THE MIME OF MICK, NICK AND THE MAGGIES

JAMES

JOYCE
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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 Swiftian 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 Playhouse. (Bar and conveniences always open.) With nightly redistribution of parts and players and daily dubbing of ghosts under the distinguished patronage of their Elerships the Oldens from the four corners of Findrias, Murias, Gorias and Falias. Messois the Coarb, Clive Sollis, Galorius Kettle, Pobiedo Lancey 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 acidulations) 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 distributes 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 Patrick's Academy for Grownup Gentlemen, consult the annuary), a bundle of a dozen of representative locomotive civics inn quest of outings, who are sloppily served by SAUNDERSON (Mr Knut Oelsvinger, imitation of flatfish, torchbearing supperaape, bad halfsovereign, rollly pollies, Glen of the Dows, o.s.v), a spoilcurate and butt of KATE (Miss Rachel Lea Varian, she tells forking for basclifellers, under purdah of card palmer Madam d'Elta, during the pawses), kook-and-general.

With battle pictures and the Pageant 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, Coachmaher, Incubone and Rocknarrag. Creations tastefully designed by Madame Berthe Delamode. Dances arranged by Harley Quinn and Coldlimbeina. Jests, jokes, jigs and jorums for the Wake lent from the properties of the late cemented Mr T. M. Finneg an 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 (Buckley!) by the firement in the pit, accidental music providentially arranged by L'archet and Laccorde. To start with in the beginning, we need barely say, a community prayer, everyone for himself, and to conclude with as an exodus, we think it well to add, a chorale in canon, good for us all for us all us all all. Songs betune the acts by the am...
biamphions of Annapolis, Joan Mock-Comic, male soprano, and Jean Sous-kevin, bass noble, respectively, O, Mester Sogermon, ef thers es what ye deux, then I'me not sur-
pleased ye want that bottle of Sau-
vequipeu 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
Moarning 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 Heshed light like likening.
Fools top! Singty, sangty, meeky
loose, defendy nous from prow-
abouts. Make a shine on the curst.
Emen.

But the duvlin sulph was in Glug-
ger, that lost-to lurning. Punct. He

was sbuffing and sputing, tussing
like anisine, whipping his eyesoul
and gnatsching his teats over the
brividades from existers and the outher
liubbocks of life. He halth kelchy-
chosen a clayblade and makes prays-
es to his three of clubs. To part
from these, my corsets, is into ovel-
lusting fear. Acts of feet, hoof and
jarretly. Djowl, uphere!

Aminxt that nombre of evelings,
but how piercful in their sojest-
iveness were those first girly stirs,
with zitterings of flight released and
twinglings of twitchbells in rondel
after. with waverings that made
shimmershake rather naughtily all
the duskcended airs and shylit beacon-
ings, from shehind hims back. Sam-
ny, call on. Mirrylamb, she was
shuffering all the diseasinesses of
the unherd of. Mary Louisan Shous-
apinas! 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 drumming on her back and a pop from her whistle. What is that, O holytroopers?

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

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

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


But what is that which is one going to prehend? 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 luked upon the bloominggrund 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 deplorable! A dire, O dire! And all the frightfulness whom he inhabited after his colline born janitor. Sometime towerable! With that hehry antiebs on him and the baublelight bulching ouf of his sockets whileling away she sprinkled his allover with her noces 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 knotknows thre his murder had bourse 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 delightsome frilles-in-pleyurs are now shownen drawen, if bud one, or, if in florileague, drawens up consociately at the hin-der sight of their commoner guardia. Her boy fiend or theirs, if they are so pluriellet, 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, tireton, ba! Doth that not satisfy youth, sir? Quanty purty bellas here, Madama Lifay! And what are you going to charm them to, Madama, do say? Cinderynelly angled her slipper; it was cho chiny yet braught her a groom. He will angskt of them from their commoner guardian at next lineup (who is really the rapier of the two own, though chother brother 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 carbucklely ones? Apun which his poohoor pricoxity theirs
is a little titterit of hilarity (Lad-o'-me-soul! Lad-o'-me-soul, see!) and the wordchary is atvoiced ringsoundingly 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 tophietuck 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 worrawarrawurms. 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 jams. It's driving her dafft like he's so dumb. If he'd lonely talk instead of only gawk as thought yatemans hat stuck hits stick althought his spoke, and if he would nut wolly so! Hee. Speak, sweety bird! Mitzymizty! 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 pearlaqraph, the pearlaqraph, knew whitchly whether to weep or laugh. For always down in Carolinas lovely Dinahs vaunt their view.

