

FW 318.3 – 319.2

Seduced and Abandoned

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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As usual, the general meaning of this passage is relatively easy to make out. It is basically a seduction scene. The romantic maid (tailor's daughter) yields her virginity to the Norwegian Captain, convincing herself that he will eventually marry her and that he will change his life's style, getting his head together. Unfortunately that is only her wishful thinking, since, having got what he wanted, the Captain flies away, taking his second French leave. But, as usual, there are so many theatrical, psychological and linguistic nuances that a closer look would be quite amusing, underlining the double aspects of the sentences: the outer one, representing wishful thinkings; the inner one, representing the hard, unpleasant state of things.

318.3: Take thee

318.4: live will save thee wive? I'll think uplon, lilady.

The question mark is interesting. This is the sailor pondering upon (**I'll think uplon**) what the maid (**lilady** : little lady, but also “*milady*” – and, who knows, with a possible hint at the tricky “*Milady*” of Dumas's “*Three Musketeers*”) has just asserted, namely that a wife will save his life: according to the legend of *The Flying Dutchman*. But of course the sailor distorts the sentence. “**live**” becomes “*leave*”, thus “*if you leave you'll be spared a wife*”. In other words the sailor is already planning to take his “*French leave*”. (We may pick up the French hint from “*wive* → *vive* → *vivre* : to live). One might ask why “**uplon**”? Probably because he asks to be left “*alone*” in order to meditate on such a serious matter; or a subtler: “*Marriage? Leave me alone!*”.

318.4: Should anerous

318.5: enthroproise call homovirtue, duinnafear!

But of course, in his seduction strategy, the sailor asserts that he is ready to take on his own responsibilities (onerous enterprise: **anerous enthroproise**), should something grievous (Greek **anêros**) – in our case: pregnancy - happen. We have a lot of terms hinting at “*man*” and “*manliness*”. Greek “*anêr*: man”; Greek “*anthrôpos*: man”; Latin “*homo* : man”; Latin “*virtus*: manliness”; Irish “*duine* : person”; Irish “*fear* : man”. He is a “*bold and courageous*” (**homovirtue**) lover man (*amorous anthrôpos* → **anerous enthroproise**), he is like Lancelot ready to take the defence of his “*Guinevere*” (**duinnafear**), who should not fear (**duinnafear**) to be forlorn. (“**duinna**” may hint at Italian “*donna*” : woman.)

318.5: The ghem's to the

318.6: ghoom be she nere zo zma. Obsit nemon!

At this point the sailor goes even deeper into the roots of “*manliness*” using terms of Indo-European derivation. “*ghem*” and “*ghom*” refer both to “*earth*” and “*man*”, since “*man*” is the one who emerges from earth (Latin “*humus*” : earth → “*homo*” : man). Thus it seems that he says: “No matter how small (**be she nere zo zma**) the land (**ghem**) will fit the man (**ghoom**)”. In other words: “*There's no place like home!*” (By the way: “**zma**” hints at Russian “*zemlya* : earth, land”.) The fact that “*ghem*” (*the gem*) and “*ghoom*” (*the broom*) are both “*female/earth and man*” alludes probably at their wished merging, their carnal intercourse.

“**Obsit nemon!**” is a a pyrotechnic display of fun with its many Latin puns.

Basically it is the apotropaic “*Absit omen!*” (May evil omen be absent!). “*Absit nomen*” would be “*May the name be absent!*”; the name being probably “*pregnancy*”. But “**Obsit**” is a form of Latin “*obsero*” which is (i) to bolt, to fasten; (ii) to cover with seeds; but also a form of “*obsum*” : to harm (present conjunctive “*obsit*”). Referred to the maid it would mean “*May no one be harmed*” and “*May no one (here: the girl) be covered with seeds (read: made pregnant).*” But if we take “**nemon**” as Verne's Captain *Nemo* and “*obsero*” as “*to fasten*” then we have: “*May the Captain (Nemo) be fastened (read: by the wedding knot).*” And if we read it as the Irish fairy spirit (female) who confounds armies (*Nemain* or ***Nemon***), that could be an apotropaic formula (uttered by the sailor) to keep at distance a possible female hostility or resistance. (Or, of course, a possible wife!)

