

[I.3] 620.10 – 621.08

SUMME THOMESTIC TWINNKLINGS
or
ADVERSE REVERSE ANGELS

by
orlando mezzabotta
www.ormezza.it



This block presents a different modality of the “*Apotheosis ↔ Debasement*” structure which constitutes the basic layout of ALP's monologue. Instead of the already seen sinusoidal up-down oscillation along a “*worthical*” axis, here we move horizontally in accord with a continuous “*forward ↔ backward*” pendularity. In codicological terms, a “*recto ↔ verso*” progression; but in a more digestible and phil-the-flutean tune: an “*adverse ↔ reverse*” ballet.

Not to beat about the bush: ALP refuses to admit that HCE's indifference to her sexual decoys is caused by her decay. So she has to find some reasons for her husband's unresponsiveness. The most at hand, for her, is HCE's homo inclinations, giving thus credit to common gossips. Not overtly, of course, since she keeps defending her husband from such filthy insinuations. But deep in her unconscious that suspicion worms its way out. So that the “reversion” theme (**Debasement**) bursts into each single section, juxtaposed to the “forward” movement (**Apotheosis**) that exalts HCE's manly figure.



Having aroused (king's Levée), at least in her imagination, his phallic form, ALP urges HCE to get into action.

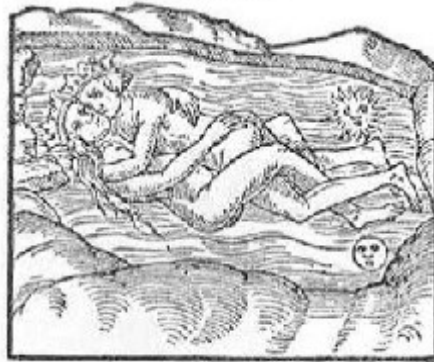
620.10: Come and let us! We always said we'd. And go abroad.

620.11: Rathgreany way perhaps.

We must note how the first two sentences are “truncated”, missing the verbal predicate “**go abroad**”. Is it a phallic hesitation? But since “and” is a “conjunction” the two truncated phrases “copulate”, wed (**we'd**); and in a quite uninhibited way. The “**come**” of the beginning being eloquent enough! “**abroad**” is “a broad → ALP” in a widely apart (abroad: that's the word's original meaning) position. “**broad**” may trigger Italian “brodo” (broth) leading to “sbrodare/sbrodolare” (to dribble). And “**abroad**” is thus the “brave new world” where the two lovers, in their frenzy, are transported and may “brood”, like Diarmuid and Grania in their love nest at Rath Grainne (**Rathgreany way**). “**Rathgreany**” means “Fort/stronghold” (**rath**) of the sun (**gréinne**: genitive of “grian” : sun), the solar aspect recalling the “sun king” of the

previous section. But we may also pick up a red (Proto-Germanic *rauthan → rath → roth → rot → red) and a “green” (**greany**). The English “red” and the Irish “green” recalling “**Proudpurse Alby with his pooraroon Eireen**” (620.5-6). But if we mix the two colours together we get a “brown”, which, pointing to Bruno, discovers his “*coniunctio oppositorum*”

CONIVNCTIO SIVE
Cottus.



True, though, that brown has a “shitty” touch. And that may indeed allude to unenthusiastic sex, a tiring routine affair, like that described by T.S. Eliot in his “*Love song of J. Alfred Prufrock*”:

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;

If we “reverse” the JAP into **AJP** we may note its resemblance to **ALP**. “**J**” being a sort of specular *reversed* “**L**”. We find in “Let us go” our “**Come and let us**”, with a possible hint at Latin “laetare” (to rejoice). Then the image of our “sun” in his setting; and the third verse doesn't need elucidations. That's indeed “Brunisht” sex, further under-scored (although obliquely) by the lines that come next:

**620.11: The childher are still fast. There is no
620.12: school today.**

Apparently this is the image of the three children (the twins “**child**” and “**her**” → Issy) lying in bed “fast asleep” (**still fast**) since it's Sunday, holy day. But the missing “asleep”, in fact a “caesura”, looks like a “censure”. ALP does want to censure sleep, metaphor for HCE's dormant phallus. “**fast**” is their fast (abstinence). And she “chides” her “child” (**child-her**) who plays truant (**no school**), not doing his “solar” (Sunday) duty . In this perspective the twins are allegorical “testicles”, in our case “nuts/nots”.

