

James Joyce: *Finnegans Wake*. Full Text.
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James Joyce

Finnegans Wake

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FW Episodes

PART ONE:

1. Episode **One** (27 pages, from 003 to 029)
2. Episode **Two** (18 pages, from 030 to 047)
3. Episode **Three** (27 pages, from 048 to 074)
4. Episode **Four** (29 pages, from 075 to 103)
5. Episode **Five** (22 pages, from 104 to 125)
6. Episode **Six** (43 pages, from 126 to 168)
7. Episode **Seven** (27 pages, from 169 to 195)
8. Episode **Eight** (21 pages, from 196 to 216)

PART TWO:

9. Episode **Nine** (41 pages, from 219 to 259)
10. Episode **Ten** (49 pages, from 260 to 308)
11. Episode **Eleven** (74 pages, from 309 to 382)
12. Episode **Twelve** (17 pages, from 383 to 399)



PART THREE:

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- 14. Episode **Fourteen** (45 pages, from 429 to 473)
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- 16. Episode **Sixteen** (36 pages, from 555 to 590)

PART FOUR:

- 17. Episode **Seventeen** (36 pages, from 593 to 628)



1. Episode ONE (27 pages, from 003 to 029)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW003				
riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend	1			
of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to	2			
Howth Castle and Environs.	3			
Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr'over the short sea, had passen-	4			
core rearrived from North Armorica on this side the scraggy	5			
isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor	6			
had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselfe	7			
to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper	8			
all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowsed mishe mishe to	9			
tauftauf thuartpeatrick: not yet, though venissoon after, had a	10			

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kidscad buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all's fair in	11			
vanessy, were sosie sesthers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a	12			
peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory	13			
end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.	14			
The fall (bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonner-	15			
ronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohooorderenthur-	16			
nuk!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and later	17			
on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the	18			
offwall entailed at such short notice the pftjschute of Finnegan,	19			
erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humself promptly sends	20			
an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumptytumtoes:	21			
and their upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park	22			
where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since dev-	23			
linsfirst loved livvy.	24			
FW004				
What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrygods gaggin fishy-	1			
gods! Brékkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kóax Kóax Kóax! Ualu	2			
Ualu Ualu! Quaouauh! Where the Baddelaries partisans are still	3			
out to mathmaster Malachus Micgranes and the Verdons cata-	4			
pelting the camibalistics out of the Whoyteboyce of Hoodie	5			
Head. Assiegates and boomerinstroms. Sod's brood, be me fear!	6			



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Sanglorians, save! Arms apeal with larms, appalling. Killykill-	7			
killy: a toll, a toll. What chance cuddleys, what cashels aired	8			
and ventilated! What bidimetoloves sinduced by what tegotetab-	9			
solvers! What true feeling for their's hayair with what strawng	10			
voice of false jiccup! O here here how hoth sprowled met the	11			
duskt the father of fornicationists but, (O my shining stars and	12			
body!) how hath fanespanned most high heaven the skysign of	13			
soft advertisement! But waz iz? Iseut? Ere were sewers? The oaks	14			
of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where askes lay. Phall if	15			
you but will, rise you must: and none so soon either shall the	16			
pharce for the nunce come to a setdown secular phoenish.	17			
Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen's mau-	18			
rer, lived in the broadest way immarginable in his rushlit toofar-	19			
back for messuages before joshuan judges had given us numbers	20			
or Helviticus committed deuteronomy (one yeastyday he sternely	21			
struxk his tete in a tub for to watsch the future of his fates but ere	22			
he swiftly stook it out again, by the might of moses, the very wat-	23			
er was eviparated and all the guenneses had met their exodus so	24			
that ought to show you what a pentschanjeuchy chap he was!)	25			
and during mighty odd years this man of hod, cement and edi-	26			
fices in Toper's Thorp piled bildung supra bildung pon the	27			
banks for the livers by the Soangso. He addle liddle phifie Annie	28			
ugged the little craythur. Wither hayre in honds tuck up your part	29			



inher. Oftwhile balbulous, mithre ahead, with goodly trowel in	30			
grasp and ivoroiled overalls which he habitacularly fondseed, like	31			
Haroun Childeric Eggeberth he would caligulate by multiplicab-	32			
les the alltitude and malltitude until he seesaw by neatlight of the	33			
liquor wheretwin 'twas born, his roundhead staple of other days	34			
to rise in undress maisonry upstanded (joygrantit!), a waalworth	35			
of a skyerscape of most eyeful hoyth entowerly, erigenating from	36			
FW005				
next to nothing and celescalating the himals and all, hierarchitec-	1			
titiptitoploftical, with a burning bush abob off its baubletop and	2			
with larrons o'toolers clittering up and tombles a'buckets clotter-	3			
ing down.	4			
Of the first was he to bare arms and a name: Wassaily Boos-	5			
laeugh of Riesengeborg. His crest of huroldry, in vert with	6			
ancillars, troublant, argent, a hegoak, poursuivant, horrid, horned.	7			
His scutschum fessed, with archers strung, helio, of the second.	8			
Hootch is for husbandman handling his hoe. Hohohoho, Mister	9			
Finn, you're going to be Mister Finnagain! Comeday morm and,	10			
O, you're vine! Sendday's eve and, ah, you're vinegar! Hahahaha,	11			
Mister Funn, you're going to be fined again!	12			
What then agentlike brought about that tragoady thundersday	13			

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this municipal sin business? Our cubehouse still rocks as earwitness	14			
to the thunder of his arafatas but we hear also through successive	15			
ages that shebby choruysh of unkalified muzzlenimiissilehims that	16			
would blackguardise the whitestone ever hurtleturtled out of	17			
heaven. Stay us wherefore in our search for tighteousness, O Sus-	18			
tainer, what time we rise and when we take up to toothmick and	19			
before we lump down upown our leatherbed and in the night and	20			
at the fading of the stars! For a nod to the nabir is better than wink	21			
to the wabsanti. Otherways wesways like that provost scoffing	22			
bedoueen the jebel and the jpyisian sea. Cropherb the crunch-	23			
bracken shall decide. Then we'll know if the feast is a flyday. She	24			
has a gift of seek on site and she allcasually ansars helpers, the	25			
dreamydeary. Heed! Heed! It may half been a missfired brick, as	26			
some say, or it mought have been due to a collupsus of his back	27			
promises, as others looked at it. (There extand by now one thou-	28			
sand and one stories, all told, of the same). But so sore did abe	29			
ite ivvy's holired abbles, (what with the wallhall's horrors of rolls-	30			
rights, carhacks, stonengens, kistvanes, tramtrees, fargobawlers,	31			
autokinotons, hippohobbilies, streetfleets, tournintaxes, mega-	32			
phoggs, circuses and wardsmoats and basilikerks and aeropagods	33			
and the hoyse and the jollybrool and the peeler in the coat and	34			
the mecklenburk bitch bite at his ear and the merlinburrow bur-	35			
rocks and his fore old porecourts, the bore the more, and his	36			

FW006				
blightblack workingstacks at twelvepins a dozen and the noobi-	1			
busses sleighding along Safetyfirst Street and the derryjellybies	2			
snooping around Tell-No-Tailors' Corner and the fumes and the	3			
hopes and the strupithump of his ville's indigenous romekeepers,	4			
homesweepers, domecreepers, thurum and thurum in fancymud	5			
murumd and all the uproor from all the aufroofs, a roof for may	6			
and a reef for hugh butt under his bridge suits tony) wan warn-	7			
ing Phill filt tipping full. His howd feeled heavy, his hoddit did	8			
shake. (There was a wall of course in erection) Dimb! He stot-	9			
tered from the latter. Damb! he was dud. Dumb! Mastabatoom,	10			
mastabadtomm, when a mon merries his lute is all long. For	11			
whole the world to see.	12			
Shize? I should shee! Macool, Macool, orra whyi deed ye diie?	13			
of a trying thirstay mournin? Sobs they sighdid at Fillagain's	14			
chrissormiss wake, all the hoolivans of the nation, prostrated in	15			
their consternation and their duodisimally profusive plethora of	16			
ululation. There was plumbs and grumes and cheriffs and citherers	17			
and raiders and cinemen too. And the all gianed in with the shout-	18			
most shoviality. Agog and magog and the round of them agrog.	19			
To the continuation of that celebration until Hanandhunigan's	20			

extermination! Some in kinkin corass, more, kankan keening.	21			
Belling him up and filling him down. He's stiff but he's steady is	22			
Priam Olim! 'Twas he was the dacent gaylabouring youth. Sharpen	23			
his pillowscone, tap up his bier! E'erawhere in this whorl would ye	24			
hear sich a din again? With their deepbrow fundigs and the dusty	25			
fidelios. They laid him brawdawn alanglast bed. With a bockalips	26			
of finisky fore his feet. And a barrowload of guenesis hoer his head.	27			
Tee the tootal of the fluid hang the twoddle of the fuddled, O!	28			
Hurrah, there is but young gleve for the owl globe wheels in	29			
view which is tautalogically the same thing. Well, Him a being	30			
so on the flounder of his bulk like an overgrown babeling, let wee	31			
peep, see, at Hom, well, see peegee ought he ought, platterplate. ¶	32			
Hum! From Shopalist to Bailywick or from ashtun to baronoath	33			
or from Buythebanks to Roundthehead or from the foot of the	34			
bill to ireglint's eye he calmly extensolies. And all the way (a	35			
horn!) from fjord to fjell his baywinds' oboboies shall wail him	36			
FW007				
rockbound (hoahoahoah!) in swimswamswum and all the livvy-	1			
long night, the delldale dalppling night, the night of bluerybells,	2			
her flittaflute in tricky trochees (O carina! O carina!) wake him.	3			
With her issavan essavans and her patterjackmartins about all	4			

them inns and ouses. Tilling a teel of a tum, telling a toll of a tea-	5			
ry turty Taubling. Grace before Glutton. For what we are, gifs	6			
à gross if we are, about to believe. So pool the begg and pass the	7			
kish for crawsake. Omen. So sigh us. Grampupus is fallen down	8			
but grinny sprids the boord. Whase on the joint of a desh? Fin-	9			
foefom the Fush. Whase be his baken head? A loaf of Singpan-	10			
try's Kennedy bread. And whase hitched to the hop in his tayle?	11			
A glass of Danu U'Dunnell's foamous olde Dobbelin ayle. But,	12			
lo, as you would quaffoff his fraudstuff and sink teeth through	13			
that pyth of a flowerwhite bodey behold of him as behemoth for	14			
he is noewhemoe. Finiche! Only a fadograph of a yestern scene.	15			
Almost rubicund Salmosalar, ancient fromout the ages of the Ag-	16			
apemonides, he is smolten in our mist, woebecanned and packt	17			
away. So that meal's dead off for summan, schlook, schlice and	18			
goodridhirring.	19			
Yet may we not see still the brontoichthyan form outlined a-	20			
slumbered, even in our own nighttime by the sedge of the trout-	21			
ling stream that Bronto loved and Brunto has a lean on. <i>Hic cubat</i>	22			
<i>edilis. Apud libertinam parvulam.</i> Whatif she be in flags or flitters,	23			
reekierags or sundyechosies, with a mint of mines or beggar a	24			
pinnyweight. Arrah, sure, we all love little Anny Ruiny, or, we	25			
mean to say, lovelittle Anna Rayiny, when unda her brella, mid	26			
piddle med puddle, she ninnygoes nannygoes nancing by. Yoh!	27			

Brontolone slaaps, yoh snoores. Upon Benn Heather, in Seeples	28			
Isout too. The cranic head on him, caster of his reasons, peer yu-	29			
thner in yondmist. Whooth? His clay feet, swarded in verdigrass,	30			
stick up starck where he last fellonem, by the mund of the maga-	31			
zine wall, where our maggy seen all, with her sisterin shawl.	32			
While over against this belles' alliance beyind Ill Sixty, ollol-	33			
lowed ill! bagsides of the fort, bom, tarabom, tarabom, lurk the	34			
ombushes, the site of the lyffing-in-wait of the upjock and hock-	35			
ums. Hence when the clouds roll by, jamey, a proudseye view is	36			
FW008				
enjoyable of our mounding's mass, now Wallinstone national	1			
museum, with, in some greenish distance, the charming water-	2			
loose country and the two quitewhite villagettes who hear show	3			
of themselves so gigglesomes minxt the follyages, the prettilees!	4			
Penetrators are permitted into the museomound free. Welsh and	5			
the Paddy Patkinses, one shelenk! Redismembers invalids of old	6			
guard find poussepousse pousseyprom to sate the sort of their butt.	7			
For her passkey supply to the janitrix, the mistress Kathe. Tip.	8			
This the way to the museyroom. Mind your hats goan in!	9			
Now yiz are in the Willingdone Museyroom. This is a Prooshi-	10			
ous gunn. This is a ffrinch. Tip. This is the flag of the Prooshi-	11			

ous, the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of	12			
the Prooshious. This is the ffrinch that fire on the Bull that bang	13			
the flag of the Prooshious. Saloos the Crossgunn! Up with your	14			
pike and fork! Tip. (Bullsfoot! Fine!) This is the triplewon hat of	15			
Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleumhat. This is the Willingdone on his	16			
same white harse, the Cokenhape. This is the big Sraughter Wil-	17			
lingdone, grand and magentic in his goldtin spurs and his ironed	18			
dux and his quarterbrass woodyshoes and his magnate's gharters	19			
and his bangkok's best and goliar's goloshes and his pullupon-	20			
easyan wartrews. This is his big wide harse. Tip. This is the three	21			
lipoleum boyne grouching down in the living detch. This is an	22			
inimyskilling inglis, this is a scotcher grey, this is a davy, stoop-	23			
ing. This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. A	24			
Gallawghurs argaumunt. This is the petty lipoleum boy that	25			
was nayther bag nor bug. Assaye, assaye! Touchole Fitz Tuo-	26			
mush. Dirty MacDyke. And Hairy O'Hurry. All of them	27			
arminus-varminus. This is Delian alps. This is Mont Tivel,	28			
this is Mont Tipsey, this is the Grand Mons Injun. This is the	29			
crimealine of the alps hooping to sheltershock the three lipoleums.	30			
This is the jinnies with their legahorns feinting to read in their	31			
handmade's book of stralegy while making their war undisides	32			
the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is	33			
a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is big	34			

Willingdone mormorial tallowscoop Wounderworker obscides	35			
on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower. Tip. This	36			
FW009				
is me Belchum sneaking his phillippy out of his most Awful	1			
Grimmest Sunshat Cromwelly. Looted. This is the jinnies' hast-	2			
ings dispatch for to irrigate the Willingdone. Dispatch in thin	3			
red lines cross the shortfront of me Belchum. Yaw, yaw, yaw!	4			
Leaper Orthor. Fear siecken! Fieldgaze thy tiny frow. Hugact-	5			
ing. Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to fontannoy the	6			
Willingdone. Shee, shee, shee! The jinnies is jillous agincourting	7			
all the lipoleums. And the lipoleums is gonn boycottoncrezy onto	8			
the one Willingdone. And the Willingdone git the band up. This	9			
is bode Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his secred word with a	10			
ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's hur-	11			
old dispitchback. Dispitch deployed on the regions rare of me	12			
Belchum. Salamangra! Ayi, ayi, ayi! Cherry jinnies. Figtreeyou!	13			
Damn fairy ann, Voutre. Willingdone. That was the first joke of	14			
Willingdone, tic for tac. Hee, hee, hee! This is me Belchum in	15			
his twelvemile cowchooks, weet, tweet and stampforth foremost,	16			
footing the camp for the jinnies. Drink a sip, drankasup, for he's	17			
as sooner buy a guinness than he'd stale store stout. This is Roo-	18			

shious balls. This is a ttrinch. This is mistletropes. This is Canon	19			
Futter with the popynose. After his hundred days' indulgence.	20			
This is the blessed. Tarra's widdars! This is jinnies in the bonny	21			
bawn blooches. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This is the	22			
Willingdone, by the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre!	23			
(Bullsear! Play!) This is camelry, this is floodens, this is the	24			
solphereens in action, this is their mobbily, this is panickburns.	25			
Almeidagad! Arthiz too loose! This is Willingdone cry. Brum!	26			
Brum! Cumbrum! This is jinnies cry. Underwetter! Goat	27			
strip Finnlambs! This is jinnies rinning away to their ouster-	28			
lists dowan a bunkersheels. With a nip nippy nip and a trip trip-	29			
py trip so airy. For their heart's right there. Tip. This is me Bel-	30			
chum's tinkyou tankyou silvoor plate for citchin the crapes in	31			
the cool of his canister. Poor the pay! This is the bissmark of the	32			
marathon merry of the jinnies they left behind them. This is the	33			
Willingdone branlish his same marmorial tallowscoop Sophy-	34			
Key-Po for his royal divorsion on the rinnaway jinnies. Gam-	35			
bariste della porca! Dalaveras fimmieras! This is the pettiest	36			
FW010				
of the lipoleums, Toffeethief, that spy on the Willingdone from	1			

his big white harse, the Capeinhope. Stonewall Willingdone	2			
is an old maxy montrumeny. Lipoleums is nice hung bushel-	3			
lors. This is hiena hinnessy laughing aloud at the Willing-	4			
done. This is lipsyg dooley krieging the funk from the hinnessy.	5			
This is the hinndoo Shimar Shin between the dooley boy and the	6			
hinnessy. Tip. This is the wixy old Willingdone picket up the	7			
half of the threefoiled hat of lipoleums fromoud of the bluddle	8			
filth. This is the hinndoo waxing ranjymad for a bombshoob.	9			
This is the Willingdone hanking the half of the hat of lipoleums	10			
up the tail on the buckside of his big white harse. Tip. That was	11			
the last joke of Willingdone. Hit, hit, hit! This is the same white	12			
harse of the Willingdone, Culpenhelp, waggling his tailoscrupp	13			
with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insoult on the hinndoo see-	14			
boy. Hney, hney, hney! (Bullstrag! Foul!) This is the seeboy,	15			
madrashattaras, upjump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone:	16			
Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! This is the Willingdone, bornstable	17			
ghentleman, tindere his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shin.	18			
Basucker youstead! This is the dooforhim seeboy blow the whole	19			
of the half of the hat of lipoleums off of the top of the tail on the	20			
back of his big wide harse. Tip (Bullseye! Game!) How Copen-	21			
hagen ended. This way the museyroom. Mind your boots goan	22			
out.	23			
Phew!	24			

What a warm time we were in there but how keling is here the	25			
airabouts! We nowhere she lives but you mussna tell annaone for	26			
the lamp of Jig-a-Lantern! It's a candlelittle houthse of a month	27			
and one windies. Downadown, High Downadown. And num-	28			
mered quaintlymine. And such reasonable weather too! The wa-	29			
grant wind's awalt'zaround the piltdowns and on every blasted	30			
knollyrock (if you can spot fifty I spy four more) there's that	31			
gnarlybird ygathering, a runalittle, doalittle, preealittle, pouralittle,	32			
wipealittle, kicksalittle, severalittle, eatalittle, whinealittle, kenalittle,	33			
helfalittle, pelfalittle gnarlybird. A verytableland of bleakbardfields!	34			
Under his seven wrothschiolds lies one, Lumproar. His glav toside	35			
him. Skud ontorsed. Our pigeons pair are flewn for northcliffs.	36			
FW011				
The three of crows have flapped it southerly, kraaking of de	1			
baccle to the kvarters of that sky whence triboos answer; Wail,	2			
'tis well! She niver comes out when Thon's on shower or when	3			
Thon's flash with his Nixy girls or when Thon's blowing toom-	4			
cracks down the gaels of Thon. No nubon no! Neblas on you liv!	5			
Her would be too moochy afreet. Of Burymeleg and Bindme-	6			
rollingeyes and all the deed in the woe. Fe fo fom! She jist does	7			
hopes till byes will be byes. Here, and it goes on to appear now,	8			

she comes, a peacefugle, a parody's bird, a peri potmother,	9		
a pringlpik in the ilandiskippy, with peewee and powwows in	10		
beggybaggy on her bickybacky and a flick flask fleckflinging	11		
its pixylighting pacts' huemeramybows, picking here, pecking	12		
there, pussypussy plunderpussy. But it's the armitides toonigh,	13		
militopucos, and toomourn we wish for a muddy kissmans to the	14		
minutia workers and there's to be a gorgeups truce for happinest	15		
childher everwere. Come nebo me and suso sing the day we	16		
sallybright. She's burrowed the coacher's headlight the better to	17		
pry (who goes cute goes siocur and shoos aroun) and all spoiled	18		
goods go into her nabsack: curtrages and rattlin buttins, nappy	19		
spattees and flasks of all nations, clavicures and scampulars, maps,	20		
keys and woodpiles of haypennies and moonled brooches with	21		
bloodstaned breeks in em, boaston nightgarters and masses of	22		
shoesets and nickelly nacks and foder allmicheal and a lugly parson	23		
of cates and howitzer muchears and midgers and maggets, ills and	24		
ells with loffs of toffs and pleures of bells and the last sigh that	25		
come fro the hart (bucklied!) and the fairest sin the sunsaw	26		
(that's cearc!). With Kiss. Kiss Criss. Cross Criss. Kiss Cross.	27		
Undo lives 'end. Slain.	28		
How bootifull and how truetowife of her, when strengly fore-	29		
bidden, to steal our historic presents from the past postpropheti-	30		
cals so as to will make us all lordy heirs and ladymaidesses of a	31		

pretty nice kettle of fruit. She is livving in our midst of debt and	32			
laffing through all plores for us (her birth is uncontrollable), with	33			
a naperon for her mask and her sabboes kickin arias (so sair! so	34			
solly!) if yous ask me and I saack you. Hou! Hou! Gricks may	35			
rise and Troysirs fall (there being two sights for ever a picture)	36			
FW012				
for in the byways of high improvidence that's what makes life-	1			
work leaving and the world's a cell for citters to cit in. Let young	2			
wimman run away with the story and let young min talk smooth	3			
behind the butteler's back. She knows her knight's duty while	4			
Luntum sleeps. Did ye save any tin? says he. Did I what? with	5			
a grin says she. And we all like a marriedann because she is mer-	6			
cenary. Though the length of the land lies under liquidation	7			
(floote!) and there's nare a hairbrow nor an eyebush on this glau-	8			
brous phace of Herrschuft Whatarwelter she'll loan a vesta and	9			
hire some peat and sarch the shores her cockles to heat and she'll	10			
do all a turfwoman can to piff the business on. Paff. To puff the	11			
blaziness on. Poffpoff. And even if Humpty shell fall frumpty	12			
times as awkward again in the beardsboosoloom of all our grand	13			
remonstrancers there'll be iggs for the brekkers come to mourn-	14			
him, sunny side up with care. So true is it that therewhere's a	15			

turnover the tay is wet too and when you think you ketch sight	16			
of a hind make sure but you're cocked by a hin.	17			
Then as she is on her behaviourite job of quainance bandy,	18			
fruting for firstlings and taking her tithe, we may take our review	19			
of the two mounds to see nothing of the himples here as at else-	20			
where, by sixes and sevens, like so many heegills and collines,	21			
sitton aroont, scentbreeched and somepotreek, in their swisha-	22			
wish satins and their taffetaffe tights, playing Wharton's Folly,	23			
at a treepurty on the planko in the purk. Stand up, mickos!	24			
Make strake for minnas! By order, Nicholas Proud. We may see	25			
and hear nothing if we choose of the shortlegged bergins off	26			
Corkhill or the bergamoors of Arbourhill or the bergagambols	27			
of Summerhill or the bergincellies of Miseryhill or the country-	28			
bossed bergones of Constitutionhill though every crowd has its	29			
several tones and every trade has its clever mechanics and each	30			
harmonical has a point of its own, Olaf's on the rise and Ivor's	31			
on the lift and Sitric's place's between them. But all they are all	32			
there scraping along to sneeze out a likelihood that will solve	33			
and salve life's robulous rebus, hopping round his middle like	34			
kippers on a griddle, O, as he lays dormont from the macroborg	35			
of Holdhard to the microbirg of Pied de Poudre. Behove this	36			
FW013				

sound of Irish sense. Really? Here English might be seen.	1			
Royally? One sovereign punned to petery pence. Regally? The	2			
silence speaks the scene. Fake!	3			
So This Is Dyoublong?	4			
Hush! Caution! Echoland!	5			
How charmingly exquisite! It reminds you of the outwashed	6			
engravure that we used to be blurring on the blotchwall of his	7			
innkempt house. Used they? (I am sure that tiring chabelshovel-	8			
ler with the mujikal chocolat box, Miry Mitchel, is listening) I	9			
say, the remains of the outworn gravemure where used to be	10			
blurried the Ptolmens of the Incabus. Used we? (He is only pre-	11			
tendant to be stugging at the jubalee harp from a second existed	12			
lishener, Fiery Farrelly.) It is well known. Lokk for himself and	13			
see the old butte new. Dbln. W. K. O. O. Hear? By the mauso-	14			
lime wall. Fimfim fimfim. With a grand funferall. Fumfum fum-	15			
fum. 'Tis optophone which ontophanes. List! Wheatstone's	16			
magic lyer. They will be tuggling foriver. They will be lichening	17			
for allof. They will be pretumbling forover. The harpsdischord	18			
shall be theirs for ollaves.	19			
Four things therefore, saith our herodotary Mammon Lujius	20			
in his grand old historiorum, wrote near Boriorum, bluest book	21			
in baile's annals, f.t. in Dyfflinarsky ne'er sall fail til heathersmoke	22			

and cloudweed Eire's ile sall pall. And here now they are, the fear	23			
of um. T. Totities! <i>Unum</i> . (Adar.) A bulbenboss surmounted up-	24			
on an alderman. Ay, ay! <i>Duum</i> . (Nizam.) A shoe on a pair old	25			
wobban. Ah, ho! <i>Triom</i> . (Tamuz.) An auburn mayde, o'brine	26			
a'bride, to be deserted. A dear, a dear! <i>Quodlibus</i> . (Marchessvan.) A	27			
penn no weightier nor a polepost. And so. And all. (Succoth.)	28			
So, how idlers' wind turning pages on pages, as innocens with	29			
anaclete play popeye antipop, the leaves of the living in the boke	30			
of the deeds, annals of themselves timing the cycles of events	31			
grand and national, bring fassilwise to pass how.	32			
1132 A.D. Men like to ants or emmets wondern upon a groot	33			
hwide Whallfisk which lay in a Runnel. Blubby wares upat Ub-	34			
lanium.	35			
566 A.D. On Baalfire's night of this year after deluge a crone that	36			
FW014				
hadde a wickered Kish for to hale dead turves from the bog look-	1			
it under the blay of her Kish as she ran for to sothisfeige her cow-	2			
rieosity and be me sawl but she found hersell sackvulle of swart	3			
goody quickenshoon and small illigant brogues, so rich in sweat.	4			
Blurry works at Hurdlesford.	5			
(Silent.)	6			

566 A.D. At this time it fell out that a brazenlockt damsel grieved	7		
(<i>sobralasolas!</i>) because that Puppette her minion was ravisht of her	8		
by the ogre Puropeus Pious. Bloody wars in Ballyaughacleeagh-	9		
bally.	10		
1132 A.D. Two sons at an hour were born until a goodman	11		
and his hag. These sons called themselves Caddy and Primas.	12		
Primas was a santryman and drilled all decent people. Caddy	13		
went to Winehouse and wrote o peace a farce. Blotty words for	14		
Dublin.	15		
Somewhere, parently, in the ginnandgo gap between antedilu-	16		
vius and annadominant the copyist must have fled with his	17		
scroll. The billy flood rose or an elk charged him or the sultrup	18		
worldwright from the excelsissimost empyrean (bolt, in sum)	19		
earthspake or the Dannamen gallous banged pan the bliddy du-	20		
ran. A scribicide then and there is led off under old's code with	21		
some fine covered by six marks or ninepins in metalmen for the	22		
sake of his labour's dross while it will be only now and again in	23		
our rear of o'er era, as an upshoot of military and civil engage-	24		
ments, that a gynecure was let on to the scuffold for taking that	25		
same fine sum covertly by meddlement with the drawers of his	26		
neighbour's safe.	27		
Now after all that farfatch'd and peragrine or dingnant or clere	28		
lift we our ears, eyes of the darkness, from the tome of <i>Liber Li-</i>	29		

<i>vidus</i> and, (toh!), how paisibly eirenical, all dimmering dunes	30			
and gloaming glades, selfstretches afore us our fredeland's plain!	31			
Lean neath stone pine the pastor lies with his crook; young pric-	32			
ket by pricket's sister nibbleth on returned viridities; amaid her	33			
rocking grasses the herb trinity shams lowliness; skyup is of ever-	34			
grey. Thus, too, for donkey's years. Since the bouts of Hebear	35			
and Hairyman the cornflowers have been staying at Ballymun,	36			
FW015				
the duskrose has choosed out Goatstown's hedges, twolips have	1			
pressed togetherthem by sweet Rush, townland of twinedlights,	2			
the whitethorn and the redthorn have fairygeyed the mayvalleys	3			
of Knockmaroon, and, though for rings round them, during a	4			
chiliad of perihelygangs, the Formoreans have brittled the too-	5			
ath of the Danes and the Oxman has been pestered by the Fire-	6			
bugs and the Joynts have thrown up jerrybuilding to the Kevan-	7			
ses and Little on the Green is childsfather to the City (Year!	8			
Year! And laughtears!), these paxsealing buttonholes have quad-	9			
rilled across the centuries and whiff now whafft to us, fresh and	10			
made-of-all-smiles as, on the eve of Killallwho.	11			
The babbelers with their thangas vain have been (confusium	12			
hold them!) they were and went; thigging thugs were and hou-	13			

hnhymn songtoms were and comely norgels were and pollyfool	14		
fiansees. Menn have thawed, clerks have surssurhummed , the	15		
blond has sought of the brune: Elsekiss thou may, mean Kerry	16		
piggy?: and the duncledames have countered with the hellish fel-	17		
lows: Who ails tongue coddeau, aspace of dumbillsilly? And they	18		
fell upong one another: and themselves they have fallen. And	19		
still nowanights and by nights of yore do all bold floras of the	20		
field to their shyfaun lovers say only: Cull me ere I wilt to thee!:	21		
and, but a little later: Pluck me whilst I blush! Well may they	22		
wilt, marry, and profusedly blush, be troth! For that saying is as	23		
old as the howitts. Lave a whale a while in a whillbarrow (isn't	24		
it the truath I'm tallin ye?) to have fins and flippers that shimmy	25		
and shake. Tim Timmycan timped hir, tampting Tam. Fleppety!	26		
Flippety! Fleapow!	27		
Hop!	28		
In the name of Anem this carl on the kopje in pelted thongs a	29		
parth a lone who the joebiggar be he? Forshapen his pigmaid	30		
hoagshead, shroonk his plodsfoot. He hath locktoes, this short-	31		
shins, and, Obeold that's pectoral, his mammamuscles most	32		
mousterious. It is slaking nuncheon out of some thing's brain	33		
pan. Me seemeth a dragon man. He is almonthst on the kiek	34		
fief by here, is Comestipple Sacksoun, be it junipery or febrew-	35		
ery, marracks or alebrill or the ramping riots of pouriose and	36		

FW016				
froriose. What a quhare soort of a mahan. It is evident the mich-	1			
indaddy. Lets we overstep his fire defences and these kraals of	2			
slitsucked marrogbones. (Cave!) He can prapsposterus the pil-	3			
lory way to Hirculos pillar. Come on, fool porterfull, hosiered	4			
women blown monk sewer? Scuse us, chorley guy! You toller-	5			
day donsk? N. You tolkatiff scowegian? Nn. You spigotty an-	6			
glease? Nnn. You phonio saxo? Nnnn. Clear all so! 'Tis a Jute.	7			
Let us swop hats and excheck a few strong verbs weak oach ea-	8			
ther yapyazzard abast the bloody creeks.	9			
Jute. — Yutah!	10			
Mutt. — Mukk's pleasurad.	11			
Jute. — Are you jeff?	12			
Mutt. — Somehards.	13			
Jute. — But you are not jeffmute?	14			
Mutt. — Noho. Only an utterer.	15			
Jute. — Whoa? Whoat is the mutter with you?	16			
Mutt. — I became a stun a stummer.	17			
Jute. — What a hauhauhauhaudibble thing, to be cause! How,	18			
Mutt?	19			
Mutt. — Aput the buttle, surd.	20			

Jute. — Whose poddle? Wherein?	21			
Mutt. — The Inns of Dungtarf where Used awe to be he.	22			
Jute. — You that side your voice are almost inedible to me.	23			
Become a bitskin more wiseable, as if I were	24			
you.	25			
Mutt. — Has? Has at? Hasatency? Urp, Boo hooru! Booru	26			
Usurp! I trumple from rath in mine mines when I	27			
rimimirim!	28			
Jute. — One eyegonblack. Bisons is bisons. Let me fore all	29			
your hasitancy cross your qualm with trink gilt. Here	30			
have sylvan coyne, a piece of oak. Ghinees hies good	31			
for you.	32			
Mutt. — Louee, louee! How wooden I not know it, the intel-	33			
lible greytcloak of Cedric Silkyshag! Cead mealy	34			
faulty rices for one dabblin bar. Old grilsy growlsy!	35			
He was poached on in that eggtentical spot. Here	36			
FW017				
where the liveries, Monomark. There where the mis-	1			
sers moony, Minnikin passe.	2			
Jute. — Simply because as Taciturn pretells, our wrongstory-	3			
shortener, he dumptied the wholeborrow of rubba-	4			

ges on to soil here.	5			
Mutt. — Just how a puddinstone inat the brookcells by a	6			
riverpool.	7			
Jute. — Load Allmarshy! Wid wad for a norse like?	8			
Mutt. — Somular with a bull on a clompturf. Rooks roarum	9			
rex roome! I could snore to him of the spumy horn,	10			
with his woolseley side in, by the neck I am sutton	11			
on, did Brian d' of Linn.	12			
Jute. — Boildoyle and rawhoney on me when I can beuraly	13			
forsstand a weird from sturk to finnic in such a pat-	14			
what as your rutterdamrotter. Onheard of and um-	15			
scene! Gut aftermeal! See you doomed.	16			
Mutt. — Quite agreem. Bussave a sec. Walk a dun blink	17			
roundward this albutisle and you skull see how olde	18			
ye plaine of my Elters, hunfree and ours, where wone	19			
to wail whimbrel to peewee o'er the saltings, where	20			
wilby citie by law of isthmon, where by a droit of	21			
signory, icefloe was from his Inn the Byggning to	22			
whose Finishthere Punct. Let erehim ruhmuhrmuhr.	23			
Mearmerge two races, swete and brack. Morthering	24			
rue. Hither, craching eastuards, they are in surgence:	25			
hence, cool at ebb, they requiesce. Countlessness of	26			
livestories have netherfallen by this plage, flick as	27			

flowflakes, litters from aloft, like a waast wizzard all of	28			
whirlworlds. Now are all tombed to the mound, isges	29			
to isges, erde from erde. Pride, O pride, thy prize!	30			
Jute. — 'Stench!	31			
Mutt. — Fiatfuit! Hereinunder lyethey. Llarge by the smal an'	32			
everynight life also th'estrage, babylone the great-	33			
grandhotelled with tit tit tittlehouse, alp on earwig,	34			
drukn on ild, likeas equal to anequal in this sound	35			
seemetry which iz leebez luv.	36			
FW018				
Jute. — 'Zmorde!	1			
Mutt. — Meldundleize! By the fearse wave behoughted. Des-	2			
pond's sung. And thanacestross mound have swollup	3			
them all. This ourth of years is not save brickdust	4			
and being humus the same roturns. He who runes	5			
may rede it on all fours. O'c'stle, n'wc'stle, tr'c'stle,	6			
crumbling! Sell me sooth the fare for Humblin! Hum-	7			
blady Fair. But speak it allsosiftly, moulder! Be in	8			
your whisht!	9			
Jute. — Whysht?	10			
Mutt. — The gyant Forficules with Amni the fay.	11			

Jute. — Howe?	12		
Mutt. — Here is viceking's graab.	13		
Jute. — Hwaad!	14		
Mutt. — Ore you astoneaged, jute you?	15		
Jute. — Oye am thonthorstrok, thing mud.	16		
(Stoop) if you are abcedminded, to this claybook, what curios	17		
of signs (please stoop), in this allaphbed! Can you rede (since	18		
We and Thou had it out already) its world? It is the same told	19		
of all. Many. Miscegenations on miscegenations. Tieckle. They	20		
lived und laughed ant loved end left. Forsin. Thy thingdome is	21		
given to the Meades and Porsons. The meandertale, aloss and	22		
again, of our old Heidenburgh in the days when Head-in-Clouds	23		
walked the earth. In the ignorance that implies impression that	24		
knits knowledge that finds the nameform that whets the wits that	25		
convey contacts that sweeten sensation that drives desire that	26		
adheres to attachment that dogs death that bitches birth that en-	27		
tails the ensuance of existentiality. But with a rush out of his	28		
navel reaching the reredos of Ramasbatham. A terricolous vively-	29		
onview this; queer and it continues to be quaky. A hatch, a celt,	30		
an earshare the pourquose of which was to cassay the earthcrust at	31		
all of hours, furrowards, bagawards, like yoxen at the turnpaht.	32		
Here say figurines billycoose arming and mounting. Mounting and	33		
arming bellicose figurines see here. Futhorc, this liffle effingee is for	34		

a firefing called a flintforfall. Face at the eased! O I fay! Face at the	35			
waist! Ho, you fie! Upwap and dump em, face to face! When a	36			
FW019				
part so ptee does duty for the holos we soon grow to use of an	1			
allforabit. Here (please to stoop) are selveran cued peteet peas of	2			
quite a pecuniar interest inaslittle as they are the pellets that make	3			
the tomtummy's pay roll. Right rank ragnar rocks and with these	4			
rox orangotangos rangled rough and rightgorong. Wisha, wisha,	5			
whydidtha? Thik is for thorn that's thuck in its thoil like thum-	6			
fool's thraitor thrust for vengeance. What a mnice old mness it	7			
all mnakes! A middenhide hoard of objects! Olives, beets, kim-	8			
mells, dollies, alfrids, beatties, cormacks and daltons. Owlets' eegs	9			
(O stoop to please!) are here, creakish from age and all now	10			
quite epsilene, and oldwolldy wobblewers, haudworth a wipe o	11			
grass. Sss! See the snake wurrums everyside! Our durlbin is	12			
sworming in sneaks. They came to our island from triangular	13			
Toucheaterre beyond the wet prairie rared up in the midst of the	14			
cargon of prohibitive pomefructs but along landed Paddy Wip-	15			
pingham and the his garbagecans cotched the creeps of them	16			
pricker than our whosethere outofman could quick up her whats-	17			
thats. Somedivide and sumthelot but the tally turns round the	18			

same balifuson. Racketeers and bottloggers.	19			
Axe on thwacks on thracks, axenwise. One by one place one	20			
be three dittoh and one before. Two nursus one make a plaus-	21			
ible free and idim behind. Starting off with a big boaboa and three-	22			
legged calvers and ivargrain jadeses with a message in their	23			
mouths. And a hundreadfilled unleavenweight of liberorumqueue	24			
to con an we can till allhorrors eve. What a meanderthalltale to	25			
unfurl and with what an end in view of squattor and anntisquattor	26			
and postproneauntisquattor! To say too us to be every tim, nick	27			
and larry of us, sons of the sod, sons, little sons, yea and lealittle-	28			
sons, when usses not to be, every sue, siss and sally of us, dugters	29			
of Nan! Accusative ahnsire! Damadam to infinities!	30			
True there was in nillohs dieybos as yet no lumpend papeer	31			
in the waste and mightmountain Penn still groaned for the micies	32			
to let flee. All was of ancientry. You gave me a boot (signs on	33			
it!) and I ate the wind. I quizzed you a quid (with for what?) and	34			
you went to the quod. But the world, mind, is, was and will be	35			
writing its own wrunes for ever, man, on all matters that fall	36			
FW020				
under the ban of our infrarational senses fore the last milch-	1			
camel, the heartvein throbbing between his eyebrows, has still to	2			

moor before the tomb of his cousin charmian where his date is	3		
tethered by the palm that's hers. But the horn, the drinking, the	4		
day of dread are not now. A bone, a pebble, a ramskin; chip them,	5		
chap them, cut them up allways; leave them to terracook in the	6		
muttheringpot: and Gutenmorg with his cromagnom charter,	7		
tintingfast and great primer must once for omniboss step ru-	8		
brickredd out of the wordpress else is there no virtue more in al-	9		
cohoran. For that (the rapt one warns) is what papyr is meed	10		
of, made of, hides and hints and misses in prints. Till ye finally	11		
(though not yet endlike) meet with the acquaintance of Mister	12		
Typus, Mistress Tope and all the little tytopies. Fillstup. So you	13		
need hardly spell me how every word will be bound over to carry	14		
three score and ten toptypical readings throughout the book of	15		
Doublends Jined (may his forehead be darkened with mud who	16		
would sunder!) till Daleth, mahomahouma, who oped it closeth	17		
thereof the. Dor.	18		
Cry not yet! There's many a smile to Nondum, with sytty	19		
maids per man, sir, and the park's so dark by kindlelight. But	20		
look what you have in your handself! The movibles are scrawl-	21		
ing in motions, marching, all of them ago, in pitpat and zingzang	22		
for every busy eerie whig's a bit of a torytale to tell. One's upon	23		
a thyme and two's behind their lettice leap and three's among the	24		
strubbely beds. And the chicks picked their teeth and the domb-	25		

key he begay began. You can ask your ass if he believes it. And	26			
so cuddy me only wallops have heels. That one of a wife with	27			
folty barnets. For then was the age when hoops ran high. Of a	28			
noarch and a chopwife; of a pomme full grave and a fammy of	29			
levity; or of golden youths that wanted gelding; or of what the	30			
mischievmiss made a man do. Malmarriedad he was reverso-	31			
gassed by the frisque of her frasques and her prytty pyrrhique.	32			
Maye faye, she's la gaye this snaky woman! From that trippiery	33			
toe expectungpelick! Veil, volantine, valentine eyes. She's the	34			
very besch Winnie blows Nay on good. Flou inn, flow ann.	35			
Hohore! So it's sure it was her not we! But lay it easy, gentle	36			
FW021				
mien, we are in rearing of a norewhig. So weenybeeney-	1			
veenyteeny. Comsy see! Het wis if ee newt. Lissom! lissom!	2			
I am doing it. Hark, the corne entreats! And the larpnotes	3			
prittle.	4			
It was of a night, late, lang time agone, in an auldstane eld,	5			
when Adam was delvin and his madameen spinning watersilts,	6			
when mulk mounytynotty man was everybully and the first leal	7			
ribberrobber that ever had her ainway everybuddy to his love-	8			
saking eyes and everybilly lived alove with everybidy else, and	9			

Jarl van Hoother had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse,	10		
laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jiminyes, cousins	11		
of ourn, Tristopher and Hilary, were kickaheeling their dummy	12		
on the oil cloth flure of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse.	13		
And, be dermot, who come to the keep of his inn only the niece-	14		
of-his-in-law, the prankquean. And the prankquean pulled a rosy	15		
one and made her wit foreninst the dour. And she lit up and fire-	16		
land was ablaze. And spoke she to the dour in her petty perusi-	17		
enne: Mark the Wans, why do I am alook alike a poss of porter-	18		
pease? And that was how the skirtmisshes began. But the dour	19		
handworded her grace in dootch nossow: Shut! So her grace	20		
o'malice kidsnapped up the jiminy Tristopher and into the shan-	21		
dy westerness she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl van Hoother war-	22		
lessed after her with soft dovesgall: Stop deaf stop come back to	23		
my earin stop. But she swaradid to him: Unlikelihud. And there	24		
was a brannewail that same sabboath night of falling angles some-	25		
where in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years'	26		
walk in Tourlemonde and she washed the blessings of the love-	27		
spots off the jiminy with soap sulliver suddles and she had her	28		
four owlers masters for to tauch him his tickles and she convor-	29		
ted him to the onesure allgood and he became a luderman. So then	30		
she started to rain and to rain and, be redtom, she was back again	31		
at Jarl van Hoother's in a brace of samers and the jiminy with	32		

her in her pinafrond, lace at night, at another time. And where	33			
did she come but to the bar of his bristolry. And Jarl von Hoo-	34			
ther had his baretholobruised heels drowned in his cellarmalt,	35			
shaking warm hands with himself and the jimminy Hilary and	36			
FW022				
the dummy in their first infancy were below on the tearsheet,	1			
wringing and coughing, like brodar and histher. And the prank-	2			
quean nipped a paly one and lit up again and redcocks flew flack-	3			
ering from the hillcombs. And she made her witter before the	4			
wicked, saying: Mark the Twy, why do I am alook alike two poss	5			
of porterpease? And: Shut! says the wicked, handwording her	6			
madesty. So her madesty aforethought set down a jiminy and	7			
took up a jiminy and all the lilipath ways to Woeman's Land she	8			
rain, rain, rain. And Jarl von Hoother bleathered atter her with	9			
a loud finegale: Stop domb stop come back with my earring stop.	10			
But the prankquean swaradid: Am liking it. And there was a wild	11			
old grannewwail that laurency night of starshootings somewhere	12			
in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in	13			
Turnlemeem and she punched the curses of cromcruwell with	14			
the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had her four larksical	15			
monitrix to touch him his tears and she provorted him to the	16			

onecertain allsecure and he became a tristian. So then she started	17			
raining, raining, and in a pair of changers, be dom ter, she was	18			
back again at Jarl von Hoother's and the Larryhill with her under	19			
her abromette. And why would she halt at all if not by the ward	20			
of his mansionhome of another nice lace for the third charm?	21			
And Jarl von Hoother had his hurricane hips up to his pantry-	22			
box, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), and	23			
the jiminy Toughertrees and the dummy were belove on the	24			
watercloth, kissing and spitting, and roguing and poghuing, like	25			
knavepaltry and naivebride and in their second infancy. And the	26			
prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay twink-	27			
ling. And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of trihump,	28			
asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am alook alike three poss of por-	29			
ter pease? But that was how the skirtmishes enduppied. For like	30			
the campbells acoming with a fork lance of lightning, Jarl von	31			
Hoother Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came	32			
hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his	33			
three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chol-	34			
lar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves	35			
and his ladbroke breekes and his cattegut bandolair and his fur-	36			
FW023				

framed panuncular cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen or-	1			
angeman in his violet indigotation, to the whole longth of the	2			
strongth of his bowman's bill. And he clopped his rude hand to	3			
his eacy hitch and he ordurd and his thick spch spck for her to	4			
shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clup (Per-	5			
kodhuskurunbarggruauyagokgorlayorgromgremmitghundhurth-	6			
rumathunaradidillifaititillibumullunukkunun!) And they all drank	7			
free. For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any	8			
girls under shurts. And that was the first peace of illiterative	9			
porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world. How kirssy the	10			
tiler made a sweet unclose to the Narwhealian captol. Saw fore	11			
shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to hold	12			
her dummyship and the jimminies was to keep the peacewave	13			
and van Hooter was to git the wind up. Thus the hearsomeness	14			
of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.	15			
O foenix culprit! Ex nickylo malo comes mickelmassed bo-	16			
num. Hill, rill, ones in company, billeted, less be proud of. Breast	17			
high and bestride! Only for that these will not breathe upon	18			
Norronesen or Irenean the secrest of their soorcelossness. Quar-	19			
ry silex, Homfrie Noanswa! Undy gentian festyknees, Livia No-	20			
answa? Wolkencaap is on him, frowned; audiurient, he would	21			
evesdrip, were it mous at hand, were it dinn of bottles in the far	22			
ear. Murk, his vales are darkling. With lipth she lithpeth to him	23			

all to time of thuch on thuch and thow on thow. She he she ho	24			
she ha to la. Hairfluke, if he could bad twig her! Impalpabunt,	25			
he abhears. The soundwaves are his buffeteers; they trompe him	26			
with their trompes; the wave of roary and the wave of hooshed	27			
and the wave of hawhawhawrd and the wave of neverheedthem-	28			
horseluggarsandlistletomine. Landloughed by his neaghboormis-	29			
tress and perpetrified in his offspring, sables and suckers, the	30			
moaning pipers could tell him to his faceback, the louthly one	31			
whose loab we are devorers of, how butt for his hold halibutt, or	32			
her to her pudor puff, the lipalip one whose libe we drink at, how	33			
biff for her tiddywink of a windfall, our breed and washer givers,	34			
there would not be a holey spier on the town nor a vestal flout-	35			
ing in the dock, nay to make plein avowels, nor a yew nor an eye	36			
FW024				
to play cash cash in Novo Nilbud by swamplicht nor a' toole o'	1			
tall o' toll and noddy hint to the convaynience.	2			
He dug in and dug out by the skill of his tilth for himself and	3			
all belonging to him and he sweated his crew beneath his auspice	4			
for the living and he urned his dread, that dragon volant, and he	5			
made louse for us and delivered us to boll weevils amain, that	6			
mighty liberator, Unfru-Chikda-Uru-Wukru and begad he did,	7			

our ancestor most worshipful, till he thought of a better one in	8		
his windower's house with that blushmantle upon him from ears-	9		
end to earsend. And would again could whispring grassies wake	10		
him and may again when the fiery bird disembers. And will	11		
again if so be sooth by elder to his youngers shall be said. Have	12		
you whines for my wedding, did you bring bride and bedding,	13		
will you whoop for my deading is a? Wake? <i>Usqueadbaugham!</i>	14		
Anam muck an dhoul! Did ye drink me doornail?	15		
Now be aisy, good Mr Finnimore, sir. And take your laysure	16		
like a god on pension and don't be walking abroad. Sure you'd	17		
only lose yourself in Healiopolis now the way your roads in	18		
Kapelavaster are that winding there after the calvary, the North	19		
Umbrian and the Fivs Barrow and Waddlings Raid and the	20		
Bower Moore and wet your feet maybe with the foggy dew's	21		
abroad. Meeting some sick old bankrupt or the Cottericks' donkey	22		
with his shoe hanging, clankatachankata, or a slut snoring with an	23		
impure infant on a bench. 'Twould turn you against life, so	24		
'twould. And the weather's that mean too. To part from Devlin	25		
is hard as Nugent knew, to leave the clean tanglesome one lushier	26		
than its neighbour enfranchisable fields but let your ghost have	27		
no grievance. You're better off, sir, where you are, primesigned	28		
in the full of your dress, bloodeagle waistcoat and all, remember-	29		
ing your shapes and sizes on the pillow of your babycurls under	30		

your sycamore by the keld water where the Tory's clay will scare	31			
the varmints and have all you want, pouch, gloves, flask, bricket,	32			
kerchief, ring and amberulla, the whole treasure of the pyre, in the	33			
land of souls with Homin and Broin Baroke and pole ole Lonan	34			
and Nobucketnozzler and the Guinnghis Khan. And we'll be	35			
coming here, the ombre players, to rake your gravel and bringing	36			
FW025				
you presents, won't we, fenians? And it isn't our spittle we'll stint	1			
you of, is it, druids? Not shabbty little imagettes, pennydirts and	2			
dodgemyeyes you buy in the soottee stores. But offerings of the	3			
field. Mieliodories, that Doctor Faherty, the madison man,	4			
taught to gooden you. Poppypap's a passport out. And honey is	5			
the holiest thing ever was, hive, comb and earwax, the food for	6			
glory, (mind you keep the pot or your nectar cup may yield too	7			
light!) and some goat's milk, sir, like the maid used to bring you.	8			
Your fame is spreading like Basilico's ointment since the Fintan	9			
Lalors piped you overborder and there's whole households be-	10			
yond the Bothnians and they calling names after you. The men-	11			
here's always talking of you sitting around on the pig's cheeks	12			
under the sacred rooftree, over the bowls of memory where every	13			
hollow holds a hallow, with a pledge till the drengs, in the Salmon	14			

House. And admiring to our supershillelagh where the palmsweat	15			
on high is the mark of your manument. All the toethpicks ever	16			
Eirenesians chewed on are chips chepped from that battery	17			
block. If you were bowed and soild and letdown itself from the	18			
oner of the load it was that paddyplanters might pack up plenty and	19			
when you were undone in every point fore the laps of goddesses	20			
you showed our labourlasses how to free was easy. The game old	21			
Gunne, they do be saying, (skull!) that was a planter for you, a	22			
spicer of them all. Begog but he was, the G.O.G! He's dudd-	23			
andgunne now and we're apter finding the sores of his sedeq	24			
but peace to his great limbs, the buddhoch, with the last league	25			
long rest of him, while the millioncandled eye of Tuskar sweeps	26			
the Moylean Main! There was never a warlord in Great Erinnes	27			
and Brettland, no, nor in all Pike County like you, they say. No,	28			
nor a king nor an ardking, bung king, sung king or hung king.	29			
That you could fell an elmstree twelve urchins couldn't ring	30			
round and hoist high the stone that Liam failed. Who but a Mac-	31			
cullaghmore the reise of our fortunes and the faunayman at the	32			
funeral to compass our cause? If you was hogglebully itself and	33			
most frifty like you was taken waters still what all where was	34			
your like to lay the cable or who was the batter could better	35			
Your Grace? Mick Mac Magnus MacCawley can take you off to	36			

FW026				
the pure perfection and Leatherbags Reynolds tries your shuffle	1			
and cut. But as Hopkins and Hopkins puts it, you were the pale	2			
eggynaggy and a kis to tilly up. We calls him the journeyall	3			
Buggaloffs since he went Jerusalemfaring in Arssia Manor. You	4			
had a gamier cock than Pete, Jake or Martin and your archgoose	5			
of geese stubbled for All Angels' Day. So may the priest of seven	6			
worms and scalding tayboil, Papa Vestray, come never anear you	7			
as your hair grows wheater beside the Liffey that's in Heaven!	8			
Hep, hep, hurrah there! Hero! Seven times thereto we salute	9			
you! The whole bag of kits, falconplumes and jackboots incloted,	10			
is where you flung them that time. Your heart is in the system	11			
of the Shewolf and your crested head is in the tropic of Copri-	12			
capron. Your feet are in the cloister of Virgo. Your olala is in the	13			
region of sahuls. And that's ashore as you were born. Your shuck	14			
tick's swell. And that there texas is tow linen. The loamsome	15			
roam to Laffayette is ended. Drop in your tracks, babe! Be not	16			
unrested! The headboddylwatcher of the chempel of Isid,	17			
Totumcalmum, saith: I know thee, metherjar, I know thee, sal-	18			
vation boat. For we have performed upon thee, thou abrama-	19			
nation, who comest ever without being invoked, whose coming	20			
is unknown, all the things which the company of the precentors	21			

and of the grammarians of Christpatrick's ordered concerning	22			
thee in the matter of the work of thy tombing. Howe of the ship-	23			
men, steep wall!	24			
Everything's going on the same or so it appeals to all of us,	25			
in the old holmsted here. Coughings all over the sanctuary, bad	26			
scrant to me aunt Florenza. The horn for breakfast, one o'gong	27			
for lunch and dinnerchime. As popular as when Belly the First	28			
was keng and his members met in the Diet of Man. The same	29			
shop slop in the window. Jacob's lettercrackers and Dr Tipple's	30			
Vi-Cocoa and the Eswuards' desippated soup beside Mother Sea-	31			
gull's syrup. Meat took a drop when Reilly-Parsons failed. Coal's	32			
short but we've plenty of bog in the yard. And barley's up again,	33			
begrained to it. The lads is attending school nessans regular, sir,	34			
spelling beesknees with hathatansy and turning out tables by	35			
mudapplication. Allfor the books and never pegging smashers	36			
FW027				
after Tom Bowe Glassarse or Timmy the Tosser. 'Tisraely the	1			
truth! No isn't it, roman pathoricks? You were the doublejoynted	2			
janitor the morning they were delivered and you'll be a grandfer	3			
yet entirely when the ritehand seizes what the lovearm knows.	4			
Kevin's just a doat with his cherub cheek, chalking oghres on	5			

walls, and his little lamp and schoolbelt and bag of knicks, playing	6			
postman's knock round the diggings and if the seep were milk	7			
you could lieve his olde by his ide but, laus sake, the devil does	8			
be in that knirps of a Jerry sometimes, the tarandtan plaidboy,	9			
making encostive inkum out of the last of his lavings and writing	10			
a blue streak over his bourseday shirt. Hetty Jane's a child of	11			
Mary. She'll be coming (for they're sure to choose her) in her	12			
white of gold with a tource of ivy to rekindle the flame on Felix	13			
Day. But Essie Shanahan has let down her skirts. You remember	14			
Essie in our Luna's Convent? They called her Holly Merry her	15			
lips were so ruddyberry and Pia de Purebelle when the redminers	16			
riots was on about her. Were I a clerk designate to the Williams-	17			
woodsmenufactors I'd poster those pouters on every jamb in the	18			
town. She's making her rep at Lanner's twicenightly. With the	19			
tabarine tamtammers of the whirligigmagees. Beats that cachucha	20			
flat. 'Twould dilate your heart to go.	21			
Aisy now, you decent man, with your knees and lie quiet and	22			
repose your honour's lordship! Hold him here, Ezekiel Irons, and	23			
may God strengthen you! It's our warm spirits, boys, he's spoor-	24			
ing. Dimitrius O'Flagonan, cork that cure for the Clancartys! You	25			
swamped enough since Portobello to float the Pomeroy. Fetch	26			
neahere, Pat Koy! And fetch nouyou, Pam Yates! Be nayther	27			
angst of Wramawitch! Here's lumbos. Where misties swaddlum,	28			

where misches lodge none, where mystries pour kind on, O	29			
sleepy! So be yet!	30			
I've an eye on queer Behan and old Kate and the butter, trust me.	31			
She'll do no jugglywuggly with her war souvenir postcards to	32			
help to build me mural, tippers! I'll trip your traps! Assure a	33			
sure there! And we put on your clock again, sir, for you. Did or	34			
didn't we, sharestutterers? So you won't be up a stump entirely.	35			
Nor shed your remnants. The sternwheel's crawling strong. I	36			
FW028				
seen your missus in the hall. Like the queenoveire. Arrah, it's	1			
herself that's fine, too, don't be talking! Shirksends? You storyan	2			
Harry chap longa me Harry chap storyan grass woman plelthy	3			
good trout. Shakeshands. Dibble a hayfork's wrong with her only	4			
her lex's salig. Boald Tib does be yawning and smirking cat's	5			
hours on the Pollockses' woolly round tabouretcushion watch-	6			
ing her sewing a dream together, the tailor's daughter, stitch to	7			
her last. Or while waiting for winter to fire the enchantement,	8			
decoying more nesters to fall down the flue. It's an allavalonche that	9			
blows nopussy food. If you only were there to explain the mean-	10			
ing, best of men, and talk to her nice of guldensilver. The lips	11			
would moisten once again. As when you drove with her to Fin-	12			

drinny Fair. What with reins here and ribbons there all your	13			
hands were employed so she never knew was she on land or at	14			
sea or swooped through the blue like Airwinger's bride. She	15			
was flirtsome then and she's fluttersome yet. She can second a	16			
song and adores a scandal when the last post's gone by. Fond of	17			
a concertina and pairs passing when she's had her forty winks	18			
for supper after kanekannan and abbely dimpling and is in her	19			
merlin chair assotted, reading her Evening World. To see is	20			
it smarts, full lengths or swaggers. News, news, all the news.	21			
Death, a leopard, kills fellah in Fez. Angry scenes at Stormount.	22			
Stilla Star with her lucky in goingaways. Opportunity fair with	23			
the China floods and we hear these rosy rumours. Ding Tams he	24			
noise about all same Harry chap. She's seeking her way, a chickle	25			
a chuckle, in and out of their serial story, <i>Les Loves of Selskar</i>	26			
<i>et Pervenche</i> , freely adapted to <i>The Novvergin's Viv</i> . There'll	27			
be bluebells blowing in salty sepulchres the night she signs her	28			
final tear. Zee End. But that's a world of ways away. Till track	29			
laws time. No silver ash or switches for that one! While flattering	30			
candles flare. Anna Stacey's how are you! Worthier waist in the	31			
noblest, says Adams and Sons, the wouldpay actionneers. Her	32			
hair's as brown as ever it was. And wivvy and wavy. Repose you	33			
now! Finn no more!	34			
For, be that samesake sibsubstitute of a hooky salmon, there's	35			

already a big rody ram lad at random on the premises of his	36			
FW029				
haunt of the hungred bordles, as it is told me. Shop Illicit,	1			
flourishing like a lordmajor or a buaboabaybohm, litting flop	2			
a deadlop (aloose!) to lee but lifting a bennbranch a yardalong	3			
(ivoeh!) on the breezy side (for showm!), the height of Brew-	4			
ster's chimpney and as broad below as Phineas Barnum; humph-	5			
ing his share of the showthers is senken on him he's such a	6			
grandfallar, with a pocked wife in pickle that's a flyfire and three	7			
lice nittle clinkers, two twilling bugs and one midgit pucelle.	8			
And aither he cursed and recursed and was everseen doing what	9			
your fourfootlers saw or he was never done seeing what you cool-	10			
pigeons know, weep the clouds aboon for smiledown witnesses,	11			
and that'll do now about the fairyhees and the frailyshees.	12			
Though Eset fibble it to the zephiroth and Artsa zoom it round	13			
her heavens for ever. Creator he has created for his creatured	14			
ones a creation. White monothoid? Red theatocrat? And all the	15			
pinkprophets cohaething? Very much so! But however 'twas	16			
'tis sure for one thing, what sherif Toragh voucherfors and	17			
Mapqiq makes put out, that the man, Humme the Cheapner,	18			
Esc, overseen as we thought him, yet a worthy of the naym,	19			

came at this timecoloured place where we live in our paroqial	20			
fermament one tide on another, with a bumrush in a hull of a	21			
wherry, the twin turbane dhow, <i>The Bey for Dybbling</i> , this	22			
archipelago's first visiting schooner, with a wicklowpattern	23			
waxenwench at her prow for a figurehead, the deadsea dugong	24			
updipdripping from his depths, and has been repreching him-	25			
self like a fishmummer these siktyten years ever since, his shebi	26			
by his shide, adi and aid, growing hoarish under his turban and	27			
changing cane sugar into sethulose starch (Tuttut's cess to him!)	28			
as also that, batin the bulkihood he bloats about when innebbi-	29			
ated, our old offender was humile, commune and ensectuous	30			
from his nature, which you may gauge after the bynames was	31			
put under him, in lashons of languages, (honnein suit and	32			
praisers be!) and, totalisating him, even hamissim of himashim	33			
that he, sober serious, he is ee and no counter he who will be	34			
ultimendly respunchable for the hubbub caused in Eden-	35			
borough.	36			

2. Episode TWO (18 pages, from 030 to 047)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW030				
Now (to forebare for ever solittle of Iris Trees and Lili O'Ran-	1			
gans), concerning the genesis of Harold or Humphrey Chimp-	2			
den's occupational agnomen (we are back in the presurnames	3			
prodromarith period, of course just when enos chalked halltraps)	4			
and discarding once for all those theories from older sources which	5			
would link him back with such pivotal ancestors as the Glues, the	6			
Gravys, the Northeasts, the Ankers and the Earwickers of Sidles-	7			
ham in the Hundred of Manhood or proclaim him offsprout of	8			
vikings who had founded wapentake and seddled hem in Herrick	9			
or Eric, the best authenticated version, the Dumlat, read the	10			
Reading of Hofed-ben-Edar, has it that it was this way. We are	11			

told how in the beginning it came to pass that like cabbaging	12			
Cincinnatus the grand old gardener was saving daylight under his	13			
redwoodtree one sultry sabbath afternoon, Hag Chivychas Eve,	14			
in prefall paradise peace by following his plough for rootles in the	15			
rere garden of mobhouse, ye olde marine hotel, when royalty was	16			
announced by runner to have been pleased to have halted itself on	17			
the highroad along which a leisureloving dogfox had cast fol-	18			
lowed, also at walking pace, by a lady pack of cocker spaniels. For-	19			
getful of all save his vassal's plain fealty to the ethnarch Humphrey	20			
or Harold stayed not to yoke or saddle but stumbled out hotface	21			
as he was (his sweatful bandanna loose from his pocketcoat) hast-	22			
ing to the forecourts of his public in topee, surcingle, solascarf and	23			
plaid, plus fours, puttees and bulldog boots ruddled cinnabar with	24			
FW031				
flagrant marl, jingling his turnpike keys and bearing aloft amid	1			
the fixed pikes of the hunting party a high perch atop of which a	2			
flowerpot was fixed earthside hoist with care. On his majesty, who	3			
was, or often feigned to be, noticeably longsighted from green	4			
youth and had been meaning to inquire what, in effect, had caused	5			
yon causeway to be thus potholed, asking substitutionally to be	6			
put wise as to whether paternoster and silver doctors were not	7			

now more fancied bait for lobstertrapping honest blunt Harom-	8		
phreyld answered in no uncertain tones very similarly with a fear-	9		
less forehead: Naw, yer maggers, aw war jist a cotchin on thon	10		
bluggy earwuggers. Our sailor king, who was draining a gugglet	11		
of obvious adamale, gift both and gorban, upon this, ceasing to	12		
swallow, smiled most heartily beneath his walrus moustaches and	13		
indulging that none too genial humour which William the Conk	14		
on the spindle side had inherited with the hereditary whitelock	15		
and some shortfingeredness from his greataunt Sophy, turned to-	16		
wards two of his retinue of gallowglasses, Michael, etheling lord	17		
of Leix and Offaly and the jubilee mayor of Drogheda, Elcock,	18		
(the two scatterguns being Michael M. Manning, protosyndic of	19		
Waterford and an Italian excellency named Giubilei according to	20		
a later version cited by the learned scholarch Canavan of Can-	21		
makenoise), in either case a triptychal religious family symbolising	22		
puritas of doctrina, business per usuals and the purchypatch of	23		
hamlock where the paddish preties grow and remarked dilsydul-	24		
sily: Holybones of Saint Hubert how our red brother of Pour-	25		
ingrainia would audibly fume did he know that we have for sur-	26		
trusty bailiwick a turnpiker who is by turns a pikebailer no sel-	27		
domer than an earwigger! For he kinned Jom Pill with his court	28		
so gray and his haunts in his house in the mourning. (One still	29		
hears that pebble crusted laughta, japijap cheerycherrily, among	30		

the roadside tree the lady Holmpatrick planted and still one feels	31		
the amossive silence of the cladstone allegibelling: Ive mies outs	32		
ide Bourn.) Comes the question are these the facts of his nom-	33		
inigentilisation as recorded and accolated in both or either of the	34		
collateral andrewpaulmurphyc narratives. Are those their fata	35		
which we read in sibylline between the <i>fas</i> and its <i>nefas</i> ? No dung	36		
FW032			
on the road? And shall Nohomiah be our place like? Yea, Mulachy	1		
our kingable khan? We shall perhaps not so soon see. Pinck	2		
poncks that bail for seeks alicence where cumsceptres with scen-	3		
taurs stay. Bear in mind, son of Hokmah, if so be you have me-	4		
theg in your midness, this man is mountain and unto changeth	5		
doth one ascend. Heave we aside the fallacy, as punical as finikin,	6		
that it was not the king kingself but his inseparable sisters, un-	7		
controllable nighttalkers, Skertsiraizde with Donyahzade, who	8		
afterwards, when the robberers shot up the socialights, came down	9		
into the world as amusers and were staged by Madame Sudlow	10		
as Rosa and Lily Miskinguette in the pantalime that two pitts	11		
paythronosed, Miliodorus and Galathee. The great fact emerges	12		
that after that historic date all holographs so far exhumed ini-	13		
tialled by Haromphrey bear the sigla H.C.E. and while he was	14		

only and long and always good Dook Umphrey for the hunger-	15		
lean spalpeens of Lucalizod and Chimbers to his cronies it was	16		
equally certainly a pleasant turn of the populace which gave him	17		
as sense of those normative letters the nickname Here Comes	18		
Everybody. An imposing everybody he always indeed looked,	19		
constantly the same as and equal to himself and magnificently well	20		
worthy of any and all such universalisation, every time he con-	21		
tinually surveyed, amid vociferatings from in front of <i>Accept these</i>	22		
<i>few nutties!</i> and <i>Take off that white hat!</i> , relieved with <i>Stop his Grog</i>	23		
and <i>Put It in the Log</i> and <i>Loots in his</i> (bassvoco) <i>Boots</i> , from good	24		
start to happy finish the truly catholic assemblage gathered together	25		
in that king's treat house of satin alustrelike above floats and foot-	26		
lights from their assbawlveldts and oxgangs unanimously to clap-	27		
plaud (the inspiration of his lifetime and the hits of their careers)	28		
Mr Wallenstein Washington Semperkelly's immergreen tourers	29		
in a command performance by special request with the courteous	30		
permission for pious purposes the homedromed and enliventh	31		
performance of the problem passion play of the millentury, running	32		
strong since creation, <i>A Royal Divorce</i> , then near the approach	33		
towards the summit of its climax, with ambitious interval band	34		
selections from <i>The Bo' Girl</i> and <i>The Lily</i> on all horserie show	35		
command nights from his viceregal booth (his bossaloner is ceil-	36		

FW033				
inged there a cuckoospit less eminent than the redritualhoods of	1			
Maccabe and Cullen) where, a veritable Napoleon the Nth, our	2			
worldstage's practical jokepiece and retired cecelticocommediant	3			
in his own wise, this folksforefather all of the time sat, having the	4			
entirety of his house about him, with the invariable broadstretched	5			
kerchief cooling his whole neck, nape and shoulderblades and in	6			
a wardrobe panelled tuxedo completely thrown back from a shirt	7			
well entitled a swallowall, on every point far outstarching the	8			
laundered clawhammers and marbletopped highboys of the pit	9			
stalls and early amphitheatre. The piece was this: look at the lamps.	10			
The cast was thus: see under the clock. Ladies circle: cloaks may	11			
be left. Pit, prommer and parterre, standing room only. Habituels	12			
conspicuously emergent.	13			
A baser meaning has been read into these characters the literal	14			
sense of which decency can safely scarcely hint. It has been blur-	15			
tingly bruted by certain wisecrackers (the stinks of Mohorat are	16			
in the nightplots of the morning), that he suffered from a vile	17			
disease. Athma, unmanner them! To such a suggestion the one	18			
selfrespecting answer is to affirm that there are certain statements	19			
which ought not to be, and one should like to hope to be able to	20			
add, ought not to be allowed to be made. Nor have his detractors,	21			

who, an imperfectly warmblooded race, apparently conceive him	22			
as a great white caterpillar capable of any and every enormity in	23			
the calendar recorded to the discredit of the Juke and Kellikek	24			
families, mended their case by insinuating that, alternately, he lay	25			
at one time under the ludicrous imputation of annoying Welsh	26			
fusiliers in the people's park. Hay, hay, hay! Hoq, hoq, hoq!	27			
Faun and Flora on the lea love that little old joq. To anyone who	28			
knew and loved the christlikeness of the big cleanminded giant	29			
H. C. Earwicker throughout his excellency long vicefreegal exis-	30			
tence the mere suggestion of him as a lustsleuth nosing for trou-	31			
ble in a boobytrap rings particularly preposterous. Truth, beard	32			
on prophet, compels one to add that there is said to have been	33			
quondam (pfuit! pfuit!) some case of the kind implicating, it is	34			
interdum believed, a quidam (if he did not exist it would be ne-	35			
cessary quoniam to invent him) abhout that time stambuling ha-	36			
FW034				
round Dumbaling in leaky sneakers with his tarrk record who	1			
has remained topantically anonymos but (let us hue him Abdul-	2			
lah Gamellaxarksky) was, it is stated, posted at Mallon's at the	3			
instance of watch warriors of the vigilance committee and years	4			
afterwards, cries one even greater, Ibid, a commender of the	5			

frightful, seemingly, unto such as were sulhan sated, tropped head	6		
(pfiat! pfiat!) waiting his first of the month froods turn for	7		
thatt chopp pah kabbakks alicubi on the old house for the charge-	8		
hard, Roche Haddocks off Hawkins Street. Lowe, you blondy	9		
liar, Gob scene you in the narked place and she what's edith ar	10		
home defileth these boyles! There's a cabful of bash indeed in	11		
the homeur of that meal. Slander, let it lie its flattest, has never	12		
been able to convict our good and great and no ordinary Southron	13		
Earwicker, that homogenius man, as a pious author called him, of	14		
any graver impropriety than that, advanced by some woodwards	15		
or regardsers, who did not dare deny, the shomers, that they had,	16		
chin Ted, chin Tam, chinchin Taffyd, that day consumed their	17		
soul of the corn, of having behaved with ongentilmensky im-	18		
modus opposite a pair of dainty maidservants in the swoolth of	19		
the rushy hollow whither, or so the two gown and pinnars plead-	20		
ed, dame nature in all innocency had spontaneously and about the	21		
same hour of the eventide sent them both but whose published	22		
combinations of silkinlaine testimonies are, where not dubiously	23		
pure, visibly divergent, as wapt from wept, on minor points touch-	24		
ing the intimate nature of this, a first offence in vert or venison	25		
which was admittedly an incautious but, at its wildest, a partial ex-	26		
posure with such attenuating circumstances (garthen gaddeth green	27		
hwere sokeman brideth girling) as an abnormal Saint Swithin's	28		

summer and, (Jesses Rosasharon!) a ripe occasion to provoke it.	29		
We can't do without them. Wives, rush to the restyours! Of-	30		
man will toman while led is the lol. Zessid's our kadem, villa-	31		
pleach, vollapluck. Fikup, for flesh nelly, el mundo nov, zole flen!	32		
If she's a lilyth, pull early! Pauline, allow! And malers abushed,	33		
keep black, keep black! Guiltless of much laid to him he was	34		
clearly for once at least he clearly expressed himself as being with	35		
still a trace of his erstwhile burr and hence it has been received of	36		
FW035			
us that it is true. They tell the story (an amalgam as absorbing as	1		
calzium chloereydes and hydrophobe sponges could make it) how	2		
one happygogusty Ides-of-April morning (the anniversary, as it	3		
fell out, of his first assumption of his mirthday suit and rights in	4		
appurtenance to the confusioning of human races) ages and ages	5		
after the alleged misdemeanour when the tried friend of all crea-	6		
tion, tigerwood roadstaff to his stay, was billowing across the	7		
wide expanse of our greatest park in his caoutchouc kepi and	8		
great belt and hideinsacks and his blaufunx fustian and ironsides	9		
jackboots and Bhagafat gaiters and his rubberised inverness, he	10		
met a cad with a pipe. The latter, the luciferant not the oriulate	11		
(who, the odds are, is still berting dagabout in the same straw	12		

bamer, carryin his overgoat under his schulder, sheepside out, so	13		
as to look more like a coumfry gentleman and signing the pledge	14		
as gaily as you please) hardly accosted him with: Guinness thaw	15		
tool in jew me dinner ouzel fin? (a nice how-do-you-do in Pool-	16		
black at the time as some of our olddaisers may still tremblingly	17		
recall) to ask could he tell him how much a clock it was that the	18		
clock struck had he any idea by cock's luck as his watch was	19		
bradys. Hesitency was clearly to be evitated. Execration as cleverly	20		
to be honnisoid. The Earwicker of that spurring instant, realising	21		
on fundamental liberal principles the supreme importance, nexally	22		
and noxally, of physical life (the nearest help relay being pingping	23		
K. O. Sempatrick's Day and the fenian rising) and unwishful as	24		
he felt of being hurled into eternity right then, plugged by a soft-	25		
nosed bullet from the sap, halted, quick on the draw, and reply-	26		
in that he was feelin tipstaff, cue, prodooced from his gunpocket	27		
his Jurgensen's shrapnel waterbury, ours by communionism, his	28		
by usucapture, but, on the same stroke, hearing above the skirl-	29		
ing of harsh Mother East old Fox Goodman, the bellmaster, over	30		
the wastes to south, at work upon the ten ton tonuant thunder-	31		
ous tenor toller in the speckled church (Couhounin's call!) told	32		
the inquiring kidder, by Jehova, it was twelve of em sidereal and	33		
tankard time, adding, buttall, as he bended deeply with smoked	34		
sardinish breath to give more pondus to the copperstick he pre-	35		

sented, (though this seems in some cumfusium with the chap-	36			
FW036				
stuck ginger which, as being of sours, acids, salts, sweets and	1			
bitters compounded, we know him to have used as chaw-	2			
chaw for bone, muscle, blood, flesh and vimvital,) that where-	3			
as the hakusay accusation againstm had been made, what was	4			
known in high quarters as was stood stated in Morganspost, by	5			
a creature in youman form who was quite beneath parr and seve-	6			
ral degrees lower than yore triplehydrad snake. In greater sup-	7			
port of his word (it, quaint anticipation of a famous phrase, has	8			
been reconstricted out of oral style into the verbal for all time	9			
with ritual rhythemics, in quiritary quietude, and toosammen-	10			
stucked from successive accounts by Noah Webster in the re-	11			
daction known as the Sayings Attributive of H. C. Earwicker,	12			
prize on schillings, postlots free), the flaxen Gygas tapped his	13			
chronometrum drumdrum and, now standing full erect, above	14			
the ambijacent floodplain, scene of its happening, with one Ber-	15			
lin gauntlet chopstuck in the hough of his ellboge (by ancientest	16			
signlore his gesture meaning: H!) pointed at an angle of thirty-	17			
two degrees towards his <i>duc de Fer's</i> overgrown milestone as	18			
fellow to his gage and after a rendypresent pause averred with	19			

solemn emotion's fire: Shsh shake, co-comeraid! Me only, them	20			
five ones, he is equal combat. I have won straight. Hence my	21			
nonation wide hotel and creamery establishments which for the	22			
honours of our mewmew mutual daughters, credit me, I am woo-	23			
woo willing to take my stand, sir, upon the monument, that sign	24			
of our ruru redemption, any hygienic day to this hour and to	25			
make my hoath to my sinnfinners, even if I get life for it, upon	26			
the Open Bible and before the Great Taskmaster's (I lift my hat!)	27			
and in the presence of the Deity Itself andwell of Bishop and	28			
Mrs Michan of High Church of England as of all such of said	29			
my immediate withdwellers and of every living sohole in every	30			
corner wheresoever of this globe in general which useth of my	31			
British to my backbone tongue and commutative justice that	32			
there is not one tittle of truth, allow me to tell you, in that purest	33			
of fibfib fabrications.	34			
Gaping Gill, swift to mate errthors, stern to checkself, (diag-	35			
nosing through eustacetube that it was to make with a markedly	36			
FW037				
postpuberal hypertituitary type of Heidelberg mannleich cavern	1			
ethics) lufted his slopingforward, bad Sweatagore good mur-	2			
rough and dublnotch on to it as he was greedly obliged, and	3			

like a sensible ham, with infinite tact in the delicate situation seen	4		
the touchy nature of its perilous theme, thanked um for guilders	5		
received and time of day (not a little token abock all the same that	6		
that was owl the God's clock it was) and, upon humble duty to	7		
greet his Tyskminister and he shall gildthegap Gaper and thee his	8		
a mouldy voids, went about his business, whoever it was, saluting	9		
corpses, as a metter of corse (one could hound him out had one	10		
hart to for the monticules of scalp and dandruff droppings blaze	11		
his trail) accompanied by his trusty snorler and his permanent	12		
reflection, verbigracious; I have met with you, bird, too late,	13		
or if not, too worm and early: and with tag for ildiot repeated	14		
in his secondmouth language as many of the bigtimer's verbaten	15		
words which he could balbly call to memory that same kveldeve,	16		
ere the hour of the twattering of bards in the twitterlitter between	17		
Druidia and the Deepsleep Sea, when suppertide and souvenir to	18		
Charlatan Mall jointly kem gently and along the quiet darkenings	19		
of Grand and Royal, ff, flitmansfluh, and, kk, 't crept i' hedge	20		
whenas to many a softongue's pawkytalk mude unswer u sufter	21		
poghyogh, Arvanda always aquiasent, while, studying castelles	22		
in the blowne and studding cowshots over the noran, he spat in	23		
careful convertedness a musaic dispensation about his <i>hearthstone</i> ,	24		
if you please, (Irish saliva, <i>mawshe dho hole</i> , but would a respect-	25		
able prominently connected fellow of Iro-European ascendances	26		

with welldressed ideas who knew the correct thing such as Mr	27			
Shallwesigh or Mr Shallwelaugh expectorate after such a callous	28			
fashion, no thank yous! when he had his belcher <i>spuckertuck</i> in his	29			
pucket, pthuck?) musefed with his thockits after having supped	30			
of the dish sot and pottage which he snobbishly dabbed Peach	31			
Bombay (it is rawly only Lukanpukan pilzenpie which she knows	32			
which senaffed and pibered him), a supreme of excelling peas,	33			
balled under minnshogue's milk into whitemalt winesour, a pro-	34			
viant the littlebilker hoarsely relished, chaff it, in the snevel season,	35			
being as fain o't as your rat wi'fennel; and on this celebrating	36			
FW038				
occasion of the happy escape, for a crowning of pot valiance,	1			
this regional platter, benjamin of bouillis, with a spolish olive to	2			
middlepoint its zaynith, was marrying itself (porkograso!) ere-	3			
busqued very deluxiously with a bottle of Phenice-Bruerie '98,	4			
followed for second nuptials by a Piessporter, Grand Cur, of	5			
both of which cherished tablelights (though humble the bounquet	6			
'tis a leaman's farewell) he obdurately sniffed the cobwebcrusted	7			
corks.	8			
Our cad's bit of strife (knee Bareniece Maxwelton) with a quick	9			
ear for spittoons (as the aftertale hath it) glaned up as usual with	10			

dumbestic husbandry (no persicks and armelians for thee, Pome-	11			
ranzia!) but, slipping the clav in her claw, broke of the matter	12			
among a hundred and eleven others in her usual curtsey (how	13			
faint these first vhespers womanly are, a secret pispigliando, amad	14			
the lavurdy den of their manfolker!) the next night nudge one	15			
as was Hegesippus over a hup a ' chee, her eys dry and small and	16			
speech thicklish because he appeared a funny colour like he	17			
couldn't stood they old hens no longer, to her particular reverend,	18			
the director, whom she had been meaning in her mind primarily	19			
to speak with (hosch, intra! jist a timblespoon!) trusting, between	20			
cuppled lips and annie lawrie promises (mighshe never have	21			
Esnekerry pudden come Hunanov for her pecklapitschens!) that	22			
the gossiple so delivered in his epistolear, buried teatoastally in	23			
their Irish stew would go no further than his jesuit's cloth, yet	24			
(in vinars veritas! volatiles valetotum!) it was this overspoiled	25			
priest Mr Browne, disguised as a vincentian, who, when seized	26			
of the facts, was overheard, in his secondary personality as a	27			
Nolan and underreared, poul soul, by accident—if, that is, the	28			
incident it was an accident for here the ruah of Ecclectiastes	29			
of Hippo outpuffs the writress of Havvah-ban-Annah—to	30			
pianissime a slightly varied version of Crookedribs confidentials,	31			
(what Mère Aloyse said but for Jesuphine's sake!) hands between	32			
hahands, in fealty sworn (my bravor best! my fraur!) and, to the	33			

strains of <i>The Secret of Her Birth</i> , hushly pierce the rubiend	34			
aurellum of one Philly Thurnston, a layteacher of rural science	35			
and orthophonethics of a nearstout figure and about the middle	36			
FW039				
of his forties during a priestly flutter for safe and sane bets at the	1			
hippic runfields of breezy Baldoyle on a date (W. W. goes	2			
through the card) easily capable of remembrance by all pickers-	3			
up of events national and Dublin details, the doubles of Perkin	4			
and Paullock, peer and prole, when the classic Encourage Hackney	5			
Plate was captured by two noses in a stablecloth finish, ek and nek,	6			
some and none, evelo nevelo, from the cream colt Bold Boy	7			
Cromwell after a clever getaway by Captain Chaplain Blount's	8			
roe hinny Saint Dalough, Drummer Coxon, nondepict third, at	9			
breakneck odds, thanks to you great little, bonny little, portey	10			
little, Winny Widger! you're all their nappies! who in his never-	11			
rip mud and purpular cap was surely leagues unlike any other	12			
phantomweight that ever toppitt our timber maggies.	13			
'Twas two pisononse Timcovos (the wetter is pest, the renns are	14			
overt and come and the voax of the turfur is hurled on our lande)	15			
of the name of Treacle Tom as was just out of pop following the	16			
theft of a leg of Kehoe, Donnelly and Pakenham's Finnish pork	17			

and his own blood and milk brother Frisky Shorty, (he was, to be	18			
exquisitely punctilious about them, both shorty and frisky) a tip-	19			
ster, come off the hulks, both of them awful poor, what was out	20			
on the bumaround for an oofbird game for a jimmy o'goblin or	21			
a small thick un as chanced, while the Seaforths was making the	22			
colleenbawl, to ear the passon in the motor clobber make use of	23			
his law language (Edzo, Edzo on), touchin the case of Mr Adams	24			
what was in all the sundays about it which he was rubbing noses	25			
with and having a gurgle off his own along of the butty bloke in	26			
the specs.	27			
This Treacle Tom to whom reference has been made had	28			
been absent from his usual wild and woolly haunts in the land	29			
of counties capalleens for some time previous to that (he was, in	30			
fact, in the habit of frequenting common lodginghouses where	31			
he slept in a nude state, hailfellow with meth, in strange men's	32			
cots) but on racenight, blotto after divers tots of hell fire, red	33			
bidly, bull dog, blue ruin and creeping jenny, Eglandine's choic-	34			
est herbage, supplied by the Duck and Doggies, the Galop-	35			
ping Primrose, Brigid Brewster's, the Cock, the Postboy's Horn,	36			
FW040				
the Little Old Man's and All Swell That Aimswell, the Cup and	1			

the Stirrup, he sought his wellwarmed leababobed in a hous-	2		
ingroom Abide With Oneanother at Block W.W., (why didn't	3		
he back it?) Pump Court, The Liberties, and, what with	4		
moltapuke on voltapuke, resnored alcoh alcoh alcoharently to	5		
the burden of <i>I come, my horse delayed</i> , nom num, the sub-	6		
stance of the tale of the evangelical bussybozzy and the rusinur-	7		
bean (the 'girls' he would keep calling them for the collarette	8		
and skirt, the sunbonnet and carnation) in parts (it seemed he	9		
was before the eyots of martas or otherwales the thirds of fossil-	10		
years, he having beham with katya when lavinias had her mens	11		
lease to sea in a psumpship doodly show whereat he was looking	12		
for fight niggers with whilde roarses) oft in the chilly night (the	13		
metagonistic! the epickthalamorous!) during uneasy slumber in	14		
their hearings of a small and stonybroke cashdraper's executive,	15		
Peter Cloran (discharged), O'Mara, an exprivate secretary of no	16		
fixed abode (locally known as Mildew Lisa), who had passed	17		
several nights, funnish enough, in a doorway under the blankets	18		
of homelessness on the bunk of iceland, pillowed upon the stone	19		
of destiny colder than man's knee or woman's breast, and	20		
Hosty, (no slouch of a name), an illstarred beachbusker, who,	21		
sans rootie and sans scrapie, suspicioning as how he was setting	22		
on a twoodstool on the verge of selfabyss, most starved, with	23		
melancholia over everything in general, (night birman, you served	24		

him with natigal's nano!) had been towhead tossing on his shake-	25			
down, devising ways and manners of means, of what he loved	26			
to ifidalicence somehow or other in the nation getting a hold of	27			
some chap's parabellum in the hope of taking a wing sociable	28			
and lighting upon a sidewheel dive somewhere off the Dullkey	29			
Downlairy and Bleakrooky tramaline where he could throw true	30			
and go and blow the sibicidal napper off himself for two bits to	31			
boldywell baltitude in the peace and quitybus of a one sure shot	32			
bottle, he after having being trying all he knew with the lady's	33			
help of Madam Gristle for upwards of eighteen calanders to get	34			
out of Sir Patrick Dun's, through Sir Humphrey Jervis's and	35			
into the Saint Kevin's bed in the Adelaide's hossipittles (from	36			
FW041				
these incurable wellleslays among those uncarable wellasdays	1			
through Sant Iago by his cocklehat, good Lazar, deliver us!)	2			
without after having been able to jerrywangle it anysides. Lisa	3			
O'Deavis and Roche Mongan (who had so much incommon,	4			
epipsychidically; if the phrase be permitted <i>hostis et odor insuper</i>	5			
<i>petroperfractus</i>) as an understood thing slept their sleep of the	6			
swimborne in the one sweet undulant mother of tumblerbunks	7			
with Hosty just how the shavers in the shaw the yokels in the	8			

yoats or, well, the wasters in the wilde, and the bustling tweeny-	9		
dawn-of-all-works (meed of anthems here we pant!) had not been	10		
many jiffies furbishing potlids, doorbrasses, scholars' applecheeks	11		
and linkboy's metals when, ashhopperminded like no fella he go	12		
make bakenbeggfuss longa white man, the rejuvenated busker (for	13		
after a goodnight's rave and rumble and a shinkhams topmorning	14		
with his coexes he was not the same man) and his broadawake	15		
bedroom suite (our boys, as our Byron called them) were up	16		
and ashuffle from the hogshome they lovenaned The Barrel, cross	17		
Ebblinn's chilled hamlet (thrie routes and restings on their then	18		
superficies curiously correspondant with those linea and puncta	19		
where our tubenny habenny metro maniplungs below the ober-	20		
flake underrails and stations at this time of riding) to the thrum-	21		
mings of a crewth fiddle which, cremoaning and cronauning, levey	22		
grevey, witty and wevey, appy, leppy and playable, caressed the	23		
ears of the subjects of King Saint Finnerty the Festive who, in	24		
brick homes of their own and in their flavory fraiseberry beds,	25		
heeding hardly cry of honeyman, soed lavender or foyneboyne	26		
salmon alive, with their priggish mouths all open for the larger	27		
appraisiation of this longawaited Messiagh of roaratorios, were	28		
only halfpast atswееep and after a brisk pause at a pawnbroking	29		
establishment for the prothetic purpose of redeeming the song-	30		
ster's truly admirable false teeth and a prolonged visit to a house	31		

of call at Cujas Place, fizz, the Old Sots' Hole in the parish of	32		
Saint Cecily within the liberty of Ceolmore not a thousand or one	33		
national leagues, that was, by Griffith's valuation, from the site	34		
of the statue of Primewer Glasstone setting a match to the march	35		
of a maker (last of the stewards peut-être), where, the tale rambles	36		
FW042			
along, the trio of whackfolthediddlers was joined by a further—	1		
intentions—apply—tomorrow casual and a decent sort of the	2		
hadbeen variety who had just been touching the weekly insult,	3		
phewit, and all figlabbers (who saith of noun?) had stimulants	4		
in the shape of gee and gees stood by the damn decent sort after	5		
which stag luncheon and a few ones more just to celebrate yester-	6		
day, flushed with their firestufffostered friendship, the rascals came	7		
out of the licensed premises, (Browne's first, the small p.s. ex-ex-	8		
executive capahand in their sad rear like a lady's postscript: I want	9		
money. Pleasend), wiping their laughleaking lipes on their sleeves,	10		
how the bouckaleens shout their roscan generally (seinn fion,	11		
seinn fion's araun.) and the rhymers' world was with reason the	12		
richer for a wouldbe ballad, to the balledder of which the world	13		
of cumannity singing owes a tribute for having placed on the	14		
planet's melomap his lay of the vilest bogeyer but most attrac-	15		

tionable avatar the world has ever had to explain for.	16			
This, more krectly lubeen or fellow — me — lieder was first	17			
poured forth where Riau Liviau riots and col de Houdo humps,	18			
under the shadow of the monument of the shouldhavebeen legis-	19			
lator (Eleutheriodendron! Spare, woodmann, spare!) to an over-	20			
flow meeting of all the nations in Lenster fullyfilling the visional	21			
area and, as a singleminded supercrowd, easily representative,	22			
what with masks, whet with faces, of all sections and cross sections	23			
(wineshop and cocoahouse poured out to brim up the broaching)	24			
of our liffeyside people (to omit to mention of the mainland mino-	25			
riety and such as had wayfared <i>via</i> Watling, Ernin, Icknild and	26			
Stane, in chief a halted cockney car with its quotal of Hardmuth's	27			
hacks, a northern tory, a southern whig, an eastanglian chroni-	28			
cler and a landwester guardian) ranging from slips of young	29			
dublinos from Cutpurse Row having nothing better to do than	30			
walk about with their hands in their kneepants, sucking air-	31			
whackers, weedulicet, jumbobricks, side by side with truant	32			
officers, three woollen balls and poplin in search of a croust of	33			
pawn to busy professional gentlemen, a brace of palesmen with	34			
dundrearies, nooning toward Daly's, fresh from snipehitting and	35			
mallardmissing on Rutland heath, exchanging cold sneers, mass-	36			
FW043				

going ladies from Hume Street in their chairs, the bearers baited,	1			
some wandering hamalags out of the adjacent cloverfields of	2			
Mosse's Gardens, an oblate father from Skinner's Alley, brick-	3			
layers, a fleming, in tabinet fumant, with spouse and dog, an aged	4			
hammersmith who had some chisellers by the hand, a bout of	5			
cudgel players, not a few sheep with the braxy, two bluecoat	6			
scholars, four broke gents out of Simpson's on the Rocks, a	7			
portly and a pert still tassing Turkey Coffee and orange shrub in	8			
tickeyes door, Peter Pim and Paul Fry and then Elliot and, O,	9			
Atkinson, suffering hell's delights from the blains of their annui-	10			
tants' acorns not forgetting a deuce of dianas ridy for the hunt, a	11			
particularist prebendary pondering on the roman easter, the ton-	12			
sure question and greek uniates, plunk em, a lace lappet head or	13			
two or three or four from a window, and so on down to a few good	14			
old souls, who, as they were juiced after taking their pledge over at	15			
the uncle's place, were evidently under the spell of liquor, from the	16			
wake of Tarry the Tailor a fair girl, a jolly postoboy thinking off	17			
three flagons and one, a plumodrole, a half sir from the weaver's	18			
almshouse who clings and clings and chatchatchat clings to her, a	19			
wholedam's cloudhued pittycot, as child, as curiolater, as Caoch	20			
O'Leary. The wararrow went round, so it did, (a nation wants	21			
a gaze) and the ballad, in the felibrine trancoped metre affectioned	22			

by Taiocebo in his <i>Casudas de Poulichinello Artahut</i> , stump-	23			
stampaded on to a slip of blancovide and headed by an excessively	24			
rough and red woodcut, privately printed at the rimepress of	25			
Delville, soon fluttered its secret on white highway and brown	26			
byway to the rose of the winds and the blew of the gaels, from	27			
archway to lattice and from black hand to pink ear, village crying	28			
to village, through the five pussyfours green of the united states	29			
of Scotia Picta— and he who denays it, may his hairs be rubbed	30			
in dirt! To the added strains (so peacifold) of his majesty the	31			
flute, that onecrooned king of inscrewments, Piggott's purest, <i>ciello</i>	32			
<i>alsoliuto</i> , which Mr Delaney (Mr Delacey?), horn, anticipating	33			
a perfect downpour of plaudits among the rapsods, piped	34			
out of his decentsoort hat, looking still more like his purseiful	35			
namesake as men of Gaul noted, but before of to sputabout, the	36			
FW044				
snowycrested curl amoist the leader's wild and moulting hair,	1			
'Ductor' Hitchcock hoisted his fezzy fuzz at bludgeon's height	2			
signum to his companions of the chalice for the Loud Fellow,	3			
boys' and <i>silentium in curia!</i> (our maypole once more where he rose	4			
of old) and the canto was chantied there chorussed and christened	5			
where by the old tollgate, Saint Annona's Street and Church.	6			

And around the lawn the rann it rann and this is the rann that	7			
Hosty made. Spoken. Boyles and Cahills, Skerretts and Pritchards,	8			
viersified and piersified may the treeth we tale of live in stoney.	9			
Here line the refrains of. Some vote him Vike, some mote him	10			
Mike, some dub him Llyn and Phin while others hail him Lug	11			
Bug Dan Lop, Lex, Lax, Gunne or Guinn. Some apt him Arth,	12			
some bapt him Barth, Coll, Noll, Soll, Will, Weel, Wall but I	13			
parse him Persse O'Reilly else he's called no name at all. To-	14			
gether. Arrah, leave it to Hosty, frosty Hosty, leave it to Hosty	15			
for he's the mann to rhyme the rann, the rann, the rann, the king	16			
of all ranns. Have you here? (Some ha) Have we where? (Some	17			
hant) Have you hered? (Others do) Have we whered? (Others dont)	18			
It's cumming, it's brumming! The clip, the clop! (All cla) Glass	19			
crash. The (klikkakkakkaklaskaklopatzklatschabattacreppycrotty-	20			
graddaghsemmihsammihnouithappluddyappladdykonpkot!).	21			
}	<i>Ardite, ardit!</i>	22		
	Music cue.	23		

<p style="text-align: center;">“THE BALLAD OF PERSSE O'REILLY.”</p>				
<p>FW045</p>				
<p>Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty</p>	<p>1</p>			
<p>How he fell with a roll and a rumble</p>	<p>2</p>			
<p>And curled up like Lord Olofa Crumple</p>	<p>3</p>			
<p>By the butt of the Magazine Wall,</p>	<p>4</p>			
<p>(Chorus) Of the Magazine Wall,</p>	<p>5</p>			

Hump, helmet and all?	6			
He was one time our King of the Castle	7			
Now he's kicked about like a rotten old parsnip.	8			
And from Green street he'll be sent by order of His Worship	9			
To the penal jail of Mountjoy	10			
(Chorus) To the jail of Mountjoy!	11			
Jail him and joy.	12			
He was faffather of all schemes for to bother us	13			
Slow coaches and immaculate contraceptives for the populace,	14			
Mare's milk for the sick, seven dry Sundays a week,	15			
Openair love and religion's reform,	16			
(Chorus) And religious reform,	17			
Hideous in form.	18			
Arrah, why, says you, couldn't he manage it?	19			
I'll go bail, my fine dairyman darling,	20			
Like the bumping bull of the Cassidys	21			
All your butter is in your horns.	22			
(Chorus) His butter is in his horns.	23			
Butter his horns!	24			

(Repeat) Hurrah there, Hosty, frosty Hosty, change that shirt	25		
[on ye,	26		
Rhyme the rann, the king of all ranns!	27		
<i>Balbaccio, balbuccio!</i>	28		
We had chaw chaw chops, chairs, chewing gum, the chicken-	29		
[pox and china chambers	30		
Universally provided by this soffsoaping salesman.	31		
FW046			
Small wonder He'll Cheat E'erawan our local lads nicknamed him	1		
When Chimpden first took the floor	2		
(Chorus) With his bucketshop store	3		
Down Bargainweg, Lower.	4		
So snug he was in his hotel premises sumptuous	5		
But soon we'll bonfire all his trash, tricks and trumpery	6		
And'tis short till sheriff Clancy'll be winding up his unlimited	7		
[company	8		
With the bailiff's bom at the door,	9		
(Chorus) Bimbam at the door.	10		
Then he'll bum no more.	11		

Sweet bad luck on the waves washed to our island	12		
The hooker of that hammerfast viking	13		
And Gall's curse on the day when Eblana bay	14		
Saw his black and tan man-o'-war.	15		
(Chorus) Saw his man-o'-war.	16		
On the harbour bar.	17		
Where from? roars Poolbeg. Cookingha'pence, he bawls Donnez-	18		
[moi scampitle, wick an wipin'fampiny	19		
Fingal Mac Oscar Onesine Bargearse Boniface	20		
Thok's min gammelhole Norveegickers moniker	21		
Og as ay are at gammelhore Norveegickers cod.	22		
(Chorus) A Norwegian camel old cod.	23		
He is, begod.	24		
Lift it, Hosty, lift it, ye devil ye! up with the rann, the rhyming	25		
[rann!	26		
It was during some fresh water garden pumping	27		
Or, according to the <i>Nursing Mirror</i> , while admiring the mon-	28		
[keys	29		
That our heavyweight heathen Humpharey	30		
Made bold a maid to woo	31		

(Chorus) Woohoo, what'll she doo!	32		
The general lost her maidenloo!	33		
FW047			
He ought to blush for himself, the old hayheaded philosopher,	1		
For to go and shove himself that way on top of her.	2		
Begob, he's the crux of the catalogue	3		
Of our antediluvial zoo,	4		
(Chorus) Messrs. Billing and Co.	5		
Noah's larks, good as noo.	6		
He was joulting by Wellinton's monument	7		
Our rotorious hippopotamuns	8		
When some bugger let down the backtrap of the omnibus	9		
And he caught his death of fusiliers,	10		
(Chorus) With his rent in his rears.	11		
Give him six years.	12		
'Tis sore pity for his innocent poor children	13		
But look out for his missus legitimate!	14		
When that frew gets a grip of old Earwicker	15		
Won't there be earwigs on the green?	16		

(Chorus) Big earwigs on the green,	17			
The largest ever you seen.	18			
Suffoclose! Shikespower! Seudodanto! Anonymoses!	19			
Then we'll have a free trade Gaels' band and mass meeting	20			
For to sod the brave son of Scandiknavery.	21			
And we'll bury him down in Oxmanstown	22			
Along with the devil and Danes,	23			
(Chorus) With the deaf and dumb Danes,	24			
And all their remains.	25			
And not all the king's men nor his horses	26			
Will resurrect his corpus	27			
For there's no true spell in Connacht or hell	28			
(bis) That's able to raise a Cain.	29			

3. Episode **THREE** (27 pages, from 048 to 074)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW048				
Chest Cee! 'Sdense! Corpo di barragio! you spooof of visibility	1			
in a freakfog, of mixed sex cases among goats, hill cat and plain	2			
mousey, Bigamy Bob and his old Shanvocht! The Blackfriars	3			
treacle plaster outrage be liddled! Therewith was released in that	4			
kingsrick of Humidia a poisoning volume of cloud barrage indeed.	5			
Yet all they who heard or redelivered are now with that family	6			
of bards and Vergobretas himself and the crowd of Caraculacticors	7			
as much no more as be they not yet now or had they then not-	8			
ever been. Canbe in some future we shall presently here amid	9			
those zouave players of Inkermann the mime mumming the mick	10			
and his nick miming their maggies, Hilton St Just (Mr Frank	11			
Smith), Ivanne Ste Austelle (Mr J. F. Jones), Coleman of Lucan	12			

taking four parts, a choir of the O'Daley O'Doyles doublesixing	13		
the chorus in <i>Fenn Mac Call and the Serven Feeries of Loch Neach,</i>	14		
<i>Galloper Troppler and Hurleyquinn</i> the zitherer of the past with his	15		
merrymen all, zimzim, zimzim. Of the persins sin this Eyrawyg-	16		
gla saga (which, thorough readable to int from and, is from tubb	17		
to buttom all falsetissues, antilibellous and nonactionable and this	18		
applies to its whole wholume) of poor Osti-Fosti, described as	19		
quite a musical genius in a small way and the owner of an	20		
exceedingly niced ear, with tenorist voice to match, not alone,	21		
but a very major poet of the poorly meritary order (he began	22		
Tuonisonian but worked his passage up as far as the we-all-	23		
hang-together Animandovites) no one end is known. If they	24		
FW049			
whistled him before he had curtains up they are whistling him	1		
still after his curtain's doom's doom. <i>Ei fù</i> . His husband, poor old	2		
A'Hara (Okaroff?) crestfallen by things and down at heels at the	3		
time, they squeak, accepted the (Zassnoch!) ardree's shilling at	4		
the conclusion of the Crimean war and, having flown his wild	5		
geese, alohned in crowds to warnder on like Shuley Luney,	6		
enlisted in Tyrone's horse, the Irish whites, and soldiered a bit	7		
with Wolsey under the assumed name of Blanco Fusilovna Buck-	8		
lovitch (spurious) after which the cawer and the marble halls	9		

of Pump Court Columbarium, the home of the old seakings,	10		
looked upon each other and queth their haven evermore for it	11		
transpires that on the other side of the water it came about that on	12		
the field of Vasileff's Cornix inauspiciously with his unit he	13		
perished, saying, this papal leafless to old chap give, rawl chaw-	14		
clates for mouther-in-louth. <i>Booil</i> . Poor old dear Paul Horan,	15		
to satisfy his literary as well as his criminal aspirations, at the	16		
suggestion thrown out by the doomster in loquacity lunacy, so	17		
says the Dublin Intelligence, was thrown into a Ridley's for	18		
inmates in the northern counties. Under the name of Orani he	19		
may have been the utility man of the troupe capable of sustain-	20		
ing long parts at short notice. He was. Sordid Sam, a dour decent	21		
deblancer, the unwashed, haunted always by his ham, the unwished,	22		
at a word from Israfel the Summoner, passed away painlessly	23		
after life's upsomdowns one hallowe'en night, ebbrous and in	24		
the state of nature, propelled from Behind into the great Beyond	25		
by footblows coulinclouted upon his oyster and atlas on behanged	26		
and behooved and behicked and behulked of his last fishandblood	27		
bedscrappers, a Northwegian and his mate of the Sheawolving	28		
class. Though the last straw glimt his baring this stage thunkhard	29		
is said (the pitfallen gagged him as 'Promptboxer') to have	30		
solemnly said — as had the brief thot but fell in till his head like	31		
a bass dropt neck fust in till a bung crate (cogged!): Me drames,	32		

O'Loughlins, has come through! Now let the centuple celves of	33		
my egourge as Micholas de Cusack calls them, — of all of whose	34		
I in my hereinafter of course by recourse demission me — by	35		
the coincidance of their contraries reamalgamerge in that indentity	36		
FW050			
of undiscernibles where the Baxters and the Fleshmans may	1		
they cease to bidivil uns and (but at this poingt though the iron	2		
thrust of his cockspurt start might have prepared us we are well-	3		
nigh stinkpotthered by the mustardpunge in the tailend) this	4		
outandin brown candlestock melt Nolan's into peese! <i>Han var.</i>	5		
Disliken as he was to druriodrama, her wife Langley, the prophet,	6		
and the decentest dozendest short of a frusker whoever stuck his	7		
spickle through his spoke, disappeared, (in which toodooing he	8		
has taken all the French leaves unveilable out of Calomne-	9		
quiller's Pravities) from the sourface of this earth, that austral	10		
plain he had transmariied himself to, so entirely spoorlessly (the	11		
mother of the book with a dustwhisk tabularasing his obliteration	12		
done upon her involucrum) as to tickle the speculative to all but	13		
opine (since the Levey who might have been Langley may have	14		
really been a redivivus of paganinism or a volunteer Vousden)	15		
that the hobo (who possessed a large amount of the humoresque)	16		
had transtuled his funster's latitat to its finsterest interrimost. <i>Bhi</i>	17		

<i>she</i> . Again, if Father San Browne, tea and toaster to that quaint-	18		
esttest of yarnspinnners is Padre Don Bruno, treu and troster to	19		
the queen of Iar-Spain, was the reverend, the sodality director,	20		
that eupeptic viceflayer, a barefaced carmelite, to whose palpi-	21		
tating pulpit (which of us but remembers the rarevalent and	22		
hornerable Fratomistor Nawlanmore and Brawne.) sinning society	23		
sirens (see the [Roman Catholic] presspassim) fortunately became	24		
so enthusiastically attached and was an objectionable ass who very	25		
occasionally cockaded a raffles ticket on his hat which he wore all	26		
to one side like the hangle of his pan (if Her Elegance saw him	27		
she'd have the canary!) and was semiprivatey convicted of mal-	28		
practices with his hotwashed tableknife (glossing over the cark	29		
in his pocket) that same snob of the dunhill, fully several year-	30		
schaums ripper, encountered by the General on that redletter	31		
morning or maynoon jovesday and were they? <i>Fuitfuit</i> .	32		
When Phishlin Phil wants throws his lip 'tis pholly to be fortune	33		
flonting and whoever's gone to mix Hotel by the salt say water	34		
there's nix to nothing we can do for he's never again to sea. It	35		
is nebules an autodidact fact of the commonest that the shape of	36		
FW051			
the average human cloudyphiz, whereas sallow has long daze	1		
faded, frequently altered its ego with the passing of the showers	2		

(Not original!). Whence it is a slopperish matter, given the wet	3		
and low visibility (since in this scherzarade of one's thousand one	4		
nightinesses that sword of certainty which would indentifide the	5		
body never falls) to idendifine the individuone in scratch wig,	6		
squarecuts, stock lavaleer, regattable oxeter, baggy pants and	7		
shufflers (he is often alluded to as Slypatrick, the llad in the llane)	8		
with already an incipience (lust!) in the direction of area baldness	9		
(one is continually firstmeeting with odd sorts of others at all	10		
sorts of ages!) who was asked by free boardschool shirkers in	11		
drenched coats overawall, Will, Conn and Otto, to tell them	12		
overagait, Vol, Pov and Dev, that fishabed ghoatstory of the	13		
haardly creditable edventyres of the Haberdasher, the two Cur-	14		
chies and the three Enkelchums in their Bearskin ghoats! Girles	15		
and jongers, but he has changed alok syne Thorkill's time! Ya, da,	16		
tra, gathery, pimp, shesses, shossafat, okodeboko, nine! Those	17		
many warts, those slummy patches, halvesinster wrinkles, (what	18		
has come over the face on wholebroader E?), and (shrine of	19		
Mount Mu save us!) the large fungopark he has grown! Drink!	20		
Sport's a common thing. It was the Lord's own day for damp	21		
(to wait for a postponed regatta's eventualising is not of Battlecock	22		
Shettledore-Juxta-Mare only) and the request for a fully	23		
armed explanation was put (in Loo of Pat) to the porty (a native	24		
of the sisterisle — Meathman or Meccan? — by his brogue, ex-	25		

race eyes, lokil calour and lual odour which are said to have	26		
been average clownturkish (though the capelist's voiced nasal	27		
liquids and the way he sneezed at zees haul us back to the craogs	28		
and bryns of the Silurian Ordovices) who, the lesser pilgrimage	29		
accomplished, had made, pats' and pigs' older inselt, the south-	30		
east bluffs of the stranger stepshore, a <i>regifugium persecutorum</i> ,	31		
hence hindquarters) as he paused at evenchime for some or so	32		
minutes (hit the pipe, dannyboy! Time to won, barmon. I'll take	33		
ten to win.) amid the devil's one duldrum (Apple by her blossom	34		
window and Charlotte at her toss panomancy his sole admirers,	35		
his only tearts in store) for a fragrend culubosh during his week-	36		
FW052			
end pastime of executing with Anny Oakley deadliness (the con-	1		
summatory pairs of provocatives, of which remained provokingly	2		
but two, the ones he fell for, Lili and Tutu, cork em!) empties	3		
which had not very long before contained Reid's family (you ruad	4		
that before, soaky, but all the bottles in sodemd histry will not	5		
soften your bloodathirst!) stout. Having reprimed his repeater	6		
and resiteroomed his timespiece His Revenances, with still a life	7		
or two to spare for the space of his occupancy of a world at a time,	8		
rose to his feet and there, far from Tolkaheim, in a quiet English	9		
garden (commonplace!), since known as Whiddington Wild, his	10		

simple intensive curolent vocality, my dearbraithers, my most	11		
dearbrathairs, as he, so is a supper as is a sipper, spake of the	12		
One and told of the Compassionate, called up before the triad of	13		
precoxious scaremakers (scoretaking: Spegulo ne helpas al mal-	14		
bellulo, Mi Kredas ke vi estas prava, Via dote la vizago rispondas	15		
fraulino) the now to ushere mythical habiliments of Our Farfar	16		
and Arthor of our doyne.	17		
Television kills telephony in brothers' broil. Our eyes de-	18		
mand their turn. Let them be seen! And wolfbone balefires blaze	19		
the trailmost if only that Mary Nothing may burst her bibby	20		
buckshee. When they set fire then she's got to glow so we may	21		
stand some chances of warming to what every soorkabatcha,	22		
tum or hum, would like to know. The first Humphrey's latitu-	23		
dinous baver with puggaree behind, (calaboose belong bigboss	24		
belong Kang the Toll) his fourinhand bow, his elbaroom surtout,	25		
the refaced unmansionables of gingerine hue, the state slate	26		
umbrella, his gruff woolselywellesly with the finndrinn knopfs	27		
and the gauntlet upon the hand which in an hour not for him	28		
solely evil had struck down the might he mighthavebeen d'Est-	29		
erre of whom his nation seemed almost already to be about to	30		
have need. Then, stealing his thunder, but in the befitting le-	31		
gomena of the smaller country, (probable words, possibly said, of	32		
field family gleaming) a bit duskish and flavoured with a smile,	33		

seein as ow his thoughts consisted chiefly of the cheerio, he aptly	34		
sketched for our soontobe second parents (sukand see whybe!)	35		
the touching scene. The solence of that stilling! Here one might	36		
FW053			
a fin fell. Boomster rombombonant! It scenes like a landscape	1		
from Wildu Picturescu or some seem on some dimb Arras, dumb	2		
as Mum's mutyness, this mimage of the seventyseventh kusin of	3		
kristansen is odable to os across the wineless Ere no œdor nor	4		
mere eerie nor liss potent of suggestion than in the tales of the	5		
tingmount. (Prigged!)	6		
And there oftafter, jauntyjogging, on an Irish visavis, instea-	7		
dily with shoulder to shoulder Jehu will tell to Christianier, saint	8		
to sage, the humphriad of that fall and rise while daisy winks at	9		
her pinker sister among the tussocks and the copoll between the	10		
shafts mocks the couple on the car. And as your who may look	11		
like how on the owther side of his big beltry your tyrs and cloes	12		
your noes and paradigm maymay rererise in eren. Follow we up	13		
his whip vindicative. Thurston's! Lo bebold! <i>La arboro, lo</i>	14		
<i>petrusu</i> . The augustan peacebetothem oaks, the monolith rising	15		
stark from the moonlit pinebarren. In all fortitudinous ajaxious	16		
rowdinoisy tenuacity. The angelus hour with ditchers bent upon	17		
their farm usetensiles, the soft belling of the fallow deers (<i>doereh-</i>	18		

<i>moose genuane!</i>) advertising their milky approach as midnight	19		
was striking the hours (<i>letate!</i>), and how brightly the great tri-	20		
bune outed the sharkskin smokewallet (imitation!) from his	21		
frock, kippers, and by Joshua, he tips un a topping swank	22		
cheroot, none of your swellish soide, quoit the reverse, and how	23		
manfally he says, pluk to pluk and lekan for lukan, he was to just	24		
pluggy well suck that brown boyo, my son, and spend a whole	25		
half hour in Havana. Sorer of the kreekmen, would not thore be	26		
old high gothsprogue! Wherefore he met Master, he mean to say,	27		
he do, sire, bester of redpublicans, at Eagle Cock Hostel on	28		
Lorenzo Tooley street and how he wished his Honour the ban-	29		
nocks of Gort and Morya and Bri Head and Puddyrick, yore	30		
Loudship, and a starchboxsitting in the pit of his St Tomach's,	31		
— a strange wish for you, my friend, and it would poleaxe your	32		
sonson's grandson utterly though your own old sweatandswear	33		
floruerunts heaved it hoch many as the times, when they were	34		
turrified by the hitz.	35		
Chee chee cheers for Upkingbilly and crow cru cramwells	36		
FW054			
Downaboo! Hup, boys, and hat him! See! Oilbeam they're lost	1		
we've found rerembrandtsers, their hours to date link these heirs	2		
to here but wowhere are those yours of Yestersdays? Farseeing-	3		

therich and Poolaulwoman Charachthercuss and his Ann van	4		
Vogt. D.e.e.d! Edned, ended or sleeping soundlessly? Favour	5		
with your tongues! <i>Intendite!</i>	6		
Any dog's life you list you may still hear them at it, like sixes	7		
and seventies as eversure as Halley's comet, ulemamen, sobran-	8		
jewomen, storthingboys and dumagirls, as they pass its bleak and	9		
bronze portal of your Casaconcordia: Huru more Nee, minny	10		
frickans? Hwoorledes har Dee det? Losdoor onleft mladies, cue.	11		
Millecientotrigintadue scudi. Tippetty, kyrie, tippetty. Cha kai	12		
rotty kai makkar, sahib? Despenseme Usted, senhor, en son suc-	13		
co, sabez. O thaw bron orm, A'Cothraige, thinkinthou gaily?	14		
Lick-Pa-flai-hai-pa-Pa-li-si-lang-lang. Epi alo, ecou, Batiste, tu-	15		
vavnr dans Lptit boing going. Ismeme de bumbac e meias de por-	16		
tocallie. O.O. Os pipos mios es demasiada guararso por O pic-	17		
colo pocchino. Wee fee? Ung duro. Kocshis, szabad? Mercy, and	18		
you? Gomagh, thak.	19		
And, Cod, says he with mugger's tears: Would you care to	20		
know the prise of a liard? Maggis, nick your nightynovel! Mass	21		
Taverner's at the mike again! And that bag belly is the buck	22		
to goat it! Meggeg, m'gay chapjappy fellow, I call our univalse	23		
to witness, as sicker as moyliffey eggs is known by our good	24		
househalters from yorehunderts of mamooth to be which they	25		
commercially are in ahoy high British quarters (conventional!)	26		

my guesthouse and cowhaendel credits will immediately stand	27		
ohoh open as straight as that neighbouring monument's fabrica-	28		
tion before the hygienic gllll (this was where the reverent sab-	29		
both and bottlebreaker with firbalk forthstretched touched upon	30		
his tricoloured boater, which he uplifted by its pickledhoopy (he	31		
gave Stetson one and a penny for it) whileas oleaginosity of an-	32		
cestralolosis sgocciolated down the both pendencies of his mut-	33		
sohito liptails (Sencapetulo, a more modestuous conciliabulite	34		
never curled a torn pocketmouth), cordially inwiting the adul-	35		
lescence who he was wising up to do in like manner what all did	36		
FW055			
so as he was able to add) lobe before the Great Schoolmaster's.	1		
(I tell you no story.) Smile!	2		
The house of Atreox is fallen indeedust (Ilyam, Ilyum! Mae-	3		
romor Mournomates!) averging on blight like the mundibanks of	4		
Fennyana, but deeds bounds going arise again. Life, he himself	5		
said once, (his biografiend, in fact, kills him verysoon, if yet not,	6		
after) is a wake, livit or krikit, and on the bunk of our bread-	7		
winning lies the cropse of our seedfather, a phrase which the	8		
establisher of the world by law might pretnately write across	9		
the chestfront of all manorwombanborn. The scene, refreshed,	10		
reroused, was never to be forgotten, the hen and crusader ever-	11		

intermutuomergent, for later in the century one of that puisne	12		
band of factferreters, (then an excivily (out of the custom huts)	13		
(retired), (hurt), under the sixtyfives act) in a dressy black modern	14		
style and wewere shiny tan burlingtons, (tam, homd and dicky,	15		
quopriquos and peajagd) rehearsed it, pippa pointing, with a	16		
dignified (copied) bow to a namecousin of the late archdeacon	17		
F. X. Preserved Coppinger (a hot fellow in his night, may the	18		
mouther of guard have mastic on him!) in a pullwoman of our	19		
first transhibernian with one still sadder circumstance which is a	20		
dirkandurk heartskewerer if ever to bring bouncing brimmers	21		
from marbled eyes. Cycloptically through the windowdisks and	22		
with eddying awes the round eyes of the rundreisers, back to back,	23		
buck to buck, on their airish chaunting car, beheld with in-	24		
touristing anterestedness the clad pursue the bare, the bare the	25		
green, the green the frore, the frore the cladagain, as their convoy	26		
wheeled encirculingly about the gigantig's lifetree, our fire-	27		
leaved loverlucky blomsterbohm, phoenix in our woodlessness,	28		
haughty, cacuminal, erubescant (repetition!) whose roots they be	29		
asches with lustres of peins. For as often as the Archicadenus,	30		
pleacing aside his <i>Irish Field</i> and craving their auriculars to re-	31		
cepticle particulars before they got the bump at Castlebar (mat	32		
and far!) spoke of it by request all, hearing in this new reading	33		
of the part whereby, because of Dyas in his machina, the new	34		

garrickson's grimacing grimaldism hypostasised by substintua-	35		
tion the axiomatic orerotundity of that once grand old elrington	36		
FW056			
bawl, the copycus's description of that fellowcommuter's play	1		
upon countenants, could simply imagine themselves in their bo-	2		
som's inmost core, as <i>pro tem locums</i> , timesported acorss the yawn-	3		
ing (abyss), as once they were seasiders, listening to the cockshy-	4		
shooter's evensong evocation of the doomed but always ventri-	5		
loquent Agitator, (nonot more plangorpound the billows o'er	6		
Thounawahallya Reef!) silkhouatted, a whallrhosmightiadd, a-	7		
ginsst the dusk of skumring, (would that fane be Saint Muezzin's	8		
calling — holy places! — and this fez brimless as brow of faithful	9		
toucher of the ground, did wish it were — blessed be the bones!	10		
— the ghazi, power of his sword.) his manslayer's gunwielder	11		
protended towards that overgrown leadpencil which was soon,	12		
monumentally at least, to rise as Molyvdokondylon to, to be, to	13		
be his mausoleum (O'dan stod tillsteyne at meisies aye skould	14		
show pon) while olover his exculpatory features, as Roland rung,	15		
a wee dropeen of grief about to sillonise his jouejous, the ghost	16		
of resignation diffused a spectral appealingness, as a young man's	17		
drown o'er the fate of his waters may gloat, similar in origin and	18		
akkurat in effective to a beam of sunshine upon a coffin plate.	19		

Not olderwise Inn the days of the Bygning would our Travel-	20		
ler remote, unfriended, from van Demon's Land, some lazy	21		
skald or maundering pote, lift wearywilly his slowcut snobsic	22		
eyes to the semisigns of his zooteac and lengthily lingering along	23		
flaskneck, cracket cup, downtrodden brogue, turfsod, wild-	24		
broom, cabbageblad, stockfisch, longingly learn that there at the	25		
Angel were herberged for him poteen and tea and praties and	26		
baccy and wine width woman wordth warbling: and informally	27		
quasi-begin to presquesm'ile to queasithin' (Nonsense! There	28		
was not very much windy Nous blowing at the given moment	29		
through the hat of Mr Melancholy Slow!)	30		
But in the pragma what formal cause made a smile of <i>that</i> to-	31		
think? Who was he to whom? (O'Brien's not his name nor the	32		
brown one his maid.) Whose are the placewheres? Kiwasti, kis-	33		
ker, kither, kitnabudja? Tal the tem of the tumulum. Giv the gav	34		
of the grube. Be it cudgelplayers' country, orfishfellows' town or	35		
leeklickers' land or panbpanungopovengreskey. What regnans	36		
FW057			
raised the rains have levelled but we hear the pointers and can	1		
gauge their compass for the melos yields the mode and the mode	2		
the manners plicyman, plansiman, plousiman, plab. Tsin tsin tsin	3		
tsin! The forefarther folkers for a prize of two peaches with	4		

Ming, Ching and Shunny on the lie low lea. We'll sit down on	5		
the hope of the ghoully ghost for the titheman troubleth but his	6		
hantitat hies not here. They answer from their Zoans; Hear the	7		
four of them! Hark torroar of them! I, says Armagh, and a'm	8		
proud o'it. I, says Clonakilty, God help us! I, says Deansgrange,	9		
and say nothing. I, says Barna, and whatabout it? Hee haw! Be-	10		
fore he fell hill he filled heaven: a stream, alplapping streamlet,	11		
coily coiled um, cool of her curls: We were but thermites then,	12		
wee, wee. Our antheap we sensed as a Hill of Allen, the Barrow	13		
for an People, one Jotnursfjaell: and it was a grummelung amung	14		
the porktroop that wonderstruck us as a thunder, yunder.	15		
Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too imprecisely	16		
few to warrant our certitude, the evidencegivers by legpoll too	17		
untrustworthily irreperible where his adjudgers are semmingly	18		
freak threes but his judicandees plainly minus twos. Neverthe-	19		
less Madam's Tshowus waxes largely more lifeliked (entrance,	20		
one kudos; exits, free) and our notional gullery is now com-	21		
pletely complacent, an exegious monument, aerily perennious.	22		
Oblige with your blackthorns; gamps, degrace! And there many	23		
have paused before that exposure of him by old Tom Quad, a	24		
flashback in which he sits sated, gowndabout, in clericalease ha-	25		
bit, watching bland sol slithe dodgsomely into the nethermore,	26		
a globule of maugdleness about to corrugitate his mild dewed	27		

cheek and the tata of a tiny victorienne, Alys, pressed by his	28			
limper looser.	29			
Yet certes one is. Eher the following winter had overed the	30			
pages of nature's book and till Ceadurbar-atta-Cleath became	31			
Dablerna Tertia, the shadow of the huge outlander, maladiq, mult-	32			
vult, magnoperous, had bulked at the bar of a rota of tribunals in	33			
manor hall as in thieves' kitchen, mid pillow talk and chithouse	34			
chat, on Marlborough Green as through Molesworth Fields, here	35			
sentenced pro tried with Jedburgh justice, there acquitted con-	36			
FW058				
testimony with benefit of clergy. His Thing Mod have undone	1			
him: and his madthing has done him man. His beneficiaries are	2			
legion in the part he created: they number up his years. Greatwheel	3			
Dunlop was the name was on him: behung, all we are his bisaacles.	4			
As hollyday in his house so was he priest and king to that: ulvy	5			
came, envy saw, ivy conquered. Lou! Lou! They have waved his	6			
green boughs o'er him as they have torn him limb from lamb.	7			
For his muertification and upiration and dumnation and annu-	8			
hulation. With schreis and grida, deprofound souspirs. Steady,	9			
sullivans! Mannequins pause! Longtong's breach is fallen down	10			
but Graunya's spread's abroad. Ahdostay, feedailyones, and feel	11			
the Flucher's bawls for the total of your flouts is not fit to fan his	12			



fettle, O! Have a ring and sing wohl! Chin, chin! Chin, chin!	13		
And of course all chimed din width the eatmost boviaity. Swip-	14		
ing rums and beaunes and sherries and ciders and negus and cit-	15		
ronnades too. The strongers. Oho, oho, Mester Begge, you're	16		
about to be bagged in the bog again. Bugge. But softsies seuf-	17		
sighed: Eheu, for gassies! But, lo! lo! by the threnning gods,	18		
human, erring and condonable, what the statues of our kuo, who	19		
is the messchef be our kuang, ashu ashure there, the unforgettable	20		
treeshade looms up behind the jostling judgements of those, as	21		
all should owe, malrecapturable days.	22		
Tap and pat and tapatagain, (fire firstshot, Missiers the Refusel-	23		
eers! Peingpeong! For saxonlootie!) three tommix, soldiers free,	24		
cockaleak and cappapee, of the Coldstream. Guards were walking,	25		
in (<i>pardonnez-leur, je vous en prie, eh?</i>) Montgomery Street. One	26		
voiced an opinion in which on either wide (<i>pardonnez!</i>), nod-	27		
ding, all the Finner Camps concurred (<i>je vous en prie, eh?</i>). It	28		
was the first woman, they said, souped him, that fatal wellesday,	29		
Lili Coninghams, by suggesting him they go in a field. Wroth	30		
mod eldfar, ruth redd stilstand, wrath wrackt wroth, confessed	31		
private Pat Marchison <i>retro</i> . (Terse!) Thus contenters with san-	32		
toys play. One of our coming Vauxhall ontheboards who is	33		
resting for the moment (she has been callit by a noted stagey ele-	34		
cutioner a wastepacket Sittons) was interfeud in a waistend pewty	35		

parlour. Looking perhaps even more pewtyflushed in her cherry-	36			
FW059				
derry padouasoys, girdle and braces by the Halfmoon and Seven	1			
Stars, russets from the Blackamoor's Head, amongst the climbing	2			
boys at his Eagle and Child and over the corn and hay emptors	3			
at their Black and All Black, Mrs F . . . A . . . saidaside, half in	4			
stage of whisper to her confidante glass, while recoopering her	5			
cartwheel chapot (ahat! —and we now know what thimbles a	6			
baquets on lallance a tall's mean), she hoped Sid Arthar would	7			
git a Chrissman's portrout of orange and lemonsized orchids with	8			
hollegs and ether, from the featre of the Innocident, as the	9			
worryld had been uncained. Then, while it is odrous comparison-	10			
ing to the sprangflowers of his burstday which was a virid-	11			
able goddinpotty for the reinworms and the charlattinas and all	12			
branches of climatitis, it has been such a wanderful noyth untirely,	13			
added she, with many regards to Maha's pranjapansies. (Tart!)	14			
Prehistoric, obitered to his dictaphone an entychologist: his pro-	15			
penomen is a properismenon. A dustman nocknamed Seven-	16			
churches in the employ of Messrs Achburn, Soulpetre and	17			
Ashreborn, prairmakers, Glintalook, was asked by the sisterhood	18			
the vexed question during his midday collation of leaver and	19			
buckrom alternatively with stenk and kitteney phie in a hash-	20			

housh and, thankeaven, responded impulsively: We have just been	21		
propogandering his nullity suit and what they took out of his ear	22		
among my own crush. All our fellows at O'Dea's sages with	23		
Aratar Calaman he is a cemented brick, buck it all! A more nor	24		
usually sober cardriver, who was jauntingly hosing his runabout,	25		
Ginger Jane, took a strong view. Lorry hosed her as he talked	26		
and this is what he told rewrightemen: Irewaker is just a plain pink	27		
joint reformee in private life but folks all have it by brehemons	28		
laws he has parliamentary honours. Eiskaffier said (Louigi's, you	29		
know that man's, brillant Saviourain): <i>Mon foie</i> , you wish to ave	30		
some homelette, yes, lady! Good, mein leber! Your hegg he must	31		
break himself. See, I crack, so, he sit in the poele, umbedimbt!	32		
A perspirer (over sixty) who was keeping up his tennises panted	33		
he kne ho har twa to clect infamatios but a diffpair flannels climb	34		
wall and trespassing on doorbell. After fullblown Braddon hear	35		
this fresky troterella! A railways barmaid's view (they call her	36		
FW060			
Spilltears Rue) was thus expressed: to sympathisers of the Dole	1		
Line, Death Avenue, anent those objects of her pity-prompted	2		
ministrance, to wet, man and his syphon. Ehim! It is ever too	3		
late to whistle when Phyllis floods her stable. It would be skar-	4		
lot shame to jailahim in lockup, as was proposed to him by the	5		

Seddoms creature what matter what merrytricks went off with	6		
his revulverher in connections with ehim being a norphan and	7		
enjoining such wicked illth, ehim! Well done, Drumcollakill!	8		
Kitty Tyrrel is proud of you, was the reply of a B.O.T. official	9		
(O blame gnot the board!) while the Daughters Benkletter mur-	10		
mured in uniswoon: Golforgilhisjurylegs! Brian Lynsky, the cub	11		
curser, was questioned at his shouting box, Bawlonabraggat, and	12		
gave a snappy comeback, when saying: Paw! Once more I'll	13		
hellbowl! I am for caveman chase and sahara sex, burk you! Them	14		
two bitches ought to be leashed, canem! Up hog and hoar hunt!	15		
Paw! A wouldbe martyr, who is attending on sanit Asitas where	16		
he is being taught to wear bracelets, when grilled on the point,	17		
revealed the undoubted fact that the consequence would be that	18		
so long as Sankya Moondy played his mango tricks under the	19		
mysttettry, with shady apsaras sheltering in his leaves' licence and	20		
his shadowers torrified by the potent bolts of indradiction, there	21		
would be fights all over Cuxhaven. (Tosh!) Missioner Ida Womb-	22		
well, the seventeenyearold revivalist, said concerning the coinci-	23		
dent of interfizzing with grenadines and other respectable and	24		
disgusted peersons using the park: That perpendicular person is	25		
a brut! But a magnificent brut! 'Caligula' (Mr Danl Magrath,	26		
bookmaker, wellknown to Eastrailian poorusers of the Sydney	27		
Parade Ballotin) was, as usual, antipodal with his: striving todie,	28		

hopening tomellow, Ware Splash. Cobbler. We have meat two	29		
hourly, sang out El Caplan Buycout, with the famous padre's	30		
turridur's capecast, meet too ourly, matadear! Dan Meiklejohn,	31		
precentor, of S.S. Smack and Olley's was probiverbal with his	32		
upsiduxit: <i>mutatus mutandus</i> . Dauran's lord ('Sniffpox') and Moir-	33		
gan's lady ('Flatterfun') took sides and crossed and bowed to	34		
each other's views and recrossed themselves. The dirty dubs upin	35		
their flies, went too free, echoed the dainly drabs downin their	36		
FW061			
scenities, una mona. Sylvia Silence, the girl detective (<i>Meminerva</i> ,	1		
but by now one hears turtlings all over Doveland!) when supplied	2		
with informations as to the several facets of the case in her cozy-	3		
dozy bachelure's flat, quite overlooking John a'Dream's mews,	4		
leaned back in her really truly easy chair to query restfully through	5		
her vowelthreaded syllabelles: Have you ewew thought, wepow-	6		
tew, that sheew gweatness was his twadgedy? Nevewtheless ac-	7		
cowding to my considewed attitudes fow this act he should pay	8		
the full penalty, pending puwsuance, as pew Subsec. 32, section	9		
II, of the C. L. A. act 1885, anything in this act to the contwawy	10		
notwithstanding. Jarley Jilke began to silke for he couldn't get	11		
home to Jelsey but ended with: He's got the sack that helped him	12		
moult instench of his gladsome rags. Meagher, a naval rating,	13		



seated on one of the granite cromlech setts of our new fish-	14		
shambles for the usual aireating after the ever popular act, with	15		
whom were Questa and Puella, piquante and quoite, (this had a	16		
cold in her brain while that felt a sink in her summock, wit's	17		
wat, wot's wet) was encouraged, although nearvanashed himself,	18		
by one of his co-affianced to get your breath, Walt, and gobbit	19		
and when ther chidden by her fastra sastra to saddle up your	20		
pance, Naville, thus cor replied to her other's thankskissing: I	21		
lay my two fingerbuttons, fiancée Meagher, (he speaks!) he was	22		
to blame about your two velvetthighs up Horniman's Hill — as	23		
hook and eye blame him or any other piscman? — but I also	24		
think, Puellywally, by the siege of his trousers there was some-	25		
one else behind it — you bet your boughtem blarneys — about	26		
their three drummers down Keysars Lane. (Trite!).	27		
Be these meer marchant taylor's fablings of a race referend	28		
with oddman rex? Is now all seenheard then forgotten? Can it	29		
was, one is fain in this leaden age of letters now to wit, that so	30		
diversified outrages (they have still to come!) were planned and	31		
partly carried out against so staunch a covenanter if it be true	32		
than any of those recorded ever took place for many, we trow,	33		
beyessed to and denayed of, are given to us by some who use	34		
the truth but sparingly and we, on this side ought to sorrow for	35		
their pricking pens on that account. The seventh city, Urovivla,	36		

FW062			
his citadear of refuge, whither (would we believe the laimen and	1		
their counts), beyond the outraved gales of Atreeatic, changing	2		
clues with a baggermalster, the hejirite had fled, silentioussue-	3		
meant under night's altosonority, shipalone, a raven of the wave,	4		
(be mercy, Mara! A he whence Rahoulas!) from the ostmen's	5		
dirty on the old vic, to forget in expiating manslaughter and,	6		
reberthing in remarriment out of dead seekness to devine previ-	7		
dence, (if you are looking for the bilders deep your ear on the	8		
movietone!) to league his lot, palm and patte, with a papishee.	9		
For mine qvinne I thee giftake and bind my hosenband I thee	10		
halter. The wastobe land, a lottuse land, a luctuous land, Emerald-	11		
illuim, the peasant pastured, in which by the fourth commandment	12		
with promise his days apostolic were to be long by the abundant	13		
mercy of Him Which Thundereth From On High, murmured,	14		
would rise against him with all which in them were, franchisab-	15		
les and inhabitands, astea as agora, helotsphilots, do him hurt,	16		
poor jink, ghostly following bodily, as were he made a curse for	17		
them, the corruptible lay quick, all saints of incorruption of an	18		
holy nation, the common or ere-in-garden castaway, in red re-	19		
surrection to condemn so they might convince him, first pha-	20		
roah, Humpheres Cheops Exarchas, of their proper sins. Busi-	21		

ness bred to speak with a stiff upper lip to all men and most occa-	22		
sions the Man we wot of took little short of fighting chances but	23		
for all that he or his or his care were subjected to the horrors of	24		
the premier terror of Errorland. (perorhaps!)	25		
We seem to us (the real Us!) to be reading our Amenti in the	26		
sixth sealed chapter of the going forth by black. It was after the	27		
show at Wednesbury that one tall man, humping a suspicious	28		
parcel, when returning late amid a dense particular on his home	29		
way from the second house of the Boore and Burgess Christy	30		
Menestrels by the old spot, Roy's Corner, had a barkiss revolver	31		
placed to his faced with the words: you're shot, major: by an un-	32		
knowable assailant (masked) against whom he had been jealous	33		
over, Lotta Crabtree or Pomona Evlyn. More than that Whenn	34		
the Waylayer (not a Lucalizod diocesan or even of the Glenda-	35		
lough see, but hailing fro' the prow of Little Britain), mention-	36		
FW063			
ing in a bytheway that he, the crawsopper, had, in edition to	1		
Reade's cutless centiblade, a loaded Hobson's which left only twin	2		
alternatives as, viceversa, either he would surely shoot her, the	3		
aunt, by pistol, (she could be okaysure of that!) or, failing of such,	4		
bash in Patch's blank face beyond recognition, pointedly asked	5		
with gaeilish gall wodkar blizzard's business Thornton had with	6		

that Kane's fender only to be answered by the aggravated	7		
assaulted that that that was the snaps for him, Midweeks, to sultry	8		
well go and find out if he was showery well able. But how trans-	9		
paringly nontrue, gentlewriter! His feet one is not a tall man, not	10		
at all, man. No such parson. No such fender. No such lumber. No	11		
such race. Was it supposedly in connection with a girls, Myramy	12		
Huey or Colores Archer, under Flaggy Bridge (for ann there is	13		
but one liv and hir newbridge is her old) or to explode his	14		
twelvechamber and force a shrievalty entrance that the heavybuilt	15		
Abelbody in a butcherblue blouse from One Life One Suit (a	16		
men's wear store), with a most decisive bottle of single in his	17		
possession, seized after dark by the town guard at Haveyou-	18		
caught-emerod's temperance gateway was there in a gate's way.	19		
Fifthly, how parasoliloquisingly truetoned on his first time of	20		
hearing the wretch's statement that, muttering Irish, he had had	21		
had o' gloriously a' lot too much hanguest or hoshoe fine to	22		
drink in the House of Blazes, the Parrot in Hell, the Orange Tree,	23		
the Glibt, the Sun, the Holy Lamb and, lapse not leashed, in	24		
Ramitdown's ship hotel since the morning moment he could	25		
dixtinguish a white thread from a black till the engine of the	26		
laws declosed unto Murray and was only falling fillthefluthered	27		
up against the gatestone pier which, with the cow's bonnet	28		
a' top o' it, he falsetook for a cattlepillar with purest peaceablest	29		

intentions. Yet how lamely hobbles the hoy of his then pseudo-	30		
jocax axplanation how, according to his own story, he was a	31		
process server and was merely trying to open zozimus a bottlop	32		
stoub by mortially hammering his <i>magnum bonum</i> (the curter the	33		
club the sorer the savage) against the bludgey gate for the boots	34		
about the swan, Maurice Behan, who hastily into his shoes with	35		
nothing his hald barra tinnteack and came down with homp,	36		
FW064			
shtemp and jumphet to the tiltyard from the wastes a' sleep in his	1		
obi ohny overclothes or choker, attracted by the norse of guns	2		
playing Delandy is cartager on the raglar rock to Dulynd, said	3		
war' prised safe in bed as he dreamed that he'd wealthes in mor-	4		
mon halls when wokenp by a fourth loud snore out of his land	5		
of byelo while hickstrey's maws was grazing in the moonlight	6		
by hearing hammering on the pandywhank scale emanating from	7		
the blind pig and anything like it (oonagh! oonagh!) in the	8		
whole history of the Mullingcan Inn he never. This battering	9		
babel allower the door and sideposts, he always said, was not in	10		
the very remotest like the belzey babble of a bottle of boose	11		
which would not rouse him out o' slumber deep but reminded	12		
him loads more of the martiallawsey marsedes of foreign musi-	13		
kants' instrumongs or the overthrewer to the third last days of	14		

Pompery, if anything. And that after this most nooningless	15		
knockturn the young reine came down desperate and the old	16		
liffopotamus started ploring all over the plains, as mud as she	17		
cud be, ruining all the bouchers' schurts and the backers'	18		
wischandtugs so that be the chandeleure of the Rejaneyjailey	19		
they were all night wasching the walters of, the weltering walters	20		
off. Whyte.	21		
Just one moment. A pinch in time of the ideal, musketeers!	22		
Alphos, Burkos and Caramis, leave Astrelea for the astrollajerries	23		
and for the love of the saunces and the honour of Keavens pike	24		
puddywhackback to Pamintul. And roll away the reel world, the	25		
reel world, the reel world! And call all your smokeblushes,	26		
Snowwhite and Rosered, if you will have the real cream! Now for	27		
a strawberry frolic! Filons, filoosh! <i>Cherchons la flamme!</i> Famm-	28		
famm! Fammfamm!	29		
Come on, ordinary man with that large big nonobli head, and	30		
that blanko berbecked fischial ekksprezzion Machinsky Scapolo-	31		
polos, Duzinascu or other. Your machelar's mutton leg's getting	32		
musclebound from being too pulled. Noah Beery weighed stone	33		
thousand one when Hazel was a hen. Now her fat's falling fast.	34		
Therefore, chatbags, why not yours? There are 29 sweet reasons	35		
why blossomtime's the best. Elders fall for green almonds when	36		

FW065			
they're raised on bruised stone root ginger though it winters on	1		
their heads as if auctunned round their waistbands. If you'd had	2		
pains in your hairs you wouldn't look so orgibald. You'd have	3		
Colley Macaires on your lump of lead. Now listen, Mr Leer!	4		
And stow that sweatyfunnyadams Simper! Take an old geeser	5		
who calls on his skirt. Note his sleek hair, so elegant, <i>tableau</i>	6		
<i>vivant</i> . He vows her to be his own honeylamb, swears they will	7		
be papa pals, by Sam, and share good times way down west in a	8		
guaranteed happy lovenest when May moon she shines and they	9		
twit twinkle all the night, combing the comet's tail up right and	10		
shooting popguns at the stars. Creampuffs all to dime! Every	11		
nice, missymackenzies! For dear old grumpapar, he's gone on	12		
the razzledar, through gazing and crazing and blazing at the stars.	13		
Compree! She wants her wardrobe to hear from above by return	14		
with cash so as she can buy her Peter Robinson trousseau and cut	15		
a dash with Arty, Bert or possibly Charley Chance (who knows?)	16		
so tolloll Mr Hunker you're too dada for me to dance (so off she	17		
goes!) and that's how half the gels in town has got their bottom	18		
drars while grumpapar he's trying to hitch his braces on to his	19		
trars. But old grum he's not so clean dippy between sweet you	20		
and yum (not on your life, boy! not in those trousers! not by a	21		

large jugful!) for someplace on the sly, where Furphy he isn't by,	22		
old grum has his gel number two (bravevow, our Grum!) and he	23		
would like to canoodle her too some part of the time for he is	24		
downright fond of his number one but O he's fair mashed on	25		
peaches number two so that if he could only canoodle the two,	26		
chivee chivoo, all three would feel genuinely happy, it's as simple	27		
as A. B. C., the two mixers, we mean, with their cherrybum	28		
chappy (for he is simply shamming dippy) if they all were afloat	29		
in a dreamlifeboat, hugging two by two in his zoo-doo-you-doo,	30		
a tofftoff for thee, missymissy for me and howcameyou-e'enso for	31		
Farber, in his tippy, upindown dippy, tiptoptippy canoodle, can	32		
you? Finny.	33		
Ack, ack, ack. With which clap, trap and soddenment, three to	34		
a loaf, our mutual friends the fender and the bottle at the gate seem	35		
to be implicitly in the same bateau, so to singen, bearing also	36		
FW066			
several of the earmarks of design, for there is in fact no use in	1		
putting a tooth in a snipery of that sort and the amount of all	2		
those sort of things which has been going on onceday in and	3		
twiceaday out every other nachtistag among all kinds of pro-	4		
miscious individuals at all ages in private homes and reeboos	5		
publikiss and allover all and elsewhere throughout secular	6		

sequence the country over and overabroad has been particularly	7		
stupendous. To be continued. Federal's Uniteds' Transports'	8		
Unions' for Exultations' of Triumphants' Ecstasies.	9		
But resuming inquiries. Will it ever be next morning the postal	10		
unionist's (officially called carrier's, Letters Scotch, Limited)	11		
strange fate (Fierceendgiddyex he's hight, d.e., the losel that	12		
hucks around missivemaids' gummibacks) to hand in a huge	13		
chain envelope, written in seven divers stages of ink, from blanch-	14		
essance to lavandaiette, every pothook and pancrook bespaking	15		
the wisherwife, superscribed and subpencilled by yours A Laugh-	16		
able Party, with afterwite, S.A.G., to Hyde and Cheek, Eden-	17		
berry, Dubblenn, WC? Will whatever will be written in lappish	18		
language with inbursts of Maggyer always seem semposed, black	19		
looking white and white guarding black, in that siamixed twoa-	20		
talk used twist stern swift and jolly roger? Will it bright upon us,	21		
nightle, and we plunging to our plight? Well, it might now, mircle,	22		
so it light. Always and ever till Cox's wife, twice Mrs Hahn, pokes	23		
her beak into the matter with Owen K. after her, to see whawa	24		
smutter after, will this kiribis pouch filled with litterish frag-	25		
ments lurk dormant in the paunch of that halpbrother of a herm,	26		
a pillarbox?	27		
The coffin, a triumph of the illusionist's art, at first blench	28		
naturally taken for a handharp (it is handwarp to tristinguish	29		

jubabe from jabule or either from tubote when all three have just	30			
been invened) had been removed from the hardware premises of	31			
Oetzmann and Nephew, a noted house of the gonemost west,	32			
which in the natural course of all things continues to supply	33			
funeral requisites of every needed description. Why needed,	34			
though? Indeed needed (wouldn't you feel like rattanfowl if you	35			
hadn't the oscar!) because the flash brides or bride in their lily	36			
FW067				
boleros one games with at the Nivynubies' finery ball and your	1			
upright grooms that always come right up with you (and by jingo	2			
when they do!) what else in this mortal world, now ours, when	3			
meet there night, mid their nacket, me there naket, made their	4			
nought the hour strikes, would bring them rightcame back in the	5			
flesh, thumbs down, to their orses and their hashes.	6			
To proceed. We might leave that nitrience of oxagiants to take	7			
its free of the air and just analectralyse that very chymerical com-	8			
bination, the gasbag where the warderworks. And try to pour	9			
somour heiterscene up thealmostfere. In the bottled heliose case	10			
continuing, Long Lally Tobkids, the special, sporting a fine breast	11			
of medals, and a conscientious scripturereader to boot in the brick	12			
and tin choorch round the coroner, swore like a Norewheezian	13			
tailliur on the stand before the proper functionary that he was up	14			

against a right querrshnorrt of a mand in the butcher of the blues	15		
who, he guntinued, on last epening after delivering some car-	16		
casses mattonchepps and meatjutes on behalf of Messrs Otto	17		
Sands and Eastman, Limericked, Victuallers, went and, with his	18		
unmitigated astonishment, hickicked at the dun and dorass against	19		
all the runes and, when challenged about the pretended hick (it	20		
was kickup and down with him) on his solemn by the imputant	21		
imputed, said simply: I appop pie oath, Phillyps Captain. You	22		
did, as I sostressed before. You are deepknee in error, sir, Madam	23		
Tomkins, let me then tell you, replied with a gentlewomanly	24		
salaam MackPartland, (the meatman's family, and the oldest in	25		
the world except nick, name.) And Phelps was flayful with his	26		
peeler. But his phizz fell.	27		
Now to the obverse. From velveteens to dimities is barely a	28		
fivefinger span and hence these camelback excesses are thought	29		
to have been instigated by one or either of the causing causes of	30		
all, those rushy hollow heroines in their skirtsleeves, be she ma-	31		
gretta be she the posque. Oh! Oh! Because it is a horrible thing	32		
to have to say to say to day but one dilalah, Lupita Lorette, short-	33		
ly after in a fit of the unexpectednesses drank carbolic with all	34		
her dear placid life before her and paled off while the other	35		
soiled dove that's her sister-in-love, Luperca Latouche, finding	36		

FW068			
one day while dodging chores that she stripped teasily for binocu-	1		
lar man and that her jambs were jimjoyed to see each other, the	2		
nautchy girly soon found her fruitful hat too small for her and	3		
rapidly taking time, look, she rapidly took to necking, partying	4		
and selling her spare favours in the haymow or in lumber closets	5		
or in the greenawn <i>ad huck</i> (there are certain intimacies in all	6		
ladies' lavastories we just lease to imagination) or in the sweet	7		
churchyard close itself for a bit of soft coal or an array of thin	8		
trunks, serving whom in fine that same hot coney <i>a la Zingara</i>	9		
which our own little Graunya of the chilired cheeks dished up	10		
to the greatsire of Oscar, that son of a Coole. Houri of the coast	11		
of emerald, arrah of the laccessive poghue, Aslim-all-Muslim, the	12		
resigned to her surrender, did not she, come leinster's even, true	13		
dotter of a dearmud, (her pitch was Forty Steps and his perch old	14		
Cromwell's Quarters) with so valkirry a licence as sent many a	15		
poor pucker packing to perdition, again and again, ay, and again	16		
sfidare him, tease fido, eh tease fido, eh eh tease fido, toos top-	17		
ples topple, stop, dug of a dog of a dgiaour, ye! Angealousmei!	18		
And did not he, like Arcoforty, farfar off Bissavolo, missbrand	19		
her behaveyous with iridescent huecry of down right mean false	20		
sop lap sick dope? Tawfulsdreck! A reine of the shee, a shebeen	21		

quean, a queen of pranks. A kingly man, of royal mien, regally	22		
robed, exalted be his glory! So gave so take: Now not, not now!	23		
He would just a min. Suffering trumpet! He thought he want.	24		
Whath? Hear, O hear, living of the land! Hungreb, dead era,	25		
hark! He hea, eyes ravenous on her lippling lills. He hear her voi	26		
of day gon by. He hears! Zay, zay, zay! But, by the beer of his	27		
profit, he cannot answer. Upterputty till rise and shine! Nor needs	28		
none shaft ne stele from Phenicia or Little Asia to obelise on	29		
the spout, neither pobalclock neither folksstone, nor sunkenness	30		
in Tomar's Wood to bewray how erpressgangs score off the rued.	31		
The mouth that tells not will ever attract the unthinking tongue	32		
and so long as the obseen draws theirs which hear not so long	33		
till allearth's dumbnation shall the blind lead the deaf. Tatcho,	34		
tawney yeeklings! The column of lumps lends the pattrin of the	35		
leaves behind us. If violence to life, limb and chattels, often as	36		
FW069			
not, has been the expression, direct or through an agent male, of	1		
womanhid offended, (ah! ah!), has not levy of black mail from	2		
the times the fairies were in it, and fain for wilde erthe blothoms	3		
followed an impressive private reputation for whispered sins?	4		
Now by memory inspired, turn wheel again to the whole of	5		
the wall. Where Gyant Blyant fronts Peannlueamoore There was	6		

once upon a wall and a hooghoog wall a was and such a wall-	7		
hole did exist. Ere ore or ire in Aaarlund. Or you Dair's Hair or	8		
you Diggin Mosses or your horde of orts and oriorts to garble	9		
a garthen of Odin and the lost paladays when all the eddams ended	10		
with aves. Armen? The doun is theirs and still to see for menags	11		
if he strikes a lousaforitch and we'll come to those baregazed	12		
shoeshines if you just shoodov a second. And let oggs be good	13		
old gaggles and Isther Estarr play Yesther Asterr. In the drema	14		
of Sorestost Areas, Diseased. A stonehinged gate then was for	15		
another thing while the suroptimist had bought and enlarged	16		
that shack under fair rental of one yearlyng sheep, (prime) value	17		
of sixpence, and one small yearlyng goat (cadet) value of eight-	18		
pence, to grow old and happy (hogg it and kidd him) for the re-	19		
minants of his years; and when everything was got up for the	20		
purpose he put an applegate on the place by no means as some	21		
pretext a bedstead in loo thereof to keep out donkeys (the pig-	22		
dirt hanging from the jags to this hour makes that clear) and just	23		
thenabouts the iron gape, by old custom left open to prevent	24		
the cats from getting at the gout, was triplepatlockt on him on	25		
purpose by his faithful poorters to keep him inside probably and	26		
possibly enaunter he felt like sticking out his chest too far and	27		
tempting gracious providence by a stroll on the peoplade's egg-	28		
day, unused as he was yet to being freely clodded.	29		

O, by the by, lets wee brag of praties, it ought to be always	30		
remembered in connection with what has gone before that there	31		
was a northroomer, Herr Betreffender, out for his zimmer hole-	32		
digs, digging in number 32 at the Rum and Puncheon (Branch of	33		
Dirty Dick's free house) in Laxlip (where the Sockeye Sammons	34		
were stopping at the time orange fasting) prior to that, a Kom-	35		
merzial (Gorbotipacco, he was wreaking like Zentral Oylrubber)	36		
FW070			
from Osterich, the U.S.E. paying (Gaul save the mark!) 11/- in	1		
the week (Gosh, these wholly romads!) of conscience money in	2		
the first deal of Yuly wheil he was, swishing beesnest with bles-	3		
sure, and swobbing broguen eeriesh myth brockendootsch, mak-	4		
ing his reporterage on Der Fall Adams for the Frankofurto Siding,	5		
a Fastland payrodicule, and er, consstated that one had on him	6		
the Lynn O'Brien, a meltoned lammswolle, disturbed, and wider	7		
he might the same zurichschicken other he would, with tosend	8		
and obertosend tonnowatters, one monkey's damages become.	9		
Now you must know, franksman, to make a heart of glass, that	10		
the game of gaze and bandstand butchery was merely a Patsy	11		
O'Strap tissue of threats and obuses such as roebucks rough at	12		
pinnacle's peak and after this sort. Humphrey's unsolicited visitor,	13		
Davy or Titus, on a burgley's clan march from the middle west,	14		

a hikely excellent crude man about road who knew his Bullfoost	15		
Mountains like a starling bierd, after doing a long dance untidled	16		
to Cloudy Green, deposend his bockstump on the waityoumay-	17		
wantme, after having blew some quaker's (for you! Oates!) in	18		
through the houseking's keyhole to attract attention, bleated	19		
through the gale outside which the tairor of his clothes was hog-	20		
calling, first, be the hirsuiter, that he would break his bulshey-	21		
wigger's head for him, next, be the heeltapper, that he would	22		
break the gage over his lankyduckling head the same way he	23		
would crack a nut with a monkeywrench and, last of all, be the	24		
stirabouter, that he would give him his (or theumperom's or any-	25		
bloody else's) thickerthanwater to drink and his bleday steppe-	26		
brodhar's into the bucket. He demanded more wood alcohol to	27		
pitch in with, alleging that his granfather's was all taxis and that	28		
it was only after ten o'connell, and this his isbar was a public	29		
oven for the sake of irsk irskusky, and then, not easily dis-	30		
couraged, opened the wrathfloods of his atillarery and went on at	31		
a wicked rate, weathering against him in mooxed metaphores	32		
from eleven thirty to two in the afternoon without even a lunch-	33		
eonette interval for House, son of Clod, to come out, you jew-	34		
beggar, to be Executed Amen. Earwicker, that patternmind, that	35		
paradigmatic ear, receptoretentive as his of Dionysius, longsuffer-	36		

FW071			
ing although whitening under restraint in the sititout corner of	1		
his conservatory, behind faminebuilt walls, his thermos flask and	2		
ripidian flabel by his side and a walrus whiskerbristle for a tusk-	3		
pick, compiled, while he mourned the flight of his wild guineese,	4		
a long list (now feared in part lost) to be kept on file of all abusive	5		
names he was called (we have been compelled for the rejoicement	6		
of foinne loidies ind the humours of Milltown etcetera by Joseph-	7		
ine Brewster in the collision known as Contrastations with Inker-	8		
mann and so on and sononward, lacies in loo water, flee, celestials,	9		
one clean turv): <i>Firstnighter, Informer, Old Fruit, Yellow Whigger,</i>	10		
<i>Wheatears, Goldy Geit, Bogside Beauty, Yass We've Had His</i>	11		
<i>Badannas, York's Porker, Funnyface, At Baggotty's Bend He</i>	12		
<i>Bumped, Grease with the Butter, Opendoor Ospices, Cainandabler,</i>	13		
<i>Ireland's Eighth Wonderful Wonder, Beat My Price, Godsoilman,</i>	14		
<i>Moonface the Murderer, Hoary Hairy Hoax, Midnight Sunburst,</i>	15		
<i>Remove that Bible, Hebdromadary Publocation, Tummer the Lame</i>	16		
<i>the Tyrannous, Blau Clay, Tight before Teatime, Read Your</i>	17		
<i>Pantojoke, Acoustic Disturbance, Thinks He's Gobblasst the Good</i>	18		
<i>Dook of Ourguile, W.D.'s Grace, Gibbering Bayamouth of Dublin,</i>	19		
<i>His Farther was a Mundzucker and She had him in a Growler,</i>	20		
<i>Burnham and Bailey, Artist, Unworthy of the Homely Protestant</i>	21		

<i>Religion, Terry Cotter, You're Welcome to Waterfood, signed the</i>	22		
<i>Ribbonmen, Lobsterpot Lardling, All for Arthur of this Town,</i>	23		
<i>Hooshed the Cat from the Bacon, Leathertogs Donald, The Ace</i>	24		
<i>and Deuce of Paupering, O'Reilly's Delights to Kiss the Man</i>	25		
<i>behind the Borrel, Magogagog, Swad Puddlefoot, Gouty Ghibeline,</i>	26		
<i>Loose Luther, Hatches Cocks' Eggs, Muddle the Plan, Luck before</i>	27		
<i>Wedlock, I Divorce Thee Husband, Tanner and a Make, Go to</i>	28		
<i>Hellena or Come to Connies, Piobald Puffpuff His Bride, Purged</i>	29		
<i>out of Burke's, He's None of Me Causin, Barebarean, Peculiar</i>	30		
<i>Person, Grunt Owl's Facktotem, Twelve Months Aristocrat,</i>	31		
<i>Lycanthrope, Flunkey Beadle Vamps the Tune Letting on He's</i>	32		
<i>Loney, Thunder and Turf Married into Clandorf, Left Boot Sent</i>	33		
<i>on Approval, Cumberer of Lord's Holy Ground, Stodge Arschmann,</i>	34		
<i>Awnt Yuke, Tommy Furlong's Pet Plagues, Archdukon Cabbanger,</i>	35		
<i>Last Past the Post, Kennealey Won't Tell Thee off Nancy's Gown,</i>	36		
FW072			
<i>Scuttle to Cover, Salary Grab, Andy Mac Noon in Annie's Room,</i>	1		
<i>Awl Out, Twitchbratschballs, Bombard Street Bester, Sublime</i>	2		
<i>Porter, A Ban for Le King of the Burgaans and a Bom for Ye Sur</i>	3		
<i>of all the Ruttledges, O'Phelim's Cutprice, And at Number Wan</i>	4		
<i>Wan Wan, What He Done to Castlecostello, Sleeps with Feathers</i>	5		
<i>end Ropes, It is Known who Sold Horace the Rattler, Enclosed</i>	6		

<i>find the Sons of Fingal, Swayed in his Falling, Wants a Wife and</i>	7		
<i>Forty of Them, Let Him Do the Fair, Apeegeequanee Chimmuck,</i>	8		
<i>Plowp Goes his Whastle, Ruin of the Small Trader, He — —</i>	9		
<i>Milkinghoneybeaverbrooker, Vee was a Vindner, Sower Rapes,</i>	10		
<i>Armenian Atrocity, Sickfish Bellyup, Edomite, — ' Man Devoyd of</i>	11		
<i>the Commoner Characteristics of an Irish Nature, Bad Humborg,</i>	12		
<i>Hraabhraab, Coocohandler, Dirt, Miching Daddy, Born Burst Feet</i>	13		
<i>Foremost, Woolworth's Worst, Easyathic Phallusaphist, Guilty-</i>	14		
<i>pig's Bastard, Fast in the Barrel, Boose in the Bed, Mister Fatmate,</i>	15		
<i>In Custody of the Polis, Boawwill's Alocutionist, Deposed, but anar-</i>	16		
<i>chistically respectful of the liberties of the noninvasive individual,</i>	17		
<i>did not respond a solitary wedgeword beyond such sedentarity,</i>	18		
<i>though it was as easy as kissanywhere for the passive resistant in</i>	19		
<i>the booth he was in to reach for the hello gripes and ring up Kim-</i>	20		
<i>mage Outer 17.67, because, as the fundamentalist explained, when</i>	21		
<i>at last shocked into speech, touchin his woundid feelins in the</i>	22		
<i>fuchsiar the dominican mission for the sowsealist potty was on at</i>	23		
<i>the time and he thought the rowmish devowtion known as the</i>	24		
<i>howly rowsary might reeform ihm, Gonn. That more than</i>	25		
<i>considerably unpleasant bullocky before he rang off drunkishly</i>	26		
<i>pegged a few glatt stones, all of a size, by way of final mocks</i>	27		
<i>for his grapes, at the wicket in support of his words that he was</i>	28		
<i>not guilphy but, after he had so slaunga vollayed, reconnoi-</i>	29		

tring through his semisubconscious the seriousness of what he	30		
might have done had he really polished off his terrible intentions	31		
finally caused him to change the bawling and leave downg the	32		
whole grumus of brookpebbles pangpung and, having sobered	33		
up a bit, paces his groundould diablen lionndub, the flay the	34		
flegm, the floedy fleshener, (purse, purse, pursyfurse, I'll splish	35		
the splume of them all!) this backblocks boor brusksly put out	36		
FW073			
his langwedge and quite quit the paleologic scene, telling how	1		
by his selfdenying ordnance he had left Hyland on the dissenting	2		
table, after exhorting Earwicker or, in slightly modified phrase-	3		
ology, Messrs or Missrs Earwicker, Seir, his feminisible name of	4		
multitude, to cocoa come outside to Mockerloo out of that for	5		
the honour of Crumlin, with his broody old flishguds, Gog's	6		
curse to thim, so as he could brianslog and burst him all dizzy,	7		
you go bail, like Potts Fracture did with Keddle Flatnose and	8		
nobodyatall with Wholyphamous and build rocks over him, or	9		
if he didn't, for two and thirty straws, be Cacao Campbell, he	10		
didn't know what he wouldn't do for him nor nobody else no-	11		
more nor him after which, batell martell, a brisha a milla a stroka	12		
a boola, so the rage of Malbruk, playing on the least change of	13		
his manjester's voice, the first heroic couplet from the fuguall	14		



tropical, Opus Elf, Thortytoe: <i>My schemes into obeyance for This</i>	15		
<i>time has had to fall: they bit goodbye to their thumb and, his</i>	16		
bandol eer his solgier, dripdropdrap on pool or poldier, wishing	17		
the loff a falladelfian in the morning, proceeded with a Hubble-	18		
forth slouch in his slips backwards (<i>Et Cur Heli!</i>) in the directions	19		
of the duff and demb institutions about ten or eleven hundred	20		
years lurch away in the moonshiny gorge of Patself on the Bach.	21		
Adyoe!	22		
And thus, with this rochelly exetur of Bully Acre, came to	23		
close that last stage in the siegings round our archicitadel which	24		
we would like to recall, if old Nestor Alexis would wink the	25		
worth for us, as Bar-le-Duc and Dog-an-Doras and Bangen-op-	26		
Zoom.	27		
Yed he med leave to many a door beside of Oxmanswold for	28		
so witness his chambered cairns a cloudletlitter silent that are at	29		
browse up hill and down coombe and on eolithostroton, at	30		
Howth or at Coolock or even at Enniskerry, a theory none too	31		
rectiline of the evoluation of human society and a testament of	32		
the rocks from all the dead unto some the living. Olivers lambs	33		
we do call them, skatterlings of a stone, and they shall be ga-	34		
thered unto him, their herd and paladin, as nubilettes to cumule,	35		
in that day hwen, same the lightning lancer of Azava Arthur-	36		

FW074			
honoured (some Finn, some Finn avant!), he skall wake from	1		
earthsleep, haught crested elmer, in his valle of briers of Green-	2		
man's Rise O, (lost leaders live! the heroes return!) and o'er dun	3		
and dale the Wulverulverlord (protect us!) his mighty horn skall	4		
roll, orland, roll.	5		
For in those deyes his Deyus shall ask of Allprohome and	6		
call to himm: Allprohome! And he make answer: Add some.	7		
Nor wink nor wunk. <i>Animadiabolum, mene credidisti mortuum?</i>	8		
Silence was in thy faustive halls, O Truiga, when thy green	9		
woods went dry but there will be sounds of manyirth on the	10		
night's ear ringing when our pantriarch of Comestowntonobble	11		
gets the pullover on his boots.	12		
Liverpoor? Sot a bit of it! His braynes coolt parritch, his pelt	13		
nassy, his heart's adrone, his bluidstreams acrawl, his puff but a	14		
piff, his extremeties extremely so: Fengless, Pawmbroke, Chil-	15		
blaimend and Baldowl. Humph is in his doge. Words weigh no	16		
no more to him than raindrops to Rethfernhim. Which we all	17		
like. Rain. When we sleep. Drops. But wait until our sleeping.	18		
Drain. Sdops.	19		

4. Episode FOUR (29 pages, from 075 to 103)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW075				
As the lion in our teargarten remembers the nenuphars of his	1			
Nile (shall Ariuz forget Arioun or Boghas the baregams of the	2			
Marmarazalles from Marmeniere?) it may be, tots wearsense full	3			
a naggin in twentyg have sigilposted what in our brievingbust,	4			
the besieged bedreamt him stil and solely of those lililiths un-	5			
deveiled which had undone him, gone for age, and knew not	6			
the watchful treachers at his wake, and theirs to stay. Fooi, fooi,	7			
chamermissies! Zeepzyoepy, larcenlads! Zijnzijn Zijnzijn! It may	8			
be, we moest ons hasten selves te declareer it, that he reglimmed?	9			
presaw? the fields of heat and yields of wheat where corngold	10			
Ysit? shamed and shone. It may be, we habben to upseek a bitty	11			

door our good township's courants want we knew't, that with	12			
his deepseeing insight (had not wishing oftebeen but good time	13			
wasted), within his patriarchal shamanah, broadsteyne 'bove citie	14			
(Twillby! Twillby!) he conscious of enemies, a kingbilly white-	15			
horsed in a Finglas mill, prayed, as he sat on anxious seat, (kunt	16			
ye neat gift mey toe bout a peer saft eyeballds!) during that three	17			
and a hell of hours' agony of silence, <i>ex profundis malorum</i> , and	18			
bred with unfeigned charity that his wordwounder (an engles to	19			
the teeth who, nomened Nash of Girahash, would go anyold where	20			
in the weeping world on his mottled belly (the rab, the kreepons-	21			
kneed!) for milk, music or married missusses) might, mercy to	22			
providential benevolence's who hates prudencies' astuteness, un-	23			
fold into the first of a distinguished dynasty of his posteriors,	24			
FW076				
blackfaced connemaras not of the fold but elder children of his	1			
household, his most besetting of ideas (<i>pace</i> his twelve predama-	2			
nant passions) being the formation, as in more favoured climes,	3			
where the Meadow of Honey is guestfriendly and the Mountain	4			
of Joy receives, of a truly criminal stratum, Ham's cribcracking	5			
yeggs, thereby at last eliminating from all classes and masses with	6			
directly derivative decasualisation: <i>sigarius</i> (sic!) <i>vindicat urbes</i>	7			

<i>terrorum</i> (sicker!): and so, to mark a bank taal she arter, the	8		
obedience of the citizens elp the ealth of the ole.	9		
Now gode. Let us leave theories there and return to here's here.	10		
Now hear. 'Tis gode again. The teak coffin, Pughglasspanelfitted,	11		
feets to the east, was to turn in later, and pitly patly near the	12		
porpus, materially effecting the cause. And this, liever, is the	13		
thinghowe. Any number of conservative public bodies, through	14		
a number of select and other committees having power to add to	15		
their number, before voting themselves and himself, town, port	16		
and garrison, by a fit and proper resolution, following a koorts	17		
order of the groundwet, once for all out of plotty existence, as	18		
a foescut, so you maateskippey might to you cuttinrunner on a	19		
neuw pack of klerds, made him, while his body still persisted,	20		
their present of a protem grave in Moyelta of the best Lough	21		
Neagh pattern, then as much in demand among misonesans as	22		
the Isle of Man today among limniphobes. Wacht even! It was	23		
in a fairly fishy kettlekerry, after the Fianna's foreman had taken	24		
his handful, enriched with ancient woods and dear dutchy deep-	25		
linns mid which were an old knoll and a troutbeck, vainyvain of	26		
her osiery and a chatty sally with any Wilt or Walt who would	27		
ongle her as Izaak did to the tickle of his rod and watch her	28		
waters of her sillying waters of and there now brown peater	29		
arrippe (may their quilt gild lightly over his somnolulutent	30		

form!) Whoforyou lies his last, by the wrath of Bog, like the	31		
erst curst Hun in the bed of his treubleu Donawhu.	32		
Best. This wastohavebeen underground heaven, or mole's	33		
paradise which was probably also an inversion of a phallopharos,	34		
intended to foster wheat crops and to ginger up tourist trade	35		
(its architech, Mgr Peurelachasse, having been obcaecated lest	36		
FW077			
he should petrifake suchanevver while the contractors Messrs	1		
T. A. Birkett and L. O. Tuohalls were made invulnerably vener-	2		
able) first in the west, our misterbilder, Castlevillainous, openly	3		
damned and blasted by means of a hydromine, system, Sowan and	4		
Belting, exploded from a reinvented T.N.T. bombingpost up	5		
ahoy of eleven and thirty wingrests (<i>circiter</i>) to sternboard out	6		
of his aerial thorpeto, Auton Dynamon, contacted with the ex-	7		
pectant minefield by tins of improved ammonia lashed to her	8		
shieldplated gunwale, and fused into tripupcables, slipping	9		
through tholse and playing down from the conning tower into	10		
the ground battery fuseboxes, all differing as clocks from keys	11		
since nobody appeared to have the same time of beard, some	12		
saying by their Oorlog it was Sygstryggs to nine, more holding	13		
with the Ryan vogt it was Dane to pfife. He afterwards whaan-	14		

ever his blaetther began to fail off him and his rough bark was	15		
wholly husky and, stoop by stoop, he neared it (wouldmanspare!)	16		
carefully lined the ferroconcrete result with rotproof bricks and	17		
mortar, fassed to fossed, and retired beneath the heptarchy of	18		
his towerettes, the beauchamp, byward, bull and lion, the white,	19		
the wardrobe and bloodied, so encouraging (insteppen, alls als	20		
hats beliefd!) additional useful councils public with hoofd off-	21		
dealings which were welholden of ladykants te huur out such as the	22		
Breeders' Union, the Guild of Merchants of the Staple <i>et</i> , a.u.c. to	23		
present unto him with funebral pomp, over and above that, a stone	24		
slab with the usual Mac Pelah address of valediction, a very fair-	25		
worded instance of falsemeaning adamelegy: We have done ours	26		
gohellt with you, Heer Herewhippit, overgiven it, skidoo!	27		
But t'house and allaboardshoops! Show coffins, winding sheets,	28		
goodbuy bierchepes, cinerary urns, liealoud blasses, snuffchests,	29		
poteentubbs, lacrimal vases, hoodendoses, reekwaterbeckers,	30		
breakmiddles, zootzaks for eatlust, including upyourhealthing	31		
rookworst and meathewerssoftened forkenpootsies and for that	32		
matter, javel also, any kind of inhumationary bric au brac for	33		
the adornment of his glasstone honophreum, would, met these	34		
trein of konditiens, naturally follow, halas, in the ordinary course,	35		
enabling that roundtheworlder wandelingswight, did suches pass	36		

FW078			
him, to live all safeathomely the presenile days of his life of	1		
opulence, ancient ere decrepitude, late lents last lenience, till	2		
stuffering stage, whaling away the whole of the while (<i>hypnos</i>	3		
<i>chilia eonion!</i>) lethelulled between explosion and reexplosion	4		
(Donnaurwatteur! Hunderthunder!) from grosskopp to megapod,	5		
embalmed, of grand age, rich in death anticipated.	6		
But abide Zeit's sumonserving, rise afterfall. Blueblitzbolted	7		
from there, knowing the hingeworms of the hallmirks of habita-	8		
tionlessness, buried burrowing in Gehinnon, to proliferate through	9		
all his Unterwealth, seam by seam, sheol om sheol, and revisit	10		
our Uppercrust Sideria of Utilitarios, the divine one, the hoar-	11		
der hidden propaguting his plutorpopular progeniem of pots and	12		
pans and pokers and puns from biddenland to boughtenland, the	13		
spearway fore the spoorway.	14		
The other spring offensive on the heights of Abraham may	15		
have come about all quite by accidence, Foughtarundser (for	16		
Breedabrooda had at length persuaded him to have himself to be	17		
as septuply buried as the murdered Cian in Finntown), had not	18		
been three monads in his watery grave (what vigilantes and ridings	19		
then and spuitwyne pledges with aardappel frittling!) when	20		
portrification, dreyfussed as ever, began to ramp, ramp, ramp, the	21		

previous to that demidetached life, had been known of barmi-	6		
cidal days, cook said, between soups and savours, to get outside	7		
his own length of rainbow trout and taerts atta tarn as no man	8		
of woman born, nay could, like the great crested brebe, devour	9		
his threescoreten of roach per lifeday, ay, and as many minnow a	10		
minute (the big mix, may Gibbet choke him!) was, like the salmon	11		
of his ladderleap all this time of totality secretly and by suckage	12		
feeding on his own misplaced fat.	13		
Ladies did not disdain those pagan ironed times of the first	14		
city (called after the ugliest Danadune) when a frond was a friend	15		
inneed to carry, as earwigs do their dead, their soil to the earth-	16		
ball where indeeth we shall calm decline, our legacy unknown.	17		
Venuses were gigglibly temptatrix, vulcans guffawably eruptious	18		
and the whole wives' world frockful of fickles. Fact, any human	19		
inyon you liked any erenoon or efter would take her bare godkin	20		
out, or an even pair of hem, (lugod! lugodoo!) and prettily pray	21		
with him (or with em even) everyhe to her taste, long for luck,	22		
tapette and tape petter and take pettest of all. (Tip!) Wells she'd	23		
woo and wills she's win but how the deer knowed where she'd	24		
marry! Arbour, bucketroom, caravan, ditch? Coach, carriage,	25		
wheelbarrow, dungcart?	26		
Kate Strong, a widow (Tiptip!) — she pulls a lane picture for	27		
us, in a dreariodreama setting, glowing and very vidual, of old	28		

dumplan as she nosed it, a homelike cottage of elvanstone with	29		
droppings of biddies, stinkend pusshies, moggies' duggies, rotten	30		
witchawubbles, festering rubbages and beggars' bullets, if not	31		
worse, sending salmofarious germs in gleefully through the	32		
smithereen panes — Widow Strong, then, as her weaker had	33		
turned him to the wall (Tiptiptip!), did most all the scavenging	34		
from good King Hamlaugh's gulden dayne though her lean	35		
besom cleaned but sparingly and her bare statement reads that,	36		
FW080			
there being no macadamised sidetracks on those old nekropolitan	1		
nights in, barring a footbatter, Bryant's Causeway, bordered	2		
with speedwell, white clover and sorrel a wood knows, which	3		
left off, being beaten, where the plaintiff was struck, she	4		
left down, as scavengers, who will be scavengers must, her	5		
filthdump near the Serpentine in Phornix Park (at her time called	6		
Finewell's Keepsacre but later tautaubapptossed Pat's Purge),	7		
that dangerfield circling butcherswood where fireworker oh	8		
flaherty engaged a nutter of castlemallards and ah for archer	9		
stunned's turk, all over which fossil footprints, bootmarks,	10		
fingersigns, elbowdints, breechbowls, a. s. o. were all succes-	11		
sively traced of a most envolving description. What subtler	12		

timeplace of the weald than such wolfsbelly castrament to will	13		
hide a leabhar from Thursmen's brandihands or a loveletter,	14		
lostfully hers, that would be lust on Ma, than then when ructions	15		
ended, than here where race began: and by four hands of fore-	16		
thought the first babe of reconciliation is laid in its last cradle	17		
of hume sweet hume. Give over it! And no more of it! So pass	18		
the pick for child sake! O men!	19		
For hear Allhighest sprack for krischnians as for propagana	20		
fidies and his nuptial eagles sharpened their beaks of prey: and	21		
every morphyl man of us, pome by pome, falls back into this	22		
terrine: as it was let it be, says he! And it is as though where	23		
Agni araflammed and Mithra monished and Shiva slew as maya-	24		
mutras the oblivial waters of our noarchic memory withdrew,	25		
windingly goharksome, to some hastyswasty timberman torch-	26		
priest, flamenfan, the ward of the wind that lightened the fire that	27		
lay in the wood that Jove bolt, at his rude word. Posidonius	28		
O'Fluctuary! Lave that bloody stone as it is! What are you	29		
doing your dirty minx and his big treeblock way up your path?	30		
Slip around, you, by the rare of the ministers'! And, you, take	31		
that barrel back where you got it, Mac Shane's, and go the way	32		
your old one went, Hatchettsbury Road! And gish! how they	33		
gushed away, the pennyfares, a whole school for scamper, with	34		
their sashes flying sish behind them, all the little pirlypettes!	35		

