Say, baroun leuddoir, who in huffagal wrote the darn thing anyhow? Erect, besotted, moonback, against a partywall, below freeze-grid, by the use of quill or style, with turbid or pulpiled mind, accompanied or the reverse by mystification, interrupted by visit of seer to scribe or of scribe to site, awtix two showers or atost of a trike, rained upon or blown around, by a right-down regular racer from the soil or by a top pared willitile laden with the loot of learning?

Now, patience; and remember patience is the great thing, and above all things else we must avoid anything like being or becoming out of patience. A good plan used by worried business folk who may not have had many moments to master Kung’s doctrine of the meaning or the propriety coedistances of Carprimitimus is just to think of all the sinking fund of patience possessed in their conjoint names by both brothers Bruce with whom are incorporated their Scotch spider and Elderfield’s Calculating Horses. If after years upon years of delving in ditches dark one tubthumper more than others, Kinlhoon or Kahannah, gendamer or mear measeaenman, has got up for the durnald same purpose of reassessing three syllables with all the bar bar of the Carageehouse that our great ancestor was fairly speaking three syllables less than his own surname (yes, yes, least!), that the ear of Fionn Earwicker aforetime was the trademark of a broadcaster with wicker local jargon for an ace’s patent (Hear! Cats! Everywhair!) then as to this radiooscillating epiipistole to which, cotton, silk or samite, kohole, gall or brickdust, we must ceaselessly return, whereabouts exactly at present in Siam, Hell or Tophet under which glorious which plays tosaloop with us in this Aladin’s Cove of our capacity is that bright soundstuch to slip us the dinkum off?

Naysayers we know. To conclude purely negatively from the positive absences of political odia and monetary requests that its page cannot ever have been a peanproduct of a man or woman of that period or those parts is only one more unlookedfor conclusion leaped at, being tantamount to inferring from the nonpresence of inverred commas (sometimes called quotation marks) on any page that its author was always constitutionally incapable of misappropriating the spoken words of others.

Fortunately there is another cant to the questy. Has any fellow, of the dime a dozen type, it might with some profit some dull evening quietly been told—has any usual sort of onerous joser, fletched fortyish, faintly flatulent and given to ratiocination by syncopation in the elucidation of complications, of his greatest Fung Yang dynastiesdescended,only another the son of, in fact, ever looked sufficiently longly at a quite everydaylooking stampled addressed envelope? Admittedly it is an outer husk: its face, in all its featureful perfection of imperfection, is its fortune: it exhibits only the civil or military clothing of whatever personage—it is a nude turn or plumin purple nakedness may happen to tuck itself under its flap. Yet to concentrate solely on the literal sense or even the psychological content of any document to the sore neglect of the enveloping facts themselves circumstantializing it is just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added the enveloping facts themselves circumstantializing it is just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added the enveloping facts themselves circumstantializing it is just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added the enveloping facts themselves circumstantializing it is just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added the enveloping facts themselves circumstantializing it is just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added the enveloping facts themselves circumstantializing it is just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added the enveloping facts themselves circumstantializing it is just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added the enveloping facts themselves circumstantializing it is just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added 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wheedle Tipperaw raw raw eemaw pantes out of New Zealand in spirit of the patchpurple of the massacre, a duil a duel to die to day, goddam and biggud, sticks and stanks, of most of the Jacobiers.

The bird in the case was Belinda of the Dorrays, a more than quinquagenarian (Terzulis prize with Scemi medal, Cheepalizy’s Hane Exposition) and what she was scratching at the hour of klopping twelve looked for all this zigzag world like a goodish-sized sheet of letter paper originating by transfusion from Boston (Mass.) of the last of the first to Dear whom it proceeded to mention Maggy well & allahome’s health well only the hate turned the mild on the von Huterus and the general’s elections with a lovely face of some born gentleman with a beautiful present of wedding cakes for dear thankyou Christy and with grand funereal of poor Father Michael don’t forget unto life’s & Maggy well how are you Maggy & hopes soon to hear well & must now close it with fondest to the twinnies with four crosikissos for holy paul holy corner holihopli whollylsland pees from docust may eat all but this sign shall they never affectionate largetlooking tache of tch. The stain, and that a teastain (the overemuniousness of the masterbiller here, as usual, signing the page away), marked it off on the sop of the moment as a genuine relic of ancient Irish pleasant pottery of that byadlike languishing class known as a burrey-me'er-the-hazy.

Why then how?

Well, almost any photostet worth his chemetics will tip anyone asking him the teaser that if a negative of a horse happens to melt while drying, well, what you do get is, well, a positively grotesquely distorted macronium of all sorts of horsehappily values and masses of meltwhite horse. Tip. Well, this freely is what must have occurred to our missive (there’s a sod of a turf for you! please whip off the grass!) unfiltered from the becher by the sagacity of a lookmeabout like melomelon hen. Heated residence in the heart of the orangeflavoured mudmound had partly obliterated the negative to start with, causing some features palpably nearer your pecker to be swollen up most grossly while the farther back we manage to wiggle the more we need the loan of a lens to see as much as the hen saw, Tip.

