PUNS (Haas Chances Emulation)

or

JAMES JOYCE BETWEEN NOVELS

Robert Haas

And now what next? A pun? But upun what? (Dedaloss what to do.) Pun or puncil punsively in hand, pundering deeply. Such an opun ended problem. Pun to king four? (Then pun to queen four a Vico comeback.) Be Puntifex Maxiumus crossing the Liffeycon, all so silly over the puns asinorum?


But be not despundent! Wage Punnic war on convention: spuntaneous, independent, filled with spunk! Punnel punderneath them, punder and lightning above, puns spun out pungent, punending, and without compunction--a black punther aprowl! Life as a pun-runner: a Punte Carlo gamble (Hony soit qui mal y punse!); an adventure (epi oinopa punton), living by my Witz. Sound the biting trumpet (Signum tuba datum est: Tubae, or gnawed tubae?)! Cut them down! (Come pare thee to a Somme été?) Fight them, paunic them, never repunt, never expunge. “Punned!” shouts the coach. A Pung Fu attack! Run them through like a puncushion! Spundle and mutilate! The dreaded Indian kickboxer’s Punjab--slightest touch and they Dublin over retching.

Yet in end perhaps can go beypund this: wry-punning, deep-punning, reaching for impunderables. From pungently to pun-gently (Dublin tendre). Puncakes under rustling aspuns, wearing Punday best and a new Punama hat (puñana, Señor!), distant campunella bells, Pundarewski with a Chopun nocturne, Lily Puns fluttering by a Cio-Cio-pun aria, Casals playing softly his puncicello. Homespun calm-punny: puncakes and buttered puns at punrise, pungranates, punanas, and punkin pie. Punch and Judy in puntaloons, punting and sighing: punctomine, punctothine, my little pundle of joy!

But it’s hard: not certain how or if--just work and keep hopun it’ll happun. Must come back again and finnish another time.