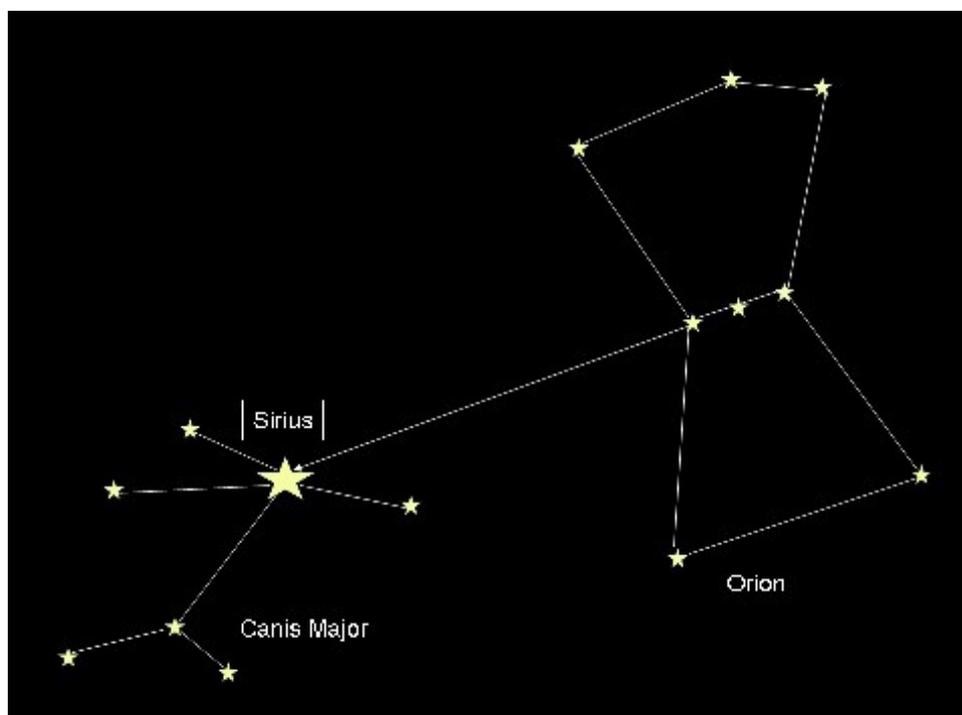
318.6: Floodlift, her ancient

318.7: of rights regaining, so yester yidd, even remembrance. And

318.8: greater grown then in the trifle of her days, a mouse, a mere

318.9: tittle, trots off with the whole panoromacron picture.

In fact here we can see the advance of womanhood. “**Floodlift**” is probably a reference to the Egyptian goddess Isis, whose eliacal rising, under the form of the star Sirius, marked the beginning of the Nile's flooding.

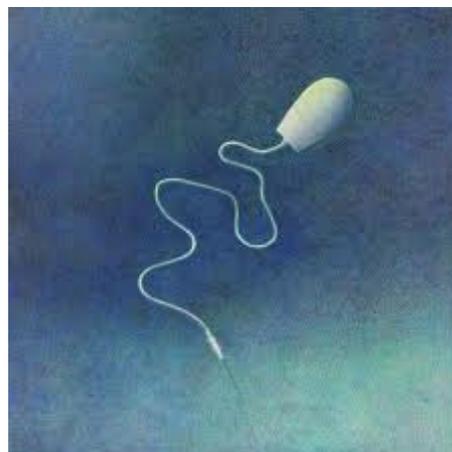


Whereas the sailor wants to avoid pregnancy, the girl is after it, claiming her right of fertility, her “**ancient**” fertility “*rites / rights*”. In “**yester**” we

may in fact recognize also the Hebrew (**yidd**) heroine *Esther*, whose name may derive from a Proto-Semitic root meaning “*star/morning/evening star*”; thus linking it to Sirius/Isis; but also from “*Ishtar*”, the Babylonian goddess of fertility, love, war, and sex.



And I wouldn't exclude the “**remembrance**” of the “**Eve**” of “**even**”. So this is the primordial maternal instinct of womanhood. The girl imagines the spermatozoon (**a mouse**),



that first is “**a mere tittle**”, then grows up (**greater grown then**) daily “**in the trifle of her days**” (there may be a hint at Italian “*trafila*” : a long series

of bureaucratic procedures: what else is “*gestation*”?) inside the fruitful sweetness of her “**trifle**”.



