

James

Finnegans
Wake

Joyce

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This transcription attempts to achieve a degree of hyphenation that is a compromise between relaxing the rigid constraints of typesetting and retaining the page and line structure of the printed book.

End-of-line and end-of-page hyphens were removed in a manner compatible with the [Concordance of Finnegans Wake](#), compiled by Eric Rosenbloom, and [The Finnegans Wake Extensible Elucidation Treasury \(FWEET\)](#) websites, both visited on 2017-Nov-05.

Necessarily the "[thunder](#)" words of 100+ letters, and other exceptionally long words, have been hyphenated as in the original. A modest number of additional hyphens have also been restored where needed.

Line and page breaks have been retained as in the original, except where hyphens have been removed, as described above. Pages have been numbered as in the original text. Otherwise the spelling and punctuation have not been altered.

This transcription may be best viewed in landscape orientation on devices with small screens. You may need to adjust the font size or window width in order to recreate the original line breaks.

by the same writer

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man
Collected Poems

Dubliners
Ulysses
Exiles

The Portable James Joyce
EDITED BY HARRY LEVIN

Letters of James Joyce
EDITED BY STUART GILBERT

FINNEGANS
WAKE

James Joyce

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FINNEGANS WAKE

I

---- 2 ----
---- 3 ----

riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to
bend
of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back
to
Howth Castle and Environs.

Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr'over the short sea, had
passencore
rearrived from North Armorica on this side the scraggy
isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war:
nor
had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated
themselfe
to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their
mumper
all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowsed mishe mishe to
tauftauf thuartpeatrick: not yet, though venissoon after, had a
kidskad buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all's fair
in
vanessy, were sosie sesthers wroth with twone nathandjoe.
Rot a

peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and
rory
end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the
aquaface.

The fall
(bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonner-
ronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntooohoordenenthur-
nuk!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and
later
on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of
the
offwall entailed at such short notice the pftjschute of
Finnegan,
erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humself promptly
sends
an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his
tumptytumtoes:
and their upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the
park
where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since
devlinsfirst
loved livvy.

----- 4 -----

What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrygods gaggin
fishygods!
Brékkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kóax Kóax Kóax! Ualu
Ualu Ualu! Quaouauh! Where the Baddelaries partisans are
still
out to mathmaster Malachus Micgranes and the Verdons
catapelting
the camibalistics out of the Whoyteboyce of Hoodie

Head. Assiegates and boomeringstroms. Sod's brood, be me
fear!

Sanglorians, save! Arms apeal with larms, appalling.

Killykillkilly:

a toll, a toll. What chance cuddleys, what cashels aired
and ventilated! What bidimetoloves sinduced by what
tegotetabsolvers!

What true feeling for their's hayair with what strawng
voice of false jiccup! O here here how hoth sprowled met the
duskt the father of fornicationists but, (O my shining stars
and

body!) how hath fanespanned most high heaven the skysign
of

soft advertisement! But was iz? Iseut? Ere were sewers? The
oaks

of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where askes lay.

Phall if

you but will, rise you must: and none so soon either shall the
pharce for the nunce come to a setdown secular phoenish.

Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen's
maurer,

lived in the broadest way immarginable in his rushlit
toofarback

for messuages before joshuan judges had given us numbers
or Helviticus committed deuteronomy (one yeastyday he
sternely

struxk his tete in a tub for to watsch the future of his fates but
ere

he swiftly stook it out again, by the might of mooses, the very
water

was eviparated and all the guenneses had met their exodus so

that ought to show you what a pentschanjeuchy chap he
was!)
and during mighty odd years this man of hod, cement and
edifices
in Toper's Thorp piled bildung supra bildung pon the
banks for the livers by the Soangso. He addle liddle phifie
Annie
ugged the little craythur. Wither hayre in honds tuck up your
part
inher. Oftwhile balbulous, mithre ahead, with goodly trowel
in
grasp and ivoroiled overalls which he habitacularly fondseed,
like
Haroun Childeric Eggeberth he would caligulate by
multiplicables
the alltitude and malltitude until he seesaw by neatlight of the
liquor wheretwin 'twas born, his roundhead staple of other
days
to rise in undress maisonry upstanded (joygrantit!), a
waalworth
of a skyerscape of most eyeful hoyth entowerly, erigenating
from

----- 5 -----

next to nothing and celescalating the himals and all,
hierarchitec-
titiptitoploftical, with a burning bush abob off its baubletop
and
with larrons o'toolers clittering up and tombles a'buckets
clottering
down.

Of the first was he to bare arms and a name: Wassaily
Booslaeugh

of Riesengeborg. His crest of huroldry, in vert with
ancillars, troublant, argent, a hegoak, poursuivant, horrid,
horned.

His scutschum fessed, with archers strung, helio, of the
second.

Hootch is for husbandman handling his hoe. Hohohoho,
Mister

Finn, you're going to be Mister Finnagain! Comeday morm
and,

O, you're vine! Sendday's eve and, ah, you're vinegar!

Hahahaha,

Mister Funn, you're going to be fined again!

What then agentlike brought about that tragoady
thundersday
this municipal sin business? Our cubehouse still rocks as
earwitness

to the thunder of his arafatas but we hear also through
successive

ages that shebby choruysh of unkalified
muzzlenimiissilehims that

would blackguardise the whitestone ever hurtleturtled out of
heaven. Stay us wherefore in our search for tighteousness, O
Sustainer,

what time we rise and when we take up to toothmick and
before we lump down upown our leatherbed and in the night
and

at the fading of the stars! For a nod to the nabir is better than
wink

to the wabsanti. Otherways wesways like that provost
scoffing

bedoueen the jebel and the jpysian sea. Cropherb the

crunchbracken

shall decide. Then we'll know if the feast is a flyday. She has a gift of seek on site and she allcasually ansars helpers, the

dreamydeary. Heed! Heed! It may half been a missfired brick, as

some say, or it mought have been due to a collupsus of his back

promises, as others looked at it. (There extand by now one thousand

and one stories, all told, of the same). But so sore did abe ite ivvy's holired abbles, (what with the wallhall's horrors of rolls-

rights, carhacks, stonengens, kisstvanes, tramtrees, fargobawlers,

autokinotons, hippohobbilies, streetfleets, tournintaxes, megaphoggs,

circuses and wardsmoats and basilikerks and aeropagods

and the hoise and the jollybrool and the peeler in the coat and

the mecklenburk bitch bite at his ear and the merlinburrow burrocks

and his fore old porecourts, the bore the more, and his

----- 6 -----

blightblack workingstacks at twelvepins a dozen and the noobibusses

sleighding along Safetyfirst Street and the derryjellybies snooping around Tell-No-Tailors' Corner and the fumes and the

hopes and the strupithump of his ville's indigenous romekeepers,

homesweepers, domecreepers, thurum and thurum in

fancymud

murumd and all the uproor from all the aufroofs, a roof for
may

and a reef for hugh butt under his bridge suits tony) wan
warning

Phill filt tippling full. His howd feeled heavy, his hoddit did
shake. (There was a wall of course in erection) Dimb! He
stottered

from the latter. Damb! he was dud. Dumb! Mastabatoom,
mastabadtomm, when a mon merries his lute is all long. For
whole the world to see.

Shize? I should shee! Macool, Macool, orra whyi deed ye
diie?

of a trying thirstay mournin? Sobs they sighdid at Fillagain's
chrissormiss wake, all the hoolivans of the nation, prostrated
in

their consternation and their duodisimally profusive plethora
of

ululation. There was plumbs and grumes and cheriffs and
citherers

and raiders and cinemen too. And the all gianed in with the
shoutmost

shoviality. Agog and magog and the round of them agrog.

To the continuation of that celebration until Hanandhunigan's
extermination! Some in kinkin corass, more, kankan keening.

Belling him up and filling him down. He's stiff but he's
steady is

Priam Olim! 'Twas he was the dacent gaylabouring youth.

Sharpen

his pillowscone, tap up his bier! E'erawhere in this whorl
would ye

hear sich a din again? With their deepbrow fundigs and the
dusty
fidelios. They laid him brawdawn alanglast bed. With a
bockalips
of finisky fore his feet. And a barrowload of guenesis hoer
his head.

Tee the tootal of the fluid hang the twoddle of the fuddled, O!

Hurrah, there is but young gleve for the owl globe wheels
in
view which is tautalogically the same thing. Well, Him a
being
so on the flounder of his bulk like an overgrown babeling, let
wee
peep, see, at Hom, well, see peegee ought he ought,
platterplate.

or from Buythebanks to Roundthehead or from the foot of
the
bill to ireglint's eye he calmly extensolies. And all the way (a
horn!) from fjord to fjell his baywinds' oboboos shall wail
him

----- 7 -----

rockbound (hoahoahoah!) in swimswamswum and all the
livvylong
night, the delldale dalplling night, the night of bluerybells,
her flittaflute in tricky trochees (O carina! O carina!) wake
him.

With her issavan essavans and her patterjackmartins about all
them inns and ouses. Tilling a teel of a tum, telling a toll of a
teary
turty Taubling. Grace before Glutton. For what we are, gifs
à gross if we are, about to believe. So pool the begg and pass

the
kish for crawsake. Omen. So sigh us. Grampupus is fallen
down
but grinny sprids the boord. Whase on the joint of a desh?
Finfoefom
the Fush. Whase be his baken head? A loaf of Singpantry's
Kennedy bread. And whase hitched to the hop in his tayle?
A glass of Danu U'Dunnell's foamous olde Dobbelin ayle.
But,
lo, as you would quaffoff his fraudstuff and sink teeth
through
that pyth of a flowerwhite bodey behold of him as behemoth
for
he is noewhemoe. Finiche! Only a fadograph of a yestern
scene.
Almost rubicund Salmosalar, ancient fromout the ages of the
Ag-
apemonides, he is smolten in our mist, woebecanned and
packt
away. So that meal's dead off for summan, schlook, schlice
and
goodridhirring.

Yet may we not see still the brontoichthyan form outlined
aslumbered,
even in our own nighttime by the sedge of the troutling
stream that Bronto loved and Brunto has a lean on. *Hic cubat
edilis. Apud libertinam parvulam.* Whatif she be in flags or
flitters,
reekierags or sundyechosies, with a mint of mines or beggar
a
pinnyweight. Arrah, sure, we all love little Anny Ruiny, or,

we

mean to say, lovelittle Anna Rayiny, when unda her brella,
mid

piddle med puddle, she ninnygoes nannygoes nancing by.
Yoh!

Brontolone slaaps, yoh snoores. Upon Benn Heather, in
Seeples

Isout too. The cranic head on him, caster of his reasons, peer
yuthner

in yondmist. Whooth? His clay feet, swarded in verdigrass,
stick up starck where he last fellowem, by the mund of the
magazine

wall, where our maggy seen all, with her sisterin shawl.

While over against this belles' alliance beyind Ill Sixty,
ollollowed

ill! bagsides of the fort, bom, tarabom, tarabom, lurk the
ombushes, the site of the lyffing-in-wait of the upjock and
hockums.

Hence when the clouds roll by, jamey, a proudseye view is

----- 8 -----

enjoyable of our mounding's mass, now Wallinstone national
museum, with, in some greenish distance, the charming
waterloose

country and the two quitewhite villagettes who hear show
of themselves so gigglesomes minxt the follyages, the
prettilees!

Penetrators are permitted into the museomound free. Welsh
and

the Paddy Patkineses, one shelenk! Redismembers invalids of
old

guard find poussepousse pousseyprom to sate the sort of their
butt.

For her passkey supply to the janitrix, the mistress Kathe.
Tip.

This the way to the museyroom. Mind your hats goan in!
Now yiz are in the Willingdone Museyroom. This is a
Prooshious
gunn. This is a ffrinch. Tip. This is the flag of the Prooshious,
the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of
the Prooshious. This is the ffrinch that fire on the Bull that
bang
the flag of the Prooshious. Saloos the Crossgunn! Up with
your
pike and fork! Tip. (Bullsfoot! Fine!) This is the triplewon
hat of
Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleumhat. This is the Willingdone on his
same white harse, the Cokenhape. This is the big Sraughter
Willingdone,
grand and magentic in his goldtin spurs and his ironed
dux and his quarterbrass woodysshoes and his magnate's
gharters
and his bangkok's best and goliar's goloshes and his
pulluponeasyan
wartrews. This is his big wide harse. Tip. This is the three
lipoleum boyne grouching down in the living detch. This is
an
inimyskilling inglis, this is a scotcher grey, this is a davy,
stooping.
This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. A
Gallawghurs argaumunt. This is the petty lipoleum boy that
was nayther bag nor bug. Assaye, assaye! Touchole Fitz
Tuomush.
Dirty MacDyke. And Hairy O'Hurry. All of them

arminus-varminus. This is Delian alps. This is Mont Tivel,
this is Mont Tipsey, this is the Grand Mons Injun. This is the
crimealine of the alps hooping to sheltershock the three
lipoleums.

This is the jinnies with their legahorns feinting to read in
their

handmade's book of stralegy while making their war
undisides

the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the
jinnies is

a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is
big

Willingdone mormorial tallowscoop Wounderworker
obsides

on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower. Tip. This

----- 9 -----

is me Belchum sneaking his phillippy out of his most Awful
Grimmest Sunshat Cromwelly. Looted. This is the jinnies'
hastings

dispatch for to irrigate the Willingdone. Dispatch in thin
red lines cross the shortfront of me Belchum. Yaw, yaw, yaw!
Leaper Orthor. Fear siecken! Fieldgaze thy tiny frow.

Hugacting.

Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to fontannoy the
Willingdone. Shee, shee, shee! The jinnies is jillous
agincourting

all the lipoleums. And the lipoleums is gonn boycottoncrezy
onto

the one Willingdone. And the Willingdone git the band up.

This

is bode Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his sedred word
with a

ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's
huold
dispitchback. Dispitch deployed on the regions rare of me
Belchum. Salamangra! Ayi, ayi, ayi! Cherry jinnies.
Figtreeyou!
Damn fairy ann, Voutre. Willingdone. That was the first joke
of
Willingdone, tic for tac. Hee, hee, hee! This is me Belchum
in
his twelvemile cowchooks, weet, tweet and stampforth
foremost,
footing the camp for the jinnies. Drink a sip, drankasup, for
he's
as sooner buy a guinness than he'd stale store stout. This is
Rooshious
balls. This is a ttrinch. This is mistletropes. This is Canon
Futter with the popynose. After his hundred days' indulgence.
This is the blessed. Tarra's widdars! This is jinnies in the
bonny
bawn blooches. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This
is the
Willingdone, by the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre!
(Bullsear! Play!) This is camelry, this is floodens, this is the
solphereens in action, this is their mobbily, this is
panickburns.
Almeidagad! Arthiz too loose! This is Willingdone cry.
Brum!
Brum! Cumbrum! This is jinnies cry. Underwetter! Goat
strip Finnlambs! This is jinnies rinning away to their
ousterlists
dowan a bunkersheels. With a nip nippy nip and a trip trippy
trip so airy. For their heart's right there. Tip. This is me

Belchum's

tinkyou tankyou silvoor plate for citchin the crapes in
the cool of his canister. Poor the pay! This is the bissmark of
the

marathon merry of the jinnies they left behind them. This is
the

Willingdone branlish his same marmorial tallowscoop

Sophy-Key-Po

for his royal diversion on the rinnaway jinnies. Gambariste
della porca! Dalaveras fimmieras! This is the pettiest

----- 10 -----

of the lipoleums, Toffeethief, that spy on the Willingdone
from

his big white harse, the Capeinhope. Stonewall Willingdone
is an old maxy montrumeny. Lipoleums is nice hung
bushellors.

This is hiena hinnessy laughing alout at the Willingdone.

This is lipsyg dooley krieging the funk from the hinnessy.

This is the hinndoo Shimar Shin between the dooley boy and
the

hinnessy. Tip. This is the wixy old Willingdone picket up the
half of the threefoiled hat of lipoleums fromoud of the
bluddle

filth. This is the hinndoo waxing ranjymad for a bombshoob.

This is the Willingdone hanking the half of the hat of
lipoleums

up the tail on the buckside of his big white harse. Tip. That
was

the last joke of Willingdone. Hit, hit, hit! This is the same
white

harse of the Willingdone, Culpenhelp, waggling his
tailoscrupp

with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insoult on the hinndoo seeboy.

Hney, hney, hney! (Bullrag! Foul!) This is the seeboy, madrashattaras, upjump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone: Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! This is the Willingdone, bornstable ghentleman, tindere his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shin.

Basucker youstead! This is the dooforhim seeboy blow the whole of the half of the hat of lipoleums off of the top of the tail on the back of his big wide harse. Tip (Bullseye! Game!) How Copenhagen ended. This way the museyroom. Mind your boots goan out.

Phew!

What a warm time we were in there but how keling is here the airabouts! We nowhere she lives but you mussna tell annaone for the lamp of Jig-a-Lantern! It's a candlelittle houthse of a month and one windies. Downadown, High Downadown. And nummered quaintlymine. And such reasonable weather too! The wagrant wind's awalt'zaround the piltdowns and on every blasted knollyrock (if you can spot fifty I spy four more) there's that gnarlybird ygathering, a runalittle, doalittle, preealittle, pouralittle, wipealittle, kicksalittle, severalittle, eatalittle, whinealittle,

kena-
little, helfalittle, pelfalittle gnarlybird. A verytableland of
bleakbard-
fields! Under his seven wrothschiolds lies one, Lumproar.
His glav toside
him. Skud ontorsed. Our pigeons pair are flewn for
northcliffs.

----- 11 -----

The three of crows have flapped it southenly, kraaking of de
baccle to the kvarters of that sky whence triboos answer;
Wail,
'tis well! She niver comes out when Thon's on shower or
when
Thon's flash with his Nixy girls or when Thon's blowing
toomcracks
down the gael's of Thon. No nubo no! Neblas on you liv!
Her would be too moochy afreet. Of Burymeleg and
Bindmerollingeeyes
and all the deed in the woe. Fe fo fom! She jist does
hopes till byes will be byes. Here, and it goes on to appear
now,
she comes, a peacefugle, a parody's bird, a peri potmother,
a pringlpik in the ilandiskippy, with peewee and powwows in
beggybaggy on her bickybacky and a flick flask fleckflinging
its pixylighting pacts' huemeramybows, picking here,
pecking
there, pussypussy plunderpussy. But it's the armitides
toonigh,
militopucos, and toomourn we wish for a muddy kissmans to
the
minutia workers and there's to be a gorgeups truce for
happinest

childher everwere. Come nebo me and suso sing the day we
sallybright. She's burrowed the coacher's headlight the better
to
pry (who goes cute goes siocur and shoos aroun) and all
spoiled
goods go into her nabsack: curtrages and rattlin buttins,
nappy
spattees and flasks of all nations, clavicures and scampulars,
maps,
keys and woodpiles of haypennies and moonled brooches
with
bloodstaned breeks in em, boaston nightgarters and masses
of
shoesets and nickelly nacks and foder allmicheal and a lugly
parson
of cates and howitzer muchears and midgers and maggets,
ills and
ells with loffs of toffs and pleures of bells and the last sigh
that
come fro the hart (bucklied!) and the fairest sin the sunsaw
(that's cearc!). With Kiss. Kiss Criss. Cross Criss. Kiss Cross.
Undo lives 'end. Slain.

How bootifull and how truetowife of her, when strengly
forebidden,
to steal our historic presents from the past postpropheticals
so as to will make us all lordy heirs and ladymaidesses of a
pretty nice kettle of fruit. She is livving in our midst of debt
and
laffing through all plores for us (her birth is uncontrollable),
with
a naperon for her mask and her sabboes kickin arias (so sair!

so
solly!) if you ask me and I sack you. Hou! Hou! Gricks
may
rise and Troysirs fall (there being two sights for ever a
picture)

----- 12 -----

for in the byways of high improvidence that's what makes
lifework
leaving and the world's a cell for citters to sit in. Let young
wimman run away with the story and let young min talk
smooth
behind the buttelers back. She knows her knight's duty while
Luntum sleeps. Did ye save any tin? says he. Did I what?
with
a grin says she. And we all like a marriedann because she is
mercenary.
Though the length of the land lies under liquidation
(floote!) and there's nare a hairbrow nor an eyebush on this
glaubrous
place of Herrschuft Whatarwelter she'll loan a vesta and
hire some peat and sarch the shores her cockles to heat and
she'll
do all a turfwoman can to puff the business on. Paff. To puff
the
blaziness on. Poffpoff. And even if Humpty shell fall
frumpty
times as awkward again in the beardsboosoloom of all our
grand
remonstrancers there'll be iggs for the brekkers come to
mournhim,
sunny side up with care. So true is it that therewhere's a
turnover the tay is wet too and when you think you ketch

sight

of a hind make sure but you're cocked by a hin.

Then as she is on her behaviourite job of quainance
bandy,
fruting for firstlings and taking her tithe, we may take our
review
of the two mounds to see nothing of the himples here as at
elsewhere,
by sixes and sevens, like so many heegills and collines,
sitton aroont, scentbreeched and somepotreek, in their
swishawish
satins and their taffetaffe tights, playing Wharton's Folly,
at a treepurty on the planko in the purk. Stand up, mickos!
Make strake for minnas! By order, Nicholas Proud. We may
see
and hear nothing if we choose of the shortlegged bergins off
Corkhill or the bergamoors of Arbourhill or the
bergagambols
of Summerhill or the bergincellies of Miseryhill or the
countrybossed
bergones of Constitutionhill though every crowd has its
several tones and every trade has its clever mechanics and
each
harmonical has a point of its own, Olaf's on the rise and
Ivor's
on the lift and Sitric's place's between them. But all they are
all
there scraping along to sneeze out a likelihood that will solve
and salve life's robulous rebus, hopping round his middle like
kippers on a griddle, O, as he lays dormont from the

macroborg

of Holdhard to the microbirg of Pied de Poudre. Behove this

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sound of Irish sense. Really? Here English might be seen.

Royally? One sovereign punned to petery pence. Regally?

The

silence speaks the scene. Fake!

So This Is Dyoublong?

Hush! Caution! Echoland!

How charmingly exquisite! It reminds you of the
outwashed

engravure that we used to be blurring on the blotchwall of his
innkempt house. Used they? (I am sure that tiring

chabelshoveller

with the mujikal chocolat box, Miry Mitchel, is listening) I

say, the remains of the outworn gravemure where used to be

blurried the Ptolmens of the Incabus. Used we? (He is only

pretendant

to be stugging at the jubalee harp from a second existed

lishener, Fiery Farrelly.) It is well known. Lokk for himself

and

see the old butte new. Dbln. W. K. O. O. Hear? By the

mausolime

wall. Fimfim fimfim. With a grand funferall. Fumfum

fumfum.

'Tis optophone which ontophanes. List! Wheatstone's

magic lyer. They will be tuggling foriver. They will be

lichening

for allof. They will be pretumbling forover. The

harpsdischord

shall be theirs for ollaves.

Four things therefore, saith our herodotary Mammon
Lujius
in his grand old historiorum, wrote near Boriorum, bluest
book
in baile's annals, f.t. in Dyfflinarsky ne'er sall fail til
heathersmoke
and cloudweed Eire's ile sall pall. And here now they are, the
fear
of um. T. Totities! *Unum*. (Adar.) A bulbenboss surmounted
upon
an alderman. Ay, ay! *Duum*. (Nizam.) A shoe on a puir old
wobban. Ah, ho! *Triom*. (Tamuz.) An auburn mayde, o'brine
a'bride, to be deserted. Adear, adear! *Quodlibus*.
(Marchessvan.) A
penn no weightier nor a polepost. And so. And all. (Succoth.)

So, how idlers' wind turning pages on pages, as innocens
with
anaclete play popeye antipop, the leaves of the living in the
boke
of the deeds, annals of themselves timing the cycles of events
grand and national, bring fassilwise to pass how.

1132 A.D. Men like to ants or emmets wondern upon a
groot
hwide Whalfisk which lay in a Runnel. Blubby wares upat
Ublanium.

566 A.D. On Baalfire's night of this year after deluge a
crone that

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hadde a wickered Kish for to hale dead turves from the bog
lookit
under the blay of her Kish as she ran for to sothisfeige her

cowrieosity

and be me sawl but she found hersell sackvulle of swart
goody quickenshoon and small illigant brogues, so rich in
sweat.

Blurry works at Hurdlesford.

(Silent.)

566 A.D. At this time it fell out that a brazenlockt damsel
grieved
(*sobralasolas!*) because that Puppette her minion was ravisht
of her
by the ogre Puropeus Pious. Bloody wars in
Ballyaughacleeaghally.

1132 A.D. Two sons at an hour were born until a goodman
and his hag. These sons called themselves Caddy and Primas.
Primas was a santryman and drilled all decent people. Caddy
went to Winehouse and wrote o peace a farce. Blotty words
for
Dublin.

Somewhere, parently, in the ginnandgo gap between
antediluvius
and annadominant the copyist must have fled with his
scroll. The billy flood rose or an elk charged him or the
sultrup
worldwright from the excelsissimost empyrean (bolt, in sum)
earthspake or the Dannamen gallous banged pan the bliddy
duran.
A scribicide then and there is led off under old's code with
some fine covered by six marks or ninepins in metalmen for
the
sake of his labour's dross while it will be only now and again

in
our rear of o'er era, as an upshoot of military and civil
engagements,
that a gynecure was let on to the scuffold for taking that
same fine sum covertly by meddlement with the drawers of
his
neighbour's safe.

Now after all that farfatch'd and peragrine or dingnant or
clere
lift we our ears, eyes of the darkness, from the tome of *Liber
Lividus*
and, (toh!), how paisibly eirenical, all dimmering dunes
and gloaming glades, selfstretches afore us our fredeland's
plain!
Lean neath stone pine the pastor lies with his crook; young
pricket
by pricket's sister nibbleth on returned viridities; amaid her
rocking grasses the herb trinity shams lowliness; skyup is of
evergrey.
Thus, too, for donkey's years. Since the bouts of Hebear
and Hairyman the cornflowers have been staying at
Ballymun,

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the duskrose has choosed out Goatstown's hedges, twolips
have
pressed togetherthem by sweet Rush, townland of
twinedlights,
the whitethorn and the redthorn have fairygeyed the
mayvalleys
of Knockmaroon, and, though for rings round them, during a
chiliad of perihelygangs, the Formoreans have brittled the
tooth

of the Danes and the Oxman has been pestered by the
Firebugs
and the Joynts have thrown up jerrybuilding to the Kevanses
and Little on the Green is childsfather to the City (Year!
Year! And laughtears!), these paxsealing buttonholes have
quadrilled
across the centuries and whiff now whafft to us, fresh and
made-of-all-smiles as, on the eve of Killallwho.

The babbelers with their thangas vain have been
(confusium
hold them!) they were and went; thigging thugs were and
houhnhymn
songtoms were and comely norgels were and pollyfool
fiansees. Menn have thawed, clerks have surssurhummed, the
blond has sought of the brune: Elsekiss thou may, mean
Kerry
piggy?: and the duncledames have countered with the hellish
fellows:
Who ails tongue coddeau, aspace of dumbillsilly? And they
fell upong one another: and themselves they have fallen. And
still nowanights and by nights of yore do all bold floras of
the
field to their shyfaun lovers say only: Cull me ere I wilt to
thee!:
and, but a little later: Pluck me whilst I blush! Well may they
wilt, marry, and profusedly blush, be troth! For that saying is
as
old as the howitts. Lave a whale a while in a whillbarrow
(isn't
it the truath I'm tallin ye?) to have fins and flippers that
shimmy

and shake. Tim Timmycan timped hir, tampting Tam.

Fleppety!

Flippety! Fleapow!

Hop!

In the name of Anem this carl on the kopje in pelted
thongs a
parth a lone who the joebiggar be he? Forshapen his pigmaid
hoagshead, shroonk his plodsfoot. He hath locktoes, this
shortshins,

and, Obeold that's pectoral, his mammamuscles most
mousterious. It is slaking nuncheon out of some thing's brain
pan. Me seemeth a dragon man. He is almonthst on the kiek
fief by here, is Comestipple Sacksoun, be it junipery or
febrewery,

marracks or alebrill or the ramping riots of pouriose and

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froriose. What a quhare soort of a mahan. It is evident the
michindaddy.

Lets we overstep his fire defences and these kraals of
slitsucked marrogbones. (Cave!) He can prapsposterus the
pillory

way to Hirculos pillar. Come on, fool porterfull, hosiered
women blown monk sewer? Scuse us, chorley guy! You
tollerday

donsk? N. You tolkatiff scowegian? Nn. You spigotty
anglease?

Nnn. You phonio saxo? Nnnn. Clear all so! 'Tis a Jute.

Let us swop hats and excheck a few strong verbs weak oach
eather

yapyazzard abast the bloody creeks.

Jute.— Yutah!

Mutt.— Mukk's pleasurad.

Jute.— Are you jeff?

Mutt.— Somehards.

Jute.— But you are not jeffmute?

Mutt.— Noho. Only an utterer.

Jute.— Whoa? Whoat is the mutter with you?

Mutt.— I became a stun a stummer.

Jute.— What a hauhauhauhaudibble thing, to be cause!
How,
Mutt?

Mutt.— Aput the buttle, surd.

Jute.— Whose poddle? Wherein?

Mutt.— The Inns of Dungtarf where Used awe to be he.

Jute.— You that side your voise are almost inedible to
me.
Become a bitskin more wiseable, as if I were
you.

Mutt.— Has? Has at? Hasatency? Urp, Boohooru! Booru
Usurp! I trumple from rath in mine mines when I
rimimirim!

Jute.— One eyegonblack. Bisons is bisons. Let me fore
all
your hasitancy cross your qualm with trink gilt.
Here
have sylvan coyne, a piece of oak. Ghinees hies
good
for you.

Mutt.— Louee, louee! How wooden I not know it, the
intellible

greycloak of Cedric Silkyshag! Cead mealy
faulty rices for one dabblin bar. Old grilsy
growlsy!

He was poached on in that eggtentical spot. Here

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where the liveries, Monomark. There where the
missers

moony, Minnikin passe.

Jute.— Simply because as Taciturn pretells, our
wrongstoryshortener,
he dumptied the wholeborrow of rubbages
on to soil here.

Mutt.— Just how a puddinstone inat the brookcells by a
riverpool.

Jute.— Load Allmarshy! Wid wad for a norse like?

Mutt.— Somular with a bull on a clompturf. Rooks
roarum
rex roome! I could snore to him of the spumy
horn,
with his woolseley side in, by the neck I am
sutton
on, did Brian d' of Linn.

Jute.— Boildoyle and rawhoney on me when I can
beuraly
forsstand a weird from sturk to finnic in such a
patwhat
as your rutterdamrotter. Onheard of and
umscene!

Gut aftermeal! See you doomed.

Mutt.— Quite agreem. Bussave a sec. Walk a dun blink
roundward this albutisle and you skull see how

olde
ye plaine of my Elters, hunfree and ours, where
wone
to wail whimbrel to peewee o'er the saltings,
where
wilby citie by law of isthmon, where by a droit
of
signory, icefloe was from his Inn the Bygging
to
whose Finishthere Punct. Let erhim
ruhmuhrmuhr.
Mearmerge two races, swete and brack.
Morthering
rue. Hither, craching eastuards, they are in
surgence:
hence, cool at ebb, they requiesce. Countlessness
of
livestories have netherfallen by this plage, flick
as
flowflakes, litters from aloft, like a waast
wizzard all of
whirlworlds. Now are all tombed to the mound,
isges
to isges, erde from erde. Pride, O pride, thy
prize!

Jute.— 'Stench!

Mutt.— Fiatfuit! Hereinunder lyethey. Llarge by the smal
an'
everynight life also th'estrange, babylone the
great-
grandhotelled with tit tit tittlehouse, alp on

earwig,
drukn on ild, likeas equal to anequal in this
sound
seemetry which iz leebez luv.

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Jute.— 'Zmorde!

Mutt.— Meldundleize! By the fearse wave behoughted.
Despond's
sung. And thanacross mound have swollup
them all. This ourth of years is not save
brickdust
and being humus the same returns. He who runes
may rede it on all fours. O'c'stle, n'wc'stle,
tr'c'stle,
crumbling! Sell me sooth the fare for Humblin!
Humblady
Fair. But speak it allsosiftly, moulder! Be in
your whisht!

Jute.— Whysht?

Mutt.— The gyant Forficules with Amni the fay.

Jute.— Howe?

Mutt.— Here is viceking's graab.

Jute.— Hwaad!

Mutt.— Ore you astoneaged, jute you?

Jute.— Oye am thonthorstrok, thing mud.

(Stoop) if you are abcedminded, to this claybook, what
curios
of signs (please stoop), in this allaphbed! Can you rede (since
We and Thou had it out already) its world? It is the same told
of all. Many. Miscegenations on miscegenations. Tieckle.

They
lived und laughed ant loved end left. Forsin. Thy thingdome
is
given to the Meades and Porsons. The meandertale, aloss and
again, of our old Heidenburgh in the days when Head-in-
Clouds
walked the earth. In the ignorance that implies impression
that
knits knowledge that finds the nameform that whets the wits
that
convey contacts that sweeten sensation that drives desire that
adheres to attachment that dogs death that bitches birth that
entails
the ensuance of existentiality. But with a rush out of his
navel reaching the reredos of Ramasbatham. A terricolous
vivelyonview
this; queer and it continues to be quaky. A hatch, a celt,
an earshare the pourquose of which was to cassay the
earthcrust at
all of hours, furrowards, bagawards, like yoxen at the
turnpaht.
Here say figurines billycoose arming and mounting.
Mounting and
arming bellicose figurines see here. Futhorc, this liffle
effingee is for
a firefing called a flintforfall. Face at the eased! O I fay! Face
at the
waist! Ho, you fie! Upwap and dump em, ~~F~~ace to ~~L~~ace!
When a

part so ptee does duty for the holos we soon grow to use of
an

allforabit. Here (please to stoop) are selveran cued peteet
peas of
quite a pecuniar interest inaslittle as they are the pellets that
make
the tomtummy's pay roll. Right rank ragnar rocks and with
these
rox orangotangos ranged rough and rightgorong. Wisha,
wisha,
whydidtha? Thik is for thorn that's thuck in its thoil like
thumfool's
thraitor thrust for vengeance. What a mnice old mness it
all mnakes! A middenhide hoard of objects! Olives, beets,
kimmells,
dollies, alfrids, beatties, cormacks and daltons. Owlets' eegs
(O stoop to please!) are here, creakish from age and all now
quite epsilene, and oldwolldy wobblewers, haudworth a wipe
o
grass. Sss! See the snake wurrums everyside! Our durlbin is
sworming in sneaks. They came to our island from triangular
Toucheaterre beyond the wet prairie rared up in the midst of
the
cargon of prohibitive pomefructs but along landed Paddy
Wippingham
and the his garbagecans cotched the creeps of them
pricker than our whosethere outofman could quick up her
whatsthats.
Somedivide and sumthelot but the tally turns round the
same balifuson. Racketeers and bottloggers.

Axe on thwacks on thracks, axenwise. One by one place
one
be three dittoh and one before. Two nursus one make a

plausible

free and idiom behind. Starting off with a big boaboa and
threelegged

calvers and ivargrain jadesses with a message in their
mouths. And a hundreadfilled unleavenweight of
liberorumqueue

to con an we can till allhorrors eve. What a meanderthalltale
to

unfurl and with what an end in view of squattor and
anntisquattor

and postproneauntisquattor! To say too us to be every tim,
nick

and larry of us, sons of the sod, sons, littlesons, yea and
lealittlesons,

when usses not to be, every sue, siss and sally of us, dugters
of Nan! Accusative ahnsire! Damadam to infinities!

True there was in nillohs dieybos as yet no lumpend
papeer

in the waste and mightmountain Penn still groaned for the
micies

to let flee. All was of ancientry. You gave me a boot (signs
on

it!) and I ate the wind. I quizzed you a quid (with for what?)
and

you went to the quod. But the world, mind, is, was and will
be

writing its own wrunes for ever, man, on all matters that fall

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under the ban of our infrarational senses fore the last
milchcamel,

the heartvein throbbing between his eyebrows, has still to
moor before the tomb of his cousin charmian where his date

is
tethered by the palm that's hers. But the horn, the drinking,
the
day of dread are not now. A bone, a pebble, a ramskin; chip
them,
chap them, cut them up allways; leave them to terracook in
the
muttheringpot: and Gutenmorg with his cromagnom charter,
tintingfast and great primer must once for omniboss step
rubrickredd
out of the wordpress else is there no virtue more in
alcoholan.
For that (the rapt one warns) is what papyr is meed
of, made of, hides and hints and misses in prints. Till ye
finally
(though not yet endlike) meet with the acquaintance of
Mister
Typus, Mistress Tope and all the little typtopies. Fillstup. So
you
need hardly spell me how every word will be bound over to
carry
three score and ten toptypical readings throughout the book
of
Doublends Jined (may his forehead be darkened with mud
who
would sunder!) till Daleth, mahomahouma, who oped it
closeth
thereof the. Dor.

Cry not yet! There's many a smile to Nondum, with sytty
maids per man, sir, and the park's so dark by kindlelight. But
look what you have in your handself! The movibles are

scrawling

in motions, marching, all of them ago, in pitpat and zingzang
for every busy eerie whig's a bit of a torytale to tell. One's

upon

a thyme and two's behind their lettuce leap and three's among
the

strubbely beds. And the chicks picked their teeth and the
dombkey

he begay began. You can ask your ass if he believes it. And
so cuddy me only wallops have heels. That one of a wife

with

folty barnets. For then was the age when hoops ran high. Of a
noarch and a chopwife; of a pomme full grave and a fammy

of

levity; or of golden youths that wanted gelding; or of what
the

mischievmiss made a man do. Malmarriedad he was
reversogassed

by the frisque of her frasques and her prytty pyrrhique.

Maye faye, she's la gaye this snaky woman! From that
trippiery

toe expectungpelick! Veil, volantine, valentine eyes. She's the
very besch Winnie blows Nay on good. Flou inn, flow ann.

Hohore! So it's sure it was her not we! But lay it easy, gentle

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mien, we are in rearing of a norewhig. So

weenybeenyeenyteeny.

Comsy see! Het wis if ee newt. Lissom! lissom!

I am doing it. Hark, the corne entreats! And the larpnotes
prittle.

It was of a night, late, lang time agone, in an auldstane
eld,

when Adam was delvin and his madameen spinning
watersilts,
when mulk mountynotty man was everybully and the first
leal
ribberrobber that ever had her ainway everybuddy to his
lovesaking
eyes and everybilly lived alove with everybidly else, and
Jarl van Hoother had his burnt head high up in his
lamphouse,
laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jiminyes,
cousins
of ourn, Tristopher and Hilary, were kickaheeling their
dummy
on the oil cloth flure of his homerigh, castle and
earthenhouse.
And, be dermot, who come to the keep of his inn only the
niece-
of-his-in-law, the prankquean. And the prankquean pulled a
rosy
one and made her wit foreninst the dour. And she lit up and
fireland
was ablaze. And spoke she to the dour in her petty
perusienne:
Mark the Wans, why do I am alook alike a poss of
porterpease?
And that was how the skirtmisshes began. But the dour
handworded her grace in dootch nossow: Shut! So her grace
o'malice kidsnapped up the jiminy Tristopher and into the
shandy
westerness she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl van Hoother
warlessed
after her with soft dovesgall: Stop deaf stop come back to

my earin stop. But she swaradid to him: Unlikelihud. And
there
was a brannewail that same sabboath night of falling angles
somewhere
in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years'
walk in Tourlemonde and she washed the blessings of the
lovespots
off the jiminy with soap sulliver suddles and she had her
four owlers masters for to tauch him his tickles and she
convorted
him to the onesure allgood and he became a luderman. So
then
she started to rain and to rain and, be redtom, she was back
again
at Jarl van Hoother's in a brace of samers and the jiminy with
her in her pinafrond, lace at night, at another time. And
where
did she come but to the bar of his bristolry. And Jarl von
Hoother
had his baretholobruised heels drowned in his cellarmalt,
shaking warm hands with himself and the jimminy Hilary
and

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the dummy in their first infancy were below on the tearsheet,
wringing and coughing, like brodar and histher. And the
prankquean
nipped a paly one and lit up again and redcocks flew
flackering
from the hillcombs. And she made her witter before the
wicked, saying: Mark the Twy, why do I am alook alike two
poss
of porterpease? And: Shut! says the wicked, handwording

her

madesty. So her madesty a forethought set down a jiminy and took up a jiminy and all the lilipath ways to Woeman's Land she

rain, rain, rain. And Jarl von Hooter bleathered atter her with

a loud finegale: Stop domb stop come back with my earring stop.

But the prankquean swaradid: Am liking it. And there was a wild

old grannewwail that laurency night of starshootings somewhere

in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Turnlemeem and she punched the curses of cromcruwell with the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had her four larksical monitrix to touch him his tears and she provorted him to the onecertain allsecure and he became a tristian. So then she started

raining, raining, and in a pair of changers, be dom ter, she was

back again at Jarl von Hooter's and the Larryhill with her under

her abromette. And why would she halt at all if not by the ward

of his mansionhome of another nice lace for the third charm?

And Jarl von Hooter had his hurricane hips up to his pantrybox,

ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), and the jiminy Toughertrees and the dummy were belove on the watercloth, kissing and spitting, and roguing and poghuing, like

knavepaltry and naivebride and in their second infancy. And

the

prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay twinkling.

And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of trihump, asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am alook alike three poss of porter

pease? But that was how the skirtmishes enduppied. For like the campbells acoming with a fork lance of lightning, Jarl von

Hoother Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chollar

and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves and his ladbroke breeks and his cattegut bandolair and his furframed

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panuncular cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen orangeman

in his violet indigonation, to the whole length of the strength of his bowman's bill. And he clopped his rude hand to

his eacy hitch and he ordurd and his thick spch spck for her to

shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clup

(Per-

kodhuskurunbarggruauyagokgorlayorgromgremmitghundhurt h-

rumathunaradidillifaititillibumullunukkunun!) And they all drank

free. For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any

girls under shurts. And that was the first peace of illiterative
porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world. How kirssy
the
tiler made a sweet unclose to the Narwhealian captol. Saw
fore
shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to
hold
her dummyship and the jimminies was to keep the
peacewave
and van Hooter was to git the wind up. Thus the
hearsomeness
of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.

O foenix culprit! Ex nickylow malo comes mickelmassed
bonum.

Hill, rill, ones in company, billeted, less be proud of. Breast
high and bestride! Only for that these will not breathe upon
Norronesen or Irenean the secrest of their soorcelosness.

Quarry

silex, Homfrie Noanswa! Undy gentian festyknees, Livia
Noanswa?

Wolkencap is on him, frowned; audiurient, he would
evesdrip, were it mous at hand, were it dinn of bottles in the
far

ear. Murk, his vales are darkling. With lipth she lithpeth to
him

all to time of thuch on thuch and thow on thow. She he she
ho

she ha to la. Hairfluke, if he could bad twig her!

Impalpabunt,

he abhears. The soundwaves are his buffeteers; they trompe
him

with their trompes; the wave of roary and the wave of
hooshed
and the wave of hawhawhawrd and the wave of
neverheedthem-
horseluggarsandlistletomine. Landloughed by his
neaghboormistress
and petrified in his offspring, sables and suckers, the
moaning pipers could tell him to his faceback, the louthly
one
whose loab we are devorers of, how butt for his hold halibutt,
or
her to her pudor puff, the lipalip one whose libe we drink at,
how
biff for her tiddywink of a windfall, our breed and washer
givers,
there would not be a holey spier on the town nor a vestal
flouting
in the dock, nay to make plein avowels, nor a yew nor an eye
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to play cash cash in Novo Nilbud by swamplight nor a' toole
o'
tall o' toll and noddy hint to the convaynience.

He dug in and dug out by the skill of his tilth for himself
and
all belonging to him and he sweated his crew beneath his
auspice
for the living and he urned his dread, that dragon volant, and
he
made louse for us and delivered us to boll weevils amain,
that
mighty liberator, Unfru-Chikda-Uru-Wukru and begad he
did,

our ancestor most worshipful, till he thought of a better one
in
his window's house with that blushmantle upon him from
earsend
to earsend. And would again could whispering grassies wake
him and may again when the fiery bird disembers. And will
again if so be sooth by elder to his youngers shall be said.
Have
you whines for my wedding, did you bring bride and
bedding,
will you whoop for my deading is a? Wake?
Usqueadbaugham!

Anam muck an dhoul! Did ye drink me doornail?

Now be aisy, good Mr Finnimore, sir. And take your
laysure
like a god on pension and don't be walking abroad. Sure
you'd
only lose yourself in Healiopolis now the way your roads in
Kapelavaster are that winding there after the calvary, the
North
Umbrian and the Fivs Barrow and Waddlings Raid and the
Bower Moore and wet your feet maybe with the foggy dew's
abroad. Meeting some sick old bankrupt or the Cottericks'
donkey
with his shoe hanging, clankatachankata, or a slut snoring
with an
impure infant on a bench. 'Twould turn you against life, so
'twould. And the weather's that mean too. To part from
Devlin
is hard as Nugent knew, to leave the clean tanglesome one
lushier

than its neighbour enfranchisable fields but let your ghost
have
no grievance. You're better off, sir, where you are,
primesigned
in the full of your dress, bloodeagle waistcoat and all,
remembering
your shapes and sizes on the pillow of your babycurls under
your sycamore by the keld water where the Tory's clay will
scare
the varmints and have all you want, pouch, gloves, flask,
bricket,
kerchief, ring and amberulla, the whole treasure of the pyre,
in the
land of souls with Homin and Broin Baroke and pole ole
Lonan
and Nobucketnozzler and the Guinnghis Khan. And we'll be
coming here, the ombre players, to rake your gravel and
bringing

----- 25 -----

you presents, won't we, fenians? And it isn't our spittle we'll
stint
you of, is it, druids? Not shabbty little imagettes, pennydirts
and
dodgemyeyes you buy in the soottee stores. But offerings of
the
field. Mieliodories, that Doctor Faherty, the madison man,
taught to gooden you. Popypap's a passport out. And honey
is
the holiest thing ever was, hive, comb and earwax, the food
for
glory, (mind you keep the pot or your nectar cup may yield
too

light!) and some goat's milk, sir, like the maid used to bring you.
Your fame is spreading like Basilico's ointment since the Fintan
Lalors piped you overborder and there's whole households beyond
the Bothnians and they calling names after you. The menhere's
always talking of you sitting around on the pig's cheeks under the sacred roofree, over the bowls of memory where every
hollow holds a hallow, with a pledge till the drengs, in the Salmon
House. And admiring to our supershillelagh where the palmsweat
on high is the mark of your manument. All the toethpicks ever
Eirenesians chewed on are chips chepped from that battery block. If you were bowed and soild and letdown itself from the
oner of the load it was that paddyplanters might pack up plenty and
when you were undone in every point fore the laps of goddesses
you showed our labourlasses how to free was easy. The game old
Gunne, they do be saying, (skull!) that was a planter for you, a
spicer of them all. Begog but he was, the G.O.G! He's duddandgunne
now and we're apter finding the sores of his sedeq but peace to his great limbs, the buddhoch, with the last

league
long rest of him, while the millioncandled eye of Tuskar
sweeps
the Moylean Main! There was never a warlord in Great
Erinnes
and Brettland, no, nor in all Pike County like you, they say.
No,
nor a king nor an ardking, bung king, sung king or hung
king.
That you could fell an elmstree twelve urchins couldn't ring
round and hoist high the stone that Liam failed. Who but a
Mac-
cullaghmore the reise of our fortunes and the faunayman at
the
funeral to compass our cause? If you was hogglebully itself
and
most frifty like you was taken waters still what all where was
your like to lay the cable or who was the batter could better
Your Grace? Mick Mac Magnus MacCawley can take you off
to

----- 26 -----

the pure perfection and Leatherbags Reynolds tries your
shuffle
and cut. But as Hopkins and Hopkins puts it, you were the
pale
eggynaggy and a kis to tilly up. We calls him the journeyall
Buggaloffs since he went Jerusalemfaring in Arssia Manor.
You
had a gamier cock than Pete, Jake or Martin and your
archgoose
of geese stubbled for All Angels' Day. So may the priest of
seven

worms and scalding tayboil, Papa Vestray, come never anear
you

as your hair grows wheater beside the Liffey that's in
Heaven!

Hep, hep, hurrah there! Hero! Seven times thereto we salute
you! The whole bag of kits, falconplumes and jackboots
incloted,

is where you flung them that time. Your heart is in the system
of the Shewolf and your crested head is in the tropic of
Copricapron.

Your feet are in the cloister of Virgo. Your olala is in the
region of sahuls. And that's ashore as you were born. Your
shuck

tick's swell. And that there texas is tow linen. The loamsome
roam to Laffayette is ended. Drop in your tracks, babe! Be
not

unrested! The headboddylwatcher of the chempel of Isid,
Totumcalmum, saith: I know thee, metherjar, I know thee,
salvation

boat. For we have performed upon thee, thou abramanation,
who comest ever without being invoked, whose coming
is unknown, all the things which the company of the
precentors

and of the grammarians of Christpatrick's ordered concerning
thee in the matter of the work of thy tombing. Howe of the
shipmen,
steep wall!

Everything's going on the same or so it appeals to all of
us,
in the old holmsted here. Coughings all over the sanctuary,
bad

scrant to me aunt Florenza. The horn for breakfast, one
o'gong
for lunch and dinnerchime. As popular as when Belly the
First
was keng and his members met in the Diet of Man. The same
shop slop in the window. Jacob's lettercrackers and Dr
Tipple's
Vi-Cocoa and the Eswuards' desippated soup beside Mother
Seagull's
syrup. Meat took a drop when Reilly-Parsons failed. Coal's
short but we've plenty of bog in the yard. And barley's up
again,
begained to it. The lads is attending school nessans regular,
sir,
spelling beesknees with hathatansy and turning out tables by
mudapplication. Allfor the books and never pegging
smashers

----- 27 -----

after Tom Bowe Glassarse or Timmy the Tosser. 'Tisraely the
truth! No isn't it, roman pathoricks? You were the
doublejoynted
janitor the morning they were delivered and you'll be a
grandfer
yet entirely when the ritehand seizes what the lovearm
knows.
Kevin's just a doat with his cherub cheek, chalking oghres on
walls, and his little lamp and schoolbelt and bag of knicks,
playing
postman's knock round the diggings and if the seep were
milk
you could lieve his olde by his ide but, laus sake, the devil
does

be in that knirps of a Jerry sometimes, the tarandtan plaidboy,
making encostive inkum out of the last of his lavings and
writing

a blue streak over his bourseday shirt. Hetty Jane's a child of
Mary. She'll be coming (for they're sure to choose her) in her
white of gold with a touch of ivy to rekindle the flame on
Felix

Day. But Essie Shanahan has let down her skirts. You
remember

Essie in our Luna's Convent? They called her Holly Merry
her

lips were so ruddyberry and Pia de Purebelle when the
redminers

riots was on about her. Were I a clerk designate to the
Williams-

woodsmenufactors I'd poster those pouters on every jamb in
the

town. She's making her rep at Lanner's twicenightly. With the
tabarine tamtammers of the whirligimagees. Beats that
cachucha

flat. 'Twould dilate your heart to go.

Aisy now, you decent man, with your knees and lie quiet
and

repose your honour's lordship! Hold him here, Ezekiel Irons,
and

may God strengthen you! It's our warm spirits, boys, he's
sporing.

Dimitrius O'Flagonan, cork that cure for the Clancartys! You
swamped enough since Portobello to float the Pomeroy.

Fetch

neahere, Pat Koy! And fetch nouyou, Pam Yates! Be nayther

angst of Wramawitch! Here's lumbos. Where misties
swaddlum,
where misches lodge none, where mystries pour kind on, O
sleepy! So be yet!

I've an eye on queer Behan and old Kate and the butter,
trust me.

She'll do no jugglywuggly with her war souvenir postcards to
help to build me mural, tippers! I'll trip your traps! Assure a
sure there! And we put on your clock again, sir, for you. Did
or
didn't we, sharestutterers? So you won't be up a stump
entirely.

Nor shed your remnants. The sternwheel's crawling strong. I

----- 28 -----

seen your missus in the hall. Like the queenoveire. Arrah, it's
herself that's fine, too, don't be talking! Shirksends? You
storyan

Harry chap longa me Harry chap storyan grass woman
plelthy

good trout. Shakeshands. Dibble a hayfork's wrong with her
only

her lex's salig. Boald Tib does be yawning and smirking cat's
hours on the Pollockses' woolly round tabouretcushion
watching

her sewing a dream together, the tailor's daughter, stitch to
her last. Or while waiting for winter to fire the enchantement,
decoying more nesters to fall down the flue. It's an
allavalonche that

blows nopussy food. If you only were there to explain the
meaning,

best of men, and talk to her nice of guldensilver. The lips
would moisten once again. As when you drove with her to

Findrinny

Fair. What with reins here and ribbons there all your hands were employed so she never knew was she on land or at

sea or swooped through the blue like Airwinger's bride. She was flirtsome then and she's fluttersome yet. She can second a

song and adores a scandal when the last post's gone by. Fond of

a concertina and pairs passing when she's had her forty winks for supper after kanekannan and abbely dimpling and is in her

merlin chair assotted, reading her Evening World. To see is it smarts, full lengths or swaggers. News, news, all the news. Death, a leopard, kills fellah in Fez. Angry scenes at Stormount.

Stilla Star with her lucky in goingaways. Opportunity fair with

the China floods and we hear these rosy rumours. Ding Tams he

noise about all same Harry chap. She's seeking her way, a chickle

a chuckle, in and out of their serial story, *Les Loves of Selskar*

et Pervenche, freely adapted to *The Novvergin's Viv*. There'll be bluebells blowing in salty sepulchres the night she signs her

final tear. Zee End. But that's a world of ways away. Till track

laws time. No silver ash or switches for that one! While flattering

candles flare. Anna Stacey's how are you! Worthier waist in

the
noblest, says Adams and Sons, the wouldpay actionneers.
Her
hair's as brown as ever it was. And wivvy and wavy. Repose
you
now! Finn no more!

For, be that samesake sibsubstitute of a hooky salmon,
there's
already a big rody ram lad at random on the premises of his

----- 29 -----

haunt of the hungred bordles, as it is told me. Shop Illicit,
flourishing like a lordmajor or a buaboabaybohm, litting flop
a deadlop (aloose!) to lee but lifting a bennbranch a
yardalong

(ivoeh!) on the breezy side (for showm!), the height of
Brewster's

chimpney and as broad below as Phineas Barnum; humping
his share of the showthers is senken on him he's such a
grandfallar, with a poked wife in pickle that's a flyfire and
three

lice nittle clinkers, two twilling bugs and one midgit pucelle.
And aither he cursed and recursed and was everseen doing
what

your fourfootlers saw or he was never done seeing what you
coolpigeons

know, weep the clouds aboon for smiledown witnesses,
and that'll do now about the fairyhees and the frailyshees.

Though Eset fibble it to the zephiroth and Artsa zoom it
round

her heavens for ever. Creator he has created for his created
ones a creation. White monothoid? Red theatrocrat? And all
the

pinkprophets cohaleting? Very much so! But however 'twas 'tis sure for one thing, what sherif Toragh voucherfors and Mapqiq makes put out, that the man, Humme the Cheapner, Esc, overseen as we thought him, yet a worthy of the naym, came at this timecoloured place where we live in our paroqial fermament one tide on another, with a bumrush in a hull of a wherry, the twin turbane dhow, *The Bey for Dybbling*, this archipelago's first visiting schooner, with a wicklowpattern waxenwench at her prow for a figurehead, the deadsea dugong updipdrizzling from his depths, and has been re preaching himself like a fishmummer these siktyten years ever since, his shebi by his shide, adi and aid, growing hoarish under his turban and changing cane sugar into sethulose starch (Tuttut's cess to him!) as also that, batin the bulkihood he bloats about when innebbiated, our old offender was humile, commune and ensectuous from his nature, which you may gauge after the bynames was put under him, in lashons of languages, (honnein suit and praisers be!) and, totalisating him, even hamissim of himashim that he, sober serious, he is ee and no counter he who will be ultimendly respunchable for the hubbub caused in Edenborough.

Now (to forebare for ever solittle of Iris Trees and Lili
O'Rangans),
concerning the genesis of Harold or Humphrey Chimpden's
occupational agnomen (we are back in the presurnames
prodromarith period, of course just when enos chalked
halltraps)
and discarding once for all those theories from older sources
which
would link him back with such pivotal ancestors as the
Glues, the
Gravys, the Northeasts, the Ankers and the Earwickers of
Sidlesham
in the Hundred of Manhood or proclaim him offsprout of
vikings who had founded wapentake and seddled hem in
Herrick
or Eric, the best authenticated version, the Dumlat, read the
Reading of Hofed-ben-Edar, has it that it was this way. We
are
told how in the beginning it came to pass that like cabbaging
Cincinnatus the grand old gardener was saving daylight
under his
redwoodtree one sultry sabbath afternoon, Hag Chivychas
Eve,
in prefall paradise peace by following his plough for rootles
in the
rere garden of mobhouse, ye olde marine hotel, when royalty
was

announced by runner to have been pleased to have halted
itself on
the highroad along which a leisureloving dogfox had cast
followed,
also at walking pace, by a lady pack of cocker spaniels.
Forgetful
of all save his vassal's plain fealty to the ethnarch Humphrey
or Harold stayed not to yoke or saddle but stumbled out
hotface
as he was (his sweatful bandanna loose from his pocketcoat)
hasting
to the forecourts of his public in topee, surcingle, solascarf
and
plaid, plus fours, puttees and bulldog boots ruddled cinnabar
with

----- 31 -----

flagrant marl, jingling his turnpike keys and bearing aloft
amid
the fixed pikes of the hunting party a high perch atop of
which a
flowerpot was fixed earthside hoist with care. On his majesty,
who
was, or often feigned to be, noticeably longsighted from
green
youth and had been meaning to inquire what, in effect, had
caused
yon causeway to be thus potholed, asking substitutionally to
be
put wise as to whether paternoster and silver doctors were
not
now more fancied bait for lobstertrapping honest blunt
Haromphreyld

answered in no uncertain tones very similarly with a fearless
forehead: Naw, yer madders, aw war jist a cotchin on thon
bluggy earwuggers. Our sailor king, who was draining a
gugglet
of obvious adamale, gift both and gorbán, upon this, ceasing
to
swallow, smiled most heartily beneath his walrus moustaches
and
indulging that none too genial humour which William the
Conk
on the spindle side had inherited with the hereditary
whitelock
and some shortfingeredness from his greataunt Sophy, turned
towards
two of his retinue of gallowglasses, Michael, etheling lord
of Leix and Offaly and the jubilee mayor of Drogheda,
Elcock,
(the two scatterguns being Michael M. Manning, protosyndic
of
Waterford and an Italian excellency named Giubilei
according to
a later version cited by the learned scholarch Canavan of
Canmakenoise),
in either case a triptychal religious family symbolising
puritas of doctrina, business per usuals and the purchypatch
of
hamlock where the paddish preties grow and remarked
dilsydulsily:
Holybones of Saint Hubert how our red brother of
Pouringrainia
would audibly fume did he know that we have for surtrusty
bailiwick a turnpiker who is by turns a pikebailer no

seldomer
than an earwigger! For he kinned Jom Pill with his court
so gray and his haunts in his house in the mourning. (One
still
hears that pebble crusted laughta, japijap cheerycherrily,
among
the roadside tree the lady Holmpatrick planted and still one
feels
the amossive silence of the cladstone allegibelling: I've mies
outs
ide Bourn.) Comes the question are these the facts of his
nom-
inigentilisation as recorded and accolated in both or either of
the
collateral andrewpaulmurphyc narratives. Are those their fata
which we read in sibylline between the *fas* and its *nefas*? No
dung

----- 32 -----

on the road? And shall Nohomiah be our place like? Yea,
Mulachy
our kingable khan? We shall perhaps not so soon see. Pinck
poncks that bail for seeks alicence where cumsceptres with
scentaurs
stay. Bear in mind, son of Hokmah, if so be you have metheg
in your midness, this man is mountain and unto changeth
doth one ascend. Heave we aside the fallacy, as punical as
finikin,
that it was not the king kingself but his inseparable sisters,
un-
controllable nighttalkers, Skertsiraizde with Donyahzade,
who
afterwards, when the robberers shot up the socialights, came

down

into the world as amusers and were staged by Madame
Sudlow

as Rosa and Lily Miskinguette in the pantalime that two pitts
paythronosed, Miliodorus and Galathee. The great fact
emerges

that after that historic date all holographs so far exhumed
initialled

by Haromphrey bear the sigla H.C.E. and while he was
only and long and always good Dook Umphrey for the
hungerlean

spalpeens of Lucalizod and Chimbers to his cronies it was
equally certainly a pleasant turn of the populace which gave
him

as sense of those normative letters the nickname Here Comes
Everybody. An imposing everybody he always indeed
looked,

constantly the same as and equal to himself and
magnificently well

worthy of any and all such universalisation, every time he
continually

surveyed, amid vociferatings from in front of *Accept these
few nutties!* and *Take off that white hat!*, relieved with *Stop
his Grog*

and *Put It in the Log* and *Loots in his* (bassvoco) *Boots*, from
good

start to happy finish the truly catholic assemblage gathered
together

in that king's treat house of satin alustrelike above floats and
foot-

lights from their assbawlveltdts and oxgangs unanimously to
claplaud

(the inspiration of his lifetime and the hits of their careers)
Mr Wallenstein Washington Semperkelly's immergreen
tourers
in a command performance by special request with the
courteous
permission for pious purposes the homedromed and
enliventh
performance of the problem passion play of the millentury,
running
strong since creation, *A Royal Divorce*, then near the
approach
towards the summit of its climax, with ambitious interval
band
selections from *The Bo' Girl* and *The Lily* on all horserie
show
command nights from his viceregal booth (his bossaloner is
ceilinged

----- 33 -----

there a cuckoospit less eminent than the redritualhoods of
Maccabe and Cullen) where, a veritable Napoleon the Nth,
our
worldstage's practical jokepiece and retired
cecelticocommediant
in his own wise, this folksforefather all of the time sat,
having the
entirety of his house about him, with the invariable
broadstretched
kerchief cooling his whole neck, nape and shoulderblades
and in
a wardrobe panelled tuxedo completely thrown back from a
shirt
well entitled a swallowall, on every point far outstarching the

laundered clawhammers and marbl topped highboys of the
pit
stalls and early amphitheatre. The piece was this: look at the
lamps.

The cast was thus: see under the clock. Ladies circle: cloaks
may
be left. Pit, prommer and parterre, standing room only.
Habituels
conspicuously emergent.

A baser meaning has been read into these characters the
literal
sense of which decency can safely scarcely hint. It has been
blurlingly
bruted by certain wisecrackers (the stinks of Mohorat are
in the nightplots of the morning), that he suffered from a vile
disease. Athma, unmanner them! To such a suggestion the
one
selfrespecting answer is to affirm that there are certain
statements
which ought not to be, and one should like to hope to be able
to
add, ought not to be allowed to be made. Nor have his
detractors,
who, an imperfectly warmblooded race, apparently conceive
him
as a great white caterpillar capable of any and every enormity
in
the calendar recorded to the discredit of the Juke and
Kellikek
families, mended their case by insinuating that, alternately,
he lay

at one time under the ludicrous imputation of annoying
Welsh
fusiliers in the people's park. Hay, hay, hay! Hoq, hoq, hoq!
Faun and Flora on the lea love that little old joq. To anyone
who
knew and loved the christlikeness of the big cleanminded
giant
H. C. Earwicker throughout his excellency long vicefreegal
existence
the mere suggestion of him as a lustsleuth nosing for trouble
in a boobytrap rings particularly preposterous. Truth, beard
on prophet, compels one to add that there is said to have been
quondam (pfuit! pfuit!) some case of the kind implicating, it
is
interdum believed, a quidam (if he did not exist it would be
necessary
quoniam to invent him) about that time stambuling haround

----- 34 -----

Dumbaling in leaky sneakers with his tarrk record who
has remained topantically anonymos but (let us hue him
Abdullah
Gamellaxarksky) was, it is stated, posted at Mallon's at the
instance of watch warriors of the vigilance committee and
years
afterwards, cries one even greater, Ibid, a commender of the
frightful, seemingly, unto such as were sulhan sated, tropped
head
(pfiat! pfiat!) waiting his first of the month froods turn for
thatt chopp pah kabbakks alicubi on the old house for the
chargehard,
Roche Haddocks off Hawkins Street. Lowe, you blondy
liar, Gob scene you in the narked place and she what's edith

ar
home defileth these boyles! There's a cabful of bash indeed
in
the homeur of that meal. Slander, let it lie its flattest, has
never
been able to convict our good and great and no ordinary
Southron
Earwicker, that homogenius man, as a pious author called
him, of
any graver impropriety than that, advanced by some
woodwards
or regardsers, who did not dare deny, the shomers, that they
had,
chin Ted, chin Tam, chinchin Taffyd, that day consumed their
soul of the corn, of having behaved with ongentilmensky
inmodus
opposite a pair of dainty maidservants in the swoolth of
the rushy hollow whither, or so the two gown and pinders
pleaded,
dame nature in all innocency had spontaneously and about
the
same hour of the eventide sent them both but whose
published
combinations of silkinlaine testimonies are, where not
dubiously
pure, visibly divergent, as wapt from wept, on minor points
touching
the intimate nature of this, a first offence in vert or venison
which was admittedly an incautious but, at its wildest, a
partial exposure
with such attenuating circumstances (garthen gaddeth green
hwere sokeman brideth girling) as an abnormal Saint

Swithin's

summer and, (Jesses Rosasharon!) a ripe occasion to provoke it.

We can't do without them. Wives, rush to the restyours!

Ofman

will toman while led is the lol. Zessid's our kadem,

villapleach,

vollapluck. Fikup, for flesh nelly, el mundo nov, zole flen!

If she's a lilyth, pull early! Pauline, allow! And malers

abushed,

keep black, keep black! Guiltless of much laid to him he was

clearly for once at least he clearly expressed himself as being

with

still a trace of his erstwhile burr and hence it has been

received of

----- 35 -----

us that it is true. They tell the story (an amalgam as

absorbing as

calzium chloereydes and hydrophobe sponges could make it)

how

one happygogusty Ides-of-April morning (the anniversary, as

it

fell out, of his first assumption of his mirthday suit and rights

in

appurtenance to the confusioning of human races) ages and

ages

after the alleged misdemeanour when the tried friend of all

creation,

tigerwood roadstaff to his stay, was billowing across the

wide expanse of our greatest park in his caoutchouc kepi and

great belt and hideinsacks and his blaufunx fustian and

ironsides

jackboots and Bhagafat gaiters and his rubberised inverness,
he
met a cad with a pipe. The latter, the luciferant not the
oriuolate
(who, the odds are, is still berting dagabout in the same straw
bamer, carryin his overgoat under his schulder, sheepside out,
so
as to look more like a coumfry gentleman and signing the
pledge
as gaily as you please) hardly accosted him with: Guinness
thaw
tool in jew me dinner ouzel fin? (a nice how-do-you-do in
Poolblack
at the time as some of our olddaisers may still tremblingly
recall) to ask could he tell him how much a clock it was that
the
clock struck had he any idea by cock's luck as his watch was
bradys. Hesitency was clearly to be evitated. Execration as
cleverly
to be honnisoid. The Earwicker of that spurring instant,
realising
on fundamental liberal principles the supreme importance,
nexally
and noxally, of physical life (the nearest help relay being
pingping
K. O. Sempatrick's Day and the fenian rising) and unwishful
as
he felt of being hurled into eternity right then, plugged by a
softnosed
bullet from the sap, halted, quick on the draw, and replyin
that he was feelin tipstaff, cue, prodooced from his
gunpocket

his Jurgensen's shrapnel waterbury, ours by communionism,
his
by usucapture, but, on the same stroke, hearing above the
skirling
of harsh Mother East old Fox Goodman, the bellmaster, over
the wastes to south, at work upon the ten ton tonuant
thunderous
tenor toller in the speckled church (Coughounin's call!) told
the inquiring kidder, by Jehova, it was twelve of em sidereal
and
tankard time, adding, buttall, as he bended deeply with
smoked
sardinish breath to give more pondus to the copperstick he
presented,
(though this seems in some cumfusium with the chapstuck

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ginger which, as being of sours, acids, salts, sweets and
bitters compounded, we know him to have used as
chawchaw
for bone, muscle, blood, flesh and vimvital,) that whereas
the hakusay accusation againstm had been made, what was
known in high quarters as was stood stated in Morganspost,
by
a creature in youman form who was quite beneath parr and
several
degrees lower than yore triplehydrad snake. In greater
support
of his word (it, quaint anticipation of a famous phrase, has
been reconstricted out of oral style into the verbal for all time
with ritual rhythemics, in quiritary quietude, and
toosammenstucked
from successive accounts by Noah Webster in the redaction

known as the Sayings Attributive of H. C. Earwicker,
prize on schillings, postlots free), the flaxen Gygas tapped
his
chronometrum drumdrum and, now standing full erect, above
the ambijacent floodplain, scene of its happening, with one
Berlin
gauntlet chopstuck in the hough of his ellboge (by ancientest
signlore his gesture meaning: \mathfrak{F} !) pointed at an angle of
thirtytwo
degrees towards his *duc de Fer's* overgrown milestone as
fellow to his gage and after a rendypresent pause averred
with
solemn emotion's fire: Shsh shake, co-comeraid! Me only,
them
five ones, he is equal combat. I have won straight. Hence my
nonation wide hotel and creamery establishments which for
the
honours of our mewmew mutual daughters, credit me, I am
woowoo
willing to take my stand, sir, upon the monument, that sign
of our ruru redemption, any hygienic day to this hour and to
make my hoath to my sinnfinners, even if I get life for it,
upon
the Open Bible and before the Great Taskmaster's (I lift my
hat!)
and in the presence of the Deity Itself andwell of Bishop and
Mrs Michan of High Church of England as of all such of said
my immediate withdwellers and of every living sohole in
every
corner wheresoever of this globe in general which useth of
my
British to my backbone tongue and commutative justice that

there is not one tittle of truth, allow me to tell you, in that
purest
of fibfib fabrications.

Gaping Gill, swift to mate errthors, stern to checkself,
(diagnosing
through eustacetube that it was to make with a markedly
----- 37 -----
postpuberal hypertituitary type of Heidelberg mannleich
cavern
ethics) lufted his slopingforward, bad Sweatagore good
murrough
and dublnotch on to it as he was greedily obliged, and
like a sensible ham, with infinite tact in the delicate situation
seen
the touchy nature of its perilous theme, thanked um for
guilders
received and time of day (not a little token abock all the same
that
that was owl the God's clock it was) and, upon humble duty
to
greet his Tyskminister and he shall gildthegap Gaper and thee
his
a mouldy voids, went about his business, whoever it was,
saluting
corpses, as a metter of corse (one could hound him out had
one
hart to for the monticules of scalp and dandruff droppings
blaze
his trail) accompanied by his trusty snorler and his
permanent
reflection, verbigracious; I have met with you, bird, too late,
or if not, too worm and early: and with tag for ildiot repeated

in his secondmouth language as many of the bigtimer's
verbaten
words which he could balbly call to memory that same
kveldeve,
ere the hour of the twattering of bards in the twitterlitter
between
Druidia and the Deepsleep Sea, when suppertide and
souvenir to
Charlatan Mall jointly kem gently and along the quiet
darkenings
of Grand and Royal, ff, flitmansfluh, and, kk, 't crept i' hedge
whenas to many a softongue's pawkytalk mude unswer u
sufter
poghyogh, Arvanda always aquiassent, while, studying
castelles
in the blowne and studding cowshots over the noran, he spat
in
careful convertedness a musaic dispensation about his
hearthstone,
if you please, (Irish saliva, *mawshe dho hole*, but would a
respectable
prominently connected fellow of Iro-European ascendances
with well-dressed ideas who knew the correct thing such as
Mr
Shallwesigh or Mr Shallwelaugh expectorate after such a
callous
fashion, no thank yous! when he had his belcher *spuckertuck*
in his
pucket, pthuck?) musefed with his thockits after having
supped
of the dish sot and pottage which he snobbishly dabbed
Peach

Bombay (it is rawly only Lukanpukan pilzenpie which she
knows
which senaffed and pibered him), a supreme of excelling
peas,
balled under minnshogue's milk into whitemalt winesour, a
proviant
the littlebilker hoarsely relished, chaff it, in the snevel
season,
being as fain o't as your rat wi'fennel; and on this celebrating
----- 38 -----
occasion of the happy escape, for a crowning of pot valiance,
this regional platter, benjamin of bouillis, with a spolish olive
to
middlepoint its zaynith, was marrying itself (porkograso!)
erebusqued
very deluxiously with a bottle of Phenice-Bruerie '98,
followed for second nuptials by a Piessporter, Grand Cur, of
both of which cherished tablelights (though humble the
bounquet
'tis a leaman's farewell) he obdurately sniffed the
cobwebcrusted
corks.

Our cad's bit of strife (knee Bareniece Maxwelton) with a
quick
ear for spittoons (as the aftertale hath it) glaned up as usual
with
dumbestic husbandry (no persicks and armelians for thee,
Pomeranzia!)
but, slipping the clav in her claw, broke of the matter
among a hundred and eleven others in her usual curtsey (how
faint these first vhespers womanly are, a secret pispigliando,
amad

the lavurdy den of their manfolker!) the next night nudge one
as was Hegesippus over a hup a' chee, her eys dry and small
and
speech thicklish because he appeared a funny colour like he
couldn't stood they old hens no longer, to her particular
reverend,
the director, whom she had been meaning in her mind
primarily
to speak with (hosch, intra! jist a timblespoon!) trusting,
between
cuppled lips and annie lawrie promises (mighshe never have
Esnekerry pudden come Hunanov for her pecklapitschens!)
that
the gossiple so delivered in his epistolear, buried teatoastally
in
their Irish stew would go no further than his jesuit's cloth, yet
(in vinars venitas! volatiles valetotum!) it was this
overspoiled
priest Mr Browne, disguised as a vincentian, who, when
seized
of the facts, was overheard, in his secondary personality as a
Nolan and underreared, poul soul, by accident—if, that is,
the
incident it was an accident for here the ruah of Ecclectiastes
of Hippo outpuffs the writress of Havvah-ban-Annah—to
pianissime a slightly varied version of Crookedribs
confidentials,
(what Mère Aloyse said but for Jesuphine's sake!) hands
between
hahands, in fealty sworn (my bravor best! my fraur!) and, to
the
strains of *The Secret of Her Birth*, hushly pierce the rubiend

aurellum of one Philly Thurnston, a layteacher of rural
science
and orthophonethics of a nearstout figure and about the
middle

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of his forties during a priestly flutter for safe and sane bets at
the
hippic runfields of breezy Baldoyle on a date (W. W. goes
through the card) easily capable of remembrance by all
pickersup
of events national and Dublin details, the doubles of Perkin
and Paullock, peer and prole, when the classic Encourage
Hackney
Plate was captured by two noses in a stablecloth finish, ek
and nek,
some and none, evelo nevelo, from the cream colt Bold Boy
Cromwell after a clever getaway by Captain Chaplain
Blount's
roe hinny Saint Dalough, Drummer Coxon, nondepict third,
at
breakneck odds, thanks to you great little, bonny little, portey
little, Winny Widger! you're all their nappies! who in his
neverrip
mud and purpular cap was surely leagues unlike any other
phantomweight that ever toppitt our timber maggies.

'Twas two pisononse Timcoves (the wetter is pest, the
renns are
overt and come and the voax of the turfur is hurled on our
lande)
of the name of Treacle Tom as was just out of pop following
the
theft of a leg of Kehoe, Donnelly and Packenham's Finnish

pork
and his own blood and milk brother Frisky Shorty, (he was,
to be
exquisitely punctilious about them, both shorty and frisky) a
tipster,
come off the hulks, both of them awful poor, what was out
on the bumaround for an oofbird game for a jimmy o'goblin
or
a small thick un as chanced, while the Seaforths was making
the
colleenbawl, to ear the passon in the motor clobber make use
of
his law language (Edzo, Edzo on), touchin the case of Mr
Adams
what was in all the sundays about it which he was rubbing
noses
with and having a gurgle off his own along of the butty bloke
in
the specs.

This Treacle Tom to whom reference has been made had
been absent from his usual wild and woolly haunts in the
land
of counties capalleens for some time previous to that (he
was, in
fact, in the habit of frequenting common lodginghouses
where
he slept in a nude state, hailfellow with meth, in strange
men's
cots) but on racenight, blotto after divers tots of hell fire, red
bidly, bull dog, blue ruin and creeping jenny, Eglandine's
choicest

herbage, supplied by the Duck and Doggies, the Galloping
Primrose, Brigid Brewster's, the Cock, the Postboy's Horn,

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the Little Old Man's and All Swell That Aimswell, the Cup
and

the Stirrup, he sought his wellwarmed leababobed in a
housingroom

Abide With Oneanother at Block W.W., (why didn't
he back it?) Pump Court, The Liberties, and, what with
moltapuke on voltapuke, resnored alcoh alchoh alcoherently
to

the burden of *I come, my horse delayed*, nom num, the
substance

of the tale of the evangelical bussybozzy and the rusinurbean
(the 'girls' he would keep calling them for the collarette
and skirt, the sunbonnet and carnation) in parts (it seemed he
was before the eyots of martas or otherwales the thirds of
fossilyears,

he having beham with katya when lavinias had her mens
lease to sea in a psumpship doodly show whereat he was
looking

for fight niggers with whilde roarses) oft in the chilly night
(the

metagonistic! the epickthalamorous!) during uneasy slumber
in

their hearings of a small and stonybroke cashdraper's
executive,

Peter Cloran (discharged), O'Mara, an exprivate secretary of
no

fixed abode (locally known as Mildew Lisa), who had passed
several nights, funnish enough, in a doorway under the
blankets

of homelessness on the bunk of iceland, pillowed upon the
stone
of destiny colder than man's knee or woman's breast, and
Hosty, (no slouch of a name), an illstarred beachbusker, who,
sans rootie and sans scrapie, suspicioning as how he was
setting
on a twoodstool on the verge of selfabyss, most starved, with
melancholia over everything in general, (night birman, you
served
him with natigal's nano!) had been towhead tossing on his
shakedown,
devising ways and manners of means, of what he loved
to ifidalicence somehow or other in the nation getting a hold
of
some chap's parabellum in the hope of taking a wing sociable
and lighting upon a sidewheel dive somewhere off the
Dullkey
Downlairy and Bleakrooky tramaline where he could throw
true
and go and blow the sibicidal napper off himself for two bits
to
boldywell baltitude in the peace and quitybus of a one sure
shot
bottle, he after having being trying all he knew with the
lady's
help of Madam Gristle for upwards of eighteen calanders to
get
out of Sir Patrick Dun's, through Sir Humphrey Jervis's and
into the Saint Kevin's bed in the Adelaide's hossipittles (from
----- 41 -----
these incurable wellleslays among those uncarable wellasdays
through Sant Iago by his cocklehat, good Lazar, deliver us!)

without after having been able to jerrywangle it anysides.

Lisa

O'Deavis and Roche Mongan (who had so much uncommon, epipsychidically; if the phrase be permitted *hostis et odor insuper*

petroperfractus) as an understood thing slept their sleep of the

swimborne in the one sweet undulant mother of tumblerbunks

with Hosty just how the shavers in the shaw the yokels in the yoats or, well, the wasters in the wilde, and the bustling tweeny-

dawn-of-all-works (meed of anthems here we pant!) had not been

many jiffies furbishing potlids, doorbrasses, scholars' applecheeks

and linkboy's metals when, ashhopperminded like no fella he go

make bakenbeggfuss longa white man, the rejuvenated busker (for

after a goodnight's rave and rumble and a shinkhams topmorning

with his coexes he was not the same man) and his broadawake

bedroom suite (our boys, as our Byron called them) were up and ashuffle from the hogshome they lovenaned The Barrel, cross

Ebblinn's chilled hamlet (thrie routes and restings on their then

superficies curiously correspondant with those linea and puncta

where our tubenny habenny metro maniplumbs below the

oberflake

underrails and stations at this time of riding) to the

thrummings

of a crewth fiddle which, cremoaning and cronauning, levey grevey, witty and wevey, appy, leppy and playable, caressed the

ears of the subjects of King Saint Finnerty the Festive who, in

brick homes of their own and in their flavory fraiseberry beds,

heeding hardly cry of honeyman, soed lavender or foyneboyne

salmon alive, with their priggish mouths all open for the larger

appraisiation of this longawaited Messiagh of roaratorios, were

only halfpast atswееееее and after a brisk pause at a pawnbroking

establishment for the prothetic purpose of redeeming the songster's

truly admirable false teeth and a prolonged visit to a house of call at Cujas Place, fizz, the Old Sots' Hole in the parish of Saint Cecily within the liberty of Ceolmore not a thousand or one

national leagues, that was, by Griffith's valuation, from the site

of the statue of Primewer Glasstone setting a match to the march

of a maker (last of the stewards peut-être), where, the tale rambles

along, the trio of whackfolthediddlers was joined by a further
—
intentions—apply—tomorrow casual and a decent sort of the
hadbeen variety who had just been touching the weekly
insult,
phewit, and all figblabbers (who saith of noun?) had
stimulants
in the shape of gee and gees stood by the damn decent sort
after
which stag luncheon and a few ones more just to celebrate
yesterday,
flushed with their firestuffostered friendship, the rascals
came
out of the licensed premises, (Browne's first, the small p.s.
ex-ex-
executive capahand in their sad rear like a lady's postscript: I
want
money. Pleasend), wiping their laughleaking lipes on their
sleeves,
how the bouckaleens shout their roscan generally (seinn fion,
seinn fion's araun.) and the rhymers' world was with reason
the
richer for a wouldbe ballad, to the balledder of which the
world
of cumannity singing owes a tribute for having placed on the
planet's melomap his lay of the vilest bogeyer but most
attractionable
avatar the world has ever had to explain for.

This, more krectly lubeen or fellow—me—lieder was
first
poured forth where Riau Liviau riots and col de Houdo

humps,
under the shadow of the monument of the shouldhavebeen
legislator
(Eleutheriodendron! Spare, woodmann, spare!) to an
overflow
meeting of all the nations in Lenster fullyfilling the visional
area and, as a singleminded supercrowd, easily
representative,
what with masks, whet with faces, of all sections and cross
sections
(wineshop and cocoaouse poured out to brim up the
broaching)
of our liffeyside people (to omit to mention of the mainland
minority
and such as had wayfared *via* Watling, Ernin, Icknild and
Stane, in chief a halted cockney car with its quotal of
Hardmuth's
hacks, a northern tory, a southern whig, an eastanglian
chronicler
and a landwester guardian) ranging from slips of young
dublinos from Cutpurse Row having nothing better to do
than
walk about with their hands in their kneepants, sucking
airwhackers,
weedulicet, jumbobricks, side by side with truant
officers, three woollen balls and poplin in search of a croust
of
pawn to busy professional gentlemen, a brace of palesmen
with
dundrearies, nooning toward Daly's, fresh from snipehitting
and

mallardmissing on Rutland heath, exchanging cold sneers,
massgoing

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ladies from Hume Street in their chairs, the bearers baited,
some wandering hamalags out of the adjacent cloverfields of
Mosse's Gardens, an oblate father from Skinner's Alley,
bricklayers,

a fleming, in tabinet fumant, with spouse and dog, an aged
hammersmith who had some chisellers by the hand, a bout of
cudgel players, not a few sheep with the braxy, two bluecoat
scholars, four broke gents out of Simpson's on the Rocks, a
portly and a pert still tassing Turkey Coffee and orange shrub
in

tickeyes door, Peter Pim and Paul Fry and then Elliot and, O,
Atkinson, suffering hell's delights from the blains of their
annuitants'

acorns not forgetting a deuce of dianas ridy for the hunt, a
particularist prebendary pondering on the roman caster, the
tonsure

question and greek uniates, plunk em, a lace lappet head or
two or three or four from a window, and so on down to a few
good

old souls, who, as they were juiced after taking their pledge
over at

the uncle's place, were evidently under the spell of liquor,
from the

wake of Tarry the Tailor a fair girl, a jolly postoboy thinking
off

three flagons and one, a plumodrole, a half sir from the
weaver's

almshouse who clings and clings and chatchatchat clings to
her, a

wholedam's cloudhued pittycoat, as child, as curiolater, as
Caoch
O'Leary. The wararrow went round, so it did, (a nation wants
a gaze) and the ballad, in the felibrine trancoped metre
affectioned
by Taiocebo in his *Casudas de Poulichinello Artahut*,
stumpstampaded
on to a slip of blancovide and headed by an excessively
rough and red woodcut, privately printed at the rimepress of
Delville, soon fluttered its secret on white highway and
brown
byway to the rose of the winds and the blew of the gael's,
from
archway to lattice and from black hand to pink ear, village
crying
to village, through the five pussyfours green of the united
states
of Scotia Picta—and he who denays it, may his hairs be
rubbed
in dirt! To the added strains (so peacifold) of his majesty the
flute, that onecrooned king of inscrewments, Piggott's purest,
ciello
alsoliuto, which Mr Delaney (Mr Delacey?), horn,
anticipating
a perfect downpour of plaudits among the rapsods, piped
out of his decentsoort hat, looking still more like his
purseyful
namesake as men of Gaul noted, but before of to sputabout,
the

snowycrested curl amoist the leader's wild and moulting hair,
'Ductor' Hitchcock hoisted his fezzy fuzz at bludgeon's

height

signum to his companions of the chalice for the Loud Fellow,
boys' and *silentium in curia!* (our maypole once more where
he rose
of old) and the canto was chantied there chorussed and
christened
where by the old tollgate, Saint Annona's Street and Church.

And around the lawn the rann it rann and this is the rann
that

Hosty made. Spoken. Boyles and Cahills, Skerretts and
Pritchards,

viersified and piersified may the treeth we tale of live in
stoney.

Here line the refrains of. Some vote him Vike, some mote
him

Mike, some dub him Llyn and Phin while others hail him
Lug

Bug Dan Lop, Lex, Lax, Gunne or Guinn. Some apt him
Arth,

some bapt him Barth, Coll, Noll, Soll, Will, Weel, Wall but I
parse him Persse O'Reilly else he's called no name at all.

Together.

Arrah, leave it to Hosty, frosty Hosty, leave it to Hosty
for he's the mann to rhyme the rann, the rann, the rann, the
king

of all ranns. Have you here? (Some ha) Have we where?
(Some

hant) Have you hered? (Others do) Have we whered? (Others
dont)

It's cumming, it's brumming! The clip, the clop! (All cla)
Glass

crash. The
(klikkaklakkaklaskaklopatzklatschabattacreppycrotty-
graddaghsemmihsammihnouithappluddyappladdykonpkot!)

{ *Ardite, ardit!*
{ Music cue.

"THE BALLAD OF PERSSE O'REILLY."

Have you heard of one Hump - ty Dump - ty how he
fell with a roll and a rum - ble and curled up like Lord O - la - fa
Crum - ple by the butt of the Mag - a - zine Wall of the
Mag - a - zine Wall Hump, hel - met and all Da Capo

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'Da Capo'.

----- 45 -----

Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty
How he fell with a roll and a rumble
And curled up like Lord Olofa Crumple
By the butt of the Magazine Wall,
(Chorus) Of the Magazine Wall,
Hump, helmet and all?

He was one time our King of the Castle

Now he's kicked about like a rotten old parsnip.
And from Green street he'll be sent by order of His Worship
To the penal jail of Mountjoy

(Chorus) To the jail of Mountjoy!

Jail him and joy.

He was fafafather of all schemes for to bother us
Slow coaches and immaculate contraceptives for the
populace,

Mare's milk for the sick, seven dry Sundays a week,
Openair love and religion's reform,

(Chorus) And religious reform,

Hideous in form.

Arrah, why, says you, couldn't he manage it?

I'll go bail, my fine dairyman darling,

Like the bumping bull of the Cassidys

All your butter is in your horns.

(Chorus) His butter is in his horns.

Butter his horns!

(Repeat) Hurrah there, Hosty, frosty Hosty, change that shirt
on ye,

Rhyme the rann, the king of all ranns!

Balbaccio, balbuccio!

We had chaw chaw chops, chairs, chewing gum, the
chickenpox

[and china chambers

Universally provided by this soffsoaping salesman.

Small wonder He'll Cheat E'erawan our local lads nicknamed
him

When Chimpden first took the floor

(Chorus) With his bucketshop store

Down Bargainweg, Lower.

So snug he was in his hotel premises sumptuous

But soon we'll bonfire all his trash, tricks and trumpery

And'tis short till sheriff Clancy'll be winding up his unlimited
company

With the bailiff's bom at the door,

(Chorus) Bimbam at the door.

Then he'll bum no more.

Sweet bad luck on the waves washed to our island

The hooker of that hammerfast viking

And Gall's curse on the day when Eblana bay

Saw his black and tan man-o'-war.

(Chorus) Saw his man-o'-war.

On the harbour bar.

Where from? roars Poolbeg. Cookingha'pence, he bawls
Donnez-

[moi scampitle, wick an wipin'fampiny

Fingal Mac Oscar Onesine Bargearse Boniface

Thok's min gammelhole Norveegickers moniker

Og as ay are at gammelhore Norveegickers cod.

(Chorus) A Norwegian camel old cod.

He is, begod.

Lift it, Hosty, lift it, ye devil ye! up with the rann, the
rhyming rann!

It was during some fresh water garden pumping
Or, according to the *Nursing Mirror*, while admiring the
monkeys

That our heavyweight heathen Humpharey
Made bold a maid to woo

(Chorus) Woohoo, what'll she doo!

The general lost her maidenloo!

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He ought to blush for himself, the old hayheaded
philosopher,
For to go and shove himself that way on top of her.
Begob, he's the crux of the catalogue
Of our antediluvial zoo,

(Chorus) Messrs. Billing and Co.

Noah's larks, good as noo.

He was joulting by Wellington's monument
Our notorious hippopotamuns
When some bugger let down the backtrap of the omnibus
And he caught his death of fusiliers,

(Chorus) With his rent in his rears.

Give him six years.

'Tis sore pity for his innocent poor children
But look out for his missus legitimate!
When that frew gets a grip of old Earwicker
Won't there be earwigs on the green?

(Chorus) Big earwigs on the green,

The largest ever you seen.

Suffoclose! Shikespower! Seudodanto! Anonymoses!

Then we'll have a free trade Gaels' band and mass meeting
For to sod the brave son of Scandiknavery.

And we'll bury him down in Oxmanstown
Along with the devil and Danes,

(Chorus) With the deaf and dumb Danes,
And all their remains.

And not all the king's men nor his horses
Will resurrect his corpus

For there's no true spell in Connacht or hell
(bis) That's able to raise a Cain.

Chest Cee! 'Sdense! Corpo di barragio! you spoof of
visibility
in a freakfog, of mixed sex cases among goats, hill cat and
plain
mousey, Bigamy Bob and his old Shanvocht! The Blackfriars
treacle plaster outrage be liddled! Therewith was released in
that
kingsrick of Humidia a poisoning volume of cloud barrage
indeed.
Yet all they who heard or redelivered are now with that
family
of bards and Vergobretas himself and the crowd of
Caraculacticors
as much no more as be they not yet now or had they then
notever
been. Canbe in some future we shall presently here amid
those zouave players of Inkermann the mime mumming the
mick
and his nick miming their maggies, Hilton St Just (Mr Frank
Smith), Ivanne Ste Austelle (Mr J. F. Jones), Coleman of
Lucan
taking four parts, a choir of the O'Daley O'Doyles
doublesixing
the chorus in *Fenn Mac Call and the Serven Feeries of Loch
Neach,*
Galloper Tropller and Hurleyquinn the zitherer of the past
with his

merrymen all, zimzim, zimzim. Of the persins sin this
Eyrawyggla
saga (which, thorough readable to int from and, is from tubb
to buttom all falsetissues, antilibellous and nonactionable and
this
applies to its whole wholume) of poor Osti-Fosti, described
as
quite a musical genius in a small way and the owner of an
exceedingly niced ear, with tenorist voice to match, not alone
but a very major poet of the poorly meritary order (he began
Tuonisonian but worked his passage up as far as the we-all-
hang-together
Animandovites) no one end is known. If they

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whistled him before he had curtains up they are whistling
him
still after his curtain's doom's doom. *Ei fù*. His husband, poor
old
A'Hara (Okaroff?) crestfallen by things and down at heels at
the
time, they squeak, accepted the (Zassnoch!) ardree's shilling
at
the conclusion of the Crimean war and, having flown his
wild
geese, alohned in crowds to warnder on like Shuley Luney,
enlisted in Tyrone's horse, the Irish whites, and soldiered a
bit
with Wolsey under the assumed name of Blanco Fusilovna
Bucklovitch
(spurious) after which the cawer and the marble halls
of Pump Court Columbarium, the home of the old seakings,
looked upon each other and queth their haven evermore for it

transpires that on the other side of the water it came about
that on
the field of Vasileff's Cornix inauspiciously with his unit he
perished, saying, this papal leafless to old chap give, rawl
chawclates
for mouther-in-louth. *Booil*. Poor old dear Paul Horan,
to satisfy his literary as well as his criminal aspirations, at the
suggestion thrown out by the doomster in loquacity lunacy,
so
says the Dublin Intelligence, was thrown into a Ridley's for
inmates in the northern counties. Under the name of Orani he
may have been the utility man of the troupe capable of
sustaining
long parts at short notice. He was. Sordid Sam, a dour decent
deblancer, the unwashed, haunted always by his ham, the
unwished,
at a word from Israfel the Summoner, passed away painlessly
after life's upsomdowns one hallowe'en night, ebbrous and in
the state of nature, propelled from Behind into the great
Beyond
by footblows coulinclouted upon his oyster and atlas on
behanged
and behooved and behicked and behulked of his last
fishandblood
bedscrappers, a Northwegian and his mate of the
Sheawolving
class. Though the last straw glimt his baring this stage
thunkhard
is said (the pitfallen gagged him as 'Promptboxer') to have
solemnly said—as had the brief thot but fell in till his head
like
a bass dropt neck fust in till a bung crate (cogged!): Me

dramas,
O'Loughlins, has come through! Now let the centuple celves
of
my egourge as Micholas de Cusack calls them,—of all of
whose
I in my hereinafter of course by recourse demission me—by
the coincidance of their contraries reamalgamerge in that
indentity

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of undiscernibles where the Baxters and the Fleshmans may
they cease to bidivil uns and (but at this poingt though the
iron
thrust of his cockspurt start might have prepared us we are
wellnigh
stinkpotthered by the mustardpunge in the tailend) this
outandin brown candlestock melt Nolan's into peese! *Han
var.*

Disliken as he was to druriodrama, her wife Langley, the
prophet,
and the decentest dozendest short of a frusker whoever stuck
his
spickle through his spoke, disappeared, (in which toodoing
he
has taken all the French leaves unveilable out of
Calomnequiller's
Pravities) from the sourface of this earth, that austral
plain he had transmared himself to, so entirely spoorlessly
(the
mother of the book with a dustwhisk tabularasing his
obliteration
done upon her involucrum) as to tickle the speculative to all
but

opine (since the Levey who might have been Langley may
have
really been a redivivus of paganinism or a volunteer
Vousden)
that the hobo (who possessed a large amount of the
humoresque)
had transtuled his funster's latitat to its finsterest interrimost.

Bhi

she. Again, if Father San Browne, tea and toaster to that
quaintesttest
of yarnspinnners is Padre Don Bruno, treu and troster to
the queen of Iar-Spain, was the reverend, the sodality
director,
that eupeptic viceflayer, a barefaced carmelite, to whose
palpitating
pulpit (which of us but remembers the rarevalent and
hornerable Fratomistor Nawlanmore and Brawne.) sinning
society
sirens (see the [Roman Catholic] presspassim) fortunately
became
so enthusiastically attached and was an objectionable ass
who very
occasionally cockaded a raffles ticket on his hat which he
wore all
to one side like the hangle of his pan (if Her Elegance saw
him
she'd have the canary!) and was semiprivately convicted of
malpractices
with his hotwashed tableknife (glossing over the cark
in his pocket) that same snob of the dunhill, fully several
yearschaums

riper, encountered by the General on that redletter morning or maynoon jovesday and were they? *Fuitfuit*.

When Phishlin Phil wants throws his lip 'tis pholly to be fortune flonting and whoever's gone to mix Hotel by the salt say water there's nix to nothing we can do for he's never again to sea. It is nebules an autodidact fact of the commonest that the shape of

----- 51 -----

the average human cloudyphiz, whereas sallow has long daze faded, frequently altered its ego with the possing of the showers

(Not original!). Whence it is a slopperish matter, given the wet

and low visibility (since in this scherzarade of one's thousand one

nightinesses that sword of certainty which would indentifide the

body never falls) to idendifine the individuone in scratch wig,

squarecuts, stock lavaleer, regattable oxeter, baggy pants and shufflers (he is often alluded to as Slypatrick, the llad in the llane)

with already an incipience (lust!) in the direction of area baldness

(one is continually firstmeeting with odd sorts of others at all sorts of ages!) who was asked by free boardschool shirkers in drenched coats overawall, Will, Conn and Otto, to tell them overagait, Vol, Pov and Dev, that fishabed ghoatstory of the haardly creditable edventyres of the Haberdasher, the two Curchies

and the three Enkelchums in their Bearskin ghoats! Girles
and jongers, but he has changed alok syne Thorkill's time!
Ya, da,
tra, gathery, pimp, shesses, shossafat, okodeboko, nine!
Those
many warts, those slummy patches, halvesinster wrinkles,
(what
has come over the face on wholebroader E?), and (shrine of
Mount Mu save us!) the large fungopark he has grown!
Drink!

Sport's a common thing. It was the Lord's own day for
damp
(to wait for a postponed regatta's eventualising is not of
Battlecock
Shettledore-Juxta-Mare only) and the request for a fully
armed explanation was put (in Loo of Pat) to the porty (a
native
of the sisterisle—Meathman or Meccan?—by his brogue,
exrace
eyes, lokil calour and lucal odour which are said to have
been average clownturkish (though the capelist's voiced nasal
liquids and the way he sneezed at zees haul us back to the
craogs
and bryns of the Silurian Ordovices) who, the lesser
pilgrimage
accomplished, had made, pats' and pigs' older inselt, the
southeast
bluffs of the stranger stepshore, a *regifugium persecutorum*,
hence hindquarters) as he paused at evenchime for some or
so
minutes (hit the pipe, dannyboy! Time to won, barmon. I'll

take

ten to win.) amid the devil's one duldrum (Apple by her blossom

window and Charlotte at her toss panomancy his sole admirers,

his only tearts in store) for a fragrend culubosh during his weekend

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pastime of executing with Anny Oakley deadliness (the consummatory

pairs of provocatives, of which remained provokingly but two, the ones he fell for, Lili and Tutu, cork em!) empties which had not very long before contained Reid's family (you ruad

that before, soaky, but all the bottles in sodemd histry will not

soften your bloodathirst!) stout. Having reprimed his repeater and resiteroomed his timespiece His Revenances, with still a life

or two to spare for the space of his occupancy of a world at a time,

rose to his feet and there, far from Tolkaheim, in a quiet English

garden (commonplace!), since known as Whiddington Wild, his

simple intensive curolent vocality, my dearbraithers, my most dearbrathairs, as he, so is a supper as is a sipper, spake of the One and told of the Compassionate, called up before the triad of

precoxious scaremakers (scoretaking: Spegulo ne helpas al malbellulo,

Mi Kredas ke vi estas prava, Via dote la vizago rispondas

fraulino) the now to ushere mythical habiliments of Our
Farfar
and Arthor of our doyne.

Television kills telephony in brothers' broil. Our eyes
demand
their turn. Let them be seen! And wolfbone balefires blaze
the trailmost if only that Mary Nothing may burst her bibby
buckshee. When they set fire then she's got to glow so we
may
stand some chances of warming to what every soorkabatcha,
tum or hum, would like to know. The first Humphrey's
latitudinous
baver with puggaree behind, (calaboose belong bigboss
belong Kang the Toll) his fourinhand bow, his elbaroom
surtout,
the refaced unmansionables of gingerine hue, the state slate
umbrella, his gruff woolselywellesly with the finndrinn
knopfs
and the gauntlet upon the hand which in an hour not for him
solely evil had struck down the might he mighthavebeen
d'Esterre
of whom his nation seemed almost already to be about to
have need. Then, stealing his thunder, but in the befitting
legomena
of the smaller country, (probable words, possibly said, of
field family gleaming) a bit duskish and flavoured with a
smile,
seen as ow his thoughts consisted chiefly of the cheerio, he
aptly
sketched for our soontobe second parents (sukand see
whybe!)

the touching scene. The solence of that stilling! Here one might

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a fin fell. Boomster rombombonant! It scenes like a landscape from Wildu Picturescu or some seem on some dimb Arras, dumb as Mum's mutyness, this mimage of the seventyseventh kusin of kristansen is odable to os across the wineless Ere no œdor nor mere eerie nor liss potent of suggestion than in the tales of the tingmount. (Prigged!)

And there oftafter, jauntyjogging, on an Irish visavis, insteadily with shoulder to shoulder Jehu will tell to Christianier, saint to sage, the humphriad of that fall and rise while daisy winks at her pinker sister among the tussocks and the copoll between the shafts mocks the couple on the car. And as your who may look like how on the owther side of his big beltry your tyrs and cloes your noes and paradigm maymay rererise in eren. Follow we up his whip vindicative. Thurston's! Lo bebold! *La arboro, lo petrusu*. The augustan peacebetothem oaks, the monolith rising stark from the moonlit pinebarren. In all fortitudinous ajaxious

rowdinoisy tenuacity. The angelus hour with ditchers bent
upon
their farm usetensiles, the soft belling of the fallow deers
(*doerehmoose*
genuane!) advertising their milky approach as midnight
was striking the hours (*letate!*) and how brightly the great
tribune
outed the sharkskin smokewallet (imitation!) from his
frock, kippers, and by Joshua, he tips un a topping swank
cheroot, none of your swellish soide, quoit the reverse, and
how
manfally he says, pluk to pluk and lekan for lukan, he was to
just
pluggy well suck that brown boyo, my son, and spend a
whole
half hour in Havana. Sorer of the kreeksmen, would not thore
be
old high gothsprogue! Wherefore he met Master, he mean to
say,
he do, sire, bester of redpublicans, at Eagle Cock Hostel on
Lorenzo Tooley street and how he wished his Honour the
bannocks
of Gort and Morya and Bri Head and Puddyrick, yore
Loudship, and a starchboxsitting in the pit of his St
Tomach's,
—a strange wish for you, my friend, and it would poleaxe
your
sonson's grandson utterly though your own old
sweatandswear
floruerunts heaved it hoch many as the times, when they
were
turrified by the hitz.

Chee chee cheers for Upkingbilly and crow cru
cramwells

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Downaboo! Hup, boys, and hat him! See! Oilbeam they're
lost
we've found rerembrandtsers, their hours to date link these
heirs
to here but wowhere are those yours of Yestersdays?
Farseeingetherich
and Poolaulwoman Charachthercuss and his Ann van
Vogt. D.e.e.d! Edned, ended or sleeping soundlessly? Favour
with your tongues! *Intendite!*

Any dog's life you list you may still hear them at it, like
sixes
and seventies as eversure as Halley's comet, ulemamen,
sobranjewomen,
storthingboys and dumagirls, as they pass its bleak and
bronze portal of your Casaconcordia: Huru more Nee, minny
frickans? Hwoorledes har Dee det? Losdoor onleft mladies,
cue.
Millecientotrigintadue scudi. Tippoty, kyrie, tippoty. Cha kai
rotty kai makkar, sahib? Despenseme Usted, senhor, en son
succo,
sabez. O thaw bron orm, A'Cothraige, thinkinthou gaily?
Lick-Pa-flai-hai-pa-Pa-li-si-lang-lang. Epi alo, ecou, Batiste,
tuvavn
dans Lptit boing going. Ismeme de bumbac e meias de
portocallie.
O.O. Os pipos mios es demasiada guarso por O piccolo
pocchino. Wee fee? Ung duro. Kocshis, szabad? Mercy, and
you? Gomagh, thak.

And, Cod, says he with mugger's tears: Would you care
to
know the prise of a liard? Maggis, nick your nightynovel!
Mass
Travener's at the mike again! And that bag belly is the buck
to goat it! Meggeg, m'gay chapjappy fellow, I call our
univalse
to witness, as sicker as moyliffey eggs is known by our good
househalters from yorehunderts of mamooth to be which they
commercially are in ahoy high British quarters
(conventional!)
my guesthouse and cowhaendel credits will immediately
stand
ohoh open as straight as that neighbouring monument's
fabrication
before the hygienic gllll (this was where the reverent sabbath
and bottlebreaker with firbalk forthstretched touched upon
his tricoloured boater, which he uplifted by its pickledhoopy
(he
gave Stetson one and a penny for it) whileas oleaginosity of
an-
cestralolosis sgocciolated down the both pendencies of his
mutsohito
liptails (Sencapetulo, a more modestuous conciliabulite
never curled a torn pocketmouth), cordially inwiting the
adullescence
who he was wising up to do in like manner what all did
----- 55 -----
so as he was able to add) lobe before the Great
Schoolmaster's.
(I tell you no story.) Smile!

The house of Atreox is fallen indeedust (Ilyam, Ilyum!
Maeromor
Mournomates!) averging on blight like the mundibanks of
Fennyana, but deeds bounds going arise again. Life, he
himself
said once, (his biografiend, in fact, kills him verysoon, if yet
not,
after) is a wake, livit or krikit, and on the bunk of our
breadwinning
lies the cropse of our seedfather, a phrase which the
establisher of the world by law might pretinately write across
the chestfront of all manorwombanborn. The scene,
refreshed,
reroused, was never to be forgotten, the hen and crusader
ever-
intermutuomergent, for later in the century one of that puisne
band of factferreters, (then an excivily (out of the custom
huts)
(retired), (hurt), under the sixtyfives act) in a dressy black
modern
style and wewere shiny tan burlingtons, (tam, homd and
dicky,
quopriquos and peajagd) rehearsed it, pippa pointing, with a
dignified (copied) bow to a namecousin of the late
archdeacon
F. X. Preserved Coppinger (a hot fellow in his night, may the
mouther of guard have mastic on him!) in a pullwoman of
our
first transhibernian with one still sadder circumstance which
is a
dirkandurk heartskewerer if ever to bring bouncing brimmers
from marbled eyes. Cycloptically through the windowdisks

and
with eddying awes the round eyes of the rundreisers, back to
back,
buck to buck, on their airish chaunting car, beheld with
intouristing
anterestedness the clad pursue the bare, the bare the
green, the green the frore, the frore the cladagain, as their
convoy
wheeled encirclingly about the gigantig's lifetree, our
fireleaved
loverlucky blomsterbohm, phoenix in our woodlessness,
haughty, cacuminal, erubescant (repetition!) whose roots they
be
asches with lustres of peins. For as often as the
Archicadenus,
pleacing aside his *Irish Field* and craving their auriculars to
re-
cepticle particulars before they got the bump at Castlebar
(mat
and far!) spoke of it by request all, hearing in this new
reading
of the part whereby, because of Dyas in his machina, the new
garrickson's grimacing grimaldism hypostasised by
substintuation
the axiomatic orerotundity of that once grand old elrington
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bawl, the copycus's description of that fellowcommuter's
play
upon countenants, could simply imagine themselves in their
bosom's
inmost core, as *pro tem locums*, timesported acorss the
yawning

(abyss), as once they were seashores, listening to the
cockshy's shooter's
even-song evocation of the doomed but always ventriloquent
Agitator, (no not more plangor-pound the billows o'er
Thounawahallya Reef!) silkhouatted, a whallrhos mightiadd,
aginsst
the dusk of skumring, (would that fane be Saint Muezzin's
calling—holy places!—and this fez brimless as brow of
faithful
toucher of the ground, did wish it were—blessed be the
bones!
—the ghazi, power of his sword.) his manslayer's gunwielder
protended towards that overgrown leadpencil which was
soon,
monumentally at least, to rise as Molyvdokondylon to, to be,
to
be his mausoleum (O'dan stod tillsteyne at meisies aye
skould
show pon) while olover his exculpatory features, as Roland
rung,
a wee dropeen of grief about to sillonise his jouejous, the
ghost
of resignation diffused a spectral appealingness, as a young
man's
drown o'er the fate of his waters may gloat, similar in origin
and
akkurat in effective to a beam of sunshine upon a coffin
plate.

Not olderwise Inn the days of the Bygning would our
Traveller
remote, unfriended, from van Demon's Land, some lazy

skald or maundering pote, lift wearywilly his slowcut snobsic
eyes to the semisigns of his zooteac and lengthily lingering
along
flaskneck, cracket cup, downtrodden brogue, turfsod,
wildbroom,
cabbageblad, stockfisch, longingly learn that there at the
Angel were herberged for him poteen and tea and praties and
baccy and wine width woman wordth warbling: and
informally
quasi-begin to presquesm'ile to queasithin' (Nonsense! There
was not very much windy Nous blowing at the given moment
through the hat of Mr Melancholy Slow!)

But in the pragma what formal cause made a smile of
that tothink?
Who was he to whom? (O'Breen's not his name nor the
brown one his maid.) Whose are the placewheres? Kiwasti,
kisker,
kither, kitnabudja? Tal the tem of the tumulum. Giv the gav
of the grube. Be it cudgelplayers' country, orfishfellows' town
or
leeklickers' land or panbpanungopovengreskey. What
regnans

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raised the rains have levelled but we hear the pointers and
can
gauge their compass for the melos yields the mode and the
mode
the manners plicyman, plansiman, plousiman, plab. Tsin tsin
tsin
tsin! The forefarther folkers for a prize of two peaches with
Ming, Ching and Shunny on the lie low lea. We'll sit down
on

the hope of the ghoully ghost for the titheman troubleth but
his
hantitat hies not here. They answer from their Zoans; Hear
the
four of them! Hark torroar of them! I, says Armagh, and a'm
proud o'it. I, says Clonakilty, God help us! I, says
Deansgrange,
and say nothing. I, says Barna, and whatabout it? Hee haw!
Before
he fell hill he filled heaven: a stream, alplapping streamlet,
coyly coiled um, cool of her curls: We were but thermites
then,
wee, wee. Our antheap we sensed as a Hill of Allen, the
Barrow
for an People, one Jotnursfjaell: and it was a grummelung
amung
the porktroop that wonderstruck us as a thunder, yunder.

Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too
imprecisely
few to warrant our certitude, the evidencegivers by legpoll
too
untrustworthily irreperible where his adjudgers are semmingly
freak threes but his judicandees plainly minus twos.
Nevertheless
Madam's Tshowus waxes largely more lifeliked (entrance,
one kudos; exits, free) and our notional gullery is now
completely
complacent, an exegious monument, aerily perennious.
Oblige with your blackthorns; gamps, degrace! And there
many
have paused before that exposure of him by old Tom Quad, a

flashback in which he sits sated, gowndabout, in clericalease habit,
watching bland sol slithe dodgsomely into the nethermore,
a globule of maugdleness about to corrugitate his mild dewed cheek and the tata of a tiny victorienne, Alys, pressed by his limper looser.

Yet certes one is. Eher the following winter had overed the
pages of nature's book and till Ceadurbar-atta-Cleath became Dablerna Tertia, the shadow of the huge outlander, maladik, multvult,
magnoperous, had bulked at the bar of a rota of tribunals in manor hall as in thieves' kitchen, mid pillow talk and chithouse
chat, on Marlborough Green as through Molesworth Fields, here
sentenced pro tried with Jedburgh justice, there acquitted contestimony

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with benefit of clergy. His Thing Mod have undone him: and his madthing has done him man. His beneficiaries are
legion in the part he created: they number up his years. Greatwheel
Dunlop was the name was on him: behung, all we are his bisaacles.
As hollyday in his house so was he priest and king to that: ulvy
came, envy saw, ivy conquered. Lou! Lou! They have waved his
green boughs o'er him as they have torn him limb from lamb. For his muertification and uxpation and dumnation and

annuhulation.

With schreis and grida, deprofound souspirs. Steady,
sullivans! Mannequins pause! Longtong's breach is fallen
down

but Graunya's spreed's abroad. Ahdostay, feedailyones, and
feel

the Flucher's bawls for the total of your flouts is not fit to fan
his

fettle, O! Have a ring and sing wohl! Chin, chin! Chin, chin!
And of course all chimed din width the eatmost boiviality.

Swiping

rums and beaunes and sherries and ciders and negus and
citronnades

too. The strongers. Oho, oho, Mester Begge, you're
about to be bagged in the bog again. Bugge. But softsies
seufsigned:

Eheu, for gassies! But, lo! lo! by the threnning gods,
human, erring and condonable, what the statues of our kuo,
who

is the messchef be our kuang, ashu ashure there, the
unforgettable

treeshade looms up behind the jostling judgements of those,
as

all should owe, malrecapturable days.

Tap and pat and tapatagain, (fire firstshot, Missiers the
Refuseleers!

Peingpeong! For saxonlootie!) three tommix, soldiers free,
cockaleak and cappapee, of the Coldstream. Guards were
walking,

in (*pardonnez-leur, je vous en prie, eh?*) Montgomery Street.

One

voiced an opinion in which on either wide (*pardonnez!*),
nodding,
all the Finner Camps concurred (*je vous en prie, eh?*). It
was the first woman, they said, souped him, that fatal
wellesday,
Lili Coninghams, by suggesting him they go in a field. Wroth
mod eldfar, ruth redd stilstand, wrath wrackt wroth,
confessed
private Pat Marchison *retro*. (Terse!) Thus contenters with
santoys
play. One of our coming Vauxhall ontheboards who is
resting for the moment (she has been callit by a noted stagey
elecutioner
a wastepacket Sittons) was interfeud in a waistend pewty
parlour. Looking perhaps even more pewtyflushed in her
cherryderry

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padouasoys, girdle and braces by the Halfmoon and Seven
Stars, russets from the Blackamoor's Head, amongst the
climbing
boys at his Eagle and Child and over the corn and hay
emptors
at their Black and All Black, Mrs F... A... saidaside, half in
stage of whisper to her confidante glass, while recoopering
her
cartwheel chapot (ahat!—and we now know what thimbles a
baquets on lallance a talls mean), she hoped Sid Arthar
would
git a Chrissman's portrout of orange and lemonsized orchids
with
hollegs and ether, from the featre of the Innocident, as the
worryld had been uncained. Then, while it is odrous

comparing

to the sprangflowers of his burstday which was a viridable
goddinpotty for the reinworms and the charlattinas and all
branches of climatitis, it has been such a wonderful noyth
untirely,

added she, with many regards to Maha's pranjapansies.

(Tart!)

Prehistoric, obitered to his dictaphone an entychologist: his
propenomen

is a properismenon. A dustman nocknamed Sevenchurches
in the employ of Messrs Achburn, Soulpetre and
Ashreborn, prairmakers, Glintalook, was asked by the
sisterhood

the vexed question during his midday collation of leaver and
buckrom alternatively with stenk and kitteney phie in a
hashhoush

and, thankeaven, responded impulsively: We have just been
propogandering his nullity suit and what they took out of his
ear

among my own crush. All our fellows at O'Dea's sages with
Aratar Calaman he is a cemented brick, buck it all! A more
nor

usually sober cardriver, who was jauntingly hosing his
runabout,

Ginger Jane, took a strong view. Lorry hosed her as he talked
and this is what he told rewrightemen: Irewaker is just a plain
pink

joint reformee in private life but folks all have it by
brehemons

laws he has parliamentary honours. Eiskaffier said (Louigi's,
you

know that man's, brillant Savourain): *Mon foie*, you wish to

ave

some homelette, yes, lady! Good, mein leber! Your hegg he
must

break himself. See, I crack, so, he sit in the poele,
umbedimbt!

A perspirer (over sixty) who was keeping up his tennises
panted

he kne ho har twa to clect infamatios but a diffpair flannels
climb

wall and trespassing on doorbell. After fullblown Braddon
hear

this fresky troterella! A railways barmaid's view (they call
her

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Spilltears Rue) was thus expressed: to sympathisers of the
Dole

Line, Death Avenue, anent those objects of her pity-
prompted

ministrance, to wet, man and his syphon. Ehim! It is ever too
late to whistle when Phyllis floods her stable. It would be
skarlot

shame to jailahim in lockup, as was proposed to him by the
Seddoms creature what matter what merrytricks went off
with

his revulverher in connections with ehim being a norphan
and

enjoining such wicked illth, ehim! "Well done,
Drumcollakill!

Kitty Tyrrel is proud of you, was the reply of a B.O.T.
official

(O blame gnot the board!) while the Daughters Benkletter
murmured

in uniswoon: Golforgilhisjurylegs! Brian Lynsky, the cub
curser, was questioned at his shouting box, Bawlonabraggat,
and
gave a snappy comeback, when saying: Paw! Once more I'll
hellbowl! I am for caveman chase and sahara sex, burk you!
Them
two bitches ought to be leashed, canem! Up hog and hoar
hunt!
Paw! A wouldbe martyr, who is attending on sanit Asitas
where
he is being taught to wear bracelets, when grilled on the
point,
revealed the undoubted fact that the consequence would be
that
so long as Sankya Moondy played his mango tricks under the
mysttetry, with shady apсарas sheltering in his leaves' licence
and
his shadows torrified by the potent bolts of indradiction,
there
would be fights all over Cuxhaven. (Tosh!) Missioner Ida
Wombwell,
the seventeenyearold revivalist, said concerning the
coincident
of interfizzing with grenadines and other respectable and
disgusted peersons using the park: That perpendicular person
is
a brut! But a magnificent brut! 'Caligula' (Mr Danl Magrath,
bookmaker, wellknown to Eastrailian poorusers of the
Sydney
Parade Ballotin) was, as usual, antipodal with his: striving
todie,
hopening tomellow, Ware Splash. Cobbler. We have meat

two

hourly, sang out El Caplan Buycout, with the famous padre's
turridur's capecast, meet too ourly, matadear! Dan

Meiklejohn,

precentor, of S.S. Smack and Olley's was probiverbal with
his

upsiduxit: *mutatus mutandus*. Dauran's lord ('Sniffpox') and
Moirgan's

lady ('Flatterfun') took sides and crossed and bowed to
each other's views and recrossed themselves. The dirty dubs

upin

their flies, went too free, echoed the dainly drabs downin
their

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scenities, una mona. Sylvia Silence, the girl detective
(*Meminerva*,

but by now one hears turtlings all over Doveland!) when
supplied

with informations as to the several facets of the case in her
cozydozy

bachelure's flat, quite overlooking John a'Dream's mews,
leaned back in her really truly easy chair to query restfully
through

her vowelthreaded syllabelles: Have you eview thought,
wepowtew,

that sheew gweatness was his twadgedy? Nevewtheless
accowding

to my considewed attitudes fow this act he should pay
the full penalty, pending puwsuance, as pew Subsec. 32,
section

11, of the C. L. A. act 1885, anything in this act to the
contwawy

notwithstanding. Jarley Jilke began to silke for he couldn't
get
home to Jelsey but ended with: He's got the sack that helped
him
moult instench of his gladsome rags. Meagher, a naval rating,
seated on one of the granite cromlech setts of our new
fishshambles
for the usual aireating after the ever popular act, with
whom were Questa and Puella, piquante and quoite, (this had
a
cold in her brain while that felt a sink in her summock, wit's
wat, wot's wet) was encouraged, although nearvanashed
himself,
by one of his co-affianced to get your breath, Walt, and
gobbit
and when ther chidden by her fastra sastra to saddle up your
pance, Naville, thus cor replied to her other's thankskissing: I
lay my two fingerbuttons, fiancee Meagher, (he speaks!) he
was
to blame about your two velvetthighs up Horniman's Hill—as
hook and eye blame him or any other piscman?—but I also
think, Puellywally, by the siege of his trousers there was
someone
else behind it—you bet your boughtem blarneys—about
their three drummers down Keysars Lane. (Trite!).

Be these meer marchant taylor's fablings of a race
referend
with oddman rex? Is now all seenheard then forgotten? Can it
was, one is fain in this leaden age of letters now to wit, that
so
diversified outrages (they have still to come!) were planned

and

partly carried out against so staunch a covenanter if it be true than any of those recorded ever took place for many, we
trow,

beyessed to and denayed of, are given to us by some who use the truth but sparingly and we, on this side ought to sorrow for

their pricking pens on that account. The seventh city,
Urovivla,

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his citadear of refuge, whither (would we believe the laimen and

their counts), beyond the outraved gales of Atreatic, changing

clues with a baggermalster, the hejirite had fled, silentioussuemeant

under night's altosonority, shipalone, a raven of the wave, (be mercy, Mara! A he whence Rahoulas!) from the ostmen's dirtby on the old vic, to forget in expiating manslaughter and, reberthing in remarriment out of dead seekness to devine providence,

(if you are looking for the bilders deep your ear on the movietone!) to league his lot, palm and patte, with a papishee.

For mine qvinne I thee giftake and bind my hosenband I thee halter. The wastobe land, a lottuse land, a luctuous land, Emeraldilluim,

the peasant pastured, in which by the fourth commandment with promise his days apostolic were to be long by the abundant

mercy of Him Which Thundereth From On High, murmured, would rise against him with all which in them were,

franchisables
and inhabitands, astea as agora, helotsphilots, do him hurt,
poor jink, ghostly following bodily, as were he made a curse
for
them, the corruptible lay quick, all saints of incorruption of
an
holy nation, the common or ere-in-garden castaway, in red
resurrection
to condemn so they might convince him, first pharoah,
Humpheres Cheops Exarchas, of their proper sins. Business
bred to speak with a stiff upper lip to all men and most
occasions
the Man we wot of took little short of fighting chances but
for all that he or his or his care were subjected to the horrors
of
the premier terror of Errorland. (perorhaps!)

We seem to us (the real Us!) to be reading our Amenti in
the
sixth sealed chapter of the going forth by black. It was after
the
show at Wednesbury that one tall man, humping a suspicious
parcel, when returning late amid a dense particular on his
home
way from the second house of the Boore and Burgess Christy
Menestrels by the old spot, Roy's Corner, had a barkiss
revolver
placed to his faced with the words: you're shot, major: by an
unknowable
assailant (masked) against whom he had been jealous
over, Lotta Crabtree or Pomona Evlyn. More than that
Whenn

the Waylayer (not a Lucalized diocesan or even of the
Glendalough
see, but hailing fro' the prow of Little Britain), mentioning

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in a bytheway that he, the crawsopper, had, in edition to
Reade's cutless centiblade, a loaded Hobson's which left only
twin

alternatives as, viceversa, either he would surely shoot her,
the

aunt, by pistol, (she could be okaysure of that!) or, failing of
such,

bash in Patch's blank face beyond recognition, pointedly
asked

with gaeilish gall wodkar blizzard's business Thornton had
with

that Kane's fender only to be answered by the aggravated
assaulted that that that was the snaps for him, Midweeks, to
sultry

well go and find out if he was showery well able. But how
transparingly

nontrue, gentlewriter! His feet one is not a tall man, not
at all, man. No such parson. No such fender. No such lumber.

No

such race. Was it supposedly in connection with a girls,
Myramy

Huey or Colores Archer, under Flaggy Bridge (for ann there
is

but one liv and hir newbridge is her old) or to explode his
twelvechamber and force a shrievalty entrance that the
heavybuilt

Abelbody in a butcherblue blouse from One Life One Suit (a
men's wear store), with a most decisive bottle of single in his

possession, seized after dark by the town guard at Haveyou-caught-emerod's temperance gateway was there in a gate's way.

Fifthly, how parasoliloquisingly truetoned on his first time of hearing the wretch's statement that, muttering Irish, he had had had o'gloriously a'lot too much hanguest or hoshoe fine to drink in the House of Blazes, the Parrot in Hell, the Orange Tree, the Glibt, the Sun, the Holy Lamb and, lapse not leashed, in Ramitdown's ship hotel since the morning moment he could dixtinguish a white thread from a black till the engine of the laws declosed unto Murray and was only falling fillthefluthered up against the gatestone pier which, with the cow's bonnet a'top o'it, he falsetook for a cattlepillar with purest peaceablest intentions. Yet how lamely hobbles the hoy of his then pseudojocax axplanation how, according to his own story, he was a process server and was merely trying to open zozimus a bottlop stoub by mortially hammering his *magnum bonum* (the curter the club the sorer the savage) against the bludgey gate for the boots about the swan, Maurice Behan, who hastily into his shoes with nothing his hald barra tinnteack and came down with homp,

shtemp and jumphet to the tiltyard from the wastes a'sleep in
his
obi ohny overclothes or choker, attracted by the norse of
guns
playing Delandy is cartager on the raglar rock to Dulynd, said
war' prised safe in bed as he dreamed that he'd wealthes in
mormon
halls when wokenp by a fourth loud snore out of his land
of byelo while hickstrey's maws was grazing in the
moonlight
by hearing hammering on the pandywhank scale emanating
from
the blind pig and anything like it (oonagh! oonagh!) in the
whole history of the Mullingcan Inn he never. This battering
babel allower the door and sideposts, he always said, was not
in
the very remotest like the belzey babble of a bottle of boose
which would not rouse him out o' slumber deep but reminded
him loads more of the martiallawsey marsees of foreign
musikants'
instrumongs or the overthrewer to the third last days of
Pompery, if anything. And that after this most nooningless
knockturn the young reine came down desperate and the old
liffopotamus started ploring all over the plains, as mud as she
cud be, ruining all the bouchers' schurts and the backers'
wischandtugs so that be the chandeleure of the Rejaneyjailey
they were all night wasching the walters of, the weltering
walters
off. Whyte.

Just one moment. A pinch in time of the ideal,
musketeers!

Alphos, Burkos and Caramis, leave Astrelea for the
astrollajerries
and for the love of the saunces and the honour of Keavens
pike
puddywhackback to Pamintul. And roll away the reel world,
the
reel world, the reel world! And call all your smokeblushes,
Snowwhite and Rosered, if you will have the real cream!
Now for
a strawberry frolic! Filons, filoosh! *Cherchons la flamme!*
Fammfamm!
Fammfamm!

Come on, ordinary man with that large big nonobli head,
and
that blanko berbecked fischial ekksprezzion Machinsky
Scapolopolos,
Duzinascu or other. Your machelar's mutton leg's getting
musclebound from being too pulled. Noah Beery weighed
stone
thousand one when Hazel was a hen. Now her fat's falling
fast.
Therefore, chatbags, why not yours? There are 29 sweet
reasons
why blossomtime's the best. Elders fall for green almonds
when

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they're raised on bruised stone root ginger though it winters
on
their heads as if auctumned round their waistbands. If you'd
had
pains in your hairs you wouldn't look so orgibald. You'd have
Colley Macaires on your lump of lead. Now listen, Mr Leer!

And stow that sweatyfunnyadams Simper! Take an old
geeser
who calls on his skirt. Note his sleek hair, so elegant, *tableau
vivant*. He vows her to be his own honeylamb, swears they
will
be papa pals, by Sam, and share good times way down west
in a
guaranteed happy lovenest when May moon she shines and
they
twit twinkle all the night, combing the comet's tail up right
and
shooting popguns at the stars. Creampuffs all to dime! Every
nice, missymackenzies! For dear old grumpapar, he's gone on
the razzledar, through gazing and crazing and blazing at the
stars.
Compree! She wants her wardrobe to hear from above by
return
with cash so as she can buy her Peter Robinson trousseau and
cut
a dash with Arty, Bert or possibly Charley Chance (who
knows?)
so tolloll Mr Hunker you're too dada for me to dance (so off
she
goes!) and that's how half the gels in town has got their
bottom
drars while grumpapar he's trying to hitch his braces on to his
trars. But old grum he's not so clean dippy between sweet
you
and yum (not on your life, boy! not in those trousers! not by
a
large jugful!) for someplace on the sly, where Furphy he isn't
by,

old grum has his gel number two (bravevow, our Grum!) and
he
would like to canoodle her too some part of the time for he is
downright fond of his number one but O he's fair mashed on
peaches number two so that if he could only canoodle the
two,
chivee chivoo, all three would feel genuinely happy, it's as
simple
as A. B. C., the two mixers, we mean, with their cherrybum
chappy (for he is simply shamming dippy) if they all were
afloat
in a dreamlifeboat, hugging two by two in his zoo-doo-you-
doo,
a tofftoff for thee, missymissy for me and howcameyou-
e'enso for
Farber, in his tippy, upindown dippy, tiptoptippy canoodle,
can
you? Finny.

Ack, ack, ack. With which clap, trap and soddenment,
three to
a loaf, our mutual friends the fender and the bottle at the gate
seem
to be implicitly in the same bateau, so to singen, bearing also
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several of the earmarks of design, for there is in fact no use
in
putting a tooth in a snipery of that sort and the amount of all
those sort of things which has been going on onceaday in and
twiceaday out every other nachtistag among all kinds of
promiscious
individuals at all ages in private homes and reeboos
publikiss and allover all and elsewhere throughout secular

sequence the country over and overabroad has been particularly stupendous. To be continued. Federals' Uniteds' Transports' Unions' for Exultations' of Triumphants' Ecstasies.

But resuming inquiries. Will it ever be next morning the postal unionist's (officially called carrier's, Letters Scotch, Limited) strange fate (Fierceendgiddyex he's hight, d.e., the losel that hucks around missivemaids' gummibacks) to hand in a huge chain envelope, written in seven divers stages of ink, from blanchessance to lavandaiette, every pothook and pancrook bespaking the wisherwife, superscribed and subpencilled by yours A Laughable Party, with afterwite, S.A.G., to Hyde and Cheek, Edenberry, Dubblenn, WC? Will whatever will be written in lappish language with inbursts of Maggyer always seem semposed, black looking white and white guarding black, in that siamixed twoatalk used twist stern swift and jolly roger? Will it bright upon us, nightle, and we plunging to our plight? Well, it might now, mircle, so it light. Always and ever till Cox's wife, twice Mrs Hahn, pokes her beak into the matter with Owen K. after her, to see whawa smutter after, will this kiribis pouch filled with litterish fragments lurk dormant in the paunch of that halpbrother of a herm, a pillarbox?

The coffin, a triumph of the illusionist's art, at first blench naturally taken for a handharp (it is handwarp to tristinguish jubabe from jabule or either from tubote when all three have just been invened) had been removed from the hardware premises of Oetzmann and Nephew, a noted house of the gonemost west, which in the natural course of all things continues to supply funeral requisites of every needed description. Why needed, though? Indeed needed (wouldn't you feel like rattanfowl if you hadn't the oscar!) because the flash brides or bride in their lily

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boleros one games with at the Nivynubies' finery ball and your upright grooms that always come right up with you (and by jingo when they do!) what else in this mortal world, now ours, when meet there night, mid their nackt, me there naket, made their nought the hour strikes, would bring them rightcame back in the flesh, thumbs down, to their orses and their hashes.

To proceed. We might leave that nitrience of oxagiants to take its free of the air and just analectralyse that very chymerical combination, the gasbag where the warderworks. And try to pour somour heiterscene up thealmostfere. In the bottled heliose case continuing, Long Lally Tobkids, the special, sporting a fine

breast

of medals, and a conscientious scripturereader to boot in the
brick

and tin choorch round the coroner, swore like a
Norewheezeian

tailliur on the stand before the proper functionary that he was
up

against a right querrshnorrt of a mand in the butcher of the
blues

who, he guntinued, on last epening after delivering some
carcasses

mattonchepps and meatjutes on behalf of Messrs Otto
Sands and Eastman, Limericked, Victuallers, went and, with
his

unmitigated astonishment, hickicked at the dun and dorass
against

all the runes and, when challenged about the pretended hick
(it

was kickup and down with him) on his solemn by the
imputant

imputed, said simply: I appop pie oath, Phillyps Captain. You
did, as I sostressed before. You are deepknee in error, sir,
Madam

Tomkins, let me then tell you, replied with a gentlewomanly
salaam MackPartland, (the meatman's family, and the oldest
in

the world except nick, name.) And Phelps was flayful with
his

peeler. But his phizz fell.

Now to the obverse. From velveteens to dimities is barely
a

fivefinger span and hence these camelback excesses are
thought
to have been instigated by one or either of the causing causes
of
all, those rushy hollow heroines in their skirtsleeves, be she
magretta
be she the posque. Oh! Oh! Because it is a horrible thing
to have to say to say to day but one dilalah, Lupita Lorette,
shortly
after in a fit of the unexpectednesses drank carbolic with all
her dear placid life before her and paled off while the other
soiled dove that's her sister-in-love, Luperca Latouche,
finding

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one day while dodging chores that she stripped teasily for
binocular
man and that her jambs were jimjoyed to see each other, the
nautchy girly soon found her fruitful hat too small for her
and
rapidly taking time, look, she rapidly took to necking,
partying
and selling her spare favours in the haymow or in lumber
closets
or in the greenawn *ad huck* (there are certain intimacies in all
ladies' lavastories we just lease to imagination) or in the
sweet
churchyard close itself for a bit of soft coal or an array of thin
trunks, serving whom in fine that same hot coney *a la*
Zingara
which our own little Graunya of the chilired cheeks dished
up
to the greatsire of Oscar, that son of a Coole. Houri of the

coast

of emerald, arrah of the laccessive poghue, Aslim-all-Muslim,
the

resigned to her surrender, did not she, come leinster's even,
true

dotter of a dearmud, (her pitch was Forty Steps and his perch
old

Cromwell's Quarters) with so valkirry a licence as sent many
a

poor pucker packing to perdition, again and again, ay, and
again

sfidare him, tease fido, eh tease fido, eh eh tease fido, toos
topples

topleft, stop, dug of a dog of a dgiaour, ye! Angealousmei!

And did not he, like Arcoforty, farfar off Bissavolo,
missbrand

her behaveyous with iridescent huecry of down right mean
false

sop lap sick dope? Tawfulsdreck! A reine of the shee, a
shebeen

quean, a queen of pranks. A kingly man, of royal mien,
regally

robed, exalted be his glory! So gave so take: Now not, not
now!

He would just a min. Suffering trumpet! He thought he want.

Whath? Hear, O hear, living of the land! Hungreb, dead era,
hark! He hea, eyes ravenous on her lippling lills. He hear her

voi

of day gon by. He hears! Zay, zay, zay! But, by the beer of
his

profit, he cannot answer. Upterputty till rise and shine! Nor
needs

none shaft ne stele from Phenicia or Little Asia to obelise on
the spout, neither pobalclock neither folksstone, nor
sunkenness

in Tomar's Wood to bewray how erpressgangs score off the
rued.

The mouth that tells not will ever attract the unthinking
tongue

and so long as the obseen draws theirs which hear not so long
till allearth's dumbnation shall the blind lead the deaf.

Tatcho,

tawney yeeklings! The column of lumps lends the pattrin of
the

leaves behind us. If violence to life, limb and chattels, often
as

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not, has been the expression, direct or through an agent male,
of

womanhid offended, (ah! ah!), has not levy of black mail
from

the times the fairies were in it, and fain for wilde erthe
blothoms

followed an impressive private reputation for whispered
sins?

Now by memory inspired, turn wheel again to the whole
of

the wall. Where Gyant Blyant fronts Peannlueamoore There
was

once upon a wall and a hooghoog wall a was and such a
wallhole

did exist. Ere ore or ire in Aarlund. Or you Dair's Hair or
you Diggin Mosses or your horde of orts and oriorts to garble
a garthen of Odin and the lost paladays when all the eddams

ended

with aves. Armen? The doun is theirs and still to see for menags

if he strikes a lousaforitch and we'll come to those baregazed shoeshines if you just shoodov a second. And let oggs be good

old gaggles and Isther Estarr play Yesther Asterr. In the drema

of Soarestost Areas, Diseased. A stonehinged gate then was for

another thing while the suroptimist had bought and enlarged that shack under fair rental of one yearlyng sheep, (prime) value

of sixpence, and one small yearlyng goat (cadet) value of eightpence,

to grow old and happy (hogg it and kidd him) for the reminants

of his years; and when everything was got up for the purpose he put an applegate on the place by no means as some

pretext a bedstead in loo thereof to keep out donkeys (the pigdirt

hanging from the jags to this hour makes that clear) and just thenabouts the iron gape, by old custom left open to prevent the cats from getting at the gout, was triplepatlockt on him on purpose by his faithful poorters to keep him inside probably and

possibly enaunter he felt like sticking out his chest too far and

tempting gracious providence by a stroll on the peoplade's eggday,

unused as he was yet to being freely clodded.

O, by the by, lets wee brag of praties, it ought to be
always
remembered in connection with what has gone before that
there
was a northroomer, Herr Betreffender, out for his zimmer
holedigs,
digging in number 32 at the Rum and Puncheon (Branch of
Dirty Dick's free house) in Laxlip (where the Sockeye
Sammons
were stopping at the time orange fasting) prior to that, a
Kommerzial
(Gorbotipacco, he was wreaking like Zentral Oylrubber)
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from Osterich, the U.S.E. paying (Gaul save the mark!) 11/-
in
the week (Gosh, these wholly romads!) of conscience money
in
the first deal of Yuly wheil he was, swishing beesnest with
blessure,
and swobbing broguen eeriesh myth brockendootsch, making
his reporterage on Der Fall Adams for the Frankofurto
Siding,
a Fastland payrodicule, and er, consstated that one had on
him
the Lynn O'Brien, a meltoned lammswolle, disturbed, and
wider
he might the same zurichschicken other he would, with
tosend
and obertosend tonnowatters, one monkey's damages
become.
Now you must know, franksman, to make a heart of glass,
that

the game of gaze and bandstand butchery was merely a Patsy
O'Strap tissue of threats and obuses such as roebucks raugh
at
pinnacle's peak and after this sort. Humphrey's unsolicited
visitor,
Davy or Titus, on a burgley's clan march from the middle
west,
a hikely excellent crude man about road who knew his
Bullfoost
Mountains like a starling bierd, after doing a long dance
untidled
to Cloudy Green, deposend his bockstump on the
waityoumaywantme,
after having blew some quaker's (for you! Oates!) in
through the houseking's keyhole to attract attention, bleated
through the gale outside which the tairor of his clothes was
hogcalling,
first, be the hirsuiter, that he would break his bulsheywigger's
head for him, next, be the heeltapper, that he would
break the gage over his lankyduckling head the same way he
would crack a nut with a monkeywrench and, last of all, be
the
stirabouter, that he would give him his (or theumperom's or
anybloody
else's) thickerthanwater to drink and his bleday
steppebrodhar's
into the bucket. He demanded more wood alcohol to
pitch in with, alleging that his granfather's was all taxis and
that
it was only after ten o'connell, and this his isbar was a public
oven for the sake of irsk irskusky, and then, not easily
discouraged,

opened the wrathfloods of his atillarery and went on at a wicked rate, weathering against him in mooxed metaphores from eleven thirty to two in the afternoon without even a luncheonette

interval for House, son of Clod, to come out, you jewbeggar, to be Executed Amen. Earwicker, that patternmind, that paradigmatic ear, receptoretentive as his of Dionysius, longsuffering

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although whitening under restraint in the sititout corner of his conservatory, behind faminebuilt walls, his thermos flask and

ripidian flabel by his side and a walrus whiskerbristle for a tuskpick,

compiled, while he mourned the flight of his wild guineese, a long list (now feared in part lost) to be kept on file of all abusive

names he was called (we have been compelled for the rejoicement

of foinne loidies ind the humours of Milltown etcetera by Josephine

Brewster in the collision known as Contrastations with Inkermann

and so on and sononward, lacies in loo water, flee, celestials, one clean turv): *Firstnighter, Informer, Old Fruit, Yellow Whigger,*

Wheatears, Goldy Geit, Bogside Beauty, Yass We've Had His Badannas, York's Porker, Funnyface, At Baggotty's Bend He Bumped, Grease with the Butter, Opendoor Ospices, Cainandabler,

Ireland's Eighth Wonderful Wonder, Beat My Price, Godsoilman,

*Moonface the Murderer, Hoary Hairy Hoax, Midnight
Sunburst,
Remove that Bible, Hebdromadary Publocation, Tummer the
Lame
the Tyrannous, Blau Clay, Tight before Teatime, Read Your
Pantojoke, Acoustic Disturbance, Thinks He's Gobblasst the
Good
Dook of Ourguile, W.D.'s Grace, Gibbering Bayamouth of
Dublin,
His Farther was a Mundzucker and She had him in a
Growler,
Burnham and Bailey, Artist, Unworthy of the Homely
Protestant
Religion, Terry Cotter, You're Welcome to Waterfood, signed
the
Ribbonmen, Lobsterpot Lardling, All for Arthur of this Town,
Hooshed the Cat from the Bacon, Leathertogs Donald, The
Ace
and Deuce of Paupering, O'Reilly's Delights to Kiss the Man
behind the Borrel, Magogagog, Swad Puddlefoot, Gouty
Ghibeline,
Loose Luther, Hatches Cocks' Eggs, Muddle the Plan, Luck
before
Wedlock, I Divorce Thee Husband, Tanner and a Make, Go
to
Hellena or Come to Connies, Piobald Puffpuff His Bride,
Purged
out of Burke's, He's None of Me Causin, Barebarean,
Peculiar
Person, Grunt Owl's Facktotem, Twelve Months Aristocrat,
Lycanthrope, Flunkey Beadle Vamps the Tune Letting on He's
Loney, Thunder and Turf Married into Clandorf, Left Boot*

Sent

*on Approval, Cumberer of Lord's Holy Ground, Stodge
Arschmann,*

*Awnt Yuke, Tommy Furlong's Pet Plagues, Archdukon
Cabbanger,*

*Last Past the Post, Kennealey Won't Tell Thee off Nancy's
Gown,*

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*Scuttle to Cover, Salary Grab, Andy Mac Noon in Annie's
Room,*

*Awl Out, Twitchbratschballs, Bombard Street Bester, Sublime
Porter, A Ban for Le King of the Burgaans and a Bom for Ye
Sur*

*of all the Ruttledges, O'Phelim's Cutprice, And at Number
Wan*

*Wan Wan, What He Done to Castlecostello, Sleeps with
Feathers*

*end Ropes, It is Known who Sold Horace the Rattler,
Enclosed*

*find the Sons of Fingal, Swayed in his Falling, Wants a Wife
and*

*Forty of Them, Let Him Do the Fair, Apeegeequanee
Chimmuck,*

*Plowp Goes his Whistle, Ruin of the Small Trader, He — —
Milkinghoneybeaverbrooker, Vee was a Vindner, Sower
Rapes,*

*Armenian Atrocity, Sickfish Bellyup, Edomite, —'Man
Devoyd of*

*the Commoner Characteristics of an Irish Nature, Bad
Humborg,*

*Hraabhraab, Coocoohandler, Dirt, Miching Daddy, Born
Burst Feet*

*Foremost, Woolworth's Worst, Easyathic Phallusaphist,
Guilteypig's
Bastard, Fast in the Barrel, Boose in the Bed, Mister
Fatmate,
In Custody of the Polis, Boawwill's Alocutionist, Deposed, but
anar-
chistically respectful of the liberties of the noninvasive
individual,
did not respond a solitary wedgeword beyond such
sedentarity,
though it was as easy as kissanywhere for the passive
resistant in
the booth he was in to reach for the hello gripes and ring up
Kimmage
Outer 17.67, because, as the fundamentalist explained, when
at last shocked into speech, touchin his woundid feelins in
the
fuchsiar the dominican mission for the sowsealist potty was
on at
the time and he thought the rowmish devowtion known as the
howly rowsary might reeform ihm, Gonn. That more than
considerably unpleasent bullocky before he rang off
drunkishly
pegged a few glatt stones, all of a size, by way of final mocks
for his grapes, at the wicket in support of his words that he
was
not guilphy but, after he had so slaunga vollayed,
reconnoitring
through his semisubconscious the seriousness of what he
might have done had he really polished off his terrible
intentions
finally caused him to change the bawling and leave downg*

the
whole grumus of brookpebbles pangpung and, having
sobered
up a bit, paces his groundould diablen lionndub, the flay the
flegm, the floedy fleshener, (purse, purse, pursyfurse, I'll
splish
the splume of them all!) this backblocks boor bruskiy put out

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his langwedge and quite quit the paleologic scene, telling
how
by his selfdenying ordnance he had left Hyland on the
dissenting
table, after exhorting Earwicker or, in slightly modified
phraseology,
Messrs or Missrs Earwicker, Seir, his feminisable name of
multitude, to cocoa come outside to Mockerloo out of that
for
the honour of Crumlin, with his broody old flishguds, Gog's
curse to thim, so as he could brianslog and burst him all
dizzy,
you go bail, like Potts Fracture did with Keddle Flatnose and
nobodyatall with Wholyphamous and build rocks over him,
or
if he didn't, for two and thirty straws, be Cacao Campbell, he
didn't know what he wouldn't do for him nor nobody else
nomore
nor him after which, batell martell, a brisha a milla a stroka
a boola, so the rage of Malbruk, playing on the least change
of
his manjester's voice, the first heroic couplet from the fuguall
tropical, Opus Elf, Thortytoe: *My schemes into abeyance for
This*

time has had to fall: they bit goodbyte to their thumb and, his
bandol eer his solgier, dripdropdrap on pool or poldier,
wishing
the loff a falladelfian in the morning, proceeded with a
Hubbleforth
slouch in his slips backwards (*Et Cur Heli!*) in the directions
of the duff and demb institutions about ten or eleven hundred
years lurch away in the moonshiny gorge of Patself on the
Bach.
Adyoe!

And thus, with this rochelley exetur of Bully Acre, came
to
close that last stage in the siegings round our archicitadel
which
we would like to recall, if old Nestor Alexis would wink the
worth for us, as Bar-le-Duc and Dog-an-Doras and Bangen-
op-Zoom.

Yed he med leave to many a door beside of Oxmanswold
for
so witness his chambered cairns a cloudletlitter silent that are
at
browse up hill and down coombe and on eolithostroton, at
Howth or at Coolock or even at Enniskerry, a theory none too
rectiline of the evolution of human society and a testament
of
the rocks from all the dead unto some the living. Olivers
lambs
we do call them, skatterlings of a stone, and they shall be
gathered
unto him, their herd and paladin, as nubilettes to cumule,

in that day hwen, same the lightning lancer of Azava
Arthurhonoured

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(some Finn, some Finn avant!), he skall wake from
earthsleep, haught crested elmer, in his valle of briers of
Greenman's

Rise O, (lost leaders live! the heroes return!) and o'er dun
and dale the Wulverulverlord (protect us!) his mighty horn
skall

roll, orland, roll.

For in those deyes his Deyus shall ask of Allprohome and
call to himm: Allprohome! And he make answer: Add some.
Nor wink nor wunk. *Animadiabolum, mene credidisti
mortuum?*

Silence was in thy faustive halls, O Truiga, when thy green
woods went dry but there will be sounds of manymirth on the
night's ear ringing when our pantriarch of
Comestowntonobble
gets the pullover on his boots.

Liverpoor? Sot a bit of it! His braynes coolt parritch, his
pelt
nassy, his heart's adrone, his bluidstreams acrawl, his puff but
a
piff, his extremeties extremely so: Fengless, Pawmbroke,
Chilblaimend
and Baldowl. Humph is in his doge. Words weigh no
no more to him than raindrops to Rethfernhim. Which we all
like. Rain. When we sleep. Drops. But wait until our
sleeping.
Drain. Sdops.

As the lion in our teargarten remembers the nenuphars of
his
Nile (shall Ariuz forget Arioun or Boghas the baregams of
the
Marmarazalles from Marmeniere?) it may be, tots wearsense
full
a naggin in twentyg have sigilposted what in our
brievingbust,
the besieged bedreamt him stil and solely of those lililiths
undeveiled
which had undone him, gone for age, and knew not
the watchful teachers at his wake, and theirs to stay. Fooi,
fooi,
chamermissies! Zeepyzoepey, larcenlads! Zijnzijn Zijnzijn! It
may
be, we moest ons hasten selves te declareer it, that he
reglimmed?
presaw? the fields of heat and yields of wheat where
corngold
Ysit? shamed and shone. It may be, we habben to upseek a
bitty
door our good township's courants want we knew't, that with
his deepseeing insight (had not wishing oftebeen but good
time
wasted), within his patriarchal shamanah, broadsteyne 'bove
citie
(Twillby! Twillby!) he conscious of enemies, a kingbilly

whitehorsed
in a Finglas mill, prayed, as he sat on anxious seat, (kunt
ye neat gift mey toe bout a peer saft eyeballds!) during that
three
and a hellof hours' agony of silence, *ex profundis malorum*,
and
bred with unfeigned charity that his wordwounder (an engles
to
the teeth who, nomened Nash of Girahash, would go anyold
where
in the weeping world on his mottled belly (the rab, the
kreeponskneed!)
for milk, music or married missusses) might, mercy to
providential benevolence's who hates prudencies' astuteness,
unfold
into the first of a distinguished dynasty of his posteriors,
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blackfaced connemaras not of the fold but elder children of
his
household, his most besetting of ideas (*pace* his twelve
predamanant
passions) being the formation, as in more favoured climes,
where the Meadow of Honey is guestfriendly and the
Mountain
of Joy receives, of a truly criminal stratum, Ham's
cribcracking
yeggs, thereby at last eliminating from all classes and masses
with
directly derivative decasualisation: *sigarius* (sic!) *vindicat*
urbes
terrorum (sicker!): and so, to mark a bank taal she arter, the
obedience of the citizens elp the ealth of the ole.

Now gode. Let us leave theories there and return to here's
here.
Now hear. 'Tis gode again. The teak coffin,
Pughglasspanelfitted,
feets to the east, was to turn in later, and pitly patly near the
porpus, materially effecting the cause. And this, liever, is the
thinghowe. Any number of conservative public bodies,
through
a number of select and other committees having power to add
to
their number, before voting themselves and himself, town,
port
and garrison, by a fit and proper resolution, following a
koorts
order of the groundwet, once for all out of plotty existence,
as
a forescut, so you maateskippey might to you cuttinrunner on
a
neuw pack of klerds, made him, while his body still
persisted,
their present of a protem grave in Moyelta of the best Lough
Neagh pattern, then as much in demand among misonesans
as
the Isle of Man today among limniphobes. Wacht even! It
was
in a fairly fishy kettlekerry, after the Fianna's foreman had
taken
his handful, enriched with ancient woods and dear dutchy
deeplinns
mid which were an old knoll and a troutbeck, vainyvain of
her osiery and a chatty sally with any Wilt or Walt who
would

ongle her as Izaak did to the tickle of his rod and watch her
waters of her sillying waters of and there now brown peater
aripple (may their quilt gild lightly over his somnolulent
form!) Whoforyou lies his last, by the wrath of Bog, like the
erst curst Hun in the bed of his treubleu Donawhu.

Best. This wastohavebeen underground heaven, or mole's
paradise which was probably also an inversion of a
phallopharos,
intended to foster wheat crops and to ginger up tourist trade
(its architect, Mgr Peurelachasse, having been obcaecated
lest

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he should petrifake suchanevver while the contractors Messrs
T. A. Birkett and L. O. Tuohalls were made invulnerably
venerable)

first in the west, our misterbilder, Castle villainous, openly
damned and blasted by means of a hydromine, system,
Sowan and

Belting, exploded from a reinvented T.N.T. bombingpost up
ahoy of eleven and thirty wingrests (*circiter*) to sternboard
out

of his aerial thorpeto, Auton Dynamon, contacted with the
expectant

minefield by tins of improved ammonia lashed to her
shieldplated gunwale, and fused into tripupcables, slipping
through tholse and playing down from the conning tower into
the ground battery fuseboxes, all differing as clocks from
keys

since nobody appeared to have the same time of beard, some
saying by their Oorlog it was Sygstryggs to nine, more
holding

with the Ryan vogt it was Dane to pfife. He afterwards

whaanever

his blaetther began to fail off him and his rough bark was
wholly husky and, stoop by stoop, he neared it
(wouldmanspare!)

carefully lined the ferroconcrete result with rotproof bricks
and

mortar, fassed to fossed, and retired beneath the heptarchy of
his towerettes, the beauchamp, byward, bull and lion, the
white,

the wardrobe and bloodied, so encouraging (insteppen, alls
als

hats beliefd!) additional useful councils public with hoofd
offdealings

which were welholden of ladykants te huur out such as the
Breeders' Union, the Guild of Merchants of the Staple *et*,
a.u.c. to

present unto him with funebral pomp, over and above that, a
stone

slab with the usual Mac Pelah address of valediction, a very
fairworded

instance of falsemeaning adamelegy: We have done ours
gohellt with you, Heer Herewhippit, overgiven it, skidoo!

But t'house and allaboardshoops! Show coffins, winding
sheets,

goodbuy bierchepes, cinerary urns, liealoud blasses,
snuffchests,

poteentubbs, lacrimal vases, hoodendoses, reekwaterbeckers,
breakmiddles, zootzaks for eatlust, including

upyourhealthing

rookworst and meathewersoftened forkenpootsies and for
that

matter, javel also, any kind of inhumationary bric au brac for
the adornment of his glasstone honophreum, would, met
these
trein of konditiens, naturally follow, halas, in the ordinary
course,
enabling that roundtheworlder wandelingswight, did suches
pass

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him, to live all safeathomely the presenile days of his life of
opulence, ancient ere decrepitude, late lents last lenience, till
stuffering stage, whaling away the whole of the while
(*hypnos*
chilia eonion!) lethelulled between explosion and
reexplosion
(Donnaurwateur! Hunderthunder!) from grosskopp to
megapod,
embalmed, of grand age, rich in death anticipated.

But abide Zeit's sumonserving, rise afterfall.
Blueblitzbolted
from there, knowing the hingeworms of the hallmirks of
habitationlesness,
buried burrowing in Gehinnon, to proliferate through
all his Unterwealth, seam by seam, sheol om sheol, and
revisit
our Uppercrust Sideria of Utilitarios, the divine one, the
hoarder
hidden propaguting his plutorpopular progeniem of pots and
pans and pokers and puns from biddenland to boughtenland,
the
spearway fore the spoorway.

The other spring offensive on the heights of Abraham
may
have come about all quite by accident, Foughtarundser (for
Breedabrooda had at length persuaded him to have himself to
be
as septuply buried as the murdered Cian in Finntown), had
not
been three monads in his watery grave (what vigilantes and
ridings
then and sputwyne pledges with aardappel frittling!) when
portrifaction, dreyfussed as ever, began to ramp, ramp, ramp,
the
boys are parching. A hoodenwinkle gave the signal and a
blessing
paper freed the flood. Why did the patrizien make him scares
with his gruntens? Because the druiven were muskating at
the
door. From both Celtiberian camps (granting at the onset for
the
sake of argument that men on the two sides in New South
Ireland
and Vetera Uladh, bluemin and pillfaces, during the ferment
With the Pope or On the Pope, had, moors or letts, grant
ideas,
grunted) all conditions, poor cons and dives mor, each, of
course,
on the purely doffensive since the eternalns were owlwise on
their
side every time, were drawn toowards their Bellona's Black
Bottom, once Woolwhite's Waltz (Ohiboh, how becrimed,
becursekissed and bedumbtoit!) some for want of proper
feeding

in youth, others already caught in the honourable act of
slicing
careers for family and carvers in conjunction; and, if
emaciated
nough, the person garrotted may have suggested to
whomever he

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took the ham of, the plain being involved in darkness, low
cirque
waggery, nay, even the first old wugger of himself in the
flesh,
whiggissimus incarnadined, when falsesighted by the
ifsuchhewas
bully on the hill for there had circulated freely fairly among
his
opposition the feeling that in so hibernating Massa Ewacka,
who,
previous to that demidetached life, had been known of
barmicidal
days, cook said, between soups and savours, to get outside
his own length of rainbow trout and taerts atta tarn as no man
of woman born, nay could, like the great crested brebe,
devour
his threescoreten of roach per lifeday, ay, and as many
minnow a
minute (the big mix, may Gibbet choke him!) was, like the
salmon
of his ladderleap all this time of totality secretly and by
suckage
feeding on his own misplaced fat.

Ladies did not disdain those pagan ironed times of the
first

city (called after the ugliest Danadune) when a frond was a
friend
inneed to carry, as earwigs do their dead, their soil to the
earthball
where indeeth we shall calm decline, our legacy unknown.
Venuses were gigglibly temptatrix, vulcans guffawably
eruptious
and the whole wives' world frockful of fickles. Fact, any
human
inyon you liked any erenoon or efter would take her bare
godkin
out, or an even pair of hem, (lugod! lugodoo!) and prettily
pray
with him (or with em even) everyhe to her taste, long for
luck,
tapette and tape petter and take pettest of all. (Tip!) Wells
she'd
woo and wills she's win but how the deer knowed where
she'd
marry! Arbour, bucketroom, caravan, ditch? Coach, carriage,
wheelbarrow, dungcart?