**620.12: Them boys is so contrary. The Head does be
620.13: worrying himself. Heel trouble and heal travel. Galliver and
620.14: Gellover.**

So that “**Them boys**” morph into unwilling (**contrairy** → contrary) “twin-balls”. The “**Head**” being the worried (**worrying**), self-torn (**worrying** → warring) “glans”, that will have a hell of trouble (**Heel trouble**) in its travel, needing healing (**heal travel**). But that's so painful for ALP that she represses the thought, preferring to re-ad-dress the “twins” in their “domestic” attire. So that “**contrairy**” shows now how opposite (contrary) they are. “**contrairy**” sounds in fact like Italian “contraerea” (counter-air, anti-aircraft warfare), thus implying an aerial, heavenly aspect and an earthly, terrestrial one: spirit (Shaun) vs matter (Shem). But in our case there is an “*inversion*” of terms, since “**The Head**”, who should be “on high”, is in fact the lower brute (Esau/Shem), fighting with his other self (**worrying himself**) as in Genesis 25.26:

“Afterward his brother came out, and his hand took hold of Esau’s heel.”

We see Jacob/Shawn scorning (pulling the leg → **Heel trouble**) Esau/Shem, crushing him under his heel (**Heel trouble**), so as to have his postman's “free way” (**heal travel**). In the course (**travel**) of their *Geaulliverian* fight, Shem is the bilious one (**Galliver** → **gall liver**), the black man, the Italian “uomo nero” (bogeyman) who “si mangia il fegato” (eats his own liver → lives on liver), English “eats his heart out”; whereas Shaun is the “girl lover” (**Gellover**), dressed all over (**G-ellover**) in a papish hell of colours (**Gello** → Italian giallo : yellow), waving his patriotic flag, “yellow over [green]”:



620.14: Unless they changes by mistake. I seen the likes in

620.15: the twinngling of an aye. Som. So oft. Sim. Time after time.

620.16: The sehm asnuh. Two bredder as doffered as nors in soun.

But the “*inversion*” anguish keeps hunting ALP. The “counter-airish” structure of the twins may conceal a “counter-Irish” homosexual trait. “**contrairy**” may mask in fact a “*counter-current fairy*”. Their continuous “inversion of roles” turns into the metaphor of unnatural drives (**changes by mistake**). The sudden character shift of the twins (**twinngling of an aye**) becomes the wink, the tingled “twinkle of the eye” a gay uses to communicate with his “brothers”, his gay “aye” of secret complicity. That is what someone (**Som**) so often (**So oft**) seems (**Sim**) to be, or **Some-Sim** like it; for example Danish “**som**” (like as) may be like English “seem”, as often as (German: **so oft** wie) *himseems*. Such a danger needs a S.O.S. (**Som. So oft. Sim**), since it keeps repeating (**Time after time**), renovating itself (**The sehm asnuh** → the same as new). And one must remark that in recognizing the ano-grammed “**sehm** → Shem” and “**asnuh** → Shaun” one must keep “*reversing*” the reading direction, or the North/South axis

(**nors in soun**). Brothers (**bredder**) who stand on the *opposite* sides of riverbanks (Norwegian **bredder**), with different (**doffered**) ideas (**doff** → to take one's hat off, thus showing one's bare head), different as a Norwegian (**nors** → Norse) from a Dane or a Swede (**soun** → the Sound strait) ; dissonant as noise (**nors**) from sound (**soun**) in their di-versification, through which ALP chases away the “*reverse*” motif and brings back again the twins into a domestic set of normal abnormality.

620.16: When

620.17: one of him sighs or one of him cries 'tis you all over. No peace

620.18: at all.

