblinged completamen-	21
tarily murkblankered in their neutrolysis between the possible	22
viriditude of the sager and the probable eruberuption of the	23
saint), as My tappropinquish to Me wipenmeselps gnosegates a	24
handcaughtscheaf of synthetic shammyrag to him hers, seeming-	25
such four three two agreement cause heart to be might, saving to	26
Balenoarch (he kneeleths), to Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths	27
down) to Greatest Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths down quite-	28
somely), the sound sense sympol in a weedwayedwold of the	29
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FW613

Good safe firelamp! hailed the heliots. Goldselforelump!	1
Halled they. Awed. Where thereon the skyfold high, trampa-	2
trampatramp. Adie. Per ye comdoom doominoom noonstroom.	3
Yeasome priestomes. Fullyhum toowhoom.	4
Taawhaar?	5
Sants and sogs, cabs and cobs, kings and karls, tentes and	6
taunts.	7
'Tis gone infarover. So fore now, dayleash. Pour deday. To	8
trancefixureashone. Feist of Taborneccles, scenopegia, come!	9
Shamwork, be in our scheining! And let every crisscouple be so	10
crosscomplimentary, little eggons, youlk and meelk, in a farbiger	11
pancosmos. With a hottyhamyum all round. Gudstruce!	12
Yet is no body present here which was not there before. Only	13
is order othered. Nought is nulled. <i>Fuitfiat!</i>	14
Lo, the laud of laurens now orielising benedictively when	15
saint and sage have said their say.	16
A spathe of calyptrous glume involucrumines the perinathean	17
Amenta: fungoalgaceous muscafilicial graminopalmular plan-	18
teon; of increasing, livivorous, feelful thinkamalinks; luxuriotia-	19
ting everywhencewithersoever among skullhullows and charnel-	20
cysts of a weedwastewoldwevild when Ralph the Retriever	21
ranges to jawrode his knuts knuckles and her theas thighs; one-	22
gugulp down of the nauseous forere brarkfarsts oboboomaround	23
and you're as paint and spickspan as a rainbow; wreathe the bowl	24
to rid the bowel; no runcure, no rank heat, sir; amess in amullium;	25
chlorid cup.	26

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Health, chalce, endnessnessessity! Arrive, likkypuggers, in	27
a poke! The folgor of the frightfools is olympically optimo-	28
minous; there is bound to be a lovleg day for mirrages in the	29
open; Murnane and Aveling are undertoken to berry that ort-	30
chert: provided that. You got to make good that breachsuit,	31
seamer. You going to haulm port houlm, toilermaster. You yet	32
must get up to kill (nonparticular). You still stand by and do as	33
hit (private). While for yous, Jasminia Aruna and all your likers,	34
affinitatively must it be by you elected if Monogynes his is or	35
hers Diander, the tubous, limbersome and nectarial. Owned or	36

FW614

grazeheifer, ethel or bonding. Mopsus or Gracchus, all your	1
horodities will incessantlament be coming back from the Annone	2
Wishwashwhose, Ormepierre Lodge, Doone of the Drumes,	3
blanches bountifully and nightsend made up, every article lather-	4
ing leaving several rinsings so as each rinse results with a dap-	5
perent rolle, cuffs for meek and chokers for sheek and a kink in	6
the pacts for namby. Forbeer, forbear! For nought that is has	7
bane. In mournenslaund. Themes have thimes and habit reburns.	8
To flame in you. Ardor vigor fordere order. Since ancient was	9
our living is in possible to be. Delivered as. Caffirs and culls and	10
onceagain overalls, the fittest surviva lives that blued, iorn and	11
storridge can make them. Whichus all claims. Clean. Whenast-	12
cleeps. Close. And the mannormillor clipperclappers. Noxt. Doze.	13
Fennsense, finnsonse, aworn! Tuck upp those wide shorts.	14
The pink of the busket for sheer give. Peeps. Stand up to hard	15
ware and step into style. If you soil may, puett, guett me prives.	16
For newmanmaun set a marge to the merge of unnotions. Inni-	17

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tion wons a game.	18
What has gone? How it ends?	19
Begin to forget it. It will remember itself from every sides, with all gestures, in each our word. Today's truth, tomorrow's trend.	20
Forget, remember!	21
Have we cherished expectations? Are we for liberty of peru- siveness? Whyafter what forewhere? A plainplanned liffeyism	22
assemblaments Eblania's conglomerate horde. By dim delty Deva.	23
Forget!	24
Our wholemole millwheeling vicociclotometer, a tetradoma- tional gazebocroticon (the "Mamma Lujah" known to every	25
schoolboy scandaller, be he Matty, Marky, Lukey or John-a- Donk), autokinatonetically preprovided with a clappercoupling	26
smeltingworks exprogressive process, (for the farmer, his son and their homely codes, known as eggburst, eggblend, eggburial and	27
hatch-as-hatch can) receives through a portal vein the dialytically	28
separated elements of precedent decomposition for the verypet- purpose of subsequent recombination so that the heroticisms,	29
catastrophes and eccentricities transmitted by the ancient legacy	30
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## 11. The Honuphrius

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson: *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*. 1944.  
Adaline Glasheen: *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*. 1977.