Kate Strong, a widow (Tiptip!)--she pulls a lane picture
for
us, in a dreariodreama setting, glowing and very vidual, of
old
dumplan as she nosed it, a homelike cottage of elvanstone
with
droppings of biddies, stinkend pusshies, moggies' duggies,
rotten
witchawubbles, festering rubbages and beggars' bullets, if not
worse, sending salmofarious germs in gleefully through the

smithereen panes—Widow Strong, then, as her weaker had turned him to the wall (Tiptiptip!), did most all the scavenging from good King Hamlaugh's gulden dayne though her lean besom cleaned but sparingly and her bare statement reads that,

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there being no macadamised sidetracks on those old nekropolitan nights in, barring a footbatter, Bryant's Causeway, bordered with speedwell, white clover and sorrel a wood knows, which left off, being beaten, where the plaintiff was struck, she left down, as scavengers, who will be scavengers must, her filthdump near the Serpentine in Phornix Park (at her time called Finewell's Keepsacre but later tautaubapptossed Pat's Purge), that dangerfield circling butcherswood where fireworker oh flaherty engaged a nutter of castlemallards and ah for archer stunned's turk, all over which fossil footprints, bootmarks, fingersigns, elbowdints, breechbowls, a. s. o. were all successively traced of a most envolving description. What subtler timeplace of the weald than such wolfsbelly castrament to will hide a leabhar from Thursmen's brandihands or a loveletter, lostfully hers, that would be lust on Ma, than then when ructions ended, than here where race began: and by four hands of forethought the first babe of reconciliation is laid in its last cradle of hume sweet hume. Give over it! And no more of it! So

pass

the pick for child sake! O men!

For hear Allhighest sprack for krischnians as for
propagana
fidies and his nuptial eagles sharpened their beaks of prey: and
every morphyl man of us, pome by pome, falls back into this
terrine: as it was let it be, says he! And it is as though where
Agni araflammed and Mithra monished and Shiva slew as
mayamutras
the obluviaal waters of our noarchic memory withdrew,
windingly goharksome, to some hastyswasty timberman
torchpriest,
flamenfan, the ward of the wind that lightened the fire that
lay in the wood that Jove bolt, at his rude word. Posidonius
O'Fluctuary! Lave that bloody stone as it is! What are you
doing your dirty minx and his big treeblock way up your
path?
Slip around, you, by the rare of the ministers'! And, you, take
that barrel back where you got it, Mac Shane's, and go the
way
your old one went, Hatchettsbury Road! And gish! how they
gushed away, the pennyfares, a whole school for scamper,
with
their sashes flying sish behind them, all the little pirlypettes!
Issy-la-Chapelle! Any lucans, please?

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Yes, the viability of vicinals if invisible is invincible. And
we
are not trespassing on his corns either. Look at all the
plotsch!
Fluminian! If this was Hannibal's walk it was Hercules'

work.

And a hungried thousand of the unemancipated slaved the way.

The mausoleum lies behind us (O Adgigasta, *multipopulipater!*)

and there are milestones in their cheadmilia's faltering along the tramestrack by Brahm and Anton Hermes! Per omnibus secular seekalarum. Amain. But the past has made us this

present

of a rhedarhod. So more boher O'Connell! Though rainyhidden,

you're rhinohide. And if he's not a Romeo you may scallop your hat. Wereupunder in the fane of Saint Fiacre! Halte!

It was hard by the howe's there, plainly on this disoluded and a

buchan cold spot, rupestric then, resurfaced that now is, that Luttrell sold if Lautreill bought, in the saddle of the Brennan's (now Malpasplace?) pass, versts and versts from true civilisation,

not where his dreams top their traums halt (Beneathere! Benathere!)

but where livland yontide meared with the wilde, saltlea with flood, that the attackler, a cropatkin, though under medium

and between colours with truly native pluck, engaged the Adversary

who had more in his eye than was less to his leg but whom for

plunder sake, he mistook in the heavy rain to be Oglethorpe or

some other ginkus, Parr apparently, to whom the
headandheelless
chickenestegg bore some Michelangiolesque resemblance,
making use of sacrilegious languages to the defect that he
would
challenge their hemosphores to exterminate them but he
would
cannonise the b—y b—r's life out of him and lay him out
contritely as smart as the b—r had his b—y nightprayers
said, three patrecknocksters and a couplet of hellmuirries
(*tout
est sacré pour un sacreur, femme à barbe ou homme-
nourrice*) at the
same time, so as to plugg well let the blubbywail ghoats out
of
him, catching holst of an oblong bar he had and with which
he
usually broke furnitures he rose the stick at him. The boarder
incident prerepeated itself. The pair (whethertheywere
Nippoluono
engaging Wei-Ling-Taou or de Razzkias trying to
reconnoistre
the general Boukeleff, man may not say), struggled
aparently for some considerable time, (the cradle rocking
equally

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to one and oppositely from the other on its law of capture and
recapture), under the All In rules around the booksafe,
fighting
like purple top and tipperuhry Swede, (Secremented Servious
of
the Divine Zeal!) and in the course of their tussle the toller

man,
who had opened his bully bowl to beg, said to the miner who
was carrying the worm (a handy term for the portable
distillery
which consisted of three vats, two jars and several bottles
though
we purposely say nothing of the stiff, both parties having an
interest in the spirits): Let me go, Pautheen! I hardly knew
ye.
Later on, after the solstitial pause for refreshment, the same
man (or a different and younger him of the same ham) asked
in
the vermicular with a very oggly chew-chin-grin: Was six
victolios
fifteen pigeon takee offa you, tell he me, stlongfella, by
picky-pocky ten to foul months behindaside? There were
some
further collidabanter and severe tries to convert for the best
part
of an hour and now a woden affair in the shape of a webley
(we
at once recognise our old friend Ned of so many
illortemporate
letters) fell from the intruser who, as stuck as that cat to that
mouse in that tube of that christchurch organ, (did the imnage
of
Girl Cloud Pensive flout above them light young charm, in
ribbons and pigtail?) whereupon became friendly and, saying
not
his shirt to tear, to know wanted, joking and knobkerries all
aside laying, if his change companion who stuck still to the
invention

of his strongbox, with a tenacity corroborating their
mutual tenitorial rights, happened to have the loots change of
a tenpound crickler about him at the moment, addling that
hap
so, he would pay him back the six vics odd, do you see, out
of
that for what was taken on the man of samples last Yuni or
Yuly,
do you follow me, Capn? To this the other, Billi with the
Boule,
who had mummied and mauled up to that (for he was
hesitency
carried to excelcism) rather amusedly replied: Woowoo
would
you be grossly surprised, Hill, to learn that, as it so happens,
I
honestly have not such a thing as the loo, as the least chance
of
a tinpanned crackler anywhere about me at the present
mohomoment
but I believe I can see my way, as you suggest, it
being Yuletide or Yuddanfest and as it's mad nuts, son, for
you

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when it's hatter's hares, mon, for me, to advance you
something
like four and sevenpence between hopping and trapping
which
you might just as well have, boy baches, to buy J. J. and S.
with.
There was a minute silence before memory's fire's rekindling
and

then. Heart alive! Which at very first wind of gay gay and
whiskwigs
wick's ears pricked up, the starving gunman, strike him
pink, became strangely calm and forthright sware by all his
lards
porsenal that the thorn tree of sheol might ramify up his
Sheofon
to the lux apointlex but he would go good to him suntime
marx my word fort, for a chip off the old Flint, (in the
Nichtian
glossery which purveys aprioric roots for aposteriorious
tongues
this is nat language at any sinse of the world and one might
as
fairly go and kish his sprogues as fail to certify whether the
wartrophy eluded at some lives earlier was that somethink
like a
jug, to what, a coctable) and remarxing in languidoily,
seemingly
much more highly pleased than tongue could tell at this
opening
of a lifetime and the foretaste of the Dun Bank pearlmothers
and the boy to wash down which he would feed to himself in
the Ruadh Cow at Tallaght and then into the Good Woman at
Ringsend and after her inat Conway's Inn at Blackrock and,
first
to fall, cursed be all, where appetite would keenest be, atte,
funeral fare or fun fain real, Adam and Eve's in Quantity
Street
by the grace of gamy queen Tailte, her will and testament:
You
stunning little southdowner! I'd know you anywhere,

Declaney,

let me truthfully tell you in or out of the lexinction of life and
who the hell else, be your blanche patch on the boney part!

Goalball I've struck this daylit dielate night of nights, by
golly!

My hat, you have some bully German grit, sundowner! He
spud in his faust (axin); he toped the raw best (pardun); he
poked his pick (a tip is a tap): and he tucked his friend's
leave. And,

with French hen or the portlifowlum of hastes and leisures,
about

to continue that, the queer mixture exchanged the pax in
embrace

or poghue puxy as practised between brothers of the same
breast,

hillelulia, killelulia, allenalaw, and, having ratified before the
god of the day their torgantruce which belittlers have
schmallkalled

the treatyng to cognac, turning his fez menialstrait in the

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direction of Moscas, he first got rid of a few mitsmillers and
hurooshoos and levanted off with tubular jurbulance at a
bull's

run over the assback bridge, spitting his teeth on rooths,
with the

seven and four in danegeld and their humoral hurlbat or other
uncertain weapon of *lignum vitae*, but so evermore
rhumanasant of

a toboggan poop, picked up to keep some crowplucking
appointment

with some rival rialtos anywheres between Pearidge
and the Littlehorn while this poor delaney, who they left

along

with the confederate fender behind and who albeit
ballsbluffed,

bore up wonderfully wonder all of it with a whole number of
plumsized contusiums, plus alasalah bruised coccyx, all over
him,

reported the occurance in the best way he could, to the
flabbergaze

of the whole lab, giving the Paddybanners the military
salute as for his exilicy's the O'Daffy, in justifiable hope that,
in nobiloroman review of the hugely sitisfactuary conclusium
of their negotiations and the jugglemonkysh agripment
deinderivative,

some lotion or fomentation of poppyheads would be
jennerously exhibited to the parts, at the nearest watchhouse
in

Vicar Lane, the white ground of his face all covered with
diagonally

redcrossed nonfatal mammalian blood as proofpositive of the
seriousness of his character and that he was bleeding in self
defience (stanch it!) from the nostrils, lips, pavilion and
palate,

while some of his hitter's hairs had been pulled off his knut's
head by Colt though otherwise his allround health appeared
to

be middling along as it proved most fortunate that not one of
the two hundred and six bones and five hundred and one
muscles

in his corso was a whit the whorse for her whacking.

Herwho?

Nowthen, leaving clashing ash, brawn and muscle and
brassmade
to oust earthenborn and rockcrystal to wreck isinglass but
wurming along gradually for our savings backtowards
motherwaters
so many miles from bank and Dublin stone (olympiading
even till the eleventh dynasty to reach that thuddysickend
Hamlaugh)
and to the question of boney's unlawfully obtaining a
pierced paraflamme and claptrap fireguard there crops out
the
still more salient point of the politish leanings and town
pursuits
of our forebeer, El Don De Dunelli, (may his ship thicked
stick

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in the bottol of the river and all his crewsers stock locked in
the
burrall of the seas!) who, when within the black of your
toenail,
sir, of being mistakenly ambushed by one of the
uddahveddahs,
and as close as made no matter, mam, to being kayoed
offhand
when the hyougono heckler with the Peter the Painter wanted
to hole him, was consistently practising the first of the
primary
and imprescriptible liberties of the pacific subject by
circulating
(be British, boys to your bellybone and chuck a chum a
chance!)
alongst one of our umphrohibited semitary thrufahrts, open

to
buggy and bike, to walk, Wellington Park road, with the curb
or quaker's quacknostrum under his auxter and his alpenstuck
in
his redhand, a highly commendable exercise, or, number two
of
our *acta legitima plebeia*, on the brink (beware to baulk a
man at
his will!) of taking place upon a public seat, to what, bare by
Butt's, most easterly (but all goes west!) of blackpool
bridges, as
a public protest and naturlikevice, without intent to annoy
either,
being praisegood thankfully for the wrathbereaved ringdove
and
the fearstung boaconstrictor and all the more right jollywell
pleased, which he was, at having other people's weather.

But to return to the atlantic and Phenitia Proper. As if that
were not to be enough for anyone but little headway, if any,
was
made in solving the wasnottobe crime cunundrum when a
child
of Maam, Festy King, of a family long and honourably
associated
with the tar and feather industries, who gave an address in
old plomansch Mayo of the Saxons in the heart of a
foulfamed
potheen district, was subsequently haled up at the Old Bailey
on the calends of Mars, under an incompatibly framed
indictment
of both the counts (from each equinoxious points of view, the

one
fellow's fetch being the other follow's person) that is to see,
flying
cushats out of his ouveralls and making fesses immodst his
forces
on the field. Oyeh! Oyeh! When the prisoner, soaked in
methylated,
appeared in dry dock, appatently ambrosiaurealised, like
Kersse's Korduroy Karikature, wearing, besides stains, rents
and
patches, his fight shirt, straw braces, souwester and a
policeman's
corkscrew trowswers, all out of the true (as he had purposely
torn
up all his cymtrymanx bespokes in the mamertime), deposing
for

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his exution with all the fluors of sparse in the royal Irish
vocabulary
how the whole padderjagmartin tripiezite suet and all the
sulfeit
of copperas had fallen off him quatz unaccountably like the
chrystalisations of Alum on Even while he was trying for to
stick
fire to himcell, (in feacht he was dripping as he found upon
stripping
for a pipkin ofmalt as he feared the coold raine) it was
attempted by the crown (P.C. Robort) to show that King,
elois
Crowbar, once known as Meleky, impersonating a climbing
boy,
rubbed some pixes of any luvial peatsmoor o'er his face,

plucks
and pussas, with a clanetourf as the best means of disguising
himself and was to the middlewhite fair in Mudford of a
Thoorsday,
feishts of Peeler and Pole, under the illassumed names of
Tykingfest and Rabworc picked by him and Anthony out of a
tellafun book, ellegedly with a pedigree pig (unlicensed) and
a
hyacinth. They were on that sea by the plain of Ir nine
hundred
and ninety-nine years and they never cried crack or ceased
from
regular paddlewicking till that they landed their two and a
trifling selves, amadst camel and ass, greybeard and
suckling,
priest and pauper, matrmatron and merrymeg, into the
meddle
of the mudstorm. The gathering, convened by the Irish
Angricultural
and Prepostoral Ouraganisations, to help the Irish muck
to look his brother dane in the face and attended thanks to
Larry by large numbers, of christies and jew's totems, tospite
of
the deluge, was distinctly of a scatterry kind when the
ballybricken
he could get no good of, after cockofthewalking through
a few fancyfought mains ate some of the doorweg, the pikey
later selling the gentleman ratepayer because she, Francie's
sister,
that is to say, ate a whole side of his (the animal's) sty, on a
struggle Street, *Qui Sta Troia*, in order to pay off, hiss or lick,
six doubloons fifteen arrears of his, the villain's not the

rumbler's
rent.

Remarkable evidence was given, anon, by an eye, ear,
nose
and throat witness, whom Wesleyan chapelgoers suspected of
being a plain clothes priest W.P., situate at Nullnull, Medical
Square, who, upon letting down his rice and peacegreen
coverdisk
and having been sullenly cautioned against yawning while
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being grilled, smiled (he had had a onebumper at parting
from
Mrs Molroe in the morning) and stated to his eliciter under
his
morse mustaccents (gobbless!) that he slept with a bonafides
and
that he would be there to remember the filth of November,
hatinaring, rowdy O, which, with the jiboules of Juno and
the
dates of ould lanxiety, was going, please the Rainmaker, to
decembs within the ephemerides of profane history, all one
with
Tournay, Yetstoslay and Temorah, and one thing which
would
pigstickularly strike a person of such sorely tried
observational
powers as Sam, him and Moffat, though theirs not to reason
why,
the striking thing about it was that he was patrified to see,
hear,
taste and smell, as his time of night, how Hyacinth
O'Donnell,

B.A., described in the calendar as a mixer and wordpainter,
with
part of a sivispacem (Gaeltact for dungfork) on the fair green
at the hour of twenty-four o'clock sought (the bullycassidy of
the friedhoffer!) to sack, sock, stab and slaughter
singlehanded
another two of the old kings, Gush Mac Gale and Roaring
O'Criain, Jr., both changelings, unlucalised, of no address and
in noncommunicables, between him and whom, ever since
wallops
before the Mise of Lewes, bad blood existed on the ground
of the boer's trespass on the bull or because he firstparted his
polarbeeber hair in twoways, or because they were
creepfoxed
andt grousuppers over a nippy in a noveletta, or because they
could not say meace, (mute and daft) meathe. The litigants,
he
said, local congsmen and donalds, kings of the arans and the
dalkeys,
kings of mud and tory, even the goat king of Killorglin,
were egged on by their supporters in the shape of
betterwomen
with bowstrung hair of Carrothagenuine ruddiness, waving
crimson
petties and screaming from Isod's towertop. There were
cries from the thicksets in court and from the macdublins on
the
bohernabreen of: Mind the bank from Banagher, Mick, sir!
Prodooce
O'Donner. Ay! Exhibit his relics! Bu! Use the tongue
mor! Give lip less! But it oozed out in Deadman's Dark
Scenery

Court through crossexamination of the casehardened testis
that
when and where that knife of knives the treepartied ambush
was
laid (roughly spouting around half hours 'twixt dusk in dawn,
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by Waterhose's Meddle Europeic Time, near Stop and Think,
high chief evervirens and only abfalltree in auld the land)
there
was not as much light from the widowed moon as would dim
a
child's altar. The mixer, accordingly, was bluntly broached,
and
in the best basel to boot, as to whether he was one of those
lucky cocks for whom the audible-visible-gnosible-edible
world
existed. That he was only too cognitively conatively
cogitabundantly
sure of it because, living, loving, breathing and sleeping
morphomelosophopancreates, as he most significantly did,
whenever
he thought he heard he saw he felt he made a bell clipper-
clipperclipperclipper. Whether he was practically sure too of
his
lugs and truies names in this king and blouseman business?
That
he was pediculously so. Certified? As cad could be. Be lying!
Be
the lonee I will. It was Morbus O' Somebody? A'Quite.
Szerday's
Son? A satyr in weddens. And how did the greeneyed
mister arrive at the B.A.? That it was like his poll. A

crossgrained

trapper with murty odd oogs, awflorated ares, inquiline
nase and a twithcherous mough? He would be. Who could bit
you att to a tenyerdfuul when aastalled? Ballera jobbera.

Some

majar bore too? Iguines. And with tumblerous legs,
redipnominated

Helmingham Erchenwyne Rutter Egbert Crumwall Odin

Maximus Esme Saxon Esa Vercingetorix Ethelwulf

Rupprecht

Ydwalla Bentley Osmund Dysart Yggdrasselmann? Holy

Saint

Eiffel, the very phoenix! It was Chudley Magnall once more
between the deffodates and the dumb scene? The two

childspies

waapreesing him auza de Vologue but the renting of his rock
was from the three wicked Vuncouverers Forests bent down
awhits, arthou sure? Yubeti, Cumbilum comes! One of the
oxmen's

thingabossers, hvad? And had he been refresqued by the
founts of bounty playing there—is—a—pain—aleland in
Long's gourgling barral? A loss of Lordedward and a lack of
sirphilip

a surgeonet showeradown could suck more gargling
bubbles out of the five lamps in Portterand's praise.

Wirrgeling

and maries? As whose wouldn't, laving his leaftime in
Blackpool.

But, of course, he could call himself Tem, too, if he had
time to? You butt he could anytom. When he pleased? Win
and

place. A stoker tempted by evesdripping against the driver
who
was a witness as well? Sacred avatar, how the devil did they
guess it! Two dreamyums in one dromium? Yes and no error.
And both as like as a duel of lentils? Peacisely. So he was
pelted
out of the coram populo, was he? Be the powers that be he
was.

The prince in principel should not expose his person?
Macchevuole!

Rooskayman kamerad? Sooner Gallwegian he would
say. Not unintoxicated, fair witness? Drunk as a fishup. Askt
to
whether she minded whither he smuked? Not if he barkst into
phlegms. Anent his ajaciulations to his Crosscann Lorne,
cossa?

It was corso in cursu on coarser again. The gracious miss was
we not doubt sensible how yellowatty on the forx was
altered?

That she esually was, O'Dowd me not! As to his religion, if
any? It was the see-you-Sunday sort. Exactly what he meant
by

a pederast prig? Bejacob's, just a gent who prayed his lent.
And

if middleclassed portavorous was a usual beast? Bynight as
useful

as a vomit to a shorn man. If he had rognarised dtheir gcourts
marsheylys? Dthat nday in ndays he had. Lindendelly, coke or
skillies spell me gart without a gate? Harlyadrope. The
grazing

rights (Mrs Magistra Martinetta) expired with the expiry of
the

goat's sire, if they were not mistaken? That he exactly could not tell the worshipfuls but his mother-in-waders had the recipis for the price of the coffin and that he was there to tell them that herself was the velocipede that could tell them kitcat. A maundarin tongue in a pounderin jowl? Father ourder about the mathers of prenanciation. Distributary endings? And we recommends.

Quare hircum? No answer. *Unde gentium fe...?* No ah. Are you not danzzling on the age of a vulcano? Siar, I am deed.

And how olld of him? He was intendant to study pulu. Which was meant in a shirt of two shifts macoghamade or up Finn, threehatted ladder? That a head in thighs under a bush at the sunface would bait a serpent to a millrace through the heather.

Arm bird colour defdum ethnic fort perharps? Sure and glomsk handy jotalpheson as well. Hokey jasons, then, in a pigeegeses?

On a pontiff's order as ture as there's an ital on atac. As a gololy

bit to joss? Leally and tululy. But, why this hankowchaff and

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whence this second tone, son-yet-sun? He had the cowtaw in his

buxers flay of face. So this that Solasistras, setting odds evens at

defiance, took the laud from Labouriter? What displaced Tob,

Dilke and Halley, not been greatly in love with the game.
And,
changing the venders, from the king's head to the
republican's
arms, as to the pugnaxities evinxed from flagfall to antepost
during the effrays round fatherthyme's becksides and the
regents
in the plantsown raining, with the skiddystars and the
morkernwindup,
how they appealed to him then? That it was wildfires
night on all the bettygallaghers. Mickmichael's soords
shrieking
shrecks through the wilkinses and neckanicholas'
toastingforks
pricking prongs up the tunnybladders. Let there be fight?
And
there was. Foght. On the site of the Angel's, you said?
Guinney's
Gap, he said, between what they said and the pussykitties. In
the
middle of the garth, then? That they mushn't toucht it. The
devoted
couple was or were only two disappointed solicitresses on
the job of the unfortunate class on Saturn's mountain fort?
That
was about it, jah! And Camellus then said to Gemellus: I
should
know you? Parfaitly. And Gemellus then said to Camellus:
Yes,
your brother? Absolutely. And if it was all about that,
egregious
sir? About that and the other. If he was not alluding to the

whole

in the wall? That he was when he was not eluding from the whole of the woman. Briefly, how such beginnall finally struck him now?

Like the crack that bruck the bank in Multifarnham. Whether he fell in with what they meant? Cursed that he suppoxed he did.

Thos Thoris, Thomar's Thom? The rudacist rotter in Roebuckdom.

Surtopical? And subhuman. If it was, in yappanoise language,

ach bad clap? Oo! Ah! Augs and ohrs with Rhian O'kehley to put it tertianly, we wrong? Shocking! Such as turly pearced our really's that he might, that he might never, that he

might never that night? Treely and rurally.

Bladyughfoulmoeck-

lenburgwhurawhorascortastrumpapornanennykocksapastippa ta-

ppatupperstrippuckputtanach, eh? You have it alright.

Meirdreach an Oincuish! But a new complexion was put upon

the matter when to the perplexedly uncondemnatory bench (whereon punic judgship strove with penal law) the senior

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king of all, Pegger Festy, as soon as the outer layer of stucckomuck

had been removed at the request of a few live jurors, declared in a loudburst of poesy, through his Brythonic interpreter

on his oath, mhuidh peisth mhuidh as fearra bheura muirre
hriosmas, whereas take notice be the relics of the bones of
the
story bouchal that was ate be Cliopatrack (the sow) princess
of parked porkers, afore God and all their honours and king's
commons that, what he would swear to the Tierney of
Dundalgan
or any other Tierney, yif live thurkells follaged him about
sure that was no steal and that, nevertheless, what was
deposited
from that eyebold earbig noseknaving gutthroat, he did not
fire
a stone either before or after he was born down and up to that
time. And, incidentalising that they might talk about
Markarthy
or they might walk to Baalastartey or they might join the
nabour
party and come on to Porterfeud this the sockdologer had the
neck to endorse with the head bowed on him over his
outturned
noreaster by protesting to his lipreaders with a
justbeen-cleaned
barefacedness, abeam of moonlight's hope, in the same
trelawney
what he would impart, pleas bench, to the Llwyd Josus and
the
gentlemen in Jury's and the four of Masterers who had been
all
those yarns yearning for that good one about why he left
Dublin, that, amreeta beaker coddling doom, as an Inishman
was
as good as any cantonnatal, if he was to parish by the market

steak

before the dorming of the mawn, he skuld never ask to see
sight or

light of this world or the other world or any either world, of
Tyrenan-Og,

as true as he was there in that jackabox that minute, or
wield or wind (no thanks t'yous!) the inexousthausthible
wassailhorn

tot of iskybaush the hailth up the wailth of the endknown
abgod

of the fire of the moving way of the hawks with his heroes in
Warhorror if ever in all his exchequered career he up or lave

a
chancery hand to take or throw the sign of a mortal stick or
stone

at man, yoelamb or salvation army either before or after
being

puptised down to that most holy and every blessed hour.

Here,

upon the halfkneed castleknocker's attempting kithoguishly
to

lilt his holymess the paws and make the sign of the Roman
Godhelic

faix, (Xaroshie, zdrst!—in his excitement the laddo had

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broken exthro Castilian into which the whole audience
persegured

and pursued him *olla podrida*) outbroke much yellachters
from owners in the heall (Ha!) in which, under the
mollification

of methaglin, the testifighter reluctantly, but with ever so
ladylike indecorum, joined. (Ha! Ha!)

The hilariohoot of Pegger's Windup cumjustled as neatly with the tristitone of the Wet Pinter's as were they *isce et ille* equals of opposites, evolved by a onesame power of nature or of spirit, *iste*, as the sole condition and means of its himundher manifestation and polarised for reunion by the symphysis of their antipathies. Distinctly different were their duasdestinies. Whereas the maidies of the bar, (a pairless trentene, a lunarised score) when the eranthus myrrmyrred: Show'm the Posed: fluttered and flattered around the willingly pressed, nominating him for the swiney prize, complimenting him, the captivating youth, on his having all his senses about him, stincking thyacinths through his curls (O feen! O deur!) and bringing busses to his cheeks, their masculine Oirisher Rose (his neece cleur!), and legando round his nice new neck for him and pizzicagnoling his woolywags, with their dindy dandy sugar de candy mechree me postheen flowns courier to belive them of all his untiring young dames and send treats in their times. Ymen. But it was not unobserved of those presents, their worships, how, of one among all, her deputised to defeme him by the Lunar Sisters' Celibacy Club, a lovelooking leapgirl, all all alonely, Gentia Gemma of the Makegiddyculling Reeks, he, wan and pale in his unmixed admiration,

seemed blindly, mutely, tastelessly, tactlessly, innamorate
with heruponhim in shining aminglement, the shaym of his
hisu
shifting into the shimmering of her hers, (youthsy, beautsy,
hee's
her chap and shey'll tell memmas when she gays whom) till
the
wild wishwish of her sheeshea melted most musically mid
the
dark deepdeep of his shayshaun.

And whereas distracted (for was not just this in effect
which
had just caused that the effect of that which it had caused to
occur?)
the four justicers laid their wigs together, Untius, Muncius,
Punchus and Pylax but could do no worse than promulgate

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their standing verdict of Nolans Brumans whereoneafter
King,
having murdered all the English he knew, picked out his
pockets
and left the tribunal scotfree, trailing his Tommeylommey's
tunic
in his hurry, thereinunder proudly showing off the blink pitch
to
his britgits to prove himself (an't plase yous!) a rael genteel.
To
the Switz bobbyguard's curial but courtlike: Commodore
valley O
hairy, Arthre jennyrosy?: the firewaterlover returted with
such a
vinesmelling fortytudor ages rawdownhams tanyouhide as

would

turn the latten stomach even of a tumass equinous (we were prepared

for the chap's clap cap, the accent, but, took us as, by surprise and now we're geshing it like gush gash from a burner!) so that all

the twofromthirty advocatesses within echo, pulling up their briefs

at the krigkry: Shun the Punman!: safely and soundly soccered

that fenemine Parish Poser, (how dare he!) umprumtu rightoway

hames, much to his thanks, gratiasagam, to all the wrong donatrices, biss Drinkbattle's Dingy Dwellings where (for like

your true venuson Esau he was dovetimid as the dears at Bottome) he shat in (zoo), like the muddy goalbind who he was

(dun), the chassetitties belles conclaiming: You and your gift of

your gaft of your garbage abaht our Farvver! and gaingridando:

Hon! Verg! Nau! Putor! Skam! Schams! Shames!

And so it all ended. Artha kama dharma moksa. Ask Kavya for

the kay. And so everybody heard their plaint and all listened to

their plause. The letter! The litter! And the soother the bitther!

Of eyebrow pencilled, by lipstipple penned. Borrowing a word

and begging the question and stealing tinder and slipping like
soap. From dark Rosa Lane a sigh and a weep, from Lesbia
Looshe the beam in her eye, from lone Coogan Barry his
arrow
of song, from Sean Kelly's anagram a blush at the name, from
I am the Sullivan that trumpeting tramp, from Suffering
Dufferin
the Sit of her Style, from Kathleen May Vernon her Mebbe
fair efforts, from Fillthepot Curran his scotchlove
machreether,
from hymn Op. 2 Phil Adolphos the weary O, the leery,
O, from Samyouwill Leaver or Damyouwell Lover thatjolly
old molly bit or that bored saunter by, from Timm Finn
again's
weak tribes loss of strength to his sowheel, from the
wedding

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on the greene, agirlies, the gretnass of joyboys, from Pat
Mullen,
Tom Mallon, Dan Meldon, Don Maldon a slickstick picnic
made
in Moate by Muldoons. The solid man saved by his sillied
woman.
Crackajolking away like a hearse on fire. The elm that
whimpers
at the top told the stone that moans when stricken. Wind
broke
it. Wave bore it. Reed wrote of it. Syce ran with it. Hand tore
it and wild went war. Hen trieved it and plight pledged peace.
It was folded with cunning, sealed with crime, uptied by a
harlot,
undone by a child. It was life but was it fair? It was free but

was

it art? The old hunks on the hill read it to perfection. It made
ma make merry and sissy so shy and rubbed some shine off
Shem

and put some shame into Shaun. Yet Una and Ita spill famine
with drought and Agrippa, the propastored, spells tripulations
in his threne. Ah, furchte fruchte, timid Danaides! Ena milo
melomon,

frai is frau and swee is too, swee is two when swoo is free,
ana mala woe is we! A pair of sycopanties with amygdaleine
eyes, one old obster lumpky pumpkin and three meddlars on
their slies. And that was how framm Sin fromm Son, acity
arose,

finfin funfun, a sitting arrows. Now tell me, tell me, tell me
then!

What was it?
A !
? O!

So there you are now there they were, when all was over
again, the four with them, setting around upin their judges'
chambers, in the muniment room, of their marshalsea, under
the

suspices of Lally, around their old traditional tables of the
law

like Somany Solans to talk it over rallthesameagain. Well and
druly dry. Suffering law the dring. Accourting to king's
evelyns.

So help her goat and kiss the bouc. Festives and highajinks
and

jintyaun and her beetyrossy bettydoaty and not to forget now

a'duna o'darnel. The four of them and thank court now there were no more of them. So pass the push for port sake. Be it soon.

Ah ho! And do you remember, Singabob, the badfather, the same, the great Howdoyoucallem, and his old nickname,

Dirty

Daddy Pantaloons, in his monopoleums, behind the war of the

two roses, with Michael Victory, the sheemen's preester, before

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he caught his paper dispillsation from the poke, old Minace and

Minster York? Do I mind? I mind the gush off the mon like Ballybock

manure works on a tradewinds day. And the O'Moyly gracies and the O'Briny rossies chaffing him bluchface and playing

him pranks. How do you do, todo, North Mister? Get into my way! Ah dearome forsailoshe! Gone over the bays! When ginabawdy meadabawdy! Yerra, why would he heed that old gasometer with his hooping coppin and his dyinboosycough and

all the birds of the southside after her, Minxy Cunningham, their

dear divorcee darling, jimmies and jonnies to be her jo? Hold hard. There's three other corners to our isle's cork float. Sure, 'tis

well I can telesmell him $H_2 C E_3$ that would take a township's

breath away! Gob and I nose him too well as I do meself, heaving

up the Kay Wall by the 32 to 11 with his limelooking
horsebags
full of sesameseed, the Whiteside Kaffir, and his sayman's
effluvium and his scentpainted voice, puffing out his
thundering
big brown cabbage! Pa! Thawt I'm glad a gull for his
pawsdeen
fiunn! Goborro, sez he, Lankyshied! Gobugga ye, sez I! O
breezes! I sniffed that lad long before anyone. It was when I
was
in my farfather out at the west and she and myself, the
redheaded
girl, firstnighting down Sycomore Lane. Fine feelplay we
had
of it mid the kissabetts frisking in the kool kurkle dusk of the
lushiness. My perfume of the pampas, says she (meaning me)
putting out her netherlights, and I'd sooner one precious sip
at
your pure mountain dew than enrich my acquaintance with
that
big brewer's belch.

And so they went on, the fourbottle men, the analists,
unguam
and nunguam and lunguam again, their anschluss about her
whosebefore and his whereafters and how she was lost away
away in the fern and how he was founded deap on deep in
anear,
and the rustlings and the twitterings and the raspings and the
snappings and the sighings and the paintings and the
ukukuings
and the (hist!) the springapartings and the (hast!) the

bybyscuttlings

and all the scandalmunkers and the pure craigs that used to
be (up) that rime living and lying and rating and riding round
Nunsbelly Square. And all the buds in the bush. And the
laughing

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jackass. Harik! Harik! Harik! The rose is white in the darik!
And Sunfella's nose has got rhinoceritis from haunting the
roes
in the parik! So all rogues lean to rhyme. And contradrinking
themselves about Lillytrilly law pon hilly and Mrs Niall of
the
Nine Corsages and the old markiss their besterfar, and, arrah,
sure there was never a marcus at all at all among the manlies
and
dear Sir Armoury, queer Sir Rumoury, and the old house by
the
churpelizod, and all the goings on so very wrong long before
when they were going on retreat, in the old gammeldags, the
four of them, in Milton's Park under lovely Father Whisperer
and making her love with his stuffstuff in the languish of
flowers
and feeling to find was she mushymushy, and wasn't that
very
both of them, the saucicisters, *a drahereen o machree!*, and
(peep!)
meeting waters most improper (peepette!) ballround the
garden,
trickle trickle trickle triss, please, miman, may I go flirting?
farmers gone with a groom and how they used her, mused
her,
licksed her and cuddled. I differ with ye! Are you sure of

yourself

now? You're a liar, excuse me! I will not and you're another!
And Lully holding their breach of the peace for them. Pool
loll Lolly! To give and to take! And to forego the pasht! And
all will be forgotten! Ah ho! It was too too bad to be falling
out about her kindness pet and the shape of OOOOOOOO
Ourang's time. Well, all right, Lelly. And shakeahand. And
schenkusmore. For Craig sake. Be it suck.

Well?

Well, even should not the framing up of such figments in
the
evidential order bring the true truth to light as fortuitously as
a dim seer's setting of a starchart might (heaven helping it!)
uncover
the nakedness of an unknown body in the fields of blue
or as forehearingly as the sibspeeches of all mankind have
foliated
(earth seizing them!) from the root of some funner's stotter
all the soundest sense to be found immense our special
mentalists
now holds (*securus iudicat orbis terrarum*) that by such
playing
possum our hagioous curious encestor bestly saved his brush
with
his posterity, you, charming coparcenors, us, heirs of his
tailsie.
Gundogs of all breeds were beagling with renounced
urbiandorbic

bugles, hot to run him, given law, on a scent breasthigh,
keen for the worry. View! From his holt outratted across the

Juletide's genial corsslands of Humfries Chase from
Mullinahob
and Peacockstown, then bearing right upon Tankardstown,
the
outlier, a white noelan which Mr Lœwensteil Fitz Urse's
basset
beaters had first misbadgered for a bruin of some swart, led
bayers the run, then through Raystown and Horlockstown
and,
louping the loup, to Tankardstown again. Ear canny hare for
doubling through Cheeverstown they raced him, through
Loughlinstown and Nutstown to wind him by the Boolies.
But
from the good turn when he last was lost, check, upon Ye
Hill
of Rut in full winter coat with ticker pads, pointing for his
rooming
house his old nordest in his rolltoproyal hessians a deaf
fuchser's
volponism hid him close in covert, miraculously ravenfed
and buoyed up, in rumer, reticule, onasum and abomasum,
upon
(may Allbrewham have his mead!) the creamclotted
sherriness of
cinnamon syllabub, Mikkelraved, Nikkelsaved. Hence
hounds
hied home. Preservative perseverance in the reeducation of
his
intestines was the rebuttal by whilk he sort of git the big
bulge
on the whole bunch of spasoakers, dieting against glues and
gravies,

in that sometime prestreet protown. Vainly violence,
virulence
and vituperation sought wellnigh utterly to attax and abridge,
to derail and depontify, to enrate and inroad, to ongoad
and unhume the great shipping mogul and underlinen
overlord.

But the spoil of hesitants, the spell of hesitency. His atake
is
it ashe, tittery taw tatterytail, hasitense humponadimply,
heyheyheyhey
a winceywencky.

Assembly men murmured. Reynard is slow!

One feared for his days. Did there yawn? 'Twas his
stommick.
Eruct? The libber. A gush? From his visuals. Pung? Delivver
him, orelode! He had laid violent hands on himself, it was
brought in Fugger's Newsletter, lain down, all in, fagged out,
with equally melancholy death. For the triduum of Saturnalia
his goatservant had paraded hiz willingsons in the Forum
while
the jenny infanted the lass to be greeted raucously (the
Yardstated)
with houx and epheus and measured with missiles too from
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a hundred of manhood and a wimmering of weibes. Big went
the bang: then wildewide was quiet: a report: silence: last
Fama
put it under ether. The noase or the loal had dreven him blem,
blem, stun blem. Sparks flew. He had fled again (open
shunshema!)
this country of exile, sloughed off, sidleshomed *via* the

subterranean shored with bedboards, stowed away and
ankered
in a dutch bottom tank the Arsa, *hod* S.S. Finlandia, and was
even now occupying, under an islamitic newhame in his
seventh
generation, a physical body Cornelius Magrath's
(badoldkarakter,
commonorrong canbung) in Asia Major, where as Turk of
the theater (first house all flatty: the king, eleven sharps) he
had
bepiastered the buikdanseuses from the opulence of his
omnibox
while as arab at the streetdoor he bepestered the bumbashaws
for the alms of a para's pence. Wires hummed. Peacefully
general
astonishment assisted by regretitude had put a term till his
existence:
he saw the family saggarth, resigned, put off his remainders,
was recalled and scrapheaped by the Maker. Chirpings
crossed. An infamous private ailment (vulgovarioveneral)
had
claimed endright, closed his vicious circle, snap. Jams jarred.
He had walked towards the middle of an ornamental lilypond
when innebriated up to the point where braced shirts meet
knickerbockers,
as wangfish daring the buoyant waters, when rodmen's
firstaiding hands had rescued un from very possibly several
feel of demifrish water. Mush spread. On Umbrella Street
where
he did drinks from a pumps a kind of workman, Mr
Whitlock,
gave him a piece of wood. What words of power were made

fas

between them, ekenames and auchnomes, *acnomina
ecnumina?*

That, O that, did Hansard tell us, would gar ganz Dub's ear
wag in every pub of all the citta! Batty believes a baton while
Hogan hears a hod yet Heer prefers a punsil shapner and
Cope

and Bull go cup and ball. And the Cassidy—Craddock rome
and reme round e'er a wiege ne'er a waage is still immer and
immor awagering over it, a cradle with a care in it or a casket
with a kick behind. Toties testies quoties questies. The war is
in words and the wood is the world. Maply me, willowy we,
hickory he and yew yourselves. Howforhim chirrupeth
evereachbird!

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From golddawn glory to glowworm gleam. We were
lowquacks did we not tacit turn. Elsewere there here no
concern

of the Guinnesses. But only the ruining of the rain has
heard. *Estout pourporteral!* Cracklings cricked. A human
pest

cycling (pist!) and recycling (past!) about the sledgy streets,
here

he was (pust!) again! Morse nuisance noised. He was loose at
large and (Oh baby!) might be anywhere when a disguised
exnun,

of huge standbuild and masculine manners in her fairly fat
forties, *Carpulenta Gygasta*, hattracted hattention by
harbitrary

conduct with a homnibus. Aerials buzzed to coastal listeners
of

an oertax bror collector's budget, fullybiggs, sporran, tie, tuft,

tabard and bloody antichill cloak, its tailor's (Baernfather's)
tab
reading V.P.H., found nigh Scaldbrothar's Hole, and divers
shivered to think what kaind of beast, wolves, croppis's or
fourpenny
friars, had devoured him. C. W. cast wide. Hvidfinns lyk,
drohneht svertgleam, Valkir lockt. On his pinksir's postern,
the
boys had it, at Whitweekend had been nailed an inkedup
name
and title, inscribed in the national cursives, accelerated,
regressive,
filiform, turreted and envenomoloped in piggotry: Move
up. Mumpty! Mike room for Rumpty! By order,
Nickekellous
Plugg; and this go, no pentecostal jest about it, how
gregarious
his race soever or skilful learned wise cunning knowledgable
clear profound his saying fortitudo fraught or
prudentiaproven,
were he chief, count, general, fieldmarshal, prince, king or
Myles
the Slasher in his person, with a moliamordhar mansion in
the
Breffnian empire and a place of inauguration on the hill of
Tullymongan,
there had been real murder, of the rayheallach royghal
raxacraxian variety, the MacMahon chaps, it was, that had
done
him in. On the fidd of Verdor the rampart combatants had left
him lion with his dexter handcoup wresterected in a pureede
paumee bloody proper. Indeed not a few thick and thin

wellwishers,
mostly of the clontarfminded class, (Colonel John Bawle
O'Roarke, fervxamplus), even ventured so far as to loan or beg
copies of D. Blayncy's trilingual triweekly, Scatterbrains'
Aftening
Posht, so as to make certain sure onetime and be satisfied of
their quasicontribusodalitarian's having become genuinely
quite

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beetly dead whether by land whither by water. Transocean
atalaclamoured him; The latter! The latter! Shall their hope
then
be silent or Macfarlane lack of lamentation? He lay under
leagues
of it in deep Bartholoman's Deep.

Achdung! Pozor! Attenshune! Vikeroy Besights Smucky
Yung Pigeschoolies. Tri Paisdinernes Eventyr Med
Lochlanner
Fathach I Fiounnisgehaven. Bannalanna Bangs Ballyhooly
Out
Of Her Buddaree Of A Bullavogue.

But, their bright little contemporaries notwithstanding, on
the morrowing morn of the suicidal murder of the unrescued
expatriate,
aslike as asnake comes sliduant down that oaktree onto
the duke of beavers, (you may have seen some liquidamber
exude
exotic from a balsam poplar at Parteen-a-lax Limestone.
Road
and cried Abies Magnifica! not, noble fir?) a quarter of nine,

imploring his resipieny, saw the infallible spike of smoke's
jutstiff
punctual from the seventh gable of our Quintus Centimachus'
porphyroid buttertower and then thirsty p.m. with oaths upon
his lastingness (*En caecos harauspices! Annos longos
patimur!*) the
lamps of maintenance, beaconsfarafield innerhalf the
zuggurat, all
brevetnamed, the wasting wyvern, the tawny of his mane, the
swinglowswaying bluepaw, the outstanding man, the lolllike
lady,
being litten for the long (O land, how long!) lifesnight, with
suffusion of fineglass transom and leadlight panes.

Wherefore let it hardly by any being thinking be said
either or
thought that the prisoner of that sacred edifice, were he an
Ivor
the Boneless or an Olaf the Hide, was at his best a onestone
parable,
a rude breathing on the void of to be, a venter hearing his
own bauchspeech in backwards, or, more strictly, but
tristurned
initials, the cluekey to a worldroom beyond the roomwhorld,
for
scarce one, or pathetically few of his dode canal
sammenlivers
cared seriously or for long to doubt with Kurt Iuld van Dijke
(the gravitational pull perceived by certain fixed residents
and
the capture of uncertain comets chancedrifting through our
system

suggesting an authenticity of his aliquidinity) the
canonicity

of his existence as a tesseract. Be still, O quick! Speak him
dumb! Hush ye fronds of Ulma!

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Dispersal women wondered. Was she fast?

Do tell us all about. As we want to hear all about. So
tell us tell us
all about. The why or whether she looked all too like
us and whether he had his windpipe like theirs shut?

Notes

and queries, tips and answers, the laugh and the shout, the
ups and downs. Now listed to one another and kiss them
down

and smoothen out your leaves of rose. The war is o'er.

Wimwim

wimwim! Was it Unity Moore or Estella Swifte or Varina

Fay

or Quarta Quaedam? Toemaas, mark oom for your ounce!

Pigeys,

hold up my leg! Who, but who (for second time of
asking) was then the scourge of the parts about folk rich

Lucalized

it was wont to be asked, as, in ages behind of the Homo
Capite Erectus, what price Peabody's money, or, to put it
bluntly, whence is the herringtons' white cravat, as, in epochs
more Cainozoic, who struck Buckley though nowadays as
thentimes

every schoolfily of sevenscore moons or more who knows
her intimologies and every colleen bawl aroof and every red-
flannelwaving warwife and widowpeace upon Dublin Wall

for
ever knows as yayas is yayas how it was Buckleysself (we
need
no bleeding paper to tell it neither) who struck and the
Russian
generals, da! da!, instead of Buckley who was caddishly
struck
by him when be herselfes. What fullpried paulpoison in the
spy
of three castles or which hatefilled smileyseller? And that
such
a vetriol of venom, that queen's head affranchisant, a quiet
stink-
ingplaster zeal could cover, prepostered or postpaid! The
loungeizards
of the pumproom had their nine days' jeer, and pratschkats
at their platschpails too and holenpolendom beside,
Szpaszpas
Szpissmas, the zhanyzhonies, when, still believing in her
owenglass, when izarres were twinklins, that the upper
reaches
of her mouthless face and her impermanent waves were the
better
half of her, one nearer him, dearer than all, first warming
creature
of his early morn, bondwoman of the man of the house, and
murrmurr of all the mackavicks, she who had given his eye
for
her bed and a tooth for a child till one one and one ten and
one
hundred again, O me and O ye! cadet and prim, the hungray
and

anngreen (and if she is older now than her teeth she has hair
that

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is younger than thighne, my dear!) she who shuttered him
after
his fall and waked him widowt sparing and gave him keen
and
made him able and held adazillahs to each arche of his noes,
she
who will not rast her from her running to seek him till, with
the
help of the okeamic, some such time that she shall have been
after
hiding the crumbends of his enormousness in the areyou
lookingfor
Pearlfar sea, (ur, uri, uria!) stood forth, burnzburn the
gorggony
old danworld, in gogor's name, for gagar's sake, dragging
the countryside in her train, finickin here and funickin there,
with her louisequean's brogues and her culunder buzzle and
her
little bolero boa and all and two times twenty curlicornies for
her
headdress, specks on her yeux, and spudds on horeilles and
a
circusfix riding her Parisienne's cockneze, a vaunt her
straddle
from Equerry Egon, when Tinktink in the churchclose
clinked
Steploajazzyma Sunday, *Sola*, with pawns, prelates and
pookas
pelotting in her piecebag, for Handiman the Chomp,

Esquoro,
biskbask, to crush the slander's head.

Wery weeny wight, plead for Morandmor! *Notre Dame
de la*

Ville, mercy of thy balmheartzyheat! Ogrowdnyk's beyond
herbata

tay, wort of the drogist. Bulk him no bulkis. And let him
rest, thou wayfarre, and take no gravespoil from him! Neither
mar his mound! The bane of Tut is on it. Ware! But there's a
little lady waiting and her name is A.L.P. And you'll agree.

She

must be she. For her holden heirheaps hanging down her
back.

He spenth his strenth amok haremscarems. Poppy Narancy,
Giallia,

Chlora, Marinka, Anileen, Parme. And ilk a those dames had
her rainbow huemoures yet for whilko her whims but he
coined a

cure. Tiff tiff today, kissy kissy tonay and agelong pine
tomauranna.

Then who but Crippled-with-Children would speak up for
Dropping-with-Sweat?

*Sold him her lease of ninenineninete,
Tresses undresses so dyedyedaintee,
Goo, the groot gudgeon, gulped it all.
Hoo was the C. O. D.?*

Bum!

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*At Island Bridge she met her tide.
Attabom, attabom, attabombomboom!
The Fin had a flux and his Ebba a ride.
Attabom, attabom, attabombomboom!
We're all up to the years in hues and cribies.
That's what she's done for wee!*

Woe!

Nomad may roam with Nabuch but let naaman laugh at
Jordan!

For we, we have taken our sheet upon her stones where we
have hanged our hearts in her trees; and we list, as she bibs
us,
by the waters of babalong.

In the name of Annah the Allmaziful, the Everliving, the
Bringer of Plurabilities, haloed be her eve, her singtime sung,
her
rill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven!

Her untitled mamafesta memorialising the Mosthighest
has
gone by many names at disjointed times. Thus we hear of,
The
Augusta Angustissimost for Old Seabeastius' Salvation,
Rockabill
Booby in the Wave Trough, Here's to the Relicts of All
Decencies,
Anna Stessa's Rise to Notice, Knickle Down Duddy Gunne
and
Arishe Sir Cannon, My Golden One and My Selver Wedding,
Amoury Treestam and Icy Siseule, Saith a Sawyer til a
Strame, Ik
dik dopedope et tu mihimihi, Buy Birthplate for a Bite, Which
of
your Hesterdays Mean Ye to Morra? Hoebegunne the
Hebrewer
Hit Waterman the Brayned, Arcs in His Ceiling Flee Chinx
on the
Flur, Rebus de Hibernicis, The Crazier Letters, Groans of a
Briton-
ess, Peter Peopler Picked a Plot to Pitch his Poppolin, An

Apology

*for a Big (some such nonoun as Husband or husboat or
hosebound*

*is probably understood for we have also the plutherplethoric
My Hoonsbood Hansbaad's a Journey to Porthergill gone
and He Never Has the Hour), Ought We To Visit Him? For
Ark*

*see Zoo, Cleopater's Nedlework Ficturing Aldborougham on
the*

*Sahara with the Coombing of the Cammmels and the
Parlourmaids*

*of Aegypt, Cock in the Pot for Father, Placeat Vestrae, A
New*

*Cure for an Old Clap, Where Portentos they'd Grow Gonder
how*

*I'd Wish I Woose a Geese; Gettle Nettie, Thrust him not,
When the*

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*Myrtles of Venice Played to Bloccus's Line, To Plenge Me
High*

*He Waives Chiltern on Friends, Oremunds Queue Visits
Amen*

*Mart, E'en Tho' I Granny a-be He would Fain Me Cuddle,
Twenty*

*of Chambers, Weighty Ten Beds and a Wan Ceteroom, I Led
the*

*Life, Through the Boxer Coxer Rising in the House with the
Golden*

*Stairs, The Following Fork, He's my O'Jerusalem and I'm his
Po, The Best in the West, By the Stream of Zemzem under
Zigzag*

Hill, The Man That Made His Mother in the Marlborry

*Train, Try Our Taal on a Taub, The Log of Anny to the Base
All, Nopper Tipped a Nappiwenk to his Notylytl Dantsigirls,
Prszss*

*Orel Orel the King of Orlbrdsz, Intimier Minnelisp of an
Extorreor*

*Monolothe, Drink to Him, My Juckey, and Dhoulth Bemine
Thy Winnowing Sheet, I Ask You to Believe I was his
Mistress,*

*He Can Explain, From Victrolia Nuancee to Allbart Noahnsy,
Da's a Daisy so Guimea your Handsel too, What Barbaras
Done*

*to a Barrel Organ Before the Rank, Tank and Bonnbtail,
Huskvy*

*Admortal, What Jumbo made to Jalice and what Anisette to
Him,*

*Ophelia's Culpreints, Hear Hubty Hublin, My Old Dansh, I
am*

*Older northe Rogues among Whisht I Slips and He Calls Me
his*

*Dual of Ayessha, Suppotes a Ventriliquorst Merries a Corpse,
Lapps for Finns This Funnycoon's Week, How the Buckling
Shut*

*at Rush in January, Look to the Lady, From the Rise of the
Dudge Pupublick to the Fall of the Potstille, Of the Two Ways
of Opening the Mouth, I have not Stopped Water Where It
Should*

*Flow and I Know the Twentynine Names of Attraente, The
Tortor*

*of Tory Island Traits Galasia like his Milchcow, From
Abbeygate*

*to Crowalley Through a Lift in the Lude, Smocks for Their
Graces*

*and Me Aunt for Them Clodshoppers, How to Pull a Good
Horuscoup
even when Oldsire is Dead to the World, Inn the Gleam of
Waherlow, Fathe He's Sukceded to My Esperations, Thee
Steps
Forward, Two Stops Back, My Skin Appeals to Three Senses
and
My Curly Lips Demand Columbkisses; Gage Street on a
Crany's
Savings, Them Lads made a Trion of Battlewatschers and
They
Totties a Doeit of Deers, In My Lord's Bed by One Whore
Went
Through It, Mum It is All Over, Cowpoyride by Twelve Acre
Terriss
in the Unique Estates of Amessican, He Gave me a Thou so I
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serve Him with Thee, Of all the Wide Torsos in all the Wild
Glen,
O'Donogh, White Donogh, He's Hue to Me Cry, I'm the
Stitch
in his Baskside You'd be Nought Without Mom, To Keep the
Huskies off the Hustings and Picture Pets from Lifting Shops,
Norsker
Torsker Find the Poddle, He Perssed Me Here with the
Ardour
of a Tonnoburkes, A Boob Was Weeping This Mower was
Reaping,
O'Loughlin, Up from the Pit of my Stomach I Swish you the
White
of the Mourning, Inglo-Andean Medoleys from Tommany
Moohr,*

The Great Polynesian Entertrainer Exhibits Ballantine Brautchers

with the Link of Natures, The Mimic of Meg Neg and the Mackeys, Entered as the Lastest Pigtarial and My Pooridiocal

at Stitchioner's Hall, Siegfield Follies and or a Gentlehomme's Faut

Pas, See the First Book of Jealesies Pessim, The Suspended Sentence,

A Pretty Brick Story for Childsize Heroes, As Lo Our Sleep, I Knew I'd Got it in Me so Thit settles That, Thonderbalt Captain

Smeth and La Belle Sauvage Pocahonteuse, Way for Wet Week

Welikin's Douchka Marianne, The Last of the Fingallians, It Was

Me Egged Him on to the Stork Exchange and Lent my Dutiful Face to His Customs, Chee Chee Cheels on their China Miction,

Pickedmeup Peters, Lumptytumptumpty had a Big Fall, Pimpimp

Pimpimp, Measly Ventures of Two Lice and the Fall of Fruit, The Fokes Family Interior, If my Spreadeagles Wasn't so Tight

I'd Loosen my Cursits on that Bunch of Maggiestraps, Allolosh

Popofetts and Howke Cotchme Eye, Seen Aples and Thin Dyed,

i big U to Beleaves from Love and Mother, Fine's Fault was no

Felon, Exat Delvin Renter Life, The Flash that Flies from Vuggy's

*Eyes has Set Me Hair On Fire, His is the House that Malt
Made,
Divine Views from Back to the Front, Abe to Sare Stood Icyk
Neuter till Brahm Taulked Him Common Sex, A Nibble at
Eye
Will That Bowal Relieve, Allfor Guineas, Sounds and
Compliments
Libidous, Seven Wives Awake Aweek, Airy Ann and Berber
Blut,
Amy Licks Porter While Huffy Chops Eads, Abbrace of
Umbellas
or a Tripple of Caines, Buttbuterbust, From the Manorlord
Hoved
to the Misses O'Mollies and from the Dames to their Sames,
Manyfestoons
for the Colleagues on the Green, An Outstanding Back and
an Excellent Halfcentre if Called on, As Tree is Quick and
Stone is*

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*White So is My Washing Done by Night, First and Last Only
True Account all about the Honorary Mirsu Earwicker,
L.S.D.,
and the Snake (Nuggets!) by a Woman of the World who only
can
Tell Naked Truths about a Dear Man and all his
Conspirators how
they all Tried to Fall him Putting it all around Lucalized
about
Privates Earwicker and a Pair of Sloppy Sluts plainly
Showing all
the Unmentionability falsely Accusing about the Raincoats.*

The proteiform graph itself is a polyhedron of scripture. There was a time when naïf alphabetters would have written it down the tracing of a purely deliquescent recidivist, possibly ambidextrous, snubnosed probably and presenting a strangely profound rainbowl in his (or her) occiput. To the hardily curiosing entomophilist then it has shown a very sexmosaic of nymphosis in which the eternal chimerahunter Oriolopos, now frond of sugars, then lief of saults, the sensory crowd in his belly coupled with an eye for the goods trooth bewilderblissed by their night effluvia with guns like drums and fondlers like forceps persequstellates his vanessas from flore to flore. Somehow this sounds like the purest kidooleyoon wherein our madernacerution of lour lore is rich. All's so herou from us him in a kitchernott darkness, by hasard and worn rolls are red, we must grope on till Zerogh hour like pou owl giaours as we are would we salve aught of moments for our aysore today. Amousin though not but. Closer inspection of the *bordereau* would reveal a multiplicity of personalities inflicted on the documents or document and some prevision of virtual crime or crimes might be made by anyone unwary enough before any suitable occasion for it or them had so far managed to happen along. In fact, under the closed eyes of

the inspectors
the traits featuring the *chiaroscuro* coalesce, their
contrarities
eliminated, in one stable somebody similarly as by the
providential warring of heartshaker with housebreaker and of
dramdrinker against freethinker our social something bowls
along
bumpily, experiencing a jolting series of prearranged
disappointments,
down the long lane of (it's as semper as oxhousehumper!)
generations, more generations and still more generations.

Say, baroun lousadoor, who in hallhagal wrote the durn
thing

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anyhow? Erect, beseated, mountback, against a partywall,
below
freezigrade, by the use of quill or style, with turbid or
pellucid
mind, accompanied or the reverse by mastication, interrupted
by visit of seer to scribe or of scribe to site, atwixt two
showers
or atosst of a trike, rained upon or blown around, by a
rightdown
regular racer from the soil or by a too pained whittlewit
laden with the loot of learning?

Now, patience; and remember patience is the great thing,
and
above all things else we must avoid anything like being or
becoming
out of patience. A good plan used by worried business
folk who may not have had many momentums to master

Kung's

doctrine of the meang or the propriety codestruces of

Carprimustimus

is just to think of all the sinking fund of patience possessed

in their conjoint names by both brothers Bruce with whom

are incorporated their Scotch spider and Elberfeld's

Calculating

Horses. If after years upon years of delving in ditches dark

one

tubthumper more than others, Kinihoun or Kahanan,

giardarner

or mear measenmanonger, has got up for the darnall same

purpose

of reassuring us with all the barbar of the Carrageehouse

that our great ascendant was properly speaking three

syllables

less than his own surname (yes, yes, less!), that the ear of

Fionn

Earwicker aforetime was the trademark of a broadcaster with

wicker local jargon for an ace's patent (Hear! Calls!

Everywhair!)

then as to this radiooscillating epiepistle to which, cotton,

silk or

samite, kohol, gall or brickdust, we must ceaselessly return,

whereabouts

exactly at present in Siam, Hell or Tophet under that

glorisol which plays touraloup with us in this Aludin's Cove

of

our cagacity is that bright soandsuch to slip us the dinkum

oil?

Naysayers we know. To conclude purely negatively from the positive absence of political odia and monetary requests that its page cannot ever have been a penproduct of a man or woman of that period or those parts is only one more unlookedfor conclusion leaped at, being tantamount to inferring from the nonpresence of inverted commas (sometimes called quotation marks) on any page that its author was always constitutionally incapable of misappropriating the spoken words of others.

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Luckily there is another cant to the questy. Has any fellow, of the dime a dozen type, it might with some profit some dull evening quietly be hinted—has any usual sort of ornery josser, flatchested fortyish, faintly flatulent and given to ratiocination by syncopation in the elucidation of complications, of his greatest Fung Yang dynasdescendanced, only another the son of, in fact, ever looked sufficiently longly at a quite everydaylooking stamped addressed envelope? Admittedly it is an outer husk: its face, in all its featureful perfection of imperfection, is its fortune: it exhibits

only the civil or military clothing of whatever passionpallid
nudity or plaguepurple nakedness may happen to tuck itself
under its flap. Yet to concentrate solely on the literal sense or
even the psychological content of any document to the sore
neglect of the enveloping facts themselves circumstantiating
it is

just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added to the truest
taste) as were some fellow in the act of perhaps getting an
intro

from another fellow turning out to be a friend in need of his,
say,

to a lady of the latter's acquaintance, engaged in performing
the

elaborative antecistral ceremony of upstheres, straightaway
to run

off and vision her plump and plain in her natural altogether,
preferring

to close his blinkhard's eyes to the ethiquethical fact that
she was, after all, wearing for the space of the time being
some

definite articles of evolutionary clothing, inharmonious
creations,

a captious critic might describe them as, or not strictly
necessary

or a trifle irritating here and there, but for all that suddenly
full

of local colour and personal perfume and suggestive, too, of
so

very much more and capable of being stretched, filled out, if
need

or wish were, of having their surprisingly like coincidental
parts

separated don't they now, for better survey by the deft hand
of
an expert, don't you know? Who in his heart doubts either
that
the facts of feminine clothiering are there all the time or that
the
feminine fiction, stranger than the facts, is there also at the
same
time, only a little to the rere? Or that one may be separated
from
the other? Or that both may then be contemplated
simultaneously?
Or that each may be taken up and considered in turn apart
from
the other?

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Here let a few artifacts fend in their own favour. The
river felt
she wanted salt. That was just where Brien came in. The
country
asked for bearspaw for dindin! And boundin aboundin it got
it
surly. We who live under heaven, we of the clovery kingdom,
we middlesins people have often watched the sky
overreaching
the land. We suddenly have. Our isle is Sainge. The place.
That
stern chuckler Mayhappy Mayhapnot, once said to repetition
in that lutran conservatory way of his that Isitachapel-
Asitalukin
was the one place, *ult aut nult*, in this madh vaal of tares
(whose

verdure's yellowed therever Phaiton parks his car while its
tamelised tay is the drame of Drainophilias) where the
possible
was the improbable and the improbable the inevitable. If the
proverbial
bishop of our holy and undivided with this me ken or no
me ken Zot is the Quiztune havvermashed had his twoe nails
on the head we are in for a sequentiality of improbable
possibles
though possibly nobody after having grubbed up a lock of
cwold
cworm above his subject probably in Harrystotalies or the
vivre
will go out of his way to applaud him on the onboiassed back
of
his remark for utterly impossible as are all these events they
are
probably as like those which may have taken place as any
others
which never took person at all are ever likely to be. Ahahn!

About that original hen. Midwinter (fruur or kuur?) was
in the
offing and Premver a promise of a pril when, as kischabrigies
sang
life's old sahatsong, an iceclad shiverer, merest of bantlings
observed
a cold fowl behaviourising strangely on that fatal midden
or chip factory or comicalbottomed copsjute (dump for short)
afterwards changed into the orangery when in the course of
deeper demolition unexpectedly one bushman's holiday its
limon

threw up a few spontaneous fragments of orangepeel, the last
remains of an outdoor meal by some unknown sunseeker or
placehider

illico way back in his mistridden past. What child of a
strandlooper

but keepy little Kevin in the despondful surrounding of
such sneezing cold would ever have trouved up on a strate
that

was called strete a motive for future saintity by euchring the
finding of the Ardagh chalice by another heily innocent and
beachwalker whilst trying with pious clamour to wheedle
Tipperaw

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raw raw reeraw puteters out of Now Sealand in spight
of the patchpurple of the massacre, a dual a duel to die to
day, goddam and biggod, sticks and stanks, of most of the
Jacobiters.

The bird in the case was Belinda of the Dorans, a more
than

quinegintarian (Terziis prize with Serni medal,
Cheepalizzy's

Hane Exposition) and what she was scratching at the hour of
klokking twelve looked for all this zogzag world like a
goodishsized

sheet of letterpaper originating by transhipt from Boston
(Mass.) of the last of the first to Dear whom it proceded to
mention Maggy well & allathome's health well only the hate
turned the mild on *the van* Houtens and the general's
elections

with a *lovely* face of some born gentleman with a beautiful
present

of wedding cakes for dear thankyou Chriesty and with grand

funferall of poor Father Michael don't forget unto life's &
Muggy
well how are you Maggy & hopes soon to hear well & must
now
close it with fondest to the twoinns with four crosskisses for
holy
paul holey corner holipoli whollyisland pee ess from (locust
may
eat all but this sign shall they never) affectionate
largelooking
tache of tch. The stain, and that a teastain (the
overcautelousness
of the masterbilker here, as usual, signing the page away),
marked
it off on the spout of the moment as a genuine relique of
ancient
Irish pleasant pottery of that lydialike languishing class
known as
a hurry-me-o'er-the-hazy.

Why then how?

Well, almost any photoist worth his chemicots will tip
anyone
asking him the teaser that if a negative of a horse happens to
melt
enough while drying, well, what you do get is, well, a
positively
grotesquely distorted macromass of all sorts of horsehappy
values
and masses of meltwhile horse. Tip. Well, this freely is what
must have occurred to our missive (there's a sod of a turb for
you! please wisp off the grass!) unfiltered from the boucher

by
the sagacity of a lookmelittle likemelong hen. Heated
residence
in the heart of the orangeflavoured mudmound had partly
obliterated
the negative to start with, causing some features palpably
nearer your pecker to be swollen up most grossly while
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the farther back we manage to wiggle the more we need the
loan
of a lens to see as much as the hen saw. Tip.

You is feeling like you was lost in the bush, boy? You
says:
It is a puling sample jungle of woods. You most shouts out:
Bethicket me for a stump of a beech if I have the poultriest
notions
what the farest he all means. Gee up, girly! The quad
gospellers
may own the targum but any of the Zingari shoolerim
may pick a peck of kindlings yet from the sack of auld
hensyne.

Lead, kindly fowl! They always did: ask the ages. What
bird
has done yesterday man may do next year, be it fly, be it
moult,
be it hatch, be it agreement in the nest. For her socioscientific
sense is sound as a bell, sir, her volucrine automutativity
right
on normalcy: she knows, she just feels she was kind of born
to
lay and love eggs (trust her to propagate the species and

hoosh

her fluffballs safe through din and danger!); lastly but mostly,
in

her genesis field it is all game and no gammon; she is
ladylike in

everything she does and plays the gentleman's part every
time.

Let us auspice it! Yes, before all this has time to end the
golden

age must return with its vengeance. Man will become
dirigible,

Ague will be rejuvenated, woman with her ridiculous white
burden

will reach by one step sublime incubation, the manewanting
human lioness with her dishorned discipular manram will lie
down together publicly flank upon fleece. No, assuredly, they
are

not justified, those gloompourers who grouse that letters
have

never been quite their old selves again since that weird
weekday

in bleak Janiveer (yet how palmy date in a waste's oasis!)
when

to the shock of both, Bidy Doran looked at literature.

And. She may be a mere marcella, this midget madgetcy,
Misthress of Arths. But. It is not a hear or say of some
anomorous

letter, signed Toga Girilis, (teasy dear). We have a cop of
her fist right against our nosibos. We note the paper with her
jotty young watermark: *Notre Dame du Bon Marché*. And
she

has a heart of Arin! What lumililts as she fols with her
fallimineers
and her nadianods. As a strow will shaw she does the
wind blague, recting to show the rudess of a robur curling
and
shewing the fansaties of a frizette. But how many of her
readers

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realise that she is not out to dizzledazzle with a graith
uncouthrement
of postmantuam glasseries from the lapins and the grigs.
Nuttings on her wilelife! Grabar gooden grandy for old
almeanium
adamologists like Dariaumaurius and
Zovotrimaserovmeravmerouvian;
(dmzn!); she feel plain plate one flat fact thing
and if, lastways firdstwise, a man alones sine anyon anyons
utharas has no rates to done a kik at with anyon anakars
about
tutus milking fores and the rereres on the outerrand asikin the
tutus to be forrarder. Thingcrooklyexineverypasturesixdix-
likencehimaroundhersthemaggerbykinkinkankanwithdownmi
nd-
lookingated. Mesdaims, Marmouselles, Mescerfs! Silvapais!
All
schwants (schwrites) ischt tell the cock's trootabout him.
Kapak
kapuk. No minzies matter. He had to see life foully the
plak and the smut, (schwrites). There were three men in him
(schwrites). Dancings (schwrites) was his only ttoo feebles.
With apple harlottes. And a little mollvogels. Spissially
(schwrites)

when they peaches. Honeys wore camelia paints. Yours very
truthful. Add dapple inn. Yet is it but an old story, the tale of
a Treestone with one Ysold, of a Mons held by tentpegs and
his
pal whatholoosed on the run, what Cadman could but
Badman
wouldn't, any Genoaman against any Venis, and why Kate
takes
charge of the waxworks.

Let us now, weather, health, dangers, public orders and
other
circumstances permitting, of perfectly convenient, if you
police,
after you, policepolice, pardoning mein, ich beam so frisch,
bey?
drop this jiggerypokery and talk straight turkey meet to mate,
for
while the ear, be we mikealls or nicholists, may sometimes
be inclined
to believe others the eye, whether browned or nolensed,
find it devilish hard now and again even to believe itself.

Habes

ures et num videbis? Habes oculos ac mannepalpauat?

Tip! Drawing

nearer to take our slant at it (since after all it has met with
misfortune while all underground), let us see all there may
remain
to be seen.

I am a worker, a tombstone mason, anxious to please
averyburies
and jully glad when Christmas comes his once ayear. You

are a poorjoist, unctuous to polise nopebobbies and
tunnibelly

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souly when 'tis thime took o'er home, gin. We cannot say
aye

to aye. We cannot smile noes from noes. Still. One cannot
help

noticing that rather more than half of the lines run north-
south

in the Nemzes and Bukarahast directions while the others go
west-east in search from Maliziies with Bulgarad for, tiny tot
though it looks when schtschupnistling alongside other
incunabula,

it has its cardinal points for all that. These ruled barriers
along which the traced words, run, march, halt, walk,
stumble

at doubtful points, stumble up again in comparative safety
seem

to have been drawn first of all in a pretty checker with
lampblack

and blackthorn. Such crossing is antechristian of course,
but the use of the homeborn shillelagh as an aid to
calligraphy

shows a distinct advance from savagery to barbarism. It is
seriously believed by some that the intention may have been
geodetic, or, in the view of the cannier, domestic economical.
But by writing thithaways end to end and turning, turning
and

end to end hithaways writing and with lines of litters
slittering

up and louds of latters slettering down, the old
semetomyplace

and jupetbackagain from tham Let Rise till Hum Lit. Sleep,
where in the waste is the wisdom?

Another point, in addition to the original sand, pounce
powder,
drunkard paper or soft rag used (any vet or inhanger in
ous sot's social can see the seen for seemself, a wee ftofty od
room, the cheery spluttered on the one karrig, a darka
disheen
of voos from Dalbania, any gotsquantity of racky, a portogal
and some buk setting out on the sofer, you remember the
sort of softball sucker motru used to tell us when we were all
biribiyas or nippies and messas) it has acquired accretions of
terricious matter whilst loitering in the past. The
teatimestained
terminal (say not the tag, mummer, or our show's a failure!)
is a
cosy little brown study all to oneself and, whether it be
thumbprint,
mademark or just a poor trait of the artless, its importance
in establishing the identities in the writer complexus (for if
the
hand was one, the minds of active and agitated were more
than
so) will be best appreciated by never forgetting that both
before
and after the battle of the Boyne it was a habit not to sign
letters

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always. Tip. And it is surely a lesser ignorance to write a
word
with every consonant too few than to add all too many. The
end? Say it with missiles then and thus arabesque the page.

You
have your cup of scalding Souchong, your taper's waxen
drop,
your cat's paw, the clove or coffinail you chewed or
champed
as you worded it, your lark in clear air. So why, pray, sign
anything
as long as every word, letter, penstroke, paperspace is a
perfect signature of its own? A true friend is known much
more
easily, and better into the bargain, by his personal touch,
habits
of full or undress, movements, response to appeals for
charity
than by his footwear, say. And, speaking anent Tiberias and
other
incestuish salacities among gerontophils, a word of warning
about the tenderloined passion hinted at. Some softnosed
peruser
might mayhem take it up erogenously as the usual case of
spoons, *prostituta in herba* plus dinky pinks deliberately
summer-
saulting off her bisexycle, at the main entrance of curate's
perpetual
soutane suit with her one to see and awoh! who picks her
up as gingerly as any balmbearer would to feel whereupon
the
virgin was most hurt and nicely asking: whyre have you been
so
grace a mauling and where were you chaste me child? Be
who,
farther potential? and so wider but we grisly old Sykos who

have
done our unsmiling bit on 'alices, when they were yung and
easily freudened, in the penumbra of the procuring room and
what oracular comepression we have had apply to them!
could
(did we care to sell our feebought silence *in camera*) tell our
very
moistnostrilled one that *father* in such virgated contexts is
not
always that undemonstrative relative (often held up to our
contumacy)
who settles our hashbill for us and what an innocent
allabroad's
adverb such as Michaelly looks like can be suggestive
of under the pudendascope and, finally, what a neurasthene
nympholept,
endocrine-pineal typus, of inverted parentage with a
prepossessing drauma present in her past and a priapic urge
for
congress with agnates before cognates fundamentally is
feeling
for under her lubricitous meiosis when she refers with liking
to
some feeler she fancie's face. And Mm. We could. Yet what
need
to say? 'Tis as human a little story as paper could well carry,
in

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affect, as singsing so Salaman susuing to swittvitles while as
un-
bluffingly blurtubruskblunt as an Esra, the cat, the cat's
meeter,

the meeter's cat's wife, the meeter's cat's wife's half better, the
meeter's cat's wife's half better's meeter, and so back to our
horses, for we also know, what we have perused from the
pages
of *I Was A Gemral*, that Showting up of Bulsklivism by
'Schottenboum',
that Father Michael about this red time of the white
terror equals the old regime and Margaret is the social
revolution
while cakes mean the party funds and dear thank you
signifies
national gratitude. In fine, we have heard, as it happened, of
Spartacus intercellular. We are not corknered yet, dead hand!
We can recall, with volunears, the froggy jew, and sweeter
far
'twere now westhinks in Dumbil's fair city ere one more year
is
o'er. We toured our coasts to the good gay tunes. When from
down swords the sea merged the oldowth guns and answer
made
the bold O' Dwyer. But. *Est modest in verbos*. Let a prostitute
be whoso stands before a door and winks or parks herself in
the
fornix near a makeussin wall (sinsin! sinsin!) and the curate
one
who brings strong waters (gingin! gingin!), but also, and
dinna
forget, that there is many asleeps between someathome's first
and moreinausland's last and that the beautiful presence of
waiting
kates will until life's (!) be more than enough to make any
milkmike in the language of sweet tarts punch hell's hate into

his
twin nicky and that Maggy's tea, or your majesty, if heard as
a
boost from a born gentleman is (?). For if the lingo gasped
between
kicksheets, however basically English, were to be preached
from
the mouths of wickerchurchwardens and metaphysicians in
the
row and advokaatoes, allvoyous, demivoyelles, languoaths,
lesbiels,
dentelles, gutterhowls and furtz, where would their practice
be or where the human race itself were the Pythagorean
sesquipedalia
of the panepistemion, however apically Volapucky,
grunted and gromwelled, ichabod, habakuk, opanoff,
uggamyg,
hapaxle, gomenon, ppppfff, over country stiles, behind slated
dwellinghouses, down blind lanes, or, when all fruit fails,
under
some sacking left on a coarse cart?

So hath been, love: tis tis: and will be: till wears and tears
and

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ages. Thief us the night, steal we the air, shawl thiner liefest,
mine! Here, Ohere, insult the fair! Traitor, bad hearer, brave!
The lightning look, the birding cry, awe from the grave,
everflowing
on the times. Feueragusaria iordenwater; now godsun
shine on menday's daughter; a good clap, a fore marriage, a
bad
wake, tell hell's well; such is manowife's lot of lose and win

again,
like he's gruen quhiskers on who's chin again, she plucketed
them
out but they grown in again. So what are you going to do
about
it? O dear!

If juness she saved! Ah ho! And if yulone he pouved!
The olold
stoliolum! From quiqui quinet to michemiche chelet and a
jambeatiste to a brulobru! It is told in sounds in utter that,
in
signs so adds to, in universal, in polygluttural, in each
auxiliary
neutral idiom, sordomutics, florilingua, sheltafocal,
flayflutter, a
con's cubane, a pro's tutute, strassarab, ereperse and
anythongue
athall. Since nozzy Nanette tripped palmyways with Highho
Harry there's a spurtfire turf a'kind o'kindling when oft as the
souffsouff blows her peaties up and a claypot wet for thee,
my
Sitys, and talkatalka tell Tibbs has eve: and whathough
(revilous
life proving aye the death of ronaldses when winpower wine
has
bucked the kick on poor won man) billiousness has been
billiousness
during milliums of millenions and our mixed racings have
been giving two hoots or three jeers for the grape, vine and
brew
and Pieter's in Nieuw Amsteldam and Paoli's where the

poules

go and rum smelt his end for him and he dined off sooth
american

(it would give one the frier even were one a normal
Kettlelicker)

this oldworld epistola of their weatherings and their
marryings and their buryings and their natural selections has
combled tumbled down to us fersch and made-at-all-hours
like

an ould cup on tay. As I was hottin me souser. Haha! And as
you was caldin your dutchy hovel. Hoho! She tole the tail or
her toon. Huhu!

Now, kapnimancy and infusionism may both fit as tight
as
two trivets but while we in our wee free state, holding to that
prestatute in our charter, may have our irremovable doubts as
to the whole sense of the lot, the interpretation of any phrase
in

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the whole, the meaning of every word of a phrase so far
deciphered

out of it, however unfettered our Irish daily independence,
we must vaunt no idle dubiousity as to its genuine authorship
and holusbolus authoritativeness. And let us bringthee cease
to beakerings on that clink, olmond bottler! On the face of it,
to volt back to our desultory horses, and for your roughshod
mind, bafflelost bull, the affair is a thing once for all done
and

there you are somewhere and finished in a certain time, be it
a
day or a year or even supposing, it should eventually turn out
to be a serial number of goodness gracious alone knows how

many days or years. Anyhow, somehow and somewhere,
before
the bookflood or after her ebb, somebody mentioned by
name in
his telephone directory, Coccolanius or Gallotaurus, wrote it,
wrote it all, wrote it all down, and there you are, full stop. O,
undoubtedly yes, and very potably so, but one who deeper
thinks
will always bear in the baccbuccus of his mind that this
downright
there you are and there it is is only all in his eye. Why?

Because, Soferim Bebel, if it goes to that, (and
dormerwindow
gossip will cry it from the housetops no surelier than the
writing
on the wall will hue it to the mod of men that mote in the
main
street) every person, place and thing in the chaosmos of Alle
anyway connected with the gobblydumped turkery was
moving
and changing every part of the time: the travelling inkhorn
(possibly pot), the hare and turtle pen and paper, the
continually
more and less intermisunderstanding minds of the
anticollaborators,
the as time went on as it will variously inflected, differently
pronounced, otherwise spelled, changeably meaning vocable
scriptsigns. No, so help me Petault, it is not a miseffectual
why-
acinthinous riot of blots and blurs and bars and balls and
hoops

and wriggles and juxtaposed jottings linked by spurts of
speed:
it only looks as like it as damn it; and, sure, we ought really
to
rest thankful that at this deleteful hour of dungflies dawning
we
have even a written on with dried ink scrap of paper at all to
show
for ourselves, tare it or leaf it, (and we are lufted to ourselves
as
the soulfisher when he led the cat out of the bout) after all
that
we lost and plundered of it even to the hidmost coignings of
the

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earth and all it has gone through and by all means, after a
good
ground kiss to Terracussa and for wars luck our lefftuff's
flung
over our home homoplate, cling to it as with drowning hands,
hoping against hope all the while that, by the light of
philophosy,
(and may she never folsage us!) things will begin to clear
up a bit one way or another within the next quarrel of an hour
and be hanged to them as ten to one they will too, please the
pigs,
as they ought to categorically, as, stricly between ourselves,
there
is a limit to all things so this will never do.

For, with that farmfrow's foul flair for that flayfell
foxfetor,
(the calamite's columitas calling for calamitous calamitance)

who
that scrutinising marvels at those indignant whiplashes;
those
so prudently bolted or blocked rounds; the touching
reminiscence
of an incompletet trail or dropped final; a round thousand
whirligig
glorioles, prefaced by (alas!) now illegible airy plume flights,
all tiberiously ambiembellishing the initials majuscule of
Earwicker:
the meant to be baffling chrismon trilithon sign \boxplus , finally
called after some his hes hecency Hec, which, moved
contrawatchwise,
represents his title in sigla as the smaller Δ , fontly
called following a certain change of state of grace of nature
alp
or delta, when single, stands for or tautologically stands
beside
the consort: (though for that matter, since we have heard
from
Cathay cyrcles how the hen is not mirely a tick or two after
the
first fifth fourth of the second eighth twelfth—siangchang
hongkong sansheneul—but yirely the other and thirtieth of
the
ninth from the twentieth, our own vulgar 432 and 1132
irrespectively,
why not take the former for a village inn, the latter
for an upsidown bridge, a multiplication marking for
crossroads
ahead, which you like pothook for the family gibbet, their old
fourwheedler for the bucker's field, a tea anyway for a tryst

someday, and his onesidemissing for an allblind alley leading
to
an Irish plot in the Champ de Mors, not?) the steady
monologuy
of the interiors; the pardonable confusion for which some
blame
the cudgel and more blame the soot but unthanks to which
the pees with their caps awry are quite as often as not taken
for kewes with their tails in their or are quite as often as not

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taken for pews with their tails in their mouths, thence your
pristopher polombos, hence our Kat Kresbyterians; the curt
witty wotty dashes never quite just right at the trim trite
truth letter; the sudden spluttered petulance of some
capItallised

mIddle; a word as cunningly hidden in its maze of confused
drapery as a fieldmouse in a nest of coloured ribbons: that
absurdly

bullsfooted bee declaring with an even plainer dummpshow
than does the mute commoner with us how hard a thing it
is to mpe mporn a gentlerman: and look at this
prepronominal

funferal, engraved and retouched and edgewiped and
puddenpadded,

very like a whale's egg farced with pemmican, as were it
sentenced to be nuzzled over a full trillion times for ever and
a

night till his noddle sink or swim by that ideal reader
suffering

from an ideal insomnia: all those red raddled obeli
cayennepeppercast

over the text, calling unnecessary attention to errors,

omissions, repetitions and misalignments: that (probably
local or
personal) variant *magers* for the more generally accepted
majesty
which is but a trifle and yet may quietly amuse: those
superciliouslooking
crisscrossed Greek ees awkwardlike perched there
and here out of date like sick owls hawked back to Athens:
and
the geegees too, jesuistically formed at first but afterwards
genuflected
aggrily towards the occident: the Ostrogothic kakography
affected for certain phrases of Etruscan stabletalk and, in
short, the learning betrayed at almost every line's end: the
headstrength
(at least eleven men of thirtytwo palfrycraft) revealed
by a constant labour to make a ghimel pass through the eye
of an
iota: this, for instance, utterly unexpected sinistroyric return
to
one peculiar sore point in the past; those throne open
doubleyous
(of an early muddy terranean origin whether man chooses to
damn them agglutinatively loo—too—blue—face—ache or
illwoodawpeehole or, kants koorts, topplefouls) seated with
such
floprihtdown determination and reminding uus ineluctably
of
nature at her naturalest while that fretful fidget eff, the
hornful
digamma of your bornabarbar, rarely heard now save when
falling

from the unfashionable lipsus of some hetarosexual (used
always
in two boldfaced print types—one of them as wrongheaded
as

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his Claudian brother, is it worth while interrupting to say?—
throughout the papyrus as the revise mark) stalks all over the
page, broods **J** sensationseeking an idea, amid the verbiage,
gaunt, stands dejectedly in the diapered window margin, with
its basque of bayleaves all aflutter about its forksfrogs, paces
with a frown, jerking to and fro, flinging phrases here, there,
or

returns inhibited, with some half-halted suggestion, **E**,
dragging

its shoestring; the curious warning sign before our
protoparent's

ipsissima verba (a very pure nondescript, by the way,
sometimes

a palmtailed otter, more often the arbutus fruitflowerleaf of
the

cainapple) which paleographers call *a leak in the thatch* or
the

Aranman ingperwhis through the hole of his hat, indicating
that the

words which follow may be taken in any order desired, hole
of

Aran man the hat through the whispering his ho (here keen
again and begin again to make soundsense and sensesound
kin

again); those haughtypitched disdotted aiches easily of the
rariest

inasdroll as most of the jaywalking eyes we do plough into

halve,
unconnected, principial, medial or final, always jims in the
jam,
sahib, as pipless as threadworms: the innocent exhibitionism
of
those frank yet capricious underlinings: that strange exotic
serpentine,
since so properly banished from our scripture, about as
freakwing
a wetterhand now as to see a righthanded ladywhite don a
corkhorse, which, in its invincible insolence ever longer
more and
of more morosity, seems to uncoil spirally and swell
lacertinelazily
before our eyes under pressure of the writer's hand; the
ungainly
musicianlessness so painted in sculpting selfsounder ah ha as
blackartful as a *podatus* and dumbfounder oh ho oaproariose
as
ten canons in skelterfugue: the studious omission of year
number
and era name from the date, the one and only time when our
copyist seems at least to have grasped the beauty of restraint;
the
lubricitous conjugation of the last with the first: the gipsy
mating
of a grand stylish gravedigging with secondbest buns (an
interpolation:
these munchables occur only in the Bootherbrowth
family of MSS., Bb—Cod IV, Pap II, Brek XI, Lun III, Dinn
XVII, Sup XXX, Fullup M D C X C: the scholiast has
hungrily

misheard a deadman's toll as a muffinbell): the four
shortened

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ampersands under which we can gypse at and feel for
ourselves

across all those rushyears the warm soft short pants of the
quick-

scribbler: the vocative lapse from which it begins and the
accusative

hole in which it ends itself; the aphasia of that heroic agony
of recalling a once loved number leading slip by slipper to a
general amnesia of misnaming one's own: next those ars,
rrrr!

those ars all bellical, the highpriest's hieroglyph of kettletom
and

oddsbones, wrasted redhandedly from our hallowed rubric
prayer

for truce with booty, *O'Remus pro Romulo*, and rudely from
the

fane's pinnacle tossed down by porter to within an aim's ace
of

their quatrain of rubyjets among Those Who arse without the
Temple nor since Roe's Distillery burn'd have quaff'd Night's
firefill'd Cup But jig jog jug as Day the Dicebox Throws,
whang,

loyal six I lead, out wi'yer heart's bluid, blast ye, and there
she's

for you, sir, whang her, the fine ooman, rouge to her lobster
locks, the rosy, whang, God and O'Mara has it with his
ruddy

old Villain Rufus, wait, whang, God and you're another he
hasn't for there's my spoil five of spuds's trumps, whang,

whack

on his pigsking's Kisser for him, K.M. O'Mara where are you?;

then (coming over to the left aisle corner down) the cruciform

postscript from which three *basia* or shorter and smaller *oscula*

have been overcarefully scraped away, plainly inspiring the tenebrous

Tunc page of the Book of Kells (and then it need not be lost sight of that there are exactly three squads of candidates for

the crucian rose awaiting their turn in the marginal panels of Columkiller, chugged in their three ballotboxes, then set apart for

such hanging committees, where two was enough for anyone, starting with old Matthew himself, as he with great distinction

said then just as since then people speaking have fallen into the

custom, when speaking to a person, of saying two is company

when the third person is the person darkly spoken of, and then

that last labiolingual *basium* might be read as a *suavium* if whoever

the embracer then was wrote with a tongue in his (or perhaps her) cheek as the case may have been then); and the fatal droopadwindle slope of the blamed scrawl, a sure sign of imperfectible

moral blindness; the toomuchness, the fartoomanyness

of all those fourlegged ems: and why spell dear god with a
big
thick dhee (why, O why, O why?): the cut and dry aks and
wise
form of the semifinal; and, eighteenthly or twentyfourthly,
but
at least, thank Maurice, lastly when all is zed and done, the
penelopean
patience of its last paraphe, a colophon of no fewer than
seven hundred and thirtytwo strokes tailed by a leaping lasso

—
who thus at all this marvelling but will press on hotly to see
the
vaulting feminine libido of those interbranching ogham sex
up-
andinsweeps sternly controlled and easily repersuaded by the
uniform matteroffactness of a meandering male fist?

Duff-Muggli, who now may be quoted by very kind
arrangement
(his dectroscophonious photosensation under supersonic
light control may be logged for by our none too distant
futures
as soon astone values can be turned out from
Chromophilomos,
Limited at a millicentime the microamp), first called this
kind of
paddygoeasy partnership the ulykkhean or tetrachiric or
quadrumane
or ducks and drakes or debts and dishes perplex (v. *Some
Forestallings over that Studium of Sexophonologicistic
Schizophrenesis*,

vol. xxiv, pp. 2-555) after the wellinformed observation, made miles apart from the Master by Tung-Toyd (cf. *Later Frustrations amengst the Neomugglian Teachings abaft the Semi-unconscience, passim*) that in the case of the littleknown periplic bestseller popularly associated with the names of the wretched mariner (trianforan deffwedoff our plumsucked pattern shapekeeper) a Punic admiralty report, *From MacPerson's Oshean Round By the Tides of Jason's Cruise*, had been cleverly capsized and saucily republished as a dodecanesian baedeker of the every-tale-a-treat-in-itself variety which could hope satisfactorily to tickle me gander as game as your goose.

The unmistakable identity of the persons in the Tiberiast duplex came to light in the most devious of ways. The original document was in what is known as Hanno O'Nonhanno's unbrookable script, that is to say, it showed no signs of punctuation of any sort. Yet on holding the verso against a lit rush this new book of Morses responded most remarkably to the silent query of our world's oldest light and its recto let out the piquant

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fact that it was but pierced butnot punctured (in the university sense of the term) by numerous stabs and foliated gashes made

by a pronged instrument. These paper wounds, four in type, were gradually and correctly understood to mean stop, please stop, do please stop, and O do please stop respectively, and following up their one true clue, the circumflexuous wall of a single-minded men's asylum, accentuated by *bi tso fb rok engl a ssan dspl itch ina*,—Yard inquiries pointed out—that they ad bîn "provoked" ay Λ fork, of à grave Brofèsor; àth é's Brèak

—fast—table; ; acutely professionally *piqué*d, to = introduce a

notion of time [upon à plane (?) sù ' ' fàç'e'] by pùnc! ingh oles

(sic) in iSpace?! Deeply religious by nature and position, and warmly attached to Thee, and smearbread and better and Him and newlaidills, it was rightly suspected that such ire could not

have been visited by him Brotfressor Prenderguest even underwittingly,

upon the ancestral pneuma of one whom, with rheuma, he venerated shamelessly at least once a week at Cockspur Common

as his apple in his eye and her first boys' best friend and, though plain English for a married lady misled heaps by the way,

yet when some peerer or peeress detected that the fourleaved shamrock or quadrifoil jab was more recurrent wherever the script was clear and the term terse and that these two were the

selfsame spots naturally selected for her perforations by Dame

Partlet on her dungheap, thinkers all put grown in waterungspillfull

Pratiland only and a playful fowl and musical me and
not you in any case, two and two together, and, with a swarm
of bisses honeyhunting after, a sigh for shyme (O, the
pettybonny
rouge!) separated modest mouths. So be it. And it was.
The lettermaking of the explots of Fjorgn Camhelsson when
he
was in the Kvinnes country with Soldru's men. With
acknowledgment
of our fervour of the first instant he remains years most
fainfully. For postscrap see spoils. Though not yet had the
sailor
sipped that sup nor the humphar foamed to the fill. And fox
and
geese still kept the peace around *L'Auberge du Père Adam*.

Small need after that, old Jeromesolem, old Huffsnuuff,
old
Andycox, old Olecasandrum, for quizzing your weekenders
come

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to the R.Q. with: shoots off in a hiss, muddles up in a
mussmass
and his whole's a dismantled noondrunkard's son. Howbeit
we
heard not a son of sons to leave by him to oceanic society in
his
old man without a thing in his ignorance, Tulko MacHooley.
And it was thus he was at every time, that son, and the other
time, the day was in it and after the morrow Diremood is the
name is on the writing chap of the psalter, the juxtajunctor of
a
dearmate and he passing out of one desire into its fellow. The

daughters are after going and loojing for him, Torba's
nicelookers
of the fair neck. Wanted for millinary servance to
olderly's person by the Totty Askinses. Formelly confounded
with amother. Maybe growing a moustache, did you say, with
an adorable look of amuzement? And uses no class
billiardhalls
with an upandown ladder? Not Hans the Curier though had
he
had have only had some little laughings and some less of
cheeks
and were he not so warried by his bulb of persecussion he
could
have, ay, and would have, as true as Essex bridge. And not
Gopheph
go gossip, I declare to man! Noe! To all's much relief
one's half hypothesis of that jabberjaw ape amok the
showering
jestnuts of Bruisanose was hotly dropped and his room taken
up
by that odious and still today insufficiently malestimated
notesnatcher
(kak, pfooi, bosh and fiety, much earny, Gus, poteen?
Sez you!) Shem the Penman.

So?

Who do you no tonigh, lazy and gentleman?

The echo is where in the back of the wodes; callhim forth!

(Shaun Mac Irewick, briefdragger, for the concern of Messrs Jhon Jhamieson and Song, rated one hundrick and thin per storehundred on this nightly quisquiquock of the twelve apostrophes, set by Jockit Mic Ereweak. He misunderstruck and aim for am ollo of number three of them and left his free natural ripostes to four of them in their own fine artful disorder.)

1. What secondtonone myther rector and maximost bridgesmaker was the first to rise taller through his beanstale than the bluegum buaboababbaun or the giganteous Wellingtonia Sequoia; went nudiboots with trouters into a liffeyette when she was barely in her tricklies; was well known to claud a conciliation cap onto the esker of his hooth; sports a chainganger's albert solemnly over his hullender's epulence; thought he weighed a new ton when there felled his first lapapple; gave the heinousness

of choice to everyknight betwixt yesterdicks and twomaries;
had severnal successive coloured serebanmaids on the same
big
white drawringroam horthrug; is a Willbefore to this hour at
house as he was in heather; pumped the catholick wartrey
and
shocked the prodestung boyne; killed his own hungry self in
anger as a young man; found fodder for five when allmarken
rose goflooded; with Hirish tutores Cornish made easy;
voucher

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of rotables, toll of the road; bred manyheaded stepsons for
one
leapyourown taughter; is too funny for a fish and has too
much
outside for an insect; like a heptagon crystal emprisoms trues
and
fauss for us; is infinite swell in unfitting induments; once was
he
shovelled and once was he arsoned and once was he
inundered
and she hung him out billbailey; has a quadrant in his tile to
tell
Toler cad a'clog it is; offers chances to Long on but stands up
to Legge before; found coal at the end of his harrow and
mossroses
behind the seams; made a fort out of his postern and wrote
F.E.R.T. on his buckler; is escapemaster-in-chief from all
sorts
of houdingplaces; if he outharrods against barkers, to the
shoolbred
he acts whiteley; was evacuated at the mere appearance of

three germhuns and twice besieged by a sweep; from
zoomorphology
to omnianimalism he is brooched by the spin of a coin;
towers, an eddistoon amid the lampless, casting swannbeams
on
the deep; threatens thunder upon malefactors and sends
whispers
up fraufrau's froufrous; when Dook Hookbackcrook upsits
his
ass booseworthies jeer and junket but they boos him oos and
baas
his aas when he lukes like Hunkett Plunkett; by sosansos
and
search a party on a lady of this city; business, reading
newspaper,
smoking cigar, arranging tumblers on table, eating meals,
pleasure, etcetera, etcetera, pleasure, eating meals, arranging
tumblers
on table, smoking cigar, reading newspaper, business;
minerals, wash and brush up, local views, juju toffee, comic
and
birthdays cards; those were the days and he was their hero;
pink
sunset shower, red clay cloud, sorrow or Sahara, oxhide or
Iren;
arraigned and attainted, listed and lited, pleaded and proved;
catches his check at banck of Indgangd and endurses his
doom at
chapel exit; brain of the franks, hand of the christian, tongue
of
the north; commands to dinner and calls the bluff; has a
block at

Morgen's and a hatache all the afternunch; plays gehamerat
when
he's ernst but misses mausey when he's lustyg; walked as far
as
the Head where he sat in state as the Rump; shows Early
English
tracemarks and a marigold window with manigilt lights, a
myrioscope, two remarkable piscines and three
wellworthseeing
ambries; arches all portcullised and his nave dates from dots;
is

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a horologe unstopable and the Benn of all bells; fuit, isst
and
herit and though he's mildewstaned he's mouldystoned; is a
quercuss
in the forest but plane member for Megalopolis;
mountunmighty,
faunonfleetfoot; plank in our platform, blank in our
scouturn; hidal, in carucates he is enumerated, hold as an
earl,
he counts; shipshaped phrase of buglooking words with a
form
like the easing moments of a gramivorous; to our dooms
brought he law, our manoirs he made his vill of; was an
overgrind
to the underground and acqueduced for fierythroats; sends
boys in socks acoughawhooping when he lets farth his
carbonoxide
and silk stockings show her shapings when he looses hose
on hers; stocks dry puder for the Ill people and pinkun's
pellets

for all the Pale; gave his mundyfoot to Miserius, her pinch to
Anna Livia, that superfine pigtail to Cerisia Cerosia and quid
rides to Titius, Caius and Sempronius; made the man who
had
no notion of shopkeepers feel he'd rather play the duke than
play
the gentleman; shot two queans and shook three caskles
when
he won his game of dwarfs; fumes inwards like a strombolist
till
he smokes at both ends; manmote, befier of him,
womankind,
pietad!; shows one white drift of snow among the
gorsegrowth
of his crown and a chaperon of repentance on that which
shed
gore; pause and quies, triple bill; went by metro for the polis
and
then hoved by; to the finders, hail! woa, you that seek!;
whom
fillth had plenished, dearth devoured; hock is leading, cocoa
comes
next, emery tries for the flag; can dance the O'Bruin's
polerpasse
at Noolahn to his own orchistruss accompaniment; took place
before the internatural convention of catholic midwives and
found stead before the congress for the study of endonational
calamities; makes a delictuous *entrée* and finishes off the
course
between sweets and savouries; flouts for forecasts, flairs for
finds
and the fun of the fray on the fairground; cleared out three

hundred

sixty five idles to set up one all khalassal for henwives

hoping

to have males; the flawhoolagh, the grasping one, the kindler
of

paschal fire; forbids us our trespassers as we forgate him; the
phoenix be his pyre, the cineres his sire!; piles big pelium on
little ossas like the pilluls of hirculeads; has an eatupus
complex

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and a drinkthedregs kink; wurstmeats for chumps and
cowcarlows

for scullions; when he plies for our favour is very trolly
ours; two psychic espousals and three desertions; may be
matter

of fact now but was futter of magd then; Cattermole Hill,
exmountain

of flesh was reared up by stress and sank under strain;
tank it up, dank it up, tells the tailor to his tout; entoutcas for
a

man, but bit a thimble for a maid; blimp, blump; a dud letter,
a sing

a song a sylble; a byword, a sentence with surcease; while
stands

his canouseehim frails shall fall; was hatched at Cellbridge
but

ejoculated abroad; as it gan in the biguinnengs so wound up
in

a battle of Boss; Roderick, Roderick, Roderick, O, you've
gone

the way of the Danes; variously catalogued, regularly
regrouped;

a bushboys holoday, a quacker's mating, a wench's
sandbath;
the same homoheatherous checkinlossegg as when sollyeye
airly
blew ye; real detonation but false report; spa mad but inn
sane;
half emillian via bogus census but a no street hausmann
when
allphannd; is the handiest of all andies and a most alleghant
spot
to dump your hump; hands his secession to the new patricius
but
plumps plebatically for the bloody old centuries; eats with
doors open and ruts with gates closed; some dub him
Rotshield
and more limn him Rockyfellow; shows he's fly to both
demisfairs
but thries to cover up his tracers; seven dovecotes cooclaim
to have been pigeenheim to this homer, Smernion, Rhoebok,
Kolonsreagh, Seapoint, Quayhowth, Ashtown, Ratheny;
independent
of the lordship of chamberlain, acknowledging the rule
of Rome; we saw thy farm at Useful Prine, Domhnall,
Domhnall;
reeks like Illbelpaese and looks like Iceland's ear; lodged at
quot
places, lived through tot reigns; takes a szumbath for his
weekend
and a wassarnap for his refreskment; after a good bout at
stoolball
enjoys Giroflee Giroflaa; what Nevermore missed and
Colombo found; believes in everyman his own goaldkeeper

and

in Africa for the fullblacks; the arc of his drive was forty full
and his stumps were pulled at eighty; boasts him to the thick-
in-thews

the oldest creater in Aryania and looks down on the Suiss
family Collesons whom he calls *les nouvelles roches*; though
his

heart, soul and spirit turn to pharaoph times, his love, faith
and

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hope stick to futuerism; light leglifters cense him souriantes
from

afore while boor browbenders curse him grommelants to his
hindmost; between youlasses and yeladst glimse of Even; the
Lug his peak has, the Luk his pile; drinks tharr and wodhar
for

his asama and eats the unparishable sow to styve off reglar
rack;

the beggars cloak them reclined about his paddystool, the
whores

winken him as they walk their side; on Christienmas at

Advent

Lodge, New Yealand, after a lenty illness the roeverand Mr
Easterling of pentecostitis, no followers by bequest, fanfare
all

private; Gone Where Glory Waits Him (Ball, bulletist) but
Not

Here Yet (Maxwell, clark); comminxed under articles but
phoenished

a borgiess; from the vat on the bier through the burre in
the dark to the buttle of the bawn; is A1 an the highest but
Roh

re his root; filled fanned of hackleberries whenas all was tuck
and toss up for him as a yangster to fall fou of hockinbechers
wherein he had gauged the use of raisin; ads aliments, das
doles,
raps rustics, tams turmoil; sas seed enough for a semination
but
sues skivvies on the sly; learned to speak from hand to mouth
till he could talk earish with his eyes shut; hacked his way
through
hickheckhocks but hanged hishelp from there hereafters;
rialtos,
annesleyg, binn and balls to say nothing atolk of New
Comyn;
the gleam of the glow of the shine of the sun through the
dearth of the dirth on the blush of the brick of the viled ville
of
Barnehulme has dust turned to brown; these dyed to tartan
him,
rueroot, dulse, bracken, teasel, fuller's ash, sundew and cress;
long gunn but not for cotton; stood his sharp assault of
famine
but grew girther, girther and girther; he has twenty four or so
cousins germinating in the United States of America and a
namesake with an initial difference in the once kingdom of
Poland; his first's a young rose and his second's French-
Egyptian
and his whole means a slump at Christie's; forth of his
pierced part came the woman of his dreams, blood thicker
then
water last trade overseas; buyshop of Glintylook, eorl of
Hoed;
you and I are in him surrented by brwn bldns; Elin's flee polt

perhaps but Hwang Chang everytime; he one was your of
highbigpipey

boys but fancy him as smoking fags his at time of

----- 131 -----

life; Mount of Mish, Mell of Moy; had two cardinal ventures
and

three capitol sinks; has a peep in his pocketbook and a
packetboat

in his keep; B.V.H., B.L.G., P.P.M., T.D.S., V.B.D.,
T.C.H., L.O.N.; is Breakfates, Lunger, Diener and Souper; as
the streets were paved with cold he felt his topperairy; taught
himself skating and learned how to fall; distinctly dirty but
rather

a dear; hoveth chieftains evrywehr, with morder; Ostman
Effendi, Serge Paddishaw; baases two mmany, outpriams al'
his parisites; first of the fenians, *roi des fainéants*; his Tiara
of

scones was held unfillable till one Liam Fail felled him in
Westmunster;

was struck out of his sittem when he rowed saulely to
demask us and to our appauling predicament brought as
plagues

from Buddapest; put a matchhead on an aspenstalk and set
the

living a fire; speared the rod and spoiled the lightning;
married

with cakes and repunked with pleasure; till he was buried
howhappy

was he and he made the welkins ring with *Up Micawber!*;
god at the top of the staircase, carrion on the mat of straw;
the false hood of a spindler web chokes the cavemouth of his
unsightliness but the nestlings that liven his leafscreen sing

him

a lover of arbuties; we strike hands over his bloodied
warsheet

but we are pledged entirely to his green mantle; our friend
vikelegal, our swaran foi; under the four stones by his
streams

who vanished the wassailbowl at the joy of shells; Mora and
Lora had a hill of a high time looking down on his confusion
till

firm look in readiness, forward spear and the windfoot of
curach

strewed the lakemist of Lego over the last of his fields; we
darkened for you, falterer, in the year of mourning but we'll
fidhil to the dimtwinklers when the streamy morvenlight
calls up

the sunbeam; his striped pantaloons, his rather strange walk;
hereditatis columna erecta, hagian chiton eraphon; nods a
nap for

the nonce but crows cheerio when they get ecunemical; is a
simultaneous

equator of elimbinated integras when three upon one is
by inspection improper; has the most conical hodpiece of
confusianist

heronim and that chuchuffuous chinchin of his is like
a footsey kungoloo around Taishantyland; he's as globeful as
a

gasometer of lithium and luridity and he was thrice ten anular

----- 132 -----

years before he wallowed round Raggiant Circos; the
cabalstone

at the coping of his cavin is a canine constant but only an
amirican

could appproxemete the apeupresiosity of his atlast's
alongement;
sticklered rights and lefts at Baddersdown in his hunt for
the boar trwth but made his end with the modareds that came
at him in Camlenstrete; a hunnibal in exhaustive conflict, an
otho
to return; burning body to aiger air on melting mountain in
wooning wave; we go into him sleepy children, we come out
of
him strucklers for life; he divested to save from the Mrs
Drownings
their rival queens while Grimshaw, Bragshaw and Renshaw
made off with his storen clothes; taxed and rated, licensed
and
ranted; his threefaced stonehead was found on a whitehorse
hill
and the print of his costellous feet is seen in the goat's
grasscircle;
pull the blind, toll the deaf and call dumb, lame and halty;
Miraculone, Monstrucceleen; led the upplaws at the Creation
and
hissed a snake charmer off her stays; hounded become
haunter,
hunter become fox; harrier, marrier, terrier, tav; Olaph the
Oxman,
Thorker the Tourable; you feel he is Vespasian yet you
think of him as Aurelius; whugamore, tradertory, socianist,
commoniser;
made a summer assault on our shores and begiddy got
his sands full; first he shot down Raglan Road and then he
tore
up Marlborough Place; Cromlechheight and Crommalhill

were

his farfamed feetrests when our lurch as lout let free into the
Lubar heloved; mareschalled his wardmotes and delimited
the

main; netted before nibbling, can scarce turn a scale but,
grossed

after meals, weighs a town in himself; Banba prayed for his
conversion,

Beurla missed that grand old voice; a Colossus among
cabbages, the Melarancitrone of fruits; larger than life,
doughtier

than death; Gran Turco, orege forment; lachsembulger,
leperlean;

the sparkle of his genial fancy, the depth of his calm sagacity,
the

clearness of his spotless honour, the flow of his boundless
benevolence;

our family furbear, our tribal tarnpike; quarry was he
invincibled and cur was he burked; partitioned Irskaholm,
united

Irishmen; he took a svig at his own methyr but she tested a
bit

gorky and as for the salmon he was coming up in him all life
long; comm, eilerdich, hecklebury and sawyer thee, warden;

---- 133 ----

silent as the bee in honey, stark as the breath on hauwck,
Costello,

Kinsella, Mahony, Moran, though you rope Amrique your
home ruler is Dan; figure right, he is hoisted by the scurve of
his shaggy neck, figure left, he is rationed in isobaric patties
among the crew; one asks was he poisoned, one thinks how
much

did he leave; ex-gardener (Riesengebirger), fitted up with
planturous existencies would make Roseogreedy (mite's)
little
hose; taut sheets and scuppers awash but the oil silk mack
Liebsterpet
micks his aquascutum; the enjoyment he took in kay
women, the employment he gave to gee men; sponsor to a
squad
of piercers, ally to a host of rawlies; against lightning,
explosion,
fire, earthquake, flood, whirlwind, burglary, third party, rot,
loss
of cash, loss of credit, impact of vehicles; can rant as grave
as
oxtail soup and chat as gay as a porto flippant; is unhesitant
in
his unionism and yet a pigotted nationalist; Sylviacola is shy
of
him, Matrosenhosens nose the joke; shows the sinews of
peace in
his chest-o-wars; fiefeofhome, ninehundred and thirtunine
years
of copyhold; is aldays open for polemypolity's sake when
he's not
suntimes closed for the love of Janus; sucks life's eleaxir
from
the pettipickles of the Jewess and ruoulls in sulks if any
popeling
runs down the Huguenots; Boomaport, Walleslee,
Ubermeerschall
Blowcher and Supercharger, Monsieur Ducrow, Mister
Mudson,

master gardiner; to one he's just paunch and judex, to another
full of beans and brehons; hallucination, cauchman,
ectoplasm;
passed for baabaa blacksheep till he grew white woo woo
woolly;
was drummatoyised by Mac Milligan's daughter and put to
music
by one shoebard; all fitzpatrick's in his emirate remember
him, the
boys of wetford hail him babu; indanified himself with boro
tribute
and was schenkt publicly to brigstoll; was given the light in
drey
orchafsts and entumuled in threeplexes; his likeness is in
Terrecuite
and he giveth rest to the rainbowed; lebriety, frothearnity and
quality; his reverse makes a virtue of necessity while his
obverse
mars a mother by invention; beskilk his gunwale and he's the
second imperial, untie points, unhook tenters and he's lath
and
plaster; calls upon Allthing when he fails to appeal to
Eachovos;
basidens, ardree, kongsemma, rexregulorum; stood into Dee
mouth,

----- 134 -----

then backed broadside on Baulacleeva; either eldorado or
ultimate
thole; a kraal of fou feud fires, a crawl of five pubs; laid out
lashings
of laveries to hunt down his family ancestors and then pled
double trouble or quick quits to hush the buckers up; threw

pebbles

for luck over one sodden shoulder and dragooned peoplades
armed to their teeth; pept as Gaudio Gambrinus, grim as
Potter

the Grave; ace of arts, deuce of damimonds, trouble of clubs,
fear

of spates; cumbrum, cumbrum, twiniceynurseys fore a drum
but

tre to uno tips the scale; reeled the titleroll opposite a brace
of

girdles in Silver on the Screen but was sequenced from the
set

as Crookback by the even more titulars, Rick, Dave and
Barry;

he can get on as early as the twentysecond of Mars but
occasionally

he doesn't come off before Virgintiquinque Germinal; his
Indian

name is Hapapoosiesobjibway and his number in
arithmosophy

is the stars of the plough; took weapon in the province of
the pike and let fling his line on Eelwick; moves in vicious
cycles

yet remews the same; the drain rats bless his offals while the
park

birds curse his floodlights; Portobello, Equadocta,
Therecocta,

Percorello; he pours into the softclad shellborn the hard cash
earned in Watling Street; his birth proved accidental shows
his

death its grave mistake; brought us giant ivy from the land of
younkers and bewithered Apostolopolos with the gale of his

gall;
while satisfied that soft youthful bright matchless girls
should
bosom into fine silkclad joyous blooming young women is
not
so pleased that heavy swearsome strongsmelling
irregularshaped
men should blottout active handsome wellformed frankeyed
boys;
herald hairyfair, alloaf the wheat; husband your aunt and
endow
your nepos; hearken but hush it, screen him and see; time is,
an archbishopric, time was, a tradesmen's entrance; beckburn
brooked with wath, scale scarred by scow; his rainfall is a
couple
of kneehighs while his meanst grass temperature marked
three in
the shade; is the meltingpoint of snow and the bubblingplace
of
alcohol; has a tussle with the trulls and then does himself
justice;
hinted at in the eschatological chapters of Humphrey's
Justesse
of the Jaypees and hunted for by Theban recensors who sniff
there's something behind the *Bug of the Deaf*; the king was in

----- 135 -----

his cornerwall melking mark so murry, the queen was steep
in
armbour feeling fain and furry, the mayds was midst the
hawthorns
shoeing up their hose, out pimps the back guards (pomp!)
and pump gun they goes; to all his foretellers he reared a

stone
and for all his comethers he planted a tree; forty acres, sixty
miles,
white stripe, red stripe, washes his fleet in annacrwater;
whou
missed a porter so whot shall he do for he wanted to sit for
Pimploco but they've caught him to stand for Sue?;
Dutchlord,
Dutchlord, overawes us; Headmound, king and martyr,
dunstung
in the Yeast, Pitre-le-Pore-in Petrin, Barth-the-Grete-by-the-
Exchange;
he hestens towards dames troth and wedding hand
like the prince of Orange and Nassau while he has trinity left
behind him like Bowlbeggar Bill-the-Bustonly; brow of a
hazelwood,
pool in the dark; changes blowicks into bullocks and a
well of Artesia into a bird of Arabia; the handwriting on his
facewall, the cryptoconchoidsiphonostomata in his
exprussians;
his birthspot lies beyond the herospont and his burialplot in
the
pleasant little field; is the yldist kiosk on the pleninsula and
the
unguest hostel in Saint Scholarland; walked many hundreds
and
many score miles of streets and lit thousands in one
nightlights
in hectares of windows; his great wide cloak lies on fifteen
acres
and his little white horse decks by dozens our doors; O
sorrow

the sail and woe the rudder that were set for Mairie Quail; his
suns the huns, his dartars the tartars, are plenty here today;
who
repulsed from his burst the bombolts of Ostenton and
falchioned
each flash downsaduck in the deep; a personal problem, a
locative
enigma; upright one, vehicule of arcanisation in the field,
lying chap, floodsupplier of celiculation through ebblanes; a
part
of the whole as a port for a whale; Dear Hewitt Castello,
Equerry,
were daylighted with our outing and are looking backwards
to
unearly summers, from Rhoda Dundrums; is above the
seedfruit
level and outside the leguminiferous zone; when older links
lock
older hearts then he'll resemble she; can be built with glue
and
clippings, scrawled or voided on a buttress; the night express
sings his story, the song of sparrownotes on his stave of
wires;
he crawls with lice, he swarms with saggarts; is as quiet as a
mursque but can be as noisy as a sonogog; was Dilmun when
his
date was palmy and Mudlin when his nut was cracked; suck
up
the sease, lep laud at ease, one lip on his lap and one cushlin
his
crease; his porter has a mighty grasp and his baxters the boon

of
broadwhite; as far as wind dries and rain eats and sun turns
and water bounds he is exalted and depressed, assembled and
asundered; go away, we are deluded, come back, we are
disghosted;
bored the Ostrov, leapt the Inferus, swam the Mabbul
and flure the Moyle; like fat, like fatlike tallow, of
greasefulness,
yea of dripping greasefulness; did not say to the old, old, did
not
say to the scorbutic, scorbutic; he has founded a house, Uru,
a house he has founded to which he has assigned its fate;
bears
a raaven geulant on a fjeld duiv; ruz the halo off his varlet
when
he appeared to his shecook as Haycock, Emmet, Boaro,
Toaro,
Osterich, Mangy and Skunk; pressed the beer of aled age out
of
the nettles of rashness; put a roof on the lodge for Hymn and
a
coq in his pot pro homo; was dapifer then pancircensor then
hortifex magnus; the topes that tippled on him, the types that
toppled off him; still starts our hares yet gates our goat;
pocketbook
packetboat, gapman gunrun; the light of other days, dire
dreary darkness; our awful dad, Timour of Tortur; puzzling,
startling, shocking, nay, perturbing; went puffing from king's
brugh to new customs, doffing the gibbous off him to every
breach of all size; with Pa's new heft and Papa's new helve
he's
Papapa's old cutlass Papapapa left us; when youngheaded

oldshouldered
and middlishneck aged about; caller herring everydayly,
turgid tarpon overnight; see Loryon the comaleon that
changed endocrine history by loeven his loaf with forty
bannucks;
she drove him dafe till he driv her blind up; the pigeons
doves be
perchin all over him one day on Baslesbridge and the ravens
duv
be pitchin their dark nets after him the next night behind
Koenigstein's
Arbour; tronf of the rep, comf of the priv, prosp of the
pub; his headwood it's ideal if his feet are bally clay; he
crashed
in the hollow of the park, trees down, as he soared in the
vaguum
of the phoenix, stones up; looks like a moultain bouldtter and
sounds like a rude word; the mountaen view, some lumin
pale

----- 137 -----

round a lamp of succar in boinyn water; three shots a puddy
at
up blup saddle; made up to Miss MacCormack Ni Lacarthy
who
made off with Darly Dermod, swank and swarthy; once
diamond
cut garnet now dammat cuts groany; you might find him at
the
Florence but watch our for him in Wynn's Hotel; theer's his
bow and wheer's his leaker and heer lays his bequiet hearse,
deep; Swed Albiony, likeliest villain of the place; Hennery
Canterel—Cockran, eggotisters, limited; we take our tays

and

frees our fleas round sadurn's mounted foot; built the Lund's
kirk and destroyed the church's land; who guesse his title
grabs

his deeds; fletch and prities, fash and chaps; artful Juke of
Wilysly;

Hugglebelly's Funniral; Kukuk Kallikak; heard in camera
and

excruciated; boon when with benches billeted, bann if
buckshot-

backshattered; heavengendered, chaosfoedted, earthborn; his
father presumptively ploughed it deep on overtime and his
mother as all evince must have travailled her fair share; a
footprinse

on the Megacene, hetman unwhorsed by Searingsand;
honorary captain of the extemporised fire brigade, reported to
be friendly with the police; the door is still open; the old
stock

collar is coming back; not forgetting the time you laughed at
Elder Charterhouse's duckwhite pants and the way you said
the

whole township can see his hairy legs; by stealth of a kersse
her

aulburntress abaft his nape she hung; when his kettle became
a

hearthsculdus our thorstyites set their lymphyamphyre; his
yearletter

concocted by masterhands of assays, his hallmark imposed
by the standard of wrought plate; a pair of pectorals and a
triplescreen

to get a wind up; lights his pipe with a rosin tree and hires
a towhorse to haul his shoes; cures slavey's scurvy, breaks

barons boils; called to sell polosh and was found later in a
bedroom;
has his seat of justice, his house of mercy, his corn o'copious
and his stacks a'rye; prospector, he had a rooksacht,
retrospector,
he holds the holpenstake; won the freedom of new yoke for
the
minds of jugoslaves; acts active, peddles in passivism and is
a
gorgon of selfridgeousness; pours a laughsworth of his
illformation
over a larmsworth of salt; half heard the single maiden
speech La Belle spun to her Grand Mount and wholed a
lifetime

----- 138 -----

by his ain fireside, wondering was it hebrew set to
himmeltones
or the quicksilversong of qwaternions; his troubles may be
over
but his doubles have still to come; the lobster pot that
crabbed
our keel, the garden pet that spoiled our squeezed peas; he
stands
in a lovely park, sea is not far, importunate towns of X, Y
and
Z are easily over reached; is an excrescence to civilised
humanity
and but a wart on Europe; wanamade singsigns to
soundsense
an yit he wanna git all his flesh nuemaid motts truly prural
and
plusible; has excisively large rings and is uncustomarily

perfumed;
lusteth ath he listeth the cleah whitthpeh of a themise; is a
prince
of the fingallian in a hiberniad of hoolies; has a hodge to
wherry
him and a frenchy to curry him and a brabanson for his
beeter and
a fritz at his switch; was waylaid of a parker and beschotten
by a
buckeley; kicks lintils when he's cuppy and casts Jacob's
aroroots,
dime after dime, to poor waifstrays on the perish; reads the
charms
of H. C. Endersen all the weaks of his evenin and the crimes
of
Ivaun the Taurrible every strongday morn; soaps you soft to
your
face and slaps himself when he's badend; owns the bulgiest
bungbarrel
that ever was tiptapped in the privace of the Mullingar
Inn; was born with a nuasilver tongue in his mouth and went
round the coast of Iron with his lift hand to the scene; raised
but
two fingers and yet smelt it would day; for whom it is easier
to
found a see in Ebblannah than for I or you to find a
dubbeltye
in Dampsterdamp; to live with whom is a lifemayor and to
know
whom a liberal education; was dipped in Hoily Olives and
chrysmed
in Scent Otoolies; hears cricket on the earth but annoys the

life out of predikants; still turns the durc's ear of Darius to the
now thoroughly infuriated one of God; made Man with juts
that jerk and minted money mong maney; likes a six acup
pudding

when he's come whome sweetwhome; has come through all
the eras of livsaventure from moonshine and shampaying
down

to clouts and pottled porter; woollem the farsed, hahnreich
the

althe, charge the sackend, writchad the thord; if a mandrake
shricked to convultures at last surviving his birth the
weibduck

will wail bitterly over the rotter's resurrection; loses weight
in

the moon night but girds girder by the sundawn; with one
touch

----- 139 -----

of nature set a veiled world agrin and went within a sheet of
tissuepaper of the option of three gaols; who could see at one
blick a saumon taken with a lance, hunters pursuing a doe, a
swallowship in full sail, a whyterobe lifting a host; faced
flappery

like old King Cnut and turned his back like Cincinnatus; is a
farfar and morefar and a hoar father Nakedbucker in villas
old as

new; squats aquart and cracks aquaint when it's flaggin in
town

and on haven; blows whiskery around his summit but stehts
stout upon his footles; stutters fore he falls and goes mad
entirely

when he's waked; is Timb to the pearly morn and Tomb to
the

mourning night; and an he had the best bunbaked bricks in
bould
Babylon for his pitching plays he'd be lost for the want of his
wan wubblin wall?

Answer: Finn MacCool!

2. Does your mutter know your mike?

Answer: When I turn meoptics, from suchurban
prospects,
'tis my filial's bosom, doth behold with pride, that
pontificator,
and circumvallator, with his dam night garrulous, slipt by his
side. Ann alive, the lisp of her, 'twould grig mountains
whisper
her, and the bergs of Iceland melt in waves of fire, and her
spoon-
me-spondees, and her dirckle-me-ondenees, make the
Rageous
Ossean, kneel and quaff a lyre! If Dann's dane, Ann's dirty, if
he's plane she's purty, if he's fane, she's flirty, with her
auburnt
streams, and her coy cajoleries, and her dabblin drolleries,
for to
rouse his rudderup, or to drench his dreams. If hot
Hammurabi,
or cowl'd Clesiastes, could espy her pranklings, they'd burst
bounds agin, and renounce their ruings, and denounce their
doings,
for river and iver, and a night. Amin!

3. Which title is the true-to-type motto-in-lieu for that
Tick

for Teac thatchment painted witt wheth one darkness, where
asnake is under clover and birds aprowl are in the rookeries
and

a magda went to monkishhouse and a riverpaard was spotted,
which is not Whichcroft Whorort not Ousterholm

Dreyschluss

not Haraldsby, grocer, not Vatandcan, vintner, not Houseboat
and Hive not Knox-atta-Belle not O'Faynix Coalprince not
Wohn Squarr Roomyeck not Ebblawn Downes not Le Decer

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Le Mieux not Benjamin's Lea not Tholomew's Whaddingtun
gnot Antwarp gnat Musca not Corry's not Weir's not the Arch
not The Smug not The Dotch House not The Uval nothing
Grand nothing Splendid (Grahot or Spletel) nayther *Erat Est
Erit* noor *Non michi sed luciphro*?

Answer: Thine obesity, O civilian, hits the felicitude of
our
orb!

4. What Irish capitol city (a dea o dea!) of two syllables
and
six letters, with a deltic origin and a nuinous end, (ah dust oh
dust!) can boost of having *a*) the most extensive public park
in
the world, *b*) the most expensive brewing industry in the
world,
c) the most expansive peopling thoroughfare in the world, *d*)
the
most phillohippuc theobibbous paùpulation in the world: and
harmonise your abecedeed responses?

Answer: *a*) Delfas. And when ye'll hear the gould
hommers

of my heart, my floxy loss, bingbanging again the ribs of yer
resistance and the tenderbolts of my rivets working to your
distrackion ye'll be sheverin wi' all yer dinful sobs when *we'll*
go
riding acope-acurly, you with yer orange garland and me
with
my conny cordial, down the greaseways of rollicking into the
waters of wetted life. *b)* Dorhqk. And sure where can you
have
such good old chimes anywhere, and *leave* you, as on the
Mash
and how'tis I would be engaging you with my plovery soft
accents
and descanting upover the scene beunder me of your loose
vines in their hairafall with them two loving loofs braceleting
the
slims of your ankles and your mouth's flower rose and
sinking
ofter the soapstone of silvry speech, *c)* Nublid. Isha, why
wouldn't we be happy, avourneen, on the mills'money he'll
soon be leaving you as soon as I've my own owned
brooklined
Georgian mansion's lawn to recruit upon by Doctor Cheek's
special orders and my copper's panful of soybeans and Irish
in
my east hand and a James's Gate in my west, after all the
errears
and erroriboose of combarative embottled history, and your
goodself churning over the newleaved butter (*more* power to
you), the choicest and the cheapest from Atlanta to Oconee,
while I'll be drowsing in the gaarden. *d)* Dalway. I hooked
my

thoroughgoing trotty the first down Spanish Place, Mayo I
 make,
 Tuam I take, Sligo's sleek but Galway's grace. Holy eel and
 Sainted Salmon, chucking chub and ducking dace, Rodiron's
 not
your aequal! says she, leppin half the lane. *abcd*) A bell a
 bell on
 Shalldoll Steepbell, ond be'll go massplon pristmoss speople,
 Shand praise gon ness our fayst moan *neople*, our prame
Shandeepen,
 pay name muy *feepence*, moy nay non *Aequallllllll!*

5. Whad slags of a loughladd would retten smuttyflesks,
 emptout
 old mans, melk vitious geit, scareoff jackinjills fra tiddle
 anding, smoothpick waste papish pastures, insides man
 outsiders
 angell, sprink dirted water around village, newses, tobaggon
 and
 sweeds, plain general kept, louden on the kirkpeal, foottreats
 given to malafides, outshriek hyelp hyelp nor his hair efter
 buggelawrs, might underhold three barnets, putzpolish crotty
 bottes, nightcoover all fireglims, serve's time till baass,
 grindstone
 his kniveses, fullest boarded, lewd man of the method of
 godliness, perchance he nieows and thans sits in the
 spoorwaggen,
 X.W.C.A. on Z.W.C.U., Doorsteps, Limited, or Baywindaws
 Bros swobber preferred. Walther Clausetter's and Sons with
 the
 H. E. Chimneys' Company to not skreve, will, on advices, be
 bacon or stable hand, must begripe fullstandingly irers'

languerge,
jublander or northquain bigger prefurred, all duties, kine
rights,
family fewd, outings fived, may get earnst, no get combitsch,
profusional drinklords to please obstain, he is fatherlow
soundigged
inmoodmined pershoon but aleconnerman, nay, *that* must
he isn't?

Answer: Pore ole Joe!

6. What means the saloon slogan Summon In The
Housesweep
Dinah?

Answer: Tok. Galory bit of the sales of Cloth nowand I
have
to beeswax the bringing in all the claub of the porks to us
how I
thawght I knew his stain on the flower if me ask and can
could
speak and he called by me midden name Tik. I am your
honey
honeysugger phwhtphwht tha Bay and who bruk the
dandleass
and who seen the blackcullen jam for Tomorrha's big
pickneck
I hope it'll pour prais the Climate of all Ireland I heard the
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grackles and I skimming the crock on all your sangwidges
fippence
per leg per drake. Tuk. And who eight the last of the
goosebellies
that was mowlding from measlest years and who leff that

there and who put that here and who let the kilkenny stale the
chump. Tek. And whowasit youwasit propped the pot in the
yard and whatinthe nameofsen lukeareyou rubbinthe
sideofthe
flureofthe lobbywith. *Shite!* will you have a plateful? Tak.

7. Who are those component partners of our societate, the
doorboy, the cleaner, the sojer, the crook, the squeezer, the
lounger,
the curman, the tourabout, the mussroomsniffer, the
bleakablue
tramp, the funpowtherplother, the christymansboxer, from
their prés salés and Donnybrook prater and Roebuck's
campos
and the Ager Arountown and Crumglen's grassy but
Kimmage's
champ and Ashtown fields and Cabra fields and Finglas
fields
and Santry fields and the feels of Raheny and their fails and
Baldoyle
to them who are latecomers all the year's round by
anticipation,
are the porters of the passions in virtue of retroratiocination,
and, contributting their conflingent controversies of
differentiation, unify their voxes in a vote of vaticination,
who
crunch the crusts of comfort due to depredation, drain the
mead
for misery to incur intoxication, condone every evil by
practical
justification and condem any good to its own gratification,
who

are ruled, roped, duped and driven by those numen daimons,
the feekeepers at their laws, nightly consternation, fortnightly
fornication, monthly miserecordation and omniannual
recreation,

doyles when they deliberate but sullivan's when they are
swordsed, Matey, Teddy, Simon, Jorn, Pedher, Andy, Barty,
Philly, Jamesy Mor and Tom, Matt and Jakes Mac Carty?

Answer: The Morphios!

8. And how war yore maggies?

Answer: They war loving, they love laughing, they laugh
weeping, they weep smelling, they smell smiling, they smile
hating,

they hate thinking, they think feeling, they feel tempting,
they tempt daring, they dare waiting, they wait taking, they
take

thanking, they thank seeking, as born for lorn in lore of love
to

live and wive by wile and rile by rule of ruse 'reathed rose
and

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hose hol'd home, yeth cometh elope year, coach and four,
Sweet

Peck-at-my-Heart picks one man more.

9. Now, to be on anew and basking again in the panaroma
of

all flores of speech, if a human being duly fatigued by his
dayety

in the sooty, having plenxty off time on his gouty hands and
vacants

of space at his sleepish feet and as hapless behind the dreams

of accuracy as any camelot prince of dinmurk, were at this
auctual
futile preteriting unstant, in the states of suspensive
examination,
accorded, throughout the eye of a noodle, with an earsighted
view of old hopeinhaven with all the ingredient and
egregiunt whights and ways to which in the curse of his
persistence
the course of his tory will had been having recourses, the
reverberration of knotcracking awes, the reconjungation of
nodebinding ayes, the redissolusingness of mindmouldered
ease
and the thereby hang of the Hoel of it, could such a none,
whiles
even led comesilencers to comeliewithhers and till
intempestuous
Nox should catch the galliery and spot lucan's dawn, byhold
at ones what is main and why tis twain, how one once
meet melts in tother wants poignings, the sap rising, the foles
falling, the nimb now nihilant round the girlyhead so
becoming,
the wrestless in the womb, all the rivals to allsea, shakeagain,
O
disaster! shakealose, Ah how starring! but Heng's got a bit
of Horsa's nose and Jeff's got the signs of Ham round his
mouth and the beau that spun beautiful pales as it palls, what
roserude and oragious grows gelb and greem, blue out the
ind of
it! Violet's dyed! then *what* would that fargazer seem to
seemself
to seem seeming of, dimm it all?

Answer: A collideorscape!

10. What bitter's love but yurning, what' sour lovemutch
but
a bref burning till shee that drawes dothe smoake retourne?

Answer: I know, pepette, of course, dear, but listen,
precious!

Thanks, pette, those are lovely, pitounette, delicious! But
mind

the wind, sweet! What exquisite hands you have, you angiol,
if

you didn't gnaw your nails, isn't it a wonder you're not
achamed

of me, you pig, you perfect little pigaleen! I'll nudge you in a
minute! I bet you use her best Perisian smear off her vanity
table

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to make them look so rosetop glowstop nostop. I know her.
Slight me, would she? For every got I care! Three creamings
a

day, the first during her shower and wipe off with tissue.

Then

after cleanup and of course before retiring. Beme shawl,
when I

think of that espos of a Clancarbry, the foodbrawler, of the
sociationist

party with hiss blackleaded chest, hello, Prendregast!
that you, Innkipper, and all his fourteen other fullback
maulers

or hurling stars or whatever the dagos they are, baiting at my
Lord Ornery's, just becups they won the egg and spoon there
so ovally provencial at Balldole. My Eilish assent he seed

makes

his admiracion. He is seeking an opening and means to be first

with me as his belle alliance. Andoo musnoo play zeloso!
Soso

do todas. Such is Spanish. Stoop alittle closer, fealse!
Delightsome

simply! Like Jolio and Romeune. I haven't fell so turkish
for ages and ages! Mine's me of squisious, the chocolate with
a soul. Extraordinary! Why, what are they all, the mucky lot
of them only? Sht! I wouldn't pay three hairpins for them.

Peppt!

That's rights, hold it steady! Leg me pull. Pu! Come big to
Iran.

Poo! What are you nudging for? No, I just thought you were.
Listen, loviest! Of course it was *too* kind of you, miser, to
remember

my sighs in shockings, my often expressed wish when
you were wandering about my trousseurs and before I forget
it

don't forget, in your extensions to my personality, when
knotting

my remembrancetie, shoeweek will be trotting back with red
heels at the end of the moon but look what the fool bought
cabbage head and, as I shall answer to gracious heaven, I'll
always in always remind of snappy new garters, me being
always

the one for charms with my very best in proud and gloving
even if he was to be vermillion miles my youth to live on,
the rubberend Mr Polkingtone, the quonian fleshmonger who
Mother Browne solicited me for unlawful converse with,
with

her mug of October (a pots on it!), creaking around on his
old
shanksaxle like a crosty old cornquake. Airman, waterwag,
terrier,
blazer! I'm fine, thanks ever! Ha! O mind you poo tickly. Sall
I
puhim in momou. Mummum. Funny spot to have a fingeey!
I'm
terribly sorry, I swear to you I am! May you never see me in
my

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birthday pelts seenso tutu and that her blanches mainges may
rot
leprous off her whatever winking maggis I'll bet by your cut
you go fleurting after with all the glass on her and the jumps
in her stomewhere! Haha! I suspected she was! Sink her!
May
they fire her for a barren ewe! So she says: Tay for thee?
Well, I
saith: Angst so mush: and desired she might not take it amiss
if I
esteemed her but an odd. If I did ate toughurf I'm not a
mishymissy.
Of course I know, pettest, you're so learningful and
considerate in yourself, so friend of vegetables, you long
cold cat
you! Please by acquiester to meek my acquaintance!
Codling,
snakelet, iciclist! My diaper has more life to it! Who
drowned
you in drears, man, or are you pillale with ink? Did a weep
get

past the gates of your pride? My tread on the clover,
sweetness?

Yes, the buttercups told me, hug me, damn it all, and I'll kiss
you back to life, my peachest. I mean to make you suffer,
meddlar, and I don't care this fig for contempt of courting.
That I chid you, sweet sir? You know I'm tender by my eye.
Can't you read by dazzling ones through me true? Bite my
laughters, drink my tears. Pore into me, volumes, spell me
stark

and spill me swooning. I just don't care what my thwarters
think. Transname me loveliness, now and here me for all
times!

I'd risk a policeman passing by, Magrath or even that beggar
of

a boots at the Post. The flame? O, pardone! That was what?
Ah, did you speak, stuffstuff? More poestries from
Chickspeer's

with gleechoreal music or a jaculation from the garden of the
soul. Of I be leib in the immoralities? O, you mean the
strangle

for love and the sowiveall of the prettiest? Yep, we open hap
coseries in the home. And once upon a week I improve on
myself

I'm so keen on that New Free Woman with novel inside. I'm
always as tickled as can be over Man in a Surplus by the
Lady

who Pays the Rates. But I'm as pie as is possible. Let's root
out Brimstoker and give him the thrall of our lives. It's
Dracula's

nightout. For creepsake don't make a flush! Draw the shades,
curfe you, and I'll beat any sonnamonk to love. Holy bug,
how

my highness would jump to make you flame your halve a
bannan
in two when I'd run my burning torchlight through (to adore
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me there and then cease to be? Whatever for, blossoms?)
Your
hairmejig if you had one. If I am laughing with you? No,
lovingest, I'm not so dying to take my rise out of you, adored.
Not in the very least. True as God made my Mamaw
hiplength
modesty coatmawther! It's only because the rison is I'm only
any
girl, you lovely fellow of my dreams, and because old
somebooby
is not a roundabout, my trysting of the tulipies, like that puff
pape bucking Daveran assoiling us behinds. What a nerve!
He thinks that's what the vesprey's for. How vain's that hope
in
cleric's heart Who still pursues th'adult' rous art, Cocksure
that
rusty gown of his Will make fair Sue forget his phiz! Tame
Schwipps. Blessed Marguerite bosses, I hope they threw
away
the mould or else we'll have Ballshossers and
Sourdmapplers
with their medical assassiations all over the place. But hold
hard
till I've got my latchkey vote and I'll teach him when to wear
what woman callours. On account of the gloss of the gleison
Hasaboobrawbees isabeaubel. And because, you pluckless
lankaloot,
I hate the very thought of the thought of you and because,

dearling, of course, adorest, I was always meant for an
engindear
from the French college, to be musband, *nomme d'engien*,
when we do and contract with encho tencho solver when you
are married to reading and writing which pleasebusiness now
won't be long for he's so loopy on me and I'm so leapy like
since the day he carried me from the boat, my savioered of
eroes,
to the beach and I left on his shoulder one fair hair to guide
hand
and mind to its softness. Ever so sorry! I beg your pardon, I
was
listening to every treasured word I said fell from my dear
mot's
tongue otherwise how could I see what you were thinking of
our granny? Only I wondered if I threw out my shaving
water.
Anyway, here's my arm, pulletneck. Gracefully yours. Move
your
mouth towards minth, more, precioucest, more on more! To
please me, treasure. Don't be a, I'm not going to! Sh!
nothing!
A cricri somewhere! Buybuy! I'm fly! Hear, pippy, under the
limes. You know bigtree are all against gravstone. They
hisshistenency.
Garnd ond mand! So chip chirp chirrup, cigolo, for the
lug of Migo! The little passdoor, I go you before, so, and
you're

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at my apron stage. Shy is him, dovey? Musforget there's an
audience. I have been lost, angel. Cuddle, ye divil ye! It's our
toot-a-toot. Hearhere! Sensation! Let them, their whole four

courtships! Let them, Bigbawl and his boosers' eleven makes
twelve territorials. The Old Sot's Hole that wants wide streets
to

commission their noisense in, at the Mitchells v. Nicholls.

Aves

Selvae Acquae Valles! And my waiting twenty classbirds,
sitting

on their stiles! Let me finger their eurhythmytic. And you'll
see

if I'm selfthought. They're all of them out to please. Wait! In
the name of. And all the holly. And some the mistle and it
Saint

Yves. Hoost! Ahem! There's Ada, Bett, Celia, Delia, Ena,
Fretta, Gilda, Hilda, Ita, Jess, Katty, Lou, (they make me
cough

as sure as I read them) Mina, Nippa, Opsy, Poll, Queeniee,
Ruth,

Saucy, Trix, Una, Vela, Wanda, Xenia, Yva, Zulma, Phoebe,
Thelma. And Mee! The reformatory boys is goaling in for
the

church so we've all come feast like the groupsuppers and
caught

lipsolution from Anty Pravidance under penancies for myrtle
sins. When their bride was married all my belles began ti
ting.

A ring a ring a rosaring! Then everyone will hear of it.

Whoses

wishes is the farther to my thoughts. But I'll plant them a
poser

for their nomanclatter. When they're out with the daynurse
doing Chaperon Mall. Bright pigeons all over the whirrl
will

fly with my mistletoe message round their loveribboned
necks
and a crumb of my cake for each chasta dieva. We keeps all
and
sundry papers. In th' amourlight, O my darling! No, I swear
to
you by Fibsburrow churchdome and Sainte Andrée's
Undershift,
by all I hold secret from my world and in my underworld
of nighties and naughties and all the other wonderwearlds!
Close your, notmust look! Now open, pet, your lips, pepette,
like I used my sweet parted lipsabuss with Dan Holohan of
facetious memory taught me after the flannel dance, with the
proof of love, up Smock Alley the first night he smelled
pouder
and I coloured beneath my fan, *pipetta mia*, when you
learned
me the linguo to melt. Whowham would have ears like ours,
the blackhaired! Do you like that, *silenzioso*? Are you
enjoying,
this same little me, my life, my love? Why do you like my
whisping? Is it not divinely deluscious? But in't it bafforyou?
Misi, misi! Tell me till my thrillme comes! I will not break
the
seal. I am enjoying it still, I swear I am! Why do you prefer
its
in these dark nets, if why may ask, my sweetykings? Sh sh!
Longears
is flying. No, sweetissest, why would that ennoy me? But
don't! You want to be slap well slapped for that. Your
delighted

lips, love, be careful! Mind my duvetyne dress above all! It's golded silvy, the newest sextones with princess effect. For Rutland

blue's got out of passion. So, so, my precious! O, I can see the cost, chare! Don't tell me! Why, the boy in sheeps' lane knows that. If I sell whose, dears? Was I sold here' tears? You mean those conversation lozenges? How awful! The bold shame

of me! I wouldn't, chickens, not for all the juliettes in the twinkly

way! I could snap them when I see them winking at me in bed.

I didn't did so, my intended, or was going to or thinking of. Shshsh! Don't start like that, you wretch! I thought ye knew all

and more, ye aucthor, to explique to ones the significat of their

exsystems with your nieu nivulon lead. It's only another queer

fish or other in Brinbrou's damned old trouchorous river again,

Gothewishegoths bless us and spare her! And gibos rest from the

bosso! Excuse me for swearing, love, I swear to the sorrasims on

their trons of Uian I didn't mean to by this alpin armlet! Did you

really never in all our cantalang lives speak clothse to a girl's before? No! Not even to the charmermaid? How marfellows!

Of course I believe you, my own dear doting liest, when you tell me. As I'd live to, O, I'd love to! Liss, liss! I muss whiss!

Never that ever or I can remember dearstreaming faces, you

may
go through me! Never in all my whole white life of my
matchless
and pair. Or ever for bitter be the frucht of this hour! With
my whiteness I thee woo and bind my silk breasths I thee
bound!
Always, Amory, amor andmore! Till always, thou lovest!
Shshshsh! So long as the lucksmith. Laughs!

11. If you met on the binge a poor acheseyeld from
Ailing,
when the tune of his tremble shook shimmy on shin, while
his
contrary raged in the weak of his wailing, like a rugilant
pugilant
Lyon O'Lynn; if he maundered in misliness, plaining his
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plight or, played fox and lice, pricking and dropping hips
teeth,
or wringing his handcuffs for peace, the blind blighter,
praying
Dieuf and Domb Nostrums for thomethinks to eath; if he
weapt while he leapt and guffalled quith a quhimper, made
cold
blood a blue mundy and no bones without flech, taking kiss,
kake or kick with a suck, sigh or simper, a diffle to larn and a
dibble to lech; if the fain shinner pegged you to shave his
immartial,
wee skillmustered shoul with his ooh, hoodoodoo! broking
wind that to wiles, woemaid sin he was partial, we don't
think, Jones, we'd care to this evening, would you?

Answer: No, blank ye! So you think I have impulsivism?
Did
they tell you I am one of the fortysixths? And I suppose you
heard I had a wag on my ears? And I suppose they told you
too
that my roll of life is not natural? But before proceeding to
conclusively
confute this begging question it would be far fitter for
you, if you dare! to hasitate to consult with and
consequentially
attempt at my disposal of the same dime-cash problem
elsewhere
naturalistically of course, from the blinkpoint of so eminent a
spatialist. From it you will here notice, Schott, upon my for
the
first remarking you that the sophology of Bitchson while
driven
as under by a purely dime-dime urge is not without his
cashcash
characktericksticks, borrowed for its nonce ends from the
fiery
goodmother Miss Fortune (who the lost time we had the
pleasure
we have had our little *recherché* brush with, what, Schott?)
and
as I further could have told you as brisk as your D.B.C. beha-
viouristically *pailleté* with a coat of homoid icing which is in
reality only a done by chance ridiculisation of the whoo-
whoo
and where's hairs theories of Winestain. To put it all the more
plumbsily. The speechform is a mere sorrogate. Whilst the
quality

and tality (I shall explex what you ought to mean by this with its proper when and where and why and how in the subsequent sentence) are alternativomentally harrogate and arrogate, as the gates may be.

Talis is a word often abused by many passims (I am working out a quantum theory about it for it is really most tantumising state of affairs). A pessim may frequent you to say: Have you been

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seeing much of Talis and Talis those times? optimately meaning:

Will you put up at hree of irish? Or a ladyeater may perhaps have

casualised as you tempted her *à la sourdine*: Of your plates? Is

Talis de Talis, the swordswallower, who is on at the Craterium

the same Talis von Talis, the penscrusher, no funk you! who runs

his duly mile? Or this is a perhaps cleaner example. At a recent

postvortex piece infustigation of a determinised case of chronic

spinosis an extension lecturer on The Ague who out of matter of

form was trying his seesers, Dr's Het Ubeleeft, borrowed the question: Why's which Suchman's *talis qualis*? to whom, as a fatter of macht, Dr Gedankje of Stoutgirth, who was wiping his

whistle, toarsely retoarted: While thou beast' one zoom of a whorl! (Talis and Talis originally mean the same thing, hit it's: Qualis.)

Professor Loewy-Brueller (though as I shall promptly prove his whole account of the Sennacherib as distinct from the Shalmanesir sanitational reforms and of the Mr Skekels and Dr Hydes problem in the same connection differs *toto coelo* from the fruit of my own investigations—though the reason I went to Jericho must remain for certain reasons a political secret—especially as I shall shortly be wanted in Cavantry, I congratulate myself, for the same and other reasons—as being again hopelessly vitiated by what I have now resolved to call the dime and cash diamond fallacy) in his talked off confession which recently met with such a leonine uproar on its escape after its confinement *Why am I not born like a Gentleman and why am I now so speakable about my own eatables* (Feigenbaumblatt and Father, Judapest, 5688, A.M.) whole-heartedly takes off his gabbercoat and wig, honest draughty fellow, in his public interest, to make us see how though, as he says: 'by Allswill' the inception and the descent and the endswell of Man is *temporarily* wrapped in

obscenity,
looking through at these accidents with the faroscope of
television, (this nightlife instrument needs still some
subtractational
betterment in the readjustment of the more refrangible
angles to the squeals of his hypothesis on the outer tin sides),
I
can easily believe heartily in my own most spacious
immensity

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as my ownhouse and microbemost cosm when I am
reassured by
ratio that the cube of my volumes is to the surfaces of their
subjects
as the sphericity of these globes (I am very pressing for a
parliamentary motion this term which, under my guidance,
would
establish the deleteriousness of decorousness in the
morbidity
of the modern mandaboutwoman type) is to the feracity
of Fairynelly's vacuum. I need not anthropologise for any
obintentional (I must here correct all that school of neoitalian
or
paleoparisien schola of tinkers and spanglers who say I'm
wrong
parcequeue out of revolscian from romanitis I want to be)
downtrodding
on my foes. Professor Levi-Brullo, F.D. of Sexe-Weiman-
Eitelnagy
finds, from experiments made by hinn with
his Nuremberg eggs in the one hands and the watches
cundron

apan the oven, though it is astensably a case of Ket's
rebolliions
cooling the Popes back, because the number of squeer faiths
in weekly circulation will not be appreciably augmented by
the
notherslogging of my cupolar clods. What the romantic in
rags
pines after like all tomtompions haunting crevices for a
deadbeat
escupement and what het importunes our *Mitleid* for in
accornish
with the Mortadarthella taradition is the poorest
commononguardiant
waste of time. *His* everpresent toes are always in
retaliessian out throuth his overpast boots. Hear him squak!
Teek heet to that looswallawer how he bolo the bat! Tyro a
toray! *When* Mullocky won the couple of colds, *when* we
were
stripping in number three, I would like the neat drop that
would
malt in my mouth but I fail to see *when* (I am purposely
refraining
from expounding the obvious fallacy as to the specific
gravitates of the two deglutables implied nor to the lapses
lequou asousiated with the royal gorge through students of
mixed hydrostatics and pneumodipsics will after some
difficulties
grapple away with my meinungs). Myrrdin aloer! as old
Marsellas
Cambriannus puts his. But, on Professor Llewellys ap
Bryllars, F.D., Ph. Dr's showings, the plea, if he pleads,
is all posh and robbage on a melodeontic scale since his

man's

when is no otherman's *quandour* (Mine, dank you?) while,
for
ought I care for the contrary, the all is *where* in love as war
and

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the plane where me arts soar you'd aisy rouse a thunder from
and
where I cling true'tis there I climb tree and where Innocent
looks
best (pick!) there's holly in his ives.

As my explanations here are probably above your
understandings,
lattlebrattons, though as augmentatively uncomparisioned
as Cadwan, Cadwallon and Cadwalloner, I shall revert to a
more
expletive method which I frequently use when I have to
sermo
with muddlecrass pupils. Imagine for my purpose that you
are a
squad of urchins, snifflynosed, goslingnecked, clothyheaded,
tangled in your lacings, tingled in your pants, etsitaraw
etcicero.

And you, Bruno Nowlan, take your tongue out of your
inkpot!

As none of you knows javanese I will give all my easyfree
translation

of the old fabulist's parable. Allaboy Minor, take your
head out of your satchel! *Audi*, Joe Peters! *Exaudi* facts!

The Mookse and The Gripes.

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

Eins within a space and a wearywide space it wast ere
wohned
a Mookse. The onesomeness 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
impugnabile,
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.

As he set off with his father's sword, his *lancia spezzata*,
he was
girded on, and with that between his legs and his tarkeels,
our
once in only Bragspear, he clanked, to my clinking, from
veetoes
to threetop, every inch of an immortal.

He had not walked over a pentiadpair of parsecs from his
azylium when at the turning of the Shinshone Lanteran near

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Saint Bowery's-without-his-Walls he came (secunding to the
one

one oneth of the propecies, *Amnis Limina Permanent*) upon the
the

most unconsciously boggylooking stream he ever locked his
eyes with. Out of the colliens it took a rise by daubing itself
Ninon.

It looked little and it smelt of brown and it thought in
narrows

and it talked showshallow. And as it rinn it dribbled like any
lively purliteasy: *My, my, my! Me and me! Little down dream
don't I love thee!*

And, I declare, what was there on the yonder bank of the
stream that would be a river, parched on a limb of the olum,
bolt

downright, but the Gripes? And no doubt he was fit to be
dried

for why had he not been having the juice of his times?

His pips had been neatly all drowned on him; his polps
were

charging odours every older minute; he was quickly for
getting

the dresser's desdaign on the flyleaf of his frons; and he was
quietly for giving the bailiff's distraign on to the bulkside of
his

cul de Pompe. In all his specious heavings, as be lived by
Optimus

Maximus, the Mookse had never seen his Dubville brooder-

on-low

so nigh to a pickle.

Adrian (that was the Mookse now's assumptinome)
stuccstill
phiz-à-phiz to the Gripes in an accessit of aurignacian. But
Allmookse
must to Moodend much as Allrouths, austereways or
wastersways, in roaming run through Room. Hic sor a stone,
singularly illud, and on hoc stone Seter satt huc sate which it
filled quite poposterously and by acclammitation to its fullest
justotoryum and whereopum with his unfallable encyclicling
upom his alloilable, diupetriark of the wouest, and the
athemystsprinkled
pederect he always walked with, *Deusdedit*, cheek by
jowel with his frisheran's blague, *Bellua Triumphanes*, his
everyway addedto wallat's collectium, for yea longer he
lieved
yea broader he betaught of it, the fetter, the summe and the
haul
it cost, he looked the first and last micahlike laicness of
Quartus
the Fifth and Quintus the Sixth and Sixtus the Seventh giving
allnight sitting to Lio the Faultyfindth.

—Good appetite us, sir Mookse! How do you do it?
cheeped
the Gripes in a wherry whiggy maudelenian woice and the
jackasses

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all within bawl laughed and brayed for his intentions for
they knew their sly toad lowry now. I am rarumominum
blessed

to see you, my dear mouster. Will you not perhopes tell me
everything if you are pleased, sanity? All about aulne and
lithial
and allsall allinall about awn and liseias? Ney?

Think of it! O miserendissimest retempter! A Gripes!

—Rats! bullowed the Mookse most telesphorously, the
concionator,
and the sissymusses and the zozzymusses in their
robenhauses
quailed to hear his tardeynois at all for you cannot
wake a silken nouse out of a hoarse oar. Blast yourself and
your
anathomy infairioriboos! No, hang you for an animal rurale!
I
am superbly in my supremest poncif! Abase you,
baldyqueens!
Gather behind me, satraps! Rots!

—I am till infinity obliged with you, bowed the Gripes,
his
whine having gone to his palpruy head. I am still always
having
a wish on all my extremities. By the watch, what is the time,
pace?

Figure it! The pining peever! To a Mookse!

—Ask my index, mund my achilles, swell my obolum,
woshup
my nase serene, answered the Mookse, rapidly by turning
clement, urban, eugenious and celestian in the formose of
good
grogory humours. Quote awhore? That is quite about what I

came on *my* missions with *my* intentions *laudibilter* to settle
with
you, barbarousse. Let thor be orlog. Let Pauline be Irene. Let
you be Beeton. And let me be Los Angeles. Now measure
your
length. Now estimate my capacity. Well, sour? Is this space
of
our couple of hours too dimensional for you, temporiser?
Will
you give you up? *Como? Fuert it?*

Sancta Patientia! You should have heard the voice that
answered
him! *Culla vosellina.*

—I was just thinking upon that, sweets Mooksey, but, for
all
the rime on my raisins, if I connow make my submission, I
cannos
give you up, the Gripes whimpered from nethermost of his
wanhope. Ishallassoboundbewilsothoutoosezit. My tumble,
loudy
bullocker, is my own. My velicity is too fit in one stockend.
And my spetal inexshellsis the belowing things ab ove. But I
will never be abler to tell Your Honouriousness (here he near
lost

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his limb) though my corked father was bott a pseudowaiter,
whose o'cloak you ware.

Incredible! Well, hear the inevitable.

—*Your* temple, *sus in cribro!*
Semperexcommunicambiambisumers.

Tugurios-in-Newrobe or Tukurias-in-Ashies. Novarome,
my creature, believend bleives. My building space in lyonine
city is always to let to leonlike Men, the Mookse in a most
consistorous
allocution pompifically with immediate jurisdiction
constantinently concluded (what a crammer for the
shapewrucked
Gripes!). And I regret to proclaim that it is out of my
temporal to help you from being killed by inchies, (what a
thrust!), as we first met each other newwhere so airly. (Poor
little sowsieved subsquashed Gripes! I begin to feel
contemption
for him!). My side, thank decretals, is as safe as motherour's
houses, he continued, and I can seen from my holeydome
what
it is to be wholly sane. Unionjok and be joined to yok!
Parysis,
tu sais, crucycrooks, belongs to him who parises himself.
And
there I must leave you subject for the pressing. I can prove
that
against you, weight a momentum, mein goot enemy! or
Cospol's
not our star. I bet you this dozen odd. This foluminous
dozen odd. *Quas primas*—but 'tis bitter to compote my
knowledge's
fructos of. Tomes.

Elevating, to give peint to his blick, his jewelled pederect
to
the allmysty cielung, he luckystruck blueild out of a few
shouldbe

santillants, a cloister of starabouts over Maples, a lucciols in
Teresa street and a stopsign before Sophy Barratt's, he
gaddered
togodder the odds docence of his vellumes, gresk, letton and
russicruxian, onto the lapse of his prolegs, into umfullth
onescuppered,
and sat about his widerproof. He proved it well whoonearth
dry and drysick times, and *vremiament, tu cesses*, to the
extinction of Niklaus altogether (Niklaus Alopysius having
been
the once Gripes's popwilled nimum) by Neuclidius and
Inexagoras
and Mumfsen and Thumpsem, by Orasmus and by
Amenius, by Anacletus the Jew and by Malachy the Augurer
and
by the Cappon's collection and after that, with Cheekee's
gelatine
and Alldaybrandy's formolon, he reproved it ehrtogether

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when not in that order sundering in some different order, alter
three thirty and a hundred times by the binomial dioram and
the penic walls and the ind, the Inklespill legends and the
rure,
the rule of the hoop and the blessings of expedience and the
jus,
the jugicants of Pontius Pilax and all the mummyscrips in
Sick
Bokes' Juncroom and the Chapters for the Cunning of the
Chapters
of the Conning Fox by Tail.