You is feeling like you was lost in the bush, boy? You says: It is a piling sample jungle of woods. You most shouts out: Bethicket me for a stamp of a beech if I have the poubliest notions what the fastest he all means. Gee up, girlly! The quad gospellers may own the taggum but any of the Zingari shooleirim may pick a peck of kindlings yet from the sack of ajud hensye.

Lead, kindly fowl! They always did: ask the ages. What bird has done yesterday man may do next year, be it fly, be it moult, be it hatch, be it agreement in the nest. For her socioscientific sense is sound as a bell. All her volunrature automotiveness right on normaley: she knows, she just feels she was kind of born to lay and love eggs (trust her to propagate the species and hoosh her fluffyballs safe through din and danger!), lastly but mostly, in her genericide field it is all game and no gammon; she is ladylike in everything she does and plays the gentleman’s part every time. Let us auspice it! Yes, before all this has time to end the golden age must return with its vengeance. Man will become dirigible, Agwe will be rejuvenated, woman with her ridiculous white burden will reach by one step sublime incubation, the manacuring human homme with her disheartened disciplinar manam will lie down together publicly flap upon fleece. She annually, they are not justified, those gloompourers who groze that letters have never been quite the ool selves again since that weird weekiday in bleak Janiavene (yet he palmy date in a waste’s oasis?)

even to the shock of both, Biddy Doran looked at literature.

Let us now, weather, health, dangers, public or other circumstances permitting, of perfectly conscious if you police, after you, policepolice, pardoning meen, ich beam so fresch, bey? drop this jiggerycockery and talk straight turkey meet to mate, for while the ear, be we muckalads or nistolists, may times be inclined to believe others the eye, whether browned or incalibed, find it devlish hard now and then even to believe itself. Habet aures et num videbit? Habet oculos ac navempatiabat? Tip! By a more reater to take our slant at it (since after all it has met with misfortune while all underground), let

...all there may remain to be seen.

I was a stoker, a tombstone mason, anxious to pleace averyabes and jolly glad when Christmas comes for ever again. You are a poopist, untouch to please aplebobbies and nuthilhilly soully when 'tis thime to set a house, pit. We cannot say aye to aye. We cannot smile noes from noes. Still. One cannot help aroo me that rather more than half of the lines run northsou in the Nemzes and Bukarahast directions while the others go westeast in search from Malizies with Bulgarad far, tiny tot though it looks when it is quarraking alongside other incunabulas, it has its cardinal points for all that. These ruled barriers done shuch the traced words, run, march, half, wall, stumbling at doubtful points, stumble up again in compuater, safety seem to have been drawn first of all in a pretty checker with lampblack and blackhorn.

which is antichristian of course, but the use of the homeborn shillelagh as an aid to caligraphy
shows a distinct advance from savagery to barbarism. It is seriously believed by some that the intention may have been gothic, or, in the view of the canniest, domestic economical. But by writing thithaway end to end and turning, turning and end to end thithaways writing and with lines of little slitting up and loads of latters slitting down, the old scemonymplace and jupetahackagain from thum Lert Risc till Hum Lit. Sleep, where in the waste is the wisdom?

Another point, in addition to the original sand, prouce powder, drunkard paper or soft rag used

>> it has acquired accretions of terricose matter whilst lithering in the past. The teatstained terminal (say not the tag, mummer, or our show's a failure!) is a cozy little study all to oneself and, whether it be thumbprint, mademark or just a poor trait of the artless, its importance in establishing the identities in the writer complexus (for if the hand was one, the minds of active and agitated were more than so) will be best appreciated by never forgetting that both before and after the battle of the Boyne it was a habit not to sign letters always. Tip. And it is surely a lesser ignorance to write a word with every consonant too few than to add all too many. The end? Say it with missiles then and thus arabesque the page. You have your cup of scalding Souchong, your taper's waxen drop, your cat's paw, the clove or cinnamal you chewed or champed as you worded it, your lark in clear air. So why, pray, sign anything as long as every word, letter, penstroke, paperspace is a perfect signature of its own? A true friend is known much more easily, and better into the bargain, by his personal touch, habits of full or undress, movements, response to appeals for charity than by his footwear, say. And, speaking oneself, Tiberias and other incestuous salacities among gerontophils, a word of warning about the tenderloined passion hinted at. Some softnosed peruser might mayhem take it up ergonemously as the usual case of spoons, prostibuta in herba plus dinky pinky deliberately summersaulting off her biseycle, at the main entrance of curate's perpetual soutane suit with her one to see and awohl who picks her up as gingerly as any balmbearer would to feel whereupon the virgin was most hurt and nicely asking: where have you been so grace a mauling and where were you chaste me child? Be who, farther potential? And so wider but we giddily old Sykos who have done our unsniling bit on 'alices, when they were yung and easily frendened, in the procurings of the procuring room and what oracular comepression we have have appli to them! could (did we care to sell our feebough silence in camera) tell our very moistenstralld one that father in such virged contexts is not always that underdemonstrative relative (often held up to our contumacy) who settles our hushbilb for us and what an

