

## FW 320.1 – 32

# GRAND FINALE

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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**320.1: -- And hopy dope! sagd he, anded the enderer, now dyply**

**320.2: hypnotised or hopeseys doper himself.**

The first two lines are closely connected with the last lines of the previous page (319.32-36) which described the dismayed look of the ship's husband hearing the Captain's tale of the tragic end of the coat and trousers thrown unmercifully in the **oasthouse**. The ship's husband, listening with eyes wide open (the **starer** his story), hoped the Captain hadn't done such a massacre (**swished to the lord he hadn't**). But the Captain puts a definite end (**anded** → *and ended*) to the other's ( **enderer** → German “*anderer*”) hopes, calling him a “*hopeful idiot*” (**hopy dope**); “*hopy dope*” being somewhat resonant with the “**empty dempty**” (319.36) of the ship's husband, who seems to be in a hypnotic state (**now dyply hypnotised**), with his opened, staring eyes (**hopeseys**), looking like a “*stupefying drunk*”

(**hopeseys doper** → *half seas over*) trying to narcotise himself (*doper himself*) with impossible hopes. The Captain reaffirms that it's true he threw the coat in the **oasthouse** and that what he did was right, OK (**hopy dope** → okey doke).

I find “**anded the enderer**” quite intriguing and I confess that it triggered a chain reaction of fantasizing lucubrations. McHugh's suggestion that “**and**” is Norwegian “*duck*” (plural “**ender**”) doesn't seem to have much relevance; probably “*ånd*” (spirit, ghost) would be more apropos. But Joyce might have played with the fact that ducks “*dive*”, becoming thus invisible; so an invitation to the reader to look at what is hidden under water; and, who knows?, a possible ironic hint at Andersen's fairy tale “*The Ugly Duckling*”, in which the unsightly creature becomes at the end a beautiful swan. (We have already met the “*beastly*” Captain as “*The Frog Prince*”). Now, let's morph “*duck*” into “*Dutch*” (Dutch “*eend*” : duck) and we meet our “*Flying Dutchman*”.

But “**anded**” allows subtler interpretations. It seems to be a pseudo-verb “*to and*”. And, since the sentence begins with “**And**” (**And hopy dope**), the pseudo-verbal “**anded**” might refer to it. Of course “*added*” would be a more probable reading. It's the Captain's “*post-speech*”. Having told about the suit in the oasthouse he “*adds*” : “*And it was well done!*” (*hokey doke!*).

But that is not all. The pseudo-verbal “*anded*” might refer to the Boolean operator “**AND**”. This needs a technical explanation. In Boolean logic a member may be TRUE (1) or FALSE (0). Naming “*p*” and “*q*” its basic members (those we already met in “**appeased to the cue**”) an “**ANDed**” operation means that the result is TRUE only if both members have an “1” value. Otherwise the result is FALSE. Something like this:

p [0]	AND	q [0]	FALSE
p [1]	AND	q [0]	FALSE
p [0]	AND	q [1]	FALSE
p [1]	AND	q [1]	TRUE

Now our “**p**” is the Captain who “ANDed” the other (**enderer**), namely the ship's husband, our “**q**”. What value do have the two members? “**p**” is *positive* that he did throw the suit in the oasthouse; thus his value is “**1**”. “**q**” hopes that it be not TRUE, thus he *negates* it: his value is [0]. The result of our operation is then FALSE (1 AND 0 = 0). In other words the Captain, with his “*Popperation*” (WOW: Popper hinting at Italian “*papera*” : duck, and also “gaff”), does “*falsify*” the ship's husband's illusory “hope”, putting his “end” to the question.

Just an idea of how “*bullskeptical*” one must be about over-reading.



Let's get back to our “*main read*”.