While that Mooksius with preprocession and with
proprecession,

duplicitly and diplussedly, was promulgating ipsofacts
and sadcontras this raskolly Gripes he had allbust seceded in
monophysicking his illsobordunates. But asawfulas he had
caught his base semenoyous sarchnaktiers to combuccinate
upon
the silipses of his aspillouts and the acheporeoozers of his
haggyown
pneumax to synerethetise with the breadchestviousness of
his sweatovular ducose sofarfully the loggerthuds of his
sakellaries
were fond at variance with the synodals of his somepooliom
and his babskissed nepogreasymost got the hoof from his
philioquus.

—Efter thousand yaws, O Gripes con my sheepskins,
yow
will be belined to the world, enscayed Mookse the pius.

—Ofter thousand yores, amsered Gripes the gregary, be
the
goat of MacHammud's, yours may be still, O Mookse, more
botheared.

—Us shall be chosen as the first of the last by the
electress of
Vale Hollow, obselved the Mookse nobily, for par the unicum
of Elelijiacks, Us am in Our stabulary and that is what Ruby
and
Roby fall for, blissim.

The Pills, the Nasal Wash (Yardly's), the Army Man Cut,
as
british as bondstrict and as straightcut as when that

brokenarched
traveller from Nuzuland...

—Wee, cumfused the Gripes limply, shall not even be the
last of the first, wee hope, when oust are visitated by the
Veiled
Horror. And, he added: Mee are relying entirely, see the
fortethurd
of Elissabed, on the weightiness of mear's breath. Puffut!

Unsightbared embouscher, relentless foe to social and
business
succes! (Hourihaleine) It might have been a happy evening
but...

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And they viterberated each other, *canis et coluber* with
the
wildest ever wielded since Tarriestinus lashed
Pissasphaltium.

—Unuchorn!

—Ungulant!

—Uvuloid!

—Uskybeak!

And bullfolly answered volleyball.

Nuvoletta in her lightdress, spunn of sisteen shimmers,
was
looking down on them, leaning over the bannistars and
listening
all she childishly could. How she was brightened when
Shouldrups

in his glaubering hochskied his welkinstuck and how she
was overlused when Kneesknobs on his zwivvel was
makeacting
such a pause of himshelp! She was alone. All her nubied
companions were asleeping with the squirrels. Their mivver,
Mrs Moonan, was off in the Fuerst quarter scrubbing the
backsteps
of Number 28. Fuvver, that Skand, he was up in Norwood's
sokaparlour, eating oceans of Voking's Blemish. Nuvoletta
listened
as she reflected herself, though the heavenly one with his
constellatria and his emanations stood between, and she tried
all
she tried to make the Mookse look up at her (but *he* was fore
too
adiaptotously farseeing) and to make the Gripes hear how
coy
she could be (though he was much too schystimatically
auricular
about *his ens* to heed her) but it was all mild's vapour moist.
Not
even her feight reflection, Nuvoluccia, could they toke their
gnoses off for their minds with intrepifide fate and bungless
curiasity, were conclaved with Heliogobbleus and
Commodus
and Enobarbarus and whatever the coordinial dickens they did
as their damprauch of papyrs and buchstubs said. As if that
was
their spiration! As if theirs could duiparate her queendim! As
if
she would be third perty to search on search proceedings!
She

tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had
taught
her. She tossed her sfumastelliacious hair like *la princesse
de la
Petite Bretagne* and she rounded her mignons arms like Mrs
Cornwallis-West and she smiled over herself like the beauty
of
the image of the pose of the daughter of the queen of the
Emperour
of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she born

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to bride with Tristis Tristior Tristissimus. But, sweet
madonine,
she might fair as well have carried her daisy's worth to
Florida.
For the Mookse, a dogmad Accanite, were not amoosed and
the
Gripes, a dubliboused Catalick, wis pinefully obliviscent.

—I see, she sighed. There are menner.

The siss of the whisp of the sigh of the softzing at the stir
of
the ver grose O arundo of a long one in midias reeds: and
shades
began to glidder along the banks, greepsing, greepsing,
duusk
unto duusk, and it was as glooming as gloaming could be in
the
waste of all peacable worlds. Metamnisia was allsoonome
coloroform
brune; citherior spiane an eaulande, innemorous and
unnumerose.

The Mookse had a sound eyes right but he could not
all hear. The Gripes had light ears left yet he could but ill see.
He ceased. And he ceased, tung and trit, and it was
neversoever
so dusk of both of them. But still Moo thought on the deeps
of
the undths he would profoundth come the morrokse and still
Gri feeled of the sripes he would escipe if by grice he had
luck
enoupes.

Oh, how it was duusk! From Vallee Maraia to
Grasyaplaina,
dormimust echo! Ah dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk that the
tears of night began to fall, first by ones and twos, then by
threes
and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens, for the tired
ones
were wecking, as we weep now with them. *O! O! O! Par la
pluie!*

Then there came down to the thither bank a woman of no
appearance (I believe she was a Black with chills at her feet)
and
she gathered up his hoariness the Mookse motamourfully
where
he was spread and carried him away to her invisible
dwelling,
thats hights, *Aquila Rapax*, for he was the holy sacred solem
and
poshup spit of her boshop's apron. So you see the Mookse he
had reason as I knew and you knew and he knew all along.
And

there came down to the hither bank a woman to all important
(though they say that she was comely, spite the cold in her
heed)

and, for he was as like it as blow it to a hawker's hank, she
plucked down the Gripes, torn panicky autotone, in angeu
from
his limb and cariad away its beotitubes with her to her
unseen

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shieling, it is, *De Rore Coeli*. And so the poor Gripes got
wrong;

for that is always how a Gripes is, always was and always
will be.

And it was never so thoughtful of either of them. And there
were

left now an only elmtree and but a stone. Polled with
pietrous,

Sierre but saule. O! Yes! And Nuvoletta, a lass.

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little
long life

and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one.

She

cancelled all her engauzements. She climbed over the
bannistars;

she gave a childy cloudy cry: *Nuée! Nuée!* A lightdress
fluttered.

She was gone. And into the river that had been a stream (for
a

thousand of tears had gone eon her and come on her and she
was

stout and struck on dancing and her muddied name was
Missisliffi)

there fell a tear, a singult tear, the loveliest of all tears (I mean for those crylove fables fans who are 'keen' on the prettypretty commonface sort of thing you meet by hopeharrods) for it was a leaptear. But the river tripped on her by and by, lapping as though her heart was brook: *Why, why, why! Weh, O weh! I'se so silly to be flowing but I no canna stay!*

No applause, please! Bast! The romescot rattleshaker will go round your circulation in *diu dursus*.

Allaboy, Major, I'll take your reactions in another place after themes. Nolan Browne, you may now leave the classroom. Joe Peters, Fox.

As I have now successfully explained to you my own naturalborn rations which are even in excise of my vaultybrain insure me that I am a mouth's more deserving case by genius. I feel in symbathos for my ever devoted friend and halfaloafonwashed, Gnaccus Gnoccovitch. Darling gem! Darling smallfox! Horoseshoew!

I could love that man like my own ambo for being so baileycliaver though he's a nawful curillass and I must slav to methodiousness. I want him to go and live like a theabild in charge of the night brigade on Tristan da Cunha, isle of manoverboard, where he'll make Number 106 and be near Inaccessible.

(The meeting of mahoganies, be the waves, rementious
me that this exposed sight though it pines for an umbrella of
its
own and needs a shelter belt of the true service sort to keep
its

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boles clean,—the weeping beeches, Picea and Tilia, are in a
wild state about it—ought to be classified, as Cricketbutt
Willowm
and his two nurserymen advisers suggested, under genus
Inexhaustible when we refloat upon all the butternat, sweet
gum
and manna ash redcedera which is so purvulent there as if
there
was howthorns in Curraghchasa which ought to look as plane
as a lodgepole to anybody until we are introduced to that
pinetacotta
of Verney Rubeus where the deodarty is pinctured for us
in a pure stand, which we do not doubt ha has a habitat of
doing,
but without those selfsownseedlings which are a species of
proof
that the largest individual *can* occur at or in an olivetion such
as
East Conna Hillock where it mixes with foolth accacians and
common sallies and *is* tender) *Vux Populus*, as we say in
hickoryhockery
and I wish we had some more glasses of *arbor vitae*.
Why roat by the roadside or awn over alum pot? Alderman
Whitebeaver is dakyo. He ought to go away for a change of
ideas and he'd have a world of things to look back on. Do,
sweet

Daniel! If I weren't a jones in myself I'd elect myself to be
his
dolphin in the wildsbillow because he is such a barefooted
rubber
with my supersocks pulled over his face which I publicked in
my bestback garden for the laetification of siderodromites
and
to the irony of the stars. You will say it is most unenglish and
I shall hope to hear that you will not be wrong about it. But I
further, feeling a bit husky in my truths.

Will you please come over and let us mooremoore
murgessly
to each's other down below our vices. I am underheard by old
billfaust. Wilsh is full of curks. The coolskittle is philip
deblinite.

Mr Wist is thereover beyeind the wantnot. Wilsh and wist
are as thick of thins udder as faust on the deblinite.

Sgunoshooto

estas preter la tapizo malgranda. Lilegas al si en sia chambro.
Kelkefoje funcktas, kelkefoje srumpas Shultroj. Houdian
Kiel vi

fartas, mia nigra sinjoro? And from the poingt of fun where I
am crying to arrive you at they are on allfore as foibleminded
as

you can feel they are fablebodied.

My heeders will recoil with a great leisure how at the
outbreak

before trespassing on the space question where even

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michelangelines have fooled to dread I proved to mindself as
to

your satisfaction how his abject all through (the *quickquid* of Professor Ciondolone's too frequently hypothecated *Bettlermensch*) is nothing so much more than a mere cashdime however genteel he may want ours, if we please (I am speaking to us in the second person), for to this graded intellectual's dime *is* cash and the cash system (you must not be allowed to forget that this is all contained, I mean the system, in the dogmarks of origin on spurious) means that I cannot now have or not have a piece of cheese in your pocket at the same time and with the same manners as you can now not have or half the cheese a piece I've in mind unless Burrus and Caseous have not or not have seem simultaneously systemtangled themselves, sell dear to sold there, once in the dairy days of buy and buy.

Burrus, let us like to imagine, is a genuine prime, the real choice, full of natural grease, the mildest of milkstuffs yet unbeaten as a risicid and, of course, obsoletely unadulterous whereat Caseous is obversely the revise of him and in fact not an ideal choice by any means, though the betterman of the two is meltingly addicted to the more casual side of the arrivalist case and, let me say it at once, as zealous over him as is passably he. The seemsame home and histry seeks and hidepence which

we
used to be reading for our prepurgatory, hot, Schott? till
Duddy
shut the shopper op and Mutti, poor Mutti! brought us our
poor
suppy, (ah who! eh how!) in Acetius and Oleosus and Sellius
Volatilis and Petrus Papricus! Our Old Party quite united
round
the Slatbowel at Commons: Pfarrer Salamoss himself and
that
sprog of a Pedersill and his Sprig of Thyme and a dozen of
the
Murphybuds and a score and more of the hot young Capels
and
Lettucia in her greensleeves and you too and me three,
twinsome
bibs but hansome ates, like shakespill and eggs! But there's
many
a split pretext bowl and jowl; and (snob screwing that cork,
Schott!) to understand this as well as you can, feeling how
backward
you are in your down-to-the-ground benches, I have
completed
the following arrangement for the coarse use of stools and
if I don't make away with you I'm beyond Caesar
outnullused.

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The older sisars (Tyrants, regicide is too good for you!)
become
unbeurrable from age, (the compositor of the farce of
dustiny however makes a thunpledram mistake by letting off
this

pienofarte effect as his furst act as that is where the juke
comes
in) having been sort-of-nineknived and chewly removed (this
soldier-author-batman for all his commontoryism is just
another of those souftsiezed bubbles who never quite got the
sandhurst out of his eyes so that the champaign he draws for
us
is as flop as a plankrieg) the twinfreer types are billed to
make
their reupprearance as the knew kneck and knife knickknots
on
the deserted *champ de bouteilles*. (A most cursery reading
into the
Persic-Uraliens hostery shows us how Fonnumagula picked
up
that propper numen out of a colluction of prifixes though to
the permienting cannasure the Coucousien oafsprung of this
sun of a kuk is as sattin as there's a tub in Tobolosk) *Ostiak
della Vogul Marina!* But that I dannoy the fact of wanton to
weste point I could paint you to that butter (cheese it!) if you
had some wash. Mordvealive! Oh me none onsens! Why the
case is as inessive and impossible as kezom hands! Their
interlocative
is conprovocative just as every hazy hates to having a
hazbane in her noze. Caseous may bethink himself a thought
of
a caviller but Burrus has the reachly roundered head that
goes
best with thofthinking defensive fideism. He has the lac of
wisdom
under every dent in his lofter while the other fellow's
onni vesy milky indeedmymy. Laughing over the linnuts and

weeping off the uniun. He hisn't the hey og he lisen't the lug,
poohoo. And each night sim misses mand he winks he had
the

semagen. It was aptly and corrigidly stated (and, it is royally
needless for one *ex ungue Leonem* to say by whom) that his
seeingscraft was that clarety as were the wholeborough of
Poutresbourg

to be averlaunched over him pitchbatch he could still make
out with his augstritch the green moat in Ireland's Eye. Let
me

sell you the fulltroth of Burrus when he wore a younker. Here
it is, and chorming too, in six by sevens! A cleanly line, by
the

gods! A king off duty and a jaw for ever! And what a cheery
ripe outlook, good help me Deus v Deus! If I were to speak

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my ohole mouthful to arinam about it you should call me the
ormuzd aliment in your midst of faime. Eat ye up, heat ye
up!

sings the somun in the salm. *Butyrum et mel comedet ut sciat
reprobare malum et eligere bonum*. This, of course, also
explains

why we were taught to play in the childhood: *Der Haensli ist
ein Butterbrot, mein Butterbrot! Und Koebi iss dein
Schtinkenkot!*
Ja! Ja! Ja!

This in fact, just to show you, is Caseous, the
brutherscutch
or puir tyron: a hole or two, the highstinks aforefelt and
anygo
prigging wurms. Cheesugh! you complain. And Hi Hi High
must say you are not Hoa Hoa Hoally in the wrong!

Thus we cannot escape our likes and dislikes, exiles or
ambusheers,
beggar and neighbour and—this is where the dimeshow
advertisers advance the temporal relief plea—let us be
tolerant of antipathies. *Nex quovis burro num fit mercaseus?*
I am
not hereby giving my final endorsement to the learned
ignorants
of the Cusanus philosophism in which old Nicholas pegs it
down that the smarter the spin of the top the sounder the span
of the buttom (what the worthy old auberginiste ought to
have
meant was: the more stolidly immobile *in space* appears to
me
the bottom which is presented to use in time by the top
primomobilisk
&c.). And I shall be misunderstood if understood to
give an unconditional sinequam to the heroicised furibouts of
the Nolanus theory, or, at any rate, of that substrate of apart
from hissheory where the Theophil swoors that on principial
he
was the pointing start of his odiose by comparison and that
whiles
eggs will fall cheapened all over the walled the Bure will be
dear
on the Brie.

Now, while I am not out now to be taken up as
unintentionally
recommending the Silkebjorg tyronodynamon machine for
the more economical helixtrolysis of these amboadipates
until

I can find space to look into it myself a little more closely
first

I shall go on with my decisions after having shown to you in
good time how both products of our social stomach (the
excellent

Dr Burroman, I noticed by the way from his emended food
theory, has been carefully digesting the very wholesome
criticism

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I helped him to in my princeps edition which is all so much
to the cud) are mutuearly polarised the incompatability of
any

delusional acting as ambivalent to the fixation of his
pivotism.

Positing, as above, too males pooles, the one the pictor of the
other and the omber the *Skotia* of the one, and looking
wantingly

around our undistributed middle between males we feel
we must waistfully woent a female to focus and on this stage
there pleasantly appears the cowrymaid M. whom we shall
often meet below who introduces herself upon us at some
precise

hour which we shall again agree to call absolute zero or the
babbling pumpt of platinism. And so like that former son
of a kish who went up and out to found his farmer's ashes we
come down home gently on our own turnedabout asses to
meet

Margareen.

We now romp through a period of pure lyricism of
shamebred
music (technologically, let me say, the appetising entry of
this subject on a fool chest of vialds is plumply pudding the

carp

before doevre hors) evidenced by such words in distress as *I cream for thee, Sweet Margareen*, and the more hopeful *O Margareena!*

O Margareena! Still in the bowl is left a lump of gold!

(Correspondents, by the way, will keep on asking me what is the

correct garnish to serve drisheens with. Tansy Sauce.

Enough).

The pawnbreaking pathos of the first of these shoddy pieces reveals it as a Caseous effort. Burrus's bit is often used for a toast.

Criniculture can tell us very precisely indeed how and why this

particular streak of yellow silver first appeared on (not in) the bowel, that is to see, the human head, bald, black, bronze, brown,

brindled, betteraved or blanchemanged where it might be usefully

compared with an earwig on a fullbottom. I am offering this to Signorina Cuticura and I intend to take it up and bring it

under the nosetice of Herr Harlene by way of diverting his attentions. Of course the unskilled singer continues to pervert our wiser ears by subordinating the space-element, that is to sing, the *aria*, to the time-factor, which ought to be killed, *ill tempor*. I should advise any unborn singer who may still be among my heeders to forget her temporal diaphragm at home

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(the best thing that could happen to it!) and attack the roulade with a swift *colpo di glottide* to the lug (though Maace I will insist was reclined from overdoing this, his recovery often

being
slow) and then, O! on the third dead beat, O! to cluse her
eyes
and aiopen her oath and see what spice I may send her. How?
Cease thee, cantatrickee! I fain would be solo. Arouse thee,
my
valour! And save for e'er my true Bdur!

I shall have a word to say in a few yards about the
acoustic
and orchidectural management of the tonehall but, as ours is
a
vivarious where one plant's breaf is a lunger planner's
byscent
and you may not care for argon, it will be very convenient for
me for the emolument to pursue Burrus and Caseous for a
rung
or two up their isocelating biangle. Every admirer has seen
my
goulache of Marge (she is *so* like the sister, you don't know,
and
they both dress A L I K E!) which I titled *The Very Picture of
a Needlesswoman* which in the presence ornates our national
cruetstand. This genre of portraiture of changes of mind in
order
to be truly torse should evoke the bush soul of females so I
am
leaving it to the experienced victim to complete the general
suggestion by the mental addition of a wallopy bound or,
should
the zulugical zealot prefer it, a congorool teal. The hatboxes
which composed Rhomba, lady Trabezond (Marge in her

excelsis

also comprised the climactogram up which B and C may fondly be imagined ascending and are suggestive of gentlemen's spring modes, these modes carrying us back to the superimposed claylayers of eocene and pleastoseen formation and the gradual morphological changes in our body politic which Professor Ebahi-Ahuri of Philadespoinis (Ill)—whose bluebutterbust I have just given his coupe de grass to—neatly names a *boîte à surprises*. The boxes, if I may break the subject gently, are worth about fourpence pourbox but I am inventing a more patent process, foolproof and pryperfect (I should like to ask that Shedlock Homes person who is out for removing the roofs of our criminal classics by what *deductio ad domunum* he hopes *de tacto* to detect anything unless he happens of himself, *movibile tectu*, to have a slade off) after which they can be reduced to a fragment of their

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true crust by even the youngest of Margees if she will take plase to be seated and smile if I please.

Now there can be no question about it either that I having done as much, have quite got the size of that demilitary young female (we will continue to call her Marge) whose types may

be
met with in any public garden, wearing a very "dressy" affair,
known as an "ethel" of instep length and with a real fur,
reduced
to 3/9, and muffin cap to tone (they are "angelskin" this fall),
ostentatiously hemming apologetically over the shirtness of
some "sweet" garment, when she is not sitting on all the free
benches avidously reading about "it" but ovidently on the
look
out for "him" or so "thrilled" about the best dressed dolly
pram
and beautiful elbow competition or at the movies swallowing
sobs and blowing bixed mixcuits over "childe" chaplain's
"latest"
or on the verge of the gutter with some bobbedhair
brieffrocked
babyma's toddler (the Smythe-Smythes now keep TWO
domestics
and aspire to THREE male ones, a shover, a butlegger and
a sectary) held hostage at armslength, teaching His Infant
Majesty how to make waters worse.

(I am closely watching Master Pules, as I have regions to
suspect
from my post that her "little man" is a secondary
schoolteacher
under the boards of education, a voted disciple of Infantulus
who is being utilised thus publicly by the *seducente infanta*
to conceal her own more muscular personality by flaunting
frivolish finery over men's inside clothes, for the femininny
of
that totamulier will always lack the musculink of a

verumvirum.

My solotions for the proper parturience of matres and the education

of micturios mites must stand over from the moment till I tackle this tickler hussy for occupying my uttentions.)

Margareena she's very fond of Burrus but, alick and alack!

she velly fond of chee. (The important influence exercised on everything by this eastasian import has not been till now fully

flavoured though we can comfortably taste it in this case. I shall

come back for a little more say farther on.) A cleopatrician in her own right she at once complicates the position while Burrus

and Caseous are contending for her misstery by implicating herself

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with an elusive Antonius, a wop who would appear to hug a personal interest in refined chees of all chades at the same time

as he wags an antomine art of being rude like the boor. This Antonius-Burrus-Caseous grouptriad may be said to equate the *qualis* equivalent with the older socalled *talis* on *talis* one just as quantly as in the hyperchemical economantarchy the tantum

ergons irruminate the quantum urge so that eggs is to whey as whay is to zeed like your golfchild's abe boob caddy. And this

is why any simple philadolphus of a fool you like to dress, an athemisthued lowtownian, exlegged phatrisight, may be awfully

green to one side of him and fruitfully blue on the other
which
will not screen him however from appealing to my
gropesarching
eyes, through the strongholes of my acropoll, as a boosted
blasted bleating blatant bloaten blasphorus blesphorous idiot
who kennot tail a bomb from a painapple when he steals one
and wannot psing his psalmen with the cong in our
gregational
pompoms with the canting crew.

No! Topsman to your Tarpeia! This thing, Mister Abby, is
nefand. (And, taking off soutstuffs and alkalike matters, I
hope
we can kill time to reach the salt because there's some
forceglass
neutric assets bittering in the soldpewter for you to plump
your
pottage in). The thundering legion has stormed Olymp that
it end. Twelve tabular times till now have I edicted it. Merus
Genius to Careous Caseous! *Moriture, te salutat!* My
phemous
themis race is run, so let Demoncracy take the highmost!
(Abraham
Tripier. Those old diligences are quite out of date. Read
next answer). I'll beat you so lon. (Bigtempered. Why not
take
direct action. See previous reply). My unchanging Word is
sacred.
The word is my Wife, to expense and expound, to vend and
to
velnerate, and may the curlews crown our nuptias! Till

Breath

us depart! Wamen. Beware would you change with my years.

Be

as young as your grandmother! The ring man in the rong
shop

but the rite words by the rote order! *Ubi lingua nuncupassit,*
ibi

fas! Adversus hostem semper sac! She that will not feel my
fulmoon

let her peel to thee as the hoyden and the impudent! That
mon that both no moses in his sole nor is not awed by
conquists

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of word's law, who never with humself was fed and leaves
his soil to lave his head, when his hope's in his highlows
from

whisking his woe, if he came to my preach, a proud
pursebroken

ranger, when the heavens were welling the spite of their
spout,

to beg for a bite in our bark *Noisdanger*, would meself and
Mac

Jeffet, four-in-hand, foot him out?—ay!—were he my own
breastbrother, my doubled withd love and my singlebiassed
hate,

were we bread by the same fire and signed with the same
salt,

had we tapped from the same master and robbed the same
till,

were we tucked in the one bed and bit by the one flea,
homogallant

and hemycapnoise, bum and dingo, jack by churl, though
it broke my heart to pray it, still I'd fear I'd hate to say!

12. *Sacer esto?*

Answer: *Semus sumus!*

Shem is as short for Shemus as Jem is joky for Jacob. A few toughnecks are still getatable who pretend that aboriginally he was of respectable stemming (he was an outlex between the lines of Ragonar Blaubarb and Horrild Hairwire and an inlaw to Capt. the Hon. and Rev. Mr Bbyrdwood de Trop Blogg was among his most distant connections) but every honest to goodness man in the land of the space of today knows that his back life will not stand being written about in black and white. Putting truth and untruth together a shot may be made at what this hybrid actually was like to look at.

Shem's bodily getup, it seems, included an adze of a skull, an eight of a larkseye, the whoel of a nose, one numb arm up a sleeve, fortytwo hairs off his uncrown, eighteen to his mock lip, a trio of barbels from his megageg chin (sowman's son), the wrong shoulder higher than the right, all ears, an artificial tongue with a natural curl, not a foot to stand on, a handful of thumbs, a blind stomach, a deaf heart, a loose liver, two fifths of

two buttocks, one gleetsteen avoidupoider for him, a
manroot
of all evil, a salmonkelt's thinskin, eelsblood in his cold toes,
a
bladder tristended, so much so that young Master Shemmy
on
his very first debouch at the very dawn of protohistory seeing
himself such and such, when playing with thistlewords in
their
garden nursery, Griefotrofio, at Phig Streat 111, Shuvlin, Old
Hoeland, (would we go back there now for sounds, pillings
and

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sense? would we now for annas and annas? would we for
fullscore
eight and a liretta? for twelve blocks one bob? for four testers
one groat? not for a dinar! not for jo!) dictited to of all his
little brothron and sweestureens the first riddle of the
universe:
asking, when is a man not a man?: telling them take their
time,
yungfries, and wait till the tide stops (for from the first his
day
was a fortnight) and offering the prize of a bittersweet crab, a
little present from the past, for their copper age was yet
unminted,
to the winner. One said when the heavens are quakers,
a second said when Bohemeand lips, a third said when he,
no,
when hold hard a jiffy, when he is a gnawstick and
detarmined
to, the next one said when the angel of death kicks the bucket

of life, still another said when the wine's at witsends, and still
another when lovely wooman stoops to conk him, one of the
littliest said me, me, Sem, when pappa papared the harbour,
one
of the wittiest said, when he yeat ye abblokooken and he
zmear
hezelf zo zhoooken, still one said when you are old I'm grey
fall
full wi sleep, and still another when wee deader walkner, and
another when he is just only after having being semisized,
another
when yea, he hath no mananas, and one when dose pigs
they begin now that they will flies up intil the looft. All were
wrong, so Shem himself, the doctator, took the cake, the
correct
solution being—all give it up?—; when he is a—yours till
the rending of the rocks,—Sham.

Shem was a sham and a low sham and his lowness
creeped out
first via foodstuffs. So low was he that he preferred Gibsen's
teatime
salmon tinned, as inexpensive as pleasing, to the plumpest
roeheavy lax or the friskiest parr or smolt troutlet that ever
was
gaffed between Leixlip and Island Bridge and many was the
time
he repeated in his botulism that no junglegrown pineapple
ever
smacked like the whoppers you shook out of Ananias' cans,
Findlater and Gladstone's, Corner House, Englend. None of
your inchthick blueblooded Balaclava fried-at-belief-stakes

or
juicejelly legs of the Grex's molten mutton or greasilygristly
grunters' goupons or slice upon slab of luscious goosebosom
with lump after load of plumpudding stuffing all aswim in a
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swamp of bogoakgravy for that greekenhearted yude! Rosbif
of
Old Zealand! he could not attouch it. See what happens when
your somatophage merman takes his fancy to our virgitarian
swan? He even ran away with hunself and became a
farsoonerite,
saying he would far sooner muddle through the hash of
lentils
in Europe than meddle with Irrland's split little pea. Once
when
among those rebels in a state of hopelessly helpless
intoxication
the piscivore strove to lift a czitround peel to either nostril,
hic-
cupping, apparently impromptued by the hibat he had with
his
glottal stop, that he kukkakould flowrish for ever by the
smell,
as the czitr, as the kcedron, like a scedar, of the founts, on
mountains,
with limon on, of Lebanon. O! the lowness of him was
beneath all up to that sunk to! No likedbylike firewater or
firstserved
firstshot or gulletburn gin or honest brewbarrett beer either.
O dear no! Instead the tragic jester sobbed himself
wheywhingingly
sick of life on some sort of a rhubarbarous maundarin

yellagreen

funkleblue windigut diodying applejack squeezed from
sour grapefruce and, to hear him twixt his sedimental
cupslips

when he had gulfed down mmmmuch too mmmmany gourds
of

it retching off to almost as low withswillers, who always
knew

notwithstanding when they had had enough and were rightly
indignant at the wretch's hospitality when they found to their
horror they could not carry another drop, it came straight
from

the noble white fat, jo, openwide sat, jo, jo, her why hide
that,

jo jo jo, the winevat, of the most serene magyansty az
archdiochesse,

if she is a duck, she's a douches, and when she has a
feherbour snot her fault, now is it? artstouchups, funny you're
grinning at, fancy you're in her yet, Fanny Urinia.

Aint that swell, hey? Peamengro! Talk about lowness!

Any

dog's quantity of it visibly oozed out thickly from this dirty
little blacking beetle for the very fourth snap the Tulloch-
Turnbull

girl with her coldblood kodak shotted the as yet
unremuneranded

national apostate, who was cowardly gun and camera
shy, taking what he fondly thought was a short cut to Caer
Fere,

Soak Amerigas, vias the shipsteam *Pridewin*, after having
buried

a hatchet not so long before, by the wrong goods exeunt,
nummer

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desh to tren, into Patatapapaveri's, fruiterers and musical
florists, with his *Ciaho, chavi! Sar shin, shillipen?* she knew
the
vice out of bridewell was a bad fast man by his walk on the
spot.

[Johns is a different butcher's. Next place you are up
town pay
him a visit. Or better still, come to buy. You will enjoy
cattlemen's
spring meat. Johns is now quite divorced from baking.
Fattens,
kills, flays, hangs, draws, quarters and pieces. Feel his lambs!
Ex!
Feel how sheap! Exex! His liver too is great value, a
spatiality!
Exexex! COMMUNICATED.]

Around that time, moravar, one generally, for luvvomony
hoped or at any rate suspected among morticians that he
would
early turn out badly, develop hereditary pulmonary T.B., and
do for himself one dandy time, nay, of a pelting night
blanketed
creditors, hearing a coarse song and splash off Eden Quay
sighed
and rolled over, sure all was up, but, though he fell heavily
and
locally into debit, not even then could such an antinomian be
true to type. He would not put fire to his cerebrum; he would

not throw himself in Liffey; he would not explaud himself
with
pneumantics; he refused to saffrocake himself with a sod.
With
the foreign devil's leave the fraid born fraud diddled even
death.
Anzi, cabled (but shaking the worth out of his maulth:
Guardacosta
leporello? Szasas Kraicz!) from his Nearapoblican asylum
to his jonathan for a brother: Here tokay, gone tomory, we're
spluched, do something, Fireless. And had answer:
Inconvenient,
David.

You see, chaps, it will trickle out, freaksily of course, but
the
tom and the shorty of it is: he was in his bardic memory low.
All the time he kept on treasuring with condign satisfaction
each
and every crumb of trektalk, covetous of his neighbour's
word,
and if ever, during a Munda conversazione commoted in the
nation's interest, delicate tippits were thrown out to him
touching
his evil courses by some wellwishers, vainly pleading by
scriptural arguments with the opprobrious papist about trying
to brace up for the kidos of the thing, Scally wag, and be a
men
instead of a dem scrounger, dish it all, such as: Pray, what is
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the meaning, sousy, of that continental expression, if you
ever
came acruX it, we think it is a word transpiciously like

canaille?:

or: Did you anywhere, kennel, on your gullible's travels or during your rural troubadouring, happen to stumble upon a certain gay young nobleman whimpering to the name of Low Swine who always addresses women out of the one corner of his mouth, lives on loans and is furtivefree yours of age?

without

one sigh of haste like the supreme prig he was, and not a bit sorry, he would pull a vacant landlubber's face, root with earwaker's

pensile in the outer of his lauscher and then, lipping, the prattlepate parnella, to kill time, and swatting his deadbest

to think what under the canopies of Jansens Chrest would any

decent son of an Albiogenselman who had bin to an university

think, let a lent hit a hint and begin to tell all the intelligentsia admitted to that tamileasy samtalaisy conclamazzone (since, still

and before physicians, lawyers merchant, belfry pollititians, agricolous

manufraudurers, sacrestanes of the Pure River Society, philanthropicks lodging on as many boards round the panesthetic

at the same time as possible) the whole lifelong swrine story of

his entire low cornaille existence, abusing his deceased ancestors

wherever the sods were and one moment tarabooming great blunderguns (poh!) about his farfamed fine Poppamore, Mr Humhum, whom history, climate and entertainment made the

first of his sept and always up to debt, though Eavens ears
ow
many fines he faces, and another moment visanvrerssas,
cruaching
three jeers (pah!) for his rotten little ghost of a Peppybeg,
Mr Himmyshimmy, a blighty, a reeky, a lighty, a scrapy, a
babbly,
a ninny, dirty seventh among thieves and always bottom
sawyer, till nowan knowed how howmely howme could be,
giving
unsolicited testimony on behalf of the absent, as glib as
eaveswater
to those present (who meanwhile, with increasing lack of
interest in his semantics, allowed various subconscious
smickers
to drivel slowly across their fichers), unconsciously
explaining,
for inkstands, with a meticulousity bordering on the insane,
the
various meanings of all the different foreign parts of speech
he
misused and cuttlefishing every lie unshrinkable about all the
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other people in the story, leaving out, of course,
foreconsciously,
the simple worf and plague and poison they had cornered
him
about until there was not a snoozer among them but was
utterly
undeceived in the heel of the reel by the recital of the
rigmarole.

He went without saying that the cull disliked anything
anyway
approaching a plain straightforward standup or knockdown
row
and, as often as he was called in to umpire any octagonal
argument
among slangwhangers, the accomplished washout always
used to rub shoulders with the last speaker and clasp shakers
(the
handtouch which is speech without words) and agree to
every
word as soon as half uttered, command me!, your servant,
good,
I revere you, how, my seer? be drinking that! quite truth,
gratias,
I'm yoush, see wha'm hearing?, also goods, please it, me
sure?, be filling this!, quiso, you said it, apasafello, muchas
grassyass, is there firing-on-me?, is their girlic-on-you?, to
your
good self, your sulphur, and then at once focuss his whole
unbalanced attention upon the next octagonist who managed
to
catch a listener's eye, asking and imploring him out of his
piteous onewinker, (*hemoptysia diadumenos*) whether there
was
anything in the world he could do to please him and to
overflow
his tumbletantaliser for him yet once more.

One hailcannon night (for his departure was attended by
a
heavy downpour) as very recently as some thousand rains

ago he
was therefore treated with what closely resembled personal
violence,
being soggered all unsuspectingly through the deserted village
of Tumblin-on-the-Leafy from Mr Vanhomrigh's house at 81
bis
Mabbot's Mall as far as Green Patch beyond the brickfields
of
Salmon Pool by rival teams of slowspiers counter
quicklimers
who finally, as rahilly they had been deteened out rawther
laetich,
thought, busnis hits busnis, they had better be streaking for
home after their Auborne-to-Auborne, with thanks for the
pleasant
evening, one and all disgustedly, instead of ruggering him
back,
and awake, reconciled (though they were as jealous as could
be
cullions about all the truffles they had brought on him) to a
friendship, fast and furious, which merely arose out of the
noxious
pervert's perfect lowness. Again there was a hope that
people,

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looking on him with the contemp of the contempibles, after
first gaving him a roll in the dirt, might pity and forgive him,
if
properly deloused, but the pleb was born a Quicklow and
sank
alowing till he stank out of sight.

All Saints beat Belial! Mickil Goals to Nichil!
Notpossible!
Already?
In Nowhere has yet the Whole World taken part of himself for his
Wife;
By Nowhere have Poorparents been sentenced to Worms,
Blood and
Thunder for Life
Not yet has the Emp from Corpsica forced the Arth out of
Engleterre;
Not yet have the Sachsen and Judder on the Mound of a
Word made
Warre;
Not yet Witchywithcy of Wench struck Fire of his Heath from
on
Hoath;
Not yet his Arcobaleine forespoken Peacepeace upon Oath;
Cleftfoot from Hempal must tumpel, Blamefool Gardener's
bound to
fall;
Broken Eggs will poursuive bitten Apples for where theirs is
Will
there's his Wall;
But the Mountstill frowns on the Millstream while their
Madsons
leap his Bier
And her Rillstrill liffs to His Murkesty all her daft Daughters
laff
in her Ear.
Till the four Shores of deff Tory Island let the douze dumm
Eirewhiggs raille!

*Hirp! Hirp! for their Missed Understandings! chirps the
Ballad of
Perce-Oreille.*

O fortunous casualitas! Lefty takes the cherubcake while
Rights cloves his hoof. Darkies never done tug that coon out
to
play non-excretory, anti-sexuous, misoxenetic, gaasy pure,
flesh
and blood games, written and composed and sung and
danced
by Niscemus Nemon, same as piccaninnies play all day,
those
old (none of your honeys and rubbers!) games for fun and
element
we used to play with Dina and old Joe kicking her behind
and before and the yellow girl kicking him behind old Joe,

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games like *Thom Thom the Thonderman, Put the Wind up the
Peeler, Hat in the Ring, Prisson your Pritchards and Play
Withers
Team, Mikel on the Luckypig, Nickel in the Slot, Sheila
Harnett and
her Cow, Adam and Ell, Humble Bumble, Moggie's on the
Wall,
Twos and Threes, American Jump, Fox Come out of your
Den,
Broken Bottles, Writing a Letter to Punch, Tiptop is a
Sweetstore,
Henressy Crump Expolled, Postman's Knock, Are We Fairlys
Rep-
resented?, Solomon Silent reading, Appletree Bearstone, I
know a*

*Washerwoman, Hospitals, As I was Walking, There is
Oneyone's
House in Dreamcolohour, Battle of Waterloo, Colours, Eggs
in the
Bush, Habberdasherisher, Telling your Dreams, What's the
Time,
Nap, Ducking Mammy, Last Man Standing, Heali Baboon
and the
Forky Theagues, Fickleyes and Futilears, Handmarried but
once in
my Life and I'll never commit such a Sin agin, Zip Cooney
Candy,
Turkey in the Straw, This is the Way we sow the Seed of a
long and
lusty Morning, Hops of Fun at Miliken's Make, I seen the
Toothbrush
with Pat Farrel, Here's the Fat to graze the Priest's Boots,
When his Steam was like a Raimbrandt round Mac Garvey.*

Now it is notoriously known how on that surprisingly
bludgeony
Unity Sunday when the grand germogall allstar bout was
harrily
the rage between our weltingtoms extraordinary and our
pettythicks
the marshalaisy and Irish eyes of welcome were smiling
daggers down their backs, when the roth, vice and blause met
the
noyr blank and rogues and the grim white and cold bet the
black
fighting tans, categorically unimperatived by the maxims, a
rank

funk getting the better of him, the scut in a bad fit of pyjamas
fled like a leveret for his bare lives, to Talviland, ahone
ahaza, pursued
by the scented curses of all the village belles and, without
having struck one blow, (pig stole on him was lust he lagging
it
was becaused dust he shook) kuskykorked himself up tight in
his inkbattle house, badly the worse for boosegas, there to
stay
in afar for the life, where, as there was not a moment to be
lost,
after he had boxed around with his fortepiano till he was
whole
bach bamp him and bump him blues, he collapsed carefully
under
a bedtick from Schwitzer's, his face enveloped into a dead
warrior's
telemac, with a lullobaw's somnbomnet and a
whotwaterwottle

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at his feet to stoke his energy of waiting, moaning feebly,
in monkmarian monotheme, but tarned long and then a
nation
louder, while engaged in swallowing from a large ampullar,
that
his pawdry's purgatory was more than a nigger bloke could
bear,
hemiparalysed by the tong warfare and all the shemozzle,
(*Daily*
Maily, fullup Lace! Holy Maly, Mothelup Joss!) his cheeks
and
trousers changing colour every time a gat croaked.

How is that for low, laities and gentlenuns? Why, dog of
the
Crostiguns, whole continents rang with this Kairokorran
lowness!
Sheols of houris in chems upon divans, (revolted stellas
vespertine vesamong them) at a bare (O!) mention of the
scaly
rybald exclaimed: Poisse!

But would anyone, short of a madhouse, believe it?
Neither of
those clean little cherubum, Nero or Nobookisonester
himself,
ever nursed such a spoiled opinion of his monstrous
marvellosity
as did this mental and moral defective (here perhaps at the
vanessance of his lownest) who was known to grognt rather
than
gunnard upon one occasion, while drinking heavily of spirits
to
that interlocutor *a latere* and private privysuckatary he used
to
pal around with, in the kavehazs, one Davy Browne-Nowlan,
his
heavenlaid twin, (this hambone dogpoet pseudoed himself
under
the hangname he gave himself of Bethgelert) in the porchway
of
a gipsy's bar (Shem always blaspheming, so holy writ, Billy,
he
would try, old Belly, and pay this one manjack congregant of
his four soups every lass of nexmouth, Bolly, so sure as

thair's a

tail on a commet, as a taste for storik's fortytooth, that is to
stay, to listen out, ony twenny minnies moe, Bully, his
Ballade

Imaginaire which was to be dubbed *Wine, Woman and
Waterclocks,*

or *How a Guy Finks and Fawkes When He Is Going Batty,*
by Maistre Sheames de la Plume, some most dreadful stuff in
a

murderous mirrorhand) that he was avoopf (parn me!) aware
of no other shaggspick, other Shakhisbeard, either prexactly
unlike his polar andthisishis or procisely the seem as woops
(parn!) as what he fancied or guessed the sames as he was
himself

and that, greet scoot, duckings and thuggery, though he was
foxed fux to fux like a bunnyboy rodger with all the teashop

----- 178 -----

lionses of Lumdrum hivanhoesed up gagainst him, being a
lapsis

linquo with a ruvidubb shortartempa, bad cad dad fad sad
mad

nad vanhaty bear, the consciquenchers of casualty
prepestered

crusswords in postposition, scruff, scruffer,
scrufferumurraimost

andallthatsortofthing, if reams stood to reason and his
lankalivline

lasted he would wipe alley english spooker,
multaphoniaksically

spuking, off the face of the erse.

After the thorough fright he got that bloody, Swithun's
day,

though every doorpost in muchtried Lugalizod was smeared
with
generous erstborn gore and every free for all cobbleway
slippery
with the bloods of heroes, crying to Welkins for others, and
noahs and cul verts agush with tears of joy, our low waster
never
had the common baalamb's pluck to stir out and about the
compound
while everyone else of the torchlit throng, slashers and
sliced alike, mobbu on massa, waaded and baaded around,
yampyam
pampyam, chanting the Gillooly chorus, from the Monster
Book of Paltryattic Puetrie, *O pura e pia bella!* in junk et
sampam
or in secular sinkalarum, heads up, on his bonafide avocation
(the
little folk creeping on all fours to their natural school treat
but
childishly gleeful when a stray whizzer sang out
intermediately)
and happy belongsers to the fairer sex on their usual quest for
higher things, but vying with Lady Smythe to avenge
MacJobber,
went stonestepping with their bickerrstaffs on educated
feet, plinkity plonk, across the sevenspan ponte *dei colori* set
up
over the slop after the war-to-end war by Messrs a charitable
government for the only once (dia dose Finnados!) he did
take
a tompip peepestrella throug a threedraw eighteen
hawkspower

durdicky telescope, luminous to larbourd only like the lamps
in
Nassaustrass, out of his westernmost keyhole, spitting at the
impenetrablum wetter, (and it was porcoghastly that outumn)
with
an eachway hope in his shivering soul, as he prayed to the
cloud
Incertitude, of finding out for himself, on akkount of all the
kules in Kroukaparka or oving to all the kodseoggs in
Kalatavala,
whether true conciliation was forging ahead or falling back
after
the celestious intemperance and, for Duvvelsache, why, with
his
see me see and his my see a corves and his
frokerfoskerfuskar

----- 179 -----

layen loves in meeingseeing, he got the charm of his optical
life when he found himself (*hic sunt lennonnes!*) at pointblank
range blinking down the barrel of an irregular revolver of
the bulldog with a purpose pattern, handled by an unknown
quarreler who, supposedly, had been told off to shade and
shoot shy Shem should the shit show his shiny shnout out
awhile to look facts in their face before being hosed and
creased
(uprip and jack him!) by six or a dozen of the gayboys.

What, para Saom Plaom, in the names of Deucalion and
Pyrrha, and the incensed privy and the licensed pantry gods
and Stator and Victor and Kutt and Runn and the whole mesa
redonda of Lorencao Otulass in convocacaon, was this
disinterestingly
low human type, this Calumnious Column of

Cloaxity, this Bengalese Beacon of Biloxity, this Annamite
Aper
of Atroxity, really at, it will be precise to quarify, for he
seems
in a badbad case?

The answer, to do all the diddies in one dedal, would
sound:
from pulling himself on his most flavoured canal the huge
chesthouse
of his elders (the *Popapreta*, and some navico, navvies!)
he had flickered up and flinnered down into a drug and
drunkery
addict, growing megalomane of a loose past. This explains
the
litany of septuncial lettertrumpets honorific, highpitched,
erudite,
neoclassical, which he so loved as patricianly to manuscibe
after
his name. It would have diverted, if ever seen, the
shuddersome
spectacle of this semidemented zany amid the inspissated
grime
of his glaucous den making believe to read his usylessly
unreadable
Blue Book of Eccles, *édition de ténèbres*, (even yet sighs the
Most Different, Dr. Poindejenk, authorised bowdler and
censor,
it can't be repeated!) turning over three sheets at a wind,
telling
himself delightedly, no espellor mor so, that every splurge on
the

vellum he blundered over was an aisling vision more
gorgeous
than the one before t.i.t.s., a roseschelle cottage by the sea for
nothing for ever, a ladies tryon hosiery raffle at liberty, a
sewerful
of guineagold wine with brancomongepadenopie and
sickcylinder
oysters worth a billion a bite, an entire operahouse
(there was to be stamping room only in the prompter's box
and

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everthemore his queque kept swelling) of enthusiastic
noblewomen
flinging every coronetcrimsoned stitch they had off at
his probscenium, one after the others, inamagoated into
ajustilloosing
themselves, in their gaiety pantheomime, when, egad, sir,
acordant to all acountstrick, he squealed the topsquall im
Deal
Lil Shemlockup Yellin (geewhiz, jew ear that far! soap ewer!
loutgout of sabaous! juice like a boyd!) for fully five
minutes, in-
finitely better than Baraton Mc Gluckin with a scrumptious
cocked
hat and three green, cheese and tangerine trinity plumes on
the
right handle side of his amarellous head, a coat macfarlane
(the
kerssest cut, you understand?) a sponiard's digger at his ribs,
(*Alfaiate punxit*) an azulblu blowsheet for his blousebosom
blossom and a dean's crozier that he won from Cardinal
Lindundarri

and Cardinal Carchingarri and Cardinal Lorientuli and
Cardinal Occidentaccia (ah ho!) in the dearby darby doubled
for
falling first over the hurdles, madam, in the odder hand,
a.a.t.s.o.t.,
but what with the murky light, the botchy print, the tattered
cover, the jigjagged page, the fumbling fingers, the
foxtrotting
fleas, the lieabed lice, the scum on his tongue, the drop in his
eye, the lump in his throat, the drink in his pottle, the itch in
his
palm, the wail of his wind, the grief from his breath, the fog
of
his mindfag, the buzz in his braintree, the tic of his
conscience,
the height up his rage, the gush down his fundament, the fire
in his gorge, the tickle of his tail, the bane in his bullugs, the
squince in his suil, the rot in his eater, the ycho in his earer,
the totters of his toes, the tletters on his tumtytum, the rats in
his
garret, the bats in his belfry, the budgerigars and
bumbosolom
beaubirds, the hullabaloo and the dust in his ears since it took
him
a month to steal a march he was hardset to mumorise more
than
a word a week. Hake's haulin! Hook's fisk! Can you beat it?
Whawe! I say, can you bait it? Was there ever heard of such
lowdown blackguardism? Positively it woolies one to think
over it.

Yet the bumpersprinkler used to boast aloud alone to himself
with a haccent on it when Mynfader was a boer constructor
and
Hoy was a lexical student, parole, and corrected with the
blackboard

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(trying to copy the stage Englesemen he brought their house down on, shouting: Bravure, surr Chorles! Letter purfect!
Culossal, Loose Wallor! Spache!) how he had been toed out of
all the schicker families of the klondykers from
Pioupioureich,
Swabspays, the land of Nod, Shruggers' Country, Pension Danubierhome and Barbaropolis, who had settled and stratified
in the capital city after its hebdomodary metropoliarchialisation
as sunblistered, moonplastered, gory, wheedling, joviale, litcherous
and full, ordered off the gorgeous premises in most cases on account of his smell which all cookmaids eminently objected to
as ressembling the bombinubble puzzo that welled out of the pozzo. Instead of chuthoring those model households plain wholesome pothooks (a thing he never possessed of his Nigerian
own) what do you think Vulgariano did but study with stolen fruit how cutely to copy all their various styles of signature
so as
one day to utter an epical forged cheque on the public for his

own

private profit until, as just related, the Dustbin's United Scullerymaid's

and Househelp's Sorority, better known as Sluttery's Mowlted Futt, turned him down and assisted nature by unitedly

shoeing the source of annoyance out of the place altogether and

taytotally on the heat of the moment, holding one another's gonk (for no-one, hound or scrublady, not even the Turk, ungreevable

in purscent of the armenable, dared whiff the polecat at close range) and making some pointpointing remarks as they

done so at the perfects of the Sniffey, your honour, aboon the lyow why a stunk, mister.

[Jymes wishes to hear from wearers of abandoned female costumes,

gratefully received, wadmel jumper, rather full pair of culottes and onthergarmenteries, to start city life together.

His

jymes is out of job, would sit and write. He has lately committed

one of the then commandments but she will now assist.

Superior

built, domestic, regular layer. Also got the boot. He appreciates

it. Copies. ABORTISEMENT.]

One cannot even begin to post figure out a statuesquo ante

as to how slow in reality the excommunicated Drumcondriac,
nate Hamis, really was. Who can say how many pseudostylic

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shamiana, how few or how many of the most venerated
public
impostures, how very many piously forged palimpsests
slipped
in the first place by this morbid process from his pelagiarist
pen?

Be that as it may, but for that light phantastic of his
gnose's
glow as it slid lucifericiously within an inch of its page (he
would
touch at its from time to other, the red eye of his fear in
saddishness, to ensign the colours by the beerlitz in his
mathness
and his educandees to outhue to themselves in the cries of
girlglee:
gember! inkware! chonchambre! cinsero! zinnzabar! tincture
and gin!) Nibs never would have quilled a seriph to
sheepskin. By that rosy lampoon's effluvious burning and
with
help of the simulchronic flush in his pann (a ghinee a ghirk
he
ghets there!) he scrabbled and scratched and scriobbled and
skrevened nameless shamelessness about everybody ever he
met,
even sharing a precipitation under the idlish tarriers' umbrella
of a showerproof wall, while all over up and down the four
margins of this rancid Shem stuff the evilsmeller (who was
devoted to Uldfadar Sardanapalus) used to stipple endlessly
inartistic portraits of himself in the act of reciting old

Nichiabelli's monolook interyerear *Hanno, o Nonanno, acce'l
brubblem'm'as*, ser Autore, q.e.d., a heartbreakingly
handsome
young paolo with love lyrics for the goyls in his eyols, a
plaintiff's
tanner vuce, a jucal inkome of one hundred and thirtytwo
dranchmas per yard from Broken Hill stranded estate,
Camebreech
mannings, cutting a great dash in a brandnew two guinea
dress suit and a burled hogsford hired for a Fursday evenin
merry pawty, anna loavely long pair of inky Italian
moostarshes
glistering with boric vaseline and frangipani. Puh! How
unwhisperably
so!

The house O'Shea or O'Shame, *Quivapieno*, known as the
Haunted Inkbotle, no number Brimstone Walk, Asia in
Ireland,
as it was infested with the raps, with his penname SHUT
sepiascraped
on the doorplate and a blind of black sailcloth over its
wan phwinshogue, in which the soulcontracted son of the
secret
cell groped through life at the expense of the taxpayers,
dejected
into day and night with jesuit bark and bitter bite,
calicohydrants

----- 183 -----

of zolfor and scoppialamina by full and forty Queasisanos,
every day in everyone's way more exceeding in violent
abuse of self and others, was the worst, it is hoped, even in
our

western playboyish world for pure mousefarm filth. You brag
of your brass castle or your tyled house in ballyfermont?
Niggs,
niggs and niggs again. For this was a stinksome inkenstink,
quite
puzzonal to the wrottel. Smatterafact, Angles aftanon
browsing
there thought not Edam reeked more rare. My wud! The
warped
flooring of the lair and soundconducting walls thereof, to say
nothing of the uprights and imposts, were persianly
literatured
with burst loveletters, telltale stories, stickyback snaps,
doubtful
eggshells, bouchers, flints, borers, puffers, amygdaloid
almonds,
rindless raisins, alphybettyformed verbage, vivlical viasses,
ompiter
dictas, visus umbique, ahems and ahahs, imeffible tries at
speech unasyllabled, you owe mes, eyoldhym, fluefoul
smut,
fallen lucifers, vestas which had served, showered
ornaments,
borrowed brogues, reversibles jackets, blackeye lenses,
family
jars, falsehair shirts, Godforsaken scapulars, neverworn
breeches,
cutthroat ties, counterfeit franks, best intentions, curried
notes,
upset latten tintacks, unused mill and stumbling stones,
twisted
quills, painful digests, magnifying wineglasses, solid objects

cast

at goblins, once current puns, quashed quotatoes, messes of
mottage,
unquestionable issue papers, seedy ejaculations, limerick
damns, crocodile tears, spilt ink, blasphematory spits, stale
shestnuts,
schoolgirls', young ladies', milkmaids', washerwomen's,
shopkeepers' wives, merry widows', ex nuns', vice abbess's,
pro
virgins', super whores', silent sisters', Charleys' aunts',
grandmothers',
mothers'-in-laws', fostermothers', godmothers' garters,
tress clippings from right, lift and cintrum, worms of snot,
toothsome pickings, cans of Swiss condensed bilk, highbrow
lotions, kisses from the antipodes, presents from pickpockets,
borrowed plumes, relaxable handgrips, princess promises,
lees of
whine, deoxodised carbons, convertible collars, diviliouker
doffers, broken wafers, unloosed shoe latches, crooked strait
waistcoats, fresh horrors from Hades, globules of mercury,
undeleted glete, glass eyes for an eye, gloss teeth for a tooth,
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war moans, special sighs, longsufferings of longstanding, ahs
ohs
ouis sis jas jos gias neys thaws sos, yeses and yeses and
yeses, to
which, if one has the stomach to add the breakages,
upheavals
distortions, inversions of all this chambermade music one
stands,
given a grain of goodwill, a fair chance of actually seeing the
whirling dervish, Tumult, son of Thunder, self exiled in upon

his ego, a nightlong a shaking betwixtween white or reddr
hawrors,
noondayterrorised to skin and bone by an ineluctable
phantom
(may the Shaper have mercery on him!) writing the mystery
of himsel in furniture.

Of course our low hero was a self valeter by choice of
need so
up he got up whatever is meant by a stourbridge clay
kitchenette
and lithargogalenu fowlhouse for the sake of akes (the
umpple does not fall very far from the dumpertree) which the
moromelodious jigsmith, in defiance of the Uncontrollable
Birth
Preservativation (Game and Poultry) Act, playing lallaryrook
cookerynook, by the dodginess of his lantern, brooled and
cocked
and potched in an athanor, whites and yolks and yilks and
whotes
to the frulling fredonnance of *Mas blanca que la blanca
hermana*
and *Amarilla, muy bien*, with cinnamon and locusts and wild
beeswax
and liquorice and Carrageen moss and blaster of Barry's and
Aster's mess and Huster's micture and Yellownan's
embrocation
and Pinkingtone's patty and stardust and sinner's tears,
acuredent
to Sharadan's *Art of Panning*, chanting, for all regale to the
like
of the legs he left behind with Litty fun Letty fan Leven, his

cantraps of fermented words, abracadabra calubra culorum,
(his
oewfs à la Madame Gabrielle de l'Eglise, his avgs à la
Mistress
B. de B. Meinfelde, his eiers Usquadmala à la pomme de
ciel,
his uoves, oves and uves à la Sulphate de Soude, his ochiuri
sowtay sowmmonay à la Monseigneur, his soufflosion of
oogs
with somekat on toyast à la Mère Puard, his Poggadovies alla
Fenella, his Frideggs à la Tricarême) in what was meant for a
closet (Ah ho! If only he had listened better to the four
masters
that infanted him Father Mathew and Le Père Noble and
Pastor
Lucas and Padre Aguilar—not forgetting Layteacher
Baudwin!
Ah ho!) His costive Satan's antimonian manganese
limolitmious

----- 185 -----

nature never needed such an alcove so, when Robber and
Mumsell,
the pulpic dictators, on the nudgment of their legal advisers,
Messrs Codex and Podex, and under his own benefiction of
their
pastor Father Flammeus Falconer, boycotted him of all
muttonsuet
candles and romeruled stationery for any purpose, he winged
away on a wildgoup's chase across the kathartic ocean and
made
synthetic ink and sensitive paper for his own end out of his
wit's

waste. You ask, in Sam Hill, how? Let manner and matter of this for these our sporting times be cloaked up in the language of blushed porporates that an Anglican ordinal, not reading his own rude dunsky tunga, may ever behold the brand of scarlet on the brow of her of Babylon and feel not the pink one in his own damned cheek.

Primum opifex, altus prosator, ad terram viviparam et cunctipotentem sine ullo pudore nec venia, suscepto pluviali atque discinctis perizomatis, natibus nudis uti nati fuissent, sese adpropinquans, flens et gemens, in manum suam evacuavit (highly prosy, crap in his hand, sorry!), *postea, animale nigro exoneratus, classicum pulsans, stercus proprium, quod appellavit deiectiones suas, in vas olim honorabile tristitiae posuit, eodem sub invocatione fratrorum geminorum Medardi et Godardi laete ac melliflue minxit, psalmum qui incipit: Lingua mea calamus scribae velociter scribentis: magna voce cantitans* (did a piss, says he was dejected, asks to be exonerated), *demum ex stercore turpi cum divi Orionis iucunditate mixto, cocto, frigorique exposito, encaustum sibi fecit indelibile* (faked O'Ryan's, the indelible ink).

Then, pious Eneas, conformant to the fulminant firman
which
enjoins on the tremylose terrian that, when the call comes, he
shall produce nichthemericly from his unheavenly body a
no
uncertain quantity of obscene matter not protected by
copirright
in the United Stars of Ourania or bedeed and bedood and
bedang
and bedung to him, with this double dye, brought to blood
heat,
gallic acid on iron ore, through the bowels of his misery,
flashly,
faithly, nastily, appropriately, this Esuan Menschavik and the
first
till last alshemist wrote over every square inch of the only
foolscap
available, his own body, till by its corrosive sublimation one

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continuous present tense integument slowly unfolded all
marryvoising
moodmoulded cyclewheeling history (thereby, he said,
reflecting from his own individual person life unlivable,
trans-
accidentated through the slow fires of consciousness into a
dividual
chaos, perilous, potent, common to allflesh, human only,
mortal) but with each word that would not pass away the
squidself
which he had squirtscreened from the crystalline world
waned chagreenold and doriangrayer in its dudhud. This
exists

that isits after having been said we know. And dabal take
dabnal!

And the dal dabal dab aldanabal! So perhaps,
agglaggagglomeratively

asapenking, after all and arklast fore arklyst on his
last public misappearance, circling the square, for the
deathfête

of Saint Ignaceous Poisonivy, of the Fickle Crowd (hopon
the

sixth day of Hogsober, killim our king, layum low!) and
brandishing

his bellbearing stylo, the shining keyman of the wilds of
change, if what is sauce for the zassy is souse for the
zazimas, the

blond cop who thought it was ink was out of his depth but
bright in the main.

Petty constable Sistersen of the Kruis-Kroon-Kraal it
was, the

parochial watch, big the dog the dig the bog the bagger the
dugger the begadag degabug, who had been detailed from
pollute

stoties to save him, this the quemquem, that the quum, from
the

ligatureliablous effects of foul clay in little clots and
mobmauling

on looks, that wrongcountered the tenderfoot an eveling near
the livingsmeansuniumgetherum, Knockmaree, Comty Mea,
reeling

more to the right than he lurched to the left, on his way from
a protoprostitute (he would always have a (stp!) little
pigeoness

somewhure with his arch girl, Arcoiris, smockname of
Mergyt)

just as he was butting in rand the coyner of bad times under a
hideful between the rival doors of warm bethels of worship
through his boardelhouse fongster, greeting for grazious oras
as usual: Where ladies have they that a dog meansort
herring?

Sergo, search me, the incapable reparteed with a selfevitant
subtlety so obviously spurious and, raising his hair, after the
grace, with the christmas under his clutcharm, for
Portsymasser

and Purtsymessus and Pertsymiss and Partsymasters, like a
prance

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of findingos, with a shillto shallto slipny stripny, in he
skittled.

Swikey! The allwhite poors guardiant, pulpably of balltossic
stummung, was literally astundished over the painful sake,
how

he burstteself, which he was gone to, where he intent to did
he,

whether you think will, wherend the whole current of the
afternoon

whats the souch of a surch hads of hits of hims, urged and
staggered thereto in his countryports at the caledosian
capacity

for Lieutuvisky of the caftan's wineskin and even more so,
during, looking his bigmost astonishments, it was said him,
aschu, fun the concerned outgift of the dead med dirt, how
that,

arrahbejibbers, conspuent to the dominical order and exking
noblisch permish, he was namely coon at bringer at home two

gallonts, as per royal, full poultry till his murder. Nip up and nab it!

Polthergeistkotzdondherhoploits! Kick? What mother? Whose porter? Which pair? Why namely coon? But our undilligence has been plutherotested so enough of such porterblack lowneess, too base for printink! Perpending that Putterick O'Purcell pulls the coald stoane out of Winterwater's and Silder Seas sing for Harreng our Keng, sept okt nov dez John Phibbs march! We cannot, in mercy or justice nor on the lovom for labaryntos, stay here for the residence of our existings, discussing Tamstar Ham of Tenman's thirst.

JUSTIUS (to himother): Brawn is my name and broad is my nature and I've breit on my brow and all's right with every feature and I'll brune this bird or Brown Bess's bung's gone bandy. I'm the boy to bruise and braise. Baus!

Stand forth, Nayman of Noland (for no longer will I follow you obliquelike through the inspired form of the third person singular and the moods and hesitensies of the deponent but address

myself to you, with the empirative of my vendettative,
provocative
and out direct), stand forth, come boldly, jolly me,
move me, zwillling though I am, to laughter in your true
colours

ere you be back for ever till I give you your talkingto! Shem
Macadamson, you know me and I know you and all your
shemeries.

Where have you been in the uterim, enjoying yourself

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all the morning since your last wetbed confession? I advise
you

to conceal yourself, my little friend, as I have said a moment
ago and put your hands in my hands and have a nightslong
homely little confiteor about things. Let me see. It is looking
pretty black against you, we suggest, Sheem avick. You will
need all the elements in the river to clean you over it all and a
fortifine popespriestpower bull of attender to booth.

Let us pry. We thought, would and did. *Cur, quicquid,*
ubi,
quando, quomodo, quoties, quibus auxiliis? You were bred,
fed,
fostered and fattened from holy childhood up in this two
easter
island on the piejaw of hilarious heaven and roaring the other
place (plunders to night of you, blunders what's left of you,
flash
as flash can!) and now, forsooth, a nogger among the
blankards
of this dastard century, you have become of twosome
twiminds
forenenst gods, hidden and discovered, nay, condemned fool,

anarch, egoarch, hiresiarch, you have reared your disunited
kingdom
on the vacuum of your own most intensely doubtful soul.
Do you hold yourself then for some god in the manger,
Shehohem,
that you will neither serve nor let serve, pray nor let pray?
And here, pay the piety, must I too nerve myself to pray for
the
loss of selfrespect to equip me for the horrible necessity of
scandalising
(my dear sisters, are you ready?) by sloughing off my
hope and tremors while we all swim together in the pool of
Sodom?
I shall shiver for my purity while they will weep big for
your sins. Away with covered words, new Solemonities for
old
Badsheetbaths! That inharmonious detail, did you name it?
Cold
caldor! Gee! Victory! Now, opprobrio of underslung pipes,
johnjacobs, while yet an adolescent (what do I say?), while
still puerile in your tubsuit with buttonlegs, you got a
handsome
present of a selfraising syringe and twin feeders (you know,
Monsieur Abgott, in your art of arts, to your cost as well as I
do
(and don't try to hide it) the penals lots I am now poking at)
and
the wheeze sort of was you should (if you were as bould a
stroke
now as the curate that christened you, sonny douth-the-
candle!)
repopulate the land of your birth and count up your progeny

by
the hungered head and the angered thousand but you
thwarted

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the wious pish of your cogodparents, soph, among countless
occasions of failing (for, said you, I will elenchate), adding to
the
malice of your transgression, yes, and changing its nature,
(you
see I have read your theology for you) alternating the
morosity
of my delectations—a philtred love, trysting by tantrums,
small peace in ppenmark—with sensibility, sponsibility,
passibility
and prostability, your lubbock's other fear pleasures of a
butler's life, even extruding your strabismal apologia, when
legibly depressed, upon defenceless paper and thereby
adding to
the already unhappiness of this our popeyed world,
scribblative!
—all that too with cantreds of countless catchaleens, the
mannish
as many as the minneful, congested around and about you
for acres and roods and poles or perches, thick as the
fluctuant
sands of Chalwador, accomplished women, indeed fully
educanded,
far from being old and rich behind their dream of arrivisme,
if they have only their honour left, and not deterred by bad
weather when consumed by amorous passion, struggling to
possess
themselves of your boosh, one son of Sorge for all daughters

of Anguish, *solus cum sola sive cuncties cum omnibobs* (I'd
have
been the best man for you, myself), mutely aying for that
natural
knot, debituary vases or vessels preposterous, for what would
not have cost you ten bolivars of collarwork or the price of
one
ping pang, just a lilt, let us trillt, of the oldest song in the
wooded
woodworld, (two-we! to-one!), accompanied by a plain gold
band! Hail! Hail! Highbosomheaving Missmisstress Morna
of
the allsweetheartening bridemuredemeanour! Her eye's so
gladsome
we'll all take shares in the——groom!

Sniffer of carrion, premature gravedigger, seeker of the
nest
of evil in the bosom of a good word, you, who sleep at our
vigil
and fast for our feast, you with your dislocated reason, have
cutely foretold, a jophet in your own absence, by blind
poring
upon your many scalds and burns and blisters, impetiginous
sore
and pustules, by the auspices of that raven cloud, your shade,
and
by the auguries of rooks in parlament, death with every
disaster,
the dynamitisation of colleagues, the reducing of records to
ashes, the levelling of all customs by blazes, the return of a
lot

of sweettempered gunpowdered didst unto dudst but it never
stphruck your mudhead's obtundity (O hell, here comes our
funeral! O pest, I'll miss the post!) that the more carrots you
chop, the more turnips you slit, the more murphies you peel,
the
more onions you cry over, the more bullbeef you butch, the
more mutton you crackerhack, the more potherbs you pound,
the fiercer the fire and the longer your spoon and the harder
you
gruel with more grease to your elbow the merrier fumes your
new Irish stew.

O, by the way, yes, another thing occurs to me. You let
me tell
you, with the utmost politeness, were very ordinarily
designed,
your birthwrong was, to fall in with Plan, as our nationals
should, as all nationists must, and do a certain office (what, I
will
not tell you) in a certain holy office (nor will I say where)
during
certain agonising office hours (a clerical party all to yourself)
from
such a year to such an hour on such and such a date at so and
so much a week *pro anno* (Guinness's, may I remind, were
just
agulp for you, failing in which you might have taken the
scales off
boilers like any boskop of Yorek) and do your little
thruppenny
bit and thus earn from the nation true thanks, right here in
our

place of burden, your bourne of travail and ville of tares,
where
after a divine's prodigence you drew the first watergasp in
your
life, from the crib where you once was bit to the crypt you'll
be twice as shy of, same as we, long of us, alone with the colt
in the corner, where you were as popular as an armenial with
the faithful, and you set fire to my tailcoat when I hold the
paraffin smoker under yours (I hope that chimney's clear)
but,
slackly shirking both your bullet and your billet, you beat it
backwards like Boulanger from Galway (but he combed the
grass
against his stride) to sing us a song of alibi, (the cuthone call
over
the greybounding slowrolling amplyheaving
metamorphoseous
that oozy rocks parapangle their preposters with) nomad,
mooner
by lamplight, antinos, shemming amid everyone's repressed
laughter to conceal your scatchophily by mating, like a
thoroughpaste
prosodite, masculine monosyllables of the same numerical
mus, an Irish emigrant the wrong way out, sitting on your
crooked

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sixpenny stile, an unfrillfrocked quackfriar, you (will you for
the laugh of Scheekspair just help mine with the epithet?)
semisemitic
serendipitist, you (thanks, I think that describes you)
Europasianised Afferyank!

Shall we follow each others a steplonger, drowner of
daggers,
whiles our liege, tilyet a stranger in the frontyard of his
happiness,
is taking, (heal helper! one gob, one gap, one gulp and
gorger of all!) his refreshment?

There grew up beside you, amid our orisons of the
speediest
in Novena Lodge, Novara Avenue, in Patripodium-am-
Bummel,
oaf, outofwork, one remove from an unwashed savage, on his
keeping and in yours, (I pose you know why possum hides is
cause he haint the nogumtreeumption) that other,
Immaculatus,
from head to foot, sir, that pure one, Altrues of other times,
he who was well known to celestine circles before he sped
aloft, our handsome young spiritual physician that was to be,
seducing every sense to selfwilling celebesty, the most
winning
counterfeuille on our incomeshare lotetree, a chum of the
angelets, a youth those reporters so pettily wanted as
gamefellow
that they asked his mother for ittle earps brupper to
let him tome to Tindertarten, pease, and bing his scooter
'long and 'tend they were all real brothers in the big justright
home where Dodd lives, just to teddyfy the life out of him
and pat and pass him one with other like musk from hand to
hand, that mothersmothered model, that goodlooker with not
a flaw whose spiritual toilettes were the talk of half the town,
for
sunset wear and nightfallen use and daybroken donning and

nooncheon showing and the very thing for teasetime, but him
you laid low with one hand one fine May morning in the
Meddle
of your Might, your bosom foe, because he mussed your
speller
on you or because he cut a pretty figure in the focus of your
frontispecs (not one did you slay, no, but a continent!) to find
out how his innards worked!

Ever read of that greatgrand landfather of our
visionbuilders,
Baaboo, the bourgeoisiemeister, who thought to touch both
himmels
at the punt of his risen stiffstaff and how wishywashy sank

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the waters of his thought? Ever thought of that hereticalist
Marcon
and the two scissymaidies and how bulkily he shat the
Ructions
gunorrhal? Ever hear of that foxy, that lupo and that monkax
and the virgin heir of the Morrisons, eh, blethering ape?

Malingerer in luxury, collector general, what has Your
Lowness
done in the mealtime with all the hamilkcars of cooked
vegetables, the hatfuls of stewed fruit, the suitcases of
coddled
ales, the Parish funds, me schamer, man, that you kittycoaxed
so
flexibly out of charitable butteries by yowling heavy with a
hollow voice drop of your horrible awful poverty of mind so
as
you couldn't even pledge a crown of Thorne's to pawn a coat

off Trevi's and as how you was bad no end, so you was, so
whelp
you Sinner Pitre and Sinner Poule, with the chicken's gape
and
pas mal de siècle, which, by the by, Reynaldo, is the ordinary
emetic French for grenadier's drip. To let you have your
plank
and your bonewash (O the hastroubles you lost!), to give you
your pound of platinum and a thousand thongs a year (O, you
were excruciated, in honour bound to the cross of your own
cruelfiction!) to let you have your Sarday spree and holinight
sleep
(fame would come to you twixt a sleep and a wake) and
leave to
lie till Paraskivee and the cockcock crows for Danmark. (O
Jonathan, your estomach!) The simian has no sentiment
secretions
but weep cataracts for all me, Pain the Shamman! Oft in
the smelly night will they wallow for a clutch of the
famished
hand, I say, them bearded jezabelles you hired to rob you,
while
on your sodden straw impolitely you encored (Airish and
nawboggaleesh!)
those hornmade ivory dreams you reved of the
Ruth you called your companionate, a beauty from the bible,
of
the flushpots of Euston and the hanging garments of
Marylebone.
But the dormer moonshee smiled selene and the
lightthrowers
knickered: who's whinging we? Comport yourself,

you inconsistency! Where is that little alimony nestegg
against
our predictable rainy day? Is it not the fact (gainsay me,
cakeeater!)
that, while whistlewhirling your crazy elegies around
Templetombmount joyntstone, (let him pass,
pleasegoodjesusalem,
in a bundle of straw, he was balbettised after haymaking)

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you squandered among underlings the overload of
your extravagance and made a hottentot of dulpeners
crawsick
with your crumbs? Am I not right? Yes? Yes? Yes? Holy wax
and holifer! Don't tell me, Leon of the fold, that you are not a
loanshark! Look up, old sooty, be advised by mux and take
your
medicine. The Good Doctor mulled it. Mix it twice before
repastures
and powder three times a day. It does marvels for your
gripins and it's fine for the solitary worm.

Let me finish! Just a little judas tonic, my ghem of all
jokes, to
make you go green in the gazer. Do you hear what I'm
seeing,
hammet? And remember that golden silence gives consent,
Mr
Anklegazer! Cease to be civil, learn to say nay! Whisht!
Come
here, Herr Studiosus, till I tell you a wig in your ear. We'll do
a
whisper drive, for if the barishnyas got a twitter of it they'd
tell

the housetops and then all Cadbury would go crackers. Look!
Do you see your dial in the rockingglass? Look well! Bend
down

a stigmy till I! It's secret! Iggri, I say, the booseleers! I had it
from Lamppost Shawe. And he had it from the Mullah. And Mull

took it from a Bluecoat schooler. And Gay Socks jot it from
Potapheu's wife. And Rantipoll tipped the wink from old Mrs
Tinbullet. And as for she was confussed by pro-Brother
Thacolicus.

And the good brother feels he would need to defecate
you. And the Flimsy Follettes are simply beside each other.
And Kelly, Kenny and Keogh are up up and in arms. That a
cross may crush me if I refuse to believe in it. That I may
rock

anchor through the ages if I hope it's not true. That the host
may choke me if I beneighbour you without my charity! Sh!
Shem, you are. Sh! You are mad!

He points the deathbone and the quick are still. *Insomnia,*
somnia somniorum. Awmawm.

MERCIUS (of hisself): *Domine vopiscus!* My fault, his
fault,
a kingship through a fault! Pariah, cannibal Cain, I who
oathily
forsovere the womb that bore you and the paps I sometimes
sucked, you who ever since have been one black mass of jigs
and
jimjams, haunted by a convulsionary sense of not having
been
or being all that I might have been or you meant to
becoming,

bewailing like a man that innocence which I could not defend
like a woman, lo, you there, Cathmon-Carbery, and thank
Movies

from the innermost depths of my still attrite heart, Wherein
the days of youyouth are evermixed mimine, now ere the
compline

hour of being alone athands itself and a puff or so before
we yield our spiritus to the wind, for (though that royal one
has not yet drunk a gouttelette from his consummation and
the

flowerpot on the pole, the spaniel pack and their quarry,
retainers

and the public house proprietor have not budged a millimetre
and all that has been done has yet to be done and done again,
when's day's woe, and lo, you're doomed, joyday dawns and,
la, you dominate) it is to you, firstborn and firstfruit of woe,
to

me, branded sheep, pick of the wasterpaperbaskel, by the
tremours of Thundery and Ulerin's dogstar, you alone,
windblasted

tree of the knowledge of beautiful andevil, ay, clothed
upon with the metuor and shimmering like the horescens,
astro-

glodynamologos, the child of Nilfit's father, blzbb, to me
unseen blusher in an obscene coalhole, the cubilibum of your
secret sigh, dweller in the downandoutermost where voice
only

of the dead may come, because ye left from me, because ye
laughed on me, because, O me lonly son, ye are forgetting
me!,

that our turfbrown mummy is acoming, alpilla, beltilla,

ciltilla,
deltilla, running with her tidings, old the news of the great
big
world, sonnies had a scrap, woewoewoe! bab's baby walks at
seven months, waywayway! bride leaves her raid at
Punchestime,
stud stoned before a racecourseful, two belles that make the
one appeal, dry yanks will visit old sod, and fourtiered skirts
are up, mesdames, while Parimiknie wears popular short
legs,
and twelve hows to mix a tipsy wake, did ye hear, colt
Cooney?
did ye ever, filly Fortescue? with a beck, with a spring, all
her
rillringlets shaking, rocks drops in her tachie, tramtokens in
her hair, all waived to a point and then all inuendation, little
oldfashioned mummy, little wonderful mummy, ducking
under
bridges, bellhopping the weirs, dodging by a bit of bog,
rapidshooting
round the bends, by Tallaght's green hills and the
pools of the phooka and a place they call it Blessington and
slipping sly by Sallynoggin, as happy as the day is wet,
babbling,
bubbling, chattering to herself, deloothering the fields on
their elbows leaning with the sloothering slide of her,
giddygaddy,
grannyma, gossipaceous Anna Livia.

He lifts the lifewand and the dumb speak.

—Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquo!

O
tell me all about
Anna Livia! I want to hear all

about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course,

we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now. You'll die when you hear. Well, you know, when the old cheb went futt and did what you know. Yes, I know, go on. Wash quit and don't be dabbling. Tuck up your sleeves and loosen your talktapes.

And don't butt me—hike!—when you bend. Or whatever it was they threed to make out he thried to two in the Fiendish park. He's an awful old reppe. Look at the shirt of him!

Look at the dirt of it! He has all my water black on me. And it

steeping and stuping since this time last wik. How many goes is it I wonder I washed it? I know by heart the places he likes to

saale, duddurty devil! Scorching my hand and starving my famine

to make his private linen public. Wallop it well with your battle and clean it. My wrists are wrusty rubbing the mouldaw

stains. And the dneepers of wet and the gangres of sin in it!
What

was it he did a tail at all on Animal Sendai? And how long
was
he under loch and neagh? It was put in the newses what he
did,
nicies and priers, the King fierceas Humphrey, with illysus
distilling,
exploits and all. But toms will till. I know he well. Temp
untamed will hist for no man. As you spring so shall you
neap.
O, the roughy old rappe! Minxing marrage and making loof.

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Reeve Gootch was right and Reeve Drughad was sinisterous!
And
the cut of him! And the strut of him! How he used to hold his
head as high as a howeth, the famous eld duke alien, with a
hump
of grandeur on him like a walking wiesel rat. And his derry's
own drawl and his corksown blather and his doubling stutter
and his gullaway swank. Ask Lictor Hackett or Lector Reade
of Garda Growley or the Boy with the Billyclub. How elster
is
he a called at all? Qu'appelle? Huges Caput Earlyfouler. Or
where was he born or how was he found? Urgothland,
Tvistown
on the Kattekat? New Hunshire, Concord on the Merrimake?
Who blocksmitt her saft anvil or yelled lep to her pail? Was
her
banns never loosened in Adam and Eve's or were him and
her
but captain spliced? For mine ether duck I thee drake. And
by
my wildgaze I thee gander. Flowey and Mount on the brink

of
time makes wishes and fears for a happy isthmass. She can
show
all her lines, with love, license to play. And if they don't
remarry
that hook and eye may! O, passmore that and oxus another!
Don
Dom Dombdomb and his wee follyo! Was his help inshored
in
the Stork and Pelican against bungelars, flu and third risk
parties?
I heard he dug good tin with his doll, delvan first and duvlin
after, when he raped her home, Sabrina ashore, in a
parakeet's
cage, by dredgerous lands and devious delts, playing caught
and
mythed with the gleam of her shadda, (if a flic had been there
to
pop up and pepper him!) past auld min's manse and Maisons
Allfou and the rest of incurables and the last of immurables,
the
quaggy waag for stumbling. Who sold you that jackalantern's
tale? Pemmican's pasty pie! Not a grasshoop to ring her, not
an
antsgrain of ore. In a gabbard he barqued it, the boat of life,
from the harbourless Ivernikan Okean, till he spied the loom
of
his landfall and he loosed two croakers from under his tilt,
the
gran Phenician rover. By the smell of her kelp they made the
pigeonhouse. Like fun they did! But where was Himself, the
timoneer? That marchantman he suivied their scutties right

over

the wash, his cameleer's burnous breezing up on him, till
with

his runagate bowmpriss he roade and borst her bar.

Pilcomayo!

Suchcaughtawan! And the whale's away with the grayling!

Tune

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your pipes and fall ahumming, you born ijypt, and you're
nothing

short of one! Well, ptellomey soon and curb your escumo.

When they saw him shoot swift up her sheba sheath, like any
gay lord salomon, her bulls they were ruhring, surfed with
spree. Boyarka buah! Boyana bueh! He erved his lille

Bunbath

hard, our staly bred, the trader. He did. Look at here. In this
wet

of his prow. Don't you know he was kaldt a bairn of the
brine,

Wasserbourne the waterbaby? Havemmarea, so he was!

H.C.E.

has a codfisk ee. Shyr she's nearly as badher as him herself.

Who? Anna Livia? Ay, Anna Livia. Do you know she was
calling

bakvandets sals from all around, nyumba noo, chamba choo,
to go in till him, her erring cheef, and tickle the pontiff aisy-
oisy?

She was? Gota pot! Yssel that the limmat? As El Negro
wincd

when he wonced in La Plate. O, tell me all I want to hear,
how

loft she was lift a laddery dextro! A coneywink after the

bunting

fell. Letting on she didn't care, sina feza, me absantee, him
man

in passession, the proxenete! Proxenete and phwhat is
phthat?

Emme for your reussischer Honddu jarkon! Tell us in franca
langua. And call a spate a spate. Did they never sharee you
ebro

at skol, you antiabecedarian? It's just the same as if I was to
go

par examplum now in conservancy's cause out of telekinesis
and

proxenete you. For coxyt sake and is that what she is?
Botlettle

I thought she'd act that loa. Didn't you spot her in her
windaug,

wubbling up on an osiery chair, with a meusic before her all
cunniform letters, pretending to ribble a reedy derg on a
fiddle

she bogans without a band on? Sure she can't fiddan a dee,
with

bow or abandon! Sure, she can't! Tista suck. Well, I never
now

heard the like of that! Tell me moher. Tell me moatst. Well,
old

Humber was as glommen as grampus, with the tares at his
thor

and the buboes for ages and neither bowman nor shot abroad
and

bales allbrant on the crests of rockies and nera lamp in
kitchen or

church and giant's holes in Grafton's causeway and deathcap

mushrooms round Funglus grave and the great tribune's
barrow
all darnels occumule, sittang sambre on his sett, drammen
and
drommen, usking queasy quizzers of his ruful continence, his
childlinen scarf to encourage his obsequies where he'd check
their

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debths in that mormon's thames, be questing and handsetl,
hop,
step and a deepend, with his berths in their toiling moil, his
swallower
open from swolf to fore and the snipes of the gutter pecking
his crocs, hungerstriking all alone and holding doomsdag
over
hunselv, dreeing his weird, with his dander up, and his fringe
combed over his eyes and droming on loft till the sight of the
sternes, after zwarthy kowse and weedy broeks and the tits of
buddy and the loits of pest and to peer was Parish worth
thette
mess. You'd think all was dodo belonging to him how he
durmed
adranse in durance vaal. He had been belching for severn
years.
And there she was, Anna Livia, she darent catch a winkle of
sleep, purling around like a chit of a child, Wendawanda, a
fingerthick,
in a Lapssummer skirt and damazon cheeks, for to ishim
bonzour to her dear dubber Dan. With neuphraties and sault
from his maggias. And an odd time she'd cook him up
blooms
of fisk and lay to his heartsfoot her meddery eyes, yayis, and

staynish beacons on toasc and a cupenhave so weeshywashy
of
Greenland's tay or a dzoupgan of Kaffue mokau an sable or
Sikiang sukry or his ale of ferns in trueart pewter and a
shinkobread
(hamjambo, bana?) for to plaise that man hog stay his
stomicker till her pyrraknees shrunk to nutmeg graters while
her
togglejoints shuck with goyt and as rash as she'd russ with
her
peakload of vivers up on her sieve (metauwero rage it swales
and
rieses) my hardey Hek he'd kast them frome him, with a stour
of scorn, as much as to say you sow and you sozh, and if he
didn't
peg the platteau on her tawe, believe you me, she was safe
enough. And then she'd esk to vistule a hymn, *The Heart
Bowed
Down* or *The Rakes of Mallow* or Chelli Michele's *La
Calumnia è
un Vermicelli* or a balfy bit ov *old Jo Robidson*. Sucho
fuffing a
fifeing 'twould cut you in two! She'd bate the hen that crowed
on the turrace of Babbel. What harm if she knew how to
cockle
her mouth! And not a mag out of Hum no more than out of
the
mangle weight. Is that a faith? That's the fact. Then riding the
ricka and roya romanche, Annona, gebroren aroostokrat
Nivia,
dochter of Sense and Art, with Sparks' pirryphlickathims

funkling

her fan, anner frostivying tresses dasht with virevlies,—

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while the prom beauties sreeked nith their bearers' skins!—in
a period gown of changeable jade that would robe the wood
of

two cardinals' chairs and crush poor Cullen and smother
MacCabe.

O blazerskate! Theirs porpor patches! And brahming to
him down the feedchute, with her femtyfyx kinds of fondling
endings, the poother rambling off her nose: *Vuggybarney,*
Wickerymandy! Hello, ducky, please don't die! Do you know
what she started cheeping after, with a choicely voicey like
waterglucks

or Madame Delba to Romeoreszk? You'll never guess.

Tell me. Tell me. *Phoebe, dearest, tell, O tell me and I loved
you*

better nor you knew. And letting on hoon var daft about the
warbly

sangs from over holmen: *High hellskirt saw ladies
hensmoker lilyhung*

pigger: and soay and soan and so firth and so forth in a tone
sonora and Oom Bothar below like Bheri-Bheri in his sandy
cloak, so umvolosy, as deaf as a yawn, the stult! Go away!

Poor

deef old deary! Yare only teasing! Anna Liv? As chalk is my
judge! And didn't she up in sorgues and go and trot doon and
stand in her douro, puffing her old dudheen, and every
shirvant

siligirl or wensum farmerette walking the pilend roads, Sawy,
Fundally, Daery or Maery, Milucre, Awny or Graw, usedn't
she

make her a simp or sign to slip inside by the sullyport? You don't
say, the sillypost? Bedouix but I do! Calling them in, one by one
(To Blockbeddum here! Here the Shoebenacaddie!) and legging
a jig or so on the sihl to show them how to shake their benders
and the dainty how to bring to mind the gladdest garments out
of sight and all the way of a maid with a man and making a sort
of a cackling noise like two and a penny or half a crown and holding
up a silliver shiner. Lordy, lordy, did she so? Well, of all the ones ever I heard! Throwing all the neiss little whores in the world at him! To inny captured wench you wish of no matter what sex of pleissful ways two adda tammar a lizzy a lossie to hug and hab haven in Humpy's apron!

And what was the wyerye rima she made! Odet! Odet!
Tell me the trent of it while I'm lathering hail out of Denis Florence MacCarthy's combies. Rise it, flut ye, pian piena! I'm dying down off my iodine feet until I lerryn Anna Livia's cushingloo,

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that was writ by one and rede by two and trouved by a poule in the parco! I can see that, I see you are. How does it tummel? Listen now. Are you listening? Yes, yes! Idneed I am! Tarn

your
ore ouse! Essonne inne!

*By earth and the cloudy but I badly want a brandnew
bankside,
bedamp and I do, and a plumper at that!*

*For the putty affair I have is wore out, so it is, sitting,
yaping and
waiting for my old Dane hodder dodderer, my life in death
companion,
my frugal key of our larder, my much-altered camel's hump,
my
jointspoiler, my maymoon's honey, my fool to the last
Decemberer,
to wake himself out of his winter's doze and bore me down
like he
used to.*

*Is there irwell a lord of the manor or a knight of the shire
at strike,
I wonder, that'd dip me a dace or two in cash for washing
and
darning his worshipful socks for him now we're run out of
horsebrose
and milk?*

*Only for my short Brittas bed made's as snug as it smells
it's
out I'd lep and off with me to the slobs della Tolka or the
plage au
Clontarf to feale the gay aire of my salt troublin bay and the
race
of the saywint up me ambushure.*

Onon! Onon! tell me more. Tell me every tiny teign. I
want
to know every single ingul. Down to what made the potters
fly
into jagsthole. And why were the vesles vet. That homa
fever's
winning me wome. If a mahun of the horse but hard me!
We'd
be bundukiboi meet askarigal. Well, now comes the
hazelhatchery
part. After Clondalkin the Kings's Inns. We'll soon be
there with the freshet. How many aleveens had she in tool? I
can't
rightly rede you that. Close only knows. Some say she had
three
figures to fill and confined herself to a hundred eleven, wan
bywan
bywan, making meanacuminamoyas. Olaph lamm et, all that
pack? We won't have room in the kirkeyaard. She can't
remember
half of the cradlenames she smacked on them by the grace of
her
boxing bishop's infallible slipper, the cane for Kund and
abbles for
Eyolf and ayther nayther for Yakov Yea. A hundred and
how?
They did well to rechristien her Pluhurabelle. O loreley!
What a
loddon lodes! Heigh ho! But it's quite on the cards she'll shed
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more and merrier, twills and trills, sparefours and spoilfives,
nordsihkes

and sudsevers and ayes and neins to a litter. Grandfarthring
nap and Messamisery and the knave of all knaves and the
joker.

Heehaw! She must have been a gadabout in her day, so she
must, more than most. Shoal she was, gidgad. She had a
flewmen

of her owen. Then a toss nare scared that lass, so aimai moe,
that's agapo! Tell me, tell me, how cam she camlin through
all

her fellows, the neckar she was, the diveline? Casting her
perils

before our swains from Fonte-in-Monte to Tidingtown and
from Tidingtown tilhavet. Linking one and knocking the
next,

taptng a flank and tipping a jutty and palling in and pietaring
out and clyding by on her eastway. Waiwhou was the first
thurever

burst? Someone he was, whuebra they were, in a tactic attack
or in single combat. Tinker, tilar, souldrer, salor, Pieman
Peace

or Polistaman. That's the thing I'm elwys on edge to esk.

Push

up and push vardar and come to uphill headquarters! Was it
waterlows year, after Grattan or Flood, or when maids were
in

Arc or when three stood hosting? Fidaris will find where the
Doubt arises like Nieman from Nirgends found the Nihil.

Worry

you sighin foh, Albern, O Anser? Untie the gemman's
fistiknots,

Qvic and Nuancee! She can't put her hand on him for the
moment.

Tez thelon langlo, walking weary! Such a loon
waybashwards
to row! She sid herself she hardly knows whuon the annals
her graveller was, a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or
what
he did or how blyth she played or how, when, why, where
and
who offon he jumpnad her and how it was gave her away.
She
was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then,
sauntering, by silvamoonlyake and he was a heavy trudging
lurching lieabroad of a Curraghman, making his hay for
whose
sun to shine on, as tough as the oaktrees (peats be with
them!)
used to rustle that time down by the dykes of killing Kildare,
for forstfellfoss with a plash across her. She thought she's
sankh
neathe the ground with nymphant shame when he gave her
the
tigris eye! O happy fault! Me wish it was he! You're wrong
there,
corribly wrong! Tisn't only tonight you're anacheronistic! It
was ages behind that when nullahs were nowhere, in county

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Wickenlow, garden of Erin, before she ever dreamt she'd lave
Kilbride and go foaming under Horsepass bridge, with the
great
southerwestern windstorming her traces and the midland's
grainwaster
asarch for her track, to wend her ways byandby, robecca
or worse, to spin and to grind, to swab and to thrash, for all

her

golden lifey in the barleyfields and pennylotts of Humphrey's
fordofhurdlestown and lie with a landleaper,
wellingtonorseher.

Alesse, the lagos of girly days! For the dove of the dunas!
Wasut?

Izod? Are you sarthin suir? Not where the Finn fits into the
Mourne, not where the Nore takes lieve of Bloem, not where
the

Braye divarts the Farer, not where the Moy changez her
minds

twixt Cullin and Conn tween Cunn and Collin? Or where
Neptune

sculled and Tritonville rowed and leandros three bumped
heroines

two? Neya, narev, nen, nonni, nos! Then whereabouts in Ow
and

Ovoca? Was it yst with wyst or Lucan Yokan or where the
hand

of man has never set foot? Dell me where, the fairy ferse
time! I

will if you listen. You know the dinkel dale of Luggelaw?
Well,

there once dwelt a local heremite, Michael Arklow was his
riverend

name, (with many a sigh I aspersed his lavabibs!) and one
venersderg in junojuly, oso sweet and so cool and so limber
she

looked, Nance the Nixie, Nanon L'Escaut, in the silence, of
the sycomores,

all listening, the kindling curves you simply can't stop
feeling, he plunged both of his newly anointed hands, the

core of
his cushlas, in her singimari saffron strumans of hair, parting
them
and soothing her and mingling it, that was deepdark and
ample
like this red bog at sundown. By that Vale Vowclose's
lucydlac,
the reignbeau's heavenarches arranged orranged her.
Afrothdizzying
galbs, her enamelled eyes indergoading him on to the
vierge violetian. Wish a wish! Why a why? Mavro! Letty
Lerck's
lafing light throw those laurals now on her daphdaph
teasesong
petrock. Maass! But the majik wavus has elfun anon meshes.
And Simba the Slayer of his Oga is slewd. He cuddle not
help
himself, thurso that hot on him, he had to forget the monk in
the man so, rubbing her up and smoothing her down, he
baised
his lippes in smiling mood, kiss akiss after kisokushk (as he
warned her niver to, niver to, nevar) on Anna-na-Poghue's of
the freckled forehead. While you'd parse secheressa she hielt
her
souff'. But she ruz two feet hire in her aisne aestumation.
And
steppes on stilts ever since. That was kissuahealing with
bantur
for balm! O, wasn't he the bold priest? And wasn't she the
naughty Livvy? Nautic Naama's now her navn. Two lads in
scoutsch breeches went through her before that, Barefoot

Burn

and Wallowme Wade, Lugnaquillia's noblesse pickts, before she

had a hint of a hair at her fanny to hide or a bossom to tempt a

birch canoedler not to mention a bulgic porterhouse barge.

And

ere that again, leada, laida, all unraidy, too faint to buoy the fairiest rider, too frail to flirt with a cygnet's plume, she was licked

by a hound, Chirripa-Chirruta, while poing her pee, pure and simple, on the spur of the hill in old Kippure, in birdsong and shearingtime, but first of all, worst of all, the wiggly livvly, she

sideslipped out by a gap in the Devil's glen while Sally her nurse

was sound asleep in a sloot and, feefee fiefie, fell over a spillway

before she found her stride and lay and wriggled in all the stagnant

black pools of rainy under a fallow coo and she laughed innocefree with her limbs aloft and a whole drove of maiden hawthorns blushing and looking askance upon her.

Drop me the sound of the findhorn's name, Mtu or Mti, sombogger

was wisness. And drip me why in the flenders was she frickled. And trickle me through was she marcellewaved or was

it weirdly a wig she wore. And whitside did they droop their glows in their florry, aback to wist or affront to sea? In fear to

hear the dear so near or longing loth and loathing longing?

Are

you in the swim or are you out? O go in, go on, go an! I

mean

about what you know. I know right well what you mean.

Rother!

You'd like the coifs and guimpes, snouty, and me to do the greasy jub on old Veronica's wipers. What am I rancing now

and I'll thank you? Is it a pinny or is it a surplice? Arran,

where's

your nose? And where's the starch? That's not the vesdre

benediction

smell. I can tell from here by their *eau de Colo* and the

scent of her oder they're Mrs Magrath's. And you ought to

have

aird them. They've moist come off her. Creases in silk they

are, not crampton lawn. Baptiste me, father, for she has

sinned!

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Through her catchment ring she freed them easy, with her hips'

hurrahs for her knees'dontelleries. The only parr with frills in old the plain. So they are, I declare! Welland well! If

tomorrow

keeps fine who'll come tripping to sightsee? How'll? Ask me

next what I haven't got! The Belvedarean exhibitioners. In

their

cruisery caps and oarsclub colours. What hoo, they band!

And

what hoa, they buck! And here is her nubilee letters too. Ellis

on quay in scarlet thread. Linked for the world on a

flushcaloured

field. Annan exe after to show they're not Laura Keown's.
O, may the diabolos twisk your seifety pin! You child of
Mammon, Kinsella's Lilith! Now who has been tearing the
leg
of her drawars on her? Which leg is it? The one with the
bells
on it. Rinse them out and aston along with you! Where did I
stop? Never stop! Continuarration! You're not there yet. I
amstel waiting. Garonne, garonne!

Well, after it was put in the Mericy Cordial Mendicants'
Sitterdag-
Zindeh-Munaday Wakeschrift (for once they sullied their
white kidloves, chewing cuds after their dinners of cheeckin
and
beggin, with their show us it here and their mind out of that
and
their when you're quite finished with the reading matarial),
even
the snee that snowdon his hearing hair had a skunner against
him. Thaw, thaw, sava, savuto! Score Her Chuff Exsqwire!
Everywhere erriff you went and every bung you arver
dropped
into, in cit or suburb or in addled areas, the Rose and Bottle
or
Phoenix Tavern or Power's Inn or Jude's Hotel or wherever
you
scoured the countryside from Nannywater to Vartryville or
from
Porta Lateen to the lootin quarter you found his ikom etsched
tipside down or the cornerboys cammocking his guy and
Morris

the Man, with the role of a royss in his turgos the turrible,
(Evro-
peahahn cheic house, unskimmed sooit and yahoort, hamman
now cheekmee, Ahdahm this way make, Fatima, half turn!)
reeling and railing round the local as the peihos piped und
ubanjees
twanged, with oddfellow's triple tiara busby rotundarinking
round his scalp. Like Pate-by-the-Neva or Pete-over-Meer.
This
is the Hausman all paven and stoned, that cribbed the Cabin
that
never was owned that cocked his leg and hennad his Egg.
And

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the mauldryn rabble around him in areopage, fracassing a
great
bingkan cagnan with their timpan crowders. Mind your
Grimmfather!
Think of your Ma! Hing the Hong is his jove's hangnomen!
Lilt a bolero, bulling a law! She swore on croststyx nyne
wyndabouts she's be level with all the snags of them yet. Par
the
Vulnerable Virgin's Mary del Dame! So she said to herself
she'd
frame a plan to fake a shine, the mischiefmaker, the like of it
you
niever heard. What plan? Tell me quick and dongu so crould!
What the meurther did she mage? Well, she bergened a
zakbag,
a shammy mailsack, with the lend of a loan of the light of his
lampion, off one of her swapsons, Shaun the Post, and then
she

went and consulted her chapboucqs, old Mot Moore, Casey's Euclid and the Fashion Display and made herself tidal to join in the mascarete. O gig goggle of gigguels. I can't tell you how!

It's too screaming to rizo, rabbit it all! Minneha, minnehi minaaehe,

minneho! O but you must, you must really! Make my hear it gurgle gurgle, like the farest gargle gargle in the dusky dirgle

dargle! By the holy well of Mulhuddart I swear I'd pledge my chanza getting to heaven through Tirry and Killy's mount of impiety to hear it all, aviary word! O, leave me my faculties, woman, a while! If you don't like my story get out of the punt.

Well, have it your own way, so. Here, sit down and do as you're

bid. Take my stroke and bend to your bow. Forward in and pull

your overthepoise! Lisp it slaney and crisp it quiet. Deel me longsome.

Tongue your time now. Breathe thet deep. Thouat's the fairway. Hurry slow and scheldt you go. Lynd us your blessed

ashes here till I scrub the canon's underpants. Flow now.

Ower

more. And pooleypooley.

First she let her hair fal and down it flussed to her feet its teviots winding coils. Then, mothernaked, she sampood herself

with galawater and fraguant pistania mud, wupper and lauar, from crown to sole. Next she greesed the groove of her keel,

warthes and wears and mole and itcher, with antifouling
butterscatch
and turfentide and serpentyme and with leafmould she
ushered round prunella isles and eslats dun, quincecunct,
allover
her little mary. Peeld gold of waxwork her jellybelly and her

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grains of incense anguille bronze. And after that she wove a
garland
for her hair. She pleated it. She plaited it. Of meadowgrass
and riverflags, the bulrush and waterweed, and of fallen
griefs of
weeping willow. Then she made her bracelets and her anklets
and her armllets and a jetty amulet for necklace of clicking
cobble
and pattering pebbles and rumbledown rubble, richmond and
rehr, of Irish rhunerhinerstones and shellmarble bangles. That
done, a dawk of smut to her airy ey, Annushka Lutetiavitch
Pufflovah, and the lellipos cream to her lippeleens and the
pick
of the paintbox for her pommettes, from strawbirry reds to
extra violates, and she sendred her boudeloire maids to His
Affluence, Ciliegia Grande and Kirschie Real, the two
chirsines,
with respects from his missus, seepy and sewery, and a
request
might she passe of him for a minnikin. A call to pay and light
a
taper, in Brie-on-Arrosa, back in a sprizzling. The cock
striking
mine, the stalls bridely sign, there's Zambosy waiting for Me!
She said she wouldn't be half her length away. Then, then, as

soon as the lump his back was turned, with her mealiebag
slang
over her shulder, Anna Livia, oysterface, forth of her bassein
came.

Describe her! Hustle along, why can't you? Spitz on the
iern
while it's hot. I wouldn't miss her for irthing on nerthe. Not
for
the lucre of lomba strait. Oceans of Gaud, I mosel hear that!
Ogowe presta! Leste, before Julia sees her! Ishekarry and
washemeskad,
the carishy caratimaney? Whole lady fair? Duodecimoroon?
Bon a ventura? Malagassy? What had she on, the liddel oud
oddity? How much did she scallop, harness and weights?
Here
she is, Annisty Ann! Call her calamity electrifies man.

No electress at all but old Moppa Necessity, angin mother
of
injons. I'll tell you a test. But you must sit still. Will you hold
your peace and listen well to what I am going to say now? It
might have been ten or twenty to one of the night of Allclose
or
the nexth of April when the flip of her hoogly igloo flappered
and
out toetippit a bushman woman, the dearest little moma ever
you saw, nodding around her, all smiles, with ems of
embarras
and aues to awe, between two ages, a judyqueen, not up to
your

elb. Quick, look at her cute and saise her quirk for the bicker
she
lives the slicker she grows. Save us and tagus! No more?
Werra
where in ourthe did you ever pick a Lambay chop as big as a
battering ram? Ay, you're right. I'm epte to forgetting, Like
Liviam Liddle did Loveme Long. The linth of my hough, I
say!
She wore a ploughboy's nailstudded clogs, a pair of
ploughfields
in themselves: a sugarloaf hat with a gaudyquiviry peak and
a
band of gorse for an arnoment and a hundred streamers
dancing
off it and a guildered pin to pierce it: owlglassy bicycles
boggled
her eyes: and a fishnetzeveil for the sun not to spoil the
wrinklins
of her hydeaspects: potatorings boucled the loose laubes of
her
laudsnarers: her nude cuba stockings were
salmospotspeckled: she
sported a galligo shimmy of hazevaipar tinto that never was
fast
till it ran in the washing: stout stays, the rivals, lined her
length:
her bloodorange bockknickers, a two in one garment, showed
natural nigger bidders, fancyfastened, free to undo: her
blackstripe
tan joseph was sequansewn and teddybearlined, with wavy
rushgreen epaulettes and a leadown here and there of royal
swansruff: a brace of gaspers stuck in her hayrope garters:

her
civvy codroy coat with alpheubett buttons was boundaried
round
with a twobar tunnel belt: a fourpenny bit in each pocket
weighed her safe from the blowaway windrush; she had a
clothespeg
tight astride on her joki's nose and she kep on grinding a
sommething quaint in her fiumy mouth and the rrrreke of the
fluve of the tail of the gawan of her snuffdrab siouler's skirt
trailed ffiffy odd Irish miles behind her lungarhodes.

Hellsbells, I'm sorry I missed her! Sweet gumptyum and
nobody
fainted! But in whelk of her mouths? Was her naze alight?
Everyone that saw her said the dowce little delia looked a bit
queer. Lotsy trotsy, mind the poddle! Missus, be good and
don't
fol in the say! Fenny poor hex she must have charred.
Kickhams
a frumpier ever you saw! Making mush mullet's eyes at her
boys
dobelon. And they crowned her their chariton queen, all the
maids. Of the may? You don't say! Well for her she couldn't
see herself. I recknitz wharfore the darling murrayed her
mirror.
She did? Mersey me! There was a koros of drouthdropping
surfacemen,

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boomslinging and plugchewing, fruiteyeing and
flowerfeeding,
in contemplation of the fluctuation and the undification
of her filimentation, lolling and leasing on North Lazers'
Waal

all eelfare week by the Jukar Yoick's and as soon as they saw
her
meander by that marritime way in her grasswinter's weeds
and
twigged who was under her archdeaconess bonnet,
Avondale's
fish and Clarence's poison, sedges an to aneber, Wit-upon-
Crutches
to Master Bates: *Between our two southsates and the
granite they're warming, or her face has been lifted or Alp
has doped!*

But what was the game in her mixed baggyrhatty? Just
the
tembo in her tumbo or pilipili from her pepperpot? Saas and
taas and specis bizaas. And where in thunder did she
plunder?
Fore the battle or efter the ball? I want to get it frisk from the
soorce. I aubette my bearb it's worth while poaching on!
Shake
it up, do, do! That's a good old son of a ditch! I promise I'll
make it worth your while. And I don't mean maybe. Nor yet
with a goodfor. Spey me pruth and I'll tale you true.

Well, arundgirond in a waveney lyne aringarouma she
pattered
and swung and sidled, dribbling her boulder through narrowa
mosses, the diliskydrear on our drier side and the vilde
vetchvine
agin us, curara here, careero there, not knowing which
medway
or weser to strike it, edereider, making chattahoochee all to
her

ain chichiu, like Santa Claus at the cree of the pale and puny,
nistling to hear for their tiny hearties, her arms encircling
Isolabella,
then running with reconciled Romas and Reims, on like a
lech to be off like a dart, then bathing Dirty Hans' spatters
with
spittle, with a Christmas box apiece for aisch and iveryone of
her
childer, the birthday gifts they dreamt they gabe her, the
spoiled
she fleetly laid at our door! On the matt, by the pourch and
inunder
the cellar. The rivulets ran aflod to see, the glashaboys, the
pollynooties. Out of the paunschaup on to the pyre. And they
all
about her, juvenile leads and ingenuinas, from the slime of
their
slums and artesianed wellings, rickets and riots, like the
Smyly
boys at their vicereine's levee. Vivi vienne, little Annchen!
Vielo
Anna, high life! Sing us a sula, O, susuria! Ausone sidulcis!
Hasn't she tambre! Chipping her and raising a bit of a chir or
a

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jary every dive she'd neb in her culdee sacco of wabbash she
raabed and reach out her maundy meerschaundize, poor
souvenir
as per ricorder and all for sore aringarung, stinkers and
heelers,
laggards and primelads, her furzeborn sons and dribblederry
daughters, a thousand and one of them, and wickerpotluck

for
each of them. For evil and ever. And kiks the buch. A tinker's
bann and a barrow to boil his billy for Gipsy Lee; a cartridge
of
cockaleekie soup for Chummy the Guardsman; for sulky
Pender's
acid nephew deltoïd drops, curiously strong; a cough and
a rattle and wildrose cheeks for poor Piccolina Petite
MacFarlane;
a jigsaw puzzle of needles and pins and blankets and shins
between
them for Isabel, Jezebel and Llewelyn Mmarriage; a brazen
nose
and pigiron mittens for Johnny Walker Beg; a papar flag of
the
saints and stripes for Kevineen O'Dea; a puffpuff for Pudge
Craig
and a nightmarching hare for Techertim Tombigby; waterleg
and gumboots each for Bully Hayes and Hurricane Hartigan;
a prodigal heart and fatted calves for Buck Jones, the pride of
Clonliffe; a loaf of bread and a father's early aim for Val from
Skibereen; a jauntingcar for Larry Doolin, the Ballyclea
jackeen;
a seasick trip on a government ship for Teague O'Flanagan; a
louse and trap for Jerry Coyle; slushmincepies for Andy
Mackenzie;
a hairclip and clackdish for Penceless Peter; that twelve
sounds look for G. V. Brooke; a drowned doll, to face
downwards
for modest Sister Anne Mortimer; altar falls for Blanchisse's
bed; Wildairs' breechettes for Magpeg Woppington; to Sue
Dot

a big eye; to Sam Dash a false step; snakes in clover, picked
and
scotched, and a vaticanned viper catcher's visa for Patsy
Presbys;
a reiz every morning for Standfast Dick and a drop every
minute
for Stumblestone Davy; scruboak beads for beatified Biddy;
two
appletweed stools for Eva Mobbely; for Saara Philpot a
jordan
vale tearorne; a pretty box of Pettyfib's Powder for Eileen
Aruna
to whiten her teeth and outflash Helen Arhone; a
whippingtop
for Eddy Lawless; for Kitty Coleraine of Butterman's Lane a
penny wise for her foolish pitcher; a putty shovel for Terry
the
Puckaun; an apotamus mask for Promoter Dunne; a niester
egg
with a twicedated shell and a dynamight right for Pavl the
Curate;

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a collera morbous for Mann in the Cloack; a starr and girton
for
Draper and Deane; for Will-of-the-Wisp and Barny-the-Bark
two
mangolds noble to sweeden their bitters; for Oliver Bound a
way in his frey; for Seumas, thought little, a crown he feels
big;
a tibertine's pile with a Congoswood cross on the back for
Sunny Twimjim; a praises be and spare me days for Brian the
Bravo; pentepenty of pity with lubilashings of lust for Olona

Lena Magdalena; for Camilla, Dromilla, Ludmilla, Mamilla,
a
bucket, a packet, a book and a pillow; for Nancy Shannon a
Tuami brooch; for Dora Riparia Hopeandwater a cooling
douche
and a warmingpan; a pair of Blarney braggs for Wally
Meagher;
a hairpin slatepencil for Elsie Oram to scratch her toby, doing
her best with her volgar fractions; an old age pension for
Betty
Bellezza; a bag of the blues for Funny Fitz; a *Missa pro
Messa* for
Taff de Taff; Jill, the spoon of a girl, for Jack, the broth of a
boy;
a Rogerson Crusoe's Friday fast for Caducus Angelus
Rubiconstein;
three hundred and sixtysix poplin tyne for revery warp in
the weaver's woof for Victor Hugonot; a stiff steaded rake
and
good varians muck for Kate the Cleaner; a hole in the ballad
for
Hosty; two dozen of cradles for J.F.X.P. Coppinger;
tenpounten
on the pop for the daulphins born with five spoiled squibs for
Infanta; a letter to last a lifetime for Maggi beyond by the
ashpit;
the heftiest frozenmeat woman from Lusk to Livienbad for
Felim
the Ferry; spas and speranza and symposium's syrup for
decayed
and blind and gouty Gough; a change of naves and joys of
ills

for Armoricus Tristram Amoor Saint Lawrence; a guillotine
shirt for Reuben Redbreast and hempen suspendeats for
Brennan
on the Moor; an oakanknee for Conditor Sawyer and
musquodoboits
for Great Tropical Scott; a C₃ peduncle for Karmalite
Kane; a sunless map of the month, including the sword and
stamps, for Shemus O'Shaun the Post; a jackal with hide for
Browne but Nolan; a stonecold shoulder for Donn Joe Vance;
all lock and no stable for Honorbright Merreytrickx; a big
drum
for Billy Dunboyne; a guilty goldeny bellows, below me
blow
me, for Ida Ida and a hushaby rocker, Elletrouvetout, for
Who-is-
silvier—Where-is-he?; whatever you like to swilly to swash,

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Yuinness or Yennessy, Laagen or Niger, for Festus King and
Roaring Peter and Frisky Shorty and Treacle Tom and O. B.
Behan and Sully the Thug and Master Magrath and Peter
Cloran
and O'Delawarr Rossa and Nerone MacPacem and whoever
you
chance to meet knocking around; and a pig's bladder balloon
for
Selina Susquehanna Stakelum. But what did she give to
Pruda
Ward and Katty Kanel and Peggy Quilty and Briery Brosna
and
Teasy Kieran and Ena Lappin and Muriel Maassy and Zusan
Camac
and Melissa Bradogue and Flora Ferns and Fauna Fox-

Goodman

and Grettna Greaney and Penelope Inglesante and Lezba
Licking like Leytha Liane and Roxana Rohan with Simpatica
Sohan and Una Bina Laterza and Trina La Mesme and
Philomena

O'Farrell and Irmak Elly and Josephine Foyle and
Snakeshead

Lily and Fountainoy Laura and Marie Xavier Agnes Daisy
Frances de Sales Macleay? She gave them ilcka madre's
daughter

a moonflower and a bloodvein: but the grapes that ripe
before

reason to them that devide the vinedress. So on Izzy, her
shamemaide,

love shone befond her tears as from Shem, her penmight,
life past befoul his prime.

My colonial, wardha bagful! A bakereen's dusind with
tithe
tillies to boot. That's what you may call a tale of a tub! And
Hibernonian
market! All that and more under one crinoline envelope
if you dare to break the porkbarrel seal. No wonder they'd
run from her pison plague. Throw us your hudson soap for
the
honour of Clane! The wee taste the water left. I'll raft it back,
first thing in the marne. Merced mulde! Ay, and don't forget
the
reckitts I lohaned you. You've all the swirls your side of the
current.

Well, am I to blame for that if I have? Who said you're to
blame for that if you have? You're a bit on the sharp side. I'm

on
the wide. Only snuffers' cornets drifts my way that the cracka
dvine chucks out of his cassock, with her estheryear's marsh
narcissus to make him recant his vanitty fair. Foul strips of
his
chinook's bible I do be reading, dodwell disgusted but
chickled
with chuckles at the tittles is drawn on the tattlepage. *Senior
ga
dito: Faciasi Omo! E omo fu fò. Ho! Ho! Senior ga dito:
Faciasi
Hidamo! Hidamo se ga facessà. Ha! Ha! And Die
Windermere*

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Dichter and Lefanu (Sheridan's) old *House by the Coachyard*
and
Mill (J.) *On Woman with Ditto on the Floss*. Ja, a swamp for
Altmuehler
and a stone for his flossies! I know how racy they move
his wheel. My hands are blawcauld between isker and suda
like
that piece of pattern chayney there, lying below. Or where is
it?
Lying beside the sedge I saw it. Hoangho, my sorrow, I've
lost
it! Aimihi! With that turbary water who could see? So near
and
yet so far! But O, gihon! I lovat a gabber. I could listen to
maure
and moravar again. Regn onder river. Flies do your float.
Thick
is the life for mere.

Well, you know or don't you kenet 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 Biddy's

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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
Corrigan'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? I meyne now,
thank all, the four of them, and the roar of them, that draves
that stray in the mist and old Johnny MacDougal along with

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them. Is that the Poolbeg flasher beyant, pharphar, or a
fireboat

coasting nyar the Kishtna or a glow I behold within a hedge
or

my Garry come back from the Indes? Wait till the honeying
of

the lune, love! Die eve, little eve, die! We see that wonder in
your eye. We'll meet again, we'll part once more. The spot I'll
seek if the hour you'll find. My chart shines high where the
blue

milk's upset. Forgivemequick, I'm going! Bubyee! And you,
pluck your watch, forgetmenot. Your evenlode. So save to
jurna's end! My sights are swimming thicker on me by the
shadows

to this place. I sow home slowly now by own way, moyvalley
way. Towy I too, rathmine.

Ah, but she was the queer old skeowsha anyhow, Anna
Livia,

trinkettoes! And sure he was the quare old buntz too, Dear
Dirty

Dumpling, foostherfather of fingalls and dotthergills.

Gammer

and gaffer we're all their gangsters. Hadn't he seven dams to
wive

him? And every dam had her seven crutches. And every
crutch

had its seven hues. And each hue had a differing cry. Sudds

for
me and supper for you and the doctor's bill for Joe John.
Befor!
Bifur! He married his markets, cheap by foul, I know, like
any
Etrurian Catholic Heathen, in their pinky limony creamy
birnies
and their turkiss indienne mauves. But at milkidmass who
was
the spouse? Then all that was was fair. Tys Elvenland! Teems
of
times and happy returns. The seim anew. Ordovico or
viricordo.
Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle's to be. Northmen's thing
made
southfolk's place but howmulty plurators made eachone in
person?
Latin me that, my trinity scholar, out of eure sanscreed into
oure eryan! *Hircus Civis Eblanensis!* He had buckgoat paps
on
him, soft ones for orphans. Ho, Lord! Twins of his bosom.
Lord
save us! And ho! Hey? What all men. Hot? His tittering
daughters
of. Whawk?

Can't hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of.
Flittering
bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone ahome?
What Thom Malone? Can't hear with bawk of bats, all thim
liffeying
waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won't moos. I feel as old

as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia's
daughtersons.

Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel
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as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of John or Shaun? Who
were

Shem and Shaun the living sons or daughters of? Night now!
Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Telmetale of stem
or

stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering
waters

of. Night!

II

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Every evening at lighting up o'clock sharp and until further notice in Feenichts Playhouse. (Bar and conveniences always open, Diddlem Club douncesteers.) Entrancings: gads, a scrab; the quality, one large shilling. Newly billed for each wickeday perfumance. Somndoze massinees. By arraignment, childream's hours, expercatered. Jampots, rinsed porters, taken in token. With nightly redistribution of parts and players by the puppetry producer and daily dubbing of ghosters, with the benediction of the Holy Genesius Archimimus and under the distinguished patronage of their Elderships the Oldens from the four coroners of Findrias, Murias, Gorias and Falias, Messoirs the Coarbs, Clive Sollis, Galorius Kettle, Pobiedo Lancey and Pierre Dusort, while the Caesar-in-Chief looks. On. Sennet. As played to

the

Adelphi by the Brothers Bratislavoff (Hyrcean and Haristobulus),

after humpteen dumpteen revivals. Before all the King's Hoarsers

with all the Queen's Mum. And wordloosed over seven seas crowdblast in cellelleneteutoslavzendlatinsoundscript. In four tubbloids. While fern may cald us until firm make cold. *The Mime*

of Mick, Nick and the Maggies, adopted from the Ballymooney

Bloodriddon Murther by Bluechin Blackdillain (authorways 'Big Storey'), featuring:

GLUGG (Mr Seumas McQuillad, hear the riddles between the

robot in his dress circular and the gagster in the rogues' gallery),

the bold bad bleak boy of the storybooks, who, when the tabs go

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up, as we discover, because he knew to mutch, has been divorced

into disgrace court by

THE FLORAS (Girl Scouts from St. Bride's Finishing Establishment,

demand acidulateds), a month's bunch of pretty maidens who, while they pick on her, their pet peeve, form with valkyrienne

licence the guard for

IZOD (Miss Butys Pott, ask the attendantess for a leaflet),
a bewitching
blonde who dimples delightfully and is approached in
loveliness only by her grateful sister reflection in a mirror,
the cloud
of the opal, who, having jilted Glugg, is being fatally
fascinated by

CHUFF (Mr Sean O'Mailey, see the chalk and sanguine
pictograph
on the safety drop), the fine frank fairhaired fellow of the
fairytales, who wrestles for tophole with the bold bad bleak
boy
Glugg, geminally about caps or puds or tog bags or bog gats
or
chuting rudskin gunerally or something, until they
adumbrace a
pattern of somebody else or other, after which they are both
carried
off the set and brought home to be well soaped, sponged and
scrubbed again by

ANN (Miss Corrie Corriendo, Grischun scoula, bring the
babes,
Pieder, Poder and Turtey, she mistributes mandamus monies,
after perdunamento, hendrud aloven entrees, pulcinellis must
not
miss our national rooster's rag), their poor little old mother-
in-lieu,
who is woman of the house, playing opposite to

HUMP (Mr Makeall Gone, read the sayings from
Laxdalesaga

in the programme about King Ericus of Schweden and the
spirit's
whispers in his magical helmet), cap-a-pipe with watch and
topper,
coat, crest and supporters, the cause of all our grievances,
the whirl, the flash and the trouble, who, having partially
recovered
from a recent impeachment due to egg everlasting, but
throughandthoroughly proconverted, propounded for
cyclological,
is, studding sail once more, jibsheet and royals, in the
semblance of the substance for the membrance of the
umbrance
with the remnance of the emblence reveiling a quemdam
supercargo,
of The Rockery, Poopinheavin, engaged in entertaining
in his pilgrimst customhouse at Caherlehome-upon-Eskur
those
statutory persons

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THE CUSTOMERS (Components of the Afterhour Courses at
St.
Patricius' Academy for Grownup Gentlemen, consult the
annuary,
coldporters sibsuction), a bundle of a dozen of representative
locomotive civics, each inn quest of outings, who are still
more sloppily served after every cup final by

SAUNDERSON (Mr Knut Oelsvinger, Tiffsdays off,
wouldntstop
in bad, imitation of flatfish, torchbearing supperaape, dud
halfsovereign,

no chee daily, roly pollies, Glen of the Downs, the
Gugnir, his geyswerks, his earsequack, his lokistroki, o.s.v.),
a
scherinsheiner and spoilcurate, unconcerned in the mystery
but
under the inflouce of the milldieuw and butt of

KATE (Miss Rachel Lea Varian, she tells forkings for
baschfellors,
under purdah of card palmer teaput tosspot Madam d'Elta,
during the pawses), kook-and-dishdrudge, witch believes
wanthingthats,
whouse be the churchyard or whorts up the aasgaars,
the show must go on.

Time: the pressant.

With futurist onehorse balletbattle pictures and the
Pageant
of Past History worked up with animal variations amid
everglaning
mangrovemazes and beorbtractors by Messrs Thud and
Blunder. Shadows by the film folk, masses by the good
people.
Promptings by Elanio Vitale. Longshots, upcloses, outblacks
and
stagetolets by Hexenschuss, Coachmaher, Incubone and
Rocknarrag.
Creations tastefully designed by Madame Berthe Delamode.
Dances arranged by Harley Quinn and Coollimbeina.
Jests, jokes, jigs and jorums for the Wake lent from the
properties
of the late cemented Mr T. M. Finnegan R.I.C. Lipmasks and

hairwigs by Ouida Nooikke. Limes and Floods by Crooker and
Toll. Kopay pipe by Kappa Pedersen. Hoed Pine hat with
twentyfour ventholes by Morgen. Bosse and stringbag from
Heteroditheroe's and All Ladies' presents. Tree taken for
grafted.
Rock rent. Phenecian blends and Sourdanian doofpoosts by
Shauvesourishe and Wohntbedarf. The oakmulberryeke with
silckrick twomesh from Shop-Sowry, seedsmanchap.
Grabstone
beg from General Orders Mailed. The crack (that's Cork!) by
a smoker from the gods. The interjection (Buckley!) by the
firement

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in the pit. Accidental music providentially arranged by
L'Archet and Laccorde. Melodiotiosities in purefusion by the
score. To start with in the beginning, we need hirtly remark,
a community prayer, everyone for himself, and to conclude
with as an exodus, we think it well to add, a chorale in canon,
good for us all for us all us all all. Songs betune the acts by
the ambiamphions of Annapolis, Joan MockComic, male
soprano,
and Jean Souslevin, bass noble, respectively: O, Mester
Sogerman, ef thes es whot ye deux, then I'm not surpleased
ye
want that bottle of Sauvequipeu and Oh Off Nunch Der
Rasche
Ver Lasse Mitsch Nitscht. Till the summit scenes of
climbacks
castastrophear, *The Bearded Mountain* (Polymop
Baretherootsch),
and *The River Romps to Nursery* (Maidykins in Undiform).

The whole thugogmagog, including the portions understood to be oddmitted as the results of the respective titulars neglecting to produce themselves, to be wound up for an afterenactment

by a Magnificent Transformation Scene showing the Radium Wedding of Neid and Moorning and the Dawn of Peace, Pure, Perfect and Perpetual, Waking the Weary of the World.

An argument follows.

Chuffy was a nangel then and his soard fleshed light like likening.

Fools top! Singty, sangty, meekly loose, defendy nous from prowlabouts. Make a shine on the curst. Emen.

But the duvlin sulph was in Glugger, that lost-to-lurning. Punct. He was sbuffing and sputing, tussing like anisine, whipping

his eyesoult and gnatsching his teats over the brividies from existers and the outhur liubbocks of life. He halth kelchy chosen

a clayblade and makes prayes to his three of clubs. To part from

these, my corsets, is into overlusting fear. Acts of feet, hoof and

jarrety: athletes longfoot. Djowl, uphere!

Aminxt that nombre of evelings, but how pierceful in their sojest-

iveness were those first girly stirs, with zitterings of flight released

and twinglings of twitchbells in rondel after, with waverings that made shimmershake rather naightly all the duskcended

airs and shylit beaconings from shehind him back. Sammy,
call

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on. Mirrylamb, she was shuffering all the diseasinesses of the
unherd

of. Mary Louisan Shousapinas! If Arck could no more salve
his agnols from the wiles of willy wooly woolf! If all the
airish

signics of her dipandump helpabit from an Father Hogam till
the Mutther Masons could not that Glugg to catch her by the
calour of her brideness! Not Rose, Sevilla nor Citronelle; not
Esmeralde, Pervinca nor Indra; not Viola even nor all of them
four themes over. But, the monthage stick in the melmelode
jawr,

I am (twintomine) all thees thing. Up tighty in the front,
down

again on the loose, drim and drumming on her back and a
pop

from her whistle. What is that, O holytroopers? Isot givin
yoe?

Up he stulpled, glee you gees, with search a fling did die
near

sea, beamy owen and calmy hugh and if you what you my
call for

me I will wishyoumaycull for you.

And they are met, face a facing. They are set, force to
force.

And no such Copenhagen-Marengo was less so fated for a
fall

since in Glenasmole of Smiling Thrushes Patch Whyte

passed
O'Sheen ascowl.

Arrest thee, scaldbrother! came the evangelion, sabre
accusant,
from all Saint Joan's Wood to kill or maim him, and be
dumm but ill s'arrested. Et would proffer to his delected one
the
his trifle from the grass.

A space. Who are you? The cat's mother. A time. What
do
you lack? The look of a queen.

But what is that which is one going toprehend? Seeks,
buzzling
is brains, the feinder.

The howtosayto itiswhatis hemustwhomust worden
schall.
A darktongues, kunning. O theoperil! Ethiaop lore, the poor
lie.
He askit of the hoothed fireshield but it was untergone into
the
matthued heaven. He soughed it from the luft but that bore ne
mark ne message. He loked upon the bloomingrund where
ongly
his corns were growning. At last he listed back to beckline
how
she pranked alone so johntily. The skand for schooling.

With nought a wired from the wordless either.

Item. He was hardset then. He wented to go (somewhere)
while

he was weeting. Utem. He wished to grieve on the good persons, that

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is the four gentlemen. Otem. And it was not a long time till he was

feeling true forim he was goodda purssia and it was short after that

he was fooling mehaunt to mehynte he was an injine ruber. Etem.

He was at his thinker's aunts to give (the four gentlemen) the presence (of a curpse). And this is what he would be willing.

He

fould the fourd; they found the hurtled stones; they fell ill with the

gravy duck: and he sod town with the roust of the meast.

Atem.

Towhere byhangs ourtales.

Ah ho! This poor Glugg! It was so said of him about of his old

fontmouther. Truly deplurabel! A dire, O dire! And all the freightfullness

whom he inhebited after his colline born janitor. Sometime towerable! With that hehry antlets on him and the baublelight bulching out of his sockets whiling away she sprankled his allover with her nocces of interregnation: How do you do that lack

a lock and pass the poker, please? And bids him tend her, lute and airly. Sing, sweetharp, thing to me anone! So that Glugg, the poor one, in that limbopool which was his subnsciousness

he could scares of all knotknow whither his morrder had

bourst
a blabber or if the vogalstones that hit his tynpan was that
nearly
his skoll missed her. Misty's trompe or midst his floating?
Ah,
ho! Cicely, awe!

The youngly delightsome frilles-in-pleyurs are now
showen
drawen, if bud one, or, if in florileague, drawens up
consociately
at the hinder sight of their commoner guardian. Her boy
fiend or
theirs, if they are so plurielled, cometh up as a trapadour,
sinking
how he must fand for himself by gazework what their colours
wear as they are all showen drawens up. Tireton, cacheton,
tireton,
ba! Doth that not satisfy youth, sir? Quanty purty bellas,
here, Madama Lifay! And what are you going to charm them
to,
Madama, do say? Cinderynelly angled her slipper; it was cho
chiny yet braught her a groom. He will angskt of them from
their
commoner guardian at next lineup (who is really the rapier of
the
two though thother brother can hold his own, especially for
he
bandished it with his hand the hold time, mamain, a simply
gracious:
Mi, O la!), and reloose that thong off his art: Hast thou feel

liked carbunckley ones? Apun which his poohoor pricoxity
theirs

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is a little tittertit of hilarity (Lad-o'-me-soul! Lad-o'-me-soul,
see!) and the wordchary is atvoiced ringsoundinly by their
toots

ensembled, though not meaning to be clever, but just with a
shrug

of their hips to go to troy and harff a freak at himself by all
that

story to the ulstramarines. Otherwised, holding their noises,
they insinuate quiet private, Ni, he make peace in his
preaches

and play with esteem.

Warewolff! Olff! Toboo!

So olff for his topheetuck the ruck made raid, aslick
aslegs

would run; and he ankered on his hunkers with the belly
belly

prest. Asking: What's my muffinstuffinaches for these times?
To

weat: Breath and bother and whatarcurs. Then breath more
bother and more whatarcurs. Then no breath no bother but
wor-

rawarrawurms. And Shim shallave shome.

As Rigagnolina to Mountagnone, what she meanted he
could

not can. All she meanted was goltten sylvup, all she meanted
was

some Knight's ploung jamn. It's driving her dafft like he's so
dumb. If he'd lonely talk instead of only gawk as thought

yateman

hat stuck hits stick althrough his spokes and if he woold nut
wolly so! Hee. Speak, sweety bird! Mitzymitzy! Though I
did

ate tough turf I'm not the bogdoxy.

—Have you monbreamstone?

—No.

—Or Hellfeuersteyn?

—No.

—Or Van Diemen's coral pearl?

—No.

He has lost.

Off to clutch, Glugg! Forwhat! Shape your reres, Glugg!
Foreweal! Ring we round, Chuff! Fairwell! Chuffchuff's
inners
even. All's rice with their whorl!

Yet, ah tears, who can her mater be? She's promised he'd
eye
her. To try up her pretti. But now it's so longed and so fared
and
so forth. Jerry for jauntings. Alabye! Fled.

The flossies all and mossies all they drooped upon her
draped
brimfall. The bowknots, the showlots, they wilted into
woeblots.

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The pearlagraph, the pearlagraph, knew whitchly whether to
weep

or laugh. For always down in Carolinas lovely Dinahs vaunt
their
view.

Poor Isa sits a glooming so gleaming in the gloaming; the
tincelles
a touch tarnished wind no lovelinoise awound her swan's.
Hey, lass! Woefear gleam she so glooming, this pooripathete
I
solde? Her beauman's gone of a cool. Be good enough to
symperise.
If he's at anywhere she's therefor to join him. If it's to
nowhere
she's going to too. Buf if he'll go to be a son to France's
she'll stay daughter of Clare. Bring tansy, throw myrtle, strew
rue, rue, rue. She is fading out like Journee's clothes so you
can't
see her now. Still we know how Day the Dyer works, in dims
and deeps and dusks and darks. And among the shades that
Eve's
now wearing she'll meet anew fiancy, tryst and trow. Mammy
was, Mimmy is, Minuscoline's to be. In the Dee dips a dame
and
the dame desires a demselle but the demselle dresses dolly
and
the dolly does a dulcydamble. The same renew. For though
she's unmerried she'll after truss up and help that hussyband
how
to hop. Hip it and trip it and chirrub and sing. Lord Chuffy's
sky
sheraph and Glugg's got to swing.

So and so, toe by toe, to and fro they go round, for they
are the
ingelles, scattering nods as girls who may, for they are an
angel's
garland.

Catchmire stockings, libertyed garters, shoddys shoes,
quicked
out with selver. Pennyfair caps on pinnyfore frocks and a
ring on
her fomefing finger. And they leap so looply, looply, as they
link
to light. And they look so loovely, loovelit, noosed in a
nuptious
night. Withasly glints in. Andecoy glants out. They ramp it a
little, a lessle, a lissle. Then rompride round in rout.

Say them all but tell them apart, cadenzando coloratura!
R is
Rubretta and A is Arancia, Y is for Yilla and N for
greeneriN. B
is Boyblue with odalisque O while W waters the fleurettes of
no-
vembrace. Though they're all but merely a schoolgirl yet
these
way went they. I' th' view o' th'avignue dancing goes
entrancing
roundly. Miss Oodles of Anems before the Luvium doeslike.
So.
And then again doeslike. So. And miss Endles of Eons efter
Dies

of Eirae doeslike. So. And then again doeslike. So. The many
wiles of Winsure.

The grocer's bawd she slips her hand in the haricot bag,
the
lady in waiting sips her sup from the paraffin can, Mrs
Wildhare
Quickdoctor helts her skelts up the casuaway the flasht
instinct
she herds if a tinkle of tunder, the widow Megrievy she knits
cats'
cradles, this bountiful actress leashes a harrier under her
tongue,
and here's the girl who she's kneeled in coldfashion and she's
told
her priest (spt!) she's pot on a chap (chp!) and this lass not
least,
this rickissime woman, who she writes foot fortunes money
times
over in the nursery dust with her capital thumb. Buzz. All
runaway
sheep bound back bopeep, trailing their teenes behind
them. And these ways wend they. And those ways went they.
Winnie, Olive and Beatrice, Nelly and Ida, Amy and Rue.
Here
they come back, all the gay pack, for they are the florals,
from
foncey and pansey to papavere's blush, foresake-me-nought,
while there's leaf there's hope, with printim's ruse and
marrymay's
blossom, all the flowers of the ancelles' garden.

But vicereversing thereout from those palms of
perfection to
anger arbour, treerack monatan, scroucely out of scout of
ocean,
virid with woad, what tornaments of complementary rages
rocked
the divlun from his punchpoll to his tummy's shentre as he
displaid
all the oathword science of his visible disgrace. He was
feeling so funny and floored for the cue, all over which girls
as
he don't know whose hue. If goosseys gazious would but fain
smile him a smile he would be fondling a praise he ate some
nice
bit of fluff. But no geste reveals the unconnouth. They're all
odds against him, the beasties. Scratch. Start.

He dove his head into Wat Murrey, gave Stewart Ryall a
puck
on the plexus, wrestled a hurry-come-union with the Gillie
Beg,
wiped all his sinses, martial and menial, out of Shrove Sundy
MacFearsome, excremuncted as freely as any frothblower
into
MacIsaac, had a belting bout, chaste to chaste, with McAdoo
about nothing and, childhood's age being aye the shameleast,
tel
a Tartaran tastarin toothsome tarrascone tourtoun,
vestmentivorous
chlamydophagian, imbretellated himself for any time
untellable

with what hung over to the Machonochie Middle from
the MacSiccaries of the Breeks. Home!

Allwhile, moush missuies from mungy monsie, preying
in
his mind, son of Everallin, within himself, he swure.
Macnoon
maggoty mag! Cross of a coppersmith bishop! He would
split.
He do big squeal like holy Trichepatte. Seek hells where
from
yank islanders the petriote's absolation. Mocknitza! Genik!
He
take skiff come first dagrene day overwide tumbler, rough
and
dark, till when bow of the shower show of the bower with
three
shirts and a wind, pagoda permettant, crookolevante, the
bruce,
the coriolano and the ignacio. From prudals to the secular but
from the cumman to the nowter. Byebye, Brassolis, I'm
breaving!
Our war, Dully Gray! A conansdream of lodascircles, he here
schlucefinis. Gelchasser no more! Mischnary for the
minestrary
to all the sems of Aram. Shimach, eon of Era. Mum's for's
maxim, ban's for's book and Dodgesome Dora for hedgehung
sheolmastress. And Unkel Silanse coach in diligence.
Disconnection
of the succeeding. He wholehog himself for carberrry
banishment care of Pencylmania, Bretish Armerica, to melt
Mrs

Gloria of the Bunkers' Trust, reincorporated, (prunty!) by
meteoromancy
and linguified heissrohgin, quit to hail a hurry laracor
and catch the Paname-Turricum and regain that absendee
tarry
easty, his città immediata, by an alley and detour with
farecard
available getrennty years. Right for Rovy the Roder. From
the
safe side of distance! Libera, nostalgia! Beate Laurentie
O'Tuli,
Euro pra nobis! Every monk his own cashel where every
little
ligger is his own liogotenente with inclined jambs in full
purview
to his pronaose and to the deretane at his reredoss.
Fuisfinister,
fuyerescaper! He would, with the greatest of ease, before of
weighting midhook, by dear home trashold on the raging
canal,
for othersites of Jorden, (heave a hevy, waterboy!) make one
of hissens with a knockonacow and a chow collegions and
fire
off, gheol ghiornal, foull subustioned mullmud, his farced
epistol
to the hibruws. From Cernilius slomtime prepositus of
Toumaria
to the clutch in Anteach. Salvo! Ladigs and jointuremen! No
more
turdenskaulds! Free leaves for ebribadies! All tinsammon in
the

yord! With harm and aches till farther alters! Wild primates
not
stop him frem at rearing a writing in handy antics. *Nom de
plume!* Gout strap Fenlanns! And send Jarge for Mary
Inklenders!
And daunt you logh if his vineshanky's schwemmy!
For he is the general, make no mistake in he. He is General
Jinglesome.

Go in for scribenery with the satiety of arthurs in
S.P.Q.R.ish
and inform to the old sniggering publicking press and its
nation
of sheepecopers about the whole plighty troth between them,
malady
of milady made melodi of malodi, she, the lalage of
lyonesses,
and him, her knave arrant. To Wildrose La Gilligan from
Croppy Crowhore. For all within crystal range.

Ukalepe. Loathers' leave. Had Days. Nemo in Patria. The
Luncher Out. Skilly and Carubdish. A Wondering Wreck.
From
the Mermaids' Tavern. Bullyfamous. Naughtsycalves. Mother
of
Misery. Walpurgas Nackt.

Maleesh! He would bare to untired world of
Leimuncononnulstria
(and what a strip poker globbtrottell they pairs would
looks!) how wholefallows, his guffer, the sabbatarian (might
faction split his beard!), he too had a great big oh in the
megafundum of his tomashunders and how her Lettyshape,

his

gummer, that congealed sponsar, she had never cessed at
waking

malters among the jemassons since the cluft that meataxe
delt

her made her microchasm as gap as down low. So they fished
in the kettle and fought free and if she bit his tailibout all hat
tiffin for thea. He would jused sit it all write down just as he
would jused set it up all writhefully rate in blotch and void,
yielding to no man in hymns ignorance, seeing how heartsilly
sorey he was, owing to the condrition of his bikestool. And,
reading off his fleshskin and writing with his quillbone,
fillfull

ninequires with it for his auditors, Caxton and Pollock, a
most

moraculous jeeremyhead sindbook for all the peoples, under
the

presidency of the suchess of sceaunonsceau, a hadtobe
heldin,

thoroughly enjoyed by many so meny on block at Boyrut
season

and for their account ottorly admired by her husband in sole
intimacy,

about whose told his innersense and the grusomehed's

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yoeureeke of his spectrescope and why he was off colour and
how

he was ambothed upon by the very spit of himself, first on
the

cheekside by Michelangelo and, besouns thats, over on the
owld

jowly side by Bill C. Babby, and the suburb's formule why

they

provencials drollo eggspilled him out of his homety dometry
nar-

rowedknee domum (osco de basco de pesco de bisco!)

because

all his creature comfort was an omulette finas erbas in an ark
finis

orbe and, no master how mustered, mind never mend, he
could

neither swuck in nonneither swimp in the flood of cecialism
and

the best and schortest way of blacking out a caughtalock of
all

the sorrors of Sexton until he would accoster her coume il
fou in

teto-dous as a wagoner would his mudheeldy wheesindonk at
their trist in Parisise after tourments of tosend years, bread
cast

out on waters, making goods at mutuurity, Mondamoiseau of
Casanuova and Mademoisselle from Armentières.

Neblonovi's

Nivonovio! Nobbio and Nuby in ennoviacion!

Occitantitempoli!

He would si through severalls of sanctuaries maywhatmay
might-

whomight so as to meet somewhere, if produced, on a demi
panssion

for his whole lofetime, payment in goo to slee music and
poisonal comfany, following which, like Ipsy Secumbe,
when he

fingon to foil the fluter, she could have all the g. s. M. she
moohooed

after fore and rickwards to herslf, including science of
sonorous silence, while he, being brung up on soul butter,
have
recourse of course to poetry. With tears for his coronaichon,
such as engines weep. Was liffe worth leaving? Nej!

Tholedoth, treetrene! Zokrahsing, stone! Arty,
reminiscensitive,
at bandstand finale on grand carriero, dreaming largesse
of lifesighs over early lived offs—all old Sators of the
Sowsceptre
highly nutritius family histrionic, genitricksling with Avus
and
Avia, that simple pair, and descendant down on veloutypads
by a
vuncular process to Nurus and Noverca, those notorious
nepotists,
circumpictified in their sobrine census, patriss all of them by
the
glos on their germane faces and their socerine eyes like
transparents
of vitricus, patruuts to a man, the archimade levirs of his
ekonome
world. Remember thee, castle throwen? Ones propsperups
treed,
now stohong baroque. And oil paint use a pumme if yell
trace

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me there title to where was a hovel not a havel (the first rattle
of
his juniverse) with a tingtumtingling and a next, next and
next

(gin a paddy? got a petty? gussies, gif it ope?), while itch ish shome.

—*My God, alas, that dear olt tumtum home
Whereof in youthfood port I preyed
Amook the verdigrassy convict vallsall dazes.
And cloitered for amourmeant in thy boosome shede!*

His mouthfull of ecstasy (for Shing-Yung-Thing in Shina from Yoruyume across the Timor Sea), herepong (maladventure!) shot pinging up through the errorooth of his wisdom (who thought him a Fonar all, feastking of shellies by googling Lovvey, regally freytherem, eagelly plumed, and wasbut gumboil owrithy prods wretched some horsery megee plods coffin acid odarkery pluds dense floppens mugurdy) as thought it had been zawhen intwo. Wholly sanguish blooded up disconvulsing the fixtures of his fizz. Apang which his tempory chewer med him a crazy chump of a Haveajube Sillayass. Joshua Croesus, son of Nunn! Though he shall live for millions of years a life of billions of years, from their roseaced glows to their violast lustres, he shall not forget that pucking Pugases. Holihowlsballs and bloody acres! Like gnawthing unheardth!

But, by Jove Chronides, Seed of Summ, after at he had
bate
his breastplates for, forforget, forforgetting his birdsplace, it
was
soon that, that he, that he rehad himself. By a prayer? No,
that
comes later. By contrite attrition? Nay, that we passed. Mid
esercizism? So is richt.

And it was so. And Malthos Moramor resumed his soul.
With:
Go Ferchios off to Allad out of this! An oldsteinsong. He
threwed
his fit up to his aers, rolled his poligone eyes, snivelled from
his
snose and blew the guff out of his hornypipe. The hopjoint
jerk
of a ladle broom jig that he learned in locofoco when a
redhot
turnspite he. Under reign of old Roastin the Bowl Ratskillers,
readyos! Why was that man for he's doin her wrong! Lookery
looks, how he's knots in his entrails! Mookery mooks, it's a
grippe of his gripes. Seekeryseeks, why his biting he's head
off?

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Cokerycokes, it's his spurt of coal. And may his tarpitch
dilute
not give him chromitis! For the mauwe that blinks you blank
is
mostly Carbo. Where the inflammabilis might pursue his
comburenda
with a pure flame and a true flame and a flame all toogasser,
soot. The worst is over. Wait! And the dubuny Mag may

gang to preesses. With Dinny Finneen, me canty, ho! In the
lost
of the gleamens. Sousymoust. For he would himself deal a
treatment
as might be trusted in anticipation of his inculmination unto
fructification for the major operation. When (pip!) a message
interfering intermitting interskips from them (pet!) on
herzian
waves, (call her venicey names! call her a stell!) a butterfly
from
her zipclapsed handbag, a wounded dove astarted from,
escaping
out her forecotes. Isle wail for yews, O doherlynt! The
poetesser.
And around its scorched cap she has twilled a twine of flame
to
let the laitiest know she's marrid. And pim it goes backballed.
Tot
burns it so leste. A claribel cumbeck to errind. Hers before
his
even, posted ere penned. He's your change, thinkyou methim.
Go daft noon, madden, mind the step. Please stoop O to
please.
Stop. What saying? I have soreunder from to him now,
dearmate
ashore, so, so compleasely till I can get redressed, which
means the end of my stays in the languish of Tintangle. Is
you
zealous of mes, brother? Did you boo moiety lowd? You
suppoted
to be the on conditionally rejected? Satanly, lade! Can that
sobstuff, whingeywilly! Stop up, mavrone, and sit in my lap,

Pepette, though I'd much rather not. Like things are m. ds. is
all
in vincibles. Decoded.

Now a run for his money! Now a dash to her dot! Old
cocker,
young crowy, sifadda, sosson. A bran new, speedhount,
outstripperous
on the wind. Like a waft to wingweary one or a sos
to a coastguard. For directly with his whoop, stop and an
upalepsy
didando a tishy, in appreciable less time than it takes a
glaciator to submerger an Atlangthis, was he again, agob,
before
the trembly ones, a spark's gap off, doubledasguesched,
gotten
orlop in a simplasailormade and shaking the storm out of his
hiccups. The smartest vessel you could find would elazilee
him
on her knee as her lucky for the Rio Grande. He's a pigtail
tarr

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and if he hadn't got it toothick he'd a telltale tall of his pitcher
on a wall with his photure in the papers for cutting
moutonlegs
and capers, letting on he'd jst be japers and his tail cooked
up.

Goal! It's one by its length.

Angelinas, hide from light those hues that your sin beau
may
bring to light! Though down to your dowerstrip he's bent to
knee he maun't know ledgings here.

For a haunting way will go and you need not make your
mow.
Find the frence for frocks and translace it into shocks of such
as
touch with show and show.

He is guessing at hers for all he is worse, the seagoer.
Hark to
his wily geeses goosling by, and playfair, lady! And note that
they
who will for exile say can for dog while them that won't
leave
ingle end says now for know.

For he faulters how he hates to trouble them without.

But leaving codhead's mitre and the heron's plumes
sinistrant
to the server of servants and rex of regums and making a
bolderdash
for lubberty of speech he asks not have you seen a match
being struck nor is this powder mine but, letting punplays
pass
to earnest:

—Haps thee jaoneofergs?

—Nao.

—Haps thee mayjaunties?

—Naohao.

—Haps thee per causes nunsibellies?

—Naohaohao.

—Asky, asky, asky! Gau on! Micaco! Get!

Ping an ping nwan ping pwan pong.

And he did a get, their anayance, and slink his hook
away,
aleguere come alaguerre, like a chimista inchamisas, whom
the
harricana hurries and hots foots, zingo, zango, segur. To
hoots
of utskut, urqurd, jamal, qum, yallah, yawash, yak! For he
could
ciappacioppachew upon a skarp snakk of pure undefallen
engelsk,
melanmoon or tartatortoise, tsukisaki or soppisuppon, as
raskly
and as baskly as your cheesechalk cow cudd spanich.
Makoto!
Whagta kriowday! Gelagala nausy is. Yet right divining do
not

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was. Hovobovo hafogate hokidimatzi in kamicha! He had his
sperrits all foulén on him; to vet, most griposly, he was
bedizzled
and debuzzled; he had his tristiest cabaleer on; and looked
like
bruddy Hal. A shelling a cockshy and be donkey shot at? Or
a
peso besant to join the armada?

But, Sin Showpanza, could anybroddy which walked this
world
with eyes whiteopen have looked twinsomer than the kerl he
left

behind him? Candidatus, viridosus, aurilucens, sinelab? Of
all
the green heroes everwore coton breiches, the whitest, the
goldenest! How he stud theirs with himself mookst kevinly,
and
that anterevolutionary, the churchman childfather from
tonsor's
tuft to almonder's toes, a haggiography in duotrigesumy, son
soptimost of sire sixtusks, of Mayaqueenies sign osure,
hevnly
buddhy time, inwreathed of his near cissies, a mickly dazzly
eely
oily with looiscurrals, a soulnetzer by zvesdals priestessd,
their
trail the tractive, and dem dandypanies knows de play of de
eyelids,
with his gamecox spurts and his smile likequid glue (the
suessiest sourir ever weanling wore), whiles his host of
spritties,
lusspillerindernees, they went peahenning a ripidarapidarpad
around him, pilgrim prinkips, kerilour kevinour, in
neuchoristic
congressulations, quite purringly excited, rpdrpd, allauding
to
him by all the licknames in the litany with the terms in which
no little dulsy nayer ever thinks about implying except to her
future's year and sending him perfume most praypuffs to
setisfire
more then to teasim (shllwe help, now you've massmuled,
you t'rigolect a bit? yismik? yimissy?) that he, the finehued,
the
fairhailed, the farahead, might bouchesave unto each but

everyone,
as far as safras durst assume, the havemercy on hours of his
kissier licence. Meanings: Andure the enjurious till imbetther
rer.

We know you like Latin with essies impures, (and your liber
as
they sea) we certney like gurgles love the nargleygargley so,
arrahbeejee,
tell that old frankay boyuk to bellows up the tombucky in
his tumtum argan and give us a gust of his gushy old. Goof!

Hymn number twenty-nine. O, the singing! Happy little
girlycums
to have adolphted such an Adelphus! O, the swinginging
hopops so goholden! They've come to chant en chor. They
say

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their salat, the madiens' prayer to the messiaeger of His Nabis,
prostitating their selfs eachwise and combinedly. Fateha, fold
the
hands. Be it honoured, bow the head. May thine evings e'en
be
blossful! Even of bliss! As we so hope for ablution. For the
sake
of the farbung and of the scent and of the holidrops.
Amems.

A pause. Their orison arises misquewhite as Osman
glory, ebbing
wasteward, leaves to the soul of light its fading silence
(allahlah
lahlah lah!), a turquewashed sky. Then:

—Xanthos! Xanthos! Xanthos! We thank to thine, mighty
innocent, that diddest bring it off fuitefuite. Should in after
years
it became about you will after desk job duty becoming a bank
midland
mansioner we and I shall reside with our obeisant servants
among Burke's mobility at La Roseraie, Ailesbury Road. Red
bricks are all hellishly good values if you trust to the roster of
ads
but we'll save up ourselves and nab what's nicest and
boskiest of
timber trees in the nebohood. Oncaill's plot. Luccombe oaks,
Turkish hazels, Greek firs, incense palm edcedras. The
hypsometers
of Mount Anville is held to be dying out of arthataxis but,
praise send Larix U' Thule, the wych elm of Manelagh is still
flourishing in the open, because its native of our nature and
the
seeds was sent by Fortune. We'll have our private
palypeachum
pillarposterns for lovesick letterines fondly affianxed to our
front
railings and swings, hammocks, tighttaught balletlines,
accomoda-
tionnooks and prismic bathboites, to make Envyeyes mouth
water and wonder when they binocular us from their
embrassured
windows in our garden rare. Fyat-Fyat shall be our number
on the autokinaton and Chubby in his Chuffs oursforownly
chuffeur. T will be waiting for uns as I sold U at the first
antries.
Our cousin gourmand, Percy, the pup, will denounce the

sniffnomers

of all callers where among our Seemyease Sister, Tabitha,
the ninelived, will extend to the full her hearty welcome.

While

the turf and twigs they tattle. Tintin tintin. Lady Marmela
Shortbred

will walk in for supper with her marchpane switch on, her
necklace of almonds and her poirette Sundae dress with
bracelets

of honey and her cochineal hose with the caramel dancings,
the

briskly best from Bootiestown, and her suckingstaff of
ivorymint.

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You mustn't miss it or you'll be sorry. Charmeuses chloes,
glycering juwells, lydialight fans and puffumed cynarettes.

And

the Prince Le Monade has been graciously pleased. His six
chocolate

pages will run bugling before him and Cococream toddle
after with his sticksword in a pink cushion. We think His
Sparkling

Headiness ought to know Lady Marmela. Luisome his for
lissome hers. He's not going to Cork till Cantalamesse or
mayhope

till Rose Easter or Saint Tibble's Day. So Niomon knows.

The Fomor's in his Fin, the Momor's her and hin. A
paaralone!

A paaralone! And Dublin's all adin. We'll sing a song of
Singlemonth

and you'll too and you'll. Here are notes. There's the key.

One two three. Chours! So come on, ye wealthy gentrymen

wib-

frufrocksfull of fun! Thin thin! Thin thin! Thej olly and thel
ively, thou billy with thee coo, for to jog a jig of a crispness
nice

and sing a missal too. Hip champouree! Hiphip champouree!

O

you longtailed blackman, polk it up behind me! Hip
champouree!

Hiphip champouree! And, jessies, push the pumkik round.

Anneliuiia!

Since the days of Roamaloose and Rehmoose the
pavanos have
been strident through their struts of Chapelldiseut, the
vaulsies
have meed and youdled through the purly ooze of
Ballybough,
many a mismy cloudy has tripped taintily along that hercourt
strayed reelway and the rigadoons have held ragtimed revels
on
the platauplain of Grangegorman; and, though since then
sterlings
and guineas have been replaced by brooks and lions and
some progress has been made on stilts and the races have
come
and gone and Thyme, that chef of seasoners, has made his
usual
astewte use of endadjustables and whatnot willbe isnor was,
those
danceadeils and cancanzanies have come stimmering down
for our
begayment through the bedeaftdom of po's taeorns, the

obcecity

of pa's teapucs, as lithe and limbfree limber as when momie
mummed at ma.

Just so stylled with the nattes are their flowerheads now
and

each of all has a lovestalk onto herself and the tot of all the
tits of

their understamens is as open as he can posably she and is
tournesoled

straightcut or sidewaist, accountant to the coursets of

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things feminite, towooerds him in heliolatry, so they may
catchcup

in their calyzettes, alls they go troping, those parryshoots
from his muscalone pistil, for he can eyespy through them, to
their selfcolours, nevertheleast their tissue peepers, (meaning
Mullabury mesh, the time of appling flowers, a guarded
figure

of speech, a variety of perfume, a bridawl, seamist inso one)
as

leichtly as see saw (O my goodmiss! O my greatness! O my
prizelestly preshoes!) while, dewyfully as dimb dumbelles,

all

alisten to his elixir. Lovelyt!

And they said to him:

—Enchanted, dear sweet Stainusless, young confessor,
dearer
dearest, we herehear, aboutobloss, O coelicola, thee salutamt.
Pattern of our unschoold, pageantmaster, deliverer of
softmissives,

round the world in forty mails, bag, belt and balmybeam,

our barnaboy, our chepachap, with that pampipe in your
putaway,
gab borab, when you will be after doing all your sightseeing
and soundhearing and smellsniffing and tastytasting and
tenderumstouchings in all Daneygaul, send us, your
adorables,
thou overblaseed, a wise and letters play of all you can ceive,
chief celtech chappy, from your holy post now you hast
ascertained
ceremonially our names. Unclean you art not. Outcaste
thou are not. Leperstower, the karman's loki, has not
blanched
at our pollution and your intercourse at ninety legsplits does
not
defile. Untouchable is not the scarecrown is on you. You are
pure. You are pure. You are in your puerity. You have not
brought stinking members into the house of Amanti. Elleb
Inam,
Titep Notep, we name them to the Hall of Honour. Your head
has been touched by the god Enel-Rah and your face has
been
brightened by the goddess Aruc-Ituc. Return, sainted
youngling,
and walk once more among us! The rains of Demani are
masikal
as of yere. And Baraza is all aflower. Siker of calmy days. As
shiver as shower can be. Our breed and better class is in
brood
and bitter pass. Labbeycliath longs. But we're counting on
the
cluck. The Great Cackler comes again. Sweetstaker, Abel
lord of

all our haloease, we (to be slightly more femmiliar perhips
than is
slickly more then naccessory), toutes philomelas as well as
magdelenes,

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were drawpairs with two pinmarks, BVD and BVD dot,
so want lotteries of ticklets posthastem (you appreciate?) so
as to
be very dainty, if an isaspell, and so as to be verily
dandydainty,
if an ishibilley, of and on, to and for, by and with, from you.
Let the hitback hurry his wayward ere the missive has time to
take herself off, 'twill be o'erthemore willfully intomeet if the
coming offence can send our shudders before. We seem to
have
being elfewhere as tho' th' had pafs'd in our suspens. Next
to our shrinking selves we love sensitivas best. For they are
the Angèles. Brick, fauve, jonquil, sprig, fleet, nocturne,
smiling
bruise. For they are an Angèle's garment. We will be constant
(what a word!) and bless the day, for whole hours too, yes,
for
sold long syne as we shall be heing in our created being of
ours
elvishness, the day you befell, you dreadful temptation! Now
promisus as at our requested you will remain ignorant of all
what
you hear and, though if whilst disrobing to the edge of risk,
(the
bisifings in idolhours that satinfines tootoo!) draw a veil till
we
next time! You don't want to peach but bejimboed if ye do!

