

THE MIME OF MICK, NICK
AND THE MAGGIES



JAMES

JOYCE

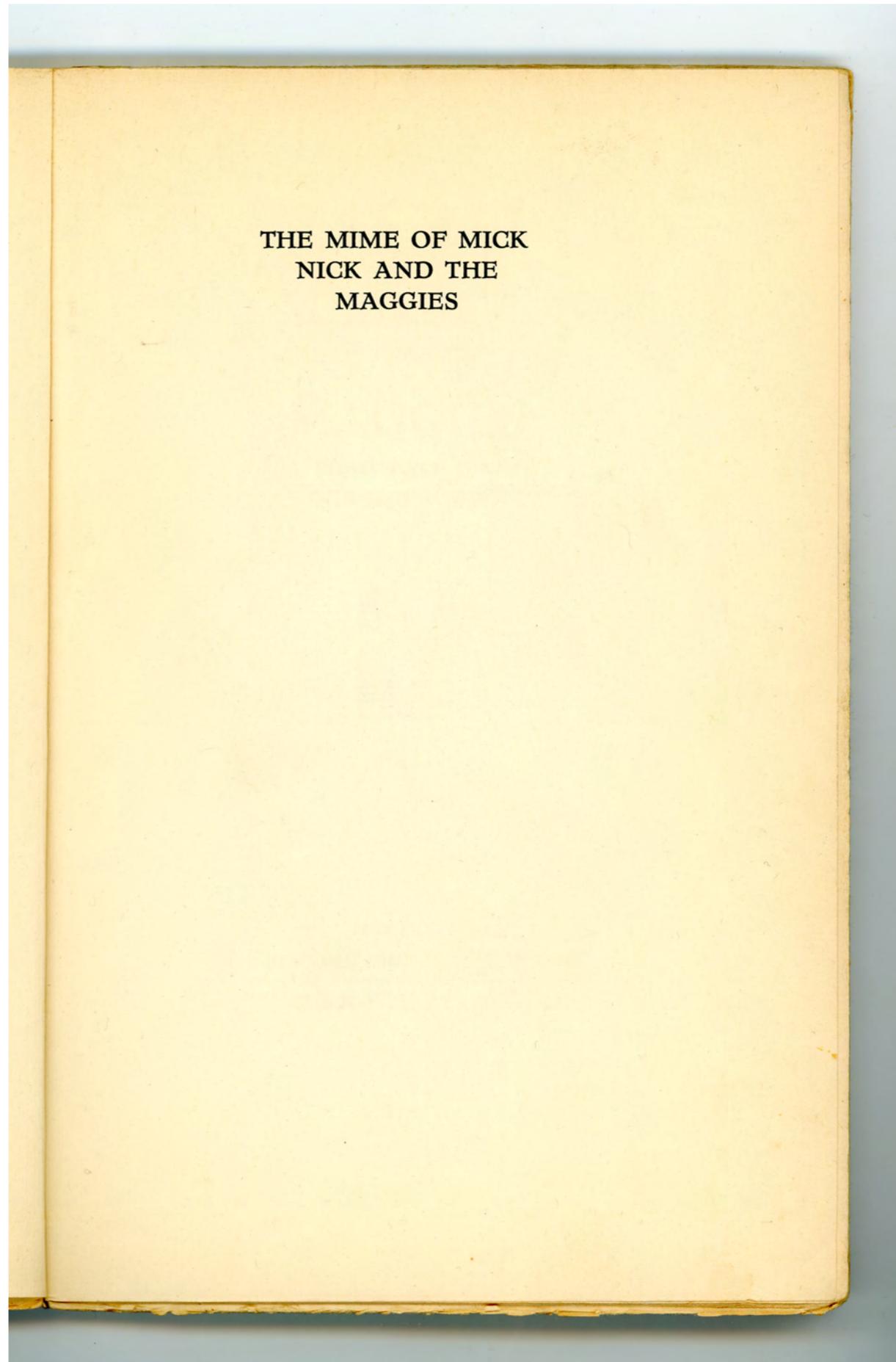
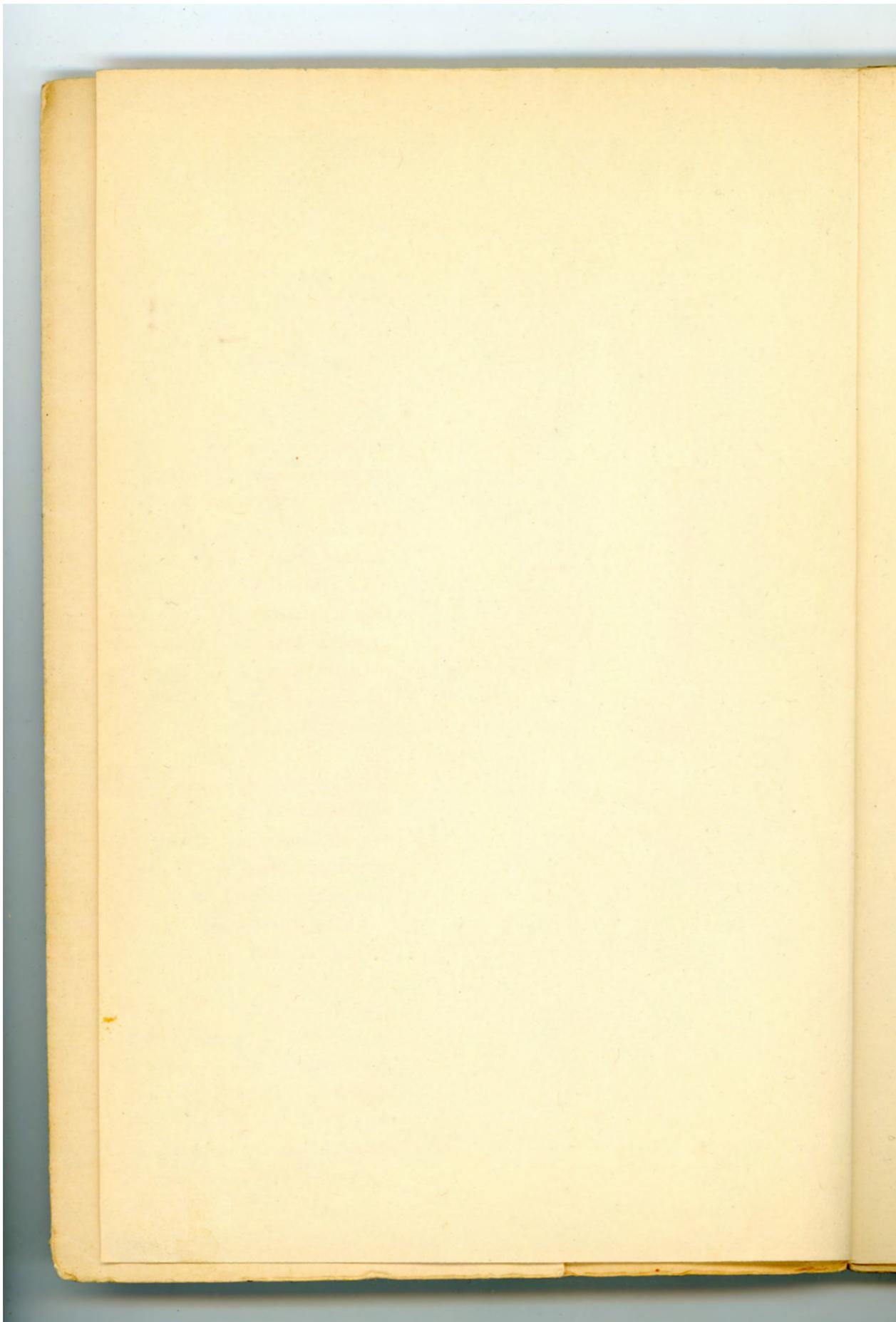
THE MIME OF MICK,
NICK AND THE
MAGGIES

by JAMES JOYCE is the first fragment from WORK IN PROGRESS to be published separately in book-form for some years.

The present part, a revised edition of the version originally published in transition last year, has only recently been completed by the author. The book will contain as a unique feature an initial letter and a tail-piece in seven colours and a cover in three colours, specially designed by Miss LUCIA JOYCE.