innocent allabroad's adverb such as Michaely looks like can be suggestive of under the pudenda scope and, finally, what a neurasthenic nympholept, endocrinophile typos of, invented parentage with a propectasm pneumonia present in her past and a stropic urge for congress with ignames before cognizes fundamentalism is feeling for under her lucubraneous mesiosis when she refers with liking to some feeler she made, face. And Mm. We could. Yet what need to say? 'Tis as human a little story as paper could well carry in affect, as singning so Salamine envisuing swittvites while as unbluffingly slurubuskblust as an E of the cat, the cat's meeter, the meeter's cat's wife, the meeter's cat's wife's half better, the meeter's cat's wife's half better's meeter, and so back to our horses, for we also know, what we have perused from the paper's, I Was A General, that Showtong up of Bulsklivism by Schottenboun, that Father Michael don't the red time of the white terror equals the old regime and Margaret is the social revolution while ekl meaning by the fundy and dear thank you signifies national gratitude. In fine, we have heard, as it happenend of Salluman intercellular. We are not corkered yet, dead hand! We can recall, with volunteers, the fossiy paw, and sweeter far 'twere now westhinks in Dunblin's fair city ere one more year is o'er. We broughed our court to the good gay tunes. When from down swords the sea merged the oldsworth guns and now made the bold O'Dwyer. But, Est modest in verbis. Let a prostitute be whoos stand before a door and made of parks herself in the fornix near a makeassain wall (sinsin! sinsin!) and the curate one who phonemine waters (gingin! ginger!), but also, and dinna forget, that there is many ales between one abode's first and moreinausland's last and that the beautiful Presence of waiting kates will until it'll be more than enough to make any milkstrate in the language of sweet tarts punch hell's hate into the muddily and Maggy's tea, or your majesty, if heard as a boost from a born gentleman. For if the bliss expe between kieskheets, however basically English, were to be preached from the mouths of a facile band of adones and metaphysicians in the row and adovkatoes, alitvogues, demivoyelles, lamnus, hock, duchelles, guttenhows and furza, where would their practice be or where the human race stilted in the Pithygonia sesquipedata of the panepistemion, however apically Volapacky, granted and

bathli by a love; this this and will be: till wears and tears and ages. Thief us the night, steal we the air, for Thassachal, mine! Here, Ohere, insult the fair! Traitor, bad heavier, brave! The lightning look, the

Feueragrasaria iordewater; now godsun shine
on munday's daughter: a good clap, a fore marriage, a bad wake, tell bell's well; such is manwif's lot of lose and win again, like he's green quhiskers on who's chin again, she plucked them out but they grown in again. So what are you going to do about it? O dear!

>>

31

So?

Who do you no tonigh, lazy and gentleman?

The echo is where in the back of the wodes; callhim forth!

(Shaun Mac Irewick, briefdragger, for the concern of Messrs Jhon Jhamieson and Song, rated one hundred and thin per storhundred on this nightly quissiqvick of the twelve apostrophes, set by Jockit Mic Erewick. He misunderstruck and aim for an ollo of number three of them and left his free natural ripostes to four of them in their own fine artifal disorder.)

[Question] What secondtonom myther rector and maximost bridgewater was the first to rise taller through his beamstale than the bluegum buishababaun or the giganticus Wellingtonia Sequoia; went modiboots with trouters into a lifefyette when she was barely in her tricklies; was well known to claud a conciliation cap onto the eker of his hooth; sports a chainganger's albert solemnly over his hullender's epulence;

>>

gave the heinousness of choice to everyknight betwixt yesterdicks and twoomaries; had several succesivecolourad serebannmaids on the same big white drawingroum horthing; is a Willbeforce to this hour at house as he was in heather; pumped the catholk wartrey and shocked the prodesting boyne; killed his own hungry self in anger as a young man;

>>

gave his mundayfoot to Miseriou, her pinch to Anna Livi, that superfine pigtail to Cerisia Cerisia and quid rides to Titius, Catus and Senpronius; made the man who had no notion of shopkeepers feel he'd rather play the duke than play the gentleman; shot two queens and shook three casdles when he won his game of dwarfs; fumes inwards like a streambolst till he smokes at both ends;

>>

36

37

can vant a grace in oxtail soup and chat as gay as a porto flippant; is unhesitant in his unionist and yet suppliant rationalist; Sylviacola is shy of him, Matrosenhoosens nose the joke; shows the sinews of peace in his chesttoware; lefeathome, ninehundred and thirtime years of copyhool; is always open for polemopology's sake when he's not suntimes closed for the loves of Janus;

Dao flatslippity like old King Cnut and turned his back like Cincinnatus; is a farfar and morefar and a hoar fathier Tuleloukker in villas old as new; squats aquart and cracks aquaint when it's flaggin in town and

on hevan blows whiskey around his summit but stetts stout upon his footles; stutters fore he falls and

cummandeely when he's waked; is Timb to the pearly mom and Tumb to the mourning night; and an

he had the lord bumbledres bricks in bould Babylon for his pitching plays he'd be lost for the want of his

an unskilled wall?

<<

How now! Does your mother know your mine?

