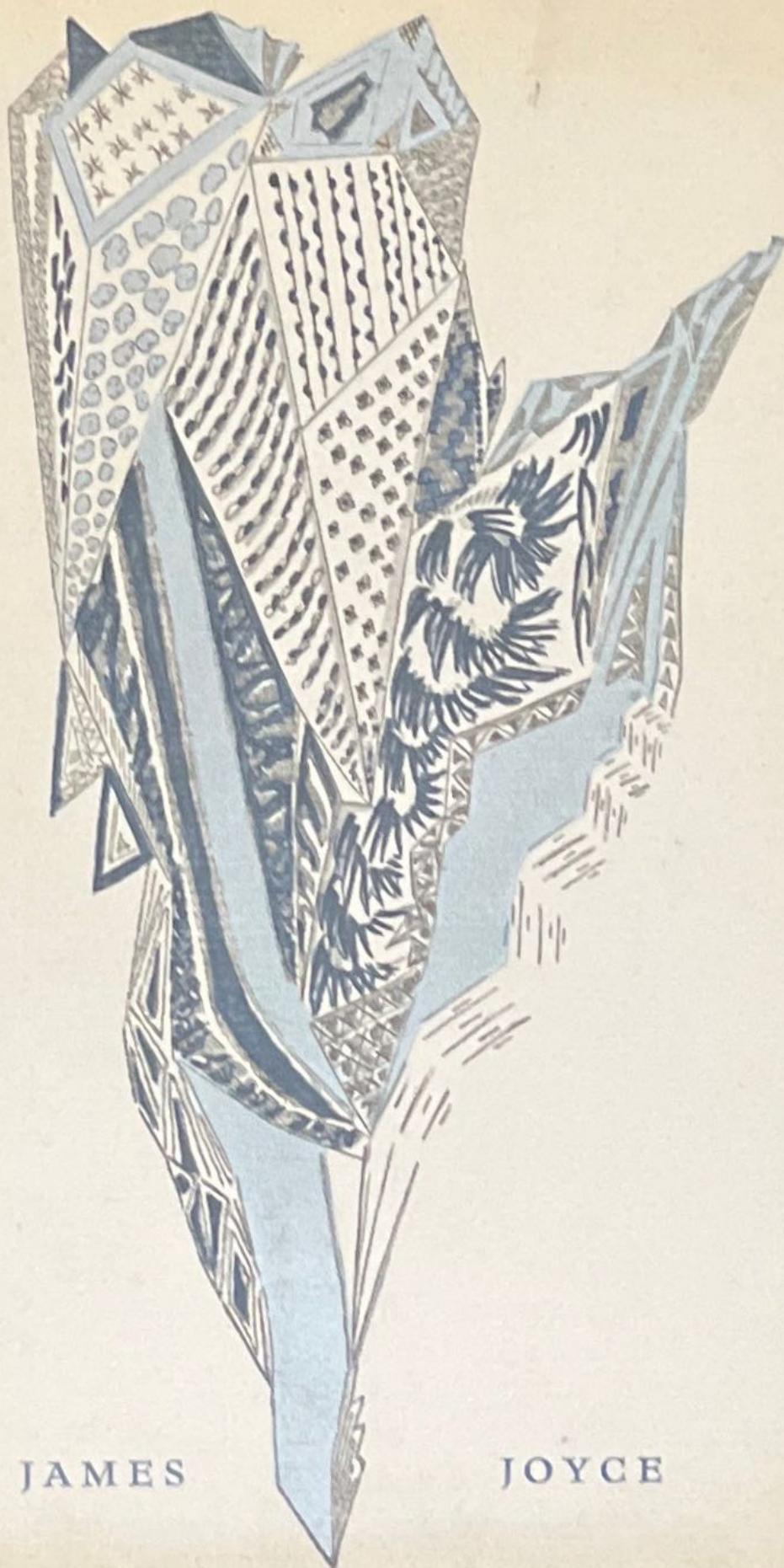


THE MIME OF MICK, NICK
AND THE MAGGIES



JAMES

JOYCE

THE MIME OF MICK, NICK AND THE MAGGIES

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

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

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

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

THE MIME OF MICK
NICK AND THE
MAGGIES

JAMES JOYCE

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A FRAGMENT FROM
WORK IN PROGRESS



