

FW 323.25 – 324.17

Hail Hooter!

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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Having played the role of Kersse, Porter does not wait for the comments of the three clients, but tries to stop them even before they start to give vent to their guffaws.

323.25: Upon this dry call of selenium cell (that horn of lunghalloon,
323.26: Riland's in peril!) with its doomed crack of the old damn ukonnen
323.27: power insound in it

In his battery (dry call → dry cell) of invectives (his battery of verbal artillery) Kersse was like a dog barking at the moon (selenium → Selene → moon). The elongated horn of the moon (lunghalloon → Italian “lunga” : long; and “luna” : moon), which is like the tusk of an elephant, namely “*Olifant*”,



the “horn” with which Roland, with all the remaining power of his lungs (**lunghalloon**) called for aid in Roncevaux (**Riland's in peril!**).

*“Rollánd raised to his lips the olifant,
Drew a deep breath, and blew with all his force.”*

So Kersse informs his countrymen of the dangers Ireland shall face (**Riland's in peril!**) because of the Captain. And like Roland, who blew his horn three times (**dry call** → German “*drei*” : three), so he has done “*repeatedly*”. It is “*the crack of doom*” (**its doomed crack**), the sound that heralds the day of the Last Judgement. A thundering sound (**ukonnen** → Finnish “*thunder*”) of “*cannon*”, but somewhat “*drunk*” as well (**konnen** → O' Connell's ale), a morphing of the Olifant's “*trunk*”.

323.27: the lord of the saloom, as if for a flash sala-

323.28: magunnded himself, listed his tummelumpsk pack and hearinat

323.29: presently returned him, ambilaterally alleyeoneyesed, from their

323.30: uppletoneid layir to his beforetime guests,

Here we have indeed quite a theatrical morphing. Though it was the innkeeper, the lord of the saloon (**saloom**), who played Kersse, weaving (**loom**) his “*fabric-ated*” insults ; being the descendant of the Captain, he (Porter), gets quite upset from his own acting, the “*looming*” figure of his ancestor morphing into his traits. For a

moment (as if for a flash) he is on the verge of giving vent to a tempest of thunders and lightnings (**sala- magunnded** → Finnish “*salama*” : lightning, flash; and the thunders of the “*gun*”). There is in him the desire to make a “*salmagundi*”, a potpourri of the provoking clients, making “*salami*” of that amorphous “*flesh*” (**flash**); but, being a professional innkeeper, who knows his duties, he contains himself, showing an apparent sign of peace (**saloom, salama** → Arabic “*salaam, salam*” : peace). He has taken note (**listed**) of the “heap” of confused (**tummelumpsck** → Norwegian “*tummelumsk*”) invectives “*thrown behind his back*” (“**tummelumpsck pack**”, in fact, among other allusions, has some references to foot-ball – German “*Tummelplatz*” is “*playground*”; and “*tümmeln*” is “*to scrimmage*”), by someone (Kersse) who acted like the notorious liar “*Tony Lumpkin*”, a character of Goldsmith's play “*She stoops to Conquer*”. We find also Italian “*tumulo*” (mound of earth, burial mound), which, added to “**lump**” results in a double hunch-backed “*camel*” (tummel/camel + lump + pack/back). And I wouldn't exclude a reference to *Tamara De Lempiska*, whose nudes may give a “*hunch*” of desert dunes.



Thus, burdened with this “*allegorical*” lump on his “hunched” back, in order to reply to the lies he just heard (**hearinat** → hearing that) Porter takes the aspect of the Captain, showing him in for his third entrance (**returned him**), which immediately puts things in order, bringing his arrogant audience, that soared in the highest layers of ionosphere (**uppletoned layir** → Appleton layer), down to their earthly “*lair*” (**layir to his beforetime guests**).

“**ambilaterally alleyeoneyesed**” describes both the Captain's mighty looks and the bewildered reaction of the “**guests**”. The Captain enters looking both ways (**ambilaterally**), like a “*lionized*” peacock with its “*thousand eyes*”



which form a huge mighty eye (all one eye → **alleyeoneyesed**), like the eye of God ;



or, for more terrestrial beings, the infamous one eyed
“*Polyphemus*”.



