

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554)				
Full FW Text	FW Line			
FW474				
Lowly, longly, a wail went forth. Pure Yawn lay low. On the	1			
mead of the hillock lay, heartsoul dormant mid shadowed land-	2			
shape, brief wallet to his side, and arm loose, by his staff of citron	3			
briar, tradition stick-pass-on. His dream monologue was over,	4			
of cause, but his drama parapolylogic had yet to be, affact. Most	5			
distressfully (but, my dear, how successfully!) to wail he did,	6			
his locks of a lucan tinge, quickrich, ripely rippling, unfileted,	7			
those lashbetasselled lids on the verge of closing time, whiles	8			
ouze of his sidewiseopen mouth the breath of him, evenso	9			
languishing as the princeliest treble treacle or lichee chewchow	10			
purse could buy. Yawn in a semiswoon lay awailing and (hooh!)	11			

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what helpings of honeyful swoothed (phew!), which ear-	12			
piercing dulcitude! As were you suppose to go and push with	13			
your bluntblank pin in hand upinto his fleshasplush cushionettes	14			
of some chubby boybold love of an angel. Hwoah!	15			
When, as the buzzer brings the light brigade, keeping the	16			
home fires burning, so on the churring call themselves came at	17			
him, from the westborders of the eastmidlands, three kings of	18			
three suits and a crowner, from all their cardinal parts, along	19			
the amber way where Brosna's furzy. To lift them they did,	20			
senators four, by the first quaint skreek of the gloaming and	21			
they hopped it up the mountainy molehill, traversing climes	22			
of old times gone by of the days not worth remembering;	23			
inventing some excusethems, any sort, having a sevenply	24			
FW475				
sweat of night blues moist upon them. Feefee! phopho!!	1			
foorchtha!!! aggala!!!! jeeshee!!!! paloola!!!!!! ooridiminy!!!!!!	2			
Afeared themselves were to wonder at the class of a crossroads	3			
puzzler he would likely be, length by breadth nonplussing his	4			
thickness, ells upon ells of him, making so many square yards of	5			
him, one half of him in Conn's half but the whole of him never-	6			
theless in Owenmore's five quarters. There would he lay till	7			
they would him descry, spancelled down upon a blossomy bed, at	8			

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one foute stretch, amongst the daffydowndillies, the flowers of	9		
narcosis fourfettering his footlights, a halohedge of wild spuds	10		
hovering over him, epicures waltzing with gardenfillers, puritan	11		
shoots advancing to Aran chiefs. Phopho!! The meteor pulp	12		
of him, the seamless rainbowpeel. Aggala!!!! His bellyvoid of	13		
nebuloze with his neverstop navel. Paloola!!!!!! And his veins	14		
shooting melanite phosphor, his creamtocustard cometshair and	15		
his asteroid knuckles, ribs and members. Ooridiminy!!!!!! His	16		
electrolatiginous twisted entrails belt.	17		
Those four claymen clomb together to hold their sworn star-	18		
chamber quiry on him. For he was ever their quarrel, the way	19		
they would see themselves, everybug his bodiment atop of	20		
annywom her notion, and the meet of their noght was worth two	21		
of his morning. Up to the esker ridge it was, Mallinger parish, to a	22		
mead that was not far, the son's rest. First klettered Shanator	23		
Gregory, seeking spoor through the deep timefield, Shanator	24		
Lyons, trailing the wavy line of his partition footsteps (some-	25		
thing in his blisters was telling him all along how he had	26		
been in that place one time), then his Recordship, Dr Shuna-	27		
dure Tarpey, caperchasing after honourable sleep, hot on to the	28		
aniseed and, up out of his prompt corner, old Shunny MacShunny,	29		
MacDougal the hiker, in the rere of them on the run, to make a	30		
quorum. Roping their ass he was, their skygrey globetrotter,	31		
by way of an afterthought and by no means legless either for	32		

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such sprouts on him they were that much oneven it was tumbling	33			
he was by four lengths, within the bawl of a mascot, kuss yuss,	34			
kuss cley, patsy watsy, like the kapr in the kabisses, the big ass,	35			
to hear with his unaided ears the harp in the air, the bugle	36			
FW476				
dianablowing, wild as wild, the mockingbird whose word is	1			
misfortune, so 'tis said, the bulbul down the wind.	2			
The proto was traipsing through the tangle then, Mathew	3			
Walker, godsons' goddestfar, deputising for gossipocracy,	4			
and his station was a few perch to the weatherside of the	5			
knoll Asnoch and it was from no other place unless there, how	6			
and ever, that he proxtended aloof upon the ether Mesmer's	7			
Manuum, the hand making silence. The buckos beyond on the lea,	8			
then stopped wheresoever they found their standings and that way	9			
they set ward about him, doing obedience, nod, bend, bow and	10			
curtsey, like the watchers of Prospect, upholding their broad-	11			
awake prober's hats on their firrum heads, the travelling court on	12			
its findings circuiting that personer in his fallen. And a crack quat-	13			
youare of stenoggers they made of themselves, solons and psy-	14			
chomorers, all told, with their hurts and daimons, spites and	15			
clops, not even to the seclusion of their beast by them that was	16			
the odd trick of the pack, trump and no friend of carrots. And,	17			

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what do you think, who should be laying there above all other	18			
persons forenenst them only Yawn! All of asprawl he was laying	19			
too amengst the poppies and, I can tell you something more than	20			
that, drear writer, profoundly as you may bedeave to it, he was	21			
oscasleep asleep. And it was far more similar to a satrap he lay there	22			
with unctuous beauty all surrounded, the poser, or for whatall I	23			
know like Lord Lumen, coaching his preferred constellations in	24			
faith and doctrine, for old Matt Gregory, 'tis he had the starmenag-	25			
erie, Marcus Lyons and Lucas Metcalfe Tarpey and the mack	26			
that never forgave the ass that lurked behind him, Jonny na	27			
Hossaleen.	28			
More than their good share of their five senses ensorcelled	29			
you would say themselves were, fuming censor, the way they	30			
could not rightly tell their heels from their stools as they cooched	31			
down a mamalujo by his cubical crib, as question time drew	32			
nighing and the map of the souls' groupography rose in relief	33			
within their quarterings, to play tops or kites or hoops or marbles,	34			
curchycurchy, gawking on him, for the issuance of his pnum and	35			
softnoising one of them to another one, the boguaqueesthers.	36			
FW477				
And it is what they began to say to him tetrahedrally then, the	1			
masters, what way was he.	2			

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— He's giving, the wee bairn. Yun has lived.	3			
— Yerra, why dat, my leader?	4			
— Wisha, is he boosed or what, alannah?	5			
— Or his wind's from the wrong cut, says Ned of the Hill.	6			
— Lesten!	7			
— Why so and speak up, do you hear me, you sir?	8			
— Or he's rehearsing somewan's funeral.	9			
— Whisht outathat! Hubba's up!	10			
And as they were spreading abroad on their octopuds their	11			
drifter nets, the chromous gleamy seiners' nets and, no lie, there was	12			
word of assonance being softspoken among those quartermasters.	13			
— Get busy, kid!	14			
— Chirpy, come now!	15			
— The present hospices is a good time.	16			
— I'll take on that chap.	17			
For it was in the back of their mind's ear, temptive lissomer,	18			
how they would be spreading in quadriliberl their azurespotted	19			
fine attractable nets, their nansen nets, from Matt Senior to the	20			
thurrible mystagogue after him and from thence to the neighbour	21			
and that way to the puisny donkeyman and his crucifer's cauda.	22			
And in their minds years backslibris, so it was, slipping beauty,	23			
how they would be meshing that way, when he rose to it, with	24			
the planckton at play about him, the quivers of scaly silver and	25			
their clutches of chromes of the highly lucid spanishing gold	26			

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whilst, as hour gave way to mazing hour, with Yawn himself	27			
keeping time with his thripthongue, to ope his blurbeous lips he	28			
would, a let out classy, the way myrrh of the moor and molten	29			
moonmist would be melding mellifond into his mouth.	30			
— Y?	31			
— Before You!	32			
— Ecko! How sweet thee answer makes! Afterwheres? In the	33			
land of lions' odor?	34			
— Friends! First if yu don't mind. Name yur historical grounds.	35			
— This same prehistoric barrow 'tis, the orangery.	36			
FW478				
— I see. Very good now. It is in your orangery, I take it, you	1			
have your letters. Can you hear here me, you sir?	2			
— Throsends. For my darling. Typette!	3			
— So long aforetime? Can you hear better?	4			
— Millions. For godsend. For my darling dearling one.	5			
— Now, to come nearer zone; I would like to raise my	6			
deuterous point audibly touching this. There is this maggers.	7			
I am told by our interpreter, Hanner Esellus, that there are fully	8			
six hundred and six ragwords in your malherbal Magis lande-	9			
guage in which wald wand rimes alpman and there is resin in all	10			
roots for monarch but yav hace not one pronouncable teerm that	11			