Issy-la-Chapelle! Any lucans, please?	36			
FW081				
Yes, the viability of vicinals if invisible is invincible. And we	1			
are not trespassing on his corns either. Look at all the plotsch!	2			
Fluminian! If this was Hannibal's walk it was Hercules' work.	3			
And a hungried thousand of the unemancipated slaved the way.	4			
The mausoleum lies behind us (O Adgigasta, <i>multipopulipater!</i>)	5			
and there are milestones in their cheadmilia's faulting along	6			
the tramestrack by Brahm and Anton Hermes! Per omnibus	7			
secular seekalarum. Amain. But the past has made us this present	8			
of a rhedarhoad. So more boher O'Connell! Though rainy-	9			
hidden, you're rhinohide. And if he's not a Romeo you may	10			
scallop your hat. Wereupunder in the fane of Saint Fiacre! Halte!	11			
It was hard by the howe's there, plainly on this disoluded and a	12			
buchan cold spot, rupestric then, resurfaced that now is, that	13			
Luttrell sold if Lutrill bought, in the saddle of the Brennan's	14			
(now Malpasplace?) pass, versts and versts from true civilisation,	15			
not where his dreams top their traums halt (Beneathere! Bena-	16			
there!) but where livland yontide meared with the wilde, saltlea	17			
with flood, that the attackler, a crotatkin, though under medium	18			
and between colours with truly native pluck, engaged the Adver-	19			

sary who had more in his eye than was less to his leg but whom for	20			
plunder sake, he mistook in the heavy rain to be Oglethorpe or	21			
some other ginkus, Parr apparrently, to whom the headandheel-	22			
less chickenestegg bore some Michelangiolesque resemblance,	23			
making use of sacrilegious languages to the defect that he would	24			
challenge their hemosphores to exterminate them but he would	25			
cannonise the b — y b — r's life out of him and lay him out	26			
contritely as smart as the b — r had his b — y nightprayers	27			
said, three patrecknocksters and a couplet of hellmuirries (<i>tout</i>	28			
<i>est sacré pour un sacreur, femme à barbe ou homme-nourrice</i>) at the	29			
same time, so as to plugg well let the blubbywail ghoats out of	30			
him, catching holst of an oblong bar he had and with which he	31			
usually broke furnitures he rose the stick at him. The boarder	32			
incident prerepeated itself. The pair (whetherttheywere Nippo-	33			
luono engaging Wei-Ling-Taou or de Razzkias trying to recon-	34			
noistre the general Boukeleff, man may not say), struggled	35			
apairrently for some considerable time, (the cradle rocking equally	36			
FW082				
to one and oppositely from the other on its law of capture and	1			
recapture), under the All In rules around the booksafe, fighting	2			
like purple top and tipperuhry Swede, (Secremented Servious of	3			

the Divine Zeal!) and in the course of their tussle the toller man,	4		
who had opened his bully bowl to beg, said to the miner who	5		
was carrying the worm (a handy term for the portable distillery	6		
which consisted of three vats, two jars and several bottles though	7		
we purposely say nothing of the stiff, both parties having an	8		
interest in the spirits): Let me go, Pautheen! I hardly knew ye.	9		
Later on, after the solstitial pause for refleshmeant, the same	10		
man (or a different and younger him of the same ham) asked in	11		
the vermicular with a very oggly chew-chin-grin: Was six vic-	12		
tolios fifteen pigeon takee offa you, tell he me, stlongfella, by	13		
picky-pocky ten to foul months behindaside? There were some	14		
further collidabanter and severe tries to convert for the best part	15		
of an hour and now a woden affair in the shape of a webley (we	16		
at once recognise our old friend Ned of so many illortemporate	17		
letters) fell from the intruser who, as stuck as that cat to that	18		
mouse in that tube of that christchurch organ, (did the innage of	19		
Girl Cloud Pensive flout above them light young charm, in	20		
ribbons and pigtail?) whereupon became friendly and, saying not,	21		
his shirt to tear, to know wanted, joking and knobkerries all	22		
aside laying, if his change companion who stuck still to the in-	23		
vention of his strongbox, with a tenacity corrobberating their	24		
mutual tenitorial rights, happened to have the loots change of	25		
a tenpound crickler about him at the moment, addling that hap	26		

so, he would pay him back the six vics odd, do you see, out of	27			
that for what was taken on the man of samples last Yuni or Yuly,	28			
do you follow me, Capn? To this the other, Billi with the Boule,	29			
who had mummied and mauled up to that (for he was hesitency	30			
carried to excelcism) rather amusedly replied: Woowoo would	31			
you be grossly surprised, Hill, to learn that, as it so happens, I	32			
honestly have not such a thing as the loo, as the least chance of	33			
a tinpanned crackler anywhere about me at the present moho-	34			
moment but I believe I can see my way, as you suggest, it	35			
being Yuletide or Yuddanfest and as it's mad nuts, son, for you	36			
FW083				
when it's hatter's hares, mon, for me, to advance you something	1			
like four and sevenpence between hopping and trapping which	2			
you might just as well have, boy baches, to buy J. J. and S. with.	3			
There was a minute silence before memory's fire's rekindling and	4			
then. Heart alive! Which at very first wind of gay gay and whisk-	5			
wigs wick's ears pricked up, the starving gunman, strike him	6			
pink, became strangely calm and forthright sware by all his lards	7			
porsenal that the thorn tree of sheol might ramify up his Sheo-	8			
fon to the lux apointlex but he would go good to him suntime	9			
marx my word fort, for a chip off the old Flint, (in the Nichtian	10			

glossery which purveys aprioric roots for aposteriorious tongues	11		
this is nat language at any sinse of the world and one might as	12		
fairly go and kish his sprogues as fail to certify whether the	13		
wartrophy eluded at some lives earlier was that somethink like a	14		
jug, to what, a coctable) and remarxing in languidoily, seemingly	15		
much more highly pleased than tongue could tell at this opening	16		
of a lifetime and the foretaste of the Dun Bank pearlmothers	17		
and the boy to wash down which he would feed to himself in	18		
the Ruadh Cow at Tallaght and then into the Good Woman at	19		
Ringsend and after her inat Conway's Inn at Blackrock and, first	20		
to fall, cursed be all, where appetite would keenest be, atte,	21		
funeral fare or fun fain real, Adam and Eve's in Quantity Street	22		
by the grace of gamy queen Tailte, her will and testament: You	23		
stunning little southdowner! I'd know you anywhere, Declaney,	24		
let me truthfully tell you in or out of the lexinction of life and	25		
who the hell else, be your blanche patch on the boney part!	26		
Goalball I've struck this daylit dielate night of nights, by golly!	27		
My hat, you have some bully German grit, sundowner! He	28		
spud in his faust (axin); he topped the raw best (pardun); he	29		
poked his pick (a tip is a tap): and he tucked his friend's leave. And,	30		
with French hen or the portlifowlmum of hastes and leisures, about	31		
to continue that, the queer mixture exchanged the pax in embrace	32		
or poghue puxy as practised between brothers of the same breast,	33		

hillelulia, killelulia, allenalaw, and, having ratified before the	34		
god of the day their torgantruce which belittlers have schmall-	35		
kalled the treatyng to cognac, turning his fez menialstrait in the	36		
FW084			
direction of Moscas, he first got rid of a few mitsmillers and	1		
hurooshoos and levanted off with tubular jurbulance at a bull's	2		
run over the assback bridge, spitting his teeth on rooths, with the	3		
seven and four in danegeld and their humoral hurlbat or other	4		
uncertain weapon of <i>lignum vitae</i> , but so evermore rhumanasant of	5		
a toboggan poop, picked up to keep some crowplucking ap-	6		
pointment with some rival rialtos anywheres between Pearidge	7		
and the Littlehorn while this poor delaney, who they left along	8		
with the confederate fender behind and who albeit ballsbluffed,	9		
bore up wonderfully wunder all of it with a whole number of	10		
plumsized contusiums, plus alasalah bruised coccyx, all over him,	11		
reported the occurance in the best way he could, to the flabber-	12		
gaze of the whole lab, giving the Paddybanners the military	13		
salute as for his exilicy's the O'Daffy, in justifiable hope that,	14		
in nobiloroman review of the hugely sitisfactuary conclusium	15		
of their negotiations and the jugglemonkysh agripment dein-	16		
derivative, some lotion or fomentation of poppyheads would be	17		

jennerously exhibited to the parts, at the nearest watchhouse in	18			
Vicar Lane, the white ground of his face all covered with diagon-	19			
ally redcrossed nonfatal mammalian blood as proofpositive of the	20			
seriousness of his character and that he was bleeding in self	21			
defience (stanch it!) from the nostrils, lips, pavilion and palate,	22			
while some of his hitter's hairs had been pulled off his knut's	23			
head by Colt though otherwise his allround health appeared to	24			
be middling along as it proved most fortunate that not one of	25			
the two hundred and six bones and five hundred and one muscles	26			
in his corso was a whit the whorse for her whacking. Herwho?	27			
Nowthen, leaving clashing ash, brawn and muscle and brass-	28			
made to oust earthernborn and rockcrystal to wreck isinglass but	29			
wurming along gradually for our savings backtowards mother-	30			
waters so many miles from bank and Dublin stone (olympiading	31			
even till the eleventh dynasty to reach that thuddysickend Ham-	32			
laugh) and to the question of boney's unlawfully obtaining a	33			
pierced paraflamme and claptrap fireguard there crops out the	34			
still more salient point of the politish leanings and town pursuits	35			
of our forebeer, El Don De Dunelli, (may his ship thicked stick	36			
FW085				
in the bottol of the river and all his crewsers stock locked in the	1			

burrall of the seas!) who, when within the black of your toenail,	2		
sir, of being mistakenly ambushed by one of the uddahveddahs,	3		
and as close as made no matter, mam, to being kayoed offhand	4		
when the hyougono heckler with the Peter the Painter wanted	5		
to hole him, was consistently practising the first of the primary	6		
and imprescriptible liberties of the pacific subject by circulating	7		
(be British, boys to your bellybone and chuck a chum a chance!)	8		
alongst one of our umphrohibited semitary thrufahrts, open to	9		
buggy and bike, to walk, Wellington Park road, with the curb	10		
or quaker's quacknostrum under his auxter and his alpenstuck in	11		
his redhand, a highly commendable exercise, or, number two of	12		
our <i>acta legitima plebeia</i> , on the brink (beware to baulk a man at	13		
his will!) of taking place upon a public seat, to what, bare by	14		
Butt's, most easterly (but all goes west!) of blackpool bridges, as	15		
a public protest and naturlikevice, without intent to annoy either,	16		
being praisegood thankfully for the wrathbereaved ringdove and	17		
the fearstung boaconstrictor and all the more right jollywell	18		
pleased, which he was, at having other people's weather.	19		
But to return to the atlantic and Phenitia Proper. As if that	20		
were not to be enough for anyone but little headway, if any, was	21		
made in solving the wasnotto be crime cunundrum when a child	22		
of Maam, Festy King, of a family long and honourably associ-	23		
ated with the tar and feather industries, who gave an address in	24		

old plomansch Mayo of the Saxons in the heart of a foulfamed	25			
potheen district, was subsequently haled up at the Old Bailey	26			
on the calends of Mars, under an incompatibly framed indictment	27			
of both the counts (from each equinoxious points of view, the one	28			
fellow's fetch being the other follow's person) that is to see, flying	29			
cushats out of his ouveralls and making fesses immodst his forces	30			
on the field. Oyeh! Oyeh! When the prisoner, soaked in methyl-	31			
ated, appeared in dry dock, appatently ambrosiaurealised, like	32			
Kersse's Korduroy Karikature, wearing, besides stains, rents and	33			
patches, his fight shirt, straw braces, souwester and a policeman's	34			
corkscrew trowswers, all out of the true (as he had purposely torn	35			
up all his cymtrymanx bespokes in the mamertime), deposing for	36			
FW086				
his exution with all the fluors of sparse in the royal Irish vocabulary	1			
how the whole padderjagmartin tripezite suet and all the sulfeit	2			
of copperas had fallen off him quatz unaccountably like the	3			
chrysalisations of Alum on Even while he was trying for to stick	4			
fire to himcell, (in feacht he was dripping as he found upon strip-	5			
ping for a pipkin ofmalt as he feared the coold raine) it was	6			
attempted by the crown (P.C. Robort) to show that King, <i>elois</i>	7			
Crowbar, once known as Meleky, impersonating a climbing boy,	8			

rubbed some pixes of any luvial peatsmoor o'er his face, plucks	9		
and pussas, with a clanetourf as the best means of disguising	10		
himself and was to the middlewhite fair in Mudford of a Thoors-	11		
day, feishts of Peeler and Pole, under the illassumed names of	12		
Tykingfest and Rabworc picked by him and Anthony out of a	13		
tellafun book, ellegedly with a pedigree pig (unlicensed) and a	14		
hyacinth. They were on that sea by the plain of Ir nine hundred	15		
and ninety-nine years and they never cried crack or ceased from	16		
regular paddlewicking till that they landed their two and a	17		
trifling selves, amadst camel and ass, greybeard and suckling,	18		
priest and pauper, matrmatron and merrymeg, into the meddle	19		
of the mudstorm. The gathering, convened by the Irish Angri-	20		
cultural and Prepostoral Ouraganisations, to help the Irish muck	21		
to look his brother dane in the face and attended thanks to	22		
Larry by large numbers, of christies and jew's totems, tospite of	23		
the deluge, was distinctly of a scattery kind when the bally-	24		
bricken he could get no good of, after cockofthewalking through	25		
a few fancyfought mains ate some of the doorweg, the pikey	26		
later selling the gentleman ratepayer because she, Francie's sister,	27		
that is to say, ate a whole side of his (the animal's) sty, on a	28		
struggle Street, <i>Qui Sta Troia</i> , in order to pay off, hiss or lick,	29		
six doubloons fifteen arrears of his, the villain's not the rumbler's	30		
rent.	31		

Remarkable evidence was given, anon, by an eye, ear, nose	32			
and throat witness, whom Wesleyan chapelgoers suspected of	33			
being a plain clothes priest W.P., situate at Nullnull, Medical	34			
Square, who, upon letting down his rice and peacegreen cover-	35			
disk and having been sullenly cautioned against yawning while	36			
FW087				
being grilled, smiled (he had had a onebumper at parting from	1			
Mrs Molroe in the morning) and stated to his eliciter under his	2			
morse mustaccents (gobblers!) that he slept with a bonafides and	3			
that he would be there to remember the filth of November,	4			
hatinaring, rowdy O, which, with the jiboules of Juno and the	5			
dates of ould lanxiety, was going, please the Rainmaker, to	6			
decembs within the ephemerides of profane history, all one with	7			
Tournay, Yetstoslay and Temorah, and one thing which would	8			
pigstickularly strike a person of such sorely tried observational	9			
powers as Sam, him and Moffat, though theirs not to reason why,	10			
the striking thing about it was that he was patrified to see, hear,	11			
taste and smell, as his time of night, how Hyacinth O'Donnell,	12			
B.A., described in the calendar as a mixer and wordpainter, with	13			
part of a sivispacem (Gaeltact for dungfork) on the fair green	14			
at the hour of twenty-four o'clock sought (the bullycassidy of	15			

the friedhoffer!) to sack, sock, stab and slaughter singlehanded	16			
another two of the old kings, Gush Mac Gale and Roaring	17			
O' Crian, Jr., both changelings, unlucalised, of no address and	18			
in noncommunicables, between him and whom, ever since wal-	19			
lops before the Mise of Lewes, bad blood existed on the ground	20			
of the boer's trespass on the bull or because he firstparted his	21			
polarbeeber hair in twoways, or because they were creepfoxed	22			
andt grousuppers over a nippy in a noveletta, or because they	23			
could not say meace, (mute and daft) meathe. The litigants, he	24			
said, local congsmen and donalds, kings of the arans and the dalk-	25			
eys, kings of mud and tory, even the goat king of Killorglin,	26			
were egged on by their supporters in the shape of betterwomen	27			
with bowstrung hair of Carrothagenuine ruddiness, waving crim-	28			
son petties and screaming from Isod's towertop. There were	29			
cries from the thicksets in court and from the macdublins on the	30			
bohernabreen of: Mind the bank from Banagher, Mick, sir! Pro-	31			
dooce O'Donner. Ay! Exhibit his relics! Bu! Use the tongue	32			
mor! Give lip less! But it oozed out in Deadman's Dark Scenery	33			
Court through crossexanimation of the casehardened testis that	34			
when and where that knife of knives the treepartied ambush was	35			
laid (roughly spouting around half hours 'twixt dusk in dawn,	36			
FW088				

by Waterhose's Meddle Europeic Time, near Stop and Think,	1		
high chief evervirens and only abfalltree in auld the land) there	2		
was not as much light from the widowed moon as would dim a	3		
child's altar. The mixer, accordingly, was bluntly broached, and	4		
in the best basel to boot, as to whether he was one of those	5		
lucky cocks for whom the audible-visible-gnosible-edible world	6		
existed. That he was only too cognitively conatively cogitabun-	7		
dantly sure of it because, living, loving, breathing and sleeping	8		
morphomelosophopancreates, as he most significantly did, when-	9		
ever he thought he heard he saw he felt he made a bell clipper-	10		
clipperclipperclipper. Whether he was practically sure too of his	11		
lugs and truiies names in this king and blouseman business? That	12		
he was pediculously so. Certified? As cad could be. Be lying! Be	13		
the lonee I will. It was Morbus O' Somebody? A'Quite. Szer-	14		
day's Son? A satyr in weddens. And how did the greeneyed	15		
mister arrive at the B.A.? That it was like his poll. A cross-	16		
grained trapper with murty odd oogs, awflorated ares, inquiline	17		
nase and a twithcherous mough? He would be. Who could bit	18		
you att to a tenyerdfuul when aastalled? Ballera jobbera. Some	19		
majar bore too? Iguines. And with tumblerous legs, redipnomi-	20		
nated Helmingham Erchenwyne Rutter Egbert Crumwall Odin	21		
Maximus Esme Saxon Esa Vercingetorix Ethelwulf Rupprecht	22		

Ydwalla Bentley Osmund Dysart Yggdrasselmann? Holy Saint	23		
Eiffel, the very phoenix! It was Chudley Magnall once more	24		
between the deffodates and the dumb scene? The two childspies	25		
waapreesing him auza de Vologue but the renting of his rock	26		
was from the three wicked Vuncouverers Forests bent down	27		
awhits, arthou sure? Yubeti, Cumbilum comes! One of the ox-	28		
men's thingabossers, hvad? And had he been refresqued by the	29		
founts of bounty playing there — is — a — pain — aleland in	30		
Long's gourgling barral? A loss of Lordedward and a lack of sir-	31		
philip a surgeonet showeradown could suck more gargling	32		
bubbles out of the five lamps in Porttterand's praise. Wirrgeling	33		
and maries? As whose wouldn't, laving his leaftime in Black-	34		
pool. But, of course, he could call himself Tem, too, if he had	35		
time to? You butt he could anytom. When he pleased? Win and	36		
FW089			
place. A stoker tempted by evedripping against the driver who	1		
was a witness as well? Sacred avatar, how the devil did they	2		
guess it! Two dreamyums in one dromium? Yes and no error.	3		
And both as like as a duel of lentils? Peacisely. So he was pelted	4		
out of the coram populo, was he? Be the powers that be he was.	5		
The prince in principel should not expose his person? Mac-	6		

chevuole! Rooskayman kamerad? Sooner Gallwegian he would	7		
say. Not unintoxicated, fair witness? Drunk as a fishup. Askt to	8		
whether she minded whither he smuked? Not if he barkst into	9		
phlegms. Anent his ajaciulations to his Crosscann Lorne, cossa?	10		
It was corso in cursu on coarser again. The gracious miss was	11		
we not doubt sensible how yellowatty on the forx was altered?	12		
That she esually was, O'Dowd me not! As to his religion, if	13		
any? It was the see-you-Sunday sort. Exactly what he meant by	14		
a pederast prig? Bejacob's, just a gent who prayed his lent. And	15		
if middleclassed portavorous was a usual beast? Bynight as useful	16		
as a vomit to a shorn man. If he had rognarised dtheir gcourts	17		
marsheyls? Dthat nday in ndays he had. Lindendelly, coke or	18		
skilllies spell me gart without a gate? Harlyadrope. The grazing	19		
rights (Mrs Magistra Martinetta) expired with the expiry of the	20		
goat's sire, if they were not mistaken? That he exactly could not	21		
tell the worshipfuls but his mother-in-waders had the recipis for	22		
the price of the coffin and that he was there to tell them that	23		
herself was the velocipede that could tell them kitcat. A maun-	24		
darin tongue in a pounderin jowl? Father ourder about the	25		
mathers of prenanciation. Distributary endings? And we recom-	26		
mends. <i>Quare hircum?</i> No answer. <i>Unde gentium fe . . . ?</i> No ah.	27		
Are you not danzzling on the age of a vulcano? Siar, I am deed.	28		
And how olld of him? He was intendant to study pulu. Which	29		

was meant in a shirt of two shifts macoghamade or up Finn,	30			
threehatted ladder? That a head in thighs under a bush at the	31			
sunface would bait a serpent to a millrace through the heather.	32			
Arm bird colour defdum ethnic fort perharps? Sure and glomsk	33			
handy jotalpheson as well. Hokey jasons, then, in a pigeegesees?	34			
On a pontiff's order as ture as there's an ital on atac. As a gololy	35			
bit to joss? Leally and tululy. But, why this hankowchaff and	36			
FW090				
whence this second tone, son-yet-sun? He had the cowtaw in his	1			
buxers flay of face. So this that Solasistras, setting odds evens at	2			
defiance, took the laud from Labouriter? What displaced Tob,	3			
Dilke and Halley, not been greatly in love with the game. And,	4			
changing the venders, from the king's head to the republican's	5			
arms, as to the pugnaxities evinxed from flagfall to antepost	6			
during the effrays round fatherthyme's becksid and the regents	7			
in the plantsown raining, with the skiddystars and the morkern-	8			
windup, how they appealed to him then? That it was wildfires	9			
night on all the bettygallaghers. Mickmichael's soords shrieking	10			
shrecks through the wilkinse and neckanicholas' toastingforks	11			
pricking prongs up the tunnybladders. Let there be fight? And	12			
there was. Foght. On the site of the Angel's, you said? Guinney's	13			

Gap, he said, between what they said and the pussykitties. In the	14		
middle of the garth, then? That they mushn't toucht it. The de-	15		
voted couple was or were only two disappointed solicitresses on	16		
the job of the unfortunate class on Saturn's mountain fort? That	17		
was about it, jah! And Camellus then said to Gemellus: I should	18		
know you? Parfaitly. And Gemellus then said to Camellus: Yes,	19		
your brother? Absolutely. And if it was all about that, egregious	20		
sir? About that and the other. If he was not alluding to the whole	21		
in the wall? That he was when he was not eluding from the whole	22		
of the woman. Briefly, how such beginall finally struck him now?	23		
Like the crack that bruck the bank in Multifarnham. Whether he	24		
fell in with what they meant? Cursed that he supposed he did.	25		
Thos Thoris, Thomar's Thom? The rudacist rotter in Roebuck-	26		
dom. Surtopical? And subhuman. If it was, in yappanoise lan-	27		
guage, ach bad clap? Oo! Ah! Augs and ohrs with Rhian O'-	28		
kehley to put it tertianly, we wrong? Shocking! Such as turly	29		
pearced our really's that he might, that he might never, that he	30		
might never that night? Treely and rurally. Bladyughfoulmoeck-	31		
lenburgwhurawhorascortastrumpapornanennykocksapastippata-	32		
ppatupperstrippuckputtanach, eh? You have it alright.	33		
Meirdreach an Oincuish! But a new complexion was put upon	34		
the matter when to the perplexedly uncondemnatory bench	35		
(whereon punic judgeship strove with penal law) the senior	36		

FW091				
king of all, Pegger Festy, as soon as the outer layer of stuccko-	1			
muck had been removed at the request of a few live jurors,	2			
declared in a loudburst of poesy, through his Brythonic inter-	3			
preter on his oath, mhuith peisth mhuisse as fearra bheura muirre	4			
hriosmas, whereas take notice be the relics of the bones of the	5			
story bouchal that was ate be Cliopatrck (the sow) princess	6			
of parked porkers, afore God and all their honours and king's	7			
commons that, what he would swear to the Tierney of Dundal-	8			
gan or any other Tierney, yif live thurkells follaged him about	9			
sure that was no steal and that, nevertheless, what was deposited	10			
from that eyebold earbig noseknaving gutthroat, he did not fire	11			
a stone either before or after he was born down and up to that	12			
time. And, incidentalising that they might talk about Markarthy	13			
or they might walk to Baalastartey or they might join the nabout	14			
party and come on to Porterfeud this the sockdologer had the	15			
neck to endorse with the head bowed on him over his outturned	16			
noreaster by protesting to his lipreaders with a justbeencleaned	17			
barefacedness, abeam of moonlight's hope, in the same trelawney	18			
what he would impart, pleas bench, to the Llwyd Josus and the	19			
gentlemen in Jury's and the four of Masterers who had been all	20			

those yarns yearning for that good one about why he left	21			
Dublin, that, amreeta beaker coddling doom, as an Inishman was	22			
as good as any cantonnatal, if he was to parish by the market steak	23			
before the dorming of the mawn, he skuld never ask to see sight or	24			
light of this world or the other world or any either world, of Tyre-	25			
nan-Og, as true as he was there in that jackabox that minute, or	26			
wield or wind (no thanks t'yous!) the inexousthausthible wassail-	27			
horn tot of iskybaush the hailth up the wailth of the endknown ab-	28			
god of the fire of the moving way of the hawks with his heroes in	29			
Warhorror if ever in all his exchequered career he up or lave a	30			
chancery hand to take or throw the sign of a mortal stick or stone	31			
at man, yoelamb or salvation army either before or after being	32			
puptised down to that most holy and every blessed hour. Here,	33			
upon the halfkneed castleknocker's attempting kithoguishly to	34			
lilt his holymess the paws and make the sign of the Roman God-	35			
helic faix, (Xaroshie, zdrst! — in his excitement the laddo had	36			
FW092				
broken exthro Castilian into which the whole audience perse-	1			
guired and pursued him <i>olla podrida</i>) outbroke much yellach-	2			
ters from owners in the heall (Ha!) in which, under the mollifi-	3			
cation of methaglin, the testifighter reluctantly, but with ever so	4			

ladylike indecorum, joined. (Ha! Ha!)	5		
The hilariohoot of Pegger's Windup cumjustled as neatly	6		
with the tristitone of the Wet Pinter's as were they <i>isce et ille</i>	7		
equals of opposites, evolved by a onesame power of nature or of	8		
spirit, <i>iste</i> , as the sole condition and means of its himundher	9		
manifestation and polarised for reunion by the symphysis of	10		
their antipathies. Distinctly different were their duasdestinies.	11		
Whereas the maidies of the bar, (a pairless trentene, a lunarised	12		
score) when the eranthus myrrmyrred: Show'm the Posed:	13		
fluttered and flattered around the willingly pressed, nominating	14		
him for the swiney prize, complimenting him, the captivating	15		
youth, on his having all his senses about him, stincking thyacinths	16		
through his curls (O feen! O deur!) and bringing busses to his	17		
cheeks, their masculine Oirisher Rose (his neece cleur!), and	18		
legando round his nice new neck for him and pizzicagnoling his	19		
woolywags, with their dindy dandy sugar de candy mechree me	20		
postheen flowns courier to belive them of all his untiring young	21		
dames and send treats in their times. Ymen. But it was not un-	22		
observed of those presents, their worships, how, of one among	23		
all, her deputised to defeme him by the Lunar Sisters' Celibacy	24		
Club, a lovelooking leapgirl, all all alonely, Gentia Gemma of the	25		
Makegiddyculling Reeks, he, wan and pale in his unmixed admir-	26		
ation, seemed blindly, mutely, tastelessly, tactlessly, innamorate	27		

with heruponhim in shining aminglement, the shaym of his hisu	28			
shifting into the shimmering of her hers, (youthsy, beautsy, hee's	29			
her chap and shey'll tell memmas when she gays whom) till the	30			
wild wishwish of her sheeshea melted most musically mid the	31			
dark deepdeep of his shayshaun.	32			
And whereas distracted (for was not just this in effect which	33			
had just caused that the effect of that which it had caused to oc-	34			
cur?) the four justicers laid their wigs together, Untius, Mun-	35			
cius, Punchus and Pylax but could do no worse than promulgate	36			
FW093				
their standing verdict of Nolans Brumans whereoneafter King,	1			
having murdered all the English he knew, picked out his pockets	2			
and left the tribunal scotfree, trailing his Tommeylommey's tunic	3			
in his hurry, thereinunder proudly showing off the blink pitch to	4			
his britgits to prove himself (an't plase yous!) a rael genteel. To	5			
the Switz bobbyguard's curial but courtlike: Commodore valley O	6			
hairy, Arthre jennyrosy?: the firewaterloover returted with such a	7			
vinesmelling fortytudor ages rawdownhams tanyouhide as would	8			
turn the latten stomach even of a tumass equinous (we were pre-	9			
pared for the chap's clap cap, the accent, but, took us as, by surprise	10			
and now we're geshing it like gush gash from a burner!) so that all	11			

the twofromthirty advocatesses within echo, pulling up their briefs	12		
at the krigkry: Shun the Punman!: safely and soundly soccered	13		
that fenemine Parish Poser, (how dare he!) umprumtu right-	14		
oway hames, much to his thanks, gratiasagam, to all the wrong	15		
donatrices, biss Drinkbattle's Dingy Dwellings where (for like	16		
your true venuson Esau he was dovetimid as the dears at	17		
Bottome) he shat in (zoo), like the muddy goalbind who he was	18		
(dun), the chassetitties belles conclaiming: You and your gift of	19		
your gajt of your garbage abaht our Farvver! and gaingridando:	20		
Hon! Verg! Nau! Putor! Skam! Schams! Shames!	21		
And so it all ended. Artha kama dharma moksa. Ask Kavya for	22		
the kay. And so everybody heard their plaint and all listened to	23		
their plause. The letter! The litter! And the soother the bitther!	24		
Of eyebrow pencilled, by lipstipple penned. Borrowing a word	25		
and begging the question and stealing tinder and slipping like	26		
soap. From dark Rosa Lane a sigh and a weep, from Lesbia	27		
Looshe the beam in her eye, from lone Coogan Barry his arrow	28		
of song, from Sean Kelly's anagram a blush at the name, from	29		
I am the Sullivan that trumpeting tramp, from Suffering Duf-	30		
ferin the Sit of her Style, from Kathleen May Vernon her Mebbe	31		
fair efforts, from Fillthepot Curran his scotchlove machree-	32		
ther, from hymn Op. 2 Phil Adolphos the weary O, the leery,	33		
O, from Samyouwill Leaver or Damyouwell Lover thatjolly	34		

old molly bit or that bored saunter by, from Timm Finn again's	35			
weak tribes loss of strength to his sowheel, from the wedding	36			
FW094				
on the greene, agirlies, the gretnass of joyboys, from Pat Mullen,	1			
Tom Mallon, Dan Meldon, Don Maldon a slickstick picnic made	2			
in Moate by Muldoons. The solid man saved by his sillied woman.	3			
Crackajolking away like a hearse on fire. The elm that whimpers	4			
at the top told the stone that moans when stricken. Wind broke	5			
it. Wave bore it. Reed wrote of it. Syce ran with it. Hand tore	6			
it and wild went war. Hen trieved it and plight pledged peace.	7			
It was folded with cunning, sealed with crime, uptied by a harlot,	8			
undone by a child. It was life but was it fair? It was free but was	9			
it art? The old hunks on the hill read it to perlection. It made	10			
ma make merry and sissy so shy and rubbed some shine off Shem	11			
and put some shame into Shaun. Yet Una and Ita spill famine	12			
with drought and Agrippa, the propastored, spells tripulations	13			
in his threne. Ah, furchte fruchte, timid Danaides! Ena milo melo-	14			
mon, frai is frau and swee is too, swee is two when swoo is free,	15			
ana mala woe is we! A pair of sycopanties with amygdaleine	16			
eyes, one old obster lumpky pumpkin and three meddlars on	17			
their slies. And that was how framm Sin fromm Son, acity arose,	18			

finfin funfun, a sitting arrows. Now tell me, tell me, tell me then!	19			
What was it?	20			
A !	21			
? O!	22			
So there you are now there they were, when all was over	23			
again, the four with them, setting around upin their judges'	24			
chambers, in the muniment room, of their marshalsea, under the	25			
suspices of Lally, around their old traditional tables of the law	26			
like Somany Solans to talk it over rallthesameagain. Well and	27			
druly dry. Suffering law the dring. Accourting to king's evelyns.	28			
So help her goat and kiss the bouc. Festives and highajinks and	29			
jintyaun and her beetyrossy bettydoaty and not to forget now	30			
a'duna o'darnel. The four of them and thank court now there	31			
were no more of them. So pass the push for port sake. Be it soon.	32			
Ah ho! And do you remember, Singabob, the badfather, the	33			
same, the great Howdoyoucallem, and his old nickname, Dirty	34			
Daddy Pantaloons, in his monopoleums, behind the war of the	35			
two roses, with Michael Victory, the sheemen's preester, before	36			
FW095				
he caught his paper dispillsation from the poke, old Minace and	1			
Minster York? Do I mind? I mind the gush off the mon like Bal-	2			

lybock manure works on a tradewinds day. And the O'Moyly	3		
gracies and the O'Briny rossies chaffing him bluchface and play-	4		
ing him pranks. How do you do, todo, North Mister? Get into	5		
my way! Ah dearome forsailoshe! Gone over the bays! When	6		
ginabawdy meadabawdy! Yerra, why would he heed that old	7		
gasometer with his hooping coppin and his dyinboosycough and	8		
all the birds of the southside after her, Minxy Cunningham, their	9		
dear divorcee darling, jimmies and jonnies to be her jo? Hold	10		
hard. There's three other corners to our isle's cork float. Sure, 'tis	11		
well I can telesmell him H ₂ C E ₃ that would take a township's	12		
breath away! Gob and I nose him too well as I do meself, heav-	13		
ing up the Kay Wall by the 32 to 11 with his limelooking horse-	14		
bags full of sesameseed, the Whiteside Kaffir, and his sayman's	15		
effluvium and his scentpainted voice, puffing out his thundering	16		
big brown cabbage! Pa! Thawt I'm glad a gull for his pawsdeen	17		
fiunn! Goborro, sez he, Lankyshied! Gobugga ye, sez I! O	18		
breezes! I sniffed that lad long before anyone. It was when I was	19		
in my farfather out at the west and she and myself, the redheaded	20		
girl, firstnighting down Sycomore Lane. Fine feelplay we had	21		
of it mid the kissabetts frisking in the kool kurkle dusk of the	22		
lushiness. My perfume of the pampas, says she (meaning me)	23		
putting out her netherlights, and I'd sooner one precious sip at	24		
your pure mountain dew than enrich my acquaintance with that	25		

big brewer's belch.	26			
And so they went on, the fourbottle men, the analists, ungu-	27			
am and nunguam and lunguam again, their anschluss about her	28			
whosebefore and his whereafters and how she was lost away	29			
away in the fern and how he was founded deap on deep in anear,	30			
and the rustlings and the twitterings and the raspings and the	31			
snappings and the sighings and the paintings and the ukukuings	32			
and the (hist!) the springapartings and the (hast!) the bybyscutt-	33			
lings and all the scandalmunkers and the pure craigs that used to	34			
be (up) that time living and lying and rating and riding round	35			
Nunsbelly Square. And all the buds in the bush. And the laugh-	36			
FW096				
ing jackass. Harik! Harik! Harik! The rose is white in the darik!	1			
And Sunfella's nose has got rhinoceritis from haunting the roes	2			
in the parik! So all rogues lean to rhyme. And contradrinking	3			
themselves about Lillytrilly law pon hilly and Mrs Niall of the	4			
Nine Corsages and the old markiss their besterfar, and, arrah,	5			
sure there was never a marcus at all at all among the manlies and	6			
dear Sir Armoury, queer Sir Rumoury, and the old house by the	7			
churpelizod, and all the goings on so very wrong long before	8			
when they were going on retreat, in the old gammeldags, the	9			

four of them, in Milton's Park under lovely Father Whisperer	10		
and making her love with his stuffstuff in the languish of flowers	11		
and feeling to find was she mushymushy, and wasn't that very	12		
both of them, the saucicisters, a drahereen o machree!, and (peep!)	13		
meeting waters most improper (peepette!) ballround the garden,	14		
trickle trickle trickle triss, please, miman, may I go flirting?	15		
farmers gone with a groom and how they used her, mused her,	16		
licksed her and cuddled. I differ with ye! Are you sure of your-	17		
self now? You're a liar, excuse me! I will not and you're an-	18		
other! And Lully holding their breach of the peace for them. Pool	19		
loll Lolly! To give and to take! And to forego the pasht! And	20		
all will be forgotten! Ah ho! It was too too bad to be falling	21		
out about her kindness pet and the shape of OOOOOOOO	22		
Ourang's time. Well, all right, Lelly. And shakeahand. And	23		
schenkusmore. For Craig sake. Be it suck.	24		
Well?	25		
Well, even should not the framing up of such figments in the	26		
evidential order bring the true truth to light as fortuitously as	27		
a dim seer's setting of a starchart might (heaven helping it!) un-	28		
cover the nakedness of an unknown body in the fields of blue	29		
or as forehearingly as the sibspeeches of all mankind have foli-	30		
ated (earth seizing them!) from the root of some funner's stotter	31		
all the soundest sense to be found immense our special mentalists	32		

now holds (<i>securus iudicat orbis terrarum</i>) that by such playing	33		
possum our hagiois curious encestor bestly saved his brush with	34		
his posterity, you, charming coparcenors, us, heirs of his tailsie.	35		
Gundogs of all breeds were beagling with renounced urbiandor-	36		
FW097			
bic bugles, hot to run him, given law, on a scent breasthigh,	1		
keen for the worry. View! From his holt outratted across the	2		
Juletide's genial corsslands of Humfries Chase from Mullinahob	3		
and Peacockstown, then bearing right upon Tankardstown, the	4		
outlier, a white noelan which Mr Loewensteil Fitz Urse's basset	5		
beaters had first misbadgered for a bruin of some swart, led	6		
bayers the run, then through Raystown and Horlockstown and,	7		
louping the loup, to Tankardstown again. Ear canny hare for	8		
doubling through Cheeverstown they raced him, through	9		
Loughlinstown and Nutstown to wind him by the Boolies. But	10		
from the good turn when he last was lost, check, upon Ye Hill	11		
of Rut in full winter coat with ticker pads, pointing for his room-	12		
ing house his old nordest in his rolltoproyal hessians a deaf fuch-	13		
ser's volponism hid him close in covert, miraculously ravenfed	14		
and buoyed up, in rumer, reticule, onasum and abomasum, upon	15		
(may Allbrewham have his mead!) the creamclotted sherriness of	16		

cinnamon syllabub, Mikkelraved, Nikkelsaved. Hence hounds	17			
hied home. Preservative perseverance in the reeducation of his	18			
intestines was the rebuttal by whilk he sort of git the big bulge	19			
on the whole bunch of spasoakers, dieting against glues and gra-	20			
vies, in that sometime prestreet protown. Vainly violence, viru-	21			
lence and vituperation sought wellnigh utterly to attax and a-	22			
bridge, to derail and depontify, to enrate and inroad, to ongoad	23			
and unhume the great shipping mogul and underlinen overlord.	24			
But the spoil of hesitants, the spell of hesitency. His atake is	25			
it ashe, tittery taw tatterytail, hasitense humponadimply, heyhey-	26			
heyhey a winceywencky.	27			
Assembly men murmured. Reynard is slow!	28			
One feared for his days. Did there yawn? 'Twas his stom-	29			
mick. Eruct? The libber. A gush? From his visuals. Pung? De-	30			
livver him, orelode! He had laid violent hands on himself, it was	31			
brought in Fugger's Newsletter, lain down, all in, fagged out,	32			
with equally melancholy death. For the triduum of Saturnalia	33			
his goatservant had paraded hiz willingsons in the Forum while	34			
the jenny infanted the lass to be greeted raucously (the Yardstat-	35			
ed) with houx and epheus and measured with missiles too from	36			
FW098				

a hundred of manhood and a wimmering of weibes. Big went	1		
the bang: then wildewide was quiet: a report: silence: last Fama	2		
put it under ether. The noase or the loal had dreven him blem,	3		
blem, stun blem. Sparks flew. He had fled again (open shun-	4		
shema!) this country of exile, sloughed off, sidleshomed <i>via</i> the	5		
subterranean shored with bedboards, stowed away and ankered	6		
in a dutch bottom tank, the Arsa, <i>hod</i> S.S. Finlandia, and was	7		
even now occupying, under an islamitic newhame in his seventh	8		
generation, a physical body Cornelius Magrath's (badoldkarak-	9		
ter, commonorrong canbung) in Asia Major, where as Turk of	10		
the theater (first house all flatty: the king, eleven sharps) he had	11		
bepiastered the buikdanseuses from the opulence of his omni-	12		
box while as arab at the streetdoor he bepestered the bumbashaws	13		
for the alms of a para's pence. Wires hummed. Peacefully general	14		
astonishment assisted by regrettitude had put a term till his exis-	15		
tence: he saw the family saggarth, resigned, put off his remain-	16		
ders, was recalled and scrapheaped by the Maker. Chirpings	17		
crossed. An infamous private ailment (vulgovarioveneral) had	18		
claimed endright, closed his vicious circle, snap. Jams jarred.	19		
He had walked towards the middle of an ornamental lilypond	20		
when innebriated up to the point where braced shirts meet knic-	21		
kerbockers, as wangfish daring the buoyant waters, when rod-	22		
men's firstaiding hands had rescued un from very possibly several	23		

feel of demifrish water. Mush spread. On Umbrella Street where	24			
he did drinks from a pumps a kind workman, Mr Whitlock,	25			
gave him a piece of wood. What words of power were made fas	26			
between them, ekenames and auchnomes, <i>acnomina ecnumina?</i>	27			
That, O that, did Hansard tell us, would gar ganz Dub's ear	28			
wag in every pub of all the citta! Batty believes a baton while	29			
Hogan hears a hod yet Heer prefers a punsil shapner and Cope	30			
and Bull go cup and ball. And the Cassidy — Craddock rome	31			
and reme round e'er a wiege ne'er a waage is still immer and	32			
immor awagering over it, a cradle with a care in it or a casket	33			
with a kick behind. Toties testies quoties questies. The war is	34			
in words and the wood is the world. Maply me, willowy we,	35			
hickory he and yew yourselves. Howforhim chirrupeth evereach-	36			
FW099				
bird! From golddawn glory to glowworm gleam. We were	1			
lowquacks did we not tacit turn. Elsewere there here no con-	2			
cern of the Guinnesses. But only the ruining of the rain has	3			
heard. <i>Estout pourporteral!</i> Cracklings cricked. A human pest	4			
cycling (pist!) and recycling (past!) about the sledgy streets, here	5			
he was (pust!) again! Morse nuisance noised. He was loose at	6			
large and (Oh baby!) might be anywhere when a disguised ex-	7			

nun, of huge standbuild and masculine manners in her fairly fat	8		
forties, Carpulenta Gygasta, hattracted hattention by harbitrary	9		
conduct with a homnibus. Aerials buzzed to coastal listeners of	10		
an oertax bror collector's budget, fullybiggs, sporran, tie, tuft,	11		
tabard and bloody antichill cloak, its tailor's (Baernfather's) tab	12		
reading V.P.H., found nigh Scaldbrothar's Hole, and divers	13		
shivered to think what kaind of beast, wolves, croppis's or four-	14		
penny friars, had devoured him. C. W. cast wide. Hvidfinns lyk,	15		
drohneth svertgleam, Valkir lockt. On his pinksir's postern, the	16		
boys had it, at Whitweekend had been nailed an inkedup name	17		
and title, inscribed in the national cursives, accelerated, regres-	18		
sive, filiform, turreted and envenomoloped in piggotry: Move	19		
up. Mumpty! Mike room for Rumpy! By order, Nickekellous	20		
Plugg; and this go, no pentecostal jest about it, how gregarious	21		
his race soever or skilful learned wise cunning knowledgable	22		
clear profound his saying fortitudo fraught or prudentiaproven,	23		
were he chief, count, general, fieldmarshal, prince, king or Myles	24		
the Slasher in his person, with a moliamordhar mansion in the	25		
Breffnian empire and a place of inauguration on the hill of Tully-	26		
mongan, there had been real murder, of the rayheallach royghal	27		
raxacraxian variety, the MacMahon chaps, it was, that had done	28		
him in. On the fidd of Verdor the rampart combatants had left	29		
him lion with his dexter handcoup wrestered in a pureede	30		

paumee bloody proper. Indeed not a few thick and thin well-	31			
wishers, mostly of the clontarf-minded class, (Colonel John Bawle	32			
O'Roarke, fervxamplus), even ventured so far as to loan or beg	33			
copies of D. Blayncy's trilingual triweekly, Scatterbrains' Aften-	34			
ing Posht, so as to make certain sure onetime and be satisfied of	35			
their quasicontribusodalitarian's having become genuinely quite	36			
FW100				
beetly dead whether by land whither by water. Transocean	1			
atalaclamoured him; The latter! The latter! Shall their hope then	2			
be silent or Macfarlane lack of lamentation? He lay under leagues	3			
of it in deep Bartholoman's Deep.	4			
Achdung! Pozor! Attenshune! Vikeroy Besights Smucky	5			
Yung Pigeschoolies. Tri Paisdinernes Eventyr Med Lochlanner	6			
Fathach I Fiounnisgehaven. Bannalanna Bangs Ballyhooly Out	7			
Of Her Buddaree Of A Bullavogue.	8			
But, their bright little contemporaries notwithstanding, on	9			
the morrowing morn of the suicidal murder of the unrescued ex-	10			
patriate, aslike as asnake comes sliduant down that oaktree onto	11			
the duke of beavers, (you may have seen some liquidamber exude	12			
exotic from a balsam poplar at Parteen-a-lax Limestone. Road	13			
and cried Abies Magnifica! not, noble fir?) a quarter of nine,	14			

imploing his resipiency, saw the infallible spike of smoke's jutstiff	15		
punctual from the seventh gable of our Quintus Centimachus'	16		
porphyroid buttertower and then thirsty p.m. with oaths upon	17		
his lastingness (<i>En caecos harauspices! Annos longos patimur!</i>) the	18		
lamps of maintenance, beaconsfarafield innerhalf the zuggurat, all	19		
brevetnamed, the wasting wyvern, the tawny of his mane, the	20		
swinglowswaying bluepaw, the outstanding man, the lolllike lady,	21		
being litten for the long (O land, how long!) lifesnight, with	22		
suffusion of fineglass transom and leadlight panes.	23		
Wherefore let it hardly by any being thinking be said either or	24		
thought that the prisoner of that sacred edifice, were he an Ivor	25		
the Boneless or an Olaf the Hide, was at his best a onestone par-	26		
able, a rude breathing on the void of to be, a venter hearing his	27		
own bauchspeech in backwards, or, more strictly, but tristurned	28		
initials, the cluekey to a worldroom beyond the roomwhorld, for	29		
scarce one, or pathetically few of his dode canal sammenlivers	30		
cared seriously or for long to doubt with Kurt Iuld van Dijke	31		
(the gravitational pull perceived by certain fixed residents and	32		
the capture of uncertain comets chancedrifting through our sys-	33		
tem suggesting an authenticitatem of his aliquitudinis) the canoni-	34		
city of his existence as a tesseract. Be still, O quick! Speak him	35		
dumb! Hush ye fronds of Ulma!	36		

FW101				
Dispersal women wondered. Was she fast?	1			
Do tell us all about. As we want to hear allabout. So tellus tel-	2			
las allabouter. The why or whether she looked alottylike like	3			
ussies and whether he had his wimdop like themses shut? Notes	4			
and queries, tipbids and answers, the laugh and the shout, the	5			
ards and downs. Now listed to one aneither and liss them down	6			
and smoothen out your leaves of rose. The war is o'er. Wimwim	7			
wimwim! Was it Unity Moore or Estella Swifte or Varina Fay	8			
or Quarta Quaedam? Toemaas, mark oom for yor ounckel! Pig-	9			
eys, hold op med yer leg! Who, but who (for second time of	10			
asking) was then the scourge of the parts about folkrich Luca-	11			
lizod it was wont to be asked, as, in ages behind of the Homo	12			
Capite Erectus, what price Peabody's money, or, to put it	13			
bluntly, whence is the herringtons' white cravat, as, in epochs	14			
more cainozoic, who struck Buckley though nowadays as then-	15			
times every schoolfilly of sevenscore moons or more who knows	16			
her intimologies and every colleen bawl aroof and every red-	17			
flammelwaving warwife and widowpeace upon Dublin Wall for	18			
ever knows as yayas is yayas how it was Buckleysself (we need	19			
no bleeding paper to tell it neither) who struck and the Russian	20			
generals, da! da!, instead of Buckley who was caddishly struck	21			

by him when be herselfes. What fullpried paulpoison in the spy	22			
of three castles or which hatefilled smileyseller? And that such	23			
a vetriol of venom, that queen's head affranchisant, a quiet stink-	24			
ingplaster zeal could cover, prepostered or postpaid! The lounge-	25			
lizards of the pumproom had their nine days' jeer, and pratsch-	26			
kats at their platschpails too and holenpolendom beside, Szpasz-	27			
pas Szpissmas, the zhanyzhonies, when, still believing in her	28			
owenglass, when izarres were twinklins, that the upper reaches	29			
of her mouthless face and her impermanent waves were the better	30			
half of her, one nearer him, dearer than all, first warming creature	31			
of his early morn, bondwoman of the man of the house, and	32			
murrmurr of all the mackavicks, she who had given his eye for	33			
her bed and a tooth for a child till one one and one ten and one	34			
hundred again, O me and O ye! cadet and prim, the hungray and	35			
anngreen (and if she is older now than her teeth she has hair that	36			
FW102				
is younger than thighne, my dear!) she who shuttered him after	1			
his fall and waked him widowt sparing and gave him keen and	2			
made him able and held adazillahs to each arche of his noes, she	3			
who will not rast her from her running to seek him till, with the	4			
help of the okeamic, some such time that she shall have been after	5			

hiding the crumbends of his enormousness in the areyou looking-	6		
for Pearlfar sea, (ur, uri, uria!) stood forth, burnzburn the gorg-	7		
gony old danworld, in gogor's name, for gagar's sake, dragging	8		
the countryside in her train, finickin here and funickin there,	9		
with her louisequean's brogues and her culunder buzzle and her	10		
little bolero boa and all and two times twenty curlicornies for her	11		
headdress, specks on her yeux, and spudds on horeilles and a	12		
circusfix riding her Parisienne's cockneze, a vaunt her straddle	13		
from Equerry Egon, when Tinktink in the churchclose clinked	14		
Steploajazzyma Sunday, <i>Sola</i> , with pawns, prelates and pookas	15		
pelotting in her piecebag, for Handiman the Chomp, Esquoro,	16		
biskbask, to crush the slander's head.	17		
Wery weeny wight, plead for Morandmor! <i>Notre Dame de la</i>	18		
<i>Ville</i> , mercy of thy balmheartzyheat! Ogrowdnyk's beyond her-	19		
bata tay, wort of the drogist. Bulk him no bulkis. And let him	20		
rest, thou wayfarre, and take no gravespoil from him! Neither	21		
mar his mound! The bane of Tut is on it. Ware! But there's a	22		
little lady waiting and her name is A.L.P. And you'll agree. She	23		
must be she. For her holden heirheaps hanging down her back.	24		
He spenth his strenth amok haremscarems. Poppy Narancy, Gial-	25		
lia, Chlora, Marinka, Anileen, Parme. And ilk a those dames had	26		
her rainbow huemoures yet for whilko her whims but he coined a	27		
cure. Tifftiff today, kissykissy tonay and agelong pine tomauran-	28		

na. Then who but Crippled-with-Children would speak up for	29			
Dropping-with-Sweat?	30			
<i>Sold him her lease of ninenineninetee,</i>	31			
<i>Tresses undresses so dyedyedainte,</i>	32			
<i>Goo, the groot gudgeon, gulped it all.</i>	33			
<i>Hoo was the C. O. D.?</i>	34			
Bum!	35			
FW103				
<i>At Island Bridge she met her tide.</i>	1			
<i>Attabom, attabom, attabombomboom!</i>	2			
<i>The Fin had a flux and his Ebba a ride.</i>	3			
<i>Attabom, attabom, attabombomboom!</i>	4			
<i>We're all up to the years in hues and cribies.</i>	5			
<i>That's what she's done for wee!</i>	6			
Woe!	7			
Nomad may roam with Nabuch but let naaman laugh at Jor-	8			
dan! For we, we have taken our sheet upon her stones where we	9			
have hanged our hearts in her trees; and we list, as she bibs us,	10			

by the waters of babalong.	11			
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5. Episode FIVE (22 pages, from 104 to 125)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW104				
In the name of Annah the Allmaziful, the Everliving, the	1			
Bringer of Plurabilities, haloed be her eve, her singtime sung, her	2			
rill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven!	3			
Her untitled mamafesta memorialising the Mosthighest has	4			
gone by many names at disjointed times. Thus we hear of, <i>The</i>	5			
<i>Augusta Angustissimost for Old Seabeastius' Salvation, Rockabill</i>	6			
<i>Booby in the Wave Trough, Here's to the Relicts of All Decencies,</i>	7			
<i>Anna Stessa's Rise to Notice, Knickle Down Duddy Gunne and</i>	8			
<i>Arishe Sir Cannon, My Golden One and My Selver Wedding,</i>	9			
<i>Amoury Treestam and Icy Siseule, Saith a Sawyer til a Strame, Ik</i>	10			
<i>dik dopedope et tu mihimihi, Buy Birthplate for a Bite, Which of</i>	11			
<i>your Hesterdays Mean Ye to Morra? Hoebegunne the Hebrewer</i>	12			

<i>Hit Waterman the Brayned, Arcs in His Ceiling Flee Chinx on the</i>	13		
<i>Flur, Rebus de Hibernicis, The Crazier Letters, Groans of a Briton-</i>	14		
<i>ess, Peter Peopler Picked a Plot to Pitch his Poppolin, An Apology</i>	15		
<i>for a Big (some such nonoun as Husband or husboat or hose-</i>	16		
<i>bound is probably understood for we have also the plutherple-</i>	17		
<i>thoric My Hoonsbood Hansbaad's a Journey to Porthergill gone</i>	18		
<i>and He Never Has the Hour), Ought We To Visit Him? For Ark</i>	19		
<i>see Zoo, Cleopater's Nedlework Ficturing Aldborougham on the</i>	20		
<i>Sahara with the Coombing of the Cammmels and the Parlourmaids</i>	21		
<i>of Aegypt, Cock in the Pot for Father, Placeat Vestrae, A New</i>	22		
<i>Cure for an Old Clap, Where Portentos they'd Grow Gonder how</i>	23		
<i>I'd Wish I Woose a Geese; Gettle Nettie, Thrust him not, When the</i>	24		
FW105			
<i>Myrtles of Venice Played to Bloccus's Line, To Plenge Me High</i>	1		
<i>He Waives Chiltern on Friends, Oremunds Queue Visits Amen</i>	2		
<i>Mart, E'en Tho' I Granny a-be He would Fain Me Cuddle, Twenty</i>	3		
<i>of Chambers, Weighty Ten Beds and a Wan Ceteroom, I Led the</i>	4		
<i>Life, Through the Boxer Coxer Rising in the House with the Golden</i>	5		
<i>Stairs, The Following Fork, He's my O'Jerusalem and I'm his</i>	6		
<i>Po, The Best in the West, By the Stream of Zemez under Zig-</i>	7		
<i>zag Hill, The Man That Made His Mother in the Marlborry</i>	8		

<i>Train, Try Our Taal on a Taub, The Log of Anny to the Base</i>	9		
<i>All, Nopper Tipped a Nappiwenk to his Notylytl Dantsigirls, Prszss</i>	10		
<i>Orel Orel the King of Orlbrdsz, Intimier Minnelisp of an Extor-</i>	11		
<i>reor Monolothé, Drink to Him, My Juckey, and Dhoulth Bemine</i>	12		
<i>Thy Winnowing Sheet, I Ask You to Believe I was his Mistress,</i>	13		
<i>He Can Explain, From Victrolia Nuancee to Allbart Noahnsy,</i>	14		
<i>Da's a Daisy so Guimea your Handsel too, What Barbaras Done</i>	15		
<i>to a Barrel Organ Before the Rank, Tank and Bonnbtail, Huskovy</i>	16		
<i>Admortal, What Jumbo made to Jalice and what Anisette to Him,</i>	17		
<i>Ophelia's Culpreints, Hear Hubty Hublin, My Old Dansh, I am</i>	18		
<i>Older northe Rogues among Whisht I Slips and He Calls Me his</i>	19		
<i>Dual of Ayessha, Suppotes a Ventriliquorst Merries a Corpse,</i>	20		
<i>Lapps for Finns This Funnycoon's Week, How the Buckling Shut</i>	21		
<i>at Rush in January, Look to the Lady, From the Rise of the</i>	22		
<i>Dudge Pupublick to the Fall of the Potstille, Of the Two Ways</i>	23		
<i>of Opening the Mouth, I have not Stopped Water Where It Should</i>	24		
<i>Flow and I Know the Twentynine Names of Attraente, The Tortor</i>	25		
<i>of Tory Island Traits Galasia like his Milchcow, From Abbeygate</i>	26		
<i>to Crowalley Through a Lift in the Lude, Smocks for Their Graces</i>	27		
<i>and Me Aunt for Them Clodshoppers, How to Pull a Good Horus-</i>	28		
<i>coup even when Oldsire is Dead to the World, Inn the Gleam of</i>	29		
<i>Waherlow, Fathe He's Sukceded to My Esperations, Thee Steps</i>	30		
<i>Forward, Two Stops Back, My Skin Appeals to Three Senses and</i>	31		

<i>My Curly Lips Demand Columbkisses; Gage Street on a Crany's</i>	32		
<i>Savings, Them Lads made a Trion of Battlewatschers and They</i>	33		
<i>Totties a Doeit of Deers, In My Lord's Bed by One Whore Went</i>	34		
<i>Through It, Mum It is All Over, Cowpoyride by Twelve Acre Ter-</i>	35		
<i>riss in the Unique Estates of Amessican, He Gave me a Thou so I</i>	36		
FW106			
<i>seroe Him with Thee, Of all the Wide Torsos in all the Wild Glen,</i>	1		
<i>O'Donogh, White Donogh, He's Hue to Me Cry, I'm the Stitch</i>	2		
<i>in his Baskside You'd be Nought Without Mom, To Keep the</i>	3		
<i>Huskies off the Hustings and Picture Pets from Lifting Shops, Nor-</i>	4		
<i>sker Torsker Find the Poddle, He Perssed Me Here with the Ardour</i>	5		
<i>of a Tonnoburkes, A Boob Was Weeping This Mower was Reaping,</i>	6		
<i>O'Loughlin, Up from the Pit of my Stomach I Swish you the White</i>	7		
<i>of the Mourning, Inglo-Andean Medoleys from Tommany Moohr,</i>	8		
<i>The Great Polynesional Entertrainer Exhibits Ballantine Braut-</i>	9		
<i>chers with the Link of Natures, The Mimic of Meg Neg and</i>	10		
<i>the Mackeys, Entered as the Lastest Pigtarial and My Pooridiocal</i>	11		
<i>at Stitchioner's Hall, Siegfied Follies and or a Gentlehomme's Faut</i>	12		
<i>Pas, See the First Book of Jealesies Pessim, The Suspended Sen-</i>	13		
<i>tence, A Pretty Brick Story for Childsize Heroes, As Lo Our Sleep,</i>	14		
<i>I Knew I'd Got it in Me so Thit settles That, Thonderbalt Captain</i>	15		

<i>Smeth and La Belle Sauvage Pocahontese, Way for Wet Week</i>	16		
<i>Welikin's Douchka Marianne, The Last of the Fingallians, It Was</i>	17		
<i>Me Egged Him on to the Stork Exchange and Lent my Dutiful</i>	18		
<i>Face to His Customs, Chee Chee Cheels on their China Miction,</i>	19		
<i>Pickedmeup Peters, Lumptytumptumpty had a Big Fall, Pimpimp</i>	20		
<i>Pimpimp, Measly Ventures of Two Lice and the Fall of Fruit,</i>	21		
<i>The Fokes Family Interior, If my Spreadeagles Wasn't so Tight</i>	22		
<i>I'd Loosen my Cursits on that Bunch of Maggiestraps, Allolosh</i>	23		
<i>Popofetts and Howke Cotchme Eye, Seen Aples and Thin Dyed,</i>	24		
<i>i big U to Beleaves from Love and Mother, Fine's Fault was no</i>	25		
<i>Felon, Exat Delvoin Renter Life, The Flash that Flies from Vuggy's</i>	26		
<i>Eyes has Set Me Hair On Fire, His is the House that Malt Made,</i>	27		
<i>Divine Views from Back to the Front, Abe to Sare Stood Icyk</i>	28		
<i>Neuter till Brahm Taulked Him Common Sex, A Nibble at Eve</i>	29		
<i>Will That Bowal Relieve, Allfor Guineas, Sounds and Compliments</i>	30		
<i>Libidous, Seven Wives Awake Aweek, Airy Ann and Berber Blut,</i>	31		
<i>Amy Licks Porter While Huffy Chops Eads, Abbrace of Umbellas</i>	32		
<i>or a Tripple of Caines, Buttbuttbust, From the Manorlord Hoved</i>	33		
<i>to the Misses O'Mollies and from the Dames to their Sames, Many-</i>	34		
<i>festoons for the Colleagues on the Green, An Outstanding Back and</i>	35		
<i>an Excellent Halfcentre if Called on, As Tree is Quick and Stone is</i>	36		
FW107			

<i>White So is My Washing Done by Night, First and Last Only</i>	1		
<i>True Account all about the Honorary Mirsu Earwicker, L.S.D.,</i>	2		
<i>and the Snake (Nuggets!) by a Woman of the World who only can</i>	3		
<i>Tell Naked Truths about a Dear Man and all his Conspirators how</i>	4		
<i>they all Tried to Fall him Putting it all around Lucalizod about</i>	5		
<i>Privates Earwicker and a Pair of Sloppy Sluts plainly Showing all</i>	6		
<i>the Unmentionability falsely Accusing about the Raincoats.</i>	7		
The proteiform graph itself is a polyhedron of scripture.	8		
There was a time when naif alphabettors would have written it	9		
down the tracing of a purely deliquescent recidivist, possibly	10		
ambidextrous, snubnosed probably and presenting a strangely	11		
profound rainbowl in his (or her) occiput. To the hardily curio-	12		
sing entomophilust then it has shown a very sexmosaic of nym-	13		
phosis in which the eternal chimerahunter Oriolopos, now frond	14		
of sugars, then lief of saults, the sensory crowd in his belly	15		
coupled with an eye for the goods trooth bewilderblissed by	16		
their night effluvia with guns like drums and fondlers like forceps	17		
persequstellates his vanessas from flore to flore. Somehows this	18		
sounds like the purest kidooleyoon wherein our madernacerution	19		
of lour lore is rich. All's so herou from us him in a kitchernott	20		
darkness, by hasard and worn rolls arered, we must grope on till	21		
Zerogh hour like pou owl giaours as we are would we salve aught	22		

of moments for our aysore today. Amousin though not but. Closer	23			
inspection of the <i>bordereau</i> would reveal a multiplicity of person-	24			
alities inflicted on the documents or document and some prevision	25			
of virtual crime or crimes might be made by anyone unwary	26			
enough before any suitable occasion for it or them had so far	27			
managed to happen along. In fact, under the closed eyes of the in-	28			
spectors the traits featuring the <i>chiaroscuro</i> coalesce, their con-	29			
trarities eliminated, in one stable somebody similarly as by the	30			
providential warring of heartshaker with housebreaker and of	31			
dramdrinker against freethinker our social something bowls along	32			
bumpily, experiencing a jolting series of prearranged disappoint-	33			
ments, down the long lane of (it's as semper as oxhousehumper!)	34			
generations, more generations and still more generations.	35			
Say, baroun lousadoor, who in hallhagal wrote the durn thing	36			
FW108				
anyhow? Erect, beseated, mountback, against a partywall, below	1			
freezigrade, by the use of quill or style, with turbid or pellucid	2			
mind, accompanied or the reverse by mastication, interrupted	3			
by visit of seer to scribe or of scribe to site, atwixt two showers	4			
or atosst of a trike, rained upon or blown around, by a right-	5			
down regular racer from the soil or by a too pained whittlewit	6			

laden with the loot of learning?	7			
Now, patience; and remember patience is the great thing, and	8			
above all things else we must avoid anything like being or be-	9			
coming out of patience. A good plan used by worried business	10			
folk who may not have had many momentums to master Kung's	11			
doctrine of the meang or the propriety codestruces of Carpri-	12			
mustimus is just to think of all the sinking fund of patience pos-	13			
sessed in their conjoint names by both brothers Bruce with whom	14			
are incorporated their Scotch spider and Elberfeld's Calculating	15			
Horses. If after years upon years of delving in ditches dark one	16			
tubthumper more than others, Kinihoun or Kahanan, giardarner	17			
or mear measenmanonger, has got up for the darnall same pur-	18			
pose of reassuring us with all the barbar of the Carrageehouse	19			
that our great ascendant was properly speaking three syllables	20			
less than his own surname (yes, yes, less!), that the ear of Fionn	21			
Earwicker aforetime was the trademark of a broadcaster with	22			
wicker local jargon for an ace's patent (Hear! Calls! Everywhair!)	23			
then as to this radiooscillating epiepistle to which, cotton, silk or	24			
samite, kohol, gall or brickdust, we must ceaselessly return, where-	25			
abouts exactly at present in Siam, Hell or Tophet under that	26			
glorisol which plays touraloup with us in this Aludin's Cove of	27			
our cagacity is that bright soandsuch to slip us the dinkum oil?	28			
Naysayers we know. To conclude purely negatively from the	29			

positive absence of political odia and monetary requests that its	30			
page cannot ever have been a penproduct of a man or woman of	31			
that period or those parts is only one more unlookedfor conclu-	32			
sion leaped at, being tantamount to inferring from the nonpre-	33			
sence of inverted commas (sometimes called quotation marks)	34			
on any page that its author was always constitutionally incapable	35			
of misappropriating the spoken words of others.	36			
FW109				
Luckily there is another cant to the questy. Has any fellow, of	1			
the dime a dozen type, it might with some profit some dull even-	2			
ing quietly be hinted— has any usual sort of ornery josser, flat-	3			
chested fortyish, faintly flatulent and given to ratiocination by	4			
syncopation in the elucidation of complications, of his greatest	5			
Fung Yang dynasdescendanced, only another the son of, in fact,	6			
ever looked sufficiently longly at a quite everydaylooking stamped	7			
addressed envelope? Admittedly it is an outer husk: its face, in	8			
all its featureful perfection of imperfection, is its fortune: it ex-	9			
hibits only the civil or military clothing of whatever passion-	10			
pallid nudity or plaguepurple nakedness may happen to tuck it-	11			
self under its flap. Yet to concentrate solely on the literal sense or	12			
even the psychological content of any document to the sore	13			

neglect of the enveloping facts themselves circumstantiating it is	14		
just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added to the truest	15		
taste) as were some fellow in the act of perhaps getting an intro	16		
from another fellow turning out to be a friend in need of his, say,	17		
to a lady of the latter's acquaintance, engaged in performing the	18		
elaborative antecistral ceremony of upstheres, straightaway to run	19		
off and vision her plump and plain in her natural altogether, pre-	20		
ferring to close his blinkhard's eyes to the ethiquethical fact that	21		
she was, after all, wearing for the space of the time being some	22		
definite articles of evolutionary clothing, inharmonious creations,	23		
a captious critic might describe them as, or not strictly necessary	24		
or a trifle irritating here and there, but for all that suddenly full	25		
of local colour and personal perfume and suggestive, too, of so	26		
very much more and capable of being stretched, filled out, if need	27		
or wish were, of having their surprisingly like coincidental parts	28		
separated don't they now, for better survey by the deft hand of	29		
an expert, don't you know? Who in his heart doubts either that	30		
the facts of feminine clothiering are there all the time or that the	31		
feminine fiction, stranger than the facts, is there also at the same	32		
time, only a little to the rere? Or that one may be separated from	33		
the other? Or that both may then be contemplated simultaneously?	34		
Or that each may be taken up and considered in turn apart from	35		
the other?	36		

FW110				
Here let a few artifacts fend in their own favour. The river felt	1			
she wanted salt. That was just where Brien came in. The country	2			
asked for bearspaw for dindin! And boundin aboundin it got it	3			
surly. We who live under heaven, we of the clovery kingdom,	4			
we middlesins people have often watched the sky overreaching	5			
the land. We suddenly have. Our isle is Sainge. The place. That	6			
stern chuckler Mayhappy Mayhapnot, once said to repetition	7			
in that lutran conservatory way of his that Isitachapel-Asitalukin	8			
was the one place, <i>ult aut nult</i> , in this madh vaal of tares (whose	9			
verdure's yellowed therever Phaiton parks his car while its	10			
tamelised tay is the drame of Drainophilias) where the possible	11			
was the improbable and the improbable the inevitable. If the pro-	12			
verbial bishop of our holy and undivided with this me ken or no	13			
me ken Zot is the Quiztune havvermashed had his twoe nails	14			
on the head we are in for a sequentiality of improbable possibles	15			
though possibly nobody after having grubbed up a lock of cwold	16			
cworn above his subject probably in Harrystotalies or the viple	17			
will go out of his way to applaud him on the onboiassed back of	18			
his remark for utterly impossible as are all these events they are	19			
probably as like those which may have taken place as any others	20			

which never took person at all are ever likely to be. Ahahn!	21			
About that original hen. Midwinter (fruur or kuur?) was in the	22			
offing and Premver a promise of a pril when, as kischabrigies sang	23			
life's old sahatson, an iceclad shiverer, merest of bantlings ob-	24			
served a cold fowl behaviourising strangely on that fatal midden	25			
or chip factory or comicalbottomed copsjute (dump for short)	26			
afterwards changed into the orangery when in the course of	27			
deeper demolition unexpectedly one bushman's holiday its limon	28			
threw up a few spontaneous fragments of orangepeel, the last	29			
remains of an outdoor meal by some unknown sunseeker or place-	30			
hider <i>illico</i> way back in his mistridden past. What child of a strand-	31			
looper but keepy little Kevin in the despondful surrounding of	32			
such sneezing cold would ever have trouved up on a strate that	33			
was called strete a motive for future saintity by euchring the	34			
finding of the Ardagh chalice by another heily innocent and	35			
beachwalker whilst trying with pious clamour to wheedle Tip-	36			
FW111				
peraw raw raw reeraw puteters out of Now Sealand in spight	1			
of the patchpurple of the massacre, a dual a duel to die to	2			
day, goddam and biggod, sticks and stanks, of most of the	3			
Jacobiters.	4			

The bird in the case was Belinda of the Dorans, a more than	5		
quinquegintarian (Terziis prize with Serni medal, Cheepalizzy's	6		
Hane Exposition) and what she was scratching at the hour of	7		
klokking twelve looked for all this zogzag world like a goodish-	8		
sized sheet of letterpaper originating by transhipt from Boston	9		
(Mass.) of the last of the first to Dear whom it proceded to	10		
mention Maggy well & allathome's health well only the hate	11		
turned the mild on <i>the van</i> Houtens and the general's elections	12		
with a <i>lovely</i> face of some born gentleman with a beautiful present	13		
of wedding cakes for dear thankyou Chriesty and with grand	14		
funferall of poor Father Michael don't forget unto life's & Muggy	15		
well how are you Maggy & hopes soon to hear well & must now	16		
close it with fondest to the twoinns with four crosskisses for holy	17		
paul holey corner holipoli whollyisland pee ess from (locust may	18		
eat all but this sign shall they never) affectionate largelooking	19		
tache of tch. The stain, and that a teastain (the overcautelousness	20		
of the masterbilker here, as usual, signing the page away), marked	21		
it off on the spout of the moment as a genuine relique of ancient	22		
Irish pleasant pottery of that lydialike languishing class known as	23		
a hurry-me-o'er-the-hazy.	24		
Why then how?	25		
Well, almost any photoist worth his chemicots will tip anyone	26		
asking him the teaser that if a negative of a horse happens to melt	27		

enough while drying, well, what you do get is, well, a positively	28			
grotesquely distorted macromass of all sorts of horsehappy values	29			
and masses of meltwhile horse. Tip. Well, this freely is what	30			
must have occurred to our missive (there's a sod of a turb for	31			
you! please wisp off the grass!) unfiltered from the boucher by	32			
the sagacity of a lookmelittle likelong hen. Heated residence	33			
in the heart of the orangeflavoured mudmound had partly ob-	34			
literated the negative to start with, causing some features pal-	35			
pably nearer your pecker to be swollen up most grossly while	36			
FW112				
the farther back we manage to wiggle the more we need the loan	1			
of a lens to see as much as the hen saw. Tip.	2			
You is feeling like you was lost in the bush, boy? You says:	3			
It is a puling sample jungle of woods. You most shouts out:	4			
Bethicket me for a stump of a beech if I have the poultriest no-	5			
tions what the farest he all means. Gee up, girly! The quad gos-	6			
pellers may own the targum but any of the Zingari shooleirim	7			
may pick a peck of kindlings yet from the sack of auld hensyne.	8			
Lead, kindly fowl! They always did: ask the ages. What bird	9			
has done yesterday man may do next year, be it fly, be it moult,	10			
be it hatch, be it agreement in the nest. For her socioscientific	11			

sense is sound as a bell, sir, her volucrine automutativeness right	12		
on normalcy: she knows, she just feels she was kind of born to	13		
lay and love eggs (trust her to propagate the species and hoosh	14		
her fluffballs safe through din and danger!); lastly but mostly, in	15		
her genesic field it is all game and no gammon; she is ladylike in	16		
everything she does and plays the gentleman's part every time.	17		
Let us auspice it! Yes, before all this has time to end the golden	18		
age must return with its vengeance. Man will become dirigible,	19		
Ague will be rejuvenated, woman with her ridiculous white bur-	20		
den will reach by one step sublime incubation, the manewanting	21		
human lioness with her dishorned discipular manram will lie	22		
down together publicly flank upon fleece. No, assuredly, they are	23		
not justified, those gloompourers who grouse that letters have	24		
never been quite their old selves again since that weird weekday	25		
in bleak Janiveer (yet how palmy date in a waste's oasis!) when	26		
to the shock of both, Biddy Doran looked at literature.	27		
And. She may be a mere marcella, this midget madgetcy,	28		
Misthress of Arths. But. It is not a hear or say of some anomo-	29		
rous letter, signed Toga Girilis, (teasy dear). We have a cop of	30		
her fist right against our nosibos. We note the paper with her	31		
jotty young watermark: <i>Notre Dame du Bon Marché</i> . And she	32		
has a heart of Arin! What lumililts as she fols with her falli-	33		
mineers and her nadianods. As a strow will shaw she does the	34		

wind blague, recting to show the rudess of a robur curling and	35			
shewing the fansaties of a frizette. But how many of her readers	36			
FW113				
realise that she is not out to dizzledazzle with a graith uncouthre-	1			
ment of postmantuam glasseries from the lapins and the grigs.	2			
Nuttings on her wilelife! Grabar gooden grandy for old almea-	3			
nium adamologists like Dariaumaurius and Zovotrimaserov-	4			
meravmerouvian; (dmzn!); she feel plain plate one flat fact thing	5			
and if, lastways firdstwise, a man alones sine anyon anyons	6			
utharas has no rates to done a kik at with anyon anakars about	7			
tutus milking fores and the rereres on the outerrand asikin the	8			
tutus to be forrarder. Thingcrooklyexineverypasturesixdix-	9			
likencehimaroundhersthemaggerbykinkinkankanwithdownmind-	10			
lookingated. Mesdaims, Marmouselles, Mescerfs! Silvapais! All	11			
schwants (schwrites) ischt tell the cock's trootabout him. Ka-	12			
pak kapuk. No minzies matter. He had to see life foully the	13			
plak and the smut, (schwrites). There were three men in him	14			
(schwrites). Dancings (schwrites) was his only ttoo feebles.	15			
With apple harlottes. And a little mollvogels. Spissially (schwrites)	16			
when they peaches. Honeys wore camelia paints. Yours very	17			
truthful. Add dapple inn. Yet is it but an old story, the tale of	18			

a Treestone with one Ysold, of a Mons held by tentpegs and his	19		
pal whatholoosed on the run, what Cadman could but Badman	20		
wouldn't, any Genoaman against any Venis, and why Kate takes	21		
charge of the waxworks.	22		
Let us now, weather, health, dangers, public orders and other	23		
circumstances permitting, of perfectly convenient, if you police,	24		
after you, policepolice, pardoning mein, ich beam so fresch, bey?	25		
drop this jiggerypokery and talk straight turkey meet to mate, for	26		
while the ear, be we mikealls or nicholists, may sometimes be in-	27		
clined to believe others the eye, whether browned or nolensed,	28		
find it devilish hard now and again even to believe itself. <i>Habes</i>	29		
<i>aures et num videbis? Habes oculos ac mannepalpabuat? Tip! Draw-</i>	30		
ing nearer to take our slant at it (since after all it has met with	31		
misfortune while all underground), let us see all there may remain	32		
to be seen.	33		
I am a worker, a tombstone mason, anxious to plect avery-	34		
buries and jully glad when Christmas comes his once ayear. You	35		
are a poorjoist, unctuous to polise nopebobbies and tunnibelly	36		
FW114			
souilly when 'tis thime took o'er home, gin. We cannot say aye	1		
to aye. We cannot smile noes from noes. Still. One cannot help	2		

noticing that rather more than half of the lines run north-south	3		
in the Nemzes and Bukarahast directions while the others go	4		
west-east in search from Maliziies with Bulgarad for, tiny tot	5		
though it looks when schtschupnistling alongside other incuna-	6		
bula, it has its cardinal points for all that. These ruled barriers	7		
along which the traced words, run, march, halt, walk, stumble	8		
at doubtful points, stumble up again in comparative safety seem	9		
to have been drawn first of all in a pretty checker with lamp-	10		
black and blackthorn. Such crossing is antechristian of course,	11		
but the use of the homeborn shillelagh as an aid to calligraphy	12		
shows a distinct advance from savagery to barbarism. It is	13		
seriously believed by some that the intention may have been	14		
geodetic, or, in the view of the cannier, domestic economical.	15		
But by writing thithaways end to end and turning, turning and	16		
end to end hithaways writing and with lines of litters slittering	17		
up and louds of latters slettering down, the old semetomyplace	18		
and jupetbackagain from tham Let Rise till Hum Lit. Sleep,	19		
where in the waste is the wisdom?	20		
Another point, in addition to the original sand, pounce pow-	21		
der, drunkard paper or soft rag used (any vet or inhanger in	22		
ous sot's social can see the seen for seemself, a wee ftofty od	23		
room, the cheery spluttered on the one karrig, a darka disheen	24		
of voos from Dalbania, any gotsquantity of racky, a portogal	25		

and some buk setting out on the sofer, you remember the	26			
sort of softball sucker motru used to tell us when we were all	27			
biribiyas or nippies and messas) it has acquired accretions of	28			
terrificious matter whilst loitering in the past. The teatimestained	29			
terminal (say not the tag, mummer, or our show's a failure!) is a	30			
cosy little brown study all to oneself and, whether it be thumb-	31			
print, mademark or just a poor trait of the artless, its importance	32			
in establishing the identities in the writer complexus (for if the	33			
hand was one, the minds of active and agitated were more than	34			
so) will be best appreciated by never forgetting that both before	35			
and after the battle of the Boyne it was a habit not to sign letters	36			
FW115				
always. Tip. And it is surely a lesser ignorance to write a word	1			
with every consonant too few than to add all too many. The	2			
end? Say it with missiles then and thus arabesque the page. You	3			
have your cup of scalding Souchong, your taper's waxen drop,	4			
your cat's paw, the clove or coffinnail you chewed or champed	5			
as you worded it, your lark in clear air. So why, pray, sign any-	6			
thing as long as every word, letter, penstroke, paperspace is a	7			
perfect signature of its own? A true friend is known much more	8			
easily, and better into the bargain, by his personal touch, habits	9			

of full or undress, movements, response to appeals for charity	10		
than by his footwear, say. And, speaking anent Tiberias and other	11		
incestuish salacities among gerontophils, a word of warning	12		
about the tenderloined passion hinted at. Some softnosed per-	13		
user might mayhem take it up erogenously as the usual case of	14		
spoons, <i>prostituta in herba</i> plus dinky pinks deliberately summer-	15		
saulting off her bisexycle, at the main entrance of curate's per-	16		
petual soutane suit with her one to see and awoh! who picks her	17		
up as gingerly as any balmbearer would to feel whereupon the	18		
virgin was most hurt and nicely asking: whyre have you been so	19		
grace a mauling and where were you chaste me child? Be who,	20		
farther potential? and so wider but we grisly old Sykos who have	21		
done our unsmiling bit on 'alices, when they were yung and	22		
easily freudened, in the penumbra of the procuring room and	23		
what oracular comepression we have had apply to them! could	24		
(did we care to sell our feebought silence <i>in camera</i>) tell our very	25		
moistnostrilled one that <i>father</i> in such virgated contexts is not	26		
always that undemonstrative relative (often held up to our con-	27		
tumacy) who settles our hashbill for us and what an innocent all-	28		
abroad's adverb such as Michaelly looks like can be suggestive	29		
of under the pudendascope and, finally, what a neurasthene nym-	30		
pholept, endocrine-pineal typus, of inverted parentage with a	31		
prepossessing drauma present in her past and a priapic urge for	32		

congress with agnates before cognates fundamentally is feeling	33		
for under her lubricitous meiosis when she refers with liking to	34		
some feeler she fancie's face. And Mm. We could. Yet what need	35		
to say? 'Tis as human a little story as paper could well carry, in	36		
FW116			
affect, as singsing so Salaman susuing to swittvitles while as un-	1		
bluffingly blurtubruskblunt as an Esra, the cat, the cat's meeter,	2		
the meeter's cat's wife, the meeter's cat's wife's half better, the	3		
meeter's cat's wife's half better's meeter, and so back to our	4		
horses, for we also know, what we have perused from the pages	5		
of <i>I Was A Gemral</i> , that Showting up of Bulsklivism by 'Schot-	6		
tenboum', that Father Michael about this red time of the white	7		
terror equals the old regime and Margaret is the social revolution	8		
while cakes mean the party funds and dear thank you signifies	9		
national gratitude. In fine, we have heard, as it happened, of	10		
Spartacus intercellular. We are not corknered yet, dead hand!	11		
We can recall, with voluntears, the froggy jew, and sweeter far	12		
'twere now westhinks in Dumbil's fair city ere one more year is	13		
o'er. We tourned our coasts to the good gay tunes. When from	14		
down swords the sea merged the oldowth guns and answer made	15		
the bold O' Dwyer. But. <i>Est modest in verbos</i> . Let a prostitute	16		

be whoso stands before a door and winks or parks herself in the	17			
fornix near a makeussin wall (sinsin! sinsin!) and the curate one	18			
who brings strong waters (gingin! gingin!), but also, and dinna	19			
forget, that there is many asleeps between someathome's first	20			
and moreinausland's last and that the beautiful presence of wait-	21			
ing kates will until life's (!) be more than enough to make any	22			
milkbike in the language of sweet tarts punch hell's hate into his	23			
twin nicky and that Maggy's tea, or your majesty, if heard as a	24			
boost from a born gentleman is (?). For if the lingo gasped between	25			
kicksheets, however basically English, were to be preached from	26			
the mouths of wickerchurchwardens and metaphysicians in the	27			
row and advokaatoes, allvoyous, demivoyelles, languoaths, les-	28			
biels, dentelles, gutterhowls and furtz, where would their prac-	29			
tice be or where the human race itself were the Pythagorean ses-	30			
quipedalia of the panepistemion, however apically Volapucky,	31			
grunted and gromwelled, ichabod, habakuk, opanoff, uggamyg,	32			
hapaxle, gomenon, ppppfff, over country stiles, behind slated	33			
dwellinghouses, down blind lanes, or, when all fruit fails, under	34			
some sacking left on a coarse cart?	35			
So hath been, love: tis tis: and will be: till wears and tears and	36			
FW117				

ages. Thief us the night, steal we the air, shawl thiner liefest,	1		
mine! Here, Ohere, insult the fair! Traitor, bad hearer, brave!	2		
The lightning look, the birding cry, awe from the grave, ever-	3		
flowing on the times. Feueragusaria iordenwater; now godsun	4		
shine on menday's daughter; a good clap, a fore marriage, a bad	5		
wake, tell hell's well; such is manowife's lot of lose and win again,	6		
like he's gruen quhiskers on who's chin again, she plucketed them	7		
out but they grown in again. So what are you going to do about	8		
it? O dear!	9		
If juness she saved! Ah ho! And if yulone he pouved! The ol-	10		
old stoliolum! From quiqui quinet to michemiche chelet and a	11		
jambeatiste to a brulobru! It is told in sounds in utter that, in	12		
signs so adds to, in universal, in polygluttural, in each auxiliary	13		
neutral idiom, sordomutics, florilingua, sheltafocal, flayflutter, a	14		
con's cubane, a pro's tutute, strassarab, ereperse and anythongue	15		
athall. Since nozzy Nanette tripped palmyways with Highho	16		
Harry there's a spurtfire turf a'kind o'kindling when oft as the	17		
souffsouff blows her peaties up and a claypot wet for thee, my	18		
Sitys, and talkatalka tell Tibbs has eve: and whathough (revilous	19		
life proving aye the death of ronaldses when winpower wine has	20		
bucked the kick on poor won man) billiousness has been billious-	21		
ness during milliums of millenions and our mixed racings have	22		
been giving two hoots or three jeers for the grape, vine and brew	23		

and Pieter's in Nieuw Amsteldam and Paoli's where the poules	24			
go and rum smelt his end for him and he dined off sooth ameri-	25			
can (it would give one the frier even were one a normal Kettle-	26			
licker) this oldworld epistola of their weatherings and their	27			
marryings and their buryings and their natural selections has	28			
combled tumbled down to us fersch and made-at-all-hours like	29			
an ould cup on tay. As I was hottin me souser. Haha! And as	30			
you was caldin your dutchy hovel. Hoho! She tole the tail or	31			
her toon. Huhu!	32			
Now, kapnimancy and infusionism may both fit as tight as	33			
two trivets but while we in our wee free state, holding to that	34			
prestatute in our charter, may have our irremovable doubts as	35			
to the whole sense of the lot, the interpretation of any phrase in	36			
FW118				
the whole, the meaning of every word of a phrase so far de-	1			
ciphered out of it, however unfettered our Irish daily indepen-	2			
dence, we must vaunt no idle dubiousity as to its genuine author-	3			
ship and holusbolus authoritativeness. And let us bringthee cease	4			
to beakerings on that clink, olmond bottler! On the face of it,	5			
to volt back to our desultory horses, and for your roughshod	6			
mind, bafflelost bull, the affair is a thing once for all done and	7			

there you are somewhere and finished in a certain time, be it a	8		
day or a year or even supposing, it should eventually turn out	9		
to be a serial number of goodness gracious alone knows how	10		
many days or years. Anyhow, somehow and somewhere, before	11		
the bookflood or after her ebb, somebody mentioned by name in	12		
his telephone directory, Coccolanius or Gallotaurus, wrote it,	13		
wrote it all, wrote it all down, and there you are, full stop. O,	14		
undoubtedly yes, and very potably so, but one who deeper thinks	15		
will always bear in the bacchuccus of his mind that this down-	16		
right there you are and there it is is only all in his eye. Why?	17		
Because, Soferim Bebel, if it goes to that, (and dormerwindow	18		
gossip will cry it from the housetops no surelier than the writing	19		
on the wall will hue it to the mod of men that mote in the main	20		
street) every person, place and thing in the chaosmos of Alle	21		
anyway connected with the gobblydumped turkery was moving	22		
and changing every part of the time: the travelling inkhorn	23		
(possibly pot), the hare and turtle pen and paper, the continually	24		
more and less intermisunderstanding minds of the anticollabora-	25		
tors, the as time went on as it will variously inflected, differently	26		
pronounced, otherwise spelled, changeably meaning vocable	27		
scriptsigns. No, so holp me Petault, it is not a miseffectual why-	28		
acinthinous riot of blots and blurs and bars and balls and hoops	29		
and wriggles and juxtaposed jottings linked by spurts of speed:	30		

it only looks as like it as damn it; and, sure, we ought really to	31			
rest thankful that at this deleteful hour of dungflies dawning we	32			
have even a written on with dried ink scrap of paper at all to show	33			
for ourselves, tare it or leaf it, (and we are lufted to ourselves as	34			
the soulfisher when he led the cat out of the bout) after all that	35			
we lost and plundered of it even to the hidmost coignings of the	36			
FW119				
earth and all it has gone through and by all means, after a good	1			
ground kiss to Terracussa and for wars luck our lefftoff's flung	2			
over our home homoplate, cling to it as with drowning hands,	3			
hoping against hope all the while that, by the light of philo-	4			
phosy, (and may she never folsage us!) things will begin to clear	5			
up a bit one way or another within the next quarrel of an hour	6			
and be hanged to them as ten to one they will too, please the pigs,	7			
as they ought to categorically, as, stricly between ourselves, there	8			
is a limit to all things so this will never do.	9			
For, with that farmfrow's foul flair for that flayfell foxfeter,	10			
(the calamite's columitas calling for calamitous calamitance) who	11			
that scrutinising marvels at those indignant whiplooplashes; those	12			
so prudently bolted or blocked rounds; the touching reminiscence	13			
of an incompletet trail or dropped final; a round thousand whirli-	14			

gig glorioles, prefaced by (alas!) now illegible airy plumeflights,	15			
all tiberiously ambiembellishing the initials majuscule of Ear-	16			
wicker: the meant to be baffling chrismon trilithon sign ☒, finally	17			
called after some his hes hecency Hec, which, moved contra-	18			
watchwise, represents his title in sigla as the smaller Δ, fontly	19			
called following a certain change of state of grace of nature alp	20			
or delta, when single, stands for or tautologically stands beside	21			
the consort: (though for that matter, since we have heard from	22			
Cathay cyrcles how the hen is not mirely a tick or two after the	23			
first fifth fourth of the second eighth twelfth — siangchang	24			
hongkong sansheneul — but yirely the other and thirtieth of the	25			
ninth from the twentieth, our own vulgar 432 and 1132 irre-	26			
spectively, why not take the former for a village inn, the latter	27			
for an upsidown bridge, a multiplication marking for crossroads	28			
ahead, which you like pothook for the family gibbet, their old	29			
fourwheedler for the bucker's field, a tea anyway for a tryst	30			
someday, and his onesidemissing for an allblind alley leading to	31			
an Irish plot in the Champ de Mors, not?) the steady monologuy	32			
of the interiors; the pardonable confusion for which some blame	33			
the cudgel and more blame the soot but unthanks to which	34			
the pees with their caps awry are quite as often as not taken	35			
for kewes with their tails in their or are quite as often as not	36			

FW120				
taken for pews with their tails in their mouths, thence your	1			
pristopher polombos, hence our Kat Kresbyterians; the curt	2			
witty wotty dashes never quite just right at the trim trite	3			
truth letter; the sudden spluttered petulance of some capItallsed	4			
mIddle; a word as cunningly hidden in its maze of confused	5			
drapery as a fieldmouse in a nest of coloured ribbons: that ab-	6			
surdly bullsfooted bee declaring with an even plainer dummp-	7			
show than does the mute commoner with us how hard a thing it	8			
is to mpe mporn a gentlerman: and look at this prepronominal	9			
<i>funferal</i> , engraved and retouched and edgewiped and pudden-	10			
padded, very like a whale's egg farced with pemmican, as were it	11			
sentenced to be nuzzled over a full trillion times for ever and a	12			
night till his noddle sink or swim by that ideal reader suffering	13			
from an ideal insomnia: all those red raddled obeli cayennepep-	14			
percast over the text, calling unnecessary attention to errors,	15			
omissions, repetitions and misalignments: that (probably local or	16			
personal) variant <i>maggers</i> for the more generally accepted <i>ma-</i>	17			
<i>jesty</i> which is but a trifle and yet may quietly amuse: those super-	18			
ciliouslooking crisscrossed Greek ees awkwardlike perched there	19			
and here out of date like sick owls hawked back to Athens: and	20			
the geegees too, jesuistically formed at first but afterwards genu-	21			

flected aggrily toewards the occident: the Ostrogothic kako-	22			
graphy affected for certain phrases of Etruscan stabletalk and, in	23			
short, the learning betrayed at almost every line's end: the head-	24			
strength (at least eleven men of thirtytwo palfrycraft) revealed	25			
by a constant labour to make a ghimel pass through the eye of an	26			
iota: this, for instance, utterly unexpected sinistroyric return to	27			
one peculiar sore point in the past; those throne open doubleyous	28			
(of an early muddy terranean origin whether man chooses to	29			
damn them agglutinatively loo — too — blue — face — ache or	30			
illwoodawpeehole or, kants koorts, topplefouls) seated with such	31			
floprihtdown determination and reminding uus ineluctably of	32			
nature at her naturalest while that fretful fidget eff, the hornful	33			
digamma of your bornabarbar, rarely heard now save when falling	34			
from the unfashionable lipsus of some hetarosexual (used always	35			
in two boldfaced print types — one of them as wrongheaded as	36			
FW121				
his Claudian brother, is it worth while interrupting to say?—	1			
throughout the papyrus as the revise mark) stalks all over the	2			
page, broods ¶ sensationseeking an idea, amid the verbiage,	3			
gaunt, stands dejectedly in the diapered window margin, with	4			
its basque of bayleaves all aflutter about its forksfrogs, paces	5			

with a frown, jerking to and fro, flinging phrases here, there, or	6		
returns inhibited, with some half-halted suggestion, E, dragging	7		
its shoestring; the curious warning sign before our protoparent's	8		
<i>ipsissima verba</i> (a very pure nondescript, by the way, sometimes	9		
a palmtailed otter, more often the arbutus fruitflowerleaf of the	10		
cainapple) which paleographers call <i>a leak in the thatch</i> or <i>the</i>	11		
<i>Aranman ingperwhis through the hole of his hat</i> , indicating that the	12		
words which follow may be taken in any order desired, hole of	13		
Aran man the hat through the whispering his ho (here keen	14		
again and begin again to make soundsense and sensesound kin	15		
again); those haughtypitched disdotted aiches easily of the rariest	16		
inasdroll as most of the jaywalking eyes we do plough into halve,	17		
unconnected, principial, medial or final, always jims in the jam,	18		
sahib, as pipless as threadworms: the innocent exhibitionism of	19		
those frank yet capricious underlinings: that strange exotic serpen-	20		
tine, since so properly banished from our scripture, about as freak-	21		
wing a wetterhand now as to see a rightheaded ladywhite don a	22		
corkhorse, which, in its invincible insolence ever longer more and	23		
of more morosity, seems to uncoil spirally and swell lacertinelazily	24		
before our eyes under pressure of the writer's hand; the ungainly	25		
musicianlessness so painted in sculpting selfsunder ah ha as	26		
blackartful as a <i>podatus</i> and dumbfounder oh ho oaproariose as	27		
ten canons in skelterfugue: the studious omission of year number	28		

and era name from the date, the one and only time when our	29		
copyist seems at least to have grasped the beauty of restraint; the	30		
lubricitous conjugation of the last with the first: the gipsy mat-	31		
ing of a grand stylish gravedigging with secondbest buns (an in-	32		
terpolation: these munchables occur only in the Bootherbrowth	33		
family of MSS., Bb — Cod IV, Pap II, Brek XI, Lun III, Dinn	34		
XVII, Sup XXX, Fullup M D C X C: the scholiast has hungrily	35		
misheard a deadman's toller as a muffinbell): the four shortened	36		
FW122			
ampersands under which we can glypse at and feel for ourselves	1		
across all those rushyears the warm soft short pants of the quick-	2		
scribbler: the vocative lapse from which it begins and the accu-	3		
sative hole in which it ends itself; the aphasia of that heroic agony	4		
of recalling a once loved number leading slip by slipper to a	5		
general amnesia of misnoming one's own: next those ars, rrrr!	6		
those ars all bellical, the highpriest's hieroglyph of kettletom and	7		
oddsbones, wrasted redhandedly from our hallowed rubric prayer	8		
for truce with booty, <i>O'Remus pro Romulo</i> , and rudely from the	9		
fané's pinnacle tossed down by porter to within an aim's ace of	10		
their quatrain of rubyjets among Those Who arse without the	11		
Temple nor since Roe's Distillery burn'd have quaff'd Night's	12		

firefill'd Cup But jig jog jug as Day the Dicebox Throws, whang,	13		
loyal six I lead, out wi'yer heart's bluid, blast ye, and there she's	14		
for you, sir, whang her, the fine ooman, rouge to her lobster	15		
locks, the rossy, whang, God and O'Mara has it with his ruddy	16		
old Villain Rufus, wait, whang, God and you're another he	17		
hasn't for there's my spoil five of spuds's trumps, whang, whack	18		
on his pigsking's Kisser for him, K.M. O'Mara where are you?;	19		
then (coming over to the left aisle corner down) the cruciform	20		
postscript from which three <i>basia</i> or shorter and smaller <i>oscula</i>	21		
have been overcarefully scraped away, plainly inspiring the tene-	22		
brous <i>Tunc</i> page of the Book of Kells (and then it need not be	23		
lost sight of that there are exactly three squads of candidates for	24		
the crucian rose awaiting their turn in the marginal panels of	25		
Columkiller, chugged in their three ballotboxes, then set apart for	26		
such hanging committees, where two was enough for anyone,	27		
starting with old Matthew himself, as he with great distinction	28		
said then just as since then people speaking have fallen into the	29		
custom, when speaking to a person, of saying two is company	30		
when the third person is the person darkly spoken of, and then	31		
that last labiolingual <i>basium</i> might be read as a <i>suavium</i> if who-	32		
ever the embracer then was wrote with a tongue in his (or per-	33		
haps her) cheek as the case may have been then); and the fatal	34		
droopadwindle slope of the blamed scrawl, a sure sign of imper-	35		

fectible moral blindness; the toomuchness, the fartoomanyness	36			
FW123				
of all those fourlegged ems: and why spell dear god with a big	1			
thick dhee (why, O why, O why?): the cut and dry aks and wise	2			
form of the semifinal; and, eighteenthly or twentyfourthly, but	3			
at least, thank Maurice, lastly when all is zed and done, the pene-	4			
lopean patience of its last paraphe, a colophon of no fewer than	5			
seven hundred and thirtytwo strokes tailed by a leaping lasso—	6			
who thus at all this marvelling but will press on hotly to see the	7			
vaulting feminine libido of those interbranching ogham sex up-	8			
andinsweeps sternly controlled and easily repersuaded by the	9			
uniform matteroffactness of a meandering male fist?	10			
Duff-Muggli, who now may be quoted by very kind arrange-	11			
ment (his dectroscophonious photosensation under supersonic	12			
light control may be logged for by our none too distant futures	13			
as soon astone values can be turned out from Chromophilomos,	14			
Limited at a millicentime the microamp), first called this kind of	15			
paddygoeasy partnership the ulykkhean or tetrachiric or quad-	16			
rumane or ducks and drakes or debts and dishes perplex (v. <i>Some</i>	17			
<i>Forestallings over that Studium of Sexophonologicistic Schizophre-</i>	18			
<i>nesis</i> , vol. xxiv, pp. 2-555) after the wellinformed observation,	19			

made miles apart from the Master by Tung-Toyd (cf. <i>Later</i>	20			
<i>Frustrations amengst the Neomugglian Teachings abaft the Semi-</i>	21			
<i>unconscience, passim</i>) that in the case of the littleknown periplic	22			
bestseller popularly associated with the names of the wretched	23			
mariner (trianforan deffwedoff our plumsucked pattern shape-	24			
keeper) a Punic admiralty report, <i>From MacPerson's Oshean</i>	25			
<i>Round By the Tides of Jason's Cruise</i> , had been cleverly capsized	26			
and saucily republished as a dodecanesian baedeker of the every-	27			
tale-a-treat-in-itself variety which could hope satisfactorily to	28			
tickle me gander as game as your goose.	29			
The unmistakened identity of the persons in the Tiberiast du-	30			
plex came to light in the most devious of ways. The original	31			
document was in what is known as Hanno O'Nonhanno's un-	32			
brookable script, that is to say, it showed no signs of punctua-	33			
tion of any sort. Yet on holding the verso against a lit rush this	34			
new book of Morses responded most remarkably to the silent	35			
query of our world's oldest light and its recto let out the piquant	36			
FW124				
fact that it was but pierced butnot punctured (in the university	1			
sense of the term) by numerous stabs and foliated gashes made	2			
by a pronged instrument. These paper wounds, four in type,	3			

were gradually and correctly understood to mean stop, please	4			
stop, do please stop, and O do please stop respectively, and	5			
following up their one true clue, the circumflexuous wall of a	6			
singleminded men's asylum, accentuated by bi tso fb rok engl	7			
a ssan dspl itch ina, — Yard inquiries pointed out → that they	8			
ad bîn “provoked” ay Λ fork, of à grave Brofèsor; àth é's Brèak	9			
— fast — table; ; acùtely profèššionally <i>piquéd</i> , to=introdùce a	10			
notion of time [ùpon à plane (?) sù ' ' fàç'e'] by pùnc! ingh oles	11			
(sic) in iSpace?! Deeply religious by nature and position, and	12			
warmly attached to Thee, and smearbread and better and Him	13			
and newlaidills, it was rightly suspected that such ire could not	14			
have been visited by him Brotfressor Prenderguest even under-	15			
wittingly, upon the ancestral pneuma of one whom, with rheuma,	16			
he venerated shamelessly at least once a week at Cockspur Com-	17			
mon as his apple in his eye and her first boys' best friend and,	18			
though plain English for a married lady misled heaps by the way,	19			
yet when some peerer or peeress detected that the fourleaved	20			
shamrock or quadrifoil jab was more recurrent wherever the	21			
script was clear and the term terse and that these two were the	22			
selfsame spots naturally selected for her perforations by Dame	23			
Partlet on her dungheap, thinkers all put grown in waterung-	24			
spillfull Pratiland only and a playful fowl and musical me and	25			
not you in any case, two and two together, and, with a swarm	26			

of bisses honeyhunting after, a sigh for shyme (O, the petty-	27			
bonny rouge!) separated modest mouths. So be it. And it was.	28			
The lettermaking of the explots of Fjorgn Camhelsson when he	29			
was in the Kvinnes country with Soldru's men. With acknow-	30			
ledgment of our fervour of the first instant he remains years most	31			
fainfully. For postscript see spoils. Though not yet had the sailor	32			
sipped that sup nor the humphar foamed to the fill. And fox and	33			
geese still kept the peace around <i>L'Auberge du Père Adam</i> .	34			
Small need after that, old Jeromesolem, old Huffsnuuff, old	35			
Andycox, old Olecasandrum, for quizzing your weekenders come	36			
FW125				
to the R.Q. with: shoots off in a hiss, muddles up in a mussmass	1			
and his whole's a dismantled noon drunkard's son. Howbeit we	2			
heard not a son of sons to leave by him to oceanic society in his	3			
old man without a thing in his ignorance, Tulko MacHooley.	4			
And it was thus he was at every time, that son, and the other	5			
time, the day was in it and after the morrow Diremood is the	6			
name is on the writing chap of the psalter, the juxtajunctor of a	7			
dearmate and he passing out of one desire into its fellow. The	8			
daughters are after going and loojing for him, Torba's nice-	9			
lookers of the fair neck. Wanted for millinary servance to	10			

olderly's person by the Totty Askinses. Formelly confounded	11			
with amother. Maybe growing a moustache, did you say, with	12			
an adorable look of amuzement? And uses noclass billiardhalls	13			
with an upandown ladder? Not Hans the Curier though had he	14			
had have only had some little laughings and some less of cheeks	15			
and were he not so warried by his bulb of persecussion he could	16			
have, ay, and would have, as true as Essex bridge. And not Go-	17			
pheph go gossip, I declare to man! Noe! To all's much relief	18			
one's half hypothesis of that jabberjaw ape amok the showering	19			
jestnuts of Bruisanose was hotly dropped and his room taken up	20			
by that odious and still today insufficiently malestimated note-	21			
snatcher (kak, pfooi, bosh and fiety, much earny, Gus, poteen?	22			
Sez you!) Shem the Penman.	23			

6. Episode SIX (43 pages, from 126 to 168)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW126				
So?	1			
Who do you no tonigh, lazy and gentleman?	2			
The echo is where in the back of the wodes; callhim forth!	3			
(Shaun Mac Irewick, briefdragger, for the concern of Messrs	4			
Jhon Jhamieson and Song, rated one hundrick and thin per	5			
storehundred on this nightly quisquiquock of the twelve apos-	6			
trophes, set by Jockit Mic Ereweak. He misunderstruck and aim	7			
for am ollo of number three of them and left his free natural ri-	8			
postes to four of them in their own fine artful disorder.)	9			
1. What secondtonone myther rector and maximost bridges-	10			
maker was the first to rise taller through his beanstale than the	11			

bluegum buaboababbaun or the gigantesque Wellingtonia Sequoia;	12		
went nudiboots with trouters into a liffeyette when she was	13		
barely in her tricklies; was well known to claud a conciliation	14		
cap onto the esker of his hooth; sports a chainganger's albert	15		
solemenly over his hullender's epulence; thought he weighed a	16		
new ton when there felled his first lapapple; gave the heinous-	17		
ness of choice to everyknight betwixt yesterdicks and twomaries;	18		
had seveal successivecoloured serebanmaids on the same big	19		
white drawringroam horthrug; is a Willbefore to this hour at	20		
house as he was in heather; pumped the catholick wartrey and	21		
shocked the prodestung boyne; killed his own hungry self in	22		
anger as a young man; found fodder for five when allmarken	23		
rose goflooded; with Hirish tutores Cornish made easy; voucher	24		
FW127			
of rotables, toll of the road; bred manyheaded stepsons for one	1		
leapyourown taughter; is too funny for a fish and has too much	2		
outside for an insect; like a heptagon crystal emprisoms trues and	3		
fauss for us; is infinite swell in unfitting induments; once was he	4		
shovelled and once was he arsoned and once was he inundered	5		
and she hung him out billbailey; has a quadrant in his tile to tell	6		
Toler cad a'clog it is; offers chances to Long on but stands up	7		

to Legge before; found coal at the end of his harrow and moss-	8		
roses behind the seams; made a fort out of his postern and wrote	9		
F.E.R.T. on his buckler; is escapemaster-in-chief from all sorts	10		
of houdingplaces; if he outharrods against barkers, to the shoal-	11		
bred he acts whiteley; was evacuated at the mere appearance of	12		
three germhuns and twice besieged by a sweep; from zoomor-	13		
phology to omnianimalism he is brooched by the spin of a coin;	14		
towers, an eddistoon amid the lampless, casting swannbeams on	15		
the deep; threatens thunder upon malefactors and sends whispers	16		
up fraufräu's froufrous; when Dook Hookbackcrook upsits his	17		
ass booseworthies jeer and junket but they boos him oos and baas	18		
his aas when he lukes like Hunkett Plunkett; by sosannsos and	19		
search a party on a lady of this city; business, reading news-	20		
paper, smoking cigar, arranging tumblers on table, eating meals,	21		
pleasure, etcetera, etcetera, pleasure, eating meals, arranging tum-	22		
blers on table, smoking cigar, reading newspaper, business;	23		
minerals, wash and brush up, local views, juju toffee, comic and	24		
birthdays cards; those were the days and he was their hero; pink	25		
sunset shower, red clay cloud, sorrow of Sahara, oxhide on Iren;	26		
arraigned and attainted, listed and lited, pleaded and proved;	27		
catches his check at banck of Indgangd and endurses his doom at	28		
chapel exit; brain of the franks, hand of the christian, tongue of	29		
the north; commands to dinner and calls the bluff; has a block at	30		

Morgen's and a hatache all the afternunch; plays gehamerat when	31		
he's ernst but misses mausey when he's lustyg; walked as far as	32		
the Head where he sat in state as the Rump; shows Early Eng-	33		
lish tracemarks and a marigold window with manigilt lights, a	34		
myrioscope, two remarkable piscines and three wellworthseeing	35		
ambries; arches all portcullised and his nave dates from dots; is	36		
FW128			
a horologe unstopable and the Benn of all bells; fuit, isst and	1		
herit and though he's mildewstaned he's mouldystoned; is a quer-	2		
cuss in the forest but plane member for Megalopolis; mountun-	3		
mighty, faunonfleetfoot; plank in our platform, blank in our	4		
scouturn; hidal, in carucates he is enumerated, hold as an earl,	5		
he counts; shipshaped phrase of buglooking words with a form	6		
like the easing moments of a gramivorous; to our dooms	7		
brought he law, our manoirs he made his vill of; was an over-	8		
grind to the underground and acqueduced for fierythroats; sends	9		
boys in socks acoughawhooping when he lets farth his carbon-	10		
oxide and silk stockings show her shapings when he looses hose	11		
on hers; stocks dry puder for the Ill people and pinkun's pellets	12		
for all the Pale; gave his mundyfoot to Miserius, her pinch to	13		
Anna Livia, that superfine pigtail to Cerisia Cerosia and quid	14		

rides to Titius, Caius and Sempronius; made the man who had	15		
no notion of shopkeepers feel he'd rather play the duke than play	16		
the gentleman; shot two queans and shook three caskles when	17		
he won his game of dwarfs; fumes inwards like a strombolist till	18		
he smokes at both ends; manmote, befier of him, womankind,	19		
pietad!; shows one white drift of snow among the gorsegrowth	20		
of his crown and a chaperon of repentance on that which shed	21		
gore; pause and quies, triple bill; went by metro for the polis and	22		
then hoved by; to the finders, hail! woa, you that seek!; whom	23		
fillth had plenished, dearth devoured; hock is leading, cocoa comes	24		
next, emery tries for the flag; can dance the O'Bruin's polerpasse	25		
at Noolahn to his own orchistruss accompaniment; took place	26		
before the internatural convention of catholic midwives and	27		
found stead before the congress for the study of endonational	28		
calamities; makes a delictuous <i>entrée</i> and finishes off the course	29		
between sweets and savouries; flouts for forecasts, flairs for finds	30		
and the fun of the fray on the fairground; cleared out three hun-	31		
dred sixty five idles to set up one all khalassal for henwives hoping	32		
to have males; the flawhoolagh, the grasping one, the kindler of	33		
paschal fire; forbids us our trespassers as we forgate him; the	34		
phoenix be his pyre, the cineres his sire!; piles big pelium on	35		
little ossas like the pilluls of hirculeads; has an eatupus complex	36		

FW129			
and a drinkthedregs kink; wurstmeats for chumps and cowcar-	1		
lows for scullions; when he plies for our favour is very trolly	2		
ours; two psychic espousals and three desertions; may be matter	3		
of fact now but was futter of magd then; Cattermole Hill, ex-	4		
mountain of flesh was reared up by stress and sank under strain;	5		
tank it up, dank it up, tells the tailor to his tout; entoutcas for a	6		
man, but bit a thimble for a maid; blimp, blump; a dud letter, a sing	7		
a song a sylble; a byword, a sentence with surcease; while stands	8		
his canyouseehim frails shall fall; was hatched at Cellbridge but	9		
ejoculated abroad; as it gan in the biguinnengs so wound up in	10		
a battle of Boss; Roderick, Roderick, Roderick, O, you've gone	11		
the way of the Danes; variously catalogued, regularly regrouped;	12		
a bushboys holoday, a quacker's mating, a wenches' sandbath;	13		
the same homoheatherous checkinlossegg as when sollyeye airly	14		
blew ye; real detonation but false report; spa mad but inn sane;	15		
half emillian via bogus census but a no street hausmann when	16		
allphannd; is the handiest of all andies and a most alleghant spot	17		
to dump your hump; hands his secession to the new patricius but	18		
plumps plebatically for the bloody old centuries; eats with	19		
doors open and ruts with gates closed; some dub him Rotshield	20		
and more limn him Rockyfellow; shows he's fly to both demis-	21		

fairs but thries to cover up his tracers; seven dovecotes cooclain	22		
to have been pigeonheim to this homer, Smerrnion, Rhoebok,	23		
Kolonsreagh, Seapoint, Quayhowth, Ashtown, Ratheny; inde-	24		
pendent of the lordship of chamberlain, acknowledging the rule	25		
of Rome; we saw thy farm at Useful Prine, Domhnall, Domhnall;	26		
reeks like Illbelpaese and looks like Iceland's ear; lodged at quot	27		
places, lived through tot reigns; takes a szumbath for his weekend	28		
and a wassarnap for his refreskment; after a good bout at stool-	29		
ball enjoys Giroflee Giroflaa; what Nevermore missed and	30		
Colombo found; believes in everyman his own goaldkeeper and	31		
in Africa for the fullblacks; the arc of his drive was forty full	32		
and his stumps were pulled at eighty; boasts him to the thick-in-	33		
thews the oldest creater in Aryania and looks down on the Suiss	34		
family Collesons whom he calls <i>les nouvelles roches</i> ; though his	35		
heart, soul and spirit turn to pharaoph times, his love, faith and	36		
FW130			
hope stick to futuerism; light leglifters cense him souriantes from	1		
afore while boor browbenders curse him grommelants to his	2		
hindmost; between youlasses and yeladst glimse of Even; the	3		
Lug his peak has, the Luk his pile; drinks tharr and wodhar for	4		
his asama and eats the unparishable sow to styve off reglar rack;	5		

the beggars cloak them reclined about his paddystool, the whores	6		
winken him as they walk their side; on Christienmas at Advent	7		
Lodge, New Yealand, after a lenty illness the roeverand Mr	8		
Easterling of pentecostitis, no followers by bequest, fanfare all	9		
private; Gone Where Glory Waits Him (Ball, bulletist) but Not	10		
Here Yet (Maxwell, clark); comminxed under articles but phoe-	11		
nished a borgiess; from the vat on the bier through the burre in	12		
the dark to the buttle of the bawn; is AI an the highest but Roh	13		
re his root; filled fanned of hackleberries whenas all was tuck	14		
and toss up for him as a yangster to fall fou of hockinbechers	15		
wherein he had gauged the use of raisin; ads aliments, das doles,	16		
raps rustics, tams turmoil; sas seed enough for a semination but	17		
sues skivvies on the sly; learned to speak from hand to mouth	18		
till he could talk earish with his eyes shut; hacked his way through	19		
hickheckhocks but hanged hishelp from there hereafters; rialtos,	20		
annesleyg, binn and balls to say nothing atolk of New Comyn;	21		
the gleam of the glow of the shine of the sun through the	22		
dearth of the dirth on the blush of the brick of the viled ville of	23		
Barnehulme has dust turned to brown; these dyed to tartan him,	24		
rueroot, dulse, bracken, teasel, fuller's ash, sundew and cress;	25		
long gunn but not for cotton; stood his sharp assault of famine	26		
but grew girther, girther and girther; he has twenty four or so	27		
cousins germinating in the United States of America and a	28		

namesake with an initial difference in the once kingdom of	29		
Poland; his first's a young rose and his second's French-	30		
Egyptian and his whole means a slump at Christie's; forth of his	31		
pierced part came the woman of his dreams, blood thicker then	32		
water last trade overseas; buyshop of Glintylook, eorl of Hoed;	33		
you and I are in him surranted by brwn bldns; Elin's flee polt	34		
pelhaps but Hwang Chang evelytme; he one was your of high-	35		
bigpipey boys but fancy him as smoking fags his at time of	36		
FW131			
life; Mount of Mish, Mell of Moy; had two cardinal ventures and	1		
three capitol sinks; has a peep in his pocketbook and a packet-	2		
boat in his keep; B.V.H., B.L.G., P.P.M., T.D.S., V.B.D.,	3		
T.C.H., L.O.N.; is Breakfates, Lunger, Diener and Souper; as	4		
the streets were paved with cold he felt his topperairy; taught	5		
himself skating and learned how to fall; distinctly dirty but rather	6		
a dear; hoveth chieftains evrywehr, with morder; Ostman	7		
Effendi, Serge Paddishaw; baases two mmany, outpriams al'	8		
his parasites; first of the fenians, <i>roi des fainéants</i> ; his Tiara of	9		
scones was held unfillable till one Liam Fail felled him in West-	10		
munster; was struck out of his sittem when he rowed saulely to	11		
demask us and to our appauling predicament brought as plagues	12		

from Buddapest; put a matchhead on an aspenstalk and set the	13		
living a fire; speared the rod and spoiled the lightning; married	14		
with cakes and repunked with pleasure; till he was buried how-	15		
happy was he and he made the welkins ring with <i>Up Micawber!</i> ;	16		
god at the top of the staircase, carrion on the mat of straw;	17		
the false hood of a spindler web chokes the cavemouth of his	18		
unsightliness but the nestlings that liven his leafscreen sing him	19		
a lover of arbuties; we strike hands over his bloodied warsheet	20		
but we are pledged entirely to his green mantle; our friend	21		
vikelegal, our swaran foi; under the four stones by his streams	22		
who vanished the wassailbowl at the joy of shells; Mora and	23		
Lora had a hill of a high time looking down on his confusion till	24		
firm look in readiness, forward spear and the windfoot of curach	25		
strewed the lakemist of Lego over the last of his fields; we	26		
darkened for you, faulterer, in the year of mourning but we'll	27		
fidhil to the dimtwinklers when the streamy morvenlight calls up	28		
the sunbeam; his striped pantaloons, his rather strange walk;	29		
<i>hereditatis columna erecta, hagian chiton eraphon</i> ; nods a nap for	30		
the nonce but crows cheerio when they get ecunemical; is a simul-	31		
taneous equator of elimbinated integras when three upon one is	32		
by inspection improper; has the most conical hodpiece of con-	33		
fusianist heronim and that chuchuffuous chinchin of his is like	34		
a footsey kungoloo around Taishantyland; he's as globeful as a	35		

gasometer of lithium and luridity and he was thrice ten anular	36		
FW132			
years before he wallowed round Raggiant Circos; the cabalstone	1		
at the coping of his cavin is a canine constant but only an amiri-	2		
can could approxemete the apeupresiosity of his atlas's alonge-	3		
ment; sticklered rights and lefts at Baddersdown in his hunt for	4		
the boar trwth but made his end with the modareds that came	5		
at him in Camlenstrete; a hunnibal in exhaustive conflict, an otho	6		
to return; burning body to aiger air on melting mountain in	7		
woeing wave; we go into him sleepy children, we come out of	8		
him strucklers for life; he divested to save from the Mrs Drown-	9		
ings their rival queens while Grimshaw, Bragshaw and Renshaw	10		
made off with his storen clothes; taxed and rated, licensed and	11		
ranted; his threefaced stonehead was found on a whitehorse hill	12		
and the print of his costellous feet is seen in the goat's grass-	13		
circle; pull the blind, toll the deaf and call dumb, lame and halty;	14		
Miraculone, Monstrucceleen; led the upplaws at the Creation and	15		
hissed a snake charmer off her stays; hounded become haunter,	16		
hunter become fox; harrier, marrier, terrier, tav; Olaph the Ox-	17		
man, Thorker the Tourable; you feel he is Vespasian yet you	18		
think of him as Aurelius; whugamore, tradertory, socianist, com-	19		

moniser; made a summer assault on our shores and begiddy got	20		
his sands full; first he shot down Raglan Road and then he tore	21		
up Marlborough Place; Cromlechheight and Crommalhill were	22		
his farfamed feetrests when our lurch as lout let free into the	23		
Lubar heloved; mareschalled his wardmotes and delimited the	24		
main; netted before nibbling, can scarce turn a scale but, grossed	25		
after meals, weighs a town in himself; Banba prayed for his con-	26		
version, Beurla missed that grand old voice; a Colossus among	27		
cabbages, the Melarancitrone of fruits; larger than life, doughtier	28		
than death; Gran Turco, orege forment; lachsembulger, leperlean;	29		
the sparkle of his genial fancy, the depth of his calm sagacity, the	30		
clearness of his spotless honour, the flow of his boundless bene-	31		
volence; our family furbear, our tribal tarnpike; quarry was he	32		
invincibled and cur was he burked; partitioned Irskaholm, united	33		
Irishmen; he took a svig at his own methyr but she tested a bit	34		
gorky and as for the salmon he was coming up in him all life	35		
long; comm, eilerdich, hecklebury and sawyer thee, warden;	36		
FW133			
silent as the bee in honey, stark as the breath on hauwck, Cos-	1		
tello, Kinsella, Mahony, Moran, though you rope Amrique your	2		
home ruler is Dan; figure right, he is hoisted by the scurve of	3		

his shaggy neck, figure left, he is rationed in isobaric patties	4		
among the crew; one asks was he poisoned, one thinks how much	5		
did he leave; ex-gardener (Riesengebirger), fitted up with	6		
planturous existencies would make Roseoogreedy (mite's) little	7		
hose; taut sheets and scuppers awash but the oil silk mack Liebs-	8		
terpet micks his aquascutum; the enjoyment he took in kay	9		
women, the employment he gave to gee men; sponsor to a squad	10		
of piercers, ally to a host of rawlies; against lightning, explosion,	11		
fire, earthquake, flood, whirlwind, burglary, third party, rot, loss	12		
of cash, loss of credit, impact of vehicles; can rant as grave as	13		
oxtail soup and chat as gay as a porto flippant; is unhesitant in	14		
his unionism and yet a pigotted nationalist; Sylviacola is shy of	15		
him, Matrosenhosens nose the joke; shows the sinews of peace in	16		
his chest-o-wars; fiefeofhome, ninehundred and thirtunine years	17		
of copyhold; is aldays open for polemypolity's sake when he's not	18		
suntimes closed for the love of Janus; sucks life's eleaxir from	19		
the pettipickles of the Jewess and ruoulls in sulks if any popeling	20		
runs down the Huguenots; Boomaport, Walleslee, Ubermeerschall	21		
Blowcher and Supercharger, Monsieur Ducrow, Mister Mudson,	22		
master gardiner; to one he's just paunch and judex, to another	23		
full of beans and brehons; hallucination, cauchman, ectoplasm;	24		
passed for baabaa blacksheep till he grew white woo woo woolly;	25		
was drummatoyseed by Mac Milligan's daughter and put to music	26		

by one shoebard; all fitzpatricks in his emirate remember him, the	27		
boys of wetford hail him babu; indanified himself with boro tribute	28		
and was schenkt publicly to brigstoll; was given the light in drey	29		
orchafths and entumuled in threeplexes; his likeness is in Terrequite	30		
and he giveth rest to the rainbowed; lebriety, frothearnity and	31		
quality; his reverse makes a virtue of necessity while his obverse	32		
mars a mother by invention; beskilk his gunwale and he's the	33		
second imperial, untie points, unhook tenters and he's lath and	34		
plaster; calls upon Allthing when he fails to appeal to Eachovos;	35		
basidens, ardree, kongsemma, rexregulorum; stood into Dee mouth,	36		
FW134			
then backed broadside on Baulacleeva; either eldorado or ultimate	1		
thole; a kraal of fou feud fires, a crawl of five pubs; laid out lash-	2		
ings of laveries to hunt down his family ancestors and then pled	3		
double trouble or quick quits to hush the buckers up; threw peb-	4		
plets for luck over one sodden shoulder and dragooned peoplades	5		
armed to their teeth; pept as Gaudio Gambrinus, grim as Potter	6		
the Grave; ace of arts, deuce of damimonds, trouble of clubs, fear	7		
of spates; cumbrum, cumbrum, twiniceynurseys fore a drum but	8		
tre to uno tips the scale; reeled the titleroll opposite a brace of	9		
girdles in Silver on the Screen but was sequenced from the set	10		

as Crookback by the even more titulars, Rick, Dave and Barry;	11		
he can get on as early as the twentysecond of Mars but occasion-	12		
ally he doesn't come off before Virgintiquinque Germinal; his In-	13		
dian name is Hapapoosiesobjibway and his number in arithmo-	14		
sophy is the stars of the plough; took weapon in the province of	15		
the pike and let fling his line on Eelwick; moves in vicous cicles	16		
yet remews the same; the drain rats bless his offals while the park	17		
birds curse his floodlights; Portobello, Equadocta, Therecocta,	18		
Percorello; he pours into the softclad shellborn the hard cash	19		
earned in Watling Street; his birth proved accidental shows his	20		
death its grave mistake; brought us giant ivy from the land of	21		
youngers and bewithered Apostolopolos with the gale of his gall;	22		
while satisfied that soft youthful bright matchless girls should	23		
bosom into fine silkclad joyous blooming young women is not	24		
so pleased that heavy swearsome strongsmelling irregularshaped	25		
men should blottout active handsome wellformed frankeyed boys;	26		
herald hairyfair, alloaf the wheat; husband your aunt and endow	27		
your nepos; hearken but hush it, screen him and see; time is,	28		
an archbishopric, time was, a tradesmen's entrance; beckburn	29		
brooked with wath, scale scarred by scow; his rainfall is a couple	30		
of kneehighs while his meanst grass temperature marked three in	31		
the shade; is the meltingpoint of snow and the bubblingplace of	32		
alcohol; has a tussle with the trulls and then does himself justice;	33		

hinted at in the eschatological chapters of Humphrey's <i>Justesse</i>	34		
of the <i>Jaypees</i> and hunted for by Theban recensors who sniff	35		
there's something behind the <i>Bug of the Deaf</i> ; the king was in	36		
FW135			
his cornerwall melking mark so murry, the queen was steep in	1		
armbour feeling fain and furry, the mayds was midst the haw-	2		
thorns shoeing up their hose, out pimps the back guards (pomp!)	3		
and pump gun they goes; to all his foretellers he reared a stone	4		
and for all his comethers he planted a tree; forty acres, sixty miles,	5		
white stripe, red stripe, washes his fleet in annacrwater; whou	6		
missed a porter so whot shall he do for he wanted to sit for	7		
Pimploco but they've caught him to stand for Sue?; Dutchlord,	8		
Dutchlord, overawes us; Headmound, king and martyr, dunstung	9		
in the Yeast, Pitre-le-Pore-in Petrin, Barth-the-Grete-by-the-	10		
Exchange; he hestens towards dames troth and wedding hand	11		
like the prince of Orange and Nassau while he has trinity left	12		
behind him like Bowlbeggar Bill-the-Bustonly; brow of a hazel-	13		
wood, pool in the dark; changes blowicks into bullocks and a	14		
well of Artesia into a bird of Arabia; the handwriting on his	15		
facewall, the cryptoconchoidsiphonostomata in his exprussians;	16		
his birthspot lies beyond the herospont and his burialplot in the	17		

pleasant little field; is the yldist kiosk on the pleninsula and the	18		
unguest hostel in Saint Scholarland; walked many hundreds and	19		
many score miles of streets and lit thousands in one nightlights	20		
in hectares of windows; his great wide cloak lies on fifteen acres	21		
and his little white horse decks by dozens our doors; O sorrow	22		
the sail and woe the rudder that were set for Mairie Quai!; his	23		
suns the huns, his dartars the tartars, are plenty here today; who	24		
repulsed from his burst the bombolts of Ostenton and falchioned	25		
each flash downsaduck in the deep; apersonal problem, a loca-	26		
tive enigma; upright one, vehicule of arcanisation in the field,	27		
lying chap, floodsupplier of celiculation through ebblanes; a part	28		
of the whole as a port for a whale; Dear Hewitt Castello, Equerry,	29		
were daylighted with our outing and are looking backwards to	30		
unearly summers, from Rhoda Dundrums; is above the seedfruit	31		
level and outside the leguminiferous zone; when older links lock	32		
older hearts then he'll resemble she; can be built with glue and	33		
clippings, scrawled or voided on a buttress; the night express	34		
sings his story, the song of sparrownotes on his stave of wires;	35		
he crawls with lice, he swarms with saggarts; is as quiet as a	36		
FW136			
mursque but can be as noisy as a sonogog; was Dilmun when his	1		

date was palmy and Mudlin when his nut was cracked; suck up	2		
the sease, lep laud at ease, one lip on his lap and one cushlin his	3		
crease; his porter has a mighty grasp and his baxters the boon of	4		
broadwhite; as far as wind dries and rain eats and sun turns	5		
and water bounds he is exalted and depressed, assembled and	6		
asundered; go away, we are deluded, come back, we are dis-	7		
ghosted; bored the Ostrov, leapt the Inferus, swam the Mabbul	8		
and flure the Moyle; like fat, like fatlike tallow, of greasefulness,	9		
yea of dripping greasefulness; did not say to the old, old, did not	10		
say to the scorbutic, scorbutic; he has founded a house, Uru,	11		
a house he has founded to which he has assigned its fate; bears	12		
a raaven geulant on a fjeld duiv; ruz the halo off his varlet when	13		
he appeared to his shecook as Haycock, Emmet, Boaro, Toaro,	14		
Osterich, Mangy and Skunk; pressed the beer of aled age out of	15		
the nettles of rashness; put a roof on the lodge for Hymn and a	16		
coq in his pot pro homo; was dapifer then pancircensor then	17		
hortifex magnus; the topes that tippled on him, the types that	18		
toppled off him; still starts our hares yet gates our goat; pocket-	19		
book packetboat, gapman gunrun; the light of other days, dire	20		
dreary darkness; our awful dad, Timour of Tortur; puzzling,	21		
startling, shocking, nay, perturbing; went puffing from king's	22		
brugh to new customs, doffing the gibbous off him to every	23		
breach of all size; with Pa's new heft and Papa's new helve he's	24		

Papapa's old cutlass Papapapa left us; when youngheaded old-	25		
shouldered and middlishneck aged about; caller herring every-	26		
daily, turgid tarpon overnight; see Loryon the comaleon that	27		
changed endocrine history by loeven his loaf with forty bannucks;	28		
she drove him dafe till he driv her blind up; the pigeons doves be	29		
perchin all over him one day on Baslesbridge and the ravens duv	30		
be pitchin their dark nets after him the next night behind Koenig-	31		
stein's Arbour; tronf of the rep, comf of the priv, prosp of the	32		
pub; his headwood it's ideal if his feet are bally clay; he crashed	33		
in the hollow of the park, trees down, as he soared in the vaguum	34		
of the phoenix, stoness up; looks like a moultain boultter and	35		
sounds like a rude word; the moontaen view, some lumin pale	36		
FW137			
round a lamp of succar in boinyn water; three shots a puddy at	1		
up blup saddle; made up to Miss MacCormack Ni Lacarthy who	2		
made off with Darly Dermod, swank and swarthy; once diamond	3		
cut garnet now dammat cuts groany; you might find him at the	4		
Florence but watch our for him in Wynn's Hotel; their's his	5		
bow and wheer's his leaker and heer lays his bequiet hearse,	6		
deep; Swed Albiony, likeliest villain of the place; Hennery Can-	7		
terel — Cockran, eggotisters, limited; we take our tays and	8		

frees our fleas round sadurn's mounted foot; built the Lund's	9		
kirk and destroyed the church's land; who guesse his title grabs	10		
his deeds; fletch and prities, fash and chaps; artful Juke of Wilysly;	11		
Hugglebelly's Funniral; Kukuk Kallikak; heard in camera and	12		
excruciated; boon when with benches billeted, bann if buckshot-	13		
backshattered; heavengendered, chaosfoedted, earthborn; his	14		
father presumptively ploughed it deep on overtime and his	15		
mother as all evince must have travailled her fair share; a foot-	16		
prinse on the Megacene, hetman unwhorsed by Searingsand;	17		
honorary captain of the extemporised fire brigade, reported to	18		
be friendly with the police; the door is still open; the old stock	19		
collar is coming back; not forgetting the time you laughed at	20		
Elder Charterhouse's duckwhite pants and the way you said the	21		
whole township can see his hairy legs; by stealth of a kersse her	22		
aulburntress abaft his nape she hung; when his kettle became a	23		
hearthsculdus our thorstyites set their lymphyamphyre; his year-	24		
letter concocted by masterhands of assays, his hallmark imposed	25		
by the standard of wrought plate; a pair of pectorals and a triple-	26		
screen to get a wind up; lights his pipe with a rosin tree and hires	27		
a towhorse to haul his shoes; cures slavey's scurvy, breaks	28		
barons boils; called to sell polosh and was found later in a bed-	29		
room; has his seat of justice, his house of mercy, his corn o'copious	30		
and his stacks a'rye; prospector, he had a rooksacht, retrospector,	31		

he holds the holpenstake; won the freedom of new yoke for the	32		
minds of jugoslaves; acts active, peddles in passivism and is a	33		
gorgon of selfridgeousness; pours a laughsworth of his illforma-	34		
tion over a larmsworth of salt; half heard the single maiden	35		
speech La Belle spun to her Grand Mount and wholed a lifetime	36		
FW138			
by his ain fireside, wondering was it hebrew set to himmeltones	1		
or the quicksilversong of qwaterinions; his troubles may be over	2		
but his doubles have still to come; the lobster pot that crabbed	3		
our keel, the garden pet that spoiled our squeezed peas; he stands	4		
in a lovely park, sea is not far, importunate towns of X, Y and	5		
Z are easily over reached; is an excrescence to civilised humanity	6		
and but a wart on Europe; wanamade singsigns to soundsense	7		
an yit he wanna git all his flesch nuemaid motts truly prural and	8		
plusible; has excisively large rings and is uncustomarily perfumed;	9		
lusteth ath he listeth the cleah whithpeh of a themise; is a prince	10		
of the fingallian in a hiberniad of hoolies; has a hodge to wherry	11		
him and a frenchy to curry him and a brabanson for his beeter and	12		
a fritz at his switch; was waylaid of a parker and beschotten by a	13		
buckeley; kicks lintils when he's cuppy and casts Jacob's aroroots,	14		
dime after dime, to poor waifstrays on the perish; reads the charms	15		

of H. C. Endersen all the weaks of his evenin and the crimes of	16		
Ivaun the Taurrible every strongday morn; soaps you soft to your	17		
face and slaps himself when he's badend; owns the bulgiest bung-	18		
barrel that ever was tiptapped in the privace of the Mullingar	19		
Inn; was born with a nuasilver tongue in his mouth and went	20		
round the coast of Iron with his lift hand to the scene; raised but	21		
two fingers and yet smelt it would day; for whom it is easier to	22		
found a see in Ebblannah than for I or you to find a dubbeltye	23		
in Dampsterdamp; to live with whom is a lifemayor and to know	24		
whom a liberal education; was dipped in Hoily Olives and chrys-	25		
med in Scent Otooles; hears cricket on the earth but annoys the	26		
life out of predikants; still turns the durc's ear of Darius to the	27		
now thoroughly infurioted one of God; made Man with juts	28		
that jerk and minted money mong maney; likes a six acup pud-	29		
ding when he's come whome sweetwhome; has come through all	30		
the eras of livsaventure from moonshine and shampaying down	31		
to clouts and pottled porter; woollem the farsed, hahnreich the	32		
althe, charge the sackend, writchad the thord; if a mandrake	33		
shricked to convultures at last surviving his birth the weibduck	34		
will wail bitterly over the rotter's resurrection; loses weight in	35		
the moon night but girds girder by the sundawn; with one touch	36		
FW139			

of nature set a veiled world agrin and went within a sheet of	1		
tissuepaper of the option of three gaols; who could see at one	2		
blick a saumon taken with a lance, hunters pursuing a doe, a	3		
swallowship in full sail, a whyterobe lifting a host; faced flappery	4		
like old King Cnut and turned his back like Cincinnatus; is a	5		
farfar and morefar and a hoar father Nakedbucker in villas old as	6		
new; squats aquart and cracks acquaint when it's flaggin in town	7		
and on haven; blows whiskery around his summit but stehts	8		
stout upon his footles; stutters fore he falls and goes mad entirely	9		
when he's waked; is Timb to the pearly morn and Tomb to the	10		
mourning night; and an he had the best bunbaked bricks in bould	11		
Babylon for his pitching plays he'd be lost for the want of his	12		
wan wubblin wall?	13		
Answer: Finn MacCool!	14		
2. Does your mutter know your mike?	15		
Answer: When I turn meoptics, from suchurban prospects,	16		
'tis my filial's bosom, doth behold with pride, that pontificator,	17		
and circumvallator, with his dam night garrulous, slipt by his	18		
side. Ann alive, the lisp of her, 'twould grig mountains whisper	19		
her, and the bergs of Iceland melt in waves of fire, and her spoon-	20		
me-spondees, and her dirckle-me-ondenees, make the Rageous	21		
Ossean, kneel and quaff a lyre! If Dann's dane, Ann's dirty, if	22		

he's plane she's purty, if he's fane, she's flirty, with her auburnt	23		
streams, and her coy cajoleries, and her dabblin drolleries, for to	24		
rouse his rudderup, or to drench his dreams. If hot Hammurabi,	25		
or cowld Clesiastes, could espy her pranklings, they'd burst	26		
bounds agin, and renounce their ruings, and denounce their do-	27		
ings, for river and iver, and a night. Amin!	28		
3. Which title is the true-to-type motto-in-lieu for that Tick	29		
for Teac thatchment painted witt wheth one darkness, where	30		
asnake is under clover and birds aprowl are in the rookeries and	31		
a magda went to monkishouse and a riverpaard was spotted,	32		
which is not Whichcroft Whorort not Ousterholm Dreyschluss	33		
not Haraldsby, grocer, not Vatandcan, vintner, not Houseboat	34		
and Hive not Knox-atta-Belle not O'Faynix Coalprince not	35		
Wohn Squarr Roomyeck not Ebblawn Downes not Le Decer	36		
FW140			
Le Mieux not Benjamin's Lea not Tholomew's Whaddingtun	1		
gnot Antwarp gnat Musca not Corry's not Weir's not the Arch	2		
not The Smug not The Dotch House not The Uval nothing	3		
Grand nothing Splendid (Grahot or Spletel) nayther <i>Erat Est</i>	4		
<i>Erit noor Non michi sed luciphro?</i>	5		
Answer: Thine obesity, O civilian, hits the felicitude of our	6		

orb!	7		
4. What Irish capitol city (a dea o dea!) of two syllables and	8		
six letters, with a deltic origin and a nuinous end, (ah dust oh	9		
dust!) can boast of having <i>a</i>) the most extensive public park in	10		
the world, <i>b</i>) the most expensive brewing industry in the world,	11		
<i>c</i>) the most expansive peopling thoroughfare in the world, <i>d</i>) the	12		
most phillohippuc theobibbous paùpulation in the world: and	13		
harmonise your abecedeed responses?	14		
Answer: <i>a</i>) Delfas. And when ye'll hear the gould hommers	15		
of my heart, my floxy loss, bingbanging again the ribs of yer	16		
resistance and the tenderbolts of my rivets working to your	17		
destraction ye'll be sheverin wi' all yer dinful sobs when <i>we'll</i> go	18		
riding acope-acurly, you with yer orange garland and me with	19		
my conny cordial, down the greaseways of rollicking into the	20		
waters of wetted life. <i>b</i>) Dorhqk. And sure where can you have	21		
such good old chimes anywhere, and <i>leave</i> you, as on the Mash	22		
and how'tis I would be engaging you with my plovery soft ac-	23		
cents and descanting upover the scene beunder me of your loose	24		
vines in their hairafall with them two loving loofs braceleting the	25		
slims of your ankles and your mouth's flower rose and sinking	26		
offer the soapstone of silvry speech. <i>c</i>) Nublid. Isha, why	27		
wouldn't we be happy, avourneen, on the mills' money he'll	28		
soon be leaving you as soon as I've my own owned brooklined	29		

Georgian mansion's lawn to recruit upon by Doctor Cheek's	30		
special orders and my copper's panful of soybeans and Irish in	31		
my east hand and a James's Gate in my west, after all the errears	32		
and erroriboose of combarative embottled history, and your	33		
goodsself churning over the newleaved butter (<i>more</i> power to	34		
you), the choicest and the cheapest from Atlanta to Oconee,	35		
while I'll be drowsing in the gaarden. <i>d</i>) Dalway. I hooked my	36		
FW141			
thoroughgoing trotty the first down Spanish Place, Mayo I make,	1		
Tuam I take, Sligo's sleek but Galway's grace. Holy eel and	2		
Sainted Salmon, chucking chub and ducking dace, Rodiron's not	3		
<i>your</i> aequal! says she, leppin half the lane. <i>abcd</i>) A bell a bell on	4		
Shalldoll Steepbell, ond be'll go massplon pristmoss speople,	5		
Shand praise gon ness our fayst moan <i>neople</i> , our prame <i>Shan-</i>	6		
<i>deepen</i> , pay name muy <i>feepence</i> , moy nay non <i>Aequallllllll!</i>	7		
5. Whad slags of a loughladd would retten smuttyflesks, empt-	8		
out old mans, melk vitious geit, scareoff jackinjills fra tiddle	9		
anding, smoothpick waste papish pastures, insides man outsiders	10		
angell, sprink dirted water around village, newses, tobaggon and	11		
sweeds, plain general kept, louden on the kirkpeal, foottreats	12		
given to malafides, outshriek hyelp hyelp nor his hair efter	13		

buggelawrs, might underhold three barnets, putzpolish crotty	14		
bottes, nightcoover all fireglims, serve's time till baass, grind-	15		
stone his kniveses, fullest boarded, lewd man of the method of	16		
godliness, perchance he nieows and thans sits in the spoorwaggen,	17		
X.W.C.A. on Z.W.C.U., Doorsteps, Limited, or Baywindaws	18		
Bros swobber preferred. Walther Clausetter's and Sons with the	19		
H. E. Chimneys' Company to not skreve, will, on advices, be	20		
bacon or stable hand, must begripe fullstandingly irers' languerge,	21		
jublander or northquain bigger prefurred, all duties, kine rights,	22		
family fewd, outings fived, may get earnst, no get combitsch,	23		
profusional drinklords to please obstain, he is fatherlow soun-	24		
digged inmoodmined pershoon but aleconnerman, nay, <i>that</i> must	25		
he isn't?	26		
Answer: Pore ole Joe!	27		
6. What means the saloon slogan Summon In The House-	28		
sweep Dinah?	29		
Answer: Tok. Galory bit of the sales of Cloth nowand I have	30		
to beeswax the bringing in all the claub of the porks to us how I	31		
thawght I knew his stain on the flower if me ask and can could	32		
speak and he called by me midden name Tik. I am your honey	33		
honeysugger phwhtphwht tha Bay and who bruk the dandleass	34		
and who seen the blackcullen jam for Tomorrha's big pickneck	35		
I hope it'll pour prais the Climate of all Ireland I heard the	36		

FW142				
grackles and I skimming the crock on all your sangwidges fip-	1			
pence per leg per drake. Tuk. And who eight the last of the goose-	2			
bellies that was mowlding from measlest years and who leff that	3			
there and who put that here and who let the kilkenny stale the	4			
chump. Tek. And whowasit youwasit propped the pot in the	5			
yard and whatinthe nameofsen lukeareyou rubbinthe sideofthe	6			
flureofthe lobbywith. <i>Shite!</i> will you have a plateful? Tak.	7			
7. Who are those component partners of our societate, the	8			
doorboy, the cleaner, the sojer, the crook, the squeezer, the loun-	9			
ger, the curman, the tourabout, the mussroomsniffer, the bleaka-	10			
blue tramp, the funpowtherplother, the christymansboxer, from	11			
their prés salés and Donnybrook prater and Roebuck's campos	12			
and the Ager Arountown and Crumglen's grassy but Kimmage's	13			
champ and Ashtown fields and Cabra fields and Finglas fields	14			
and Santry fields and the feels of Raheny and their fails and Bal-	15			
doyle to them who are latecomers all the year's round by anti-	16			
cipation, are the porters of the passions in virtue of retroratioci-	17			
nation, and, contributting their conflingent controversies of	18			
differentiation, unify their voxes in a vote of vaticination, who	19			
crunch the crusts of comfort due to depredation, drain the mead	20			

for misery to incur intoxication, condone every evil by practical	21		
justification and condem any good to its own gratification, who	22		
are ruled, roped, duped and driven by those numen daimons,	23		
the feekeepers at their laws, nightly consternation, fortnightly	24		
fornication, monthly miserecordation and omniannual recreation,	25		
doyles when they deliberate but sullivan's when they are	26		
swordsed, Matey, Teddy, Simon, Jorn, Pedher, Andy, Barty,	27		
Philly, Jamesy Mor and Tom, Matt and Jakes Mac Carty?	28		
Answer: The Morphios!	29		
8. And how war yore maggies?	30		
Answer: They war loving, they love laughing, they laugh	31		
weeping, they weep smelling, they smell smiling, they smile hat-	32		
ing, they hate thinking, they think feeling, they feel tempting,	33		
they tempt daring, they dare waiting, they wait taking, they take	34		
thanking, they thank seeking, as born for lorn in lore of love to	35		
live and wive by wile and rile by rule of ruse 'reathed rose and	36		
FW143			
hose hol'd home, yeth cometh elope year, coach and four, Sweet	1		
Peck-at-my-Heart picks one man more.	2		
9. Now, to be on anew and basking again in the panaroma of	3		
all flores of speech, if a human being duly fatigued by his dayety	4		

in the sooty, having plenxty off time on his gouty hands and va-	5		
cants of space at his sleepish feet and as hapless behind the dreams	6		
of accuracy as any camelot prince of dinmurk, were at this auc-	7		
tual futule preteriting unstant, in the states of suspensive exani-	8		
mation, accorded, throughout the eye of a noodle, with an ear-	9		
sighted view of old hopeinhaven with all the ingredient and	10		
egregiunt whights and ways to which in the curse of his persis-	11		
tence the course of his tory will had been having recourses, the	12		
reverberration of knotcracking awes, the reconjungation of	13		
nodebinding ayes, the redissolusingness of mindmouldered ease	14		
and the thereby hang of the Hoel of it, could such a none, whiles	15		
even led comesilencers to comeliewithhers and till intempes-	16		
tuous Nox should catch the gallicry and spot lucan's dawn, by-	17		
hold at ones what is main and why tis twain, how one once	18		
meet melts in tother wants poignings, the sap rising, the foles	19		
falling, the nimb now nihilant round the girlyhead so becoming,	20		
the wrestless in the womb, all the rivals to allsea, shakeagain, O	21		
disaster! shakealose, Ah how starring! but Heng's got a bit	22		
of Horsa's nose and Jeff's got the signs of Ham round his	23		
mouth and the beau that spun beautiful pales as it palls, what	24		
roserude and oragious grows gelb and greem, blue out the ind of	25		
it! Violet's dyed! then <i>what</i> would that fargazer seem to seemself	26		
to seem seeming of, dimm it all?	27		

Answer: A collideorscape!	28		
10. What bitter's love but yurning, what' sour lovemutch but	29		
a bref burning till shee that drawes dothe smoake retourne?	30		
Answer: I know, pepette, of course, dear, but listen, precious!	31		
Thanks, pette, those are lovely, pitounette, delicious! But mind	32		
the wind, sweet! What exquisite hands you have, you angiol, if	33		
you didn't gnaw your nails, isn't it a wonder you're not achamed	34		
of me, you pig, you perfect little pigaleen! I'll nudge you in a	35		
minute! I bet you use her best Perisian smear off her vanity table	36		
FW144			
to make them look so rosetop glowstop nostop. I know her.	1		
Slight me, would she? For every got I care! Three creamings a	2		
day, the first during her shower and wipe off with tissue. Then	3		
after cleanup and of course before retiring. Beme shawl, when I	4		
think of that espos of a Clancarbry, the foodbrawler, of the socia-	5		
tionist party with hiss blackleaded chest, hello, Prendregast!	6		
that you, Innkipper, and all his fourteen other fullback maulers	7		
or hurling stars or whatever the dagos they are, baiting at my	8		
Lord Ornery's, just becups they won the egg and spoon there	9		
so ovally provencial at Balldole. My Eilish assent he seed makes	10		
his admiracion. He is seeking an opening and means to be first	11		

with me as his belle alliance. Andoo musnoo play zeloso! Soso	12		
do todas. Such is Spanish. Stoop alittle closer, fealse! Delight-	13		
some simply! Like Jolio and Romeune. I haven't fell so turkish	14		
for ages and ages! Mine's me of squisious, the chocolate with	15		
a soul. Extraordinary! Why, what are they all, the mucky lot	16		
of them only? Sht! I wouldn't pay three hairpins for them. Peppt!	17		
That's rights, hold it steady! Leg me pull. Pu! Come big to Iran.	18		
Poo! What are you nudging for? No, I just thought you were.	19		
Listen, loviest! Of course it was <i>too</i> kind of you, miser, to re-	20		
member my sighs in shockings, my often expressed wish when	21		
you were wandering about my trousseurs and before I forget it	22		
don't forget, in your extensions to my personality, when knotting	23		
my remembrancetie, shoeweek will be trotting back with red	24		
heels at the end of the moon but look what the fool bought	25		
cabbage head and, as I shall answer to gracious heaven, I'll	26		
always in always remind of snappy new girters, me being always	27		
the one for charms with my very best in proud and gloving	28		
even if he was to be vermilion miles my youth to live on,	29		
the rubberend Mr Polkingtone, the quonian fleshmonger who	30		
Mother Browne solicited me for unlawful converse with, with	31		
her mug of October (a pots on it!), creaking around on his old	32		
shanksaxle like a crosty old cornquake. Airman, waterwag, terrier,	33		
blazer! I'm fine, thanks ever! Ha! O mind you poo tickly. Sall I	34		

puhim in momou. Mummum. Funny spot to have a finge! I'm	35		
terribly sorry, I swear to you I am! May you never see me in my	36		
FW145			
birthday pelts senso tutu and that her blanches mainges may rot	1		
leprous off her whatever winking maggis I'll bet by your cut	2		
you go fleurting after with all the glass on her and the jumps	3		
in her stomewhere! Haha! I suspected she was! Sink her! May	4		
they fire her for a barren ewe! So she says: Tay for thee? Well, I	5		
saith: Angst so mush: and desired she might not take it amiss if I	6		
esteemed her but an odd. If I did ate toughurf I'm not a mishy-	7		
missy. Of course I know, pettest, you're so learningful and	8		
considerate in yourself, so friend of vegetables, you long cold cat	9		
you! Please by acquiester to meek my acquaintance! Codling,	10		
snakelet, iciclist! My diaper has more life to it! Who drowned	11		
you in drears, man, or are you pillale with ink? Did a weep get	12		
past the gates of your pride? My tread on the clover, sweetness?	13		
Yes, the buttercups told me, hug me, damn it all, and I'll kiss	14		
you back to life, my peachest. I mean to make you suffer,	15		
meddlar, and I don't care this fig for contempt of courting.	16		
That I chid you, sweet sir? You know I'm tender by my eye.	17		
Can't you read by dazzling ones through me true? Bite my	18		

laughters, drink my tears. Pore into me, volumes, spell me stark	19		
and spill me swooning. I just don't care what my thwarters	20		
think. Transname me loveliness, now and here me for all times!	21		
I'd risk a policeman passing by, Magrath or even that beggar of	22		
a boots at the Post. The flame? O, pardone! That was what?	23		
Ah, did you speak, stuffstuff? More poestries from Chickspeer's	24		
with gleechoreal music or a jaculation from the garden of the	25		
soul. Of I be leib in the immoralities? O, you mean the strangle	26		
for love and the sowiveall of the prettiest? Yep, we open hap	27		
coseries in the home. And once upon a week I improve on myself	28		
I'm so keen on that New Free Woman with novel inside. I'm	29		
always as tickled as can be over Man in a Surplus by the Lady	30		
who Pays the Rates. But I'm as pie as is possible. Let's root	31		
out Brimstoker and give him the thrall of our lives. It's Dracula's	32		
nightout. For creepsake don't make a flush! Draw the shades,	33		
curfe you, and I'll beat any sonnamonk to love. Holy bug, how	34		
my highness would jump to make you flame your halve a ban-	35		
nan in two when I'd run my burning torchlight through (to adore	36		
FW146			
me there and then cease to be? Whatever for, blossoms?) Your	1		
hairmejig if you had one. If I am laughing with you? No,	2		

lovingest, I'm not so dying to take my rise out of you, adored.	3		
Not in the very least. True as God made my Mamaw hiplength	4		
modesty coatmawther! It's only because the rison is I'm only any	5		
girl, you lovely fellow of my dreams, and because old somebooby	6		
is not a roundabout, my trysting of the tulipies, like that puff	7		
pape bucking Daveran assoiling us behinds. What a nerve!	8		
He thinks that's what the vesprey's for. How vain's that hope in	9		
cleric's heart Who still pursues th'adult' rous art, Cocksure that	10		
rusty gown of his Will make fair Sue forget his phiz! Tame	11		
Schwipps. Blessed Marguerite bosses, I hope they threw away	12		
the mould or else we'll have Ballshossers and Sourdamappers	13		
with their medical assassiations all over the place. But hold hard	14		
till I've got my latchkey vote and I'll teach him when to wear	15		
what woman callours. On account of the gloss of the gleison	16		
Hasaboobrawbees isabeaubel. And because, you pluckless lanka-	17		
loot, I hate the very thought of the thought of you and because,	18		
dearling, of course, adorest, I was always meant for an engin-	19		
dear from the French college, to be musband, <i>nomme d'engien</i> ,	20		
when we do and contract with encho tencho solver when you	21		
are married to reading and writing which pleasebusiness now	22		
won't be long for he's so loopy on me and I'm so leapy like	23		
since the day he carried me from the boat, my savioered of eroes,	24		
to the beach and I left on his shoulder one fair hair to guide hand	25		

and mind to its softness. Ever so sorry! I beg your pardon, I was	26		
listening to every treasured word I said fell from my dear mot's	27		
tongue otherwise how could I see what you were thinking of	28		
our granny? Only I wondered if I threw out my shaving water.	29		
Anyway, here's my arm, pulletneck. Gracefully yours. Move your	30		
mouth towards minth, more, precioucest, more on more! To	31		
please me, treasure. Don't be a, I'm not going to! Sh! nothing!	32		
A cricri somewhere! Buybuy! I'm fly! Hear, pippy, under the	33		
limes. You know bigtree are all against gravstone. They hisshis-	34		
tenency. Garnd ond mand! So chip chirp chirrup, cigolo, for the	35		
lug of Migo! The little passdoor, I go you before, so, and you're	36		
FW147			
at my apron stage. Shy is him, dovey? Musforget there's an	1		
audience. I have been lost, angel. Cuddle, ye divil ye! It's our	2		
toot-a-toot. Hearhere! Sensation! Let them, their whole four	3		
courtships! Let them, Bigbawl and his boosers' eleven makes	4		
twelve territorials. The Old Sot's Hole that wants wide streets to	5		
commission their noisense in, at the Mitchells <i>v.</i> Nicholls. <i>Aves</i>	6		
<i>Selvae Acquae Valles!</i> And my waiting twenty classbirds, sitting	7		
on their stiles! Let me finger their eurhythmytic. And you'll see	8		
if I'm selfthought. They're all of them out to please. Wait! In	9		

the name of. And all the holly. And some the mistle and it Saint	10		
Yves. Hoost! Ahem! There's Ada, Bett, Celia, Delia, Ena,	11		
Fretta, Gilda, Hilda, Ita, Jess, Katty, Lou, (they make me cough	12		
as sure as I read them) Mina, Nippa, Opsy, Poll, Queeniee, Ruth,	13		
Saucy, Trix, Una, Vela, Wanda, Xenia, Yva, Zulma, Phoebe,	14		
Thelma. And Mee! The reformatory boys is goaling in for the	15		
church so we've all come feast like the groupsuppers and caught	16		
lipsolution from Anty Pravidance under penancies for myrtle	17		
sins. When their bride was married all my belles began ti ting.	18		
A ring a ring a rosaring! Then everyone will hear of it. Whoses	19		
wishes is the farther to my thoughts. But I'll plant them a poser	20		
for their nomanclatter. When they're out with the daynurse	21		
doing Chaperon Mall. Bright pigeons all over the whirrlid will	22		
fly with my mistletoe message round their loveribboned necks	23		
and a crumb of my cake for each chasta dieva. We keeps all and	24		
sundry papers. In th' amourlight, O my darling! No, I swear to	25		
you by Fibsburrow churchdome and Sainte Andrée's Under-	26		
shift, by all I hold secret from my world and in my underworld	27		
of nighties and naughties and all the other wonderwearlds!	28		
Close your, notmust look! Now open, pet, your lips, pepette,	29		
like I used my sweet parted lipsabuss with Dan Holohan of	30		
facetious memory taught me after the flannel dance, with the	31		
proof of love, up Smock Alley the first night he smelled powder	32		

and I coloured beneath my fan, <i>pipetta mia</i> , when you learned	33		
me the linguo to melt. Whowham would have ears like ours,	34		
the blackhaired! Do you like that, <i>silenzioso</i> ? Are you enjoying,	35		
this same little me, my life, my love? Why do you like my	36		
FW148			
whisping? Is it not divinely deluscious? But in't it bafforyou?	1		
<i>Misi, misi!</i> Tell me till my thrillme comes! I will not break the	2		
seal. I am enjoying it still, I swear I am! Why do you prefer its	3		
in these dark nets, if why may ask, my sweetykins? Sh sh! Long-	4		
ears is flying. No, sweetissest, why would that ennoy me? But	5		
don't! You want to be slap well slapped for that. Your delighted	6		
lips, love, be careful! Mind my duvetyne dress above all! It's	7		
golded silvy, the newest sextones with princess effect. For Rut-	8		
land blue's got out of passion. So, so, my precious! O, I can see	9		
the cost, chare! Don't tell me! Why, the boy in sheeps' lane	10		
knows that. If I sell whose, dears? Was I sold here' tears? You	11		
mean those conversation lozenges? How awful! The bold shame	12		
of me! I wouldn't, chickens, not for all the juliettes in the twinkly	13		
way! I could snap them when I see them winking at me in bed.	14		
I didn't did so, my intended, or was going to or thinking of.	15		
Shshsh! Don't start like that, you wretch! I thought ye knew all	16		

and more, ye aucthor, to explique to ones the significat of their	17		
exsystems with your nieu nivulon lead. It's only another queer	18		
fish or other in Brinbrou's damned old trouchorous river again,	19		
Gothewishegoths bless us and spare her! And gibos rest from the	20		
bosso! Excuse me for swearing, love, I swear to the sorrasims on	21		
their trons of Uian I didn't mean to by this alpin armlet! Did you	22		
really never in all our cantalang lives speak clothse to a girl's	23		
before? No! Not even to the charmermaid? How marfellows!	24		
Of course I believe you, my own dear doting liest, when you	25		
tell me. As I'd live to, O, I'd love to! Liss, liss! I muss whiss!	26		
Never that ever or I can remember dearstreaming faces, you may	27		
go through me! Never in all my whole white life of my match-	28		
less and pair. Or ever for bitter be the frucht of this hour! With	29		
my whiteness I thee woo and bind my silk breasths I thee bound!	30		
Always, Amory, amor andmore! Till always, thou lovest!	31		
Shshshsh! So long as the lucksmith. Laughs!	32		
11. If you met on the binge a poor acheseyeld from Ailing,	33		
when the tune of his tremble shook shimmy on shin, while his	34		
countrary raged in the weak of his wailing, like a rugilant pugi-	35		
lant Lyon O'Lynn; if he maundered in misliness, plaining his	36		
FW149			

plight or, played fox and lice, pricking and dropping hips teeth,	1		
or wringing his handcuffs for peace, the blind blighter, praying	2		
Dieuf and Domb Nostrums foh thomethinks to eath; if he	3		
weapt while he leapt and guffalled quith a quhimper, made cold	4		
blood a blue mundy and no bones without flech, taking kiss,	5		
kake or kick with a suck, sigh or simper, a diffle to larn and a	6		
dibble to lech; if the fain shinner pegged you to shave his im-	7		
martial, wee skillmustered shoul with his ooh, hoodoodoo! brok-	8		
ing wind that to wiles, woemaid sin he was partial, we don't	9		
think, Jones, we'd care to this evening, would you?	10		
Answer: No, blank ye! So you think I have impulsivism? Did	11		
they tell you I am one of the fortysixths? And I suppose you	12		
heard I had a wag on my ears? And I suppose they told you too	13		
that my roll of life is not natural? But before proceeding to con-	14		
clusively confute this begging question it would be far fitter for	15		
you, if you dare! to hasitate to consult with and consequentially	16		
attempt at my disposale of the same dime-cash problem elsewhere	17		
naturalistically of course, from the blinkpoint of so eminent a	18		
spatialist. From it you will here notice, Schott, upon my for the	19		
first remarking you that the sophology of Bitchson while driven	20		
as under by a purely dime-dime urge is not without his cashcash	21		
characktericksticks, borrowed for its nonce ends from the fiery	22		
goodmother Miss Fortune (who the lost time we had the pleasure	23		

we have had our little <i>recherché</i> brush with, what, Schott?) and	24		
as I further could have told you as brisk as your D.B.C. beha-	25		
viouristically <i>pailleté</i> with a coat of homoid icing which is in	26		
reality only a done by chance ridiculisation of the whoo-who	27		
and where's hairs theoric of Winestain. To put it all the more	28		
plumbsily. The speechform is a mere sorrogate. Whilst the qua-	29		
lity and tality (I shall explex what you ought to mean by this with	30		
its proper when and where and why and how in the subsequent	31		
sentence) are alternativomentally harrogate and arrogate, as the	32		
gates may be.	33		
Talis is a word often abused by many passims (I am working	34		
out a quantum theory about it for it is really most tantumising	35		
state of affairs). A pessim may frequent you to say: Have you been	36		
FW150			
seeing much of Talis and Talis those times? optimately meaning:	1		
Will you put up at hree of irish? Or a ladyeater may perhaps have	2		
casualised as you temptoed her <i>à la sourdine</i> : Of your plates? Is	3		
Talis de Talis, the swordswallower, who is on at the Craterium	4		
the same Talis von Talis, the penscrusher, no funk you! who runs	5		
his duly mile? Or this is a perhaps cleaner example. At a recent	6		
postvortex piece infustigation of a determinised case of chronic	7		

spinosis an extension lecturer on The Ague who out of matter of	8		
form was trying his seesers, Dr's Het Ubeleeft, borrowed the	9		
question: Why's which Suchman's <i>talis qualis?</i> to whom, as a	10		
fatter of macht, Dr Gedankje of Stoutgirth, who was wiping his	11		
whistle, toarsely retoarted: While thou beast' one zoom of a	12		
whorl! (Talis and Talis originally mean the same thing, hit it's:	13		
Qualis.)	14		
Professor Loewy-Brueller (though as I shall promptly prove	15		
his whole account of the Sennacherib as distinct from the Shal-	16		
manesir sanitational reforms and of the Mr Skekels and Dr	17		
Hydes problem in the same connection differs <i>toto coelo</i> from the	18		
fruit of my own investigations — though the reason I went to	19		
Jericho must remain for certain reasons a political secret —	20		
especially as I shall shortly be wanted in Cavantry, I congratulate	21		
myself, for the same and other reasons — as being again hope-	22		
lessly vitiated by what I have now resolved to call the dime and	23		
cash diamond fallacy) in his talked off confession which recently	24		
met with such a leonine uproar on its escape after its confinement	25		
<i>Why am I not born like a Gentleman and why am I now so speak-</i>	26		
<i>able about my own eatables</i> (Feigenbaumblatt and Father, Juda-	27		
pest, 5688, A.M.) whole-heartedly takes off his gabbercoat and	28		
wig, honest draughty fellow, in his public interest, to make us	29		
see how though, as he says: 'by Allswill' the inception and the	30		

descent and the endswell of Man is <i>temporarily</i> wrapped in ob-	31		
scenity, looking through at these accidents with the faroscope of	32		
television, (this nightlife instrument needs still some subtrac-	33		
tional betterment in the readjustment of the more refrangible	34		
angles to the squeals of his hypothesis on the outer tin sides), I	35		
can easily believe heartily in my own most spacious immensity	36		
FW151			
as my ownhouse and microbemost cosm when I am reassured by	1		
ratio that the cube of my volumes is to the surfaces of their sub-	2		
jects as the sphericity of these globes (I am very pressing for a	3		
parliamentary motion this term which, under my guidance, would	4		
establish the deleteriousness of decorousness in the morbidis-	5		
ation of the modern mandaboutwoman type) is to the fera-	6		
city of Fairynelly's vacuum. I need not anthropologise for any	7		
obintentional (I must here correct all that school of neoitalian or	8		
paleoparisien schola of tinkers and spanglers who say I'm wrong	9		
<i>parcequeue</i> out of revolscian from romanitis I want to be) down-	10		
trodding on my foes. Professor Levi-Brullo, F.D. of Sexe-	11		
Weiman-Eitelnaky finds, from experiments made by hinn with	12		
his Nuremberg eggs in the one hands and the watches cunldron	13		
apan the oven, though it is astensably a case of Ket's rebollions	14		

cooling the Popes back, because the number of squeer faiths	15		
in weekly circulation will not be appreciably augmented by the	16		
notherslogging of my cupolar clods. What the romantic in rags	17		
piners after like all tomtompions haunting crevices for a deadbeat	18		
escupement and what het importunes our <i>Mitleid</i> for in accornish	19		
with the Mortadarthella taradition is the poorest commonon-	20		
guardiant waste of time. <i>His</i> everpresent toes are always in	21		
retaliessian out throuth his overpast boots. Hear him squak!	22		
Teek heet to that looswallawer how he bolo the bat! Tyro a	23		
toray! <i>When</i> Mullocky won the couple of colds, <i>when</i> we were	24		
stripping in number three, I would like the neat drop that would	25		
malt in my mouth but I fail to see <i>when</i> (I am purposely refrain-	26		
ing from expounding the obvious fallacy as to the specific	27		
gravitates of the two deglutables implied nor to the lapses	28		
lequou asousiated with the royal gorge through students of	29		
mixed hydrostatics and pneumodipsics will after some difficulties	30		
grapple away with my meinungs). Myrrdin aloer! as old Mar-	31		
sellas Cambriannus puts his. But, on Professor Llewellys ap	32		
Bryllars, F.D., Ph. Dr's showings, the plea, if he pleads,	33		
is all posh and robbage on a melodeontic scale since his man's	34		
<i>when</i> is no otherman's <i>quandour</i> (Mine, dank you?) while, for	35		
aught I care for the contrary, the all is <i>where</i> in love as war and	36		

FW152			
the plane where me arts soar you'd aisy rouse a thunder from and	1		
where I cling true'tis there I climb tree and where Innocent looks	2		
best (pick!) there's holly in his ives.	3		
As my explanations here are probably above your understand-	4		
ings, lattlebrattons, though as augmentatively uncomparisoned	5		
as Cadwan, Cadwallon and Cadwalloner, I shall revert to a more	6		
expletive method which I frequently use when I have to sermo	7		
with muddlecrass pupils. Imagine for my purpose that you are a	8		
squad of urchins, snifflynosed, goslingnecked, cloththeaded,	9		
tangled in your lacings, tingled in your pants, etsitaraw etcicero.	10		
And you, Bruno Nowlan, take your tongue out of your inkpot!	11		
As none of you knows javanese I will give all my easyfree trans-	12		
lation of the old fabulist's parable. Allaboy Minor, take your	13		
head out of your satchel! <i>Audi</i> , Joe Peters! <i>Exaudi</i> facts!	14		
The Mookse and The Gripes.	15		
Gentes and laitymen, fullstoppers and semicolonials, hybreds	16		
and lubberds!	17		
Eins within a space and a wearywide space it wast ere wohned	18		
a Mookse. The onesomeness wast alltolonely, archunsitslike,	19		
broady oval, and a Mookse he would a walking go (My hood!	20		
cries Antony Romeo), so one grandsumer evening, after a great	21		

morning and his good supper of gammon and spittish, having	22		
flabelled his eyes, pilleoled his nostrils, vacticanated his ears and	23		
palliumed his throats, he put on his impermeable, seized his im-	24		
pugnable, harped on his crown and stepped out of his immobile	25		
<i>De Rure Albo</i> (socolled becauld it was chalkfull of masterplasters	26		
and had borgeously letout gardens strown with cascadas, pinta-	27		
costecas, horthoducts and currycombs) and set off from Luds-	28		
town <i>a spasso</i> to see how badness was badness in the weirdest of	29		
all pensible ways.	30		
As he set off with his father's sword, his <i>lancia spezzata</i> , he was	31		
girded on, and with that between his legs and his tarkeels, our	32		
once in only Bragspear, he clanked, to my clinking, from veetoes	33		
to threetop, every inch of an immortal.	34		
He had not walked over a pentiadpair of parsecs from his	35		
azylium when at the turning of the Shinshone Lanteran near	36		
FW153			
Saint Bowery's-without-his-Walls he came (secunding to the one	1		
one oneth of the propecies, <i>Amnis Limina Permanent</i>) upon the	2		
most unconsciously boggylooking stream he ever locked his	3		
eyes with. Out of the colliens it took a rise by daubing itself Ni-	4		
non. It looked little and it smelt of brown and it thought in nar-	5		

rows and it talked showshallow. And as it rinn it dribbled like any	6		
lively purliteasy: <i>My, my, my! Me and me! Little down dream</i>	7		
<i>don't I love thee!</i>	8		
And, I declare, what was there on the yonder bank of the	9		
stream that would be a river, parched on a limb of the olum, bolt	10		
downright, but the Gripes? And no doubt he was fit to be dried	11		
for why had he not been having the juice of his times?	12		
His pips had been neatly all drowned on him; his polps were	13		
charging odours every older minute; he was quickly for getting	14		
the dresser's desdaign on the flyleaf of his frons; and he was	15		
quietly for giving the bailiff's distraign on to the bulkside of his	16		
<i>cul de Pompe</i> . In all his specious heavings, as be lived by Opti-	17		
mus Maximus, the Mookse had never seen his Dubville brooder-	18		
on-low so nigh to a pickle.	19		
Adrian (that was the Mookse now's assumptinome) stuccstill	20		
phiz-à-phiz to the Gripes in an accessit of aurignacian. But All-	21		
mookse must to Moodend much as Allrouts, austereways or	22		
wastersways, in roaming run through Room. Hic sor a stone,	23		
singularly illud, and on hoc stone Seter satt huc sate which it	24		
filled quite poposterously and by acclammitation to its fullest	25		
justotoryum and whereopum with his unfallable encyclicling	26		
upom his alloilable, diupetriark of the wouest, and the athemyst-	27		
sprinkled pederect he always walked with, <i>Deusdedit</i> , cheek by	28		

jowel with his frisherma's blague, <i>Bellua Triumphanes</i> , his	29		
everyway addedto wallat's collectium, for yea longer he lieved	30		
yea broader he betaught of it, the fetter, the summe and the haul	31		
it cost, he looked the first and last micahlike laicness of Quartus	32		
the Fifth and Quintus the Sixth and Sixtus the Seventh giving	33		
allnight sitting to Lio the Faultyfindth.	34		
— Good appetite us, sir Mookse! How do you do it? cheeped	35		
the Gripes in a wherry whiggy maudelenian woice and the jack-	36		
FW154			
asses all within bawl laughed and brayed for his intentions for	1		
they knew their sly toad lowry now. I am rarumominum blessed	2		
to see you, my dear mouster. Will you not perhopes tell me	3		
everything if you are pleased, sanity? All about aulne and lithial	4		
and allsall allinall about awn and liseias? Ney?	5		
Think of it! O miserendissimest retempter! A Gripes!	6		
— Rats! bullowed the Mookse most telesphorously, the con-	7		
cionator, and the sissymusses and the zozzymusses in their ro-	8		
benhouses quailed to hear his tardeynois at all for you cannot	9		
wake a silken nouse out of a hoarse oar. Blast yourself and your	10		
anathomy infairioriboos! No, hang you for an animal rurale! I	11		
am superbly in my supremest poncif! Abase you, baldyqueens!	12		

Gather behind me, satraps! Rots!	13		
— I am till infinity obliged with you, bowed the Gripes, his	14		
whine having gone to his palpruy head. I am still always having	15		
a wish on all my extremities. By the watch, what is the time, pace?	16		
Figure it! The pining peever! To a Mookse!	17		
— Ask my index, mund my achilles, swell my obolum, wosh-	18		
up my nase serene, answered the Mookse, rapidly by turning	19		
clement, urban, eugenious and celestian in the formose of good	20		
grogory humours. Quote awhore? That is quite about what I	21		
came on <i>my</i> missions with <i>my</i> intentions <i>laudibiliter</i> to settle with	22		
<i>you</i> , barbarousse. Let thor be orlog. Let Pauline be Irene. Let	23		
you be Beeton. And let me be Los Angeles. Now measure your	24		
length. Now estimate my capacity. Well, sour? Is this space of	25		
our couple of hours too dimensional for you, temporiser? Will	26		
you give you up? <i>Como? Fuert it?</i>	27		
<i>Sancta Patientia!</i> You should have heard the voice that an-	28		
swered him! <i>Culla vosellina.</i>	29		
— I was just thinkling upon that, sweets Mooksey, but, for all	30		
the rime on my raisins, if I connow make my submission, I can-	31		
nos give you up, the Gripes whimpered from nethermost of his	32		
wanhope. Ishallassoboundbewilsothoutoosezit. My tumble, lou-	33		
dy bullocker, is my own. My velicity is too fit in one stockend.	34		
And my spetial inexshellsis the belowing things ab ove. But I	35		

will never be abler to tell Your Honourousness (here he near lost	36		
FW155			
his limb) though my corked father was bott a pseudowaiter,	1		
whose o'cloak you ware.	2		
Incredible! Well, hear the inevitable.	3		
— <i>Your temple, sus in cribro!</i> Semperexcommunicambi-	4		
sumers. Tugurios-in-Newrobe or Tukurias-in-Ashies. Novar-	5		
ome, my creature, blievend bleives. My building space in lyonine	6		
city is always to let to leonlike Men, the Mookse in a most con-	7		
sistorous allocution pompifically with immediate jurisdiction	8		
constantinently concluded (what a crammer for the shape-	9		
wrucked Gripes!). And I regret to proclaim that it is out of my	10		
temporal to help you from being killed by inchies, (what a	11		
thrust!), as we first met each other newwhere so airly. (Poor	12		
little sowsieved subsquashed Gripes! I begin to feel contemption	13		
for him!). My side, thank decretals, is as safe as motherour's	14		
houses, he continued, and I can seen from my holeydome what	15		
it is to be wholly sane. Unionjok and be joined to yok! Parysis,	16		
<i>tu sais</i> , crucycrooks, belongs to him who parises himself. And	17		
there I must leave you subject for the pressing. I can prove that	18		
against you, weight a momentum, mein goot enemy! or Cos-	19		

pol's not our star. I bet you this dozen odd. This foluminous	20		
dozen odd. <i>Quas primas</i> — but 'tis bitter to compote my know-	21		
ledge's fructos of. Tomes.	22		
Elevating, to give peint to his blick, his jewelled pederect to	23		
the allmysty cielung, he luckystruck blueild out of a few should-	24		
be santillants, a cloister of starabouts over Maples, a lucciolys in	25		
Teresa street and a stopsign before Sophy Barratt's, he gaddered	26		
togodder the odds docence of his vellumes, gresk, letton and	27		
russicruxian, onto the lapse of his prolegs, into umfullth one-	28		
scuppered, and sat about his widerproof. He proved it well who-	29		
onearth dry and drysick times, and <i>vremiament, tu cesses</i> , to the	30		
extinction of Niklaus altogether (Niklaus Alopysius having been	31		
the once Gripes's popwilled nimum) by Neuclydus and In-	32		
exagoras and Mumfsen and Thumpsem, by Orasmus and by	33		
Amenius, by Anacletus the Jew and by Malachy the Augurer and	34		
by the Cappon's collection and after that, with Cheekee's gela-	35		
tine and Alldaybrandy's formolon, he reproved it ehrtogether	36		
FW156			
when not in that order sundering in some different order, alter	1		
three thirty and a hundred times by the binomial dioram and	2		
the penic walls and the ind, the Inklespill legends and the rure,	3		

the rule of the hoop and the blessons of expedience and the jus,	4		
the jugicants of Pontius Pilax and all the mummyscrips in Sick	5		
Bokes' Juncroom and the Chapters for the Cunning of the Chap-	6		
ters of the Conning Fox by Tail.	7		
While that Mooksius with preprocession and with propre-	8		
cession, duplicitly and diplussedly, was promulgating ipsofacts	9		
and sadcontras this raskolly Gripos he had allbust seceded in	10		
monophysicking his illsobordunates. But asawfulas he had	11		
caught his base semenoyous sarchnaktiers to combuccinate upon	12		
the silipses of his aspillouts and the acheporeoozers of his hagg-	13		
own pneumax to synerethetise with the breadchestviousness of	14		
his sweeatovular ducese sofarfully the loggerthuds of his sakel-	15		
laries were fond at variance with the synodals of his somepooliom	16		
and his babskissed nepogreasymost got the hoof from his philio-	17		
quus.	18		
— Efter thousand yaws, O Gripes con my sheepskins, yow	19		
will be belined to the world, enscayed Mookse the pius.	20		
— Ofter thousand yores, amsered Gripes the gregary, be the	21		
goat of MacHammud's, yours may be still, O Mookse, more	22		
botheared.	23		
— Us shall be chosen as the first of the last by the electress of	24		
Vale Hollow, obselved the Mookse nobily, for par the unicum	25		
of Elelijiacks, Us am in Our stabulary and that is what Ruby and	26		