That's the reaction he triggers in the astonished guests, at his right and his left (**ambilaterally**), looking at him with eyes wide open (**alleyeoneyesed**).

323.30: that bunch of palers on

323.31: their round, timemarching and petrolling how, who if they were

323.32: abound to loose a laugh (Toni Lampi, you booraascal!) they were

323.33: abooned to let it as the leashed they might do when they felt (O,

323.34: the wolf he's on the walk, sees his sham cram bokk!) their joke

323.35: was coming home to them,

And here we find a sarcastic description of the clients' cowardice, that bunch of drunkards (**on their round**), brave when they face a “*poor rascal*” (**booraascal**), with their “tempestuous” (**booraascal** → Italian “*burrasca*” : gale, tempest) “thunders” (Italian “*tuoni*” → **Toni**) and their “lightnings” (Italian “*lampi*” → **Lampi**), like the policeman of “The Peeler (**palers**) and the Goat”; hard as rocks

(petrolling → Petrus → Rock) in their patrolling rounds (timemarching and petrolling) in order to find someone to make fun of (to loose a laugh); but when they realize their prey is not so tame, the big “*Petrus*” becomes a “small” (Latin “*paulus*”) and “pale” (palers) pal.

“O, the wolf he's on the walk, sees his sham cram bokk!” is quite an amusing parody of the famous song “*The Shan Van Vocht*” :

*OH! the French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht*

celebrating the Irish rebellion against England – but in this case the aborted invasion of the French allies in 1796 (Wolfe Tone had come from his exile in the United States to France, in order to press the case for intervention).

So here we find a “wolf”, not the defenceless “*she-goat*” expected by the “*peelers*” (palers), who played the “*bucks*” (bokk), but ready to run speedily away, not to bear the shame (sham) of being bugged, their precious “backs” (bokk) crammed (cram). So the clients abandon (abooned) their “joke”, realizing it's going to backfire on them (was coming home to them), like a “*revenant*” (he who comes back home).

323.35: the steerage way for stabling, ghus-

323.36: torily spoeking, gen and gang, dane and dare, like the dud spuk

324.1: of his first foetotype (Trolldedroll, how vary and likely!), the filli-

324.2: bustered, the fully bellied.

The appearance of the Captain is somewhat disquieting. He enters to the tune of “*The Rocky Road to Dublin*”, steering his course towards a cheap place (steerage), no more than a stable (stabling), where he is going to play the bull (German “*Stier*”) among young castrated oxen (steer). The atmosphere is that of a “*ghost story*” (ghus-torily), rendered jokingly (Norwegian “*spøke*” : joke), since it is a grotesque parody, by ghostly words (spoeking): “*spøkelse*”

(Norwegian “ghost”); “Gengangere” (gen and gang), the Danish title of Ibsen's play “Ghosts” (Norwegian “gjenganger” : revenant). But the Captain is also the ghost of a “General” (gen) facing a vile “gang”; just appeared then and there (dane and dare); an old, bold (dare) “Dane”, the dead spit (dud spuk) of that spectre (German “Spuk”); the exact copy, the “prototype” and “phenotype” of the first foe (first foetotype), the Devil, Satan. Although somewhat unlikely (vary and likely), notwithstanding the Captain's desire to be like him (vary and likely), like the frightening *Troll*, of whom he is only a “droll”, playing the “role” of the *Troll*. Thus a “filibuster” (filli-bustered), a “bastard” (bustered) son of a bitch (filli → Latin “filius” : son), a bombastic (with erect “bust”, chest out) bastard (filli-bustered), full of himself (fully bellied); the Italian idiomatic form is “pallone gonfiato” (blown up balloon).

324.2: With the old sit in his shoulders, and

324.3: the new satin atlas onder his uxter, urning his breadth to the swelt

324.4: of his proud and, picking up the emberose of the lizod lights, his

324.5: tail toiled of spume and spawn, and the bulk of him, and hulk of

324.6: him as whenever it was he reddled a ruad to riddle a rede from the

324.7: sphinxish pairc while Ede was a guardin, ere love a side issue.