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blows in all the vallums of tartallaght to signify majestate, even	12		
provisionally, nor no rheda rhoda or torpentine path or halluci-	13		
nian via nor aurellian gape nor sunkin rut nor grossgrown trek	14		
nor crimeslaved cruxway and no moorhens cry or mooners's	15		
plankgang there to lead us to hopenhaven. Is such the <i>unde deri-</i>	16		
<i>vatur</i> casematter messio! Frankly. <i>Magis megis enerretur mynus</i>	17		
<i>hoc intelligow.</i>	18		
— How? C'est mal prononsable, tartagliano, perfrances. Vous	19		
n'avez pas d'o dans votre boche provenciale, mousoo. Je m'in-	20		
cline mais <i>Moy jay trouway la clee dang les champs.</i> Hay sham nap	21		
poddy velour, come on!	22		
— Hep there! Commong, sa na pa de valure? Whu's teit dans	23		
yur jambs? Whur's that inclining and talkin about the messiah	24		
so cloover? A true's to your trefling! Whure yu!	25		
— Trinathan partnick dieudonnay. Have you seen her?	26		
Typette, my tactile O!	27		
— Are you in your fatherick, lonely one?	28		
— The same. Three persons. Have you seen my darling only	29		
one? I am sohohold!	30		
— What are yu shevering about, ultramontane, like a houn?	31		
Is there cold on ye, doraphobian? Or do yu want yur primafairy	32		
schoolmam?	33		
— The woods of fogloot! O mis padredges!	34		
— Whisht awhile, greyleg! The duck is rising and you'll wake	35		

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that stand of plover. I know that place better than anyone. Sure,	36			
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I used to be always overthere on the fourth day at my grand-	1			
mother's place, Tear-nan-Ogre, my little grey home in the west,	2			
in or about Mayo when the long dog gave tongue and they	3			
coursing the marches and they straining at the leash. Tortoise-	4			
shell for a guineagould! Burb! Burb! Burb! Follow me up	5			
Tucurlugh! That's the place for the claire oysters, Polldoody,	6			
County Conway. I never knew how rich I was like another story in	7			
the zoedone of the zephyros, strolling and strolling, carrying my	8			
dragoman, Meads Marvel, thass withumpronouceable tail, along	9			
the shore. Do you know my cousin, Mr Jasper Dougal that	10			
keeps the Anchor on the Mountain, the parson's son, Jasper of	11			
the Tuns, Pat Whateveryournameis?	12			
— Dood and I dood. The wolves of Fochlut! By Whydoyou-	13			
callme? Do not flingamejig to the twolves!	14			
— Turcafiera amd that's a good wan right enough! Wooluvs	15			
no less!	16			
— One moment now, if I foreshorten the blossom on your	17			
bleather. Encroachment spells erosion. Dunlin and turnstone	18			
augur us where, how and when best as to burial of carcass, fuse-	19			
lage of dump and committal of noisance. But, since you invoke	20			

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austers for the trailing of vixens, I would like to send a cormo-	21			
rant around this blue lagoon. Tell me now this. You told my	22			
larned friend rather previously, a moment since, about this mound	23			
or barrow. Now I suggest to you that ere there was this plague-	24			
burrow, as you seem to call it, there was a burialbattell, the boat	25			
of millions of years. Would you bear me out in that, relatively	26			
speaking, with her jackstaff jerking at her pennyladders, why	27			
not, and sizing a fair sail, knowest thou the kind? The <i>Pourquoi</i>	28			
<i>Pas</i> , bound for Weissduwasland, that fourmaster barquentine,	29			
Webster says, our ship that ne're returned. The Frenchman, I say,	30			
was an orangeboat. He is a boat. You see him. The both how	31			
you see is they! Draken af Danemork! Sacked it or ate it? What!	32			
Hennu! Spake ab laut!	33			
— Couch, cortege, ringbarrow, dungcairn. Beseek the runes	34			
and see the longurn! Allmaun away when you hear the gang-	35			
horn. And meet Nautsen. Ess Ess. O ess. Warum night! Con-	36			
FW480				
ning two lay payees. Norsker. Her raven flag was out, the	1			
slaver. I trow pon good, jordan's scaper, good's barnet and	2			
trustyman. Crouch low, you pigeons three! Say, call that girl with	3			
the tan tress awn! Call Wolfhound! Wolf of the sea. Folchu!	4			
Folchu!	5			

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— Very good now. That folklore's straight from the ass his	6			
mouth. I will crusade on with the parent ship, weather prophet-	7			
ting, far away from those green hills, a station, Ireton tells me,	8			
bonofide for keeltappers, now to come to the midnight middy	9			
on this levantine ponenter. From Daneland sailed the oxe-eyed	10			
man, now mark well what I say.	11			
— Magnus Spadebeard, korsets krosser, welsher perfyddye.	12			
A destroyer in our port. Signed to me with his baling scoop. Laid	13			
bare his breastpaps to give suck, to suckle me. Ecce Hagios	14			
Chrisman!	15			
— Oh, Jeyses, fluid! says the poisoned well. Futtfishy the	16			
First. Hootchcopper's enkel at the navel manuvres!	17			
— Hep! Hello there, Bill of old Bailey! Whu's he? Whu's	18			
this lad, why the pups?	19			
— Hunkalus Childared Easterheld. It's his lost chance,	20			
Emania. Ware him well.	21			
— Hey! Did you dream you were ating your own tripe,	22			
acushla, that you tied yourself up that wrynecky fix?	23			
— I see now. We move in the beast circuls. Grimbarb and	24			
pancercruicer! You took the words out of my mouth. A child's	25			
dread for a dragon vicefather. Hillcloud encompass us! You	26			
mean you lived as milky at their lyceum, couard, while you	27			
learned, volp volp, to howl yourself wolfwise. Dyb! Dyb! Do	28			
your best.	29			

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— I am dob dob dobbling like old Booth's, courteous. The	30			
cubs are after me, it zeebs, the whole totem pack, vuk vuk and	31			
vuk vuk to them, for Robinson's shield.	32			
— Scents and gouspils! The animal jangs again! Find the	33			
fingall harriers! Here howl me wiseacre's hat till I die of the	34			
milkman's lupus!	35			
— What? Wolfgang? Whoah! Talk very slowe!	36			
FW481				
— <i>Hail him heathen, heal him holystone!</i>	1			
<i>Courser, Recourser, Changechild?</i>	2			
<i>Eld as endall, earth?</i>	3			
— A cataleptic mithyphallic! Was this <i>Totem Fulcrum Est</i>	4			
Ancestor yu hald in <i>Dies Eirae</i> where no spider webbeth or	5			
<i>Anno Mundi</i> ere bawds plied in Skiffstrait? Be fair, Chris!	6			
— Dream. Ona nonday I sleep. I dreamt of a somday. Of a	7			
wonday I shall wake. Ah! May he have now of here fearfilled	8			
me! Sinflowed, O sinflowed! Fia! Fia! Befurcht christ!	9			
— I have your tristich now; it recurs in three times the same	10			
differently (there is such a fui fui story which obtains of him):	11			
comming nown from the asphalt to the concrete, from the human	12			
historic brute, Finnsen Faynean, oceanyclived, to this same	13			
vulgarized hillsir from yours, Mr Tupling Toun of Morning	14			

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de Heights, with his lavast flow and his rambling undergroands,	15			
would he reoccur <i>Ad Horam</i> , as old Romeo Rogers, in city or	16			
county, and your sure ob, or by, with or from an urb, of you	17			
know the diferenciabus, as brauchbarred in apabhramsa, sierrah!	18			
We speak of Gun, the farther. And in the locative. Bap! Bap!	19			
— Ouer Tad, Hellig Babbau, whom certayn orbits assertant	20			
re humeplace of Chivitats Ei, Smithwick, Rhonnda, Kaledon,	21			
Salem (Mass), Childers, Argos and Duthless. Well, I am advised	22			
he might in a sense be both nevertheless, every at man like my-	23			
self, suffix it to say, Abrahamsk and Brookbear! By him it was	24			
done bapka, by me it was gone into, to whom it will beblive,	25			
Mushame, Mushame! I am afraid you could not heave ahore one	26			
of your own old stepstones, barnabarnabarn, over a stumble-	27			
down wall here in Huddlestown to this classic Noctuber night	28			
but itandthey woule binge, much as vecious, off the dosshouse	29			
back of a racerider in his truetoflesh colours, either handicapped	30			
on her flat or barely repeating himself. That is a tiptip tim oldy	31			
faher now the man I go in fear of, Tommy Terracotta, and he	32			
could be all your and my das, the brodar of the founder of the	33			
father of the finder of the pfander of the pfunder of the furst man	34			
in Ranelagh, fué! fué! Petries and violet ice (I am yam, as Me	35			
and Tam Tower used to jagger pemmer it, over at the house of	36			
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Eddy's Christy, meaning Dodgfather, Dodgson and Co) and	1			
spiriduous sanction!	2			
— Breeze softly. Aures are aureas. Hau's his naun?	3			
— Me das has or oreils. Piercey, piercey, piercey, piercey!	4			
— White eyeluscious and muddyhorsebroth! Pig Pursyriley!	5			
But where do we get off, chiseller?	6			
— Haltstille, Lucas and Dublinn! Vulva! Vulva! Vulva!	7			
Vulva!	8			
— Macdougall, Atlantic City, or his onagrass that is, chuam	9			
and coughan! I would go near identifying you from your stavro-	10			
tides, Jong of Maho, and the weslarias round your yokohahat.	11			
And that O'mulanchonry plucher you have from the worst	12			
curst of Ireland, Glwlwd of the Mghtwg Grwpp, is no use to	13			
you either, Johnny my donkeyschott. Number four, fix up your	14			
spreadeagle and pull your weight!	15			
— Hooshin hom to our regional's hin and the gander of	16			
Hayden. Would ye ken a young stepschuler of psychical chiro-	17			
graphy, the name of Keven, or (let outers pray) Evan Vaughan,	18			
of his Posthorn in the High Street, that was shooing a Guiney	19			
gagag, Poulepinter, that found the dogumen number one, I	20			
would suggest, an illegible downfumbed by an unelgible?	21			
— If I do know sinted sageness? Sometimes he would keep	22			
silent for a few minutes as if in prayer and clasp his forehead and	23			