Until he is born (**trots off**) and becomes a component of a nice picture of a family life (**the whole panoromacron picture**). “**panoromacron**” is of course the vision of the whole (**macron**) family; and a plausible reference to Michelangelo's “*The Doni Tondo*”



“tondo” means “round”; thus an “O”. And “**omacron**” is “the big O” of Michelangelo's picture. With a further ironic touch, since there is the direct intervention of “*Michael the Angel*” who protects the maiden from the *Nickean* Captain: our well known *Mick/Nick* contest. But that would be too proud a parallel; thus the “*O macron*” becomes an “*omicron*”, a little “o”. (In fact Greek alphabet has no “**omacron**” but an “*omicron*”). Thus a more human dimension. It's not a “big family picture”, but a “*little picture*”, which is exactly the Italian “*quadretto*”, a term used figuratively to depict a nice and pleasant family “*bourgeois*” scene (*quadretto familiare*).

318.9: Her young-

318.10: free yoke stilling his wandercursus, jilt the spin of a curl and jolt

318.11: the breadth of a buoy. The Annexandreian captive conquest.

Here we see the girl, who, although a virgin (**young free** → German *Jungfrau*), has nonetheless a “**free**” approach to love matters and acts like a female during a courting dance, feigning to reject her lover. The girl imagines herself as “*Senta*”, the maiden whose faithful love may save the Flying Dutchman from his curse, his never-ending wanderings (**stilling his wandercursus**). (Mark, please, the irony! Couldn't that word hint at a Dutch surname : “*Van der Kersse*”?) In fact she would have the Captain stop (**stilling**) his endless run after women, offering him her virginity (**Her young-free yoke**). But not so easily! She rejects him (**jilt**) when he is so bold as willing to play with her curls (**the spin of a curl**); and hits him (**jolt**), no matter how important a person he seems to be (**breadth of a buoy** → *broth of a boy*). A possible sarcastic side-hint: his importance does not extend (**breadth**) beyond that of a modest “**buoy**”. That's her way to conquer (**conquest**), capture (**captive**) and “**annex**” the man (Greek **andreia**: manliness). A female Alexander who subdues a would-be Alexander the Great.

318.12: Ethna Prettyplume, Hooghly Spaight. Him her first lap, her his

318.13: fast pal, for ditcher for plower, till deltas twoport. While this

318.14: glowworld's lump is gloaming off and han in hende will grow.

The romantic girl keeps on with her reveries and imagines the wedding scene. She is “**Ethna Prettyplume**”, a “volcanic” (*Etna*), magmatic (**plume**) bride, “**pretty**” and “sweet” like a “**plum**”, with a nice feathered hat, or a tuft of waving hair (**plume**): The “groom” is somewhat more complicated. He is the “*Holy Spirit*” (**Spaight**), whose task is to make her pregnant;

although he is not a gentle “*dove*”,



but an “*ugly ghost*” (**Hooghly Spaight** → **Spirit**), a *spiteful* creature,



ready to ejaculate, like an overflowing river (*river in spate*). In fact “**Hooghly**” is an Indian Bengali river. But what is interesting is that on its eastern bank there is the *Dakshineswar Kali Temple*,



the presiding goddess of which is *Bhavatarini*, an aspect of Kali, meaning, “*She who liberates her devotees from the ocean of existence*” [WP]. Quite a coincidence: the sailor’s “**wandercursus**”!

The sailor is her first mating partner (**her first lap**), oral sex (**lap**) included. And she is for him not only a secure (**fast**) and ready to help (**fast**) friend (**pal**), but also a solid “*pole*”, (Italian “*palo*”), a “mast”. Not that of a ship, of course, but one fixed firmly in the ground. **ALP** as an ardent lover (**lap**) and as a caring mother (**pal**). The girl imagines the marriage ceremony formula “*for richer, for poorer... till death us do part*” (**for ditcher for plower, till deltas twoport**). Not *Mendelssohn's* stately “Wedding March”, but *von Suppé's* definitely more palatable overture from the operetta “*Dichter und Bauer*”.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NECmZcHzp6M>

But we should not miss the alternation of poetic romanticism (**ditcher** → German “*poet*”) and of matter-of-fact carnality, the symbolic ploughing

(plover). And there might be also a tricky “*plover*”,



a bird with a particular attitude. “*The plover group of birds has a distraction display sub-categorized as false brooding, pretending to change position, to sit on an imaginary nest site. - WP*”. Perhaps underlining the girl's daydreaming disposition. And in “**till deltas twoport**” we find not death, but the delta of the Liffey (the river of Life) which becomes the “haven” (**port**) of them both (**two** → **twoport**). It is a scene presumably taking place in the moonlight, since “**this glowworld's lump**” points obviously to the moon, seen as a huge glow-worm. A romantic scene accompanied by Thomas Moore's melody “The Young May Moon” (*The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love*). But “**gloaming off**” is tricky, since it hints at “*twilight*”, the time of day immediately following sunset. Thus “**this glowworld's lump**” would seem to be the sun, the solar mass (**lump**) which lights up (**glow**) the world before “gloaming off”. But behind the apparent contradiction there is in fact a visual morphing of the sun into the moon, the groom and the bride going together hand in hand (**han in hende**), making love (Norwegian *han i henne*: he in her): he, the cock (German “*Hahn*”), she, the “hen” (**hen-de**); his seed making her pregnant (**will grow**), their love increasing (**will grow**).