This is probably one of the most tricky part of the whole passage, with false tracks spread out in order to allure the reader into linguistic quicksands. Its references to “riddles” (he reddled a ruad to riddle a rede) could be an amusing invitation to make out its hidden ribald sense.

In fact we have here a more detailed description of the Captain. “the old sit in his shoulders” could certainly be the “old suit”; and the “new satin atlas onder his uxter” could be the stuff (satin atlas) he carries under his armpit (uxter → oaxter) to have a new suit made of. Should we then imagine that he is “naked”? (The old suit can't be the one he threw in the oasthouse!) That could be, since the general image is of a “phallic” kind. In this perspective the old

“*suit*” could be an allegory for his “*customary habit*”: his “*nakedness*” reflecting his “*nature*”. But “**the old sit in his shoulders**” is also his “*hunch*”, pointing to the “*globe*” the giant Atlas is condemned to bear.



A “*satanic*” (old sit in and satin) creature, an evil one (Norwegian “*ond*”), a giant figure (atlas) with many points of contact with the giant “*Ymir*” of Norse mythology,



who fathered his progeny from the “*sweat of his armpits*”. Which justifies the choice of “*uxter*”, hinting at “*uterus*”.

The word “*erning*”, pointing to Norwegian “*ernaere*” (to nourish) alludes also to Kronos/Saturn who “*enlarges himself*” (*erning his breadth*) devouring his sons;

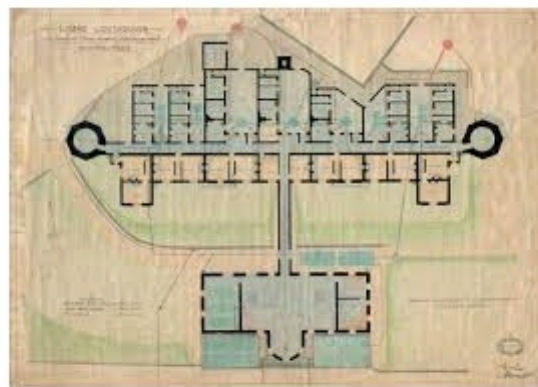


with “*swelt*” hinting at Norwegian “*svelt*” (hunger) and Icelandic “*svelt*” (to starve). The Biblical citation (*earning his bread in the sweat of his brow* [Genesis 3:19]) being then a ghastly parody.

But “*swelt*” has other allusions. It is “*to die*”: in that case pointing to the Titan destroyed by his mounting pride (*the swelt of his proud*). And it is also “*swelled*” (increased in size). So a possible “*phallic*” allusion, especially if combined with his masculine “*pride*”, his swollen, proud member (*the swelt of his proud*).

“picking up the emberose of the lizod lights” hides also a lot of cross references. “lizod” may be “*Iseult*”; in which case “lights” are her eyes; and “emberose” is “*embrace*”; and “*ambrosia*” too; and is the “*phoenix*” rising from its “*embers*”.

“lizod lights” refer also to the “*Lizard lighthouse*”, with its two towers;



and a further hint at *Iseult*, who, as we know, was put in a “*lazar house*” as a punishment for her adultery. And an amusing side hint at the resurrected “*Lazarus / Phoenix*”.

The sexual imagery continues with “**his tail toiled of spume and spawn**”, in which “**tail**” needs no elucidation, so let us leave it to its hard work (**toiled**), to its “*foaming sweat*” (**spume**) and its “*seed*” (**spawn**). But it's also an allusion to the “*father*” disposing of his sons (*the tale told of Shem and Shaun*), so superior to them (**and the bulk of him, and hulk of him**). A superiority expressed in sexual imagery by the size of his member and its instinctual, irrepressible drives.

