

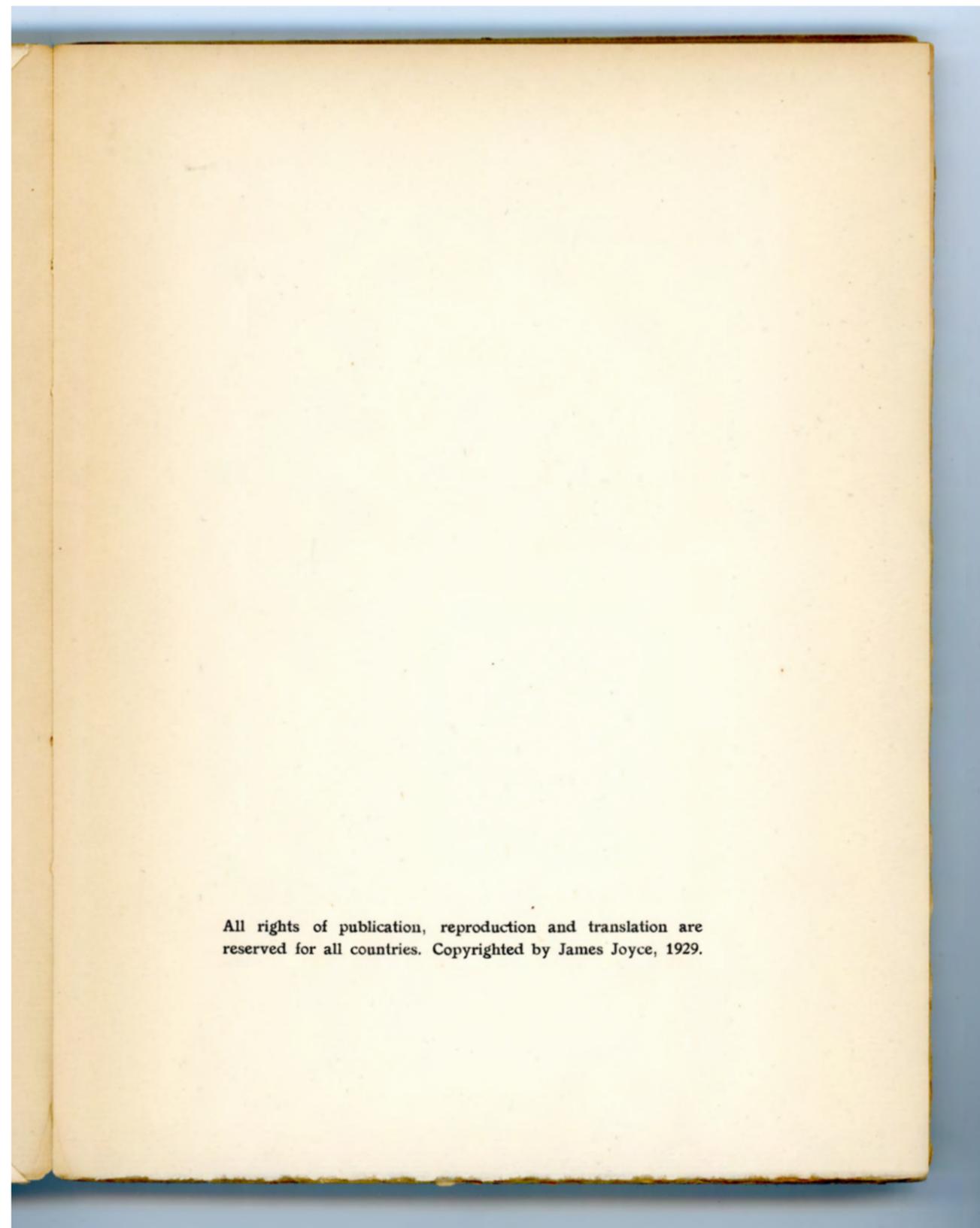
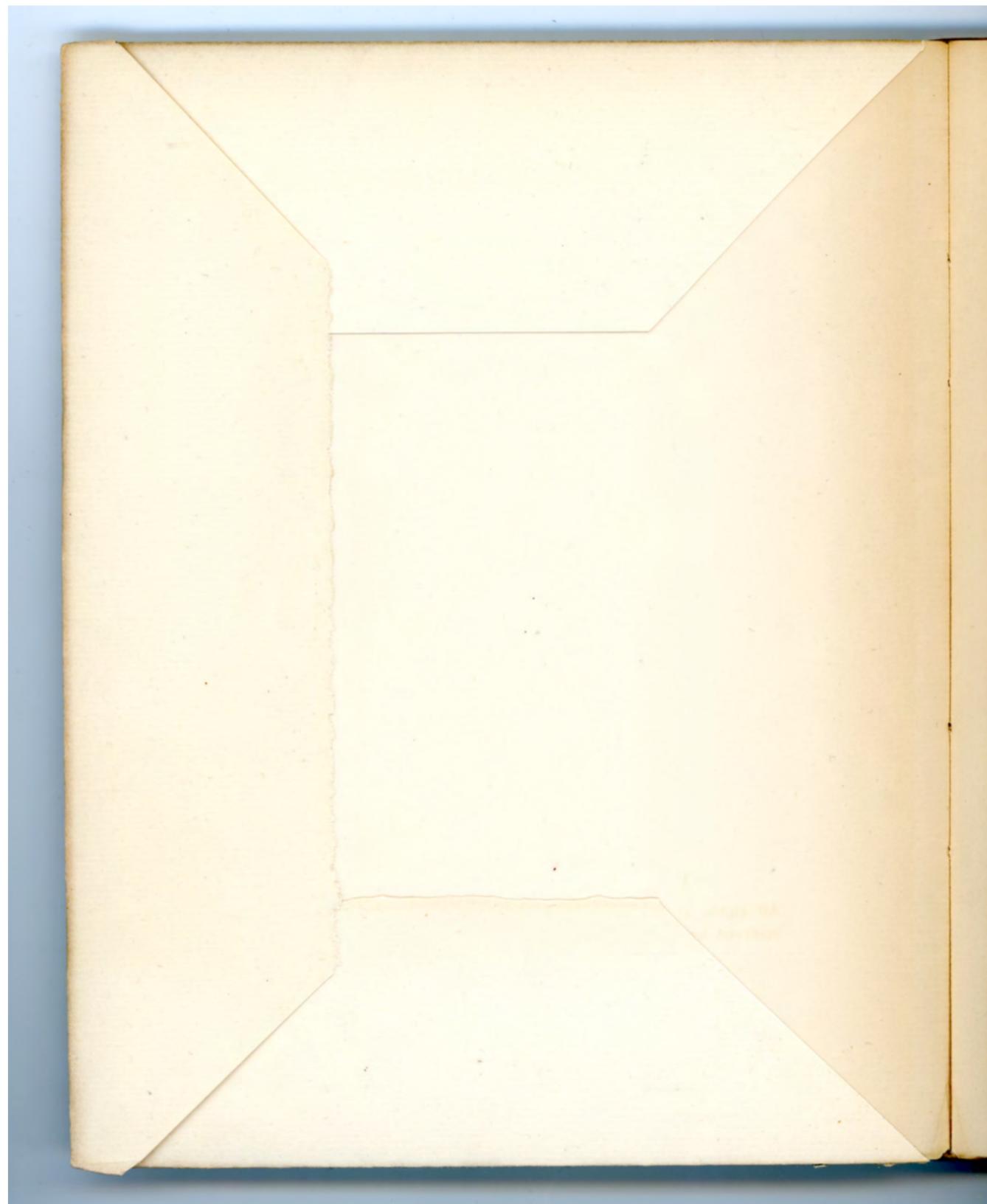
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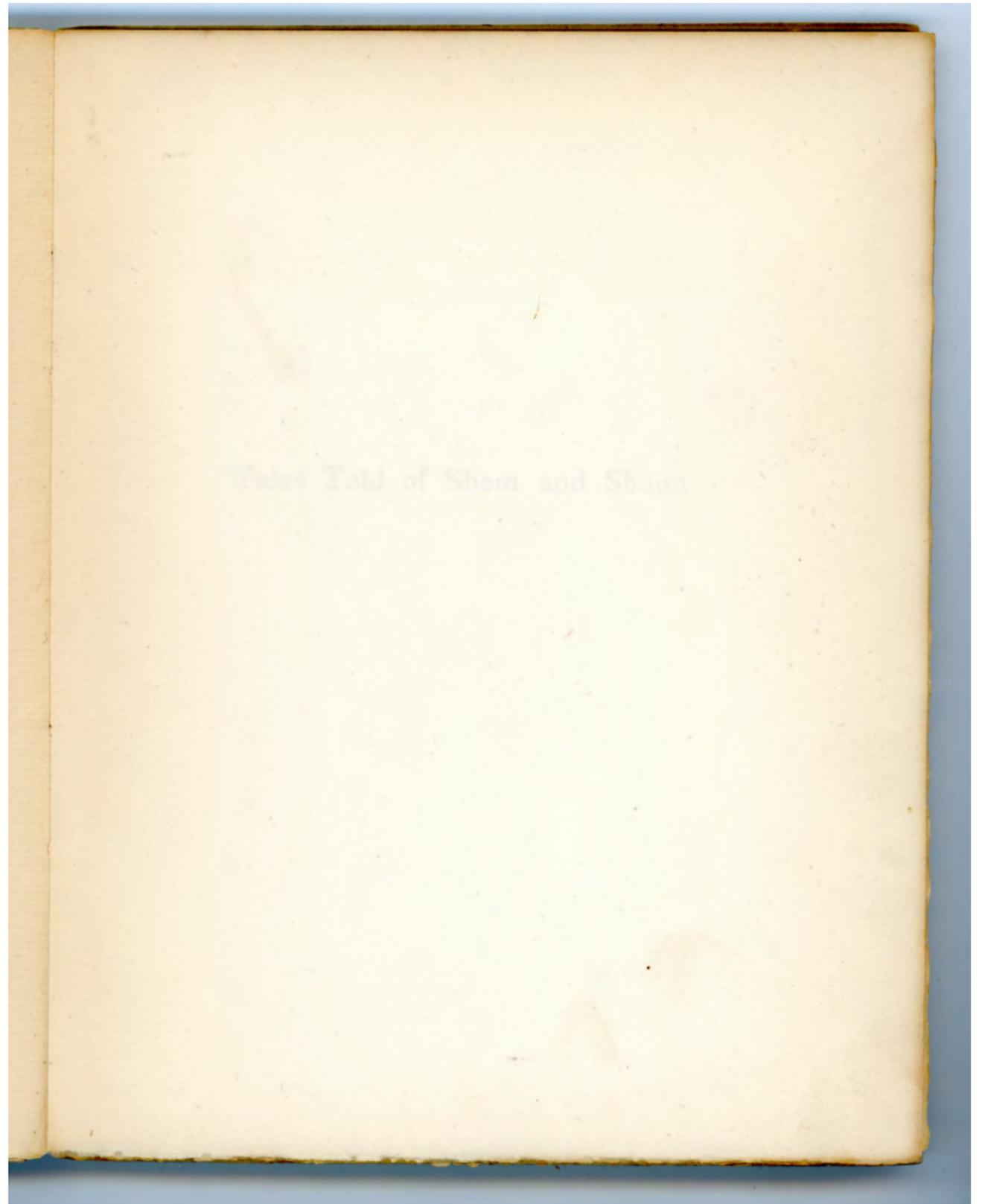