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during the time he would be thinking to himself and he would	24			
not mind anybody who would be talking to him or crying	25			
stinking fish. But I no way need you, stroke oar nor your quick	26			
handles. Your too farfar a cock of the north there, Matty Armagh,	27			
and your due south so.	28			
— South I see. You're up-in-Leal-Ulster and I'm-free-Down-	29			
in-Easia, this is much better. He is cured by faith who is sick of	30			
fate. The prouts who will invent a writing there ultimately is the	31			
poeta, still more learned, who discovered the raiding there origin-	32			
ally. That's the point of eschatology our book of kills reaches	33			
for now in soandso many counterpoint words. What can't be	34			
coded can be decoded if an ear aye sieze what no eye ere grieved	35			
for. Now, the doctrine obtains, we have occasioning cause caus-	36			
FW483				
ing effects and affects occasionally recausing altereffects. Or I	1			
will let me take it upon myself to suggest to twist the penman's	2			
tale posterwise. The gist is the gist of Shaum but the hand is	3			
the hand of Sameas. Shan - Shim - Schung. There is a strong	4			
suspicion on counterfeit Kevin and we all remember ye in child-	5			
hood's reverye. 'Tis the bells of scandal that gave tune to	6			
grumble over him and someone between me and thee. He would	7			
preach to the two turkies and dipdip all the dindians, this master	8			

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the abbey, and give gold tidings to all that are in the bonze age	9		
of anteprosurrectionism to entrust their easter neappearance	10		
to Borsaiolini's house of hatcraft. He is our sent on the firm.	11		
Now, have you reasonable hesitancy in your mind about him	12		
after fourpriest redmass or are you in your post? Tell me andat	13		
sans dismay. Leap, pard!	14		
— Fierappel putting years on me! Nwo, nwo! This bolt in	15		
hand be my worder! I'll see you moved farther, blarneying	16		
Marcantonio! What cans such wretch to say to I or how have My	17		
to doom with him? We were wombful of mischief and initium-	18		
wise, everliking a liked, hairytop on heeltipper, alpybecca's un-	19		
wachsibles, an ikeson am ikeson, that babe, imprincipially, my	20		
leperd brethern, the Puer, ens innocens of but fifteen primes.	21		
Ya all in your kalblionized so trilustriously standing the real	22		
school, to be upright as his match, healtheous as is egg, saviour	23		
so the salt and good wee braod, parallaling buttyr, did I alter-	24		
mobile him to a flare insiding hogsfat. Been ike hins kinder-	25		
gardien? I know not, O cashla, I am sure offed habitand this	26		
undered heaven, meis enfins, contrasting the first mover, that	27		
father I ascend fromming knows, as I think, caused whom I, a	28		
self the sign, came remaining being dwelling ayr, plage and	29		
watford as to I was eltered impostulance possessing my future	30		
state falling towards thrice myself resting the childhide when	31		
I received the habit following Mezienius connecting Mezosius	32		

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including was verted embracing a palegrim, circumcised my	33			
hairs, Oh laud, and removed my clothes from patristic motives,	34			
meas minimas culpads! Permitting this ick (ickle coon icoocoon)	35			
crouched low entering humble down, dead throe mean scato-	36			
FW484				
logical past, making so smell partaking myself to confess abiding	1			
clean tumbluponing yous octopods, mouthspeech allno finger-	2			
force, owning my mansuetude before him attaching Audeon's	3			
prostratingwards mine sore accompanying my thrain tropps	4			
offering meye eyesalt, what I (the person whomin I now am) did	5			
not do, how he to say essied anding how he was making errand	6			
andanding how he all locutey sunt, why did you, my sixth best	7			
friend, blabber always you would be so delated to back me, then	8			
ersed irredent, toppling Humphrey hugging Nephew, old begge-	9			
laut, designing such post sitting his night office? Annexing then,	10			
producing Saint Momuluius, you snub around enclosing your	11			
moving motion touching the other catachumens continuing say	12			
providing append of signature quoniam you will celebrand my	13			
dirthdags quoniam, concealed a concealer, I am twosides uppish,	14			
a mockbelief insulant, ending none meer hyber irish. Well, chunk	15			
your dimned chink, before avtokinatown, forasmuch as many	16			
have tooken in hand to, I may as well humbly correct that ves-	17			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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pian now in case of temporalities. I've my pockets full comeplay	18			
of you laycreated cardonals, ap rince, ap rowler, ap rancer, ap	19			
rowdey! Improperial! I saved you fore of the Hekkites and you	20			
loosed me hind bland Harry to the burghmote of Aud Dub. I	21			
teachet you in fair time, my elders, the W.X.Y.Z. and P.Q.R.S. of	22			
legatine powers and you, Ailbey and Ciardeclan, I learn, episcop-	23			
ing me altogether, circumdeditioned me. I brought you from the	24			
loupes of Lazary and you have remembered my lapsus langways.	25			
Washywatchywataywatashy! Oirasesheorebukujibun! Wata-	26			
cooshy lot! Mind of poison is. That time thing think! Honorific	27			
remembrance to spit humble makes. My ruridecanal caste is a cut	28			
above you peregrines. Aye vouchu to rumanescu. See the leabhour	29			
of my generations! Has not my master, Theophrastius Spheropneu-	30			
maticus, written that the spirit is from the upper circle? I'm of the	31			
ochlocracy with Prestopher Palumbus and Porvus Parrio. Soa	32			
koa Kelly Terry per Chelly Derry lepossette. Ho look at my	33			
jailbrand Exquovis and sequencias High marked on me fake-	34			
similar in the foreign by Pappagallus and Pumpusmugnus:	35			
ahem! Anglicey: <i>Eggs squawfish lean yoe nun feed marecurious.</i>	36			
FW485				
Sagart can self laud nilobstant to Lowman Catlick's patrician	1			
morning coat of arms with my High tripenniferry cresta and	2			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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caudal mottams: Itch dean: which Gaspey, Otto and Sauer, he	3		
renders: echo stay so! Addressing eat or not eat body Yours	4		
am. And, Mind, praisegad, is the first praisonal Egoname Yod	5		
heard boissboissy in Moy Bog's domesday. Hastan the vista! Or	6		
in alleman: Suck at!	7		
— Suck it yourself, sugarstick! Misha, Yid think whose was	8		
asking to luckat your sore toe or to taste your gaspy, hot and	9		
sour! Ichthyan! Hegvat tosser! Gags be plebsed! Between his	10		
voyous and her consinnantes! Thugg, Dirke and Hacker with	11		
Rose Lankester and Blanche Yorke! Are we speachin d'anglas	12		
landadge or are you sprakin sea Djoytsch? Oy soy, Bleseyblasey,	13		
where to go is knowing remain? Become quantity that discourse	14		
bothersome when what do? Knowing remain? Come back, baddy	15		
wrily, to Bullydamestough! Cum him, buddy rowly, with me!	16		
What about your thruppenny croucher of an old fellow, me boy,	17		
through the ages, tell us, eh? What about Brian's the Vauntand-	18		
onlieme, Master Monk, eh, eh, <i>Spira in Me Domino</i> , spear me	19		
Doyne! Fat prize the bonafide peachumpidgeonlover, eh, eh,	20		
eh, esquire earwugs, escusado, of Jenkins' Area, with his I've Ivy	21		
under his tangué and the hohallo to his dullaphone, before there	22		
was a sound in the world? How big was his boost friend and be	23		
shanghaied to him? The swaaber! The twicer, trifoaled in Wan-	24		
stable! Loud's curse to him! If you hored him outerly as we	25		
harum lubberintly, from morning rice till nightmale, with his	26		

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drums and bones and hums in drones your innereer'd heerdly	27			
heer he. Ho ha hi he hung! Tsing tsing!	28			
— Me no angly mo, me speakee Yellman's lingas. Nicey Doc	29			
Mistel Lu, please! Me no pigey ludiments all same numpa one	30			
Topside Tellmastoly fella. Me pigey savvy a singasong anothel	31			
time. Pleasie, Mista Lukie Walkie! Josadam cowbelly maam	32			
belongame shepullamealahmalong, begolla, Jackinaboss belonga-	33			
she; plentymuch boohoomeo.	34			
— Hell's Confucium and the Elements! Tootoo moohootch!	35			
Thot's never the postal cleric, checking chinchin chat with nip-	36			
FW486				
ponnippers! Halt there sob story to your lambdad's tale! Are	1			
you roman cawthrick 432?	2			
— <i>Quadrigue my yoke.</i>	3			
<i>Triple my tryst.</i>	4			
<i>Tandem my sire.</i>	5			
— History as her is harped. Too the toone your owldfrow lied	6			
of. Tantris, hattrick, tryst and parting, by vowelglide! I feel	7			
your thrilljoy mouths overtspeaking, O dragoman, hands under-	8			
studium. Plunger words what paddle verbed. Mere man's mime:	9			
God has jest. The old order changeth and lasts like the first.	10			
Every third man has a chink in his conscience and every other	11			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

woman has a jape in her mind. Now, fix on the little fellow in my	12			
eye, Minucius Mandrake, and follow my little psychosinology,	13			
poor armer in slingslang. Now I, the lord of Tuttu, am placing	14			
that inital T square of burial jade upright to your temple a	15			
moment. Do you see anything, templar?	16			
— I see a blackfrinch pliestrycook . . . who is carrying on	17			
his brainpan . . . a cathedral of lovejelly for his . . . <i>Tiens</i> , how	18			
he is like somebodies!	19			
— Pious, a pious person. What sound of tistress isoless my	20			
ear? I horizont the same, this serpe with ramshead, and lay it	21			
lightly to your lip a little. What do you feel, liplove?	22			
— I feel a fine lady . . . floating on a stillstream of	23			
isisglass . . . with gold hair to the bed . . . and white arms to the	24			
twinklers . . . O la la!	25			
— Purely, in a pure manner. O, sey but swift and still a vain	26			
essaying! Trothed today, trenned tomorrow. I invert the initial	27			
of your tripartite and sign it sternly, and adze to girdle, on your	28			
breast. What do you hear, breastplate?	29			
— I ahear of a hopper behidin the door slappin his feet in a	30			
pool of bran.	31			
— Bellax, acting like a bellax. And so the triptych vision	32			
passes. Out of a hillside into a hillside. Fairshee fading. Again	33			
am I deliciated by the picaresqueness of your irmages. Now,	34			
the oneir urge iterimpellant, I feel called upon to ask did it	35			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