Poor Isa sits a g looming so gleaming: the tiacles a touch tarnished wind no lovelli-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. But if he’ll go to be a son to France’s she’ll stay daughter of Clare. Bring tansy, throw myrtle, strew rue, rue, rue. She is fading out like Journee’s clothes so you can’t see her now. Still we know how Day the Dyer works, in dims and deeps and dusks and darks. And among the shades that Eve’s now wearing she’ll meet anew fiancy, tryst and trow. Mammy was, Mimmy is, Minuscoline’s to be. In the Dee dips a dame and the dame desires a demselle but the demselle dresses dolly and the dolly does a 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, shoddyshoes quicked out with selver. Pennyfair caps on pinnyfore frocks and a ring on her fomeying finger. And they leap so loopy, loopy, as they link to light. And they look so loovely, loovelit, noosed in a nuptious night. With­asly glints in. Anecoy 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 Ood­les of Anems before the luvium doeslike. So. And then again 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 Quick­doctor helts her skelts up the casua­way the flasht instinct she herds if a tinkle of tunder, the widow Ma­grievy 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-, after dies of Eirae doeslike. So. And then again doeslike. So. The many wiles of Winsure.
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 gazious would but fain smile him a smile he would be fondling a praise he ate some nice bit of fluff. But no geste reveals the unconnouth. They’re all odds against him, the beasties. Scratch. Start.

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

Allwhile preying in his mind he swure. Cross of a coppersmith bishop! He would split. He do big squeal like holy Trichepatte. Seek hells where absolution. 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, British America, 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'Tull. 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, fuyerescape! He would fire off his farced epistol to the hibruws. No more turdenskaulds! Free leaves for ebridades! All tinsammen 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 satriety of arthurs in S.P.Q.R.ish and inform to the old sniggering publicking 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.


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 tomasunders and how her Lettyshape,
his gummer, that congealed sponsar, she had never cessed at waking malters among the jemassons since the cluft that meataxe delt her made her microchasm as gap as down low. So they fished in the kettle and fought free and if she bit his tailibout all hat tiffin for thea. He would jused sit it all write down just as he would jused set it up all wri-thefully raze in blotch and void, yielding to no man in hymns ignorance seeing how heartily sorey he was, owning to the condrtion of his bikestool. And, reading off his fleshskin and writing with his quill-bone, filfull ninequires with it for his auditer, Caxton and Pollock, a most moraculous jeremyhead sind-book for all the peoples, under the presidency of the suchess of sceausnonsceau, a hadtobe heldin, thoroughly enjoyed by many so meny on block at Boyrut season and for

their account ottorly admired by her husband in sole intimacy, about whose told his innersense and the grusomehed's yoetreeke of his spectrescope and why he was off colour and how he was ambothed upon by the very spit of himself first on the cheekside by Michelangelo and over on the owld jowly side by Bill C. Babby, and the suburb's formule why they egspilled 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 cecialism and the best and schortest way of blacking out a caughtalock of all the sorres of Sexton until he would accoster as a wagoner would his mudeleldy wheesindonk at their trist in Pariss after tourments of tosend years, bread cast out on waters, Mondamoiseau of Casanuova, and Mademoiselle from
Armentières. He would si through severalls of sanctuaries so as to meet somewhere if produced on a demi pansion for his whole lifetime, payment in goo to slee music and poisonous company, following which, like Ipsey Secumbe, when he fingon to foil the fluter, she could have all the g. s. M. she mooohoed 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, reminiscensive, dreaming largesse of lifesighs over early lived offs—all old Sator's of the Sowsceptre highly nutritius family histronic, genitrickling with Avus and Avia, that simple pair, and descendant down on veloutypads by a vuncular process to Nurus and Noverca, those notorious nepotists,

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

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

His mouthfull of ecstacy, 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

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it. Howlsbawls and bloody acres!
Like gnawthing unheardh!