<<

When Tum meoptics, from suchurban prospects, 'tis my filial's bosom, doth behold with

pools that pointillator, and circumvallator, with his dam night garrouls, slip by his side. Ann alive, the

it of her twould prig mountains whisper her; and the beres of Iceland melt in waves of fire, and her

outward padours, and her dirickle-me-ondonees, make the Ruggous Ossean, kneel and quaff a lyfe! If

in Tum's dirty, if he's plume she's purty, if he's faire, she's flitty, with her aurburn streams, and

her coadly drolleries, for to cause his rudderup, or to drench his dreams. If hot

Hermon aowil old Oeasaries, could esp'y his prankings, they'd burst bounds again, and renowne their

in their shyness, for river and river, and a night. Amin!

<<

What huds capitale city (a dea o dea) of two syllables and six letters, with a deltic origin and

in a ood (lah dah oh dus!) can boost of having a) the most exhaustive public park in the world, b)

in a ood, b) the most extensive poypeking thoroughfare in the

world, c) the most philippique theobibbus palpulation in the world: and harmonise your abecedee

destiny at Doilis. And when ye'll hear the gould hommers of my heart, my floxy loss, bingbang
again the ribs of yer resistance and the tenderbells of my rivets working to your destruction ye'll be shev-
erin wi' all yer daifal sohs when we'll go riding acoope-arly, you with yer orange girland and me with
my conny cordial, down the greaseways of rollicking into the waters of wetted life. 4) Dorolu, And sure
where can you have such good old chimes anywhere, and leave you, as on the Marsh and how 'ts I would
be engaging you with my plovery soft accents and descanting upon the scene bamberd me of your loose
vines in their hairfall with them two loving boods brandeeting the slim of your ankles and your mouth's
flower rose and sinking after the soapstone of silvery speech. 5) Nubiad, Isha, why wouldn't we be happy,
avamente, on the mills' money he'll soon be leaving you as soon as I've my own owned brookskind
Georgian mansion's lawn to recrunt upon by Doctor Cheek's special orders and my copper's panful of soy-
beans and Irish in my est hand and a James's Gate in my west, after all the eerears and erroorbu of
comparative embattled history, and your goodself churning over the newleaved butter (more power to
you), the choicest and the cheapest from Atlanta to Oconee, while I'll be droussing in the gaarden. 6) Dula-
way. I hooked my thouchgoing trotty the first down Spanish Place, Mayo I make, Toml I make, Silgo's sleek but Galway's grace. Holy eel and Sainted Salmon, chucking chub and ducking dace, Rodrin's not your acquial! says she, leppin half the lan.

>>

[Question] And how war yore maggies?

Answer: They war loving, they love laughing, they laugh weeping, they weep smelling, they smell
smiling, they smile hating, they hate thinking, they think feeling, they feel tempting, they tempt dairing,
they dare waiting, they wait taking, they take thanking, they thank seeking, as born for born in lore of love
to live and wife by wife and ryle by rule of ruse treathed rose and hose hol'd home, yeth cometh elope
eyear, coach and four, Sweet Peck-at-my-Heart picks one man more.

>>

[Question] What bitter's love but yurning, what’ sour lovematch but a bref burning till shee that draws
doth smoke retainre?

Answer: I know, pepette, of course, dear, but listen, precious! Thanks, pete, those are lovely, pitouette, delicious! But mind the wind, sweet! What exquisite hands you have, you angel, if you didn't

... now put your lips, pepette, like I used my sweet parted lipsbuss with Dan Holohan of facceous
... now, I touch not after the flamell dance, with the proof of love, up Smock Alley the first night he
... and I coloured beneath my fan, pipetta mia, when you learned me the linguo to melt
... her eyes would have ears like ours, the blackhearted! Do you like that, silenzioso? Are you enjoying, this
... doth shut me my life, my love? Why do you like my whispering? Is it not divinely delicious? But in't
bafforyou? Misi misi! Tell me till my thrillme comes! I will not break the seal. I am enjoying it still. I swear I am! Why do you prefer its in these dark notes, if you may ask, my sweetykins? Shh! Longears is flying. No, sweetissset, why would that annoy me? But don’t! You want to be slap well slapped for that. Your delighted lips, love, be careful! Mind my duvetyne dress above all! It’s gilded silvly, the newest saxes tone with princess effect. For Rutland blue’s got out of passion. So, so, my precious! O, I can see the cost, chare! Don’t tell me! Why, the boy in sheep’s lane knows that.

Did you really never in all our cantalang lives speak clothes to a girl’s before? No! Not even to the charmermaid? How marfellows! Of course I believe you, my own dear dozing flet, when you tell me. As I’d live to, O, I’d love to! Liss, liss! I muss whiss! Never that ever! I can remember dearstreaming faces, you may go through me! Never in all my whole white life of my matchless and pair. Or ever for biter the fruct of this hour! With my whiteness I thee woo and bind my silk breadths I thee bound! Always, Amory, amor and amore! Till always, thou loves! Shhshhshh! So long as the lucksmith. Laughs.

[Question] If you met on the binga a poor acheseved from Ailing, when the tune of his tremble shock shimmery on shin, while his countrary ragged in the weak of his wailing, like, a rugulent pilgurer Lyon O’Lynn; if he maundered in misliness, plaining his plight or, played fax and lice, prickking and dropping hips teeth, or wringing his handcuffs for peace, the blind blightner, praying Deuel and Dorm Nostrums for themethinks to earth; if he weep while he leapt and guffalled quit a quhimper, made cold blood a blue mundy and no bones without flech, taking kis, kake or kick with a suck, sigh or simper, a diffie to fan and a dibble to lech; if the fain shinner pegged you to shave his immural, weel skilmustered shoul with his ooh, hoooodoo! Borking wind that to wiles, weemaid sin he was partial, we don’t think, Jones, we’d care to this evening, word you?

