

FW 304.3-31

KEV'S ANABASIS

by
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The logic block of the previous page (303) ended with a tremendous blow Kev let fall upon his brother (**And his countinghands rose 304.1-2**). That triggered Issy's reaction, shown in Ft 1, where the girl says goodbye to the fighting boys and is ready to take her leave.

A byebye bingbang boys! See you Nutcracker Sunday!

But Kev stops her with an imperious “**Formalisa**”, Italian “*Ferma, Lisa!*” (Stop, Lisa!); which is also Spanish “*formalizar*” (to put in a final form), in fact the conclusive summing up of the brotherly fight. A conclusion underlined by

304.3: Loves deathhow simple!

Where we find the Jesuitic “LDS” (*Laus Deo Semper*: Praise to God Forever : at Belvedere, pupils put L.D.S. at ends of essays – Fweets), but also the Wagnerian love-death song (*Liebestod*) of Isolde's too, which may be also the death song of the brave defeated warrior (perhaps on the aria of Beethoven's “*For Elise*” : *for-my-Lisa*). It is the ruinous, poisonous (**bane**) conclusion of the course (Danish **slutningsbane**: end of the line, last track – Fweets).

304.4: Slutningsbane. [2]

Issy's comment of Ft 2 is in fact a sarcastic toast (*Chinchin Childaman! Chapchopchap!*) to a would-be man who is indeed a daemon child (*Childaman*) slapped hard on the buttocks (Italian “*chiappe*”, Triestine “*ciape*” [chee-ah-peh]).

In the right margin note “**WITH EBONISER IN PIX**” we have in fact the “debonair” brother, the black “*ebony*” twin (devil), stuck in “*pitch*”. With a possible reference to a very funny episode in Dante's Inferno (XXII, 139-141) in which two devils come to blows and fall together into a lake of pitch.

In our passage the logic block is circumscribed by Shaun's first and last margin notes: (1) *Service super-seding self*; (2) *The rotary pro-cessus and its reestablishment of reciprocities*. Two references to a process of recirculation (the Rotary motto of the first note [*Service Above Self*] and the explicit “rotary processus” of the last one) which puts things in their right place. The rebel (Italian “*eversore*” : subversive), the one who subverts Euclidean geometry (Jules Henri Poincaré – **Pointcarried : 304.5**), the one who carries “points” (the spikes of the devil's trident), is defeated and silenced by the rational Cartesian philosopher, who sums up his “*cogito*” with the grinding “**cogs**” of his mental mechanism that crushes to crumbs everything crossing its way. A philosopher, though, wholly unaware that “**cog it out : 304.31**” smells of Italian “*cagata*” (shit).

Shem's right margin note

EUCHRE
RISK, MERCI BUCKUP, AND
MIND WHO
YOU'RE
PUCKING,
FLEBBY.

works like the other pan of the balance. References are relatively easy to pick, but to put them together and form an organic block requires some elucidations. Let's compile an inventory:

EUCHRE : a game of cards

EUCHRE RISK : Eucharist / Italian “*Oh che rischio!*” (What a risk!)

MERCI BUCKUP : French “*Merci beaucoup.*” (Many thanks)

MERCI : Mercy

BUCK

BUCK EUCHRE, also known as Cut-throat Euchre or Dirty Clubs, is a North American Euchre variation in which everyone plays for themselves.

BUCK UP : To summon one's courage or spirits

back up: to support / to move backwards from a certain position

PUCKING : boxing / fucking

FLEBBY : flabby, Italian “*flebile*” (feeble)

Now let's try to make some coherent sense out of these distracted fragments and shore them against our ruins. The game of cards (**Euchre**) is directly linked to Descartes (*of the cards*), the rational philosopher into whom Kev transubstantiates (**reborn of the cards : 304.28**); which justifies the reference to Eucharist. That is indeed a risky game which may easily turn into clownery. In fact “euchre” derives its name from Alsatian “*Juckerspiel*” (Enc. Britannica), where “jucker” is “Jack” and also “Joker”. But Kev seems to hit Dolph with Cainian violence, he “butts” him, like a “buck”; and he is invited to show “mercy” so that he be thanked for this (*merci beaucoup*). Where in “*beau coup*” we could even detect a “good blow” and a “beau geste”. So “mercy” is invited to “*hurry up!*” (**buck up**), while Dolph summons his own spirits (**buck up**) to be able (Abel) to absorb the shocks, moving backwards (back up), or commanding his adversary to go back (*vade retro*).