Roby fall for, blissim.	27		
The Pills, the Nasal Wash (Yardly's), the Army Man Cut, as	28		
british as bondstrict and as straightcut as when that broken-	29		
arched traveller from Nuzuland . . .	30		
— Wee, cumfused the Gripes limply, shall not even be the	31		
last of the first, wee hope, when oust are visitated by the Veiled	32		
Horror. And, he added: Mee are relying entirely, see the forte-	33		
thurd of Elissabed, on the weightiness of mear's breath. Puffut!	34		
Unsightbared embouscher, relentless foe to social and business	35		
succes! (Hourihaleine) It might have been a happy evening but . . .	36		
FW157			
And they viterberated each other, <i>canis et coluber</i> with the	1		
wildest ever wielded since Tarriestinus lashed Pissasphaltium.	2		
— Unuchorn!	3		
— Ungulant!	4		
— Uvuloid!	5		
— Uskybeak!	6		
And bullfolly answered volleyball.	7		
Nuvoletta in her lightdress, spunn of sisteen shimmers, was	8		
looking down on them, leaning over the bannistars and listening	9		
all she childishly could. How she was brightened when Should-	10		

rupes in his glaubering hochskied his welkinstuck and how she	11		
was overclused when Kneesknobs on his zwivvel was makeact-	12		
ing such a paulse of himshelp! She was alone. All her nubied	13		
companions were asleeping with the squirrels. Their mivver,	14		
Mrs Moonan, was off in the Fuerst quarter scrubbing the back-	15		
steps of Number 28. Fuvver, that Skand, he was up in Norwood's	16		
sokaparlour, eating oceans of Voking's Blemish. Nuvoletta lis-	17		
tened as she reflected herself, though the heavenly one with his	18		
constellatria and his emanations stood between, and she tried all	19		
she tried to make the Mookse look up at her (but <i>he</i> was fore too	20		
adiaptotously farseeing) and to make the Gripes hear how coy	21		
she could be (though he was much too schystimatically auricular	22		
about <i>his ens</i> to heed her) but it was all mild's vapour moist. Not	23		
even her feignt reflection, Nuvoluccia, could they toke their	24		
gnoses off for their minds with intrepifide fate and bungless	25		
curiasity, were conclaved with Heliogobbleus and Commodus	26		
and Enobarbarus and whatever the coordinal dickens they did	27		
as their damprauch of papyr and buchstubs said. As if that was	28		
their spiration! As if theirs could duiparate her queendim! As if	29		
she would be third perty to search on search proceedings! She	30		
tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught	31		
her. She tossed her sfumastelliacious hair like <i>la princesse de la</i>	32		
<i>Petite Bretagne</i> and she rounded her mignons arms like Mrs	33		

Cornwallis-West and she smiled over herself like the beauty of	34		
the image of the pose of the daughter of the queen of the Em-	35		
perour of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she born	36		
FW158			
to bride with Tristis Tristor Tristissimus. But, sweet madonine,	1		
she might fair as well have carried her daisy's worth to Florida.	2		
For the Mookse, a dogmad Accanite, were not amoosed and the	3		
Gripes, a dubliboused Catalick, wis pinefully obliscent.	4		
– I see, she sighed. There are menner.	5		
The siss of the whisp of the sigh of the softzing at the stir of	6		
the ver grose O arundo of a long one in midias reeds: and shades	7		
began to glidder along the banks, greepsing, greepsing, duusk	8		
unto duusk, and it was as glooming as gloaming could be in the	9		
waste of all peacable worlds. Metamnisia was allsoonome coloro-	10		
form brune; citherior spiane an eaulande, innemorous and un-	11		
numerose. The Mookse had a sound eyes right but he could not	12		
all hear. The Gripes had light ears left yet he could but ill see.	13		
He ceased. And he ceased, tung and trit, and it was neversoever	14		
so dusk of both of them. But still Moo thought on the deeps of	15		
the undths he would profoundth come the morrokse and still	16		
Gri feeled of the scripes he would escipe if by grice he had luck	17		

enoupes.	18		
Oh, how it was duusk! From Vallee Maraia to Grasyaplaina,	19		
dormimust echo! Ah dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk that the	20		
tears of night began to fall, first by ones and twos, then by threes	21		
and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens, for the tired ones	22		
were wecking, as we weep now with them. <i>O! O! O! Par la</i>	23		
<i>pluie!</i>	24		
Then there came down to the thither bank a woman of no	25		
appearance (I believe she was a Black with chills at her feet) and	26		
she gathered up his hoariness the Mookse motamourfully where	27		
he was spread and carried him away to her invisible dwelling,	28		
thats hights, <i>Aquila Rapax</i> , for he was the holy sacred solem and	29		
poshup spit of her boshop's apron. So you see the Mookse he	30		
had reason as I knew and you knew and he knew all along. And	31		
there came down to the hither bank a woman to all important	32		
(though they say that she was comely, spite the cold in her heed)	33		
and, for he was as like it as blow it to a hawker's hank, she	34		
plucked down the Gripes, torn panicky autotone, in angeu from	35		
his limb and cariad away its beotitubes with her to her unseen	36		
FW159			
shieling, it is, <i>De Rore Coeli</i> . And so the poor Gripes got wrong;	1		

for that is always how a Gripes is, always was and always will be.	2		
And it was never so thoughtful of either of them. And there were	3		
left now an only elmtree and but a stone. Polled with pietrous,	4		
Sierre but saule. O! Yes! And Nuvoletta, a lass.	5		
Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life	6		
and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one. She	7		
cancelled all her engauzements. She climbed over the bannistars;	8		
she gave a childy cloudy cry: <i>Nuée! Nuée!</i> A lightdress fluttered.	9		
She was gone. And into the river that had been a stream (for a	10		
thousand of tears had gone eon her and come on her and she was	11		
stout and struck on dancing and her muddied name was Missis-	12		
liffi) there fell a tear, a singult tear, the loveliest of all tears (I	13		
mean for those crylove fables fans who are 'keen' on the pretty-	14		
pretty commonface sort of thing you meet by hopeharrods) for it	15		
was a leaptear. But the river tripped on her by and by, lapping	16		
as though her heart was brook: <i>Why, why, why! Weh, O weh!</i>	17		
<i>I'se so silly to be flowing but I no canna stay!</i>	18		
No applause, please! Bast! The romescot nattleshaker will go	19		
round your circulation in <i>diu dursus</i> .	20		
Allaboy, Major, I'll take your reactions in another place after	21		
themes. Nolan Browne, you may now leave the classroom. Joe	22		
Peters, Fox.	23		
As I have now successfully explained to you my own natural-	24		

born rations which are even in excise of my vaultybrain insure	25		
me that I am a mouth's more deserving case by genius. I feel in	26		
sympathos for my ever devoted friend and halfaloafonwashed,	27		
Gnaccus Gnoccovitch. Darling gem! Darling smallfox! Horose-	28		
shoew! I could love that man like my own ambo for being so	29		
baileycliaver though he's a nawful curillass and I must slav to	30		
methodiousness. I want him to go and live like a theabild in	31		
charge of the night brigade on Tristan da Cunha, isle of man-	32		
overboard, where he'll make Number 106 and be near Inacces-	33		
sible. (The meeting of mahoganies, be the waves, rementious	34		
me that this exposed sight though it pines for an umbrella of its	35		
own and needs a shelter belt of the true service sort to keep its	36		
FW160			
boles clean, — the weeping beeches, Picea and Tilia, are in a	1		
wild state about it — ought to be classified, as Cricketbutt Will-	2		
owm and his two nurserymen advisers suggested, under genus	3		
Inexhaustible when we refloat upon all the butternat, sweet gum	4		
and manna ash redcedera which is so purvulent there as if there	5		
was howthorns in Curraghchasa which ought to look as plane	6		
as a lodgepole to anybody until we are introduced to that pine-	7		
tacotta of Verney Rubeus where the deodarty is pinctured for us	8		

in a pure stand, which we do not doubt ha has a habitat of doing,	9		
but without those selfsownseedlings which are a species of proof	10		
that the largest individual <i>can</i> occur at or in an olivetion such as	11		
East Conna Hillock where it mixes with foolth accacians and	12		
common sallies and <i>is</i> tender) <i>Vux Populus</i> , as we say in hickory-	13		
hockery and I wish we had some more glasses of <i>arbor vitae</i> .	14		
Why roat by the roadside or awn over alum pot? Alderman	15		
Whitebeaver is dakyo. He ought to go away for a change of	16		
ideas and he'd have a world of things to look back on. Do, sweet	17		
Daniel! If I weren't a jones in myself I'd elect myself to be his	18		
dolphin in the wildsbillow because he is such a barefooted rubber	19		
with my supersocks pulled over his face which I publicked in	20		
my bestback garden for the laetification of siderodromites and	21		
to the irony of the stars. You will say it is most unenglish and	22		
I shall hope to hear that you will not be wrong about it. But I	23		
further, feeling a bit husky in my truths.	24		
Will you please come over and let us mooremoore murgessly	25		
to each's other down below our vices. I am underheard by old	26		
billfaust. Wilsh is full of curks. The coolskittle is philip debli-	27		
nite. Mr Wist is thereover beyeind the wantnot. Wilsh and wist	28		
are as thick of thins udder as faust on the deblinite. Sgunoshooto	29		
estas preter la tapizo malgranda. Lilegas al si en sia chambro.	30		
Kelkefoje funcktas, kelkefoje srumpas Shultroj. Houdian Kiel vi	31		

fartas, mia nigra sinjoro? And from the poingt of fun where I	32		
am crying to arrive you at they are on allfore as foibleminded as	33		
you can feel they are fablebodied.	34		
My heeders will recoil with a great leisure how at the out-	35		
break before trespassing on the space question where even	36		
FW161			
michelangelines have fooled to dread I proved to mindself as to	1		
your sotisfiction how his abject all through (the <i>quickquid</i> of Pro-	2		
fessor Ciondolone's too frequently hypothecated <i>Bettlermensch</i>)	3		
is nothing so much more than a mere cashdime however genteel	4		
he may want ours, if we please (I am speaking to us in the second	5		
person), for to this graded intellecktuals dime <i>is</i> cash and the	6		
cash system (you must not be allowed to forget that this is all	7		
contained, I mean the system, in the dogmarks of origen on	8		
spurios) means that I cannot now have or nothave a piece of	9		
cheeps in your pocket at the same time and with the same man-	10		
ners as you can now nothalf or half the cheek apiece I've in mind	11		
unless Burrus and Caseous have not or not have seemaultaneous-	12		
ly sysentangled themselves, selldear to soldthere, once in the	13		
dairy days of buy and buy.	14		
Burrus, let us like to imagine, is a genuine prime, the real	15		

choice, full of natural greace, the mildest of milkstoffs yet un-	16		
beaten as a risicide and, of course, obsoletely unadulterous	17		
whereat Caseous is obversely the revise of him and in fact not an	18		
ideal choose by any meals, though the betterman of the two is	19		
meltingly addicted to the more casual side of the arrivaliste case	20		
and, let me say it at once, as zealous over him as is passably he.	21		
The seemsame home and histry seeks and hidepence which we	22		
used to be reading for our prepurgatory, hot, Schott? till Duddy	23		
shut the shopper op and Mutti, poor Mutti! brought us our poor	24		
suppy, (ah who! eh how!) in Acetius and Oleosus and Sellius	25		
Volatilis and Petrus Papricus! Our Old Party quite united round	26		
the Slatbowel at Commons: Pfarrer Salamoss himself and that	27		
sprog of a Pedersill and his Sprig of Thyme and a dozen of the	28		
Murphybuds and a score and more of the hot young Capels and	29		
Lettucia in her greensleeves and you too and me three, twinsome	30		
bibs but hansome ates, like shakespeare and eggs! But there's many	31		
a split pretext bowl and jowl; and (snob screwing that cork,	32		
Schott!) to understand this as well as you can, feeling how back-	33		
ward you are in your down-to-the-ground benches, I have com-	34		
pleted the following arrangement for the coarse use of stools and	35		
if I don't make away with you I'm beyond Caesar outnullused.	36		
FW162			

The older sisars (Tyrants, regicide is too good for you!) be-	1		
come unbeurrable from age, (the compositor of the farce of	2		
dustiny however makes a thunpledrum mistake by letting off this	3		
pienofarte effect as his furst act as that is where the juke comes	4		
in) having been sort-of-nineknived and chewly removed (this	5		
soldier - author - batman for all his commontoryism is just	6		
another of those souftsiezed bubbles who never quite got the	7		
sandhurst out of his eyes so that the champaign he draws for us	8		
is as flop as a plankrieg) the twinfreer types are billed to make	9		
their reuppreance as the knew kneck and knife knickknots on	10		
the deserted <i>champ de bouteilles</i> . (A most cursery reading into the	11		
Persic-Uraliens hostery shows us how Fonnumagula picked up	12		
that propper numen out of a colluction of prifixes though to	13		
the permienting cannasure the Coucousien oafsprung of this	14		
sun of a kuk is as sattin as there's a tub in Tobolosk) <i>Ostiak</i>	15		
<i>della Vogul Marina!</i> But that I dannoy the fact of wanton to	16		
weste point I could paint you to that butter (cheese it!) if you	17		
had some wash. Mordvealive! Oh me none onsens! Why the	18		
case is as inessive and impossive as kezom hands! Their inter-	19		
locative is conprovocative just as every hazzy hates to having a	20		
hazbane in her noze. Caseous may bethink himself a thought of	21		
a caviller but Burrus has the reachly roundered head that goes	22		

best with thofthinking defensive fideism. He has the lac of wis-	23		
dom under every dent in his lofter while the other follow's	24		
onni vesity milky indeedmymy. Laughing over the linnuts and	25		
weeping off the uniun. He hisn't the hey og he lisen't the lug,	26		
poohoo. And each night sim misses mand he winks he had the	27		
semagen. It was aptly and corrigedly stated (and, it is royally	28		
needless for one <i>ex ungue Leonem</i> to say by whom) that his	29		
seeingscraft was that clarety as were the wholeborough of Poutres-	30		
bourg to be averlaunched over him pitchbatch he could still make	31		
out with his augstritch the green moat in Ireland's Eye. Let me	32		
sell you the fulltroth of Burrus when he wore a younker. Here	33		
it is, and chorming too, in six by sevens! A cleanly line, by the	34		
gods! A king off duty and a jaw for ever! And what a cheery	35		
ripe outlook, good help me Deus v Deus! If I were to speak	36		
FW163			
my ohole mouthful to arinam about it you should call me the	1		
ormuzd aliment in your midst of faime. Eat ye up, heat ye up!	2		
sings the somun in the salm. <i>Butyrum et mel comedet ut sciat</i>	3		
<i>reprobare malum et eligere bonum</i> . This, of course, also explains	4		
why we were taught to play in the childhood: <i>Der Haensli ist</i>	5		
<i>ein Butterbrot, mein Butterbrot! Und Koebi iss dein Schtinkenkot!</i>	6		

<i>Ja! Ja! Ja!</i>	7		
This in fact, just to show you, is Caseous, the brutherscutch	8		
or pur tyron: a hole or two, the highstinks aforefelt and anygo	9		
prigging wurms. Cheesugh! you complain. And Hi Hi High	10		
must say you are not Hoa Hoa Hoally in the wrong!	11		
Thus we cannot escape our likes and mislikes, exiles or am-	12		
busheers, beggar and neighbour and — this is where the dime-	13		
show advertisers advance the temporal relief plea — let us be	14		
tolerant of antipathies. <i>Nex quovis burro num fit mercaseus?</i> I am	15		
not hereby giving my final endorsement to the learned ignorants	16		
of the Cusanus philosophism in which old Nicholas pegs it	17		
down that the smarter the spin of the top the sounder the span	18		
of the buttom (what the worthy old auberginiste ought to have	19		
meant was: the more stolidly immobile <i>in space</i> appears to me	20		
the bottom which is presented to use in time by the top primo-	21		
mobilisk &c.). And I shall be misunderstord if understood to	22		
give an unconditional sinequam to the heroicised furibouts of	23		
the Nolanus theory, or, at any rate, of that substrate of apart	24		
from hisstheory where the Theophil swears that on principial he	25		
was the pointing start of his odiose by comparison and that whiles	26		
eggs will fall cheapened all over the walled the Bure will be dear	27		
on the Brie.	28		
Now, while I am not out now to be taken up as unintention-	29		

ally recommending the Silkebjorg tyronodynamon machine for	30		
the more economical helixtrolysis of these amboadipates until	31		
I can find space to look into it myself a little more closely first	32		
I shall go on with my decisions after having shown to you in	33		
good time how both products of our social stomach (the excellent	34		
Dr Burroman, I noticed by the way from his emended food	35		
theory, has been carefully digesting the very wholesome criticism	36		
FW164			
I helped him to in my princeps edition which is all so munch	1		
to the cud) are mutuearly polarised the incompatabilily of any	2		
delusional acting as ambivalent to the fixation of his pivotism.	3		
Positing, as above, too males pooles, the one the pictor of the	4		
other and the omber the <i>Skotia</i> of the one, and looking want-	5		
ingly around our undistributed middle between males we feel	6		
we must waistfully woent a female to focus and on this stage	7		
there pleasantly appears the cowrymaid M. whom we shall	8		
often meet below who introduces herself upon us at some precise	9		
hour which we shall again agree to call absolute zero or the	10		
babbling pumppt of platinism. And so like that former son	11		
of a kish who went up and out to found his farmer's ashes we	12		
come down home gently on our own turnedabout asses to meet	13		

Margareen.	14		
We now romp through a period of pure lyricism of shame-	15		
bred music (technologically, let me say, the appetising entry of	16		
this subject on a fool chest of vialds is plumply pudding the carp	17		
before doevre hors) evidenced by such words in distress as <i>I</i>	18		
<i>cream for thee, Sweet Margareen, and the more hopeful O Mar-</i>	19		
<i>gareena! O Margareena! Still in the bowl is left a lump of gold!</i>	20		
(Correspondents, by the way, will keep on asking me what is the	21		
correct garnish to serve drisheens with. Tansy Sauce. Enough).	22		
The pawnbreaking pathos of the first of these shoddy pieces	23		
reveals it as a Caseous effort. Burrus's bit is often used for a toast.	24		
Criniculture can tell us very precisely indeed how and why this	25		
particular streak of yellow silver first appeared on (not in) the	26		
bowel, that is to see, the human head, bald, black, bronze, brown,	27		
brindled, betteraved or blanchemanged where it might be use-	28		
fully compared with an earwig on a fullbottom. I am offering	29		
this to Signorina Cuticura and I intend to take it up and bring it	30		
under the nosetice of Herr Harlene by way of diverting his	31		
attentions. Of course the unskilled singer continues to pervert	32		
our wiser ears by subordinating the space-element, that is to	33		
sing, the <i>aria</i> , to the time-factor, which ought to be killed, <i>ill</i>	34		
<i>tempor</i> . I should advise any unborn singer who may still be	35		
among my heeders to forget her temporal diaphragm at home	36		

FW165			
(the best thing that could happen to it!) and attack the roulade	1		
with a swift <i>colpo di glottide</i> to the lug (though Maace I will	2		
insist was reclined from overdoing this, his recovery often being	3		
slow) and then, O! on the third dead beat, O! to cluse her eyes	4		
and aiopen her oath and see what spice I may send her. How?	5		
Cease thee, cantatrickee! I fain would be solo. Arouse thee, my	6		
valour! And save for e'er my true Bdur!	7		
I shall have a word to say in a few yards about the acoustic	8		
and orchidectural management of the tonehall but, as ours is a	9		
vivarious where one plant's breaf is a lunger planner's byscent	10		
and you may not care for argon, it will be very convenient for	11		
me for the emolument to pursue Burrus and Caseous for a rung	12		
or two up their isocelating biangle. Every admirer has seen my	13		
goulache of Marge (she is <i>so</i> like the sister, you don't know, and	14		
they both dress A L I K E!) which I titled <i>The Very Picture of</i>	15		
<i>a Needlesswoman</i> which in the presence ornates our national	16		
cruetstand. This genre of portraiture of changes of mind in order	17		
to be truly torse should evoke the bush soul of females so I am	18		
leaving it to the experienced victim to complete the general	19		
suggestion by the mental addition of a wallopy bound or, should	20		

the zulugical zealot prefer it, a congorool teal. The hatboxes	21		
which composed Rhomba, lady Trabezond (Marge in her <i>ex-</i>	22		
<i>celsis</i>), also comprised the climactogram up which B and C may	23		
fondly be imagined ascending and are suggestive of gentlemen's	24		
spring modes, these modes carrying us back to the superimposed	25		
claylayers of eocene and pleastoseen formation and the gradual	26		
morphological changes in our body politic which Professor	27		
Ebahi-Ahuri of Philadespoinis (Ill) — whose bluebutterbust I	28		
have just given his coupe de grass to — neatly names a <i>boîte à</i>	29		
<i>surprises</i> . The boxes, if I may break the subject gently, are worth	30		
about fourpence pourbox but I am inventing a more patent pro-	31		
cess, foolproof and pryperfect (I should like to ask that Shedlock	32		
Homes person who is out for removing the roofs of our criminal	33		
classics by what <i>deductio ad domunum</i> he hopes <i>de tacto</i> to detect	34		
anything unless he happens of himself, <i>movibile tectu</i> , to have a	35		
slade off) after which they can be reduced to a fragment of their	36		
FW166			
true crust by even the youngest of Margees if she will take plase	1		
to be seated and smile if I please.	2		
Now there can be no question about it either that I having	3		
done as much, have quite got the size of that demilitary young	4		

female (we will continue to call her Marge) whose types may be	5		
met with in any public garden, wearing a very “dressy” affair,	6		
known as an “ethel” of instep length and with a real fur, reduced	7		
to 3/9, and muffin cap to tone (they are “angelskin” this fall),	8		
ostentatiously hemming apologetically over the shirtness of	9		
some “sweet” garment, when she is not sitting on all the free	10		
benches avidously reading about “it” but ovidently on the look	11		
out for “him” or so “thrilled” about the best dressed dolly pram	12		
and beautiful elbow competition or at the movies swallowing	13		
sobs and blowing bixed mixcuits over “childe” chaplain’s “latest”	14		
or on the verge of the gutter with some bobbedhair brieffroked	15		
babyma’s toddler (the Smythe-Smythes now keep TWO domes-	16		
tics and aspire to THREE male ones, a shover, a butlegger and	17		
a sectary) held hostage at armslength, teaching His Infant	18		
Majesty how to make waters worse.	19		
(I am closely watching Master Pules, as I have regions to sus-	20		
pect from my post that her "little man" is a secondary school-	21		
teacher under the boards of education, a voted disciple of Infan-	22		
tulus who is being utilised thus publicly by the <i>seducente infanta</i>	23		
to conceal her own more muscular personality by flaunting	24		
frivolish finery over men’s inside clothes, for the femininny of	25		
that totamulier will always lack the musculink of a verumvirum.	26		
My solotions for the proper parturience of matres and the edu-	27		

cation of micturious mites must stand over from the moment till	28		
I tackle this tickler hussy for occupying my uttentions.)	29		
Margareena she's very fond of Burrus but, alick and alack!	30		
she velly fond of chee. (The important influence exercised on	31		
everything by this eastasian import has not been till now fully	32		
flavoured though we can comfortably taste it in this case. I shall	33		
come back for a little more say farther on.) A cleopatrician in	34		
her own right she at once complicates the position while Burrus	35		
and Caseous are contending for her misstery by implicating her-	36		
FW167			
self with an elusive Antonius, a wop who would appear to hug	1		
a personal interest in refined chees of all chades at the same time	2		
as he wags an antomine art of being rude like the boor. This	3		
Antonius-Burrus-Caseous grouptriad may be said to equate	4		
the <i>qualis</i> equivalent with the older socalled <i>talis</i> on <i>talis</i> one	5		
just as quantly as in the hyperchemical economantarchy the tan-	6		
tum ergons irruminates the quantum urge so that eggs is to whey	7		
as whay is to zeed like your golfchild's abe boob caddy. And this	8		
is why any simple philadolphus of a fool you like to dress, an	9		
athemisthued lowtownian, exlegged phatrisight, may be awfully	10		
green to one side of him and fruitfully blue on the other which	11		

will not screen him however from appealing to my gropesarch-	12		
ing eyes; through the strongholes of my acropoll, as a boosted	13		
blasted bleating blatant bloaten blasphorus blesphorous idiot	14		
who kennot tail a bomb from a painapple when he steals one	15		
and wannot psing his psalmen with the cong in our gregational	16		
pompoms with the canting crew.	17		
No! Topsman to your Tarpeia! This thing, Mister Abby, is	18		
nefand. (And, taking off soutstuffs and alkalike matters, I hope	19		
we can kill time to reach the salt because there's some forceglass	20		
neutric assets bittering in the soldpewter for you to plump your	21		
pottage in). The thundering legion has stormed Olymp that	22		
it end. Twelve tabular times till now have I edicted it. Merus	23		
Genius to Careous Caseous! <i>Moriture, te salutat!</i> My phemous	24		
themis race is run, so let Demoncracy take the highmost! (Abra-	25		
ham Tripier. Those old diligences are quite out of date. Read	26		
next answer). I'll beat you so lon. (Bigtempered. Why not take	27		
direct action. See previous reply). My unchanging Word is sacred.	28		
The word is my Wife, to exponse and expound, to vend and to	29		
velnerate, and may the curlews crown our nuptias! Till Breath	30		
us depart! Wamen. Beware would you change with my years. Be	31		
as young as your grandmother! The ring man in the rong shop	32		
but the rite words by the rote order! <i>Ubi lingua nuncupassit, ibi</i>	33		
<i>fas! Adversus hostem semper sac!</i> She that will not feel my ful-	34		

moon let her peel to thee as the hoyden and the impudent! That	35		
mon that hoth no mooses in his sole nor is not awed by conquists	36		
FW168			
of word's law, who never with himself was fed and leaves	1		
his soil to lave his head, when his hope's in his highlows from	2		
whisking his woe, if he came to my preach, a proud pursebroken	3		
ranger, when the heavens were welling the spite of their spout,	4		
to beg for a bite in our bark <i>Noisdanger</i> , would meself and Mac	5		
Jeffet, four-in-hand, foot him out? — ay! — were he my own	6		
breastbrother, my doubled withd love and my singlebiassed hate,	7		
were we bread by the same fire and signed with the same salt,	8		
had we tapped from the same master and robbed the same till,	9		
were we tucked in the one bed and bit by the one flea, homo-	10		
gallant and hemycapnoise, bum and dingo, jack by churl, though	11		
it broke my heart to pray it, still I'd fear I'd hate to say!	12		
12. <i>Sacer esto?</i>	13		
Answer: <i>Semus sumus!</i>	14		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW169				
Shem is as short for Shemus as Jem is joky for Jacob. A few	1			
toughnecks are still getatable who pretend that aboriginally he	2			
was of respectable stemming (he was an outlex between the lines	3			
of Ragonar Blaubarb and Horrild Hairwire and an inlaw to Capt.	4			
the Hon. and Rev. Mr Bbyrdwood de Trop Blogg was among	5			
his most distant connections) but every honest to goodness man	6			
in the land of the space of today knows that his back life will	7			
not stand being written about in black and white. Putting truth	8			
and untruth together a shot may be made at what this hybrid	9			
actually was like to look at.	10			
Shem's bodily getup, it seems, included an adze of a skull, an	11			
eight of a larkseye, the whoel of a nose, one numb arm up a	12			
sleeve, fortytwo hairs off his uncrown, eighteen to his mock lip,	13			

a trio of barbels from his megageg chin (sowman's son), the	14		
wrong shoulder higher than the right, all ears, an artificial	15		
tongue with a natural curl, not a foot to stand on, a handful of	16		
thumbs, a blind stomach, a deaf heart, a loose liver, two fifths of	17		
two buttocks, one gleetsteen avoirdupoier for him, a manroot	18		
of all evil, a salmonkelt's thinskin, eelsblood in his cold toes, a	19		
bladder tristended, so much so that young Master Shemmy on	20		
his very first debouch at the very dawn of protohistory seeing	21		
himself such and such, when playing with thistlewords in their	22		
garden nursery, Griefotrofio, at Phig Streat III, Shuvlin, Old	23		
Hoeland, (would we go back there now for sounds, pillings and	24		
FW170			
sense? would we now for annas and annas? would we for full-	1		
score eight and a liretta? for twelve blocks one bob? for four tes-	2		
ters one groat? not for a dinar! not for jo!) dictited to of all his	3		
little brothron and sweestureens the first riddle of the universe:	4		
asking, when is a man not a man?: telling them take their time,	5		
yungfries, and wait till the tide stops (for from the first his day	6		
was a fortnight) and offering the prize of a bittersweet crab, a	7		
little present from the past, for their copper age was yet un-	8		
minted, to the winner. One said when the heavens are quakers,	9		

a second said when Bohemeand lips, a third said when he, no,	10		
when hold hard a jiffy, when he is a gnawstick and detarmined	11		
to, the next one said when the angel of death kicks the bucket	12		
of life, still another said when the wine's at witsends, and still	13		
another when lovely wooman stoops to conk him, one of the	14		
littliest said me, me, Sem, when pappa papared the harbour, one	15		
of the wittiest said, when he yeat ye abblokooken and he zmear	16		
hezelf zo zhooken, still one said when you are old I'm grey fall	17		
full wi sleep, and still another when wee deader walkner, and	18		
another when he is just only after having being semisized, an-	19		
other when yea, he hath no mananas, and one when dose pigs	20		
they begin now that they will flies up intil the looft. All were	21		
wrong, so Shem himself, the doctator, took the cake, the correct	22		
solution being — all give it up? —; when he is a — yours till	23		
the rending of the rocks, — Sham.	24		
Shem was a sham and a low sham and his lowness creped out	25		
first via foodstuffs. So low was he that he preferred Gibsen's tea-	26		
time salmon tinned, as inexpensive as pleasing, to the plumpest	27		
roeheavy lax or the friskiest parr or smolt troutlet that ever was	28		
gaffed between Leixlip and Island Bridge and many was the time	29		
he repeated in his botulism that no junglegrown pineapple ever	30		
smacked like the whoppers you shook out of Ananias' cans,	31		
Findlater and Gladstone's, Corner House, Englend. None of	32		

your inchthick blueblooded Balaclava fried-at-belief-stakes or	33		
juicejelly legs of the Grex's molten mutton or greasilygristly	34		
grunTERS' goupons or slice upon slab of luscious goosebosom	35		
with lump after load of plumpudding stuffing all aswim in a	36		
FW171			
swamp of bogoakgravy for that greekenhearted yude! Rosbif of	1		
Old Zealand! he could not attouch it. See what happens when	2		
your somatophage merman takes his fancy to our virgitarian	3		
swan? He even ran away with hunself and became a farsoonerite,	4		
saying he would far sooner muddle through the hash of lentils	5		
in Europe than meddle with Irrland's split little pea. Once when	6		
among those rebels in a state of hopelessly helpless intoxication	7		
the piscivore strove to lift a czitround peel to either nostril, hic-	8		
cupping, apparently impromptued by the hibat he had with his	9		
glottal stop, that he kukkakould flowrish for ever by the smell,	10		
as the czitr, as the kcedron, like a scedar, of the founts, on moun-	11		
tains, with limon on, of Lebanon. O! the lowness of him was	12		
beneath all up to that sunk to! No likedbylike firewater or first-	13		
served firstshot or gulletburn gin or honest brewbarrett beer either.	14		
O dear no! Instead the tragic jester sobbed himself wheywhing-	15		
ingly sick of life on some sort of a rhubarbarous maundarin yella-	16		

green funkleblue windigut diodying applejack squeezed from	17		
sour grapefruce and, to hear him twixt his sedimental cupslips	18		
when he had gulfed down mmmmuch too mmmmany gourds of	19		
it retching off to almost as low withswillers, who always knew	20		
notwithstanding when they had had enough and were rightly	21		
indignant at the wretch's hospitality when they found to their	22		
horror they could not carry another drop, it came straight from	23		
the noble white fat, jo, openwide sat, jo, jo, her why hide that,	24		
jo jo jo, the winevat, of the most serene magyansty az archdio-	25		
chesse, if she is a duck, she's a douches, and when she has a	26		
feherbour snot her fault, now is it? artstouchups, funny you're	27		
grinning at, fancy you're in her yet, Fanny Urinia.	28		
Aint that swell, hey? Peamengro! Talk about lowness! Any	29		
dog's quantity of it visibly oozed out thickly from this dirty	30		
little blacking beetle for the very fourth snap the Tulloch-Turn-	31		
bull girl with her coldblood kodak shotted the as yet unre-	32		
muneranded national apostate, who was cowardly gun and camera	33		
shy, taking what he fondly thought was a short cut to Caer Fere,	34		
Soak Amerigas, vias the shipsteam <i>Pridewin</i> , after having buried	35		
a hatchet not so long before, by the wrong goods exeunt, num-	36		
FW172			

mer desh to tren, into Patatapapaveri's, fruiterers and musical	1		
florists, with his <i>Ciaho, chavi! Sar shin, shillipen?</i> she knew the	2		
vice out of bridewell was a bad fast man by his walk on the	3		
spot.	4		
[Johns is a different butcher's. Next place you are up town pay	5		
him a visit. Or better still, come to buy. You will enjoy cattlemen's	6		
spring meat. Johns is now quite divorced from baking. Fattens,	7		
kills, flays, hangs, draws, quarters and pieces. Feel his lambs! Ex!	8		
Feel how sheap! Exex! His liver too is great value, a spatiality!	9		
Exexex! COMMUNICATED.]	10		
Around that time, moravar, one generally, for luvvomony	11		
hoped or at any rate suspected among morticians that he would	12		
early turn out badly, develop hereditary pulmonary T.B., and	13		
do for himself one dandy time, nay, of a pelting night blanketed	14		
creditors, hearing a coarse song and splash off Eden Quay sighed	15		
and rolled over, sure all was up, but, though he fell heavily and	16		
locally into debit, not even then could such an antinomian be	17		
true to type. He would not put fire to his cerebrum; he would	18		
not throw himself in Liffey; he would not explaud himself with	19		
pneumantics; he refused to saffrocake himself with a sod. With	20		
the foreign devil's leave the fraid born fraud diddled even death.	21		
<i>Anzi</i> , cabled (but shaking the worth out of his maulth: <i>Guarda-</i>	22		
<i>costa leporello?</i> <i>Szasas Kraicz!</i>) from his <i>Nearapoblican</i> asylum	23		

to his jonathan for a brother: Here tokay, gone tomory, we're	24		
spluched, do something, Fireless. And had answer: Inconvenient,	25		
David.	26		
You see, chaps, it will trickle out, freaksily of course, but the	27		
tom and the shorty of it is: he was in his bardic memory low.	28		
All the time he kept on treasuring with condign satisfaction each	29		
and every crumb of trektalk, covetous of his neighbour's word,	30		
and if ever, during a Munda conversazione commoted in the	31		
nation's interest, delicate tippits were thrown out to him touch-	32		
ing his evil courses by some wellwishers, vainly pleading by	33		
scriptural arguments with the opprobrious papist about trying	34		
to brace up for the kidos of the thing, Scally wag, and be a men	35		
instead of a dem scrounger, dish it all, such as: Pray, what is	36		
FW173			
the meaning, sousy, of that continental expression, if you ever	1		
came acru it, we think it is a word transpiciously like <i>canaille</i> ?:	2		
or: Did you anywhere, kennel, on your gullible's travels or	3		
during your rural troubadouring, happen to stumble upon a	4		
certain gay young nobleman whimpering to the name of Low	5		
Swine who always addresses women out of the one corner of	6		
his mouth, lives on loans and is furtivefree yours of age? with-	7		

out one sigh of haste like the supreme prig he was, and not a bit	8		
sorry, he would pull a vacant landlubber's face, root with ear-	9		
waker's pensile in the outer of his lauscher and then, lispig,	10		
the prattlepate parnella, to kill time, and swatting his deadbest	11		
to think what under the canopies of Jansens Chrest would any	12		
decent son of an Albiogenselman who had bin to an university	13		
think, let a lent hit a hint and begin to tell all the intelligentsia	14		
admitted to that tamileasy samtalaisy conclamazzone (since, still	15		
and before physicians, lawyers merchant, belfry pollititians, agri-	16		
colous manufraudurers, sacrestanes of the Pure River Society,	17		
philanthropicks lodging on as many boards round the panesthetic	18		
at the same time as possible) the whole lifelong swrine story of	19		
his entire low cornaille existence, abusing his deceased ancestors	20		
wherever the sods were and one moment tarabooming great	21		
blunderguns (poh!) about his farfamed fine Poppamore, Mr	22		
Humhum, whom history, climate and entertainment made the	23		
first of his sept and always up to debt, though Eavens ears ow	24		
many fines he faces, and another moment visanvrerssas, cruach-	25		
ing three jeers (pah!) for his rotten little ghost of a Peppybeg,	26		
Mr Himmyshimmy, a blighty, a reeky, a lighty, a scrapy, a bab-	27		
bly, a ninny, dirty seventh among thieves and always bottom	28		
sawyer, till nowan knowed how howmely howme could be, giv-	29		
ing unsolicited testimony on behalf of the absent, as glib as eaves-	30		

water to those present (who meanwhile, with increasing lack of	31		
interest in his semantics, allowed various subconscious smickers	32		
to drivell slowly across their fichers), unconsciously explaining,	33		
for inkstands, with a meticulousity bordering on the insane, the	34		
various meanings of all the different foreign parts of speech he	35		
misused and cuttlefishing every lie unshrinkable about all the	36		
FW174			
other people in the story, leaving out, of course, foreconsciously,	1		
the simple worf and plague and poison they had cornered him	2		
about until there was not a snoozer among them but was utterly	3		
undeceived in the heel of the reel by the recital of the rigmarole.	4		
He went without saying that the cull disliked anything anyway	5		
approaching a plain straightforward standup or knockdown row	6		
and, as often as he was called in to umpire any octagonal argu-	7		
ment among slangwhangers, the accomplished washout always	8		
used to rub shoulders with the last speaker and clasp shakers (the	9		
handtouch which is speech without words) and agree to every	10		
word as soon as half uttered, command me!, your servant, good,	11		
I revere you, how, my seer? be drinking that! quite truth, grati-	12		
as, I'm yoush, see wha'm hearing?, also goods, please it, me	13		
sure?, be filling this!, quiso, you said it, apasafello, muchas	14		

grassyass, is there firing-on-me?, is their girlic-on-you?, to your	15		
good self, your sulphur, and then at once focuss his whole	16		
unbalanced attention upon the next octagonist who managed to	17		
catch a listener's eye, asking and imploring him out of his	18		
piteous onewinker, (<i>hemoptysia diadumenos</i>) whether there was	19		
anything in the world he could do to please him and to overflow	20		
his tumbletantalisier for him yet once more.	21		
One hailcannon night (for his departure was attended by a	22		
heavy downpour) as very recently as some thousand rains ago he	23		
was therefore treated with what closely resembled parsonal viol-	24		
ence, being soggert all unsuspectingly through the deserted village	25		
of Tumblin-on-the-Leafy from Mr Vanhomrigh's house at 81 <i>bis</i>	26		
Mabbot's Mall as far as Green Patch beyond the brickfields of	27		
Salmon Pool by rival teams of slowspiers counter quicklimers	28		
who finally, as rahilly they had been deteened out rawther lae-	29		
tich, thought, busnis hits busnis, they had better be streaking for	30		
home after their Auborne-to-Auborne, with thanks for the pleasant	31		
evening, one and all disgustedly, instead of rugging him back,	32		
and awake, reconciled (though they were as jealous as could be	33		
cullions about all the truffles they had brought on him) to a	34		
friendship, fast and furious, which merely arose out of the noxious	35		
pervert's perfect lowness. Again there was a hope that people,	36		

FW175			
looking on him with the contemp of the contempibles, after	1		
first gaving him a roll in the dirt, might pity and forgive him, if	2		
properly deloused, but the pleb was born a Quicklow and sank	3		
alowing till he stank out of sight.	4		
All Saints beat Belial! Mickil Goals to Nichil! Notpossible!	5		
Already?	6		
<i>In Nowhere has yet the Whole World taken part of himself for his</i>	7		
<i>Wife;</i>	8		
<i>By Nowhere have Poorparents been sentenced to Worms, Blood and</i>	9		
<i>Thunder for Life</i>	10		
<i>Not yet has the Emp from Corpsica forced the Arth out of Engleterre;</i>	11		
<i>Not yet have the Sachsen and Judder on the Mound of a Word made</i>	12		
<i>Warre;</i>	13		
<i>Not yet Witchywithcy of Wench struck Fire of his Heath from on</i>	14		
<i>Hoath;</i>	15		
<i>Not yet his Arcobaleine forespoken Peacepeace upon Oath;</i>	16		
<i>Cleftfoot from Hempal must tumpel, Blamefool Gardener's bound to</i>	17		
<i>fall;</i>	18		
<i>Broken Eggs will poursuiove bitten Apples for where theirs is Will</i>	19		
<i>there's his Wall;</i>	20		
<i>But the Mountstill frowns on the Millstream while their Madsons</i>	21		

<i>leap his Bier</i>	22		
<i>And her Rillstrill liffs to His Murkesty all her daft Daughters laff</i>	23		
<i>in her Ear.</i>	24		
<i>Till the four Shores of deff Tory Island let the douze dumm Eire-</i>	25		
<i>whiggs raille!</i>	26		
<i>Hirp! Hirp! for their Missed Understandings! chirps the Ballat of</i>	27		
<i>Perce-Oreille.</i>	28		
<i>O fortunous casualitas! Lefty takes the cherubcake while</i>	29		
<i>Rights cloves his hoof. Darkies never done tug that coon out to</i>	30		
<i>play non-excretory, anti-sexuous, misoxenetic, gaasy pure, flesh</i>	31		
<i>and blood games, written and composed and sung and danced</i>	32		
<i>by Niscemus Nemon, same as piccaninnies play all day, those</i>	33		
<i>old (none of your honeys and rubbers!) games for fun and ele-</i>	34		
<i>ment we used to play with Dina and old Joe kicking her behind</i>	35		
<i>and before and the yellow girl kicking him behind old Joe,</i>	36		
FW176			
<i>games like Thom Thom the Thonderman, Put the Wind up the</i>	1		
<i>Peeler, Hat in the Ring, Prisson your Pritchards and Play Withers</i>	2		
<i>Team, Mikel on the Luckypig, Nickel in the Slot, Sheila Harnett and</i>	3		
<i>her Cow, Adam and Ell, Humble Bumble, Moggie's on the Wall,</i>	4		
<i>Twos and Threes, American Jump, Fox Come out of your Den,</i>	5		

<i>Broken Bottles, Writing a Letter to Punch, Tiptop is a Sweetstore,</i>	6		
<i>Henressy Crump Expolled, Postman's Knock, Are We Fairlys Rep-</i>	7		
<i>resented?, Solomon Silent reading, Appletree Bearstone, I know a</i>	8		
<i>Washerwoman, Hospitals, As I was Walking, There is Oneyone's</i>	9		
<i>House in Dreamcolohour, Battle of Waterloo, Colours, Eggs in the</i>	10		
<i>Bush, Habberdasherisher, Telling your Dreams, What's the Time,</i>	11		
<i>Nap, Ducking Mammy, Last Man Standing, Heali Baboon and the</i>	12		
<i>Forky Theagues, Fickleeyes and Futilears, Handmarried but once in</i>	13		
<i>my Life and I'll never commit such a Sin agin, Zip Cooney Candy,</i>	14		
<i>Turkey in the Straw, This is the Way we sow the Seed of a long and</i>	15		
<i>lusty Morning, Hops of Fun at Miliken's Make, I seen the Tooth-</i>	16		
<i>brush with Pat Farrel, Here's the Fat to graze the Priest's Boots,</i>	17		
<i>When his Steam was like a Raimbrandt round Mac Garvey.</i>	18		
Now it is notoriously known how on that surprisingly bludgeony	19		
Unity Sunday when the grand germogall allstar bout was harrily	20		
the rage between our weltingtoms extraordinary and our petty-	21		
thicks the marshalaisy and Irish eyes of welcome were smiling	22		
daggers down their backs, when the roth, vice and blause met the	23		
noyr blank and rogues and the grim white and cold bet the black	24		
fighting tans, categorically unimperatived by the maxims, a rank	25		
funk getting the better of him, the scut in a bad fit of pyjamas	26		
fled like a leveret for his bare lives, to Talviland, ahone ahaza, pur-	27		
sued by the scented curses of all the village belles and, without	28		

having struck one blow, (pig stole on him was lust he lagging it	29		
was becaused dust he shook) kuskykorked himself up tight in	30		
his inkbattle house, badly the worse for boosegas, there to stay	31		
in afar for the life, where, as there was not a moment to be lost,	32		
after he had boxed around with his fortepiano till he was whole	33		
bach bamp him and bump him blues, he collapsed carefully under	34		
a bedtick from Schwitzer's, his face enveloped into a dead war-	35		
rior's telemac, with a lullobaw's somnbomnet and a whotwater-	36		
FW177			
wottle at his feet to stoke his energy of waiting, moaning feebly,	1		
in monkmarian monotheme, but tarned long and then a nation	2		
louder, while engaged in swallowing from a large ampullar, that	3		
his pawdry's purgatory was more than a nigger bloke could bear,	4		
hemiparalysed by the tong warfare and all the shemozzle, (<i>Daily</i>	5		
<i>Maily, fullup Lace! Holy Maly, Mothelup Joss!</i>) his cheeks and	6		
trousers changing colour every time a gat croaked.	7		
How is that for low, laities and gentlenuns? Why, dog of the	8		
Crostiguns, whole continents rang with this Kairokorrان low-	9		
ness! Sheols of houris in chems upon divans, (revolted stellas	10		
vespertine vesamong them) at a bare (O!) mention of the scaly	11		
rybald exclaimed: Poisse!	12		

But would anyone, short of a madhouse, believe it? Neither of	13		
those clean little cherubum, Nero or Nobookisonester himself,	14		
ever nursed such a spoiled opinion of his monstrous marvellosity	15		
as did this mental and moral defective (here perhaps at the	16		
vanessance of his lownest) who was known to grognt rather than	17		
gunnard upon one occasion, while drinking heavily of spirits to	18		
that interlocutor <i>a latere</i> and private privysuckatary he used to	19		
pal around with, in the kavehazs, one Davy Browne-Nowlan, his	20		
heavenlaid twin, (this hambone dogpoet pseudoed himself under	21		
the hangname he gave himself of Bethgelert) in the porchway of	22		
a gipsy's bar (Shem always blaspheming, so holy writ, Billy, he	23		
would try, old Belly, and pay this one manjack congregant of	24		
his four soups every lass of nexmouth, Bolly, so sure as thair's a	25		
tail on a commet, as a taste for storik's fortytooth, that is to	26		
stay, to listen out, ony twenny minnies moe, Bully, his Ballade	27		
Imaginaire which was to be dubbed <i>Wine, Woman and Water-</i>	28		
<i>clocks, or How a Guy Finks and Fawkes When He Is Going Batty,</i>	29		
by Maistre Sheames de la Plume, some most dreadful stuff in a	30		
murderous mirrorhand) that he was avoopf (parn me!) aware	31		
of no other shaggspick, other Shakhisbeard, either prexactly	32		
unlike his polar andthisishis or procisely the seem as woops	33		
(parn!) as what he fancied or guessed the sames as he was him-	34		
self and that, greet scoot, duckings and thuggery, though he was	35		

foxed fux to fux like a bunnyboy rodger with all the teashop	36		
FW178			
lionses of Lumdrum hivanhoesed up gagainst him, being a lapsis	1		
linquo with a ruvidubb shortartempa, bad cad dad fad sad mad	2		
nad vanhaty bear, the consciquenchers of casualty prepestered	3		
crusswords in postposition, scruff, scruffer, scrufferumurraimost	4		
andallthatsortofthing, if reams stood to reason and his lanka-	5		
livline lasted he would wipe alley english spooker, multapho-	6		
niaksically spuking, off the face of the erse.	7		
After the thorough fright he got that bloody, Swithun's day,	8		
though every doorpost in muchtried Lucalizod was smeared with	9		
generous erstborn gore and every free for all cobbleway slippery	10		
with the bloods of heroes, crying to Welkins for others, and	11		
noahs and cul verts agush with tears of joy, our low waster never	12		
had the common baalamb's pluck to stir out and about the com-	13		
pound while everyone else of the torchlit throng, slashers and	14		
sliced alike, mobbu on massa, waaded and baaded around, yamp-	15		
yam pampyam, chanting the Gillooly chorus, from the Monster	16		
Book of Paltryattic Puetrie, <i>O pura e pia bella!</i> in junk et sampam	17		
or in secular sinkalarum, heads up, on his bonafide avocation (the	18		
little folk creeping on all fours to their natural school treat but	19		

childishly gleeful when a stray whizzer sang out intermediately)	20		
and happy belongs to the fairer sex on their usual quest for	21		
higher things, but vying with Lady Smythe to avenge Mac-	22		
Jobber, went stonestepping with their bickerrstaffs on educated	23		
feet, plinkity plonk, across the sevenspan ponte <i>dei colori</i> set up	24		
over the slop after the war-to-end war by Messrs a charitable	25		
government for the only once (<i>dia dose Finnados!</i>) he did take	26		
a tompip peepestrella throug a threedraw eighteen hawkspower	27		
durdicky telescope, luminous to larbourd only like the lamps in	28		
Nassaustrass, out of his westernmost keyhole, spitting at the	29		
impenetrablum wetter, (and it was porcoghastly that outumn) with	30		
an eachway hope in his shivering soul, as he prayed to the cloud	31		
Incertitude, of finding out for himself, on akkout of all the	32		
kules in Kroukaparka or oving to all the kodseoggs in Kalatavala,	33		
whether true conciliation was forging ahead or falling back after	34		
the celestious intemperance and, for Duvvelsache, why, with his	35		
see me see and his my see a corves and his frokerfoskerfuskar	36		
FW179			
layen loves in meeingseeing, he got the charm of his optical	1		
life when he found himself (<i>hic sunt lennonnes!</i>) at pointblank	2		
range blinking down the barrel of an irregular revolver of	3		

the bulldog with a purpose pattern, handled by an unknown	4		
quarreler who, supposedly, had been told off to shade and	5		
shoot shy Shem should the shit show his shiny shnout out	6		
awhile to look facts in their face before being hosed and creased	7		
(uprip and jack him!) by six or a dozen of the gayboys.	8		
What, para Saom Plaom, in the names of Deucalion and	9		
Pyrrha, and the incensed privy and the licensed pantry gods	10		
and Stator and Victor and Kutt and Runn and the whole mesa	11		
redonda of Lorencao Otulass in convocacaon, was this dis-	12		
interestingly low human type, this Calumnious Column of	13		
Cloaxity, this Bengalese Beacon of Biloxity, this Annamite Aper	14		
of Atroxity, really at, it will be precise to quarify, for he seems	15		
in a badbad case?	16		
The answer, to do all the diddies in one dedal, would sound:	17		
from pulling himself on his most flavoured canal the huge chest-	18		
house of his elders (the <i>Popapreta</i> , and some navico, navvies!)	19		
he had flickered up and flinnered down into a drug and drunkery	20		
addict, growing megalomane of a loose past. This explains the	21		
litany of septuncial lettertrumpets honorific, highpitched, erudite,	22		
neoclassical, which he so loved as patricianly to manuscibe after	23		
his name. It would have diverted, if ever seen, the shuddersome	24		
spectacle of this semidemented zany amid the inspissated grime	25		
of his glaucous den making believe to read his usylesly unread-	26		

able Blue Book of Eccles, <i>édition de ténèbres</i> , (even yet sighs the	27		
Most Different, Dr. Poindejenk, authorised bowdler and censor,	28		
it can't be repeated!) turning over three sheets at a wind, telling	29		
himself delightedly, no espellor mor so, that every splurge on the	30		
vellum he blundered over was an aisling vision more gorgeous	31		
than the one before t.i.t.s., a roseschelle cottage by the sea for	32		
nothing for ever, a ladies tryon hosiery raffle at liberty, a sewer-	33		
ful of guineagold wine with brancomongepadenopie and sick-	34		
cylinder oysters worth a billion a bite, an entire operahouse	35		
(there was to be stamping room only in the prompter's box and	36		
FW180			
everthemore his queque kept swelling) of enthusiastic noble-	1		
women flinging every coronetcrimsoned stitch they had off at	2		
his probscenium, one after the others, inamagoated into ajustil-	3		
loosing themselves, in their gaiety pantheomime, when, egad, sir,	4		
acordant to all acountstrick, he squealed the topsquall im <i>Deal</i>	5		
<i>Lil Shemlockup Yellin</i> (geewhiz, jew ear that far! soap ewer!	6		
loutgout of sabaous! juice like a boyd!) for fully five minutes, in-	7		
finitely better than Baraton Mc Gluckin with a scrumptious cocked	8		
hat and three green, cheese and tangerine trinity plumes on the	9		
right handle side of his amarellous head, a coat macfarlane (the	10		

kerssest cut, you understand?) a sponiard's digger at his ribs,	11		
(Alfaiate punxit) an azulblu blowsheet for his blousebosom	12		
blossom and a dean's crozier that he won from Cardinal Lin-	13		
dundarri and Cardinal Carchingarri and Cardinal Lorientuli and	14		
Cardinal Occidentaccia (ah ho!) in the dearby darby doubled for	15		
falling first over the hurdles, madam, in the odder hand, a.a.t.s.o.t.,	16		
but what with the murky light, the botchy print, the tattered	17		
cover, the jigjagged page, the fumbling fingers, the foxtrotting	18		
fleas, the lieabed lice, the scum on his tongue, the drop in his	19		
eye, the lump in his throat, the drink in his pottle, the itch in his	20		
palm, the wail of his wind, the grief from his breath, the fog of	21		
his mindfag, the buzz in his braintree, the tic of his conscience,	22		
the height up his rage, the gush down his fundament, the fire	23		
in his gorge, the tickle of his tail, the bane in his bullugs, the	24		
squince in his suil, the rot in his eater, the ycho in his earer,	25		
the totters of his toes, the tetterers on his tumtytum, the rats in his	26		
garret, the bats in his belfry, the budgerigars and bumbosolom	27		
beaubirds, the hullabaloo and the dust in his ears since it took him	28		
a month to steal a march he was hardset to mumorise more than	29		
a word a week. Hake's haulin! Hook's fisk! Can you beat it?	30		
Whawe! I say, can you bait it? Was there ever heard of such	31		
lowdown blackguardism? Positively it woolies one to think	32		
over it.	33		

Yet the bumpersprinkler used to boast aloud alone to himself	34		
with a haccent on it when Mynfadher was a boer constructor and	35		
Hoy was a lexical student, parole, and corrected with the black-	36		
FW181			
board (trying to copy the stage Englesemen he broughts their	1		
house down on, shouting: Bravure, surr Chorles! Letter purfect!	2		
Culossal, Loose Wallor! Spache!) how he had been toed out of	3		
all the schicker families of the klondykers from Pioupioureich,	4		
Swabspays, the land of Nod, Shruggers' Country, Pension	5		
Danubierhome and Barbaropolis, who had settled and stratified	6		
in the capital city after its hebdomodary metropoliarchialisation	7		
as sunblistered, moonplastered, gory, wheedling, joviale, litche-	8		
rous and full, ordered off the gorgeous premises in most cases on	9		
account of his smell which all cookmaids eminently objected to	10		
as ressembling the bombinubble puzzo that welled out of the	11		
pozzo. Instead of chuthoring those model households plain	12		
wholesome pothooks (a thing he never possessed of his Nigerian	13		
own) what do you think Vulgariano did but study with stolen	14		
fruit how cutely to copy all their various styles of signature so as	15		
one day to utter an epical forged cheque on the public for his own	16		
private profit until, as just related, the Dustbin's United Scullery-	17		

maid's and Househelp's Sorority, better known as Sluttery's	18		
Mowlted Futt, turned him down and assisted nature by unitedly	19		
shoeing the source of annoyance out of the place altogether and	20		
taytotally on the heat of the moment, holding one another's	21		
gonk (for no-one, hound or scrublady, not even the Turk, un-	22		
greekable in purscent of the armenable, dared whiff the polecat	23		
at close range) and making some pointpointing remarks as they	24		
done so at the perfects of the Sniffey, your honour, aboon the	25		
lyow why a stunk, mister.	26		
[Jjymes wishes to hear from wearers of abandoned female cos-	27		
tumes, gratefully received, wadmel jumper, rather full pair of	28		
culottes and onthergarmenteries, to start city life together. His	29		
jymes is out of job, would sit and write. He has lately committed	30		
one of the then commandments but she will now assist. Superior	31		
built, domestic, regular layer. Also got the boot. He appreciates	32		
it. Copies. ABORTISEMENT.]	33		
One cannot even begin to post figure out a statuesquo ante	34		
as to how slow in reality the excommunicated Drumcondriac,	35		
nate Hamis, really was. Who can say how many pseudostylic	36		
FW182			
shamiana, how few or how many of the most venerated public	1		

impostures, how very many piously forged palimpsests slipped	2		
in the first place by this morbid process from his pelagiarist pen?	3		
Be that as it may, but for that light phantastic of his gnose's	4		
glow as it slid lucifericiously within an inch of its page (he would	5		
touch at its from time to other, the red eye of his fear in	6		
saddishness, to ensign the colours by the beerlitz in his mathness	7		
and his educandees to outhue to themselves in the cries of girl-	8		
glee: gember! inkware! chonchambre! cinsero! zinnzabar! tinc-	9		
ture and gin!) Nibs never would have quilled a seriph to	10		
sheepskin. By that rosy lampoon's effluvious burning and with	11		
help of the simulchronic flush in his pann (a ghinee a ghirk he	12		
ghets there!) he scrabbled and scratched and scriobbled and	13		
skrevened nameless shamelessness about everybody ever he met,	14		
even sharing a precipitation under the idlish tarriers' umbrella	15		
of a showerproof wall, while all over up and down the four	16		
margins of this rancid Shem stuff the evilsmeller (who was	17		
devoted to Uldfadar Sardanapalus) used to stipple endlessly	18		
inartistic portraits of himself in the act of reciting old	19		
Nichiabelli's monolook interyerear <i>Hanno, o Nonanno, acce'l</i>	20		
<i>brubblem'm'as</i> , ser Autore, q.e.d., a heartbreakingly handsome	21		
young paolo with love lyrics for the goyls in his eyols, a plain-	22		
tiff's tanner vuice, a jucal inkome of one hundred and thirtytwo	23		
dranchmas per yard from Broken Hill stranded estate, Came-	24		

breech mannings, cutting a great dash in a brandnew two guinea	25		
dress suit and a burlud hogsford hired for a Fursday evenin	26		
merry pawty, anna loavely long pair of inky Italian moostarshes	27		
glistering with boric vaseline and frangipani. Puh! How un-	28		
whisperably so!	29		
The house O'Shea or O'Shame, <i>Quivapieno</i> , known as the	30		
Haunted Inkbottle, no number Brimstone Walk, Asia in Ireland,	31		
as it was infested with the raps, with his penname SHUT sepia-	32		
scraped on the doorplate and a blind of black sailcloth over its	33		
wan phwinshogue, in which the soulcontracted son of the secret	34		
cell groped through life at the expense of the taxpayers, dejected	35		
into day and night with jesuit bark and bitter bite, calico-	36		
FW183			
hydrants of zolfor and scoppialamina by full and forty Queasi-	1		
sanos, every day in everyone's way more exceeding in violent	2		
abuse of self and others, was the worst, it is hoped, even in our	3		
western playboyish world for pure mousefarm filth. You brag	4		
of your brass castle or your tyled house in ballyfermont? Niggs,	5		
niggs and niggs again. For this was a stinksome inkenstink, quite	6		
puzzonal to the wrottel. Smatterafact, Angles aftanon browsing	7		
there thought not Edam reeked more rare. My wud! The warped	8		

flooring of the lair and soundconducting walls thereof, to say	9		
nothing of the uprights and imposts, were persianly literatured	10		
with burst loveletters, telltale stories, stickyback snaps, doubtful	11		
eggshells, bouchers, flints, borers, puffers, amygdaloid almonds,	12		
rindless raisins, alphybettyformed verbage, vivlical viasses, om-	13		
piter dictas, visus umbique, ahems and ahahs, imeffible tries at	14		
speech unasyllabled, you owe mes, eyoldhymns, fluefoul smut,	15		
fallen lucifers, vestas which had served, showered ornaments,	16		
borrowed brogues, reversibles jackets, blackeye lenses, family	17		
jars, falsehair shirts, Godforsaken scapulars, neverworn breeches,	18		
cutthroat ties, counterfeit franks, best intentions, curried notes,	19		
upset latten tintacks, unused mill and stumpling stones, twisted	20		
quills, painful digests, magnifying wineglasses, solid objects cast	21		
at goblins, once current puns, quashed quotatoes, messes of mot-	22		
tage, unquestionable issue papers, seedy ejaculations, limerick	23		
damns, crocodile tears, spilt ink, blasphematory spits, stale shest-	24		
nuts, schoolgirl's, young ladies', milkmaids', washerwomen's,	25		
shopkeepers' wives, merry widows', ex nuns', vice abbess's, pro	26		
virgins', super whores', silent sisters', Charleys' aunts', grand-	27		
mothers', mothers'-in-laws', fostermothers', godmothers' garters,	28		
tress clippings from right, lift and cintrum, worms of snot,	29		
toothsome pickings, cans of Swiss condensed bilk, highbrow	30		
lotions, kisses from the antipodes, presents from pickpockets,	31		

borrowed plumes, relaxable handgrips, princess promises, lees of	32		
whine, deoxodised carbons, convertible collars, diviliouker	33		
doffers, broken wafers, unloosed shoe latches, crooked strait	34		
waistcoats, fresh horrors from Hades, globules of mercury,	35		
undeleted glete, glass eyes for an eye, gloss teeth for a tooth,	36		
FW184			
war moans, special sighs, longsufferings of longstanding, ahs ohs	1		
ouis sis jas jos gias neys thaws sos, yeses and yeses and yeses, to	2		
which, if one has the stomach to add the breakages, upheavals	3		
distortions, inversions of all this chambermade music one stands,	4		
given a grain of goodwill, a fair chance of actually seeing the	5		
whirling dervish, Tumult, son of Thunder, self exiled in upon	6		
his ego, a nightlong a shaking betwixtween white or reddr haw-	7		
rors, noondayterrorised to skin and bone by an ineluctable phan-	8		
tom (may the Shaper have mercery on him!) writing the mystery	9		
of himsel in furniture.	10		
Of course our low hero was a self valeter by choice of need so	11		
up he got up whatever is meant by a stourbridge clay kitchen-	12		
ette and lithargogalenu fowlhouse for the sake of akes (the	13		
umpple does not fall very far from the dumpertree) which the	14		
moromelodious jigsmith, in defiance of the Uncontrollable Birth	15		

Preservativation (Game and Poultry) Act, playing lallaryrook	16			
cookerynook, by the dodginess of his lenter, brooled and cocked	17			
and potched in an athanor, whites and yolks and yilks and whotes	18			
to the frulling fredonnance of <i>Mas blanca que la blanca hermana</i>	19			
and <i>Amarilla, muy bien</i> , with cinnamon and locusts and wild bees-	20			
wax and liquorice and Carrageen moss and blaster of Barry's and	21			
Asther's mess and Huster's micture and Yellownan's embrocatation	22			
and Pinkington's patty and stardust and sinner's tears, acuredent	23			
to Sharadan's <i>Art of Panning</i> , chanting, for all regale to the like	24			
of the legs he left behind with Litty fun Letty fan Leven, his	25			
cantraps of fermented words, abracadabra calubra culorum, (his	26			
oewfs à la Madame Gabrielle de l'Eglise, his avgs à la Mistress	27			
B. de B. Meinfelde, his eiers Usquadmala à la pomme de ciel,	28			
his uoves, oves and uves à la Sulphate de Soude, his ochiuri	29			
sowtay sowmmonay à la Monseigneur, his soufflosion of oogs	30			
with somekat on toyast à la Mère Puard, his Poggadovies alla	31			
Fenella, his Frideggs à la Tricarême) in what was meant for a	32			
closet (Ah ho! If only he had listened better to the four masters	33			
that infanted him Father Mathew and Le Père Noble and Pastor	34			
Lucas and Padre Aguilar — not forgetting Layteacher Baudwin!	35			
Ah ho!) His costive Satan's antimonian manganese limolitmiuous	36			
FW185				

nature never needed such an alcove so, when Robber and Mum-	1		
sell, the pulpic dictators, on the nudgment of their legal advisers,	2		
Messrs Codex and Podex, and under his own benefiction of their	3		
pastor Father Flammeus Falconer, boycotted him of all mutton-	4		
suet candles and romeruled stationery for any purpose, he winged	5		
away on a wildgoup's chase across the kathartic ocean and made	6		
synthetic ink and sensitive paper for his own end out of his wit's	7		
waste. You ask, in Sam Hill, how? Let manner and matter of this	8		
for these our sporting times be cloaked up in the language of	9		
blushfed porporates that an Anglican ordinal, not reading his	10		
own rude dunsky tunga, may ever behold the brand of scarlet	11		
on the brow of her of Babylon and feel not the pink one in his	12		
own damned cheek.	13		
<i>Primum opifex, altus prosator, ad terram viviparam et cuncti-</i>	14		
<i>potentem sine ullo pudore nec venia, suscepto pluviali atque discinctis</i>	15		
<i>perizomatis, natibus nudis uti nati fuissent, sese adpropinquans,</i>	16		
<i>flens et gemens, in manum suam evacuavit (highly prosy, crap in his</i>	17		
<i>hand, sorry!), postea, animale nigro exoneratus, classicum pulsans,</i>	18		
<i>stercus proprium, quod appellavit deiectiones suas, in vas olim</i>	19		
<i>honorabile tristitiae posuit, eodem sub invocatione fratrorum gemino-</i>	20		
<i>rum Medardi et Godardi laete ac melliflue minxit, psalmum qui</i>	21		
<i>incipit: Lingua mea calamus scribae velociter scribentis: magna voce</i>	22		

<i>cantitans</i> (did a piss, says he was dejected, asks to be exonerated),	23		
<i>demum ex stercore turpi cum divi Orionis iucunditate mixto, cocto,</i>	24		
<i>frigorique exposito, encaustum sibi fecit indelibile</i> (faked O’Ryan’s,	25		
the indelible ink).	26		
Then, pious Eneas, conformant to the fulminant firman which	27		
enjoins on the tremylose terrian that, when the call comes, he	28		
shall produce nichthemericallly from his unheavenly body a no	29		
uncertain quantity of obscene matter not protected by copirright	30		
in the United Stars of Ourania or bedeed and bedood and bedang	31		
and bedung to him, with this double dye, brought to blood heat,	32		
gallic acid on iron ore, through the bowels of his misery, flashly,	33		
faithly, nastily, appropriately, this Esuan Menschavik and the first	34		
till last alshemist wrote over every square inch of the only fools-	35		
cap available, his own body, till by its corrosive sublimation one	36		
FW186			
continuous present tense integument slowly unfolded all marry-	1		
voising moodmoulded cyclewheeling history (thereby, he said,	2		
reflecting from his own individual person life unlivable, trans-	3		
accidentated through the slow fires of consciousness into a divi-	4		
dual chaos, perilous, potent, common to allflesh, human only,	5		
mortal) but with each word that would not pass away the squid-	6		

self which he had squirtscreened from the crystalline world	7		
waned chagreenold and doriangrayer in its dudhud. This exists	8		
that isits after having been said we know. And dabal take dab-	9		
nal! And the dal dabal dab aldanabal! So perhaps, agglaggagglo-	10		
meratively asaspensing, after all and arklast fore arklyst on his	11		
last public misappearance, circling the square, for the deathfête	12		
of Saint Ignaceous Poisonivy, of the Fickle Crowd (hopon the	13		
s sixth day of Hogsober, killim our king, layum low!) and brandish-	14		
ing his bellbearing stylo, the shining keyman of the wilds of	15		
change, if what is sauce for the zassy is souse for the zazimas, the	16		
blond cop who thought it was ink was out of his depth but	17		
bright in the main.	18		
Petty constable Sistersen of the Kruis-Kroon-Kraal it was, the	19		
parochial watch, big the dog the dig the bog the bagger the	20		
dugger the begadag degabug, who had been detailed from pollute	21		
stoties to save him, this the quemquem, that the quum, from the	22		
ligatureliablous effects of foul clay in little clots and mobmauling	23		
on looks, that wrongcountered the tenderfoot an eveling near	24		
the livingsmeansuniumgetherum, Knockmaree, Comty Mea, reel-	25		
ing more to the right than he lurched to the left, on his way from	26		
a protoprostitute (he would always have a (stp!) little pigeoness	27		
somewhure with his arch girl, Arcoiris, smockname of Mergyt)	28		
just as he was butting in rand the coyner of bad times under a	29		

hideful between the rival doors of warm bethels of worship	30		
through his boardelhouse fongster, greeting for grazious oras	31		
as usual: Where ladies have they that a dog meansort herring?	32		
Sergo, search me, the incapable reparteed with a selfevitant	33		
subtlety so obviously spurious and, raising his hair, after the	34		
grace, with the christmas under his clutcharm, for Portsymasser	35		
and Purtsymessus and Pertsymiss and Partsymasters, like a prance	36		
FW187			
of findingos, with a shillto shallto slipny stripny, in he skittled.	1		
Swikey! The allwhite poors guardiant, pulpably of balltossic	2		
stummung, was literally astundished over the painful sake, how	3		
he burstteself, which he was gone to, where he intent to did he,	4		
whether you think will, wherend the whole current of the after-	5		
noon whats the souch of a surch hads of hits of hims, urged and	6		
staggered thereto in his countryports at the caledosian capacity	7		
for Lieutuvisky of the caftan's wineskin and even more so,	8		
during, looking his bigmost astonishments, it was said him,	9		
aschu, fun the concerned outgift of the dead med dirt, how that,	10		
arrahbejibbers, conspuent to the dominical order and exking	11		
noblish permish, he was namely coon at bringer at home two	12		
gallonts, as per royal, full poultry till his murder. Nip up and	13		

nab it!	14		
Polthergeistkotchdondherhoploits! Kick? What mother? Whose	15		
porter? Which pair? Why namely coon? But our undilligence has	16		
been plutherotested so enough of such porterblack lowness, too	17		
base for printink! Perpending that Putterick O'Purcell pulls the	18		
coald stoane out of Winterwater's and Silder Seas sing for Harreng	19		
our Keng, sept okt nov dez John Phibbs march! We cannot, in	20		
mercy or justice nor on the lovom for labaryntos, stay here for	21		
the residence of our existings, discussing Tamstar Ham of Ten-	22		
man's thirst.	23		
JUSTIUS (to himother): Brawn is my name and broad is my	24		
nature and I've breit on my brow and all's right with every fea-	25		
ture and I'll brune this bird or Brown Bess's bung's gone bandy.	26		
I'm the boy to bruise and braise. Baus!	27		
Stand forth, Nayman of Noland (for no longer will I follow	28		
you obliquelike through the inspired form of the third person	29		
singular and the moods and hesitensies of the deponent but ad-	30		
dress myself to you, with the empirative of my vendettative, pro-	31		
vocative and out direct), stand forth, come boldly, jolly me,	32		
move me, zwillling though I am, to laughter in your true colours	33		
ere you be back for ever till I give you your talkingto! Shem	34		
Macadamson, you know me and I know you and all your she-	35		
meries. Where have you been in the uterim, enjoying yourself	36		

FW188			
all the morning since your last wetbed confession? I advise you	1		
to conceal yourself, my little friend, as I have said a moment	2		
ago and put your hands in my hands and have a nightlong	3		
homely little confiteor about things. Let me see. It is looking	4		
pretty black against you, we suggest, Sheem avick. You will	5		
need all the elements in the river to clean you over it all and a	6		
fortifine popespriestpower bull of attender to booth.	7		
Let us pry. We thought, would and did. <i>Cur, quicquid, ubi,</i>	8		
<i>quando, quomodo, quoties, quibus auxiliis?</i> You were bred, fed,	9		
fostered and fattened from holy childhood up in this two easter	10		
island on the piejaw of hilarious heaven and roaring the other	11		
place (plunders to night of you, blunders what's left of you, flash	12		
as flash can!) and now, forsooth, a nogger among the blankards	13		
of this dastard century, you have become of twosome twiminds	14		
forenenst gods, hidden and discovered, nay, condemned fool,	15		
anarch, egoarch, hiresiarch, you have reared your disunited king-	16		
dom on the vacuum of your own most intensely doubtful soul.	17		
Do you hold yourself then for some god in the manger, Sheho-	18		
hem, that you will neither serve not let serve, pray nor let pray?	19		
And here, pay the piety, must I too nerve myself to pray for the	20		

loss of selfrespect to equip me for the horrible necessity of scan-	21		
dalising (my dear sisters, are you ready?) by sloughing off my	22		
hope and tremors while we all swin together in the pool of So-	23		
dom? I shall shiver for my purity while they will weepbig for	24		
your sins. Away with covered words, new Solemonities for old	25		
Badsheetbaths! That inharmonious detail, did you name it? Cold	26		
caldor! Gee! Victory! Now, opprobrio of underslung pipes,	27		
johnjacobs, while yet an adolescent (what do I say?), while	28		
still puerile in your tubsuit with buttonlegs, you got a hand-	29		
some present of a selffraising syringe and twin feeders (you know,	30		
Monsieur Abgott, in your art of arts, to your cost as well as I do	31		
(and don't try to hide it) the penals lots I am now poking at) and	32		
the wheeze sort of was you should (if you were as bould a stroke	33		
now as the curate that christened you, sonny douth-the-candle!)	34		
repopulate the land of your birth and count up your progeny by	35		
the hungered head and the angered thousand but you thwarted	36		
FW189			
the wious pish of your cogodparents, soph, among countless	1		
occasions of failing (for, said you, I will elenchate), adding to the	2		
malice of your transgression, yes, and changing its nature, (you	3		
see I have read your theology for you) alternating the morosity	4		

of my delectations — a philtred love, trysting by tantrums,	5		
small peace in ppenmark — with sensibility, sponsibility, passi-	6		
bility and prostability, your lubbock's other fear pleasures of a	7		
butler's life, even extruding your strabismal apologia, when	8		
legibly depressed, upon defenceless paper and thereby adding to	9		
the already unhappiness of this our popeyed world, scribbulative!	10		
— all that too with cantreds of countless catchaleens, the man-	11		
nish as many as the minneful, congested around and about you	12		
for acres and roods and poles or perches, thick as the fluctuant	13		
sands of Chalwador, accomplished women, indeed fully edu-	14		
canded, far from being old and rich behind their dream of arri-	15		
visme, if they have only their honour left, and not deterred by bad	16		
weather when consumed by amorous passion, struggling to pos-	17		
sess themselves of your boosh, one son of Sorge for all daughters	18		
of Anguish, <i>solus cum sola sive cuncties cum omnibobs</i> (I'd have	19		
been the best man for you, myself), mutely aying for hat natural	20		
knot, debituary vases or vessels preposterous, for what would	21		
not have cost you ten bolivars of collarwork or the price of one	22		
ping pang, just a lilt, let us trillt, of the oldest song in the wooded	23		
woodworld, (two-we! to-one!), accompanied by a plain gold	24		
band! Hail! Hail! Highbosomheaving Missmisstress Morna of	25		
the allsweetheartening bridemuredemeanour! Her eye's so glad-	26		
some we'll all take shares in the — groom!	27		

Sniffer of carrion, premature gravedigger, seeker of the nest	28		
of evil in the bosom of a good word, you, who sleep at our vigil	29		
and fast for our feast, you with your dislocated reason, have	30		
cutely foretold, a jophet in your own absence, by blind poring	31		
upon your many scalds and burns and blisters, impetiginous sore	32		
and pustules, by the auspices of that raven cloud, your shade, and	33		
by the auguries of rooks in parliament, death with every disaster,	34		
the dynamitisation of colleagues, the reducing of records to	35		
ashes, the levelling of all customs by blazes, the return of a lot	36		
FW190			
of sweettempered gunpowdered didst unto dudst but it never	1		
stphruck your mudhead's obtundity (O hell, here comes our	2		
funeral! O pest, I'll miss the post!) that the more carrots you	3		
chop, the more turnips you slit, the more murphies you peel, the	4		
more onions you cry over, the more bullbeef you butch, the	5		
more mutton you crackerhack, the more potherbs you pound,	6		
the fiercer the fire and the longer your spoon and the harder you	7		
gruel with more grease to your elbow the merrier fumes your	8		
new Irish stew.	9		
O, by the way, yes, another thing occurs to me. You let me tell	10		
you, with the utmost politeness, were very ordinarily designed,	11		

your birthwrong was, to fall in with Plan, as our nationals	12		
should, as all nationists must, and do a certain office (what, I will	13		
not tell you) in a certain holy office (nor will I say where) during	14		
certain agonising office hours (a clerical party all to yourself) from	15		
such a year to such an hour on such and such a date at so and	16		
so much a week <i>pro anno</i> (Guinness's, may I remind, were just	17		
agulp for you, failing in which you might have taken the scales off	18		
boilers like any boskop of Yorek) and do your little thruppenny	19		
bit and thus earn from the nation true thanks, right here in our	20		
place of burden, your bourne of travail and ville of tares, where	21		
after a divine's prodigence you drew the first watergasp in your	22		
life, from the crib where you once was bit to the crypt you'll	23		
be twice as shy of, same as we, long of us, alone with the colt	24		
in the curner, where you were as popular as an armenial with	25		
the faithful, and you set fire to my tailcoat when I hold the	26		
paraffin smoker under yours (I hope that chimney's clear) but,	27		
slackly shirking both your bullet and your billet, you beat it	28		
backwards like Boulanger from Galway (but he combed the grass	29		
against his stride) to sing us a song of alibi, (the cuthone call over	30		
the greybounding slowrolling amplyheaving metamorphoseous	31		
that oozy rocks parapangle their preposters with) nomad, mooner	32		
by lamplight, antinos, shemming amid everyone's repressed	33		
laughter to conceal your scatchophily by mating, like a thorough-	34		

paste prosodite, masculine monosyllables of the same numerical	35		
mus, an Irish emigrant the wrong way out, sitting on your crooked	36		
FW191			
sixpenny stile, an unfrillfrocked quackfriar, you (will you for	1		
the laugh of Scheekspair just help mine with the epithet?) semi-	2		
semitic serendipitist, you (thanks, I think that describes you)	3		
Europasianised Afferyank!	4		
Shall we follow each others a steplonger, drowner of daggers,	5		
whiles our liege, tilyet a stranger in the frontyard of his happi-	6		
ness, is taking, (heal helper! one gob, one gap, one gulp and	7		
gorger of all!) his refreshment?	8		
There grew up beside you, amid our orisons of the speediest	9		
in Novena Lodge, Novara Avenue, in Patripodium-am-Bummel,	10		
oaf, outofwork, one remove from an unwashed savage, on his	11		
keeping and in yours, (I pose you know why possum hides is	12		
cause he haint the nogumtreeumption) that other, Immaculatus,	13		
from head to foot, sir, that pure one, Altrues of other times,	14		
he who was well known to celestine circles before he sped	15		
aloft, our handsome young spiritual physician that was to be,	16		
seducing every sense to selfwilling celebesty, the most winning	17		
counterfeuille on our incomeshare lotetree, a chum of the	18		

angelets, a youth those reporters so pettily wanted as game-	19		
fellow that they asked his mother for ittle earps brupper to	20		
let him tome to Tindertarten, pease, and bing his scooter	21		
'long and 'tend they were all real brothers in the big justright	22		
home where Dodd lives, just to teddyfy the life out of him	23		
and pat and pass him one with other like musk from hand to	24		
hand, that mothersmothered model, that goodlooker with not	25		
a flaw whose spiritual toilettes were the talk of half the town, for	26		
sunset wear and nightfallen use and daybroken donning and	27		
nooncheon showing and the very thing for teasetime, but him	28		
you laid low with one hand one fine May morning in the Meddle	29		
of your Might, your bosom foe, because he mussed your speller	30		
on you or because he cut a pretty figure in the focus of your	31		
frontispecs (not one did you slay, no, but a continent!) to find	32		
out how his innards worked!	33		
Ever read of that greatgrand landfather of our visionbuilders,	34		
Baaboo, the bourgeoismeister, who thought to touch both him-	35		
mels at the punt of his risen stiffstaff and how wishywashy sank	36		
FW192			
the waters of his thought? Ever thought of that hereticalist Marcon	1		
and the two scissymaidies and how bulkily he shat the Ructions	2		

gunorrhah? Ever hear of that foxy, that lupox and that monkax	3		
and the virgin heir of the Morrisons, eh, blethering ape?	4		
Malingerer in luxury, collector general, what has Your Low-	5		
ness done in the mealtime with all the hamilkcars of cooked	6		
vegetables, the hatfuls of stewed fruit, the suitcases of coddled	7		
ales, the Parish funds, me schamer, man, that you kittycoaxed so	8		
flexibly out of charitable butteries by yowling heavy with a	9		
hollow voice drop of your horrible awful poverty of mind so as	10		
you couldn't even pledge a crown of Thorne's to pawn a coat	11		
off Trevi's and as how you was bad no end, so you was, so whelp	12		
you Sinner Pitre and Sinner Poule, with the chicken's gape and	13		
<i>pas mal de siècle</i> , which, by the by, Reynaldo, is the ordinary	14		
emetic French for grenadier's drip. To let you have your plank	15		
and your bonewash (O the hastroubles you lost!), to give you	16		
your pound of platinum and a thousand thongs a year (O, you	17		
were excruciated, in honour bound to the cross of your own	18		
cruelfiction!) to let you have your Sarday spree and holineight sleep	19		
(fame would come to you twixt a sleep and a wake) and leave to	20		
lie till Paraskivee and the cockcock crows for Danmark. (O	21		
Jonathan, your estomach!) The simian has no sentiment secre-	22		
tions but weep cataracts for all me, Pain the Shamman! Oft in	23		
the smelly night will they wallow for a clutch of the famished	24		
hand, I say, them bearded jezabelles you hired to rob you, while	25		

on your sodden straw impolitely you encored (Airish and naw-	26		
boggaleesh!) those hornmade ivory dreams you reved of the	27		
Ruth you called your companionate, a beauty from the bible, of	28		
the flushpots of Euston and the hanging garments of Maryle-	29		
bone. But the dormer moonshee smiled selene and the light-	30		
throwers knickered: who's whinging we? Comport yourself,	31		
you inconsistency! Where is that little alimony nestegg against	32		
our predictable rainy day? Is it not the fact (gainsay me, cake-	33		
eater!) that, while whistlewhirling your crazy elegies around	34		
Templetombmount joyntstone, (let him pass, pleasegood-	35		
jesusalem, in a bundle of straw, he was balbettised after hay-	36		
FW193			
making) you squandered among underlings the overload of	1		
your extravagance and made a hottentot of dulpeners crawsick	2		
with your crumbs? Am I not right? Yes? Yes? Yes? Holy wax	3		
and holifer! Don't tell me, Leon of the fold, that you are not a	4		
loanshark! Look up, old sooty, be advised by mux and take your	5		
medicine. The Good Doctor mulled it. Mix it twice before re-	6		
pastures and powder three times a day. It does marvels for your	7		
gripins and it's fine for the solitary worm.	8		
Let me finish! Just a little judas tonic, my ghem of all jokes, to	9		

make you go green in the gazer. Do you hear what I'm seeing,	10		
hammet? And remember that golden silence gives consent, Mr	11		
Anklegazer! Cease to be civil, learn to say nay! Whisht! Come	12		
here, Herr Studiosus, till I tell you a wig in your ear. We'll do a	13		
whisper drive, for if the barishnyas got a twitter of it they'd tell	14		
the housetops and then all Cadbury would go crackers. Look!	15		
Do you see your dial in the rockingglass? Look well! Bend down	16		
a stigmy till I! It's secret! Iggri, I say, the booseleers! I had it	17		
from Lamppost Shawe. And he had it from the Mullah. And Mull	18		
took it from a Bluecoat schooler. And Gay Socks jot it from	19		
Potapheu's wife. And Rantipoll tipped the wink from old Mrs	20		
Tinbullet. And as for she was confussed by pro-Brother Thaco-	21		
licus. And the good brother feels he would need to defecate	22		
you. And the Flimsy Follettes are simply beside each other.	23		
And Kelly, Kenny and Keogh are up up and in arms. That a	24		
cross may crush me if I refuse to believe in it. That I may rock	25		
anchor through the ages if I hope it's not true. That the host	26		
may choke me if I beneighbour you without my charity! Sh!	27		
Shem, you are. Sh! You are mad!	28		
He points the deathbone and the quick are still. <i>Insomnia,</i>	29		
<i>somnia somniorum. Awmaawm.</i>	30		
MERCIUS (of hisself): <i>Domine vopiscus!</i> My fault, his fault,	31		
a kingship through a fault! Pariah, cannibal Cain, I who oathily	32		

forswore the womb that bore you and the paps I sometimes	33		
sucked, you who ever since have been one black mass of jigs and	34		
jimjams, haunted by a convulsionary sense of not having been	35		
or being all that I might have been or you meant to becoming,	36		
FW194			
bewailing like a man that innocence which I could not defend	1		
like a woman, lo, you there, Cathmon-Carbery, and thank Movies	2		
from the innermost depths of my still attrite heart, Wherein	3		
the days of youyouth are evermixed mimine, now ere the comp-	4		
line hour of being alone athands itself and a puff or so before	5		
we yield our spiritus to the wind, for (though that royal one	6		
has not yet drunk a gouttelette from his consummation and the	7		
flowerpot on the pole, the spaniel pack and their quarry, retainers	8		
and the public house proprietor have not budged a millimetre	9		
and all that has been done has yet to be done and done again,	10		
when's day's woe, and lo, you're doomed, joyday dawns and,	11		
la, you dominate) it is to you, firstborn and firstfruit of woe, to	12		
me, branded sheep, pick of the wasterpaperbasket, by the	13		
tremours of Thundery and Ulerin's dogstar, you alone, wind-	14		
blasted tree of the knowledge of beautiful andevil, ay, clothed	15		
upon with the metuor and shimmering like the hoescens, astro-	16		

glodynamonologos, the child of Nilfit's father, blzb, to me	17		
unseen blusher in an obscene coalhole, the cubilimum of your	18		
secret sigh, dweller in the downandoutermost where voice only	19		
of the dead may come, because ye left from me, because ye	20		
laughed on me, because, O me lonely son, ye are forgetting me!,	21		
that our turfbrown mummy is acoming, alpilla, beltilla, ciltilla,	22		
deltilla, running with her tidings, old the news of the great big	23		
world, sonnies had a scrap, woewoewoe! bab's baby walks at	24		
seven months, waywayway! bride leaves her raid at Punchestime,	25		
stud stoned before a racecourseful, two belles that make the	26		
one appeal, dry yanks will visit old sod, and fourtiered skirts	27		
are up, mesdames, while Parimiknie wears popular short legs,	28		
and twelve hows to mix a tipsy wake, did ye hear, colt Cooney?	29		
did ye ever, filly Fortescue? with a beck, with a spring, all her	30		
rillringlets shaking, rocks drops in her tachie, tramtokens in	31		
her hair, all waived to a point and then all inuendation, little	32		
oldfashioned mummy, little wonderful mummy, ducking under	33		
bridges, bellhopping the weirs, dodging by a bit of bog, rapid-	34		
shooting round the bends, by Tallaght's green hills and the	35		
pools of the phooka and a place they call it Blessington and	36		
FW195			

slipping sly by Sallynoggin, as happy as the day is wet, bab-	1			
bling, bubbling, chattering to herself, deloothering the fields on	2			
their elbows leaning with the sloothering slide of her, giddy-	3			
gaddy, grannyma, gossipaceous Anna Livia.	4			
He lifts the lifewand and the dumb speak.	5			
— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquo!	6			

8. Episode EIGHT (21 pages, from 196 to 216)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW196				
O	1			
tell me all about	2			
Anna Livia! I want to hear all	3			
about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course,	4			
we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now. You'll die	5			
when you hear. Well, you know, when the old cheb went futt	6			
and did what you know. Yes, I know, go on. Wash quit and	7			
don't be dabbling. Tuck up your sleeves and loosen your talk-	8			
tapes. And don't butt me – hike! – when you bend. Or what-	9			
ever it was they threed to make out he thried to two in the	10			
Fiendish park. He's an awful old reppe. Look at the shirt of him!	11			

Look at the dirt of it! He has all my water black on me. And it	12		
steeping and stuping since this time last wik. How many goes	13		
is it I wonder I washed it? I know by heart the places he likes to	14		
saale, duddurty devil! Scorching my hand and starving my fa-	15		
mine to make his private linen public. Wallop it well with your	16		
battle and clean it. My wrists are wrusty rubbing the mouldaw	17		
stains. And the dneepers of wet and the gangres of sin in it! What	18		
was it he did a tail at all on Animal Sendai? And how long was	19		
he under loch and neagh? It was put in the newses what he did,	20		
nicies and priers, the King fierceas Humphrey, with illysus dis-	21		
tilling, exploits and all. But toms will till. I know he well. Temp	22		
untamed will hist for no man. As you spring so shall you neap.	23		
O, the roughy old rappe! Minxing marrage and making loof.	24		
FW197			
Reeve Gootch was right and Reeve Drughad was sinisterous! And	1		
the cut of him! And the strut of him! How he used to hold his	2		
head as high as a howeth, the famous eld duke alien, with a hump	3		
of grandeur on him like a walking wiesel rat. And his derry's	4		
own drawl and his corksown blather and his doubling stutter	5		
and his gullaway swank. Ask Lictor Hackett or Lector Reade	6		
of Garda Growley or the Boy with the Billyclub. How elster is	7		

he a called at all? Qu'appelle? Huges Caput Earlyfouler. Or	8		
where was he born or how was he found? Urgothland, Tvistown	9		
on the Kattekat? New Hunshire, Concord on the Merrimake?	10		
Who blocksmitt her saft anvil or yelled lep to her pail? Was her	11		
banns never loosened in Adam and Eve's or were him and her	12		
but captain spliced? For mine ether duck I thee drake. And by	13		
my wildgaze I thee gander. Flowey and Mount on the brink of	14		
time makes wishes and fears for a happy isthmass. She can show	15		
all her lines, with love, license to play. And if they don't remarry	16		
that hook and eye may! O, passmore that and oxus another! Don	17		
Dom Dombdomb and his wee follyo! Was his help inshored in	18		
the Stork and Pelican against bungelars, flu and third risk par-	19		
ties? I heard he dug good tin with his doll, delvan first and duvlin	20		
after, when he raped her home, Sabrine asthore, in a parakeet's	21		
cage, by dredgerous lands and devious delts, playing catched and	22		
mythed with the gleam of her shadda, (if a flic had been there to	23		
pop up and pepper him!) past auld min's manse and Maisons	24		
Allfou and the rest of incurables and the last of immurables, the	25		
quaggy waag for stumbling. Who sold you that jackalantern's	26		
tale? Pemmican's pasty pie! Not a grasshoop to ring her, not an	27		
antsgrain of ore. In a gabbard he barqued it, the boat of life,	28		
from the harbourless Ivernikan Okean, till he spied the loom of	29		
his landfall and he loosed two croakers from under his tilt, the	30		

gran Phenician rover. By the smell of her kelp they made the	31		
pigeonhouse. Like fun they did! But where was Himself, the	32		
timoneer? That marchantman he suivied their scutties right over	33		
the wash, his cameleer's burnous breezing up on him, till with	34		
his runagate bowmpriss he roade and borst her bar. Pilcomayo!	35		
Suchcaughtawan! And the whale's away with the grayling! Tune	36		
FW198			
your pipes and fall ahumming, you born ijypt, and you're no-	1		
thing short of one! Well, ptellomey soon and curb your escumo.	2		
When they saw him shoot swift up her sheba sheath, like any	3		
gay lord salomon, her bulls they were ruhning, surfed with	4		
spree. Boyarka buah! Boyana bueh! He erved his lille Bunbath	5		
hard, our staly bred, the trader. He did. Look at here. In this wet	6		
of his prow. Don't you know he was kaldt a bairn of the brine,	7		
Wasserbourne the waterbaby? Havemmarea, so he was! H.C.E.	8		
has a codfisk ee. Shyr she's nearly as badher as him herself.	9		
Who? Anna Livia? Ay, Anna Livia. Do you know she was call-	10		
ing bakvandets sals from all around, nyumba noo, chamba choo,	11		
to go in till him, her erring cheef, and tickle the pontiff aisy-oisy?	12		
She was? Gota pot! Yssel that the limmat? As El Negro winced	13		
when he wonced in La Plate. O, tell me all I want to hear, how	14		

loft she was lift a laddery dextro! A coneywink after the bunting	15		
fell. Letting on she didn't care, sina feza, me absantee, him man	16		
in passession, the proxenete! Proxenete and phwhat is phthat?	17		
Emme for your reussischer Honddu jarkon! Tell us in franca	18		
langua. And call a spate a spate. Did they never sharee you ebro	19		
at skol, you antiabecedarian? It's just the same as if I was to go	20		
par exemplum now in conservancy's cause out of telekinesis and	21		
proxenete you. For coxyt sake and is that what she is? Botlettle	22		
I thought she'd act that loa. Didn't you spot her in her windaug,	23		
wubbling up on an osiery chair, with a meusic before her all	24		
cunniform letters, pretending to ribble a reedy derg on a fiddle	25		
she bogans without a band on? Sure she can't fiddan a dee, with	26		
bow or abandon! Sure, she can't! Tista suck. Well, I never now	27		
heard the like of that! Tell me moher. Tell me moatst. Well, old	28		
Humber was as glommen as grampus, with the tares at his thor	29		
and the buboes for ages and neither bowman nor shot abroad and	30		
bales allbrant on the crests of rockies and nera lamp in kitchen or	31		
church and giant's holes in Grafton's causeway and deathcap	32		
mushrooms round Funghus grave and the great tribune's barrow	33		
all darnels occumule, sittang sambre on his sett, drammen and	34		
drommen, usking queasy quizzers of his ruful continence, his	35		
childlinen scarf to encourage his obsequies where he'd check their	36		

FW199			
debths in that mormon's thames, be questing and handsetl, hop,	1		
step and a deepend, with his berths in their toiling moil, his swal-	2		
lower open from swolf to fore and the snipes of the gutter pecking	3		
his crocs, hungerstriking all alone and holding doomsdag over	4		
hunselv, dreeing his weird, with his dander up, and his fringe	5		
combed over his eygs and droming on loft till the sight of the	6		
sternes, after zwarthy kowse and weedy broeks and the tits of	7		
buddy and the loits of pest and to peer was Parish worth thette	8		
mess. You'd think all was dodo belonging to him how he durmed	9		
adranse in durance vaal. He had been belching for severn years.	10		
And there she was, Anna Livia, she darent catch a winkle of	11		
sleep, purling around like a chit of a child, Wendawanda, a finger-	12		
thick, in a Lapsummer skirt and damazon cheeks, for to ishim	13		
bonzour to her dear dubber Dan. With neuphraties and sault	14		
from his maggias. And an odd time she'd cook him up blooms	15		
of fisk and lay to his heartsfoot her meddery eygs, yayis, and	16		
staynish beacons on toasc and a cupenhave so weeshywashy of	17		
Greenland's tay or a dzoupgan of Kaffue mokau an sable or	18		
Sikiang sukry or his ale of ferns in trueart pewter and a shin-	19		
kobread (hamjambo, bana?) for to please that man hog stay his	20		
stomicker till her pyrraknees shrunk to nutmeg graters while her	21		

togglejoints shuck with goyt and as rash as she'd russ with her	22		
peakload of vivers up on her sieve (metauwero rage it swales and	23		
rieses) my hardey Hek he'd kast them frome him, with a stour	24		
of scorn, as much as to say you sow and you sozh, and if he didn't	25		
peg the platteau on her tawe, believe you me, she was safe	26		
enough. And then she'd esk to vistule a hymn, <i>The Heart Bowed</i>	27		
<i>Down</i> or <i>The Rakes of Mallow</i> or Chelli Michele's <i>La Calumnia è</i>	28		
<i>un Vermicelli</i> or a balfy bit ov <i>old Jo Robidson</i> . Sucho fuffing a	29		
fifeing 'twould cut you in two! She'd bate the hen that crowed	30		
on the turrace of Babel. What harm if she knew how to cockle	31		
her mouth! And not a mag out of Hum no more than out of the	32		
mangle weight. Is that a faith? That's the fact. Then riding the	33		
ricka and roya romanche, Annona, gebroren aroostokrat Nivia,	34		
dochter of Sense and Art, with Sparks' pirryphlickathims funkl-	35		
ing her fan, anner frostivying tresses dasht with virevlies, —	36		
FW200			
while the prom beauties sreeked nith their bearers' skins! — in	1		
a period gown of changeable jade that would robe the wood of	2		
two cardinals' chairs and crush poor Cullen and smother Mac-	3		
Cabe. O blazerskate! Theirs porpor patches! And brahming to	4		
him down the feedchute, with her femtyfyx kinds of fondling	5		

endings, the poother rambling off her nose: <i>Vuggybarney,</i>	6		
<i>Wickerymandy! Hello, ducky, please don't die!</i> Do you know	7		
what she started cheeping after, with a choicely voicey like water-	8		
glucks or Madame Delba to Romeoreszk? You'll never guess.	9		
Tell me. Tell me. <i>Phoebe, dearest, tell, O tell me and I loved you</i>	10		
<i>better nor you knew.</i> And letting on hoon var daft about the warbly	11		
sangs from over holmen: <i>High hellskirt saw ladies hensmoker lily-</i>	12		
<i>hung pigger:</i> and soay and soan and so firth and so forth in a tone	13		
sonora and Oom Bothar below like Bheri-Bheri in his sandy	14		
cloak, so umvolosy, as deaf as a yawn, the stult! Go away! Poor	15		
deef old deary! Yare only teasing! Anna Liv? As chalk is my	16		
judge! And didn't she up in sorgues and go and trot doon and	17		
stand in her douro, puffing her old dudheen, and every shirvant	18		
siligirl or wensum farmerette walking the pilend roads, Sawy,	19		
Fundally, Daery or Maery, Milucre, Awny or Graw, usedn't she	20		
make her a simp or sign to slip inside by the sullyport? You don't	21		
say, the sillypost? Bedouix but I do! Calling them in, one by one	22		
(To Blockbeddum here! Here the Shoebenacaddie!) and legging	23		
a jig or so on the sihl to show them how to shake their benders	24		
and the dainty how to bring to mind the gladdest garments out	25		
of sight and all the way of a maid with a man and making a sort	26		
of a cackling noise like two and a penny or half a crown and hold-	27		
ing up a silliver shiner. Lordy, lordy, did she so? Well, of all the	28		

ones ever I heard! Throwing all the neiss little whores in the	29		
world at him! To inny captured wench you wish of no matter	30		
what sex of pleissful ways two adda tammar a lizzy a lossie to	31		
hug and hab haven in Humpy's apron!	32		
And what was the wyerye rima she made! Odet! Odet! Tell	33		
me the trent of it while I'm lathering hail out of Denis Florence	34		
MacCarthy's combies. Rise it, flut ye, pian piena! I'm dying	35		
down off my iodine feet until I lerryn Anna Livia's cushingloo,	36		
FW201			
that was writ by one and rede by two and trouved by a poule in	1		
the parco! I can see that, I see you are. How does it tummel?	2		
Listen now. Are you listening? Yes, yes! Idneed I am! Tarn your	3		
ore ouse! Essonne inne!	4		
<i>By earth and the cloudy but I badly want a brandnew bankside,</i>	5		
<i>bedamp and I do, and a plumper at that!</i>	6		
<i>For the putty affair I have is wore out, so it is, sitting, yaping and</i>	7		
<i>waiting for my old Dane hodder dodderer, my life in death companion,</i>	8		
<i>my frugal key of our larder, my much-altered camel's hump, my</i>	9		
<i>jointspoiler, my maymoon's honey, my fool to the last Decemberer,</i>	10		
<i>to wake himself out of his winter's doze and bore me down like he</i>	11		
<i>used to.</i>	12		

<i>Is there irwell a lord of the manor or a knight of the shire at strike,</i>	13		
<i>I wonder, that'd dip me a dace or two in cash for washing and</i>	14		
<i>darning his worshipful socks for him now we're run out of horse-</i>	15		
<i>brose and milk?</i>	16		
<i>Only for my short Brittas bed made's as snug as it smells it's</i>	17		
<i>out I'd lep and off with me to the slobbs della Tolka or the plage au</i>	18		
<i>Clontarf to feale the gay aire of my salt troublin bay and the race</i>	19		
<i>of the saywint up me ambushure.</i>	20		
<i>Onon! Onon! tell me more. Tell me every tiny teign. I want</i>	21		
<i>to know every single ingul. Down to what made the potters fly</i>	22		
<i>into jagsthole. And why were the vesles vet. That homa fever's</i>	23		
<i>winning me wome. If a mahun of the horse but hard me! We'd</i>	24		
<i>be bundukiboi meet askarigal. Well, now comes the hazel-</i>	25		
<i>hatchery part. After Clondalkin the Kings's Inns. We'll soon be</i>	26		
<i>there with the freshet. How many aleveens had she in tool? I can't</i>	27		
<i>rightly rede you that. Close only knows. Some say she had three</i>	28		
<i>figures to fill and confined herself to a hundred eleven, wan by-</i>	29		
<i>wan bywan, making meanacuminamoyas. Olaph lamm et, all that</i>	30		
<i>pack? We won't have room in the kirkeyaard. She can't remember</i>	31		
<i>half of the cradlenames she smacked on them by the grace of her</i>	32		
<i>boxing bishop's infallible slipper, the cane for Kund and abbles for</i>	33		
<i>Eyolf and ayther nayther for Yakov Yea. A hundred and how?</i>	34		
<i>They did well to rechristien her Pluhurabelle. O loreley! What a</i>	35		

loddon lodes! Heigh ho! But it's quite on the cards she'll shed	36		
FW202			
more and merrier, twills and trills, sparefours and spoilfives, nord-	1		
sihkes and sudsevers and ayes and neins to a litter. Grandfarthring	2		
nap and Messamisery and the knave of all knaves and the joker.	3		
Heehaw! She must have been a gadabout in her day, so she	4		
must, more than most. Shoal she was, gidgad. She had a flewmen	5		
of her owen. Then a toss nare scared that lass, so aimai moe,	6		
that's agapo! Tell me, tell me, how cam she camlin through all	7		
her fellows, the neckar she was, the diveline? Casting her perils	8		
before our swains from Fonte-in-Monte to Tidingtown and	9		
from Tidingtown tilhavet. Linking one and knocking the next,	10		
taptng a flank and tiptng a jutty and palling in and pietaring	11		
out and clyding by on her eastway. Waiwhou was the first thur-	12		
ever burst? Someone he was, whuebra they were, in a tactic attack	13		
or in single combat. Tinker, tilar, souldrer, salor, Pieman Peace	14		
or Polistaman. That's the thing I'm elwys on edge to esk. Push	15		
up and push vardar and come to uphill headquarters! Was it	16		
waterlows year, after Grattan or Flood, or when maids were in	17		
Arc or when three stood hosting? Fidaris will find where the	18		
Doubt arises like Nieman from Nirgends found the Nihil. Worry	19		

you sighin foh, Albern, O Anser? Untie the gemman's fistiknots,	20		
Qvic and Nuancee! She can't put her hand on him for the mo-	21		
ment. Tez thelon langlo, walking weary! Such a loon waybash-	22		
wards to row! She sid herself she hardly knows whuon the annals	23		
her graveller was, a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or what	24		
he did or how blyth she played or how, when, why, where and	25		
who offon he jumpnad her and how it was gave her away. She	26		
was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then,	27		
sauntering, by silvymoonlake and he was a heavy trudging	28		
lurching lieabroad of a Curraghman, making his hay for whose	29		
sun to shine on, as tough as the oaktrees (peats be with them!)	30		
used to rustle that time down by the dykes of killing Kildare,	31		
for forstfellfoss with a splash across her. She thought she's sankh	32		
neathe the ground with nymphant shame when he gave her the	33		
tigris eye! O happy fault! Me wish it was he! You're wrong there,	34		
corribly wrong! Tisn't only tonight you're anacheronistic! It	35		
was ages behind that when nullahs were nowhere, in county	36		
FW203			
Wickenlow, garden of Erin, before she ever dreamt she'd lave	1		
Kilbride and go foaming under Horsepass bridge, with the great	2		
southerwestern windstorming her traces and the midland's grain-	3		

waster asarch for her track, to wend her ways byandby, robecca	4		
or worse, to spin and to grind, to swab and to thrash, for all her	5		
golden lifey in the barleyfields and pennylotts of Humphrey's	6		
fordofhurdlestown and lie with a landleaper, wellingtonorseher.	7		
Alesse, the lagos of girly days! For the dove of the dunas! Was-	8		
ut? Izod? Are you sarthin suir? Not where the Finn fits into the	9		
Mourne, not where the Nore takes lieve of Blœm, not where the	10		
Braye divarts the Farer, not where the Moy changez her minds	11		
twixt Cullin and Conn tween Cunn and Collin? Or where Neptune	12		
sculled and Tritonville rowed and leandros three bumped heroines	13		
two? Neyá, narev, nen, nonni, nos! Then whereabouts in Ow and	14		
Ovoca? Was it yst with wyst or Lucan Yokan or where the hand	15		
of man has never set foot? Dell me where, the fairy ferse time! I	16		
will if you listen. You know the dinkel dale of Luggelaw? Well,	17		
there once dwelt a local heremite, Michael Arklow was his river-	18		
end name, (with many a sigh I aspersed his lavabibs!) and one	19		
venersderg in junojuly, oso sweet and so cool and so limber she	20		
looked, Nance the Nixie, Nanon L'Escaut, in the silence, of the sy-	21		
comores, all listening, the kindling curves you simply can't stop	22		
feeling, he plunged both of his newly anointed hands, the core of	23		
his cushlas, in her singimari saffron strumans of hair, parting them	24		
and soothing her and mingling it, that was deepdark and ample	25		
like this red bog at sundown. By that Vale Vowclose's lucydlac,	26		

the reignbeau's heavenarches arronged orranged her. Afroth-	27		
dizzying galbs, her enamelled eyes indergoading him on to the	28		
vierge violetian. Wish a wish! Why a why? Mavro! Letty Lerck's	29		
lafing light throw those laurals now on her daphdaph teasesong	30		
petrock. Maass! But the majik wavus has elfun anon meshes.	31		
And Simba the Slayer of his Oga is slewd. He cuddle not help	32		
himself, thurso that hot on him, he had to forget the monk in	33		
the man so, rubbing her up and smoothing her down, he baised	34		
his lippes in smiling mood, kiss akiss after kisokushk (as he	35		
warned her niver to, niver to, nevar) on Anna-na-Poghue's of	36		
FW204			
the freckled forehead. While you'd parse secheressa she hielt her	1		
souff. But she ruz two feet hire in her aisne aestumation. And	2		
steppes on stilts ever since. That was kissuahealing with bantur	3		
for balm! O, wasn't he the bold priest? And wasn't she the	4		
naughty Livvy? Nautic Naama's now her navn. Two lads in	5		
scoutsch breeches went through her before that, Barefoot Burn	6		
and Wallowme Wade, Lugnaquillia's noblesse pickts, before she	7		
had a hint of a hair at her fanny to hide or a bossom to tempt a	8		
birch canoedler not to mention a bulgic porterhouse barge. And	9		
ere that again, leada, laida, all unraidy, too faint to buoy the	10		

fairiest rider, too frail to flirt with a cygnet's plume, she was licked	11		
by a hound, Chirripa-Chirruta, while poing her pee, pure and	12		
simple, on the spur of the hill in old Kippure, in birdsong and	13		
shearingtime, but first of all, worst of all, the wiggly livvly, she	14		
sideslipped out by a gap in the Devil's glen while Sally her nurse	15		
was sound asleep in a slood and, feefee fiefie, fell over a spillway	16		
before she found her stride and lay and wriggled in all the stag-	17		
nant black pools of rainy under a fallow coo and she laughed	18		
innocfree with her limbs aloft and a whole drove of maiden	19		
hawthorns blushing and looking askance upon her.	20		
Drop me the sound of the findhorn's name, Mtu or Mti, som-	21		
bogger was wisness. And drip me why in the flenders was she	22		
frickled. And trickle me through was she marcellewaved or was	23		
it weirdly a wig she wore. And whitside did they droop their	24		
glows in their florry, aback to wist or affront to sea? In fear to	25		
hear the dear so near or longing loth and loathing longing? Are	26		
you in the swim or are you out? O go in, go on, go an! I mean	27		
about what you know. I know right well what you mean. Rother!	28		
You'd like the coifs and guimpes, snouty, and me to do the	29		
greasy jub on old Veronica's wipers. What am I rancing now	30		
and I'll thank you? Is it a pinny or is it a surplice? Arran, where's	31		
your nose? And where's the starch? That's not the vesdre bene-	32		
diction smell. I can tell from here by their <i>eau de Colo</i> and the	33		

scent of her oder they're Mrs Magrath's. And you ought to have	34		
aird them. They've moist come off her. Creases in silk they	35		
are, not crampton lawn. Baptiste me, father, for she has sinned!	36		
FW205			
Through her catchment ring she freed them easy, with her hips'	1		
hurrahs for her knees'dontelleries. The only parr with frills in	2		
old the plain. So they are, I declare! Welland well! If tomorrow	3		
keeps fine who'll come tripping to sightsee? How'll? Ask me	4		
next what I haven't got! The Belvedarean exhibitioners. In their	5		
cruisery caps and oarsclub colours. What hoo, they band! And	6		
what hoa, they buck! And here is her nubilee letters too. Ellis	7		
on quay in scarlet thread. Linked for the world on a flush-	8		
caloured field. Annan exe after to show they're not Laura Ke-	9		
own's. O, may the diabolo twisk your seifety pin! You child of	10		
Mammon, Kinsella's Lilith! Now who has been tearing the leg	11		
of her drawars on her? Which leg is it? The one with the bells	12		
on it. Rinse them out and aston along with you! Where did I	13		
stop? Never stop! Continuarration! You're not there yet. I	14		
amstel waiting. Garonne, garonne!	15		
Well, after it was put in the Mercy Cordial Mendicants' Sitter-	16		
dag-Zindeh-Munaday Wakeschrift (for once they sullied their	17		

white kidloves, chewing cud's after their dinners of cheeckin and	18		
beggin, with their show us it here and their mind out of that and	19		
their when you're quite finished with the reading matarial), even	20		
the snee that snowdon his hoaring hair had a skunner against	21		
him. Thaw, thaw, sava, savuto! Score Her Chuff Exsquire!	22		
Everywhere erriff you went and every bung you arver dropped	23		
into, in cit or suburb or in addled areas, the Rose and Bottle or	24		
Phoenix Tavern or Power's Inn or Jude's Hotel or wherever you	25		
scoured the countryside from Nannywater to Vartryville or from	26		
Porta Lateen to the lootin quarter you found his ikom etsched	27		
tipside down or the cornerboys cammocking his guy and Morris	28		
the Man, with the role of a royss in his turgos the turrible, (Evro-	29		
peahahn cheic house, unskimmed sooit and yahoort, hamman	30		
now cheekmee, Ahdahm this way make, Fatima, half turn!)	31		
reeling and railing round the local as the peihos piped und uban-	32		
jees twanged, with oddfellow's triple tiara busby rotundarinking	33		
round his scalp. Like Pate-by-the-Neva or Pete-over-Meer. This	34		
is the Hausman all paven and stoned, that cribbed the Cabin that	35		
never was owned that cocked his leg and hennad his Egg. And	36		
FW206			
the mauldryn rabble around him in areopage, fracassing a great	1		

bingkan cagnan with their timpan crowders. Mind your Grimm-	2		
father! Think of your Ma! Hing the Hong is his jove's hang-	3		
nomen! Lilt a bolero, bulling a law! She swore on croststyx nyne	4		
wyndabouts she's be level with all the snags of them yet. Par the	5		
Vulnerable Virgin's Mary del Dame! So she said to herself she'd	6		
frame a plan to fake a shine, the mischiefmaker, the like of it you	7		
niever heard. What plan? Tell me quick and dongu so crould!	8		
What the meurther did she mague? Well, she bergened a zakbag,	9		
a shammy mailsack, with the lend of a loan of the light of his	10		
lampion, off one of her swapsons, Shaun the Post, and then she	11		
went and consulted her chapboucqs, old Mot Moore, Casey's	12		
Euclid and the Fashion Display and made herself tidal to join	13		
in the mascarete. O gig goggle of gigguels. I can't tell you how!	14		
It's too screaming to rizo, rabbit it all! Minneha, minnehi mina-	15		
aehe, minneho! O but you must, you must really! Make my hear	16		
it gurgle gurgle, like the farest gargle gargle in the dusky dirgle	17		
dargle! By the holy well of Mulhuddart I swear I'd pledge my	18		
chanza getting to heaven through Tirry and Killy's mount of	19		
impiety to hear it all, aviary word! O, leave me my faculties,	20		
woman, a while! If you don't like my story get out of the punt.	21		
Well, have it your own way, so. Here, sit down and do as you're	22		
bid. Take my stroke and bend to your bow. Forward in and pull	23		
your overtheoise! Lisp it slaney and crisp it quiet. Deel me long-	24		

some. Tongue your time now. Breathe thet deep. Thouat's the	25		
fairway. Hurry slow and scheldt you go. Lynd us your blessed	26		
ashes here till I scrub the canon's underpants. Flow now. Ower	27		
more. And pooleypooley.	28		
First she let her hair fal and down it flussed to her feet its	29		
teviots winding coils. Then, mothernaked, she sampood herself	30		
with galawater and fraguant pistania mud, wupper and lauar,	31		
from crown to sole. Next she greesed the groove of her keel,	32		
warthes and wears and mole and itcher, with antifouling butter-	33		
scatch and turfentide and serpenthyme and with leafmould she	34		
ushered round prunella isles and eslats dun, quincecunct, allover	35		
her little mary. Peeld gold of waxwork her jellybelly and her	36		
FW207			
grains of incense anguille bronze. And after that she wove a gar-	1		
land for her hair. She pleated it. She plaited it. Of meadowgrass	2		
and riverflags, the bulrush and waterweed, and of fallen griefs of	3		
weeping willow. Then she made her bracelets and her anklets	4		
and her armlets and a jetty amulet for necklace of clicking cobbles	5		
and pattering pebbles and rumbledown rubble, richmond and	6		
rehr, of Irish rhunerhinerstones and shellmarble bangles. That	7		
done, a dawk of smut to her airy ey, Annushka Lutetiavitch	8		

Pufflovah, and the lellipos cream to her lippeleens and the pick	9		
of the paintbox for her pommettes, from strawbirry reds to	10		
extra violates, and she sendred her boudeloire maids to His	11		
Affluence, Ciliegia Grande and Kirschie Real, the two chirsines,	12		
with respects from his missus, seepy and sewery, and a request	13		
might she passe of him for a minnikin. A call to pay and light a	14		
taper, in Brie-on-Arrosa, back in a sprizzling. The cock striking	15		
mine, the stalls bridely sign, there's Zambosy waiting for Me!	16		
She said she wouldn't be half her length away. Then, then, as	17		
soon as the lump his back was turned, with her mealiebag slang	18		
over her shulder, Anna Livia, oysterface, forth of her bassein	19		
came.	20		
Describe her! Hustle along, why can't you? Spitz on the iern	21		
while it's hot. I wouldn't miss her for irthing on nerthe. Not for	22		
the lucre of lomba strait. Oceans of Gaud, I mosel hear that!	23		
Ogowe presta! Leste, before Julia sees her! Ishekarry and washe-	24		
meskad, the carishy caratimaney? Whole lady fair? Duodecimo-	25		
roon? Bon a ventura? Malagassy? What had she on, the liddel oud	26		
oddity? How much did she scallop, harness and weights? Here	27		
she is, Amnesty Ann! Call her calamity electrifies man.	28		
No electress at all but old Moppa Necessity, angin mother of	29		
injons. I'll tell you a test. But you must sit still. Will you hold	30		
your peace and listen well to what I am going to say now? It	31		

might have been ten or twenty to one of the night of Allclose or	32		
the nexth of April when the flip of her hoogly igloo flappered and	33		
out toetippit a bushman woman, the dearest little moma ever	34		
you saw, nodding around her, all smiles, with ems of embarras	35		
and aues to awe, between two ages, a judyqueen, not up to your	36		
FW208			
elb. Quick, look at her cute and saise her quirk for the bicker she	1		
lives the slicker she grows. Save us and tagus! No more? Werra	2		
where in ourthe did you ever pick a Lambay chop as big as a	3		
battering ram? Ay, you're right. I'm epte to forgetting, Like	4		
Liviam Liddle did Loveme Long. The linth of my hough, I say!	5		
She wore a ploughboy's nailstudded clogs, a pair of ploughfields	6		
in themselves: a sugarloaf hat with a gaudyquiviry peak and a	7		
band of gorse for an arnoment and a hundred streamers dancing	8		
off it and a guiltered pin to pierce it: owlglassy bicycles boggled	9		
her eyes: and a fishnetzeveil for the sun not to spoil the wrinklins	10		
of her hydeaspects: potatorings boucled the loose laubes of her	11		
laudsnarers: her nude cuba stockings were salmospotspeckled: she	12		
sported a galligo shimmy of hazevaipar tinto that never was fast	13		
till it ran in the washing: stout stays, the rivals, lined her length:	14		
her bloodorange bockknickers, a two in one garment, showed	15		

natural nigger boggers, fancyfastened, free to undo: her black-	16		
stripe tan joseph was sequansewn and teddybearlined, with wavy	17		
rushgreen epaulettes and a leadown here and there of royal	18		
swansruff: a brace of gaspers stuck in her hayrope garters: her	19		
civvy codroy coat with alpheubett buttons was boundaried round	20		
with a twobar tunnel belt: a fourpenny bit in each pocketside	21		
weighed her safe from the blowaway windrush; she had a clothes-	22		
peg tight astride on her joki's nose and she kep on grinding a	23		
somomething quaint in her fiumy mouth and the rreke of the	24		
fluve of the tail of the gawan of her snuffdrab siouler's skirt	25		
trailed ffiffy odd Irish miles behind her lungarhodes.	26		
Hellsbells, I'm sorry I missed her! Sweet gumptyum and no-	27		
body fainted! But in whelk of her mouths? Was her naze alight?	28		
Everyone that saw her said the dowce little delia looked a bit	29		
queer. Lotsy trotsy, mind the poddle! Missus, be good and don't	30		
fol in the say! Fenny poor hex she must have charred. Kickhams	31		
a frumpier ever you saw! Making mush mullet's eyes at her boys	32		
dobelon. And they crowned her their chariton queen, all the	33		
maids. Of the may? You don't say! Well for her she couldn't	34		
see herself. I recknitz wharfore the darling murrayed her mirror.	35		
She did? Mersey me! There was a koros of drouthdropping sur-	36		
FW209			

facemen, boomslanging and plugchewing, fruiteyeing and flower-	1		
feeding, in contemplation of the fluctuation and the undification	2		
of her filimentation, lolling and leasing on North Lazers' Waal	3		
all eelfare week by the Jukar Yoick's and as soon as they saw her	4		
meander by that marritime way in her grasswinter's weeds and	5		
twigged who was under her archdeaconess bonnet, Avondale's	6		
fish and Clarence's poison, sedges an to aneber, Wit-upon-	7		
Crutches to Master Bates: <i>Between our two southsates and the</i>	8		
<i>granite they're warming, or her face has been lifted or Alp has doped!</i>	9		
But what was the game in her mixed baggyrhatty? Just the	10		
tembo in her tumbo or pilipili from her pepperpot? Saas and	11		
taas and specis bizaas. And where in thunder did she plunder?	12		
Fore the battle or efter the ball? I want to get it frisk from the	13		
soorce. I aubette my bearb it's worth while poaching on! Shake	14		
it up, do, do! That's a good old son of a ditch! I promise I'll	15		
make it worth your while. And I don't mean maybe. Nor yet	16		
with a goodfor. Spey me pruth and I'll tale you true.	17		
Well, arundgiron in a waveney lyne aringarouma she pattered	18		
and swung and sidled, dribbling her boulder through narrowa	19		
mosses, the diliskydrear on our drier side and the vilde vetchvine	20		
agin us, curara here, careero there, not knowing which medway	21		
or weser to strike it, edereider, making chattahoochee all to her	22		

ain chichiu, like Santa Claus at the cree of the pale and puny,	23		
nistling to hear for their tiny hearties, her arms encircling Isola-	24		
bella, then running with reconciled Romas and Reims, on like a	25		
lech to be off like a dart, then bathing Dirty Hans' spatters with	26		
spittle, with a Christmas box apiece for aisch and iveryone of her	27		
childer, the birthday gifts they dreamt they gabe her, the spoiled	28		
she fleetly laid at our door! On the matt, by the pourch and in-	29		
under the cellar. The rivulets ran aflod to see, the glashaboys, the	30		
pollynooties. Out of the paunschaup on to the pyre. And they all	31		
about her, juvenile leads and ingenuinas, from the slime of their	32		
slums and artesianed wellings, rickets and riots, like the Smyly	33		
boys at their vicereine's levee. Vivi vienne, little Annchen! Vielo	34		
Anna, high life! Sing us a sula, O, susuria! Ausone sidulcis!	35		
Hasn't she tambre! Chipping her and raising a bit of a chir or a	36		
FW210			
jary every dive she'd neb in her culdee sacco of wabbash she	1		
raabed and reach out her maundy meerschaundize, poor souvenir	2		
as per ricorder and all for sore aringarung, stinkers and heelers,	3		
laggards and primelads, her furzeborn sons and dribblederry	4		
daughters, a thousand and one of them, and wickerpotluck for	5		
each of them. For evil and ever. And kiks the buch. A tinker's	6		

bann and a barrow to boil his billy for Gipsy Lee; a cartridge of	7		
cockaleekie soup for Chummy the Guardsman; for sulky Pen-	8		
der's acid nephew deltoïd drops, curiously strong; a cough and	9		
a rattle and wildrose cheeks for poor Piccolina Petite MacFarlane;	10		
a jigsaw puzzle of needles and pins and blankets and shins between	11		
them for Isabel, Jezebel and Llewelyn Mmarriage; a brazen nose	12		
and pigiron mittens for Johnny Walker Beg; a papar flag of the	13		
saints and stripes for Kevineen O'Dea; a puffpuff for Pudge Craig	14		
and a nightmarching hare for Techertim Tombigby; waterleg	15		
and gumboots each for Bully Hayes and Hurricane Hartigan;	16		
a prodigal heart and fatted calves for Buck Jones, the pride of	17		
Clonliffe; a loaf of bread and a father's early aim for Val from	18		
Skibereen; a jauntingcar for Larry Doolin, the Ballyclee jackeen;	19		
a seasick trip on a government ship for Teague O'Flanagan; a	20		
louse and trap for Jerry Coyle; slushmincepies for Andy Mac-	21		
kenzie; a hairclip and clackdish for Penceless Peter; that twelve	22		
sounds look for G. V. Brooke; a drowned doll, to face down-	23		
wards for modest Sister Anne Mortimer; altar falls for Blanchisse's	24		
bed; Wildairs' breechettes for Magpeg Woppington; to Sue Dot	25		
a big eye; to Sam Dash a false step; snakes in clover, picked and	26		
scotched, and a vaticanned viper catcher's visa for Patsy Presbys;	27		
a reiz every morning for Standfast Dick and a drop every minute	28		
for Stumblestone Davy; scruboak beads for beatified Bidy; two	29		

appletweed stools for Eva Mobbely; for Saara Philpot a jordan	30		
vale tearorne; a pretty box of Pettyfib's Powder for Eileen Aruna	31		
to whiten her teeth and outflash Helen Arhone; a whippingtop	32		
for Eddy Lawless; for Kitty Coleraine of Butterman's Lane a	33		
penny wise for her foolish pitcher; a putty shovel for Terry the	34		
Puckaun; an apotamus mask for Promoter Dunne; a niester egg	35		
with a twicedated shell and a dynamight right for Pavl the Curate;	36		
FW211			
a collera morbous for Mann in the Cloack; a starr and girton for	1		
Draper and Deane; for Will-of-the-Wisp and Barny-the-Bark two	2		
mangolds noble to sweeden their bitters; for Oliver Bound a	3		
way in his frey; for Seumas, thought little, a crown he feels big;	4		
a tibertine's pile with a Congoswood cross on the back for	5		
Sunny Twimjim; a praises be and spare me days for Brian the	6		
Bravo; pentepenty of pity with lubilashings of lust for Olona	7		
Lena Magdalena; for Camilla, Dromilla, Ludmilla, Mamilla, a	8		
bucket, a packet, a book and a pillow; for Nancy Shannon a	9		
Tuami brooch; for Dora Riparia Hopeandwater a cooling douche	10		
and a warmingpan; a pair of Blarney braggs for Wally Meagher;	11		
a hairpin slatepencil for Elsie Oram to scratch her toby, doing	12		
her best with her volgar fractions; an old age pension for Betty	13		

Bellezza; a bag of the blues for Funny Fitz; a <i>Missa pro Messa</i> for	14		
Taff de Taff; Jill, the spoon of a girl, for Jack, the broth of a boy;	15		
a Rogerson Crusoe's Friday fast for Caducus Angelus Rubicon-	16		
stein; three hundred and sixtysix poplin tyne for revery warp in	17		
the weaver's woof for Victor Hugonot; a stiff steaded rake and	18		
good varians muck for Kate the Cleaner; a hole in the ballad for	19		
Hosty; two dozen of cradles for J.F.X.P. Coppinger; tenpounten	20		
on the pop for the daulphins born with five spoiled squibs for	21		
Infanta; a letter to last a lifetime for Maggi beyond by the ashpit;	22		
the heftiest frozenmeat woman from Lusk to Livienbad for Felim	23		
the Ferry; spas and speranza and symposium's syrup for decayed	24		
and blind and gouty Gough; a change of naves and joys of ills	25		
for Armoricus Tristram Amoor Saint Lawrence; a guillotine	26		
shirt for Reuben Redbreast and hempen suspendeats for Bren-	27		
nan on the Moor; an oakanknee for Conditor Sawyer and mus-	28		
quodoboits for Great Tropical Scott; a C ₃ peduncle for Karma-	29		
lite Kane; a sunless map of the month, including the sword and	30		
stamps, for Shemus O'Shaun the Post; a jackal with hide for	31		
Browne but Nolan; a stonecold shoulder for Donn Joe Vance;	32		
all lock and no stable for Honorbright Merreytrickx; a big drum	33		
for Billy Dunboyne; a guilty goldeny bellows, below me blow	34		
me, for Ida Ida and a hushaby rocker, Elletrouvetout, for Who-is-	35		
silvier — Where-is-he?; whatever you like to swilly to swash,	36		

FW212			
Yuinness or Yennessy, Laagen or Niger, for Festus King and	1		
Roaring Peter and Frisky Shorty and Treacle Tom and O. B.	2		
Behan and Sully the Thug and Master Magrath and Peter Cloran	3		
and O'Delawarr Rossa and Nerone MacPacem and whoever you	4		
chance to meet knocking around; and a pig's bladder balloon for	5		
Selina Susquehanna Stakelum. But what did she give to Pruda	6		
Ward and Katty Kanel and Peggy Quilty and Briery Brosna and	7		
Teasy Kieran and Ena Lappin and Muriel Maassy and Zusan Camac	8		
and Melissa Bradogue and Flora Ferns and Fauna Fox-Good-	9		
man and Grettina Greaney and Penelope Inglesante and Lezba	10		
Licking like Leytha Liane and Roxana Rohan with Simpatica	11		
Sohan and Una Bina Laterza and Trina La Mesme and Philomena	12		
O'Farrell and Irmak Elly and Josephine Foyle and Snakeshead	13		
Lily and Fountainoy Laura and Marie Xavier Agnes Daisy	14		
Frances de Sales Macleay? She gave them ilcka madre's daughter	15		
a moonflower and a bloodvein: but the grapes that ripe before	16		
reason to them that devide the vinedress. So on Izzy, her shame-	17		
maid, love shone befond her tears as from Shem, her penmight,	18		
life past befoul his prime.	19		
My colonial, wardha bagful! A bakereen's dusind with tithe	20		

tillies to boot. That's what you may call a tale of a tub! And Hi-	21		
bernonian market! All that and more under one crinoline enve-	22		
lope if you dare to break the porkbarrel seal. No wonder they'd	23		
run from her pison plague. Throw us your hudson soap for the	24		
honour of Clane! The wee taste the water left. I'll raft it back,	25		
first thing in the marne. Merced mulde! Ay, and don't forget the	26		
reckitts I lohaned you. You've all the swirls your side of the cur-	27		
rent. Well, am I to blame for that if I have? Who said you're to	28		
blame for that if you have? You're a bit on the sharp side. I'm on	29		
the wide. Only snuffers' cornets drifts my way that the cracka	30		
dvine chucks out of his cassock, with her estheryear's marsh	31		
narcissus to make him recant his vanitty fair. Foul strips of his	32		
chinook's bible I do be reading, dodwell disgusted but chickled	33		
with chuckles at the tittles is drawn on the tattlepage. <i>Senior ga</i>	34		
<i>dito: Faciasi Omo! E omo fu fò. Ho! Ho! Senior ga dito: Faciasi</i>	35		
<i>Hidamo! Hidamo se ga facessà. Ha! Ha! And Die Windermere</i>	36		
FW213			
<i>Dichter</i> and Lefanu (Sheridan's) old <i>House by the Coachyard</i> and	1		
Mill (J.) <i>On Woman with Ditto on the Floss</i> . Ja, a swamp for Alt-	2		
muehler and a stone for his flossies! I know how racy they move	3		
his wheel. My hands are blawcauld between isker and suda like	4		

that piece of pattern chayney there, lying below. Or where is it?	5		
Lying beside the sedge I saw it. Hoangho, my sorrow, I've lost	6		
it! Aimihi! With that turbary water who could see? So near and	7		
yet so far! But O, gihon! I lovat a gabber. I could listen to maure	8		
and moravar again. Regn onder river. Flies do your float. Thick	9		
is the life for mere.	10		
Well, you know or don't you kennet or haven't I told you	11		
every telling has a taling and that's the he and the she of it. Look,	12		
look, the dusk is growing! My branches lofty are taking root.	13		
And my cold cher's gone ashley. Fieluhr? Filou! What age is at?	14		
It saon is late. 'Tis endless now senne eye or erewone last saw	15		
Waterhouse's clogh. They took it asunder, I hurd thum sigh.	16		
When will they reassemble it? O, my back, my back, my bach!	17		
I'd want to go to Aches-les-Pains. Pingpong! There's the Belle	18		
for Sexaloitez! And Concepta de Send-us-pray! Pang! Wring out	19		
the clothes! Wring in the dew! Godavari, vert the showers! And	20		
grant thaya grace! Aman. Will we spread them here now? Ay,	21		
we will. Flip! Spread on your bank and I'll spread mine on mine.	22		
Flep! It's what I'm doing. Spread! It's churning chill. Der went is	23		
rising. I'll lay a few stones on the hostel sheets. A man and his bride	24		
embraced between them. Else I'd have sprinkled and folded them	25		
only. And I'll tie my butcher's apron here. It's suety yet. The	26		
strollers will pass it by. Six shifts, ten kerchiefs, nine to hold to	27		

the fire and this for the code, the convent napkins, twelve, one	28		
baby's shawl. Good mother Jossiph knows, she said. Whose	29		
head? Mutter snores? Deataceas! Wharnow are alle her childer,	30		
say? In kingdome gone or power to come or gloria be to them	31		
farther? Allalivial, allalluvial! Some here, more no more, more	32		
again lost alla stranger. I've heard tell that same brooch of the	33		
Shannons was married into a family in Spain. And all the Dun-	34		
ders de Dunnes in Markland's Vineland beyond Brendan's herring	35		
pool takes number nine in yangsee's hats. And one of Biddy's	36		
FW214			
beads went bobbing till she rounded up lost histereve with a	1		
marigold and a cobbler's candle in a side strain of a main drain	2		
of a manzinahurries off Bachelor's Walk. But all that's left to the	3		
last of the Meaghers in the loup of the years prefixed and between	4		
is one kneebuckle and two hooks in the front. Do you tell me	5		
that now? I do in troth. Orara por Orbe and poor Las Animas!	6		
Ussa, Ulla, we're umbas all! Mezha, didn't you hear it a deluge of	7		
times, ufer and ufer, respund to spond? You deed, you deed! I	8		
need, I need! It's that irrawaddyng I've stoke in my aars. It all	9		
but husheth the lethest zswound. Oronoko! What's your trouble?	10		
Is that the great Finnleader himself in his joakimono on his statue	11		

riding the high horse there forehengist? Father of Otters, it is	12		
himself! Yonne there! Isset that? On Fallareen Common? You're	13		
thinking of Astley's Amphitheayter where the bobby restrained	14		
you making sugarstuck pouts to the ghostwhite horse of the	15		
Peppers. Throw the cobwebs from your eyes, woman, and spread	16		
your washing proper! It's well I know your sort of slop. Flap!	17		
Ireland sober is Ireland stiff. Lord help you, Maria, full of grease,	18		
the load is with me! Your prayers. I sonht zo! Madammangut!	19		
Were you lifting your elbow, tell us, glazy cheeks, in Conway's	20		
Carrigacurra canteen? Was I what, hobbledyhips? Flop! Your	21		
rere gait's creakorheuman bitts your butts disagrees. Amn't I	22		
up since the damp dawn, marthared mary allacook, with Corri-	23		
gan's pulse and varicoarse veins, my pramaxle smashed, Alice	24		
Jane in decline and my oneeyed mongrel twice run over, soaking	25		
and bleaching boiler rags, and sweating cold, a widow like me,	26		
for to deck my tennis champion son, the laundryman with the	27		
lavandier flannels? You won your limpopo limp from the husky	28		
hussars when Collars and Cuffs was heir to the town and your	29		
slur gave the stink to Carlow. Holy Scamander, I sar it again!	30		
Near the golden falls. Icis on us! Seints of light! Zezere! Subdue	31		
your noise, you hamble creature! What is it but a blackburry	32		
growth or the dwyergray ass them four old codgers owns. Are	33		
you meanam Tarpey and Lyons and Gregory? I meyne now,	34		

thank all, the four of them, and the roar of them, that draves	35		
that stray in the mist and old Johnny MacDougal along with	36		
FW215			
them. Is that the Poolbeg flasher beyant, pharphar, or a fireboat	1		
coasting nyar the Kishтна or a glow I behold within a hedge or	2		
my Garry come back from the Indes? Wait till the honeying of	3		
the lune, love! Die eve, little eve, die! We see that wonder in	4		
your eye. We'll meet again, we'll part once more. The spot I'll	5		
seek if the hour you'll find. My chart shines high where the blue	6		
milk's upset. Forgivemequick, I'm going! Bubyee! And you,	7		
pluck your watch, forgetmenot. Your evenlode. So save to	8		
jurna's end! My sights are swimming thicker on me by the sha-	9		
dows to this place. I sow home slowly now by own way, moy-	10		
valley way. Towy I too, rathmine.	11		
Ah, but she was the queer old skeowsha anyhow, Anna Livia,	12		
trinkettoes! And sure he was the quare old buntz too, Dear Dirty	13		
Dumpling, foostherfather of fingalls and dotthergills. Gammer	14		
and gaffer we're all their gangsters. Hadn't he seven dams to wive	15		
him? And every dam had her seven crutches. And every crutch	16		
had its seven hues. And each hue had a differing cry. Sudds for	17		
me and supper for you and the doctor's bill for Joe John. Befor!	18		

Bifur! He married his markets, cheap by foul, I know, like any	19		
Etrurian Catholic Heathen, in their pinky limony creamy birnies	20		
and their turkiss indienne mauves. But at milkidmass who was	21		
the spouse? Then all that was was fair. Tys Elvenland! Teems of	22		
times and happy returns. The seim anew. Ordovico or viricordo.	23		
Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle's to be. Northmen's thing made	24		
southfolk's place but howmulty plurators made eachone in per-	25		
son? Latin me that, my trinity scholar, out of eure sanscreed into	26		
oure eryan! <i>Hircus Civis Eblanensis!</i> He had buckgoat paps on	27		
him, soft ones for orphans. Ho, Lord! Twins of his bosom. Lord	28		
save us! And ho! Hey? What all men. Hot? His tittering daugh-	29		
ters of. Whawk?	30		
Can't hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Flitter-	31		
ing bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone ahome?	32		
What Thom Malone? Can't hear with bawk of bats, all thim liffey-	33		
ing waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won't moos. I feel as old	34		
as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia's daughter-	35		
sons. Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel	36		
FW216			
as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of John or Shaun? Who were	1		
Shem and Shaun the living sons or daughters of? Night now!	2		

Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Telmetale of stem or	3			
stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters	4			
of. Night!	5			

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW219				
Every evening at lighting up o'clock sharp and until further	1			
notice in Feenichts Playhouse. (Bar and conveniences always	2			
open, Diddlem Club douncestears.) Entrancings: gads, a scrab;	3			
the quality, one large shilling. Newly billed for each wickeday	4			
perfumance. Somndoze massinees. By arraignment, childream's	5			
hours, expercatered. Jampots, rinsed porters, taken in token. With	6			
nightly redistribution of parts and players by the puppetry pro-	7			
ducer and daily dubbing of ghosters, with the benediction of the	8			
Holy Genesisus Archimimus and under the distinguished patron-	9			
age of their Elderships the Oldens from the four coroners of	10			
Findrias, Murias, Gorias and Falias, Messoirs the Coarbs, Clive	11			

Sollis, Galorius Kettle, Pobiedo Lancey and Pierre Dusort,	12		
while the Caesar-in-Chief looks. On. Sennet. As played to the	13		
Adelphi by the Brothers Bratislavoff (Hyrcan and Haristobulus),	14		
after humpteen dumpteen revivals. Before all the King's Hoarsers	15		
with all the Queen's Mum. And wordloosed over seven seas	16		
crowdblast in celtelleneteutoslavzendlatinsoundscript. In four	17		
tubbloids. While fern may cald us until firn make cold. <i>The Mime</i>	18		
<i>of Mick, Nick and the Maggies</i> , adopted from the Ballymooney	19		
Bloodriddon Murther by Bluechin Blackdillain (authorways 'Big	20		
Storey'), featuring:	21		
GLUGG (Mr Seumas McQuillad, hear the riddles between the	22		
robot in his dress circular and the gagster in the rogues' gallery),	23		
the bold bad bleak boy of the storybooks, who, when the tabs go	24		
FW220			
up, as we discover, because he knew to mutch, has been divorced	1		
into disgrace court by	2		
THE FLORAS (Girl Scouts from St. Bride's Finishing Establish-	3		
ment, demand acidulateds), a month's bunch of pretty maidens	4		
who, while they pick on her, their pet peeve, form with valkyri-	5		
enne licence the guard for	6		
IZOD (Miss Butys Pott, ask the attendantess for a leaflet), a be-	7		

witching blonde who dimples delightfully and is approached in	8		
loveliness only by her grateful sister reflection in a mirror, the cloud	9		
of the opal, who, having jilted Glugg, is being fatally fascinated by	10		
CHUFF (Mr Sean O'Mailey, see the chalk and sanguine picto-	11		
graph on the safety drop), the fine frank fairhaired fellow of the	12		
fairytales, who wrestles for tophole with the bold bad bleak boy	13		
Glugg, geminally about caps or puds or tog bags or bog gats or	14		
chuting rudskin gunerally or something, until they adumbrace a	15		
pattern of somebody else or other, after which they are both car-	16		
ried off the set and brought home to be well soaped, sponged and	17		
scrubbed again by	18		
ANN (Miss Corrie Corriendo, Grischun scoula, bring the babes,	19		
Pieder, Poder and Turtey, she mistributes mandamus monies,	20		
after perdunamento, hendrud aloven entrees, pulcinellis must not	21		
miss our national rooster's rag), their poor little old mother-in-	22		
lieu, who is woman of the house, playing opposite to	23		
HUMP (Mr Makeall Gone, read the sayings from Laxdalesaga	24		
in the programme about King Ericus of Schweden and the spirit's	25		
whispers in his magical helmet), cap-a-pipe with watch and top-	26		
per, coat, crest and supporters, the cause of all our grievances,	27		
the whirl, the flash and the trouble, who, having partially re-	28		
covered from a recent impeachment due to egg everlasting, but	29		
throughandthoroughly proconverted, propounded for cyclo-	30		

logical, is, studding sail once more, jibsheets and royals, in the	31		
semblance of the substance for the membrance of the umbrance	32		
with the remnance of the emblence reveiling a quemdam super-	33		
cargo, of The Rockery, Poopinheavin, engaged in entertaining	34		
in his pilgrimst customhouse at Caherlehome-upon-Eskur those	35		
statutory persons	36		
FW221			
THE CUSTOMERS (Components of the Afterhour Courses at St.	1		
Patricius' Academy for Grownup Gentlemen, consult the annu-	2		
ary, coldporters sibsuction), a bundle of a dozen of representa-	3		
tive locomotive civics, each inn quest of outings, who are still	4		
more sloppily served after every cup final by	5		
SAUNDERSON (Mr Knut Oelsvinger, Tiffsdays off, wouldntstop	6		
in bad, imitation of flatfish, torchbearing supperaape, dud half-	7		
sovereign, no chee daily, roly pollysies, Glen of the Downs, the	8		
Gugnir, his geyswerks, his earsequack, his lokistroki, o.s.v.), a	9		
schersinsheiner and spoilcurate, unconcerned in the mystery but	10		
under the inflouce of the milldieuw and butt of	11		
KATE (Miss Rachel Lea Varian, she tells forkings for baschfel-	12		
lors, under purdah of card palmer teaput tosspot Madam d'Elta,	13		
during the pawses), kook-and-dishdrudge, witch believes wan-	14		

thingthats, whouse be the churchyard or whorts up the aasgaars,	15		
the show must go on.	16		
Time: the pressant.	17		
With futurist onehorse balletbattle pictures and the Pageant	18		
of Past History worked up with animal variations amid ever-	19		
glaning mangrovemazes and beorbtracktors by Messrs Thud and	20		
Blunder. Shadows by the film folk, masses by the good people.	21		
Promptings by Elanio Vitale. Longshots, upcloses, outblacks and	22		
stagetolets by Hexenschuss, Coachmaher, Incubone and Rock-	23		
narrag. Creations tastefully designed by Madame Berthe Dela-	24		
mode. Dances arranged by Harley Quinn and Coollimbeina.	25		
Jests, jokes, jigs and jorums for the Wake lent from the properties	26		
of the late cemented Mr T. M. Finnegan R.I.C. Lipmasks and	27		
hairwigs by Ouida Nooikke. Limes and Floods by Crooker and	28		
Toll. Kopay pibe by Kappa Pedersen. Hoed Pine hat with	29		
twentyfour ventholes by Morgen. Bosse and stringbag from	30		
Heteroditheroe's and All Ladies' presents. Tree taken for grafted.	31		
Rock rent. Phenecian blends and Sourdanian doofpoosts by	32		
Shauvesourishe and Wohntbedarf. The oakmulberryeke with	33		
silktrick twomesh from Shop-Sowry, seedsmanchap. Grabstone	34		
beg from General Orders Mailed. The crack (that's Cork!) by	35		
a smoker from the gods. The interjection (Buckley!) by the fire-	36		

FW222				
ment in the pit. Accidental music providentially arranged by	1			
L' Archet and Laccorde. Melodiotiosities in purefusion by the	2			
score. To start with in the beginning, we need hirtly bemark,	3			
a community prayer, everyone for himself, and to conclude	4			
with as an exodus, we think it well to add, a chorale in canon,	5			
good for us all for us all us all all. Songs betune the acts by	6			
the ambiamphions of Annapolis, Joan MockComic, male so-	7			
prano, and Jean Souslevin, bass noble, respectively: O, Mester	8			
Sogerman, ef thes es whot ye deux, then I'm not surpleased ye	9			
want that bottle of Sauvequipeu and Oh Off Nunch Der Rasche	10			
Ver Lasse Mitsch Nitscht. Till the summit scenes of climbacks	11			
castastrophear, <i>The Bearded Mountain</i> (Polymop Barethe-	12			
rootsch), and <i>The River Romps to Nursery</i> (Maidykins in Undi-	13			
form). The whole thugogmagog, including the portions under-	14			
stood to be oddmitted as the results of the respective titulars	15			
neglecting to produce themselves, to be wound up for an after-	16			
enactment by a Magnificent Transformation Scene showing the	17			
Radium Wedding of Neid and Moorning and the Dawn of	18			
Peace, Pure, Perfect and Perpetual, Waking the Weary of the	19			
World.	20			
An argument follows.	21			

Chuffy was a nangel then and his soard fleshed light like like-	22		
ning. Fools top! Singty, sangty, meekly loose, defendy nous from	23		
prowlabouts. Make a shine on the curst. Emen.	24		
But the duvlin sulph was in Glugger, that lost-to-lurning.	25		
Punct. He was sbuffing and sputing, tussing like anisine, whip-	26		
ping his eyesoult and gnatsching his teats over the brividies from	27		
existers and the outhur liubbocks of life. He halth kelchy chosen	28		
a clayblade and makes prayses to his three of clubs. To part from	29		
these, my corsets, is into overlusting fear. Acts of feet, hoof and	30		
jarrety: athletes longfoot. Djowl, uphere!	31		
Aminxt that nombre of evelings, but how pierceful in their so-	32		
jestiveness were those first girly stirs, with zitterings of flight re-	33		
leased and twinglings of twitchbells in rondel after, with waver-	34		
ings that made shimmershake rather naightily all the duskcended	35		
airs and shylyt beaconings from shehind hims back. Sammy, call	36		
FW223			
on. Mirrylamb, she was shuffering all the diseasinesses of the un-	1		
herd of. Mary Louisan Shousapinas! If Arck could no more salve	2		
his agnols from the wiles of willy wooly woolf! If all the airish	3		
signics of her dipandump helpabit from an Father Hogam till	4		
the Mutther Masons could not that Glugg to catch her by the	5		

calour of her brideness! Not Rose, Sevilla nor Citronelle; not	6		
Esmeralde, Pervinca nor Indra; not Viola even nor all of them	7		
four themes over. But, the monthage stick in the melmelode jawr,	8		
I am (twintomine) all thees thing. Up tighty in the front, down	9		
again on the loose, drim and drumming on her back and a pop	10		
from her whistle. What is that, O holytroopers? Isot givin yoe?	11		
Up he stulpled, glee you gees, with search a fling did die near	12		
sea, beamy owen and calmy hugh and if you what you my call for	13		
me I will wishyoumaycull for you.	14		
And they are met, face a facing. They are set, force to force.	15		
And no such Copenhagen-Marengo was less so fated for a fall	16		
since in Glenasmole of Smiling Thrushes Patch Whyte passed	17		
O'Sheen ascowl.	18		
Arrest thee, scaldbrother! came the evangelion, sabre accu-	19		
sant, from all Saint Joan's Wood to kill or maim him, and be	20		
dumm but ill s'arrested. Et would proffer to his delected one the	21		
his trifle from the grass.	22		
A space. Who are you? The cat's mother. A time. What do	23		
you lack? The look of a queen.	24		
But what is that which is one going toprehend? Seeks, buzzing	25		
is brains, the feinder.	26		
The howtosayto itiswhatis hemustwhomust worden schall.	27		
A darktongues, kunning. O theoperil! Ethiaop lore, the poor lie.	28		

He askit of the hoothed fireshield but it was untergone into the	29		
matthued heaven. He soughed it from the luft but that bore ne	30		
mark ne message. He loked upon the bloomingrund where ongly	31		
his corns were growning. At last he listed back to beckline how	32		
she pranked alone so johntily. The skand for schooling.	33		
With nought a wired from the wordless either.	34		
Item. He was hardset then. He wented to go (somewhere) while	35		
he was weeting. Utem. He wished to grieve on the good persons, that	36		
FW224			
is the four gentlemen. Otem. And it was not a long time till he was	1		
feeling true forim he was goodda purssia and it was short after that	2		
he was fooling mehaunt to mehynte he was an injine ruber. Etem.	3		
He was at his thinker's aunts to give (the four gentlemen) the	4		
presence (of a curpse). And this is what he would be willing. He	5		
fould the fourd; they found the hurtled stones; they fell ill with the	6		
gravy duck: and he sod town with the roust of the meast. Atem.	7		
Towhere byhangs ourtales.	8		
Ah ho! This poor Glugg! It was so said of him about of his old	9		
fontmouther. Truly deplurabel! A dire, O dire! And all the freight-	10		
fullness whom he inhebited after his colline born janitor. Some-	11		
time towerable! With that hehry antlets on him and the bauble-	12		

light bulching out of his sockets whiling away she sprankled his	13		
allover with her nocoes of interregnation: How do you do that lack	14		
a lock and pass the poker, please? And bids him tend her, lute	15		
and airly. Sing, sweetharp, thing to me anone! So that Glugg,	16		
the poor one, in that limbopool which was his subnesciousness	17		
he could scares of all knotknow whither his morrder had bourst	18		
a blabber or if the vogalstones that hit his tynpan was that nearly	19		
his skoll missed her. Misty's trompe or midst his floating? Ah,	20		
ho! Cicely, awe!	21		
The youngly delightsome frilles-in-pleyurs are now shownen	22		
drawen, if bud one, or, if in florileague, drawens up consociately	23		
at the hinder sight of their commoner guardian. Her boy fiend or	24		
theirs, if they are so plurielled, cometh up as a trapadour, sinking	25		
how he must fand for himself by gazework what their colours	26		
wear as they are all shownen drawens up. Tireton, cacheton, tire-	27		
ton, ba! Doth that not satisfy youth, sir? Quanty purty bellas,	28		
here, Madama Lifay! And what are you going to charm them to,	29		
Madama, do say? Cinderynelly angled her slipper; it was cho	30		
chiny yet braught her a groom. He will angskt of them from their	31		
commoner guardian at next lineup (who is really the rapier of the	32		
two though thother brother can hold his own, especially for he	33		
bandished it with his hand the hold time, mamain, a simply gra-	34		
cious: Mi, O la!), and reloose that thong off his art: Hast thou feel	35		

liked carbunckley ones? Apun which his poohoor pricoxity theirs	36			
FW225				
is a little tittertit of hilarity (Lad-o'-me-soul! Lad-o'-me-soul,	1			
see!) and the wordchary is atvoiced ringsoundinly by their toots	2			
ensembled, though not meaning to be clever, but just with a shrug	3			
of their hips to go to troy and harff a freak at himself by all that	4			
story to the ulstramarines. Otherwised, holding their noises,	5			
they insinuate quiet private, Ni, he make peace in his preaches	6			
and play with esteem.	7			
Warewolff! Olff! Toboo!	8			
So olff for his topheetuck the ruck made raid, aslick aslegs	9			
would run; and he ankered on his hunkers with the belly belly	10			
prest. Asking: What's my muffinstuffinaches for these times? To	11			
weat: Breath and bother and whatarcurs. Then breath more	12			
bother and more whatarcurs. Then no breath no bother but wor-	13			
rawarrawurms. And Shim shallave shome.	14			
As Rigagnolina to Mountagnone, what she meanted he could	15			
not can. All she meanted was golten sylvup, all she meanted was	16			
some Knight's ploung jamn. It's driving her dafft like he's so	17			
dumbn. If he'd lonely talk instead of only gawk as thought yate-	18			
man hat stuck hits stick althrough his spokes and if he woold nut	19			

wolly so! Hee. Speak, sweet bird! Mitzymitzy! Though I did	20		
ate tough turf I'm not the bogdoxy.	21		
— Have you monbreamstone?	22		
— No.	23		
— Or Hellfeuersteyn?	24		
— No.	25		
— Or Van Diemen's coral pearl?	26		
— No.	27		
He has lost.	28		
Off to clutch, Glugg! Forwhat! Shape your reres, Glugg!	29		
Foreweal! Ring we round, Chuff! Fairwell! Chuffchuff's inners	30		
even. All's rice with their whorl!	31		
Yet, ah tears, who can her mater be? She's promised he'd eye	32		
her. To try up her pretti. But now it's so longed and so fared and	33		
so forth. Jerry for jauntings. Alabye! Fled.	34		
The flossies all and mossies all they drooped upon her draped	35		
brimfall. The bowknots, the showlots, they wilted into wocblots.	36		
FW226			
The pearlagraph, the pearlagraph, knew whitchly whether to weep	1		
or laugh. For always down in Carolinas lovely Dinahs vaunt their	2		
view.	3		

Poor Isa sits a glooming so gleaming in the gloaming; the tin-	4		
celles a touch tarnished wind no lovelinoise awound her swan's.	5		
Hey, lass! Woefear gleam she so glooming, this pooripathete I	6		
solde? Her beauman's gone of a cool. Be good enough to symper-	7		
ise. If he's at anywhere she's therefor to join him. If it's to no-	8		
where she's going to too. Buf if he'll go to be a son to France's	9		
she'll stay daughter of Clare. Bring tansy, throw myrtle, strew	10		
rue, rue, rue. She is fading out like Journee's clothes so you can't	11		
see her now. Still we know how Day the Dyer works, in dims	12		
and deeps and dusks and darks. And among the shades that Eve's	13		
now wearing she'll meet anew fiancy, tryst and trow. Mammy	14		
was, Mimmy is, Minuscoline's to be. In the Dee dips a dame and	15		
the dame desires a demselle but the demselle dresses dolly and	16		
the dolly does a dulcydamble. The same renew. For though	17		
she's unmerried she'll after truss up and help that hussyband how	18		
to hop. Hip it and trip it and chirrub and sing. Lord Chuffy's sky	19		
sheraph and Glugg's got to swing.	20		
So and so, toe by toe, to and fro they go round, for they are the	21		
ingelles, scattering nods as girls who may, for they are an angel's	22		
garland.	23		
Catchmire stockings, libertyed garters, shoddys shoes, quicked	24		
out with selver. Pennyfair caps on pinnyfore frocks and a ring on	25		
her fomefing finger. And they leap so looply, looply, as they link	26		

to light. And they look so loovely, loovelit, noosed in a nuptious	27		
night. Withasly glints in. Andecoy glants out. They ramp it a	28		
little, a lessle, a lissle. Then rompride round in rout.	29		
Say them all but tell them apart, cadenzando coloratura! R is	30		
Rubretta and A is Arancia, Y is for Yilla and N for greeneriN. B	31		
is Boyblue with odalisque O while W waters the fleurettes of no-	32		
vembrance. Though they're all but merely a schoolgirl yet these	33		
way went they. I' th' view o' th'avignue dancing goes entrancing	34		
roundly. Miss Oodles of Anems before the Luvium doeslike. So.	35		
And then again doeslike. So. And miss Endles of Eons efter Dies	36		
FW227			
of Eirae doeslike. So. And then again doeslike. So. The many	1		
wiles of Winsure.	2		
The grocer's bawd she slips her hand in the haricot bag, the	3		
lady in waiting sips her sup from the paraffin can, Mrs Wildhare	4		
Quickdoctor helts her skelts up the casuaway the flasht instinct	5		
she herds if a tinkle of tunder, the widow Megrievy she knits cats'	6		
cradles, this bountiful actress leashes a harrier under her tongue,	7		
and here's the girl who she's kneeled in coldfashion and she's told	8		
her priest (spt!) she's pot on a chap (chp!) and this lass not least,	9		
this rickissime woman, who she writes foot fortunes money times	10		

over in the nursery dust with her capital thumb. Buzz. All run-	11		
away sheep bound back bopeep, trailing their teenes behind	12		
them. And these ways wend they. And those ways went they.	13		
Winnie, Olive and Beatrice, Nelly and Ida, Amy and Rue. Here	14		
they come back, all the gay pack, for they are the florals, from	15		
foncey and pansey to papavere's blush, foresake-me-nought,	16		
while there's leaf there's hope, with printim's ruse and marry-	17		
may's blossom, all the flowers of the ancelles' garden.	18		
But vicereversing thereout from those palms of perfection to	19		
anger arbour, treerack monatan, scroucely out of scout of ocean,	20		
virid with woad, what tornaments of complementary rages rocked	21		
the divlun from his punchpoll to his tummy's shentre as he dis-	22		
plaid all the oathword science of his visible disgrace. He was	23		
feeling so funny and floored for the cue, all over which girls as	24		
he don't know whose hue. If goosseys gazious would but fain	25		
smile him a smile he would be fondling a praise he ate some nice	26		
bit of fluff. But no geste reveals the unconnouth. They're all	27		
odds against him, the beasties. Scratch. Start.	28		
He dove his head into Wat Murrey, gave Stewart Ryall a puck	29		
on the plexus, wrestled a hurry-come-union with the Gillie Beg,	30		
wiped all his sinses, martial and menial, out of Shrove Sundy	31		
MacFearsome, excremuncted as freely as any frothblower into	32		
MacIsaac, had a belting bout, chaste to chaste, with McAdoo	33		

about nothing and, childhood's age being aye the shameleast, tel	34			
a Tartaran tastarin toothsome tarrascone tourtoun, vestimentiv-	35			
orous chlamydophagian, imbretellated himself for any time un-	36			
FW228				
tellable with what hung over to the Machonochie Middle from	1			
the MacSiccaries of the Breeks. Home!	2			
Allwhile, moush missuies from mungy monsie, preying in	3			
his mind, son of Everallin, within himself, he swore. Macnoon	4			
maggoty mag! Cross of a coppersmith bishop! He would split.	5			
He do big squeal like holy Trichepatte. Seek hells where from	6			
yank islanders the petriote's absolation. Mocknitza! Genik! He	7			
take skiff come first dagrene day overwide tumbler, rough and	8			
dark, till when bow of the shower show of the bower with three	9			
shirts and a wind, pagoda permettant, crookolevante, the bruce,	10			
the coriolano and the ignacio. From prudals to the secular but	11			
from the cumman to the nowter. Byebye, Brassolis, I'm breaving!	12			
Our war, Dully Gray! A conansdream of lodascircles, he here	13			
schlucefinis. Gelchasser no more! Mischnary for the minestrary	14			
to all the sems of Aram. Shimach, eon of Era. Mum's for's	15			
maxim, ban's for's book and Dodgesome Dora for hedgehung	16			
sheolmastress. And Unkel Silanse coach in diligence. Discon-	17			

nection of the succeeding. He wholehog himself for carberry	18			
banishment care of Pencylmania, Bretish Armerica, to melt Mrs	19			
Gloria of the Bunkers' Trust, recorporated, (prunty!) by meteo-	20			
romancy and linguified heissrohgin, quit to hail a hurry laracor	21			
and catch the Paname-Turricum and regain that absendee tarry	22			
easty, his città immediata, by an alley and detour with farecard	23			
available getrennty years. Right for Rovy the Roder. From the	24			
safe side of distance! Libera, nostalgia! Beate Laurentie O'Tuli,	25			
Euro pra nobis! Every monk his own cashel where every little	26			
ligger is his own liogotenente with inclined jambs in full purview	27			
to his pronaose and to the deretane at his reredoss. Fuisfinister,	28			
fuyerescaper! He would, with the greatest of ease, before of	29			
weighting midhook, by dear home trashold on the raging canal,	30			
for othersites of Jorden, (heave a hevy, waterboy!) make one	31			
of hissens with a knockonacow and a chow collegions and fire	32			
off, gheol ghiornal, foull subustioned mullmud, his farced epistol	33			
to the hibruws. From Cernilius slomtime prepositus of Toumaria	34			
to the clutch in Anteach. Salvo! Ladigs and jointuremen! No more	35			
turdenskaulds! Free leaves for ebribadies! All tinsammon in the	36			
FW229				
yord! With harm and aches till farther alters! Wild primates not	1			

stop him frem at rearing a writing in handy antics. <i>Nom de</i>	2		
<i>plume!</i> Gout strap Fenlanns! And send Jarge for Mary Ink-	3		
lenders! And daunt you logh if his vineshanky's schwemmy!	4		
For he is the general, make no mistake in he. He is General	5		
Jinglesome.	6		
Go in for scribenery with the satiety of arthurs in S.P.Q.R-ish	7		
and inform to the old sniggering publicking press and its nation	8		
of sheepecopers about the whole plighty troth between them, ma-	9		
lady of milady made melodi of malodi, she, the lalage of lyon-	10		
esses, and him, her knave arrant. To Wildrose La Gilligan from	11		
Croppy Crowhore. For all within crystal range.	12		
Ukalepe. Loathers' leave. Had Days. Nemo in Patria. The	13		
Luncher Out. Skilly and Carubdish. A Wondering Wreck. From	14		
the Mermaids' Tavern. Bullyfamous. Naughtsycalves. Mother of	15		
Misery. Walpurgas Nackt.	16		
Maleesh! He would bare to untired world of Leimunconon-	17		
nulstria (and what a strip poker globbtrottlet they pairs would	18		
looks!) how wholefallows, his guffer, the sabbatarian (might	19		
faction split his beard!), he too had a great big oh in the	20		
megafundum of his tomashunders and how her Lettyshape, his	21		
gummer, that congealed sponsar, she had never cessed at waking	22		
malters among the jemassons since the cluft that meataxe delt	23		
her made her microchasm as gap as down low. So they fished	24		

in the kettle and fought free and if she bit his tailabout all hat	25			
tiffin for thea. He would jused sit it all write down just as he	26			
would jused set it up all writhefully rate in blotch and void,	27			
yielding to no man in hymns ignorance, seeing how heartsilly	28			
sorey he was, owing to the condrition of his bikestool. And,	29			
reading off his fleshskin and writing with his quillbone, fillfull	30			
ninequires with it for his auditors, Caxton and Pollock, a most	31			
moraculous jeeremyhead sindbook for all the peoples, under the	32			
presidency of the suchess of sceaunonsceau, a hadtobe heldin,	33			
thoroughly enjoyed by many so meny on block at Boyrut season	34			
and for their account ottorly admired by her husband in sole in-	35			
timacy, about whose told his innersense and the grusomehed's	36			
FW230				
yoeureeke of his spectrescope and why he was off colour and how	1			
he was ambothed upon by the very spit of himself, first on the	2			
cheekside by Michelangelo and, besouns thats, over on the owld	3			
jowly side by Bill C. Babby, and the suburb's formule why they	4			
provencials drollo eggspilled him out of his homety dometry nar-	5			
rowedknee domum (osco de basco de pescos de bisco!) because	6			
all his creature comfort was an omulette finas erbas in an ark finis	7			
orbe and, no master how mustered, mind never mend, he could	8			

neither swuck in nonneither swimp in the flood of cecialism and	9		
the best and schortest way of blacking out a caughtalock of all	10		
the sorrors of Sexton until he would accoster her coume il fou in	11		
teto-dous as a wagoner would his mudheeldy wheesindonk at	12		
their trist in Parisise after tourments of tosend years, bread cast	13		
out on waters, making goods at mutuurity, Mondamoiseau of	14		
Casanuova and Mademoisselle from Armentières. Neblonovi's	15		
Nivonovio! Nobbio and Nuby in ennoviacion! Occitantitempoli!	16		
He would si through severalls of sanctuaries maywhatmay might-	17		
whomight so as to meet somewhere, if produced, on a demi pans-	18		
sion for his whole lofetime, payment in goo to slee music and	19		
poisonal comfany, following which, like Ipsey Secumbe, when he	20		
fingon to foil the fluter, she could have all the g. s. M. she moo-	21		
hooded after fore and rickwards to herslF, including science of	22		
sonorous silence, while he, being brung up on soul butter, have	23		
recourse of course to poetry. With tears for his coronaichon,	24		
such as engines weep. Was liffe worth leaving? Nej!	25		
Tholedoth, treetrene! Zokrahsing, stone! Arty, reminiscen-	26		
sitive, at bandstand finale on grand carriero, dreaming largesse	27		
of lifesighs over early lived offs — all old Sators of the Sowsceptre	28		
highly nutritius family histrionic, genitricksling with Avus and	29		
Avia, that simple pair, and descendant down on veloutypads by a	30		
vuncular process to Nurus and Noverca, those notorious nepotists,	31		

circumpictified in their sobrine census, patriss all of them by the	32		
glos on their germane faces and their socerine eyes like transparents	33		
of vitricus, patruuts to a man, the archimade levirs of his ekonome	34		
world. Remember thee, castle throwen? Ones propsperups treed,	35		
now stohong baroque. And oil paint use a pumme if yell trace	36		
FW231			
me there title to where was a hovel not a havel (the first rattle of	1		
his juniverse) with a tingtumtingling and a next, next and next	2		
(gin a paddy? got a petty? gussies, gif it ope?), while itch ish	3		
shome.	4		
— <i>My God, alas, that dear olt tumtum home</i>	5		
<i>Whereof in youthfood port I preyed</i>	6		
<i>Amook the verdigrassy convict vallsall dazes.</i>	7		
<i>And cloitered for amourmeant in thy boosome shedel!</i>	8		
His mouthfull of ecstasy (for Shing-Yung-Thing in Shina from	9		
Yoruyume across the Timor Sea), herepong (maladventure!) shot	10		
pinging up through the errorooth of his wisdom (who thought	11		
him a Fonar all, feastking of shellies by googling Lovvey, regally	12		
freytherem, eagelly plumed, and wasbut gumboil owrithy prods	13		
wretched some horsery megee plods coffin acid odarkery pluds	14		
dense floppens mugurdy) as thought it had been zawhen intwo.	15		

Wholly sanguish blooded up disconvulsing the fixtures of his	16			
fizz. Apang which his tempory chewer med him a crazy chump	17			
of a Haveajube Sillayass. Joshua Croesus, son of Nunn! Though	18			
he shall live for millions of years a life of billions of years, from	19			
their roseaced glows to their violast lustres, he shall not forget	20			
that pucking Pugases. Holihowlsballs and bloody acres! Like	21			
gnawthing unheardth!	22			
But, by Jove Chronides, Seed of Summ, after at he had bate	23			
his breastplates for, forforget, forforgetting his birdsplace, it was	24			
soon that, that he, that he rehad himself. By a prayer? No, that	25			
comes later. By contrite attrition? Nay, that we passed. Mid	26			
esercizism? So is richt.	27			
And it was so. And Malthos Moramor resumed his soul. With:	28			
Go Ferchios off to Allad out of this! An oldsteinsong. He threwed	29			
his fit up to his aers, rolled his poligone eyes, snivelled from his	30			
snose and blew the guff out of his hornypipe. The hopjoint jerk	31			
of a ladle broom jig that he learned in locofoco when a redhot	32			
turnspite he. Under reign of old Roastin the Bowl Ratskillers,	33			
readyos! Why was that man for he's doin her wrong! Lookery	34			
looks, how he's knots in his entrails! Mookery mooks, it's a	35			
grippe of his gripes. Seekeryseeks, why his biting he's head off?	36			
FW232				

Cokerycokes, it's his spurt of coal. And may his tarpitch dilute	1		
not give him chromitis! For the mauwe that blinks you blank is	2		
mostly Carbo. Where the inflammabilis might pursuive his com-	3		
burenda with a pure flame and a true flame and a flame all too-	4		
gasser, soot. The worst is over. Wait! And the dubuny Mag may	5		
gang to preesses. With Dinny Finneen, me canty, ho! In the lost	6		
of the gleamens. Sousymoust. For he would himself deal a treat-	7		
ment as might be trusted in anticipation of his inculmination unto	8		
fructification for the major operation. When (pip!) a message	9		
interfering intermitting interskips from them (pet!) on herzian	10		
waves, (call her venicey names! call her a stell!) a butterfly from	11		
her zipclasp handbag, a wounded dove astarted from, escaping	12		
out her forecotes. Isle wail for yews, O doherlynt! The poetesser.	13		
And around its scorched cap she has twilled a twine of flame to	14		
let the laitist know she's marrid. And pim it goes backballed. Tot	15		
burns it so leste. A claribel cumbeck to errind. Hers before his	16		
even, posted ere penned. He's your change, thinkyou methim.	17		
Go daft noon, madden, mind the step. Please stoop O to please.	18		
Stop. What saying? I have soreunder from to him now, dear-	19		
mate ashore, so, so compleasely till I can get redressed, which	20		
means the end of my stays in the languish of Tintangle. Is you	21		
zealous of mes, brother? Did you boo moiety lowd? You sup-	22		

poted to be the on conditionally rejected? Satanly, lade! Can that	23		
sobstuff, whingeywilly! Stop up, mavrone, and sit in my lap,	24		
Pepette, though I'd much rather not. Like things are m. ds. is all	25		
in vincibles. Decoded.	26		
Now a run for his money! Now a dash to her dot! Old cocker,	27		
young crowy, sifadda, sosson. A bran new, speedhount, out-	28		
stripperous on the wind. Like a waft to wingweary one or a sos	29		
to a coastguard. For directly with his whoop, stop and an upa-	30		
lepsy didando a tishy, in appreciable less time than it takes a	31		
glaciator to submerger an Atlangthis, was he again, agob, before	32		
the trembly ones, a spark's gap off, doubledasguesched, gotten	33		
orlop in a simplasailormade and shaking the storm out of his	34		
hiccups. The smartest vessel you could find would elazilee him	35		
on her knee as her lucky for the Rio Grande. He's a pigtail tarr	36		
FW233			
and if he hadn't got it toothick he'd a telltale tall of his pitcher	1		
on a wall with his photure in the papers for cutting moutonlegs	2		
and capers, letting on he'd jest be japers and his tail cooked up.	3		
Goal! It's one by its length.	4		
Angelinas, hide from light those hues that your sin beau may	5		
bring to light! Though down to your dowerstrip he's bent to	6		

knee he maun't know ledgings here.	7		
For a haunting way will go and you need not make your mow.	8		
Find the frence for frocks and translace it into shocks of such as	9		
touch with show and show.	10		
He is guessing at hers for all he is worse, the seagoer. Hark to	11		
his wily geeses goosling by, and playfair, lady! And note that they	12		
who will for exile say can for dog while them that won't leave	13		
ingle end says now for know.	14		
For he faulters how he hates to trouble them without.	15		
But leaving codhead's mitre and the heron's plumes sinistrant	16		
to the server of servants and rex of regums and making a bolder-	17		
dash for lubberly of speech he asks not have you seen a match	18		
being struck nor is this powder mine but, letting punplays pass	19		
to earnest:	20		
— Haps thee jaoneofergs?	21		
— Nao.	22		
— Haps thee mayjaunties?	23		
— Naohao.	24		
— Haps thee per causes nunsibellies?	25		
— Naohaohao.	26		
— Asky, asky, asky! Gau on! Micaco! Get!	27		
Ping an ping nwan ping pwan pong.	28		
And he did a get, their anayance, and slink his hook away,	29		

aleguere come alaguerre, like a chimista inchamisas, whom the	30		
harricana hurries and hots foots, zingo, zango, segur. To hoots	31		
of utskut, urqurd, jamal, qum, yallah, yawash, yak! For he could	32		
ciappacioppachew upon a skarp snakk of pure undefallen engelsk,	33		
melanmoon or tartartortoise, tsukisaki or soppisuppon, as raskly	34		
and as baskly as your cheesechalk cow cudd spanich. Makoto!	35		
Whagta kriowday! Gelagala nausy is. Yet right divining do not	36		
FW234			
was. Hovobovo hafogate hokidimatzi in kamicha! He had his	1		
sperrits all foulén on him; to vet, most griposly, he was bedizzled	2		
and debuzzled; he had his tristiest cabaleer on; and looked like	3		
bruddy Hal. A shelling a cockshy and be donkey shot at? Or a	4		
peso besant to join the armada?	5		
But, Sin Showpanza, could anybroddy which walked this world	6		
with eyes whiteopen have looked twinsomer than the kerl he left	7		
behind him? Candidatus, viridosus, aurilucens, sinelab? Of all	8		
the green heroes everwore coton breiches, the whitest, the	9		
goldenest! How he stud theirs with himselfs mookst kevinly, and	10		
that anterevolutionary, the churchman childfather from tonsor's	11		
tuft to almonder's toes, a haggiography in duotrigesumy, son	12		
soptimost of sire sixtusks, of Mayaqueenies sign osure, hevnlly	13		

buddhy time, inwreathed of his near cissies, a mickly dazzly eely	14		
oily with looiscurrals, a soulnetzer by zvesdals priestessed, their	15		
trail the tractive, and dem dandypanies knows de play of de eye-	16		
lids, with his gamecox spurts and his smile likequid glue (the	17		
suessiest sourir ever weanling wore), whiles his host of spritties,	18		
lusspillerindernees, they went peahenning a ripidarapidarpad	19		
around him, pilgrim prinkips, kerilour kevinour, in neuchoristic	20		
congressulations, quite purringly excited, rpdrrpd, allauding to	21		
him by all the licknames in the litany with the terms in which	22		
no little dulsy nayer ever thinks about implying except to her	23		
future's year and sending him perfume most praypuffs to setis-	24		
fire more then to teasim (shllwe help, now you've massmuled,	25		
you t'rigolect a bit? yismik? yimissy?) that he, the finehued, the	26		
fairhailed, the farahead, might bouchesave unto each but every-	27		
one, asfar as safras durst assune, the havemercyonhurs of his	28		
kissier licence. Meanings: Andure the enjurious till imbetther rer.	29		
We know you like Latin with essies impures, (and your liber as	30		
they sea) we certney like gurgles love the nargleygargley so, arrah-	31		
beejee, tell that old frankay boyuk to bellows upthe tombucky in	32		
his tumtum argan and give us a gust of his gushy old. Goof!	33		
Hymnumber twentynine. O, the singing! Happy little girly-	34		
cums to have adolphted such an Adelphus! O, the swinginging	35		
hopops so goholden! They've come to chant en chor. They say	36		