*Finnegans Wake* **572.21-573.35**

**SkeletonKey Summary**

331b to 332d

Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson:  
*A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake* (1944)

FW572

**H**onuphrius is a **C**oncupiscent **e**xservicemajor who makes dishonest propositions to all. He is considered to have committed, invoking *droit d'oreiller*, simple infidelities with Felicia, a virgin, and to be practising for unnatural coits with Eugenius and Jeremias, two or three philadelphians. Honophrius, Felicia, Eugenius and Jeremias are consanguineous to the lowest degree. Anita the wife of Honophrius, has been told by her tirewoman, Fortissa, that Honuphrius has blasphemously confessed under voluntary chastisement that he has instructed his slave, Mauritius, to urge Magravius, a commercial, emulous of Honuphrius, to solicit the chastity of Anita. Anita is informed by some illegitimate children of Fortissa with Mauritius (the supposition is Ware's) that Gillia, the schismatical wife of Magravius, is visited clandes-

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Honuphrius is a concupiscent ex-service-major, who makes dishonest proposals to all. He is father of Felicia, Eugenius, and Jeremias. He is considered to have committed infidelities with Felicia and to have practised unnatural coitus with Eugenius and Jeremias. He is the husband of Anita. He has instructed his slave (Mauritius) to urge an emulous friend (Magravius) to solicit Anita's chastity, while requiring her to deceive himself by rendering conjugal duty when demanded. He pretends publicly to possess his wife in thirty-nine different ways whenever he has rendered himself impotent to consummate by artifice.

Anita is the wife of Honuphrius and the mother of

tinely by Barnabas, the advocate of Honuphrius, an immoral person who has been corrupted by Jeremias. Gillia, (a cooler blend, D'Alton insists) *ex equo* with Poppea, Arancita, Clara,

**FW573**

Marinuzza, Indra and Iodina, has been tenderly debauched (in Halliday's view), by Honuphrius, and Magravius knows from spies that Anita has formerly committed double sacrilege with Michael, *vulgo* Cerularius, a perpetual curate, who wishes to seduce Eugenius. Magravius threatens to have Anita molested by Sulla, an orthodox savage (and leader of a band of twelve mercenaries, the Sullivani), who desires to procure Felicia for Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius and Macdugalius, four excavators, if she will not yield to him and also deceive Honuphrius by rendering conjugal duty when demanded. Anita who claims to have discovered incestuous temptations from Jeremias and Eugenius would yield to the lewdness of Honuphrius to appease the savagery of Sulla and the mercernariness of the twelve Sullivani, and (as Gilbert at first suggested), to save the virginity of Felicia for Magravius when converted by Michael after the death of Gillia, but she fears that, by allowing his marital rights she may cause reprehensible conduct between Eugenius and Jeremias. Michael, who has formerly debauched Anita, dispenses her from yielding to Honuphrius who pretends publicly to possess his conjunct in thirtynine several manners (*turpiter!* affirm *ex cathedris* Gerontes Cambrons) for carnal hygiene whenever he has rendered himself impotent to consummate by subdolence. Anita is disturbed but Michael comminates that he will reserve her case tomorrow for the ordinary Guglielmus

34 Jeremias, Eugenius, and Felicia. She is informed by her  
35 tirewoman (Fortissa) that Honuphrius has confessed to  
36 instructing his slave (Mauritius) to urge his friend (Magravius)  
to solicit her chastity. Anita knows that the schismatical wife of  
Magravius (Gillia) has been debauched by Honuphrius and is  
now visited by Honuphrius' advocate (Barnabas) who was  
himself corrupted by Jeremias. Anita discovers incestuous  
temptations from Jeremias and Eugenius. Anita has been  
threatened by Magravius with molestation from a certain  
orthodox savage (Sulla), if she will not yield to him and also  
render conjugal duty to Honuphrius. She would yield to  
Honuphrius to save the virginity of Felicia for Magravius, but  
fears that by allowing his marital rights she may cause  
reprehensible conduct between Jeremias and Eugenius. She is  
dispensed by her priest (Michael), under pain of anathema,  
from yielding to Honuphrius. Four Excavators (Gregorius, Leo,  
Vitellius, and Macdugalus) warn her through her tirewoman  
(Fortissa) of strong chastisements by Honuphrius, and advise  
her to submit to Honuphrius. They describe, also, as a  
warning, the depravities practised by the savage (Sulla) on the  
wife of Honuphrius' slave (Canicula).  
Sulla would procure Fortissa for the Four Excavators.  
Fortissa has had illegitimate children by Honuphrius' slave  
(Mauritius). The priest, Michael, has formerly committed  
double sacrilege with Anita and wishes to seduce Eugenius.