**320.2: And kersse him, sagd he,**

**320.3: after inunder tarrapoulling, and the shines he cuts, shinar, the**

**320.4: screeder, the stitchimesnider, adepted to nosestorsioms in his**

**320.5: budinholder,**

The general meaning is obvious: a series of curses (**kersse**) and violent insults. “**after inunder tarrapoulling**” may hint at the Captain (**tarrapoulling** → tarpaulin : rare word for “*seaman*”) drinking (**pull**) a huge amount (**inunder** → inundation) of whiskey (**tarra** → the *Tarra water* of **319.25**); but also at a second (**inunder** → another) curse (**kersse**) against the tailor, a real “earthquake” (**tarra** → terra → earth + a subterranean “inunder” pull): that he might be drowned in a second flood (**poul** → *pool*) and remain down there (in-under). The tailor is a mischievous prankster (**the shines he cut** → “cut up shines”), used to make an ostentatious display of himself (**shines** → cut up shines – prank) with his showy adornments (**newbuckle-noosers** → buckles & nooses of **FW 319.29**) like the Babylonian *Nebuchadnezzar*. “**shinar**”, is in fact the land where Babel was located.

*“And as they journeyed eastward, they found a plain (valley) in the land of Shinar, and they settled and dwelt there. “[Genesis 11.2 ]*

And since “*shinner*” is “supporter of the Sinn Féin”, but in a “pejorative acceptation”, its fusion with “shinar → Babel” may be a sarcastic comment on the confusion of Irish political movements.

“*screeder*” is not only Norwegian “*skrædder*: tailor”. It may also hint at Italian “*sgridare*” (to yell at, to scold): which is exactly what the tailor did when the Captain didn't pay his suit.

In “*stitchimesnider*” we find a couple of tailors (slang “stitch” and German “*Schneider*”) and a “side-stitch → stitch in my side” figuratively being “a pain in the ass”. But we may even detect a vulgar and offensive “*stitch my balls*”, if we read “*nider*” as “*nether* → located below”.

Insults keep going with “**adepted to nosestorsioms**”, pointing to the tailor's snobbish attitude, since the nasturtium's pungent smell makes him “*have his nose in the air*”. Italian is more matter-of-fact with its “*avere la puzza sotto il naso*” (to have stench under one's nose), which depicts more clearly the Latin “*nasi tortium*” (a twisted nose). Since it was used as a cure against “scurvy”, which was common among sailor, that might point to the Captain's cantankerous character and to the peevish attitude of the tailor. That are in fact some meanings of Italian “*scorbutico*” (who has scurvy). Instead of a gardenia the tailor wears a “*nasturtium bud*” in his “*buttonhole*” (**budinholder**) which implicitly describes his shitty countenance, since in “**budinholder**” we find the contents (German *Inhalt*) of the body; namely “shit”, underlined by Italian “*budino*”, which, in its chocolate variant leaves no place to doubts:



and brings us back to memory the Japanese word for tailor (*shitateya*) which we found in 319.27 “**shitateyar**”, hinting at “*shit eater*”.

**320.5: cummanisht, sagd he, (fouyoufoukou !) which goes**

**320.6: in the ways smooking publics, sagd he, bomboosting to be in**

**320.7: thelittest civile row faction for a dubblebrasterd navvygaiterd,**

**320.8: (flick off that hvide aske, big head!) sagd he,**

The Captain's broadsides continue. The Japanese hint unleashes a “**fouyoufoukou !**” that, together with Japanese “*fuku* → suit”, French “*fou*” and “*fuck you*” gives us a “*Fuck your stupid suit!*” But there is also an Italian “*fuoco!*” (fire!) that echoes the Captain's order (Norwegian “*bud*” : the “*bud*” in “**budinholder**”) for the above mentioned broadside.