22

ever occur to you, <i>qua</i> you, prior to this, by a stretch of	36			
FW487				
your iberborealic imagination, when it's quicker than this quack-	1			
ing that you might, bar accidens, be very largely substituted in	2			
potential secession from your next life by a complementary char-	3			
acter, voices apart? Upjack! I shudder for your thought! Think!	4			
Put from your mind that and take on trust this. The next word	5			
depends on your answer.	6			
— I'm thinking to, thogged be thenked! I was just trying to	7			
think when I thought I felt a flea. I might have. I cannot say for	8			
it is of no significance at all. Once or twice when I was in odin-	9			
burgh with my addlefoes, Jake Jones, the handscabby, when I	10			
thinkled I wore trying on my garden substisuit, boy's apert, at	11			
my nexword nighboor's, and maybe more largely nor you	12			
quosh yet you, messmate, realise. A few times, so to shape, I chanced	13			
to be stretching, in the shadow as I thought, the liferight out	14			
of myself in my ericulous imagining. I felt feeling a half Scotch	15			
and pottage like rounge my middle ageing like Bewley in the	16			
baste so that I indicate out to myself and I swear my gots how	17			
that I'm not meself at all, no jolly fear, when I realise bimiselves	18			
how becomingly I to be going to become.	19			
— O, is that the way with you, you craythur? In the becom-	20			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

ing was the weared, wontnat! Hood maketh not frere. The voice	21			
is the voice of jokeup, I fear. Are you imitation Roma now or	22			
Amor now. You have all our empathies, eh, Mr Trickpat, if you	23			
don't mind, that is, aside from sings and mush, answering to my	24			
straight question?	25			
— God save the monk! I won't mind this is, answering to	26			
your strict crossqueets, whereas it would be as unethical for me	27			
now to answer as it would have been nonsensical for you then	28			
not to have asked. Same no can, home no will, gangin I am.	29			
Gangang is Mine and I will return. Out of my name you call me,	30			
Leelander. But in my shelter you'll miss me. When Lapac walks	31			
backwards he's darkest horse in Capalisoot. You knew me once	32			
but you won't know me twice. I am <i>simpliciter arduus</i> , ars of	33			
the schoo, Freeday's child in loving and thieving.	34			
— My child, know this! Some portion of that answer appears	35			
to have been token by you from the writings of Saint Synodius,	36			
FW488				
that first liar. Let us hear, therefore, as you honour and obey the	1			
queen, whither the indwellingness of that which shamefieth be	2			
entwined of one or atoned of two. Let us hear, Art simplicissime!	3			
— Dearly beloved brethren: Bruno and Nola, leymon bogholders	4			
and stationary lifepartners off orangey Saint Nessau Street, were	5			

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explaining it avicendas all round each other ere yesterweek out	6		
of Ibn Sen and Ipanzussch. When himupon Nola Bruno mono-	7		
polises his egobruno most unwillingly seses by the mortal powers	8		
aliona equal and opposite brunoipso, <i>id est</i> , eternally provoking	9		
alio opposite equally as provoked as Bruno at being eternally	10		
opposed by Nola. Poor omniboose, singalow singelearum: so	11		
is he!	12		
— One might hear in their beyond that lionroar in the air	13		
again, the zoohoooom of Felin make Call. Bruin goes to Noble,	14		
aver who is? If is itsen? Or you mean Nolans but Volans, an	15		
alibi, do you Mutemalice, suffering unegoistically from the singular	16		
but positively enjoying on the plural? Dustify of that sole, you	17		
breather! Ruemember, blither, thou must lie!	18		
— Oyessoyess! I never dramped of prebeing a postman but	19		
I mean in ostralian someplace, mulds deeply belubdead; my	20		
allaboy brother, Negoist Cabler, of this city, whom 'tis better	21		
ne'er to name, my said brother, the skipgod, expelled for	22		
looking at churches from behind, who is sender of the Hullo	23		
Eve Cenograph in prose and worse every Allso's night. High	24		
Brazil Brandan's Deferred, midden Erse clare language, Nought-	25		
noughtnought nein. Assass. Dublire, per Neuropaths. Punk.	26		
Starving today plays punk opening tomorrow two plays punk	27		
wire splosh how two plays punk Cabler. Have you forgotten	28		
poor Alby Sobrinos, Geoff, you blighter, identifiable by the	29		

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

25

necessary white patch on his rear? How he went to his swilters-	30			
land after his lungs, my sad late brother, before his coglionial	31			
expansion? Won't you join me in a small halemerry, a bottle of	32			
the best, for wellmet Capeler, united Irishmen, what though pre-	33			
ferring the stranger, the coughs and the itches and the minnies	34			
and the ratties the opulose and bilgenses, for of his was the	35			
patriots mistaken. The heart that wast our Graw McGree!	36			
FW489				
Yet be there some who mourn him, concluding him dead,	1			
and more there be that wait astand. His fuchs up the staires	2			
and the ladgers in his haire, he ought to win that V.V.C.	3			
Fullgrapce for an endupper, half muxy on his whole! Would	4			
he were even among the lost! From ours bereft beyond be-	5			
longs. Oremus poor fraternibus that he may yet escape the	6			
gallews and still remain ours faithfully departed. I wronged you.	7			
I never want to see more of bad men but I want to learn from	8			
any on the airse, like Tass with much thanks, here's ditto, if	9			
he lives sameplace in the antipathies of austrasia or anywhere	10			
with my fawngest on his hooshmoney, safe and damned, or	11			
has hopped it or who can throw any lime on the sopjack,	12			
my fond fosther, E. Obiit Nolan, The Workings, N.S.W.,	13			
his condition off the Venerable Jerrybuilt, not belonging to	14			

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these parts, who, I remember ham to me, when we were like	15			
bro and sis over our castor and porridge, with his roamin I	16			
suppose, expecting for his clarenx negus, a teetotum abstainer.	17			
He feels he ought to be as asamed of me as me to be ashunned of	18			
him. We were in one class of age like to two clots of egg. I am	19			
most beholding to him, my namesick, as we sayed it in our Am-	20			
harican, through the Doubly Telewisher. Outpassed hearts wag	21			
short pertimes. Worndown shoes upon his feet, to whose re-	22			
dress no tongue can tell! In his hands a boot! Spare me, do, a	23			
copper or two and happy I'll hope you'll be! It will pleased	24			
me behind with thanks from before and love to self and all I	25			
remain here your truly friend. I am no scholar but I loved that	26			
man who has africot lupps with the moonshane in his profile,	27			
my shemblable! My freer! I call you my halfbrother because	28			
you in your soberer otiumic moments remind me deeply of my	29			
natural saywhen brothel in feed, hop and jollity, S. H. Devitt,	30			
that benighted irismaimed, who is tearly belaboured by Sydney	31			
and Alibany.	32			
— As you sing it it's a study. That letter selfpenned to one's	33			
other, that neverperfect everplanned?	34			
— This nonday diary, this allnights newseryreel.	35			
— My dear sir! In this wireless age any owl rooster can peck	36			
FW490				

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up bostoons. But whoewaxed he so anquished? Was he vector	1			
victored of victim vexed?	2			
— Mighty sure! Way way for his wehicul! A parambolator	3			
ram into his bagsmall when he was reading alawd, with two eco-	4			
lites and he's been failing of that kink in his arts over sense.	5			
— Madonagh and Chiel, idealist leading a double life! But who,	6			
for the brilliance of brothers, is the Nolan as appearant nominally?	7			
— Mr Nolan is pronuminally Mr Gottgab.	8			
— I get it. By hearing his thing about a person one begins to	9			
place him for a certain in true. You reeker, he stands pat for	10			
you before a direct object in the feminine. I see. By maiden	11			
sname. Now, I am earnestly asking you, and putting it as	12			
between this yohou and that houmonymh, will just you search	13			
through your gabgut memoirs for all of two minutes for this	14			
impersonating pronolan, fairhead on foulshoulders. Would it be	15			
in twofold truth an untaken mispatriate, too fullfully true and	16			
rereally a doblinganger much about your own medium with a	17			
sandy whiskers? Poke me nabs in the ribs and pick the erstwort	18			
out of his mouth.	19			
— Treble Stauter of Holy Baggot Street, formerly Sword-	20			
meat, who I surpassed him lately for four and six bringing home	21			
the Christmas, as heavy as music, hand to eyes on the peer for	22			
Noel's Arch, in blessed foster's place is doing the dirty on me	23			

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with his tantrums and all these godforgiven kilowatts I'd be	24			
better off without. She's write to him she's levt by me, Jenny	25			
Rediviva! Toot! Detter for you, Mr Nobru. Toot toot! Better for	26			
you, Mr Anol! This is the way we. Of a redtetterday morning.	27			
— When your contraman from Tuwarceathay is looking for	28			
righting that is not a good sign? Not?	29			
— I speak truly, it's a shower sign that it's not.	30			
— What though it be for the sow of his heart? If even she	31			
were a good pool Pegeen?	32			
— If she ate your windowsill you wouldn't say sow.	33			
— Would you be surprised after that my asking have you a	34			
bull, a bosbully, with a whistle in his tail to scare other birds?	35			
— I would.	36			
FW491				
— Were you with Sindy and Sandy attending Goliath, a bull?	1			
— You'd make me sag what you like to. I was intending a	2			
funeral. Simply and samply.	3			
— They are too wise of solbing their silbings?	4			
— And both croon to the same theme.	5			
— Tugbag is Baggut's, when a crispin sokolist besoops juts	6			
kamps or clapperclaws an irvingite offthedocks. A luckchange, I	7			
see. Thinking young through the muddleage spread, the moral	8			