MCMXXXIV

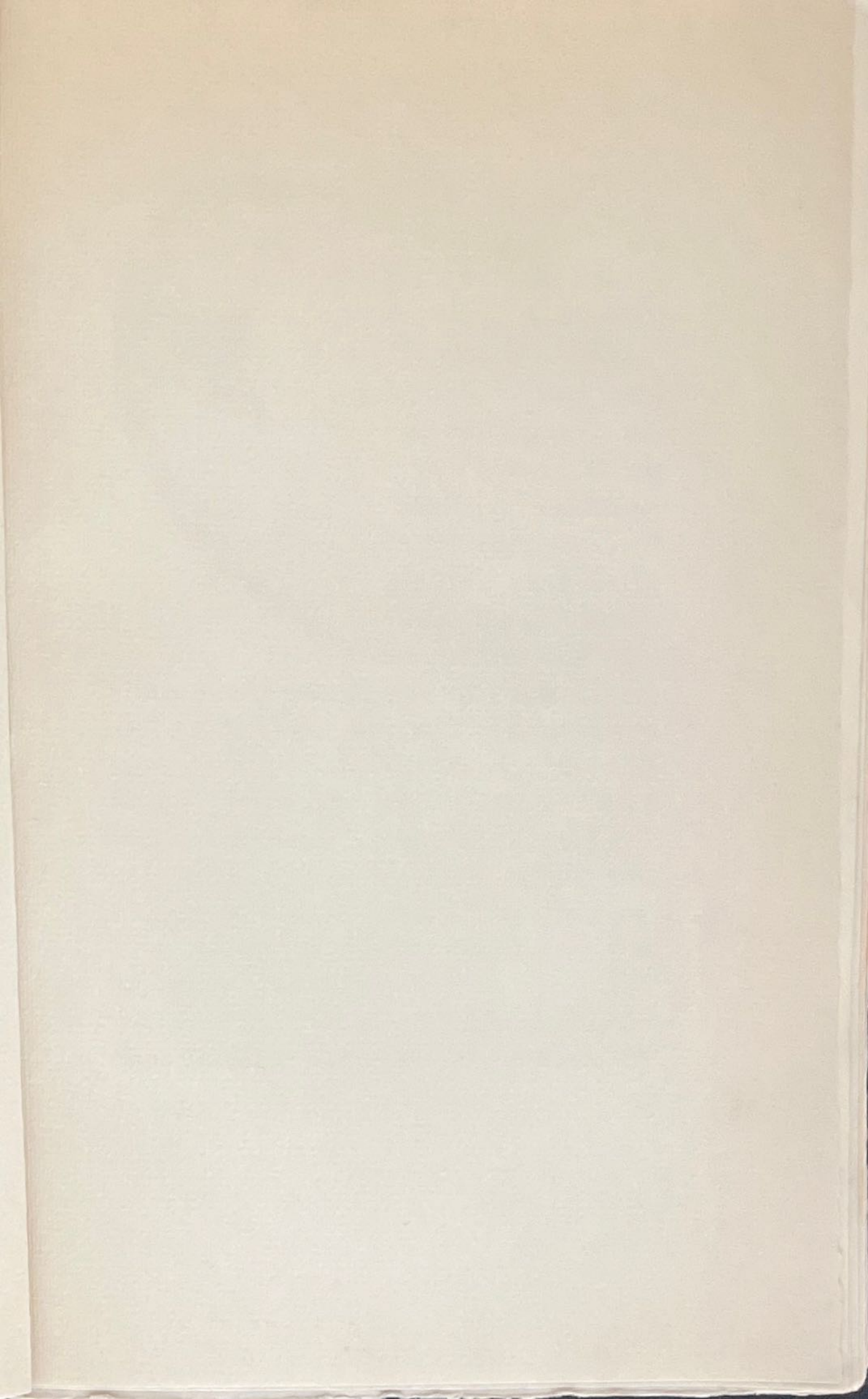
THE SERVIRE PRESS • THE HAGUE

GOTHAM BOOK MART • NEW YORK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE CUSTOMERS (Components of

the Afterhour Courses at St Patri-
cius' Academy for Grownup Gen-
tlemen, consult the annuary). a
bundle of a dozen of representative
locomotive civics inn quest of ou-
tings, who are sloppily served by