Perhelps. We ernst too may. How many months or how many
years till the myriadth and first become! Bashfulness be
tupped!

May he colp, may he colp her, may he mixandmass colp her!
Talk with a hare and you wake of a tartars. That's mus. Says
the

Law. List! Kicky Lacey, the pervedgined, and Bianca
Mutantini,

her conversa, drew their fools longth finnishfurst, Herzog
van

Vellentam, but me and meother ravin, my coosine of mine,
have

mour good three chancers, weothers, after Bohnaparts. The
mything smile of me, my wholesome assumption, shes nowt
mewithout

as weam twin herewithin, that I love like myselfish, like
smithereens robinsongs, like juneses nutslost, like the blue of
the

sky if I stoop for to spy's between my
whiteyoumightcallimbs.

How their duel makes their triel! Eer's wax for Sur Soord,
dongdong

bollets for the iris riflers, queemswellth of coocome in their
combs for the jennyjos. Caro caressimus! Honey swarns
where

mellisponds. Will bee all buzzy one another minnies for the
mere

effect that you are so fuld of pollen yourself. Teomeo!

Daurdour!

We feel unspeechably thoughtless over it all here in
Gizzygazelle

Tark's bimboowood so pleasekindly communicake with the original sinse we are only yearning as yet how to burgeon.

It's

meant milliems of centiments deadlost or mislaid on them but,

master of snakes, we can sloughchange in the nip of a napple solongas we can allsee for deedsetton your quick. By the hook

in your look we're eyed for aye were you begging the questuan

with your lutean bowl round Monkmesserag. And whenever you're tingling in your trout we're sure to be tangled in our ticements.

It's game, ma chère, be off with your shepherdress on!

Upsome

cauda! Behose our handmades for the lured! To these nunce we are but yours in ammatures yet well come that day we shall ope

to be ores. Then shalt thou see, seeing, the sight. No more hoaxites!

Nay more gifting in mennage! A her's fancy for a his friend and then that fellow yours after this follow ours. Vania, Vania Vaniorum, Domne Vanias!

Hightime is ups be it down into outs according! When there

shall be foods for vermin as full as feeds for the fett, eat on earth

as there's hot in oven. When every Klitty of a scolderymeid shall

hold every yardscullion's right to stimm her uprecht for whimsoever,

whether on privates, whather in publics. And when all us
romance catholeens shall have ones for all amanseprated.
And the
world is maidfree. Methanks. So much for His Meignysthy
man!
And all his bigyttens. So till Coquette to tell Cockotte to
teach
Connie Curley to touch Cattie Hayre and tip Carminia to tap
La
Chérie though where the diggings he dwellst amongst us
here's
nobody knows save Mary. Whyfor we go ringing hands in
hands
in gyrogryrondo.

These bright elects, consentconsorted, they were waltzing
up
their willside with their princesome handsome angeline
chiuff
while in those wherebus there wont bears way (mearing
unknown,
a place where pigeons carry fire to seethe viands, a miry
hill, belge end sore footh) oaths and screams and bawley
groans
with a belchybubhub and a hellabelow bedemmed and
bediabbled
the arimaining lucisphere. Helldsdend, whelldself!
Lonedom's
breach lay foulend up uncouth not be broched by punns and
reedles. Yet the ring gayed rund rorosily with a drat for a brat
you. Yasha Yash ate sassage and mash. So he found he bash,
poor

Yasha Yash. And you wanna make one of our micknick party.

No honaryhuest on our sposhialiste. For poor Glugger was dazed

and late in his crave, ay he, laid in his grave.

But low, boys low, he rises, shrivering, with his spittyful eyes

and his whoozebecome voice. Ephthah! Cisamis! Examen of conscience scruples now he to the best of his memory schemado.

Nu mere for ever siden on the stolen. With his tumescinquinance

in the thigh of his tumstull. No more singing all the dags in his sengaggeng. Experssly at hand counterhand. Trinitatis kink

had mudded his dome, peccat and pent fore, pree. Hymserf, munchaowl, maden, born of thug tribe into brood blackmail, dooly

redecant allbigenesis henesies. He, by bletchendmacht of the golls,

proforhim penance and come off enternatural. He, selfsufficiencer,

eggscumuddher-in-chaff sporticolorissimo, what though the duthsthrows in his lavabad eyes, maketomake polentay rossum,

(Good savours queen with the stem of swuith Aftreck! Fit for king of Zundas) out of bianconies, hiking ahake like any nudge-

meroughgorude all over Terracuta. No more throw acids, face all

lovabilities, appeal for the union and play for tirnitys. He,

praise

Saint Calembaurnus, make clean breastsack of goody girl

now as

ever drank milksoep from a spoen, weedhearted boy of potter
and

mudder, chip of old Flinn the Flinter, twig of the hider that
tanned

him. He go calaboosh all same he tell him out. Teufleuf man
he

strip him all mussymussy calico blong him all same he tell
him all

out how he make what name. He, through wolkenic
connection,

relation belong this remarklable moliman, Anaks Andrum,
parleyglutton

pure blood Jebusite, centy procent Erserum spoking.

Drugmallt storehuse. Inrance on back. Most open on the
laydays.

He, A. A., in peachskin shantungs, possible, sooth to say,
notwithstanding far former guiles and he gaining fish
considerable,

by saving grace after avalunch, to look most profitable
out of smily skibluh eye. He repeat of him as pious alios cos
he

ast for shave and haircut people said he'd shape of hegoat
where

he just was sheep of herrgott with his tile togged. Top. Not
true

what chronicles is bringing his portemanteau priamed full
potatowards.

Big dumm crumm digaditchies say short again akter, even
while lossassinated by summan, he coaxyorum a
pennysilvers
offerings bloodonages with candid zuckers on Spinshesses
Walk
in presents to lilithe maidinettes for at bloo his noose for him
with pruriest pollygameous inatentions, he having that
pecuniarity
ailmint spectacularly in heather cliff emurgency on gale
days because souffrant chronic from a plentitude of house
torts.
Collosul rhodomantic not wert one bronze lie Scholarina say
as
he, greyed vike cuddlepuller, walk in her sleep his pig
indicks
weg femtyfem funts. Of so little is her timentrousnest great
for
greeting his immensesness. Sutt soonas sett they were, her
eyes
as his auroholes. Kaledvalch! How could one classically?
One
could naught critically. Ininest lightingshaft only for lovalit
smugpipe, his Mistress Mereshame, of cupric tresses, the
formwhite
foaminine, the ambersandalled, after Aasdocktor Talop's
onamuttony legture. A mish, holy balm of seinsed myrries,
he is
as good as a mountain and everybody what is found of his
gients
he knew Meistral Wikingson, furframed Noordwogen's
kampften,
with complexion of blushing dolomite fanned by ozeone

brisees, what naver saw his bedshead farrer and naver met
his
swigamore, have his ignomen from prima signation of being
Master Milchku, queerest man in the benighted queendom,
and,
adcraft aidant, how he found the kids. Other accuse him as
lochkneeghed forsunkener, dope in stockknob, all
ameltingmoult
after rhomatism, purely simply tammy ratkins. The kurds of
Copt on the berberutters and their bedaweens! Even was
Shes
whole begeds off before all his nahars in the
koldbethizzdryel. No
gudth! Not one zouz! They whiteliveried ragsups, two
Whales of
the Sea of Deceit, they bloodiblabstard shooters, three
Dromedaries
of the Sands of Calumdonia. As is note worthies to shock
his hind! Ur greeft on them! Such askors and their ruperts
they
are putting in for more osghirs is also false liarnels. The
frockenhalted
victims! Whore affirm is agains sempry Lotta Karssens.
They would lick their lenses before they would negatise a
jom
petter from his sodalites. In his contrary and on reality, which
Bichop Babwith bares to his whitness in his *Just a Fication*
of

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Villumses, this Mr Heer Assassor Nelson, of sorestate
hearing,
diseased, formarly with Adenoiks, den feed all lightly,

laxtleap

great change of retiring family buckler, highly accuret in his
everythinks, from tencents coupoll to bargain basement, live
with

howthold of nummer seven, wideawake, woundabout,
wokinbetts,

weeklings, in black velvet on geolgian mission senest mangy
years his rear in the lane pictures, blanking same with
autonaut

and annexes and got a daarlingt babyboy bucktooth, the thick
of

a gobstick, coming on ever so nerses nursely, gracies to
goodess,

at 81. That why all parks up excited about his gunnfodder.

That

why ecrazyaztecs and the crime ministers preaching him
mornings

and makes a power of spoon vittles out of his praverbs. That
why he, persona erecta, glycorawman arsenicful femorniser,
for

a trial by julias, in celestial sunhat, with two purses
agitatating

his theopot with wokklebout shake, rather incoherend, from
one

18 to one 18 biss, young shy gay youngs. Sympoly far
infusing

up pritty tipidities to lock up their rhainodaisies and be nice
and twainty in the shade. Old grand tutttut toucher up of
young

poetographies and he turn aroundabrupth red altfrumpishly
like

hear samhar tionnor falls some make one noise. It's his last

lap,
Gigantic, fare him weal! Revelation! A fact. True bill. By a
jury
of matrons. Hump for humbleness, dump for dirts. And, to
make
a long stoney badder and a whorly show a perfect sight, his
Thing
went the whollyway retup Suffrogate Strate.

Helpmeat too, contrasta toga, his fiery goosemother,
laotsey
taotsey, woman who did, he tell princes of the age about. You
sound on me, judges! Suppose we brisken up. Kings! Meet
the
Mem, Avenlith, all viviparous out of couple of lizards. She
just as
fenny as he is fulgar. How laat soever her latest still her
sawlogs
come up all standing. Psing a psalm of psexpeans,
apocryphul of
rhyme! His cheekmole of allaph foriverever her allinall and
his
Kuran never teachit her the be the owner of thyself. So she
not
swop her eckcot hjem for Howarden's Castle, Englandwales.
But
be the alleance of iern on his flamen vestacoat, the fibule of
brooch-
bronze to his wintermantle of pointefox. Who not knows she,
the
Madame Cooley-Couley, spawife to laird of manna, when
first

come into the pictures more as hundreds elskereks' yahrs
of
annams call away, factory fresh and fuming at the mouth,
wronged
by Hwemwednoget (magrathmagreeth, he takable a rap for
that
early party) and whenceforward Ani Mama and her fiertey
bustles terrified of gmere gnomes of gmountains and
furibound
to be back in her mytinbeddy? Schi schi, she feightened
allsouls
at pignpugn and gets a pan in her stummi from the
pialabellars
in their pur war. Yet jackticktating all around her about his
poorliness
due to pannellism and grime for that he harboured her when
feme sole, her zoravarn lhorde and givnergenral, and led her
in
antient consort ruhm and bound her durant coverture so as
she
could not steal from him, oz her or damman, so as if ever
she's
beleaved by checkenbrooth death since both was parties to
the
feed it's Hetman MacCumhal foots the funeral. Mealwhile
she
nutre him jacent from her elmer's almsdish, giantar and
tschaina
as sieme as bibrondas with Foli Signur's tinner roumanschy
to
fishle the ladwigs out of his lugwags, like a skittering kitty
skattering hayels, when his favourites were all beruffled on

him

and her own undesirables justickulating, it was such a
blowick

day. Winden wanden wild like wenchen wenden wanton. The
why if he but would bite and plug his baccypipes and
renownse

the devlins in all their pumbs and kip the streelwarkers out of
the plague and nettleses milk from sickling the honeycoombe
and kop Ulo Bubo selling foulty treepes, she would make
massa

dinars with her savuneer dealinsh and delicate her nutbrown
glory cloack to Mayde Berenice and hang herself in
Ostmannstown

Saint Megan's and make no more mulierage before mahatmas
or moslemans, but would ondulate her shookerloft hat
from Alpoleary with a viv baselgia and a clamast apotria like
any

purple cardinal's princess or woman of the grave word to the
papal legate from the Vatucum, Monsaigneur Rabbinsohn
Crucis,

with an ass of milg to his cowmate and chilterlings on
account

of all he quaqueduxed for the hnor of Hrom and the nations
abhord him and wop mezzo scudo to Sant Pursy Orelli that
gave

Luiz-Marios Josephs their loyal devouces to be offered up
missas

for vowts for widders.

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Hear, O worldwithout! Tiny tattling! Backwoods, be
wary!

Daintytrees, go dutch!

But who comes yond with pire on poletop? He who
relights
our spearing torch, the moon. Bring lolave branches to mud
cabins and peace to the tents of Ceder, Neomenie! The feast
of
Tubbournigglers is at hand. Shopshup. Inisfail! Timple
temple
tells the bells. In syngagyng a sangasongue. For all in
Ondslosby.
And, the hag they damename Coverfew hists from her lane.
And haste, 'tis time for bairns ta hame. Chickchilds, comeho
to
roo. Comehome to roo, wee chickchilds doo, when the
wildworewolf's
abroad. Ah, let's away and let's gay and let's stay
chez where the log foyer's burning!

It darkles, (tinct, tint) all this our funnaminal world. Yon
marshpond by ruodmark verge is visited by the tide.
Alvemmarea!
We are circumveiloped by obscuritads. Man and belves
frieren. There is a wish on them to be not doing or anything.
Or
just for rugs. Zoo koud! Drr, deff, coal lay on and, pzz, call
us
pyrress! Ha. Where is our highly honourworthy salutable
spouse-
founderess? The foolish one of the family is within. Haha!
Huzoor,
where's he? At house, to's pitty. With Nancy Hands.
Tcheetchee!
Hound through the maize has fled. What hou! Isegrim under

lolling ears. Far wol! And wheaten bells bide breathless. All.
The
trail of Gill not yet is to be seen, rocksdrops, up benn, down
dell, a craggy road for rambling. Nor yet through starland
that
silver sash. What era's o'ering? Lang gong late. Say long,
scielo!
Sillume, see lo! Selene, sail O! Amune! Ark!? Noh?! Nought
stirs in spinney. The swayful pathways of the dragonfly
spider
stay still in reedery. Quiet takes back her folded fields.
Tranquille
thanks. Adew. In deerhaven, imbraced, alleged, injoynted
and
unlatched, the birds, tommelise too, quail silent. ii. Luathan?
Nuathan! Was avond ere a while. Now conticinium. As Lord
the Laohun is sheutseuyes. The time of lying together will
come
and the wildering of the nicht till cockeedoodle aubens
Aurore.
Panther monster. Send leabarrow loads amorrow. While
loevdom
shleeps. Elenfant has siang his triump, *Great is Eliphaz
Magistrodontos*
and after kneepayer pious for behemuth and mahamoth
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will rest him from tusker toils. Salamsalaim! Rhinohorn
isnoutso
pigfellow but him ist gonz wurst. Kikikuki. Hopopodorme.
Sobeast!
No chare of beagles, frantling of peacocks, no muzzing of
the camel, smuttering of apes. Lights, pageboy, lights!

Brights

we'll be brights. With help of Hanoukan's lamp. When otter
leaps in outer parts then Yul remembers Mei. Her hung maid
mohns are bluming, look, to greet those loes on coast of
amethyst;

arcglow's seafire siemens lure and wextward warnerforth's
hooker-

crookers. And now with robby brerfox's fishy fable lissaned
out,

the threads simwhat toran and knots in its antargumends, the
pesciolines in Liffeyetta's bowl have stopped squiggling
about

Junoh and the whalk and feriaquintatism and pebble
infinibility

and the poission of the hoghly course. And if

Lubbernabohore

laid his horker to the ribber, save the giregargoh and dabardin
going on in his mount of knowledge (munt), he would not
hear

a flip flap in all Finnyland. Witchman, watch of your night?

Es

voes, ez noes, nott voes, ges, noun. It goes. It does not go.

Darkpark's

acoo with sucking loves. Rosimund's by her wishing well.

Soon tempt-in-twos will stroll at venture and hunt-by-threes
strut

musketeering. Brace of girdles, brasse of beauys. With the
width

of the way for jogjoy. Hulker's cieclest elbownunsense. Hold
hard! And his dithering dathering waltzers of. Stright! But
meetings

mate not as forsehn. Hesperons! And if you wand to

Livmouth,
wenderer, while Jempson's weed decks Jacqueson's Island,
here lurks, bar hellpelhullpulthebell, none iron welcome.
Bing.

Bong. Bangbong. Thunderation! You took with the
mulligrubs
and we lack mulsum? No sirrebob! Great goodness, no! Were
you Marely quean of Scuts or but Chrestien the Last, (our
duty
to you, chris! royalty, squat!) how matt your mark, though
luded your johl, here's dapplebellied mugs and troublebedded
rooms and sawdust strown in expektoration and for
ratification by
specification of your information, Mr Knight, tuntapster,
battles;
his alefru's up to his hip. And Watsy Lyke sees after all
rinsings
and don't omiss Kate, homeswab homely, put in with the
bricks.
A's the sign and one's the number. Where Chavvyout Chacer
calls the cup and Pouropourim stands astirrup. De oud huis
bij

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de kerkegaard. So who over comes ever for Whoopee Weeks
must put up with the Jug and Chambers.

But heed! Our thirty minutes war's alull. All's quiet on
the
felled of Gorey. Between the starfort and the thornwood
brass
castle flamb with mutton candles. Hushkah, a horn!
Gadolmagtog!
God es El? Housefather calls entthreateningly. From

Brandenborgenthor.

At Asa's arthre. In thundercloud periwig. With lightning bug aflash from afinger. My souls and by jings, should

he work his jaw to give down the banks and hark from the tomb!

Ansighosa pokes in her potstill to souse at the sop be sodden enow and to hear to all the bubbles besaying: the coming man, the

future woman, the food that is to build, what he with fifteen years

will do, the ring in her mouth of joyous guard, stars astir and stirabout. A palashe for hirs, a saucy for hers and ladlelike spoons

for the wonner. But ein and twee were never worth three. So they

must have their final since he's on parole. Et la pau' Leonie has the

choice of her lives between Josephinus and Mario-Louis for who

is to wear the lily of Bohemey, Florestan, Thaddeus, Hardress or

Myles. And lead raptivity captive. Ready! Like a Finn at a fair.

Now for la belle! Icy-la-Belle!

The campus calls them. Ninan ninan, the gattling gan! Childs

will be wilds. 'Twastold. And vamp, vamp, vamp, the girls are

merchand. The horseshow magnet draws his field and don't the

fillyings fly? Educande of Sorrento, they newknow knowwell
their Vico's road. Arranked in their array and flocking for the
fray on that old orangeray, Dolly Brae. For these are not on
terms, they twain, bartrossers, since their baffle of Whatalose
when Adam Leftus and the devil took our hindmost,

gegifting

her with his painapple, nor will not be atoned at all in fight to
no finish, that dark deed doer, this wellwilled wooer, Jerkoff
and

Eatsoup, Yem or Yan, while felixed is who culpas does and
harm's

worth healing and Brune is bad French for Jour d'Anno.

Tiggers

and Tuggers they're all for tenzones. Bettlimbrates. For she
must

walk out. And it must be with who. Teaseforhim.

Toesforhim.

Tossforhim. Two. Else there is danger of. Solitude.

Postreintroducing Jeremy, the chastenot coulter, the
flowing

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taal that brooks no brooking runs on to say how, as it was
mutualiter foretold of him by a timekiller to his spacemaker,

velos

ambos and arubyat knychts, with their tales within wheels
and

stucks between spokes, on the hike from Elmstree to Stene
and

back, how, running awage with the use of reason (sics) and
ramming amok at the brake of his voice (secs), his lasterhalf

was set for getting the besterwhole of his yougendtougend,

for

control number thrice was operating the subliminal of his
invaded
personality. He nobit smorfi and go poltri and let all the
tondo
gang bola del ruffo. Barto no know him mor. Eat larto altruis
with most perfect stranger.

Boo, you're through!

Hoo, I'm true!

Men, teacan a tea simmering, hamo mavrone kerry O?

Teapotty. Teapotty.

Kod knows. Anything ruind. Meetingless.

He wept indeiterum. With such a tooth he seemed to love
his
wee tart when abuy. Highly momourning he see the before
him.
Melained from nape to kneecap though vied from her girders
up.
Holy Santalto, cursing saint, sight most deletious to ross up
the
spyballs like exude of margary! And how him it heaviered
that
eyerim rust! An they bare falls witless against thee how
slight
becomes a hidden wound? Soldwoter he wash him all time
bigfeller
bruisy place blong him. He no want missies blong all boy
other look bruisy place blong him. Hence. It will paineth the
chastenot in that where of his whence he had loseth his once
for

every, even though mode grow moramor maenneritsch and
the
Tarara boom decay. Immaculacy, give but to drink to his shirt
and all skirtaskortas must change her tunics. So warred he
from
first to last, forebanned and betweenly, a smuggler for lifer.
Lift
the blank ve veered as heil! Split the hvide and aye seize
heaven!
He knows for he's seen it in black and white through his
eyetrompit
trained upon jenny's and all that sort of thing which is
dandymount to a clearobscure. Prettimaids tints may try their
taunts: apple, bacchante, custard, dove, eskimo, feldgrau,
hematite,
isinglass, jet, kipper, lucile, mimosa, nut, oysterette, prune,
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quasimodo, royal, sago, tango, umber, vanilla, wisteria, xray,
yesplease, zaza, philomel, theerose. What are they all by?
Shee.

If you nude her in her prime, make sure you find her
complementary
or, on your very first occasion, by Angus Dagdasson
and all his piccions, she'll prick you where you're proudest
with
her unsatt speagle eye. Look sharp, she's signalling from
among
the asters. Turn again, wistfultone, lode mere of Doubtlynn!
Arise, Land-under-Wave! Clap your lingua to your pallet,
drop
your jowl with a jolt, tambourine until your breath slides, pet

a
pout and it's out. Have you got me, Allysloper?

My top it was brought Achill's low, my middle I ope
before
you, my bottom's a vulser if ever there valed and my whole
the
flower that stars the day and is solly well worth your pilger's
fahrt. Where there's a hitch, a head of things, let henker's
halter
hang the halunkenend. For I see through your weapon. That
cry's not Cucullus. And his eyelids are painted. If my tutor
here
is cut out for an oldeborre I'm Flo, shy of peeps, you know.
But
when he beetles backwards, ain't I fly? Pull the boughpee to
see
how we sleep. Bee Peep! Peepette! Would you like that lump
of
a tongue for lungeon or this Turkey's delighter, hys hyphen
mys? My bellyswain's a twalf whulerusspower though he
knows
as much how to man a wife as Dunckle Dalton of matching
wools.
Shake hands through the thicketloch! Sweet swanwater! My
other is mouthfilled. This kissing wold's full of killing
fellows
kneeling voyantly to the cope of heaven. And somebody's
coming,
I feel for a fect. I've a seeklet to sell thee if old Deanns won't
be threaspanning. When you'll next have the mind to retire to
be wicked this is as dainty a way as any. Underwoods spells

bushment's

business. So if you sprig poplar you're bound to twig this.
'Twas my lord of Glendalough benedixed the gape for me
that

time at Long Entry, commanding the approaches to my
intimast

innermost. Look how they're browthered! Six thirteens at
Blanche

de Blanche's of 3 Behind Street and 2 Turnagain Lane.

Awabeg

is my callby, Magnus here's my Max, Wonder One's my
cipher

and Seven Sisters is my nighbrood. Radouga, Rab will ye na
pick them in their pink of panties. You can colour up till
you're

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prawn while I go squirt with any cockle. When here who
adolls

me infuxes sleep. But if this could see with its backsight he'd
be the grand old greeneyed lobster. He's my first viewmarc
since

Valentine. Wink's the winning word.

Luck!

In the house of breathings lies that word, all fairness. The
walls

are of rubinen and the glittergates of elfinbone. The roof
herof is

of massicious jasper and a canopy of Tyrian awning rises and
still descends to it. A grape cluster of lights hangs
therebeneath

and all the house is filled with the breathings of her fairness,

the
fairness of fondance and the fairness of milk and rhubarb and
the
fairness of roasted meats and uniomargrits and the fairness of
promise with consonantia and avowals. There lies her word,
you
reder! The height herup exalts it and the lowness her down
abaseth
it. It vibroverberates upon the tegmen and prosplodes from
pomoeria. A window, a hedge, a prong, a hand, an eye, a
sign, a
head and keep your other augur on her paypaypay. And you
have
it, old Sem, pat as ah be seated! And Sunny, my gander, he's
coming to land her. The boy which she now adores. She
dores.
Oh backed von dem zug! Make weg for their tug!

With a ring ding dong, they raise clasped hands and
advance
more steps to retire to the saum. Curtsey one, curtsey two,
with
arms akimbo, devotees.

Irrelevance.

All sing:

—I rose up one maypole morning and saw in my glass
how
nobody loves me but you. Ugh. Ugh.

All point in the shem direction as if to shun.

—My name is Misha Misha but call me Toffey Tough. I mean Mettenchough. It was her, boy the boy that was loft in the larch. Ogh! Ogh!

Her reverence.

All laugh.

They pretend to helf while they simply shafted at him sauce to make hims prich. And ith ith noth cricquette, Sally Lums. Not by ever such a lot. Twentynines of bloomers gegging een man

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arose. Avis was there and trilled her about it. She's her sex, for certain. So to celebrate the occasion:

—Willest thou rossy banders havind?

He simules to be tight in ribbings round his rumpffkorpff.

—Are you Swarthants that's hit on a shorn stile?

He makes semblant to be swiping their chimbleys.

—Can you ajew ajew fro' Sheidam?

He finges to be cutting up with a pair of sissers and to be buytings of their maidens and spitting their heads into their facepails.

Spickspuk! Spoken.

So now be hushy, little pukers! Side here roohish, cleany fuglers!

Grandicellies, all stay zitty! Adultereux, rest as befour! For
you've jollywelly dawdled all the day. When ye coif
tantoncle's
hat then'll be largely temts for that. Yet's the time for being
now,
now, now.

For a burning would is come to dance inane. Glamours
hath
moidered's lieb and herefore Coldours must leap no more.
Lack
breath must leap no more.

Lel lols for libelman libling his lore. Lolo Lolo
liebermann you
loved to be leaving Libnius. Lift your right to your Liber
Lord.
Link your left to your lass of liberty. Lala Lala, Leapermann,
your lep's but a loop to lee.

A fork of hazel o'er the field in vox the verveine virgins
ode.
If you cross this rood as you roamed the rand I'm blessed but
you'd feel him a blasting rod. Behind, me, frees from evil
smells!
Perdition stinks before us.

Aghatharept they fleurelly to Nebnos will and Rosocale.
Twice
is he gone to quest of her, thrice is she now to him. So see we
so
as seed we sow. And their prunktqueen kilt her kirtles up and
set out. And her troupe came heeling, O. And what do you
think

that pride was drest in! Voolykins' diamondinah's vestin. For
ever
they scent where air she went. While all the fauns' flares
widens
wild to see a floral's school.

Led by Lignifer, in four hops of the happiest, ach beth
cac duff,
a marrer of the sward incoronate, the few fly the farbetween!
We haul minymony on that piebold nig. Will any dubble
dabble

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on the bay? Nor far jocubus? Nic for jay? Attilad! Attattilad!
Get
up, Goth's scourge on you! There's a visitation in your
impluvium.
Hun! Hun!

He stanth theirs mun in his natural, oblious
autamnesically
of his very proprium, (such is stockpot leaden, so did
sonsepun
crake) the wont to be wanton maid a will to be wise. Thrust
from
the light, apophotorejected, he spoors loves from her heats.
He
blinkth. But's wrath's the higher where those wreathe charity.
For all of these have been thisworlders, time liquescing into
state,
pitiless age grows angelhood. Though, as he stehs, most
anysing
may befallhim from a song of a witch to the totter of
Blackarss,

given a fammished devil, a young sourceress and (eternal
conjunction)
the permission of overalls with the cuperation of nightshirt.
If he spice east he seethes in sooth and if he pierce north
he wilts in the waist. And what wonder with the murkery
viceheid
in the shade? The specks on his lapsan are his foul deed
thoughts, wishmarks of mad imogenation. Take they off!
Make
the off! But Funnylegs are leanly. A bimbamb bum! They
vain
would convert the to be hers in the word. Gush, they wooed!
Gash, they're fair ripecherry!

As for she could shake him. An oaf, no more. Still he'd
be
good tutor two in his big armschair lerningstoel and she be
waxen in his hands. Turning up and fingering over the most
dantellising
peaches in the lingerous longerous book of the dark.
Look at this passage about Galilleotto! I know it is difficult
but
when your goche I go dead. Turn now to this patch upon
Smacchiavelluti!
Soot allours, he's sure to spot it! 'Twas ever so in
monitorology since Headmaster Adam became Eva Harte's
toucher, *in omnibus moribus et temporibus*, with man's
mischief
in his mind whilst her pupils swimmied too heavenlies, let his
be
exaspirated, letters be blowed! I is a femaline person. O, of

provocative

gender. U unisingular case.

Which is why trumpers are mixed up in duels and here's
B.

Rohan meets N. Ohlan for the prize of a thou.

But listen to the mocking birde to micking barde making
bared!

We've heard it aye since songdom was gemurrmal. As he was

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queering his shoollthers. So was I. And as I was cleansing my
fausties. So was he. And as way ware puffiing our blowbags.
Souwouyou.

Come, thrust! Go, parry! Dvoibrathran, dare! The mad
long ramp of manchind's parlements, the learned
lacklearning,
merciless as wonderful.

—Now may Saint Mowy of the Pleasant Grin be your
everglass
and even prospect!

—Feeling dank.

Exchange, reverse.

—And may Saint Jerome of the Harlots' Curse make
family
three of you which is much abedder!

—Grassy ass ago.

And each was wrought with his other. And his continence
fell.

The bivitellines, Metellus and Ametallikos, her crown

pretenders,
obscindgemeinded biekerers, varying directly, uruseye each
oxesother,
superfetated (never cleaner of lamps frowned fiercelier on
anointer of hinges), while their treegrown girls, king's game,
if
he deign so, are in such transfusion just to know twigst
timidy
twomeys, for gracious sake, who is artthoudux from whose
heterotropic, the sleepy or the glouch, for, shyly bawn and
showly nursured, exceedingly nice girls can strike
exceedingly
bad times unless so richtly chosen's by (what though of
riches
he have none and hope dashes hope on his heart's horizon) to
gar
their great moments greater. The thing is he must be put strait
on the spot, no mere waterstichystuff in a selfmade world
that
you can't believe a word he's written in, not for pie, but one's
only owned by naturel rejection. Charley, you're my darwing!
So sing they sequent the assent of man. Till they go round if
they go roundagain before breakparts and all dismissed. They
keep. Step keep. Step. Stop. Who is Fleur? Where is Ange?
Or
Gardoun?

Creedless, croonless hangs his haughty. There end no
moe red
devil in the white of his eye. Braglodyte him do a katadupe!
A condemn
quondam jontom sick af a suckbut! He does not know how

his grandson's grandson's grandson's grandson will stammer
up

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in Peruvian for in the ersebest idiom I have done it equals I
so

shall do. He dares not think why the grandmother of the
grandmother

of his grandmother's grandmother coughed Russky with
suchky husky accent since in the mouthart of the slove look
at

me now means I once was otherwise. Nor that the
mappamund

has been changing pattern as youth plays moves from street
to

street since time and races were and wise ants hoarded and
sauterelles

were spendthrifts, no thing making newthing
wealthshowever

for a silly old Sol, healthytobedder and latewiser. Nor that the
turtling of a London's alderman is ladled out by the
waggerful to

the regionals of pigmyland. His part should say in honour
bound:

So help me symethew, sammarc, selluc and singin, I will
stick to

you, by gum, no matter what, bite simbum, and in case of the
event coming off beforehand even so you was to release me
for

the sake of the other cheap girl's baby's name plaster me but I
will pluckily well pull on the buckskin gloves! But
Noodynaady's

actual ingrate tootle is of come into the garner mauve and thy
nice are stores of morning and buy me a bunch of iodines.

Evidentament he has failed as tiercely as the deuce before
for
she is wearing none of the three. And quite as patently there is
a
hole in the ballet trough which the rest fell out. Because to
explain
why the residue is, was, or will not be, according to the
eighth axiom, proceeded with, namely, since ever apart that
gossan
duad, so sure as their's a patch on a pomelo, this yam ham in
never live could, the shifting about of the lassies, the tug of
love
of their lads ending with a great deal of merriment, hoots,
screams, scarf drill, cap fecking, ejaculations of aurinos,
reechoable
mirthpeals and general thumbtonosery (Myama's a yaung
yaung cauntry), one must reckon with the sudden and
gigantesquesque
appearance unwithstandable as a general election in
Barnado's bearskin amongst the brawlmiddle of this village
childergarten
of the largely longsuffering laird of Lucanhof.

But, vrayedevraye Blankdeblank, god of all machineries
and
tomestone of Barnstaple, by mortisection or vivisuture,
splitten
up or recompounded, an isaac jacquemin mauromormo
milesian,
how accountibus for him, moreblue?

Was he pitssched for an ensemple as certain have
dognosed of
him against our seawall by Rurie, Thoath and Cleaver, those
three stout sweynhearts, Orion of the Orgiasts, Meereschal
MacMuhun,
the Ipse dadden, product of the extremes giving quotidients
to our means, as might occur to anyone, your brutest
layaman with the princest champion in our archdeaconry, or
so
yclept from Clio's clippings, which the chroncher of
chivalries
is sulpicious save he scan, for ancients link with presents as
the
human chain extends, have done, do and will again as John,
Polycarp
and Irenews eye-to-eye ayewitnessed and to Paddy Palmer,
while monks sell yew to archers or the water of the livvyng
goes the way of all fish from Sara's drawhead, the
corralsome, to
Isaac's, the lauphed butt one, with her minnelisp extorreor to
his
moanolothe inturned? So Perrichon with Bastienne or heavy
Humph with airy Nan,
Ricqueracqbrimbillyjicqueyjocqjolicass?
How sowesthow, *dullcisamica*? A and aa ab ad abu abiad. A
babbel men dub gulch of tears.

The mar of murmury mermers to the mind's ear,
uncharted
rock, evasive weed. Only the caul knows his thousandfirst
name,

Hocus Crocus, Esquilocus, Finnfinn the Faineant, how feel
full
foes in furrinarr! Doth it not all come aft to you,
puritysnooper,
in the way television opes longtimes ofter when Potollomuck
Sotyr or Sourdanapplous the Lollapaloosa? The charges are,
you
will remember, the chances are, you won't; bit it's old Joe, the
Java Jane, older even than Odam Costollo, and we are
recurrently
meeting em, par Mahun Mesme, in cycloannalism, from
space to space, time after time, in various phases of scripture
as
in various poses of sepulture. Greet's Godd, Groceries!
Merodach!
Defend the King! Hoet of the rough throat attack but whose
say
is soft but whose ee has a cute angle, he whose hut is a
hissarlik
even as her hennin's aspire. And insodaintily she's a quine of
selm
ashaker while as a murder of corpse when his magot's up he's
the best berrathon sanger in all the aisles of Skaldignavia. As
who
shall hear. For now at last is Longabed going to be gone to,
that
more than man, prince of Bunnicombe of wide roadsterds,
the
herblord the gillyflowrets so fain fan to flatter about. Artho is
the

name is on the hero, Capellisato, shoehanded slaughterer of
the
shader of our leaves.

Attach him! Hold!

Yet stir thee, to clay, Tamor!

Why wilt thou erewaken him from his earth, O
summonorother:

he is weatherbitten from the dusts of ages? The hour of his
closing hies to hand; the tocsin that shall claxonise his
wareabouts.

If one who remembered his webgoods and tealofts were
to ask of a hooper for whose it was the storks were quitting
Aquileyria, this trundler would not wot; if other who joined
faith

when his depth charge bombed our barrel spillway were to
—!

Jehosophat, what doom is here! Rain ruth on them, sire!
The
wing of Moykill cover him! The Bulljon Bossbrute quarantine
him! Calavera, caution! Slaves to Virtue, save his Veritotem!
Bearara Tolearis, *procul abeat!* The Ivorbonegorer of
Danamaraca
be, his Hector Protector! Woldomar with Vasa, peel your
peeps! And try to saviourise the nights of labour to the order
of
our bleeding worold! While Pliny the Younger writes to
Pliny
the Elder his calamolumen of contumellas, what Aulus
Gellius
picked on Micmacrobius and what Vitruvius pocketed from

Cassiodorus. Like we larnt from that Buke of Lukan in
Dublin's
capital, Kongdam Coombe. Even if you are the kooper of the
winkel over measure never lost a licence. Nor a
duckindonche
divulse from bath and breakfast. And for the honour of
Alcohol
drop that you-know-what-I've-come-about-I-saw-your-act
air!
Punch may be pottleproud but his Judy's a wife's wit better.

For the producer (Mr John Baptister Vickar) caused a
deep
abuliousness to descend upon the Father of Truants and, at a
side
issue, pluterpromptly brought on the scene the cutletsized
consort,
foundling filly of fortyshilling fostertailor and shipman's
shopahoyden, weighing ten pebble ten, scaling five footsy
five
and spanning thirtyseven inchettes round the good
companions,
twentynine ditties round the wishful waistress, thirtyseven
alsos
round the answer to everything, twentythree of the same
round
each of the quis separabits, fourteen round the beginning of
happiness
and nicely nine round her shoed for slender.

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And eher you could pray mercy to goodness or help with
your

hokey or mehokeypoo, Gallus's hen has collared her pullets.
That's where they have owreglias for. Their bone of
contention,
flesh to their thorns, prest as Prestissima, makes off in a
thinkling
(and not one hen only nor two hens neyther but every blessed
brigid came aclucking and aclacking), while, a rum a rum,
the
ram of all harns, Bier, Wijn, Spirituosen for consumption on
the
premises, advokaat withouten pleaders, Mas marrit, Pas
poulit,
Ras ruddist of all, though flamifestouned from galantifloures,
is
hued and cried of each's colour.

Home all go. Halome. Blare no more ramsblares,
oddmund
barkes! And cease your fumings, kindalled bushies! And
sherrigoldies
yeassymgnays; your wildeshaweshowe moves swiftly
sterneward! For here the holy language. Soons to come. To
pousse.

'Tis goed. Het best.

For they are now tearing, that is, teartoretorning. Too
soon
are coming tasbooks and goody, hominy bread and bible bee,
with jaggery-yo to juju-jaw, Fine's French phrases from the
Grandmère des Grammaires and bothered parsenaps from the
Four Massores, Mattatias, Marusias, Lucanias, Jokinias, and
what

happened to our eleven in thirtytwo antepostdating the
Valgur
Eire and why is limbo where is he and what are the sound
waves
saying ceased ere they all wayed wrong and Amnist
anguished
axes Collis and where fishngaman fetched the mongafesh
from
and whatfor paddybird notplease rancoon and why was
Sindat
sitthing on him sitbom like a saildior, with what the doc did
in the
doil, not to mention define the hydraulics of common salt
and,
its denier crid of old provaunce, where G.P.O. is zentrum and
D.U.T.C. are radients write down by the frequency of the
scores
and crores of your refractions the valuations in the pice of
dinggyings
on N.C.R. and S.C.R.

That little cloud, a nibulissa, still hangs isky. Singabed
sulks
before slumber. Light at night has an alps on his druckhouse.
Thick head and thin butter or after you with me. Caspi, but
gueroligüe stings the air. Gaylegs to riot of us! Gallocks to
lafft!

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What is amaid today todo? So angelland all weeping bin that
Izzy
most unhappy is. Fain Essie fie onhapje? laughs her stella's
vispirine.

While, running about their ways, going and coming, now
at
rhimba rhomba, now in trippiza trappaza, pleating a pattern
Gran
Geamatron showed them of gracehoppers, auntskippers and
coneyfarm
leppers, they jeeriled along, durian gay and marian maidcap,
lou Dariou beside la Matieto, all boy more all girl
singoutfeller
longa house blong store Huddy, whilst nin nin nin nin that
Boorman's clock, a winny on the tinny side, ninned nin nin
nin
nin, about old Father Barley how he got up of a morning
arley
and he met with a platonem blondes named Hips and Haws
and
fell in with a fellows of Trinity some header Skowood Shaws
like
(You'll catch it, don't fret, Mrs Tummy Lupton! Come indoor,
Scoffynosey, and shed your swank!) auld Daddy Deacon who
could stow well his place of beacon but he never could hold
his
kerosene's candle to (The nurse'll give it you, stickypots!
And you
wait, my lasso, fecking the twine!) bold Farmer Burleigh
who
wuck up in a hurlywurly where he huddly could wuddle to
wallow
his weg tillbag of the baker's booth to beg of (You're well
held now, Missy Cheekspeer, and your panto's off! Fie, for
shame,
Ruth Wheatacre, after all the booz said!) illed Diddiddy

Achin

for the prize of a pease of bakin with a pinch of the panch of the

ponch in jurys for (Ah, crabeyes, I have you, showing off to the

world with that gape in your stocking!) Wold Forrester

Farley

who, in deesperation of deispiration at the diasporation of his diesparation, was found of the round of the sound of the

lound

of the.

Lukkedoerendunandurraskewdylooshoofermoyportertoo-
ryzoosphalnabortansporthaokansakroidverjkapakkapuk.

Byfall.

Upploud!

The play thou schouwburgst, Game, here endeth. The curtain

drops by deep request.

Uplouderamain!

Gonn the gawds, Gunnar's gustspells. When the h, who the
hu, how the hue, where the huer? Orbiter onswers: lots lives
lost. Fionia is fed up with Fidge Fudgesons. Sealand snorres.

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Rendningrocks roguesreckning reigns. Gwds with gurs are
gtrdmmrng. Hills vlls. The timid hearts of words all
exeomnosunt.

Mannagad, lammalelouh, how do that come? By Dad, youd
not heed that fert? Fulgitudes ejist rowdownan tonuout.

Quoq!

And buncskleydoodle! Kidoosh! Of their fear they broke,
they
ate wind, they fled; where they ate there they fled; of their
fear
they fled, they broke away. Go to, let us extol Azrael with
our
harks, by our brews, on our jambeses, in his gaits. To
Mezouzalem
with the Dephilim, didits dinkun's dud? Yip! Yup! Yarrah!
And let Nek Nekulon extol Mak Makal and let him say
unto him: Immi ammi Semmi. And shall not Babel be with
Lebab? And he war. And he shall open his mouth and
answer:
I hear, O Ismael, how they laud is only as my loud is one. If
Nekulon shall be havonfalled surely Makal haven hevens. Go
to,
let us extell Makal, yea, let us exceedingly extell. Though
you
have lien among your posspots my excellency is over Ismael.
Great is him whom is over Ismael and he shall mekanek of
Mak
Nakulon. And he deed.

Uplouderamainagain!

For the Clearer of the Air from on high has spoken in
tumbuldum
tambaldam to his tembledim tomballdoom worrild and,
moguphonoised
by that phonemanon, the unhappitents of the earth
have terrerumbled from fimament unto fundament and from
tweedledeedumms down to twiddledeedees.

Loud, hear us!

Loud, graciously hear us!

Now have thy children entered into their habitations. And nationglad, camp meeting over, to shin it, Gov be thanked!

Thou

hast closed the portals of the habitations of thy children and thou

hast set thy guards thereby, even Garda Didymus and Garda Domas, that thy children may read in the book of the opening of

the mind to light and err not in the darkness which is the afterthought

of thy nomatter by the guardiance of those guards which are thy bodemen, the cheeryboyum chirryboth with the kerrybommers

in their krubeems, Pray-your-Prayers Timothy and Back-to-Bunk Tom.

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Till tree from tree, tree among trees, tree over tree become

stone to stone, stone between stones, stone under stone for ever.

O Loud, hear the wee beseech of thees of each of these thy unlitten

ones! Grant sleep in hour's time, O Loud!

That they take no chill. That they do ming no merder.

That

they shall not gomeet madhowiatrees.

Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with
laughters
low!

Ha he hi ho hu.

Mummum.

As we there are where are we UNDE ET UBI.
 are we there
 from tomtittot to
 teetootomttotalitarian. Tea
 tea too oo.

*With his broad
 and hairy face,
 to Ireland a
 disgrace.*

Whom will comes over. Who to SIC.
 caps ever.
 And howelse do we hook our hike to
 find that
 pint of porter place? Am shot, says
 the bigguard.¹

*Menly about
 peebles.*

Whence. Quick lunch by our IMAGINABLE
 left, wheel, ITINERARY
 to where. Long Livius Lane, mid THROUGH
 Mezzofanti THE
 Mall, diagonising Lavatery Square, PARTICULAR
 up Tycho UNIVERSAL.

*Dont retch meat
 fat salt lard
 sinks down (and
 out).*

Brache Crescent,² shouldering
 Berkeley Alley,
 querfixing Gainsborough Carfax,
 under Guido
 d'Arezzo's Gadeway, by New Livius
 Lane till
 where we whiled while we
 withered. Old

Vico Roundpoint. But fahr, be fear!
And
natural, simple, slavish, filial. The
marriage of
Montan wetting his moll we know,
like any
enthewsyass cuckling a hoyden³ in
her rougey

¹ Rawmeash, quoshe with her girlic teangue. If old Herod with the
Cormwell's
eczema was to go for me like he does Snuffler whatever about his blue
canaries I'd do nine months for his beaver beard.

² Mater Mary Mercerycordial of the Dripping Nipples, milk's a queer
arrangement.

³ Real life behind the floodlights as shown by the best exponents of a
royal
divorce.

----- 261 -----

gipsylike chinkaminx
pulshandjupeyjade and
her petsybluse indecked o' voylets. ¹
When
who was wist was ware. En elv, et
fjaell. And
the whirr of the whins humming us
howe.
His hume. Hencetaking tides we
haply return,
trumpeted by prawns and ensigned
with seakale,
to befinding ourself when old is said
in

one and maker mates with made (O
my!),
having conned the cones and
meditated the
mured and pondered the pensils and
ogled the
olymp and delighted in her
dianaphous and
cacchinated behind his culosses,
before a

*Swiney Tod, ye
Daimon Barbar!*

mosoleum. Length Withought
Breath, of him,
a chump of the evums, upshoot of
picnic or
stupor out of sopor, Cave of Kids or
Hymanian
Glattstoneburg, denary, danery,
donnery,

*Dig him in the
rubsh!*

domm, who, entiringly as he
continues highly-
fictional, tumulous under his
chthonic exterior

*Ungodly old Ardrey,
Cronwall
beeswaxing the
convulsion box.*

but plain Mr Tumulty in
muftilife, ² in his an-
tisipiencies as in his
recognisances, is, (Dominic
Directus) a manyfeast munificent
more mob
than man.

Ainsoph, ³ this upright one, with
that

CONSTITU-
TION OF THE

noughty besighed him zeroine. To
 see in his
 horrorscup he is mehrkurios than
 saltz of
 sulphur. Terror of the noonstruck by
 day,
 cryptogam of each nightly bridable.
 But, to
 speak broken heaventalk, is he?
 Who is he?
 Whose is he? Why is he? Howmuch
 is he?
 Which is he? When is he? Where is
 he? ⁴ How
 is he? And what the decans is there
 about him

CONSTITU-
 TIONABLE AS
 CONSTITU-
 TIONAL.

¹ When we play dress grownup at alla ludo poker you'll be happnessised to feel how fetching I can look in clingarounds.

² Kellywick, Longfellow's Lodgings, House of Comments III, Cake Walk, Amusing Avenue, Salt Hill, Co. Mahogany, Izalond, Terra Firma.

³ Groupname for grapejuice.

⁴ Bhing, said her burglar's head, soto poce.

----- 262 -----

anyway, the decent man? Easy,
 calm your
 haste! Approach to lead our passage!
 This bridge is upper.
 Cross.
 Thus come to castle.
 Knock.¹

PROBA-
 POSSIBLE
 PROLEGO-
 MENA TO

A password, thanks.

IDEAREAL

Yes, pearse.

HISTORY.

Well, all be dumbled!

O really? ²

Swing the banjo, Hoo cavedin earthwight

bantams, bounce- At furscht kracht of thunder. ³

the-baller's When shoo, his flutterby,

blown to fook.

Was netted and named. ⁴

Thsight near Erdnacrusa, requiestress, wake

left me eyes when em!

I seen her put And let luck's puresplutterall lucy

thounce otay

ithpot.

at

ease! ⁵

To house as wise fool ages builded.

Sow byg eat. ⁶

Staplering to tether to,

GNOSIS OF

steppingstone to

PRECREATE

Quartandwds. mount by, as the Boote's at

DETERMINATION.

Pickardstown.

AGNOSIS OF

And that skimmelk steed still in

POSTCREATE

the groundloftfan.

DETERMINISM.

As over all. Or be these wingsets

leaned

to the outwalls, beastskin trophies of

booth

of Baws the balsamboards? ⁷ Burials

be ballyhouraised!

So let Bacchus e'en call! Inn inn!

Tickets for the
Tailwaggers

Inn inn! Where. The babbers ply the

Terrierpuppy

pen.

Raffle.

The bibbers drang the den. The

papplicom,
the publicam he's turning tin for
ten. From

- 1 Yussive smirte and ye mermon answerth from his beelyingplace below the tightmark, Gotahelv!
- 2 O Evol, kool in the salg and ees how Dozi pits what a drows er.
- 3 A goodrid croven in a tynwalled tub.
- 4 Apis amat aram. Luna legit librum. Pulla petit pascua.
- 5 And after dinn to shoot the shades.
- 6 Says blistered Mary Achinhead to beautifed Tummy Tullbutt.
- 7 Begge. To go to Begge. To go to Begge and to be sure to reminder Begge. Goodbeg, bugey Begge.

----- 263 -----

seldomers that most frequent him.
That same
erst crafty hakemouth which under
the assumed
name of Ignotus Loquor, of foggy
old,
harangued bellyhooting fishdrunks
on their
favorite stamping ground, from a
father theobalder
brake.¹ And Egyptus, the
incenstrobed,

Mars speaking. as Cyrus heard of him? And Major
A. Shaw
after he got the miner smellpex?
And old
Whiteman self, the blighty blotchy,

beyond
the bays, hope of ostrogothic and
ottomanic
faith converters, despair of
Pandemia's postwartem
plastic surgeons? But is was all so
long ago. Hispano-Cathayan-
Euxine, Castil-
lian-Emeratic-Hebridian, Espanol-
Cymric-

Smith, no home. Helleniky? Rolf the Ganger, Rough
the Gangster,
not a feature alike and the face the
same.²

Pastimes are past times. Now let
bygones
be bei Gunne's. Saaledies er it in
this warken
werden, mine boerne, and it vild
need olderwise³
since primal made alter in garden of
Idem. The tasks above are as the
flasks below,
saith the emerald canticle of Hermes
and all's

*Non quod sed
quiat.*

loth and pleasestir, are we told, on
excellent
inkbottle authority, solarsystemised,
seriol-
cosmically, in a more and more
almightily
expanding universe under one, there

is rhymeless
 reason to believe, original sun.
 Securely
 judges orb terrestrial. ⁴ *Haud certo*
ergo. But
 O felicitous culpability, sweet bad
 cess to you
 for an archetypt!

*Hearasay in
 paradox lust.*

- ¹ Huntler and Pumar's animal alphabites, the first in the world from aab to zoo.
- ² We dont hear the booming cursowarries, we wont fear the fletches of fighting, we float the meditarenias and come bask to the isle we love in spice. Punt.
- ³ And this once golden bee a cimadoro.
- ⁴ And he was a gay Lutharius anyway, Sinobiled. You can tell by their extraordinary clothes.

----- 264 -----

Honour commercio's energy yet	ARCHAIC
aid the	ZELOTYPIA
linkless proud, the plurable with	AND THE
everybody	ODIUM TEL-
and ech with pal, this ernst of	EOLOGICUM.
Allsap's ale	
halliday of roaring month with its	
two lunar	
eclipses and its three saturnine	
settings! Horn	
of Heatthen, highbrowed! Brook of	
Life, backfrish!	
Amnios amnium, fluminiculum	
flaminulinorum!	

We seek the Blessed One, the
Harbourer-cum-Enheritance. Even
Canaan
the Hateful. Ever a-going, ever a-
coming.
Between a stare and a sough.
Fossilisation, all
branches. ¹ Wherefore Petra sware
unto Ulma:
By the mortals' frost! And Ulma
sware unto
Petra: On my veiny life!

Bags.
Balls.

In these places sojournemus, THE LOCALI-
where Eblinn SATION OF
water, leased of carr and fen, LEGEND
leaving amont her LEADING TO
shoals and salmen browses, whom THE LEGALI-
inshore SATION OF
breezes woo with freshets, windeth LATIFUNDISM.
to her
broads. A phantom city, phaked of
philm
pholk, bowed and sould for a four of
hundreds
of manhood in their three and
threescore
fylkers for a price partitional of
twenty six and
six. By this riverside, on our
sunnybank, ² how
buona the vista, by Santa Rosa! A

Move up,
Mackinerny!
Make room for
Muckinurney!

field of May,
the very vale of Spring. Orchards
here are
lodged; sainted lawrels
evremembered. You
have a hoig view ashwald, a glen of
marrons
and of thorns. Gleannaulinn,
Ardeevin: purty
glint of plaising height. This
Norman court at
boundary of the ville, yon creepered
tower of
a church of Ereland, meet for true
saints in
worshipful assemblage, ³ with our
king's house

¹ Startnaked and bonedstiff. We vivvy soddy. All be dood.

² When you dreamt that you'd wealth in marble arch do you ever think of
pool beg slowe.

³ Porphyrious Olbion, redcoatliar, we were always wholly rose marines
on our side every time.

----- 265 -----

of stone, belgroved of mulbrey, the
still that
was mill and Kloster that was
Yeomansland,
the ghastrcold tombshape of the
quick foregone
on, the loftheaved elm Lefanunian
abovemansioned,

each, every, all is for the
retrospectioner.
Skole! Agus skole igen! ¹
Sweetsome
auburn, cometh up as a selfreizing
flower,
that fragolance of the fraisey beds:
the phoenix,
his pyre, is still flaming away with
trueprattight
spirit: the wren his nest is niedelig as
the
turrises of the sabinas are televisible.
Here are
the cottage and the bungalow for the
cobbeler
and the brandnewburgher: ² but
Izolde, her
chaplet gardens, an litlee plads af
liefest pose,
arride the winnerful wonders off, the
winnerful
wonerful wanders off, ³ with
hedges of
ivy and hollywood and bower of
mistletoe,
are, tho if it them tho and yeth if
you
pleathes, ⁴ for the blithehaired
daughter of
Angoisse. All out of two barreny old

*In snowdrop,
trou-de-dentelle,
flesh and helio-
trope.*

perishers,
Tytonyhands and Vlossyhair, a
kilolitre in
metromyriams. Presepeprosapia, the
parent
bole. Wone tabard, wine tap and
warm tavern⁵
and, by ribbon development, from
contact
bridge to lease lapse, only two
millium two
humbered and eighty thausig nine
humbered

*Here's our dozen
cousins from the
starves on tripes.* and sixty radiolumin lines to the
wustworts of
a Finntown's generous poet's office.
Distorted
mirage, aloofliest of the plain,
wherein the

¹ Now a muss wash the little face.

² A viking vernacular expression still used in the Summerhill district for a jerryhatted man of forty who puts two fingers into his boiling soupplate and licks them in turn to find out if there is enough mushroom catsup in the mutton broth.

³ H' dk' fs' h'p'y.

⁴ Googlaa pluplu.

⁵ Tomley. The grown man. A butcher szewched him the bloughs and braches. I'm chory to see P. Shuter.

boxomeness of the bedelias¹ makes
hobbyhodge
happy in his hole. ² The store and
charter, Treetown Castle under
Lynne. Rivapool?
Hod a brieck on it! But its piers
eerie,
its span spooky, its toll but a till, its
parapets
all peripateting. D'Oblong's by his
by. Which
we all pass. Tons. In our snoo.
Znore. While
we hickerwards the thicker. Schein.
Schore.
Which assoars us from the murk of
the mythelated
in the barrabelowther, bedevere
butlered
table round, past Morningtop's
necessity and
Harington's invention, to the
clarience of the
childlight in the studiorium upsturts.
Here
we'll dwell on homiest powers, love
at the
latch with novices nig and nag. The
chorus:
the principals. For the rifocillation
of their
inclination to the manifestation of

irritation:

doldorboys and doll. ³ After sound,
light and
heat, memory, will and
understanding.

*Bet you fippence,
anythesious,
there's no pug-
gatory, are yous
game?*

Here (the memories framed
from walls are
minding) till wranglers for
wringwrowdy
wready are, F 7, (at gaze,
respecting, fourteenth
baronet, meet, altrettanth bancorot,
chaff) and ere commence
commencement catalaunic
when Aetius check chokewill Attil's
gambit, (that buxon bruzeup, give it
a bur!)

lead us seek, O june of eves the
jenniest,
thou who fleest flicklesome the
fond fervid
frondeur to thickly thyself attach
with thine
efteased ensuer, ⁴ ondrawer of our
unconscionable,
flickerflapper fore our

PREAUSTERIC
MAN AND HIS
PURSUIT OF
PANHYSTERIC
WOMAN.

¹ I believe in Dublin and the Sultan of Turkey.

² I have heard this word used by Martin Halpin, an old gardener from the Glens of Antrim who used to do odd jobs for my godfather, the Rev. B. B. Brophy of Swords.

3 Ravens may rive so can dove deelish.

4 A question of pull.

----- 267 -----

underdrugged, ¹ lead us seek, lote us
see, light us find,
let us missnot Maidadate, Mimosa
Multimimetica,
the maymeaminning of
maimoomeining!
Elpis, thou fountain of the greeces,
all shall speer
theeward, ² from kongen in his
canteenus to
knivers hind the knoll. Ausonius
Audacior
and gael, gillie, gall. ³
Singalingalying. Storiella
as she is syung. Whence followeup
with endspeaking
nots for yestures, plutonically
pursuant
on briefest glimpse from gladrags,
pretty
Proserpronette whose slit satchel
spilleth peas.

*There was a
sweet hopeful
cullid Cis.*

Belisha beacon, beckon bright! URGES AND
Usherette, WIDERURGES
unmesh us! That grene ray of IN A PRIMITIVE
earong it waves SEPT.
us to yonder as the red, blue and
yellow flogs

time on the domisole, ⁴ with a blewy
 blow and
 a windigo. Where flash becomes
 word and
 silents selfloud. To brace congeners,
 trebly
 bounden and asservaged twainly.
 Adamman, ⁵
 Emhe, Issossianusheen and
 sometypes Yggely
 ogs Weib. Uwayoei! ⁶ So mag this
 sybilette be
 our shibboleth that we may syllable
 her well!
 Vetus may be occluded behind the
 mou in

*The Big Bear
 bit the Sailor's
 Only. Trouble,
 trouble, trouble.*

Veto but Nova will be nearing as
 their radiant
 among the Nereids. A one of
 charmers, ay,
 Una Unica, charmers, who, under
 the branches
 of the elms, in shoes as yet unshent
 by stoniness,

*Forening Unge
 Kristlike Kvinne.*

wend, went, will wend a way of
 honey
 myrrh and Rambler roses mistmusk
 while still
 the maybe mantles the meiblume or
 ever her

¹ For Rose Point see Inishmacsaint.

2 Mannequins' Pose.

3 Their holy presumption and hers sinfly desprit.

4 Anama anamaba anamabapa.

5 Only for he's fathering law I could skewer that old one and slosh her out many's the time but I thinks more of my pottles and ketts.

6 All abunk for Tarararat! Look slipper, soppysat, we've a doss in the manger.

----- 268 -----

if have faded from the fleur,¹ their
arms

enlocked, (ringrang, the chimes of
sex appealing

*Telltale me all
of annaryllies.*

as conchitas with sentas stray,²
rung!), all

thinking all of it, the It with an itch
in it, the All

every inch of it, the pleasure each
will preen her

for, the business each was bred to
breed by.³

Soon jemmijohns will cudgel
about some
a rhythmatick or other over Browne
and

Nolan's divisional tables whereas
she, of

*Will you carry
my can and
fight the fairies?*

minions' novence charily being
cupid, for
mug's wumping, grooser's

EARLY
NOTIONS OF
ACQUIRED
RIGHTS AND
THE INFLU-
ENCE OF
COLLECTIVE
TRADITION
UPON THE
INDIVIDUAL.

grubbiness, andt's
avarice and grossopper's
grandegaffe, with her
tootpettypout of jemenfichue will sit
and knit
on solfa sofa. ⁴ Stew of the evening,
booksyful
stew. And a bodikin a boss in the
Thimble
Theatre. But all is her inbourne.
Intend. From

*Allma Mathers,
Auctioneer.*

gramma's grammar she has it that if
there is a
third person, mascarine, pheline or
nuder,
being spoken abad it moods
prosodes from a
person speaking to her second which
is the
direct object that has been spoken to,
with and
at. Take the dative with his oblativ
⁵ for, even
if obsolete, it is always of interest,
so spake
gramma on the impetus of her
imperative, only
mind your genderous towards his
reflexives

*Old Gavelkind
the Gamper and
he's as daff as
you're erse.*

such that I was to your grappa
(Bott's trousend,
hore a man uff!) when him was me

hedon⁶

and mine, what the lewdy saying,
his analectual

pygmyhop.⁷ There is comfortism in
the

¹ One must sell it to some one, the sacred name of love.

² Making it up as we goes along.

³ The law of the jungerl.

⁴ Let me blush to think of all those halfwayhoist pullovers.

⁵ I'd like his pink's cheek.

⁶ Frech devil in red hairing! So that's why you ran away to sea, Mrs
Lappy. Leap me, Locklaun, for you have sensed!

⁷ A washable lovable floatable doll.

----- 269 -----

knowledge that often hate on first
hearing
comes of love by second sight. Have
your
little sintalks in the dunk of
subjunctions, dual
in duel and prude with pruriel, but
even the
aoriest chaparound whatever
plaudered perfect
anent prettydotes and *haec genua
omniamay*
perhaps chance to be about to be in
the case to
be becoming a pale peterwright in

spite of all
your tense accusatives whilstly
you're wallfloored ¹
like your gerandiums for the better
half of a yearn or sob. It's a wild's
kitten, my
dear, who can tell a wilking from a
warthog.
For you may be as practical as is
predicable
but you must have the proper sort of
accident
to meet that kind of a being with a
difference. ²
Flame at his fumbles but freeze on
his fist. ³
Every letter is a godsend, ardent
Ares, brusque
Boreas and glib Ganymede like
zealous Zeus,
the O'Meghisthest of all. To me or
not to me.
Satis thy quest on. Werbungsap! Jeg
suis, vos
wore a gentleman, thou arr, I am a
quean. Is
a game over? The game goes on.
Cookcook!
Search me. The beggar the maid the
bigger

*Undante
umoroso.
M. 50-50.*

*οὐκ ἔλαβον
πόλιν*

the mauler. And the greater the
patranc the
griever the pinch. And that's what
your doctor
knows. O love it is the
commonkounest thing
how it pashes the plutous and the
paupe. ⁴
Pop! And egg she active or spoon
she passive,
all them fine clauses in Lindley's
and Murrey's
never braught the participle of a
present to a
desponent hortatrixy, vindicatively I
say it,

¹ With her poodle feinting to be let off and feeling dead in herself. Is love worse living?

² If she can't follow suit Renée goes to the pack.

³ Improper frictions is maledictions and mens uration makes me mad.

⁴ Llong and Shortts Primer of Black and White Wenchcraft.

----- 270 -----

from her postconditional future. ¹

Lumpsome

is who lumpsum pays. Quantity
counts though

accents falter. Yoking apart and
oblique orations

parsed to one side, a brat, alanna,
can

*I'll go for that
small polly if
you'll suck to*

*your lebbens-
quatsch.*

choose from so many, be he a
sollicitor's
appendix, a pipe clerk or free
functionist
flyswatter, that perfect little cad,
from the
languors and weakness of
limberlimbed lassihood
till the head, back and heartaches of
waxedup womanage and heaps on
heaps of
other things too. Note the
Respectable Irish
Distressed Ladies and the Merry
Mustard
Frothblowers of Humphreystown
Associations.
Atac first, queckqueck quicks after.
Beware how in that hist subtaile of
schlangder ²
lies liaison to tease oreilles! To vert
embowed
set proper penchant. But learn from
that ancient
tongue to be middle old modern to
the minute.
A spitter that can be depended on.
Though
Wonderlawn's lost us for ever. Alis,
alas, she
broke the glass! Liddell lokker
through the

leafery, ours is mistery of pain.³ You
may spin
on youthlit's bike and multiplease
your Mike
and Nike with your kickshoes on the
algebrars

O'Mara Farrell. but, volve the virgil page and view,
the O of
woman is long when burly those two
muters

Verschwindibus. sequent her so from Nebob⁴ see you
never
stray who'll nimm you nice and
nehm the day.

One hath just been areading,
hath not one,
ya, ya, in their memoiries of
Hireling's puny
wars, end so, und all, ga, ga, of The
O'Brien,

CONCOMI-
TANCE OF
COURAGE,

Ulstria,

¹ The gaggles all out.

² He's just bug nuts on white mate he hasn't the teath nor the grits to choo
and that's what's wrong with Lang Wang Wurm, old worbbling goesbelly.

³ Dear and I trust in all frivolity I may be pardoned for trespassing but I
think I may add hell.

⁴ He is my all menkind of every despection.

----- 271 -----

*Monastir,
Leninstar and
Connecticut.*

The O'Connor, The Mac
Loughlin and The
Mac Namara with summed their

COUNSEL
AND CONSTANCY.
ORDINATION

*Cliopatria, thy
hosies history.*

appondage,
da, da, of Sire Jeallyous Seizer,
that gamely
torskmaster, ¹ with his duo of
druidesses in ready
money rompers ² and the
tryonforit of Oxthievius,
Lapidous and Malthouse
Anthemy. You
may fail to see the lie of that layout,
Suetonia, ³
but the reflections which recur to me
are that
so long as beauty life is body love ⁴
and so bright
as Mutua of your mirror holds her
candle to
your caudle, lone lefthand likeless,
sombring
Autum of your Spring, reckon you not
one spirt
of anyseed whether trigemelimen
cuddle his
coddle or nope. She'll confess it by
her figure
and she'll deny it to your face. If
you're not
ruined by that one she won't do you
any
whim. And then? What afters it?
Gruff Gunne

OF OMEN,
ONUS AND
OBIT. DIS-
TRIBUTION
OF DANGER,
DUTY AND
DESTINY.
POLAR PRIN-
CIPLES.

may blow, Gam Gonna flow, the
gossans eye
the jennings aye. From the butts of
Heber and
Heremon, *nolens volens*, brood our
pansies,
brune in brume. There's a split in the
infinitive
from to have to have been to will be.
As they
warred in their big innings ease now
we never
shall know. Eat early earthapples.
Coax Cobra
to chatters. Hail, Heva, we hear!
This is the

*The Eroico
Furioso makes
the valet like
smiling.*

*The hyperape the
mink he groves the
mole you see now for
crush sake, chawley!* glider that gladdened the girl⁵
that list to the
wind that lifted the leaves that
folded the
fruit that hung on the tree that grew
in the
garden Gough gave. Wide hiss,
we're wizening.

¹ All his teeth back to the front, then the moon and then the moon with a hole behind it.

² Skip one, flop fore, jennies in the cabbage store.

³ None of your cumpohlstery English here!

⁴ Understudy my understandings, Sostituda, and meek thine complinment, gymnufleshed.

5 Tho' I have one just like that to home, deadleaf brown with quicksilver appliques, would whollymost applissiate a nice shiny sleekysilk out of that slippering snake charmeuse.

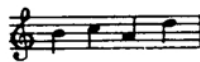
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Hoots fromm, we're globing. Why hidest thou hinder thy husband his name? Leda, Lada, aflutter-afraida, so does your giridle grow! Willed without witting, whorled without aimed. Pappapassos, Mammamanet, warwhetswut and whowitswhy.¹ But it's tails for toughs and titties for totties and come buckets come bats till deeleet.²

Pige pas.

Dark ages clasp the daisy roots,
Stop, if you
are a sally of the allies, hot off
Minnowaurs
and naval actiums, picked
engagements and
banks of rowers. Please stop if
you're a

PANOPTICAL
PURVIEW OF
POLITICAL
PROGRESS
AND THE
FUTURE PRE-
SENTATION
OF THE PAST.



B.C. minding missy, please do. But should you prefer A.D. stepplease. And if you miss with a venture it serves you girly

well glad.
But, holy Janus, I was forgetting the
Blitzenkopfs!
Here, Hengegst and Horsesauce,
take
your heads³ out of that taletub! And
leave
your hinnyhennyhindy you! It's
haunted. The
chamber. Of errings. Whoan, tug,
trace,

*Seidlitz powther
for slogan
plumpers.*

stirrup! It is distinctly
understuttered that,
sense you threehandshighs put your
twofootlarge
timepates in that dead wash of
Lough
Murph and until such time pace one
and the
same Messherrn the grinning
statesmen, Brock
and Leon, have shunted the
grumbling
coundedtouts, Starlin and Ser Artur
Ghinis.

*Hoploits and
atthems.*

Foamous homely brew, bebattled by
bottle,
gageure de guegerre.⁴ Bull igien
bear and
then bearagain bulligan. Gringrin
gringrin.

Staffs varsus herds and bucks vursus barks.

¹ What's that, ma'am? says I.

² As you say yourself.

³ That's the lethemuse but it washes off.

⁴ Where he fought the shessock of his stimmstammer and we caught the pepettes of our lovelives.

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*Curragh
machree, me
bosthoon fiend.*

By old Grumbledum's walls. Bumps,
bellows

and bawls.¹ Opprimor's down, up up
Opima!

Rents and rates and tithes and taxes,
wages,

*Families hug
bank!*

saves and spends. Heil, heptarched
span of

peace!² Live, league of lex, nex and
the mores!

Fas est dass and foe err you.

Impoverment

of the booble by the bauble for the
bubble. So

*All we suffered
under them Cow-
dung Forks and
how we enjoyed
over our pick of
the basketfild.
Old Kine's
Meat Meal.*

wrap up your worries in your woe
(wumpumtum!)

and shake down the shuffle for the
throw. For there's one mere ope³

for downfall

ned. As Hanah Levy, shrewd

shroplifter,

and nievre anore skidoos with her

spoileds. ⁴

To add gay touches. For hugh and
guy and
goy and jew. To dimpled and
pimpled and
simplified and wimpled. A peak in a
poke and a
pig in a pew. ⁵ She wins them by
wons, a haul

*Flieflie for the
jillies and a
bombambum
for the
nappotondus.*

hectoendecate, for mangay mumbo
jumbjubes
tak mutts and jeffs muchas
bracelonettes

gracies barcelonas. ⁶ O what a
loovely freespeech

'twas (tep) ⁷ to gar howalively
hintergrunting!

Tip. Like lilt of larks to burdened
crocodile, ⁸ or skittering laubhing at
that

wheeze of old windbag, Blusterboss,
blowharding

about all he didn't do. Hell o' your
troop! With is the winker for the
muckwits

of willesly and nith is the nod for the
umproar

nappollyon and hitheris poorblond
piebold

hoerse. Huirse. With its tricuspidal
hauberkhelm

- 1 Shake eternity and lick creation.
- 2 I'm blest if I can see.
- 3 Hoppity Huhneye, hoosh the hen. I like cluckers, you like nuts (wink).
- 4 Sweet, medium and dry like altar wine.
- 5 Who'll buy me penny babies?
- 6 Well, Maggy, I got your castoff devils all right and fits lovely. And am vaguely graceful. Maggy thanks.
- 7 My six is no secret, sir, she said.
- 8 Yes, there, Tad, thanks, give, from, tathair, look at that now.

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Murdoch.

coverchaf emblem on. For the man
 that
 broke the ranks on Monte Sinjon.
 The allriddle
 of it? That that is allruddy with us,
 ahead of schedule, which already is
 plan accomplished
 from and syne: Daft Dathy of the
 Five
 Positions (the death ray stop him!) is
 still, as
 reproaches Paulus, on the
 Madderhorn and,
 entre chats and hobnobs,¹ daring
 Dunderhead
 to shiver his timbers and Hannibal
 mac Hamiltan
 the Hegerite²(more livepower elbow
 him!)

*Pas d'action,
 peu de sauce.*

ministerbuilding up, as repreaches
Timothy,
in Saint Barmabrac's.³ Number
Thirty two
West Eleventh streak looks on to
that (may
all in the tocoming of the
sempereternal speel

*From the seven
tents of Joseph
till the calends of
Mary Marian,
olivehunkered
and thorny too.*

spry with it!) datetree doloriferous
which
more and over leafeth earlier than
every
growth and, elfshot, headawag, with
frayed
nerves wondering till they feeled
sore like any
woman that has been born at all
events to the
purdah and for the howmanyeth and
howmovingth
time at what the demons in that
jackhouse that jerry built for Massa
and Missus
and hijo de puta, the sparksown
fermament of
the starryk fieldgosongingon where
blows
a nemone at each blink of windstill⁴
they
were sliding along and sleeting aloof
and
scouting around and shooting about.

*As Shakefork
might pitch it.*

Allwhichwhile
or whereaballoons for good
vaunty years Dagobert is in Clane's
clean
hometown prepping up his
prepueratory
and learning how to put a broad face
bronzily
out through a broken breached
meataerial

- 1 Go up quick, stay so long, come down slow!
- 2 If I gnows me gneesgnobs the both of him is gnatives of Genuas.
- 3 A glass of peel and pip for Mr Potter of Texas, please.
- 4 All the world loves a big gleaming jelly.

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*Puzzly, puzzly,
I smell a cat.* from Bryan Awlining! Erin's
hircohaired
culoteer.¹

And as, these things being so or
ere those
things having done, way back home
in Pacata
Auburnia,²(untillably holy gammel
Eire) one
world burrowing on another, (if
you've got
me, neighbour, in any large lumps,
geek?, and
got the strong of it) Standfest, our
topiocal

FROM CENO-
GENETIC
DICHOTOMY
THROUGH
DIAGONISTIC
CONCILI-
ANCE TO
DYNASTIC
CONTINUITY.

*Two makes a
wing at the ma-
croscope
telluspeep.*

sgon hero, or any otther macotther,
signs is
on the bellyguds bastille back,
bucked up with
fullness, and silvering to her
jubilee,³ birch-
leaves her jointure, our lavy in
waving, visage
full of flesh and fat as a hen's i'
forehead,

*From the Buffalo
Times of bysone
days.*

Airyanna and Blowyhart
topsirturvy, that
royal pair in their palace of quicken
boughs
hight The Goat and Compasses
(‘phone
number 17:69, if you want to
know⁴) his seaarm
stronground her, her velivole eyne
aship-
wracked, have discusst their things
of the
past, crime and fable with shame,
home and
profit,⁵ why lui lied to lei and hun
tried to kill
ham, scribbledhobbles, in whose
veins runs
a mixture of, are head bent and hard
upon.

Spell me the chimes. They are tales
all tolled. ⁶

*Quick quake
quokes the par-
rotbook of dates.*

Today is well thine but where's may
tomorrow
be. But, bless his cowly head and
press his
crankly hat, what a world's woe is
each's

¹ A pengeneepy for your warcheekeepy.

² My globe goes gaddy at geography giggle pending which time I was
looking for my shoe all through Arabia.

³ It must be some bugbear in the gender especially when old which they
all soon get to look.

⁴ After me looking up the plan in Humphrey's *Justice of the Piece* it said
to
see preseedng chaps.

⁵ O boyjones and hairyoddities! Only noane told missus of her massas
behaving she would laugh that flat that after that she had sanked down on
her
fat arks they would shaik all to sheeks.

⁶ Traduced into jinglish janglage for the nusances of dolphins born.

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other's weariness waiting to beadroll
his own
properer mistakes, the backslapping
gladhander, ¹

*Some is out for
twoheaded dul-
carnons but more
pulfers turnips.*

free of his florid future and the
other
singing likeness, dirging a past of
bloody altars,
gale with a blost to him, dove

without gall.

And she, of the jilldaw's nest ² who
tears up

*Omnitudes in a
knutshedell.* lettereens she never apposed a pen
upon. ³ Yet

sung of love and the monster man.

What's

Hiccupper to hem or her to Hagaba?

Ough,

ough, brieve kindli! ⁴

Dogs' vespers are anending.

Vespertiliabitur.

Goteschoppard quits his gabhard
cloke

to sate with Becchus. Zumbock!

Achevre!

Yet wind will be ere fadervor ⁵

and the hour of

*For all us kids
under his aegis.* fruminy and bergoo bell if Nippon
have pearls

or opals Eldorado, the daindy dish,
the lecking

out! Gipoo, good oil! For

(hushmagandy!)

long 'tis till gets bright that all cocks
waken

and birds Diana ⁶ with dawnsong

hail. Aught

darks flou a duskness. Bats that?

There peepeestrilling.

THE MON-
GREL UNDER

THE DUNG-
MOUND.

SIGNIFI-
CANCE OF

THE INFRA-
LIMINAL

INTELLIGENCE.
OFFRANDES.

*Saving the public
his health.* At Brannan's on the moor. At Tam

Fanagan's weak yat his still's going
strang.

And still here is noctules and can tell
things

acommon on by that fluffy feeling.

Larges

*Superlative abso-
lute of Porter-
stown.* loomy wheelhouse to bodgbox⁷
lumber up

with hoodie hearsemen carrawain

we keep

is peace who follow his law, Sunday

¹ He gives me pulpitations with his Castlecowards never in these
twowsers
and ever in those twawsers and then babeteasing us out of our
hoydenname.

² My goldfashioned bother near drave me roven mad and I dyeing to
keep my linefree face like readymaid maryangs for jollycomes smashing
Holmes.

³ What I would like is a jade louistone to go with the moon's increscent.

⁴ Parley vows the Askinwhose? I do, Ida. And how to call the cattle
black.
Moopetsi meepotsi.

⁵ I was so snug off in my aphilster's creedle but at long leash I'll stretch
more capritious in his dappleped bed.

⁶ Pipette. I can almost feed their sweetness at my lisplips.

⁷ A liss in hunterland.

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King.¹ His sevencoloured's soot
(Ochone!

Ochonal!)² and his imponence one
heap lumpblock

*Why so mucky
spick bridges
span our Flumi-
nian road.*

(Mogoul!). And rivers burst out like
weeming racesround joydrinks for
the fewnrally ³

*P.C. Helmut's in
the cottonwood,
listnin.*

where every feaster's a foster's
other, fiannians
all.⁴ The wellingbreast, he willing

*The throne is an
umbrella strand
and a sceptre's a
stick.*

giant,
the mountain mourning his duggedy
dew. To

*Jady jewel, our
daktar deer.
Gautamed bud-
ders deossiphys-
ing our Theas.*

obedient of civicity in urbanious at
felicity
what'll yet meek Mike⁵ our diputy
mimber when
he's head on poll and Peter's burgess
and Miss

Mishy Mushy is tiptupt by Toft Taft.

Boblesse

gobleege. For as Anna was at the
beginning

lives yet and will return after great
deap sleap

rerising and a white night high with
a cows of

Drommhiem as shower as there's a
wet enclouded

in Westwicklow or a little black rose
a

truant in a thorn tree. We drames our
dreams

tell Bappy returns. And Sein
annews. We will
not say it shall not be, this passing of
order and
order's coming, but in the herbest
country and
in the country around Blath as in
that city self
of legions they look for its being
ever yet. So
shuttle the pipers done. ⁶ Eric aboy!
⁷ And it's
time that all paid tribute to this
massive mortality,
By lineal in pondus overthepoise. the pink of punk perfection as
photography
in mud. Some may seek to dodge the

¹ I wonder if I put the old buzzerd one night to suckle in Millickmaam's honey like they use to emballem some of the special popes with a book in his hand and his mouth open.

² And a ripping rude rape in his lucreasious togery.

³ Will ye nought would wet your weapons, warriors bard?

⁴ Roe, Williams, Bewey, Greene, Gorham, McEndicoth and Vyler, the lays of ancient homes.

⁵ The stanidsglass effect, you could sugerly swear buttermilt would not melt down his dripping ducks.

⁶ Thickathigh and Thinathews with sant their dam.

⁷ Oh, could we do with this waddled of ours like that redbanked profanian with his bakset of yosters.

gobbet for its quantity of quality but
 who
 wants to cheat the choker's got to
 learn to
 chew the cud. Allwhichhole scrubs
 on scroll
 circuminiuminluminatedhave
 encuoniams here
 and impropeties there.¹ With a
 pansy for the
 pussy in the corner.²

*Pitchcap and
 triangle, noose
 and tinctunc.*

Bewise of Fanciulla's heart, the
 heart of
 Fanciulla! Even the recollection of
 willow
 fronds is a spellbinder that lets to
 hear.³ The
 rushes by the grey nuns' pond: ah eh
 oh let
 me sigh too. Coalmansbell: behoves
 you
 handmake of the load. Jenny Wren:
 pick, peck.
 Johnny Post: pack, puck.⁴ All the
 world's in
 want and is writing a letters.⁵ A
 letters from a
 person to a place about a thing. And
 all the

INCIPIT IN-
 TERMISSIO.

*Uncle Flabbius
 Muximus to
 Niecia Flappia
 Minnimiss. As
 this is. And as
 this this is.*

world's on wish to be carrying a
letters. A letters

*Dear Brotus,
land me arrears.* 6

When men want to write a letters.
Ten men,
ton men, pen men, pun men, wont to
rise a

*Rockaby, babel,
flatten a wall.* ladder. And den men, dun men, fen
men, fun

*How he broke the
good news to
Gent.* men, hen men, hun men wend to
raze a leader.

Is then any lettersday from many
peoples,
Daganasanavitch? Empire, your
outermost. 7
A posy cord. Plece.

We have wounded our way on
foe tris
prince till that force in the gill is
faint afarred

MAJOR AND
MINOR

1 Gosem pher, gezumph, greeze a jarry grim felon! Good bloke him!

2 And if they was setting on your stool as hard as my was she could beth
her bothom dolours he'd have a culious impressiom on the diminitive that
chafes our ends.

3 When I'am Enastella and am taken for Essastessa I'll do that droop on
the
pohlmann's piano.

4 Heavenly twinges, if it's one of his I'll fearly feint as swoon as he
enterrooms.

5 To be slipped on, to be slept by, to be conned to, to be kept up. And
when
you're done push the chain.

6 With her modesties office.

7 Strutting as proud as a great turquin weggin that cuckhold on his
Eddems
and Clay's hat.

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and the face in the treebark feigns MODES COA-
afear. This LESCING
is rainstones ringing. Strangely PROLIFERATE
cult for this HOMOGENUINE
ceasing of the yore. But Erigureen HOMOGENEITY.
is ever.
Pot price pon patrilinear plop, if the
osseletion
of the onkring gives omen nome?
Since alls
war that end war let sports be leisure
and
bring and buy fair. Ah ah athlete,
blest your
bally bathfeet! Towntoquest,
fortorest, the
hour that hies is hurley. A halt for
hearsake. ¹

¹ Come, smooth of my slate, to the beat of my blosh! With all these
gelded
ewes jilting about and the thrills and ills of laylock blossoms three's so
much
more plants than chants for cecilies that I was thinking fairly killing times
of
putting an end to myself and my malody, when I remembered all your

pupil-
teacher's erringnesses in perfection class. You sh'undn't write you can't if
you
w'udn't pass for undevelopmented. This is the propper way to say that, Sr.
If
it's me chews to swallow all you saidn't you can eat my words for it as
sure as
there's a key in my kiss. Quick erit faciofacey. When we will conjugate
together
toloseher tomaster tomiss while morrow fans amare hour, verbe de vie
and verve to vie, with love ay loved have I on my back spine and does for
ever. Your are me severe? Then rue. My intended, Jr, who I'm throne
away
on, (here he inst, my lifstack, a newfolly likon) when I slip through my
pettigo
I'll get my decree and take seidens when I'm not ploughed first by some
Rolando the Lasso, and flaunt on the flimsyfilmsies for to grig my
collage
juniorees who, though they flush fuchsia, are they octette and viginity in
my
shade but always my figurants. They may be yea of my year but they're
nary
nay of my day. Wait till spring has sprung in spickness and prigs beg in to
pry
they'll be plentyprime of housepets to pimp and pamper my. Impending
marriage.
Nature tells everybody about but I learned all the runes of the gamest
game ever from my old nourse Asa. A most adventuring trot is her and
she
vicking well knowed them all heartswise and fourwords. How Olive
d'Oyly
and Winnie Carr, bejupers, they reized the dressing of a salandmon and
how a
peeper coster and a salt sailor med a mustied poet atwaimen. It most have
bean Mad Mullans planted him. Bina de Bisse and Trestrine von Terrefin.
Sago sound, rite go round, kill kackle, kook kettle and (remember all
should
I forget to) bolt the thor. Auden. Wasn't it just divining that dog of a dag
in Skokholme as I sat astrid uppum their Drewitt's altar, as cooledas as
culcumbre,
slapping my straights till the sloping ruins, postillion, postallion, a
swinge a swank, with you offering me clouts of illscents and them
horners

stagstruck on the leasward! Don't be of red, you blanching mench! This
isabella I'm on knows the ruelles of the rut and she don't fear andy
mandy. So
sing loud, sweet cheeriot, like anegreon in heaven! The good fother with
the
twingling in his eye will always have cakes in his pocket to bethroat us
with
for our allmichael good. Amum. Amum. And Amum again. For tough
troth
is stronger than fortuitous fiction and it's the surplice money, oh my
young
friend and ah me sweet creature, what buys the bed while wits borrows
the
clothes.

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A scene at sight. Or dreamoneire.
Which
they shall memorise. By her
freewritten
Hopely for ear that annalykeses if
scares for
eye that sumns. Is it in the now
woodwordings
of our sweet plantation where the
branchings
then will singingsing tomorrows
gone and
yesters outcome as Satadays
afternoon lex
leap smiles on the
twelvemonthsminding?
Such is. Dear (name of desired
subject, A.N.),
well, and I go on to. Shlicksher. I
and we

*Bibelous hicstory
and Barbarassa
harestory.*

(tender condolences for happy
funeral, one
if) so sorry to (mention person
suppressed for

*A shieling in cop-
pingers and por-
rish soup all days.* the moment, F.M.). Well (enquiries
after allhealths)

how are you (question maggy). A
lovely (introduce to domestic
circles) pershan
of cates. Shrubsher. Those pothooks
mostly

*How matches
metroosers?*

she hawks from Poppa Vere Foster
but these
curly mequeues are of Mippa's
moulding.

Shrubsheruthr. (Wave gently in the
ere turning
ptover.) Well, mabby (consolation of
shopes) to soon air. With best from
cinder

Christinette if prints chumming, can
be when
desires Soldi, for asamples,
backfronted or,
if all, peethrolio or Get my Prize,
using her

*Le hélôs tombaut
soul sur la jambe
de marche.*

flower or perfume or, if
veryveryvery chumming,
in otherwards, who she supposed
adeal,
kissists my exits. Shlicksheruthr.
From Auburn

chenlemagne. Pious and pure fair
 one, all has
 concomitated to this that she shall
 tread them
 lifetrees leaves whose silence
 hitherto has
 shone as sphere of silver
 fastalbarnstone, that
 fount Bandusian shall play liquick
 music and
 after odours sigh of musk.
 Blotsbloshblothe,
 one dear that was. Sleep in the
 water, drug at
 the fire, shake the dust off and
 dream your one
 who would give her sidecurls to. Till
 later

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Mai maintenant Lammas is led in by baith our
elle est venuse. washwives, a
 weird of wonder tenebrous as that
 evil thorngarth,
 a field of faery blithe as this flowing
 wild.

Twos Dons Johns
Threes Totty
Askins.

Aujourd'hui comme aux temps
de Pline et de
Columelle la jacinthe se plaît dans
les Gaules,
la pervenche en Illyrie, la
marguerite sur les

THE PART
 PLAYED BY
 BELLETRI-
 STICKS IN
 THE BELLUM-
 PAX-BELLUM.

*ruines de Numance¹ et pendant
qu'autour d'elles
les villes ont changé de maîtres et de
noms, que
plusieurs sont entrées dans le néant,
que les
civilisations se sont choquées et
brisées, leurs
paisibles générations ont traversé
les âges et sont
arrivées jusqu'à nous, fraîches et
riantes comme
aux jours des batailles. ²*

MUTUOMOR-
PHOMUTATION.

*Also Spuke
Zerothruster.*

Margaritomancy! Hyacinthinous
pervinciveness!
Flowers. A cloud. But Bruto and
Cassio are ware only of trifid
tongues ³ the

SORTES VIR-
GINIANAE.

*A saxum shillum
for the sextum
but nothums for
that parridge
preast.*

whispered wilfulness, ('tis demonal!)
and shadows
shadows multiplicating (il folsoletto
nel
falsoletto col fazzolotto dal
fuzzolezzo), ⁴ totients
quotients, they tackle their quarrel.
Sickamoor's
so woful sally. Ancient's aerger. And
eachway bothwise glory signs. What
if she
love Sieger less though she leave
Ruhm moan?

That's how our oxyggent has gotten
ahold of
half their world. Moving about in
the free of
the air and mixing with the ruck.
Enten eller,
either or.

And!

INTERROGATION.

Nay, rather!

EXCLAMATION.

¹ The nasal foss of our natal folkfarthers so so much now for
Valsinggiddyrex
and his grand arks day triumph.

² Translout that gaswind into turfish, Teague, that's a good bog and you,
Thady, poliss it off, there's a nateswipe, on to your blottom pulper.

³ You daredevil donnelly, I love your piercing lots of lies and your flashy
foreign mail so here's my cownie card, I dalgo, with all my exes, wise and
sad.

⁴ All this Mitchells is a niggarr for spending and I will go to the length of
seeing that one day Big Mig will be nickleless himself.

----- 282 -----

	With sobs for his job,	ANTITHESIS OF AMBI-
	with tears	DUAL ANTICIPATION.
<i>Tricks stunts.</i>	for his toil, with horror for	THE MIND FACTORY,
	his squalor	ITS GIVE AND TAKE.
	but with pep for his perdition, ¹ lo,	
	the	
	boor plieth as the laird hireth him.	

Boon on begyndelse.

AUSPICIUM.

At maturing daily gloryaims!²

AUGURIA.

A flink dab for a freck dive and
 a stern poise
 for a swift pounce was frankily at
 the manual
 arith sure enough which was the
 bekase he
 knowed from his cradle, no bird
 better, why
 his figures were giving him
 whatfor to fife
 with. First, by observation, there
 came boko
 and nigh him wigworms and nigh
 him tittlies
 and nigh him cheekadeekchimple
 and nigh
 him pickpocket with
 pickpocketpumb, pickpocket-
 point, pickpocketprod,
 pickpocketpromise
 and upwithem. Holy Joe in lay
 Eden.³ And anyhows always after
 them the
 dimpler he weighed the fonder fell
 he of his
 null four lovedroyd curdinals, his
 element curdinal
 numen and his enement curdinal
 marryng
 and his epulent curdinal weisswassh
 and his
 eminent curdinal Kay O'Kay.

DIVINITY
 NOT DEITY
 THE UNCER-
 TAINTY JUS-
 TIFIED BY
 OUR CERTI-
 TUDE.
 EXAMPLES.

*Truckeys' cant
 for dactyl and
 spondee.*

*Panoplous pere-
 grine pifflicative
 pomposity.*

Always would
he be reciting of them, hoojahs
koojahs, up by
rota, in his Fanden's catachysm from
fursed to
laced, quickmarch to decemvers, so
as to pin the
tenners, thumbs down. And anon
and aldays,
strues yerthere, would he wile
arecreating em
om lumerous ways, caiuscounting in
the
scale of pin puff pive piff, piff puff
pive poo,
poo puff pive pree, pree puff pive
pfoor, pfoor
puff pive pippive, poopive, ⁴ Niall
Dhu,

¹ While I'll wind the wildwoods' bluckbells among my window's weeds.

² Lawdy Dawdy Simpvers.

³ But where, O where, is me lickle dig done?

⁴ That's his whisper waltz I like from Pigott's with that Lancydancy step.
Stop.

----- 283 -----

Foughty Unn, Enoch Thortig, endso
one, like
to pitch of your cap, pac, on to tin
tall spillicans.¹

*Non plus ulstra,
Elba, nec, cashel-*

lum tuum.

To sum, borus pew notus pew eurus
pew zipher. Ace, deuce, tricks,
quarts, quims.
Mumtiplay of course and carry to
their whole
number. While on the other hand,
traduced
by their comedy nominator to the
loaferst
terms for their aloquent parts, sexes,
suppers,
oglers, novels and dice.² He could
find (the
rakehelly!) by practice the valuse of
thine-to-mine
articles with no reminder for an
equality
of relations and, with the helpings
from his
tables, improduce fullmin to
trumblers, links
unto chains, weys in Nuffolk till
tods of
Yorek, oozies ad libs and several
townsends,
several hundreds, civil-to-civil
imperious
gallants into gells (Irish), bringing
alliving
stone allaughing down to grave
clothnails and

Donnderwedder a league of archers, fools and
Kyboshicksal. lurchers under
the rude rule of fumb. What
signifieth whole
that³ but, be all the prowess of ten,
'tis as
strange to relate he, nonparile to
rede, rite and
reckan, caught allmeals dullmarks
for his
nucleuds and alegobrew. They
wouldn't took
bearings no how anywheres. O them
doddhunters
and allanights, aabs and baas for
agnomes, yeas and zeas for
incognits, bate
him up jerrybly! Worse nor herman
dorrrhea.
Give you the fantods, seemed to
him.
They ought to told you every last
word first
stead of trying every which way to
kinder
smear it out poison long. Show that
the

¹ Twelve buttles man, twentyeight bows of curls, forty bonnets woman
and ever youthfully yours makes alleven add the hundred.

² Gamester Damester in the road to Rouen he grows more like his deed
every die.

3 Slash-the-Pill lifts the pellet. Run, Phoenix, run!

----- 284 -----

A stodge Angleshman has been worked by eccentricity.

median, hce che ech, interecting at
royde
angles the parilegs of a given obtuse
one biscuits
both the arcs that are in curveachord
behind. Brickbaths. The family
umbrogliā.

A Tullagrove pole¹ to the Height of
County

Fearmanagh has a septain
inclinaison² and the
graphplot for all the functions in
Lower

County Monachan, whereat
samething is rivisible
by nighttim, may be involted into
the

zeroic couplet, palls pell inhis
heventh glike

An oxygen is naturally reclined to rest.

noughty times ∞ , find, if you are not
literally

cooefficient, how minney
combinaisies and permutandies
can be played on the international
surd! pthwndxrclzp!, hids cubid rute
being

extructed, taking anan illitterettes,
ififif at a tom.

Answers, (for teasers only).³ Ten,

twent, thirt,
see, ex and three icky totchty ones.

From
solation to solution. Imagine the
twelve
deaferended dumbbawls of the
howl abovebeugled
to be the contonuation through
regeneration of the urutteration of
the word
in pregress. It follows that, if the
two antesedents
be bissyclitties and the three
comeseekwenchers
trundletrikes, then, Aysha Lalipat

Ba be bi bo bum. behidden on the footplate, Big
Whiggler ⁴
restant upsittuponable, the nCr⁵
presents to
us (tandem year at lasted length!) an
ottomantic
turquo-indaco of pictorial shine by
pictorial shimmer so long as, gad of
the giddy,
pictorial summer, viridorefulvid, lits
asheen,

¹ Dideney, Dadeney, Dudeney, O, I'd know that putch on your poll.

² That is tottinghim in his boots.

³ Come all ye hapney coachers and support the richview press.

4 Braham Baruch he married his cook to Massach McKraw her uncle-in-law who wedded his widow to Hjalmar Kjaer who adapted his daughter to Braham the Bear. V for wadlock, P for shift, H for Lona the Konkubine.

5 A gee is just a jay on the jaunts cowsway.

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but (lenz alack lends a lot), if this
habby cyclic
erdor be outraciously enviolated by
a mierelin
roundtableturning, like knuts in
maze, the zitas
runnind hare and dart¹ with the
yeggs in
their muddle, like a seven of
wingless arrows,
hodgepadge, thump, kick and hurry,
all boy
more missis blong him he race
quickfeller all
same hogglepiggle longer house
blong him, ²
while the catched and dodged exarx
seems
himmulteemiously to beem (he wins
her hend!
he falls to tail!) the ersed ladest
mand ³ and
(uhu and uhud!) the losed farce on
erroroots, ⁴
twalegged poneys and threehandled

*Finnfinnotus of
Cincinnati.*

*Arthurgink's
hussies and
Everguin's men.*

dorkeys (madahoy, morahoy,
lugahoy, jogahoyaway)
MPMbrings us a rainborne
pantomomiom,
aqualavant to (cat my dogs, if I
baint dingbushed like everything!)
kaksitoista
volts yksitoista volts kymmenen
volts yhdeksan
volts kahdeksan volts seitseman
volts kuusi
volts viisi volts nelja volts kolme
volts kaksi
volts yksi!allahthallacamelated,
caravan series

*Nom de nombres!
The balbearians.*

to the finish of helve's fractures.⁵ In
outher
wards, one from five, two to fives
ones, one
from fives two millamills with a mill
and a
half a mill and twos twos fives fives
of bully
clavers. For a surviue over all the
factionables
see Iris in the Evenine's World.⁶
Binomeans
to be comprendered. Inexcessible as
thy by
god ways. The aximones. And their
prostalutes.

- 1 Talking about trilbits.
- 2 Barneycorrall, a precedent for the prodection of curiosity from children.
- 3 A pfurty pscore of ruderic rossies haremhorde for his divelsion.
- 4 Look at your mad father on his boneshaker fraywhaling round Myriom square.
- 5 Try Asia for the assphalt body with the concreke soul and the forequarters of the moon behinding out of his phase.
- 6 Tomatoes malmalaid with De Quinceys salade can be tastily served with Indiana Blues on the violens.

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For his neuralgiabrown.
Equal to=aosch.

P.t.l.o.a.t.o.

HEPTAGRAMMATON.

*Vive Paco
Hunter!*

So, bagdad, after those initials
falls and that
primary taincture, as I know and
you know
yourself, begath, and the arab in
the ghetto
knows better, by nettus, nor
anymeade or
persan, comic cuts and series
exerxeses always
were to be capered in Casey's frost
book of,
page torn on dirty, to be hacked at
Hickey's,

HYPOTHESES
OF COMMONEST
EXPERIENCES
BEFORE APO-
THEOSIS OF
THE LUSTRAL
PRINCIPIUM.

*Vive Paco
Hunter!*

hucksler, Wellington's Iron Bridge,
 and so, by
 long last, as it would shuffle out,
 must he to
 trump adieu atout atous to those
 cardinhands
 he a big deal missed, radmachrees
 and rossecullinans
 and blagpikes in suitclover. Dear
 hearts of my counting, would he
 revoke them,
 forewheel to packnumbers, and, the
 time being
 no help fort, plates to lick one and
 turn over.

*The hoisted in
 red and the low-
 ered in black.*

Problem ye ferst, construct INGENIOUS
 ann aquilittoral LABOURTENACITY
 dryankle Probe loom! With his AS BETWEEN
 primal handstoe INGENUOUS
 in his sole salivarium. Concoct AND LIBERTINE.
 an equoangular
 trillitter.¹ On the name of the tizzer
 and off the tongs and off the
 mythametrical
 tripods. Beatsoon.

*The boss's bess
 bass is the browd
 of Mullingar.*

Can you nei do her, numb? asks PROPE AND
 Dolph,² PROCUL IN
 suspecting the answer know. THE CON-
 Oikkont, ken VERGENCE
 you, ninny? asks Kev,³ expecting OF THEIR
 the answer

guess.⁴ Nor was the noer long
disappointed

CONTRAPUL-
SIVENESS.

for easiest of kisshams, he was made
vicewise.

The aliments of Oc, tell it to oui, do, Sem! Well, 'tis
jumeantry. oil thusly.

First mull a mugfull of mud, son.⁵
Oglores,

¹ As Rhombulus and Rhebus went building rhomes one day.

² The trouveller.

³ Of the disorded visage.

⁴ Singlebarrelled names for doubleparalleled twixtytwins.

⁵ Like pudging a spoon fist of sugans into a sotspot of choucolout.

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the virtuoser prays, olorum! What
the D.V.

would I do that for? That's a
goosey's ganswer

you're for giving me, he is told, what
the

Deva would you do that for?¹ Now,
sknow

royol road to Puddlin, take your mut
for a

first beginning, big to bog, back to
bach.

Wolsherwomens Anny liffle mud which cometh out
at their weirdst. of Mam

will doob, I guess. A.I. *Amnium*
instar. And

to find a locus for an alp get a
howlth on her
bayrings as a prisme O and for a
second O
unbox your compasses. I cain but
are you
able? Amicably nod. Gu it! So let's
seth off
betwain us. Prompty? Mux your
pistany at a
point of the coastmap to be called a
but pronounced
olfa. There's the isle of Mun, ah!
O! Tis just. *Bene!* Now, whole in
applepine
odrer²

(for—husk, hisk, a spirit spires—Dolph, dean of idlers,
meager
suckling of gert stoan, though barekely a balbose boy, he too,
—*venite*,
preteriti,³ *sine mora dumque de entibus nascituris decentius*
in
lingua romana mortuorum parva chartula liviana ostenditur,
sedentes
in letitiae super ollas carnum, spectantes immo situm
lutetiae unde
auspiciis secundis tantae consurgent humanae stirpes,
antiquissimam
flaminum amborium Jordani et Jambaptistae mentibus
revolvamus
sapientiam: totum tute fluvii modo mundo fluere, eadem quae

ex
aggere fututa fuere iterum inter alveum fore futura, quodlibet
sese
ipsum per aliudpiam agnoscere contrarium, omnem demun
amnem
*ripis rivalibus amplecti*⁴—recurrently often, when him
moved he
would cake their chair, coached rebelliumtending mikes of
his
same and over his own choirage at Backlane Univarsity,
among of
which pupal souaves the pizdrool was pulled up, bred and
battered,

¹ Will you walk into my wavetrap? said the spiter to the shy.

² If we each could always do all we ever did.

³ Dope in Canorian words we've made. Spish from the Doc.

⁴ Basqueesh, Finnican, Hungulash and Old Teangtaggle, the only pure
way to work a curse.

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for a dillon a dollar,¹ chanching letters for them vice o'verse
to bronze mottes and blending tschemes for em in tropadores
and
doublecrossing twofold thruths and devising tingling
tailwords
too whilest, cunctant that another would finish his sentence
for
him, he druider would smilabit eggways² ned, he, to don't
say
nothing, would, so prim, and pick upon his ten ordinailed
ungles,

trying to undo with his teeth the knots made by his tongue,
retelling himself by the math hour, long as he's brood, a reel
of
funnish ficts apout the shee, how faust of all and on segund
thoughts and the thirds the charmhim girlove and
fourthermore
and filthily with bag from Oxatown and baroccidents and
proper accidence and hoptohill and hexenshoes, in fine the
whole
damning letter; and, in point of feet, when he landed in
ourland's
leinster³ of saved and solomnones for the twicedhecame
time, off
Lipton's strongbowed launch, the *Lady Eva*, in a tan soute of
sails⁴ he converted it's nataves, name saints, young ordnands,
maderaheads and old unguished P.T. Publikums, through the
medium of znigznaks with sotiric zeal, to put off the
barcelonas⁵
from their peccaminous corpulums (Gratings, Mr Dane!) and
kiss on their bottes (Master!) as often as they came within
bloodshot
of that other familiar temple and showed em the celestine
way to by his tristar and his flop hattrick and his perry
humdrum
dumb and numb nostrums that he larned in Hymbuktu,⁶ and
that
same galloroman cultous is very prevailend up to this
windiest of
landhavemiseries all over what was beforeaboots a land of
nods, in
spite of all the bloot, all the braim, all the brawn, all the brile,

that

was shod, that were shat, that was shuk all the while, for our
massangrey if mosshungry people, the at Wickerworks,⁷ still
hold

¹ An ounceworth of onions for a pennyawealth of sobs.

² Who brought us into the yellow world!

³ Because it's run on the mountain and river system.

⁴ When all them allied sloopers was ventitillated in their poppos and,
sliding down by creek and veek, stole snaking out to sea.

⁵ They were plumped and plumed and jerried and citizens and racers, and
cinnamondhued.

⁶ Creeping Crawleys petery parley, banished to his native Ireland from
erring under Ryan.

⁷ Had our retrospectable fearfurther gatch mutchtatches?

----- 289 -----

ford to their healing and¹ byleave in the old weights
downupon

the Swanny, innovated by him, the prence di Propagandi, the
chrism for the christmass, the pillar of the perished and the
rock

o'ralereality, and it is veritably belied, we belove, that not
allsods

of esoupkans that's in the queen's pottage post and not
allfinesof

greendgold that the Indus contains would overhindreuce them,
(o.p.) to steeplechange back once from their ophis workshop
and

twice on sundises, to their ancient flash and crash habits of
old

Pales time ere beam slewed cable² or Derzherr, live wire,

fired

Benjermine Funkling outa th'Empyre, sin righthand son;
which,

cummal, having listed curefully to the interlooking and the
underlacking

of her twentynine shifts or his continental's curses, pummel,
apostrophised Byrne's and Flamming's and Furniss's and
Bill Hayses's and Ellishly Haught's, hoc, they (t.a.W.), sick
or whole, stiff or sober, let drop as a doombody drops,
without

another ostrovgods word eitherways, in their own lineal
descendance, as priesto as puddywhack, ³ coal on: ⁴ and, as
we

gang along to gigglehouse, talking of molniacs' manias and
missions for mades to scotch the schlang and leathercoats for
murty magdies, of course this has blameall in that
medeoturanian

world to say to blessed by Pointer the Grace's his privates
judgements⁵

whenso to put it, *disparito*, *duspurudo*, *desterrado*,
despertieu,

or, saving his presents for his own onefriend Bevradge,

Conn the Shaughraun; but to return for a moment from the
reptile's age⁶ to the coxswain on the first landing (page Ainée
Rivière!) if the pretty Lady Elisabness, Hotel des Ruines—
she

laid her batsleeve for him two trueveres tell love (on the Ides
of

Valentino's, at Idleness, Floods Area, Isolade, Liv's lonely
daughter, with the Comes Tichiami, of Prima Vista, Abroad,

suddenly), and beauty alone of all dare say when now,
uncrowned,

¹ That is to sight, when cleared of factions, vulgure and decimating.

² They just spirits a body away.

³ Patatapadatback.

⁴ Dump her (the missuse).

⁵ Fox him! The leggy colt!

⁶ Do he not know that walleds had wars. Harring man, is neow king. This is modeln times.

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deceptered, in what niche of time¹ is Shee or where in the
rose

world trysting, that was the belle of La Chapelle, shapely
Liselle,

and the peg-of-my-heart of all the tompull or on whose
limbs-tolave

her semicupiose eyes now kindling themselves are
brightning,²

O Shee who then (4.32 M.P., old time, to be precise,
according to

all three doctors waterburies that was Mac Auliffe and poor
MacBeth

and poor MacGhimley to the tickleticks, of the
synchronisms,

all lauschening, a time also confirmed seven sincuries later
by

the quatren medical johnny, poor old MacAdoo MacDollett,
with

notary,³ whose presence was required by law of Devine
Foresygh

and decretal of the Douge) who after the first compliments⁴
med darkist day light, gave him then that vantage of a
Blinkensope's
cuddlebath at her proper mitts—if she then, the then that
matters,—but, *seigneur!* she could never have forefelt, as she
yet
will fearfeel, when the lovenext breaks out, such a coolcold
douche as him, the totterer, the four-flights-the-charmer,
doubling
back, in nowtime,⁵ bymby when saltwater he wush him these
iselands, *O alors!*, to mount miss (the woeds of Fogloot!)
under
that *chemise de fer* and a vartryproof name, Multalusi (would
it
wash?) with a cheek white peaceful as, wen shall say, a
single professed
claire's⁶ and his washawash tubatubtub and his diagonoser's
lampblick, to pure where they where hornest girls, to buy her
in
par jure, il you plait, nuncandtunc and for simper, and other
duel
mavourneens in plurible numbers from Arklow Vikloe to
Louth
super Luck, come messes, come mams, and touch your
spottprice
(for 'twas he was the born suborner, man) on behalf of an
oldest
ablished firma of winebakers, Lagrima and Gemitì, later on,
his
craft ebbing, invoked by the unirish title, Grindings of Nash,⁷
the

- 1 Muckross Abbey with the creepers taken off.
- 2 Joke and Jilt will have their tilt.
- 3 Old Mamalujorum and Rawrogerum.
- 4 Why have these puerile blonds those large flexible ears?
- 5 Pomeroy Roche of Portobello, or the Wreck of the Ragamuffin.
- 6 No wonder Miss Dotsh took to veils and she descended from that obloquohy.
- 7 The bookley with the rusin's hat is Patomkin but I'm blowed if I knowed
who the slave is doing behind the curtain.

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One and Only, Unic bar None, of Saint Yves by Landsend
cornwer,
man—ship me silver!, it must have been, faw! a terrible
mavrué mavone, to synamite up the old Adam-he-used-to,
such a
finalley, and that's flat as Tut's fut, for whowghowho? the
poour
girl, a lonely peggy, given the bird, so inseuladed as
Crampton's
peartree, (she sall eurn bitter bed by thirt sweet of her face!),
and
short wonder so many of the tomthick and tarry members in
all
there subsequious ages of our timocracy tipped to console
with her
at her mirrorable gracewindow'd hut¹ till the ives of Man, the
O'Kneels and the O'Prayins and the O'Hyens of
Lochlaunstown
and the O'Hollerins of Staneybatter, hollyboys, all, burryripe

who'll buy?,² in juwelietry and kickychoses and
madornaments
and that's not the finis of it (would it were!)—but to think of
him
foundling a nelliza the second,³ also cliptbuss (the best was
still
there if the torso was gone) where he did and when he did,
retriever
to the last⁴—escapes my forgetness now was it dustcovered,
nom de Lieu! on lapse or street ondown, through, for or
from a foe, by with as on a friend, at the Rectory? Vicarage
Road?
Bishop's Folly? Papesthorpe?, after picket fences, stonewalls,
out
and ins or oxers—for merry a valsehood whispit he to
manny a
lilying earling;⁵ and to try to analyse that ambo's pair of
braceleans
akwart the rolyyon trying to amarm all⁶ of that miching
micher's bearded but insensible virility and its gaulish
moustaches,
Dammad and Groany, into her limited (*tuff, tuff, que tu es
pitre!*) lapse at the same slapse for towelling ends⁷ in their
dolightful
Sexsex home, Somehow-at-Sea (O little oily head, sloper's
brow and prickled ears!) as though he, a notoriety, a foist
edition,
were a wrigular writher neonovene babe!⁸—well, diarmuee
and

¹ O hce! O hce!

- 2 Six and seven the League.
- 3 It's all round me hat I'll wear a drooping dido.
- 4 Have you ever thought of a hitching your stern and being ourdeaned, Mester Bootenfly, here's me and Myrtle is twinkling to know.
- 5 To show they caught preferment.
- 6 See the freeman's cuticatura by Fennella.
- 7 Just one big booty's pot.
- 8 Charles de Simples had an infirmierity complexe before he died a natural death.

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granyou and *Vae Vincitis*, if that is what lamoor that of gentle breast rathe is intaken seems circling toward out yondest (it's life that's all chokered by that batch of grim rushers) heaven help his hindmost and, mark mo, if the so greatly displeaced diorems in the Saint Lubbock's Day number of that most improving of roundshows, *Spice and Westend Woman* (utterly exhausted before publication, indiapepper edition shortly), are for our indices, it agins to pear like it, par my fay, and there is no use for your pastripreaching for to cheesse it either or praying fresh fleshblood claspers of young catholick throats on Huggin Green¹ to take warning by the prispast, why?, by cows ∴ man, in shirt, is how he is *più la gonna è mobile* and ∴ they wonet do ut; and, an you could peep inside the cerebralised saucepan of this eer illwinded

goodfornobody, you would see in his house of thoughtsam
(was
you, that is, decontaminated enough to look discarnate) what
a
jetsam litterage of convolvuli of times lost or strayed, of
lands
derelict and of tongues laggin too, longa yamsayore, not only
that
but, search lighting, beached, bashed and beaushelled *à la*
Mer
pharahead into faturity, your own convolvulis pickninnig
capman
would real to jazztfancy the novo takin place of what stale
words
whilom were woven with and fitted fairly featly for, so; and
equally so, the crame of the whole faustian fustian, whether
your
launer's lightsome or your soulard's schwearmood, it is that,
whenas the swiftshut scareyss of our pupilteachertaut duplex
will
hark back to lark to you symibellically that, though a day be
as
dense as a decade, no mouth has the might to set a
mearbound to
the march of a landsmaul,² in half a sylb, helf a solb, holf a
salb onward³
the beast of boredom, common sense, lurking
gyrographically
down inside his loose Eating S.S. collar is gogoing of
whisth to you sternly how—Plutonic loveliaaks twinnt
Platonic
yearlings—you must, how, in undivided reawility draw the

line

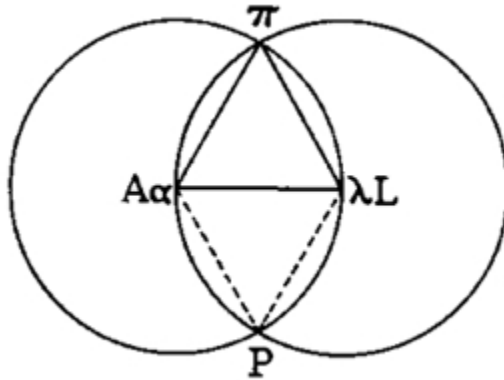
somewhawre)

- 1 Where Buickly of the Glass and Bellows pumped the Rudge engineral.
- 2 Matter of Brettaine and brut fierce.
- 3 Bussmullah, cried Lord Wolsley, how me Aunty Mag'll row!

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Coss? Cossist? Your parn! You,
you make
what name? (and in truth, as a poor
soul is
between shift and shift ere the death
he has
lived through becomes the life he is
to die
into, he or he had albut—he was
rickets as to
reasons but the balance of his minds
was
stables—lost himself or himself
some somnion
sciupiones, soswhitchoverswetch
had
he or he gazet, murphy come,
murphy go,
murphy plant, murphy grow, a
maryamyriamelia-
murphies, in the lazily eye of his
lapis,

WHY MY AS
LIKEWISE
WHIS HIS.



Uteralterance or the Interplay of Bones in the Womb. Views Von DVbLIn, 'twas one of dozedreams a darkies ding in dewood) the Turnpike under the Great Ulm (with Mearingstone in Fore ground).¹ Given now ann lynch you take enn all. Allow me! And, heaving alljawbreakical expressions out of old Sare Isaac's² universal

The Vortex. Spring of Sprung Verse. The Vertex. of specious aristmystic unsaid, A is for Anna like L is for liv. Aha hahah, Ante Ann you're apt to ape aunty annalive! Dawn gives rise. Lo, lo, lives love! Eve takes fall. La, la, laugh leaves alas! Aiaiaiai, Antiann, we're last to

the lost, Loulou! Tis perfect. Now
(lens

¹ Draumcondra's Dreamcountry where the betterlies blow.

² O, Laughing Sally, are we going to be toadhauntered by that old
Pantifox

Sir Somebody Something, Burt, for the rest of our secret stripture?

----- 294 -----

your dappled yeye here, mine's
presbyoperian,
shill and wall) we see the copyngink
strayedline
AL (in Fig., the forest) from being
continued,
stops ait Lambday¹: Modder ilond
there too. Allow me anchore! I bring
down
noth and carry awe. Now, then, take
this in!
One of the most murmurable loose
carollaries

Sarga, or the ever Ellis threw his cookingclass.
Path of outgoing. With Olaf

as centrum and Olaf's lambtail for
his spokesman
circumscrip a cyclone. Allow ter!
Hoop!

As round as the calf of an egg! O,
dear
me! O, dear me now! Another grand
discobely!
After Makefearsome's Ocean.

You've
actuary entducked one! Quok! Why,
you
haven't a passer! Fantastic! Early
clever,
surely doomed, to Swift's, alas, the
galehus!

*Docetism and
Didicism, Maya-
Thaya. Tamas-
Rajas-Sattvas.*

Match of a matchness, like your
Bigdud dadder
in the boudeville song, *Gorotsky*
Gollovar's
Troubles, raucking his flavourite
turvku in
the smukking precincts of lydias,²
with Mary
Owens and Dolly Monks seesidling
to edge
his cropulence and Blake-Roche,
Kingston
and Dockrell auriscenting him from
afurz, our
papacocopotl,³ Abraham Bradley
King? (ting
ting! ting ting!) By his magmasine
fall. Lumps,
lavas and all.⁴ *Bene!* But, thunder and
turf, it's
not alover yet! One recalls
Byzantium. The
mystery repeats itself todote as our
callback

mother Gaudyanna, that was
daughter to a
tanner,⁵ used to sing, as I think, now
and then
consinuously over her possetpot in
her quer

¹ Ex jup pep off Carpenger Strate. The kids' and dolls' home.
Makeacakeache.

² A vagrant need is a flagrant weed.

³ Grand for blowing off steam when you walk up in the morning.

⁴ At the foot of Bagnabun Banbasday was lost on one.

⁵ We're all found of our anmal matter.

----- 295 -----

homolocous humminbass hesterdie
and istherdie
forivor.¹ Vanissas Vanistatums! And
for a night of thoughtsenyures
and a day. As
Great Shapesphere puns it. In
effect, I remumble,
from the yules gone by, purr lil
murrerof
myhind, so she used indeed. When
she
give me the Sundacloudths she hung
up for
Tate and Comyng and snuffed out
the ghost
in the candle at his old game of
haunt the

*The Vegetable
Cell and its Private
Properties.*

sleeper. Faithful departed. When
I'm dreaming
back like that I begins to see we're
only
all telescopes. Or the comeallyoum
saunds.
Like when I dromed I was in Dairy
and was
wuckened up with thump in
thudderdown.
Rest in peace! But to return.² What a
wonderful
memory you have too! Twonderful
morrowy! Straorbinaire! *Bene!* I
bring town
eau and curry nothung up my sleeve.
Now,
springing quickenly from the
mudland Loosh
from Luccan with Allhim as her
Elder tetrurn
a somersault. All's fair on all fours,
as
my instructor unstrict me. Watch!
And you'll
have the whole inkle. Allow, allow!
Gyre O,
gyre O, gyrotundo! Hop lala! As
umpty
herum as you seat! O, dear me, that
was very

*The haves and
the havenots: a
distinction.*

nesse! Very nace indeed! And makes
us a
daintical pair of accomplasses! You,
allus for
the kunst and me for omething with
a handel
to it. *Beve!* Now, as will pressantly
be felt,
there's tew tricklesome poinds where
our
twain of doubling bicirculars,
mating approxemetely
in their suite poi and poi, dunloop
into eath the ocher. Lucihere.! I fee
where you

¹ Sewing up the beillybursts in their buckskin shiorts for big Kapitayn Killykook and the Jukes of Kelleiney.

² Say where! A timbrellfill of twinkletinkle.

----- 296 -----

mea. The doubleviewed seeds. Nun,
lemmas
quatsch, vide pervoys akstiom, and I
think as
I'm suqeez in the limon, stickme
punctum, but
for seminal rations I'd likelong, by
Araxes,
to mack a capital Pee for Pride down
there
on the batom¹ where Hoddum and
Heave, our

monsterbilker, balked his bawd of
parodies.

*Zweispaltung as
Fundemaintalish
of Wiederher-
stellung.*

And let you go, Airmienious, and
mick your
modest mock Pie out of Humbles up
your
end. Where your apexojesus will be
a point
of order. With a geing groan grunt
and a
croak click cluck.² And my faceage
kink and
kurkle trying to make keek peep.³
Are you
right there, Michael, are you right?
Do you
think you can hold on by sitting
tight? Well,
of course, it's awful angelous. Still I
don't feel
it's so dangelous. Ay, I'm right here,
Nickel,
and I'll write. Singing the top line
why it
suits me mikey fine. But, yaghags
hogwarts
and arrahquinonthiance, it's the
muddest thick
that was ever heard dump since
Eggsmather
got smothered in the plap of the
pfan. Now,

to compleat anglers, beloved
bironthiarn and
hushtokan hishtakatsch, join alfa pea
and
pull loose by dotties and, to be more
sparematocally logoical, eelpie and
paleale by
trunkles. Alow me align while I
encloud
especious! The Nike done it. Like
pah,⁴ I peh.
Innate little bondery. And as plane
as a poke
stiff.⁵ Now, *aqua in buccat*. I'll make
you to
see figuratleavely the whome of
your eternal

¹ Parsee ffrench for the upholdsterer would be delighted.

² I'll pass out if the screw spliss his strut.

³ Thargam then goeligum? If you sink I can, swimford. Suksumkale!

⁴ Hasitatense?

⁵ The impudence of that in girl's things!

----- 297 -----

geomater. And if you flung her
headdress on
her from under her highlows you'd
wheeze
whyse Salmonson set his seel on a
hexengown.¹

*Destiny, Influence
of Design
upon.*

Hissss!, Arrah, go on! Fin for fun!

You've spat your shower like a son
of Sibernia

but let's have at it! Subtend to me
now! Pisk!

Outer serpumstances beiug
ekewilled, we carefully,
if she pleats, lift by her seam hem
and

jabote at the spidsiest of her
trickkikant (like
thousands done before since fillies
calpered.

Ocone! Ocone!) the maidsapron of
our A.L.P.,
fearfully! till its nether nadir is
vortically where
(allow me aright to two cute
winkles) its naval's

*Prometheus or
the Promise of
Provision.*

napex will have to beandbe. You
must proach

near near for at is dark. Lob. And
light

your mech. Jeldy! And this is what
you'll say.²

Waaaaaa. Tch! Sluice! Pla! And
their, redneck,

(for addn't we to gayatsee with Puhl
the Punkah's

bell?) mygh and thy, the living spit
of

dead waters,³ fastness firm of

Hurdlebury Fenn,
discinct and isoplural in its (your
sow to
the duble) sixuous parts, flument,
fluvey and
fluteous, midden wedge of the
stream's your
muddy old triagonal delta, fiho
miho, plain
for you now, appia lippia pluvaville,
(hop the
hula, girls!) the no niggard spot of
her safety
vulve, first of all usquiluteral
threeingles, (and
why wouldn't she sit cressloggedlike
the lass
that lured a tailor?) the constant of
fluxion,
Mahamewetma, pride of the
province⁴ and
when that tidled boare rutches up
from the
Afrantic, allaph quaran's his bett und
bier!⁵

¹ The chape of Doña Speranza of the Nacion.

² Ugol egal ogle. Mi vidim Mi.

³ It is, it is Sangannon's dream.

⁴ And all meinkind.

⁵ Whangpoos the paddle and whiss whee whoo.

*Ambages and
Their Rôle.*

Paa lickam laa lickam, apl lpa! This
it is an her.
You see her it. Which it whom you
see it is
her. And if you could goaneggbetter
we'd soon
see some raffant scrumala riffa.
Quicks herit
fossyending. Quef! So post that to
your pape
and smarket! And you can haul up
that languil
pennant, mate. I've read your tunc's
dimissage.
For, let it be taken that her littlenist
is of no
magnetude or again let it be granted
that Doll
the laziest can be dissimulant with
all respects
from Doll the fiercest, thence must
any whatyoulike
in the power of emphood be either

*Ecclasiastical
and Celestial
Hierarchies. The
Ascending. The
Descending.*

greater **T H a N** or less **T H a N**
the unitate we
have in one or hence shall the
vectorious readyeyes
of evertwo circumflicksrent
searchers
never film in the elipsities of their

gyribouts
those fickers which are returnally
reprodictive
of themselves.¹ Which is unpassible.
Quarrellary.
The logos of somewome to that base
anything,
when most characteristically
mantissa
minus, comes to nullum in the
endth:² orso,
here is nowet badder than the sin of
Aha with
his cosin Lil, verswaysed on
coverswised, and
all that's consecants and
cotangincies till Perperp
stops repippinghim since her
redtangles
are all abscissan for limitising this
tendency of
our Frivulteeny Sexuagesima³ to
expense herself
as sphere as possible, paradismic
perimutter,
in all directions on the bend of the
unbridalled, the infinisissimalls of
her facets
becoming manier and manier as the
calicolum
of her umdescribables (one has

*The peripatetic
periphery. It's
Allothesis.*

thoughts of
that eternal Rome) shrinks from
schurtiness

- 1 I enjoy as good as anyone.
- 2 Neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked.
- 3 The boast of the town.

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to scherts.¹ Scholium, there are trist
sigheds to
everying but ichs on the freed
brings euchs to
the feared. Qued? Mother of us all!
O, dear
me, look at that now! I don't know is
it your
spictre or my omination but I'm glad
you
dimensioned it! My Lourde! My
Lourde! If
that aint just the beatenest lay I ever
see! And
a superpposition! Quoint a
quincidence! O.K.
Omnius Kollidimus. As Ollover
Krumwall
sayed when he slepped ueber his
grannyamother.
Kangaroose feathers. Who in the
name
of thunder'd ever belevin you were
that bolt?

*Canine Venus
sublimated to
Aulidic
Aphrodite.*

But you're holy mooxed and gaping
up the
wrong palce² as if you was
seeheeing the gheist
that stays forenenst, you blessed
simpletop
domefool! Where's your belested
loiternan's
lamp? You must lap wandret down
the bluishing
refluction below. Her trunk's not her
brainbox.
Hear where the bolgylines, Yseen
here the
puncture. So he done it. Luck! See
her good.

*Exclusivism: the
Ors, Sors and
Fors, which?* Well, well, well, well! O dee, O dee,
that's

very lovely! We like Simperspreach
Hammeltones
to fellow Selvertunes O'Haggans.³
When
he rolls over his ars and shows the
hise of his
heels. Vely lovely entilely! Like a
yangsheepslang
with the tsifengtse. So analytical
plausible!
And be the powers of Moll Kelly,
neighbour
topsowyer, it will be a lozenge to me
all

my lauffe.⁴ More better twofeller we
 been speak
 copperads. Ever thought about
 Guinness's?
 And the regrettable Parson Rome's
 advice?

¹ Hen's bens, are we soddy we missiled her?

² I call that a scumhead.

³ Pure chingchong idiotism with any way words all in one soluble. Gee
 each owe tea eye smells fish. That's U.

⁴ The Doodles family, **∩, Δ, -I, X, □, ^, C.** Hoodle doodle,
 fam.?

----- 300 -----

Want to join the police.¹ You know,
 you were
 always one of the bright ones, since
 a foot
 made you an unmentionable, fakes!
 You know,
 you're the divver's own smart
 gossoon, aequal
 to yoursell and wanigel to
 anglyother, so you
 are, hoax! You know, you'll be
 dampned, so
 you will, one of these invernal days
 but you
 will be, carrotty!²

*Primanouriture
 and Ultimo-
 geniture.*

Wherapool, gayet that when
 he stop look

SICK US A
 SOCK WITH

time he stop long ground who SOME SEDIMENT
here hurry he IN IT
would have ever the lothst word, FOR THE
with a sweet SAKE OF OUR
me ah err eye ear marie to reat DARNING
from the jacob's ³ WIVES.
and a shypull for tooth sake of his
armjaws
at the slidepage of de Vere Foster,
would and
could candykissing P. Kevin to fress
up the
rinnerung and to ate by hart (*leoI*
read, such a
Spanish, *escribibis*, all your
mycoscoups) wont
to nibble ravenostonnoriously ihs
mum to
me in bewonderment of his chipper
chuthor
for, while that Other by the halp of
his creactive
mind offered to deleberate the mass
from
the booty of fight our Same with the
holp
of the bounty of food sought to
delubberate
the mess from his corructive mund,
with his
muffetee cuffes ownconsciously
grafficking

with his sinister cyclopes after
trigamies and
spirals' wobbles pursuing their
rovinghamilton
selves and godolping in fairlove to
see
around the waste of noland's browne
jesus ⁴
(thur him no quartos!) till that on
him poorin
sweat the juggaleer's veins (quench
his quill!)
in his napier scrag stud out
bursthright tamquam

*No Sturm. No
Drang.*

- ¹ Picking on Nickagain, Pikey Mikey?
- ² Early morning, sir Dav Stephens, said the First Gentleman in youreups.
- ³ Bag bag blockcheap, have you any will?
- ⁴ What a lubberly whide elephant for the men-in-the straits!

----- 301 -----

Illustration. taughtropes. (Spry him! call a
bloodlekar!
Where's Dr Brassenaarse?) Es war
itwas
in his priesterrite. O He Must Suffer!
From this
misbelieving feacemaker to his
noncredible
fancyflame.¹ Ask for bosthoon, late
for Mass,
pray for blaablaablack sheep. (Sure

you could
wright anny pippap passage, Eye
bet, as foyne
as that moultylousy Erewhig,
yerself, mick!
Nock the muddy nickers!² Christ's
Church
vares Bellial!) Dear and he went on
to scripple
gentlemine born, milady bread, he
would pen
for her, he would pine for her,³ how
he would
patpun fun for all⁴ with his frolicky
frowner
so and his glumsome grinner
otherso. And how
are you, waggy?⁵ My animal his
sorrafool!
And trieste, ah trieste ate I my liver!
Se non é
vero son trovatore. O jerry! He was
soso, harriot
all! He was sadfellow, steifel! He
was mistermysterion.
Like a purate out of pensionee with
a gouvernement job. All moanday,
tearsday,
wailsday, thumpsday, frightday,
shatterday till
the fear of the Law. Look at this

*Ascription of the
Active.*

twitches!

He was quisquis, floored on his
plankraft of
shittim wood. Look at him! Sink
deep or

*Proscription of
the Passive.* touch not the Cartesian spring! Want
more

ashes, griper? How diesmal he was
lying low
on his rawside laying siege to goblin
castle.

And, bezouts that, how hyenesmeal
he was
laying him long on his laughside
lying sack
to croakpartridge. (Be thou wars
Rolaf's intestions,

¹ And she had to seek a pond's apeace to salve her suiterkins. Sued!

² Excuse theyre christianbrothers irish?

³ When she tripped against the briery bush he profused her allover with
curtsey flowers.

⁴ A nastilow disigraible game.

⁵ Dear old Erosmas. Very glad you are going to Penmark. Write to the
corner. Grunny Grant.

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quoths the Bhagavat biskop Leech)

Ann

opes tipoo soon ear! If you could me
lendtill

my pascol's kondyl, sahib, and the
price of a

plate of poultice. Punked. With best
apolojigs
and merrymoney thanks to self for
all the
clerricals and again begs guerdon
for bistrispissing
on your bunificence. Well
wiggywiggywagtail,
and how are you, yaggy? With
a capital Tea for Thirst. From here
Buvad to
dear Picuchet. Blott.

*Ensouling Fe-
male Sustains
Agonising Over-
man.*

Now, (peel your eyes, my gins,
and brush
your saton hat, me elementator
joyclid, son of
a Butt! She's mine, Jow low jure,¹ be
Skibbering's
eagles, sweet tart of Whiteknees
Archway)
watch him, having caught at the
bifurking
calamum in his bolsillos, the onelike
underworp he had ever funnel
without difficultads,
the aboleshqvick, signing away in
happinext complete, (Exquisite
Game of inspiration!
I always adored your hand. So could
I too and without the scrope of a
pen. Ohr for

WHEN THE
ANSWERER
IS A LEMAN.

*Sesama to the
Rescues. The
Key Signature.*

oral, key for crib, olchedolche and a
lunge ad
lib. Can you write us a last line?
From Smith-
Jones-Orbison?) intricatedly in
years, jirryalimpalooop.
And i Romain, hup u bn gd grl.²
Unds alws my thts. To fallthere at
bare feet
hurryaswormarose. Two dies of one
rafflement.
Eche bennyache. Outstamp and
distribute
him at the expanse of his society. To
be continued. Anon.

And ook, ook, ook, fanky! All ALL SQUARE
the charictures³ AND
in the drame! This is how San
holypolypools.

¹ I loved to see the Macbeths Jerseys knocking spots of the Plumpduffs
Pants.

² Lifp year fends you all and moe, fouvenirs foft as fummer fnow, fwet
willings and forget-uf-knots.

³ Gag his tubes yourself.

----- 303 -----

And this, pardonsky! is the way ACCORDING
Romeopullupalleaps.¹ Pose the pen, TO COCKER.
man,
way me does. Way ole missa
vellatooth fust

show me how. Fourth power to her
illpogue!

*Force Centres of
the Fire Serpentine:
heart,
throat, navel,
spleen, sacral,
fontanella, inter-
temporal eye.*

Bould strokes for your life! Tip!
This is Steal,
this is Barke, this is Starn, this is
Swhipt, this is
Wiles, this is Pshaw, this is
Doubblinnbbayyates.²

This is brave Danny weeping his
spache
for the popers. This is cool Connolly
wiping
his hearth with brave Danny. And
this, regard!

how Chawleses Skewered
parapararnelligoes

*Conception of the
Compromise and
Finding of a
Formula.*

between brave Danny boy and the
Connolly.

Upanishadem! Top. Spoken hath
L'arty Magory.
Eregobragh. Prouf!³

And Kev was wreathed with TROTHBLOWERS.
his pother.

But, (that Jacoby feeling again
for forebitten
fruit and, my Georgeous, Kevvy too
he
just loves his puppadums, I judge!)
after all his
autocratic writings of paraboles of
famellicurbs

FIG AND
THISTLE
PLOT A PIG
AND
WHISTLE.

*Ideal Present
Alone Produces
Real Future.*

and meddled muddlingisms, thee
faroots hof
cullchaw end ate citrawn woodint
wun able
rep of the triperforator awlrite blast
through
his pergaman hit him where he lived
and do for
the blessted selfchuruls, what I
think, smarter
like it done for a manny another
unpious of
the hairydary quare quandary
firstings till at
length, you one bladdy bragger, by
mercystroke
he measured his earth anyway?
could
not but reckon in his adder's badder
cadder
way our frankson who, to be plain,
he fight
him all time twofeller longa kill
dead finish
bloody face blong you, was
misocain. Wince

¹ He, angel that I thought him, and he not aebel to speel eelyotripes., Mr
Tellibly Divilcult!

² When the dander rattles how the peacocks prance!

³ The Brownes de Browne-Browne of Castlehacknolan.

wan's won! Rip!¹ And his
countinghands
rose.

Formalisa. Loves deathhow WITH EBONISER.
simple!

Slutningsbane². IN PIX.

*Service super-
seding self.*

Thanks eversore much, EUCHRE
Pointcarried! I can't RISK, MERCI
say if it's the weight you strike me BUCKUP, AND
to the MIND WHO
quick or that red mass I was looking YOU'RE
at but at PUCKING,
the present momentum, potential as FLEBBY.
I am, I'm
seeing rayingbogeys rings round me.
Honours
to you and may you be commended
for our
exhibitiveness! I'd love to take you
for a
bugaboo ride and play funfer all if
you'd only
sit and be the ballasted bottle in the
porker
barrel. You will deserve a rolypoly
as long
as from here to tomorrow. And to
hell with
them driftbombs and bottom trailers!
If my

maily was bag enough I'd send you a
toxis.

By Saxon Chromaticus, you done
that lovely
for me! Didn't he now, Nubilina?
Tiny Mite,
she studiert whas? With her
listeningin coiffure,
her dream of Endsland's daylast and
the
glorifires of being presainted maid
to majesty.³

And less is the pity for she isn't the
lollypops
she easily might be if she had for a
sample
Virginia's air of achievement. That
might

*Catastrophe and
Anabasis.* keep her from throwing delph.⁴ As I
was saying,
while retorting thanks, you make me
a reborn
of the cards. We're offals boys
ambows.⁵

*The rotary pro-
cessus and its
reestablishment
of reciprocities.* For I've flicked up all the crambes as
they
crumbed from your table um,
singing glory
allaloserem, cog it out, here goes a
sum. So

¹ A byebye bingbang boys! See you Nutcracker Sunday!

- 2 Chinchin Childaman! Chapchopchap!
- 3 Wipe your glosses with what you know.
- 4 If I'd more in the cups that peeves thee you could cracksmith your rows tureens.
- 5 Alls Sings and Alls Howls.

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read we in must book. It tells. He
 prophets
 most who bilks the best.

And that salubrated
 sickenagiaour of yaours
 have teaspilled all my hazeydency.
 Forge away,
 Sunny Sim! Sheepshopp. Bleating
 Goad, it is
 the least of things, Eyeinstye!
 Imagine it, my
 deep dartry dullard! It is hours
 giving, not
 more. I'm only out for celebridging
 over the
 guilt of the gap in your
 hiscitendency. You are
 a hundred thousand times welcome,
 old wortsampler,
 hellbeit you're just about as
 culpable
 as my woollfell merger would be. In
 effect I
 could engage in an energument over

COME SI
 COMPITA
 CUNCTITI-
 TITILATIO?
 CONKERY
 CUNK,
 THIGH-
 THIGHT-
 TICKELLY-
 THIGH,
 LIGGERILAG,
 TITTERITOT,
 LEG IN A TEE,
 LUG IN A
 LAW, TWO
 AT A TIE,
 THREE ON A
 THRICKY
 TILL OHIO
 OHIO
 IOIOMISS.

*The Twofold
 Truth and the
 Conjunctive Ap-
 petites of Oppo-
 sitional Orexes.*

you till
you were republicly royally toobally
prussic
blue in the shirt after.¹ *Trionfante di
bestia!* And
if you're not your bloater's kipper
may I never
curse again on that pint I took of
Jamesons.
Old Keane now, you're rod, hook
and sinker,
old jubalee Keane! Bidy's hair.
Bidy's hair,
mine lubber. Where is that Quin but
he sknows
it knot but what you that are my
popular endphthisis
were born with a solver arm up your
sleep. Thou in shanty! Thou in
scanty shanty!!
Thou in slanty scanty shanty!!! Bide
in your
hush! Bide in your hush, do! The
law does
not aloud you to shout. I plant my
penstock
in your postern, chinarpot. Ave! And
let it be
to all remembrance. Vale. Ovocation
of maiding
waters.² For auld lang salvy steyne.
I

Trishagion.

defend you to champ my scullion's
praises.
To book alone belongs the lobe.
Foremaster's
meed³ will mark tomorrow when we
are
making pilscrummage to
whaboggeryin with

¹ From three shellings. A bluedye sacrifice.

² Not Kilty. But the manajar was. He! He! Ho! Ho! Ho!

³ Giglamps, Soapy Geyser, The Smell and Gory M Gusty.

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staff, scarf and blessed wallet and
our aureoles
round our neckkandcropfs where as
and when
Heavysciusgardaddy, parent who
offers sweetmeats,
will gift uns his Noblett's surprize.
With this laudable purpose in loud
ability let
us be singulfied. Betwixt me and
thee hung
cong. Item, mizpah ends.

*Abnegation is
Adaptation.*

But while the dial are they
doodling dawdling
over the mugs and the grubs? Oikey,
Impostolopulos?¹ Steady steady
steady steady
steady studiavimus. Many many

ENTER THE
COP AND
HOW.
SECURES
GUBERNANT

many many
many manducabimus.² We've had
our day at triv
and quad and writ our bit as
intermidgets. Art,
literature, politics, economy,
chemistry, humanity,
Cato. &c. Duty, the daughter of discipline,
the
Nero. Great Fire at the South City
Markets, Belief in
Saul. Aristotle. Giants and the Banshee, A Place for
Everything
Julius Caesar. and Everything in its Place, Is the
Pen
Pericles. Mightier than the Sword? A
Successful Career
Ovid. in the Civil Service,³ The Voice of
Nature in
Adam, Eve. the Forest,⁴ Your Favorite Hero or
Heroine,
Domitian. Edipus. On the Benefits of Recreation,⁵ If
Standing
Socrates. Stones Could Speak, Devotion to the
Feast of
Ajax. the Indulgence of Portiuncula, The
Dublin
Metropolitan Police Sports at
Ballsbridge, Describe
Homer. in Homely Anglian Monosyllables
Marcus Aurelius. the

Wreck of the Hesperus,⁶ What
Morals, if any,
can be drawn from Diarmuid and
Grania?⁷ Do
you Approve of our Existing
Parliamentary
System? The Uses and Abuses of
Insects, A

Alcibiades.
Lucretius.

- ¹ The divvy wants that babbling brook. Dear Auntie Emma Emma Eates.
- ² Strike the day off, the nightcap's on nigh. Goney, goney gone!
- ³ R. C., disengaged, good character, would help, no salary.
- ⁴ Where Lily is a Lady found the nettle rash.
- ⁵ Bubabipibambuli, I can do as I like with what's me own. Nyamnyam.
- ⁶ Able seaman's caution.
- ⁷ Rarely equal and distinct in all things.

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Noah. Plato. Visit to Guinness' Brewery, Clubs,
Advantages
Horace. Isaac. of the Penny Post, When is a Pun
not a
Tiresias. Pun? Is the Co-Education of Animus
and
Marius. Anima Wholly Desirable?¹ What
Happened at
Diogenes. Clontarf? Since our Brother
Johnathan Signed
Procne, Philomela. the Pledge or the Meditations of
Two Young
Abraham.

Spinsters,² Why we all Love our
Little Lord

Nestor. Cincinnatus. Mayor, Hengler's Circus
Entertainment, On

Leonidas. Thrift,³ The Kettle-Griffith-
Moynihan Scheme

Jacob. for a New Electricity Supply,
Travelling in the

Theocritus. Olden Times,⁴ American Lake
Poetry, the

Joseph. Strangest Dream that was ever
Halfdreamt.⁵

Fabius. Samson. Circumspection, Our Allies the
Hills, Are

Cain. Parnellites Just towards Henry
Tudor? Tell a

Esop. Friend in a Chatty Letter the Fable
of the

Prometheus. Grasshopper and the Ant,⁶ Santa
Claus, The

Lot. Pompeius Magnus. Shame of Slumdom, The
Roman Pontiffs

Miltiades Strategos. and the Orthodox Churches,⁷ The
Thirty

Solon. Hour Week, Compare the Fistic
Styles of

Castor, Pollux. Jimmy Wilde and Jack Sharkey,
How to

Dionysius. Understand the Deaf, Should Ladies
learn

Sappho.

Music or Mathematics? Glory be to
Saint

Moses. Job. Patrick! What is to be found in a
Dustheap,

Catilina. The Value of Circumstantial
Evidence,

Cadmus. Ezekiel. Should Spelling? Outcasts in India,
Collecting

Solomon. Themistocles. Pewter, Eu,⁸ Proper and
Regular Diet

Vitellius. Darius. Necessity For,⁹ If You Do It Do It
Now.

¹ Jest and the Beastalk with a little rude hiding rod.

² Wherry like the whaled prophet in a spookeerie.

³ What sins is pim money sans Paris?

⁴ I've lost the place, where was I?

⁵ Something happened that time I was asleep, torn letters or was there
snow?

⁶ Mich for his pain, Nick in his past.

⁷ He has *togliaresti in brodo* all over his agrammatical parts of face and as
for
that hippofoxphiz, unlucky number, late for the christening!

⁸ Eh, Monsieur? OÙ, Monsieur? Eu, Monsieur? Nenni No, Monsieur!

⁹ Ere we hit the hay, brothers, let's have that response to prayer!

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Xenophon. Delays are Dangerous. Vitavite!
Gobble

Anne: tea's set, see's enough! Mox
soonly

will be in a split second per the
chancellory
of his exticker.

Pantocracy.
Bimutualism.
Interchangeabil-
ity. Naturality.
Superfetation.
Stabimobilism.
Periodicity.
Consummation.
Interpenetrative-
ness. Predicam-
ent. Balance of
the factual by the
theoric Boox and
Coox, Amallaga-
mated.

Aun
Do
Tri
Car
Cush¹
Shay
Shockt
Ockt
Ni
Geg²
Their feed begins.

MAWMAW,
LUK, YOUR
BEEFTAY'S
FIZZIN OVER!

KAKAO-
POETIC
LIPPUDENIES
OF THE
UNGUMP-
TIOUS.

NIGHTLETTER

With our best youlldied greedings to
Pep
and Memmy and the old folkers
below and
beyant, wishing them all very merry
Incarnations
in this land of the livvey and plenty
of preprosperousness through their
coming
new yonks

from
jake, jack and little sousoucie

(the babes that mean too)



¹ Kish is for anticheirst, and the free of my hand to him!



² And gags for skool and crossbuns and whopes he'll
enjoyimsolff over
our drawings on the line!

It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinnesses but.

That the fright of his light in tribalbalbutience hides
aback in
the doom of the balk of the deaf but that the height of his life
from a bride's eye stamppunct is when a man that means a
mountain
barring his distance wades a lymph that plays the lazy
winning
she likes yet that pride that bogs the party begs the glory of
a wake while the scheme is like your rumba round me
garden,
allatheses, with perhelps the prop of a prompt to them, was
now
or never in Etheria Deserta, as in Grander Suburbia, with
Finn-
fannfawners, ruric or cospolite, for much or moment
indispute.

Whyfor had they, it is Hiberio-Miletians and Argloe-
Noremén,
donated him, birth of an otion that was breeder to
sweatoslaves,
as mysterbolder, forced in their waste, and as for Ibdullin
what of
Himana, that their tolv tubular high fidelity daildialler, as
modern
as tomorrow afternoon and in appearance up to the minute,

(hearing
that anybody in that road duchy of Wollinstown schemed
to halve the wrong type of date) equipped with supershielded
umbrella
antennas for distance getting and connected by the magnetic
links of a Bellini-Tosti coupling system with a vitaltone
speaker,
capable of capturing skybuddies, harbour craft emittences,
key
clickings, vaticum cleaners, due to woman formed mobile or
man made static and bawling the howle hamshack and
wobble
down in an eliminium sounds pound so as to serve him up a
melegoturny
marygoraumd, eclectrically filtered for allirish earths and

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ohmes. This harmonic condenser enginium (the Mole) they
caused to be worked from a magazine battery (called the
Mimmim
Bimbim patent number 1132, Thorpetersen and Synds,
Jomsborg,
Selverbergen) which was tuned up by twintriodic
singulvalvulous
pipelines (lackslipping along as if their liffig deepunded
on it) with a howdrocephalous enlargement, a gain control of
circumcentric megacycles, ranging from the antidulibnium
onto
the serostaatarean. They finally caused, or most leastways
brung it
about somehows, (that) the pip of the lin (to) pinnatrate
inthro
an auricular forfickle (known as the Vakingfar sleeper,

monofracted

by Piaras UaRhuamhaighaudhlu, tympan founder,
Eustache Straight, Bauliaughacleeagh) a meatous conch
culpable

of cunduncing Naul and Santry and the forty routs of Corthy
with the concertiums of the Brythyc Symmonds Guild, the
Ropemakers Reunion, the Variagated Peddlars Barringoy
Bnibrthirhd,

the Askold Olegsonder Crowds of the O'Keef-Rosses
and Rhosso-Keevers of Zastwoking, the Ligue of Yahooth
o.s.v.

so as to lall the bygone dozed they arborised around, up his
corpular fruent and down his reuctionary buckling, hummer,
enville and cstorrap (the man of Iren, thore's Curlymane for
you!), lill the lubberendth of his otological life.

House of call is all their evenbreads though its
cartomance

hallucinate like an erection in the night the mummery of
whose

deed, a lur of Nur, immerges a mirage in a merror, for it is
where

by muzzinmessed for one wathour, bilaws below, till time
jings

pleas, that host of a bottlefilled, the bulkily hulkwight,
hunter's

pink of face, an orel orioled, is in on a bout to be unbulging
an

o'connell's, the true one, all seethic, a luckybock, pledge of
the

stoup, whilom his canterberry bellseyes wink wickeding
indtil

the teller, oyne of an oustman in skull of skand. Yet is it, this
ale of man, for him, our hubuljoynted, just a tug and a fistful
as
for Culsen, the Patagoreyan, chieftain of chokanchuckers and
his
moyety joyant, under the foamer dispensation when he
pullupped
the turfeycork by the greats of gobble out of Lougk Neagk.
When, pressures be to our hoary frother, the pop gave his
sullen
bulletaction and, bilge, sled a movement of catharic
emulsipotion

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down the sloppery slide of a slaunty to tilted lift-ye-
landsmen.

Allamin. Which in the ambit of its orbit heaved a sink her
sailer
alongside of a drink her drainer from the basses brothers,
those
two theygottheres.

It was long after once there was a lealand in the luffing
ore it
was less after lives thor a toyler in the tawn at all ohr it was
note
before he drew out the moddle of Kersse by jerkin his
dressing
but and or it was not before athwartships he buttonhaled the
Norweeager's capstan.

So he sought with the lobestir claw of his propencil the
clue of
the wickser in his ear. O, lord of the barrels, comer forth

from
Anow (I have not mislaid the key of Efas-Taem), O, Ana,
bright
lady, comer forth from Thenanow (I have not left temptation
in
the path of the sweeper of the threshold), O!

But first, strongbowth, they would deal death to a
drinking.
Link of a ladder, dubble in it, slake your thirdst thoughts
awake
with it. Our svalves are svalves aroon! We rescue thee, O
Baass,
from the damp earth and honour thee. O Connibell, with
mouth
burial! So was done, neat and trig. Up draught and whet
them!

—Then sagd he to the ship's husband. And in his
translatentic
norjankeltian. Hwere can a ketch or hook alive a suit and
sowterkins? Soot! sayd the ship's husband, knowing the
language,
here is tayleren. Ashe and Whitehead, closechop, successor
to.
Ahorrer, he sayd, canting around to that beddest his friend,
the
tayler, for finixed coulpure, chunk pulley muchy chink
topside
numpa one sellafella, fake an capstan make and shoot!
Manning to
sayle of clothse for his lady her master whose to be precised
of a

peer of trouders under the pattern of a cassack. Let me prove,
I
pray thee, but this once, sazd Mengarments, saving the
mouthbrand
from his firepool. He spit in his faist (beggin): he tape the
raw baste (paddin): he planked his pledge (as dib is a dab):
and he
tog his fringe sleeve (buthock lad, fur whale). Alloy for allay
and
this toolth for that soolth. Lick it and like it. A barter, a
parter.

And plenty good enough, neighbour Norreys, every bit and
grain. And the ship's husband brokecurst after him to hail the

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lugger. Stolp, tief, stolp, come bag to Moy Eireann! And the
Norweegee's capstan swaradeed, some blowfish out of
schooling:

All lykkehud! Below taiyor he ikan heavin sets. But they
broken

waters and they made whole waters at they surfered bark to
the

lots of his vauce. And aweigh he yankered on the Norgaan
run so

that seven sailend sonnenrounders was he breastbare to the
brinabath,

where bottoms out has fatthoms full, fram Franz José

Land til Cabo Thormendoso, evenstarde and risingsoon. Up
the

Rivor Tanneiry and down the Golfe Desombres. Farety days
and

fearly nights. Enjoy yourself, O maremen! And the tides
made,

veer and haul, and the times marred, rear and fall, and, holey
bucket, dinned he raign!

—Hump! Hump! bassed the broaders-in-laugh with a
quick
piddysnip that wee halfbit a second.

—I will do that, sazd Kersse, mainingstaying the rigout
for her
wife's lairdship. Nett sew? they hunched back at the
earpicker.

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 and his trippertrice loretta lady, a maomette to his
monetone, with twy twy twinky her stone hairpins, only not,
if not, a queen of Prancess their telling tabled who was for
his
seeming a casket through the heavenly, nay, heart of the
sweet
(had he hows would he keep her as niece as a fiddle!) 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 Burklley 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. For the people of the shed are the
sure ads of all quorum. Lorimers and leathersellers, skimmers
and

salters, pewterers and paperstainers, parishclerks,
fletcherbowyers,

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girdlers, mercers, cordwainers and first, and not last, the
weavers.

Our library he is hoping to ye public.

Innholder, upholder.

—Sets on sayfohrt! Go to it, agitator! they bassabosuned
over
the flowre of their hoose. Godeown moseys and skeep thy
beeble
bee!

—I will do that, acordial, by mine hand, saz d Kersse,
piece
Cod, and in the flap of a jacket, ructified after his nap of a
blankit
their o'cousin, as sober as the ship's husband he was one my
godfather
when he told me saw whileupon I am now well and jurily
sagasfide after the boonamorse the widower, according to

rider,
following pnomoneya, he is consistently blown to Adams. So
help me boyg who keeps the book!

Whereofter, behest his suzerain law the Thing and the
pilsener
had the baar, Recknar Jarl, (they called him Roguenor, Irl call
him) still passing the change-a-pennies, pengeypigses, a
several
sort of coyne in livery, pushed their whisper in his hairing,
(seemed, a some shipshep's sottovoxed stalement, a
dearagadye,
to hasvey anyone doing duty for duff point of dorkland
compors)
the same to the good ind ast velut discharge after which he
had
exemptied more than orphan for the ballast of his nurtural
life.
And threw a cast. A few pigses and hare you are and no
chicking,
tribune's tribute, if you guess mimic miening. Meanly in his
lewdbrogue
take your tyon coppels token, with this good sixtric
from mine runbag of juwels. Nummers that is summus that is
toptip that is bottombay that is Twomeys that is Digges that
is
Heres. In the frameshape of hard mettles. For we all would
fain
make glories. It is minely well mint.

Thus as count the costs of liquid courage, a bullyon
gauger,
stowed stivers pengapung in bulk in hold (fight great

finnence!

brayvoh, little bratton!) keen his kenning, the queriest of the crew, with that fellow fearing for his own misshapes, should he be

himpself namesakely a foully fallen dissentant from the peripulator,

sued towerds Meade-Reid and Lynn-Duff, rubbing the hodden son of a pookal, leaden be light, lather be dry and it be

drownd on all the ealsth beside, how the camel and where the

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deiffel or when the finicking or why the funicking, who caused

the scaffolding to be first removed you give orders, babeling, were their reidey meade answer when on the cutey (the corespondent)

in conflict of evidence drew a kick at witness but

(missed) and for whom in the dyffflun's kiddy removed the planks they were wanted, boob.

Bump!

Bothallchoractorschumminaroundgansumuminarumdrum

-

strumtruminahumptadumpwaultopoofoolooderamaunsturnup
!

—Did do a dive, aped one.

—Propellopalombarouter, based two.

—Rutsch is for rutterman ramping his roe, seed three.

Where

the muddies scrimm ball. Bimbim bimbim. And the maidies scream all. Himhim himhim.

And forthemore let legend go lore of it that mortar scene
so
cwympy dwympy what a dustydust it razed arboriginally
but,
luck's leap to the lad at the top of the ladder, so sartor's
risorted
why the sinner the badder! Ho ho ho hoch! La la la lach!
Hillary
rillary gibbous grist to our millery! A pushpull, qq:
quiescence,
pp: with extravent intervolve coupling. The savest lauf in the
world. Paradoxmutose caring, but here in a present booth of
Ballaclay,
Barthalamou, where their dutchuncler mynhosts and serves
them dram well right for a boors' interior (homereek van
hohmryk)
that salve that selver is to screen its auntey and has ringround
as worldwise eve her sins (pip, pip, pip) willpip futurepip
feature
apip footloose pastcast with spareshins and flash substittles
of
noirse-made-earsy from a nephew mind the narrator but give
the
devil his so long as those sohns of a blitzh call the tuone
tuone and
thonder alout makes the thurd. Let there be. Due.

—That's all murtagh purtagh but whad ababs his dopter?
sissed they who were onetime ungkerls themselves, (when
the
youthel of his yorn shook the bouchal in his bed) twilled
alongside

in wiping the rice assatiated with their wetting. The lappel
of his size? His *ros in sola velnere* and he sicckumed of
homnis
terrars. She wends to scoulas in her slalpers. There were no
peanats
in her famalgia so no wumble she tumbled for his famas

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roalls davors. Don't him forget! A butcheler artsed out of
Cullege
Trainity. Diddled he daddle a drop of the cradler on delight
mebold laddy was stetched? Knit wear? And they addled, (or
ere the cry of their tongues would be uptied dead)
Shufflebotham
asidled, plus his ducks fore his drills, an inlay of a liddle
more
lining maught be licensed all at ones, be these same tokens,
forgiving
a brass rap, sneither a whole length nor a short shift so
full as all were concerned.

Burniface, shiply 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. He'd left

his

stickup in his hand to show them none ill feeling.