It seems that ALP is telling HCE how like him they are (**'tis you all over**) when they fight, showing both his amorous (**one of him sighs**) and furious (**one of him cries**) aspect. But the scene also depicts how differently they behave towards their father; the one who resignedly “**sighs**”, the other who curses him. In Italy we say “*tirare cristi*” (to hurl Christs); so “**cries 'tis you all over**” is a “christening” of Christs. Curses, shouts, but not yet shootings (**No peace at all** → no pistol).

620.18: Maybe it's those two old crony aunts held them out to the

620.19: water front. Queer Mrs Quickenough and odd Miss Dodd-

620.20: pebble. And when them two has had a good few there isn't much

620.21: more dirty clothes to publish. From the Laundersdale Minssions.

This is indeed ambiguous and somewhat disconcerting. It's evident the reference to the two washer women. They cannot be the young pissing girls, since they are “**two old crony aunts**”. But in that chapter (I.8) there's no mention of the twins, unless in cursory ways. It' HCE who is washed clean “**out to the water front**”, ALP herself shown as a complaisant accomplice. Thus one must hypothesize that their gossips have wide opened the eyes of the twins (**held them out**) about their father, exercising on them a foul influence. “**Queer Mrs Quickenough and odd Miss Dodd-pebble**” may vaguely recall Eliza and Nannie, Father Flynn's “two sisters” of the homonym story of Dubliners. But their nicknames reveal their characters. “**Queer Mrs Quickenough**” shows a frustrated wife who has to make do with “quickies” (although I think the term was not yet in use in this sense); most probably a lesbian (**Queer**). And “**odd Miss Dodd-pebble**” an unpaired (**odd**), dogged (**Dodd**) spinster (**Miss**) ready to lapidate (stone → **pebble**, to death → **dodd** → dead) people (**pebble**). In plainer terms: a deadly ball (**pebble**) buster. Convinced that their mission is to wash others' dirty laundry (**Laundersdale Minssions**), thus to give judgements according to their dodd-pebble-like “*Creed*” (*From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead*), they are in fact no more than dirty pissed off (**Minssions** → minx → Latin *mingere*) “*minchione*” (**Minssions**): vulgar Italian for “credulous dolts”.

620.22: One chap googling the holyboy's thingabib and this lad wetting

620.23: his widdle. You were pleased as Punch, recitating war exploits

620.24: and pearse orations to them jackeen gapers.

Nonetheless their stories about the bogeyman must have scared the twins like hell: so that Shaun (**chap** → chaplain), petrified, **Miss Dodd-pebble** style, had become a goody-goody (**holyboy** → Italian “santarellino” : little saint) looking for help in the Holy Bible (**holyboy**) and imbibing himself with all that kind of stuff (**thingabib**); whereas Shem, **Mrs Quickenough** style, was indeed quick enough first in wetting his pants (**wetting his widdle** → **widdle**: to urinate) then, queer as he was, in finding due restore playing with his pee, masturbating. Only later on he would react “wetting his whistle”. So, says ALP, how nice it would be if HCE wake up so as to entertain these naïve little beings, influenced, albeit unconsciously, by British lore (**jackeen** → pro-British Dubliners) and ready to gulp down (**gapers**) any story, with manly and heroic epic tales; as that day when he staged for them the Persian (**pearse**) wars (narrated by the Greek Herodotus) which pleased the literate Shem; and the orations of Padraic Pearse, leader of the 1916 Easter rising, which filled with enthusiasm the patriotic Shaun. But knowing in her heart that for them HCE was no more than a puppet, a boasting **Punch**. (Why does he not perform his “hyster” rising?)

620.24: But that night after,

620.25: all you were wanton! Bidding me do this and that and the other.

620.26: And blowing off to me, hugly Judsys, what wouldn't you give

620.27: to have a girl! Your wish was mewill. And, lo, out of a sky! The

620.28: way I too.