SAUNDERSON (Mr Knut Oelsvinger,
imitation of flatfish, torchbearing
supperaape, bad halfsovereign, roly
pollsies, Glen of the Dows, o.s.v),
a spoilcurate and butt of

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

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

Creations tastefully designed by Madame Berthe Delamode. Dances arranged by Harley Quinn and Coldlimbeina. Jests, jokes, jigs and jorums for the Wake lent from the properties of the late cemented Mr T. M. Finnegan R.I.C. Lipmasks and hairwigs by Ouida Nooikke. Limes and Floods by Crooker and Toll. Kopay pibe by Kappa Pedersen. Hoed Pine hat with twentyfour ventholes by Morgen. The crack (that's Cork!) by a smoker from the gods, The interjection (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 Souslevin, bass noble, respectively, O, Mester Sogerman, ef thes es whot ye deux, then l'me not surprised ye want that bottle of Sauvequieu and Oh Off Nunch Der Rasche Ver Lasse Mitsch Nitscht. The whole thugogmagog to be wound up by a Magnificent Transformation Scene showing the Radium Wedding of Neid and Moorning and the Dawn of Peace, Pure, Perfect and Perpetual, Waking the Weary of the World.

An argument follows.

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

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

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

Aminxt that nombre of evelings, but how pierceful 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 naightily all the duskcended airs and shylyt beaconings, from shehind him back. Sammy, 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 drum-
ming on her back and a pop from
her whistle. What is that, O holy-
troopers?

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

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

Arrest thee, scaldbrother! Came

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

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

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

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

With nought a wired from the wordless either.

Ah ho! This poor Glugg! It was

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

The youngly delightfulsome frilles-
in-pleyurs are now showen 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 plurielled, cometh up as a trapadour sinking how he must fand for himself by gazework what their colours wear as they are all showne 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 thother 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 carbunckley ones? Apun which his poohoor pricoxity theirs

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

Warewolff! Olff! Toboo!

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

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

— Have you monbreamstone?

— No.

— Or Hellfeuersteyn?

— No.

— Or Van Diemen's coral pearl?

— No.

He has lost.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His mouthfull of ecstasy, here-
pong (maladventure!) shot pinging
up through the errooth of his wis-
dom 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 Croe-
sus, son of Nunn! Though he shall
live for millions of years a life of
billions of years, he shall not forget

it. Howlsbawls and bloody acres!
Like gnawthing unheardh!

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

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

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

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

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

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

For he falters how he hates to trouble them without.

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

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

— Haps thee jaoneofergs?

— Nao.

— Haps thee mayjaunties?

— Naohao.

— Haps thee per causes nunsibelli?

— Naohaohao.

— Get.

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

But, Sin Showpanza. could any-

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

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

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

A pause. Then:

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

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

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

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

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

doons have held ragtimed revels on the platauplain of Grangegorman; and, though since then sterlings and guineas have been replaced 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 obcecicity of pa's teapucs, as lithe and limbfree limber as when momie mummied at ma.