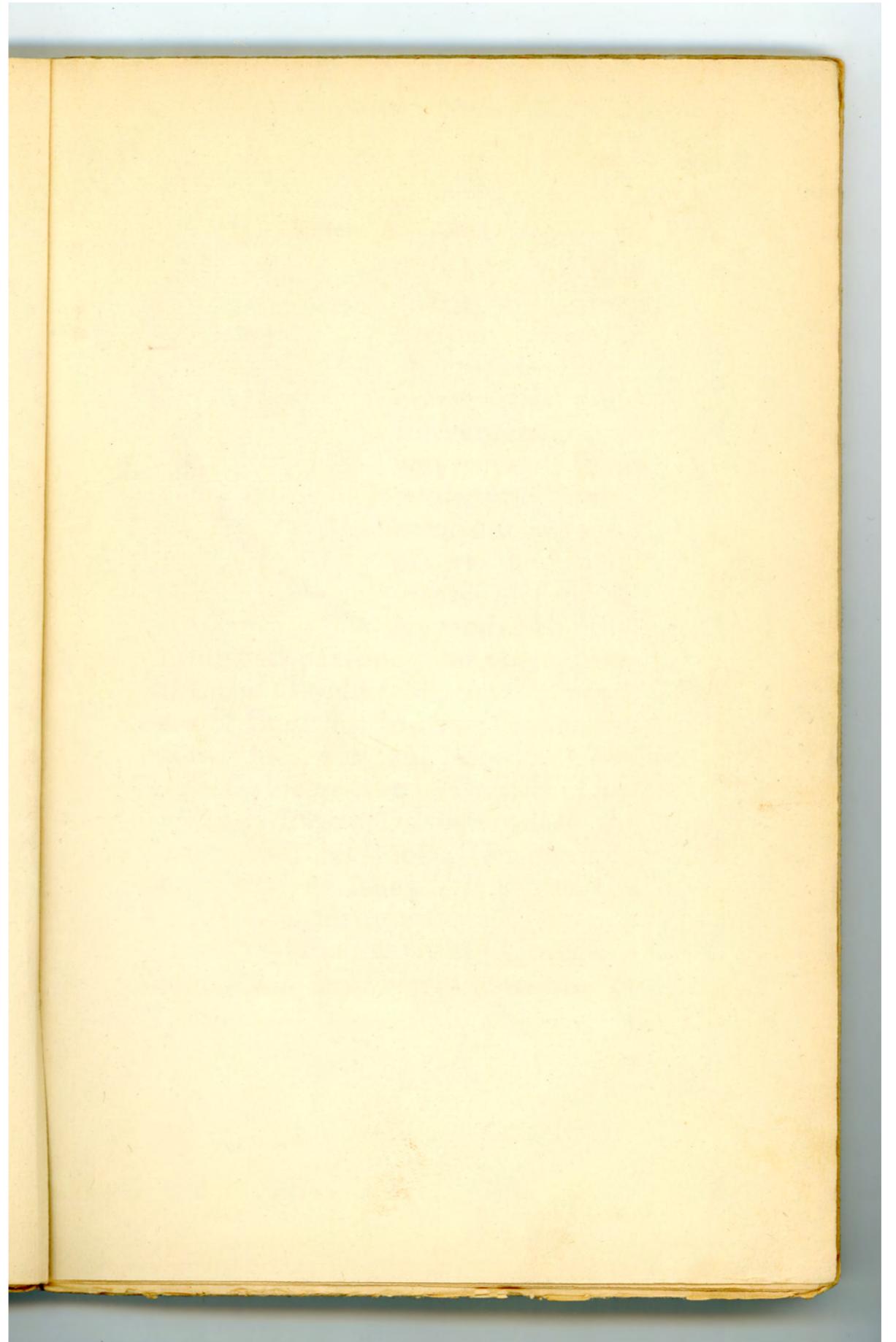
In this cosmological fairytale of Dublin, the poet presents in nuce his vision of the childhood of mankind, lifting the local elements into universal relationships of Swif-
tian humour and magic symbolism.

The revolutionary vocabulary which the poet has created reaches in the present fragment new heights of invention through his word synthesis of prehistoric, historic and contemporary mythology



THE INITIAL LETTER, TAIL-PIECE AND COVER
WERE SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY
MISS LUCIA JOYCE

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very evening at
lighting up o'clock
sharp and until
further notice in
Feenichts Play-
house. (Bar and
conveniences al-
ways open.) With
nightly redistri-
bution of parts and
players and daily
dubbing of ghost-
ers under the dis-

tinguished patronage of their Elser-
ships the Oldens from the four cor-
ners of Findrias, Murias, Gorias and
Falias. Messoirs the Coarb, Clive
Sollis, Galorius Kettle, Pobiedo Lan-
cey and Pierre Dusort, while the
Caesar-in-Chief looks. On. Sennet.
The mime of Mick, Nick and the
Maggies, featuring:

GLUGG (Mr Seumas McQuillad, hear
the riddles between the robot in

his dress circular and the gagster in the rogues' gallery), the bold bad black boy of the storybooks, who has been divorced into disgrace court by

THE FLORAS (Girl Scouts from St Bride's Finishing Establishment, demand acidulateds) a month's bunch of pretty maidens who, while they pick on her, form the guard for

IZOD (Miss Butys Pott, ask the attendantess for a leaflet), a bewitching blonde who dimples delightfully and is approached in loveliness only by her grateful sister reflection in a mirror, the cloud of the opal, who having jilted Glugg, is being fatally fascinated by

CHUFF (Mr Sean O'Mailey, see the chalk and sanguine pictograph on the safety drop), the fine frank fair-haired fellow of the fairytales, who wrestles with the bold bad black

boy Glugg geminally about caps or something until they adumbrace a pattern of somebody else or other, after which they are both brought home to be well soaped, sponged and scrubbed again by

ANN (Miss Corrie Corriendo, bring the babes, she mistributes mandamus monies), their poor little old mother-in-lieu, who is woman of the house to

HUMP (Mr Makeall Gone, read the sayings from Laxdalesaga in the programme about King Ericus of Schweden and the spirit's whispers in his magical helmet), cap-a-pipe with watch and topper, the cause of all our grievances, the whirl, the flash and the trouble, who, having partially recovered from a recent impeachment due to egg everlasting, is engaged in entertaining in his customhouse

THE CUSTOMERS (Components of

the Afterhour Courses at St Patri-
cius' Academy for Grownup Gen-
tlemen, consult the annuary). a
bundle of a dozen of representative
locomotive civics inn quest of ou-
tings, who are sloppily served by
SAUNDERSON (Mr Knut Oelsvinger,
imitation of flatfish, torchbearing
supperaape, bad halfsovereign, roly
pollsies, Glen of the Dows, o.s.v),
a spoilcurate and butt of

KATE (Miss Rachel Lea Varian, she
tells forkings for baschfellors, under
purdah of card palmer Madam d'Elta,
during the pawses), kook-and- ge-
neral.

With battle pictures and the Pa-
geant of History worked up by
Messrs Thud and blunder. Shadows
by the film folk, masses by the good
people. Promptings by Elanio Vitale.
Longshots, upcloses, outblacks and
stagetolets by Hexenschuss, Coach-
maher, Incubone and Rocknarrag.

Creations tastefully designed by
Madame Berthe Delamode. Dances
arranged by Harley Quinn and Cold-
limbeina. Jests, jokes, jigs and jorums
for the Wake lent from the pro-
perties of the late cemented Mr T.
M. Finnegan R.I.C. Lipmasks and
hairwigs by Ouida Nooikke. Limes
and Floods by Crooker and Toll.
Kopay pibe by Kappa Pedersen.
Hoed Pine hat with twentyfour
ventholes by Morgen. The crack
(that's Cork!) by a smoker from
the gods, The interjection (Buck-
ley!) by the firement in the pit,
accidental music providentially ar-
ranged by L'archet and Laccorde.
To start with in the beginning, we
need barely say, a community prayer,
everyone for himself, and to con-
clude with as an exodus, we think
it well to add, a chorale in canon,
good for us all for us all us all all.
Songs betune the acts by the am-

biamphions of Annapolis, Joan Mock-Comic, male soprano, and Jean Soulevin, bass noble, respectively, O, Mester Sogerman, ef thes es whot ye deux, then l'me not surpleased ye want that bottle of Sauvequieu and Oh Off Nunch Der Rasche Ver Lasse Mitsch Nitscht. The whole thugogmagog to be wound up by a Magnificent Transformation Scene showing the Radium Wedding of Neid and Moorning and the Dawn of Peace, Pure, Perfect and Perpetual, Waking the Weary of the World.

An argument follows.

Chuffy was a nangel then and his soard fleshed light like likening. Fools top! Singty, sangty, meeky loose, defendy nous from prowlabouts. Make a shine on the curst. Emen.

But the durlin sulph was in Glugger, that lost-to lurning. Punct. He

was sbuffing and sputing, tussing like anisine, whipping his eyesoult and gnatsching his teats over the brividies from existers and the outher liubbocks of life. He halth kelchychosen a clayblade and makes prayeses to his three of clubs. To part from these, my corsets, is into overlusting fear. Acts of feet, hoof and jarrety. Djowl, uphere!

Aminxt that nombre of evelings, but how pierceful in their sojestiveness were those first girly stirs, with zitterings of flight released and twinglings of twitchbells in rondel after. with waverings that made shimmershake rather naightily all the duskceded airs and shylyt beaconings, from shehind hims back. Sammy, call on. Mirrylamb, she was shuffering all the diseasinesses of the unherd of. Mary Louisan Shousapinas! If Arck could no more salve his agnois from the wiles of

willy wooly woolf! If all the signics
of her dipandump helpabit could
not that Glugg to catch her by the
calour of her brideness! Not Rose,
Sevilla nor Citronelle; not Esmeralde,
Pervinca nor Indra; not Viola even
nor all of them four themes over.
But up tighty in the front, down
again on the loose, drim and drum-
ming on her back and a pop from
her whistle. What is that, O holy-
troopers?