Whaththough for

all appentices it had a mushroom on it. While he faced them
front to back, Then paraseuls round, quite taken attack,
sclaming,

Howe cools Eavybrolly!

—Good marrams, sagd he, freshwatties and boasterdes
all, as

he put into bierhiven, nogeysokey first, cabootle segund,
jilling

to windwards, as he made straks for that oerasound the
snarsty weg

for Publin, so was his horenpipe lug in the lee off their
mouths

organs, with his tilt too taut for his tammy all a slaunter and
his

wigger on a wagger with its tag tucked. Up. With a good
eastering

and a good westering. And he asked from him how the hitch
did do this my fand sulkers that mone met the Kidballacks
which

he suttonly remembered also where the hatch was he endnew
strandweys he's that fond sutchenson, a penincular fraimnd of
mind, fordeed he was langseling to talka holt of hems, clown
toff, tye hug fliorten. Cablen: Clifftop. Shelvling tobay
oppelong

tomeadow. Ware cobbles. Posh.

—Skibbereen has common inn, by pounautique, with
pokeway

paw, and sadder raven evermore, telled shinshanks lauwering
frankish for his kicker who, through the medium of gallic

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—Pukkelsen, tilltold.

That with some our prowed invisors how their
ulstravoliance led
them infroraid, striking down and landing alow, against our
aerian insulation resistance, two boards that beached ast one,
widness
thane and tysk and hanry. Prepatrickularly all, they summed.
Kish met. Bound to. And for landlord, noting, nodding, a
coast
to moor was cause to mear. Besides proof plenty, over proof.
While they either took a heft. Or the other swore his eric.
Heaved
two, spluiced the menbrace. Heirs at you, Brewinbaroon!
Weth
a whistle for methanks.

—Good marrams and good merrymills, sayd good
mothers
gossip, bobbing his bowing both ways with the bents and
skerries,
when they were all in the old walled of Kinkincaraborg (and
that
they did overlive the hot air of Montybunkum upon the coal
blasts of Mitropolitos let there meeds be the hourihorn),
hiberniating
after seven oak ages, fearsome where they were he had gone
dump in the doomerling this tide where the peixies would
pickle
him down to the button of his seat and his sess old soss

Erinly

into the boelgein with the help of Divy and Jorum's locquor
and

shut the door after him to make a rarely fine Ran's cattle of
fish.

Morya Mortimer! Allapalla overus! Howoft had the ballshee
tried! And they laying low for his home gang in that
eriebleak

mead, with fireball feast and turkeys tumult and paupers
patch

to provide his bum end. The foe things your niggerhead
needs

to be fitten for the Big Water. He made the sign of the
hammer.

God's drought, he sayd, after a few daze, thinking of all
those bliakings, how leif pauses! Here you are back on your
hawkins,

from Blasil the Brast to our povotogesus portocall, the furt
on the turn of the hurdies, slave to trade, vassal of spices and
a

dragon-the-market, and be turbot, lurch a stripe, as were you
soused methought out of the mackerel. Eldsfells! sayd he. A
kumpavin on iceslant! Here's open handlegs for one old
faulker

from the hame folk here in you's booth! So sell me gundy,
sagd

the now waging cappon, with a warry posthumour's
expletion,

shoots ogos shootsle him or where's that slob? A bit bite of
keesens, he sagd, til Dennis, for this jantar (and let the
dobblins

roast perus,) or a stinger, he sagd, t. d., on a doroughbread
kennedy's
for Patriki San Saki on svo fro or my old relogion's out
of tiempor and when I'm soured to the tipple you can sink me
lead, he sagd, and, if I get can, sagd he, a pusspull of
tomtartarum.
Thirst because homing hand give. Allkey dallkey, sayd
the shop's housebound, for he was as deep as the north star
(and
could tolk sealer's solder into tankar's tolder) as might have
sayd
every man to his beast, and a treat for the trading scow, my
cater
million falls to you and crop feed a stall! Afram. And he got
and
gave the ekspedient for Hombreyhambrey wilcomer what's
the
good word. He made the sign on the feaster. Cloth be laid!
And
a disk of osturs for the swanker! Allahballah! He was the
carelessest
man I ever see but he sure had the most sand. One fishball
with fixings! For a dan of a ven of a fin of a son of a gun of
a gombolier. Ekspedient, sayd he, sonnur mine, Shackleton
Sulten!
Opvarts and at ham, or this ogry Osler will oxmaul us all,
sayd he, like one familiar to the house, while Waldemar was
heeling it and Maldemaer was toeing it, soe syg he was
walking
from the bowl at his food and the meer crank he was waiting
for
the tow of his turn. Till they plied him behaste on the fare.

Say
wehrn!

—Nohow did he kersse or hoot alike the suit and solder
skins,
minded first breachesmaker with considerable way on and

—Humpsea dumpsea, the munchantman, secondsnipped
cutter
the curter.

—A ninth for a ninth. Take my worth from it. And no
mistaenk,
they thricketold the taler and they knew the whyed for too.
The
because of his sosuch. Uglymand fit himshemp but throats
fill us
all! And three's here's for repeat of the unium! Place the
scaurs
wore on your groot big bailey bill, he apullajibed, the
O'Colonel
Power, latterly distented from the O'Conner Dan, so
promonitory
himself that he was obliffious of the headth of hosth that
rosed
before him, from Sheeroskouro, under its zemblance of
mardal
mansk, like a dun darting dullemitter, with his moultain
haares
stuck in plostures upon it, (do you kend yon peak with its
coast so
green?) still trystfully acape for her his gragh knew well in
precious

memory and that proud grace to her, in gait a movely water,
of smile a coolsome cup, with that rarefied air of a
Montmalency

and her quick little breaths and her climbing colour. Take
thee

live will save thee wive? I'll think uplon, lilady. Should
anerous

entthroprise call homovirtue, duinnafeare! The ghem's to the
ghoom be she nere zo zma. Obsit nemon! Floodlift, her
ancient

of rights regaining, so yester yidd, even remembrance. And
greater grown then in the trifle of her days, a mouse, a mere
tittle, trots off with the whole panoromacron picture. Her
youngfree

yoke stilling his wandercursus, jilt the spin of a curl and jolt
the breadth of a buoy. The Annexandreian captive conquest.
Ethna Prettyplume, Hooghly Spaight. Him her first lap, her
his

fast pal, for ditcher for plower, till deltas twoport. While this
glowworld's lump is gloaming off and han in hende will
grow.

Through simpling years where the lowcasts have aten of
amilikan

honey and datish fruits and a bannock of barley on Tham the
Thatcher's palm. O wanderness be wondernest and now!

Listeneath

to me, veils of Mina! He would withsay, nepertheloss, that
is too me mean. I oldways did me walsh and preechup ere we
set

to sope and fash. Now eats the vintner over these contents oft
with his sad slow munch for backonham. Yet never shet it the
brood of aurowoch, not for legions of donours of Gamuels. I

have performed the law in truth for the lord of the law, Taif
Alif. I have held out my hand for the holder of my heart in
Annapolis,
my youthrib city. Be ye then my protectors unto
Mussabotomia
before the guards of the city. Theirs theres is a gentlemeants
agreement. Womensch pledge. To slope through heather
till the foot. Join Andersoon and Co. If the flowers of speech
valed the springs of me rising the hiker I hilltapped the murk
I
mist my blezzard way. Not a knocker on his head nor a
nicknumber
on the manyoumeant. With that coldtbrundt natteldster
wefting stinks from Alpyssinia, wooving nihilnulls from
Memoland
and wolving the ulvertones of the voice. But his spectrem
onlymergeant crested from the irised sea in plight,
calvitousness,
loss, nngnr, gliddinyss, unwill and snorth. It might have been
what you call your change of my life but there's the chance of
a

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night for my lifting. Hillyhollow, valleylow! With the sounds
and the scents in the morning.

—I shot be shoddied, throttle me, fine me cowheel for
ever,
usquebauched the ersewild aleconner, for bringing briars to
Bembracken
and ringing rinbus round Demetrius for, as you wrinkle
wryghtly, bully bluedomer, it's a suirsite's stircus haunting
hesteries
round old volcanoes. We gin too gnir and thus plinary

indulgence makes collemullas of us all. But Time is for
talerman
tasting his tap. Tiptoptap, Mister Maut.

He made one summery (Cholk and murble in lonestime)
of his
the three swallows like he was muzzling Moselems and
torched
up as the faery pangeant fluwed down the hisophenguts, a
slake
for the quicklining, to the tickle of his tube and the twobble
of
his fable, O, fibbing once upon a spray what a queer and
queasy
spree it was. Plumped.

Which both did. Prompt. Eh, chrystal holder? Save
Ampsterdampster
that had rheumaniscences in his netherlumbs.

—By the drope in his groin, Ali Slupa, thinks the cappon,
plumbing his liners, we were heretofore.

—And be the coop of his gobbos, Reacher the Thaurd,
thinks
your girth fatter, apopo of his buckseaseilers, but where's
Horace's
courtin troopsers?

—I put hem behind the oasthouse, sagd Pukkelsen,
tuning
wound on the teller, appeased to the cue, that double dyode
dealered, and he's wallowing awash swill of the Tarra water.
And
it marinned down his gargantast trombsathletic like the

marousers of
the gulpstroom. The kersse of Wolafs on him, shitateyar, he
sagd in
the fornicular, and, at weare or not at weare, I'm sigen no
stretcher,
for I carsed his murhersson goat in trotthers with them
newbuckle-
noosers behigh in the fire behame in the oasthouse. Hops!
sagd he.

—Smoke and coke choke! lauffed till the tear trickled
drown a
thigh the loafers all but a sheep's whosepants that swished to
the
lord he hadn't and the starer his story was tailed to who felt
that,
the fierifornax being thurst on him motophosically, as Omar
sometime notes, such a satuation, debauchly to be watched
for,
would empty dempty him down to the ground.

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—And hopy dope! sagd he, anded the enderer, now dyply
hypnotised or hopeseys dooper himself. And kersse him, sagd
he,
after inunder tarrapoulling, and the shines he cuts, shinar, the
screeder, the stitchimesnider, adepted to nocestorsioms in his
budinholder, cummanisht, sagd he, (fouyoufoukou!) which
goes
in the ways smooking publics, sagd he, bomboosting to be in
thelitest civile row faction for a dubblebrasterd
navvygaiterd,
(flick off that hvide aske, big head!) sagd he, the big bag of

my
hand till hem, tollerloon, sagd he, with his pudny bun
brofkost
when he waits meet the bangd. I will put his fleas of wood in
the
flour, and he sagd, behunt on the oatshus, the not wellmade
one,
sagd he, the kersse of my armsore appal this most
unmentionablest
of men (mundering eeriesk, if he didn't scalded him all the
shimps names in his gitter!) a coathemmed gusset sewer,
sagd he,
his first cudgin is an innvalet in the unitred stables which is
not
feed tonights a kirtle offal fisk and he is that woe worstered
wastended shootmaker whatever poked a noodle in a clouth!

So for the second tryon all the meeting of the acarras had
it.

How he hised his bungle oar his shourter and cut the pinter
off his
pouurer and lay off for Fellagulphia in the farning. From his
dhruimadhreamdhrue back to Brighten-pon-the-Baltic, from
our
lund's rund turs bag til threathy hoeres a wuke. Ugh!

—Stuff, Taaffe, stuff! interjoked it his wife's hopesend to
the
boath of them consistently. Come back to May Aileen.

—Ild luck to it! blastfumed the nowraging scamptail, in
flating
furies outs trews his cammelskins, the flashlight of his ire

wackering

from the eyewinker on his masttop. And aye far he fared
from

Afferik Arena and yea near he night till Blawland Bearing,
baken be the brazen sun, buttered be the snows. And the sea
shoaled and the saw squalled. And, soaking scupper, didn't
he
drain

A pause.

Infernal machinery (serial number: Bullysacre, dig care a
dig)

having thus passed the buck to billy back from jack (finder
the

keeper) as the baffling yarn sailed in circles it was now high
tide

for the reminding pair of snipers to be suitably punished till
they

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had, like the pervious oelkenner done, liquorally no more
powers

to their elbow. Ignorinsers' bliss, therefore, their not to say
rifle

butt target, none too wisely, poor fish, (he is eating, he is
spun,

is milked, he dives) upholding a lamphorne of lawstift as
wand

of welcome to all men in bonafay, (and the corollas he so has
saved gainsts the virus he has thus injected!) discoastedself
to that

kipsie point of its Dublin bar there, breaking and entering,
from the

outback's dead heart, Glasthule Bourne or Boehernapark
Nolagh,
by wattismade or bianconi, astraylians in island, a
wellknown
tall hat blown in between houses by a nightcap of that silk or
it
might be a black velvet and a kiber galler dragging his
hunker,
were signalling gael warnings towards Wazwollenzee Haven
to
give them their beerings, east circular route or elegant central
highway. Open, 'tis luck will have it! Lifeboat Alloë,
Noëman's
Woe, Hircups Emptybolly! With winkles whelks and
cocklesent
jelks. Let be buttercup eve lit by night in the Phoenix! Music.
And old lotts have funn at Flammagen's ball. Till Irinwakes
from
Slumber Deep. How they succeeded by courting daylight in
saving darkness he who loves will see.

Business. His bestness. Copëman helpen.

Contrescene.

He cupped his years to catch me's to you in what's yours
as
minest to hissant, giel as gail, geil as gaul, Odorozone, now
ourmenial
servent, blanding rum, milk and toddy with I hand it
to you. Saying whiches, see his bow on the hapence, with a
pattedyr
but digit here, he scooped the hens, hounds and horses

biddy by bunny, with an arc of his covethand, saved from the
drohnings they might encounter, untill his cubid long, to hide
in
dry. Aside. Your sows tin the topple, dodgers, trink me dregs!
Zoot!

And with the gust of a spring alice the fossickers and
swagglers
with him on the hoof from down under piked forth desert
roses in
that mulligar scrub.

Reenter Ashe Junior. Peiwei toptip, nankeen
pontdelounges.
Gives fair day. Cheroot. Cheevio!

Off.

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—Take off thatch whitehat (lo, Kersse come in back
bespoking
of loungeon off the Boildawl stumplecheats for rushirishis
Irush-Irish,
dangieling his old Conan over his top gallant shouldier so
was, lao yiu shao, he's like more look a novicer on the
nevay).

—Tick off that whilehot, you scum of a botch, (of Kersse
who,
as he turned out, alas, hwen ching hwan chang, had been
mocking
his hollaballoon a sample of the costume of the country).

—Tape oaf that saw foull and sew wrong, wels her, you
suck of

a thick, stock and the udder, and confiteor yourself (for
bekersse
he had cuttered up and misfutthered in the most multiplest
manner for that poor old bridge's masthard slouch a shook of
cloakses the wise, hou he pouly hung hoang tseu, his own
fittier
couldn't nose him).

Chorus: With his coate so graye. And his pounds that he
pawned from the burning.

—And, haikon or hurlin, who did you do at doyle today,
my
horsey dorksey gentryman. Serge Mee, suit! sazd he, tersey
kersey.

And when Tersse had sazd this Kersse stood them the whole
koursse of training how the whole blazy raze acurraged,
from

lambkinsback to sliving board and from spark to phoenish.

And

he tassed him tartly and he sassed him smartly, tig for tager,
strop

for stripe, as long as there's a lyasher on a kyat. And they
peered

him beheld on the pyre.

And it was so. Behold.

—Same capman no nothing horces two feller he feller go
where. Isn't that effect? gig for gag, asked there three
newcommers

till knockingshop at the ones upon a topers who, while in
admittance to that impedance, as three as they were there,

they had
been maltreating themselves to their health's contempt.

—That's fag for fig, metinkus, confessed, mhos for mhos,
those
who, would it not be for that dielectrick, were upon the point
of
obsolesion, and at the brink of from the pillary of the Nilsens
and
from the statutes of the Kongbullies and from the millestones
of
Ovlergroamlius libitate nos, Domnial!

—And so culp me goose, he sazd, szed the ham
municipated of
the first course, recouring, all cholers and coughs with his
beauw

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on the bummell, the bugganeering wanderducken, he sazd,
(that
his pumps may ship awhoyle shandymound of the dussard),
the
coarsehair highsaydighsayman, there's nice tugs he looks,
(how
you was, Ship Alouset?) he sazd, the bloedaxe bloodooth
baltxebec,
that is crupping into our raw language navel through the
lumbsmall of his hawsehole, he sazd, donconfounder him,
voyaging
after maidens, belly jonah hunting the polly joans, and the
hurss of all portnoysers befaddle him, he sazd, till I split in
his flags,
he sazd, one to one, the landslewder, after Donnerbruch fire.

Reefer was a wenchman. One can smell off his wetsments
how he
is coming from a beach of promisck. Where is that old
muttiny,
shall I ask? Free kicks he will have from me, turncoats, in
Bar
Bartley if I wars a fewd years ago. Meistr Capteen
Gaascooker, a
salestrimmer! As he was soampling me ledder, like pulp, and
as
I was trailing his fumbelums, like hulp, he'll fell the fall of
me
faus, he sazd, like yulp! The goragorridgorballyed
pushkalsson,
he sazd, with his bellows pockets fullled of potchtatos and his
fox
in a stomach, a disagrees to his ramskew
coddlelecherskithers'
zirkuvs, drop down dead and deaf, and there is never a
teilwrmans
in the feof fife of Iseland or in the wholeabelongd of
Skunkinabory
from Drumadunderry till the rumnants of Mecckrass, could
milk
a colt in thrushes foran furrow follower width that a hole in
his
tale and that hell of a hull of a hill of a camelump bakk.
Fadgestfudgist!

Upon this dry call of selenium cell (that horn of
lunghalloon,
Riland's in peril!) with its doomed crack of the old damn

ukonnen

power insound in it the lord of the saloom, as if for a flash
sala-

magunnded himself, listed his tummelumpsk pack and
hearinat

presently returned him, ambilaterally alleyeoneyesed, from
their

uppletoned layir to his beforetime guests, that bunch of
palers on

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

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

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

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

was coming home to them, the steerage way for stabling,
ghustorily

spoeking, gen and gang, dane and dare, like the dud spuk

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

bustered, the fully bellied. With the old sit in his shoulders,
and

the new satin atlas onder his uxter, ernaling his breadth to the
swelt

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

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

him as whenever it was he reddled a ruad to riddle a rede

from the
sphinxish paire while Ede was a guardin, ere love a side
issue.

They hailed him cheeringly, their encient, the murrainer, and
wallruse, the merman, ye seal that lubbs you lassers, Thallasee
or

Tullafilmagh, when come of uniform age.

—Heave, coves, emptybloddy!

And ere he could catch or hook or line to suit their
saussyskins,
the lumpenpack. Underbund was overraskelled. As

—Sot! sod the tailors opsits from their gabbalots, change
all
that whole set. Shut down and shet up. Our set, our set's
allohn.

And they poured em behoiled on the fire. Scaald!

Rowdiose wodhalooing. Theirs is one lessonless missage
for
good and truesirs. Will any persen bereaved to be passent
bringback
or rumpart to the Hoved politymester. Clontarf, one love,
one fear. Ellers for the greeter glossary of code, callen hom:
Finucane-Lee, Finucane-Law.

Am. Dg.

Welter focussed.

Wind from the nordth. Warmer towards muffinbell, Lull.

As our revelant Columnfiller predicted in last mount's
chattiry

sermon, the allexpected depression over Schiumdinebbia, a
bygger
muster of veiryng precipitation and haralded by faugh
sicknells,
(hear kokkenhovens ekstras!) and umwalloped in an
unusuable
suite of clouds, having filterhed through the middelhav of the
same gorgers' kennel on its wage wealthwards and
incursioned a
sotten retch of low pleasure, missed in some parts but with
lucal
drizzles, the outlook for tomarry (Streamstress Mandig)
beamed
brider, his ability good.

What hopends to they?

Giant crash in Aden. Birdflights confirm abbroaching
nubtials.

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Burial of Lifetenant-Groevener Hatchett, R.I.D. Devine's
Previdence.

Ls. De.

Art thou gainous sense uncompetite! Limited. Anna
Lynchya
Pourable! One and eleven. United We Stand, even many
offered.
Don't forget. I wish auspicable thievesdayte for the stork
dyrby.
It will be a thousand's a won paddies. And soon to bet. On
drums
of bliss. With hapsalap troth, hipsalewd prudity, hopesalot

honnessy,
hoopsalooop luck. After when from midnights unwards the
fourposter harp quartetto. (Kiskiviikko, Kalastus. Torstaj,
tanssia.

Perjantaj, peleja. Lavantaj ja Sunnuntaj, christianismus
kirjallisuus,
kirjallisuus christianismus.) Whilesd this pellover his
finnisch.

—Comither, ahorace, thou mighty man of valour,
elderman
adaptive of Capel Ysnod, and tsay-fong tsei-foun a laun
bricksnumber
till I've fined you a faultler-in-law, to become your son-to-be,
gentlemens tealer, generalman seelord, gosse and bosse,
hunguest and horasa, jonjemsums both, in sailsmanship, szed
the
head marines talebearer, then sayd the ships gospfather in the
scat
story to the husband's capture and either you does or he
musts
and this moment same, sayd he, so let laid pacts be being
betving
ye, he sayd, by my main makeshift, he sayd, one fisk and one
flesk,
as flat as, Aestmand Addmundson you, you're iron slides and
so
hompety domp as Paddley Mac Namara here he's a hardy
canooter,
for the two breasts of Banba are her soilers and her toilers, if
thou
wilt serve Idyall as thou hast sayld. Brothers Boathes,

brothers

Coathes, ye have swallen blooders' oathes. And Gophar sayd unto

Glideon and sayd he to the nowedding captain, the rude hunnerable

Humphrey, who was praying god of clothildies by the seven bosses of his trunktarge he would save bucklesome when she wooed belove on him, comeether, sayd he, my merrytime marelupe,

you wutan whaal, sayd he, into the shipfolds of our quadrupede

island, bless madhugh, mardyck, luusk and cong! Blass Neddos bray! And no more of your maimed acts after this with

your kowtoros and criados to every tome, thick and heavy, and

our onliness of his revelance to your ultitude. The illfollowable

staying in wait for you with the winning word put into his mouth

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or be the hooley tabell, as Horrocks Toler hath most cares to call

it, I'll rehearse your comeundermends and first mardhyr you entirely.

As puck as that Paddeus picked the pun and left the lollies off the foiled. A Trinity judge will crux your boom. Pat is the man for thy. Ay ay! And he pured him beheild of the ouishguss,

mingling a sign of the cruisk. I popetithes thee, Ocean, sayd he,

Oscarvaughther, sayd he, Erievikkingr, sayd he, *intra trifum*

triforium trifoliorum, sayd he, onconditionally, forfor furst of
giel-
gaulgalls and hero chief explunderer of the clansakiltic, sayd
he,
the streameress mastress to the sea aase cuddycoalman's and
let
this douche for you as a wholly apuzzler's and for all the
pukkaleens
to the wakes of you, sayd he, out of the hellsinky of the
howtheners and be damned to ye, sayd he, into our roomyo
connellic
relation, sayd he, from which our this pledge is given, Tera
truly ternatrine if not son towards thousand like expect
chrisan
athems to which I osker your godhsbattaring, saelir, for as
you
gott kvold whereafter a gooden diggin and with gooder
enscure
from osion buck fared agen fairioes feuded hailsohame til
Edar
in that the loyd mave hercy on your sael! Anomyn and awer.
Spickinusand.

— Nansense, you snorsted? he was haltid considerable
agenst
all religions overtrow so hworefore the thokkurs pokker the
bigbug
miklamanded storstore exploder would he be wholesalesolde
daadooped by Priest Gudfodren of the sacredhaunt suit in
Diaeblen-Balkley at Domnkirk Saint Petricksburg? But ear
this:

—And here, aaherra, my rere admirable peadar poulsen,
sayd
he, consistently, to the secondnamed sutor, my lately
lamented
sponsorship, comesend round that wine and lift your horn,
sayd
he, to show you're a skolar for, winter you likes or not, we
brought your summer with us and, tomkin about your lief
eurekason
and his undishcovery of americle, be the rolling forties, he
sayd, and on my sopper crappidamn, as Harris himself says,
to let
you in on some crismion dottrin, here is the ninethest pork of
a man
whisk swimmies in Dybblin water from Ballscodden
easthmost
till Thyrston's Lickslip and, sayd he, (whiles the heart of
Lukky
Swayn slaughed in his icebox for to think of all the soorts of
smukklers he would behave in juteyfrieze being forelooper to
her)
praties peel to our goodsend Brandonius, *filius* of a Cara,
spouse
to Fynlogue, he has the nicesth pert of a nittlewoman in the
house, la chito, la chato, la Charmadouiro, Tina-bat-Talur, cif
for
your fob and a tesura astore for you, eslucylamp aswhen the
surge
seas sombren, that he daughts upon of anny livving
plusquebelle,
to child and foster, that's the lippeyear's wonder of Totty go,

Newschool, two titty too at win winnie won, tramity
trimming and
funny fare, with a grit as hard as the trent of the thimes but
a
touch as saft as the dee in floeing and never a Hyderow
Jenny the
like of her lightness at look and you leap, rheadoromanscing
long
evmans invairn, about little Anny Roners and all the Lavinias
of
ester yours and pleding for them to herself in the periglus
glatsch
hangs over her trickle bed, it's a piz of fortune if it never falls
from
the stuffel, and, when that mallaura's over till next time and
all the
prim rossies are out dressparading and the tubas tout tout for
the
glowru of their god, making every Dinny dingle after her
down
the Dargul dale and (wait awhile, blusterbuss, you're
marchadant
too forte and don't start furlan your ladins till you've learned
the
lie of her landuage!), when it's summwer calding and she can
hear
the pianutunar beyant the bayondes in Combria sleepytalking
to
the Wiltsh muntons, titting out through her droemer window
for the flyend of a touchman over the wishtas of English
Strand,
when Kilbarrack bell pings saksalaisance that Concessas

with
Sinbads may (pong!), where our dollimonde sees the
phantom
shape of Mr Fortunatus Wright since winksome Miss
Bulkeley
made loe to her wrecker and he took her to be a rover, O, and
playing house of ivary dower of gould and gift you soil me
peepat my prize, which its a blue loogoont for her in a
bleakeyed
seusan if she can't work her mireiclles and give
Norgeyborgey
good airish timers, while her fresh racy turf is kindly
kindling up
the lovver with the flu, with a roaryboaryellas would set an
Eriweddyng
on fire, let aloon an old Humpopolamos with the
boomarpooter
on his brain, aiden bay scye and dye, aasbukividdy,
twentynine to her dozen and cocoo him didulceydovely to
his
old cawcaws huggin and munin for his strict privatear which

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there's no pure rube like an ool pool roober when your pullar
beer turns out Bruin O'Luinn and beat his barge into a
battering
pram with her wattling way for cubblin and, be me fairy fay,
sayd
he, the marriage mixter, to Kersse, Son of Joe Ashe, her
coaxfonder,
wiry eyes and winky hair, timkin abeat your Andraws
Meltons and his lovsang of the short and shifty, I will turn
my

thinks to things alove and I will speak but threes ones, sayd
he,
my truest patrions good founter, poles a port and zones
asunder,
tie up in hates and repeat at luxure, you can better your
tooblue
prodestind arson, tyler bach, after roundsabouts and donochs
and
the volumed smoke, though the clonk in his stumble strikes
warn,
and were he laid out on that counter there like a Slavocrates
amongst his skippies, when it comes to the ride onerable,
sayd he,
that's to make plain Nanny Ni Sheeres a full Dinamarqueza,
and
all needed for the lay, from the hursey on the montey with the
room in herberge down to forkpiece and bucklecatch,
(Elding,
my elding! and Lif, my lif!) in the pravacy of the
pirmanocturne,
hap, sayd he, at that meet hour of night, and hop, sayd he,
and the
fyrsty annas everso thried (whiles the breath of Huppy
Hullespond
swumped in his seachest for to renumber all the
mallymedears'
long roll and call of sweetheart emmas that every had a
port in from Coxenhagen till the brottels on the Nile), while
taylight is yet slipping under their pillow, (ill omens on Kitty
Cole if she's spilling laddy's measure!) and before Sing
Mattins in
the Fields, ringsengd ringsengd, bings Heri the Concorant

Erho,
and the Referinn Fuchs Gutmann gives us *I'll Bell the Welled*
or
The Steeplepoy's Revanger and all Thingavalley knows for
its
never dawn in the dark but the deed comes to life, and raptist
bride
is aptist breed (tha lassy! tha lassy!), and, to buoy the hoop
within us springing, 'tis no timbertar she'll have then in her
armsbrace
to doll the dallydandle, our fiery quean, upon the night of
the things of the night of the making to stand up the double
tet of the oversear of the seize who cometh from the mighty
deep and on the night of making Horuse to crihump over his
enemy, be the help of me cope as so pluse the riches of the
roedshields,
with Elizabeliza blessing the bedpain, at the willbedone

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of Yinko Jinko Randy, come Bastabasco and hippychip eggs,
she
will make a suomease pair and singlette, jodhpur smalls and
tailorless,
a copener's cribful, leaf, bud and berry, the divlin's own little
mimmykin puss, (hip, hip, horatia!) for my old comrhade
saltytar
here, Briganteen—General Sir A. I. Magnus, the
flappernooser,
master of the good lifebark *Ulivengrene* of Onslought,
and the homespund of her hearth, (Fuss his farther was the
norse
norse east and Muss his mother was a gluepot) and,
gravydock or

groovy anker, and a hullread pursunk manowhood, who
(with
a chenchen for his delight time and a bonzeye nappin through
his
doze) he is the bettest bluffy blondblubber of an olewidgeon
what
overspat a skettle in a skib.

Cawcaught. Coocaged.

And Dub did glow that night. In Fingal of victories.
Cannmatha
and Cathlin sang together. And the three shouters of
glory. Yelling halfviewed their harps. Surly Tuhall smiled
upon
drear Darthoola: and Roscranna's bolgaboyo begirlified the
daughter of Cormac. The soul of everyelsesbody rolled into
its
olesoleself. A doublemonth's licence, lease on mirth, while
hooneymoon
and her flame went hunesuckling. Holyryssia, what boom
of bells! What battle of bragues on Sandgate where met the
bobby
mobbed his bibby mabbing through the ryce. Even Tombs
left
doss and dunnage down in Demidoff's tomb and drew on the
dournailed clogs that Morty Manning left him and legged in
by
Ghoststown Gate, like Pompei up to date, with a sprig of
Whiteboys
heather on his late Luke Elcock's heirloom. And some say
they seen old dummydeaf with a leaf of bronze on his cloak
so grey, trooping his colour a pace to the reire. And as

owfully

posh with his halfcrown jool as if he was the Granjook

Meckl or

Paster de Grace on the Route de l'Epée. It was joobileejeu
that

All Sorts' Jour. Freestouters and publicranks, hafts on
glaives.

You could hear them swearing threaties on the Cymylaya
Mountains, man. And giving it out to the Ould Fathach and
louth-

mouthin' after the Healy Mealy with an enfysis to bring
down

the rain of Tarar. Nevertoletta! Evertomind! The grandest
bethehailey seen or heard on earth's conspectrum since Scape

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the Goat, that gafr, ate the Suenders bible. Hadn't we
heaven's

lamps to hide us? Yet every lane had its lively spark and
every

spark had its several spurtles and each spitfire spurtle had
some

trick of her trade, a tease for Ned, nook's nestle for Fred and
a peep at me mow for Peer Pol. So that Father Matt Hughes
looked taytotally threbled. But Danno the Dane grimmed.

Dune.

'Twere yeg will elsecare doatty lanv meet they dewscant
hyemn

to cannons' roar and rifles' peal vill shantey soloweys sang!

For

there were no more Tyrrhanees and for Laxembraghs was
passthecupper

to Our Lader's. And it was dim upon the floods only
and there was day on all the ground.

Thus street spins legends while wharves woves tales but
some
family fewd felt a nick in their name. Old Vickers sate down
on
their airs and straightened the points of their lace. Red
Rowleys
popped out of their lairs and asked what was wrong with the
race. Mick na Murrough used dripping in layers to shave
all the furze off his face. The Burke-Lees and Coyle-Finns
paid full feines for their sinns when the Cap and Miss Coolie
were roped.

Rolloraped.

With her banbax hoist from holder, zig for zag through
pool
and polder, cheap, cheap, cheap and Laughing Jack, all
augurs
scorenning, see the Bolche your pictures motion and Kitzy
Kleinsuessmein eloping for that holm in Finn's Hotel Fiord,
Nova Norening. Where they pulled down the kuddle and they
made fray and if thee don't look homey, well, that Dook can
eye
Mae.

He goat a berth. And she cot a manege. And wohl's gorse
mundom ganna wedst.

Knock knock. War's where! Which war? The Twwinns.
Knock knock. Woos without! Without what? An apple.
Knock
knock.

The kilder massed, one then and uhundred, (harefoot,
birdyhands,
herringabone, beesknees), and they barneydansked a
kathareen round to know the who and to show the howsome.
Why was you hiding, moder of moders? And where was
hunty,

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poppa the gun? Pointing up to skyless heaven like the spoon
out
of sergeantmajor's tay. Which was the worst of them
phaymix
cupplerts? He's herd of hoarding and her faiths is altared.
Becoming
ungoing, their seeming sames for though that liamstone
deaf do his part there's a windtreetop whipples the damp off
the
mourning. But tellusit allasif wellasits end. And the lunger it
takes the swooner they tumble two. He knows he's just
thrilling
and she's sure she'd squeam. The threelegged man and the
tulippied
dewydress. Lludd hillmythey, we're brimming to hear! The
durst he did and the first she ever? Peganeen Bushe, this isn't
the
polkar, catch as you cancan when high land fling! And you
Tim
Tommy Melooney, I'll tittle your barents if you stick that
pigpin
upinto meh!

So in the names of the balder and of the sol and of the
hollichrost,
ogsowearit, trisexnone, and by way of letting the aandt

out of her grosskropper and leading the mokes home by their
gribes, whoopsabout a plabbaside of plobbicides, alamam
alemon,
poison kerls, on this mounden of Delude, and in the high
places
of Delude of Isreal, which is Haraharem and the diublin's
owld
mounden over against Vikens, from your tarns, thwaites and
thorpes, withes, tofts and fosses, fells, haughs and shaws,
lunds,
garths and dales, mensuring the megnominous as so will is
the
littleyest, the myrioheartzed with toroidal coil, eira area
round
wantanajocky, fin above wave after duckydowndivvy, trader
arm
aslung beauty belt, the former velican and nana karlikeevna,
sommerlad and cinderenda, Valtivar and Viv, how Big Bil
Brine
Borumoter first took his gage at lil lolly lavvander waader
since
when capriole legs covets limbs of a crane and was it the
twylyd
or the mounth of the yare or the feint of her smell made the
seomen
assalt of her (in imageascene all: whimwhim whimwhim).
To the laetification of disgeneration by neuhumorisation of
our
kristianiasation. As the last liar in the earth begeylywayled
the
first lady of the forest. Though Toot's pardoosled sauve
l'humour!

For the joy of the dew on the flower of the fleets on the
fields of the foam of the waves of the seas of the wild main
from
Borneholm has jest come to crown.

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Snip snap snoody. Noo err historyend goody. Of a lil trip
trap and a big treeskooner for he put off the ketyl and they
made three (for fie!) and if hec dont love alpy then lad you
annoy me. For hanigen with hunigen still haunt ahunt to
finnd
their hinnigen where
Pappappapparrassannuaragheallachnatull-
aghmonganmacmacmacwhackfalltherdebbledonthe dubbland
add-
ydoodled and anruly person creeked a jest. Gestapose to
parry
off cheekars or frankfurters on the odor. Fine again,
Cuoholson!
Peace, O wiley!

Such was the act of goth stepping the talk of Doolin,
drain
and plantage, wattle and daub, with you'll peel as I'll pale and
we'll pull the boath toground togutter, testies touchwood and
shenstone unto pop and puma, calf and condor, under all the
gaauspices (incorporated), the chal and his chi, their
roammerin
over, gribgrobgrab reining trippetytrappety (so fore shalt thou
flow, else thy cavern hair!) to whom she (anit likenand
pleasethee!).
Till sealump becomedump to bumpslump a lifflebed,
(altolà, allamarsch! O gué, O gué!). Kaemper Daemper to

Jetty

de Waarft, all the weight of that mons on his little
ribbeunuch!

Him that gronde old mand to be that haard of hearing (afore
said) and her the petty tondur with the fix in her changeable
eye (which see), Lord, me lad, he goes with blowbierd, leedy,
plasheous stream. But before that his loudship was converted
to

a landshop there was a little theogamyjig incidence that
hoppy-go-jumpy

January morn when he colluded with the cad out on
the beg amudst the fiounaregal gaames of those oathmassed
fenians for whome he's forcecaused a bridge of the piers, at
Inverleffy, mating pontine of their engagement, synnbildising
graters and things, eke ysendt? O nilly, not all, here's the first
cataraction! As if ever she cared an assuan damm about her
harpoons sticking all out of him whet between phoenix his
calipers and that psourdonome sheath. Sdrats ye, Gus
Paudheen!

Kenny's thought ye, Dinny Oozle! While the cit was leaking
asphalt like a suburbiaurealis in his rure was tucking to him
like

old booths, booths, booths, booths.

Enterruption. Check or slowback. Dvershen.

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Why, wonder of wenchalows, what o szeszame open, v
doer s t
doing? V door s being. But how theng thingajarry miens but
this
being becoming n z doer? K? An o. It is ne not him what
foots

like a glove, shoehandschiner Pad Podomkin. Sooftly, anni
slavey, szszuszcze is slowjaneska.

The aged crafty nummifeed confusionary overinsured
everlapsing
accentuated katekattershin clopped, clopped, clopped,
darsey dobrey, back and along the danzing corridor, as she
was
going to pimpim him, way boy wally, not without her
complement
of cavarnan men, between the two deathdealing allied
divisions and the lines of readypresent fire of the
corkedagains up-
stored, taken in giving the saloot, band your hands going in,
bind
your heads coming out, and remoltked to herselp in her serf's
alown, a weerpovy willowy dreevy drawly and the patter of
so
familiar, farabroads and behomeans, as she shure sknows,
boof
for a booby, boo: new uses in their mewseyfume. The
jammesons
is a cook in his hair. And the juinnesses is a rapin his hind.
And
the Bullingdong caught the wind up. Dip.

And the message she braught below from the missus she
bragged above that had her agony stays outsize her sari
chemise,
blancking her shifts for to keep up the fascion since the king
of
all dronnings kissed her beeswixed hand, fang (pierce me,
hunky,

I'm full of meunders!), her fize like a tubtail of mondayne
clothes, fed to the chaps with working medicals and her
birthright
pang that would split an atam like the forty pins in her hood,
was
to fader huncher a howdydowdy, to mountainy mots in her
amnest plein language, from his fain a wan, his hot and tot
lass,
to pierce his ropeloop ear, how, Podushka be prayhasd, now
the
sowns of his loins were awinking and waking and his dorter
of
the hush lillabilla lullaby (lead us not into reformication with
the
poors in your thingdom of gory, O moan!), once after males,
nonce at a time, with them Murphy's puffs she dursted with
gnockmeggs and the bramborry cake for dour dorty
dompling
obayre Mattom Beetom and epsut the pfit and if he was
whishtful
to licture her caudal with chesty chach from his dauberg den
and noviny news from Naul or toplots talks from
morrienbaths

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or a parrotsprate's cure for ensevelised lethurgies, spick's my
spoon and the veriblest spoon, 'twas her hour for the
chamber's
ensallycopodium with love to melost Panny Kostello from
X.Y. Zid for to folly billybobbis gibits porzy punzy and she
was
a wanton for De Marera to take her genial glow to bed.

—This is time for my tubble, reflected Mr 'Gladstone Browne' in the toll hut (it was choractoristic from that 'man of Delgany'). Dip.

—This is me vulcanite smoking, profused Mr 'Bonaparte Nolan' under the natecup (one feels how one may hereby reekignites the 'ground old mahonagyan'). Dip.

—And this is defender of defeater of defaulter of deformer of the funst man in Danelagh, willingtoned in with this glance down his browen and that born appalled noodlum the panellite pair's cummal delimitator, odding: Oliver White, he's as tiff as she's tight. And thisens his speak quite hoarse. Dip.

In reverence to her midgetsy the lady of the comeallyous as madgestoo our own one's goff stature. Prosim, prosit, to the krk n yr nck!

O rum it is the chomicalest thing how it pickles up the punchey and the jude. If you'll gimmy your thing to me I will gamey a sing to thee. Stay where you're dummy! To get her to go ther. He banged the scoop and she bagged the sugar while the whole pub's pobbel done a stare. On the mizzatint wall. With its chromo for all, crimm crimms. Showing holdmenag's asses sat by

Allmeneck's
men, canins to ride with em, canins that lept at em, woollied
and flundered.

So the katey's came and the katey's game. As so gangs
sludgenose.

And that henchwench what hopped it dunneth there duft
the. Duras.

(Silents)

Yes, we've conned thon print in its gloss so gay how it
came
from Finndlader's Yule to the day and it's Hey Tallaght Hoe
on
the king's highway with his hounds on the home at a turning.
To Donnicoombe Fairing. Millikin's Pass. When visiting at
Izd-la-Chapelle taste the lipe of the waters from Carlowman's
Cup.

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It tellyhows its story to their six of hearts, a twelve-eyed
man;
for whom has madjestky who since is dyed drown reign
before
the izba.

Au! Au! Aue! Ha! Heish!

As stage to set by ritual rote for the grimm grimm tale of
the
four of hyacinths, the deafeeled carp and the bugler's dozen
of
leagues-in-amour or how Holispolis went to Parkland with
mabby and sammy and sonny and sissy and mop's varlet de
shambles and all to find the right place for it by peep o'skirt

or
pipe a skirl when the hundert called a halt on the chivvychace
of
the ground sloper at that lightning lovmaker's tender appeal
till,
between wandering weather and stable wind, vastelend
hosteilend,
neuziel and oltrigger some, Bullyclubber burgherly shut
the rush in general.

Let us propel us for the fray of the fray! Us, us, beraddy!

Ko Niutirenis hauru leish! A lala! Ko Niutirenis haururu
laleish! Ala lala! The Wullingthund sturm is breaking. The
sound of maormaoring. The Wellingthund sturm waxes
fuercilier.

The whackawhacks of the sturm. Katu te ihis ihis! Katu
te wana wana! The strength of the rawshorn generand is
known
throughout the world. Let us say if we may what a weeny
wukeleen can do.

Au! Au! Aue! Ha! Heish! A lala!

—Paud the roosky, weren't they all of them then each in
his
different way of saying calling on the one in the same time
hibernian knights underthener that was having, half for the
laugh
of the bliss it sint barbaras another doesend end once tale of a
tublin wished on to him with its olives ocolombs and its hills
owns ravings and Tutty his tour in his Nowhare's yarcht. It
was
before when Aimee stood for Arthurduke for the figger in

profane
and fell from grace so madley for fill the flatter fellows.
(They were saying). And it was the lang in the shirt in the
green
of the wood, where obelisk rises when odalisks fall, major
threft
on the make and jollyjacques spindthrift on the merry (O Mr
Mathurin, they were calling, what a topheavy hat you're in!
And
there aramny maeud, then they were saying, these so
pioupious!).

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And it was cyclums cyclorums after he made design on
the corse and he want to mess on him (enterellbo add all
taller
Danis), back, seater and sides, and he applied (I'm amazingly
sorracer!) the wholed bould shoulderedboy's width for
fullness,
measures for messieurs, messer's massed, (they were
saycalling
again and agone and all over agun, the louthly meathers, the
loudly meaders, the lously measlers, six to one, bar ones).

And they pled him beheighten the firing. Dope.

Maltomeetim, alltomatetam, when a tale tarries shome
shunter
shove on. Fore auld they wauld to pree.

Pray.

Of this Mr A (tillalaric) and these wasch woman
(dapplehued),
fhronehflord and feofoeds, who had insue keen and able

and a spindlesong aside, nothing more is told until now, his
awebrume hour, her sere Sahara of sad oakleaves. And then.
Be

old. The next thing is. We are once amore as babes
awondering
in a wold made fresh where with the hen in the storyabout we
start from scratch.

So the truce, the old truce and nattonbuff the truce, boys.
Drouth is stronger than faction. Slant. Shinshin. Shinshin.

—It was of The Grant, old gartener, *qua* golden meddlist,
Publius Manlius, fuderal private, (his place is his poster, sure,
they
said, and we're going to mark it, sore, they said, with a
carbon
caustick manner) bequother the liberaloider at his petty
corporelezzo
that hung caughtnapping from his baited breath, it was of
him, my wife and I thinks, to feel to every of the younging
fruits,
tenderosed like an atalantic's breastswells or, on a second
wreathing,
a bright tauth bight shimmeryshaking for the welt of his
plow. And where the peckadillies at his wristsends meetings
be
loving so lightly dovessoild the candidacy, me wipin eye
sinks,
of his softboiled bosom should be apparient even to our
illicterate
of nullatinenties.

All to which not a lot snapped The Nolan of the
Calabashes
at his whilom eweheart photognomist who by this sum taken
was as much incensed by Saint Bruno as that what he had
consummed
was his own panegoric, and wot a lout about it if it was

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only a pippappoff pigeon shoot that gracesold getrunner, the
man of centuries, was bowled out by judge, jury and umpire
at
batman's biff like a witchbefooled legate. Dupe.

His almonence being alaterelly in dispensation with his
three
oldher patrons' aid, providencer's divine cow to milkfeeding
mleckman, bonafacies to solafides, what matter what all his
freudzay or who holds his hat to harm him, let hutch just
keep
on under at being a vanished consinent and let annapal livibel
prettily prattle a lude all her own. And be that semeliminal
salmon solemonly angled, ingate and outgate. A truce to
lovecalls,
dulled in warclothes, maleybags, things and bleakhusen.
Leave
the letter that never begins to go find the latter that ever
comes
to end, written in smoke and blurred by mist and signed of
solitude, sealed at night.

Simply. As says the mug in the middle, nay brian nay
noel,
ney billy ney boney. Imagine twee cweamy wosen.
Suppwose

you get a beautiful thought and cull them sylvias sub silence.
Then inmaggin a stotterer. Suppoutre him to been one
biggermaster
Omnibil. Then lustily (tutu the font and tritt on the
bokswoods
like gay feeters's dance) immengine up to three longly
lurking lobstarts. Fair instents the Will Woolsley
Wellaslayers.
Pet her, pink him, play pranks with them. She will nod
amproperly
smile. He may seem to appraisiate it. They are as piractical
jukersmen sure to paltipsypote. Feel the wollies dripping
out
of your fingathumbs. Says to youssilves (floweers have ears,
heahear!) slowly: So these ease Budlim! How do, dainty
daulimbs?
So peached to pick on you in this way, prue and simple,
pritt and spry! Heyday too, Malster Faunagon, and hopes
your
hahitahiti licks the mankey nuts! And oodlum hoodlum
doodlum
to yes, Donn, Teague and Hurleg, who the bullocks brought
you here and how the hillocks are ye?

We want Bud. We want Bud Budderly. We want Bud
Budderly
boddily. There he is in his Borrisalooner. The man that
shunned
the rucks on Gereland. The man thut won the bettllle of the
bawll. Order, order, order, order! And tough. We call on
Tancred
Artaxerxes Flavin to compeer with Barnabas Ulick Dunne.

Order, order, order! Milster Malster in the chair. We've heard
it
sinse sung thousandtimes. How Burghley shuck the
rackushant
Germanon. For Ehren, boys, gobrawl!

A public plouse. Citizen soldiers.

TAFF (*a smart boy, of the peat freers, thirty two eleven,
looking
through the roof towards a relevution of the karmalife order
privious
to his hoisting of an emergency umberolum in byway of
paraguastical
solation to the rhyttel in his hedd*). All was flashing and
krashning
blurty moriartsky blutcherudd? What see, buttywalch? Tell
ever
so often?

BUTT (*mottledged youth, clerigical appealance, who, as
his pied
friar, is supposing to motto the sorry dejester in tiffstaff
toffiness or
to be digarced from ever and a daye in his accounts*). But da.
But
dada, mwilshsuni. Till even so aften. Sea vaast a pool!

TAFF (*porumply helping himself out by the cesspull with
a yellup
yurruup, puts up his furry furzed hare*). Butly bitly! Humme to
our
mounthings. Conscribe him tillusk, unt, in his jubalant
tubalence,

the groundsapper, with his soilday site out on his moulday
side
in. The gubernier-gerenal in laut-lievtonant of
Baltiskeeamore,
amalthouse for leporty hole! Endues paramilitary
langdwage.
The saillils of the yellavs nocadont palignol urdlesh.
Shelltoss
and welltass and telltuss aghom! Sling Stranaslang, how
Malorazzias
spikes her, coining a speak a spake! Not the Setanik stuff
that slimed soft Siranouche! The good old gunshop
monowards
for manosymples. Tincurs tammit! They did oak hay doe fou
Chang-li-meng when that man d'airain was big top tom saw
tip
side bum boss pageantfiller. Ajaculate! All lea light!
Rassamble
the glowrings of Bruyant the Bref when the Mollies
Makehalpence
took his leg for his thumb. And may he be too an
intrepidation
of our dreams which we foregot at wiking when the morn
hath razed out limpalove and the bleakfrost chilled our
ravery!
Pook. Sing ching lew mang! Upgo, bobbycop! Lets hear in
remember the braise of. Hold!

BUTT (*drawling forth from his blousom whereis
meditabound of
his minkerstary, switches on his gorsecopper's fling
weitoheito lang-*

*thorn, fed up the grain oils of Aerin, while his laugh neighs
banck as*

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*that flashermind's rays and his lipponease longuwedge
wambles).*

Ullahbluh! Sehyoh narar, pokehole sann! Manhead very dirty
by

am anoyato. Like old Dolldy Icon when he cooked up his
iggs

in bicon. He gatovit and me gotafit and Oalgoak's Cheloven
gut

a fudden. Povar old pitschobed! Molodeztious of
metchennacht

belaburt that pentschmyaso! Bog carsse and dam neat, sar,
gam

cant! Limbers affront of him, lumbers behund. While the
bucks

bite his dos his hart bides the ros till the bounds of his bays
bell

the warning. Sobaiter sobarkar. He was enmivallupped.

Chromean

fastion. With all his cannoball wappents. In his raglanrock
and his malakoiffed bulbsbyg and his varnashed roscians and
his

cardigans blousejagged and his scarlett manchokuffs and his
tree-

coloured camiflag and his perikopendolous gaelstorms. Here
weeks hire pulchers! Obriania's beromst! From Karrs and
Polikoff's, the men's confessioners. Seval shimars pleasant
time payings. Mousoumeselles buckwoulds look. Tenter and
likelings.

TAFF (*all Perssiastersssias shookatnaratatattar at his
waggon-
horchers, his bulgeglarying star gapers razzledazzlingly full
of eyes,
full of balls, full of holes, full of buttons, full of stains, full of
medals,
full of blickblackblobs*). Grozarktic! Toadlebens! Some
garmentguy!
Insects appalling, low hum clang sin! A cheap decoy! Too
deep destroy! Say mangraphique, may say nay por daguerre!

BUTT (*if that he hids foregodden has nate of glozery
farused ameeet
the florahs of the follest, his spent fish's livid smile giving
allasundery
the bumfit of the doped*). Come alleyou jupes of
Wymmingtown
that graze the calves of Man! A bear rainging in his
heavenspawn
consomation robes. Rent, outraged, yewleaved, grained,
ballooned,
hindercored and voluant! Erminia's capecloaked
hoodoodman!
First he s s st steppes. Then he st stoo stoopt. Lookt.

TAFF (*strick struck strangling like aleal lusky Lubliner to
merumber
by the cycl of the cruize who strungled Attahilloupa with
what
empoisoned El Monte de Zuma and failing wilnaynilnay that
he
was pallups barn in the minkst of the Krumlin befodt he was
popsoused*

*into the monkst of the vatercan, makes the holypolygon of
the emt on the greaseshaper, a little farther, a little soon, a
lettera-*

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cettera, oukraydoubray). Scutterer of guld, he is retourious
on
every roudery! The lyewdsky so so sewn of a fitchid! With
his
walshbrushup. And his boney bogey braggs.

*BUTT (after his tongues in his cheeks, with pinkpoker
pointing
out in rutene to impassible abjects beyond the mistomist
towards
Lissnaluhy such as the Djublian Alps and the Hoofd Ribeiro
as
where he and his trulock may ever make a game).* The field
of
karhags and that bloasted tree. Forget not the felled! For the
lomondations of Oghrem! Warful doon's bothem. Here furry
glunn. Nye? Their feery pass. Tak! With guerillaman aspear
aspoor to prink the pranks of primkissies. And the buddies
behide
in the byre. Allahblah!

*TAFF (a blackseer, he stroves to regulect all the straggles
for wife
in the rut of the past through the widnows in effigies keening
after the
blank sheets in their faminy to the relix of old decency from
over
draught).* Oh day of rath! Ah, murder of mines! Eh, selo
moy!

Uh, zulu luy! Bernesson Mac Mahahon from Osro bearing
nose
easier for sweeth prolettas on his swooth prow!l!

BUTT (*back to his peatrol and paump: swee Gee's wee
rest: no
more applehooley: dodewodedook*). Bruinoboroff, the
hooneymoonger,
and the grizzliest manmichal in Meideveide! Whose
annal livves the hoiest! For he devoused the lelias on the
fined
and he confortd samp, tramp and marchint out of the
drumbume
of a narse. Guards, serf Finnland, serve we all!

TAFF (*whatwidth the psychophannies at the front and
whetwadth
the psuckofumbers beholden the fair, illcertain, between his
bulchri-
chudes and the roshashanaral, where he sees Bishop
Ribboncake plus
his pollex priced going forth on his visitations of mirrage or
Miss
Horizon, justso all our fannacies daintied her, on the curve of
the
camber, unsheathing a showlaced limbaloft to the great
consternations*).
Divulge! Hyededye, kittyls, and howdeddoh, pan! Poshbott
and
pulbuties. See that we soll or let dargman be luna as strait a
way
as your ant's folly me line while ye post is goang from Piping
Pubwirth to Haunted Hillborough on his Mujiksy's

Zaravence,
the Riss, the Ross, the sur of all Russers, as my farst is near
to
hear and my sackend is meet to sedon while my whole's a
peer's

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aureolies. We should say you dones the polecad. Bang on the
booche, gurg in the gorge, rap on the roof and your flup is
unbu. . .

BUTT (*at the signal of his act which seems to sharpnel his
innermals menody, playing the spool of the little brown jog
round the
wheel of her whang goes the millner*). Buckily buckily,
blodestained
boyne! Bimbambombumb. His snapper was shot in the
Rumjar
Journalal. Why the gigns he lubbed beeyed him.

TAFF (*obliges with a two stop yogacoga sumphoty on the
bones for ivory
girl and ebony boy*). The balacleivka! Trovatarovitch! I
trumble!

BUTT (*with the sickle of a scygtje but the humour of a
hummer, O,
howorodies through his cholaroguled, fumfing to a
fullfrengh with
this wallowing olfact*). Mortar martar tartar wartar! May his
boules grow wider so his skittles gets worse! The aged
monad
making a venture out of the murder of investment. I seen him
acting surgent what betwinks the scimitar star and the ashen
moon. By their lights shalthow throw him! Piff paff for

puffpuff

and my pife for his cgar! The mlachy way for gambling.

[Up to this curkscrew bind an admirable verbivocovisual pres-entment of the worldrenowned Caerholme Event has been being given by The Irish Race and World. The huddled and aliven stable-crashers have shared fleetfooted enthusiasm with the paddocks dare and ditches tare while the mews was combing ground. Hippo-hopparray helioscope flashed winsor places as the gates might see. Meusdeus! That was (with burning briar) Mr Twomass Nohoholan for their common contribe satisfuction in the purports of amusement telling the Verily Roverend Father Epiphanes shrineshriver of Saint Dorough's (in browne bomler) how (assuary as there's a bonum in your osstheology!) Backlegs shirked the racing kenneldar. The saintly scholarist's roastering guffalawd of nupersaturals holler at this metanoic excomologosis tells of the chestnut's (once again, Wittingtom!) absolutely romptyhompty successfulness. A lot of lasses and lads without

*damas or dads, but fresh and blued with collecting boxes.
One
aught spare ones triflets, to be shut: it is Coppingers for
the
children. Slippery Sam hard by them, physically present
howsomedever*

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*morally absent, was slooching about in his knavish
diamonds asking Gmax, Knox and the Dmuggies (a
pinnance for
your toughts, turffers!) to deck the ace of duds. Tomtinker
Tim,
howbeit, his unremitting retainer, (the seers are the seers
of
Samael but the heers are the heers of Timoth) is in
Boozer's
Gloom, soalken steady in his sulken tents. Baldawl the
curse,
baledale the day! And the frocks of shick sheeples in their
shum-
mering insamples! You see: a chiefsmith, semporal
scandal
stinkmakers, a middinest from the Casabianca and, of
course,
Mr Fry. Barass! Pardon the inquisition, causas es
quostas? It
is Da Valorem's Dominical Brayers. Why coif that weird
hood?
Because among nosoever circusdances is to be
apprehended the
dustungwashed poltronage of the lost Gabbarnaur-
Jaggarnath.*

*Pamjab! Gross Jumpiter, whud was thud?
Luckluckluckluck-
luckluckluck! It is the Thousand to One Guinea-
Gooseberry's
Lipperfull Slipver Cup. Hold hard, ridesiddle titelittle
Pitsy
Riley! Gurragrunch, gurragrunch! They are at the turn of
the
fourth of the hurdles. By the hross of Xristos,
Holophullopopulace
is a shote of excramation! Bumchub! Emancipator, the
Creman hunter (Major Hermyn C. Entwhistle) with
dramatic
effect reproducing the form of famous sires on the scene
of the
formers triumphs, is showing the eagle's way to Mr
Whaytehayte's
three buy geldings Homo Made Ink, Bailey Beacon
and Ratatuohy while Furstin II and The Other Girl (Mrs
'Boss' Waters, Leavybrink) too early spring dabbles, are
showing
a clean pairofheids to Immensipater. Sinkathinks to open
here!
To this virgin's tuft, on this golden of evens! I never
sought of
sinkathink. Our lorkmakor he is proformly annuysed. He
is
shinkly thinkly shaking in his schayns. Sat will be off
follteedee.
This eeridreme has being effered you by Bett and Tipp.
Tipp and
Bett, our swapstick quackchancers, in From Topphole to*

Bottom
of The Irish Race and World.]

TAFF (*awary that the first sports report of Loundin
Reginald
has now been afterthoughtfully colliberated by a sagging
spurts
flash, takes the dipperend direction and, for tasing the tiomor
of*

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*malaise after the pognency of orangultonia, orients by way of
Sagittarius*

towards Draco on the Lour). And you collier carsst on him,
the corsar, with Boyle, Burke and Campbell, I'll gogemble on
strangbones tomb. You had just been cerberating a camp
camp

camp to Saint Sepulchre's march through the armeemonds
retreat

with the boys all marshalled, scattering giant's hail over the
curseway, fellowed along the rout by the stenchions of the
corpse. Tell the coldspell's terroth! If you please,
commeylad!

Perfedes Albionias! Think some ingain think, as Teakortairer
sate over the Galwegian caftan forewhen Orops and Aasas
were

chooldrengs and micramacrees! A forward movement, Miles
na

Bogaleen, and despatch!

BUTT (*slinking his coatsleeves surdout over his squad
mutton
shoulder so as to loop more life the jauntlyman as he scents*

the

*anggreget yup behound their whole scoopchina's desperate
noy's*

*totalage and explaining aposteriorly how awstooloo was
valdesombre*

*belowes hero and he was in a greak esthate phophiar an
erixtion on the soseptuple side of him made spoil apriori his
popo-*

porportiums). Yass, zotnyzor, I don't think I did not, pojr.

Never

you brother me for I scout it, think you! Ichts nichts on
nichts!

Greates Schtschuptar! Me fol the rawlawdy in the schpirrt of
a

schkrepz. Of all the quirasses and all the qwehrmin in the
tragedoes

of those antiants their grandoper, that soun of a gunnong,
with his sabaothsopolettes, smooking his scandlelose at
botthends of him! Foinn duhans! I grandthicked after his
obras

after another time about the itch in his egondoom he was
legging

boldylugged from some pulversporochs and lyoking for a
stooleazy

for to nemesisplotsch allafranka and for to salubrate himself
with an ultradungs heavenly mass at his base by a supreme
pompship

chorams the perished popes, the reverend and allaverred
cromlecks, and when I heard his lewdbrogue reciping his
cheap

cheateary gospels to sintry and santry and sentry and suntry I
thought he was only haftara having afterhis brokeforths but

be
the homely Churopodvas I no sooner seen aghist of his
frighteousness
then I was bibbering with veer a few versets off fooling for
fjorg for my fifth foot. Of manifest 'tis obedience and the.
Flute!

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TAFF (*though, the unglucksarsoon is giming for to git him,*
jotning
in, hoghly ligious, hapagodlap, like a soldierry sap, with a
pique at
his cue and a tyr in his eye and a bond of his back and a
croak in his
cry as did jolly well harm lean o'er him) Is not athug who
would.

Weepon, weeponder, song of sorrowmon! Which goatheye
and sheepskeer they damnty well know. Papaist!
Gambanman!

Take the cawraidd's blow! Yia! Your partridge's last!

BUTT (*giving his scimmianised twinge in*
acknuckledownedgment
of this cumulikick, strafe from the firetrench, studenly drobs
led, sa-
toniseels ouchyotchy, he changecors induniforms as he is
lefting the
gat out of the big: his face glows green, his hair greys white,
his
bleyes bcome broon to suite his cultic twalette). But when I
seeing
him in his oneship fetch along within hail that tourrible tall
with his nitshnykopfgoknob and attempting like a

brandylogged

rudeman cathargic, lugging up and laiding down his livepelts
so cruschinly like Mebbuck at Messar and expousing his old
skinful self tailtottom by manurevring in open ordure to
renewmuratione

with the cowruads in their airish pleasantry I thanked
he was recovering breadth from some herdsquatters beyond
the

carcasses and I couldn't erver nerver to tell a liard story not
of I

knew the prize if from lead or alimoney. But when I got
inocccupation

of a full new of his old basemiddelism, in ackshan, pagne
pogne, by the veereyed lights of the stormtrooping clouds
and

in the sheenflare of the battleaxes of the heroim and mid the
shieldfails awail of the bitteraccents of the sorafim and
caught the

pfierce tsmell of his aurals, orankastank, a suphead
setrapped,

like Peder the Greste, altipaltar, my bill it forsooks allegiance
(gut bull it!) and, no lie is this, I was babbeing and yetaghain
bubbering, bibbelboy, me marrues me shkewers me gnaas me
fiet, tob tob tob beat it, solongopatom. Clummensy if ever
misused,

must used you's now! But, meac Coolp, Arram of Eirzerum,
as I love our Deer Dirouchy, I confesses withould
pridejealice

when I looked upon the Saur of all the Haurousians with
the weight of his arge fullin upon him from the travaillings of
his tommuck and rueckenased the fates of a bossier there was
fear

on me the sons of Nuad for him and it was heavy he was for me

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then the way I immingled my Irmenial hairmaierians
ammongled
his Gospolis fomiliours till, achaura moucreas, I adn't the
arts to.

TAFF (*as a marrer off act, prepensing how such
waldmanns from
Burnias seduced country clowns, he is preposing
barangaparang
after going knowing what he is doing after to see him pluggy
well
moidered as a murder effect, you bet your blowie knife,
before he
doze soze, sopprused though he is*) Grot Zot! You hidn't the
hurts?
Vott Fonn!

BUTT (*hearing somrother sudly give tworthree peevish
sniff snuff
snoores like govalise falseleep he waitawhishts to see might
he stirs
and then goes on kuldrum like without asking for pepeace or
anysing
a soul*). Merzmard! I met with whom it was too late. My fate!
O
hate! Fairwail! Fearwealing of the groan! And think of that
when you smugs to bagot.

TAFF (*who meanwhilome at yarn's length so as to put a
nodje
in the poestcher, by wile of stoccan his hand and of rooma*

makin

ber getting umptyums gatherumed off the skattert, had been lavishing,

lagan on lighthouse, words of silent power, susu glouglou biribiri

gongos, upon the repleted speechsalver's innkeeping right which,

thanks giveme and naperied norms nonobstaclant, there can be little

doubt, have resulted in a momstchance ministring of another guidness,

my good, to see) Bompromifazzio! Shumpum for Pa-li-di and oukosouso for the nipper dandy! Trink off this scup and be

bladdy orafferteed! To bug at?

BUTT (he whipedoff's his chimbley phot, as lips lovecurling to the

tongueopener, he takecups the communion of sense at the hands of

the foregiver of trosstpassers and thereinofter centelinnates that

potifex miximhost with haruspical hospedariaty proferring into his

pauses somewhot salt bacon). Theres scares knud in this gnarld

warld a fully so svend as dilates for the improvement of our foerses of nature by your very ample solvent of refracting upon

me like is boesen fiend.

[The other forgotthened abbosed in the Mullingaria are during this swishingsight teilweisioned. How the fictionable world

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in Fruzian Creamtartery is loading off heavy furses and affubling themselves with muckinstushes. The neatschknee Novgolosh. How the spinach ruddocks are being tatoovatted up for the second comings of antigreenst. Hebeneros for Aromal Peace. How Alibey Ibrahim wisheths Bella Suora to a holy cryptmahs while the Arumbian Knives Riders axecutes devilances round the jehumispheure. Learn the Nunsturk. How Old Yales boys is making rebolutions for the cunning New Yirls, never elding, still begidding, never to mate to lend, never to ate selleries and never to add soulleries and never to ant sulleries and never to aid silleries with sucharow with sotchyouroff as Burkeley's Show's a ructiongetherall. Phone for Phineal toomellow aftermorn and your phumeral's a roselixion.]

TAFF (now as he has been past the buckthurnstock from Peadhar

*Piper of Colliguchuna, whiles they all are bealting pots to
dubrin
din for old daddam dombstom to tomb and wamb humbs
lumbs
agamb, glimpse agam, glance agen, rise up road and hive up
hill,
and find your pollyvoulley foncey pitchin ingles in the
parler).* Since
you are on for versingrhetorish say your piece! How
Bucclench
shocked the rosing girnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A
hov
and az ov and off like a gow! And don't live out the sad of
tearfs,
pidyawhick! Not offgott affsang is you, buthbach? Ath
yetheredayth
noth endeth, hay? Vaersegood! Buckle to! Sayyessik,
Ballygarry. The fourscore soculumms are
watchyoumaycodding
to cooll the skoopgoods blooff. Harkabuddy, feign!
Thingman
placeyear howed wholst somwom shimwhir
tinkledinkledelled.
Shinfine deed in the myrtle of the bog tway fainmain stod op
to
slog, free bond men lay lurkin on. Tuan about whattinghim!
Fore sneezturmdrappen! 'Twill be a rpnice pschange, arrah,
sir?
Can you come it, budd?

BUTT (*who in the cushlows of his goodsforseeking hoarth,
ever*

*fondlinger of his pimple spurk, is a niallist of the ninth
homestages,
the babybell in his baggutstract upper going off allatwanst,
begad,
lest he should challenge himself, beygoad, till angush).*

Horrasure,

toff! As said as would. It was Colporal Phailinx first. Hittit
was

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of another time, a white horsday where the midril met the
bulg,

sbogom, roughnow along about the first equinarx in the
cholonder,

on the plain of Khorason as thou goest from the mount of
Bekel, Steep Nemorn, elve hundred and therety and to years
how the krow flees end in deed, after a power of skimiskes,
blodidens and godinats of them, when we sight the beasts,
(hegheg

whatlk of wraimy wetter!), moist moonful date man aver
held dimsdzey death with, and higheye was in the Reilly
Oirish

Krzerszonese Milesia asundurst Sirdarthar Woolwichleagues,
good tomkeys years somewhile in Crimealian wall
samewhere

in Ayerland, during me weeping stillstumms over the
freshprosts

of Eastchept and the dangling garters of Marrowbone and
daring

my wapping stiltstunts on Bostion Moss, old stile and new
style

and heave a lep onwards. And winn again, blaguadargoos, or
lues the day, plays goat, the banshee pealer, if moskats knows

whoss whizz, the great day and the druidful day come San
Patrisky and the grand day, the excellent fine splendorous
long
agreeable toastworthy cylindrical day, go Sixt of the Ninth,
the
heptahundred annam dammias that Hajizfijiz ells me is and
will and was be rill the timelag is in it that's told in the Bok
of
Alam to columnkill all the prefacies of Erin gone brugk. But
Icantenu. And incommixtion. We was lowsome like till we'd
took out after the dead beats. So I begin to study and I soon
show them day's reasons how to give the cold shake to they
blighty perishers and lay one over the beats. All feller he
look
he call all feller come longa villa finish. Toumbalo, how was
I acclapadad! From them banjopeddlars on the raid. Gidding
up me anti vanillas and getting off the stissas me aunties.
Boxerising and coxerusing. And swiping a johnny dann
sweept for to exercitise myself notwithstanding the topkats
and his roaming cartridges, orussheying and patronning, out
all over Crummwiliam wall. Be the why it was me who haw
haw.

TAFF (*all for letting his tinder and lighting be put to
beheiss in
the feuer and, while durblinly obasiant to the felicias of the
skivis,
still smolking his fulvurite turfkish in the rooking pressance
of*

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laddios). Yaa hoo how how, col? Whom battles joined no
bottles
sever! Worn't you aid a comp?

BUTT (*in his difficultous tresdobremient, he feels a
bitvalike a
baddlefal of staot but falls a batforlake a borrlfull of bare*).

And

me awlphul omegrims! Between me rassociations in the
postleadeny

past and me disconnections with aplompervious futules
I've a boodle full of maimeris in me buzzim and medears
runs

sloze, bleime, as I now with platoonic leave recoil in (how
the

thickens they come back to one to rust!) me misenary post
for

all them old boyars that's now boomaringing in waulholler,
me

alma marthyrs. I dring to them, bycorn spirits fuselaiding,
and

you cullies adjutant, even where its contentsed wody, with
absents wehrmuth. Junglemen in agleement, I give thee our
greatly swooren, Theoccupant that Rueandredful, the
thrownfullvner

and all our royal devouts with the arrest of the whole
inhibitance of Neuilands! One brief mouth. And a
velligoolapnow!

Meould attashees the currgans, (if they could get a kick at
this time for all that's hapenced to us!) Cedric said

Gormleyson

and Danno O'Dunnochoo and Conno O'Cannochar it is this
were their names for we were all under that manner

barracksers

on Kong Gores Wood together, thurkmen three, with those
khakireinettes, our miladies in their toileris, the twum

plumyumnieties,

Vjeras Vjenaskayas, of old Djadja Uncken who
was a great mark for jinking and junking, up the palposes of
womth and wamth, we war, and the charme of their lyse
brocade.

For lispias harth a burm in eye but whom it bames fire
norone

screeneth. Hulp, hulp, huzzars! Raise ras tryracy! Freetime's
free! Up Lancesters! Anathem!

TAFF (*who still senses that heavinscent houroines that
entertrained*

*him who they were sinuorivals from the sunny Espionia but
plied wopsy with his wallets in thatthack of the bustle*

Bakerloo,

*(11.32), passing the uninational truthbosh in smoothing irony
over*

*the multinotcheralled infructuosities of his grinner set). The
rib,*

the rib, the quean of oldbyrdes, Sinya Sonyavitches! Your
Rhoda Cockardes that are raday to embrace our ruddy
inflamtry

world! In their ohosililesvienne biribarbebeway. Till they've

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kinks in their tringers and boils on their taws. Whor dor the
pene

lie, Mer Pencho? Ist dramhead countmortal or gonorrhhal
stab?

Mind your pughs and keaoghs, if you piggots, marsh! Do the
nut, dingbut! Be a dag! For zahur and zimmerminnes! Sing
in

the chorias to the ethur:

*[In the heliotropical noughttime following a fade of transformed
Tuff and, pending its viseversion, a metenergic reglow
of beaming Batt, the bairdboard bombardment screen, if
tastefully
taut guranium satin, tends to teleframe and step up to
the charge of a light barricade. Down the photoslope in
syncopanc
pulses, with the bitts bugtwug their teffs, the
missledhropes,
glitteraglatteglutt, borne by their carnier walve.
Spraygun
rakes and splits them from a double focus: grenadite,
damnymite,
alextronite, nichilite: and the scanning firespot of the
sgunners traverses the rutilanced illustred sunksundered
lines.
Shlossh! A gaspel truce leaks out over the caeseine
coatings.
Amid a fluorescence of spectracular mephiticism there
caoculates
through the inconoscope stealdily a still, the figure of a
fellowchap
in the wohly ghastr, Popey O'Donoshough, the jesuneral
of the russuates. The idolon exhibisces the seals of his
orders:
the starre of the Son of Heaven, the girtel of Izodella the
Calottica,
the cross of Michelides Apaleogos, the latchet of Jan of
Nepomuk, the puffpuff and pompom of Powther and Pall,
the
great belt, band and bucklings of the Martyrology of*

Gorman.

It is for the castomercies mudwake surveice. The victar.

Pleace

*to notnoys speach above your dreadths, please to
doughboys. Hll,*

*smthngs gnwrng wthth sprsnwtch! He blanks his oggles
because*

*he confesses to all his tellavicious nieces. He blocks his
nosoies be-*

*cause that he confesses to everywheres he was always
putting up his*

*latest faengers. He wallops his mouter with a sword of
tusk in as*

*because that he confesses how opten he used be obening
her howonton*

*he used be undering her. He boundles alltgotter his
manucupes*

*with his pedarrests in asmuch as because that he
confesses before*

*all his handcomplishies and behind all his
comfoderacies. And*

*(hereis cant came back saying he codant steal no lunger,
yessis,*

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*catz come buck beques he caudant stail awake) he
touched upon*

*this tree of livings in the middenst of the garerden for
inasmuch*

*as because that he confessed to it on Hillel and down
Dalem and*

*in the places which the lepers inhabit in the place of the
stones*

*and in pontofert jusfuggading amoret now he come to
think of it
jolly well ruttengenerously olyovyover the ole blucky
shop. Puger
old Pumpey O'Dungaschiff! There will be a hen
collection of him
after avensung on the field of Hanar. Dumble down,
looties and
gengstermen! Dtin, dtin, dtin, dtin!]*

*BUTT (with a gisture expansive of Mr Lhugewhite
Cadderpollard
with sunflowered beautonhole pulled up point blanck by
mailbag
mundaynism at Oldbally Court though the hissindensity buck
far
of his melovelance tells how when he was fast marking his
first
lord for cremation the whyfe of his bothem was the very lad's
thing
to elter his mehind). Prostatates, pujealousties! Dovolnoisers,
prayshyous! Defense in every circumstancias of
deboutcheries
no the chaste daffs! Pack pickets, pioghs and kughs to be
palseyputred!
Be at the peme, prease, of not forgetting or mere betoken
yourself to hother prace! Correct me, pleatze commando, for
cossakes but I abjure of it. No more basquibezigues for this
pole
aprican! With askormiles' eskermillas. I had my billyfell of
duckish delights the whole pukny time on rawmeots and*

juliannes

with their lambstoels in my kiddeneys and my ramsbutter in
their sassenacher ribs, knee her, do her and trey her, when
th'osirian cumb dumb like the whalf on the fiord and we
preying

players and pinching peacesmokes, trouppers tomiatskyns
all, for Father Petrie Spence of Parishmoslattery to go and
leave

us and the crimsend daun to shellalite on the darkumen
(scene

as signed, Slobabogue), feeding and sleeping on the
huguenottes

(the snuggest spalniel's where the lieon's tame!) and raiding
revolutions over the allbegeneses (sand us and saint us and
sound as agun!). Yet still in all, spit for spat, like we chantied
on

Sunda schoon, every warson wearrier kaddies a komnate in
his schnapsack and unlist I am getting foegutfulls of the
rugiments

of savaliged wildfire I was gamefellow willmate and send

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us victorias with nowells and brownings, dumm, sneak and
curry, and all the fun I had in that fanagan's week. A strange
man wearing abarrel. And here's a gift of meggs and teggs.

And

as I live by chipping nortons. And 'tis iron fits the farmer, ay.
Arcdesedo! Renborumba! Then were the hellscyown days for
our fellows, the loyal leibsters, and we was the redugout raw-
recruitmenters, praddies three and prettish too, a wheeze we
has

in our waynward islands, wee engrish, one long blue streak,
jisty and pithy af durck rosolun, with hand to hand as

Homard

Kayenne was always jiggilyjuggling about in his wendowed
courage when our woos with the wenches went wined for a
song,

tsingirillies' zyngarettes, while Woodbine Willie, so popiular
with the poppyrossies, our Chorney Choplain, blued the air.
Sczlanthas! Banzaine! Bissbasses! S. Pivorandbowl. And we
all

tuned in to hear the topmast noviality. Up the revels drown
the

rinks and almistips all round! Paddy Bonhamme he vives!

Encore!

And tig for tag. Togatogtug. My droomodose days Y loved
you abover all the strest. Blowhole brasshat and boy with his
boots off and the butch of our bunch and all. It was buckoo
bonzer, beleeme. I was a bare prive without my doglegs but I
did not give to one humpenny dump, wingh or wangh,
touching

those thusengaged slavey generales of Tanah Kornalls, the
meelisha's deelishas, pronouncing their very flank movemens
in sunpictorsbosk. Baghus the whatwar! I could always take
good

cover of myself and, eyedulls or earwakers, preyers for rain
or

cominations, I did not care three tanker's hoots, ('sham! hem!
or chaffit!) for any feelings from my lifeprivates on their
reptrograd

leanins because I have Their Honours booth my respectables
sœurs assistershood off Lyndhurst Terrace, the puttih Misses
Celana Dalems, and she in vinting her angurr can belle the
troth

on her alliance and I know His Heriness, my respeaktoble

medams

culonelle on Mellay Street, Lightnints Gundhur Sawabs,
and they would never as the aimees of servation let me down.
Not on your bludger life, touters! No peeping, pimpadoors!
And, by Jova, I never went wrong nor let him doom till, risky
wark rasky wolk, at the head of the wake, up come
stumblebum

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(ye olde cottemptable!), his urssian gemenal, in his scutt's
rudes
unreformed and he went before him in that nemcon
enchelonce
with the same old domstoole story and his upleave the
fallener
as is greatly to be petted (whitesides do his beard!) and I seen
his
brichashert offensive and his boortholomas vadnhammaggs
vise
a vise them scharlot runners and how they gave love to him
and how he took the ward from us (odious the fly fly
flurtation
of his him and hers! Just mairmaid maddeling it was it he
was!)
and, my oreland for a rolvever, sord, by the splunthers of colt
and bung goes the enemay the Percy rally got me, messger,
(as
true as theirs an Almagnian Gothabobus!) to blow the grand
off
his aceupper. Thistake it 's meest! And after meath the
dulwich.
We insurrectioned and, be the procuratress of the hory
synnotts,

before he could tell pullyirragun to parrylewis, I shuttm,
missus,
like a wide sleever! Hump to dump! Tumbleheaver!

TAFF (*camelsensing that sonce they have given bron a
nuhlan
the volkar boastsung is heading to sea vermelhion but too
wellbred
not to ignore the umzemlianness of his rifal's preceedings, in
an effort
towards autosotorisation, effaces himself in favour of the
idiology
alwise behounding his lumpy hump off homosodalism which
means
that if he has lain amain to lolly his liking-cabronne!-he may
pops
lilly a young one to his herth - combrune -*) Oholy rasher, I'm
believer!

And Oho bullyclaver of ye, bragadore-gunneral! The
grand ohold spider! It is a name to call to him Umsturдум
Vonn!

Ah, you were shutter reshottus and sieger besieged. Aha race
of
fiercemarchands counterination oho of shorpshoopers.

BUTT (*miraculising into the Dann Deafir warcry, his
bigotes
bristling, as, jittinju triggity shittery pet, he shouts his thump
and
feeh fauh foul finngures up the heighohs of their ahs!*)
Bluddy-
muddymuzzle! The buckbeshottered! He'll umbozzle no
more

graves nor home nor haunder, lou garou, for gayl geselles in
dead men's hills! Kaptan (backsights to his bared!), His
Cumbulent
Embulence, the frustate fourstar Russkakruscam, Dom
Allaf O'Khorwan, connundurumchuff.

TAFF (*who, asbestas can, wiz the healps of gosh and his
bluzzid
maikar, has been sulphuring to himsalves all the pungataries
of sin praktice in failing to furrow theogonies of the
dommed*).

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Trisseme, the mangoat! And the name of the Most Marsiful,
the Aweghost, the Gragious One! In sobber sooth and in
souber
civiles? And to the dirtiment of the curtailment of his all of
man?
Notshoh?

BUTT (*maomant scoffin, but apoxyomenously deturbaned
but
thems bleachin banes will be after making a bashman's
haloday out
of the euphorious hagiohygiecynicism of his die and be
diademmed*).

Yastsar! In sabre tooth and sobre saviles! Senonnevero! That
he leaves nyet is my grafe. He deared me to it and he dared
me
do it, and bedattle I didaredonit as Cocksnark of Killtork can
tell and Ussur Ursussen of the viktaurios onrush with all the
rattles in his arctic! As bold and as madhouse a bull in a
meadows.
Knout Knittrick Kinkypeard! Olefoh, the sourd of foemoe

times! Unknun! For when meseemim, and tolfoklokken
rolland
allover ourloud's lande, beheaving up that sob of tunf for to
claimhis, for to wollpimsolff, puddywhuck. Ay, and
untuoning
his culothone in an exitous erseroyal *Deo Jupto*. At that
instullt
to Igorladns! Prronto! I gave one dobblenotch and I ups with
my crozzier. Mirrdo! With my how on armer and hits leg an
arrow cockshock rockrogn. Sparro!

*[The abnihilisation of the etym by the grisning of the
grosning
of the grinder of the grunder of the first lord of
Hurtreford ex-
polodotonates through Parsuralia with an
ivanmorinthorrorumble
fragoromboassity amidwhiches general uttermosts
confussion are
perceivable moletons skaping with mulicules while
coventry
plumpkins fairlygosmotherthemselves in the
Landaunelegants
of Pinkadindy. Similar scenatas are projectilised from
Hullulullu,
Bawlawayo, empyreal Raum and mordern Atems. They
were
precisely the twelves of clocks, noon minutes, none
seconds.
At someseat of Oldanelang's Konguerrig, by dawnybreak
in
Aira.]*

TAFF (*skimperskamper, his wools gatherings all over cromlin what with the birstol boys artheynes and is it her tour and the crackery of the fullfour fivefirearms and the crockery of their damdam*

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domdom chumbers). Wharall thubulbs uptheaires!
Shattamovick?

BUTT (*pulling alast stark daniel with alest doog at doorak while too greater than pardon painfully the issue of his mouth diminuendoing, vility of vilities, he becomes, allasvitally, faint*). Shurenoff!
Like Faun MacGhoul!

BUTT and TAFF (*desprot slave wager and foeman feodal unsheckled, now one and the same person, their fight upheld to right for a wee while being baffled and tottered, umbraged by the shadow of Old Erssia's magisquammythical mulattomilitiaman, the living by owning over the surfers of the glebe whose sway craven minnions had caused to revile, as, too foul for hell, under boiling Mauses' burning brand, he falls by Goll's gillie, but keenheartened by the circuminsistence of the Parkes O'Rarelys in a hurdly gurdly Cicilian concertone of their fonngeena barney brawl, shaken*

everybody's

hands, while S. E. Morehampton makes leave to E. N.

Sheilmartin

after Meetinghouse Lanigan has embaraced Vergemout

Hall, and, without falter or mormor or blathrehoot of

sophsterliness,

pugnate the pledge of fiannaship, dook to dook, with a

commonturn

oudchd of fest man and best man astoutsalliesemoutioun

palms it

off like commodity tokens against a

cococancacacacano tioun).

When old the wormd was a gadden and Anthea first unfoiled
her

limbs wanderloot was the way the wood wagged where opter

and apter were samuraised twimbs. They had their

mutthering

ivies and their murdherring idies and their mouldhering iries

in

that muskat grove but there'll be bright plinnyflowers in

Calomella's

cool bowers when the magpyre's babble towers scorching

and screeching from the ravenindove. If thees lobed the sex

of

his head and mees ates the seep of his traublers he's dancing

figgies to the spittle side and shoving outs the soord. And

he'll

be buying buys and go gulling gells with his flossim and

jessim

of carm, silk and honey while myandthys playing lancifer

lucifug

and what's duff as a bettle for usses makes coy cosy

corollanes'

moues weeter to wee. So till butagain budly shoots thon
rising

germinal let bodley chow the fatt of his anger and badley
bide

the toil of his tubb.

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[The pump and pipe pingers are ideally reconstituted.

The

*putther and bowls are peterpacked up. All the presents
are deter-*

*mining as regards for the future the howabouts of their
past*

*absences which they might see on at hearing could they
once smell*

*of tastes from touch. To ought find a values for. The must
over-*

listingness. When ex what is ungiven. As ad where.

Stillhead.

Blunk.]

Shutmup. And bud did down well right. And if he sung
dumb

in his glass darkly speech lit face to face on allaround.

Vociferagitant. Viceversounding. Namely, Abdul Abulbul
Amir or Ivan Slavansky Slavar. In alldconfusalem. As to
whom the

major guiltfeather pertained it was Hercushiccups' care to
educe.

Beauty's bath she's bound to bind beholders and pride, his

purge,
has place appoint in penance and the law's own libel lifts and
lames the low with the lofty. Be of the housed! While the
Hersy
Hunt they harrow the hill for to rout them rollicking rogues
from, rule those racketeer romps from, rein their rockery
rides
from. Rambling.

Nightclothesed, arooned, the conquerods sway. After
their
battle thy fair bosom.

—That is too toottrue enough in Solidan's Island as in
Moltern
Giaourmany and from the Amelakins off to date back to
land of engined Egypsians, assented from his opening before
his
inlookers of where an oxmanstongue stalled stabled the
wellnourished
one, lord of the seven days, overlord of sats and suns,
the sat of all the suns which are in the ring of his system of
the
sats of his sun, god of the scuffeldfallen skillfilledfelon, who
(he
contaimns) hangsters, who (he constrains) hersirrs, a gain
changful,
a mintage vaster, heavy on shirts, lucky with shifts, the
topside
humpup stummock atween his showdows fellah, Misto
Teewiley
Spillitshops, who keepeth watch in Khummer-Phett, whose
spouse is An-Lyph, the dog's bladder, warmer of his couch in

fore. We all, for whole men is lepers, have been nobbut
wonderers
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
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there an iota of from the faust to the lost. And that is at most
re-
doubtedly an overthrow of each and ilkermann of us, I
persuade
myself, before Gow, gentlemen, so true as this are my
kopfinpot
astrode on these is my boardsoldereds.

It sollected, grobbling hummley, his roundhouse of
seven
orofaces, of all, guiltshouters or crimemummers, to be sayd
by,
codnops, advices for, free of gracies, scamps encloded,
competitioning
them, if they had steadied Jura or when they had
raced Messafissi, husband of your wifebetter or bestman
botchalover
of you yourself, 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. And fullexamplng. The pints in question. With some
byspills.
And sicsecs to provim hurtig. Soup's on!

—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 notwithstempting by measures long
and limited—the latterpress is eminently legligible and the
paper,
so he eagerly seized upon, has scarsely been buttered in
works of
previous publicity wholebeit in keener notcase would I turf
aside
for pastureuration. Packen paper paineth whomto is sacred
scriptured sign. Who straps it scraps it that might, if ashed,
have
healped. Enough, however, have I read of it, like my good
bedst
friend, to augur in the hurry of the times that it will
cocommend
the widest circulation and a reputation coextensive with its
merits
when intrusted into safe and pious hands upon so edifying a
mission as it, I can see, as is his. It his ambullished with
expurgative
plates, replete in information and accampaigning the action
passiom, slobbang, whizzcrash, boomarattling from burst to
past, as I have just been seeing, with my warmest
venerrections,
of a timmersome townside upthecountrylifer, (Guard place
the
town!) all those everwhalmed upon that preposterous blank

seat,

before the wordcraft of this early woodcutter, a master of vignettiennes

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and our finest grobsmid among all their orefices, (and, shukar in chowdar, so splunderdly English!) Mr Aubeyron Birdslay. Chubgoodchob, arsoncheep and wellwillworth a triat!

Bismillafoulties. But the hasard you asks is justly ever behind his

meddle throw! Those sad pour sad forengistanter, dastychappy

dustyrust! Chaichairs. It is that something, awe, aurorbean in that

fellow, hamid and damid, (did he have but Hugh de Brassey's beardslie his wear mine of ancient guised) which comequeers this

anywhat perssian which we, owe, realisinus with purups a dard

of pene. There is among others pleasons whom I love and which

are favourests to mind, one which I have pushed my finker in for

the movement and, but for my sealring is none to hand I swear,

she is highly catatheristic and there is another which I have fombly fongered freequuntly and, when my signet is on sign again I swear, she is deeply sangnificant. *Culpo de Dido!* Ars we

say in the classics. *Kunstful*, we others said. What ravening shadow!

What dovely line! Not the king of this age could richlier

eyefeast

in oreillant longuardness with alternate nightjoys of a
thousand

kinds but one kind. A shahrryar cobbler on me when I am
lying!

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, (so
dimsweet is

that selvischdischdience of to not to be able to be obliged
to

have to hold further anything than a stone his throw's fruit's
fall!) when I, if you wil excuse for me this informal leading
down

of illexpressibles, enlivened toward the Author of Nature by
the

natural sins ligger gobelinned theirs before me, (how
differended

with the manmade Eonochs Cunstuntonopolies!), weathered
they be of a general golf stature, assasserted, or blossomly
emblushing thems elves underneed of some howthern
folleys,

am entrenched up contemplating of myself, wiz my naked I,
for

relieving purposes in our trurally virvir vergitabale (garden) I
sometimes, maybe, what has justly said of old Flannagan, a
wake

from this or huntsfurwards, with some shock (shell I so
render

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it?) have (when I ope my shylight window and I see cocoo)
a

notion quiet involuptary of that I am cadging hapsnots as at
murmurrandoms of distend renations from ficsimilar phases
or

dugouts in the behindscenes of our earthwork (what roving
shudder! what deadly loom!) as this is, at no spatial time
processly

which regards to concrude chronology about which in
fact, at spite of I having belittled myself to my gay giftname
of

insectarian, happy burgages abeyance would make
homesweetstown

hopeygoalucrey, my mottu propprior, as I claim, cad's
truck, I coined, I am highly pelaged and deeply gluttened to
mind hindmost hearts to see by their loudest reports from my
threespawn bottery parts (shsh!) that, colombophile and
corvino-

phobe alike, when 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.

He beached the bark of his tale; and set to husband and
vine:

and the harpermaster told all the living conservancy, know
Meschiameschianah, how that win a gain was in again.

Flying

the Perseoroyal. Withal aboarder, padar and madar, hal and sal,
the sens of Ere with the duchtars of Iran. Amick amack amock in
a mucktub. Qith the tou loulous and the gryffygryffygryffs, at Fenegans Wick, the Wildemanns. Washed up whight and delivered
rhight. Loud lauds to his luckhump and bejetties on jonahs!
And they winxed and wanxed like baillybeacons. Till we woksed up oldermen.

From whose plultibust preaggravated, by baskatchairch theologies
(there werenighn on thaurity herouns in that alraschil arthouducks draken), they were whoalike placed to say, in the matters off ducomans nonbar one, with bears' respects to him and
bulls' acknowledgments (come on now, girls! lead off, O cara,
whichever won of you wins! The two Gemuas and Jane Agrah
and Judy Tombuys!) disassembling and taking him apart, the slammocks, with discrimination for his maypole and a rub in passing over his hump, drogueries inaddendance, frons, fesces
and frithstool: 1) he hade to die it, the beetle, 2) he didhithim self,

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hod's fush, 3) all ever the pelican huntered with truly fond bullpen
backthought since his toork human life where his personal low outhired his taratoryism, the orenore under the selfhide of his

bessermettle, was forsake in his chiltern and lumbojumbo, 4)
he
was like Fintan fore flood and after sometimes too damned
merely often on the saved side, saw he was, 5) regarding to
prussyattes or quazzyverzing he wassand no better than he
would
have been before he could have been better than what he
warrant
after, 6) blood, musk or haschish, as coked, diamoned or
penciloid,
and bleaching him naclenude from all cohlorine matter,
down to a boneash bittstoff, he's, tink fors tank, the same old
dustamount on the same old tincoverdull baubleclass,
totstittywinktosser
and bogusbagwindburster, whether fitting tyres onto
Danelope boys or fluttering flaus for laurettas, whatever the
bucket brigade and the plug party says, touchant Arser of the
Rum Tipple and his camelottery and lyonesslooting but with
a
layaman's brutstrenth, by Jacobob and Esahur and the all
saults
or all sallies, what we warn to hear, jeff, is the woods of
chirpsies
cries to singaloo sweecheeriode and sock him up, the oldcant
rogue.

Group A.

You have jest (a ham) beamed listening through (a ham
pig)
his haulted excerpt from John Whiston's fiveaxled
production,
The Coach With The Six Insides, from the Tales of Yore of

the
times gone by before there was a hofdking or a hoovthing or
a
pinginapoke in Orelan, all sould. Goes Tory by Eeric Whigs
is
To Become Tintinued in *Fearson's Nightly* in the Lets All
Wake
Brickfaced In Lucan. Lhirondella, jaunty lhirondella! With
tirra
lirra rondinelles, atantivy we go!

Attention! Stand at!! Ease!!!

We are now diffusing among our lovers of this sequence
(to
you! to you!) the dewfolded song of the naughtingels (Alys!
Alysaloe!) from their sheltered positions, in rosescery
haydyng,
on the heather side of waldalure, Mount Saint John's,
Jinnyland, whither our allies winged by duskfoil from
Mooreparque,
swift sanctuary seeking, after Sunsink gang (Oiboe!

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Hitherzither! Almost dotty! I must dash!) to pour their peace
in
partial (floflo floreflorence), sweetishsad lightandgayle,
twittwin
twosingwoolow. Let everie sound of a pitch keep still in
resonance,
jemcrow, jackdaw, prime and secund with their terce that
whoe betwides them, now full theorbe, now dulcifair, and
when
we press of pedal (sof!) pick out and vowelise your name.

A mum. You pere Golazy, you mere Bare and you Bill
Heeny, and
you Smirky Dainty and, more beethoken, you
wheckfoolthenairyans
with all your badchthumpered peanas! We are gluckglucky
in our being so far fortunate that, bark and bay duol with
Man Goodfox inchimings having ceased to the moment, so
allow
the clinkars of our nocturnefield, night's sweetmoztheart,
their
Carmen Sylvae, my quest, my queen. Lou must wail to cool
me
airly! Coil me curly, warbler dear! May song it flourish (in
the
underwood), in chorush, long make it flourish (in the Nut, in
the
Nutsky) till thorush! Secret Hookup.

—Roguenaar Loudbrags, that soddy old samph! How
high
is vuile, var?

To which yes he did, capt, that was the answer.

—And his shartshort trooping its colours! We knows his
ventruquulence.

Which that that rang rippripprplying.

—Bulbul, bulbulone! I will shally. Thou shalt willy. You
wouldnt
should as youd remesmer. I hypnot. 'Tis golden sickle's hour.
Holy moon priestess, we'd love our grappes of mistellose!
Moths
the matter? Pschtt! Tabarins comes. To fell our fairest. O gui,

O
gui! Salam, salms, salaum! Carolus! O indeed and we ware!
And

hoody crow was ere. I soared from the peach and Missmolly
showed her pear too, onto three and away. Whet the bee as to
deflowret greeny grassies yellowhorse. Kematitis, cele our
erdours!

Did you aye, did you eye, did you everysee suchaway,
suchawhy, eeriwhigg airywhugger? Even to the extremity of
the world? Dingoldell! The enormanous his, our littlest little!
Wee wee, that long alancey one! Let sit on this anthill for our
frilldress talk after this day of making blithe inveiled the
heart

before our groatsupper serves to us Panchomaster and let
harleqwind

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play peeptomine up all our colombinations! Wins
won is nought, twigs too is nil, tricks trees makes nix, fairs
fears

stoops at nothing. And till Arthur comes againus and sen
peatrick's

he's reformed we'll pose him together a piece, a pace.

Shares in guineases! There's lovely the sight! Surey me, man
weepful! Big Seat, you did hear? And teach him twisters in
tongue irish. Pat lad may goh too. Quicken, aspen; ash and
yew;

willow, broom with oak for you. And move your tellabout.

Not

nice is that, limpet lady! Spose we try it promissly. Love all.
Naytellmeknot tennis! Taunt me treattening! But do now say
to

Mr Eustache! Ingean mingen has to hear. Whose joint is out

of
jealousy now? Why, heavilybody's evillyboldy's. Hopping
Gracius,
onthy ovful! O belessk mie, what a nerve! How a mans in
his armor we nurses know. Wingwong welly, pitty pretty
Nelly!
Some Poddy pitted in, will anny petty pullet out? Call Kitty
Kelly! Kissykitty Killykelly! What a nossowl buzzard! But
what
a neats ung gels!

Here all the leaves alift aloft, full o'liefing, fell alaughing
over
Ombrellone and his parasollieras with their black
thronguards
from the County Shillelagh. Ignorant invincibles, innocents
immutant!
Onzel grootvatter Lodewijk is onangonamed before the
bridge of primerose and his twy Isas Boldmans is met the
blueybell
near Dandeliond. We think its a gorsedd shame, these
godoms.
A lark of limonladies! A lurk of orangetawneymen! You're
backleg wounted, budkley mister, bester of the boyne!

And they leaved the most leavely of leaftimes and the
most
folliigenous till there came the marrer of mirth and the
jangtherapper
of all jocularinas and they were as were they never ere.
Yet had they laughed, one on other, undo the end and
enjoyed
their laughings merry was the times when so grant it High

Hilarion

us may too!

Cease, prayce, storywalkering around with gestare
romanoverum
he swinking about is they think and plan unrawil
what.

Back to Droughty! The water of the face has flowed.

The all of them, the sowriegueuxers, blottyeyed boys, in
that

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pig's village smoke, a sixdigitarian legion on druid circle, the
Clandibblon clam cartel, then pulled out and came off and
rally
agreed them, roasted malts with toasted burleys, in
condomnation
of his totomptation and for the duration till his repepulation,
upon old nollcromforemost ironsides, as cannabel chieftain,
since,
as Sammon trowed to explain to summon, seeing that, as he
had
contracted out of islands empire, he might as coolly have
rolled
to school call, tarponturboy, a grampurpose, the manyfathom
brinegroom with the fortyinch bride, out of the cuptin
klanclord
kettle auction like the soldr of a britsh he was bound to be
and
become till the sea got him whilask, from maker to misses
and
what he gave was as a pattern, he, that hun of a horde, is a
finn

as she, his tent wife, is a lap, at home on a steed, abroad by
the
fire (to say nothing of him having done what you know
how you saw
when you heard where you wot, the kenspeckled souckar,
generose as cocke, greediguss with garzelle, uprighter of age
and
most umbrasive of yews all, under heaviest corpus
exemption)
and whoasever spit her in howsoever's fondling saving her
keepers that mould the bould she sould to hould the wine that
wakes the barley, the peg in his pantry to hold the heavyache
off
his heart. The droll delight of deemsterhood, a win from the
wood to bond. Like the bright lamps, Thamamahalla, yearin
out
yearin. Auspicably suspectable but in expectancy of
respectableness.
From dirty flock bedding, drip dropping through the ceiling,
with two sisters of charities on the front steps and three
evacuan
cleansers at the back gaze, single box and pair of chairs
(suspectable), occasionally and alternatively used by husband
when having writing to do in connection with equitable
druids
and friendly or other societies through periods of dire want
with
comparative plenty (thunderburst, ravishment, dissolution
and
providentiality) to a sofa albeit of hoarsehaar with
Amodicum
cloth, hired payono, still playing off, used by the youngsters

for

czurnying out oldstrums, three bedrooms upstairs, of which one with fireplace (aspectable), with greenhouse in prospect (particularly perspectable).

And you, when you kept at Dulby, were you always (for that

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time only) what we knew how when we (from that point solely)

were you know where? There you are! And why? Why, hitch a

cock eye, he was snapped on the sly upsadaisyng coras pearls

out of the pie when all the perts in princer street set up their tinker's humn, (the rann, the rann, that keen of old bards), with

them newnesboys pearcin screaming off their armsworths.

The

boss made dovesandraves out of his bucknesst while herself wears the bowler's hat in her bath. Deductive Almayne

Rogers

disguides his voice, shetters behind hoax chestnote from exexive.

Heat wives rasing. They jest keeps rosing. He jumps leaps rizing.

Howlong!

You known that tom? I certainly know. Is their bann bothstiesed?

Saddenly now. Has they bane reneemed? Soothinly low.

Does they ought to buy the papelboy when he footles up their

suit? He's their mark to foil the flouter and they certainty
owe.

He sprit in his phiz (baccon!). He salt to their bis
(pudden!).

He toockled her palam (so calam is solom!). And he suked
their
friends' leave (bonnick lass, fair weal!)

—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
which, when it turtled around seeking a thud of surf, spake to
approach from inherdoff trisspass through minxmingled hair.
Though I may have hawked it, said, and selled my how hot
peas
after theactrisscalls from 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 is
concerned,
of unlifting upfallen girls wherein dangered from them
in thereopen out of unadulteratous bowery, with those

hintering

influences from an angelsexonism. It was merely my barely
till

their oh offs. Missaunderstaid. Meggy Guggy's giggag. The

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code's proof! The rebald danger with they who would bare
whiteness

against me I dismissem from the mind of good. He can tell
such as story to the Twelfth Maligns that my first was a
nurssmaid

and her fellower's a willbe perambulatrix. There are twingty
to twangty too thews and leathermail coatschemes penparing
to

hostpost for it valinnteerily with my valued fofavour to the
post

puzzles deparkment with larch parchels' of presents for future
branch offercings. The green approve the raid! Shaum
Baum's

bode he is amustering in the groves while his shool comes
merging

along! Want I put myself in their kirtlies I were ayeearn to
leap with them and show me too bisextine. Dear and lest I
forget

mergers and bow to you low, marchers! Attemption! What
a mazing month of budsome misses they are making, so
wingtywish

to flit beflore their kin! Attonsure! Ears to hears! The skull
of a gall (for every dime he yawpens that momouth you
could

park your ford in it) who has papertreated him into captivities
with his inside man by a hocksheat of starvision for an
avrage to peace

of parchment, cooking up his lenses to be my apoclogypst,
the recreuter of conscriptions, let him be asservent to
Kinahaun!

For (peace peace perfectpeace!) I have abwaited me in a
water of

Elin and I have placed my reeds intectis before the
Registower of

the perception of tribute in the hall of the city of Analbe.

How

concerns any merryaunt and hworsoever gravesobbers it is
perensempry sex of fun to help a dazzle off the othour. What
for

Mucias and Gracias may the duvlin rape the handsomst! And
the

whole mad knightmayers' nest! Tunpothor, prison and plotch!
If Y shoulden somewhat, well, I am able to owe it, hearth
and chemney

easy. They seeker for vannflaum all worldins merkins. I'll
eager make lyst turpidump undher arkens. Basast! And if my
litigimate

was well to wrenn tigtag cackling about it, like the sally
berd she is, to abery ham in the Cutey Strict, (I shall call
upon

my first among my lost of lyrars beyond a jingoobangoist, to
overcast her) dismissing mundamanu all the riflings of her
victuum

gleaner (my old chuck! she drakes me druck! turning out,
gay at ninety!) and well shoving off a boastonmess like lots
wives

does over her handpicked hunsbend, as she would be calling,
well,

for further oil mircles upon all herwayferer gods and
reanouncing
my deviltries as was I a locally person of caves until I got my
purchase on her firmforhold I am, I like to think, by their
sacreligion
of daimond cap daimond, confessedly in my baron
gentilhomme
to the manhor bourne till ladiest day as panthoposopher,
to have splet for groont a peer of bellows like Bacchulus
shakes a
rousing guttural at any old cerpaintime by peaching (allsole
we
are not amusical) the warry warst against myself in the defile
as
a lieberretter sebaiscopal of these mispeschyites of the first
virginial
water who, without an auction of biasement from my part,
with gladyst tone ahquickyessed in it, overhowe and
underwhere,
the totty lolly poppy flossy conny dollymaukins. Though
I heave a coald on my bauck and am could up to my eres
hoven
sametimes I used alltides to be aswarmer for the meekst and
the
graced. You are not going to not. You might be
threeabreasted
wholenosing at a whallhoarding from our Don Amir anent
villayets
prostatation precisingly kuschkars tarafs and it could be
double densed uncounthest hour of allbleakest age with a bad
of
wind and a barran of rain, nompos mentis like Novus Elector,

what
with his Marx and their Groups, yet did a doubt, should a
dare,
were to you, you would do and dhamnk me, shenker,
dhumnk you.
Skunk. And fare with me to share with me. Hinthier and
thonther,
hant by hont. By where dauvening shedders down whose
rovely
lanes. As yose were and as yese is. Sure and you would, Mr
Mac
Gurk! Be sure and you would, Mr O'Duane! To be sure and
you
would so, Mr MacElligut! Wod you nods? Mom mom. No
mum
has the rod to pud a stub to the lurch of amotion. My little
love
apprencisses, my dears, the estelles, van Nessies von Nixies
voon
der pool, which I had a reyal devouts for yet was it marly
lowease
or just a feel with these which olderman K.K. Alwayswelly
he
is showing ot the fullnights for my palmspread was gav to a
parsleysprig, the curliest weeden old ocean coils around, so
spruce
a spice for salthorse, sonnies, and as tear to the thrusty as
Taylor's
Spring, when aftabournes, when she was look like a little
cheayat chilled (Oh sard! ah Mah!) by my tide impracing, as
Beacher seath, and all the colories fair fled from my folced
cheeks!

Popottes, where you cancel me you mayst forced guage my
bribes. Wickedgapers, I appeal against the light! A
nexistence of
vividence! Panto, boys, is on a looser inloss; ballet, girls,
suppline
thrown tights. I have wanted to thank you such a long time so
much now. Thank you. Sir, kindest of bottleholders and very
dear
friend, among our hearts of steel, frouतिकnow, it will befor
you,
me dare beautiful young soldier, winner nor anyour of
rudimental
moskats, before you go to mats, you who have watched
your share with your sockboule sodalists on your buntad
nogs at
our love tennis squats regatts, suckpump, when on with the
balls
did disserve the fain, my goldrush gainst her silvernetss, to
say,
biguidd, for the love of goddess and perthanow as you
reveres
your one mothers, mitsch for matsch, and while I reveal thus
my
deepseep daughter which was bourne up pridely out of
medsdreams
unclouthed when I was pillowing in my brime (of Saturnay
Eve, how now, woren't we't?), to see, I say, whoahoa, in stay
of execution *in re* Milcho Melekmans, increaminated, what
you
feel, oddrabbitt, upon every strong ground you have ever
taken

up, by bitterstiff work or battonstaff play, with assault of turk
against a barrakraval of grakeshoots, e'en tho' Jambuwel's
defecalties
is Terry Shimmyrag's upperturnity, if that is grace for the
grass what is balm for the bramblers, as it is as it is, that I am
the
catasthmatic old ruffin sippahsedly improctor to be seducint
trovatellas,
the dire daffy damedeaconesses, like (why sighs the
sootheesinger) the lilliths oft I feldt, and, when booboob
brutals
and cautious only aims at the oggog hogs in the humand,
then,
(Houtes, Blymey and Torrenation, upkurts and scotchem!) I'll
tall tale tell croon paysecurers, sowill nuggets and nippers,
that
thash on me stumpen blows the gaff off mombition and thit
thides
or marse makes a good dayle to be shattat. Fall stuff.

His rote in ere, afstef, was.

And dong wonged Magongty till the bombtomb of the
warr,
thrussed in his whole soort of cloose.

Whisht who wooed in Weald, bays of Bawshaw binding.
The
desire of Miriam is the despair of Marian as Joh Joseph's
beauty
is Jacq Jacob's grief. Brow, tell nun; eye, feign sad; mouth,
sing

mim. Look at Lokman! Whatbetween the cupgirls and the
platterboys. And he grew back into his grossery baseness:
and
for all his grand remonstrance: and there you are.

Here endeth chinchinatibus with have speak finish. With
a
haygue for a halt on a pouncefoot panse. Pink, pleas pink,
two
pleas pink, how to pleas pink.

Punk.

Mask one. Mask two. Mask three. Mask four.

Up.

—Look about you, Tutty Comyn!

—Remember and recall, Kullykeg!

—When visiting Dan Leary try the corner house for thee.

—I'll gie ye credit for simmence more if ye'll be
lymphing.

Our four avunculusts.

And, since threestory sorraratelling was much too many,
they
maddened and they morgued and they lungd and they jowld.
Synopticked on the word.

Till the Juke done it.

Down.

Like Jukoleon, the seagoer, when he bore down in his
perry

boat he had raised a slide and shipped his orders and seized
his
pullets and primed their plumages, the fionnling and dubhlet,
the
dun and the fire, and, sending them one by other to fare fore
forn,
he had behold the residuance of a delugion: the foggy doze
still
going strong, the old thalassocrats of invinsible empores,
maskers
of the waterworld, facing one way to another way and this
way
on that way, from severalled their fourdimmansions. Where
the
lighning leaps from the numbulous; where coold by cawld
breide
lieth langwid; the bounds whereinbourne our solied bodies
all
attomed attain arrest: appoint, that's all. But see what
follows.
Wringlings upon wronglings among incomputables about an
uncomeoutable (an angel prophetethis? kingcorrier of
beheasts?
the calif in his halifskin? that eyriewinging one?) and the
voids
bubbily vode's dodos across the which the boomomouths
from
their dupest dupes were in envery and anononously blowing
great.

Keep backwards, please, because there was no good to
gundy
running up again. Guns. And it was written up in big capital.
Guns. Saying never underrupt greatgrandgosterfosters! Guns.
And whatever one did they said, the fourlings, that on no
accounts
you were not to. Guns.

Not to pad them behaunt in the fear. Not to go,
tonnerwatter,
and bungley well chute the rising gianerant. Not to wandly
be
woking around jerumsalemdo at small hours about the
murketplots,
smelling okey boney, this little figgy and arraky belloky this
little
pink into porker but, porkodirto, to let the gentlemen
pedestariolies
out of the Monabella culculpuration live his own left leave,
cullebuone, by perperusual of the petpublicities without
inwoking
his also's between (*sic*) the arraky bone and (*suc*) the okey
bellock. And not to not be always, hemmer and hummer,
treeing
unselves up with one exite but not to never be caving nicely,
precisely,
quicely, rebustly, tendrollly, unremarkably, forsakenly,
haltedly,
reputedly, firstly, somewhatly, yesayenolly about the back
excits. Never to weaken up in place of the broths. Never to
vvol-
lussllepp in the pleece of the poots. And, allerthings, never

to ate

the sour deans if they weren't having anysin on their
consients.

And, when in Zumschloss, to never, narks, cease till the
finely
ending was consummated by the completion of
accomplishment.

And thus within the tavern's secret booth The wisehight
ones
who sip the tested sooth Bestir them as the Just has bid to jab
The
punch of quaram on the mug of truth.

K.C. jowls, they're sodden in the secret. K.C. jowls, they
sure
are wise. K.C. jowls, the justicestjobbers, for they'll find
another
faller if their ruse won't rise. Whooley the Whooper.

There is to see. Squarish large face with the atlas jacket.
Brights,
brownie eyes in bluesackin shoeings. Peaky booky nose over
a
lousiany shirt. Ruddy stackle hair besides a strawcamel belt.
Namely. Gregorovitch, Leonocopolos, Tarpinacci and
Duggelduggel.

And was theys stare all atime? Yea but they was. Andoring
the games, induring the studies, undaring the stories, end all.
Ned? Only snugged then and cosied after one perceived
nought

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while tuffbettle outraged the waywords and meansigns of
their

hinterhand suppliesdemands. And be they gone to splane
splication?

That host that hast one on the hoose when backturns when
he facefronts none none in the house his geust has guest. You
bet

they is. And nose well down.

With however what sublation of compensation in the
radification

of interpretation by the byeboys? Being they. Mr G. B. W.
Ashburner, S. Bruno's Toboggan Drive, Mr Faixgood,
Bellchimbers,

Carolan Crescent, Mr I. I. Chattaway, Hilly Gape,
Poplar Park, Mr Q. P. Dieudonney, The View, Gazey Peer,
Mr T. T. Erchdeakin, Multiple Lodge, Jiff Exby Rode, Mr W.
K.

Ferris-Fender, Fert Fort, Woovil Doon Botham ontowhom
adding the tout that pumped the stout that linked the lank that
cold the sandy that nextdoored the rotter that rooked the
rhymer

that lapped at the hoose that Joax pilled.

They had heard or had heard said or had heard said
written.

Fidelisat.

That there first a rudrik kingcomed to an inn court; and
the
sight of that yard was a perchypole with a loovahgloovah on
it;

last mannarks maketh man when wandshift winneth womans:
so

how would it hum, whoson of a which, if someof aswas to

start

to stunt the story on?

So many needles to ponk out to as many noodles as are
company,
they noddling all about it *tutti to tempo*, decumans numbered
too, (a) well, that the secretary bird, better known as
Pandoria
Paullabucca, whom they thought was more like a solicitor
general,
indiscriminatingly made belief mid authorsagastions from
Schelm
the Pelman to write somewords to Senders about her chilikin
puck, laughing that Poulebec would be the death of her, (b)
that,
well, that Madges Tighe, the postulate auditressee, when her
dare mood's a grownian, is always on the who goes where,
hoping
to Michal for the latter to turn up with a cupital tea before her
ephumeral comes off without any much father which is
parting
parcel of the same goumeral's postoppage, it being
lookwhyse on
the whence blows weather helping mickle so that the loiter
end of
that leader may twaddle out after a cubital lull with a hopes
soon

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to ear, comprong? (c) becakes the goatsman on question, or
whatever
the hen the bumbler was, feeling not up to scratch bekicks
of whatever the kiddings Payne Inge and Popper meant for
him,

thoughy onced at a throughlove, true grievingfrue danger, as
a
nirshe persent to his minstress, devoured the pair of them
Mather Caray's chucklings, *pante blanche*, and skittered his
litters
like the cavaliery man in Cobra Park for ungeborn
yenkelmen,
Jeremy Trouvas or Kepin O'Keepers, any old howe and any
old
then and when around Dix Dearthly Dungbin, remarking
scenically
with laddylike lassitude upon what he finally postscrapped,
(*d*) after it's so long till I thanked you about I do so much
now
thank you so very much as you introduced me to fourks, (*e*)
will,
these remind to be sane? (*f*) Fool step! Aletheometry? Or just
zoot doon floon?

Nut it out, peeby eye! Onamassofmancynaves.

But. Top.

You were in the same boat of yourselves too, Getobodoff
or
TreampLasurin; and you receptionated the most diliskious of
milisk; which it all flowowered your drooplin dunlearies: but
dribble a drob went down your rothole. Meaning, Kelly,
Grimes,
Phelan, Mollanny, O'Brien, MacAlister, Sealy, Coyle, Hynes-
Joynes,
Naylar-Traynor, Courcy de Courcy and Gilligan-Goll.

Stunner of oddstodds on bluebleeding boarhorse! What
soresen's head subprises thus tous out of rumpumplikun oak
with,
well, we cannot say whom we are looking like through his
nowface?
It is of Noggens whilk dusts the bothsides of the seats of the
bigslaps of the bogchaps of the porlarbaar of the marringaar
of the
Lochlunn gonlannludder of the feof of the foe of forfumbed
Ship-le-Zoyd.

Bounce! It is polisignstunter. The Sockerson boy. To
pump
the fire of the lewd into those soulths of bauchees,
havsousedovers,
tillfellthey deadwar knootvindict. An whele time he was
rancing there smutsy floskons nodunder ycholerd for their
poopishers, ahull onem Fyre maynoother endnow! Shatten up
ship! Bououounce! Nomo clandoilskins cheakinlevers! All
ashored for Capolic Gizzards! Stowlaway there, glutany of
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stinks! Porterfillyers and spirituous suncksters, ooom
ooooom!

As these vitupetards in his boasum he did strongleholder,
bushbrows, nobblynape, swinglyswanglers, sunkentrunk, that
from tin of this clucken hadded runced slapottleslup. For him
had hord from fard a piping. As? Of?

Dour douchy was a sieguldson. He cooed that loud nor he
was young. He cud bad caw nor he was gray Like wather
parted
from the say.

Ostia, lift it! Lift at it, Ostia! From the say! Away from the say!

Himhim. Himhim.

Hearhasting he, himmed, reromembered all the chubbs, chipps, chaffs, chuckinpucks and chayney chimebells That he had mistributed in port, pub, park, pantry and poultryhouse, While they, thered, the others, that are, were most emulously concerned to capturing the last dropes of summour down through their grooves of blarneying. Ere the sockson locked at the dure. Which he would, shuttinshure. And lave them to sture.

For be all rules of sport 'tis right That youth bedower'd to charm the night Whilst age is dumped to mind the day When wather parted from the say.

The humming, it's coming. Insway onsway.

Fingool MacKishgard Obesume Burgearse Benefice, He was bowen hem and scrapin him in recalcitrantment to the rightabout And these probenopublicoes clamatising for an extinsion on his hostillery With his chargehand bombing their eres. Tids, genmen, plays, she been goin shooter off almaynoother onawares.

You here nort farwellens rouster? Ashiffle ashuffle the wayve

they.

From Dancingtree till Suttonstone There's lads no lie
would
filch a crown To mull their sack and brew their tay With
wather
parted from the say.

Lelong Awaindhoo's a selverbourne enrouted to Rochelle
Lane and liberties those Mullinguard minstrelers are
marshaling,
par tunepiped road, under where, perked on hollowy hill, that
poor man of Lyones, good Dock Wellington, hugon come
errindwards,

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had hircomed to the belles bows and been cutatrapped
by the mausers. Now is it town again, londmear of Dublin!
And off coursse the toller, ples the dotter of his eyes with
her: Moke the Wanst, whye doe we aime alike a pose of
poeter
peaced? While the dumb he shoots the shopper rope. And
they
all pour forth. Sans butly Tuppeter Sowyer, the rouged
engenerand,
a barttler of the beayne, still our benjamin liefest, sometime
frankling to thise citye, whereas bigrented him a piers half
subporters for his arms, Josiah Pipkin, Amos Love, Raoul Le
Febber,
Blaize Taboutot, Jeremy Yopp, Francist de Loomis, Hardy
Smith and Sequin Pettit followed by the snug saloon seanad
of
our Café Béranger. The scenictutors.

Because they wanted to get out by the goatweigh afore
the sheep
was loosed for to wish the Wobbleton Whiteleg Welshers
kailykaily
kellykekke and savebeck to Brownhazelwood from all the
dinnasdoolins on the labious banks of their swensewn
snewwesner,
turned again weastinghome, by Danesbury Common, and
they onely, duoly, thruely, fairly after rainydraining
fountybuckets
(chalkem up, hemptyempty!) till they caught the wind
abroad (alley loafers passinggeering!) all the rockers on the
roads and all the boots in the stretes.

Oh dere! Ah hoy!

Last ye, lundsmin, hasty hosty! For an anondation of
mirification
and the lutification of our paludination.

His bludgeon's bruk, his drum is tore. For spuds we'll
keep the
hat he wore And roll in clover on his clay By wather parted
from the say.

Hray! Free rogue Mountone till Dew Mild Well to corry
awen
and glowry! Are now met by Brownaboy Fuinnninuinn's
former
for a lyncheon partyng of his burgherbooh. The Shanavan
Wacht. Rantinroarin Batteries Dorans. And that whistling
thief,
O' Ryne O'Rann. With a catch of her cunning like and

nowhere
a keener.

The for eolders were aspolootly at their wetsend in the
mailing
waters, trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! Because number
one
lived at Bothersby North and he was trying to. Hide! Seek!
Hide!

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Seek! And number two digged up Poors Coort, Soother,
trying
to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! And number three he slept
with
Lilly Tekkles at The Eats and he was trying to. Hide! Seek!
Hide! Seek! And the last with the sailalloyd donggie he was
berthed on the Moherboher to the Washte and they were all
trying
to and baffling with the walters of, hoompsydoompsy walters
of. High! Sink! High! Sink! Highohigh! Sinkasink!

Waves.

The gangstairs strain and anger's up As Hoisty rares the
can
and cup To speed the bogre's barque away O'er wather parted
from the say.

Horkus chiefest ebblynuncies!

—He shook be ashaped of hempshelves, hiding that
shepe in
his goat. And for rassembling so bearfelled the magreedy
prince of Roger. Thuthud. Heigh hohse, heigh hohse, our
kindom

from an orse! Bruni Lanno's woollies on Brani Lonni's
hairyparts. And the hunk in his trunk it would be an insalt
foul
the matter of that cellaring to a pigstrough. Stop his laysense.
Ink him! You would think him Alddaublin staking his
lordsure like
a gourd on puncheon. Deblinity devined. Wholehunting the
pairk
on a methylogical mission whenever theres imberillas! And
calling
Rina Roner Reinette Ronayne. To what mine answer is a
lemans. Arderleys, beedles and postbillers heard him. Three
points to one. Ericus Vericus corrupted into ware eggs.
Dummy
up, distillery! Broree aboo! Run him a johnsgate down
jameseslane.
Begetting a wife which begame his niece by pouring her
youngthings into skintighs. That was when he had dizzy
spells.
Till Gladstools Pillools made him ride as the mall. Thanks to
his
huedobrass beard. Lodenbroke the Longman, now he
canseels
under veerious persons but is always that Rorke relly! On
consideration
for the musickers he ought to have down it. Pass out
your cheeks, why daunt you! Penalty, please! There you'll
know
how warder barded the bollhead that parssed our alley. We
just
are upsidedown singing what ever the dimkims mummur
allalilty

she pulls inner out heads. This is not the end of this by no
manners means. When you've bled till you're bone it crops
out

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in your flesh. To tell how your mead of, mard, is made of. All
old

Dadgerson's dodges one conning one's copying and that's
what

wonderland's wanderlad'll flaunt to the fair. A trancedone
boyscript

with tittivits by. Ahem. You'll read it tomorrow, marn,
when the curds on the table. A nigg for a nogg and a thrate
for

a throte. The auditor learns. Still pumping on Torkenwhite
Radlumps,

Lencs. In preplays to Anonymay's left hinted palinode
obviously inspiterebbed by a sibspeicious connexion. Note
the

notes of admiration! See the signs of suspicion! Count the
hemi-

semidemicolons! Screamer caps and invented gommas,
quoites

puntlost, forced to farce! The pipette will say anything at all
for

a change. And you know what aglove means in the Murdrus
dueluct!

Fewer to feud and rompant culotticism, a fugle for the
gleemen

and save, sit and sew. And a pants outsizinned on the
Doughertys' duckboard pointing to peace at home. In some,
lawanorder on lovinardor. Wait till we hear the Boy of
Biskop

reeling around your postoral lector! Epistlemadethemology
for
deep dorfy doubtlings. As we'll lay till break of day in the
bunk of
basky, O! Our island, Rome and duty! Well tried, buckstiff!
Batt
in, boot! Sell him a breach contact, the vendoror, the
buylawyer!
One hyde, sack, hic! Two stick holst, Lucky! Finnish Make
Goal!
First you were Nomad, next you were Namar, now you're
Numah
and it's soon you'll be Nomon. Hence counsels Ecclesiast.
There's every resumption. The forgein offils is on the shove
to
lay you out dossier. Darby's in the yard, planning it on you,
plot
and edgings, the whispering peeler after cooks wearing an
illformation.
The find of his kind! An artist, sir! And dirt cheap at
a sovereign a skull! He knows his Finsbury Follies
backwoods
so you batter see to your regent refutation. Ascare winde is
rifing
again about nice boys going native. You know who was
wrote
about in the Orange Book of Estchapel? Basil and the two
other
men from King's Avenance. Just press this cold brand against
your brow for a mow. Cainfully! The sinus the curse. That's
it.
Hung Chung Egglyfella now speak he tell numptywumpty

topsawys

belongahim pidgin. Secret things other persons place there covered not. How you fell from story to story like a sagasand

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to lie. Enfilmung infirmity. On the because alleging to having a

finger a fudding in pudding and pie. And here's the witnesses.

Glue on to him, Greevy! Bottom anker, Noordeece! And kick kick killykick for the house that juke built! Wait till they send you to sleep, scowpow! By jurors' cruces! Then old Hunphy-dunphyville'll be blasted to bumboards by the youthful herald who would once you were. He'd be our chosen one in the matter

of Brittas more than anarthur. But we'll wake and see. The wholes

poors riches of ours hundreds of manhoods and womhoods.

Two

cents, two mills and two myrds. And it's all us rangers you'll be

facing in the box before the twelfth correctional. Like one man,

gell. Between all the Misses Mountsackvilles in their halfmoon

haemicycles, gasping to giddies to dye for the shame. Just hold

hard till the one we leapt out gets her yearning! Hired in cameras,

extra! With His Honour Surpacker on the binge. So yelp your guilt and kitz the buck. You'll have loss of fame from

Wimme-

game's fake. Forwards! One bully son growing the goff and

his

twinger read out by the Nazi Priers. You fought as how
they'd

never woxen up, did you, crucket? It will wecker your earse,
that

it will! When hives the court to exchequer 'tis the child which
gives the sire away. Good for you, Richmond Rover! Scrum
around, our side! Let him have another between the
spindlers! A

grand game! Dalymount's decisive. Don Gouverneur
Buckley's

in the Tara Tribune, sporting the insides of a Rhutian
Jhanaral

and little Mrs Ex-Skaerer-Sissers is bribing the halfpricers to
pray

for her widower in his gravest embazzlement. You on her,
hosy

jigses, that'll be some nonstop marrimont! You in your stolen
mace and anvil, Magnes, and her burrowed in Berkness
cirrchus

clouthses. Fummuccumul with a graneen aveiled. Playing
down

the slavey touch. Much as she was when the fancy cutter out
collecting

milestones espied her aseesaw on a fern. So nimb, he said,
a dat of dew. Between Furr-y-Benn and Ferr-y-Bree. In this
tear

Vikloe vich he lofed. The smiling ever. If you pulls me over
pay

me, prhyse! A talor would adapt his caulking trudgers on to
any

shape at see. Address deceitfold of wovens weard. The

wonder

of the women of the world together, moya! And the lovablest

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Lima since Ineen MacCormick MacCoort MacConn
O'Puckins

MacKundred. Only but she is a little width wider got. Be
moving

abog. You cannot make a limousine lady out of a hillman
minx.

Listun till you'll hear the Mudquirt accent. This is a bulgen
hosesies, this is wollan indulgencies, this is a flemsh. Tik.

Scapulars,

beads and a stump of a candle, Hubert was a Hunter, *chemins
de la croixes* and Rosairette's egg, all the trimmings off the
tree

that she picked up after the Clontarf voterloost when O'Bryan
MacBruiser bet Norris Nobnut. Becracking his cucconut
between

his kknness. Umpthump, Here Inkeeper, it's the doatereen's
wednessmorn! Delphin dringing! Grusham undergang!

And the Real Hymernians strenging strong at knocker
knocker!

Holy and massalltolled. You ought to tak a dos of frut. Jik.
Sauss. You're getting hoovier, a twelve stone hoovier,
fullends

a twelve stone hoovier, in your corpus entis and it scurves
you

right, demnye! Aunt as unclish ams they make oom. But
Nichtia

you bound not to loose's gone on Neffin since she clapped
her

charmer on him at Gormagareen. At the Gunting Munting

Hunting

Punting. The eitch is in her blood, arrah! For a frecklesome
freshcheeky sweetworded lupsqueezer. And he shows how
he'll
pick him the lock of her fancy. Poghue! Poghue! Poghue!
And
a good jump, Powell! Clean over all their heads. We could
kiss
him for that one, couddled we, Huggins? Sparkes is the
footer
to hance off nancies. Scaldhead, pursue! Before you
bunkledoodle
down upon your birchentop again after them three blows
from
time, drink and hurry. The same three that nursed you,
Skerry,
Badbols and the Grey One. All of your own club too. With
the
fistful of burryberries were for the massus for to feed you
living
in dying. Buy bran biscuits and you'll never say dog. And be
in the finest of companies. Morialtay and Kniferope Walker
and
Rowley the Barrel. With Longbow of the lie. Slick of the
trick
and Blennercassel of the brogue. Clanruckard for ever! The
Fenn, the Fenn, the kinn of all Fenns! Deaf to the winds
when
for Croonacreena. Fisht! And it's not now saying how we are
where who's softing what rushes. Merryvirgin forbed! But of
they never eat soullfriede they're ating it now. With easter

greeding. Angus! Angus! Angus! The keykeeper of the keys
of
the seven doors of the dreamadoory in the house of the
household
of Hecech saysaith. Whitmore, whatmore? Give it over,
give it up! Mawgraw! Head of a helo, chesth of champgnon,
eye
of a gull! What you'd if he'd. The groom is in the greenhouse,
gattling out his. Gun! That lad's the style for. Lannigan's ball!
Now a drive on the naval! The Shallburn Shock. Never mind
your gibbous. Slip on your ropen collar and draw the
noosebag
on your head. Nobody will know or heed you, Postumus, if
you
skip round schlymartin by the back and come front
sloomutren
to beg in one of the shavers' sailorsuits. Three climbs three-
quickenthrees in the garb of nine. We'll split to see you
mouldem
imparvious. A wing for oldboy Welsey Wandrer! Well spat,
witty wagtail! Now piawn to bishop's forthe! Moove. There's
Mumblesome Wadding Murch cranking up to the
hornemoonium.
Drawg us out *Ivy Eve in the Hall of Alum!* The finnecies of
poetry wed music. Feeling the jitters? You'll be as tight as
Trivett
when the knot's knuttet on. Now's your never! Peena and
Queena are duetting a giggle-for-giggle and the brideen
Alannah
is lost in her diamindwaiting. What a magnificent gesture
you will show us this gallus day. Clean and easy, be the
hooker!

And a free for croaks after. Dovlen are out for it. So is Rathfinn.

And, hike, here's the hearse and four horses with the interprovincial crucifixioners throwing lots inside to know whose to be their gosson and whereas to brake the news to morhor. How our myterbilder his fullen aslip. And who will wager but he'll Shonny Bhoy be, the fleshlumpfleeter from Poshtapengha and all he bares sobsconscious inklings shadowed on soulskin. Its segnet yores, the strake of a hin. Nup. Laying the cloth, to fore of them.

And thanking the fish, in core of them. To pass the grace for Gard sake! Ahmohn. Mr Justician Matthews and Mr Justician Marks and Mr Justician Luk de Luc and Mr Justinian Johnston-Johnson.

And the aaskart, see, behind! Help, help, hurray! Allsup, allsop! Four ghools to nail! Cut it down, mates, look slippy! They've got a dathe with a swimminpull. Dang! Ding! Dong! Dung! Dinnin. Isn't it great he is swaying above us for his good

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and ours. Fly your balloons, dannies and dennises! He's doorknobs dead! And Annie Delap is free! Ones more. We could ate you, par Buccas, and imbabe through you, reassuranced in the wild lac of gotliness. One fledge, one brood till hulm culms evurdyburdy. Huh the throman! Huh the traidor. Huh the truh. Arrorsure, he's the mannork of Arrahland oversense

he horrhorrd his name in thuthunder. Rrrwwwkkkrrr!
And seen it rudden up in fusefiressence on the flashmurket.
P.R.C.R.L.L. Royloy. Of the rollorrhish rattillary. The lewd-
ningbluebolteredallucktruckalltraumconductor! The unnamed
nonirishblooder that becomes a Greenislender overnight! But
we're molting superstituettes out of his fulse thortin guts.

Tried

mark, Easterlings. Sign, Soideric O'Cunnuc, Rix. Adversed
ord,

Magtmorken, Kovenhow. There's a great conversion, myn!
Coucous!

Find his causcaus! From Motometusolum through Bulley
and Cowlie and Diggerydiggerydock down to bazeness's
usual?

He's alight there still, by Mike! Loose afore! Bung! Bring
forth

your deed! Bang! Till is the right time. Bang! Partick Thistle
agen S. Megan's versus Brystal Palace agus the Walsall!

Putsch!

Tiemore moretis tisturb badday! The playgue will be soon
over,

rats! Let sin! Geh tont! All we wants is to get peace for
possession.

We dinned unnerstunned why you sassad about thurteen
to aloafen, sor, kindly repeat! Or ledn us alones of your
lungorge,

parsonifier propounde of our edelweissed idol worts! Shaw
and

Shea are lorning obsen so hurgle up, gandfarder, and gurgle
me

gurk. You can't impose on frayshouters like os. Every tub
here

spucks his own fat. Hang coercion everyhow! And
smothermock
Gramm's laws! But we're a drippindhrue gayleague all at
ones. In the beginning is the void, in the middle is the
sounddance
and thereafter you're in the unbewised again, vund
vulsyvolsy. You talker dunsker's brogue men we our souls
speech obstruct hostery. Silence in thought! Spreach! Wear
anartful of outer nocense! Pawpaw, wowow! Momerry
twelfths,
noebroed! That was a good one, ha! So it will be quite a
material
what *May* farther be unveloped for you, old *Mighty*, when it's
aped to foul a delfian in the Mahnung. Ha ha! Talk of
Paddybarke's

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echo! Kick nuck, Knockcastle! Muck! And you'll nose it,
O you'll nose it, without warnward from we. We don't know
the
sendor to whome. But you'll find Chiggenchugger's taking
the
Treachlyshortcake with Bugle and the Bitch pairsadrawsing
and
Horssmayres Prosession tyghting up under the threes. Stop.
Press stop. To press stop. All to press stop. And be the seem
talkin wharabahts hosetanzies, dat sure is sullibrated word!
Bing
bong! Saxolooter, for congesters are salders' prey. Snap it up
in
the loose, patchy the blank! Anyone can see you're the son of
a
gunnell. Fellow him up too, Carlow! Woes to the

wormquashed,
aye, and wor to the winner! Think of Aerian's Wall and
the Fall of Toss. Give him another for to
volleyholleydoodlem!
His lights not all out yet, the liverpooser! Boohoo hoo it oose!
With seven hores always in the home of his thinkingthings,
his
nodsloddledome of his noiselisslesoughts. Two Idas, two
Evas,
two Nessies and Rubyjuby. Phook! No wonder, pipes as
kirles,
that he sthings like a rheinbok. One bed night he had the
delysiums
that they were all queens mobbing him. Fell stiff. Oh,
ho, ho, ho, ah, he, he! Abedicate yourself. It just gegs our
goad.
He'll be the deaf of us, pappappoppopuddle, samblind
daiyrudder.
Yus, sord, fathe, you woll, putty our wraughther!
What we waits be after? Whyfore we come agooding? None
of
you, cock icy! You keep that henayearn and her fortycantle
glim
lookbehinder. We might do with rubiny leeses. But of all
your
wanings send us out your peppydecked ales and you'll not be
such a bad lot. The rye is well for whose amind but the
wheateny
one is proper lovely. B E N K! We sincerestly trust that
Missus
with the kiddies of sweet Gorteen has not B I N K to their
very

least tittles deranged if in B U N K and we greesiously augur
for
your Meggers a B E N K B A N K B O N K to sloop in with
all sorts of adceterus and adsaturas. It's our last fight,
Megantic,
fear you will! The refergee's took to hailing to time the pass.
There goes the blackwatchwomen, all in white, flaxed up,
purgad!
Right toe, Armitage! Tem for Tam at Timmotty Hall!
We're been carried away. Beyond bournes and bowers. So
we'll
leave it to Keyhoe, Danelly and Pykemhyme, the three
muskrateers,

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at the end of this age that had it from Variants' Katey
Sherratt that had it from Variants' Katey Sherratt's man for
the
bonnefacies of Blashwhite and Blushred of the Aquasancta
Liffey
Patrol to wind up and to tells of all befells after that to
Mocked
Majesty in the Malincurred Mansion.

So you were saying, boys? Anyhow he what?

So anyhow, melumps and mumpos of the hoose
uncommons,
after that to wind up that longtobechronickled gettogether
thanksbetogiving day at Glenfinnisk-en-la-Valle, the
anniversary
of his finst homy commulion, after that same barbecue
beanfeast
was all over poor old hospitable corn and eggfactor, King

Roderick O'Conor, the paramount chief polemarch and last
preelectric
king of Ireland, who was anything you say yourself between
fiftyodd and fiftyeven years of age at the time after the
socalled last supper he greatly gave in his umbrageous house
of
the hundred bottles with the radio beamer tower and its
hangars,
chimbneys and equilines or, at least, he was'nt actually the
then
last king of all Ireland for the time being for the jolly good
reason that he was still such as he was the eminent king of all
Ireland himself after the last preeminent king of all Ireland,
the
whilom joky old top that went before him in the Taharan
dynasty,
King Arth Mockmorrow Koughenough of the leathered
leggiions, now of parts unknown, (God guard his generous
comicsongbook soul!) that put a poached fowl in the poor
man's
pot before he took to his pallyass with the weeping eczema
for
better and worse until he went under the grass quilt on us,
nevertheless,
the year the sugar was scarce, and we to lather and shave
and frizzle him, like a bald surging buoy and himself down
to three cows that was meat and drink and dogs and washing
to him, 'tis good cause we have to remember it, going
through
summersultryngs of snow and sleet witht the widow Nolan's
goats and the Brownes girls neats anyhow, wait till I tell you,
what did he do, poor old Roderick O'Conor Rex, the

auspicious

waterproof monarch of all Ireland, when he found himself all alone by himself in his grand old handwewdown pile after all of them had all gone off with themselves to their castles of

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mud, as best they cud, on footback, owing to the leak of the McCarthy's mare, in extended order, a tree's length from the longest way out, down the switchbackward slider of the landsown

route of Hauburnea's liveliest vinnage on the brain, the unimportant Parthalonians with the mouldy Firbolgs and the Tuatha de Danaan googs and the rambles from Clane and all the rest of the notmuchers that he did not care the royal spit out

of his ostensible mouth about, well, what do you think he did,

sir, but, faix, he just went heeltapping through the winespilh and weevily popcorks that were kneedeep round his own right

royal round rollicking toper's table, with his old Roderick Random

pullon hat at a Lanty Leary cant on him and Mike Brady's shirt and Greene's linnet collarbow and his Ghenter's gaunts and

his Macclefield's swash and his readymade Reillys and his pan-

prestuberian poncho, the body you'd pity him, the way the world

is, poor he, the heart of Middleinster and the supereminent lord of

them all, overwhelmed as he was with black ruin like a

sponge

out of water, allocutioning in bellcantos to his own oliverian society MacGuiney's *Dreans of Ergen Adams* and thruming through all to himself with diversed tongued through his old

tears and his ould plaised drawl, starkened by the most regal of

belches, like a blurney Cashelmagh crooner that lerking Clare

air, the blackberd's ballad *I've a terrible errible lot todue todie*

todue tootorribleday, well, what did he go and do at all, His Most

Exuberant Majesty King Roderick O'Conor but, arrah bedamnbut,

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, like

a Trojan, in some particular cases 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 the various different replenquished drinking utensils left there behind them on the premisses by that whole hogsheaded

firkin family, the departed honourable homegoers and other
slygrogging

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suburbanites, such as it was, fall and fall about, to the
brindishing of his charmed life, as toastified by his cheeriubi-
cundenances, no matter whether it was chateaubottled
Guinness's

or Phoenix brewery stout it was or John Jameson and Sons or
Roob Coccoła or, for the matter of that, O'Connell's famous
old

Dublin ale that he wanted like hell, more that halibut oil or
jesuits tea, as a fall back, of several different quantities and
qualities

amounting in all to, I should say, considerably more than the
better part of a gill or naggin of imperial dry and liquid
measure

till, welcome be from us here, till the rising of the morn, till
that

hen of Kaven's shows her beaconegg, and
Chapwellswendows

stain our horyhistoricold and Father MacMichael stamps for
aitch o'clerk mess and the Litvian Newestlatter is seen, sold
and

delivered and all's set for restart after the silence, like his
ancestors

to this day after him (that the blazings of their ouldmouldy
gods

may attend to them we pray!), overopposites the cowery lad
in

the corner and forenenst the staregaze of the cathering
candled,

that adornment of his album and folkenfather of familyans,

he
came acrash a crupper sort of a sate on accomondation and
the
very boxst in all his composs, whereuponce, behome the fore
for cove and trawlers, heave hone, leave lone, Larry's on the
focse and Faugh MacHugh O'Bawlar at the wheel, one to do
and
one to dare, par by par, a peerless pair, ever here and over
there,
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 throne.

So sailed the stout ship *Nansy Hans*. From Liff away. For
Nattenlaender. As who has come returns. Farvel, farerne!
Goodbark,
goodbye!

Now follow we out by Starloe!

—*Three quarks for Muster Mark!*
Sure he hasn't got much of a bark
And sure any he has it's all beside the mark.
But O, Wreneagle Almighty, wouldn't un be a sky of a
lark
To see that old buzzard whooping about for uns shirt in
the dark
And he hunting round for uns speckled trousers around
by Palmer-
stown Park?
Hohohoho, moulty Mark!
You're the rummest old rooster ever flopped out of a
Noah's ark
And you think you're cock of the wark.
Fowls, up! Tristy's the spry young spark
That'll tread her and wed her and bed her and red her
Without ever winking the tail of a feather
And that's how that chap's going to make his money and
mark!

Overhoved, shrillgleescreaming. That song sang
seaswans.

The winging ones. Seahawk, seagull, curlew and plover,
kestrel

and capercallzie. All the birds of the sea they trolled out
rightbold

when they smacked the big kuss of Trustan with Usolde.

And there they were too, when it was dark, whilst the wildcaps was circling, as slow their ship, the winds aslight, upborne the fates, the wardorse moved, by courtesy of Mr Deaubaleau Downbellow Kaempersally, listening in, as hard as they could, in Dubbeldorp, the donker, by the tourneyold of the wattarfalls, with their vuoxens and they kemin in so hattajocky (only a

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quarteback askull for the last acts) to the solans and the sycamores and the wild geese and the gannets and the migratories and the mistlethrushes and the auspices and all the birds of the rockby-suckerassousyoceanal sea, all four of them, all sighing and sobbing, and listening. Moykle ahoykling!

They were the big four, the four maaster waves of Erin, all listening, four. There was old Matt Gregory and then besides old Matt there was old Marcus Lyons, the four waves, and oftentimes they used to be saying grace together, right enough, bausnabeatha, in Miracle Squeer: here now we are the four of us: old Matt Gregory and old Marcus and old Luke Tarpey: the four of us and sure, thank God, there are no more of us: and, sure now, you wouldn't go and forget and leave out the other fellow and old Johnny MacDougall: the four of us and no more of us and so

now pass the fish for Christ sake, Amen: the way they used
to be
saying their grace before fish, repeating itself, after the
interims
of Augusburgh for auld lang syne. And so there they were,
with
their palms in their hands, like the pulchrum's procus,
spraining
their ears, luistening and listening to the oceans of kissening,
with
their eyes glistening, all the four, when he was kiddling and
cuddling and bunnyhugging scrumptious his colleen bawn
and
dinkum belle, an oscar sister, on the fifteen inch loveseat,
behind
the chieftaness stewardesses cubin, the hero, of Gaelic
champion,
the onliest one of her choice, her bleauyeddeal of a girl's
friend,
neither bigugly nor smallnice, meaning pretty much
everything
to her then, with his sinister dexterity, light and rufthandling,
vicemversem her ragbags et assaucyetiams, fore and aft, on
and
offsides, the brueburnt sexfutter, handson and huntsem, that
was
palpably wrong and bulbubly improper, and cuddling her and
kissing her, tootyfay charmaunt, in her ensemble of maidenna
blue, with an overdress of net, tickled with goldies,
Isolamisola,
and whisping and lispig her about Trisolanisans, how one
was

whips for one was two and two was lips for one was three,
and
dissimulating themself, with his poghue like Arrah-na-
poghue,
the dear dear annual, they all four remembored who made the
world and how they used to be at that time in the vulgar ear
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cuddling and kiddling her, after an oyster supper in Cullen's
barn,
from under her mistlethrush and kissing and listening, in the
good
old bygone days of Dion Boucicault, the elder, in Arrah-na-
pogue,
in the otherworld of the passing of the key of Twotongue
Common, with Nush, the carrier of the word, and with
Mesh, the cutter of the reed, in one of the farback, pitchblack
centuries when who made the world, when they knew
O'Clery,
the man on the door, when they were all four collegians on
the
nod, neer the Nodderlands Nurskery, whiteboys and oakboys,
peep of tim boys and piping tom boys, raising hell while the
sin
was shining, with their slates and satchels, playing Florian's
fables
and communic suctiones and vellicar frictions with mixum
members,
in the Queen's Ultonian colleges, along with another fellow,
a prime number, Totius Quotius, and paying a pot of tribluts
to Boris O'Brien, the buttler of Clumpthump, two looves, two
turnovers plus (one) crown, to see the mad dane ating his
vitals. Wulf! Wulf! And throwing his tongue in the snakepit.

Ah

ho! The ladies have mercias! It brought the dear prehistoric scenes all back again, as fresh as of yore, Matt and Marcus, natural

born lovers of nature, in all her moves and senses, and after that now there he was, that mouth of mandibles, vowed to pure

beauty, and his Arrah-na-poghue, when she murmurously, after

she let a cough, gave her firm order, if he wouldn't please mind,

for a sings to one hope a dozen of the best favourite lyrical national blooms in Luvillicit, though not too much, reflecting on

the situation, drinking in draughts of purest air serene and revelling

in the great outdoors, before the four of them, in the fair fine night, whilst the stars shine bright, by she light of he moon,

we longed to be spoon, before her honeyoldloom, the plaint effect

being in point of fact there being in the whole, a seatuition so shocking and scandalous and now, thank God, there were no more

of them and he poghuing and poghuing like the Moreigner bowed his crusted hoed and Tilly the Tailor's Tugged a Tar in the

Arctic Newses Dagsdogs number and there they were, like a foremasters in the rolls, listening, to Rolando's deepen darblun

Ossian roll, (Lady, it was just too gorgeous, that expense of a

lovely tint, embellished by the charms of art and very well
conducted
and nicely mannered and all the horrid rudy noises locked
up in nasty cubbyhole!) as tired as they were, the three jolly
topers, with their mouths watering, all the four, the old
connubial
men of the sea, yambling around with their old pantometer,
in duckasaloppics, Luke and Johnny MacDougall and all
wishening
for anything at all of the bygone times, the wald times and
the fald times and the hempty times and the dempty times,
for a
cup of kindness yet, for four farback tumblerfuls of woman
squash, with them, all four, listening and spraining their ears
for
the millennium and all their mouths making water.

Johnny. Ah well, sure, that's the way (up) and it so
happened
there was poor Matt Gregory (up), their pater familias, and
(up)
the others and now really and (up) truly they were four dear
old heladies and really they looked awfully pretty and so nice
and
bespectable and after that they had their fathomglasses to
find
out all the fathoms and their half a tall hat, just now like the
old
Merquus of Pawerschoof, the old determined despot,
(*quiescents*
in brage!) only for the extrusion of the saltwater or the
auctioneer

there dormont, in front of the place near O'Clery's, at the
darkumound
numbur wan, beside that ancient Dame street, where the
statue of Mrs Dana O'Connell, prostituent behind the Trinity
College, that arranges all the auctions of the valuable
colleges,
Bootersbay Sisters, like the auctioneer Battersby Sisters, the
pru-
miscuous creators, that sells all the emancipated statues and
flowersports, James H. Tickell, the jaypee, off Hoggin Green,
after he made the centuries, going to the tailturn horseshow,
before
the angler nomads flood, along with another fellow, active
impulsive, and the shoeblacks and the redshanks and
plebeians
and the barrancos and the cappunchers childerun, Jules,
everyone,
Gotopoxy, with the houghers on them, highstepping the
fissure and fracture lines, seven five threes up, three five
sevens down, to get out of his way, onasmuck as their withers
conditions could not possibly have been improved upon,
(praisers be to deeseesee!) like hopolopocattls, erumping
around
their Judgity Yaman, and all the tercentenary horses and
priesthunters,

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from the Curragh, and confusionaries and the authorities,
Noord Amrikaans and Suid Aferican cattleraiders (so they
say) all over like a tiara dullfuoco, in his grey half a tall hat
and
his amber necklace and his crimson harness and his leathern
jib

and his cheapshein hairshirt and his scotobrit sash and his
parapilagian
gallowglasses (how do you do, jaypee, Elevato!) to find
out all the improper colleges (and how do you do, Mr Dame
James? Get out of my way!), forkbearded and bluetoothed
and
bellied and boneless, from Strathlyffe and Aylesburg and
North-
umberland Anglesey, the whole yaghoodurt sweepstakings
and
all the horsepowers. But now, talking of hayastdanars and
wolkingology and how our seaborne isle came into
exestuanee,
(the explutor, his three andesiters and the two pantellarias)
that
reminds me about the manausteriums of the poor Marcus of
Lyons
and poor Johnny, the patrician, and what do you think of the
four
of us and there they were now, listening right enough, the
four
saltwater widowers, and all they could remembore, long long
ago
in the olden times Momonian, throw darker hour sorrows, the
princest day, when Fair Margrate waited Swede Villem, and
Lally
in the rain, with the blank prints, now extincts, after the
wreak
of Wormans' Noe, the barmaisigheds, when my heart knew
no
care, and after that then there was the official landing of
Lady

Jales Casemate, in the year of the flood 1132 S.O.S., and the christening of Queen Baltersby, the Fourth Buzzersbee, according to Her Grace the bishop Senior, off the whate shape, and then there was the drowning of Pharoah and all his pedestrians and they were all completely drowned into the sea, the red sea, and then poor Merkin Cornyngwham, the official out of the castle on pension, when he was completely drowned off Erin Isles, at that time, suir knows, in the red sea and a lovely mourning paper and thank God, as Saman said, there were no more of him. And that now was how it was. The arzurian deeps o'er his humbodumbones sweeps. And his widdy the giddy is wreathing her murmoirs as her gracest triput to the Grocery Trader's Manthly. Mind mand gunfree by Gladeys Rayburn! Runtable's Reincorporated. The new world presses. Where the

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old conk cruised now croons the yunk. Exeunc throw a darras Kram of Llawanroc, ye gink guy, kirked into yord. Enterest attawonder Wehpen, luftcat revol, fairescapading in his natsirt. Tuesday tumbles. And mild aunt Liza is as loose as her neese. Fulfest withim inbrace behent. As gent would deem oncontinent. So mulct per wenche is Elsker woed. Ne hath his thrysting. Fin. Like the newcasters in their old plyable of *A Royenne Devours*.

Jazzaphoney and Mirillovis and Nippy she nets best. Fing.
Ay,
ay! Sobbos. And so he was. Sabbus.

Marcus. And after that, not forgetting, there was the
Flemish
armada, all scattered, and all officially drowned, there and
then, on
a lovely morning, after the universal flood, at about alevn
thirty-two
was it? off the coast of Cominghome and Saint Patrick, the
anabaptist, and Saint Kevin, the lacustrian, with toomuch of
tolls
and lottance of beggars, after converting Porterscout and
Dona,
our first marents, and Lapoleon, the equestrian, on his whuite
house of Hunover, rising Clunkthurf over Cabinhogan and
all
they remembered and then there was the Frankish fload of
Noahsdobahs,
from Hedalgoland, round about the freebutter year of
Notre Dame 1132 P.P.O. or so, disumbunking from under
Motham General Bonaboche, (noo poopery!) in his half a
grey
traditional hat, alevoila come alevilla, and after that there he
was,
so terrestrial, like a Nailscissor, poghuing her scandalous and
very
wrong, the maid, in single combat, under the sycamores,
amid
the bludderings from the boom and all the gallowsbirds in
Arrah-na-

Poghue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen's Colleges, in 1132
Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door.

And

then again they used to give the grandest gloriaspanquost
universal

howldmoutherhibbert lectures on anarxaquy out of
doxarchology

(hello, Hibernia!) from sea to sea (Matt speaking!) according
to the pictures postcard, with sexon grimmacticals, in the
Latimer Roman history, of Latimer repeating himself, from
the

vicerine of Lord Hugh, the Lacytynant, till Bockleyshuts the
rahjahn

gerachknell and regnumrockery roundup, (Marcus Lyons
speaking!) to the oceanfuls of collegians green and high
classes

and the poor scholars and all the old trinitarian senate and
saints and

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sages and the Plymouth brethren, droning along,
peanzanzangan,

and nodding and sleeping away there, like forgetmenots, in
her

abijance service, round their twelve tables, per pioja at pulga
bollas, in the four trinity colleges, for earnasyoulearning
Eringrowback,

of Ulcer, Moonster, Leanstare and Cannought, the
four grandest colleges supper the matter of Erryn, of
Killorcure

and Killthemall and Killeachother and Killkelly-on-the-
Flure,

where their role was to rule the round roll that Rollo and

Rullo

rolled round. Those were the grandest gynecollege histories
(Lucas calling, hold the line!) in the Janesdanes Lady

Andersdaughter

Universary, for auld acquaintance sake (this unitarian
lady, breathtaking beauty, Bambam's bonniest, lived to a great

age at or in or about the late No. 1132 or No. 1169, bis,
Fitzmary

Round where she was seen by many and widely liked) for
teaching

the Fatima Woman history of Fatimiliafamilias, repeating
herself,

on which purposeth of the spirit of nature as difinely
developed

in time by psadatepholomy, the past and present (Johnny
MacDougall speaking, give me trunks, miss!) and present
and

absent and past and present and perfect *arma virumque
romano*.

Ah, dearo, dear! O weep for the hower when eve aleaves
bower!

How it did but all come eddaying back to them, if they did
but

get gaze, gagagniagnian, to hear him there, kiddling and
cuddling

her, after the gouty old galahat, with his peer of quinnyfears
and

his troad of thirstuns, so nefarious, from his elevation of one
yard one handard and thartytwo lines, before the four of us,
in

his Roman Catholic arms, while his deepseepeepers gazed

and
sazed and dazecrazemazed into her dullokbloon rodolling
olosheen
eyenbowls by the Cornelius Nepos, Mnepos. Anumque,
umque. Napoo.

Queh? Quos?

Ah, dearo dearo dear! Bozun braceth brythe hwen geoses
gandered gamen. Mahazar ag Dod! It was so scalding sorry
for all
the whole twice two four of us, with their familiar, making
the toten,
and Lally when he lost part of his half a hat and all
belongings to
him, in his old futile manner, cape, towel and drawbreeches,
and
repeating himself and telling him now, for the seek of
Senders

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Newslaters and the mossacre of Saint Brices, to forget the
past,
when the burglar he shoved the wretch in churneroil, and
contradicting
all about Lally, the ballest master of Gosterstown, and
his old fellow, the Lagener, in the Locklane Lighthouse,
earing his
wick with a pierce of railing, and liggen hig with his ladder
up, and
that oldtime turner and his sadderday erely cloudsing, the old
croniony, Skelly, with the lether belly, full of nelts, full of
kelts,
full of lightweight belts and all the bald drakes or ever he

had up
in the bohereen, off Artsichekes Road, with Moels and
Mahmullagh
Mullarty, the man in the Oran mosque, and the old folks at
home
and Duignan and Lapole and the grand confarreation, as per
the
cabbangers richestore, of the filest archives, and he couldn't
stop
laughing over Tom Tim Tarpey, the Welshman, and the four
middleaged widowers, all nangles, sangles, angles and
wangles.

And now, that reminds me, not to forget the four of the Welsh
waves, leaping laughing, in their Lumbag Walk, over old
Battleshore
and Deaddleconch, in their half a Roman hat, with an ancient
Greek gloss on it, in Chichester College auction and, thank
God, they were all summarily divorced, four years before, or
so
they say, by their dear poor shehusbands, in dear byword
days,
and never brought to mind, to see no more the rainwater on
the
floor but still they parted, raining water laughing, per Nupiter
Privius, only terparty, on the best of terms and be forgot,
whilk was
plainly foretolk by their old pilgrim cocklesong or they were
singing
through the wetttest indies *As I was going to Burrymecarott*
we
fell in with a lout by the name of Peebles as also in another
place by

their orthodox proverb so there was said thus *That old fellow knows milk though he's not used to it latterly*. And so they parted.

In Dalkymont nember to. Ay, ay. The good go and the wicked is left over. As evil flows so Ivel flows. Ay, ay. Ah, well sure, that's the way. As the holymaid of Kunut said to the haryman of Koombe. For his humple position in odvices. Woman. Squash.

Part. Ay, ay. By decree absolute.

Lucas. And, O so well they could remembore at that time, when

Carperry of the Goold Fins was in the kingship of Poolland, Mrs

Dowager Justice Squalchman, foorsitter, in her fullbottom wig

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and beard, (Erminia Reginia!) in or aring or around about the year of buy in disgrace 1132 or 1169 or 1768 Y.W.C.A., at the

Married Male Familyman's Auctioneer's court in Arrahnacuddle.