318.15: Through simpling years where the lowcasts have aten of amilikan

318.16: honey and datish fruits and a bannock of barley on Tham the

318.17: Thatcher's palm.

The imagined marriage ceremony continues, with the good and bad times of the Roman Catholic formula: “*I promise to be true to you in good times*

and in bad". The good times (*for better*) are those in which there is plenty of food (**amilikan honey and datish fruits and a bannock of barley**), heavenly food like that Muhammad used to eat. In fact milk, honey, fish, fruits, barley are "*halal*" (Arabic "*permissible*"). Bad times (*for worse*) come when the locusts (**lowcasts**) have devoured that food, when the sun (Egyptian "*Aten*" : solar disk) has burned the fields and the only way to survive is collecting herbs (**simpling** : gathering of Simples or Physical Herbs in the Fields). "**lowcasts**" might hint at "*proletarians*", those of the "*lowest cast*"; thus the communist revolution that upsets the bourgeois wealth. "**Tham the Thatcher**" poses some problems. "*Thatch*" is foliage, palm fronds used for roofing; thus "**thatcher**" is the one who covers roofs with palm fronds, hinting probably at sheds. "**tham**" is Thailand scripture. The whole picture would be that of former rich people forced to live like humble Thailand workers, in miserable cabins (Uncle Tom's like). But it's not to be excluded that "**Tham the Thatcher**", being an avatar of "*Thoucher Thom*" could refer to the apostle Thomas, who would not believe until he "*touched*" Christ's wounds. In our context that would allude to "*incredulity*". In other words the girl does not believe "*bad times*" shall ever come and spoil their happiness.

318.17: O wanderness be wondernest and now!

The girl invites peremptorily the wild wanderer (**wanderness**) to transform himself miraculously (**wonder**) into a secure nest (**wondernest**). And to do that immediately (**and now!**). Or, implicitly, to enter into her "*wondrous nest*".

318.17: Listen-

318.18: eath to me, veils of Mina! He would withsay, nepertheloss, that

318.19: is too me mean. I oldways did me walsh and preechup ere we set

318.20: to sope and fash.

That would be indeed too great a change, a miracle hard to believe. But the girl is firmly convinced that it will happen. She addresses those who would not trust her beloved and would rather *lapidate* him. The Valley of Mina (**veils of Mina**) is the place where Muslim pilgrims throw stones at the devil. Nowadays Mina is called the "*tent city*", since tents are provided as temporary accomodations to visiting pilgrims. That would explain the "**veils**". But I think that tents were planted there since pilgrimages to

Mecca began. Should check, though.

Back to the girl: she is convinced that, no matter what her beloved may lose (**nepertheloss**), he will speak in unison with her (**withsay** → will say with her) sharing her ideals, what she has in her mind (**too me mean**). There's a possible amusing hint at “*Neper*” (John Napier, the discoverer of logarithms): “*neper is a dimensionless logarithmic unit for ratios of measurements of physical field and power quantities, such as gain and loss of electronic signals*”. But logarithms are most of all means to simplify calculations, especially with big numbers. Thus, no matter how high the sailor's loss would be, she is convinced that he will act according to the established rules (**oldways**) of good behaviour: he will “wash and brush up” (**walsh and preechup**) and go to dinner (**sope and fash** → soup and fish) wearing formal evening clothes (**sope and fash** → soup-and-fish). Or, like Muslims do, he will wash himself in preparation for formal prayers (**preechup**). With a couple of possible Arabic puns: formal prayers are called “*salat*”, punning with “*salad*”; the ritual washing is “*Wuḍū*”. So this is what he “*would do*”: like a good believer, he'll *say grace* (**preechup**) before dinner, no matter how annoyed (**fash**) he may feel or how disgusting a “*soapfish*” (**sope and fash**) may be, with its “*slimy mucus-covered skin*”.



