

FW 316.2 – 10 Temporary Truce

by
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Disclaimer

These are tentative annotations, liable to be adjusted, modified or discarded. Many of them are highly questionable, definitely far-fetched and a few on the verge of insanity. So use them at your own risk. My aim is trying to put together controversial data in order to build a possible system. The results may not be satisfactory, but I am convinced that the strategy is the right one. McHugh's Annotations and Fweet should be always at hand.

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**316.2: That with some our prowed invisors how their ulstravoliance led
316.3: them infroraidis, striking down and landing alow, against our
316.4: aerian insulation resistance, two boards that beached ast one, wid-
316.5: ness thane and tysk and hanry. Prepatrickularly all, they summed.
316.6: Kish met. Bound to. And for landlord, noting, nodding, a coast
316.7: to moor was cause to mear. Besides proof plenty, over proof.
316.8: While they either took a heft. Or the other swore his eric. Heaved
316.9: two, spluiced the menbrace. Heirs at you, Brewinbaroon! Weth
316.10: a whistle for methanks.**

The identification of the Norwegian Captain as Pukkelsen gives rise to the remembrance of things past: “*Let Erin remember*” with her “**prowed invisors**”. The high prows of the long-ships



of the proud invaders, looked at with hostility (Italian “*inviso*” : unpopular – and “*invasore*” : invader); their extreme (*ultra*), determined (Latin “*volens*” : willing) violence (*ulstravoliance*), with intestine allusions (*Ulster*); an ever increasing violence (from ultraviolet, less, to infrared, bigger)

Ultraviolet 10^{-8}
Infrared 10^{-5}

their raids “*infroraid*s”, both “aerial” (**striking down** : bombing, in a fantastic time jump) and terrestrial (**landing a low**). And the resistance of the Irish (**aerian insulation resistance** : AE-I-RE), against “*Aryan*” (German) strikes (Italian “*insolazione*” : sunstroke); both “anti-aircraft” and terrestrial (Latin “*insula*” : island), in concurrence, like “*two hearts that beat as one*” (**two boards that beached ast one**). But this sentence is tricky, since it may be seen from the perspective of both the invaders and the defenders. In fact Joyce may have played the triple agent, since if we read “**ast one**” as “**a stone**” we “*kill two birds with one stone*”. Thus the hearts in unison of the defenders against the invaders, and the various (two) boats (**boards**) of the invaders that land (**beached**) as a whole, in unison as well; that assault (*board*) the island from the air and from the land (*beach*). A story that has kept on going long since, the main role played from time to time by the Danes (**thane**), the Germans (**tysk**) and the English (**hanry**): these last ones particularly despised (Norwegian “*hanrei*” : cuckold). *All* of them fighting for their own *particular* country: “**Prepatrickularly all**”. We detect in fact a Latin “*pro patria*” (for one's country), recalling a famous

line of Horace's Ode (Ill.2.13) :

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori

(It is sweet and seemly to die for one's own country)

And of course we detect Patrick, in which we may see both the Roman Catholic invaders (Latin citation) and the Irish (*Pro Patrick*) who defend themselves from foreign invasions. And they all (**they summed**) ready to accept their unavoidable destiny (kismet: **Kish met. Bound to.**). But “**Kish met**” probably hides another meaning: a peaceful “*kiss me*”. Since they all, in the course of time, through *miscegenation*, have become more or less “Pro Patrick” (Irish), it's time to stop hostilities and show a sign of peace. Thus the request of a kiss (**Kish met**) and the positive answer (**Bound to**). The innkeeper (**landlord**) rejoicing and taking account of the orders (**noting, nodding**), since for him a customer is a customer, no matter who he is. Either invaders from the sea, in search of a coast to land and moor their ships (**coast to moor**); or native patriots, ready to die (**mear** : Latin “*mori*” - PIE “*mer*”) for their cause (**cause to mear**). But we must note too that “**mear**” is Portuguese “*to halve, divide in two*” and Spanish “*to piss*”. This last may be linked to “**proof plenty, over proof**” if we read it as a metaphor for the “overflowing drinking” of the new customers, the invaders. They drink more (**mear** : Norwegian “*more*”) than they should, whereas the natives are either satisfied with half (**heft**) measures, a drink divided (Portuguese “*mear*”) between two clients; or limit themselves to cursing the foreigners (**Or the other swore his eric**). But the time for a truce has come: “**Heaved two**” (*Nautical* heave to: *to bring a ship to a standstill by setting its sails to counteract each other*), a truce sealed by good drinks (**spluiced the menbrace** : *Nautical Slang* splice the mainbrace: *to serve out drinks, to drink freely*), a truce between the members (**menbrace**) of the opposite factions, uniting themselves (*splice*) in a brotherly embrace (men embrace) with a final toast to the publican, Porter, the “heir” of the innkeeper of the Captain's story, transformed ironically into a “**Brewinbaroon**” cocktail: a mix of *Brian Boru* and *Baron Ardilaun*, heir of the brewer Arthur Guinness. Porter becomes *High King of Innkeepers*. A possible brown-nosing of the clients who expect to be thanked (**methanks**) with a new round (Scottish “**roon**”) of drinks (**Weth a whistle**) offered by the dear (Irish : **aroon**) noble (baron) publican, whom they ask to clear his throat (**Weth a whistle**) and continue the narration.