But all this is indeed a clownery, because Dolph does not mind Kev's insignificant “butts” and “coups”, no matter how many (*beaucoup*). Kev is a feeble “flabby” (**flebbly**) guy; his blows cannot hurt and he should know whom he fights against (**mind who you're pucking**), an adversary who could be indeed very dangerous and who makes fun of his alleged “virility” (*flabby fucking*).

Apparently lines 304.5-9

304.5: Thanks eversore much, Pointcarried ! I can't
304.6: say if it's the weight you strike me to the

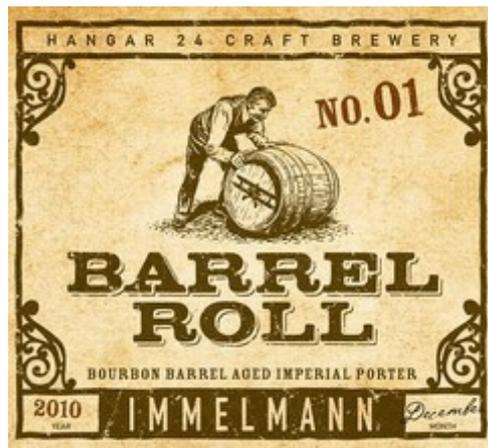
304.7: quick or that red mass I was looking at but at
304.8: the present momentum, potential as I am, I'm
304.9: seeing rayingbogeys rings round me.

seem spoken by Dolph, who, struck hard “**to the quick**” sees stars (**rayingbogeys rings**) thanks to his “**sore-ing**” brother, the one who “*carries the point*” (**Pointcarried**), a possible image of St. George with his spear (point).



But I am inclined to assign these lines to Kev, thanking sarcastically his subversive (**eversore**) brother, who, with his pungent remarks (**the weight you strike me to the quick**) and his perturbing vision of the pussy (**that red mass I was looking at**) has in fact given him the chance to manifest (**exhibitiveness**) his intellectual superiority, so that he feels like a powerful (**potent-ial**) “star” surrounded by a “crown” of rainbow girls, dancing (*heliotroping*) around him (**rayingbogeys rings round me**).

And he is so magnanimous as to grant Dolph the honours of war (**Honours to you : 304.9-10**); and so generous as to plan for him a magnificent funeral (**funfer all: 304.12**), a ghostly (**bugaboo**) parade with splendid music (*fanfare*) which will last all the day long (**a rolypoly as long as from here to tomorrow : 304.14-15**), if only Dolph would just admit his defeat, stay quiet and limit himself to sit and drink (**be the ballasted bottle : 304.13**) “porter” (**porker barrel**), granted him as “pork barrel” (*money set aside - as by a legislature - for a specific purpose*).

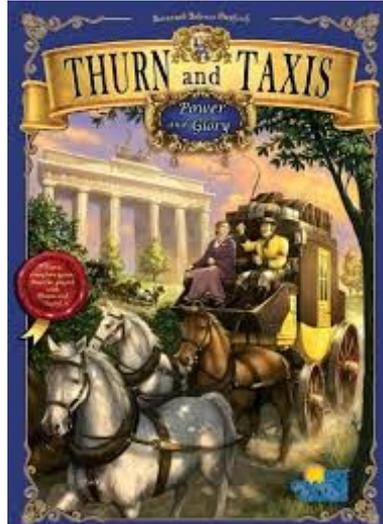


But we are entitled to smell in the “porker barrel” the spiked barrel into which the Roman consul *Marcus Atilius Regulus* had been encased and then rolled down a hill (**You will deserve a rolypoly : 304.14**).



And that would be the end of the story, with no more recourse to means for digging up the past again (**driftbombs and bottom trailers : 304.16**). Had he more money in his bag he would be even more grand towards Dolph, offering him a ride in a more comfortable (taxi), although poisonous (**toxis**), vehicle.

304.17: If my maily was bag enough I'd send you a toxis.



A possible reference to *Thurn & Taxis Mailing Company*, with the “*thurning*” barrel that causes his “poisonous” (**toxis**), speedy (**taxi**) end. And a bag of venomous (**toxis**) mails talking bad of him.

And then comes a typical Joycean morphing. The image of “rolling” becomes that of “turning around”, namely : “troping” and then of “heliotroping”, suggested by “**Saxon Chromaticus**”; who is not only the Danish historian *Saxo Grammaticus*, author of “*Gesta Danorum*”; but, being a “coloured (**chromaticus**) stone (Latin *saxum*)” alludes in fact to “heliotrope” or bloodstone:



a variety of deep-green chalcedony flecked with red jasper, also called heliotrope. And we do not forget that “*heliotrope*” is the solution of the riddle Glugg/Shem was supposed to solve in II.1: the colour of Issy's underwears, who, by this means, is now introduced in the scene under the name of “**Nubilina**”.