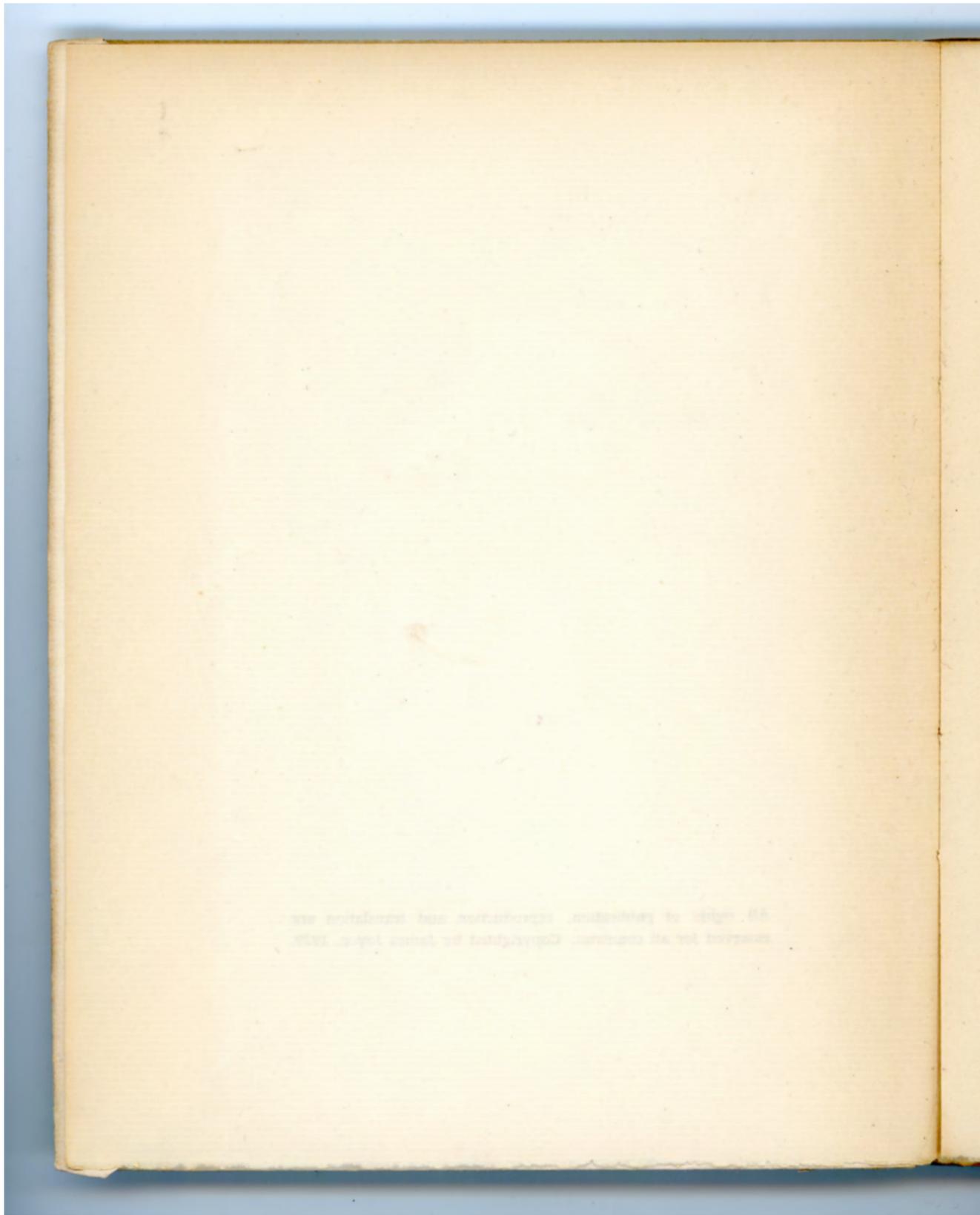
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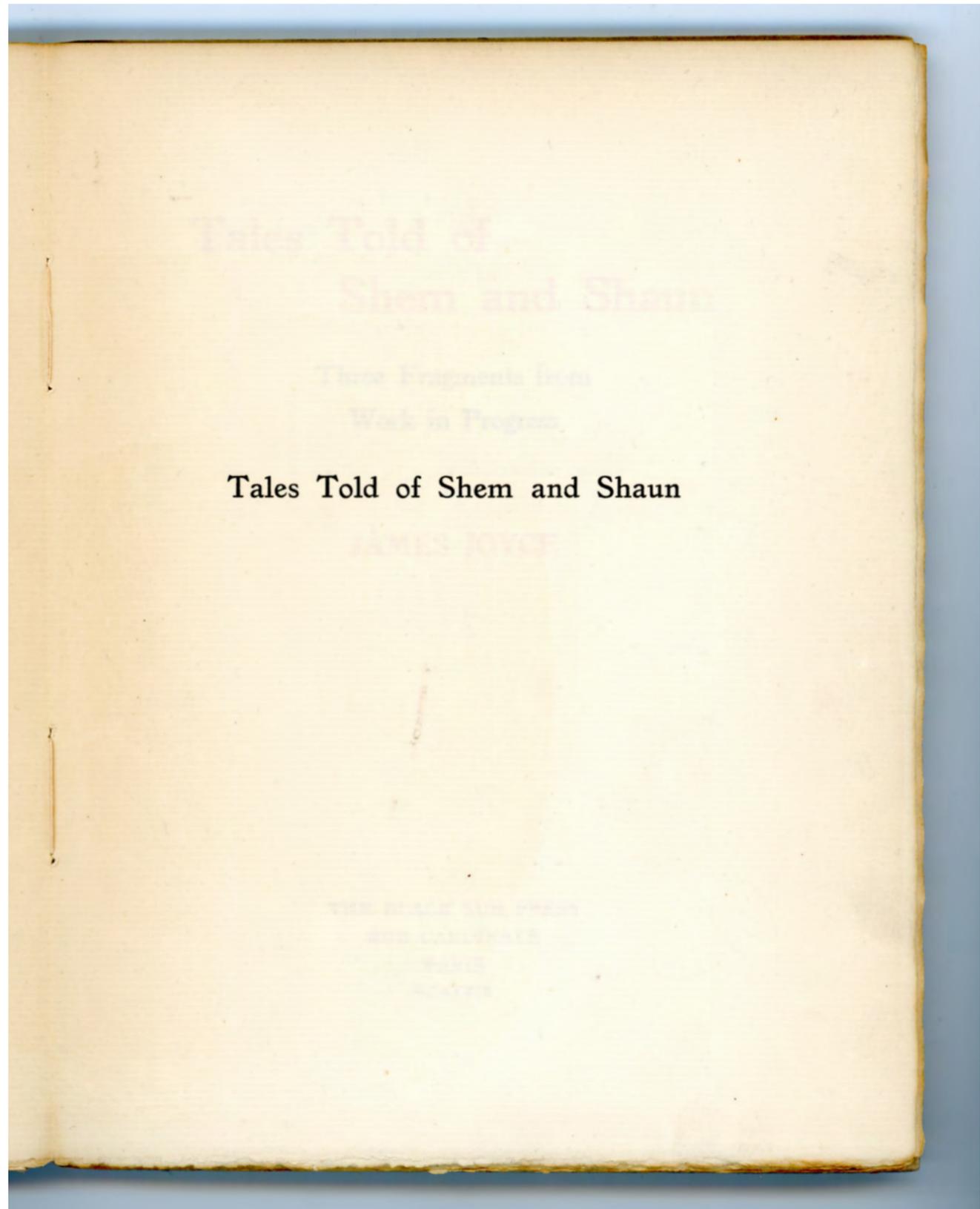
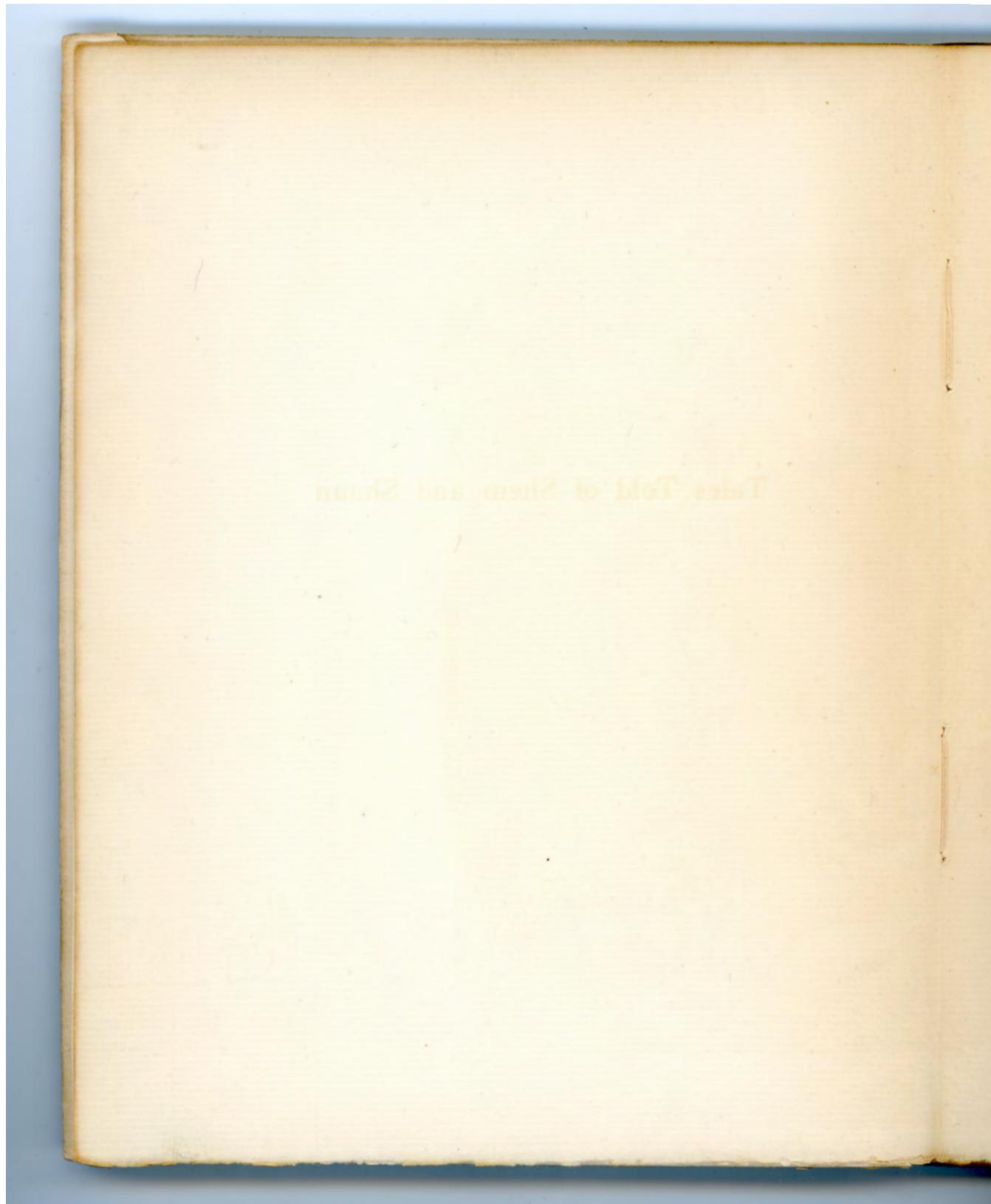
by