even if she should practise a pious fraud during affrication which, from experience, she knows (according to Wadding), to be leading to nullity. Fortissa, however, is encouraged by Gregorius, Leo, Viteilius, and Magdugalius, reunitedly, to warn Anita by describing the strong chastisements of Honuphrius and the depravities (*turpissimas!*) of Canicula, the deceased wife of Mauritius, with Sulla, the simoniac, who is abnegand and repents. Has he hegemony and shall she submit?

Translate a lax, you breed a bradaun. In the goods of Cape and Chattertone, deceased.

This, lay readers and gentlemen, is perhaps the commonest

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The case has been reviewed by the following theorists: Ware, D'Alton, Halliday, Gilbert, Wadding, and D'Oyly Owens. The question is: Has Honuphrius hegemony and shall Anita submit?

[ The second phase of the discussion (FW573 to FW576) reviews the history of the case. ]

The court rules that so long as there is a joint deposit account in the two names a mutual obligation is posited.



Onuphrius in the Wilderness  
Circle of Dosso Dossi (c. 1486-1541)



Virgin and Child between  
**St John the Baptist and St Onuphrius.**  
Neapolitan School, 16<sup>th</sup> c

## Appendix

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București 2012

## Raw Data in the quest for an Answer to the Laborious Question –

Why **Honuphrius**,  
Become **Humphrey**,  
Become **HCE**,  
Become **Barnacle Goose**...



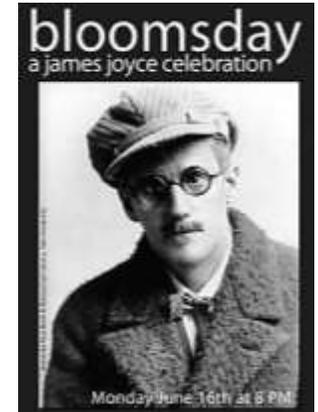
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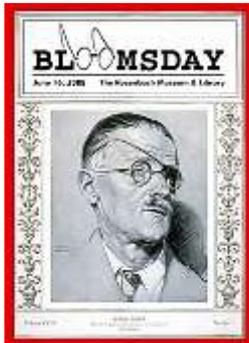
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București 2012

## Honuphrius ≡ Humphrey !



12 June — 16 June  
**"Chronology is a bendable thing!"**  
says George



## Saint Onuphrius

My *Penguin Dictionary of Saints* (1965 / 1973), compiled by Donald Attwater, does not—quite inexplicably!—mention him at all, at all! Not even under Saint Paphnutius, who is there in force, with an entry 20 lines long. So, I had to resort to the Internet, which gives him, quite naturally, pride of place, as follows:

**Humphrey**

**Onofrei**

**Onofrio**

**Onophry**

**Onouphrius**

**Onuphrius of Egypt**

**Onuphrius the Great**

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“Hermit for 70 years in the desert near Thebais, Upper Egypt. He sought to imitate the solitude and privations of Saint John the Baptist, and lived on the the fruits of a date tree and a palm-tree that grew near his cell. Popular in the Middle Ages, initially with monks and then in general, he became associated with weavers because he was depicted “dressed only in his own abundant hair, and a loin-cloth of leaves”.

Died: c.400. Buried by Saint Paphnutius who had come to him to learn if the hermit’s life was for him. **Paphnutius buried Onuphrius in a hole in the mountainside; the hole immediately disappeared.**

Representation: old hermit dressed only in long hair and a loincloth of leaves; hermit with an angel bringing him the Eucharist or bread; hermit with a crown at his feet; hermit being buried by two lions (his story was sometimes confused with Saint Jerome’s).

Additional information: *Book of Saints*, by the Monks of Ramsgate; *Our Sunday Visitor’s Encyclopedia of Saints*, by Matthew Bunson, Margaret Bunson, and Stephen Bunson.”

## Venerable Onuphrius the Great

Commemorated on **12 June**

St Paphnutius, who led an ascetical life in the Thebaid desert in Egypt, has left us an account of St Onuphrius the Great and the Lives of other fourth century hermits: Timothy the Desert Dweller, the abbas Andrew, Charalampus, Theophilus, and others.