304.19: Didn't he now, Nubilina? Tiny Mite,
304.20: she studiert whas? With her listeningin coif-
304.21: fure, her dream of Endsland's daylast and the
304.22: glorifires of being presainted maid to majesty. [3]

“*Nubile*” is Italian “unmarried woman”, “*ina*” is a suffix (diminutive) that expresses also endearment; and “*nube*” is “cloud”. Thus we have an unmarried little cloud, our well known *Nuvoletta*. **Nubilina** has possible, but probably too vague, allusions to the famous Italian aeronautical engineer and Arctic explorer Umberto Nobile, who, piloting the airship *Norge* (phallic symbol) was the first one to reach the North pole.



But “*nubile*” morphs into “*nobile*” (noble) which morphs into “*Nobel*”, the inventor of “dynamite”, which morphs into our **Tiny Mite**; where we find a tiny insect (**mite**), both explosive (dynamite) and mild, meek (Italian “*mite*”). But since “**mite**” precedes a German “**she studiert whas?**” we are entitled to pick up a German “*Mitte*” (middle, centre): thus a “tiny middle” or a “cute little pussy”.

Keve addresses her not directly, but using the third person pronoun, in a sort of patronizing attitude. She seems to be a diligent school-girl (the German “**studiert**” hinting at a rigid Teutonic zeal); but also a patriot who listens secretly (wearing headphones : Italian “*cuffie*” - **coiffure**) to the radio, waiting for the end (**daylast**) of English rule and foreseeing (**presainted** : Italian “*presentire*” : to forefeel) her (Eire's) political triumph (**maid to majesty**). And being a “**Tiny Mite**” she probably can play the terrorist as well; all this behind the apparent image of a girl with a “*glistening hairdo*” (**listeningin coif-fure**), dreaming about the end of her staying in

a land at the end of the world (**Endsland's daylast**) and to be presented as a virgin, immaculate (**pre-sainted**) maid to a kingly husband (**presainted maid to majesty**).

Issy's Ft 3 (***Wipe your glosses with what you know***) may be read from different perspectives. The most obvious meaning seems to be an invitation to the majesty (King Mark / Shaun) to wipe his glasses (**glosses**) in order to have a better look on her and stick to what he has been told (**what you know**) about her innocence, leaving alone further investigations. Possible judgments (**glosses**) would be considered “shit” and his “knowledge” would be good only for wiping his ass (gloss - glass).

Thus a very aggressive attitude of feminine independence. And indeed, in her studies, she seems a real “*schemer*”. But the fact that she be not so innocent as it might seem is not a blemish in her.

304.23: And less is the pity for she isn't the lollypops
304.24: she easily might be

She is not the “**lollypop**”, the naïve, candid girl raised up according to the well behaved Victorian rules of **Virginia** (who is the chaste Roman Virginia, the Virgin Queen Elizabeth and a possible Virginia Woolf with her “**air of achievement : 304.25**”; although the “**air of Virginia**” might allude to Mercadante's melodrama). She is in fact a very determined young lady who, in **Ft 4** (***If I'd more in the cups that peeves thee you could cracksmith your rows tureens***) is able to express her spirit of independence, smashing precious dishes (*Delft pottery*) to pieces, ready to fight to the last “cup” (***If I'd more in the cups that peeves thee***), regardless of the other's more consistent “***rows of tureens***” hurled at her (***cracksmith***).

But what Kev appreciates more is the fact that, not being a silly goose (an innocent girl who does not know the world's dangers) she can keep Dolph (**delph** : Greek “*adelphos*” : brother) at distance. (There is indeed an ironic touch, since Dolph reminds the Delphic Apollo, whereas he is in fact a Dionysian character).

Then Kev turns again to his brother, whom he sarcastically thanks since he gave him the opportunity of making a public show of his Cartesian mind. He has become a new René (**reborn**)

Descartes (**of the cards**). (This is how *G.B. Vico* used to name him: *Renato Delle Carte*).



But “the cards” may hint at the Tarot deck, where it is possible to see in the “**reborn**” René the 19th card: the Sun.



It shows two innocent playing children. Thus the new born Kev is directly linked to the Sun. But there is a further and darker hint. The Tarot is used to predict destiny, fortune. So here we have the Sun and the “*Son of fortune*”, which is how Oedipus called himself. Oedipus who killed his father and copulated with his mother. Something Kev would not accept without strong resistance. He is concentrated only in his “*Anabasis*” (ascent) which is the result of Dolph's “*Catastrophe*” (down-turning), as reported in the left margin note:

*Catastrophe and
Anabasis.*

At this point there seems to be a reaction from Dolph.