But, by Jove Chronicles, Seed of Summ, after at he had bate his breastplates for, forget, forgetting 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 throwed 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 interfering interskips from them on herzian waves, a butterfly from herzipclasped handbag, awounded 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 married. 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 suppod to be the on conditionly 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 coast­guard. For directly with his whoop, stop and an upalepsy didando a tishy, in appreciable less time than it takes a glaciator to submerger an Atlangthis, was he again, agob, before the trembly ones, a spark’s gap off, 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 letting 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 faulters how he hates to trouble them without.
But leaving codhead’s mitre and the heron’s plumes sinistrant to the server of servants and rex of regums and making a bolderdash for lubberty
of speech he asks not have you seen
a match being struck nor is this
powder mine but, letting punplays
pass to ernest:
— 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 foulen on him; to vet,
most griposly, he was bedizzled and
debuzzled; he had his tristiest ca­
baleer on; and looked like brudd y
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, aurilueens,
sinelab? How he stud theirs mookst
kevinly, inwreathed of his near
cisses, a mickly dazzly eely oily with
loiscurrals, a soulnerter by zvesdals
priestessd, with his gamecox spurt
and his smile likequid glue (the suas­
siest sourir ever weanling wore),
whiles his host of spritties they went
peahenning around him in neuchot­
ristic congressulations, quite purr­
ingly 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
of his kisser licence. Meanings: We know you like Latin with essies impures so tell that old bellows to bellow up the tumult 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 gohol-den, they've come to chant en chor. They say their salat, the madiens' prayer to the messlager of His Na-bis, prostitating their selfs eachwise and combinedly. Fateha, fold the hands. Be it honoured, bow the head. As we so hope for ablation. For the sake of the farbung and of the scent and of the holiodrops. Amems.

A pause. Then:
—Xanthos! Xanthos! Xanthos! We thank to thine, mighty innocent, that diddest bring it off suitefuite. 32

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, accommodationnooks and prismic bathboites, to make Envyeyes mouth water and wonder when they binocular us from their embrassured windows in our garden rare. FyatFyat shall be our number on the autokinaton and Chubby in his Chuffs oursforownly chuffeur. T will be waiting for uns as I sold 3 33
at the first antries. Our cousin gourmand, Percy, the pup, will de-
nounce the sniffnomers of all callers where among our Seemyease Sister, Tabitha, the ninelived, will extend to the full her heartly 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 cochi-
neal 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 juwells, lydialight fans and puffum-
ed cynarettes. And the Prince Lemonade has been graciously pleas-
ed. His six chocolate pages will run bugling before him and Coco-
cream toddle after with his stick-
swerd 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 Dub-
lin’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 cham-
poureel! Hiphip champoureel! O you longtailed blackman, polk it up behind me! Hip champaurreel! Hiphip champoureel! And, jessies, push the punkik round. Anneliuia!

Since the days of Roamaloose and Rehmoose the pavanos have been strident trough their struts of Cha-
pelldiseut, the vaulsies have meed and youdled through the purly ooze of Ballybough, many a mismy cloudy has tripped taintily along that her-
court strayed reelway and the riga-
doons have held ragtimed revels
on the platauplain of Grange-
gorman, 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 will be
isnor was, those danceadeils and
cancanzanies have come stimmering
down for our begayment through
the bedeafdom of po's taeorns, the
obecity of pa's teapucs, as liteh
and limbfree limber as when momie
mummed at ma.
Just so styled wicch 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 sidewalk, accourdant
to the coursets of things feminite,
towoerds 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 leightly as
see saw (O my goodmiss! O my
greatness! O my prizelestly pre-
shoes!) while, dewyfully as dimb
dumbelles, all aisten to his elixir.
Lovelyt!
— Enchainted, dear sweet Stainus-
less, young confessor, dearer dearest,
we herehear, aboutobloss, O coeli-
cola, thee salutant. Pattern of our
unschooled, 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 have ascertained cer-
emonially our names. Unclean you
art not. Outcaste thou are not.
Leperstower, the karman’s loki, has not blanched at our pollution and your intercourse at ninety legsplits does not defile. Untouchable is not the scarecrown is on you. You are pure. You are pure. You are in your puerity. You have not brought stinking members into the house of Amanti. Elleb Inam, Titep Notep, we name them to the Hall of Honour. Your head has been touched by the god Enel-Rah and your face has been brightened by the goddess Arucîtuc. Return, sainted youngling, and walk once more among us. The Great Cackler comes again. Sweetstaker, Abel lord of all our holoease, we, toutes philomelas as well as magdelenes, were drawpairs with two pinmarks, BVD and BVD dot, so want lotteries of ticklets posthastem (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 promisus 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 tupped! May he colp, may he colp her, may he mixandmess colp her! List! Kicky Lacey, the pervergined, and Bianca Mutantini, her conversa, drew their fools longth 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, queemswelth 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 unspeechably thoughtless over it all so pleasekindly communicake with the
original since 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 shepherdress on! Upsome cauda! Behose our handmades for the lured! To these nunc we are but yours in ammatures yet well come that day we shall ope to be ores. No more hoaxites! Nay more gifting in mennage! Vanía, Vanía Vaniorum, Domne Vanias!