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fat his mental leans on. We can cop that with our straat that is	9		
called corkscrewed. It would be the finest boulevard billy for a	10		
mile in every direction, from Lismore to Cape Brendan, Patrick's,	11		
if they took the bint out of the mittle of it. You told of a tryst	12		
too, two a tutu. I wonder now, without releasing seeklets of the	13		
alcove, turturs or raabraabs, have I heard mention of whose name	14		
anywhere? Mallowlane or Demasch? Strike us up either end	15		
<i>Have You Erred off Van Homper or Ebell Teresa Kane.</i>	16		
— <i>Marak! Marak! Marak!</i>	17		
<i>He drapped has draraks an Mansianhase parak</i>	18		
<i>And he had ta barraw tha watarcross shartclaths aff the ark-</i>	19		
<i>bashap af Yarak!</i>	20		
— Braudribnob's on the bummel?	21		
— And lillypets on the lea.	22		
— A being again in becomings again. From the sallies to	23		
the allies through their central power?	24		
— Pirce! Perce! Quick! Queck!	25		
— O Tara's thrush, the sharepusher! And he said he was only	26		
taking the average grass temperature for green Thursday, the	27		
blutchy scaliger! Who you know the musselman, his muscle-	28		
mum and mistlemam? Maomi, Mamie, My Mo Mum! He loves	29		
a drary lane. Feel Phylliscitations to daff Mr Hairwigger who	30		
has just hadded twinned little curls! He was resting between	31		
horrockses' sheets, wailing for white warfare, prooboor welsht-	32		

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breton, and unbiassed by the embarrassment of disposal but, the	33			
first woking day, by Thunder, he stepped into the breach and put	34			
on his recriution trousers and riding apron in Baltic Bygrad, the	35			
old soggy, was when the bold bhuoys of Iran wouldn't join up.	36			
FW492				
— How voice you that, nice Sandy man? Not large goodman	1			
is he, Sandy nice. Ask him this one minute upthrow inner lotus	2			
of his burly ear womit he dropped his Bass's to P flat. And for	3			
that he was allaughed? And then baited? The whole gammat?	4			
— Loonacied! Marterdyed!! Madwakemiherculossed!!! Ju-	5			
dascessed!!!! Pairaskivvymenassed!!!!!! Luredogged!!!!!! And,	6			
needatellye, faulscrescendied!!!!!!!	7			
— Dias domnas! Dolled to dolthood? And Annie Delittle,	8			
his daintree diva, in deltic dwilights, singing him henpecked rusish	9			
through the bars? My Wolossay's wild as the Crasnian Sea!	10			
Grabashag, groogy, scoop and I'll cure ye! Mother of emeralds,	11			
ara poog neighbours!	12			
— Capilla, Rubrilla and Melcamomilla! Dauby, dauby, with-	13			
out dulay! Well, I beg to traverse same above statement by saxy	14			
luters in their back haul of Coalcutter what reflects upon my	15			
administrants of slow poisoning as my dodear devere revered	16			
mainhirr was confined to guardroom, I hindustand, by my pint	17			

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of his Filthered pilsens bottle due to Zenaphiah Holwell, H and	18			
J. C. S, Which I was bringing up my quee parapotacarry's orders	19			
in my sedown chair with my mudfacepacket from my cash	20			
chemist and family drugger, Surager Dowling, V.S. to our aural	21			
surgeon, Afamado Hairductor Achmed Borumborad, M.A.C.A,	22			
Sahib, of a 1001 Ombrilla Street, Syringa padham, Alleypulley, to	23			
see what was my watergood, my mesical wasserguss, for repairs	24			
done by bollworm in the rere of pilch knickers, seven yerds to	25			
his galandhar pole on perch, together with his for me unfillable	26			
slopper, property of my deeply forfear revebereared, who is costing	27			
us mostfortunes which I am writing in mepetition to Kavanagh	28			
Djanaral, when he was sitting him humpbacked in dry dryfilthy-	29			
heat to his trinidads pinslers at their orpentings, entailing a	30			
laxative tendency to mary, especially with him being forbidden	31			
fruit and certified by his sexular clergy to have as badazmy	32			
emotional volvular, with a basketful of priests crossing the	33			
singorgeous to aroint him with tummy moor's maladies, and	34			
thereinafter liable to succumb when served with letters potent	35			
below the belch, if my rupee repure riputed husbandship H.R.R.	36			
FW493				
took a brief one in his shirtsails out of the alleged given mineral,	1			
telling me see his in Foraignghistan sambat papers Sunday feac-	2			

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tures of a welcomed aperrytiff with vallad of Erill Pearcey O	3			
he never battered one eagle's before paying me his duty on my	4			
annaversary to the parroteyes list in my nil ensemble, in his lazy-	5			
chair but he hidded up my hemifaces in all my mayarannies and	6			
he locked plum into my mirrymouth like Ysamasy morning in	7			
the end of time, with the so light's hope on his ruddychecks and	8			
rawjaws and, my charmer, whom I dipped my hand in, he simply	9			
showed me his propendiculous loadpoker, Seaserpents hisses	10			
sissastones, which was as then is produced in his mansway by	11			
this wisest of the Vikramadityationists, with the remere remind	12			
remure remark, in his gulughurutty: Yran for parasites with rum	13			
for the turkeycockeys so Lithia, M.D., as this is for Snooker,	14			
bort!	15			
— Which was said by whom to whom?	16			
— It wham. But whim I can't whumember.	17			
— Fantasy! funtasy on fantasy, amnaes fintasies! And there is	18			
nihil nuder under the clothing moon. When Ota, weewahrwificle	19			
of Torquells, bumpsed her dumpsydiddle down in her woolsark	20			
she mode our heuteyleutey girlery of peerlesses to set up in all	21			
their bombossities of feudal fiertey, fanned, flounced and frangi-	22			
panned, while the massstab whereby Ephialtes has exceeded is the	23			
measure, <i>simplex mendaciis</i> , by which our Outis cuts his thruth.	24			
Arkaway now!	25			
— Yerds and nudes say ayes and noes! Vide! Vide!	26			

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— Let Eivin bemember for Gates of Gold for their fadeless	27			
suns berayed her. Irise, Osirises! Be thy mouth given unto thee!	28			
For why do you lack a link of luck to poise a pont of perfect,	29			
peace? On the vignetto is a ragingoos. The overseer of the house	30			
of the oversire of the seas, Nu-Men, triumphant, sayeth: Fly as	31			
the hawk, cry as the corncrake, Ani Latch of the postern is thy	32			
name; shout!	33			
— My heart, my mother! My heart, my coming forth of	34			
darkness! They know not my heart, O coolun dearast! Mon	35			
gloomerie! Mon glamourie! What a surpraise, dear Mr Preacher,	36			
FW494				
I to hear from your strawnummical modesty! Yes, there was	1			
that skew arch of chrome sweet home, floodlit up above the	2			
flabberghosted farmament and bump where the camel got the	3			
needle. Talk about iridecencies! Ruby and beryl and chrysolite,	4			
jade, sapphire, jasper and lazul.	5			
— Orca Bellona! Heavencry at earthcall, etnat athos? Extinct	6			
your vulcanology for the lava of Moltens!	7			
— It's you not me's in erupting, hecklar!	8			
— Ophiuchus being visible above thorizon, muliercula oc-	9			
cluded by Satarn's serpent ring system, the pisciolinnies Nova	10			
Ardonis and Prisca Parthenopea, are a bonnies feature in the	11			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

northern sky. Ers, Mores and Merkery are surgents below the rim	12		
of the Zenith Part while Arctura, Anatolia, Hesper and Mesembria	13		
weep in their mansions over Noth, Haste, Soot and Waste.	14		
— Apep and Uachet! Holy snakes, chase me charley, Eva's	15		
got barley under her fluencies! The Ural Mount he's on the	16		
move and he'll quivvy her with his strombolo! Waddlewurst,	17		
the bag of tow, as broad above as he is below! Creeping	18		
through the liongrass and bullsrusshius, the obesendean, before	19		
the Empfang de Maurya's class, in Bill Shasser's Shotshrift writing	20		
academy, camouflaged as a blancmange and maple syrup! Obei-	21		
sance so their sitinins is the follicity of this Orp! Her sheik to	22		
Slave, his dick to Dave and the fat of the land to Guygas. The	23		
treadmill pebbledropper haha halfahead overground and she'd	24		
only chitschats in her spanking bee bonetry, Allapolloosa! Up the	25		
slanger! Three cheers and a heva heva for the name Dan Magraw!	26		
— The giant sun is in his emanence but which is chief of those	27		
white dwarfees of which he ever is surabanded? And do you think	28		
I might have being his seventh! He will kitssle me on melbaw.	29		
What about his age? says you. What about it? says I. I will	30		
confess to his sins and blush me further. I would misdemean to	31		
rebuke to the libels of snots from the fleshambles, the canalles.	32		
Synamite is too good for them. Two overthirties in shore shor-	33		
ties. She's askapot at Nile Lodge and she's citchincarry at the	34		
left Mrs Hamazum's. Will you warn your old habasund, barking	35		