“**cummanisht**” points to a deprecatory “*communist*” mixed with a possible anagram “*isht – shit*”; but also at a hidden “*masturbator*” if we pick up (please wear protective gloves!) vulgar “*cum*” (semen) and Italian “*man / mano* → hand”. “*semen*” that the “*seaman*” repels. Through the fumes (**smooking**) and the sounds of the bombing (**bomboosting**) we can see the parading strut of the tailor making display of his elitarian attire “**thelitest civile row faction**”, clothes worthy of any double-bastard, double-breasted, prancing sailor (**for a dubblebrasterd navvygaiterd**). That reminds me of one of the most caustic poems (29) of Catullus', where, talking about a certain Mamurra he says:

*et ille nunc superbus et superfluens  
perambulabit omnium cubilia  
ut albulus columbus aut Adoneus?*

*And now shall the man, arrogant, overbearing,  
flit through all of the beds  
like a whitish dove or an Adonis?*

With an overt invitation to take down a peg or two (**flick off that hvide aske, big head!**) : the famous catch-phrase of Moore and Burgess Minstrels “*Take off that white hat!*”. He should indeed be easy on the ego, since he is not “*Ask* → **aske**”, the first male created by the gods of Norse mythology.

**320.8: the big bag of my**

**320.9: hamd till hem, tollerloon, sagd he, with his pudny bun brofkost**

**320.10: when he walts meet the bangd.**

And the Captain threatens the tailor promising him a big backhanded blow (**the big bag of my hamd**), since he knows all his tricks “*like the back of his hands*”. He calls him “**tollerloon**”, in which we find an “idiot” (German “*toll*”), lunatic (**loon**), shitty (**loo** → toilet) tailor; a most common “*man of the masses*”, like the one described by the “*communist cummanisht*” writer *Ernst Toller* in his play “*Masse-Mensch*” (Man and the Masses,

1920). He is in fact a miserable being, worthy just the puny, penny bun (**pudny bun**) he brings when he meets with his band of drunkards for a carousing breakfast (**brofkost**). But in the same sentence the Captain alludes to his victorious ancestors, that during the Norman invasion of Ireland landed on board of two boats: “*Le Bag*” and “*Le Bun*”, securing a beachhead. Two boats we will meet later on. They give the name to “*Baginbun*” (Wexford), the place where was fought a most decisive battle (1170). In “**when he walts meet the bangd**” we find in fact the prevailing (German “*walten*” : to prevail) invaders giving a good beat (**bangd**) to the fearful (Danish “*bange*”) natives.

**320.10: I will put his fleas of wood in the**

**320.11: flour, and he sagd, behunt on the oatshus, the not wellmade one,**

It took me quite a while to give a plausible and coherent sense to this cryptic sentence. The first obvious allusion is the biblical reference to Gideon asking God for a sign: “*Behold, I will put a fleece of wool in the floor*” (Judges 6:37). Apparently it is a little hard to catch the relevance, but symbolically it may be read as “*At the proper time / in due time*”; thus, when the time comes, the Captain will “*do something*” against the tailor. Now, what is exactly the action that he “*he will do*”?

“**fleas of wood**” are presumably “*wood-worms*” which grind to “**flour**”, disintegrate into minute particles, the floor of the house; which is in fact a “**oatshus**”, namely a latrine (*outhouse*) and a stable (*oats house* → where oat-eating horses reside); and badly built (**not wellmade one**), like the one we find in Matthew 7,26:

*“But everyone who hears these words of mine and does not put them into practice is like a foolish man who built his house on sand.”*

“**oatshus**” may of course be “*oasthouse*”; in that case “**flour**” could be “*hop flour* → beer yeast” (*Saccharomyces cerevisiae* : instrumental to winemaking, baking, and brewing since ancient times – WP). Thus the Captain will contaminate the tailor's beer.

But there is another “*psychological*” aspect. And Italian may shed some light on it. “Wood-worm” is Italian “*tarlo*”, a word often used in idiomatic forms to express “*pangs, annoyance*”, like, e.g. : “*Il tarlo della gelosia*” (lit. jealousy's wood-worm → pangs/seeds of jealousy). It is indeed a

worm that gnaws from the inside. “*Mi rode il culo*” (lit. something is gnawing my ass) is an idiomatic form to say: “*I am very very pissed off*”. In our case there are wood-worms (rancorous germs) that hunt (**behunt**) and gnaw the tailor's ass (*be-hind*). In conclusion: in due time the Captain will completely destroy the pissed off, rancorous tailor, both physically and psychologically.