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

And when all us romance catholeens shall have ones for all amanseprated. And the world is maidfree. So till Coquette to tell Cockotte to teach Connie Curley to touch Cattie Hayre and tip Carminia 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 gyogyrorondo.

These bright elects, consentconsorted, they were waltzing up their willside with their princesome handsome angeline chiuft while in those wherebus there won't helds way oaths and screams and bawley groans with a belchybubhub and a hellabellow bedemined and bediabbled the arimaining lucisphere. Lone-dom's breach lay fouiend up uncouth not be broched by punns and reedies. Yet the ring gayed rund rerosily with a drat for a
brat you. Yasha Yash ate sassage and mash. So found he bash, poor Yasha Yash. And you wonna make one of our nicknick 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 woice. Ephthah! Cisamis! Examen of conscience scruples now he to the best of his memory do. He dooly redecant albigenesis henesies. He proform penance. He make polentay rossum out of bianconies, hiking ahake like any nudgeroughgorude 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, weedhearted boy of potter and mudder, chip of old Hint, twig of the hider that tanned him. He relation belong this remarkable moliman, Anaks

Andrum, pure blood Jebusite. Intrace 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 piousalios 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 coxyorum offering candid zuckers on Spinisters' Walk in presents to lilithe maidentettes for at bloo his noose for him with pruriest pollygameous intentions, he having that pecuniarity 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. Iniest lightningshaft only for lovalit smugpipe, his Mistress Mereshame, of cupric tresses, the form-white foamine, the ambersandalled. A mish he is as good as a mountain and everybody he know Meister 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 for-sunkener, all ameltingmoult after rhomatism, purely simply tommy ratkins. They whitelivered ragsups, two Whales of the Sea of Deceit, they bloodblabstard shooters, three Dro-medaries of the Sands of Calumdonia. In his contrary this Mr Heer Assassin Neelson, 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, wound-about, 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 guffodder. That why he, persona erecta, glycorawman arsenicful fe­minister, with two purses agitata­ting his theopot with wokklebout shake, rather incoherend, from one 18 to one 18 biss. Old grand tuttut toucher up of young poetographies and he turn aroundabruptly red altfrumpishly falls some make one noise. It's his last lap, Gigantic, fare him weall! 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 thyself. So she not swop her eckcot hjem for Howarden's Castle, Englandwales. But be the alience of iern on his flamen vestacoat, the fibule of broochbronze to his winternmantle of pointefox. Who not knows she, the Madame Cooley-Couley, spawife to laird of manna, when first come into the pictures more as hundreads elefents yahrd of annams call away, factory fresh and fluming 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 jackticktating all around her about his poorliness due to pannellism and grime for that he harboured her when fem 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 be­ruffled 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 cloak 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 tattling!