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at baggermen, his chokefull chewing his chain? Responsif you	36			
FW495				
plais. The said Sully, a barracker associated with tinkers, the	1			
blackhand, Shovellevans, wreuter of annoyingmost letters and	2			
skirriless ballets in Parsee Franch who is Magrath's thug and	3			
smells cheaply of Power's spirits, like a deepsea dibbler, and he is	4			
not fit enough to throw guts down to a bear. Sylphling me	5			
when is a maid nought a maid he would go to anyposs length	6			
for her! So long, Sulleyman! If they cut his nose on the stitcher	7			
they had their siven good reasons. Here's to the leglift of my	8			
snuff and trout stockangt henkerchoff, orange fin with a mosaic	9			
of dispensations and a froren black patata, from my church milli-	10			
ner. When Lynch Brother, Withworkers, Friends and Company	11			
with T. C. King and the Warden of Galway is prepared to	12			
stretch him sacred by the powers to the starlight, L.B.W. Hemp,	13			
hemp, hurray! says the captain in the moonlight. I could put	14			
him under my pallyass and slepp on him all nights as I would	15			
roll myself for holy poly over his borrowing places. How we will	16			
make laugh over him together, me and my Riley in the Vickar's	17			
bed! Quink! says I. He cawls to me Granny-stream-Auborne	18			
when I am hiding under my hair from him and I cool him my	19			
Finnyking he's so joyant a bounder. Plunk! said he. Inasmuch	20			

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as I am delightful to be able to state, with the joy of lifing in my	21			
forty winkers, that a handsome sovereign was freely pledged	22			
in their pennis in the sluts maschine, alonging wath a cherry-	23			
wickerkishabrack of maryfruit under Shadow La Rose, to both	24			
the legintimate lady performers of display unquestionable, Elsebett	25			
and Marryetta Gunning, H ₂ O, by that noblesse of leechers at	26			
his Saxontannery with motto in Wwalshe's ffrenchllatin: O'Neill	27			
saw Queen Molly's pants: and much admired engraving, meaning	28			
complet manly parts during alleged recent act of our chief	29			
mergey margey magistrades, five itches above the kneecap, as	30			
required by statues. V.I.C.5.6. If you won't release me stop to	31			
please me up the leg of me. Now you see! Respect. S.V.P.	32			
Your wife. Amn. Anm. Amm. Ann.	33			
— You wish to take us, Frui Mria, by degrees, as <i>artis litterarum-</i>	34			
<i>que patrona</i> but I am afraid, my poor woman of that same	35			
name, what with your silvanes and your salvines, you are misled.	36			
FW496				
— Alas for livings' pledjures!	1			
— Lordy Daw and Lady Don! Uncle Foozle and Aunty	2			
Jack! Sure, that old humbugger was boycotted and girlcutedd	3			
in debt and doom, on hill and haven, even by the show-the-flag	4			
flotilla, as I'm given now to understand, illscribed in all the	5			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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gratuitouses and conspued in the takeyourhandaways. Bumbty,	6			
tumbty, Sot on a Wall, Mute art for the Million. There wasn't an	7			
Archimandrite of Dane's Island and the townlands nor a minx	8			
from the Isle of Woman nor a one of the four cantins nor any on	9			
the whole wheel of his ecunemical conciliabulum nor nogent	10			
ingen meid on allad the hold scurface of the jorth would come	11			
next or nigh him, Mr Eelwhipper, seed and nursery man, or	12			
his allgas bumgalowre, <i>Auxilium Meum Solo A Domino</i> (Amsad),	13			
for rime or ration, from piles or faces, after that.	14			
— All ears did wag, old Eire wake as Piers Aurell was flapper-	15			
gangsted.	16			
— Recount!	17			
— I have it here to my fingall's ends. This liggy piggy wanted	18			
to go to the jampot. And this leggy peggy spelt pea. And theese	19			
lucky puckers played at pooping tooletom. Ma's da. Da's ma.	20			
Madas. Sadam.	21			
— <i>Pater patruum cum filiabus familiarum</i> . Or, but, now, and,	22			
ariring out of her mirgery margery watersheads and, to change	23			
that subjunct from the traumaturgid for once in a while and dart-	24			
ing back to stuff, if so be you may identify yourself with the him	25			
in you, that fluctuous neck merchamtur, bloodfadder and milk-	26			
mudder, since then our too many of her, Abha na Lifé, and getting	27			
on to dadaddy again, as them we're ne'er free of, was he in tea	28			
e'er he went on the bier or didn't he ontime do something seemly	29			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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heavy in sugar? He sent out Christy Columb and he came back	30			
with a jailbird's unbespokables in his beak and then he sent out	31			
Le Caron Crow and the peacies are still looking for him. The	32			
seeker from the swayed, the beesabouties from the parent swarm.	33			
Speak to the right! Rotacist ca canny! He caun ne'er be bothered	34			
but maun e'er be waked. If there is a future in every past that is	35			
present <i>Quis est qui non novit quinnigan</i> and <i>Qui quae quot at</i>	36			
FW497				
<i>Quinnigan's Quake!</i> Stump! His producers are they not his con-	1			
sumers? Your exagmination round his factification for incam-	2			
ination of a warping process. Declaim!	3			
— Arra irrara hirrara man, weren't they arriving in clansdes-	4			
tinies for the Imbandiment of <i>Ad Regias Agni Dapes</i> , fogabawlers	5			
and panhibernskers, after the crack and the lean years, scalpjaggers	6			
and houthhunters, like the messicals of the great god, a scarlet	7			
trainful, the Twoedged Petrard, totalling, leggats and prelaps, in	8			
their aggregate ages two and thirty plus undecimmed centries	9			
of them with insiders, extraomnes and tuttifrutties allcunct, from	10			
Rathgar, Rathanga, Rountown and Rush, from America Avenue	11			
and Asia Place and the Affrian Way and Europa Parade and be-	12			
sogar the wallies of Noo Soch Wilds and from Vico, Mespil	13			
Rock and Sorrento, for the lure of his weal and the fear of his	14			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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oppidumic, to his salon de espera in the keel of his kraal, like	15			
lodes of ores flocking fast to Mount Maximagnetic, afeerd he was	16			
a gunner but affaird to stay away, Merrionites, Dumstdumb-	17			
drummers, Luccanicans, Ashtoumers, Batterysby Parkes and	18			
Krumlin Boyards, Phillipsburgs, Cabraists and Finglossies,	19			
Ballymunites, Raheniacs and the bettlers of Clontarf, for to con-	20			
template in manifest and pay their firstrate duties before the both	21			
of him, twelve stone a side, with their <i>Thieve le Roué!</i> and their	22			
<i>Shvr yr Thrst!</i> and their <i>Uisgye ad Inferos!</i> and their <i>Usque ad</i>	23			
<i>Ebbraios!</i> at and in the licensed boosiness primises of his del-	24			
hightful bazar and reunited magazine hall, by the magazine wall,	25			
Hosty's and Co, Exports, for his five hundredth and sixtysixth	26			
borthday, the grand old Magennis Mor, Persee and Rahli, taker	27			
of the tributes, their Rinseky Poppakork and Piowtor the Grape,	28			
holding Dunker's durbar, boot kings and indiarubber umpires	29			
and shawhs from paisley and muftis in muslim and sultana	30			
reiseines and jordan almonders and a row of jam sahibs and a	31			
odd princepeza in her pettedcoat and the queen of knight's clubs	32			
and the claddagh ringleaders and the two salaames and the Halfa	33			
Ham and the Hanzas Khan with two fat Maharashers and the	34			
German selver geyser and he polished up, protemptible, tintanam-	35			
bulating to himsilf so silfrich, and there was J. B. Dunlop, the	36			
FW498				

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

40

best tyrent of ourish times, and a swanks of French wine stuarts	1			
and Tudor keepsakes and the Cesarevitch for the current coun-	2			
ter Leodegarius Sant Legerleger riding lapsaddlelonglegs up the	3			
oaks staircase on muleback like Amaxodias Isteroproto, hind-	4			
quarters to the fore and kick to the lift, and he handygrabbed on	5			
to his trulley natural anthem: <i>Horsibus, keep your tailup</i> , and	6			
as much as the halle of the vacant fhronerroom, Oldloafs	7			
Buttery, could safely accomodate of the houses of Orange and	8			
Betters M.P, permeated by Druids D.P, Brehons B.P, and	9			
Flawhoolags F.P, and Agiapommenites A.P, and Antepum-	10			
melites P.P, and Ulster Kong and Munster's Herald with	11			
Athclee Ensigning and Athlone Poursuivant and his Imperial	12			
Catching, his fain awan, and his gemmynosed sanctsons	13			
in epheud and ordilawn and his diamondskulled granddaucher,	14			
Adamantaya Liubokovskva, all murdering Irish, amok and	15			
amak, out of their boom companions in paunchjab and dogril	16			
and pammel and gougerotty, after plenty of his fresh stout and	17			
his good balls of malt, not to forget his oels a'mona nor his beers	18			
o'ryely, sopped down by his pani's annagolorum, (at Kennedy's	19			
kiln she kned her dough, back of her bake for me, buns!) social-	20			
izing and communicanting in the deification of his members, for	21			
to nobble or salvage their herobit of him, the poohpooher old	22			
bolssloose, with his arthurious clayroses, Dodderick Ogonoch	23			