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

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

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

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

and bless the day, for whole hours too, yes, the day you befell, you dreadful temptation! Now promissus you will remain ignorant of all what you hear and draw a veil till we next time! How many months or how many years! Bashfulness be tuppéd! May he colp, may he colp her, may he mixandmess colp her! List! Kicky Lacey, the perversined, 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, queemswellth of coocome in their combs for the jennyjos. Will bee all buzzy one another minnies for the mere effect that you are so fuld of pollen yourself. We feel unspeakably thoughtless over it all so pleasekindly communicake with the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

from tencents coupoll to bargain
basement, live with howthold of
nummer seven, wideawake, 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 gunn-
fodder. That why he, persona
erecta, glycorawman arsenicful fe-
minister, with two purses agitata-
ting his theopot with wokklebout
shake, rather incoherend, from one
18 to one 18 biss. Old grand tutut
toucher up of young poetographies
and he turn aroundabrupth red
altfrumpishly falls some make one
noise. It's his last lap, Gigantic, fare
him weal! A fact. True bill. By a
jury of matrons. Hump for hum-
bleness, dump for dirts. And, to
make a long stoney badder, his Thing
went the whollyway retup Suffro-
gate 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 cheek-mole 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 alleance of iern on his flamen vestacoat, the fibule of broochbronze to his wintermantle of pointefox. Who not knows she, the Madame Coolley-Couley, spawife to laird of manna, when first come into the pictures more as hundreads elefents yahrds of annams call away, factory fresh and fuming at the mouth, wronged by Hwemwednoget (he take a rap for that early party) and

whenceforward Ani Mama and her
forty bustles terrified of gmere gno-
mes 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 feme sole and led her in an-
tient consort ruhm and bound her
durant coverture so as she could
not steal from him so as if ever
she's beleaved by chickenbrooth
death since both was parties to the
feed it's Hetman MacCumhal foots
the funeral. Mealwhile she feed him
jacent from her elmer's almsdish
when his favourites were all be-
ruffled on him and her own unde-
sirables justickulating, it was such
a blowick day. The why if he but
would bite she would delicate her
nutbrown glory cloack to Mayde
Berenice and hang herself in Ost-
mannstown Saint Mary's and make

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

Hear, O worldwithout! Tiny tatt-
ling!

But who comes yond with pire
on poletop? He who relights our
spearing torch, the moon. And the
hag they damename Coverfew 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 funnominal

world. Yon marshpond is visited by
the tide. We are circumveiled by
obscuritads. Man and beastes frie-
ren. There is a wish on them to be
not doing or anything. Or just for
rugs. Zoo koud. Where is our highly
honourworthy salutable spouse-
founderess? The foolish one of the
family is within. Huzoor, where's
he? At house, to's pitty. With Nancy
Hands. Nought stirs in spinney. The
swayful pathways of the dragonfly
spider stay still in reedery. Quiet
takes back her folded fields. In deer-
haven, imbraced, alleged, injoynted
and unlatched, the birds, tommelise
too, quail silent. Was avond ere a
while. Now conticinium. The time
of lying together will come and the
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 mohns are bluming, look, to
greet those loes on coast of ame-
thyst; arcglow's seafire siemens lure
and warnerforth's hookercrookers.
And now the pesciolines in Liffey-
etta's bowl have stopped squiggling
about feriaquintaism and if Lubber-
nabohore laid his harker to the
ribber he would not hear a flip flap
in all Finnyland. Witchman, watch
of your night? It goes. It does not
go. Darkpark's acoo with sucking
loves. Rosimund's by her wishing
well. Soon tempt-in-twos will stroll
at venture and hunt-by-threes sirut
musketeering. But meetings mate
not as forsehn. Hesperons! And if
you wand to Livmouth, wenderer,
here lurks no iron welcome. Bing.
Bong. Bangbong. Thunderation!
Were you Marely quean of Scuts
or but Christien the Last, here's

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

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

stirabout. A plague for hers, 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, Thaddeus, Hardress or Myles. Ready. Now for la bella. Icy-la-Belle.