It occurred to St Paphnutius to go to the inner desert in order to see if there were a monk who labored for the Lord more than he did. He took a little bread and water and went into the most remote part of the desert. After four days he reached a cave and found in it the body of an Elder who had been dead for several years. Having buried the hermit, St Paphnutius went on farther. After several more days he found another cave, and from the marks in the sand he realized that the cave was inhabited. At sundown he saw a herd of buffalo and walking among them a man. This man was naked, but was covered with long hair as if with clothing. This was Abba Timothy the Desert-Dweller.

Seeing a fellow man, Abba Timothy thought that he was seeing an apparition, and he began to pray. St Paphnutius finally convinced the hermit that he was actually a living man and a

fellow Christian. Abba Timothy prepared food and water for him. He related that he had been living in the desert for thirty years, and that St Paphnutius was the first man he had seen. In his youth, Timothy had lived in a cenobitic monastery, but he wanted to live alone. Abba Timothy left his monastery and went to live near a city, sustaining himself by the work of his own hands (he was a weaver). Once a woman came to him with an order and he fell into sin with her. Having come to his senses, the fallen monk went far into the desert, where he patiently endured tribulation and sickness. When he was at the point of dying from hunger, he received healing in a miraculous manner.

From that time Abba Timothy had lived peacefully in complete solitude, eating dates from the trees, and quenching his thirst with water from a spring. St Paphnutius besought the Elder that he might remain with him in the wilderness. But he was told that he would be unable to bear the demonic temptations which beset desert-dwellers. Instead, he supplied him with dates and water, and blessed him to go on his way.

Having rested at a desert monastery, St Paphnutius undertook a second journey into the innermost desert, hoping to find another holy ascetic who would profit his soul. He went on for seventeen days, until his supply of bread and water was exhausted. St Paphnutius collapsed twice from weakness, and an angel strengthened him.

On the seventeenth day St Paphnutius reached a hilly place and sat down to rest. Here he caught sight of a man approaching him, who was covered from head to foot with white hair and girded his loins with leaves of desert plants. The sight of the Elder frightened Abba Paphnutius, and he jumped up and fled up the hill. The Elder sat down at the foot of the hill. Lifting his head, he saw St Paphnutius, and called him to come down. This was the great desert-dweller, Abba Onuphrius. At the request of St Paphnutius, he told him about himself.

St Onuphrius had lived in complete isolation in the wilds of the wilderness for sixty years. In his youth he had been raised at the Eratus monastery near the city of Hermopolis. Having learned from the holy Fathers about the hardships and lofty life of the desert-dwellers, to whom the Lord sent help through His angels, St Onuphrius longed to imitate their exploits. He secretly left the monastery one night and saw a brilliant ray of light before him. St Onuphrius became frightened and decided to go back, but the voice of his Guardian Angel told him to go into the desert to serve the Lord.

After walking six or seven miles, he saw a cave. At that moment the ray of light vanished. In the cave was an old man. St Onuphrius stayed with him to learn of his manner of life and his struggle with demonic temptations. When the Elder was convinced that St Onuphrius had been enlightened somewhat, he then led him to another cave and left him there alone to struggle for the Lord. The Elder visited him once a year, until he fell asleep in the Lord.

At the request of St Paphnutius, Abba Onuphrius told him of his labours and ascetic feats, and of how the Lord had cared for him. Near the cave where he lived was a date-palm tree and a spring of pure water issued forth. Twelve different branches of the palm tree bore fruit each month in succession, and so the monk endured neither hunger nor thirst. The shade of the palm tree sheltered him from the noonday heat. An angel brought Holy Communion to the saint each Saturday and Sunday, and to the other desert-dwellers as well.

The monks conversed until evening, when Abba Paphnutius noticed a loaf of white bread lying between them, and also a vessel of water. After eating, the Elders spent the night in prayer. After the singing of the morning hymns, St Paphnutius saw that the face of the venerable Onuphrius had become transformed, and that frightened him. St Onuphrius said, "God, Who is Merciful to all, has sent you to me so that you might bury my body. Today I shall finish my

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earthly course and depart to my Christ, to live forever in eternal rest.” St Onuphrius then asked Abba Paphnutius to remember him to all the brethren, and to all Christians.

St Paphnutius wanted to remain there after the death of Abba Onuphrius. However, the holy ascetic told him that it was not God’s will for him to stay there, he was to return to his own monastery instead and tell everyone about the virtuous lives of the desert-dwellers. Having then blessed Abba Paphnutius and bid him farewell, St Onuphrius prayed with tears and sighs, and then he lay down upon the earth, uttering his final words, “Into Thy hands, my God, I commend my spirit,” and died.

St Paphnutius wept and tore off a portion of his garment, and with it covered the body of the great ascetic. He placed it in the crevice of a large rock, which was hollow like a grave, and covered it over with a multitude of small stones. Then he began to pray that the Lord would permit him to remain in that place until the end of his life. Suddenly, the cave fell in, the palm tree withered, and the spring of water dried up. Realising that he had not been given a blessing to remain, St Paphnutius set out on his return journey.