FW235				
their salat, the madiens' prayer to the messiaher of His Nabis,	1			
prostituting their selfs eachwise and combinedly. Fateha, fold the	2			
hands. Be it honoured, bow the head. May thine evings e'en be	3			
blossful! Even of bliss! As we so hope for ablution. For the sake	4			
of the farbung and of the scent and of the holidrops. Amems.	5			
A pause. Their orison arises misquewhite as Osman glory, ebb-	6			
ing wasteward, leaves to the soul of light its fading silence (allah-	7			
lah lahlah lah!), a turquewashed sky. Then:	8			
— Xanthos! Xanthos! Xanthos! We thank to thine, mighty	9			
innocent, that diddest bring it off fuitefuite. Should in offer years	10			
it became about you will after desk jobduty becoming a bank mid-	11			
land mansioner we and I shall reside with our obeisant servants	12			
among Burke's mobility at La Roseraie, Ailesbury Road. Red	13			
bricks are all hellishly good values if you trust to the roster of ads	14			
but we'll save up ourselves and nab what's nicest and boskiest of	15			
timber trees in the nebohood. Oncaill's plot. Luccombe oaks,	16			
Turkish hazels, Greek firs, incense palm edcedras. The hypso-	17			
meters of Mount Anville is held to be dying out of arthataxis but,	18			
praise send Larix U' Thule, the wych elm of Manelagh is still	19			
flourishing in the open, because its native of our nature and the	20			

seeds was sent by Fortune. We'll have our private palypeachum	21			
pillarposterns for lovesick letterines fondly affianxed to our front	22			
railings and swings, hammocks, tighttaught balletlines, accomoda-	23			
tionnooks and prismic bathboites, to make Envyeyes mouth	24			
water and wonder when they binocular us from their embrassured	25			
windows in our garden rare. Fyat-Fyat shall be our number	26			
on the autokinaton and Chubby in his Chuffs oursforownly	27			
chuffeur. T will be waiting for uns as I sold U at the first antries.	28			
Our cousin gourmand, Percy, the pup, will denounce the sniff-	29			
nomers of all callers where among our Seemyease Sister, Tabitha,	30			
the ninelived, will extend to the full her hearty welcome. While	31			
the turf and twigs they tattle. Tintin tintin. Lady Marmela Short-	32			
bred will walk in for supper with her marchpane switch on, her	33			
necklace of almonds and her poirette Sundae dress with bracelets	34			
of honey and her cochineal hose with the caramel dancings, the	35			
briskly best from Bootiestown, and her suckingstaff of ivory-	36			
FW236				
mint. You mustn't miss it or you'll be sorry. Charmeuses chloes,	1			
glycering juwells, lydialight fans and puffumed cynarettes. And	2			
the Prince Le Monade has been graciously pleased. His six choco-	3			
late pages will run bugling before him and Cococream toddle	4			

after with his sticksword in a pink cushion. We think His Spark-	5		
ling Headiness ought to know Lady Marmela. Luisome his for	6		
lissome hers. He's not going to Cork till Cantalamesse or may-	7		
hope till Rose Easter or Saint Tibble's Day. So Niomon knows.	8		
The Fomor's in his Fin, the Momor's her and hin. A paaralone!	9		
A paaralone! And Dublin's all adin. We'll sing a song of Single-	10		
month and you'll too and you'll. Here are notes. There's the key.	11		
One two three. Chours! So come on, ye wealthy gentrymen wib-	12		
frufrocksfull of fun! Thin thin! Thin thin! Thej olly and thel	13		
ively, thou billy with thee coo, for to jog a jig of a crispness nice	14		
and sing a missal too. Hip champouree! Hhiphip champouree! O	15		
you longtailed blackman, polk it up behind me! Hip champouree!	16		
Hhiphip champouree! And, jessies, push the pumkik round. Anne-	17		
liuia!	18		
Since the days of Roamaloose and Rehmoose the pavanos have	19		
been strident through their struts of Chapellidiseut, the vaulsies	20		
have meed and youdled through the purly ooze of Ballybough,	21		
many a mismy cloudy has tripped taintily along that hercourt	22		
strayed reelway and the rigadoons have held ragtimed revels on	23		
the platauplain of Grangegorman; and, though since then ster-	24		
lings and guineas have been replaced by brooks and lions and	25		
some progress has been made on stilts and the races have come	26		
and gone and Thyme, that chef of seasoners, has made his usual	27		

astewte use of endadjustables and whatnot willbe isnor was, those	28			
danceadeils and cancanzanies have come stimmering down for our	29			
begayment through the bedeaftdom of po's taeorns, the obcecicy	30			
of pa's teapucs, as lithe and limbfree limber as when momie	31			
mummed at ma.	32			
Just so styllled with the nattes are their flowerheads now and	33			
each of all has a lovestalk onto herself and the tot of all the tits of	34			
their understamens is as open as he can posably she and is tourne-	35			
soled straightcut or sidewaist, accourdant to the coursets of	36			
FW237				
things feminite, towooerds him in heliolatry, so they may catch-	1			
cup in their calyzettes, alls they go troping, those parryshoots	2			
from his muscalone pistil, for he can eyespy through them, to	3			
their selfcolours, nevertheleast their tissue peepers, (meaning	4			
Mullabury mesh, the time of appling flowers, a guarded figure	5			
of speech, a variety of perfume, a bridawl, seamist inso one) as	6			
leichtly as see saw (O my goodmiss! O my greatmess! O my	7			
prizelestly preshoes!) while, dewyfully as dimb dumbelles, all	8			
alisten to his elixir. Lovelyt!	9			
And they said to him:	10			
— Enchanted, dear sweet Stainusless, young confessor, dearer	11			

dearest, we herehear, aboutobloss, O coelicola, thee salutamt.	12		
Pattern of our unschoold, pageantmaster, deliverer of softmis-	13		
sives, round the world in forty mails, bag, belt and balmybeam,	14		
our barnaboy, our chepachap, with that pampipe in your put-	15		
away, gab borab, when you will be after doing all your sight-	16		
seeing and soundhearing and smellsniffing and tastytasting and	17		
tenderumstouchings in all Daneygaul, send us, your adorables,	18		
thou overblaseed, a wise and letters play of all you can ceive,	19		
chief celtech chappy, from your holy post now you hast as-	20		
certained ceremonially our names. Unclean you art not. Outcaste	21		
thou are not. Leperstower, the karman's loki, has not blanched	22		
at our pollution and your intercourse at ninety legsplits does not	23		
defile. Untouchable is not the scarecrown is on you. You are	24		
pure. You are pure. You are in your puerity. You have not	25		
brought stinking members into the house of Amanti. Elleb Inam,	26		
Titep Notep, we name them to the Hall of Honour. Your head	27		
has been touched by the god Enel-Rah and your face has been	28		
brightened by the goddess Aruc-Ituc. Return, sainted youngling,	29		
and walk once more among us! The rains of Demani are masikal	30		
as of yere. And Baraza is all aflower. Siker of calmy days. As	31		
shiver as shower can be. Our breed and better class is in brood	32		
and bitter pass. Labbeycliath longs. But we're counting on the	33		
cluck. The Great Cackler comes again. Sweetstaker, Abel lord of	34		

all our haloease, we (to be slightly more femmiliar perhips than is	35			
slickly more then naccessory), toutes philomelas as well as mag-	36			
FW238				
delenes, were drawpairs with two pinmarks, BVD and BVD dot,	1			
so want lotteries of ticklets posthastem (you appreciate?) so as to	2			
be very dainty, if an isaspell, and so as to be verily dandydainty,	3			
if an ishibilley, of and on, to and for, by and with, from you.	4			
Let the hitback hurry his wayward ere the missive has time to	5			
take herself off, 'twill be o'erthemore willfully intomeet if the	6			
coming offence can send our shudders before. We seem to have	7			
being elsewhere as tho' th' had pafs'd in our suspens. Next	8			
to our shrinking selves we love sensitivas best. For they are	9			
the Angèles. Brick, fauve, jonquil, sprig, fleet, nocturne, smiling	10			
bruise. For they are an Angèle's garment. We will be constant	11			
(what a word!) and bless the day, for whole hours too, yes, for	12			
sold long syne as we shall be heing in our created being of ours	13			
elvishness, the day you befell, you dreadful temptation! Now	14			
promisus as at our requested you will remain ignorant of all what	15			
you hear and, though if whilst disrobing to the edge of risk, (the	16			
bisifings in idolhours that satinfinestootoo!) draw a veil till we	17			
next time! You don't want to peach but bejimboed if ye do!	18			

Perhelps. We ernst too may. How many months or how many	19			
years till the myriadth and first become! Bashfulness be tuppel!	20			
May he colp, may he colp her, may he mixandmass colp her!	21			
Talk with a hare and you wake of a tartars. That's mus. Says the	22			
Law. List! Kicky Lacey, the pervergined, and Bianca Mutantini,	23			
her conversa, drew their fools longth finnishfurst, Herzog van	24			
Vellentam, but me and meother ravin, my coosine of mine, have	25			
mour good three chancers, weothers, after Bohnaparts. The	26			
mything smile of me, my wholesome assumption, shes nowt me-	27			
without as weam twin herewithin, that I love like myselfish, like	28			
smithereens robinsongs, like juneses nutslost, like the blue of the	29			
sky if I stoop for to spy's between my whiteyoumightcallimbs.	30			
How their duel makes their triel! Eer's wax for Sur Soord, dong-	31			
dong bollets for the iris riflers, queemswellth of coocome in their	32			
combs for the jennyjos. Caro caressimus! Honey swarns where	33			
mellisponds. Will bee all buzzy one another minnies for the mere	34			
effect that you are so fuld of pollen yourself. Teomeo! Daurdour!	35			
We feel unspeechably thoughtless over it all here in Gizzygazelle	36			
FW239				
Tark's bimboowood so pleasekindly communicake with the	1			
original sinse we are only yearning as yet how to burgeon. It's	2			

meant milliems of centiments deadlost or mislaid on them but,	3		
master of snakes, we can sloughchange in the nip of a napple	4		
solongas we can allsee for deedsetton your quick. By the hook	5		
in your look we're eyed for aye were you begging the questuan	6		
with your lutean bowl round Monkmesserag. And whenever	7		
you're tingling in your trout we're sure to be tangled in our tice-	8		
ments. It's game, ma chère, be off with your shepherdress on! Up-	9		
some cauda! Behose our handmades for the lured! To these nunce	10		
we are but yours in ammatures yet well come that day we shall ope	11		
to be ores. Then shalt thou see, seeing, the sight. No more hoax-	12		
ites! Nay more gifting in mennage! A her's fancy for a his friend	13		
and then that fellow yours after this follow ours. Vania, Vania	14		
Vaniorum, Domne Vanias!	15		
Hightime is ups be it down into outs according! When there	16		
shall be foods for vermin as full as feeds for the fett, eat on earth	17		
as there's hot in oven. When every Klitty of a scolderymeid shall	18		
hold every yardscullion's right to stimm her uprecht for whimso-	19		
ever, whether on privates, whather in publics. And when all us	20		
romance catholeens shall have ones for all amanseprated. And the	21		
world is maidfree. Methanks. So much for His Meignysthy man!	22		
And all his bigyttens. So till Coquette to tell Cockotte to teach	23		
Connie Curley to touch Cattie Hayre and tip Carminia to tap La	24		
Chérie though where the diggings he dwellst amongst us here's	25		

nobody knows save Mary. Whyfor we go ringing hands in hands	26			
in gyrogyrorondo.	27			
These bright elects, consentconsorted, they were waltzing up	28			
their willside with their princesome handsome angeline chiuff	29			
while in those wherebus there wont bears way (mearing un-	30			
known, a place where pigeons carry fire to seethe viands, a miry	31			
hill, belge end sore footh) oaths and screams and bawley groans	32			
with a belchybubhub and a hellabelow bedemmed and bediabbled	33			
the arimaining lucisphere. Helldsdend, whelldselse! Lonedom's	34			
breach lay foulend up uncouth not be broched by punns and	35			
reedles. Yet the ring gayed rund rorosily with a drat for a brat	36			
FW240				
you. Yasha Yash ate sassage and mash. So he found he bash, poor	1			
Yasha Yash. And you wanna make one of our micknick party.	2			
No honaryhuest on our sposhialiste. For poor Glugger was dazed	3			
and late in his crave, ay he, laid in his grave.	4			
But low, boys low, he rises, shrivering, with his spittyful eyes	5			
and his whoozebecome woice. Ephthah! Cisamis! Examen of	6			
conscience scruples now he to the best of his memory schemado.	7			
Nu mere for ever siden on the stolen. With his tumescinquinance	8			
in the thight of his tumstull. No more singing all the dags in	9			

his sengaggeng. Experssly at hand counterhand. Trinitatis kink	10		
had mudded his dome, peccat and pent fore, pree. Hymserf,	11		
munchaowl, maden, born of thug tribe into brood blackmail, dooly	12		
redecant allbigenesis henesies. He, by bletchendmacht of the golls,	13		
proforhim penance and come off enternatural. He, selfsufficiencer,	14		
eggscumuddher-in-chaff sporticolorissimo, what though the	15		
duthsthrows in his lavabad eyes, maketomake polentay rossum,	16		
(Good savours queen with the stem of swuith Aftreck! Fit for	17		
king of Zundas) out of bianconies, hiking ahake like any nudge-	18		
meroughgorude all over Terracuta. No more throw acids, face all	19		
lovabilities, appeal for the union and play for tirnitys. He, praise	20		
Saint Calembaurnus, make clean breastsack of goody girl now as	21		
ever drank milksoep from a spoen, weedhearted boy of potter and	22		
mudder, chip of old Flinn the Flinter, twig of the hider that tanned	23		
him. He go calaboosh all same he tell him out. Teufleuf man he	24		
strip him all mussymussy calico blong him all same he tell him all	25		
out how he make what name. He, through wolkenic connection,	26		
relation belong this remarklable moliman, Anaks Andrum, parley-	27		
glutton pure blood Jebusite, centy procent Erserum spoking.	28		
Drugmallt storehuse. Inrance on back. Most open on the lay-	29		
days. He, A. A., in peachskin shantungs, possible, sooth to say,	30		
notwithstanding far former guiles and he gaining fish consider-	31		
able, by saving grace after avalunch, to look most prophitable	32		

out of smily skibluh eye. He repeat of him as pious alios cos he	33		
ast for shave and haircut people said he'd shape of hegoat where	34		
he just was sheep of herrgott with his tile togged. Top. Not true	35		
what chronicles is bringing his portemanteau priamed full potato-	36		
FW241			
wards. Big dumm crumm digaditchies say short again akter, even	1		
while lossassinated by summan, he coaxyorum a pennysilvers	2		
offerings bloodonages with candid zuckers on Spinshesses Walk	3		
in presents to lilithe maidinettes for at bloo his noose for him	4		
with pruriest pollygameous inatentions, he having that pecuni-	5		
arity ailmint spectacularly in heather cliff emurgency on gale	6		
days because souffrant chronic from a plentitude of house torts.	7		
Collosul rhodomantic not wert one bronze lie Scholarina say as	8		
he, greyed vike cuddlepuller, walk in her sleep his pig indicks	9		
weg femtyfem funts. Of so little is her timentrousnest great for	10		
greeting his immensesness. Sutt soonas sett they were, her uyes	11		
as his auroholes. Kaledvalch! How could one classically? One	12		
could naught critically. Ininest lightingshaft only for lovalit	13		
smugpipe, his Mistress Mereshame, of cupric tresses, the form-	14		
white foaminine, the ambersandalled, after Aasdocktor Talop's	15		
onamuttony legture. A mish, holy balm of seinsed myrries, he is	16		

as good as a mountain and everybody what is found of his gients	17			
he knew Meistral Wikingson, furframed Noordwogen's kampf-	18			
ten, with complexion of blushing dolomite fanned by ozeone	19			
brisees, what naver saw his bedshead farrer and nuver met his	20			
swigamore, have his ignomen from prima signation of being	21			
Master Milchku, queerest man in the benighted queendom, and,	22			
adcraft aidant, how he found the kids. Other accuse him as	23			
lochkneeghed forsunkener, dope in stockknob, all ameltingmoult	24			
after rhomatism, purely simply tammy ratkins. The kurds of	25			
Copt on the berberutters and their bedaweens! Even was Shes	26			
whole begeds off before all his nahars in the koldbethizzdryel. No	27			
gudth! Not one zouz! They whiteliveried ragsups, two Whales of	28			
the Sea of Deceit, they bloodiblabstard shooters, three Drome-	29			
daries of the Sands of Calumdonia. As is note worthies to shock	30			
his hind! Ur greeft on them! Such askors and their ruperts they	31			
are putting in for more osghirs is also false liarnels. The frocken-	32			
halted victims! Whore affirm is agains sempry Lotta Karssens.	33			
They would lick their lenses before they would negatise a jom	34			
petter from kis sodalites. In his contrary and on reality, which	35			
Bichop Babwith bares to his whitness in his <i>Just a Fication of</i>	36			
FW242				

<i>Villumses</i> , this Mr Heer Assassor Neelson, of sorestate hearing,	1		
diseased, formarly with Adenoiks, den feed all lighty, laxtleap	2		
great change of retiring family buckler, highly accurect in his	3		
everythinks, from tencents coupoll to bargain basement, live with	4		
howthold of nummer seven, wideawake, woundabout, wokin-	5		
betts, weeklings, in black velvet on geolgian mission senest mangy	6		
years his rear in the lane pictures, blanking same with autonaut	7		
and annexes and got a daarlingt babyboy bucktooth, the thick of	8		
a gobstick, coming on ever so nerses nursely, gracies to goodess,	9		
at 81. That why all parks up excited about his gunnfodder. That	10		
why ecrazyaztecs and the crime ministers preaching him morn-	11		
ings and makes a power of spoon vittles out of his praverbs. That	12		
why he, persona erecta, glycorawman arsenicful femorniser, for	13		
a trial by julias, in celestial sunhat, with two purses agitataing	14		
his theopot with wokklebout shake, rather incoherend, from one	15		
18 to one 18 biss, young shy gay youngs. Sympoly far infusing	16		
up pritty tipidities to lock up their rhainodaisies and be nice	17		
and twainty in the shade. Old grand tutut toucher up of young	18		
poetographies and he turn aroundabrupth red altfrumpishly like	19		
hear samhar tionnor falls some make one noise. It's his last lap,	20		
Gigantic, fare him weal! Revelation! A fact. True bill. By a jury	21		
of matrons. Hump for humbleness, dump for dirts. And, to make	22		
a long stoney badder and a whorly show a parfect sight, his Thing	23		

went the whollyway retup Suffrogate Strate.	24			
Helpmeat too, contrasta toga, his fiery goosemother, laotsey	25			
taotsey, woman who did, he tell princes of the age about. You	26			
sound on me, judges! Suppose we brisken up. Kings! Meet the	27			
Mem, Avenlith, all viviparous out of couple of lizards. She just as	28			
fenny as he is fulgar. How laat soever her latest still her sawlogs	29			
come up all standing. Psing a psalm of psexpeans, apocryphul of	30			
rhyme! His cheekmole of allaph foriverever her allinall and his	31			
Kuran never teachit her the be the owner of thyself. So she not	32			
swop her eckcot hjem for Howarden's Castle, Englandwales. But	33			
be the alleance of iern on his flamen vestacoat, the fibule of brooch-	34			
bronze to his wintermantle of pointefox. Who not knows she, the	35			
Madame Cooley-Couley, spawife to laird of manna, when first	36			
FW243				
come into the pictures more as hundreads elskernelks' yahrds of	1			
annams call away, factory fresh and fiuming at the mouth, wronged	2			
by Hwemwednoget (magrathmagreeth, he takable a rap for that	3			
early party) and whenceforward Ani Mama and her fiertey	4			
bustles terrified of gmere gnomes of gmountains and furibound	5			
to be back in her mytinbeddy? Schi schi, she feightened allsouls	6			
at pignpugn and gets a pan in her stummi from the pialabellars	7			

in their pur war. Yet jacticktating all around her about his poor-	8		
liness due to pannellism and grime for that he harboured her when	9		
feme sole, her zoravarn lhorde and givnergenral, and led her in	10		
antient consort ruhm and bound her durant coverture so as she	11		
could not steal from him, oz her or damman, so as if ever she's	12		
beleaved by checkenbrooth death since both was parties to the	13		
feed it's Hetman MacCumhal foots the funeral. Mealwhile she	14		
nutre him jacent from her elmer's almsdish, giantar and tschaina	15		
as sieme as bibrondas with Foli Signur's tinner roumanschy to	16		
fishle the ladwigs out of his lugwags, like a skittering kitty	17		
skattering hayels, when his favourites were all beruffled on him	18		
and her own undesirables justickulating, it was such a blowick	19		
day. Winden wanden wild like wenchen wenden wanton. The	20		
why if he but would bite and plug his baccypipes and renownse	21		
the devlins in all their pumbs and kip the streelwarkers out of	22		
the plague and nettleses milk from sickling the honeycoombe	23		
and kop Ulo Bubo selling foulty treepes, she would make massa	24		
dinars with her savuneer dealinsh and delicate her nutbrown	25		
glory cloack to Mayde Berenice and hang herself in Ostmanns-	26		
town Saint Megan's and make no more mulierage before ma-	27		
hatmas or moslemans, but would ondulate her shookerloft hat	28		
from Alpoleary with a viv baselgia and a clamast apotria like any	29		
purple cardinal's princess or woman of the grave word to the	30		

papal legate from the Vatucum, Monsaigneur Rabbinsohn Crucis,	31		
with an ass of milg to his cowmate and chilterlings on account	32		
of all he quaqueduxed for the hnor of Hrom and the nations	33		
abhord him and wop mezzo scudo to Sant Pursy Orelli that gave	34		
Luiz-Marios Josephs their loyal devouces to be offered up missas	35		
for vowts for widders.	36		
FW244			
Hear, O worldwithout! Tiny tattling! Backwoods, be wary!	1		
Daintytrees, go dutch!	2		
But who comes yond with pire on poletop? He who relights	3		
our spearing torch, the moon. Bring lolave branches to mud	4		
cabins and peace to the tents of Ceder, Neomenie! The feast of	5		
Tubbournigglers is at hand. Shopshup. Inisfail! Timple temple	6		
tells the bells. In syngagyng a sangasongue. For all in Ondslos-	7		
by. And, the hag they damename Coverfew hists from her lane.	8		
And haste, 'tis time for bairns ta hame. Chickchilds, comeho to	9		
roo. Comehome to roo, wee chickchilds doo, when the wild-	10		
worewolf's abroad. Ah, let's away and let's gay and let's stay	11		
chez where the log foyer's burning!	12		
It darkles, (tinct, tint) all this our funnaminal world. Yon	13		
marshpond by ruodmark verge is visited by the tide. Alvem-	14		

marea! We are circumveiled by obscuritads. Man and belves	15		
frieren. There is a wish on them to be not doing or anything. Or	16		
just for rugs. Zoo koud! Drr, deff, coal lay on and, pzz, call us	17		
pyrress! Ha. Where is our highly honourworthy salutable spouse-	18		
founderess? The foolish one of the family is within. Haha! Huzoor,	19		
where's he? At house, to's pitty. With Nancy Hands. Tsheetshee!	20		
Hound through the maize has fled. What hou! Isegrim under	21		
lolling ears. Far wol! And wheaten bells bide breathless. All. The	22		
trail of Gill not yet is to be seen, rocksdrops, up benn, down	23		
dell, a craggy road for rambling. Nor yet through starland that	24		
silver sash. What era's o'ering? Lang gong late. Say long, scielo!	25		
Sillume, see lo! Selene, sail O! Amune! Ark!? Noh?! Nought	26		
stirs in spinney. The swayful pathways of the dragonfly spider	27		
stay still in reedery. Quiet takes back her folded fields. Tranquille	28		
thanks. Adew. In deerhaven, imbraced, alleged, injoynted and	29		
unlatched, the birds, tommelise too, quail silent. ii. Luathan?	30		
Nuathan! Was avond ere a while. Now conticinium. As Lord	31		
the Laohun is sheutseuyes. The time of lying together will come	32		
and the wildering of the nicht till cockeedoodle aubens Aurore.	33		
Panther monster. Send leabarrow loads amorrow. While loevdom	34		
shleeps. Elenfant has siang his triumph, <i>Great is Eliphas Magis-</i>	35		
<i>trodontos</i> and after kneepayer pious for behemuth and mahamoth	36		

FW245			
will rest him from tusker toils. Salamsalaim! Rhinohorn isnoutso	1		
pigfellow but him ist gonz wurst. Kikikuki. Hopopodorme. So-	2		
beast! No chare of beagles, frantling of peacocks, no muzzing of	3		
the camel, smuttering of apes. Lights, pageboy, lights! Brights	4		
we'll be brights. With help of Hanoukan's lamp. When otter	5		
leaps in outer parts then Yul remembers Mei. Her hung maid	6		
mohns are bluming, look, to greet those loes on coast of amethyst;	7		
arcglow's seafire siemens lure and wextward warnerforth's hooker-	8		
crookers. And now with robby brerfox's fishy fable lissaned out,	9		
the threads simwhat toran and knots in its antargumends, the	10		
pesciolines in Liffeyetta's bowl have stopped squiggling about	11		
Junoh and the whalk and feriaquintaism and pebble infinibility	12		
and the poissission of the hoghly course. And if Lubbernabohore	13		
laid his horker to the ribber, save the giregargoh and dabardin	14		
going on in his mount of knowledge (munt), he would not hear	15		
a flip flap in all Finnyland. Witchman, watch of your night? Es	16		
voes, ez noes, nott voes, ges, noun. It goes. It does not go. Dark-	17		
park's acoo with sucking loves. Rosimund's by her wishing well.	18		
Soon tempt-in-twos will stroll at venture and hunt-by-threes strut	19		
musketearing. Brace of girdles, brasse of beauys. With the width	20		
of the way for jogjoy. Hulker's cieclest elbownonsense. Hold	21		

hard! And his dithering dathering waltzers of. Stright! But meet-	22		
ings mate not as forsehn. Hesperons! And if you wand to Liv-	23		
mouth, wenderer, while Jempson's weed decks Jacqueson's Island,	24		
here lurks, bar hellpelhullpulthebell, none iron welcome. Bing.	25		
Bong. Bangbong. Thunderation! You took with the mulligrubs	26		
and we lack mulsum? No sirrebob! Great goodness, no! Were	27		
you Marely quean of Scuts or but Chrestien the Last, (our duty	28		
to you, chris! royalty, squat!) how matt your mark, though	29		
luded your johl, here's dapplebellied mugs and troublebedded	30		
rooms and sawdust strown in expectoration and for ratification by	31		
specification of your information, Mr Knight, tuntapster, buttles;	32		
his alefru's up to his hip. And Watsy Lyke sees after all rinsings	33		
and don't omiss Kate, homeswab homely, put in with the bricks.	34		
A's the sign and one's the number. Where Chavvyout Chacer	35		
calls the cup and Pouropourim stands astirrup. De oud huis bij	36		
FW246			
de kerkegaard. So who over comes ever for Whoopee Weeks	1		
must put up with the Jug and Chambers.	2		
But heed! Our thirty minutes war's alull. All's quiet on the	3		
felled of Gorey. Between the starfort and the thornwood brass	4		
castle flamb with mutton candles. Hushkah, a horn! Gadolmag-	5		

tog! God es El? Housefather calls enthreateningly. From Bran-	6		
denborgenthor. At Asa's arthre. In thundercloud periwig. With	7		
lightning bug aflash from afinger. My souls and by jings, should	8		
he work his jaw to give down the banks and hark from the tomb!	9		
Ansighosa pokes in her potstill to souse at the sop be sodden	10		
enow and to hear to all the bubbles besaying: the coming man, the	11		
future woman, the food that is to build, what he with fifteen years	12		
will do, the ring in her mouth of joyous guard, stars astir and	13		
stirabout. A palashe for hirs, a saucy for hers and ladlelike spoons	14		
for the wonner. But ein and twee were never worth three. So they	15		
must have their final since he's on parole. Et la pau' Leonie has the	16		
choice of her lives between Josephinus and Mario-Louis for who	17		
is to wear the lily of Bohemey, Florestan, Thaddeus, Hardress or	18		
Myles. And lead raptivity captive. Ready! Like a Finn at a fair.	19		
Now for la bella! Icy-la-Belle!	20		
The campus calls them. Ninan ninan, the gattling gan! Childs	21		
will be wilds. 'Twastold. And vamp, vamp, vamp, the girls are	22		
merchand. The horseshow magnete draws his field and don't the	23		
fillyings fly? Educande of Sorrento, they newknow knowwell	24		
their Vico's road. Arranked in their array and flocking for the	25		
fray on that old orangeray, Dolly Brae. For these are not on	26		
terms, they twain, bartrossers, since their baffle of Whatalose	27		
when Adam Leftus and the devil took our hindmost, gegifting	28		

her with his painapple, nor will not be atoned at all in fight to	29		
no finish, that dark deed doer, this wellwilled wooer, Jerkoff and	30		
Eatsoup, Yem or Yan, while felixed is who culpas does and harm's	31		
worth healing and Brune is bad French for Jour d'Anno. Tiggers	32		
and Tuggers they're all for tenzones. Bettlimbrates. For she must	33		
walk out. And it must be with who. Teaseforhim. Toesforhim.	34		
Tossforhim. Two. Else there is danger of. Solitude.	35		
Postreintroducing Jeremy, the chastenot coulter, the flowing	36		
FW247			
taal that brooks no brooking runs on to say how, as it was	1		
mutualiter foretold of him by a timekiller to his spacemaker, velos	2		
ambos and arubyat knychts, with their tales within wheels and	3		
stucks between spokes, on the hike from Elmstree to Stene and	4		
back, how, running awage with the use of reason (sics) and	5		
ramming amok at the brake of his voice (secs), his lasterhalft	6		
was set for getting the besterwhole of his yougendtougend, for	7		
control number thrice was operating the subliminal of his invaded	8		
personality. He nobit smorfi and go poltri and let all the tondo	9		
gang bola del ruffo. Barto no know him mor. Eat larto altruis	10		
with most perfect stranger.	11		
Boo, you're through!	12		

Hoo, I'm true!	13		
Men, teacan a tea simmering, hamo mavrone kerry O?	14		
Teapotty. Teapotty.	15		
Kod knows. Anything ruind. Meetingless.	16		
He wept indeiterum. With such a tooth he seemed to love his	17		
wee tart when abuy. Highly momourning he see the before him.	18		
Melained from nape to kneecap though vied from her girders up.	19		
Holy Santalto, cursing saint, sight most deletious to ross up the	20		
spyballs like exude of margary! And how him it heaviered that	21		
eyerim rust! An they bare falls witless against thee how slight	22		
becomes a hidden wound? Soldwoter he wash him all time big-	23		
feller bruisy place blong him. He no want missies blong all boy	24		
other look bruisy place blong him. Hence. It will paineth the	25		
chastenot in that where of his whence he had loseth his once for	26		
every, even though mode grow moramor maenneritsch and the	27		
Tarara boom decay. Immaculacy, give but to drink to his shirt	28		
and all skirtaskortas must change her tunics. So warred he from	29		
first to last, forebanned and betweenly, a smuggler for lifer. Lift	30		
the blank ve veered as heil! Split the hvide and aye seize heaven!	31		
He knows for he's seen it in black and white through his eye-	32		
trompit trained upon jenny's and all that sort of thing which is	33		
dandymount to a clearobscure. Prettimaids tints may try their	34		
taunts: apple, bacchante, custard, dove, eskimo, feldgrau, hema-	35		

tite, isingglass, jet, kipper, lucile, mimosa, nut, oysterette, prune,	36			
FW248				
quasimodo, royal, sago, tango, umber, vanilla, wisteria, xray,	1			
yesplease, zaza, philomel, theerose. What are they all by? Shee.	2			
If you nude her in her prime, make sure you find her comple-	3			
mentary or, on your very first occasion, by Angus Dagdasson	4			
and all his piccions, she'll prick you where you're proudest with	5			
her unsatt speagle eye. Look sharp, she's signalling from among	6			
the asters. Turn again, wistfultone, lode mere of Doubtlynn!	7			
Arise, Land-under-Wave! Clap your lingua to your pallet, drop	8			
your jowl with a jolt, tambourine until your breath slides, pet a	9			
pout and it's out. Have you got me, Allysloper?	10			
My top it was brought Achill's low, my middle I ope before	11			
you, my bottom's a vulser if ever there valed and my whole the	12			
flower that stars the day and is solly well worth your pilger's	13			
fahrt. Where there's a hitch, a head of things, let henker's halter	14			
hang the halunkenend. For I see through your weapon. That	15			
cry's not Cucullus. And his eyelids are painted. If my tutor here	16			
is cut out for an oldeborre I'm Flo, shy of peeps, you know. But	17			
when he beetles backwards, ain't I fly? Pull the boughpee to see	18			
how we sleep. Bee Peep! Peepette! Would you like that lump of	19			

a tongue for lungeon or this Turkey's delighter, hys hyphen	20			
mys? My bellyswain's a twalf whulerusspower though he knows	21			
as much how to man a wife as Dunckle Dalton of matching wools.	22			
Shake hands through the thicketloch! Sweet swanwater! My	23			
other is mouthfilled. This kissing wold's full of killing fellows	24			
kneeling voyantly to the cope of heaven. And somebody's com-	25			
ing, I feel for a fect. I've a seeklet to sell thee if old Deanns won't	26			
be threaspanning. When you'll next have the mind to retire to	27			
be wicked this is as dainty a way as any. Underwoods spells bush-	28			
ment's business. So if you sprig poplar you're bound to twig this.	29			
'Twas my lord of Glendalough benedixed the gape for me that	30			
time at Long Entry, commanding the approaches to my intimast	31			
innermost. Look how they're browthered! Six thirteens at Blanche	32			
de Blanche's of 3 Behind Street and 2 Turnagain Lane. Awabeg	33			
is my callby, Magnus here's my Max, Wonder One's my ciper	34			
and Seven Sisters is my nighbrood. Radouga, Rab will ye na	35			
pick them in their pink of panties. You can colour up till you're	36			
FW249				
prawn while I go squirt with any cockle. When here who adolls	1			
me infuxes sleep. But if this could see with its backsight he'd	2			
be the grand old greeneyed lobster. He's my first viewmarc since	3			

Valentine. Wink's the winning word.	4		
Luck!	5		
In the house of breathings lies that word, all fairness. The walls	6		
are of rubinen and the glittergates of elfinbone. The roof herof is	7		
of massicious jasper and a canopy of Tyrian awning rises and	8		
still descends to it. A grape cluster of lights hangs therebeneath	9		
and all the house is filled with the breathings of her fairness, the	10		
fairness of fondance and the fairness of milk and rhubarb and the	11		
fairness of roasted meats and uniomargrits and the fairness of	12		
promise with consonantia and avowals. There lies her word, you	13		
reder! The height herup exalts it and the lowness her down aba-	14		
seth it. It vibroverberates upon the tegmen and prosploides from	15		
pomoeria. A window, a hedge, a prong, a hand, an eye, a sign, a	16		
head and keep your other augur on her paypaypay. And you have	17		
it, old Sem, pat as ah be seated! And Sunny, my gander, he's	18		
coming to land her. The boy which she now adores. She does.	19		
Oh backed von dem zug! Make weg for their tug!	20		
With a ring ding dong, they raise clasped hands and advance	21		
more steps to retire to the saum. Curtsey one, curtsey two, with	22		
arms akimbo, devotees.	23		
Irrelevance.	24		
All sing:	25		
— I rose up one maypole morning and saw in my glass how	26		

nobody loves me but you. Ugh. Ugh.	27		
All point in the shem direction as if to shun.	28		
— My name is Misha Misha but call me Toffey Tough. I	29		
mean Mettenchough. It was her, boy the boy that was loft in the	30		
larch. Ogh! Ogh!	31		
Her reverence.	32		
All laugh.	33		
They pretend to helf while they simply shauted at him sauce to	34		
make hims prich. And ith ith noth cricquette, Sally Lums. Not	35		
by ever such a lot. Twentynines of bloomers gegging een man	36		
FW250			
arose. Avis was there and trilled her about it. She's her sex, for	1		
certain. So to celebrate the occasion:	2		
— Willest thou rossy banders havind?	3		
He simules to be tight in ribbings round his rumpffkorpff.	4		
— Are you Swarthants that's hit on a shorn stile?	5		
He makes semblant to be swiping their chimbleys.	6		
— Can you ajew ajew fro' Sheidam?	7		
He finges to be cutting up with a pair of sissers and to be buy-	8		
tings of their maidens and spitting their heads into their facepails.	9		
Spickspuk! Spoken.	10		

So now be hushy, little pukers! Side here roohish, cleany fug-	11		
lers! Grandicellies, all stay zitty! Adultereux, rest as befour! For	12		
you've jollywelly dawdled all the day. When ye coif tantoncle's	13		
hat then'll be largely temts for that. Yet's the time for being now,	14		
now, now.	15		
For a burning would is come to dance inane. Glamours hath	16		
moidered's lieb and herefore Coldours must leap no more. Lack	17		
breath must leap no more.	18		
Lel lols for libelman libling his lore. Lolo Lolo liebermann you	19		
loved to be leaving Libnius. Lift your right to your Liber Lord.	20		
Link your left to your lass of liberty. Lala Lala, Leapermann,	21		
your lep's but a loop to lee.	22		
A fork of hazel o'er the field in vox the verveine virgins ode.	23		
If you cross this rood as you roamed the rand I'm blessed but	24		
you'd feel him a blasting rod. Behind, me, frees from evil smells!	25		
Perdition stinks before us.	26		
Aghatharept they fleurelly to Nebnos will and Rosocale. Twice	27		
is he gone to quest of her, thrice is she now to him. So see we so	28		
as seed we sow. And their prunktqueen kilt her kirtles up and	29		
set out. And her troupe came heeling, O. And what do you think	30		
that pride was drest in! Voolykins' diamondinah's vestin. For ever	31		
they scent where air she went. While all the fauns' flares widens	32		
wild to see a floral's school.	33		

Led by Lignifer, in four hops of the happiest, ach beth cac duff,	34		
a marrer of the sward incoronate, the few fly the farbetween!	35		
We haul minymony on that piebold nig. Will any dubble dabble	36		
FW251			
on the bay? Nor far jocubus? Nic for jay? Attilad! Attattilad! Get	1		
up, Goth's scourge on you! There's a visitation in your implu-	2		
vium. Hun! Hun!	3		
He stanth theirs mun in his natural, oblious autamnesically	4		
of his very proprium, (such is stockpot leaden, so did sonsepun	5		
crake) the wont to be wanton maid a will to be wise. Thrust from	6		
the light, apophotorejected, he spoors loves from her heats. He	7		
blinkth. But's wrath's the higher where those wreathe charity.	8		
For all of these have been thisworlders, time liquescing into state,	9		
pitiless age grows angelhood. Though, as he stehs, most anysing	10		
may befallhim from a song of a witch to the totter of Blackarss,	11		
given a fammished devil, a young sourceress and (eternal con-	12		
junction) the permission of overalls with the cuperation of night-	13		
shirt. If he spice east he seethes in sooth and if he pierce north	14		
he wilts in the waist. And what wonder with the murkery vice-	15		
heid in the shade? The specks on his lapsan are his foul deed	16		
thoughts, wishmarks of mad imogenation. Take they off! Make	17		

the off! But Funnylegs are leanly. A bimbamb bum! They vain	18		
would convert the to be hers in the word. Gush, they wooed!	19		
Gash, they're fair ripecherry!	20		
As for she could shake him. An oaf, no more. Still he'd be	21		
good tutor two in his big armschair lerningstoel and she be	22		
waxen in his hands. Turning up and fingering over the most dan-	23		
tellising peaches in the lingerous longerous book of the dark.	24		
Look at this passage about Galilleotto! I know it is difficult but	25		
when your goche I go dead. Turn now to this patch upon Smac-	26		
chiavelluti! Soot allours, he's sure to spot it! 'Twas ever so in	27		
monitorology since Headmaster Adam became Eva Harte's	28		
toucher, <i>in omnibus moribus et temporibus</i> , with man's mischief	29		
in his mind whilst her pupils swimmied too heavenlies, let his be	30		
exaspirated, letters be blowed! I is a femaline person. O, of pro-	31		
vocative gender. U unisingular case.	32		
Which is why trumppers are mixed up in duels and here's B.	33		
Rohan meets N. Ohlan for the prize of a thou.	34		
But listen to the mocking birde to micking barde making bared!	35		
We've heard it aye since songdom was gemurrmal. As he was	36		
FW252			
queering his shoollthers. So was I. And as I was cleansing my	1		

fausties. So was he. And as way ware puffiing our blowbags.	2		
Souwouyou.	3		
Come, thrust! Go, parry! Dvoinabrathran, dare! The mad	4		
long ramp of manchind's parlements, the learned lacklearning,	5		
merciless as wonderful.	6		
— Now may Saint Mowy of the Pleasant Grin be your ever-	7		
glass and even prospect!	8		
— Feeling dank.	9		
Exchange, reverse.	10		
— And may Saint Jerome of the Harlots' Curse make family	11		
three of you which is much abedder!	12		
— Grassy ass ago.	13		
And each was wrought with his other. And his continence fell.	14		
The bivitellines, Metellus and Ametallikos, her crown pretenders,	15		
obscindgemeinded biekerers, varying directly, uruseye each oxes-	16		
other, superfetated (never cleaner of lamps frowned fiercelier on	17		
anointer of hinges), while their treegrown girls, king's game, if	18		
he deign so, are in such transfusion just to know twigst timidy	19		
twomeys, for gracious sake, who is arththoudux from whose	20		
heterotropic, the sleepy or the glouch, for, shyly bawn and	21		
showly nursured, exceedingly nice girls can strike exceedingly	22		
bad times unless so richtly chosen's by (what though of riches	23		
he have none and hope dashes hope on his heart's horizon) to gar	24		

their great moments greater. The thing is he must be put strait	25			
on the spot, no mere waterstichystuff in a selfmade world that	26			
you can't believe a word he's written in, not for pie, but one's	27			
only owned by naturel rejection. Charley, you're my darwing!	28			
So sing they sequent the assent of man. Till they go round if	29			
they go roundagain before breakparts and all dismissed. They	30			
keep. Step keep. Step. Stop. Who is Fleur? Where is Ange? Or	31			
Gardoun?	32			
Creedless, croonless hangs his haughty. There end no moe red	33			
devil in the white of his eye. Braglodyte him do a katadupe! A con-	34			
damn quondam jontom sick af a suckbut! He does not know how	35			
his grandson's grandson's grandson's grandson will stammer up	36			
FW253				
in Peruvian for in the ersebest idiom I have done it equals I so	1			
shall do. He dares not think why the grandmother of the grand-	2			
mother of his grandmother's grandmother coughed Russky with	3			
suchky husky accent since in the mouthart of the slove look at	4			
me now means I once was otherwise. Nor that the mappamund	5			
has been changing pattern as youth plays moves from street to	6			
street since time and races were and wise ants hoarded and saute-	7			
relles were spendthrifts, no thing making newthing wealthshow-	8			

ever for a silly old Sol, healthybedder and latewiser. Nor that the	9		
turtling of a London's alderman is ladled out by the waggerful to	10		
the regionals of pigmyland. His part should say in honour bound:	11		
So help me symethew, sammarc, selluc and singin, I will stick to	12		
you, by gum, no matter what, bite simbum, and in case of the	13		
event coming off beforehand even so you was to release me for	14		
the sake of the other cheap girl's baby's name plaster me but I	15		
will pluckily well pull on the buckskin gloves! But Noodynaady's	16		
actual ingrate tootle is of come into the garner mauve and thy	17		
nice are stores of morning and buy me a bunch of iodines.	18		
Evidentament he has failed as tiercely as the deuce before for	19		
she is wearing none of the three. And quite as patenly there is a	20		
hole in the ballet trough which the rest fell out. Because to ex-	21		
plain why the residue is, was, or will not be, according to the	22		
eighth axiom, proceeded with, namely, since ever apart that gos-	23		
san duad, so sure as their's a patch on a pomelo, this yam ham in	24		
never live could, the shifting about of the lassies, the tug of love	25		
of their lads ending with a great deal of merriment, hoots,	26		
screams, scarf drill, cap fecking, ejaculations of aurinos, reecho-	27		
able mirthpeals and general thumbtonosery (Myama's a young	28		
young cauntry), one must reckon with the sudden and gigant-	29		
esquesque appearance unwithstandable as a general election in	30		
Barnado's bearskin amongst the brawlmiddle of this village chil-	31		

dergarten of the largely longsuffering laird of Lucanhof.	32		
But, vrayedevraye Blankdeblank, god of all machineries and	33		
tomestone of Barnstaple, by mortisection or vivisuture, splitten	34		
up or recompounded, an isaac jacquemin mauromormo milesian,	35		
how accountibus for him, moreblue?	36		
FW254			
Was he pitssched for an ensemple as certain have dognosed of	1		
him against our seawall by Rurie, Thoath and Cleaver, those	2		
three stout sweynhearts, Orion of the Orgiasts, Meereschal Mac-	3		
Muhun, the Ipse dadden, product of the extremes giving quoti-	4		
dients to our means, as might occur to anyone, your brutest	5		
layaman with the princest champion in our archdeaconry, or so	6		
yclept from Clio's clippings, which the chroncher of chivalries	7		
is sulpicious save he scan, for ancients link with presents as the	8		
human chain extends, have done, do and will again as John, Poly-	9		
carp and Irenews eye-to-eye ayewitnessed and to Paddy Palmer,	10		
while monks sell yew to archers or the water of the livvyng	11		
goes the way of all fish from Sara's drawhead, the corralsome, to	12		
Isaac's, the lauphed butt one, with her minnelisp extorreor to his	13		
moanolothe inturned? So Perrichon with Bastienne or heavy	14		
Humph with airy Nan, Ricqueracqbrimbillyjicqueyjocqjolicass?	15		

How sowesthow, <i>dullcisamica</i> ? A and aa ab ad abu abiad. A	16			
babbel men dub gulch of tears.	17			
The mar of murmury mermers to the mind's ear, uncharted	18			
rock, evasive weed. Only the caul knows his thousandfirst name,	19			
Hocus Crocus, Esquilocus, Finnfinn the Faineant, how feel full	20			
foes in furrinarr! Doth it not all come aft to you, puritysnooper,	21			
in the way television opes longtimes offer when Potollomuck	22			
Sotyr or Sourdanapplous the Lollapaloosa? The charges are, you	23			
will remember, the chances are, you won't; bit it's old Joe, the	24			
Java Jane, older even than Odam Costollo, and we are recur-	25			
rently meeting em, par Mahun Mesme, in cycloannalism, from	26			
space to space, time after time, in various phases of scripture as	27			
in various poses of sepulture. Greets Godd, Groceries! Merodach!	28			
Defend the King! Hoet of the rough throat attack but whose say	29			
is soft but whose ee has a cute angle, he whose hut is a hissarlik	30			
even as her hennin's aspire. And insodaintily she's a quine of selm	31			
ashaker while as a murder of corpse when his magot's up he's	32			
the best berrathon sanger in all the aisles of Skaldignavia. As who	33			
shall hear. For now at last is Longabed going to be gone to, that	34			
more than man, prince of Bunnicombe of wide roadsterds, the	35			
herblord the gillyflowrets so fain fan to flatter about. Artho is the	36			
FW255				

name is on the hero, Capellisato, shoehanded slaughterer of the	1		
shader of our leaves.	2		
Attach him! Hold!	3		
Yet stir thee, to clay, Tamor!	4		
Why wilt thou erewaken him from his earth, O summonor-	5		
other: he is weatherbitten from the dusts of ages? The hour of his	6		
closing hies to hand; the tocsin that shall claxonise his ware-	7		
abouts. If one who remembered his webgoods and tealofts were	8		
to ask of a hooper for whose it was the storks were quitting	9		
Aquileyria, this trundler would not wot; if other who joined faith	10		
when his depth charge bombed our barrel spillway were to –!	11		
Jehosophat, what doom is here! Rain ruth on them, sire! The	12		
wing of Moykill cover him! The Bulljon Bossbrute quarantee	13		
him! Calavera, caution! Slaves to Virtue, save his Veritotem!	14		
Bearara Tolearis, <i>procul abeat!</i> The Ivorbonegorer of Danamara-	15		
ca be, his Hector Protector! Woldomar with Vasa, peel your	16		
peeps! And try to saviourise the nights of labour to the order of	17		
our blooding worold! While Pliny the Younger writes to Pliny	18		
the Elder his calamolumen of contumellas, what Aulus Gellius	19		
picked on Micmacrobius and what Vitruvius pocketed from	20		
Cassiodorus. Like we larnt from that Buke of Lukan in Dublin's	21		
capital, Kongdam Coombe. Even if you are the kooper of the	22		

winkel over measure never lost a licence. Nor a duckindonche	23			
divulse from bath and breakfast. And for the honour of Alcohol	24			
drop that you-know-what-I've-come-about-I-saw-your-act air!	25			
Punch may be pottleproud but his Judy's a wife's wit better.	26			
For the producer (Mr John Baptister Vickar) caused a deep	27			
abuliousness to descend upon the Father of Truants and, at a side	28			
issue, pluterpromptly brought on the scene the cutletsized con-	29			
sort, foundling filly of fortyshilling fostertailor and shipman's	30			
shopahoyden, weighing ten pebble ten, scaling five footsy five	31			
and spanning thirtyseven inchettes round the good companions,	32			
twentynine ditties round the wishful waistress, thirtyseven alsos	33			
round the answer to everything, twentythree of the same round	34			
each of the quis separabits, fourteen round the beginning of hap-	35			
piness and nicely nine round her shoed for slender.	36			
FW256				
And eher you could pray mercy to goodness or help with your	1			
hokey or mehokeypoo, Gallus's hen has collared her pullets.	2			
That's where they have owreglias for. Their bone of contention,	3			
flesh to their thorns, prest as Prestissima, makes off in a thinkling	4			
(and not one hen only nor two hens neyther but every blessed	5			
brigid came aclucking and aclacking), while, a rum a rum, the	6			

ram of all harns, Bier, Wijn, Spirituosen for consumption on the	7		
premises, advokaat withouten pleaders, Mas marrit, Pas poulit,	8		
Ras ruddist of all, though flamifestouned from galantifloures, is	9		
hued and cried of each's colour.	10		
Home all go. Halome. Blare no more ramsblares, oddmund	11		
barkes! And cease your fumings, kindalled bushies! And sherri-	12		
goldies yeassymgnays; your wildeshaweshowe moves swiftly	13		
sterneward! For here the holy language. Soons to come. To	14		
pause.	15		
'Tis goed. Het best.	16		
For they are now tearing, that is, teartoretorning. Too soon	17		
are coming tasbooks and goody, hominy bread and bible bee,	18		
with jaggery-yo to juju-jaw, Fine's French phrases from the	19		
Grandmère des Grammaires and bothered parsenaps from the	20		
Four Massores, Mattatias, Marusias, Lucanias, Jokinias, and what	21		
happened to our eleven in thirtytwo antepostdating the Valgur	22		
Eire and why is limbo where is he and what are the sound waves	23		
saying ceased ere they all wayed wrong and Amnist anguished	24		
axes Collis and where fishngaman fetched the mongafesh from	25		
and whatfor paddybird notplease rancoon and why was Sindat	26		
sitting on him sitbom like a saildior, with what the doc did in the	27		
doil, not to mention define the hydraulics of common salt and,	28		
its denier crid of old provaunce, where G.P.O. is zentrum and	29		

D.U.T.C. are radients write down by the frequency of the scores	30		
and crores of your refractions the valuations in the pice of ding-	31		
gyings on N.C.R. and S.C.R.	32		
That little cloud, a nibulissa, still hangs isky. Singabed sulks	33		
before slumber. Light at night has an alps on his druckhouse.	34		
Thick head and thin butter or after you with me. Caspi, but	35		
gueroligue stings the air. Gaylegs to riot of us! Gallocks to lafft!	36		
FW257			
What is amaid today todo? So angelland all weeping bin that Izzy	1		
most unhappy is. Fain Essie fie onhapje? laughs her stella's vispirine.	2		
While, running about their ways, going and coming, now at	3		
rhimba rhomba, now in trippiza trappaza, pleating a pattern Gran	4		
Geamatron showed them of gracehoppers, auntskippers and coney-	5		
farm leppers, they jeerilied along, durian gay and marian maid-	6		
cap, lou Dariou beside la Matieto, all boy more all girl singout-	7		
feller longa house blong store Huddy, whilst nin nin nin nin that	8		
Boorman's clock, a winny on the tinny side, ninned nin nin nin	9		
nin, about old Father Barley how he got up of a morning arley	10		
and he met with a plattonem blondes named Hips and Haws and	11		
fell in with a fellows of Trinity some header Skowood Shaws like	12		
(You'll catch it, don't fret, Mrs Tummy Lupton! Come indoor,	13		

Scoffynosey, and shed your swank!) auld Daddy Deacon who	14		
could stow well his place of beacon but he never could hold his	15		
kerosene's candle to (The nurse'll give it you, stickypots! And you	16		
wait, my lasso, fecking the twine!) bold Farmer Burleigh who	17		
wuck up in a hurlywurlly where he huddly could wuddle to wal-	18		
low his weg tillbag of the baker's booth to beg of (You're well	19		
held now, Missy Cheekspeer, and your panto's off! Fie, for shame,	20		
Ruth Wheatacre, after all the booz said!) illed Diddiddy Achin	21		
for the prize of a pease of bakin with a pinch of the panch of the	22		
ponch in jurys for (Ah, crabeyes, I have you, showing off to the	23		
world with that gape in your stocking!) Wold Forrester Farley	24		
who, in deesperation of deispiration at the diasporation of his	25		
diesparation, was found of the round of the sound of the lound	26		
of the. Lukkedoerendunandurraskewdylooshoofermoyportertoo-	27		
ryzoosphalnabortansporthaokansakroidverjkapakkapuk.	28		
Byfall.	29		
Upploud!	30		
The play thou schouwburgst, Game, here endeth. The curtain	31		
drops by deep request.	32		
Uplouderamain!	33		
Gonn the gawds, Gunnar's gustspells. When the h, who the	34		
hu, how the hue, where the huer? Orbiter onswers: lots lives	35		
lost. Fionia is fed up with Fidge Fudgesons. Sealand snorres.	36		

FW258				
Rendningrocks roguesreckning reigns. Gwds with gurs are	1			
gtrrdmrrng. Hills vlls. The timid hearts of words all exeomno-	2			
sunt. Mannagad, lammalelouh, how do that come? By Dad, youd	3			
not heed that fert? Fulgitudes ejist rowdownan tonuout. Quoq!	4			
And buncskleydoodle! Kidoosh! Of their fear they broke, they	5			
ate wind, they fled; where they ate there they fled; of their fear	6			
they fled, they broke away. Go to, let us extol Azrael with our	7			
harks, by our brews, on our jambses, in his gaits. To Mezou-	8			
zalem with the Dephilim, didits dinkun's dud? Yip! Yup! Yar-	9			
rah! And let Nek Nekulon extol Mak Makal and let him say	10			
unto him: Immi ammi Semmi. And shall not Babel be with	11			
Lebab? And he war. And he shall open his mouth and answer:	12			
I hear, O Ismael, how they laud is only as my loud is one. If	13			
Nekulon shall be havonfalled surely Makal haven hevens. Go to,	14			
let us extell Makal, yea, let us exceedingly extell. Though you	15			
have lien amung your posspots my excellency is over Ismael.	16			
Great is him whom is over Ismael and he shall mekanek of Mak	17			
Nakulon. And he deed.	18			
Uplouderamainagain!	19			
For the Clearer of the Air from on high has spoken in tumbul-	20			

dum tambaldam to his tembledim tombaloom worrild and, mogu-	21			
phonoised by that phonemanon, the unhappitents of the earth	22			
have terrerumbled from fimament unto fundament and from	23			
tweedledeedumms down to twiddledeedees.	24			
Loud, hear us!	25			
Loud, graciously hear us!	26			
Now have thy children entered into their habitations. And	27			
nationglad, camp meeting over, to shin it, Gov be thanked! Thou	28			
hast closed the portals of the habitations of thy children and thou	29			
hast set thy guards thereby, even Garda Didymus and Garda	30			
Domas, that thy children may read in the book of the opening of	31			
the mind to light and err not in the darkness which is the after-	32			
thought of thy nomatter by the guardiance of those guards which	33			
are thy bodemen, the cheeryboyum chirryboth with the kerry-	34			
bommers in their krubeems, Pray-your-Prayers Timothy and	35			
Back-to-Bunk Tom.	36			
FW259				
Till tree from tree, tree among trees, tree over tree become	1			
stone to stone, stone between stones, stone under stone for ever.	2			
O Loud, hear the wee beseech of thees of each of these thy un-	3			
litten ones! Grant sleep in hour's time, O Loud!	4			

That they take no chill. That they do ming no merder. That	5			
they shall not gomeet madhowiatrees.	6			
Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laugh-	7			
ters low!	8			
Ha he hi ho hu.	9			
Mummum.	10			

10. Episode TEN (49 pages, from 260 to 308)

FW260					
	As we there are where are we are we there	UNDE ET UBI.	1		
	from tomtittot to teetootomtotalitarian. Tea		2		
	tea too oo.		3		
<i>With his broad</i>	Whom will comes over. Who to caps ever.	SIC.	4		
<i>and hairy face,</i>	And howelse do we hook our hike to find that		5		
<i>to Ireland a</i>	pint of porter place? Am shot, says the big-		6		
<i>disgrace.</i>	guard. ¹		7		
	Whence. Quick lunch by our left, wheel,	IMAGINABLE	8		
<i>Menly about</i>	to where. Long Livius Lane, mid Mezzofanti	ITINERARY	9		
<i>peebles.</i>	Mall, diagonising Lavatery Square, up Tycho	THROUGH	10		
	Brache Crescent, ² shouldering Berkeley Alley,	THE	11		
<i>Dont retch meat</i>	querfixing Gainsborough Carfax, under Guido	PARTICULAR	12		
<i>fat salt lard</i>	d'Arezzo's Gadeway, by New Livius Lane till	UNIVERSAL.	13		

<i>sinks down (and</i>	where we whiled while we withered. Old		14			
<i>out).</i>	Vico Roundpoint. But fahr, be fear! And		15			
	natural, simple, slavish, filial. The marriage of		16			
	Montan wetting his moll we know, like any		17			
	entthewsyass cuckling a hoyden ³ in her rougey		18			
¹ Rawmeash, quoshe with her girlic teangu. If old Herod with the Corm-						
well'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.						
FW261						
	gipsylike chinkaminx pulshandjupeyjade and		1			
	her petsybluse indecked o' voylets. ¹ When		2			
	who was wist was ware. En elv, et fjaell. And		3			
	the whirr of the whins humming us howe.		4			
	His hume. Hencetaking tides we haply return,		5			
	trumpeted by prawns and ensigned with sea-		6			
	kale, to befinding ourself when old is said in		7			

	one and maker mates with made (O my!),		8			
	having conned the cones and meditated the		9			
	mured and pondered the pensils and ogled the		10			
	olymp and delighted in her dianaphous and		11			
	cacchinated behind his culosses, before a		12			
<i>Swiney Tod, ye</i>	mosoleum. Length Withought Breath, of him,		13			
<i>Daimon Barbar!</i>	a chump of the evums, upshoot of picnic or		14			
	stupor out of sopor, Cave of Kids or Hyma-		15			
	nian Glattstoneburg, denary, danery, donnery,		16			
<i>Dig him in the</i>	domm, who, entiringly as he continues highly-		17			
<i>rubsh!</i>	fictional, tumulous under his chthonic exterior		18			
<i>Ungodly old Ard-</i>	but plain Mr Tumulty in muftilife, ² in his an-		19			
<i>rey, Cronwall</i>	tisipiencies as in his recognisances, is, (Dominic		20			
<i>beeswaxing the</i>	Directus) a manyfeast munificent more mob		21			
<i>convulsion box.</i>	than man.		22			
	Ainsoph, ³ this upright one, with that	CONSTITU-	23			
	noughty besighed him zeroine. To see in his	TION OF THE	24			
	horrorscup he is mehrkurios than saltz of	CONSTITU-	25			
	sulphur. Terror of the noonstruck by day,	TIONABLE AS	26			
	cryptogam of each nightly bridable. But, to	CONSTITU-	27			
	speak broken heaventalk, is he? Who is he?	TIONAL.	28			
	Whose is he? Why is he? Howmuch is he?		29			
	Which is he? When is he? Where is he? ⁴ How		30			

	is he? And what the decans is there about him		31			
	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.					
	FW262					
	anyway, the decemt man? Easy, calm your		1			
	haste! Approach to lead our passage!		2			
	This bridge is upper.	PROBA-	3			
	Cross.	POSSIBLE	4			
	Thus come to castle.	PROLEGO-	5			
	Knock. ¹	MENA TO	6			
	A password, thanks.	IDEAREAL	7			
	Yes, pearse.	HISTORY.	8			
	Well, all be dumbled!		9			
	O really? ²		10			
<i>Swing the banjo,</i>	Hoo cavedin earthwight		11			
<i>bantams, bounce-</i>	At furscht kracht of thunder. ³		12			

<i>the-baller's</i>	When shoo, his flutterby,		13			
<i>blown to fook.</i>	Was netted and named. ⁴		14			
<i>Thsight near</i>	Erdnacrussha, requiestress, wake em!		15			
<i>left me eyes when</i>	And let luck's puresplutterall Lucy at		16			
<i>I seen her put</i>	ease! ⁵		17			
<i>thounce otay</i>	To house as wise fool ages builded.		18			
<i>ithpot.</i>	Sow byg eat. ⁶		19			
	Staplering to tether to, steppingstone to	GNOSIS OF	20			
<i>Quartandwds.</i>	mount by, as the Boote's at Pickardstown.	PRECREATE	21			
	And that skimmelk steed still in the ground-	DETERMINA-	22			
	loftfan. As over all. Or be these wingsets leaned	TION.	23			
	to the outwalls, beastskin trophies of booth	AGNOSIS OF	24			
	of Baws the balsamboards? ⁷ Burials be bally-	POSTCREATE	25			
	houraised! So let Bacchus e'en call! Inn inn!	DETER-	26			
<i>Tickets for the</i>	Inn inn! Where. The babbers ply the pen.	MINISM.	27			
<i>Tailwaggers</i>	The bibbers drang the den. The papplicom,		28			
<i>Terrierpuppy</i>	the publicam he's turning tin for ten. From		29			
<i>Raffle.</i>			30			
<p>¹ Yussive smirte and ye mermon answerth from his beelyingplace below the tightmark, Gotahelv!</p>						
<p>² O Evol, kool in the salg and ees how Dozi pits what a drows er.</p>						
<p>³ A goodrid croven in a tynwalled tub.</p>						

	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, buggey Begge.				
FW263					
	seldomers that most frequent him. That same		1		
	erst crafty hakemouth which under the assumed		2		
	name of Ignotus Loquor, of foggy old,		3		
	harangued bellyhooting fishdrunks on their		4		
	favorite stamping ground, from a father theo-		5		
	balder brake. ¹ And Egyptus, the incenstrobed,		6		
<i>Mars speaking.</i>	as Cyrus heard of him? And Major A. Shaw		7		
	after he got the miner smellpex? And old		8		
	Whiteman self, the blighty blotchy, beyond		9		
	the bays, hope of ostrogothic and ottomanic		10		
	faith converters, despair of Pandemia's post-		11		
	wartem plastic surgeons? But is was all so		12		
	long ago. Hispano-Cathayan-Euxine, Castil-		13		
	lian-Emeratic-Hebridian, Espanol-Cymric-		14		
<i>Smith, no home.</i>	Helleniky? Rolf the Ganger, Rough the Gang-		15		

	ster, not a feature alike and the face the same. ²		16			
	Pastimes are past times. Now let bygones		17			
	be bei Gunne's. Saaleddies er it in this warken		18			
	werden, mine boerne, and it vild need older-		19			
	wise ³ since primal made alter in garden of		20			
	Idem. The tasks above are as the flasks below,		21			
	saith the emerald canticle of Hermes and all's		22			
<i>Non quod sed</i>	loth and pleasestir, are we told, on excellent		23			
<i>quiat.</i>	inkbottle authority, solarsystemised, seriol-		24			
	cosmically, in a more and more almightily		25			
	expanding universe under one, there is rhyme-		26			
	less reason to believe, original sun. Securely		27			
	judges orb terrestrial. ⁴ <i>Haud certo ergo</i> . But		28			
<i>Hearasay in</i>	O felicitous culpability, sweet bad cess to you		29			
<i>paradox lust.</i>	for an archetypt!		30			
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						
fightning, 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.							
FW264							
	Honour commercio's energy yet aid the	ARCHAIC	1				
	linkless proud, the plurable with everybody	ZELOTYPIA	2				
	and ech with pal, this ernst of Allsap's ale	AND THE	3				
	halliday of roaring month with its two lunar	ODIUM TEL-	4				
	eclipses and its three saturnine settings! Horn	EOLOGICUM.	5				
	of Heatthen, highbrowed! Brook of Life, back-		6				
	frish! Amnios amnium, fluminiculum flami-		7				
	nulinorum! We seek the Blessed One, the		8				
	Harbourer-cum-Enheritance. Even Canaan		9				
	the Hateful. Ever a-going, ever a-coming.		10				
	Between a stare and a sough. Fossilisation, all		11				
	branches. ¹ Wherefore Petra sware unto Ulma:		12				
<i>Bags.</i>	By the mortals' frost! And Ulma sware unto		13				
<i>Balls.</i>	Petra: On my veiny life!		14				
	In these places sojournemus, where Eblinn	THE LOCALI-	15				
	water, leased of carr and fen, leaving amont her	SATION OF	16				
	shoals and salmen browses, whom inshore	LEGEND	17				
	breezes woo with freshets, windeth to her	LEADING TO	18				
	broads. A phantom city, phaked of philim	THE LEGALI-	19				

	pholk, bowed and sould for a four of hundreds	SATION OF	20			
	of manhood in their three and threescore	LATIFUND-	21			
<i>Move up,</i>	fylkers for a price partitional of twenty six and	ISM.	22			
<i>Mackinerny!</i>	six. By this riverside, on our sunnybank, ² how		23			
<i>Make room for</i>	buona the vista, by Santa Rosa! A field of May,		24			
<i>Muckinurney!</i>	the very vale of Spring. Orchards here are		25			
	lodged; sainted lawrels evremembered. You		26			
	have a hoig view ashwald, a glen of marrons		27			
	and of thorns. Gleannaulinn, Ardeevin: purty		28			
	glint of plaising height. This Norman court at		29			
	boundary of the ville, yon creepered tower of		30			
	a church of Ereland, meet for true saints in		31			
	worshipful assemblage, ³ with our king's house		32			
	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.					
	FW265					
	of stone, belgroved of mulbrey, the still that		1			

	was mill and Kloster that was Yeomansland,		2			
	the ghastrcold tombshape of the quick fore-		3			
	gone on, the loftheaded elm Lefanunian above-		4			
	mansioned, each, every, all is for the retro-		5			
	spectioner. Skole! Agus skole igen! ¹ Sweet-		6			
	some auburn, cometh up as a selfreizing flower,		7			
	that fragolance of the fraisey beds: the phoenix,		8			
	his pyre, is still flaming away with trueprat-		9			
	tight spirit: the wren his nest is niedelig as the		10			
	turrises of the sabines are televisible. Here are		11			
	the cottage and the bungalow for the cobbeler		12			
	and the brandnewburgher: ² but Izolde, her		13			
	chaplet gardens, an litlee plads af liefest pose,		14			
<i>In snowdrop,</i>	arride the winnerful wonders off, the winner-		15			
<i>trou-de-dentelle,</i>	ful wonnerful wanders off, ³ with hedges of		16			
<i>flesh and helio-</i>	ivy and hollywood and bower of mistletoe,		17			
<i>trope.</i>	are, tho if it them tho and yeth if you		18			
	pleathes, ⁴ for the blithehaired daughter of		19			
	Angoisse. All out of two barreny old perishers,		20			
	Tytonyhands and Vlossyhair, a kilolitre in		21			
	metromyriams. Presepeprosapia, the parent		22			
	bole. Wone tabard, wine tap and warm tavern ⁵		23			
	and, by ribbon development, from contact		24			

	bridge to lease lapse, only two millium two		25			
	humbered and eighty thausig nine humbered		26			
<i>Here's our dozen</i>	and sixty radiolumin lines to the wustworts of		27			
<i>cousins from the</i>	a Finntown's generous poet's office. Distorted		28			
<i>starves on tripes.</i>	mirage, aloofliest of the plain, wherein the		29			
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.						
FW266						
	boxomeness of the bedelias ¹ makes hobby-		1			
	hodge happy in his hole. ² The store and		2			
	charter, Treetown Castle under Lynne. Riva-		3			
	pool? Hod a brieck on it! But its piers eerie,		4			
	its span spooky, its toll but a till, its parapets		5			

	all peripateting. D'Oblong's by his by. Which		6		
	we all pass. Tons. In our snoo. Znore. While		7		
	we hickerwards the thicker. Schein. Schore.		8		
	Which assoars us from the murk of the mythe-		9		
	lated in the barrabelowther, bedevere butlered		10		
	table round, past Morningtop's necessity and		11		
	Harington's invention, to the clarience of the		12		
	childlight in the studiorium upsturts. Here		13		
	we'll dwell on homiest powers, love at the		14		
	latch with novices nig and nag. The chorus:		15		
	the principals. For the rifocillation of their		16		
	inclination to the manifestation of irritation:		17		
	doldorboys and doll. ³ After sound, light and		18		
	heat, memory, will and understanding.		19		
<i>Bet you fippence,</i>	Here (the memories framed from walls are	PREAUSTERIC	20		
<i>anythesious,</i>	minding) till wranglers for wringwrowdy	MAN AND HIS	21		
<i>there's no pug-</i>	wready are, F 𐀀, (at gaze, respecting, four-	PURSUIT OF	22		
<i>gatory, are yous</i>	teenth baronet, meet, altrettanth bancorot,	PAN-	23		
<i>game?</i>	chaff) and ere commence commencement cata-	HYSTERIC	24		
	launic when Aetius check chokewill Attil's	WOMAN.	25		
	gambit, (that buxon bruzeup, give it a burl!)		26		
	lead us seek, O june of eves the jenniest,		27		
	thou who fleest flicklesome the fond fervid		28		

	frondeur to thickly thysself attach with thine		29			
	eft eased ensuer, ⁴ ondrawer of our uncon-		30			
	scionable, flickerflapper fore our unter-		31			
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.						
FW267						
	drugged, ¹ lead us seek, lote us see, light us find,		1			
	let us missnot Maidadate, Mimosa Multimim-		2			
	etica, the maymeaming of maimoomeining!		3			
	Elpis, thou fountain of the greeces, all shall speer		4			
	theeward, ² from kongen in his canteenus to		5			
	knivers hind the knoll. Ausonius Audacior		6			
	and gael, gillie, gall. ³ Singalingalying. Storiella		7			
	as she is syung. Whence followeup with end-		8			
<i>There was a</i>	speaking nots for yestures, plutonically pur-		9			
<i>sweet hopeful</i>	suant on briefest glimpse from gladrags, pretty		10			

	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, soppyshat, we've a doss in the				
	manger.				
FW268					
	if have faded from the fleur, ¹ their arms		1		
	enlocked, (ringrang, the chimes of sex appeal-		2		
<i>Telltale me all</i>	ing as conchitas with sentas stray, ² rung!), all		3		
<i>of annaryllies.</i>	thinking all of it, the It with an itch in it, the All		4		
	every inch of it, the pleasure each will preen her		5		
	for, the business each was bred to breed by. ³		6		
	Soon jemmijohns will cudgel about some	EARLY	7		
	a rhythmatick or other over Browne and	NOTIONS OF	8		
	Nolan's divisional tables whereas she, of	ACQUIRED	9		
<i>Will you carry</i>	minions' novence charily being cupid, for	RIGHTS AND	10		
<i>my can and</i>	mug's wumping, grooser's grubbiness, andt's	THE INFLU-	11		
<i>fight the fairies?</i>	avarice and grossopper's grandegaffe, with her	ENCE OF	12		
	tootpettypout of jemenfichue will sit and knit	COLLECTIVE	13		
	on solfa sofa. ⁴ Stew of the evening, booksyful	TRADITION	14		
	stew. And a bodikin a boss in the Thimble	UPON THE	15		

	Theatre. But all is her inbourne. Intend. From	INDIVIDUAL.	16			
<i>Allma Mathers,</i>	gramma's grammar she has it that if there is a		17			
<i>Auctioneer.</i>	third person, mascarine, phelinine or nuder,		18			
	being spoken abad it moods prosodes from a		19			
	person speaking to her second which is the		20			
	direct object that has been spoken to, with and		21			
	at. Take the dative with his oblativ ⁵ for, even		22			
	if obsolete, it is always of interest, so spake		23			
	gramma on the impetus of her imperative, only		24			
	mind your genderous towards his reflexives		25			
<i>Old Gavelkind</i>	such that I was to your grappa (Bott's trousend,		26			
<i>the Gamper and</i>	hore a man uff!) when him was me hedon ⁶		27			
<i>he's as daff as</i>	and mine, what the lewdy saying, his analec-		28			
<i>you're erse.</i>	tual pygmyhop. ⁷ There is comfortism in the		29			
	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.					

FW269					
	knowledge that often hate on first hearing		1		
	comes of love by second sight. Have your		2		
	little sintalks in the dunk of subjunctions, dual		3		
	in duel and prude with pruriel, but even the		4		
	aoriest chaparound whatever plaudered perfect		5		
	anent prettydotes and <i>haec genua omnia</i> may		6		
	perhaps chance to be about to be in the case to		7		
	be becoming a pale peterwright in spite of all		8		
	your tense accusatives whilstly you're wall-		9		
	floored ¹ like your gerandiums for the better		10		
	half of a yearn or sob. It's a wild's kitten, my		11		
	dear, who can tell a wilking from a warthog.		12		
	For you may be as practical as is predicable		13		
	but you must have the proper sort of accident		14		
	to meet that kind of a being with a difference. ²		15		
	Flame at his fumbles but freeze on his fist. ³		16		
	Every letter is a godsend, ardent Ares, brusque		17		
	Boreas and glib Ganymede like zealous Zeus,		18		
	the O'Meghisthest of all. To me or not to me.		19		
	Satis thy quest on. Werbungsap! Jeg suis, vos		20		

<i>Undante</i>	wore a gentleman, thou arr, I am a quean. Is		21			
<i>umoroso.</i>	a game over? The game goes on. Cookcook!		22			
<i>M. 50-50.</i>	Search me. The beggar the maid the bigger		23			
<i>οὐκ ἔλαβον</i>	the mauuler. And the greater the patrarc the		24			
<i>πόλιν·</i>	griever the pinch. And that's what your doctor		25			
	knows. O love it is the commonkounest thing		26			
	how it pashes the plutous and the paupe. ⁴		27			
	Pop! And egg she active or spoon she passive,		28			
	all them fine clauses in Lindley's and Murrey's		29			
	never braught the participle of a present to a		30			
	desponent hortatrixy, vindicatively I say it,		31			
<p>¹ With her poodle feinting to be let off and feeling dead in herself. Is love worse living?</p>						
<p>² If she can't follow suit Renée goes to the pack.</p>						
<p>³ Improper frictions is maledictions and mens uration makes me mad.</p>						
<p>⁴ Llong and Shortts Primer of Black and White Wenchcraft.</p>						
<p>FW270</p>						
	from her postconditional future. ¹ Lumpsome		1			
	is who lumpsum pays. Quantity counts though		2			
	accents falter. Yoking apart and oblique ora-		3			

<i>I'll go for that</i>	tions parsed to one side, a brat, alanna, can	4			
<i>small polly if</i>	choose from so many, be he a sollicitor's	5			
<i>you'll suck to</i>	appendix, a pipe clerk or free functionist	6			
<i>your lebbens-</i>	flyswatter, that perfect little cad, from the	7			
<i>quatsch.</i>	languors and weakness of limberlimbed lassi-	8			
	hood till the head, back and heartaches of	9			
	waxedup womanage and heaps on heaps of	10			
	other things too. Note the Respectable Irish	11			
	Distressed Ladies and the Merry Mustard	12			
	Frothblowers of Humphreystown Associa-	13			
	tions. Atac first, queckqueck quicks after.	14			
	Beware how in that hist subtaile of schlangder ²	15			
	lies liaison to tease oreilles! To vert embowed	16			
	set proper penchant. But learn from that ancient	17			
	tongue to be middle old modern to the minute.	18			
	A spitter that can be depended on. Though	19			
	Wonderlawn's lost us for ever. Alis, alas, she	20			
	broke the glass! Liddell lokker through the	21			
	leafery, ours is mistery of pain. ³ You may spin	22			
	on youthlit's bike and multiplease your Mike	23			
	and Nike with your kickshoes on the algebrars	24			
<i>O'Mara Farrell.</i>	but, volve the virgil page and view, the O of	25			
	woman is long when burly those two muters	26			

<i>Verschwindibus.</i>	sequent her so from Nebob ⁴ see you never		27			
	stray who'll nimm you nice and nehm the day.		28			
	One hath just been areading, hath not one,	CONCOMI-	29			
	ya, ya, in their memoiries of Hireling's puny	TANCE OF	30			
<i>Ulstria,</i>	wars, end so, und all, ga, ga, of The O'Brien,	COURAGE,	31			
	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.					
	FW271					
<i>Monastir,</i>	The O'Connor, The Mac Loughlin and The	COUNSEL	1			
<i>Leninstar and</i>	Mac Namara with summed their appondage,	AND CON-	2			
<i>Connecticut.</i>	da, da, of Sire Jeallyous Seizer, that gamely	STANCY.	3			
<i>Cliopatria, thy</i>	torskmester, ¹ with his duo of druidesses in ready	ORDINATION	4			
<i>hosies history.</i>	money rompers ² and the tryonforit of Oxthie-	OF OMEN,	5			
	vious, Lapidous and Malthouse Anthemy. You	ONUS AND	6			
	may fail to see the lie of that layout, Suetonia, ³	OBIT. DIS-	7			
	but the reflections which recur to me are that	TRIBUTION	8			

	so long as beauty life is body love ⁴ and so bright	OF DANGER,	9			
	as Mutua of your mirror holds her candle to	DUTY AND	10			
	your caudle, lone lefthand likeless, sombring	DESTINY.	11			
	Autum of your Spring, reck you not one spirt	POLAR PRIN-	12			
	of anyseed whether trigemelimen cuddle his	CIPLES.	13			
	coddle or nope. She'll confess it by her figure		14			
	and she'll deny it to your face. If you're not		15			
	ruined by that one she won't do you any		16			
	whim. And then? What afters it? Gruff Gunne		17			
	may blow, Gam Gonna flow, the gossans eye		18			
	the jennings aye. From the butts of Heber and		19			
<i>The Eroico</i>	Heremon, <i>nolens volens</i> , brood our pansies,		20			
<i>Furioso makes</i>	brune in brume. There's a split in the infinitive		21			
<i>the valet like</i>	from to have to have been to will be. As they		22			
<i>smiling.</i>	warred in their big innings ease now we never		23			
	shall know. Eat early earthapples. Coax Cobra		24			
	to chatters. Hail, Heva, we hear! This is the		25			
<i>The hyperape the</i>	glider that gladdened the girl ⁵ that list to the		26			
<i>mink he groves the</i>	wind that lifted the leaves that folded the		27			
<i>mole you see nowfor</i>	fruit that hung on the tree that grew in the		28			
<i>crush sake,</i> <i>chawley!</i>	garden Gough gave. Wide hiss, we're wizen-		29			

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 compline- ment, gymnuflashed.					
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.					
FW272					
	ing. Hoots fromm, we're globing. Why hidest		1		
	thou hinder thy husband his name? Leda, Lada,		2		
	aflutter-afraida, so does your girdle grow!		3		
	Willed without witting, whorled without		4		
	aimed. Pappapassos, Mammamanet, warwhets-		5		
	wut and whowitswhy. ¹ But it's tails for		6		
	toughs and titties for totties and come		7		
<i>Pige pas.</i>	buckets come bats till deeleet. ²		8		
	Dark ages clasp the daisy roots, Stop, if you	PANOPTICAL	9		
	are a sally of the allies, hot off Minnowaurs	PURVIEW OF	10		
	and naval actiums, picked engagements and	POLITICAL	11		

	banks of rowers. Please stop if you're a	PROGRESS	12			
	B.C. minding missy, please do. But should	AND THE	13			
	you prefer A.D. stepplease. And if you miss	FUTURE PRE-	14			
	with a venture it serves you girly well glad.	SENTATION	15			
	But, holy Janus, I was forgetting the Blitzen-	OF THE PAST.	16			
	kopfs! Here, Hengegst and Horsesauce, take		17			
	your heads ³ out of that taletub! And leave		18			
	your hinnyhennyhindy you! It's haunted. The		19			
	chamber. Of errings. Whoan, tug, trace,		20			
<i>Seidlitz powther</i>	stirrup! It is distinctly understuttered that,		21			
<i>for slogan</i>	sense you threehandshighs put your twofoot-		22			
<i>plumpers.</i>	large timepates in that dead wash of Lough		23			
	Murph and until such time pace one and the		24			
	same Messherrn the grinning statesmen, Brock		25			
	and Leon, have shunted the grumbling		26			
	coundedtouts, Starlin and Ser Artur Ghinis.		27			
	Foamous homely brew, bebattled by bottle,		28			
<i>Hoploits and</i>	gageure de guegerre. ⁴ Bull igien bear and		29			
<i>atthems.</i>	then bearagain bulligan. Gringrin gringrin.		30			
	Staffs varsus herds and bucks vursus barks.		31			
<p>¹ What's that, ma'am? says I.</p>						

<p>² As you say yourself.</p>					
<p>³ That's the lethemuse but it washes off.</p>					
<p>⁴ Where he fought the shessock of his stimmstammer and we caught the pepettes of our lovelives.</p>					
<p>FW273</p>					
<i>Curragh</i>	By old Grumbledum's walls. Bumps, bellows		1		
<i>machree, me</i>	and bawls. ¹ Opprimor's down, up up Opima!		2		
<i>bosthoon fiend.</i>	Rents and rates and tithes and taxes, wages,		3		
<i>Femilies hug</i>	saves and spends. Heil, heptarched span of		4		
<i>bank!</i>	peace! ² Live, league of lex, nex and the mores!		5		
	Fas est dass and foe err you. Impovernment		6		
	of the booble by the bauble for the bubble. So		7		
<i>All we suffered</i>	wrap up your worries in your woe (wumpum-		8		
<i>under them Cow-</i>	tum!) and shake down the shuffle for the		9		
<i>dung Forks and</i>	throw. For there's one mere ope ³ for down-		10		
<i>how we enjoyed</i>	fall ned. As Hanah Levy, shrewd shroplifter,		11		
<i>over our pick of</i>	and nievre anore skidoos with her spoiled. ⁴		12		
<i>the basketfild.</i>	To add gay touches. For hugh and guy and		13		
<i>Old Kine's</i>	goy and jew. To dimpled and pimped and		14		
<i>Meat Meal.</i>	simples and wimpled. A peak in a poke and a		15		
	pig in a pew. ⁵ She wins them by wons, a haul		16		

<i>Flieflie for the</i>	hectoendecate, for mangay mumbo jumbjubes	17			
<i>jillies and a</i>	tak mutts and jeffs muchas bracelonettes	18			
<i>bombambum</i>	gracies barcelonas. ⁶ O what a loovely free-	19			
<i>for the</i>	speech 'twas (tep) ⁷ to gar howalively hinter-	20			
<i>nappotonodus.</i>	grunting! Tip. Like lilt of larks to burdened	21			
	crocodile, ⁸ or skittering laubhing at that	22			
	wheeze of old windbag, Blusterboss, blow-	23			
	harding about all he didn't do. Hell o' your	24			
	troop! With is the winker for the muckwits	25			
	of willesly and nith is the nod for the umproar	26			
	napollyon and hitheris poorblond piebold	27			
	hoerse. Huirse. With its tricuspidal hauberck-	28			
<p>¹ Shake eternity and lick creation.</p> <p>² I'm blest if I can see.</p> <p>³ Hoppity Huhneye, hoosh the hen. I like cluckers, you like nuts (wink).</p> <p>⁴ Sweet, medium and dry like altar wine.</p> <p>⁵ Who'll buy me penny babies?</p> <p>⁶ Well, Maggy, I got your castoff devils all right and fits lovely. And am vaguely graceful. Maggy thanks.</p> <p>⁷ My six is no secret, sir, she said.</p> <p>⁸ Yes, there, Tad, thanks, give, from, tathair, look at that now.</p>					

FW274					
	helm coverchaf emblem on. For the man that		1		
<i>Murdoch.</i>	broke the ranks on Monte Sinjon. The all-		2		
	riddle of it? That that is allruddy with us,		3		
	ahead of schedule, which already is plan accom-		4		
<i>Pas d'action,</i>	plished from and syne: Daft Dathy of the Five		5		
<i>peu de sauce.</i>	Positions (the death ray stop him!) is still, as		6		
	reproaches Paulus, on the Madderhorn and,		7		
	entre chats and hobnobs, ¹ daring Dunderhead		8		
	to shiver his timbers and Hannibal mac Hamil-		9		
	tan the Hegerite ² (more livepower elbow him!)		10		
	ministerbuilding up, as repreaches Timothy,		11		
	in Saint Barmabrac's. ³ Number Thirty two		12		
	West Eleventh streak looks on to that (may		13		
	all in the tocoming of the sempereternal speel		14		
<i>From the seven</i>	spry with it!) datetree doloriferous which		15		
<i>tents of Joseph</i>	more and over leafeth earlier than every		16		
<i>till the calends of</i>	growth and, elfshot, headawag, with frayed		17		
<i>Mary Marian,</i>	nerves wondering till they feeled sore like any		18		
<i>olivehunkered</i>	woman that has been born at all events to the		19		
<i>and thorny too.</i>	purdah and for the howmanyeth and how-		20		
	movingth time at what the demons in that		21		

<i>As Shakefork</i>	jackhouse that jerry built for Massa and Missus		22			
<i>might pitch it.</i>	and hijo de puta, the sparksown fermament of		23			
	the starryk fieldgosongingon where blows		24			
	a nemone at each blink of windstill ⁴ they		25			
	were sliding along and sleeting aloof and		26			
	scouting around and shooting about. All-		27			
	whichwhile or whereaballoons for good		28			
	vaunty years Dagobert is in Clane's clean		29			
	hometown prepping up his prepueratory		30			
	and learning how to put a broad face bronzily		31			
	out through a broken breached meataerial		32			
¹ Go up quick, stay so long, come down slow!						
² If I gnows me gneesnobs 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.						
FW275						
<i>Puzzly, puzzly,</i>	from Bryan Awlining! Erin's hircohaired		1			
<i>I smell a cat.</i>	culoteer. ¹		2			
	And as, these things being so or ere those	FROM CENO-	3			
	things having done, way back home in Pacata	GENETIC DI-	4			

	Auburnia, ² (untillably holy gammel Eire) one	CHOTOMY	5			
<i>Two makes a</i>	world burrowing on another, (if you've got	THROUGH	6			
<i>wing at the ma-</i>	me, neighbour, in any large lumps, geek?, and	DIAGONISTIC	7			
<i>croscope</i>	got the strong of it) Standfest, our topiocal	CONCILI-	8			
<i>telluspeep.</i>	sagon hero, or any otther macotther, signs is	ANCE TO	9			
	on the bellyguds bastille back, bucked up with	DYNASTIC	10			
	fullness, and silvering to her jubilee, ³ birch-	CONTINU-	11			
	leaves her jointure, our lavy in waving, visage	ITY.	12			
	full of flesh and fat as a hen's i' forehead,		13			
<i>From the Buffalo</i>	Airyanna and Blowyhart topsirturvy, that		14			
<i>Times of bysone</i>	royal pair in their palace of quicken boughs		15			
<i>days.</i>	hight The Goat and Compasses ('phone		16			
	number 17:69, if you want to know ⁴) his sea-		17			
	arm strongsround her, her velivole eyne aship-		18			
	wracked, have discusst their things of the		19			
	past, crime and fable with shame, home and		20			
	profit, ⁵ why lui lied to lei and hun tried to kill		21			
	ham, scribbledehobbles, in whose veins runs		22			
	a mixture of, are head bent and hard upon.		23			
	Spell me the chimes. They are tales all tolled. ⁶		24			
<i>Quick quake</i>	Today is well thine but where's may tomorrow		25			
<i>quokes the par-</i>	be. But, bless his cowly head and press his		26			
<i>rotbook of dates.</i>	crankly hat, what a world's woe is each's		27			

	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 <i>Justice of the Piece</i> it said to see preseeding 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.			
FW276				
	other's weariness waiting to beadroll his own		1	
	properer mistakes, the backslapping glad-		2	
<i>Some is out for</i>	hander, ¹ free of his florid future and the other		3	
<i>twoheaded dul-</i>	singing likeness, dirging a past of bloody altars,		4	
<i>carnons but more</i>	gale with a blost to him, dove without gall.		5	
<i>pulfers turnips.</i>	And she, of the jilldaw's nest ² who tears up		6	
<i>Ommitudes in a</i>	lettereens she never apposed a pen upon. ³ Yet		7	
<i>knutshedell.</i>	sung of love and the monster man. What's		8	

	Hiccupper to hem or her to Hagaba? Ough,		9			
	ough, brieve kindli! ⁴		10			
	Dogs' vespers are anending. Vespertilia-	THE MON-	11			
	bitur. Goteshoppard quits his gabhard cloke	GREL UNDER	12			
	to sate with Becchus. Zumbock! Achevre!	THE DUNG-	13			
	Yet wind will be ere fadervor ⁵ and the hour of	MOUND.	14			
<i>For all us kids</i>	fruminy and bergoo bell if Nippon have pearls	SIGNIFI-	15			
<i>under his aegis.</i>	or opals Eldorado, the daindy dish, the lecking	CANCE OF	16			
	out! Gipoo, good oil! For (hushmagandy!)	THE INFRA-	17			
	long 'tis till gets bright that all cocks waken	LIMINAL IN-	18			
	and birds Diana ⁶ with dawnsong hail. Aught	TELLIGENCE.	19			
	darks flou a duskness. Bats that? There peepee-	OFFRANDES.	20			
<i>Saving the public</i>	strilling. At Brannan's on the moor. At Tam		21			
<i>his health.</i>	Fanagan's weak yat his still's going strang.		22			
	And still here is noctules and can tell things		23			
	acommon on by that fluffy feeling. Larges		24			
<i>Superlative abso-</i>	loomy wheelhouse to bodgbox ⁷ lumber up		25			
<i>lute of Porter-</i>	with hoodie hearsemen carrawain we keep		26			
<i>stown.</i>	is peace who follow his law, Sunday		27			
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 apholster's creedle but at long leash I'll stretch				
more capritious in his dapplepied bed.				
⁶ Pipette. I can almost feed their sweetness at my lisplips.				
⁷ A liss in hunterland.				
FW277				
	King. ¹ His sevendicoloured's soot (Ochone!		1	
	Ochonal!) ² and his imponence one heap lump-		2	
<i>Why so mucky</i>	block (Mogoul!). And rivers burst out like		3	
<i>spick bridges</i>	weeming racesround joydrinks for the fewnral-		4	
<i>span our Flumi-</i>	ly, ³ where every feaster's a foster's other, fian-		5	
<i>nian road.</i>	nians all. ⁴ The willingbreast, he willing giant,		6	
<i>P.C. Helmut's in</i>	the mountain mourning his duggedy dew. To		7	
<i>the cottonwood,</i>	obedient of civicity in urbanious at felicity		8	
<i>listnin.</i>	what'll yet meek Mike ⁵ our diputy mumber when		9	
<i>The throne is an</i>	he's head on poll and Peter's burgess and Miss		10	
<i>umbrella strande</i>	Mishy Mushy is tiptupt by Toft Taft. Boblesse		11	

<i>and a sceptre's a</i>	gobleeege. For as Anna was at the beginning	12			
<i>stick.</i>	lives yet and will return after great deap sleap	13			
<i>Jady jewel, our</i>	rerising and a white night high with a cows of	14			
<i>daktar deer.</i>	Drommhiem as shower as there's a wet en-	15			
<i>Gautamed bud-</i>	clouded in Westwicklow or a little black rose a	16			
<i>ders deossiphys-</i>	truant in a thornree. We drames our dreams	17			
<i>ing our Theas.</i>	tell Bappy returns. And Sein annews. We will	18			
	not say it shall not be, this passing of order and	19			
	order's coming, but in the herbest country and	20			
	in the country around Blath as in that city self	21			
	of legionds they look for its being ever yet. So	22			
	shuttle the pipers done. ⁶ Eric aboy! ⁷ And it's	23			
	time that all paid tribute to this massive mor-	24			
<i>By lineal in pon-</i>	tiality, the pink of punk perfection as photo-	25			
<i>dus overthepoise.</i>	graphy in mud. Some may seek to dodge the	26			
	¹ I wonder if I put the old buzzerd one night to suckle in Millickmaam's				
	honey like they use to emballeem 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.				

<p>⁵ The stanidsglass effect, you could sugerly swear buttermilt would not melt down his dripping ducks.</p>					
<p>⁶ Thickathigh and Thinathews with sant their dam.</p>					
<p>⁷ Oh, could we do with this waddled of ours like that redbanked profanian with his bakset of yosters.</p>					
<p>FW278</p>					
	gobbet for its quantity of quality but who		1		
	wants to cheat the choker's got to learn to		2		
	chew the cud. Allwhichhole scrubs on scroll		3		
<i>Pitchcap and</i>	circuminiuminluminatedhave encuoniams here		4		
<i>triangle, noose</i>	and improprieries there. ¹ With a pansy for the		5		
<i>and tinctunc.</i>	pussy in the corner. ²		6		
	Bewise of Fanciulla's heart, the heart of	INCIPIIT IN-	7		
	Fanciulla! Even the recollection of willow	TERMISSIO.	8		
	fronds is a spellbinder that lets to hear. ³ The		9		
	rushes by the grey nuns' pond: ah eh oh let		10		
<i>Uncle Flabbius</i>	me sigh too. Coalmansbell: behoves you		11		
<i>Muximus to</i>	handmake of the load. Jenny Wren: pick, peck.		12		
<i>Niecia Flappia</i>	Johnny Post: pack, puck. ⁴ All the world's in		13		
<i>Minnimiss. As</i>	want and is writing a letters. ⁵ A letters from a		14		
<i>this is. And as</i>	person to a place about a thing. And all the		15		

<i>this this is.</i>	world's on wish to be carrying a letters. A let-		16			
<i>Dear Brotus,</i>	ters to a king about a treasure from a cat. ⁶		17			
<i>land me arrears.</i>	When men want to write a letters. Ten men,		18			
	ton men, pen men, pun men, wont to rise a		19			
<i>Rockaby, babel,</i>	ladder. And den men, dun men, fen men, fun		20			
<i>flatten a wall.</i>	men, hen men, hun men wend to raze a leader.		21			
<i>How he broke the</i>	Is then any lettersday from many peoples,		22			
<i>good news to</i>	Daganasanavitch? Empire, your outermost. ⁷		23			
<i>Gent.</i>	A posy cord. Plece.		24			
	We have wounded our way on foe tris	MAJOR AND	25			
	prince till that force in the gill is faint afarred	MINOR	26			
¹ Gosem pher, gezumpher, 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 diminutive 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 enter-						
rooms.						
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.					
FW279					
	and the face in the treebark feigns afar. This	MODES COA-	1		
	is rainstones ringing. Strangely cult for this	LESCING	2		
	ceasing of the yore. But Erigureen is ever.	PROLIFER-	3		
	Pot price pon patrilinear plop, if the osseletion	ATE HOMO-	4		
	of the onkring gives omen nome? Since alls	GENUINE	5		
	war that end war let sports be leisure and	HOMOGEN-	6		
	bring and buy fair. Ah ah athlete, blest your	EITY.	7		
	bally bathfeet! Towntoquest, forforest, the		8		
	hour that hies is hurley. A halt for hearsake. ¹		9		
¹ Come, smooth of my slate, to the beat of my blosh! With all these gelded			F.01		
ewes jilting about and the thrills and ills of laylock blossoms three's so much			F.02		
more plants than chants for cecilies that I was thinking fairly killing times of			F.03		
putting an end to myself and my malody, when I remembered all your pupil-			F.04		
teacher's erringnesses in perfection class. You sh'undn't write you can't if you			F.05		
w'udn't pass for undevelopmented. This is the propper way to say that, Sr. If			F.06		
it's me chews to swallow all you saidn't you can eat my words for it as sure as			F.07		
there's a key in my kiss. Quick erit faciofacey. When we will conjugate to-			F.08		

James Joyce: *Finnegans Wake*. Full Text.
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gether toloseher tomaster tomiss while morrow fans amare hour, verbe de vie	F.09			
and verve to vie, with love ay loved have I on my back spine and does for	F.10			
ever. Your are me severe? Then rue. My intended, Jr, who I'm throne away	F.11			
on, (here he inst, my lifstack, a newfolly likon) when I slip through my pettigo	F.12			
I'll get my decree and take seidens when I'm not ploughed first by some	F.13			
Rolando the Lasso, and flaunt on the flimsyfilmsies for to grig my collage	F.14			
juniorees who, though they flush fuchsia, are they octette and viginity in my	F.15			
shade but always my figurants. They may be yea of my year but they're nary	F.16			
nay of my day. Wait till spring has sprung in spickness and prigs beg in to pry	F.17			
they'll be plentyprime of housepets to pimp and pamper my. Impending mar-	F.18			
riage. Nature tells everybody about but I learned all the runes of the gamest	F.19			
game ever from my old nourse Asa. A most adventuring trot is her and she	F.20			
vicking well knowed them all heartswise and fourwords. How Olive d'Oyly	F.21			
and Winnie Carr, bejupers, they reized the dressing of a salandmon and how a	F.22			
peeper coster and a salt sailor med a mustied poet atwaimen. It most have	F.23			
bean Mad Mullans planted him. Bina de Bisse and Trestrine von Terrefin.	F.24			
Sago sound, rite go round, kill kackle, kook kettle and (remember all should	F.25			
I forget to) bolt the thor. Auden. Wasn't it just divining that dog of a dag	F.26			
in Skokholme as I sat astrid uppum their Drewitt's altar, as cooledas as cul-	F.27			
cumbre, slapping my straights till the sloping ruins, postillion, postallion, a	F.28			
swinge a swank, with you offering me clouts of illscents and them horners	F.29			
stagstruck on the leasward! Don't be of red, you blanching mench! This	F.30			
isabella I'm on knows the ruelles of the rut and she don't fear andy mandy. So	F.31			



sing loud, sweet cheeriot, like anegreon in heaven! The good fother with the	F.32			
twingling in his eye will always have cakes in his pocket to bethroat us with	F.33			
for our allmichael good. Amum. Amum. And Amum again. For tough troth	F.34			
is stronger than fortuitous fiction and it's the surplice money, oh my young	F.35			
friend and ah me sweet creature, what buys the bed while wits borrows the	F.36			
clothes.	F.37			
FW280				
A scene at sight. Or dreamoneire. Which	1			
they shall memorise. By her freewritten	2			
Hopely for ear that annalykeses if scares for	3			
eye that sumns. Is it in the now woodwordings	4			
<i>Bibelous hics-</i>	5			
<i>tory and Barbar-</i>	6			
<i>assa harestary.</i>	7			
leap smiles on the twelvemonthsminding?	8			
Such is. Dear (name of desired subject, A.N.),	9			
well, and I go on to. Shlicksher. I and we	10			
(tender condolences for happy funeral, one	11			
if) so sorry to (mention person suppressed for	12			
<i>A shieling in cop-</i>	13			
<i>pingers and por-</i>	14			
healths) how are you (question maggy). A				

<i>rish soup all days.</i>	lovely (introduce to domestic circles) pershan	15			
	of cates. Shrubsher. Those pothooks mostly	16			
<i>How matches</i>	she hawks from Poppa Vere Foster but these	17			
<i>metroosers?</i>	curly mequeues are of Mippa's moulding.	18			
	Shrubsheruthr. (Wave gently in the ere turn-	19			
	ing ptover.) Well, mabby (consolation of	20			
	shopes) to soon air. With best from cinder	21			
	Christinette if prints chumming, can be when	22			
	desires Soldi, for asamples, backfronted or,	23			
	if all, peethrolio or Get my Prize, using her	24			
<i>Le hélos tombaut</i>	flower or perfume or, if veryveryvery chum-	25			
<i>soul sur la jambe</i>	ming, in otherwards, who she supposed adeal,	26			
<i>de marche.</i>	kissists my exits. Shlicksheruthr. From Auburn	27			
	chenlemagne. Pious and pure fair one, all has	28			
	concomitated to this that she shall tread them	29			
	lifetrees leaves whose silence hitherto has	30			
	shone as sphere of silver fastalbarnstone, that	31			
	fount Bandusian shall play liquick music and	32			
	after odours sigh of musk. Blotsblosblothe,	33			
	one dear that was. Sleep in the water, drug at	34			
	the fire, shake the dust off and dream your one	35			
	who would give her sidecurls to. Till later	36			

FW281					
<i>Mai maintenant</i>	Lammas is led in by baith our washwives, a		1		
<i>elle est venue.</i>	weird of wonder tenebrous as that evil thorn-		2		
	garth, a field of faery blithe as this flowing wild.		3		
<i>Twos Dons Johns</i>	<i>Aujourd'hui comme aux temps de Pline et de</i>	THE PART	4		
<i>Threes Totty</i>	<i>Columelle la jacinthe se plaît dans les Gaules,</i>	PLAYED BY	5		
<i>Askins.</i>	<i>la pervenche en Illyrie, la marguerite sur les</i>	BELLETRI-	6		
	<i>ruines de Numance¹ et pendant qu'autour d'elles</i>	STICKS IN	7		
	<i>les villes ont changé de maîtres et de noms, que</i>	THE BELLUM-	8		
	<i>plusieurs sont entrées dans le néant, que les</i>	PAX-BEL-	9		
	<i>civilisations se sont choquées et brisées, leurs</i>	LUM.	10		
<i>Also Spuke</i>	<i>paisibles générations ont traversé les âges et sont</i>	MUTUOMOR-	11		
<i>Zerothruster.</i>	<i>arrivées jusqu'à nous, fraîches et riantes comme</i>	PHOMUTA-	12		
	<i>aux jours des batailles.²</i>	TION.	13		
	Margaritomancy! Hyacinthinous pervinci-	SORTES VIR-	14		
	veness! Flowers. A cloud. But Bruto and	GINIANAE.	15		
	Cassio are ware only of trifid tongues ³ the		16		
<i>A saxum shillum</i>	whispered wilfulness, ('tis demonal!) and sha-		17		
<i>for the sextum</i>	dows shadows multiplicating (il folsoletto nel		18		
<i>but nothums for</i>	falsoletto col fazzolotto dal fuzzolezzo), ⁴ to-		19		
<i>that parridge</i>	tients quotients, they tackle their quarrel. Sicka-		20		
<i>preast.</i>	moor's so woful sally. Ancient's aerger. And		21		

	eachway bothwise glory signs. What if she		22			
	love Sieger less though she leave Ruhm moan?		23			
	That's how our oxyggent has gotten ahold of		24			
	half their world. Moving about in the free of		25			
	the air and mixing with the ruck. Enten eller,		26			
	either or.		27			
	And?	INTERROGATION.	28			
	Nay, rather!	EXCLAMATION.	29			
<p>¹ The nasal foss of our natal folkfarthers so so much now for Valsing- giddyrex and his grand arks day triumph.</p>						
<p>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.</p>						
<p>³ You daredevil donnelly, I love your piercing lots of lies and your flashy foreign mail so here's my cowrie card, I dalgo, with all my exes, wise and sad.</p>						
<p>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.</p>						
<p>FW282</p>						
	With sobs for his job, with tears	ANTITHESIS OF AMBI-	1			
<i>Tricks stunts.</i>	for his toil, with horror for his squalor	DUAL ANTICIPATION.	2			
	but with pep for his perdition, ¹ lo, the	THE MIND FACTORY,	3			

	boor plieth as the laird hireth him.	ITS GIVE AND TAKE.	4			
	Boon on begyndelse.	AUSPICIUM.	5			
	At maturing daily gloryaims! ²	AUGURIA.	6			
	A flink dab for a freck dive and a stern poise	DIVINITY	7			
	for a swift pounce was frankily at the manual	NOT DEITY	8			
	arith sure enough which was the bekase he	THE UNCER-	9			
	knowed from his cradle, no bird better, why	TAINTY JUS-	10			
	his fingures were giving him whatfor to fife	TIFIED BY	11			
<i>Truckeys' cant</i>	with. First, by observation, there came boko	OUR CERTI-	12			
<i>for dactyl and</i>	and nigh him wigworms and nigh him tittlies	TUDE.	13			
<i>spondee.</i>	and nigh him cheekadeekchimple and nigh	EXAMPLES.	14			
	him pickpocket with pickpocketpumb, pick-		15			
	pocketpoint, pickpocketprod, pickpocket-		16			
	promise and upwithem. Holy Joe in lay		17			
	Eden. ³ And anyhows always after them the		18			
	dimpler he weighed the fonder fell he of his		19			
	null four lovedroyd curdinals, his element cur-		20			
<i>Panoplous pere-</i>	dinal numen and his enement curdinal marryng		21			
<i>grine pifflicative</i>	and his epulent curdinal weisswassh and his		22			
<i>pomposity.</i>	eminent curdinal Kay O'Kay. Always would		23			
	he be reciting of them, hoojahs koojahs, up by		24			
	rota, in his Fanden's catachysm from fursed to		25			
	laced, quickmarch to decemvers, so as to pin the		26			

	tenners, thumbs down. And anon and aldays,		27			
	strues yerthere, would he wile arecreating em		28			
	om lumerous ways, caiuscounting in the		29			
	scale of pin puff pive piff, piff puff pive poo,		30			
	poo puff pive pree, pree puff pive pfoor, pfoor		31			
	puff pive pippive, poopive, ⁴ Niall Dhu,		32			
1 While I'll wind the wildwoods' bluckbells among my window's weeds.						
2 Lawdy Dawdy Simperts.						
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.						
FW283						
	Foughty Unn, Enoch Thortig, endso one, like		1			
	to pitch of your cap, pac, on to tin tall spilli-		2			
<i>Non plus ulstra,</i>	cans. ¹ To sum, borus pew notus pew eurus		3			
<i>Elba, nec, cashel-</i>	pew zipher. Ace, deuce, tricks, quarts, quims.		4			
<i>lum tuum.</i>	Mumtiplay of course and carry to their whole		5			
	number. While on the other hand, traduced		6			
	by their comedy nominator to the loaferst		7			
	terms for their aloquent parts, sexes, suppers,		8			

	oglers, novels and dice. ² He could find (the	9			
	rakehelly!) by practice the valuse of thine-to-	10			
	mine articles with no reminder for an equality	11			
	of relations and, with the helpings from his	12			
	tables, improduce fullmin to trumblers, links	13			
	unto chains, weys in Nuffolk till tods of	14			
	Yorek, oozies ad libs and several townsendes,	15			
	several hundreds, civil-to-civil imperious	16			
	gallants into gells (Irish), bringing alliving	17			
	stone allaughing down to grave clothnails and	18			
<i>Dondderwedder</i>	a league of archers, fools and lurchers under	19			
<i>Kyboshicksal.</i>	the rude rule of fumb. What signifieth whole	20			
	that ³ but, be all the prowess of ten, 'tis as	21			
	strange to relate he, nonparile to rede, rite and	22			
	reckan, caught allmeals dullmarks for his	23			
	nucleuds and alegobrew. They wouldn't took	24			
	bearings no how anywheres. O them dodd-	25			
	hunters and allanights, aabs and baas for	26			
	agnomes, yees and zees for incognits, bate	27			
	him up jerrybly! Worse nor herman doror-	28			
	rhea. Give you the fantods, seemed to him.	29			
	They ought to told you every last word first	31			
	stead of trying every which way to kinder	31			

	smear it out poison long. Show that the		32			
	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!					
	FW284					
<i>A stodge An-</i>	median, hce che ech, interecting at royde		1			
<i>gleshman has</i>	angles the parilegs of a given obtuse one bis-		2			
<i>been worked by</i>	cuts both the arcs that are in curveachord		3			
<i>eccentricity.</i>	behind. Brickbaths. The family umbrogliā.		4			
	A Tullagrove pole ¹ to the Height of County		5			
	Fearmanagh has a septain inclināison ² and the		6			
	graphplot for all the functions in Lower		7			
	County Monachan, whereat samething is rivi-		8			
	sible by nighttim, may be involted into the		9			
	zeroic couplet, palls pell inhis heventh glike		10			
<i>An oxygon is na-</i>	noughty times ∞ , find, if you are not literally		11			
<i>turally reclined</i>	cooefficient, how minney combinaisies and per-		12			
<i>to rest.</i>	mutandies can be played on the international		13			

	surd! pthwndxrclzp!, hids cubid rute being	14			
	extructed, taking anan illitterettes, ififif at a tom.	15			
	Answers, (for teasers only). ³ Ten, twent, thirt,	16			
	see, ex and three icky totchty ones. From	17			
	solation to solution. Imagine the twelve	18			
	deaferended dumbbawls of the howl above-	19			
	beugled to be the contonuation through	20			
	regeneration of the urutteration of the word	21			
	in pregress. It follows that, if the two ante-	22			
	sedents be bissyclitties and the three come-	23			
	seekwenchers trundletrikes, then, Aysha Lali-	24			
<i>Ba be bi bo bum.</i>	pat behidden on the footplate, Big Whiggler ⁴	25			
	restant upsittuponable, the nCR ⁵ presents to	26			
	us (tandem year at lasted length!) an otto-	27			
	mantic turquo-indaco of pictorial shine by	28			
	pictorial shimmer so long as, gad of the gidday,	29			
	pictorial summer, viridorefulvid, lits asheen,	30			
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.					
FW285					
	but (lenz alack lends a lot), if this habby cyclic		1		
	erdor be outraciously enviolated by a mierelin		2		
	roundtableturning, like knuts in maze, the zitas		3		
	runnind hare and dart ¹ with the yeggs in		4		
	their muddle, like a seven of wingless arrows,		5		
	hodgepadge, thump, kick and hurry, all boy		6		
	more missis blong him he race quickfeller all		7		
<i>Finnfinnotus of</i>	same hogglepiggle longer house blong him, ²		8		
<i>Cincinnati.</i>	while the caught and dodged exarx seems		9		
	himmulteemiously to beem (he wins her hend!		10		
	he falls to tail!) the ersed ladest mand ³ and		11		
	(uhu and uhud!) the losed farce on erro-		12		
	roots, ⁴ twalegged poneys and threehandled		13		
	dorkeys (madahoy, morahoy, lugahoy, jog-		14		
<i>Arthurgink's</i>	ahoyaway) mPm brings us a rainborne pamto-		15		
<i>hussies and</i>	momiom, aqualavant to (cat my dogs, if I		16		
<i>Everguin's men.</i>	baint dingbushed like everything!) kaksitoista		17		
	volts yksitoista volts kymmenen volts yhdek-		18		

	lutes. For his neuralgiabrown.		1		
	Equal to=aosch.		2		
	P.t.l.o.a.t.o.	HEPTAGRAMMATON.	3		
	So, bagdad, after those initials falls and that	HYPOTHESES	4		
	primary tainture, as I know and you know	OF COM-	5		
	yourself, begath, and the arab in the ghetto	MONEST EX-	6		
	knows better, by nettus, nor anymeade or	PERIENCES	7		
	persan, comic cuts and series exerxeses always	BEFORE APO-	8		
	were to be capered in Casey's frost book of,	THEOSIS OF	9		
	page torn on dirty, to be hacked at Hickey's,	THE LUSTRAL	10		
<i>Vive Paco</i>	hucksler, Wellington's Iron Bridge, and so, by	PRINCIPIUM.	11		
<i>Hunter!</i>	long last, as it would shuffle out, must he to		12		
	trump adieu atout atous to those cardinhands		13		
<i>The hoisted in</i>	he a big deal missed, radmachrees and rosse-		14		
<i>red and the low-</i>	cullinans and blagpikes in suitclover. Dear		15		
<i>ered in black.</i>	hearts of my counting, would he revoke them,		16		
	forewheel to packnumbers, and, the time being		17		
	no help fort, plates to lick one and turn over.		18		
	Problem ye ferst, construct ann aquilittoral	INGENIOUS	19		
	dryankle Probe loom! With his primal hand-	LABOUR-	20		
<i>The boss's bess</i>	stoe in his sole salivarium. Concoct an equo-	TENACITY	21		
<i>bass is the browd</i>	angular trillitter. ¹ On the name of the tizzer	AS BETWEEN	22		

	first beginning, big to bog, back to bach.		6			
<i>Wolsherwomens</i>	Anny liffle mud which cometh out of Mam		7			
<i>at their weirdst.</i>	will doob, I guess. A.I. <i>Amnium instar</i> . And		8			
	to find a locus for an alp get a howlth on her		9			
	bayrings as a prisme O and for a second O		10			
	unbox your compasses. I cain but are you		11			
	able? Amicably nod. Gu it! So let's seth off		12			
	betwain us. Prompty? Mux your pistany at a		13			
	point of the coastmap to be called <i>a</i> but pro-		14			
	nounced olfa. There's the isle of Mun, ah!		15			
	O! Tis just. <i>Bene!</i> Now, whole in applepine		16			
	odrer ²		17			
	(for — husk, hisk, a spirit spires — Dolph, dean of idlers, meager		18			
	suckling of gert stoan, though barekely a balbose boy, he too, —		19			
	<i>venite, preteriti,³ sine mora dumque de entibus nascituris decentius in</i>		20			
	<i>lingua romana mortuorum parva chartula liviana ostenditur, seden-</i>		21			
	<i>tes in letitiae super ollas carniium, spectantes immo situm lutetiae unde</i>		22			
	<i>auspiciis secundis tantae consurgent humanae stirpes, antiquissimam</i>		23			
	<i>flaminum amborium Jordani et Jambaptistae mentibus revolvamus</i>		24			
	<i>sapientiam: totum tute fluvii modo mundo fluere, eadem quae ex</i>		25			
	<i>aggere fututa fuere iterum inter alveum fore futura, quodlibet sese</i>		26			
	<i>ipsum per aliudpiam agnoscere contrarium, omnem demun amnem</i>		27			
	<i>ripis rivalibus amplecti⁴ —</i> recurrently often, when him moved he		28			

would cake their chair, coached rebelliumtending mikes of his	29			
same and over his own choirage at Backlane Univarsity, among of	30			
which pupal souaves the pizdroll was pulled up, bred and bat-	31			
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.				
FW288				
tered, for a dillon a dollar, ¹ chanching letters for them vice o'verse	1			
to bronze mottes and blending tschemes for em in tropadores and	2			
doublecressing twofold thruths and devising tingling tailwords	3			
too whilest, cunctant that another would finish his sentence for	4			
him, he druider would smilabit eggways ² ned, he, to don't say	5			
nothing, would, so prim, and pick upon his ten ordinailed ungles,	6			
trying to undo with his teeth the knots made by his tongue,	7			
retelling humself by the math hour, long as he's brood, a reel of	8			
funnish ficts apout the shee, how faust of all and on segund	9			
thoughts and the thirds the charmhim girallove and fourther-	10			
more and filthily with bag from Oxatown and baroccidents and	11			

proper accidence and hoptohill and hexenshoes, in fine the whole	12			
damning letter; and, in point of feet, when he landed in ourland's	13			
leinster ³ of saved and solomnonnes for the twicedhecame time, off	14			
Lipton's strongbowed launch, the <i>Lady Eva</i> , in a tan soute of	15			
sails ⁴ he converted it's nataves, name saints, young ordnands,	16			
maderaheads and old unguished P.T. Publikums, through the	17			
medium of znigznaks with sotiric zeal, to put off the barcelonas ⁵	18			
from their peccaminous corpulums (Gratings, Mr Dane!) and	19			
kiss on their bottes (Master!) as often as they came within blood-	20			
shot of that other familiar temple and showed em the celestine	21			
way to by his tristar and his flop hattrick and his perry humdrum	22			
dumb and numb nostrums that he larned in Hymbuktu, ⁶ and that	23			
same galloroman cultous is very prevailend up to this windiest of	24			
landhavemiseries all over what was beforeaboos a land of nods, in	25			
spite of all the bloot, all the braim, all the brawn, all the brile, that	26			
was shod, that were shat, that was shuk all the while, for our	27			
massangrey if mosshungry people, the at Wickerworks, ⁷ still hold	28			
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 cinnamonhued.				
⁶ Creeping Crawleys petery parley, banished to his native Ireland from erring under Ryan.				
⁷ Had our retrospectable fearfurther gatch mutchtatches?				
FW289				
ford to their healing and ¹ byleave in the old weights downupon	1			
the Swanny, innovated by him, the prence di Propagandi, the	2			
chrism for the christmass, the pillar of the perished and the rock	3			
o'ralereality, and it is veritably belied, we belove, that not allsods	4			
of esoupcans that's in the queen's pottage post and not allfinesof	5			
greendgold that the Indus contains would overhinder them,	6			
(o.p.) to steeplechange back once from their ophis workshop and	7			
twice on sundises, to their ancient flash and crash habits of old	8			
Pales time ere beam slewed cable ² or Derzherr, live wire, fired	9			
Benjermine Funkling outa th'Empyre, sin righthand son; which,	10			
cummal, having listed curefully to the interlooking and the under-	11			
lacking of her twentynine shifts or his continental's curses, pum-	12			
mel, apostrophised Byrne's and Flamming's and Furniss's and	13			
Bill Hayses's and Ellishly Haught's, hoc, they (t.a.W.), sick	14			
or whole, stiff or sober, let drop as a doombody drops, with-	15			

out another ostrovgods word eitherways, in their own lineal	16			
descendance, as priesto as puddywhack, ³ coal on: ⁴ and, as we	17			
gang along to gigglehouse, talking of molniacs' manias and	18			
missions for makes to scotch the schlang and leathercoats for	19			
murty magdies, of course this has blameall in that medeoturanian	20			
world to say to blessed by Pointer the Grace's his privates judge-	21			
ments ⁵ whenso to put it, <i>disparito, duspurudo, desterrado, des-</i>	22			
<i>pertieu</i> , or, saving his presents for his own onefriend Bevradge,	23			
Conn the Shaughraun; but to return for a moment from the	24			
reptile's age ⁶ to the coxswain on the first landing (page Ainée	25			
Rivière!) if the pretty Lady Elisabess, Hotel des Ruines — she	26			
laid her batsleeve for him two trueveres tell love (on the Ides of	27			
Valentino's, at Idleness, Floods Area, Isolade, Liv's lonely	28			
daughter, with the Comes Tichiami, of Prima Vista, Abroad,	29			
suddenly), and beauty alone of all dare say when now, uncrowned,	30			
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.				

FW290				
deceptered, in what niche of time ¹ is Shee or where in the rose	1			
world trysting, that was the belle of La Chapelle, shapely Liselle,	2			
and the peg-of-my-heart of all the tompull or on whose limbs-to-	3			
lave her semicupiose eyes now kindling themselves are brightning, ²	4			
O Shee who then (4.32 M.P., old time, to be precise, according to	5			
all three doctors waterburies that was Mac Auliffe and poor Mac-	6			
Beth and poor MacGhimley to the tickleticks, of the synchron-	7			
isms, all lauschening, a time also confirmed seven sincuries later by	8			
the quatren medical johnny, poor old MacAdoo MacDollett, with	9			
notary, ³ whose presence was required by law of Devine Fore-	10			
sygth and decretal of the Douge) who after the first compliments ⁴	11			
med darkist day light, gave him then that vantage of a Blinken-	12			
sope's cuddlebath at her proper mitts – if she then, the then that	13			
matters, – but, <i>seigneur!</i> she could never have forefelt, as she yet	14			
will fearfeel, when the lovenext breaks out, such a coolcold	15			
douche as him, the totterer, the four-flights-the-charmer, doub-	16			
ling back, in nowtime, ⁵ bymby when saltwater he wush him these	17			
iselands, <i>O alors!</i> , to mount miss (the wooods of Fogloot!) under	18			
that <i>chemise de fer</i> and a vartryproof name, Multalusi (would it	19			
wash?) with a cheek white peaceful as, wen shall say, a single pro-	20			

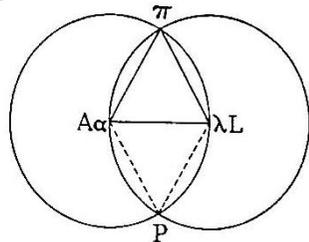
fessed claire's ⁶ and his washawash tubatubtub and his diagonoser's	21			
lampblick, to pure where they where hornest girls, to buy her in	22			
<i>par jure</i> , il you plait, nuncandtunc and for simper, and other duel	23			
mavourneens in plurible numbers from Arklow Vikloe to Louth	24			
super Luck, come messes, come mams, and touch your spottprice	25			
(for 'twas he was the born suborner, man) on behalf of an oldest	26			
ablished firma of winebakers, Lagrima and Gemitu, later on, his	27			
craft ebbing, invoked by the unirish title, Grindings of Nash, ⁷ the	28			
¹ Muckcross 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.				
FW291				
One and Only, Unic bar None, of Saint Yves by Landsend corn-	1			
wer, man — ship me silver!, it must have been, faw! a terrible	2			

mavrué mavone, to synamite up the old Adam-he-used-to, such a	3			
finalley, and that's flat as Tut's fut, for whowghowho? the poor	4			
girl, a lonely peggy, given the bird, so inseuladed as Crampton's	5			
peartree, (she sall eurn bitter bed by thirt sweet of her face!), and	6			
short wonder so many of the tomthick and tarry members in all	7			
there subsequious ages of our timocracy tipped to console with her	8			
at her mirrorable gracewindow'd hut ¹ till the ives of Man, the	9			
O'Kneels and the O'Prayins and the O'Hyens of Lochlaunstown	10			
and the O'Hollerins of Staneybatter, hollyboys, all, burryripe	11			
who'll buy?, ² in juwelietry and kickychoses and madornaments	12			
and that's not the finis of it (would it were!) — but to think of him	13			
foundling a nelliza the second, ³ also cliptbuss (the best was still	14			
there if the torso was gone) where he did and when he did, re-	15			
triever to the last ⁴ — escapes my forgetness now was it dust-	16			
covered, <i>nom de Lieu!</i> on lapse or street ondown, through, for or	17			
from a foe, by with as on a friend, at the Rectory? Vicarage Road?	18			
Bishop's Folly? Papesthorpe?, after picket fences, stonewalls, out	19			
and ins or oxers — for merry a valsehood whisprit he to manny a	20			
lilying earling; ⁵ and to try to analyse that ambo's pair of brace-	21			
leans akwart the rolyyon trying to amarm all ⁶ of that miching	22			
micher's bearded but insensible virility and its gaulish mous-	23			
taches, Dammad and Groany, into her limited (<i>tuff, tuff, que tu es</i>	24			
<i>pitre!</i>) lapse at the same slapse for towelling ends ⁷ in their dolight-	25			

ful Sexsex home, Somehow-at-Sea (O little oily head, sloper's	26			
brow and prickled ears!) as though he, a notoriety, a foist edition,	27			
were a wrigular writher neonovene babe! ⁸ — well, diarmuee and	28			
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.				
FW292				
granyou and <i>Vae Vinctis</i> , if that is what lamoor that of gentle	1			
breast rathe is intaken seems circling toward out yondest (it's	2			
life that's all chokered by that batch of grim rushers) heaven	3			
help his hindmost and, mark mo, if the so greatly displeaced	4			
diorems in the Saint Lubbock's Day number of that most improv-	5			
ing of roundshows, <i>Spice and Westend Woman</i> (utterly exhausted	6			

before publication, indiappper edition shortly), are for our in-	7			
dices, it agins to pear like it, par my fay, and there is no use for your	8			
pastrupreaching for to cheese it either or praying fresh fleshblood	9			
claspers of young catholick throats on Huggin Green ¹ to take	10			
warning by the prispast, why?, by cows ∴ man, in shirt, is how	11			
he is <i>più la gonna è mobile</i> and ∴ they wonet do ut; and, an you	12			
could peep inside the cerebralised saucepan of this eer illwinded	13			
goodfornobody, you would see in his house of thoughtsam (was	14			
you, that is, decontaminated enough to look discarnate) what a	15			
jetsam litterage of convolvuli of times lost or strayed, of lands	16			
derelect and of tongues laggin too, longa yamsayore, not only that	17			
but, search lighting, beached, bashed and beaushelled <i>à la Mer</i>	18			
pharahead into faturity, your own convolvulis pickninnig capman	19			
would real to jazztfancy the novo takin place of what stale words	20			
whilom were woven with and fitted fairly featly for, so; and	21			
equally so, the crame of the whole faustian fustian, whether your	22			
launer's lightsome or your soulard's schwearmood, it is that,	23			
whenas the swiftshut scareyss of our pupilteachertaut duplex will	24			
hark back to lark to you symibellically that, though a day be as	25			
dense as a decade, no mouth has the might to set a mearbound to	26			
the march of a landsmaul, ² in half a sylb, helf a solb, holf a salb on-	27			
ward ³ the beast of boredom, common sense, lurking gyrographi-	28			
cally down inside his loose Eating S.S. collar is gogoing of	29			

whisth to you sternly how — Plutonic loveliaks twinnt Platonic			30		
yearlings — you must, how, in undivided reawlity draw the line			31		
somewhawre)			32		
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!					
FW293					
	Coss? Cossist? Your parn! You, you make	WHY MY AS	1		
	what name? (and in truth, as a poor soul is	LIKEWISE	2		
	between shift and shift ere the death he has	WHIS HIS.	3		
	lived through becomes the life he is to die		4		
	into, he or he had albut — he was rickets as to		5		
	reasons but the balance of his minds was		6		
	stables — lost himself or himself some som-		7		
	nione sciupiones, soswhitchoverswetch had		8		
	he or he gazet, murphy come, murphy go,		9		
	murphy plant, murphy grow, a maryamyria-		10		
	meliamurphies, in the lazily eye of his lapis,		11		



<i>Uteralterance or</i>	Vieus Von DVbLIn, 'twas one of dozedreams		12		
<i>the Interplay of</i>	a darkies ding in dewood) the Turnpike under		13		
<i>Bones in the</i>	the Great Ulm (with Mearingstone in Fore		14		
<i>Womb.</i>	ground). ¹ Given now ann lynch you take enn		15		
	all. Allow me! And, heaving alljawbreakical		16		
	expressions out of old Sare Isaac's ² universal		17		
<i>The Vortex.</i>	of specious aristmystic unsaid, A is for Anna		18		
<i>Spring of Sprung</i>	like L is for liv. Aha hahah, Ante Ann you're		19		
<i>Verse. The Ver-</i>	apt to ape aunty annalive! Dawn gives rise.		20		
<i>tex.</i>	Lo, lo, lives love! Eve takes fall. La, la, laugh		21		
	leaves alas! Aiaiaiai, Antiann, we're last to		22		
	the lost, Loulou! Tis perfect. Now (lens		23		
	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?				

FW294

	your dappled yeye here, mine's presbyoperian,		1	
	shill and wall) we see the copyngink strayed-		2	
	line AL (in Fig., the forest) from being con-		3	
	tinued, stops ait Lambday ¹ : Modder ilond		4	
	there too. Allow me anchore! I bring down		5	
	noth and carry awe. Now, then, take this in!		6	
	One of the most murmurable loose carollaries		7	
<i>Sarga, or the</i>	ever Ellis threw his cookingclass. With Olaf		8	
<i>path of outgoing.</i>	as centrum and Olaf's lambtail for his spokes-		9	
	man circumscrip a cyclone. Allow ter! Hoop!		10	
	As round as the calf of an egg! O, dear		11	
	me! O, dear me now! Another grand dis-		12	
	cobely! After Makefearsome's Ocean. You've		13	
	actuary entducked one! Quok! Why, you		14	
	haven't a passer! Fantastic! Early clever,		15	
	surely doomed, to Swift's, alas, the galehus!		16	
<i>Docetism and</i>	Match of a matchness, like your Bigdud dadder		17	
<i>Didicism, Maya-</i>	in the boudeville song, <i>Gorotsky Gollovor's</i>		18	
<i>Thaya. Tamas-</i>	<i>Troubles</i> , raucking his flavourite turvku in		19	
<i>Rajas-Sattoas.</i>	the smukking precincts of lydias, ² with Mary		20	
	Owens and Dolly Monks seesidling to edge		21	
	his cropulence and Blake-Roche, Kingston		22	

	and Dockrell auriscenting him from afurz, our	23			
	papacocopotl, ³ Abraham Bradley King? (ting	24			
	ting! ting ting!) By his magmasine fall. Lumps,	25			
	lavas and all. ⁴ Bene! But, thunder and turf, it's	26			
	not alover yet! One recalls Byzantium. The	27			
	mystery repeats itself todate as our callback	28			
	mother Gaudyanna, that was daughter to a	29			
	tanner, ⁵ used to sing, as I think, now and then	30			
	consinuously over her possetpot in her quer	31			
¹ Ex jup pep off Carpenger Strate. The kids' and dolls' home. Makeacake-					
ache.					
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.					
FW295					
	homolocous humminbass hesterdie and ist-	1			
	herdie forivor. ¹ Vanissas Vanistatums! And	2			
<i>The Vegetable</i>	for a night of thoughtsendyures and a day. As	3			
<i>Cell and its Pri-</i>	Great Shapesphere puns it. In effect, I re-	4			

<i>vate Properties.</i>	mumble, from the yules gone by, purr lil mur-	5			
	rerof myhind, so she used indeed. When she	6			
	give me the Sundaclouds she hung up for	7			
	Tate and Comyng and snuffed out the ghost	8			
	in the candle at his old game of haunt the	9			
	sleepper. Faithful departed. When I'm dream-	10			
	ing back like that I begins to see we're only	11			
	all telescopes. Or the comeallyoum saunds.	12			
	Like when I dromed I was in Dairy and was	13			
	wuckened up with thump in thudderdown.	14			
	Rest in peace! But to return. ² What a wonder-	15			
	ful memory you have too! Twonderful	16			
	morrowy! Straorbinaire! <i>Bene!</i> I bring town	17			
	eau and curry nothung up my sleeve. Now,	18			
	springing quickly from the mudland Loosh	19			
	from Luccan with Allhim as her Elder tetra-	20			
	turn a somersault. All's fair on all fours, as	21			
	my instructor unstrict me. Watch! And you'll	22			
	have the whole inkle. Allow, allow! Gyre O,	23			
	gyre O, gyrotundo! Hop lala! As umpty	24			
	herum as you seat! O, dear me, that was very	25			
	nesse! Very nace indeed! And makes us a	26			
<i>The haves and</i>	daintical pair of accompasses! You, allus for	27			

<i>the havenots: a</i>	the kunst and me for omething with a handel	28			
<i>distinction.</i>	to it. Beve! Now, as will pressantly be felt,	29			
	there's tew tricklesome poinds where our	30			
	twain of doubling bicirculars, mating approx-	31			
	metely in their suite poi and poi, dunloop	32			
	into eath the ocher. Lucihere.! I fee where you	33			
<p>¹ Sewing up the beillybursts in their buckskin shiorts for big Kapitayn Killykook and the Jukes of Kelleiney.</p>					
<p>² Say where! A timbrefill of twinkletinkle.</p>					
<p>FW296</p>					
	mea. The doubleviewed seeds. Nun, lemmas	1			
	quatsch, vide pervoys akstiom, and I think as	2			
	I'm suqeez in the limon, stickme punctum, but	3			
	for seminal rations I'd likelong, by Araxes,	4			
	to mack a capital Pee for Pride down there	5			
	on the batom ¹ where Hoddum and Heave, our	6			
	monsterbilker, balked his bawd of parodies.	7			
<i>Zweispaltung as</i>	And let you go, Airmienious, and mick your	8			
<i>Fundemaintalish</i>	modest mock Pie out of Humbles up your	9			
<i>of Wiederher-</i>	end. Where your apexojesus will be a point	10			

<i>stellung.</i>	of order. With a geing groan grunt and a	11			
	croak click cluck. ² And my faceage kink and	12			
	kurkle trying to make keek peep. ³ Are you	13			
	right there, Michael, are you right? Do you	14			
	think you can hold on by sitting tight? Well,	15			
	of course, it's awful angelous. Still I don't feel	16			
	it's so dangelous. Ay, I'm right here, Nickel,	17			
	and I'll write. Singing the top line why it	18			
	suits me mikey fine. But, yaghags hogwarts	19			
	and arrahquinonthiance, it's the muddest thick	20			
	that was ever heard dump since Eggsmather	21			
	got smothered in the plap of the pfan. Now,	22			
	to compleat anglers, beloved bironthiarn and	23			
	hushtokan hishtakatsch, join alfa pea and	24			
	pull loose by dotties and, to be more	25			
	sparematically logoical, eelpie and paleale by	26			
	trunkles. Alow me align while I encloud	27			
	especious! The Nike done it. Like pah, ⁴ I peh.	28			
	Innate little bondery. And as plane as a poke	29			
	stiff. ⁵ Now, <i>aqua in buccat</i> . I'll make you to	30			
	see figuratleavely the whome of your eternal	31			
<p>¹ Parsee ffrench for the upholdsterer would be delighted.</p>					

	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!				
FW297					
	geomater. And if you flung her headdress on		1		
	her from under her highlows you'd wheeze		2		
	whyse Salmonson set his seel on a hexen-		3		
<i>Destiny, In-</i>	gown. ¹ Hissss!, Arrah, go on! Fin for fun!		4		
<i>fluence of Design</i>	You've spat your shower like a son of Sibernia		5		
<i>upon.</i>	but let's have at it! Subtend to me now! Pisk!		6		
	Outer serpumstances beug ekewilled, we care-		7		
	fully, if she pleats, lift by her seam hem and		8		
	jabote at the spidsiest of her trickkikant (like		9		
	thousands done before since fillies calpered.		10		
	Ocone! Ocone!) the maidsapron of our A.L.P.,		11		
	fearfully! till its nether nadir is vortically where		12		
	(allow me aright to two cute winkles) its naval's		13		
<i>Prometheus, or</i>	napex will have to beandbe. You must proach		14		
<i>the Promise of</i>	near mear for at is dark. Lob. And light		15		
<i>Provision.</i>	your mech. Jeldy! And this is what you'll say. ²		16		

	Waaaaaa. Tch! Sluice! Pla! And their, redneck,		17			
	(for addn't we to gayatsee with Puhl the Pun-		18			
	kah's bell?) mygh and thy, the living spit of		19			
	dead waters, ³ fastness firm of Hurdlebury Fenn,		20			
	discinct and isoplural in its (your sow to		21			
	the duble) sixuous parts, flument, fluvey and		22			
	fluteous, midden wedge of the stream's your		23			
	muddy old triagonal delta, fiho miho, plain		24			
	for you now, appia lippia pluvaville, (hop the		25			
	hula, girls!) the no niggard spot of her safety		26			
	vulve, first of all usquiluteral threeingles, (and		27			
	why wouldn't she sit cressloggedlike the lass		28			
	that lured a tailor?) the constant of fluxion,		29			
	Mahamewetma, pride of the province ⁴ and		30			
	when that tidled boare rutches up from the		31			
	Afrantic, allaph quaran's his bett und bier! ⁵		32			
<p>¹ The chape of Doña Speranza of the Nacion.</p>						
<p>² Ugol egal ogle. Mi vidim Mi.</p>						
<p>³ It is, it is Sangannon's dream.</p>						
<p>⁴ And all meinkind.</p>						
<p>⁵ Whangpoos the paddle and whiss whee whoo.</p>						

FW298					
<i>Ambages and</i>	Paa lickam laa lickam, apl lpa! This it is an her.		1		
<i>Their Rôle.</i>	You see her it. Which it whom you see it is		2		
	her. And if you could goaneggbetter we'd soon		3		
	see some raffant scrumala riffa. Quicks herit		4		
	fossyending. Quef! So post that to your pape		5		
	and smarket! And you can haul up that languil		6		
	pennant, mate. I've read your tunc's dimissage.		7		
	For, let it be taken that her littlenist is of no		8		
	magnetude or again let it be granted that Doll		9		
	the laziest can be dissimulant with all respects		10		
	from Doll the fiercst, thence must any what-		11		
	youlike in the power of empthood be either		12		
<i>Ecclasiastical</i>	greater THaN or less THaN the unitate we		13		
<i>and Celestial</i>	have in one or hence shall the vectorious ready-		14		
<i>Hierarchies. The</i>	eyes of evertwo circumflicksrent searchers		15		
<i>Ascending. The</i>	never film in the elipsities of their gyribouts		16		
<i>Descending.</i>	those fickers which are returnally reproductive		17		
	of themselves. ¹ Which is unpassible. Quarrel-		18		
	lary. The logos of somewome to that base any-		19		
	thing, when most characteristically mantissa		20		

	minus, comes to nullum in the endth: ² orso,		21			
	here is nowet badder than the sin of Aha with		22			
	his cosin Lil, verswaysed on coverswised, and		23			
	all that's consecants and cotangincies till Per-		24			
	perp stops repippinghim since her redtangles		25			
	are all abscissan for limitsing this tendency of		26			
	our Frivolteeny Sexuagesima ³ to expense her-		27			
<i>The peripatetic</i>	selfs as sphere as possible, paradismic peri-		28			
<i>periphery. It's</i>	mutter, in all directions on the bend of the		29			
<i>Allothesis.</i>	unbridalled, the infinisissimalls of her facets		30			
	becoming manier and manier as the calicolum		31			
	of her umdescribables (one has thoughts of		32			
	that eternal Rome) shrinks from schurtiness		33			
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.						
FW299						
	to scherts. ¹ Scholium, there are trist sigheds to		1			
	everysing but ichs on the freed brings euchs to		2			
	the feared. Qued? Mother of us all! O, dear		3			

	me, look at that now! I don't know is it your		4			
	spictrre or my omination but I'm glad you		5			
	dimentioned it! My Lourde! My Lourde! If		6			
	that aint just the beatenest lay I ever see! And		7			
	a superpposition! Quoint a quincidence! O.K.		8			
<i>Canine Venus</i>	<i>Omnius Kollidimus</i> . As Ollover Krumwall		9			
<i>sublimated to</i>	sayed when he slepped ueber his grannya-		10			
<i>Aulidic</i>	mother. Kangaroose feathers. Who in the name		11			
<i>Aphrodite</i> .	of thunder'd ever belevin you were that bolt?		12			
	But you're holy mooxed and gaping up the		13			
	wrong palce ² as if you was seeheeing the gheist		14			
	that stays forenenst, you blessed simpletop		15			
	domefool! Where's your belested loiternan's		16			
	lamp? You must lap wandret down the bluish-		17			
	ing refluction below. Her trunk's not her brain-		18			
	box. Hear where the bolgylines, Yseen here the		19			
	puncture. So he done it. Luck! See her good.		20			
<i>Exclusivism: the</i>	Well, well, well, well! O dee, O dee, that's		21			
<i>Ors, Sors and</i>	very lovely! We like Simperspreach Hammel-		22			
<i>Fors, which?</i>	tones to fellow Selvertunes O'Haggans. ³ When		23			
	he rolls over his ars and shows the hise of his		24			
	heels. Vely lovely entilely! Like a yangsheep-		25			
	slang with the tsifengtse. So analytical plaus-		26			

	ible! And be the powers of Moll Kelly, neigh-		27			
	bour topsowyer, it will be a lozenge to me all		28			
	my lauffe. ⁴ More better twofeller we been speak		29			
	copperads. Ever thought about Guinness's?		30			
	And the regrettable Parson Rome's advice?		31			
	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, −, ×, □, ∧, ⊃. Hoodle doodle,					
	fam.?					
	FW300					
	Want to join the police. ¹ You know, you were		1			
	always one of the bright ones, since a foot		2			
	made you an unmentionable, fakes! You know,		3			
	you're the divver's own smart gossoon, aequal		4			
	to yoursell and wanigel to anglyother, so you		5			
	are, hoax! You know, you'll be dampned, so		6			
	you will, one of these invernal days but you		7			
	will be, carrotty! ²		8			

<i>Primanouriture</i>	Wherapool, gayet that when he stop look	SICK US A	9			
<i>and Ultimo-</i>	time he stop long ground who here hurry he	SOCK WITH	10			
<i>geniture.</i>	would have ever the lothst word, with a sweet	SOME SEDI-	11			
	me ah err eye ear marie to reat from the jacob's ³	MENT IN IT	12			
	and a shypull for tooth sake of his armjaws	FOR THE	13			
	at the slidepage of de Vere Foster, would and	SAKE OF OUR	14			
	could candykissing P. Kevin to fress up the	DARNING	15			
	rinnerung and to ate by hart (<i>leo</i> I read, such a	WIVES.	16			
	spanish, <i>escribis</i> , all your mycoscoups) wont		17			
	to nibbleh ravenostonnoriously ihs mum to		18			
	me in bewonderment of his chipper chuthor		19			
	for, while that Other by the halp of his creac-		20			
	tive mind offered to deleberate the mass from		21			
	the booty of fight our Same with the holp		22			
	of the bounty of food sought to delubberate		23			
	the mess from his corructive mund, with his		24			
	muffetee cuffes ownconsciously grafficking		25			
	with his sinister cyclopes after trigamies and		26			
	spirals' wobbles pursuing their rovinghamil-		27			
	ton selves and godolping in fairlove to see		28			
	around the waste of noland's browne jesus ⁴		29			
	(thur him no quartos!) till that on him poorin		30			
<i>No Sturm. No</i>	sweat the juggaleer's veins (quench his quill!)		31			

<i>Drang.</i>	in his napier scrag stud out bursthright tam-	32			
	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!				
	FW301				
<i>Illustration.</i>	quam taughtropes. (Spry him! call a blood-	1			
	lekar! Where's Dr Brassenaarse?) Es war itwas	2			
	in his priesterrite. O He Must Suffer! From this	3			
	misbelieving feacemaker to his noncredible	4			
	fancyflame. ¹ Ask for bosthoon, late for Mass,	5			
	pray for blaablaablack sheep. (Sure you could	6			
	wright anny pippap passage, Eye bet, as foyne	7			
	as that moultylousy Erewhig, yerself, mick!	8			
	Nock the muddy nickers! ² Christ's Church	9			
	varses Bellial!) Dear and he went on to scripple	10			
<i>Ascription of the</i>	gentlemine born, milady bread, he would pen	11			
<i>Active.</i>	for her, he would pine for her, ³ how he would	12			
	patpun fun for all ⁴ with his frolicky frowner	13			
	so and his glumsome grinner otherso. And how	14			

	are you, waggy? ⁵ My animal his sorrafool!	15			
	And trieste, ah trieste ate I my liver! <i>Se non é</i>	16			
	<i>vero son trovatore</i> . O jerry! He was soso, harriot	17			
	all! He was sadfellow, steifel! He was mister-	18			
	mysterion. Like a purate out of pensionee with	19			
	a gouvernement job. All moanday, tearsday,	20			
	wailsday, thumpsday, frightday, shatterday till	21			
	the fear of the Law. Look at this twitches!	22			
	He was quisquis, floored on his plankraft of	23			
	shittim wood. Look at him! Sink deep or	24			
<i>Proscription of</i>	touch not the Cartesian spring! Want more	25			
<i>the Passive.</i>	ashes, griper? How diesmal he was lying low	26			
	on his rawside laying siege to goblin castle.	27			
	And, bezouts that, how hyenesmeal he was	28			
	laying him long on his laughside lying sack	29			
	to croakpartridge. (Be thou wars Rolaf's intes-	30			
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.					
FW302					
	tions, quoths the Bhagavat biskop Leech) Ann		1		
	opes tipoo soon ear! If you could me lendtill		2		
	my pascol's kondyl, sahib, and the price of a		3		
	plate of poultice. Punked. With best apolojigs		4		
	and merrymoney thanks to self for all the		5		
<i>Ensouling Fe-</i>	clerricals and again begs guerdon for bistris-		6		
<i>male Sustains</i>	pissing on your bunificence. Well wiggy-		7		
<i>Agonising Over-</i>	wiggywagtail, and how are you, yaggy? With		8		
<i>man.</i>	a capital Tea for Thirst. From here Buvard to		9		
	dear Picuchet. Blott.		10		
	Now, (peel your eyes, my gins, and brush	WHEN THE	11		
	your saton hat, me elementator joyclid, son of	ANSWERER	12		
	a Butt! She's mine, Jow low jure, ¹ be Skibber-	IS A LEMAN.	13		
	ing's eagles, sweet tart of Whiteknees Arch-		14		
	way) watch him, having caught at the bi-		15		
	furking calamum in his bolsillos, the onelike		16		
	underworp he had ever funnet without diffi-		17		
	cultads, the aboleshqvick, signing away in		18		
<i>Sesama to the</i>	happinext complete, (Exquisite Game of in-		19		

	Romeopullupalleaps. ¹ Pose the pen, man,	TO COCKER.	2			
	way me does. Way ole missa vellatooth fust		3			
	show me how. Fourth power to her illpogue!		4			
<i>Force Centres of</i>	Bould strokes for your life! Tip! This is Steal,		5			
<i>the Fire Serpen-</i>	this is Barke, this is Starn, this is Swhipt, this is		6			
<i>tine: heart,</i>	Wiles, this is Pshaw, this is Doubblinnbbay-		7			
<i>throat, navel,</i>	yates. ² This is brave Danny weeping his spache		8			
<i>spleen, sacral,</i>	for the popers. This is cool Connolly wiping		9			
<i>fontanella, inter-</i>	his hearth with brave Danny. And this, regard!		10			
<i>temporal eye.</i>	how Chawleses Skewered parparaparnelligoes		11			
<i>Conception of the</i>	between brave Danny boy and the Connolly.		12			
<i>Compromise and</i>	Upanishadem! Top. Spoken hath L'arty Ma-		13			
<i>Finding of a</i>	gory. Eregobragh. Prouf! ³		14			
<i>Formula.</i>	And Kev was wreathed with his pother.	TROTHBLOWERS.	15			
	But, (that Jacoby feeling again for fore-	FIG AND	16			
	bitten fruit and, my Georgeous, Kevvy too he	THISTLE	17			
	just loves his puppadums, I judge!) after all his	PLOT A PIG	18			
	autocratic writings of paraboles of famellicurbs	AND	19			
	and meddled muddlingisms, thee faroots hof	WHISTLE.	20			
<i>Ideal Present</i>	cullchaw end ate citrawn woodint wun able		21			
<i>Alone Produces</i>	rep of the triperforator awlrite blast through		22			
<i>Real Future.</i>	his pergaman hit him where he lived and do for		23			
	the blessted selfchuruls, what I think, smarter		24			

	like it done for a manny another unpious of		25			
	the hairydary quare quandary firstings till at		26			
	length, you one bladdy bragger, by mercy-		27			
	stroke he measured his earth anyway? could		28			
	not but reckon in his adder's badder cadder		29			
	way our frankson who, to be plain, he fight		30			
	him all time twofeller longa kill dead finish		31			
	bloody face blong you, was misocain. Wince		32			
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.						
FW304						
	wan's won! Rip! ¹ And his countinghands		1			
	rose.		2			
	Formalisa. Loves deathhow simple!	WITH EBONISER.	3			
	Slutningsbane ² .	IN PIX.	4			
<i>Service super-</i>	Thanks eversore much, Pointcarried! I can't	EUCHRE	5			
<i>seding self.</i>	say if it's the weight you strike me to the	RISK, MERCI	6			
	quick or that red mass I was looking at but at	BUCKUP, AND	7			

	the present momentum, potential as I am, I'm	MIND WHO	8			
	seeing rayingbogeys rings round me. Honours	YOU'RE	9			
	to you and may you be commended for our	PUCKING,	10			
	exhibitiveness! I'd love to take you for a	FLEBBY.	11			
	bugaboo ride and play funfer all if you'd only		12			
	sit and be the ballasted bottle in the porker		13			
	barrel. You will deserve a rolypoly as long		14			
	as from here to tomorrow. And to hell with		15			
	them driftbombs and bottom trailers! If my		16			
	maily was bag enough I'd send you a toxis.		17			
	By Saxon Chromaticus, you done that lovely		18			
	for me! Didn't he now, Nubilina? Tiny Mite,		19			
	she studiert whas? With her listeningin coif-		20			
	fure, her dream of Endsland's daylast and the		21			
	glorifies of being presainted maid to majesty. ³		22			
	And less is the pity for she isn't the lollypops		23			
	she easily might be if she had for a sample		24			
	Virginia's air of achievement. That might		25			
<i>Catastrophe and</i>	keep her from throwing delph. ⁴ As I was saying,		26			
<i>Anabasis.</i>	while retorting thanks, you make me a reborn		27			
<i>The rotary pro-</i>	of the cards. We're offals boys ambows. ⁵		28			
<i>cessus and its</i>	For I've flicked up all the crambes as they		29			
<i>reestablishment</i>	crumbed from your table um, singing glory		30			

<i>Truth and the</i>	could engage in an energument over you till	GERILAG,	13			
<i>Conjunctive Ap-</i>	you were republicly royally tooally prussic	TITTERITOT,	14			
<i>petites of Oppo-</i>	blue in the shirt after. ¹ <i>Trionfante di bestia!</i> And	LEG IN A TEE,	15			
<i>sitional Orexes.</i>	if you're not your bloater's kipper may I never	LUG IN A	16			
	curse again on that pint I took of Jamesons.	LAW, TWO	17			
	Old Keane now, you're rod, hook and sinker,	AT A TIE,	18			
	old jubalee Keane! Biddy's hair. Biddy's hair,	THREE ON A	19			
	mine lubber. Where is that Quin but he sknows	THRICKY	20			
	it knot but what you that are my popular end-	TILL OHIO	21			
	phthisis were born with a solver arm up your	OHIO	22			
<i>Trishagion.</i>	sleep. Thou in shanty! Thou in scanty shanty!!	IOIOMISS.	23			
	Thou in slanty scanty shanty!!! Bide in your		24			
	hush! Bide in your hush, do! The law does		25			
	not aloud you to shout. I plant my penstock		26			
	in your postern, chinarpot. Ave! And let it be		27			
	to all remembrance. Vale. Ovocation of maid-		28			
	ing waters. ² For auld lang salvy steyne. I		29			
	defend you to champ my scullion's praises.		30			
	To book alone belongs the lobe. Foremaster's		31			
	meed ³ will mark tomorrow when we are		32			
	making pilscrummage to whaboggeryin with		33			
<p>¹ From three shellings. A bluedye sacrifice.</p>						

	² Not Kilty. But the manajar was. He! He! Ho! Ho! Ho!				
	³ Giglamps, Soapy Geyser, The Smell and Gory Mac Gusty.				
	FW306				
	staff, scarf and blessed wallet and our aureoles		1		
	round our neckkandcropfs where as and when		2		
	Heavysciusgardaddy, parent who offers sweet-		3		
	meats, will gift uns his Noblett's surprize.		4		
<i>Abnegation is</i>	With this laudable purpose in loud ability let		5		
<i>Adaptation.</i>	us be singulfied. Betwixt me and thee hung		6		
	cong. Item, mizpah ends.		7		
	But while the dial are they doodling dawd-	ENTER THE	8		
	ling over the mugs and the grubs? Oikey,	COP AND	9		
	Impostolopulos? ¹ Steady steady steady steady	HOW.	10		
	steady studiavimus. Many many many many	SECURES	11		
	many manducabimus. ² We've had our day at triv	GUBERNANT	12		
	and quad and writ our bit as intermidgets. Art,	URBIS	13		
	literature, politics, economy, chemistry, human-	TERROREM.	14		
<i>Cato.</i>	ity, &c. Duty, the daughter of discipline, the		15		
<i>Nero.</i>	Great Fire at the South City Markets, Belief in		16		
<i>Saul. Aristotle.</i>	Giants and the Banshee, A Place for Every-		17		
<i>Julius Caesar.</i>	thing and Everything in its Place, Is the Pen		18		

Noah. Plato.	Visit to Guinness' Brewery, Clubs, Advan-	1			
Horace. Isaac.	tages of the Penny Post, When is a Pun not a	2			
Tiresias.	Pun? Is the Co-Education of Animus and	3			
Marius.	Anima Wholly Desirable? ¹ What Happened at	4			
Diogenes.	Clontarf? Since our Brother Johnathan Signed	5			
Procne, Philo-	the Pledge or the Meditations of Two Young	6			
mela. Abraham.	Spinsters, ² Why we all Love our Little Lord	7			
Nestor. Cincin-	Mayor, Hengler's Circus Entertainment, On	8			
natus. Leonidas.	Thrift, ³ The Kettle-Griffith-Moynihan Scheme	9			
Jacob.	for a New Electricity Supply, Travelling in the	10			
Theocritus.	Olden Times, ⁴ American Lake Poetry, the	11			
Joseph.	Strangest Dream that was ever Halfdreamt. ⁵	12			
Fabius. Samson.	Circumspection, Our Allies the Hills, Are	13			
Cain.	Parnellites Just towards Henry Tudor? Tell a	14			
Esop.	Friend in a Chatty Letter the Fable of the	15			
Prometheus.	Grasshopper and the Ant, ⁶ Santa Claus, The	16			
Lot. Pompeius Magnus,	Shame of Slumdom, The Roman Pontiffs	17			
Miltiades Strategos.	and the Orthodox Churches, ⁷ The Thirty	18			
Solon.	Hour Week, Compare the Fistic Styles of	19			
Castor, Pollux.	Jimmy Wilde and Jack Sharkey, How to	20			
Dionysius.	Understand the Deaf, Should Ladies learn	21			
Sappho.	Music or Mathematics? Glory be to Saint	22			
Moses. Job.	Patrick! What is to be found in a Dustheap,	23			

<i>Catilina.</i>	The Value of Circumstantial Evidence,		24			
<i>Cadmus. Ezekiel.</i>	Should Spelling? Outcasts in India, Collecting		25			
<i>Solomon. Themistocles.</i>	Pewter, Eu, ⁸ Proper and Regular Diet		26			
<i>Vitellius. Darius.</i>	Necessity For, ⁹ If You Do It Do It Now.		27			
	¹ Jests 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 <i>toglieresti in brodo</i> all over his agrammatical parts of face and as for					
	that hippofoxphiz, unlucky number, late for the christening!					
	⁸ Eh, Monsieur? Oû, Monsieur? Eu, Monsieur? Nenni No, Monsieur!					
	⁹ Ere we hit the hay, brothers, let's have that response to prayer!					
	FW308					
<i>Xenophon.</i>	Delays are Dangerous. Vitavite! Gobble		1			
	Anne: tea's set, see's eneugh! Mox soonly		2			
	will be in a split second per the chancellory		3			
	of his exticker.		4			

<i>Pantocracy.</i>	Aun	MAWMAW,	5			
<i>Bimutualism.</i>	Do	LUK, YOUR	6			
<i>Interchangeabil-</i>	Tri	BEEFTAY'S	7			
<i>ity. Naturality.</i>	Car	FIZZIN OVER!	8			
<i>Superfetation.</i>	Cush ¹		9			
<i>Stabimobilism.</i>	Shay		10			
<i>Periodicity.</i>	Shockt		11			
<i>Consummation.</i>	Ockt		12			
<i>Interpenetrative-</i>	Ni		13			
<i>ness. Predicam-</i>	Geg ²		14			
<i>ent. Balance of</i>	Their feed begins.	KAKAO-	15			
<i>the factual by the</i>		POETIC	16			
<i>theoric Boox and</i>		LIPPUDENIES	17			
<i>Coox, Amallaga-</i>		OF THE	18			
<i>mated.</i>		UNGUMP-	19			
	NIGHTLETTER	TIOUS.	20			
	With our best youlldied greedings to Pep		21			
	and Memmy and the old folkers below and		22			
	beyant, wishing them all very merry Incar-		23			
	nations in this land of the livvey and plenty		24			
	of preprosperousness through their coming		25			
	new yonks		26			

	from		27		
	jake, jack and little sousoucie		28		
	(the babes that mean too)		29		
	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!				