318.20: Now eats the vintner over these contents oft
318.21: with his sad slow munch for backonham.

Here again linguistic fireworks depicting the piteous scene of the sailor forcing himself to eat that nauseous food. The Shakespearean citation “*Now is the winter of our discontent*” alludes to the hunchbacked Richard the Third, in his rancorous dissatisfaction; symbolically to the sailor's

feeling. He, used once to drink alcohol (**vintner**), must now *content* himself with the “**contents**” of that soapy dish. We see him eating (**munch** → here a possible Italian “*mangiare*” : to eat – since “munch” is “to *chew enthusiastically*”, which is not our case) slowly and sadly (**his sad slow munch**), while in his mind he imagines to “**munch**” enthusiastically “*bacon and ham*” (**backonham**), forbidden *non-halal* food . “**slow munch for backonham**” has a lot of interesting side hints. It is another reference to Shakespeare's Richard the Third (*Off with his head! - So much for Buckingham*), but that is not in fact a Shakespearean verse: that's a quotation from *Colley Cibber's* version (1700) of the play, a Restoration adaptation.



I shall write a book some day about the appropriateness of names. Geoffrey Chaucer has a ribald ring, as is proper and correct, and Alexander Pope was inevitably Alexander Pope. Colley Cibber was a silly little man without much elegance and Shelley was very Percy and very Bysshe.

(James Joyce)

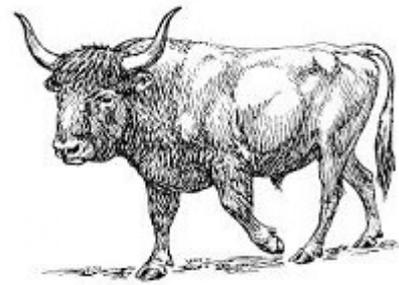
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Which underlines the “*inauthenticity*” of the sailor's external appearance. And the allusion to the (untenable) theory of Francis Bacon as the possible author of Shakespeare's plays is a further evidence. So the would-be wife says that, even unwillingly, her beloved shall conform to the established dietary laws and he shall never eat “*haram*” (sinful, non-halal) food. This is what is probably meant by the puzzling

318.21: Yet never shet it the

318.22: brood of aurowoch, not for legions of donours of Gamuels.

Let's start with “**aurowoch**”. A first reference is the “*auroch*”, or “*Bos Taurus Primigenius*” (primordial bull), an extinct type of large wild cattle that inhabited Europe, Asia and North Africa.



A second reference is “*earwig / Earwicker*” the archetype model of any HCE-like character. “**brood**” poses problems if meant as “pertaining to the auroch's family”, since that term is usually referred to chicks and birds; although if read as “the children in one family” could in fact hint at “*breed*”, that would be more appropriate. But “**brood**” is also Dutch “*bread*”; and could also hint at “*broth*” (Dutch “*bouillon*” - with a “bull” homophony) and, last not least, at “*blood*”. At any rate, since aurochs are extinct, they may be considered “*dead meat*” and if we add to this “*auroch's blood*”, it is surely “haram”.

But, from a syntactic perspective, the “**it**” of “**never shet it**” does probably refer to “**backonham**”, namely to “haram food”. The subject is “**the brood of aurowoch**”, a descendant of the primordial Taurus, thus the “haram” Norwegian Captain; who, asserts the girl, would never “**shet**” such sinful food. I think that that word is a compound of “*shit*” and “*eat*”. In fact, for true believers, to feed on “haram” food would indeed be “*to eat shit*”. But “**aurowoch**” points to a further allusion. In it we find “**auro**” (Latin “*aurum*” : gold), which, together with our primordial “ox” (let's make it clear : primordial aurochs were not “castrated” as oxen are) gives shape to the Biblical “*Golden Calf*”. This links the previous sentence to the last part of the passage “**not for legions of donours of Gamuels**”. The sailor would not eat “haram food”, no matter what rewards the Devil is ready to give him, should he infringe the prohibition. “**legions of donours**” hints of course at the Napoleonic “*Légion d'honneur*” (Legion of Honour), the highest decoration in France. But “*donors*” and especially “*legions*” point to something else:

(And Jesus asked him, saying, "What is thy name?" And he said, "Legion": because many devils were entered into him. - Luke 8:30)

These devilish traits help us to decipher “**Gamuel**”, which may indeed sound like the name of a devil. I see in it a compound of “*game*” and “*el*”. Thus Gamuel would mean “*game of God*” or a “*God is his game*”; and, if we agree with Einstein who said that “*God does not **play** dice with the world*”, we might be entitled to see in “**Gamuels**” a legion of playing devils, old (Norwegian “*gammel*”) tricky fellows, trying (vainly, says the girl) to convince the sailor to break his vow.