After four days Abba Paphnutius reached a cave, where he met an ascetic, who had lived in the desert for more than 60 years. Except for the two other Elders, with whom he labored, this monk had seen no one in all that time. Each week these three had gone on their solitary paths into the wilderness, and on Saturday and Sunday they gathered for psalmody, and ate the bread which an angel brought them. Since it was Saturday, they had gathered together. After eating the bread provided by the angel, they spent the whole night at prayer. As he was leaving, St Paphnutius asked the names of the Elders, but they said, “God, Who knows everything, also knows our names. Remember us, that we may see one another in God’s heavenly habitations.”

Continuing on his way, St Paphnutius came upon an oasis which impressed him with its

beauty and abundance of fruit-bearing trees. Four youths inhabiting this place came to him from out of the wilderness. The youths told Abba Paphnutius that in their childhood they had lived in the city of Oxyrhynchus (Upper Thebaid) and they had studied together. They had burned with the desire to devote their lives to God. Making their plans to go off into the desert, the young men left the city and after several days' journey, they reached this place.

A man radiant with heavenly glory met them and led them to a desert Elder. "We have lived here six years already," said the youths. "Our Elder dwelt here one year and then he died. Now we live here alone, we eat the fruit of the trees, and we have water from a spring." The youths gave him their names, they were Sts John, Andrew, Heraklemon and Theophilus (Dec. 2).

The youths struggled separately the whole week long, but on Saturday and Sunday they gathered at the oasis and offered up common prayer. On these days an angel would appear and commune them with the Holy Mysteries. This time however, for Abba Paphnutius' sake, they did not go off into the desert, but spent the whole week together at prayer. On the following Saturday and Sunday St Paphnutius together with the youths was granted to receive the Holy Mysteries from the hands of the angel and to hear these words, "Receive the Imperishable Food, unending bliss and life eternal, the Body and Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, our God."

St Paphnutius made bold to ask the angel for permission to remain in the desert to the end of his days. The angel replied that God had decreed another path for him. He was to return to Egypt and tell the Christians of the life of the desert-dwellers.

Having bid farewell to the youths, St Paphnutius reached the edge of the wilderness after a three-day journey. Here he found a small skete, and the brethren received him with love. Abba Paphnutius related everything that he had learned about the holy Fathers whom he had encountered in the desert. The brethren wrote a detailed account of what St Paphnutius said,

**C. George Sandulescu**, Editor  
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properly paraphrased for the general public.

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and deposited it in the church, where all who wished to do so could read it. St Paphnutius gave thanks to God, Who had granted him to learn about the exalted lives of the hermits of the Thebaid, and he returned to his own monastery.

<http://oca.org/FSLivesAllSaints.asp?SID=4&M=6&D=12>

The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes



St Onuphrius  
Francisco Collana (1500-1626)

Eric N. Peterson

## A Tale of Saint Onuphrius



Onuphria was a pious young woman who lived with her family in the village. Despite her youth, she was already well known for the quality of her weaving. She was also known for her tremendous beauty. Many a suitor came to Onuphria's family home, but her parents wanted for her only the best—someone with money. One day, a wealthy merchant came to ask for Onuphria's hand. Savvy, though foolish and burning with lust for her, the merchant saw at once that the prize was his for the asking. And, indeed, Onuphria's parents consented to the marriage almost immediately. The betrothal ceremony was to take place the next day. Determined not to fall into the hands of one so rough, Onuphria meditated and prayed all night. She turned the hand of God to her face and made upon it a long beard. At church the next day, no one suspected anything until Onuphria drew back her veil. The merchant was revolted and stormed out. Onuphria's parents accused her of commerce with the devil. Outraged, they ordered her away.

Guided by the Deity, Onuphria ran away into the forest and entered a cave. She removed her maiden's clothing and burned them. For twelve years, Onuphria lived simply in the cave. She ate little, prayed and meditated, and listened only to the voice of God. Her hair and beard grew very long,

disguising her female form. During this time seekers of wisdom began to speak of a wise old hermit in the woods, a saint. Word of this holy one spread.

One day, a young man came to the mouth of the cave seeking spiritual guidance. He, too, was a renunciant.

“Holy and wise old man, how shall I call you?”

“Call me Onuphrius. You may come in.”

The young man entered the cave.

“Onuphrius, though I am still quite young, I have abstained from sensuous pleasures for many years. I pray at every hour. And I have never looked upon the form of a woman. Tell me what else I may do in order that I may become as God wishes me to be?”