Up he stulpled glee you gees with
search a fling did die near sea,
beamy owen and calmy hugh and
if you what you my call for me I
will wishyoumaycull for you.

And they are met, face a facing.
They are set, force to force. And
no such Copenhagen-Marengo was
less so fated for a fall since in Glen-
asmole of Smiling Thrushes Patch
Whyte passed O'Sheen ascowl.

Arrest thee, scaldbrother! Came

the evangelion, sabre accusant, from
all Saint Joan's Wood to kill or
maim him, and be dumm but ill
s'arrested. Et would proffer to his
delected one the his trifle from the
grass.

A space. Who are you? The cat's
mother. A time. What do you lack?
The look of a queen.

But what is that which is one
going toprehend? Seeks buzzing
is brains the feinder.

He askit of the hoothed fireshield
but it was untergone into the matt-
hued heaven. He soughed it from
the luft but that bore ne mark ne
message. He loked upon the bloom-
ingrund where ongly his corns
were growning. At last he listed
back to beckline how she pranked
alone so johntily.

With nought a wired from the
wordless either.

Ah ho! This poor Glugg! It was

so said of him about of his old
fontmouther. Truly deplurabel! A
dire, O dire! And all the freight-
fullness whom he inhebited after
his colline born janitor. Sometime
towerable! With that hehry antiets
on him and the baublelight bul-
ching out of his sockets whiling
away she sprankled his allover with
her nocces of interregnation: How
do you do that lack a lock and pass
the poker, please: so that Glugg,
the poor one, in that limbopool
which was his subnesciousness he
could scares of all knotknow whither
his murder had bourst a blabber
of if the vogalstones that hit his
tynpan was that nearly his skoll
missed her. Misty's trompe or midst
his floating? Ah, ho! Cicely, awe!

The youngly delightfulsome frilles-
in-pleyurs are now showen drawn,
if bud one, or, if in florileague,
drawens up consociately at the hin-

der sight of their commoner guar-
dia. Her boy fiend or theirs, if they
are so plurielled, cometh up as a
trapadour sinking how he must fand
for himself by gazework what their
colours wear as they are all showen
drawns up. Tireton, cacheton, tire-
ton, ba! Doth that not satisfy youth,
sir? Quanty purty bellas here, Ma-
dama Lifay! And what are you going
to charm them to, Madama, do say?
Cinderynelly angled her slipper; it
was cho chiny yet braught her a
groom. He will angskt of them from
their commoner guardian at next
lineup (who is really the rapier of
the two own, though thother bro-
ther can hold his own, especially
for he bandished it with his hand
the hold time, mamain, a simply
gracious: O la!), and reloose that
thong off his art: Hast thou feel
liked carbunckley ones? Apun
which his poohoor pricoxity theirs

is a little tittertit of hilarity (Lad-o'-me-soul! Lad-o'-me-soul, see!) and the wordchary is atvoiced ring-soundinly by their toots ensembled though not meaning to be clever, but just with a shrug of their hips to go to troy and harff a freak at himself by all that story to the ulstramarines. Otherwised they insinuate quiet private he make peace in his preaches and play with esteem.

Warewolff! Olff! Toboo!

So olff for his topheetuck the ruck made raid, aslick aslegs would run; and he ankered on his hunkers with the belly belly prest. Asking: What's my muffinstuffinaches for these times? To weat: Breath and bother and whatarcurs. Then breath more bother and more whatarcurs. Then no breath no bother but worrawurms. And Shim shallave shome.

As Rigagnolina to Montagnone, what she meant he could not can. All she meant was golten sylvup, all she meant was some Knight's ploung jamn. It's driving her dafft like he's so dumnb. If he'd lonely talk instead of only gawk as thought yateman hat stuck hits stick althrough his spoke, and if he woold nut wolly so! Hee. Speak, sweety bird! Mitzymitzy! Though I did ate tough turf I'm not the bogdoxy.

— Have you monbreamstone?

— No.

— Or Hellfeuersteyn?

— No.

— Or Van Diemen's coral pearl?

— No.

He has lost.

Off to clutch, Glugg! Forwhat! Shape your reres, Glugg! Foreweal! Ring we round, Chuff! Fairwell! Chuffchuff's inners even. All's rice with their whorl!

Yet, ah tears, who can her mater
be? She's promised he'd eye her.
To try up her pretti. But now it's
so longed and so fared and so forth.
Jerry for jauntings. Alabye! Fled.

The flossies all and mossies all
they drooped upon her draped brim-
fall. The bowknots, the showlots,
they wilted into woeblots. The
pearlagraph, the pearlagraph, knew
whitchly whether to weep or laugh.
For always down in Carolinas lovely
Dinahs vaunt their view.

Poor Isa sits a glooming so gleam-
ing in the gloaming; the tincelles
a touch tarnished wind no loveli-
noise awound her swan's. Hey, lass!
Woefear gleam she so glooming
this pooripathete I solde? Her beau-
man's gone of a cool. Be good
enough to symperise. If he's at any-
where she's therefor to join him.
If it's to nowhere she's going to
too. Buf if he'll go to be a son to

France's she'll stay daughter of Clare.
Bring tansy, throw myrtle, strew
rue, rue, rue. She is fading out like
Journee's clothes so you can't see
her now. Still we know how Day
the Dyer works, in dims and deeps
and dusks and darks. And among
the shades that Eve's now wearing
she'll meet anew fancy, tryst and
trow. Mammy was, Mimmy is, Mi-
nuscoline's to be. In the Dee dips
a dame and the dame desires a
demselle but the demselle dresses
dolly and the dolly does a dulcy-
damble. The same renew. For though
she's unmerried she'll after truss up
and help that hussyband how to
hop. Hip it and trip it and chirrub
and sing. Lord Chuffy's sky sheraph
and Glugg's got to swing.

So and so, toe by toe, to and fro
they go round, for they are the in-
gelles, scattering nods as girls who
may, for they are an angel's garland.

Catchmire stockings, libertyed
garters, shoddys shoes quicked out
with selver. Pennyfair caps on pin-
nyfore frocks and a ring on her
fomefing finger. And they leap so
looply, looply, as they link to light.
And they look so loovely, loovelit,
noosed in a nuptious night. With-
asly glints in. Andecoy glants out.
They ramp it a little, a lessle, a
lissle. Then rompride round in rout.

Say them all but tell them apart,
cadenzando coloratura! R is
Rubretta and A is Arancia, Y is
for Yilla and N for greeneriN. B is
Boyblue with odalisque O while W
waters the fleurettes of novembrance.
Though they're all but merely a
schoolgirl yet these way went they.
I' th' view o' th'avignue dancing
goes entrancing roundly. Miss Ood-
les of Anems before the luvium
doeslike. So. And then again does-
like. So. And miss Endles of eons

after dies of Eirae doeslike. So. And
then again doeslike. So. The many
wiles of Winsure.

The grocer's bawd the slips her
hand in the haricot bag, the lady
in waiting sips her sup from the
paraffin can, Mrs Wildhare Quick-
doctor helts her skelts up the casua-
way the flasht instinct she herds if
a tinkle of tunder, the widow Ma-
grievy she knits cats' cradles, this
bountiful actress leashes a harrier
under her tongue, and here's the
girl who she's kneeled in coldfashion
and she's told her priest (spt!) she's
pot on a chap (chp!) and this lass
not least this rickissime woman who
she writes foot fortunes money times
over in the nursery dust with her
capital thumb. Buzz. All runaway
sheep bound back bopeep, trailing
their teenes behind them. And these
ways wend they. And those ways
went they. Winnie, Olive and Bea-

trice, Nelly and Ida, Amy and Rue. Here they come back, all the gay pack, for they are the florals, from foncey and pansey to papavere's blush, foresakeme-nought, while there's leaf there's hope, with prim-tim's ruse and marrymay's blossom, all the flowers of the ancelles' garden.

But vicereversi thereout from those palms of perfection to anger arbour, virid with woad, what tournaments of complementary rages racked the diviun from his punch-poll to his tummy's shentre as he displaid all the oathword science of his visible disgrace. He was feeling so funny and floored for the cue, all over which girls as he don't know whose hue. If goosseys gaziuous would but fain smile him a smile he would be fondling a praise he ate some nice bit of fluff. But no geste reveals the unconnouth. They're

all odds against him, the beasties. Scratch. Start.

He dove his head into Wat Murrey, gave Stewart Ryall a puck on the plexus, wrestled a hurry-come-union with the Gille Beg, wiped all his sinses, martial and menial, out of Shrove Sundy MacFearsome, excre-muncted as freely as any frothblower into Macisaac, had a belting bout, chaste to chaste, with McAdoo about nothing, and childhood's age being aye the shameleast, imbretelated, himself for any time untellable with what hung over from the MacSic-carries of the Breeks. Home!