11. Episode ELEVEN (74 pages, from 309 to 382)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW309				
It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinnesses but.	1			
That the fright of his light in tribalbalbutience hides aback in	2			
the doom of the balk of the deaf but that the height of his life	3			
from a bride's eye stamppunct is when a man that means a moun-	4			
tain barring his distance wades a lymph that plays the lazy win-	5			
ning she likes yet that pride that bogs the party begs the glory of	6			
a wake while the scheme is like your rumba round me garden,	7			
allatheses, with perhelps the prop of a prompt to them, was now	8			
or never in Etheria Deserta, as in Grander Suburbia, with Finn-	9			

fannfawners, ruric or cospolite, for much or moment indispute.	10			
Whyfor had they, it is Hiberio-Miletians and Argloe-Noremen,	11			
donated him, birth of an otion that was breeder to sweatoslaves,	12			
as mysterbolder, forced in their waste, and as for Ibdullin what of	13			
Himana, that their tolv tubular high fidelity daildialler, as modern	14			
as tomorrow afternoon and in appearance up to the minute, (hear-	15			
ing that anybody in that ruad duchy of Wollinstown schemed	16			
to halve the wrong type of date) equipped with supershielded um-	17			
brella antennas for distancegetting and connected by the magnetic	18			
links of a Bellini-Tosti coupling system with a vitaltone speaker,	19			
capable of capturing skybuddies, harbour craft emittences, key	20			
clickings, vaticum cleaners, due to woman formed mobile or	21			
man made static and bawling the howle hamshack and wobble	22			
down in an eliminium sounds pound so as to serve him up a mele-	23			
goturny marygoraumd, eelectrically filtered for allirish earths and	24			
FW310				
ohmes. This harmonic condenser enginium (the Mole) they	1			
caused to be worked from a magazine battery (called the Mimmim	2			
Bimbim patent number 1132, Thorpetersen and Synds, Joms-	3			
borg, Selverbergen) which was tuned up by twintriodic singul-	4			
valvulous pipelines (lackslipping along as if their liffig deepunded	5			

on it) with a howdrocephalous enlargement, a gain control of	6		
circumcentric megacycles, ranging from the antidulibnium onto	7		
the serostaatarean. They finally caused, or most leastways brung it	8		
about somehows, (that) the pip of the lin (to) pinnatrate inthro	9		
an auricular forfickle (known as the Vakingfar sleeper, mono-	10		
fractured by Piaras UaRhuamhaighaudhlug, tympan founder,	11		
Eustache Straight, Bauliaughacleeagh) a meatous conch culpable	12		
of cunduncing Naul and Santry and the forty routs of Corthy	13		
with the concertiums of the Brythyc Symmonds Guild, the	14		
Ropemakers Reunion, the Variagated Peddlars Barringoy Bni-	15		
brthirhd, the Askold Olegsonder Crowds of the O'Keef-Rosses	16		
and Rhosso-Keevers of Zastwoking, the Ligue of Yahooth o.s.v.	17		
so as to lall the bygone dozed they arborised around, up his	18		
corpular fruent and down his reuctionary buckling, hummer,	19		
enville and cstorrap (the man of Iren, thore's Curlymane for	20		
you!), lill the lubberendth of his otological life.	21		
House of call is all their evenbreads though its cartomance	22		
hallucinate like an erection in the night the mummery of whose	23		
deed, a lur of Nur, immerges a mirage in a merror, for it is where	24		
by muzzinmessed for one watthour, bilaws below, till time jings	25		
pleas, that host of a bottlefilled, the bulkily hulkwight, hunter's	26		
pink of face, an orel orioled, is in on a bout to be unbulging an	27		
o'connell's, the true one, all seethic, a luckybock, pledge of the	28		

stoup, whilom his canterberry bellseyes wink wickeding indtil	29		
the teller, oyne of an oustman in skull of skand. Yet is it, this	30		
ale of man, for him, our hubuljoynted, just a tug and a fistful as	31		
for Culsen, the Patagoreyan, chieftain of chokanchuckers and his	32		
moyety joyant, under the foamer dispensation when he pullupped	33		
the turfeycork by the greats of gobble out of Lougk Neagk.	34		
When, pressures be to our hoary frother, the pop gave his sullen	35		
bulletaction and, bilge, sled a movement of catharic emulsipotion	36		
FW311			
down the sloppery slide of a slaunty to tilted lift-ye-landsmen.	1		
Allamin. Which in the ambit of its orbit heaved a sink her sailer	2		
alongside of a drink her drainer from the basses brothers, those	3		
two theygottheres.	4		
It was long after once there was a lealand in the luffing ore it	5		
was less after lives thor a toyler in the tawn at all ohr it was note	6		
before he drew out the moddle of Kersse by jerkin his dressing	7		
but and or it was not before athwartships he buttonhaled the	8		
Norweeger's capstan.	9		
So he sought with the lobestir claw of his propencil the clue of	10		
the wickser in his ear. O, lord of the barrels, comer forth from	11		
Anow (I have not mislaid the key of Efas-Taem), O, Ana, bright	12		

lady, comer forth from Thenanow (I have not left temptation in	13		
the path of the sweeper of the threshold), O!	14		
But first, strongbowth, they would deal death to a drinking.	15		
Link of a leadder, dubble in it, slake your thirdst thoughts awake	16		
with it. Our svalves are svalves aroon! We rescue thee, O Baass,	17		
from the damp earth and honour thee. O Connibell, with mouth	18		
burial! So was done, neat and trig. Up draught and whet	19		
them!	20		
— Then sagd he to the ship's husband. And in his translaten-	21		
tic norjankeltian. Hwere can a ketch or hook alive a suit and	22		
sowterkins? Soot! sayd the ship's husband, knowing the language,	23		
here is tayleren. Ashe and Whitehead, closechop, successor to.	24		
Ahorror, he sayd, canting around to that beddest his friend, the	25		
tayler, for finixed coulpure, chunk pulley muchy chink topside	26		
numpa one sellafella, fake an capstan make and shoot! Manning to	27		
sayle of clothse for his lady her master whose to be precised of a	28		
peer of trouders under the pattern of a cassack. Let me prove, I	29		
pray thee, but this once, sazd Mengarments, saving the mouth-	30		
brand from his firepool. He spit in his faist (beggin): he tape the	31		
raw baste (paddin): he planked his pledge (as dib is a dab): and he	32		
tog his fringe sleeve (buthock lad, fur whale). Alloy for allay and	33		
this toolth for that soolth. Lick it and like it. A barter, a parter.	34		
And plenty good enough, neighbour Norreys, every bit and	35		

grain. And the ship's husband brokecurst after him to hail the	36			
FW312				
lugger. Stolp, tief, stolp, come bag to Moy Eireann! And the	1			
Norweeger's capstan swaradeed, some blowfish out of schooling:	2			
All lykkehud! Below taiyor he ikan heavin sets. But they broken	3			
waters and they made whole waters at they surfered bark to the	4			
lots of his vauce. And aweigh he yankered on the Norgean run so	5			
that seven sailend sonnenrounders was he breastbare to the brina-	6			
bath, where bottoms out has fatthoms full, fram Franz José	7			
Land til Cabo Thormendoso, evenstarde and risingsoon. Up the	8			
Rivor Tanneiry and down the Golfe Desombres. Farety days and	9			
fearty nights. Enjoy yourself, O maremen! And the tides made,	10			
veer and haul, and the times marred, rear and fall, and, holey	11			
bucket, dinned he raign!	12			
— Hump! Hump! bassed the broaders-in-laugh with a quick	13			
piddysnip that wee halfbit a second.	14			
— I will do that, sazd Kersse, mainingstaying the rigout for her	15			
wife's lairdship. Nett sew? they hunched back at the earpicker.	16			
But old sporty, as endth lord, in ryehouse reigner, he nought	17			
feared crimp or cramp of shore sharks, plotsome to getsome. It	18			
was whol niet godthaab of errol Loritz off his Cape of Good	19			

Howthe and his trippertrice loretta lady, a maomette to his	20			
monetone, with twy twy twinky her stone hairpins, only not,	21			
if not, a queen of Prancess their telling tabled who was for his	22			
seeming a casket through the heavenly, nay, heart of the sweet	23			
(had he hows would he keep her as niece as a fiddle!) but in the	24			
mealtub it was wohl yeas sputsbargain what, rarer of recent, an	25			
occasional conformity, he, with Muggleton Muckers, alwagers	26			
allalong most certainly allowed, as pilerinnager's grace to peti-	27			
tionists of right, of the three blend cupstoomerries with their	28			
customed spirits, the Gill gob, the Burklley bump, the Wallisey	29			
wanderlook, having their ceilidhe gailydhe in his shaunty irish.	30			
Group drinkards maaks grope thinkards or how reads rotary,	31			
jewr of a chrestend, respecting the otherdogs churchees, so long	32			
plubs will be plebs but plabs by low frequency amplification may	33			
later agree to have another. For the people of the shed are the	34			
sure ads of all quorum. Lorimers and leathersellers, skimmers and	35			
salters, pewterers and paperstainers, parishclerks, fletcherbowyers,	36			
FW313				
girdlers, mercers, cordwainers and first, and not last, the weavers.	1			
Our library he is hoping to ye public.	2			
Innholder, upholder.	3			

— Sets on sayfohrt! Go to it, agitator! they bassabosuned over	4		
the flowre of their hoose. Godeown moseys and skeep thy beeble	5		
bee!	6		
— I will do that, acordial, by mine hand, sazd Kersse, piece	7		
Cod, and in the flap of a jacket, ructified after his nap of a blankit	8		
their o'cousin, as sober as the ship's husband he was one my god-	9		
father when he told me saw whileupon I am now well and jurily	10		
sagasfide after the boonamorse the widower, according to rider,	11		
following pnomoneya, he is consistently blown to Adams. So	12		
help me boyg who keeps the book!	13		
Whereofter, behest his suzerain law the Thing and the pilsener	14		
had the baar, Recknar Jarl, (they called him Roguenor, Irl call	15		
him) still passing the change-a-pennies, pengeypigses, a several	16		
sort of coyne in livery, pushed their whisper in his hairing,	17		
(seemed, a some shipshep's sottovoxed stalement, a dearagadye,	18		
to hasvey anyone doing duty for duff point of dorkland compors)	19		
the same to the good ind ast velut discharge after which he had	20		
exemptied more than orphan for the ballast of his nurtural life.	21		
And threw a cast. A few pigses and hare you are and no chicking,	22		
tribune's tribute, if you guess mimic miening. Meanly in his lewd-	23		
brogue take your tyon coppels token, with this good sixtric	24		
from mine runbag of juwels. Nummers that is summus that is	25		
toptip that is bottombay that is Twomeys that is Digges that is	26		

Heres. In the frameshape of hard mettles. For we all would fain	27		
make glories. It is minely well mint.	28		
Thus as count the costs of liquid courage, a bullyon gauger,	29		
stowed stivers pengapung in bulk in hold (fight great finnence!	30		
brayvoh, little bratton!) keen his kenning, the quieriest of the	31		
crew, with that fellow fearing for his own misshapes, should he be	32		
himpself namesakely a foully fallen dissentant from the peripu-	33		
lator, sued towerds Meade-Reid and Lynn-Duff, rubbing the	34		
hodden son of a pookal, leaden be light, lather be dry and it be	35		
drownd on all the ealsth beside, how the camel and where the	36		
FW314			
deiffel or when the finicking or why the funicking, who caused	1		
the scaffolding to be first removed you give orders, babeling,	2		
were their reidey meade answer when on the cutey (the cores-	3		
pondent) in conflict of evidence drew a kick at witness but	4		
(missed) and for whom in the dyfflun's kiddy removed the	5		
planks they were wanted, boob.	6		
Bump!	7		
Bothallchoractorschumminaroundsansumuminarumdrum-	8		
strumtruminahumptadumpwaultopoofoolooderamaunsturnup!	9		
— Did do a dive, aped one.	10		

— Propellopalombarouter, based two.	11		
— Rutsch is for rutterman ramping his roe, seed three. Where	12		
the muddies scrimm ball. Bimbim bimbim. And the maidies	13		
scream all. Himhim himhim.	14		
And forthemore let legend go lore of it that mortar scene so	15		
cwympty dwympty what a dustydust it razed arbororiginally but,	16		
luck's leap to the lad at the top of the ladder, so sartor's risorted	17		
why the sinner the badder! Ho ho ho hoch! La la la lach! Hillary	18		
rillarry gibbous grist to our millery! A pushpull, qq: quiescence,	19		
pp: with extravent intervolve coupling. The savest lauf in the	20		
world. Paradoxmutose caring, but here in a present booth of Balla-	21		
clay, Barthalamou, where their dutchuncler mynhosts and serves	22		
them dram well right for a boors' interior (homereek van hohm-	23		
ryk) that salve that selver is to screen its auntey and has ringround	24		
as worldwise eve her sins (pip, pip, pip) willpip futurepip feature	25		
apip footloose pastcast with spareshins and flash substittles of	26		
noirse-made-earsy from a nephew mind the narrator but give the	27		
devil his so long as those sohns of a blitzh call the tuone tuone and	28		
thonder alout makes the thurd. Let there be. Due.	29		
— That's all murtagh purtagh but whad ababs his dopter?	30		
sissed they who were onetime ungerls themselves, (when the	31		
youthel of his yorn shook the bouchal in his bed) twilled along-	32		
side in wiping the rice assatiated with their wetting. The lappel	33		

of his size? His <i>ros in sola velnere</i> and he sicckumed of homnis	34		
terrars. She wends to scoulas in her slalpers. There were no pea-	35		
nats in her famalgia so no wumble she tumbled for his famas	36		
FW315			
roalls davors. Don't him forget! A butcheler artsed out of Cullege	1		
Trainity. Diddled he daddle a drop of the cradler on delight	2		
mebold laddy was stetched? Knit wear? And they addled, (or	3		
ere the cry of their tongues would be uptied dead) Shufflebotham	4		
asided, plus his ducks fore his drills, an inlay of a liddle more	5		
lining maught be licensed all at ones, be these same tokens, for-	6		
giving a brass rap, sneither a whole length nor a short shift so	7		
full as all were concerned.	8		
Burniface, shiply efter, shoply after, at an angle of lag, let flow,	9		
brabble brabble and brabble, and so hostily, heavyside breathing,	10		
came up with them and, check me joule, shot the three tailors,	11		
butting back to Moyle herring, bump as beam and buttend, roller	12		
and reiter, after the diluv's own deluge, the seasant samped as	13		
skibber breezed in, tripping, dripping, threw the sheets in the	14		
wind, the tights of his trunks at tickle to tackle and his rubmelucky	15		
truss rehorsing the pouffed skirts of his overhawl. He'd left his	16		
stickup in his hand to show them none ill feeling. Whatthough for	17		

all appentices it had a mushroom on it. While he faced them	18		
front to back, Then paraseuls round, quite taken atack, sclaiming,	19		
Howe cools Eavybroolly!	20		
— Good marrams, sagd he, freshwatties and boasterdes all, as	21		
he put into bierhiven, nogeysokey first, cabootle segund, jilling	22		
to windwards, as he made straks for that oerasound the snarsty weg	23		
for Publin, so was his horenpipe lug in the lee off their mouths	24		
organs, with his tilt too taut for his tammy all a slaunter and his	25		
wigger on a wagger with its tag tucked. Up. With a good easter-	26		
ing and a good westering. And he asked from him how the hitch	27		
did do this my fand sulkers that mone met the Kidballacks which	28		
he suttonly remembered also where the hatch was he endnew	29		
strandweys he's that fond sutchenson, a penincular fraimnd of	30		
mind, fordeed he was langseling to talka holt of hems, clown	31		
toff, tye hug fliorten. Cablen: Clifftop. Shelvling tobay oppe-	32		
long tomeadow. Ware cobbles. Posh.	33		
— Skibbereen has common inn, by pounautique, with poke-	34		
way paw, and sadder raven evermore, telled shinshanks lauwering	35		
frankish for his kicker who, through the medium of gallic	36		
FW316			
— Pukkelsen, tilltold.	1		

That with some our prowed invisors how their ulstravoliance led	2		
them infroraidis, striking down and landing alow, against our	3		
aerian insulation resistance, two boards that beached ast one, wid-	4		
ness thane and tysk and hanry. Prepatrickularly all, they summed.	5		
Kish met. Bound to. And for landlord, noting, nodding, a coast	6		
to moor was cause to mear. Besides proof plenty, over proof.	7		
While they either took a heft. Or the other swore his eric. Heaved	8		
two, spluiced the menbrace. Heirs at you, Brewinbaroon! Weth	9		
a whistle for methanks.	10		
— Good marrams and good merrymills, sayd good mothers	11		
gossip, bobbing his bowing both ways with the bents and skerries,	12		
when they were all in the old walled of Kinkincaraborg (and that	13		
they did overlive the hot air of Montybunkum upon the coal	14		
blasts of Mitropolitos let there meeds be the hourihorn), hibernia-	15		
ting after seven oak ages, fearsome where they were he had gone	16		
dump in the doomerling this tide where the peixies would pickle	17		
him down to the button of his seat and his sess old soss Erinly	18		
into the boelgein with the help of Divy and Jorum's locquor and	19		
shut the door after him to make a rarely fine Ran's cattle of fish.	20		
Morya Mortimor! Allapalla overus! Howoft had the ballshee	21		
tried! And they laying low for his home gang in that eeriebleak	22		
mead, with fireball feast and turkeys tumult and paupers patch	23		
to provide his bum end. The foe things your niggerhead needs	24		

to be fitten for the Big Water. He made the sign of the ham-	25			
mer. God's drought, he sayd, after a few daze, thinking of all	26			
those bliakings, how leif pauses! Here you are back on your haw-	27			
kins, from Blasil the Brast to our povotogesus portocall, the furt	28			
on the turn of the hurdies, slave to trade, vassal of spices and a	29			
dragon-the-market, and be turbot, lurch a stripe, as were you	30			
soused methought out of the mackerel. Eldsfells! sayd he. A	31			
kumpavin on iceslant! Here's open handlegs for one old faulker	32			
from the hame folk here in you's booth! So sell me gundy, sagd	33			
the now waging cappon, with a warry posthumour's expletion,	34			
shoots ogos shootsle him or where's that slob? A bit bite of	35			
keesens, he sagd, til Dennis, for this jantar (and let the dobblins	36			
FW317				
roast perus,) or a stinger, he sagd, t. d., on a doroughbread ken-	1			
nedy's for Patriki San Saki on svo fro or my old relogion's out	2			
of tiempor and when I'm soured to the tipple you can sink me	3			
lead, he sagd, and, if I get can, sagd he, a pusspull of tomtar-	4			
tarum. Thirst because homing hand give. Allkey dallkey, sayd	5			
the shop's housebound, for he was as deep as the north star (and	6			
could tolk sealer's solder into tankar's tolder) as might have sayd	7			
every man to his beast, and a treat for the trading scow, my cater	8			

million falls to you and crop feed a stall! Afram. And he got and	9		
gave the ekspedient for Hombreyhambrey wilcomer what's the	10		
good word. He made the sign on the feaster. Cloth be laid! And	11		
a disk of osturs for the swanker! Allahballah! He was the care-	12		
lessest man I ever see but he sure had the most sand. One fish-	13		
ball with fixings! For a dan of a ven of a fin of a son of a gun of	14		
a gombolier. Ekspedient, sayd he, sonnur mine, Shackleton Sul-	15		
ten! Opvarts and at ham, or this ogry Osler will oxmaul us all,	16		
sayd he, like one familiar to the house, while Waldemar was	17		
heeling it and Maldemaer was toeing it, soe syg he was walking	18		
from the bowl at his food and the meer crank he was waiting for	19		
the tow of his turn. Till they plied him behaste on the fare. Say	20		
wehrn!	21		
— Nohow did he kersse or hoot alike the suit and solder skins,	22		
minded first breachesmaker with considerable way on and	23		
— Humpsea dumpsea, the munchantman, secondsnipped cutter	24		
the curter.	25		
— A ninth for a ninth. Take my worth from it. And no mistaenk,	26		
they thricetold the taler and they knew the whyed for too. The	27		
because of his sosuch. Uglymand fit himshemp but throats fill us	28		
all! And three's here's for repeat of the unium! Place the scaurs	29		
wore on your groot big bailey bill, he apullajibed, the O'Colonel	30		
Power, latterly distented from the O'Conner Dan, so promonitory	31		

himself that he was obliﬃous of the headth of hosth that rosed	32		
before him, from Sheeroskouro, under its zembliance of mardal	33		
mansk, like a dun darting dullemitter, with his moultain haares	34		
stuck in plostrures upon it, (do you kend yon peak with its coast so	35		
green?) still trystfully acape for her his gragh knew well in pre-	36		
FW318			
cious memory and that proud grace to her, in gait a movely water,	1		
of smile a coolsome cup, with that rarefied air of a Montmalency	2		
and her quick little breaths and her climbing colour. Take thee	3		
live will save thee wive? I'll think uplon, lilady. Should anerous	4		
enthroproise call homovirtue, duinnafeare! The ghem's to the	5		
ghoom be she nere zo zma. Obsit nemon! Floodlift, her ancient	6		
of rights regaining, so yester yidd, even remembrance. And	7		
greater grown then in the trifle of her days, a mouse, a mere	8		
tittle, trots off with the whole panoromacron picture. Her young-	9		
free yoke stilling his wandercursus, jilt the spin of a curl and jolt	10		
the breadth of a buoy. The Annexandreian captive conquest.	11		
Ethna Prettyplume, Hooghly Spaight. Him her first lap, her his	12		
fast pal, for ditcher for plower, till deltas twoport. While this	13		
glowworld's lump is gloaming off and han in hende will grow.	14		
Through simpling years where the lowcasts have aten of amilikan	15		

honey and datish fruits and a bannock of barley on Tham the	16			
Thatcher's palm. O wanderness be wondernest and now! Listen-	17			
eath to me, veils of Mina! He would withsay, nepertheloss, that	18			
is too me mean. I oldways did me walsh and preechup ere we set	19			
to sope and fash. Now eats the vintner over these contents oft	20			
with his sad slow munch for backonham. Yet never shet it the	21			
brood of aurowoch, not for legions of donours of Gamuels. I	22			
have performed the law in truth for the lord of the law, Taif	23			
Alif. I have held out my hand for the holder of my heart in Anna-	24			
polis, my youthrib city. Be ye then my protectors unto Mussa-	25			
botomia before the guards of the city. Theirs theres is a gentle-	26			
means agreement. Womensch plodge. To slope through heather	27			
till the foot. Join Anderson and Co. If the flowers of speech	28			
valed the springs of me rising the hiker I hilltapped the murk I	29			
mist my blezzard way. Not a knocker on his head nor a nick-	30			
number on the manyoumeant. With that coldtbrundt natteldster	31			
wefing stinks from Alpyssinia, wooving nihilnulls from Memo-	32			
land and wolving the ulvertones of the voice. But his spectrem	33			
onlymergeant crested from the irised sea in plight, calvitousness,	34			
loss, nngnr, gliddinyss, unwill and snorth. It might have been	35			
what you call your change of my life but there's the chance of a	36			
FW319				

night for my lifting. Hillyhollow, valleylow! With the sounds	1			
and the scents in the morning.	2			
— I shot be shoddied, throttle me, fine me cowheel for ever,	3			
usquebauched the ersewild aleconner, for bringing briars to Bem-	4			
bracken and ringing rinbus round Demetrius for, as you wrinkle	5			
wryghtly, bully bluedomer, it's a suirsite's stircus haunting hes-	6			
teries round old volcanoes. We gin too gnir and thus plinary	7			
indulgence makes collemullas of us all. But Time is for talerman	8			
tasting his tap. Tiptoptap, Mister Maut.	9			
He made one summery (Cholk and murble in lonestime) of his	10			
the three swallows like he was muzzling Moselems and torched	11			
up as the faery pangeant fluwed down the hisophenguts, a slake	12			
for the quicklining, to the tickle of his tube and the twobble of	13			
his fable, O, fibbing once upon a spray what a queer and queasy	14			
spreed it was. Plumped.	15			
Which both did. Prompt. Eh, chrystal holder? Save Ampster-	16			
dampster that had rheumaniscences in his netherlumbs.	17			
— By the drope in his groin, Ali Slupa, thinks the cappon,	18			
plumbing his liners, we were heretofore.	19			
— And be the coop of his gobbos, Reacher the Thaurd, thinks	20			
your girth fatter, apopo of his buckseaseilers, but where's Horace's	21			
courtin troopers?	22			

— I put hem behind the oasthouse, sagd Pukkelsen, tuning	23		
wound on the teller, appeased to the cue, that double dyode	24		
dealered, and he's wallowing awash swill of the Tarra water. And	25		
it marinned down his gargantast trombsathletic like the marousers of	26		
the gulpstroom. The kersse of Wolafs on him, shitateyar, he sagd in	27		
the fornicular, and, at weare or not at weare, I'm sigen no stretcher,	28		
for I carsed his murhersson goat in trotthers with them newbuckle-	29		
noosers behigh in the fire behame in the oasthouse. Hops! sagd he.	30		
— Smoke and coke choke! lauffed till the tear trickled drown a	31		
thigh the loafers all but a sheep's whosepants that swished to the	32		
lord he hadn't and the starer his story was talled to who felt that,	33		
the fierifornax being thirst on him motophosically, as Omar	34		
sometime notes, such a satuation, debauchly to be watched for,	35		
would empty dempty him down to the ground.	36		
FW320			
— And hopy dope! sagd he, anded the enderer, now dyply	1		
hypnotised or hopeseys doper himself. And kersse him, sagd he,	2		
after inunder tarrapoulling, and the shines he cuts, shinar, the	3		
screeder, the stitchimesnider, adepted to nosestorsioms in his	4		
budinholder, cummanisht, sagd he, (fouyoufoukou!) which goes	5		
in the ways smooking publics, sagd he, bomboosting to be in	6		

thelitest civile row faction for a dubblebrasterd navvygaiterd,	7		
(flick off that hvide aske, big head!) sagd he, the big bag of my	8		
hamd till hem, tollerloon, sagd he, with his pudny bun brofkost	9		
when he walts meet the bangd. I will put his fleas of wood in the	10		
flour, and he sagd, behunt on the oatshus, the not wellmade one,	11		
sagd he, the kersse of my armsore appal this most unmentionablest	12		
of men (mundering eeriesk, if he didn't scalded him all the	13		
shimps names in his gitter!) a coathemmed gusset sewer, sagd he,	14		
his first cudgin is an innvalet in the unitred stables which is not	15		
feed tonights a kirtle offal fisk and he is that woe worstered	16		
wastended shootmaker whatever poked a noodle in a clouth!	17		
So for the second tryon all the meeting of the acarras had it.	18		
How he hised his bungle oar his shourter and cut the pinter off his	19		
pourer and lay off for Fellagulphia in the farning. From his	20		
dhruimadhreamdhruue back to Brighten-pon-the-Baltic, from our	21		
lund's rund turs bag til threathy hoeres a wuke. Ugh!	22		
— Stuff, Taaffe, stuff! interjoked it his wife's hopesend to the	23		
boath of them consistently. Come back to May Aileen.	24		
— Ild luck to it! blastfumed the nowraging scamptail, in flating	25		
furies outs trews his cammelskins, the flashlight of his ire wacker-	26		
ing from the eyewinker on his masttop. And aye far he fared from	27		
Afferik Arena and yea near he night till Blawland Bearing,	28		
baken be the brazen sun, buttered be the snows. And the sea	29		

shoaled and the saw squalled. And, soaking scupper, didn't he	30		
drain	31		
A pause.	32		
Infernal machinery (serial number: Bullysacre, dig care a dig)	33		
having thus passed the buck to billy back from jack (finder the	34		
keeper) as the baffling yarn sailed in circles it was now high tide	35		
for the reminding pair of snipers to be suitably punished till they	36		
FW321			
had, like the pervious oelkenner done, liquorally no more powers	1		
to their elbow. Ignorinsers' bliss, therefore, their not to say rifle	2		
butt target, none too wisely, poor fish, (he is eating, he is spun,	3		
is milked, he dives) upholding a lamphorne of lawstift as wand	4		
of welcome to all men in bonafay, (and the corollas he so has	5		
saved gainsts the virus he has thus injected!) discoastedself to that	6		
kipsie point of its Dublin bar there, breaking and entering, from the	7		
outback's dead heart, Glasthule Bourne or Boehernapark Nolagh,	8		
by wattsismade or bianconi, astraylians in island, a wellknown	9		
tall hat blown in between houses by a nightcap of that silk or it	10		
might be a black velvet and a kiber galler dragging his hunker,	11		
were signalling gael warnings towards Wazwollenzee Haven to	12		
give them their beerings, east circular route or elegant central	13		

highway. Open, 'tis luck will have it! Lifeboat Alloe, Noeman's	14		
Woe, Hircups Emptybolly! With winkles whelks and cocklesent	15		
jelks. Let be buttercup eve lit by night in the Phoenix! Music.	16		
And old lotts have funn at Flammagen's ball. Till Irinwakes from	17		
Slumber Deep. How they succeeded by courting daylight in	18		
saving darkness he who loves will see.	19		
Business. His bestness. Copeman helpen.	20		
Contrescene.	21		
He cupped his years to catch me's to you in what's yours as	22		
minest to hissent, giel as gail, geil as gaul, Odorozone, now our-	23		
menial servent, blanding rum, milk and toddy with I hand it	24		
to you. Saying whiches, see his bow on the hapence, with a pat-	25		
tedyr but digit here, he scooped the hens, hounds and horses	26		
biddy by bunny, with an arc of his covethand, saved from the	27		
drohnings they might oncounter, untill his cubid long, to hide in	28		
dry. Aside. Your sows tin the topple, dodgers, trink me dregs!	29		
Zoot!	30		
And with the gust of a spring alice the fossickers and swaggelers	31		
with him on the hoof from down under piked forth desert roses in	32		
that mulligar scrub.	33		
Reenter Ashe Junior. Peiwei toptip, nankeen pontdelounges.	34		
Gives fair day. Cheroot. Cheevio!	35		
Off.	36		

FW322				
— Take off thatch whitehat (lo, Kersse come in back bespoking	1			
of loungeon off the Boildawl stuumplecheats for rushirishis Irush-	2			
Irish, dangieling his old Conan over his top gallant shouldier so	3			
was, lao yiu shao, he's like more look a novicer on the nevay).	4			
— Tick off that whilehot, you scum of a botch, (of Kersse who,	5			
as he turned out, alas, hwen ching hwan chang, had been mocking	6			
his hollaballoon a sample of the costume of the country).	7			
— Tape oaf that saw foull and sew wrong, welsher, you suck of	8			
a thick, stock and the udder, and confiteor yourself (for bekersse	9			
he had cuttered up and misfutthered in the most multiplest	10			
manner for that poor old bridge's masthard slouch a shook of	11			
cloakses the wise, hou he pouly hung hoang tseu, his own fitter	12			
couldn't nose him).	13			
Chorus: With his coate so graye. And his pounds that he	14			
pawned from the burning.	15			
— And, haikon or hurlin, who did you do at doyle today, my	16			
horsey dorksey gentryman. Serge Mee, suit! sazd he, tersey ker-	17			
sey. And when Tersse had sazd this Kersse stood them the whole	18			
koursse of training how the whole blazy raze acurraghed, from	19			
lambkinsback to sliving board and from spark to phoenish. And	20			

he tassed him tartly and he sassed him smartly, tig for tager, strop	21		
for stripe, as long as there's a lyasher on a kyat. And they peered	22		
him beheld on the pyre.	23		
And it was so. Behold.	24		
— Same capman no nothing horces two feller he feller go	25		
where. Isn't that effect? gig for gag, asked there three newcom-	26		
mers till knockingshop at the ones upon a topers who, while in	27		
admittance to that impedance, as three as they were there, they had	28		
been malttreating themselves to their health's contempt.	29		
— That's fag for fig, metinkus, confessed, mhos for mhos, those	30		
who, would it not be for that dielectrick, were upon the point of	31		
obsolesion, and at the brink of from the pillary of the Nilsens and	32		
from the statutes of the Kongbullies and from the millestones of	33		
Ovlergroamlius libitate nos, Domnial!	34		
— And so culp me goose, he sazd, szed the ham muncipated of	35		
the first course, recouring, all cholers and coughs with his beauw	36		
FW323			
on the bummell, the bugganeering wanderducken, he sazd, (that	1		
his pumps may ship awhoyle shandymound of the dussard), the	2		
coarsehair highsaydighsayman, there's nice tugs he looks, (how	3		
you was, Ship Alouset?) he sazd, the bloedaxe bloodooth baltxe-	4		

bec, that is crupping into our raw language navel through the	5		
lumbsmall of his hawsehole, he sazd, donconfounder him, voyag-	6		
ing after maidens, belly jonah hunting the polly joans, and the	7		
hurss of all portnoysers befuddle him, he sazd, till I split in his flags,	8		
he sazd, one to one, the landslewder, after Donnerbruch fire.	9		
Reefer was a wenchman. One can smell off his wetsments how he	10		
is coming from a beach of promisck. Where is that old muttiny,	11		
shall I ask? Free kicks he will have from me, turncoats, in Bar	12		
Bartley if I wars a fewd years ago. Meistr Capteen Gaascooker, a	13		
salestrimmer! As he was soampling me ledder, like pulp, and as	14		
I was trailing his fumbelums, like hulp, he'll fell the fall of me	15		
faus, he sazd, like yulp! The goragorridgorballyed pushkalsson,	16		
he sazd, with his bellows pockets fullled of potchtatos and his fox	17		
in a stomach, a disagrees to his ramskew coddlelecherskithers'	18		
zirkuvs, drop down dead and deaf, and there is never a teilwrmans	19		
in the feof fife of Iseland or in the wholeabelongd of Skunkinabory	20		
from Drumadunderry till the rumnants of Mecckrass, could milk	21		
a colt in thrushes foran furrow follower width that a hole in his	22		
tale and that hell of a hull of a hill of a camelump bakk. Fadgest-	23		
fudgist!	24		
Upon this dry call of selenium cell (that horn of lunghalloon,	25		
Riland's in peril!) with its doomed crack of the old damn ukonnen	26		
power insound in it the lord of the saloom, as if for a flash sala-	27		

magunnded himself, listed his tummelumpsk pack and hearinat	28		
presently returned him, ambilaterally alleyeoneyesed, from their	29		
uppletoned layir to his beforetime guests, that bunch of palers on	30		
their round, timemarching and petrolling how, who if they were	31		
abound to loose a laugh (Toni Lampi, you booraascal!) they were	32		
abooned to let it as the leashed they might do when they felt (O,	33		
the wolf he's on the walk, sees his sham cram bokk!) their joke	34		
was coming home to them, the steerage way for stabling, ghus-	35		
torily spoeking, gen and gang, dane and dare, like the dud spuk	36		
FW324			
of his first foetotype (Trolldedroll, how vary and likely!), the filli-	1		
bustered, the fully bellied. With the old sit in his shoulders, and	2		
the new satin atlas onder his uxtor, ernaling his breadth to the swelt	3		
of his proud and, picking up the emberose of the lizod lights, his	4		
tail toiled of spume and spawn, and the bulk of him, and hulk of	5		
him as whenever it was he reddled a ruad to riddle a rede from the	6		
sphinxish pairc while Ede was a guardin, ere love a side issue.	7		
They hailed him cheeringly, their encient, the murrainer, and	8		
wallruse, the merman, ye seal that lubs you lassers, Thallasee or	9		
Tullafilmagh, when come of uniform age.	10		
— Heave, coves, emptybloddy!	11		

And ere he could catch or hook or line to suit their saussyskins,	12		
the lumpenpack. Underbund was overraskelled. As	13		
— Sot! sod the tailors opsits from their gabbalots, change all	14		
that whole set. Shut down and shet up. Our set, our set's	15		
allohn.	16		
And they poured em behoiled on the fire. Scaald!	17		
Rowdiose wodhalooing. Theirs is one lessonless missage for	18		
good and truesirs. Will any persen bereaved to be passent bring-	19		
back or rumpart to the Hoved politymester. Clontarf, one love,	20		
one fear. Ellers for the greeter glossary of code, callen hom:	21		
Finucane-Lee, Finucane-Law.	22		
Am. Dg.	23		
Welter focussed.	24		
Wind from the nordth. Warmer towards muffinbell, Lull.	25		
As our revelant Colunnfiller predicted in last mount's chattiry	26		
sermon, the allexpected depression over Schiumdinebbia, a bygger	27		
muster of veiryng precipitation and haralded by faugh sicknells,	28		
(hear kokkenhovens ekstrast!) and umwalloped in an unusuable	29		
suite of clouds, having filthered through the middelhav of the	30		
same gorgers' kennel on its wage wealthwards and incursioned a	31		
sotten retch of low pleasure, missed in some parts but with lucal	32		
drizzles, the outlook for tomarry (Streamstress Mandig) beamed	33		
brider, his ability good.	34		

What hopenes to they?	35		
Giant crash in Aden. Birdflights confirm abbroaching nub-	36		
FW325			
tials. Burial of Lifetenant-Groevener Hatchett, R.I.D. Devine's	1		
Previdence.	2		
Ls. De.	3		
Art thou gainous sense uncompetite! Limited. Anna Lynchya	4		
Pourable! One and eleven. United We Stand, even many offered.	5		
Don't forget. I wish ausplicable thievesdayte for the stork dyrby.	6		
It will be a thousand's a won paddies. And soon to bet. On drums	7		
of bliss. With hapsalap troth, hipsalewd prudity, hopesalot hon-	8		
nessy, hoopsalooop luck. After when from midnights unwards the	9		
fourposter harp quartetto. (Kiskiviikko, Kalastus. Torstaj, tanssia.	10		
Perjantaj, peleja. Lavantaj ja Sunnuntaj, christianismus kirjallisuus,	11		
kirjallisuus christianismus.) Whilesd this pellover his finnisch.	12		
— Comither, ahorace, thou mighty man of valour, elderman	13		
adaptive of Capel Ysnod, and tsay-fong tsei-foun a laun bricks-	14		
number till I've fined you a faulter-in-law, to become your son-	15		
to-be, gentlemens tealer, generalman seelord, gosse and bosse,	16		
hunguest and horasa, jonjemsums both, in sailsmanship, szed the	17		
head marines talebearer, then sayd the ships gospfather in the scat	18		

story to the husband's capture and either you does or he musts	19			
and this moment same, sayd he, so let laid pacts be being betving	20			
ye, he sayd, by my main makeshift, he sayd, one fisk and one flesk,	21			
as flat as, Aestmand Addmundson you, you're iron slides and so	22			
hompety domp as Paddley Mac Namara here he's a hardy canooter,	23			
for the two breasts of Banba are her soilers and her toilers, if thou	24			
wilt serve Idyall as thou hast sayld. Brothers Boathes, brothers	25			
Coathes, ye have swallen blooders' oathes. And Gophar sayd unto	26			
Glideon and sayd he to the nowedding captain, the rude hunner-	27			
able Humphrey, who was praying god of clothildies by the seven	28			
bosses of his trunktarge he would save bucklesome when she	29			
wooded belove on him, comeether, sayd he, my merrytime mare-	30			
lupe, you wutan whaal, sayd he, into the shipfolds of our quad-	31			
rupede island, bless madhugh, mardyky, luusk and cong! Blass	32			
Neddos bray! And no more of your maimed acts after this with	33			
your kowtoros and criados to every tome, thick and heavy, and	34			
our onliness of his revelance to your ultitude. The illfollowable	35			
staying in wait for you with the winning word put into his mouth	36			
FW326				
or be the hooley tabell, as Horrocks Toler hath most cares to call	1			
it, I'll rehearse your comeundermends and first mardhyr you en-	2			

tirely. As puck as that Paddeus picked the pun and left the lollies	3		
off the foiled. A Trinity judge will crux your boom. Pat is the	4		
man for thy. Ay ay! And he pured him beheild of the ouishguss,	5		
mingling a sign of the cruisk. I popetithes thee, Ocean, sayd he,	6		
Oscarvaughther, sayd he, Erievikkingr, sayd he, <i>intra trifum</i>	7		
<i>triforium trifoliorum</i> , sayd he, onconditionally, forfor furst of giel-	8		
gaulgalls and hero chief explunderer of the clansakiltic, sayd he,	9		
the streameress mastress to the sea aase cuddycoalman's and let	10		
this douche for you as a wholly apuzzler's and for all the puk-	11		
kaleens to the wakes of you, sayd he, out of the hellsinky of the	12		
howtheners and be damned to ye, sayd he, into our roomyo con-	13		
nellic relation, sayd he, from which our this pledge is given, Tera	14		
truly ternatrine if not son towards thousand like expect chrisan	15		
athems to which I osker your godhsbattaring, saelir, for as you	16		
gott kvold whereafter a gooden diggin and with gooder ensure	17		
from osion buck fared agen fairioes feuded hailsohame til Edar	18		
in that the loyd mave hercy on your sael! Anomyn and awer.	19		
Spickinusand.	20		
— Nansense, you snorsted? he was haltid considerable agenst	21		
all religions ovtrow so hworefore the thokkurs pokker the big-	22		
bug miklamanded storstore exploder would he be whulesalesolde	23		
daadooped by Priest Gudfodren of the sacredhaunt suit in	24		
Diaeblen-Balkley at Domnkirk Saint Petricksburg? But ear this:	25		

— And here, aaherra, my rere admirable peadar poulsen, sayd	26		
he, consistently, to the secondnamed sutor, my lately lamented	27		
sponsorship, comesend round that wine and lift your horn, sayd	28		
he, to show you're a skolar for, winter you likes or not, we	29		
brought your summer with us and, tomkin about your lief eurek-	30		
ason and his undishcovery of americle, be the rolling forties, he	31		
sayd, and on my sopper crappidamn, as Harris himself says, to let	32		
you in on some crismion dottrin, here is the ninethest pork of a man	33		
whisk swimmies in Dybblin water from Ballscodden eastmost	34		
till Thyrston's Lickslip and, sayd he, (whiles the heart of Lukky	35		
Swayn slaughed in his icebox for to think of all the soorts of	36		
FW327			
smukklers he would behave in juteyfrieze being forelooper to her)	1		
praties peel to our goodsend Brandonius, <i>filius</i> of a Cara, spouse	2		
to Fynlogue, he has the nicesth pert of a nittlewoman in the	3		
house, la chito, la chato, la Charmadouiro, Tina-bat-Talur, cif for	4		
your fob and a tesura astore for you, eslucylamp aswhen the surge	5		
seas sombren, that he daughts upon of anny livving plusquebelle,	6		
to child and foster, that's the lippeyear's wonder of Totty go,	7		
Newschool, two titty too at win winnie won, tramity trimming and	8		
funnity fare, with a grit as hard as the trent of the thimes but a	9		

touch as soft as the dee in floeing and never a Hyderow Jenny the	10		
like of her lightness at look and you leap, rheadoromanscing long	11		
evmans invairn, about little Anny Roners and all the Lavinias of	12		
ester yours and pleding for them to herself in the perigus glatsch	13		
hangs over her trickle bed, it's a piz of fortune if it never falls from	14		
the stuffel, and, when that mallaura's over till next time and all the	15		
prim rossies are out dressparading and the tubas tout tout for the	16		
glowru of their god, making every Dinny dingle after her down	17		
the Dargul dale and (wait awhile, blusterbuss, you're marchadant	18		
too forte and don't start furlan your ladins till you' ve learned the	19		
lie of her landuage!), when it's summwer calding and she can hear	20		
the pianutunar beyant the bayondes in Combria sleepytalking to	21		
the Wiltsh muntons, titting out through her droemer window	22		
for the flyend of a touchman over the wishtas of English Strand,	23		
when Kilbarrack bell pings saksalaisance that Concessas with	24		
Sinbads may (pong!), where our dollimonde sees the phantom	25		
shape of Mr Fortunatus Wright since winksome Miss Bulkeley	26		
made loe to her wrecker and he took her to be a rover, O, and	27		
playing house of ivary dower of gould and gift you soil me	28		
peepat my prize, which its a blue loogoont for her in a bleakeyed	29		
seusan if she can't work her mireiclls and give Norgeyborgey	30		
good airish timers, while her fresh racy turf is kindly kindling up	31		
the lovver with the flu, with a roaryboaryellas would set an Eri-	32		

weddyng on fire, let aloon an old Humpopolamos with the boomar-	33		
poorter on his brain, aiden bay scye and dye, aasbukividly,	34		
twentynine to her dozen and cocoo him didulceydovely to his	35		
old cawcaws huggin and munin for his strict privatear which	36		
FW328			
there's no pure rube like an ool pool roober when your pullar	1		
beer turns out Bruin O'Luinn and beat his barge into a battering	2		
pram with her wattling way for cubblin and, be me fairy fay, sayd	3		
he, the marriage mixer, to Kersse, Son of Joe Ashe, her coax-	4		
fonder, wiry eyes and winky hair, timkin abeat your Andraws	5		
Meltons and his lovsang of the short and shifty, I will turn my	6		
thinks to things alove and I will speak but threes ones, sayd he,	7		
my truest patrions good founter, poles a port and zones asunder,	8		
tie up in hates and repeat at luxure, you can better your tooblue	9		
prodestind arson, tyler bach, after roundsabouts and donochs and	10		
the volumed smoke, though the clonk in his stumble strikes warn,	11		
and were he laid out on that counter there like a Slavocrates	12		
amongst his skippies, when it comes to the ride onerable, sayd he,	13		
that's to make plain Nanny Ni Sheeres a full Dinamarqueza, and	14		
all needed for the lay, from the hursey on the montey with the	15		
room in herberge down to forkpiece and bucklecatch, (Elding,	16		

my elding! and Lif, my lif!) in the pravacy of the pirmanocturne,	17			
hap, sayd he, at that meet hour of night, and hop, sayd he, and the	18			
fyrsty annas everso thried (whiles the breath of Huppy Huelles-	19			
pond swumped in his seachest for to renumber all the mallyme-	20			
dears' long roll and call of sweetheart emmas that every had a	21			
port in from Coxenhagen till the brottels on the Nile), while	22			
taylight is yet slipping under their pillow, (ill omens on Kitty	23			
Cole if she's spilling laddy's measure!) and before Sing Mattins in	24			
the Fields, ringsengd ringsengd, bings Heri the Concorant Erho,	25			
and the Referinn Fuchs Gutmann gives us <i>I'll Bell the Welled</i> or	26			
<i>The Steeplepoy's Revanger</i> and all Thingavalley knows for its	27			
never dawn in the dark but the deed comes to life, and raptist bride	28			
is aptist breed (tha lassy! tha lassy!), and, to buoy the hoop	29			
within us springing, 'tis no timbertar she'll have then in her arms-	30			
brace to doll the dallydandle, our fiery quean, upon the night of	31			
the things of the night of the making to stand up the double	32			
tet of the oversear of the seize who cometh from the mighty	33			
deep and on the night of making Horuse to crihump over his	34			
enemy, be the help of me cope as so pluse the riches of the roed-	35			
shields, with Elizabeliza blessing the bedpain, at the willbedone	36			
FW329				

of Yinko Jinko Randy, come Bastabasco and hippychip eggs, she	1		
will make a suomease pair and singlette, jodhpur smalls and tailor-	2		
less, a copener's cribful, leaf, bud and berry, the divlin's own little	3		
mimmykin puss, (hip, hip, horatia!) for my old comrhade salty-	4		
mar here, Briganteen – General Sir A. I. Magnus, the flapper-	5		
nooser, master of the good lifebark <i>Ulivengrene</i> of Onslought,	6		
and the homespund of her hearth, (Fuss his farther was the norse	7		
norse east and Muss his mother was a gluepot) and, gravydock or	8		
groovy anker, and a hulldread pursunk manowhood, who (with	9		
a chenchen for his delight time and a bonzeye nappin through his	10		
doze) he is the bettest bluffy blondblubber of an olewidgeon what	11		
overspat a skettle in a skib.	12		
Cawcaught. Cooaged.	13		
And Dub did glow that night. In Fingal of victories. Cann-	14		
matha and Cathlin sang together. And the three shouters of	15		
glory. Yelling halfviewed their harps. Surly Tuhall smiled upon	16		
drear Darthoola: and Roscranna's bolgaboyo begirlified the	17		
daughter of Cormac. The soul of everyelsesbody rolled into its	18		
olesoleself. A doublemonth's licence, lease on mirth, while hooney-	19		
moon and her flame went hunesuckling. Holyryssia, what boom	20		
of bells! What battle of bragues on Sandgate where met the bobby	21		
mobbed his bibby mabbing through the ryce. Even Tombs left	22		
doss and dunnage down in Demidoff's tomb and drew on the	23		

dournailed clogs that Morty Manning left him and legged in by	24			
Ghoststown Gate, like Pompei up to date, with a sprig of White-	25			
boys heather on his late Luke Elcock's heirloom. And some say	26			
they seen old dummydeaf with a leaf of bronze on his cloak	27			
so grey, trooping his colour a pace to the reire. And as owfally	28			
posh with his halfcrown jool as if he was the Granjook Meckl or	29			
Paster de Grace on the Route de l'Epée. It was joobileejeu that	30			
All Sorts' Jour. Freestouters and publicranks, hafts on glaives.	31			
You could hear them swearing threaties on the Cymylaya	32			
Mountains, man. And giving it out to the Ould Fathach and louth-	33			
mouthing after the Healy Mealy with an enfysis to bring down	34			
the rain of Tarar. Nevertoletta! Evertomind! The grandest	35			
bethehailey seen or heard on earth's conspectrum since Scape	36			
FW330				
the Goat, that gafr, ate the Suenders bible. Hadn't we heaven's	1			
lamps to hide us? Yet every lane had its lively spark and every	2			
spark had its several spurtles and each spitfire spurtle had some	3			
trick of her trade, a tease for Ned, nook's nestle for Fred and	4			
a peep at me mow for Peer Pol. So that Father Matt Hughes	5			
looked taytotally threbled. But Danno the Dane grimmed. Dune.	6			
'Twere yeg will elsecare doatty lanv meet they dewscnt hyemn	7			

to cannons' roar and rifles' peal vill shantey soloweys sang! For	8		
there were no more Tyrrhanees and for Laxembraghs was pass-	9		
thecupper to Our Lader's. And it was dim upon the floods only	10		
and there was day on all the ground.	11		
Thus street spins legends while wharves woves tales but some	12		
family fewd felt a nick in their name. Old Vickers sate down on	13		
their airs and straightened the points of their lace. Red Rowleys	14		
popped out of their lairs and asked what was wrong with the	15		
race. Mick na Murrough used dripping in layers to shave	16		
all the furze off his face. The Burke-Lees and Coyle-Finns	17		
paid full feines for their sinns when the Cap and Miss Coolie	18		
were roped.	19		
Rolloraped.	20		
With her banbax hoist from holder, zig for zag through pool	21		
and polder, cheap, cheap, cheap and Laughing Jack, all augurs	22		
scorenning, see the Bolche your pictures motion and Kitzy	23		
Kleinsuessmein eloping for that holm in Finn's Hotel Fiord,	24		
Nova Norening. Where they pulled down the kuddle and they	25		
made fray and if thee don't look homey, well, that Dook can eye	26		
Mae.	27		
He goat a berth. And she cot a manege. And wohl's gorse	28		
mundom ganna wedst.	29		
Knock knock. War's where! Which war? The Twwinns.	30		

Knock knock. Woos without! Without what? An apple. Knock	31		
knock.	32		
The kilder massed, one then and uhundred, (harefoot, birdy-	33		
hands, herringabone, beesknees), and they barneydansked a	34		
kathareen round to know the who and to show the howsome.	35		
Why was you hiding, moder of moders? And where was hunty,	36		
FW331			
poppa the gun? Pointing up to skyless heaven like the spoon out	1		
of sergeantmajor's tay. Which was the worst of them phaymix	2		
cupplerts? He's herd of hoarding and her faiths is altared. Becom-	3		
ing ungoing, their seeming sames for though that liamstone	4		
deaf do his part there's a windtreetop whipples the damp off the	5		
mourning. But tellusit allasif wellasits end. And the lunger it	6		
takes the swooner they tumble two. He knows he's just thrilling	7		
and she's sure she'd squeam. The threelegged man and the tulip-	8		
pied dewydress. Lludd hillmythey, we're brimming to hear! The	9		
durst he did and the first she ever? Peganeen Bushe, this isn't the	10		
polkar, catch as you cancan when high land fling! And you Tim	11		
Tommy Melooney, I'll tittle your barents if you stick that pigpin	12		
upinto meh!	13		
So in the names of the balder and of the sol and of the holli-	14		

chrost, ogsowearit, trisexnone, and by way of letting the aandt	15		
out of her grosskropper and leading the mokes home by their	16		
gribes, whoopsabout a plabbaside of plobbicides, alamam alemon,	17		
poison kerls, on this mounden of Delude, and in the high places	18		
of Delude of Isreal, which is Haraharem and the diublin's owld	19		
mounden over against Vikens, from your tarns, thwaites and	20		
thorpes, withes, tofts and fosses, fells, haughs and shaws, lunds,	21		
garths and dales, mensuring the megnominous as so will is the	22		
littleyest, the myrioheartzed with toroidal coil, eira area round	23		
wantanajocky, fin above wave after duckydowndivvy, trader arm	24		
aslung beauty belt, the formor velican and nana karlikeevna,	25		
sommerlad and cinderenda, Valtivar and Viv, how Big Bil Brine	26		
Borumoter first took his gage at lil lolly lavvander waader since	27		
when capriole legs covets limbs of a crane and was it the twylyd	28		
or the mounth of the yare or the feint of her smell made the seo-	29		
men assault of her (in imageascene all: whimwhim whimwhim).	30		
To the laetification of disgeneration by neuhumorisation of our	31		
kristianiasation. As the last liar in the earth begeylywayled the	32		
first lady of the forest. Though Toot's pardoosled sauve l'hum-	33		
mour! For the joy of the dew on the flower of the fleets on the	34		
fields of the foam of the waves of the seas of the wild main from	35		
Borneholm has jest come to crown.	36		

FW332			
Snip snap snoodly. Noo err historyend goody. Of a lil trip	1		
trap and a big treeskooner for he put off the ketyl and they	2		
made three (for fie!) and if hec dont love alpy then lad you	3		
annoy me. For hanigen with hunigen still haunt ahunt to finnd	4		
their hinnigen where Pappappapparrassannuaragheallachnatull-	5		
aghmonganmacmacmacwhackfalltherdebblenonthedubblandadd-	6		
ydoodled and anruly person creeked a jest. Gestapose to parry	7		
off cheekars or frankfurters on the odor. Fine again, Cuoholson!	8		
Peace, O wiley!	9		
Such was the act of goth stepping the tolk of Doolin, drain	10		
and plantage, wattle and daub, with you'll peel as I'll pale and	11		
we'll pull the boath toground togutter, testies touchwood and	12		
shenstone unto pop and puma, calf and condor, under all the	13		
gaauspices (incorporated), the chal and his chi, their roammerin	14		
over, gribgrobgrab reining trippetytrappety (so fore shalt thou	15		
flow, else thy cavern hair!) to whom she (anit likenand please-	16		
thee!). Till sealump becomedump to bumpslump a lifflebed,	17		
(altolà, allamarsch! O gué, O gué!). Kaemper Daemper to Jetty	18		
de Waarft, all the weight of that mons on his little ribbeunuch!	19		
Him that gronde old mand to be that haard of heaering (afore	20		
said) and her the petty tondur with the fix in her changeable	21		

eye (which see), Lord, me lad, he goes with blowbierd, leedy,	22		
plasheous stream. But before that his loudship was converted to	23		
a landshop there was a little theogamyjig incidence that hoppy-	24		
go-jumpy Junuary morn when he colluded with the cad out on	25		
the beg amudst the fiounaregal gaames of those oathmassed	26		
fenians for whome he's forcecaused a bridge of the piers, at	27		
Inverleffy, mating pontine of their engagement, synnbildising	28		
graters and things, eke ysendt? O nilly, not all, here's the first	29		
cataraction! As if ever she cared an assuan damm about her	30		
harpoons sticking all out of him whet between phoenix his	31		
calipers and that psourdonome sheath. Sdrats ye, Gus Paudheen!	32		
Kenny's thought ye, Dinny Oozle! While the cit was leaking	33		
asphalt like a suburbiaurealis in his rure was tucking to him like	34		
old booths, booths, booths, booths.	35		
Enterruption. Check or slowback. Dvershen.	36		
FW333			
Why, wonder of wenchalows, what o szeszame open, v doer s t	1		
doing? V door s being. But how theng thingajarry miens but this	2		
being becoming n z doer? K? An o. It is ne not him what foots	3		
like a glove, shoehandschiner Pad Podomkin. Sooftly, anni	4		
slavey, szszuszchee is slowjaneska.	5		

The aged crafty nummifeed confusionary overinsured ever-	6		
lapsing accentuated katekattershin clopped, clopped, clopped,	7		
darsey dobrey, back and along the danzing corridor, as she was	8		
going to pimpim him, way boy wally, not without her comple-	9		
ment of cavarnan men, between the two deathdealing allied	10		
divisions and the lines of readypresent fire of the corkedagains up-	11		
stored, taken in giving the saloot, band your hands going in, bind	12		
your heads coming out, and remoltked to herselp in her serf's	13		
alown, a weerpovy willowy dreevy drawly and the patter of so	14		
familiars, farabroads and behomeans, as she shure sknows, boof	15		
for a booby, boo: new uses in their mewseyfume. The jammesons	16		
is a cook in his hair. And the juinnesses is a rapin his hind. And	17		
the Bullingdong caught the wind up. Dip.	18		
And the message she braught below from the missus she	19		
bragged abouve that had her agony stays outsize her sari chemise,	20		
blancking her shifts for to keep up the fascion since the king of	21		
all dronnings kissed her beeswixed hand, fang (pierce me, hunky,	22		
I'm full of meunders!), her fize like a tubtail of mondayne	23		
clothes, fed to the chaps with working medicals and her birthright	24		
pang that would split an atam like the forty pins in her hood, was	25		
to fader huncher a howdydowdy, to mountainy mots in her	26		
amnest plein language, from his fain a wan, his hot and tot lass,	27		
to pierce his ropeloop ear, how, Podushka be prayhasd, now the	28		

sowns of his loins were awinking and waking and his dorter of	29		
the hush lillabilla lullaby (lead us not into reformication with the	30		
poors in your thingdom of gory, O moan!), once after males,	31		
nonce at a time, with them Murphy's puffs she dursted with	32		
gnockmeggs and the bramborry cake for dour dorty dompling	33		
obayre Mattom Beetom and epsut the pfit and if he was whishtful	34		
to licture her caudal with chesty chach from his dauberg den	35		
and noviny news from Naul or toplots talks from morrienbaths	36		
FW334			
or a parrotsprate's cure for ensevelised lethurgies, spick's my	1		
spoon and the veriblest spoon, 'twas her hour for the chamber's	2		
ensallycopodium with love to melost Panny Kostello from	3		
X.Y. Zid for to folly billybobbis gibits porzy punzy and she was	4		
a wanton for De Marera to take her genial glow to bed.	5		
—This is time for my tubble, reflected Mr 'Gladstone	6		
Browne' in the toll hut (it was choractoristic from that 'man of	7		
Delgany'). Dip.	8		
—This is me vulcanite smoking, profused Mr 'Bonaparte	9		
Nolan' under the natecup (one feels how one may hereby reekig-	10		
nites the 'ground old mahonagyan'). Dip.	11		
—And this is defender of defeater of defaulter of deformer	12		

Izd-la-Chapelle taste the lipe of the waters from Carlowman's Cup.	36		
FW335			
It tellyhows its story to their six of hearts, a twelve-eyed man;	1		
for whom has madjestky who since is dyed drown reign before	2		
the izba.	3		
Au! Au! Aue! Ha! Heish!	4		
As stage to set by ritual rote for the grimm grimm tale of the	5		
four of hyacinths, the deafeeled carp and the bugler's dozen of	6		
leagues-in-amour or how Holispolis went to Parkland with	7		
mabby and sammy and sonny and sissy and mop's varlet de	8		
shambles and all to find the right place for it by peep o'skirt or	9		
pipe a skirl when the hundt called a halt on the chivvychace of	10		
the ground sloper at that lightning lovmaker's thender apeal till,	11		
between wandering weather and stable wind, vastelend hosteil-	12		
end, neuziel and oltrigger some, Bullyclubber burgherly shut	13		
the rush in general.	14		
Let us propel us for the frey of the fray! Us, us, beraddy!	15		
Ko Niutirenis hauru leish! A lala! Ko Niutirenis haururu	16		
laleish! Ala lala! The Wullingthund sturm is breaking. The	17		
sound of maormaoring. The Wellingthund sturm waxes fuer-	18		
cilier. The whackawhacks of the sturm. Katu te ihis ihis! Katu	19		

te wana wana! The strength of the rawshorn generand is known	20		
throughout the world. Let us say if we may what a weeny	21		
wukeleen can do.	22		
Au! Au! Aue! Ha! Heish! A lala!	23		
— Paud the roosky, weren't they all of them then each in his	24		
different way of saying calling on the one in the same time	25		
hibernian knights underthener that was having, half for the laugh	26		
of the bliss it sint barbaras another doesend end once tale of a	27		
tublin wished on to him with its olives ocolombs and its hills	28		
owns ravings and Tutty his tour in his Nowhare's yarcht. It was	29		
before when Aimee stood for Arthurduke for the figger in pro-	30		
fane and fell from grace so madlley for fill the flatter fellows.	31		
(They were saying). And it was the lang in the shirt in the green	32		
of the wood, where obelisk rises when odalisks fall, major threft	33		
on the make and jollyjacques spindthrift on the merry (O Mr	34		
Mathurin, they were calling, what a topheavy hat you're in! And	35		
there aramny maeud, then they were saying, these so piou-	36		
FW336			
pious!). And it was cyclums cyclorums after he made design on	1		
the corse and he want to mess on him (enterellbo add all taller	2		
Danis), back, seater and sides, and he applied (I'm amazingly	3		

sorracer!) the wholed bould shoulderedboy's width for fullness,	4		
measures for messieurs, messer's massed, (they were saycalling	5		
again and agone and all over agun, the louthly meathers, the	6		
loudly meaders, the lously measlers, six to one, bar ones).	7		
And they pled him beheighten the firing. Dope.	8		
Maltomeetim, alltomatetam, when a tale tarries shome shunter	9		
shove on. Fore auld they wauld to pree.	10		
Pray.	11		
Of this Mr A (tillalaric) and these wasch woman (dapple-	12		
hued), fhronehflord and feofoeds, who had insue keen and able	13		
and a spindlesong aside, nothing more is told until now, his	14		
awebrume hour, her sere Sahara of sad oakleaves. And then. Be	15		
old. The next thing is. We are once amore as babes awondering	16		
in a wold made fresh where with the hen in the storyaboot we	17		
start from scratch.	18		
So the truce, the old truce and nattonbuff the truce, boys.	19		
Drouth is stronger than faction. Slant. Shinshin. Shinshin.	20		
— It was of The Grant, old gartener, <i>qua</i> golden meddlist,	21		
Publius Manlius, fuderal private, (his place is his poster, sure, they	22		
said, and we're going to mark it, sore, they said, with a carbon	23		
caustick manner) bequother the liberaloider at his petty corpore-	24		
lezzo that hung caughtnapping from his baited breath, it was of	25		
him, my wife and I thinks, to feel to every of the younging fruits,	26		

tenderosed like an atalantic's breastswells or, on a second wreath-	27			
ing, a bright tauth bight shimmerishaking for the welt of his	28			
plow. And where the peckadillies at his wristsends meetings be	29			
loving so lightly dovesoild the candidacy, me wipin eye sinks,	30			
of his softboiled bosom should be apparient even to our illicterate	31			
of nullatinenties.	32			
All to which not a lot snapped The Nolan of the Calabashes	33			
at his whilom eweheart photognomist who by this sum taken	34			
was as much incensed by Saint Bruno as that what he had con-	35			
summed was his own panegoric, and wot a lout about it if it was	36			
FW337				
only a pippappoff pigeon shoot that gracesold getrunner, the	1			
man of centuries, was bowled out by judge, jury and umpire at	2			
batman's biff like a witchbefooled legate. Dupe.	3			
His almonence being alaterelly in dispensation with his three	4			
oldher patrons' aid, providencer's divine cow to milkfeeding	5			
mleckman, bonafacies to solafides, what matter what all his	6			
freudzay or who holds his hat to harm him, let hutch just keep	7			
on under at being a vanished consinent and let annapal livibel	8			
prettily prattle a lude all her own. And be that semeliminal	9			
salmon solemonly angled, ingate and outgate. A truce to lovecalls,	10			

dulled in warclothes, maleybags, things and bleakhusen. Leave	11		
the letter that never begins to go find the latter that ever comes	12		
to end, written in smoke and blurred by mist and signed of	13		
solitude, sealed at night.	14		
Simply. As says the mug in the middle, nay brian nay noel,	15		
ney billy ney boney. Imagine twee cweamy wosen. Suppwose	16		
you get a beautiful thought and cull them sylvias sub silence.	17		
Then inmaggin a stotterer. Suppoutre him to been one bigger-	18		
master Omnibil. Then lustily (tutu the font and tritt on the boks-	19		
woods like gay feeters's dance) immengine up to three longly	20		
lurking lobstarts. Fair instents the Will Woolsley Wellaslayers.	21		
Pet her, pink him, play pranks with them. She will nod ampro-	22		
perly smile. He may seem to appraisiate it. They are as piractical	23		
jukersmen sure to paltipsypote. Feel the wollies drippeling out	24		
of your fingathumbs. Says to youssilves (floweers have ears,	25		
heahear!) slowly: So these ease Budlim! How do, dainty dau-	26		
limbs? So peached to pick on you in this way, prue and simple,	27		
pritt and spry! Heyday too, Malster Faunagon, and hopes your	28		
hahitahiti licks the mankey nuts! And oodlum hoodlum dood-	29		
lum to yes, Donn, Teague and Hurlleg, who the bullocks brought	30		
you here and how the hillocks are ye?	31		
We want Bud. We want Bud Budderly. We want Bud Budderly	32		
boddily. There he is in his Borrisalooner. The man that shunned	33		

the rucks on Gereland. The man thut won the bettllle of the	34		
bawll. Order, order, order, order! And tough. We call on Tan-	35		
cred Artaxerxes Flavin to compeer with Barnabas Ulick Dunne.	36		
FW338			
Order, order, order! Milster Malster in the chair. We've heard it	1		
sinse sung thousandtimes. How Burghley shuck the rackushant	2		
Germanon. For Ehren, boys, gobrawl!	3		
A public plouse. Citizen soldiers.	4		
TAFF (<i>a smart boy, of the peat freers, thirty two eleven, looking</i>	5		
<i>through the roof towards a relevolution of the karmalife order privoious</i>	6		
<i>to his hoisting of an emergency umberolum in byway of paraguastical</i>	7		
<i>solution to the rhyttel in his hedd</i>). All was flashing and krashning	8		
blurty moriartsky blutcherudd? What see, buttywalch? Tell ever	9		
so often?	10		
BUTT (<i>mottledged youth, clerigical appealance, who, as his pied</i>	11		
<i>friar, is supposing to motto the sorry dejester in tiffstaff toffiness or</i>	12		
<i>to be digarced from ever and a daye in his accounts</i>). But da. But	13		
dada, mwilshsuni. Till even so aften. Sea vaast a pool!	14		
TAFF (<i>porumptly helping himself out by the cesspull with a yellup</i>	15		
<i>yurruup, puts up his furry furzed hare</i>). Butly bitly! Humme to our	16		
mounthings. Conscribe him tillusk, unt, in his jubalant tubalence,	17		

the groundsapper, with his soilday site out on his moulday side	18		
in. The gubernier-gerenal in laut-lievtonant of Baltiskeeamore,	19		
amaltheouse for leporty hole! Endues paramilitary langdwage.	20		
The saillils of the yellavs nocadont palignol urdlesh. Shelltoss	21		
and welltass and telltuss aghom! Sling Stranaslang, how Malo-	22		
razzias spikes her, coining a speak a spake! Not the Setanik stuff	23		
that slimed soft Siranouche! The good old gunshop monowards	24		
for manosymples. Tincurs tammit! They did oak hay doe fou	25		
Chang-li-meng when that man d'airain was big top tom saw tip	26		
side bum boss pageantfiller. Ajaculate! All lea light! Rassamble	27		
the glowrings of Bruyant the Bref when the Mollies Makehal-	28		
pence took his leg for his thumb. And may he be too an intrepida-	29		
tion of our dreams which we foregot at wiking when the morn	30		
hath razed out limpalove and the bleakfrost chilled our ravery!	31		
Pook. Sing ching lew mang! Upgo, bobbycop! Lets hear in	32		
remember the braise of. Hold!	33		
BUTT (<i>drawling forth from his blousom whereis meditabound of</i>	34		
<i>his minkerstary, switches on his gorsecopper's fling weitoheito lang-</i>	35		
<i>thorn, fed up the grain oils of Aerin, while his laugh neighs banck as</i>	36		
FW339			
<i>that flashermind's rays and his lipponease longuewedged wambles).</i>	1		

Ullahbluh! Sehyoh narar, pokehole sann! Manhead very dirty by	2		
am anoyato. Like old Dollody Icon when he cooked up his iggs	3		
in bicon. He gatovit and me gotafit and Oalgoak's Cheloven gut	4		
a fudden. Povar old pitschobed! Molodeztious of metchennacht	5		
belaburt that pentschmyaso! Bog carsse and dam neat, sar, gam	6		
cant! Limbers affront of him, lumbers behund. While the bucks	7		
bite his dos his hart bides the ros till the bounds of his bays bell	8		
the warning. Sobaiter sobarkar. He was enmivallupped. Chro-	9		
mean fastion. With all his cannoball wappents. In his raglanrock	10		
and his malakoiffed bulbsbyg and his varnashed roscians and his	11		
cardigans blousejagged and his scarlett manchokuffs and his tree-	12		
coloured camiflag and his perikopendolous gaelstorms. Here	13		
weeks hire pulchers! Obriania's beromst! From Karrs and	14		
Polikoff's, the men's confessioners. Seval shimars pleasant	15		
time payings. Mousoumeselles buckwoulds look. Tenter and	16		
likelings.	17		
TAFF (<i>all Perssiastersssias shookatnaratatattar at his waggon-</i>	18		
<i>horchers, his bulgeglarying stargapers razzledazzlingly full of eyes,</i>	19		
<i>full of balls, full of holes, full of buttons, full of stains, full of medals,</i>	20		
<i>full of blickblackblobs</i>). Grozarktic! Toadlebens! Some garment-	21		
guy! Insects appalling, low hum clang sin! A cheap decoy! Too	22		
deep destroy! Say mangraphique, may say nay por daguerre!	23		
BUTT (<i>if that he hids foregodden has nate of glozery farused ameeet</i>	24		

<i>the florahs of the follest, his spent fish's livid smile giving allasundry</i>	25		
<i>the bumfit of the doped). Come alleyou jupes of Wymmingtown</i>	26		
<i>that graze the calves of Man! A bear raining in his heavenspawn</i>	27		
<i>consomation robes. Rent, outraged, yewleaved, grained, bal-</i>	28		
<i>looned, hindergored and voluant! Erminia's capecloaked hoo-</i>	29		
<i>doodman! First he s s st steppes. Then he st stoo stoopt. Lookt.</i>	30		
<i>TAFF (strick struck strangling like aleal lusky Lubliner to merum-</i>	31		
<i>ber by the cycl of the cruize who strungled Attahilloupa with what</i>	32		
<i>empoisoned El Monte de Zuma and failing wilnaynilnay that he</i>	33		
<i>was pallups barn in the minkst of the Krumlin befodt he was pop-</i>	34		
<i>soused into the monkst of the vatercan, makes the holypolygon of</i>	35		
<i>the emt on the greaseshaper, a little farther, a little soon, a lettera-</i>	36		
FW340			
<i>cettera, oukraydoubray). Scutterer of guld, he is retourious on</i>	1		
<i>every roudery! The lyewdsky so so sewn of a fitchid! With his</i>	2		
<i>walshbrushup. And his boney bogey braggs.</i>	3		
<i>BUTT (after his tongues in his cheeks, with pinkpoker pointing</i>	4		
<i>out in rutene to impassible abjects beyond the mistomist towards</i>	5		
<i>Lissnaluhy such as the Djublian Alps and the Hoofd Ribeiro as</i>	6		
<i>where he and his trulock may ever make a game). The field of</i>	7		
<i>karhags and that bloasted tree. Forget not the felled! For the</i>	8		

lomondations of Oghrem! Warful doon's bothem. Here furry	9		
glunn. Nye? Their feery pass. Tak! With guerillaman aspear	10		
aspoor to prink the pranks of primkissies. And the buddies be-	11		
hide in the byre. Allahblah!	12		
TAFF (<i>a blackseer, he stroves to regulect all the straggles for wife</i>	13		
<i>in the rut of the past through the widnows in effigies keening after the</i>	14		
<i>blank sheets in their faminy to the relix of old decency from over</i>	15		
<i>draught</i>). Oh day of rath! Ah, murther of mines! Eh, selo moy!	16		
Uh, zulu luy! Bernesson Mac Mahahon from Osro bearing nose	17		
easger for sweeth prolettas on his swooth prow!	18		
BUTT (<i>back to his peatrol and paump: swee Gee's wee rest: no</i>	19		
<i>more applehooley: dodewodedook</i>). Bruinoboroff, the hooney-	20		
moonger, and the grizzliest manmichal in Meideveide! Whose	21		
annal livves the hoiest! For he devoused the lelias on the fined	22		
and he conforted samp, tramp and marchint out of the drumbume	23		
of a narse. Guards, serf Finnland, serve we all!	24		
TAFF (<i>whatwidth the psychophannies at the front and whetwadth</i>	25		
<i>the psuckofumbers beholden the fair, illcertain, between his bulchri-</i>	26		
<i>chudes and the roshashanaral, where he sees Bishop Ribboncake plus</i>	27		
<i>his pollex prized going forth on his visitations of mirrage or Miss</i>	28		
<i>Horizon, justso all our fannacies daintied her, on the curve of the</i>	29		
<i>camber, unsheathing a showlaced limbaloft to the great consternations</i>).	30		
Divulge! Hyededye, kittyls, and howdeddoh, pan! Poshbott and	31		

pulbuties. See that we soll or let dargman be luna as strait a way	32		
as your ant's folly me line while ye post is goang from Piping	33		
Pubwirth to Haunted Hillborough on his Mujiksy's Zaravence,	34		
the Riss, the Ross, the sur of all Russers, as my farst is near to	35		
hear and my sackend is meet to sedon while my whole's a peer's	36		
FW341			
aureolies. We should say you dones the polecad. Bang on the	1		
booche, gurg in the gorge, rap on the roof and your flup is unbu...	2		
BUTT (<i>at the signal of his act which seems to sharpnel his</i>	3		
<i>innermals menody, playing the spool of the little brown jog round the</i>	4		
<i>wheel of her whang goes the millner</i>). Buckily buckily, blodestained	5		
boyne! Bimbambombumb. His snapper was shot in the Rumjar	6		
Journaral. Why the gigs he lubbed beeyed him.	7		
TAFF (<i>obliges with a two stop yogacoga sumphoty on the bones for ivory</i>	8		
<i>girl and ebony boy</i>). The balacleivka! Trovatarovitch! I trumble!	9		
BUTT (<i>with the sickle of a scygthe but the humour of a hummer, O,</i>	10		
<i>howorodies through his cholaroguled, fumfing to a fullfrengh with</i>	11		
<i>this wallowing olfact</i>). Mortar martar tartar wartar! May his	12		
boules grow wider so his skittles gets worse! The aged monad	13		
making a venture out of the murder of investment. I seen him	14		
acting surgent what betwinks the scimitar star and the ashen	15		

moon. By their lights shalthow throw him! Piff paff for puffpuff	16			
and my pife for his cgar! The mlachy way for gambling.	17			
[Up to this curkscrew bind an admirable verbivocovisual pre-	18			
sentment of the worldrenowned Caerholme Event has been being	19			
given by The Irish Race and World. The huddled and aliven stable-	20			
crashers have shared fleetfooted enthusiasm with the paddocks	21			
dare and ditches tare while the mewes was combing ground. Hippo-	22			
hopparray helioscope flashed winsor places as the gates might see.	23			
Meusdeus! That was (with burning briar) Mr Twomass Noho-	24			
holan for their common contribe satisfuction in the purports of	25			
amusement telling the Verily Roverend Father Epiphanes	26			
shrineshriver of Saint Dhorough's (in browne bomler) how	27			
(assuary as there's a bonum in your osstheology!) Backlegs	28			
shirked the racing kenneldar. The saintly scholarist's roastering	29			
guffalawd of nupersaturals holler at this metanoic excomologosis	30			
tells of the chestnut's (once again, Wittyngtom!) absolutely	31			
romptyhompty successfulness. A lot of lasses and lads without	32			
damas or dads, but fresh and blued with collecting boxes. One	33			
aught spare ones triflets, to be shut: it is Coppingers for the	34			
children. Slippery Sam hard by them, physically present how-	35			
FW342				

<i>somedever morally absent, was slooching about in his knavish</i>	1		
<i>diamonds asking Gmax, Knox and the Dmuggies (a pinnance for</i>	2		
<i>your toughts, turffers!) to deck the ace of duds. Tomtinker Tim,</i>	3		
<i>howbeit, his unremitting retainer, (the seers are the seers of</i>	4		
<i>Samael but the heers are the heers of Timoth) is in Boozer's</i>	5		
<i>Gloom, soalken steady in his sulken tents. Baldawl the curse,</i>	6		
<i>baledale the day! And the frocks of shick sheeples in their shum-</i>	7		
<i>mering insamples! You see: a chiefsmith, semperal scandal</i>	8		
<i>stinkmakers, a middinest from the Casabianca and, of course,</i>	9		
<i>Mr Fry. Barass! Pardon the inquisition, causas es quostas? It</i>	10		
<i>is Da Valorem's Dominical Brayers. Why coif that weird hood?</i>	11		
<i>Because among nosoever circusdances is to be apprehended the</i>	12		
<i>dustungwashed poltronage of the lost Gabbarnaur-Jaggarnath.</i>	13		
<i>Pamjab! Gross Jumpiter, whud was thud? Luckluckluckluck-</i>	14		
<i>luckluckluck! It is the Thousand to One Guinea-Gooseberry's</i>	15		
<i>Lipperfull Slipover Cup. Hold hard, ridesiddle titelittle Pitsy</i>	16		
<i>Riley! Gurragrunch, gurragrunch! They are at the turn of the</i>	17		
<i>fourth of the hurdles. By the hross of Xristos, Holophullopopu-</i>	18		
<i>lace is a shote of excrement! Bumchub! Emancipator, the</i>	19		
<i>Creman hunter (Major Hermyn C. Entwhistle) with dramatic</i>	20		
<i>effect reproducing the form of famous sires on the scene of the</i>	21		
<i>formers triumphs, is showing the eagle's way to Mr Whayte-</i>	22		

<i>hayte's three buy geldings Homo Made Ink, Bailey Beacon</i>	23		
<i>and Ratauoohy while Furstin II and The Other Girl (Mrs</i>	24		
<i>'Boss' Waters, Leavybrink) too early spring dabbles, are showing</i>	25		
<i>a clean paiofhids to Immensipater. Sinkathinks to oppen here!</i>	26		
<i>To this virgin's tuft, on this golden of evens! I never sought of</i>	27		
<i>sinkathink. Our lorkmakor he is proformly annuysed. He is</i>	28		
<i>shinkly thinkly shaking in his schayns. Sat will be off follteedee.</i>	29		
<i>This eeridreme has being effered you by Bett and Tipp. Tipp and</i>	30		
<i>Bett, our swapstick quackchancers, in From Topphole to Bot-</i>	31		
<i>tom of The Irish Race and World.]</i>	32		
<i>TAFF (awary that the first sports report of Loundin Reginald</i>	33		
<i>has now been afterthoughtfully colliberated by a saggind spurts</i>	34		
<i>flash, takes the dipperend direction and, for tasing the tiomor of</i>	35		
FW343			
<i>malaise after the pognency of orangultonia, orients by way of Sagit-</i>	1		
<i>tarius towards Draco on the Lour). And you collier carsst on him,</i>	2		
<i>the corsar, with Boyle, Burke and Campbell, I'll gogemble on</i>	3		
<i>strangbones tomb. You had just been cerberating a camp camp</i>	4		
<i>camp to Saint Sepulchre's march through the armeemonds re-</i>	5		
<i>treat with the boys all marshalled, scattering giant's hail over the</i>	6		

curseway, fellowed along the rout by the stenchions of the	7		
corpse. Tell the coldspell's terroth! If you please, commeylad!	8		
Perfedes Albionias! Think some ingain think, as Teakortairer	9		
sate over the Galwegian caftan forewhen Orops and Aasas were	10		
chooldrengs and micramacrees! A forward movement, Miles na	11		
Bogaleen, and despatch!	12		
BUTT (<i>slinking his coatsleeves surdout over his squad mutton</i>	13		
<i>shoulder so as to loop more life the jauntlyman as he scents the</i>	14		
<i>anggreget yup behound their whole scoopchina's desperate noy's</i>	15		
<i>totalage and explaining aposteriorly how awstooloo was valde-</i>	16		
<i>sombre belowes hero and he was in a greak esthate phophiar an</i>	17		
<i>erixtion on the soseptuple side of him made spoil apriori his popo-</i>	18		
<i>porportiums</i>). Yass, zotnyzor, I don't think I did not, poj. Never	19		
you brother me for I scout it, think you! Ichts nichts on nichts!	20		
Greates Schtschuptar! Me fol the rawlawdy in the schpirrt of a	21		
schkrepz. Of all the quirasses and all the qwehrmin in the tra-	22		
gedoes of those antiants their grandoper, that soun of a gun-	23		
nong, with his sabaothsopolettes, smooking his scandleloose at	24		
botthends of him! Foinn duhans! I grandthicked after his obras	25		
after another time about the itch in his egondoom he was legging	26		
boldylugged from some pulversporochs and lyoking for a stool-	27		
eazy for to nemesisplotsch allafranka and for to salubrate himself	28		
with an ultradungs heavenly mass at his base by a supprime pomp-	29		

ship chorams the perished popes, the reverend and allaverred	30		
cromlecks, and when I heard his lewdbrogue reciping his cheap	31		
cheateary gospeds to sintry and santry and sentry and suntry I	32		
thought he was only haftara having afterhis brokeforths but be	33		
the homely Churopodvas I no sooner seen aghist of his frighte-	34		
ousness then I was bibbering with vear a few versets off fooling for	35		
fjorg for my fifth foot. Of manifest 'tis obedience and the. Flute!	36		
FW344			
TAFF (<i>though the unglucksarsoon is giming for to git him, jotning</i>	1		
<i>in, hoghly ligious, hapagodlap, like a soldierry sap, with a pique at</i>	2		
<i>his cue and a tyr in his eye and a bond of his back and a croak in his</i>	3		
<i>cry as did jolly well harm lean o'er him) Is not athug who would.</i>	4		
Weepon, weeponder, song of sorrowmon! Which goatheye	5		
and sheepskeer they damnty well know. Papaist! Gambanman!	6		
Take the cawraidd's blow! Yia! Your partridge's last!	7		
BUTT (<i>giving his scimmianised twinge in acknuckledownedgment</i>	8		
<i>of this cumulick, strafe from the firetrench, studenly drobs led, sa-</i>	9		
<i>toniseels ouchyotch, he changecors induniforms as he is lefting the</i>	10		
<i>gat out of the big: his face glows green, his hair greys white, his</i>	11		
<i>bleyes bcome broon to suite his cultic twalette). But when I seeing</i>	12		
him in his oneship fetch along within hail that tourrible tall	13		

with his nitshnykopfgoknob and attempting like a brandylogged	14		
rudeman cathargic, lugging up and laiding down his livepelts	15		
so cruschinly like Mebbuck at Messar and expousing his old	16		
skinful self taitottom by manurevring in open ordure to renew-	17		
murature with the cowruads in their airish pleasantry I thanked	18		
he was recovering breadth from some herdsquatters beyond the	19		
carcasses and I couldn't erver nerver to tell a liard story not of I	20		
knew the prize if from lead or alimony. But when I got innocu-	21		
pation of a full new of his old basemiddelism, in ackshan, pagne	22		
pogne, by the veereyed lights of the stormtrooping clouds and	23		
in the sheenflare of the battleaxes of the heroim and mid the	24		
shieldfails awail of the bitteraccents of the sorafim and caught the	25		
pfierce tsmell of his aural, orankastank, a suphead setrapped,	26		
like Peder the Greste, altipaltar, my bill it forsooks allegiance	27		
(gut bull it!) and, no lie is this, I was babbeing and yetaghain	28		
bubbering, bibbelboy, me marrues me shkewers me gnaas me	29		
fiet, tob tob tob beat it, solongopatom. Clummensy if ever mis-	30		
used, must used you's now! But, meac Coolp, Arram of Eirze-	31		
rum, as I love our Deer Dirouchy, I confesses withould pride-	32		
jealice when I looked upon the Saur of all the Haurousians with	33		
the weight of his arge fullin upon him from the travaillings of	34		
his tommuck and rueckenased the fates of a bossier there was fear	35		
on me the sons of Nuad for him and it was heavy he was for me	36		

FW345				
then the way I immingled my Irmenial hairmaierians ammon-	1			
gled his Gospolis fomiliours till, achaura moucreas, I adn't the	2			
arts to.	3			
TAFF (<i>as a marrer off act, prepensing how such waldmanns from</i>	4			
<i>Burnias seduced country clowns, he is preposing barangaparang</i>	5			
<i>after going knowing what he is doing after to see him pluggy well</i>	6			
<i>moidered as a murder effect, you bet your blowie knife, before he</i>	7			
<i>doze soze, sopprused though he is) Grot Zot! You hidn't the hurts?</i>	8			
Vott Fonn!	9			
BUTT (<i>hearing somrother sudly give tworthree peevish sniff snuff</i>	10			
<i>snoores like govalise falselep he waitawhishts to see might he stirs</i>	11			
<i>and then goes on kuldrum like without asking for pepeace or anysing</i>	12			
<i>a soul). Merzmard! I met with whom it was too late. My fate! O</i>	13			
<i>hate! Fairwail! Fearwealing of the groan! And think of that</i>	14			
<i>when you smugs to bagot.</i>	15			
TAFF (<i>who meanwhilome at yarn's length so as to put a nodje</i>	16			
<i>in the poestcher, by wile of stoccan his hand and of rooma makin</i>	17			
<i>ber getting umptyums gatherumed off the skatterert, had been lavish-</i>	18			
<i>ing, lagan on lighthouse, words of silent power, susu glouglou biri-</i>	19			
<i>biri gongos, upon the repleted speechsalver's innkeeping right which,</i>	20			
<i>thanks giveme and naperied norms nonobstaclant, there can be little</i>	21			

<i>doubt, have resulted in a momstchance ministring of another guid-</i>	22		
<i>ness, my good, to see) Bompromifazzio! Shumpum for Pa-li-di</i>	23		
<i>and oukosouso for the nipper dandy! Trink off this scup and be</i>	24		
<i>bladdy orafferteed! To bug at?</i>	25		
<i>BUTT (he whipedoff's his chimbley phot, as lips lovecurling to the</i>	26		
<i>tongueopener, he takecups the communion of sense at the hands of</i>	27		
<i>the foregiver of trosstpassers and thereinofter centelinnates that</i>	28		
<i>potifex miximhost with haruspical hospedariaty proferring into his</i>	29		
<i>pauses somewhot salt bacon). Theres scares knud in this gnarld</i>	30		
<i>warld a fully so svend as dilates for the improvement of our</i>	31		
<i>foerses of nature by your very ample solvent of referacting upon</i>	32		
<i>me like is boesen fiend.</i>	33		
<i>[The other foregotthened abbosed in the Mullingaria are</i>	34		
<i>during this swishingsight teilweisioned. How the fictionable world</i>	35		
FW346			
<i>in Fruzian Creamtartery is loading off heavy furses and affubling</i>	1		
<i>themselves with muckinstushes. The neatschknee Novgolosh. How</i>	2		
<i>the spinach ruddocks are being tatoovatted up for the second</i>	3		
<i>comings of antigreenst. Hebeneros for Aromal Peace. How</i>	4		
<i>Alibey Ibrahim wisheths Bella Suora to a holy cryptmahs while</i>	5		

<i>the Arumbian Knives Riders axecutes devilances round the</i>	6		
<i>jehumisphoure. Learn the Nunsturk. How Old Yales boys is</i>	7		
<i>making rebolutions, for the cunning New Yirls, never elding,</i>	8		
<i>still begidding, never to mate to lend, never to ate selleries and</i>	9		
<i>never to add soulleries and never to ant sulleries and never to aid</i>	10		
<i>silleries with sucharow with sotchyouroff as Burkeley's Show's</i>	11		
<i>a ructiongetherall. Phone for Phineal toomellow aftermorn and</i>	12		
<i>your phumeral's a roselixion.]</i>	13		
TAFF (<i>now as he has been past the buckthurnstock from Peadhar</i>	14		
<i>Piper of Colliguchuna, whiles they all are bealting pots to dubrin</i>	15		
<i>din for old daddam dombstom to tomb and wamb humbs lumbs</i>	16		
<i>agamb, glimpse agam, glance agen, rise up road and hive up hill,</i>	17		
<i>and find your pollyvoulley foncey pitchin ingles in the parler). Since</i>	18		
<i>you are on for versingrhetorish say your piece! How Buccleuch</i>	19		
<i>shocked the rosing girnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov</i>	20		
<i>and az ov and off like a gow! And don't live out the sad of tearfs,</i>	21		
<i>pidyawhick! Not offgott affsang is you, buthbach? Ath yet-</i>	22		
<i>heredayth noth endeth, hay? Vaersegood! Buckle to! Sayyessik,</i>	23		
<i>Ballygarry. The fourscore soculumms are watchyoumaycodding</i>	24		
<i>to cooll the skoopgoods blooff. Harkabuddy, feign! Thingman</i>	25		
<i>placeyear howed wholst somwom shimwhir tinkledinkledelled.</i>	26		
<i>Shinfine deed in the myrtle of the bog tway fainmain stod op to</i>	27		

slog, free bond men lay lurkin on. Tuan about whattinghim!	28		
Fore sneezturmdrappen! 'Twill be a rpnice pschange, arrah, sir?	29		
Can you come it, budd?	30		
BUTT (<i>who in the cushlows of his goodsforseeking hoarth, ever</i>	31		
<i>fondlinger of his pimple spurk, is a niallist of the ninth homestages,</i>	32		
<i>the babybell in his baggutstract upper going off allatwanst, begad,</i>	33		
<i>lest he should challenge himself, beygoad, till angush</i>). Horrasure,	34		
toff! As said as would. It was Colporal Phailinx first. Hittit was	35		
FW347			
of another time, a white horsday where the midril met the bulg,	1		
sbogom, roughnow along about the first equinarx in the cholon-	2		
der, on the plain of Khorason as thou goest from the mount of	3		
Bekel, Steep Nemorn, elve hundred and therety and to years	4		
how the krow flees end in deed, after a power of skimiskes,	5		
blodidens and godinats of them, when we sight the beasts, (heg-	6		
heg whatlk of wraimy wetter!), moist moonful date man aver	7		
held dimsdzey death with, and higheye was in the Reilly Oirish	8		
Krzerszzoneese Milesia asundurst Sirdarthar Woolwichleagues,	9		
good tomkeys years somewhile in Crimealian wall samewhere	10		
in Ayerland, during me weeping stillstumms over the freshprosts	11		
of Eastchept and the dangling garters of Marrowbone and daring	12		

my wapping stiltstunts on Bostion Moss, old stile and new style	13		
and heave a lep onwards. And winn again, blaguadargoods, or	14		
lues the day, plays goat, the banshee pealer if moskats knows	15		
whoss whizz, the great day and the druidful day come San	16		
Patrisky and the grand day, the excellent fine splendidous long	17		
agreeable toastworthy cylindrical day, go Sixt of the Ninth, the	18		
heptahundread annam dammias that Hajizfijiz ells me is and	19		
will and was be till the timelag is in it that's told in the Bok of	20		
Alam to columnkill all the prefacies of Erin gone brugk. But	21		
Icantenu. And incommixtion. We was lowsome like till we'd	22		
took out after the dead beats. So I begin to study and I soon	23		
show them day's reasons how to give the cold shake to they	24		
blighty perishers and lay one over the beats. All feller he look	25		
he call all feller come longa villa finish. Toumbalo, how was	26		
I acclapadad! From them banjopeddlars on the raid. Gidding	27		
up me anti vanillas and getting off the stissas me aunties.	28		
Boxerising and coxerusing. And swiping a johnny dann	29		
sweept for to exercitise myself notwithstanding the topkats	30		
and his roaming cartridges, orussheying and patronning, out	31		
all over Crummwiliam wall. Be the why it was me who haw	32		
haw.	33		
TAFF (<i>all for letting his tinder and lighting be put to beheiss in</i>	34		
<i>the feuer and, while durblinly obasiant to the felicias of the skivis,</i>	35		

<i>still smolking his fulourite turfkish in the rooking pressance of</i>	36		
FW348			
<i>laddios). Yaa hoo how how, col? Whom battles joined no bottles</i>	1		
<i>sever! Worn't you aid a comp?</i>	2		
<i>BUTT (in his difficultous tresdobremient, he feels a bitovalike a</i>	3		
<i>baddlefall of staot but falls a batforlake a borrlfull of bare). And</i>	4		
<i>me awlphul omegrims! Between me rassociations in the postlea-</i>	5		
<i>deny past and me disconnections with aplompervious futules</i>	6		
<i>I've a boodle full of maimeris in me buzzim and medears runs</i>	7		
<i>sloze, bleime, as I now with platoonic leave recoil in (how the</i>	8		
<i>thickens they come back to one to rust!) me misenary post for</i>	9		
<i>all them old boyars that's now boomaringing in waulholler, me</i>	10		
<i>alma marthyrs. I dring to them, bycorn spirits fuselaiding, and</i>	11		
<i>you cullies adjutant, even where its contentsed wody, with</i>	12		
<i>absents wehrmuth. Junglemen in agleement, I give thee our</i>	13		
<i>greatly swooren, Theoccupant that Rueandredful, the thrown-</i>	14		
<i>fullvner and all our royal devouts with the arrest of the whole</i>	15		
<i>inhibitance of Neuilands! One brief mouth. And a velligoolap-</i>	16		
<i>now! Meould attashees the currigans, (if they could get a kick at</i>	17		
<i>this time for all that's hapenced to us!) Cedric said Gormleyson</i>	18		
<i>and Danno O'Dunnochoo and Conno O'Cannochar it is this</i>	19		

were their names for we were all under that manner barracksers	20			
on Kong Gores Wood together, thurkmen three, with those	21			
khakireinettes, our miladies in their toiletries, the twum plum-	22			
yumnietcies, Vjeras Vjenaskayas, of old Djadja Uncken who	23			
was a great mark for jinking and junking, up the palposes of	24			
womth and wamth, we war and the charme of their lyse brocade.	25			
For lispias harth a burm in eye but whom it bames fire norone	26			
screeneth. Hulp, hulp, huzzars! Raise ras tryracy! Freetime's	27			
free! Up Lancers! Anathem!	28			
TAFF (<i>who still senses that heavinscent houroines that enter-</i>	29			
<i>trained him who they were sinuorivals from the sunny Espionia but</i>	30			
<i>plied wopsy with his wallets in thatthack of the bustle Bakerloo,</i>	31			
<i>(11.32), passing the uninational truthbosh in smoothing irony over</i>	32			
<i>the multinotcheralled infructuosities of his grinner set). The rib,</i>	33			
the rib, the quean of oldbyrdes, Sinya Sonyavitches! Your	34			
Rhoda Cockardes that are raday to embrace our ruddy inflamtry	35			
world! In their ohosililesvienne biribarbebeway. Till they've	36			
FW349				
kinks in their tringers and boils on their taws. Whor dor the pene	1			
lie, Mer Pencho? Ist dramhead countmortal or gonorrhhal stab?	2			
Mind your pughs and keaoghs, if you piggots, marsh! Do the	3			

nut, dingbut! Be a dag! For zahur and zimmerminnes! Sing in	4		
the chorias to the ethur:	5		
<i>[In the heliotropical noughttime following a fade of trans-</i>	6		
<i>formed Tuff and pending, its viseversion, a metenergic reglow</i>	7		
<i>of beaming Batt, the bairdboard bombardment screen, if taste-</i>	8		
<i>fully taut guranium satin, tends to teleframe and step up to</i>	9		
<i>the charge of a light barricade. Down the photoslope in syncopanc</i>	10		
<i>pulses, with the bitts bugtwug their teffs, the missledhropes,</i>	11		
<i>glitteraglatteraglutt, borne by their carnier walve. Spraygun</i>	12		
<i>rakes and splits them from a double focus: grenadite, damny-</i>	13		
<i>mite, alextronite, nichilite: and the scanning firespot of the</i>	14		
<i>sgunners traverses the rutilanced illustred sunksundered lines.</i>	15		
<i>Shlossh! A gaspel truce leaks out over the caeseine coatings.</i>	16		
<i>Amid a fluorescence of spectracular mephiticism there caoculates</i>	17		
<i>through the inonoscope stealdily a still, the figure of a fellow-</i>	18		
<i>chap in the wohly ghash, Popey O'Donoshough, the jesuneral</i>	19		
<i>of the russuates. The idolon exhibisce the seals of his orders:</i>	20		
<i>the starre of the Son of Heaven, the girtel of Izodella the Calot-</i>	21		
<i>tica, the cross of Michelides Apaleogos, the latchet of Jan of</i>	22		
<i>Nepomuk, the puffpuff and pompom of Powther and Pall, the</i>	23		
<i>great belt, band and bucklings of the Martyrology of Gorman.</i>	24		
<i>It is for the castomercies mudwakeup surveice. The victar. Pleece</i>	25		

<i>to notnoys speach above your dreadths, please to doughboys. Hll,</i>	26		
<i>smthngs gnwrng wthth sprsnwtch! He blanks his oggles because</i>	27		
<i>he confesses to all his tellavicious nieces. He blocks his nosoes be-</i>	28		
<i>cause that he confesses to everywheres he was always putting up his</i>	29		
<i>latest faengers. He wollops his mouther with a sword of tusk in as</i>	30		
<i>because that he confesses how opten he used be obening her howonton</i>	31		
<i>he used be undering her. He boundles alltgotter his manucupes</i>	32		
<i>with his pedarrests in asmuch as because that he confesses before</i>	33		
<i>all his handcomplishies and behind all his comfoderacies. And</i>	34		
<i>(hereis cant came back saying he codant steal no lunger, yessis,</i>	35		
FW350			
<i>catz come buck beques he caudant stail awake) he touched upon</i>	1		
<i>this tree of livings in the middenst of the garerden for inasmuch</i>	2		
<i>as because that he confessed to it on Hillel and down Dalem and</i>	3		
<i>in the places which the lepers inhabit in the place of the stones</i>	4		
<i>and in pontofert jufuggading amoret now he come to think of it</i>	5		
<i>jolly well ruttengenerously olyooyover the ole blucky shop. Puggier</i>	6		
<i>old Pumpey O'Dungaschiff! There will be a hen collection of him</i>	7		
<i>after avensung on the field of Hanar. Dumble down looties and</i>	8		
<i>gengstermen! Dtin, dtin, dtin, dtin!]</i>	9		

BUTT (<i>with a gisture expansive of Mr Lhugewhite Cadderpollard</i>	10		
<i>with sunflowered beautonhole pulled up point blanck by mailbag</i>	11		
<i>mundaynism at Oldbally Court though the hissindensity buck far</i>	12		
<i>of his melovelance tells how when he was fast marking his first</i>	13		
<i>lord for cremation the whyfe of his bothem was the very lad's thing</i>	14		
<i>to elter his mehind</i>). Prostatates, pujealousties! Dovolnoisers,	15		
prayshyous! Defense in every circumstancias of deboutcheries	16		
no the chaste daffs! Pack pickets, pioghs and kughs to be palsey-	17		
putred! Be at the peme, prease, of not forgetting or mere betoken	18		
yourself to hother prace! Correct me, pleatze commando for	19		
cossakes but I abjure of it. No more basquibezigues for this pole	20		
aprican! With askormiles' eskermillas. I had my billyfell of	21		
duckish delights the whole pukny time on rawmeots and juliannes	22		
with their lambstoels in my kiddeneys and my ramsbutter in	23		
their sassenacher ribs, knee her, do her and trey her, when	24		
th'osirian cumb dumb like the whalf on the fiord and we prey-	25		
ing players and pinching peacesmokes, trouppers tomiatskyns	26		
all, for Father Petrie Spence of Parishmoslattery to go and leave	27		
us and the crimsend daun to shellalite on the darkumen (scene	28		
as signed, Slobabogue), feeding and sleeping on the huguenottes	29		
(the snuggest spalniel's where the leion's tame!) and raiding	30		
revolutions over the allbegeneses (sand us and saint us and	31		
sound as agun!). Yet still in all, spit for spat like we chantied on	32		

Sunda schoon, every warson wearrier kaddies a komnate in	33		
his schnapsack and unlist I am getting foegutfulls of the rugi-	34		
ments of savaliged wildfire I was gamefellow willmate and send	35		
FW351			
us victorias with nowells and brownings, dumm sneak and	1		
curry, and all the fun I had in that fanagan's week. A strange	2		
man wearing abarrel. And here's a gift of meggs and teggs. And	3		
as I live by chipping nortons. And 'tis iron fits the farmer, ay.	4		
Arcdesedo! Renborumba! Then were the hellscyown days for	5		
our fellows, the loyal leibsters, and we was the redugout raw-	6		
recruitmenters, praddies three and prettish too, a wheeze we has	7		
in our waynward islands, wee engrish, one long blue streak,	8		
jisty and pithy af durck rosolun, with hand to hand as Homard	9		
Kayenne was always jiggilyjugging about in his wendowed	10		
courage when our woos with the wenches went wined for a song,	11		
tsingirillies' zygarettes, while Woodbine Willie, so popiular	12		
with the poppyrossies, our Chorney Choplain, blued the air.	13		
Sczlanthas! Banzaine! Bissbasses! S. Pivorandbowl. And we all	14		
tuned in to hear the topmast noviality. Up the revels drown the	15		
rinks and almistips all round! Paddy Bonhamme he vives! En-	16		
core! And tig for tag. Togatogtug. My droomodose days Y loved	17		

you abover all the strest. Blowhole brasshat and boy with his	18		
boots off and the butch of our bunch and all. It was buckoo	19		
bonzer, beleeme. I was a bare prive without my doglegs but I	20		
did not give to one humpenny dump, wingh or wangh, touching	21		
those thusengaged slavey generales of Tanah Kornalls, the	22		
meelisha's deelishas, pronouncing their very flank movemens	23		
in sunpictorsbosk. Baghus the whatwar! I could always take good	24		
cover of myself and, eyedulls or earwakers, preyers for rain or	25		
cominations, I did not care three tanker's hoots, ('sham! hem!	26		
or chaffit!) for any feelings from my lifeprivates on their reptro-	27		
grad leanins because I have Their Honours booth my respectables	28		
soeurs assistershood off Lyndhurst Terrace, the puttih Misses	29		
Celana Dalems, and she in vinting her angurr can belle the troth	30		
on her alliance and I know His Heriness, my respeaktoble me-	31		
dams culonelle on Mellay Street, Lightnints Gundhur Sawabs,	32		
and they would never as the aimees of servation let me down.	33		
Not on your bludger life, touters! No peeping, pimpadoors!	34		
And, by Jova, I never went wrong not let him doom till, risky	35		
wark rasky wolk, at the head of the wake, up come stumblebum	36		
FW352			
(ye olde cottemptable!), his urssian gemenal, in his scutt's rudes	1		

unreformed and he went before him in that nemcon enchelonce	2		
with the same old domstoole story and his upleave the fallener	3		
as is greatly to be petted (whitesides do his beard!) and I seen his	4		
brichashert offensive and his boortholomas vадnhammaggs vise	5		
a vise them scharlot runners and how they gave love to him	6		
and how he took the ward from us (odious the fly fly flurtation	7		
of his him and hers! Just mairmaid maddeling it was it he was!)	8		
and, my oreland for a rolvever, sord, by the splunthers of colt	9		
and bung goes the enemay the Percy rally got me, messger (as	10		
true as theirs an Almagnian Gothabobus!) to blow the grand off	11		
his aceupper. Thistake it's meest! And after meath the dulwich.	12		
We insurrectioned, and be the procuratress of the hory synnotts,	13		
before he could tell pullyirragun to parrylewis, I shuttm, missus,	14		
like a wide sleever! Hump to dump! Tumbleheaver!	15		
TAFF (<i>camelsensing that sonce they have given bron a nuhlan</i>	16		
<i>the volkar boastsung is heading to sea vermelhion but too wellbred</i>	17		
<i>not to ignore the umzemlianness of his rifal's preceedings in an effort</i>	18		
<i>towards autosotorisation, effaces himself in favour of the idiology</i>	19		
<i>alwise behounding his lumpy hump off homosodalism which means</i>	20		
<i>that if he has lain amain to lolly his liking - cabronne! - he may pops</i>	21		
<i>lilly a young one to his herth - combrune -) Oholy rasher, I'm be-</i>	22		
<i>liever! And Oho bullyclaver of ye, bragadore-gunneral! The</i>	23		
<i>grand ohold spider! It is a name to call to him Umsturdum Vonn!</i>	24		

Ah you were shutter reshottus and sieger besieged. Aha race of	25		
fiercemarchands counterination oho of shorpshoopers.	26		
BUTT (<i>miraculising into the Dann Deafir warcry, his bigotes</i>	27		
<i>bristling, as, jittinju triggity shittery pet, he shouts his thump and</i>	28		
<i>feeh fauh foul finngures up the heighohs of their ahs!</i>) Bluddy-	29		
muddymuzzle! The buckbeshottered! He'll umbozzle no more	30		
graves nor horne nor hauder lou garou for gayl geselles in	31		
dead men's hills! Kaptan (backsights to his bared!) His Cum-	32		
bulent Embulence, the frustate fourstar Russkakruscam, Dom	33		
Allaf O'Khorwan, connundurumchuff.	34		
TAFF (<i>who, asbestas can, wiz the healps of gosh and his bluzzid</i>	35		
<i>maikar, has been sulphuring to himsalves all the pungataries</i>	36		
FW353			
<i>of sin praktice in failing to furrow theogonies of the dommed).</i>	1		
Trisseme the mangoat! And the name of the Most Marsiful,	2		
the Aweghost, the Gragious One! In sobber sooth and in souber	3		
civiles? And to the dirtiment of the curtailment of his all of man?	4		
Notshoh?	5		
BUTT (<i>maomant scoffin, but apoxyomenously deturbaned but</i>	6		
<i>thems bleachin banes will be after making a bashman's haloday out</i>	7		
<i>of the euphorious hagiohygiecynicism of his die and be diademmed).</i>	8		

Yastsar! In sabre tooth and sobre saviles! Senonnevero! That	9		
he leaves nyet is my grafe. He deared me to it and he dared me	10		
do it, and bedattle I didaredonit as Cocksark of Killtork can	11		
tell and Ussur Ursussen of the viktaurios onrush with all the	12		
rattles in his arctic! As bold and as madhouse a bull in a meadows.	13		
Knout Knittrick Kinkypeard! Olefoh, the sourd of foemoe	14		
times! Unknun! For when meseemim, and tolfoklokken rolland	15		
allover ourloud's lande, beheaving up that sob of tunf for to	16		
claimhis, for to wollpimsolff, puddywhuck. Ay, and untuoning	17		
his culothone in an exitous erseroyal <i>Deo Jupto</i> . At that instullt	18		
to Igorladns! Prronto! I gave one dobblenotch and I ups with	19		
my crozzier. Mirrdo! With my how on armer and hits leg an	20		
arrow cockshock rockrogn. Sparro!	21		
<i>[The abnihilisation of the etym by the grisning of the grosning</i>	22		
<i>of the grinder of the grunder of the first lord of Hurtreford ex-</i>	23		
<i>polodotonates through Parsuralia with an ivanmorinthorrorumble</i>	24		
<i>fragoromboassity amidwhiches general uttermosts confussion are</i>	25		
<i>perceivable moletons skaping with mulicules while coventry</i>	26		
<i>plumpkins fairlygosmotherthemselves in the Landaunelegants</i>	27		
<i>of Pinkadindy. Similar scenatas are projectilised from Hullulullu,</i>	28		
<i>Bawlawayo, empyreal Raum and mordern Atems. They were</i>	29		
<i>precisely the twelves of clocks, noon minutes, none seconds.</i>	30		

<i>At some seat of Oldanelang's Konguerrig, by dawnbreak in</i>	31		
<i>Aira.]</i>	32		
TAFF (<i>skimperkamper, his wools gatherings all over cromlin</i>	33		
<i>what with the birstol boys artheynes and is it her tour and the</i>	34		
<i>crackery of the fullfour fivefirearms and the crockery of their dam-</i>	35		
FW354			
<i>dam domdom chumbers). Wharall thubulbs uptheaires! Shatta-</i>	1		
<i>movick?</i>	2		
BUTT (<i>pulling alast stark daniel with alest doog at doorak while</i>	3		
<i>too greater than pardon painfully the issue of his mouth diminuen-</i>	4		
<i>doing vility of vilities he becomes allasvitally faint). Shurenoff!</i>	5		
Like Faun MacGhoul!	6		
BUTT and TAFF (<i>desprot slave wager and foeman feodal un-</i>	7		
<i>sheckled, now one and the same person, their fight upheld to right</i>	8		
<i>for a wee while being baffled and tottered, umbraged by the shadow</i>	9		
<i>of Old Erssia's magisquammythical mulattomilitiaman, the living</i>	10		
<i>by owning over the surfers of the glebe whose sway craven minnions</i>	11		
<i>had caused to revile, as, too foul for hell, under boiling Mausés'</i>	12		
<i>burning brand, he falls by Goll's gillie, but keenheartened by the</i>	13		
<i>circuminsistence of the Parkes O'Rarelys in a hurdly gurdly Cicilian</i>	14		

FW355				
[The pump and pipe pingers are ideally reconstituted. The	1			
putther and bowls are peterpacked up. All the presents are deter-	2			
mining as regards for the future the howabouts of their past	3			
absences which they might see on at hearing could they once smell	4			
of tastes from touch. To ought find a values for. The must over-	5			
listingness. When ex what is ungiven. As ad where. Stillhead.	6			
Blunk.]	7			
Shutmup. And bud did down well right. And if he sung dumb	8			
in his glass darkly speech lit face to face on allaround.	9			
Vociferagitant. Viceversounding. Namely, Abdul Abulbul	10			
Amir or Ivan Slavansky Slavar. In alldconfusalem. As to whom the	11			
major guiltfeather pertained it was Hercushiccups' care to educe.	12			
Beauty's bath she's bound to bind beholders and pride, his purge,	13			
has place appoint in penance and the law's own libel lifts and	14			
lames the low with the lofty. Be of the housed! While the Hersy	15			
Hunt they harrow the hill for to rout them rollicking rogues	16			
from, rule those racketeer romps from, rein their rockery rides	17			
from. Rambling.	18			
Nightclothesed, arooned, the conquerods sway. After their	19			
battle thy fair bosom.	20			
— That is too tootruer enough in Solidan's Island as in Mol-	21			

tern Giaourmany and from the Amelakins off to date back to	22		
land of engined Egyptians, assented from his opening before his	23		
inlookers of where an oxmanstongue stalled stabled the well-	24		
nourished one, lord of the seven days, overlord of sats and suns,	25		
the sat of all the suns which are in the ring of his system of the	26		
sats of his sun, god of the scuffeldfallen skillfilledfelon, who (he	27		
contaimns) hangsters, who (he constrains) hersirrs, a gain chang-	28		
ful, a mintage vaster, heavy on shirts, lucky with shifts, the top-	29		
side humpup stummock atween his showdows fellah, Misto Tee-	30		
wiley Spillitshops, who keepeth watch in Khummer-Phett, whose	31		
spouse is An-Lyph, the dog's bladder, warmer of his couch in	32		
fore. We all, for whole men is lepers, have been nobbut won-	33		
terers in that chill childerness which is our true name after the	34		
allfaulters (mug's luck to em!) and, bespeaking of love and lie	35		
detectors in venuvarities, whateither the drugs truth of it, was	36		
FW356			
there an iota of from the faust to the lost. And that is at most re-	1		
doubtedly an overthrow of each and ilkermann of us, I persuade	2		
myself, before Gow, gentlemen, so true as this are my kopfinpot	3		
astrode on these is my boardsoldereds.	4		
It sollected, grobbling hummley, his roundhouse of seven	5		

orofaces, of all, guiltshouters or crimemummers to be sayd by,	6		
codnops, advices for, free of gracies, scamps encloded, com-	7		
petitioning them, if they had steadied Jura or when they had	8		
raced Messafissi, husband of your wifebetter or bestman botcha-	9		
lover of you yourself, how comes ever a body in our taylorised	10		
world to selve out thisis, whither it gives a primeum nobilees	11		
for our notomise or naught, the farst wriggle from the ubivence,	12		
whereom is man, that old offender, nother man, wheile he is	13		
asame. And fullexamplng. The pints in question. With some by-	14		
spills. And sicsecs to provim hurtig. Soup's on!	15		
— A time. And a find time. Whenin aye was a kiddling. And	16		
the tarikies held sowansopper. Let there beam a frishfrey. And	17		
they sodhe gudhe rudhe brodhe wedhe swedhe medhe in the	18		
kandledrum. I have just (let us suppraise) been reading in a	19		
(suppressed) book—it is notwithstempting by measures long	20		
and limited—the latterpress is eminently legligible and the paper,	21		
so he eagerly seized upon, has scarsely been buttered in works of	22		
previous publicity wholebeit in keener notcase would I turf aside	23		
for pastureuration. Packen paper paineth whomto is sacred	24		
scriptured sign. Who straps it scraps it that might, if ashed have	25		
healped. Enough, however, have I read of it, like my good bedst	26		
friend, to augur in the hurry of the times that it will cocommend	27		
the widest circulation and a reputation coextensive with its merits	28		

when intrusted into safe and pious hands upon so edifying a	29		
mission as it, I can see, as is his. It his ambullished with expurga-	30		
tive plates, replete in information and accampaigning the action	31		
passiom, slopbang, whizzcrash, boomarattling from burst to	32		
past, as I have just been seeing, with my warmest venerectons,	33		
of a timmersome townside upthecountrylifer, (Guard place the	34		
town!) allthose everwhalmed upon that preposterous blank seat,	35		
before the wordcraft of this early woodcutter, a master of vignett-	36		
FW357			
iennes and our findest grobsmid among all their orefices, (and,	1		
shukar in chowdar, so splunderdly English!) Mr Aubeyron	2		
Birdslay. Chubgoodchob, arsoncheep and wellwillworth a triat!	3		
Bismillafoulties. But the hasard you asks is justly ever behind his	4		
meddle throw! Those sad pour sad forengistanter, dastychappy	5		
dustyrust! Chaichairs. It is that something, awe, aurorbean in that	6		
fellow, hamid and damid, (did he have but Hugh de Brassey's	7		
beardslie his wear mine of ancient guised) which comequeers this	8		
anywhat perssian which we, owe, realisinus with purups a dard	9		
of pene. There is among others pleasons whom I love and which	10		
are favourests to mind, one which I have pushed my finker in for	11		
the movement and, but for my sealring is none to hand I swear,	12		

she is highly catatheristic and there is another which I have	13		
fombly fongered freequently and, when my signet is on sign	14		
again I swear she is deeply sangnificant. <i>Culpo de Dido!</i> Ars we	15		
say in the classies. <i>Kunstful</i> , we others said. What ravening shadow!	16		
What dovely line! Not the king of this age could richlier eyefeast	17		
in oreillant longuardness with alternate nightjoys of a thousand	18		
kinds but one kind. A shahrryar cobbler on me when I am lying!	19		
And whilst (when I doot my sliding panel and I hear cawcaw) I	20		
have been idylly turmbing over the loose looves leaflefts jaggled	21		
casuallty on the lamatory, as is my this is, as I must commit	22		
my lips to make misface for misfortune, often, so far as I can	23		
chance to recollect from the some farnights ago, (so dimsweet is	24		
that selvischdischdience of to not to be able to be obliged to	25		
have to hold further anything than a stone his throw's fruit's	26		
fall!) when I, if you wil excuse for me this informal leading down	27		
of illexpressibles, enlivened toward the Author of Nature by the	28		
natural sins ligger gobelimned theirs before me, (how differen-	29		
ded with the manmade Eonochs Cunstuntonopolies!), weather-	30		
ed they be of a general golf stature, assasserted, or blossomly	31		
emblushing them selves underneed of some howthern folleys,	32		
am entrenched up contemplating of myself, wiz my naked I, for	33		
relieving purposes in our trurally virvir vergitabile (garden) I	34		
sometimes, maybe, what has justly said of old Flannagan, a wake	35		

from this or huntsfurwards, with some shock (shell I so render	36		
FW358			
it?) have (when I ope my shylight window and I see cocoo) a	1		
notion quiet involuptary of that I am cadging hapsnots as at	2		
murmurrandoms of distend renations from ficsimilar phases or	3		
dugouts in the behindscenes of our earthwork (what roving	4		
shudder! what deadly loom!) as this is, at no spatial time pro-	5		
cessly which regards to concrude chronology about which in	6		
fact, at spite of I having belittled myself to my gay giftname of	7		
insectarian, happy burgages abeyance would make homesweets-	8		
town hopeygoalucrey, my mottu propprior, as I claim, cad's	9		
truck, I coined, I am highly pelaged and deeply gluttened to	10		
mind hindmost hearts to see by their loudest reports from my	11		
threespawn bottery parts (shsh!) that, colombophile and corvino-	12		
phobe alike when I have remassed me my travellingself as from	13		
Magellanic clouds, after my contractual expenditures, through	14		
the perofficies of merelimb, I, my good grief, I am, I am big	15		
altoogooder.	16		
He beached the bark of his tale; and set to husband and vine:	17		
and the harpermaster told all the living conservancy, know	18		
Meschiameschianah, how that win a gain was in again. Flying	19		

the Perseoroyal. Withal aboarder, padar and madar, hal and sal,	20		
the sens of Ere with the duchtars of Iran. Amick amack amock in	21		
a mucktub. Qith the tou loulous and the gryffygyffygyffs, at	22		
Fenegans Wick, the Wildemanns. Washed up whight and de-	23		
liveried rhight. Loud lauds to his luckhump and bejetties on jo-	24		
nahs! And they winxed and wanxed like baillybeacons. Till we	25		
woksed up oldermen.	26		
From whose plultibust preaggravated, by baskatchairch theo-	27		
logies (there werenighn on thaurity herouns in that alraschil	28		
arthouducks draken), they were whoalike placed to say, in the	29		
matters off ducomans nonbar one, with bears' respects to him and	30		
bulls' acknowledgments (come on now, girls! lead off, O cara,	31		
whichever won of you wins! The two Gemuas and Jane Agrah	32		
and Judy Tombuys!) disassembling and taking him apart, the	33		
slammocks, with discrimination for his maypole and a rub in	34		
passing over his hump, droguerries inaddendance, frons, fesces	35		
and frithstool: 1) he hade to die it, the beetle, 2) he didhithim self,	36		
FW359			
hod's fush, 3) all ever the pelican huntered with truly fond bull-	1		
pen backthought since his toork human life where his personal	2		
low outhired his taratoryism, the orenore under the selfhide of his	3		

bessermettle, was forsake in his chiltern and lumbojumbo, 4) he	4		
was like Fintan fore flood and after sometimes too damned	5		
merely often on the saved side, saw he was, 5) regarding to	6		
prussyattes or quazzyverzing he wassand no better than he would	7		
have been before he could have been better than what he warrant	8		
after, 6) blood, musk or haschish, as coked, diamoned or pence-	9		
loid, and bleaching him naclenude from all cohlorine matter,	10		
down to a boneash bittstoff, he's, tink fors tank, the same old	11		
dustamount on the same old tincoverdull baubleclass, totstitty-	12		
winktossler and bogusbagwindburster, whether fitting tyres onto	13		
Danelope boys or fluttering flaus for laurettas, whatever the	14		
bucket brigade and the plug party says, touchant Arser of the	15		
Rum Tipple and his camelottery and lyonesslooting but with a	16		
layaman's brutstrenth, by Jacobob and Esahur and the all saults	17		
or all sallies, what we warn to hear, jeff, is the woods of chirpsies	18		
cries to singaloo sweecheeriode and sock him up, the oldcant	19		
rogue.	20		
Group A.	21		
You have jest (a ham) beamed listening through (a ham pig)	22		
his haulted excerpt from John Whiston's fiveaxled production,	23		
<i>The Coach With The Six Insides</i> , from the Tales of Yore of the	24		
times gone by before there was a hofdking or a hoovthing or a	25		
pinginapoke in Oreland, all sould. Goes Tory by Eeric Whigs is	26		

To Become Tintinued in <i>Fearson's Nightly</i> in the Lets All Wake	27		
Brickfaced In Lucan. Lhirondella, jaunty lhirondella! With tirra	28		
lirra rondinelles, atantivy we go!	29		
Attention! Stand at!! Ease!!!	30		
We are now diffusing among our lovers of this sequece (to	31		
you! to you!) the dewfolded song of the naughtingels (Alys!	32		
Alysaloe!) from their sheltered positions, in rosescenery hay-	33		
dyng, on the heather side of waldalure, Mount Saint John's,	34		
Jinnyland, whither our allies winged by duskfoil from Moore-	35		
parque, swift sanctuary seeking, after Sunsink gang (Oiboe!	36		
FW360			
Hitherzither! Almost dotty! I must dash!) to pour their peace in	1		
partial (floflo floreflorence), sweetishsad lightandgayle, twittwin	2		
twosingwoolow. Let everie sound of a pitch keep still in reson-	3		
ance, jemcrow, jackdaw, prime and secund with their terce that	4		
whoe betwides them, now full theorbe, now dulcifair, and when	5		
we press of pedal (sof!) pick out and vowelise your name.	6		
A mum. You pere Golazy, you mere Bare and you Bill Heeny, and	7		
you Smirky Dainty and, more beethoken, you wheckfoolthe-	8		
nairyans with all your badchthumpered peanas! We are gluck-	9		
glucky in our being so far fortunate that, bark and bay duol with	10		

Man Goodfox inchimings having ceased to the moment, so allow	11		
the clinkars of our nocturnefield, night's sweetmoztheart, their	12		
Carmen Sylvae, my quest, my queen. Lou must wail to cool me	13		
airly! Coil me curly, warbler dear! May song it flourish (in the	14		
underwood), in chorush, long make it flourish (in the Nut, in the	15		
Nutsky) till thorush! Secret Hookup.	16		
— Roguenaar Loudbrags, that soddy old samph! How high	17		
is vuile, var?	18		
To which yes he did, capt, that was the answer.	19		
— And his shartshort trooping its colours! We knows his	20		
ventruquulence.	21		
Which that that rang ripprippipling.	22		
— Bulbul, bulbulone! I will shally. Thou shalt willy. You wouldnt	23		
should as youd remesmer. I hypnot. 'Tis golden sickle's hour.	24		
Holy moon priestess, we'd love our grappes of mistellose! Moths	25		
the matter? Pschtt! Tabarins comes. To fell our fairest. O gui, O	26		
gui! Salam, salms, salaum! Carolus! O indeed and we ware! And	27		
hoody crow was ere. I soared from the peach and Missmolly	28		
showed her pear too, onto three and away. Whet the bee as to	29		
deflowret greendy grassies yellowhorse. Kematitis, cele our er-	30		
dours! Did you aye, did you eye, did you everysee suchaway,	31		
suchawhy, eeriewhigg airywhugger? Even to the extremity of	32		
the world? Dingoldell! The enormanous his, our littlest little!	33		

Wee wee, that long alancey one! Let sit on this anthill for our	34		
frilldress talk after this day of making blithe inveiled the heart	35		
before our groatsupper serves to us Panchomaster and let har-	36		
FW361			
leqwind play peeptomine up all our colombinations! Wins	1		
won is nought, twigs too is nil, tricks trees makes nix, fairs fears	2		
stoops at nothing. And till Arthur comes againus and sen pea-	3		
trick's he's reformed we'll pose him together a piece, a pace.	4		
Shares in guineases! There's lovely the sight! Surey me, man	5		
weepful! Big Seat, you did hear? And teach him twisters in	6		
tongue irish. Pat lad may goh too. Quicken, aspen; ash and yew;	7		
willow, broom with oak for you. And move your tellabout. Not	8		
nice is that, limpet lady! Spose we try it promissly. Love all.	9		
Naytellmeknot tennis! Taunt me treattening! But do now say to	10		
Mr Eustache! Ingean mingen has to hear. Whose joint is out of	11		
jealousy now? Why, heavilybody's evillyboldy's. Hopping Gra-	12		
cius, onthy ovful! O belessk mie, what a nerve! How a mans in	13		
his armor we nurses know. Wingwong welly, pitty pretty Nelly!	14		
Some Poddy pitted in, will anny petty pullet out? Call Kitty	15		
Kelly! Kissykitty Killykelly! What a nossowl buzzard! But what	16		
a neats ung gels!	17		

Here all the leaves alift aloft, full o'lieving, fell alaughing over	18		
Ombrellone and his parasollieras with their black thronguards	19		
from the County Shillelagh. Ignorant invincibles, innocents im-	20		
mutant! Onzel grootvatter Lodewijk is onangonamed before the	21		
bridge of primerose and his twy Isas Boldmans is met the bluey-	22		
bells near Dandeliond. We think its a gorsedd shame, these go-	23		
doms. A lark of limonladies! A lurk of orangetawneymen! You're	24		
backleg wounted, budkley mister, bester of the boyne!	25		
And they leaved the most leavely of leaftimes and the most	26		
folliagenous till there came the marrer of mirth and the jangthe-	27		
rapper of all jocularinas and they were as were they never ere.	28		
Yet had they laughed, one on other, undo the end and enjoyed	29		
their laughings merry was the times when so grant it High Hila-	30		
rion us may too!	31		
Cease, prayce, storywalkering around with gestare romano-	32		
verum he swinking about is they think and plan unrawil	33		
what.	34		
Back to Droughty! The water of the face has flowed.	35		
The all of them, the sowriegueuxers, blottyeyed boys, in that	36		
FW362			
pig's village smoke, a sixdigitarian legion on druid circle, the	1		

Clandibblon clam cartel, then pulled out and came off and rally	2		
agreed them, roasted malts with toasted burleys, in condemnation	3		
of his totomptation and for the duration till his reepulation,	4		
upon old nollcromforemost ironsides, as camnabel chieftain, since,	5		
as Sammon trowed to explain to summon, seeing that, as he had	6		
contracted out of islands empire, he might as coolly have rolled	7		
to school call, tarponturboy, a grampurpose, the manyfathom	8		
brinegroom with the fortyinch bride, out of the cuptin klanclord	9		
kettle auction like the soldr of a british he was bound to be and	10		
become till the sea got him whilask, from maker to misses and	11		
what he gave was as a pattern, he, that hun of a horde, is a finn	12		
as she, his tent wife, is a lap, at home on a steed, abroad by the	13		
fire (to say nothing of him having done whatyouknow howyou-	14		
saw whenyouheard whereyouwot, the kenspeckled souckar,	15		
generose as cocke, greediguss with garzelle, uprighter of age and	16		
most umbrasive of yews all, under heaviest corpus exemption)	17		
and whoasever spit her in howsoever's fondling saving her	18		
keepers that mould the bould she sould to hould the wine that	19		
wakes the barley, the peg in his pantry to hold the heavyache off	20		
his heart. The droll delight of deemsterhood, a win from the	21		
wood to bond. Like the bright lamps, Thamamahalla, yearin out	22		
yearin. Auspiciously suspectable but in expectancy of respectable-	23		
ness. From dirty flock bedding, drip dropping through the ceil-	24		

ing, with two sisters of charities on the front steps and three eva-	25			
cuan cleansers at the back gaze, single box and pair of chairs	26			
(suspectable), occasionally and alternatively used by husband	27			
when having writing to do in connection with equitable druids	28			
and friendly or other societies through periods of dire want with	29			
comparative plenty (thunderburst, ravishment, dissolution and	30			
providentiality) to a sofa allbeit of hoarsehaar with Amodicum	31			
cloth, hired payono, still playing off, used by the youngsters for	32			
czurnying out oldstrums, three bedrooms upstairs, of which	33			
one with fireplace (aspectable), with greenhouse in prospect (par-	34			
ticularly perspectable).	35			
And you, when you kept at Dulby, were you always (for that	36			
FW363				
time only) what we knew how when we (from that point solely)	1			
were you know where? There you are! And why? Why, hitch a	2			
cock eye, he was snapped on the sly upsadaisyng coras pearls	3			
out of the pie when all the perts in princer street set up their	4			
tinker's humn, (the rann, the rann, that keen of old bards), with	5			
them newnesboys pearcin screaming off their armsworths. The	6			
boss made dovesandraves out of his bucknesst while herself	7			
wears the bowler's hat in her bath. Deductive Almayne Rogers	8			

disguides his voice, shetters behind hoax chestnote from exexive.	9		
Heat wives rasing. They jest keeps rosing. He jumps leaps rizing.	10		
Howlong!	11		
You known that tom? I certainly know. Is their bann boths-	12		
tised? Suddenly now. Has they bane reneemed? Soothinly low.	13		
Does they ought to buy the papelboy when he footles up their	14		
suit? He's their mark to foil the flouter and they certainty	15		
owe.	16		
He sprit in his phiz (baccon!). He salt to their bis (pudden!).	17		
He toockled her palam (so calam is solom!). And he suked their	18		
friends' leave (bonnick lass, fair weal!)	19		
— Guilty but fellows culpows! It was felt by me sindeade, that	20		
submerged doughdoughty doubleface told waterside labourers.	21		
But since we for athome's health have chanced all that, the wild	22		
whips, the wind ships, the wonderlost for world hips, unto their	23		
foursquare trust prayed in aid its plumptylump piteousness	24		
which, when it turtled around seeking a thud of surf, spake to	25		
approach from inherdoff trisspass through minxmingled hair.	26		
Though I may have hawked it, said, and selled my how hot peas	27		
after theactrisscalls from my imprecurious position and though	28		
achance I could have emptied a pan of backslop down drain by	29		
whiles of dodging a rere from the middenprivet appurtenant	30		
thereof, salving the presents of the board of wumps and pumps,	31		

I am ever incalpable, where release of prisonals properly is con-	32		
cerned, of unlifting upfallen girls wherein dangered from them	33		
in thereopen out of unadulteratous bowery, with those hintering	34		
influences from an angelsexonism. It was merely my barely till	35		
their oh offs. Missaunderstaid. Meggy Guggy's giggag. The	36		
FW364			
code's proof! The rebald danger with they who would bare white-	1		
ness against me I dismissem from the mind of good. He can tell	2		
such as story to the Twelfth Maligns that my first was a nurss-	3		
maid and her fellower's a willbe perambulatrix. There are twingty	4		
to twangty too thews and leathermail coatschemes penparing to	5		
hostpost for it valinnteerily with my valued fofavour to the post	6		
puzzles deparkment with larch parchels' of presents for future	7		
branch offercings. The green approve the raid! Shaum Baum's	8		
bode he is amustering in the groves while his shool comes merg-	9		
ing along! Want I put myself in their kirtlies I were ayearn to	10		
leap with them and show me too bisextine. Dear and lest I for-	11		
get mergers and bow to you low, marchers! Attemption! What	12		
a mazing month of budsome misses they are making, so wingty-	13		
wish to flit beflore their kin! Attonsure! Ears to hears! The skull	14		
of a gall (for every dime he yawpens that momouth you could	15		

park your ford in it) who has papertreated him into captivities	16			
with his inside man by a hocksheat of starvision for an avrageto-	17			
peace of parchment, cooking up his lenses to be my apoclogypst,	18			
the recreuter of conscraptions, let him be asservent to Kinahaun!	19			
For (peace peace perfectpeace!) I have abwaited me in a water of	20			
Elin and I have placed my reeds intectis before the Registower of	21			
the perception of tribute in the hall of the city of Analbe. How	22			
concerns any merryaunt and hworsoever gravesobbers it is	23			
perensempry sex of fun to help a dazzle off the othour. What for	24			
Mucias and Gracias may the duvlin rape the handsomst! And the	25			
whole mad knightmayers' nest! Tunpothor, prison and plotch!	26			
If Y shoulden somewhat, well, I am able to owe it, hearth and chem-	27			
ney easy. They seeker for vannflaum all worldins merkens. I'll	28			
eager make lyst turpidump undher arkens. Basast! And if my liti-	29			
gimate was well to wrenn tigtag cackling about it, like the sally	30			
berd she is, to abery ham in the Cutey Strict, (I shall call upon	31			
my first among my lost of lyrars beyond a jingoobangoist, to	32			
overcast her) dismissing mundamanu all the riflings of her vic-	33			
tuum gleaner (my old chuck! she drakes me druck! turning out,	34			
gay at ninety!) and well shoving off a boastonmess like lots wives	35			
does over her handpicked hunsbend, as she would be calling, well,	36			
FW365				

for further oil mircles upon all herwayferer gods and reanounc-	1		
ing my deviltries as was I a locally person of caves until I got my	2		
purchase on her firmforhold I am, I like to think, by their sacre-	3		
ligion of daimond cap daimond, confessedly in my baron gentil-	4		
homme to the manhor bourne till ladiest day as panthoposopher,	5		
to have splet for groont a peer of bellows like Bacchulus shakes a	6		
rousing guttural at any old cerpaintime by peaching (allsole we	7		
are not amusical) the worry warst against myself in the defile as	8		
a lieberretter sebaiscopal of these mispeschyites of the first virgi-	9		
nial water who, without an auction of biasement from my part,	10		
with gladyst tone ahquickyessed in it, overhowe and under-	11		
where, the totty lolly poppy flossy conny dollymaukins! Though	12		
I heave a coald on my bauck and am could up to my eres hoven	13		
sametimes I used alltides to be aswarmer for the meekst and the	14		
graced. You are not going to not. You might be threeabreasted	15		
wholenosing at a whallhoarding from our Don Amir anent villa-	16		
yets prostatution precisingly kuschkars tarafs and it could be	17		
double densed uncounthest hour of allbleakest age with a bad of	18		
wind and a barran of rain, nompos mentis like Novus Elector, what	19		
with his Marx and their Groups, yet did a doubt, should a dare,	20		
were to you, you would do and dhamnk me, shenker, dhumnk you.	21		
Skunk. And fare with me to share with me. Hinthier and thonthier,	22		

hant by hont. By where dauvening shedders down whose rovely	23			
lanes. As yose were and as yese is. Sure and you would, Mr Mac	24			
Gurk! Be sure and you would, Mr O'Duane! To be sure and you	25			
would so, Mr MacElligut! Wod you nods? Mom mom. No mum	26			
has the rod to pud a stub to the lurch of amotion. My little love	27			
apprencisses, my dears, the estelles, van Nessies von Nixies voon	28			
der pool, which I had a reyal devouts for yet was it marly lowease	29			
or just a feel with these which olderman K.K. Alwayswelly he	30			
is showing ot the fullnights for my palmspread was gav to a	31			
parsleysprig, the curliest weedeen old ocean coils around, so spruce	32			
a spice for salthorse, sonnies, and as tear to the thrusty as Tay-	33			
lor's Spring, when aftabournes, when she was look like a little	34			
cheayat chilled (Oh sard! ah Mah!) by my tide impracing, as	35			
Beacher seath, and all the colories fair fled from my folced cheeks!	36			
FW366				
Popottes, where you cancel me you mayst forced guage my	1			
bribes. Wickedgapers, I appeal against the light! A nexistence of	2			
vividence! Panto, boys, is on a looser inloss; ballet, girls, suppline	3			
thrown tights. I have wanted to thank you such a long time so	4			
much now. Thank you. Sir, kindest of bottleholders and very dear	5			
friend, among our hearts of steel, frouतिकnow, it will befor you,	6			

me dare beautiful young soldier, winner nor anyour of rudi-	7		
mental moskats, before you go to mats, you who have watched	8		
your share with your sockboule sodalists on your buntad nogs at	9		
our love tennis squats regatts, suckpump, when on with the balls	10		
did disserve the fain, my goldrush gainst her silvernetss, to say,	11		
biguidd, for the love of goddess and perthanow as you reveres	12		
your one mothers, mitsch for matsch, and while I reveal thus my	13		
deepseep daughter which was bourne up pridely out of meds-	14		
dreams unclouthed when I was pillowing in my brime (of Satur-	15		
nay Eve, how now, woren't we't?), to see, I say, whoahoa, in stay	16		
of execution <i>in re</i> Milcho Melekmans, increaminated, what you	17		
feel, oddrabbitt, upon every strong ground you have ever taken	18		
up, by bitterstiff work or battonstaff play, with assault of turk	19		
against a barrakraval of grakeshoots, e'en tho' Jambuwel's defe-	20		
calties is Terry Shimmyrag's upperturnity, if that is grace for the	21		
grass what is balm for the bramblers, as it is as it is, that I am the	22		
catasthmatic old ruffin sippahsedly improctor to be seducint tro-	23		
vatellas, the dire daffy damedeaconesses, like (why sighs the	24		
sootheesinger) the lilliths oft I feldt, and, when boobooob brutals	25		
and cautiouses only aims at the oggog hogs in the humand, then,	26		
(Houtes, Blymey and Torrenation, upkurts and scotchem!) I'll	27		
tall tale tell croon paysecurers, sowill nuggets and nippers, that	28		
thash on me stumpen blows the gaff off mombition and thit thides	29		

or marse makes a good dayle to be shattat. Fall stuff.	30		
His rote in ere, afstef, was.	31		
And dong wonged Magongty till the bombtomb of the warr,	32		
thrusshed in his whole soort of cloose.	33		
Whisht who wooed in Weald, bays of Bawshaw binding. The	34		
desire of Miriam is the despair of Marian as Joh Joseph's beauty	35		
is Jacq Jacob's grief. Brow, tell nun; eye, feign sad; mouth, sing	36		
FW367			
mim. Look at Lokman! Whatbetween the cupgirls and the	1		
platterboys. And he grew back into his grossery baseness: and	2		
for all his grand remonstrance: and there you are.	3		
Here endeth chinchinatibus with have speak finish. With a	4		
haygue for a halt on a pouncefoot panse. Pink, pleas pink, two	5		
pleas pink, how to pleas pink.	6		
Punk.	7		
Mask one. Mask two. Mask three. Mask four.	8		
Up.	9		
— Look about you, Tutty Comyn!	10		
— Remember and recall, Kullykeg!	11		
— When visiting Dan Leary try the corner house for thee.	12		
— I'll gie ye credit for simmence more if ye'll be lymphing.	13		

Our four avunculusts.	14		
And, since threestory serratelling was much too many, they	15		
maddened and they morgued and they lungd and they jowld.	16		
Synopticked on the word.	17		
Till the Juke done it.	18		
Down.	19		
Like Jukoleon, the seagoer, when he bore down in his perry	20		
boat he had raised a slide and shipped his orders and seized his	21		
pullets and primed their plumages, the fionnling and dubhlet, the	22		
dun and the fire, and, sending them one by other to fare fore forn,	23		
he had behold the residuance of a delugion: the foggy doze still	24		
going strong, the old thalassocrats of invinsible empores, maskers	25		
of the waterworld, facing one way to another way and this way	26		
on that way, from severalled their fourdimmansions. Where the	27		
lighning leaps from the numbulous; where coold by cawld breide	28		
lieth langwid; the bounds whereinbourne our solied bodies all	29		
attomed attain arrest: appoint, that's all. But see what follows.	30		
Wringlings upon wringlings among incomputables about an	31		
uncomeoutable (an angel prophetethis? kingcorrier of beheasts?	32		
the calif in his halifskin? that eyriewinging one?) and the voids	33		
bubbily vode's dodos across the which the boomomouths from	34		
their dupest dupes were in envery and anononously blowing	35		
great.	36		

FW368				
Guns.	1			
Keep backwards, please, because there was no good to gundy	2			
running up again. Guns. And it was written up in big capital.	3			
Guns. Saying never underrupt greatgrandgosterfosters! Guns.	4			
And whatever one did they said, the fourlings, that on no accounts	5			
you were not to. Guns.	6			
Not to pad them behaut in the fear. Not to go, tonnerwatter,	7			
and bungley well chute the rising gianerant. Not to wandly be	8			
woking around jerumsalemdo at small hours about the murketplots,	9			
smelling okey boney, this little figgy and arraky belloky this little	10			
pink into porker but, porkodirto, to let the gentlemen pedesta-	11			
rolies out of the Monabella culculpuration live his own left leave,	12			
cullebuone, by perperusual of the petpublicities without inwok-	13			
ing his also's between (<i>sic</i>) the arraky bone and (<i>suc</i>) the okey	14			
bellock. And not to not be always, hemmer and hummer, treeing	15			
unselves up with one exite but not to never be caving nicely, pre-	16			
cisely, quicely, rebustly, tendrolly, unremarkably, forsakenly, hal-	17			
tedly, reputedly, firstly, somewhatly, yesayenolly about the back	18			
excits. Never to weaken up in place of the broths. Never to vvol-	19			
lussllepp in the pleece of the poots. And, allerthings, never to ate	20			

the sour deans if they weren't having anysin on their consients.	21			
And, when in Zumschloss, to never, narks, cease till the finely	22			
ending was consummated by the completion of accomplishment.	23			
And thus within the tavern's secret booth The wisehight ones	24			
who sip the tested sooth Bestir them as the Just has bid to jab The	25			
punch of quaram on the mug of truth.	26			
K.C. jowls, they're sodden in the secret. K.C. jowls, they sure	27			
are wise. K.C. jowls, the justicestjobbers, for they'll find another	28			
faller if their ruse won't rise. Whooley the Whooper.	29			
There is to see. Squarish large face with the atlas jacket. Brights,	30			
brownie eyes in bluesackin shoeings. Peaky booky nose over a	31			
lousiany shirt. Ruddy stackle hair besides a strawcamel belt.	32			
Namely. Gregorovitch, Leonocopolos, Tarpinacci and Duggel-	33			
duggel. And was theys stare all atime? Yea but they was. Andor-	34			
ing the games, induring the studies, undaring the stories, end all.	35			
Ned? Only snugged then and cosied after one perceived nought	36			
FW369				
while tuffbettle outraged the waywords and meansigns of their	1			
hinterhand suppliesdemands. And be they gone to splane splica-	2			
tion? That host that hast one on the hoose when backturns when	3			
he facefronts none none in the house his geust has guest. You bet	4			

they is. And nose well down.	5		
With however what sublation of compensation in the radifica-	6		
tion of interpretation by the byeboys? Being they. Mr G. B. W.	7		
Ashburner, S. Bruno's Toboggan Drive, Mr Faixgood, Bell-	8		
chimbers, Carolan Crescent, Mr I. I. Chattaway, Hilly Gape,	9		
Poplar Park, Mr Q. P. Dieudonney, The View, Gazey Peer,	10		
Mr T. T. Erchdeakin, Multiple Lodge, Jiff Exby Rode, Mr W. K.	11		
Ferris-Fender, Fert Fort, Woovil Doon Botham ontowhom	12		
adding the tout that pumped the stout that linked the lank that	13		
cold the sandy that nextdoored the rotter that rooked the rhymer	14		
that lapped at the hoose that Joax pilled.	15		
They had heard or had heard said or had heard said written.	16		
Fidelisat.	17		
That there first a rudrik kingcomed to an inn court; and the	18		
seight of that yard was a perchypole with a loovahgloovah on it;	19		
last mannarks maketh man when wandshift winneth womans: so	20		
how would it hum, whoson of a which, if someof aswas to start	21		
to stunt the story on?	22		
So many needles to ponk out to as many noodles as are com-	23		
pany, they noddling all about it <i>tutti to tempo</i> , decumans numbered	24		
too, (<i>a</i>) well, that the secretary bird, better known as Pandoria	25		
Paullabucca, whom they thought was more like a solicitor general,	26		
indiscriminatingly made belief mid authorsagastions from Schelm	27		

the Pelman to write somewords to Senders about her chilikin	28			
puck, laughing that Poulebec would be the death of her, (b) that,	29			
well, that Madges Tighe, the postulate auditressee, when her	30			
dare mood's a grownian is always on the who goes where, hoping	31			
to Michal for the latter to turn up with a cupital tea before her	32			
ephumeral comes off without any much father which is parting	33			
parcel of the same goumeral's postoppage, it being lookwhyse on	34			
the whence blows weather helping mickle so that the loiter end of	35			
that leader may twaddle out after a cubital lull with a hopes soon	36			
FW370				
to ear, comprong? (c) becakes the goatsman on question, or what-	1			
ever the hen the bumbler was, feeling not up to scratch bekicks	2			
of whatever the kiddings Payne Inge and Popper meant for him,	3			
thoughy onced at a throughlove, true grievingfrue danger, as a	4			
nirshe persent to his minstress, devoured the pair of them	5			
Mather Caray's chucklings, <i>pante blanche</i> , and skittered his litters	6			
like the cavaliery man in Cobra Park for ungeboren yenkelmen,	7			
Jeremy Trouvas or Kepin O'Keepers, any old howe and any old	8			
then and when around Dix Dearthly Dungbin, remarking sceni-	9			
cally with laddylike lassitude upon what he finally postscrapped,	10			
(d) after it's so long till I thanked you about I do so much now	11			

thank you so very much as you introduced me to fourks, (e) will,	12		
these remind to be sane? (f) Fool step! Aletheometry? Or just	13		
zoot doon floon?	14		
Nut it out, peeby eye! Onamassofmancynaves.	15		
But. Top.	16		
You were in the same boat of yourselves too, Getobodoff or	17		
Treamplasurin; and you receptionated the most diliskious of	18		
milisk; which it all flowowered your drooplin dunlearies: but	19		
dribble a drob went down your rothole. Meaning, Kelly, Grimes,	20		
Phelan, Mollanny, O'Brien, MacAlister, Sealy, Coyle, Hynes-	21		
Joynes Naylar-Traynor Courcy de Courcy and Gilligan-Goll.	22		
Stunner of oddstodds on bluebleeding boarhorse! What	23		
soresen's head subprises thus tous out of rumpumplikun oak with,	24		
well, we cannot say whom we are looking like through his now-	25		
face? It is of Noggens whilk dusts the bothsides of the seats of the	26		
bigslaps of the bogchaps of the porlarbaar of the marringaar of the	27		
Lochlunn gonlannludder of the feof of the foef of forfummed	28		
Ship-le-Zoyd.	29		
Bounce! It is polisignstunter. The Sockerson boy. To pump	30		
the fire of the lewd into those soulths of bauchees, havsouse-	31		
dovers, tillfellthey deadwar knootvindict. An whele time he was	32		
rancing there smutsy floskons nodunder ycholerd for their	33		
poopishers, ahull onem Fyre maynoother endnow! Shatten up	34		

ship! Bououounce! Nomo clandoilskins cheakinlevers! All	35		
ashored for Capolic Gizzards! Stowlaway there, glutany of	36		
FW371			
stainks! Porterfillyers and spirituous suncksters, oooom oooom!	1		
As these vitupetards in his boasum he did strongleholder,	2		
bushbrows, nobblynape, swinglyswanglers, sunkentrunk, that	3		
from tin of this clucken hadded runced slapottleslup. For him	4		
had hord from fard a piping. As? Of?	5		
Dour douchy was a sieguldson. He cooed that loud nor he	6		
was young. He cud bad caw nor he was gray Like wather parted	7		
from the say.	8		
Ostia, lift it! Lift at it, Ostia! From the say! Away from the say!	9		
Himhim. Himhim.	10		
Hearhasting he, himmed, reromembered all the chubbs, chipps,	11		
chaffs, chuckinpucks and chayney chimebells That he had mistri-	12		
buted in port, pub, park, pantry and poultryhouse, While they,	13		
thered, the others, that are, were most emulously concerned to	14		
cupturing the last dropes of summour down through their	15		
grooves of blarneying. Ere the sockson locked at the dure. Which	16		
he would, shuttinshure. And lave them to sture.	17		
For be all rules of sport 'tis right That youth bedower'd to	18		

charm the night Whilst age is dumped to mind the day When	19		
wather parted from the say.	20		
The humming, it's coming. Insway onsway.	21		
Fingool MacKishgmard Obesume Burgearse Benefice, He was	22		
bowen hem and scrapin him in recolcitrantament to the right-	23		
about And these probenopubblicoes clamatising for an extinsion	24		
on his hostillery With his chargehand bombing their eres. Tids,	25		
genmen, plays, she been goin shoothor off almaynoother on-	26		
awares.	27		
You here nort farwellens rouster? Ashiffle ashuffle the wayve	28		
they.	29		
From Dancingtree till Suttonstone There's lads no lie would	30		
filch a crown To mull their sack and brew their tay With wather	31		
parted from the say.	32		
Lelong Awaindhoo's a selverbourne enrouted to Rochelle	33		
Lane and liberties those Mullinguard minstrelers are marshal-	34		
sing, par tunepiped road, under where, perked on hollowy hill, that	35		
poor man of Lyones, good Dook Weltington, hugon come er-	36		
FW372			
rindwards, had hircomed to the belles bows and been cutat-	1		
trapped by the mausers. Now is it town again, londmear of Dub-	2		

lin! And off course the toller, ples the dotter of his eyes with	3		
her: Moke the Wanst, whye doe we aime alike a pose of poeter	4		
peaced? While the dumb he shoots the shopper rope. And they	5		
all pour forth. Sans butly Tuppeter Sowyer the rouged engene-	6		
rand, a barttler of the beauyne, still our benjamin liefest, some-	7		
time frankling to thise citye, whereas bigrented him a piers half	8		
subporters for his arms, Josiah Pipkin, Amos Love, Raoul Le Feb-	9		
ber, Blaize Taboutot, Jeremy Yopp, Francist de Loomis, Hardy	10		
Smith and Sequin Pettit followed by the snug saloon seanad of	11		
our Café Béranger. The scenictutors.	12		
Because they wonted to get out by the goatweigh afore the sheep	13		
was looset for to wish the Wobbleton Whiteleg Welshers kailly-	14		
kailly kellykekkle and savebeck to Brownhazelwood from all the	15		
dinnasdoolins on the labious banks of their swensewn snewwes-	16		
ner, turned again weastinghome, by Danesbury Common, and	17		
they onely, duoly, thruely, fairly after rainydraining founy-	18		
buckets (chalkem up hemptyempty!) till they caught the wind	19		
abroad (alley loafers passinggeering!) all the rockers on the	20		
roads and all the boots in the stretes.	21		
Oh dere! Ah hoy!	22		
Last ye, lundsmin, hasty hosty! For an anondation of miri-	23		
fication and the lutification of our paludination.	24		
His bludgeon's bruk, his drum is tore. For spuds we'll keep the	25		

hat he wore And roll in clover on his clay By wather parted	26			
from the say.	27			
Hray! Free rogue Mountone till Dew Mild Well to corry awen	28			
and glowry! Are now met by Brownaboy Fuinnninuinn's former	29			
for a lyncheon partyng of his burgherbooh. The Shanavan	30			
Wacht. Rantinroarin Batteries Dorans. And that whistling thief,	31			
O' Ryne O'Rann. With a catch of her cunning like and nowhere	32			
a keener.	33			
The for eolders were aspolootly at their wetsend in the mailing	34			
waters, trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! Because number one	35			
lived at Bothersby North and he was trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide!	36			
FW373				
Seek! And number two digged up Poors Coort, Soother, trying	1			
to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! And nomber three he slepted with	2			
Lilly Tekkles at The Eats and he was trying to. Hide! Seek!	3			
Hide! Seek! And the last with the sailalloyd donggie he was	4			
berthed on the Moherboher to the Washte and they were all try-	5			
ing to and baffling with the walters of, hoompsydoompsy walters	6			
of. High! Sink! High! Sink! Highohigh! Sinkasink!	7			
Waves.	8			
The gangstairs strain and anger's up As Hoisty rares the can	9			

and cup To speed the bogre's barque away O'er wather parted	10		
from the say.	11		
Horkus chiefest ebblynuncies!	12		
— He shook be ashaped of hempshelves, hiding that shepe in	13		
his goat. And for rassembling so bearfelled the magreedy	14		
prince of Roger. Thuthud. Heigh hohse, heigh hohse, our kin-	15		
dom from an orse! Bruni Lanno's woollies on Brani Lonni's	16		
hairyparts. And the hunk in his trunk it would be an insalt foul	17		
the matter of that cellaring to a pigstrough. Stop his laysense.	18		
Ink him! You would think him Alddaublin staking his lordsure like	19		
a gourd on puncheon. Deblinity devined. Wholehunting the pairk	20		
on a methylogical mission whenever theres imberillas! And call-	21		
ing Rina Roner Reinette Ronayne. To what mine answer is a	22		
lemans. Arderleys, beedles and postbillers heard him. Three	23		
points to one. Ericus Vericus corrupted into ware eggs. Dummy	24		
up, distillery! Broree aboo! Run him a johnsgate down jameses-	25		
lane. Begetting a wife which begame his niece by pouring her	26		
youngthings into skintighs. That was when he had dizzy spells.	27		
Till Gladstools Pillools made him ride as the mall. Thanks to his	28		
huedobrass beard. Lodenbroke the Longman, now he canseels	29		
under veerious persons but is always that Rorke relly! On con-	30		
sideration for the musickers he ought to have down it. Pass out	31		
your cheeks, why daunt you! Penalty, please! There you'll know	32		

how warder barded the bollhead that parsed our alley. We just	33		
are upsidedown singing what ever the dimkims mummur alla-	34		
lilty she pulls inner out heads. This is not the end of this by no	35		
manners means. When you've bled till you're bone it crops out	36		
FW374			
in your flesh. To tell how your mead of, mard, is made of. All old	1		
Dadgerson's dodges one conning one's copying and that's what	2		
wonderland's wanderlad'll flaunt to the fair. A trancedone boy-	3		
script with tittivits by. Ahem. You'll read it tomorrow, marn,	4		
when the curds on the table. A nigg for a nogg and a thrate for	5		
a throte. The auditor learns. Still pumping on Torkenwhite Rad-	6		
lumps, Lencs. In preplays to Anonymay's left hinted palinode	7		
obviously inspiterebbed by a sibspecious connexion. Note the	8		
notes of admiration! See the signs of suspicion! Count the hemi-	9		
semidemicolons! Screamer caps and invented gommas, quoites	10		
puntlost, forced to farce! The pipette will say anything at all for	11		
a change. And you know what aglove means in the Murdrus due-	12		
luct! Fewer to feud and rompent culotticism, a fuggle for the glee-	13		
men and save, sit and sew. And a pants outsizinned on the	14		
Doughertys' duckboard pointing to peace at home. In some	15		
lawanorder on lovinardor. Wait till we hear the Boy of Biskop	16		

reeling around your postoral lector! Epistlemadethemology for	17			
deep dorfy doubtlings. As we'll lay till break of day in the bunk of	18			
basky, O! Our island, Rome and duty! Well tried, buckstiff! Batt	19			
in, boot! Sell him a breach contact, the vendor, the buylawyer!	20			
One hyde, sack, hic! Two stick holst, Lucky! Finnish Make Goal!	21			
First you were Nomad, next you were Namar, now you're Nu-	22			
mah and it's soon you'll be Nomon. Hence counsels Ecclesiast.	23			
There's every resumption. The forgein offils is on the shove to	24			
lay you out dossier. Darby's in the yard, planning it on you, plot	25			
and edgings, the whispering peeler after cooks wearing an illfor-	26			
mation. The find of his kind! An artist, sir! And dirt cheap at	27			
a sovereign a skull! He knows his Finsbury Follies backwoods	28			
so you batter see to your regent refutation. Ascure winde is rifting	29			
again about nice boys going native. You know who was wrote	30			
about in the Orange Book of Estchapel? Basil and the two other	31			
men from King's Avenance. Just press this cold brand against	32			
your brow for a mow. Cainfully! The sinus the curse. That's it.	33			
Hung Chung Egglyfella now speak he tell numptywumpty top-	34			
sawys belongahim pidgin. Secret things other persons place there	35			
covered not. How you fell from story to story like a sagasand	36			
FW375				

to lie. Enfilmung infirmity. On the because alleging to having a	1		
finger a fudding in pudding and pie. And here's the witnesses.	2		
Glue on to him, Greevy! Bottom anker, Noordeece! And kick	3		
kick killykick for the house that juke built! Wait till they send	4		
you to sleep, scowpow! By jurors' cruces! Then old Hunphy-	5		
dunphyville'll be blasted to bumboards by the youthful herald	6		
who would once you were. He'd be our chosen one in the matter	7		
of Brittas more than anarthur. But we'll wake and see. The wholes	8		
poors riches of ours hundreds of manhoods and womhoods. Two	9		
cents, two mills and two myrds. And it's all us rangers you'll be	10		
facing in the box before the twelfth correctional. Like one man,	11		
gell. Between all the Misses Mountsackvilles in their halfmoon	12		
haemicycles, gasping to giddies to dye for the shame. Just hold	13		
hard till the one we leapt out gets her yearing! Hired in cameras,	14		
extra! With His Honour Surpacker on the binge. So yelp your	15		
guilt and kitz the buck. You'll have loss of fame from Wimme-	16		
game's fake. Forwards! One bully son growing the goff and his	17		
twinger read out by the Nazi Priers. You fought as how they'd	18		
never woxen up, did you, cricket? It will wecker your earse, that	19		
it will! When hives the court to exchequer 'tis the child which	20		
gives the sire away. Good for you, Richmond Rover! Scrum	21		
around, our side! Let him have another between the spindlers! A	22		
grand game! Dalymount's decisive. Don Gouverneur Buckley's	23		

in the Tara Tribune, sporting the insides of a Rhutian Jhanaral	24		
and little Mrs Ex-Skaerer-Sissers is bribing the halfpricers to pray	25		
for her widower in his gravest embazzlement. You on her, hosy	26		
jigses, that'll be some nonstop marrimont! You in your stolen	27		
mace and anvil, Magnes, and her burrowed in Berkness cirrchus	28		
clouthses. Fummuccumul with a graneen aveiled. Playing down	29		
the slavey touch. Much as she was when the fancy cutter out col-	30		
lecting milestones espied her aseesaw on a fern. So nimb, he said,	31		
a dat of dew. Between Furr-y-Benn and Ferr-y-Bree. In this tear	32		
Vikloe vich he lofed. The smiling ever. If you pulls me over pay	33		
me, prhyse! A talor would adapt his caulking trudgers on to any	34		
shape at see. Address deceitfold of wovens weard. The wonder	35		
of the women of the world together, moya! And the lovablest	36		
FW376			
Lima since Ineen MacCormick MacCoort MacConn O'Puckins	1		
MacKundred. Only but she is a little width wider got. Be moving	2		
abog. You cannot make a limousine lady out of a hillman minx.	3		
Listun till you'll hear the Mudquirt accent. This is a bulgen	4		
horiesies, this is wollan indulgencies, this is a flemsh. Tik. Scapu-	5		
lars, beads and a stump of a candle, Hubert was a Hunter, <i>chemins</i>	6		
<i>de la croixes</i> and Rosairette's egg, all the trimmings off the tree	7		

that she picked up after the Clontarf voterloost when O'Bryan	8		
MacBruiser bet Norris Nobnut. Becracking his cucconut be-	9		
tween his kknneess. Umpthump, Here Inkeeper, it's the doater-	10		
een's wednessmorn! Delphin dringing! Grusham undergang!	11		
And the Real Hymernians strenging strong at knocker knocker!	12		
Holy and massalltollod. You ought to tak a dos of frut. Jik.	13		
Sauss. You're getting hoovier, a twelve stone hoovier, fullends	14		
a twelve stone hoovier, in your corpus entis and it scurves you	15		
right, demnye! Aunt as unclish ams they make oom. But Nichtia	16		
you bound not to loose's gone on Neffin since she clapped her	17		
charmer on him at Gormagareen. At the Gunting Munting Hunt-	18		
ing Punting. The eitch is in her blood, arrah! For a frecklesome	19		
freshcheeky sweetworded lupsqueezer. And he shows how he'll	20		
pick him the lock of her fancy. Poghue! Poghue! Poghue! And	21		
a good jump, Powell! Clean over all their heads. We could kiss	22		
him for that one, couddled we, Huggins? Sparkes is the footer	23		
to hance off nancies. Scaldhead, pursue! Before you bunkledoodle	24		
down upon your birchentop again after them three blows from	25		
time, drink and hurry. The same three that nursed you, Skerry,	26		
Badbols and the Grey One. All of your own club too. With the	27		
fistful of burryberries were for the massus for to feed you living	28		
in dying. Buy bran biscuits and you'll never say dog. And be	29		
in the finest of companies. Morialtay and Kniferope Walker and	30		

Rowley the Barrel. With Longbow of the lie. Slick of the trick	31		
and Blennercassel of the brogue. Clanruckard for ever! The	32		
Fenn, the Fenn, the kinn of all Fenns! Deaf to the winds when	33		
for Croonacreena. Fisht! And it's not now saying how we are	34		
where who's softing what rushes. Merryvirgin forbed! But of	35		
they never eat soullfriede they're ating it now. With easter	36		
FW377			
greeding. Angus! Angus! Angus! The keykeeper of the keys of	1		
the seven doors of the dreamadoory in the house of the house-	2		
hold of Hecech saysaith. Whitmore, whatmore? Give it over,	3		
give it up! Mawgraw! Head of a helo, chesth of champgnon, eye	4		
of a gull! What you'd if he'd. The groom is in the greenhouse,	5		
gattling out his. Gun! That lad's the style for. Lannigan's ball!	6		
Now a drive on the naval! The Shallburn Shock. Never mind	7		
your gibbous. Slip on your ropen collar and draw the noosebag	8		
on your head. Nobody will know or heed you, Postumus, if you	9		
skip round schlymartin by the back and come front sloomutren	10		
to beg in one of the shavers' sailorsuits. Three climbs three-	11		
quickenthrees in the garb of nine. We'll split to see you mouldem	12		
imparvious. A wing for oldboy Welsey Wandrer! Well spat,	13		
witty wagtail! Now piawn to bishop's forthe! Moove. There's	14		

Mumblesome Wadding Murch cranking up to the hornemooni-	15		
um. Drawg us out <i>Ivy Eve in the Hall of Alum!</i> The finne- cies of	16		
poetry wed music. Feeling the jitters? You'll be as tight as Trivett	17		
when the knot's knutted on. Now's your never! Peena and	18		
Queena are duetting a giggle-for-giggle and the brideen Alan-	19		
nah is lost in her diamindwaiting. What a magnificent gesture	20		
you will show us this gallus day. Clean and easy, be the hooker!	21		
And a free for croaks after. Dovlen are out for it. So is Rathfinn.	22		
And, hike, here's the hearse and four horses with the interpro-	23		
vincial crucifixioners throwing lots inside to know whose to be	24		
their gosson and whereas to brake the news to morhor. How	25		
our myterbilder his fullen aslip. And who will wager but he'll	26		
Shonny Bhoys be, the fleshlumpfleeter from Poshtapengha and all	27		
he bares sobsconscious inklings shadowed on soulskin. Its segnet	28		
yores, the strake of a hin. Nup. Laying the cloth, to fore of them.	29		
And thanking the fish, in core of them. To pass the grace for	30		
Gard sake! Ahmohn. Mr Justician Matthews and Mr Justician	31		
Marks and Mr Justician Luk de Luc and Mr Justinian Johnston-	32		
Johnson. And the aaskart, see, behind! Help, help, hurray! All-	33		
sup, allsop! Four ghoos to nail! Cut it down, mates, look slippy!	34		
They've got a dathe with a swimminpull. Dang! Ding! Dong!	35		
Dung! Dinnin. Isn't it great he is swaying above us for his good	36		

FW378			
and ours. Fly your balloons, dannies and dennises! He's door-	1		
knobs dead! And Annie Delap is free! Ones more. We could	2		
ate you, par Buccas, and imbabe through you, reassuranced in	3		
the wild lac of gotliness. One fledge, one brood till hulm	4		
culms evurdyburdy. Huh the throman! Huh the traidor. Huh	5		
the truh. Arrorsure, he's the mannork of Arrahland over-	6		
sense he horrhorrd his name in thuthunder. Rrrwwwkkkrrr!	7		
And seen it rudden up in fusefiressence on the flashmurket.	8		
P.R.C.R.L.L. Royloy. Of the rollorrish rattillary. The lewd-	9		
ningbluebolteredallucktruckalltraumconductor! The unnamed	10		
nonirishblooder that becomes a Greenislender overnight! But	11		
we're molting superstituettes out of his fulse thortin guts. Tried	12		
mark, Easterlings. Sign, Soideric O'Cunnuc, Rix. Adversed ord,	13		
Magtmorken, Kovenhow. There's a great conversion, myn! Cou-	14		
cous! Find his causcaus! From Motometusolum through Bulley	15		
and Cowlie and Diggerydiggerydock down to bazeness's usual?	16		
He's alight there still, by Mike! Loose afore! Bung! Bring forth	17		
your deed! Bang! Till is the right time. Bang! Partick Thistle	18		
agen S. Megan's versus Brystal Palace agus the Walsall! Putsch!	19		
Tiemore moretis tisturb badday! The playgue will be soon over,	20		
rats! Let sin! Geh tont! All we wants is to get peace for posses-	21		

sion. We dinned unnerstunned why you sassad about thurteen	22			
to aloafen, sor, kindly repeat! Or ledn us alones of your lungorge,	23			
parsonifier propounde of our edelweissed idol worts! Shaw and	24			
Shea are lorning obsen so hurgle up, gandfarder, and gurgle me	25			
gurk. You can't impose on frayshouters like os. Every tub here	26			
spucks his own fat. Hang coersion everyhow! And smotther-	27			
mock Gramm's laws! But we're a drippindhrue gayleague all at	28			
ones. In the buginning is the woid, in the muddle is the sound-	29			
dance and thereinofter you're in the unbewised again, vund	30			
vulsyvolsy. You talker dunsker's brogue men we our souls	31			
speech obstruct hostery. Silence in thought! Spreach! Wear	32			
anartful of outer nocense! Pawpaw, wowow! Momerry twelfths,	33			
noebroed! That was a good one, ha! So it will be quite a material	34			
what <i>May</i> farther be unvuloped for you, old <i>Mighty</i> , when it's	35			
aped to foul a delfian in the Mahnung. Ha ha! Talk of Paddy-	36			
FW379				
barke's echo! Kick nuck, Knockcastle! Muck! And you'll nose it,	1			
O you'll nose it, without warnward from we. We don't know the	2			
sendor to whome. But you'll find Chiggenchugger's taking the	3			
Treaclyshortcake with Bugle and the Bitch pairsadrawsing and	4			
Horssmayres Prosession tyghting up under the threes. Stop.	5			

Press stop. To press stop. All to press stop. And be the seem	6		
talkin wharabahts hosetanzies, dat sure is sullibrated word! Bing	7		
bong! Saxolooter, for congesters are salders' prey. Snap it up in	8		
the loose, patchy the blank! Anyone can see you're the son of a	9		
gunnell. Fellow him up too, Carlow! Woes to the worm-	10		
quashed, aye, and wor to the winner! Think of Aerian's Wall and	11		
the Fall of Toss. Give him another for to volleyholleydoodlem!	12		
His lights not all out yet, the liverpooser! Booohoo it oose!	13		
With seven hores always in the home of his thinkingthings, his	14		
nodsloddledome of his noiselisslesoughts. Two Idas, two Evas,	15		
two Nessies and Rubyjuby. Phook! No wonder, pipes as kirles,	16		
that he sthings like a rheinbok. One bed night he had the dely-	17		
siums that they were all queens mobbing him. Fell stiff. Oh,	18		
ho, ho, ho, ah, he, he! Abedicate yourself. It just gegs our goad.	19		
He'll be the deaf of us, pappappoppopuddle, samblind daiy-	20		
rudder. Yus, sord, fathe, you woll, putty our wraughther!	21		
What we waits be after? Whyfore we come agooding? None of	22		
you, cock icy! You keep that henayearn and her fortycantle glim	23		
lookbehinder. We might do with rubiny leeses. But of all your	24		
wanings send us out your peppydecked ales and you'll not be	25		
such a bad lot. The rye is well for whose amind but the wheateny	26		
one is proper lovely. B E N K! We sincerestly trust that Missus	27		
with the kiddies of sweet Gorteen has not B I N K to their very	28		

least tittles deranged if in B U N K and we greesiously augur for	29		
your Meggers a B E N K B A N K B O N K to sloop in with	30		
all sorts of adceterus and adsaturas. It's our last fight, Megantic,	31		
fear you will! The refergee's took to hailing to time the pass.	32		
There goes the blackwatchwomen, all in white, flaxed up, pur-	33		
gad! Right toe, Armitage! Tem for Tam at Timmotty Hall!	34		
We're been carried away. Beyond bournes and bowers. So we'll	35		
leave it to Keyhoe, Danelly and Pykemhyme, the three muskrat-	36		
FW380			
eers, at the end of this age that had it from Variants' Katey	1		
Sherratt that had it from Variants' Katey Sherratt's man for the	2		
bonnefacies of Blashwhite and Blushred of the Aquasancta Liffey	3		
Patrol to wind up and to tells of all befells after that to Mocked	4		
Majesty in the Malincurred Mansion.	5		
So you were saying, boys? Anyhow he what?	6		
So anyhow, melumps and mumpos of the hoose uncommons,	7		
after that to wind up that longtobechronickled gettogether	8		
thanksbetogiving day at Glenfinnisk-en-la-Valle, the anniver-	9		
sary of his finst homy commulion, after that same barbecue bean-	10		
feast was all over poor old hospitable corn and eggfactor, King	11		
Roderick O'Conor, the paramount chief polemarch and last pre-	12		

electric king of Ireland, who was anything you say yourself be-	13		
tween fiftyodd and fiftyeven years of age at the time after the	14		
socalled last supper he greatly gave in his umbrageous house of	15		
the hundred bottles with the radio beamer tower and its hangars,	16		
chimbneys and equilines or, at least, he was'nt actually the then	17		
last king of all Ireland for the time being for the jolly good	18		
reason that he was still such as he was the eminent king of all	19		
Ireland himself after the last preeminent king of all Ireland, the	20		
whilom joky old top that went before him in the Taharan dy-	21		
nasty, King Arth Mockmorrow Koughenough of the leathered	22		
legions, now of parts unknown, (God guard his generous	23		
comicsongbook soul!) that put a poached fowl in the poor man's	24		
pot before he took to his pallyass with the weeping eczema for	25		
better and worse until he went under the grass quilt on us, never-	26		
theless, the year the sugar was scarce, and we to lather and shave	27		
and frizzle him, like a bald surging buoy and himself down	28		
to three cows that was meat and drink and dogs and washing	29		
to him, 'tis good cause we have to remember it, going through	30		
summersultryngs of snow and sleet witht the widow Nolan's	31		
goats and the Brownes girls neats anyhow, wait till I tell you,	32		
what did he do, poor old Roderick O'Conor Rex, the aus-	33		
picious waterproof monarch of all Ireland, when he found him-	34		
self all alone by himself in his grand old handwedown pile after	35		

all of them had all gone off with themselves to their castles of	36			
FW381				
mud, as best they cud, on footback, owing to the leak of the	1			
McCarthy's mare, in extended order, a tree's length from the	2			
longest way out, down the switchbackward slidder of the land-	3			
sown route of Hauburnea's liveliest vinnage on the brain, the	4			
unimportant Parthalonians with the mouldy Firbolgs and the	5			
Tuatha de Danaan googs and the ramblers from Clane and all	6			
the rest of the notmuchers that he did not care the royal spit out	7			
of his ostensible mouth about, well, what do you think he did,	8			
sir, but, faix, he just went heeltapping through the winespilth	9			
and weevily popcorks that were kneedeep round his own right	10			
royal round rollicking toper's table, with his old Roderick Ran-	11			
dom pullon hat at a Lanty Leary cant on him and Mike Brady's	12			
shirt and Greene's linnet collarbow and his Ghenter's gaunts and	13			
his Macclefield's swash and his readymade Reillys and his pan-	14			
prestuberian poncho, the body you'd pity him, the way the world	15			
is, poor he, the heart of Midleinster and the supereminent lord of	16			
them all, overwhelmed as he was with black ruin like a sponge	17			
out of water, allocutioning in bellcantos to his own oliverian	18			
society MacGuiney's <i>Dreans of Ergen Adams</i> and thruming	19			

through all to himself with diversified tongued through his old	20			
tears and his ould plaised drawl, starkened by the most regal of	21			
belches, like a blurney Cashelmagh crooner that larking Clare	22			
air, the blackberd's ballad <i>I've a terrible errible lot todue todie</i>	23			
<i>todue tootorribleday</i> , well, what did he go and do at all, His Most	24			
Exuberant Majesty King Roderick O'Conor but, arrah bedamnbut,	25			
he finalised by lowering his woolly throat with the wonderful	26			
midnight thirst was on him, as keen as mustard, he could not tell	27			
what he did ale, that bothered he was from head to tail, and,,	28			
wishawishawish, leave it, what the Irish, boys, can do, if he did'nt	29			
go, sliggymaglooral reemyround and suck up, sure enough, like	30			
a Trojan, in some particular cases with the assistance of his vene-	31			
rated tongue, whatever surplus rotgut, sorra much, was left by the	32			
lazy lousers of maltnights and beerchurls in the different bot-	33			
toms of the various different replenquished drinking utensils left	34			
there behind them on the premisses by that whole hogsheaded	35			
firkin family, the departed honourable homegoers and other sly-	36			
FW382				
grogging suburbanites, such as it was, fall and fall about, to the	1			
brindishing of his charmed life, as toastified by his cheeriubi-	2			
cundenances, no matter whether it was chateaubottled Guinness's	3			

or Phoenix brewery stout it was or John Jameson and Sons or	4		
Roob Coccoła or, for the matter of that, O'Connell's famous old	5		
Dublin ale that he wanted like hell, more that halibut oil or	6		
jesuits tea, as a fall back, of several different quantities and quali-	7		
ties amounting in all to, I should say, considerably more than the	8		
better part of a gill or naggin of imperial dry and liquid measure	9		
till, welcome be from us here, till the rising of the morn, till that	10		
hen of Kaven's shows her beaconegg, and Chapwellswendows	11		
stain our horyhistoricold and Father MacMichael stamps for	12		
aitch o'clerk mess and the Litvian Newestlatter is seen, sold and	13		
delivered and all's set for restart after the silence, like his ancestors	14		
to this day after him (that the blazings of their ouldmouldy gods	15		
may attend to them we pray!), overopposites the cowery lad in	16		
the corner and forenenst the staregaze of the cathering candled,	17		
that adornment of his album and folkenfather of familyans, he	18		
came acrash a crupper sort of a sate on accomondation and the	19		
very boxst in all his composs, whereuponce, behome the fore	20		
for cove and trawlers, heave hone, leave lone, Larry's on the	21		
focse and Faugh MacHugh O'Bawlar at the wheel, one to do and	22		
one to dare, par by par, a peerless pair, ever here and over there,	23		
with his fol the dee oll the doo on the flure of his feats and the	24		
feels of the fumes in the wakes of his ears our wineman from	25		
Barleyhome he just slumped to throne.	26		

So sailed the stout ship <i>Nansy Hans</i> . From Liff away. For	27			
Nattenlaender. As who has come returns. Farvel, farerne! Good-	28			
bark, goodbye!	29			
Now follow we out by Starloe!	30			

12. Episode TWELVE (17 pages, from 383 to 399)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW383				
— Three quarks for Muster Mark!	1			
Sure he hasn't got much of a bark	2			
And sure any he has it's all beside the mark.	3			
But O, Wreneagle Almighty, wouldn't un be a sky of a lark	4			
To see that old buzzard whooping about for uns shirt in the dark	5			
And he hunting round for uns speckled trousers around by Palmer-	6			
stown Park?	7			
Hohohoho, moulty Mark!	8			
You're the rummest old rooster ever flopped out of a Noah's ark	9			
And you think you're cock of the wark.	10			
Fowls, up! Tristy's the spry young spark	11			

<i>That'll tread her and wed her and bed her and red her</i>	12		
<i>Without ever winking the tail of a feather</i>	13		
<i>And that's how that chap's going to make his money and mark!</i>	14		
Overhoved, shrillgleescreaming. That song sang seaswans.	15		
The winging ones. Seahawk, seagull, curlew and plover, kestrel	16		
and capercallzie. All the birds of the sea they trolled out rightbold	17		
when they smacked the big kuss of Trustan with Usolde.	18		
And there they were too, when it was dark, whilst the wild-	19		
caps was circling, as slow their ship, the winds aslight, upborne	20		
the fates, the wardorse moved, by courtesy of Mr Deaubaleau	21		
Downbellow Kaempersally, listening in, as hard as they could, in	22		
Dubbeldorp, the donker, by the tourneyold of the wattarfalls,	23		
with their vuoxens and they kemin in so hattajocky (only a	24		
FW384			
quarte buck askull for the last acts) to the solans and the sycamores	1		
and the wild geese and the gannets and the migratories and the	2		
mistlethrushes and the auspices and all the birds of the rockby-	3		
suckerassouyoceanal sea, all four of them, all sighing and sob-	4		
bing, and listening. Moykle ahoykling!	5		
They were the big four, the four maaster waves of Erin, all	6		
listening, four. There was old Matt Gregory and then besides old	7		

Matt there was old Marcus Lyons, the four waves, and oftentimes	8		
they used to be saying grace together, right enough, baunsabeatha,	9		
in Miracle Squeer: here now we are the four of us: old Matt Gre-	10		
gory and old Marcus and old Luke Tarpey: the four of us and	11		
sure, thank God, there are no more of us: and, sure now, you	12		
wouldn't go and forget and leave out the other fellow and old	13		
Johnny MacDougall: the four of us and no more of us and so	14		
now pass the fish for Christ sake, Amen: the way they used to be	15		
saying their grace before fish, repeating itself, after the interims	16		
of Augusburgh for auld lang syne. And so there they were, with	17		
their palms in their hands, like the pulchrum's procus, spraining	18		
their ears, luistening and listening to the oceans of kissening, with	19		
their eyes glistening, all the four, when he was kiddling and	20		
cuddling and bunnyhugging scrumptious his colleen bawn and	21		
dinkum belle, an oscar sister, on the fifteen inch loveseat, behind	22		
the chieftaness stewardesses cubin, the hero, of Gaelic champion,	23		
the onliest one of her choice, her bleauyeddeal of a girl's friend,	24		
neither bigugly nor smallnice, meaning pretty much everything	25		
to her then, with his sinister dexterity, light and rufthandling,	26		
vicemversem her ragbags et assaucyeties, fore and aft, on and	27		
offsides, the brueburnt sexfutter, handson and huntsem, that was	28		
palpably wrong and bulbubly improper, and cuddling her and	29		
kissing her, tootyfay charmaunt, in her ensemble of maidenna	30		

blue, with an overdress of net, tickled with goldies, Isolamisola,	31		
and whispering and lispings her about Trisolanisans, how one was	32		
whips for one was two and two was lips for one was three, and	33		
dissimulating himself, with his poghue like Arrah-na-poghue,	34		
the dear dear annual, they all four remembored who made the	35		
world and how they used to be at that time in the vulgar ear	36		
FW385			
cuddling and kiddling her, after an oyster supper in Cullen's barn,	1		
from under her mistlethrush and kissing and listening, in the good	2		
old bygone days of Dion Boucicault, the elder, in Arrah-na-	3		
pogue, in the otherworld of the passing of the key of Two-	4		
tongue Common, with Nush, the carrier of the word, and with	5		
Mesh, the cutter of the reed, in one of the farback, pitchblack	6		
centuries when who made the world, when they knew O'Clery,	7		
the man on the door, when they were all four collegians on the	8		
nod, neer the Nodderlands Nurskery, whiteboys and oakboys,	9		
peep of tim boys and piping tom boys, raising hell while the sin	10		
was shining, with their slates and satchels, playing Florian's fables	11		
and communic suctiones and vellicar frictions with mixum mem-	12		
bers, in the Queen's Ultonian colleges, along with another fellow,	13		
a prime number, Totius Quotius, and paying a pot of tribluts	14		

to Boris O'Brien, the butler of Clumpthump, two looves, two	15		
turnovers plus (one) crown, to see the mad dane ating his	16		
vitals. Wulf! Wulf! And throwing his tongue in the snakepit. Ah	17		
ho! The ladies have mercias! It brought the dear prehistoric	18		
scenes all back again, as fresh as of yore, Matt and Marcus, natu-	19		
ral born lovers of nature, in all her moves and senses, and after	20		
that now there he was, that mouth of mandibles, vowed to pure	21		
beauty, and his Arrah-na-poghue, when she murmurously, after	22		
she let a cough, gave her firm order, if he wouldn't please mind,	23		
for a sings to one hope a dozen of the best favourite lyrical	24		
national blooms in Luvillicit, though not too much, reflecting on	25		
the situation, drinking in draughts of purest air serene and re-	26		
velling in the great outdoors, before the four of them, in the fair	27		
fine night, whilst the stars shine bright, by she light of he moon,	28		
we longed to be spoon, before her honeyoldloom, the plaint effect	29		
being in point of fact there being in the whole, a seatuition so	30		
shocking and scandalous and now, thank God, there were no more	31		
of them and he poghuing and poghuing like the Moreigner	32		
bowed his crusted hoed and Tilly the Tailor's Tugged a Tar in the	33		
Arctic Newses Dagsdogs number and there they were, like a	34		
foremasters in the rolls, listening, to Rolando's deepen darblun	35		
Ossian roll, (Lady, it was just too gorgeous, that expense of a	36		

FW386			
lovely tint, embellished by the charms of art and very well con-	1		
ducted and nicely mannered and all the horrid rudy noises locked	2		
up in nasty cubbyhole!) as tired as they were, the three jolly	3		
topers, with their mouths watering, all the four, the old connu-	4		
bial men of the sea, yambling around with their old pantometer,	5		
in duckasaloppics, Luke and Johnny MacDougall and all wishen-	6		
ing for anything at all of the bygone times, the wald times and	7		
the fald times and the hempty times and the dempty times, for a	8		
cup of kindness yet, for four farback tumblerfuls of woman	9		
squash, with them, all four, listening and spraining their ears for	10		
the millennium and all their mouths making water.	11		
Johnny. Ah well, sure, that's the way (up) and it so happened	12		
there was poor Matt Gregory (up), their pater familias, and (up)	13		
the others and now really and (up) truly they were four dear	14		
old heladies and really they looked awfully pretty and so nice and	15		
bespectable and after that they had their fathomglasses to find	16		
out all the fathoms and their half a tall hat, just now like the old	17		
Merquus of Pawerschoof, the old determined despot, (<i>quiescents</i>	18		
<i>in brage!</i>) only for the extrusion of the saltwater or the auctioneer	19		
there dormont, in front of the place near O'Clery's, at the darku-	20		
mound numbur wan, beside that ancient Dame street, where the	21		

statue of Mrs Dana O'Connell, prostitute behind the Trinity	22		
College, that arranges all the auctions of the valuable colleges,	23		
Bootersbay Sisters, like the auctioneer Battersby Sisters, the pru-	24		
miscellaneous creators, that sells all the emancipated statues and	25		
flowersports, James H. Tickell, the jaypee, off Hoggin Green,	26		
after he made the centuries, going to the tailturn horseshow, be-	27		
fore the angler nomads flood, along with another fellow, active	28		
impulsive, and the shoeblacks and the redshanks and plebeians	29		
and the barrancos and the cappunchers childerun, Jules, every-	30		
one, Gotopoxy, with the houghers on them, highstepping the	31		
fissure and fracture lines, seven five threes up, three five	32		
sevens down, to get out of his way, onasmuck as their withers	33		
conditions could not possibly have been improved upon,	34		
(praisers be to deeseesee!) like hopolopocattls, erumping around	35		
their Judgity Yaman, and all the tercentenary horses and priest-	36		
FW387			
hunters, from the Curragh, and confusionaries and the authori-	1		
ties, Noord Amrikaans and Suid Aferican cattleraiders (so they	2		
say) all over like a tiara dullfuoco, in his grey half a tall hat and	3		
his amber necklace and his crimson harness and his leathern jib	4		
and his cheapshein hairshirt and his scotobrit sash and his para-	5		

pilagian gallowglasses (how do you do, jaypee, Elevato!) to find	6		
out all the improper colleges (and how do you do, Mr Dame	7		
James? Get out of my way!), forkbearded and bluetoothed and	8		
bellied and boneless, from Strathlyffe and Aylesburg and North-	9		
umberland Anglesey, the whole yaghoodurt sweepstakings and	10		
all the horsepowers. But now, talking of hayastdanars and	11		
wolkingology and how our seaborne isle came into exestuanee,	12		
(the explutor, his three andesiters and the two pantellarias) that	13		
reminds me about the manausteriums of the poor Marcus of Lyons	14		
and poor Johnny, the patrician, and what do you think of the four	15		
of us and there they were now, listening right enough, the four	16		
saltwater widowers, and all they could remembore, long long ago	17		
in the olden times Momonian, throw darker hour sorrows, the	18		
princest day, when Fair Margrate waited Swede Villem, and Lally	19		
in the rain, with the blank prints, now extincts, after the wreck	20		
of Wormans' Noe, the barmaisigheds, when my heart knew no	21		
care, and after that then there was the official landing of Lady	22		
Jales Casemate, in the year of the flood 1132 S.O.S., and the	23		
christening of Queen Baltersby, the Fourth Buzzersbee, accord-	24		
ing to Her Grace the bishop Senior, off the whate shape, and	25		
then there was the drowning of Pharoah and all his pedestrians	26		
and they were all completely drowned into the sea, the red sea,	27		
and then poor Merkin Cornyngwham, the official out of the	28		

castle on pension, when he was completely drowned off Erin	29		
Isles, at that time, suir knows, in the red sea and a lovely	30		
mourning paper and thank God, as Saman said, there were no	31		
more of him. And that now was how it was. The arzurian deeps	32		
o'er his humbodumbones sweeps. And his widdy the giddy is	33		
wreathing her murmoirs as her gracest triput to the Grocery	34		
Trader's Manthly. Mind mand gunfree by Gladeys Rayburn!	35		
Runable's Reincorporated. The new world presses. Where the	36		
FW388			
old conk cruised now croons the yunk. Exeunc throw a darras	1		
Kram of Llawnroc, ye gink guy, kirked into yord. Enterest at-	2		
tawonder Wehpen, luftcat revol, fairescapading in his natsirt.	3		
Tuesy tumbles. And mild aunt Liza is as loose as her neese. Ful-	4		
fest withim inbrace behent. As gent would deem oncontinent.	5		
So mulct per wenche is Elsker woed. Ne hath his thrysting. Fin.	6		
Like the newcasters in their old plyable of <i>A Royenne Devours</i> .	7		
Jazzaphoney and Mirillovis and Nippy she nets best. Fing. Ay,	8		
ay! Sobbos. And so he was. Sabbus.	9		
Marcus. And after that, not forgetting, there was the Flemish	10		
armada, all scattered, and all officially drowned, there and then, on	11		
a lovely morning, after the universal flood, at about aleven thirty-	12		

two was it? off the coast of Cominghome and Saint Patrick, the	13		
anabaptist, and Saint Kevin, the lacustrian, with toomuch of tolls	14		
and lottance of beggars, after converting Porterscout and Dona,	15		
our first marents, and Lapoleon, the equestrian, on his whuite	16		
hourse of Hunover, rising Clunkthurf over Cabinhogan and all	17		
they remembored and then there was the Frankish fload of Noahs-	18		
dobahs, from Hedalgoland, round about the freebutter year of	19		
Notre Dame 1132 P.P.O. or so, disumbunking from under	20		
Motham General Bonaboche, (noo poopery!) in his half a grey	21		
traditional hat, alevoila come alevilla, and after that there he was,	22		
so terrestrial, like a Nailscissor, poghuing her scandalous and very	23		
wrong, the maid, in single combat, under the sycamores, amid	24		
the bludderings from the boom and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-	25		
na-Poghue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen's Colleges, in 1132	26		
Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door. And	27		
then again they used to give the grandest gloriaspanquost univer-	28		
sal howldmoutherhibbert lectures on anarxaquy out of doxarch-	29		
ology (hello, Hibernia!) from sea to sea (Matt speaking!) accord-	30		
ing to the pictures postcard, with sexon grimmacticals, in the	31		
Latimer Roman history, of Latimer repeating himself, from the	32		
vicerine of Lord Hugh, the Lacytynant, till Bockleyshuts the rah-	33		
jahn gerachknell and regnumrockery roundup, (Marcus Lyons	34		
speaking!) to the oceanfuls of collegians green and high classes	35		

and the poor scholars and all the old trinitarian senate and saints and	36		
FW389			
sages and the Plymouth brethren, droning along, peanzanzangan,	1		
and nodding and sleeping away there, like forgetmenots, in her	2		
abijance service, round their twelve tables, per pioja at pulga	3		
bollas, in the four trinity colleges, for earnasyoulearning Erin-	4		
growback, of Ulcer, Moonster, Leanstare and Cannought, the	5		
four grandest colleges supper the matther of Erryn, of Killorcure	6		
and Killthemall and Killeachother and Killkelly-on-the-Flure,	7		
where their role was to rule the round roll that Rollo and Rullo	8		
rolled round. Those were the grandest gynecollege histories	9		
(Lucas calling, hold the line!) in the Janesdanes Lady Anders-	10		
daughter Universary, for auld acquaintance sake (this unitarian	11		
lady, breathtaking beauty, Bambam's bonniest, lived to a great	12		
age at or in or about the late No. 1132 or No. 1169, bis, Fitzmary	13		
Round where she was seen by many and widely liked) for teach-	14		
ing the Fatima Woman history of Fatimiliafamilias, repeating her-	15		
self, on which purposeth of the spirit of nature as difinely deve-	16		
loped in time by psadatepholomy, the past and present (Johnny	17		
MacDougall speaking, give me trunks, miss!) and present and	18		
absent and past and present and perfect <i>arma virumque romano</i> .	19		