Puncheon traits that the night of that same day (**that night after**) HCE made his own, although in an erotic plane, displaying every kind of kamasutra knowledge (**do this and that and the other**) and having her agree (**Your wish was mewill**) to get pregnant and give him a “child her”. “**hugly Judsys**” is ALP's sad remembrance of her man's traitorous embrace, like that of the ugly Judas on holy Jesus. “**mewill**” pointing to Melville, both the one of Moby Dick (the fascination of HCE's giant tonnage) and of Bartleby as well, since for her it should have been better to reply to HCE's requests with “*I would prefer not to.*” And the girl came, although not unexpectedly (out of the blue), “**out of a sky**” as a putto (little angel) and what later would be a “nuvoletta” (Italian : little cloud).



“Putto” alluding perhaps to “puttana” (Italian whore), thus to a “puttanella” (little whore) : putta Ann ella (whore-Ann-she → 'tis pity she is a whore). Just exactly like her (**The way I too**). It is Ann/one (**I**) becoming two (**too**.)

620.28: But her, you wait.

It's not to exclude that the sole mention of the girl (**But her**) stir him up, so that ALP promptly calms him down (**you wait**). The protective mother puts the “**eager**” wife aside.

620.28: Eager to choose is left to her shade.

This is tricky. The most obvious interpretation is that ALP is telling HCE (**Eager to choose**) that he has to postpone (**wait**) his incestuous desires, since the choice must be left to Issy, and see whether she'd (**shade**) choose her sinister (**left**) shadowy side (**shade**) and dance around him “*the flowing dance of young maidens*” (Polovtsian Dances) of Borodin's “Prince Igor” (**Eager**), some verses of it singing:

“There under the murmur of the sea
The hills slumber under the clouds.
[...]
Sing songs of praise to the Khan!
[...]
There is no one equal in glory to the Khan. None!

620.29: If she had only more matcher's wit. Findlings makes runaways,

620.30: runaways a stray.

Of course ALP hopes that Issy be mature (**matcher's**) enough so as not to make her mother's mistake (**more matcher's wit**), showing more wit than her mother's, in finding (**Findlings**) her right “match” (**matcher's**). There is in fact an allusion to Charles Perrault's fairytale “*Le petit Poucet*” (Little Thumb, or Little Poucet), in which the tiny child collects pebbles (**Findlings** → German: erratic boulder) to find his way home. Should Issy not act like Little Poucet (→ little pussy; if italianized in “Poucet → puzzetta” she becomes “a little fart”) she would become a **runaway** in the hands of the horrible Ogre who would turn her into a forlorn street-walker (**runaways a stray**), especially if “**stray**” turns into Italian “*strada*” (street).

620.30: She's as merry as the gricks still. 'Twould be

620.31: sore should ledden sorrow.

Issy is indeed lively and full of fun (**merry as the gricks** → merry as a grig), but she should be careful not to play the little Troy (Italian Troia, both the Homeric City and “sow”, thus little slut) penetrated then by the Greek horse (**gricks**). “**gricks**” points indeed to “tricks”. The idiomatic “merry as a grig” is mentioned by Samuel Johnson in his glorious Dictionary. And Samuel Johnson was a close friend of David Garrick (**the gricks**) who was an actor, become famous after his memorable performance of Richard the third. So ALP is warning her daughter not to let herself be seduced by the hideous hunchback, the lump of foul deformity, like she had done (Lady Ann wooed

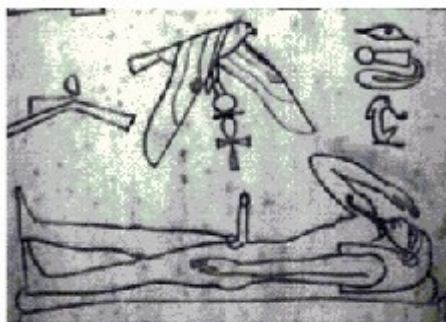
and seduced by Richard – Act I, scene 2). That would surely be (**'Twould be sore**) an injure (**sore**) leading to sorrow. The “sore/sorrow” wordplay may be an image of an *arrow* making a *sore*, which would lade (**ledden** → laden) sufferance (**ledden** → German: Leiden) on sorrow. But “**sore ↔ sorrow**” could also allude to Issy's double aspect, since we might detect a sister correspondence (**sore** → French *soeur* & **sorrow** → Latin *soror*), thus the “soeur → chaste sister → nun” turned into a sorrowful one “pierced by an arrow”, which of course is not St Therese's mystic one. The distorted “**ledden**” having been put there as a temptation for further closer readings; as the reference to E.A. Poe's “The Raven” (*Tell this soul with sorrow laden*), black bird that leads to “lead”, the metal, pronounced like “**ledd-en**”. This invites us to plunge down into an alchemist's crucible. Both raven and lead are symbols of “prima materia”, which gold comes out from. Following the right procedure “lead” is turned into “gold”. But in our case the procedure is “*reversed*”. The golden shining figure of the Father/Sun king (Italian “sole” turned into a “**sore**”) melts down into a base metal, led (**ledden**) into lead. Which, by the way, is the metal of Saturn, the Father who devoured his own children:



620.31: I'll wait. And I'll wait. And then if

620.32: all goes. What will be is. Is is.

As usual this might seem a plain sentence, with ALP, quietly resigned, awaiting the results of things to come, that will be always the same, the future (**What will be**) like the present (**is**), the same continuous mother/daughter cycle. Issy will be the new Isis (**Is is**) fluttering over Osiris's corpse, in order (→ command) to revive him.



But, cunningly hidden, there are alchemical references linking this sentence with the previous one. “wait” evokes in fact Arthur Edward Waite, a famous occultist, creator of a well known Tarot deck, member of The Golden Dawn, the same one of W.B. Yeats. And the sentence gives in fact the impression of Tarot cards displayed on the clairvoyante table so as to read the future. And I would not exclude a reference to Eliot's “Waste Land” and his “*Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante*” (is. Is is → three S → S.O.S. + tris), who may already have been hinted at in 620.14-16, especially in “Som. So oft. Sim.”. *Madame Sosostris* who, in her Tarot reading, uncovers a “*man with three staves*” (→ three pronged HCE). As for “is. Is is”, that may be the revelation (is Isis) of another occult Madame: Blavatski (Helena), the author of “Isis Unveiled”.

620.32: But let them. Slops hospodch and

620.33: the slusky slut too.

These two lines work as a hinge, since they may be linked both to the previous ones and to those coming next. ALP does not want any more to speak about the children (**But let them**). The missing “be” pointing to “bis” (two). They have been a diversion. She gives them a last look. But she sees again, in a vision, a pair of deflated balls (**Slops hospodch**) and a “pain-is” (**slut** → slat → stick) slow (**slusky**) in serving (Czech *služka* : maid, maidservant, house-servant). She'd rather shut her eyes and go back to the children. In “**Slops hospodch**” she picks up the sleeping (**Slops** → sleep) twins (**hospodch** → hotchpotch → hotch & potch) mixed up in their sloppy stew (hodgepodge); while the “**slusky slut**” is Issy, the unveiled-Isis-like “Blavatsky slut”, perhaps dreaming of playing hopscotch (**hospodch**), maybe Salome like, around the slop-sleeping lord (**hospodch** → Old Russian *господь* *gospod*).

But, as I said, ALP wants to get back to more tangible affairs, introducing thus the pub's two servants (**hospodch** → *Czech* *hospoda*: pub), who may indeed be interpreted as the “menial” personifications of the archetypal couple **HCE & ALP**, in Jungian terms: their “Shadow”. Now, if “**slusky slut**” is an evident reference to Kate, of Czechoslovakian origin (Czech *služka*) the man servant reference is somewhat more problematic. His many avatars (Sackerson, Maurice Behan, Pore ole Joe, etc.) do not seem to be linked to specific nationalities; although in our case, considering the next to come “seadog” (620.33), he is probably Sackerson. At any rate why “**hospodch**” that can be either Czech “*hospoda*” or Russian “*gospod*”?

I have arrived at two conclusions: (1) Kate considers the man-servant superior to her and calls him her “lord”, using her CzECH tongue; (2) “**hospodch**”, in any case, points to “Slavic languages”, such as Czech and Russian; so that the servant is described in “*slave-ish*” terms.