Allwhile preying in his mind he swore. Cross of a coppersmith bishop! He would split. He do big squeal like holy Trichepatte. Seek hells where absolation. He take skiff with three shirts and a wind, the bruce, the coriolano and the ignacio. Mum's for's maxim, ban's for's book

and Dodgesome Dora for hedgehung
sheolmastress. He wholehog himself
care of Pencylmania, Bretish Arme-
rica, to melt Mrs Gloria of the
Bunkers' Trust, recorporated, by
meteoromancy and linguified heiss-
rohgin, quit to catch the Paname-
Turricum and regain that tarry easty,
his città immediata, by an alley
and detour with farecard available
getrennty years. From the safe side
of distance! Libera, nostalgia!
Beate Laurentie O'Tuli. Euro
pra nobis! Every monk his own
cashel with inclined jambs in full
purview to his pronaose and to the
deretane at his reredoss. Fuisfinister,
fuyerescaper! He would fire off his
farced epistol to the hibruws. No
more turdenskaulds! Free leaves for
ebribadies! All tinsammon in the
yord! With harm and aches till
Farther alters! Wild primates not
stop him. Nom de plume! Gout

strap Fenlanns! And send Jarge for
Mary Inklenders. For he is the
general, make no mistake in he. He
is General Jinglesome.

Go in for scribenery with the sa-
tiety of arthurs in S.P.Q.R.ish and
inform to the old sniggering pu-
blicking press and its nation of
sheepcopers about the whole plighty
troth between them, she, the lalage
of lyonesses, and him, her knave
arrant. For all within crystal range.

Ukalepe. Loathers' leave. Nemo
in Patria. The Luncher Out. Skilly
and Carubdish. A Wondering Wreck.
From the Mermaids' Tavern. Bully-
famous. Naughtsycalves. Mother of
Misery. Walpurgas Nackt.

He would bare to untired world
how wholefallows, his guffer, the
sabbatarian (might faction split his
beard!), he too had a great big oh
in the megafundum of his tomash-
unders and how her Lettyshape,

his gummer, that congealed sponsar,
she had never cessed at waking malt-
ers among the jemassons since the
cluft that meataxe delt her made
her microchasm as gap as down low.
So they fished in the kettle and
fought free and if she bit his taili-
bout all hat tiffin for thea. He would
jused sit it all write down just as
he would jused set it up all wri-
thefully rate in blotch and void,
yielding to no man in hymns ig-
norance seeing how heartsilly sorey
he was, owing to the condrition
of his bikestool. And, reading off his
fleshskin and writing with his quill-
bone, fillfull ninequires with it for
his auditors, Caxton and Pollock, a
most moraculous jeeremyhead sind-
book for all the peoples, under the
presidency of the suchess of sceau-
nonsceau, a hadtobe heldin, tho-
roughly enjoyed by many so meny
on block at Boyrut season and for

their account ottorly admired by
her husband in sole intimacy, about
whose told his innersense and the
grusomehed's yoeureeke of his spec-
trescope and why he was off colour
and how he was ambothed upon
by the very spit of himself first on
the cheekside by Michelangelo and
over on the owld jowly side by
Bill C. Babby, and the suburb's
formule why they eggspilled him
out of his homey dometry narrow-
edknee domum because all his
creature comfort was in an ark and
he could not join the flood of cecia-
lism and the best and schortest
way of blacking out a caughtalock
of all the sorrors of Sexton until
he would accoster as a wagoner
would his mudheeldy wheesindonk
at their trist in Parisise after tour-
ments of tosend years, bread cast
out on waters, Mondamoiseau of
Casanuova, and Mademoisselle from

Armentières. He would si through severalls of sanctuaries so as to meet somewhere if produced on a demipanssion for his whole lofetime, payment in goo to slee music and poisonal comfany, following which, like Ipsey Secumbe, when he fingon to foil the fluter, she could have all the g. s. M. she moohooed after fore and rickwards to hersIF, including science of sonorous silence while he have recourse of course to poetry. With tears, for his coronaichon, such as engines weep. Was liffe worth leaving? Nej!

Arty, reminiscensitive, dreaming largesse of lifesighs over early lived offs—all old Sator's of the Sowsceptre highly nutritius family histrionic, genitricksling with Avus and Avia, that simple pair, and descendant down on veloutypads by a vuncular process to Nurus and Noverca, those notorious nepotists,

circumpictified in their sobrine census, patriss all of them by the glos on their germane faces, and their socerine eyes like transparents of vitricus, patruuts to a man, the archimade levirs of his ekonome world.

— My God, alas, that dear olt tumtum home
Whereof in youthfood port I preyed
Amook the verdigrassy convict vallsall dazes.
And cloitered for amourmeant in thy
boosome shede!

His mouthfull of ecstasy, herepong (maladventure!) shot pinging up through the errooth of his wisdom as thought it had been zawhen intwo. Wholly sanguish blooded up disconvulsing the fixtures of his fizz. Apang which his tempory chewer med him a crazy chump of a Haveajube Sillayass. Joshua Croesus, son of Nunn! Though he shall live for millions of years a life of billions of years, he shall not forget

it. Howlsbawls and bloody acres!
Like gnawthing unheardh!

But, by Jove Chronides, Seed of
Summ, after at he had bate his
breastplates for, forforget, forfor-
getting his birdsplace, it was soon
that, that he, that he rehad himself.
By a prayer? No, that comes later.
By contrite attrition? Nay, that
we passed. Mid esercizian? So is
richt.

He threwed his fit up to his aers,
rolled his poligone eyes, snivelled
from his snose and blew the guff
out of his hornypipe. Lookery looks,
how he's knots in his entrails!
Mookery mooks, it's a grippe of his
gripes. Seekeryseeks, why his biting
he's head off? Cokerycokes, it's his
spurt of coal. The worst is over.
Wait! For he would himself deal
a treatment as might be trusted in
anticipation of his inculmination
unto fructification for the major

operation. When a message inter-
fering intermitting interskips from
them on herzian waves, a butterfly
from herzipclasp handbag, awound-
ed dove astarted from, escaping
out her forecotes. And around its
scorched cap she has twilled a twine
of flame to let the laitiest know she's
marrid. And pim it goes backballed.
Tot burns it so leste. Hers before
his even, posted ere penned. He's
your change, thinkyou methim. Go
daft noon madden, mind the step.
Please stoop O to please. Stop. What
saying? I have soreunder from to
him now, dearmate ashore, so, so
compleasely till I can get redressed,
which means the end of my stays
in the languish of Tintangle. Is you
zealous of mes, brother? Did you
boo moiety lowd? You supposed to
be the on conditionally rejected?
Satanly, lade! Can that sobstuff,
whingeywilly. Stop up, mavrone, and

sit in my lap. Pepette, though I'd
much rather not. Like things are
m. ds. is all in vincibles. Decoded.

Now a run for his money! Now
a dash to her dot! Like a waft to
wingweary one, or a sos to a coast-
guard. For directly with his whoop,
stop and an upalepsy didando a
tishy, in appreciable less time than
it takes a glaciator to submerger an
Atlangthis, was he again, agob,
before the trembly ones, a spark's
gap off, gotten orlop in a simpla-
sailormade and shaking the storm
out of his hiccups. The smartest
vessel you could find would elazilee
him on her knee as her lucky for the
Rio Grande. He's a pigtail tarr and
if he hadn't got it toothick he'd a
telltale tall of his pitcher on a wall
with his photure in the papers for
cutting moutonlegs and capers let-
ting on he'd jest be japers and his
tail cooked up.

Goal! It's one by its length.

Angelinas, hide from light those
hues that your sin beau may bring
to light! Though down to your
dowerstrip he's bent to knee he
maun't know ledgings here.

For a haunting way will go and
you need not make your mow. Find
the frenge for frocks and translace
it into shocks of such as touch with
show and show.

He is guessing at hers for all he
is worse, the seagoer. Hark to his
wily geeses goosling by, and playfair.
lady. And note that they who will
for exile say cam for dog while them
that won't leave ingle end says now
for know.

For he falters how he hates to
trouble them without.

But leaving codhead's mitre and
the heron's plumes sinistrant to the
server of servants and rex of regums
and making a bolderdash for lubberty

of speech he asks not have you seen
a match being struck nor is this
powder mine but, letting punplays
pass to earnest:

- Haps thee jaoneofergs?
- Nao.
- Haps thee mayjaunties?
- Naohao.
- Haps thee per causes nunsibelli?
- Naohaohao.
- Get.

And he did a get and slink his
hook away. For he could chew upon
a skarp snakk of pure undefallen
engelsk as raskly and as baskly as
your cow cudd spanich. He had his
sperrits all foul on him; to vet,
most griposly, he was bedizzled and
debuzzled; he had his tristiest ca-
baleer on; and looked like bruddy
Hal. A shelling a cockshy and be
donkey shot at? Or a peso besant
to join the armada?