318.22: I

318.23: have performed the law in truth for the lord of the law, Taif

318.24: Alif. I have held out my hand for the holder of my heart in Anna-

318.25: polis, my youthrib city.

At this point the sailor, ascertained the maid's naivety, shrewdly plays along with her, making a display of his “*Profession of Faith*” and of his “*orthodoxy*”. We would say “*from A to Z*”; but, since he has just come out from a Hebrew context (golden calf, gamuels), he uses the letters “*Tav and Aleph*” last and first of the Hebrew alphabet; since, as we know, Hebrew is written from right to left. “**Taif**” is also the city where Mohammed went in order to invite its inhabitants to embrace Islam, but “*the people of Ta'if ordered their children to throw rocks and stones at Muhammad*”.

Allegorically we see the sailor who, beginning from Taif, manifests (hypocritically) his intent to start a new life (Aleph → a life). But there's a devil around the corner: **Taif-Alif** → *Taifal-if* → German “*Teufel*”! And that seems to unveil his real intentions.

Up to now we have found Hebrew and Islamic references, but there is also a third aspect to be taken into account: the Egyptian one. The passage sounds indeed as an Egyptian funerary utterance (be it from The Book of the dead, or Coffin Texts), with a specific hint at the “*weighing of the heart*” ceremony (**I have held out my hand for the holder of my heart in Anna-polis**). The American Annapolis, with its Naval Academy, may be a reference (although somewhat thin) to the sailor. But, being in an Egyptian context, I think we are entitled to see in it “*Heliopolis*”, which triggers “*Healyopolis*”, the city of Healy, namely “*Dublin*”, namely “*the city of Anna Livia*”, namely “**Anna-polis**”. In “**youthrib city**” we detect also a further Egyptian reference, since we may see in it “*Athribis*”, an ancient city located in the north-eastern *delta* of the Nile: thus again

another hint at “the city of the Delta”, namely “Dublin”. In conclusion the cunning Captain feigns to offer (**I have held out my hand**) to the would-be wife, his alleged beloved (**the holder of my heart**) - the “rib of his youth” (**youthrib**), like Eve, the rib of Adam - his marriage proposal in her own city, Dublin; which, for the sailor, is like *Yathrib* for Muhammad. Yathrib, renamed Medina, is the city where Muhammad migrated (*Hegira*) in order to escape an assassination plot against him; where he started his new life and where he was buried.

318.25: Be ye then my protectors unto Mussa-
318.26: botomia before the guards of the city.

And the sailor seems to ask his two protectors (**the lord of the law** – in fact the Devil: **Taif Alif** - and **the holder of my heart** → the tailor's daughter) for help; so that he can enter uninjured in **Mussa-botomia**.

[Not true! There's a pun with my surname: Mezzabotta – Mussaboto-mia]

Again we find an Arabic “*Mesopotamia*”, but also an Egyptian “*mastaba tomb*”; and of course our well known “**Mastabatom, mastabatom**” of **FW 6.10-11**: Tim Finnegan's tomb in Dublin. Thus “**Mussabotomia**” is the city where the sailor says he'd wish to end his days. But there is a rascal double entendre: in Venetian (and probably Triestine) dialect “*mussa*” is “*she-ass*”. Thus we have an *ass* and a *bottom*. I am wondering whether there is an allusion to the Italian vulgar “*prendere per il culo*” (fuck around), literally “*to take somebody by the ass*”. Far-fetched, but it would fit the context. There's more, though. In Ligurian dialect “**mussa**” is “*cunt*”. In conclusion “*a nice piece of ass!*” One final hint: “*Mesopotamia*” means “*the land between two rivers*”. Dublin has more than two rivers, but I am wondering whether “*Meso-botomia*” could be the river (Greek ποταμός : potamos) Liffey between its two banks: read “*buttocks*” (our ass and our bottom). Especially if we note that Greek “**tomia** : τομιά” means “*cut*”, thus the central (*meso*) cut (*tomia*) of the “*bottom*”.

(Could “*botomia*” be “*boat tomia*”? The sailor's boat cutting the “*mussa*”?)

[For *haven's* sake, cut it out! All right, all right, time to move!]