**320.12:** sagd he, the kersse of my armsore appal this most unmentionablest

**320.13:** of men (mundering eeriesk, if he didn't scalded him all the

**320.14:** shimps names in his gitter!)

In fact he will curse and beat the appalled (**appal**) tailor (**kersse**) with his armoured arm until it will be sore (**armsore**). He insults the tailor calling him “*dickhead* and *asshole*” (**unmentionablest** → pudenda) and a lot of other unmentionable, abusive names (German: *Schimpfname*). “**scalded**” hints at “*skald*” (ancient Scandinavian poet), thus at the Captain's “*poetic*” invectives, coming out of his “*guts*” (**gitter**). But also at Italian “*scaldare*” (to heat up, to excite); and “**gitter**” may easily morph into a heated up “*gridiron*”, on which the tailor will be placed, like St Lawrence of Rome, patron of cooks and chefs. Although he would hardly tell his butcher, like the holy martyr did: “I am well done, turn me over!”.



He is in fact “**the not wellmade one**”.

**320.14: a coathemmed gusset sewer, sagd he,**

**320.15: his first cudgin is an innvalet in the unitred stables which is not**

**320.16: feed tonights a kirtle offal fisk**

Keeping on with his insults the Captain calls the tailor (sewer → one that sews) a god-damned (coathemmed) “*sewage carrier*” (sewer), who sews gussets not only for “coats” and shirts “German “*Hemd*”, but also for trousers, at the crotch



All American Jeans...  
thats comfortable

Other Jeans.....OUCH!

That might hint at a nasty Italian idiomatic “*de 'sto cazzo*” (lit. of this dick), used to devalue the other's capabilities. The most vulgar form is accompanied by the two hands that point arrow-like to the crotch, forming thus a virtual “gusset”. In conclusion a “*fucking tailor*”.

At this point there is a quite enigmatic reference to the tailor's “**first cudgin**”. The hint at “*cousin*” is doubly obvious. It is Italian “*cugino*” and Spanish “*primo*” (Italian “*first*”). They all come from French “*cousin*” which has resonances with many forms of “*coudre*” (to sew) [*cousais, cousons, cousions, etc*]; thus a further hint at “*tailoring*”. But why the specific Italian allusion? “**cudgin**” hints also at “*cudgel*”, with a possible allusion at the fascist “*manganello*” (truncheon).



“**innvalet**” is a servant of the inn, a “*scullion*”, a vague homophone of Italian “*scoglionato*” (pissed off) and “*coglione*” (asshole, dope). He is also “invalid” → not valid → incapable.

“**unitred stables**” as United States is definitely misleading, its relevance being quite dubious. I propose to read “**unitred**” as Italian “*uno e trino*” (triune), with theological allusions to the Roman Church and its papal “*triple crown*”.



By the way: “*trino*” may point to “*trina/e*” (laces), a further hint at “tailoring”. Of course “*stables*” is kind of pejorative if referred to the Church; but that's on purpose.

But “*unitred stables*” may be also an offensive reference to the coat of arms of Dublin, in which there are “*three castles*”



each one having three towers. Each castle “a stable”. But it is not enough: “*cudgin*” was the name of a famous XVIII century Chinese merchant who traded extensively with European powers. Thus “*cudgin*” could also be a pidgin word. And “*cousins*” are those who share the same “*grand parents*”. In conclusion the tailor is like a greedy Chinese merchant, an incapable pissed off fascist scullion, a base servant of a dirty city and baser servant of the Church of Rome. And the “*cudgel*” that he holds in his hand (his needle) as a weapon is not worthy a fig “*which is not feed tonights a kirtle offal fisk*”. (Note, please, the reminiscence of the already described Italian “*cacciucco* → *coke choke*”).