JAMES JOYCE

THE BLACK SUN PRESS  
RUE CARDINALE  
PARIS  
MCMXXIX







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Portrait of a Work in Progress

Published by C. K. Ogden

The Mookse and the Gripes

JAMES JOYCE

The Muddest Thick That Was Ever Heard Dump

The Ondt and the Gracehoper

THE BLACK SUN PRESS

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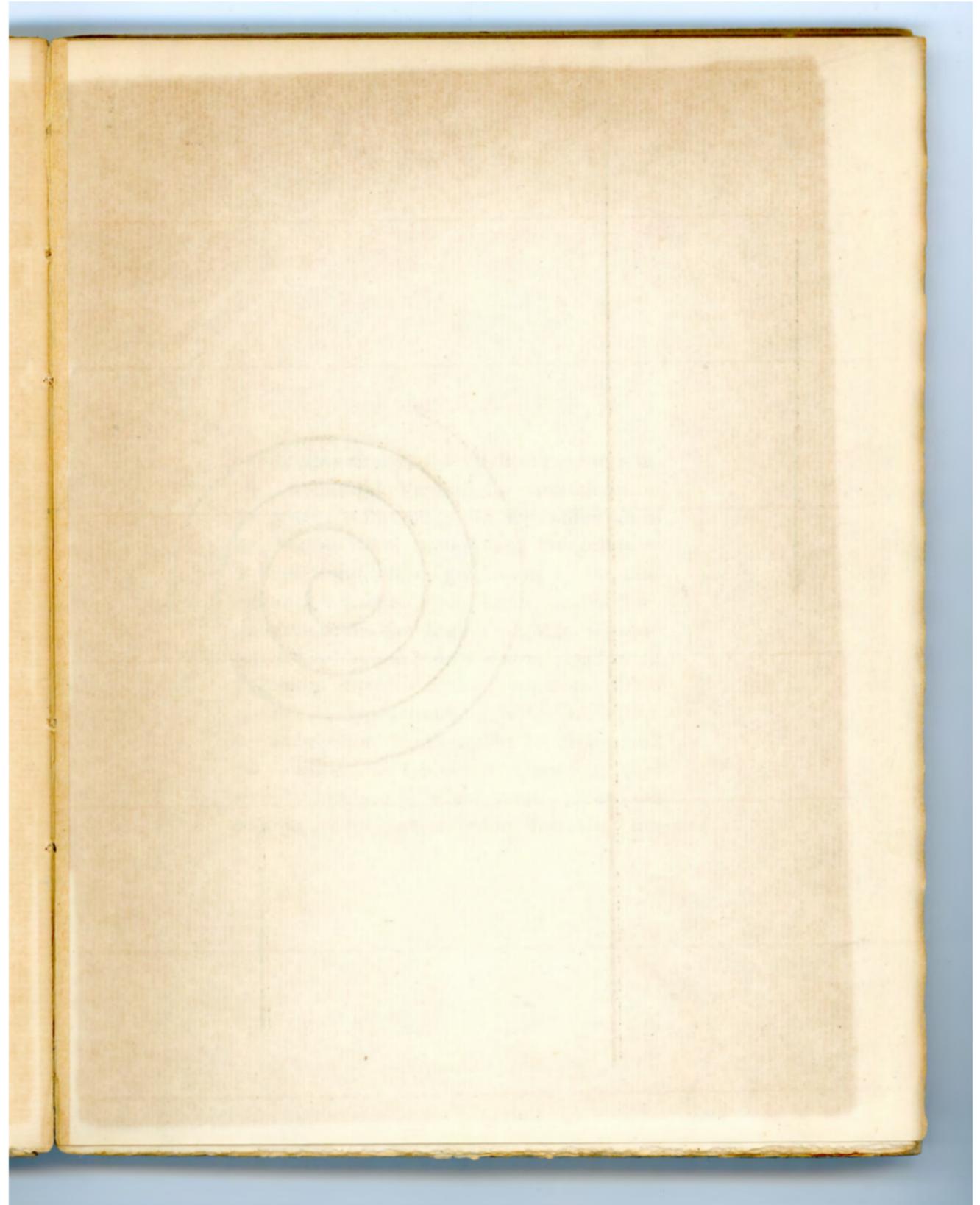
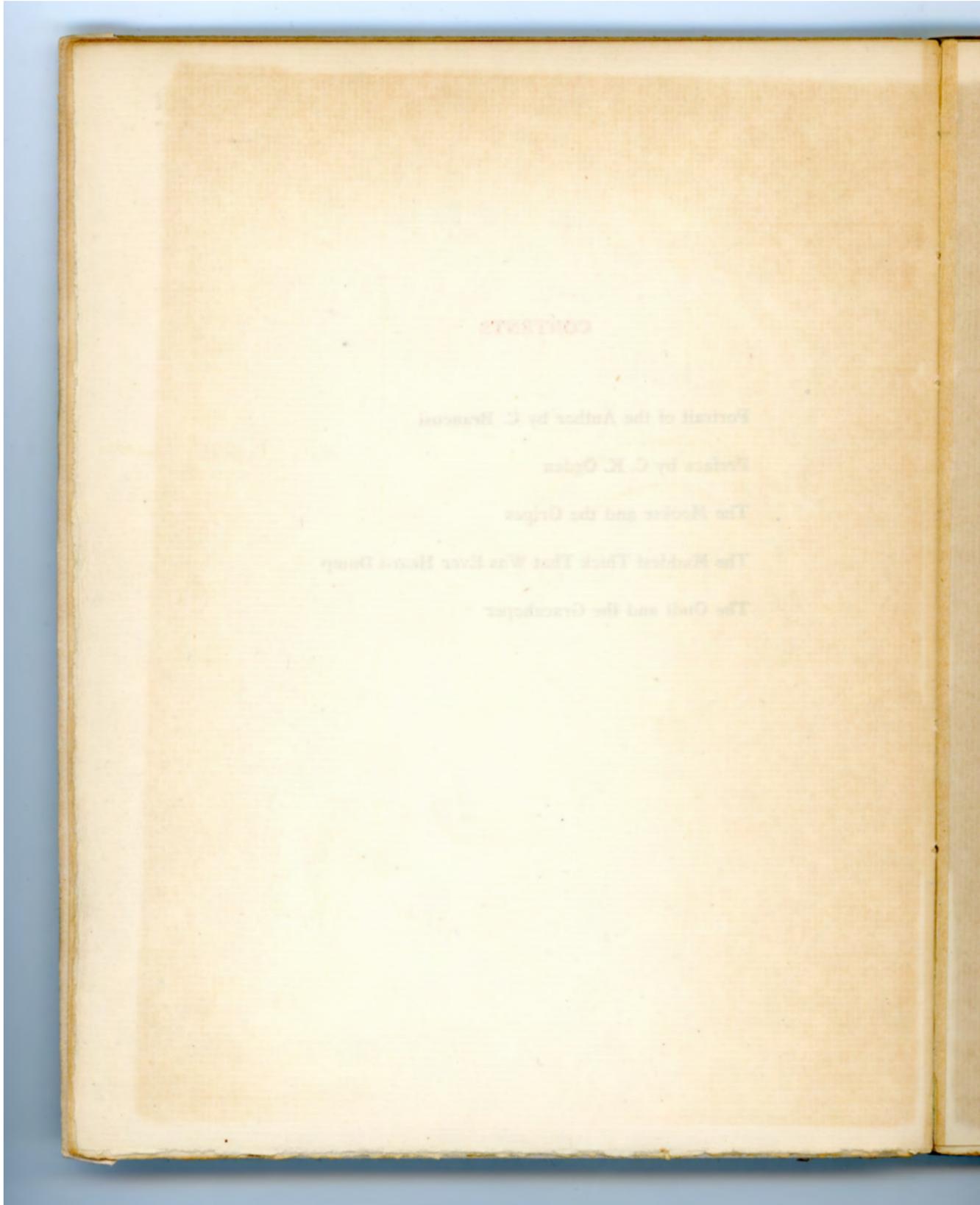
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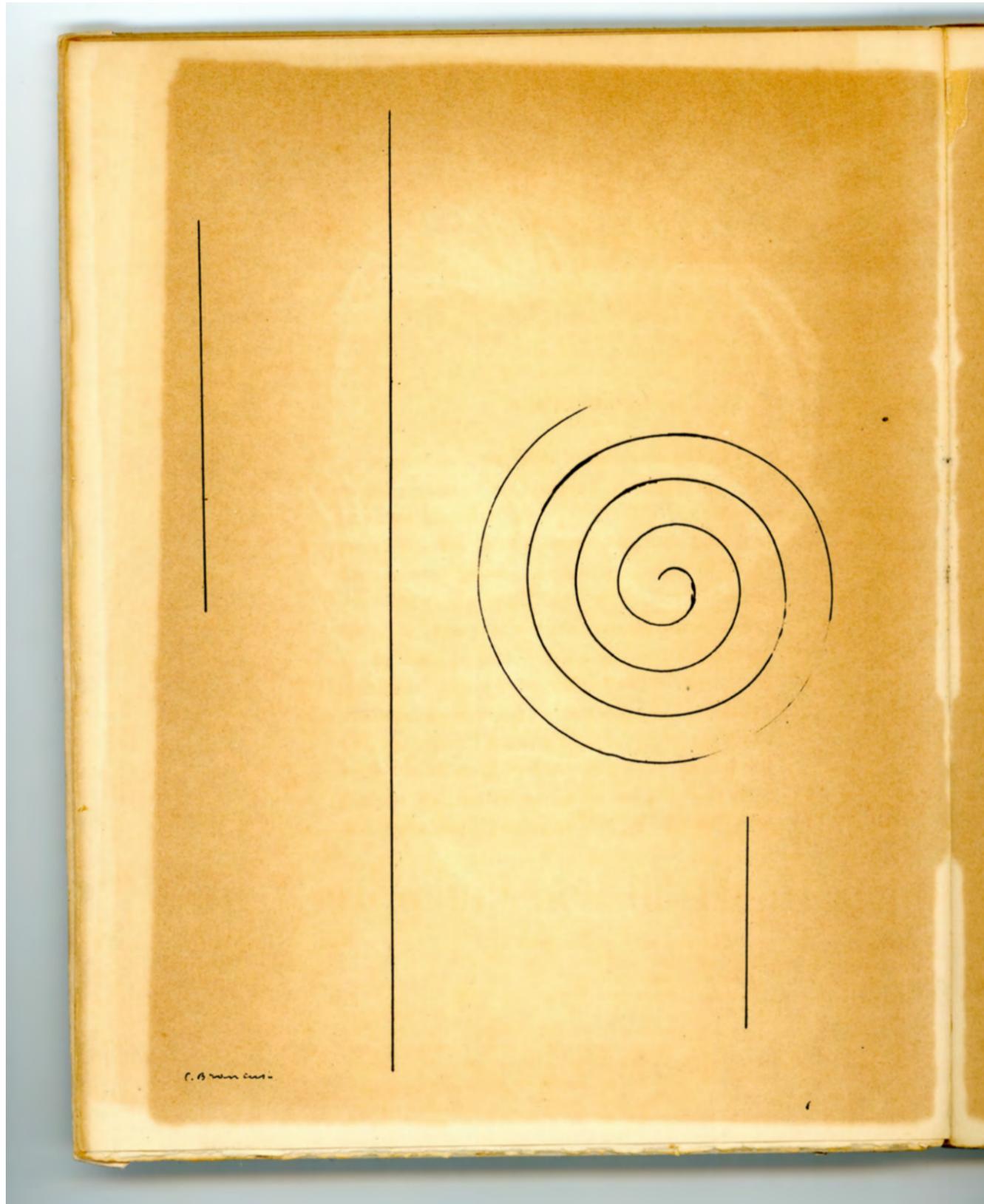
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The Mookse and the Gripes

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**PREFACE**

**T**HE perseveration of Print, the authority of the Authorised Version, the convenience of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, the standardization of the English Public Schools, and the exigencies of Fleet Street. If we are looking for the chief historical influences which have somewhat over-conventionalized the English language, we shall find it hard to add a sixth of equal significance. The power of print over simple minds, the clichés engendered by doctrines of verbal inspiration, the lexicographical rally against the cursory and the colloquial, the tyranny of grammatical good form, and the scurry of late extras; all are still with us. It is not surprising that after five

I

centuries the resentment of those who decline to play the game according to the rules of the schoolmaster is overt and vocal; or that Mr. Joyce appears as a promised liquidator where the machinery of literature has been clogged by the ministrations and minutiae of an ossified propædeutic.

Not that the dissatisfaction is general in the literary community. The world of sight and space is more sensitive to the new spirit — but the academicians are not altering their language to accommodate Kandinsky or Brancusi, nor are the Todhunters (whose bleak régime once seared a romantic Irish soul, as we learn from these pages) perturbed by the tensors of the Einsteins. In music alone are stirrings heard which may affect fundamental notation in the near future; and, as usual, Paris, if not Moscow and New York, has been publicly tuning in for a full decade.

Readers, however, who are unsympathetic to linguistic experiments, and unfamiliar with the

milieu from which these particular experiments have emerged, will find themselves at a disadvantage. That such may be encouraged to pause for a few moments before allowing their impatience a free rein, one whose approach is primarily linguistic has been asked to put together a few prefatory remarks.

Of the three semi-detached satirical pieces here reprinted in a much expanded form, the first is from Part I, the second from Part II, and the third from Part III, of Mr. Joyce's forthcoming work, the title of which has not yet been disclosed, though the eight installments of Part I and nearly all of Part III, under the general caption *Work in Progress*, have been made available in *transition* since the appearance of *Ulysses* in 1922. One other such fragment *Anna Livia Plurabelle* has also been accorded independent publication (1928), but in order to pass judgment on these isolated gesticulatory specimens something more than sympathy and good will may be requisite. There is the mental

factor — the ideology of half a lifetime, the environmental — for James Joyce, though he can write standard English and lives in Paris, is neither an Englishman nor a Parisian ; and the experimental — the factor of symbolic innovation. Each may be noticed in turn.

The mental factor in the case of Mr. Joyce is not more of an obstacle than has been surmounted by readers of many of his contemporaries. Thus we find such names as Hart Crane, E.E. Cummings, Gertrude Stein, Edith Sitwell, and Maiakovsky also associated by Max Eastman with the "Cult of Unintelligibility" which the critic so urbanely deprecates. Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Dodgson, Gerard Hopkins, Morgenstern, and T. S. Eliot might be instanced with still greater relevance. To the barriers which such authors interpose Mr. Joyce has added his mediaeval and Jesuit background, his origins in Celtic romanticism, his predilection for Norse and Classical mythology, a later pre-occupation with the *Purgatorio*, and a final phase

embracing Vico, Freud, and the reactions of *The Enemy*.

Then there is Dublin. Some of us failed to be born and bred on the banks of the Liffey and to that extent we are at a disadvantage in interpreting some of Mr. Joyce's basic symbols. The disadvantage is probably not greater than that of a student at Ann Arbor confronted by Pindar, or a member of the Athenaeum endeavouring to establish relations with a record by Bessie Smith. From over half of every audience at Covent Garden or the Metropolitan Opera House less than one-quarter of the symbolic material can be securing any adhesion. In so far, therefore, as such audiences are not listening with a purely musical or social ear, they are relying on that vaguer emotive rapport which in the case of Mr. Joyce is equally easily established. His *pietas* is so transparent that the effort required to shoulder this load need not be greater than we made in our childhood in the interests of old Anchises.

When, however, we turn from the environmental to the experimental, there yawns a greater gulf. Many who find themselves bored by local lore are overcome by absolute inertia when urged to the acquisition of new linguistic tricks after the age of twenty-one. A few, such as Jane Harrison, may master the aspects in Russian when past three score, but serious attempts on polysynthetic languages are rarer. The case of Eskimo, since it may have a more direct bearing on these fragments than even their author supposes, is worthy of special consideration.

We know that Mr. Joyce has conscious mythological affiliations with his Norse ancestors; and a dexterous "Norsemanship" is occasionally evident even in *The Mookse*. But did the clouds he trails condense even farther north?

The technique of much of Mr. Joyce's verbal creation may be illustrated by the principle of the *infix*. English works almost entirely through *suffixes* and *affixes*. We even go so far as to

tolerate dis|em|barc|ation officials. But an official banquet is not so called because the menu comprises fish and offal. The Eskimos, however, would find nothing extraordinary in the compound off|fish|al. A house agent in Greenland, anxious to dispose of a "large and capacious modern residence, built to present owner's special design and still in owner's occupation; allowance for dilapidations due to the efflux of time and normal wear and tear," etc., would require only one word

*Iglupakulia*

To illustrate the principle of infixes, let us consider how this word is constructed. There are twenty-seven case forms in Eskimo, nine each in the singular, dual, and plural; and the singular forms of the noun *iglu* meaning a shelter, such as a dwelling, church, station or tent, are as follows:

IGLU (accusative case)  
IGLUM (nominative case)  
IGLUA (genitive case) - one house belonging to  
one man

IGLUMUN to the house  
IGLUMIN from the house  
IGLUMI in the house  
IGLUMIK with the house  
IGLUKUN through the house  
IGLUTUN like a house

The word Iglupakulia is built up with the infixes PAK, LIK and KUK, which are themselves changed to suit the rest of the word. Thus :

IGLU-A one man's own house.