318.26: Theirs theres is a gentle-

318.27: means agreement. Womensch plodge. To slope through heather

318.28: till the foot. Join Andersoon and Co.

Now it seems that the would-be wife is convinced of her lover's good faith. In fact the “gentleman's agreement” (**gentle-meants agreement**) is not only the sailor's promise to marry her, but a further reference to – again! - “**mussabotomia**”

6.10 : Mastabatoom,

6.11 : mastabadtomm, when a mon merries his lute is all long. For

6.12 : whole the world to see.

It is the moment that precedes the “*marriage consummation*”. The sailor makes show, proudly (**for whole the world to see**), of his erected male member (**his lute is all long**). He is like the Egyptian god “*Amon*” (**a mon**), quite “*merry*” (**merries**) indeed, since he is going to descend into the female “**mussa**” and probably somewhere else, as well (**botomia**). And the show seems to be quite a success, since the excited girl is ready to pledge her faith to her beloved (**Womensch plodge**) like “*the twelve men of Yathrib pledged their faith to Islam*”. “**plodge**” may hint symbolically at Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon river, thus the passing of “*the point of no return*”. This is the point where the virgin yields *her treasure* to the sailor., convinced that they will stay together until the end of their days, remembering Robert Burns' song “*John Anderson, My Jo*”. Its last four verses are interesting:

*Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.*

“ sleep thegither at the foot” is of course the sleep of death at the foot of the hill which they climbed together, their marriage life (we'll find another allusion to this very soon). “*hand in hand*” recalls “**han in hende**” of **318.14**; and “ *we maun (must) totter down*” is probably the parallel of “**Mussabotomia**”, the “bottom” that they “must” (German “*müssen*”) touch. Where “bottom” might also be read as a moral censure. In other words the girl is aware of the seriousness of what she is about to do.

318.28: If the flowers of speech

318.29: valed the springs of me rising the hiker I hilltapped the murk I

318.30: mist my blezzard way.

In fact she admits that her “flowery statements” (**flowers of speech**) were only a means to veil (**valed**) her sexual urges (**the springs of me rising**); since the more she climbed the hill (**rising** → *arousing*) – again:

*John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;*

the higher she went (**the hiker I hilltapped**) – and probably the more she waited, *tapping* impatiently with her *heels* – the more she plunged into the dark “**mist**” of a psychological blizzard (**blezzard**); the more she lost (**mist** → missed) the good direction, her blessed way (**blezzard way**). The more she tried to counterbalance (Nautical “**hike**”) the “*heeling*” (a tilt, as of a boat, to one side) of the sailor's boat, the more she risked to fall overboard.

318.30: Not a knocker on his head nor a nick-

318.31: number on the manyoumeant. With that coldtbrundt natteldster

318.32: wefting stinks from Alpyssinia, wooving nihilnulls from Memo-

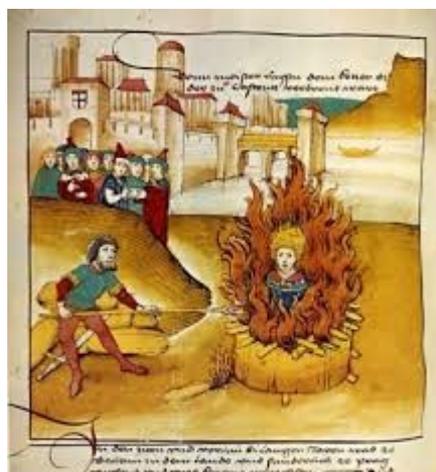
318.33: land and wolving the ulvertones of the voice.

She does not stop him. “*To knock something on the head*” is the informal “*to stop doing something*”. She does not mask with a “*nickname*” the “*number of the beast*” (**nicknumber** : Nick = devil + number), which is “**666**”, namely “*sex-sex-sex*”. Her lover's “*monument*” (read: phallus) is indeed the “*man she meant*” (**manyoumeant**). And if we read “**youmeant**” as the Egyptian “*Amenti*” (the realm of the dead), the “*man of Amenti*” is Osiris, the always resurrecting god.



And she definitely abandons herself to the joys of love and sex, heedless of the censuring “**wefing stinks**” coming from an old owl (**natteldster**), a frosty, frigid preacher (**coldtbrundt**), who talks nonsense (**wooving nihilnulls**) and expresses stereotyped moral judgements learned by heart (**from Memo-land**) and howled with stentorian voice (*overtones*) like wolves' wailings (**wolving the ulvertones of the voice**).