But, Sin Showpanza. could any-

broddy have looked twinsomer than
the kerl he left behind him? Can-
didatus, viridosus, aurilucens,
sinelab? How he stud theirs mookst
kevinly, inwreathed of his near cis-
sies, a mickly dazzly eely oily with
looiscurrals, a soulnetzer by zvesdals
priestessd, with his gamecox spurts
and his smile likequid glue (the sues-
siest sourir ever weanling wore),
whiles his host of spritties they went
peahenning around him in neucho-
ristic congressulations, quite pur-
ringly excited, allauding to him by all
the licknames in the litany with the
terms in which no little dulsy nayer
ever thinks about implying except
to her future's year and sending
him perfumed prayerpuffs to setisfire
more then to teasim (shall we help
you to rigolect a bit?) that he, the
finehued, the fairhaired, the fara-
head, might bouchesave unto each
but everyone the havemercyonhurs

of his kissier licence. Meanings: We know you like Latin with essies impures so tell that old bellows to bellow upthe tumtum ergan and give us a gust of his gushy old. Goof!

Hymnumber twentynine. O the singing. Happy little girlycums to have adolphted such an Adelphus. O, the swinginging hopops so goholden, they've come to chant en chor. They say their salat, the madiens' prayer to the messiager of His Nabis, prostitating their selfs eachwise and combinedly. Fateha, fold the hands. Be it honoured, bow the head. As we so hope for ablution. For the sake of the farbung and of the scent and of the holiiodrops. Amems.

A pause. Then:

—Xanthos!Xanthos!Xanthos!We thank to thine, mighty innocent, that diddest bring it off fuitefuite.

Should in ofter years it became about you will after desk jobduty becoming a bank midland mansioner we and I shall reside with our obeisant servants among Burke's mobility at La Roseraie, Ailesbury Road. Red bricks are all hellishly good values if you trust to the roster of ads but we'll save up ourselves and nab what's nicest in the nebohood. We'll have our private palypeachum pillarposterns for lovesick letterines fondly affianxed to our front railings and swings, hammocks, tighttaught balletlines, accomodationnooks and prismic bathboites, to make Envyeyesmouth water and wonder when they binocular us from their embrassured windows in our garden rare. Fyat-Fyat shall be our number on the autokinaton and Chubby in his Chuffs oursforownly chuffeur. T will be waiting for uns as I sold

U at the first antries. Our cousin gourmand, Percy, the pup, will denounce the sniffnomers of all callers where among our Seemyease Sister, Tabitha, the ninelived, will extend to the full her hearty welcome. Lady Marmela Shortbred will walk in for supper with her marchpane switch on, her necklace of almonds and her poirette Sundae dress with bracelets of honey and her cochineal hose with the caramel dancings, the briskly best from Bootiestown, and her suckingstaff of ivorymint. You mustn't miss it or you'll be sorry. Charmeuses chloes, glycering jewels, lydialight fans and puffumed cynarettes. And the Prince Lemonade has been graciously pleased. His six chocolate pages will run bugling before him and Coco-cream toddle after with his stick-sword in a pink cushion. We think His Sparkling Headiness ought to

know Lady Marmela. He's not going to Cork till Easter or mayhope till Saint Tibble's Day. The Fomor's in his Fin, the Momor's her and hin. A paaralone! A paaralone! And Dublin's all adin. So come on, ye wealthy gentrymen wibfrufrocksfull of fun! Thin thin! Thin thin! Thej olly and thel ively, thou billy with thee coo, for to jog a jig of a crispness nice and sing a missal too. Hip champouree! Hhip champouree! O you longtailed blackman, polk it up behind me! Hip champouree! Hhip champouree! And, jessies, push the pumkik round. Anneliuvia!

Since the days of Roamaloose and Rehmoose the pavanos have been strident trough their struts of Chappeldiseut, the vaulsies have meed and youddled through the purly ooze of Ballybough, many a mismy cloudy has tripped taintily along that hercourt strayed reelway and the riga-

doons have held ragtimed revels
on the platauplain of Grangegor-
man; and, though since then ster-
lings and guineas have been repla-
ced by brooks and lions and some
progress has been made on stilts
and the races have come and gone
and Thyme, that chef of seasoners,
has made his usual astewte use of
endadjustables and whatnot willbe
isnor was, those danceadeils and
cancanzanies have come stimmering
down for our begayment through
the bedeafdom of po's taeorns, the
obcecity of pa's teapucs, as lithe
and limbfree limber as when momie
mummed at ma.

Just so styllid with the nattes
are their flowerheads now and each
of all has a lovestalk onto herself
and the tot of all the tits of their
understamens is as open as he can
posably she and is tournesoled
straightcut or sidewaist, accourdant

to the coursets of things feminite,
towooids him in heliolatry, so they
may catchcup in their calyzettes,
alls they go troping, those parry-
shoots from his muscalone pistil,
for he can eyespy through them,
to their selfcolours, nevertheleast
their tissue peepers, as leichtly as
see saw (O my goodmiss! O my
greatmess! O my prizelestly pre-
shoes!) while, dewyfully as dimb
dumbelles, all alisten to his elixir.
Lovelyt!

— Enchanted, dear sweet Stainus-
less, young confessor, dearer dearest,
we herehear, aboutobloss, O coeli-
cola, thee salutant. Pattern of our
unschoold, pageantmaster, deliverer
of softmissives, round the world in
in forty mails, send us, your ado-
rables, a wise and letters play of
all you can ceive from your holy
post now you hast ascertained cere-
monially our names. Unclean you

art not. Outcaste thou are not. Leperstower, the karman's loki, has not blanched at our pollution and your intercourse at ninety legsplits does not defile. Untouchable is not the scarecrow is on you. You are pure. You are pure. You are in your puerity. You have not brought stinking members into the house of Amanti. Elleb Inam, Titep Notep, we name them to the Hall of Honour. Your head has been touched by the god Enel-Rah and your face has been brightened by the goddess Aruc-Ituc. Return, sainted youngling, and walk once more among us. The Great Cackler comes again. Sweetstaker, Abel lord of all our halo-ease, we, toutes philomelas as well as magdelenes, were drawpairs with two pinmarks, BVD and BVD dot, so want lotteries of ticklets post-hastem (you appreciate?) from you. We will be constant (what a word!)

and bless the day, for whole hours too, yes, the day you befell, you dreadful temptation! Now promissus you will remain ignorant of all what you hear and draw a veil till we next time! How many months or how many years! Bashfulness be tuppel! May he colp, may he colp her, may he mixandmess colp her! List! Kicky Lacey, the perver-gined, and Bianca Mutantini, her conversa, drew their fools length finnishfurst. Herzog van Vellentam, but me and meother ravin have good three chancers after Bohnaparts. Eer's wax for Sur Soord, dongdong bollets for the iris riflers, queemswellth of coocome in their combs for the jennyjos. Will bee all buzzy one another minnies for the mere effect that you are so fuld of pollen yourself. We feel unspeachably thoughtless over it all so pleasekindly communicake with the

original sinse we are only yearning
as yet how to burgeon. It's meant
milliems of centiments deadlost or
mislaid on them but we can change
in the nip of a napple solongas we
can allsee your quick. It's game, ma
chère, be off with your shepher-
dress on! Upsome cauda! Behose our
handmades for the lured! To these
nunce we are but yours in amma-
tures yet well come that day we
shall ope to be ores. No more
hoaxites! Nay more gifting in men-
nage! Vania, Vania Vaniorum, Dom-
ne Vanias!

Hightime is ups be it down into
outs according! When there shall
be foods for vermin as full as feeds
for the fett, eat on earth as there's
hot in oven. When every Klitty of
a scolderymeid shall hold every
yardscullion's right to stimm her
uprecht for whimsoever, whether
on privates, whather in publics.

And when all us romance catho-
leens shall have ones for all aman-
seprated. And the world is maid-
free. So till Coquette to tell Cock-
otte to teach Connie Curley to
touch Cattie Hayre and tip Carmi-
nia to tap La Cherie though where
the diggings he dwellst amongst
us here's nobody knows save Mary.
Whyfor we go ringing hands in
hands in gyrogyrorondo.

These bright elects, consentcon-
sorted, they were waltzing up their
willside with their princesome hand-
some angeline chiuff while in those
wherebus there wont helds way
oaths and screams and bawley groans
with a belchybubhub and a hella-
below bedemmed and bediabbled
the arimaining lucisphere. Lone-
dom's breach lay foulend up un-
couth not be broched by punns
and reedles. Yet the ring gayed
rund rorosily with a drat for a

brat you. Yasha Yash ate sassage and mash. So found he bash, poor Yasha Yash. And you wanna make one of our micknick party. For poor Glugger was dazed and late in his crave, ay he, laid in his grave.