620.33: He's for thee what she's for me. Dogging you

620.34: round cove and haven and teaching me the perts of speech. If you

620.35: spun your yarns to him on the swishbarque waves I was spelling

620.36: my yearns to her over cottage cake. We'll not disturb their sleep-

621.01: ing duties.

Once again this passage (how tricky!) may refer both to the children and to the two servants. Let us consider the first case: we see HCE talking to the twins and ALP to Issy. The twins of course are seen in their “polar union” (**hospodch**) and that's why they are referred to as “he” (**He's for thee**). They are shown following their father's tracks (**Dogging you**) in his wanderings throughout taverns and brothels (**round cove and haven**), Copenhagen (**cove and haven**) alluding perhaps to the Museyroom scene of Wellington on his horse (Copenhagen) and the three cursing soldiers running after him (FW 10.06-18). In the meantime they insolently behave towards ALP (**teaching me**) using reproachable words (**the perts of speech**). Then they are shown listening to HCE's tales (**your yarns**) of sea adventures (**swishbarque waves** → the Swedish[**swish**] boats [**barque**] of the Vikings), commenting them with feint ardent and thrilled exclamations, in fact retorting (**swishbarque** → switchback) his boastings with their “boos”, e.g. whistles (**swish**) and barks (**barque**). Whereas ALP, on the opposite side (**perts** → Perth, Australia), she who should teach good manners to her daughter, is taught instead pert speech (**teaching me the perts of speech**). I don't know whether there might be oblique references to Aretino's ribald “Ragionamenti” (1536) where a mother, Nanna (Anna?), teaches her daughter Pippa (Pipette?), the art of prostitution. And in opposition to HCE's adventurous tales (**yarns**), ALP confides her frustrations (**yearns**) to Issy. The term “**spelling**” does not only “underscorch” the sad details, but points also to Italian “spellare” (to skin, to flay). As for “**cottage cake**” that may be a sarcastic metaphor for the sweetness of domestic affairs, the “gingerbread house” of the witch in the fairytale of Hansel and Gretel. So both ALP and HCE had better leave the children in their fairytale world of Sleeping Beauty (**We'll not disturb their sleeping duties.**)

But, viewing the scene from the *reversed* perspective, that of the servants, we see Sackerson dragging around (**Dogging you round**) HCE in most sordid places, the above mentioned taverns and brothels, but so low-graded that only a lowest of the low, like Sackerson, can know. And he is even so bold as to make advances to ALP (**teaching me** → teasing me) in filthy terms (**perts of speech**), which she wouldn't understand if Kate, the charwoman, did not teach her, the chairwoman, their dirty sense. A very degradation, an “*inversion*” of roles. In fact “**Dogging**” may hide a sexual subtext, that of the dog “behind” the master, on the back of him. Repressed, unconscious instincts HCE talks about, in fact his gay “outing” (**swishbarque** → switchback → inverted route), aboard the Viking boat that, fluently morphing into a Swiss barque (**swishbarque**), may hint at Jung (who lived on the shores of Zurich Lake and loved sailing) and at psycho-anal-ytic sessions. As for ALP's “**cottage cake**” it may point once again to her frustrations and her **yearns** for the “gingerbread house” she had imagined when she was a naïve unmarried maiden.

However, in both cases, those thoughts are so disturbing that ALP concludes they had better be not disturbed and let sleeping dogs lie (**We'll not disturb their sleeping duties.**) Then, *reverting* to more normal tracks, she tells her husband that they should not be as idle as the two half-ass servants, not doing their duties; conjugal ones in their case. And that HCE had better play the role of Prince Charming so as to awaken their slumbering “secret workings of natures” (615.14): “**their sleeping duties**”.