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Wrack, busted to the wurld at large, on the table round, with the	24			
floodlight switched back, as true as the Vernons have Brian's	25			
sword, and a dozen and one by one tilly tallows round in ring-	26			
campf, circumassembled by his daughters in the foregiftness of	27			
his sons, lying high as he lay in all dimensions, in court dress and	28			
ludmers chain, with a hogo, fluorescent of his swathings, round	29			
him, like the cummulium of scents in an italian warehouse, erica's	30			
clustered on his hayir, the spectrem of his prisent mocking the	31			
candiedights of his dadtid, bagpuddingpodded to the deafspot,	32			
bewept of his chilidrin and serafim, poors and personalities, ven-	33			
turous, drones and dominators, ancients and auldancients, with	34			
his buttend up, expositoed for sale after referee's inspection,	35			
bulgy and blowrious, bunged to ignorious, healed cured and	36			
FW499				
embalsemate, pending a rouseruuction of his bogey, most highly	1			
astounded, as it turned up, after his life overlasting, at thus being	2			
reduced to nothing.	3			
— Bappy-go-gully and gaff for us all! And all his morties	4			
calisenic, tripping a trepas, neniawantyng: Mulo Mulelo! Homo	5			
Humilo! Dauncy a deady O! Dood dood dood! O Bawse! O	6			
Boese! O Muerther! O Mord! Mahmato! Moutmaro! O Smir-	7			
tsch! O Smertz! Woh Hillill! Woe Hallall! Thou Thuoni! Thou	8			

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Thaunaton! Umartir! Udamnor! Tschitt! Mergue! Eulumu!	9			
Huam Khuam! Malawinga! Malawunga! Ser Oh Ser! See ah	10			
See! Hamovs! Hemoves! Mamor! Rockquiem eternuel give donal	11			
aye in dolmeny! Bad luck's perpepperpot loosen his eyis! (Psich!).	12			
— But there's leps of flam in Funnycoon's Wick. The keyn	13			
has passed. Lung lift the keying!	14			
— God save you king! Muster of the Hidden Life!	15			
— God serf yous kingly, adipose rex! I had four in the morn-	16			
ing and a couple of the lunch and three later on, but your saouls	17			
to the dhaoul, do ye. Finnk. Fime. Fudd?	18			
— Impassable tissue of improbable liyers! D'yu mean to sett	19			
there where y'are now, coddlin your supernumerary leg, wi'that	20			
bizar tongue in yur talkshap, and your hindies and shindies, like a	21			
muck in a market, Sorley boy, repeating yurself, and tell me that?	22			
— I mean to sit here on this altknoll where you are now,	23			
Surly guy, replete in myself, as long as I live, in my homespins,	24			
like a sleepingtop, with all that's buried ofsins insince insensed	25			
insidesofme. If I can't upset this pound of pressed ollaves I can	26			
sit up zounds of sounds upon him.	27			
— Oliver! He may be an earthpresence. Was that a groan or	28			
did I hear the Dingle bagpipes Wasting war and? Watch!	29			
— <i>Tris tris a ni ma mea!</i> Prisoner of Love! Bleating Hart!	30			
Lowlaid Herd! Aubain Hand! Wonted Foot! <i>Usque! Usque!</i>	31			
<i>Usque! Lignum in . . .</i>	32			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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— Rawth of Gar and Donnerbruck Fire? Is the strays world	33			
moving mound or what static babel is this, tell us?	34			
— Whoishe whoishe whoishe whoishe linking in? Whoishe	35			
whoishe whoishe?	36			
FW500				
— The snare drum! Lay yer lug till the groun. The dead giant	1			
manalive! They're playing thimbles and bodkins. Clan of the	2			
Gael! Hop! Whu's within?	3			
— Dovegall and finshark, they are ring to the rescune!	4			
— Zinzin. Zinzin.	5			
— Crum abu! Cromwell to victory!	6			
— We'll gore them and gash them and gun them and gloat on	7			
them.	8			
— Zinzin.	9			
— O, widows and orphans, it's the yeomen! Redshanks for	10			
ever! Up Lancs!	11			
— The cry of the roedeer it is! The white hind. Their slots,	12			
linklink, the hound hunthorning! Send us and peace! Title! Title!	13			
— Christ in our irish times! Christ on the airs independence!	14			
Christ hold the freedman's chareman! Christ light the dully	15			
expressed!	16			
— Slog slaght and sluaghter! Rape the daughter! Choke the	17			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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pope!	18			
— Aure! Cloudy father! Unsure! Nongood!	19			
— Zinzin.	20			
— Sold! I am sold! Brinabride! My ersther! My sidster!	21			
Brinabride, goodbye! Brinabride! I sold!	22			
— Pipette dear! Us! Us! Me! Me!	23			
— Fort! Fort! Bayroyt! March!	24			
— Me! I'm true. True! Isolde. Pipette. My precious!	25			
— Zinzin.	26			
— Brinabride, bet my price! Brinabride!	27			
— My price, my precious?	28			
— Zin.	29			
— Brinabride, my price! When you sell get my price!	30			
— Zin.	31			
— Pipette! Pipette, my priceless one!	32			
— O! Mother of my tears! Believe for me! Fold thy son!	33			
— Zinzin. Zinzin.	34			
— Now we're gettin it. Tune in and pick up the forain	35			
counties! Hello!	36			
FW501				
— Zinzin.	1			
— Hello! Tittit! Tell your title?	2			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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— Abridge!	3			
— Hellohello! Ballymacarett! Am I thru' Iss? Miss? True?	4			
— Tit! What is the ti . . ?	5			
SILENCE.	6			
Act drop. Stand by! Blinders! Curtain up. Juice, please! Footh!	7			
— Hello! Are you Cigar shank and Wheat?	8			
— I gotye. Gobble Ann's Carrot Cans.	9			
— Parfey. Now, after that justajiff siesta, just permit me a	10			
moment. Challenger's Deep is childspaly to this but, by our	11			
soundings in the swish channels, land is due. A truce to demobbed	12			
swarwords. Clear the line, priority call! Sybil! Better that or	13			
this? Sybil Head this end! Better that way? Follow the baby spot.	14			
Yes. Very good now. We are again in the magnetic field. Do	15			
you remember on a particular lukesummer night, following a	16			
crying fair day? Moisten your lips for a lightning strike and begin	17			
again. Mind the flickers and dimmers! Better?	18			
— Well. The isles is Thymes. The ales is Penzance. Vehement	19			
Genral. Delhi expulsed.	20			
— Still calling of somewhave from its specific? Not more?	21			
Lesscontinuous. There were fires on every bald hill in holy	22			
Ireland that night. Better so?	23			
— You may say they were, son of a cove!	24			

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— Were they bonfires? That clear?	25			
— No other name would at all befit them unless that. Bona-	26			
fieries! With their blue beards streaming to the heavens.	27			
— Was it a high white night now?	28			
— Whitest night mortal ever saw.	29			
— Was our lord of the heights nigh our lady of the valley?	30			
— He was hosting himself up and flosting himself around and	31			
ghosting himself to merry her murmur like an andeanupper	32			
balkan.	33			
— Lewd's carol! Was there rain by any chance, mistandew?	34			
FW502				
— Plenty. If you wend farranoch.	1			
— There fell some fall of littlewinter snow, holy-as-ivory,	2			
I gather, jesse?	3			
— By snaachtha clocka. The nicest at all. In hilly-and-even	4			
zimalayars.	5			
— Did it not blow some gales, westnass or ostscent, rather	6			
strongly to less, allin humours out of turn, jusse as they rose and	7			
sprungen?	8			
— Out of all jokes it did. Pipep! Icecold. Brr na brr, ny prr!	9			
Lieto galumphantes!	10			
— Still cllng! Nmr! Peace, Pacific! Do you happen to recollect	11			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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whether Muna, that highlucky nacket, was shining at all?	12			
— Sure she was, my midday darling! And not one but a pair	13			
of pritty geallachers.	14			
— Quando? Quonda? Go datey!	15			
— Latearly! Latearly! Latearly! Latearly!	16			
— That was latterlig certainly. And was there frostwork	17			
about and thick weather and hice, soon calid, soon frozen, cold on	18			
warm but moistly dry, and a boatshaped blanket of bruma air-	19			
sighs and hellstohns and flammballs and vodashouts and every-	20			
thing to please everybody?	21			
— Hail many fell of greats! Horey morey smother of fog!	22			
There was, so plays your ahrties. Absolutely boiled.	23			
Obsoletely cowled. Julie and Lulie at their parkiest.	24			
— The amenities, the amenities of the amenities with all their	25			
amenities. And the firmness of the formous of the famous of the	26			
fumous of the first fog in Maidanvale?	27			
— Catchecatche and couchamed!	28			
— From Miss Somer's nice dream back to Mad Winthrop's	29			
delugium stramens. One expects that kind of rimey feeling in the	30			
sire season?	31			
— One certainly does. Desire, for hire, would tire a shire,	32			
phone, phunkel, or wire. And mares.	33			
— Of whitecaps any?	34			
— Foamflakes flockfuyant from Foxrock to Finglas.	35			