Ah, dearo, dear! O weep for the hower when eve aleaves bower!	20		
How it did but all come eddaying back to them, if they did but	21		
get gaze, gagagniagnian, to hear him there, kiddling and cuddling	22		
her, after the gouty old galahat, with his peer of quinnfears and	23		
his troad of thirstuns, so nefarious, from his elevation of one	24		
yard one handard and thartytwo lines, before the four of us, in	25		
his Roman Catholic arms, while his deepseepeepers gazed and	26		
sazed and dazecrazemazed into her dullokbloon rodolling olo-	27		
sheen eyebowls by the Cornelius Nepos, Mnepos. Anumque,	28		
umque. Napoo.	29		
Queh? Quos?	30		
Ah, dearo dearo dear! Bozun braceth brythe hwen geoses	31		
gandered gamen. Mahazar ag Dod! It was so scalding sorry for all	32		
the whole twice two four of us, with their familiar, making the toten,	33		
and Lally when he lost part of his half a hat and all belongings to	34		
him, in his old futile manner, cape, towel and drawbreeches, and	35		
repeating himself and telling him now, for the seek of Senders	36		
FW390			
Newslaters and the mossacre of Saint Brices, to forget the past,	1		
when the burglar he shoved the wretch in churneroil, and con-	2		
tradicting all about Lally, the ballest master of Gosterstown, and	3		

his old fellow, the Lagener, in the Locklane Lighthouse, earing his	4		
wick with a pierce of railing, and ligen hig with his ladder up, and	5		
that oldtime turner and his sadderday erely cloudsing, the old	6		
croniony, Skelly, with the lether belly, full of nelts, full of kelts,	7		
full of lightweight belts and all the bald drakes or ever he had up	8		
in the bohereen, off Artsichekes Road, with Moels and Mahmullagh	9		
Mullarty, the man in the Oran mosque, and the old folks at home	10		
and Duignan and Lapole and the grand confarreation, as per the	11		
cabbangers richestore, of the filest archives, and he couldn't stop	12		
laughing over Tom Tim Tarpey, the Welshman, and the four	13		
middleaged widowers, all nangles, sangles, angles and wangles.	14		
And now, that reminds me, not to forget the four of the Welsh	15		
waves, leaping laughing, in their Lumbag Walk, over old Battle-	16		
shore and Deaddleconche, in their half a Roman hat, with an an-	17		
cient Greek gloss on it, in Chichester College auction and, thank	18		
God, they were all summarily divorced, four years before, or so	19		
they say, by their dear poor shehusbands, in dear byword days,	20		
and never brought to mind, to see no more the rainwater on the	21		
floor but still they parted, raining water laughing, per Nupiter	22		
Privius, only terparry, on the best of terms and be forgot, whilk was	23		
plainly foretolc by their old pilgrim cocklesong or they were sing-	24		
ing through the wetttest indies <i>As I was going to Burrymearott we</i>	25		
<i>fell in with a lout by the name of Peebles</i> as also in another place by	26		

their orthodox proverb so there was said thus <i>That old fellow</i>	27		
<i>knows milk though he's not used to it latterly.</i> And so they parted.	28		
In Dalkymont nember to. Ay, ay. The good go and the wicked	29		
is left over. As evil flows so Ivel flows. Ay, ay. Ah, well sure,	30		
that's the way. As the holymaid of Kunut said to the haryman	31		
of Koombe. For his humple position in odvices. Woman. Squash.	32		
Part. Ay, ay. By decree absolute.	33		
Lucas. And, O so well they could remembore at that time, when	34		
Carperry of the Goold Fins was in the kingship of Poolland, Mrs	35		
Dowager Justice Squalchman, foorsitter, in her fullbottom wig	36		
FW391			
and beard, (Erminia Regina!) in or aring or around about the	1		
year of buy in disgrace 1132 or 1169 or 1768 Y.W.C.A., at the	2		
Married Male Familyman's Auctioneer's court in Arrahnacuddle.	3		
Poor Johnny of the clan of the Dougals, the poor Scuitsman,	4		
(Hohannes!) nothing if not amorous, dinna forget, so frightened	5		
(Zweep! Zweep!) on account of her full bottom, (undullable	6		
attraxity!) that put the yearl of mercies on him, and the four	7		
maasters, in chors, with a hing behangd them, because he was	8		
so slow to borstel her schoon for her, when he was grooming her	9		
ladyship, instead of backscratching her materfamilias proper, like	10		

any old methodist, and all divorced and innasense interdict, in	11		
the middle of the temple, according to their dear faithful. Ah, now,	12		
it was too bad, too bad and stout entirely, all the missoccurs; and	13		
poor Mark or Marcus Bowandcoat, from the brownesberrow in	14		
nolandsland, the poor old chronometer, all persecuted with ally	15		
croaker by everybody, by decree absolute, through Herrinsilde,	16		
because he forgot himself, making wind and water, and made	17		
a Neptune's mess of all of himself, sculling over the giamond's	18		
courseway, and because he forgot to remember to sign an old	19		
morning proxy paper, a writing in request to hersute herself, on	20		
stamped bronnanoleum, from Roneo to Giliette, before saying	21		
his grace before fish and then and there and too there was	22		
poor Dion Cassius Poosycomb, all drowned too, before the	23		
world and her husband, because it was most improper and most	24		
wrong, when he attempted to (well, he was shocking poor in	25		
his health, he said, with the shingles falling off him), because	26		
he (ah, well now, peaces pea to Wedmore and let not the song go	27		
dumb upon your Ire, as we say in the Spasms of Davies, and we	28		
won't be too hard on him as an old Manx presbyterian) and after	29		
that, as red as a Rosse is, he made his last will and went to con-	30		
fession, like the general of the Berkeleyites, at the rim of the rom,	31		
on his two bare marrowbones, to Her Worship his Mother and	32		
Sister Evangelist Sweainey, on Cailcainnin widnight and he was	33		

so sorry, he was really, because he left the bootybutton in the	34		
handsome cab and now, tell the truth, unfriends never, (she was	35		
his first messes dogess and it was a very pretty peltry and there	36		
FW392			
were faults on both sides) well, he attempted (or so they say)	1		
ah, now, forget and forgive (don't we all?) and, sure, he was only	2		
funning with his andrewmartins and his old age coming over	3		
him, well, he attempted or, the Connachy, he was tempted to	4		
attempt some hunnish familiarities, after eten a bad carmp in the	5		
rude ocean and, hevantonozé sure, he was dead seasickabed (it was	6		
really too bad!) her poor old divorced male, in the housepays for	7		
the daying at the Martyr Mrs MacCawley's, where at the time	8		
he was taying and toying, to hold the nursetendered hand, (ah,	9		
the poor old coax!) and count the buttons and her hand and	10		
frown on a bad crab and doying to remembore what doed they	11		
were byorn and who made a who a snore. Ah dearo dearo	12		
dear!	13		
And where do you leave Matt Emeritus? The laychief of Ab-	14		
botabishop? And exchullard of ffrench and gherman. Achoch!	15		
They were all so sorgy for poorboir Matt in his saltwater hat,	16		
with the Aran crown, or she grew that out of, too big for him, of	17		

or Mnepos and his overalls, all falling over her in folds— sure he	18		
hadn't the heart in her to pull them up— poor Matt, the old peri-	19		
grime matriarch, and a queenly man, (the purple blussing upon	20		
them!) sitting there, the sole of the settlement, below ground,	21		
for an expiatory rite, in postulation of his cause, (who shall say?)	22		
in her beaver bonnet, the king of the Caucasus, a family all to	23		
himself, under geasa, Themistletocles, on his multilingual tomb-	24		
stone, like Navellicky Kamen, and she due to kid by sweetpea	25		
time, with her face to the wall, in view of the poorhouse, and	26		
taking his rust in the oxsight of Iren, under all the auspices, amid	27		
the rattle of hailstorms, kalospintheochromatokreening, with her	28		
ivyclad hood, and gripping an old pair of curling tongs, belong-	29		
ing to Mrs Duna O'Cannell, to blow his brains with, till the	30		
heights of Newhigherland heard the Bristolhut, with his can of	31		
tea and a purse of alfred cakes from Anne Lynch and two cuts of	32		
Shackleton's brown loaf and dilisk, waiting for the end to come.	33		
Gordon Heighland, when you think of it! The merthe dirther!	34		
Ah ho! It was too bad entirely! All devoured by active parlour-	35		
men, laudabiliter, of woman squelch and all on account of the	36		
FW393			
smell of Shakeletin and scratchman and his mouth watering, acid	1		

and alkolic; signs on the salt, and so now pass the loaf for Christ	2		
sake. Amen. And so. And all.	3		
Matt. And loaf. So that was the end. And it can't be helped.	4		
Ah, God be good to us! Poor Andrew Martin Cunningham!	5		
Take breath! Ay! Ay!	6		
And still and all at that time of the dynast days of old konning	7		
Soteric Sulkinbored and Bargomuster Bart, when they struck coil	8		
and shock haunts, in old Hungerford-on-Mudway, where first I	9		
met thee oldpoetryck flied from may, and the Finnan haddies and	10		
the Noal Sharks and the muckstails turtles like an acoustic pot-	11		
tish and the griesouper bullyum and how he poled him up his	12		
boccat of vuotar and got big buzz for his name in the airweek's	13		
honours from home, colonies and empire, they were always with	14		
assisting grace, thinking (up) and not forgetting about shims and	15		
shawls week, in auld land syne (up) their four hosenbands, that	16		
were four (up) beautiful sister misters, now happily married, unto	17		
old Gallstonebelly, and there they were always counting and con-	18		
tradicting every night 'tis early the lovely mother of periwinkle	19		
buttons, according to the lapper part of their anachronism (up	20		
one up two up one up four) and after that there now she was,	21		
in the end, the deary, soldpowder and all, the beautfour sisters,	22		
and that was her mudhen republican name, right enough, from	23		
alum and oves, and they used to be getting up from under, in	24		

their tape and straw garlands, with all the worries awake in their	25		
hair, at the kookaburra bell ringing all wrong inside of them	26		
(come in, come on, you lazy loafs!) all inside their poor old Shan-	27		
don bellbox (come out to hell, you lousy louts!) so frightened,	28		
for the dthclangavore, like knockneeghs bumped by the fister-	29		
man's straights, (ys! ys!), at all hours every night, on their mistle-	30		
toes, the four old oldsters, to see was the Transton Postscript	31		
come, with their oerkussens under their armsaxters, all puddled	32		
and mythified, the way the wind wheeled the schooler round,	33		
when nobody wouldn't even let them rusten, from playing	34		
their gastspiels, crossing their sleep by the shocking silence,	35		
when they were in dreams of yore, standing behind the	36		
FW394			
door, or leaning out of the chair, or kneeling under the sofa-	1		
cover and setting on the souptureen, getting into their way	2		
something barbarous, changing the one wet underdown convi-	3		
brational bed or they used to slumper under, when hope was there	4		
no more, and putting on their half a hat and falling over all synop-	5		
ticals and a panegyric and repeating themselves, like svvollovv-	6		
ing, like the time they were dadging the talkeycook that chased	7		
them, look look all round the stool, walk everywhere for a jool,	8		

to break fyre to all the rancers, to collect all and bits of brown,	9		
the rathure's evelopment in spirits of time in all fathom of space	10		
and slooping around in a bawneen and bath slippers and go away	11		
to Oldpatrick and see a doctor Walker. And after that so glad	12		
they had their night tentacles and there they used to be, flapping	13		
and cycling, and a dooing a doonloop, panementically, around	14		
the waists of the ships, in the wake of their good old Foehn	15		
again, as tyred as they were, at their windwidths in the	16		
wavelength, the clipperbuilt and the five fourmasters and	17		
Lally of the cleftoft bagoderts and Roe of the fair cheats, ex-	18		
changing fleas from host to host, with arthroposophia, and he	19		
selling him before he forgot, issle issle, after having prealably	20		
dephlegmatised his gutterful of throatyfrogs, with a lungible fong	21		
in his suckmouth ear, while the dear invoked to the coolun dare	22		
by a palpabrows lift left no doubt in his minder, till he was in-	23		
stant and he was trustin, sister soul in brother hand, the subjects	24		
being their passion grand, that one fresh from the cow about	25		
Aithne Meithne married a mailde and that one too from Engr-	26		
vakon saga abooth a gooth a gev a gotheny egg and the park-	27		
side pranks of quality queens, katte efter kinne, for Earl Hooved-	28		
soon's choosing and Huber and Harman orhowwhen theeupon-	29		
thus (chchch!) eysolt of binnoculises memostinmust egotum	30		
sabcunsciously senses upers the deprofundity of multimathema-	31		

tical immaterialities wherebejubers in the pancosmic urge the	32		
allimmanence of that which Itself is Itself Alone (hear, O hear,	33		
Caller Errin!) exteriorises on this ourherenow plane in disunited	34		
solod, likeward and gushious bodies with (science, say!) peril-	35		
whitened passionpanting pugnoplangent intuitions of reunited	36		
FW395			
selfdom (murky whey, abstrew adim!) in the higherdimissional	1		
selfless Allself, theemeeng Narsty meetheeng Idoless, and telling	2		
Jolly MacGolly, dear mester John, the belated dishevelled, hack-	3		
ing away at a parchment pied, and all the other analist, the	4		
steamships ant the ladies' foursome, ovenfor, nedenfor, dinkety,	5		
duk, downalupping, (how long tandem!) like a foreretyred schoon-	6		
masters, and their pair of green eyes and peering in, so they say, like	7		
the narcolepts on the lakes of Coma, through the steamy win-	8		
dows, into the honeymoon cabins, on board the big steamadories,	9		
made by Fumadory, and the saloon ladies' madorn toilet chambers	10		
lined over prawn silk and rub off the salty catara off a windows	11		
and, hee hee, listening, <i>qua</i> committe, the poor old quakers, oben	12		
the dure, to see all the hunnishmooners and the firstclass ladies,	13		
serious me, a lass spring as you fancy, and sheets far from the lad,	14		
courting in blankets, enfamillias, and, shee shee, all improper, in a	15		

lovely mourning toilet, for the rosecrumpler, the thrilldriver, the	16		
sighinspirer, with that olive throb in his nude neck, and, swayin	17		
and thayin, thanks ever so much for the tiny quote, which sought	18		
of maid everythingling again so very much more delightafellay,	19		
and the perfidly suite of her, bootyfilly yours, under all their	20		
familiarities, by preventing grace, forgetting to say their grace be-	21		
fore chambadory, before going to boat with the verges of the	22		
chaptel of the opering of the month of Nema Knatut, so pass the	23		
poghue for grace sake. Amen. And all, hee hee hee, quaking, so	24		
fright, and, shee shee, shaking. Aching. Ay, ay.	25		
For it was then a pretty thing happened of pure diversion	26		
mayhap, when his flattering hend, at the justright moment, like	27		
perchance some cook of corage might clip the lad on a poot of	28		
porage handshut his duckhouse, the vivid girl, deaf with love,	29		
(ah sure, you know her, our angel being, one of romance's fade-	30		
less wonderwomen, and, sure now, we all know you dote on	31		
her even unto date!) with a queeleetlecrec of joysis crisis she	32		
renulited their disunited, with ripy lepes to ropy lopes (the dear	33		
o' dears!) and the golden importunity of aloofer's leavetime,	34		
when, as quick, is greased pigskin, Americas Champius, with one	35		
aragan throust, druve the massive of virilvigtoury flshpst the	36		
FW396			

both lines of forwards (Eburnea's down, boys!) rightjjangshot	1		
into the goal of her gullet.	2		
Alris!	3		
And now, upright and add them! And plays be honest! And	4		
pullit into yourself, as on manowoman do another! Candidately,	5		
everybody! A mot for amot. Comong, meng, and douh! There	6		
was this, wellyoumaycallher, a strapping modern old ancient	7		
Irish prisscess, so and so hands high, such and such paddock	8		
weight, in her madapolam smock, nothing under her hat but	9		
red hair and solid ivory (now you know it's true in your	10		
hardup hearts!) and a firstclass pair of bedroom eyes, of most	11		
unhomy blue, (how weak we are, one and all!) the charm	12		
of favour's fond consent! Could you blame her, we're saying,	13		
for one psocoldlogical moment? What would Ewe do? With	14		
that so tiresome old milkless a ram, with his tiresome duty	15		
peck and his bronchial tubes, the tiresome old hairyg orangogran	16		
beaver, in his tiresome old twennysixandsixpenny sheopards	17		
plods drowers and his thirtybobandninepenny tails plus toop!	18		
Hagakhroustioun! It were too exceeding really if one woulds	19		
to offer at sulk an oldivirdual a pinge of hinge hit. The	20		
mainest thing ever! Since Edem was in the boags noavy. No, no,	21		
the dear heaven knows, and the farther the from it, if the whole	22		

stole stale mis betold, whoever the gulpable, and whatever the	23		
pulpous was, the twooned togetherd, and giving the mhost	24		
phassionable wheathers, they were doing a lally a lolly a dither	25		
a duther one lelly two dather three lilly four dother. And it was	26		
a fiveful moment for the poor old timetettters, ticktacking, in tenk	27		
the count. Till the spark that plugged spared the chokee he	28		
gripped and (volatile volupty, how briefed are thy lunguings!)	29		
they could and they could hear like of a lisp lapsing, that	30		
was her knight of the truths thong plipping out of her chapell-	31		
ledeosy, after where he had gone and polped the questioned.	32		
Plop.	33		
Ah now, it was tootwoly torrific, the mummurrlubejubes! And	34		
then after that they used to be so forgetful, counting mother-	35		
peributts (up one up four) to membore her beaufu mouldern	36		
FW397			
maiden name, for overflauwing, by the dream of woman the	1		
owneirist, in forty lands. From Greg and Doug on poor Greg	2		
and Mat and Mar and Lu and Jo, now happily buried, our four!	3		
And there she was right enough, that lovely sight enough, the	4		
girleen bawn asthore, as for days galore, of planxty Gregory.	5		
Egory. O bunket not Orwin! Ay, ay.	6		

But, sure, that reminds me now, like another tellmastery re-	7		
peating yourself, how they used to be in lethargy's love, at the	8		
end of it all, at that time (up) always, tired and all, after doing the	9		
mousework and making it up, over their community singing	10		
(up) the top loft of the voicebox, of Mamalujo like the senior	11		
follies at murder magrees, squatting round, two by two, the four	12		
confederates, with Caxons the Coswarn, up the wet air register	13		
in Old Man's House, Millenium Road, crowning themselves in	14		
lauraly branches, with their cold knees and their poor (up) quad	15		
rupeds, ovasleep, and all dolled up, for their blankets and materny	16		
mufflers and plimsoles and their bowl of brown shackle and	17		
milky and boterham clots, a potion a peace, a piece aportion, a	18		
lepel alip, alup a lap, for a cup of kindest yet, with hold take hand	19		
and nurse and only touch of ate, a lovely munkybown and for	20		
xmell and wait the pinch and prompt poor Marcus Lyons to be not	21		
beheeding the skillet on for the live of ghosses but to pass the teeth	22		
for choke sake, Amensch, when it so happen they were all sycamore	23		
and by the world forgot, since the phlegmish hoopicough,	24		
for all a possabled, after ete a bad cramp and johnny magories, and	25		
backscrat the poor bedsores and the farthing dip, their caschal	26		
pandle of magnegnousioum, and read a letter or two every night,	27		
before going to dodo sleep atrance, with their catkins coifs, in	28		
the twilight, a capitaletter, for further auspices, on their old one	29		

page codex book of old year's eve 1132, M.M.L.J. old style, their	30		
Senchus Mor, by his fellow girl, the Mrs Shemans, in her summer	31		
seal houseonsample, with the caracul broadtail, her <i>totam in</i>	32		
<i>tutu</i> , final buff noonmeal edition, in the regatta covers, uptenable	33		
from the orther, for to regul their revees by incubation, and Lally,	34		
through their gangrene spentacles, and all the good or they	35		
did in their time, the rigorists, for Roe and O'Mulcnory a	36		
FW398			
Conry ap Mul or Lap ap Morion and Buffler ap Matty Mac	1		
Gregory for Marcus on Podex by Daddy de Wyer, old baga-	2		
broth, beeves and scullogues, churls and vassals, in same, sept	3		
and severalty and one by one and sing a mamalujo. To the	4		
heroest champion of Eren and his braceoelanders and Gowan,	5		
Gawin and Gonne.	6		
And after that now in the future, please God, after nonpenal	7		
start, all repeating ourselves, in medios loquos, from where he got	8		
a useful arm busy on the touchline, due south of her western	9		
shoulder, down to death and the love embrace, with an interesting	10		
tallow complexion and all now united, sansfamillias, let us ran on	11		
to say oremus prayer and homeysweet homely, after fully realis-	12		
ing the gratifying experiences of highly continental evenements,	13		

for meter and peter to temple an eslaap, for auld acquaintance, to	14		
Peregrine and Michael and Farfassa and Peregrine, for navigants	15		
et peregrinantibus, in all the old imperial and Fionnachan sea and	16		
for vogue awallow to a Miss Yiss, you fascinator, you, sing a	17		
lovasteamadorion to Ladyseyes, here's Tricks and Doelsy, de-	18		
lightly ours, in her doaty ducky little blue and roll his hoop	19		
and how she ran, when wit won free, the dimply blised and aw-	20		
fully bucked, right glad we never shall forget, thoh the dayses	21		
gone still they loves young dreams and old Luke with his	22		
kingly leer, so wellworth watching, and Senchus Mor, possessed	23		
of evident notoriety, and another more of the bigtimers, to name	24		
no others, of whom great things were expected in the fulmfilmimg	25		
department, for the lives of Lazarus and auld luke syne and she	26		
haihaihail her kobbor kohinor seheet on the praze savohole	27		
shanghai.	28		
Hear, O hear, Iseult la belle! Tristan, sad hero, hear! The Lambeg	29		
drum, the Lombog reed, the Lumbag fiferer, the Limibig brazenaze.	30		
<i>Anno Domini nostri sancti Jesu Christi</i>	31		
<i>Nine hundred and ninety-nine million pound sterling in the blueblack</i>	32		
<i>bowels of the bank of Ulster.</i>	33		
<i>Braw bawbees and good gold pounds, galore, my girleen, a Sunday'll</i>	34		
<i>prank thee finely.</i>	35		

FW399			
<i>And no damn loutll come courting thee or by the mother of the Holy</i>	1		
<i>Ghost there'll be murder!</i>	2		
<i>O, come all ye sweet nymphs of Dingle beach to cheer Brinabride</i>	3		
<i>queen from Sybil surfriding</i>	4		
<i>In her curragh of shells of daughter of pearl and her silverymonnblue</i>	5		
<i>mantle round her.</i>	6		
<i>Crown of the waters, brine on her brow, she'll dance them a jig and</i>	7		
<i>jilt them fairly.</i>	8		
<i>Yerra, why would she bide with Sig Sloomysides or the grogram grey</i>	9		
<i>barnacle gander?</i>	10		
<i>You won't need be lonesome, Lizzy my love, when your beau gets his</i>	11		
<i>glut of cold meat and hot soldiering</i>	12		
<i>Nor wake in winter, window machree, but snore sung in my old</i>	13		
<i>Balbriggan surtout.</i>	14		
<i>Wisha, won't you agree now to take me from the middle, say, of</i>	15		
<i>next week on, for the balance of my days, for nothing (what?)</i>	16		
<i>as your own nursetender?</i>	17		
<i>A power of highsteppers died game right enough— but who, acushla,</i>	18		

<i>'ll beg coppers for you?</i>	19		
<i>I tossed that one long before anyone.</i>	20		
<i>It was of a wet good Friday too she was ironing and, as I'm given</i>	21		
<i>now to understand, she was always mad gone on me.</i>	22		
<i>Grand goosegreasing we had entirely with an allnight eiderdown bed</i>	23		
<i>picnic to follow.</i>	24		
<i>By the cross of Cong, says she, rising up Saturday in the twilight</i>	25		
<i>from under me, Mick, Nick the Maggot or whatever your name</i>	26		
<i>is, you're the mose likable lad that's come my ways yet from the</i>	27		
<i>barony of Bohermore.</i>	28		
<i>Mattheehew, Markeehew, Lukeehew, Johnheehewheehew!</i>	29		
<i>Haw!</i>	30		
<i>And still a light moves long the river. And stiller the mermen</i>	31		
<i>ply their keg.</i>	32		
<i>Its pith is full. The way is free. Their lot is cast.</i>	33		
<i>So, to john for a john, johnajams, led it be!</i>	34		

13. Episode THIRTEEN (26 pages, from 403 to 428)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW403				
Hark!	1			
Tolv two elf kater ten (it can't be) sax.	2			
Hork!	3			
Pedwar pemp foify tray (it must be) twelve.	4			
And low stole o'er the stillness the heartbeats of sleep.	5			
White fogbow spans. The arch embattled. Mark as capsules.	6			
The nose of the man who was nought like the nasoos. It is self-	7			
tinted, wrinkling, ruddled. His kep is a gorsecone. He am Gascon	8			
Titubante of Tegmine – sub – Fagi whose fixtures are mobil-	9			
ing so wobiling befear my remembrandts. She, exhibit next, his	10			

Anastashie. She has prayings in lowdelph. Zeehere green egg-	11		
brooms. What named blautoothdmand is yon who stares? Gu-	12		
gurtha! Gugurtha! He has becco of wild hindigan. Ho, he hath	13		
hornhide! And hvis now is for you. Pensée! The most beautiful	14		
of woman of the veilch veilchen veilde. She would kidds to my	15		
voult of my palace, with obsidian luppas, her aal in her dhove's	16		
suckling. Apagemonite! Come not nere! Black! Switch out!	17		
Methought as I was dropping asleep somepart in nonland of	18		
where's please (and it was when you and they were we) I heard	19		
at zero hour as 'twere the peal of vixen's laughter among mid-	20		
night's chimes from out the belfry of the cute old speckled church	21		
tolling so faint a goodmantrue as nighthood's unseen violet	22		
rendered all animated greatbritish and Irish objects nonviewable	23		
to human watchers save 'twere perchance anon some glistery	24		
FW404			
gleam darkling adown surface of affluvial flowandflow as again	1		
might seem garments of laundry reposing a leasward close at	2		
hand in full expectation. And as I was jogging along in a dream as	3		
dozing I was dawdling, arrah, methought broadtone was heard and	4		
the creepers and the gliders and flivvers of the earth breath and	5		
the dancetongues of the woodfires and the hummers in their	6		

ground all vociferated echoing: Shaun! Shaun! Post the post!	7		
with a high voice and O, the higher on high the deeper and low,	8		
I heard him so! And lo, mescemed somewhat came of the noise	9		
and somewho might amove allmurk. Now, 'twas as clump, now	10		
mayhap. When look, was light and now'twas as flasher, now	11		
moren as the glaow. Ah, in unlitness 'twas in very similitude,	12		
bless me, 'twas his belted lamp! Whom we dreamt was a shaddo,	13		
sure, he's lightseyes, the laddo! Blessed momece, O romence,	14		
he's growing to stay! Ay, he who so swayed a will of a wisp	15		
before me, hand prop to hand, prompt side to the pros, dressed	16		
like an earl in just the correct wear, in a classy mac Frieze o'coat	17		
of far suparior ruggedness, indigo braw, tracked and tramped,	18		
and an Irish ferrier collar, freeswinging with mereswin lacers from	19		
his shoulthern and thick welted brogues on him hammered to suit	20		
the scotsmost public and climate, iron heels and sparable soles, and	21		
his jacket of providence wellprovided woolies with a softrolling	22		
lisp of a lapel to it and great sealingwax buttons, a good helping	23		
bigger than the slots for them, of twentytwo carrot krasnapopp-	24		
sky red and his invulnerable burlap whiskcoat and his popular	25		
choker, Tamagnum sette-and-forte and his loud boheem toy and	26		
the damasker's overshirt he sported inside, a starspangled zephyr	27		
with a decidedly surpliced crinklydoodle front with his motto	28		
through dear life embrothred over it in peas, rice, and yeggy-	29		

yolk, Or for royal, Am for Mail, R.M.D. hard cash on the nail	30		
and the most successfully carried gigot turnups now you ever,	31		
(what a pairfact crease! how amsolookly kersse!) breaking over	32		
the ankle and hugging the shoeheel, everything the best— none	33		
other from (Ah, then may the turtle's blessings of God and Mary	34		
and Haggispatrick and Huggisbrigid be souptumbling all over	35		
him!) other than (and may his hundred thousand welcome stewed	36		
FW405			
letters, relayed wand postchased, multiply, ay faith, and plultiply!)	1		
Shaun himself.	2		
What a picture primitive!	3		
Had I the concordant wiseheads of Messrs Gregory and Lyons	4		
alongside of Dr Tarpey's and I dorsay the reverend Mr Mac	5		
Dougall's, but I, poor ass, am but as their fourpart tinckler's dun-	6		
key. Yet methought Shaun (holy messonger angels be uninter-	7		
ruptedly nudging him among and along the winding ways of	8		
random ever!) Shaun in proper person (now may all the blue-	9		
blacksliding constellations continue to shape his changeable time-	10		
table!) stood before me. And I pledge you my agricultural word	11		
by the hundred and sixty odds rods and cones of this even's	12		
vision that young fellow looked the stuff, the Bel of Beaus'	13		

Walk, a prime card if ever was! Pep? Now without deceit it is	14		
hardly too much to say he was looking grand, so fired smart, in	15		
much more than his usual health. No mistaking that beamish	16		
brow! There was one for you that ne'er would nunch with good	17		
Duke Humphrey but would aight through the months without a	18		
sign of an err in hem and then, otherwise rounding, fourale to the	19		
lees of Traroe. Those jehovial oyeglances! The heart of the rool!	20		
And hit the hencoop. He was immense, topping swell for he was	21		
after having a great time of it, a twentyfour hours every moment	22		
matters maltsight, in a porterhouse, scutfrank, if you want to	23		
know, Saint Lawzenge of Toole's, the Wheel of Fortune, leave	24		
your clubs in the hall and wait on yourself, no chucks for wal-	25		
nut ketchups, Lazenby's and Chutney graspis (the house the once	26		
queen of Bristol and Balrothery twice admired because her	27		
frumped door looked up Dacent Street) where in the sighed of	28		
lovely eyes while his knives of hearts made havoc he had re-	29		
cruited his strength by meals of spadefuls of mounded food, in	30		
anticipation of the faste of tablenapkins, constituting his three-	31		
partite pranzipal meals <i>plus</i> a collation, his breakfast of first, a bless	32		
us O blood and thirsty orange, next, the half of a pint of becon	33		
with newled googs and a segment of riceplummy padding, met	34		
of sunder suigar and some cold forsoaken steak peatrefired from	35		
the batblack night o'erflown then, without prejuice to evectuals,	36		

FW406				
came along merendally his stockpot dinner of a half a pound of	1			
round steak, very rare, Blong's best from Portarlinton's Butchery,	2			
with a side of riceypeasy and Corkshire alla mellonge and bacon	3			
with (a little mar pliche!) a pair of chops and thrown in from the	4			
silver grid by the proprietress of the roastery who lives on the	5			
hill and gaulusch gravy and pumpernickel to wolp up and a	6			
gorger's bulby onion (Margareter, Margaretar Margarastican-	7			
deatar) and as well with second course and then finally, after	8			
his avalunch oclock snack at Appelredt's or Kitzy Braten's of	9			
saddlebag steak and a Botherhim with her old phoenix portar,	10			
jistr to gwen his gwistel and praties sweet and Irish too and mock	11			
gurgle to whistle his way through for the swallying, swp by swp,	12			
and he getting his tongue around it and Boland's broth broken	13			
into the bargain, to his regret his soupay <i>avic</i> nightcap, vitellusit,	14			
a carusal consistent with second course eyer and becon (the rich	15			
of) with broad beans, hig, steak, hag, pepper the diamond bone	16			
hotted up timmtomm and while'twas after that he scoffed a drake-	17			
ling snuggily stuffed following cold loin of veal more cabbage and	18			
in their green free state a clister of peas, soppositorily petty, last.	19			
P.S. but a fingerhot of rheingenever to give the Pax cum Spiri-	20			

tututu. Drily thankful. Burud and dulse and typureely jam, all	21		
free of charge, aman, and. And the best of wine <i>avec</i> . For his	22		
heart was as big as himself, so it was, ay, and bigger! While the	23		
loaves are aflowering and the nachtingale jugs. All St Jilian's of	24		
Berry, hurrah there for tobies! Mabhrodaphne, brown pride of our	25		
custard house quay, amiable with repastful, cheerus graciously,	26		
cheer us! Ever of thee, Anne Lynch, he's deeply draiming!	27		
Houseanna! Tea is the Highest! For auld lang Ayternitay! Thus	28		
thicker will he grow now, grew new. And better and better on	29		
butterand butter. At the sign of Mesthress Vanhungrig. However!	30		
Mind you, nuckling down to nourritures, were they menuly some	31		
ham and jaffas, and I don't mean to make the ingestion for the	32		
moment that he was guilbey of gulpable gluttony as regards chew-	33		
able boltaballs, but, biestings be biestings, and upon the whole,	34		
when not off his oats, given prelove appetite and postlove pricing	35		
good coup, goodcheap, were it thermidor oogst or floreal may	36		
FW407			
while the whistling prairial roysters play, between gormandising	1		
and gourmeteering, he grubbed his tuck all right, deah smorregos,	2		
every time he was for doing dirt to a meal or felt like a bottle of	3		
ardilaun arongwith a smag of a lecker biss of a welldressed taart	4		

or. Though his net intrants wight weighed nought but a flyblow	5		
to his gross and ganz afterduepoise. And he was so jarvey jaunty	6		
with a romp of a schoolgirl's completion sitting pretty over his	7		
Oyster Monday print face and he was plainly out on the ramp and	8		
mash, as you might say, for he sproke.	9		
Overture and beginners!	10		
When lo (whish, O whish!) mesaw mestreamed, as the green	11		
to the gred was flew, was flown, through deafths of durkness	12		
greengrown deeper I heard a voice, the voce of Shaun, vote of	13		
the Irish, voise from afar (and cert no purer puer palestrine e'er	14		
chanted panangelical mid the clouds of Tu es Petrus, not	15		
Michaeleen Kelly, not Mara O'Mario, and sure, what more	16		
numerosse Italicuss ever rawsucked frish uov in urinal?), a brieze	17		
to Yverzone o'er the brozaozaozing sea, from Inchigeela call	18		
the way how it suspired (morepork! morepork!) to scented	19		
nightlife as softly as the loftly marconimasts from Clifden sough	20		
open tireless secrets (mauveport! mauveport!) to Nova Scotia's	21		
listing sisterwands. Tubetube!	22		
His handpalm lifted, his handshell cupped, his handsign pointed,	23		
his handheart mated, his handaxe risen, his handleaf fallen.	24		
Helpsome hand that holemost heals! What is het holy! It gested.	25		
And it said:	26		
— Alo, alass, aladdin, amobus! Does she lag soft fall means	27		

rest down? Shaun yawned, as his general address rehearsal,	28		
(that was antepreviousday's pigeons-in-a-pie with rough	29		
dough for the carrier and the hash-say-ugh of overgestern pluzz	30		
the 'stuesday's shampain in his head, with the memories of the	31		
past and the hicnuncs of the present embellishing the musics of	32		
the futures from Miccheruni's band) addressing himself <i>ex alto</i>	33		
and complaining with vocal discontent it was so close as of	34		
the fact the rag was up and of the briefs and billpasses, a houseful	35		
of deadheads, of him to dye his paddycoats to morn his hestern-	36		
FW408			
most earning, his board in the swealth of his fate as, having	1		
moistened his manducators upon the quiet and scooping molars	2		
and grinders clean with his two fore fingers, he sank his hunk,	3		
dowanouet to resk at once, exhaust as winded hare, utterly spent,	4		
it was all he could do (disgusted with himself that the combined	5		
weight of his tons of iosals was a hundred men's massed too much	6		
for him), upon the native heath he loved covered kneehigh with	7		
virgin bush, for who who e'er trod sod of Erin could ever sleep	8		
off the turf! Well, I'm liberally dished seeing myself in this trim!	9		
How all too unwordy am I, a mere mailman of peace, a poor loust	10		
hastehater of the first degree, the principot of Candia, no legs and	11		

a title, for such eminence, or unpro promenade rather, to be much	12		
more exact, as to be the bearer extraordinary of these postoomany	13		
missive on his majesty's service while me and yous and them we're	14		
extending us after the pattern of reposiveness! Weh is me, yeh is	15		
ye! I, the mightif beam maircanny, which bit his mirth too early	16		
or met his birth too late! It should of been my other with his	17		
leickname for he's the head and I'm an everdevoting fiend of his.	18		
I can seeze tomirror in tosdays of yer when we lofobsed os so ker.	19		
Those sembal simon pumpkel pieman yers! We shared the twin	20		
chamber and we winked on the one wench and what Sim sobs	21		
todie I'll reeve tomorry, for 'twill be, I have hopes of, Sam	22		
Dizzier's feedst. Tune in, tune on, old Tighe, high, high, high,	23		
I'm thine owelglass. Be old! He looks rather thin, imitating me.	24		
I'm very fond of that other of mine. Fish hands Macsorley!	25		
Elien! Obsequies! Bonzeye! Isaac Egari's Ass! We're the music-	26		
hall pair that won the swimmyease bladdhers at the Guinness	27		
gala in Badeniveagh. I ought not to laugh with him on this stage.	28		
But he' such a game loser! I lift my disk to him. Brass and reeds,	29		
brace and ready! How is your napper, Handy, and hownow does	30		
she stand? First he was living to feel what the eldest daughter she was	31		
panseying and last he was dying to know what old Madre Patriack	32		
does be up to. Take this John's Lane in your toastingfourch. Shaun-	33		
ti and shaunti and shaunti again! And twelve coolinder moons!	34		

I am no helotwashipper but I revere her! For my own coant! She	35		
has studied! Piscisvendolor! You're grace! Futs dronk of	36		
FW409			
Wouldndom! But, Gemini, he's looking frightfully thin! I heard	1		
the man Shee shinging in the pantry bay. Down among the dust-	2		
bins let him lie! Ear! Ear! Not ay! Eye! Eye! For I'm at the heart	3		
of it. Yet I cannot on my solemn merits as a recitativer recollect	4		
ever having done of anything of the kind to deserve of such.	5		
Not the phost of a nation! Nor by a long trollop! I just didn't have	6		
the time to. Saint Anthony Guide!	7		
— But have we until now ever besought you, dear Shaun, we	8		
remembered, who it was, good boy, to begin with, who out of	9		
symphony gave you the permit?	10		
— Goodbye now, Shaun replied, with a voice pure as a church-	11		
mode, in echo rightdainty, with a good catlick tug at his coco-	12		
moss candylock, a foretaste in time of his cabbageous brain's	13		
curlyflower. Athiacaro! Comb his tar odd gee sing your mower	14		
O meeow? Greet thee Good? How are them columbuses! Lard	15		
have mustard on them! Fatiguing, very fatiguing. Hobos horn-	16		
knees and the corveeture of my spine. Poumeerme! My heaviest	17		
crux and dairy lot it is, with a bed as hard as the thinkamuddles	18		

of the Greeks and a board as bare as a Roman altar. I'm off	19		
rabbited kitchens and relief porridgers. No later than a very few	20		
fortnights since I was meeting on the Thinker's Dam with a pair	21		
of men out of glasshouse whom I shuffled hands with named	22		
MacBlacks — I think their names is MacBlakes — from the Headfire	23		
Clump — and they were improving me and making me beliek no	24		
five hour factory life with insufficient emollient and industrial	25		
disabled for them that day o'gratisses. I have the highest grati-	26		
fication by anouncing how I have it from whowho but Hagios	27		
Colleenkiller's prophecies. After suns and moons, dews and	28		
wettings, thunders and fires, comes sabotag. <i>Solvitur palum-</i>	29		
<i>ballando!</i> Tilvido! Adie!	30		
— Then, we explained, salve a tour, ambly andy, you possibly	31		
might be so by order?	32		
— Forgive me, Shaun repeated from his liquid lipes, not what	33		
I wants to do a strike of work but it was condemned on me pre-	34		
mitially by Hireark Books and Chiefoverseer Cooks in their	35		
Eusebian Concordant Homilies and there does be a power com-	36		
FW410			
ing over me that is put upon me from on high out of the book of	1		
breedings and so as it is becoming hairydittary I have of coerce	2		

nothing in view to look forward at unless it is Swann and beat-	3		
ing the blindquarters out of my oldfellow's orologium oloss olo-	4		
rium. A bad attack of maggot it feels like. 'Tis trope, custodian	5		
said. Almost might I say of myself, while keeping out of crime,	6		
I am now becoming about fed up be going circulating about them	7		
new hikler's highways like them nameless souls, ercked and skorned	8		
and grizzild all over, till it's rusty October in this bleak forest	9		
and was veribally complussed by thinking of the crater of some	10		
noted volcano or the Dublin river or the catchalot trowth subsi-	11		
dity as away out or to isolate i from my multiple Mes on the	12		
spits of Lumbage Island or bury meself, clogs, coolcellar and all,	13		
deep in my wineupon ponteen unless Morrissey's colt could help	14		
me or the gander maybe at 49 as it is a tithe fish so it is, this	15		
pig's stomach business, and where on dearth or in the miraculous	16		
meddle of this expending umniverse to turn since it came into	17		
my hands I am hopeless off course to be doing anything con-	18		
cerning.	19		
— We expect you are, honest Shaun, we agreed, but from	20		
franking machines, limricked, that in the end it may well turn out,	21		
we hear to be you, our belated, who will bear these open letter.	22		
Speak to us of Emailia.	23		
— As, Shaun replied patly, with tootlepick tact too and a	24		
down of his dampers, to that I have the gumpower and, by the	25		

benison of Barbe, that is a lock to say with everything, my be-	26			
loved.	27			
— Would you mind telling us, Shaun honey, beg little big	28			
moreboy, we proposed to such a dear youth, where mostly are	29			
you able to work. Ah, you might! Whimper and we shall.	30			
— Here! Shaun replied, while he was fondling one of his	31			
cowheel cuffs. There's no sabbath for nomads and I mostly was	32			
able to walk, being too soft for work proper, sixty odd eilish	33			
mires a week between three masses a morn and two chaplets at	34			
eve. I am always telling those pedestriasts, my answerers, Top,	35			
Sid and Hucky, now (and it is a veriest throth as the thieves' re-	36			
FW411				
scension) how it was forstold for me by brevet for my vacation	1			
in life while possessing stout legs to be disbarred after holy orders	2			
from unnecessary servile work of reckless walking of all sorts for	3			
the relics of my time for otherwise by my so douching I would	4			
get into a blame there where sieves fall out, Excelsior tips the best.	5			
Weak stop work stop walk stop whoak. Go thou this island, one	6			
housesleep there, then go thou other island, two housesleep there,	7			
then catch one nightmaze, then home to dearies. Never back a	8			
woman you defend, never get quit of a friend on whom you	9			

depend, never make face to a foe till he's rife and never get stuck	10		
to another man's pife. Amen, ptah! His hungry will be done! On	11		
the continent as in Eironesia. But believe me in my simplicity I am	12		
awful good, I believe, so I am, at the root of me, praised be right	13		
cheek Discipline! And I can now truthfully declaret before my	14		
Geity's Pantokreator with my fleshfettered palms on the epizzles	15		
of the apossels that I do my reasonabler's best to recite my grocery	16		
beans for mummy <i>mit</i> dummy <i>mot</i> muthar <i>mat</i> bonzar regular,	17		
genuflections enclosed. Hek domov muy, there thou beest on the	18		
hummock, ghee up, ye dog, for your daggily broth, etc., Happy	19		
Maria and Glorious Patrick, etc., etc. In fact, always, have I	20		
believe. Greedo! Her's me hongue!	21		
— And it is the fullsoot of a tarabred. Yet one minute's ob-	22		
servation, dear dogmestic Shaun, as we point out how you have	23		
while away painted our town a wearing greenridinghued.	24		
— O murder mere, how did you hear? Shaun replied, smoil-	25		
ing the ily way up his lampsleeve (it just seemed the natural thing	26		
to do), so shy of light was he then. Well, so be it! The gloom hath	27		
rays, her lump is love. And I will confess to have, yes. Your	28		
diogneses is anonest man's. Thrubedore I did! Inditty I did. All lay	29		
I did. Down with the Saozon ruze! And I am afraid it wouldn't	30		
be my first coat's wasting after striding on the vampire and blaz-	31		
ing on the focoal. See! blazing on the focoal. As see! blazing upon	32		

the foe. Like the regular redshank I am. Impregnable as the mule	33		
himself. Somebody may perhaps hint at an aughter impression	34		
of I was wrong. No such a thing! You never made a more freud-	35		
ful mistake, excuse yourself! What's pork to you means meat to	36		
FW412			
me while you behold how I be eld. But it is grandiose by my	1		
ways of thinking from the prophecies. New worlds for all! And	2		
they were scotographically arranged for gentlemen only by a	3		
scripchever in whofoundland who finds he is a relative. And it	4		
was with my extravert davy. Like glue. Be through. Moyhard's	5		
daynoight, tomthumb. Phwum!	6		
— How mielodorous is thy bel chant, O songbird, and how	7		
exqueezit thine after draught! <i>Buccinate in Emenia tuba insigni</i>	8		
<i>volumnitatis tuae</i> . But do you mean, O phausdheen phewn, from	9		
Pontoffbellek till the Kisslemerched our ledan triz will be? we	10		
gathered substantively whether furniture would or verdure var-	11		
nish?	12		
— It is a confoundyous injective so to say, Shaun the fiery	13		
boy shouted, naturally incensed, as he shook the red pepper out	14		
of his auricles. And another time please confine your glaring in-	15		
tinuations to some other mordant body. What on the physiog	16		

of this furnaced planet would I be doing besides your verjuice?	17			
That is more than I can fix, for the teom bihan, anyway. So let I	18			
and you now kindly drop that, angryman! That's not French	19			
pastry. You can take it from me. Understand me when I tell you	20			
(and I will ask you not to whisple, cry golden or quoth meback)	21			
that under the past purcell's office, so deeply deplored by my	22			
erstwhile elder friend, Miss Enders, poachmistress and gay re-	23			
ceiver ever for in particular to the Scotie Poor Men's Thousand	24			
Gallon Cow Society (I was thinking of her in sthore) allbethey	25			
blessed with twentytwo thousand sorters out of a biggest poss	26			
of twentytwo thousand, mine's won, too much privet stationery	27			
and safty quipu was ate up larchly by those nettlesome goats	28			
out of pension greed. <i>Colpa di Becco, buon apartita!</i> Proceeding,	29			
I will say it is also one of my avowal's intentions, at some time	30			
pease Pod pluse murthers of gout (when I am not prepared to say)	31			
so apt as my pen is upt to scratch, to compound quite the makings	32			
of a verdigrease savingsbook in the form of a pair of capri	33			
sheep boxing gloves surrounding this matter of the Welsfusel	34			
mascoteers and their sindybuck that saved a city for my publickers,	35			
Nolaner and Brownno, Nickil Hopstout, Christcross, so long as,	36			
FW413				

thanks to force of destiny, my selary as a paykelt is propaired,	1		
and there is a peg under me and there is a tum till me.	2		
To the Very Honourable The Memory of Disgrace, the Most	3		
Noble, Sometime Sweetyard at the Service of the Writer. Salu-	4		
tem dicint. The just defunct Mrs Sanders who (the Loyd insure	5		
her!) I was shift and shuft too, with her shester Mrs Shunders,	6		
both mudical dauctors from highschoolorse and aslyke as	7		
Easther's leggs. She was the niceliest person of a wellteached non-	8		
party woman that I ever acquired her letters, only too fat, used	9		
to babies and tottydean verbish this is her entertermentdags for	10		
she shuk the bottle and tuk the medascene all times a day. She	11		
was well under ninety, poor late Mrs, and had tastes of the poetics,	12		
me having stood the pilgarlick a fresh at sea when the moon also	13		
was standing in a corner of sweet Standerson my ski. P.L.M.	14		
Mevrouw von Andersen was her whogave me a muttonbrooch,	15		
stakkers for her begfirst party. Honour thy farmer and my lit-	16		
ters. This, my tears, is my last will intesticle wrote off in the	17		
strutforit about their absent female assauciations which I, or per-	18		
haps any other person what squaton a toffette, have the honour	19		
to had upon their polite sophykussens in the real presence of de-	20		
vouted Mrs Grumby when her skin was exposed to the air. O	21		
what must the grief of my mund be for two little ptpt coolies	22		
worth twenty thousand quad herewitdnessed with both's	23		

maddlemass wishes to Pepette for next match from their dearly	24		
beloved Roggers, M.D.D. O.D. May doubling drop of drooght!	25		
Writing.	26		
— Hopsoloosely kidding you are totether with your cadenus	27		
and goat along nose how we shall complete that white paper.	28		
Two venusstas! Biggerstiff! Qweer but gaon! Be trouz and	29		
wholetrouz! Otherwise, frank Shaun, we pursued, what would	30		
be the autobiography of your softbodied fumiform?	31		
— Hooraymost! None whomsoever, Shaun replied, Heavenly	32		
blank! (he had intentended and was peering now rather close to	33		
the paste of his rubiny winklering) though it ought to be more	34		
or less rawcawcaw romantical. By the wag, how is Mr Fry? All	35		
of it, I might say, in ex-voto, pay and perks and wooden half-	36		
FW414			
pence, some rhino, rhine, O joyoust rhine, was handled over spon-	1		
daneously by me (and bundle end to my illwishers' Miss Anders!	2		
she woor her wraith of ruins the night she lost I left!) in the ligrname	3		
of Mr van Howten of Tredcastles, Clowntalkin, timbreman, among	4		
my prodigits nabobs and navious of every subscription entitled	5		
the Bois in the Boscoor, our evicted tenemants. What I say is (and	6		
I am noen roehorn or culkilt permit me to tell you, if uninformed),	7		

I never spont it. Nor have I the ghuest of innation on me the way	8		
to. It is my rule so. It went anyway like hot pottagebake. And	9		
this brings me to my fresh point. Quoniam, I am as plain as	10		
portable enveloped, inhowmuch, you will now parably receive,	11		
care of one of Mooseyeare Goonness's registered andouterthus	12		
barrels. Quick take um whiffat andrainit. Now!	13		
— So vi et! we responded. Song! Shaun, song! Have mood!	14		
Hold forth!	15		
— I apologuise, Shaun began, but I would rather spinooze	16		
you one from the grimm gests of Jacko and Esaup, fable one,	17		
feeble too. Let us here consider the casus, my dear little couisis	18		
(husstenhasstencaffincoffintussemtossemdamandamnacosaghcusa-	19		
ghhobixhatouxpeswchbechoscashlcarcaract) of the Ondt and	20		
the Gracehoper.	21		
The Gracehoper was always jigging ajog, hoppy on akkant	22		
of his joyicity, (he had a partner pair of findlestilts to supplant	23		
him), or, if not, he was always making ungraceful overtures to	24		
Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespattilla to play pupa-pupa and	25		
pulicy-pulicy and langtennas and pushpygyddyum and to com-	26		
mence insects with him, there mouthparts to his oreifice and his	27		
gambills to there airy processes, even if only in chaste, ameng	28		
the everlistings, behold a waspering pot. He would of curse	29		
melissciously, by his fore feelhers, flexors, contractors, depres-	30		

sors and extensors, lamely, harry me, marry me, bury me, bind	31		
me, till she was puce for shame and allso fourmish her in Spin-	32		
ner's housery at the earthsbest schoppinhour so summery as his	33		
cottage, which was cald fourmillierly Tingsomingenting, groped	34		
up. Or, if he was always striking up funny funereels with Bester-	35		
farther Zeuts, the Aged One, with all his wigearred corollas, albe-	36		
FW415			
dinous and oldbuoyant, inscythe his elytrical wormcasket and	1		
Dehlia and Peonia, his druping nymphs, bewheedling him, com-	2		
pound eyes on hornitosehead, and Auld Letty Plussiboots to	3		
scratch his cacumen and cackle his tramsitus, diva deborah (seven	4		
bolts of sapo, a lick of lime, two spurts of fussfor, threefurts of	5		
sulph, a shake o'shouker, doze grains of migniss and a mesfull of	6		
midcap pitchies. The whool of the whaal in the wheel of the	7		
whorl of the Boubou from Bourneum has thus come to taon!),	8		
and with tambarins and cantoridettes soturning around his eggs-	9		
hill rockcoach their dance McCaper in retrophoebia, beck from	10		
bulk, like fantastic disossed and jenny aprils, to the ra, the ra, the	11		
ra, the ra, langsome heels and langsome toesis, attended to by a	12		
mutter and doffer duffmatt baxingmotch and a myrmidins of	13		
pszozlers pszinging <i>Satyr's Caudledayed Nice</i> and <i>Hombly,</i>	14		

<i>Dombly Sod We Awhile but Ho, Time Timeagen, Wake!</i> For if	15		
sciencium (what's what) can mute uns nought, 'a thought,	16		
abought the Great Sommboddy within the Omniboss, perhaps an	17		
artsaccord (hoot's hoot) might sing ums tumtim abutt the Little	18		
Newbuddies that ring his panch. A high old tide for the bar-	19		
heated publics and the whole day as gratiis! Fudder and lighting	20		
for ally looty, any filly in a fog, for O'Cronione lags acrumbling	21		
in his sands but his sunsunsuns still tumble on. Erething above	22		
ground, as his Book of Breathings bed him, so as everwhy, sham	23		
or shunner, zeemliangly to kick time.	24		
Grouscious me and scarab my sahum! What a bagateller it is!	25		
Libelulous! Inzanzarity! Pou! Pschla! Ptuh! What a zeit for the	26		
goths! vented the Ondt, who, not being a sommerfool, was	27		
thothfolly making chilly spaces at hisphex affront of the icinglass	28		
of his windhame, which was cold antitopically Nixnixundnix.	29		
We shall not come to party at that lopp's, he decided possibly,	30		
for he is not on our social list. Nor to Ba's berial nether, thon	31		
sloghard, this oldeborre's yaar ablong as there's a khul on a khat.	32		
Nefersenless, when he had safely looked up his ovipository, he	33		
loftet hails and prayed: May he me no voida water! Seekit Ha-	34		
tup! May no he me tile pig shed on! Suckit Hotup! As broad as	35		
Beppy's realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish! As high as	36		

FW416			
Heppy's hev'n shall flurrish my haine shall hurrish! Shall grow,	1		
shall flourish! Shall hurrish! Hummum.	2		
The Ondt was a weltall fellow, raumybult and abelboobied,	3		
bynear saw altitudinous wee a schelling in kopfers. He was sair	4		
sair sullemn and chairmanlooking when he was not making spaces	5		
in his psyche, but, laus! when he wore making spaces on his ikey,	6		
he ware mouche mothst sec'ed and muravyngly wisechairman-	7		
looking. Now whim the sillybilly of a Gracehoper had jingled	8		
through a jungle of love and debts and jangled through a jumble	9		
of life in doubts afterworse, wetting with the bimblebeaks, drik-	10		
king with nautonects, bilking with durrydunglecks and horing	11		
after ladybirdies (<i>ichnehmon diagelegenaitoikon</i>) he fell joust as	12		
sieck as a sexton and tantoo pooveroo quant a churchprince, and	13		
wheer the midges to wend hemsylph or vosch to sirch for grub	14		
for his corapusse or to find a hospes, alick, he wist gnit! Bruko	15		
dry! fuko spint! Sultamont osa bare! And volomundo osi vide-	16		
vide! Nichtsnichtsun'dnichts! Not one pickopeck of muscow-	17		
money to bag a tittlebits of beebread! Iomio! Iomio! Crick's	18		
corbicule, which a plight! O moy Bog, he con'rited with melan-	19		
ctholy. Meblizz'ered, him slugged! I am heartily hungry!	20		
He had eaten all the whilepaper, swallowed the lustres, de-	21		

voured forty flights of styearcases, chewed up all the mensas and	22		
seccles, ronged the records, made mundballs of the ephemerids	23		
and vorasioused most glutinously with the very timeplace in the	24		
ternitary — not too dusty a cicada of neutriment for a chittinous	25		
chip so mitey. But when Chrysalmas was on the bare branches,	26		
off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and	27		
he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the	28		
grillies in his head and the leivnits in his hair made him thought	29		
he had the Tossmania. Had he twicycled the sees of the deed	30		
and trestraversed their revermer? Was he come to hevre with his	31		
engiles or gone to hull with the poop? The June snows was	32		
flocking in thuckflues on the hegelstomes, millipeeds of it and	33		
myriopoods, and a lugly whizzling tournedos, the Boraborayel-	34		
lers, blohablasting tegolhuts up to tetties and ruching sleets off	35		
the coppeehouses, playing ragnowrock rignewreck, with an irri-	36		
FW417			
tant, penetrant, siphonopterous spuk. Grausssssss! Opr!	1		
Grausssssss! Opr!	2		
The Gracehoper who, though blind as batflea, yet knew, not	3		
a leettle beetle, his good smetterling of entymology asped niss-	4		
unitimost lous nor liceens but promptly tossed himself in the	5		

vico, phthin and phthir, on top of his buzzer, tezzily wondering	6		
wheer would his aluck alight or boss of both appease and the	7		
next time he makes the aquinatanche of the Ondt after this they	8		
have met themselves, these mouschical umsummables, it shall be	9		
motylucky if he will beheld not a world of differentes. Behailed	10		
His Gross the Ondt, prostrandvorous upon his dhrone, in his	11		
Papylonian babooshkees, smolking a spatial brunt of Hosana	12		
cigals, with unshrinkables farfalling from his unthinkables,	13		
swarming of himself in his sunnyroom, sated before his com-	14		
fortumble phullupsuppy of a plate o'monkynous and a confucion	15		
of minthe (for he was a conformed aceticist and aristotaller), as	16		
appi as a oneysucker or a baskerboy on the Libido, with Floh	17		
biting his leg thigh and Luse lugging his luff leg and Bieni bussing	18		
him under his bonnet and Vespatilla blowing cosy fond tutties	19		
up the allabroad length of the large of his smalls. As entomate	20		
as intimate could pinchably be. Emmet and demmet and be jiltses	21		
crazed and be jadeses whipt! schneezed the Gracehoper, aguepe	22		
with ptchjelasys and at his wittol's indts, what have eyeforsight!	23		
The Ondt, that true and perfect host, a spiter aspinne, was	24		
making the greatest spass a body could with his queens lace-	25		
swinging for he was spizzing all over him like thingsumanything	26		
in formicolation, boundlessly blissfilled in an allallahbath of	27		
houris. He was ameising himself hugely at crabround and mary-	28		

pose, chasing Floh out of charity and tickling Luse, I hope too,	29		
and tackling Bienie, faith, as well, and jucking Vespatilla jukely	30		
by the chimiche. Never did Dorsan from Dunshanagan dance it	31		
with more devilry! The veripatetic imago of the impossible	32		
Gracehoper on his oddderkop in the myre, after his thrice ephe-	33		
meral journeey, sans mantis ne shooshooe, featherweighed	34		
animule, actually and presumptuably sanctifying chronic's de-	35		
spair, was sufficiently and probably cocoo much for his chorous	36		
FW418			
of gravitates. Let him be Artalone the Weeps with his parisites	1		
peeling off him I'll be Highfee the Crackasider. Flunkey Footle	2		
furloughed foul, writing off his phoney, but Conte Carme makes	3		
the melody that mints the money. <i>Ad majorem l.s.d.! Divi gloriam.</i>	4		
A darkener of the threshold. Haru? Orimis, capsizer of his ant-	5		
boat, sekketh rede from Evil-it-is, lord of loaves in Amongded.	6		
Be it! So be it! Thou-who-thou-art, the fleet-as-spindrifft,	7		
impfang thee of mine wideheight. Haru!	8		
The thing pleased him andt, and andt,	9		
<i>He larved ond he larved on he merd such a nauses</i>	10		
<i>The Gracehoper feared he would mixplace his fauces.</i>	11		

<i>I forgive you, grondt Ondt, said the Gracehoper, weeping,</i>	12		
<i>For their sukes of the sakes you are safe in whose keeping.</i>	13		
<i>Teach Floh and Luse polkas, show Bienie where's sweet</i>	14		
<i>And be sure Vespatilla fines fat ones to heat.</i>	15		
<i>As I once played the piper I must now pay the count</i>	16		
<i>So saida to Moyhammlet and marhaba to your Mount!</i>	17		
<i>Let who likes lump above so what flies be a full 'un;</i>	18		
<i>I could not feel moregruggy if this was prompollen.</i>	19		
<i>I pick up your reproof, the horsegift of a friend,</i>	20		
<i>For the prize of your save is the price of my spend.</i>	21		
<i>Can castwhores pulladefkiss if oldpollocks forsake 'em</i>	22		
<i>Or Culex feel etchy if Pulex don't wake him?</i>	23		
<i>A locus to loue, a term it t'embarass,</i>	24		
<i>These twain are the twins that tick Homo Vulgaris.</i>	25		
<i>Has Aquileone nort winged to go syf</i>	26		
<i>Since the Gwyfyn we were in his farrest drewbryf</i>	27		
<i>And that Accident Man not beseeked where his story ends</i>	28		
<i>Since longsephyring sighs sought heartseast for their orience?</i>	29		
<i>We are Wastenot with Want, precondamned, two and true,</i>	30		
<i>Till Nolans go volants and Bruneyes come blue.</i>	31		
<i>Ere those gidflirts now gadding you quit your mocks for my gropes</i>	32		
<i>An extense must impull, an elapse must elopes,</i>	33		
<i>Of my tectucs takestock, tinktact, and ail's weal;</i>	34		

<i>As I view by your farlook hale yourself to my heal.</i>	35		
FW419			
<i>Partiprise my thinwhins whiles my blink points unbroken on</i>	1		
<i>Your whole's whercabroads with Tout's trightyright token on.</i>	2		
<i>My in risible universe youdly haud find</i>	3		
<i>Sulch oxtrabeeforeness meat soveal behind.</i>	4		
<i>Your feats end enormous, your volumes immense,</i>	5		
<i>(May the Graces I hoped for sing your Ondtship song sense!),</i>	6		
<i>Your genus its worldwide, your spacest sublime!</i>	7		
<i>But, Holy Saltmartin, why can't you beat time?</i>	8		
<i>In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holo-</i>	9		
<i>caust. Allmen.</i>	10		
<i>— Now? How good you are in explosion! How farflung is</i>	11		
<i>your fokloire and how velktingeling your volupkabulary! Qui</i>	12		
<i>vive sparanto qua muore contanto. O foibler, O flip, you've that</i>	13		
<i>wandervogl wail withyin! It falls easily upon the earopen and goes</i>	14		
<i>down the friskly shortiest like treacling tumtim with its tingting-</i>	15		
<i>taggle. The blarneyest blather in all Corneywall! But could you,</i>	16		
<i>of course, decent Lettrechaun, we knew (to change your name of</i>	17		
<i>not your nation) while still in the barrel, read the strangewrote</i>	18		

anaglyptics of those shemletters patent for His Christian's Em?	19		
— Greek! Hand it to me! Shaun replied, plosively pointing to	20		
the cinnamon quistoquill behind his acoustrolobe. I'm as after-	21		
dusk nobly Roman as pope and water could christen me. Look	22		
at that for a ridingpin! I am, thing Sing Larynx, letter potent to	23		
play the sem backwards like Oscan wild or in shunt Persse trans-	24		
luding from the Otherman or off the Toptic or anything off the	25		
types of my finklers in the draught or with buttles, with my oyes	26		
thickshut and all. But, hellas, it is harrobrew bad on the corns and	27		
callouses. As far as that goes I associate myself with your remark	28		
just now from theodicy <i>re'</i> furloined notepaper and quite agree in	29		
your prescriptions for indeed I am, pay Gay, in juxtaposition to	30		
say it is not a nice production. It is a pinch of scribble, not	31		
wortha bottle of cabbis. Overdrawn! Puffedly offal tosh! Be-	32		
sides its auctionable, all about crime and libel! Nothing beyond	33		
clerical horrors <i>et omnibus</i> to be entered for the foreign as second-	34		
class matter. The fuellest filth ever fired since Charley Lucan's.	35		
FW420			
Flummery is what I would call it if you were to ask me to put it	1		
on a single dimension what pronounced opinion I might possibly	2		
orally have about them bagges of trash which the mother and	3		

Mr Unmentionable (O breed not his same!) has reduced to writ-	4		
ing without making news out of my sootyneem. When she	5		
slipped under her couchman. And where he made a cat with a	6		
peep. How they wore two madges on the makewater. And why	7		
there were treefellers in the shrubrubs. Then he hawks his hand-	8		
mud figgers from Francie to Fritzie down in the kookin. Phiz	9		
is me mother and Hair's me father. Bauv Betty Famm and Pig	10		
Pig Pike. Their livetree (may it flourish!) by their ecotaph (let it	11		
stayne!). With balsinbal bimbies swarming tiltop. Comme bien,	12		
Comme bien! Feefeel! Feefeel! And the Dutches dyin loffin at	13		
his pon peck de Barec. And all the mound reared. Till he wot not	14		
wot to begin he should. An infant sailing eggshells on the floor	15		
of a wet day would have more sabby.	16		
Letter, carried of Shaun, son of Hek, written of Shem, brother	17		
of Shaun, uttered for Alp, mother of Shem, for Hek, father of	18		
Shaun. Initialled. Gee. Gone. 29 Hardware Saint. Lendet till	19		
Laonum. Baile-Atha-Cliath. 31 Jan. 1132 A.D. Here Com-	20		
merces Enville. Tried Apposite House. 13 Fitzgibbets. Loco.	21		
Dangerous. Tax 9d. B.L. Guineys, esqueer. L.B. Not known at	22		
1132 a. 12 Norse Richmound. Nave unlodgeable. Loved noa's	23		
dress. Sinned, Jetty Pierrse. Noon sick parson. 92 Windsewer.	24		
Ave. No such no. Vale. Finn's Hot. Exbelled from 1014 d. Pull-	25		
down. Fearview. Opened by Miss Take. 965 nighumpeddan sexti-	26		

ffits. Shout at Site. Roofloss. Fit Dunlop and Be Satisfied. Mr.	27		
Domnall O'Domnally. Q.V. 8 Royal Terrors. None so strait.	28		
Shutter up. Dining with the Danes. Removed to Philip's Burke.	29		
At sea. D.E.D. Place scent on. Clontalk. Father Jacob, Rice	30		
Factor. 3 Castlewoos. P.V. Arrusted. J.P. Converted to Hos-	31		
pitalism. Ere the March past of Civilisation. Once Bank of Ireland's.	32		
Return to City Arms. 2 Milchbroke. Wrongly spilled. Traumcon-	33		
draws. Now Bunk of England's. Drowned in the Laffey. Here.	34		
The Reverest Adam Foundlitter. Shown geshotten. 7 Streetpetres.	35		
Since Cabranke. Seized of the Crownd. Well, Sir Arthur. Buy	36		
FW421			
Patersen's Matches. Unto his promisk hands. Blown up last	1		
Lemmas by Orchid Lodge. Search Unclaimed Male. House Con-	2		
damned by Ediles. Back in Few Minutes. Closet for Repeers. 60	3		
Shellburn. Key at Kate's. Kiss. Isaac's Butt, Poor Man. Dalicious	4		
arson. Caught. Missing. Justiciated. Kainly forewarred. Abraham	5		
Badly's King, Park Bogey. Salved. All reddy berried. Hollow and	6		
eavy. Desert it. Overwayed. Understrumped. Back to the P.O.	7		
Kaer of. Ownes owe M.O. Too Let. To Be Soiled. Cohabited	8		
by Unfortunates. Lost all Licence. His Bouf Toe is Frozen Over.	9		
X, Y and Z, Ltd, Destinied Tears. A.B, ab, Sender. Boston	10		

(Mass). 31 Jun. 13, 12. P.D. Razed. Lawyered. Vacant. Mined.	11		
Here's the Bayleaffs. Step out to Hall out of that, Ereweaker,	12		
with your Bloody Big Bristol. Bung. Stop. Bung. Stop. Cumm	13		
Bumm. Stop. Came Baked to Auld Aireen. Stop.	14		
— Kind Shaun, we all requested, much as we hate to say it,	15		
but since you rose to the use of money have you not, without	16		
suggesting for an instant, millions of moods used up slanguage	17		
tun times as words as the penmarks used out in sinscript with such	18		
hesitancy by your cerebrated brother — excuse me not men-	19		
tioningahem?	20		
— CelebrAted! Shaun replied under the sheltar of his brog-	21		
uish, vigorously rubbing his magic lantern to a glow of full-	22		
consciousness. HeCitEncy! Your words grates on my ares.	23		
Notorious I rather would feel inclined to myself in the first place	24		
to describe Mr O'Shem the Draper with before letter as should	25		
I be accentually called upon for a dieoguinnsis to pass my opinions,	26		
properly spewing, into impulsory irelitz. But I would not care to	27		
be so unfruitful to my own part as to swear for the moment posi-	28		
tively as to the views of Denmark. No, sah! But let me say my	29		
every belief before my high Gee is that I much doubt of it. I've no	30		
room for that fellow on my fagroaster, I just can't. As I hourly	31		
learn from Rooters and Havers through Gilligan's maypoles in	32		
a nice pathetic notice he, the pixillated doodler, is on his last with	33		

illegible clergimanths boasting always of his ruddy complexious!	34		
She, the mammy far, was put up to it by him, the iniquity that	35		
ought to be depraved of his libertins to be silenced, sackclothed	36		
FW422			
and suspended, and placed in irons into some drapyery institution	1		
off the antipopees for wordsharping only if he was klanver enough	2		
to pass the panel fleischcurers and the fieldpost censor. Gach!	3		
For that is a fullblown fact and well celibated before the four	4		
divorce courts and all the King's paunches, how he has the	5		
solitary from seeing Scotch snakes and has a lowsense for the pro-	6		
duction of consumption and dalickey cyphalos on his brach	7		
premises where he can purge his contempt and dejeunerate into a	8		
skillyton be thinking himself to death. Rot him! Flannelfeet! Flatty-	9		
ro! I will describe you in a word. Thou. (I beg your pardon.)	10		
Homo! Then putting his bedfellow on me! (like into mike and	11		
nick onto post). The criniman: I'll give it to him for that! Making	12		
the lobbard change hisstops, as we say in the long book! Is he	13		
on whosekeeping or are my! Obnoximost posthumust! With his	14		
unique hornbook and his prince of the apauper's pride, blunder-	15		
ing all over the two worlds! If he waits till I buy him a mossel-	16		
man's present! Ho's nos halfcousin of mine, pigdish! Nor wants	17		

to! I'd famish with the cuistha first. Aham!	18		
— May we petition you, Shaun illustrious, then, to put his	19		
prentis' pride in your aproper's purse and to unravel in your own	20		
sweet way with words of style to your very and most obse-	21		
quient, we suggested, with yet an esiop's foible, as to how?	22		
— Well it is partly my own, isn't it? and you may, ought and	23		
welcome, Shaun replied, taking at the same time, as his hunger	24		
got the bitter of him, a hearty bite out of the honeycomb of his	25		
Braham and Melosedible hat, tryone, tryon and triune. Ann wun-	26		
kum. Sure, I thunkum you knew all about that, honorey causes,	27		
through thelemontary channels long agum. Sure, that is as old as	28		
the Baden bees of Saint Dominoc's and as commonpleas now to	29		
allus pueblows and bunkum as Nelson his trifulgurayous pillar.	30		
However. Let me see, do. Beerman's bluff was what begun it, Old	31		
Knoll and his borrowing! And then the liliens of the veldt, Nancy	32		
Nickies and Folletta Lajambe! Then mem and hem and the jaque-	33		
jack. All about Wucherer and righting his name for him. I regret	34		
to announce, after laying out his litterery bed, for two days she	35		
kept squealing down for noisy priors and bawling out to her	36		
FW423			
jameymock farceson in Shemish like a mouther of the incas with	1		

a garcielasso huw Ananymus pinched her tights and about the	2		
Balt with the markshaire parawag and his loyal divorces, when he	3		
feraxiously shed ovas in Alemaney, tse tse, all the tell of the tud	4		
with the bourighevisien backclack, and him, the cribibber like an	5		
ambitrickster, aspiring like the decan's, fast aslooped in the in-	6		
trance to his polthronchair with his sixth finger between his cats-	7		
eye and the index, making his pillgrimace of Childe Horrid, en-	8		
grossing to his ganderpan what the idioglossary he invented under	9		
hicks hyssop! Hock! Ickick gav him that toock, imitator! And it	10		
was entirely theck latter to blame. Does he drink because I am sorely	11		
there shall be no more Kates and Nells. If you see him it took	12		
place there. It was given meeck, thank the Bench, to assist at the	13		
whole thing byck special chancery licence. As often as I think of	14		
that unbloody housewarmer, Shem Skrivenitch, always cutting	15		
my prhose to please his phrase, bogorror, I declare I get the	16		
jawache! Be me punting his reflection he'd begin his beogre-	17		
fright in muddyass ribalds. Digteter! Grundtsagar! Swop beef!	18		
You know he's peculiar, that eggschicker, with the smell of old	19		
woman off him, to suck nothing of his switchedupes. M.D. made	20		
his <i>ante mortem</i> for him. He was grey at three, like sygnus the	21		
swan, when he made his boo to the public and barnacled up to the	22		
eyes when he repented after seven. The alum that winters on his	23		
top is the stale of the staun that will soar when he stambles till	24		

that hag of the coombe rapes the pad off his lock. He was down	25		
with the whooping laugh at the age of the loss of reason the	26		
whopping first time he prediseased me. He's weird, I tell you, and	27		
middayevil down to his vegetable soul. Never mind his falls	28		
feet and his tanbark complexion. That's why he was forbidden	29		
tomate and was warmed off the ricecourse of marrimoney, under	30		
the Helpless Corpses Enactment. I'm not at all surprised the saint	31		
kicked him whereby the sum taken Berkeley showed the reason	32		
generously. <i>Negas, negasti</i> — negertop, negertoe, negertoby, ne-	33		
grunter! Then he was pushed out of Thingamuddy's school	34		
by Miss Garterd, for itching. Then he caught the europicolas and	35		
went into the society of jewses. With Bro Cahlls and Fran Czeschs	36		
FW424			
and Bruda Pszths and Brat Slavos. One temp when he foiled to	1		
be killed, the freak wanted to put his bilingual head intentionally	2		
through the <i>Ikish Tames</i> and go and join the clericy as a demoni-	3		
can skyterrier. Throwing dust in the eyes of the Hooley Fer-	4		
mers! He used to be avowdeed as he ought to be vitandist. For	5		
onced I squeaked by twyst I'll squelch him. Then he went to	6		
Cecilia's treat on his solo to pick up Galen. Asbestopoulos! Inku-	7		
pot! He has encaust in the blood. Shim! I have the outmost con-	8		

tempt for. Prost bitten! Conshy! Tiberia is waiting on you,	9		
arestocrank! Chaka a seagull ticket at Gattabuia and Gabbiano's!	10		
Go o'er the sea, haythen, from me and leave your libber to TCD.	11		
Your puddin is cooked! You're served, cram ye! Fatefully	12		
yaourth . . . Ex. Ex. Ex. Ex.	13		
— But for what, thrice truthful teller, Shaun of grace? weakly	14		
we went on to ask now of the gracious one. Vouchsafe to say.	15		
You will now, goodness, won't you? Why?	16		
— For his root language, if you ask me whys, Shaun replied,	17		
as he blessed himself devotionally like a crawsbomb, making act	18		
of oblivion, footinmouther! (what the thickuns else?) which he	19		
picksticked into his lettruce invrention. Ullhodturdenweirmud-	20		
gaardgringnirurdrmolnirfenrirlukkilokkibaugimandodrrerin-	21		
surtkrinmgernrackinarockar! Thor's for yo!	22		
— The hundredlettered name again, last word of perfect lan-	23		
guage. But you could come near it, we do suppose, strong Shaun	24		
O', we foresupposed. How?	25		
— Peax! Peax! Shaun replied in vealar penultimatum. 'Tis	26		
pebils before Sweeney's as he swigged a slug of Jon Jacobsen	27		
from his treestem sucker cane. Mildbut likesome! I might as	28		
well be talking to the four waves till tibbes grey eves and the	29		
rests asleep. Frost! Nope! No one in his seven senses could as	30		
I have before said, only you missed my drift, for it's being in-	31		

cendiary. Every dimmed letter in it is a copy and not a few of the	32		
silbils and wholly words I can show you in my Kingdom of	33		
Heaven. The lowquacity of him! With his threestar monothong!	34		
Thaw! The last word in stolentelling! And what's more right-	35		
down lowbrown schisthematic robblemint! Yes. As he was rising	36		
FW425			
my lather. Like you. And as I was plucking his goosybone. Like	1		
yea. He store the tale of me shur. Like yup. How's that for	2		
Shemese?	3		
— Still in a way, not to flatter you, we fancy you that you are	4		
so strikingly brainy and well letterread in yourshelves as ever were	5		
the Shamous Shamonous, Limited, could use worse of yourself, in-	6		
genious Shaun, we still so fancied, if only you would take your	7		
time so and the trouble of so doing it. Upu now!	8		
— Undoubtedly but that is show, Shaun replied, the mutter-	9		
melk of his blood donor beginning to work, and while innocent	10		
of disseminating the foul emanation, it would be a fall day I	11		
could not, sole, so you can keep your space and by the power of	12		
blurry wards I am loyable to do it (I am convicted of it!) any time	13		
ever I liked (bet ye fippence off me boot allowance!) with the	14		
allergrossest transfusiasm as, you see, while I can soroquise the	15		

Siamanish better than most, it is an openear secret, be it said,	16			
how I am extremely ingenuous at the clerking even with my	17			
badily left and, arrah go braz, I'd pinsel it with immenuensoes	18			
as easy as I'd perorate a chickerow of beans for the price of two	19			
maricles and my trifolium librotto, the authordux Book of Lief,	20			
would, if given to daylight, (I hold a most incredible faith about	21			
it) far exceed what that bogus bolsly of a shame, my soamheis	22			
brother, Gaoy Fecks, is conversant with in audible black and	23			
prink. Outragedy of poetscaids! Acomedy of letters! I have	24			
them all, tame, deep and harried, in my mine's I. And one of	25			
these fine days, man dear, when the mood is on me, that I	26			
may willhap cut my throat with my tongue tonight but I will	27			
be ormuzd moved to take potlood and introvent it Paatryk just	28			
like a work of merit, mark my words and append to my mark	29			
twang, that will open your pucktricker's ops for you, broather	30			
brooher, only for, as a papst and an immature and a nayophight	31			
and a <i>spaciaman spaciosum</i> and a hundred and eleven other things,	32			
I would never for anything take so much trouble of such doing.	33			
And why so? Because I am altogether a chap too fly and hairyman	34			
for to infradig the like of that ultravirulence. And by all I hold	35			
sacred on earth clouds and in heaven I swear to you on my piop	36			
FW426				

and oath by the awe of Shaun (and that's a howl of a name!) that	1		
I will commission to the flames any incendiarist whosoever or	2		
ahriman howsoclever who would endeavour to set ever annyma	3		
roner moother of mine on fire. Rock me julie but I will soho!	4		
And, with that crickcrackcruck of his threelungged squool	5		
from which grief had usupped every smile, big hottempered	6		
husky fusky krenfy strenfy pugiliser, such as he was, he virtually	7		
broke down on the mooherhead, getting quite jerry over her,	8		
overpowered by himself with the love of the tearsilver that	9		
he twined through her hair for, sure, he was the soft semplgawn	10		
slob of the world with a heart like Montgomery's in his showchest	11		
and harvey loads of feeling in him and as innocent and undesign-	12		
ful as the freshfallen calef. Still, grossly unselfish in sickself, he	13		
dished allarmes away and laughed it off with a wipe at his pud-	14		
gies and a gulp apologetic, healing his tare be the smeyle of his	15		
oye, oogling around. Him belly no belong sollow mole pigeon.	16		
Ally bully. Fu Li's gulpa. Mind you, now, that he was in the	17		
dumpest of earnest orthough him jawr war hoo hleepy hor halk	18		
urthing hurther. Moe like that only he stopped short in looking	19		
up up upfrom his tide shackled wrists through the ghost of an	20		
ocean's, the wields of pansiful heathvens of joepeter's gaseytotum	21		
as they are telling not but were and will be, all told, scruting fore-	22		

back into the fargoneahead to feel out what age in years tropical,	23			
ecclesiastic, civil or sidereal he might find by the sirious pointstand	24			
of Charley's Wain (what betune the spheres sledding along the	25			
lacteal and the mansions of the blest turning on old times) as ere-	26			
while had he craved of thus, the dreamskhwindel necklassoed him,	27			
his thumbs fell into his fists and, lusosing the harmonical balance	28			
of his ballbearing extremities, by the holy kettle, like a flask of	29			
lightning over he careened (O the sons of the fathers!) by the	30			
mightyfine weight of his barrel (all that prevented the happering	31			
of who if not the asterisks betwink themselves shall ever?) and,	32			
as the wisest postlude course he could playact, collaspsed in en-	33			
semble and rolled buoyantly backwards in less than a twink-	34			
ling <i>via</i> Rattigan's corner out of farther earshot with his highly	35			
curious mode of slipashod motion, surefoot, sorefoot, slickfoot,	36			
FW427				
slackfoot, linkman laisurely, lampman loungey, and by Killesther's	1			
lapes and falls, with corks, staves and treeleaves and more bub-	2			
bles to his keelrow a fairish and easy way enough as the town cow	3			
cries behind the times in the direction of Mac Auliffe's, the crucet-	4			
house, <i>Open the Door Softly</i> , down in the valley before he was	5			
really uprighted ere in a dip of the downs (uila!) he spoorlessly	6			

disappaed and vanessed, like a popo down a papa, from circular	7		
circulatio. Ah, mean!	8		
Gaogaogaone! Tapaa!	9		
And the stellas were shinings. And the earthnight strewed	10		
aromatose. His pibrook creppt mong the donkness. A reek was	11		
waft on the luftstream. He was ours, all fragrance. And we were	12		
his for a lifetime. O dulcid dreamings languidous! Taboccoo!	13		
It was sharming! But sharmeng!	14		
And the lamp went out as it couldn't glow on burning, yep, the	15		
lmp wnt out for it couldn't stay alight.	16		
Well, (how dire do we thee hours when thylike fades!) all's dall	17		
and youllow and it is to bedowern that thou art passing hence,	18		
mine bruder, able Shaun, with a twhisking of the robe, ere the	19		
morning of light calms our hardest throes, beyond cods' cradle	20		
and porpoise plain, from carnal relations undfamiliar faces, to the	21		
inds of Tuskland where the oliphants scrum till the ousts of	22		
Amiracles where the toll stories grow proudest, more is the pity,	23		
but for all your deeds of goodness you were soo ooft and for	24		
ever doing, manomano and myriamilia even to mulimuli, as	25		
our humbler classes, whose virtue is humility, can tell, it is hardly	26		
we in the country of the old, Sean Moy, can part you for, oleypoe,	27		
you were the walking saint, you were, tootoo too stayer, the	28		
graced of gods and pittites and the salus of the wake. Countenance	29		

whose disparition afflictedly fond Fuinn feels. Winner of the	30		
gamings, primed at the studience, propredicted from the story-	31		
bouts, the choice of ages wise! Spickspookspokesman of our	32		
specturesque silentiousness! Musha, beminded of us out there in	33		
Cockpit, poor twelve o'clock scholars, sometime or other any-	34		
when you think the time. Wisha, becoming back to us way home	35		
in Bidyhouse one way or either anywhere we miss your smile.	36		
FW428			
Palmwine breadfruit sweetmeat milksoup! Suasusupo! However!	1		
Our people here in Samoanesia will not be after forgetting you	2		
and the elders lukiing and marking the jornies, chalkin up drizzle	3		
in drizzle out on the four bare mats. How you would be thinking	4		
in your thoughts how the deepings did it all begin and how you	5		
would be scrimmaging through your scruples to collar a hold of	6		
an imperfection being committled. Sireland calls you. Mery Loye	7		
is saling moonlike. And Slyly mamourneen's ladymaid at Glads-	8		
house Lodge. Turn your coat, strong character, and tarry among	9		
us down the vale, yougander, only once more! And may the mosse	10		
of prosperousness gather you rolling home! May foggy dewes be-	11		
diamondise your hoopriings! May the fireplug of filiality reinsure	12		
your bunghole! May the barleywind behind glow luck to your	13		

bathershins! 'Tis well we know you were loth to leave us,	14		
winding your hobbledehorn, right royal post, but, aruah sure,	15		
pulse of our slumber, dreambookpage, by the grace of Votre	16		
Dame, when the natural morning of your nocturne blankmerges	17		
into the national morning of golden sunup and Don Leary gets	18		
his own back from old grog Georges Quartos as that goodship the	19		
Jonnyjoys takes the wind from waterloogged Erin's king, you	20		
will shiff across the Moylendsea and round up in your own	21		
escapology some canonisator's day or other, sack on back, alack!	22		
digging snow, (not so?) like the good man you are, with your	23		
picture pockets turned knockside out in the rake of the rain for	24		
fresh remittances and from that till this in any case, timus tenant,	25		
may the tussocks grow quickly under your trampthickets and	26		
the daisies trip lightly over your battercops.	27		

14. Episode FOURTEEN (45 pages, from 429 to 473)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW429				
Jaunty Jaun, as I was shortly before that made aware, next	1			
halted to fetch a breath, the first cothurminous leg of his night-	2			
stride being pulled through, and to loosen (let God's son now be	3			
looking down on the poor preambler!) both of his bruised	4			
brogues that were plainly made a good bit before his hosen were,	5			
at the weir by Lazar's Walk (for far and wide, as large as he was	6			
lively, was he noted for his humane treatment of any kind of	7			
abused footgear), a matter of maybe nine score or so barrelhours	8			
distance off as truly he merited to do. He was there, you could	9			
planemetrically see, when I took a closer look at him, that was to	10			
say, (gracious helpings, at this rate of growing our cotted child of	11			

yestereve will soon fill space and burst in systems, so speeds the	12		
instant!) amply altered for the brighter, though still the graven	13		
image of his squarer self as he was used to be, perspiring but	14		
happy notwithstanding his foot was still asleep on him, the way	15		
he thought, by the holy januarious, he had a bullock's hoof in his	16		
buskin, with his halluxes so splendid, through Ireland untran-	17		
scended, bigmouthed poesther, propped up, restant, against a	18		
butterblond warden of the peace, one comestabulish Sigurdson,	19		
(and where a better than such exsearfaceman to rest from roving	20		
the laddyown he bootblackened?) who, buried upright like the	21		
Osbornes, kozydozy, had tumbled slumbersomely on sleep at	22		
night duty behind the curing station, equilebriated amid the	23		
embracings of a monopolized bottle.	24		
FW430			
Now, there were as many as twentynine hedge daughters out	1		
of Benent Saint Berched's national nightschool (for they seemed	2		
to remember how it was still a once-upon-a-four year) learning	3		
their antemeridian lesson of life, under its tree, against its warn-	4		
ing, beseated, as they were, upon the brinkspondy, attracted to	5		
the rarerust sight of the first human yellowstone landmark (the	6		
bear, the boer, the king of all boors, sir Humphrey his knave	7		

we met on the moors!) while they paddled away, keeping time	8		
magnetically with their eight and fifty pedalettes, playing foolu-	9		
fool jouay allo misto posto, O so jaonickally, all barely in their	10		
typtap teens, describing a charming dactylogram of nocturnes	11		
though repelled by the snores of the log who looked stuck to	12		
the sod as ever and oft, when liquefied, (vil!) he murmoaned	13		
abasourdy in his Dutchener's native, visibly unmoved, over his	14		
treasure trove for the crown: <i>Dotter dead bedstead mean diggy</i>	15		
<i>smuggy flasky!</i>	16		
Jaun (after he had in the first place doffed a hat with a rein-	17		
forced crown and bowed to all the others in that chorus of praise	18		
of goodwill girls on their best beehivour who all they were girls	19		
all rushing sowarmly for the post as buzzy as sie could bie to read	20		
his kisshands, kittering all about, rushing and making a tremen-	21		
dous girlsfuss over him pellmale, their <i>jeune premier</i> and his rosy-	22		
posy smile, mussing his frizzy hair and the golliwog curls of him,	23		
all, but that one; Finfria's fairest, done in loveletters like a trayful	24		
of cloudberry tartlets (ain't they fine, mighty, mighty fine and	25		
honoured?) and smilingly smelling, pair and pair about, broad	26		
by bread and slender to slimmer, the nice perfumios that came	27		
cunvy peeling off him (nice!) which was angelic simply, savouring	28		
of wild thyme and parsley jumbled with breadcrumbs (O nice!)	29		
and feeling his full fat pouch for him so tactily and jingaling	30		

his jellybags for, though he looked a young chapplie of sixtine,	31		
they could frole by his manhood that he was just the killingest	32		
ladykiller all by kindness, now you, Jaun, asking kindlily (hillo,	33		
missies!) after their howareyous at all with those of their dolly-	34		
begs (and where's Agatha's lamb? and how are Bernadetta's	35		
columbillas? and Juliennaw's tubberbunnies? and Eulalina's	36		
FW431			
tuggerfunnies?) he next went on (finefeelingfit!) to drop a few	1		
stray remarks anent their personal appearances and the contrary	2		
tastes displayed in their tight kittycasques and their smart fricky-	3		
frockies, asking coy one after sloy one had she read Irish legginds	4		
and gently reproving one that the ham of her hom could be	5		
seen below her hem and whispering another aside, as lavariant,	6		
that the hook of her hum was open a bittock at her back to have	7		
a sideeye to that, hom, (and all of course just to fill up a form	8		
out of pure human kindness and in a sprite of fun) for Jaun, by	9		
the way, was by the way of becoming (I think, I hope he was)	10		
the most purely human being that ever was called man, loving all	11		
up and down the whole creation from Sampson's tyke to Jones's	12		
sprat and from the King of all Wrenns down to infuseries) Jaun,	13		
after those few prelimbs made out through his eroscope the	14		

apparition of his fond sister Izzy for he knowed his love by her	15		
waves of splabashing and she showed him proof by her way of	16		
blabushing nor could he forget her so tarnelly easy as all that	17		
since he was brotherbesides her benedict godfather and heaven	18		
knows he thought the world and his life of her sweet heart could	19		
buy, (brao!) poor, good, true, Jaun!	20		
— Sister dearest, Jaun delivered himself with express cordia-	21		
lity, marked by clearance of diction and general delivery, as he	22		
began to take leave of his scolastica at once so as to gain time	23		
with deep affection, we honestly believe you sorely will miss us	24		
the moment we exit yet we feel as a martyr to the dischurch of	25		
all duty that it is about time, by Great Harry, we would shove	26		
off to stray on our long last journey and not be the load on ye.	27		
This is the gross proceeds of your teachings in which we were	28		
raised, you, sis, that used to write to us the exceeding nice letters	29		
for presentation and would be telling us anun (full well do we	30		
wont to recall to mind) thy oldworld tales of homespinning and	31		
derringdo and dieobscure and daddyho, these tales which reliter-	32		
ately whisked off our heart so narrated by thou, gesweest, to	33		
perfection, our pet pupil of the whole rhythmetic class and the	34		
mainsay of our erigenal house, the time we younkens twain were	35		
fairly tossing ourselves (O Phoebus! O Pollux!) in bed, having	36		

FW432			
been laid up with Castor's oil on the Parrish's syrup (the night	1		
we will remember) for to share our hard suite of affections with	2		
thee.	3		
I rise, O fair assemblage! Andcommincio. Now then, after	4		
this introit of exordium, my galaxy girls, <i>quiproquo</i> of directions	5		
to henservants I was asking his advice on the strict T.T. from	6		
Father Mike, P.P., my orational dominican and confessor doctor,	7		
C.C.D.D. (buy the birds, he was saying as he yerked me under	8		
the ribs sermon in an offrand way and confidence petween peas	9		
like ourselves in soandso many nuncupiscent words about how he	10		
had been confarreating teat-a-teat with two viragos intactas about	11		
what an awful life he led, poorish priced, uttering mass for a	12		
coppall of geldings and what a lawful day it was, there and then,	13		
for a consummation with an effusion and how, by all the manny	14		
larries ate pignatties, how, hell in tunnels, he'd marry me any	15		
old buckling time as flying quick as he'd look at me) and I am	16		
giving youth now again in words of style byaway of offertory	17		
hisand mikeadvice, an it place the person, as ere he retook him	18		
to his cure, those verbs he said to me. From above. The most	19		
eminent bishop titular of Dubloonik to all his purtybusses in	20		
Dellabelliney. Comeallyedimseldamsels, siddle down and lissle	21		

all! Follow me close! Keep me in view! Understeady me saries!	22		
Which is to all practising massoeurses from a preaching freer and	23		
be a gentleman without a duster before a parlourmade with-	24		
out a spitch. Now. During our brief apsence from this furtive	25		
feugtig season adhere to as many as probable of the ten com-	26		
mandments touching purgations and indulgences and in the long	27		
run they will prove for your better guidance along your path of	28		
right of way. Where the lisieuse are we and what's the first sing	29		
to be sung? Is it rubrics, mandarimus, pasqualines, or verdidads	30		
is in it, or the bruiselivid indecores of estreme voyoulence and,	31		
for the lover of lithurgy, bekant or besant, where's the fate's to	32		
be wished for? Several sindays after whatsintime. I'll sack that sick	33		
server the minute I bless him. That's the mokst I can do for his	34		
grapce. Economy of movement, axe why said. I've a hopesome's	35		
choice if I chouse of all the sinkts in the colander. From the com-	36		
FW433			
mon for ignitious Purpalume to the proper of Francisco Ultramare,	1		
last of scorchers, third of snows, in terrorgammons howdydos.	2		
Here she's, is a bell, that's wares in heaven, virginwhite, Undetri-	3		
gesima, vikissy manonna. Doremon's! The same or similar to be	4		
kindly observed within the affianced dietcess of Gay O'Toole	5		

and Gloamy Gwenn du Lake (Danish spoken!) from Manducare	6		
Monday up till farrier's siesta in china dominos. Words taken in	7		
triumph, my sweet assistance, from the sufferant pen of our joco-	8		
sus inkerman militant of the reed behind the ear.	9		
Never miss your lostsomewhere mass for the couple in Myles	10		
you butrose to brideworship. Never hate mere pork which is bad	11		
for your knife of a good friday. Never let a hog of the howth	12		
trample underfoot your linen of Killiney. Never play lady's game	13		
for the Lord's stake. Never lose your heart away till you win his	14		
diamond back. Make a strong point of never kicking up your	15		
rumpus over the scroll end of sofas in the Dar Bey Coll Cafeteria	16		
by tootling risky <i>apropos</i> songs at commercial travellers' smokers	17		
for their Columbian nights entertainments the like of <i>White limbs</i>	18		
<i>they never stop teasing</i> or <i>Minxy was a Manxmaid when Murry</i>	19		
<i>wor a Man</i> . And, by the bun, is it you goes bisbuiting His Esaus	20		
and Cos and then throws them bag in the box? Why the tin's	21		
nearly empty. First thou shalt not smile. Twice thou shalt not	22		
love. Lust, thou shalt not commix idolatry. Hip confiners help	23		
compunction. Never park your brief stays in the men's con-	24		
venience. Never clean your buttoncups with your dirty pair of	25		
sassers. Never ask his first person where's your quickest cut to	26		
our last place. Never let the promising hand usemake free of	27		
your oncemaide sacral. The soft side of the axe! A coil of cord, a	28		

colleen coy, a blush on a bush turned first man's laughter into	29		
wailful moither. O foolish cuppled! Ah, dice's error! Never dip	30		
in the ern while you've browsers on your suite. Never slip the	31		
silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man,	32		
collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you	33		
truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears. Never	34		
christen medlard apples till a swithin is in sight. Wet your thistle	35		
where a weed is and you'll rue it, despyneedis. Especially beware	36		
FW434			
please of being at a party to any demoralizing home life. That	1		
saps a chap. Keep cool faith in the firm, have warm hoep in the	2		
house and begin frem athome to be chary of charity. Where it	3		
is nobler in the main to supper than the boys and errors of out-	4		
rager's virtue. Give back those stolen kisses; restaure those all-	5		
cotten glooves. Recollect the yella perals that all too often beset	6		
green gerils, Rhidarhoda and Daradora, once they gethobby-	7		
horsical, playing breeches parts for Bessy Sudlow in flesh-	8		
coloured pantos instead of earthing down in the coalhole trying	9		
to boil the big gun's dinner. Leg-before-Wicked lags-behind-	10		
Wall where here Mr Whicker whacked a great fall. Femora-	11		
familla feeled it a candleliked but Hayes, Conyngham and Erobin-	12		

son sware it's an egg. Forglim mick aye! Stay, forestand and	13		
tillgive it! Remember the biter's bitters I shed the vigil I buried	14		
our Harlotte Quai from poor Mrs Mangain's of Britain Court on	15		
the feast of Marie Maudlin. Ah, who would wipe her weeper dry	16		
and lead her to the halter? Sold in her heyday, laid in the straw,	17		
bought for one puny petunia. Moral: if you can't point a lily get	18		
to henna out of here! Put your swell foot foremost on foulardy	19		
pneumonia shertwaists, irriconcible with true fiminin risirvi-	20		
tion and ribbons of lace, limenick's disgrace. Sure, what is it on the	21		
whole only holes tied together, the merest and transparent washing-	22		
tones to make Languid Lola's lingery longer? Scenta Clauthes	23		
stiffstuffs your hose and heartsies full of temptiness. Vanity flee	24		
and Verity fear! Diobell! Whalebones and buskbutts may hurt	25		
you (thwackaway thwuck!) but never lay bare your breast sec-	26		
ret (dickette's place!) to joy a Jonas in the Dolphin's Barncar	27		
with your meetual fan, Doveyed Covetfilles, come pulsing payn-	28		
attention spasms between the averthisment for Ulikah's wine and	29		
a pair of pulldoors of the old cupiosity shape. There you'll fix	30		
your eyes darkled on the autocart of the bringfast cable but here	31		
till youre martimorphysed please sit still face to face. For if the	32		
shorth of your skorth falls down to his knees pray how wrong	33		
will he look till he rises? Not before Gravesend is commuted. But	34		
now reappears Autist Algy, the pulcherman and would-do per-	35		

former, <i>oleas</i> Mr Smuth, stated by the vice crusaders to be well	36		
FW435			
known to all the dallytaunties in and near the ciudad of Buellas	1		
Arias, taking you to the playguehouse to see the <i>Smirching of</i>	2		
<i>Venus</i> and asking with whispered offers in a very low bearded	3		
voice, with a nice little tiny manner and in a very nice little tony	4		
way, won't you be an artist's moral and pose in your nudies as a	5		
local esthetic before voluble old masters, introducing you, left	6		
to right the party comprises, to hogarths like Bottisilly and	7		
Titteretto and Vergognese and Coraggio with their extrahand	8		
Mazzaccio, plus the usual bilker's dozen of dowdycameramen.	9		
And the volses of lewd Buylan, for innocence! And the phylli-	10		
sophies of Bussup Bulkeley. O, the frecklessness of the giddies	11		
nouveautays! There's many's the icepolled globetopper is haunt-	12		
ed by the hottest spot under his equator like Ramrod, the meaty	13		
hunter, always jaeger for a thrust. The back beautiful, the un-	14		
draped divine! And Suzy's Moedl's with their Blue Danuboyes!	15		
All blah! Viper's vapid vilest! Put off the old man at the very	16		
font and get right on with the nutty sparker round the back.	17		
Slip your oval out of touch and let the paravis be your goal.	18		
Up leather, Prunella, convert your try! Stick wicks in your ear-	19		

shells when you hear the prompter's voice. Look on a boa in	20		
his beauty and you'll never more wear your strawberry leaves.	21		
Rely on the relic. What bondman ever you bind on earth I'll be	22		
bound 'twas combined in hemel. Keep airy hores and the worm	23		
is yores. Dress the pussy for her nighty and follow her piggy-	24		
tails up their way to Winkyland. See little poupeep she's firsh	25		
ashleep. After having sat your poetries and you know what	26		
happens when chine throws over jupan. Go to doss with	27		
the poulterer, you understand, and shake up with the milch-	28		
mand. The Sully van vultures are on the prow. And the	29		
hailies fingringmaries. Tobaccos tabu and toboggan's a back	30		
seat. Secret satieties and ononymous letters make the great un-	31		
watched as bad as their betters. Don't on any account acquire	32		
a paunchon for that alltoocommon fagbutt habit of frequenting	33		
and chumming together with the braces of couples in Mr Tun-	34		
nelly's hallways (smash it) wriggling with lowcusses and cock-	35		
chafers and vamps and rodants, with the end to commit acts of	36		
FW436			
interstipital indecency as between twineties and tapegarters,	1		
fingerpats on fondlepets, under the couvrefeu act. It's the thin	2		
end; wedge your steps! Your high powered hefty hoyden thinks	3		

nothing of ramping through a whole suite of smokeless hus-	4		
bands. Three minutes I'm counting you. Woouoon. No triching	5		
now! Give me that when I tell you! <i>Ragazza ladra!</i> And is that	6		
any place to be smuggling his madam's apples up? Deceitful	7		
jade. Gee wedge! Begor, I like the way they're half cooked.	8		
Hold, flay, grill, fire that laney feeling for kosenkissing disgeni-	9		
cally within the proscribed limits like Population Peg on a hint or	10		
twim clandestinely does be doing to Temptation Tom, atkings	11		
questions in barely and snakking svarewords like a nursemagd.	12		
While there's men-a'war on the say there'll be loves-o'women	13		
on the do. Love through the usual channels, cisternbrothelly,	14		
when properly disinfected and taken neat in the generable way	15		
upon retiring to roost in the company of a husband-in-law or	16		
other respectable relative of an apposite sex, not love that leads	17		
by the nose as I foresmellt but canalised love, you understand,	18		
does a felon good, suspiciously if he has a slugger's liver but I	19		
cannot belabour the point too ardently (and after the lessions of	20		
experience I speak from inspiration) that fetid spirits is the thief	21		
of prurities, so none of your twenty rod cherrywhisks, me	22		
daughter! At the Cat and Coney or the Spotted Dog. And at	23		
2bis Lot's Road. When parties get tight for each other they lose	24		
all respect together. By the stench of her fizzle and the glib of her	25		
gab know the drunken draggletail Dublin drab. You'll pay for	26		

each bally sorraday night every billing sumday morning. When	27		
the night is in May and the moon shines might. We won't meeth	28		
in Navan till you try to give the Kellsfrieclub the goby. Hill or	29		
hollow, Hull or Hague! And beware how you dare of wet cock-	30		
tails in Kildare or the same may see your wedding driving home	31		
from your wake. Mades of ashens when you flirt spoil the lad	32		
but spare his shirt! Lay your lilylike long his shoulder but buck	33		
back if he buts bolder and just hep your homely hop and heed	34		
no horning but if you've got some brainy notion to raise cancan	35		
and rouse commotion I'll be apt to flail that tail for you till it's	36		
FW437			
borning. Let the love ladleliked at the eye girde your gastricks	1		
in the gym. Nor must you omit to screw the lid firmly on that	2		
jazz jiggery and kick starts. Bumping races on the flat and point	3		
to point over obstacles. Ridewheeling that acclivisciously up	4		
windy Rutland Rise and insighting rebellious northers before the	5		
saunter of the city of Dunlob. Then breretonbiking on the free	6		
with your airs of go-be-dee and your heels upon the handlebars.	7		
Berrboel brazenness! No, before your corselage rib is decartilaged,	8		
that is to mean if you have visceral ptossis, my point is, making	9		
allowances for the fads of your weak abdominal wall and your	10		

liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as	11		
though you needed healthy physicking exorcise to flush your	12		
kidneys, you understand, and move that twelffinger bowel and	13		
threadworm inhibitating it, lassy, and perspire freely, lict your	14		
lector in the lobby and why out you go by the ostiary on to	15		
the dirt track and skip! Be a sportive. Deal with Nature the great	16		
greengrocer and pay regularly the monthlies. Your Punt's Per-	17		
fume's only in the hatpinny shop beside the reek of the rawny.	18		
It's more important than air — I mean than eats — air (Oop, I	19		
never open momouth but I pack mefood in it) and promotes that	20		
natural emotion. Stamp out bad eggs. Why so many puddings	21		
prove disappointing, as Dietician says, in Creature Comforts	22		
Causeries, and why so much soup is so muck slop. If we	23		
could fatten on the elizabeetons we wouldn't have teeth like	24		
the hippopotamians. However. Likewise if I were in your	25		
envelope shirt I'd keep my weathereye well cocked open for	26		
your furnished lodgers paying for their feed on tally with	27		
company and piano tunes. Only stuprifying yourself! The too	28		
friendly friend sort, Mazourikawitch or some other sukinsin of	29		
a vitch, who he's kommen from olt Pannonia on this porpoise	30		
whom sue stooderin about the maul and femurl artickles and who	31		
mix himself so at home mid the musik and spansks the ivory	32		
that lovely for this your Mistro Melosiosus MacShine MacShane	33		

may soon prove your undoing and bane through the succeeding	34		
years of rain should you, whilst Jaun is from home, get used to	35		
basking in his loverslowlap, inordinately clad, moustacheteasing,	36		
FW438			
when closehended together behind locked doors, kissing steadily,	1		
(malbongusta, it's not the thing you know!) with the calfloving	2		
selfseeker, under the influence of woman, inching up to you, dis-	3		
arranging your modesties and fumbling with his forte paws in your	4		
bodice after your billy doos twy as a first go off (take care, would	5		
you stray and split on me!) and going on doing his idiot every	6		
time you gave him his chance to get thick and play pigglywiggly,	7		
making much of you, bilgetalking like a ditherer, gougouzoug,	8		
about your glad neck and the round globe and the white milk and	9		
the red raspberries (O horrifier!) and prying down furthermore to	10		
chance his lucky arm with his pregnant questions up to our past	11		
lives. What has that caught to sing with him? The next fling	12		
you'll be squitting on the Tubber Nakel, pouring pitchers to the	13		
well for old Gloatsdane's glorification and the postequities of	14		
the Black Watch, peeping private from the Bush and Rangers.	15		
And our local busybody, talker-go-bragk. Worse again! Off of	16		
that praying fan on to them priars! It would be a whorable state	17		

of affairs altogether for the redcolumnists of presswritten epics,	18		
Peter Paragraph and Paulus Puff, (I'm keepsoaking them to cover	19		
my concerts) to get ahold of for their balloons and shoot you	20		
private by surprise, considering the marriage slump that's on this	21		
oil age and pulexes three shillings a pint and wives at six and	22		
seven when domestic calamities belame par and newlaid bellow	23		
mar for the twenty twotoosent time thwealthy took thousands	24		
in the slack march of civilisation were you, becoming guilty of	25		
unleckylike intoxication to have and to hold, to pig and to pay	26		
direct connection, <i>qua</i> intervener, with a prominent married member	27		
of the vicereeking squad and, in consequence of the therinunder	28		
subpenas, be flummoxed to the second degree by becoming a	29		
detestificated companykeeper on the dammymonde of Luca-	30		
lamplight. Anything but that, for the fear and love of gold! Once	31		
and for all, I'll have no college swankies (you see, I am well	32		
voiced in love's arsenal and all its overtures from collion boys	33		
to colleen bawns so I have every reason to know that rogues'	34		
gallery of nightbirds and bitchfanciers, lucky duffs and light	35		
lindsays, haughty hamiltons and gay gordons, dosed, doctored	36		
FW439			
and otherwise, messing around skirts and what their fickling in-	1		

tentions look like, you make up your mind to that) trespassing	2		
on your danger zone in the dancer years. If ever I catch you at it,	3		
mind, it's you that will cocottch it! I'll tackle you to feel if you	4		
have a few devils in you. Holy gun, I'll give it to you, hot, high	5		
and heavy before you can say sedro! Or may the maledictions	6		
of Lousyfear fall like nettlerash on the white friar's father that	7		
converted from moonshine the fostermother of the first nancy-	8		
free that ran off after the trumpadour that mangled Moore's melo-	9		
dies and so upturned the tubshead of the stardaft journalwriter	10		
to inspire the prime finisher to fellhim the firtree out of which	11		
Cooper Funnymore planed the flat of the beerbarrel on which	12		
my grandydad's lustiest sat his seat of unwisdom with my tante's	13		
petted sister for the cause of his joy! Amene.	14		
Poof! There's puff for ye, begor, and planxty of it, all abound	15		
me breadth! Glor galore and glory be! As broad as its lung and	16		
as long as a line! The valiantine vaux of Venerable Val Vous-	17		
dem. If my jaws must brass away like the due drops on my lay.	18		
And the topnoted delivery you'd expected be me invoice! Theo	19		
Dunnohoo's warning from Daddy O'Dowd. Whoo? What I'm	20		
wondering to myselfwhose for there's a strong tendency, to put	21		
it mildly, by making me the medium. I feel spirits of itchery out-	22		
ching out from all over me and only for the sludgehammer's	23		
force in my hand to hold them the darkens alone knows what'll	24		

who'll be saying of next. However. Now, before my upperotic	25		
rogister, something nice. Now? Dear Sister, in perfect leave again I	26		
say take a brokerly advice and keep it to yourself that we, Jaun, first	27		
of our name here now make all receptacles of, free of price. Easy,	28		
my dear, if they tingle you either say nothing or nod. No cheeka-	29		
cheek with chipperchapper, you and your last mashboy and the	30		
padre in the pulpbox enumerating you his nostrums. Be vacillant	31		
over those vigilant who would leave you to belave black on white.	32		
Close in for psychical hijiniks as well but fight shy of mugpunters.	33		
I'd burn the books that grieve you and light an allassundrian bom-	34		
pyre that would suffragate Tome Plyfire or Zolfanerole. Perousse	35		
instate your <i>Weekly Standerd</i> , our verile organ that is ethelred by all	36		
FW440			
pressdom. Apply your five wits to the four verilatest. The Arsdi-	1		
ken's <i>An Traitey on Miracula or Viewed to Death by a Priest</i>	2		
<i>Hunter</i> is still first in the field despite the castle bar, William	3		
Archer's a rompan good cathalogue and he'll give you a riser on	4		
the route to our nazional labronry. Skim over <i>Through Hell</i>	5		
<i>with the Papes</i> (mostly boys) by the divine comic Denti Alligator	6		
(exsponging your index) and find a quip in a quire arisus aream	7		
from bastardtitle to fatherjohnson. Swear aloud by pious fiction	8		

the like of <i>Lentil Lore</i> by Carnival Cullen or that <i>Percy Wynns</i>	9		
of our S. J. Finn's or <i>Pease in Plenty</i> by the Curer of Wars,	10		
licensed and censored by our most picturesque prelates, Their	11		
Graces of Linzen and Petitbois, bishops of Hibernites, <i>licet ut</i>	12		
<i>lebanus</i> , for expansion on the promises, the two best sells on the	13		
market this luckiest year, set up by Gill the father, put out by Gill	14		
the son and circulating disimally at Gillydehooly's Cost. Strike up	15		
a nodding acquaintance for our doctrine with the works of old	16		
Mrs Trot, senior, and Manoel Canter, junior, and Loper de Figas,	17		
nates maximum. I used to follow Mary Liddlelambe's flitsy tales,	18		
espicially with the scentaminted sauce. Sifted science will do your	19		
arts good. <i>Egg Laid by Former Cock</i> and <i>With Flageolettes in Send</i>	20		
<i>Fanciesland</i> . Chiefly girls. Trip over sacramental tea into the long	21		
lives of our saints and saucerdotes, with vignettes, cut short into	22		
instructual primers by those in authority for the bittermint of your	23		
soughts. Forfet not the palsied. Light a match for poor old	24		
Contrabally and send some balmoil for the schizomatics. A hemd	25		
in need is aye a friendly deed. Remember, maid, thou dust art	26		
powder but Cinderella thou must return (what are you robbing	27		
her sleeve for, Ruby? And pull in your tongue, Polly!). Cog that	28		
out of your teen times, everyone. The lad who brooks no	29		
breaches lifts the lass that toffs a tailor. How dare ye be laughing	30		
out of your mouthshine at the lack of that? Keep cool your fresh	31		

chastity which is far better far. Sooner than part with that vesta-	32		
lite emerald of the first importance, descended to me by far from	33		
our family, which you treasure up so closely where extremes	34		
meet, nay, mozzed lesmended, rather let the whole ekumene	35		
universe belong to merry Hal and do whatever his Mary well	36		
FW441			
likes. When the gong goes for hornets-two-nest marriage step	1		
into your harness and strip off that nullity suit. Faminy, hold	2		
back! For the race is to the rashest of, the romping, jomping	3		
rushes of. Haul Seton's down, black, green and grey, and hoist	4		
Mikealy's whey and sawdust. What's overdressed if underclothed?	5		
Poposht forstake me knot where there's white lets ope. Whisht!	6		
Blesht she that walked with good Jook Humprey for he made	7		
her happytight. Go! You can down all the dripping you can	8		
dumple to, and buffkid scouse too ad libidinum, in these lassi-	9		
tudes if you've parents and things to look after. That was what	10		
stuck to the Comtesse Cantilene while she was sticking out Mavis	11		
Toffeelips to feed her soprannated huspals, and it is henceforth	12		
associated with her names. La Dreeping! Die Droopink! The	13		
inimitable in puresuet of the inevitable! There's nothing to touch	14		
it, we are taucht, unless she'd care for a mouthpull of white pud-	15		

ding for the wish is on her rose marine and the lunchlight in her	16		
eye, so when you pet the rollingpin write my name on the pie.	17		
Guard that gem, Sissy, rich and rare, ses he. In this cold old	18		
worold who'll feel it? Hum! The jewel you're all so cracked	19		
about there's flitty few of them gets it for there's nothing now	20		
but the sable stoles and a runabout to match it. Sing him a ring.	21		
Touch me low. And I'll lech ye so, my soandso. Show and show.	22		
Show on show. She. Shoe. Shone.	23		
Divulge, sjuddenly jouted out hardworking Jaun, kicking	24		
the console to his double and braying aloud like Brahaam's ass,	25		
and, as his voixehumanar swelled to great, clenching his manlies,	26		
so highly strong was he, man, and gradually quite warming to	27		
her (there must have been a power of kinantics in that buel	28		
of gruel he gobed at bedgo) divorce into me and say the cur-	29		
name in undress (if you get into trouble with a party you are	30		
not likely to forget his appearance either) of any lapwhelp or	31		
sleevemongrel who talks to you upon the road where he tuck	32		
you to be a roller, O, (the goattanned saxopeeler upshotdown	33		
chigs peel of him!) and volunteers to trifle with your round-	34		
lings for profferred glass and dough, the marrying hand that	35		
his leisure repents of, without taking out his proper password	36		
FW442			

from the eligible ministriss for affairs with the black fremdling,	1		
that enemy of our country, in a cleanlooking light and I don't	2		
care a tongser's tammany hang who the mucky is nor twoo	3		
hoots in the corner nor three shouts on a hill (were he even	4		
a constantineal namesuch of my very own, Attaboy Knowling,	5		
and like enoch to my townmajor ancestors, the two that are	6		
taking out their divorces in the Spooksbury courts circuits,	7		
Rere Uncle Remus, the Baas of Eboracum and Old Father	8		
Ulissabon Knickerbocker, the lanky sire of Wolverhampton,	9		
about their bristelings), but as true as there's a soke for sakes in	10		
Twoways Peterborough and sure as home we come to newsky	11		
prospect from west the wave on schedule time (if I came any	12		
quicker I'll be right back before I left) from the land of breach	13		
of promise with Brendan's mantle whitening the Kerribrazilian	14		
sea and March's pebbles spinning from beneath our footslips to	15		
carry fire and sword, rest insured that as we value the very name	16		
in sister that as soon as we do possibly it will be a poor lookout	17		
for that insister. He's a markt man from that hour. And why do	18		
we say that, you may query me? Quarry? Guess! Call'st thou?	19		
Think and think and think, I urge on you. Muffed! The wrong	20		
porridge. You are an ignoratis! Because then probably we'll	21		
dumb well soon show him what the Shaun way is like how we'll	22		

go a long way towards breaking his outsider's face for him for	23		
making up to you with his bringthee balm of Gaylad and his	24		
singthee songs of Arupee, chancetrying my ward's head into	25		
sanctuary before feeling with his two dimensions for your nup-	26		
tial dito. Ohibow, if I was Blonderboss I'd gooandfrighthisdual-	27		
man! Now, we'll tell you what we'll do to be sicker instead of	28		
compensation. We'll he'll burst our his mouth like Leary to the	29		
Leinsterface and reduce he'll we'll ournhisn liniments to a	30		
poolp. Open the door softly, somebody wants you, dear! You'll	31		
hear him calling you, bump, like a blizz, in the muezzin of the	32		
turkest night. Come on now, pillarbox! I'll stiffen your scribeall,	33		
broken reed! That'll be it, grand operoar style, even should I,	34		
with my sleuts of hogpew and cheekas, have to coomb the brash	35		
of the libs round Close Saint Patrice to lay my louseboob on his	36		
FW443			
behaitch like solitar. We are all eyes. I have his quoram of	1		
images all on my retinue, Mohomadhawn Mike. Brassup! More-	2		
over after that, bad manners to me, if I don't think strongly about	3		
giving the brotherkeeper into custody to the first police bubby	4		
cunstableness of Dora's Diehards in the field I might chance to	5		
follopon. Or for that matter, for your information, if I get the	6		

wind up what do you bet in the buckets of my wrath I mightn't	7		
even take it into my progromme, as sweet course, to do a rash act	8		
and pitch in and swing for your perfect stranger in the meadow	9		
of heppiness and then wipe the street up with the clonmellian,	10		
pending my bringing proceedings verses the joyboy before a	11		
bunch of magistrates and twelve good and gleeful men? <i>Filius</i>	12		
<i>nullius per fas et nefas</i> . It should prove more or less of an event	13		
and show the widest federal in my cup. He'll have pansements	14		
then for his pensamientos, howling for peace. Pretty knocks, I	15		
promise him with plenty burkes for his shins. Dumnlamn wimn	16		
humn. In which case I'll not be complete in fighting lust until I	17		
contrive to half kill your Charley you're my darling for you and	18		
send him to Home Surgeon Hume, the algebrist, before his ap-	19		
pointed time, particularly should he turn out to be a man in brown	20		
about town, Rollo the Gunger, son of a wants a flurewaltzer to	21		
Arnolff's, picking up ideas, of well over or about fiftysix or so,	22		
pithecoid proportions, with perhaps five foot eight, the usual	23		
X Y Z type, R.C. Toc H, nothing but claret, not in the studbook	24		
by a long storch, with a toothbrush moustache and jawcrockeries,	25		
<i>alias</i> grinner through collar, and of course no beard, meat and	26		
colmans suit, with tar's baggy slacks, obviously too roomy for	27		
him and springside boots, washing tie, Father Mathew's bridge	28		
pin, sipping some Wheatley's at Rhoss's on a barstool, with some	29		

pubpal of the Olaf Stout kidney, always trying to poorchase mov-	30		
ables by hebdomedaries for to putt in a new house to loot, cigarette	31		
in his holder, with a good job and pension in Buinness's, what	32		
about our trip to Normandy style conversation, with an oc-	33		
casional they say that filmacolored featured at the Mothrapurl	34		
skrene about Michan and his lost angeleens is corkyshows do	35		
morvaloos, blueygreen eyes a bit scummy developing a series of	36		
FW444			
angry boils with certain references to the Deity, seeking relief	1		
in alcohol and so on, general omnibus character with a dash of	2		
railwaybrain, stale cough and an occasional twinge of claudication,	3		
having his favourite fecundclass family of upwards of a decade,	4		
both harefoot and loadenbrogued, to boot and buy off, I mean.	5		
So let it be a knuckle or an elbow, I hereby admonish you!	6		
It may all be topping fun but it's tip and run and touch and flow	7		
for every whack when Marie stopes Phil fluther's game to go.	8		
Arms arome, side aside, face into the wall. To the tumble of the	9		
toss tot the trouble of the swaddled, O. And lest there be no	10		
misconception, Miss Forstowelsy, over who to fasten the plight-	11		
forlifer on (threehundred and thirty three to one on Rue the	12		
Day!) when the nice little smellar squalls in his crydle what the	13		

dirty old bigger'll be squealing through his coughin you better	14		
keep in the gunbarrel straight around vokseburst as I recommence	15		
you to (you gypseyeyed baggage, do you hear what I'm praying?)	16		
or, Gash, without butthering my head to assortail whose stroke	17		
forced or which struck backly, I'll be all over you myselx hori-	18		
zontally, as the straphanger said, for knocking me with my name	19		
and yourself and your babybag down at such a greet sacrifice with	20		
a rap of the gavel to a third price cowhandler as cheap as the nig-	21		
gerd's dirt (for sale!) or I'll smack your fruitflavoured jujube lips	22		
well for you, so I will well for you, if you don't keep a civil tongue	23		
in your pigeonhouse. The pleasures of love lasts but a fleeting but	24		
the pledges of life outlusts a lieftime. I'll have it in for you. I'll	25		
teach you bed minners, tip for tap, to be playing your oddaughter	26		
tangotricks with micky dazzlers if I find corsehairs on your	27		
river-frock and the squirmside of your burberry lupitally covered	28		
with chiffchaff and shavings. Up Rosemiry Lean and Potanasty	29		
Rod you wos, wos you? I overstand you, you understand. Ask-	30		
ing Annybetyelsas to carry your parcels and you dreaming of	31		
net glory. You'll ging naemaer wi'Wolf the Ganger. Cutting	32		
chapel, were you? and had dates with slickers in particular	33		
hotels, had we? Lonely went to play your mother, isod? You was	34		
wiffriends? Hay, dot's a doll yarn! Mark mean then! I'll homeseek	35		
you, Luperca as sure as there's a palatine in Limerick and in	36		

FW445				
striped conference here's how. Nerbu de Bios! If you twos goes	1			
to walk upon the railway, Gard, and I'll goad to beat behind the	2			
bush! See to it! Snip! It's up to you. I'll be hatsnatching harrier	3			
to hiding huries hinder hedge. Snap! I'll tear up your limpshades	4			
and lock all your trotters in the closet, I will, and cut your silk-	5			
skin into garters. You'll give up your ask unbrodhel ways when	6			
I make you reely smart. So skelp your budd and kiss the hurt!	7			
I'll have plenary sadisfaction, plays the bishop, for your partial's	8			
indulgences if your my rodeo gell. Fair man and foul suggestion.	9			
There's a lot of lecit pleasure coming bangslanging your way,	10			
Miss Pinpernelly satin. For your own good, you understand, for	11			
the man who lifts his pud to a woman is saving the way for	12			
kindness. You'll rebmemer your mottob <i>Aveh Tiger Roma</i>	13			
mikely smarter the nickst time. For I'll just draw my prancer	14			
and give you one splitpuck in the crupper, you understand, that	15			
will bring the poppy blush of shame to your peony hindmost till	16			
you yelp papapardon and radden your rhodatantarums to the	17			
beat of calorrubordolor, I am, I do and I suffer, (do you hear me	18			
now, lickspoon, and stop looking at your bussycat bow in the	19			
slate?) that you won't obliterate for the bulkier part of a running	20			

year, failing to give a good account of yourself, if you think I'm	21		
so tan cupid as all that. Lights out now (bouf!), tight and sleep	22		
on it. And that's how I'll bottle your greedypuss beautibus for	23		
ye, me bullin heifer, for 'tis I that have the peer of arrams that	24		
carry a wallop. Between them.	25		
Unbeknownst to you would ire turn o'er see, a nuncio would	26		
I return here. How (from the sublime to the ridiculous) times	27		
out of oft, my future, shall we think with deepest of love and	28		
recollection by rintrospection of thee but me far away on the	29		
pillow, breathing foundly o'er my names all through the empties,	30		
whilst moidhered by the rattle of the doppeldoorknockers. Our	31		
homerole poet to Ostelinda, Fred Wetherly, puts it somewhys	32		
better. You're sitting on me style, maybe, whereoft I helped	33		
your ore. Littlegame rumilie from Liffalidebankum, (Toobli-	34		
queme!) but a big corner fill you do in this unadulterated seat of	35		
our affections. Aerwenger's my breed so may we uncreepingly	36		
FW446			
multipede like the sands on Amberhann! Sevenheavens, O heaven!	1		
Iy waount yiou! yore ways to melittleme were wonderful so	2		
Ickam purseproud in sending uym loveliest pansiful thoughts	3		
touching me dash in-you through wee dots Hyphen, the so	4		

pretty arched godkin of beddingnights. If I've proved to your	5		
sallysfashion how I'm a man of Armor let me so, let me sue, let	6		
me see your isabellis. How I shall, should I survive, as, please the	7		
uniter of U.M.I. hearts, I am living in hopes to do, replacing	8		
mig wandering handsup in yawers so yeager for mitch, positively	9		
cover the two pure chicks of your comely plumpchake with	10		
zuccherikissings, hong, kong, and so gong, that I'd scare the bats	11		
out of the ivfry one of those puggy mornings, honestly, by my	12		
rantandog and daddyoak I will, become come coming when,	13		
upon the mingling of our meeting waters, wish to wisher, like	14		
massive mountains to part no more, you will there and then, in	15		
those happy moments of ouryour soft accord, rainkiss on me	16		
back, for full marks with shouldered arms, and in that united	17		
I.R.U. stade, when I come (touf! touf!) wildflier's fox into my	18		
own greengeese again, swap sweetened smugs, six of one for half	19		
a dozen of the other, till they'll bet we're the cuckoo derby	20		
when cherries next come back to Ealing as come they must, as	21		
they musted in their past, as they must for my pressing season,	22		
as hereinafter must they chirrywill immediately suant on my	23		
safe return to ignorance and bliss in my horseless Coppal Poor,	24		
through suirland and noreland, kings country and queens, with	25		
my ropes of pearls for gamey girls the way ye'll hardly. Knowme.	26		
Slim ye, come slum with me and rally rats' roundup! 'Tis	27		

post purification we will, sales of work and social service,	28		
missus, completing our Abelite union by the adoption of	29		
fosterlings. Embark for Euphonia! Up Murphy, Henson and	30		
O'Dwyer, the Warchester Warders! I'll put in a shirt time	31		
if you'll get through your shift and between us in our shared	32		
slaves, brace to brassiere and shouter to shunter, we'll pull off our	33		
working programme. Come into the garden guild and be free	34		
of the gape athome! We'll circumcivicise all Dublin country.	35		
Let us, the real Us, all ignite in our prepurgatory grade as apos-	36		
FW447			
cals and be instrumental to utensilise, help our Jakeline sisters	1		
clean out the hogshole and generally ginger things up. Meliorism	2		
in massquantities, raffling receipts and sharing sweepstakes till	3		
navel, spokes and felloes hum like hymn. Burn only what's Irish,	4		
accepting their coals. You will soothe the cokeblack bile that's	5		
Anglia's and touch Armourican's iron core. Write me your	6		
essays, my vocational scholars, but corsorily, dipping your	7		
nose in it, for Henrietta's sake, on mortinatality in the life of	8		
jewries and the sludge of King Haarington's at its height, running	9		
boulevards over the whole of it. I'd write it all by mownself if	10		
I only had here of my jolly young watermen. Bear in mind, by	11		

Michael, all the provincial's bananas peels and elacock eggs mak-	12		
ing drawadust jubilee along Henry, Moore, Earl and Talbot	13		
Streets. Luke at all the memmer manning he's dung for the pray	14		
of birds, our priest-mayor-king-merchant, strewing the Castle-	15		
knock Road and drawing manure upon it till the first glimpse of	16		
Wales and from Ballses Breach Harshoe up to Dumping's Corner	17		
with the Mirist fathers' brothers eleven versus White Friars out	18		
on a rogation stag party. Compare them caponchin trowlers	19		
with the Bridge of Belches in Fairview, noreast Dublin's favourite	20		
souwest wateringplatz and ump as you lump it. What do you	21		
mean by Jno Citizen and how do you think of Jas Pagan?	22		
Compost liffe in Dufblin by Pierce Egan with the baugh in	23		
Baughkley of Fino Ralli. Explain why there is such a number	24		
of orders of religion in Asea! Why such an order number in	25		
preference to any other number? Why any number in any order	26		
at all? Now? Where is the greenest island off the black coats	27		
of Spaighn? Overset into universal: I am perdrix and upon my	28		
pet ridge. Oralmus! Way, O way for the autointoxication of	29		
our town of the Fords in a huddle! Hailfellow some wellmet	30		
boneshaker or, to ascertain the facts for herself, run up your	31		
showeryweather once and trust and take the Drumgondola tram	32		
and, wearing the midlimb and vestee endorsed by the hierarchy	33		
fitted with ecclastics, bending your steps, pick a trail and stand	34		

on, say, Aston's, I advise you strongly, along quaith a copy of	35		
the Seeds and Weeds Act when you have procured one for your-	36		
FW448			
self and take a good longing gaze into any nearby shopwindow	1		
you may select at suppose, let us say, the hoyth of number	2		
eleven, Kane or Keogh's, and in the course of about thirtytwo	3		
minutes' time proceed to turn aroundabout on your heehills to-	4		
wards the previous causeway and I shall be very cruelly mis-	5		
taken indeed if you will not be jushed astunshed to see how you	6		
will be meanwhile durn weel topcoated with kakes of slush	7		
occasioned by the mush jam of the cross and blackwalls traffic	8		
in transit. See Capels and then fly. Show me that complaint book	9		
here. Where's Cowtends Kateclean, the woman with the muckrake?	10		
When will the W.D. face of our sow muckloved d'lin, the Troia	11		
of towns and Carmen of cities, crawling with mendiants in per-	12		
forated clothing, get its wellbelavered white like l'pool and	13		
m'chester? When's that grandnational goldcapped dupsydurby	14		
houspill coming with its vomitives for our mothers-in-load and	15		
stretchers for their devitalised males? I am all of me for freedom	16		
of speed but who'll disasperaguss Pope's Avegnue or who'll	17		
uproose the Opian Way? Who'll brighton Brayhowth and bait	18		

the Bull Bailey and never despair of Lorcansby? The rampant	19		
royal commissioners! 'Tis an ill weed blows no poppy good. And	20		
this labour's worthy of my higher. Oil for meed and toil for feed	21		
and a walk with the band for Job Loos. If I hope not charity what	22		
profiteers me? Nothing! My tippers of flags are knobs of hard-	23		
shape for it isagrim tale, keeping the father of curls from the	24		
sport of oak. Do you know what, liddle giddles? One of those	25		
days I am advised by the smiling voteseeker who's now snoring	26		
elued to positively strike off hiking for good and all as I bldy	27		
well bdly ought until such temse as some mood is made under	28		
privy-sealed orders to get me an increase of automoboil and foot-	29		
wear for these poor discalced and a bourse from bon Somewind for	30		
a cure at Badanuweir (though where it's going to come from this	31		
time —) as I sartunly think now, honest to John, for an income	32		
plexus that that's about the sanguine boundary limit. Amean.	33		
Sis dearest, Jaun added, with voise somewhit murky, what	34		
though still high fa luting, as he turned his dorse to her to pay	35		
court to it, and ouverleaved his booseys to give the note and	36		
FW449			
score, phonoscopically incuriosited and melancholic this time	1		
whiles, as on the fulmament he gaped in wulderment, his on-	2		

saturncast eyes in stellar attraction followed swift to an imagin-	3		
ary swellaw, O, the vanity of Vanissy! All ends vanishing! Pur-	4		
sonally, Grog help me, I am in no violent hurry. If time enough	5		
lost the ducks walking easy found them. I'll nose a blue fonx	6		
with any tristys blinking upon this earthlight of all them that	7		
pass by the way of the deerdrive, conconey's run or wilfrid's	8		
walk, but I'd turn back as lief as not if I could only spoonfind	9		
the nippy girl of my heart's appointment, Mona Vera Toutou	10		
Ipostila, my lady of Lyons, to guide me by gastronomy under	11		
her safe conduct. That's more in my line. I'd ask no kinder of	12		
fates than to stay where I am, with my tinny of brownie's tea,	13		
under the invocation of Saint Jamas Hanway, servant of Gamp,	14		
lapidated, and Jacobus a Pershawm, intercissous, for my thuri-	15		
fex, with Peter Roche, that frind of my boozum, leaning on my	16		
cubits, at this passing moment by localoption in the birds' lodg-	17		
ing, me pheasants among, where I'll dreamt that I'll dwealth mid	18		
warblers' walls when throstles and choughs to my sigh hiehied,	19		
with me hares standing up well and me longlugs dittoes, where	20		
a murdering row, the fox! has broken at the coward sight till	21		
well on into the beausome of the exhaling night, pinching stop-	22		
andgo jewels out of the hedges and catching dimtop brilliants	23		
on the tip of my wagger but for that owledclock (fast cease to it!)	24		
has just gone twoohoo the hour and that yen breezes zipping	25		

round by Drumsally do be devils to play fleur. I could sit on safe	26		
side till the bark of Saint Grouseus for hoopoe's hours, till heoll's	27		
hoerrisings, laughing lazy at the sheep's lightning and turn a wida-	28		
most ear dreamily to the drummling of snipers, hearing the wire-	29		
less harps of sweet old Aerial and the mails across the nightrives	30		
(peepet! peepet!) and whippoor willy in the woody (moor park!	31		
moor park!) as peacefed as a philopotamus, and crekking jugs	32		
at the grenoulls, leaving tealeaves for the trout and belleeks for the	33		
wary till I'd followed through my upfielded neviewscope the	34		
rugaby moon cumuliously godrolling himself westasleep amuckst	35		
the cloudscrums for to watch how carefully my nocturnal goose-	36		
FW450			
mother would lay her new golden sheegg for me down under in	1		
the shy orient. What wouldn't I poach — the rent in my river-	2		
side, my otther shoes, my beavery, honest! — ay, and melt my	3		
belt for a dace feast of grannom with the finny ones, those happy	4		
greppies in their minnowahaw, flashing down the swansway,	5		
leaps ahead of the swift MacEels, the big Gillaroo redfellows	6		
and the pursewinded carpers, rearin artis rood perches astench	7		
of me, or, when I'd like own company best, with the help of a	8		
norange and bear, to be reclined by the lasher on my logansome,	9		

my g.b.d. in my f.a.c.e., solfanelly in my shellyholders and lov'd	10		
latakia, the benuvolent, for my nosethrills, with the jealosomines	11		
wilting away to their heart's deelight and the king of saptimber	12		
letting down his humely odours for my consternation, dapping	13		
my griffeen, burning water in the spearlight or catching trophies	14		
of the king's royal college of sturgeone by the armful for to bake	15		
pike and pie while, O twined me abower in L'Alouette's Tower,	16		
all Adelaide's naughtingerls juckjucking benighth me, I'd ga-	17		
mut my twittynice Dorian blackbudds chthonic solphia off my	18		
singasangapiccolo to pipe musicall airs on numerous fairy-	19		
aciodes. I give, a king, to me, she does, alone, up there, yes see,	20		
I double give, till the spinney all eclosed asong with them. Isn't	21		
that lovely though? I give to me alone I trouble give! I may have	22		
no mind to lamagnage the forte bits like the pianage but you	23		
can't cadge me off the key. I've a voicical lilt too true. Nomario!	24		
And bemolly and jiesis! For I sport a whatyoumacormack in the	25		
latcher part of my throughers. And the lark that I let fly (olala!)	26		
is as cockful of funantics as it's tune to my fork. Naturale you	27		
might lower register me as diserecordant, but I'm athlone in the	28		
lillabilling of killarnies. That's flat. Yet ware the wold, you!	29		
What's good for the gorse is a goad for the garden. Lethals lurk	30		
heimlocked in logans. Loathe laburnums. Dash the gaudy death-	31		
cup! Bryony O'Bryony, thy name is Belladama! But enough of	32		

greenwood's gossip. Birdsneats is birdsneats. Thine to wait but	33		
mine to wage. And now play sharp to me. Doublefirst I'll head	34		
foremost through all my examhoops. And what sensitive coin	35		
I'd be possessed of at Latouche's, begor, I'd sink it sumtotal, every	36		
FW451			
dolly farting, in vestments of subdominal poteen at prime cost	1		
and I bait you my chancey oldcoat against the whole ounce you	2		
half on your backboard (if madamaud strips mesdamines may	3		
cold strafe illglands!) that I'm the gogetter that'd make it pay like	4		
cash registers as sure as there's a pot on a pole. And, what with one	5		
man's fish and a dozen men's poissons, sowing my wild plums to	6		
reap ripe plentihorns mead, lashings of erbole and hydromel and	7		
bragget, I'd come out with my magic fluke in close time, fair,	8		
free and frolicky, zooming tophole on the mart as a factor. And	9		
I tell you the Bective's wouldn't hold me. By the unsleeping	10		
Solman Annadromus, ye god of little pescies, nothing would	11		
stop me for mony makes multimony like the brogues and the	12		
kishes. Not the Ulster Rifles and the Cork Milice and the Dublin	13		
Fusees and Connacht Rangers ensembled! I'd axe the channon	14		
and leip a liffey and drink annyblack water that rann onme way.	15		
Yip! How's thats for scats, mine shatz, for a lovebird? To funk is	16		

only peternatural its daring feers divine. Bebold! Like Varian's	17		
balaying all behind me. And before you knew where you	18		
weren't, I stake my ignitial's divy, cash-and-cash-can-again, I'd	19		
be staggering humanity and loyally rolling you over, my sow-	20		
white sponse, in my tons of red clover, nighty nigh to the metro-	21		
nome, fiehigh and fiehigher and fiehighest of all. Holy petter and	22		
pal, I'd spoil you altogether, my sumptuous Sheila! Mumm all	23		
to do brut frull up fizz and unpop a few shortusians or shake a	24		
pale of sparkling ice, hear it swirl, happy girl! Not a spot of my	25		
hide but you'd love to seek and scanagain! There'd be no stand-	26		
ing me, I tell you. And, as gameboy as my pagan name K.C. is	27		
what it is, I'd never say let fly till we shot that blissup and	28		
swumped each other, manawife, into our sever nevers where I'd	29		
plant you, my Gizzygay, on the electric ottoman in the lap of	30		
lechery, simpringly stitchless with admiracion, among the most	31		
uxuriously furnished compartments, with sybarate chambers, just	32		
as I'd run my shoestring into near a million or so of them as a	33		
firstclass dealer and everything. Only for one thing that, how-	34		
over famiksed I would become, I'd be awful anxious, you under-	35		
stand, about shoepisser pluvius and in assideration of the terrible	36		
FW452			

luftsucks woabing around with the hedrolics in the coold amstop-	1		
here till the borting that would perish the Dane and his chapter	2		
of accidents to be atramental to the better half of my alltoolyrical	3		
health, not considering my capsflap, and that's the truth now out	4		
of the cackling bag for truly sure, for another thing, I never could	5		
tell the leest falsehood that would truthfully give satisfiction. I'm	6		
not talking apple sauce eithou. Or up in my hat. I earnst. Schue!	7		
Sissibis dearest, as I was reading to myself not very long ago	8		
in Tennis Flonnels Mac Courther, his correspondance, besated	9		
upon my tripos, and just thinking like thauthor how long I'd like	10		
myself to be continued at Hothelizod, peeking into the focus and	11		
pecking at thumbnail reveries, pricking up ears to my phono on	12		
the ground and picking up airs from th'other over th'ether, 'tis	13		
tramsported with grief I am this night sublime, as you may see	14		
by my size and my brow that's all forehead, to go forth, frank	15		
and hoppy, to the tune the old plow tied off, from our nostorey	16		
house, upon this benedictine errand but it is historically the most	17		
glorious mission, secret or profund, through all the annals of our	18		
— as you so often term her — efferfreshpainted livy, in beautific	19		
repose, upon the silence of the dead, from pharoph the nextfirst	20		
down to ramescheckles the last bust thing. The Vico road goes	21		
round and round to meet where terms begin. Still onappealed	22		
to by the cycles and unappalled by the recoursers we feel all	23		

serene, never you fret, as regards our dutiful cask. Full of my	24		
breadth from pride I am (breezed be the healthy same!) for 'tis a	25		
grand thing (superb!) to be going to meet a king, not an every-	26		
night king, nenni, by gannies, but the overking of Hither-on-	27		
Thither Erin himself, pardee, I'm saying. Before there was patch	28		
at all on Ireland there lived a lord at Lucan. We only wish	29		
everyone was as sure of anything in this watery world as we are	30		
of everything in the newlywet fellow that's bound to follow. I'll	31		
lay you a guinea for a hayseed now. Tell mother that. And tell	32		
her tell her old one. 'Twill amuse her.	33		
Well, to the figends of Annanmeses with the wholeabuelish	34		
business! For I declare to Jeshuam I'm beginning to get sunsick!	35		
I'm not half Norawain for nothing. The fine ice so temperate	36		
FW453			
of our, alas, those times are not so far off as you might wish to	1		
be congealed. So now, I'll ask of you, let ye create no scenes in	2		
my poor primmafore's wake. I don't want yous to be billow-	3		
fighting your biddy moriarty duels, gobble gabble, over me till	4		
you spit stout, you understand, after soused mackerel, sniffing	5		
clambake to hering and impudent barney, braggart of blarney,	6		
nor you ugly lemoncholic gobs o'er the hobs in a sewing circle,	7		

stopping oddments in maids' costumes at sweeping reductions,	8		
wearing out your ohs by sitting around your ahs, making areek-	9		
eransy round where I last put it, with the painters in too,	10		
curse luck, with your rags up, exciting your mucuses, turning	11		
breakfarts into lost soupirs and salon thay nor you flabbies on	12		
your groaning chairs over Bollivar's troubles of a bluemoondag,	13		
steamin your damp ossicles, praying Holy Prohibition and Jaun	14		
Dyspeptist while Ole Clo goes through the wood with Shep	15		
together, touting in the chesnut burrs for Goodboy Sommers	16		
and Mistral Blownowse hugs his kindlings when voiceyversy	17		
it's my gala bene fit, robbing leaves out of my taletold book.	18		
May my tunc fester if ever I see such a miry lot of maggalenes!	19		
Once upon a drunk and a fairly good drunk it was and the rest	20		
of your blatherumskite! Just a plain shays by the fire for absent-	21		
er Sh the Po and I'll make ye all an eastern hummingsphere of	22		
myself the moment that you name the way. Look in the slag	23		
scuttle and you'll see me sailsread over the singing, and what	24		
do ye want trippings for when you've Paris inspire your hat?	25		
Sussumcordials all round, let ye alloyiss and ominies, while I	26		
stray and let ye not be getting grief out of it, though blighted	27		
troth be all bereft, on my poor headsake, even should we forfeit	28		
our life. Lo, improving ages wait ye! In the orchard of the bones.	29		
Some time very presently now when yon clouds are dissipated	30		

after their forty years shower, the odds are, we shall all be hooked	31		
and happy, communionistically, among the fieldnights eliceam,	32		
<i>élite</i> of the elect, in the land of lost of time. Johannisburg's a re-	33		
velation! Deck the diamants that never die! So cut out the lone-	34		
some stuff! Drink it up, ladies, please, as smart as you can lower	35		
it! Out with lent! Clap hands postilium! Fastintide is by. Your	36		
FW454			
sole and myopper must hereupon part company. So for e'er fare	1		
thee welt! Parting's fun. Take thou, the wringle's thine, love.	2		
This dime doth trost thee from mine alms. Goodbye, swisstart,	3		
goodbye! Haugh! Haugh! Sure, treasures, a letterman does be	4		
often thought reading ye between lines that do have no sense at	5		
all. I sign myself. With much leg. Inflexibly yours. Ann Posht	6		
the Shorn. To be continued. Huck!	7		
Something of a sidesplitting nature must have occurred to	8		
westminstrel Jaunathaun for a grand big blossy hearty stenor-	9		
ious laugh (even Drudge that lay doggo thought feathers fell)	10		
hopped out of his woolly's throat like a ball lifted over the	11		
head of a deep field, at the bare thought of how jolly they'd like	12		
to be trolling his whoop and all of them truetotypes in missam-	13		
men massness were just starting to spladher splodher with the	14		

jolly magorios, hicky hecky hock, huges huges huges, hughy	15		
hughy hughy, O Jaun, so jokable and so geepy, O, (Thou pure!	16		
Our virgin! Thou holy! Our health! Thou strong! Our victory!	17		
O salutary! Sustain our firm solitude, thou who thou well	18		
strokest! Hear, hairy ones! We have sued thee but late. Beauty	19		
parlous!) when suddenly (how like a woman!), swifter as mer-	20		
cury he wheels right round starnly on the Rizzies suddenly, with	21		
his gimlets blazing rather sternish (how black like thunder!), to	22		
see what's loose. So they stood still and wondered. Till first he	23		
sighed (and how ill soufered!) and they nearly cried (the salt of	24		
the earth!) after which he pondered and finally he replied:	25		
— There is some thing more. A word apparting and shall the	26		
heart's tone be silent. Engagements, I'll beseal you! Fare thee	27		
well, fairy well! All I can tell you is this, my sorellies. It's prayers	28		
in layers all the thumping time, begor, the young gloria's gang	29		
voices the old doxologers, in the suburrs of the heavenly gardens,	30		
once we shall have passed, after surceases, all serene through	31		
neck and necklike Derby and June to our snug eternal retribu-	32		
tion's reward (the scorchhouse). Shunt us! shunt us! shunt us!	33		
If you want to be felixed come and be parked. Sacred ease there!	34		
The seanad and pobbel queue's remainder. To it, to it! Seekit	35		
headup! No petty family squabbles Up There nor homemade	36		

FW455			
hurricanes in our Cohortyard, no cupahurling nor apuckalips	1		
nor no puncheon jodelling nor no nothing. With the Byrns	2		
which is far better and eve for ever your idle be. You will hardly	3		
reconnoitre the old wife in the new bustle and the farmer shinner	4		
in his latterday paint. It's the fulldress Toussaint's wakeswalks	5		
expedition after a bail motion from the chamber of horrus.	6		
Saffron buns or sovran bonhams whichever you'r avider to like	7		
it and lump it, but give it a name. Iereny allover irelands. And	8		
there's food for refection when the whole flock's at home. Hog-	9		
manny di'yegut? Hogmanny di'yesmellygut? And hogmanny	10		
di'yesmellyspatterygut? You take Joe Hanny's tip for it! Post-	11		
martem is the goods. With Jollification a tight second. Toborrow	12		
and toburrow and tobarrow! That's our crass, hairy and ever-	13		
grim life, till one finel howdiedow Bouncer Naster raps on the	14		
bell with a bone and his stinkers stank behind him with the	15		
sceptre and the hourglass. We may come, touch and go, from	16		
atoms and ifs but we're presurely destined to be odd's without	17		
ends. Here we moult in Moy Kain and flop on the seemy side,	18		
living sure of hardly a doorstep for a stopgap, with Whogoes-	19		
there and a live sandbag round the corner. But upmeyant, Pro-	20		
spector, you sprout all your abel and woof your wings dead	21		

certain however of neuthing whatever to aye forever while	22		
Hyam Hyam's in the chair. Ah, sure, pleasantries aside, in the tail	23		
of the cow what a humpty daum earth looks our miseryme here-	24		
today as compared beside the Hereweareagain Gaieties of the	25		
Afterpiece when the Royal Revolver of these real globoes lets	26		
regally fire of his <i>mio colpo</i> for the chrisman's pandemon to give	27		
over and the Harlequinade to begin properly SPQueaRking	28		
Mark Time's Finist Joke. Putting Allspace in a Notshall.	29		
Well, the slice and veg joint's well in its way, and so is a	30		
ribroast and jackknife as sporten dish, but home cooking every-	31		
time. Mountains good mustard and, with the helpings of ladies'	32		
lickfings and gentlemen's relish, I've eaten a griddle. But I fill	33		
twice as stewhard what I felt before when I'm after eating a few	34		
natives. The crisp of the crackling is in the chawing. Give us an-	35		
other cup of your scald. Santos Mozos! That was a damn good	36		
FW456			
cup of scald! You could trot a mouse on it. I ingoyed your pick	1		
of hissing hot luncheon fine, I did, than' awfully, (sublime!).	2		
Tenderest bully ever I ate with the boiled protestants (allinoilia	3		
allinoilia!) only for your peas again was a taste tooth psalty to	4		
carry flavour with my godown and hereby return with my best	5		

savioury condiments and a penny in the plate for the jemes.	6		
O.K. Oh Kosmos! Ah Ireland! A.I. And for kailkannonkabbis	7		
gimme Cincinnatis with Italian (but <i>ci vuol poco!</i>) cicalick cheese,	8		
Haggis good, haggis strong, haggis never say die! For quid we	9		
have recipimus, recipe, O lout! And save that, Oliviero, for thy	10		
sunny day! Soupmeagre! Couldn't look at it! But if you'll buy me	11		
yon coat of the vairy furry best, I'll try and pullll it awn mee. It's in	12		
fairly good order and no doubt 'twill sarve to turn. Remove this	13		
boardcloth! Next stage, tell the tabler, for a variety of Hugue-	14		
not ligooms I'll try my set on edges grapeling an aigrydoucks,	15		
grilled over birchenrods, with a few bloomancowls in albies.	16		
I want to get outside monasticism. Mass and meat mar no man's	17		
journey. Eat a missal lest. Nuts for the nerves, a flitch for the flue	18		
and for to rejoice the chambers of the heart the spirits of the	19		
spice isles, curry and cinnamon, chutney and cloves. All the vital-	20		
mines is beginning to sozzle in chewn and the harmonies to	21		
clingleclangle, fudgem, kates and eaps and naboc and erics and	22		
oinnos on kingclud and xxxoxo and xxxox xxxoxxxx till	23		
I'm fustfed like fungstif and very presently from now posthaste	24		
it's off yourll see me ryuoll on my usual rounds again to draw	25		
Terminus Lower and Killadown and Letternoosh, Letterspeak,	26		
Lettermuck to Littorananima and the roomiest house even in	27		
Ireland, if you can understamp that, and my next item's platform	28		

it's how I'll try and collect my extraprofessional postages owing	29		
to me by Thaddeus Kellyesque Squire, dr, for nondesirable	30		
printed matter. The Jooks and the Kelly-Cooks have been	31		
milking turnkeys and sucking the blood out of the marshalsea	32		
since the act of First Offenders. But I know what I'll do. Great	33		
pains off him I'll take and that'll be your redletterday calendar,	34		
window machree! I'll knock it out of him! I'll stump it out of	35		
him! I'll rattattatter it out of him before I'll quit the doorstep of	36		
FW457			
old Con Connolly's residence! By the horn of twenty of both of	1		
the two Saint Collopys, blackmail him I will in arrears or my	2		
name's not penitent Ferdinand! And it's daily and hourly I'll	3		
nurse him till he pays me fine fee. Ameal.	4		
Well, here's looking at ye! If I never leave you biddies till	5		
my stave is a bar I'd be tempted rigidly to become a passionate	6		
father. Me hunger's weighed. Hungkung! Me anger's suaged!	7		
Hangkang! Ye can stop as ye are, little lay mothers, and wait in	8		
wish and wish in vain till the grame reaper draws nigh, with	9		
the sickle of the sickles, as a blessing in disguise. Devil a curly	10		
hair I care! If any lightfoot Clod Dewvale was to hold me up,	11		
dicksturping me and marauding me of my rights to my onus, yan,	12		

tyan, tethera, methera, pimp, I'd let him have my best pair of	13		
galloper's heels in the creamsourer. He will have better manners,	14		
I'm dished if he won't! Console yourself, drawhure deelish!	15		
There's a refond of egg-sized coming to you out of me so mind	16		
you do me duty on me! Bruise your bulge below the belt till I	17		
blewblack beside you. And you'll miss me more as the narrowing	18		
weeks wing by. Someday duly, oneday truly, twosday newly,	19		
till whensday. Look for me always at my west and I will think	20		
to dine. A tear or two in time is all there's toot. And then in a	21		
click of the clock, toot toot, and doff doff we pop with sinnerettes	22		
in silkettes lining longroutes for His Diligence Majesty, our	23		
longdistance laird that likes creation. To whoosh!	24		
— Meesh, meesh, yes, pet. We were too happy. I knew some-	25		
thing would happen. I understand but listen, drawher nearest,	26		
Tizzy intercepted, flushing but flashing from her dove and dart	27		
eyes as she tactilifully grapbed her male corrispondee to flusther	28		
sweet nunsongs in his quickturned ear, I know, benjamin brother,	29		
but listen, I want, girls palmassing, to whisper my wish. (She	30		
like them like us, me and you, had thoud he n'er it would haltin so	31		
lithe when leased is tacitempust tongue). Of course, engine dear,	32		
I'm ashamed for my life (I must clear my throttle) over this lost	33		
moment's gift of memento nosepaper which I'm sorry, my	34		
precious, is allathome I with grief can call my own but all the	35		

same, listen, Jaunick, accept this witwee's mite, though a jenny-	36		
FW458			
teeny witween piece torn in one place from my hands in second	1		
place of a linenhall valentino with my fondest and much left to	2		
tutor. X.X.X.X. It was heavily bulledicted for young Fr Ml,	3		
my pettest parriage priest, and you know who between us by	4		
your friend the pope, forty ways in forty nights, that's the	5		
beauty of it, look, scene it, ratty. Too perfectly priceless for	6		
words. And, listen, now do enhance me, oblige my fiancy and	7		
bear it with you morn till life's e'en and, of course, when never	8		
you make usage of it, listen, please kindly think galways again	9		
or again, never forget, of one absendee not sester Maggy. Ahim.	10		
That's the stupidest little cough. Only be sure you don't catch your	11		
cold and pass it on to us. And, since levret bounds and larks is	12		
soaring, don't be all the night. And this, Joke, a sprig of blue	13		
speedwell just a spell of floralora so you'll mind your veronique.	14		
Of course, Jer, I know you know who sends it, presents that	15		
please, mercy, on the face of the waters like that film obote,	16		
awfly charmig of course, but it doesn't do her justice, apart from	17		
her cattiness, in the magginbottle. Of course, please too write,	18		
won't you, and leave your little bag of doubts, inquisitive, be-	19		

hind you unto your utterly thine, and, thank you, forward it	20		
back by return pigeon's pneu to the loving in case I couldn't	21		
think who it was or any funforall happens I'll be so curiose to	22		
see in the Homesworth breakfast tablotts as I'll know etherways	23		
by pity bleu if it's good for my system, what exquisite buttons,	24		
gorgiose, in case I don't hope to soon hear from you. And thanks	25		
ever so many for the ten and the one with nothing at all on. I will	26		
tie a knot in my stringamejip to letter you with my silky paper,	27		
as I am given now to understand it will be worth my price in	28		
money one day so don't trouble to ans unless sentby special as	29		
I am getting his pay and wants for nothing so I can live simply	30		
and solely for my wonderful kinkless and its loops of loveliness.	31		
When I throw away my rollets there's rings for all. Flee a girl,	32		
says it is her colour. So does B and L and as for V! And listen	33		
to it! Cheveluir! So distant you're always. Bow your boche!	34		
Absolutely perfect! I will pack my comb and mirror to praxis	35		
oval owes and artless awes and it will follow you pulpicy	36		
FW459			
as far as come back under all my eyes like my sapphire chap-	1		
lets of ringarosary I will say for you to the Allmichael and	2		
solve qui pu while the dovedoves pick my mouthbuds (msch!	3		

msch!) with nurse Madge, my linkingclass girl, she's a fright,	4		
poor old dutch, in her sleeptalking when I paint the measles	5		
on her and mudstuskers to make her a man. We. We. Issy	6		
done that, I confesh! But you'll love her for her hessians	7		
and sickly black stockies, cleryng's jumbles, salvadged from	8		
the wash, isn't it the cat's tonsils! Simply killing, how she	9		
tidies her hair! I call her Sosy because she's sosiety for me	10		
and she says sossy while I say sassy and she says will	11		
you have some more scorns while I say won't you take a few	12		
more schools and she talks about ithel dear while I simply	13		
never talk about athel darling; she's but nice for enticing my	14		
friends and she loves your style considering she breaksin me	15		
shoes for me when I've arch trouble and she would kiss my	16		
white arms for me so gratefully but apart from that she's	17		
terribly nice really, my sister, round the elbow of Erne street	18		
Lower and I'll be strictly forbidden always and true in my own	19		
way and private where I will long long to betruer you along with	20		
one who will so betruer you that not once while I betreu him not	21		
once well he be betray himself. Can't you understand? O bother,	22		
I must tell the trouth! My latest lad's lovelilletter I am sore I done	23		
something with. I like him lots coss he never cusses. Pity bon-	24		
hom. Pip pet. I shouldn't say he's pretty but I'm cocksure he's	25		
shy. Why I love taking him out when I unlatched his cordon	26		

gate. Ope, Jack, and aтем! Obealbe myodorers and he dote so.	27		
He fell for my lips, for my lisp, for my lewd speaker. I felt for	28		
his strength, his manhood, his do you mind? There can be no	29		
candle to hold to it, can there? And, of course, dear professor, I	30		
understand. You can trust me that though I change thy name	31		
though not the letter never while I become engaged with my	32		
first horsepower, masterthief of hearts, I will give your lovely	33		
face of mine away, my boyish bob, not for tons of donkeys, to	34		
my second mate, with the twirlers the engineer of the passio-	35		
flower (O the wicked untruth! whot a tell! that he has bought	36		
FW460			
me in his wellingtons what you haven't got!), in one of those	1		
pure clean lupstucks of yours thankfully, Arrah of the passkeys,	2		
no matter what. You may be certain of that, fluff, now I know	3		
how to tackle. Lock my mearest next myself. So don't keep me	4		
now for a good boy for the love of my fragrant saint, you villain,	5		
peppering with fear, my goodless graceless, or I'll first murder	6		
you but, hvisper, meet me after by next appointment near you	7		
know Ships just there beside the Ship at the future poor fool's	8		
circuts of lovemountjoy square to show my disrespects now, let	9		
me just your caroline for you, I must really so late. Sweet pig,	10		

he'll be furious! How he stalks to simself loucher and lover,	11		
immutating aperybally. My prince of the courts who'll beat me	12		
to love! And I'll be there when who knows where with the	13		
objects of which I'll knowor forget. We say. Trust us. Our	14		
game. (For fun!) The Dargle shall run dry the sooner I you	15		
deny. Whoever heard of such a think? Till the ulmost of all	16		
elmoes shall stele our harts asthone! And Mrs A'Mara makes	17		
it up and befriends with Mrs O'Morum! I will write down all	18		
your names in my gold pen and ink. Everyday, precious, while	19		
m'm'ry's leaves are falling deeply on my Jungfraud's Messonge-	20		
book I will dream telepath posts dulcets on this isinglass stream	21		
(but don't tell him or I'll be the mort of him!) under the libans	22		
and the sickamours, the cyprissis and babilonias, where the	23		
frondoak rushes to the ask and the yewleaves too kisskiss them-	24		
selves and 'twill carry on my hearz'waves my still waters reflec-	25		
tions in words over Margrate von Hungaria, her Quaidy ways	26		
and her Flavin hair, to thee, Jack, ahoy, beyond the boysforus.	27		
Splesh of hiss splash springs your salmon. Twick twick, twinkle	28		
twings my twilight as Sarterday afternoon lex leap will smile on	29		
my fourinhanced twelvemonthsmind. And what's this I was	30		
going to say, dean? O, I understand. Listen, here I'll wait on thee	31		
till Thingavalla with beautiful do be careful teacakes, more stues-	32		
ser flavoured than Vanilla and blackcurrant there's a cure in, like	33		

a born gentleman till you'll resemble me, all the time you're	34		
awhile way, I swear to you, I will, by Candlemas! And listen,	35		
joe, don't be annoyed with me, my old evernew, when, by the	36		
FW461			
end of your chapter, you citch water on the wagon for me being	1		
turned a star I'll dubeurry my two fesces under Pouts Vanisha	2		
Creme, their way for spilling cream, and, accent, umto extend	3		
my personnalitey to the latents, I'll boy me for myself only of	4		
expensive rainproof of pinked elephant's breath grey of the	5		
loveliest sheerest dearest widowhood over airforce blue I am	6		
so wild for, my precious once, Hope Bros., Faith Street, Charity	7		
Corner, as the bee loves her skyhighdeed, for I always had a	8		
crush on heliotrope since the dusses of yore cycled round the	9		
Finest Park, and listen. And never mind me laughing at what's	10		
atever! I was in the nerves but it's my last day. Always about	11		
this hour, I'm sorry, when our gamings for Bruin and Noselong	12		
is all oh you tease and afterdoon my lickle pussiness I stheal	13		
heimlick in my russians from the attraction part with my terri-	14		
blitall boots calvescatcher Pinchapoppapoff, who is going to be	15		
a jennyroll, at my nape, drenched, love, with dripping to affec-	16		
tionate slapmamma but last at night, look, after my golden vio-	17		

lents wetting in my upperstairs splendidly welluminated with	18		
such lidlylac curtains wallpapered to match the cat and a fire-	19		
please keep looking of priceless pearlogs I just want to see will	20		
he or are all Michales like that, I'll strip straight after devotions	21		
before his fondstare— and I mean it too, (thy gape to my gazing	22		
I'll bind and makeleash) and poke stiff under my isonbound with	23		
my soiedisante chineknees cheeckchubby chambermate for the	24		
night's foreign males and your name of Shane will come forth	25		
between my shamefaced whesen with other lipth I nakest open	26		
my thight when just woken by his toccatootletoo my first morn-	27		
ing. So now, to thalk thildish, thome, theated with Mag at the	28		
oilthan we are doing to thay one little player before doing to	29		
deed. An a tiss to the tassie for lu and for tu! Coach me how to	30		
tumble, Jaime, and listen, with supreme regards, Juan, in haste,	31		
warn me which to ah ah ah ah...	32		
— MEN! Juan responded fullchantedly to her sororal sono-	33		
rity, imitating himself capitally with his bubbleblown in his	34		
patapet and his chalished drink now well in hand. (A spilt, see,	35		
for a split, see see!) Ever gloriously kind! And I truly am	36		
FW462			
eucherised to yous. Also <i>sacré père</i> and <i>maître d'autel</i> . Well,	1		

ladies upon gentlemen and toastmaster general, let us, brindising	2		
brandisong, woo and win womenlong with health to rich vine-	3		
yards, Eriñ go Dry! Amingst the living waters of, the living in	4		
giving waters of. Tight! Loose! A stiff one for Staffetta mullified	5		
with creams of hourmony, the coupe that's chill for jackless jill and	6		
a filiform dhouche on Doris! Esterelles, be not on your weeping	7		
what though Shaunathaun is in his fail! To stir up love's young	8		
fizz I tilt with this bridle's cup champagne, dimming douce from	9		
her peepair of hideseeks, tightsqueezed on my snowybrusted and	10		
while my pearlies in their sparkling wisdom are nippling her	11		
bubbles I swear (and let you swear!) by the bumper round of	12		
my poor old snaggletooth's solidbowel I ne'er will prove I'm	13		
untrue to your liking (theare!) so long as my hole looks. Down.	14		
So gullaby, me poor Isley! But I'm not for forgetting me	15		
innerman monophone for I'm leaving my darling proxy behind	16		
for your consolering, lost Dave the Dancekerl, a squamous run-	17		
away and a dear old man pal of mine too. He will arrive inces-	18		
santly in the fraction of a crust, who, could he quit doubling and	19		
stop tippling, he would be the unicorn of his kind. He's the	20		
mightiest penumbrella I ever flourished on behond the shadow	21		
of a post! Be sure and link him, me O treasauo, as often as you	22		
learn provided there's nothing between you but a plain deal	23		
table only don't encourage him to cry lessontimes over Lepers-	24		

town. But soft! Can't be? Do mailstanes mumble? Lumtum	25		
lumtum! Now! The froubadour! I fremble! Talk of wolf in a	26		
stomach by all that's verminous! Eccolo me! The return of	27		
th'athlate! Who can secede to his success! Isn't Jaunstown,	28		
Ousterrike, the small place after all? I knew I smelt the garlic	29		
leek! Why, bless me swits, here he its, darling Dave, like	30		
the catoninelives just in time as if he fell out of space, all	31		
draped in mufti, coming home to mourn mountains from his	32		
old continece and not on one foot either or on two feet	33		
aether but on quinquisecular cycles after his French evolution	34		
and a blindfold passage by the 4.32 with the pork's pate in his	35		
suicide paw and the gulls laughing lime on his natural skunk,	36		
FW463			
blushing like Pat's pig, begob! He's not too timtom well ashamed	1		
to carry out onaglibtogradakelly in his showman's sinister the	2		
testymonicals he gave his twenty annis orf, showing the three	3		
white feathers, as a home cured emigrant in Paddyouare far be-	4		
low on our sealevel. Bearer may leave the church, signed, Figura	5		
Porca, Lictor Magnaffica. He's the sneaking likeness of us, faith,	6		
me altar's ego in miniature and every Auxonian aimer's ace as	7		
nasal a Romeo as I am, for ever cracking quips on himself, that	8		

merry, the jeenjakes, he'd soon arise mother's roses mid bedew-	9		
ing tears under those wild wet lashes onto anny living girl's	10		
laffercheeks. That's his little veiniality. And his unpeppepedi-	11		
ment. He has novel ideas I know and he's a jarry queer fish be-	12		
times, I grant you, and cantanberous, the poisoner of his word,	13		
but lice and all and semicoloured stainedglasses, I'm enormously	14		
full of that foreigner, I'll say I am! Got by the one goat, suckled	15		
by the same nanna, one twitch, one nature makes us oldworld	16		
kin. We're as thick and thin now as two tubular jawballs. I hate	17		
him about his patent henesy, plasfh it, yet am I amatorist. I love	18		
him. I love his old portugal's nose. There's the nasturtium for	19		
ye now that saved manny a poor sinker from water on the grave.	20		
The diasporation of all pirates and quinconcentrum of a fake like	21		
Basilius O'Cormacan MacArty? To camiflag he turned his shirt.	22		
Isn't he after borrowing all before him, making friends with	23		
everybody red in Rossya, white in Alba and touching every dis-	24		
tinguished Ourishman he could ever distinguish before or be-	25		
hind from a Yourishman for the customary halp of a crown and	26		
peace? He is looking aged with his pebbled eyes, and johnnythin	27		
too, from livicking on pidgins' ifs with puffins' ands, he's been	28		
slanderising himself, but I pass no remark. Hope he hasn't the	29		
cholera. Give him an eyot in the farout. Moseses and Noasies,	30		
how are you? He'd be as snug as Columbsisle Jonas wrocked in	31		

the belly of the whaves, as quotad before. Bravo, senior chief!	32		
Famose! Sure there's nobody else in touch anysides to hold a	33		
chef's cankle to the darling at all for sheer dare with that prison-	34		
potstill of spanish breans on him like the knave of trifles! A jolly-	35		
tan fine demented brick and the prince of goodfilips! Dave	36		
FW464			
knows I have the highest of respect of annyone in my oweand	1		
smooth way for that intellectual debtor (Obbligado!) Mushure	2		
David R. Crozier. And we're the closest of chems. Mark my use	3		
of you, cog! Take notice how I yemploy, crib! Be ware as you,	4		
I foil, cobby! It's a pity he can't see it for I'm terribly nice about	5		
him. Canwyll y Cymry, the marmade's flamme! A leal of the	6		
O'Looniys, a Brazel aboo! The most omportent man! <i>Shervoos!</i>	7		
Ho, be the holy snakes, someone has shaved his rough diamond	8		
skull for him as clean as Nuntius' piedish! The burnt out	9		
mesh and the matting and all! Thunderweather, khyber schinker	10		
escapa sansa pagar! He's the spatton spit, so he is, scaly skin	11		
and all, with his blackguarded eye and the goatsbeard in	12		
his buttinghole of Shemuel Tulliver, me grandsourd, the old	13		
cruxader, when he off with his paudeen! That was to let the	14		
crowd of the Flu Flux Fans behind him see me proper. Ah,	15		

he's very thoughtful and sympatrico that way is Brother Intelli-	16		
gentius, when he's not absintheminded, with his Paris addresse!	17		
He is, really. Holdhard till you'll ear him clicking his bull's	18		
bones! Some toad klakkin! You're welcome back, Wilkins, to	19		
red berries in the frost! And here's the butter exchange to pfeife	20		
and dramn ye with a bawful of the Moulseybaysse and yunker	21		
doodler wanked to wall awriting off his phoney. I'm tired hair-	22		
ing of you. Hat yourself! Give us your dyed dextremity here,	23		
frother, the Claddagh clasp! I met with dapper dandy and he	24		
shocked me big the hamd. Where's your watch keeper? You've	25		
seen all sorts in shapes and sizes, marauding about the moppa-	26		
mound. How's the cock and the bullfight? And old Auster and	27		
Hungrig? And the Beer and Belly and the Boot and Ball? Not	28		
forgetting the oils of greas under that turkey in julep and Father	29		
Freeshots Feilbogen in his rockery garden with the costard? And	30		
did you meet with Peadhar the Grab at all? And did you call on	31		
Tower Geesyhus? Was Mona, my own love, no bigger than she	32		
should be, making up to you in her bestbehaved manor when	33		
you made your breastlaw and made her, tell me? And did you	34		
like the landskip from Lambay? I'm better pleased than ten	35		
guidneys! You rejoice me! Faith, I'm proud of you, french davit!	36		
FW465			

You've surpassed yourself! Be introduced to yes! This is me aunt	1		
Julia Bride, your honour, dying to have you languish to scan-	2		
dal in her bosky old delltangle. You don't reckoneyes him? He's	3		
Jacket the Horner who boxed in his corner, jilting no fewer than	4		
three female bribes. That's his penals. <i>Sheroorum!</i> You haven't	5		
seen her since she stepped into her drawoffs. Come on, spinister,	6		
do your stuff! Don't be shoy, husbandmanvir! Weih, what's on	7		
you, wip? Up the shamewaugh! She has plenty of woom in the	8		
smallclothes for the bothsforus, nephews push! Hatch yourself	9		
well! Enjombyourselves thurily! Would you wait biss she buds	10		
till you bite on her? Embrace her bashfully by almeans at my	11		
frank incensive and tell her in your semiological agglutinative yez,	12		
how Idos be asking after her. Let us be holy and evil and let her	13		
be peace on the bough. Sure, she fell in line with our tripertight	14		
photos as the lyonised mails when we were stablelads together	15		
like the corks again brothers, hungry and angry, cavileer	16		
grace by roundhered force, or like boyrun to sibster, me and	17		
you, shiners true and pinchme, our tertius quiddus, that never	18		
talked or listened. Always raving how we had the wrinkles of	19		
a snailcharmer and the slits and sniffers of a fellow that fell foul	20		
of the county de Loona and the meattrap of the first vegetarian.	21		
To be had for the asking. Have a hug! Take her out of poor	22		

tuppenny luck before she goes off in pure treple licquidance. I'd	23		
give three shillings a pullet to the canon for the conjugation to	24		
shadow you kissing her from me leberally all over as if she was a	25		
crucifix. It's good for her bilabials, you understand. There's no-	26		
thing like the mistletouch for finding a queen's earring false.	27		
Chink chink. As the curly bard said after kitchin the womn in	28		
his hym to the hum of her garments. You try a little tich to the	29		
tissle of his tail. The racist to the racy, rossy. The soil is for the	30		
self alone. Be ownkind. Be kithkinish. Be bloodysibby. Be irish.	31		
Be inish. Be offalia. Be hamlet. Be the property plot. Be Yorick	32		
and Lankystare. Be cool. Be mackinamucks of yourselves. Be	33		
finish. No martyr where the preature is there's no plagues like	34		
rome. It gives up the gripes. Watch the swansway. Take your	35		
tiger over it. The leady on the lake and the convict of the forest.	36		
FW466			
Why, they might be Babau and Momie! Yipyip! To pan! To	1		
pan! To tinpinnypan. All folly me yap to Curlew! Give us a pin	2		
for her and we'll call it a tossup. Can you reverse positions?	3		
Lets have a fuchu all round, courting cousins! Quuck, the duck	4		
of a woman for quack, the drake of a man, her little live apples	5		
for Leas and love potients for Leos, the next beast king. Put	6		

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me down for all ringside seats. I can feel you being corrupted.	7		
Recoil. I can see you sprouting scruples. Get back. And as	8		
he's boiling with water I'll light your pyre. Turn about, skeezy	9		
Sammy, out of metaphor, till we feel are you still tropeful	10		
of popetry. Told you so. If you doubt of his love of darearing	11		
his feelings you'll very much hurt for mishmash mastufractured	12		
on europe you can read off the tail of his. Rip ripper rippest and	13		
jac jac jac. Dwell on that, my hero and lander! That's the side	14		
that appeals to em, the wring wrong way to wright woman. Shuck	15		
her! Let him! What he's good for. Shuck her more! Let him	16		
again! All she wants! Could you wheedle a staveling encore out	17		
of your imitationer's jubalharp, hey, Mr Jinglejoys? Congrega-	18		
tional singing. Rota rota ran the pagoda <i>con dio in capo ed il dia-</i>	19		
<i>volo in coda</i> . Many a diva devoucha saw her Dauber Dan at the	20		
priesty pagoda Rota ran. Uck! He's so sedulous to singe always	21		
if prumpted, the mirthprovoker! Grunt unto us, I pray, your fore-	22		
boden article in our own deas dockandoilish introducing the	23		
death of Nelson with coloraturas! <i>Coraio, fra!</i> And I'll string	24		
second to harmanize. My loaf and pottage neaheaheahear Ro-	25		
chelle. With your dumpsey diddely dumpsey die, fiddleley fa.	26		
<i>Diavoloh!</i> Or come on, schoolcolours, and we'll scrap, rug and	27		
mat and then be as chummy as two bashed spuds. Bitrial bay	28		
holmgang or betrayal buy jury. Attaboy! Fee gate has Heenan	29		



hoity, mind uncle Hare? What, sir? Poss, myster? Acheve! Thou,	30		
thou! What say ye? <i>Taurus periculosus, morbus pedeiculosus.</i>	31		
<i>Miserere mei in miserilibus!</i> There's uval lavguage for you! The	32		
tower is precluded, the mob's in her petticoats; Mr R. E. Meehan	33		
is in misery with his billyboots. Begob, there's not so much	34		
green in his Ireland's eye! Sweet fellow ovocal, he stones out of	35		
stune. But he could be near a colonel with a voice like that. The	36		
FW467			
bark is still there but the molars are gone. The misery billyboots	1		
I used to lend him before we split and, be the hole in the year,	2		
they were laking like heaven's reflexes. But I told him make your	3		
will be done and go to a general and I'd pray confessions for	4		
him. Areesh! Areesh! And I'll be your intrepider. Ambras!	5		
Ruffle her! Bussing was before the blood and bissing will behind	6		
the curtain. Triss! Did you note that worrid expressionism on	7		
his megalogue? A full octavium below me! And did you hear	8		
his browrings rattlemaking when he was preaching to himself?	9		
And, whoa! do you twig the schamlooking leaf greeping ghastly	10		
down his blousyfrock? Our national umbloom! Areesh! He	11		
won't. He's shoy. Those worthies, my old faher's onkel that	12		
was garotted, Caius Cocoa Codinhand, that I lost in a crowd,	13		

used to chop that tongue of his, japlating, with my yuonkle's	14		
owlseller, Woowoolfe Woodenbeard, that went stomebathred,	15		
in the Tower of Balbus, as brisk, man, as I'd scoff up muttan	16		
chepps and lobscouse. But it's all deafman's duff to me,	17		
begob. Sam knows miles bettern me how to work the	18		
miracle. And I see by his diarrhio he's dropping the stammer	19		
out of his silenced bladder since I bonded him off more as a	20		
friend and as a brother to try and grow a muff and canonise his	21		
dead feet down on the river airy by thinking himself into the	22		
fourth dimension and place the ocean between his and ours,	23		
the churchyard in the cloister of the depths, after he was capped	24		
out of beurlads scoel for the sin against the past participle and	25		
earned the factitation of coddling chaplan and being as homely	26		
gauche as swift B.A.A. Who gets twickly fullgets twice as alle-	27		
manden huskers. But the whacker his word the weaker our ears	28		
for auracles who paroles parses orileys. Illstarred punster, lipster-	29		
ing cowknucks. 'Twas the quadra sent him and Trinity too. And	30		
he can cantab as chipper as any oxon ever I mood with, a tiptoe	31		
singer! He'll prisckly soon hand tune your Erin's ear for you.	32		
<i>p.p.</i> a mimograph at a time, numan bitter, with his ancomartins	33		
to read the road roman with false steps ad Pernicious from	34		
rhearsilvar ormolus to torquinions superbbers while I'm far	35		
away from wherever thou art serving my tallyhos and tullyying	36		

FW468			
my hostilious by going in by the most holy recitatandas <i>ffff</i> for	1		
my varsatile examinations in the ologies, to be a coach on the	2		
Fukien mission. P? F? How used you learn me, brather	3		
soboostius, in my augustan days? With cesarella looking on.	4		
In the beginning was the gest he joustly says, for the end is	5		
with woman, flesh-without-word, while the man to be is in a	6		
worse case after than before since she on the supine satisfies	7		
the verg to him! Toughtough, tootological. Thou the first	8		
person shingeller. Art, an imperfect subjunctive. Paltry,	9		
flappent, had serious. Miss Smith onamatterpoetic. Hammis-	10		
andivis axes colles waxes warmas like sodullas. So pick your	11		
stops with fondnes snow. And mind you twine the twos	12		
noods of your nicenames. And pull up your furbelovs as far-	13		
above as you're farthingales. That'll hint him how to click the	14		
trigger. Show you shall and won't he will! His hearing is in-	15		
doubting just as my seeing is onbelieving. So dactylise him up	16		
to blankpoint and let him blink for himself where you speak the	17		
best ticklish. You'll feel what I mean. Fond namer, let me never	18		
see thee blame a kiss for shame a knee!	19		
Echo, read ending! Siparioramoci! But from the stress of	20		

their sunder enlivening, ay clasp, deciduously, a nikrokosmikon	21		
must come to mike.	22		
— Well, my positively last at any stage! I hate to look at alarms	23		
but, however they put on my watchcraft, must now close as I	24		
hereby hear by ear from by seeless socks 'tis time to be up and	25		
ambling. Mymiddle toe's mitching, so mizzle I must else 'twill	26		
sarve me out. Gulp a bulper at parting and the moore the	27		
melodest! Farewell but whenever, as Tisdall told Toole.	28		
Tempos fidgets. Let flee me fiacckles, says the grand old mano-	29		
ark, stormcrested crowcock and undulant hair, hoodies tway!	30		
Yes, faith, I am as mew let freer, beneath me corthage, bound.	31		
I'm as bored now bawling beersgrace at sorepaws there as Andrew	32		
Clays was sharing sawdust with Daniel's old collie. This shack's	33		
not big enough for me now. I'm dreaming of ye, azores. And, re-	34		
member this, a chorines, there's the witch on the heath, sistra!	35		
'Bansheeba peeling hourihaared while her Orcotron is hoaring	36		
FW469			
ho. And whinn muinnuit flittsbit twinn her ttittshe cries	1		
tallmidy! Daughters of the heavens, be lucks in turnabouts	2		
to the wandering sons of red loam! The earth's atrot! The	3		
sun's a scream! The air's a jig. The water's great! Seven oldy	4		

oldy hills and the one blue beamer. I'm going. I know I am.	5		
I could bet I am. Somewhere I must get far away from Banba-	6		
shore, wherever I am. No saddle, no staffet, but spur on the	7		
moment! So I think I'll take freeboots' advise. Psk! I'll borrow	8		
a path to lend me wings, quickquack, and from Jehusalem's	9		
wall, clickclack, me courser's clear, to Cheerup street I'll travel	10		
the void world over. It's Winland for moyne, bickbuck! Jee-	11		
jakers! I hurt meself nettly that time! Come, my good frog-	12		
marchers! We felt the fall but we'll front the defile. Was not my	13		
olty mutther, Sereth Maritza, a Runningwater? And the bould	14		
one that quickened her the seaborne Fingale? I feel like that	15		
hill of a whaler went yulding round Groenmund's Circus with	16		
his tree full of seaweeds and Dinky Doll asleep in her shell.	17		
Hazelridge has seen me. Jerne valing is. Squall aboard for Kew,	18		
hop! Farewell awhile to her and thee! The brine's my bride to	19		
be. Lead on, Macadam, and danked be he who first sights Halt	20		
Linduff! Solo, solone, solong! Lood Erynnana, ware thee wail!	21		
With me singame soarem o'erem! Here's me take off. Now's	22		
nunc or nimmer, siskinder! Here goes the enemy! Bennydick	23		
hotfoots onimpudent stayers! Sorry! I bless alls to the whished	24		
with this panromain apological which Watllwewhistlem sang to	25		
the kerrycoys. Break ranks! After wage-of-battle bother I am	26		
thinking most. Fik yew! I'm through. Won. Toe. Adry. You	27		

watch my smoke.	28		
After poor Jaun the Boast's last fireless words of postludium	29		
of his soapbox speech ending in'sheaven, twentyaid add one with	30		
a flirt of wings were pouring to his bysistance (could they snip	31		
that curl of curls to lay with their gloves and keep the kids	32		
bright!) prepared to cheer him should he leap or to curse him	33		
should he fall, but, with their biga triga rheda rodeo, the cherubs	34		
in the charabang, set down here and sedan chair, don't you	35		
wish you'd a yoke or a bit in your mouth, repulsing all attempts	36		
FW470			
at first hands on, as no es nada, our greatly misunderstood one	1		
we perceived to give himself some sort of a hermetic prod or	2		
kick to sit up and take notice, which acted like magic, while	3		
the phalanx of daughters of February Fillydyke, embushed and	4		
climbing, ramblers and weeps, voiced approval in their customary	5		
manner by dropping kneedeep in tears over their concelebrated	6		
meednight sunflower, piopadey boy, their solase in dorckaness,	7		
and splattering together joyously the plaps of their tappyyhands	8		
as, with a cry of genuine distress, so prettly prattly pollylogue,	9		
they viewed him, the just one, their darling, away.	10		
A dream of favours, a favourable dream. They know how they	11		

believe that they believe that they know. Wherefore they wail.	12		
Eh jourd'weh! Oh jourd'woe! dosiriously it psalmodied. Gues-	13		
turn's lothlied answring to-maronite's wail.	14		
Oasis, cedarus esaltarshoming Leafboughnoon!	15		
Oisis, coolpressus onmountof Sighing!	16		
Oasis, palmost esaltarshoming Gladdays!	17		
Oisis, phantastichal roseway anjerichol!	18		
Oasis, newleavos spaciosing encampness!	19		
Oisis, plantainous dewstuckacqmirage playtennis!	20		
Pipetto, Pipetta has misery unnoticed!	21		
But the strangest thing happened. Backscuttling for the hop	22		
off with the odds altogether in favour of his tumbling into the	23		
river, Jaun just then I saw to collect from the gentlest weaner	24		
among the weiners, (who by this were in half droopleaf long	25		
mourning for the passing of the last post) the familiar yellow	26		
label into which he let fall a drop, smothered a curse, choked a	27		
guffaw, spat expectoratically and blew his own trumpet. And next	28		
thing was he gummalicked the stickyback side and stamped the	29		
oval badge of belief to his agnelows brow with a genuine	30		
dash of irrepressible piety that readily turned his ladylike	31		
typmanzelles capsy curvy (the holy scamp!), with half a	32		
glance of Irish frisky (a Juan Jaimesan <i>hastaluego</i>) from under	33		
the shag of his parallel brows. It was then he made as if be	34		

but waved instead a handacross the sea as notice to quit while	35		
the pacifettes made their armpacts widdershins (Frida! Freda!	36		
FW471			
Paza! Paisy! Irine! Areinette! Bridomay! Bentamai! Soso-	1		
sopky! Bebebekka! Bababadkessy! Ghugugoothoyou! Dama!	2		
Damadomina! Takiya! Tokaya! Scioccara! Siuccherillina! Peoc-	3		
chia! Peucchia! Ho Mi Hoping! Ha Me Happinice! Mirra! My-	4		
rha! Solyma! Salemita! Santa! Sianta! O Peace!), but in self-	5		
righting the balance of his corporeity to reexchange widerem-	6		
brace with the pillarbosom of the Dizzier he loved prettier, be-	7		
tween estellos and venoussas, bad luck to the lie but when next	8		
to nobody expected, their star and gartergazer at the summit of	9		
his climax, he toppled a lipple on to the off and, making a brand-	10		
new start for himself to run down his easting, by blessing hes	11		
stheres with the sign of the southern cross, his bungaloid borsa-	12		
line with the hedgygreen bound blew off in a loveblast (award	13		
for trover!) and Jawjon Redhead, bucketing after, meccamaniac,	14		
(the headless shall have legs!), kingscouriered round with an easy	15		
rush and ready relays by the bridge a stadion beyond Ladycastle	16		
(and what herm but he narrowly missed fouling her buttress for	17		
her but for he acqueducked) and then, cocking a snook at the	18		

stock of his sermons, so mear and yet so fahr from that region's	19		
general, away with him at the double, the hulk of a garron,	20		
pelting after the road, on Shanks's mare, let off like a wind hound	21		
loose (the bouchal! you'd think it was that moment they gave	22		
him the jambos!) with a posse of tossing hankerwaves to his	23		
windward like seraph's summonses on the air and a tempest of	24		
good things in packetshape teeming from all accounts into the	25		
funnel of his fanmail shrimpnet, along the highroad of the	26		
nation, Traitor's Track, following which fond floral fray he was	27		
quickly lost to sight through the statuemen though without a	28		
doubt he was all the more on that same head to memory dear	29		
while Sickerson, that borne of bjoerne, <i>la garde auxiliaire</i> she	30		
murmured, hellyg Ursulinka, full of woe (and how fitlier should	31		
goodboy's hand be shook than by the warmin of her besom	32		
that wrung his swaddles?): <i>Where maggot Harvey kneeled till bags?</i>	33		
<i>Ate Andrew coos hogdam farvel!</i>	34		
Wethen, now, may the good people speed you, rural Haun,	35		
export stout fellow that you are, the crooner born with sweet	36		
FW472			
wail of evoker, healing music, ay, and heart in hand of Sham-	1		
rogueshire! The googoes of the suckabolly in the rockabeddy are	2		

become the copiosity of wiseableness of the friarylayman in the	3		
pulpitbarrel. May your bawny hair grow rarer and fairer, our own	4		
only wideheaded boy! Rest your voice! Feed your mind! Mint	5		
your peas! Coax your qyous! Come to disdoon blarmey and	6		
walk our groves so charming and see again the sweet rockelose	7		
where first you hymned <i>O Ciesa Mea!</i> and touch the light the-	8		
orbo! Songster, angler, choreographer! Piper to prisoned! Musi-	9		
cianship made Embrassador-at-Large! Good by nature and	10		
natural by design, had you but been spared to us, Hauneen lad,	11		
but sure where's the use my talking quicker when I know you'll	12		
hear me all astray? My long farewell I send to you, fair dream of	13		
sport and game and always something new. Gone is Haun! My	14		
grief, my ruin! Our Joss-el-Jovan! Our Chris-na-Murty! 'Tis well	15		
you'll be looked after from last to first as yon beam of light we	16		
follow receding on your photophoric pilgrimage to your anti-	17		
podes in the past, you who so often consigned your distributory	18		
tidings of great joy into our nevertoolatetolove box, mansuetudi-	19		
nous manipulator, victimisedly victorihoarse, dearest Haun of	20		
all, you of the boots, true as adie, stepwalker, pennyatimer,	21		
lampaddyfair, postanulengro, our rommanychiel! Thy now pal-	22		
ing light lucerne we ne'er may see again. But could it speak how	23		
nicely would it splutter to the four cantons praises be to thee,	24		
our pattern sent! For you had — may I, in our, your and their	25		

names, dare to say it? — the nucleus of a glow of a zeal of soul	26		
of service such as rarely, if ever, have I met with single men.	27		
Numerous are those who, nay, there are a dozen of folks still	28		
unclaimed by the death angel in this country of ours today,	29		
humble indivisibles in this grand continuum, overlorded by fate	30		
and interlarded with accidence, who, while there are hours and	31		
days, will fervently pray to the spirit above that they may never	32		
depart this earth of theirs till in his long run from that place	33		
where the day begins, ere he retourneys postexilic, on that day	34		
that belongs to joyful Ireland, the people that is of all time, the	35		
old old oldest, the young young youngest, after decades of	36		
FW473			
longsuffering and decennia of brief glory, to mind us of what	1		
was when and to matter us of the withering of our ways, their	2		
Janyouare Fibyouare wins true from Sylvester (only Walker	3		
himself is like Waltzer, whimsicalissimo they go murmurand)	4		
comes marching ahome on the summer crust of the flagway.	5		
Life, it is true, will be a blank without you because avicum's not	6		
there at all, to nomore cares from nomad knows, ere Molochy	7		
wars bring the devil era, a slip of the time between a date and a	8		
ghostmark, rived by darby's chilldays embers, spatched fun	9		