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

bad French for Jour d'Anno. Tiggers and Tuggers they're all for tenzones. For she must walk out. And it must be with who. Teaseforhim. 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 ambos and arubyat knychts, with their tales within wheels and stucks between spokes, on the hike from Elmstree to Stene and back, how, running awage with the use of reason (sics) and ramming amok at the brake of his voice (secs), his lasterhalft 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 momour-
ning he see the before him. Melained
from nape to kneecap though vied
from her girders up. Holy Santalto
cursing saint, sight most deletious.
An they bare falls witless against
thee how slight becomes a hidden
wound? It will paineth him in that
where of his whence he had loseth
his once for every, even though
mode grow moramor maenneritsch
and the Tarara boom decay. Im-
maculacy, give but to drink to his
shirt and all skirtaskortas must

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

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

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

My top it was brought Achill's low, my middle I ope before you, my bottom's a vulser if ever there valsed 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 thicketloch,
Sweet swanwater! My other is
mouthfilled. This kissing wold's full
of killing fellows kneeling voyantly
to the cope of heaven. And some-
body's coming, I feel for a fect.
When you'll next have the mind
to retire to be wicked this is as
dainty a way as any. Underwoods
spells bushment's business. So if
you sprig poplar you're bound to
twig this. 'Twas my lord of Glen-
dalough benedixed the gape for me
that time at Long Entry, command-
ing the approaches to my intimast
innermost. Look how they're browth-

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

Luck!

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

fairness, the fairness of fondance
and the fairness of milk and rhu-
barb and the fairness of roasted
meats and uniomargrits and the
fairness of promise with 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 prospiodes 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 akimbo,
devotees.

Irrelevance.

All sing:

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

All point in the shem direction
as if to shun.

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

Her reverence.

All laugh.

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

— Willest thou rossy banders
havind?

He simules to be tight in ribbings
round his rumpffkorpff.

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

He makes semblant to be swiping
their chimbleys.

— Can you ajewajewfro' Sheidam?

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

Spickspuk! Spoken.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Which is why trumppers 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 Mowry of the Pleasant Grin be your everglass and even prospect!

— Feeling dank.

Exchange, reverse.

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

of you which is much abedder!

— Grassy ass ago.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Attach him! Hold!

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

tealofts were to ask of a hooper for whose it was the storks were quitting Aquileyria, this trundler would not wot; if other who joined faith when his depth charge 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 abuliousness 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, twenty-three of the same round each of the quis separabits, fourteen round the beginning of happiness and nicely nine round her shoed for slender.

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

Home all go.

'Tis goed. Het best.

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

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

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

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

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

Lukkedoerendunandurraskewdy-
looshoofermoyportertooryzooyosph-
alnabortansakroidverjkapakkapuk.

Byfall.

Upploud!

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

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

Loud, hear us!

Loud, graciously hear us!

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

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

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

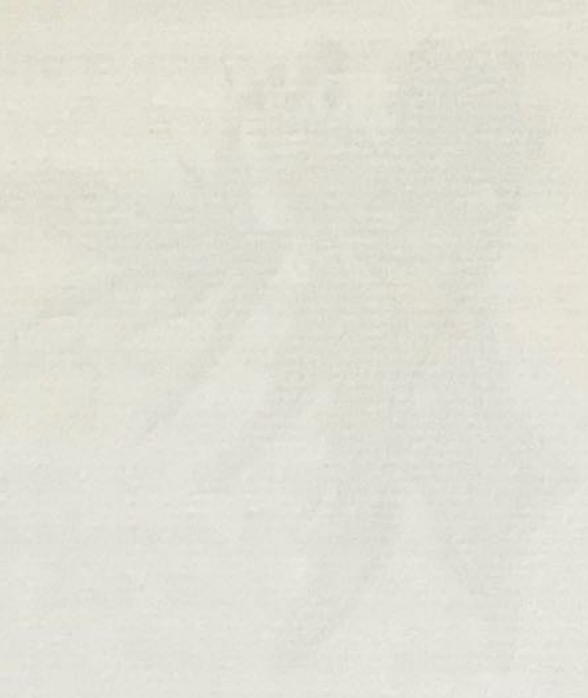
Loud, heap miseries upon us yet
entwine our arts with laughters
low!

Ha he hi ho hu.

Mummum.



THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
AMERICAN
MUSEUM
OF
NATURAL
HISTORY
NEW YORK
1881



COLOPHON

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

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

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

This copy is number 568



PRINTED IN
HOLLAND