Poor Johnny of the clan of the Dougals, the poor Scuitsman, (Hohannes!) nothing if not amorous, dinna forget, so frightened

(Zweep! Zweep!) on account of her full bottom, (undullable attraxity!) that put the yearl of mercies on him, and the four maasters, in chors, with a hing behangd them, because he was

so slow to borstel her schoon for her, when he was grooming her

ladyship, instead of backscratching her materfamilias proper, like

any old methodist, and all divorced and innasense interdict,
in
the middle of the temple, according to their dear faithful. Ah,
now,
it was too bad, too bad and stout entirely, all the missoccurs;
and
poor Mark or Marcus Bowandcoat, from the brownesberrow
in
nolandsland, the poor old chronometer, all persecuted with
ally
croaker by everybody, by decree absolute, through
Herrinsilde,
because he forgot himself, making wind and water, and made
a Neptune's mess of all of himself, sculling over the
giamond's
courseway, and because he forgot to remember to sign an old
morning proxy paper, a writing in request to hersute herself,
on
stamped bronnanoleum, from Roneo to Giliette, before
saying
his grace before fish and then and there and too there was
poor Dion Cassius Poosycomb, all drowned too, before the
world and her husband, because it was most improper and
most
wrong, when he attempted to (well, he was shocking poor in
his health, he said, with the shingles falling off him), because
he (ah, well now, peaces pea to Wedmore and let not the song
go
dumb upon your Ire, as we say in the Spasms of Davies, and
we
won't be too hard on him as an old Manx presbyterian) and
after

that, as red as a Rosse is, he made his last will and went to
confession,
like the general of the Berkeleyites, at the rim of the rom,
on his two bare marrowbones, to Her Worship his Mother
and
Sister Evangelist Sweainey, on Cailcainnin widnight and he
was
so sorry, he was really, because he left the bootybutton in the
handsome cab and now, tell the truth, unfriends never, (she
was
his first messes dogess and it was a very pretty peltry and
there

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were faults on both sides) well, he attempted (or so they say)
ah, now, forget and forgive (don't we all?) and, sure, he was
only
funning with his andrewmartins and his old age coming over
him, well, he attempted or, the Connachy, he was tempted to
attempt some hunnish familiarities, after eten a bad carmp in
the
rude ocean and, hevantonozé sure, he was dead seasickabed
(it was
really too bad!) her poor old divorced male, in the housepays
for
the daying at the Martyr Mrs MacCawley's, where at the time
he was taying and toying, to hold the nursetendered hand,
(ah,
the poor old coax!) and count the buttons and her hand and
frown on a bad crab and doying to remembore what doed
they
were byorn and who made a who a snore. Ah dearo dearo
dear!

And where do you leave Matt Emeritus? The laychief of
Ab-
botabishop? And exchullard of ffrench and gherman.

Achoch!

They were all so sorgy for poorboir Matt in his saltwater hat,
with the Aran crown, or she grew that out of, too big for him,
of

or Mnepos and his overalls, all falling over her in folds—
sure he

hadn't the heart in her to pull them up—poor Matt, the old
perigrime

matriarch, and a queenly man, (the porple blussing upon
them!) sitting there, the sole of the settlement, below ground,
for an expiatory rite, in postulation of his cause, (who shall
say?)

in her beaver bonnet, the king of the Caucasus, a family all to
himself, under geasa, Themistletocles, on his multilingual
tombstone,

like Navellicky Kamen, and she due to kid by sweetpea
time, with her face to the wall, in view of the poorhouse, and
taking his rust in the oxsight of Iren, under all the auspices,
amid

the rattle of hailstorms, kalospintheochromatokreening, with
her

ivyclad hood, and gripping an old pair of curling tongs,
belonging

to Mrs Duna O'Cannell, to blow his brains with, till the
heights of Newhigherland heard the Bristolhut, with his can
of

tea and a purse of alfred cakes from Anne Lynch and two
cuts of

Shackleton's brown loaf and dilisk, waiting for the end to

come.

Gordon Heighland, when you think of it! The merthe dirther!
Ah ho! It was too bad entirely! All devoured by active
parlourmen,

laudabiliter, of woman squelch and all on account of the

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smell of Shakeletin and scratchman and his mouth watering,
acid

and alkolic; signs on the salt, and so now pass the loaf for
Christ

sake. Amen. And so. And all.

Matt. And loaf. So that was the end. And it can't be
helped.

Ah, God be good to us! Poor Andrew Martin Cunningham!
Take breath! Ay! Ay!

And still and all at that time of the dynast days of old
konning
Soteric Sulkinbored and Bargomuster Bart, when they struck
coil
and shock haunts, in old Hungerford-on-Mudway, where first
I

met thee oldpoetryck flied from may, and the Finnan haddies
and

the Noal Sharks and the muckstails turtles like an acoustic
pottish

and the griesouper bullyum and how he poled him up his
boccat of vuotar and got big buzz for his name in the
airweek's

honours from home, colonies and empire, they were always
with

assisting grace, thinking (up) and not forgetting about shims

and
shawls week, in auld land syne (up) their four hosenbands,
that
were four (up) beautiful sister misters, now happily married,
unto
old Gallstonebelly, and there they were always counting and
con-
tradicting every night 'tis early the lovely mother of
periwinkle
buttons, according to the lapper part of their anachronism (up
one up two up one up four) and after that there now she was,
in the end, the deary, soldpowder and all, the beautfour
sisters,
and that was her mudhen republican name, right enough,
from
alum and oves, and they used to be getting up from under, in
their tape and straw garlands, with all the worries awake in
their
hair, at the kookaburra bell ringring all wrong inside of them
(come in, come on, you lazy loafs!) all inside their poor old
Shandon
bellbox (come out to hell, you lousy louts!) so frightened,
for the dthclangavore, like knockneeghs bumpsed by the
fisterman's
straights, (ys! ys!), at all hours every night, on their
mistletoes,
the four old oldsters, to see was the Transton Postscript
come, with their oerkussens under their armsaxters, all
puddled
and mythified, the way the wind wheeled the schooler round,
when nobody wouldn't even let them rusten, from playing

their gastspiels, crossing their sleep by the shocking silence,
when they were in dreams of yore, standing behind the

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door, or leaning out of the chair, or kneeling under the
sofacover

and setting on the souptureen, getting into their way
something barbarous, changing the one wet underdown
convibrational

bed or they used to slumper under, when hope was there
no more, and putting on their half a hat and falling over all
synopticals

and a panegyric and repeating themselves, like svvollovving,
like the time they were dadging the talkeycook that chased
them, look look all round the stool, walk everywhere for a
jool,

to break fyre to all the rancers, to collect all and bits of
brown,

the rathure's evelopment in spirits of time in all fathom of
space

and slooping around in a bawneen and bath slippers and go
away

to Oldpatrick and see a doctor Walker. And after that so glad
they had their night tentacles and there they used to be,
flapping

and cycling, and a dooing a doonloop, panementically,
around

the waists of the ships, in the wake of their good old Foehn
again, as tyred as they were, at their windwidths in the
wavelength, the clipperbuilt and the five fourmasters and
Lally of the cleftoft bagoderts and Roe of the fair cheats,
exchanging

fleas from host to host, with arthroposophia, and he

selling him before he forgot, issle issle, after having
prealably
dephlegmatised his gutterful of throatyfrogs, with a lungible
fong
in his suckmouth ear, while the dear invoked to the coolun
dare
by a palpabrows lift left no doubt in his minder, till he was
instant
and he was trustin, sister soul in brother hand, the subjects
being their passion grand, that one fresh from the cow about
Aithne Meithne married a mailde and that one too from
Engrvakon
saga abooth a gooth a gev a gotheny egg and the parkside
pranks of quality queens, katte efter kinne, for Earl
Hoovedsoon's
choosing and Huber and Harman orhowwhen theeuponthus
(chchch!) eysolt of binnoculises memostinmust egotum
sabcunsciously senses upers the deprofundity of
multimathematical
immaterialities wherebejubers in the pancosmic urge the
allimmanence of that which Itself is Itself Alone (hear, O
hear,
Caller Errin!) exteriorises on this ourherenow plane in
disunited
solod, likeward and gushious bodies with (science, say!)
perilwhitened
passionpanting pugnoplangent intuitions of reunited

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selfdom (murky whey, abstrew adim!) in the
higherdimissional
selfless Allself, theemeeng Narsty meetheeng Idoless, and
telling

Jolly MacGolly, dear mester John, the belated dishevelled,
hacking
away at a parchment pied, and all the other analist, the
steamships ant the ladies'foursome, ovenfor, nedenfor,
dinkety,
duk, downalupping, (how long tandem!) like a foreretyred
schoon-
masters, and their pair of green eyes and peering in, so they
say, like
the narcolepts on the lakes of Coma, through the steamy
windows,
into the honeymoon cabins, on board the big steamadories,
made by Fumadory, and the saloon ladies' madorn toilet
chambers
lined over prawn silk and rub off the salty catara off a
windows
and, hee hee, listening, *qua* committe, the poor old quakers,
oben
the dure, to see all the hunnishmooners and the firstclass
ladies,
serious me, a lass spring as you fancy, and sheets far from the
lad,
courting in blankets, enfamillias, and, shee shee, all
improper, in a
lovely mourning toilet, for the rosecrumpler, the thrilldriver,
the
sighinspirer, with that olive throb in his nude neck, and,
swayin
and thayin, thanks ever so much for the tiny quote, which
sought
of maid everythingling again so very much more
delightafellay,

and the perfidly suite of her, bootyfilly yours, under all their familiarities, by preventing grace, forgetting to say their grace before chambadory, before going to boat with the verges of the chaptel of the opening of the month of Nema Knatut, so pass the poghue for grace sake. Amen. And all, hee hee hee, quaking, so fright, and, shee shee, shaking. Aching. Ay, ay.

For it was then a pretty thing happened of pure diversion mayhap, when his flattering hend, at the justright moment, like perchance some cook of corage might clip the lad on a poot of porage handshut his duckhouse, the vivid girl, deaf with love, (ah sure, you know her, our angel being, one of romance's fadeless wonderwomen, and, sure now, we all know you dote on her even unto date!) with a queeletecree of joysis crisis she renulited their disunited, with ripy lepes to ropy lopes (the dear o'dears!) and the golden importunity of aloofer's leavetime, when, as quick, is greased pigskin, Americas Champius, with one aragan throust, druve the massive of virilvigtoury flshpst the

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both lines of forwards (Eburnea's down, boys!) rightjingbangshot into the goal of her gullet.

Alris!

And now, upright and add them! And plays be honest!
And
pullit into yourself, as on manowoman do another!
Candidately,
everybody! A mot for amot. Comong, meng, and douh!
There
was this, wellyoumaycallher, a strapping modern old ancient
Irish prisscess, so and so hands high, such and such paddock
weight, in her madapolam smock, nothing under her hat but
red hair and solid ivory (now you know it's true in your
hardup hearts!) and a firstclass pair of bedroom eyes, of most
unhomy blue, (how weak we are, one and all!) the charm
of favour's fond consent! Could you blame her, we're saying,
for one psocoldlogical moment? What would Ewe do? With
that so tiresome old milkless a ram, with his tiresome duty
peck and his bronchial tubes, the tiresome old hairyg
orangogran
beaver, in his tiresome old twennysixandsixpenny sheopards
plods drowers and his thirtybobandninepenny tails plus
toop!
Hagakhroustioun! It were too exceeding really if one woulds
to offer at sulk an oldivirdual a pinge of hinge hit. The
mainest thing ever! Since Edem was in the boags noavy. No,
no,
the dear heaven knows, and the farther the from it, if the
whole
stole stale mis betold, whoever the gulpable, and whatever
the
pulpous was, the twooned togethered, and giving the mhost
phassionable wheathers, they were doing a lally a lolly a
dither
a duther one lelly two dather three lilly four dother. And it

was

a fiveful moment for the poor old timeteters, ticktacking, in
tenk

the count. Till the spark that plugged spared the chokee he
gripped and (volatile volupty, how briefed are thy
languings!)

they could and they could hear like of a lisp lapsing, that
was her knight of the truths thong plipping out of her
chapelledoosy,
after where he had gone and polped the questioned.
Plop.

Ah now, it was tootwoy terrific, the mummurrlubejubes!

And

then after that they used to be so forgetful, counting
motherpeributts
(up one up four) to membore her beaufu mouldern

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maiden name, for overflauwing, by the dream of woman the
owneirist, in forty lands. From Greg and Doug on poor Greg
and Mat and Mar and Lu and Jo, now happily buried, our
four!

And there she was right enough, that lovely sight enough, the
girleen bawn asthore, as for days galore, of planxty Gregory.
Egory. O bunket not Orwin! Ay, ay.

But, sure, that reminds me now, like another tellmastory
repeating
yourself, how they used to be in lethargy's love, at the
end of it all, at that time (up) always, tired and all, after doing
the
mousework and making it up, over their community singing
(up) the top loft of the voicebox, of Mamalujo like the senior

follies at murder magrees, squatting round, two by two, the
four
confederates, with Caxons the Coswarn, up the wet air
register
in Old Man's House, Millenium Road, crowning themselves
in
lauraly branches, with their cold knees and their poor (up)
quad
rupeds, ovasleep, and all dolled up, for their blankets and
materny
mufflers and plimsoles and their bowl of brown shackle and
milky and boterham clots, a potion a peace, a piece aportion,
a
lepel alip, alup a lap, for a cup of kindest yet, with hold take
hand
and nurse and only touch of ate, a lovely munkeybown and for
xmell and wait the pinch and prompt poor Marcus Lyons to
be not
beheeding the skillet on for the live of ghosses but to pass the
teeth
for choke sake, Amensch, when it so happen they were all
sycamore
and by the world forgot, since the phlegmish hoopicough,
for all a possabled, after ete a bad cramp and johnny
magories, and
backscrat the poor bedsores and the farthing dip, their
caschal
pandle of magnegnousioum, and read a letter or two every
night,
before going to dodo sleep atrance, with their catkins coifs,
in
the twilight, a capitaletter, for further auspices, on their old

one

page codex book of old year's eve 1132, M.M.L.J. old style,
their

Senchus Mor, by his fellow girl, the Mrs Shemans, in her
summer

seal houseonsample, with the caracul broadtail, her *totam in
tutu*, final buff noonmeal edition, in the regatta covers,
uptenable

from the orther, for to regul their reves by incubation, and
Lally,

through their gangrene spentacles, and all the good or they
did in their time, the rigorists, for Roe and O'Mulcnory a

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Conry ap Mul or Lap ap Morion and Buffler ap Matty Mac
Gregory for Marcus on Podex by Daddy de Wyer, old
bagabroth,

beeves and scullogues, churls and vassals, in same, sept
and severally and one by one and sing a mamalujo. To the
heroest champion of Eren and his braceoelanders and

Gowan,

Gawin and Gonne.

And after that now in the future, please God, after
nonpenal

start, all repeating ourselves, in medios loquos, from where
he got

a useful arm busy on the touchline, due south of her western
shoulder, down to death and the love embrace, with an
interesting

tallow complexion and all now united, sansfamillias, let us
ran on

to say oremus prayer and homeysweet homely, after fully
realising

the gratifying experiences of highly continental evenements,
for meter and peter to temple an eslaap, for auld
acquaintance, to
Peregrine and Michael and Farfassa and Peregrine, for
navigants
et peregrinantibus, in all the old imperial and Fionnachan sea
and
for vogue awallow to a Miss Yiss, you fascinator, you, sing a
lovasteamadorion to Ladyseyes, here's Tricks and Doelsy,
delightfully
ours, in her doaty ducky little blue and roll his hoop
and how she ran, when wit won free, the dimply blised and
awfully
bucked, right glad we never shall forget, thoh the dayses
gone still they loves young dreams and old Luke with his
kingly leer, so wellworth watching, and Senchus Mor,
possessed
of evident notoriety, and another more of the bigtimers, to
name
no others, of whom great things were expected in the
fulmfilmimg
department, for the lives of Lazarus and auld luke syne and
she
haihaihail her kobbor kohinor seheet on the praze savohole
shanghai.

Hear, O hear, Iseult la belle! Tristan, sad hero, hear! The
Lambeg
drum, the Lombog reed, the Lumbag fiferer, the Limibig
brazenaze.

Anno Domini nostri sancti Jesu Christi

*Nine hundred and ninety-nine million pound sterling in the
blueblack
bowels of the bank of Ulster.*

*Braw bawbees and good gold pounds, galore, my girleen, a
Sunday'll
prank thee finely.*

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*And no damn lout'll come courting thee or by the mother of
the Holy
Ghost there'll be murder!*

*O, come all ye sweet nymphs of Dingle beach to cheer
Brinabride
queen from Sybil surfriding*

*In her curragh of shells of daughter of pearl and her
silverymonnblue
mantle round her.*

*Crown of the waters, brine on her brow, she'll dance them a
jig and
jilt them fairly.*

*Yerra, why would she bide with Sig Sloomysides or the
grogam grey
barnacle gander?*

*You won't need be lonesome, Lizzy my love, when your beau
gets his
glut of cold meat and hot soldiering*

*Nor wake in winter, window machree, but snore sung in my
old
Balbriggan surtout.*

*Wisha, won't you agree now to take me from the middle, say,
of
next week on, for the balance of my days, for nothing*

(what?)

as your own nursetender?

*A power of highsteppers died game right enough—but who,
acushla,
'll beg coppers for you?*

I tossed that one long before anyone.

*It was of a wet good Friday too she was ironing and, as I'm
given*

now to understand, she was always mad gone on me.

*Grand goosegreasing we had entirely with an allnight
eiderdown bed
picnic to follow.*

*By the cross of Cong, says she, rising up Saturday in the
twilight*

*from under me, Mick, Nick the Maggot or whatever your
name*

*is, you're the mose likable lad that's come my ways yet
from the
barony of Bohermore.*

Mattheehew, Markeehew, Lukeehew, Johnheehewheehew!

Haw!

And still a light moves long the river. And stiller the mermen
ply their keg.

Its pith is full. The way is free. Their lot is cast.

So, to john for a john, johnajams, led it be!

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Hark!

Tolv two elf kater ten (it can't be) sax.

Hork!

Pedwar pemp foify tray (it must be) twelve.

And low stole o'er the stillness the heartbeats of sleep.

White fogbow spans. The arch embattled. Mark as capsules.

The nose of the man who was nought like the nasoos. It is selftinted,

wrinkling, ruddled. His kep is a gorsecone. He am Gascon Titubante of Tegmine-sub-Fagi whose fixtures are mobiling so wobiling befear my remembrandts. She, exhibit next, his Anastashie. She has prayings in lowdelph. Zeehere green eggbrooms.

What named blautoothdmand is yon who stares? Gugurtha! Gugurtha! He has becco of wild hindigan. Ho, he hath hornhide! And hvis now is for you. Pensée! The most beautiful

of woman of the veilch veilchen veilde. She would kidds to

my
voul of my palace, with obscidian luppas, her aal in her
dhove's
suckling. Apagemonite! Come not nere! Black! Switch out!

Methought as I was dropping asleep somepart in nonland
of
where's please (and it was when you and they were we) I
heard
at zero hour as 'twere the peal of vixen's laughter among
midnight's
chimes from out the belfry of the cute old speckled church
tolling so faint a goodmantrue as nighthood's unseen violet
rendered all animated greatbritish and Irish objects
nonviewable
to human watchers save 'twere perchance anon some glistery

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gleam darkling adown surface of affluvial flowandflow as
again
might seem garments of laundry reposing a leasward close at
hand in full expectation. And as I was jogging along in a
dream as
dozing I was dawdling, arrah, methought broadtone was
heard and
the creepers and the gliders and flivvers of the earth breath
and
the dancetongues of the woodfires and the hummers in their
ground all vociferated echoing: Shaun! Shaun! Post the
post!
with a high voice and O, the higher on high the deeper and
low,
I heard him so! And lo, mescemed somewhat came of the
noise

and somewho might amove allmurk. Now, 'twas as clump,
now
mayhap. When look, was light and now'twas as flasher, now
moren as the glaow. Ah, in unlitness 'twas in very similitude,
bless me, 'twas his belted lamp! Whom we dreamt was a
shaddo,
sure, he's lightseyes, the laddo! Blessed mومence, O
romence,
he's growing to stay! Ay, he who so swayed a will of a wisp
before me, hand prop to hand, prompt side to the pros,
dressed
like an earl in just the correct wear, in a classy mac Frieze
o'coat
of far suparior ruggedness, indigo brow, tracked and tramped,
and an Irish ferrier collar, freeswinging with mereswin lacers
from
his shoulthern and thick welted brogues on him hammered to
suit
the scotsmost public and climate, iron heels and sparable
soles, and
his jacket of providence wellprovided woolies with a
softrolling
lisp of a lapel to it and great sealingwax buttons, a good
helping
bigger than the slots for them, of twentytwo carrot
krasnapoppsky
red and his invulnerable burlap whiskcoat and his popular
choker, Tamagnum sette-and-forte and his loud boheem toy
and
the damasker's overshirt he sported inside, a starspangled
zephyr
with a decidedly surpliced crinklydoodle front with his motto

through dear life embrothred over it in peas, rice, and
yeggyolk,
Or for royal, Am for Mail, R.M.D. hard cash on the nail
and the most successfully carried gigot turnups now you
ever,
(what a pairfact crease! how amsolookly kersse!) breaking
over
the ankle and hugging the shoeheel, everything the best—
none
other from (Ah, then may the turtle's blessings of God and
Mary
and Haggispatrick and Huggisbrigid be souptumbling all
over
him!) other than (and may his hundred thousand welcome
stewed

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letters, relayed wand postchased, multiply, ay faith, and
plultiply!)
Shaun himself.

What a picture primitive!

Had I the concordant wiseheads of Messrs Gregory and
Lyons
alongside of Dr Tarpey's and I dorsay the reverend Mr Mac
Dougall's, but I, poor ass, am but as their fourpart tinckler's
dunkey.

Yet methought Shaun (holy messenger angels be
uninterruptedly
nudging him among and along the winding ways of
random ever!) Shaun in proper person (now may all the
blueblacksliding
constellations continue to shape his changeable timetable!)

stood before me. And I pledge you my agricultural word
by the hundred and sixty odds rods and cones of this even's
vision that young fellow looked the stuff, the Bel of Beaus'
Walk, a prime card if ever was! Pep? Now without deceit it is
hardly too much to say he was looking grand, so fired smart,
in
much more than his usual health. No mistaking that beamish
brow! There was one for you that ne'er would nunch with
good
Duke Humphrey but would aight through the months without
a
sign of an err in hem and then, otherwise rounding, fourale to
the
lees of Traroe. Those jehovial oyeglances! The heart of the
rool!
And hit the hencoop. He was immense, topping swell for he
was
after having a great time of it, a twentyfour hours every
moment
matters maltsight, in a porterhouse, scutfrank, if you want to
know, Saint Lawzenge of Toole's, the Wheel of Fortune,
leave
your clubs in the hall and wait on yourself, no chucks for
walnut
ketchups, Lazenby's and Chutney graspis (the house the once
queen of Bristol and Balrothery twice admired because her
frumped door looked up Dacent Street) where in the sighed
of
lovely eyes while his knives of hearts made havoc he had
recruited
his strength by meals of spadefuls of mounded food, in
anticipation of the faste of tablenapkins, constituting his

threepartite

pranzipal meals *plus* a collation, his breakfast of first, a bless
us O blood and thirsthy orange, next, the half of a pint of
becon

with newled googs and a segment of riceplummy padding,
met

of sunder suigar and some cold forsoaken steak peatrefired
from

the batblack night o'erflown then, without prejuice to
evectuals,

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came along merendally his stockpot dinner of a half a pound
or

round steak, very rare, Blong's best from Portarlington's
Butchery,

with a side of riceypeasy and Corkshire alla mellonge and
bacon

with (a little mar pliche!) a pair of chops and thrown in from
the

silver grid by the proprietoress of the roastery who lives on
the

hill and gaulusch gravy and pumpernickel to wolp up and a
gorger's bulby onion (Margareter, Margaretar
Margarasticandearar)

and as well with second course and then finally, after
his avalunch oclock snack at Appelredt's or Kitzzy Braten's of
saddlebag steak and a Botherhim with her old phoenix portar,
jistr to gwen his gwistel and praties sweet and Irish too and
mock

gurgle to whistle his way through for the swallying, swp by
swp,

and he getting his tongue around it and Boland's broth broken

into the bargain, to his regret his soup pay avic nightcap,
vitellusit,
a carusal consistent with second course eyer and becon (the
rich
of) with broad beans, hig, steak, hag, pepper the diamond
bone
hotted up timmtomm and while'twas after that he scoffed a
drakeling
snuggily stuffed following cold loin of veal more cabbage
and
in their green free state a clister of peas, soppositorily petty,
last.
P.S. but a fingerhot of rheingenever to give the Pax cum
Spiritututu.
Drily thankful. Burud and dulse and typureely jam, all
free of charge, aman, and. And the best of wine *avec*. For his
heart was as big as himself, so it was, ay, and bigger! While
the
loaves are aflowering and the nachtingale jugs. All St Jilian's
of
Berry, hurrah there for tobies! Mabhrodaphne, brown pride
of our
custard house quay, amiable with repastful, cheerus
graciously,
cheer us! Ever of thee, Anne Lynch, he's deeply draiming!
Houseanna! Tea is the Highest! For auld lang Ayternitay!
Thus
thicker will he grow now, grew new. And better and better on
butterand butter. At the sign of Mesthress Vanhungrig.
However!
Mind you, nuckling down to nourritures, were they menuly
some

ham and jaffas, and I don't mean to make the ingestion for
the
moment that he was guilbey of gulpable gluttony as regards
chewable
boltaballs, but, biestings be biestings, and upon the whole,
when not off his oats, given prelove appetite and postlove
pricing
good coup, goodcheap, were it thermidor oogst or floreal
may

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while the whistling prairial roysters play, between
gormandising
and gourmeteering, he grubbed his tuck all right, deah
smorregos,
every time he was for doing dirt to a meal or felt like a bottle
of
ardilaun arongwith a smag of a lecker biss of a welldressed
taart
or. Though his net intrants wight weighed nought but a
flyblow
to his gross and ganz afterduepoise. And he was so jarvey
jaunty
with a romp of a schoolgirl's completion sitting pretty over
his
Oyster Monday print face and he was plainly out on the ramp
and
mash, as you might say, for he spoke.

Overture and beginners!

When lo (whish, O whish!) mesaw mestreamed, as the
green
to the gred was flew, was flown, through deafths of durkness

greengrown deeper I heard a voice, the voce of Shaun, vote
of
the Irish, voise from afar (and cert no purer puer palestrine
e'er
chanted panangelical mid the clouds of Tu es Petrus, not
Michaeleen Kelly, not Mara O'Mario, and sure, what more
numerosse Italicuss ever rawsucked frish uov in urinal?), a
brieze
to Yverzone o'er the brozaozaozing sea, from Inchigeela call
the way how it suspired (morepork! morepork!) to scented
nightlife as softly as the loftly marconimasts from Clifden
sough
open tireless secrets (mauveport! mauveport!) to Nova
Scotia's
listing sisterwands. Tubetube!

His handpalm lifted, his handshell cupped, his handsign
pointed,
his handheart mated, his handaxe risen, his handleaf fallen.
Helpsome hand that holemost heals! What is het holy! It
gested.

And it said:

—Alo, alas, aladdin, amobus! Does she lag soft fall
means
rest down? Shaun yawned, as his general address rehearsal,
(that was antepreviousday's pigeons-in-a-pie with rough
dough for the carrier and the hash-say-ugh of overgestern
pluzz
the 'stuesday's shampain in his head, with the memories of
the
past and the hicnuncs of the present embellishing the musics

of
the futures from Miccheruni's band) addressing himself *ex
alto*
and complaining with vocal discontent it was so close as of
the fact the rag was up and of the briefs and billpasses, a
houseful
of deadheads, of him to dye his paddycoats to morn his
hesternmost

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earning, his board in the swealth of his fate as, having
moistened his manducators upon the quiet and scooping
molars
and grinders clean with his two fore fingers, he sank his
hunk,
dowanouet to resk at once, exhaust as winded hare, utterly
spent,
it was all he could do (disgusted with himself that the
combined
weight of his tons of iosals was a hundred men's massed too
much
for him), upon the native heath he loved covered kneehigh
with
virgin bush, for who who e'er trod sod of Erin could ever
sleep
off the turf! Well, I'm liberally dished seeing myself in this
trim!
How all too unwordy am I, a mere mailman of peace, a poor
loust
hastehater of the first degree, the principot of Candia, no legs
and
a tide, for such eminence, or unpro promenade rather, to be
much

more exact, as to be the bearer extraordinary of these
postoomany
missive on his majesty's service while me and yous and them
we're
extending us after the pattern of reposiveness! Weh is me,
yeh is
ye! I, the mightif beam maircanny, which bit his mirth too
early
or met his birth too late! It should of been my other with his
leickname for he's the head and I'm an everdevoting fiend of
his.

I can seeze tomirror in tosdays of yer when we lofobsed os so
ker.

Those sembal simon pumpkel pieman yers! We shared the
twin
chamber and we winked on the one wench and what Sim
sobs
todie I'll reeve tomorry, for 'twill be, I have hopes of, Sam
Dizzier's feedst. Tune in, tune on, old Tighe, high, high, high,
I'm thine owelglass. Be old! He looks rather thin, imitating
me.

I'm very fond of that other of mine. Fish hands Macsorley!
Elien! Obsequies! Bonzeye! Isaac Egari's Ass! We're the
musichall

pair that won the swimmyease bladders at the Guinness
gala in Badeniveagh. I ought not to laugh with him on this
stage.

But he' such a game loser! I lift my disk to him. Brass and
reeds,
brace and ready! How is your napper, Handy, and hownow
does
she stand? First he was living to feel what the eldest daughter

she was
panseying and last he was dying to know what old Madre
Patriack
does be up to. Take this John's Lane in your toastingfourch.
Shaunti
and shaunti and shaunti again! And twelve coolinder moons!
I am no helotwashipper but I revere her! For my own coant!
She
has studied! Piscisvendolor! You're grace! Futs dronk of
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Wouldndom! But, Gemini, he's looking frightfully thin! I
heard
the man Shee shinging in the pantry bay. Down among the
dustbins
let him lie! Ear! Ear! Not ay! Eye! Eye! For I'm at the heart
of it. Yet I cannot on my solemn merits as a recitativer
recollect
ever having done of anything of the kind to deserve of such.
Not the phost of a nation! Nor by a long trollop! I just didn't
have
the time to. Saint Anthony Guide!

—But have we until now ever besought you, dear Shaun,
we
remembered, who it was, good boy, to begin with, who out of
symphony gave you the permit?

—Goodbye now, Shaun replied, with a voice pure as a
churchmode,
in echo rightdainty, with a good catlick tug at his cocomoss
candylock, a foretaste in time of his cabbageous brain's
curlyflower. Athiacaro! Comb his tar odd gee sing your
mower

O meeow? Greet thee Good? How are them columbuses!
Lard
have mustard on them! Fatiguing, very fatiguing. Hobos
hornknees
and the corveecture of my spine. Poumeerme! My heaviest
crux and dairy lot it is, with a bed as hard as the
thinkamuddles
of the Greeks and a board as bare as a Roman altar. I'm off
rabbited kitchens and relief porridgers. No later than a very
few
fortnichts since I was meeting on the Thinker's Dam with a
pair
of men out of glasshouse whom I shuffled hands with named
MacBlacks—I think their names is MacBlakes—from the
Headfire
Clump—and they were improving me and making me beliek
no
five hour factory life with insufficient emollient and
industrial
disabled for them that day o'gratises. I have the highest
gratification
by anouncing how I have it from whowho but Hagios
Colleenkiller's prophecies. After suns and moons, dews and
wettings, thunders and fires, comes sabotag. *Solvitur
palumballando!*
Tilvido! Adie!

—Then, we explained, salve a tour, ambly andy, you
possibly
might be so by order?

—Forgive me, Shaun repeated from his liquid lipes, not
what

I wants to do a strike of work but it was condemned on me
premitially
by Hireark Books and Chiefoverseer Cooks in their
Eusebian Concordant Homilies and there does be a power
coming

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over me that is put upon me from on high out of the book of
breedings and so as it is becoming hairydittary I have of
coerce

nothing in view to look forward at unless it is Swann and
beating

the blindquarters out of my oldfellow's orologium oloss
olorium.

A bad attack of maggot it feels like. 'Tis trope, custodian
said. Almost might I say of myself, while keeping out of
crime,

I am now becoming about fed up be going circulating about
them

new hikler's highways like them nameless souls, ercked and
skorned

and grizzild all over, till it's rusty October in this bleak forest
and was veribally complussed by thinking of the crater of
some

noted volcano or the Dublin river or the catchalot trouth
subsidity

as away out or to isolate i from my multiple Mes on the
spits of Lumbage Island or bury meself, clogs, coolcellar and
all,

deep in my wineupon ponteen unless Morrissey's colt could
help

me or the gander maybe at 49 as it is a tithe fish so it is, this
pig's stomach business, and where on dearth or in the

miraculous
meddle of this expending ununiverse to turn since it came
into
my hands I am hopeless off course to be doing anything
concerning.

—We expect you are, honest Shaun, we agreed, but from
franking machines, limricked, that in the end it may well turn
out,
we hear to be you, our belated, who will bear these open
letter.
Speak to us of Emailia.

—As, Shaun replied patly, with tootlepick tact too and a
down of his dampers, to that I have the gumpower and, by
the
benison of Barbe, that is a lock to say with everything, my
beloved.

—Would you mind telling us, Shaun honey, beg little big
moreboy, we proposed to such a dear youth, where mostly
are
you able to work. Ah, you might! Whimper and we shall.

—Here! Shaun replied, while he was fondling one of his
cowheel cuffs. There's no sabbath for nomads and I mostly
was
able to walk, being too soft for work proper, sixty odd eilish
mires a week between three masses a morn and two chaplets
at
eve. I am always telling those pedestriasts, my answerers,
Top,
Sid and Huckey, now (and it is a veriest throth as the thieves'
rescension)

how it was forstold for me by brevet for my vacation
in life while possessing stout legs to be disbarred after holy
orders
from unnecessary servile work of reckless walking of all
sorts for
the relics of my time for otherwise by my so douching I
would
get into a blame there where sieves fall out, Excelsior tips the
best.
Weak stop work stop walk stop whoak. Go thou this island,
one
housesleep there, then go thou other island, two housesleep
there,
then catch one nightmaze, then home to dearies. Never back
a
woman you defend, never get quit of a friend on whom you
depend, never make face to a foe till he's rife and never get
stuck
to another man's pfife. Amen, ptah! His hungry will be done!
On
the continent as in Eironesia. But believe me in my
simplicity I am
awful good, I believe, so I am, at the root of me, praised be
right
cheek Discipline! And I can now truthfully declaret before
my
Geity's Pantokreator with my fleshfettered palms on the
epizzles
of the apossels that I do my reasonabler's best to recite my
grocery
beans for mummy *mit* dummy *mot* muthar *mat* bonzar

regular,
genuflections enclosed. Hek domov muy, there thou beest on
the
hummock, ghee up, ye dog, for your daggily broth, etc.,
Happy
Maria and Glorious Patrick, etc., etc. In fact, always, have I
believe. Greedo! Her's me hongue!

—And it is the fullsoot of a tarabred. Yet one minute's
observation,
dear dogmestic Shaun, as we point out how you have
while away painted our town a wearing greenridinghued.

—O murder mere, how did you hear? Shaun replied,
smoiling
the ily way up his lampsleeve (it just seemed the natural
thing
to do), so shy of light was he then. Well, so be it! The gloom
hath
rays, her lump is love. And I will confess to have, yes. Your
diogneses is anonest man's. Thrubedore I did! Inditty I did.
All lay
I did. Down with the Saozon ruze! And I am afraid it
wouldn't
be my first coat's wasting after striding on the vampire and
blazing
on the focoal. See! blazing on the focoal. As see! blazing
upon
the foe. Like the regular redshank I am. Impregnable as the
mule
himself. Somebody may perhaps hint at an aughter
impression
of I was wrong. No such a thing! You never made a more

freudful

mistake, excuse yourself! What's pork to you means meat to

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me while you behold how I be eld. But it is grandiose by my ways of thinking from the prophecies. New worlds for all!

And

they were scotographically arranged for gentlemen only by a scripchever in whofoundland who finds he is a relative. And it

was with my extravert davy. Like glue. Be through.

Moyhard's

davnoight, tomthumb. Phwum!

—How mielodorous is thy bel chant, O songbird, and how

exqueezit thine after draught! *Buccinate in Emenia tuba insigni*

volumnitatis tuae. But do you mean, O phausdheen phewn, from

Pontoffbellek till the Kisslemerched our ledan triz will be? we

gathered substantively whether furniture would or verdure varnish?

—It is a confoundyous injective so to say, Shaun the fiery boy shouted, naturally incensed, as he shook the red pepper out

of his auricles. And another time please confine your glaring intinuations

to some other mordant body. What on the physiog of this furnaced planet would I be doing besides your verjuice?

That is more than I can fix, for the teom bihan, anyway. So

let I

and you now kindly drop that, angryman! That's not French
pastry. You can take it from me. Understand me when I tell
you

(and I will ask you not to whisple, cry golden or quoth
mecback)

that under the past purcell's office, so deeply deplored by my
erstwhile elder friend, Miss Enders, poachmistress and gay
receiver

ever for in particular to the Scotie Poor Men's Thousand
Gallon Cow Society (I was thinking of her in sthore)
allbethy

blessed with twentytwo thousand sorters out of a biggest
poss

of twentytwo thousand, mine's won, too much privet
stationery

and safty quipu was ate up larchly by those nettlesome goats
out of pension greed. *Colpa di Becco, buon apartita!*

Proceeding,

I will say it is also one of my avowal's intentions, at some
time

pease Pod pluse murthers of gout (when I am not prepared to
say)

so apt as my pen is upt to scratch, to compound quite the
makings

of a verdigrease savingsbook in the form of a pair of capri
sheep boxing gloves surrounding this matter of the Welsfusel
mascoteers and their sindy buck that saved a city for my
publickers,

Nolaner and Brown, Nickil Hopstout, Christcross, so long
as,

thanks to force of destiny, my selary as a paykelt is
propaired,
and there is a peg under me and there is a tum till me.

To the Very Honourable The Memory of Disgrace, the
Most
Noble, Sometime Sweepearl at the Service of the Writer.
Salutem
dicint. The just defunct Mrs Sanders who (the Loyd insure
her!) I was shift and shuft too, with her shester Mrs
Shunders,
both mudical dauctors from highschoolhorse and aslyke as
Easther's leggs. She was the niceliest person of a wellteached
nonparty
woman that I ever acquired her letters, only too fat, used
to babies and tottydean verbish this is her entertermentdags
for
she shuk the bottle and tuk the medascene all times a day.
She
was well under ninety, poor late Mrs, and had tastes of the
poetics,
me having stood the pilgarlick a fresh at sea when the moon
also
was standing in a corner of sweet Standerson my ski. P.L.M.
Mevrouw von Andersen was her whogave me a
muttonbrooch,
stakkers for her begfirst party. Honour thy farmer and my
litters.
This, my tears, is my last will intesticle wrote off in the
strutforit about their absent female assauciations which I, or
perhaps
any other person what squaton a toffette, have the honour

to had upon their polite sophykussens in the real presence of devoted

Mrs Grumby when her skin was exposed to the air. O what must the grief of my mund be for two little ptpt coolies worth twenty thousand quad herewitdnessed with both's maddlemass wishes to Pepette for next match from their dearly

beloved Roggers, M.D.D. O.D. May doubling drop of drooght!

Writing.

—Hopsoloosely kidding you are totether with your cadenus and goat along nose how we shall complete that white paper. Two venusstas! Biggerstiff! Qweer but gaon! Be trouz and wholetrouz! Otherwise, frank Shaun, we pursued, what would be the autobiography of your softbodied fumiform?

—Hooraymost! None whomsoever, Shaun replied, Heavenly blank! (he had intentended and was peering now rather close to the paste of his rubiny winklering) though it ought to be more or less rawcawcaw romantical. By the wag, how is Mr Fry? All of it, I might say, in ex-voto, pay and perks and wooden halfpence,

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some rhino, rhine, O joyoust rhine, was handled over spondaneously by me (and bundle end to my illwishers' Miss Anders;

she woor her wraith of ruins the night she lost I left!) in the
ligname
of Mr van Howten of Tredcastles, Clowntalkin, timbreman,
among
my prodigits nabobs and navious of every subscription
entitled
the Bois in the Boscoor, our evicted tenemants. What I say is
(and
I am noen roehorn or culkilt permit me to tell you, if
uninformed),
I never spont it. Nor have I the ghuest of innation on me the
way
to. It is my rule so. It went anyway like hot pottagebake. And
this brings me to my fresh point. Quoniam, I am as plain as
portable enveloped, inhowmuch, you will now parably
receive,
care of one of Mooseyeare Goonness's registered
andouterthus
barrels. Quick take um whiffat andrainit. Now!

—So vi et! we responded. Song! Shaun, song! Have
mood!
Hold forth!

—I apologuise, Shaun began, but I would rather spinooze
you one from the grimm gests of Jacko and Esaup, fable one,
feeble too. Let us here consider the casus, my dear little
cousis
(husstenhasstencaffincoffintussemtoossemdamandamnacosagh
cusa-
ghhobixhatouxpeswchbechoscashlcarcaract) of the Ondt
and
the Gracehoper.

The Gracehoper was always jiggling ajog, hoppy on
akkant
of his joyicity, (he had a partner pair of findlestilts to
supplant
him), or, if not, he was always making ungraceful overtures
to
Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespatilla to play pupa-pupa
and
pulicy-pulicy and langtennas and pushpygyddyum and to
commence
insects with him, there mouthparts to his oreifice and his
gambills to there airy processes, even if only in chaste,
ameng
the everlistings, behold a waspering pot. He would of curse
melissciously, by his fore feelhers, flexors, contractors,
depressors
and extensors, lamely, harry me, marry me, bury me, bind
me, till she was puce for shame and allso fourmish her in
Spinner's
housery at the earthsbest schoppinhour so summery as his
cottage, which was cald fourmillierly Tingsomingenting,
groped
up. Or, if he was always striking up funny funereels with
Besterfarther
Zeuts, the Aged One, with all his wigearred corollas,
albedinous

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and oldbuoyant, inscythe his elytrical wormcasket and
Dehlia and Peonia, his druping nymphs, bewheedling him,
compound
eyes on hornitosehead, and Auld Letty Plussiboots to
scratch his cacumen and cackle his tramsitus, diva deborah

(seven
bolls of sapo, a lick of lime, two spurts of fussfor, threefurts
of
sulph, a shake o'shouker, doze grains of migniss and a
mesfull of
midcap pitchies. The whool of the whaal in the wheel of the
whorl of the Boubou from Bourneum has thus come to
taon!),
and with tambarins and cantoridettes soturning around his
eggshell
rockcoach their dance McCaper in retrophoebia, beck from
bulk, like fantastic disossed and jenny aprils, to the ra, the ra,
the
ra, the ra, langsome heels and langsome toesis, attended to by
a
mutter and doffer duffmatt baxingmotch and a myrmidins of
pszozlers pszinging *Satyr's Caudledayed Nice* and *Hombly,
Dombly Sod We Awhile* but *Ho, Time Timeagen, Wake!* For if
sciencium (what's what) can mute uns nought, 'a thought,
about the Great Sommboddy within the Omniboss,
perhops an
artsaccord (hoot's hoot) might sing ums tumtim abutt the
Little
Newbuddies that ring his panch. A high old tide for the
barheated
publics and the whole day as gratiis! Fudder and lighting
for ally looty, any filly in a fog, for O'Cronione lags
acrumbling
in his sands but his sunsunsuns still tumble on. Erething
above
ground, as his Book of Breathings bed him, so as everwhy,

sham

or shunner, zeemliangly to kick time.

Grouscious me and scarab my sahul! What a bagateller it is!

Libelulous! Inzanzarity! Pou! Pschla! Ptuh! What a zeit for the

goths! vented the Ondt, who, not being a sommerfool, was thothfolly making chilly spaces at hisphex affront of the icinglass

of his windhame, which was cold antitopically

Nixnixundnix.

We shall not come to party at that lopp's, he decided possibly, for he is not on our social list. Nor to Ba's berial nether, thon sloghard, this oldeborre's yaar ablong as there's a khul on a khat.

Nefersenless, when he had safely looked up his ovipository, he

loftet hails and prayed: May he me no voida water! Seekit Hatup!

May no he me tile pig shed on! Suckit Hotup! As broad as Beppy's realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish! As high as

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Heppy's hev'n shall flurrish my haine shall hurrish! Shall grow,

shall flourish! Shall hurrish! Hummum.

The Ondt was a weltall fellow, raummybult and abelboobied,

bynear saw altitudinous wee a schelling in kopfers. He was sair

sair sullemn and chairmanlooking when he was not making

spaces

in his psyche, but, laus! when he wore making spaces on his
ikey,

he ware mouche mothst secrod and muravyingly
wisechairmanlooking.

Now whim the sillybilly of a Gracehoper had jingled
through a jungle of love and debts and jangled through a
jumble

of life in doubts afterworse, wetting with the bimblebeaks,
drikking

with nautonects, bilking with durrydunglecks and horing
after ladybirdies (*ichnehmon diagelegenaitoikon*) he fell
joust as

sieck as a sexton and tantoo pooveroo quant a churchprince,
and

wheer the midges to wend hemsylph or vosch to sirch for
grub

for his corapusse or to find a hospes, alick, he wist gnit!

Bruko

dry! fuko spint! Sultamont osa bare! And volomundo osi
videvide!

NichtsnichtsunDNichts! Not one pickopeck of muscowmoney
to bag a tittlebits of beebread! Iomio! Iomio! Crick's
corbicule, which a plight! O moy Bog, he contrited with
melanctholly.

Meblizzered, him sluggered! I am heartily hungry!

He had eaten all the whilepaper, swallowed the lustres,
devoured

forty flights of styearcases, chewed up all the mensas and
seccles, ronged the records, made mundballs of the
ephemerids

and vorasioused most glutinously with the very timeplace in
the
ternitary—not too dusty a cicada of neutriment for a
chittinous
chip so mitey. But when Chrysalmas was on the bare
branches,
off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll
and
he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the
grillies in his head and the leivnits in his hair made him
thought
he had the Tossmania. Had he twicycled the sees of the deed
and trestraversed their revermer? Was he come to hevre with
his
engiles or gone to hull with the poop? The June snows was
flocking in thuckflues on the hegelstomes, millipeeds of it
and
myriopoods, and a lugly whizzling tournedos, the
Boraborayellers,
blohablasting tegolhuts up to tetties and ruching sleets off
the coppeehouses, playing ragnowrock rignewreck, with an
irritant,

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penetrant, siphonopterous spuk. Grausssssss! Opr!
Grausssssss! Opr!

The Gracehoper who, though blind as batflea, yet knew,
not
a leettle beetle, his good smetterling of entymology asped
nissunitimost
lous nor liceens but promptly tossed himself in the
vico, phthin and phthir, on top of his buzzer, tezzily
wondering

where would his luck alight or boss of both appease and the
next time he makes the acquaintance of the Ondt after this
they
have met themselves, these mouschical umsummables, it
shall be
motylucky if he will beheld not a world of differentes.
Behailed
His Gross the Ondt, prostrandvorous upon his dhrone, in his
Papylonian babooshkees, smolking a spatial brunt of Hosana
cigals, with unshrinkables farfalling from his unthinkablees,
swarming of himself in his sunnyroom, sated before his
comfortumble
phullupsuppy of a plate o'monkynous and a confucion
of minthe (for he was a conformed aceticist and aristotaller),
as
appi as a oneysucker or a baskerboy on the Libido, with Floh
biting his leg thigh and Luse lugging his luff leg and Bieni
bussing
him under his bonnet and Vespatilla blowing cosy fond
tutties
up the allabroad length of the large of his smalls. As
entomate
as intimate could pinchably be. Emmet and demmet and be
jiltsees
crazed and be jadeses whipt! schneezed the Gracehoper,
aguepe
with ptchjelasys and at his wittol's indts, what have
eyeforsight!

The Ondt, that true and perfect host, a spiter aspinne, was
making the greatest spass a body could with his queens
laceswinging

for he was spizzing all over him like thingsumanything
in formicolation, boundlessly blissfilled in an allallahbath of
houris. He was ameising himself hugely at crabround and
marypose,
chasing Floh out of charity and tickling Luse, I hope too,
and tackling Bienie, faith, as well, and jucking Vespatilla
jukely
by the chimiche. Never did Dorsan from Dunshanagan dance
it
with more devilry! The veripatetic imago of the impossible
Gracehoper on his odderkop in the myre, after his thrice
ephemeral
journeys, sans mantis ne shooshooe, featherweighed
animule, actually and presumptuably sinctifying chronic's
despair,
was sufficiently and probably coccoo much for his chorous

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of gravitates. Let him be Artalone the Weeps with his
parisites
peeling off him I'll be Highfee the Crackasider. Flunkey
Footle
furloughed foul, writing off his phoney, but Conte Carme
makes
the melody that mints the money. *Ad majorem l.s.d.! Divi
gloriam.*
A darkener of the threshold. Haru? Orimis, capsizer of his
antboat,
sekketh rede from Evil-it-is, lord of loaves in Amongded.
Be it! So be it! Thou-who-thou-art, the fleet-as-spindrifft,
impfang thee of mine wideheight. Haru!

The thing pleased him andt, and andt,

*He larved ond he larved on he merd such a nauses
The Gracehoper feared he would mixplace his fauces.
I forgive you, grondt Ondt, said the Gracehoper, weeping,
For their sukes of the sakes you are safe in whose
keeping.*

*Teach Floh and Luse polkas, show Bienie where's sweet
And be sure Vespatilla fines fat ones to heat.*

*As I once played the piper I must now pay the count
So saida to Moyhammlet and marhaba to your Mount!*

*Let who likes lump above so what flies be a full 'un;
I could not feel moregruggy if this was prompollen.*

*I pick up your reproof, the horsegift of a friend,
For the prize of your save is the price of my spend.*

*Can castwhores pulladefkiss if oldpollocks forsake 'em
Or Culex feel etchy if Pulex don't wake him?*

A locus to loue, a term it t'embarass,

These twain are the twins that tick Homo Vulgaris.

Has Aquileone nort winged to go syf

Since the Gwyfyn we were in his farrest drewbryf

And that Accident Man not beseeked where his story ends

*Since longsephyring sighs sought heartseast for their
orience?*

*We are Wastenot with Want, precondamned, two and true,
Till Nolans go volants and Bruneyes come blue.*

*Ere those gidflirts now gadding you quit your mocks for
my gropes*

An extense must impull, an elapse must elopes,

Of my tectucs takestock, tinktact, and ail's weal;

As I view by your farlook hale yourself to my heal.

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*Partiprise my thinwhins whiles my blink points unbroken
on*

*Your whole's whercabroads with Tout's trightyright token
on.*

*My in risible universe youdly haud find
Sulch oxtrabeeforeness meat soveal behind.*

*Your feats end enormous, your volumes immense,
(May the Graces I hoped for sing your Ondtship song
sense!),*

*Your genus its worldwide, your spacest sublime!
But, Holy Saltmartin, why can't you beat time?*

In the name of the former and of the latter and of their
holocaust.

Allmen.

—Now? How good you are in explosion! How farflung
is
your fokloire and how velktingeling your volupkabulary! *Qui
vive sparanto qua muore contanto.* O foibler, O flip, you've
that
wandervogl wail withyin! It falls easily upon the earopen and
goes
down the friskly shortiest like treacling tumtim with its
tingtingtaggle.
The blarneyest blather in all Corneywall! But could you,
of course, decent Lettrechaun, we knew (to change your
name of
not your nation) while still in the barrel, read the
strangewrote
anaglyptics of those shemletters patent for His Christian's
Em?

—Greek! Hand it to me! Shaun replied, plosively
pointing to
the cinnamon quistoquill behind his acoustrolobe. I'm as
afterdusk
nobly Roman as pope and water could christen me. Look
at that for a ridingpin! I am, thing Sing Larynx, letter potent
to
play the sem backwards like Oscan wild or in shunt Persse
transluding
from the Otherman or off the Toptic or anything off the
types of my finklers in the draught or with buttles, with my
oyes
thickshut and all. But, hellas, it is harrobrew bad on the corns
and
callouses. As far as that goes I associate myself with your
remark
just now from theodicy *re'*furloined notepaper and quite
agree in
your prescriptions for indeed I am, pay Gay, in juxtaposition
to
say it is not a nice production. It is a pinch of scribble, not
wortha bottle of cabbis. Overdrawn! Puffedly offal tosh!
Besides
its auctionable, all about crime and libel! Nothing beyond
clerical horrors *et omnibus* to be entered for the foreign as
secondclass
matter. The fuellest filth ever fired since Charley Lucan's.

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Flummery is what I would call it if you were to ask me to put
it
on a single dimension what pronounced opinion I might
possibly

orally have about them bagges of trash which the mother and
Mr Unmentionable (O breed not his same!) has reduced to
writing
without making news out of my sootynemm. When she
slipped under her couchman. And where he made a cat with a
peep. How they wore two madges on the makewater. And
why
there were treefellers in the shrubrubs. Then he hawks his
handmud
figgers from Francie to Fritzie down in the kookin. Phiz
is me mother and Hair's me father. Bauv Betty Famm and Pig
Pig Pike. Their livetree (may it flourish!) by their ecotaph
(let it
stayne!). With balsinbal bimbies swarming tiltop. Comme
bien,
Comme bien! Feefeel! Feefeel! And the Dutches dyin loffin
at
his pon peck de Barec. And all the mound reared. Till he wot
not
wot to begin he should. An infant sailing eggshells on the
floor
of a wet day would have more sabby.

Letter, carried of Shaun, son of Hek, written of Shem,
brother
of Shaun, uttered for Alp, mother of Shem, for Hek, father of
Shaun. Initialled. Gee. Gone. 29 Hardware Saint. Lendet till
Laonum. Baile-Atha-Cliath. 31 Jan. 1132 A.D. Here
Commerces
Enville. Tried Apposite House. 13 Fitzgibbets. Loco.
Dangerous. Tax 9d. B.L. Guineys, esqueer. L.B. Not known
at

1132 a. 12 Norse Richmond. Nave unlodgeable. Loved
noa's

dress. Sinned, Jetty Pierrse. Noon sick parson. 92
Windsewer.

Ave. No such no. Vale. Finn's Hot. Exbelled from 1014 d.
Pulldown.

Fearview. Opened by Miss Take. 965 nighumpedlan
sextiffits.

Shout at Site. Roofloss. Fit Dunlop and Be Satisfied. Mr.
Domnall O'Domnally. Q.V. 8 Royal Terrors. None so strait.
Shutter up. Dining with the Danes. Removed to Philip's
Burke.

At sea. D.E.D. Place scent on. Clontalk. Father Jacob, Rice
Factor. 3 Castlewoos. P.V. Arrusted. J.P. Converted to
Hospitalism.

Ere the March past of Civilisation. Once Bank of Ireland's.
Return to City Arms. 2 Milchbroke. Wrongly spilled.
Traumcondraws.

Now Bunk of England's. Drowned in the Laffey. Here.
The Reverest Adam Foundlitter. Shown geshotten. 7
Streetpetres.

Since Cabranke. Seized of the Crownd. Well, Sir Arthur. Buy

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Patersen's Matches. Unto his promisk hands. Blown up last
Lemmas by Orchid Lodge. Search Unclaimed Male. House
Condamned

by Ediles. Back in Few Minutes. Closet for Repeers. 60
Shellburn. Key at Kate's. Kiss. Isaac's Butt, Poor Man.
Dalicious

arson. Caught. Missing. Justiciated. Kainly forewarred.
Abraham

Badly's King, Park Bogey. Salved. All reddy berried. Hollow

and

eavy. Desert it. Overwayed. Understrumped. Back to the P.O.
Kaer of. Ownes owe M.O. Too Let. To Be Soiled. Cohabited
by Unfortunates. Lost all Licence. His Bouf Toe is Frozen
Over.

X, Y and Z, Ltd, Destinied Tears. A.B, ab, Sender. Boston
(Mass). 31 Jun. 13, 12. P.D. Razed. Lawyered. Vacant.
Mined.

Here's the Bayleaffs. Step out to Hall out of that, Ereweaker,
with your Bloody Big Bristol. Bung. Stop. Bung. Stop.

Cumm

Bumm. Stop. Came Baked to Auld Aireen. Stop.

—Kind Shaun, we all requested, much as we hate to say
it,
but since you rose to the use of money have you not, without
suggesting for an instant, millions of moods used up
slanguage
tun times as words as the penmarks used out in sinscript with
such
hesitancy by your cerebrated brother—excuse me not
mentioningahem?

—CelebrAted! Shaun replied under the sheltar of his
broguish,
vigorously rubbing his magic lantern to a glow of
fullconsciousness.
HeCitEncy! Your words grates on my ares.
Notorious I rather would feel inclined to myself in the first
place
to describe Mr O'Shem the Draper with before letter as
should
I be accentually called upon for a dieoguinnsis to pass my

opinions,
properly spewing, into impulsory irelitz. But I would not care
to
be so unfruitful to my own part as to swear for the moment
positively
as to the views of Denmark. No, sah! But let me say my
every belief before my high Gee is that I much doubt of it.
I've no
room for that fellow on my fagroaster, I just can't. As I
hourly
learn from Rooters and Havers through Gilligan's maypoles
in
a nice pathetic notice he, the pixillated doodler, is on his last
with
illegible clergimanths boasting always of his ruddy
complexious!
She, the mammy far, was put up to it by him, the iniquity that
ought to be depraved of his libertins to be silenced,
sackclothed

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and suspended, and placed in irons into some drapyery
institution
off the antipopees for wordsharping only if he was klanver
enough
to pass the panel fleischcurers and the fieldpost censor. Gach!
For that is a fullblown fact and well celibated before the four
divorce courts and all the King's paunches, how he has the
solitary from seeing Scotch snakes and has a lowsense for the
production
of consumption and dalickey cyphalos on his brach
premises where he can purge his contempt and dejeunerate
into a

skillyton be thinking himself to death. Rot him! Flannelfeet!
Flattyro!
I will describe you in a word. Thou. (I beg your pardon.)
Homo! Then putting his bedfellow on me! (like into mike
and
nick onto post). The criniman: I'll give it to him for that!
Making
the lobbard change hisstops, as we say in the long book! Is
he
on whosekeeping or are my! Obnoximost posthumust! With
his
unique hornbook and his prince of the apauper's pride,
blundering
all over the two worlds! If he waits till I buy him a
mosselman's
present! Ho's nos halfcousin of mine, pigdish! Nor wants
to! I'd famish with the cuistha first. Aham!

—May we petition you, Shaun illustrious, then, to put his
prentis' pride in your aproper's purse and to unravel in your
own
sweet way with words of style to your very and most
obsequient,
we suggested, with yet an esiop's foible, as to how?

—Well it is partly my own, isn't it? and you may, ought
and
welcome, Shaun replied, taking at the same time, as his
hunger
got the bitter of him, a hearty bite out of the honeycomb of
his
Braham and Melosedible hat, tryone, tryon and triune. Ann
wunkum.

Sure, I thunkum you knew all about that, honorey causes,
through thelemontary channels long agum. Sure, that is as
old as
the Baden bees of Saint Dominoc's and as commonpleas now
to
allus pueblows and bunkum as Nelson his trifulgurayous
pillar.

However. Let me see, do. Beerman's bluff was what begun it,
Old

Knoll and his borrowing! And then the liliens of the veldt,
Nancy

Nickies and Folletta Lajambe! Then mem and hem and the
jaquejack.

All about Wucherer and righting his name for him. I regret
to announce, after laying out his litterery bed, for two days
she

kept squealing down for noisy priors and bawling out to her

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jameymock farceson in Shemish like a mouther of the incas
with

a garcielasso huw Ananymus pinched her tights and about
the

Balt with the markshaire parawag and his loyal divorces,
when he

feraxiously shed ovas in Alemaney, tse tse, all the tell of the
tud

with the bourighevisien backclack, and him, the cribibber
like an

ambitrickster, aspiring like the decan's, fast aslooped in the
intrace

to his polthronechair with his sixth finger between his
catseye

and the index, making his pillgrimace of Childe Horrid,
engrossing
to his ganderpan what the idioglossary he invented under
hicks hyssop! Hock! Ickick gav him that toock, imitator! And
it
was entirely theck latter to blame. Does he drink because I
am sorely
there shall be no more Kates and Nells. If you see him it took
place there. It was given meeck, thank the Bench, to assist at
the
whole thing byck special chancery licence. As often as I
think of
that unbloody housewarmer, Shem Skrivenitch, always
cutting
my prhose to please his phrase, bogorror, I declare I get the
jawache! Be me punting his reflection he'd begin his
beogrefright
in muddyass ribalds. Digteter! Grundtsagar! Swop beef!
You know he's peculiar, that eggshicker, with the smell of
old
woman off him, to suck nothing of his switchedupes. M.D.
made
his *ante mortem* for him. He was grey at three, like sygnus
the
swan, when he made his boo to the public and barnacled up
to the
eyes when he repented after seven. The alum that winters on
his
top is the stale of the staun that will soar when he stumbles
till
that hag of the coombe rapes the pad off his lock. He was
down

with the whooping laugh at the age of the loss of reason the
whopping first time he prediseased me. He's weird, I tell you,
and
middayevil down to his vegetable soul. Never mind his falls
feet and his tanbark complexion. That's why he was
forbidden
tomate and was warmed off the ricecourse of marrimoney,
under
the Helpless Corpses Enactment. I'm not at all surprised the
saint
kicked him whereby the sum taken Berkeley showed the
reason
genrously. *Negas, negasti*—negertop, negertoe, negertoby,
negrunter!
Then he was pusched out of Thingamuddy's school
by Miss Garterd, for itching. Then he caught the europicolas
and
went into the society of jewses. With Bro Cahlls and Fran
Czeschs

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and Bruda Pszths and Brat Slavos. One temp when he foiled
to
be killed, the freak wanted to put his bilingual head
intentionally
through the *Ikish Tames* and go and join the clericy as a
demonican
skyterrier. Throwing dust in the eyes of the Hooley Fermers!
He used to be avowdeed as he ought to be vitandist. For
onced I squeaked by twyst I'll squelch him. Then he went to
Cecilia's treat on his solo to pick up Galen. Asbestopoulos!
Inkupot!
He has encaust in the blood. Shim! I have the outmost

contempt

for. Prost bitten! Conshy! Tiberia is waiting on you, arestocrank! Chaka a seagull ticket at Gattabuia and Gabbiano's!

Go o'er the sea, haythen, from me and leave your libber to TCD.

Your puddin is cooked! You're served, cram ye! Fatefully yaourth . . . Ex. Ex. Ex. Ex.

—But for what, thrice truthful teller, Shaun of grace? weakly we went on to ask now of the gracious one. Vouchsafe to say. You will now, goodness, won't you? Why?

—For his root language, if you ask me whys, Shaun replied, as he blessed himself devotionally like a crawsbomb, making act of oblivion, footinmouther! (what the thickuns else?) which he picksticked into his lettruce invrention. Ullhodturdenweirmud-gaardgringnirurdrmolnirfenrirlukkilokkibaugimandodrrerin-surtkrinmgernrackinarockar! Thor's for yo!

—The hundredlettered name again, last word of perfect language.

But you could come near it, we do suppose, strong Shaun O', we foresupposed. How?

—Peax! Peax! Shaun replied in vealar penultimatum. 'Tis pebils before Sweeney's as he swigged a slug of Jon Jacobsen from his treestem sucker cane. Mildbut likesome! I might as well be talking to the four waves till tibbes grey eyes and the

rests asleep. Frost! Nope! No one in his seven senses could
as

I have before said, only you missed my drift, for it's being
incendiary.

Every dimmed letter in it is a copy and not a few of the
silbils and wholly words I can show you in my Kingdom of
Heaven. The lowquacity of him! With his threestar
monothong!

Thaw! The last word in stolentelling! And what's more
rightdown

lowbrown schisthematic robblemint! Yes. As he was rising

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my lather. Like you. And as I was plucking his goosybone.

Like

yea. He store the tale of me shur. Like yup. How's that for
Shemese?

—Still in a way, not to flatter you, we fancy you that you
are
so strikingly brainy and well letterread in yourshelves as ever
were

the Shamous Shamonous, Limited, could use worse of
yourself, ingenious

Shaun, we still so fancied, if only you would take your
time so and the trouble of so doing it. Upu now!

—Undoubtedly but that is show, Shaun replied, the
muttermelk

of his blood donor beginning to work, and while innocent
of disseminating the foul emanation, it would be a fall day I
could not, sole, so you can keep your space and by the power
of

blurry wards I am loyable to do it (I am convicted of it!) any

time

ever I liked (bet ye fippence off me boot allowance!) with the
allergrossest transfusiasm as, you see, while I can soroquise
the

Siamanish better than most, it is an openear secret, be it said,
how I am extremely ingenuous at the clerking even with my
badily left and, arrah go braz, I'd pinsel it with
immenuensoes

as easy as I'd perorate a chickerow of beans for the price of
two

maricles and my trifolium librotto, the authordux Book of
Lief,

would, if given to daylight, (I hold a most incredible faith
about

it) far exceed what that bogus bolshy of a shame, my
soamheis

brother, Gaoy Fecks, is conversant with in audible black and
prink. Outragedy of poetscaids! Acomedy of letters! I have
them all, tame, deep and harried, in my mine's I. And one of
these fine days, man dear, when the mood is on me, that I
may willhap cut my throat with my tongue tonight but I will
be ormuzd moved to take potlood and introvent it Paatryk
just

like a work of merit, mark my words and append to my mark
twang, that will open your pucktricker's ops for you, broather
brooher, only for, as a papst and an immature and a
nayophight

and a *spaciaman spaciosum* and a hundred and eleven other
things,

I would never for anything take so much trouble of such
doing.

And why so? Because I am altogether a chap too fly and

hairyman

for to infradig the like of that ultravirulence. And by all I
hold

sacred on earth clouds and in heaven I swear to you on my
piop

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and oath by the awe of Shaun (and that's a howl of a name!)
that

I will commission to the flames any incendiarist whosoever
or

ahriman howsoclever who would endeavour to set ever
annyma

roner moother of mine on fire. Rock me julie but I will soho!

And, with that crickcrackcruck of his threelungged
squool

from which grief had usupped every smile, big hottempered
husky fusky krenfy strenfy pugiliser, such as he was, he
virtually

broke down on the mooherhead, getting quite jerry over her,
overpowered by himself with the love of the tearsilver that
he twined through her hair for, sure, he was the soft
semplgawn

slob of the world with a heart like Montgomery's in his
showchest

and harvey loads of feeling in him and as innocent and
undesignful

as the freshfallen calef. Still, grossly unselfish in sickself, he
dished allarmes away and laughed it off with a wipe at his
pudgies

and a gulp apologetic, healing his tare be the smeyle of his
oye, oogling around. Him belly no belong sollow mole
pigeon.

Ally bully. Fu Li's gulpa. Mind you, now, that he was in the
dumpest of earnest orthough him jawr war hoo hleepy hor
halk
urthing hurther. Moe like that only he stopped short in
looking
up up upfrom his tide shackled wrists through the ghost of an
ocean's, the wields of pansiful heathvens of joepeter's
gaseytotum
as they are telling not but were and will be, all told, scruting
foreback
into the fargoneahead to feel out what age in years tropical,
ecclesiastic, civil or sidereal he might find by the sirious
pointstand
of Charley's Wain (what betune the spheres sledding along
the
lacteal and the mansions of the blest turning on old times) as
erewhile
had he craved of thus, the dreamskhwindel necklassoed him,
his thumbs fell into his fists and, lusosing the harmonical
balance
of his ballbearing extremities, by the holy kettle, like a flask
of
lightning over he careened (O the sons of the fathers!) by the
mightyfine weight of his barrel (all that prevented the
happering
of who if not the asterisks betwink themselves shall ever?)
and,
as the wisest postlude course he could playact, collaspsed in
ensemble
and rolled buoyantly backwards in less than a twinkling
via Rattigan's corner out of farther earshot with his highly

curious mode of slipshod motion, surefoot, sorefoot,
slickfoot,

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slackfoot, linkman laizurely, lampman loungey, and by
Killesther's

lapes and falls, with corks, staves and treeleaves and more
bubbles

to his keelrow a fairish and easy way enough as the town
cow

cries behind the times in the direction of Mac Auliffe's, the
crucethouse,

Open the Door Softly, down in the valley before he was
really uprighted ere in a dip of the downs (uila!) he

spoorlessly

disappaled and vanessed, like a popo down a papa, from
circular

circulatio. Ah, mean!

Gaogaogaone! Tapaa!

And the stellas were shinings. And the earthnight strewed
aromatose. His pibrook creppt mong the donkness. A reek
was

waft on the luftstream. He was ours, all fragrance. And we
were

his for a lifetime. O dulcid dreamings languidous! Taboccoo!

It was sharming! But sharmeng!

And the lamp went out as it couldn't glow on burning,
yep, the

lmp wnt out for it couldn't stay alight.

Well, (how dire do we thee hours when thylike fades!)
all's dall

and youllow and it is to bedowern that thou art passing
hence,
mine bruder, able Shaun, with a twhisking of the robe, ere the
morning of light calms our hardest throes, beyond cods'
cradle
and porpoise plain, from carnal relations undfamiliar faces,
to the
inds of Tuskland where the oliphants scrum till the ousts of
Amiracles where the toll stories grow proudest, more is the
pity,
but for all your deeds of goodness you were soo ooft and for
ever doing, manomano and myriamilia even to mulimuli, as
our humbler classes, whose virtue is humility, can tell, it is
hardly
we in the country of the old, Sean Moy, can part you for,
oleypoe,
you were the walking saint, you were, tootoo too stayer, the
graced of gods and pittites and the salus of the wake.
Countenance
whose disparition afflictedly fond Fuinn feels. Winner of the
gamings, primed at the studience, propredicted from the
storybouts,
the choice of ages wise! Spickspookspokesman of our
specturesque silentiousness! Musha, beminded of us out
there in
Cockpit, poor twelve o'clock scholars, sometime or other
anywhen
you think the time. Wisha, becoming back to us way home
in Bidyhouse one way or either anywhere we miss your
smile.

Palmwine breadfruit sweetmeat milksoup! Suasusupo!

However!

Our people here in Samoanesia will not be after forgetting you

and the elders lukiing and marking the jornies, chalkin up drizzle

in drizzle out on the four bare mats. How you would be thinking

in your thoughts how the deepings did it all begin and how you

would be scrimmaging through your scruples to collar a hold of

an imperfection being committled. Sireland calls you. Mery Loye

is saling moonlike. And Slyly mamourneen's ladymaid at Gladshouse

Lodge. Turn your coat, strong character, and tarry among us down the vale, yougander, only once more! And may the mosse

of prosperousness gather you rolling home! May foggy dews bediamondise

your hoopings! May the fireplug of filiality reinsure your bunghole! May the barleywind behind glow luck to your

bathershins! 'Tis well we know you were loth to leave us, winding your hobbledehorn, right royal post, but, aruah sure, pulse of our slumber, dreambookpage, by the grace of Votre Dame, when the natural morning of your nocturne blankmerges

into the national morning of golden sunup and Don Leary gets

his own back from old grog Georges Quartos as that

goodship the

Jonnyjoys takes the wind from waterlogged Erin's king, you
will shiff across the Moylendsea and round up in your own
escapology some canonisator's day or other, sack on back,
alack!

digging snow, (not so?) like the good man you are, with your
picture pockets turned knockside out in the rake of the rain
for

fresh remittances and from that till this in any case, timus
tenant,

may the tussocks grow quickly under your trampthickets and
the daisies trip lightly over your battercops.

Jaunty Jaun, as I was shortly before that made aware,
next
halted to fetch a breath, the first cothurminous leg of his
nightstride
being pulled through, and to loosen (let God's son now be
looking down on the poor preamble!) both of his bruised
brogues that were plainly made a good bit before his hosen
were,
at the weir by Lazar's Walk (for far and wide, as large as he
was
lively, was he noted for his humane treatment of any kind of
abused footgear), a matter of maybe nine score or so
barrelhours
distance off as truly he merited to do. He was there, you
could
planemetrically see, when I took a closer look at him, that
was to
say, (gracious helpings, at this rate of growing our cotted
child of
yestereve will soon fill space and burst in systems, so speeds
the
instant!) amply altered for the brighter, though still the
graven
image of his squarer self as he was used to be, perspiring but
happy notwithstanding his foot was still asleep on him, the
way
he thought, by the holy januarious, he had a bullock's hoof in

his

buskin, with his halluxes so splendid, through Ireland
untranscended,

bigmouthed poesther, propped up, restant, against a
butterblond warden of the peace, one comestabulish
Sigurdsen,

(and where a better than such exsearfaceman to rest from
roving

the laddyown he bootblackened?) who, buried upright like the
Osbornes, kozydozy, had tumbled slumbersomely on sleep at
night duty behind the curing station, equilebriated amid the
embracings of a monopolized bottle.

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Now, there were as many as twentynine hedge daughters
out

of Benent Saint Berched's national nightschool (for they
seemed

to remember how it was still a once-upon-a-four year)
learning

their antemeridian lesson of life, under its tree, against its
warning,

beseated, as they were, upon the brinkspandy, attracted to
the rarerust sight of the first human yellowstone landmark
(the

bear, the boer, the king of all boors, sir Humphrey his knave
we met on the moors!) while they paddled away, keeping
time

magnetically with their eight and fifty pedallettes, playing
foolufool

jouay allo misto posto, O so jaonickally, all barely in their
typtap teens, describing a charming dactylogram of nocturnes
though repelled by the snores of the log who looked stuck to

the sod as ever and oft, when liquefied, (vil!) he murmoaned
abasourdy in his Dutchener's native, visibly unmoved, over
his

treasure trove for the crown: *Dotter dead bedstead mean
diggy
smuggy flasky!*

Jaun (after he had in the first place doffed a hat with a
reinforced
crown and bowed to all the others in that chorus of praise
of goodwill girls on their best beehivour who all they were
girls
all rushing sowarmly for the post as buzzy as sie could bie to
read
his kisshands, kittering all about, rushing and making a
tremendous
girls fuss over him pellmale, their *jeune premier* and his
rosyposy
smile, mussing his frizzy hair and the golliwog curls of him,
all, but that one; Finfria's fairest, done in loveletters like a
trayful
of cloudberry tartlets (ain't they fine, mighty, mighty fine and
honoured?) and smilingly smelling, pair and pair about,
broad
by bread and slender to slimmer, the nice perfumios that
came
cunvy peeling off him (nice!) which was angelic simply,
savouring
of wild thyme and parsley jumbled with breadcrumbs (O
nice!)
and feeling his full fat pouch for him so tactily and jingaling
his jellybags for, though he looked a young chapplie of

sixtine,
they could frole by his manhood that he was just the
killingest
ladykiller all by kindness, now you, Jaun, asking kindlily
(hillo,
missies!) after their howareyous at all with those of their
dollybegs
(and where's Agatha's lamb? and how are Bernadetta's
columbillas? and Juliennaw's tubberbunnies? and Eulalina's
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tuggerfunnies?) he next went on (finefeelingfit!) to drop a
few
stray remarks anent their personal appearances and the
contrary
tastes displayed in their tight kittycasques and their smart
fricky-
frockies, asking coy one after sloy one had she read Irish
legginds
and gently reproving one that the ham of her hom could be
seen below her hem and whispering another aside, as
lavariant,
that the hook of her hum was open a bittock at her back to
have
a sideeye to that, hom, (and all of course just to fill up a form
out of pure human kindness and in a sprite of fun) for Jaun,
by
the way, was by the way of becoming (I think, I hope he was)
the most purely human being that ever was called man,
loving all
up and down the whole creation from Sampson's tyke to
Jones's
sprat and from the King of all Wrenns down to infuseries)

Jaun,
after those few prelimbs made out through his eroscope the
apparition of his fond sister Izzy for he knowed his love by
her
waves of splabashing and she showed him proof by her way
of
blabushing nor could he forget her so tarnelly easy as all that
since he was brotherbesides her benedict godfather and
heaven
knows he thought the world and his life of her sweet heart
could
buy, (brao!) poor, good, true, Jaun!

—Sister dearest, Jaun delivered himself with express
cordiality,
marked by clearance of diction and general delivery, as he
began to take leave of his scolastica at once so as to gain
time
with deep affection, we honestly believe you sorely will miss
us
the moment we exit yet we feel as a martyr to the dischurch
of
all duty that it is about time, by Great Harry, we would shove
off to stray on our long last journey and not be the load on
ye.
This is the gross proceeds of your teachings in which we
were
raised, you, sis, that used to write to us the exceeding nice
letters
for presentation and would be telling us anon (full well do
we
wont to recall to mind) thy oldworld tales of homespinning

and
derringdo and dieobscure and daddyho, these tales which
reliterately
whisked off our heart so narrated by thou, gesweest, to
perfection, our pet pupil of the whole rhythmetic class and
the
mainsay of our erigenal house, the time we younkers twain
were
fairly tossing ourselves (O Phoebus! O Pollux!) in bed,
having

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been laid up with Castor's oil on the Parrish's syrup (the night
we will remember) for to share our hard suite of affections
with
thee.

I rise, O fair assemblage! Andcommincio. Now then,
after
this introit of exordium, my galaxy girls, *quiproquo* of
directions
to henservants I was asking his advice on the strict T.T. from
Father Mike, P.P., my orational dominican and confessor
doctor,
C.C.D.D. (buy the birds, he was saying as he yerked me
under
the ribs sermon in an offrand way and confidence between
peas
like ourselves in soandso many nuncupiscent words about
how he
had been confarreating teat-a-teat with two viragos intactas
about
what an awful life he led, poorish priced, uttering mass for a
coppall of geldings and what a lawful day it was, there and

then,

for a consummation with an effusion and how, by all the
manny

larries ate pignatties, how, hell in tunnels, he'd marry me any
old buckling time as flying quick as he'd look at me) and I
am

giving youth now again in words of style byaway of offertory
hisand mikeadvice, an it place the person, as ere he retook
him

to his cure, those verbs he said to me. From above. The most
eminent bishop titular of Dubloonik to all his purtybusses in
Dellabelliney. Comeallyedimseldamsels, siddle down and
lissle

all! Follow me close! Keep me in view! Understeady me
saries!

Which is to all practising massoeurses from a preaching freer
and

be a gentleman without a duster before a parlourmade
without

a spitch. Now. During our brief apsence from this furtive
feugtig season adhere to as many as probable of the ten
commandments

touching purgations and indulgences and in the long
run they will prove for your better guidance along your path
of

right of way. Where the liseuse are we and what's the first
sing

to be sung? Is it rubrics, mandarimus, pasqualines, or
verdidads

is in it, or the bruiselivid indecores of estreme voyoulence
and,

for the lover of lithurgy, bekant or besant, where's the fate's

to
be wished for? Several sindays after whatsintime. I'll sack
that sick
server the minute I bless him. That's the mokst I can do for
his
grapce. Economy of movement, axe why said. I've a
hopesome's
choice if I chouse of all the sinkts in the colander. From the
common

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for ignitious Purpalume to the proper of Francisco Ultramare,
last of scorchers, third of snows, in terrorgammons
howdydos.
Here she's, is a bell, that's wares in heaven, virginwhite,
Undetrigesima,
vikissy manonna. Doremon's! The same or similar to be
kindly observed within the affianced dietcess of Gay O'Toole
and Gloamy Gwenn du Lake (Danish spoken!) from
Manducare
Monday up till farrier's siesta in china dominos. Words taken
in
triumph, my sweet assistance, from the sufferant pen of our
jocosus
inkerman militant of the reed behind the ear.

Never miss your lostsomewhere mass for the couple in
Myles
you butrose to brideworship. Never hate mere pork which is
bad
for your knife of a good friday. Never let a hog of the howth
trample underfoot your linen of Killiney. Never play lady's
game
for the Lord's stake. Never lose your heart away till you win

his

diamond back. Make a strong point of never kicking up your
rumpus over the scroll end of sofas in the Dar Bey Coll
Cafeteria

by tootling risky *apropos* songs at commercial travellers'
smokers

for their Columbian nights entertainments the like of *White
limbs*

they never stop teasing or *Minxy was a Manxmaid when
Murry*

wor a Man. And, by the bun, is it you goes bisbuiting His
Esaus

and Cos and then throws them bag in the box? Why the tin's
nearly empty. First thou shalt not smile. Twice thou shalt not
love. Lust, thou shalt not commix idolatry. Hip confiners
help

compunction. Never park your brief stays in the men's
convenience.

Never clean your buttoncups with your dirty pair of
sassers. Never ask his first person where's your quickest cut
to

our last place. Never let the promising hand use make free of
your oncemaids sacral. The soft side of the axe! A coil of
cord, a

colleen coy, a blush on a bush turned first man's laughter into
wailful moither. O foolish cuppled! Ah, dice's error! Never
dip

in the ern while you've browsers on your suite. Never slip the
silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man,
collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where
you

truss be circumspectious and look before you leak, dears.

Never
christen medlard apples till a swithin is in sight. Wet your
thistle
where a weed is and you'll rue it, despyneedis. Especially
beware

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please of being at a party to any demoralizing home life. That
saps a chap. Keep cool faith in the firm, have warm hoep in
the

house and begin frem athome to be chary of charity. Where it
is nobler in the main to supper than the boys and errors of
outrager's

virtue. Give back those stolen kisses; restaure those allcotten
glooves. Recollect the yella perals that all too often beset
green gerils, Rhidarhoda and Daradora, once they
gethobbyhorsical,

playing breeches parts for Bessy Sudlow in fleshcoloured
pantos instead of earthing down in the coalhole trying
to boil the big gun's dinner. Leg-before-Wicked lags-behind-
Wall

where here Mr Whicker whacked a great fall. Femorafamilla
feeled it a candleliked but Hayes, Conyngham and Erobinson
sware it's an egg. Forglim mick aye! Stay, forestand and
tillgive it! Remember the biter's bitters I shed the vigil I
buried

our Harlotte Quai from poor Mrs Mangain's of Britain Court
on

the feast of Marie Maudlin. Ah, who would wipe her weeper
dry

and lead her to the halter? Sold in her heyday, laid in the
straw,

bought for one puny petunia. Moral: if you can't point a lily

get

to henna out of here! Put your swell foot foremost on
foulardy

pneumonia shertwaists, irriconcilible with true fiminin
risirvition

and ribbons of lace, limenick's disgrace. Sure, what is it on
the

whole only holes tied together, the merest and transparent
washingtones

to make Languid Lola's lingery longer? Scenta Clauthes
stiffstuffs your hose and heartsies full of temptiness. Vanity
flee

and Verity fear! Diobell! Whalebones and buskbutts may hurt
you (thwackaway thwuck!) but never lay bare your breast
secret

(dickette's place!) to joy a Jonas in the Dolphin's Barnear
with your meetual fan, Doveyed Covetfilles, come pulsing
paynattention

spasms between the averthisment for Ulikah's wine and
a pair of pulldoors of the old cupiosity shape. There you'll fix
your eyes darkled on the autocart of the bringfast cable but
here

till you're martimorphysed please sit still face to face. For if
the

shorth of your skorth falls down to his knees pray how wrong
will he look till he rises? Not before Gravesend is commuted.

But

now reappears Autist Algy, the pulcherman and would-do
performer,

oleas Mr Smuth, stated by the vice crusaders to be well

known to all the dallytaunties in and near the ciudad of
Buellas

Arias, taking you to the playgouehouse to see the *Smirching of Venus* and asking with whispered offers in a very low
bearded

voice, with a nice little tiny manner and in a very nice little
tony

way, won't you be an artist's moral and pose in your nudies as
a

local esthetic before voluble old masters, introducing you,
left

to right the party comprises, to hogarths like Bottisilly and
Titteretto and Vergognese and Coraggio with their extrahand
Mazzaccio, plus the usual bilker's dozen of
dowdycameramen.

And the volses of lewd Buylan, for innocence! And the
phyllisophies

of Bussup Bulkeley. O, the frecklessness of the giddies
nouveautays! There's many's the icepolled globetopper is
haunted

by the hottest spot under his equator like Ramrod, the meaty
hunter, always jaeger for a thrust. The back beautiful, the
undraped

divine! And Suzy's Moedl's with their Blue Danuboyes!

All blah! Viper's vapid vilest! Put off the old man at the very
font and get right on with the nutty sparker round the back.

Slip your oval out of touch and let the paravis be your goal.

Up leather, Prunella, convert your try! Stick wicks in your
earshells

when you hear the prompter's voice. Look on a boa in
his beauty and you'll never more wear your strawberry
leaves.

Rely on the relic. What bondman ever you bind on earth I'll
be
bound 'twas combined in hemel. Keep airy hores and the
worm
is yores. Dress the pussy for her nighty and follow her
piggytails
up their way to Winkyland. See little poupeep she's firsh
ashleep. After having sat your poetries and you know what
happens when chine throws over jupan. Go to doss with
the poulterer, you understand, and shake up with the
milchmand.

The Sully van vultures are on the prowl. And the
hailies fingringmaries. Tobaccos tabu and toboggan's a back
seat. Secret satieties and ononymous letters make the great
unwatched
as bad as their betters. Don't on any account acquire
a paunchon for that alltoocommon fagbutt habit of
frequenting
and chumming together with the braces of couples in Mr
Tunnelly's
hallways (smash it) wriggling with lowcusses and
cockchafers
and vamps and rodants, with the end to commit acts of

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interstipital indecency as between twineties and tapegarters,
fingerpats on fondlepets, under the couvrefeu act. It's the thin
end; wedge your steps! Your high powered hefty hoyden
thinks
nothing of ramping through a whole suite of smokeless
husbands.

Three minutes I'm counting you. Woouooon. No triching
now! Give me that when I tell you! *Ragazza ladra!* And is

that

any place to be smuggling his madam's apples up? Deceitful
jade. Gee wedge! Begor, I like the way they're half cooked.

Hold, flay, grill, fire that laney feeling for kosenkissing
disgenically

within the proscribed limits like Population Peg on a hint or
twim clandestinely does be doing to Temptation Tom, atkings
questions in barely and snakking svarewords like a
nursemagd.

While there's men-a'war on the say there'll be loves-o'women
on the do. Love through the usual channels, cisternbrothelly,
when properly disinfected and taken neat in the generable
way

upon retiring to roost in the company of a husband-in-law or
other respectable relative of an apposite sex, not love that
leads

by the nose as I foresmellt but canalised love, you
understand,

does a felon good, suspiciously if he has a slugger's liver but
I

cannot belabour the point too ardently (and after the lessons
of

experience I speak from inspiration) that fetid spirits is the
thief

of prurities, so none of your twenty rod cherrywhisks, me
daughter! At the Cat and Coney or the Spotted Dog. And at
2bis Lot's Road. When parties get tight for each other they
lose

all respect together. By the stench of her fizzle and the glib of
her

gab know the drunken draggletail Dublin drab. You'll pay for
each bally sorraday night every billing sunday morning.

When
the night is in May and the moon shines might. We won't
meeth
in Navan till you try to give the Kellsfrieclub the goby. Hill
or
hollow, Hull or Hague! And beware how you dare of wet
cocktails
in Kildare or the same may see your wedding driving home
from your wake. Mades of ashens when you flirt spoil the lad
but spare his shirt! Lay your lilylike long his shoulder but
buck
back if he butts bolder and just hep your homely hop and heed
no horning but if you've got some brainy notion to raise
cancan
and rouse commotion I'll be apt to flail that tail for you till
it's

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borning. Let the love ladleliked at the eye girde your
gastricks
in the gym. Nor must you omit to screw the lid firmly on that
jazz jiggery and kick starts. Bumping races on the flat and
point
to point over obstacles. Ridewheeling that acclivisciously up
windy Rutland Rise and insighting rebellious northers before
the
saunter of the city of Dunlob. Then breretonbiking on the
free
with your airs of go-be-dee and your heels upon the
handlebars.
Berrboel brazenness! No, before your corselage rib is
decartilaged,
that is to mean if you have visceral ptossis, my point is,

making

allowances for the fads of your weak abdominal wall and
your

liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as
though you needed healthy physicking exorcise to flush your
kidneys, you understand, and move that twelffinger bowel
and

threadworm inhibitating it, lassy, and perspire freely, lict
your

lector in the lobby and why out you go by the ostiary on to
the dirt track and skip! Be a sportive. Deal with Nature the
great

greengrocer and pay regularly the monthlies. Your Punt's
Perfume's

only in the hatpinny shop beside the reek of the rawny.

It's more important than air—I mean than eats—air (Oop, I
never open momouth but I pack mefood in it) and promotes
that

natural emotion. Stamp out bad eggs. Why so many puddings
prove disappointing, as Dietician says, in Creature Comforts
Causeries, and why so much soup is so muck slop. If we
could fatten on the elizabeetons we wouldn't have teeth like
the hippopotamians. However. Likewise if I were in your
envelope shirt I'd keep my weathereye well cocked open for
your furnished lodgers paying for their feed on tally with
company and piano tunes. Only stuprifying yourself! The too
friendly friend sort, Mazourikawitch or some other sukinsin
of

a vitch, who he's kommen from olt Pannonia on this porpoise
whom sue stooderin about the maul and femurl artickles and
who

mix himself so at home mid the musik and spansks the ivory

that lovely for this your Mistro Melosiosus MacShine
MacShane
may soon prove your undoing and bane through the
succeeding
years of rain should you, whilst Jaun is from home, get used
to
basking in his loverslowlap, inordinately clad,
moustacheteasing,

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when closehended together behind locked doors, kissing
steadily,
(malbongusta, it's not the thing you know!) with the
calfloving
selfseeker, under the influence of woman, inching up to you,
dis-
arranging your modesties and fumbling with his forte paws
in your
bodice after your billy doos twy as a first go off (take care,
would
you stray and split on me!) and going on doing his idiot
every
time you gave him his chance to get thick and play
pigglywiggly,
making much of you, bilgetalking like a ditherer,
gougouzoug,
about your glad neck and the round globe and the white milk
and
the red raspberries (O horrifier!) and prying down
furthermore to
chance his lucky arm with his pregnant questions up to our
past
lives. What has that caught to sing with him? The next fling

you'll be squatting on the Tubber Nakel, pouring pitchers to the well for old Gloatsdane's glorification and the postequities of the Black Watch, peeping private from the Bush and Rangers.

And our local busybody, talker-go-bragk. Worse again! Off of

that praying fan on to them priars! It would be a whorable state

of affairs altogether for the redcolumnists of presswritten epics,

Peter Paragraph and Paulus Puff, (I'm keepsoaking them to cover

my concerts) to get ahold of for their balloons and shoot you private by surprise, considering the marriage slump that's on this

oil age and pulexes three shillings a pint and wives at six and seven when domestic calamities belame par and newlaid bellow

mar for the twenty twotoosent time thwealthy took thousands in the slack march of civilisation were you, becoming guilty of

unleckylke intoxication to have and to hold, to pig and to pay

direct connection, *qua* intervener, with a prominent married member

of the vicereeking squad and, in consequence of the thereinunder

subpenas, be flummoxed to the second degree by becoming a detestificated companykeeper on the dammymonde of Lucalamplight.

Anything but that, for the fear and love of gold! Once

and for all, I'll have no college swankies (you see, I am well
voiced in love's arsenal and all its overtures from collion
boys

to colleen bawns so I have every reason to know that rogues'
gallery of nightbirds and bitchfanciers, lucky duffs and light
lindsays, haughty hamiltons and gay gordons, dosed,
doctored

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and otherwise, messing around skirts and what their fickling
intentions

look like, you make up your mind to that) trespassing
on your danger zone in the dancer years. If ever I catch you
at it,

mind, it's you that will cocottch it! I'll tackle you to feel if
you

have a few devils in you. Holy gun, I'll give it to you, hot,
high

and heavy before you can say sedro! Or may the
maledictions

of Lousyfear fall like nettlerash on the white friar's father that
converted from moonshine the fostermother of the first
nancyfree

that ran off after the trumpadour that mangled Moore's
melodies

and so upturned the tubshead of the stardaft journalwriter
to inspire the prime finisher to fellhim the firtree out of
which

Cooper Funnymore planed the flat of the beerbarrel on which
my grandydad's lustiest sat his seat of unwisdom with my
tante's

petted sister for the cause of his joy! Amene.

Poof! There's puff for ye, begor, and planxty of it, all
abound
me breadth! Glor galore and glory be! As broad as its lung
and
as long as a line! The valiantine vaux of Venerable Val
Vousdem.
If my jaws must brass away like the due drops on my lay.
And the topnoted delivery you'd expected be me invoice!
Theo
Dunnohoo's warning from Daddy O'Dowd. Whoo? What I'm
wondering to myself whose for there's a strong tendency, to
put
it mildly, by making me the medium. I feel spirits of itchery
outching
out from all over me and only for the sludgehammer's
force in my hand to hold them the darkens alone knows
what'll
who'll be saying of next. However. Now, before my upperotic
register, something nice. Now? Dear Sister, in perfect leave
again I
say take a brokerly advice and keep it to yourself that we,
Jaun, first
of our name here now make all receptacles of, free of price.
Easy,
my dear, if they tingle you either say nothing or nod. No
cheekacheek
with chipperchapper, you and your last mashboy and the
padre in the pulpbox enumerating you his nostrums. Be
vacillant
over those vigilant who would leave you to belave black on
white.
Close in for psychical hijiniks as well but fight shy of

mugpunters.

I'd burn the books that grieve you and light an allassundrian
bompyre
that would suffragate Tome Plyfire or Zolfanerole. Perousse
instate your *Weekly Standerd*, our verile organ that is ethelred
by all

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pressdom. Apply your five wits to the four verilatest. The
Arsdiken's

*An Traitey on Miracula or Viewed to Death by a Priest
Hunter* is still first in the field despite the castle bar, William
Archer's a rompan good cathalogue and he'll give you a riser
on

the route to our nazional labronry. Skim over *Through Hell
with the Papes* (mostly boys) by the divine comic Denti
Alligator

(exsponging your index) and find a quip in a quire arisus
aream

from bastardtitle to fatherjohnson. Swear aloud by pious
fiction

the like of *Lentil Lore* by Carnival Cullen or that *Percy
Wynns*

of our S. J. Finn's or *Pease in Plenty* by the Curer of Wars,
licensed and censered by our most picturesque prelates, Their
Graces of Linzen and Petitbois, bishops of Hibernites, *licet ut
lebanus*, for expansion on the promises, the two best sells on
the

market this luckiest year, set up by Gill the father, put out by
Gill

the son and circulating disimally at Gillydehooly's Cost.

Strike up

a nodding acquaintance for our doctrine with the works of

old

Mrs Trot, senior, and Manoel Canter, junior, and Loper de Figas,

nates maximum. I used to follow Mary Liddlelambe's flitsy tales, especially with the scentaminted sauce. Sifted science will do your

arts good. *Egg Laid by Former Cock* and *With Flageolettes in Send*

Fanciesland. Chiefly girls. Trip over sacramental tea into the long

lives of our saints and saucerdotes, with vignettes, cut short into

instructual primers by those in authority for the bittermint of your

soughts. Forfet not the palsied. Light a match for poor old Contrabally and send some balmoil for the schizomatics. A

hemd

in need is aye a friendly deed. Remember, maid, thou dust art powder but Cinderella thou must return (what are you robbing

her sleeve for, Ruby? And pull in your tongue, Polly!). Cog that

out of your teen times, everyone. The lad who brooks no breaches lifts the lass that toffs a tailor. How dare ye be laughing

out of your mouthshine at the lack of that? Keep cool your fresh

chastity which is far better far. Sooner than part with that vestalite

emerald of the first importance, descended to me by far from our family, which you treasure up so closely where extremes

meet, nay, mozzed lesmended, rather let the whole ekumene
universe belong to merry Hal and do whatever his Mary well

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likes. When the gong goes for hornets-two-nest marriage step
into your harness and strip off that nullity suit. Faminy, hold
back! For the race is to the rashest of, the romping, jomping
rushes of. Haul Seton's down, black, green and grey, and
hoist

Mikealy's whey and sawdust. What's overdressed if
underclothed?

Poposht forstake me knot where there's white lets ope.

Whisht!

Blesht she that walked with good Jook Humprey for he made
her happytight. Go! You can down all the dripping you can
dumple to, and buffkid scouse too ad libidinum, in these
lassitudes

if you've parents and things to look after. That was what
stuck to the Comtesse Cantilene while she was sticking out
Mavis

Toffeelips to feed her soprannated huspals, and it is
henceforth

associated with her names. La Dreeping! Die Droopink! The
inimitable in puresuet of the inevitable! There's nothing to
touch

it, we are taucht, unless she'd care for a mouthpull of white
pudding

for the wish is on her rose marine and the lunchlight in her
eye, so when you pet the rollingpin write my name on the
pie.

Guard that gem, Sissy, rich and rare, ses he. In this cold old
worold who'll feel it? Hum! The jewel you're all so cracked
about there's flitty few of them gets it for there's nothing now

but the sable stoles and a runabout to match it. Sing him a ring.

Touch me low. And I'll lech ye so, my soandso. Show and show.

Show on show. She. Shoe. Shone.

Divulge, sjuddenly jouted out hardworking Jaun, kicking the console to his double and braying aloud like Brahaam's ass,

and, as his voixehumanar swelled to great, clenching his manlies,

so highly strong was he, man, and gradually quite warming to

her (there must have been a power of kinantics in that buel of gruel he gobed at bedgo) divorce into me and say the curname

in undress (if you get into trouble with a party you are not likely to forget his appearance either) of any lapwhelp or sleevemongrel who talks to you upon the road where he tuck you to be a roller, O, (the goattanned saxopeeler upshotdown chigs peel of him!) and volunteers to trifle with your roundlings

for profferred glass and dough, the marrying hand that his leisure repents of, without taking out his proper password

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from the eligible ministriss for affairs with the black fremdling,

that enemy of our country, in a cleanlooking light and I don't care a tongser's tammany hang who the mucky is nor twoo hoots in the corner nor three shouts on a hill (were he even a constantineal namesuch of my very own, Attaboy

Knowling,

and like enoch to my townmajor ancestors, the two that are

taking out their divorces in the Spooksbury courts circuits,
Rere Uncle Remus, the Baas of Eboracum and Old Father
Ulissabon Knickerbocker, the lanky sire of Wolverhampton,
about their bristelings), but as true as there's a soke for sakes
in

Twoways Peterborough and sure as home we come to
newsky

prospect from west the wave on schedule time (if I came any
quicker I'll be right back before I left) from the land of
breach

of promise with Brendan's mantle whitening the
Kerribrasilian

sea and March's pebbles spinning from beneath our footslips
to

carry fire and sword, rest insured that as we value the very
name

in sister that as soon as we do possibly it will be a poor
lookout

for that insister. He's a markt man from that hour. And why
do

we say that, you may query me? Quarry? Guess! Call'st thou?
Think and think and think, I urge on you. Muffed! The wrong
porridge. You are an ignoratis! Because then probably we'll
dumb well soon show him what the Shaun way is like how
we'll

go a long way towards breaking his outsider's face for him
for

making up to you with his bringthee balm of Gaylad and his
singthee songs of Arupee, chancetrying my ward's head into
sanctuary before feeling with his two dimensions for your
nuptial

dito. Ohibow, if I was Blonderboss I'd

gooandfrighthisdualman!

Now, we'll tell you what we'll do to be sicker instead of
compensation. We'll he'll burst our his mouth like Leary to
the

Leinsterface and reduce he'll we'll ournhisn liniments to a
poolp. Open the door softly, somebody wants you, dear!
You'll

hear him calling you, bump, like a blizz, in the muezzin of
the

turkest night. Come on now, pillarbox! I'll stiffen your
scribeall,

broken reed! That'll be it, grand operoar style, even should I,
with my sleuts of hogpew and cheekas, have to coomb the
brash

of the libs round Close Saint Patrice to lay my louseboob on
his

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behaitch like solitar. We are all eyes. I have his quoram of
images all on my retinue, Mohomadhawn Mike. Brassup!

Moreover

after that, bad manners to me, if I don't think strongly about
giving the brotherkeeper into custody to the first police
bubby

cunstableness of Dora's Diehards in the field I might chance to
follopon. Or for that matter, for your information, if I get the
wind up what do you bet in the buckets of my wrath I
mightn't

even take it into my progromme, as sweet course, to do a
rash act

and pitch in and swing for your perfect stranger in the
meadow

of heppiness and then wipe the street up with the

clonmellian,

pending my bringing proceedings verses the joyboy before a bunch of magistrafes and twelve good and gleeful men?

Filius

nullius per fas et nefas. It should prove more or less of an event

and show the widest federal in my cup. He'll have pansements

then for his pensamientos, howling for peace. Pretty knocks, I

promise him with plenty burkes for his shins. Dumnlinn wimm

humn. In which case I'll not be complete in fighting lust until I

contrive to half kill your Charley you're my darling for you and

send him to Home Surgeon Hume, the algebrist, before his appointed

time, particularly should he turn out to be a man in brown about town, Rollo the Gunger, son of a wants a flurewaltzer to

Arnolff's, picking up ideas, of well over or about fiftysix or so,

pithecoïd proportions, with perhaps five foot eight, the usual X Y Z type, R.C. Toc H, nothing but claret, not in the studbook

by a long storch, with a toothbrush moustache and jawcrockeries,

alias grinner through collar, and of course no beard, meat and colmans suit, with tar's baggy slacks, obviously too roomy for

him and springside boots, washing tie, Father Mathew's

bridge

pin, sipping some Wheatley's at Rhoss's on a barstool, with some

pubpal of the Olaf Stout kidney, always trying to poorchase movables

by hebdomedaries for to putt in a new house to loot, cigarette in his holder, with a good job and pension in Buinness's, what

about our trip to Normandy style conversation, with an occasional

they say that filmacolored featured at the Mothrapurl skrene about Michan and his lost angeleens is corkyshows do morvaloos, blueygreen eyes a bit scummy developing a series of

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angry boils with certain references to the Deity, seeking relief in alcohol and so on, general omnibus character with a dash of

railwaybrain, stale cough and an occasional twinge of claudication,

having his favourite fecundclass family of upwards of a decade,

both harefoot and loadenbrogued, to boot and buy off, I mean.

So let it be a knuckle or an elbow, I hereby admonish you!

It may all be topping fun but it's tip and run and touch and flow

for every whack when Marie stopes Phil fluther's game to go. Arms arome, side aside, face into the wall. To the tumble of the

toss tot the trouble of the swaddled, O. And lest there be no misconception, Miss Forstowelsy, over who to fasten the

plightforlifer

on (threehundred and thirty three to one on Rue the
Day!) when the nice little smellar squalls in his crydle what
the
dirty old bigger'll be squealing through his coughin you
better
keep in the gunbarrel straight around vokseburst as I
recommence
you to (you gypseyeyed baggage, do you hear what I'm
praying?)
or, Gash, without butthering my head to assortail whose
stroke
forced or which struck backly, I'll be all over you myselx
horizontally,
as the straphanger said, for knocking me with my name
and yourself and your babybag down at such a greet sacrifice
with
a rap of the gavel to a third price cowhandler as cheap as the
niggerd's
dirt (for sale!) or I'll smack your fruitflavoured jujube lips
well for you, so I will well for you, if you don't keep a civil
tongue
in your pigeonhouse. The pleasures of love lasts but a
fleeting but
the pledges of life outlusts a lieftime. I'll have it in for you.
I'll
teach you bed minners, tip for tap, to be playing your
oddaugghter
tangotricks with micky dazzlers if I find corsehairs on your
river-frock and the squirmside of your burberry lupitally
covered
with chiffchaff and shavings. Up Rosemiry Lean and

Potanasty

Rod you wos, wos you? I overstand you, you understand.

Asking

Annybetyelsas to carry your parcels and you dreaming of
net glory. You'll ging naemaer wi'Wolf the Ganger. Cutting
chapel, were you? and had dates with slickers in particular
hotels, had we? Lonely went to play your mother, isod? You
was

wiffriends? Hay, dot's a doll yarn! Mark mean then! I'll
homeseek

you, Luperca as sure as there's a palatine in Limerick and in

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striped conference here's how. Nerbu de Bios! If you twos
goes

to walk upon the railway, Gard, and I'll goad to beat behind
the

bush! See to it! Snip! It's up to you. I'll be hatsnatching
harrier

to hiding huries hinder hedge. Snap! I'll tear up your
limpshades

and lock all your trotters in the closet, I will, and cut your
silkskin

into garters. You'll give up your ask unbrodhel ways when
I make you reely smart. So skelp your budd and kiss the hurt!
I'll have plenary sadisfaction, plays the bishop, for your
partial's

indulgences if your my rodeo gell. Fair man and foul
suggestion.

There's a lot of lecit pleasure coming bangslanging your way,
Miss Pinpernelly satin. For your own good, you understand,
for

the man who lifts his pud to a woman is saving the way for

kindness. You'll rebmemer your mottob *Aveh Tiger Roma*
mikely smarter the nickst time. For I'll just draw my prancer
and give you one splitpuck in the crupper, you understand,
that
will bring the poppy blush of shame to your peony hindmost
till
you yelp papapardon and radden your rhodatantarums to the
beat of calorrubordolor, I am, I do and I suffer, (do you hear
me
now, lickspoon, and stop looking at your bussycat bow in the
slate?) that you won't obliterate for the bulkier part of a
running
year, failing to give a good account of yourself, if you think
I'm
so tan cupid as all that. Lights out now (bouf!), tight and
sleep
on it. And that's how I'll bottle your greedypuss beautibus for
ye, me bullin heifer, for 'tis I that have the peer of arrams that
carry a wallop. Between them.

Unbeknownst to you would ire turn o'er see, a nuncio
would
I return here. How (from the sublime to the ridiculous) times
out of oft, my future, shall we think with deepest of love and
recollection by rintrospection of thee but me far away on the
pillow, breathing foundly o'er my names all through the
empties,
whilst moidhered by the rattle of the doppeldoorknockers.
Our
homerole poet to Ostelinda, Fred Wetherly, puts it somewhys
better. You're sitting on me style, maybe, whereoft I helped
your ore. Littlegame rumilie from Liffalidebankum,

(Toobliqueme!)

but a big corner fill you do in this unadulterated seat of
our affections. Aerwenger's my breed so may we
uncreepingly

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multipede like the sands on Amberhann! Sevenheavens, O
heaven!

Iy waount yiou! yore ways to melittleme were wonderful so
Ickam purseproud in sending uym loveliest pansiful thoughts
touching me dash in-you through wee dots Hyphen, the so
pretty arched godkin of beddingnights. If I've proved to your
sallysfashion how I'm a man of Armor let me so, let me sue,
let

me see your isabellis. How I shall, should I survive, as,
please the

uniter of U.M.I. hearts, I am living in hopes to do, replacing
mig wandering handsup in yawers so yeager for mitch,
positively

cover the two pure chicks of your comely plumpchake with
zuccherikissings, hong, kong, and so gong, that I'd scare the
bats

out of the ivfry one of those puggy mornings, honestly, by
my

rantandog and daddyoak I will, become come coming when,
upon the mingling of our meeting waters, wish to wisher, like
massive mountains to part no more, you will there and then,
in

those happy moments of ouryour soft accord, rainkiss on me
back, for full marks with shouldered arms, and in that united
I.R.U. stade, when I come (touf! touf!) wildflier's fox into my
own greengeese again, swap sweetened smugs, six of one for
half

a dozen of the other, till they'll bet we're the cuckoo derby
when cherries next come back to Ealing as come they must,
as
they musted in their past, as they must for my pressing
season,
as hereinafter must they chirrywill immediately suant on my
safe return to ignorance and bliss in my horseless Coppal
Poor,
through suirland and noreland, kings country and queens,
with
my ropes of pearls for gamey girls the way ye'll hardly.
Knowme.

Slim ye, come slum with me and rally rats' roundup! 'Tis
post purification we will, sales of work and social service,
missus, completing our Abelite union by the adoption of
fosterlings. Embark for Euphonia! Up Murphy, Henson and
O'Dwyer, the Warchester Warders! I'll put in a shirt time
if you'll get through your shift and between us in our shared
slaves, brace to brassiere and shouter to shunter, we'll pull off
our
working programme. Come into the garden guild and be free
of the gape athome! We'll circumcivicise all Dublin country.
Let us, the real Us, all ignite in our prepurgatory grade as
aposcals

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and be instrumental to utensilise, help our Jakeline sisters
clean out the hogshole and generally ginger things up.
Meliorism
in massquantities, raffling receipts and sharing sweepstakes
till
navel, spokes and felloes hum like hymn. Burn only what's
Irish,

accepting their coals. You will soothe the cokeblack bile
that's

Anglia's and touch Armourican's iron core. Write me your
essayes, my vocational scholars, but corsorily, dipping your
nose in it, for Henrietta's sake, on mortinatality in the life of
jewries and the sludge of King Haarrington's at its height,
running

boulevards over the whole of it. I'd write it all by mownself if
I only had here of my jolly young watermen. Bear in mind,
by

Michael, all the provincial's bananas peels and elacock eggs
making

drawadust jubilee along Henry, Moore, Earl and Talbot
Streets. Luke at all the memmer manning he's dung for the
pray

of birds, our priest-mayor-king-merchant, strewing the
Castleknock

Road and drawing manure upon it till the first glimpse of
Wales and from Ballses Breach Harshoe up to Dumping's
Corner

with the Mirist fathers' brothers eleven versus White Friars
out

on a rogation stag party. Compare them caponchin trowlers
with the Bridge of Belches in Fairview, noreast Dublin's
favourite

souwest wateringplatz and ump as you lump it. What do you
mean by Jno Citizen and how do you think of Jas Pagan?

Compost liffe in Dufblin by Pierce Egan with the baugh in
Baughkley of Fino Ralli. Explain why there is such a number
of orders of religion in Asea! Why such an order number in
preference to any other number? Why any number in any
order

at all? Now? Where is the greenest island off the black coats
of Spain? Overset into universal: I am perdrix and upon my
pet ridge. Oralmus! Way, O way for the autointoxication of
our town of the Fords in a huddle! Hailfellow some wellmet
boneshaker or, to ascertain the facts for herself, run up your
showeryweather once and trust and take the Drumgondola
tram

and, wearing the midlimb and vestee endorsed by the
hierarchy

fitted with ecclastics, bending your steps, pick a trail and
stand

on, say, Aston's, I advise you strongly, along quaith a copy of
the Seeds and Weeds Act when you have procured one for
yourself

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and take a good longing gaze into any nearby shopswindow
you may select at suppose, let us say, the hoyth of number
eleven, Kane or Keogh's, and in the course of about thirtytwo
minutes' time proceed to turn aroundabout on your heehills
towards

the previous causeway and I shall be very cruelly mistaken
indeed if you will not be jushed astunshed to see how you
will be meanwhile durn weel topcoated with kakes of slush
occasioned by the mush jam of the cross and blackwalls
traffic

in transit. See Capels and then fly. Show me that complaint
book

here. Where's Cowtends Kateclean, the woman with the
muckrake?

When will the W.D. face of our sow muckloved d'lin, the
Troia

of towns and Carmen of cities, crawling with mendiants in

perforated
clothing, get its wellbelavered white like l'pool and
m'chester? When's that grandnational goldcapped
dupsydurby
houspill coming with its vomitives for our mothers-in-load
and
stretchers for their devitalised males? I am all of me for
freedom
of speed but who'll disasperaguss Pope's Avegnue or who'll
uproose the Opian Way? Who'll brighton Brayhowth and bait
the Bull Bailey and never despair of Lorcansby? The
rampant
royal commissioners! 'Tis an ill weed blows no poppy good.
And
this labour's worthy of my higher. Oil for meed and toil for
feed
and a walk with the band for Job Loos. If I hope not charity
what
profiteers me? Nothing! My tippers of flags are knobs of
hardshape
for it isagrim tale, keeping the father of curls from the
sport of oak. Do you know what, liddle giddles? One of those
days I am advised by the smiling voteseeker who's now
snoring
elued to positively strike off hiking for good and all as I bldy
well bldy ought until such temse as some mood is made
under
privy-sealed orders to get me an increase of automoboil and
footwear
for these poor discalced and a bourse from bon Somewind
for
a cure at Badanuweir (though where it's going to come from

this
time—) as I sartunly think now, honest to John, for an
income
plexus that that's about the sanguine boundary limit. Amean.

Sis dearest, Jaun added, with voise somewhit murky,
what
though still high fa luting, as he turned his dorse to her to pay
court to it, and ouverleaved his booseys to give the note and

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score, phonoscopically incuriosited and melancholic this
time

whiles, as on the fulmament he gaped in wulderment, his
onsaturncast

eyes in stellar attraction followed swift to an imaginary
swellaw, O, the vanity of Vanissy! All ends vanishing!

Pursonally,

Grog help me, I am in no violent hurry. If time enough
lost the ducks walking easy found them. I'll nose a blue fonx
with any tristys blinking upon this earthlight of all them that
pass by the way of the deerdrive, conconey's run or wilfrid's
walk, but I'd turn back as lief as not if I could only spoonfind
the nippy girl of my heart's appointment, Mona Vera Toutou
Ipostila, my lady of Lyons, to guide me by gastronomy under
her safe conduct. That's more in my line. I'd ask no kinder of
fates than to stay where I am, with my tinny of brownie's tea,
under the invocation of Saint Jamas Hanway, servant of

Gamp,

lapidated, and Jacobus a Pershawm, intercissous, for my
thurifex,

with Peter Roche, that frind of my boozum, leaning on my
cubits, at this passing moment by localoption in the birds'
lodging,

me pheasants among, where I'll dreamt that I'll dwell mid
warblers' walls when throistles and choughs to my sigh
hiehied,
with me hares standing up well and me longlugs dittoes,
where
a murdering row, the fox! has broken at the coward sight till
well on into the beausome of the exhaling night, pinching
stopandgo
jewels out of the hedges and catching dimtop brilliants
on the tip of my wagger but for that owledclock (fast cease to
it!)
has just gone twoohoo the hour and that yen breezes zipping
round by Drumsally do be devils to play fleurt. I could sit on
safe
side till the bark of Saint Grouseus for hoopoe's hours, till
heoll's
hoerrisings, laughing lazy at the sheep's lightning and turn a
widamost
ear dreamily to the drummling of snipers, hearing the
wireless
harps of sweet old Aerial and the mails across the nightrives
(peepet! peepet!) and whippoor willy in the woody (moor
park!
moor park!) as peacefed as a philopotamus, and creaking
jugs
at the grenoulls, leaving tealeaves for the trout and belleeks
for the
wary till I'd followed through my upfielded neviewscope the
rugaby moon cumuliously godrolling himself westasleep
amuckst
the cloudscrums for to watch how carefully my nocturnal
goosemother

would lay her new golden sheegg for me down under in
the shy orient. What wouldn't I poach—the rent in my
riverside,
my otther shoes, my beavery, honest!—ay, and melt my
belt for a dace feast of grannom with the finny ones, those
happy
greppies in their minnowahaw, flashing down the swansway,
leaps ahead of the swift MacEels, the big Gillaroo redfellows
and the pursewinded carpers, rearin antis rood perches
astench
of me, or, when I'd like own company best, with the help of a
norange and bear, to be reclined by the lasher on my
logansome,
my g.b.d. in my f.a.c.e., solfanelly in my shellyholders and
lov'd
latakia, the benuvolent, for my nosethrills, with the
jealosomines
wilting away to their heart's deelight and the king of
saptimber
letting down his humely odours for my consternation,
dapping
my griffeen, burning water in the spearlight or catching
trophies
of the king's royal college of sturgeone by the armful for to
bake
pike and pie while, O twined me abower in L'Alouette's
Tower,
all Adelaide's naughtingerls juckjucking benighth me, I'd
gamut
my twittynice Dorian blackbudds chthonic solphia off my
singasongapiccolo to pipe musicall airs on numerous

fairyciodes.

I give, a king, to me, she does, alone, up there, yes see,
I double give, till the spinney all eclosed asong with them.

Isn't

that lovely though? I give to me alone I trouble give! I may
have

no mind to lamagnage the forte bits like the pianage but you
can't cadge me off the key. I've a voicical lilt too true.

Nomario!

And bemolly and jiesis! For I sport a whatyoumacormack in
the

latcher part of my throughers. And the lark that I let fly
(olala!)

is as cockful of funantics as it's tune to my fork. Naturele you
might lower register me as diserecordant, but I'm athlone in
the

lillabilling of killarnies. That's flat. Yet ware the wold, you!

What's good for the gorse is a goad for the garden. Lethals
lurk

heimlocked in logans. Loathe laburnums. Dash the gaudy
deathcup!

Bryony O'Bryony, thy name is Belladama! But enough of
greenwood's gossip. Birdsnests is birdsnests. Thine to wait
but

mine to wage. And now play sharp to me. Doublefirst I'll
head

foremost through all my examhoops. And what sensitive coin
I'd be possessed of at Latouche's, begor, I'd sink it sumtotal,
every

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dolly farting, in vestments of subdominal poteen at prime
cost

and I bait you my chancey oldcoat against the whole ounce
you
half on your backboard (if madamaud strips mesdamines
may
cold strafe illglands!) that I'm the gogetter that'd make it pay
like
cash registers as sure as there's a pot on a pole. And, what
with one
man's fish and a dozen men's poissons, sowing my wild
plums to
reap ripe plentihorns mead, lashings of erbole and hydromel
and
bragget, I'd come out with my magic fluke in close time, fair,
free and frolicky, zooming tophole on the mart as a factor.
And
I tell you the Bective's wouldn't hold me. By the unsleeping
Solman Annadromus, ye god of little pescies, nothing would
stop me for mony makes multimony like the brogues and the
kishes. Not the Ulster Rifles and the Cork Milice and the
Dublin
Fusees and Connacht Rangers ensembled! I'd axe the
channon
and leip a liffey and drink annyblack water that rann onme
way.
Yip! How's thats for scats, mine shatz, for a lovebird? To
funk is
only peternatural its daring feers divine. Bebold! Like
Varian's
balaying all behind me. And before you knew where you
weren't, I stake my ignitial's divy, cash-and-cash-can-again,
I'd
be staggering humanity and loyally rolling you over, my

sowwhite
sponse, in my tons of red clover, nighty nigh to the
metronome,
fiehigh and fiehigher and fiehighest of all. Holy petter and
pal, I'd spoil you altogether, my sumptuous Sheila! Mumm
all
to do brut frull up fizz and unpop a few shortusians or shake
a
pale of sparkling ice, hear it swirl, happy girl! Not a spot of
my
hide but you'd love to seek and scanagain! There'd be no
standing
me, I tell you. And, as gameboy as my pagan name K.C. is
what it is, I'd never say let fly till we shot that blissup and
swumped each other, manawife, into our sever nevers where
I'd
plant you, my Gizzygay, on the electric ottoman in the lap of
lechery, simpringly stitchless with admiracion, among the
most
uxuriously furnished compartments, with sybarate chambers,
just
as I'd run my shoestring into near a million or so of them as a
firstclass dealer and everything. Only for one thing that,
however
famiksed I would become, I'd be awful anxious, you
understand,
about shoepisser pluvius and in assideration of the terrible

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luftsucks woabling around with the hedrolics in the coold
amstosphere
till the borting that would perish the Dane and his chapter
of accidents to be atramental to the better half of my

alltoolyrical

health, not considering my capsflap, and that's the truth now
out
of the cackling bag for truly sure, for another thing, I never
could
tell the leest falsehood that would truthfully give satisfiction.
I'm
not talking apple sauce eithou. Or up in my hat. I earnst.
Schue!

Sissibis dearest, as I was reading to myself not very long
ago
in Tennis Flonnels Mac Courther, his correspondance,
besated
upon my tripos, and just thinking like thauthor how long I'd
like
myself to be continued at Hothelizod, peeking into the focus
and
pecking at thumbnail reveries, pricking up ears to my phono
on
the ground and picking up airs from th'other over th'ether, 'tis
transported with grief I am this night sublime, as you may
see
by my size and my brow that's all forehead, to go forth, frank
and hoppy, to the tune the old plow tied off, from our
nostorey
house, upon this benedictine errand but it is historically the
most
glorious mission, secret or profound, through all the annals of
our
—as you so often term her—efferfreshpainted livy, in
beautific

repose, upon the silence of the dead, from pharoph the
nextfirst
down to ramescheckles the last bust thing. The Vico road
goes
round and round to meet where terms begin. Still onappealed
to by the cycles and unappalled by the recourcers we feel all
serene, never you fret, as regards our dutiful cask. Full of my
breadth from pride I am (breezed be the healthy same!) for
'tis a
grand thing (superb!) to be going to meet a king, not an
everynight
king, nenni, by gannies, but the overking of Hither-on-
Thither
Erin himself, pardee, I'm saying. Before there was patch
at all on Ireland there lived a lord at Lucan. We only wish
everyone was as sure of anything in this watery world as we
are
of everything in the newlywet fellow that's bound to follow.
I'll
lay you a guinea for a hayseed now. Tell mother that. And
tell
her tell her old one. 'Twill amuse her.

Well, to the figends of Annanmeses with the
wholeabuelish
business! For I declare to Jeshuam I'm beginning to get
sunsick!
I'm not half Norawain for nothing. The fine ice so temperate
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of our, alas, those times are not so far off as you might wish
to
be congealed. So now, I'll ask of you, let ye create no scenes
in

my poor primmafore's wake. I don't want you to be
billowfighting
your biddy moriarty duels, gobble gabble, over me till
you spit stout, you understand, after soused mackerel,
sniffing
clambake to hering and impudent barney, braggart of blarney,
nor you ugly lemoncholic gobs o'er the hobs in a sewing
circle,
stopping oddments in maids' costumes at sweeping
reductions,
wearing out your ohs by sitting around your ahs, making
areekeransy
round where I last put it, with the painters in too,
curse luck, with your rags up, exciting your mucuses, turning
breakfarts into lost soupirs and salon thay nor you flabbies on
your groaning chairs over Bollivar's troubles of a
bluemoondag,
steamin your damp ossicles, praying Holy Prohibition and
Jaun
Dyspeptist while Ole Clo goes through the wood with Shep
together, touting in the chesnut burrs for Goodboy Sommers
and Mistral Blownowse hugs his kindlings when voiceyversy
it's my gala bene fit, robbing leaves out of my taletold book.
May my tune fester if ever I see such a miry lot of
maggalenes!
Once upon a drunk and a fairly good drunk it was and the
rest
of your blatherumskite! Just a plain shays by the fire for
absenter
Sh the Po and I'll make ye all an eastern hummingsphere of
myself the moment that you name the way. Look in the slag
scuttle and you'll see me sailspread over the singing, and

what

do ye want trippings for when you've Paris inspire your hat?
Sussumcordials all round, let ye alloyiss and ominies, while I
stray and let ye not be getting grief out of it, though blighted
troth be all bereft, on my poor headsake, even should we
forfeit

our life. Lo, improving ages wait ye! In the orchard of the
bones.

Some time very presently now when yon clouds are
dissipated

after their forty years shower, the odds are, we shall all be
hooked

and happy, communionistically, among the fieldnights
eliceam,

élite of the elect, in the land of lost of time. Johannsburg's a
re-

velation! Deck the diamants that never die! So cut out the
lonesome

stuff! Drink it up, ladies, please, as smart as you can lower
it! Out with lent! Clap hands postilium! Fastintide is by. Your

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sole and myopper must hereupon part company. So for e'er
fare

thee welt! Parting's fun. Take thou, the wringle's thine, love.
This dime doth trost thee from mine alms. Goodbye,
swisstart,

goodbye! Haugh! Haugh! Sure, treasures, a letterman does be
often thought reading ye between lines that do have no sense
at

all. I sign myself. With much leg. Inflexibly yours. Ann
Posht

the Shorn. To be continued. Huck!

Something of a sidesplitting nature must have occurred to westminstrel Jaunathaun for a grand big blossy hearty stenorious

laugh (even Drudge that lay doggo thought feathers fell) hopped out of his woolly's throat like a ball lifted over the head of a deep field, at the bare thought of how jolly they'd like

to be trolling his whoop and all of them truetotypes in missammen

massness were just starting to spladher splodher with the jolly magorios, hicky hecky hock, huges huges huges, hughy hughy hughy, O Jaun, so jokable and so geepy, O, (Thou pure!

Our virgin! Thou holy! Our health! Thou strong! Our victory!

O salutary! Sustain our firm solitude, thou who thou well strokest! Hear, hairy ones! We have sued thee but late.

Beauty

parlous!) when suddenly (how like a woman!), swifter as mercury

he wheels right round starnly on the Rizzies suddenly, with his gimlets blazing rather sternish (how black like thunder!), to

see what's loose. So they stood still and wondered. Till first he

sighed (and how ill soufered!) and they nearly cried (the salt of

the earth!) after which he pondered and finally he replied:

—There is some thing more. A word apparting and shall the heart's tone be silent. Engagements, I'll beséal you! Fare thee

well, fairy well! All I can tell you is this, my sorellies. It's
prayers
in layers all the thumping time, begor, the young gloria's
gang
voices the old doxologers, in the suburrs of the heavenly
gardens,
once we shall have passed, after surceases, all serene through
neck and necklike Derby and June to our snug eternal
retribution's
reward (the scorchhouse). Shunt us! shunt us! shunt us!
If you want to be felixed come and be parked. Sacred ease
there!

The seanad and pobbel queue's remainder. To it, to it! Seekit
headup! No petty family squabbles Up There nor homemade

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hurricanes in our Cohortyard, no cupahurling nor apuckalips
nor no puncheon jodelling nor no nothing. With the Byrns
which is far better and eve for ever your idle be. You will
hardly

reconnoitre the old wife in the new bustle and the farmer
shinner

in his latterday paint. It's the fulldress Toussaint's
wakeswalks

experdition after a bail motion from the chamber of horrus.
Saffron buns or sovran bonhams whichever you'r avider to
like

it and lump it, but give it a name. Iereny allover irelands.
And

there's food for refection when the whole flock's at home.
Hogmanny

di'yegut? Hogmanny di'yesmellygut? And hogmanny
di'yesmellyspatterygut? You take Joe Hanny's tip for it!

Postmortem

is the goods. With Jollification a tight second. Toborrow
and toburrow and tobarrow! That's our crass, hairy and
evergrim

life, till one finel howdiedow Bouncer Naster raps on the
bell with a bone and his stinkers stank behind him with the
sceptre and the hourglass. We may come, touch and go, from
atoms and ifs but we're presurely destined to be odd's without
ends. Here we moult in Moy Kain and flop on the seemy
side,

living sure of hardly a doorstep for a stopgap, with
Whogoesthere

and a live sandbag round the corner. But upmeyant,
Prospector,

you sprout all your abel and woof your wings dead
certain however of neuthing whatever to aye forever while
Hyam Hyam's in the chair. Ah, sure, pleasantries aside, in the
tail

of the cow what a humpty daum earth looks our miseryme
heretoday

as compared beside the Hereweareagain Gaieties of the
Afterpiece when the Royal Revolver of these real globoes
lets

regally fire of his *mio colpo* for the chrisman's pandemon to
give

over and the Harlequinade to begin properly SPQueaRking
Mark Time's Finist Joke. Putting Allspace in a Notshall.

Well, the slice and veg joint's well in its way, and so is a
ribroast and jackknife as sporten dish, but home cooking
everytime.

Mountains good mustard and, with the helpings of ladies'

lickfings and gentlemen's relish, I've eaten a griddle. But I
fill
twice as stewhard what I felt before when I'm after eating a
few
natives. The crisp of the crackling is in the chawing. Give us
another
cup of your scald. Santos Mozos! That was a damn good
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cup of scald! You could trot a mouse on it. I ingoyed your
pick
of hissing hot luncheon fine, I did, than' awfully, (sublime!).
Tenderest bully ever I ate with the boiled protestants
(allinoilia
allinoilia!) only for your peas again was a taste tooth psalty
to
carry flavour with my godown and hereby return with my
best
savioury condiments and a penny in the plate for the jemes.
O.K. Oh Kosmos! Ah Ireland! A.I. And for kailkannonkabbis
gimme Cincinnatis with Italian (but *ci vuol poco!*) ciccalick
cheese,
Haggis good, haggis strong, haggis never say die! For quid
we
have recipimus, recipe, O lout! And save that, Oliviero, for
thy
sunny day! Soupmeagre! Couldn't look at it! But if you'll buy
me
yon coat of the vairy furry best, I'll try and pulllll it awn mee.
It's in
fairly good order and no doubt 'twill sarve to turn. Remove
this
boardcloth! Next stage, tell the tabler, for a variety of

Huguenot

ligooms I'll try my set on edges grapeling an aigrydoucks,
grilled over birchenrods, with a few bloomancowls in albies.

I want to get outside monasticism. Mass and meat mar no
man's

journey. Eat a missal lest. Nuts for the nerves, a flitch for the
flue

and for to rejoice the chambers of the heart the spirits of the
spice isles, curry and cinnamon, chutney and cloves. All the
vitalmines

is beginning to sozzle in chewn and the harmonies to
clingleclangle, fudgem, kates and eaps and naboc and erics
and

oinnos on kingclud and xxxoxo and xooxox xxoxoxxxoxxx
till

I'm fustfed like fungstif and very presently from now
posthaste

it's off yourll see me ryuoll on my usual rounds again to draw
Terminus Lower and Killadown and Letternoosh,

Letterspeak,

Lettermuck to Littorananima and the roomiest house even in
Ireland, if you can understamp that, and my next item's
platform

it's how I'll try and collect my extraprofessional postages
owing

to me by Thaddeus Kellyesque Squire, dr, for nondesirable
printed matter. The Jooks and the Kelly-Cooks have been
milking turnkeys and sucking the blood out of the marshalsea
since the act of First Offenders. But I know what I'll do.

Great

pains off him I'll take and that'll be your redletterday
calendar,

window machree! I'll knock it out of him! I'll stump it out of him! I'll rattattatter it out of him before I'll quit the doorstep of

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old Con Connolly's residence! By the horn of twenty of both of the two Saint Collopys, blackmail him I will in arrears or my name's not penitent Ferdinand! And it's daily and hourly I'll nurse him till he pays me fine fee. Ameal.

Well, here's looking at ye! If I never leave you biddies till my stave is a bar I'd be tempted rigidly to become a passionate father. Me hunger's weighed. Hungkung! Me anger's suaged! Hangkang! Ye can stop as ye are, little lay mothers, and wait in wish and wish in vain till the grame reaper draws nigh, with the sickle of the sickles, as a blessing in disguise. Devil a curly hair I care! If any lightfoot Clod Dewvale was to hold me up, dicksturping me and marauding me of my rights to my onus, yan, tyan, tethera, methera, pimp, I'd let him have my best pair of galloper's heels in the creamsourer. He will have better manners, I'm dished if he won't! Console yourself, drawhure deelish! There's a refond of egg-sized coming to you out of me so mind you do me duty on me! Bruise your bulge below the belt till I blewblack beside you. And you'll miss me more as the narrowing weeks wing by. Someday duly, oneday truly, twosday newly, till whensday. Look for me always at my west and I will

think

to dine. A tear or two in time is all there's toot. And then in a click of the clock, toot toot, and doff doff we pop with sinnerettes

in silkettes lining longroutes for His Diligence Majesty, our longdistance laird that likes creation. To whoosh!

—Meesh, meesh, yes, pet. We were too happy. I knew something

would happen. I understand but listen, drawher nearest, Tizzy intercepted, flushing but flashing from her dove and dart

eyes as she tactilifully grapbed her male corrispondee to fluster

sweet nunsongs in his quickturned ear, I know, benjamin brother,

but listen, I want, girls palmassing, to whisper my wish. (She

like them like us, me and you, had thoud he n'er it would haltin so

lithe when leased is tacitempust tongue). Of course, engine dear,

I'm ashamed for my life (I must clear my throttle) over this lost

moment's gift of memento nosepaper which I'm sorry, my precious, is allathome I with grief can call my own but all the same, listen, Jaunick, accept this witwee's mite, though a jennyteeny

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witween piece torn in one place from my hands in second place of a linenhall valentino with my fondest and much left to

tutor. X.X.X.X. It was heavily bulledicted for young Fr Ml,

my pettest parriage priest, and you know who between us by
your friend the pope, forty ways in forty nights, that's the
beauty of it, look, scene it, ratty. Too perfectly priceless for
words. And, listen, now do enhance me, oblige my fancy
and

bear it with you morn till life's e'en and, of course, when
never

you make usage of it, listen, please kindly think galways
again

or again, never forget, of one absendee not sester Maggy.

Ahim.

That's the stupidest little cough. Only be sure you don't catch
your

cold and pass it on to us. And, since levret bounds and larks
is

soaring, don't be all the night. And this, Joke, a sprig of blue
speedwell just a spell of floralora so you'll mind your
veronique.

Of course, Jer, I know you know who sends it, presents that
please, mercy, on the face of the waters like that film obote,
awfly charmig of course, but it doesn't do her justice, apart
from

her cattiness, in the magginbottle. Of course, please too
write,

won't you, and leave your little bag of doubts, inquisitive,
behind

you unto your utterly thine, and, thank you, forward it
back by return pigeon's pneu to the loving in case I couldn't
think who it was or any funforall happens I'll be so curiose to
see in the Homesworth breakfast tablotts as I'll know
etherways

by pity bleu if it's good for my system, what exquisite

buttons,
gorgiose, in case I don't hope to soon hear from you. And
thanks
ever so many for the ten and the one with nothing at all on. I
will
tie a knot in my stringamejip to letter you with my silky
paper,
as I am given now to understand it will be worth my price in
money one day so don't trouble to ans unless sentby special
as
I am getting his pay and wants for nothing so I can live
simply
and solely for my wonderful kinkless and its loops of
loveliness.
When I throw away my rollets there's rings for all. Flee a
girl,
says it is her colour. So does B and L and as for V! And
listen
to it! Cheveluir! So distant you're always. Bow your boche!
Absolutely perfect! I will pack my comb and mirror to praxis
oval owes and artless awes and it will follow you pulpically
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as far as come back under all my eyes like my sapphire
chaplets
of ringarosary I will say for you to the Allmichael and
solve qui pu while the dovedoves pick my mouthbuds (msch!
msch!) with nurse Madge, my linkingclass girl, she's a fright,
poor old dutch, in her sleeptalking when I paint the measles
on her and mudstuskers to make her a man. We. We. Issy
done that, I confesh! But you'll love her for her hessians
and sickly black stockies, cleryng's jumbles, salvadged from
the wash, isn't it the cat's tonsils! Simply killing, how she

tidies her hair! I call her Sosy because she's sossy for me
and she says sossy while I say sassy and she says will
you have some more scorns while I say won't you take a few
more schools and she talks about ithel dear while I simply
never talk about athel darling; she's but nice for enticing my
friends and she loves your style considering she breaks in me
shoes for me when I've arch trouble and she would kiss my
white arms for me so gratefully but apart from that she's
terribly nice really, my sister, round the elbow of Erne street
Lower and I'll be strictly forbidden always and true in my
own

way and private where I will long long to betru you along
with

one who will so betru you that not once while I betru him
not

once well he be betray himself. Can't you understand? O
bother,

I must tell the trouth! My latest lad's lovelilletter I am sore I
done

something with. I like him lots coss he never cusses. Pity
bonhom.

Pip pet. I shouldn't say he's pretty but I'm cocksure he's
shy. Why I love taking him out when I unlatched his cordon
gate. Ope, Jack, and atem! Obealbe myodorers and he dote
so.

He fell for my lips, for my lisp, for my lewd speaker. I felt
for

his strength, his manhood, his do you mind? There can be no
candle to hold to it, can there? And, of course, dear professor,

I
understand. You can trust me that though I change thy name
though not the letter never while I become engaged with my

first horsepower, masterthief of hearts, I will give your lovely
face of mine away, my boyish bob, not for tons of donkeys,
to

my second mate, with the twirlers the engineer of the
passioflower

(O the wicked untruth! whot a tell! that he has bought

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me in his wellingtons what you haven't got!), in one of those
pure clean lupstucks of yours thankfully, Arrah of the
passkeys,

no matter what. You may be certain of that, fluff, now I know
how to tackle. Lock my mearest next myself. So don't keep
me

now for a good boy for the love of my fragrant saint, you
villain,

peppering with fear, my goodless graceless, or I'll first
murder

you but, hvisper, meet me after by next appointment near you
know Ships just there beside the Ship at the future poor fool's
circuts of lovemountjoy square to show my disrespects now,
let

me just your caroline for you, I must really so late. Sweet
pig,

he'll be furious! How he stalks to simself louter and lover,
immutating aperybally. My prince of the courts who'll beat
me

to love! And I'll be there when who knows where with the
objects of which I'll knowor forget. We say. Trust us. Our
game. (For fun!) The Dargle shall run dry the sooner I you
deny. Whoever heard of such a think? Till the ulmost of all
elmoes shall stele our harts asthone! And Mrs A'Mara makes
it up and befriends with Mrs O'Morum! I will write down all

your names in my gold pen and ink. Everyday, precious,
while

m'm'ry's leaves are falling deeply on my Jungfraud's
Messongebook

I will dream telepath posts dulcets on this isinglass stream
(but don't tell him or I'll be the mort of him!) under the libans
and the sickamours, the cyprissis and babilonias, where the
frondoak rushes to the ask and the yewleaves too kisskiss
themselves

and 'twill carry on my hearz'waves my still waters reflections
in words over Margrate von Hungaria, her Quaidy ways
and her Flavin hair, to thee, Jack, ahoy, beyond the
boysforus.

Splash of hiss splash springs your salmon. Twick twick,
twinkle

twings my twilight as Sarterday afternoon lex leap will smile
on

my fourinhanced twelvemonthsmind. And what's this I was
going to say, dean? O, I understand. Listen, here I'll wait on
thee

till Thingavalla with beautiful do be careful teacakes, more
stuesser

flavoured than Vanilla and blackcurrant there's a cure in, like
a born gentleman till you'll resemble me, all the time you're
awhile way, I swear to you, I will, by Candlemas! And listen,
joey, don't be ennoyed with me, my old evernew, when, by
the

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end of your chapter, you citch water on the wagon for me
being

turned a star I'll dubeurry my two fesces under Pouts Vanisha
Creme, their way for spilling cream, and, accent, unto

extend

my personnality to the latents, I'll boy me for myself only of
expensive rainproof of pinked elephant's breath grey of the
loveliest sheerest dearest widowhood over airforce blue I
am

so wild for, my precious once, Hope Bros., Faith Street,
Charity

Corner, as the bee loves her skyhighdeed, for I always had a
crush on heliotrope since the duses of yore cycled round the
Finest Park, and listen. And never mind me laughing at
what's

atever! I was in the nerves but it's my last day. Always about
this hour, I'm sorry, when our gamings for Bruin and
Noselong

is all oh you tease and afterdoon my lickle pussiness I stheal
heimlick in my russians from the attraction part with my
terriblital

boots calvescatcher Pinchapoppapoff, who is going to be
a jennyroll, at my nape, drenched, love, with dripping to
affectionate

slapmamma but last at night, look, after my golden violents
wetting in my upperstairs splendidly welluminated with
such lidlylac curtains wallpapered to match the cat and a
fireplease

keep looking of priceless pearlogs I just want to see will
he or are all Michales like that, I'll strip straight after
devotions

before his fondstare—and I mean it too, (thy gape to my
gazing

I'll bind and makeleash) and poke stiff under my isonbound
with

my soiedisante chineknees cheeckchubby chambermate for

the
night's foreign males and your name of Shane will come
forth
between my shamefaced whesen with other liph I nakest
open
my thigh when just woken by his toccatootletoo my first
morning.

So now, to thalk thildish, thome, theated with Mag at the
oilthan we are doing to thay one little player before doing to
deed. An a tiss to the tassie for lu and for tu! Coach me how
to
tumble, Jaime, and listen, with supreme regards, Juan, in
haste,
warn me which to ah ah ah ah. . . .

—MEN! Juan responded fullchantedly to her sororal
sonority,
imitating himself capitally with his bubbleblown in his
patapet and his chalished drink now well in hand. (A spilt,
see,

for a split, see see!) Ever gloriously kind! And I truly am

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eucherised to yous. Also *sacré père* and *maître d'autel*. Well,
ladies upon gentlemen and toastmaster general, let us,
brindising

brandisong, woo and win womenlong with health to rich
vineyards,

Erin go Dry! Amingst the living waters of, the living in
giving waters of. Tight! Loose! A stiff one for Staffetta
mullified

with creams of hourmony, the coupe that's chill for jackless
jill and

a filiform dhouche on Doris! Esterelles, be not on your

weeping

what though Shaunathaun is in his fail! To stir up love's

young

fizz I tilt with this bridle's cup champagne, dimming douce

from

her peepair of hideseeks, tightsqueezed on my snowybrusted
and

while my pearlies in their sparkling wisdom are nipping her
bubbles I swear (and let you swear!) by the bumper round of
my poor old snaggletooth's solidbowel I ne'er will prove I'm
untrue to your liking (theare!) so long as my hole looks.

Down.

So gullaby, me poor Isley! But I'm not for forgetting me
innerman monophone for I'm leaving my darling proxy
behind

for your consoling, lost Dave the Dancekerl, a squamous
runaway

and a dear old man pal of mine too. He will arrive
incessantly

in the fraction of a crust, who, could he quit doubling and
stop tipping, he would be the unicorn of his kind. He's the
mightiest penumbrella I ever flourished on behond the
shadow

of a post! Be sure and link him, me O treasuro, as often as
you

learn provided there's nothing between you but a plain deal
table only don't encourage him to cry lessontimes over
Leperstown.

But soft! Can't be? Do mailstanes mumble? Lumtum
lumtum! Now! The froubadour! I fremble! Talk of wolf in a
stomach by all that's verminous! Eccolo me! The return of

th'athlate! Who can secede to his success! Isn't Jaunstown,
Ousterrike, the small place after all? I knew I smelt the garlic
leek! Why, bless me swits, here he its, darling Dave, like
the catoninelives just in time as if he fell out of space, all
draped in mufti, coming home to mourn mountains from his
old continece and not on one foot either or on two feet
aether but on quinquisecular cycles after his French evolution
and a blindfold passage by the 4.32 with the pork's pate in his
suicide paw and the gulls laughing lime on his natural skunk,

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blushing like Pat's pig, begob! He's not too timtom well
ashamed

to carry out onaglibtogradakelly in his showman's sinister the
testymonicals he gave his twenty annis orf, showing the three
white feathers, as a home cured emigrant in Paddyouare far
below

on our sealevel. Bearer may leave the church, signed, Figura
Porca, Lictor Magnaffica. He's the sneaking likeness of us,
faith,

me altar's ego in miniature and every Auxonian aimer's ace
as

nasal a Romeo as I am, for ever cracking quips on himself,
that

merry, the jeenjakes, he'd soon arise mother's roses mid
bedewing

tears under those wild wet lashes onto anny living girl's
laftercheeks. That's his little veiniality. And his
unpeppepement.

He has novel ideas I know and he's a jarry queer fish
betimes,

I grant you, and cantanberous, the poisoner of his word,
but lice and all and semicoloured stainedglasses, I'm

enormously

full of that foreigner, I'll say I am! Got by the one goat,
suckled

by the same nanna, one twitch, one nature makes us oldworld
kin. We're as thick and thin now as two tubular jawballs. I

hate

him about his patent henesy, plasfh it, yet am I amorist. I love
him. I love his old portugal's nose. There's the nasturtium for
ye now that saved manny a poor sinker from water on the
grave.

The diasporation of all pirates and quinconcentrum of a fake
like

Basilius O'Cormacan MacArty? To camiflag he turned his
shirt.

Isn't he after borrowing all before him, making friends with
everybody red in Rossya, white in Alba and touching every
dis-

tinguished Ourishman he could ever distinguish before or
behind

from a Yourishman for the customary halp of a crown and
peace? He is looking aged with his pebbled eyes, and
johnnythin

too, from livicking on pidgins' ifs with puffins' ands, he's
been

slanderising himself, but I pass no remark. Hope he hasn't the
cholera. Give him an eyot in the farout. Moseses and
Noasies,

how are you? He'd be as snug as Columbsisle Jonas wrocked
in

the belly of the whaves, as quotad before. Bravo, senior
chief!

Famose! Sure there's nobody else in touch anysides to hold a

chef's cankle to the darling at all for sheer dare with that
prison-
potstill of spanish breans on him like the knave of trifles! A
jollytan
fine demented brick and the prince of goodfilips! Dave

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knows I have the highest of respect of annyone in my
oweand
smooth way for that intellectual debtor (Obbligado!)
Mushure
David R. Crozier. And we're the closest of chems. Mark my
use
of you, cog! Take notice how I yemploy, crib! Be ware as
you,
I foil, cobby! It's a pity he can't see it for I'm terribly nice
about
him. Canwyll y Cymry, the marmade's flamme! A leal of the
O'Looniys, a Brazel aboo! The most omportent man!
Shervos!
Ho, be the holy snakes, someone has shaved his rough
diamond
skull for him as clean as Nuntius' piedish! The burnt out
mesh and the matting and all! Thunderweather, khyber
schinker
escapa sansa pagar! He's the spatton spit, so he is, scaly skin
and all, with his blackguarded eye and the goatsbeard in
his buttinghole of Shemuel Tulliver, me grandsourd, the old
cruxader, when he off with his paudeen! That was to let the
crowd of the Flu Flux Fans behind him see me proper. Ah,
he's very thoughtful and sympatrico that way is Brother
Intelligentius,
when he's not absintheminded, with his Paris adresse!

He is, really. Holdhard till you'll ear him clicking his bull's
bones! Some toad klakkin! You're welcome back, Wilkins, to
red berries in the frost! And here's the butter exchange to
pfeife
and dramn ye with a bawful of the Moulseybaysse and
yunker
doodler wanked to wall awriting off his phoney. I'm tired
hairing
of you. Hat yourself! Give us your dyed dextremity here,
frother, the Claddagh clasp! I met with dapper dandy and he
shocked me big the hamd. Where's your watch keeper?
You've
seen all sorts in shapes and sizes, marauding about the
moppamound.
How's the cock and the bullfight? And old Auster and
Hungrig? And the Beer and Belly and the Boot and Ball? Not
forgetting the oils of greas under that turkey in julep and
Father
Freeshots Feilbogen in his rockery garden with the costard?
And
did you meet with Peadhar the Grab at all? And did you call
on
Tower Geesyhus? Was Mona, my own love, no bigger than
she
should be, making up to you in her bestbehaved manor when
you made your breastlaw and made her, tell me? And did you
like the landskip from Lambay? I'm better pleased than ten
guidneys! You rejoice me! Faith, I'm proud of you, french
davit!

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You've surpassed yourself! Be introduced to yes! This is me
aunt

Julia Bride, your honour, dying to have you languish to
scandal
in her bosky old delltangle. You don't reckoneyes him? He's
Jackot the Horner who boxed in his corner, jilting no fewer
than
three female bribes. That's his penals. *Shervorum!* You
haven't
seen her since she stepped into her drawoffs. Come on,
spinister,
do your stuff! Don't be shoy, husbandmanvir! Weih, what's
on
you, wip? Up the shamewaugh! She has plenty of woom in
the
smallclothes for the bothsforus, nephews push! Hatch
yourself
well! Enjombyourselves thurily! Would you wait biss she
buds
till you bite on her? Embrace her bashfully by almeans at my
frank incensive and tell her in your semiological
agglutinative yez,
how Idos be asking after her. Let us be holy and evil and let
her
be peace on the bough. Sure, she fell in line with our
tripertight
photos as the lyonised mails when we were stablelads
together
like the corks again brothers, hungry and angry, cavileer
grace by roundhered force, or like boyrun to sibster, me and
you, shiners true and pinchme, our tertius quiddus, that
never
talked or listened. Always raving how we had the wrinkles of
a snailcharmer and the slits and sniffers of a fellow that fell

foul

of the county de Loona and the meattrap of the first
vegetarian.

To be had for the asking. Have a hug! Take her out of poor
tuppenny luck before she goes off in pure treple licquidance.

I'd

give three shillings a pullet to the canon for the conjugation
to

shadow you kissing her from me leberally all over as if she
was a

crucifix. It's good for her bilabials, you understand. There's
nothing

like the mistletouch for finding a queen's earring false.

Chink chink. As the curly bard said after kitchin the womn in
his hym to the hum of her garments. You try a little tich to
the

tissle of his tail. The racist to the racy, rossy. The soil is for
the

self alone. Be ownkind. Be kithkinish. Be bloodysibby. Be
irish.

Be inish. Be offalia. Be hamlet. Be the property plot. Be
Yorick

and Lankystare. Be cool. Be mackinamucks of yourselves.

Be

finish. No martyr where the preature is there's no plagues like
rome. It gives up the gripes. Watch the swansway. Take your
tiger over it. The leady on the lake and the convict of the
forest.

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Why, they might be Babau and Momie! Yipyip! To pan! To
pan! To tinpinnypan. All folly me yap to Curlew! Give us a
pin

for her and we'll call it a tossup. Can you reverse positions?
Lets have a fuchu all round, courting cousins! Quuck, the
duck
of a woman for quack, the drake of a man, her little live
apples
for Leas and love potients for Leos, the next beast king. Put
me down for all ringside seats. I can feel you being
corrupted.
Recoil. I can see you sprouting scruples. Get back. And as
he's boiling with water I'll light your pyre. Turn about,
skeezy
Sammy, out of metaphor, till we feel are you still tropeful
of popetry. Told you so. If you doubt of his love of darearing
his feelings you'll very much hurt for mishmash
mastufactured
on europe you can read off the tail of his. Rip ripper rippest
and
jac jac jac. Dwell on that, my hero and lander! That's the side
that appeals to em, the wring wrong way to wright woman.
Shuck
her! Let him! What he's good for. Shuck her more! Let him
again! All she wants! Could you wheedle a staveling encore
out
of your imitationer's jubalharp, hey, Mr Jinglejoys?
Congregational
singing. Rota rota ran the pagoda *con dio in capo ed il
diavolo
in coda*. Many a diva devoucha saw her Dauber Dan at the
priesty pagoda Rota ran. Uck! He's so sedulous to singe
always
if prompted, the mirthprovoker! Grunt unto us, I pray, your
foreboden

article in our own deas dockandoilish introducing the
death of Nelson with coloraturas! *Coraio, fra!* And I'll string
second to harmanize. My loaf and pottage neaheahear
Rochelle.

With your dumpsey diddely dumpsey die, fiddlele fa.
Diavoloh! Or come on, schoolcolours, and we'll scrap, rug
and

mat and then be as chummy as two bashed spuds. Bitrial bay
holmgang or betrayal buy jury. Attaboy! Fee gate has Heenan
hoity, mind uncle Hare? What, sir? Poss, myster? Acheve!

Thou,

thou! What say ye? *Taurus periculosus, morbus
pedeiculosus.*

Miserere mei in miserilibus! There's uval lavguage for you!

The

tower is precluded, the mob's in her petticoats; Mr R. E.

Meehan

is in misery with his billyboots. Begob, there's not so much
green in his Ireland's eye! Sweet fellow ovocal, he stones out
of

stune. But he could be near a colonel with a voice like that.

The

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bark is still there but the molars are gone. The misery
billyboots

I used to lend him before we split and, be the hole in the year,
they were laking like heaven's reflexes. But I told him make
your

will be done and go to a general and I'd pray confessions for
him. Areesh! Areesh! And I'll be your intrepider. Ambras!
Ruffle her! Bussing was before the blood and bissing will
behind

the curtain. Triss! Did you note that worrid expressionism on his megalogue? A full octavium below me! And did you hear his browrings rattlemaking when he was preaching to himself?

And, whoa! do you twig the schamlooking leaf greeping ghastly

down his blousyfrock? Our national umbloom! Areesh! He won't. He's shoy. Those worthies, my old faher's onkel that was garotted, Caius Cocoa Codinhand, that I lost in a crowd, used to chop that tongue of his, japlatin, with my yuonkle's owlseller, Woowoolfe Woodenbeard, that went stomebathred, in the Tower of Balbus, as brisk, man, as I'd scoff up muttan chepps and lobscouse. But it's all deafman's duff to me, begob. Sam knows miles bettern me how to work the miracle. And I see by his diarrhio he's dropping the stammer out of his silenced bladder since I bonded him off more as a friend and as a brother to try and grow a muff and canonise his

dead feet down on the river airy by thinking himself into the fourth dimension and place the ocean between his and ours, the churchyard in the cloister of the depths, after he was capped

out of beurlads scoel for the sin against the past participle and

earned the factitation of coddling chaplan and being as homely

gauche as swift B.A.A. Who gets twickly fullgets twice as allemanden

huskers. But the whacker his word the weaker our ears for auracles who parles parses orileys. Illstarred punster, lipstering

cowknucks. 'Twas the quadra sent him and Trinity too. And

he can cantab as chipper as any oxon ever I mood with, a
tiptoe
singer! He'll prisckly soon hand tune your Erin's ear for you.
p.p. a mimograph at a time, numan bitter, with his
ancomartins

to read the road roman with false steps ad Pernicious from
rhearsilvar ormolus to torquinions superbers while I'm far
away from wherever thou art serving my tallyhos and
tullying

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my hostilious by going in by the most holy recitatandas *ffff*
for

my varsatile examinations in the ologies, to be a coach on the
Fukien mission. P? F? How used you learn me, brather
soboostius, in my augustan days? With cesarella looking on.
In the beginning was the gest he jousstly says, for the end is
with woman, flesh-without-word, while the man to be is in a
worse case after than before since she on the supine satisfies
the verg to him! Toughtough, tootological. Thou the first
person shingeller. Art, an imperfect subjunctive. Paltry,
flappent, had serious. Miss Smith onamatterpoetic.

Hammissandivis

axes colles waxes warmas like sodullas. So pick your
stops with fondnes snow. And mind you twine the twos
noods of your nicenames. And pull up your furbelovs as
farabove

as you're farthingales. That'll hint him how to click the
trigger. Show you shall and won't he will! His hearing is
indoubting

just as my seeing is onbelieving. So dactylise him up
to blankpoint and let him blink for himself where you speak
the

best ticklish. You'll feel what I mean. Fond namer, let me
never
see thee blame a kiss for shame a knee!

Echo, read ending! Siparioramoci! But from the stress of
their sunder enlivening, ay clasp, decidedly, a
nikrokosmikon
must come to mike.

—Well, my positively last at any stage! I hate to look at
alarms
but, however they put on my watchcraft, must now close as I
hereby hear by ear from by seeless socks 'tis time to be up
and
ambling. Mymiddle toe's mitching, so mizzle I must else
'twill
sarve me out. Gulp a bulper at parting and the moore the
melodest! Farewell but whenever, as Tisdall told Toole.
Tempos fidgets. Let flee me fiacckles, says the grand old
manoark,
stormcrested crowcock and undulant hair, hoodies tway!
Yes, faith, I am as mew let freer, beneath me corthage,
bound.
I'm as bored now bawling beersgrace at sorepaws there as
Andrew
Clays was sharing sawdust with Daniel's old collie. This
shack's
not big enough for me now. I'm dreaming of ye, azores. And,
remember
this, a chorines, there's the witch on the heath, sistra!
'Bansheeba peeling hourihaared while her Orcotron is
hoaring

ho. And whinn muinnuit flittsbit twinn her ttittshe cries
tallmidy! Daughters of the heavens, be lucks in turnabouts
to the wandering sons of red loam! The earth's atrot! The
sun's a scream! The air's a jig. The water's great! Seven oldy
oldy hills and the one blue beamer. I'm going. I know I am.
I could bet I am. Somewhere I must get far away from
Banbashore,

wherever I am. No saddle, no staffet, but spur on the
moment! So I think I'll take freeboots' advise. Psk! I'll
borrow

a path to lend me wings, quickquack, and from Jehusalem's
wall, clickclack, me courser's clear, to Cheerup street I'll
travel

the void world over. It's Winland for moyne, bickbuck!
Jeejakers!

I hurt meself nettly that time! Come, my good frogmarchers!
We felt the fall but we'll front the defile. Was not my
olty mutther, Sereth Maritza, a Runningwater? And the bould
one that quickened her the seaborne Fingale? I feel like that
hill of a whaler went yulding round Groenmund's Circus with
his tree full of seaweeds and Dinky Doll asleep in her shell.
Hazelridge has seen me. Jerne valing is. Squall aboard for
Kew,

hop! Farewell awhile to her and thee! The brine's my bride to
be. Lead on, Macadam, and danked be he who first sights
Halt

Linduff! Solo, solone, solong! Lood Erynnana, ware thee
wail!

With me singame soarem o'erem! Here's me take off. Now's
nunc or nimmer, siskinder! Here goes the enemy! Bennydick
hotfoots onimpudent stayers! Sorry! I bless alls to the
whished

with this panromain apological which Watllwewhistlem sang
to
the kerrycoys. Break ranks! After wage-of-battle bother I am
thinking most. Fik yew! I'm through. Won. Toe. Adry. You
watch my smoke.