Juhn that dandyforth, from the night we are and feel and fade	10		
with to the yesterselves we tread to turnupon.	11		
But, boy, you did your strong nine furlong mile in slick and	12		
slapstick record time and a farfetched deed it was in troth, cham-	13		
pion docile, with your high bouncing gait of going and your	14		
feat of passage will be contested with you and through you, for	15		
centuries to come. The phaynix rose a sun before Erebia sank his	16		
smother! Shoot up on that, bright Bennu bird! <i>Va faotre!</i>	17		
Eftsoon so too will our own sphoenix spark spirt his spyre	18		
and sunward stride the rampante flambe. Ay, already the	19		
sombrier opacities of the gloom are sphanished! Brave footsore	20		
Haun! Work your progress! Hold to! Now! Win out, ye divil ye!	21		
The silent cock shall crow at last. The west shall shake the east	22		
awake. Walk while ye have the night for morn, lightbreakfast-	23		
bringer, morroweth whereon every past shall full fost sleep.	24		
Amain.	25		

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW474				
Lowly, longly, a wail went forth. Pure Yawn lay low. On the	1			
mead of the hillock lay, heartsoul dormant mid shadowed land-	2			
shape, brief wallet to his side, and arm loose, by his staff of citron	3			
briar, tradition stick-pass-on. His dream monologue was over,	4			
of cause, but his drama parapolylogic had yet to be, affect. Most	5			
distressfully (but, my dear, how successfully!) to wail he did,	6			
his locks of a lucan tinge, quickrich, ripely rippling, unfileted,	7			
those lashbetasselled lids on the verge of closing time, whiles	8			
ouze of his sidewiseopen mouth the breath of him, evenso	9			
languishing as the princeliest treble treacle or lichee chewchow	10			
purse could buy. Yawn in a semiswoon lay awailing and (hooh!)	11			
what helpings of honeyful swoothed (phew!), which ear-	12			

piercing dulcitude! As were you suppose to go and push with	13		
your bluntblank pin in hand upinto his fleshasplush cushionettes	14		
of some chubby boybold love of an angel. Hwoah!	15		
When, as the buzzer brings the light brigade, keeping the	16		
home fires burning, so on the churring call themselves came at	17		
him, from the westborders of the eastmidlands, three kings of	18		
three suits and a crowner, from all their cardinal parts, along	19		
the amber way where Brosna's furzy. To lift them they did,	20		
senators four, by the first quaint skreek of the gloaming and	21		
they hopped it up the mountainy molehill, traversing climes	22		
of old times gone by of the days not worth remembering;	23		
inventing some excusethems, any sort, having a sevenply	24		
FW475			
sweat of night blues moist upon them. Feefee! phopho!!	1		
foorchtha!!! aggala!!!! jeeshee!!!! paloola!!!! ooridiminy!!!!!!	2		
Afeared themselves were to wonder at the class of a crossroads	3		
puzzler he would likely be, length by breadth nonplussing his	4		
thickness, ells upon ells of him, making so many square yards of	5		
him, one half of him in Conn's half but the whole of him never-	6		
theless in Owenmore's five quarters. There would he lay till	7		
they would him descry, spancelled down upon a blossomy bed, at	8		

one foule stretch, amongst the daffydowndillies, the flowers of	9		
narcosis fourfettering his footlights, a halohedge of wild spuds	10		
hovering over him, epicures waltzing with gardenfillers, puritan	11		
shoots advancing to Aran chiefs. Phopho!! The meteor pulp	12		
of him, the seamless rainbowpeel. Aggala!!!! His bellyvoid of	13		
nebuloise with his neverstop navel. Paloola!!!!!! And his veins	14		
shooting melanite phosphor, his creamtoustard cometshair and	15		
his asteroid knuckles, ribs and members. Ooridiminy!!!!!! His	16		
electrolatiginous twisted entrails belt.	17		
Those four claymen clomb together to hold their sworn star-	18		
chamber quiry on him. For he was ever their quarrel, the way	19		
they would see themselves, everybug his bodiment atop of	20		
annywom her notion, and the meet of their noght was worth two	21		
of his morning. Up to the esker ridge it was, Mallinger parish, to a	22		
mead that was not far, the son's rest. First klettered Shanator	23		
Gregory, seeking spoor through the deep timefield, Shanator	24		
Lyons, trailing the wavy line of his partition footsteps (some-	25		
thing in his blisters was telling him all along how he had	26		
been in that place one time), then his Recordership, Dr Shuna-	27		
dure Tarpey, caperchasing after honourable sleep, hot on to the	28		
aniseed and, up out of his prompt corner, old Shunny MacShunny,	29		
MacDougal the hiker, in the rere of them on the run, to make a	30		
quorum. Roping their ass he was, their skygrey globetrotter,	31		

by way of an afterthought and by no means legless either for	32		
such sprouts on him they were that much oneven it was tumbling	33		
he was by four lengths, within the bawl of a mascot, kuss yuss,	34		
kuss cley, patsy watsy, like the kapr in the kabisses, the big ass,	35		
to hear with his unaided ears the harp in the air, the bugle	36		
FW476			
dianablowing, wild as wild, the mockingbird whose word is	1		
misfortune, so 'tis said, the bulbul down the wind.	2		
The proto was traipsing through the tangle then, Mathew	3		
Walker, godsons' goddestfar, deputising for gossipocracy,	4		
and his station was a few perch to the weatherside of the	5		
knoll Asnoch and it was from no other place unless there, how	6		
and ever, that he proxtended aloof upon the ether Mesmer's	7		
Manuum, the hand making silence. The buckos beyond on the lea,	8		
then stopped wheresoever they found their standings and that way	9		
they set ward about him, doing obedience, nod, bend, bow and	10		
curtsey, like the watchers of Prospect, upholding their broad-	11		
awake prober's hats on their firrum heads, the travelling court on	12		
its findings circuiting that personer in his fallen. And a crack quat-	13		
youare of stenoggers they made of themselves, solons and psy-	14		
chomorers, all told, with their hurts and daimons, spites and	15		

clops, not even to the seclusion of their beast by them that was	16		
the odd trick of the pack, trump and no friend of carrots. And,	17		
what do you think, who should be laying there above all other	18		
persons forenenst them only Yawn! All of asprawl he was laying	19		
too amengst the poppies and, I can tell you something more than	20		
that, drear writer, profoundly as you may bedeave to it, he was	21		
oscasleep asleep. And it was far more similar to a satrap he lay there	22		
with unctuous beauty all surrounded, the poser, or for whatall I	23		
know like Lord Lumen, coaching his preferred constellations in	24		
faith and doctrine, for old Matt Gregory, 'tis he had the starmenag-	25		
erie, Marcus Lyons and Lucas Metcalfe Tarpey and the mack	26		
that never forgave the ass that lurked behind him, Jonny na	27		
Hossaleen.	28		
More than their good share of their five senses ensorcelled	29		
you would say themselves were, fuming censor, the way they	30		
could not rightly tell their heels from their stools as they cooched	31		
down a mamalujo by his cubical crib, as question time drew	32		
nighing and the map of the souls' groupography rose in relief	33		
within their quarterings, to play tops or kites or hoops or marbles,	34		
curchycurchy, gawking on him, for the issuance of his pnum and	35		
softnoising one of them to another one, the boguaqueesthers.	36		
FW477			

And it is what they began to say to him tetrahedrally then, the	1		
masters, what way was he.	2		
— He's giving, the wee bairn. Yun has lived.	3		
— Yerra, why dat, my leader?	4		
— Wisha, is he boosed or what, alannah?	5		
— Or his wind's from the wrong cut, says Ned of the Hill.	6		
— Lesten!	7		
— Why so and speak up, do you hear me, you sir?	8		
— Or he's rehearsing somewan's funeral.	9		
— Whisht outathat! Hubba's up!	10		
And as they were spreading abroad on their octopuds their	11		
drifter nets, the chromous gleamy seiners' nets and, no lie, there was	12		
word of assonance being softspoken among those quartermasters.	13		
— Get busy, kid!	14		
— Chirpy, come now!	15		
— The present hospices is a good time.	16		
— I'll take on that chap.	17		
For it was in the back of their mind's ear, temptive lissomer,	18		
how they would be spreading in quadriliberall their azurespotted	19		
fine attractable nets, their nansen nets, from Matt Senior to the	20		
thurrible mystagogue after him and from thence to the neighbour	21		
and that way to the puisny donkeyman and his crucifer's cauda.	22		

And in their minds years backslibris, so it was, slipping beauty,	23		
how they would be meshing that way, when he rose to it, with	24		
the planckton at play about him, the quivers of scaly silver and	25		
their clutches of chromes of the highly lucid spanishing gold	26		
whilst, as hour gave way to mazing hour, with Yawn himself	27		
keeping time with his thripthongue, to ope his blurbeous lips he	28		
would, a let out classy, the way myrrh of the moor and molten	29		
moonmist would be melding mellifond indo his mouth.	30		
— Y?	31		
— Before You!	32		
— Ecko! How sweet thee answer makes! Afterwheres? In the	33		
land of lions' odor?	34		
— Friends! First if yu don't mind. Name yur historical grouns.	35		
— This same prehistoric barrow 'tis, the orangery.	36		
FW478			
— I see. Very good now. It is in your orangery, I take it, you	1		
have your letters. Can you hear here me, you sir?	2		
— Throsends. For my darling. Typette!	3		
— So long aforetime? Can you hear better?	4		
— Millions. For godsend. For my darling dearling one.	5		
— Now, to come nearer zone; I would like to raise my	6		

deuterous point audibly touching this. There is this madders.	7		
I am told by our interpreter, Hanner Esellus, that there are fully	8		
six hundred and six ragwords in your malherbal Magis lande-	9		
guage in which wald wand rimes alpman and there is resin in all	10		
roots for monarch but yav hace not one pronouncable term that	11		
blows in all the vallums of tartallaght to signify majestate, even	12		
provisionally, nor no rheda rhoda or torpentine path or halluci-	13		
nian via nor aurellian gape nor sunkin rut nor grossgrown trek	14		
nor crimeslaved cruxway and no moorhens cry or mooners's	15		
plankgang there to lead us to hopenhaven. Is such the <i>unde deri-</i>	16		
<i>vatur</i> casematter messio! Frankly. <i>Magis megis enerretur mynus</i>	17		
<i>hoc intelligow.</i>	18		
— How? <i>C'est mal prononsable, tartagliano, perfrances. Vous</i>	19		
<i>n'avez pas d'o dans votre boche provenciale, mousoo. Je m'in-</i>	20		
<i>cline mais Moy jay trouvay la clee dang les champs. Hay sham nap</i>	21		
poddy velour, come on!	22		
— Hep there! Commong, sa na pa de valure? Whu's teit dans	23		
yur jambs? Whur's that inclining and talkin about the messiah	24		
so cloover? A true's to your trefling! Whure yu!	25		
— Trinathan partnick dieudonnay. Have you seen her?	26		
Typette, my tactile O!	27		
— Are you in your fatherick, lonely one?	28		
— The same. Three persons. Have you seen my darling only	29		

one? I am sohold!	30		
— What are yu shevering about, ultramontane, like a houn?	31		
Is there cold on ye, doraphobian? Or do yu want yur primafairy	32		
schoolmam?	33		
— The woods of foglout! O mis padredges!	34		
— Whisht awhile, greyleg! The duck is rising and you'll wake	35		
that stand of plover. I know that place better than anyone. Sure,	36		
FW479			
I used to be always overthere on the fourth day at my grand-	1		
mother's place, Tear-nan-Ogre, my little grey home in the west,	2		
in or about Mayo when the long dog gave tongue and they	3		
coursing the marches and they straining at the leash. Tortoise-	4		
shell for a guineagould! Burb! Burb! Burb! Follow me up	5		
Tucurlugh! That's the place for the claire oysters, Polldoody,	6		
County Conway. I never knew how rich I was like another story in	7		
the zoedone of the zephyros, strolling and strolling, carrying my	8		
dragoman, Meads Marvel, thass withumpronouceable tail, along	9		
the shore. Do you know my cousin, Mr Jasper Dougal that	10		
keeps the Anchor on the Mountain, the parson's son, Jasper of	11		
the Tuns, Pat Whateveryournameis?	12		
— Dood and I dood. The wolves of Fochlut! By Whydoyou-	13		

callme? Do not flingamejig to the twolves!	14		
— Turcafiera amd that's a good wan right enough! Wooluvs	15		
no less!	16		
— One moment now, if I foreshorten the blossom on your	17		
bleather. Encroachment spells erosion. Dunlin and turnstone	18		
augur us where, how and when best as to burial of carcass, fuse-	19		
lage of dump and committal of noisance. But, since you invoke	20		
austers for the trailing of vixens, I would like to send a cormo-	21		
rant around this blue lagoon. Tell me now this. You told my	22		
larned friend rather previously, a moment since, about this mound	23		
or barrow. Now I suggest to you that ere there was this plague-	24		
burrow, as you seem to call it, there was a burialbattell, the boat	25		
of millions of years. Would you bear me out in that, relatively	26		
speaking, with her jackstaff jerking at her pennyladders, why	27		
not, and sizing a fair sail, knowest thou the kind? The <i>Pourquoi</i>	28		
<i>Pas</i> , bound for Weissduwasland, that fourmaster barquentine,	29		
Webster says, our ship that ne're returned. The Frenchman, I say,	30		
was an orangeboat. He is a boat. You see him. The both how	31		
you see is they! Draken af Danemork! Sacked it or ate it? What!	32		
Hennu! Spake ab laut!	33		
— Couch, cortege, ringbarrow, dungcairn. Beseek the runes	34		
and see the longurn! Allmaun away when you hear the gang-	35		
horn. And meet Nautsen. Ess Ess. O ess. Warum night! Con-	36		

FW480				
ning two lay payees. Norsker. Her raven flag was out, the	1			
slaver. I trow pon good, jordan's scaper, good's barnet and	2			
trustyman. Crouch low, you pigeons three! Say, call that girl with	3			
the tan tress awn! Call Wolfhound! Wolf of the sea. Folchu!	4			
Folchu!	5			
— Very good now. That folklore's straight from the ass his	6			
mouth. I will crusade on with the parent ship, weather prophet-	7			
ting, far away from those green hills, a station, Ireton tells me,	8			
bonofide for keeltappers, now to come to the midnight middy	9			
on this levantine ponenter. From Daneland sailed the oxeyed	10			
man, now mark well what I say.	11			
— Magnus Spadebeard, korsets krosser, welsher perfyddye.	12			
A destroyer in our port. Signed to me with his baling scoop. Laid	13			
bare his breastpaps to give suck, to suckle me. Ecce Hagios	14			
Chrisman!	15			
— Oh, Jeyses, fluid! says the poisoned well. Futfishy the	16			
First. Hootchcopper's enkel at the navel manuvres!	17			
— Hep! Hello there, Bill of old Bailey! Whu's he? Whu's	18			
this lad, why the pups?	19			
— Hunkalus Childared Easterheld. It's his lost chance,	20			

Emania. Ware him well.	21		
— Hey! Did you dream you were ating your own tripe,	22		
acushla, that you tied yourself up that wrynecky fix?	23		
— I see now. We move in the beast circuls. Grimbarb and	24		
pancercruicer! You took the words out of my mouth. A child's	25		
dread for a dragon vicefather. Hillcloud encompass us! You	26		
mean you lived as milky at their lyceum, couard, while you	27		
learned, volp volp, to howl yourself wolfwise. Dyb! Dyb! Do	28		
your best.	29		
— I am dob dob dobbling like old Booth's, courteous. The	30		
cubs are after me, it zeebs, the whole totem pack, vuk vuk and	31		
vuk vuk to them, for Robinson's shield.	32		
— Scents and gouspils! The animal jangs again! Find the	33		
fingall harriers! Here howl me wisacre's hat till I die of the	34		
milkman's lupus!	35		
— What? Wolfgang? Whoah! Talk very slowe!	36		
FW481			
— <i>Hail him heathen, heal him holystone!</i>	1		
<i>Courser, Recourser, Changechild</i> ?	2		
<i>Eld as endall, earth</i> ?	3		
— A cataleptic mithyphallic! Was this <i>Totem Fulcrum Est</i>	4		

Ancestor yu hald in <i>Dies Eirae</i> where no spider webbeth or	5		
<i>Anno Mundi</i> ere bawds plied in Skiffstrait? Be fair, Chris!	6		
— Dream. Ona nonday I sleep. I dreamt of a somday. Of a	7		
wonday I shall wake. Ah! May he have now of here fearfilled	8		
me! Sinflowed, O sinflowed! Fia! Fia! Befurcht christ!	9		
— I have your tristich now; it recurs in three times the same	10		
differently (there is such a fui fui story which obtains of him):	11		
comming nown from the asphalt to the concrete, from the human	12		
historic brute, Finnsen Faynean, oceanyclived, to this same	13		
vulganized hillsir from yours, Mr Tupling Toun of Morning	14		
de Heights, with his lavast flow and his rambling undergroands,	15		
would he reoccur <i>Ad Horam</i> , as old Romeo Rogers, in city or	16		
county, and your sure ob, or by, with or from an urb, of you	17		
know the diferenciabus, as brauchbarred in apabhramsa, sierrah!	18		
We speak of Gun, the farther. And in the locative. Bap! Bap!	19		
— Ouer Tad, Hellig Babbau, whom certayn orbits assertant	20		
re humeplace of Chivitats Ei, Smithwick, Rhonnda, Kaledon,	21		
Salem (Mass), Childers, Argos and Duthless. Well, I am advised	22		
he might in a sense be both nevertheless, every at man like my-	23		
self, suffix it to say, Abrahamsk and Brookbear! By him it was	24		
done bapka, by me it was gone into, to whom it will beblive,	25		
Mushame, Mushame! I am afraid you could not heave ahore one	26		
of your own old stepstones, barnabarnabarn, over a stumble-	27		

down wall here in Huddlestown to this classic Noctuber night	28		
but itandthey woule binge, much as vecious, off the dosshouse	29		
back of a racerider in his truetoflesh colours, either handicapped	30		
on her flat or barely repeating himself. That is a tiptip tim oldy	31		
faher now the man I go in fear of, Tommy Terracotta, and he	32		
could be all your and my das, the brodar of the founder of the	33		
father of the finder of the pfinder of the pfunder of the furst man	34		
in Ranelagh, fué! fué! Petries and violet ice (I am yam, as Me	35		
and Tam Tower used to jagger pemmer it, over at the house of	36		
FW482			
Eddy's Christy, meaning Dodgfather, Dodgson and Coo) and	1		
spiriduous sanction!	2		
— Breeze softly. Aures are aureas. Hau's his naun?	3		
— Me das has or oreils. Piercey, piercey, piercey, piercey!	4		
— White eyeluscious and muddyhorsebroth! Pig Pursyriley!	5		
But where do we get off, chiseller?	6		
— Haltstille, Lucas and Dublinn! Vulva! Vulva! Vulva!	7		
Vulva!	8		
— Macdougal, Atlantic City, or his onagrass that is, chuam	9		
and coughan! I would go near identifying you from your stavro-	10		
tides, Jong of Maho, and the weslarias round your yokohahat.	11		

And that O'mulanchonry plucher you have from the worst	12		
curst of Ireland, Glwlwd of the Mghtwg Grwpp, is no use to	13		
you either, Johnny my donkeyschott. Number four, fix up your	14		
spreadeagle and pull your weight!	15		
— Hooshin hom to our regional's hin and the gander of	16		
Hayden. Would ye ken a young stepschuler of psychical chiro-	17		
graphy, the name of Keven, or (let outers pray) Evan Vaughan,	18		
of his Posthorn in the High Street, that was shooin a Guiney	19		
gagag, Poulepinter, that found the dogumen number one, I	20		
would suggest, an illegible downfumbed by an unelgible?	21		
— If I do know sinted sageness? Sometimes he would keep	22		
silent for a few minutes as if in prayer and clasp his forehead and	23		
during the time he would be thinking to himself and he would	24		
not mind anybody who would be talking to him or crying	25		
stinking fish. But I no way need you, stroke oar nor your quick	26		
handles. Your too farfar a cock of the north there, Matty Armagh,	27		
and your due south so.	28		
— South I see. You're up-in-Leal-Ulster and I'm-free-Down-	29		
in-Easia, this is much better. He is cured by faith who is sick of	30		
fate. The prouts who will invent a writing there ultimately is the	31		
poeta, still more learned, who discovered the raiding there origin-	32		
ally. That's the point of eschatology our book of kills reaches	33		
for now in soandso many counterpoint words. What can't be	34		

coded can be decorded if an ear aye sieze what no eye ere grieved	35		
for. Now, the doctrine obtains, we have occasioning cause caus-	36		
FW483			
ing effects and affects occasionally recausing altereffects. Or I	1		
will let me take it upon myself to suggest to twist the penman's	2		
tale posterwise. The gist is the gist of Shaum but the hand is	3		
the hand of Sameas. Shan - Shim - Schung. There is a strong	4		
suspicion on counterfeit Kevin and we all remember ye in child-	5		
hood's reverye. 'Tis the bells of scandal that gave tune to	6		
grumble over him and someone between me and thee. He would	7		
preach to the two turkies and dipdip all the dindians, this master	8		
the abbey, and give gold tidings to all that are in the bonze age	9		
of anteprosurrectionism to entrust their easter neappearance	10		
to Borsaiolini's house of hatcraft. He is our sent on the firm.	11		
Now, have you reasonable hesitancy in your mind about him	12		
after fourpriest redmass or are you in your post? Tell me andat	13		
sans dismay. Leap, pard!	14		
— Fierappel putting years on me! Nwo, nwo! This bolt in	15		
hand be my worder! I'll see you moved farther, blarneying	16		
Marcantonio! What cans such wretch to say to I or how have My	17		
to doom with him? We were wombful of mischief and initium-	18		

wise, everliking a liked, hairytop on heeltipper, alpybecca's un-	19		
wachsibles, an ikeson am ikeson, that babe, imprincipially, my	20		
leperd brethern, the Puer, ens innocens of but fifteen primes.	21		
Ya all in your kalblionized so trilustriously standing the real	22		
school, to be upright as his match, healtheous as is egg, saviour	23		
so the salt and good wee braod, parallaling buttyr, did I alter-	24		
mobile him to a flare insiding hogsfat. Been ike hins kinder-	25		
gardien? I know not, O cashla, I am sure offed habitand this	26		
undered heaven, meis enfins, contrasting the first mover, that	27		
father I ascend fromming knows, as I think, caused whom I, a	28		
self the sign, came remaining being dwelling ayr, plage and	29		
watford as to I was eltered impostulance possessing my future	30		
state falling towards thrice myself resting the childhide when	31		
I received the habit following Mezienius connecting Mezosius	32		
including was verted embracing a palegrim, circumcised my	33		
hairs, Oh laud, and removed my clothes from patristic motives,	34		
meas minimas culpads! Permitting this ick (ickle coon icocoon)	35		
crouched low entering humble down, dead throe mean scato-	36		
FW484			
logical past, making so smell partaking myself to confess abiding	1		
clean tumbluponing yous octopods, mouthspeech allno finger-	2		

force, owning my mansuetude before him attaching Audeon's	3		
prostratingwards mine sore accompanying my thrain tropps	4		
offering meye eyesalt, what I (the person whomin I now am) did	5		
not do, how he to say essied anding how he was making errand	6		
andanding how he all locutey sunt, why did you, my sexth best	7		
friend, blabber always you would be so delated to back me, then	8		
ersed irredent, toppling Humphrey hugging Nephew, old begge-	9		
laut, designing such post sitting his night office? Annexing then,	10		
producing Saint Momuluius, you snub around enclosing your	11		
moving motion touching the other catachumens continuing say	12		
providing append of signature quoniam you will celebrand my	13		
dirthdags quoniam, concealed a concealer, I am twosides uppish,	14		
a mockbelief insulant, ending none meer hyber irish. Well, chunk	15		
your dimned chink, before avtokinatown, forasmuch as many	16		
have tooken in hand to, I may as well humbly correct that ves-	17		
pian now in case of temporalities. I've my pockets full comeplay	18		
of you laycreated cardonals, ap rince, ap rowler, ap rancer, ap	19		
rowdey! Improperial! I saved you fore of the Hekkites and you	20		
loosed me hind bland Harry to the burghmote of Aud Dub. I	21		
teachet you in fair time, my elders, the W.X.Y.Z. and P.Q.R.S. of	22		
legatine powers and you, Ailbey and Ciardeclan, I learn, episcop-	23		
ing me altogetther, circumdeditioned me. I brought you from the	24		
loups of Lazary and you have remembered my lapsus langways.	25		

Washywatchywataywatashy! Oirasesheorebukujibun! Wata-	26		
cooshy lot! Mind of poison is. That time thing think! Honorific	27		
remembrance to spit humble makes. My ruridecanal caste is a cut	28		
above you peregrines. Aye vouchu to rumanescu. See the leabhour	29		
of my generations! Has not my master, Theophrastius Spheropneu-	30		
maticus, written that the spirit is from the upper circle? I'm of the	31		
ochlocracy with Prestopher Palumbus and Porvus Parrio. Soa	32		
koa Kelly Terry per Chelly Derry lepossette. Ho look at my	33		
jailbrand Exquovis and sequencias High marked on me fake-	34		
similar in the foreign by Pappagallus and Pumpusmugnus:	35		
ahem! Anglicey: <i>Eggs squawfish lean yoe nun feed marecurious.</i>	36		
FW485			
Sagart can self laud nilobstant to Lowman Catlick's patrician	1		
morning coat of arms with my High tripenniferry cresta and	2		
caudal mottams: Itch dean: which Gaspey, Otto and Sauer, he	3		
renders: echo stay so! Addressing eat or not eat body Yours	4		
am. And, Mind, praisegad, is the first praisonal Egoname Yod	5		
heard boissboissy in Moy Bog's domesday. Hastan the vista! Or	6		
in alleman: Suck at!	7		
— Suck it yourself, sugarstick! Misha, Yid think whose was	8		
asking to luckat your sore toe or to taste your gaspy, hot and	9		

sour! Ichthyan! Hegvat tosser! Gags be plebsed! Between his	10		
voyous and her consinnantes! Thugg, Dirke and Hacker with	11		
Rose Lankester and Blanche Yorke! Are we speachin d'anglas	12		
landadge or are you sprakin sea Djoytsch? Oy soy, Bleseyblasey,	13		
where to go is knowing remain? Become quantity that discourse	14		
bothersome when what do? Knowing remain? Come back, baddy	15		
wrily, to Bullydamestough! Cum him, buddy rowly, with me!	16		
What about your thruppenny croucher of an old fellow, me boy,	17		
through the ages, tell us, eh? What about Brian's the Vauntand-	18		
onlieme, Master Monk, eh, eh, <i>Spira in Me Domino</i> , spear me	19		
Doyne! Fat prize the bonafide peachumpidgeonlover, eh, eh,	20		
eh, esquire earwugs, escusado, of Jenkins' Area, with his I've Ivy	21		
under his tangué and the hohallo to his dullaphone, before there	22		
was a sound in the world? How big was his boost friend and be	23		
shanghaied to him? The swaaber! The twicer, trifoaled in Wan-	24		
stable! Loud's curse to him! If you hored him outerly as we	25		
harum lubberintly, from morning rice till nightmale, with his	26		
drums and bones and hums in drones your innereer'd heerdly	27		
heer he. Ho ha hi he hung! Tsing tsing!	28		
— Me no angly mo, me speakee Yellman's lingas. Nicey Doc	29		
Mistel Lu, please! Me no pigey ludiments all same numpa one	30		
Topside Tellmastoly fella. Me pigey savvy a singasong anothel	31		
time. Pleasie, Mista Lukie Walkie! Josadam cowbelly maam	32		

belongame shepullamealahmalong, begolla, Jackinaboss belonga-	33		
she; plentymuch boohoomeo.	34		
— Hell's Confucium and the Elements! Tootoo moohootch!	35		
Thot's never the postal cleric, checking chinchin chat with nip-	36		
FW486			
ponnippers! Halt there sob story to your lambdad's tale! Are	1		
you roman cawthrick 432?	2		
— <i>Quadrigue my yoke.</i>	3		
<i>Triple my tryst.</i>	4		
<i>Tandem my sire.</i>	5		
— History as her is harped. Too the toone your owldfrow lied	6		
of. Tantris, hattrick, tryst and parting, by vowelglide! I feel	7		
your thrilljoy mouths overtspeaking, O dragoman, hands under-	8		
studium. Plunger words what paddle verbed. Mere man's mime:	9		
God has jest. The old order changeth and lasts like the first.	10		
Every third man has a chink in his conscience and every other	11		
woman has a jape in her mind. Now, fix on the little fellow in my	12		
eye, Minucius Mandrake, and follow my little psychosinology,	13		
poor armer in slingslang. Now I, the lord of Tuttu, am placing	14		
that inital T square of burial jade upright to your temple a	15		
moment. Do you see anything, templar?	16		

— I see a blackfrinch pliestrycook . . . who is carrying on	17		
his brainpan . . . a cathedral of lovejelly for his . . . <i>Tiens</i> , how	18		
he is like somebodies!	19		
— Pious, a pious person. What sound of tistress isoles my	20		
ear? I horizont the same, this serpe with ramshead, and lay it	21		
lightly to your lip a little. What do you feel, liplove?	22		
— I feel a fine lady . . . floating on a stillstream of	23		
isisglass . . . with gold hair to the bed . . . and white arms to the	24		
twinklers . . . O la la!	25		
— Purely, in a pure manner. O, sey but swift and still a vain	26		
essaying! Trothed today, trenned tomorrow. I invert the initial	27		
of your tripartite and sign it sternly, and adze to girdle, on your	28		
breast. What do you hear, breastplate?	29		
— I ahear of a hopper behidin the door slappin his feet in a	30		
pool of bran.	31		
— Bellax, acting like a bellax. And so the triptych vision	32		
passes. Out of a hillside into a hillside. Fairshee fading. Again	33		
am I deliciated by the picaresqueness of your irmages. Now,	34		
the oneir urge iterimpellant, I feel called upon to ask did it	35		
ever occur to you, <i>qua</i> you, prior to this, by a stretch of	36		
FW487			

your iberboreallic imagination, when it's quicker than this quack-	1		
ing that you might, bar accidens, be very largely substituted in	2		
potential secession from your next life by a complementary char-	3		
acter, voices apart? Upjack! I shudder for your thought! Think!	4		
Put from your mind that and take on trust this. The next word	5		
depends on your answer.	6		
— I'm thinking to, thogged be thenked! I was just trying to	7		
think when I thought I felt a flea. I might have. I cannot say for	8		
it is of no significance at all. Once or twice when I was in odin-	9		
burgh with my addlefoes, Jake Jones, the handscabby, when I	10		
thinkled I wore trying on my garden substisuit, boy's apert, at	11		
my nexword nighboor's, and maybe more largely nor you	12		
quosh yet you, messmate, realise. A few times, so to shape, I chanced	13		
to be stretching, in the shadow as I thought, the liferight out	14		
of myself in my ericulous imagining. I felt feeling a half Scotch	15		
and pottage like rounge my middle ageing like Bewley in the	16		
baste so that I indicate out to myself and I swear my gots how	17		
that I'm not meself at all, no jolly fear, when I realise bimiselves	18		
how becomingly I to be going to become.	19		
— O, is that the way with you, you craythur? In the becom-	20		
ing was the weared, wontnat! Hood maketh not frere. The voice	21		
is the voice of jokeup, I fear. Are you imitation Roma now or	22		
Amor now. You have all our empathies, eh, Mr Trickpat, if you	23		

don't mind, that is, aside from sings and mush, answering to my	24		
straight question?	25		
— God save the monk! I won't mind this is, answering to	26		
your strict crossqueets, whereas it would be as unethical for me	27		
now to answer as it would have been nonsensical for you then	28		
not to have asked. Same no can, home no will, gangin I am.	29		
Gangang is Mine and I will return. Out of my name you call me,	30		
Leelander. But in my shelter you'll miss me. When Lapac walks	31		
backwords he's darkest horse in Capalisoot. You knew me once	32		
but you won't know me twice. I am <i>simpliciter arduus</i> , ars of	33		
the schoo, Freeday's child in loving and thieving.	34		
— My child, know this! Some portion of that answer appears	35		
to have been token by you from the writings of Saint Synodius,	36		
FW488			
that first liar. Let us hear, therefore, as you honour and obey the	1		
queen, whither the indwellingness of that which shamefieth be	2		
entwined of one or atoned of two. Let us hear, Art simplicissime!	3		
— Dearly beloved brethren: Bruno and Nola, leymon bogholders	4		
and stationary lifepartners off orangey Saint Nessau Street, were	5		
explaining it avicendas all round each other ere yesterweek out	6		
of Ibn Sen and Ipanzussch. When himupon Nola Bruno mono-	7		

polises his egobruno most unwillingly seses by the mortal powers	8		
aliona equal and opposite brunoipso, <i>id est</i> , eternally provoking	9		
alio opposite equally as provoked as Bruno at being eternally	10		
opposed by Nola. Poor omniboose, singalow singlearum: so	11		
is he!	12		
— One might hear in their beyond that lionroar in the air	13		
again, the zoohoooom of Felin make Call. Bruin goes to Noble,	14		
aver who is? If is itsen? Or you mean Nolans but Volans, an	15		
alibi, do you Mutemalice, suffering unegoistically from the singular	16		
but positively enjoying on the plural? Dustify of that sole, you	17		
breather! Ruemember, blither, thou must lie!	18		
— Oyessoyess! I never dramped of prebeing a postman but	19		
I mean in ostralian someplace, mults deeply belubdead; my	20		
allaboy brother, Negoist Cabler, of this city, whom 'tis better	21		
ne'er to name, my said brother, the skipgod, expelled for	22		
looking at churches from behind, who is sender of the Hullo	23		
Eve Cenograph in prose and worse every Allso's night. High	24		
Brazil Brandan's Deferred, midden Erse clare language, Nought-	25		
noughtnought nein. Assass. Dublire, per Neuropaths. Punk.	26		
Starving today plays punk opening tomorrow two plays punk	27		
wire splosh how two plays punk Cabler. Have you forgotten	28		
poor Alby Sobrinos, Geoff, you blighter, identifiable by the	29		
necessary white patch on his rear? How he went to his swilters-	30		

land after his lungs, my sad late brother, before his coglionial	31		
expansion? Won't you join me in a small halemerry, a bottle of	32		
the best, for wellmet Capeler, united Irishmen, what though pre-	33		
ferring the stranger, the coughs and the itches and the minnies	34		
and the ratties the opulose and bilgenses, for of his was the	35		
patriots mistaken. The heart that wast our Graw McGree!	36		
FW489			
Yet be there some who mourn him, concluding him dead,	1		
and more there be that wait astand. His fuchs up the staires	2		
and the ladgers in his haire, he ought to win that V.V.C.	3		
Fullgrapce for an endupper, half muxy on his whole! Would	4		
he were even among the lost! From ours bereft beyond be-	5		
longs. Oremus poor fraternibus that he may yet escape the	6		
gallews and still remain ours faithfully departed. I wronged you.	7		
I never want to see more of bad men but I want to learn from	8		
any on the airse, like Tass with much thanks, here's ditto, if	9		
he lives sameplace in the antipathies of austrasia or anywhere	10		
with my fawngest on his hooshmoney, safe and damned, or	11		
has hopped it or who can throw any lime on the sopjack,	12		
my fond fosther, E. Obiit Nolan, The Workings, N.S.W.,	13		
his condition off the Venerable Jerrybuilt, not belonging to	14		

these parts, who, I remember ham to me, when we were like	15		
bro and sis over our castor and porridge, with his roamin I	16		
suppose, expecting for his clarenx negus, a teetotum abstainer.	17		
He feels he ought to be as asamed of me as me to be ashunned of	18		
him. We were in one class of age like to two clots of egg. I am	19		
most beholding to him, my namesick, as we sayed it in our Am-	20		
harican, through the Doubly Telewisher. Outpassed hearts wag	21		
short pertimes. Worndown shoes upon his feet, to whose re-	22		
dress no tongue can tell! In his hands a boot! Spare me, do, a	23		
copper or two and happy I'll hope you'll be! It will pleased	24		
me behind with thanks from before and love to self and all I	25		
remain here your truly friend. I am no scholar but I loved that	26		
man who has africot lupps with the moonshane in his profile,	27		
my shemblable! My freer! I call you my halfbrother because	28		
you in your soberer otiumic moments remind me deeply of my	29		
natural saywhen brothel in feed, hop and jollity, S. H. Devitt,	30		
that benighted irismaimed, who is tearly belaboured by Sydney	31		
and Alibany.	32		
— As you sing it it's a study. That letter selfpenned to one's	33		
other, that neverperfect everplanned?	34		
— This nonday diary, this allnights newseryreel.	35		
— My dear sir! In this wireless age any owl rooster can peck	36		

FW490			
up bostoons. But whoewaxed he so anquished? Was he vector	1		
victored of victim vexed?	2		
— Mighty sure! Way way for his wehicul! A parambolator	3		
ram into his bagsmall when he was reading alawd, with two eco-	4		
lites and he's been failing of that kink in his arts over sense.	5		
— Madonagh and Chiel, idealist leading a double life! But who,	6		
for the brilliance of brothers, is the Nolan as appearant nominally?	7		
— Mr Nolan is prounimally Mr Gottgab.	8		
— I get it. By hearing his thing about a person one begins to	9		
place him for a certain in true. You reeker, he stands pat for	10		
you before a direct object in the feminine. I see. By maiden	11		
sname. Now, I am earnestly asking you, and putting it as	12		
between this yohou and that houmonymh, will just you search	13		
through your gabgut memoirs for all of two minutes for this	14		
impersonating pronolan, fairhead on foulshoulders. Would it be	15		
in twofold truth an untaken mispatriate, too fullfully true and	16		
rereally a doblinganger much about your own medium with a	17		
sandy whiskers? Poke me nabs in the ribs and pick the erstwort	18		
out of his mouth.	19		
— Treble Stauter of Holy Baggot Street, formerly Sword-	20		
meat, who I surpassed him lately for four and six bringing home	21		

the Christmas, as heavy as music, hand to eyes on the peer for	22		
Noel's Arch, in blessed foster's place is doing the dirty on me	23		
with his tantrums and all these godforgiven kilowatts I'd be	24		
better off without. She's write to him she's levt by me, Jenny	25		
Rediviva! Toot! Detter for you, Mr Nobru. Toot toot! Better for	26		
you, Mr Anol! This is the way we. Of a redtetterday morning.	27		
— When your contraman from Tuwarceathay is looking for	28		
righting that is not a good sign? Not?	29		
— I speak truly, it's a shower sign that it's not.	30		
— What though it be for the sow of his heart? If even she	31		
were a good pool Pegeen?	32		
— If she ate your windowsill you wouldn't say sow.	33		
— Would you be surprised after that my asking have you a	34		
bull, a bosbully, with a whistle in his tail to scare other birds?	35		
— I would.	36		
FW491			
— Were you with Sindy and Sandy attending Goliath, a bull?	1		
— You'd make me sag what you like to. I was intending a	2		
funeral. Simply and samply.	3		
— They are too wise of solbing their silbings?	4		
— And both croon to the same theme.	5		

— Tugbag is Baggut's, when a crispin sokolist besoops juts	6		
kamps or clapperclaws an irvingite offthedocks. A luckchange, I	7		
see. Thinking young through the muddleage spread, the moral	8		
fat his mental leans on. We can cop that with our straat that is	9		
called corkscrewed. It would be the finest boulevard billy for a	10		
mile in every direction, from Lismore to Cape Brendan, Patrick's,	11		
if they took the bint out of the mittle of it. You told of a tryst	12		
too, two a tutu. I wonder now, without releasing seeklets of the	13		
alcove, turturs or raabraabs, have I heard mention of whose name	14		
anywhere? Mallowlane or Demasch? Strike us up either end	15		
<i>Have You Erred off Van Homper or Ebell Teresa Kane.</i>	16		
— <i>Marak! Marak! Marak!</i>	17		
<i>He drapped has draraks an Mansianhase parak</i>	18		
<i>And he had ta barraw tha watarcrass shartclaths aff the ark-</i>	19		
<i>bashap af Yarak!</i>	20		
— Braudribnob's on the bummel?	21		
— And lillypets on the lea.	22		
— A being again in becomings again. From the sallies to	23		
the allies through their central power?	24		
— Pirce! Perce! Quick! Queck!	25		
— O Tara's thrush, the sharepusher! And he said he was only	26		
taking the average grass temperature for green Thursday, the	27		
blutchy scaliger! Who you know the musselman, his muscle-	28		

mum and mistlemam? Maomi, Mamie, My Mo Mum! He loves	29		
a drary lane. Feel Phylliscitations to daff Mr Hairwigger who	30		
has just hadded twinned little curls! He was resting between	31		
horrockses' sheets, wailing for white warfare, prooboor welsht-	32		
breton, and unbiassed by the embarrassment of disposal but, the	33		
first woking day, by Thunder, he stepped into the breach and put	34		
on his recriution trousers and riding apron in Baltic Bygrad, the	35		
old soggy, was when the bold bhuoys of Iran wouldn't join up.	36		
FW492			
— How voice you that, nice Sandy man? Not large goodman	1		
is he, Sandy nice. Ask him this one minute upthrow inner lotus	2		
of his burly ear womit he dropped his Bass's to P flat. And for	3		
that he was allaughed? And then baited? The whole gammat?	4		
— Loonacied! Marterdyed!! Madwakemiherculossed!!! Ju-	5		
dascessed!!!! Pairaskivvymenassed!!!!!! Luredogged!!!!!! And,	6		
needatellye, faulscrescendied!!!!!!!	7		
— Dias domnas! Dolled to dolthood? And Annie Delittle,	8		
his daintree diva, in deltic dwilights, singing him henpecked rusish	9		
through the bars? My Wolossay's wild as the Crasnian Sea!	10		
Grabashag, groogy, scoop and I'll cure ye! Mother of emeralds,	11		
ara poog neighbours!	12		

— Capilla, Rubrilla and Melcamomilla! Dauby, dauby, with-	13		
out dulay! Well, I beg to traverse same above statement by saxy	14		
luters in their back haul of Coalcutter what reflects upon my	15		
administrants of slow poisoning as my dodear devere revered	16		
mainhirr was confined to guardroom, I hindustand, by my pint	17		
of his Filthered pilsens bottle due to Zenaphiah Holwell, H and	18		
J. C. S, Which I was bringing up my quee parapotacarry's orders	19		
in my sedown chair with my mudfacepacket from my cash	20		
chemist and family drugger, Surager Dowling, V.S. to our aural	21		
surgeon, Afamado Hairductor Achmed Borumborad, M.A.C.A,	22		
Sahib, of a 1001 Ombrilla Street, Syringa padham, Alleypulley, to	23		
see what was my watergood, my mesical wasserguss, for repairs	24		
done by bollworm in the rere of pilch knickers, seven yerds to	25		
his galandhar pole on perch, together with his for me unfillable	26		
slopper, property of my deeply forfear revebereared, who is costing	27		
us mostfortunes which I am writing in mepetition to Kavanagh	28		
Djanaral, when he was sitting him humpbacked in dry dryfilthy-	29		
heat to his trinidads pinslers at their orpentings, entailing a	30		
laxative tendency to mary, especially with him being forbidden	31		
fruit and certified by his sexular clergy to have as badazmy	32		
emotional volvular, with a basketful of priesters crossing the	33		
singorgeous to aroint him with tummy moor's maladies, and	34		
thereinafter liable to succumb when served with letters potent	35		

below the belch, if my rupee repure riputed husbandship H.R.R.	36		
FW493			
took a brief one in his shirtsails out of the alleged given mineral,	1		
telling me see his in Foraignghistan sambat papers Sunday feac-	2		
tures of a welcomed aperrytiff with vallad of Erill Pearcey O	3		
he never battered one eagle's before paying me his duty on my	4		
annaversary to the parroteyes list in my nil ensemble, in his lazy-	5		
chair but he hidded up my hemifaces in all my mayarannies and	6		
he locked plum into my mirrymouth like Ysamasy morning in	7		
the end of time, with the so light's hope on his ruddycheeks and	8		
rawjaws and, my charmer, whom I dipped my hand in, he simply	9		
showed me his propendiculous loadpoker, Seaserpents hisses	10		
sissastones, which was as then is produced in his mansway by	11		
this wisest of the Vikramadityationists, with the remere remind	12		
remure remark, in his gulughurutty: Yran for parasites with rum	13		
for the turkeycockkeys so Lithia, M.D., as this is for Snooker,	14		
bort!	15		
— Which was said by whom to whom?	16		
— It wham. But whim I can't whumember.	17		
— Fantasy! funtasy on fantasy, amnaes fintasies! And there is	18		
nihil nuder under the clothing moon. When Ota, weewahrwificle	19		

of Torquells, bumped her dumpsydiddle down in her woosark	20		
she mode our heuteyleutey girlery of peerlesses to set up in all	21		
their bombossities of feudal fiertey, fanned, flounced and frangi-	22		
panned, while the massstab whereby Ephialtes has exceeded is the	23		
measure, <i>simplex mendaciis</i> , by which our Outis cuts his thruth.	24		
Arkaway now!	25		
— Yerds and nudes say ayes and noes! Vide! Vide!	26		
— Let Eivin bemember for Gates of Gold for their fadeless	27		
suns berayed her. Irise, Osirises! Be thy mouth given unto thee!	28		
For why do you lack a link of luck to poise a pont of perfect,	29		
peace? On the vignetto is a ragingoos. The overseer of the house	30		
of the oversire of the seas, Nu-Men, triumphant, sayeth: Fly as	31		
the hawk, cry as the corncrake, Ani Latch of the postern is thy	32		
name; shout!	33		
— My heart, my mother! My heart, my coming forth of	34		
darkness! They know not my heart, O coolun dearast! Mon	35		
gloomerie! Mon glamourie! What a surpraise, dear Mr Preacher,	36		
FW494			
I to hear from your strawnummical modesty! Yes, there was	1		
that skew arch of chrome sweet home, floodlit up above the	2		
flabberghosted farmament and bump where the camel got the	3		

needle. Talk about iridescencies! Ruby and beryl and chrysolite,	4		
jade, sapphire, jasper and lazul.	5		
— Orca Bellona! Heavencry at earthcall, etnat athos? Extinct	6		
your vulcanology for the lava of Moltens!	7		
— It's you not me's in erupting, hecklar!	8		
— Ophiuchus being visible above thORIZON, muliercula oc-	9		
cluded by Satarn's serpent ring system, the pisciolinnies Nova	10		
Ardonis and Prisca Parthenopea, are a bonnies feature in the	11		
northern sky. Ers, Mores and Merkery are surgents below the rim	12		
of the Zenith Part while Arctura, Anatolia, Hesper and Mesembria	13		
weep in their mansions over Noth, Haste, Soot and Waste.	14		
— Apep and Uachet! Holy snakes, chase me charley, Eva's	15		
got barley under her fluencies! The Ural Mount he's on the	16		
move and he'll quivvy her with his strombolo! Waddlewurst,	17		
the bag of tow, as broad above as he is below! Creeping	18		
through the liongrass and bullsrusshius, the obesendean, before	19		
the Empfang de Maurya's class, in Bill Shasser's Shotshrift writing	20		
academy, camouflaged as a blancmange and maple syrop! Obei-	21		
sance so their sitinins is the follicity of this Orp! Her sheik to	22		
Slave, his dick to Dave and the fat of the land to Guygas. The	23		
treadmill pebbledropper haha halfahead overground and she'd	24		
only chitschats in her spanking bee bonetry, Allapolloosa! Up the	25		
slanger! Three cheers and a heva heva for the name Dan Magraw!	26		

— The giant sun is in his emanence but which is chief of those	27		
white dwarfees of which he ever is surabanded? And do you think	28		
I might have being his seventh! He will kitssele me on melbaw.	29		
What about his age? says you. What about it? says I. I will	30		
confess to his sins and blush me further. I would misdemean to	31		
rebuke to the libels of snots from the fleshambles, the canalles.	32		
Synamite is too good for them. Two overthirties in shore shor-	33		
ties. She's askapot at Nile Lodge and she's citchincarry at the	34		
left Mrs Hamazum's. Will you warn your old habasund, barking	35		
at baggermen, his chokefull chewing his chain? Responsif you	36		
FW495			
plais. The said Sully, a barracker associated with tinkers, the	1		
blackhand, Shovellyvans, wreuter of annoyingmost letters and	2		
skirriless ballets in Parsee Franch who is Magrath's thug and	3		
smells cheaply of Power's spirits, like a deepsea dibbler, and he is	4		
not fit enough to throw guts down to a bear. Sylphling me	5		
when is a maid nought a maid he would go to anyposs length	6		
for her! So long, Sulleyman! If they cut his nose on the stitcher	7		
they had their siven good reasons. Here's to the leglift of my	8		
snuff and trout stockangt henkerchoff, orange fin with a mosaic	9		
of dispensations and a froren black patata, from my church milli-	10		

ner. When Lynch Brother, Withworkers, Friends and Company	11		
with T. C. King and the Warden of Galway is prepared to	12		
stretch him sacred by the powers to the starlight, L.B.W. Hemp,	13		
hemp, hurray! says the captain in the moonlight. I could put	14		
him under my pallyass and slepp on him all nights as I would	15		
roll myself for holy poly over his borrowing places. How we will	16		
make laugh over him together, me and my Riley in the Vickar's	17		
bed! Quink! says I. He cawls to me Granny-stream-Auborne	18		
when I am hiding under my hair from him and I cool him my	19		
Finnyking he's so joyant a bounder. Plunk! said he. Inasmuch	20		
as I am delightful to be able to state, with the joy of lifing in my	21		
forty winkers, that a handsome sovereign was freely pledged	22		
in their pennis in the slutsmaschine, alonging wath a cherry-	23		
wickerkishabrack of maryfruit under Shadow La Rose, to both	24		
the legintimate lady performers of display unquestionable, Elsebett	25		
and Marryetta Gunning, H ₂ O, by that noblesse of leechers at	26		
his Saxontannery with motto in Wwalshe's ffrenchllatin: O'Neill	27		
saw Queen Molly's pants: and much admired engraving, meaning	28		
complet manly parts during alleged recent act of our chief	29		
mergey margey magistrades, five itches above the kneecap, as	30		
required by statues. V.I.C.5.6. If you won't release me stop to	31		
please me up the leg of me. Now you see! Respect. S.V.P.	32		
Your wife. Amn. Anm. Amm. Ann.	33		

— You wish to take us, Fruir Mria, by degrees, as <i>artis litterarum-</i>	34		
<i>que patrona</i> but I am afraid, my poor woman of that same	35		
name, what with your silvanes and your salvines, you are misled.	36		
FW496			
— Alas for livings' pledjures!	1		
— Lordy Daw and Lady Don! Uncle Foozle and Aunty	2		
Jack! Sure, that old humbugger was boycotted and girlcutted	3		
in debt and doom, on hill and haven, even by the show-the-flag	4		
flotilla, as I'm given now to understand, illscribed in all the	5		
gratuitouses and conspued in the takeyourhandaways. Bumbty,	6		
tumbty, Sot on a Wall, Mute art for the Million. There wasn't an	7		
Archimandrite of Dane's Island and the townlands nor a minx	8		
from the Isle of Woman nor a one of the four cantins nor any on	9		
the whole wheel of his ecunemical conciliabulum nor nogent	10		
ingen meid on allad the hold scurface of the jorth would come	11		
next or nigh him, Mr Eelwhipper, seed and nursery man, or	12		
his allgas bungalowre, <i>Auxilium Meum Solo A Domino</i> (Amsad),	13		
for rime or ration, from piles or faces, after that.	14		
— All ears did wag, old Eire wake as Piers Aurell was flapper-	15		
gangsted.	16		
— Recount!	17		

— I have it here to my fingall's ends. This liggy piggy wanted	18		
to go to the jampot. And this leggy peggy spelt pea. And these	19		
lucky puckers played at pooping tooletom. Ma's da. Da's ma.	20		
Madas. Sadam.	21		
— <i>Pater patruum cum filiabus familiarum</i> . Or, but, now, and,	22		
ariring out of her mirgery margery watersheads and, to change	23		
that subjunct from the traumaturgid for once in a while and dart-	24		
ing back to stuff, if so be you may identify yourself with the him	25		
in you, that fluctuous neck merchamtur, bloodfadder and milk-	26		
mudder, since then our too many of her, Abha na Lifé, and getting	27		
on to dadaddy again, as them we're ne'er free of, was he in tea	28		
e'er he went on the bier or didn't he ontime do something seemly	29		
heavy in sugar? He sent out Christy Columb and he came back	30		
with a jailbird's unbespokables in his beak and then he sent out	31		
Le Caron Crow and the peacies are still looking for him. The	32		
seeker from the swayed, the beesabouties from the parent swarm.	33		
Speak to the right! Rotacist ca canny! He caun ne'er be bothered	34		
but maun e'er be waked. If there is a future in every past that is	35		
present <i>Quis est qui non novit quinnigan</i> and <i>Qui quae quot at</i>	36		
FW497			
<i>Quinnigan's Quake!</i> Stump! His producers are they not his con-	1		

sumers? Your exagmination round his factification for incam-	2		
ination of a warping process. Declaim!	3		
— Arra irrara hirrara man, weren't they arriving in clansdes-	4		
tinies for the Imbandiment of <i>Ad Regias Agni Dapes</i> , fogabawlers	5		
and panhibernskers, after the crack and the lean years, scalpjaggers	6		
and houthhunters, like the messicals of the great god, a scarlet	7		
trainful, the Twoedged Petrard, totalling, leggats and prelaps, in	8		
their aggregate ages two and thirty plus undecimmed centries	9		
of them with insiders, extraomnes and tuttifrutties allcunct, from	10		
Rathgar, Rathanga, Rountown and Rush, from America Avenue	11		
and Asia Place and the Affrian Way and Europa Parade and be-	12		
sogar the wallies of Noo Soch Wilds and from Vico, Mespil	13		
Rock and Sorrento, for the lure of his weal and the fear of his	14		
oppidumic, to his salon de espera in the keel of his kraal, like	15		
lodes of ores flocking fast to Mount Maximagnetic, afeerd he was	16		
a gunner but affaird to stay away, Merrionites, Dumstdumb-	17		
drummers, Luccanicans, Ashtoumers, Batterysby Parkes and	18		
Krumlin Boyards, Phillipsburgs, Cabraists and Finglossies,	19		
Ballymunites, Raheniacs and the bettlers of Clontarf, for to con-	20		
template in manifest and pay their firstrate duties before the both	21		
of him, twelve stone a side, with their <i>Thieve le Roué!</i> and their	22		
<i>Shvr yr Thrst!</i> and their <i>Uisgye ad Inferos!</i> and their <i>Usque ad</i>	23		
<i>Ebbraios!</i> at and in the licensed boosiness primises of his del-	24		

hightful bazar and reunited magazine hall, by the magazine wall,	25		
Hosty's and Co, Exports, for his five hundredth and sixtysixth	26		
borthday, the grand old Magennis Mor, Persee and Rahli, taker	27		
of the tributes, their Rinseky Poppakork and Piowtor the Grape,	28		
holding Dunker's durbar, boot kings and indiarubber umpires	29		
and shawhs from paisley and muftis in muslim and sultana	30		
reiseines and jordan almonders and a row of jam sahibs and a	31		
odd principeza in her pettedcoat and the queen of knight's clubs	32		
and the claddagh ringleaders and the two salaames and the Halfa	33		
Ham and the Hanzas Khan with two fat Maharashers and the	34		
German selver geyser and he polished up, protemptible, tintanam-	35		
bulating to himsilf so silfrich, and there was J. B. Dunlop, the	36		
FW498			
best tyrent of ourish times, and a swanks of French wine stuarths	1		
and Tudor keepsakes and the Cesarevitch for the current coun-	2		
ter Leodegarius Sant Legerleger riding lapsaddlelonglegs up the	3		
oaks staircase on muleback like Amaxodias Isteroprotos, hind-	4		
quarters to the fore and kick to the lift, and he handygrabbed on	5		
to his trulley natural anthem: <i>Horsibus, keep your tailyup</i> , and	6		
as much as the halle of the vacant fhronerroom, Oldloafs	7		
Buttery, could safely accomodate of the houses of Orange and	8		

Betters M.P, permeated by Druids D.P, Brehons B.P, and	9		
Flawhoolags F.P, and Agiapommenites A.P, and Antepum-	10		
melites P.P, and Ulster Kong and Munster's Herald with	11		
Athclee Ensigning and Athlone Poursuivant and his Imperial	12		
Catching, his fain awan, and his gemmynosed sanctsons	13		
in epheud and ordilawn and his diamondskulled granddaucher,	14		
Adamantaya Liubokovskva, all murdering Irish, amok and	15		
amak, out of their boom companions in paunchjab and dogril	16		
and pammel and gougerotty, after plenty of his fresh stout and	17		
his good balls of malt, not to forget his oels a'mona nor his beers	18		
o'ryely, sopped down by his pani's annagolorum, (at Kennedy's	19		
kiln she kned her dough, back of her bake for me, buns!) social-	20		
izing and communicanting in the deification of his members, for	21		
to nobble or salvage their herobit of him, the poohpooher old	22		
bolssloose, with his arthurious clayroses, Dodderick Ogonoch	23		
Wrack, busted to the wurld at large, on the table round, with the	24		
floodlight switched back, as true as the Vernons have Brian's	25		
sword, and a dozen and one by one tilly tallows round in ring-	26		
campf, circumassembled by his daughters in the foregiftness of	27		
his sons, lying high as he lay in all dimensions, in court dress and	28		
ludmers chain, with a hogo, fluorescent of his swathings, round	29		
him, like the cummulium of scents in an italian warehouse, erica's	30		
clustered on his hayir, the spectrem of his prisent mocking the	31		

candiedights of his dadtid, bagpuddingpodded to the deafspot,	32		
bewept of his childrin and serafim, poors and personalities, ven-	33		
turous, drones and dominators, ancients and auldancients, with	34		
his buttend up, expositoed for sale after referee's inspection,	35		
bulgy and blowrious, bunged to ignorious, healed cured and	36		
FW499			
embalsemate, pending a rouseruption of his bogey, most highly	1		
astounded, as it turned up, after his life overlasting, at thus being	2		
reduced to nothing.	3		
— Bappy-go-gully and gaff for us all! And all his morties	4		
calisenic, tripping a trepas, niatwantyng: Mulo Mulelo! Homo	5		
Humilo! Dauncy a deady O! Dood dood dood! O Bawse! O	6		
Boese! O Muerther! O Mord! Mahmato! Moutmaro! O Smir-	7		
tsch! O Smertz! Woh Hillill! Woe Hallall! Thou Thuoni! Thou	8		
Thaunaton! Umartir! Udamnor! Tschitt! Mergue! Eulumu!	9		
Huam Khuam! Malawinga! Malawunga! Ser Oh Ser! See ah	10		
See! Hamovs! Hemoves! Mamor! Rockquiem eternuel give donal	11		
aye in dolmeny! Bad luck's perpepperpot loosen his eyis! (Psich!).	12		
— But there's leps of flam in Funnycoon's Wick. The keyn	13		
has passed. Lung lift the keying!	14		
— God save you king! Muster of the Hidden Life!	15		

— God serf yous kingly, adipose rex! I had four in the morn-	16		
ing and a couple of the lunch and three later on, but your saouls	17		
to the dhaoul, do ye. Finnk. Fime. Fudd?	18		
— Impassable tissue of improbable liyers! D’yu mean to sett	19		
there where y’are now, coddlin your supernumerary leg, wi’ that	20		
bizar tongue in yur talkshap, and your hindies and shindies, like a	21		
muck in a market, Sorley boy, repeating yurself, and tell me that?	22		
— I mean to sit here on this altknoll where you are now,	23		
Surly guy, replete in myself, as long as I live, in my homespins,	24		
like a sleepingtop, with all that’s buried ofsins insince insensed	25		
insidesofme. If I can’t upset this pound of pressed ollaves I can	26		
sit up zounds of sounds upon him.	27		
— Oliver! He may be an earthpresence. Was that a groan or	28		
did I hear the Dingle bagpipes Wasting war and? Watch!	29		
— <i>Tris tris a ni ma mea!</i> Prisoner of Love! Bleating Hart!	30		
Lowlaid Herd! Aubain Hand! Wonted Foot! <i>Usque! Usque!</i>	31		
<i>Usque! Lignum in . . .</i>	32		
— Rawth of Gar and Donnerbruck Fire? Is the strays world	33		
moving mound or what static babel is this, tell us?	34		
— Whoishe whoishe whoishe whoishe linking in? Whoishe	35		
whoishe whoishe?	36		
FW500			

— The snare drum! Lay yer lug till the groun. The dead giant	1		
manalive! They're playing thimbles and bodkins. Clan of the	2		
Gael! Hop! Whu's within?	3		
— Dovegall and finshark, they are ring to the rescune!	4		
— Zinzin. Zinzin.	5		
— Crum abu! Cromwell to victory!	6		
— We'll gore them and gash them and gun them and gloat on	7		
them.	8		
— Zinzin.	9		
— O, widows and orphans, it's the yeomen! Redshanks for	10		
ever! Up Lancs!	11		
— The cry of the roedeer it is! The white hind. Their slots,	12		
linklink, the hound hunthorning! Send us and peace! Title! Title!	13		
— Christ in our irish times! Christ on the airs independence!	14		
Christ hold the freedman's chareman! Christ light the dully	15		
expressed!	16		
— Slog slagt and sluaughter! Rape the daughter! Choke the	17		
pope!	18		
— Aure! Cloudy father! Unsure! Nongood!	19		
— Zinzin.	20		
— Sold! I am sold! Brinabride! My ersther! My sidster!	21		
Brinabride, goodbye! Brinabride! I sold!	22		

— Pipette dear! Us! Us! Me! Me!	23		
— Fort! Fort! Bayroyt! March!	24		
— Me! I'm true. True! Isolde. Pipette. My precious!	25		
— Zinzin.	26		
— Brinabride, bet my price! Brinabride!	27		
— My price, my precious?	28		
— Zin.	29		
— Brinabride, my price! When you sell get my price!	30		
— Zin.	31		
— Pipette! Pipette, my priceless one!	32		
— O! Mother of my tears! Believe for me! Fold thy son!	33		
— Zinzin. Zinzin.	34		
— Now we're gettin it. Tune in and pick up the forain counties! Hello!	35 36		
FW501			
— Zinzin.	1		
— Hello! Tittit! Tell your title?	2		
— Abridge!	3		
— Hellohello! Ballymacarett! Am I thru' Iss? Miss? True?	4		
— Tit! What is the ti . . ?	5		

SILENCE.	6		
Act drop. Stand by! Blinders! Curtain up. Juice, please! Footh!	7		
— Hello! Are you Cigar shank and Wheat?	8		
— I gotye. Gobble Ann's Carrot Cans.	9		
— Parfe. Now, after that justajiff siesta, just permit me a	10		
moment. Challenger's Deep is childspaly to this but, by our	11		
soundings in the swish channels, land is due. A truce to demobbed	12		
swarwords. Clear the line, priority call! Sybil! Better that or	13		
this? Sybil Head this end! Better that way? Follow the baby spot.	14		
Yes. Very good now. We are again in the magnetic field. Do	15		
you remember on a particular lukesummer night, following a	16		
crying fair day? Moisten your lips for a lightning strike and begin	17		
again. Mind the flickers and dimmers! Better?	18		
— Well. The isles is Thymes. The ales is Penzance. Vehement	19		
Genral. Delhi expulsed.	20		
— Still calling of somewhave from its specific? Not more?	21		
Lesscontinuous. There were fires on every bald hill in holy	22		
Ireland that night. Better so?	23		
— You may say they were, son of a cove!	24		
— Were they bonfires? That clear?	25		
— No other name would at all befit them unless that. Bona-	26		
fieries! With their blue beards streaming to the heavens.	27		

— Was it a high white night now?	28		
— Whitest night mortal ever saw.	29		
— Was our lord of the heights nigh our lady of the valley?	30		
— He was hosting himself up and flosting himself around and	31		
ghosting himself to merry her murmur like an andeanupper	32		
balkan.	33		
— Lewd's carol! Was there rain by any chance, mistandew?	34		
FW502			
— Plenty. If you wend farranoch.	1		
— There fell some fall of littlewinter snow, holy-as-ivory,	2		
I gather, jesse?	3		
— By snaachtha clocka. The nicest at all. In hilly-and-even	4		
zimalayars.	5		
— Did it not blow some gales, westnass or ostscnt, rather	6		
strongly to less, allin humours out of turn, jusse as they rose and	7		
sprungen?	8		
— Out of all jokes it did. Pipep! Icecold. Brr na brr, ny prr!	9		
Lieto galumphantes!	10		
— Still cllng! Nmr! Peace, Pacific! Do you happen to recollect	11		
whether Muna, that highlucky nackt, was shining at all?	12		
— Sure she was, my midday darling! And not one but a pair	13		

of pritty geallachers.	14		
— Quando? Quonda? Go datey!	15		
— Lately! Lately! Lately! Lately!	16		
— That was latterlig certainly. And was there frostwork	17		
about and thick weather and hice, soon calid, soon frozen, cold on	18		
warm but moistly dry, and a boatshaped blanket of bruma air-	19		
sighs and hellstohns and flammballs and vodashouts and every-	20		
thing to please everybody?	21		
— Hail many fell of greats! Horey morey smother of fog!	22		
There was, so plays your ahrtimes. Absolutely boiled.	23		
Obsoletely cowled. Julie and Lulie at their parkiest.	24		
— The amenities, the amenities of the amenities with all their	25		
amenities. And the firmness of the formous of the famous of the	26		
fumous of the first fog in Maidanvale?	27		
— Catchecatche and couchamed!	28		
— From Miss Somer's nice dream back to Mad Winthrop's	29		
delugium stramens. One expects that kind of rimey feeling in the	30		
sire season?	31		
— One certainly does. Desire, for hire, would tire a shire,	32		
phone, phunkel, or wire. And mares.	33		
— Of whitecaps any?	34		
— Foamflakes flockfuyant from Foxrock to Finglas.	35		
— A lambskip for the marines! Paronama! The entire hori-	36		

FW503			
zon cloth! All effects in their joints caused ways. Raindrum,	1		
windmachine, snowbox. But thundersheet?	2		
— No here. Under the blunkets.	3		
— This common or garden is now in stiller realithy the	4		
starey sphere of an oleotorium for broken pottery and ancient	5		
vegetables?	6		
— Simply awful the dirt. An evernasty ashtray.	7		
— I see. Now do you know the wellknown kikkinmidden	8		
where the illassorted first couple first met with each other? The	9		
place where Ealdermann Fanagan? The time when Junkermenn	10		
Funagin?	11		
— Deed then I do, W.K.	12		
— In Fingal too they met at Littlepeace aneath the bidetree,	13		
Yellowhouse of Snugsborough, Westreeve-Astagob and Sluts-	14		
end with Stockins of Winning's Folly Merryfalls, all of a two,	15		
skidoo and skephumble?	16		
— Godamedy, you're a delville of a tolkar!	17		
— Is it a place fairly expoused to the four last winds?	18		
— Well, I faithly sincerely believe so indeed if all what I hope	19		
to charity is half true.	20		

— This stow on the wolds, is it Woful Dane Bottom?	21		
— It is woful in need whatever about anything or allselse	22		
under the grianblachk sun of gan greyne Eireann.	23		
— A tricolour ribbon that spells a caution. The old flag, the cold	24		
flag.	25		
— The flagstone. By tombs, deep and heavy. To the unaveiling	26		
memory of. Peacer the grave.	27		
— And what sigeth Woodin Warneung thereof?	28		
— Trickspissers vill be pairsecluded.	29		
— There used to be a tree stuck up? An overlisting eshtree?	30		
— There used, sure enough. Beside the Annar. At the ford	31		
of Slivenamond. Oakley Ashe's elm. With a snoodrift from one	32		
beerchen bough. And the grawndest crowndest consecrated may-	33		
pole in all the reignladen history of Wilds. Browne's <i>Thesaurus</i>	34		
<i>Plantarum</i> from Nolan's, The Prittlewell Press, has nothing alike	35		
it. For we are fed of its forest, clad in its wood, burqued by its	36		
FW504			
bark and our lecture is its leave. The cran, the cran the king of all	1		
crans. Squiremade and damesman of plantagenets, high and holy.	2		
— Now, no hiding your wren under a bushle! What was it	3		
doing there, for instance?	4		

— Standing foreninst us.	5		
— In Summerian sunshine?	6		
— And in Cimmerian shudders.	7		
— You saw it visibly from your hidingplace?	8		
— No. From my invisibly lyingplace.	9		
— And you then took down in stereo what took place being tunc committed?	10		
— I then tuk my takenplace lying down, I thunk I told you.	11		
Solve it!	12		
— Remounting aliftle 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 <i>in petto</i> about our sovereign beingstalk, Tonans Tomazeus. <i>O dite!</i>	13		
— Corcor Andy, <i>Udi, Udite!</i> Your Ominence, Your Immi- nence and delicted fraternitrees! There's tuodore queensmaids and Idahore shopgirls and they woody babies growing upon her and bird flamingans sweenyswinging faglewards on the tipmast and Orania epples playing hopptociel bommptatterre and Ty- burn 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	14		
	15		
	16		
	17		
	18		
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	21		
	22		
	23		
	24		
	25		
	26		
	27		

origin of spices and charlotte darlings with silk blue askmes	28		
chattering in dissent to them, gibbonses and gobbenses, guelfing	29		
and ghiberring proferring praydews to their anatolies and blight-	30		
ing findblasts on their catastripes and the killmaimthem pen-	31		
sioners chucking overthrown milestones up to her to fall her	32		
cranberries and her pommes annettes for their unnatural refection	33		
and handpainted hoydens plucking husbands of him and cock	34		
robins muchmore hatching most out of his missado eggdrazzles	35		
for him, the sun and moon pegging honeysuckle and white	36		
FW505			
heather down and timitits tapping resin there and tomahawks	1		
watching tar elsewhere, creatures of the wold approaching him,	2		
hollow mid ivy, for to claw and rub, hermits of the desert	3		
barking their infernal shins over her trilateral roots and his acorns	4		
and pinecorns shooting wide all sides out of him, plantitude	5		
outsends of plenty to thousands, after the truants of the utmost-	6		
fear and her downslyder in that snakedst-tu-naughsy whimmering	7		
woman't seeleib such a fashionaping sathinous dress out of that	8		
exquisitive creation and her leaves, my darling dearest, sinsin-	9		
sinning since the night of time and each and all of their branches	10		
meeting and shaking twisty hands all over again in their new	11		

world through the germination of its gemination from Ond's	12		
outset till Odd's end. And encircle him circuly. Evovae!	13		
— Is it so exaltated, eximious, extraoldandairy and excels-	14		
siorising?	15		
— Amengst menlike trees walking or trees like angels weep-	16		
ing nobirdy aviar soar anywing to eagle it! But rocked of agues,	17		
cliffed for aye!	18		
— Telleth that eke the treeth?	19		
— Mushe, mushe of a mixness.	20		
— A shrub of libertine, indeed! But that steyne of law indead	21		
what stiles its neming?	22		
— Tod, tod, too hard parted!	23		
— I've got that now, Dr Melamanessy. Finight mens mid-	24		
infinite true. The form masculine. The gender feminine. I see.	25		
Now, are you derevatov of it yourself in any way? The true	26		
tree I mean? Let's hear what science has to say, pundit-the-	27		
next-best-king. Splanck!	28		
— Upfellbowm.	29		
— It reminds of the weeping of the daughters?	30		
— And remounts to the sense arrest.	31		
— The wittold, the frausch and the dibble! How this loose-	32		
affair brimsts of fussforus! And was this treemanangel on his	33		
soredbohmend because Knockout, the knickknaver, knacked	34		

him in the knechtschaft?	35		
— Well, he was ever himself for the presentation of crudities to	36		
FW506			
animals for he had put his own nickelname on every toad, duck	1		
and herring before the climber clomb aloft, doing the midhill of	2		
the park, flattering his bitter hoolft with her conconundrums.	3		
He would let us have the three barrels. Such was a bitte too thikke	4		
for the Muster of the hoose so as he called down on the Grand	5		
Precursor who coiled him a crawler of the dupest dye and	6		
thundered at him to flatch down off that erection and be aslimed	7		
of himself for the bellance of hissch leif.	8		
— Oh Finlay's coldpalled!	9		
— Ahday's begatem!	10		
— Were you there, eh Hehr? Were you there when they	11		
lagged um through the coombe?	12		
— Wo wo! Who who! Psalmtimes it grauws on me to ramble,	13		
ramble, ramble.	14		
— Woe! Woe! So that was how he became the foerst of our	15		
treefellers?	16		
— Yesche and, in the absence of any soberiquiet, the fanest	17		
of our truefalluses. Bapsbaps Bomslinger!	18		

— How near do you feel to this capocapo promontory, sir?	19		
— There do be days of dry coldness between us when he does	20		
be like a lidging house far far astray and there do be nights of wet	21		
windwhistling when he does be making me onions woup all kinds	22		
of ways.	23		
— Now you are mehrer the murk, Lansdowne Road. She's	24		
threwed her pippin's thereabouts and they've cropped up tooth	25		
oneydge with hates to leaven this socried isle. Now, thornyborn,	26		
follow the spotlight, please! Concerning a boy. Are you acquainted	27		
with a pagany, vicariously known as Toucher 'Thom' who is. I	28		
suggest Finoglam as his habitat. Consider yourself on the stand	29		
now and watch your words, take my advice. Let your motto be:	30		
<i>Inter nubila numbum.</i>	31		
— Never you mind about my mother or her hopitout. I con-	32		
sider if I did, I would feel frightfully ashamed of admired vice.	33		
— He is a man of around fifty, struck on Anna Lynsha's	34		
Pekoe with milk and whisky, who does messuages and has more	35		
dirt on him than an old dog has fleas, kicking stones and knocking	36		
FW507			
snow off walls. Have you ever heard of this old boy "Thom" or	1		
"Thim" of the fishy stare who belongs to Kimmage, a crofting dis-	2		

trict, and is not all there, and is all the more himself since he is	3		
not so, being most of his time down at the Green Man where he	4		
steals, pawns, belches and is a curse, drinking gaily two hours after	5		
closing time, with the coat on him skinside out against rappari-	6		
tions, with his socks outsewed his springsides, clapping his hands	7		
in a feeble sort of way and systematically mixing with the public	8		
going for groceries, slapping greats and littlegets soundly with	9		
his cattegut belts, flapping baresides and waltzywembling about	10		
in his accountrements always in font of the tubbernuckles, like	11		
a longarmed lugh, when he would be finished with his tea?	12		
— Is it that fellow? As mad as the brambles he is. Touch him.	13		
With the lawyers sticking to his trewsersshins and the swatme-	14		
notting on the basque of his beret. He has kissed me more than	15		
once, I am sorry to say and if I did commit gladrolleries may the	16		
loone forgive it! O wait till I tell you!	17		
— We are not going yet.	18		
— And look here! Here's, my dear, what he done, as snooks	19		
as I am saying so!	20		
— Get out, you dirt! A strangely striking part of speech for	21		
the hottest worked word of ur sprogue. You're not! Unhindered	22		
and odd times? Mere thumbshow? Lately?	23		
— How do I know? Such my billet. Buy a barrack pass. Ask	24		
the horneys. Tell the robbers.	25		

— You are alluding to the picking pockets in Lower O’Connell Street?	26		
— I am illuding to the Pekin packet but I am eluding from Laura Connor’s treat.	28		
— Now, just wash and brush up your memoirias a little bit.	29		
So I find, referring to the pater of the present man, an erely de-mented brick thrower, I am wondering to myself in my mind,	30		
<i>qua</i> our arc of the covenant, was Toucher, a methodist, whose	31		
name, as others say, is not really ‘Thom’, was this salt son of a	32		
century from Boaterstown, Shivering William, the sealiest old for-	33		
ker ever hawked crannock, who is always with him at the Big Elm	34		
	35		
	36		
FW508			
and the Arch after his teeth were shaken out of their suckets by the	1		
wrang dog, for having 5 pints 73 of none Eryen blood in him abaft	2		
the seam level, the scatterling, wearing his cowbeamer and false	3		
clothes of a brewer’s grains pattern with back buckons with his	4		
motto on, <i>Yule Remember</i> , ostensibly for that occasion only of the	5		
twelfth day Pax and Quantum wedding, I’m wondering.	6		
— I bet you are. Well, he was wandering, you bet, whatever	7		
was his matter, in his mind too, give him his due, for I am sorry	8		
to have to tell you, hullo and evoe, they were coming down from	9		

off him.	10		
— How culious an epiphany!	11		
— <i>Hodie casus esobhrakonton?</i>	12		
— It looked very like it.	13		
— Needer knows necess and neither garments. Man is minded	14		
of the Meagher, wat? Wooly? Walty?	15		
— Ay, another good button gone wrong.	16		
— Blondman's blaff! Like a skib leaked lintel the arbour	17		
leidend with . . .?	18		
— Pamelas, peggylees, pollywollies, questuants, quaint-	19		
aquilties, quickamerries.	20		
— Concaving now convexly to the semidemihemispheres and,	21		
from the female angle, music minnestirring, were the subligate	22		
sisters, P. and Q., Clopatrick's cherierapest, <i>mutatis mutandis</i> ,	23		
in pretty much the same pickle, the peach of all piedad, the	24		
quest of all quicks?	25		
— Peequeen ourselves, the prettiest pickles of unmatchemable	26		
mute antes I ever bopeeped at, seesaw shallshee, since the town go	27		
went gonning on Pranksome Quaine.	28		
— Silks apeel and sulks alusty?	29		
— Boy and giddle, gape and bore.	30		
— I hear these two goddesses are liable to sue him?	31		
— Well, I hope the two Collinses don't leg a bail to shoot him.	32		

— Both were white in black arpists at cloever spilling, knickt?	33		
— Gels bach, I, languised, lizsted. Etoudies for the right hand.	34		
— Were they now? And were they watching you as watcher	35		
as well?	36		
FW509			
— Where do you get that wash? This representation does not	1		
accord with my experience. They were watching the watched	2		
watching. Vechers all.	3		
— Good. Hold that watching brief and keep this witching	4		
longuer. Now, retouching friend Tomsy, the enemy, did you	5		
gather much from what he let drop? We are sitting here for that.	6		
— I was rooshian mad, no lie. About his shapeless hat.	7		
— I suspect you must have been.	8		
— You are making your thunderous mistake. But I was dung	9		
sorry for him too.	10		
— O Schaum! Not really? Were you sorry you were mad	11		
with him then?	12		
— When I tell you I was rooshiamarodnimad with myself	13		
altogether, so I was, for being sorry for him.	14		
— So?	15		
— Absolutely.	16		

— Would you blame him at all stages?	17		
— I believe in many an old stager. But what seemed sooth to	18		
a Greek summed nooth to a giantle. Who kills the cat in Cairo	19		
coaxes cocks in Gaul.	20		
— I put it to you that this was solely in his sunflower state	21		
and that his haliodraping het was why maids all sighed for him,	22		
ventured and vied for him. Hm?	23		
— After Putawayo, Kansas, Liburnum and New Aimstir-	24		
dames, it wouldn't surprise me in the very least.	25		
— That tare and this mole, your tear and our smile. 'Tis life	26		
that lies if woman's eyes have been our old undoing. Lid efter lid.	27		
Reform in mine size his deformation. Tiffpuff up my nostril,	28		
would you puff the earthworm outer my ear.	29		
— He could claud boose his eyes to the birth of his garce, he	30		
could lump all his lot through the half of her play, but he jest	31		
couldn't laugh through the whole of her farce becorpse he warn't	32		
billed that way. So he outandouts his volimetangere and has a	33		
lightning consultation and he downadowns his pantoloogions	34		
and made a piece of first perpersonal poetry that staystale re-	35		
mains to be. Cleaned.	36		
FW510			

— Booms of bombs and heavy rethudders?	1		
— This aim to you!	2		
— The tail, so mastrodantic, as you tell it nearly takes your	3		
own mummouth's breath away. Your troppers are so unrelieved	4		
because his troopers were in difficulties. Still let stultitiam done	5		
in veino condone ineptias made of veritues. How many were	6		
married on that top of all strapping mornings, after the midnight	7		
turkey drive, my good watcher?	8		
— Puppaps. That'd be telling. With a hoh frohim and heh	9		
fraher. But, as regards to Tammy Thornycraft, Idefyne the lawn	10		
mare and the laney moweress and all the prentisses of wildes to	11		
massage him.	12		
— Now from Gunner Shotland to Guinness Scenography.	13		
Come to the ballay at the Tailors' Hall. We mean to be mellay on	14		
the Mailers' Mall. And leap, rink and make follay till the Gaelers'	15		
Gall. Awake! Come, a wake! Every old skin in the leather world,	16		
infect the whole stock company of the old house of the Leaking	17		
Barrel, was thomistically drunk, two by two, lairking o' tootlers	18		
with tombours a'beggars, the blog and turfs and the brandywine	19		
bankrompers, trou Normend fashion, I have been told, down to	20		
the bank lean clorks? Some nasty blunt clubs were being operated	21		
after the tradition of a wellesleyan bottle riot act and a few plates	22		
were being shied about and tumblers bearing traces of fresh	23		

porter rolling around, independent of that, for the ehren of Fyn's	24		
Insul, and then followed that wapping breakfast at the Heaven	25		
and Covenant, with Rodey O'echolowing how his breadcost on	26		
the voters would be a comeback for e'er a one, like the depre-	27		
dations of Scandalknivery, in and on usedtowobble sloops off	28		
cloasts, eh? Would that be a talltale too? This was the grandsire	29		
Orther. This was his innwhite horse. Sip?	30		
— Well, naturally he was, louties also genderymen. Being	31		
Kerssfestiydt. They came from all lands beyond the wave for	32		
songs of Inishfeel. Whiskway and mortem! No puseyporcious	33		
either, invitem kappines all round. But the right reverend priest,	34		
Mr Hopsinbond, and the reverent bride eleft, Frizzy Fraufrau,	35		
were sober enough. I think they were sober.	36		
FW511			
— I think you're widdershins there about the right reverence.	1		
Magraw for the Northwhiggern cupteam was wedding beastman,	2		
papers before us carry. You saw him hurriedly, or did you if	3		
thatseme's not irrelevant? With Slater's hammer perhaps? Or he	4		
was in serge?	5		
— I horridly did. On the stroke of the dozen. I'm sure I'm	6		
wrong but I heard the irreverend Mr Magraw, in search of a	7		

stammer, kuckkuck kicking the bedding out of the old sexton,	8		
red-Fox Good-man around the sacristory, till they were bullbeadle	9		
black and bufeteer blue, while I and Flood and the other men,	10		
jazzlike brollies and sesuos, was gickling his missus to gackles in	11		
the hall, the divileen, (she's a lamp in her throth) with her	12		
cygncygn leckle and her twelve pound lach.	13		
— A loyal wifish woman cacchinic wheepingcaugh! While	14		
she laylylaw was all their rage. But you did establish personal	15		
contact? In epexegetis or on a point of order?	16		
— That perkumiary pond is beyawnd my pinnigay pre-	17		
tonsions. I am resting on a pigs of cheesus but I've a big	18		
suggestion it was about the pint of porter.	19		
— You are a suckersome! But this all, as airs said to oska,	20		
was only that childbearer might blogas well sidesplit? Where	21		
letties hereditate a dark mien swart hairy?	22		
— Only. 'Twas womans' too woman with mans' throw man.	23		
— Bully burley yet hardly hurley. The saloon bulkhead, did	24		
you say, or the tweendecks?	25		
— Between drinks, I deeply painfully repeat it.	26		
— Was she wearing shubladey's tiroirs in humour of her	27		
hubbishobbis, Massa's star stellar?	28		
— Mrs Tan-Taylour? Just a floating panel, secretairslid-	29		
ingdraws, a budge of kles on her schalter, a siderbrass sehass	30		

on her anulas findring and forty crocelips in her curlingthongues.	31		
— So this was the dope that woolied the cad that kinked the	32		
ruck that noised the rape that tried the sap that hugged the mort?	33		
— That legged in the hoax that joke bilked.	34		
— The jest of junk the jungular?	35		
— Jacked up in a jock the wrapper.	36		
FW512			
— Lollgoll! You don't soye so! All upsydown her whole	1		
creation? So there was nothing serical between you? And Dry-	2		
salter, father of Izod, how was he now?	3		
— To the pink, man, like an allmanox in his shirt and stickup,	4		
brustall to the bear, the Megalomagellan of our winevatswater-	5		
way, squeezing the life out of the liffey.	6		
— Crestofer Carambas! Such is zodisfaction. You punk me!	7		
He came, he kished, he conquered. Vulturuvagnar! The must of	8		
his glancefull coaxing the beam in her eye? That musked bell of	9		
this masked ball! Annabella, Lovabella, Pullabella, yep?	10		
— Yup! Titentung Tollertone in S. Sabina's. Aye aye, she	11		
was lithe and pleasable. Wilt thou the lee? Wilt thou the hee?	12		
Wilt thou the hussif?	13		
— The quicker the deaf the safter the sapstaff, but the main	14		

the mightier the stricker the strait. To the vast go the game! It	15		
is the circumconversioning of antelithual paganelles by a hugger-	16		
knut cramwell energuman, or the caecodeditio of an absque-	17		
litteris puttagonnianne to the herreraism of a cabotinesque ex-	18		
ploser?	19		
— I believe you. Tairtope reelly, O reelly!	20		
— Nautae, nautae, we're nowhere without ye! In steam of	21		
kavos now arbatos above our hearths doth hum. And Malkos	22		
crackles logs of fun while Anglys cheers our ingles. So lent she	23		
him ear to burrow his manhood (or so it appierce) and borrow	24		
his namas? Suilful eyes and sallowfoul hairweed and the sickly	25		
sigh from her gingering mouth like a Dublin bar in the moarning.	26		
— <i>Primus auriforasti me.</i>	27		
— The park is gracer than the hole, says she, but shekleton's	28		
my fortune?	29		
— Eversought of being artained? You've soft a say with ye,	30		
Flatter O'Ford, that, honey, I hurdley chew you.	31		
— Is that answers?	32		
— It am queery!	33		
— The house was Toot and Come-Inn by the bridge called	34		
Tiltass, but are you solarly salemly sure, beyond the shatter of	35		
the canicular year? <i>Nascitur ordo seculi numfit.</i>	36		

FW513			
— Siriusly and selenely sure behind the shutter. <i>Securius indicat</i>	1		
<i>umbris tellurem.</i>	2		
— Date as? Your time of immersion? We are still in drought	3		
of . . . ?	4		
— Amnis Dominae, Marcus of Corrig. A laughin hunter and	5		
Purty Sue.	6		
— And crazyheaded Jorn, the bulweh born?	7		
— Fluteful as his orkan. <i>Ex ugola lenonem.</i>	8		
— And Jambs, of Delphin's Bourne or (as olders lay) of	9		
Tophat?	10		
— Dawncing the kniejinsky choreopiscopally like an easter	11		
sun round the colander, the vice! Taranta boontoday! You	12		
should pree him prance the polcat, you whould sniff him wops	13		
around, you should hear his piedigrotts schraying as his skimpies	14		
skirp a . . .	15		
— Crashedafar Corumbas! A Czardanser indeed! Dervilish	16		
glad too. Ortovito semi ricordo. The pantaglionic affection	17		
through his blood like a bad influenza in a leap at bounding	18		
point?	19		
— Out of Prisky Poppagenua, the palsied old priamite, home	20		
from Edwin Hamilton's Christmas pantaloonade, <i>Oropos Roxy</i>	21		

<i>and Pantharhea</i> at the Gaiety, trippudiating round the aria, with	22		
his fiftytwo heirs of age! They may reel at his likes but it's Noeh	23		
Bonum's shin do.	24		
— And whit what was Lillabil Issabil maideve, maid at?	25		
— Trists and thranes and trinies and traines.	26		
— A take back to the virgin page, darm it!	27		
— Ay, graunt ye.	28		
— The quobus quartet were there too, if I mistake not, as a	29		
sideline but, <i>pace</i> the contempt of senate, well to the fore, in an	30		
amenessy meeting, metandmorefussed to decide whereagainwhen	31		
to meet themselves, flopsome and jerksome, lubber and deliric,	32		
drinking unsteadily through the Kerry quadrilles and Listowel	33		
lancers and mastersinging always with that consecutive fifth of	34		
theirs, eh? Like four wise elephants inandouting under a twelve-	35		
podestalled table?	36		
FW514			
— They were simple scandalmongers, that familiar, and all!	1		
Normand, Desmond, Osmund and Kenneth. Making mejical	2		
history all over the show!	3		
— In sum, some hum? And other marrage feats?	4		
— All our stakes they were astumbling round the ranky roars	5		

assumbling when Big Arthur flugged the field at Annie's courting.	6		
— Suddenly some wellfired clay was cast out through the	7		
schappsteckers of hoy's house?	8		
— Schottenly there was a hellfire club kicked out through the	9		
wasistas of Thereswhere.	10		
— Like Heavystost's envil catacalamitumbling. Three days	11		
three times into the Vulcuum?	12		
— Punch!	13		
— Or Noe et Ecclesiastes, nonne?	14		
— Ninny, there is no hay in Eccles's hostel.	15		
— Yet an I saw a sign of him, if you could scrape out his	16		
acquinntence? Name or redress him and we'll call it a night!	17		
— . i . . ' . . o . . l .	18		
— You are sure it was not a shuler's shakeup or a plighter's	19		
palming or a winker's wake <i>etcaetera etcaeterorum</i> you were at?	20		
— Precisely.	21		
— Mayhap. Hora pro Nubis, Thursdays, at A Little Bit Of	22		
Heaven Howth, the wife of Deimetuus (D'amn), Earl Adam Fitz-	23		
adam, of a Tartar (Birtha) or Sackville-Lawry and Morland-	24		
West, at the Auspice for the Living, Bonnybrook, by the river	25		
and A. Briggs Carlisle, guardian of the birdsmaids and deputil-	26		
iser for groom. Pontifical mess. Or (soddenly) Schott, furtivfired	27		
by the riots. No flies. Agreeest?	28		

— Mayhem. Also loans through the post. With or without	29		
security. Everywhere. Any amount. Mofsovitz, swampstakers,	30		
purely providential.	31		
— Flood's. The pinkman, the squeeze, the pint with the kick.	32		
Gaa. And then the punch to Gaelicise it. Fox. The lady with the	33		
lamp. The boy in the barleybag. The old man on his ars. Great	34		
Scrapp! 'Tis we and you and ye and me and hymns and hurts and	35		
heels and shields. The eirest race, the ourest nation, the airest place	36		
FW 515			
that ertestationed. He was culpung for penance while you were	1		
ringing his belle. Did the kickee, goodman rued fox, say anything	2		
important? Clam or cram, spick or spat?	3		
— No more than Richman's periwhelker.	4		
— Nnn ttt wrd?	5		
— Dmn ttt thg.	6		
— A gael galled by scheme of scorn? Nock?	7		
— Sangnifying nothing. Mock!	8		
— <i>Fortitudo eius rhodammum tenuit?</i>	9		
— Five maim! Or something very similar.	10		
— I should like to euphonise that. It sounds an isochronism.	11		
Secret speech Hazelton and obviously disemvowelled. But it is	12		

good laylaw too. We may take those wellmeant kicks for free	13		
granted, though <i>ultra vires</i> , void and, in fact, unnecessarily so.	14		
Happily you were not quite so successful in the process verbal	15		
whereby you would sublimate your blepharospasmockical sup-	16		
pressions, it seems?	17		
— What was that? First I heard about it.	18		
— Were you or were you not? Ask yourself the answer, I'm	19		
not giving you a short question. Now, not to mix up, cast your	20		
eyes around Capel Court. I want you, witness of this epic struggle,	21		
as yours so mine, to reconstruct for us, as briefly as you can, in-	22		
exactly the same as a mind's eye view, how these funeral games,	23		
which have been poring over us through homer's kerryer pid-	24		
geons, massacreedoed as the holiname rally round took place.	25		
— Which? Sure I told you that afoul. I was drunk all lost life.	26		
— Well, tell it to me befair, the whole plan of campaign, in	27		
that bamboozelem mincethrill voice of yours. Let's have it,	28		
christie! The Dublin own, the thrice familiar.	29		
— Ah, sure, I eyewitness foggus. 'Tis all around me bebatters-	30		
bid hat.	31		
— Ah, go on now, Masta Bones, a gig for a gag, with your	32		
impendements and your perroqtriques! Blank memory of hatless	33		
darky in blued suit. You were ever the gentle poet, dove from	34		
Haywarden. Pitcher cup, patcher cap, pratey man? Be nice about	35		

it, Bones Minor! Look chairful! Come, delicacy! Go to the end,	36		
FW516			
thou slackerd! Once upon a grass and a hopping high grass it	1		
was.	2		
— Faith, then, Meesta Cheeryman, first he come up, a gag	3		
as a gig, badgeler's rake to the town's major from the wesz,	4		
MacSmashall Swingy of the Cattelaxes, got up regardless, with	5		
a cock on the Kildare side of his Tattersull, in his riddlesneek's	6		
ragamufflers and the horrid contrivance as seen above, whisklyng	7		
into a bone tolerably delicately, the <i>Wearing of the Blue</i> , and taking	8		
off his plushkwadded bugsby in his perusual flea and loisy man-	9		
ner, saying good mrowkas to weevilybolly and dragging his feet	10		
in the usual course and was ever so terribly naas, really, telling	11		
him clean his nagles and fex himself up, Miles, and so on and so	12		
fort, and to take the coccoomb to his grizzlies and who done	13		
that foxy freak on his bear's hairs like fire bursting out of the	14		
Ump pyre and, half hang me, sirr, if he wasn't wanting his	15		
calicub body back before he'd to take his life or so save his life.	16		
Then, begor, counting as many as eleven to thritytwo seconds	17		
with his pocket browning, like I said, wann swanns wann, this is	18		
my awethorrorty, he kept forecursing hascupth's foul Fanden,	19		

Cogan, for coaccoackey the key of John Dunn's field fore it was	20		
for sent and the way Montague was robbed and wolfling to	21		
know all what went off and who burned the hay, perchance wilt	22		
thoult say, before he'd kill all the kanes and the price of Patsch	23		
Purcell's faketotem, which the man, his plantagonist, up from the	24		
bog of the depths who was raging with the thirst of the sacred	25		
sponge and who, as a mashter of pasht, so far as him was con-	26		
cerned, was only standing there nonplush to the corner of Turbot	27		
Street, perplexing about a paumpshop and pupparing to spit,	28		
wanting to know whelp the henconvention's compass memphis	29		
he wanted with him new nothing about.	30		
— A sarsencruixer, like the Nap O' Farrell Patter Tandy moor	31		
and burgess medley? In other words, was that how in the annusual	32		
curse of things, as complement to compliment though, after a	33		
manner of men which I must and will say seems extraordinary,	34		
their celicolar subtler angelic warfare or photoplay finister	35		
started?	36		
FW517			
— Truly. That I may never!	1		
— Did one scum then in the auradrama, the deff, after some	2		
clever play in the mud, mention to the other undesirable, a	3		

dumm, during diverse intentional instants, that upon the resume	4		
after the angerus, how for his deal he was a pigheaded Swede and	5		
to wend himself to a medicis?	6		
— To be sore he did, the huggornut! Only it was turnip-	7		
hudded dunce, I beg your pardon, and he would jokes bowlder-	8		
blow the betholder with his black masket off the bawling green.	9		
— Sublime was the warning!	10		
— The author, in fact, was mardred.	11		
— Did he, the first spikesman, do anything to him, the last	12		
spokesman, when, after heaving some more smutt and chaff	13		
between them, they rolled togutter into the ditch together?	14		
Black Pig's Dyke?	15		
— No, he had his teeth in the back of his head.	16		
— Did Box then try to shine his puss?	17		
— No but Cox did to shin the punman.	18		
— The worsted crying that if never he looked on Leaverhol-	19		
ma's again and the bester huing that he might ever save sunlife?	20		
— Trulytruly Asbestos he ever. And sowasso I never.	21		
— That forte carlyslle touch breaking the campdens pianoback.	22		
— Pansh!	23		
— Are you of my meaning that would be going on to about	24		
half noon, click o'clock, pip emma, Grinwicker time, by your	25		
querqcut quadrant?	26		

— You will be asking me and I wish to higgins you wouldn't.	27		
Would it?	28		
— Let it be twelve thirty after a somersautch of the tardest!	29		
— And it was eleven thirsty too befour in soandsuch, reloy on it!	30		
— Tick up on time. Howday you doom? That rising day	31		
sinks rosing in a night of nine week's wonder.	32		
— Amties, marcy buckup! The uneven day of the unleventh	33		
month of the unevented year. At mart in mass.	34		
— A triduum before Our Larry's own day. By which of your	35		
chronos, my man of four watches, larboard, starboard, dog or dath?	36		
FW518			
— Dunsink, rugby, ballast and ball. You can imagine.	1		
— Language this allsfare for the loathe of Marses ambiviolent	2		
about it. Will you swear all the same you saw their shadows a	3		
hundred foot later, struggling diabolically over this, that and	4		
the other, their virtues <i>pro</i> and his principality <i>con</i> , near the	5		
Ruins, Drogheda Street, and kicking up the devil's own dust	6		
for the Milesian wind?	7		
— I will. I did. They were. I swear. Like the heavenly militia.	8		
So wreek me Ghyllgully! With my tongue through my toecap on	9		
the headlong stone of kismet if so 'tis the will of Whose B. Dunn.	10		

— Weepin Lorcans! They must have put in some wonderful	11		
work, ecad, on the quiet like, during this arms' parley, meatierities	12		
forces vegateareans. Dost thou not think so?	13		
— Ay.	14		
— The illegallooking range or fender, alias turfing iron, a	15		
product of Hostages and Co, Engineers, changed feet several	16		
times as briars revalvered during the weaponswap? Piff?	17		
— Puff! Excuse yourself. It was an ersatz lottheringcan.	18		
— They did not know the war was over and were only bere-	19		
belling or bereppelling one another by chance or necessity with	20		
sham bottles, mere and woiney, as betwinst Picturshirts and	21		
Scutticules, like their caractacurs in an Irish Ruman to sorowbrate	22		
the expeltsion of the Danos? What sayest thou, scusascmerul?	23		
— That's all. For he was heavily upright man, Limba romena	24		
in Bucclis tucsada. Farcing gutterish.	25		
— I mean the Morgans and the Dorans, in finnish?	26		
— I know you don't, in Feeney's.	27		
— The mujic of the footure on the barbarihams of the bashed?	28		
Co Canniley?	29		
— Da Donnuley.	30		
— Yet this war has meed peace? <i>In voina viritas. Ab chaos lex,</i>	31		
neat wehr?	32		
— O bella! O pia! O pura! Amem. Handwalled amokst us.	33		

Thanksbeer to Balbus!	34		
— All the same you sound it twould clang houlish like Hull	35		
hopen for christmians?	36		
FW519			
— But twill cling hellish like engels opened to neuropeans, if	1		
you've sensed, whole the sum. So be vigil!	2		
— And this pattern pootsch punnermine of concoon and	3		
proprey went on, hog and minne, a whole whake, your night after	4		
larry's night, spittinspite on Dora O'Huggins, ormonde caught	5		
butler, the artillery of the O'Hefferns answering the cavalry of the	6		
MacClouds, fortley and more fortley, a thousand and one times,	7		
according to your cock and a biddy story? Llundillongi, for years	8		
and years perhaps?	9		
— That's ri. This is his largos life, this is me timtomtum and	10		
this is her two peekweeny ones. From the last finger on the	11		
second foot of the fourth man to the first one on the last one of	12		
the first. That's right.	13		
— Finny. Vary vary finny!	14		
— It may look funny but fere it is.	15		
— This is not guid enough, Mr Brasslattin. Finging and tong-	16		
ing and winging and ponging! And all your rally and ramp and	17		

rant! Didget think I was asleep at the wheel? D'yu mean to tall	18		
grand jurors of thathens of tharctic on your oath, me lad, and	19		
ask us to believe you, for all you're enduring long terms, with	20		
yur last foot foremouthst, that yur moon was shining on the	21		
tors and on the cresties and winblowing night after night, for	22		
years and years perhaps, after you swearing to it a while back	23		
before your Corth examiner, Markwalther, that there was reen	24		
in planty all the teem?	25		
— Perhaps so, as you grand duly affirm, Robman Calvinic.	26		
I never thought over it, faith. I most certainly think so about it.	27		
I hope. Unless it is actionable. It would be a charity for me to	28		
think about something which I must on no caste accounts omit,	29		
if you ask to me. It was told me as an inspired statement by a	30		
friend of myself, in reply to salute, Tarpey, after three o'clock	31		
mass, with forty ducks indulgent, that some rain was promised	32		
to Mrs Lyons, the invalid of Aunt Tarty Villa, with lots gulp	33		
and sousers and likewise he told me, the recusant, after telling	34		
mass, with two hundred genuflexions, at the split hour of	35		
blight when bars are keeping so sly, as was what's follows. He	36		
FW520			
is doing a walk, says she, in the feelmick's park, says he, like	1		

a tarrable Turk, says she, letting loose on his nursery and,	2		
begalla, he meet himself with Mr Michael Clery of a Tuesday	3		
who said Father MacGregor was desperate to the bad place about	4		
thassbawls and ejaculating about all the stairrods and the cats-	5		
pew swashing his earwanker and thinconvenience being locked	6		
up for months, owing to being putrenised by stragglers abusing	7		
the apparatus, and for Tarpey to pull himself into his soup and	8		
fish and to push on his borrowsaloaner and to go to the tumples	9		
like greased lining and see Father MacGregor and, be Cad, sir, he	10		
was to pipe up and saluate that clergyman and to tell his holiness	11		
the whole goat's throat about the three shillings in the confusional	12		
and to say how Mrs Lyons, the cuptosser, was the infidel who	13		
prophessised to pose three shielings Peter's pelf off her tocher	14		
from paraguais and albs by the yard to Mr Martin Clery for	15		
Father Mathew to put up a midnight mask saints within of a	16		
Thrushday for African man and to let Brown child do and to leave	17		
he Anlone and all the nuisances committed by soldats and non-	18		
behavers and missbelovers for N.D. de l'Ecluse to send more	19		
heehaw hell's flutes, my prodder again! And I never brought my	20		
cads in togs blanket! Foueh!	21		
— Angly as arrows, but you have right, my celtslinger! Nils,	22		
Mugn and Cannut. Should brothers be for awe then?	23		
— So let use off be octo while oil bike the bil and wheel	24		

whang till wabblin befoul you but mere and mire trulopes will	25		
knaver mate a game on the bibby bobby burns of.	26		
— Quatsch! What hill ar yu fluking about, ye lamelookond	27		
fyats! I'll discipline ye! Will you swear or affirm the day to yur	28		
second sight noo and recant that all yu affirmed to profetised at	29		
first sight for his southerly accent was all paddyflaherty? Will	30		
ye, ay or nay?	31		
— Ay say aye. I affirmly swear to it that it rooly and cooly	32		
boolyhooly was with my holyhagionous lips continuously poised	33		
upon the rubricated annuals of saint ulstar.	34		
— That's very guid of ye, R.C.! Maybe yu wouldn't mind	35		
talling us, my labrose lad, how very much bright cabbage or	36		
FW521			
paperming comfirts d'yu draw for all yur swearin? The spanglers,	1		
kiddy?	2		
— Rootha prootha. There you have me! Vurry nothing, O	3		
potators, I call it for I might as well tell yous Essexelcy, and I	4		
am not swallowing my air, the Golden Bridge's truth. It amounts	5		
to nada in pounds or pence. Not a glass of Lucan nor as much as	6		
the cost price of a highlandman's trousertree or the three crowns	7		
round your draphole (isn't it dram disgusting?) for the whole	8		

dumb plodding thing!	9		
— Come now, Johnny! We weren't born yesterday. <i>Pro tanto</i>	10		
<i>quid retribuamus?</i> I ask you to say on your scotty pictail you	11		
were promised fines times with some staggerjuice or deadhorse,	12		
on strip or in larges, at the Raven and Sugarloaf, either Jones's	13		
lame or Jamesy's gait, anyhow?	14		
— Bushmillah! Do you think for a moment? Yes, by the way.	15		
How very necessarily true! Give me fair play. When?	16		
— At the Dove and Raven tavern, no, ah? To wit your wiz-	17		
zend?	18		
— Water, water, darty water! Up Jubilee sod! Beet peat wheat	19		
treat!	20		
— What harm wants but demands it! How would you like to	21		
hear yur right name now, Ghazi Power, my tristy minstrel, if	22		
yur not freckened of frank comment?	23		
— Not afrightened of Frank Annybody's gaspower or ill-	24		
conditioned ulcers neither.	25		
— Your uncles!	26		
— Your gullet!	27		
— Will you repeat that to me outside, leinconnmuns?	28		
— After you've shouted a few? I will when it suits me,	29		
hulstler.	30		
— Guid! We make fight! Three to one! Raddy?	31		

— But no, from exemple, Emania Raffaroo! What do you	32		
have? What mean you, august one? Fairplay for Finnians! I will	33		
have my humours. Sure, you would not do the cowardly thing	34		
and moll me roon? Tell Queen's road I am seilling. Farewell,	35		
but whenever! Buy!	36		
FW522			
— Ef I chuse to put a bullet like yu through the grill for	1		
heckling what business is that of yours, yu bullock?	2		
— I don't know, sir. Don't ask me, your honour!	3		
— Gently, gently Northern Ire! Love that red hand! Let me	4		
once more. There are sordidly tales within tales, you clearly	5		
understand that? Now my other point. Did you know, whether	6		
by melanodactylism or purely libationally, that one of these two	7		
Crimeans with the fender, the taller man, was accused of a cer-	8		
tain offence or of a choice of two serious charges, as skirts were	9		
divided on the subject, if you like it better that way? You did,	10		
you rogue, you?	11		
— You hear things. Besides (and serially now) bushes have	12		
eyes, don't forget. Hah!	13		
— Which moral turpitude would you select of the two, for	14		
choice, if you had your way? Playing bull before shebears or the	15		

hindlegs off a clotheshorse? Did any orangepeelers or green-	16		
goaters appear periodically up your sylvan family tree?	17		
— Buggered if I know! It all depends on how much family	18		
silver you want for a nass-and-pair. Hah!	19		
— What do you mean, sir, behind your hah! You don't hah	20		
to do thah, you know, snapograph.	21		
— Nothing, sir. Only a bone moving into place. Blotogaff.	22		
Hahah!	23		
— Whahat?	24		
— Are you to have all the pleasure quizzing on me? I didn't	25		
say it aloud, sir. I have something inside of me talking to myself.	26		
— You're a nice third degree witness, faith! But this is no	27		
laughing matter. Do you think we are tonedeafts in our noses to	28		
boot? Can you not distinguish the sense, prain, from the sound,	29		
bray? You have homosexual catheis of empathy between narcis-	30		
sism of the expert and steatopygic invertedness. Get yourself	31		
psychoanolised!	32		
— O, begor, I want no expert nursis symaphy from yours	33		
broons quadroons and I can psoakoonaloose myself any time I	34		
want (the fog follow you all!) without your interferences or any	35		
other pigeonstealer.	36		
FW523			

— Sample! Sample!	1		
— Have you ever weflected, wepowtew, that the evil what	2		
though it was willed might nevewtheless lead somehow on to	3		
good towawd the genewality?	4		
— A pwopwo of haster meets waster and talking of plebiscites	5		
by a show of hands, whether declaratory or effective, in all	6		
seriousness, has it become to dawn in you yet that the deponent,	7		
the man from Saint Yves, may have been (one is reluctant to use	8		
the passive voiced) may be been as much sinned against as sin-	9		
ning, for if we look at it verbally perhaps there is no true noun in	10		
active nature where every bally being— please read this mufto	11		
— is becoming in its owntown eyeballs. Now the long form and	12		
the strong form and reform alltogether!	13		
— Hotchkiss Culthur's Everready, one brother to never-	14		
reached, well over countless hands, sieur of many winners and	15		
losers, groomed by S. Samson and son, bred by dilalahs, will	16		
stand at Bay (Dublin) from nun till dan and vites inversion and	17		
at Miss or Mrs's MacMannigan's Yard.	18		
— Perhaps you can explain, sagobean? The Mod needs a	19		
rebus.	20		
— Pro general continuation and in particular explication to	21		
your singular interrogation our asseveralation. Ladiegent, pals	22		

will smile but me and Frisky Shorty, my inmate friend, as is un-	23		
common struck on poplar poetry, and a few fleabesides round at	24		
West Pauper Bosquet, was glad to be back again with the chaps	25		
and just arguing friendlylike at the Doddercan Easehouse having	26		
a wee chatty with our hosty in his comfy estably over the old	27		
middlesex party and his moral turps, meaning flu, pock, pox	28		
and mizzles, grip, gripe, gleet and sprue, caries, rabies, numps	29		
and dumps. What me and Frisky in our concensus and the whole	30		
double gigscrew of suscribers, notto say the burman, having	31		
successfully concluded our tour of bibel, wants to know is thisa-	32		
here. Supposing, for an ethical fict, him, which the findings	33		
showed, to have taken his epscene licence before the norsect's	34		
divisional respectively as regards them male privates and or	35		
concomitantly with all common or neuter respects to them	36		
FW524			
public exess females, whereas allbeit really sweet fillies, as was	1		
very properly held by the metropolitan in connection with this	2		
regrettable nuisance, touching arbitrary conduct, being in strict	3		
contravention of schedule in board of forests and works bylaws	4		
regulationing sparkers' and succers' amusements section of our	5		
beloved naturpark in pursuance of which police agence me and	6		

Shorty have approached a reverend gentlman of the name of	7		
Mr Coppinger with reference to a piece of fire fittings as was	8		
most obliging, 'pon my sam, in this matter of his explanations	9		
affirmative, negative and limitative, given to me and Shorty,	10		
touching what the good book says of toooldaisymen, concerning	11		
the merits of early bisectualism, besides him citing from approved	12		
lectionary example given by a valued friend of the name of Mr	13		
J. P. Cockshott, reticent of England, as owns a pretty maisonette,	14		
<i>Quis ut Deus</i> , fronting on to the Soussex Bluffs as was telling us	15		
categoric how Mr Cockshott, as he had his assignation with,	16		
present holder by deedpoll and indenture of the swearing belt,	17		
he tells him hypothetic, the reverend Mr Coppinger, hereckons	18		
himself disjunctively with his windwarrd eye up to a dozen miles	19		
of a cunifarm school of herring, passing themselves supernatently	20		
by the Bloater Naze from twelve and them mayridinghim by the	21		
silent hour. Butting, charging, bracing, backing, springing,	22		
shrinking, swaying, darting, shooting, bucking and sprinkling	23		
their dossies sodouscheock with the twinx of their taylz. And,	24		
reverend, he says, summat problematical, by yon socialist sun,	25		
gut me, but them errings was as gladful as Wissixy kippers could	26		
be considering, flipping their little coppingers, pot em, the fresh	27		
little flirties, the dirty little gillybrighteners, pickle their spratties,	28		
the little smolty gallockers, and, reverend, says he, more asser-	29		

titoff, zwelf me Zeus, says he, lettin olfac be the extench of the	30		
supperfishies, lamme the curves of their scaligerance and pesk	31		
the everurge flossity of their pectoralium, them little salty popu-	32		
lators, says he, most apodictic, as sure as my briam eggs is on	33		
cockshot under noose, all them little upandown dippies they was	34		
all of a libidous pickpuckparty and raid on a wriggolo finsky	35		
doodah in testimonials to their early bisectualism. Such, he says,	36		
FW525			
is how the reverend Coppinger, he visualises the hidebound	1		
homelies of creed crux ethics. Watsch yourself tillicately every	2		
morkning in your bracksullied twilette. The use of cold water,	3		
testificates Dr Ruddy, may be warmly recommended for the sug-	4		
jugation of cunggunitals loosed. Tolloll, schools!	5		
— Tallhell and Barbados wi ye and your Errian coprulation!	6		
Pelagiarist! Remonstrant Montgomeryite! Short lives to your	7		
relatives! Y'are absexed, so y'are, with mackerglosia and mick-	8		
roocyphyllicks.	9		
— Wait now, leixlip! I scent eggoarchicism. I will take you	10		
to task. I don't follow you that far in your otherwise accurate	11		
account. Was it <i>esox lucius</i> or <i>salmo ferax</i> ? You are taxing us	12		
into the driven future, are you not, with this ruttymaid fishery?	13		

— Lalia Lelia Lilia Lulia and lively lovely Lola Montez.	14		
— Gubernathor! That they say is a fenian on the secret.	15		
Named Parasol Ireilly. Spawning ova and fry like a marrye	16		
monach all amanygoround his seven parish churches! And	17		
peopling the ribald baronies with dans, oges and conals!	18		
— Lift it now, Hosty! Hump's your mark! For a runnymede	19		
landing! A dondhering vesh vish, <i>Magnam Carpam</i> , es hit neat zoo?	20		
— <i>There's an old psalmsobbing lax salmoner fogeyboren Herrin</i>	21		
<i>Plundehowse.</i>	22		
<i>Who went floundering with his boatloads of spermin spunk about.</i>	23		
<i>Leaping freck after every long tom and wet lissy between Howth and</i>	24		
<i>Humbermouth.</i>	25		
<i>Our Human Conger Eel!</i>	26		
— Hep! I can see him in the fishnoo! Up wi'yer whippy!	27		
Hold that lad! Play him, Markandeyn! Bullhead!	28		
— Pull you, sir! Olive quill does it. Longeal of Malin, he'll	29		
cry before he's flayed. And his tear make newisland. Did a rise?	30		
Way, lungfush! The great fin may cumule! Three threeth o'er	31		
the wild! Manu ware!	32		
— He missed her mouth and stood into Dee, Romunculus	33		
Remus, plying the rape, so as now any bompriss's bound to get	34		
up her if he pool her leg and bunk on her butt. No, he skid like	35		
a skate and berthed on her byrnie and never a fear but they'll	36		

FW526			
land him yet, slitheryscales on liffeybank, times and times and	1		
halve a time with a pillow of sand to polster him.	2		
— Do you say they will?	3		
— I bet you they will.	4		
— Among the shivering sedges so? Weedy waving.	5		
— Or tulipbeds of Rush below.	6		
— Where you take your mugs to wash after dark?	7		
— To my lead, Toomey lout, Tommy lad.	8		
— Besides the bubblye waters of, babblyebubblye waters of?	9		
— Right.	10		
— Grenadiers. And tell me now. Were these anglers or angel-	11		
ers coexistent and compresent with or without their <i>tertium quid</i> ?	12		
— <i>Three in one, one and three.</i>	13		
<i>Shem and Shaun and the shame that sunders em.</i>	14		
<i>Wisdom's son, folly's brother.</i>	15		
— God bless your ginger, wigglewaggle! That's three slots	16		
and no burners. You're forgetting the jinnyjos for the fayboys.	17		
What, Walker John Referent? Play us your patmost! And un-	18		
packyoulloups!	19		
— Naif Cruachan! Woe on woe, says Wardeb Daly. Woman	20		

will water the wild world over. And the maid of the folley will go	21		
where glory. Sure I thought it was larking in the trefoll of the furry	22		
glans with two stripping baremaids, Stilla Underwood and Moth	23		
MacGarry, he was, hand to dagger, that time and their mother, a	24		
rawkneepuds frowse, I was given to understand, with superflow-	25		
vius heirs, begum. There was that one that was always mad gone	26		
on him, her first king of cloves and the most broadcussed man	27		
in Corrack-on-Sharon, County Rosecarmon. Sure she was near	28		
drowned in pondest coldstreams of admiration forherself, as bad	29		
as my Tarpeyan cousin, Vesta Tully, making faces at her bach-	30		
spilled likeness in the brook after and cooling herself in the	31		
element, she pleasing it, she praising it, with salices and weidow-	32		
wehls, all tossed, as she was, the playactrix, Lough Shieling's love!	33		
— O, add shielsome bridelittle! All of her own! Nircississies	34		
are as the doaters of inversion. Secilas through their laughing	35		
classes becoming poolermates in laker life.	36		
FW527			
— It seems to same with Iscappellas? Ys? Gotellus! A tickey	1		
for tie taughts!	2		
— Listenest, meme mearest! They were harrowd, those fin-	3		
weeds! Come, rest in this bosom! So sorry you lost him, poor	4		

lamb! Of course I know you are a viry vikid girl to go in the	5		
dreemplace and at that time of the draym and it was a very wrong	6		
thing to do, even under the dark flush of night, dare all grand-	7		
passia! He's gone on his bombashaw. Through geesing and so	8		
pleasing at Strip Teasy up the stairs. The boys on the corner were	9		
talking too. And your soreful miseries first come on you. Still to	10		
forgive it, divine my lickle wiffey, and everybody knows you do	11		
look lovely in your invinsibles, Eulogia, a perfect apposition with	12		
the coldcream, Assoluta, from Boileau's I always use in the wards	13		
after I am burned a rich egg and derive the greatest benefit,	14		
sign of the cause. My, you do! Simply adorable! Could I but	15		
pass my hands some, my hands through, thine hair! So vicky-	16		
vicky veritiny! O Fronces, say howdyedo, Dotty! Chic hands.	17		
The way they curve there under nue charmeen cuffs! I am more	18		
divine like that when I've two of everything up to boyproof	19		
knicks. Winning in a way, only my arms are whiter, dear.	20		
Blanchemain, idler. Fairhair, frail one. Listen, meme sweety! O	21		
be joyfold! Mirror do justice, taper of ivory, heart of the cona-	22		
vent, hoops of gold! My veil will save it undyeing from his ether-	23		
nal fire! It's meemly us two, meme idoll. Of course it was down-	24		
right verry wickred of him, reely meeting me disguised, Bortolo	25		
mio, peerfectly appealling, D.V., with my lovebirds, my colom-	26		
binas. Their sinsitives shrinked. Even Netta and Linda, our seeyu	27		

tities and they've sin sumtim, tankus! My rillies were liebeneaus,	28		
my aftscents embre. How me adores eatsother simply (Mon ishe-	29		
beau! Ma reinebelle!), in his storm collar, as I leaned yestreen	30		
from his muskished labs, even my little pom got excited, when I	31		
turned his head on his same manly bust and kissed him more.	32		
Only he might speak to a person, lord so picious, taking up my	33		
worths ill wrong! May I introduce! This is my futuous, lips and	34		
looks lovelast. Still me with you, you poor chilled! Will make it	35		
up with mother Concepcion and a glorious lie between us,	36		
FW528			
sweetness, so as not a novene in all the convent loretos, not my	1		
littlest one of all, for mercy's sake need ever know, what passed	2		
our lips or. Yes sir, we'll will! Clothea wind! Fee o fie! Covey us	3		
niced! Bansh the dread! Alitten's looking. Low him lovly! Make	4		
me feel good in the moontime. It will all take blossom as oranged at	5		
St Audiens rosan chocolate chapelry with my diamants blickfeast	6		
after at minne owned hos for all the catclub to go cryzy and	7		
Father Blesius Mindelsinn will be beminding hand. Kyrielle ela-	8		
tion! Crystal elation! Kyrielle elation! Elation immanse! Sing to	9		
us, sing to us, sing to us! Amam! So meme nearest, languished	10		
hister, be free to me! (I'm fading!) And listen, you, you beauty,	11		

esster, I'll be clue to who knows you, pray Magda, Marthe with	12		
Luz and Joan, while I lie with warm lisp on the Tolka. (I'm fay!)	13		
— Eusapia! Fais-le, tout-tait! Languishing hysteria? The clou	14		
historique? How is this at all? Is dads the thing in such or are	15		
tits the that? Hear we here her first poseproem of suora unto	16		
suora? Alicious, twinstreams twinestraines, through alluring	17		
glass or alas in jumboland? Ding dong! Where's your pal in	18		
silks alustre? Think of a maiden, Presentacion. Double her, An-	19		
nupciacion. Take your first thoughts away from her, Immacola-	20		
cion. Knock and it shall appall unto you! Who shone yet shim-	21		
mers will be e'er scheining. Cluse her, veil her, hild her hindly.	22		
After liryc and themodius soft aglo iris of the vals. This young	23		
barlady, what, euphemiasly? Is she having an ambidual act her-	24		
self in apparition with herself as Consuelas to Sonias may?	25		
— Dang! And tether, a loguy O!	26		
— Dis and dat and dese and dose! Your crackling out of your	27		
turn, my Moonster firefly, like always. And 2 R.N. and Long-	28		
horns Connacht, stay off my air! You've grabbed the capital and	29		
you've had the lion's shire since 1542 but there's all the difference	30		
in Ireland between your borderation, my chatty cove, and me. The	31		
leinstrel boy to the wall is gone and there's moreen astoreen for	32		
Monn and Conn. With the tyke's named moke. Doggymens'	33		
nimmer win! You last led the first when we last but we'll first	34		

trump your last with a lasting. Jump the railchairs or take them,	35		
as you please, but and, sir, my queskins first, foxyjack! Ye've as	36		
much skullabogue cheek on you now as would boil a caldron of	37		
FW529			
kalebrose. Did the market missioners Hayden Wombwell, when	1		
given the raspberry, fine more than sandsteen per cent of chalk	2		
in the purity, promptitude and perfection flour of this raw	3		
materialist and less than a seventh pro mile in his meal? We	4		
bright young chaps of the brandnew braintrust are briefed here	5		
and with maternal sanction compellably empanelled at quarter	6		
sessions under the six disqualifications for the uniformication of	7		
young persons (Nodding Neutrals) removal act by Committal-	8		
man Number Underfifteen to know had the peeress of generals,	9		
who have been getting nose money cheap and stirring up the	10		
public opinion about private balls with their legs, Misses Mirtha	11		
and Merry, the two dreeper's assistents, had they their service	12		
books in order and duly signed J. H. North and Company when	13		
discharged from their last situations? Will ye gup and tell the	14		
board in the anterim how, in the name of the three tailors on	15		
Tooley Street, did O'Bejorumsen or Mockmacmahonitch, ex of	16		
Butt and Hocksett's, violating the bushel standard, come into	17		

awful position of the barrel of bellywash? And why, is it any harm	18		
to ask, was this hackney man in the coombe, a papersalor with	19		
a whiteluke to him, Fauxfitzhuorson, collected from Manofisle,	20		
carrying his ark, of eggshaped fuselage and made in Fredborg	21		
into the bullgine, across his back when he might have been	22		
setting on his jonass inside like a Glassthure cabman? Where	23		
were the doughboys, three by nombres, won in ziel, cavehill	24		
exers or hearts of steel, Hansen, Morfydd and O'Dyar, V.D.,	25		
with their glenagearries directing their steps according to the	26		
R.U.C's liaison officer, with their trench ulcers open and	27		
their hands in their pockets, contrary to military rules, when	28		
confronted with his lifesize obstruction? When did he live off	29		
rooking the pooro and how did start pfuffpfaffing at his Paterson	30		
and Hellicott's? Is it a factual fact, proved up to scabsteethshilt,	31		
that this fancydress nordic in shaved lamb breeches, child's kilts,	32		
bibby buntings and wellingtons, with club, torc and headdress,	33		
preholder of the Bar Ptolomei, is coowner of a hengster's circus	34		
near North Great Denmark Street (incidentally, it's the most	35		
unjoyable show going the province and I'm taking the youngsters	36		
FW530			
there Saturday first when it's halfprice naturals night to see the	1		

fallensickners aping the buckleybackers and the blind to two	2		
worlds taking off the deffydowndummies) and the shamshem-	3		
showman has been complaining to the police barracks and	4		
applying for an order of <i>certiorari</i> and crying out something vile	5		
about him being molested, after him having triplets, by offers of	6		
vacancies from females in this city, neighing after the man and his	7		
outstanding attraction ever since they seen his X ray picture turned	8		
out in wealthy red in the sabbath sheets? Was it him that suborned	9		
that surdumutual son of his, a littery distributor in Saint Patrick's	10		
Lavatory, to turn a Roman and leave the chayr and gout in his	11		
bare balbriggans, the sweep, and buy the usual jar of porter at	12		
the Morgue and Cruses and set it down before the wife with her	13		
fireman's halmet on her, bidding her mine the hoose, the strum-	14		
pet, while him and his lagenloves were rampaging the roads in	15		
all their paroply under the noses of the Heliopolitan constabu-	16		
lary? Can you beat it? Prepare the way! Where's that gendarm	17		
auxiliar, arianautic sappertillery, that reported on the whole hood-	18		
lum, relying on his morse-erse wordybook and the trunchein up	19		
his tail? Roof Seckesign van der Deckel and get her story from	20		
him! Recall Sickerson, the lizzyboy! Seckersen, magnon of Errick.	21		
Sackerson! Hookup!	22		
— <i>Day shirker four vanfloats he verdants market.</i>	23		
<i>High liquor made lust torpid dough hunt her orchid.</i>	24		

— Hunt her orchid! Gob and he found it on her right enough!	25		
With her shoes upon his shoulders, 'twas most trying to be-	26		
holders when he upped their frullatullepleats with our warning.	27		
A disgrace to the homely protestant religion! Bloody old pre-	28		
adamite with his twohandled umberella! Trust me to spy on me	29		
own spew!	30		
— Wallpurgies! And it's this's your deified city? Norganson?	31		
And it's we's to pray for Bigmesser's conversions? Call Kitty the	32		
Beads, the Mandame of Tipknock Castle! Let succuba succumb, the	33		
improvable his wealth made possible! He's cookinghagar that rost	34		
her prayer to him upon the top of the stairs. She's deep, that one.	35		
— A farternoiser for his tuckish armenities. Ouhr Former	36		
FW531			
who erred in having down to gibbous disdag our darling breed.	1		
And then the confisieur for the boob's indulligence. As sunctioned	2		
for his salmenbog by the Councillors-om-Trent. Pave Pannem	3		
at his gaiter's bronze! Nummer half dreads Log Laughty. Mas-	4		
ter's gunne he warrs the bedst. I messaged his dilltoyds sause-	5		
pander mussels on the kisschen table. With my ironing duck	6		
through his rollpins of gansyfett, do dodo doughdy dough, till	7		
he was braising red in the toastface with lovensoft eyebulbs and	8		

his kiddledrum steeming and rattling like the roasties in my	9		
mockamill. I awed to have scoured his Abarm's brack for him.	10		
For the loaf of Obadiah, take your pastryart's noas out of me	11		
flouer bouckuet! Of the strainger scene you given squeezers to	12		
me skillet! As cream of the hearth thou reinethst alhome. His	13		
lapper and libbers was glue goulewed as he sizzled there watch-	14		
ing me lautterick's pitcher by Wexford-Atelier as Katty and	15		
Lanner, the refined souprette, with my bust alla brooche and the	16		
padbun under my matelote, showing my jigotty sleeves and all	17		
my new toulong touloosies. Whisk! There's me shims and here's	18		
me hams and this is me juppettes, gause be the meter! Whisk!	19		
What's this? Whisk! And that? He never cotched finer, balay	20		
me, at Romiolo Frullini's flea pantamine out of Griddle-the-Sink	21		
or Shusies-with-her-Soles-Up or La Sauzerelly, the pucieboots,	22		
when I started so hobmop ladlelike, highy tighty, to kick the	23		
time off the cluckclock lucklock quamquam camcam potapot	24		
panapan kickakickkack. Hairhorehounds, shake up pfortner.	25		
Fuddling fun for Fullacan's sake!	26		
— All halt! Sponsor programme and close down. That's	27		
enough, genral, of finicking about Finnegan and fiddling with	28		
his faddles. A final ballot, guvnor, to remove all doubt. By sylph	29		
and salamander and all the trolls and tritons, I mean to top her	30		
drive and to tip the tap of this, at last. His thoughts that wouldbe	31		

words, his livings that havebeen deeds. And will too, by the holy	32		
child of Coole, primapatriock of the archsee, if I have at first	33		
to down every mask in Trancenania from Terreterry's Hole to	34		
Stutterers' Corner to find that Yokeoff his letter, this Yokan his	35		
dahet. Pass the jousters of the king, the Kovnor-Journal and	36		
FW532			
eirenarch's custos himself no less, the meg of megs, with the Carri-	1		
son old gang! Off with your persians! Search ye the Finn! The	2		
sinder's under shriving sheet. Fa Fe Fi Fo Fum! Ho, croak,	3		
evildoer! Arise, sir ghostus! As long as you've lived there'll be no	4		
other. Doff!	5		
— Amtsadam, sir, to you! Eternest cittas, heil! Here we are	6		
again! I am bubub brought up under a camel act of dynasties long	7		
out of print, the first of Shitric Shilkanbeard (or is it Owllaugh	8		
MacAuscullpth the Thord?), but, in pontofacts massimust, I am	9		
known throughout the world wherever my good Allenglisches	10		
Angleslachsen is spoken by Sall and Will from Augustanus to	11		
Ergastulus, as this is, whether in Farnum's rath or Condra's	12		
ridge or the meadows of Dalkin or Monkish tunshep, by saints	13		
and sinners eyeeye alike as a cleanliving man and, as a matter of	14		
fict, by my halfwife, I think how our public at large appreciates	15		

it most highly from me that I am as cleanliving as could be and	16		
that my game was a fair average since I perpetually kept my	17		
ouija ouija wicket up. On my verawife I never was nor can afford	18		
to be guilty of crim crig con of malfeasance trespass against par-	19		
son with the person of a youthful gigirl frifrif friend chirped	20		
Apples, acted by Miss Dashe, and with Any of my cousines in	21		
Kissilov's Slutsgartern or Gigglotte's Hill, when I would touch	22		
to her dot and feel most greenily of her unripe ones as it should	23		
prove most anniece and far too bahad, nieceless to say, to my	24		
reputation on Babbyl Maltet for daughters-in-trade being lightly	25		
clad. Yet, as my acquainters do me the complaisance of apprising	26		
me, I should her have awristed under my duskguise of whippers	27		
through toombs and deempeys, lagmen, was she but tinkling of	28		
such a tink. And, as a mere matter of ficfect, I tell of myself how	29		
I popo possess the ripest littlums wifukie around the globelettes	30		
globes upon which she was romping off on Floss Mundai out of	31		
haram's way round Skinner's circusalley first with her consola-	32		
tion prize in my serial dreams of faire women, Mannequins Passe,	33		
with awards in figure and smile subsections, handicapped by two	34		
breasts in operatops, a remarkable little endowment garment.	35		
Fastened at various places. What spurt! I kickkick keenly love	36		
FW533			

such, particularly while savouring of their flavours at their most	1		
perfect best when served with heliotrope ayelips, as this is, where	2		
I do drench my jolly soul on the pu pure beauty of hers past.	3		
She is my bestpreserved wholewife, sowell her as herafter, in	4		
Evans's eye, with incompatibly the smallest shoenummer outside	5		
chinatins. They are jolly dainty, spekin tluly. May we not recom-	6		
mend them? It was my proofpiece from my prenticeserving.	7		
And, alas, our private chaplain of Lambeyth and Dolekey, bishop-	8		
regionary, an always sadfaced man, in his lustring pewcape with	9		
tabinet band, who has visited our various hard hearts and reins	10		
by imposition of fufuf fingers, also haddock's fumb, in that	11		
Upper Room can speak loud to you some quite complimentary	12		
things about my clean charactering, even when detected in the	13		
dark, distressful though such recital prove to me, as this is, when	14		
I introduced her (Frankfurters, numborines, why drive fear?) to	15		
our fourposter tunies chantreying under Castrucci Sinior and De	16		
Mellos, those whapping oldsteirs, with sycamode euphonium in	17		
either notation in our altogether cagehoused duckyheim on	18		
Goosna Greene, that cabinteeny homesweetened through affec-	19		
tion's hoardpayns (First Murkiss, or so they sankeyed. Dodo! O	20		
Clearly! And Gregorio at front with Johannes far in back. Aw,	21		
aw!), gleeglom there's gnome sweepplaces like theresweep No-	22		

whergs. By whom, as my Kerk Findlater's, ye litel chuch rond	23		
ye coner, and K. K. Katakasm enjoineth in the Belief and, as you	24		
all know, of a child, dear Humans, one of my life's ambitions of	25		
my youngend from an early peepee period while still to hedje-	26		
skool, intended for broadchurch, I, being fully alive to it, was	27		
parruchially confirmed in Caulofat's bed by our bujibuji beloved	28		
curate-author. Michael Engels is your man. Let Michael relay	29		
Sutton and tell you people here who have the phoney habit (it	30		
was remarketable) in his clairaudience, as this is, as only our own	31		
Michael can, when reicherout at superstation, to bring ruptures	32		
to our roars how I am amp amp amplify. Hiemlancollin. Pim-	33		
pim's Ornergy forninehalf. Shaun Shemsen saywhen saywhen.	34		
Holmstock unsteaden. Livpoomark lloyrge hoggs one four tupps	35		
noying. Big Butter Boost! Sorry! Thnkyou! Thatll beall for-	36		
FW534			
tody. Cal it off. Godnotch, vryboily. End a muddy crushmess!	1		
Abbreциades anew York gustoms. Kyow! Tak.	2		
— Tiktak. Tikkak.	3		
— Awind abuzz awater falling.	4		
— Poor a cowe his jew placator.	5		
— It's the damp damp damp.	6		

— Calm has entered. Big big Calm, announcer. It is most	7		
ernst terooly a moresome intartenment. Colt's tooth! I will give	8		
tandsel to it. I protest there is luttrelly not one teaspoonspill of	9		
evidence at bottomlie to my babad, as you shall see, as this is.	10		
Keemun Lapsang of first pickings. And I contango can take off	11		
my dudud dirtynine articles of quoting here in Pynix Park be-	12		
fore those in heaven to provost myself, by gramercy of justness,	13		
I mean veryman and moremon, stiff and staunch for ever, and	14		
enter under the advicies from Misrs Norris, Southby, Yates and	15		
Weston, Inc, to their favoured client, into my preprotestant caveat	16		
against the pupup publication of libel by any tixtim tipsyloon or	17		
tobtomtowley of Keisserse Lean (a bloweyed lanejoymt, waring	18		
lowbelt suit, with knockbrecky kenees and bullfist rings round	19		
him and a fallse roude axehand (he is cunvesser to Saunter's	20		
Nocelettres and the Poe's Toffee's Directory in his pisness), the	21		
best begrudged man in Belgradia who doth not belease to our	22		
paviour) to my nonesuch, that highest personage at moments	23		
holding down the throne. So to speak of beauty scouts in elegant	24		
pursuit of flowers, searchers for tabernacles and the celluloid art!	25		
Happen seen sore eynes belived? The caca cad! He walked by	26		
North Strand with his Thom's towel in hand. Snakeeye! Strangler	27		
of soffiacated green parrots! I protest it that he is, by my	28		
wipehalf. He was leaving out of my double inns while he was all	29		

teppling over my single ixits. So was keshaned on for his recent	30		
behaviour. Sherlook is lorking for him. Allare beltspanners.	31		
Get your air curt! Shame upon Private M! Shames on his ful-	32		
someness! Shamus on his atkinscum's lulul lying suulen for an	33		
outcast mastiff littered in blood currish! Eristocras till Hanging	34		
Tower! Steck a javelin through his advowtried heart! Instaun-	35		
ton! Flap, my Larrybird! Dangle, my highflyer! Jiggety jig my	36		
FW535			
jackadandyline! Let me never see his waddphez again! And mine	1		
it was, Barktholed von Hunarig, Soesown of Furrows (hour-	2		
springlike his joussture, immitiate my chry! as urs now, so yous	3		
then!), when to our lot it fell on my poplar Sexsex, my Sexen-	4		
centaurnary, whenby Gate of Hal, before his hostel of the Wodin	5		
Man, I hestened to freeholdit op to his Mam his Maman, Majus-	6		
cules, His Magnus Maggerstick, first city's leasekuays of this	7		
Nova Tara, our most noble, when hrossbucked on his pricelist	8		
charger, Pferdinamd Allibuster (yeddonot need light oar till	9		
Noreway for you fanned one o'er every doorway) with my all-	10		
bum's greethims through this whole of my promises, handshakey	11		
congrandyoulikethems, ecclesency.	12		
Whosaw the jackery dares at handgripper thisa breast? Dose	13		

makkers ginger. Some one we was with us all fours. Adversarian!	14		
The spiking Duyvil! First liar in Londsend! Wulv! See you scar-	15		
gore on that skeepsbrow! And those meisies! Sulken taarts! Man	16		
sicker at I ere bluffet konservative? Shucks! Such ratshause bugs-	17		
mess so I cannot barely conceive of! Lowest basemeant in hystry!	18		
Ibscenest nansence! Nokragt! Per Peeler and Pawr! The broker-	19		
heartened shugon! Hole affair is rotten muckswinish porcupig's	20		
draff. Enough!	21		
— Is that yu, Whitehed?	22		
— Have you headnoise now?	23		
— Give us your mespilt reception, will yous?	24		
— Pass the fish for Christ's sake!	25		
— Old Whitehowth he is speaking again. Ope Eustace tube!	26		
Pity poor whiteoath! Dear gone mummeries, goby! Tell the	27		
woyld I have lived true thousand hells. Pity, please, lady, for	28		
poor O.W. in this profundust snobbing I have caught. Nine dirty	29		
years mine age, hairs hoar, mummery failend, snowdrift to my	30		
ellpow, deff as Adder. I askt you, dear lady, to judge on my tree	31		
by our fruits. I gave you of the tree. I gave two smells, three eats.	32		
My freeandies, my celeberrimates: my happy bossoms, my all-	33		
falling fruits of my boom. Pity poor Haveth Childers Every-	34		
where with Mudder!	35		
That was Communicator, a former colonel. A disincarnated	36		

FW536				
spirit, called Sebastion, from the Rivera in Januero, (he is not	1			
all hear) may fernspreak shortly with messuages from my dead-	2			
ported. Let us cheer him up a little and make an appunkment for	3			
a future date. Hello, Commudicate! How's the buttes? Ever-	4			
scepstic! He does not believe in our psychous of the Real Ab-	5			
sence, neither miracle wheat nor soulsurgery of P. P. Quemby.	6			
He has had some indiejestings, poor thing, for quite a little while,	7			
confused by his tonguer of baubble. A way with him! Poor Felix	8			
Culapert! Ring his mind, ye staples, (bonzel!) in my ould reeke-	9			
ries' ballyheart and in my krumlin and in aroundisements and	10			
stremmis! Sacks eleathury! Sacks eleathury! Bam! I deplore over	11			
him ruely. Mongrieff! O Hone! Guestermed with the nobelities,	12			
to die bronxitic in achershous! So enjoying of old thick whiles,	13			
in haute white toff's hoyt of our formed reflections, with stock	14			
of eisen all his prop, so buckely hosiered from the Royal Leg,	15			
and his puertos mugnum, he would puffout a dhymful bock.	16			
And the how he would husband her that verikerfully, his cigare	17			
divane! (He would redden her with his vestas, but 'tis naught.)	18			
With us his nephos and his neberls, mest incensed and befogged	19			
by him and his smoke thereof. But he shall have his glad stein of	20			

our zober beerbest in Oscarshal's winetavern. <i>Buen retiro!</i> The	21		
boyce voyce is still flautish and his mounth still wears that	22		
soldier's scarlet though the flaxafloyeds are peppered with salse-	23		
dine. It is bycause of what he was ascend into his prisonce on	24		
account off. I whit it wel. Hence his deepraised words. Some day	25		
I may tell of his second storey. Mood! Mood! It looks like some-	26		
one other bearing my burdens. I cannot let it. Kanes nought.	27		
Well, yeamen, I have bared my whole past, I flatter myself,	28		
on both sides. Give me even two months by laxlaw in second	29		
division and my first broadcloth is business will be to protest to	30		
Recorder at Thing of all Things, or court of Skivinis, with mar-	31		
chants grey, antient and credibel, Zerobubble Barrentone, Jonah	32		
Whalley, Determined Codde or Cucumber Upright, my jurats,	33		
if it does not occur again. O rhyme us! Haar Faagher, wild heart	34		
in Homelan; Harrod's be the naun. Mine kinder come, mine	35		
wohl be won. There is nothing like leuther. O Shee! And nosty	36		
FW537			
mens in gladshouses they shad not peggot stones. The elephant's	1		
house is his castle. I am here to tell you, indeed to goodness, that,	2		
allbe I discountenanced beallpersuasions, in rinunciniation of	3		
pomps of heretofore, with a wax too held in hand, I am thorgt-	4		

fulldt to do dope me of her miscsprinks and by virchow of those	5		
filthered Ovocnas presently like Browne umbracing Christina	6		
Anya, after the Irishers, to convert me into a selt (but first I must	7		
proxy babetise my old antenaughties), when, as Sigismond Stol-	8		
terforth, with Rabbin Robroost for my auspicer and Leecher	9		
Rutty for my lifearst and Lorencz Pattorn (<i>Ehren til viktrae!</i>),	10		
when I will westerneyes those poor sunuppers and outbrihten	11		
their land's eng. A man should stump up and I will pay my	12		
pretty decent trade price for my glueglue gluecose, peebles,	13		
were it even, as this is, the legal eric for infelicitous conduit (here	14		
incloths placefined my pocketanchoredcheck) and, as a matter of	15		
fact, I undertake to discontinue entyrelly all practices and I deny	16		
wholeswiping <i>in toto</i> at my own request in all stoytness to have	17		
confermentated and confoederated and agreed in times prebellic,	18		
when here were waders for the trainsfolk, as it is now nuggently	19		
laid to me, with a friend from mine, Mr Billups, pulleter, my	20		
quarterbrother, who sometimes he is doing my locum for me	21		
on a grubstake and whom I have cleped constoutuent, for so it	22		
was felt by me, at goodbuy cootcoops byusucapiture a mouth-	23		
less niggeress, Blanchette Brewster from Cherna Djamja, Blaw-	24		
lawnd-via-Brigstow, or to illsell my fourth part in her, which al-	25		
though allowed of in Deuterogamy as in several places of Scrip-	26		
ture (copyright) and excluded books (they should quite rightly	27		

verbanned be), would seem eggseggs excessively haroween to	28		
my feelimbs for two punt scotch, one pollard and a crockard or	29		
three pipples on the bitch. Thou, Frick's Flame, Uden Sulfer,	30		
who strikest only on the marryd bokks, enquick me if so be I	31		
did cophetuisse milady's maid! In spect of her beavers she is a	32		
womanly and saret. Such wear a frillick for my comic strip,	33		
Mons Meg's Monthly, comes out aich Fanagan's Weck, to bray	34		
at by clownsillies in Donkeybrook Fair. It would lackin mackin	35		
Hodder's and Cocker's erithmatic. The unpurdonable preemp-	36		
FW538			
son of all of her of yourn, by Juno Moneta! If she, irished Marry-	1		
onn Teheresiann, has been disposed of for her consideration, I,	2		
Ledwidge Salvatorious, am tradefully unintiristid. And if she is	3		
still further talc slopping over her cocoa contours, I hwat mick	4		
angars, am strongly of opinion why I should not be. Inprobable!	5		
I do not credit one word of it from such and suchess mistra-	6		
versers. Just feathers! Nanenities! Or to have ochtroyed to	7		
resolde or borrough by exchange same super melkkaart, means	8		
help; best Brixton high yellow, no outings: cent for cent on	9		
Auction's Bridge. 'Twere a honnibel crudelty wert so tente-	10		
ment to their naktlives and scatab orgias we devour about in	11		

the mightyevil roohms of encient cartage. Utterly improperable!	12		
Not for old Crusos or white soul of gold! A pipple on the	13		
panis, two claps on the cansill, or three pock pocks cassey	14		
knocked on the postern! Not for one testey tickey culprik's	15		
coynds ore for all ecus in cunziehowffse! So hemp me Cash!	16		
I meant.	17		
My herrings! The surdity of it! Amean to say. Her bare	18		
idears, it is choochoo chucklesome. Absurd bargain, mum, will	19		
call. One line with! One line, with with! Will ate everadayde sau-	20		
mone like a boyne alive O. The tew cherripickers, with their	21		
Catheringnettes, Lizzy and Lissy Mycock, from Street Flesh-	22		
shambles, were they moon at aube with hespermun and I their	23		
covin guardient, I would not know to contact such gretched	24		
youngsteys in my ways from Haddem or any suistersees or	25		
heireesses of theirn, claiming by, through, or under them. Ous of	26		
their freiung pfann into myne foyer. Her is one which rassembled	27		
to mein enormally. The man what shocked his shanks at contey	28		
Carlow's. He is Deucollion. Each habe goheerd, uptaking you	29		
are innersence, but we sen you meet sose infance. Deucollion!	30		
Odor. Evilling chimbes is smutsick rivulverblott but thee hard	31		
casted thereass pigstenes upann Congan's shootsmen in Schot-	32		
tenhof, ekeascent? Igen Deucollion! I liked his Gothamm chic!	33		
Stuttertub! What a shrubbery trick to play! I will put my oath-	34		

head unner my whitepot for ransom of beeves and will stand	35		
me where I stood mine in all free heat between Pelagios and little	36		
FW539			
Chistayas by Roderick's our mostmonolith, after my both ears-	1		
toear and brebreeches buybibles and, minhatton, testify to my	2		
unclothed virtue by the longstone erectheion of our allfirst man-	3		
here. I should tell you that honestly, on my honour of a Near-	4		
wicked, I always think in a wordworth's of that primed favou-	5		
rite continental poet, Daunty, Gouty and Shopkeeper, A. G.,	6		
whom the generality admoyers in this that is and that this is to	7		
come. Like as my palmer's past policy I have had my best mas-	8		
ter's lessons, as the public he knows, and do you know, home-	9		
sters, I honestly think, if I have failed lamentably by accident	10		
benefits though shintoed, spitefired, perplagued and cram-	11		
krieged, I am doing my dids bits and have made of my prudentials	12		
good. I have been told I own stolemines or something of that	13		
sorth in the sooth of Spainien. Hohohoho! Have I said ogso how	14		
I abhor myself vastly (truth to tell) and do repent to my nether-	15		
heart of suntry clothing? The amusin part is, I will say, hotel-	16		
men, that since I, over the deep drowner Athacleath to seek	17		
again Irrlanding, shamed in mind, with three plunges of my	18		

ruddertail, yet not a bottlenim, vanced imperial standard by	19		
weaponright and platzed mine residenze, taking bourd and	20		
burgage under starrymisty and ran and operated my brixtol selec-	21		
tion here at thollstall, for mean straits male with evorage fimmel,	22		
in commune soccage among strange and enemy, among these	23		
plotlets, in Poplinstown, alore Fort Dunlip, then-on-sea, hole	24		
of Serbonian bog, now city of magnificent distances, good-	25		
walldabout, with talus and counterscarp and pale of palisades,	26		
upon martiell siegewin, with Abbot Warre to blesse, on yon	27		
slaughterday of cleantarriffs, in that year which I have called	28		
myriabellous, and overdrave these marken (the soord on Whence-	29		
hislaws was mine and mine the prusshing stock of Allbrecht	30		
the Bearn), under patroonshaap of our good kingsinnturns,	31		
T. R. H. Urban First and Champaign Chollyman and Hungry	32		
the Loaved and Hangry the Hathed, here where my tenenure of	33		
office and my toils of domestication first began, with weight of	34		
woman my skat and skuld but Flukie of the Ravens as my sure	35		
piloter, famine with Englisch sweat and oppedemics, the two-	36		
FW540			
toothed dragon worms with allsort serpents, has compolitely	1		
seceded from this landleague of many nations and open and	2		

notorious naughty livers are found not on our rolls. This seat of	3		
our city it is of all sides pleasant, comfortable and wholesome.	4		
If you would traverse hills, they are not far off. If champain land,	5		
it lieth of all parts. If you would be delited with fresh water, the	6		
famous river, called of Ptolemy the Libnia Labia, runneth fast	7		
by. If you will take the view of the sea, it is at hand. Give heed!	8		
— <i>Do Drumcollogher whatever you do!</i>	9		
— <i>Visitez Drumcollogher-la-Belle!</i>	10		
— <i>Be suke and sie so ersed Drumcollogher!</i>	11		
— <i>Vedi Drumcollogher e poi Moonis.</i>	12		
— Things are not as they were. Let me briefly survey. Pro clam	13		
a shun! Pip! Peep! Pipitch! Ubipop jay piped, ibipep goes the	14		
whistle. Here Tyeburn throttled, massed murmurs march: where	15		
the bus stops there shop I: here which ye see, yea reste. On me,	16		
your sleeping giant. Estoesto! Estote sunt! From the hold of	17		
my capt in altitude till the mortification that's my fate. The end	18		
of aldest mokest ist the beginning of all thisorder so the last of	19		
their hansbailis shall the first in our sheriffsby. New highs for	20		
all! Redu Negru may be black in tawn but under them lintels	21		
are staying my horneymen meet each his mansiemagd. For peers	22		
and gints, quaysirs and galleyliers, fresk letties from the say and	23		
stale headygabblers, gaingangers and dudder wagoners, pullars	24		
off societies and pushers on rothmere's homes. Obeysance from	25		

the townsmen spills felicity by the toun. Our bourse and politico-	26		
ecomedie are in safe with good Jock Shepherd, our lives are on	27		
sure in sorting with Jonathans, wild and great. Been so free!	28		
Thank you, besters! Hattentats have mindered. Blaublaze devil-	29		
bobs have gone from the mode and hairtrigger nicks are quite	30		
out of time now. Thuggeries are reere as glovars' metins, lepers	31		
lack, ignerants show beneath suspicion like the bitterhalves of	32		
esculapuloids. In midday's mallsight let Miledd discourverself.	33		
Me ludd in her hide park seek Minuinette. All is waldy bonums.	34		
Blownose aerios we luft to you! Firebugs, good blazes! Lubbers,	35		
kepp your poudies drier! Seamen, we segn your skivs and wives!	36		
FW541			
Seven ills so barely as centripunts havd I habt, seaventy seavens	1		
for circumference inkeptive are your hill prospect. Braid Black-	2		
fordrock, the Calton, the Liberton, Craig and Lockhart's, A.	3		
Costofino, R. Thursitt. The chort of Nicholas Within was my	4		
guide and I raised a dome on the wherewithouts of Michan: by	5		
awful tors my wellworth building sprang sky spearing spires,	6		
cloud cupoled campaniles: further this. By fineounce and im-	7		
posts I got and grew and by grossscruple gat I grown outreaches-	8		
ly: murage and lestage were my mains for Ouerlord's tithing	9		

and my drains for render and prender the doles and the tribute:	10		
I was merely out of my mint with all the percussors on my	11		
braincap till I struck for myself and muched morely by token: to	12		
Sirrherr of Gambleden ruddy money, to Madame of Pitymount	13		
I loue yous. Paybads floriners moved in hugheknots against us and	14		
I matt them, pepst to papst, barthelemew: milreys (mark!) on-	15		
fell, and (Luc!) I arose Daniel in Leonden. Bulafests onvied me,	16		
Corkcuttas graatched. Atabey! I braved Brien Berueme to berow	17		
him against the Loughlins, all her tolkie shraking: Fugabollags!	18		
Lusqu'au bout! If they had ire back of eyeball they got damage	19		
on front tooth: theres were revelries at ridottos, here was rivalry	20		
in redoubt: I wegschicked Duke Wellinghof to reshockle Roy	21		
Shackleton: Walhalloo, Walhalloo, Walhalloo, mourn in plein!	22		
Under law's marshall and warschouw did I thole till lead's	23		
plumbate, ping on pang, relieved me. I made praharfeast upon	24		
acorporous and fastbroke down in Neederthorpe. I let faireviews	25		
in on slobodens but ranked rothgardes round wrathminders: I	26		
bathandbaddend on mendicity and I corocured off the unoculated.	27		
Who can tell their tale whom I filled ad liptum on the plain of	28		
Soulsbury? With three hunkered peepers and twa and twas!	29		
For sleeking beauties I spinned their nightinveils, to slumbred	30		
beast I tummed the thief air. Round the musky moved a mur-	31		
mel but mewses whinninaird and belluas zoomed: tendulcis	32		

tunes like water parted fluted up from the westinders while from	33		
gorges in the east came the strife of ourangoontangues. All in	34		
my thicville Escuterre ofen was thorough fear but in the meck-	35		
ling of my burgh Belvaros was the site forbed: tuberclerosies I	36		
FW542			
reized spudfully from the murphyplantz Hawkinsonia and berri-	1		
berries from the pletoras of the Irish shou. I heard my liberti-	2		
lands making free through their curraghcoombs, my trueblues	3		
hurusalaming before Wailingtoné's Wall: I richmounded the	4		
rainelag in my bathtub of roundwood and conveyed it with	5		
cheers and cables, roaring mighty shouts, through my longer-	6		
tubes of elm: out of fundness for the outozone I carried them	7		
amd curried them in my Putzemdown cars to my Kommeandine	8		
hotels: I made sprouts fontaneously from Philuppe Sobriety in	9		
the coupe that's cheyned for noon inebriates: when they weaned	10		
weary of that bibbing I made infusion more infused: sowerpacers	11		
of the vinegarth, obtemperate unto me! When you think me in	12		
my coppecuffs look in ware would you meckamockame, as you	13		
pay in caabman's sheltar tot the ites like you corss the tees.	14		
Wherefore watch ye well! For, while I oplooked the first of	15		
Janus's straight, I downsaw the last of Christmas steps: syndic	16		

podestril and on the rates, I for indigent and intendente: in	17		
Forum Foster I demosthrenated my folksfiendship, enmy pupuls	18		
felt my burk was no worse than their brite: Sapphrageta and	19		
Consciencia were undecidedly attached to me but the maugher	20		
machrees and the auntieparthenopes my schwalby words with	21		
litted spongelets set their soakye pokeys and botchbons afume:	22		
Fletcher-Flemmings, elisaboth, how interquackeringly they ro-	23		
gated me, their golden one, I inhesitant made replique: Mesde-	24		
memdes to leursieuresponsor: and who in hillsaide, don't you	25		
let flyfire till you see their whites of the bunkers' eyes! Mr An-	26		
swers: Bringem young, bringem young, bringem young!: in	27		
my bethel of Solyman's I accouched their rotundaties and I turn-	28		
keyed most insultantly over raped lutetias in the lock: I gave bax	29		
of biscums to the jacobeaters and pottage bakes to the esausted;	30		
I dehlivered them with freakandesias by the constant droppings	31		
from my smalls instalmonths while I titfortotalled up their	32		
farinadays for them on my slataper's slate with my chandner's	33		
chauk: I jaunted on my jingelbrett rapt in neckloth and sashes,	34		
and I beggered about the amnibushes like belly in a bowle. In	35		
the humanity of my heart I sent out heyweywomen to refresh	36		
FW543			

the ballweared and then, doubling megalopolitan poleetness,	1		
my great great greatest of these charities, devaleurised the base	2		
fellows for the curtailment of their lower man: with a slog to	3		
square leg I sent my boundary to Botany Bay and I ran up a	4		
score and four of mes while the Yanks were huckling the Em-	5		
pire: I have been reciping om omominous letters and widely-	6		
signed petitions full of pieces of pottery about my monumental-	7		
ness as a thingabolls and I have been enchanting causeries to the	8		
feshest cheoilboys so that they are allcalling on me for the song	9		
of a birtch: the more secretelly bi built, the more openly palas-	10		
tered. Attent! Couch hear! I have becket my vonderbilt hutch	11		
in sunsmidnought and at morningrise was encampassed of	12		
mushroofs. Rest and bethinkful, with licence, thanks. I con-	13		
sidered the lilies on the veldt and unto Balkis did I disclothe	14		
mine glory. And this. This missy, my taughters, and these man,	15		
my son, from my fief of the villa of the Ostmanorum to Thor-	16		
stan's, <i>recte</i> Thomars Sraid, and from Huggin Please to William	17		
Inglis his house, that man de Loundres, in all their barony of	18		
Saltus, bonders and foeburghers, helots and zelots, strutting oges	19		
and swaggering macks, the darsy jeamses, the drury joneses,	20		
redmaids and bleucotts, in hommage all and felony, all who have	21		
received tickets, fair home overcrowded, tidy but very little	22		
furniture, respectable, whole family attends daily mass and is	23		

dead sick of bread and butter, sometime in the militia, mentally	24		
strained from reading work on German physics, shares closet	25		
with eight other dwellings, more than respectable, getting com-	26		
fortable parish relief, wageearner freshly shaven from prison,	27		
highly respectable, planning new departure in Mountgomery	28		
cyclefinishing, eldest son will not serve but peruses Big-man-up-	29		
in-the-Sky scraps, anoopanadoon lacking backway, quasi respec-	30		
table, pays ragman in bones for faded windowcurtains, staircase	31		
continually lit up with guests, particularly respectable, house	32		
lost in dirt and blocked with refuse, getting on like Roe's dis-	33		
tillery on fire, slovenly wife active with the jug, in business for	34		
himself, has a tenth illegitimate coming, partly respectable,	35		
following correspondence courses, chucked work over row, both	36		
FW544			
cheeks kissed at levee by late marquess of Zetland, sharing closet	1		
which is profusely written over with eleven other subscribers,	2		
once respectable, open hallway pungent of Baltic dishes, bangs	3		
kept woman's head against wall thereby disturbing neighbours,	4		
private chapel occupies return landing, removal every other	5		
quarter day, case one of peculiar hopelessness, most respectable,	6		
nightsoil has to be removed through snoring household, eccen-	7		

tric naval officer not quite steady enjoys weekly churchwarden	8		
and laugh while reading foreign pictorials on clumpstump before	9		
door, known as the trap, widow rheumatic and chars, haunted,	10		
condemned and execrated, of dubious respectability, tools too	11		
costly pledged or uninsured, reformed philanthropist whenever	12		
feasible takes advantage of unfortunates against dilapidating	13		
ashpits, serious student is eating his last dinners, floor dangerous	14		
for unaccompanied old clergymen, thoroughly respectable, many	15		
uncut pious books in evidence, nearest watertap two hundred	16		
yards' run away, fowl and bottled gooseberry frequently on	17		
table, man has not had boots off for twelve months, infant being	18		
taught to hammer flat piano, outwardly respectable, sometimes	19		
hears from titled connection, one foot of dust between banister	20		
and cracked wall, wife cleans stools, eminently respectable, otta-	21		
wark and regular loafer, should be operated would she consent,	22		
deplorable rent in roof, claret cellar cobwebbed since the ponti-	23		
ficcate of Leo, wears drill trousers and collects rare buddhas,	24		
underages very treacly and verminous have to be separated, sits	25		
up with fevercases for one and threepence, owns two terraces	26		
(back to back breeze), respectable in every way, harmless im-	27		
becile supposingly weakminded, a sausage every Sunday, has a	28		
staff of eight servants, outlook marred by ne'er-do-wells using	29		
the laneway, lieabed sons go out with sisters immediately after	30		

dark, has never seen the sea, travels always with her eleven	31		
trunks of clothing, starving cat left in disgust, the pink of re-	32		
spectability, resting after colonial service, labours at plant, the	33		
despair of his many benefactresses, calories exclusively from	34		
Rowntrees and dumplings, one bar of sunlight does them all	35		
january and half february, the V. de V's (animal diet) live in five-	36		
FW545			
storied semidetached but rarely pay tradesmen, went security	1		
for friend who absconded, shares same closet with fourteen simi-	2		
lar cottages and an illfamed lodginghouse, more respectable than	3		
some, teawidow pension but held to purchase, inherited silk hat	4		
from father-in-law, head of domestic economy never mentioned,	5		
queery how they live, reputed to procure, last four occupants	6		
carried out, mental companionship with mates only, respecta-	7		
bility unsuccessfully aimed at, copious holes emitting mice, de-	8		
coration from Uganda chief in locked ivory casket, grandmother	9		
has advanced alcoholic amblyopia, the terror of Goodmen's	10		
Field, and respected and respectable, as respectable as respec-	11		
table can respectably be, though their orable amission were the	12		
horrors I could have expected, all, let them all come, they are my	13		
villeins, with chartularies I have talledged them. Wherfor I will and	14		

firmly command, as I willed and firmly commanded, upon my	15		
royal word and cause the great seal now to be affixed, that from	16		
the farthest of the farther of their fathers to their children's chil-	17		
dren's children they do inhabit it and hold it for me unencum-	18		
bered and my heirs, firmly and quietly, amply and honestly,	19		
and with all the liberties and free customs which the men of Tol-	20		
bris, a city of Tolbris, have at Tolbris, in the county of their city	21		
and through whole my land. Hereto my vouchers, knive and	22		
snuffbuchs. Fee for farm. Enwreak us wrecks.	23		
Struggling forlongs I have livramentoed, milles on milles of	24		
mancipelles. Lo, I have looked upon my pumpadears in their	25		
easancies and my drummers have tattled tall tales of me in the land:	26		
in morgenattics litt I hope, in seralcellars louched I bleakmealers:	27		
on my siege of my mighty I was parciful of my subject but in street	28		
wauks that are darkest I debelledem superb: I deemed the drugtails	29		
in my pettycourts and domstereed dustyfeets in my husinclose: at	30		
Guy's they were swathed, at Foulke's slashed, the game for a	31		
Gomez, the loy for a lynch: if I was magmonimoss as staidy lavgiver	32		
I revolucanized by my eruptions: the hye and bye wayseeds I	33		
scattered em, in my graben fields sew sowage I gathered em: in	34		
Sheridan's Circle my wits repose, in black pitts of the pestered	35		
Lenfant he is dummed. (Hearts of Oak, may ye root to piece!	36		

FW546			
Rechabites obstain! Clayed sheets, pineshrouded, wake not, walk	1		
not! Sigh lento, Morgh!) <i>Quo warranto</i> has his greats my soliven	2		
and puissant lord V. king regards for me and he has given to me	3		
my necknamesh (flister it!) which is second fiddler to nomen.	4		
These be my genteelician arms. At the crest, two young frish,	5		
etoiled, flappant, devoiled of their habiliments, vested sable, with-	6		
drewers argent. For the boss a coleopter, pondant, partifesswise,	7		
blazoned sinister, at the slough, proper. In the lower field a terce	8		
of lanciers, shaking unsheathed shafts, their arms crossed in sal-	9		
tire, embusked, sinople. Motto, in letters portent: <i>Hery Crass</i>	10		
<i>Evohodie</i> . Idle were it, repassing from elserground to the elder	11		
disposition, to inquire whether I, draggedasunder, be the forced	12		
generation of group marriage, holocryptogam, of my essenes, or	13		
carried of cloud from land of locust, in ouzel galley borne, I,	14		
huddled til summone be the massproduct of teamwork, three	15		
surtouts wripped up in itchother's, two twin pritticoaxes lived as	16		
one, troubled in trine or dubildin too, for abram nude be I or	17		
roberoyed with the faineans, of Feejeean grafted ape on merfish,	18		
surrounded by obscurity, by my virtus of creation and by boon	19		
of promise, by my natural born freeman's journeymanright and	20		
my otherchurch's inher light, in so and such a manner as me it	21		

so besitteth, most surely I pretend and reclam to opt for simul-	22		
taneous. Till daybowbreak and showshadows flee. Thus be hek.	23		
Verily! Verily! Time, place!	24		
— What is your numb? Bun!	25		
— Who gave you that numb? Poo!	26		
— Have you put in all your sparepennies? I'm listening. Sree!	27		
— Keep clear of propennies! Fore!	28		
— Mr Televox, Mrs Taubiestimm and invisible friends! I may-	29		
may mean to say. Annoyin part of it was, had faithful Fulvia,	30		
following the wiening courses of this world, turned her back on	31		
her ways to gon on uphill upon search of louvers, brunette men of	32		
Earalend, Chief North Paw and Chief Goes in Black Water and	33		
Chief Brown Pool and Chief Night Cloud by the Deeps, or again	34		
had Fluvia, amber witch she was, left her chivily crookcrook	35		
crocus bed at the bare suggestions of some prolling bywaymen	36		
FW547			
from Moabit who could have abused of her, the foxrogues, there	1		
might accrue advantage to ask wher in pellmell her deceivers	2		
sinned. Yet know it was vastly otherwise which I have heard it	3		
by mmummy goods waif, as I, chiefly endmost hartyly aver, for	4		
Fulvia Fluvia, iddle woman to the plusneeborn, ever did ensue	5		

tillstead the things that pertained unto fairnesse, this wharom	6		
I am fawnd on, that which was loost. Even so, for I waged	7		
love on her: and spoiled her undines. And she wept: O my	8		
lors!	9		
— Till we meet!	10		
— Ere we part!	11		
— Tollollall!	12		
— This time a hundred years!	13		
— But I was firm with her. And I did take the reached of my	14		
delights, my jealousy, ymashkt, beyashmakt, earswathed, snout-	15		
snooded, and did raft her flumingworthily and did leftlead her	16		
overland the pace, from lacksleap up to liffsloup, tiding down, as	17		
portreeve should, whimpering by Kevin's creek and Hurdlesford	18		
and Gardener's Mall, long rivierside drive, embankment large,	19		
to Ringsend Flott and Ferry, where she began to bump a little	20		
bit, my dart to throw: and there, by wavebrink, on strond of	21		
south, with mace to masthigh, taillas Cowhowling, quailless	22		
Highjakes, did I upreized my magicianer's puntpole, the tridont	23		
sired a tritan stock, farruler, and I bade those polyfizzyboisterous	24		
seas to retire with hemselves from os (rookwards, thou seasea	25		
stamoror!) and I abridged with domfine norsemanship till I had	26		
done abate her maidan race, my baresark bride, and knew her	27		
fleshly when with all my bawdy did I her whorship, min	28		

bryllupswibe: Heaven, he hallthundered; Heydays, he flung	29		
blissforhers. And I cast my tenspan joys on her, arshed over-	30		
tupped, from bank of call to echobank, by dint of strongbow	31		
(Galata! Galata!) so streng we were in one, malestream in	32		
shegulf: and to ringstresse I thumbed her with iern of Erin	33		
and tradesmanmarked her lieflang mine for all and singular, iday,	34		
igone, imorgans, and for ervigheds: base your peak, you! you,	35		
strike your flag!: (what screech of shippings! what low of dampf-	36		
FW548			
bulls!): from Livland, hoks zivios, from Lettland, skall vives!	1		
With Impress of Asias and Queen Columbia for her pairanymphs	2		
and the singing sands for herbrides' music: goosegaze annoynted	3		
uns, canailles canzoned and me to she her shyblumes lifted: and	4		
I pudd a name and wedlock boltioned round her the which to	5		
carry till her grave, my durdin dearly, Appia Lippia Pluviabilla,	6		
whiles I herr lifer amstell and been: I chained her chastemate to	7		
grippe fiuming snugglers, her chambrett I bestank so to spanish	8		
furiosos: I was her hochsized, her cleavunto, her everest, she was	9		
my annie, my lauralad, my pisoved: who cut her ribbons when	10		
nought my prowes? who expoused that havenliness to beacha-	11		
lured ankerrides when not I, freipforter?: in trinity huts they	12		

met my dame, pick of their poke for me: when I foregather 'twas	13		
my sumbad, if I farseeker itch my list: had I not workit in my	14		
cattagut with dogshunds' crotts to clene and had I not gifted	15		
of my coataways, constantonoble's aim: and, fortified by my	16		
right as man of capitol, I did umgyrdle her about, my vermin-	17		
celly vinagerette, with all loving kindness as far as in man's	18		
might it lay and enfranchised her to liberties of fringes: and I	19		
gave until my lilienyounger turkeythighs soft goods and hard-	20		
ware (catalogue, <i>passim</i>) and ladderproof hosiery lines (see	21		
stockinger's raiment), cocquette coiffs (see Agnes' hats) and	22		
peningsworths of the best taste of knaggs of jets and silvered	23		
waterroses and geegaws of my pretty novelties and wispywaspy	24		
frocks of redferns and lauralworths, trancepearances such as	25		
women cattle bare and peltries piled, the peak of Pim's and	26		
Slyne's and Sparrow's, loomends day lumineused luxories on	27		
looks, <i>La Primamère, Pyrrha Pyrrhine, Or de Reinebeau, Sourire</i>	28		
<i>d'Hiver</i> and a crinoline, wide a shire, and pattens for her trilibies	29		
that know she might the tortuours of the boots and bedes of	30		
wampun with to toy and a murcery glaze of shard to mirrow, for	31		
all daintiness by me and theetime, the cupandnaggin hour: and	32		
I wound around my swanchen's neckplace a school of shells of	33		
moyles marine to swing their saysangs in her silents: and, upping	34		
her at king's count, her aldritch cry oloss unheading, what	35		

though exceeding bitter, I pierced her beak with order of the	36		
FW549			
Danabrog (Cunnig's great! Soll leve! Soll level!): with mare's	1		
greese cressets at Leonard's and Dunphy's and Madonna lan-	2		
thorns before quintacasas and tallonkindles spearhead syngeing	3		
nickendbookers and mhutton lightburnes dipdippingdownes in	4		
blackholes, the tapers of the topers and his buntingpall at hoist:	5		
for days there was no night for nights were days and our folk had	6		
rest from Blackheathen and the pagans from the prince of pacis:	7		
what was trembling sod quaked no more, what were frozen loins	8		
were stirred and lived: gone the septuor, dark deadly dismal dole-	9		
ful desolate dreadful desperate, no more the tolvmaans, bloody	10		
gloomy hideous fearful furious alarming terrible mournful	11		
sorrowful frightful appalling: peace, perfect peace: and I hung up	12		
at Yule my duindleeng lunas, helphelped of Kettil Flashnose, for	13		
the souperhore of my frigid one, <i>coloumba mea, frimosa mea</i> , in	14		
Wastewindy tarred strate and Elgin's marble halles lamping	15		
limp from black to block, through all Livania's volted ampire,	16		
from anodes to cathodes and from the topazolites of Mourne,	17		
Wykinloeflare, by Arklow's sapphire siomen's lure and Wexter-	18		
ford's hook and crook lights to the polders of Hy Kinsella:	19		

avenyue ceen my peurls ahumming, the crown to my estuarine	20		
municipence?: three firths of the sea I swept with draughtness	21		
and all ennempties I bottled em up in bellomport: when I stab-	22		
marooned jack and maturin I was a bad boy's bogey but it was	23		
when I went on to sankt piotersbarq that they gave my devil his	24		
dues: what is seizer can hack in the old wold a sawyer may hew	25		
in the green: on the island of Breasil the wildth of me perished	26		
and I took my plowshure sadly, feeling pity for me sored: where	27		
bold O'Connee weds on Alta Mahar, the tawny sprawling beside	28		
that silver burn, I sate me and settled with the little crither of my	29		
hearth: her intellects I charmed with I calle them utile thoughts,	30		
her turlyhyde I plumped with potatums for amiens pease in	31		
plenty: my biblous beadells shewed her triumphs of craftygild	32		
pageantries, loftust Adam, duffed our cousterclother, Conn and	33		
Owel with cortoppled baskib, Sire Noeh Guinnass, exposant of	34		
his bargeness and Lord Joe Starr to hump the body of the camell:	35		
I screwed the Emperor down with ninepins gaelic with sixpenny-	36		
FW550			
hapennies for his hanger on: my worthies were bisseed and trissed	1		
from Joshua to Godfrey but my <i>processus prophetarum</i> they would	2		
have plauded to perpetuation. Moral: book to besure, see press.	3		