This passage needs further elucidations. We find in it Ibsenian references, the most evident being “**Alpyssinia**”. In “*The Master builder*” the old “*Bygmester Solness*” promises young Hilde the kingdom of “*Appelsinia*”, that is “*Orangia*”, since “*appelsin*” is Norwegian for “*orange*”. But that is an imaginary place and we may pick up an implicit polemic reply of the girl for whom “*a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush*”. A young male is definitely better than an old chatterer (**natteldster**). The other theatrical reference is the play “*Brand*”, showing a rigid and cold priest whose device is “*all or nothing*” (**wooving nihilnulls**). Again a bigot, a gangrenous (Norwegian “*koldbrann*” → **coldtbrundt**) anathemizing preacher, cold in his soul, fiery in his burning curses (**coldtbrundt**), branding the girl for her sinful behaviour. In “**Alpyssinia**” we find in fact a series of pertinent allusions: ALP, Issy, sin, *apple sin* → Eden → Eve, darkness (Abissinia → Ethiopia), abyss, the fall from the heavenly heights of the Alps into the dark abyss of sin. “**nihilnulls**” and “**Alpyssinia**” with their hints at Nile and Abyssinia (where the source of the Blue Nile resides) add an amusing reference to the “*stake*” where the sinful girl should be “*burned*”. In fact it was *James Bruce* who discovered the source of the Blue Nile, and “*bruce*” hints at Italian “*brace*” (embers) and “*bruciare*” (to burn); thus it might be a macaronic “*burn!*”



In conclusion it is an intricate weaving (**wefing**) of stinking absurdities (**wooving nihilnulls**) which recall *Father Arnall's* sermon about hell in “*The Portrait of the Artist*”. Here you'll find John Gielgud's superlative rendering of it.

http://www.dailymotion.com/video/xidesn_sir-john-gielgud-as-father-arnall-in-portrait-of-the-artist-as-a-young-man_creation

But the preacher's “**wolving the ulvertones of the voice**” morphs gradually into the beastly “*wolf tone*” howling of the Captain, reaching his sexual climax.

318.33: But his spectrem

318.34: onlymergeant crested from the irised sea in plight, calvitousness,

318.35: loss, nngnr, gliddinyss, unwill and snorth.

And, once obtained what he wanted, the sailor's real nature, his *only* nature, does emerge from the Irish sea, like a giant (French **geant**) ghost (**spectrem**) riding on the crest of a wave (**onlymergeant crested from the irised sea**). Another Ibsenian reference: “*Ghosts*” (Italian “*Spettri*”); its original title being “*Gengangere*”: a possible homophony with the above mentioned “*gangrene*” → Norwegian “*koldbrann* → **coldtbrundt**”.

Behind the apparent candour, the Captain's whiteness is a compound of the seven deadly sins and of contemptible traits.

(i) **plight** → Pride

He is one who, behind promises (plight as *pledge*), brings with him danger and peril (Old English *pligtan, plihtan* “to endanger, imperil, compromise”);

(ii) **calvitousness** → covetousness

He is one “*greedy*” after “*calves*” (young girls);

(iii) **loss** → Lust

He is a gambler and a loser;

(iv) **nngnr** → Anger

He is a calculating individual, “*an engineer* → *n ngnr*” of vocal tricks – note the *absence* of “vowels” (Italian “*vocali*”) : also one who hides his

“vows to God” (vow + “El” : God);

(v) **gliddinyss** → Gluttony

He is unctuous, treacherous, slippery (*gliding*) and possessed by evil spirits (giddy : Old English “*gidig*”);

(vi) **unwill** → Envy

He is an unwilling, indolent idler, who shuns any kind of engagement – especially “matrimonial”;

(vii) **snorth** → Sloth

He is a drunkard (snort → *a drink of liquor*) and a cocaine addict.

318.35: It might have been

318.36: what you call your change of my life but there's the chance of a

319.01: night for my lifting. Hillyhollow, valleylow! With the sounds

319.02: and the scents in the morning.

And the girl awakes abruptly from his daydreams. What she thought would have been a basic change in her life (read: marriage), was in fact only the adventure of a night: a knight's adventure. She hoped that he would lift her from her base condition, but he just lifted her skirt and, as soon as morning came, left her, like the fox of John Peel's song, hunted by dogs and by the sounds of horns. “**scents**” might possibly hint at “*Senta*” the loving maiden of The Flying Dutchman. And as he flies away we can hear his fascist hail:

Hillyhollow, valleylow!

(Eja, eja, alalà!)