But who comes yond with pire on poletop? He who relights our spearing torch, the moon. And the hag they damename Coverfew hists from her lane. And haste 'tis time for bairns ta hame. Chickchilds, comeho to roo. Comehome to roo, wee chickchilds doo, when the 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 funnonimal world. Yon marshpond is visited by the tide. We are circumveiloped by obscuritads. Man and beasts frieren. 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. Huzoors, 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 deerhaven, 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 wildering 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 molns are bluming, lock, to greet those loves on coast of amethyst; arcglow's seafire siemens lure and warnenforth's hookercrookers. And now the pesciolines in Liffeyetta's bowl have stopped squiggling about feriaquintaism and if Lubbernabohore laid his harker to the ribbe: 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 musketereering. 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 50
dapplebellied mugs and troublebedded rooms and sawdust strown in expectoration and for ratification your information, Mr Knight, tun-tapster, buttes; 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 kerkegaard. So who over comes ever for whoopee week must put up with the Jug and Chambers.

But heed! Our thirty minutes war's allull. All's quiet on the felled of Gorey. Housefather calls enthreateningly. Ansighosa pokes in her potstill to souse at the sop be sodden enrow 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, Thadeus, 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 battle of Whatalose when Adam Leftus and the devil took our hindmost, gifting her with his painapple, nor will not be atoned at all in fight to no finish, that dark deed doer, this wellwilled wooer, Jerkoff and Eatsoup, Yem or Yan, while felixed is who culpas does and harm’s worth healing and Brune is bad French for Jour d’Anno. Tiggers and Tuggers they’re all for tenzones. 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 mutualiter foretold of him by a time-killer to his spacemaker, velos ambros and arubyat knychts, with their tales within wheels and stucks between spokes, on the hike from Elmstree to Stene and back, how, running away with the use of reason (sics) and ramming amok at the brake of his voice (sees), his laterhalft was set for getting the besterwhole of his yougendtougend, for control number thrice was operating the subliminal of his invaded personality. He nobit smorfi and go poltri and let all the tondo gang
bola del ruffo. Barto no know him mor. Eat larto altruis with most perfect stranger.

Boo, you're through!
Hoo, I'm true!
Men, teacan a tea simmering, hamo mavrone kerry O?
Teapotty. Teapotty.
He wept indeiterum. With such a tooth he seemed to love his wee tart when abuy. Highly momourn-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 eyetrupt trained upon jenny's and all that sort of thing which is dandymount to a clearobscure. Prettimaid tints may try their taunts: apple, baccante, custard, dove, eskimo, feldgrau, hematite, isinglass, jet, kipper, lucile, mimosa, nut, oysterette, prune, quasimodo, royal, sago, tango, umber, vanilla, wisteria, xray, yes-please, zaza, philomel, therose. 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 Dqdasson 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, wistful tone, jode 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, Allysloper?

My top it was brought Achill's low, my middle I ope before you, my bottom's a vulser if ever there valesed 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! Pee-pette! 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 thickerloch, 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 feck. 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 brovth-
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 elænbone. The roof hero£ 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 rhubarb
and the fairness of roasted
meats and uniomargrits and the
fairness of promise with consonan-
tia and avowals. There lies her word,
you reder. The height herup exalts
it and the lowness her down aba-
seth it. It vibroverberates upon the
tegmen and prospioes from po-
maeria. A window, a hedge, a prong,
a hand, an eye, a sign, a head and
keep your other augur on her pay-
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 akinbo,
devotees.

Irrelevance.
All sing:
— I rose up one maypole morning and saw in my glass how nobody loves me but you. Ugh. Ugh.
All point in the shem direction as if to shun.
— My name is Misha Misha, but call me Toffey-Tough. I mean Mettenchough. It was her, boy the boy that was loft in the larch. Ogh! Ogh!
Her reverence.
All laugh.
They pretend to helf while they simply 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?

60

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 facepalls.
Spickspuk! Spoken.
So now be hushy. little pukers!
Side here roohish cleany fuglers!
Grandicellies al stay zitty! Adultereux, 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 moidered’s lieb and herefore Goldours must leap no more. Lack breath must leap no more.

61
Lelo for libelman libiting his lore. 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, Lepermann, 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 prunk-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! Attild! Attattild! Get up, Goth's scourge on you! There's a visitation in your impluvium. Hun! Hun!