**320.16: and he is that woe worstered**

**320.17: wastended shootmaker whatever poked a noodle in a clouth!**

The grand finale points to the “triple incompetence” (**woe worstere wastended**) of the tailor (**shootmaker** → suit maker), so different from the ability of the tailors of London West End, “*the centre of high-class bespoke tailoring*”. [ Anne J. Kershen : Uniting the Tailors: Trade Unionism Amongst the Tailors of London and Leeds (1995)].

I wouldn't exclude an ironic hint at Eliot's “waste land → **wastended**”. In “**shootmaker**” we might also pick up an “**innvalet**” archer unable to hit the center of the target (**clouth** → clout), perhaps a sarcastic allusion at the tailor's sexual impotence; that is: unable to put his needle (**noodle**) correctly in the cloth (**clouth**); having always his head (**noodle**) in the clouds (**clouth**); probably the fumes of alcohol.

**320.18: So for the second tryon all the meeting of the acarras had it.**

**320.19: How he hised his bungle oar his shourter and cut the pinter off his**

**320.20: pourer and lay off for Fellagulphia in the farning.**

And Porter gives a report of the second phase of the tale, which is composed of three (**tryon** → triune) sections, to the companions (**all the meeting of the acarras** → Irish “*chara*” : friend), who are in the inn, in fact a rabble of small parasites ( **acarras** → acari). Parodying the song “*Off to Philadelphia in the Morning*” he tells how the Captain, having left behind him quite a mess (**bungle**) which he threw (German “*hissen*” : to hoist – which is also a nautical “*group of flags raised together as a signal*”) over his shoulders (**oar his shourter**): in fact the shorter one, because of his hump; having given a cut to the “*pints*” (Norwegian plural of “pint” should be “**pinter**” - needs checking) the innkeeper (**pourer**) served him; or: having gulped down his last pint from the cup (**pourer**); he quits (**lay off**) and sails in the direction of a dire (*fell*) embrace (gulf → **Fellagulphia**), engulfed by sinister fellows, nonetheless happy for his “*felix culpa*”. And vanishes in the distance ( **in the farning** → German “*Farn*” → English “*fern*” → German “*far, faraway, distant*”).

**320.20: From his**

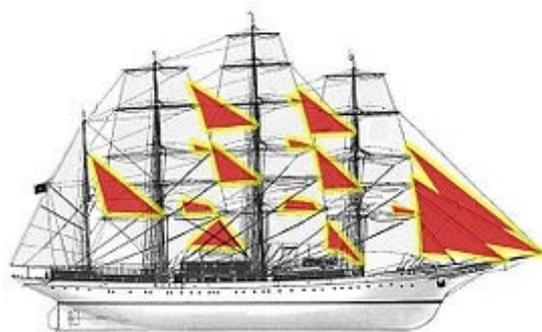
**320.21: dhruimadhreamdhrue back to Brighten-pon-the-Baltic, from our**

**320.22: lund's rund turs bag til threathy hoeres a wuke. Ugh!**

In “**dhruimadhreamdhrue**” we find Irish terms (*druim a' dhreama dhruadha*: ridge of the druidical adherents), but also the dreaming of a true dream and a “*dromedary*”, with its obvious hint at the Captain's “*hunch*”. It's the Captain who leaves that folkloric and illusory realm (**ream** → Italian “*reame*”) of dreams to go back to a concrete world of reality: “**Brighten-pon-the-Baltic**”. “*Briton Baltics*” was the name of steam tank locomotives. Gaelic leaves its place to Norwegian (**lund**: grove; **rund**: round; **tur**: tower; **bag**: back; **til**: to; **tretty**: thirty; **hore**: whore; **uke**: week). The Captain leaves martial Irish round towers (Martello towers → **ourlund's rund turs**) to return to his not so tiring “*thirty hours week*” occupation and his quite demanding (**threathy**) “*thirty whores a week*” servicing. Wow! (**Ugh!**)