Answer: No, blank ye! So you think I have impulsivism? Did they tell you I am one of the fortysheds? And I suppose you heard I had a wag on my ears? And I suppose they told you too that my roll of life is not natural? But before proceeding to conclusively confute this begging question it would be far fitter for you, if you dare! to hesitate to consult with and consequentially attempt at my disposal of the same dime-cash problem elsewhere naturalistically of course, from the blinkpoint of so eminent a spatialist.

To put it all the more plausibly. The speechform is a mere surrogate. While the quality and utility (I shall quote what you ought to mean by this with its proper when and where and why and how in the subsequent sentence) are alternativemomentally harrogate and arrogate, as the gates may be.

As my explanations here are probably above your understandings, lattebrattons, though as augmentative for compassioned as Cadwvan, Cadwallon and Cadwalloner, I shall revert to a more expletive method to hell I frequently use when I have to sermo with middleclass pupils. Imagine for my purpose that you were a squad of nimhons, sniflionsed, goslingnecked, clothylheaded, tangled in your lacing, tingled in your pears, flutinwhet whetners. And you, Bruno Nowlan, take your tongue out of your inkpot! As none of you have your fancies I will give all my easyfree translation of the old fabulist’s parable. Allaboy Minor, take your head out of your satchel! Audi, Joe Peters! Exaudl facts!

[.]

The Moles, or The Gripees.

These small cutaneous, fullstoppers and semicolonials, hybrids and hubberdals,

1. The mole, or mole, was a creature of a weartywide space it waste ere wohned a Mooke. The onelesomeness wass alliarly
2. In that mole were innumable, and an intense-like, immoderately, and a Moke he would a walking go (My hood! cries Antony
3. The innermost, within the inner, after a great morning and his good supper of gammon and spittish,
4. The mole had his eyes, pilledoed his nostrils, vactinicated his ears and pillurned his throat, he put on a caprooted:
5. Thus it walkd he could but was chaffull of masterplasters and had borsosely festooned gardens strown with
6. The Pope, or Moles in the weidest of all peable ways,

7. He had with his father’s sword, his lancia speczata, he was girded on, and with that between his
8. The Pope, or Moles, our once in only Bragpspear, he clanked, to my clinking, from veteo to threetop,
9. Was an immortal
10. He had not walked over a pentapair of parsees from his asylum when at the turning of the Shinahome
11. He put on in a Saint Howery’s-without-his-Walls he came (secunding to the one one onth of the
12. Tonya, Lanna, Permanent) upon the most unconsciously boggyloking stream he ever looked
silipes of his aspillous and the acheporeoozers of his haggyown pneumax to symmetheise with the breadchestiousness of his swecatenar douceus unfruitfully the loggerthuds of his sakellaris were fond at variance with the symocals of his somepoomion and his balshskissed nepogreasymost got the hoof from his philioques.

—After thousand yaws, O Gripecs can my sheepskins, yew will be belined to the world, ensayed Mookse the pins.

—Offer thousand yorees, amsered Gripecs the gregary, be the gnat of Machnambul’s, yours may be still, O Mookse, more botheared.

—Us shall be chosen as the first of the last by the electress of Vile Hollow, obsesved the Mookse nobily, for par the uminum of Ebliljacks, Us am in Our stabulatary and that is what Ruby and Roby fall for, blissim.

The Pills, the Nasal Wash (Yardly’s), the Army Man Cut, as british as bondstrict and as straightest at when that brokenarched traveller from Nazuland . . .

—Wee, cumfused the Gripecs limply, shall not even be the last of the first, wee hope, when oast are visitated by the Veiled Horror. And, he added: Mee are relying entirely, see the forethurd of Elissabeed, on the weightiness of mear’s breath. Puffut!

Unsightared embouchur, relentless foe to social and business success! (Hourihielene) It might have been a happy evening but . . .

And they vieritated each other, canis et colaber with the wildest ever wielded since Tarritinimus lashed Pissasphalitium.

—Unuchorn!
—Unugulant!
—Uvolod!
—Uskybeak!
And bullfoly answered volleyball.

Nuvoletta in her lightdress, spann of sixteen shimmered, was looking down on them, leaning over the bannisters and listening all she childishy could. How she was brightened when Shouldrope in his gleaming hochskied his wellkinstuck and how she was overused when Kneesnobis on his zvivvel was make-

act up such a pore of himself! She was alone. All her nubied companions were aseeping with the sparmbe. Then answer. Mrs Mooram, was off in the Fuerst quarter scrubbing the backsteps of Number 28.