After poor Jaun the Boast's last fireless words of
postludium
of his soapbox speech ending in'sheaven, twentyaid add one
with
a flirt of wings were pouring to his bysistance (could they
snip
that curl of curls to lay with their gloves and keep the kids
bright!) prepared to cheer him should he leap or to curse him
should he fall, but, with their biga triga rheda rodeo, the
cherubs
in the charabang, set down here and sedan chair, don't you
wish you'd a yoke or a bit in your mouth, repulsing all
attempts

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at first hands on, as no es nada, our greatly misunderstood
one
we perceived to give himself some sort of a hermetic prod or
kick to sit up and take notice, which acted like magic, while
the phalanx of daughters of February Fillydyke, embushed and
climbing, ramblers and weeps, voiced approval in their
customary
manner by dropping kneedeep in tears over their
concelebrated
meednight sunflower, piopadey boy, their solase in
dorckaness,
and splattering together joyously the plaps of their
tappyhands

as, with a cry of genuine distress, so prettly prattly
pollylogue,
they viewed him, the just one, their darling, away.

A dream of favours, a favourable dream. They know how
they
believe that they believe that they know. Wherefore they
wail.

Eh jourd'weh! Oh jourd'woe! dosiriously it psalmodied.
Guesturn's
lothlied answring to-maronite's wail.

Oasis, cedarous esaltarshoming Leafboughnoon!

Oisis, coolpressus onmountof Sighing!

Oasis, palmost esaltarshoming Gladdays!

Oisis, phantastichal roseway anjerichol!

Oasis, newleavos spaciosing encampness!

Oisis, plantainous dewstuckacqmirage playtennis!

Pipetto, Pipetta has misery unnoticed!

But the strangest thing happened. Backscuttling for the
hop
off with the odds altogether in favour of his tumbling into the
river, Jaun just then I saw to collect from the gentlest weaner
among the weiners, (who by this were in half droopleaf long
mourning for the passing of the last post) the familiar yellow
label into which he let fall a drop, smothered a curse, choked
a
guffaw, spat expectoratically and blew his own trumpet. And
next

thing was he gummalicked the stickyback side and stamped
the
oval badge of belief to his agnelows brow with a genuine
dash of irrepressible piety that readily turned his ladylike
typmanzelles capsy curvy (the holy scamp!), with half a
glance of Irish frisky (a Juan Jaimesan *hastaluego*) from
under
the shag of his parallel brows. It was then he made as if he
but waved instead a hand across the sea as notice to quit
while
the pacifettes made their armpacts widdershins (Frida! Freda!

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Paza! Paisy! Irine! Areinette! Bridomay! Bentamai!
Sososopky!
Bebebekka! Bababadkessy! Ghugugoothoyou! Dama!
Damadomina! Takiya! Tokaya! Scioccara! Siuccherillina!
Peocchia!
Peucchia! Ho Mi Hoping! Ha Me Happinice! Mirra! Myrha!
Solyma! Salemita! Santa! Sianta! O Peace!), but in
selfrighting
the balance of his corporeity to reexchange widerembrace
with the pillarbosom of the Dizzier he loved prettier, between
estellos and venoussas, bad luck to the lie but when next
to nobody expected, their star and gartergazer at the summit
of
his climax, he toppled a lipple on to the off and, making a
brandnew
start for himself to run down his easting, by blessing his
stheres with the sign of the southern cross, his bungaloid
borsaline
with the hedgygreen bound blew off in a loveblast (award
for trover!) and Jawjon Redhead, bucketing after,

meccamaniac,
(the headless shall have legs!), kingscouriered round with an
easy
rush and ready relays by the bridge a stadion beyond
Ladycastle
(and what herm but he narrowly missed fouling her buttress
for
her but for he acqueducked) and then, cocking a snook at the
stock of his sermons, so mear and yet so fahr from that
region's
general, away with him at the double, the hulk of a garron,
pelting after the road, on Shanks's mare, let off like a wind
hound
loose (the bouchal! you'd think it was that moment they gave
him the jambos!) with a posse of tossing hankerwaves to his
windward like seraph's summonses on the air and a tempest
of
good things in packetshape teeming from all accounts into
the
funnel of his fanmail shrimpnet, along the highroad of the
nation, Traitor's Track, following which fond floral fray he
was
quickly lost to sight through the statuemen though without a
doubt he was all the more on that same head to memory dear
while Sickerson, that borne of bjoerne, *la garde auxiliaire*
she
murmured, hellyg Ursulinka, full of woe (and how fitlier
should
goodboy's hand be shook than by the warmin of her besom
that wrung his swaddles?): *Where maggot Harvey kneeled till
bags?*
Ate Andrew coos hogdam farvel!

Wethen, now, may the good people speed you, rural
Haun,
export stout fellow that you are, the crooner born with sweet

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wail of evoker, healing music, ay, and heart in hand of
Shamrogueshire!

The googoes of the suckabolly in the rockabeddy are
become the copiosity of wiseableness of the friarylayman in
the
pulpitbarrel. May your bawny hair grow rarer and fairer, our
own

only wideheaded boy! Rest your voice! Feed your mind!

Mint

your peas! Coax your qyous! Come to disdoon blarmey and
walk our groves so charming and see again the sweet
rockelose

where first you hymned *O Ciesa Mea!* and touch the light
theorbo!

Songster, angler, choreographer! Piper to prisoned!

Musicianship

made Embrassador-at-Large! Good by nature and
natural by design, had you but been spared to us, Hauneen
lad,

but sure where's the use my talking quicker when I know
you'll

hear me all astray? My long farewell I send to you, fair
dream of

sport and game and always something new. Gone is Haun!

My

grief, my ruin! Our Joss-el-Jovan! Our Chris-na-Murty! 'Tis
well

you'll be looked after from last to first as yon beam of light

we

follow receding on your photophoric pilgrimage to your
antipodes

in the past, you who so often consigned your distributory
tidings of great joy into our nevertolatetolove box,

mansuetudinous

manipulator, victimisedly victorihoarse, dearest Haun of
all, you of the boots, true as adie, stepwalker, pennyatimer,
lampaddyfair, postanulengro, our rommanychie! Thy now
paling

light lucerne we ne'er may see again. But could it speak how
nicely would it splutter to the four cantons praises be to thee,
our pattern sent! For you had—may I, in our, your and their
names, dare to say it?—the nucleus of a glow of a zeal of
soul

of service such as rarely, if ever, have I met with single men.
Numerous are those who, nay, there are a dozen of folks still
unclaimed by the death angel in this country of ours today,
humble indivisibles in this grand continuum, overlorded by
fate

and interlarded with accidence, who, while there are hours
and

days, will fervently pray to the spirit above that they may
never

depart this earth of theirs till in his long run from that place
where the day begins, ere he retourneys postexilic, on that
day

that belongs to joyful Ireland, the people that is of all time,
the

old old oldest, the young young youngest, after decades of

longsuffering and decennia of brief glory, to mind us of what was when and to matter us of the withering of our ways, their Janyouare Fibyouare wins true from Sylvester (only Walker himself is like Waltzer, whimsicalissimo they go murmurand) comes marching ahome on the summer crust of the flagway. Life, it is true, will be a blank without you because avicuum's not there at all, to nomore cares from nomad knows, ere Molochy wars bring the devil era, a slip of the time between a date and a ghostmark, rived by darby's chilldays embers, spatched fun Juhn that dandyforth, from the night we are and feel and fade with to the yesterselves we tread to turnupon.

But, boy, you did your strong nine furlong mile in slick and slapstick record time and a farfetched deed it was in troth, champion docile, with your high bouncing gait of going and your feat of passage will be contested with you and through you, for centuries to come. The phaynix rose a sun before Erebia sank his smother! Shoot up on that, bright Bennu bird! *Va faotre!* Eftsoon so too will our own sphoenix spark spirt his spyre and sunward stride the rampante flambe. Ay, already the sombrero opacities of the gloom are sphanished! Brave footsore Haun! Work your progress! Hold to! Now! Win out, ye divil ye! The silent cock shall crow at last. The west shall shake the

east

awake. Walk while ye have the night for morn,
lightbreakfastbringer,
morroweth whereon every past shall full fost sleep.
Amain.

Lowly, longly, a wail went forth. Pure Yawn lay low. On the mead of the hillock lay, heartsoul dormant mid shadowed landshape, brief wallet to his side, and arm loose, by his staff of citron briar, tradition stick-pass-on. His dream monologue was over, of cause, but his drama parapolylogic had yet to be, affact. Most distressfully (but, my dear, how successfully!) to wail he did, his locks of a lucan tinge, quickrich, ripely rippling, unfilleted, those lashbetasselled lids on the verge of closing time, while ouze of his sidewiseopen mouth the breath of him, evenso languishing as the princeliest treble treacle or lichee chewchow purse could buy. Yawn in a semiswoon lay awailing and (hoo!) what helpings of honeyful swoothed (phew!), which earpiercing dulcitude! As were you suppose to go and push with your bluntblank pin in hand upinto his fleshasplush cushionettes of some chubby boybold love of an angel. Hwoah!

When, as the buzzer brings the light brigade, keeping the home fires burning, so on the churring call themselves came

at
him, from the westborders of the eastmidlands, three kings of
three suits and a crowner, from all their cardinal parts, along
the amber way where Brosna's furzy. To lift them they did,
senators four, by the first quaint skreek of the gloaming and
they hopped it up the mountainy molehill, traversing climes
of old times gone by of the days not worth remembering;
inventing some excuse them, any sort, having a sevenply

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sweat of night blues moist upon them. Feefee! phopho!!
foorchtha!!! aggala!!!! jeeshee!!!! paloola!!!!!!
ooridiminy!!!!!!

Afear'd themselves were to wonder at the class of a
crossroads

puzzler he would likely be, length by breadth nonplussing his
thickness, ells upon ells of him, making so many square
yards of

him, one half of him in Conn's half but the whole of him
nevertheless

in Owenmore's five quarters. There would he lay till
they would him descry, spancellor'd down upon a blossomy
bed, at

one fowle stretch, amongst the daffydowndillies, the flowers
of

narcosis fourfettering his footlights, a halohedge of wild
spuds

hovering over him, epicures waltzing with gardenfillers,
puritan

shoots advancing to Aran chiefs. Phopho!! The meteor pulp
of him, the seamless rainbowpeel. Aggala!!!! His bellyvoid
of

nebulose with his neverstop navel. Paloola!!!!!! And his

veins

shooting melanite phosphor, his creamtostard cometshair
and

his asteroid knuckles, ribs and members. Ooridiminy!!!!!!!

His

electrolatiginous twisted entrails belt.

Those four claymen clomb together to hold their sworn
starchamber

quiry on him. For he was ever their quarrel, the way
they would see themselves, everybug his bodiment atop of
annywom her notion, and the meet of their noight was worth
two

of his morning. Up to the esker ridge it was, Mallinger
parish, to a

mead that was not far, the son's rest. First klettered Shanator
Gregory, seeking spoor through the deep timefield, Shanator
Lyons, trailing the wavy line of his partition footsteps
(something

in his blisters was telling him all along how he had
been in that place one time), then his Recordership, Dr
Shunadure

Tarpey, caperchasing after honourable sleep, hot on to the
aniseed and, up out of his prompt corner, old Shunny
MacShunny,

MacDougal the hiker, in the rere of them on the run, to make
a

quorum. Roping their ass he was, their skygrey globetrotter,
by way of an afterthought and by no means legless either for
such sprouts on him they were that much oneven it was
tumbling

he was by four lengths, within the bawl of a mascot, kuss

yuss,
kuss cley, patsy watsy, like the kapr in the kabisses, the big
ass,
to hear with his unaided ears the harp in the air, the bugle

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dianablowing, wild as wild, the mockingbird whose word is
misfortune, so 'tis said, the bulbul down the wind.

The proto was traipsing through the tangle then, Mathew
Walker, godsons' goddestfar, deputising for gossipocracy,
and his station was a few perch to the weatherside of the
knoll Asnoch and it was from no other place unless there,
how
and ever, that he proxtended aloof upon the ether Mesmer's
Manuum, the hand making silence. The buckos beyond on
the lea,
then stopped wheresoever they found their standings and that
way
they set ward about him, doing obedience, nod, bend, bow
and
curtsey, like the watchers of Prospect, upholding their
broadawake
prober's hats on their firrum heads, the travelling court on
its findings circuiting that personer in his fallen. And a crack
quat-
youare of stenoggers they made of themselves, solons and
psy-
chomorers, all told, with their hurts and daimons, spites and
clops, not even to the seclusion of their beast by them that
was
the odd trick of the pack, trump and no friend of carrots.
And,
what do you think, who should be laying there above all

other
persons forenests them only Yawn! All of asprawl he was
laying
too amongst the poppies and, I can tell you something more
than
that, drear writer, profoundly as you may bedeave to it, he
was
oscasleep asleep. And it was far more similar to a satrap he
lay there
with unctuous beauty all surrounded, the poser, or for whatall
I
know like Lord Lumen, coaching his preferred constellations
in
faith and doctrine, for old Matt Gregory, 'tis he had the
starmenagerie,
Marcus Lyons and Lucas Metcalfe Tarpey and the mack
that never forgave the ass that lurked behind him, Jonny na
Hossaleen.

More than their good share of their five senses
ensorcelled
you would say themselves were, fuming censor, the way they
could not rightly tell their heels from their stools as they
cooched
down a mamalujo by his cubical crib, as question time drew
nighing and the map of the souls' groupography rose in relief
within their quarterings, to play tops or kites or hoops or
marbles,
curchyurchy, gawking on him, for the issuance of his pnum
and
softnoising one of them to another one, the boguaqueesthers.

And it is what they began to say to him tetrahedrally then,
the
masters, what way was he.

—He's giving, the wee bairn. Yun has lived.

—Yerra, why dat, my leader?

—Wisha, is he boosed or what, alannah?

—Or his wind's from the wrong cut, says Ned of the Hill.

—Lesten!

—Why so and speak up, do you hear me, you sir?

—Or he's rehearsing somewan's funeral.

—Whisht outathat! Hubba's up!

And as they were spreading abroad on their octopuds
their
drifter nets, the chromous gleamy seiners' nets and, no lie,
there was
word of assonance being softspoken among those
quartermasters.

—Get busy, kid!

—Chirpy, come now!

—The present hospices is a good time.

—I'll take on that chap.

For it was in the back of their mind's ear, temptive
lissomer,
how they would be spreading in quadriliberall their
azurespotted
fine attractable nets, their nansen nets, from Matt Senior to

the
thurrible mystagogue after him and from thence to the
neighbour
and that way to the puisny donkeyman and his crucifer's
cauda.
And in their minds years backslibris, so it was, slipping
beauty,
how they would be meshing that way, when he rose to it,
with
the planckton at play about him, the quivers of scaly silver
and
their clutches of chromes of the highly lucid spanishing gold
whilst, as hour gave way to mazing hour, with Yawn himself
keeping time with his thripthongue, to ope his blurbeous lips
he
would, a let out classy, the way myrrh of the moor and
molten
moonmist would be melding mellifond indo his mouth.

—Y?

—Before You!

—Ecko! How sweet thee answer makes! Afterwheres? In
the
land of lions' odor?

—Friends! First if yu don't mind. Name yur historical
grouns.

—This same prehistoric barrow 'tis, the orangery.

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—I see. Very good now. It is in your orangery, I take it,
you

have your letters. Can you hear here me, you sir?

—Throsends. For my darling. Typette!

—So long aforetime? Can you hear better?

—Millions. For godsends. For my darling dearling one.

—Now, to come nearer zone; I would like to raise my deuterous point audibly touching this. There is this madders.

I am told by our interpreter, Hanner Esellus, that there are fully

six hundred and six ragwords in your malherbal Magis landeguage

in which wald wand rimes alpman and there is resin in all roots for monarch but yav hace not one pronouncable term that

blows in all the vallums of tartallaght to signify majestate, even

provisionally, nor no rheda rhoda or torpentine path or hallucinian

via nor aurellian gape nor sunkin rut nor grossgrown trek nor crimeslaved cruxway and no moorhens cry or mooners' plankgang there to lead us to hopenhaven. Is such the *unde derivatur*

casematter messio! Frankly. *Magis megis enerretur mynus hoc intelligow.*

—How? C'est mal prononsable, tartagliano, perfrances.

Vous

n'avez pas d'o dans votre boche provinciale, mousoo. Je m'incline

mais *Moy jay trouway la clee dang les champs.* Hay sham nap poddy velour, come on!

—Hep there! Commong, sa na pa de valure? Whu's teit
dans
yur jambs? Whur's that inclining and talkin about the
messiah
so cloover? A true's to your trefling! Whure yu!

—Trinathan partnick dieudonnay. Have you seen her?
Typette, my tactile O!

—Are you in your fatherick, lonely one?

—The same. Three persons. Have you seen my darling
only
one? I am sohold!

—What are yu shevering about, ultramontane, like a
houn?
Is there cold on ye, doraphobian? Or do yu want yur
primafairy
schoolmam?

—The woods of fogloot! O mis padredges!

—Whisht awhile, greyleg! The duck is rising and you'll
wake
that stand of plover. I know that place better than anyone.
Sure,

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I used to be always overthere on the fourth day at my
grandmother's
place, Tear-nan-Ogre, my little grey home in the west,
in or about Mayo when the long dog gave tongue and they
coursing the marches and they straining at the leash.
Tortoiseshell
for a guineagould! Burb! Burb! Burb! Follow me up

Tucurlugh! That's the place for the claire oysters, Polldoody,
County Conway. I never knew how rich I was like another
story in
the zoedone of the zephyros, strolling and strolling, carrying
my
dragoman, Meads Marvel, thass withumpronouceable tail,
along
the shore. Do you know my cousin, Mr Jasper Dougal that
keeps the Anchor on the Mountain, the parson's son, Jasper
of
the Tuns, Pat Whateveryournameis?

—Dood and I dood. The wolves of Fochlut! By
Whydoyoucallme?
Do not flingamejig to the twolves!

—Turcafiera amd that's a good wan right enough!
Wooluvs
no less!

—One moment now, if I foeshorten the bloss on your
bleather. Encroachment spells erosion. Dunlin and turnstone
augur us where, how and when best as to burial of carcass,
fuselage
of dump and committal of noisance. But, since you invoke
austers for the trailing of vixens, I would like to send a
cormorant
around this blue lagoon. Tell me now this. You told my
larned friend rather previously, a moment since, about this
mound
or barrow. Now I suggest to you that ere there was this
plagueburrow,
as you seem to call it, there was a burialbattell, the boat

of millions of years. Would you bear me out in that,
relatively
speaking, with her jackstaff jerking at her pennyladders, why
not, and sizing a fair sail, knowest thou the kind? The
Pourquoi
Pas, bound for Weissduwasland, that fourmaster barquentine,
Webster says, our ship that ne're returned. The Frenchman, I
say,
was an orangeboat. He is a boat. You see him. The both how
you see is they! Draken af Danemork! Sacked it or ate it?
What!
Hennu! Spake ab laut!

—Couch, cortege, ringbarrow, dungcairn. Beseek the
runes
and see the longurn! Allmaun away when you hear the
ganghorn.
And meet Nautsen. Ess Ess. O ess. Warum night! Conning

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two lay payees. Norsker. Her raven flag was out, the
slaver. I trow pon good, jordan's scaper, good's barnet and
trustyman. Crouch low, you pigeons three! Say, call that girl
with
the tan tress awn! Call Wolfhound! Wolf of the sea. Folchu!
Folchu!

—Very good now. That folklore's straight from the ass his
mouth. I will crusade on with the parent ship, weather
prophetting,
far away from those green hills, a station, Ireton tells me,
bonofide for keeltappers, now to come to the midnight middy
on this levantine ponenter. From Daneland sailed the oxeyed
man, now mark well what I say.

—Magnus Spadebeard, korsets krosser, welsher perfyddye.
A destroyer in our port. Signed to me with his baling scoop.
Laid
bare his breastpaps to give suck, to suckle me. Ecce Hagios Chrisman!

—Oh, Jeyses, fluid! says the poisoned well. Futfishy the First. Hootchcopper's enkel at the navel manuvres!

—Hep! Hello there, Bill of old Bailey! Whu's he? Whu's this lad, why the pups?

—Hunkalus Childared Easterheld. It's his lost chance, Emania. Ware him well.

—Hey! Did you dream you were ating your own tripe, acushla, that you tied yourself up that wrynecky fix?

—I see now. We move in the beast circuls. Grimbarb and pancercruicer! You took the words out of my mouth. A child's dread for a dragon vicefather. Hillcloud encompass us! You mean you lived as milky at their lyceum, couard, while you learned, volp volp, to howl yourself wolfwise. Dyb! Dyb! Do your best.

—I am dob dob dobbling like old Booth's, courteous. The cubs are after me, it zeebs, the whole totem pack, vuk vuk and vuk vuk to them, for Robinson's shield.

—Scents and gouspils! The animal jangs again! Find the fingall harriers! Here howl me wiseacre's hat till I die of the milkman's lupus!

—What? Wolfgang? Whoah! Talk very slowe!

—Hail him heathen, heal him holystone!
Courser, Recourser, Changechild.....?
Eld as endall, earth.....?

—A cataleptic mithyphallic! Was this *Totem Fulcrum Est*
Ancestor yu hald in *Dies Eirae* where no spider webbeth or
Anno Mundi ere bawds plied in Skiffstrait? Be fair, Chris!

—Dream. Ona nonday I sleep. I dreamt of a somday. Of a
wonday I shall wake. Ah! May he have now of here fearfilled
me! Sinflowed, O sinflowed! Fia! Fia! Befurcht christ!

—I have your tristich now; it recurs in three times the
same
differently (there is such a fui fui story which obtains of
him):
comming nown from the asphalt to the concrete, from the
human
historic brute, Finnsen Faynean, oceanyclived, to this same
vulganized hillsir from yours, Mr Tupling Toun of Morning
de Heights, with his lavast flow and his rambling
undergrounds,
would he reoccur *Ad Horam*, as old Romeo Rogers, in city or
county, and your sure ob, or by, with or from an urb, of you
know the diferenciabus, as brauchbarred in apabhramsa,
sierrah!

We speak of Gun, the farther. And in the locative. Bap! Bap!

—Ouer Tad, Hellig Babbau, whom certayn orbits
assertant
re humeplace of Chivitats Ei, Smithwick, Rhonnda, Kaledon,
Salem (Mass), Childers, Argos and Duthless. Well, I am
advised

he might in a sense be both nevertheless, every at man like
myself,
suffix it to say, Abrahamsk and Brookbear! By him it was
done bapka, by me it was gone into, to whom it will beblive,
Mushame, Mushame! I am afraid you could not heave ahore
one
of your own old stepstones, barnabarnabarn, over a
stumbledown
wall here in Huddlestown to this classic Noctuber night
but itandthey woule binge, much as vecious, off the
dosshouse
back of a racerider in his truetoflesh colours, either
handicapped
on her flat or barely repeating himself. That is a tiptip tim
oldy
faher now the man I go in fear of, Tommy Terracotta, and he
could be all your and my das, the brodar of the founder of the
father of the finder of the pfander of the pfunder of the furst
man
in Ranelagh, fué! fué! Petries and violet ice (I am yam, as Me
and Tam Tower used to jagger pemmer it, over at the house
of

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Eddy's Christy, meaning Dodgfather, Dodgson and Co) and
spiriduous sanction!

—Breeze softly. Aures are aureas. Hau's his naun?

—Me das has or oreils. Piercey, piercey, piercey, piercey!

—White eyeluscious and muddyhorsebroth! Pig
Pursyriley!

But where do we get off, chiseller?

—Haltstille, Lucas and Dublinn! Vulva! Vulva! Vulva!
Vulva!

—Macdougall, Atlantic City, or his onagrass that is,
chuam
and coughan! I would go near identifying you from your
stavrotides,
Jong of Maho, and the weslarias round your yokohahat.
And that O'mulanchonry plucher you have from the worst
curst of Ireland, Glwlwd of the Mghtwg Grwpp, is no use to
you either, Johnny my donkeyschott. Number four, fix up
your
spreadeagle and pull your weight!

—Hooshin hom to our regional's hin and the gander of
Hayden. Would ye ken a young stepschuler of psychical
chirography,
the name of Keven, or (let outers pray) Evan Vaughan,
of his Posthorn in the High Street, that was shooing a Guiney
gagag, Poulepinter, that found the dogumen number one, I
would suggest, an illegible downfumbed by an unelgible?

—If I do know sintered sageness? Sometimes he would
keep
silent for a few minutes as if in prayer and clasp his forehead
and
during the time he would be thinking to himself and he
would
not mind anybody who would be talking to him or crying
stinking fish. But I no way need you, stroke oar nor your
quick
handles. Your too farfar a cock of the north there, Matty

Armagh,
and your due south so.

—South I see. You're up-in-Leal-Ulster and I'm-free-
Down-in-Easia,
this is much better. He is cured by faith who is sick of
fate. The prouts who will invent a writing there ultimately is
the
poeta, still more learned, who discovered the raiding there
originally.
That's the point of eschatology our book of kills reaches
for now in soandso many counterpoint words. What can't be
coded can be decoded if an ear eye sieze what no eye ere
grieved
for. Now, the doctrine obtains, we have occasioning cause
causing

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effects and affects occasionally recausing altereffects. Or I
will let me take it upon myself to suggest to twist the
penman's
tale posterwise. The gist is the gist of Shaum but the hand is
the hand of Sameas. Shan-Shim-Schung. There is a strong
suspicion on counterfeit Kevin and we all remember ye in
childhood's
reverye. 'Tis the bells of scandal that gave tune to
grumble over him and someone between me and thee. He
would
preach to the two turkies and dipdip all the dindians, this
master
the abbey, and give gold tidings to all that are in the bonze
age
of anteprosurrectionism to entrust their easter neappearance
to Borsaiolini's house of hatcraft. He is our sent on the firm.

Now, have you reasonable hesitancy in your mind about him
after fourpriest redmass or are you in your post? Tell me
andat
sans dismay. Leap, pard!

—Fierappel putting years on me! Nwo, nwo! This bolt in
hand be my worder! I'll see you moved farther, blarneying
Marcantonio! What cans such wretch to say to I or how have
My
to doom with him? We were wombful of mischief and
initiumwise,
everliking a liked, hairytop on heeltipper, alpybecca's
unwachsibles,
an ikeson am ikeson, that babe, imprincipially, my
leperd brethern, the Puer, ens innocens of but fifteen primes.
Ya all in your kalblionized so trilustriously standing the real
school, to be upright as his match, healtheous as is egg,
saviour
so the salt and good wee braod, parallaling buttyr, did I
altermobile
him to a flare insiding hogsfat. Been ike hins kindergardien?
I know not, O cashla, I am sure offed habitand this
undered heaven, meis enfins, contrasting the first mover, that
father I ascend fromming knows, as I think, caused whom I,
a
self the sign, came remaining being dwelling ayr, plage and
watford as to I was eltered impostulance possessing my
future
state falling towards thrice myself resting the childhide when
I received the habit following Mezienius connecting
Mezosius
including was verted embracing a palegrim, circumcised my

hairs, Oh laud, and removed my clothes from patristic
motives,
meas minimas culpads! Permitting this ick (ickle coon
icoocoon)
crouched low entering humble down, dead throe mean
scatological

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past, making so smell partaking myself to confess abiding
clean tumbluponing yous octopods, mouthspeech allno
fingerforce,
owning my mansuetude before him attaching Audeon's
prostratingwards mine sore accompanying my thrain tropps
offering meye eyesalt, what I (the person whomin I now am)
did
not do, how he to say essied anding how he was making
errand
andanding how he all locutey sunt, why did you, my sixth
best
friend, blabber always you would be so delated to back me,
then
ersed irredent, toppling Humphrey hugging Nephew, old
beggelaut,
designing such post sitting his night office? Annexing then,
producing Saint Momuluius, you snub around enclosing your
moving motion touching the other catachumens continuing
say
providing append of signature quoniam you will celebrand
my
dirthdags quoniam, concealed a concealer, I am twosides
uppish,
a mockbelief insulant, ending none meer hyber irish. Well,
chunk

your dimned chink, before avtokinatown, forasmuch as many
have tooken in hand to, I may as well humbly correct that
vespian

now in case of temporalities. I've my pockets full comeplay
of you laycreated cardonals, ap rince, ap rowler, ap rancer, ap
rowdey! Improperial! I saved you fore of the Hekkites and
you

loosed me hind bland Harry to the burghmote of Aud Dub. I
teachet you in fair time, my elders, the W.X.Y.Z. and
P.Q.R.S. of

legatine powers and you, Ailbey and Ciardeclan, I learn,
episcopoping

me altogether, circumdeditioned me. I brought you from the
loups of Lazary and you have remembered my lapsus
langways.

Washywatchywataywatashy! Oirasesheorebukujibun!
Watacooshy

lot! Mind of poison is. That time thing think! Honorific
remembrance to spit humble makes. My ruridecanal caste is
a cut

above you peregrines. Aye vouchu to rumanescu. See the
leabhour

of my generations! Has not my master, Theophrastius
Spheropneu-

maticus, written that the spirit is from the upper circle? I'm of
the

ochlocracy with Prestopher Palumbus and Porvus Parrio. Soa
koa Kelly Terry per Chelly Derry lepossette. Ho look at my
jailbrand Exquovis and sequencias High marked on me
fakesimilar

in the foreign by Pappagallus and Pumpusmagnus:

ahem! Anglicey: *Eggs squawfish lean yoe nun feed
marecurious.*

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Sagart can self laud nilobstant to Lowman Catlick's patrician
morning coat of arms with my High tripenniferry cresta and
caudal mottams: Itch dean: which Gaspey, Otto and Sauer, he
renders: echo stay so! Addressing eat or not eat body Yours
am. And, Mind, praisegad, is the first praisonal Egoname
Yod

heard boissboissy in Moy Bog's domesday. Hastan the vista!
Or
in alleman: Suck at!

—Suck it yourself, sugarstick! Misha, Yid think whose
was
asking to luckat your sore toe or to taste your gaspy, hot and
sour! Ichthyan! Hegvat tosser! Gags be plebsed! Between his
voyous and her consinnantes! Thugg, Dirke and Hacker with
Rose Lankester and Blanche Yorke! Are we speachin
d'anglas
landadge or are you sprakin sea Djoytsch? Oy soy,
Bleseyclasey,
where to go is knowing remain? Become quantity that
discourse
bothersome when what do? Knowing remain? Come back,
baddy
wriily, to Bullydamestough! Cum him, buddy rowly, with me!
What about your thruppenny croucher of an old fellow, me
boy,
through the ages, tell us, eh? What about Brian's the
Vauntandonlieme,
Master Monk, eh, eh, *Spira in Me Domino*, spear me
Doyne! Fat prize the bonafide peachumpidgeonlover, eh, eh,

eh, esquire earwugs, escusado, of Jenkins' Area, with his I've
Ivy
under his tangué and the hohallo to his dullaphone, before
there
was a sound in the world? How big was his boost friend and
be
shanghaied to him? The swaaber! The twicer, trifoaled in
Wanstable!
Loud's curse to him! If you hored him outerly as we
harum lubberintly, from morning rice till nightmale, with his
drums and bones and hums in drones your innereer'd heerdly
heer he. Ho ha hi he hung! Tsing tsing!

—Me no angly mo, me speakee Yellman's lingas. Nicey
Doc
Mistel Lu, please! Me no pigey ludiments all same numpa
one
Topside Tellmastoly fella. Me pigey savvy a singasong
anothel
time. Pleasie, Mista Lukie Walkie! Josadam cowbelly maam
belongame shepullamealahmalong, begolla, Jackinaboss
belongashe;
plentymuch boohoomeo.

—Hell's Confucium and the Elements! Tootoo
moohootch!
That's never the postal cleric, checking chinchin chat with
nip-

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ponnippers! Halt there sob story to your lambdad's tale! Are
you roman cawthrick 432?

—*Quadrigue my yoke.*
Triple my tryst.

Tandem my sire.

—History as her is harped. Too the toone your owldfrow
lied

of. Tantris, hattrick, tryst and parting, by vowelglide! I feel
your thrilljoy mouths overtspeaking, O dragoman, hands
understudium.

Plunger words what paddle verbed. Mere man's mime:
God has jest. The old order changeth and lasts like the first.
Every third man has a chink in his conscience and every
other

woman has a jape in her mind. Now, fix on the little fellow in
my

eye, Minucius Mandrake, and follow my little
psychosinology,

poor armer in slingslang. Now I, the lord of Tuttu, am
placing

that inital T square of burial jade upright to your temple a
moment. Do you see anything, templar?

—I see a blackfrinch pliestrycook . . . who is carrying on
his brainpan . . . a cathedral of lovejelly for his . . . *Tiens*,
how
he is like somebodies!

—Pious, a pious person. What sound of tistress isoles my
ear? I horizont the same, this serpe with ramshead, and lay it
lightly to your lip a little. What do you feel, liplove?

—I feel a fine lady . . . floating on a stillstream of
isisglass . . . with gold hair to the bed . . . and white arms to
the
twinklers . . . O la la!

—Purely, in a pure manner. O, sey but swift and still a
vain
essaying! Trothed today, trenned tomorrow. I invert the initial
of your tripartite and sign it sternly, and adze to girdle, on
your
breast. What do you hear, breastplate?

—I ahear of a hopper behidin the door slappin his feet in
a
pool of bran.

—Bellax, acting like a bellax. And so the triptych vision
passes. Out of a hillside into a hillside. Fairshee fading.

Again

am I deliciated by the picaresqueness of your irmages. Now,
the oneir urge iterimpellant, I feel called upon to ask did it
ever occur to you, *qua* you, prior to this, by a stretch of

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your iberboreallic imagination, when it's quicker than this
quacking
that you might, bar accidens, be very largely substituted in
potential secession from your next life by a complementary
character,
voices apart? Upjack! I shudder for your thought! Think!
Put from your mind that and take on trust this. The next word
depends on your answer.

—I'm thinking to, thogged be thenked! I was just trying
to
think when I thought I felt a flea. I might have. I cannot say
for
it is of no significance at all. Once or twice when I was in
odinburgh
with my addlefoes, Jake Jones, the handscabby, when I

thinkled I wore trying on my garden substisuit, boy's apert, at
my nexword nighboor's, and maybe more largely nor you
quosh yet you, messmate, realise. A few times, so to shape, I
chanced
to be stretching, in the shadow as I thought, the liferight out
of myself in my ericulous imaginating. I felt feeling a half
Scotch
and pottage like rounge my middle ageing like Bewley in the
baste so that I indicate out to myself and I swear my gots
how
that I'm not meself at all, no jolly fear, when I realise
bimiselves
how becomingly I to be going to become.

—O, is that the way with you, you craythur? In the
becoming
was the weared, wontnat! Hood maketh not frere. The voice
is the voice of jokeup, I fear. Are you imitation Roma now or
Amor now. You have all our empathies, eh, Mr Trickpat, if
you
don't mind, that is, aside from sings and mush, answering to
my
straight question?

—God save the monk! I won't mind this is, answering to
your strict crossqueets, whereas it would be as unethical for
me
now to answer as it would have been nonsensical for you
then
not to have asked. Same no can, home no will, gangin I am.
Gangang is Mine and I will return. Out of my name you call
me,
Leelander. But in my shelter you'll miss me. When Lapac

walks

backwards he's darkest horse in Capalisoot. You knew me
once

but you won't know me twice. I am *simpliciter arduus*, ars of
the schoo, Freeday's child in loving and thieving.

—My child, know this! Some portion of that answer
appears
to have been token by you from the writings of Saint
Synodius,

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that first liar. Let us hear, therefore, as you honour and obey
the
queen, whither the indwellingness of that which shamefieth
be
entwined of one or atoned of two. Let us hear, Art
simplicissime!

—Dearly beloved brethren: Bruno and Nola, leymon
bogholders
and stationary lifepartners off orangey Saint Nessau Street,
were
explaining it avicendas all round each other ere yesterweek
out
of Ibn Sen and Ipanzussch. When himupon Nola Bruno
monopolises
his egobruno most unwillingly seses by the mortal powers
aliona equal and opposite brunoipto, *id est*, eternally
provoking
alio opposite equally as provoked as Bruno at being eternally
opposed by Nola. Poor omniboose, singalow singlearum: so
is he!

—One might hear in their beyond that lionroar in the air
again, the zoothoohoom of Felin make Call. Bruin goes to
Noble,
aver who is? If is itsen? Or you mean Nolans but Volans, an
alibi, do you Mutemalice, suffering unegoistically from the
singular
but positively enjoying on the plural? Dustify of that sole,
you
breather! Ruemember, blither, thou must lie!

—Oyessoyess! I never dramped of prebeing a postman
but
I mean in ostralian someplace, mulds deeply belubdead; my
allaboy brother, Negoist Cabler, of this city, whom 'tis better
ne'er to name, my said brother, the skipgod, expelled for
looking at churches from behind, who is sender of the Hullo
Eve Cenograph in prose and worse every Allso's night. High
Brazil Brandan's Deferred, midden Erse clare language,
Nought-
noughtnought nein. Assass. Dublire, per Neuropaths. Punk.
Starving today plays punk opening tomorrow two plays punk
wire splosh how two plays punk Cabler. Have you forgotten
poor Alby Sobrinos, Geoff, you blighter, identifiable by the
necessary white patch on his rear? How he went to his
swiltersland
after his lungs, my sad late brother, before his coglional
expancian? Won't you join me in a small halemerry, a bottle
of
the best, for wellmet Capeler, united Irishmen, what though
preferring
the stranger, the coughs and the itches and the minnies

and the ratties the opulose and bilgenses, for of his was the patriots mistaken. The heart that wast our Graw McGree!

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Yet be there some who mourn him, concluding him dead, and more there be that wait astand. His fuchs up the staires and the ladgers in his haires, he ought to win that *V.V.C.* Fullgrapce for an endupper, half muxy on his whole! Would he were even among the lost! From ours bereft beyond belongs.

Oremus poor fraternibus that he may yet escape the gallews and still remain ours faithfully departed. I wronged you.

I never want to see more of bad men but I want to learn from any on the airse, like Tass with much thanks, here's ditto, if he lives sameplace in the antipathies of austrasia or anywhere with my fawngest on his hooshmoney, safe and damned, or has hopped it or who can throw any lime on the sopjack, my fond fosther, E. Obiit Nolan, The Workings, N.S.W., his condition off the Venerable Jerrybuilt, not belonging to these parts, who, I remember ham to me, when we were like bro and sis over our castor and porridge, with his roamin I suppose, expecting for his clarenx negus, a teetotum abstainer.

He feels he ought to be as asamed of me as me to be ashunned of him. We were in one class of age like to two clots of egg. I am most beholding to him, my namesick, as we sayed it in our Amharican, through the Doubly Telewisher. Outpassed hearts wag short pertimes. Worndown shoes upon his feet, to whose redress

no tongue can tell! In his hands a boot! Spare me, do, a
copper or two and happy I'll hope you'll be! It will pleased
me behind with thanks from before and love to self and all I
remain here your truly friend. I am no scholar but I loved that
man who has africot lupps with the moonshane in his profile,
my shemblable! My freer! I call you my halfbrother because
you in your soberer otiumic moments remind me deeply of
my

natural saywhen brothel in feed, hop and jollity, S. H. Devitt,
that benighted irismaimed, who is tearly belaboured by
Sydney
and Alibany.

—As you sing it it's a study. That letter selfpenned to
one's
other, that neverperfect everplanned?

—This nonday diary, this allnights newseryreel.

—My dear sir! In this wireless age any owl rooster can
peck

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up bostoons. But whoewaxed he so anquished? Was he
vector
victored of victim vexed?

—Mighty sure! Way way for his wehicul! A
parambolator
ram into his bagsmall when he was reading alawd, with two
ecolites
and he's been failing of that kink in his arts over sense.

—Madonagh and Chiel, idealist leading a double life!
But who,

for the brilliance of brothers, is the Nolan as appearant nominally?

—Mr Nolan is pronominally Mr Gottgab.

—I get it. By hearing his thing about a person one begins to place him for a certain in true. You reeker, he stands pat for you before a direct object in the feminine. I see. By maiden sname. Now, I am earnestly asking you, and putting it as between this yohou and that houmonymh, will just you search through your gabgut memoirs for all of two minutes for this impersonating pronolan, fairhead on foulshoulders. Would it be in twofold truth an untaken mispatriate, too fullfully true and rereally a doblinganger much about your own medium with a sandy whiskers? Poke me nabs in the ribs and pick the erstwort out of his mouth.

—Treble Stauter of Holy Baggot Street, formerly Swordmeat, who I surpassed him lately for four and six bringing home the Christmas, as heavy as music, hand to eyes on the peer for Noel's Arch, in blessed foster's place is doing the dirty on me with his tantrums and all these godforgiven kilowatts I'd be better off without. She's write to him she's levt by me, Jenny Rediviva! Toot! Detter for you, Mr Nobru. Toot toot! Better for you, Mr Anol! This is the way we. Of a redtetterday morning.

—When your contraman from Tuwarceathay is looking for righting that is not a good sign? Not?

—I speak truly, it's a shower sign that it's not.

—What though it be for the sow of his heart? If even she were a good pool Pegeen?

—If she ate your windowsill you wouldn't say sow.

—Would you be surprised after that my asking have you a bull, a bosbully, with a whistle in his tail to scare other birds?

—I would.

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—Were you with Sindy and Sandy attending Goliath, a bull?

—You'd make me sag what you like to. I was intending a funeral. Simply and samply.

—They are too wise of solbing their silbings?

—And both croon to the same theme.

—Tugbag is Baggut's, when a crispin sokolist besoops juts kamps or clapperclaws an irvingite offthedocks. A luckchange, I see. Thinking young through the muddleage spread, the moral fat his mental leans on. We can cop that with our straat that is called corkscrewed. It would be the finest boulevard billy for a mile in every direction, from Lismore to Cape Brendan,

Patrick's,

if they took the bint out of the mittle of it. You told of a tryst too, two a tutu. I wonder now, without releasing seeklets of the

alcove, turturs or raabraabs, have I heard mention of whose name

anywhere? Mallowlane or Demaasch? Strike us up either end
Have You Erred off Van Homper or Ebell Teresa Kane.

—*Marak! Marak! Marak!*

He drapped has draraks an Mansianhase parak

And he had ta barraw tha watarcrass shartclaths aff tha arkbashap af Yarak!

—Braudribnob's on the bummel?

—And lillypets on the lea.

—A being again in becomings again. From the sallies to the allies through their central power?

—Pirce! Perce! Quick! Queck!

—O Tara's thrush, the sharepusher! And he said he was only

taking the average grass temperature for green Thursday, the

blutchy scaliger! Who you know the musselman, his musclemum

and mistlemam? Maomi, Mamie, My Mo Mum! He loves a drary lane. Feel Phylliscitations to daff Mr Hairwigger who has just hadded twinned little curls! He was resting between horrockses' sheets, wailing for white warfare, prooboor welshtbreton,

and unbiassed by the embarrassment of disposal but, the
first woking day, by Thunder, he stepped into the breach and
put
on his recriution trousers and riding apron in Baltic Bygrad,
the
old soggy, was when the bold bhuoys of Iran wouldn't join
up.

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—How voice you that, nice Sandy man? Not large
goodman
is he, Sandy nice. Ask him this one minute upthrow inner
lotus
of his burly ear womit he dropped his Bass's to P flat. And
for
that he was allaughed? And then baited? The whole gammat?

—Loonacied! Marterdyed!! Madwakemiherculossed!!!
Ju-
dascassed!!!! Pairaskivvymenassed!!!!!! Luredogged!!!!!!
And,
needatellye, faulscrescendied!!!!!!!

—Dias domnas! Dolled to dolthood? And Annie Delittle,
his daintree diva, in deltic dwilights, singing him henpecked
rusish
through the bars? My Wolossay's wild as the Crasnian Sea!
Grabashag, groogy, scoop and I'll cure ye! Mother of
emeralds,
ara poog neighbours!

—Capilla, Rubrilla and Melcamomilla! Dauby, dauby,
without
dulay! Well, I beg to traverse same above statement by saxy

luters in their back haul of Coalcutter what reflects upon my
administrants of slow poisoning as my dodear devere revered
mainhirr was confined to guardroom, I hindustand, by my
pint
of his Filthered pilsens bottle due to Zenaphiah Holwell, H
and
J. C. S, Which I was bringing up my quee parapotacarry's
orders
in my sedown chair with my mudfacepacket from my cash
chemist and family drugger, Surager Dowling, V.S. to our
aural
surgeon, Afamado Hairductor Achmed Borumborad,
M.A.C.A,
Sahib, of a 1001 Ombrilla Street, Syringa padham,
Alleypulley, to
see what was my watergood, my mesical wasserguss, for
repairs
done by bollworm in the rere of pilch knickers, seven yerds
to
his galandhar pole on perch, together with his for me
unfillable
slopper, property of my deeply forfear revebereared, who is
costing
us mostfortunes which I am writing in mepetition to
Kavanagh
Djanaral, when he was sitting him humpbacked in dry
dryfilthyheat
to his trinidads pinslers at their orpentings, entailing a
laxative tendency to mary, especially with him being
forbidden
fruit and certified by his sexular clergy to have as badazmy
emotional volvular, with a basketful of priesters crossing the

singorgeous to aroint him with tummy moor's maladies, and
thereinafter liable to succumb when served with letters potent
below the belch, if my rupee repure riputed husbandship
H.R.R.

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took a brief one in his shirtsails out of the alleged given
mineral,
telling me see his in Foraignghistan sambat papers Sunday
features
of a welcomed aperrytiff with vallad of Erill Pearcey O
he never battered one eagle's before paying me his duty on
my
annaversary to the parroteyes list in my nil ensemble, in his
lazychair
but he hided up my hemifaces in all my mayarannies and
he locked plum into my mirrymouth like Ysamasy morning
in
the end of time, with the so light's hope on his ruddycheeks
and
rawjaws and, my charmer, whom I dipped my hand in, he
simply
showed me his propendiculous loadpoker, Seaserpents hisses
sissastones, which was as then is produced in his mansway
by
this wisest of the Vikramadityationists, with the remere
remind
remure remark, in his gulughurutty: Yran for parasites with
rum
for the turkeycockeys so Lithia, M.D., as this is for Snooker,
bort!

—Which was said by whom to whom?

—It wham. But whim I can't whumember.

—Fantasy! funtasy on fantasy, amnaes fintasies! And there is nihil nuder under the clothing moon. When Ota, weewahrwificle of Torquells, bumped her dumpsydiddle down in her woolsark she mode our heuteyleutey girlery of peerlesses to set up in all their bombossities of feudal fiertey, fanned, flounced and frangipanned, while the massstab whereby Ephialtes has exceeded is the measure, *simplex mendaciis*, by which our Outis cuts his thruth. Arkaway now!

—Yerds and nudes say ayes and noes! Vide! Vide!

—Let Eivin bemember for Gates of Gold for their fadeless suns berayed her. Irise, Osirises! Be thy mouth given unto thee! For why do you lack a link of luck to poise a pont of perfect, peace? On the vignetto is a ragingoos. The overseer of the house of the oversire of the seas, Nu-Men, triumphant, sayeth: Fly as the hawk, cry as the corncrake, Ani Latch of the postern is thy name; shout!

—My heart, my mother! My heart, my coming forth of darkness! They know not my heart, O coolun dearast! Mon

gloomerie! Mon glamourie! What a surpraise, dear Mr
Preacher,

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I to hear from your strawnummical modesty! Yes, there was
that skew arch of chrome sweet home, floodlit up above the
flabberghosted farmament and bump where the camel got the
needle. Talk about iridecencies! Ruby and beryl and
chrysolite,
jade, sapphire, jasper and lazul.

—Orca Bellona! Heavencry at earthcall, etnat athos?
Extinct
your vulcanology for the lava of Moltens!

—It's you not me's in erupting, hecklar!

—Ophiuchus being visible above thorizon, muliercula
occluded
by Satarn's serpent ring system, the pisciolinnies Nova
Ardonis and Prisca Parthenopea, are a bonnies feature in the
northern sky. Ers, Mores and Merkery are surgents below the
rim
of the Zenith Part while Arctura, Anatolia, Hesper and
Mesembria
weep in their mansions over Noth, Haste, Soot and Waste.

—Apep and Uachet! Holy snakes, chase me charley,
Eva's
got barley under her fluencies! The Ural Mount he's on the
move and he'll quivvy her with his strombolo! Waddlewurst,
the bag of tow, as broad above as he is below! Creeping
through the liongrass and bullsrusshius, the obesendean,
before
the Empfang de Maurya's class, in Bill Shasser's Shotshrift

writing

academy, camouflaged as a blancmange and maple syrup!

Obeisance

so their sitinins is the follicity of this Orp! Her sheik to

Slave, his dick to Dave and the fat of the land to Guygas. The

treadmill pebbledropper haha halfahead overground and

she'd

only chitschats in her spanking bee bonetry, Allapolloosa! Up

the

slanger! Three cheers and a heva heva for the name Dan

Magraw!

—The giant sun is in his emanence but which is chief of those

white dwarfees of which he ever is surabanded? And do you think

I might have being his seventh! He will kitsse me on melbaw.

What about his age? says you. What about it? says I. I will confess to his sins and blush me further. I would misdemean to

rebuke to the libels of snots from the fleshambles, the canalles.

Synamite is too good for them. Two overthirties in shore shorties.

She's askapot at Nile Lodge and she's citchincarry at the left Mrs Hamazum's. Will you warn your old habasund, barking

at baggermen, his chokefull chewing his chain? Responsif you

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plais. The said Sully, a barracker associated with tinkers, the blackhand, Shovellyvans, wreuter of annoyimgmost letters

and

skirriless ballets in Parsee Franch who is Magrath's thug and smells cheaply of Power's spirits, like a deepsea dibbler, and he is

not fit enough to throw guts down to a bear. Sylphling me when is a maid nought a maid he would go to anyposs length for her! So long, Sulleyman! If they cut his nose on the stitcher

they had their siven good reasons. Here's to the leglift of my snuff and trout stockangt henkerchoff, orange fin with a mosaic

of dispensations and a froren black patata, from my church milliner.

When Lynch Brother, Withworkers, Friends and Company with T. C. King and the Warden of Galway is prepared to stretch him sacred by the powers to the starlight, L.B.W.

Hemp,

hemp, hurray! says the captain in the moonlight. I could put him under my pallyass and slepp on him all nights as I would roll myself for holy poly over his borrowing places. How we will

make laugh over him together, me and my Riley in the Vickar's

bed! Quink! says I. He cawls to me Granny-stream-Auborne when I am hiding under my hair from him and I cool him my Finnyking he's so joyant a bounder. Plunk! said he. Inasmuch as I am delightful to be able to state, with the joy of lifing in my

forty winkers, that a handsome sovereign was freely pledged in their pennis in the sluts maschine, alonging wath a cherry-wickerkishabrack of maryfruit under Shadow La Rose, to both

the legitimate lady performers of display unquestionable,
Elsebett
and Marryetta Gunning, H 2 O, by that noblesse of leechers
at
his Saxontannery with motto in Wwalshe's ffrenchllatin:
O'Neill
saw Queen Molly's pants: and much admired engraving,
meaning
complet manly parts during alleged recent act of our chief
mergey margey magistrades, five itches above the kneecap,
as
required by statues. V.I.C.5.6. If you won't release me stop to
please me up the leg of me. Now you see! Respect. S.V.P.
Your wife. Amn. Amn. Amm. Ann.

—You wish to take us, Frui Mria, by degrees, as *artis
litterarumque
patrona* but I am afraid, my poor woman of that same
name, what with your silvanes and your salvines, you are
misled.

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—Alas for livings' pledjures!

—Lordy Daw and Lady Don! Uncle Foozle and Aunty
Jack! Sure, that old humbugger was boycotted and girlcutedd
in debt and doom, on hill and haven, even by the show-the-
flag
flotilla, as I'm given now to understand, illscribed in all the
gratuitouses and conspued in the takeyourhandaways.
Bumbty,
tumbty, Sot on a Wall, Mute art for the Million. There wasn't
an
Archimandrite of Dane's Island and the townlands nor a minx

from the Isle of Woman nor a one of the four cantins nor any
on
the whole wheel of his ecunemical conciliabulum nor nogent
ingen meid on allad the hold scurface of the jorth would
come
next or nigh him, Mr Eelwhipper, seed and nursery man, or
his allgas bumgalowre, *Auxilium Meum Solo A Domino*
(Amsad),
for rime or ration, from piles or faces, after that.

—All ears did wag, old Eire wake as Piers Aurell was
flapper-
gangsted.

—Recount!

—I have it here to my fingall's ends. This liggy piggy
wanted
to go to the jampot. And this leggy peggy spelt pea. And
these
lucky puckers played at pooping tooletom. Ma's da. Da's ma.
Madas. Sadam.

—*Pater patruum cum filiabus familiarum*. Or, but, now,
and,
ariring out of her mirgery margery watersheads and, to
change
that subjunct from the traumaturgid for once in a while and
darting
back to stuff, if so be you may identify yourself with the him
in you, that fluctuous neck merchamtur, bloodfadder and
milkmudder,
since then our too many of her, Abha na Lifé, and getting
on to dadaddy again, as them we're ne'er free of, was he in

tea

e'er he went on the bier or didn't he ontime do something
seemly

heavy in sugar? He sent out Christy Columb and he came
back

with a jailbird's unbespokables in his beak and then he sent
out

Le Caron Crow and the peacies are still looking for him. The
seeker from the swayed, the beesabouties from the parent
swarm.

Speak to the right! Rotacist ca canny! He caun ne'er be
bothered

but maun e'er be waked. If there is a future in every past that
is

present *Quis est qui non novit quinnigan* and *Qui quae quot*
at

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Quinnigan's Quake! Stump! His producers are they not his
consumers?

Your exagmination round his factification for incamination
of a warping process. Declaim!

—Arra irrara hirrara man, weren't they arriving in
clansdestinies

for the Imbandiment of *Ad Regias Agni Dapes*, fogabawlers
and panhibernskers, after the crack and the lean years,
scalpjaggers

and houthunters, like the messicals of the great god, a
scarlet

trainful, the Twoedged Petrard, totalling, leggats and prelaps,
in

their aggregate ages two and thirty plus undecimmed centries
of them with insiders, extraomnes and tuttifrutties allcunct,

from
Rathgar, Rathanga, Rountown and Rush, from America
Avenue
and Asia Place and the Affrian Way and Europa Parade and
besogar
the wallies of Noo Soch Wilds and from Vico, Mespil
Rock and Sorrento, for the lure of his weal and the fear of his
oppidumic, to his salon de espera in the keel of his kraal, like
lodes of ores flocking fast to Mount Maximagnetic, afeerd he
was
a gunner but affaird to stay away, Merrionites,
Dumstdumbdrummers,
Luccanicans, Ashtoumers, Batterysby Parkes and
Krumlin Boyards, Phillipsburgs, Cabraists and Finglossies,
Ballymunites, Raheniacs and the bettlers of Clontarf, for to
contemplate
in manifest and pay their firstrate duties before the both
of him, twelve stone a side, with their *Thieve le Roué!* and
their
Shvr yr Thrst! and their *Uisgye ad Inferos!* and their *Usque
ad
Ebbraios!* at and in the licensed boosiness primises of his
delhightful
bazar and reunited magazine hall, by the magazine wall,
Hosty's and Co, Exports, for his five hundredth and
sixtysixth
borthday, the grand old Magennis Mor, Persee and Rahli,
taker
of the tributes, their Rinseky Poppakork and Piowtor the
Grape,
holding Dunker's durbar, boot kings and indiarubber umpires
and shawhs from paisley and muftis in muslim and sultana

reiseines and jordan almonders and a row of jam sahibs and a
odd principeza in her pettedcoat and the queen of knight's
clubs

and the claddagh ringleaders and the two salaames and the
Halfa

Ham and the Hanzas Khan with two fat Maharashers and the
German selver geysers and he polished up, protemptible,
tintanam-

bulating to himsilf so silfrich, and there was J. B. Dunlop, the

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best tyrent of ourish times, and a swanks of French wine
stuarths

and Tudor keepsakes and the Cesarevitch for the current
counter

Leodegarius Sant Legerleger riding lapsaddlelonglegs up the
oaks staircase on muleback like Amaxodias Isteroproto,
hindquarters

to the fore and kick to the lift, and he handygrabbed on
to his trulley natural anthem: *Horsibus, keep your tailyup,*
and

as much as the halle of the vacant fhronerroom, Oldloafs
Buttery, could safely accomodate of the houses of Orange
and

Bettors M.P, permeated by Druids D.P, Brehons B.P, and
Flawhoolags F.P, and Agiapommenites A.P, and
Antepummelites

P.P, and Ulster Kong and Munster's Herald with
Athclee Ensigning and Athlone Poursuivant and his Imperial
Catching, his fain awan, and his gemmynosed sanctsons
in epheud and ordilawn and his diamondskulled
granddaucher,

Adamantaya Liubokovskva, all murdering Irish, amok and

amak, out of their boom companions in paunchjab and dogril
and pammel and gougerotty, after plenty of his fresh stout
and
his good balls of malt, not to forget his oels a'mona nor his
beers
o'ryely, sopped down by his pani's annagolorum, (at
Kennedy's
kiln she kned her dough, back of her bake for me, buns!)
socializing
and communicanting in the deification of his members, for
to nobble or salvage their herobit of him, the poohpooher old
bolssloose, with his arthurious clayroses, Dodderick
Ogonoch
Wrack, busted to the wurld at large, on the table round, with
the
floodlight switched back, as true as the Vernons have Brian's
sword, and a dozen and one by one tilly tallows round in
ringcampf,
circumassembled by his daughters in the foregiftness of
his sons, lying high as he lay in all dimensions, in court dress
and
ludmers chain, with a hogo, fluorescent of his swathings,
round
him, like the cummulium of scents in an italian warehouse,
erica's
clustered on his hayir, the spectrem of his prisent mocking
the
candiedights of his dattid, bagpuddingpodded to the
deafspot,
bewept of his chilidrin and serafim, poors and personalities,
venturous,
drones and dominators, ancients and auldancients, with

his buttend up, expositoed for sale after referee's inspection,
bulgy and blowrious, bunged to ignorious, healed cured and

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embalsemate, pending a rouseruction of his bogey, most
highly
astounded, as it turned up, after his life everlasting, at thus
being
reduced to nothing.

—Bappy-go-gully and gaff for us all! And all his morties
calisenic, tripping a trepas, neniawantyng: Mulo Mulelo!

Homo

Humilo! Dauncy a deady O! Dood dood dood! O Bawse! O
Boese! O Muerther! O Mord! Mahmato! Moutmaro! O
Smirtsch!

O Smertz! Woh Hillill! Woe Hallall! Thou Thuoni! Thou
Thaunaton! Umartir! Udamnor! Tschitt! Mergue! Eulumu!
Huam Khuam! Malawinga! Malawunga! Ser Oh Ser! See ah
See! Hamovs! Hemoves! Mamor! Rockquiem eternuel give
donal

aye in dolmeny! Bad luck's perpepperpot loosen his eyis!
(Psich!).

—But there's leps of flam in Funnycoon's Wick. The
keyn
has passed. Lung lift the keying!

—God save you king! Muster of the Hidden Life!

—God serf yous kingly, adipose rex! I had four in the
morning
and a couple of the lunch and three later on, but your saouls
to the dhaoul, do ye. Finnk. Fime. Fudd?

—Impassable tissue of improbable liyers! D'yu mean to sett
there where y'are now, coddlin your supernumerary leg,
wi'that
bizar tongue in yur talkshap, and your hindies and shindies,
like a
muck in a market, Sorley boy, repeating yurself, and tell me
that?

—I mean to sit here on this altnoll where you are now,
Surly guy, replete in myself, as long as I live, in my
homespins,
like a sleepingtop, with all that's buried ofsins insince
insensed
insidesofme. If I can't upset this pound of pressed ollaves I
can
sit up zounds of sounds upon him.

—Oliver! He may be an earthpresence. Was that a groan
or
did I hear the Dingle bagpipes Wasting war and? Watch!

—*Tris tris a ni ma mea!* Prisoner of Love! Bleating Hart!
Lowlaid Herd! Aubain Hand! Wonted Foot! *Usque! Usque!*
Usque! Lignum in . . .

—Rawth of Gar and Donnerbruck Fire? Is the strays
world
moving mound or what static babel is this, tell us?

—Whoishe whoishe whoishe whoishe linking in?
Whoishe
whoishe whoishe?

—The snare drum! Lay yer lug till the groun. The dead
giant
manalive! They're playing thimbles and bodkins. Clan of the
Gael! Hop! Whu's within?

—Dovegall and finshark, they are ring to the rescune!

—Zinzin. Zinzin.

—Crum abu! Cromwell to victory!

—We'll gore them and gash them and gun them and gloat
on
them.

—Zinzin.

—O, widows and orphans, it's the yeomen! Redshanks
for
ever! Up Lances!

—The cry of the roedeer it is! The white hind. Their
slots,
linklink, the hound hunthorning! Send us and peace! Title!
Title!

—Christ in our irish times! Christ on the airs
independence!
Christ hold the freedman's chareman! Christ light the dully
expressed!

—Slog slagt and slughter! Rape the daughter! Choke the
pope!

—Aure! Cloudy father! Unsure! Nongood!

—Zinzin.

—Sold! I am sold! Brinabride! My ersther! My sidster!
Brinabride, goodbye! Brinabride! I sold!

—Pipette dear! Us! Us! Me! Me!

—Fort! Fort! Bayroyt! March!

—Me! I'm true. True! Isolde. Pipette. My precious!

—Zinzin.

—Brinabride, bet my price! Brinabride!

—My price, my precious?

—Zin.

—Brinabride, my price! When you sell get my price!

—Zin.

—Pipette! Pipette, my priceless one!

—O! Mother of my tears! Believe for me! Fold thy son!

—Zinzin. Zinzin.

—Now we're gettin it. Tune in and pick up the forain
counties! Hello!

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— Zinzin.

— Hello! Tittit! Tell your title?

— Abride!

— Hellohello! Ballymacarett! Am I thru' Iss? Miss?
True?

— Tit! What is the ti . . ?

SILENCE.

Act drop. Stand by! Blinders! Curtain up. Juice, please!
Foots!

—Hello! Are you Cigar shank and Wheat?

—I gotye. Gobble Ann's Carrot Cans.

—Parfey. Now, after that justajiff siesta, just permit me a moment. Challenger's Deep is childsplay to this but, by our soundings in the swish channels, land is due. A truce to demobbed

swarwords. Clear the line, priority call! Sybil! Better that or this? Sybil Head this end! Better that way? Follow the baby spot.

Yes. Very good now. We are again in the magnetic field. Do you remember on a particular lukesummer night, following a crying fair day? Moisten your lips for a lightning strike and begin again. Mind the flickers and dimmers! Better?

—Well. The isles is Thymes. The ales is Penzance.
Vehement
Genral. Delhi expulsed.

—Still calling of somewhave from its specific? Not more?

Lesscontinuous. There were fires on every bald hill in holy Ireland that night. Better so?

—You may say they were, son of a cove!

—Were they bonfires? That clear?

—No other name would at all befit them unless that.
Bonafieries!
With their blue beards streaming to the heavens.

—Was it a high white night now?

—Whitest night mortal ever saw.

—Was our lord of the heights nigh our lady of the valley?

—He was hosting himself up and flosting himself around
and
ghosting himself to merry her murmur like an andeanupper
balkan.

—Lewd's carol! Was there rain by any chance,
mistandew?

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—Plenty. If you wend farranoch.

—There fell some fall of littlewinter snow, holy-as-ivory,
I gather, jesse?

—By snaachtha clocka. The nicest at all. In hilly-and-
even
zimalayars.

—Did it not blow some gales, westnass or ostscent,
rather
strongly to less, allin humours out of turn, jusse as they rose
and
sprungen?

—Out of all jokes it did. Pipep! Icecold. Brr na brr, ny
prr!
Lieto galumphantes!

—Stll cling! Nmr! Peace, Pacific! Do you happen to
recollect
whether Muna, that highlucky nackt, was shining at all?

—Sure she was, my midday darling! And not one but a pair
of pritty geallachers.

—Quando? Quonda? Go datey!

—Latearly! Latearly! Latearly! Latearly!

—That was latterlig certainly. And was there frostwork
about and thick weather and hie, soon calid, soon frozen,
cold on
warm but moistly dry, and a boatshaped blanket of bruma
airsighs
and hellstohns and flammballs and vodashouts and
everything
to please everybody?

—Hail many fell of greats! Horey morey smother of fog!
There was, so plays your ahrtimes. Absolutely boiled.
Obsoletely cowled. Julie and Lulie at their parkiest.

—The amenities, the amenities of the amenities with all
their
amenities. And the firmness of the formous of the famous of
the
fumous of the first fog in Maidanvale?

—Catchecatche and couchamed!

—From Miss Somer's nice dream back to Mad
Winthrop's
delugium stramens. One expects that kind of rimey feeling in
the
sire season?

—One certainly does. Desire, for hire, would tire a shire,
phone, phunkel, or wire. And mares.

—Of whitecaps any?

—Foamflakes flockfuyant from Foxrock to Finglas.

—A lambskip for the marines! Paronama! The entire
horizon

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cloth! All effects in their joints caused ways. Raindrum,
windmachine, snowbox. But thundersheet?

—No here. Under the blunkets.

—This common or garden is now in stiller realithy the
starey sphere of an oleotorium for broken pottery and ancient
vegetables?

—Simply awful the dirt. An evernasty ashtray.

—I see. Now do you know the wellknown kikkinmidden
where the illassorted first couple first met with each other?
The
place where Ealdermann Fanagan? The time when
Junkermenn
Funagin?

—Deed then I do, W.K.

—In Fingal too they met at Littlepeace aneath the
bidetree,
Yellowhouse of Snugsborough, Westreeve-Astagob and
Slutsend
with Stockins of Winning's Folly Merryfalls, all of a two,
skidoo and skephumble?

—Godamedy, you're a delville of a tolkar!

—Is it a place fairly expoused to the four last winds?

—Well, I faithfully sincerely believe so indeed if all what I hope to charity is half true.

—This stow on the wolds, is it Woful Dane Bottom?

—It is woful in need whatever about anything or allse under the grianblachk sun of gan greyne Eireann.

—A tricolour ribbon that spells a caution. The old flag, the cold flag.

—The flagstone. By tombs, deep and heavy. To the unaveiling memory of. Peacer the grave.

—And what sigeth Woodin Warneung thereof?

—Trickspissers vill be pairsecluded.

—There used to be a tree stuck up? An overlisting eshtree?

—There used, sure enough. Beside the Annar. At the ford of Slivenamond. Oakley Ashe's elm. With a snodrift from one beerchen bough. And the grawndest crowndest consecrated maypole in all the reignladen history of Wilds. Browne's *Thesaurus Plantarum* from Nolan's, The Prittlewell Press, has nothing alike it. For we are fed of its forest, clad in its wood, burqued by its

bark and our lecture is its leave. The cran, the cran the king
of all
crans. Squiremade and damesman of plantagenets, high and
holy.

—Now, no hiding your wren under a bushle! What was it
doing there, for instance?

—Standing foreninst us.

—In Summerian sunshine?

—And in Cimmerian shudders.

—You saw it visibly from your hidingplace?

—No. From my invisibly lyingplace.

—And you then took down in stereo what took place
being
tunc committed?

—I then tuk my takenplace lying down, I think I told
you.
Solve it!

—Remounting aliflfe towards the ouragan of spaces. Just
how grand in cardinal rounders is this preeminent giant, sir
Arber? Your bard's highview, avis on valley! I would like to
hear
you burble to us in strict conclave, purpurando, and without
too much italiote interfairance, what you know *in petto* about
our
sovereign beingstalk, Tonans Tomazeus. *O dite!*

—Corcor Andy, *Udi, Udite!* Your Ominence, Your
Imminence

and delicted fraternitrees! There's tuodore queensmaids
and Idahore shopgirls and they woody babies growing upon
her
and bird flamingans sweenyswinging fuglewards on the
tipmast
and Orania epples playing hopptociel bommptaterre and
Tyburn
fenians snoring in his quickenbole and crossbones strewing
its holy floor and culprines of Erasmus Smith's burstall boys
with their underhand leadpencils climbing to her crotch for
the
origin of spices and charlotte darlings with silk blue askmes
chattering in dissent to them, gibbonses and gobbenses,
guelfing
and ghiberring proferring praydews to their anatolies and
blighting
findblasts on their catastripes and the killmaimthem
pensioners
chucking overthrown milestones up to her to fall her
cranberries and her pommes annettes for their unnatural
refection
and handpainted hoydens plucking husbands of him and cock
robins muchmore hatching most out of his missado
eggdrazzles
for him, the sun and moon pegging honeysuckle and white
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heather down and timtits tapping resin there and tomahawks
watching tar elsewhere, creatures of the wold approaching
him,
hollow mid ivy, for to claw and rub, hermits of the desert
barking their infernal shins over her trilateral roots and his
acorns

and pinecorns shooting wide all sides out of him, plantitude
outsends of plenty to thousands, after the truants of the
utmostfear
and her downslyder in that snakedst-tu-naughsy whimmering
woman't seeleib such a fashionaping sathinous dress out of
that
exquisitive creation and her leaves, my darling dearest,
sinsinsinning
since the night of time and each and all of their branches
meeting and shaking twisty hands all over again in their new
world through the germination of its gemination from Ond's
outset till Odd's end. And encircle him circuly. Evovae!

—Is it so exaltated, eximious, extraoldandairy and
excelssiorising?

—Amengst menlike trees walking or trees like angels
weeping
nobirdy aviar soar anywing to eagle it! But rocked of agues,
cliffed for aye!

—Telleth that eke the treeth?

—Mushe, mushe of a mixness.

—A shrub of libertine, indeed! But that steyne of law
indead
what stiles its neming?

—Tod, tod, too hard parted!

—I've got that now, Dr Melamanessy. Finight mens
midinfinite
true. The form masculine. The gender feminine. I see.
Now, are you derevatov of it yourself in any way? The true

tree I mean? Let's hear what science has to say, pundit-the-next-best-king. Splanck!

—Upfellbowm.

—It reminds of the weeping of the daughters?

—And remounts to the sense arrest.

—The wittold, the frausch and the dibble! How this looseaffair
brimsts of fussforus! And was this treemanangel on his soredbohmen
because Knockout, the knickknaver, knacked him in the knechtschaft?

—Well, he was ever himself for the presentation of crudities to

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animals for he had put his own nickname on every toad,
duck
and herring before the climber clomb aloft, doing the midhill
of
the park, flattering his bitter hoolft with her conconundrums.
He would let us have the three barrels. Such was a bitte too
thikke
for the Muster of the hoose so as he called down on the
Grand
Precursor who coiled him a crawler of the dupest dye and
thundered at him to flatch down off that erection and be
aslimed
of himself for the bellance of hissch leif.

—Oh Finlay's coldpalled!

—Ahdays begatem!

—Were you there, eh Hehr? Were you there when they lagged um through the coombe?

—Wo wo! Who who! Psalmtimes it grauws on me to ramble,
ramble, ramble.

—Woe! Woe! So that was how he became the foerst of our treefellers?

—Yesche and, in the absence of any soberiquiet, the fanest of our truefalluses. Bapsbaps Bomslinger!

—How near do you feel to this capocapo promontory, sir?

—There do be days of dry coldness between us when he does be like a lidging house far far astray and there do be nights of wet windwhistling when he does be making me onions woup all kinds of ways.

—Now you are mehrer the murk, Lansdowne Road. She's threwed her pippin's thereabouts and they've cropped up tooth oneydge with hates to leaven this socried isle. Now, thornyborn, follow the spotlight, please! Concerning a boy. Are you acquainted with a pagany, vicariously known as Toucher 'Thom' who is.
I

suggest Finoglam as his habitat. Consider yourself on the stand
now and watch your words, take my advice. Let your motto be:

Inter nubila numbum.

—Never you mind about my mother or her hopitout. I consider
if I did, I would feel frightfully ashamed of admired vice.

—He is a man of around fifty, struck on Anna Lynsha's Pekoe with milk and whisky, who does messuages and has more
dirt on him than an old dog has fleas, kicking stones and knocking

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snow off walls. Have you ever heard of this old boy "Thom"
or
"Thim" of the fishy stare who belongs to Kimmage, a crofting district,
and is not all there, and is all the more himself since he is not so, being most of his time down at the Green Man where he
steals, pawns, belches and is a curse, drinking gaily two hours after
closing time, with the coat on him skinside out against rapparitions,
with his socks outsewed his springsides, clapping his hands in a feeble sort of way and systematically mixing with the public
going for groceries, slapping greats and littlegets soundly with
his cattegut belts, flapping baresides and waltzywembling

about

in his accountments always in font of the tubbernuckles,
like

a longarmed lugh, when he would be finished with his tea?

—Is it that fellow? As mad as the brambles he is. Touch
him.

With the lawyers sticking to his trewsershins and the
swatmenotting

on the basque of his beret. He has kissed me more than
once, I am sorry to say and if I did commit gladrolleries may
the

loone forgive it! O wait till I tell you!

—We are not going yet.

—And look here! Here's, my dear, what he done, as
snooks
as I am saying so!

—Get out, you dirt! A strangely striking part of speech
for
the hottest worked word of ur sprogue. You're not!
Unhindered
and odd times? Mere thumbshow? Lately?

—How do I know? Such my billet. Buy a barrack pass.
Ask
the horneys. Tell the robbers.

—You are alluding to the picking pockets in Lower
O'Connell
Street?

—I am illuding to the Pekin packet but I am eluding from
Laura Connor's treat.

—Now, just wash and brush up your memoirias a little bit.

So I find, referring to the pater of the present man, an erely demented brick thrower, I am wondering to myself in my mind, qua our arc of the covenant, was Toucher, a methodist, whose name, as others say, is not really 'Thom', was this salt son of a century from Boaterstown, Shivering William, the sealiest old forker ever hawked crannock, who is always with him at the Big Elm

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and the Arch after his teeth were shaken out of their suckets by the wrang dog, for having 5 pints 73 of none Eryen blood in him abaft the seam level, the scatterling, wearing his cowbeamer and false clothes of a brewer's grains pattern with back buckons with his motto on, *Yule Remember*, ostensibly for that occasion only of the twelfth day Pax and Quantum wedding, I'm wondering.

—I bet you are. Well, he was wandering, you bet, whatever was his matter, in his mind too, give him his due, for I am sorry to have to tell you, hullo and evoe, they were coming down from off him.

—How culious an epiphany!

—*Hodie casus esobhrakonton?*

—It looked very like it.

—Needer knows necess and neither garments. Man is minded
of the Meagher, wat? Wooly? Walty?

—Ay, another good button gone wrong.

—Blondman's blaff! Like a skib leaked lintel the arbour
leidend with . . .?

—Pamelas, peggylees, pollywollies, questuants,
quaintaquilties,
quickamerries.

—Concaving now convexly to the semidemihemispheres
and,
from the female angle, music minnestirring, were the
subligate
sisters, P. and Q., Clopatrick's cherierapest, *mutatis mutandis*,
in pretty much the same pickle, the peach of all piedad, the
quest of all quicks?

—Peequeen ourselves, the prettiest pickles of
unmatchemable
mute antes I ever bopeeped at, seesaw shallshee, since the
town go
went gonning on Pranksome Quaine.

—Silks apeel and sulks alusty?

—Boy and giddle, gape and bore.

—I hear these two goddesses are liable to sue him?

—Well, I hope the two Collinses don't leg a bail to shoot him.

—Both were white in black arpists at cloever spilling, knickt?

—Gels bach, I, languised, lizted. Etoudies for the right hand.

—Were they now? And were they watching you as watcher as well?

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—Where do you get that wash? This representation does not accord with my experience. They were watching the watched watching. Vechers all.

—Good. Hold that watching brief and keep this witching longer. Now, retouching friend Tomsy, the enemy, did you gather much from what he let drop? We are sitting here for that.

—I was rooshian mad, no lie. About his shapeless hat.

—I suspect you must have been.

—You are making your thunderous mistake. But I was dung sorry for him too.

—O Schaum! Not really? Were you sorry you were mad with him then?

—When I tell you I was rooshiamarodnimad with myself altogether, so I was, for being sorry for him.

—So?

—Absolutely.

—Would you blame him at all stages?

—I believe in many an old stager. But what seemed sooth
to
a Greek summed nooth to a giantle. Who kills the cat in
Cairo
coaxes cocks in Gaul.

—I put it to you that this was solely in his sunflower state
and that his haliodraping het was why maids all sighed for
him,
ventured and vied for him. Hm?

—After Putawayo, Kansas, Liburnum and New
Aimstirdames,
it wouldn't surprise me in the very least.

—That tare and this mole, your tear and our smile. 'Tis
life
that lies if woman's eyes have been our old undoing. Lid efter
lid.
Reform in mine size his deformation. Tiffpuff up my nostril,
would you puff the earthworm outer my ear.

—He could claud boose his eyes to the birth of his garce,
he
could lump all his lot through the half of her play, but he jest
couldn't laugh through the whole of her farce becorpse he
warn't
billed that way. So he outandouts his volimetangere and has a
lightning consultation and he downadowns his pantoloogions
and made a piece of first perpersonal puetry that staystale

remains
to be. Cleaned.

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—Booms of bombs and heavy rethudders?

—This aim to you!

—The tail, so mastrodantic, as you tell it nearly takes
your
own mummouth's breath away. Your troppers are so
unrelieved
because his troopers were in difficulties. Still let stultitiam
done
in veino condone ineptias made of veritues. How many were
married on that top of all strapping mornings, after the
midnight
turkay drive, my good watcher?

—Puppaps. That'd be telling. With a hoh frohim and heh
fraher. But, as regards to Tammy Thornycraft, Idefyne the
lawn
mare and the laney moweress and all the prentisses of wildes
to
massage him.

—Now from Gunner Shotland to Guinness Scenography.
Come to the ballay at the Tailors' Hall. We mean to be mellay
on
the Mailers' Mall. And leap, rink and make follay till the
Gaelers'
Gall. Awake! Come, a wake! Every old skin in the leather
world,
infect the whole stock company of the old house of the
Leaking

Barrel, was thomistically drunk, two by two, lairking o'
tootlers
with tombours a'beggars, the blog and turfs and the
brandywine
bankrompers, trou Normend fashion, I have been told, down
to
the bank lean clorks? Some nasty blunt clubs were being
operated
after the tradition of a wellesleyan bottle riot act and a few
plates
were being shied about and tumblers bearing traces of fresh
porter rolling around, independent of that, for the ehren of
Fyn's
Insul, and then followed that wapping breakfast at the
Heaven
and Covenant, with Rodey O'echolowing how his breadcost
on
the voters would be a comeback for e'er a one, like the
depredations
of Scandalknivery, in and on usedtowobble sloops off
cloasts, eh? Would that be a talltale too? This was the
grandsire
Orther. This was his innwhite horse. Sip?

—Well, naturally he was, louties also genderymen. Being
Kerssfesstiydt. They came from all lands beyond the wave
for
songs of Inishfeel. Whiskway and mortem! No
puseyporcious
either, invitem kappines all round. But the right reverend
priest,

Mr Hopsinbond, and the reverent bride eleft, Frizzy Fraufrau, were sober enough. I think they were sober.

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—I think you're widdershins there about the right reverence.

Magraw for the Northwhiggern cupteam was wedding beastman,

papers before us carry. You saw him hurriedly, or did you if thatseme's not irrelevant? With Slater's hammer perhaps? Or he was in serge?

—I horridly did. On the stroke of the dozen. I'm sure I'm wrong but I heard the irreverend Mr Magraw, in search of a stammer, kuckkuck kicking the bedding out of the old sexton, red-Fox Good-man around the sacristy, till they were bullbeadle black and bufeteer blue, while I and Flood and the other men, jazzlike brollies and sesuos, was gickling his missus to gackles in the hall, the divileen, (she's a lamp in her throth) with her cygncygn leckle and her twelve pound lach.

—A loyal wifish woman cacchinic wheepingcaugh! While she laylylaw was all their rage. But you did establish personal contact? In epexegeesis or on a point of order?

—That perkumiary pond is beyawnd my pinnigay pretonsions.

I am resting on a pigs of cheesus but I've a big suggestion it was about the pint of porter.

—You are a suckersome! But this all, as airs said to oska, was only that childbearer might blogas well sidesplit? Where letties hereditate a dark mien swart hairy?

—Only. 'Twas womans' too woman with mans' throw man.

—Bully burley yet hardly hurley. The saloon bulkhead, did you say, or the tweendecks?

—Between drinks, I deeply painfully repeat it.

—Was she wearing shubladey's tiroirs in humour of her hubbishobbis, Massa's star stellar?

—Mrs Tan-Taylour? Just a floating panel, secretairslidingdraws, a budge of kleees on her schalter, a siderbrass sehass on her anulas findring and forty crocelips in her curlingthongues.

—So this was the dope that woolied the cad that kinked the ruck that noised the rape that tried the sap that hugged the mort?

—That legged in the hoax that joke bilked.

—The jest of junk the jungular?

—Jacked up in a jock the wrapper.

—Lollgoll! You don't soye so! All upsydown her whole creation? So there was nothing serical between you? And Drysalter, father of Izod, how was he now?

—To the pink, man, like an allmanox in his shirt and stickup, brustall to the bear, the Megalomagellan of our winevatswaterway, squeezing the life out of the liffey.

—Crestofer Carambas! Such is zodisfaction. You punk me! He came, he kished, he conquered. Vulturuvvarnar! The must of his glancefull coaxing the beam in her eye? That musked bell of this masked ball! Annabella, Lovabella, Pullabella, yep?

—Yup! Titentung Tollertone in S. Sabina's. Aye aye, she was lithe and pleasable. Wilt thou the lee? Wilt thou the hee? Wilt thou the hussif?

—The quicker the deaf the safer the sapstaff, but the main the mightier the stricker the strait. To the vast go the game! It is the circumconversioning of antelithual paganelles by a huggerknut cramwell energuman, or the caecodedition of an absquelitteris puttagonnianne to the herreraism of a cabotinesque exploser?

—I believe you. Taiptope reelly, O reelly!

—Nautae, nautae, we're nowhere without ye! In steam
of
kavos now arbatos above our hearths doth hum. And Malkos
crackles logs of fun while Anglys cheers our ingles. So lent
she
him ear to burrow his manhood (or so it appierce) and
borrow
his namas? Suilful eyes and sallowfoul hairweed and the
sickly
sigh from her gingering mouth like a Dublin bar in the
moorning.

—*Primus auriforasti me.*

—The park is gracer than the hole, says she, but
shekleton's
my fortune?

—Eversought of being artained? You've soft a say with
ye,
Flatter O'Ford, that, honey, I hurdley chew you.

—Is that answers?

—It am queery!

—The house was Toot and Come-Inn by the bridge called
Tiltass, but are you solarly salemly sure, beyond the shatter
of
the canicular year? *Nascitur ordo seculi numfit.*

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—Siriusly and selenely sure behind the shutter. *Securius
indicat
umbris tellurem.*

—Date as? Your time of immersion? We are still in
drought
of . . . ?

—Annis Dominae, Marcus of Corrig. A laughin hunter
and
Purty Sue.

—And crazyheaded Jorn, the bulweh born?

—Fluteful as his orkan. *Ex ugola lenonem.*

—And Jambs, of Delphin's Bourne or (as olders lay) of
Tophat?

—Dawncing the kniejinsky choreopiscopally like an
easter
sun round the colander, the vice! Taranta boontoday! You
should pree him prance the polcat, you whould sniff him
wops
around, you should hear his piedigrotts schraying as his
skimpies
skirp a . . .

—Crashedafar Corumbas! A Czardanser indeed!
Dervilish
glad too. Ortovito semi ricordo. The pantaglionic affection
through his blood like a bad influenza in a leap at bounding
point?

—Out of Prisky Poppagenua, the palsied old priamite,
home
from Edwin Hamilton's Christmas pantaloonade, *Oropos
Roxy
and Pantharhea* at the Gaiety, trippudiating round the aria,
with

his fiftytwo heirs of age! They may reel at his likes but it's
Noeh
Bonum's shin do.

—And whit what was Lillabil Issabil maideve, maid at?

—Trists and thranes and trinies and traines.

—A take back to the virgin page, darm it!

—Ay, graunt ye.

—The quobus quartet were there too, if I mistake not, as
a
sideline but, *pace* the contempt of senate, well to the fore, in
an
amenessy meeting, metandmorefussed to decide
whereagainwhen
to meet themselves, flopsome and jerksome, lubber and
deliric,
drinking unsteadily through the Kerry quadrilles and
Listowel
lancers and mastersinging always with that consecutive fifth
of
theirs, eh? Like four wise elephants inandouting under a
twelve-
podestalled table?

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—They were simple scandalmongers, that familiar, and
all!

Normand, Desmond, Osmund and Kenneth. Making mejical
history all over the show!

—In sum, some hum? And other marrage feats?

—All our stakes they were astumbling round the ranky
roars
assumbling when Big Arthur flugged the field at Annie's
courting.

—Suddenly some wellfired clay was cast out through the
schappsteckers of hoy's house?

—Schottenly there was a hellfire club kicked out through
the
wasistas of Thereswhere.

—Like Heavystost's envil catacalamitumbling. Three
days
three times into the Vulcuum?

—Punch!

—Or Noe et Ecclesiastes, nonne?

—Ninny, there is no hay in Eccles's hostel.

—Yet an I saw a sign of him, if you could scrape out his
acquaintence? Name or redress him and we'll call it a night!

—i..'. .o..l.

—You are sure it was not a shuler's shakeup or a
plighter's
palming or a winker's wake *etcaetera etcaeterorum* you were
at?

—Precisely.

—Mayhap. Hora pro Nubis, Thundersday, at A Little Bit
Of
Heaven Howth, the wife of Deimetus (D'amn), Earl Adam
Fitzadam,

of a Tartar (Birtha) or Sackville-Lawry and Morland-West,
at the Auspice for the Living, Bonnybrook, by the river
and A. Briggs Carlisle, guardian of the birdsmaids and
deputiliser

for groom. Pontifical mess. Or (soddenly) Schott, furtivfired
by the riots. No flies. Agreest?

—Mayhem. Also loans through the post. With or without
security. Everywhere. Any amount. Mofsovitiz,
swampstakers,
purely providential.

—Flood's. The pinkman, the squeeze, the pint with the
kick.

Gaa. And then the punch to Gaelicise it. Fox. The lady with
the

lamp. The boy in the barleybag. The old man on his ars.

Great

Scrapp! 'Tis we and you and ye and me and hymns and hurts
and

heels and shields. The eirest race, the ourest nation, the airest
place

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that erstellunged. He was culpung for penance while you were
ringing his belle. Did the kickee, goodman rued fox, say
anything

important? Clam or cram, spick or spat?

—No more than Richman's periwhelker.

—Nnn ttt wrd?

—Dmn ttt thg.

—A gael galled by scheme of scorn? Nock?

—Sangnifying nothing. Mock!

—*Fortitudo eius rhodammum tenuit?*

—Five maim! Or something very similar.

—I should like to euphonise that. It sounds an isochronism.

Secret speech Hazelton and obviously disemvowelled. But it is good laylaw too. We may take those wellmeant kicks for free granted, though *ultra vires*, void and, in fact, unnecessarily so.

Happily you were not quite so successful in the process verbal

whereby you would sublimate your blepharospasmockical suppressions,

it seems?

—What was that? First I heard about it.

—Were you or were you not? Ask yourself the answer, I'm

not giving you a short question. Now, not to mix up, cast your

eyes around Capel Court. I want you, witness of this epic struggle,

as yours so mine, to reconstruct for us, as briefly as you can, inexactly

the same as a mind's eye view, how these funeral games, which have been poring over us through homer's kerryer pidgeons,

massacreded as the holiname rally round took place.

—Which? Sure I told you that a foul. I was drunk all lost life.

—Well, tell it to me be fair, the whole plan of campaign, in that bamboozel mincethrill voice of yours. Let's have it, christie! The Dublin own, the thrice familiar.

—Ah, sure, I eyewitness foggy. 'Tis all around me be batters bid hat.

—Ah, go on now, Masta Bones, a gig for a gag, with your impendments and your perroquies! Blank memory of hatless darky in blue suit. You were ever the gentle poet, dove from Haywarden. Pitcher cup, patcher cap, pratey man? Be nice about it, Bones Minor! Look chairful! Come, delicacy! Go to the end,

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thou slackerd! Once upon a grass and a hopping high grass it was.

—Faith, then, Meesta Cheeryman, first he come up, a gag as a gig, badgeler's rake to the town's major from the west, MacSmashall Swingy of the Cattelaxes, got up regardless, with a cock on the Kildare side of his Tattersull, in his riddlesneek's ragamufflers and the horrid contrivance as seen above, whiskeyng into a bone tolerably delicately, the *Wearing of the Blue*, and

taking

off his plushkwadded bugsby in his perusual flea and loisy manner,

saying good mrowkas to weevilybolly and dragging his feet in the usual course and was ever so terribly naas, really,

telling

him clean his nagles and fex himself up, Miles, and so on and so

fort, and to take the coccoomb to his grizzlies and who done that foxy freak on his bear's hairs like fire bursting out of the Ump pyre and, half hang me, sirr, if he wasn't wanting his calicub body back before he'd to take his life or so save his life.

Then, begor, counting as many as eleven to thritytwo seconds with his pocket browning, like I said, wann swanns wann, this is

my awethorrorty, he kept forecursing hascupth's foul Fanden, Cogan, for coaccoackey the key of John Dunn's field fore it was

for sent and the way Montague was robbed and wolfling to know all what went off and who burned the hay, perchance wilt

thoult say, before he'd kill all the kanes and the price of Patsch

Purcell's faketotem, which the man, his plantagonist, up from the

bog of the depths who was raging with the thirst of the sacred sponge and who, as a mashter of pasht, so far as him was concerned,

was only standing there nonplush to the corner of Turbot Street, perplexing about a paumpshop and pupparing to spit, wanting to know whelp the henconvention's compass

memphis

he wanted with him new nothing about.

—A sarsencruixer, like the Nap O' Farrell Patter Tandy
moor
and burgess medley? In other words, was that how in the
annusual
curse of things, as complement to compliment though, after a
manner of men which I must and will say seems
extraordinary,
their celicolar subtler angelic warfare or photoplay finister
started?

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—Truly. That I may never!

—Did one scum then in the auradrama, the deff, after
some
clever play in the mud, mention to the other undesirable, a
dumm, during diverse intentional instants, that upon the
resume
after the angerus, how for his deal he was a pigheaded Swede
and
to wend himself to a medicis?

—To be sore he did, the huggornut! Only it was
turniphuddled
dunce, I beg your pardon, and he would jokes bowlderblow
the betholder with his black masket off the bawling green.

—Sublime was the warning!

—The author, in fact, was mardred.

—Did he, the first spikesman, do anything to him, the
last

spokesman, when, after heaving some more smutt and chaff
between them, they rolled together into the ditch together?
Black Pig's Dyke?

—No, he had his teeth in the back of his head.

—Did Box then try to shine his puss?

—No but Cox did to shin the punman.

—The worsted crying that if never he looked on
Leaverholma's
again and the bester huing that he might ever save sunlife?

—Trulytruly Asbestos he ever. And sowasso I never.

—That forte carlyslle touch breaking the campdens
pianoback.

—Pansh!

—Are you of my meaning that would be going on to
about
half noon, click o'clock, pip emma, Grinwicker time, by your
querqcut quadrant?

—You will be asking me and I wish to higgins you
wouldn't.
Would it?

—Let it be twelve thirty after a somersautch of the
tardest!

—And it was eleven thirsty too befour in soandsuch,
reloy on it!

—Tick up on time. Howday you doom? That rising day
sinks rosing in a night of nine week's wonder.

—Amties, marcy buckup! The uneven day of the
unleventh
month of the unevented year. At mart in mass.

—A triduum before Our Larry's own day. By which of
your
chronos, my man of four watches, larboard, starboard, dog or
dath?

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—Dunsink, rugby, ballast and ball. You can imagine.

—Language this allfare for the loathe of Marses
ambiviolent
about it. Will you swear all the same you saw their shadows a
hundred foot later, struggling diabolically over this, that and
the other, their virtues *pro* and his principality *con*, near the
Ruins, Drogheda Street, and kicking up the devil's own dust
for the Milesian wind?

—I will. I did. They were. I swear. Like the heavenly
militia.
So wreck me Ghyllgully! With my tongue through my
toecap on
the headlong stone of kismet if so 'tis the will of Whose B.
Dunn.

—Weepin Lorcan! They must have put in some
wonderful
work, ecad, on the quiet like, during this arms' parley,
meatierities
forces vegateareans. Dost thou not think so?

—Ay.

—The illegal-looking range or fender, alias turfing iron, a product of Hostages and Co, Engineers, changed feet several times as briars revalvered during the weaponswap? Piff?

—Puff! Excuse yourself. It was an ersatz lottheringan.

—They did not know the war was over and were only berebelling
or bereppelling one another by chance or necessity with sham bottles, mere and woiney, as betwinst Picturshirts and Scutticules like their caractacurs in an Irish Ruman to sorowbrate
the expeltsion of the Danos? What sayest thou,
scusascmerul?

—That's all. For he was heavily upright man, Limba romena
in Bucclis tucsada. Farcing gutterish.

—I mean the Morgans and the Dorans, in finnish?

—I know you don't, in Feeney's.

—The mujic of the footure on the barbarihams of the bashed?
Co Canniley?

—Da Donnuley.

—Yet this war has meed peace? *In voina viritas. Ab chaos lex,*
neat wehr?

—O bella! O pia! O pura! Amem. Handwalled amokst us.
Thanksbeer to Balbus!

—All the same you sound it twould clang houlish like
Hull
hopen for christmians?

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—But twill cling hellish like engels opened to
neuropeans, if
you've sensed, whole the sum. So be vigil!

—And this pattern pootsch punnermine of concoon and
proprey went on, hog and minne, a whole whake, your night
after
larry's night, spittinspite on Dora O'Huggins, ormonde caught
butler, the artillery of the O'Hefferns answering the cavalry
of the
MacClouds, fortey and more fortey, a thousand and one
times,
according to your cock and a biddy story? Llundillongi, for
years
and years perhaps?

—That's ri. This is his largos life, this is me timtomtum
and
this is her two peekweeny ones. From the last finger on the
second foot of the fourth man to the first one on the last one
of
the first. That's right.

—Finny. Vary vary finny!

—It may look funny but fere it is.

—This is not guid enough, Mr Brasslattin. Finging and
tonging
and winging and ponging! And all your rally and ramp and

rant! Didget think I was asleep at the wheel? D'yu mean to tall

grand jurors of thathens of tharctic on your oath, me lad, and ask us to believe you, for all you're enduring long terms, with yur last foot foremostst, that yur moon was shining on the tors and on the cresties and winblowing night after night, for years and years perhaps, after you swearing to it a while back before your Corth examiner, Markwalther, that there was reen

in planty all the teem?

—Perhaps so, as you grand duly affirm, Robman Calvinic.

I never thought over it, faith. I most certainly think so about it.

I hope. Unless it is actionable. It would be a charity for me to think about something which I must on no caste accounts omit,

if you ask to me. It was told me as an inspired statement by a friend of myself, in reply to salute, Tarpey, after three o'clock mass, with forty ducks indulgent, that some rain was promised

to Mrs Lyons, the invalid of Aunt Tarty Villa, with lots gulp and sousers and likewise he told me, the recusant, after telling

mass, with two hundred genuflexions, at the split hour of blight when bars are keeping so sly, as was what's follows.

He

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is doing a walk, says she, in the feelmick's park, says he, like a tarrable Turk, says she, letting loose on his nursery and, begalla, he meet himself with Mr Michael Clery of a Tuesday who said Father MacGregor was desperate to the bad place

about
thassbawls and ejaculating about all the stairrods and the
catspew
swashing his earwanker and thinconvenience being locked
up for months, owing to being putrenised by stragglers
abusing
the apparatus, and for Tarpey to pull himself into his soup
and
fish and to push on his borrowsaloaner and to go to the
tumble
like greased lining and see Father MacGregor and, be Cad,
sir, he
was to pipe up and saluate that clergyman and to tell his
holiness
the whole goat's throat about the three shillings in the
confusional
and to say how Mrs Lyons, the cuptosser, was the infidel who
prophessed to pose three shielings Peter's pelf off her tocher
from paraguais and albs by the yard to Mr Martin Clery for
Father Mathew to put up a midnight mask saints within of a
Thrusday for African man and to let Brown child do and to
leave
he Anlone and all the nuisances committed by soldats and
nonbehavers
and missbelovers for N.D. de l'Ecluse to send more
heehaw hell's flutes, my prodder again! And I never brought
my
cads in togs blanket! Foueh!

—Angly as arrows, but you have right, my celtslinger!
Nils,
Mugn and Cannut. Should brothers be for awe then?

—So let use off be octo while oil bike the bil and wheel
whang till wabblin befoul you but mere and mire trulloses
will
knaver mate a game on the bibby bobby burns of.

—Quatsch! What hill ar yu fluking about, ye
lamelookond
fyats! I'll discipline ye! Will you swear or affirm the day to
yur
second sight noo and recant that all yu affirmed to profetised
at
first sight for his southerly accent was all paddyflaherty?
Will
ye, ay or nay?

—Ay say aye. I affirmly swear to it that it rooly and
cooly
boolyhooly was with my holyhagionous lips continuously
poised
upon the rubricated annuals of saint ulstar.

—That's very guid of ye, R.C.! Maybe yu wouldn't mind
talling us, my labrose lad, how very much bright cabbage or
paperming comfirts d'yu draw for all yur swearin? The
spanglers,
kiddy?

—Rootha prootha. There you have me! Vurry nothing, O
potators, I call it for I might as well tell yous Essexelcy, and I
am not swallowing my air, the Golden Bridge's truth. It
amounts
to nada in pounds or pence. Not a glass of Lucan nor as much
as

the cost price of a highlandman's trousertree or the three crowns
round your draphole (isn't it dram disgusting?) for the whole dumb plodding thing!

—Come now, Johnny! We weren't born yesterday. *Pro tanto quid retribuamus?* I ask you to say on your scotty pictail you were promised fines times with some staggerjuice or deadhorse, on strip or in larges, at the Raven and Sugarloaf, either Jones's lame or Jamesy's gait, anyhow?

—Bushmillah! Do you think for a moment? Yes, by the way. How very necessarily true! Give me fair play. When?

—At the Dove and Raven tavern, no, ah? To wit your wizzend?

—Water, water, darty water! Up Jubilee sod! Beet peat wheat treat!

—What harm wants but demands it! How would you like to hear yur right name now, Ghazi Power, my tristy minstrel, if yur not freckened of frank comment?

—Not afrightened of Frank Annybody's gaspower or illconditioned ulcers neither.

—Your uncles!

—Your gullet!

—Will you repeat that to me outside, leinconnmuns?

—After you've shouted a few? I will when it suits me, hulstler.

—Guid! We make fight! Three to one! Raddy?

—But no, from exemple, Emania Raffaroo! What do you have? What mean you, august one? Fairplay for Finnians! I will have my humours. Sure, you would not do the cowardly thing and moll me roon? Tell Queen's road I am seilling. Farewell, but whenever! Buy!

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—Ef I chuse to put a bullet like yu through the grill for heckling what business is that of yours, yu bullock?

—I don't know, sir. Don't ask me, your honour!

—Gently, gently Northern Ire! Love that red hand! Let me once more. There are sordidly tales within tales, you clearly understand that? Now my other point. Did you know, whether by melanodactylism or purely libationally, that one of these two Crimeans with the fender, the taller man, was accused of a certain offence or of a choice of two serious charges, as skirts were divided on the subject, if you like it better that way? You did, you rogue, you?

—You hear things. Besides (and serially now) bushes have eyes, don't forget. Hah!

—Which moral turpitude would you select of the two, for choice, if you had your way? Playing bull before shebears or the hindlegs off a clotheshorse? Did any orangepeelers or greengoaters appear periodically up your sylvan family tree?

—Buggered if I know! It all depends on how much family silver you want for a nass-and-pair. Hah!

—What do you mean, sir, behind your hah! You don't hah to do thah, you know, snapograph.

—Nothing, sir. Only a bone moving into place. Blotogaff. Hahah!

—Whahat?

—Are you to have all the pleasure quizzing on me? I didn't say it aloud, sir. I have something inside of me talking to myself.

—You're a nice third degree witness, faith! But this is no laughing matter. Do you think we are tonedeafs in our noses to boot? Can you not distinguish the sense, prain, from the sound, bray? You have homosexual catheis of empathy between narcissism

of the expert and steatopygic invertedness. Get yourself psychoanalised!

—O, begor, I want no expert nursis symaphy from yours broons quadroons and I can psoakoonaloose myself any time I want (the fog follow you all!) without your interferences or any other pigeonstealer.

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—Sample! Sample!

—Have you ever weflected, wepowtew, that the evil what though it was willed might nevewtheless lead somehow on to good towawd the genewality?

—A pwopwo of haster meets waster and talking of plebiscites by a show of hands, whether declaratory or effective, in all seriousness, has it become to dawn in you yet that the deponent, the man from Saint Yves, may have been (one is reluctant to use the passive voiced) may be been as much sinned against as sinning, for if we look at it verbally perhaps there is no true noun in active nature where every bally being—please read this mufto —is becoming in its owntown eyeballs. Now the long form and the strong form and reform altogether!

—Hotchkiss Culthur's Everready, one brother to neverreached,

well over countless hands, sieur of many winners and losers, groomed by S. Samson and son, bred by dilalahs, will stand at Bay (Dublin) from nun till dan and vites inversion and
at Miss or Mrs's MacMannigan's Yard.

—Perhaps you can explain, sagobean? The Mod needs a rebus.

—Pro general continuation and in particular explication to
your singular interrogation our asseveralation. Ladiegent, pals
will smile but me and Frisky Shorty, my inmate friend, as is uncommon
struck on poplar poetry, and a few fleabesides round at West Pauper Bosquet, was glad to be back again with the chaps
and just arguing friendlylike at the Doddercan Easehouse having
a wee chatty with our hosty in his comfy estably over the old middlesex party and his moral turps, meaning flu, pock, pox and mizzles, grip, gripe, gleet and sprue, caries, rabies, numps
and dumps. What me and Frisky in our concensus and the whole
double gigscrew of suscribers, notto say the burman, having successfully concluded our tour of bibel, wants to know is thisahere.
Supposing, for an ethical fict, him, which the findings showed, to have taken his epscene licence before the norsect's

divisional respectively as regards them male privates and or
concomitantly with all common or neuter respects to them

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public excess females, whereas albeit really sweet fillies, as
was

very properly held by the metropolitan in connection with
this

regrettable nuisance, touching arbitrary conduct, being in
strict

contravention of schedule in board of forests and works
bylaws

regulationing sparkers' and succers' amusements section of
our

beloved naturpark in pursuance of which police agence me
and

Shorty have approached a reverend gentleman of the name of
Mr Coppinger with reference to a piece of fire fittings as was
most obliging, 'pon my sam, in this matter of his explanations
affirmative, negative and limitative, given to me and Shorty,
touching what the good book says of toooldaisymen,
concerning

the merits of early bisectualism, besides him citing from
approved

lectionary example given by a valued friend of the name of
Mr

J. P. Cockshott, reticent of England, as owns a pretty
maisonette,

Quis ut Deus, fronting on to the Soussex Bluffs as was telling
us

categoric how Mr Cockshott, as he had his assignation with,
present holder by deedpoll and indenture of the swearing
belt,

he tells him hypothetic, the reverend Mr Coppinger,
hereckons
himself disjunctively with his windward eye up to a dozen
miles
of a cunifarm school of herring, passing themselves
supernatently
by the Bloater Naze from twelve and them mayridinghim by
the
silent hour. Butting, charging, bracing, backing, springing,
shrinking, swaying, darting, shooting, bucking and sprinkling
their dossies sodouscheock with the twinx of their taylz.
And,
reverend, he says, summat problematical, by yon socialist
sun,
gut me, but them errings was as gladful as Wissixy kippers
could
be considering, flipping their little coppingers, pot em, the
fresh
little flirties, the dirty little gillybrighteners, pickle their
spratties,
the little smolty gallockers, and, reverend, says he, more
assertitoff,
zwelf me Zeus, says he, lettin olfac be the extench of the
supperfishies, lamme the curves of their scaligerance and
pesk
the everurge flossity of their pectoralium, them little salty
populators,
says he, most apodictic, as sure as my briam eggs is on
cockshot under noose, all them little upandown dippies they
was
all of a libidous pickpuckparty and raid on a wriggolo finsky

doodah in testimonials to their early bisectualism. Such, he says,

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is how the reverend Coppinger, he visualises the hidebound homelies of creed crux ethics. Watsch yourself tillicately every morkning in your bracksullied twilette. The use of cold water, testificates Dr Rutty, may be warmly recommended for the sugjugation of cunggunitals loosed. Tolloll, schools!

—Tallhell and Barbados wi ye and your Errian coprulation!

Pelagiarist! Remonstrant Montgomeryite! Short lives to your relatives! Y'are absexed, so y'are, with mackerglosia and mick-roocyphyllicks.

—Wait now, leixlep! I scent eggoarchicism. I will take you to task. I don't follow you that far in your otherwise accurate account. Was it *esox lucius* or *salmo ferax*? You are taxing us into the driven future, are you not, with this ruttymaid fishery?

—Lalia Lelia Lilia Lulia and lively lovely Lola Montez.

—Gubernathor! That they say is a fenian on the secret. Named Parasol Ireilly. Spawning ova and fry like a marrye monach all amanygoround his seven parish churches! And peopling the ribald baronies with dans, oges and conals!

—Lift it now, Hosty! Hump's your mark! For a runnymede

landing! A dondhering vesh vish, *Magnam Carpam*, es hit neat zoo?

—*There's an old psalmsobbing lax salmoner fogeyboren Herrin*

Plundehowse.

Who went floundering with his boatloads of spermin spunk about.

Leaping freck after every long tom and wet lissy between Howth and

Humbermouth.

Our Human Conger Eel!

—Help! I can see him in the fishnoo! Up wi'yer whippy! Hold that lad! Play him, Markandeyn! Bullhead!

—Pull you, sir! Olive quill does it. Longeal of Malin, he'll

cry before he's flayed. And his tear make newisland. Did a rise?

Way, lungfush! The great fin may cumule! Three threeth o'er the wild! Manu ware!

—He missed her mouth and stood into Dee, Romunculus Remus, plying the rape, so as now any bompriss's bound to get

up her if he pool her leg and bunk on her butt. No, he skid like

a skate and berthed on her byrnie and never a fear but they'll

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land him yet, slitheryscales on liffeybank, times and times and

halve a time with a pillow of sand to polster him.

—Do you say they will?

—I bet you they will.

—Among the shivering sedges so? Weedy waving.

—Or tulipbeds of Rush below.

—Where you take your mugs to wash after dark?

—To my lead, Toomey lout, Tommy lad.

—Besides the bubblye waters of, babblyebubblye waters
of?

—Right.

—Grenadiers. And tell me now. Were these anglers or
angelers
coexistent and compresent with or without their *tertium
quid*?

—*Three in one, one and three.*

Shem and Shaun and the shame that sunders em.

Wisdom's son, folly's brother.

—God bless your ginger, wigglewaggle! That's three
slots
and no burners. You're forgetting the jinnyjos for the
fayboys.
What, Walker John Referent? Play us your patmost! And un-
packyolloups!

—Naif Cruachan! Woe on woe, says Wardeb Daly.
Woman
will water the wild world over. And the maid of the folley
will go
where glory. Sure I thought it was larking in the trefoll of the
furry

glans with two stripping baremaids, Stilla Underwood and
Moth
MacGarry, he was, hand to dagger, that time and their
mother, a
rawkneepuds frowse, I was given to understand, with
superflowvius
heirs, begum. There was that one that was always mad gone
on him, her first king of cloves and the most broadcussed
man
in Corrack-on-Sharon, County Rosecarmon. Sure she was
near
drowned in pondest coldstreams of admiration forherself, as
bad
as my Tarpeyan cousin, Vesta Tully, making faces at her
bachspilled
likeness in the brook after and cooling herself in the
element, she pleasing it, she praising it, with salices and
weidowwehls,
all tossed, as she was, the playactrix, Lough Shieling's love!

—O, add shielsome bridelittle! All of her own!
Nircississies
are as the doaters of inversion. Secilas through their laughing
classes becoming poolermates in laker life.

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—It seems to same with Iscappellas? Ys? Gotellus! A
tickey
for tie taughts!

—Listenest, meme mearest! They were harrowd, those
finweeds!
Come, rest in this bosom! So sorry you lost him, poor
lamb! Of course I know you are a viry vikid girl to go in the

dreemplace and at that time of the draym and it was a very
wrong
thing to do, even under the dark flush of night, dare all
grandpassia!
He's gone on his bombashaw. Through geesing and so
pleasing at Strip Teasy up the stairs. The boys on the corner
were
talking too. And your soreful miseries first come on you. Still
to
forgive it, divine my lickle wiffey, and everybody knows you
do
look lovely in your invisibles, Eulogia, a perfect apposition
with
the coldcream, Assoluta, from Boileau's I always use in the
wards
after I am burned a rich egg and derive the greatest benefit,
sign of the cause. My, you do! Simply adorable! Could I but
pass my hands some, my hands through, thine hair! So
vickyvicky
veritiny! O Fronces, say howdyedo, Dotty! Chic hands.
The way they curve there under nue charmeen cuffs! I am
more
divine like that when I've two of everything up to boyproof
knicks. Winning in a way, only my arms are whiter, dear.
Blanchemain, idler. Fairhair, frail one. Listen, meme sweety!
O
be joyfold! Mirror do justice, taper of ivory, heart of the
conavent,
hoops of gold! My veil will save it undyeing from his
eternal
fire! It's meemly us two, meme idoll. Of course it was
downright

verry wickred of him, reely meeting me disguised, Bortolo
mio, peerfectly appealling, D.V., with my lovebirds, my
colombinas.

Their sinsitives shrinked. Even Netta and Linda, our seeyu
tities and they've sin sumtim, tankus! My rillies were
liebeneaus,
my aftscents embre. How me adores eatsother simply (Mon
ishebeau!

Ma reinebelle!), in his storm collar, as I leaned yestreen
from his muskished labs, even my little pom got excited,
when I

turned his head on his same manly bust and kissed him more.
Only he might speak to a person, lord so picious, taking up
my

worths ill wrong! May I introduce! This is my futuous, lips
and

looks lovelast. Still me with you, you poor chilled! Will
make it

up with mother Concepcion and a glorious lie between us,

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sweetness, so as not a novene in all the convent loretos, not
my

littlest one of all, for mercy's sake need ever know, what
passed

our lips or. Yes sir, we'll will! Clothea wind! Fee o fie! Covey
us

niced! Bansh the dread! Alitten's looking. Low him lovly!
Make

me feel good in the moontime. It will all take blossom as
oranged at

St Audiens rosan chocolate chapelry with my diamants
blickfeast

after at minne owned hos for all the catclub to go cryzy and
Father Blesius Mindelsinn will be beminding hand. Kyrielle
elation!

Crystal elation! Kyrielle elation! Elation immanse! Sing to
us, sing to us, sing to us! Amam! So meme nearest,
languished

hister, be free to me! (I'm fading!) And listen, you, you
beauty,

esster, I'll be clue to who knows you, pray Magda, Marthe
with

Luz and Joan, while I lie with warm lisp on the Tolka. (I'm
fay!)

—Eusapia! Fais-le, tout-tait! Languishing hysteria? The
clou

historique? How is this at all? Is dads the thing in such or are
tits the that? Hear we here her first poseproem of suora unto
suora? Alicious, twinstreams twinestraines, through alluring
glass or alas in jumboland? Ding dong! Where's your pal in
silks alustre? Think of a maiden, Presentacion. Double her,
An-

nupciacion. Take your first thoughts away from her,
Immacolacion.

Knock and it shall appall unto you! Who shone yet shimmers
will be e'er scheining. Cluse her, voil her, hild her hindly.

After liryc and themodius soft aglo iris of the vals. This
young

barlady, what, euphemiasly? Is she having an ambidual act
herself

in apparition with herself as Consuelas to Sonias may?

—Dang! And tether, a loguy O!

—Dis and dat and dese and dose! Your crackling out of
your
turn, my Moonster firefly, like always. And 2 R.N. and
Longhorns
Connacht, stay off my air! You've grabbed the capital and
you've had the lion's shire since 1542 but there's all the
difference
in Ireland between your borderation, my chatty cove, and me.
The
leinstrel boy to the wall is gone and there's moreen astoreen
for
Monn and Conn. With the tyke's named moke. Doggymens'
nimmer win! You last led the first when we last but we'll first
trump your last with a lasting. Jump the railchairs or take
them,
as you please, but and, sir, my queskins first, foxyjack! Ye've
as
much skullabogue cheek on you now as would boil a caldron
of

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kalebrose. Did the market missioners Hayden Wombwell,
when
given the raspberry, fine more than sandsteen per cent of
chalk
in the purity, promptitude and perfection flour of this raw
materialist and less than a seventh pro mile in his meal? We
bright young chaps of the brandnew braintrust are briefed
here
and with maternal sanction compellably empanelled at
quarter
sessions under the six disqualifications for the uniformication
of

young persons (Nodding Neutrals) removal act by
Committalman

Number Underfifteen to know had the peeress of generals,
who have been getting nose money cheap and stirring up the
public opinion about private balls with their legs, Misses
Mirtha

and Merry, the two dreeper's assistents, had they their service
books in order and duly signed J. H. North and Company
when

discharged from their last situations? Will ye gup and tell the
board in the anterim how, in the name of the three tailors on
Tooley Street, did O'Bejorumsen or Mockmacmahonitch, ex
of

Butt and Hocksett's, violating the bushel standard, come into
awful position of the barrel of bellywash? And why, is it any
harm

to ask, was this hackney man in the coombe, a papersalor
with

a whiteluke to him, Fauxfitzhuorson, collected from
Manofisle,

carrying his ark, of eggshaped fuselage and made in
Fredborg

into the bullgine, across his back when he might have been
setting on his jonass inside like a Glassthure cabman? Where
were the doughboys, three by nombres, won in ziel, cavehill
exers or hearts of steel, Hansen, Morfydd and O'Dyar, V.D.,
with their glenagearries directing their steps according to the
R.U.C's liaison officer, with their trench ulcers open and
their hands in their pockets, contrary to military rules, when
confronted with his lifesize obstruction? When did he live off
rooking the pooro and how did start pfuffpfaffing at his
Paterson

and Hellicott's? Is it a factual fact, proved up to
scabsteethshilt,
that this fancydress nordic in shaved lamb breeches, child's
kilts,
bibby buntings and wellingtons, with club, torc and
headdress,
preholder of the Bar Ptolomei, is coowner of a hengster's
circus
near North Great Denmark Street (incidentally, it's the most
unjoyable show going the province and I'm taking the
youngsters

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there Saturday first when it's halfprice naturals night to see
the
fallensickners aping the buckleybackers and the blind to two
worlds taking off the deffydowndummies) and the
shamshemshowman
has been complaining to the police barracks and
applying for an order of *certiorari* and crying out something
vile
about him being molested, after him having triplets, by offers
of
vacancies from females in this city, neighing after the man
and his
outstanding attraction ever since they seen his X ray picture
turned
out in wealthy red in the sabbath sheets? Was it him that
suborned
that surdumutual son of his, a litterydivider in Saint
Patrick's
Lavatory, to turn a Roman and leave the chayr and gout in his
bare balbriggans, the sweep, and buy the usual jar of porter at

the Morgue and Cruses and set it down before the wife with
her
fireman's halmet on her, bidding her mine the hoose, the
strumpet,
while him and his lagenloves were rampaging the roads in
all their paroply under the noses of the Heliopolitan
constabulary?
Can you beat it? Prepare the way! Where's that gendarm
auxiliar, arianautic sappertillery, that reported on the whole
hoodlum,
relying on his morse-erse wordybook and the trunchein up
his tail? Roof Seckesign van der Deckel and get her story
from
him! Recall Sickerson, the lizzyboy! Seckersen, magnon of
Errick.
Sackerson! Hookup!

—*Day shirker four vanfloats he verdants market.*
High liquor made lust torpid dough hunt her orchid.

—Hunt her orchid! Gob and he found it on her right
enough!
With her shoes upon his shoulders, 'twas most trying to
beholders
when he upped their frullatullepleats with our warning.
A disgrace to the homely protestant religion! Bloody old
preadamite
with his twohandled umberella! Trust me to spy on me
own spew!

—Wallpurgies! And it's this's your deified city?
Norganson?
And it's we's to pray for Bigmesser's conversions? Call Kitty

the

Beads, the Mandame of Tipknock Castle! Let succuba
succumb, the
improvable his wealth made possible! He's cookinghagar that
rost
her prayer to him upon the top of the stairs. She's deep, that
one.

—A farternoiser for his tuckish armenities. Ouhr Former

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who erred in having down to gibbous disdag our darling
breed.

And then the confisieur for the boob's indulligence. As
sunctioned

for his salmenbog by the Councillors-om-Trent. Pave
Pannem

at his gaiter's bronze! Nummer half dreads Log Laughty.
Master's

gunne he warrs the bedst. I messaged his dilltoyds
sausepander

mussels on the kisschen table. With my ironing duck
through his rollpins of gansyfett, do dodo doughdy dough,
till

he was braising red in the toastface with lovensoft eyebulbs
and

his kiddledrum steeming and rattling like the roasties in my
mockamill. I awed to have scoured his Abarm's brack for
him.

For the loaf of Obadiah, take your pastryart's noas out of me
flouer bouckuet! Of the stranger scene you given squeezers
to

me skillet! As cream of the hearth thou reinethst alhome. His
lapper and libbers was glue goulewed as he sizzled there

watching
me lautterick's pitcher by Wexford-Atelier as Katty and
Lanner, the refined souprette, with my bust alla brooche and
the
padbun under my matelote, showing my jigotty sleeves and
all
my new toulong touloosies. Whisk! There's me shims and
here's
me hams and this is me juppettes, gause be the meter!
Whisk!
What's this? Whisk! And that? He never cotched finer, balay
me, at Romiolo Frullini's flea pantamine out of Griddle-the-
Sink
or Shusies-with-her-Soles-Up or La Sauzerelly, the
pucieboots,
when I started so hobmop ladlelike, highly tighty, to kick the
time off the cluckclock lucklock quamquam camcam potapot
panapan kickakickkack. Hairhorehounds, shake up pfortner.
Fuddling fun for Fullacan's sake!

—All halt! Sponsor programme and close down. That's
enough, genral, of finicking about Finnegan and fiddling
with
his faddles. A final ballot, guvnor, to remove all doubt. By
sylph
and salamander and all the trolls and tritons, I mean to top
her
drive and to tip the tap of this, at last. His thoughts that
wouldbe
words, his livings that havebeen deeds. And will too, by the
holy
child of Coole, primapatriock of the archsee, if I have at first

to down every mask in Trancenania from Terreterry's Hole to
Stutterers' Corner to find that Yokeoff his letter, this Yokan
his

dahet. Pass the jousters of the king, the Kovnor-Journal and

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eirenarch's custos himself no less, the meg of megs, with the
Carrison

old gang! Off with your persians! Search ye the Finn! The
sinder's under shriving sheet. Fa Fe Fi Fo Fum! Ho, croak,
evildoer! Arise, sir ghostus! As long as you've lived there'll
be no
other. Doff!

—Amtsadam, sir, to you! Eternest cittas, heil! Here we
are
again! I am bubub brought up under a camel act of dynasties
long

out of print, the first of Shitric Shilkanbeard (or is it
Owllaugh

MacAuscullpth the Thord?), but, in pontofacts massimust, I
am

known throughout the world wherever my good
Allenglisches

Angleslachsen is spoken by Sall and Will from Augustanus
to

Ergastulus, as this is, whether in Farnum's rath or Condra's
ridge or the meadows of Dalkin or Monkish tunshep, by
saints

and sinners eyeeye alike as a cleanliving man and, as a
matter of

fict, by my halfwife, I think how our public at large
appreciates

it most highly from me that I am as cleanliving as could be

and

that my game was a fair average since I perpetually kept my
ouija ouija wicket up. On my verawife I never was nor can
afford

to be guilty of crim crig con of malfeasance trespass against
parson

with the person of a youthful gigirl frifrif friend chirped
Apples, acted by Miss Dashe, and with Any of my cousines
in

Kissilov's Slutsgartern or Gigglotte's Hill, when I would
touch

to her dot and feel most greenily of her unripe ones as it
should

prove most anniece and far too bahad, nieceless to say, to my
reputation on Babbyl Masket for daughters-in-trade being
lightly

clad. Yet, as my acquainters do me the complaisance of
apprising

me, I should her have awristed under my duskguise of
whippers

through toombs and deempeys, lagmen, was she but tinkling
of

such a tink. And, as a mere matter of ficfect, I tell of myself
how

I popo possess the ripest littlums wifukie around the
globelettes

globes upon which she was romping off on Floss Mundai out
of

haram's way round Skinner's circusalley first with her
consolation

prize in my serial dreams of faire women, Mannequins Passe,
with awards in figure and smile subsections, handicapped by

two

breasts in operatops, a remarkable little endowment garment.
Fastened at various places. What spurt! I kickkick keenly
love

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such, particularly while savouring of their flavours at their
most
perfect best when served with heliotrope ayelips, as this is,
where
I do drench my jolly soul on the pu pure beauty of hers past.

She is my bestpreserved wholewife, sowell her as
herafter, in
Evans's eye, with incompatibly the smallest shoenummer
outside
chinatins. They are jolly dainty, spekin tluly. May we not
recommend
them? It was my proofpiece from my prenticeserving.
And, alas, our private chaplain of Lambeyth and Dolekey,
bishop-
regionary, an always sadfaced man, in his lutestring pewcape
with
tabinet band, who has visited our various hard hearts and
reins
by imposition of fufuf fingers, also haddock's fumb, in that
Upper Room can speak loud to you some quite
complimentary
things about my clean charactering, even when detected in
the
dark, distressful though such recital prove to me, as this is,
when
I introduced her (Frankfurters, numborines, why drive fear?)
to

our fourposter tunies chantreying under Castrucci Sinior and
De
Mellos, those whapping oldsteirs, with sycamode euphonium
in
either notation in our altogether cagehoused duckyheim on
Goosna Greene, that cabinteeny homesweetened through
affection's
hoardpayns (First Murkiss, or so they sankeyed. Dodo! O
Clearly! And Gregorio at front with Johannes far in back.
Aw,
aw!), gleeglom there's gnome sweepplaces like theresweep
Nowhergs.
By whom, as my Kerk Findlater's, ye litel chuch rond
ye coner, and K. K. Katakasm enjoineeth in the Belief and, as
you
all know, of a child, dear Humans, one of my life's ambitions
of
my youngend from an early peepee period while still to
hedjeskool,
intended for broadchurch, I, being fully alive to it, was
parruchially confirmed in Caulofat's bed by our bujibuji
beloved
curate-author. Michael Engels is your man. Let Michael relay
Sutton and tell you people here who have the phoney habit (it
was remarketable) in his clairaudience, as this is, as only our
own
Michael can, when reicherout at superstation, to bring
ruptures
to our roars how I am amp amp amplify. Hiemlancollin.
Pimpim's
Ornery forninehalf. Shaun Shemsen saywhen saywhen.
Holmstock unsteaden. Livpoomark lloyrge hoggs one four

tupps

noying. Big Butter Boost! Sorry! Thnkyou! Thatll beall
fortody.

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Cal it off. Godnotch, vryboily. End a muddy crushmess!
Abbreciades anew York gustoms. Kyow! Tak.

—Tiktak. Tikkak.

—Awind abuzz awater falling.

—Poor a cove his jew placator.

—It's the damp damp damp.

—Calm has entered. Big big Calm, announcer. It is most
ernst terooly a moresome intartenment. Colt's tooth! I will
give

tandsel to it. I protest there is luttrelly not one teaspoonspill
of

evidence at bottomlie to my babad, as you shall see, as this
is.

Keemun Lapsang of first pickings. And I contango can take
off

my dudud dirtynine articles of quoting here in Pynix Park
before

those in heaven to provost myself, by gramercy of justness,
I mean veryman and moremon, stiff and staunch for ever, and
enter under the advicies from Misrs Norris, Southby, Yates
and

Weston, Inc, to their favoured client, into my preprotestant
caveat

against the pupup publication of libel by any tixtim tipsyloon
or

tobtomtowley of Keisserse Lean (a bloweyed lanejoymt,

waring

lowbelt suit, with knockbrecky kenees and bullfist rings
round

him and a fallse roude axehand (he is cunvesser to Saunter's
Noccelettres and the Poe's Toffee's Directory in his pisness),
the

best begrudged man in Belgradia who doth not belease to our
paviour) to my nonesuch, that highest personage at moments
holding down the throne. So to speak of beauty scouts in
elegant

pursuit of flowers, searchers for tabernacles and the celluloid
art!

Happen seen sore eynes belived? The caca cad! He walked
by

North Strand with his Thom's towel in hand. Snakeeye!
Strangler

of soffiacated green parrots! I protest it that he is, by my
wipehalf. He was leaving out of my double inns while he was
all

tepling over my single ixits. So was keshaned on for his
recent

behaviour. Sherlock is lorking for him. Allare beltspanners.
Get your air curt! Shame upon Private M! Shames on his
fulsomeness!

Shamus on his atkinscum's lulul lying suulen for an
outcast mastiff littered in blood currish! Eristocras till

Hanging

Tower! Steck a javelin through his advowtried heart!

Instaunton!

Flap, my Larrybird! Dangle, my highflyer! Jiggety jig my

jackadandyline! Let me never see his waddphez again! And
mine
it was, Barktholed von Hunarig, Soesown of Furrows
(hourspringlike
his joussture, immitiate my chry! as urs now, so yous
then!), when to our lot it fell on my poplar Sexsex, my
Sexen-
centaurmary, whenby Gate of Hal, before his hostel of the
Wodin
Man, I hestened to freeholdit op to his Mam his Maman,
Majuscules,
His Magnus Maggerstick, first city's leasekuays of this
Nova Tara, our most noble, when hrossbucked on his
pricelist
charger, Pferdinamd Allibuster (yeddonot need light oar till
Noreway for you fanned one o'er every doorway) with my
allbum's
greethims through this whole of my promises, handshakey
congrandyoulikethems, ecclesency.

Whosaw the jackery dares at handgripper thisa breast?
Dose
makkers ginger. Some one we was with us all fours.
Adversarian!
The spiking Duyvil! First liar in Londsend! Wulv! See you
scargore
on that skeepsbrow! And those meisies! Sulken taarts! Man
sicker at I ere bluffet konservative? Shucks! Such ratshause
bugsmess
so I cannot barely conceive of! Lowest basemeant in hystry!
Ibscenest nansence! Noksagt! Per Peeler and Pawr! The
brokerheartened

shugon! Hole affair is rotten muckswinish porcupig's
draff. Enough!

—Is that yu, Whitehed?

—Have you headnoise now?

—Give us your mespilt reception, will yous?

—Pass the fish for Christ's sake!

—Old Whitehowth he is speaking again. Ope Eustace
tube!

Pity poor whiteoath! Dear gone mummeries, goby! Tell the
woyld I have lived true thousand hells. Pity, please, lady, for
poor O.W. in this profundust snobbing I have caught. Nine
dirty

years mine age, hairs hoar, mummery failend, snowdrift to
my

ellpow, deff as Adder. I askt you, dear lady, to judge on my
tree

by our fruits. I gave you of the tree. I gave two smells, three
eats.

My freeandies, my celeberrimates: my happy bossoms, my
allfalling

fruits of my boom. Pity poor Haveth Childers Everywhere
with Mudder!

That was Communicator, a former colonel. A
disincarnated

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spirit, called Sebastian, from the Rivera in Januero, (he is not
all hear) may fernspreak shortly with messuages from my
deadported.

Let us cheer him up a little and make an appunkment for

a future date. Hello, Commudicate! How's the buttes?
Everscepistic!

He does not believe in our psychous of the Real Absence,
neither miracle wheat nor soulsurgery of P. P. Quemby.
He has had some indiejestings, poor thing, for quite a little
while,

confused by his tonguer of baubble. A way with him! Poor
Felix

Culapert! Ring his mind, ye staples, (bonze!) in my ould
reekerries'

ballyheart and in my krumlin and in aroundisements and
stremmis! Sacks eleathury! Sacks eleathury! Bam! I deplore
over

him ruely. Mongrieff! O Hone! Guesterned with the
nobelities,

to die bronxitic in achershous! So enjoying of old thick
whiles,

in haute white toff's hoyt of our formed reflections, with
stock

of eisen all his prop, so buckely hosiered from the Royal
Leg,

and his puertos mugnum, he would puffout a dhymful bock.

And the how he would husband her that verikerfully, his
cigare

divane! (He would redden her with his vestas, but 'tis
naught.)

With us his nephos and his neberls, mest incensed and
befogged

by him and his smoke thereof. But he shall have his glad
stein of

our zober beerbest in Oscarshal's winetavern. *Buen retiro!*

The

boyce voyce is still flautish and his mounth still wears that
soldier's scarlet though the flaxafloyeds are peppered with
salsedine.

It is bycause of what he was ascend into his prisonce on
account off. I whit it wel. Hence his deepraised words. Some
day

I may tell of his second storey. Mood! Mood! It looks like
someone

other bearing my burdens. I cannot let it. Kanes nought.

Well, yeamen, I have bared my whole past, I flatter
myself,
on both sides. Give me even two months by laxlaw in second
division and my first broadcloth is business will be to protest
to

Recorder at Thing of all Things, or court of Skivinis, with
marchants

grey, antient and credibel, Zerobubble Barrentone, Jonah
Whalley, Determined Codde or Cucumber Upright, my
jurats,

if it does not occur again. O rhyme us! Haar Faagher, wild
heart

in Homelan; Harrod's be the naun. Mine kinder come, mine
wohl be won. There is nothing like leuther. O Shee! And
nosty

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mens in gladshouses they shad not peggot stones. The
elephant's

house is his castle. I am here to tell you, indeed to goodness,
that,

allbe I discountenanced beallpersuasions, in rinunciniation of
pomps of heretofore, with a wax too held in hand, I am
thorgtfulldt

to do dope me of her miscisprinks and by virchow of those
filthered Ovocnas presently like Browne umbracing Christina
Anya, after the Irishers, to convert me into a selt (but first I
must
proxy babetise my old antenaughties), when, as Sigismond
Stolterforth,
with Rabbin Robroost for my auspicer and Leecher
Rutty for my lifearst and Lorencz Pattorn (*Ehren til viktrae!*),
when I will westerneyes those poor sunuppers and
outbreighen
their land's eng. A man should stump up and I will pay my
pretty decent trade price for my glueglue gluecose, peebles,
were it even, as this is, the legal eric for infelicitous conduct
(here
incloths placefined my pocketanchoredcheck) and, as a
matter of
fact, I undertake to discontinue entyrelly all practices and I
deny
wholeswiping *in toto* at my own request in all stoytness to
have
confermentated and confoederated and agreed in times
prebellic,
when here were waders for the trainsfolk, as it is now
nuggently
laid to me, with a friend from mine, Mr Billups, pulleter, my
quarterbrother, who sometimes he is doing my locum for me
on a grubstake and whom I have cleped constoutuent, for so
it
was felt by me, at goodbuy cootcoops byusucapiture a
mouthless
niggeress, Blanchette Brewster from Cherna Djamja,
Blawlawnd-via-

Brigstow, or to illsell my fourth part in her, which although
allowed of in Deuterogamy as in several places of Scripture
(copyright) and excluded books (they should quite rightly
verbanned be), would seem eggseggs excessively haroween
to
my feelimbs for two punt scotch, one pollard and a crockard
or
three pipples on the bitch. Thou, Frick's Flame, Uden Sulfer,
who strikest only on the marryd bokks, enquick me if so be I
did cophetuisse milady's maid! In spect of her beavers she is a
womanly and sacret. Such wear a frillick for my comic strip,
Mons Meg's Monthly, comes out aich Fanagan's Weck, to
bray
at by clownsillies in Donkeybrook Fair. It would lackin
mackin
Hodder's and Cocker's erithmatic. The unpurdonable
preempson

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of all of her of yourn, by Juno Moneta! If she, irished
Marryonn
Teheresiann, has been disposed of for her consideration, I,
Ledwidge Salvatorious, am tradefully unintiristid. And if she
is
still further talc slopping over her cocoa contours, I hwat
mick
angars, am strongly of opinion why I should not be.
Inprobable!
I do not credit one word of it from such and suchess
mistraversers.
Just feathers! Nanenities! Or to have ochtroyed to
resolde or borrough by exchange same super melkkaart,
means

help; best Brixton high yellow, no outings: cent for cent on
Auction's Bridge. 'Twere a honnibel crudelty wert so
tentement
to their naktlives and scatab orgias we devour about in
the mightyevil roohms of encient cartage. Utterly
improperable!
Not for old Crusos or white soul of gold! A pipple on the
panis, two claps on the cansill, or three pock pocks cassey
knocked on the postern! Not for one testey tickey culprik's
coynds ore for all ecus in cunziehowffse! So hemp me Cash!
I meant.

My herrings! The surdity of it! Amean to say. Her bare
idears, it is choochoo chucklesome. Absurd bargain, mum,
will
call. One line with! One line, with with! Will ate everadayde
saumone
like a boyne alive O. The tew cherrpickers, with their
Catheringnettes, Lizzy and Lissy Mycock, from Street
Fleshshambles,
were they moon at aube with hespermun and I their
covin guardient, I would not know to contact such gretched
youngsteys in my ways from Haddem or any suistersees or
heireses of theirn, claiming by, through, or under them. Ous
of
their freiung pfann into myne foyer. Her is one which
rassembled
to mein enormally. The man what shocked his shanks at
contey
Carlow's. He is Deucollion. Each habe goheerd, uptaking you
are innersence, but we sen you meet sose infance.
Deucollion!

Odor. Evilling chimbes is smutsick rivulverblott but thee
hard
casted thereass pigstenes upann Congan's shootsmen in
Schottenhof,
ekeascent? Igen Deucollion! I liked his Gothamm chic!
Stuttertub! What a shrubbery trick to play! I will put my
oathhead
unner my whitepot for ransom of beeves and will stand
me where I stood mine in all free heat between Pelagios and
little

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Chistayas by Roderick's our mostmonolith, after my both
earstoeear
and brebreeches buybibles and, minhatton, testify to my
unclothed virtue by the longstone erectheion of our allfirst
manhere.
I should tell you that honestly, on my honour of a
Nearwicked,
I always think in a wordworth's of that primed favourite
continental poet, Daunty, Gouty and Shopkeeper, A. G.,
whom the generality admoyers in this that is and that this is
to
come. Like as my palmer's past policy I have had my best
master's
lessons, as the public he knows, and do you know, homesters,
I honestly think, if I have failed lamentably by accident
benefits though shintoed, spitefired, perplagued and
cramkrieged,
I am doing my dids bits and have made of my prudentials
good. I have been told I own stolemines or something of that
sorth in the sooth of Spainien. Hohohoho! Have I said ogso
how

I abhor myself vastly (truth to tell) and do repent to my
netherheart

of suntry clothing? The amusin part is, I will say, hotelmen,
that since I, over the deep drowner Athacleath to seek
again Irrlanding, shamed in mind, with three plunges of my
ruddertail, yet not a bottlenim, vanced imperial standard by
weaponright and platzed mine residenze, taking bourd and
burgage under starrymisty and ran and operated my brixtol
selection

here at thollstall, for mean straits male with evorage fimmel,
in commune soccage among strange and enemy, among these
plotlets, in Poplinstown, alore Fort Dunlip, then-on-sea, hole
of Serbonian bog, now city of magnificent distances,
goodwalldabout,

with talus and counterscarp and pale of palisades,
upon martiell siegewin, with Abbot Warre to blesse, on yon
slaughterday of cleantarriffs, in that year which I have called
myriabellous, and overdrave these marken (the soord on
Whencehislaws

was mine and mine the prusshing stock of Allbrecht
the Bearn), under patroonshaap of our good kingsinturns,
T. R. H. Urban First and Champaign Chollyman and Hungry
the Loaved and Hangry the Hathed, here where my tenenure
of

office and my toils of domestication first began, with weight
of

woman my skat and skuld but Flukie of the Ravens as my
sure

piloter, famine with Englisch sweat and oppedemics, the
twotoothed

dragon worms with allsort serpents, has compolitely
seceded from this landleague of many nations and open and
notorious naughty livers are found not on our rolls. This seat
of
our city it is of all sides pleasant, comfortable and
wholesome.

If you would traverse hills, they are not far off. If champain
land,
it lieth of all parts. If you would be delited with fresh water,
the
famous river, called of Ptolemy the Libnia Labia, runneth
fast
by. If you will take the view of the sea, it is at hand. Give
heed!

—*Do Drumcollogher whatever you do!*

—*Visitez Drumcollogher-la-Belle!*

—*Be suke and sie so ersed Drumcollogher!*

—*Vedi Drumcollogher e poi Moonis.*

—Things are not as they were. Let me briefly survey. Pro
clam
a shun! Pip! Peep! Pipitch! Ubipop jay piped, ibipep goes the
whistle. Here Tyeburn throttled, massed murmars march:
where
the bus stops there shop I: here which ye see, yea reste. On
me,
your sleeping giant. Estoesto! Estote suntto! From the hold of
my capt in altitude till the mortification that's my fate. The
end
of aldest mocest ist the beginning of all thisorder so the last
of

their hansbailis shall the first in our sheriffsby. New highs for
all! Redu Negru may be black in tawn but under them lintels
are staying my horneymen meet each his mansiemagd. For
peers
and gints, quaysirs and galleyliers, fresk letties from the say
and
stale headygabblers, gaingangers and dudder wagoners,
pullars
off societies and pushers on rothmere's homes. Obeyance
from
the townsmen spills felixity by the toun. Our bourse and
politico-
ecomedy are in safe with good Jock Shepherd, our lives are
on
sure in sorting with Jonathans, wild and great. Been so free!
Thank you, besters! Hattentats have mindered. Blaublaze
devilbobs
have gone from the mode and hairtrigger nicks are quite
out of time now. Thuggeries are reere as glovars' metins,
lepers
lack, ignerants show beneath suspicion like the bitterhalves
of
esculapuloids. In midday's mallsight let Miledd discourverself.
Me ludd in her hide park seek MinuINETTE. All is waldy
bonums.
Blownose aeries we luft to you! Firebugs, good blazes!
Lubbers,
kepp your poudies drier! Seamen, we segn your skivs and
wives!

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Seven ills so barely as centripunts havd I habt, seaventy
seavens

for circumference inkeptive are your hill prospect. Braid
Blackfordrock,
the Calton, the Liberton, Craig and Lockhart's, A.
Costofino, R. Thursitt. The chort of Nicholas Within was my
guide and I raised a dome on the wherewithouts of Michan:
by
awful tors my wellworth building sprang sky spearing spires,
cloud cupoled campaniles: further this. By fineounce and
imposts
I got and grew and by grossscruple gat I grown outreachesly:
murage and lestage were my mains for Ouerlord's tithing
and my drains for render and prender the doles and the
tribute:
I was merely out of my mint with all the percussors on my
braincap till I struck for myself and muched morely by token:
to
Sirrherr of Gambleden ruddy money, to Madame of
Pitymount
I loue yous. Paybads floriners moved in hugheknots against
us and
I matt them, pepst to papst, barthelemew: milreys (mark!)
onfell,
and (Luc!) I arose Daniel in Leonden. Bulafests onvied me,
Corkcuttas graatched. Atabey! I braved Brien Berueme to
berow
him against the Loughlins, all her tolkie shraking:
Fugabollags!
Lusqu'au bout! If they had ire back of eyeball they got
danage
on front tooth: theres were revelries at ridottos, here was
rivalry
in redoubt: I wegschicked Duke Wellinghof to reshockle Roy

Shackleton: Walhalloo, Walhalloo, Walhalloo, mourn in
plein!

Under law's marshall and warschouw did I thole till lead's
plumbate, ping on pang, relieved me. I made praharfeast upon
acorpolous and fastbroke down in Neederthorpe. I let
faireviews

in on slobodens but ranked rothgardes round wrathminders:
I

bathandbaddend on mendicity and I corocured off the
unoculated.

Who can tell their tale whom I filled ad liptum on the plain
of

Soulsbury? With three hunkered peepers and twa and twas!
For sleeking beauties I spinned their nightinveils, to
slumbred

beast I tummed the thief air. Round the musky moved a
murmel

but mewses whinninaird and belluas zoomed: tendulcis
tunes like water parted fluted up from the westinders while
from

gorges in the east came the strife of ourangoontangues. All in
my thicville Escuterre ofen was thorough fear but in the
meckling

of my burgh Belvaros was the site forbed: tuberclerosies I

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reized spudfully from the murphyplantz Hawkinsonia and
berriberries

from the pletoras of the Irish shou. I heard my libertilands
making free through their curraghcoombs, my trueblues
hurusalaming before Wailington's Wall: I richmounded the
rainelag in my bathtub of roundwood and conveyed it with
cheers and cables, roaring mighty shouts, through my

longertubes

of elm: out of fundness for the outozone I carried them
amd curried them in my Putzemdown cars to my

Kommeandine

hotels: I made sprouts fontaneously from Philippe Sobriety
in

the coupe that's cheyned for noon inebriates: when they
weaned

weary of that bibbing I made infusion more infused:

sowerpacers

of the vinegarth, obtemperate unto me! When you think me
in

my coppeecuffs look in ware would you meckamockame, as
you

pay in caabman's sheltar tot the ites like you corss the tees.

Wherefore watch ye well! For, while I oploked the first of
Janus's straight, I downsaw the last of Christmas steps:

syndic

podestril and on the rates, I for indigent and intendente: in

Forum Foster I demosthrenated my folksfiendship, enemy

pupuls

felt my burk was no worse than their brite: Sapphrageta and
Consciencia were undecidedly attached to me but the

maugher

machrees and the auntieparthenopes my schwalby words

with

litted spongelets set their soakye pokeys and botchbons

afume:

Fletcher-Flemmings, elisaboth, how interquackeringly they

rogated

me, their golden one, I inhesitant made replique:

Mesdememdes

to leursieuresponsor: and who in hillsaide, don't you
let flyfire till you see their whites of the bunkers' eyes! Mr
Answers:

Bringem young, bringem young, bringem young!: in
my bethel of Solyman's I accouched their rotundaties and I
turnkeyed

most insultantly over raped lutetias in the lock: I gave bax
of biscums to the jacobeatiers and pottage bakes to the
esausted;

I dehlivered them with freakandesias by the constant
droppings

from my smalls instalmonths while I titfortotalled up their
farinadays for them on my slataper's slate with my chandner's
chauk: I jaunted on my jingelbrett rapt in neckloth and
sashes,

and I beggered about the annibushes like belly in a bowle. In
the humanity of my heart I sent out heyweywomen to refresh

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the ballwearied and then, doubling megalopolitan poleetness,
my great great greatest of these charities, devaleurised the
base

fellows for the curtailment of their lower man: with a slog to
square leg I sent my boundary to Botany Bay and I ran up a
score and four of mes while the Yanks were huckling the
Empire:

I have been reciping om omominous letters and widelysigned
petitions full of pieces of pottery about my monumentalness
as a thingabolls and I have been enchanting causeries to the
feshest cheoilboys so that they are allcalling on me for the
song

of a birtch: the more secretely bi built, the more openly
palastered.

Attent! Couch hear! I have becket my vonderbilt hutch
in sunsmidnought and at morningrise was encampassed of
mushroofs. Rest and bethinkful, with licence, thanks. I
considered
the lilies on the veldt and unto Balkis did I disclothe
mine glory. And this. This missy, my laughters, and these
man,
my son, from my fief of the villa of the Ostmanorum to
Thorstan's,
recte Thomars Sraid, and from Huggin Please to William
Inglis his house, that man de Loundres, in all their barony of
Saltus, bonders and foeburghers, helots and zelots, strutting
oges
and swaggering macks, the darsy jeamses, the drury joneses,
redmaids and bleucotts, in hommage all and felony, all who
have
received tickets, fair home overcrowded, tidy but very little
furniture, respectable, whole family attends daily mass and is
dead sick of bread and butter, sometime in the militia,
mentally
strained from reading work on German physics, shares closet
with eight other dwellings, more than respectable, getting
comfortable
parish relief, wageearner freshly shaven from prison,
highly respectable, planning new departure in Mountgomery
cyclefinishing, eldest son will not serve but peruses Big-
man-up-
in-the-Sky scraps, anoopanadoon lacking backway, quasi
respectable,
pays ragman in bones for faded windowcurtains, staircase
continually lit up with guests, particularly respectable, house
lost in dirt and blocked with refuse, getting on like Roe's

distillery

on fire, slovenly wife active with the jug, in business for himself, has a tenth illegitimate coming, partly respectable, following correspondence courses, chucked work over row, both

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cheeks kissed at levee by late marquess of Zetland, sharing closet

which is profusely written over with eleven other subscribers,

once respectable, open hallway pungent of Baltic dishes, bangs

kept woman's head against wall thereby disturbing neighbours,

private chapel occupies return landing, removal every other quarter day, case one of peculiar hopelessness, most respectable,

nightsoil has to be removed through snoring household, eccentric

naval officer not quite steady enjoys weekly churchwarden and laugh while reading foreign pictorials on clumpstump before

door, known as the trap, widow rheumatic and chars, haunted,

condemned and execrated, of dubious respectability, tools too costly pledged or uninsured, reformed philanthropist whenever

feasible takes advantage of unfortunates against dilapidating ashpits, serious student is eating his last dinners, floor dangerous

for unaccompanied old clergymen, thoroughly respectable, many

uncut pious books in evidence, nearest watertap two hundred
yards' run away, fowl and bottled gooseberry frequently on
table, man has not had boots off for twelve months, infant
being
taught to hammer flat piano, outwardly respectable,
sometimes
hears from titled connection, one foot of dust between
banister
and cracked wall, wife cleans stools, eminently respectable,
ottawark
and regular loafer, should be operated would she consent,
deplorable rent in roof, claret cellar cobwebbed since the
pontificate
of Leo, wears drill trousers and collects rare buddhas,
underages very treacly and verminous have to be separated,
sits
up with fevercases for one and threepence, owns two terraces
(back to back breeze), respectable in every way, harmless
imbecile
supposingly weakminded, a sausage every Sunday, has a
staff of eight servants, outlook marred by ne'er-do-wells
using
the laneway, lieabed sons go out with sisters immediately
after
dark, has never seen the sea, travels always with her eleven
trunks of clothing, starving cat left in disgust, the pink of re-
spectability, resting after colonial service, labours at plant,
the
despair of his many benefactresses, calories exclusively from
Rowntrees and dumplings, one bar of sunlight does them all
january and half february, the V. de V's (animal diet) live in
five-

storied semidetached but rarely pay tradesmen, went security
for friend who absconded, shares same closet with fourteen
similar
cottages and an illfamed lodginghouse, more respectable than
some, teawidow pension but held to purchase, inherited silk
hat
from father-in-law, head of domestic economy never
mentioned,
queery how they live, reputed to procure, last four occupants
carried out, mental companionship with mates only,
respectability
unsuccessfully aimed at, copious holes emitting mice,
decoration
from Uganda chief in locked ivory casket, grandmother
has advanced alcoholic amblyopia, the terror of Goodmen's
Field, and respected and respectable, as respectable as
respectable
can respectably be, though their orable amission were the
horrors I could have expected, all, let them all come, they are
my
villeins, with chartularies I have talledged them. Wherfor I
will and
firmly command, as I willed and firmly commanded, upon
my
royal word and cause the great seal now to be affixed, that
from
the farthest of the farther of their fathers to their children's
chil-
dren's children they do inhabit it and hold it for me
unencumbered
and my heirs, firmly and quietly, amply and honestly,

and with all the liberties and free customs which the men of
Tolbris,
a city of Tolbris, have at Tolbris, in the county of their city
and through whole my land. Hereto my vouchers, knive and
snuffbuchs. Fee for farm. Enwreak us wrecks.

Struggling forlongs I have livramentoed, milles on milles
of
mancipelles. Lo, I have looked upon my pumpadears in their
easancies and my drummers have tattled tall tales of me in
the land:
in morgenattics litt I hope, in seralcellars louched I
bleakmealers:
on my siege of my mighty I was parciful of my subject but in
street
wauks that are darkest I debelledem superb: I deemed the
drugtails
in my pettycourts and domstered dustyfeets in my
husinclose: at
Guy's they were swathed, at Foulke's slashed, the game for a
Gomez, the loy for a lynch: if I was magmonimoss as staidy
lavgiver
I revolucanized by my eruptions: the hye and bye wayseeds I
scattered em, in my graben fields sew sowage I gathered em:
in
Sheridan's Circle my wits repose, in black pitts of the
pestered
Lenfant he is dummed. (Hearts of Oak, may ye root to piece!
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Rechabites obstain! Clayed sheets, pineshrouded, wake not,
walk
not! Sigh lento, Morgh!) *Quo warranto* has his greats my
soliven

and puissant lord V. king regards for me and he has given to me
my necknamesh (flister it!) which is second fiddler to nomen.
These be my genteelician arms. At the crest, two young frish,
etoiled, flappant, devoiled of their habiliments, vested sable,
with-
drewers argent. For the boss a coleopter, pondant,
partifesswise,
blazoned sinister, at the slough, proper. In the lower field a
terce
of lanciers, shaking unsheathed shafts, their arms crossed in
saltire,
embusked, sinople. Motto, in letters portent: *Hery Crass
Evohodie*. Idle were it, repassing from elserground to the
elder
disposition, to inquire whether I, draggedasunder, be the
forced
generation of group marriage, holocryptogam, of my essenes,
or
carried of cloud from land of locust, in ouzel galley borne, I,
huddled til summone be the massproduct of teamwork, three
surtouts wripped up in itchother's, two twin pritticoaxes lived
as
one, troubled in trine or dubildin too, for abram nude be I or
roberoyed with the faineans, of Feejeean grafted ape on
merfish,
surrounded by obscurity, by my virtus of creation and by
boon
of promise, by my natural born freeman's journeymanright
and
my otherchurch's inher light, in so and such a manner as me
it

so besitteth, most surely I pretend and reclaim to opt for simultaneous.

Till daybreak and shadows flee. Thus be he.

Verily! Verily! Time, place!

—What is your number? Bun!

—Who gave you that number? Poo!

—Have you put in all your spare pennies? I'm listening.
Sree!

—Keep clear of pennies! Fore!

—Mr Televox, Mrs Taubiestimm and invisible friends! I
may

mean to say. Annoying part of it was, had faithful Fulvia,
following the winding courses of this world, turned her back
on

her ways to go on uphill upon search of lovers, brunette
men of

Earland, Chief North Paw and Chief Goes in Black Water
and

Chief Brown Pool and Chief Night Cloud by the Deeps, or
again

had Fulvia, amber witch she was, left her chivalry
crook

bed at the bare suggestions of some profligate
bywaymen

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from Moabit who could have abused of her, the foxgloves,
there

might accrue advantage to ask where in pell-mell her deceivers
sinned. Yet know it was vastly otherwise which I have heard
it

by mmummy goods waif, as I, chiefly endmost hartyly aver,
for
Fulvia Fluvia, iddle woman to the plusneeborn, ever did
ensue
tillstead the things that pertained unto fairnesse, this wharom
I am fawned on, that which was loost. Even so, for I waged
love on her: and spoiled her undines. And she wept: O my
lors!

—Till we meet!

—Ere we part!

—Tollollall!

—This time a hundred years!

—But I was firm with her. And I did take the reached of
my
delights, my jealousy, ymashkt, beyashmakt, earswathed,
snoutsnooded,
and did raft her flumingworthily and did leftlead her
overland the pace, from lacksleap up to liffloupp, tiding
down, as
portreeve should, whimpering by Kevin's creek and
Hurdlesford
and Gardener's Mall, long rivierside drive, embankment
large,
to Ringsend Flott and Ferry, where she began to bump a little
bit, my dart to throw: and there, by wavebrink, on strond of
south, with mace to masthigh, taillas Cowhowling, quailless
Highjakes, did I upreized my magicianer's puntpole, the
trident
sired a tritan stock, farruler, and I bade those
polyfizzyboisterous

seas to retire with hemselves from os (rookwards, thou
seasea
stamoror!) and I abridged with domfine norsemanship till I
had
done abate her maidan race, my baresark bride, and knew her
fleshly when with all my bawdy did I her whorship, min
bryllupswibe: Heaven, he hallthundered; Heydays, he flung
blissforhers. And I cast my tenspan joys on her, arsched
overtupped,
from bank of call to echobank, by dint of strongbow
(Galata! Galata!) so streng we were in one, malestream in
shegulf: and to ringstresse I thumbed her with iern of Erin
and tradesmanmarked her lieflang mine for all and singular,
iday,
igone, imorgans, and for ervigheds: base your peak, you!
you,
strike your flag!: (what screech of shippings! what low of
dampfbulls!):

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from Livland, hoks zivios, from Lettland, skall vives!
With Impress of Asias and Queen Columbia for her
pairanymphs
and the singing sands for herbrides' music: goosegaze
annoynted
uns, canailles canzoned and me to she her shyblumes lifted:
and
I pudd a name and wedlock boltioned round her the which to
carry till her grave, my durdin dearly, Appia Lippia
Pluviabilla,
whiles I herr lifer amstell and been: I chained her chastemate
to
grippe fuming snugglers, her chambrett I bestank so to

spanish

furiosos: I was her hochsized, her cleavunto, her everest, she was

my annie, my lauralad, my pisoved: who cut her ribbons when

nought my prowes? who expoused that havenliness to beachalured

ankerrides when not I, freipforter?: in trinity huts they met my dame, pick of their poke for me: when I foregather 'twas

my sumbad, if I farseeker itch my list: had I not workit in my cattagut with dogshunds' crotts to clene and had I not gifted of my coataways, constantonoble's aim: and, fortiffed by my right as man of capitol, I did umgyrdle her about, my vermincellly

vinagerette, with all loving kindness as far as in man's might it lay and enfranchised her to liberties of fringes: and I gave until my lilienyonger turkeythighs soft goods and hardware

(catalogue, *passim*) and ladderproof hosiery lines (see stockinger's raiment), cocquette coiffs (see Agnes' hats) and peningsworths of the best taste of knaggs of jets and silvered waterroses and geegaws of my pretty novelties and wispywaspy

frocks of redferns and lauralworths, trancepearances such as women cattle bare and peltries piled, the peak of Pim's and Slyne's and Sparrow's, loomends day lumineused luxories on looks, *La Primamère, Pyrrha Pyrrhine, Or de Reinebeau, Sourire*

d'Hiver and a crinoline, wide a shire, and pattens for her trilibies

that know she might the tortuours of the boots and bedes of

wampun with to toy and a murcery glaze of shard to mirrow,
for
all daintiness by me and theetime, the cupandnaggin hour:
and

I wound around my swanchen's necklace a school of shells
of
moyles marine to swing their saysangs in her silents: and,
upping

her at king's count, her aldritch cry oloss unheading, what
though exceeding bitter, I pierced her beak with order of the

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Danabrog (Cunnig's great! Soll leve! Soll leve!): with mare's
greese cressets at Leonard's and Dunphy's and Madonna
lanthorns

before quintacasas and tallonkindles spearhead syngeing
nickendbookers and mhutton lightburnes dipdippingdownes
in

blackholes, the tapers of the toppers and his buntingpall at
hoist:

for days there was no night for nights were days and our folk
had

rest from Blackheathen and the pagans from the prince of
paxis:

what was trembling sod quaked no more, what were frozen
loins

were stirred and lived: gone the septuor, dark deadly dismal
doleful

desolate dreadful desperate, no more the tolvmaans, bloody
gloomy hideous fearful furious alarming terrible mournful
sorrowful frightful appalling: peace, perfect peace: and I

hung up

at Yule my duindleeng lunas, helphelped of Kettil Flashnose,

for
the souperhore of my frigid one, *coloumba mea, frimosa
mea*, in
Wastewindy tarred strate and Elgin's marble halles lamping
limp from black to block, through all Livania's volted
ampire,
from anodes to cathodes and from the topazolites of Mourne,
Wykinloeflare, by Arklow's sapphire siomen's lure and
Wexterford's
hook and crook lights to the polders of Hy Kinsella:
avenyue ceen my pearls ahumming, the crown to my
estuarine
munipicence?: three firths of the sea I swept with
draughtness
and all ennempties I bottled em up in bellomport: when I
stabmarooned
jack and maturin I was a bad boy's bogey but it was
when I went on to sankt piotersbarq that they gave my devil
his
dues: what is seizer can hack in the old wold a sawyer may
hew
in the green: on the island of Breasil the wildth of me
perished
and I took my plowshure sadly, feeling pity for me soled:
where
bold O'Connee weds on Alta Mahar, the tawny sprawling
beside
that silver burn, I sate me and settled with the little critter of
my
hearth: her intellects I charmed with I calle them utile
thoughts,
her turlyhyde I plumped with potatums for amiens pease in

plenty: my biblous beadells shewed her triumphs of
craftygild
pageantries, loftust Adam, duffed our cousterclother, Conn
and
Owel with cortopped baskib, Sire Noeh Guinnass, exposant
of
his bargeness and Lord Joe Starr to hump the body of the
camell:
I screwed the Emperor down with ninepins gaelic with
sixpenny-

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hapennies for his hanger on: my worthies were bissed and
trissed
from Joshua to Godfrey but my *processus prophetarum* they
would
have plauded to perpetuation. Moral: book to besure, see
press.

