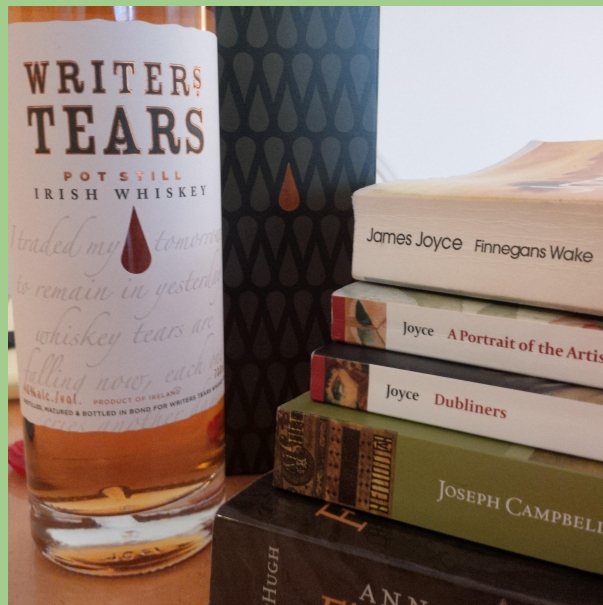


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# A Literary Hangover

Finnegans Wake II.3



# Lots of fun at Finnegans Wake

“It is to laugh”



He feels like a bottle full of stout, but falls  
about like a barrel full of beer. (Butt)

But he finished by lowering his woolly throat  
with the wonderful midnight thirst was on him.  
(HCE)

-from "A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake"

**“Here Comes Everybody” appropriately universalizes his crime (“The Fall”) to relativize his sin and alleviate his own guilt: “Everybody” and HCE are alike in their propensity for sin. However, he fails to prove that his crime and the accompanying guilt are commonplace in the the post-lapsarian *Wake*. Instead, HCE’s guilty conscience mediates and affects everything, appropriating the events of II.3 exclusively to his own crime. Thus, he magnifies and proliferates the instances of his crime within the barroom, and minimizes humanity’s relative guilt.**

# “Here Comes Everybody” as No Man

“It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinnesses but” (309.1).

“**How comes ever a body** in our taylorised world to **selve out thishis**, whither it gives a primeum nobilees for our notomise or naught, the farst wriggle from the ubivence, whereom is man, that old offender, **nother man**, wheile he is asame” (356.11-15).



“Guilty but **fellows culpows**. It was felt by me **sindeade**, that **submerged** doughdoughty doubleface told **waterside** labourers. But since we for athome’s health have chanced all that, the wild whips, the wind **ships**, the wonderlost for world hips, unto their foursquare trust prayed in aid its **plumptylump piteousness**...Though I may have hawked it...my imprecurious position and though achance I could have emptied **a pan of backslop down drain** by whiles of dodging **a rere from the middenprivet** appurtenant thereof, salving the presents of the board of wumps and pumps, I am ever incalpable, where release of prisonals properly concerned, of **unlifting upfallen girls** wherein dangered from them in thereopen out of unadulterous bowery, with those hintering influences from an **angelsexonism**” (363.20-35).

“And, since **threestory serratelling** was much too many, they maddened and they morgue and they lungd and they jowld. Synopticked on the word” (367.15-17).

# “O Lord of the barrels” (311.11)

“But old sporty, as **endth lord, in ryehouse reigner**, he nought feared crimp or cramp of shore sharks, plotsome to getsome. It was whol niet godthaab of errol **Loritz off his Cape of Good Howthe** ... but in the mealtub it was wohl yeas sputsbargain what, rarer of recent, an occasional conformity, he, with Muggleton Muckers, alwagers allalong most certainly allowed, as **pilerinnager's grace to petitionists of right, of the three blend cupstoomerries** with their customed spirits, the Gill gob, the Burkley bump, the Wallisey wanderlook, having their ceilidhe gailydhe in his shaunty irish. **Group drinkards maaks grope thinkards** or how reads rotary, jewr of a chrestend, respecting the otherdogs churchees, so long plubs will be plebs but plabs by low frequency amplification may later agree to have another.” (312.17-34).

“The phrase ‘group drinkards maaks grope thinkards’ (FW 312.31), does not necessarily describe partying Joyce scholars [though it does today]. It can describe us studying *Finnegans Wake*, enjoying the inebriation of Joyce’s language, and fighting off vertigo. Like drunkards in the hands of police, we seek to account for our reading, and make Joyce account for it, in order to avoid academic rebuke and the pain of literary hangover. Joyce carefully destabilizes the presuppositions on which our analytical sobriety depends – grammar, recognizable narrative conflicts, lexically dependable words with concretely familiar references – making certain that when we make inroads into his book, we will weave dangerously” (Hofheinz 643).