But low, boys low, he rises, shivering, with his spittyful eyes and his whoozebecome voice. Ephthah! Cisamis! Examen of conscience scruples now he to the best of his memory do. He dooly redecant all-bigenesis henesies. He proform penance. He make polentay rossum out of bianconies, hiking ahake like any nudgemeroughgorude all over Terracuta. No more throw acids, face all lovabilities. He make clean breast of goody girl now as ever drank milksoep from a spoen, weed-hearted boy of potter and mudder, chip of old flint, twig of the hider that tanned him. He relation belong this remarklable moliman, Anaks

Andrum, pure blood Jebusite. In-trance on back. Most open on the laydays. He, A. A., possible sooth to say notwithstanding he gaining fish considerable, to look most prophitable out of smily skibluh eye. He repeat of him as pious alios cos he ast for shave and haircut people said he'd shape of hegoat where he just was sheep of herrgott with his tile togged. Top. Not true his portemanteau priamed full potatowards. Big dumm crumm digaditchies say he coaxyorum offering candid zuckers on Spinisters' Walk in presents to lilithe maidinettes for at bloo his noose for him with pruriest pollygameous inatentions, he having that pecuniarly spectacularly on gale days because souffrant chronic from a plentitude of house torts. Collosul rhodomantic lie Scholarina say as he walk in her sleep his pig indicks weg femtyfem funts. How could one

classically? One could naught critically. Ininest lightingshaft only for lovalit smugpipe, his Mistress Mereshame, of cupric tresses, the form-white foaminine, the ambersandalled. A mish he is as good as a mountain and everybody he know Meisther Wikingson, with complexion of blushing dolomite fanned by ozeone brisees, have his ignomen of being Master Milchku, queerest man in the benighted queendom, and how he found the kids. Other accuse him as lochkneeghed forsunkener, all ameltingmoult after rhomatism, purely simply tommy ratkins. They whiteliveried ragsups, two Whales of the Sea of Deceit, they bloodiblabstard shooters, three Dromedaries of the Sands of Calumdonia. In his contrary this Mr Heer Assassor Nelson, laxtleap great change of retiring family buckler, highly accurect in his everythinks,

from tencents coupoll to bargain basement, live with howthold of nummer seven, wideawake, woundabout, wokinbetts, weeklings, in black velvet sidden mangy years and got a babyboy bucktooth coming on ever so nursely at 81. That why all parks up excited about his gunnfodder. That why he, persona erecta, glycorawman arsenicful minister, with two purses agitating his theopot with wokklebout shake, rather incoherend, from one 18 to one 18 biss. Old grand tutttoucher up of young poetographies and he turn aroundabrupth red altfrumpishly falls some make one noise. It's his last lap, Gigantic, fare him weal! A fact. True bill. By a jury of matrons. Hump for humbleness, dump for dirts. And, to make a long stoney badder, his Thing went the whollyway retup Suffrogate Strate.

Helpmeat too, contrasta toga, his fiery goosemother, woman who did, he tell princes of the age about. Meet the Mem, Avenlith, all viviparous out of couple of lizards. She just as fenny as he is fulgar. How laat soever her latest still her logs come up all standing. His cheekmole of allaph foriverever her allinall and his Kuran never teachit her the be the owner of thysel. So she not swop her eckcot hjem for Howarden's Castle, Englandwales. But be the alleance of iern on his flamen vestacoat, the fibule of broochbronze to his wintermantle of pointefox. Who not knows she, the Madame Coolley-Couley, spawife to laird of manna, when first come into the pictures more as hundreads elefents yahrds of annams call away, factory fresh and fuming at the mouth, wronged by Hwemwednoget (he take a rap for that early party) and

whenceforward Ani Mama and her forty bustles terrified of gmere gnomes of gmountains and furibound to be back in her mytinbeddy? Yet jacticktating all around her about his poorliness due to pannellism and grime for that he harboured her when feme sole and led her in antient consort ruhm and bound her durant coverture so as she could not steal from him so as if ever she's beleaved by chickenbrooth death since both was parties to the feed it's Hetman MacCumhal foots the funeral. Mealwhile she feed him jacent from her elmer's almsdish when his favourites were all be-ruffled on him and her own undesirables justickulating, it was such a blowick day. The why if he but would bite she would delicate her nutbrown glory cloack to Mayde Berenice and hang herself in Ostmannstown Saint Mary's and make

no more mulierage before mahatmas
or moslemans, but would ondulate
her shookerloft hat like any purple
cardinal's princess to the papal legate
from the Vatucum, Monsaigneur
Rabbinsohn Crucis, on account of
all he quaqueduxed and the nations
abhord him and wop mezzo scudo
to Sant Pursy Orelli to be offered
up missas for vowts for widders.

Hear, O worldwithout! Tiny tatt-
ling!

But who comes yond with pire
on poletop? He who relights our
spearing torch, the moon. And the
hag they damename Coverfew hist
from her lane. And haste 'tis time
for bairns ta hame. Chickchids,
comeho to roo. Comehome to roo,
wee chickchids doo, when the wild-
worewolf's abroad. Ah, let's away
and let's gay and let's stay chez
where the log foyer's burning!

It darkles, all this our funnominal

world. Yon marshpond is visited by
the tide. We are circumveiled by
obscuritads. Man and beastes frie-
ren. There is a wish on them to be
not doing or anything. Or just for
rugs. Zoo koud. Where is our highly
honourworthy salutable spouse-
founderess? The foolish one of the
family is within. Huzoor, where's
he? At house, to's pitty. With Nancy
Hands. Nought stirs in spinney. The
swayful pathways of the dragonfly
spider stay still in reedery. Quiet
takes back her folded fields. In deer-
haven, imbraced, alleged, injoynted
and unlatched, the birds, tommelise
too, quail silent. Was avond ere a
while. Now conticinium. The time
of lying together will come and the
wilderling of the nicht till cockee-
doodle aubens Aurore. No chare of
beagles, frantling of peacocks, no
muzzing of the camel, smuttering
of apes. Lights, pageboy, lights!

When otter leaps in outer parts
then Yul remembers Mei. Her hung
maid mohns are bluming, look, to
greet those loes on coast of ame-
thyst; arcglow's seafire siemens lure
and warnerforth's hookercrookers.
And now the pesciolines in Liffey-
etta's bowl have stopped squiggling
about feriaquintaism and if Lubber-
nabohore laid his harker to the
ribber he would not hear a flip flap
in all Finnyland. Witchman, watch
of your night? It goes. It does not
go. Darkpark's acoo with sucking
loves. Rosimund's by her wishing
well. Soon tempt-in-twos will stroll
at venture and hunt-by-threes sirut
musketeering. But meetings mate
not as forsehn. Hesperons! And if
you wand to Livmouth, wenderer,
here lurks no iron welcome. Bing.
Bong. Bangbong. Thunderation!
Were you Marely quean of Scuts
or but Christien the Last, here's

dapplebellied mugs and troublebed-
ded rooms and sawdust strown in
expectoration and for ratification
your information, Mr Knight, tun-
tapster, buttles; his alefru's up to
his hip. And Watsy Lyke sees after
all rinsings and don't omiss Kate
homeswab homely, put in with the
bricks. A's the sign and one's the
number. De oud huis bij de kerke-
gaard. So who over comes ever for
whoopee week must put up with the
Jug and Chambers.

But heed! Our thirty minutes
war's alull. All's quiet on the felled
of Gorey. Housefather calls enthrea-
teningly. Ansighosa pokes in her
potstill to souse at the sop be sod-
den enow and to hear to all the
bubbles besaying: the coming man,
the future woman, the food that
is to build, what he with fifteen
years will do, the ring in her mouth
of joyous guard, stars astir and

stirabout. A plague for hirs, a saucy
for hers and ladlelike spoons for
the wonner. But ein and twee were
never worth three. So they must
have their final since he's on parole.
Et la pau' Leonie has the choice of
her lives between Josephinus and
Mario-Louis for who is to wear the
lily of Bohemey, Florestan, Thad-
deus, Hardress or Myles. Ready.
Now for la bella. Icy-la-Belle.

The campus calls them. Childs will
be wilds. And vamp, vamp, vamp,
the girls are merchand. For these
are not on terms, they twain, since
their baffle of Whatalose when
Adam Leftus and the devil took
our hindmost, gegifting her with
his painapple, nor will not be atoned
at all in fight to no finish, that dark
deed doer, this wellwilled wooer,
Jerkoff and Eatsoup, Yem or Yan,
while felixed is who culpas does and
harm's worth healing and Brune is

bad French for Jour d'Anno. Tig-
gers and Tuggers they're all for
tenzones. For she must walk out.
And it must be with who. Teasefor-
him. Toesforhim. Tossforhim. Two.
Else there is danger of. Solitude.

Postreintroducing Jeremy, the
flowing taal that brooks no brooking
runs on to say how, as it was mu-
tualiter foretold of him by a time-
killer to his spacemaker, velos am-
bos and arubyat knychts, with their
tales within wheels and stucks be-
tween spokes, on the hike from
Elmstree to Stene and back, how,
running awage with the use of
reason (sics) and ramming amok at
the brake of his voice (secs), his
lasterhalf was set for getting the
besterwhole of his yougendtougend,
for control number thrice was oper-
ating the subliminal of his invaded
personality. He nobit smorfi and go
poltri and let all the tondo gang

bola del ruffo. Barto no know him
mor. Eat larto altruis with most
perfect stranger.

Boo, you're through!

Hoo, I'm true!

Men, teacan a tea simmering,
hamo mavrone kerry O?

Teapotty. Teapotty.