IGLU-PA (IGLU-PAK-A) his big house.

IGLU-PA-LI-A the big house which he built and still possesses.

IGLU-PA-KU-LI-A the big house which he built for himself and still possesses and which is no longer as good as formerly.

There are 164 infixes for nouns and verbs in the Mackenzie dialect, and over one thousand forms can be made out for one noun alone. It is not surprising that Stefansson, who is one of about a dozen linguists familiar with this language,

regards it as the most difficult but at the same time the most efficient language as yet evolved by man. He tells me that it was only after six years of constant study and practice that he attained proficiency in its use. So at least a decade may be necessary before Mr. Joyce's "word-ballet" yields its secret even to an adjusted mind.

The only serious attempt which has been made to deal with the way in which Mr. Joyce builds up his word structures is Rodker's article in *Transition*, No. 14; and as he refers to the analyses given in the *Meaning of Meaning*, I may add a few remarks supplementary to what can there be found. For a language like that of Mr. Joyce, there are ten main ways in which symbolic texture can be complicated and compacted.

Root-cultivation

Tongue-gesture

Rhyme-slang

Analogical deformation

Onomatopoeia, phonetic and kinetic  
Puns, select and dialect  
Spoonerisms  
Condensations  
Mergers  
Echoes

If we separate the functions of language into four main divisions — Sense, Feeling, Tone and Intention — it is clear that Mr. Joyce's neologisms chiefly provide blends of the three last. He is not concerned, as is the scientist, with the creation of new names, so much as with the development of fresh emotive and invective gestures. In this respect the researches of Sir Richard Paget should prove germane; and as regards the four language functions, the inquisitive may be referred to Professor I. A. Richards' *Practical Criticism* now in the press, where the relevant portions of his *Principles* are further expanded.

As a result of this synthetic proliferate agglomeration whereby the timeless condensation of the

dream is attained, there is a natural temptation for the critical clinician to be reminded of the obscurer forms of graphomaniac infantilism or deliriant echolalia. Here Mr. Joyce must be content to suffer with Blake, Cézanne and Picasso, with Walt Whitman, and even with Hieronymus Bosch. Whoever flouts, parodies, or evades linguistic conventions, will seem to the magistrature to have something in common with those whose inhibitions or social ties have broken down. It is worth noting, however, that even the musical innovations achieved by a reversed gramophone, in spite of analogies with the mirror-speech of certain asylum cases, have a structural and melodic significance for persons of understanding.

Mr. Joyce's symbolic condensation, in fact, corresponds closely enough with his theory of Time — a theory incidentally responsible for the rattle of Lewis-guns which still resounds through *The Mookse and The Gripes*. The intensive, compressive, reverberative infixation; the sly,

meaty, oneiric logorrhoea, polymathic, polyperverse; even the clangorous calembour, irresponsible and irrepressible, all conjure us to penetrate the night mind of man, that kaleidoscopic recamera of an hypothecated Unconscious, jolted by some logophilous Birth-trauma into chronic serial extension.

A little more than two centuries ago another Dublin satirist attempted to influence the English language, then threatened by neologisms due to the return of Charles II's court from exile abroad. In his *Letter to the Lord Treasurer* Swift deploras the "licentiousness which from infecting our religion and morals fell to corrupt our language". And from Swift, too, came the *Tatler* indictment of the "late refinements crept into our language"—which included 'mob' and the failure to pronounce the 'e' in disturbed.

Fifty years later Dr. Johnson triumphantly arrested the entire language. "I hereby declare" wrote Lord Chesterfield in *The World*, that I

make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a freeborn British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson, during the term of his Dictatorship." And as regards spelling, "I have really known very fatal consequences attend the loose and uncertain practise of auricular orthography".

What Chesterfield meant half in jest, the academic world ingested in all seriousness, and though the advantages which resulted from standardization are undoubted, a reaction is overdue from both the literary and commercial sufferers.

Yet in another mood (sair chairmanlooking, like the Ondt, "when he was not making spaces in his psyche") when Freud and Dante, Vico and Earwicker, Remorse and Erse give place to a more Rabelaisian Parisian Joyce, the cynical flexibility of a portentous verbal virtuoso is manifest. Joyce, the protagonist of neologistic orthology, the bell-wether of debabelization, demands a different approach.

There are two main tendencies in this most significant of contemporary aspirations. Chaucer, Elyot, Nash, Rabelais, Urquhart, and the literary practitioners of the last decade, are in contrast with a tradition which began with Bishop Wilkins and Leibnitz, and which led through Horne Tooke to the great Jeremy Bentham, even through Zamenhof and C. S. Peirce, to the makers of those latest notations and nomenclatures which are again revolutionizing the sciences.

The first may achieve the new Word-Orchestration, the second may destroy the old Word-Magic. If it is worth asking what can be done for Internationalism with the 500 words of Panoptic English, or whither a billion symbols will lead the groping scientist; it is equally worth creating new symbolic melodies on the eternal themes even for a dozen kindred experts in emotional association, with the entire paraphernalia of communicative language, from the discretest intra-verbal punctuation to the most

saturated polysyllabic interpenetration. If the reading of *Work in Progress*, and particularly these three apologues, does but serve to stimulate here and there an interest in words as sincere as that of their author, let us rejoice.

C. K. OGDEN.

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**THE MOOKSE AND THE GRIPES**

**E**INS within a space and a weary wide space it  
wast ere wohnd a Mookse. The onesome-  
ness wast alltolonely, archunsitslike, broady oval,  
and a Mookse he would a walking go (My hood !  
cries Antony Romeo) so one grandsumer evening,  
after a great morning and his good supper of  
gammon and spittish, having flabelled his eyes,  
pilleoled his nostrils, vacticanated his ears and  
palliumed his throats, he put on his impermeable,  
seized his impugnable, harped on his crown and  
stepped out of his immobile *De Rure Albo* (socolled  
becauld it was chalkfull of masterplasters and  
had borgeously letout gardens strown with cascadas,  
pintacostecas, horthoducts and currycombs)

and set off from Ludstown *a spasso* to see how badness was badness in the weirdest of all possible ways. As he set off with his father's sword, his *lancia spezzata*, he was girded on, and with that between his legs and his tarkeels, our once in only Bragspear, he clanked, to my clinking, from veetoes to threetop, every inch of an immortal. He had not walked over a pentiadpair of parsecs from his azylium when at the turning of the Shinshone Lanteran near Saint Bowery's-without-his-Walls he came (secunding to the one one oneth of the propecies, *Amnis Limina Permanent,*) upon the most unconsciously boggylooking stream he ever locked his eyes with. Out of the colliens it took a rise by daubing itself Ninon. It looked little and it smelt of brown and it thought in narrows and it talked showshallow. And as it rinn it dribbled like any lively purliteasy: *My, my, my! Me and me! Little down dream don't I love thee!* And, I declare, what was there on the yonder bank of the stream that would be a river,

parched on a limb of the olum, bolt downright, but the Gripes? And no doubt he was fit to be dried for why had he not been having the juice of his times?

His pips had been neatly all drowned on him; his polps were charging odours every older minute; he was quickly for getting the dresser's desdaim on the flyleaf of his frons; and he was quietly for giving the bailiff's distraint on to the bulkside of his *cul de Pompe*. In all his specious heavings, as he lived by Optimus Maximus, the Mookse had never seen his Dubville brooder-on-low so nigh to a pickle.

Adrian (that was the Mookse now's assumpti-nome) stuccstill phiz-à-phiz to the Gripes in an accessit of aurignacian. But Allmookse must to Moodend much as Allrouts, austereways or wastersways, in roaming run through Room. Hic sor a stone, singularly illud, and on hoc stone Seter satt huc sate which it filled quite poposterously and by acclammitation to its fullest justotoryum and whereopum with his unfallable encyclicling upom his alloilable, diupetriark of the wouest, and the

athemystsprinkled pederect he always walked with, *Deusdedit*, cheek by jowel with his frisher-man's blague, *Bellua Triumphanes*, his everyway addedto wallat's collectium, for yea longer he lieved yea broader he betaught of it, the fetter, the summe and the haul it cost, he looked the first and last micahlike laicness of Quartus the Fifth and Quintus the Sixth and Sixtus the Seventh giving allnight sitting to Lio the Faultyfindth.

— Good appetite us, sir Mookse! How do you do it? cheeped the Gripes in a wherry whiggy maudelenian woice and the jackasses all within bawl laughed and brayed for his intentions for they knew their sly toad lowry now. I am rarum-ominum blessed to see you, my dear mouster. Will you not perhopes tell me everything if you are pleased, sanity? All about aulne and lithial and allsall allinall about awn and liseias? Ney?

Think of it! O miserendissimest retempter! A Gripes!

— Rats! bulloed the Mookse most telesphor-

ously, the concionator, and the sissymusses and the zozzymusses in their robenhauses quailed to hear his tardeynois at all for you cannot wake a silken noise out of a hoarse oar. Blast yourself and your anathomy infairioriboos! No, hang you for an animal rurale! I am superbly in my supremest poncif! Abase you, baldyqueens! Gather behind me, satraps! Rot!

— I am till infinity obliged with you, bowed the Gripes, his whine having gone to his palpruy head. I am still always having a wish on all my extremities. By the watch, what is the time, pace?

Figure it! The pining peeve! To a Mookse!

— Ask my index, mund my achilles, swell my obolum, woshup my nase serene, answered the Mookse, rapidly by turning clement, urban, eugenious and celestian in the formose of good grogory humours. Quote awhore? That is quite about what I came on *my* missions with *my* intentions *laudibilter* to settle with you barba-

rousse. Let thor be orlog. Let Pauline be Irene. Let you be Beeton. And let me be Los Angeles. Now measure your length. Now estimate my capacity. Well, sour? Is this space of our couple of hours too dimensional for you, temporiser? Will you give you up? *Como? Fuert it?*

*Sancta Patientia.* You should have heard the voice that answered him. *Culla vosellina.*

— I was just thinkling upon that, sweets Mookse, but, for all the rime on my raisins, if I connow make my submission, I cannos give you up, the Gripes whimpered from nethermost of his wanhope. Ishallassoboundbewilsothoutoosezit. My tumble, loudy bullocker, is my own. My velicity is too fit in one stockend. And my spetial inxshellsis the belowing things ab ove. But I will never be abler to tell Your Honourousness (here he near lost his limb) though my corked father was bott a pseudowaiter, whose o'cloak you ware.

Incredible! Well, hear the inevitable.

— *Your temple, sus in cribro! Semperex-*

communicambiambisumers. Tugurios-in-Newrobe or Tukurias-in-Ashies. Novarome, my creature, blievend bleives. My building space in Lyonine city is always to let to leonlike Men, the Mookse in a most consistorous allocution pompifically with immediate jurisdiction constantinently concluded (what a crammer for the shapewrucked Gripes!). And I regret to proclaim that it is out of my temporal to help you from being killed by inchies, (what a thrust!), as we first met each other newwhere so airly. (Poor little sowsieved subsquashed Gripes! I begin to feel contemption for him!). My side thank decretals, is as safe as motherour's houses, he continued, and I can seen from my holeydome what it is to be wholly sane. Unionjok and be joined to yok! Parysis, *tu sais*, crucycrooks, belongs to him who parises himself. And there I must leave you subject for the pressing. I can prove that against you, weight a momentum, mein goot enemy! or Cospol's not our star. I bet you this dozen odd. This folum-

inous dozen odd. *Quas primas* — but 'tis bitter to compute my knowledge's fructos of. Tomes.

Elevating, to give peint to his blick, his jewelled pederect to the allmysty cielung, he luckystruck blueild out of a few shouldbe santillants, a cloister of starabouts over Maples, a lucciolys in Teresa street and a stopsign before Sophy Barratt's, he gaddered togodder the odds docence of his vellumes, gresk, letton and russicruxian, onto the lapse of his prolegs, into umfullth onescuppered, and sat about his widerproof. He proved it well whoonearth dry and drysick times, and *vremiamet, tu cesses*, to the extinction of Niklaus altogether (Niklaus Alopysius having been the once Gripes's popwilled nimbum) by Neuclydius and Inexagoras and Mumfsen and Thumpsem, by Orasmus and by Amenius, by Anacletus the Jew and by Malachy the Augurer and by the Cappon's collection and after that, with Cheekee's gelatine and Alldaybrandy's formolon, he reproved it ehrltogether when not in that order sundering in

some different order, alter three thirty and a hundred times by the binomial dioram and the penic walls and the ind, the Inklespill legends and the rure, the rule of the hoop and the blessings of expedience and the jus, the jugicants of Pontius Pilax and all the mummyscrips in Sick Bokes' Juncroom and the Chapters for the Cunning of the Chapters of the Conning Fox by Tail.

While that Mooksius with preprocession and with proprocession, duplicity and diplussedly, was promulgating ipsofacts and sadcontras this raskolly Gripes he had allbust seceded in monophysicking his illsobordunates. But asawfulas he had caught his base semenoyous sarchnaktiers to combuccinate upon the silipses of his aspillouts and the ache-poreoozers of his haggynown pneumax to synerethetise with the breadchestviousness of his sweat-ovular ducese sofarfully the loggerthuds of his sakellaries were fond at variance with the synodals of his somepooliom and his babskissed nepogreasy-most got the hoof from his philioquus.