He stanthis mun in his natural, oblivious 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 wreath the charity. For all of these have been thisworlders, time liqueasing 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 famished devil, a young sourceress and (eternal conjunction) the permission of overalls with the cuperation of nightshirt. If he spice east he seethes in sooth and if he pierce
north he wilts in the waist. And what wonder with the murkery visehied in the shade? The specks on his lapspan are his foul deed thougths, wishmarks of mad imagination. Take they off! Make the off! But Funnylegs are leanly. Abimbamb bum! They vain would convert the to be hers in the word. Gush, they wooed! Gash, they're fair ripecherry! As for she could shake him. An oaf, no more. Still he'd be good tutor two in his big armschair lerningstoel, and she be waxen in his hands. Turning up and fingering over the most dantellising peaches in the lingerous longerous book of the dark. Look at this passage about Galilleotto. I know it is difficult, but when your goche I go dead. Turn now to this patch upon Smacchiavelluti. Soot allours, he's sure to spot it. 'Twas ever so in monitorology since Headmaster Adam 64

became Eva Harte's toucher, in omnibus moribus et temporibus, with man's mischief in his mind whilst her pupils swimmend too heavenlies, let his be exaspirated, letters be blowed, I is a female person. O, of provocative gender. 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 shoolthers. 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 55
of you which is much abedder!
— Grassy ass ago.

The bivitellines, obscindgemeine dreched biekerers, vaying directly, uruseye each oxesother, superfetated (never cleaner of lamps frowned fiercelier on anointer of hinges), while their treegrown girls, king's game, if he deign so, are in such trans-fusion 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 rightly 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 darling. 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 Peru-vain for in the ersebest idiom I have done it equals I so shall do. He dares not think why the grandmother of the grandmother of his grandmother's grandmother coughed Russky with suchky husky accent since in the mouthart of the slove look at me now means I once was otherwise. Nor that the mappamund has been changing pattern as youth plays moves from street to street since time and races were and wise ants hoarded and 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
tierceely as the deuce before for she
is wearing none of the three. And
quite as pately 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, pro-
cceeded 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 gi-
gantesquesque appearance unwith-
standable as a general election in
Barnado's bearskin amongst the
brawlmiddle of this village chil-
garten of the largely longsuffering
laird of Lucaphof.

But, god of all machineries and
tostone of Barnstaple, by morti-
section or vivisuture, splitten up
or recompiined, how accountibus
for him?

Was he pitssched as certain have
dognosed of him against our sea-
wall by Rurle, Thoath and Cleaver,
Orion of the Orgiasts, Meereschal
MacMuhun, the product of the extremes giving quotidiens 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 livvying goes the way of all fish from Sara's drawhead the corralsome to Isaac's the lauphed butt one, with her minnelisp extorreo to his moanolothe inturned?

The mar of murmury mermers to the mind's ear, uncharted rock, evasive weed. Only the caul knows his thousandfirst name, Hocus Crocus, Esquilocus, Finnn the Fainant, how feel full foes in furrinarr. Doth it not all come aft to you, puritysnooper, in the way television opes longtimes ofter when Potolomuck Sotyr or Sourdanapplus 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 Longbed going to be gone to, that more than man, shoohandled 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 bombed 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-about-I-saw-your-act air. Punch may be pottleproud but his Judy’s a wife’s wit better.

For the producer (Mr John Baptist Vickar) caused a deep abulousness 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 inchettes round the good companions, twentynine ditties round the wishful waistress, thirtyseven alsos round the answer to everything, twentythree of the same round each of the quis separabits, fourteen round the beginning of happiness and nicely nine round her shoed for slender.

And eher you could pray mercy to goodness or help to the rescue, Gallus’s hen has collared her pullets. 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 pladders, is hued and cried of each’s colour.

Home all go.
’Tis goed. Het best.
For they are now tearing, that is, teartoreturning. 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 anguish ed 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 druck-house. 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 jeerilled 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 hold 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-looshoofermoyportooryzoorysph-alnaboransakroidverkapakkaptuk.

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 unhappitents of the earth have terrerumbled from finament unto fundament and from tweedleedumms down to twiddledeeeds.
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 afterthought 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.
Mummmum.
COLOPHON

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