**621.1: Let besoms be bosuns. It's Phoenix, dear. And the
621.2: flame is, hear! Let's our joornee saintomichael make it. Since the
621.3: lausafire has lost and the book of the depth is. Closed.**

Here starts indeed an entanglement of tongues, beginning with French kisses, proletarian “**besoms**” (brooms) and bison-like (**bosuns**) grooms (→ Sackerson) becoming (here comes the groom) Prince Charming's “baisers” and “**bosuns**”, namely shining “beaux (French beautiful)” suns. So let bygones be bygones (**Let besoms be bosuns**), no more talks about queer sexuality (“**besoms**” and “**bosuns**” sound, in fact, somewhat like Italian “busòne”: vernacular for “faggot”) and let instincts have their go. A further Italian touch. “**besoms – bosuns**” in fact recall “bisogno”, idiomatic “call of nature”; and “**besom**”, namely broom, is used for sweeping, which is Italian “scopare”, vulgar “to fuck”. So let bosoms (**besoms**) be stampeding bisons (**bosuns**). The eternal fire (**Phoenix**) is burning again (**flame is**). A new day is born (**joornee** → French jour/journée [day], “née” [born]), a beautiful Sunday (**bosuns** → beau sun) for their “sentimental journey” (**joornee saintomichael** → *Voyage sentimental à travers la France et l'Italie* → French and Italian linguistic morphings), à la Sterne, wind in the stern, towards the phallic Mont Saint-Michel,



in the Tristram Armorican region. Hoping that St Michael's sword be once again “held on high”



In fact, in their sad state of things, the hellish fire of Lucifer (**lausafire**), no matter how “lousy” so “laudable” (Latin “laus”), has lost its flame; and ALP's pussy has been full stopped (“.” → **the book of the depth is. Closed.**). There is not only the obvious reference to the Egyptian “Book of the Dead”. “**book**” may morph in fact into an Italian “bocca” (mouth), thus we get an abysmal “mouth of the depth”, a deadly sinful unwillingly off-limited “primordial womb”.

621.3: Come!

621.4: Step out of your shell! Hold up you free fing!

These are indeed sex galore ejaculations, starting from the initial “**Come!**”. HCE is urged to come out from his self confinement, from his mollusc state (**out of your shell**) and make an overt show of his male power, brandishing on high (**Hold up**) both his trident (**free fing** → three fingers) and the middle prong of it, his “middle finger” (**free fing** → third finger); which is also a warning (**free fing** → briefing) to his slanderers. With quite a sarcastic touch, since the “**shell**” evokes Botticelli's “The birth of Venus”:



621.4: Yes. We've light

621.5: enough. I won't take our laddy's lampern. For them four old

621.6: windbags of Gustsofairy to be blowing at.

ALP wants to make clear to the world that they have nothing to hide (**We've light enough** → **enough** → in us). That she won't stand any more to be called a “virgin Mary”. “**our laddy's lampern**” pointing to the oil lamps before images of the Holy Virgin



She asserts that, for her husband, her “lad” (**our laddy**), she is not just a “nurse”, like Florence Nightingale, the Lady with a lamp (**our laddy's lampern**):



lamp that looks like her pussy, Indian yoni,



which she keeps rubbing, gossips say, since the Aladdin's lamp of her husband, no matter how she strokes it so as to fire its “genie” up, does not respond. She won't stand any more the slanders of the four chroniclers (**them four old windbags**), so very (**sofairy**) pleased (**Gustsofairy** → Italian “gusto, gustoso” : taste, savoury) in spreading out their “fairy-oriented” farts (**Gustsofairy** → gusts of air), in fact four “tasty → testi-cles” fart-holing “fruits” (**fairy**), telling lies about her man and awaiting themselves a fairy blow (**to be blowing at**).

621.6: Nor you your ruck-

621.7: sunck. To bring all the dannymans out after you on the hike.

And HCE must as well rid himself of the filthy burden of lies laden on his back like a “faggot” (**ruck-sunck** → rucksack → “**sunck**” hinting at the image of a fallen sun → Dämmerung → dannymerung → **dannymans**) that he has to bear and which works as a bait for base scandalmongers (**dannymans** → Irish slang “informers, betrayers”) ready to give vent to their Danny Boy pipes (*Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling*); pipes that become “pipe/pippe” (Italian → “jerk off” → mental masturbations), since it's they who are the cruising (**on the hike**) faggots. “**dannymans**” : Italian “donne” + “mans → men” = women-men. **Q.E.D.**