However that Skind, he was up in Norwood’s sakaparlour, eating oceans of Yoking’s Blemish. Nuvoletta was told she reflected herself, though the heavenly one with his constellatry and his emanations stood between and she tried all she tried to make the Mookse look up at her (but he was too wise to adapt to it) and to make the Gripecs hear how coy she could be (though he was much too schystematically unsual about his ears to heed her) but it was all mild’s vapour moist. Not even her feignet reflection, a crossox could they take their grooves off for their minds with interpid fate and bungless curiosity, converyed with Intellectualism and Commodus and Enoblarbus and whatever the coesianal dichens did the dead then damragh of papyrs and bookstubs said. As if that was their spiration! As if theirs could lap up her queersim! As if she would be third party to search on search proceedings! She tried all the duncome worse ways her four winds had taught her. She tossed her sumastellaciously hair like le over de la Prate Berteigne and she rounded her mimnx arms like Mrs Cornwallis-West and she nicked her self like the beauty of the image of the face of the daughter of the queen of the Emperor and she nicked her self like the beauty of the face of the daughter of her self after herself as were she born to bride with Tristis Tristior Tristissimus. But, she might fair as well have carried her Daisy’s worth to Florida. For the Mookse, a
dulcified by her, were not ammoused and the Gripecs, a dubboused Catalanick, wis pinnfully oblivious.

I . . . be apped. There are manner.

Hear of the whisp of the sigh of the softzing at the stir of the ver grose O arundo of a long one in

and drops began to glidder along the banks, greesping, greesping, duusk unto duusk, and

a crossox playcleaning could be in the waste of all peacable worlds. Metamniasis was alisoneome

and aonitaban deltaic ample as an eauland, innumorous and unnumeros. The Mookse had a sound

heat had he could not all hear. The Gripecs had light ears left yet he could not ill see. He ceased. And

ted time and trit, and it was neversever so dark of both of them. But still Moe thought on the
top of the meelde, he would profounden come the morrose and still Giri feeleed of the scripes he would

out by open he had luck enquearpes.

Then the fires of night began to fall, first by ones and twos, then by threes and fours, at last by fives

and sixes, but the tired ones were wecking, as we weep now with them. O! O! O! Par la plate!
Then there came down to the thither hank a woman of no appearance (I believe she was a Black with chills at her feet) and she gathered up his houniness the Mooskee motamourfully where he was spread and carried him away to her invisible dwelling, thau's hights, Aquila Rupax, for he was the holy sacred solen and pushup spit of her bishop's apron. So you see the Mooske he had reason as I knew and you knew and he knew all along. And there came down to the hither hank a woman in all important (though they say that she was comely, spite the cold in her heed) and, for he was as like it as blow it to a huckler's hank, she plucked down the Gripes, torn panicky antitone, in anger from his limbs and carried away its bootinthes with her to her unseen shielding, it is, De Row Cooll. And so the poor Gripes got wrong; for that is always how a Gripes is, always was and always will be. And it was never so thoughtfull of either of them. And there were left now an only eltembre and but a stone. Pollled with pietrous, Sierre but saile. O Yes! And Nuvoletta, a lass.

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life and she made up all her myriad of drifting minds in one. She cancelled all her engazements. She climbed over the bannisters; she gave a childly cloudy cry: Nuée! Nuée! A lightdress fluttered. She was gone. And into the river that had been a stream (for a thousand of tears had gone eon her and come on her and she was stout and stuck on dancing and her muddied name was Mississipp) there fell a tear, a singult tear, the loveliest of all tears (I mean for those erly love fables fans who are 'keen' on the prettypretty commonface sort of thing you meet by hopescrooks) for it was a leaptear. But the river tripped on her by and by, lapping as though her heart was brooks: Why, why, why? Weh, O weh O se so silly to be flowing but I can naa stay!

No applause, please! Bast! The rosesetcu nattlebaker will go round your circulation in dis dursus.

Allaboy, Major, I'll take your reactions in another place after themes. Nolan Browne, you may now leave the classroom. Joe Peters, Fox.

Shem is as short for Shemus as Jem is joky for Jacob. A few toughnecks are still getatable who pretend that aboriginally he was of respectable stemming (he was an outlet between the lines of Ragnar Blahbarb ant Horrild Hairwire and an inlaw to Capt. the Hon. and Rev. Mr Blydywood de Trop Bloogg was among his most distant connections) but every honest to goodness man in the land of the space of today knows that his true home will not stand being written about in black and white. Putting truth and untruth together that may be made at this what this hybrid actually was like to look at.

As in the typical pup, it seems, included an adze of a skull, an eight of a larkseye, the wheel of a nose, one mandrassain up a sleeve, fortytwo hairs off his uncrown, eighteen to his mock lip, a trio of barbels from his mandrassain's lit (townman's son), the wrong shoulder higher than the right, all ears, an artificial tongue, the badder tail, not a foot to stand on, a handful of thumbs, a blind stomach, a deaf heart, a loose liver, the middle of two butts, one gleetsteven avoidupoider for him, a manroot of all evil, a salmonkelt's think.

He had blood in his coold toes, a bladder tristened, so much so that young Master Shemmy on his very last day left at the very dawn of prothistory seeing himself such and such, when playing with thistle.

In the garden nursery, Griefotrofeo, at Pheg Street III Shavlin, Old Hooldland, (would we go back dare none for sounds, pillings and sense? would we now for annas and annas? would we for fullscore eight deventures? for twelve blocks one bob? for four tester one great? not for a dinar! not for joy!) dicited to call in little bushton and sweetsteane the first riddle of the universe: asking, when a man is not a man?: When there is not to time, rangfries, and wait till the tide stops (for from the first his day was a forrest...