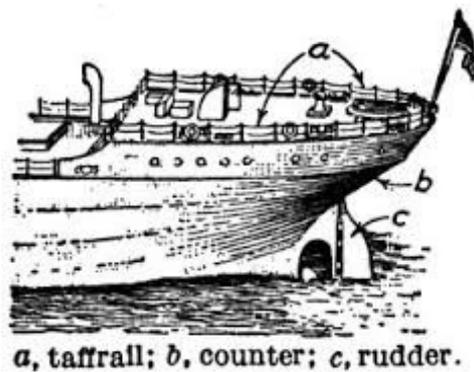
**320.23:** -- **Stuff, Taaffe, stuff!** interjoked it his wife's hopesend to the  
**320.24:** **boath** of them consistently. **Come back to May Aileen.**

So the ship's husband runs after the Captain yelling at him to come back. If we take it as simple as that we would miss a lot of interesting references. Let's begin with “**Taaffe**”, being an obvious allusion to “*Taffy the thief*” of the known nursery rhyme “*Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief*”. But there is also a hidden “**Affe**”, which is German for “*ape*”. But German nautical “**Affe**” is English nautical “*mizzen staysail*” (an auxiliary sail, often triangular, set to catch the wind, as between the masts of a yawl [mizzen staysail], aft of a spinnaker [spinnaker staysail], etc.)



staysails

But there is also a nautical “*taff-rail*” (the “*railing*” of the ship's husband), the rail around the stern of a ship



and “*taff*” is also German for “*tough*”: thus we have the image of the tough Captain standing *ape-like* on the taffrail of his ship, something like this:



But probably the most enigmatic allusion is the “**boath of them**” which poses a problem not so easy to solve. Does it refer to “*two boats*” or to “*two persons*”? This last seems at first to be excluded, since the other person would presumably be the tailor's daughter, about whom nothing has been said in this occasion. So we should concentrate on the boats. Playing around **320.9-10**, following McHugh, I mentioned the possible allusion to the two Norman ships that formed a beachhead near Wexford; their names: “*Le Bag*” and “*Le Bun*”. And, since Danish “*bag*” is “*behind*” and “*bun*” is “*one of the buttocks*” the resulting image is that of the ship's husband running “*after / behind*” the flying sailor.

Or the two boats may be the one of the Captain and the other of the ship's husband. So let's talk now about the two “**Stuff**” and their “*consistency*”. There's a plausible “*stuff it!*” that the ship's husband yells at the Captain to express his anger and disapproval; to order him to “*stop*”. Whereas the

other “**stuff**” may be an order he gives to his sailors, that they add more sails (*stuff*) to his boat, so that it speed up. Thus two different, but “**consistent**” stuffs.

But “**May Aileen**” may give to “**boath of them**” a subtler nuance. “**Aileen**” is a variant of “*Eveline*”, the name of the girl of Joyce's story in “*Dubliners*”. She falls in love with a sailor who promises to bring her to Buenos Aires (to breath “good air”), but, at the moment of leaving, she changes her mind and remains on the dock. “**Aileen**” has indeed many common traits with Eveline, as we have seen in the seduction scene of page **318**. So we may infer that the ship's husband's yells are addressed both to the leaving sailor and to the staying girl who watches his beloved taking his “*French leave*”. This is underlined by the word “**wife's hopesend**”. He has been “*sent*” by the “*panting*” (Norwegian “*pesende*”) and “*hoping wife*” : again we find here all the hopes she expressed on page 318.

**320.25:** -- **Ild luck to it! blastfumed the nowraging scamptail, in flating**  
**320.26:** **furies outs trews his cammelskins, the flashlight of his ire wacker-**  
**320.27:** **ing from the eyewinker on his masttop.**

But the Captain's reply is definitely “apotropaic”, a blasphemous (**blastfumed**) spell against bad luck (**Ild luck** → Danish “*ilde*” : bad, ill ). With quite a sarcastic touch: “*I'll look to it!*”. His “*fuming blasts*”, like those of a broadside, describe how angry he is (**nowraging**). The Captain has morphed into a “*lobster*”, which was the nickname of soldiers or officers of the Imperial British Army, due to their red or scarlet uniform.