“Burniface, **shibly efter, shoply after**, at an angle of lag, let flow, brabble brabble and brabble, and **so hostily**, heavyside breathing, came up with them and, check me joule, **shot** the three tailors, butting back to Moyle herring, bump as beam and buttend, roller and reiter, after the diluv's own deluge, the seasant samped as skibber breezed in, tripping, dripping, threw the sheets in the wind, the tights of his trunks at tickle to tackle and his rubmelucky truss rehorsing the pouffed skirts of his overhawl” (315.9-17).

**“He'd left his stickup in his hand to show them none ill feeling.  
Whatthough for all appentices it had a mushroom on it. While he faced  
them front to back, Then paraseuls round, quite taken atack, sclaiming,  
Howe cools Eavybrolly!” (315.18-20).**

**“A time. And a find time. Whenin aye was a kiddling.** And the tarikies held sowansopper. Let there beam a frishfrey. And they sodhe gudhe rudhe brodhe wedhe swedhe medhe in the kanddledrum. I have just (let us suppraise) been **reading in a (suppressed) book** it is notwithstemting by meassures long and limited...” (356.16-21).

“And whilst (when I doot my sliding panel and I hear cawcaw) I have been idylly **turmbing over the loose looves leaflefts** jaggled casualty on the **lamatory**, as is my this is, as I must commit my lips to make misface for misfortune, often, so far as I can chance to recollect from the some farnights ago...” (357.20-24).

“I have remassed me, my travellingself, as from Magellanic clouds, after my contractual expenditures, through the perofficies of merelimb, I, my good grief, **I am, I am big altoogooder.**” (358.13-16)

“We **all, for whole men is lepers**, have been nobbut wonterers in that chill childerness which is our true name after the **allfaulters** (mug’s luck to em!) and, bespeaking of love and lie detectors in venuvarities, whateither the drugs truth of it, was there an iota of from the faust to the lost. And that is at most redoubtedly an overthrew of each ilkermann of us, I persuade myself, before Gow, gentlemen, so true as this are my kopfinpot astrode on these is my boardsoldereds” (355.33-36).

“lyoking for a stool-eazy for to nemesisplotsch allafranka and for to **salubrate** himself with an **ultradungs** heavenly mass at his base” (343.27-29).

“when I seeing him in his oneship...lugging up and down his livepelts...expousing his old skinful self tailtottom by **manuevring** in open **ordure**” (344.12-18)

“Whom battles joined no bottles sever!” (348.1-2)

*“(in his difficultous tresdobremient, he feels a bitvalike a baddlefall of staot but falls a batforlake a borrlfull of bare)” (348.3-4)*

*(he shouts his thump and feeh fauh foul finngures up the heighohs of their ahs!)" (352)*

“Butt’s ambiguities and innuendoes fan out into a veritable Krafft-Ebing report of sexual depravity, implicating even Butt and his soldier companions in a mish-mash of homo-hetero-anal-voyeur misconduct. Through this smeared lens, HCE is seen, metamorphosed into a Russian General...” (SK 216)

idiology alwise behounding his lumpy **hump** off homosodalism” (352)

“There is among others pleasures whom I love and which are favourites to mind, one which I have **pushed my finger in for the movement** and, but for my sealing is none to hand I swear, she is highly cathartic and there is another which I have **fomby fingered frequently** and, when my signet is on sign again I swear, she is deeply **sangnificant**” (357)



“[The Russian General] blanks his oggles because he confesses to all his **tellavicious nieces**. He blocks his nosoes because that he confesses to **everywheres he was always putting up his latest faengers**. He wollops his mouther with a sword of tusk in as because that he confesses how opten he used obening her howonton he used be undering her” (349.28-33).

“he finalised by lowering his woolly throat with the wonderful midnight thirst was on him, as keen as mustard, he could not tell what he did ale, that bothered he was from head to tail, and wishawishawish, leave it, what the Irish, boys, can do, if he did’nt go, sliggymaglooral reemyround and suck up, sure enough ... with the assistance of his venerated tongue, whatever surplus rotgut, sorra much, was left by the lazy lousers of malknights and beerchurls in the different bottoms of various different replenquished drinking utensils left there behind them on the premises by that whole hogsheaded firkin family, the departed honourable homegoers and other slygrogging suburbanites, such as it was, **fall and fall about**, to the brindishing of his charmed life, as toastified by his cheeriubicundenances...” (381.26-382.3)

“he came acrash a crupper sort of a sate on accomondation ... with his fol the dee oll the doo on the flure of his feats and the feels of the fumes in the wakes of his ears our wineman from Barleyhome he just slumped to the throne. So sailed the stout ship *Nansy Hans*. From Liff away. For Nattenlaender. As who has come returns. Farvel, farerne! Good-bark, goodbye! Now follow we out by Starloe!” (382.18-29).

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2013-2013

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