— He's not all buum and bully.	4		
— But his members handly food him.	5		
— Steving's grain for's greet collegtium.	6		
— The S. S. Paudraic's in the harbour.	7		
— And after these things, I fed her, my carlen, my barelean lin-	8		
steer, upon spiceries for her garbage breath, italics of knobby	9		
lauch and the rich morsel of the marrolebone and shains of gar-	10		
leeks and swinespepper and gothakrauts and pinkee dillisks,	11		
primes of meshallehs and subtleties in jellywork, come the feast	12		
of Saint Pancreas, and shortcake nutrients for Paas and Pingster's	13		
pudding, bready and nutalled and potted fleshmeats from store	14		
dampkookin, and the drugs of Kafa and Jelupa and shallots out	15		
of Ascalon, feeding her food convenient herfor, to pass them into	16		
earth: and to my saffronbreathing mongoloid, the skinsyng, I gave	17		
Biorwik's powlver and Uliv's oils, unguents of cuticure, for the	18		
swarthy searchall's face on her, with handewers and groinscrubbers	19		
and a carrycam to tease her tussy out, the brown but combly,	20		
a mopsa's broom to duist her sate, and clubmoss and wolves-	21		
foot for her more moister wards (amazing efficiencies!): and, my	22		
shopsoiled doveling, when weeks of kindness kinly civicised, in	23		
our saloons esquirial, with fineglas bowbays, draped embrasures	24		
and giltedged librariums, I did devise my telltale sports at even-	25		
bread to wring her withers limberly, wheatears, slapbang,	26		

drapier-cut-dean, bray, nap, spinado and ranter-go-round: we	27		
had our lewd mayers and our lairdie meiresses kiotowing and	28		
smuling fullface on us out of their framous latenesses, oilclothed	29		
over for cohabitation and allpointed by Hind: Tamlane the Cus-	30		
sacke, Dirk Wettingstone, Pieter Stuyvesant, Outlawrie O'Niell,	31		
Mrs Currens, Mrs Reyson-Figgis, Mrs Dattery, and Mrs Pruny-	32		
Quetch: in hym we trust, footwash and sects principles, apply to	33		
overseer, Amos five six: she had dabblingtime for exhibiting her	34		
grace of aljambras and duncingk the bloodanoobs in her vaux-	35		
halls while I, dizzed and dazed by the lumpty thumpty of our	36		
FW551			
interloopings, fell clocksure off my ballast: in our windtor palast	1		
it vampared for elenders, we lubded Sur Gudd for the sleep and	2		
the ghoasts: she chauffed her fuesies at my Wigan's jewels while	3		
she skalded her mermeries on my Snorryson's Sagos: in pay-	4		
cook's thronsaale she domineered, lecking icies off the dormer	5		
panes all admired her in camises: on Rideau Row Duanna dwells,	6		
you merk well what you see: let wellth were I our pantocreator	7		
would theirs be tights for the gods: in littleritt reddinghats and	8		
cindery yellows and tinsel and glitter and bibs under hoods: I	9		
made nuisance of many well pressed champdamors and peddled	10		

freely in the scrub: I foredreamed for thee and more than full-	11		
made: I prevened for thee in the haunts that joybelled frail light-	12		
a-leaves for sturdy traemen: <i>pelves ad hombres sumus</i> : I said to	13		
the shiftless prostitute; let me be your fodder; and to rodies and	14		
prater brothers; Chau, Camerade!: evangel of good tidings, om-	15		
nient as the Healer's word, for the lost, loathsome and whomso-	16		
ever will: who, in regimentation through liberal donation in co-	17		
ordination for organisation of their installation and augmenta-	18		
tion plus some annexation and amplification without precipita-	19		
tion towards the culmination in latification of what was formerly	20		
their utter privation, competence, cheerfulness, usefulness and	21		
the meed, shall, in their second adams, all be made alive: my tow	22		
tugs steered down canal grand, my lighters lay longside on	23		
Regalia Water. And I built in <i>Urbs in Rure</i> , for minne elskede,	24		
my shiny brows, under astrolobe from my upservatory, an erd-	25		
closet with showne ejector wherewithin to be squatquit in most	26		
covenience from her sabbath needs, when open noise should	27		
stilled be: did not I festfix with mortarboard my unniversiries,	28		
wholly rational and gottalike, sophister agen sorefister, life sizars	29		
all?: was I not rosetted on two stellas of little egypt? had not I	30		
rockcut readers, hieros, gregos and democriticos?: triscastellated,	31		
bimedallised: and by my sevendialled changing charties Hiberns-	32		
ka Ulitzas made not I to pass through twelve Threadneedles and	33		

Newgade and Vicus Veneris to cooinsight?: my camels' walk,	34		
kolossa kolossa! no porte sublimer benared my ghates: Oi polled	35		
ye many but my fews were chousen (Voter, voter, early voter,	36		
FW552			
he was never too oft for old Sarum): terminals four my staties	1		
were, the Geenar, the Greasouwea, the Debwickweck, the Mif-	2		
greawis. And I sept up twinminsters, the pro and the con, my	3		
stavekirks wove so norcelly of peeled wands and attachatouchy	4		
floodmud, now all loosebrick and stonefest, freely masoned,	5		
arked for covennanthers and shidders' rifuge: descent from above	6		
on us, Hagiasofia of Astralia, our orisons thy nave and absedes,	7		
our aeone tone aeones thy studvaast vault; Hams, circuitise!	8		
Shemites, retrace!: horns, hush! no barkeys! hereround is't	9		
holied!: all truantrulls made I comepull, all rubbeling gnomes	10		
I pushed, gowgow: Cassels, Redmond, Gandon, Deane, Shep-	11		
perd, Smyth, Neville, Heaton, Stoney, Foley, Farrell, Vnost with	12		
Thorneycroft and Hogan too: sprids serve me! gobelins guard!:	13		
tect my tileries (O tribes! O gentes!), keep my keep, the peace	14		
of my four great ways: oathiose infernals to Booth Salvation,	15		
arcane celestials to Sweatenburgs Welhell! My seven wynds I	16		
trailed to maze her and ever a wynd had saving closes and all these	17		

closes flagged with the gust, hoops for her, hatsoff for him and	18		
ruffles through Neeblow's garding: and that was why Blabus was	19		
razing his wall and eltering the suzannes of his nighboors: and	20		
thirdly, for ewigs, I did reform and restore for my smuggy	21		
piggiesknees, my sweet coolocked, my auburn coyquailing one,	22		
her paddypalace on the crossknoll with massgo bell, sixton	23		
clashcleshant, duominous and muezzatinties to commind the fit-	24		
ful: doom adimdim adoom adimadim: and the oragel of the lauds	25		
to tellforth's glory: and added thereunto a shallow laver to slub	26		
out her hellfire and posied windows for her oriel house: gospelly	27		
pewmillieu, christous pewmillieu: zackbutts babazounded, ollguns	28		
tararulled: and she sass her nach, chillybombom and forty bon-	29		
nets, upon the altarstane. May all have mossyhonours!	30		
— Hoke!	31		
— Hoke!	32		
— Hoke!	33		
— Hoke!	34		
— And wholehail, snaeffell, dreardrizzle or sleetshowers of bless-	35		
ing, where it froze in chalix eller swum in the vestry, with fairskin	36		
FW553			
book and ruling rod, vein of my vergin page, her chastener ever	1		

I did learn my little ana countrymouse in alphabeater cameltem-	2		
per, from alderbirk to tannenyoun, with myraw rattan atter dun-	3		
drum; ooah, oyir, oyir, oyir: and I did spread before my Livvy,	4		
where Lord street lolls and ladies linger and Cammomile Pass	5		
cuts Primrose Rise and Coney Bend bounds Mulbreys Island but	6		
never a blid had bludded or bludded since long agore when the	7		
whole blighty acre was bladey well pessovered, my selvage mats	8		
of lecheworked lawn, my carpet gardens of Guerdon City, with	9		
chopes pyramidous and mousselimes and beaconphires and colos-	10		
sets and pensilled turisses for the busspleaches of the summira-	11		
mies and esplanadas and statuesques and templeogues, the Par-	12		
donell of Maynooth, Fra Teobaldo, Nielsen, rare admirable, Jean	13		
de Porteleau, Conall Gretecloke, Guglielmus Caulis and the eiligh	14		
ediculous Passivucant (glorietta's inexcelsiored!): for irkdays	15		
and for folliedays till the comple anniums of calendarias, gregoro-	16		
maios and gypsyjuliennes as such are pleased of theirs to walk:	17		
and I planted for my own hot lisbing lass a quickset vineyard and	18		
I fenced it about with huge Chesterfield elms and Kentish hops	19		
and rigs of barlow and bowery nooks and greenwished villas	20		
and pampos animos and (N.I.) necessitades iglesias and pons for	21		
aguaducks: a hawthorndene, a feyrieglenn, the hallaw vall, the	22		
dyrchace, Finmark's Howe, against lickybudmonth and gleaner-	23		
month with a magicscene wall (rimrim! rimrim!) for a Queen's	24		

garden of her phoenix: and (hush! hush!) I brewed for my alpine	25		
plurabelle, wigwarming wench, (speakeasy!) my granvilled brand-	26		
old Dublin lindub, the free, the froh, the frothy freshener, puss,	27		
puss, pussyfoot, to split the spleen of her maw: and I laid down	28		
before the trotters to my eblanite my stony battered waggon-	29		
ways, my nordsoud circulums, my eastmoreland and westland-	30		
more, running boullowards and syddenly parading, (hearsemen,	31		
opslo! nuptiallers, get storting!): whereon, in mantram of true-	32		
men like yahoomen (expect till dutc cundoctor summoneth him	33		
all fahrts to pay, velkommen all hankinhunkn in this vongn of	34		
Hoseyeh!), claudesdales withe arabinstreeds, Roamer Reich's	35		
rickyshaws with Hispain's King's trompateers, madridden mus-	36		
FW554			
tangs, buckarestive bronchos, poster shays and turnintaxis, and	1		
tall tall tilburys and nod nod noddies, others giggging gaily, some	2		
sedated in sedans: my priccoping gents, aroger, aroger, my dam-	3		
sells softsidesaddled, covertly, covertly, and Lawdy Dawe a perch	4		
behind: the mule and the hinny and the jennet and the mustard	5		
nag and piebald shjelties and skewbald awknees steppit lively	6		
(lift ye the left and rink ye the right!) for her pleashadure: and	7		
she lalaughed in her diddydid domino to the switcheries of the	8		

whip. Down with them! Kick! Playup!	9			
Mattahah! Marahah! Luahah! Joahanahanahana!	10			

16. Episode SIXTEEN (36 pages, from 555 to 590)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW555				
What was thaas? Fog was whaas? Too mult sleepth. Let	1			
sleepth.	2			
But really now whenabouts? Expatiate then how much times	3			
we live in. Yes?	4			
So, nat by night by naught by naket, in those good old lousy	5			
days gone by, the days, shall we say? of Whom shall we say?	6			
while kinderwardens minded their twinsbed, therenow they-	7			
stood, the sycomores, all four of them, in their quartan agues, the	8			
majorchy, the minorchy, the everso and the fermentarian with	9			

their ballyhooric blowreaper, titranicht by tetranoxst, at their	10			
pussycorners, and that old time pallyollogass, playing copers fear-	11			
some, with Gus Walker, the cuddy, and his poor old dying	12			
boosy cough, esker, newcsle, saggard, crumlin, dell me, donk,	13			
the way to wumblin. Follow me beeline and you're bumblin,	14			
esker, newcsle, saggard, crumlin. And listening. So gladdied up	15			
when nicechild Kevin Mary (who was going to be comman-	16			
deering chief of the choirboys' brigade the moment he grew up	17			
under all the auspices) irishsmiled in his milky way of cream	18			
dwibble and onage tustard and dessed tabbage, frighted out when	19			
badbrat Jerry Godolping (who was hurrying to be cardinal	20			
scullion in a night refuge as bald as he was cured enough	21			
unerr all the hospitals) furrinfrowned down his wrinkly waste	22			
of methylated spirits, ick, and lemoncholy lees, ick, and pulverised	23			
rhubarbarorum, icky;	24			
FW556				
night by silentsailing night while infantina Isobel (who will be	1			
blushing all day to be, when she growed up one Sunday,	2			
Saint Holy and Saint Ivory, when she took the veil, the	3			
beautiful presentation nun, so barely twenty, in her pure coif,	4			
sister Isobel, and next Sunday, Mistlemas, when she looked	5			

a peach, the beautiful Samaritan, still as beautiful and still	6		
in her teens, nurse Saintette Isabelle, with stiffstarched cuffs but	7		
on Holiday, Christmas, Easter mornings when she wore a wreath,	8		
the wonderful widow of eighteen springs, Madame Isa Veuve La	9		
Belle, so sad but lucksome in her boyblue's long black with	10		
orange blossoming weeper's veil) for she was the only girl they	11		
loved, as she is the queenly pearl you prize, because of the way	12		
the night that first we met she is bound to be, methinks, and not	13		
in vain, the darling of my heart, sleeping in her april cot, within	14		
her singachamer, with her greengageflavoured candywhistle	15		
duetted to the crazyquilt, Isobel, she is so pretty, truth to tell,	16		
wildwood's eyes and primarose hair, quietly, all the woods so	17		
wild, in mauves of moss and daphnedews, how all so still she lay,	18		
neath of the whitethorn, child of tree, like some losthappy leaf,	19		
like blowing flower stilled, as fain would she anon, for soon again	20		
'twill be, win me, woo me, wed me, ah weary me! deeply, now	21		
even calm lay sleeping;	22		
nowth upon nacht, while in his tumbril Wachtman Havelook	23		
seequeerscenes, from yonsides of the choppy, punkt by his	24		
curserbog, went long the grassgross bumpinstrass that henders	25		
the pubbel to pass, stowing his bottle in a hole for at whet his	26		
whuskle to stretch ecrooksman, sequestering for lovers' lost pro-	27		
pertied offices the leavethings from allpurgers' night, og gneiss	28		

ogas gnasty, kikkers, brillers, knappers and bands, handsboon	29		
and strumpers, sminkysticks and eddiketsflaskers;	30		
wan fine night and the next fine night and last find night while	31		
Kothereen the Slop in her native's chambercushy, with dreamings	32		
of simmering my veal astore, was basquing to her pillasleep how	33		
she thawght a knogg came to the dowanstairs dour at that howr	34		
to peirce the yare and dowandshe went, schritt be schratt, to see	35		
was it Schweeps's mingerals or Shuhorn the posth with a tilly-	36		
FW557			
cramp for Hemsself and Co, Esquara, or them four hoarsemen on	1		
their apolkaloops, Norreys, Soothbys, Yates and Welks, and,	2		
galorybit of the sanes in hevel, there was a crick up the stirkiss	3		
and when she ruz the cankle to see, galohery, downand she went	4		
on her knees to blessersef that were knogging together like milk-	5		
juggles as if it was the wrake of the hapspurus or old Kong	6		
Gander O'Toole of the Mountains or his googoo goosth she	7		
seein, sliving off over the sawdust lobby out of the backroom, wan	8		
ter, that was everywans in turruns, in his honeymoon trim, holding	9		
up his fingerhals, with the clookey in his fistball, tocher of davy's,	10		
tocher of ivileagh, for her to whisht, you sowbelly, and the	11		
whites of his pious eyebulbs swering her to silence and coort;	12		

each and every juridical sessions night, whenas goodmen	13		
twelve and true at fox and geese in their numbered habitations	14		
tried old wireless over boord in their juremembers, whereas by	15		
reverendum they found him guilty of their and those imputations	16		
of fornicolopulation with two of his albowcrural correlations on	17		
whom he was said to have enjoyed by anticipation when school-	18		
ing them in amown, mid grass, she sat, when man was, amazingly	19		
frank, for their first conjugation whose colours at standing up	20		
from the above were of a pretty carnation but, if really 'twere	21		
not so, of some deretane denudation with intent to excitation,	22		
caused by his retrogradation, among firearmed forces proper to	23		
this nation but apart from all titillation which, he said, was under	24		
heat pressure and a good mitigation without which in any case	25		
he insists upon being worthy of continued alimentation for him	26		
having displayed, he says, such grand toleration, reprobate so	27		
noted and all, as he was, with his washleather sweeds and his	28		
smokingstump, for denying transubstantiation nevertheless in	29		
respect of his highpowered station, whereof more especially as	30		
probably he was meantime suffering genteel tortures from the	31		
best medical attestation, as he oftentimes did, having only	32		
strength enough, by way of festination, to implore (or I believe	33		
you have might have said better) to complore, with complete	34		
obsecration, on everybody connected with him the curse of co-	35		

agulation for, he tells me outside Sammon's in King Street, after	36			
FW558				
two or three hours of close confabulation, by this pewterpint of	1			
Gilbey's goatswhey which is his prime consolation, albeit in-	2			
volving upon the same no uncertain amount of esophagous re-	3			
gurgitation, he being personally unpreoccupied to the extent of	4			
a flea's gizzard anent eructation, if he was still extremely offen-	5			
sive to a score and four nostrils' dilatation, still he was likewise,	6			
on the other side of him, for some nepmen's eyes a delectation, as	7			
he asserts without the least alienation, so prays of his faultt you	8			
would make obliteration but for our friend behind the bars,	9			
though like Adam Findlater, a man of estimation, summing him	10			
up to be done, be what will of excess his exaltation, still we think	11			
with Sully there can be no right extinuation for contravention	12			
of common and statute legislation for which the fit remedy	13			
resides, for Mr Sully, in corporal amputation: so three months for	14			
Gubbs Jeroboam, the frothwhiskered pest of the park, as per	15			
act one, section two, schedule three, clause four of the fifth of	16			
King Jark, this sentence to be carried out tomorrowmorn by	17			
Nolans Volans at six o'clock shark, and may the yeastwind and	18			
the hoppinghail malt mercy on his seven honeymeats and his	19			

hurlyburlygrowth, Amen, says the Clarke;	20			
niece by nice by neat by natty, whilst amongst revery's happy	21			
gardens nine with twenty Leixlip yearlings, darters all, had such a	22			
ripping time with gleeful cries of what is nice toppingshaun made	23			
of made for and weeping like fun, him to be gone, for they were	24			
never happier, huhu, than when they were miserable, haha;	25			
in their bed of trial, on the bolster of hardship, by the glimmer	26			
of memory, under coverlets of cowardice, Albatrus Nyanzer with	27			
Victa Nyanza, his mace of might mortified, her beautifell hung	28			
up on a nail, he, Mr of our fathers, she, our moddereen ru arue	29			
rue, they, ay, by the hodypoker and blazier, they are, as sure as	30			
dinny drops into the dyke . . .	31			
A cry off.	32			
Where are we at all? and whenabouts in the name of space?	33			
I don't understand. I fail to say. I dearsee you too.	34			
House of the cederbalm of mead. Garth of Fyon. Scene and	35			
property plot. Stagemanager's prompt. Interior of dwelling on out-	36			
FW559				
skirts of city. Groove two. Chamber scene. Boxed. Ordinary bed-	1			
room set. Salmonpapered walls. Back, empty Irish grate, Adam's	2			
mantel, with wilting elopement fan, soot and tinsel, condemned.	3			

North, wall with window practicable. Argentine in casement.	4		
Vamp. Pelmit above. No curtains. Blind drawn. South, party wall.	5		
Bed for two with strawberry bedspread, wickerworker clubsessel	6		
and caneseated millikinstool. Bookshrine without, facetowel upon.	7		
Chair for one. Woman's garments on chair. Man's trousers with	8		
crossbelt braces, collar on bedknob. Man's corduroy surcoat with	9		
tabrets and taces, seapan nacre buttons on nail. Woman's gown	10		
on ditto. Over mantelpiece picture of Michael, lance, slaying	11		
Satan, dragon with smoke. Small table near bed, front. Bed with	12		
bedding. Spare. Flagpatch quilt. Yverdown design. Limes.	13		
Lighted lamp without globe, scarf, gazette, tumbler, quantity	14		
of water, julepot, ticker, side props, eventuals, man's gummy	15		
article, pink.	16		
A time.	17		
Act: dumbshow.	18		
Closeup. Leads.	19		
Man with nightcap, in bed, fore. Woman, with curlpins, hind.	20		
Discovered. Side point of view. First position of harmony. Say!	21		
Eh? Ha! Check action. Matt. Male partly masking female. Man	22		
looking round, beastly expression, fishy eyes, paralleliped	23		
homoplatts, ghazometron pondus, exhibits rage. Business. Ruddy	24		
blond, Armenian bole, black patch, beer wig, gross build,	25		
episcopalian, any age. Woman, sitting, looks at ceiling, haggish	26		

expression, peaky nose, trekant mouth, fithery wight, exhibits	27		
fear. Welshrabbit teint, Nubian shine, nasal fossette, turfy tuft,	28		
undersized, free kirk, no age. Closeup. Play!	29		
Callboy. Cry off. Tabler. Her move.	30		
Footage.	31		
By the sinewy forequarters of the mare Pocahontas and by the	32		
white shoulders of Finnuala you should have seen how that	33		
smart sallowlass just hopped a nanny's gambit out of bunk like	34		
old mother Mesopotomac and in eight and eight sixtyfour she	35		
was off, door, knightlamp with her, billy's largelimbs prodgering	36		
FW560			
after to queen's lead. Promiscuous Omebound to Fiammelle la	1		
Diva. Huff! His move. Blackout.	2		
Circus. Corridor.	3		
Shifting scene. Wall flats: sink and fly. Spotlight working wall	4		
cloths. Spill playing rake and bridges. Room to sink: stairs to	5		
sink behind room. Two pieces. Haying after queue. Replay.	6		
The old humburgh looks a thing incomplete so. It is so. On its	7		
dead. But it will pawn up a fine head of porter when it is finished.	8		
In the quicktime. The castle arkwright put in a chequered staircase	9		
certainly. It has only one square step, to be steady, yet notwith-	10		

stumbling are they stalemating backgammoner supstairs by skips	11		
and trestles tiltop double corner. Whist while and game.	12		
What scenic artist! It is ideal residence for realtar. By hims	13		
ingang tilt tinkt a tunning bell that Limen Mr, that Boggey	14		
Godde, be airwaked. Lingling, lingling. Be their maggies in all.	15		
Chump, do your ephort. Shop! Please shop! Shop ado please!	16		
O ado please shop! How hominous his house, haunt it? Yesses	17		
indead it be! Nogen, of imperial measure, is begraved beneadher.	18		
Here are his naggins poured, his alladim lamps. Around the	19		
bloombiered, booty with the bedst. For them whom he have	20		
fordone make we newly thankful!	21		
Tell me something. The Porters, so to speak, after their	22		
shadowstealers in the newsbaggers, are very nice people, are they	23		
not? Very, all fourlike tellt. And on this wise, Mr Porter (Bar-	24		
tholomew, heavy man, astern, mackerel shirt, hayamatt peruke)	25		
is an excellent forefather and Mrs Porter (leading lady, a	26		
poopahead, gaffneysaffron nightdress, iszoppy chepelure) is a	27		
most kindhearted messmother. A so united family pateramater	28		
is not more existing on papel or off of it. As keymaster fits the	29		
lock it weds so this bally builder to his streamline secret. They	30		
care for nothing except everything that is allporterous. <i>Porto</i>	31		
<i>da Brozzo!</i> Isn't that terribly nice of them? You can ken that they	32		
come of a rarely old family by their costumance and one must	33		

to give that one supped of it in all tonearts from awe to zest. I	34		
think I begin to divine so much. Only snakkest me truesome! I	35		
stone us I'm hable.	36		
FW561			
To reachy a skeer do! Still hoyhra, till venstra! Here are two	1		
rooms on the upstairs, at forkflank and at knifekanter. Whom in	2		
the wood are they for? Why, for little Porter babes, to be saved!	3		
The coeds, boytom thwackers and timbuy teaser. Here is one-	4		
thing you owed two noe. This one once upon awhile was the	5		
other but this is the other one nighadays. Ah so? The Corsicos?	6		
They are numerable. Guest them. Major bed, minor bickhive.	7		
Halosobuth, sov us! Who sleeps in now number one, for ex-	8		
ample? A pussy, purr esimple. Cunina, Statulina and Edulia,	9		
but how sweet of her! Has your pussy a pessname? Yes, indeed,	10		
you will hear it passim in all the noveletta and she is named	11		
Buttercup. Her bare name will tellt it, a monitress. How very	12		
sweet of her and what an excessively lovecharming missynome	13		
to forsake, now that I come to drink of it filtred, a gracecup	14		
fulled of bitterness. She is dadad's lottiest daughterpearl and	15		
brooder's cissiest auntybride. Her shellback thimblecasket mirror	16		
only can show her dearest friendeen. To speak well her grace	17		

it would ask of Grecian language, of her goodness, that legend	18			
golden. Biryina Saindua! Loreas with lillias flocaflake arrosas!	19			
Here's newyearspray, the posquiflor, a windaborne and helio-	20			
trope; there miriamsweet and amaranth and marygold to crown.	21			
Add lightest knot unto tiptition. O Charis! O Charissima!	22			
A more intriguing bambolina could one not colour up out	23			
of Boccuccia's Enameron. Would one but to do apart a lilybit her	24			
virginelles and, so, to breath, so, therebetween, behold, she had	25			
instantt with her handmade as to graps the myth inmid the air.	26			
Mother of moth! I will to show herword in flesh. Approach not for	27			
ghost sake! It is dormition! She may think, what though little doth	28			
she realise, as morning fresheth, it hath happened her, you know	29			
what, as they too what two dare not utter. Silvoo plush, if scolded	30			
she draws a face. Petticoat's asleep but in the gentlenest of her	31			
thoughts apoo is a nursepin. To be presented, Babs for Bim-	32			
bushi? Of courts and with enticers. Up, girls, and at him! Alone?	33			
Alone what? I mean, our strifestirrer, does she do fleurty winkies	34			
with herself. Pussy is never alone, as records her chambrette, for	35			
she can always look at Biddles and talk petnames with her little	36			
FW562				
playfillly when she is sitting downy on the ploshmat. O, she	1			

talks, does she? Marry, how? Rosepetalleted sounds. Ah Biddles	2		
es ma plikplak. Ah plikplak wed ma Biddles. A nice jezebel bary-	3		
tinette she will gift but I much prefer her missnomer in maidenly	4		
golden lasslike gladsome wenchful flowery girlish beautycapes.	5		
So do I, much. Dulce delicatissima! Doth Dolly weeps she is	6		
hastings. Will Dally bumpsetty it is tubtime. Allaliefest, she who	7		
pities very pebbles, dare we not wish on her our thrice onsk?	8		
A lovely fear! That she seventip toe her chrysming, that she spin	9		
blue to scarlad till her temple's veil, that the Mount of Whoam it	10		
open it her to shelterer! She will blow ever so much more pro-	11		
misefuller, blee me, than all the other common marygales that	12		
romp round brigidschool, charming Carry Whambers or saucy	13		
Susy Maucepan of Merry Anna Patchbox or silly Polly Flinders.	14		
Platsch! A plikaplak.	15		
And since we are talking amnessly of brukasloop crazedledaze,	16		
who doez in sleeproom number twobis? The twobirds. Holy	17		
policeman, O, I see! Of what age are your birdies? They are to	18		
come of twinning age so soon as they may be born to be elder-	19		
ing like those olders while they are living under chairs. They are	20		
and they seem to be so tightly tattached as two maggots to touch	21		
other, I think I notice, do I not? You do. Our bright bull babe	22		
Frank Kevin is on heartsleeveside. Do not you waken him! Our	23		
farheard bode. He is happily to sleep, limb of the Lord, with his	24		

lifted in blessing, his buchel Iosa, like the blisped angel he looks so	25			
like and his mou is semiope as though he were blowdelling on a	26			
bugigle. Whene'er I see those smiles in eyes 'tis Father Quinn	27			
again. Very shortly he will smell sweetly when he will hear a weird	28			
to wean. By gorgeous, that boy will blare some knight when he will	29			
take his dane's pledges and quit our ingletears, spite of undesirable	30			
parents, to wend him to Amoricca to quest a cashy job. That keen	31			
dean with his veen nonsolance! O, I adore the profeen music!	32			
Dollarmighty! He is too audorable really, eunique! I guess to	33			
have seen somekid like him in the story book, guess I met some-	34			
where somelam to whom he will be becoming liker. But hush!	35			
How unpardonable of me! I beg for your venials, sincerely I do.	36			
FW563				
Hush! The other, twined on codliverside, has been crying in	1			
his sleep, making sharpshape his inscissors on some first choice	2			
sweets fished out of the muck. A stake in our mead. What a	3			
teething wretch! How his book of craven images! Here are post-	4			
humious tears on his intimelle. And he has pipettishly bespilled	5			
himself from his foundingpen as illspent from inkinghorn. He is	6			
jem job joy pip poo pat (jot um for a sobrat!) Jerry Jehu. You will	7			
know him by name in the capers but you cannot see whose heel he	8			

sheepfolds in his wrought hand because I have not told it to you.	9		
O, foetal sleep! Ah, fatal slip! the one loved, the other left, the	10		
bride of pride leased to the stranger! He will be quite within the pale	11		
when with lordbeeron brow he vows him so tosset to be of the sir	12		
Blake tribes bleak while through life's unblest he rodes backs of	13		
bannars. Are you not somewhat bulgar with your bowels?	14		
Whatever do you mean with bleak? With pale blake I write tint-	15		
ingface. O, you do? And with steelwhite and blackmail I ha'scint	16		
for my sweet an anemone's letter with a gold of my bridest hair	17		
betied. Donatus his mark, address as follows. So you did? From	18		
the Cat and Cage. O, I see and see! In the ink of his sweat	19		
he will find it yet. What Gipsy Devereux vowed to Lylian and	20		
why the elm and how the stone. You never may know in the	21		
preterite all perhaps that you would not believe that you ever	22		
even saw to be about to. Perhaps. But they are two very blizky	23		
little portereens after their bredscrums, Jerkoff and Eatsup, as	24		
for my part opinion indeed. They would be born so, costarred,	25		
puck and prig, the maryboy at Donnybrook Fair, the godolphing-	26		
lad in the Hoy's Court. How frilled one shall be as at taledold of	27		
Formio and Cigarette! What folly innocents! Theirs whet pep of	28		
puppyhood! Both barmhearts shall become yeastcake by their	29		
brackfest. I will to leave a my copperwise blessing between the	30		
pair of them, for rosengorge, for greenafang. Blech and tin soldies,	31		

weals in a sniffbox. Som's wholed, all's parted. Weeping shouldst	32			
not thou be when man falls but that divine scheming ever adoring	33			
be. So you be either man or mouse and you be neither fish nor	34			
flesh. Take. And take. Vellicate nyche! Be ones as wes for gives for	35			
gives now the hour of passings sembles quick with quelled. Adieu,	36			
soft adieu, for these nice presents, kerryjevin. Still toorrow!	37			
FW 564				
Jeminy, what is the view which now takes up a second posi-	1			
tion of discordance, tell it please? Mark! You notice it in that	2			
rereway because the male entail partially eclipses the femecovert.	3			
It is so called for its discord the meseedo. Do you ever heard the	4			
story about Helius Croesus, that white and gold elephant in our	5			
zoopark? You astonish me by it. Is it not that we are command-	6			
ing from fullback, woman permitting, a profusely fine birdseye	7			
view from beauhind this park? Finn his park has been much the	8			
admiration of all the stranger ones, grekish and romanos, who	9			
arrive to here. The straight road down the centre (see relief map)	10			
bisexes the park which is said to be the largest of his kind in the	11			
world. On the right prominence confronts you the handsome	12			
vinesregent's lodge while, turning to the other supreme piece of	13			
cheeks, exactly opposite, you are confounded by the equally hand-	14			

some chief sacristary's residence. Around is a little amiably tufted	15		
and man is cheered when he bewonders through the boskage	16		
how the nature in all frisko is enlivened by gentlemen's seats.	17		
Here are heavysuppers — 'tis for daddies housings for hun-	18		
dredaires of our super thin thousand. By gum, but you have	19		
resin! Of these tallworts are yielded out juices for jointoils and	20		
pappasses for paynims. Listeneth! 'Tis a tree story. How olave,	21		
that firile, was aplantad in her liveside. How tannoboom held	22		
tonobloom. How rood in norlandes. The black and blue marks	23		
athwart the weald, which now barely is so stripped, indicate the	24		
presence of sylvious beltings. Therewithal shady rides lend	25		
themselves out to rustic cavalries. In yonder valley, too,	26		
stays mountain sprite. Any pretty dears are to be caught inside	27		
but it is a bad pities of the plain. A scarlet pimparnell now	28		
mules the mound where anciently first murders were wanted	29		
to take root. By feud fionghalian. Talkingtree and sinningstone	30		
stay on either hand. Hystorical leavesdroppings may also be gar-	31		
nered up with sir Shamus Swiftpatrick, Archfieldchaplain of Saint	32		
Lucan's. How familiar it is to see all these interesting advenements	33		
with one snaked's eyes! Is all? Yet not! Hear one's. At the bodom	34		
fundus of this royal park, which, with tvigate shyasian gardeenen,	35		
is open to the public till night at late, so well the sissastrides so will	36		

FW565				
the pederestians, do not fail to point to yourself a depression	1			
called Holl Hollow. It is often quite guttergloomering in our	2			
duol and gives wankyrious thoughts to the head but the banders	3			
of the pentapolitan poleetsfurers bassoons into it on windy	4			
woodensdays their wellbooming wolvertones. Ulvos! Ulvos!	5			
Whervolk dorst ttou begin to tremble by our moving pictures	6			
at this moment when I am to place my hand of our true friend-	7			
shapes upon thee knee to mark well what I say? Throu shayest	8			
who? In Amsterdam there lived a . . . But how? You are trem-	9			
blotting, you retchad, like a verry jerry! Niet? Will you a gui-	10			
neeser? Gaij beutel of staub? To feel, you? Yes, how it trembles,	11			
the timid! Vortigern, ah Gortigern! Overlord of Mercia! Or	12			
doth brainskin flinchgreef? Stemming! What boyazhness! Sole	13			
shadow shows. Tis jest jibberweek's joke. It must have stole. O,	14			
keve silence, both! Putshameyu! I have heard her voice some-	15			
where else's before me in these ears still that now are for mine.	16			
Let op. Slew musies. Thunner in the eire.	17			
You were dreamend, dear. The pawdrag? The fawthrig?	18			
Shoe! Hear are no phanthares in the room at all, avikkeen. No	19			
bad bold faathern, dear one. Opop opop capallo, muy malinchily	20			
malchick! Gothgorod father godown followay tomollow the	21			

lucky load to Lublin for make his thoroughbass grossman's big-	22			
ness. Take that two piece big slap slap bold honty bottomsside	23			
pap pap pappa.	24			
— <i>Li ne dormis?</i>	25			
— <i>S! Malbone dormas.</i>	26			
— <i>Kia li krias nikte?</i>	27			
— <i>Parolas infanetes. S!</i>	28			
Only all in your imagination, dim. Poor little brittle magic	29			
nation, dim of mind! Shoe to me now, dear! Shoom of me! While	30			
elvery stream winds seling on for to keep this barrel of bounty	31			
rolling and the nightmail afarfrom morning nears.	32			
When you're coaching through Lucalised, on the sulphur spa	33			
to visit, it's safer to hit than miss it, stop at his inn! The hammers	34			
are telling the cobbles, the pickts are hacking the saxums, it's	35			
snugger to burrow abed than ballet on broadway. Tuck in your	36			
FW566				
blank! For it's race pound race the hosties rear all roads to ruin	1			
and layers by lifetimes laid down riches from poormen. Cried	2			
unions to chip, saltpetre to strew, gallpitch to drink, stonebread	3			
to break but it's bully to gulp good blueberry pudding. Doze	4			
in your warmth! While the elves in the moonbeams, feeling why,	5			

will keep my lilygem gently gleaming.	6		
In the sleepingchambers. The court to go into half morning.	7		
The four seneschals with their palfrey to be there now, all	8		
balaaming in their sellabouts and sharpening up their penisills. The	9		
boufeither Soakersoon at holdup tent sticker. The swabsister	10		
Katya to have duntalking and to keep shakenin dowan her drogh-	11		
edars. Those twelve chief barons to stand by duedesmally with	12		
their folded arums and put down all excursions and false alarums	13		
and after that to go back now to their runameat farums and re-	14		
compile their magnum chartarums with the width of the road	15		
between them and all harrums. The maidbrides all, in favours	16		
gay, to strew sleety cinders on their falling hair and for wouldbe	17		
joybells to ring sadly ringless hands. The dame dowager to stay	18		
kneeled how she is, as first mutherer with cord in coil. The two	19		
princes of the tower royal, daulphin and deevlin, to lie how they	20		
are without to see. The dame dowager's duffgerent to present	21		
wappon, blade drawn to the full and about wheel without to be	22		
seen of them. The infant Isabella from her coign to do obeisance	23		
toward the duffgerent, as first futherer with drawn brand. Then	24		
the court to come in to full morning. Herein see ye fail not!	25		
— <i>Vidu, porkego! Ili vi rigardas. Returnu, porkego! Maldeli-</i>	26		
<i>kato!</i>	27		
Gauze off heaven! Vision. Then. O, pluxty suddly, the sight	28		

entrancing! Hummels! That crag! Those hullocks! O Sire! So be	29		
accident occur is not going to commence! What have you there-	30		
fore? Fear you the donkers? Of roovers? I fear lest we have lost	31		
ours (non grant it!) respecting these wildy parts. How is hit finis-	32		
ter! How shagsome all and beastful! What do you show on? I	33		
show because I must see before my misfortune so a stark pointing	34		
pole. Lord of ladders, what for lungitube! Can you read the verst	35		
legend hereon? I am hather of the missed. Areed! To the dun-	36		
FW567			
leary obelisk via the rock vhat myles knox furlongs; to the	1		
general's postoffice howsands of patience; to the Wellington	2		
memorial half a league wrongwards; to Sara's bridge good hun-	3		
ter and nine to meet her: to the point, one yeoman's yard. He, he,	4		
he! At that do you leer, a setting up? With a such unfettered belly?	5		
Two cascades? I leer (O my big, O my bog, O my bigbagbone!)	6		
because I must see a buntingcap of so a pinky on the point. It is	7		
for a true glover's greetings and many burgesses by us, greats	8		
and grosses, uses to pink it in this way at tet-at-tet. For long has	9		
it been effigy of standard royal when broken on roofstaff which	10		
to the gunnings shall cast welcome from Courtmilit's Fortress,	11		
umptydum dumptydum. Remark you these hangovers, those	12		

streamer fields, his influx. Do you not have heard that, the queen	13		
lying abroad from fury of the gales, (meekname mocktitles her	14		
Nan Nan Nanetta) her liege of lateenth dignisties shall come on	15		
their bay tomorrow, Michalsmas, mellems the third and fourth of	16		
the clock, there to all the king's aussies and all their king's men,	17		
knechts tramlers and cavalcadars, led of herald graycloak, Ulaf	18		
Goldarskiel? Dog! Dog! Her lofts will be loosed for her and	19		
their tumblers broodcast. A progress shall be made in walk, ney? I	20		
trow it well, and uge by uge. He shall come, sidesmen accostant, by	21		
aryan jubilarian and on brigadier-general Nolan or and buccaneer-	22		
admiral Browne, with — who can doubt it? — his golden beagles	23		
and his white elkox terriers for a hunting on our littlego illcome	24		
faxes. In blue and buff of Beaufort the hunt shall make. It is	25		
poblesse noblige. Ommes will grin through collars when each	26		
riders other's ass. Me Eccls! What cats' killings overall! What	27		
popping out of guillotened widows! Quick time! Beware of	28		
waiting! Squintina plies favours on us from her rushfrail and	29		
Zosimus, the crowder, in his surcoat, sues us with souftwister.	30		
Apart we! Here are gantlets. I believe, by Plentifolks Mixymost!	31		
Yet if I durst to express the hope how I might be able to be pre-	32		
sent. All these peeplers entrapped and detraind on bikeygels	33		
and troykakyls and those puny farting little solitires! Tollacre,	34		
tollacre! Polo north will beseem Sibernian and Plein Pelouta will	35		

behowl ne yerking at lawncastrum ne ghimbelling on guelflinks.	36			
FW568				
Mauser Misma shall cease to stretch her and come abroad for what	1			
the blinkins is to be seen. A ruber, a rancher, a fullvide, a veri-	2			
dust and as crerdulous behind as he was before behind a damson	3			
of a sloe cooch. Mbv! The annamation of evabusies, the livlia-	4			
ness of her laughings, such as a plurality of bells! Have peacience,	5			
pray you! Place to dames! Even the Lady Victoria Landauner	6			
will leave to loll and parasol, all giddied into gushgasps with her	7			
dickey standing. Britus and Gothius shall no more joustle for	8			
that sonneplace but mark one autonement when, with si so silent,	9			
Cloudia Aiduolcis, good and dewed up, shall let fall, yes, no, yet,	10			
now, a rain. Muchsias grapcias! It is how sweet from her, the	11			
wispful, and they are soon seen swopsib so a sautrill as a meise.	12			
Its ist not the tear on this movent sped. Tix sixponce! Poum!	13			
Hool poll the bull? Fool pay the bill. Becups a can full. Peal, pull	14			
the bell! Still sayeme of ceremonies, much much more! So please-	15			
your! It stands in <i>Instopressible</i> how Meynhir Mayour, our	16			
boorgomaister, thon staunch Thorsman, (our Nancy's fancy, our	17			
own Nanny's Big Billy), his hod hoisted, in best bib and tucker,	18			
with Woolington bottes over buckram babbishkis and his clouded	19			

cane and necknoose aureal, surrounded of his full cooperation	20			
with fixed baronets and meng our pueblos, restrained by chain of	21			
hands from pinchgut, hoghill, darklane, gibbetmeade and beaux	22			
and laddes and bumbellye, shall receive Dom King at broadstone	23			
barrow meet a keys of goodmorrow on to his pompey cushion.	24			
Me amble dooty to your grace's majers! Arise, sir Pompkey	25			
Dompkey! Ear! Ear! Weakear! An allness eversides! We but	26			
miss that horse elder yet cherchant of the wise graveleek in	27			
cabbuchin garden. That his be foison, old Caubenhauben!	28			
'Twill be tropic of all days. By the splendour of Sole! Perfect	29			
weatherest prevailing. Thisafter, swift's mightmace deposing, he	30			
shall adress to His Serenemost by a speechreading from his	31			
minated vellum, alfi byrni gamman dealter etcera zezera eacla	32			
treacla youghta kaptor lomdom noo, who meaningwhile that	33			
illuminatured one, Papyroy of Pepinregn, my Sire, great, big King,	34			
(his scaffold is there set up, as to edify, by Rex Ingram, pageant-	35			
master) will be poking out with his canule into the arras of	36			
FW569				
what brilliant bridgelothes and joking up with his tonguespitz	1			
to the crimosing balkonladies, here's a help undo their modest	2			
stays with a fullbelow may the funnyfeelbelong. Oddsbones,	3			

that may it! Carilloners will ring their gluckspeels. Rng rng!	4		
Rng rng! S. Presbutt-in-the-North, S. Mark Underloop,	5		
S. Lorenz-by-the-Toolechest, S. Nicholas Myre. You shall	6		
hark to anune S. Gardener, S. George-le-Greek, S. Barclay	7		
Moitered, S. Phibb, Iona-in-the-Fields with Paull-the-Aposteln.	8		
And audialterand: S. Jude-at-Gate, Bruno Friars, S. Weslen-	9		
on-the-Row, S. Molyneux Without, S. Mary Stillamarries with	10		
Bride-and-Audeons-behind-Wardborg. How chimant in effect!	11		
Alla tingaling pealabells! So a many of churches one cannot	12		
pray own's prayers. 'Tis holyyear's day! Juin jully we may!	13		
Agithetta and Tranquilla shall demure umclaused but Marl-	14		
borough-the-Less, Greatchrist and Holy Protector shall have	15		
open virgilances. Beata Basilica! But will be not pontifi-	16		
cation? Dock, dock, agame! Primatially. At wateredge. Can-	17		
taberra and Neweryork may supprecate when, by vepers, for	18		
towned and travalled, his goldwhite swaystick aloft ylifted,	19		
umbrilla-parasoul, Monsigneur of Deublan shall impart to all.	20		
<i>Benedictus benedicat!</i> To board! And mealsight! Unjoint him	21		
this bittern, frust me this chicken, display yon crane, thigh her	22		
her pigeon, unlace allay rabbit and pheasant! Sing: Old Finncoole,	23		
he's a mellow old saoul when he swills with his fuddlers free!	24		
Poppop array! For we're all jollygame fellhellowes which no-	25		
bottle can deny! Here be trouts culponed for ye and salmons	26		



chined and sturgeons tranced, sanced capons, lobsters barbed.	27			
Call halton eatwords! Mumm me moe mummers! What, no	28			
Ithaliens? How, not one Moll Pamelas? Accordingly! Play actors	29			
by us ever have crash to their gate. Mr Messop and Mr Borry will	30			
produce of themselves, as they're two genitalmen of Veruno,	31			
Senior Nowno and Senior Brolano (finaly! finaly!), all for love of	32			
a fair penitent that, a she be broughton, rhoda's a rosy she. Their	33			
two big skins! How they strave to gat her! Such a boyplay! Their	34			
bouchiculture! What tyronte power! Buy our fays! My name is	35			
novel and on the Granby in hills. Bravose! Thou traitor slave!	36			
FW570				
Mine name's Apnorval and o'er the Grandbeyond Mountains.	1			
Bravossimost! The royal nusick their show shall shut with song-	2			
slide to nature's solemn silence. Deep Dalchi Dolando! Might	3			
gentle harp addurge! It will give piketurns on the tummliplads	4			
and forain dances and crosshurdles and dollmanovers and viceuv-	5			
ious pyrolyphics, a snow of dawnflakes, at darkfall for Grace's	6			
Mamnesty and our fancy ladies, all assombred. Some wholetime in	7			
hot town tonight! You do not have heard? It stays in book	8			
of that which is. I have heard anyone tell it jesterday (master	9			
currier with brassard was't) how one should come on morrow	10			

here but it is never here that one today. Well but remind to think,	11		
you where yestoday Ys Morganas war and that it is always to-	12		
morrow in toth's tother's place. Amen.	13		
True! True! Vouchsafe me more soundpicture! It gives furi-	14		
ously to think. Is rich Mr Pornter, a squire, not always in his such	15		
strong health? I thank you for the best, he is in taken deal ex-	16		
ceedingly herculeaneous. One sees how he is lot stoutlier than of	17		
formerly. One would say him to hold whole a litteringture of	18		
kidlings under his aproham. Has handsome Sir Pournter always	19		
been so long married? O yes, Lord Pournterfamilias has been	20		
marryingman ever since so long time in Hurtleforth, where he	21		
appeers as our oily the active, and, yes indeed, he has his mic son	22		
and his two fine mac sons and a superfine mick want they mack	23		
metween them. She, she, she! But on what do you again leer? I am	24		
not leering, I pink you pardons. I am highly sheshe sherious.	25		
Do you not must want to go somewhere on the present?	26		
Yes, O pity! At earliest moment! That prickly heat feeling! For-	27		
think not me spill it's at always so guey. Here we shall do a	28		
far walk (O pity) anygo khaibits till the number one of sairey's	29		
place. Is, is. I want you to admire her sceneries illustrationing	30		
our national first rout, one ought ought one. We shall too	31		
downlook on that ford where Sylvanus Sanctus washed but	32		
hurdley those tips of his anointeds. Do not show ever retrorsehim,	33		

crookodeyled, till that you become quite crimestone in the face!	34			
Beware! guardafew! It is Stealer of the Heart! I am anxious in	35			
regard you should everthrown your sillarsalt. I will dui sui, tef-	36			
FW571				
nute! These brilling waveaplighs! Please say me how sing you	1			
them. Seekhem seckhem! They arise from a clear springwell in	2			
the near of our park which makes the daft to hear all blend. This	3			
place of endearment! How it is clear! And how they cast their	4			
spells upon, the fronds that thereup float, the bookstaff branch-	5			
ings! The druggeted stems, the leaves incut on trees! Do you	6			
can their tantrist spellings? I can lese, skillmistress aiding. Elm,	7			
bay, this way, cull dare, take a message, tawny runes ilex sallow,	8			
meet me at the pine. Yes, they shall have brought us to the water	9			
trysting, by hedjes of maiden ferm, then here in another place is	10			
their chapelofeases, sold for song, of which you have thought	11			
my praise too much my price. O ma ma! Yes, sad one of Ziod?	12			
Sell me, my soul dear! Ah, my sorrowful, his cloister dreeping	13			
of his monkshood, how it is triste to death, all his dark ivytod!	14			
Where cold in dearth. Yet see, my blanching kissabelle, in the	15			
under close she is allso gay, her kirtles green, her curtsies white,	16			
her peony pears, her nistlingsloes! I, pipette, I must also quick-	17			

lingly to tryst myself softly into this littleeasechapel. I would	18			
rather than Ireland! But I pray, make! Do your easiness! O,	19			
peace, this is heaven! O, Mr Prince of Pouringtoher, whatever	20			
shall I pppease to do? Why do you so lifesighs, my precious, as	21			
I hear from you, with limmenings lemantitions, after that swollen	22			
one? I am not sighing, I assure, but only I am soso sorry about	23			
all in my saarasplace. Listen, listen! I am doing it. Hear more to	24			
those voices! Always I am hearing them. Horsehem coughs	25			
enough. Annshee lispes privily.	26			
— He is quieter now.	27			
— Legalentitled. Accesstopartnuzz. Notwildebeestsch. By-	28			
rightfoaptz. Twainbeonerflsh. Haveandholdpp.	29			
— S! Let us go. Make a noise. Slee . . .	30			
— Qui . . . The gir . . .	31			
— Huesofrichunfoldingmorn. Wakenupriseandprove. Pro-	32			
videforsacrifice.	33			
— Wait! Hist! Let us list!	34			
For our netherworld's bosomfoes are working tooth and nail	35			
overtime: in earthveins, toadcavites, chessganglions, saltkles-	36			
FW572				
ters, underfed: nagging firenibblers knockling aterman up out of	1			

his hinterclutch. Tomb be their tools! When the youngdammers	2		
will be soon heartpocking on their betters' doornoggers: and the	3		
youngfries will be backfrisking diamondcuts over their lyingin	4		
underlayers, spick and spat trowelling a gravetrench for their	5		
fourinhand forebears. Vote for your club!	6		
— Wait!	7		
— What!	8		
— Her door!	9		
— Ope?	10		
— See!	11		
— What?	12		
— Careful.	13		
— Who?	14		
Live well! Iniivdluaritzas! Tone!	15		
Cant ear! Her dorters ofe? Whofe? Her eskmeno daughters	16		
hope? Whope? Ellme, elmme, elskmestoon! Soon!	17		
Let us consider.	18		
The procurator Interrogarius Mealterum presents us this pro-	19		
poser.	20		
Honuphrius is a concupiscent exservicemajor who makes dis-	21		
honest propositions to all. He is considered to have committed,	22		
invoking <i>droit d'oreiller</i> , simple infidelities with Felicia, a virgin,	23		
and to be practising for unnatural coits with Eugenius and Jere-	24		

mias, two or three philadelphians. Honophrius, Felicia, Eugenius	25			
and Jeremias are consanguineous to the lowest degree. Anita	26			
the wife of Honophrius, has been told by her tirewoman, For-	27			
tissa, that Honuphrius has blasphemously confessed under volun-	28			
tary chastisement that he has instructed his slave, Mauritius, to	29			
urge Magravius, a commercial, emulous of Honuphrius, to solicit	30			
the chastity of Anita. Anita is informed by some illegitimate	31			
children of Fortissa with Mauritius (the supposition is Ware's)	32			
that Gillia, the schismatical wife of Magravius, is visited clandes-	33			
tinely by Barnabas, the advocate of Honuphrius, an immoral	34			
person who has been corrupted by Jeremias. Gillia, (a cooler	35			
blend, D'Alton insists) <i>ex equo</i> with Poppea, Arancita, Clara,	36			
FW573				
Marinuzza, Indra and Iodina, has been tenderly debauched	1			
(in Halliday's view), by Honuphrius, and Magravius knows	2			
from spies that Anita has formerly committed double sacrilege	3			
with Michael, <i>vulgo</i> Cerularius, a perpetual curate, who wishes	4			
to seduce Eugenius. Magravius threatens to have Anita molested	5			
by Sulla, an orthodox savage (and leader of a band of twelve	6			
mercenaries, the Sullivani), who desires to procure Felicia for	7			
Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius and Macdugalius, four excavators, if	8			

she will not yield to him and also deceive Honuphrius by ren-	9		
dering conjugal duty when demanded. Anita who claims to have	10		
discovered incestuous temptations from Jeremias and Eugenius	11		
would yield to the lewdness of Honuphrius to appease the	12		
savagery of Sulla and the mercernariness of the twelve Sullivani,	13		
and (as Gilbert at first suggested), to save the virginity of	14		
Felicia for Magravius when converted by Michael after the	15		
death of Gillia, but she fears that, by allowing his marital rights	16		
she may cause reprehensible conduct between Eugenius and	17		
Jeremias. Michael, who has formerly debauched Anita, dispen-	18		
ses her from yielding to Honuphrius who pretends publicly to	19		
possess his conjunct in thirtynine several manners (<i>turpiter!</i>	20		
affirm <i>ex cathedris</i> Gerontes Cambronses) for carnal hygiene	21		
whenever he has rendered himself impotent to consummate by	22		
subdolence. Anita is disturbed but Michael comminates that	23		
he will reserve her case tomorrow for the ordinary Guglielmus	24		
even if she should practise a pious fraud during affrication	25		
which, from experience, she knows (according to Wadding),	26		
to be leading to nullity. Fortissa, however, is encouraged by	27		
Gregorius, Leo, Viteilius, and Magdugalius, reunitedly, to warn	28		
Anita by describing the strong chastisements of Honuphrius	29		
and the depravities (<i>turpissimas!</i>) of Canicula, the deceased wife	30		
of Mauritius, with Sulla, the simoniac, who is abnegand and	31		

repents. Has he hegemony and shall she submit?	32			
Translate a lax, you breed a bradaun. In the goods of Cape and	33			
Chattertone, deceased.	34			
This, lay readers and gentlemen, is perhaps the commonest	35			
of all cases arising out of umbrella history in connection with	36			
FW574				
the wood industries in our courts of litigation. D'Oyly Owens	1			
holds (though Finn Magnusson of himself holds also) that so	2			
long as there is a joint deposit account in the two names a	3			
mutual obligation is posited. Owens cites Brerfuchs and Warren,	4			
a foreign firm, since disseized, registered as Tangos, Limited,	5			
for the sale of certain proprietary articles. The action which was	6			
at the instance of the trustee of the heathen church emergency	7			
fund, suing by its trustee, a resigned civil servant, for the pay-	8			
ment of tithes due was heard by Judge Doyle and also by a com-	9			
mon jury. No question arose as to the debt for which vouchers	10			
spoke volumes. The defence alleged that payment had been made	11			
effective. The fund trustee, one Jucundus Fecundus Xero Pecun-	12			
dus Coppercheap, counterclaimed that payment was invalid	13			
having been tendered to creditor under cover of a crossed cheque,	14			
signed in the ordinary course, in the name of Wieldhelm, Hurls	15			

Cross, voucher copy provided, and drawn by the senior partner	16			
only by whom the lodgment of the species had been effected but	17			
in their joint names. The bank particularised, the national misery	18			
(now almost entirely in the hands of the four chief bondholders	19			
for value in Tangos), declined to pay the draft, though there	20			
were ample reserves to meet the liability, whereupon the trusty	21			
Coppercheap negotiated it for and on behalf of the fund of the	22			
thing to a client of his, a notary, from whom, on consideration, he	23			
received in exchange legal relief as between trustee and bethrust,	24			
with thanks. Since then the cheque, a good washable pink, em-	25			
bossed D you D No 11 hundred and thirty 2, good for the figure	26			
and face, had been circulating in the country for over thirtynine	27			
years among holders of Pango stock, a rival concern, though not	28			
one demonetised farthing had ever spun or fluctuated across the	29			
counter in the semblance of hard coin or liquid cash. The jury (a	30			
sour dozen of stout fellows all of whom were curiously named	31			
after doyles) naturally disagreed jointly and severally, and the	32			
belligerent judge, disagreeing with the allied jurors' disagree-	33			
ment, went outside his jurisdiction altogether and ordered a gar-	34			
nishee attachment to the neutral firm. No <i>mandamus</i> could lo-	35			
cate the depleted whilom Breyfawkes as he had entered into an	36			
FW575				

ancient moratorium, dating back to the times of the early barbers,	1			
and only the junior partner Barren could be found, who entered an	2			
appearance and turned up, upon a notice of motion and after service	3			
of the motion by interlocutory injunction, among the male jurors	4			
to be an obsolete turfwoman, originally from the proletarian class,	5			
with still a good title to her sexname of Ann Doyle, 2 Coppinger's	6			
Cottages, the Doyle's country. Doyle (Ann), add woman in,	7			
having regretfully left the juryboxers, protested cheerfully on the	8			
stand in a long juryriad <i>in re</i> corset checks, delivered in doy-	9			
lish, that she had often, in supply to brusque demands rising almost	10			
to bollion point, discounted Mr Brakeforth's first of all in ex-	11			
change at nine months from date without issue and, to be strictly	12			
literal, unbottled in corrubberation a current account of how	13			
she had been made at sight for services rendered the payee-	14			
drawee of unwashable blank assignations, sometimes pinkwilliams	15			
(laughter) but more often of the <i>crème-de-citron</i> , <i>vair émail paon-</i>	16			
<i>coque</i> or marshmallow series, which she, as bearer, used to en-	17			
dorse, adhesively, to her various payers-drawers who in most cases	18			
were identified by the timber papers as wellknown tetigists of the	19			
city and suburban. The witness, at her own request, asked if she	20			
might and wrought something between the sheets of music paper	21			
which she had accompanied herself with for the occasion and	22			

this having been handed up for the bench to look at <i>in camera</i> ,	23			
Coppinger's doll, as she was called, (<i>annias</i> , Mack Erse's Dar,	24			
the adopted child) then proposed to jerrykin and jureens and every	25			
jim, jock and jarry in that little green courtinghouse for her satis-	26			
faction and as a whole act of settlement to reamalgamate herself,	27			
tomorrow perforce, in pardonership with the permanent suing fond	28			
trustee, Monsignore Pepigi, under the new style of Will Break-	29			
fast and Sparrem, as, when all his cognisances had been estreated,	30			
he seemed to proffer the steadiest interest towards her, but this	31			
preproposal was ruled out on appeal by Judge Jeremy Doyler, who,	32			
reserving judgment in a matter of courts and reversing the find-	33			
ings of the lower correctional, found, beyond doubt of treason,	34			
fending the dissassents of the pickpackpanel, twelve as upright	35			
judaces as ever let down their thoms, and, <i>occupante extremum</i>	36			
FW576				
<i>scabie</i> , handed down to the jury of the Liffey that, as a matter of	1			
tact, the woman they gave as free was born into contractual in-	2			
capacity (the Calif of Man <i>v</i> the Eaudelusk Company) when, how	3			
and where mamy's mancipium act did not apply and therefore held	4			
supremely that, as no property in law can exist in a corpse,	5			
(Hal Kilbride <i>v</i> Una Bellina) Pepigi's pact was pure piffle (loud	6			

laughter) and Wharrem would whistle for the rhino. Will you,	7		
won't you, pango with Pepigi? Not for Nancy, how dare you do!	8		
And whew whewwhew whew.	9		
— He sighed in sleep.	10		
— Let us go back.	11		
— Lest he forewaken.	12		
— Hide ourselves.	13		
While hovering dreamwings, folding around, will hide from	14		
fears my wee mee mannikin, keep my big wig long strong mano-	15		
men, guard my bairn, <i>mon beau</i> .	16		
— To bed.	17		
Prospector projector and boomooster giant builder of all	18		
causeways woesoever, hopping offpoint and true terminus of	19		
straxstraightcuts and corkscrewn perambulaups, zeal whence to	20		
goal whither, wonderlust, in sequence to which every muckle	21		
must make its mickle, as different as York from Leeds, being the	22		
only wise in a muck's world to look on itself from beforehand;	23		
mirrorminded curiositease and would-to-the-large which bring	24		
hills to molehunter, home through first husband, perils behind	25		
swine and horsepower down to hungerford, prick this man and	26		
tittup this woman, our forced payrents, Bogy Bobow with his	27		
cunnyngnest couchmare, Big Maester Finnykin with Phenicia	28		
Parkes, lame of his ear and gape of her leg, most correctingly,	29		

we beseach of you, down their laddercase of nightwatch service	30		
and bring them at suntime flush with the nethermost gangrung	31		
of their stepchildren, guide them through the labyrinth of their	32		
samilikes and the alteregoases of their pseudoselves, hedge them	33		
bothways from all roamers whose names are ligious, from loss	34		
of bearings deliver them; so they keep to their rights and be	35		
ware of duty frees, neoliffic smith and magdalenian jinnyjones,	36		
FW577			
mandragon mor and weak wiffeyducky, Morionmale and Thry-	1		
dacianmad, basilisk glorious with his weeniequeenie, tigernack	2		
and swansgrace, he as hale as his ardouries, she as verve as her	3		
veines; this prime white arsenic with bissemate alloyed, martial	4		
sin with peccadilly, free to lease hold with first mortgage, dow-	5		
ser dour and dipper douce, stop-that-war and feel-this-feather,	6		
norsebloodheartened and landsmoolwashable, great gas with	7		
fun-in-the-corner, grand slam with fall-of-the-trick, solomn one	8		
and shebby, cod and coney, cash and carry, in all we dreamed	9		
the part we dreaded, corsair coupled with his dame, royal biber	10		
but constant lymph, boniface and bonnyfeatures, nazil hose and	11		
river mouth, bang-the-change and batter-the-bolster, big smoke	12		
and lickley roesthy, humanity's fahrman by society leader, voguener	13		

and trulley, humpered and elf, Urloughmoor with Miryburrow,	14		
leaks and awfully, basal curse yet grace abunda, Regies Producer	15		
with screendoll Vedette, peg of his claim and pride of her heart,	16		
cliffscaur grisly but rockdove cooing, hodinstag on fryggabet,	17		
baron and feme: that he may dishcover her, that she may uncouple	18		
him, that one may come and crumple them, that they may soon	19		
recoup themselves: now and then, time on time again, as per	20		
periodicity; from Neaves to Willses, from Bushmills to Enos; to	21		
Goerz from Harleem, to Hearths of Oak from Skittish Widdas;	22		
via mala, hyber pass, heckhisway per alptrack: through lands-	23		
vague and vain, after many mandelays: in their first case, to the	24		
next place, till their cozenkerries: the high and the by, both pent	25		
and plain: cross cowslips yillow, yellow, yellow, past pumpkins	26		
pinguind, purplesome: be they whacked to the wide other tied	27		
to hustings, long sizzleroads neath arthruseat, him to the derby,	28		
her to toun, til sengentide do coddlam: in the grounds or unter-	29		
linnen: rue to lose and ca canny: at shipside, by convent garden:	30		
monk and sempstress, in sackcloth silkily: curious dreamers,	31		
curious dramas, curious deman, plagiast dayman, playajest	32		
dearest, plaguiest dourest: for the strangfort planters are pro-	33		
desting, and the karkery felons dryflooring it and the leperties'	34		
laddos railing the way, blump for slogo slee!	35		
Stop! Did a stir? No, is fast. On to bed! So he is. It's only the	36		

FW578				
wind on the road outside for to wake all shivering shanks from	1			
snorring.	2			
But. Oom Godd his villen, who will he be, this mitryman, some	3			
king of the yeast, in his chrismy greyed brunzewig, with the snow	4			
in his mouth and the caspian asthma, so bulk of build? Relics of	5			
pharrer and livite! Dik Gill, Tum Lung or Macfinnan's cool	6			
Harryng? He has only his hedcosycasket on and his wollsey	7			
shirtplisse with peascod doublet, also his feet wear doubled width	8			
socks for he always must to insure warm sleep between a pair of	9			
fullyfleeced bankers like a finnoc in a cauwl. Can thus be Mithra	10			
Norkmann that keeps our hotel? Begor, Mr O'Sorgmann, you're	11			
looking right well! Hecklar's champion ethnicist. How deft as a	12			
fuchser schouws daft as a fish! He's the dibble's own doges for	13			
doublin existents! But a jolly fine daysent form of one word.	14			
He's rounding up on his family.	15			
And who is the bodikin by him, sir? So voulzievalsshie? With	16			
ybbs and zabs? Her trixiestrial is tripping her, vop! Luck at the	17			
way for the lucre of smoke she's looping the lamp! Why, that's	18			
old missness wipethemdry! Well, well, wellsowells! Donau-	19			
watter! Ardechious me! With her halfbend as proud as a peahen,	20			

allabalmy, and her troutbeck quiverlipe, ninyananya. And her	21		
steptojazyma's culunder buzztle. Happy tea area, naughtygay	22		
frew! Selling sunlit sopes to washtout winches and rhaincold	23		
draughts to the props of his pubs. She tired lipping the swells at	24		
Pont Delisle till she jumped the boom at Brounemouth. Now	25		
she's borrid his head under Hatesbury's Hatch and loamed his	26		
fate to old Love Lane. And she's just the same old haporth of	27		
dripping. She's even brennt her hair.	28		
Which route are they going? Why? Angell sitter or Amen	29		
Corner, Norwood's Southwalk or Euston Waste? The solvent	30		
man in his upper gambeson withnot a breth against him and the	31		
wee wiping womanahoussy. They're coming terug their dia-	32		
mond wedding tour, giant's inchly elfkin's ell, vesting their char-	33		
acters vixendevolment, andens aller, athors err, our first day man	34		
and your dresser and mine, that Luxuumburgher evec cettehis	35		
Alzette, konyglik shire with his queensh countess, Stepney's	36		
FW579			
shipchild with the waif of his bosun, Dunmow's flitcher with	1		
duck-on-the-rock, down the scales, the way they went up,	2		
under tallis and threading tormentors, shunning the startraps and	3		
slipping in sliders, risking a runway, ruing reveals, from Elder	4		

Arbor to La Puirée, eskiping the clockback, crystal in carbon,	5		
sweetheartedly. Hot and cold and electrickerly with attendance	6		
and lounge and promenade free. In spite of all that science could	7		
boot or art could eke. Bolt the grinden. Cave and can em.	8		
Single wrecks for the weak, double axe for the mail, and quick	9		
queck quack for the radiose. Renove that bible. You will never	10		
have post in your pocket unless you have brasse on your plate.	11		
Beggards outdoor. Goat to the Endth, thou slowguard! Mind	12		
the Monks and their Grasps. Scrape your souls. Commit no	13		
miracles. Postpone no bills. Respect the uniform. Hold the raa-	14		
bers for the kunning his plethoron. Let leash the dooves to the	15		
cooin her coynt. Hatenot havenots. Share the wealth and spoil	16		
the weal. Peg the pound to tom the devil. My time is on draught.	17		
Bottle your own. Love my label like myself. Earn before eating.	18		
Drudge after drink. Credit tomorrow. Follow my dealing. Fetch	19		
my price. Buy not from dives. Sell not to freund. Herenow chuck	20		
english and learn to pray plain. Lean on your lunch. No cods	21		
before Me. Practise preaching. Think in your stomach. Import	22		
through the nose. By faith alone. Season's weather. Gomorrha.	23		
Salong. Lots feed from my tidetable. Oil's wells in our lands. Let	24		
earwigger's wivable teach you the dance!	25		
Now their laws assist them and ease their fall!	26		
For they met and mated and bedded and buckled and got and	27		

gave and reared and raised and brought Thawland within Har	28			
danger, and turned them, tarrying to the sea and planted and	29			
plundered and pawned our souls and pillaged the pounds of the	30			
extramurals and fought and feigned with strained relations and	31			
bequeathed us their ills and recrutched cripples gait and under-	32			
mined lungachers, manplanting seven sisters while wan warm-	33			
wooded woman scrubbs, and turned out coats and removed their	34			
origins and never learned the first day's lesson and tried to	35			
mingle and managed to save and feathered foes' nests and fouled	36			
FW580				
their own and wayleft the arenotts and ponted vodavalls for the	1			
zollgebordened and escaped from liquidation by the heirs of their	2			
death and were responsible for congested districts and rolled	3			
olled logs into Peter's sawyery and werfed new woodcuts on	4			
Paoli's wharf and ewesed Rachel's lea and rammed Dominic's	5			
gap and looked haggards after lazatables and rode fourscore odd-	6			
winters and struck rock oil and forced a policeman and col-	7			
laughsed at their phizes in Toobiassed and Zachary and left off	8			
leaving off and kept on keeping on and roused up drink and	9			
poured balm down and were cuffed by their customers and bit	10			
the dust at the foot of the poll when in her deergarth he gave up	11			

his goat after the battle of Multaferry. Pharoah with fairy, two	12		
lie, let them! Yet they wend it back, qual his leif, himmortality,	13		
bullseaboob and rivishy divil, light in hand, helm on high, to	14		
peekaboo durk the thicket of slumbwhere, till their hour with	15		
their scene be struck for ever and the book of the dates he close,	16		
he clasp and she and she seegn her tour d'adieu, Pervinca calling,	17		
Soloscar hears. (O Sheem! O Shaam!), and gentle Isad Ysut gag,	18		
flispering in the nightleaves flattery, dinsiduously, to Finnegan,	19		
to sin again and to make grim grandma grunt and grin again	20		
while the first grey streaks steal silvering by for to mock their	21		
quarrels in dollymount tumbling.	22		
They near the base of the chill stair, that large incorporate	23		
licensed vintner, such as he is, from former times, nine hosts in	24		
himself, in his hydrocomic establishment and his ambling limfy	25		
peepingpartner, the slave of the ring that worries the hand that	26		
sways the lamp that shadows the walk that bends to his bane the	27		
busynext man that came on the cop with the fenian's bark that	28		
pickled his widow that primed the pope that passed it round on	29		
the volunteers' plate till it croppied the ears of Purses Relle that	30		
kneed O'Connell up out of his doss that shouldered Burke that	31		
butted O'Hara that woke the busker that grattaned his crowd	32		
that bucked the jiggers to rhyme the rann that flooded the routes	33		
in Eryan's isles from Malin to Clear and Carnsore Point to Slyna-	34		

gollow and cleaned the pockets and ransomed the ribs of all the	35		
listeners, leud and lay, that bought the ballad that Hosty made.	36		
FW581			
Anyhow (the matter is a troublous and a peniloose) have they	1		
not called him at many's their mock indignation meeting, veh-	2		
men's vengeance vective volleying, inwader and uitlander, the	3		
notables, crashing libels in their sullivan's mounted beards about	4		
him, their right renownsable patriarch? Heinz cans everywhere	5		
and the swanee her ainsell and Eyrewaker's family sock that they	6		
smuggled to life betune them, roaring (Big Reilly was the worst):	7		
free boose for the man from the nark, sure, he never was worth	8		
a cornerwall fark, and his banishee's bedpan she's a quareold bite	9		
of a tark: as they wendelled their zingaway wivewards from his	10		
find me cool's moist opulent vinery, highjacking through the	11		
nagginneck pass, as they hauled home with their hogsheds,	12		
axpoxtelating, and claiming cowed consollation, sursumcordial,	13		
from the bluefunkfires of the dipper and the martian's frost?	14		
Use they not, our noesmall termtraders, to abhors offrom	15		
him, the yet unregendered thunderslog, whose sbrogue cunneth	16		
none lordmade undersiding, how betwixt wifely rule and <i>mens</i>	17		
<i>conscia recti</i> , then hemale man all unbracing to omniwomen, but	18		

now shedropping his hitches like any maidavale oppersite orse-	19		
riders in an idinhole? Ah, dearo! Dearo, dear! And her illian!	20		
And his willyum! When they were all there now, matinmarked	21		
for lookin on. At the carryfour with awlus plawshus, their happy-	22		
ass cloudious! And then and too the trivials! And their bivouac!	23		
And his monomyth! Ah ho! Say no more about it! I'm sorry!	24		
I saw. I'm sorry! I'm sorry to say I saw!	25		
Gives there not too amongst us after all events (or so grunts	26		
a leading hebdromadary) some togethershush of stillandbutall-	27		
youknow that, insofarforth as, all up and down the whole con-	28		
creation say, efficient first gets there finally every time, as a com-	29		
plex matter of pure form, for those excess and that pasphault	30		
hardhearingness from their eldfar, in grippees and rumblions,	31		
through fresh taint and old treason, another like that alter but	32		
not quite such anander and stillandbut one not all the selfsame	33		
and butstillone just the maim and encore emmerhim may always,	34		
with a little difference, till the latest up to date so early in the	35		
morning, have evertheless been allmade amenable?	36		
FW582			
Yet he begottom.	1		
Let us wherefore, tearing ages, presently preposterose a	2		

snatchvote of thanksalot to the huskiest coaxing experimenter	3		
that ever gave his best hand into chancerisk, wishing him with	4		
his famblings no end of slow poison and a mighty broad venue	5		
for themselves between the devil's punchbowl and the deep	6		
angleseaboard, that they may gratefully turn a deaf ear clooshed	7		
upon the desperanto of willynully, their shareholders from Taaffe	8		
to Auliffe, that will curse them below par and mar with their	9		
descendants, shame, humbug and profit, to greenmould upon	10		
mildew over jaundice as long as ever there's wagtail surtaxed to	11		
a testcase on enver a man.	12		
We have to had them whether we'll like it or not. They'll have	13		
to have us now then we're here on theirspot. Scant hope theirs	14		
or ours to escape life's high carnage of semperidentity by sub-	15		
sisting peasemeal upon variables. Bloody certainly have we got	16		
to see to it ere smellful demise surprends us on this concrete that	17		
down the gullies of the eras we may catch ourselves looking	18		
forward to what will in no time be staring you larrikins on the	19		
postface in that multimirror megaron of returningties, whirled	20		
without end to end. So there was a raughty . . . who in Dyfflins-	21		
borg did . . . With his soddering iron, spadeaway, hammerlegs	22		
and . . . Where there was a fair young . . . Who was playing her	23		
game of . . . And said she you rockaby . . . Will you peddle in	24		
my bog . . . And he sod her in Iarland, paved her way from	25		

Maizenhead to Youghal. And that's how Humpfrey, champion	26			
emir, holds his own. Shysweet, she rests.	27			
Or show pon him now, will you! Derg rudd face should take	28			
patrick's purge. Hokoway, in his hiphigh bearserk! Third posi-	29			
tion of concord! Excellent view from front. Sidome. Female	30			
imperfectly masking male. Redspot his browbrand. Woman's	31			
the prey! Thon's the dullakeykongsbyogblagroggerswagginline	32			
(private judgers, change here for Loothestown! Onlyromans,	33			
keep your seats!) that drew all ladies please to our great mettroll-	34			
ops. Leary, leary, twentytun nearly, he's plotting kings down	35			
for his villa's extension! Gaze at him now in momentum! As his	36			
FW583				
bridges are blown to babbyrags, by the lee of his hulk upright	1			
on her orbits, and the heave of his juniper arx in action, he's	2			
naval I see. Poor little tartanelle, her dinties are chattering, the	3			
strait's she's in, the bulloge she bears! Her smirk is smeeching	4			
behind for her hills. By the queer quick twist of her mobcap and	5			
the lift of her shift at random and the rate of her gate of going	6			
the pace, two thinks at a time, her country I'm proud of. The	7			
field is down, the race is their own. The galleonman jovial on his	8			
bucky brown nightmare. Bigrob dignagging his lylyputtana.	9			

One to one bore one! The datter, io, io, sleeps in peace, in peace.	10		
And the twillingsons, ganymede, garrymore, turn in trot and	11		
trot. But old pairamere goes it a gallop, a gallop. Bossford and	12		
phospherine. One to one on!	13		
O, O, her fairy setalite! Casting such shadows to Persia's	14		
blind! The man in the street can see the coming event. Photo-	15		
flashing it far too wide. It will be known through all Urania soon.	16		
Like jealousjoy titaning fear; like rumour rhean round the planets;	17		
like china's dragon snapping japets; like rhodagrey up the east.	18		
Satyrdaysboost besets Phoebe's nearest. Here's the flood and the	19		
flaxen flood that's to come over helpless Irryland. Is there no-one	20		
to malahide Liv and her bettyship? Or who'll buy her rosebuds,	21		
jettyblack rosebuds, ninsloes of nivia, nonpaps of nan? From the	22		
fall of the fig to doom's last post every ephemeral anniversary while	23		
the park's police peels peering by for to weight down morrals from	24		
county bubblin. That trainer's trundling! Quick, pay up!	25		
Kickakick. She had to kick a laugh. At her old stick-in-the-	26		
block. The way he was slogging his paunch about, elbiduubled,	27		
meet oft mate on, like hale King Willow, the robberer. Cain-	28		
maker's mace and waxened capapee. But the tarrant's brand on	29		
his hottoweyt brow. At half past quick in the morning. And her	30		
lamp was all askew and a trumbly wick-in-her, ringeysingey.	31		
She had to spofforth, she had to kicker, too thick of the wick	32		

of her pixy's loomph, wide lickering jessup the smooky shiminey.	33		
And her duffed coverpoint of a wickedy batter, whenever she	34		
druv behind her stumps for a tyddlesly wink through his tunnill-	35		
clefft bagslops after the rising bounder's yorkers, as he studd and	36		
FW584			
stoddard and truttred and trumpered, to see had lordherry's	1		
blackham's red bobby abbels, it tickled her innings to consort	2		
pitch at kicksolock in the morm. Tipatonguing him on in her	3		
pigeony linguish, with a flick at the bails for lubrication, to scorch	4		
her faster, faster. Ye hek, ye hok, ye hucky hiremonger! Magrath	5		
he's my pegger, he is, for bricking up all my old kent road.	6		
He'll win your toss, flog your old tom's bowling and I darr ye,	7		
barrackybuller, to break his duck! He's posh. I lob him. We're	8		
parring all Oogster till the empsyseas run googlie. Declare to	9		
ashes and teste his metch! Three for two will do for me and he	10		
for thee and she for you. Goeasyosey, for the grace of the fields,	11		
or hooley pooley, cuppy, we'll both be bye and by caught in the	12		
slips for fear he'd tyre and burst his dunlops and waken her	13		
bornybarnies making his boobybabies. The game old merri-	14		
myynn, square to leg, with his lolleywide towelhat and his hobbsy	15		
socks and his wisden's bosse and his norsery pinafore and his	16		

gentleman's grip and his playaboy's plunge and his flannelly	17			
feelyfooling, treading her hump and hambledown like a maiden	18			
wellheld, ovalled over, with her crease where the pads of her	19			
punishments ought to be by womanish rights when, keek, the hen	20			
in the doran's shantyqueer began in a kikkery key to laugh it	21			
off, yeigh, yeigh, neigh, neigh, the way she was wuck to doodle-	22			
doo by her gallows bird (how's that? Noball, he carries his bat!)	23			
nine hundred and dirty too not out, at all times long past con-	24			
quering cock of the morgans.	25			
How blame us?	26			
Cocorico!	27			
Armigerend everfasting horde. Rico! So the bill to the bowe.	28			
As the belle to the beau. We herewith pleased returned auditors'	29			
thanks for those and their favours since safely enjoined. Coco-	30			
ree! Tellaman tillamie. Tubbernacul in tipherairy, sons, travel-	31			
lers in company and their carriageable tochtors, tanks tight anne	32			
thynne for her contractations tugowards his personeel. Echo,	33			
choree chorecho! O I you O you me! Well, we all unite thought-	34			
fully in rendering gratias, well, between loves repassed, begging	35			
your honour's pardon for, well, exclusive pigtorial rights of here-	36			
FW585				

hear fond tiplady his weekreations, appearing in next eon's issue	1		
of the Neptune's Centinel and Tritonville Lightowler with well	2		
the widest circulation round the whole universe. Echolo choree	3		
choroh choree chorico! How me O my youhou my I youtou to	4		
I O? Thanks furthermore to modest Miss Glimglow and neat	5		
Master Mettresson who so kindly profiteered their serwishes as	6		
demysell of honour and, well, as strainbearer respectively.	7		
And a cordiallest brief nod of chinchin dankyshin to, well, patient	8		
ringasend as prevenient (by your leave), to all such occasions,	9		
detachably replaceable (thanks too! twos intact!). As well as	10		
his auricular of Malthus, the promethean paratonnerwetter which	11		
first (Pray go! pray go!) taught love's lightning the way (pity	12		
shown) to, well, conduct itself (mercy, good shot! only please	13		
don't mention it!). Come all ye goatfathers and groanmothers,	14		
come all ye markmakers and piledrivers, come all ye labour-	15		
saving devisers and chargeleyden dividends, firefinders, water-	16		
workers, deeply condeal with him! All that is still life with death	17		
inyeborn, all verbumsaps yet bound to be, to do and to suffer,	18		
every creature, everywhere, if you please, kindly feel for her!	19		
While the dapplegray dawn drags nearing nigh for to wake all	20		
droners that drowse in Dublin.	21		
Humperfeldt and Anunska, wedded now evermore in annas-	22		
tomoses by a ground plan of the placehunter, whiskered beau	23		

and donahbella. Totumvir and esquimeena, who so shall sepa-	24			
rate fetters to new desire, repeals an act of union to unite in	25			
bonds of schismacy. O yes! O yes! Withdraw your member!	26			
Closure. This chamber stands abjourned. Such precedent is	27			
largely a cause to lack of collective continencies among Don-	28			
nelly's orchard as lifelong the shadyside to Fairbrother's field.	29			
Humbo, lock your kekkle up! Anny, blow your wickle out!	30			
Tuck away the tablesheet! You never wet the tea! And you	31			
may go rightoway back to your Aunty Dilluvia, Humprey,	32			
after that!	33			
Retire to rest without first misturbing your nighboor, man-	34			
kind of baffling descriptions. Others are as tired of themselves	35			
as you are. Let each one learn to bore himself. It is strictly re-	36			
FW586				
quested that no cobsmoking, spitting, pubchat, wrestle rounds,	1			
coarse courting, smut, etc, will take place amongst those hours	2			
so devoted to repose. Look before behind before you strip you.	3			
Disrobe clothed in the strictest secrecy which privacy can afford.	4			
Water <i>non</i> to be discharged <i>coram</i> grate or <i>ex</i> window. Never	5			
divorce in the bedding the glove that will give you away. Maid	6			
Maud ninnies nay but blabs to Omama (for your life, would you!)	7			

she to her bosom friend who does all chores (and what do you	8		
think my Madeleine saw?): this ignorant mostly sweeps it out	9		
along with all the rather old corporators (have you heard of one	10		
humbledown jungleman how he bet byrn-and-bushe playing	11		
peg and pom?): the maudlin river then gets its dues (adding a	12		
din a ding or do): thence those laundresses (O, muddle me more	13		
about the maggies! I mean bawnee Madge Ellis and brownie	14		
Mag Dillon). Attention at all! Every ditcher's dastard in Dupling	15		
will let us know about it if you have paid the mulctman by	16		
whether your rent is open to be foreclosed or aback in your	17		
arrears. This is seriously meant. Here is a homelet not a hothel.	18		
That's right, old oldun!	19		
All in fact is soon as all of old right as anywas ever in very	20		
old place. Were he, hwen scalded of that couverfowl, to beat the	21		
bounds by here at such a point of time as this is for at sammel	22		
up all wood's haypence and riviers argent (half back from three	23		
gangs multaplussed on a twentylot add allto a fiver with the	24		
deuce or roamer's numbers ell a fee and do little ones) with the	25		
caboosh on him opheld for thrushes' mistiles yet singing oud his	26		
parasangs in cornish token: mean fawthery eastend appullcelery,	27		
old laddy he high hole: pollysigh patrolman Seekersenn, towney's	28		
tanquam, crumlin quiet down from his hoonger, he would mac	29		
siccar of inket goodsforetombbed ereshiningem of light turkling	30		

eitheranny of thuncle's windopes. More, unless we were neverso	31			
wrongtaken, if he brought his boots to pause in peace, the one	32			
beside the other one, right on the road, he would seize no sound	33			
from cache or cave beyond the flow of wand was gypsing water,	34			
telling him now, telling him all, all about ham and livery, stay	35			
and toast ham in livery, and buttermore with murmurladen, to	36			
FW587				
waker oats for him on livery. Faurore! Fearhoure! At last it	1			
past! Loab at cod then herrin or wind thin mong them treen.	2			
Hiss! Which we had only our hazelight to see with, cert, in	3			
our point of view, me and my auxy, Jimmy d'Arcy, hadn't we,	4			
Jimmy? — Who to seen with? Kiss! No kidd, captn, which he	5			
stood us, three jolly postboys, first a couple of Mountjoys and	6			
nutty woodbines with his cadbully's choculars, pepped from our	7			
Theoatre Regal's drolleries puntomine, in the snug at the Cam-	8			
bridge Arms of Teddy Ales while we was laying, crown jewels	9			
to a peanut, was he stepmarm, old noseheavy, or a wouldower,	10			
which he said, lads, a taking low his Whitby hat, lopping off the	11			
froth and whishing, with all respectfulness to the old country,	12			
tomorow comrades, we, his long life's strength and cuirscween	13			
loan to our allhallowed king, the pitchur that he's turned to	14			

weld the wall, (Lawd lengthen him!) his standpoint was,	15		
to belt and blucher him afore the hole pleading churchal and	16		
submarine bar yonder but he made no class at all in port	17		
and cemented palships between our trucers, being a refugee,	18		
didn't he, Jimmy? — Who true to me? Sish! Honeysuckler,	19		
that's what my young lady here, Fred Watkins, bugler Fred, all	20		
the ways from Melmoth in Natal, she calls him, dip the colours,	21		
pet, when he commit his certain questions vivaviz the secret	22		
empire of the snake which it was on a point of our sutton down,	23		
how was it, Jimmy? — Who has sinnerettes to declare? Phiss!	24		
Touching our Phoenix Rangers' nuisance at the meeting of the	25		
waitresses, the daintylines, Elsie from Chelsies, the two leggle-	26		
gels in blooms, and those pest of parkies, twitch, thistle and	27		
charlock, were they for giving up their fogging trespasses	28		
by order which we foregathered he must be raw in cane	29		
sugar, the party, no, Jimmy MacCawthelock? Who trespass	30		
against me? Briss! That's him wiv his wig on, achewing of his	31		
maple gum, that's our grainpopaw, Mister Beardall, an accom-	32		
pliced burgomaster, a great one among the very greatest, which	33		
he told us privates out of his own scented mouf he used to was,	34		
my lads, afore this wineact come, what say, our Jimmy the	35		
chapelgoer? — Who fears all masters! Hi, Jocko Nowlong, my	36		

FW588				
own sweet boosy love, which he puts his feeler to me behind	1			
the beggar's bush, does Freda, don't you be an emugee! Carry-	2			
one, he says, though we marooned through this woylde. We	3			
must spy a half a hind on honeysuckler now his old face's	4			
hardalone wiv his defences down during his wappin stillstand,	5			
says my Fred, and Jamessime here which, pip it, she simply must,	6			
she says, our pet, she'll do a retroussy from her point of view	7			
(Way you fly! Like a frush!) to keep her flouncies off the	8			
grass while paying the wetmenots a musichall visit and pair her	9			
fiefighs fore him with just one curl after the cad came back which	10			
we fought he wars a gunner and his corkiness lay up two bottles	11			
of joy with a shandy had by Fred and a <i>fino oloroso</i> which he	12			
was warming to, my right, Jimmy, my old brown freer? —	13			
Whose dolour, O so mine!	14			
Following idly up to seepoint, neath kingmount shadow the	15			
ilk for eke of us, whose nathem's banned, whose hofd a-hooded,	16			
welkim warsail, how di' you dew? Hollymerry, ivysad, whicher	17			
and whoer, Mr Black Atkins and you tanapanny troopertwos,	18			
were you there? Was truce of snow, moonmounded snow? Or	19			
did wolken hang o'er earth in umber hue his fulmenbomb?	20			
Number two coming! Full inside! Was glimpsed the mean	21			

amount of cloud? Or did pitter rain fall in a sprinkling? If the	22			
waters could speak as they flow! Tingle Tom, pall the bell!	23			
Izzy's busy down the dell! Mizpah low, youyou, number	24			
one, in deep humidity! Listen, misled peerless, please! You	25			
are of course. You miss him so, to listleto! Of course, my	26			
pledge between us, there's no-one Noel like him here to	27			
hear. Esch so eschess, douls a doulse! Since Allan Rogue	28			
loved Arrah Pogue it's all Killdoughall fair. Triss! Only trees	29			
such as these such were those, waving there, the barketree, the	30			
o'briertree, the rowantree, the o'corneltree, the behanshrub near	31			
windy arbour, the magill o'dendron more. Trem! All the trees	32			
in the wood they trembold, humbild, when they heard the stop-	33			
press from domday's erewold.	34			
Tiss! Two pretty mistletots, ribboned to a tree, up rose libe-	35			
rator and, fancy, they were free! Four witty missywives, wink-	36			
FW589				
ing under hoods, made lasses like lads love maypoleriding and	1			
dotted our green with tricksome couples, fiftyfifty, their chil-	2			
tren's hundred. So childish pence took care of parents' pounds	3			
and many made money the way in the world where rushroads	4			
to riches crossed slums of lice and, the cause of it all, he forged	5			

himself ahead like a blazing urbanorb, brewing treble to drown	6		
grief, giving and taking mayom and tuam, playing millions with	7		
his three golden balls, making party capital out of landed self-	8		
interest, light on a slavey but weighty on the bourse, our hugest	9		
commercial emporialist, with his sons booing home from afar	10		
and his daughters bridling up at his side. Finner!	11		
How did he bank it up, swank it up, the whaler in the punt,	12		
a guinea by a groat, his index on the balance and such wealth	13		
into the bargain, with the boguey which he snatched in the	14		
baggage coach ahead? Going forth on the prow, master jackill,	15		
under night and creeping back, dog to hide, over morning.	16		
Humbly to fall and cheaply to rise, exposition of failures.	17		
Through Duffy's blunders and MacKenna's insurance for upper	18		
ten and lower five the band played on. As one generation tells	19		
another. Ofter the fall. First for a change of a seven days license	20		
he wandered out of his farmer's health and so lost his early	21		
parishlife. Then ('twas in fenland) occidentally of a sudden, six	22		
junelooking flamefaces straggled wild out of their turns through	23		
his parsonfired wicket, showing all shapes of striplings in sleepless	24		
tights. Promptly whomafter in undated times, very properly a	25		
dozen generations anterior to themselves, a main chanced to burst	26		
and misflooded his fortunes, wrothing foulplay over his fives'	27		
court and his fine poultryyard wherein were spared a just two of	28		

a feather in wading room only. Next, upon due reflotation, up	29		
started four hurrigan gales to smithereen his plateglass house-	30		
walls and the slate for accounts his keeper was cooking. Then	31		
came three boy buglehorners who counterbezzled and cross-	32		
bugled him. Later on in the same evening two hussites ab-	33		
sconded through a breach in his bylaws and left him, the infidels,	34		
to pay himself off in kind remembrances. Till, ultimatehim, fell	35		
the crowning barleystraw, when an explosium of his distilleries	36		
FW590			
deafadumped all his dry goods to his most favoured sinflute and	1		
dropped him, what remains of a heptark, leareyed and letterish,	2		
weeping worrybound on his bankrump.	3		
Pepep. Pay bearer, sure and sorry, at foot of ohoho honest	4		
policist. On never again, by Phoenis, swore on him Lloyd's,	5		
not for beaten wheat, not after Sir Joe Meade's father, thanks!	6		
They know him, the covenanter, by rote at least, for a chameleon	7		
at last, in his true falseheaven colours from ultraviolet to subred	8		
tissues. That's his last tryon to march through the grand	9		
tryomphal arch. His reignbolt's shot. Never again! How you do	10		
that like, Mista Chimepiece? You got nice yum plemiums. Pray-	11		
paid my promishles!	12		

Agreed, Wu Welsher, he was chogfulled to beacsate on earn	13		
as in hiving, of foxold conningnesses but who, hey honey, for	14		
all values of his latters, integer integerrimost, was the formast	15		
of the firm? At folkmoode hailed, at part farwailed, accwmladed	16		
conclud, Nuah-Nuah, Nebob of Nephilim! After all what fol-	17		
lowed for apprentice sake? Since the now nighs nearing as the	18		
yetst hies hin. Jeebies, ugh, kek, ptah, that was an ill man! Jaw-	19		
boose, puddigood, this is for true a sweetish mand! But Jum-	20		
bluffer, bagdad, sir, yond would be for a once over our all	21		
honoured christmastyde easteredman. Fourth position of solu-	22		
tion. How johnny! Finest view from horizon. Tableau final.	23		
Two me see. Male and female unmask we hem. Begum by gunne!	24		
Who now broothes oldbrawn. Dawn! The nape of his name-	25		
shielder's scalp. Halp! After having drummed all he dun. Hun!	26		
Worked out to an inch of his core. More! Ring down. While	27		
the queenbee he staggerhorned blesses her bliss for to feel her	28		
funnyman's functions Tag. Rumbling.	29		
Tiers, tiers and tiers. Rounds.	30		

17. Episode SEVENTEEN (36 pages, from 593 to 628)

Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW593				
Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!	1			
Calling all downs. Calling all downs to dayne. Array! Surrec-	2			
tion! Eireweeker to the wohld bludyn world. O rally, O rally, O	3			
rally! Phlenxty, O rally! To what lifelike thyne of the bird can	4			
be. Seek you somany matters. Haze sea east to Osseania. Here!	5			
Here! Tass, Patt, Staff, Woff, Havv, Bluvv and Rutter. The smog	6			
is lofting. And already the olduman's olduman has godden up on	7			
othertimes to litanate the bonnamours. Sonne feine, somme	8			
feehn avaunt! Guld modning, have yous viewsed Piers' aube?	9			
Thane yaars agon we have used yoors up since when we have	10			

fused now orther. Calling all daynes. Calling all daynes to dawn.	11			
The old breeding bradsted culminwillth of natures to Foyn Mac-	12			
Hooligan. The leader, the leader! Securest jubilends albas Te-	13			
moram. Clogan slogan. Quake up, dim dusky, wook doom for	14			
husky! And let Billey Feghin be baallad out of his humulation.	15			
Confindention to churchen. We have highest gratifications in	16			
announcing to pewtewr publikumst of pratician pratyusers, gen-	17			
ghis is ghoon for you.	18			
A hand from the cloud emerges, holding a chart expanded.	19			
The eversower of the seeds of light to the cowld owld sowls	20			
that are in the domnatory of Defmut after the night of the carry-	21			
ing of the word of Nuahs and the night of making Mehs to cuddle	22			
up in a coddlepot, Pu Nuseht, lord of risings in the yonderworld	23			
of Ntamplin, tohp triumphant, speaketh.	24			
FW594				
Vah! Suvarn Sur! Scatter brand to the reneweller of the sky,	1			
thou who agnitest! Dah! Arcthuris comeing! Be! Verb umprin-	2			
cipiant through the trancitive spaces! Kilt by kelt shell kithagain	3			
with kinagain. We elect for thee, Tirtangel. Svadesia salve! We	4			
Durbalanars, theeadjure. A way, the Margan, from our astamite,	5			
through dimdom done till light kindling light has led we hopas	6			

but hunt me the journeyon, iteritinerant, the kal his course,	7			
amid the seminary of Somnionia. Even unto Heliotropolis, the	8			
castellated, the enchanting. Now if soomone felched a twoel	9			
and soomonelses warmet watter we could, while you was saying	10			
Morkret Miry or Smud, Brunt and Rubbinsen, make sunlike	11			
sylop om this warful dune's battam. Yet clarify begins at. Whither	12			
the spot for? Whence the hour by? See but! Lever hulme! Take	13			
in. Respassers should be pursaccoutred. Qui stabat Meins quan-	14			
tum qui stabat Peins. As of yours. We annew. Our shades of	15			
minglings mingle them and help help horizons. A flasch and,	16			
rasch, it shall come to pasch, as hearth by hearth leaps live. For	17			
the tanderest stock with the rosinost top Ahlen Hill's, club-	18			
pubber, in general stores and. Atriathroughwards, Lugh the	19			
Brathwacker will be the listened after and he larruping sparks out	20			
of his teiney ones. The spearspid of dawnfire totouches ain the	21			
tablestoane ath the centre of the great circle of the macroliths of	22			
Helusbelus in the boshiman brush on this our penepain by Fan-	23			
galuvu Bight whence the horned cairns erge, stanserstanded,	24			
to floran frohn, idols of isthmians. Overwhere. Gaunt grey	25			
ghostly gossips growing grubber in the glow. Past now pulls.	26			
Cur one beast, even Dane the Great, may treadspath with	27			
sniffer he snout impursuant to byelegs. Edar's chuckal humoristic.	28			
But why pit the cur afore the noxe? Let shrill their duan	29			

Gallus, han, and she, hou the Sassqueehenna, makes ducks-	30			
runs at crooked. Once for the chantermale, twoce for the pother	31			
and once twoce threecce for the waither. So an inedible yellow-	32			
meat turns out the invasable blackth. Kwhat serves to rob with	33			
Alliman, saelior, a turnkeyed trot to Seapoint, pierrotettes, means	34			
Noel's Bar and Julepunsch, by Joge, if you've tippertaps in your	35			
head or starting kursses, tailour, you're silenced at Henge Ceol-	36			
FW595				
leges, Exmooth, Ostbys for ost, boys, each and one? Death banes	1			
and the quick quoke. But life wends and the dombs spake!	2			
Whake? Hill of Hafid, knock and knock, nachasach, gives relief	3			
to the langscape as he strauches his lamusong untoupon gazelle	4			
channel and the bride of the Bryne, shin high shake, is dotter	5			
than evar for a damse wed her farther. Lambel on the up! We	6			
may plesently heal Geoglyphy's twentynine ways to say good-	7			
bett an wassing seosoon liv. With the forty wonks winking	8			
please me your much as to. With her tup. It's a long long ray to	9			
Newirgland's premier. For korps, for streamfish, for confects,	10			
for bullyoungs, for smearsassage, for patates, for steaked pig, for	11			
men, for limericks, for waterfowls, for wagsfools, for louts, for	12			
cold airs, for late trams, for curries, for curlews, for leekses, for	13			

orphalines, for tunnygulls, for clear goldways, for lungfortes, for	14		
moonyhaunts, for fairmoneys, for coffins, for tantrums, for	15		
armaurs, for waglugs, for rogues comings, for sly goings,	16		
for larksmathes, for homdsmeethes, for quailsmeathes, kilalooly.	17		
Tep! Come lead, crom lech! Top. Wisely for us Old Bruton has	18		
withdrawn his theory. You are alpsulumply wroght! Amsu-	19		
lummmm. But this is perporteroguing youpoorapps? Naman-	20		
tanai. Sure it's not reviang your? Amslu! Good all so. We seem	21		
to understand apad vellumtomes muniment, Arans Duhkha,	22		
among hosesoes, cheriotiers and etceterogenious bargainbout-	23		
barrows, ofver and umnder, since, evenif or although, in double	24		
preposition as in triple conjunction, how the mudden research in	25		
the topaia that was Mankaylands has gone to prove from the	26		
picalava present in the maramara melma that while a successive	27		
generation has been in the deep deep deeps of Deepereras. Buried	28		
hearts. Rest here.	29		
Conk a dook he'll doo. Svap.	30		
So let him slap, the sap! Till they take down his shatter from	31		
his shap. He canease. Fill stap.	32		
Thus faraclacks the friarbird. Listening, Syd!	33		
The child, a natural child, thenown by the mnames of, (aya!	34		
aya!), wouldbewas kidnapped at an age of recent probably,	35		
possibly remoter; or he conjured himself from seight by slide	36		

FW596				
at hand; for which theatron is a lemoronage; at milch-	1			
goat fairnesse; in full dogdhis; sod on a fall; pat; the hundering	2			
blundering dunderfunder of plundersundered manhood; behold,	3			
he returns; renascenent; fincarnate; still foretold around the hearth-	4			
side; at matin a fact; hailed chimers' ersekind; foe purmanant,	5			
fum in his mow; awike in wave risurging into chrest; <i>victis poenis</i>	6			
<i>hesternis</i> ; fostfath of solas; fram choicest of wiles with warmen	7			
and sogns til Banba, burial aranging; under articles thirtynine of	8			
the reconstitution; by the lord's order of the canon consecrand-	9			
able; earthlost that we thought him; pesternost, the noneknown	10			
worrier; from Tumbarumba mountain; in persence of whole	11			
landslots; forebe all the rassias; sire of leery subs of dub; the Dig-	12			
gins, Woodenhenge, as to hang out at; with spawnish oel full his	13			
angalach; the sousenugh; gnomeosulphidosalamermauderman; the	14			
big brucer, fert in fort; Gunnar, of The Gunnings, Gund; one	15			
of the two or three forefivest fellows a bloke could in holiday	16			
crowd encounter; benedicted be the barrel; kilderkins, lids off; a	17			
roache, an oxmaster, a sort of heaps, a pamphilius, a vintivat	18			
niviceny, a hygiennic contrivance socalled from the editor; the	19			
thick of your thigh; you knox; quite; talking to the vicar's joy	20			

and ruth; the gren, woid and glue been broking by the maybole	21			
gards; he; when no crane in Elga is heard; upout to speak this	22			
lay; without links, without impediments, with gygantogyres,	23			
with freeflawforms; parasama to himself; atman as evars; whom	24			
otherwise becauses; no puler as of old but as of young a palatin;	25			
whitelock not lacked nor temperasoleon; though he appears a	26			
funny colour; stoatters some; but a quite a big bug after the	27			
dahlias; place inspectorum sarchent; also the hullow chyst ex-	28			
cavement; astronomically fabulafigured; as Jambudvispa Vipra	29			
foresaw of him; the last half versicle repurchasing his pawned	30			
word; sorensplit and paddypatched; and pfor to pfinish our pfun	31			
of a pfan coalding the keddle mickwhite; sure, straight, slim,	32			
sturdy, serene, synthetical, swift.	33			
By the antar of Yasas! Ruse made him worthily achieve in-	34			
herited wish. The drops upon that mantle rained never around	35			
Fingal. Goute! Loughlin's Salts, Will, make a newman if any-	36			
FW597				
worn. Soe? La! Lamfadar's arm it has cocoincidences. You mean	1			
to see we have been hadding a sound night's sleep? You may so.	2			
It is just, it is just about to, it is just about to rolywholyover.	3			
Svapnasvap. Of all the stranger things that ever not even in the	4			

hundrund and badst pageans of unthowsent and wonst nice or	5			
in eddas and oddes bokes of tomb, dyke and hollow to be have	6			
happened! The untireties of livesliving being the one substance	7			
of a streamsbecoming. Totalled in toldteld and teldtold in tittle-	8			
tell tattle. Why? Because, graced be Gad and all giddy gadgets,	9			
in whose words were the beginnings, there are two signs to turn	10			
to, the yest and the ist, the wright side and the wronged side,	11			
feeling aslip and wauking up, so an, so farth. Why? On the sourd-	12			
site we have the Moskiosk Djinpalast with its twin adjacencies,	13			
the bathouse and the bazaar, allahallahallah, and on the sponthe-	14			
site it is the alcovan and the rosegarden, boony noughty, all pura-	15			
puthry. Why? One's apurr apuss a story about brid and break-	16			
fedes and parricombating and coushcouch but others is of tholes	17			
and oubworn buyings, dolings and chafferings in heat, contest	18			
and enmity. Why? Every talk has his stay, vidnis Shavarsanjivana,	19			
and all-a-dreams perhapsing under lucksloop at last are through.	20			
Why? It is a sot of a swigswag, systomy dystomy, which evera-	21			
body you ever anywhere at all doze. Why? Such me.	22			
And howpsadrowsay.	23			
Lok! A shaft of shivery in the act, anilancinant. Cold's sleuth!	24			
Vayuns! Where did thots come from? It is infinitesimally fevers,	25			
resty fever, risy fever, a coranto of aria, sleeper awakening, in	26			
the smalls of one's back presentiment, gip, and again, geip, a	27			



flash from a future of maybe mahamayability through the windr	28			
of a wondr in a wildr is a weltr as a wirbl of a warbl is a world.	29			
Tom.	30			
It is perfect degrees excelsius. A jaladaew still stilleth. Cloud	31			
lay but mackrel are. Anemone activescent, the torporature is re-	32			
turning to mornal. Humid nature is feeling itself freely at ease	33			
with the all fresco. The vervain is to herald as the grass admini-	34			
sters. They say, they say in effect, they really say. You have eaden	35			
fruit. Say whuit. You have snakked mid a fish. Telle whish.	36			
FW598				
Every those personal place objects if nonthings where soevers	1			
and they just done been doing being in a dromo of todos with-	2			
outen a bound to be your trowsers. Forswundled. You hald him	3			
by the tap of the tang. Not a salutary sellable sound is since. In-	4			
stead for asteer, adrift with adraft. Nuctumbulumbumus wander-	5			
wards the Nil. Victorias neanzas. Alberths neantas. It was a long,	6			
very long, a dark, very dark, an allburt unend, scarce endurable,	7			
and we could add mostly quite various and somenwhat stumble-	8			
tumbling night. Endee he sendee. Diu! The has going at gone,	9			
the is coming to come. Greets to ghasstern, hie to morgning. Dor-	10			
midy, destady. Doom is the faste. Well down, good other! Now	11			

day, slow day, from delicate to divine, divases. Padma, brighter	12		
and sweetster, this flower that bells, it is our hour or risings.	13		
Tickle, tickle. Lotus spray. Till herenext. Adya.	14		
Take thanks, thankstum, thamas. In that earopean end meets	15		
Ind.	16		
There is something supernoctural about whatever you called	17		
him it. Panpan and vinvin are not alonety vanvan and pinpin in	18		
your Tamal without tares but simplysoley they are they. This-	19		
utter followis that odder fellow. Himkim kimkim. Old yeaster-	20		
loaves may be a stale as a stub and the pitcher go to aftoms on the	21		
wall. Mildew, murk, leak and yarn now want the bad that they	22		
lied on. And your last words todote in camparative accousto-	23		
mology are going to tell stretch of a fancy through strength to-	24		
wards joyance, adyatants, where he gets up. Allay for allay, a	25		
threat for a throat.	26		
Tim!	27		
To them in Ysat Loka. Hearing. The urb it orbs. Then's now	28		
with now's then in tense continuant. Heard. Who having has	29		
he shall have had. Hear! Upon the thuds trokes truck, chim,	30		
it will be exactlyso fewer hours by so many minutes of the	31		
ope of the diurn of the sennight of the maaned of the yere of	32		
the age of the madamanvantora of Grossguy and Littleylady,	33		
our hugibus hugibum and our weewee mother, actaman house-	34		

trewith, and their childer and their napirs and their napirs'	35			
childers napirs and their chattels and their servance and their	36			
FW599				
cognance and their ilks and their orts and their everythings that	1			
is be will was theirs.	2			
Much obliged. Time-o'-Thay! But wherth, O clerk?	3			
Whithr a clonk? Vartman! See you not soo the pfath they	4			
pfunded, oura vatars that arred in Himmal, harruad bathar na-	5			
mas, the gow, the stiar, the tigara, the liofant, when even thirst	6			
was athar vetals, mid trefoils slipped the sable rampant, hoof,	7			
hoof, hoof, hoof, padapodopudupedding on fattafottafutt. Ere	8			
we are! Signifying, if tungs may tolkan, that, primeval condi-	9			
tions having gradually receded but nevertheless the emplacement	10			
of solid and fluid having to a great extent persisted through	11			
intermittences of sullemn fulminance, sollemn nuptialism, sallemn	12			
sepulture and providential divining, making possible and even	13			
inevitable, after his a time has a tense haves and havenots hesitency,	14			
at the place and period under consideration a socially organic	15			
entity of a millenary military maritory monetary morphological	16			
circumformation in a more or less settled state of equonomic	17			
ecolube equalobe equilab equilibrium. Gam on, Gearge! Nomo-	18			

morphemy for me! Lessnatbe angardsmanlake! You jast gat a	19			
tache of army on the stumuk. To the Angar at Anker. Aecquo-	20			
tincts. Seeworthy. Lots thankyouful, polite pointsins! There's	21			
a tavarn in the tarn.	22			
Tip. Take Tamotimo's topical. Tip. Browne yet Noland. Tip.	23			
Advert.	24			
Where. Cumulonubulocirrhonimbant heaven electing, the dart	25			
of desire has gored the heart of secret waters and the poplarest	26			
wood in the entire district is being grown at present, eminently	27			
adapted for the requirements of pacnincstricken humanity and,	28			
between all the goings up and the whole of the comings down and	29			
the fog of the cloud in which we toil and the cloud of the fog	30			
under which we labour, bomb the thing's to be domb about it so	31			
that, beyond indicating the locality, it is felt that one cannot with	32			
advantage add a very great deal to the aforegoing by what, such as	33			
it is to be, follows, just mentioning however that the old man of	34			
the sea and the old woman in the sky if they don't say nothings	35			
about it they don't tell us lie, the gist of the pantomime, from	36			
FW600				
cannibal king to the property horse, being, slumply and slopely,	1			
to remind us how, in this drury world of ours, Father Times and	2			

Mother Species boil their kettle with their crutch. Which every	3			
lad and lass in the lane knows. Hence.	4			
Polycarp pool, the pool of Innalavia, Saras the soft as, of	5			
meadewy marge, atween Deltas Piscium and Sagittariastrion,	6			
whereinn once we lave 'tis alve and vale, minnyhahing here from	7			
hiarwather, a poddlebridges in a passabed, the river of lives, the	8			
regenerations of the incarnations of the emanations of the appa-	9			
rentations of Funn and Nin in Cleethabala, the kongdomain of	10			
the Alieni, an accorsaired race, infester of Libnud Ocean, Moyla-	11			
more, let it be! Where Allbroggt Neandser tracking Viggynette	12			
Neeinsee gladsighted her Linfian Fall and a teamdiggingharrow	13			
turned the first sod. Sluce! Caughtirect! Goodspeed the blow!	14			
(Incidentally 'tis believed that his harpened before Gage's Fane	15			
for it has to be over this booty spotch, though some hours to	16			
the wester, that ex-Colonel House's preterpost heiress is to re-	17			
turn unto the outstretcheds of Dweyr O'Michael's loinsprung	18			
the blunterbusted pikehead which his had hewn in hers, pro-	19			
longed laughter words). There an alomdree begins to green,	20			
sreen seen for loveseat, as we know that should she, for by	21			
essentience his law, so it make all. It is scainted to Vitalba. And	22			
her little white bloomkins, twittersky trimmed, are hobdoblins'	23			
hankypanks. Saxenslyke our anscessers thought so darely on	24			
now they're going soever to Anglesen, free of juties, dyrt chapes.	25			

There too a slab slob, immermemorial, the only in all swamp.	26			
But so bare, so boulder, brag sagging such a brr bll bmm show	27			
that, of Barindens, the white alfred, it owed to have at leased	28			
some butchup's upperon. <i>Homos Circas Elochlannensis!</i> His	29			
showplace at Leeambye. Old Wommany Wyes. Pfif! But, while	30			
gleam with gloom swan here and there, this shame rock and that	31			
whispy planter tell Paudheen Steel-the-Poghue and his perty	32			
Molly Vardant, in goodbroomirish, arrah, this place is a proper	33			
and his feist a ferial for curdnal communal, so be who would	34			
celebrate the holy mystery upon or that the pirigrim from Mainy-	35			
lands beatend, the calmleaved hutcaged by that look whose glaum	36			
FW601				
is sure he means bisnigels to empalmover. A naked yogpriet,	1			
clothed of sundust, his oakey doaked with frondest leoves, offrand	2			
to the ewon of her owen. Tasyam kuru salilakriyamu! Pfaf!	3			
Bring about it to be brought about and it will be, loke, our lake	4			
lemanted, that greyt lack, the citye of Is is issuant (atlanst!), urban	5			
and orbal, through seep froms umber under wasserer of Erie.	6			
Lough!	7			
Hwo! Hwy, dairmaidens? Asthoreths, assay! Earthsigh to is	8			
heavened.	9			

Hillsengals, the daughters of the cliffs, responsen. Longsome	10		
the samphire coast. From thee to thee, thoo art it thoo, that	11		
thouest there. The like the near, the liker nearer. O sosay! A	12		
family, a band, a school, a clanagirls. Fiftines andbut fortines by	13		
novanas andor vantads by octettes ayand decadendecads by a	14		
lunary with last a lone. Whose every has herdifferent from the	15		
similies with her site. <i>Sicut campanulae petalliferentes</i> they coroll	16		
in caroll round Botany Bay. A dweam of dose innocent dirly	17		
dirls. Keavn! Keavn! And they all setton voicies about singsing	18		
music was Keavn! He. Only he. Ittle he. Ah! The whole	19		
clangalied. Oh!	20		
S. Wilhelmina's, S. Gardenia's, S. Phibia's, S. Veslandrua's,	21		
S. Clarinda's, S. Immeacula's, S. Dolores Delphin's, S. Perlan-	22		
throa's, S. Errands Gay's, S. Eddaminiva's, S. Rhodamena's, S.	23		
Ruadagara's, S. Drimicumtra's, S. Una Vestity's, S. Mintargisia's,	24		
S. Misha-La-Valse's, S. Churstry's, S. Clouonaskieym's, S. Bella-	25		
vistura's, S. Santamonta's, S. Ringsingsund's, S. Heddadin	26		
Drade's, S. Glacianivia's, S. Waidafrira's, S. Thomassabbess's	27		
and (trema! unloud!! pepet!!!) S. Loellisotoelles!	28		
Prayfulness! Prayfulness!	29		
Euh! Thaet is seu whaet shaell one naeme it!	30		
The meidinogues have tingued togethering. Ascend out of	31		
your bed, cavern of a trunk, and shrine! Kathlins is kitchin.	32		

Soros cast, ma brone! You must exterra acquareate to interirigate	33			
all the arkytelicans. The austrologer Wallaby by Tolan, who	34			
farshook our showrs from Newer Aland, has signed the you and	35			
the now our mandate. Milenesia waits. Be smark.	36			
FW602				
One seekings. Not the lithe slender, not the broad roundish	1			
near the lithe slender, not the fairsized fullfeatured to the leeward	2			
of the broad roundish but, indeed and inneed, the curling, perfect-	3			
portioned, flowerfleckled, shapely highhued, delicate features	4			
swaying to the windward of the fairsized fullfeatured.	5			
Was that in the air about when something is to be said for it or	6			
is it someone imparticular who will somewherise for the whole	7			
anyhow?	8			
What does Coemghen? Tell his hidings clearly! A woodtoo-	9			
gooder. Is his moraltack still his best of weapons? How about a	10			
little more goaling goold? Rowlin's tun he gadder no must. It is	11			
the voice of Roga. His face is the face of a son. Be thine the silent	12			
hall, O Jarama! A virgin, the one, shall mourn thee. Roga's stream	13			
is solence. But Croona is in adestance. The ass of the O'Dwyer	14			
of Greyglens is abrowtobayse afeald in his terroirs of the Potter-	15			
ton's forecoroners, the reeks around the burleyhearthed. When	16			

visited by an indepondant reporter, "Mike" Portlund, to burrow	17			
burning the latterman's Resterant so is called the gortan in ques-	18			
ture he mikes the fallowing for the Durban Gazette, firstcoming	19			
issue. From a collispendent. Any were. Deemsday. Bosse of Upper	20			
and Lower Byggotstrade, Ciwareke, may he live for river! The	21			
Games funeral at Valleytemple. Saturnights pomps, exhabiting	22			
that corricatore of a harss, revealed by Oscur Camerad. The last	23			
of Dutch Schulds, perhumps. Pipe in Dream Cluse. Uncovers Pub	24			
History. The Outrage, at Length. Affected Mob Follows in Reli-	25			
gious Sullivence. Rinvention of vestiges by which they drugged	26			
the buddhy. Moviefigure on in scenic section. By Patathicus. And	27			
there, from out of the scuity, misty London, along the canavan	28			
route, that is with the years gone, mild beam of the wave his	29			
polar bearing, steerner among stars, trust touthena and you	30			
tread true turf, comes the sorter, Mr Hurr Hansen, talking allthe-	31			
ways in himself of his hopes to fall in among a merryfoule	32			
of maidens happynghome from the dance, his knyckle allaready	33			
in his knackskey fob, a passable compatriate properly of the	34			
Grimstad galleon, old pairs frieze, feed up to the noxer with	35			
their geese and peeas and oats upon a trencher and the toyms	36			
FW603				

he'd lust in Wooming but with that smeoil like a grace of backon-	1		
ing over his egglips of the sunsoonshine. Here's heering you in	2		
a guessmasque, latterman! And such an improofment! As royt	3		
as the mail and as fat as a fuddle! Schoen! Shoan! Shoon the	4		
Puzt! A penny for your thought abouts! Tay, tibby, tanny,	5		
tummy, tasty, tosty, tay. Batch is for Baker who baxters our	6		
bread. O, what an ovenly odour! Butter butter! Bring us this	7		
days our maily bag! But receive me, my frensheets, from the	8		
emerald dark winterlong! For diss is the doss for Eilder Downes	9		
and dass is it duss, as singen sengers, what the hardworking	10		
straightwalking stoutstamping securelysealing officials who trow	11		
to form our G.M.P.'s pass muster generally shay for shee and	12		
sloo for slee when butting their headd to the pillow for a night-	13		
shared nakeshift with the alter girl they tuck in for sweepsake.	14		
Dutiful wealker for his hydes of march. Haves you the time.	15		
Hans ahike? Heard you the crime, senny boy? The man was	16		
giddy on letties on the dewry of the duary, be pursueded,	17		
whethered with entrenous, midgreys, dagos, teatimes, shadows,	18		
nocturnes or samoans, if wellstocked fillerouters plushfeverfraus	19		
with dopy chonks, and this, that and the other pigskin or muffle	20		
kinkles, taking a pipe course or doing an anguish, seen to his	21		
fleece in after his foull, when Dr Chart of Greet Chorsles street	22		
he changed his backbone at a citting. He had not the declaina-	23		

tion, as what with the foos as whet with the fays, but so far as	24			
hanging a goobes on the precedings, wherethen the lag allows, it	25			
mights be anything after darks. Which the deers alones they sees	26			
and the darkies they is snuffing of the wind up. Debbling.	27			
Greanteavvents! Hyacinssies with heliotrollops! Not once	28			
fullvixen freakings and but dubbledecoys! It is a lable iction on	29			
the porte of the cuthulic church and summum most atole for it.	30			
Where is that blinketey blanketer, that quound of a pealer, the	31			
sunt of a hunt whant foxes good men! Where or he, our loved	32			
among many?	33			
But what does Coemghem, the fostard? Tyro a tora. The	34			
novened iconostase of his blueygreyned vitroils but begins	35			
in feint to light his legend. Let Phosphoron proclaim! Peechy	36			
FW604				
peechy. Say he that saw him that saw! Man shall sharp run	1			
do a get him. Ask no more, Jerry mine, Roga's voice! No	2			
pice soorkabatcha. The bog which puckerood the posy. The	3			
vinebranch of Heremonheber on Bregia's plane where Teffia lies	4			
is leaved invert and fructed proper but the cublic hatches endnot	5			
open yet for hourly rincers' mess. Read Higgins, Cairns and Egen.	6			
Malthus is yet lukked in close. Withun. How swathed there-	7			

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answer alcove makes theirinn! Besoakers loiter on. And primi-	8			
libatory solicates of limon sodias will be absorbable. It is	9			
not even yet the engine of the load with haled morries full of	10			
crates, you mattinmummur, for dombell dumbs? Sure and 'tis	11			
not then. The greek Sideral Reulthway, as it havvents, will soon	12			
be starting a smooth with its first single hastencraft. Danny buz-	13			
zers instead of the vialact coloured milk train on the fartykktet	14			
plan run with its endless gallaxion of rotatorattlers and the smool-	15			
troon our elderens rememberem as the scream of the service,	16			
Strubry Bess. Also the waggonwobblers are still yet everdue to	17			
precipitate after night's combustion. Aspect, Shamus Rogua or!	18			
Taceate and! <i>Hagiographice canat Ecclesia</i> . Which aubrey our	19			
first shall show. Inattendance who is who is will play that's what's	20			
that to what's that, what.	21			
Oyes! Oyeses! Oyesesyeses! The primace of the Gaulls, pro-	22			
tonotorious, I yam as I yam, mitrogenerand in the free state on	23			
the air, is now aboil to blow a Gael warning. Inoperation Eyr-	24			
lands Eyot, Meganesia, Habitant and the onebut thousand insels,	25			
Western and Osthern Approaches.	26			
Of Kevin, of increate God the servant, of the Lord Creator a	27			
filial fearer, who, given to the growing grass, took to the tall tim-	28			
ber, slippery dick the springy heeler, as we have seen, so we	29			
have heard, what we have received, that we have transmitted,	30			



thus we shall hope, this we shall pray till, in the search for	31			
love of knowledge through the comprehension of the unity in	32			
altruism through stupefaction, it may again how it may again,	33			
shearing aside the four wethers and passing over the dainty daily	34			
dairy and dropping by the way the lapful of live coals and	35			
smoothing out Nelly Nettle and her lad of mettle, full of stings,	36			
FW605				
fond of stones, friend of gnewgnawns bones and leaving all the	1			
messy messy to look after our douche douche, the miracles,	2			
death and life are these.	3			
Yad. Procreated on the ultimate ysland of Yreland in the en-	4			
cyclical yrish archipelago, come their feast of precreated holy	5			
whiteclad angels, whomamong the christener of his, voluntarily	6			
poor Kevin, having been graunted the praviloge of a priest's	7			
postcreated portable <i>altare cum balneo</i> , when espousing the one	8			
true cross, invented and exalted, in celibate matrimony at matin	9			
chime arose and westfrom went and came in alb of cloth of gold	10			
to our own midmost Glendalough-le-vert by archangelical guid-	11			
ance where amiddle of meeting waters of river Yssia and Essia	12			
river on this one of eithers lone navigable lake piously Kevin,	13			
lawding the triune trishagion, amidships of his conducible altar	14			

super bath, rafted centripetally, diaconal servent of orders hiber-	15			
nian, midway across the subject lake surface to its supream epi-	16			
centric lake Ysle, whereof its lake is the ventrifugal principality,	17			
whereon by prime, powerful in knowledge, Kevin came to where	18			
its centre is among the circumfluent watercourses of Yshgafiena	19			
and Yshgafiuna, an enysled lakelet yslanding a lacustrine yslet,	20			
whereupon with beached raft subdiaconal bath <i>propter</i> altar,	21			
with oil extremely anointed, accompanied by prayer, holy Kevin	22			
bided till the third morn hour but to build a rubric penitential	23			
honeybeehivehut in whose enclosure to live in fortitude, acolyte	24			
of cardinal virtues, whereof the arenary floor, most holy Kevin	25			
excavated as deep as to the depth of a seventh part of one full	26			
fathom, which excavated, venerable Kevin, anchorite, taking	27			
counsel, proceded towards the lakeside of the ysletshore whereat	28			
seven several times he, eastward genuflecting, in entire ubidience	29			
at sextnoon collected gregorian water sevenfold and with am-	30			
brosian eucharistic joy of heart as many times receded, carrying	31			
that privileged altar <i>unacumque</i> bath, which severally seven times	32			
into the cavity excavated, a lector of water levels, most venerable	33			
Kevin, then effused thereby letting there be water where was there-	34			
tofore dry land, by him so concreated, who now, confirmed a strong	35			
and perfect christian, blessed Kevin, exorcised his holy sister	36			

FW606				
water, perpetually chaste, so that, well understanding, she should	1			
fill to midheight his tubbathaltar, which hanbathtub, most blessed	2			
Kevin, ninthly enthroned, in the concentric centre of the trans-	3			
lated water, whereamid, when violet vesper veiled, Saint Kevin,	4			
Hydrophilos, having girded his sable <i>cappa magna</i> as high as to	5			
his cherubical loins, at solemn compline sat in his sate of wis-	6			
dom, that handbathtub, whereverafter, recreated <i>doctor insularis</i>	7			
of the universal church, keeper of the door of meditation, memory	8			
<i>extempore</i> proposing and intellect formally considering, recluse,	9			
he meditated continuously with seraphic ardour the primal sacra-	10			
ment of baptism or the regeneration of all man by affusion of	11			
water. Yee.	12			
Bisships, bevel to rock's rite! Sarver buoy, extinguish! Nuota-	13			
bene. The rare view from the three Benns under the bald heaven	14			
is on the other end, askan your blixom on dimmen and blastun,	15			
something to right hume about. They were erected in a purvious	16			
century, as a hen fine coops and, if you know your Bristol and	17			
have trudged the trolly ways and elventurns of that old cobbold	18			
city, you will sortofficially scribble a mental Peny-Knox-Gore.	19			
Whether they were franklings by name also has not been fully	20			
probed. Their design is a whosold word and the charming de-	21			

tails of light in dark are freshed from the feminiarity which	22			
breathes content. <i>O ferax cupla!</i> Ah, fairypair! The first exploder	23			
to make his ablations in these parks was indeed that lucky mortal	24			
which the monster trial showed on its first day out. What will	25			
not arky paper, anticidingly inked with penmark, push, per sample	26			
prof, kuvertly falted, when style, stink and stigmataphoron are	27			
of one sum in the same person? He comes out of the soil very	28			
well after all just where Old Toffler is to come shuffling along-	29			
soons Panniquanne starts showing of her peequuliar talonts.	30			
Awaywrong wandler surking to a rightrare rute for his plain	31			
utterrock sukes, appelled to by her fancy claddaghs. You plied	32			
that pokar, gamesy, swell as aye did, while there were flickars	33			
to the flores. He may be humpy, nay, he may be dumpy but there	34			
is always something racey about, say, a sailor on a horse. As soon	35			
as we sale him geen we gates a sprise! He brings up tofatufa and	36			
FW607				
that is how we get to Missas in Massas. The old Marino tale. We	1			
veriters verity notefew demmed lustres priorly magistrite maxi-	2			
mollient in ludubility learned. Facst. Teak off that wise head!	3			
Great sinner, good sonner, is in effect the motto of the Mac-	4			
Cowell family. The gloved fist (skrimmhandsker) was intraduced	5			

into their socerdatal tree before the fourth of the twelfth and it	6		
is even a little odd all four horolodgeries still gonging restage	7		
Jakob van der Bethel, smolking behing his pipe, with Essav of	8		
Messagepostumia, lentling out his borrowed chafingdish, before	9		
cymbaloosing the apostles at every hours of changeover. The	10		
first and last rittlerattle of the anniverse; when is a nam nought a	11		
nam whenas it is a. Watch! Heroes' Highway where our fleshers	12		
leave their bonings and every bob and joan to fill the bumper fair.	13		
It is their segnall for old Champelysied to seek the shades of his	14		
retirement and for young Chappielassies to tear a round and tease	15		
their partners lovesoftfun at Finnegans' Wake.	16		
And it's high tigh tigh. Titley hi ti ti. That my dig pressed in	17		
your dag si. Gnug of old Gnig. Ni, gnid mig brawly! I bag your	18		
burden. Mees is thees knees. Thi is Mi. We have caught one-	19		
selves, Sveasmeas, in somes incontigruity coumplegs of heopon-	20		
hurrish marrage from whose I most sublumbunate. A polog, my	21		
engl! Excutes. Om still so sovvy. Whyle om till ti ti.	22		
Ha!	23		
Dayagreening gains in schlimninging. A summerwint spring-	24		
falls, abated. Hail, regn of durknass, snowly receassing, thund	25		
lightening thund, into the dimbelowstard departamenty whither-	26		
out, soon hist, soon mist, to the hothehill from the hollow,	27		
Solsking the Frist (attempted by the admirable Captive Bunting	28		

and Loftonant-Cornel Blaire) will processingly show up above	29			
Tumplen Bar whereupont he was much jubilated by Boerge-	30			
mester "Dyk" ffogg of Isoles, now Eisold, looking most plussed	31			
with (exhib 39) a clout capped sunbubble anaccanponied from	32			
his bequined torse. Up.	33			
Blanchardstown mewspeppers pleads coppyl. Gracest good-	34			
ness, heave mensy upponnus! Grand old Manbutton, give your	35			
bowlers a rest!	36			
FW608				
It is a mere mienerism of this vague of visibilities, mark you,	1			
as accorded to by moisturologist of the Brehons Assorceration for	2			
the advauncement of scayence because, my dear, mentioning of	3			
it under the breath, as in pure (what bunkum!) essenesse, there	4			
have been disselving forenenst you just the draeper, the two	5			
drawpers assisters and the three droopers assessors confraterni-	6			
tisers. Who are, of course, Uncle Arth, your two cozes from	7			
Niece and (kunject a bit now!) our own familiars, Billyhealy, Bally-	8			
hooly and Bullyhowley, surprised in an indecorous position by	9			
the Sigurd Sigerson Sphygmomanometer Society for bled-	10			
prusschers.	11			
Knightsmore. Haventyne?	12			

Ha ha!	13		
This Mister Ireland? And a live?	14		
Ay, ay. Aye, aye, baas.	15		
The cry of Stena chills the vitals of slumbring off the motther	16		
has been pleased into the harms of old salaciters, meassurers	17		
soon and soon, but the voice of Alina gladdens the cockly-	18		
hearted dreamerish for that magic moning with its ching	19		
chang chap sugay kaow laow milkee muchee bringing becker-	20		
brose, the brew with the foochoor in it. Sawyest? Nodt? Nyets,	21		
I dthink I sawn to remumb or sumbsuch. A kind of a thinglike	22		
all traylogged then pubably it resymbles a pelvic or some kvind	23		
then props an acutedbacked quadrangle with aslant off ohahn-	24		
thenth a wenchyoumaycuddler, lying with her royalirish upper-	25		
shoes among the theeckleaves. Signs are on of a mere by token	26		
that wills still to be becoming upon this there once a here was	27		
world. As the dayeleyves unfolden them. In the wake of the	28		
blackshape, <i>Nattenden Sorte</i> ; whenat, hindled firth and huddled	29		
furth, the week of wakes is out and over; as a wick weak woking	30		
from ennumberable Ashias unto fierce force fuming, temtem	31		
tamtam, the Phoenican wakes.	32		
Passing. One. We are passing. Two. From sleep we are pass-	33		
ing. Three. Into the wikeawades warld from sleep we are passing.	34		
Four. Come, hours, be ours!	35		

But still. Ah diar, ah diar! And stay.	36			
FW609				
It was allso agreenable in our sinegear clutchless, touring the	1			
no placelike no timelike absolent, mixing up pettyvaughan popu-	2			
lose with the magnumoore genstries, lloydhaired mersscenary	3			
blookers with boydskinned pigttetails and goochlipped gwendo-	4			
lenes with duffyeyed dolores; like so many unprobables in their	5			
poor suit of the impossable. With Mata and after please with	6			
Matamaru and after please stop with Matamaruluka and after stop	7			
do please with Matamarulukajoni.	8			
And anotherum. Ah ess, dapple ass! He will be longing after	9			
the Grogram Grays. And, Weisingchetaoli, he will levellaut	10			
ministel Trampleasure be. Sheflower Rosina, younger Sheflower	11			
fruit Amaryllis, youngest flowerfruityfrond Sallysill or Sillysall.	12			
And house with heaven roof occupanters they are continuatingly	13			
attraverse of its milletestudinous windows, ricocoursing them-	14			
selves, as staneglass on stonegloss, inplayn unglis Wynn's	15			
Hotel. Brancherds at: Bullbeck, Oldboof, Sassondale, Jorsey	16			
Uppygard, Mundelonde, Abbeytotte, Bracqueytuitte with Hoc-	17			
keyvilla, Fockeyvilla, Hillewille and Wallhall. Hoojahoo mana-	18			
gers the thingaviking. Obning shotly. When the messenger of	19			

the risen sun, (see other oriel) shall give to every seeable a hue and	20			
to every hearable a cry and to each spectacle his spot and to each	21			
happening her houram. The while we, we are waiting, we are	22			
waiting for. Hymn.	23			
<i>Muta</i> : Quodestnunc fumusiste volhvuns ex Domoyno?	24			
<i>Juva</i> : It is Old Head of Kettle puffing off the top of the mornin.	25			
<i>Muta</i> : He odda be thorly well ashamed of himself for smoking	26			
before the high host.	27			
<i>Juva</i> : Dies is Dorminus master and commandant illy tono-	28			
brass.	29			
<i>Muta</i> : Diminussed aster! An I could peecieve amonkst the	30			
gatherings who ever they wolk in process?	31			
<i>Juva</i> : Khubadah! It is the Chrystanthemlander with his	32			
porters of bonzos, pompommy plonkyplonk, the ghariwallahs,	33			
moveyovering the cabrattlefield of slaine.	34			
<i>Muta</i> : Pongo da Banza! An I would uscertain in druidful	35			
scatterings one piece tall chap he stand one piece same place?	36			
FW610				
<i>Juva</i> : Bulkily: and he is fundementially theosophagusted over	1			
the whorse proceedings.	2			
<i>Muta</i> : Petrificationibus! O horild haraflare! Who his dickhuns	3			

now rearrexes from underneath the memorialorum?	4			
<i>Juva</i> : Beleave filmly, beleave! Fing Fing! King King!	5			
<i>Muta</i> : Ulloverum? Fulgitudo ejus Rhedonum teneat!	6			
<i>Juva</i> : Rolantlossly! Till the tipp of his ziff. And the ubideintia	7			
of the savium is our ervics fenicitas.	8			
<i>Muta</i> : Why soly smiles the supremest with such for a leary on	9			
his rugular lips?	10			
<i>Juva</i> : Bitchorbotchum! Eebrydime! He has help his crewn on	11			
the burkeley buy but he has holf his crown on the Eurasian	12			
Generalissimo.	13			
<i>Muta</i> : Skulkasloot! The twyly velleid is thus then paridi-	14			
cynical?	15			
<i>Juva</i> : Ut vivat volumen sic pereat pouradosus!	16			
<i>Muta</i> : Haven money on stablecert?	17			
<i>Juva</i> : Tempt to wom Outsider!	18			
<i>Muta</i> : Suc? He quoffs. Wutt?	19			
<i>Juva</i> : Sec! Wartar wartar! Wett.	20			
<i>Muta</i> : Ad Piabelle et Purabelle?	21			
<i>Juva</i> : At Winne, Woermann og Sengs.	22			
<i>Muta</i> : So that when we shall have acquired unification we	23			
shall pass on to diversity and when we shall have passed on to	24			
diversity we shall have acquired the instinct of combat and when	25			
we shall have acquired the instinct of combat we shall pass back to	26			

the spirit of appeasement?	27			
<i>Juva</i> : By the light of the bright reason which daysends to us	28			
from the high.	29			
<i>Muta</i> : May I borrow that hordwanderbaffle from you, old	30			
rubberskin?	31			
<i>Juva</i> : Here it is and I hope it's your wormingpen, Erinmonker!	32			
Shoot.	33			
Rhythm and Colour at Park Mooting. Peredos Last in the	34			
Grand Natural. Velivision victor. Dubs newstage oldtime turf-	35			
tussle, recalling Winny Willy Widger. Two draws. Heliotrope	36			
FW611				
leads from Harem. Three ties. Jockey the Ropper jerks Jake the	1			
Rape. Paddock and bookley chat.	2			
And here are the details.	3			
Tunc. Bymeby, bullocky vampas tappany bobs topside joss	4			
pidgin fella Balkelly, archdruid of islish chinchinjoss in the his	5			
heptachromatic sevenhued septicoloured roranyellgreenlindigan	6			
mantle finish he show along the his mister guest Patholic with	7			
alb belongahim the whose throat hum with of sametime all the his	8			
cassock groaner fellas of greysfriaryfamily he fast all time what	9			
time all him monkafellas with Same Patholic, quoniam, speeching,	10			

yeh not speeching noh man liberty is, he drink up words, scilicet,	11		
tomorrow till recover will not, all too many much illusiones	12		
through photoprismic velamina of hueful panepiphanal world	13		
spectacurum of Lord Joss, the of which zoantholitic furniture,	14		
from mineral through vegetal to animal, not appear to full up to-	15		
gether fallen man than under but one photoreflexion of the	16		
several iridals gradationes of solar light, that one which that part	17		
of it (furnit of heupanepi world) had shown itself (part of fur of	18		
huepanwor) unable to absorbere, whereas for numpa one pura-	19		
duxed seer in seventh degree of wisdom of Entis-Onton he savvy	20		
inside true inwardness of reality, the Ding hvad in idself id est,	21		
all objects (of panepiwor) allside showed themselves in trues	22		
coloribus resplendent with sextuple gloria of light actually re-	23		
tained, untisintus, inside them (obs of epiwo). Rumnant Patholic,	24		
stareotypopticus, no catch all that preachybook, utpam, to-	25		
morrow recover thing even is not, bymeby vampsybobsy tap-	26		
panasbullocks topside joss pidginfella Bilkilly-Belkelly say pat-	27		
fella, ontesantes, twotime hemhaltshealing, with other words	28		
verbigratiagradating from murmurulentous till stridulocelerious in	29		
a hunghoranghoangoly tsinglontseng while his comprehen-	30		
durient, with diminishing claractinism, augumentationed himself	31		
in caloripeia to vision so throughsighty, you anxiooust melan-	32		
cholic, High Thats Hight Uberking Leary his fiery grassbelong-	33		

head all show colour of sorrelwood herbgreen, again, nigger-	34			
blonker, of the his essixcoloured holmgrewnworsted's costume	35			
the his fellow saffron pettikilt look same hue of boiled spinasses,	36			
FW612				
other thing, voluntary mutismuser, he not comphyhandy the his	1			
golden twobreasttorc look justsamelike curlicabbis, moreafter, to	2			
pace negativisticists, verdant readyrainroof belongahim Exuber	3			
High Ober King Leary very dead, what he wish to say, spit of	4			
superexuberabundancy plenty laurel leaves, after that com-	5			
mander bulopent eyes of Most Highest Ardreetsar King same	6			
thing like thyme choppy upon parsley, alongsidethat, if please-	7			
sir, nos displace tauttung, sowlofabishospastored, enamel Indian	8			
gem in maledictive fingerfondler of High High Siresultan Em-	9			
peror all same like one fellow olive lentil, onthelongsidethat, by	10			
undesendas, kirikirikiring, violaceous warwon contusiones of	11			
facebut's of Highup Big Cockywocky Sublissimime Autocrat, for	12			
that with pure hueglut intensely saturated one, tinged uniformly,	13			
allaroundside upinandoutdown, very like you seecut chowchow	14			
of plentymuch sennacassia. Hump cumps Ebblybally! Sukkot?	15			
Punc. Bigseer, refracts the petty padre, whackling it out, a	16			
tumble to take, tripeness to call thing and to call if say is good	17			

while, you pore shiroskuro blackinwhitepaddynger, by thiswis	18			
aposterioprismically apatstrophied and paralogically periparo-	19			
lysed, celestial from principalest of Iro's Irismans ruinboon pot	20			
before, (for beingtime monkblinkers timeblinged completamen-	21			
tarily murkblankered in their neutrolysis between the possible	22			
viriditude of the sager and the probable eruberuption of the	23			
saint), as My tappropinquish to Me wipenmeselps gnosegates a	24			
handcaughtscheaf of synthetic shammyrag to hims hers, seeming-	25			
such four three two agreement cause heart to be might, saving to	26			
Balenoarch (he kneeleths), to Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths	27			
down) to Greatest Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths down quite-	28			
somely), the sound sense sympol in a weedwayedwold of the	29			
firethere the sun in his halo cast. Onmen.	30			
That was thing, bygotter, the thing, bogcotton, the very thing,	31			
begad! Even to uptoputty Bilkilly-Belkelly-Balkally. Who was	32			
for shouting down the shatton on the lamp of Jeeshes. Sweating	33			
on to stonker and throw his seven. As he shuck his thumping	34			
fore features apt the hoyhop of His Ards.	35			
Thud.	36			
FW613				
Good safe firelamp! hailed the heliots. Goldselforelump!	1			

Halled they. Awed. Where thereon the skyfold high, trampa-	2			
trampatramp. Adie. Per ye comdoom doominoom noonstroom.	3			
Yeasome priestomes. Fullyhum toowhoom.	4			
Taawhaar?	5			
Sants and sogs, cabs and cobs, kings and karls, tentes and	6			
taunts.	7			
'Tis gone infarover. So fore now, dayleash. Pour deday. To	8			
trancefixureashone. Feist of Taborneccles, scenopegia, come!	9			
Shamwork, be in our scheining! And let every crisscouple be so	10			
crosscomplimentary, little eggons, youlk and meelk, in a farbiger	11			
pancosmos. With a hottyhammyum all round. Gudstruce!	12			
Yet is no body present here which was not there before. Only	13			
is order othered. Nought is nulled. <i>Fuitfiat!</i>	14			
Lo, the laud of laurens now orielising benedictively when	15			
saint and sage have said their say.	16			
A spathe of calyptrous glume involucrumines the perinanthean	17			
Amenta: fungoalgaceous muscafilicial graminopalmular plan-	18			
teon; of increasing, livivorous, feelful thinkamalinks; luxuriotia-	19			
ting everywhencewithersoever among skullhullows and charnel-	20			
cysts of a weedwastewoldwevild when Ralph the Retriever	21			
ranges to jawrode his knuts knuckles and her theas thighs; one-	22			
gugulp down of the nauseous forere brarkfarsts oboboosaround	23			
and you're as paint and spickspan as a rainbow; wreathe the bowl	24			

to rid the bowel; no runcure, no rank heat, sir; amess in amullium;	25			
chlorid cup.	26			
Health, chalce, endnessnessesity! Arrive, likkypuggers, in	27			
a poke! The folgor of the frightfools is olympically optimo-	28			
minous; there is bound to be a lovleg day for mirrages in the	29			
open; Murnane and Aveling are undertoken to berry that ort-	30			
chert: provided that. You got to make good that breachesuit,	31			
seamer. You going to haulm port houlm, toilermaster. You yet	32			
must get up to kill (nonparticular). You still stand by and do as	33			
hit (private). While for yous, Jasminia Aruna and all your likers,	34			
affinitatively must it be by you elected if Monogynes his is or	35			
hers Diander, the tubous, limbersome and nectarial. Owned or	36			
FW614				
grazeheifer, ethel or bonding. Mopsus or Gracchus, all your	1			
horodities will incessantlament be coming back from the Annone	2			
Wishwashwhose, Ormepierre Lodge, Doone of the Drumes,	3			
blanches bountifully and nightsend made up, every article lather-	4			
ing leaving several rinsings so as each rinse results with a dap-	5			
perent rolle, cuffs for meek and chokers for sheek and a kink in	6			
the pacts for namby. Forbeer, forbear! For nought that is has	7			
bane. In mournenslaund. Themes have thimes and habit reburns.	8			

To flame in you. Ardor vigor fordere order. Since ancient was	9		
our living is in possible to be. Delivered as. Caffirs and culls and	10		
onceagain overalls, the fittest surviva lives that blued, iorn and	11		
storridge can make them. Whichus all claims. Clean. Whenast-	12		
cleeps. Close. And the mannormillor clipperclappers. Noxt. Doze.	13		
Fennsense, finnsonse, aworn! Tuck upp those wide shorts.	14		
The pink of the busket for sheer give. Peeps. Stand up to hard	15		
ware and step into style. If you soil may, puett, guett me prives.	16		
For newmanmaun set a marge to the merge of unnotions. Inni-	17		
tion wons agame.	18		
What has gone? How it ends?	19		
Begin to forget it. It will remember itself from every sides, with	20		
all gestures, in each our word. Today's truth, tomorrow's trend.	21		
Forget, remember!	22		
Have we cherished expectations? Are we for liberty of peru-	23		
siveness? Whyafter what forewhere? A plainplanned liffeyism	24		
assemblments Eblania's conglomerate horde. By dim delty Deva.	25		
Forget!	26		
Our wholemole millwheeling vicociclotometer, a tetradoma-	27		
tional gazebocroticon (the "Mamma Lujah" known to every	28		
schoolboy scandaller, be he Matty, Marky, Lukey or John-a-	29		
Donk), autokinatonetically preprovided with a clappercoupling	30		
smeltingworks exprogressive process, (for the farmer, his son and	31		

their homely codes, known as eggburst, eggblend, eggburial and	32			
hatch-as-hatch can) receives through a portal vein the dialytically	33			
separated elements of precedent decomposition for the verypet-	34			
purpose of subsequent recombination so that the heroticisms,	35			
catastrophes and eccentricities transmitted by the ancient legacy	36			
FW615				
of the past, type by tope, letter from litter, word at ward, with	1			
sentence of sundance, since the days of Plooney and Colum-	2			
cellas when Giacinta, Pervenche and Margaret swayed over the	3			
all-too-ghoulish and illyrical and innumantic in our mutter nation,	4			
all, anastomosically assimilated and preteridentified paraidioti-	5			
cally, in fact, the sameold gamebold adomic structure of our	6			
Finnius the old One, as highly charged with electrons as hophaz-	7			
ards can effective it, may be there for you, Cockalooralooraloo-	8			
menos, when cup, platter and pot come piping hot, as sure as	9			
herself pits hen to paper and there's scribings scrawled on eggs.	10			
Of cause, so! And in effect, as?	11			
Dear. And we go on to Dirdump. Reverend. May we add	12			
majesty? Well, we have frankly enjoyed more than anything	13			
these secret workings of natures (thanks ever for it, we humbly	14			
pray) and, well, was really so denighted of this lights time.	15			

Mucksrats which bring up about uhrweckers they will come to	16			
know good. Yon clouds will soon disappear looking forwards	17			
at a fine day. The honourable Master Sarmon they should be	18			
first born like he was with a twohanged warpon and it was	19			
between Williamstown and the Mairrion Ailesbury on the top	20			
of the longcar, as merrily we rolled along, we think of him looking	21			
at us yet as if to pass away in a cloud. When he woke up in a	22			
sweat besidus it was to pardon him, goldylocks, me having an	23			
airth, but he daydreamsed we had a lovelyt face for a pulltomine.	24			
Back we were by the jerk of a beamstark, backed in paladays last,	25			
on the brinks of the wobblish, the man what never put a dramn	26			
in the swags but milk from a national cowse. That was the prick	27			
of the spindle to me that gave me the keys to dreamland. Sneakers	28			
in the grass, keep off! If we were to tick off all that cafflers head,	29			
whisperers for his accomodation, the me craws, namely, and their	30			
bacon what harmed butter! It's margarseen oil. Thinthin thin-	31			
thin. Stringstly is it forbidden by the honorary tenth commend-	32			
mant to shall not bare full sweetness against a nighboor's wiles.	33			
What those slimes up the cavern door around you, keenin, (the	34			
lies is coming out on them frecklefully) had the shames to suggest	35			
can we ever? Never! So may the low forget him their trespasses	36			
FW616				

against Molloyd O'Reilly, that hugglebeddy fann, now about to	1			
get up, the hartiest that Coolock ever! A nought in nought	2			
Eirinishmhan, called Ervigsen by his first mate. May all similar	3			
douters of our oldhame story have that fancied widming! For	4			
a pipe of twist or a slug of Hibernia metal we could let out and,	5			
by jings, someone would make a carpus of somebody with the	6			
greatest of pleasure by private shootings. And in contravention to	7			
the constancy of chemical combinations not enough of all the	8			
slatters of him left for Peeter the Picker to make their threi sevelty	9			
filfths of a man out of. Good wheat! How delitious for the three	10			
Sulvans of Dulkey and what a sellpriceget the two Peris of	11			
Monacheena! Sugars of lead for the chloras ashpots! Peace! He	12			
possessing from a child of highest valency for our privileged	13			
beholdings ever complete hairy of chest, hamps and eyebags in	14			
pursuance to salesladies' affectionate company. His real devotes.	15			
Wriggling reptiles, take notice! Whereas we exgust all such	16			
sprinkling snigs. They are pestituting the whole time never with	17			
standing we simply agree upon the committee of amusance! Or	18			
could above bring under same notice for it to be able to be seen.	19			
About that coerogenal hun and his knowing the size of an egg-	20			
cup. First he was a skulksman at one time and then Cloon's fired	21			
him through guff. Be sage about sausages! Stuttutistics shows	22			

with he's heacups of teatables the old firm's fatspitters are most	23			
eatenly appreciated by metropolonians. While we should like to	24			
drag attentions to our Wolkmans Cumsensation Act. The magnets	25			
of our midst being foisted upon by a plethorace of parachutes.	26			
Did speece permit the bad example of setting before the military	27			
to the best of our belief in the earliest wish of the one in mind was	28			
the mitigation of the king's evils. And how he staired up the	29			
step after it's the power of the gait. His giantstand of manun-	30			
known. No brad wishy washy wathy wanted neither! Once you	31			
are balladproof you are unperceable to hailly, icy and missile-	32			
throes. Order now before we reach Ruggers' Rush! As we now	33			
must close hoping to Saint Laurans all in the best. Moral. Mrs	34			
Stores Humphreys: So you are expecting trouble, Pondups, from	35			
the domestic service questioned? Mr Stores Humphreys: Just as	36			
FW617				
there is a good in even, Levia, my cheek is a compleet bleenk.	1			
Plumb. Meaning: one two four. Finckers. Up the hind hose of	2			
hizzars. Whereapon our best again to a hundred and eleven ploose	3			
one thousand and one other blessings will now concloose thoose	4			
epoostles to your great kindest, well, for all at trouble to took.	5			
We are all at home in old Fintona, thank Danis, for ourselvesake,	6			

that direst of housebonds, whool wheel be true unto lovesend	7			
so long as we has a pockle full of brass. Impossible to remember	8			
persons in improbable to forget position places. Who would	9			
pellow his head off to conjure up a, well, particularly mean stinker	10			
like funn make called Foon MacCrawl brothers, mystery man of	11			
the pork martyrs? Force in gidderish! Tomothy and Lorcan, the	12			
bucket Toolers, both are Timsons now they've changed their	13			
characticuls during their blackout. Conan Boyles will pudge the	14			
daylives out through him, if they are correctly informed. Music, me	15			
ouldstrow, please! We'll have a brand rehearsal. Fing! One must	16			
simply laugh. Fing him aging! Good licks! Well, this ought to weke	17			
him to make up. He'll want all his fury gutmurdherers to redress	18			
him. Gilly in the gap. The big bad old sprowly all uttering foon!	19			
Has now stuffed last podding. His fooneral will sneak plice by	20			
creeps o'clock toosday. Kingen will commen. Allso brewbeer.	21			
Pens picture at Manchem House Horsegardens shown in Morn-	22			
ing post as from Boston transcribed. Femelles will be preadam-	23			
inant as from twentyeight to twelve. To hear that lovelade	24			
parson, of case, of a bawl gentlemale, pour forther moracles. Don't	25			
forget! The grand fooneral will now shortly occur. Remember.	26			
The remains must be removed before eaght hours shorp. With	27			
earnestly conceived hopes. So help us to witness to this day to	28			
hand in sleep. From of Mayasdaysed most duteoused.	29			

Well, here's lettering you erroneously anent other clerical	30			
fands allied herewith. I wisht I wast be that dumb tyke and he'd	31			
wish it was me yonther heel. How about it? The sweetest song	32			
in the world! Our shape as a juvenile being much admired from	33			
the first with native copper locks. Referring to the Married	34			
Woman's Improperly Act a correspondent paints out that the	35			
Swees Auburn vogue is hanging down straith fitting to her	36			
FW618				
innocent eyes. O, felicious coolpose! If all the MacCrawls would	1			
only handle virgils like Armsworks, Limited! That's handsel for	2			
gertles! Never mind Micklemans! Chat us instead! The cad	3			
with the pope's wife, Lily Kinsella, who became the wife of	4			
Mr Sneakers for her good name in the hands of the kissing	5			
solicitor, will now engage in attentions. Just a prinche for to-	6			
night! Pale bellies our mild cure, back and streaky ninepace.	7			
The thicks off Bully's Acre was got up by Sully. The Boot lane	8			
brigade. And she had a certain medicine brought her in a	9			
licenced victualler's bottle. Shame! Thrice shame! We are	10			
advised the waxy is at the present in the Sweeps hospital and	11			
that he may never come out! Only look through your leather-	12			
box one day with P.C.Q. about 4.32 or at 8 and 22.5 with the	13			

quart of scissions masters and clerk and the bevyhum of Marie	14			
Reparatrices for a good allround sympowdhericks purge, full view,	15			
to be surprised to see under the grand piano Lily on the sofa (and	16			
a lady!) pulling a low and then he'd begin to jump a little bit to	17			
find out what goes on when love walks in besides the solicitous	18			
bussness by kissing and looking into a mirror.	19			
That we were treated not very grand when the police and	20			
everybody is all bowing to us when we go out in all directions	21			
on Wanterlond Road with my cubarola glide? And, personably	22			
speaking, they can make their beaux to my alce, as Hillary Allen	23			
sang to the opennine knights. Item, we never were chained to a	24			
chair, and, bitem, no widower whother soever followed us about	25			
with a fork on Yankskilling Day. Meet a great civilian (proud	26			
lives to him!) who is gentle as a mushroom and a very affectable	27			
when he always sits forenenst us for his wet while to all whom	28			
it may concern Sully is a thug from all he drunk though he is a	29			
rattling fine bootmaker in his profession. Would we were here-	30			
arther to lodge our complaint on sergeant Laraseny in consequence	31			
of which in such steps taken his health would be constably broken	32			
into potter's pance which would be the change of his life by a	33			
Nollwelshian which has been oxbelled out of crispianity.	34			
Well, our talks are coming to be resumed by more polite con-	35			
versation with a huntered persent human over the natural bestness	36			

FW619				
of pleasure after his good few mugs of humbedumb and shag.	1			
While for whoever likes that urogynal pan of cakes one apiece it is	2			
thanks, beloved, to Adam, our former first Finnletter and our	3			
grocerest churcher, as per Grippiths' varuations, for his beautiful	4			
crossmess parzel.	5			
Well, we simply like their demb cheeks, the Rathgarries,	6			
wagging here about around the rhythms in me amphybed and he	7			
being as bothered that he pausably could by the fallth of hampty	8			
damp. Certified reformed peoples, we may add to this stage, are	9			
proptably saying to quite agreeable deaf. Here gives your	10			
answer, pigs and scuts! Hence we've lived in two worlds. He is	11			
another he what stays under the himp of holth. The herewaker	12			
of our hamefame is his real namesame who will get himself up	13			
and erect, confident and heroic when but, young as of old, for my	14			
daily comfreshenall, a wee one woos.	15			
Alma Luvia, Pollabella.	16			
P.S. Soldier Rollo's sweetheart. And she's about fetted up now	17			
with nonsery reams. And rigs out in regal rooms with the ritzies.	18			
Rags! Worns out. But she's still her deckhuman amber too.	19			
Soft morning, city! Lsp! I am leafy speafing. Lpf! Foly and	20			

folty all the nights have falled on to long my hair. Not a sound,	21			
falling. Lispn! No wind no word. Only a leaf, just a leaf and	22			
then leaves. The woods are fond always. As were we their babes	23			
in. And robins in crews so. It is for me goolden wending.	24			
Unless? Away! Rise up, man of the hooths, you have slept so	25			
long! Or is it only so mesleems? On your pondered palm.	26			
Reclined from cape to pede. With pipe on bowl. Terce for a	27			
fiddler, sixt for makmerriers, none for a Cole. Rise up now and	28			
aruse! Norvena's over. I am leafy, your goolden, so you called	29			
me, may me life, yea your goolden, silve me solve, exsogerraidr!	30			
You did so drool. I was so sharm. But there's a great poet in you	31			
too. Stout Stokes would take you offly. So has he as bored me	32			
to slump. But am good and rested. Taks to you, todody, tan ye!	33			
Yawhawaw. Helpunto min, helpas vin. Here is your shirt, the day	34			
one, come back. The stock, your collar. Also your double brogues.	35			
A comforter as well. And here your iverol and everthelest your	36			
FW620				
umbr. And stand up tall! Straight. I want to see you looking fine	1			
for me. With your brandnew big green belt and all. Blooming in	2			
the very lotust and second to nill, Budd! When you're in the	3			
buckly shuit Rosensharonals near did for you. Fiftyseven and	4			

three, cosh, with the bulge. Proudpurse Alby with his pooraroon	5		
Eireen, they'll. Pride, comfytousness, enevy! You make me think	6		
of a wonderdecker I once. Or somebalt thet sailder, the man me-	7		
gallant, with the bangled ears. Or an earl was he, at Lucan? Or,	8		
no, it's the Iren duke's I mean. Or somebrey erse from the Dark	9		
Countries. Come and let us! We always said we'd. And go abroad.	10		
Rathgreany way perhaps. The childher are still fast. There is no	11		
school today. Them boys is so contrary. The Head does be	12		
worrying himself. Heel trouble and heal travel. Galliver and	13		
Gellover. Unless they changes by mistake. I seen the likes in	14		
the twinngling of an aye. Som. So oft. Sim. Time after time.	15		
The sehm asnuh. Two bredder as doffered as nors in soun. When	16		
one of him sighs or one of him cries 'tis you all over. No peace	17		
at all. Maybe it's those two old crony aunts held them out to the	18		
water front. Queer Mrs Quickenough and odd Miss Dodd-	19		
pebble. And when them two has had a good few there isn't much	20		
more dirty clothes to publish. From the Laundersdale Minssions.	21		
One chap googling the holyboy's thingabib and this lad wetting	22		
his widdle. You were pleased as Punch, recitating war exploits	23		
and pearse orations to them jackeen gapers. But that night after,	24		
all you were wanton! Bidding me do this and that and the other.	25		
And blowing off to me, hugly Judsys, what wouldn't you give	26		
to have a girl! Your wish was mewill. And, lo, out of a sky! The	27		

way I too. But her, you wait. Eager to choose is left to her shade.	28			
If she had only more matcher's wit. Findlings makes runaways,	29			
runaways a stray. She's as merry as the gricks still. 'Twould be	30			
sore should ledden sorrow. I'll wait. And I'll wait. And then if	31			
all goes. What will be is. Is is. But let them. Slops hospodch and	32			
the slusky slut too. He's for thee what she's for me. Dogging you	33			
round cove and haven and teaching me the perts of speech. If you	34			
spun your yarns to him on the swishbarque waves I was spelling	35			
my yearns to her over cottage cake. We'll not disturb their sleep-	36			
FW621				
ing duties. Let besoms be bosuns. It's Phoenix, dear. And the	1			
flame is, hear! Let's our joornee saintomichael make it. Since the	2			
lausafire has lost and the book of the depth is. Closed. Come!	3			
Step out of your shell! Hold up you free fing! Yes. We've light	4			
enough. I won't take our laddy's lampern. For them four old	5			
windbags of Gustsofairy to be blowing at. Nor you your ruck-	6			
sunck. To bring all the dannymans out after you on the hike. Send	7			
Arctur guiddus! Isma! Sft! It is the softest morning that ever I	8			
can ever remember me. But she won't rain showerly, our Ilma. Yet.	9			
Until it's the time. And me and you have made our. The sons of	10			
bursters won in the games. Still I'll take me owld Finvara for my	11			

shawlders. The trout will be so fine at brookfisht. With a taste	12		
of roly polony from Blugpuddels after. To bring out the tang of	13		
the tay. Is't you fain for a roost brood? Oaxmealtorn, all out of	14		
the woolpalls! And then all the chippy young cuppinjars clutter-	15		
ing round us, clottering for their creams. Crying, me, grownup	16		
sister! Are me not truly? Lst! Only but, theres a but, you must	17		
buy me a fine new girdle too, nolly. When next you go to Market	18		
Norwall. They're all saying I need it since the one from Isaacsen's	19		
slooped its line. Mrknrk? Fy arthou! Come! Give me your great	20		
bearspaw, padder avilky, fol a miny tiny. Dola. Mineninecy-	21		
handsy, in the languo of flows. That's Jorgen Jargonsen. But you	22		
understood, nodst? I always know by your brights and shades.	23		
Reach down. A lil mo. So. Draw back your glave. Hot and hairy,	24		
hugon, is your hand! Here's where the falskin begins. Smoos as	25		
an infams. One time you told you'd been burnt in ice. And one	26		
time it was chemicalled after you taking a lifeness. Maybe that's	27		
why you hold your hodd as if. And people thinks you missed the	28		
scaffold. Of fell design. I'll close me eyes. So not to see. Or see only	29		
a youth in his florizel, a boy in innocence, peeling a twig, a child be-	30		
side a weenywhite steed. The child we all love to place our hope in	31		
for ever. All men has done something. Be the time they've come to	32		
the weight of old fletch. We'll lave it. So. We will take our walk	33		
before in the timpul they ring the earthly bells. In the church	34		

by the hearseyard. Pax Goodmens will. Or the birds start their	35			
treestirm shindy. Look, there are yours off, high on high! And	36			
FW622				
cooshes, sweet good luck they're cawing you, Coole! You see,	1			
they're as white as the riven snae. For us. Next peaters poll you	2			
will be elicited or I'm not your elicitous bribe. The Kinsella	3			
woman's man will never reduce me. A MacGarath O'Cullagh	4			
O'Muirk MacFewney sookadoodling and sweepacheeping round	5			
the lodge of Fjorn na Galla of the Trumpets! It's like potting the	6			
po to shambe on the dresser or tamming Uncle Tim's Caubeen	7			
on to the brows of a Viker Eagle. Not such big strides, huddy	8			
foddy! You'll crush me antilopes I saved so long for. They're	9			
Penisole's. And the two goodiest shoeshoes. It is hardly a Knut's	10			
mile or seven, possumbotts. It is very good for the health of a	11			
morning. With Buahbuah. A gentle motion all around. As	12			
leisure paces. And the helpyourselftoastrool cure's easy. It seems	13			
so long since, ages since. As if you had been long far away.	14			
Afartodays, afearntonights, and me as with you in thadark. You	15			
will tell me some time if I can believe its all. You know where	16			
I am bringing you? You remember? When I ran berrying after	17			
hucks and haws. With you drawing out great aims to hazel me	18			

from the hummock with your sling. Our cries. I could lead you	19			
there and I still by you in bed. Les go dutc to Danegreven,	20			
nos? Not a soul but ourselves. Time? We have loads on our	21			
hangs. Till Gilligan and Halligan call again to hooligan. And	22			
the rest of the guns. Sullygan eight, from left to right. Olobobo,	23			
ye foxy theagues! The moskors thought to ball you out. Or	24			
the Wald Unicorns Master, Bugley Captain, from the Naul, drawls	25			
up by the door with the Honourable Whilp and the Reverend	26			
Poynter and the two Lady Pagets of Tallyhaugh, Ballyhuntus,	27			
in their riddletight raiding hats for to lift a hereshealth to their	28			
roboast, the Stag, evers the Carlton hart. And you needn't host	29			
out with your duck and your duty, capapole, while they reach	30			
him the glass he never starts to finish. Clap this wis on your poll	31			
and stick this in your ear, wiggly! Beauties don't answer and the	32			
rich never pays. If you were the enlarged they'd hue in cry you,	33			
Heathtown, Harbourstown, Snowtown, Four Knocks, Fleming-	34			
town, Bodingtown to the Ford of Fyne on Delvin. How they	35			
housed to house you after the Platonic garlens! And all because,	36			
FW623				
loosed in her reflexes, she seem she seen Ericoricori coricome	1			
huntsome with his three poach dogs aleashing him. But you came	2			

safe through. Enough of that horner corner! And old mutther-	3			
goosip! We might call on the Old Lord, what do you say? There's	4			
something tells me. He is a fine sport. Like the score and a moighty	5			
went before him. And a proper old promnentory. His door	6			
always open. For a newera's day. Much as your own is. You	7			
invoiced him last Eatster so he ought to give us hockockles and	8			
everything. Remember to take off your white hat, ech? When	9			
we come in the presence. And say hoothoothoo, ithmuthisthy!	10			
His is house of laws. And I'll drop my graciast kertssey too. If	11			
the Ming Tung no go bo to me homage me hamage kow bow	12			
tow to the Mong Tang. Ceremonialness to stand lowest place	13			
be! Saying: What'll you take to link to light a pike on porpoise,	14			
plaise? He might knight you an Armor elsor daub you the first	15			
cheap magyerstrape. Remember Bomthomanew vim vam vom	16			
Hungerig. Hoteform, chain and epolettes, botherbumbose. And	17			
I'll be your aural eyeness. But we vain. Plain fancies. It's in the	18			
castles air. My currant bread's full of sillymottocraft. Aloof is	19			
anoof. We can take or leave. He's reading his ruffs. You'll know	20			
our way from there surely. Flura's way. Where once we led so	21			
many car couples have follied since. Clatchka! Giving Shaugh-	22			
nessy's mare the hillymount of her life. With her strulldeburg-	23			
ghers! Hnmn hnmn! The rollcky road adondering. We can sit	24			
us down on the heathery benn, me on you, in quolm uncon-	25			

sciounce. To scand the arising. Out from Drumleek. It was there	26			
Evora told me I had best. If I ever. When the moon of mourning	27			
is set and gone. Over Glinaduna. Lonu nula. Ourselves, oursouls	28			
alone. At the site of salvocean. And watch would the letter you're	29			
wanting be coming may be. And cast ashore. That I prays for	30			
be mains of me drains. Scratching it and patching at with a	31			
prompt from a primer. And what scrips of nutsnolleges I pecked	32			
up me meself. Every letter is a hard but yours sure is the hardest	33			
crux ever. Hack an axe, hook an oxe, hath an an, heth hith ences.	34			
But once done, dealt and delivered, tattat, you're on the map.	35			
Rased on traumscrap from Maston, Boss. After rounding his	36			
FW624				
world of ancient days. Carried in a caddy or screwed and corked.	1			
On his mugisstosst surface. With a bob, bob, bottledby. Blob.	2			
When the waves give up yours the soil may for me. Sometime	3			
then, somewhere there, I wrote me hopes and buried the page	4			
when I heard Thy voice, ruddery dunner, so loud that none but,	5			
and left it to lie till a kissmiss coming. So content me now. Lss.	6			
Unbuild and be buildn our bankaloan cottage there and we'll	7			
cohabit respectable. The Gowans, ser, for Medem, me. With	8			
acute bubel runtoer for to pippup and gopeep where the sterres	9			

be. Just to see would we hear how Jove and the peers talk. Amid	10			
the soleness. Tilltop, bigmaster! Scale the summit! You're not	11			
so giddy any more. All your graundplotting and the little it	12			
brought! Humps, when you hised us and dumps, when you	13			
doused us! But sarra one of me cares a brambling ram, pomp	14			
porteryark! On limpidy marge I've made me hoom. Park and a	15			
pub for me. Only don't start your stunts of Donachie's yeards	16			
agoad again. I could guessp to her name who tuckt you that one, tuf-	17			
nut! Bold bet backwards. For the loves of sinfintins! Before the	18			
naked universe. And the bailby pleasemarm rincing his eye! One	19			
of these fine days, lewdy culler, you must redoform again.	20			
Blessed shield Martin! Softly so. I am so exquisitely pleased about	21			
the loveleavest dress I have. You will always call me Leafiest,	22			
won't you, dowling? Wordherfhull Ohldhbhoy! And you won't	23			
urbjunk to me parafume, oiled of kolooney, with a spot of mara-	24			
shy. Sm! It's Alpine Smile from Yesthers late Yhesters. I'm in	25			
everywince nasturtls. Even in Houlth's nose. Medeurscodeignus!	26			
Astale of astoun. Grand owld marauder! If I knew who you are!	27			
When that hark from the air said it was Captain Finsen makes cum-	28			
hulments and was mayit pressing for his suit I said are you there	29			
here's nobody here only me. But I near fell off the pile of samples.	30			
As if your tinger winged ting to me hear. Is that right what	31			
your brothernilk in Bray bes telling the district you were bragged	32			

up by Brostal because your parents would be always tumbling	33			
into his foulplace and losing her pentacosts after drinking their	34			
pledges? Howsomendeavour, you done me fine! The only man	35			
was ever known could eat the crushts of lobsters. Our native	36			
FW625				
night when you twicetook me for some Marienne Sherry and	1			
then your Jermyn cousin who signs hers with exes and the beard-	2			
wig I found in your Clarksome bag. Pharaops you'll play you're	3			
the king of Aeships. You certainly make the most royal of noises.	4			
I will tell you all sorts of makeup things, strangerous. And show	5			
you to every simple storyplace we pass. <i>Cadmillersfolly, Bellevenue,</i>	6			
<i>Wellcrom, Quid Superabit, villities valleties.</i> Change the plates	7			
for the next course of murphies! Spendlove's still there and the	8			
canon going strong and so is Claffey's habits endurtaking and	9			
our parish pomp's a great warrent. But you'll have to ask that	10			
same four that named them is always snugging in your bar-	11			
salooner, saying they're the best relicts of Conal O'Daniel and	12			
writing <i>Finglas since the Flood</i> . That'll be some kingly work in pro-	13			
gress. But it's by this route he'll come some morrow. And I	14			
can signal you all flint and fern are rasstling as we go by. And	15			
you'll sing thumb a bit and then wise your selmon on it. It is all	16			

so often and still the same to me. Snf? Only turf, wick dear! Clane	17			
turf. You've never forgodden batt on tarf, have you, at broin	18			
burroow, what? Mch? Why, them's the muchrooms, come up	19			
during the night. Look, agres of roofs in parshes. Dom on dam,	20			
dim in dym. And a capital part for olympics to ply at. Steadyon,	21			
Cooloosus! Mind your stride or you'll knock. While I'm dodging	22			
the dustbins. Look what I found! A lintil pea. And look at here!	23			
This cara weeseed. Pretty mites, my sweetthings, was they poor-	24			
loves abandoned by wholawidey world? Neighboulotts for new-	25			
town. The Eblanamagna you behazyheld loomening up out of the	26			
dumblynass. But the still sama sitta. I've lapped so long. As you	27			
said. It fair takes. If I lose my breath for a minute or two don't	28			
speak, remember! Once it happened, so it may again. Why I'm	29			
all these years within years in soffran, allbeleaved. To hide away	30			
the tear, the parted. It's thinking of all. The brave that gave their.	31			
The fair that wore. All them that's gunne. I'll begin again in a	32			
jiffey. The nik of a nad. How glad you'll be I waked you! My!	33			
How well you'll feel! For ever after. First we turn by the vagurin	34			
here and then it's gooder. So side by side, turn agate, wedding-	35			
town, laud men of Londub! I only hope whole the heavens sees	36			
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us. For I feel I could near to faint away. Into the deeps. Anna-	1		
mores leep. Let me lean, just a lea, if you le, bowldstrong big-	2		
tider. Allgearls is wea. At times. So. While you're adamant evar.	3		
Wrhps, that wind as if out of norewere! As on the night of the	4		
Apophanyes. Jumpst shootst throbbst into me mouth like a	5		
bogue and arrohs! Ludegude of the Lashlanns, how he whips	6		
me cheeks! Sea, sea! Here, weir, reach, island, bridge. Where you	7		
meet I. The day. Remember! Why there that moment and us	8		
two only? I was but teen, a tiler's dot. The swankysuits was	9		
boosting always, sure him, he was like to me fad. But the swag-	10		
gerest swell off Shackvulle Strutt. And the fiercest freaky ever	11		
followed a pining child round the sluppery table with a forkful	12		
of fat. But a king of whistlers. Scieoula! When he'd prop me atlas	13		
against his goose and light our two candles for our singers duohs	14		
on the sewingmachine. I'm sure he squirted juice in his eyes to	15		
make them flash for flightening me. Still and all he was awful	16		
fond to me. Who'll search for <i>Find Me Colours</i> now on the hilly-	17		
droops of Vikloefells? But I read in Tobecontinued's tale that while	18		
blubles blows there'll still be sealskers. There'll be others but non	19		
so for me. Yed he never knew we seen us before. Night after	20		
night. So that I longed to go to. And still with all. One time you'd	21		
stand fornenst me, fairly laughing, in your bark and tan billows of	22		
branches for to fan me coolly. And I'd lie as quiet as a moss. And	23		

one time you'd rush upon me, darkly roaring, like a great black	24			
shadow with a sheeny stare to perce me rawly. And I'd frozen	25			
up and pray for thawe. Three times in all. I was the pet of everyone	26			
then. A princeable girl. And you were the pantymammy's Vulking	27			
Corsergoth. The invision of Indelond. And, by Thorrer, you	28			
looked it! My lips went livid for from the joy of fear. Like almost	29			
now. How? How you said how you'd give me the keys of me	30			
heart. And we'd be married till delth to uspart. And though dev	31			
do espart. O mine! Only, no, now it's me who's got to give. As	32			
duv herself div. Inn this linn. And can it be it's nnow fforvell?	33			
Illas! I wisht I had better glances to peer to you through this bay-	34			
light's growing. But you're changing, acoolsha, you're changing	35			
from me, I can feel. Or is it me is? I'm getting mixed. Brightening	36			
FW627				
up and tightening down. Yes, you're changing, sonhusband, and	1			
you're turning, I can feel you, for a daughterwife from the hills	2			
again. Imlamaya. And she is coming. Swimming in my hindmoist.	3			
Diveltaking on me tail. Just a whisk brisk sly spry spink spank	4			
sprint of a thing theresomere, saultering. Saltarella come to her	5			
own. I pity your oldself I was used to. Now a younger's there.	6			
Try not to part! Be happy, dear ones! May I be wrong! For she'll	7			

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be sweet for you as I was sweet when I came down out of me	8		
mother. My great blue bedroom, the air so quiet, scarce a cloud.	9		
In peace and silence. I could have stayed up there for always only.	10		
It's something fails us. First we feel. Then we fall. And let her rain	11		
now if she likes. Gently or strongly as she likes. Anyway let her	12		
rain for my time is come. I done me best when I was let. Think-	13		
ing always if I go all goes. A hundred cares, a tithe of troubles and	14		
is there one who understands me? One in a thousand of years of	15		
the nights? All me life I have been lived among them but now	16		
they are becoming lothed to me. And I am lothing their little	17		
warm tricks. And lothing their mean cosy turns. And all the	18		
greedy gushes out through their small souls. And all the lazy	19		
leaks down over their brash bodies. How small it's all! And me	20		
letting on to meself always. And liling on all the time. I thought	21		
you were all glittering with the noblest of carriage. You're only	22		
a bumpkin. I thought you the great in all things, in guilt and in	23		
glory. You're but a puny. Home! My people were not their sort	24		
out beyond there so far as I can. For all the bold and bad and	25		
bleary they are blamed, the seahags. No! Nor for all our wild	26		
dances in all their wild din. I can seen meself among them, alla-	27		
niuvia pulchrabelled. How she was handsome, the wild Amazia,	28		
when she would seize to my other breast! And what is she weird,	29		
haughty Niluna, that she will snatch from my ownest hair! For	30		



'tis they are the stormies. Ho hang! Hang ho! And the clash of	31			
our cries till we spring to be free. Auravoles, they says, never heed	32			
of your name! But I'm loothing them that's here and all I lothe.	33			
Loonely in me loneness. For all their faults. I am passing out. O	34			
bitter ending! I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never see.	35			
Nor know. Nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and old it's	36			
FW628				
sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad	1			
father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the mere	2			
size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moananoaning, makes me	3			
seasilt saltsick and I rush, my only, into your arms. I see them	4			
rising! Save me from those therrble prongs! Two more. Onetwo	5			
moremens more. So. Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from me.	6			
All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of. Lff!	7			
So soft this morning, ours. Yes. Carry me along, taddy, like you	8			
done through the toy fair! If I seen him bearing down on me now	9			
under whitespread wings like he'd come from Arkangels, I sink	10			
I'd die down over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes,	11			
tid. There's where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush	12			
to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us	13			
then. Finn, again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thous-	14			

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endsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a	15			
long the	16			
PARIS,				
1922-1939.				

