

Finnegans Wake BY JAMES JOYCE (1939)

Well, you know or don't you kennet or haven't I told you every telling has a taling and that's the he and the she of it. Look, look, the dusk is growing! My branches lofty are taking root. And my cold cher's gone ashley. Fieluhr? Filou! What age is at? It saon is late. 'Tis endless now senne eye or erewone last saw Waterhouse's clogh. They took it asunder, I hurd thum sigh. When will they reassemble it? O, my back, my back, my bach! I'd want to go to Aches-les-Pains. Pingpong! There's the Belle for Sexaloitez! And Concepta de Send-us-pray! Pang! Wring out the clothes! Wring in the dew! Godavari, vert the showers! And grant thaya grace! Aman. Will we spread them here now? Ay, we will. Flip ! Spread on your bank and I'll spread mine on mine. Flep! It's what I'm doing. Spread ! It's churning chill. Der went is rising. I'll lay a few stones on the hostel sheets. A man and his bride embraced between them. Else I'd have sprinkled and folded them only. And I'll tie my butcher's apron here. It's suety yet. The strollers will pass it by. Six shifts, ten kerchiefs, nine to hold to the fire and this for the code, the convent napkins, twelve, one baby's shawl. Good mother Jossiph knows, she said. Whose head? Mutter snores? Deataceas! Wharnow are alle her childer, say? In kingdome gone or power to come or gloria be to them farther? Allalivial, allalluvial! Some here, more no more, more again lost alla stranger. I've heard tell that same brooch of the Shannons was married into a family in Spain. And all the Dunders de Dunnes in Markland's Vineland beyond Brendan's herring pool takes number nine in yangsee's hats. And one of Bidy's beads went bobbing till she rounded up lost histereve with a marigold and a cobbler's candle in a side strain of a main drain of a manzinahurries off Bachelor's Walk. But all that's left to the

last of the Meaghers in the loup of the years prefixed and between
is one kneebuckle and two hooks in the front. Do you tell me
that now? I do in troth. Orara por Orbe and poor Las Animas!
Ussa, Ulla, we're umbas all! Mezha, didn't you hear it a deluge of
times, ufer and ufer, respund to spond? You deed, you deed! I
need, I need! It's that irrawaddyng I've stoke in my aars. It all
but husheth the lethest zswound. Oronoko ! What's your trouble?
Is that the great Finnleader himself in his joakimono on his statue
riding the high horse there forehengist? Father of Otters, it is
himself! Yonne there! Isset that? On Fallareen Common? You're
thinking of Astley's Amphitheayter where the bobby restrained
you making sugarstuck pouts to the ghostwhite horse of the
Peppers. Throw the cobwebs from your eyes, woman, and spread
your washing proper! It's well I know your sort of slop. Flap!
Ireland sober is Ireland stiff Lord help you, Maria, full of grease,
the load is with me! Your prayers. I sonht zo! Madammangut!
Were you lifting your elbow, tell us, glazy cheeks, in Conway's
Carrigacurra canteen? Was I what, hobbledyhips? Flop! Your
rere gait's creakorheuman bitts your butts disagrees. Amn't I
up since the damp dawn, marthared mary allacook, with Corri-
gan's pulse and varicoarse veins, my pramaxle smashed, Alice
Jane in decline and my oneeyed mongrel twice run over, soaking
and bleaching boiler rags, and sweating cold, a widow like me,
for to deck my tennis champion son, the laundryman with the
lavandier flannels? You won your limpopo limp from the husky
hussars when Collars and Cuffs was heir to the town and your
slur gave the stink to Carlow. Holy Scamander, I sar it again!
Near the golden falls. Icis on us! Seints of light! Zezere! Subdue
your noise, you hamble creature! What is it but a blackburry
growth or the dwyergray ass them four old codgers owns. Are
you meanam Tarpey and Lyons and Gregory?

The Mookse and The Gripes.

Gentes and laitymen, fullstoppers and semicolonials, hybreds and lubberds!

Eins within a space and a wearywide space it wast ere wohnd a Mookse. The onesomness wast alltolonely, archunsitslike, broady oval, and a Mookse he would a walking go (My hood! Cries Antony Romeo) so one grandsumer evening, after a great morning and his good supper of gammon and spittish, having flabelled his eyes, pilleoled his nostrils, vacticanated his ears and palliumed his throats, he put on his impermeable, seized his impugnable, harped on his crown and stepped out of his immobile *De Rure Albo* (socolled becauld it was chalkfull of masterplasters and had borgeously letout gardens strown with cascadas, pintacostecas, horthoducts and currycombs) and set off from Ludstown *a spasso* to see how badness was badness in the weirdest of all pensible ways.

The Mookse and The Gripes

Gripes: grapes (Trauben) / ripe (reif) / griphos (Rätsel) / gryphon (Greif)

Mookse: moose (Elch) / mock (verspotten) / moo (Muhen) / mouse (Maus)

„The Fox and the Grapes“ and „The Lion and the Mouse“ (fables)

Gentes and laitymen

Gentes: gent (gentleman) / gents (gentlemen)

Laitymen: laity (Laienstand) / layman (Laie) / men

Gentes and laitymen = Ladies and gentlemen

Fullstoppers and semicolonials

Fullstoppers: fullstop (Punkt)

Semicolonials: semicolon, semi- colonial

Ireland = Semicolony (Northern Ireland / Republic of Ireland)

Hybreds and lubberds!

Hybreds: high-bred (vornehm geboren), hybrid (Mischling)

Lubberds: low-bred (ungebildet), lubber (Lümmel, Flegel)

Eins within a space and a wearywide space it wast

Eins within a space: once upon a time / einst (German) / Einstein (a stone?)

wearywide: very wide / weary (mühsam)

it wast: it was / vast (riesig) / waste (wüst)

Genesis 1, 2: „And the earth was without form, and void.“

ere wohnd a Mookse.

ere: ere (damals, ehe)

wohnd: wohnen (German) / Erewhon (Samuel Butler) = Nowhere

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (Joyce): „Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road.“

The onesomeness wast alltolonely, archunsitslike, broady oval

onesomeness: lonesomeness (Einsamkeit), ensomhed, Einsamkeit

alltolonely: lonely (einsam), „allzuallein“ (Nietzsche's Zarathustra?)

archunsitslike: archon (Greek = Herrscher), arch (Bogen); archons it's like??

broady oval: bloody awful / pretty evil