...but mad and add up the prize of a bittersweet crab, a little present from the past, for their copper age was

...and when he had hard a jiffy, when he is a gnawstick and determined to, the next one...

...then the sound of death kicks the bucket of life, still another said when the wine's at witsends, and then another one who is a lovely woman stoops to conk him, one of the litteest said me, me, Sen, when pappa...

...and another when he is just only after having been sensitized, another when you, he hath no...

...and one when you are old I'm grey fall full wi sleep, and still another when wee deader...

...to him all the dedication, took the cake, the correct solution being —all give it up? — when he is a

...on till the midnes of the rocks, —Saint.

...to me a lit a ham and a low sharn and his lowness searched out first via foodstuffs. So low was he that

...to all the fish for a time sat in the nook of that ever was gaffed between Letild and Island Bridge and many was

...wee he is past in his botulism that no janglegrown pineapple ever smacked like the whoppers you
shook out of Ananias' cants, Findlater and Gladstone's, Corner House, England. None of your inch-thick blueblooded Balaclava fried-at-belief-stakes or juicelly gristly grunters' gourds or slice upon slab of luscious goosebooms with lump after load of plum pudding stuffing all swirled in a swamps of bogeysgravy for that grechehearted yule! Roshif of Old Zealand! he could not attouch it. See what happens when your sumatophasic merman takes his fancy to your vegetarian swan? He even ran away with himself and became a fastooneite, saying he would far sooner muddle through the hash of lentils in Europe than meddle with Ireland's split little pea. Once when among those rebels in a state of hopelesslessly helpless intoxication the piscivore strove to lift a cistround peel to either nostril, hiccupping, apparently imprompted by the hibat he had with his glottal stop, that he kukkaould flowish for ever by the smell, as the ezir, as the keedron, like a scedar, of the founts, on mountains, with limon on, of Lebanon. Of the lowness of him was beneath all up to that sunk to! No likedlylike firewater or firstserved firstshot or gilletburn gin or honest brewberrret beer either. O dear no! Instead the tragic jester sobbed himself wheywhingly sick of life on some sort of a rhubarbarous mandarin yellagreen funkbleblue windigot dtdgong from sour grapefshice and, to hear him twixt his sedimental cupships when he had guffed down mmmuch too mmmany gourds of it retching off to almost as low withswillers, who always knew notwithstanding when they had had enough and were rightly indignant at the wretch's hospitality when they found to their horror they could not carry another drop, it came straight from the noble white fat, ja, openwide sat, jo, jo, her why hide that, jo jo jo, the winevat, of the most serene magamsnty at arcadihosees, if she is a duck, she's a doodies, and when she has a fesherbour snot her fault, now is it? artstoucheps, funny you're grinning at, fancy you're in her yet, Fanny Uteria.

[Johns is a different butcher's. Next place you are up town pay him a visit. Or better still, come toby. You will enjoy cantlemen's spring meat. Johns is now quite divorced from baking. Fatness, kills, flays, hangs, draws, quarters and pieces. Feel his joints! Ex! Feel how shear! Exex! His liver too is great value, a spatiality! Exexex! COMMUNICATED.]
misused and cuttlefishing every lie unshrinking about all the other people in the story, leaving out, of course, foreconsciously, the simple work and plague and poison they had cornered him about until there was not a snooper among them but was utterly deceived in the heel of the red by the recital of the rigmarole.

One hailcannon night (for his departure was attended by a heavy downpour) as very recently as some thousand rains ago he was therefore treated with what closely resembled personal violence, being soggish all unsuspectingly through the deserted village of Tunblin-on-the-Leats from Mr. Vanhornigh's house at 82 Mabbot's Mall as far as Green Patch beyond the brickfields of Salmon Pool by rival teams of slowspiers counter quickliners who finally, as ratably they had been detained out rawther lachtich, thought, busnis hits busnis, they had better be streaking for home after their Auborne/Auborn, with thanks for the pleasant evening, one and all disgustedly, instead of ruggering him back, and awake, reconciled (though they were as jealous as could be cullions about all the trifles they had brought on him) to a friendship, fast and furious, which merely arose out of the noxious pervert's perfect lowness. Again there was a hope that people, looking on him with the contempt of the contempibles, after first giving him a roll in the dirt, might pity and forgive him, if properly deloused, but the pleb was born a Quicklow and sank allowing till he went out of sight.