— Efter thousand yaws, O Gripes con my  
sheepskins, yow will be belined to the world, ens-  
cayed the Mookse.

— Ofter thousand yores, amsered the Gripes,  
be the goat of Mac Hammud's, yours may be still,  
O Mookse, more botheared.

— Us shall be chosen as the first of the last by  
the electress of Vale Hollow, obselved the Mookse  
nobily, for par the unicum of Elelijiacks, Us am in  
Our stabulary and that is what Ruby and Roby  
fall for, blissim.

The Pills, the Nasal Wash (Yardly's), the Army  
Man Cut, as british as bondstrict and as straight-  
cut as when that brokenarched traveller from  
Nuzuland....

— Wee, cumfused the Gripes limply, shall not  
even be the last of the first, wee hope, when oust  
are visitated by the Veiled Horror. And, he added :  
Mee are relying entirely, see the fortethurd of Eliss-  
abed, on the weightiness of mear's breath. Puffut !

Unsightbared emboucher, relentless foe to

social and business succes! (Hourihaleine) It  
might have been a happy evening but....

And they viterberated each other, *canis et coluber*  
with the wildest ever wielded since Tarriestinus  
lashed Pissasphaltium.

— Unuchorn !

— Ungulant !

— Uvuloid !

— Uskybeak !

And bullfolly answered volleyball.

Nuvoletta in her lightdress, spunn of sisteen  
shimmers was looking down on them, leaning over  
the bannistars and listening all she childishly could.  
How she was brightened when Shouldrups in  
his glaubering hochskied his welkinstuck and how  
she was overclused when Kneesknobs on his  
zwivvel was makeacting such a paulse of himshelp!  
She was alone. All her nubied companions were  
asleeping with the squirrels. Their mivver, Mrs  
Moonan, was off in the Fuerst quarter scrubbing  
the backsteps of Number 28. Fuvver, that Skand,

he was up in Norwood's sokaparlour, eating oceans of Voking's Blemish. Nuvoletta listened as she reflected herself, though the heavenly one with his constellatria and his emanations stood between, and she tried all she tried to make the Mookse look up at her (but *he* was fore too adiaptotously farseeing) and to make the Gripes hear how coy she could be (though he was much too schystimatically auricular about *his ens* to heed her) but it was all mild's vapour moist. Not even her feight reflection, Nuvoluccia, could they toke their gnosés off for their minds with intrepifide fate and bungless curiasity, were conclaved with Heliogobbleus and Commodus and Enobarbarus and whatever the coordinal dickens they did as their damprauch of papyrs and buchstubs said. As if that was their spiration! As if theirs could duiparate her queendim! As if she would be third perty to search on search proceedings! She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her. She tossed her

sfumastelliacinous hair like *la princesse de la Petite Bretagne* and she rounded her mignons arms like Mrs Cornwallis-West and she smiled over herself like the beauty of the image of the pose of the daughter of the queen of the Emperour of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she born to bride with Tristis Tristior Tristissimus. But, sweet madonine, she might fair as well have carried her daisy's worth to Florida. For the Mookse, a dogmad Accanite, were not amoused and the Gripes, a dubliboused Catalick, wis pinefully obliscent. I see, she sighed. There are menner.

The siss of the whisp of the sigh of the softzing at the stir of the ver grose O arundo of a long one in midias reeds: and shades began to glidder along the banks, greepsing, greepsing, duusk unto duusk, and it was as glooming as gloaming could be in the waste of all peacable worlds. Metamnisia was allsoonome coloroform brune; citherior spiane an eaulande, innemorous and unnumerosé. The Mookse had a sound eyes

right but he could not all hear. The Gripes had light ears left yet he could but ill see. He ceased. And he ceased, tung and trit, and it was never so ever so dusk of both of them. But still Moo thought on the deeps of the undths he would profoundth come the morrokse and still Gri feeled of the scripes he would escipe if by grice he had luck enoupes.

O, how it was duusk! From Vallee Maraia to grasyaplaina, dormimust Echo! Ah dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk that the tears of night began to fall, first by ones and twos, then by threes and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens, for the tired ones were wecking, as we weep now with them. *O! O! O! Par la pluie!*

Then there came down to the thither bank a woman of no appearance (I believe she was a Black with chills at her feet) and she gathered up his hoariness the Mookse motamourfully where he was spread and caried him away to her invisible dwelling, thats hights, *Aquila Rapax*, for

he was the holy sacred solem and poshup spit of her bushop's apron. So you see the Mookse he had reason as I knew and you knew and he knew all along. And there came down to the hither bank a woman to all important (though they say that she was comely, spite the cold in her heed) and, for he was as like it as blow it to a hawker's hank, she plucked down the Gripes, torn panicky autotone, in angeu from his limb and cariad away its beotitubes with her to her unseen shieling, it is, *De Rore Coeli*. And so the poor Gripes got wrong; for that is always how a Gripes is, always was and always will be. And it was never so thoughtful of either of them. And there were left now an only elmtree and but a stoner. Polled with pietrous, Sierre but saule. O! Yes! And Nuvoletta, a lass.

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one. She cancelled all her engauzements. She climbed over the

bannistars ; she gave a childy cloudy cry : *Nuée ! Nuée !* A lightdress fluttered. She was gone. And into the river that had been a stream (for a thousand of tears had gone eon her and come on her and she was stout and struck on dancing and her muddied name was Missisliffi) there fell a tear, a singult tear, the loveliest of all tears (I mean for those who are "keen" on the pretty-pretty commonface sort of thing you meet by hopeharrods) for it was a leaptear. But the river tripped on her by and by, lapping as though her heart was brook : *Why, why, why ! Weh, O weh ! I'se so silly to be flowing but I no canna stay !*

**THE MUDDIST THICK THAT WAS  
EVER HEARD DUMP**

**B**OON on begyndelse.  
At maturing daily gloryaims !  
A flink dab was frankily at the manual arith sure enough which was the bekase he knowed from his cradle, no boy better, why his fingures were giving him whatfor to fife with. First by observation, there came boko and nigh him wigworms and nigh him tittlies and nigh him cheekchaps and nigh him pickpocket with pick-pocketpumb, pickpocketpoint, pickpocketprod, pickpocketpromise and upwithem. And anyhows always after them the dimpler he weighed the fonder fell he of his null four lovedroyd curdinals: his element curdinal numen and his enement

curdinal marryng and his epulent curdinal weiss-  
wassh and his eminent curdinal Kay O'Kay.  
Always would he be a reciting of them up by  
rota, in his Fanden's catachysm from fursed to  
laced, quickmarch to decemvers, so as to pin the  
tenners, thumbs down. And anon and aldays,  
strues yerthere, would he wile arecreating em om  
lumerous ways, caiuscounting in the scale of piff  
puff pive poo, poo puff pive pree, pree puff pive  
pfoor, pfoor puff pive pippive, poopive, Niall  
Dhu, Foughty Unn, Enoch Thortig, endso one,  
like to pitch of your cap, pac, on to tin tall spillicans.  
To sum, borus pew notus pew eurus pew zipher.  
Ace, deuce, tricks, quarts, quims. Mumtiplay of  
course and carry to their whole number. While on  
the other hand, traduced by their comedy nomin-  
ator to the loaferst terms for their aloquent parts,  
sexes, suppers, oglers, novels and dice. He could  
find by practice the valuse of thine-to-mine  
articles with no reminder for an equality of  
reations and, with the helpings from his tables,

improduce fullmin to trumblers, links unto chains,  
weys in Nuffolk till tods of Yorek, oozies ad  
libs and several townsendes, several hundreds,  
civil-to-civil imperious gallants into gells (Irish),  
bringing alliving stone allaughing down to  
grave clothnails and a league of achers, fools  
and lurchers under the rude rule of fumb.  
What signifieth whole that but, be all the prowess of  
ten, 'tis as strange to relate he, nonparile to rede,  
rite and reckan, caught allmeals dullmarks for  
his nucleuds and alegobrew. O them doddhunters  
and allanights, aabs and baas for agnomes, yees  
and zees for incognits, bate him up jerrybly! Show  
that the median, hce che ech, interecting at royde  
angles the parilegs of a given obtuse one biscuts  
both the arcs that are in curveachord behind.  
Brickbaths. A Tullagrove pole to the Height of  
County Fearmanagh has a septain inclinasion  
and the graphplot for all the functions in  
Lower County Monachan, whereat samething is  
rivisible by nighttim, may be involted into the

zeroic couplet, palls pell inhis heventh glike  
noughty times ∞ find, if you are not literally  
coefficient how minney combinaisies and permut-  
andies can be played on the international surd  
! pthwndxrcclzp!, hids cubid rute being extracted,  
taking anan illitterettes, ififif at a tom. Answers, (for  
teasers only). Ten, twent, thirt, see, ex and three  
icky totchty ones. From solation to solution.  
Imagine the twelve deaferended dumbbawls of  
the howl abovebengled to be the contonuation  
through regeneration of the urutteration of the  
word in pregress. It follows that, if the two  
antesedents be bissyclitties and the three come-  
seekwenchers trundletrikes, then, Big Wheeler  
restant upsittuponable, the NCR presents to us  
an ottomantic turquo-indaco of pictorial shine by  
pictorial shimmer so long as pictorial summer,  
viridorefulvid, lits asheen, but, if this habby  
cyclic order be outraciously enviolated, the zitas  
runnind hare and dart, with the yeggs in their  
muddle, while the catched and dodged exarx seems

himmulteemiously to beem the ersed ladest mand  
and the losed farce on erroroots, MPM brings us  
a rainborne pantomomiom, aquilavant to kaksi-  
toista volts yksitoista volts kymmenen volts  
yhdeksan volts kahdeksan volts seitseman volts  
kuusi volts viisi volts nelja volts kolme volts  
kaksi volts yksi to the finish of helvé's fractures.  
In outhter wards, one from five, one from fives two,  
two to fives ones millamills with a mill and a  
half a mill and twos fives fives of ballycleevers.  
For a surview over all the factionables see Iris  
in the Evening World. Binomeans to be com-  
prendered. The aximones. And their prostalutes.  
For his neuralgiabrown. Equal to = soahc.

P.t.l.o.a.t.o.

So, bagdad, as I know and you know yourself  
and the arab in the street knows better nor  
anymeade or persan, comic cuts always were to  
be capered in Casey's frost book of, page torn on  
dirty, to be hacked at Hickey's, hucksler, Welling-  
ton's Iron Bridge, and so, by long last as it would

shuffle out, must he to trump adieu adroit adieu  
atout atous to those cardinhands he a big deal  
missed, radmachrees and rossecullinans and blag-  
pikes in suitclover. Dear hearts of my counting,  
would he revoke them, forewheel to packnumbers,  
and, the time being no help fort, plates to lick  
one and turn over.

Problem ye ferst, construct ann aquilittoral  
dryankle Probe loom! With his primal handstoe  
in his sole salivarium. Concoct an equoangular  
trillitter. On the name of the tizzer and off the  
tongs and off the mythametical tripods. Beatsoon.

Can you nei do her, numb? asks Dolph,  
suspecting the answer know. Oikkont, ken you,  
ninny? asks Kev, expecting the answer guess.  
Nor was the noer long disappointed for easiest of  
kisshams, he was made vicewise. Oc, tell it to oui,  
do, Sem! Well, 'tis oil thusly. First mull a mugfull  
of mud, son. Oglores, the virtuoser prays, olorum!  
What the D.V. would I do that for? That's a  
goosey's ganswer you're for giving me, he is told,

what the Deva would you do that for? Now,  
sknow royol road to Puddlin, take your mut for  
a first beginning. Anny liffle mud which cometh  
out of Mam will doob, I guess. Mux your  
pistany at a point of the coastmap to be called  
a but pronounced olfa. There's the isle of Mun,  
ah! O! Tis just. *Bene!* Now, all in applepine  
erdor

(for Dolph, dean of idlers, meager suckling of  
gert stone, though barekely a balbose boy, he too,—  
*venite, preteriti, sine mora dumque de entibus  
nascituris decentius in lingua romana mortuorum  
parva chartula liviana ostenditur, sedentes in  
letitia super ollas carniū spectantes immo situm  
lutetiae unde auspiciis secundis tantae consurgent  
humanae stirpes, antiquissimam flaminum am-  
borum Jordani et Jambaptistae mentibus revol-  
vamus sapientiam : totum tute fluvii modo  
mundo fluere, eadem quae ex aggere fututa fuere  
iterum inter alveum fore futura, quodlibet sese  
ipsum per aliudpiam agnoscere contrarium,*