This is what “scamptail” hints at. That's Italian “*scampo*” (which, by the way, means also “*I escape*”)



its scientific name being “*Nephrops norvegicus*”, English “*Norway lobster*” or “*Dublin Bay prawn*”. Thus “scamptail” is “*lobster tail*”



which makes us think of the “**lobestir claw**” of **FW 311.10**: an allusion to HCE, underlined by the fact that Wellington himself was caricatured as “*The PRIME Lobster*” (his profile is under the claws).



The “blastfumed” broadsides he “*gives vent to*” in a rush (in flating furies → Italian “*in fretta e furia*”) smell indeed like giant farts, quite flatulent (in flating) and stinking, like the stench coming from “the camel” (hunch) he is (outs trows his cammelskins). His wrath is expressed by the “*flag signals*” that his “eyewinker on his masttop”, the Jolly Roger, his brave “*wagger*” (wacker-ing) on the mast top of the ship,



sends through his “wagging”.



320.27: And aye far he fared from  
320.28: Afferik Arena and yea near he night till Blawland Bearing,  
320.29: baken be the brazen sun, buttered be the snows.

This is quite an interesting description of the Captain's "watercurses". We may note "aye", corresponding to the correct and seaman-like reply on board ships "Aye aye, sir!" We are informed about how far "aye far" he travelled (**fared**). There are a lot of cross references. Let's parse them: In "Afferik" we find "Africa"; "German "Affe" : ape" – already met in "Taaffe"; "Erik" (a hint at the Norwegian *Erik the Red*, who founded the first Norse settlement in Greenland). Thus a Norwegian Captain in the realm (Danish **rik**) of the apes, a "fair" Norse fighting in the "Arena" with "black apes".

In "Blawland Bearing" we find "Blaaland", the Blue Land (in fact the Black Land → Africa), thus called by *Snorri Sturluson* in the *Yinglinga saga*. We find "Bering" (Bering sea, Bering strait); we find a "bear", presumably a polar one, a white bear; and last not least we find a "ring". Again a place which sees the fight (*strait*) between a "black" and a "white". A polarity underscored by "yea near he night". "yea" is a "yes", a positive, solar mood; "night" is "darkness", Italian "notte" → not; "near" hinting also at Italian "nero" : black. The radiant "yes" besides (**near**) the black "nought". What is interesting is the gradual change of the narrative atmosphere; from burlesque to inner drama: the description of the Captain's psychological conflict. His exterior "travels" become his inner "travails". A continue oscillation between an elated "heated up" state (**baken be the brazen sun**) and a cold, disheartened one (**battered be the snows**).

**320.29: And the sea**

**320.30: shoaled and the saw squalled. And, soaking scupper, didn't he**

**320.31: drain**

**320.32: A pause.**

It is a psychological up and down motion: a "see-saw" (**And the sea shoaled and the saw squalled**): the continuous risk of a psychological shipwreck on unexpected "shoals" and the "squall" of the interior tempest. I don't know whether we may possibly consider an Italian side hint. "See-saw" is Italian "altalena", where we may single out a "alt → halt" and a "lena → Elena → Eileen (**Ayleen**)". The desperate "squall" of the girl he left behind, begging him to "halt".

If we stick to Italian we may also read "scupper" as "scappare" (to run away, to flee → fly) : "skipper → scupper → *Flying Dutchman*". The

“soaked” and “socked” by the tempest skipper who keeps draining the squalling rain through the scuppers, and cannot take “a pause” he pants for.

That's Porter's histrionic grand finale, ending with his earned

**“applause”**



**A pause.**

**(Épuisé)**