The question is: how can we find sex in the apparent riddle? Let me, please, cite Dante (Inferno, IX, 61-63) and explain “how the hell”:

*O voi ch'avete li 'ntelletti sani,
mirate la dottrina che s'asconde
sotto 'l velame de li versi strani.*

*O ye who have undistempered intellects,
Observe the doctrine that conceals itself
Beneath the veil of the mysterious verses!*

Of course we are tempted to read “reddled a ruad” and “riddle a rede” as “rede (interpret) a riddle”. The obvious reference is to Oedipus (Ede) and the riddle of the Sphinx. We could then interpret “ruad” as “red (Irish “ruadh”) road”; and “reddled” as “made red” by “riddling”; “riddle” being “to perforate”. A reference to Oedipus killing his father Laius, making “red” the “road” along which the old king was passing. After which he faced the Sphinx and solved her riddle (riddle a rede).



All this would allude to the Captain's self-confidence.

And the Oedipus reference could be viewed also from the “psychological complex” angle. In this case the “**sphinxish pairc**” would be the twins (in their ternary form as well, as the three soldiers in Phoenix park) bugged by their “*ruthless*” (**love a side issue**) father. Sons who were spying on the father (Ede → Adam), spying (a **guardin** → Italian “*guardare*” : to watch) the two girls (**sphinxish pairc**) . A question between “males”: females (Ede → Eve) just “instrumental” and so left aside (**love a side issue**).

But if we read “rede” as Norwegian “*rede*” (nest) the passage assumes a slight different and more ribald character. We have a hidden image of “*deflowering*”, the huge male member opening its bloody road (**ruad**) inside a “*nest*”. A “*riddling*” (perforation) which is “*total*” in its working, dealing with the “**sphinxish pairc**”, the “*pair*” of “*sphincters*”; since the instinctual drive of the ID (Ede) has nothing to do with sentiments or love (**love a side issue**). In this case “**ruad**” may suggest the “*Fall of Ruad*”, the last outpost of the Crusaders, the virtual “*fall*” of the “*holy land*”.

From this point of vantage this passage describes the triumphant entrance of the “*huge phallus*”, Italian vulgar “*cazzone*” (asshole), literal: “*big dick*”. And I am wondering whether “*riddles / riddling*” are also references to “*Ridolini*”, the Italian nickname of Larry Semon,



with a possible “*Semon / Seaman*” pun. Note in fact that “*riddle*” is somewhat similar to Italian “*ridere*” (to laugh).

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

(“The Suitor”. What a coincidence!)

**324.8: They hailed him cheeringly, their encient, the murrainer, and
324.9: wallruse, the merman, ye seal that lubs you lassers, Thallasee or
324.10: Tullafilmagh, when come of uniform age.**

No matter how threatening his triumphant entrance the clients do not seem impressed. Quite the contrary: they salute him (**hailed him**), ironically (**cheeringly**) with a “*hail*” (hailstones) of saucy epithets. They call him “*fatso*”, his belly big like that of a pregnant woman (**encient** → French “*enceinte*”); he is an ill-fated creature, like the “*ancient mariner*” (**encient, the murrainer,**) of Coleridge's ballad, who caused the death of his crew – and who spoils a wedding feast; he brings infectious disease (**murrain**), dangerous as a “*moray eel*” (**murrainer** → *muraenidae*) ;



he is a deformed “*walrus*” (wallruse)



and a “wall” of “*cheats*” (ruse); he is like the ugly “merman” of irish mythology,



the legendary creature who has the form of a male human from the waist up and is fish-like from the waist down, with scaly fish

tails in place of legs. But a “*Mormon*” as well, with lots of wives in his wake. He is a cynic seducer of young girls, who are attracted to him like Nausicaa, the seal, who “*loves*” and “*rubs*” (**lubs**) Ulysses (**you lassers**); the “*Triton*” who uses his “*seal*” (cylindrical signet → phallus)



to “*rub*” young lassies (**you lassers**) with false promises of love (**lubs**). He is a womanizer, a follower (suffix “*ee*”) of the primordial sea goddess “*Thalassa*” (**Thallasee**);



but in his inner self a sedentary “*lubber*” (freshwater mariner), ready to “*uniform / conform*” himself (when come of uniform age) to the rules of the age, in search of a stable condition (Tullafilmagh → Italian “*terraferma*”: mainland), his “Ultima Thule” (Tullafilmagh),



the mythic land located beyond the “*borders of the known world*”. All the terms are in fact of mythological character, an elegant way to say that the Captain is sheer “baloney”. And I wouldn't exclude that “*film*” hint at the “*fictional*” atmosphere, totally devoid of “*reality*”.