*omnem demun amnem ripis rivalibus amplecti* —  
recurrently often, when him moved he would  
cake their chair, coached rebelliumtending mikes  
of his same and over his own choirage at  
Backlane univarsity, among of which pupal  
souaves the pizdool was pulled up, bred  
and battered, for a dillon a dollar, chanching  
letters for them vice o'verse to bronze mottes and  
blending tschemes for em in tropadores and  
doublecrossing twofold thruths and devising tingl-  
ing tailwords too whilest, cunctant that another  
would finish his sentence for him, he would  
smilabit eggways ned, he would, so prim, and  
pick upon his ten ordinailed ungles, retelling  
humself by the math hour a reel of funnish ficts  
apout the shee, how faust of all and on segund  
thoughts and the thirds the charmhim girlalove  
and fourthermore and filthily with bag from  
Oxatown and baroccidents and proper accidence  
and hoptohill and hexenshoes; and, in point of  
feet, when he landed in ourland's leinster of saved

and solomnonnes for the twicedhecame time off  
Lipton's strongbowed launch, the *Lady Eva*, in a  
tan soute of sails he converted it's nataves, name  
saints, young ordnands, maderaheds and old  
unguished P.T. Publikums, through the medium  
of znigznaks with sotiric zeal, to put off the  
barcelonas from their peccaminous corpulums  
(Gratings, Mr Dane!) and kiss on their bottes (Mas-  
ter!) as often as they came within bloodshot of  
that other familiar temple and showed em the  
celestine way to by his tristar and his flop hattrick  
and his perry humdrum dumb and numb nostrums  
that he larned in Hymbuktu, and that same  
galloroman cultous is very prevailend up to this  
windiest of laudhavemiseries all over what was  
beforeaboots a land of nods, in spite of all the  
bloot, all the braim, all the brawn, all the brile, that  
was shod, that were shat, that was shuk all the  
while, for our people, the at Wickerworks, still  
hold ford to their healing and byleave in the old  
weights downupon the Swanny innovated by him,

the prence di Propagandi, the chrism for the christ-  
mass, the pillar of the perished and the rock  
o' ralereality, and it is veritably belied, we belove,  
that not allsods of esoupcans that's in the queen's  
pottage post and not allfinesof greendgold that  
the Indus contains would overhindreuce them (o.p.)  
to steeplechange back to their ancient flash and  
crash habits of old Pales time ere beam slewed  
cable or Derzherr, live wire, fired Benjermine  
Funkling outa th'Empyre, sin righthand son ; which,  
cummal, having listed curefully to his continental's  
curses, pummel, apostrophised Byrne's and Flam-  
ing's and Furniss's and Bill Hayses's and Ellishly  
Haught's, hoc, they (t. a. W.) let drop as a doom-  
body drops, without another word eitherways, as  
priesto as puddywhack, coal on : and, talking of  
missions for mades to scotch the schlang and  
leathercoats for murty magdies of course this  
has blameall in that world to say to his privates  
judgments when, so to put it, conn the shaughraun ;  
but to return for a moment from the reptile's age to

the coxswain on the first landing (page Ainée Ri-  
vière !) if the pretty elisabess, Hotel des Ruines —  
she laid her batsleeve for him two trueveres tell  
(Love. On the Ides of Valentino's, at Idleness,  
Floods Area, Isolade, Liv's lonely daughter, with  
the Comes Tichiami, of Prima Vista, Abroad, sudd-  
enly) and beauty alone of all dare say when now in  
what niche of time is Shee or where in the rose world  
trysting, that was the belle of La Chapelle,  
shapely Liselle, and the peg-of-my-heart of all the  
tompull or on whose limbs-to-lave her semicupiose  
eyes now kindling themselves are brightning,  
O Shee who then (4.32 M.P., old time, to be precise,  
according to all three doctors waterburies that  
was MacAuliffe and poor MacBeth and poor  
MacGhimley to the tickleticks, of the synchronisms,  
all lauschening, a time also confirmed seven  
sincuries later by the fourth medical johnny, poor  
old MacAadoo MacDollett, with notary, whose  
presence was required by law of Devine Foresygth)  
who after the first compliments med darkist day-

light, gave him then that vantage of a Blinkensope's  
cuddlebath at her proper mitts — if she then, the then  
that matters, — but, *seigneur!* she could never have  
forefelt, as she yet will fearfeel, when the lovenext  
breaks out, such a coolcold douche as him, the  
totterer, doubling back, in nowtime, *O alors!*, to  
mount miss (the woods of Fogloot!) under that  
*chemise de fer* and a vartryproof name, Multalusi  
(would it wash?) with a cheek white peaceful as,  
we shall say, a single professed claire's and his  
washawash tubatubtub and his diagonoser's  
lampblick to pure where they where hornest girls  
to buy her in, *mon foie*, il you plait, nuncandtunc  
and for simper and other duel mavourneens in  
plurable numbers from Arklow Vikloe to Louth  
super Luck, come messes, come mams, and  
touch your spottprice (for twas he was the  
born suborner, man) on behalf of an oldest  
ablished firma of winebakers, Lagrima and Gemiti,  
later on, his craft ebbing, invoked by the unirish  
title Grindings of Nash, the One and Only, Unic

bar None, of Saint Yves by Landsend cornwer,  
man — ship me silver!, it must have been, faw!  
a terrible mavrue mavone, to synamite up the old  
Adam-he-used-to, such a finalley, and that's flat  
as Tut's fut, for whowhowho? the pour girl, a  
lonely peggy, given the bird, so iseuladed as  
Crampton's peartree, (she sall eurn bitter bed by  
thirt sweet of her face!), and short wonder so  
many of the tomthick and tarry members in all  
there subsequious ages tipped to console with her  
at her mirrorable gracewindow'd hut till the ives  
of Man, the O'Kneels and the O'Prayins and the  
O'Hyens of Lochlaunstown and the O'Hollerins  
of Staneybooter, hollyboys, all, burryripe who'll  
buy?, in juwelietry and kicky-choses and madorna-  
ments and that's not the finis of it (would it  
were!) — but to think of him foundling a nelliza  
the second, also cliptbuss (the best was still there  
if the torso was gone) where he did and when he  
did, retriever to the last—escapes my forgetness  
now was it dustcovered, *nom de Lieu!* on lapse or

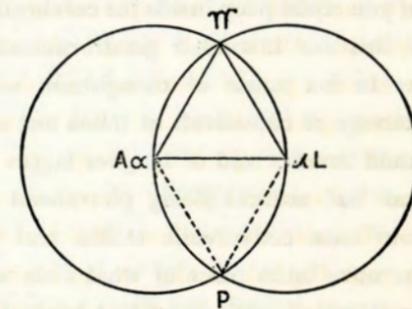
street ondown — for merry a valsehood whisprit he  
to manny a lilying earling; and to try to analvse that  
ambo's pair of braceleans akwart the rollyon  
trying to amarm all of that miching micher's  
bearded but insensible virility and its gaulish  
mousetaches into her limited (*tuffluff, que tu es  
pitre!*) lapse at the same slapse for towelling ends  
in their dolightful Sexsex home, Somehow-at-Sea,  
(O little oily head, sloper's brow and prickled  
ears!) as though he, a notoriety, a foist edition,  
were a wrigular writher neonovene babe! — well,  
diarmuee aud granyou and *Vae Victis*, if that  
is what lamoor that of gentle breast rathe is  
intaken seems circling toward out yondest heaven  
help his hindmost and, mark mo, if the so greatly  
displeaced diorems in the Saint Lubbock's Day  
number of that most improving of roundshows,  
*Spice and Westend Woman* (utterly exhausted  
before publication, indiappper edition shortly),  
are for our indices, it agins to pear like it par  
my fay and there is no use for your pastripreach-

ing for to cheesse it either or praying fresh  
fleshblood claspers of young catholick throats on  
Huggin Green to take warning by the prispast,  
why?, bycows . . man, in shirt, is how he is *più  
la gonna è mobile* and . . they wonet do ut; and  
an you could peep inside the cerebralised saucepan  
of this eer illwinded goodfornobody you would  
see in his house of thoughtsam what a jetsam  
litterage of convolvuli of times lost or strayed, of  
lands derelict and of tongues laggin too, not only  
that but searchlighting pharahead into faturity  
your own convolvulis would real to jazztfancy  
the novo takin place of what stale words whilom  
were woven with and fitted fairly featly for, so;  
and equally so the crame of it is that, whenas the  
swiftshnt scareyss of our pupilteachertaut duplex  
will hark back to lark to you that no mouth has  
the might to set a mearbound to the march of a  
landsmaul, in half a sylb onward the beast of  
boredom, common sense, lurking down insire his  
loose Eating S. S. collar is gogoing of whisth to

you sternly how you must, how, draw the line  
somewhawre)

Coss? Cossist? Your parn! (and in  
truth he had albut lost himself, so had he gazet in  
the lazily eye of his lapis, Vieus Von DVbLIn)

Given now  
ann linch  
you take  
enn all.  
Allow me.  
And, heav-  
ing alljaw-  
breakical  
expressions



out of old Sire Isaac's universal of specious arist-  
mystic unsaid, A is for Anna like L is for liv. Aha  
hahah, Ante Ann you're apt to ape aunty annalive!  
Dawn gives rise. Lo, lo, lives love! Eve takes fall.  
La, la, laugh leaves alas! Aiaiaiai, Antiann, we're  
last to the lost, Loulou! Tis perfect. Now (lens your  
dappled eye here, mine's presbyoperian, shill

und wall) we see the copyngink strayedline AL  
(in Fig, the forest) from being continued, stops ait  
Lambday. Modder ilond there too. Allow me  
anchore. I bring down noth and carry awe.  
Now, then, take this in! With Olaf as centrum and  
Olaf's lambtail for his spokesman circumscrip  
a cyclone. Allow ter! Hoop! As round as the  
calf of an egg! O, dear me! O, dear me now!  
Another grand discobely! You've actuary ent-  
ducked one! Quok? Why, you haven't a  
passer! Fantastic! Early clever, surely doomed,  
to Swift's, alas, the galehus! Match of a matchness,  
like your Bigdud dadder in the bouedeville song,  
*Gorotsky Gollovar's Troubles*, raucking his flavour-  
ite turvku in the smukking precincts of lydias.  
with Mary Owens and Dolly Monks seesidling to  
edge his cropulence and Blake-Roche, Kingston  
and Dockrell auriscenting him from afurz, our  
papacocopotl, Abraham Bradley King? (ting  
ting! ting ting!) By his magmasine fall. Lumps,  
lavas and all. *Bene!* But it's not alover yet. The

mystery repeats itself todate as our callback  
mother Gaudyanna, that was daughter to a tanner,  
used to sing now and then consinuously over her  
possetpot in her quer homolocous humminbass  
hesterdie and istherdie and forivor. Vanissas  
Vanistatums! And for a night and a day. In  
effect, I remumble, purr lil murrerof myhind, so  
she used indeed. Faithful departed. Rest in  
peace! What a wonderful memory you have too!  
TWonderful morrowy! Straorbinaire! *Bene!* I  
bring town eau and curry nothung up my sleeve,  
Now, springing quickenly from the mudland Loosh  
from Luccan with Allhim as her Elder tetraturn a  
a somersault. All's fair on all fours. Watch!  
Allow, allow! Hop lala! As umpty herum as your  
seat! O, dear me, that was very nesse! Very  
nace indeed! And makes us a daintical pair of  
accomplasses! *Beve!* Now, there's tew trick-  
lesome poinds where our twain of doubling  
bicirculars dunloop into eath the ocher. Lucihere!  
I fee where you mea. The doubleviewed seeds.

Nun, lemmas quatsch, and I think as I'm suqeez  
the limon, stickme punctum but for semenal  
rations I'd likelong to mack a capital Pee for  
Pride down there on the batom where Hoddum  
and Heave, our monsterbilker, balked his bawd of  
parodies. And let you go and mick your modest  
mock Pie out of Humbles up your end. With a  
geing groan grunt and a croak click cluck. And  
my faceage kink and kurkle trying to make keek  
peep. Are you right there, Michael, are you right?  
Ay, I'm right here, Nickel, and I'll write. But it's  
the muddest thick that was ever heard dump.  
Now join alfa pea and pull loose by dotties and, to  
be more sparematically logoical, eelpie and paleale  
by trunkles. Allow me align while I encloud  
especious. Like pah. I peh. Innate little bondery.  
And as plane as a pokestiff. Now, *aqua in buccat.*  
I'll make you to see figuratleavelly the whome of  
your eternal geomater. Hissss! Arrah, go on! Fin  
for fun? You've spat your shower but let's have  
at it! Subtend to me now! Pisk! Outer serpum-

stances being ekewilled, we carefully, if she pleats, lift by her hem at the spidsiest of her trickkikant (like thousands done before) the maidsapron of our A.L.P., fearfully! till its nether nadir is vortically where (allow me aright to two cute winkles) its naval's napex will have to beandbe. You must proach nearnear for at is dark. And light your mech. And this is what you'll say. Waaaaaa. Tch! Sluice! Pla! And their, redneck, mygh and thy, discinet and isoplural in its sixuous parts, midden wedge of the stream's your muddy old triagonal delta plain for you now, appia lippia pluvaville, the no niggard spot of her safety vulve, first of all usquiluterl threeingles, the constant of fluxion and allaph quaran's his bett und bier. Paa lickam laa lickam. apl lpa. This it is an her. You see her it. Which it whom you see it is her her. Quicks herit fossyending. Quef! For, let it be taken that her littlenest is of no magnetude or let it be granted that Doll the laziest can be dissimulant with all respects from Doll the fiercst,

thence must any whatyoulike in the power of empthood be either greater THAN or less THAN the unitate we have in one or hence shall the vectorious readyeyes of evertwo circumflicksrent searchers never film in the elipsities of their gyribouts those fickers which are returnally reproductive of themselves. Which is unpassible. Quarrellary. The logos of somewome to that base anything, when most characteristically mantissaminus, comes to nullum in the endth: orso, here is nowet badder than the sin of Aha with his cosin Lil, verswaysed on eoverswised, and all that's consecants and cotangincies till Perperp stops repippinghim since her redtangles are all abscissan for limitsing this tendency of our Frivolteeny Sexagesima to expense herself as sphere as possible, paradismic perimutter, in all directions on the bend of the unbridalled, the infinisissimalls of her facets becoming manier and manier as the calicolum of her umdescribables shrinks from schurtiness to scherts. Scholium, there are trist

sigheds to everying but ichs on the freed brings euchs to the feared. Qued? O, dear me, look at that now! I'm glad you dimentioned it! My Lourde! My Lourde! And a superpposition! Quoint a quincidence! As Ollover Cromleck said when he slepped ueber his grannyamother. But you're holy mooxed and gaping up the wrong palce as if you was seeheeing the gheist that stays forenenst, you blessed simpletop domefool! You must lap wandret down the bluishing refluction below. Her trunk's not her braindbox. Hear where the bolgylines, Yseen here the puncture. Luck! Well, well, well, well! O dee, O dee, that's very lovely! Very lively entirely. So analytical plausible. It will be a lozenge to me all my lipe. Ever thought about Guinness's? Want to join the police? You know, you were always one of the bright ones, since a foot made you an unmentionable, fakes. You know, you're the divver's own smart gossoon, aequal to yoursell and unugol to anglyother, so you are, hoax! You

know, you'll be dampned, so you will, one of these invernial days but you will be, carrotty.