304.28: We're offals boys ambows. [5]

He asserts that, being twins (**ambows**), they are made of the same “awful” (**offal**) stuff, offsprings of the same womb (viscera, offal). Which triggers Issy's comment of Ft 5 (**Alls Sings and Alls Howls**) where are stressed the two opposite aspects of the twins: the saintly **singing** of Kev/Shاون and the ghoulish **howls** of Dolph/Shem.

But Kev shuts Dolph up, as his left margin note explains:

The rotary processus and its reestablishment of reciprocities.

There is a definite polarity that marks their reciprocal and exclusive zones of influence (**reciprocities**) and Kev has **reestablished** the prescribed limits, following the advice given at the end of page 292:

292.31: you must, how, in undivided reawlity draw the line

292.32: somewhawre

He has shown how insignificant his brother's arguments were :

304.29: For I've flicked up all the cramb as they

304.30: crumbed from your table um, singing glory

304.31: allaloserem, cog it out, here goes a sum.

poor “crumbs” that he swiped away from Dolph's table (**your table um**), acting not like the hungry beggar who used to pick up the crumbs of the rich man (*The Parable of the Rich Man and the poor Lazarus : Luke 16,19-31*), but, quite the contrary, making a Cartesian “*tabula rasa*” of his brother's concepts with his triumphant philosophical “*Cogito, ergo sum.*” (**cog it out, here goes a sum**).

Here we find a very cryptic “**allaloserem**” which needs some elucidation. Let's start with a *rhy(th)mic* alignment of the lines:

*For I've flicked up all the crumbs
as they crumbed from your table um,
singing glory allaloserem,
cog it out, here goes a sum.*

Obviously “**glory allaloserem**” alludes to “glory alleluja”; and we find a hidden “**loser**” which may hint at the defeated Dolph, the loser of the crumbs (**loser 'em**). Still the word remains quite obscure. There may be, though, a hint at Italian Fascism, similar to the **aquilittoral** of page 286 about which I discussed in a previous mail. If we try to reconstruct the rhythm of this quatrain we may get a “*tatatà – tatà – tatà*” structure:

*For I've flìcked / up àll /the cràmb's
as they crùmb'ed / from yòur / table ùm,
singìng glò /ry allàl /oserè'm,
cog it òut, / here gòes / a sùm.*

Where we find a $\cup\cup - / \cup - / \cup -$ rhythm composed by an anapest $\cup\cup -$ followed by two iambs $\cup -$ which give the quatrain a strong sense of marching sound, typical of fascist and nazi bands. And now comes the gimmick.

It seems obvious that “**allaloserem**” has connections with “*alleluja*”, sharing the first part (allel/allal). So we can parse them as: “**allel-uja**” and “**allal-oserem**”. Now the war cry of Italian Fascists was “*Eja, Eja, Alalà*”, which, reversed, is a homophonic “*alalaeja*” (*uja/eja*). And “**oserèm**” means “*we shall dare*”, which expresses a typical fascist attitude of bravery. Thus this is the final fascist hymn of the triumphant Kev, unaware that the sum of it (***here goes a sum***) is the already mentioned “***cog it out***” (Italian *cagata* : shit) or “*caghità*” : a neologism of mine which could be rendered as “*shitness*”.

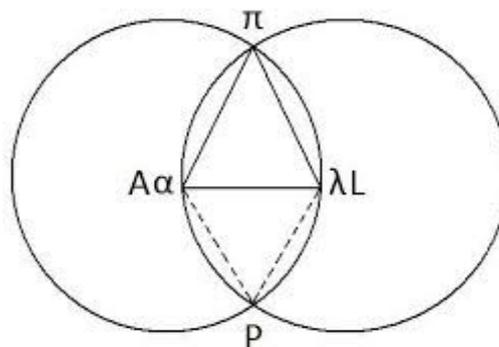
The funny thing is that “*Eja, Eja, Alalà*” was coined by the famous Italian poet *Gabriele D'Annunzio* - whom Joyce liked a lot, and whom I deeply dislike - just before his *Impresa di Fiume*

(Fiume Exploit – September 10, 1919), a military action aimed at re-annexing the city of Fiume (now Croatian) to the Italian Kingdom.



But since “*fiume*” means “river”, we have here a possible - though certainly vague - allusion to Kev's *re-annexation* of his mother's image in her pure, idealistic, incorporeal, im-*mater*-ial

“*geo-matrixity*”.



***Sit finis liberculi,
non finis quaerendi***