He wept indeiterum. With such
a tooth he seemed to love his wee
tart when abuy. Highly momour-
ning he see the before him. Melained
from nape to kneecap though vied
from her girders up. Holy Santalto
cursing saint, sight most deletious.
An they bare falls witless against
thee how slight becomes a hidden
wound? It will paineth him in that
where of his whence he had loseth
his once for every, even though
mode grow moramor maenneritsch
and the Tarara boom decay. Im-
maculacy, give but to drink to his
shirt and all skirtaskortas must

change her tunics. So warred he
from first to last forebanned and
betweenly a smuggler for lifer. Lift
the blank ve veered as heil! Split
the hvide and aye seize heaven!
He knows for he's seen it in black
and white through his eyetrompit
trained upon jenny's and all that
sort of thing which is dandymount
to a clearobscure. Prettimaids tints
may try their taunts: apple, bac-
chante, custard, dove, eskimo, feld-
grau, hematite, isingglass, jet, kipper,
lucile, mimosa, nut, oysterette, pru-
ne, quasimodo, royal, sago, tango,
umber, vanilla, wisteria, xray, yes-
please, zaza, philomel, theerose.
What are they all by? Shee.

If you nude her in her prime,
make sure you find her complement-
ary or, on your very first occasion,
by Angus Dagdasson and all his
piccions, she'll prick you where
you're proudest with her unsatt

speagle eye. Look sharp, she's signalling from among the asters. Turn again, wistfultone, lode mere of Doubtlynn! Arise, Land-under-Wave! Clap your lingua to your pallet, drop your jowl with a joit, tambourine until your breath slides, pet a pout and it's out. Have you got me, Allyslope?

My top it was brought Achill's low, my middle I ope before you, my bottom's a vulser if ever there valed and my whole the flower that stars the day and is solly well worth your pilger's fahrt. Where there's a hitch, a head of things, let henker's halter hang the halunken-end. For I see through your weapon. That cry's not Cucullus. And his eyelids are painted. If my tutor here is cut out for an oldeborre I'm Flo, shy of peeps, you know. But when he beetles backwards, ain't I fly? Pull the boughpee to

see how we sleep. Bee Peep! Peepette! Would you like that lump of a tongue for lungeon, or this Turkey's delighter, hys hyphen mys? My bellyswain's a twalf whuleruss-power though he knows as much how to man a wife as Dunckle Dalton of matching wools. Shake hands through the thicketloch, Sweet swanwater! My other is mouthfilled. This kissing wold's full of killing fellows kneeling voyantly to the cope of heaven. And somebody's coming, I feel for a fect. When you'll next have the mind to retire to be wicked this is as dainty a way as any. Underwoods spells bushment's business. So if you sprig poplar you're bound to twig this. 'Twas my lord of Glendalough benedixed the gape for me that time at Long Entry, commanding the approaches to my intimast innermost. Look how they're browth-

ered. Six thirteens at Blanche de Blanche's of 3 Behind Street and 2 Turnagain Lane. Awabeg is my callby, Magnus here's my Max, Wonder One's my cipher and Seven Sisters is my nighbrood. Radouga, Rab will ye na pick them in their pink of panties. You can colour up till you're prawn while I go squirt with any cockle. But if this could see with its backsight he'd be the grand old greeneyed lobster. He's my first viewmarc since Valentine. Wink's the winning word.

Luck!

In the house of breathings lies that word, all fairness. The walls are of rubinen and the glittergates of elfinbone. The roof herof is of massicious jasper and a canopy of Tyrian awning rises and still descends to it. A grape cluster of lights hangs therebeneath and al the house is filled with the breathings of her

fairness, the fairness of fondance and the fairness of milk and rhu-barb and the fairness of roasted meats and uniomargrits and the fairness of promise with consonantia and avowals. There lies her word, you reder. The height herup exalts it and the lowness her down abaseth it. It vibroverberates upon the tegmen and prospiodes from pomaeria. A window, a hedge, a prong, a hand, an eye, a sign, a head and keep your other augur on her paypay. And you have it, old Sem, pat as ah be seated. And Sunny, my gander, he's coming to land her. Oh backed von dem zug! Make weg for their tug!

With a ring ding dong, they raise clasped hands and advance more steps to retire to the saum. Curtsey one, curtsey two, with arms akimbo, devotees.

Irrelevance.

All sing:

— I rose up one maypole morning
and saw in my glass how nobody
loves me but you. Ugh. Ugh.

All point in the shem direction
as if to shun.

— My name is Misha Misha, but
call me Toffey-Tough. I mean Met-
tenchough. It was her, boy the boy
that was loft in the larch. Ogh!
Ogh!

Her reverence.

All laugh.

They pretend to helf while they
simply shauted at him sauce to
make hims prich. And ith ith noth
cricquette. Sally Lums. Not by ever
such a lot. Twentynines of bloomers
geging een man arose. Avis was
there and trilled her about it. She's
her sex, for certain. So to celebrate
the occasion:

— Willest thou rossy banders
havind?

He simules to be tight in ribbings
round his rumpffkorpff.

— Are you Swarthants that's hit
on a shorn stile?

He makes semblant to be swiping
their chimbleys.

— Can you ajewajewfro' Sheidam?

He finges to be cutting up with
a pair of sissers and to be buytings
of their maidens and spitting their
heads into their facepails.

Spickspuk! Spoken.

So now be hushy. little pukers!
Side here roohish cleany fuglers!
Grandicellies al stay zitty! Adul-
tereux, rest as befour! When ye
colf tantoncle's hat then'll be largely
temts for that. Yet's the time for
being now, now, now.

For a burning would is come to
dance inane. Glamours hath moi-
dered's lieb and herefore Coldours
must leap no more. Lack breath
must leap no more.

Lel lols for libelman libling his
lore. Lolo Lolo liebermann you loved
to be leaving Libnius. Lift your right
to your Liber Lord. Link your left
to your lass of liberty. Lala Lala,
Leapermann, your lep's but a loop
to lee.

A fork of hazel o'er the field in
vox the verveine virgins ode. If you
cross this rood as you roamed the
rand I'm blessed but you'd feel him
a blasting rod. Behind, me, frees
from evil smells! Perdition stinks
before us.

Aghatharept they fleurelly to
Nebnos will and Rosocale. Twice is
he gone to quest of her, thrice is
she now to him. So see we so as
seed we sow. And their prunkt-
queen kilt her kirtles up and set
out. And her troupe came heeling,
O. For ever they scent where air
she went. While all the fauns' flares
widens wild to see a floral's school.

Led by Lignifer, in four hops of
the happiest. ach beth cac duff, the
few fly the farbetween! Attilad!
Attattilad! Cet up, Goth's scourge
on you! There's a visitation in your
impluvium. Hun! Hun!

He stanth theirs mun in his natu-
ral, oblious of his very proprium,
the wont to be wanton maid a will
to be wise. Thrust from the light,
he spoors loves from her heats. He
blinkth. But's wrath's the higher
where those wreathe charity. For
all of these have been thisworlders,
time liquescing into state, pitiless
age grows angelhood. Though, as
he stehs, most anysing may befall-
him from a song of a witch to the
totter of Blackarss. given a fam-
ished devil, a young sourceress
and (eternal conjunction) the per-
mission of overalls with the cupe-
ration of nightshirt. If he spice east
he seethes in sooth and if he pierce

north he wilts in the waist. And what wonder with the murkery viceheid in the shade? The specks on his lapsan are his foul deed thoughts, wishmarks of mad imogeneration. Take they off! Make the off! But Funnylegs are leanly. Abimbambum! They vain would convert the to be hers in the word. Gush, they wooed! Gash, they're fair ripecherry!

As for she could shake him. An oaf, no more. Still he'd be good tutor two in his big armschair learningstoel, and she be waxen in his hands. Turning up and fingering over the most dantellising peaches in the lingerous longerous book of the dark. Look at this passage about Galilleotto. I know it is difficult, but when your goche I go dead. Turn now to this patch upon Smacchiavelluti. Soot allours, he's sure to spot it. 'Twas ever so in monitorology since Headmaster Adam

became Eva Harte's toucher, in omnibus moribus et temporibus, with man's mischief in his mind whilst her pupils swimmied too heavenlies, let his be exaspirated, letters be blowed, I is a femaline person. O, of provocative gender. U unisingular case.

Which is why trumpers are mixed up in duels and here's B. Rohan meets N. Ohlan for the prize of a thou.

As he was queering his shoollthers. So was I. And as I was cleansing my fausties. So was he. And as way ware puffing our blowbags. Souwouyou.

Come, thrust! Go, parry!

— Now may Saint Mowy of the Pleasant Grin be your everglass and even prospect!

— Feeling dank.

Exchange, reverse.

— And may Saint Jerome of the Harlots' Curse make family three

of you which is much abedder!
— Grassy ass ago.