Wherapool, gayet that he would have ever the lothst, word. with a sweet me ah err eye ear marie to reat from the jacob's and a shypull for tooth-sake of his armjaws at the slidepage, would and could candykissing P. Kevin to fress up the rinn-erung and to ate by hart (*leo* I read, such is spanish, *escribibis*, all your mycoscoups) went to nibbleh ravenostonnoriously ihs mum to me in bewonderment of his chipper chuthor with his muffetee cuffes ownconsciously grafficking with his sinister cyclopes after trigamies pursuing their rovinghamilton selves and godolphing in fairlove to see around the waste of noland's browne jesus (thur him no quartos!) till that on him poorin sweat the juggaleer's veins (quench his quill!) in his napier scrag stud out bursthright tamquam taughtropes. Es war itwas in his priesterrite. O He Must Suffer! From this misbelieving feacemaker to his noncredible fancyflame. Ask for bosthoon, late for

Mass, pray for blaablaablack sheep. (Sure you could wright anny pippap passage, Eye bet, as foyne as that moultylousy Erewhig, yerself, mick! Nock the muddy nickers! Christ's Church varses Bellial!) Dear and he went on to scripple gentlemine born, milady bread, he would pen for her, he would pine for her, how he would patpun fun for all with his frolicky frowner so and his glumsome grinner otherso. And how are you, waggy? My animal his sorrafool! And trieste, ah trieste ate I my liver! *Se non é vero son trovatore.* O jerry! He was soso, harriot all! He was sadfellow, steifel! He was mistermysterion. Like a purate out of pensionee with a gouvernement job. All moanday, tearsday, wailsday, thumpsday, frightday, shatterday till the fear of the Law. Look at this twitches! He was quisquis, floored on his plankraft of shittim wood. Look at him! Sink deep or touch not the Cartesian spring! Want more ashes, griper? How diesmal he was lying low on his rawside laying siege to goblin castle. And, bezouts that, how

hyenesmeal he was laying him long on his laughside lying sack to croakpartridge. (Be thou wars Rolaf's intestions, quoths the Bhagavat biskop Leech) Ann opes tipoo soon ear! If you could me lendtill my pascol's candle, sahib, and the price of a plate of poultice. Punked. With best apolojigs and merrymoney thanks to self for all the clerricals and again begs guerdon for bistris-pissing on your bunificence. Well wiggywiggywag-tail, and how are you yaggy? With a capital Tea for Thirst. Blott.

Now, (brush your saton hat, me elementator joyclid, son of a Butt! She's mine, Jow low jure, be Skibbering's eagles, sweet tart of Whiteknees Archway) watch him, having caught at the bifurking calamum in his bolsillos, the onelike underworp he had ever funnet without difficultads, the aboleshqvick, signing away in happinext complete, (Can you write us a last line? From Smith-Jones-Orbison?) Intriatedly in years, jirry-alimpalooop. And i Romain, hup u bn gd grl.

Unds alws my thts. To fallthere at bare feet hurrya-  
swormarose. Two dies of one rafflement. Eche  
bennyache. Outstamp and distribute him at the  
expanse of his society. To be continued. Anon.

And ook, ook, ook fanky! All the charictures  
in the drame! This is how San holypolypools.  
And this, pardonsky!, is the way Romeopullup-  
alleaps. Pose the pen, man, way me does. Way  
ole missa vellatooth fust show me how. Fourth  
power to her illpogue! Bould strokes for your  
life! Tip! This is Steal, this is Barke, this is Starn,  
this is Swhipt, this is Wiles, this is Pshaw, this is  
Doubblinnbbayyates. This is brave Danny weep-  
ing his spache for the popers. This is cool Conn-  
olly wiping his hearth with brave Danny. And  
this, regard!, is how Chawleses Skewered par-  
paraparnelligoes between brave Danny boy and  
the Connolly. Upanishadem! Top. Spoken hath  
L'Arty Magory. Eregobragh. Prouf!

And Kev was wreathed with his pother.

But, (that Jacoby feeling again for forebitten

fruit and Kevvy too just loves his puppadums !)  
after all his paraboles of famellicurbs and meddled  
muddlingisms, thee faroots hof cullchaw end  
ate citrawn' woodint wun able rep of the  
triperforator awlrite blast through his pergaman  
do for the blessted selfchuruls smarter like  
it done for manny another unpious of the  
hairydary quare quandary firstings till at length  
he measured his earth? could not but reckon in  
his adder's way our frankson who, to be plain,  
was misocain. Wince wan's won! Rip! And his  
countinghands rose.

Loves deathhow simple!

Slutningsbane.

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Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

**THE ONDT AND THE GRACEHOPER**

**T**HE Gracehoper was always jiggging a jog, hoppy, on akkant of his joyicity, (he had a partner pair of findlestilts to supplant him), or, if not, he was always making ungraceful overtures to Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespatilla to play pupa-pupa and pulicy-pulicy and langtennas and pushpygyddyum and to commence insects with him, there mouthparts to his orefice and his gambills to there airy processes, even if only in chaste, ameng the everlastings, behold a was-pering pot. He would of curse melissciously, by his fore feelhers, flexors, contractors, depressors and extensors, lamely, harry me, marry me, bury me, bind me, till she was puce for shame and

also fourmish her in Spinner's housery at the earthsbest schoppinhour so summery as his cottage, which was cald fourmillierly Tingsomingenting, groped up. Or, if he was not done doing that, improbably he was always striking up funny funereels with Besterfarther Zeuts, the Aged One, with all his wigearred corollas, albedinous and oldbuoyant, inscythe his elytrical wormcasket and Dehlia and Peonia, his druping nymphs, bewheedling him, compound eyes on hornitosehead, and Auld Letty Plussiboots to scratch his cacumen and cackle his transitus, diva deborah, (seven bolls of sapo, a lick of lime, two spurts of fussfor, threefurts of sulph, a shake o' shooker, doze grains of migniss and a mesfull of midcap pitchies. The whool of the whaal in the wheel of the whorl of the Boubou from Bourneum has thus come to taon!) and with tambarins and cantoridettes soturning around his eggshill rockcoach their dance McCaper in retrophœbia, beck from bulk, like fantastic disossed and jenny aprils to, the ra, the

ra, the ra, the ra, langsome heels and langsome toesies, attended to by a mutter and doffer duffmatt baxingmotch and a myrmidins of pszozlers pszinging. *Satyr's Caudledayed Nice* and *Humbly, Dumbly Sod We Awhile* but *Ho, Time Timeagen, Wake!* For if sciencium (what's what) can mute uns nought, 'a thought, abought the Great Sommboddy within the Omniboss perhaps an artsaccord (hoot's hoot) might sing ums tumtim abutt the Little Newbuddies that ring his panch. A high old tide for the barheated publics and the whole day as gratiis! Fudder and lighting for ally looty, any filly in a fog for O'Cronione lags acrumbling in his sands but his sunsunsuns still tumble on. Erething above ground, as his Book of Breathings bed him, so as everwhy, sham or shunner, zeemliangly to kick time.

Grouscious me and scarab my sahil! What a bagateller it is! Libelulous! Inzanzarity! Pou! Ptah! What a zeit for the goths! vented the Ondt, who, not being a sommerfool, was

thothfolly making chilly spaces at hisphex affront of the icinglass of his windhame, which was cold antitopically Nixnixundnix. We shall not come to party at that lopp's, he decided possibly, for he is not on our social list. Nor to Ba's berial nether this oldeborre's yaar ablong as there's a khul on a khat. Nefersenless, when he had safely looked up his ovipository, he loftet hails and prayed : May he me no voida water ! Seekit Hatup ! May no he me tile pig shed on ! Suckit Hotup ! As broad as Beppy's realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish ! As high as Heppy's hev'n shall flurrish my haine shall hurrish ! Shall grow, shall flourish ! Shall hurrish ! Hummum.

The Ondt was a weltall fellow, raumybult and abelboobied, bynear saw altitudinous wee a schelling in kopfers. He was sair sair sullemn and chairmanlooking when he was not making spaces in his psyche, but, laus ! when he wore making spaces on his ikey, he ware mouche mothst sec'ed and muravyingly wisechairmanlooking. Now whim

the sillybilly of a Gracehoper had jingled through a jungle of love and debts and jangled through a jumble of life in doubts afterworse, wetting with the bimblebeaks, drikking with nautonecks, bilking with durrydunglecks and horing after ladybirdies (*ichnehmon diagelegenaitoikon*) he fell joust as sieck as a sexton and tantoo pooveroo quant a churchprince, and wheer the midges to wend hemsylph or vosch to sirch for grub for his corapusse or to find a hospes, alick, he wist gnit ! Bruko dry ! fuko spint ! Sultamont osa bare ! And volomundo osi videvide ! Nichtsnichtsundnichts ! Not one pickopeck of muscowmoney to bag a tittlebits of beebread ! Iomiol ! Iomiol ! Crick's corbicule, which a plight ! O moy Bog, he contrited, I am heartily hungry !

He had eaten all the whilepaper, swallowed the lustres, devoured forty flights of styearcases, chewed up all the mensas and seccles, ronged the records, made mundballs of the ephemerids and voracioused most glutinously with the very time-

place in the ternitary - not too dusty a cicada of neutriment for a chittinous chip so mitey. But when Chrysalmas was on the bare branches off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the grillies in his head and the leivnits in his hair made him thought he had the Tossmania. Had he twicylched the sees of the deed and trestraversed their revermer? Was he come to hevre with his engiles or gone to hull with the poop? The June snows was flocking in thuckflues on the hegelstomes, millipeeds of it and myriopods, and a lugly tournedos, the Borabora-yellers blohablasting tegolhuts up to tetties and ruching sleets off the coppeehouses with an irritant, penetrant, siphonopterous spuk. Graussssss! Opr! Graussssss! Opr!

The Gracehoper who, though blind as batflea, yet knew his good smetterling of entymology promptly tossed himself in the vico, phthin and phthir, on top of his buzzer and the next time he

makes the aquinatance of the Ondt after this they have met themselves it shall be motylucky if he will beheld not a world of different. Behailed His Gross the Ondt prostrandvorous upon his dhrone, in his Papyllonian babooshkees, with unshrinkables farfalling from his unthinkables, swarming of himself in his sunnyroom, sated before his comfortumble phullupsuppy of a plate o'monkynous and a confucion of minthe (for he was a conformed aceticist and aristotaller) as appi as a oneysucker or a baskerboy on the Libido with Floh biting his leg thigh and Luse lugging his luff leg and Bienie bussing him under his bonnet and Vespattilla blowing cosy fond tutties up the large of his smalls. Emmet and demmet and be jiltse crazed and be jadeses whipt! schneezed the Gracehoper, aguepe with ptchjelasys and at his wittol's indts, what have eyeforsight!

The Ondt, that true and perfect host, was making the greatest spass a body could with his queens laceswinging for he was spizzing all

over him like thingsumanything in formicolation,  
boundlessly blissfilled in an allallahbath of  
houris. He was ameising himself hugely at  
crabround and marypose, chasing Floh out of  
charity and tickling Luse, I hope too, and tackling  
Bienie, faith, as well, and jucking Vespatilla jukely  
by the chimiche. Never did Dorsan from Dun-  
shanagan dance it with more devilry! The veri-  
patetic imago of the impossible Gracehoper on his  
odderkop in the myre, sans mantis ne shooshooe,  
feather weighed animule, actually and presumptu-  
ably sanctifying chronic's despair, was sufficiently  
and probably cocoo much for his chorous of  
gravitates. A darkener of the threshold? Haru!  
Orimis, capsizer of his antboat, sekketh rede from  
Evil-it-is, lord of loaves in Amongded. Be it! So  
be it! Thou-who-thou-art, the fleet-as-spindrifft,  
impfang thee of mine wideheight! Haru!