Now it is notoriously known how on that surprisingly bludgeony Unity Sunday when the grand gernogall allstar boil was harrily the rage between our wellingtons extraordinary and our potyechicks the marshalaity and Irish eyes of welcome were smiling daggers down their backs, when the roth, vice and blaise met the noyr blink and rogues and the grim white and cold bet the black fighting tan, categorically unoperatived by the maxims, a rank funk getting the better of him, the sat in a bad fit of pyjamass fled like a levert for his bare lives, to Talviland, ahone ahooza, pursued by the scented courses of all the village bellies and, without having struck one blow, (pig stole on him was lust he lagging it was became dust he shook) luskykork him self up tight in his innkastle house, badly the worse for boosegas, there to stay in as far for the life, where, as there was not a moment to be lost, after he had boxed around with his forepiano till he was whole bach bamp him and bump him blues, he collapsed carefully under a bedick from Schutziwer's, his face enveloped into a dead warrior's telemac, with a jullobow's somnombmet and a

...
Cardinal Lindandarri and Cardinal Carchingarri and Cardinal Loriotlui and Cardinal Occidentaccia (ah ho!) in the dearly darling dawled fawnedst the swardle, madum, in the herder hand, a.a.i.s.o.l.e., but what with the marly light, the botty print, the tatterend cover, the jiggaded page, the fumbling fingers, the footrotting flea, the beebled lice, the swarm on his tongue, the drop in his eye, the lump in his throat, the drink in his potle, the itch in his palm, the will of his wind, the grief from his breath, the fog of his mindflag, the buzz in his braintree, the tic of his conscience, the height up his rage, the gunshown down his fundament, the fire in his gorge, the tinkle of his tail, the bane in his bullughs, the squintce in his snail, the rot in his eater, the ychyo in his carer, the aborters of his toes, the totters on his tumtymu, the rats in his garret, the rats in his elfry, the budgerigars and bumbosolom beaubirds, the hufflabalo and the dust in his ears since it took him a month to steal a mare he was hardest to memorise more than a word a week. Hake's haultin! Hook's fisk! Can you beat it? Wha! I say, can you beat it? Was there ever heard of such lowdown blackguardism? Positively it woudlies one to think over it.

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Jymes wishes to hear from wearers of abandoned female costumes, gratefully received, wadnell jumper, rather full pair of culottes and enotherpermanence, to start city life together. His jymes is out of job, would sit and write. He has lately committed one of the then commandments but she will now assist. Superior built, domestic, regular layer. Also got the boot. He appreciates it. Copies. ABORTISEMENT.]

One cannot even begin to post figure out a statuesequo ante as to how slow in reality the excommunicated Druncondrac, rate Hanis, really was. Who can say how many pseudostyle Shamiana, how few or how many of the most venerable public impostures, how very many piously forged palimpsests slipped in the first place by this morbid process from his pelagianist pen?

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JUSTIUS (to himother): Brawn is my name and breed is my nature and I've breit on my brow and all's right with every feature and I'll brune this bird or Brown Bess's bung's gone handy. I'm the boy to bruse and braise. Bant!

Stand forth, Nayman of Noland (for no longer will I follow you obliquelike through the inspired form of the third person singular and the moods and hesitensics of the deponent but address myself to you, with
Let me finish! Just a little judas tonic, my ghem of all jokes, to make you go green in the gazer. Do you hear what I’m seeing, hummer? And remember that golden silence gives consent. Mr. Anklegazer! Cease to be civil, learn to say nay! Whish! Come here, Herr Statius, till I tell you a wig in your ear.

>>

Look! Do you see your dial in the rockiingglass? Look well! Bend down a stigny till! It’s secret! Igghi, I say, the booselearns! I had it from Lampost Shave. And he had it from the Mullah. And Muff took it from a Bluecoat schoolier. And Gay Socks jott it from Postephou’s wife. And Ranipoll tipped the wink from an old Mrs. Tinbullet. And as for she was confused by profri brother Theocious. And the good brother feels he would need to dejecte you. And the Flimsy Follsettes are simply beside each other. And Kelly, Kenny and Keogh are up and in arms. That a cross may crush me if I refuse to believe in it. That I may rock anchor through the ages if I hope it’s not true. That the host may choke me if I beighbour you without my charity! Sh! Shem, you are. Sh! You are mad!

He points the deathbone and the quick are still. Insomnia, enormity somissiasm. Awnawm. MERCIOUS (of himself): Domine vepiscus! My fault, his fault, a kingship through a fault! Parish, cannibal Cain, I who oathily forswore the womb that bore you and the paps I sometimes sucked, you who ever since have been one black mass of jigs and jinsjams, haunted by a convictionary sense of not having been or being all that I might have been or you meant to becoming, bewailing like a man that innocence which I could not defend like a woman, lo, you there, Cathnon-Carbery, and thank Movies from the innermost depths of my still attrite heart, Wherein the days of.youyouthers are evermised morale, now ere the compline hour of being alone athands itself and a puff or so before we yield our spirits to the wind, for (though that royal one has not yet drunk a gootellette from his consumption and the flowerpot on the milepole, the spaniel pack and their quarry, retainers and the public house proprietor have not budged a milimetre and all that has been done has yet to be done and done again, when’s day’s woe, and lo, you’re doomed, joydays dawns and, la, you dominate) it is to you, firstborn and firstfruit of woe, to me, branded sheep, pick of the wasterpaperbasket, by the tremours of Thundery and Ulteria’s dogstar, you alone, windblasted tree of the knowledge of beautiful andevil, ay, clothed upon with the meadon and shimmering like the horescena, astroglydynamonomologans, the child of Nitiri’s father, bish, to me unseen blusher in an obscene coathole, the cubitum of your secret sigh, dweller in the downandoutermost where voice only of the dead may come, because ye left from me, because ye laughed on me, because, O me lonely son, ye