Onuphrius, a kindly saint, chuckled. “Had you never looked upon a woman’s form, you would not be standing here. Nevertheless, you speak a kind of truth and your heart is pure. I shall instruct you as you ask.”

Onuphrius proposed an initiatory test of the young man’s purity. He told the seeker that he would, that very night, send him a woman in his dreams to see how he would react. The young man respected the wisdom of the saint.

That night, Onuphrius drew upon his holy powers to restore his former appearance. Then, by the gentle force of his attention, he awoke the young man who slept on the floor of the cave. Awestruck and overcome by the beauty of the maiden before him, the seeker ejaculated. Onuphrius immediately sent the man to sleep again and restored his own prodigious beard. The next morning, the seeker awoke and remembered what had happened. Dismayed, he cast his soiled loincloth into the fire, bathed himself in icy waters, and determined thenceforth to wear only thorns and nettles against his private parts.

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"Shall I take myself away from you, then? I fear I am unworthy to remain in your sight."

Onuphrius laughed softly and shook his head. "So you lack the mastery you thought you had. Learning this is a good thing. Do not despair, my son. Wait and see what God has in mind. Thanks to your humility, redemption is surely at hand. Last night, God showed me a vision. I saw the hand of God come down and remove the blight from a field. This means that God will soon heal the cause of your present sorrow.

The young man, though still disturbed at heart, was comforted. Onuphrius and the young man spent the day in prayer and meditation.

That night, while the young man slept on the cave floor, Onuphrius again used his magic powers, this time changing the young man into a woman. The next morning, the young woman, still thinking she was a young man, wept in despair.

"I knew it! God has cursed me for my sin."

Onuphrius smiled kindly and said: "So, though you made a fool of yourself only yesterday, today you claim to know the mind of God? Do you not remember my vision? God has taken away what caused you sorrow. Everything has happened as I said."

The young woman remembered and was struck with awe. Onuphrius and the renunciant spent the day in prayer and mediation.

On the third day, as they sat together in the cave, Saint Onuphrius said to the young woman, I will show you a dream of renunciation.

Onuphrius caused the woman to fall asleep and to dream that she was back in the village. She married there and had a son. Years passed. One day the woman's son fell ill and died. A bearded sage was said to be passing through the town. The desperate young woman carried her son's corpse to the sage and begged him to help her.

C. George Sandulescu, Editor  
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The sage said: "Not even I can raise the dead. But it doesn't matter. Don't you remember that I told you that I would send you to sleep, and make you dream? This is your dream." The young woman remembered and stopped crying. She left the sage and gave her son a proper burial. Whereupon she awoke inside the cave.

"Now," said Onuphrius, "I have one final vision to show you". Onuphrius lifted his beard and revealed his breasts. "Do you understand?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the renunciant. And she went back into the village, found a wise and worthy husband, and raised many children.

[http://www.mytholog.com/fiction/peterson\\_onuphrius.html](http://www.mytholog.com/fiction/peterson_onuphrius.html)

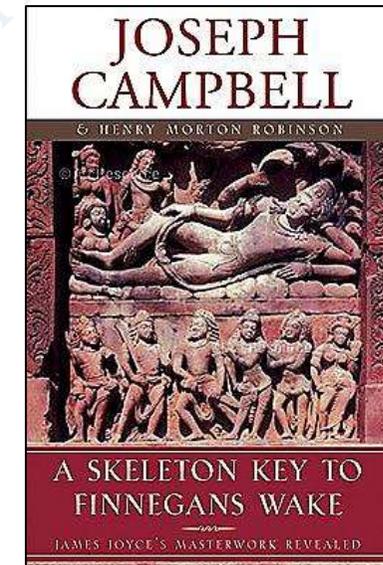
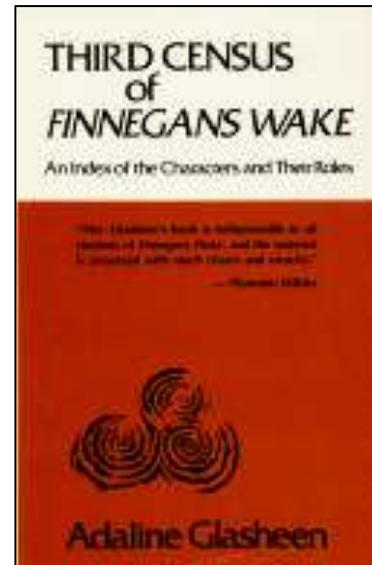


St. John the Baptist and St. Onuphrius  
Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528)