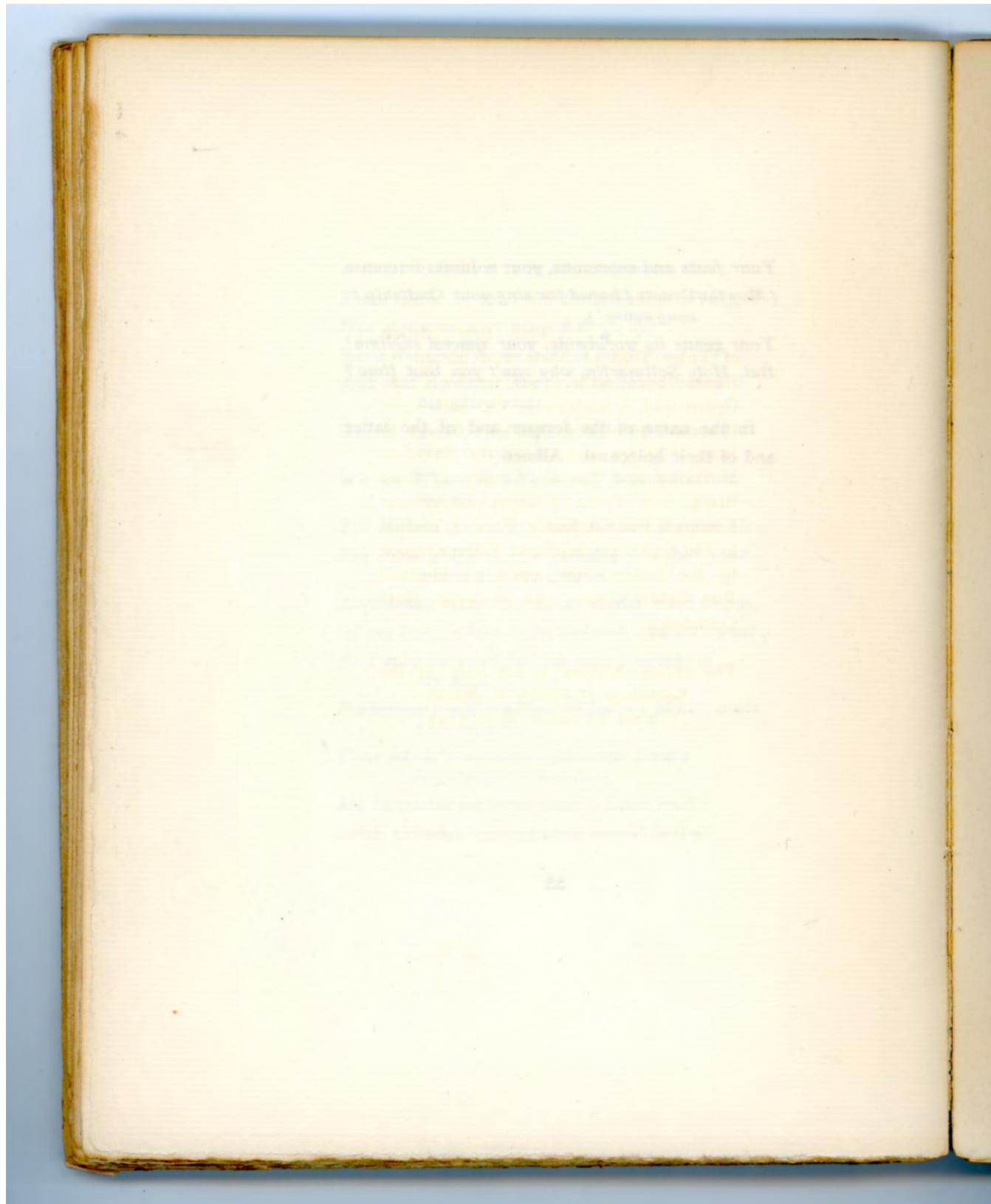
The thing pleased him andt, andt andt,

*He larved ond he larved onn he merd such  
a nauses  
The Gracehoper feared he would mixplace  
his fauces.  
I forgive you, grondt Ondt, said the  
Gracehoper, weeping,  
For their sukes of the sakes you are safe  
in whose keeping.  
Teach Floh and Luse polkas, show Bienie  
where's sweet  
And be sure Vespatilla fines fat ones to heat.  
As I once played the piper I must now pay  
the count  
So saida to Moyhammet and marhaba to your  
Mount!  
Let who likes lump above so what flies be a  
full'un ;  
I could not feel moregruggy if this was  
prompollen.  
I pick up your reproof, the horsegift of a friend,  
For the prize of your save is the price of my  
spend.  
Can castwhores pulladefkiss if oldpollocks  
forsake 'em  
Or Culex feel etchy if Pulex don't wake him ?*

*A locus to loue, a term it t'embarrass,  
These twain are the twins that tick Homo Vulgaris.  
Has Aquileone nort winged to go syf  
Since the Gwyfyn we were in his farrest drewbryf  
And that Accident Man not beseeked where  
his story ends  
Since longsephyring sighs sought heartseast for  
their orience ?  
We are Wastenot with Want, precondamned,  
two and true,  
Till Nolans go volants and Bruneyes come blue.  
Ere those gidflirts now gadding you quit your  
mocks for my gropes  
An extense must impull, an elapse must elopes,  
Of my tectucs takestock, tinktact, and ail's weal ;  
As I view by your farlook hale yourself to  
my heal,  
Partiprise my thinwhins whiles my blink points  
unbroken on  
Your whole's whercabroads with Tout's  
trightyright token on.  
My in risible universe youdly haud find  
Sulch oxtreabeeforeness meat soveal behind.*

*Your feats end enormous, your volumes immense  
(May the Graces I hoped for sing your Ondtship  
song sense!),  
Your genus its worldwide, your spacest sublime!  
But, Holy Saltmartin, why can't you beat time ?*

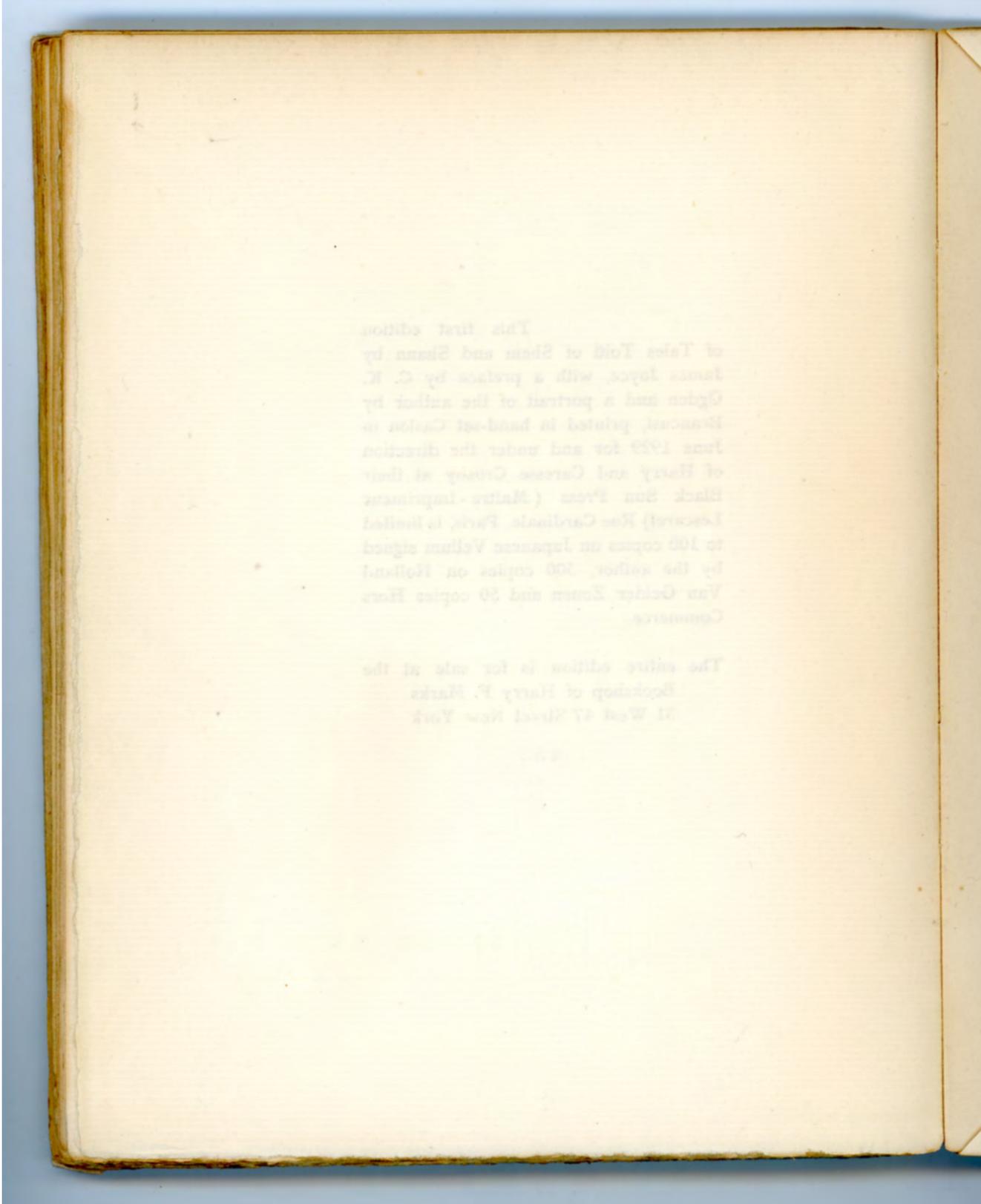
*In the name of the former and of the latter  
and of their holocaust. Allmen.*



This first edition  
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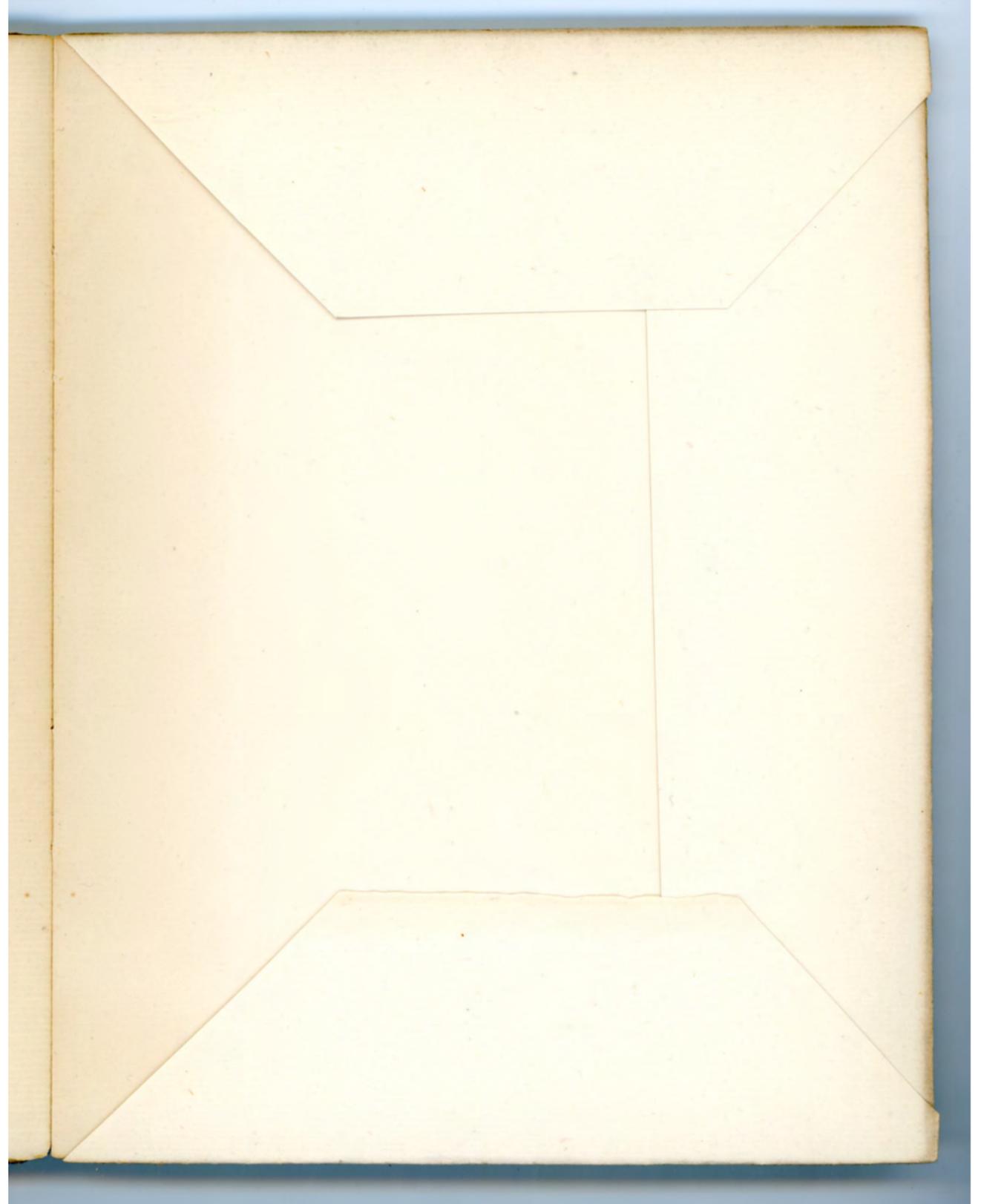
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