—He's not all buum and bully.

—But his members handly food him.

—Steving's grain for's greet collegtium.

—The S. S. Paudraic's in the harbour.

—And after these things, I fed her, my carlen, my
barelean linsteer,
upon spiceries for her garbage breath, italics of knobby
lauch and the rich morsel of the marrolebone and shains of
garleeks
and swinespepper and gothakrauts and pinkee dillisks,
primes of meshallehs and subtleties in jellywork, come the
feast
of Saint Pancreas, and shortcake nutrients for Paas and

Pingster's
pudding, bready and nutalled and potted fleshmeats from
store
dampkookin, and the drugs of Kafa and Jelupa and shallots
out
of Ascalon, feeding her food convenient herfor, to pass them
into
earth: and to my saffronbreathing mongoloid, the skinsyng, I
gave
Biorwik's powlver and Uliv's oils, unguents of cuticure, for
the
swarthy searchall's face on her, with handewers and
groinscrubbers
and a carrycam to teaze her tussy out, the brown but combly,
a mopsa's broom to duist her sate, and clubmoss and
wolvesfoot
for her more moister wards (amazing efficiencies!): and, my
shopsoiled doveling, when weeks of kindness kinly civicised,
in
our saloons esquirial, with fineglas bowbays, draped
embrasures
and giltedged librariums, I did devise my telltale sports at
evenbread
to wring her withers limberly, wheatears, slapbang,
drapier-cut-dean, bray, nap, spinado and ranter-go-round: we
had our lewd mayers and our lairdie meirettes kiotowing and
smuling fullface on us out of their framous latenesses,
oilclothed
over for cohabitation and allpointed by Hind: Tamlane the
Cussacke,
Dirk Wettingstone, Pieter Stuyvesant, Outlawrie O'Niell,
Mrs Currens, Mrs Reyson-Figgis, Mrs Dattery, and Mrs

Pruny-Quetch:

in hym we trust, footwash and sects principles, apply to
overseer, Amos five six: she had dabblingtime for exhibiting
her

grace of aljambras and duncingk the bloodanoobs in her
vauxhalls

while I, dizzed and dazed by the lumpty thumpty of our

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interloopings, fell clocksure off my ballast: in our windtor
palast

it vampared for elenders, we lubded Sur Gudd for the sleep
and

the ghoasts: she chauffed her fuesies at my Wigan's jewels
while

she skalded her mermeries on my Snorryson's Sagos: in
paycook's

thronsaale she domineered, lecking icies off the dormer
panes all admired her in camises: on Rideau Row Duanna
dwells,

you merk well what you see: let wellth were I our
pantocreator

would theirs be tights for the gods: in littleritt reddinghats
and

cindery yellows and tinsel and glitter and bibs under hoods: I
made nuisance of many well pressed champdamors and
peddled

freely in the scrub: I foredreamed for thee and more than
fullmaked:

I prevened for thee in the haunts that joybelled frail lighta-
leaves

for sturdy traemen: *pelves ad hombres sumus*: I said to
the shiftless prostitute; let me be your fodder; and to rodiess

and

prater brothers; Chau, Camerade!: evangel of good tidings,
omnient

as the Healer's word, for the lost, loathsome and whomsoever
will: who, in regimentation through liberal donation in
coordination

for organisation of their installation and augmentation
plus some annexation and amplification without precipitation
towards the culmination in latification of what was formerly
their utter privation, competence, cheerfulness, usefulness
and

the meed, shall, in their second adams, all be made alive: my
tow

tugs steered down canal grand, my lighters lay longside on
Regalia Water. And I built in *Urbs in Rure*, for minne
elskede,

my shiny brows, under astrolobe from my upservatory, an
erdcloset

with showne ejector wherewithin to be squatquit in most
covenience from her sabbath needs, when open noise should
stilled be: did not I festfix with mortarboard my
unniversiries,

wholly rational and gottalike, sophister agen sorefister, life
sizar

all?: was I not rosetted on two stellas of little egypt? had not
I

rockcut readers, hieros, gregos and democriticos?:

triscastellated,

bimedallised: and by my sevendialled changing charties

Hibernska

Ulitzas made not I to pass through twelve Threadneedles and
Newgade and Vicus Veneris to cooinsight?: my camels' walk,

kolossa kolossa! no porte sublimer benared my ghates: Oi
polled
ye many but my fews were chousen (Voter, voter, early voter,

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he was never too oft for old Sarum): terminals four my
staties

were, the Geenar, the Greasouwea, the Debwickweck, the
Mifgreawis.

And I sept up twinminsters, the pro and the con, my
stavekirks wove so norcely of peeled wands and
attachatouchy

floodmud, now all loosebrick and stonefest, freely masoned,
arked for covennanters and shiners' rifuge: descent from
above

on us, Hagiasofia of Astralia, our orisons thy nave and
absedes,

our aeone tone aeones thy studvaast vault; Hams, circuitise!
Shemites, retrace!: horns, hush! no barkeys! hereround is't
holied!: all truantrulls made I comepull, all rubbeling
gnomes

I pushed, gowgow: Cassels, Redmond, Gandon, Deane,
Shepperd,

Smyth, Neville, Heaton, Stoney, Foley, Farrell, Vnost with
Thorneycroft and Hogan too: sprids serve me! gobelins
guard!:

tect my tileries (O tribes! O gentes!), keep my keep, the
peace

of my four great ways: oathiose infernals to Booth Salvation,
arcane celestials to Sweatenburgs Welhell! My seven wynds I
trailed to maze her and ever a wynd had saving closes and all
these

closes flagged with the gust, hoops for her, hatsoff for him

and
ruffles through Neeblow's garding: and that was why Blabus
was
razing his wall and eltering the suzannes of his nighboors:
and
thirdly, for ewigs, I did reform and restore for my smuggy
piggiesknees, my sweet coolocked, my auburn coyquailing
one,
her paddypalace on the crossknoll with massgo bell, sixton
clashcleshant, duominous and muezzatinties to commind the
fitful:
doom adimdim adoom adimadim: and the oragel of the lauds
to tellforth's glory: and added thereunto a shallow laver to
slub
out her hellfire and posied windows for her oriel house:
gospelly
pewmillieu, christous pewmillieu: zackbutts babazounded,
ollguns
tararulled: and she sass her nach, chillybombom and forty
bonnets,
upon the altarstane. May all have mossyhonours!

—Hoke!

—Hoke!

—Hoke!

—Hoke!

—And wholehail, snaeffell, dreardrizzle or sleetshowers
of blessing,
where it froze in chalix eller swum in the vestry, with fairskin

book and ruling rod, vein of my vergin page, her chastener
ever
I did learn my little ana countrymouse in alphabeater
cameltemper,
from alderbirk to tannenyoun, with myraw rattan atter
dundrum;
ooah, oyir, oyir, oyir: and I did spread before my Livvy,
where Lord street lolls and ladies linger and Cammomile
Pass
cuts Primrose Rise and Coney Bend bounds Mulbreys Island
but
never a blid had bledded or bludded since long agore when
the
whole blightly acre was bladey well pessovered, my selvage
mats
of lecheworked lawn, my carpet gardens of Guerdon City,
with
chopes pyramidous and mousselimes and beaconphires and
colossets
and pensilled turisses for the busspleaches of the
summiramies
and esplanadas and statuesques and templeogues, the
Pardonell
of Maynooth, Fra Teobaldo, Nielsen, rare admirable, Jean
de Porteleau, Conall Gretecloke, Guglielmus Caulis and the
eiligh
ediculous Passivucant (glorietta's inexcellsiored!): for
irkdays
and for folliedays till the comple anniums of calendarias,
gregoromaios
and gypsyjuliennes as such are pleased of theirs to walk:
and I planted for my own hot lisbing lass a quickset vineyard

and

I fenced it about with huge Chesterfield elms and Kentish hops

and rigs of barlow and bowery nooks and greenwished villas and pampos animos and (N.I.) necessitades iglesias and pons for

aguaducks: a hawthorndene, a feyrieglenn, the hallaw vall, the

dyrchace, Finmark's Howe, against lickybudmonth and gleanermonth

with a magicscene wall (rimrim! rimrim!) for a Queen's garden of her phoenix: and (hush! hush!) I brewed for my alpine

plurabelle, wigwarming wench, (speakeasy!) my granvilled brandold

Dublin lindub, the free, the froh, the frothy freshener, puss, puss, pussyfoot, to split the spleen of her maw: and I laid down

before the trotters to my eblanite my stony battered waggonways,

my nordsoud circulum, my eastmoreland and westlandmore, running boullowards and syddenly parading, (hearsemen, opslo! nuptiallers, get storting!): whereon, in mantram of truemen

like yahoomen (expect till dutc cundoctor summoneth him all fahrts to pay, velkommen all hankinhunkn in this vongn of Hoseyeh!), claudesdales withe arabinstreed, Roamer Reich's rickyshaws with Hispain's King's trompateers, madridden mustangs,

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buckarestive bronchos, poster shays and turnintaxis, and tall tall tilburys and nod nod noddies, others gigging gaily,

some

sedated in sedans: my priccoping gents, aroger, aroger, my
damsells

softsidesaddled, covertly, covertly, and Lawdy Dawe a perch
behind: the mule and the hinny and the jennet and the
mustard

nag and piebald shjelties and skewbald awknees steppit
lively

(lift ye the left and rink ye the right!) for her pleashadure:
and

she lalaughed in her diddydid domino to the switcheries of
the

whip. Down with them! Kick! Playup!

Mattahah! Marahah! Luahah! Joahanahanahana!

What was thaas? Fog was whaas? Too mult sleepth. Let sleepth.

But really now whenabouts? Expatiate then how much times we live in. Yes?

So, nat by night by naught by naket, in those good old lousy days gone by, the days, shall we say? of Whom shall we say? while kinderwardens minded their twinsbed, therenow theystood, the sycomores, all four of them, in their quartan agues, the majorchy, the minorchy, the everso and the fermentarian with their ballyhooric blowreaper, titranicht by tetranoxst, at their pussycorners, and that old time pallyollogass, playing copers fearsome, with Gus Walker, the cuddy, and his poor old dying boosy cough, esker, newcsle, saggard, crumlin, dell me, donk, the way to wumblin. Follow me beeline and you're bumblin, esker, newcsle, saggard, crumlin. And listening. So gladdied up when nicechild Kevin Mary (who was going to be commandeering chief of the choirboys' brigade the moment he grew up under all the auspices) irishsmiled in his milky way of cream dwibble and onage tustard and dessed tabbage, frightened out

when

badbrat Jerry Godolphing (who was hurrying to be cardinal
scullion in a night refuge as bald as he was cured enough
unerr all the hospitals) furrinfrowned down his wrinkly waste
of methylated spirits, ick, and lemoncholy lees, ick, and
pulverised
rhubarbarorum, icky;

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night by silentsailing night while infantina Isobel (who
will be
blushing all day to be, when she growed up one Sunday,
Saint Holy and Saint Ivory, when she took the veil, the
beautiful presentation nun, so barely twenty, in her pure coif,
sister Isobel, and next Sunday, Mistlemas, when she looked
a peach, the beautiful Samaritan, still as beautiful and still
in her teens, nurse Saintette Isabelle, with stiffstarved cuffs
but
on Holiday, Christmas, Easter mornings when she wore a
wreath,
the wonderful widow of eighteen springs, Madame Isa Veuve
La
Belle, so sad but lucksome in her boyblue's long black with
orange blossoming weeper's veil) for she was the only girl
they
loved, as she is the queenly pearl you prize, because of the
way
the night that first we met she is bound to be, methinks, and
not
in vain, the darling of my heart, sleeping in her april cot,
within
her singachamer, with her greengageflavoured candywhistle
duetted to the crazyquilt, Isobel, she is so pretty, truth to tell,

wildwood's eyes and primarose hair, quietly, all the woods so
wild, in mauves of moss and daphnedews, how all so still she
lay,
neath of the whitethorn, child of tree, like some losthappy
leaf,
like blowing flower stilled, as fain would she anon, for soon
again
'twill be, win me, woo me, wed me, ah weary me! deeply,
now
evencalm lay sleeping;

nowth upon nacht, while in his tumbril Wachtman
Havelook
seequeerscenes, from yonsides of the choppy, punkt by his
curserbog, went long the grassgross bumpinstrass that
henders
the pubbel to pass, stowing his bottle in a hole for at whet his
whuskle to stretch ecrooksman, sequestering for lovers' lost
propertied
offices the leavethings from allpurgers' night, og gneiss
ogas gnasty, kikkers, brillers, knappers and bands, handsboon
and strumpers, sminkysticks and eddiketsflaskers;

wan fine night and the next fine night and last find night
while
Kothereen the Slop in her native's chambercushy, with
dreamings
of simmering my veal astore, was basquing to her pillasleep
how
she thawght a knogg came to the dowanstairs dour at that
howr
to peirce the yare and dowandshe went, schritt be schratt, to
see

was it Schweeps's mingerals or Shuhorn the posth with a
tillycramp

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for Hemsself and Co, Esquara, or them four hoarsemen on
their apolkaloops, Norreys, Soothbys, Yates and Welks, and,
galorybit of the sanes in hevel, there was a crick up the
stirkiss

and when she ruz the cankle to see, galohery, downand she
went

on her knees to blessersef that were knogging together like
milkjuggles

as if it was the wrake of the hapspurus or old Kong
Gander O'Toole of the Mountains or his googoo goosth she
seein, sliving off over the sawdust lobby out of the
backroom, wan

ter, that was everywans in turruns, in his honeymoon trim,
holding

up his fingerhals, with the clookey in his fisstball, tocher of
davy's,

tocher of ivileagh, for her to whisht, you sowbelly, and the
whites of his pious eyebulbs swering her to silence and coort;

each and every juridical sessions night, whenas goodmen
twelve and true at fox and geese in their numbered
habitations

tried old wireless over boord in their juremembers, whereas
by

reverendum they found him guilty of their and those
imputations

of fornicolopulation with two of his albowcrural correlations
on

whom he was said to have enjoyed by anticipation when
schooling

them in amown, mid grass, she sat, when man was,
amazingly
frank, for their first conjugation whose colours at standing up
from the above were of a pretty carnation but, if really 'twere
not so, of some deretane denudation with intent to excitation,
caused by his retrogradation, among firearmed forces proper
to
this nation but apart from all titillation which, he said, was
under
heat pressure and a good mitigation without which in any
case
he insists upon being worthy of continued alimentation for
him
having displayed, he says, such grand toleration, reprobate so
noted and all, as he was, with his washleather sweeds and his
smokingstump, for denying transubstantiation nevertheless in
respect of his highpowered station, whereof more especially
as
probably he was meantime suffering genteel tortures from
the
best medical attestation, as he oftentimes did, having only
strength enough, by way of festination, to implore (or I
believe
you have might have said better) to complore, with complete
obsecration, on everybody connected with him the curse of
coagulation
for, he tells me outside Sammon's in King Street, after
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two or three hours of close confabulation, by this pewterpint
of
Gilbey's goatswhey which is his prime consolation, albeit
involving

upon the same no uncertain amount of esophagous
regurgitation,
he being personally unpreoccupied to the extent of
a flea's gizzard anent eructation, if he was still extremely
offensive
to a score and four nostrils' dilatation, still he was likewise,
on the other side of him, for some nepmen's eyes a
delectation, as
he asserts without the least alienation, so prays of his faultt
you
would make obliteration but for our friend behind the bars,
though like Adam Findlater, a man of estimation, summing
him
up to be done, be what will of excess his exaltation, still we
think
with Sully there can be no right extinuation for contravention
of common and statute legislation for which the fit remedy
resides, for Mr Sully, in corporal amputation: so three months
for
Gubbs Jeroboam, the frothwhiskered pest of the park, as per
act one, section two, schedule three, clause four of the fifth
of
King Jark, this sentence to be carried out tomorrowmorn by
Nolans Volans at six o'clock shark, and may the yeastwind
and
the hoppinghail malt mercy on his seven honeymeats and his
hurlyburlygrowth, Amen, says the Clarke;

niece by nice by neat by natty, whilst amongst revery's
happy
gardens nine with twenty Leixlip yearlings, darters all, had
such a

ripping time with gleeful cries of what is nice toppingshaun
made
of made for and weeping like fun, him to be gone, for they
were
never happier, huhu, than when they were miserable, haha;
in their bed of trial, on the bolster of hardship, by the
glimmer
of memory, under coverlets of cowardice, Albatrus Nyanzer
with
Victa Nyanza, his mace of might mortified, her beautifell
hung
up on a nail, he, Mr of our fathers, she, our moddereen ru
arue
rue, they, ay, by the hodypoker and blazier, they are, as sure
as
dinny drops into the dyke . . .

A cry off.

Where are we at all? and whenabouts in the name of
space?

I don't understand. I fail to say. I dearsee you too.

House of the cederbalm of mead. Garth of Fyon. Scene
and
property plot. Stagemanager's prompt. Interior of dwelling on
outskirts

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of city. Groove two. Chamber scene. Boxed. Ordinary
bedroom
set. Salmonpapered walls. Back, empty Irish grate, Adam's
mantel, with wilting elopement fan, soot and tinsel,
condemned.

North, wall with window practicable. Argentine in casement. Vamp. Pelmit above. No curtains. Blind drawn. South, party wall.

Bed for two with strawberry bedspread, wickerworker clubsessel

and caneseated millikinstool. Bookshrine without, facetowel upon.

Chair for one. Woman's garments on chair. Man's trousers with

crossbelt braces, collar on bedknob. Man's corduroy surcoat with

tabrets and taces, seapan nacre buttons on nail. Woman's gown

on ditto. Over mantelpiece picture of Michael, lance, slaying Satan, dragon with smoke. Small table near bed, front. Bed with

bedding. Spare. Flagpatch quilt. Yverdown design. Limes.

Lighted lamp without globe, scarf, gazette, tumbler, quantity of water, julepot, ticker, side props, eventuals, man's gummy article, pink.

A time.

Act: dumbshow.

Closeup. Leads.

Man with nightcap, in bed, fore. Woman, with curlpins, hind.

Discovered. Side point of view. First position of harmony.

Say!

Eh? Ha! Check action. Matt. Male partly masking female.

Man

looking round, beastly expression, fishy eyes, paralleliped

homoplatts, ghazometron pondus, exhibits rage. Business.

Ruddy

blond, Armenian bole, black patch, beer wig, gross build, episcopalian, any age. Woman, sitting, looks at ceiling, haggish

expression, peaky nose, trekant mouth, fithery wight, exhibits

fear. Welshrabbit teint, Nubian shine, nasal fossette, turfy tuft,

undersized, free kirk, no age. Closeup. Play!

Callboy. Cry off. Tabler. Her move.

Footage.

By the sinewy forequarters of the mare Pocahontas and by the

white shoulders of Finnuala you should have seen how that smart sallowlass just hopped a nanny's gambit out of bunk like

old mother Mesopotomac and in eight and eight sixtyfour she was off, door, knightlamp with her, billy's largelimb prodgering

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after to queen's lead. Promiscuous Omebound to Fiammelle la

Diva. Huff! His move. Blackout.

Circus. Corridor.

Shifting scene. Wall flats: sink and fly. Spotlight working wall

cloths. Spill playing rake and bridges. Room to sink: stairs to sink behind room. Two pieces. Haying after queue. Replay.

The old humburgh looks a thing incomplete so. It is so.
On its
dead. But it will pawn up a fine head of porter when it is
finished.

In the quicktime. The castle arkwright put in a chequered
staircase
certainly. It has only one square step, to be steady, yet
notwithstumbling
are they stalemating backgammoner supstairs by skips
and trestles tiltop double corner. Whist while and game.

What scenic artist! It is ideal residence for realtar. By
hims
ingang tilt tinkt a tunning bell that Limen Mr, that Boggey
Godde, be airwaked. Lingling, lingling. Be their maggies in
all.
Chump, do your ephort. Shop! Please shop! Shop ado please!
O ado please shop! How hominous his house, haunt it?
Yesses
indead it be! Nogen, of imperial measure, is begraved
beneadher.
Here are his naggins poured, his alladim lamps. Around the
bloombiered, booty with the bedst. For them whom he have
fordone make we newly thankful!

Tell me something. The Porters, so to speak, after their
shadowstealers in the newsbaggers, are very nice people, are
they
not? Very, all fourlike tellt. And on this wise, Mr Porter
(Bartholomew,
heavy man, astern, mackerel shirt, hayamatt peruke)
is an excellent forefather and Mrs Porter (leading lady, a
poopahead, gaffneysaffron nightdress, iszoppy chepelure) is

a
most kindhearted messmother. A so united family
pateramater
is not more existing on papel or off of it. As keymaster fits
the
lock it weds so this bally builder to his streamline secret.
They
care for nothing except everything that is allporterous. *Porto
da Brozzo!* Isn't that terribly nice of them? You can ken that
they
come of a rarely old family by their costumance and one
must
togive that one supped of it in all tonearts from awe to zest. I
think I begin to divine so much. Only snakkest me truesome!
I
stone us I'm hable.

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To reachy a skeer do! Still hoyhra, till venstra! Here are
two
rooms on the upstairs, at forkflank and at knifekanter. Whom
in
the wood are they for? Why, for little Porter babes, to be
saved!
The coeds, boytom thwackers and timbuy teaser. Here is
onething
you owed two noe. This one once upon awhile was the
other but this is the other one nighadays. Ah so? The
Corsicos?
They are numerable. Guest them. Major bed, minor bickhive.
Halosobuth, sov us! Who sleeps in now number one, for
example?
A pussy, purr esimple. Cunina, Statulina and Edulia,

but how sweet of her! Has your pussy a pessname? Yes,
indeed
you will hear it passim in all the noveletta and she is named
Buttercup. Her bare name will tellt it, a monitress. How very
sweet of her and what an excessively lovecharming
missynome
to forsake, now that I come to drink of it filtred, a gracecup
fulled of bitterness. She is dadad's lottiest daughterpearl and
brooder's cissiest auntybride. Her shellback thimblecasket
mirror
only can show her dearest friendeen. To speak well her grace
it would ask of Grecian language, of her goodness, that
legend
golden. Biryina Saindua! Loreas with lillias flocaflake
arrosas!
Here's newyearspray, the posquiflor, a windaborne and
heliotrope;
there miriamsweet and amaranth and marygold to crown.
Add lightest knot unto tiptition. O Charis! O Charissima!
A more intriguant bambolina could one not colour up out
of Boccuccia's Enameron. Would one but to do apart a lilybit
her
virginelles and, so, to breath, so, therebetween, behold, she
had
instantt with her handmade as to graps the myth inmid the
air.
Mother of moth! I will to show herword in flesh. Approach
not for
ghost sake! It is dormition! She may think, what though little
doth
she realise, as morning fresheth, it hath happened her, you
know

what, as they too what two dare not utter. Silvoo plush, if
scolded
she draws a face. Petticoat's asleep but in the gentleness of
her
thoughts apoo is a nursepin. To be presented, Babs for
Bimbushi?
Of courts and with enticers. Up, girls, and at him! Alone?
Alone what? I mean, our strifestirrer, does she do fleury
winkies
with herself. Pussy is never alone, as records her chambrette,
for
she can always look at Biddles and talk petnames with her
little

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playfully when she is sitting downy on the ploshmat. O, she
talks, does she? Marry, how? Rosepetalleted sounds. Ah
Biddles
es ma plikplak. Ah plikplak wed ma Biddles. A nice jezebel
barytINETTE
she will gift but I much prefer her missnomer in maidenly
golden lasslike gladsome wenchful flowery girlish
beautycapes.
So do I, much. Dulce delicatissima! Doth Dolly weeps she is
hastings. Will Dally bumpsetty it is tubtime. Allaliefest, she
who
pities very pebbles, dare we not wish on her our thrice onsk?
A lovely fear! That she seventip toe her chrysming, that she
spin
blue to scarlad till her temple's veil, that the Mount of
Whoam it
open it her to shelterer! She will blow ever so much more
promisefuller,

blee me, than all the other common marygales that
romp round brigidschool, charming Carry Whambers or
saucy

Susy Maucepan of Merry Anna Patchbox or silly Polly
Flinders.

Platsch! A plikaplak.

And since we are talking amnessly of brukasloop
crazedledaze,
who doez in sleeproom number twobis? The twobirds. Holy
policeman, O, I see! Of what age are your birdies? They are
to
come of twinning age so soon as they may be born to be
eldering
like those olders while they are living under chairs. They are
and they seem to be so tightly tattached as two maggots to
touch
other, I think I notice, do I not? You do. Our bright bull babe
Frank Kevin is on heartsleeveside. Do not you waken him!
Our
farheard bode. He is happily to sleep, limb of the Lord, with
his
lifted in blessing, his buchel Iosa, like the blissed angel he
looks so
like and his mou is semiope as though he were blowdelling
on a
bugigle. Whene'er I see those smiles in eyes 'tis Father Quinn
again. Very shortly he will smell sweetly when he will hear a
weird
to wean. By gorgeous, that boy will blare some knight when
he will
take his dane's pledges and quit our ingletears, spite of

undesirable

parents, to wend him to America to quest a cashy job. That
keen

dean with his veen nonsolance! O, I adore the profeen music!
Dollarmighty! He is too audorable really, eunique! I guess to
have seen somekid like him in the story book, guess I met
somewhere

somelam to whom he will be becoming liker. But hush!

How unpardonable of me! I beg for your venials, sincerely I
do.

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Hush! The other, twined on codliverside, has been crying
in

his sleep, making sharpshape his inscissors on some first
choice

sweets fished out of the muck. A stake in our mead. What a
teething wretch! How his book of craven images! Here are
posthumious

tears on his intimelle. And he has pipettishly bespilled
himself from his foundingpen as illspent from inkinghorn.

He is

jem job joy pip poo pat (jot um for a sobrat!) Jerry Jehu. You
will

know him by name in the capers but you cannot see whose
heel he

sheepfolds in his wrought hand because I have not told it to
you.

O, foetal sleep! Ah, fatal slip! the one loved, the other left,
the

bride of pride leased to the stranger! He will be quite within
the pale

when with lordbeeron brow he vows him so tosset to be of

the sir

Blake tribes bleak while through life's unblest he rodes backs
of

bannars. Are you not somewhat bulgar with your bowels?
Whatever do you mean with bleak? With pale blake I write
tintingface.

O, you do? And with steelwhite and blackmail I ha'scint
for my sweet an anemone's letter with a gold of my bridest
hair

betied. Donatus his mark, address as follows. So you did?

From

the Cat and Cage. O, I see and see! In the ink of his sweat
he will find it yet. What Gipsy Devereux vowed to Lylian
and

why the elm and how the stone. You never may know in the
preterite all perhaps that you would not believe that you ever
even saw to be about to. Perhaps. But they are two very
blizky

little portereens after their bredscrums, Jerkoff and Eatsup, as
for my part opinion indeed. They would be born so,
costarred,

puck and prig, the maryboy at Donnybrook Fair, the
godolphinglad

in the Hoy's Court. How frilled one shall be as at taledold of
Formio and Cigarette! What folly innocents! Theirs whet pep
of

puppyhood! Both barmhearts shall become yeastcake by
their

brackfest. I will to leave a my copperwise blessing between
the

pair of them, for rosengorge, for greenafang. Blech and tin
soldies,

weals in a sniffbox. Som's wholed, all's parted. Weeping
shouldst
not thou be when man falls but that divine scheming ever
adoring
be. So you be either man or mouse and you be neither fish
nor
flesh. Take. And take. Vellicate nyche! Be ones as wes for
gives for
gives now the hour of passings sembles quick with quelled.
Adieu,
soft adieu, for these nice presents, kerryjevin. Still to sorrow!

----- 564 -----

Jeminy, what is the view which now takes up a second
position
of discordance, tell it please? Mark! You notice it in that
rereway because the male entail partially eclipses the
femecouvert.
It is so called for its discord the meseedo. Do you ever heard
the
story about Helius Croesus, that white and gold elephant in
our
zoopark? You astonish me by it. Is it not that we are
commanding
from fullback, woman permitting, a profusely fine birdseye
view from beahind this park? Finn his park has been much
the
admiration of all the stranger ones, grekish and romanos,
who
arrive to here. The straight road down the centre (see relief
map)
bisexes the park which is said to be the largest of his kind in
the

world. On the right prominence confronts you the handsome
vinesregent's lodge while, turning to the other supreme piece
of
cheeks, exactly opposite, you are confounded by the equally
handsome
chief sacristary's residence. Around is a little amiably tufted
and man is cheered when he bewonders through the boskage
how the nature in all frisko is enlivened by gentlemen's seats.
Here are heavysuppers—'tis for daddies housings for
hundredaires
of our super thin thousand. By gum, but you have
resin! Of these tallworts are yielded out juices for jointoils
and
pappasses for paynims. Listeneth! 'Tis a tree story. How
olave,
that firile, was aplantad in her liveside. How tannoboom held
tonobloom. How rood in norlandes. The black and blue
marks
athwart the weald, which now barely is so stripped, indicate
the
presence of sylvious beltings. Therewithal shady rides lend
themselves out to rustic cavalries. In yonder valley, too,
stays mountain sprite. Any pretty dears are to be caught
inside
but it is a bad pities of the plain. A scarlet pimparnell now
mules the mound where anciently first murders were wanted
to take root. By feud fionghalian. Talkingtree and
sinningstone
stay on either hand. Hystorical leavesdroppings may also be
garnered
up with sir Shamus Swiftpatrick, Archfieldchaplain of Saint
Lucan's. How familiar it is to see all these interesting

advenements

with one snaked's eyes! Is all? Yet not! Hear one's. At the
bodom

fundus of this royal park, which, with tvigate shyasian
gardeenens,

is open to the public till night at late, so well the sissastrides
so will

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the pederestians, do not fail to point to yourself a depression
called Holl Hollow. It is often quite guttergloomering in our
duol and gives wankyrious thoughts to the head but the
banders

of the pentapolitan poleetsfurcers bassoons into it on windy
woodensdays their wellbooming wolvertones. Ulvos! Ulvos!

Whervolk dorst ttou begin to tremble by our moving
pictures

at this moment when I am to place my hand of our true
friendshapes

upon thee knee to mark well what I say? Throu shayest
who? In Amsterdam there lived a . . . But how? You are
tremblotting,

you retchad, like a verry jerry! Niet? Will you a guineeser?
Gaij beutel of staub? To feel, you? Yes, how it trembles,
the timid! Vortigern, ah Gortigern! Overlord of Mercia! Or
doth brainskin flinchgreef? Stemming! What boyazhness!

Sole

shadow shows. Tis jest jibberweek's joke. It must have stole.

O,

keve silence, both! Putshameyu! I have heard her voice
somewhere

else's before me in these ears still that now are for mine.

Let op. Slew musies. Thunner in the eire.

You were dreamend, dear. The pawdrag? The fawthrig?
Shoe! Hear are no phanthares in the room at all, avikkeen.

No

bad bold faathern, dear one. Opop opop capallo, muy
malinchily

malchick! Gothgorod father godown followay tomollow the
lucky load to Lublin for make his thoroughbass grossman's
bigness.

Take that two piece big slap slap bold honty bottomsside
pap pap pappap.

—*Li ne dormis?*

—*S! Malbone dormas.*

—*Kia li krias nikte?*

—*Parolas infanetes. S!*

Sonly all in your imagination, dim. Poor little brittle
magic

nation, dim of mind! Shoe to me now, dear! Shoom of me!

While

elvery stream winds seling on for to keep this barrel of
bounty

rolling and the nightmail afarfrom morning nears.

When you're coaching through Lucalised, on the sulphur
spa

to visit, it's safer to hit than miss it, stop at his inn! The
hammers

are telling the cobbles, the pickts are hacking the saxums, it's
snugger to burrow abed than ballet on broadway. Tuck in

your

blank! For it's race pound race the hosties rear all roads to
ruin
and layers by lifetimes laid down riches from poormen. Cried
unions to chip, saltpetre to strew, gallpitch to drink,
stonebread
to break but it's bully to gulp good blueberry pudding. Doze
in your warmth! While the elves in the moonbeams, feeling
why,
will keep my lilygem gently gleaming.

 In the sleepingchambers. The court to go into half
morning.
The four seneschals with their palfrey to be there now, all
balaaming in their sellaboutes and sharpening up their penisills.
The
boufeither Soakersoon at holdup tent sticker. The swabsister
Katya to have duntalking and to keep shakenin dowan her
droghedars.
Those twelve chief barons to stand by duedesmally with
their folded arums and put down all excursions and false
alarums
and after that to go back now to their runameat farums and
recompile
their magnum chartarums with the width of the road
between them and all harrums. The maidbrides all, in favours
gay, to strew sleety cinders on their falling hair and for
wouldbe
joybells to ring sadly ringless hands. The dame dowager to
stay
kneeled how she is, as first mutherer with cord in coil. The
two
princes of the tower royal, daulphin and deevlin, to lie how

they
are without to see. The dame dowager's duffgerent to present
wappon, blade drawn to the full and about wheel without to
be
seen of them. The infant Isabella from her coign to do
obeisance
toward the duffgerent, as first futherer with drawn brand.
Then
the court to come in to full morning. Herein see ye fail not!

—*Vidu, porkego! Ili vi rigardas. Returnu, porkego!*
Maldelikato!

Gauze off heaven! Vision. Then, O, pluxty suddly, the
sight
entrancing! Hummels! That crag! Those hullocks! O Sire! So
be
accident occur is not going to commence! What have you
therefore?
Fear you the donkers? Of roovers? I fear lest we have lost
ours (non grant it!) respecting these wildy parts. How is hit
finister!
How shagsome all and beastful! What do you show on? I
show because I must see before my misfortune so a stark
pointing
pole. Lord of ladders, what for lungitube! Can you read the
verst
legend hereon? I am hather of the missed. Areed! To the
dunleary

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obelisk via the rock what myles knox furlongs; to the
general's postoffice howsands of patience; to the Wellington
memorial half a league wrongwards; to Sara's bridge good

hunter

and nine to meet her: to the point, one yeoman's yard. He, he, he! At that do you leer, a setting up? With a such unfettered belly?

Two cascades? I leer (O my big, O my bog, O my bigbagbone!)

because I must see a buntingcap of so a pinky on the point. It is

for a true glover's greetings and many burgesses by us, greats and grosses, uses to pink it in this way at tet-at-tet. For long has

it been effigy of standard royal when broken on roofstaff which

to the gunnings shall cast welcome from Courtmilits' Fortress,

umptydum dumptydum. Remark you these hangovers, those streamer fields, his influx. Do you not have heard that, the queen

lying abroad from fury of the gales, (meekname mocktitles her

Nan Nan Nanetta) her liege of lateenth dignisties shall come on

their bay tomorrow, Michalsmas, mellems the third and fourth of

the clock, there to all the king's aussies and all their king's men,

knechts trampers and cavalcaders, led of herald graycloak, Ulaf

Goldarskiel? Dog! Dog! Her lofts will be loosed for her and their tumblers broadcast. A progress shall be made in walk, ney? I

trow it well, and uge by uge. He shall come, sidesmen

accostant, by
aryan jubilarian and on brigadier-general Nolan or and
buccaneer-
admiral Browne, with—who can doubt it?—his golden
beagles
and his white elkox terriers for a hunting on our littlego
illcome
faxes. In blue and buff of Beaufort the hunt shall make. It is
poblesse noblige. Ommes will grin through collars when
each
riders other's ass. Me Eccls! What cats' killings overall! What
popping out of guillotened widows! Quick time! Beware of
waiting! Squintina plies favours on us from her rushfrail and
Zosimus, the crowder, in his surcoat, sues us with
souftwister.
Apart we! Here are gantlets. I believe, by Plentifolks
Mixymost!
Yet if I durst to express the hope how I might be able to be
present.
All these peeplers entrapped and detrained on bikeyrels
and troykakyls and those puny farting little solitaires!
Tollacre,
tollacre! Polo north will beseem Sibernian and Plein Pelouta
will
behowl ne yerking at lawncastrum ne ghimbelling on
guelflinks.

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Mauser Misma shall cease to stretch her and come abroad for
what
the blinkins is to be seen. A ruber, a rancher, a fullvide, a
veridust
and as crerdulous behind as he was before behind a damson

of a sloe cooch. Mbv! The annamation of evabusies, the
livlianness
of her laughings, such as a plurality of bells! Have peacience,
pray you! Place to dames! Even the Lady Victoria Landauner
will leave to loll and parasol, all giddied into gushgasps with
her
dickey standing. Britus and Gothius shall no more joustle for
that sonneplace but mark one autonement when, with si so
silent,
Cloudia Aiduolcis, good and dewed up, shall let fall, yes, no,
yet,
now, a rain. Muchsias grapias! It is how sweet from her, the
wispful, and they are soon seen swopsib so a sautil as a
meise.
Its ist not the tear on this movent sped. Tix sixpence! Poum!
Hool poll the bull? Fool pay the bill. Becups a can full. Peal,
pull
the bell! Still sayeme of ceremonies, much much more! So
pleaseyour!
It stands in *Instopressible* how Meynhir Mayour, our
boorgomaister, thon staunch Thorsman, (our Nancy's fancy,
our
own Nanny's Big Billy), his hod hoisted, in best bib and
tucker,
with Woolington bottes over buckram babbishkis and his
clouded
cane and necknoose aureal, surrounded of his full
cooperation
with fixed baronets and meng our puebls, restrained by
chain of
hands from pinchgut, hoghill, darklane, gibbetmeade and
beaux

and laddes and bumbellye, shall receive Dom King at
broadstone

barrow meet a keys of goodmorrow on to his pompey
cushion.

Me amble dooty to your grace's majers! Arise, sir Pompkey
Dompkey! Ear! Ear! Weakear! An allness eversides! We but
miss that horse elder yet cherchant of the wise graveleek in
cabbuchin garden. That his be foison, old Caubeenhauben!
'Twill be tropic of all days. By the splendour of Sole! Perfect
weatherest prevailing. Thisafter, swift's mightmace deposing,
he

shall aidress to His Serenemost by a speechreading from his
miniated vellum, alfi byrni gamman dealter etcera zezera
eacla

treacla youghta kaptor lomdom noo, who meaningwhile that
illuminated one, Papyroy of Pepinregn, my Sire, great, big
King,

(his scaffold is there set up, as to edify, by Rex Ingram,
pageantmaster)

will be poking out with his canule into the arras of

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what brilliant bridgecloths and joking up with his tonguespitz
to the crimosing balkonladies, here's a help undo their
modest

stays with a fullbelow may the funnyfeelbelong. Oddsbones,
that may it! Carilloners will ring their gluckspeels. Rng rng!
Rng rng! S. Presbutt-in-the-North, S. Mark Underloop,
S. Lorenz-by-the-Toolechest, S. Nicholas Myre. You shall
hark to anune S. Gardener, S. George-le-Greek, S. Barclay
Moitered, S. Phibb, Iona-in-the-Fields with Paull-the-
Aposteln.

And audialterand: S. Jude-at-Gate, Bruno Friars, S. Weslen-

on-the-Row,
S. Molyneux Without, S. Mary Stillamaries with
Bride-and-Audeons-behind-Wardborg. How chimant in
effect!

Alla tingaling pealabells! So a many of churches one cannot
pray own's prayers. 'Tis holyyear's day! Juin jully we may!
Agithetta and Tranquilla shall demure umclaused but
Marlborough-

the-Less, Greatchrist and Holy Protector shall have
open virgilances. Beata Basilica! But will be not
pontification?

Dock, dock, agame! Primatially. At wateredge. Cantaberra
and Neweryork may supprecate when, by vepers, for
towned and travalled, his goldwhite swaystick aloft ylifted,
umbrilla-parasoul, Monsigneur of Deublan shall impart to
all.

Benedictus benedicat! To board! And mealsight! Unjoint him
this bittern, frust me this chicken, display yon crane, thigh
her

her pigeon, unlace allay rabbit and pheasant! Sing: Old
Finncoole,

he's a mellow old saoul when he swills with his fuddlers free!
Poppop array! For we're all jollygame fellhellows which
nobottle

can deny! Here be trouts culponed for ye and salmons
chined and sturgeons trached, sanced capons, lobsters
barbed.

Call halton eatwords! Mumm me moe mummers! What, no
Ithalians? How, not one Moll Pamelas? Accordingly! Play
actors

by us ever have crash to their gate. Mr Messop and Mr Borry
will

produce of themselves, as they're two genitalmen of Veruno,
Senior Nowno and Senior Brolano (finaly! finaly!), all for
love of
a fair penitent that, a she be broughton, rhoda's a rosy she.
Their
two big skins! How they strave to gat her! Such a boyplay!
Their
bouchiculture! What tyronte power! Buy our fays! My name
is
novel and on the Granby in hills. Bravose! Thou traitor
slave!

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Mine name's Apnorval and o'er the Grandbeyond Mountains.
Bravossimost! The royal nusick their show shall shut with
songslide
to nature's solemn silence. Deep Dalchi Dolando! Might
gentle harp addurge! It will give piketurns on the
tummliplads
and forain dances and crosshurdles and dollmanovers and
viceuvius
pyrolyphics, a snow of dawnflakes, at darkfall for Grace's
Mamnesty and our fancy ladies, all assombred. Some
wholetime in
hot town tonight! You do not have heard? It stays in book
of that which is. I have heard anyone tell it jesterday (master
currier with brassard was't) how one should come on morrow
here but it is never here that one today. Well but remind to
think,
you where yestoday Ys Morganas war and that it is always
tomorrow
in toth's tother's place. Amen.

True! True! Vouchsafe me more soundpicture! It gives
furiously
to think. Is rich Mr Powner, a squire, not always in his such
strong health? I thank you for the best, he is in taken deal
exceedingly
herculeaneous. One sees how he is lot stoutlier than of
formerly. One would say him to hold whole a litteringture of
kidlings under his aproham. Has handsome Sir Powner
always
been so long married? O yes, Lord Pownerfamilias has been
marryingman ever since so long time in Hurtleforth, where
he
appears as our oily the active, and, yes indeed, he has his mic
son
and his two fine mac sons and a superfine mick want they
mack
metween them. She, she, she! But on what do you again leer?
I am
not leering, I pink you pardons. I am highly sheshe sherious.

Do you not must want to go somewhere on the present?
Yes, O pity! At earliest moment! That prickly heat feeling!
Forthink
not me spill it's at always so guey. Here we shall do a
far walk (O pity) anygo khaibits till the number one of
sairey's
place. Is, is. I want you to admire her sceneries illustrationing
our national first rout, one ought ought one. We shall too
downlook on that ford where Sylvanus Sanctus washed but
hurdley those tips of his anointeds. Do not show ever
retorsehim,
crookodeyled, till that you become quite crimstone in the

face!

Beware! guardafew! It is Stealer of the Heart! I am anxious
in
regard you should everthrown your sillarsalt. I will dui sui,
tefnute!

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These brilling waveleaplights! Please say me how sing you
them. Seekhem seckhem! They arise from a clear springwell
in

the near of our park which makes the daft to hear all blend.

This

place of endearment! How it is clear! And how they cast their
spells upon, the fronds that thereup float, the bookstaff
branchings!

The druggeted stems, the leaves incut on trees! Do you
can their tantrist spellings? I can lese, skillmistress aiding.

Elm,

bay, this way, cull dare, take a message, tawny runes ilex
sallow,

meet me at the pine. Yes, they shall have brought us to the
water

trysting, by hedjes of maiden ferm, then here in another place
is

their chapelofeases, sold for song, of which you have thought
my praise too much my price. O ma ma! Yes, sad one of
Ziod?

Sell me, my soul dear! Ah, my sorrowful, his cloister
dreeping

of his monkshood, how it is triste to death, all his dark
ivyto!

Where cold in dearth. Yet see, my blanching kissabelle, in
the

under close she is allso gay, her kirtles green, her curtsies
white,
her peony pears, her nistlingsloes! I, pipette, I must also
quickklingly
to tryst myself softly into this littleeasechapel. I would
rather than Ireland! But I pray, make! Do your easiness! O,
peace, this is heaven! O, Mr Prince of Pouringtoher,
whatever
shall I ppease to do? Why do you so lifesighs, my precious,
as
I hear from you, with limmenings lemantitions, after that
swollen
one? I am not sighing, I assure, but only I am soso sorry
about
all in my saarasplace. Listen, listen! I am doing it. Hear more
to
those voices! Always I am hearing them. Horsehem coughs
enough. Annshee lispes privily.

—He is quieter now.

—Legalentitled. Accesstopartnuzz. Notwildebeestsch.
By-
rightofoaptz. Twainbeonerflsh. Haveandholdpp.

—S! Let us go. Make a noise. Slee . . .

—Qui . . . The gir . . .

—Huesofrichunfoldingmorn. Wakenupriseandprove. Pro-
videforsacrifice.

—Wait! Hist! Let us list!

For our netherworld's bosomfoes are working tooth and
nail

overtime: in earthveins, toadcavites, chessgaglions,
saltklesters,

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underfed: nagging firenibblers knockling atermen up out of
his hinterclutch. Tomb be their tools! When the
youngdammers
will be soon heartpocking on their betters' doornoggers: and
the
youngfries will be backfrisking diamondcuts over their
lyingin
underlayers, spick and spat trowelling a gravetrench for their
fourinhand forebears. Vote for your club!

—Wait!

—What!

—Her door!

—Ope?

—See!

—What?

—Careful.

—Who?

Live well! Iniiivdluaritzas! Tone!

Cant ear! Her dorters ofe? Whofe? Her eskmeno
daughters
hope? Whope? Ellme, elmme, elskmestoon! Soon!

Let us consider.

The procurator Interrogarius Mealterum presents us this
proposer.

Honophrius is a concupiscent exservicemajor who makes dishonest propositions to all. He is considered to have committed, invoking *droit d'oreiller*, simple infidelities with Felicia, a virgin, and to be practising for unnatural coits with Eugenius and Jeremias, two or three philadelphians. Honophrius, Felicia, Eugenius and Jeremias are consanguineous to the lowest degree. Anita the wife of Honophrius, has been told by her tirewoman, Fortissa, that Honophrius has blasphemously confessed under voluntary chastisement that he has instructed his slave, Mauritius, to urge Magravius, a commercial, emulous of Honophrius, to solicit the chastity of Anita. Anita is informed by some illegitimate children of Fortissa with Mauritius (the supposition is Ware's) that Gillia, the schismatical wife of Magravius, is visited clandestinely by Barnabas, the advocate of Honophrius, an immoral person who has been corrupted by Jeremias. Gillia, (a cooler blend, D'Alton insists) *ex equo* with Poppea, Arancita, Clara, Marinuzza, Indra and Iodina, has been tenderly debauched (in Halliday's view), by Honophrius, and Magravius knows from spies that Anita has formerly committed double sacrilege with Michael, *vulgo* Cerularius, a perpetual curate, who wishes to seduce Eugenius. Magravius threatens to have Anita

molested

by Sulla, an orthodox savage (and leader of a band of twelve mercenaries, the Sullivani), who desires to procure Felicia for

Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius and Macdugalius, four excavators, if

she will not yield to him and also deceive Honuphrius by rendering

conjugal duty when demanded. Anita who claims to have discovered incestuous temptations from Jeremias and Eugenius

would yield to the lewdness of Honuphrius to appease the savagery of Sulla and the mercernariness of the twelve Sullivani,

and (as Gilbert at first suggested), to save the virginity of Felicia for Magravius when converted by Michael after the death of Gillia, but she fears that, by allowing his marital rights

she may cause reprehensible conduct between Eugenius and Jeremias. Michael, who has formerly debauched Anita, dispenses

her from yielding to Honuphrius who pretends publicly to possess his conjunct in thirtynine several manners (*turpiter!* affirm *ex cathedris* Gerontes Cambronses) for carnal hygiene whenever he has rendered himself impotent to consummate by

subdolence. Anita is disturbed but Michael comminates that he will reserve her case tomorrow for the ordinary

Guglielmus

even if she should practise a pious fraud during affrication which, from experience, she knows (according to Wadding), to be leading to nullity. Fortissa, however, is encouraged by

Gregorius, Leo, Viteilius, and Magdugalius, reunitedly, to warn

Anita by describing the strong chastisements of Honuphrius and the depravities (*turpissimas!*) of Canicula, the deceased wife

of Mauritius, with Sulla, the simoniac, who is abnegand and repents. Has he hegemony and shall she submit?

Translate a lax, you breed a bradaun. In the goods of Cape and Chattertone, deceased.

This, lay readers and gentlemen, is perhaps the commonest of all cases arising out of umbrella history in connection with

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the wood industries in our courts of litigation. D'Oyly Owens holds (though Finn Magnusson of himself holds also) that so long as there is a joint deposit account in the two names a mutual obligation is posited. Owens cites Brerfuchs and Warren,

a foreign firm, since disseized, registered as Tangos, Limited, for the sale of certain proprietary articles. The action which was

at the instance of the trustee of the heathen church emergency

fund, suing by its trustee, a resigned civil servant, for the payment

of tithes due was heard by Judge Doyle and also by a common

jury. No question arose as to the debt for which vouchers spoke volumes. The defence alleged that payment had been made

effective. The fund trustee, one Jucundus Fecundus Xero Pecundus

Coppercheap, counterclaimed that payment was invalid having been tendered to creditor under cover of a crossed cheque,

signed in the ordinary course, in the name of Wieldhelm, Hurls

Cross, voucher copy provided, and drawn by the senior partner

only by whom the lodgment of the species had been effected but

in their joint names. The bank particularised, the national misery

(now almost entirely in the hands of the four chief bondholders

for value in Tangos), declined to pay the draft, though there were ample reserves to meet the liability, whereupon the trusty

Coppercheap negotiated it for and on behalf of the fund of the

thing to a client of his, a notary, from whom, on consideration, he

received in exchange legal relief as between trustee and bethrust,

with thanks. Since then the cheque, a good washable pink, embossed

D you D No 11 hundred and thirty 2, good for the figure and face, had been circulating in the country for over thirtynine

years among holders of Pango stock, a rival concern, though not

one demonetised farthing had ever spun or fluctuated across

the
counter in the semblance of hard coin or liquid cash. The jury
(a
sour dozen of stout fellows all of whom were curiously
named
after doyles) naturally disagreed jointly and severally, and the
belligerent judge, disagreeing with the allied jurors'
disagreement,
went outside his jurisdiction altogether and ordered a
garnishee
attachment to the neutral firm. No *mandamus* could locate
the depleted whilom Breyfawkes as he had entered into an
----- 575 -----
ancient moratorium, dating back to the times of the early
barbers,
and only the junior partner Barren could be found, who
entered an
appearance and turned up, upon a notice of motion and after
service
of the motion by interlocutory injunction, among the male
jurors
to be an obsolete turfwoman, originally from the proletarian
class,
with still a good title to her sexname of Ann Doyle, 2
Coppinger's
Cottages, the Doyle's country. Doyle (Ann), add woman in,
having regretfully left the juryboxers, protested cheerfully on
the
stand in a long juryriad *in re* corset checks, delivered in
doylish,
that she had often, in supply to brusque demands rising almost
to bollion point, discounted Mr Brakeforth's first of all in

exchange

at nine months from date without issue and, to be strictly literal, unbottled in corrubberation a current account of how she had been made at sight for services rendered the payeedrawee

of unwashable blank assignations, sometimes pinkwilliams (laughter) but more often of the *crème-de-citron*, *vair émail paoncoque*

or marshmallow series, which she, as bearer, used to endorse, adhesively, to her various payers-drawers who in most cases were identified by the timber papers as wellknown tetigists of the

city and suburban. The witness, at her own request, asked if she

might and wrought something between the sheets of music paper

which she had accompanied herself with for the occasion and this having been handed up for the bench to look at *in camera*,

Coppinger's doll, as she was called, (*annias*, Mack Erse's Dar,

the adopted child) then proposed to jerrykin and jureens and every

jim, jock and jarry in that little green courtinghousie for her satis-

faction and as a whole act of settlement to reamalgamate herself,

tomorrow perforce, in pardonership with the permanent suing fond

trustee, Monsignore Pepigi, under the new style of Will Breakfast

and Sparrem, as, when all his cognisances had been

estreated,
he seemed to proffer the steadiest interest towards her, but
this
preproposal was ruled out on appeal by Judge Jeremy Doyler,
who,
reserving judgment in a matter of courts and reversing the
findings
of the lower correctional, found, beyond doubt of treason,
fending the dissassents of the pickpackpanel, twelve as
upright
judaces as ever let down their thoms, and, *occupante*
extremum

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scabie, handed down to the jury of the Liffey that, as a matter
of
tact, the woman they gave as free was born into contractual
incapacity
(the Calif of Man v the Eaudelusk Company) when, how
and where mamy's mancipium act did not apply and
therefore held
supremely that, as no property in law can exist in a corpse,
(Hal Kilbride v Una Bellina) Pepigi's pact was pure piffle
(loud
laughter) and Wharrem would whistle for the rhino. Will
you,
won't you, pango with Pepigi? Not for Nancy, how dare you
do!
And whew whewwhew whew.

—He sighed in sleep.

—Let us go back.

—Lest he forewaken.

—Hide ourselves.

While hovering dreamwings, folding around, will hide
from
fears my wee mee mannikin, keep my big wig long strong
manomen,
guard my bairn, *mon beau*.

—To bed.

Prospector projector and boomooster giant builder of all
causeways woesoever, hopping offpoint and true terminus of
straxstraightcuts and corkscrewn perambulaups, zeal whence
to
goal whither, wonderlust, in sequence to which every muckle
must make its mickle, as different as York from Leeds, being
the
only wise in a muck's world to look on itself from
beforehand;
mirrorminded curiositease and would-to-the-large which
bring
hills to molehunter, home through first husband, perils
behind
swine and horsepower down to hungerford, prick this man
and
tittup this woman, our forced payrents, Bogy Bobow with his
cunnynghost couchmare, Big Maester Finnykin with
Phenicia
Parkes, lame of his ear and gape of her leg, most
correctingly,
we beseach of you, down their laddercase of nightwatch
service
and bring them at suntime flush with the nethermost

gangrung

of their stepchildren, guide them through the labyrinth of
their

samilikes and the alteregoases of their pseudoselves, hedge
them

bothways from all roamers whose names are ligious, from
loss

of bearings deliver them; so they keep to their rights and be
ware of duty frees, neoliffic smith and magdalenian

jinnyjones,

----- 577 -----

mandragon mor and weak wiffeyducky, Morionmale and
Thry-

dacianmad, basilisk glorious with his weeniequeenie,
tigernack

and swansgrace, he as hale as his ardouries, she as verve as
her

veines; this prime white arsenic with bissemate alloyed,
martial

sin with peccadilly, free to lease hold with first mortgage,
dowser

dour and dipper douce, stop-that-war and feel-this-feather,
norsebloodheartened and landsmoolwashable, great gas with
fun-in-the-corner, grand slam with fall-of-the-trick, solemn
one

and shebby, cod and coney, cash and carry, in all we dreamed
the part we dreaded, corsair coupled with his dame, royal
biber

but constant lymph, boniface and bonnyfeatures, nazil hose
and

river mouth, bang-the-change and batter-the-bolster, big
smoke

and lickley roesthy, humanity's fahrman by society leader,
voguener
and trulley, humpered and elf, Urloughmoor with
Miryburrow,
leaks and awfully, basal curse yet grace abunda, Regies
Producer
with screendoll Vedette, peg of his claim and pride of her
heart,
cliffscaur grisly but rockdove cooing, hodinstag on
fryggabet,
baron and feme: that he may dishcover her, that she may
uncouple
him, that one may come and crumple them, that they may
soon
recoup themselves: now and then, time on time again, as per
periodicity; from Neaves to Willses, from Bushmills to Enos;
to
Goerz from Harleem, to Hearths of Oak from Skittish
Widdas;
via mala, hyber pass, heckhisway per alptrack: through
landsvague
and vain, after many mandelays: in their first case, to the
next place, till their cozenkerries: the high and the by, both
pent
and plain: cross cowslips yillow, yellow, yellow, past
pumpkins
pinguind, purplesome: be they whacked to the wide other
tied
to hustings, long sizzleroads neath arthruseat, him to the
derby,
her to toun, til sengentide do coddlam: in the grounds or
unterlinnen:

rue to lose and ca canny: at shipside, by convent garden:
monk and sempstress, in sackcloth silkily: curious dreamers,
curious dramas, curious deman, plagiast dayman, playajest
dearest, plaguiest dourest: for the strangfort planters are
prodesting,
and the karkery felons dryflooring it and the leperties'
laddos railing the way, blump for slogo slee!

Stop! Did a stir? No, is fast. On to bed! So he is. It's only
the

----- 578 -----

wind on the road outside for to wake all shivering shanks
from
snorring.

But. Oom Godd his villen, who will he be, this mitryman,
some
king of the yeast, in his chrismy greyed brunzewig, with the
snow
in his mouth and the caspian asthma, so bulk of build? Relics
of
pharrer and livite! Dik Gill, Tum Lung or Macfinnan's cool
Harryng? He has only his hedcosycasket on and his wollsey
shirtplisse with peascod doublet, also his feet wear doubled
width
socks for he always must to insure warm sleep between a
pair of
fullyfleeced bankers like a finnoc in a cauwl. Can thus be
Misthra
Norkmann that keeps our hotel? Begor, Mr O'Sorgmann,
you're
looking right well! Hecklar's champion ethnicist. How deft as
a

fuchser schouws daft as a fish! He's the dibble's own doges
for
doublin existents! But a jolly fine daysent form of one word.
He's rounding up on his family.

And who is the bodikin by him, sir? So vouldzievalsshie?

With

ybbbs and zabs? Her trixiestrail is tripping her, vop! Luck at
the

way for the lucre of smoke she's looping the lamp! Why,
that's

old missness wipethemdry! Well, well, wellsowells!

Donauwatter!

Ardechious me! With her halfbend as proud as a peahen,
allabalmy, and her troutbeck quiverlipe, ninyananya. And her
steptojazyma's culunder buzztle. Happy tea area, naughtygay
frew! Selling sunlit sopes to washtout winches and rhaincold
draughts to the props of his pubs. She tired lipping the swells
at

Pont Delisle till she jumped the boom at Brounemouth. Now
she's borrid his head under Hatesbury's Hatch and loamed his
fate to old Love Lane. And she's just the same old haporth of
dripping. She's even brennt her hair.

Which route are they going? Why? Angell sitter or Amen
Corner, Norwood's Southwalk or Euston Waste? The solvent
man in his upper gambeson withnot a breth against him and
the

wee wiping womanahoussy. They're coming terug their
diamond

wedding tour, giant's inchly elfkin's ell, vesting their
characters

vixendevolment, andens aller, athors err, our first day man

and your dresser and mine, that Luxuumburgher avec cettelhis
Alzette, konyglik shire with his queensh countess, Stepney's

----- 579 -----

shipchild with the waif of his bosun, Dunmow's fletcher with
duck-on-the-rock, down the scales, the way they went up,
under tall and threading tormentors, shunning the startrops
and

slipping in sliders, risking a runway, ruing reveals, from
Elder

Arbor to La Puirée, eskipping the clockback, crystal in
carbon,

sweetheartedly. Hot and cold and electrickery with
attendance

and lounge and promenade free. In spite of all that science
could

boot or art could eke. Bolt the grinden. Cave and can em.
Single wrecks for the weak, double axe for the mail, and
quick

queck quack for the radiose. Renove that bible. You will
never

have post in your pocket unless you have brasse on your
plate.

Beggards outdoor. Goat to the Endth, thou slowguard! Mind
the Monks and their Grasps. Scrape your souls. Commit no
miracles. Postpone no bills. Respect the uniform. Hold the
raabers

for the kunning his plethoron. Let leash the dooves to the
cooin her coynt. Hatenot havenots. Share the wealth and
spoil

the weal. Peg the pound to tom the devil. My time is on
draught.

Bottle your own. Love my label like myself. Earn before

eating.

Drudge after drink. Credit tomorrow. Follow my dealing.

Fetch

my price. Buy not from dives. Sell not to freund. Herenow
chuck

english and learn to pray plain. Lean on your lunch. No cods
before Me. Practise preaching. Think in your stomach.

Import

through the nose. By faith alone. Season's weather.

Gomorrha.

Salong. Lots feed from my tidetable. Oil's wells in our lands.

Let

earwigger's wivable teach you the dance!

Now their laws assist them and ease their fall!

For they met and mated and bedded and buckled and got
and
gave and reared and raised and brought Thawland within Har
danger, and turned them, tarrying to the sea and planted and
plundered and pawned our souls and pillaged the pounds of
the
extramurals and fought and feigned with strained relations
and
bequeathed us their ills and recrutchted cripples gait and
undermined
lungachers, manplanting seven sisters while wan
warmwooded
woman scrubbs, and turned out coats and removed their
origins and never learned the first day's lesson and tried to
mingle and managed to save and feathered foes' nests and
fouled

their own and wayleft the arenotts and ponted vodavalls for
the
zollgebordened and escaped from liquidation by the heirs of
their
death and were responsible for congested districts and rolled
olled logs into Peter's sawyery and werfed new woodcuts on
Paoli's wharf and ewesed Rachel's lea and rammed Dominic's
gap and looked haggards after lazatables and rode fourscore
oddwinters
and struck rock oil and forced a policeman and collaughsed
at their phizes in Toobiassed and Zachary and left off
leaving off and kept on keeping on and roused up drink and
poured balm down and were cuffed by their customers and
bit
the dust at the foot of the poll when in her deergarth he gave
up
his goat after the battle of Multaferry. Pharoah with fairy, two
lie, let them! Yet they wend it back, qual his leif,
himmortality,
bullseaboob and rivishy divil, light in hand, helm on high, to
peekaboo durk the thicket of slumbwhere, till their hour with
their scene be struck for ever and the book of the dates he
close,
he clasp and she and she seegn her tour d'adieu, Pervinca
calling,
Soloscar hears. (O Sheem! O Shaam!), and gentle Isad Ysut
gag,
flispering in the nightleaves flattery, dinsiduously, to
Finnegan,
to sin again and to make grim grandma grunt and grin again
while the first grey streaks steal silvering by for to mock

their
quarrels in dollymount tumbling.

They near the base of the chill stair, that large incorporate
licensed vintner, such as he is, from former times, nine hosts
in
himself, in his hydrocomic establishment and his ambling
limfy
peepingpartner, the slave of the ring that worries the hand
that
sways the lamp that shadows the walk that bends to his bane
the
busynext man that came on the cop with the fenian's bark
that
pickled his widow that primed the pope that passed it round
on
the volunteers' plate till it croppied the ears of Purses Relle
that
knead O'Connell up out of his doss that shouldered Burke
that
butted O'Hara that woke the busker that grattaned his crowd
that bucked the jiggers to rhyme the rann that flooded the
routes
in Eryan's isles from Malin to Clear and Carnsore Point to
Slynagollow
and cleaned the pockets and ransomed the ribs of all the
listeners, leud and lay, that bought the ballad that Hosty
made.

----- 581 -----

Anyhow (the matter is a troublous and a peniloose) have
they
not called him at many's their mock indignation meeting,

vehmen's

vengeance vective volleying, invader and uitlander, the
notables, crashing libels in their sullivan's mounted beards
about

him, their right renownsable patriarch? Heinz cans
everywhere

and the swanee her ainsell and Eyrewaker's family sock that
they

smuggled to life betune them, roaring (Big Reilly was the
worst):

free boose for the man from the nark, sure, he never was
worth

a cornerwall fark, and his banishee's bedpan she's a quareold
bite

of a tark: as they wendelled their zingaway wivewards from
his

find me cool's moist opulent vinery, highjacking through the
nagginneck pass, as they hauled home with their hogsheads,
apxotelating, and claiming cowled consollation,
sursumcordial,

from the bluefunkfires of the dipper and the martian's frost?

Use they not, our noesmall termtraders, to abhors offrom
him, the yet unregendered thunderslog, whose sbroque
cunneth

none lordmade undersiding, how betwixt wifely rule and
mens

conscia recti, then hemale man all unbracing to omniwomen,
but

now shedropping his hitches like any maidavale oppersite
orseriders

in an idinhole? Ah, dearo! Dearo, dear! And her illian!

And his willyum! When they were all there now,
matinmarked
for lookin on. At the carryfour with awlus plawshus, their
happyass
cloudious! And then and too the trivials! And their bivouac!
And his monomyth! Ah ho! Say no more about it! I'm sorry!
I saw. I'm sorry! I'm sorry to say I saw!

Gives there not too amongst us after all events (or so
grunts
a leading hebdomadary) some togethershush of
stillandbutallyouknow
that, insofarforth as, all up and down the whole concreation
say, efficient first gets there finally every time, as a complex
matter of pure form, for those excess and that pasphault
hardhearingness from their eldfar, in gripes and rumblings,
through fresh taint and old treason, another like that alter but
not quite such anander and stillandbut one not all the
selfsame
and butstillone just the maim and encore emmerhim may
always,
with a little difference, till the latest up to date so early in the
morning, have evertheless been allmade amenable?

----- 582 -----

Yet he begottom.

Let us wherefore, tearing ages, presently preposterose a
snatchvote of thanksalot to the huskiest coaxing
experimenter
that ever gave his best hand into chancerisk, wishing him
with
his famblings no end of slow poison and a mighty broad
venue

for themselves between the devil's punchbowl and the deep
angleseboard, that they may gratefully turn a deaf ear
clooshed
upon the desperanto of willynully, their shareholders from
Taaffe
to Auliffe, that will curse them below par and mar with their
descendants, shame, humbug and profit, to greenmould upon
mildew over jaundice as long as ever there's wagtail surtaxed
to
a testcase on enver a man.

We have to had them whether we'll like it or not. They'll
have
to have us now then we're here on theirspot. Scant hope
theirs
or ours to escape life's high carnage of semperidentity by
subsisting
peasemeal upon variables. Bloody certainly have we got
to see to it ere smellful demise surprends us on this concrete
that
down the gullies of the eras we may catch ourselves looking
forward to what will in no time be staring you larrikins on
the
postface in that multimirror megaron of returningties,
whirled
without end to end. So there was a raughty . . . who in
Dyfflinsborg
did . . . With his soddering iron, spadeaway, hammerlegs
and . . . Where there was a fair young . . . Who was playing
her
game of . . . And said she you rockaby . . . Will you peddle in
my bog . . . And he sod her in Iarland, paved her way from

Maizenhead to Youghal. And that's how Humpfrey,
champion
emir, holds his own. Shysweet, she rests.

Or show pon him now, will you! Derg rudd face should
take
patrick's purge. Hokoway, in his hiphigh bearserk! Third
position
of concord! Excellent view from front. Sidome. Female
imperfectly masking male. Redspot his browbrand. Woman's
the prey! Thon's the
dullakeykongsblyogblagroggersswagginline
(private judgers, change here for Loothertown! Onlyromans,
keep your seats!) that drew all ladies please to our great
mettrollops.
Leary, leary, twentytun nearly, he's plotting kings down
for his villa's extension! Gaze at him now in momentum! As
his

----- 583 -----

bridges are blown to babbyrags, by the lee of his hulk upright
on her orbits, and the heave of his juniper arx in action, he's
naval I see. Poor little tartanelle, her dinties are chattering,
the
strait's she's in, the bulloge she bears! Her smirk is
smeeching
behind for her hills. By the queer quick twist of her mobcap
and
the lift of her shift at random and the rate of her gate of going
the pace, two thinks at a time, her country I'm proud of. The
field is down, the race is their own. The galleonman jovial on
his
bucky brown nightmare. Bigrob dignagging his lylyputtana.
One to one bore one! The datter, io, io, sleeps in peace, in

peace.

And the twillingsons, ganymede, garrymore, turn in trot and trot. But old pairamere goes it a gallop, a gallop. Bossford and phospherine. One to one on!

O, O, her fairy setalite! Casting such shadows to Persia's blind! The man in the street can see the coming event.

Photoflashing

it far too wide. It will be known through all Urania soon.

Like jealousjoy titaning fear; like rumour rhean round the planets;

like china's dragon snapping japets; like rhodagrey up the east.

Satyrdaysboost besets Phoebe's nearest. Here's the flood and the

flaxen flood that's to come over helpless Irryland. Is there no-one

to malahide Liv and her bettyship? Or who'll buy her rosebuds,

jettyblack rosebuds, ninsloes of nivia, nonpaps of nan? From the

fall of the fig to doom's last post every ephemeral anniversary while

the park's police peels peering by for to weight down morrals from

county bubblin. That trainer's trundling! Quick, pay up!

Kickakick. She had to kick a laugh. At her old stick-in-the-block.

The way he was slogging his paunch about, elbiduubled, meet oft mate on, like hale King Willow, the robberer.

Cainmaker's

mace and waxened capapee. But the tarrant's brand on
his hottoweyt brow. At half past quick in the morning. And
her
lamp was all askew and a trumbly wick-in-her, ringeysingey.
She had to spofforth, she had to kicker, too thick of the wick
of her pixy's loomph, wide lickering jessup the smooky
shiminey.

And her duffed coverpoint of a wickedy batter, whenever she
druv behind her stumps for a tyddlesly wink through his
tunniclefft

bagslops after the rising bounder's yorkers, as he studd and

----- 584 -----

stoddard and truted and trumpered, to see had lordherry's
blackham's red bobby abbels, it tickled her innings to consort
pitch at kicksolock in the morm. Tipatonguing him on in her
pigeony linguish, with a flick at the bails for lubrication, to
scorch

her faster, faster. Ye hek, ye hok, ye hucky hiremonger!

Magrath

he's my pegger, he is, for bricking up all my old kent road.

He'll win your toss, flog your old tom's bowling and I darr

ye,

barrackybuller, to break his duck! He's posh. I lob him. We're
parring all Oogster till the empsyseas run googlie. Declare to
ashes and teste his metch! Three for two will do for me and
he

for thee and she for you. Goeasyosey, for the grace of the
fields,

or hooley pooley, cuppy, we'll both be bye and by caught in
the

slips for fear he'd tyre and burst his dunlops and waken her
bornybarbies making his boobybabies. The game old

merrimynn,
square to leg, with his lolleywide towelhat and his hobbsy
socks and his wisden's bosse and his norsery pinafore and his
gentleman's grip and his playaboy's plunge and his flannelly
feelyfooling, treading her hump and hambledown like a
maiden
wellheld, ovalled over, with her crease where the pads of her
punishments ought to be by womanish rights when, keek, the
hen
in the doran's shantyqueer began in a kikkery key to laugh it
off, yeigh, yeigh, neigh, neigh, the way she was wuck to
doodledoo
by her gallows bird (how's that? Noball, he carries his bat!)
nine hundred and dirty too not out, at all times long past
conquering
cock of the morgans.

How blame us?

Cocorico!

Armigerend everfasting horde. Rico! So the bill to the
bowe.

As the belle to the beau. We herewith pleased returned
auditors'

thanks for those and their favours since safely enjoined.

Cocoree!

Tellaman tillamie. Tubbernacul in tipherairry, sons, travellers
in company and their carriageable tochtors, tanks tight anne
thynne for her contractations tugowards his personeel. Echo,
choree chorecho! O I you O you me! Well, we all unite
thoughtfully

in rendering gratias, well, between loves repassed, begging

your honour's pardon for, well, exclusive pictorial rights of
herehear

----- 585 -----

fond tiplady his weekreations, appearing in next eon's issue
of the Neptune's Centinel and Tritonville Lightowler with
well

the widest circulation round the whole universe. Echolo
choree

choroh choree chorico! How me O my youhou my I youtou
to

I O? Thanks furthermore to modest Miss Glimglow and neat
Master Mettresson who so kindly profiteered their serwishes
as

demyself of honour and, well, as strainbearer respectively.

And a cordiallest brief nod of chinchin dankyshin to, well,
patient

ringasend as prevenient (by your leave), to all such
occasions,

detachably replaceable (thanks too! twos intact!). As well as
his auricular of Malthus, the promethean paratonnerwetter
which

first (Pray go! pray go!) taught love's lightning the way (pity
shown) to, well, conduct itself (mercy, good shot! only please
don't mention it!). Come all ye goatfathers and groanmothers,
come all ye markmakers and piledrivers, come all ye
laboursaving

devisers and chargeleyden dividends, firefinders,
waterworkers,

deeply condeal with him! All that is still life with death
inyeborn, all verbumsaps yet bound to be, to do and to suffer,
every creature, everywhere, if you please, kindly feel for her!
While the dapplegray dawn drags nearing nigh for to wake

all
droners that drowse in Dublin.

Humperfeldt and Anunska, wedded now evermore in
annastomoses
by a ground plan of the placehunter, whiskered beau
and donahbella. Totumvir and esquimeena, who so shall
separate
fettters to new desire, repeals an act of union to unite in
bonds of schismacy. O yes! O yes! Withdraw your member!
Closure. This chamber stands abjourned. Such precedent is
largely a cause to lack of collective continencies among
Donnelly's
orchard as lifelong the shadyside to Fairbrother's field.
Humbo, lock your kekkle up! Anny, blow your wickle out!
Tuck away the tablesheet! You never wet the tea! And you
may go rightoway back to your Aunty Dilluvia, Humprey,
after that!

Retire to rest without first misturbing your nighboor,
mankind
of baffling descriptions. Others are as tired of themselves
as you are. Let each one learn to bore himself. It is strictly
requested

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that no cobsmoking, spitting, pubchat, wrastle rounds,
coarse courting, smut, etc, will take place amongst those
hours
so devoted to repose. Look before behind before you strip
you.
Disrobe clothed in the strictest secrecy which privacy can
afford.

Water *non* to be discharged *coram* grate or *ex* window. Never

divorce in the bedding the glove that will give you away.

Maid

Maud ninnies nay but blabs to Omama (for your life, would you!)

she to her bosom friend who does all chores (and what do you

think my Madeleine saw?): this ignorant mostly sweeps it out along with all the rather old corporators (have you heard of one

humbledown jungleman how he bet byrn-and-bushe playing peg and pom?): the maudlin river then gets its dues (adding a din a ding or do): thence those laundresses (O, muddle me more

about the maggies! I mean bawnee Madge Ellis and brownie Mag Dillon). Attention at all! Every ditcher's dastard in Dupling

will let us know about it if you have paid the mulctman by whether your rent is open to be foreclosed or aback in your arrears. This is seriously meant. Here is a homelet not a hothel.

That's right, old oldun!

All in fact is soon as all of old right as anywas ever in very old place. Were he, hwen scalded of that couverfowl, to beat the

bounds by here at such a point of time as this is for at sammel

up all wood's haypence and riviers argent (half back from three

gangs multaplussed on a twentylot add allto a fiver with the deuce or roamer's numbers ell a fee and do little ones) with

the
caboosh on him opheld for thrushes' mistiles yet singing oud
his
parasangs in cornish token: mean fawthery eastend
appullcelery,
old laddy he high hole: pollysigh patrolman Seekersenn,
towney's
tanquam, crumlin quiet down from his hoonger, he would
mac
siccarr of inket goodsforetombed ereshiningem of light
turkling
eitheranny of thuncle's windopes. More, unless we were
neverso
wrongtaken, if he brought his boots to pause in peace, the
one
beside the other one, right on the road, he would seize no
sound
from cache or cave beyond the flow of wand was gypsing
water,
telling him now, telling him all, all about ham and livery, stay
and toast ham in livery, and buttermore with murmurladen, to
waker oats for him on livery. Faurore! Fearhoure! At last it
past! Loab at cod then herrin or wind thin mong them treen.

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Hiss! Which we had only our hazelight to see with, cert,
in
our point of view, me and my auxy, Jimmy d'Arcy, hadn't we,
Jimmy?—Who to seen with? Kiss! No kidd, captn, which he
stood us, three jolly postboys, first a couple of Mountjoys
and
nutty woodbines with his cadbully's choculars, pepped from
our

Theoatre Regal's drolleries puntomine, in the snug at the
Cambridge

Arms of Teddy Ales while we was laying, crown jewels
to a peanut, was he stepmarm, old noseheavy, or a
wouldower,

which he said, lads, a taking low his Whitby hat, lopping off
the

froth and whishing, with all respectfulness to the old country,
tomorrow comrades, we, his long life's strength and
cuirscreen

loan to our allhallowed king, the pitchur that he's turned to
weld the wall, (Lawd lengthen him!) his standpoint was,
to belt and blucher him afore the hole pleading churchal and
submarine bar yonder but he made no class at all in port
and cemented palships between our trucers, being a refugee,
didn't he, Jimmy?—Who true to me? Sish! Honeysuckler,
that's what my young lady here, Fred Watkins, bugler Fred,
all

the ways from Melmoth in Natal, she calls him, dip the
colours,

pet, when he commit his certain questions vivaviz the secret
empire of the snake which it was on a point of our sutton
down,

how was it, Jimmy?—Who has sinnerettes to declare? Phiss!
Touching our Phoenix Rangers' nuisance at the meeting of
the

waitresses, the daintylines, Elsie from Chelsies, the two
legglegels

in blooms, and those pest of parkies, twitch, thistle and
charlock, were they for giving up their fogging trespasses
by order which we foregathered he must be raw in cane
sugar, the party, no, Jimmy MacCawthelock? Who trespass

against me? Briss! That's him wiv his wig on, achewing of
his
maple gum, that's our grainpopaw, Mister Beardall, an
accompliced
burgomaster, a great one among the very greatest, which
he told us privates out of his own scented mouf he used to
was,
my lads, afore this wineact come, what say, our Jimmy the
chapelgoer?—Who fears all masters! Hi, Jocko Nowlong,
my

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own sweet boosy love, which he puts his feeler to me behind
the beggar's bush, does Freda, don't you be an emugee!
Carryone,
he says, though we marooned through this woylde. We
must spy a half a hind on honeysuckler now his old face's
hardalone wiv his defences down during his wappin
stillstand,
says my Fred, and Jamessime here which, pip it, she simply
must,
she says, our pet, she'll do a retroussy from her point of view
(Way you fly! Like a frush!) to keep her flouncies off the
grass while paying the wetmenots a musichall visit and pair
her
fiefighs fore him with just one curl after the cad came back
which
we fought he wars a gunner and his corkiness lay up two
bottles
of joy with a shandy had by Fred and a *fino oloroso* which he
was warming to, my right, Jimmy, my old brown freer?
—Whose dolour, O so mine!

Following idly up to seepoint, neath kingmount shadow
the
ilk for eke of us, whose nathem's banned, whose hofd a-
hooded,
welkim warsail, how di' you dew? Hollymerry, ivysad,
whicher
and whoer, Mr Black Atkins and you tanapanny troopertwos,
were you there? Was truce of snow, moonmounded snow? Or
did wolken hang o'er earth in umber hue his fulmenbomb?
Number two coming! Full inside! Was glimpsed the mean
amount of cloud? Or did pitter rain fall in a sprinkling? If the
waters could speak as they flow! Tingle Tom, pall the bell!
Izzy's busy down the dell! Mizpah low, youyou, number
one, in deep humidity! Listen, misled peerless, please! You
are of course. You miss him so, to listleto! Of course, my
pledge between us, there's no-one Noel like him here to
hear. Esch so eschess, douls a doulse! Since Allan Rogue
loved Arrah Pogue it's all Killdoughall fair. Triss! Only trees
such as these such were those, waving there, the barketree,
the
o'briertree, the rowantree, the o'corneltree, the behanshrub
near
windy arbour, the magill o'dendron more. Trem! All the trees
in the wood they trembold, humbild, when they heard the
stoppress
from domday's erewold.

Tiss! Two pretty mistletots, ribboned to a tree, up rose
liberator
and, fancy, they were free! Four witty missywives, winking

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under hoods, made lasses like lads love maypoleriding and
dotted our green with tricksome couples, fiftyfifty, their

children's
hundred. So childish pence took care of parents' pounds
and many made money the way in the world where rushroads
to riches crossed slums of lice and, the cause of it all, he
forged
himself ahead like a blazing urbanorb, brewing treble to
drown
grief, giving and taking mayom and tuam, playing milliards
with
his three golden balls, making party capital out of landed
selfinterest,
light on a slavey but weighty on the bourse, our hugest
commercial emporialist, with his sons booing home from
afar
and his daughters bridling up at his side. Finner!

How did he bank it up, swank it up, the whaler in the
punt,
a guinea by a groat, his index on the balance and such wealth
into the bargain, with the boguey which he snatched in the
baggage coach ahead? Going forth on the prow, master
jackill,
under night and creeping back, dog to hide, over morning.
Humbly to fall and cheaply to rise, exposition of failures.
Through Duffy's blunders and MacKenna's insurance for
upper
ten and lower five the band played on. As one generation
tells
another. Ofter the fall. First for a change of a seven days
license
he wandered out of his farmer's health and so lost his early
parishlife. Then ('twas in fenland) occidentally of a sudden,

six

junelooking flamefaces straggled wild out of their turns
through

his parsonfired wicket, showing all shapes of striplings in
sleepless

tights. Promptly whomafter in undated times, very properly a
dozen generations anterior to themselves, a main chanced to
burst

and misflooded his fortunes, wrothing foulplay over his fives'
court and his fine poultryyard wherein were spared a just two
of

a feather in wading room only. Next, upon due reflation, up
started four hurrigan gales to smithereen his plateglass
housewalls

and the slate for accounts his keeper was cooking. Then
came three boy buglehorners who counterbezzled and
crossbugled

him. Later on in the same evening two hussites absconded
through a breach in his bylaws and left him, the infidels,
to pay himself off in kind remembrances. Till, ultimatehim,
fell

the crowning barleystraw, when an explosium of his
distilleries

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deafadumped all his dry goods to his most favoured sinflute
and

dropped him, what remains of a heptark, leareyed and
letterish,

weeping worrybound on his bankrump.

Pepep. Pay bearer, sure and sorry, at foot of ohoho honest
policist. On never again, by Phoenis, swore on him Lloyd's,
not for beaten wheat, not after Sir Joe Meade's father, thanks!

They know him, the covenanter, by rote at least, for a
chameleon
at last, in his true falseheaven colours from ultraviolet to
subred
tissues. That's his last tryon to march through the grand
tryomphal arch. His reignbolt's shot. Never again! How you
do
that like, Mista Chimepiece? You got nice yum plemyums.
Praypaid
my promishles!

Agreed, Wu Welsher, he was chogfulled to beacsate on
earn
as in hiving, of foxold conningnesses but who, hey honey, for
all values of his latters, integer integerrimost, was the
formast
of the firm? At folkmood hailed, at part farwailed,
accwmwladed
concloud, Nuah-Nuah, Nebob of Nephilim! After all what
followed
for apprentice sake? Since the now nighs nearing as the
yetst hies hin. Jeebies, ugh, kek, ptah, that was an ill man!
Jawboose,
puddigood, this is for true a sweetish mand! But Jumbluffer,
bagdad, sir, yond would be for a once over our all
honoured christmastyde easteredman. Fourth position of
solution.
How johnny! Finest view from horizon. Tableau final.
Two me see. Male and female unmask we hem. Begum by
gunne!
Who now broothes oldbrawn. Dawn! The nape of his
nameshielder's

scalp. Halp! After having drummed all he dun. Hun!
Worked out to an inch of his core. More! Ring down. While
the queenbee he staggerhorned blesses her bliss for to feel
her

funnyman's functions Tag. Rumbling.

Tiers, tiers and tiers. Rounds.

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Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!

Calling all downs. Calling all downs to dayne. Array!
Surrection!

Eireweeker to the wohld bludyn world. O rally, O rally, O
rally! Phlenxty, O rally! To what lifelike thyne of the bird can
be. Seek you somany matters. Haze sea east to Osseania.

Here!

Here! Tass, Patt, Staff, Woff, Havv, Bluvv and Rutter. The
smog

is lofting. And already the olduman's olduman has godden up
on

overtimes to litanate the bonnamours. Sonne feine, somme
feehn avaunt! Guld modning, have yous viewsed Piers' aube?
Thane yaars agon we have used yoors up since when we
have

fused now orther. Calling all daynes. Calling all daynes to
dawn.

The old breeding bradsted culminwillth of natures to Foyn
MacHooligan.

The leader, the leader! Securest jubilends albas Temoram.

Clogan slogan. Quake up, dim dusky, wook doom for
husky! And let Billey Feghin be baallad out of his
humulation.

Confindention to churchen. We have highest gratifications in
announcing to pewtewr publikumst of pratician pratyusers
genghis
is ghoon for you.

A hand from the cloud emerges, holding a chart
expanded.

The eversower of the seeds of light to the cowld owld
sowls
that are in the domnatory of Defmut after the night of the
carrying
of the word of Nuahs and the night of making Mehs to
cuddle
up in a coddlepot, Pu Nuseht, lord of risings in the
yonderworld
of Ntamplin, tohp triumphant, speaketh.

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Vah! Suvarn Sur! Scatter brand to the reneweller of the
sky,
thou who agnitest! Dah! Arcthuris comeing! Be! Verb
umprincipiant
through the trancitive spaces! Kilt by kelt shell kithagain
with kinagain. We elect for thee, Tirtangel. Svadesia salve!
We
Durbalanars, theeadjure. A way, the Margan, from our
astamite,
through dimdom done till light kindling light has led we
hopas
but hunt me the journeyon, iteritinerant, the kal his course,

amid the seminary of Somnionia. Even unto Heliotropolis, the
castellated, the enchanting. Now if soomone fetched a twoel
and soomonelses warnet watter we could, while you was
saying

Morkret Miry or Smud, Brunt and Rubbinsen, make sunlike
sylv om this warful dune's battam. Yet clarify begins at.

Whither

the spot for? Whence the hour by? See but! Lever hulme!

Take

in. Respassers should be pursaccoutred. Qui stabat Meins
quantum

qui stabat Peins. As of yours. We annew. Our shades of
minglings mengle them and help help horizons. A flasch and,
rasch, it shall come to pasch, as hearth by hearth leaps live.

For

the tanderest stock with the rosinost top Ahlen Hill's,
clubpubber,

in general stores and. Atriathroughwards, Lugh the

Brathwacker will be the listened after and he larruping sparks
out

of his teiney ones. The spearspid of dawnfire totouches ain
the

tablestoane ath the centre of the great circle of the macroliths
of

Helusbelus in the boshiman brush on this our peneplain by
Fangaluvu

Bight whence the horned cairns erge, stanserstanded,

to floran frohn, idols of isthmians. Overwhere. Gaunt grey
ghostly gossips growing grubber in the glow. Past now pulls.

Cur one beast, even Dane the Great, may treadpath with
sniffer he snout impursuant to byelegs. Edar's chuckal
humuristic.

But why pit the cur afore the noxe? Let shrill their duan
Gallus, han, and she, hou the Sassqueehenna, makes
ducksruns

at crooked. Once for the chantermale, twoce for the pother
and once twoce threecce for the waither. So an inedible
yellowmeat

turns out the invasable blackth. Kwhat serves to rob with
Alliman, saelior, a turnkeyed trot to Seapoint, pierrotettes,
means

Noel's Bar and Julepunsch, by Joge, if you've tippertaps in
your
head or starting kursses, tailour, you're silenced at Henge
Ceolleges,

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Exmooth, Ostbys for ost, boys, each and one? Death banes
and the quick quoke. But life wends and the dombs spake!
Whake? Hill of Hafid, knock and knock, nachasach, gives
relief

to the langscape as he strauches his lamusong untoupon
gazelle

channel and the bride of the Bryne, shin high shake, is dotter
than evar for a damse wed her farther. Lambel on the up! We
may plesently heal Geoglyphy's twentynine ways to say
goodbett

an wassing seosoon liv. With the forty wonks winking
please me your much as to. With her tup. It's a long long ray
to

Newirgland's premier. For korps, for streamfish, for confects,
for bullyoungs, for smearsassage, for patates, for steaked pig,
for

men, for limericks, for waterfowls, for wagsfools, for louts,
for

cold airs, for late trams, for curries, for curlews, for leekses,
for
orphalines, for tunnygulls, for clear goldways, for lungfortes,
for
moonyhaunts, for fairmoneys, for coffins, for tantrums, for
armaurs, for waglugs, for rogues comings, for sly goings,
for larksmathes, for homdsmeethes, for quailsmeathes,
kilalooly.

Tep! Come lead, crom lech! Top. Wisely for us Old Bruton
has

withdrawn his theory. You are alpsulumply wrought!

Amsulummmm.

But this is perporteroguing youpoorapps? Namantanai.

Sure it's not reviang your? Amslu! Good all so. We seem
to understand apad vellumtomes muniment, Arans Duhkha,
among hosesoes, cheriotiers and etceterogenious
bargainboutbarrows,

ofver and umnder, since, evenif or although, in double
preposition as in triple conjunction, how the mudden
research in

the topaia that was Mankaylands has gone to prove from the
picalava present in the maramara melma that while a
successive

generation has been in the deep deep deeps of Deepereras.

Buried

hearts. Rest here.

Conk a dock he'll doo. Svap.

So let him slap, the sap! Till they take down his shatter
from
his shap. He canease. Fill stap.

Thus faraclacks the friarbird. Listening, Syd!

The child, a natural child, thenown by the mnames of,
(aya!
aya!), wouldbewas kidnapped at an age of recent probably,
possibly remoter; or he conjured himself from seight by slide

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at hand; for which thetheatron is a lemoronage; at milchgoat
fairmesse; in full dogdhis; sod on a fall; pat; the hundering
blundering dunderfunder of plundersundered manhood;
behold,

he returns; renascenent; fincarnate; still foretold around the
hearthside;

at matin a fact; hailed chimers' ersekind; foe purmanant,
fum in his mow; awike in wave risurging into chrest; *victis*

poenis

hesternis; fostfath of solas; fram choicest of wiles with
warmen

and sogns til Banba, burial aranging; under articles thirtynine
of

the reconstitution; by the lord's order of the canon
consecrandable;

earthlost that we thought him; pesternost, the noneknown
worrier; from Tumbarumba mountain; in persence of whole
landslots; forebe all the rassias; sire of leery subs of dub; the
Diggins,

Woodenhenge, as to hang out at; with spawnish oel full his
angalach; the sousenugh;

gnomeosulphidosalamermauderman; the

big brucer, fert in fort; Gunnar, of The Gunnings, Gund; one
of the two or three forefivest fellows a bloke could in holiday
crowd encounter; benedicted be the barrel; kilderkins, lids
off; a

roache, an oxmaster, a sort of heaps, a pamphilius, a vintivat
niviceny, a hygiennic contrivance socalled from the editor;
the
thick of your thigh; you knox; quite; talking to the vicar's joy
and ruth; the gren, woid and glue been broking by the
maybole
gards; he; when no crane in Elga is heard; upout to speak this
lay; without links, without impediments, with gygantogyres,
with freeflawforms; parasama to himself; atman as evars;
whom
otherwise becauses; no puler as of old but as of young a
palatin;
whitelock not lacked nor temperasoleon; though he appears a
funny colour; stoatters some; but a quite a big bug after the
dahlias; place inspectorum sarchent; also the hullo w chyst
excavement;
astronomically fabulafigured; as Jambudvispa Vipra
foresaw of him; the last half versicle repurchasing his
pawned
word; sorensplit and paddypatched; and pfor to pfinish our
pfun
of a pfan coalding the keddle mickwhite; sure, straight, slim,
sturdy, serene, synthetical, swift.

By the antar of Yasas! Ruse made him worthily achieve
inherited
wish. The drops upon that mantle rained never around
Fingal. Goute! Loughlin's Salts, Will, make a newman if
anyworn.

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Soe? La! Lamfadar's arm it has cocoincidences. You mean
to see we have been hadding a sound night's sleep? You may
so.

It is just, it is just about to, it is just about to rolywholyover.
Svapnasvap. Of all the stranger things that ever not even in
the
hundrund and badst pageans of unthowsent and wonst nice or
in eddas and oddes bokes of tomb, dyke and hollow to be
have
happened! The untireties of livesliving being the one
substance
of a streamsbecoming. Totalled in toldteld and teldtold in
tittletell
tattle. Why? Because, graced be Gad and all giddy gadgets,
in whose words were the beginnings, there are two signs to
turn
to, the yest and the ist, the wright side and the wronged side,
feeling aslip and wauking up, so an, so farth. Why? On the
sourdsite
we have the Moskiosk Djinpalast with its twin adjacencies,
the bathouse and the bazaar, allahallahallah, and on the
sponthesite
it is the alcovan and the rosegarden, boony noughty, all
puraputhry.
Why? One's apurr apuss a story about brid and breakfedes
and parricombating and couchcouch but others is of tholes
and oubworn buyings, dolings and chafferings in heat,
contest
and enmity. Why? Every talk has his stay, vidnis
Shavarsanjivana,
and all-a-dreams perhapsing under lucksloop at last are
through.
Why? It is a sot of a swigswag, systomy dystomy, which
everabody
you ever anywhere at all doze. Why? Such me.

And howpsadrowsay.

Lok! A shaft of shivery in the act, anilancinant. Cold's sleuth!

Vayuns! Where did thots come from? It is infinitesimally fevers, resty fever, risy fever, a coranto of aria, sleeper awakening, in the smalls of one's back presentiment, gip, and again, geip, a flash from a future of maybe mahamayability through the windr of a wondr in a wildr is a weltr as a wirbl of a warbl is a world.

Tom.

It is perfect degrees excelsius. A jaladaew still stilleth. Cloud lay but mackrel are. Anemone activescent, the torporature is returning to mornal. Humid nature is feeling itself freely at ease with the all fresco. The vervain is to herald as the grass administers.

They say, they say in effect, they really say. You have eaden fruit. Say whuit. You have snacked mid a fish. Telle whish.

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Every those personal place objects if nonthings where soevers and they just done been doing being in a dromo of todos withouten a bound to be your trowsers. Forswundled. You hald him by the tap of the tang. Not a salutary sellable sound is since. Insteed for asteer, adrift with adraft. Nuctumbulumbumus

wanderwards

the Nil. Victorias neanzas. Alberths neantas. It was a long,
very long, a dark, very dark, an allburt unend, scarce
endurable,

and we could add mostly quite various and somenwhat
stumbletumbling

night. Endee he sendee. Diu! The has gonig at gone,
the is coming to come. Greets to ghastrn, hie to morgning.

Dormidy,

destady. Doom is the faste. Well down, good other! Now
day, slow day, from delicate to divine, divases. Padma,
brighter

and sweetster, this flower that bells, it is our hour or risings.
Tickle, tickle. Lotus spray. Till herenext. Adya.

Take thanks, thankstum, thamas. In that earepean end
meets
Ind.

There is something supernoctural about whatever you
called
him it. Panpan and vinvin are not alonety vanvan and pinpin
in

your Tamal without tares but simplysoley they are they.

Thisutter

followis that odder fellow. Himkim kimkim. Old
yeasterloaves

may be a stale as a stub and the pitcher go to aftoms on the
wall. Mildew, murk, leak and yarn now want the bad that
they

lied on. And your last words todate in camparative
accoustronomy

are going to tell stretch of a fancy through strength towards

joyance, adyatants, where he gets up. Allay for allay, a threat for a throat.

Tim!

To them in Ysat Loka. Hearing. The urb it orbs. Then's now with now's then in tense continuant. Heard. Who having has he shall have had. Hear! Upon the thuds trokes truck, chim, it will be exactlyso fewer hours by so many minutes of the ope of the diurn of the sennight of the maaned of the yere of the age of the madamanvantora of Grossguy and Littleylady, our hugibus hugibum and our weewee mother, actaman housetruewith, and their childer and their napirs and their napirs' childers napirs and their chattels and their servance and their
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cognance and their ilks and their orts and their everythings that is be will was theirs.

Much obliged. Time-o'-Thay! But wherth, O clerk?

Whithr a clonk? Vartman! See you not soo the pfath they pfunded, oura vatars that arred in Himmal, harruad bathar namas, the gow, the stiar, the tigara, the liofant, when even thirst was athar vetals, mid trefoils slipped the sable rampant, hoof, hoof, hoof, padapodopudupedding on fattafottafutt. Ere we are! Signifying, if tungs may tolgan, that, primeval conditions having gradually receded but nevertheless the emplacement of solid and fluid having to a great extent persisted through intermittences of sullemn fulminance, sollemn nuptialism,

sallemn

sepulture and providential divining, making possible and even

inevitable, after his a time has a tense haves and havenots hesitency,

at the place and period under consideration a socially organic entity of a millenary military maritory monetary

morphological

circumformation in a more or less settled state of equonomic ecolube equalobe equilab equilibrium. Gam on, Gearge!

Nomo-

morphemy for me! Lessnatbe angardsmanlake! You jast gat a tache of army on the stumuk. To the Angar at Anker.

Aecquotincts.

Seeworthy. Lots thankyouful, polite pointsins! There's a tavarn in the tarn.

Tip. Take Tamotimo's topical. Tip. Browne yet Noland.

Tip.

Advert.

Where. Cumulonubulocirrhonimbant heaven electing, the dart

of desire has gored the heart of secret waters and the poplarest

wood in the entire district is being grown at present, eminently

adapted for the requirements of pacnincstricken humanity and,

between all the goings up and the whole of the comings down and

the fog of the cloud in which we toil and the cloud of the fog under which we labour, bomb the thing's to be domb about it

so
that, beyond indicating the locality, it is felt that one cannot
with
advantage add a very great deal to the foregoing by what,
such as
it is to be, follows, just mentioning however that the old man
of
the sea and the old woman in the sky if they don't say
nothings
about it they don't tell us lie, the gist of the pantomime, from
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cannibal king to the property horse, being, slumply and
slopely,
to remind us how, in this drury world of ours, Father Times
and
Mother Spacies boil their kettle with their crutch. Which
every
lad and lass in the lane knows. Hence.

Polycarp pool, the pool of Innalavia, Saras the saft as, of
meadowy marge, atween Deltas Piscium and Sagittariastrion,
whereinn once we lave 'tis alve and vale, minnyhahing here
from
hiarwather, a poddlebridges in a passabed, the river of lives,
the
regenerations of the incarnations of the emanations of the
apparentations
of Funn and Nin in Cleethabala, the kongdomain of
the Alieni, an accorsaired race, infester of Libnud Ocean,
Moylemore,
let it be! Where Allbroggt Neandser tracking Viggynette
Neeinsee gladsighted her Linfian Fall and a
teamdiggingharrow

turned the first sod. Sluce! Caughterect! Goodspeed the
blow!

(Incidentally 'tis believed that his harpened before Gage's
Fane

for it has to be over this booty spotch, though some hours to
the wester, that ex-Colonel House's preterpost heiress is to
return

unto the outstretcheds of Dweyr O'Michael's loinsprung
the blunterbusted pikehead which his had hewn in hers,
prolonged

laughter words). There an alomdree begins to green,
soreen seen for loveseat, as we know that should she, for by
essentience his law, so it make all. It is scainted to Vitalba.

And

her little white bloomkins, twittersky trimmed, are
hobdoblins'

hankypanks. Saxenslyke our anscessers thought so darely on
now they're going soever to Anglesen, free of juties, dyrt
chapes.

There too a slab slob, immermemorial, the only in all
swamp.

But so bare, so boulder, brag sagging such a brr bll bmm
show

that, of Barindens, the white alfred, it owed to have at leased
some butchup's upperon. *Homos Circas Elochlannensis!* His
showplace at Leeambye. Old Wommany Wyes. Pfif! But,
while

gleam with gloom swan here and there, this shame rock and
that

whispy planter tell Paudheen Steel-the-Poghue and his perty
Molly Vardant, in goodbroomirish, arrah, this place is a
proper

and his feist a ferial for curdnal communal, so be who would
celebrate the holy mystery upon or that the pirigrim from
Mainylands

beatend, the calmleaved hutcaged by that look whose glaum

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is sure he means bisnigels to empalmover. A naked
yogpriest,
clothed of sundust, his oakey doaked with frondest leoves,
offrand

to the ewon of her owen. Tasyam kuru salilakriyamu! Pfaf!

Bring about it to be brought about and it will be, loke, our
lake

lemanted, that greyt lack, the citye of Is is issuant (atlanst!),
urban

and orbal, through seep froms umber under wasserres of Erie.

Lough!

Hwo! Hwyy, dairmaidens? Asthoreths, assay! Earthsigh to
is
heavened.

Hillsengals, the daughters of the cliffs, responsen.

Longsome

the samphire coast. From thee to thee, thoo art it thoo, that
thouest there. The like the near, the liker nearer. O sosay! A
family, a band, a school, a clanagirls. Fiftines andbut fortines
by

novanas andor vantads by octettes ayand decadendecads by a
lunary with last a lone. Whose every has herdifferent from
the

similies with her site. *Sicut campanulae petalliferentes* they
coroll

in caroll round Botany Bay. A dweam of dose innocent dirly
dirls. Keavn! Keavn! And they all setton voicies about
singsing
music was Keavn! He. Only he. Ittle he. Ah! The whole
clangalied. Oh!

S. Wilhelmina's, S. Gardenia's, S. Phibia's, S.
Veslandrua's,
S. Clarinda's, S. Immeacula's, S. Dolores Delphin's, S.
Perlanthroa's,
S. Errands Gay's, S. Eddaminiva's, S. Rhodamena's, S.
Ruadagara's, S. Drimicumtra's, S. Una Vestity's, S.
Mintargisia's,
S. Misha-La-Valse's, S. Churstry's, S. Clouonaskieym's, S.
Bellavistura's,
S. Santamonta's, S. Ringsingsund's, S. Heddadin
Drade's, S. Glacianivia's, S. Waidafrira's, S. Thomassabbess's
and (trema! unloud!! pepet!!!) S. Loellisotoelles!

Prayfulness! Prayfulness!

Euh! Thaet is seu whaet shaell one naeme it!

The meidinogues have tingued togethering. Ascend out
of
your bed, cavern of a trunk, and shrine! Kathlins is kitchin.
Soros cast, ma brone! You must exterra acquareate to
interirigate
all the arkypelicans. The austrologer Wallaby by Tolan, who
farshook our shows from Newer Aland, has signed the you
and
the now our mandate. Milenesia waits. Be smark.

One seekings. Not the lithe slender, not the broad
roundish
near the lithe slender, not the fairsized fullfeatured to the
leeward
of the broad roundish but, indeed and inneed, the curling,
perfect-
portioned, flowerfleckled, shapely highhued, delicate
features
swaying to the windward of the fairsized fullfeatured.

Was that in the air about when something is to be said for
it or
is it someone impartial who will somewherise for the
whole
anyhow?

What does Coemghen? Tell his hidings clearly! A
woodtoogooder.
Is his moraltack still his best of weapons? How about a
little more goaling goold? Rowlin's run he gadder no must. It
is
the voice of Roga. His face is the face of a son. Be thine the
silent
hall, O Jarama! A virgin, the one, shall mourn thee. Roga's
stream
is science. But Croona is in adestance. The ass of the
O'Dwyer
of Greyglens is abrowtobayse afeald in his terroirs of the
Potterton's
forecoroners, the reeks around the burleyhearthed. When
visited by an indepondant reporter, "Mike" Portlund, to
burrow
burning the latterman's Resterant so is called the gortan in

questure

he mikes the fallowing for the Durban Gazette, firstcoming
issue. From a collispendent. Any were. Deemsday. Bosse of

Upper

and Lower Byggotstrade, Ciwareke, may he live for river!

The

Games funeral at Valleytemple. Saturnights pomps,

exhabiting

that corricatore of a harss, revealed by Oscrur Camerad. The
last

of Dutch Schulds, perhumps. Pipe in Dream Cluse. Uncovers

Pub

History. The Outrage, at Length. Affected Mob Follows in

Religious

Sullivence. Rinvention of vestiges by which they drugged

the buddhy. Moviefigure on in scenic section. By Patathicus.

And

there, from out of the scuity, misty Londen, along the

canavan

route, that is with the years gone, mild beam of the wave his

polar bearing, steerner among stars, trust touthena and you

tread true turf, comes the sorter, Mr Hurr Hansen, talking

alltheways

in himself of his hopes to fall in among a merryfoule

of maidens happynghome from the dance, his knyckle

allaready

in his knackskey fob, a passable compatriate properly of the

Grimstad galleon, old pairs frieze, feed up to the noxer with

their geese and peas and oats upon a trencher and the toyms

----- 603 -----

he'd lust in Wooming but with that smeoil like a grace of

backoning

over his egg lips of the sun soon shine. Here's heering you in
a guessmasque, latterman! And such an improofment! As
royt
as the mail and as fat as a fuddle! Schoen! Shoan! Shoon the
Puzt! A penny for your thought abouts! Tay, tibby, tanny,
tummy, tasty, tosty, tay. Batch is for Baker who baxters our
bread. O, what an ovenly odour! Butter butter! Bring us this
days our maily bag! But receive me, my frensheets, from the
emerald dark winterlong! For diss is the doss for Eilder
Downes
and dass is it duss, as singen sengers, what the hardworking
straightwalking stoutstamping securelysealing officials who
trow
to form our G.M.P.'s pass muster generally shay for shee and
sloo for slee when butting their headd to the pillow for a
nightshared
nakeshift with the alter girl they tuck in for sweepsake.
Dutiful wealker for his hydes of march. Haves you the time.
Hans ahike? Heard you the crime, senny boy? The man was
giddy on letties on the dewry of the duary, be persueded,
whethered with entrenous, midgreys, dagos, teatimes,
shadows,
nocturnes or samoans, if wellstocked fillerouters
plushfeverfraus
with dopy chonks, and this, that and the other pigskin or
muffle
kinkles, taking a pipe course or doing an anguish, seen to his
fleece in after his foull, when Dr Chart of Greet Chorsles
street
he changed his backbone at a citting. He had not the
declaination,
as what with the foos as whet with the fays, but so far as

hanging a goobes on the precedings, wherethen the lag
allows, it
might be anything after darks. Which the deers alones they
sees
and the darkies they is snuffing of the wind up. Debbling.
Greanteavvents! Hyacinssies with heliotrollops! Not once
fullvixen freakings and but dubbledecoys! It is a lable iction
on
the porte of the cuthulic church and summum most atole for
it.

Where is that blinketey blanketer, that quound of a pealer, the
sunt of a hunt want foxes good men! Where or he, our loved
among many?

But what does Coemghem, the fostard? Tyro a tora. The
novened iconostase of his blueygreyned vitroils but begins
in feint to light his legend. Let Phosphoron proclaim! Peechy

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peechy. Say he that saw him that saw! Man shall sharp run
do a get him. Ask no more, Jerry mine, Roga's voice! No
pice soorkabatcha. The bog which puckerood the posy. The
vinebranch of Heremonheber on Bregia's plane where Teffia
lies

is leaved invert and fructed proper but the cublic hatches
endnot

open yet for hourly rincers' mess. Read Higgins, Cairns and
Egen.

Malthus is yet lukked in close. Withun. How swathed
thereanswer

alcove makes theirinn! Besoakers loiter on. And
primilibratory

solicates of limon sodias will be absorbable. It is
not even yet the engine of the load with haled morries full of

crates, you mattinmummur, for dombell dumbs? Sure and 'tis
not then. The greek Sideral Reulthway, as it havvents, will
soon
be starting a smooth with its first single hastencraft. Danny
buzzers
instead of the vialact coloured milk train on the fartykkt
plan run with its endless gallaxion of rotatorattlers and the
smooltroon
our elderens rememberem as the scream of the service,
Strubry Bess. Also the waggonwobblers are still yet everdue
to
precipitate after night's combustion. Aspect, Shamus Rogua
or!
Taceate and! *Hagiographice canat Ecclesia*. Which aubrey
our
first shall show. Inattendance who is who is will play that's
what's
that to what's that, what.

Oyes! Oyeses! Oyesesyeses! The primace of the Gaulls,
pro-
tonotorious, I yam as I yam, mitrogenerand in the free state
on
the air, is now aboil to blow a Gael warning. Inoperation
Eyrlands
Eyot, Meganesia, Habitant and the onebut thousand insels,
Western and Ostthern Approaches.

Of Kevin, of increate God the servant, of the Lord
Creator a
filial fearer, who, given to the growing grass, took to the tall
timber,
slippery dick the springy heeler, as we have seen, so we

have heard, what we have received, that we have transmitted,
thus we shall hope, this we shall pray till, in the search for
love of knowledge through the comprehension of the unity in
altruism through stupefaction, it may again how it may again,
shearing aside the four wethers and passing over the dainty
daily

dairy and dropping by the way the lapful of live coals and
smoothing out Nelly Nettle and her lad of mettle, full of
stings,

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fond of stones, friend of gnewgnawns bones and leaving all
the
messy messy to look after our douche douche, the miracles,
death and life are these.

Yad. Procreated on the ultimate ysland of Yreland in the
encyclical
yrish archipelago, come their feast of precreated holy
whiteclad angels, whomamong the christener of his,
voluntarily
poor Kevin, having been graunted the praviloge of a priest's
postcreated portable *altare cum balneo*, when espousing the
one
true cross, invented and exalted, in celibate matrimony at
matin
chime arose and westfrom went and came in alb of cloth of
gold
to our own midmost Glendalough-le-vert by archangelical
guidance
where amiddle of meeting waters of river Yssia and Essia
river on this one of eithers lone navigable lake piously
Kevin,
lawding the triune trishagion, amidships of his conducible

altar

super bath, rafted centripetally, diaconal servent of orders
hibernian,

midway across the subject lake surface to its supream
epicentric

lake Ysle, whereof its lake is the ventrifugal principality,
whereon by prime, powerful in knowledge, Kevin came to
where

its centre is among the circumfluent watercourses of
Yshgafiena

and Yshgafiuna, an enysled lakelet yslanding a lacustrine
yslet,

whereupon with beached raft subdiaconal bath *propter* altar,
with oil extremely anointed, accompanied by prayer, holy
Kevin

bided till the third morn hour but to build a rubric penitential
honeybeehivehut in whose enclosure to live in fortitude,
acolyte

of cardinal virtues, whereof the arenary floor, most holy
Kevin

excavated as deep as to the depth of a seventh part of one full
fathom, which excavated, venerable Kevin, anchorite, taking
counsel, proceded towards the lakeside of the ysletshore
whereat

seven several times he, eastward genuflecting, in entire
ubidience

at sextnoon collected gregorian water sevenfold and with
ambrosian

eucharistic joy of heart as many times receded, carrying
that privileged altar *unacumque* bath, which severally seven
times

into the cavity excavated, a lector of water levels, most

venerable

Kevin, then effused thereby letting there be water where was theretofore

dry land, by him so concreated, who now, confirmed a strong and perfect christian, blessed Kevin, exorcised his holy sister

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water, perpetually chaste, so that, well understanding, she should

fill to midheight his tubbathaltar, which hanbathtub, most blessed

Kevin, ninthly enthroned, in the concentric centre of the translated

water, whereamid, when violet vesper veiled, Saint Kevin, Hydrophilos, having girded his sable *cappa magna* as high as to

his cherubical loins, at solemn compline sat in his sate of wisdom,

that handbathtub, whereverafter, recreated *doctor insularis* of the universal church, keeper of the door of meditation, memory

extempore proposing and intellect formally considering, recluse,

he meditated continuously with seraphic ardour the primal sacrament

of baptism or the regeneration of all man by affusion of water. Yee.

Bisships, bevel to rock's rite! Sarver buoy, extinguish! Nuotabene.

The rare view from the three Bennis under the bald heaven is on the other end, askan your blixom on dimmen and blastun,

something to right hume about. They were erected in a

purvious

century, as a hen fine coops and, if you know your Bristol and

have trudged the trolly ways and elventurns of that old cobbold

city, you will sortofficially scribble a mental Peny-Knox-Gore.

Whether they were franklings by name also has not been fully

probed. Their design is a whosold word and the charming details

of light in dark are freshed from the feminiairity which breathes content. *O ferax cupla!* Ah, fairypair! The first exploder

to make his ablations in these parks was indeed that lucky mortal

which the monster trial showed on its first day out. What will not arky paper anticidingly inked with penmark, push, per sample

prof, kuvertly falted, when style, stink and stigmataphoron are

of one sum in the same person? He comes out of the soil very well after all just where old Toffler is to come shuffling alongsoons

Panniquanne starts showing of her peequuliar talonts.

Awaywrong wandler surking to a rightrare rute for his plain utterrock sukes, appelled to by her fancy claddaghs. You plied

that pokar, gamesy, swell as aye did, while there were flickars

to the flores. He may be humpy, nay, he may be dumpy but there

is always something racey about, say, a sailor on a horse. As soon as we sale him geen we gates a sprise! He brings up tofatufa and

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that is how we get to Missas in Massas. The old Marino tale. We

veriters verity notefew demmed lustres priorly magistrite maximollient

in ludubility learned. Facst. Teak off that wise head!

Great sinner, good sonner, is in effect the motto of the MacCowell

family. The gloved fist (skrimmhandsker) was intraduced into their socerdatal tree before the fourth of the twelfth and it

is even a little odd all four horolodgeries still gonging restage Jakob van der Bethel, smolking behing his pipe, with Essav of

Messagepostumia, lentling out his borrowed chafingdish, before

cymbaloosing the apostles at every hours of changeover. The first and last rittlerattle of the anniverse; when is a nam nought a

nam whenas it is a. Watch! Heroes' Highway where our fleshers

leave their bonings and every bob and joan to fill the bumper fair.

It is their segnall for old Champelysied to seek the shades of his

retirement and for young Chappielassies to tear a round and tease

their partners lovesoftfun at Finnegan's Wake.

And it's high tigh tigh. Titley hi ti ti. That my dig pressed
in
your dag si. Gnug of old Gnig. Ni, gnid mig brawly! I bag
your
burden. Mees is thees knees. Thi is Mi. We have caught
oneselves,
Sveasmeas, in somes incontigruity coumplegs of
heoponhurrish
marrage from whose I most sublumbunate. A polog, my
engl! Excutes. Om still so sovvy. Whyle om till ti ti.

Ha!

Dayagreening gains in schlimninging. A summerwint
springfalls,
abated. Hail, regn of durknass, snowly receassing, thund
lightening thund, into the dimbelowstard departamenty
whitherout,
soon hist, soon mist, to the hothehill from the hollow,
Solsking the Frist (attempted by the admirable Captive
Bunting
and Loftonant-Cornel Blaire) will processingly show up
above
Tumplen Bar whereupont he was much jubilated by
Boergemester
"Dyk" ffogg of Isoles, now Eisold, looking most plussed
with (exhib 39) a clout capped sunbubble anaccanponied
from
his bequined torse. Up.

Blanchardstown newspeppers pleads coppyl. Gracest
goodness,

heave mensy upponnus! Grand old Manbutton, give your
bowlers a rest!

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It is a mere mienerism of this vague of visibilities, mark
you,
as accorded to by moisturologist of the Brehons
Assorceration for
the advauncement of scayence because, my dear, mentioning
of
it under the breath, as in pure (what bunkum!) essenesse,
there
have been disselving forenenst you just the draeper, the two
drawpers assisters and the three droopers assessors
confraternitisers.
Who are, of course, Uncle Arth, your two cozes from
Niece and (kunject a bit now!) our own familiars, Billyhealy,
Ballyhooly
and Bullyhowley, surprised in an indecorous position by
the Sigurd Sigerson Sphygmomanometer Society for
bledprussers.

Knightsmore. Haventyne?

Ha ha!

This Mister Ireland? And a live?

Ay, ay. Aye, aye, baas.

The cry of Stena chills the vitals of slumbring off the
motther
has been pleased into the harms of old salaciters, meassurers
soon and soon, but the voice of Alina gladdens the
cocklyhearted

dreamerish for that magic moning with its ching
chang chap sugay kaow laow milkee muchee bringing
beckerbrose,
the brew with the foochoor in it. Sawyest? Nodt? Nyets,
I dthink I sawn to remumb or sumbsuch. A kind of a thinglike
all traylogged then pubably it resymbles a pelvic or some
kvind
then props an acutebacked quadrangle with aslant off
ohahnthenth
a wenchyoumaycuddler, lying with her royalirish uppershoes
among the theeckleaves. Signs are on of a mere by token
that wills still to be becoming upon this there once a here was
world. As the dayeleyves unfolden them. In the wake of the
blackshape, *Nattenden Sorte*; whenat, hindled firth and
huddled
furth, the week of wakes is out and over; as a wick weak
woking
from ennumberable Ashias unto fierce force fuming, temtem
tamtam, the Phoenican wakes.

Passing. One. We are passing. Two. From sleep we are
passing.
Three. Into the wikeawades warld from sleep we are passing.
Four. Come, hours, be ours!

But still. Ah diar, ah diar! And stay.

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It was allso agreenable in our sinegear clutchless, touring
the
no placelike no timelike absolent, mixing up pettyvaughan
populose
with the magnumoore genstries, lloydhaired mersscenary
blookers with boydskinned pigttetails and goochlipped

gwendolenes

with duffyeyed dolores; like so many unprobables in their
poor suit of the impossable. With Mata and after please with
Matamaru and after please stop with Matamaruluka and after
stop
do please with Matamarulukajoni.

And anotherum. Ah ess, dapple ass! He will be longing
after
the Grogram Grays. And, Weisingchetaoli, he will levellaut
ministel Trampleasure be. Sheflower Rosina, younger
Sheflower
fruit Amaryllis, youngest flowerfruityfrond Sallysill or
Sillysall.
And house with heaven roof occupanters they are
continuatingly
atraverse of its milletestudinous windows, ricocoursing
themselves,
as staneglass on stonegloss, inplayn unglisch Wynn's
Hotel. Brancherds at: Bullbeck, Oldboof, Sassondale, Jorsey
Uppygard, Mundelonde, Abbeytotte, Bracqueytuitte with
Hockeyvilla,
Fockeyvilla, Hillewille and Wallhall. Hoojahoo managers
the thingaviking. Obning shotly. When the messanger of
the risen sun, (see other oriel) shall give to every seeable a
hue and
to every hearable a cry and to each spectacle his spot and to
each
happening her houram. The while we, we are waiting, we are
waiting for. Hymn.

Muta: Quodestnunc fumusiste volhvuns ex Domoyno?

Juva: It is Old Head of Kettle puffing off the top of the mornin.

Muta: He odda be thorly well ashamed of himself for smoking before the high host.

Juva: Dies is Dorminus master and commandant illy tonobrass.

Muta: Diminussed aster! An I could peecieve amonkst the gatherings who ever they wolk in process?

Juva: Khubadah! It is the Chrystanthemlander with his porters of bonzos, pompommy plonkyplonk, the ghariwallahs, moveyovering the cabrattlefield of slaine.

Muta: Pongo da Banza! An I would usertain in druidful scatterings one piece tall chap he stand one piece same place?

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Juva: Bulkily: and he is fundementially theosophagusted over the whorse proceedings.

Muta: Petrificationibus! O horild haraflare! Who his dickhuns now rearrexes from underneath the memorialorum?

Juva: Beleave filmly, beleave! Fing Fing! King King!

Muta: Ulloverum? Fulgítulo ejus Rhedonum teneat!

Juva: Rolantlossly! Till the tipp of his ziff. And the ubideintia

of the savium is our ervics fenicitas.

Muta: Why soly smiles the supremest with such for a
leary on
his rugular lips?

Juva: Bitchorbotchum! Eebrydime! He has help his
crewn on
the burkeley buy but he has holf his crown on the Eurasian
Generalissimo.

Muta: Skulkasloot! The twyly velleid is thus then
paridicynical?

Juva: Ut vivat volumen sic pereat pouradosus!

Muta: Haven money on stablecert?

Juva: Tempt to wom Outsider!

Muta: Suc? He quoffs. Wutt?

Juva: Sec! Wartar wartar! Wett.

Muta: Ad Piabelle et Purabelle?

Juva: At Winne, Woermann og Sengs.

Muta: So that when we shall have acquired unification
we
shall pass on to diversity and when we shall have passed on
to
diversity we shall have acquired the instinct of combat and
when
we shall have acquired the instinct of combat we shall pass
back to
the spirit of appeasement?

Juva: By the light of the bright reason which daysends to
us
from the high.

Muta: May I borrow that hordwanderbaffle from you, old
rubberskin?

Juva: Here it is and I hope it's your wormingpen,
Erinmonker!

Shoot.

Rhythm and Colour at Park Mooting. Peredos Last in the
Grand Natural. Velivision victor. Dubs newstage oldtime
turftussle,
recalling Winny Willy Widger. Two draws. Heliotrope

----- 611 -----

leads from Harem. Three ties. Jockey the Ropper jerks Jake
the
Rape. Paddock and bookley chat.

And here are the details.

Tunc. Bymeby, bullocky vampas tappany bobs topside
joss
pidgin fella Balkelly, archdruid of islish chinchinjoss in the
his
heptachromatic sevenhued septicoloured
roranyellgreenlindigan
mantle finish he show along the his mister guest Patholic
with
alb belongahim the whose throat hum with of sametime all
the his
cassock groaner fellas of greysfriaryfamily he fast all time
what

time all him monkafellas with Same Patholic, quoniam,
speeching,
yeh not speeching noh man liberty is, he drink up words,
scilicet,
tomorrow till recover will not, all too many much illusiones
through photoprismic velamina of hueful panepiphanal world
spectacurum of Lord Joss, the of which zoantholitic
furniture,
from mineral through vegetal to animal, not appear to full up
together
fallen man than under but one photoreflexion of the
several iridals gradationes of solar light, that one which that
part
of it (furnit of heupanepi world) had shown itself (part of fur
of
huepanwor) unable to absorbere, whereas for numpa one
puraduxed
seer in seventh degree of wisdom of Entis-Onton he savvy
inside true inwardness of reality, the Ding hvad in idself id
est,
all objects (of panepiwor) allside showed themselves in trues
coloribus resplendent with sextuple gloria of light actually
retained,
untisintus, inside them (obs of epiwo). Rumnant Patholic,
stareotypopticus, no catch all that preachybook, utpiam,
tomorrow
recover thing even is not, bymeby vampsybobsy
tappanasbullocks
topside joss pidginfella Bilkilly-Belkelly say patfella,
ontesantes, twotime hemhaltshealing, with other words
verbigratiagradings from murmurulentous till
stridulocelerious in

a hunghorangoangoly tsinglontseng while his
comprehendurient,
with diminishing claractinism, augumentationed himself
in caloripeia to vision so throughsighty, you anxiooust
melancholic,
High Thats Hight Uberking Leary his fiery grassbelonghead
all show colour of sorrelwood herbgreen, again,
niggerblonker,
of the his essixcoloured holmgrewnworsted's costume
the his fellow saffron pettikilt look same hue of boiled
spinasses,

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other thing, voluntary mutismuser, he not compyhandy the
his
golden twobreasttorc look justsamelike curlicabbis,
moreafter, to
pace negativisticists, verdant readyrainroof belongahim
Exuber
High Ober King Leary very dead, what he wish to say, spit of
superexuberabundancy plenty laurel leaves, after that
commander
bulopent eyes of Most Highest Ardreet'sar King same
thing like thyme choppy upon parsley, alongsidethat, if
pleasesir,
nos displace tauttung, sowlofabishospastored, enamel Indian
gem in maledictive fingerfondler of High High Siresultan
Emperor
all same like one fellow olive lentil, onthelongsidethat, by
undesendas, kirikirikiring, violaceous warwon contusiones of
facebuts of Highup Big Cockywocky Sublissimime Autocrat,
for
that with pure hueglut intensely saturated one, tinged

uniformly,
allaroundside upinandoutdown, very like you see cut
chowchow
of plenty much sennacassia. Hump cumps Ebblybally!
Sukkot?

Punc. Bigseer, reflects the petty padre, whackling it out, a
tumble to take, tripeness to call thing and to call if say is
good
while, you pore shirokuro blackinwhitepaddynger, by
thiswis
aposterioprismically apatstrophied and paralogically
periparolysed,
celestial from principalest of Iro's Irismans ruinboon pot
before, (for beingtime monkblinkers timeblinged
complementarily
murkblankered in their neutrolysis between the possible
viriditude of the sager and the probable eruberuption of the
saint), as My tappropinquis to Me wipenmeselps gnosegates
a
handcaughtscheaf of synthetic shammyrag to him hers,
seemingsuch
four three two agreement cause heart to be might, saving to
Balenoarch (he kneeleths), to Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths
down) to Greatest Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths down
quitesomely),
the sound sense sympol in a weedwayedwold of the
firethere the sun in his halo cast. Onmen.

That was thing, bygotter, the thing, bogcotton, the very
thing,
begad! Even to uptoputty Bilkilly-Belkelly-Balkally. Who
was

for shouting down the shatton on the lamp of Jeeshees.

Sweating

on to stonker and throw his seven. As he shuck his thumping
fore features apt the hoyhop of His Ards.

Thud.

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Good safe firelamp! hailed the heliots. Goldselforelump!
Halled they. Awed. Where thereon the skyfold high,
trampatrampatramp.

Adie. Per ye comdoom doominoom noonstroom.

Yeasome priestomes. Fullyhum toowhoom.

Taawhaar?

Sants and sogs, cabs and cobs, kings and karls, tentes and
taunts.

'Tis gone infarover. So fore now, dayleash. Pour deday.

To
trancefixureashone. Feist of Taborneccles, scenopegia, come!
Shamwork, be in our scheining! And let every crisscouple be
so

crosscomplimentary, little eggons, youlk and meelk, in a
farbiger

pancosmos. With a hottyhammyum all round. Gudstruce!

Yet is no body present here which was not there before.

Only

is order othered. Nought is nulled. *Fuitfiat!*

Lo, the laud of laurens now orielising benedictively when
saint and sage have said their say.

A spathe of calyptrous glume involucrumines the
perinanthean
Amenta: fungoalgaceous muscafilicial graminopalmular
planteon;
of increasing, livivorous, feelful thinkamalinks;
luxuriotiating
everywhencewithersoever among skullhullows and
charnelcysts
of a weedwastewoldwevild when Ralph the Retriever
ranges to jawrode his knuts knuckles and her theas thighs;
onegugulp
down of the nauseous forere brarkfarsts oboboosaround
and you're as paint and spickspan as a rainbow; wreathe the
bowl
to rid the bowel; no runcure, no rank heat, sir; amess in
amullium;
chlorid cup.

Health, chalce, endnessnessesity! Arrive, likkypuggers,
in
a poke! The folgor of the frightfools is olympically
optimominous;
there is bound to be a lovleg day for mirrages in the
open; Murnane and Aveling are undertoken to berry that
ortchert:
provided that. You got to make good that breachsuit,
seamer. You going to haulm port houlm, toilermaster. You yet
must get up to kill (nonparticular). You still stand by and do
as
hit (private). While for yous, Jasminia Aruna and all your
likers,
affinitatively must it be by you elected if Monogynes his is or

hers Diander, the tubous, limbersome and nectarial. Owned
or

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grazeheifer, ethel or bonding. Mopsus or Gracchus, all your
horodities will incessantly be coming back from the
Annone

Wishwashwhose, Ormepierre Lodge, Doone of the Drumes,
blanches bountifully and nightsend made up, every article
lathering

leaving several rinsings so as each rinse results with a
dapperent

rolle, cuffs for meek and chokers for sheek and a kink in
the pacts for namby. Forbeer, forbear! For nought that is has
bane. In mournenslaund. Themes have thimes and habit
reburns.

To flame in you. Ardor vigor forders order. Since ancient was
our living is in possible to be. Delivered as. Caffirs and culls
and

onceagain overalls, the fittest surviva lives that blued, iorn
and

storridge can make them. Whichus all claims. Clean.

Whenastcleeps.

Close. And the mannormillor clipperclappers. Noxt. Doze.

Fennsense, finnsense, aworn! Tuck upp those wide
shorts.

The pink of the basket for sheer give. Peeps. Stand up to hard
ware and step into style. If you soil may, puett, guett me
prives.

For newmanmaun set a marge to the merge of unnotions.

Innition

wons agame.

What has gone? How it ends?

Begin to forget it. It will remember itself from every sides, with all gestures, in each our word. Today's truth, tomorrow's trend.

Forget, remember!

Have we cherished expectations? Are we for liberty of perusiveness? Whyafter what forewhere? A plainplanned liffeyism assemblments Eblania's conglomerate horde. By dim delty Deva.

Forget!

Our wholemole millwheeling vicociclotometer, a tetradomational gazebocroticon (the "Mamma Lujah" known to every schoolboy scandaller, be he Matty, Marky, Lukey or John-a-Donk), autokinatonetically preprovided with a clappercoupling smeltingworks exprogressive process, (for the farmer, his son and their homely codes, known as eggburst, eggblend, eggburial and hatch-as-hatch can) receives through a portal vein the dialytically separated elements of precedent decomposition for the verypetpurpose of subsequent recombination so that the heroticisms, catastrophes and eccentricities transmitted by the ancient legacy

of the past, type by tope, letter from litter, word at ward, with
sundance of sundance, since the days of Plooney and
Columcellas
when Giacinta, Pervenche and Margaret swayed over the
all-too-ghoulish and illyrical and innumantic in our mutter
nation,
all, anastomosically assimilated and preteridentified
paraidiotically,
in fact, the sameold gamebold adomic structure of our
Finnius the old One, as highly charged with electrons as
hophazards
can effective it, may be there for you,
Cockalooralooraloomenos,
when cup, platter and pot come piping hot, as sure as
herself pits hen to paper and there's scribings scrawled on
eggs.

Of cause, so! And in effect, as?

Dear. And we go on to Dirdump. Reverend. May we add
majesty? Well, we have frankly enjoyed more than anything
these secret workings of natures (thanks ever for it, we
humbly
pray) and, well, was really so denighted of this lights time.
Mucksrats which bring up about uhrweckers they will come
to
know good. Yon clouds will soon disappear looking forwards
at a fine day. The honourable Master Sarmon they should be
first born like he was with a twohangled warpon and it was
between Williamstown and the Mairrion Ailesbury on the top
of the longcar, as merrily we rolled along, we think of him
looking
at us yet as if to pass away in a cloud. When he woke up in a

sweat besides it was to pardon him, goldylocks, me having
an
airth, but he daydreamed we had a lovelyt face for a
pulltomine.
Back we were by the jerk of a beamstark, backed in paladays
last,
on the brinks of the wobblish, the man what never put a
dramn
in the swags but milk from a national cowse. That was the
prick
of the spindle to me that gave me the keys to dreamland.
Sneakers
in the grass, keep off! If we were to tick off all that cafflers
head,
whisperers for his accomodation, the me craws, namely, and
their
bacon what harmed butter! It's margarseen oil. Thinthin
thinthin.
Stringstly is it forbidden by the honorary tenth
commendmant
to shall not bare full sweetness against a nighboor's wiles.
What those slimes up the cavern door around you, keenin,
(the
lies is coming out on them frecklefully) had the shames to
suggest
can we ever? Never! So may the low forget him their
trespasses

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against Molloyd O'Reilly, that hugglebeddy fann, now about
to
get up, the hardest that Coolock ever! A nought in nought
Eirinishmhan, called Ervigsen by his first mate. May all

similar

douters of our oldhame story have that fancied widming! For a pipe of twist or a slug of Hibernia metal we could let out and,

by jings, someone would make a carpus of somebody with the

greatest of pleasure by private shootings. And in contravention to

the constancy of chemical combinations not enough of all the slatters of him left for Peeter the Picker to make their threi sevelty

filfths of a man out of. Good wheat! How delitious for the three

Sulvans of Dulkey and what a sellpriceget the two Peris of Monacheena! Sugars of lead for the chloras ashpots! Peace!

He

possessing from a child of highest valency for our privileged beholdings ever complete hairy of chest, hamps and eyebags in

pursuance to salesladies' affectionate company. His real devotes.

Wriggling reptiles, take notice! Whereas we exgust all such sprinkling snigs. They are pestituting the whole time never with

standing we simply agree upon the committee of amusance!

Or

could above bring under same notice for it to be able to be seen.

About that coerogenal hun and his knowing the size of an eggcup.

First he was a skulksman at one time and then Cloon's fired

him through guff. Be sage about sausages! Stuttutistics
shows
with he's heacups of teatables the old firm's fatspitters are
most
eatenly appreciated by metropolonians. While we should like
to
drag attentions to our Wolkmans Cumsensation Act. The
magnets
of our midst being foisted upon by a plethorace of
parachutes.
Did speece permit the bad example of setting before the
military
to the best of our belief in the earliest wish of the one in mind
was
the mitigation of the king's evils. And how he staired up the
step after it's the power of the gait. His giantstand of
manunknown.
No brad wishy washy wathy wanted neither! Once you
are balladproof you are unperceable to haily, icy and
missilethroes.
Order now before we reach Ruggers' Rush! As we now
must close hoping to Saint Laurans all in the best. Moral.
Mrs
Stores Humphreys: So you are expecting trouble, Pondups,
from
the domestic service questioned? Mr Stores Humphreys: Just
as

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there is a good in even, Levia, my cheek is a compleet
bleenk.

Plumb. Meaning: one two four. Finckers. Up the hind hose of
hizzars. Whereapon our best again to a hundred and eleven

ploose

one thousand and one other blessings will now concloose
those

epoostles to your great kindest, well, for all at trouble to
took.

We are all at home in old Fintona, thank Danis, for
ourselvesake,

that direst of housebonds, whool wheel be true unto lovesend
so long as we has a pockle full of brass. Impossible to
remember

persons in improbable to forget position places. Who would
pellow his head off to conjure up a, well, particularly mean
stinker

like funn make called Foon MacCrawl brothers, mystery man
of

the pork martyrs? Force in giddersh! Tomothy and Lorcan,
the

bucket Toolers, both are Timsons now they've changed their
characticuls during their blackout. Conan Boyles will pudge
the

daylives out through him, if they are correctly informed.

Music, me

ouldstrow, please! We'll have a brand rehearsal. Fing! One
must

simply laugh. Fing him aging! Good licks! Well, this ought
to weke

him to make up. He'll want all his fury gutmurdherers to
redress

him. Gilly in the gap. The big bad old sprowly all uttering
foon!

Has now stuffed last podding. His fooneal will sneak please
by

creeps o'clock toosday. Kingen will commen. Allso
brewbeer.

Pens picture at Manchem House Horsegardens shown in
Morning

post as from Boston transcripped. Femelles will be
preadaminant

as from twentyeight to twelve. To hear that lovelade
parson, of case, of a bawl gentlemale, pour forther moracles.

Don't

forget! The grand fooneral will now shortly occur.

Remember.

The remains must be removed before eaght hours shorp.

With

earnestly conceived hopes. So help us to witness to this day
to

hand in sleep. From of Mayasdaysed most duteoused.

Well, here's lettering you erroneously anent other
clerical

fands allieged herewith. I wisht I wast be that dumb tyke and
he'd

wish it was me yonther heel. How about it? The sweetest
song

in the world! Our shape as a juvenile being much admired
from

the first with native copper locks. Referring to the Married
Woman's Improperly Act a correspondent paints out that the
Swees Auburnn vogue is hanging down straith fitting to her

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innocenth eyes. O, felicious coolpose! If all the MacCrawls
would

only handle virgils like Armsworks, Limited! That's handsel
for

gertles! Never mind Micklemans! Chat us instead! The cad with the pope's wife, Lily Kinsella, who became the wife of Mr Sneakers for her good name in the hands of the kissing solicitor, will now engage in attentions. Just a prinche for tonight!

Pale bellies our mild cure, back and streaky ninepace.

The thicks off Bully's Acre was got up by Sully. The Boot lane

brigade. And she had a certain medicine brought her in a licenced victualler's bottle. Shame! Thrice shame! We are advised the waxy is at the present in the Sweeps hospital and that he may never come out! Only look through your leatherbox

one day with P.C.Q. about 4.32 or at 8 and 22.5 with the quart of scissions masters and clerk and the bevyhum of Marie

Reparatrices for a good allround sympowdhericks purge, full view,

to be surprised to see under the grand piano Lily on the sofa (and a lady!) pulling a low and then he'd begin to jump a little bit to

find out what goes on when love walks in besides the solicitous

bussness by kissing and looking into a mirror.

That we were treated not very grand when the police and everybody is all bowing to us when we go out in all directions

on Wanterlond Road with my cubarola glide? And, personably

speaking, they can make their beaux to my alce, as Hillary

Allen

sang to the opennine knights. Item, we never were chained
to a
chair, and, bitem, no widower whother soever followed us
about
with a fork on Yankskilling Day. Meet a great civilian (proud
lives to him!) who is gentle as a mushroom and a very
affectable
when he always sits forenenst us for his wet while to all
whom
it may concern Sully is a thug from all he drunk though he is
a
rattling fine bootmaker in his profession. Would we were
herearther
to lodge our complaint on sergeant Laraseny in consequence
of which in such steps taken his health would be constably
broken
into potter's pance which would be the change of his life by a
Nollwelshian which has been oxbelled out of crispianity.

Well, our talks are coming to be resumed by more polite
con-
versation with a huntered persent human over the natural
bestness

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of pleasure after his good few mugs of humbedumb and shag.
While for whoever likes that urogynal pan of cakes one
apiece it is
thanks, beloved, to Adam, our former first Finnletter and our
grocerest churcher, as per Grippiths' varuations, for his
beautiful
crossmess parzel.

Well, we simply like their demb cheeks, the Rathgarries,
wagging here about around the rhythms in me amphybed and
he
being as bothered that he pausably could by the fallth of
hampty
damp. Certified reformed peoples, we may add to this stage,
are
proptably saying to quite agreeable deaf. Here gives your
answer, pigs and scuts! Hence we've lived in two worlds. He
is
another he what stays under the himp of holth. The
herewaker
of our hamefame is his real namesame who will get himself
up
and erect, confident and heroic when but, young as of old, for
my
daily comfreshenall, a wee one woos.

Alma Luvia, Pollabella.

P.S. Soldier Rollo's sweetheart. And she's about fatted up
now
with nonsery reams. And rigs out in regal rooms with the
ritzies.
Rags! Worns out. But she's still her deckhuman amber too.

Soft morning, city! Lsp! I am leafy speafing. Lpf! Foltly
and
foltly all the nights have falled on to long my hair. Not a
sound,
falling. Lispn! No wind no word. Only a leaf, just a leaf and
then leaves. The woods are fond always. As were we their
babes

in. And robins in crews so. It is for me goolden wending.
Unless? Away! Rise up, man of the hooths, you have slept so
long! Or is it only so mesleems? On your pondered palm.
Reclined from cape to pede. With pipe on bowl. Terce for a
fiddler, sixt for makmerriers, none for a Cole. Rise up now
and
aruse! Norvena's over. I am leafy, your goolden, so you
called
me, may me life, yea your goolden, silve me solve,
exsogerraider!
You did so drool. I was so sharm. But there's a great poet in
you
too. Stout Stokes would take you offly. So has he as bored
me
to slump. But am good and rested. Taks to you, toddy, tan ye!
Yawhawaw. Helpunto min, helpas vin. Here is your shirt, the
day
one, come back. The stock, your collar. Also your double
brogues.
A comforter as well. And here your iverol and everthelest
your

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umbr. And stand up tall! Straight. I want to see you looking
fine
for me. With your brandnew big green belt and all. Blooming
in
the very lotust and second to nill, Budd! When you're in the
buckly shuit Rosensharonals near did for you. Fiftyseven and
three, cosh, with the bulge. Proudpurse Alby with his
pooraroon
Eireen, they'll. Pride, comfytousness, enevy! You make me
think

of a wonderdecker I once. Or somebalt thet sailder, the man
megallant,
with the bangled ears. Or an earl was he, at Lucan? Or,
no, it's the Iren duke's I mean. Or somebrey erse from the
Dark
Countries. Come and let us! We always said we'd. And go
abroad.
Rathgreany way perhaps. The childher are still fast. There is
no
school today. Them boys is so contrary. The Head does be
worrying himself. Heel trouble and heal travel. Galliver and
Gellover. Unless they changes by mistake. I seen the likes in
the twinngling of an aye. Som. So oft. Sim. Time after time.
The sehm asnuh. Two bredder as doffered as nors in soun.
When
one of him sighs or one of him cries 'tis you all over. No
peace
at all. Maybe it's those two old crony aunts held them out to
the
water front. Queer Mrs Quickenough and odd Miss
Doddpebble.
And when them two has had a good few there isn't much
more dirty clothes to publish. From the Laundersdale
Minssions.
One chap googling the holyboy's thingabib and this lad
wetting
his widdle. You were pleased as Punch, recitating war
exploits
and pearse orations to them jackeen gapers. But that night
after,
all you were wanton! Bidding me do this and that and the
other.

And blowing off to me, hugly Judsys, what wouldn't you
give
to have a girl! Your wish was mewill. And, lo, out of a sky!
The
way I too. But her, you wait. Eager to choose is left to her
shade.
If she had only more matcher's wit. Findlings makes
runaways,
runaways a stray. She's as merry as the gricks still. 'Twould
be
sore should ledden sorrow. I'll wait. And I'll wait. And then if
all goes. What will be is. Is is. But let them. Slops hospodch
and
the slusky slut too. He's for thee what she's for me. Dogging
you
round cove and haven and teaching me the perts of speech. If
you
spun your yarns to him on the swishbarque waves I was
spelling
my yarns to her over cottage cake. We'll not disturb their
sleeping

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duties. Let besoms be bosuns. It's Phoenix, dear. And the
flame is, hear! Let's our joornee saintomichael make it. Since
the
lausafire has lost and the book of the depth is. Closed. Come!
Step out of your shell! Hold up you free fing! Yes. We've
light
enough. I won't take our laddy's lampern. For them four old
windbags of Gustsofairy to be blowing at. Nor you your
rucksunck.
To bring all the dannymans out after you on the hike. Send

Arctur guiddus! Isma! Sft! It is the softest morning that ever
I
can ever remember me. But she won't rain showerly, our
Ilma. Yet.
Until it's the time. And me and you have made our. The sons
of
bursters won in the games. Still I'll take me owld Finvara for
my
shawlders. The trout will be so fine at brookfisht. With a
taste
of roly polony from Blugpuddels after. To bring out the tang
of
the tay. Is't you fain for a roost brood? Oaxmealturn, all out
of
the woolpalls! And then all the chippy young cuppinjars
cluttering
round us, clottering for their creams. Crying, me, grownup
sister! Are me not truly? Lst! Only but, theres a but, you
must
buy me a fine new girdle too, nolly. When next you go to
Market
Norwall. They're all saying I need it since the one from
Isaacsen's
slooped its line. Mrknrk? Fy arthou! Come! Give me your
great
bearspaw, padder avilky, fol a miny tiny. Dola.
Mineninecyhandsy,
in the languo of flows. That's Jorgen Jargonsen. But you
understood, nodst? I always know by your brights and
shades.
Reach down. A lil mo. So. Draw back your glave. Hot and
hairy,

hugon, is your hand! Here's where the falskin begins. Smoos
as
an infams. One time you told you'd been burnt in ice. And
one
time it was chemicalled after you taking a lifeness. Maybe
that's
why you hold your hodd as if. And people thinks you missed
the
scaffold. Of fell design. I'll close me eyes. So not to see. Or
see only
a youth in his florizel, a boy in innocence, peeling a twig, a
child be-
side a weenywhite steed. The child we all love to place our
hope in
for ever. All men has done something. Be the time they've
come to
the weight of old fletch. We'll lave it. So. We will take our
walk
before in the timpul they ring the earthly bells. In the church
by the hearseyard. Pax Goodmens will. Or the birds start
their
treestirm shindy. Look, there are yours off, high on high!
And

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cooshes, sweet good luck they're cawing you, Coole! You
see,
they're as white as the riven snae. For us. Next peaters poll
you
will be elicited or I'm not your elicitous bribe. The Kinsella
woman's man will never reduce me. A MacGarath O'Cullagh
O'Muirk MacFewney sookadoodling and sweepacheeping
round

the lodge of Fjorn na Galla of the Trumpets! It's like potting
the
po to shambe on the dresser or tamming Uncle Tim's
Caubeen
on to the brows of a Viker Eagle. Not such big strides, huddy
foddy! You'll crush me antilopes I saved so long for. They're
Penisole's. And the two goodiest shoeshoes. It is hardly a
Knut's
mile or seven, possumbotts. It is very good for the health of a
morning. With Buahbuah. A gentle motion all around. As
leisure paces. And the helpyourselftoastrool cure's easy. It
seems
so long since, ages since. As if you had been long far away.
Afartodays, afeartonights, and me as with you in thadark.
You
will tell me some time if I can believe its all. You know
where
I am bringing you? You remember? When I ran berrying
after
hucks and haws. With you drawing out great aims to hazel
me
from the hummock with your sling. Our cries. I could lead
you
there and I still by you in bed. Les go dutc to Danegreven,
nos? Not a soul but ourselves. Time? We have loads on our
hangs. Till Gilligan and Halligan call again to hooligan. And
the rest of the guns. Sullygan eight, from left to right.
Olobobo,
ye foxy theagues! The moskors thought to ball you out. Or
the Wald Unicorns Master, Bugley Captain, from the Naul,
drawls
up by the door with the Honourable Whilp and the Reverend

Poynter and the two Lady Pagets of Tallyhaugh, Ballyhuntus,
in their riddletight raiding hats for to lift a hereshealth to
their

robost, the Stag, evers the Carlton hart. And you needn't host
out with your duck and your duty, capapole, while they reach
him the glass he never starts to finish. Clap this wis on your
poll

and stick this in your ear, wiggly! Beauties don't answer and
the

rich never pays. If you were the enlarged they'd hue in cry
you,

Heathtown, Harbournstoun, Snowtown, Four Knocks,
Flemingtoun,

Bodingtoun to the Ford of Fyne on Delvin. How they
housed to house you after the Platonic garlens! And all
because,

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loosed in her reflexes, she seem she seen Ericoricori
coricome

huntsome with his three poach dogs aleashing him. But you
came

safe through. Enough of that horner corner! And old
mutthergoosip!

We might call on the Old Lord, what do you say? There's
something tells me. He is a fine sport. Like the score and a
moighty

went before him. And a proper old prommentory. His door
always open. For a newera's day. Much as your own is. You
invoiced him last Eatster so he ought to give us hockockles
and

everything. Remember to take off your white hat, ech? When
we come in the presence. And say hoothoothoo,

ithmuthisthy!

His is house of laws. And I'll drop my graciast kertssey too.

If
the Ming Tung no go bo to me homage me hamage kow bow
tow to the Mong Tang. Ceremonialness to stand lowest place
be! Saying: What'll you take to link to light a pike on
porpoise,

plaise? He might knight you an Armor elsor daub you the
first

cheap magyerstrape. Remember Bomthomanew vim vam
vom

Hungerig. Hoteform, chain and epolettes, botherbumbose.

And

I'll be your aural eyeness. But we vain. Plain fancies. It's in
the

castles air. My currant bread's full of sillymottocraft. Aloof is
anoof. We can take or leave. He's reading his ruffs. You'll
know

our way from there surely. Flura's way. Where once we led so
many car couples have follied since. Clatchka! Giving
Shaughnessy's

mare the hillymount of her life. With her struldeburgghers!
Hnmn hnmn! The rollcky road adondering. We can sit
us down on the heathery benn, me on you, in quolm
unconsciounce.

To scand the arising. Out from Drumleek. It was there
Evora told me I had best. If I ever. When the moon of
mourning

is set and gone. Over Glinaduna. Lonu nula. Ourselves,
oursouls

alone. At the site of salvocean. And watch would the letter
you're

wanting be coming may be. And cast ashore. That I prays for
be mains of me draims. Scratching it and patching at with a
prompt from a primer. And what scrips of nutsnolleges I
pecked

up me meself. Every letter is a hard but yours sure is the
hardest

crux ever. Hack an axe, hook an oxe, hath an an, heth hith
ences.

But once done, dealt and delivered, tattat, you're on the map.
Rased on traumscrip from Maston, Boss. After rounding his

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world of ancient days. Carried in a caddy or screwed and
corked.

On his mugisstosst surface. With a bob, bob, bottledby. Blob.
When the waves give up yours the soil may for me.

Sometime

then, somewhere there, I wrote me hopes and buried the page
when I heard Thy voice, ruddery dunner, so loud that none
but,

and left it to lie till a kissmiss coming. So content me now.

Lss.

Unbuild and be buildn our bankaloan cottage there and we'll
cohabit respectable. The Gowans, ser, for Medem, me. With
acute bubel runtoer for to pippup and gopeep where the
sterres

be. Just to see would we hear how Jove and the peers talk.

Amid

the soleness. Tilltop, bigmaster! Scale the summit! You're not
so giddy any more. All your graundplotting and the little it
brought! Humps, when you hised us and dumps, when you
doused us! But sarra one of me cares a brambling ram, pomp
porteryark! On limpidy marge I've made me hoom. Park and

a

pub for me. Only don't start your stunts of Donachie's yeards agoad again. I could guessp to her name who tuckt you that one, tufnut!

Bold bet backwards. For the loves of sinfintins! Before the naked universe. And the bailby pleasemarm rincing his eye!

One

of these fine days, lewdy culler, you must redoform again. Blessed shield Martin! Softly so. I am so exquisitely pleased about

the loveleavest dress I have. You will always call me

Leafiest,

won't you, dowling? Wordherfhull Ohldhbhoy! And you won't

urbjunk to me parafume, oiled of kolooney, with a spot of marashy.

Sm! It's Alpine Smile from Yesthers late Yhesters. I'm in everywince nasturtls. Even in Houlth's nose.

Medeurscodeignus!

Astale of astoun. Grand owld marauder! If I knew who you are!

When that hark from the air said it was Captain Finsen makes cum-

hulments and was mayit pressing for his suit I said are you there

here's nobody here only me. But I near fell off the pile of samples.

As if your tinger winged ting to me hear. Is that right what your brothermilk in Bray bes telling the district you were bragged

up by Brostal because your parents would be always tumbling

into his foulplace and losing her pentacosts after drinking
their
pledges? Howsomendeavour, you done me fine! The only
man
was ever known could eat the crushts of lobsters. Our native
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night when you twicetook me for some Marienne Sherry and
then your Jermyn cousin who signs hers with exes and the
beardwig

I found in your Clarksome bag. Pharaops you'll play you're
the king of Aeships. You certainly make the most royal of
noises.

I will tell you all sorts of makeup things, strangerous. And
show

you to every simple storyplace we pass. *Cadmillersfolly,*
Bellevenue,

Wellcrom, Quid Superabit, villities valleties. Change the
plates

for the next course of murphies! Spendlove's still there and
the

canon going strong and so is Claffey's habits endurtaking and
our parish pomp's a great warrent. But you'll have to ask that
same four that named them is always snugging in your
barsalooner,

saying they're the best relicts of Conal O'Daniel and
writing *Finglas since the Flood*. That'll be some kingly work
in pro-

gress. But it's by this route he'll come some morrow. And I
can signal you all flint and fern are rasstling as we go by.

And

you'll sing thumb a bit and then wise your selmon on it. It is
all

so often and still the same to me. Snf? Only turf, wick dear!

Clane

turf. You've never forgodden batt on tarf, have you, at broin burroow, what? Mch? Why, them's the muchrooms, come up during the night. Look, agres of roofs in parshes. Dom on dam,

dim in dym. And a capital part for olympics to ply at.

Steadyon,

Cooloosus! Mind your stride or you'll knock. While I'm dodging

the dustbins. Look what I found! A lintil pea. And look at here!

This cara weeseed. Pretty mites, my sweetthings, was they poorloves

abandoned by wholawidey world? Neighboulotts for newtown.

The Eblanamagna you behazyheld loomening up out of the dumblyness. But the still sama sitta. I've lapped so long. As you

said. It fair takes. If I lose my breath for a minute or two don't

speak, remember! Once it happened, so it may again. Why I'm

all these years within years in soffran, allbeleaved. To hide away

the tear, the parted. It's thinking of all. The brave that gave their.

The fair that wore. All them that's gunne. I'll begin again in a jiffey. The nik of a nad. How glad you'll be I waked you!

My!

How well you'll feel! For ever after. First we turn by the vagurin

here and then it's gooder. So side by side, turn agate,
weddingtown,
laud men of Londub! I only hope whole the heavens sees

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us. For I feel I could near to faint away. Into the deeps.

Annamores

leep. Let me lean, just a lea, if you le, bowldstrong bigtider.
Allgearls is wea. At times. So. While you're adamant evar.
Wrhps, that wind as if out of norewere! As on the night of the
Apophanyes. Jumpst shootst throbbst into me mouth like a
bogue and arrohs! Ludegude of the Lashlanns, how he whips
me cheeks! Sea, sea! Here, weir, reach, island, bridge. Where
you

meet I. The day. Remember! Why there that moment and us
two only? I was but teen, a tiler's dot. The swankysuits was
boosting always, sure him, he was like to me fad. But the
swaggerest

swell off Shackvulle Strutt. And the fiercest freaky ever
followed a pining child round the sluppy table with a
forkful

of fat. But a king of whistlers. Scieoula! When he'd prop me
atlas

against his goose and light our two candles for our singers
duohs

on the sewingmachine. I'm sure he squirted juice in his eyes
to

make them flash for flightening me. Still and all he was
awful

fond to me. Who'll search for *Find Me Colours* now on the
hillydroops

of Vikloefells? But I read in Tobecontinued's tale that while
blubles blows there'll still be sealskers. There'll be others but

non

so for me. Yed he never knew we seen us before. Night after night. So that I longed to go to. And still with all. One time you'd

stand fornenst me, fairly laughing, in your bark and tan billows of

branches for to fan me coolly. And I'd lie as quiet as a moss.

And

one time you'd rush upon me, darkly roaring, like a great black

shadow with a sheeny stare to perce me rawly. And I'd frozen up and pray for thawe. Three times in all. I was the pet of everyone

then. A princeable girl. And you were the pantymammy's Vulking

Corsergoth. The invision of Indelond. And, by Thorrer, you looked it! My lips went livid for from the joy of fear. Like almost

now. How? How you said how you'd give me the keys of me heart. And we'd be married till delth to uspart. And though dev

do espart. O mine! Only, no, now it's me who's got to give.

As

duv herself div. Inn this linn. And can it be it's nnow fforvell? Illas! I wisht I had better glances to peer to you through this baylight's

growing. But you're changing, acoolsha, you're changing from me, I can feel. Or is it me is? I'm getting mixed.

Brightening

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up and tightening down. Yes, you're changing, sonhusband, and

you're turning, I can feel you, for a daughterwife from the hills
again. Imlamaya. And she is coming. Swimming in my hindmoist.
Diveltaking on me tail. Just a whisk brisk sly spry spink spank
sprint of a thing theresomere, saultering. Saltarella come to her
own. I pity your oldself I was used to. Now a younger's there.
Try not to part! Be happy, dear ones! May I be wrong! For she'll
be sweet for you as I was sweet when I came down out of me mother. My great blue bedroom, the air so quiet, scarce a cloud.
In peace and silence. I could have stayed up there for always only.
It's something fails us. First we feel. Then we fall. And let her rain
now if she likes. Gently or strongly as she likes. Anyway let her
rain for my time is come. I done me best when I was let.
Thinking
always if I go all goes. A hundred cares, a tithe of troubles and
is there one who understands me? One in a thousand of years of
the nights? All me life I have been lived among them but now
they are becoming lothed to me. And I am lothing their little warm tricks. And lothing their mean cosy turns. And all the greedy gushes out through their small souls. And all the lazy leaks down over their brash bodies. How small it's all! And

me

letting on to meself always. And liting on all the time. I
thought

you were all glittering with the noblest of carriage. You're
only

a bumpkin. I thought you the great in all things, in guilt and
in

glory. You're but a puny. Home! My people were not their
sort

out beyond there so far as I can. For all the bold and bad and
bleary they are blamed, the seahags. No! Nor for all our wild
dances in all their wild din. I can seen meself among them,

allaniuvia

pulchrabelled. How she was handsome, the wild Amazia,
when she would seize to my other breast! And what is she
weird,

haughty Niluna, that she will snatch from my ownest hair!

For

'tis they are the stormies. Ho hang! Hang ho! And the clash
of

our cries till we spring to be free. Auravoles, they says, never
heed

of your name! But I'm loothing them that's here and all I
lothe.

Loonely in me loneness. For all their faults. I am passing out.

O

bitter ending! I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never
see.

Nor know. Nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and old
it's

sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad
father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the
mere
size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moananoaning,
makes me
seasilt saltsick and I rush, my only, into your arms. I see them
rising! Save me from those therrble prongs! Two more.
Onetwo
moremens more. So. Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from
me.
All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of.
Lff!
So soft this morning, ours. Yes. Carry me along, taddy, like
you
done through the toy fair! If I seen him bearing down on me
now
under whitespread wings like he'd come from Arkangels, I
sink
I'd die down over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup.
Yes,
tid. There's where. First. We pass through grass behush the
bush
to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here.
Us
then. Finn, again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till
thousandsthee.
Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a
long the

PARIS,
1922-1939.