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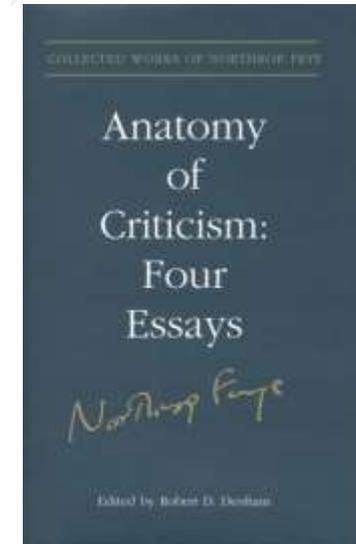
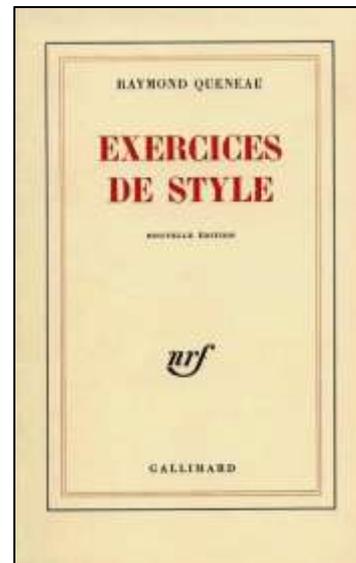
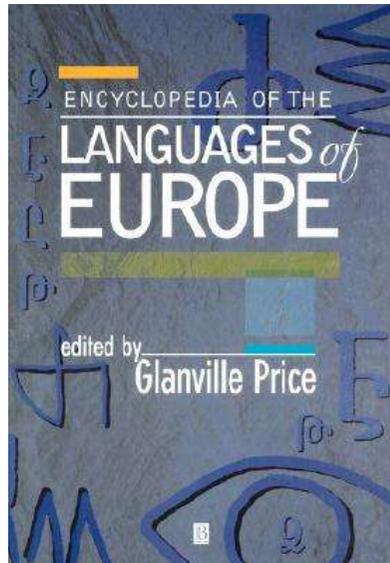
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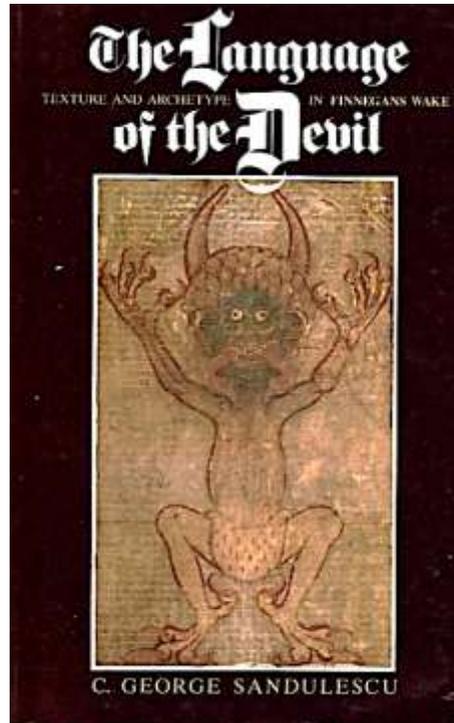
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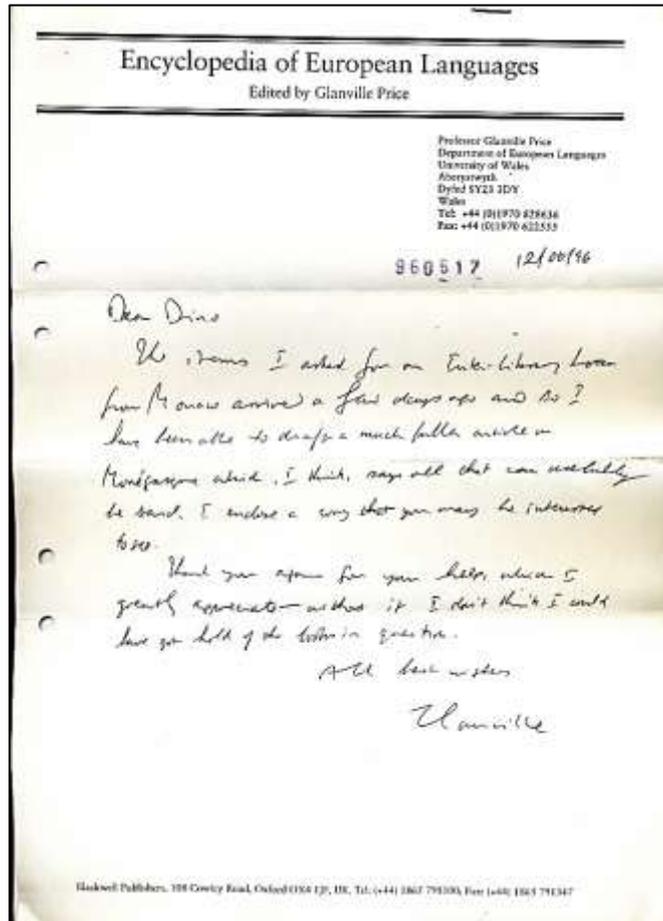
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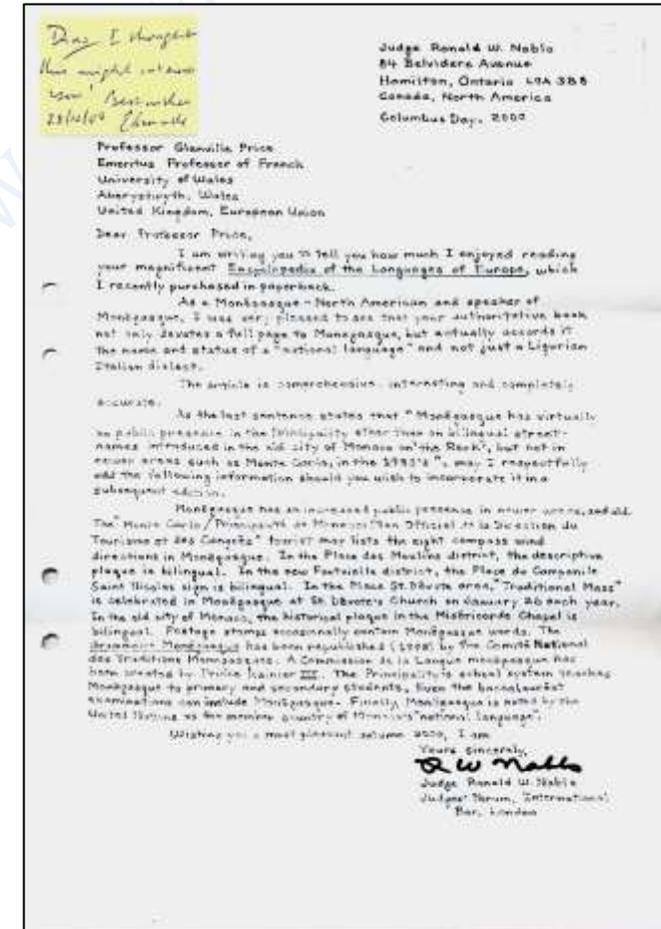
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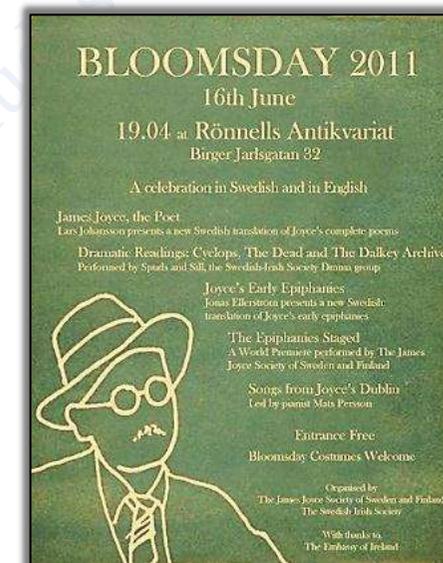