621.7: Send

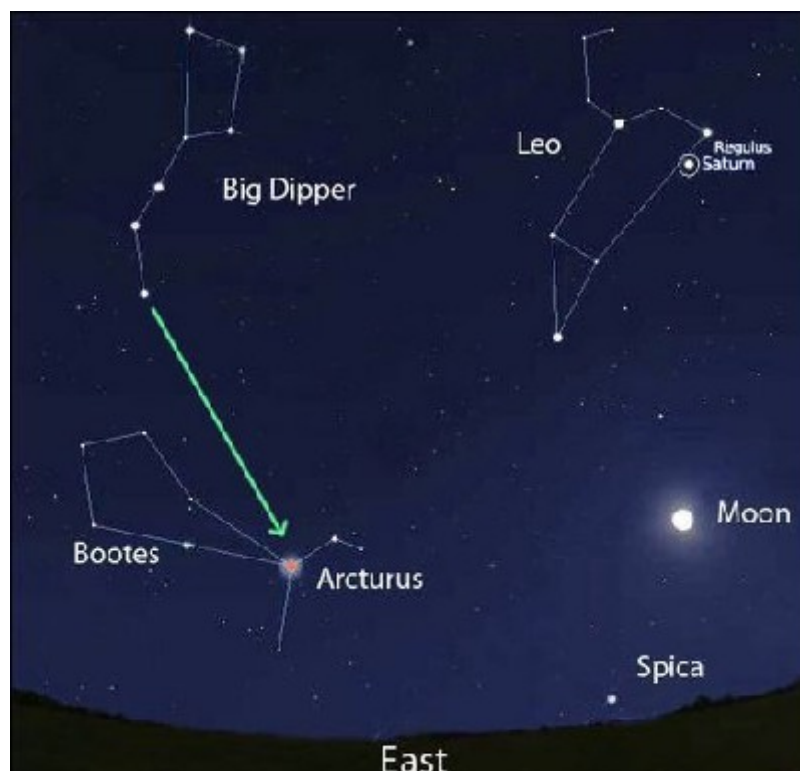
621.8: Arctur guiddus!

ALP hopes that the guide (**guiddus**) for their sentimental journey be no less than “**Send Arctur**”. Who can he ever be? We know that “Arcturus” is the brightest star (alpha) in the constellation Boötes, thus its radiance may work as a guiding light in HCE&ALP's *celescalating* progress.

Moreover it may be parsed into “**Arc + tur** → Tür : German door). Thus it may be a “triumphal arch” or French “Arc de Triomphe”.



The French allusion is not arbitrary since it does evoke a “Saint Arthur”, who can hardly be Saint Arthur of Glastonbury, contextually out of place, but “Arthur Saint-Léon” a famous *Maître de Ballet* who created the choreography of the renowned Coppelgia; by the same token he can guide them (**guiddus** → guide us) and beat their rhythms in their victorious dance through the heavenly “Arc de Triomphe”, teaching HCE to become the Greek **Ἀρκτούρος**, guardian of Ursa Maior, the she-bear.



Giving a good look at the star chart we can remark how the Leo constellation (Arthur Saint-Léon) does lively lead Bootes and Ursa in the chic “pede deux” of their “adverse ↔ reverse” *codreilly*.

But as usual there is something that obscures this glorious performance. No matter how virile the name (Celtic “*Arto wiros*”, namely bear-man) a ballet dancer is not exactly, at least in the common opinion, an example of manliness. Moreover we have to admit that alpha-Boötes may morph into an alphabet of collateral effects.

The oxen he drives (Boötes : ox-driver) are reminders of castration; the acronym itself (**s.a.g.** → sag → to sink, to lose vigour) is not a good omen; and he is probably “boo-ed” (Boö-tes) in his pseudo-berserker dance.

But, once again, ALP, like the skilled magician she is, promptly pulls out an elegant legerdemain. A good Sir Arthur Guinness (**Send Arctur guiddus**) beer (which is also Dutch “bear”) will make HCE “stout”; and no matter how giddy (**guiddus**), like a very king Arthur, he'll get through his “twelve rounds” match.

Pace scandalmongers' “**sag**”, obnubilated by his resilient enduring “**saga**”.