324.11: -- Heave, coves, emptybloddy!

Their final sarcastic warning is in fact to take care of the bloody bloodthirsty sailor, ready to bleed them white, to empty their blood vessels. “*Heave*” is, among other things, a nautical term which could mean “*heave to*” (to come to a halt – a manoeuvre done by defenceless ships when attacked by pirates, thus avoiding fights and hoping in the villains' mercy); “*heave in sight*” (to appear at a distance); “*heave-ho!*” (an exclamation used by sailors,

as when heaving the anchor up); and a lot of other nautical meanings. Thus a paraphrase would sound more or less like: “*Hey, fellows (coves), here comes the bloody pirate (emptybloddy), here comes HCE, attention, please (coves → Latin “cave”: beware), let us leave the anchor up (Heave) and look for a shelter (cove); otherwise we would be forced to come to a halt (heave to) and surrender (coves → cave) to him.*”

Of course the hidden meaning assumes a totally different aspect. A sort of: “*Hey fellows (coves), here comes HCE, that “limping cock” (emptybloddy → empty bladder). We'd better find a shelter (cove) and stay away from him, lest his presence shall make us throw up (Heave → of vomit).*”

**324.12: And ere he could catch or hook or line to suit their saussyskins,
324.13: the lumpenpack.**

The comment of the clients (**lumpenpack** → German “*blackguard, bunch of troublemakers*”) has been prompt and well-timed, in order to anticipate the expected “*Prankquean-style*” catch-phrase : “*Why do I am alook alike a poss of porterpease?*” already met in **311.22** and **317.22**, that the Captain, that “**lumpenpack**” (hunchback), is going to utter as a suitable reply (**to suit**) to their “*saucy*” (**saussyskins**) remarks. He'd like to go “*under their skin*” (**he could catch or hook or line**) and fleece them, like the “**kin**” of sausages (**saussyskins** → French “*saucisses*”) they are.

324.13: Underbund was overraskelled. As

324.14: -- Sot! sod the tailors opsits from their gabbalots, change all

324.15: that whole set. Shut down and shet up. Our set, our set's

324.16: allohn.

That's indeed a “*hit below the belt*” that surprises (**overraskelled** → Norwegian “*surprised*”) Porter. In “**Underbund**” we find in fact German “*Bund*”, which, in sartorial terms, is “*waistband*”: thus, a “*low blow*”, coming from the “*mean confederation*” (**Underbund** →

German “*Bund*” : league, federacy) of the “*over-skilled*” (overraskelled) clients, who show openly their disinterest about the Captain and order Porter to “change all that whole set”, to “*shut up*” (shet up) with his story about the sailor; to “**Shut down**” that old movie and put on a “*new reel*”, a new “*round*” of booze. That is the “*reward*” (German “*Lohn*”) due to them “all” (our set's allohn), who are a “*unity*” (all one). All f-our one, one f-our all. The counterpart of “*alleyeoneyesed*” of **323.29**.

They want their request executed immediately (Sot! → Italian “*Sotto!*” : hurry up!). They are referred to as “**tailors**”, both “*tellers*” and a metaphor for “*gossips*”, with their “*tricks*” (**gabbalots** → Lombard “*gàbola*”). They face Porter, sit in front of him (opsits → opposite), on their “*stools*” (**gabbalots** → a possible Italian “*sgabello*”), holding up their “*goblets*” (**gabbalots**) and waiting for to collect what is due to them (**gabbalots** → Italian “*gabella*” : tax), their booze.

324.17: And they poured em behoiled on the fire. Scaald!

In doing so they add fuel (**behoiled**) to the fire, in order to warm Porter (**em** → him) up (**Scaald** → scald). A sarcastic “*toast*” (**Scaald** → Norwegian “*skaal*”) to the “*unctuous*” (**behoiled**) poet (*Skald*) of the Viking Captain.