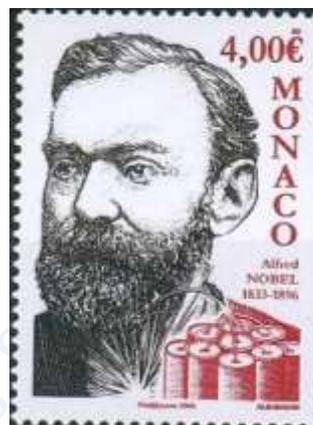
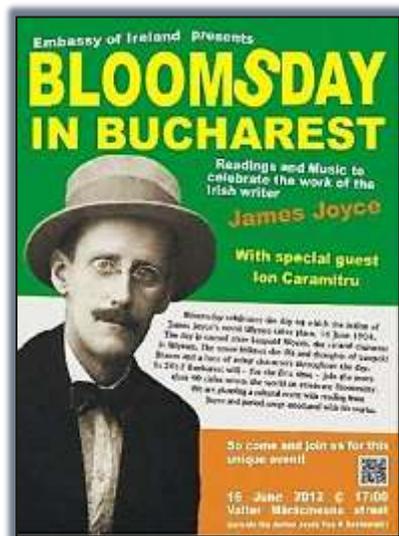


Letter concerning the “Monégasque” language, received by Professor Glanville Price, the editor of *The Encyclopedia of the Languages of Europe* and forwarded to Professor C. George Sandulescu, resident of Monaco, Director of Princess Grace Irish Library at the time.



C. George Sandulescu, Editor  
**Finnegans Wake without Tears**  
The Honuphrius & A Few Other FW Interludes  
properly paraphrased for the general public.

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