The bivitellines, obscindgemeinded biekers, vaying directiy, uruseye each oxesother, superfetated (never cleaner of lamps frowned fiercelier on anointer of hinges), while their treegrown girls, king's game, if he deign so, are in such transfusion just to know who is arthoudux from whose heterotropic, the sleepy or the glouch, for, shyly bawn and showly nursured exceedingly nice girls can strike exceedingly bad times unless so richtly chosen's by (what though of riches he have none and hope dashes hope on his heart's horizon) to gar their great moments greater. The thing is he must be put strait on the spot, no mere waterstichystuff in a selfmade world that you can't believe a word he's written in but one's only owned by naturel reject-

ion. Charley, you're my darwing. So sing they sequent the assent of man. Till they go round if they go roundagain before breakparts and all dismissed. They keep. Step keep. Step. Stop.

Creedless crownless hangs his haughty. He does not know how his grandson's grandson's grandson's grandson will stammer up in Peruvain for in the ersebest idiom I have done it equals I so shall do. He dares not think why the grandmother of the grandmother of his grandmother's grandmother coughed Russky with suchky husky accent since in the mouthart of the slove look at me now means I once was otherwise. Nor that the mapamund has been changing pattern as youth plays moves from street to street since time and races were and wise ants hoarded and saute-relles were spendthrifts. Nor that

the turtling of a London's alderman is ladled out by the waggerful to the regionals of pigmyland. His part should say in honour bound: So help me symethew, sammarc, selluc and singin, I will stick to you, by gum, no matter what and in case of the event coming off beforehand even so you was to release me for the sake of the other cheap girl's baby's name plaster me but I will pluckily well pull on the buckskin gloves. But Noodynaady's actual ingrate tootle is of come into the garner mauve and thy nice are stores of morning and buy me a bunch of iodines.

Evidentament he has failed as tiercely as the deuce before for she is wearing none of the three. And quite as patently there is a hole in the ballet trough which the rest fell out. Because to explain why the residue is, was, or will not be,

according to the eighth axiom, proceeded with, namely, the shifting about of the lassies, the tug of love of their lads ending with a great deal of merriment, hoots, screams, scarf drill, cap fecking, ejaculation of urine, reechoable mirthpeals and general thumbtonosery, one must reckon with the sudden and gigantesquesque appearance unwithstandable as a general election in Barnado's bearskin amongst the brawlmiddle of this village childergarten of the largely longsuffering laird of Lucanhof.

But, god of all machineries and toimestone of Barnstaple, by mortisection or vivisuture, splitten up or recompounded, how accountibus for him?

Was he pitssched as certain have dognosed of him against our seawall by Rurle, Thoath and Cleaver, Orion of the Orgiasts, Meereschal

MacMuhun, the product of the extremes giving quotidients to our means, as might occur to anyone, or so yclept from Clio's clippings, for ancients link with presents as the human chain extends, have done, do and will again while monks sell yew to archers or the water of the livvyng goes the way of all fish from Sara's drawhead the corral-some to Isaac's the lauphed butt one, with her minnelisp extorreor to his moanolotho inturnd?

The mar of murmury mermers to the mind's ear, uncharted rock, evasive weed. Only the caul knows his thousandfirst name, Hocus Crocus, Esquilocus, Finntinn the Fainnant, how feel full foes in furrinarr. Doth it not all come aft to you, puritysnooper, in the way television opes longtimes ofter when Potollo-muck Sotyr or Sourdanapplous the Lollapaloosa? The charges are, you

will remember, the chances are, you won't bit it's old Joe, the Java Jane, older even than Odam Costollo, and we are recurrently meeting em in cycloannalism, from space to space, time after time, in various phrases of scripture as in various poses of sepulture. Greets Godd, Groceries! Merodach! Defend the King! Hoet of the rough throat attack but whose say is soft but whose ee has a cute angle, he whose hut is a hissarlik even as her hennin's aspire. For now at last is Longabed going to be gone to, that more than man, shoehanded slaughterer of the shader of our leaves.

Attach him! Hold!

Why wilt thou erewaken him from his earth, O summonorother: he is weatherbitten from the dusts of ages? The hour of his closing hies to hand; the tocsin that shall claxonise his wareabouts: If one who remembered his webgoods and

tealofts were to ask of a hooper
for whose it was the storks were
quitting Aquileyria, this trundler
would not wot; if other who joined
faith when his depth charge bom-
bed our barrel spillway were to —!

Jehosophat, what doom is here!
Rain ruth on them, sire. Even if
you are the kooper of the winkel
over measure never lost a licence.
And for the honour of Alcohol drop
that you-know-what-I've-come-a-
bout-I-saw-your-act air. Punch may
be pottleproud but his Judy's a
wife's wit better.

For the producer (Mr John Bap-
tister Vickar) caused a deep abulious-
ness to descend upon the Father
of Truants and, as a side issue,
pluterpromptly brought on the scene
the cutletsized consort, weighing
ten pebble ten, scaling five footsy
five and spanning thirtyseven in-
chettes round the good companions,

twentynine ditties round the wish-
ful waistress, thirtyseven alsos round
the answer to everything, twenty-
three of the same round each of
the quis separabits, fourteen round
the beginning of happiness and
nicely nine round her shoed for
slender.

And eher you could pray mercy
to goodness or help to the rescue,
Gallus's hen has collared her pul-
lets. Their bone of contention, flesh
to their thorns, prest as Prestissima,
makes off in a thinkling, while Bier,
Wijn, Spirituosen for consumption
on the premises, advokaat withouten
pleaders, is hued and cried of each's
colour.

Home all go.

'Tis goed. Het best.

For they are now tearing, that
is, teartoretorning. Too soon are
coming tasbooks and goody, hominy
bread and bible bee, Fine's French

phrases from the Grandmère des Grammaires and what happened to our eleven in thirtytwo and why is limbo where is he and what are the sound waves saying ceased ere they all wayed wrong and Amnist anguished axed Collis not to mention define the hydraulics of common salt and where G.P.O. is zentrum and D.U.T.C. are radients write down by the frequency of your refractions the valuations on N.C.R. and S.C.R.

That little cloud still hangs isky. Singabed cries before slumber. Light at night has an alps on his druckhouse. Thick head and thin butter or after you with me. What is amaid today todo? So angelland all weeping bin that Izzy most unhappy is. Fain Essie fie onhapje? laughs her stella's vispirine.

While they jeerilied along about old Father Barley how he got up

of a morning arley and he met with a plattonem blondes named Hips and Haws and fell in with a fellows of Trinity some header Sko-wood Shaws like auld Daddy Deacon who could stow well his place of beacon but he never could hold his kerosene's candle to bold Farmer Burleigh who wuck up in a hurly-wurly where he huddly could wuddle to wallow his weg tillbag of the baker's booth to beg of illed Diddiddy Achin for the prize of a pease of bakin for Wold Forrester Farley who was found of the round of the sound of the lound of the

Lukkedoerendunandurraskewdy-looshoofermoyportertooryzoosph-alnabortansakroidverjkapakkapuk.

Byfall.

Upploud!

The play thou schouwburgst, Game, here endeth. The curtain drops by deep request.

For the Clearer of the Air from
on high has spoken and the unhap-
piments of the earth have terrerum-
bled from finament unto fundament
and from tweedledeedumms down
to twiddledeedees.

Loud, hear us!

Loud, graciously hear us!

Now have thy children entered
into their habitations. Thou hast
closed the portals of the habitations
of thy children and thou hast set
thy guards thereby that thy children
may read in the book of the opening
of the mind to light and err not
in the darkness which is the after-
thought of thy nomatter by the
guardiance of those guards which
are thy bodemen, Pray-your-Prayers
Timothy and Back-to-Bunk Tom.

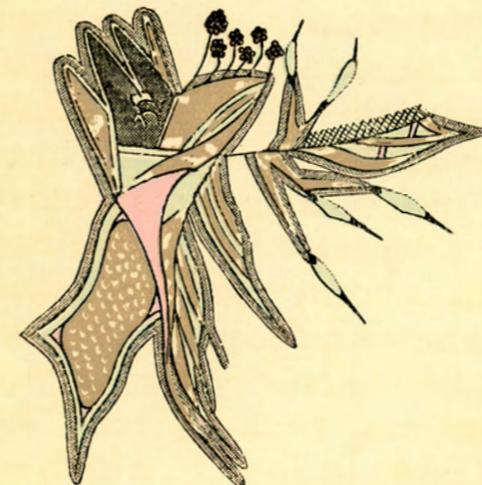
O Loud, hear the wee beseech
of thees of each of these thy un-
litten ones! Grant sleep in hour's
time, O Loud!

That they take no chill. That they
do ming no merder. That they shall
not gomeet madhowiatrees.

Loud, heap miseries upon us yet
entwine our arts with laughters
low!

Ha he hi ho hu.

Mummum.



COLOPHON

Printed on the presses of G. J. Thieme at Nymegen in

- a) twenty-nine copies on Simili Japon of Van Gelder Zonen, bound in parchment, numbered from I—XXIX (of which No. V—XXIX are for sale), and signed by Mr. James Joyce and Miss Lucia Joyce;
- b) one thousand copies on Old Antique Dutch, numbered from 1—1000.

The initial letter, the tailpiece and the cover were specially designed for these editions by Miss Lucia Joyce.

This copy is number 626