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— A lambskip for the marines! Paronama! The entire hori-	36			
FW503				
zon cloth! All effects in their joints caused ways. Raindrum,	1			
windmachine, snowbox. But thundersheet?	2			
— No here. Under the blunkets.	3			
— This common or garden is now in stiller realithy the	4			
starey sphere of an oleotorium for broken pottery and ancient	5			
vegetables?	6			
— Simply awful the dirt. An evernasty ashtray.	7			
— I see. Now do you know the wellknown kikkenmidden	8			
where the illassorted first couple first met with each other? The	9			
place where Ealdermann Fanagan? The time when Junkermenn	10			
Funagin?	11			
— Deed then I do, W.K.	12			
— In Fingal too they met at Littlepeace aneath the bidetree,	13			
Yellowhouse of Snugsborough, Westreeve-Astagob and Sluts-	14			
end with Stockins of Winning's Folly Merryfalls, all of a two,	15			
skidoo and skephumble?	16			
— Godamedy, you're a delville of a tolkar!	17			
— Is it a place fairly expoused to the four last winds?	18			
— Well, I faithly sincerely believe so indeed if all what I hope	19			
to charity is half true.	20			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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— This stow on the wolds, is it Woful Dane Bottom?	21			
— It is woful in need whatever about anything or allselse	22			
under the grianblachk sun of gan greyne Eireann.	23			
— A tricolour ribbon that spells a caution. The old flag, the cold	24			
flag.	25			
— The flagstone. By tombs, deep and heavy. To the unaveiling	26			
memory of. Peacer the grave.	27			
— And what sigeth Woodin Warneung thereof?	28			
— Trickspissers vill be pairsecluded.	29			
— There used to be a tree stuck up? An overlisting eshtree?	30			
— There used, sure enough. Beside the Annar. At the ford	31			
of Slivenamond. Oakley Ashe's elm. With a snoodrift from one	32			
beerchen bough. And the grawndest crowndest consecrated may-	33			
pole in all the reignladen history of Wilds. Browne's <i>Thesaurus</i>	34			
<i>Plantarum</i> from Nolan's, The Prittlewell Press, has nothing alike	35			
it. For we are fed of its forest, clad in its wood, burqued by its	36			
FW504				
bark and our lecture is its leave. The cran, the cran the king of all	1			
crans. Squiremade and damesman of plantagenets, high and holy.	2			
— Now, no hiding your wren under a bushle! What was it	3			
doing there, for instance?	4			
— Standing foreninst us.	5			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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— In Summerian sunshine?	6			
— And in Cimmerian shudders.	7			
— You saw it visibly from your hidingplace?	8			
— No. From my invisibly lyingplace.	9			
— And you then took down in stereo what took place being	10			
tunc committed?	11			
— I then tuk my takenplace lying down, I thunk I told you.	12			
Solve it!	13			
— Remounting aliftle towards the ouragan of spaces. Just	14			
how grand in cardinal rounders is this preeminent giant, sir	15			
Arber? Your bard's highview, avis on valley! I would like to hear	16			
you burble to us in strict conclave, purpurando, and without	17			
too much italiote interfairance, what you know <i>in petto</i> about our	18			
sovereign beingstalk, Tonans Tomazeus. <i>O dite!</i>	19			
— Corcor Andy, <i>Udi, Udite!</i> Your Ominence, Your Immi-	20			
nence and delicted fraternitrees! There's tuodore queensmaids	21			
and Idahore shopgirls and they woody babies growing upon her	22			
and bird flamingans sweenyswinging foglewards on the tipmast	23			
and Orania epples playing hopptociel bommptaterre and Ty-	24			
burn fenians snoring in his quickenbole and crossbones strewing	25			
its holy floor and culprines of Erasmus Smith's burstall boys	26			
with their underhand leadpencils climbing to her crotch for the	27			
origin of spices and charlotte darlings with silk blue askmes	28			
chattering in dissent to them, gibbonses and gobbenses, guelfing	29			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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and ghiberring proffering praydews to their anatolies and blight-	30			
ing findblasts on their catastripes and the killmaimthem pen-	31			
sioners chucking overthrown milestones up to her to fall her	32			
cranberries and her pommes annettes for their unnatural refection	33			
and handpainted hoydens plucking husbands of him and cock	34			
robins muchmore hatching most out of his missado eggdrazzles	35			
for him, the sun and moon pegging honeysuckle and white	36			
FW505				
heather down and timtits tapping resin there and tomahawks	1			
watching tar elsewhere, creatures of the wold approaching him,	2			
hollow mid ivy, for to claw and rub, hermits of the desert	3			
barking their infernal shins over her trilateral roots and his acorns	4			
and pinecorns shooting wide all sides out of him, plantitude	5			
outsends of plenty to thousands, after the truants of the utmost-	6			
fear and her downslyder in that snakedst-tu-naughsy whimmering	7			
woman't seeleib such a fashionaping sathinous dress out of that	8			
exquisite creation and her leaves, my darling dearest, sinsin-	9			
sinning since the night of time and each and all of their branches	10			
meeting and shaking twisty hands all over again in their new	11			
world through the germination of its gemination from Ond's	12			
outset till Odd's end. And encircle him circuly. Evovae!	13			
— Is it so exaltated, eximious, extraoldandairy and excels-	14			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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siorising?	15			
— Amengst menlike trees walking or trees like angels weep-	16			
ing nobirdy aviar soar anywing to eagle it! But rocked of agues,	17			
cliffed for aye!	18			
— Telleth that eke the treeth?	19			
— Mushe, mushe of a mixness.	20			
— A shrub of libertine, indeed! But that steyne of law indead	21			
what stiles its neming?	22			
— Tod, tod, too hard parted!	23			
— I've got that now, Dr Melamanessy. Finight mens mid-	24			
infinite true. The form masculine. The gender feminine. I see.	25			
Now, are you derevatov of it yourself in any way? The true	26			
tree I mean? Let's hear what science has to say, pundit-the-	27			
next-best-king. Splanck!	28			
— Upfellbowm.	29			
— It reminds of the weeping of the daughters?	30			
— And remounts to the sense arrest.	31			
— The wittold, the frausch and the dibble! How this loose-	32			
affair brimsts of fussforus! And was this treemanangel on his	33			
soredbohmd because Knockout, the knickknaver, knacked	34			
him in the knechtschaft?	35			
— Well, he was ever himself for the presentation of crudities to	36			
FW506				

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

animals for he had put his own nickelname on every toad, duck	1			
and herring before the climber clomb aloft, doing the midhill of	2			
the park, flattering his bitter hoolft with her conconundrums.	3			
He would let us have the three barrels. Such was a bitte too thikke	4			
for the Muster of the hoose so as he called down on the Grand	5			
Precursor who coiled him a crawler of the dupest dye and	6			
thundered at him to flatch down off that erection and be aslimed	7			
of himself for the bellance of hissich leif.	8			
— Oh Finlay's coldpalled!	9			
— Ahday's begatem!	10			
— Were you there, eh Hehr? Were you there when they	11			
lagged um through the coombe?	12			
— Wo wo! Who who! Psalmtimes it grauws on me to ramble,	13			
ramble, ramble.	14			
— Woe! Woe! So that was how he became the foerst of our	15			
treefellers?	16			
— Yesche and, in the absence of any soberiquiet, the fanest	17			
of our truefalluses. Bapsbaps Bomslinger!	18			
— How near do you feel to this capocapo promontory, sir?	19			
— There do be days of dry coldness between us when he does	20			
be like a lidging house far far astray and there do be nights of wet	21			
windwhistling when he does be making me onions woup all kinds	22			
of ways.	23			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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— Now you are mehrer the murk, Lansdowne Road. She's	24			
threwed her pippin's thereabouts and they've cropped up tooth	25			
oneydge with hates to leaven this socried isle. Now, thornyborn,	26			
follow the spotlight, please! Concerning a boy. Are you acquainted	27			
with a pagany, vicariously known as Toucher 'Thom' who is. I	28			
suggest Finoglam as his habitat. Consider yourself on the stand	29			
now and watch your words, take my advice. Let your motto be:	30			
<i>Inter nubila numbum.</i>	31			
— Never you mind about my mother or her hopitout. I con-	32			
sider if I did, I would feel frightfully ashamed of admired vice.	33			
— He is a man of around fifty, struck on Anna Lynsha's	34			
Pekoe with milk and whisky, who does messuages and has more	35			
dirt on him than an old dog has fleas, kicking stones and knocking	36			
FW507				
snow off walls. Have you ever heard of this old boy "Thom" or	1			
"Thim" of the fishy stare who belongs to Kimmage, a crofting dis-	2			
trict, and is not all there, and is all the more himself since he is	3			
not so, being most of his time down at the Green Man where he	4			
steals, pawns, belches and is a curse, drinking gaily two hours after	5			
closing time, with the coat on him skinside out against rappari-	6			
tions, with his socks outsewed his springsides, clapping his hands	7			
in a feeble sort of way and systematically mixing with the public	8			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

going for groceries, slapping greats and littlegets soundly with	9			
his cattegut belts, flapping baresides and waltzywembling about	10			
in his accountrements always in font of the tubbernuckles, like	11			
a longarmed lugh, when he would be finished with his tea?	12			
— Is it that fellow? As mad as the brambles he is. Touch him.	13			
With the lawyers sticking to his trewsershins and the swatme-	14			
notting on the basque of his beret. He has kissed me more than	15			
once, I am sorry to say and if I did commit gladrolleries may the	16			
loone forgive it! O wait till I tell you!	17			
— We are not going yet.	18			
— And look here! Here's, my dear, what he done, as snooks	19			
as I am saying so!	20			
— Get out, you dirt! A strangely striking part of speech for	21			
the hottest worked word of ur sprogue. You're not! Unhindered	22			
and odd times? Mere thumbshow? Lately?	23			
— How do I know? Such my billet. Buy a barrack pass. Ask	24			
the horneys. Tell the robbers.	25			
— You are alluding to the picking pockets in Lower O'Connell	26			
Street?	27			
— I am illuding to the Pekin packet but I am eluding from	28			
Laura Connor's treat.	29			
— Now, just wash and brush up your memoirias a little bit.	30			
So I find, referring to the pater of the present man, an erely de-	31			
mented brick thrower, I am wondering to myself in my mind,	32			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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<i>qua</i> our arc of the covenant, was Toucher, a methodist, whose	33			
name, as others say, is not really 'Thom', was this salt son of a	34			
century from Boaterstown, Shivering William, the sealiest old for-	35			
ker ever hawked crannock, who is always with him at the Big Elm	36			
FW508				
and the Arch after his teeth were shaken out of their suckets by the	1			
wrang dog, for having 5 pints 73 of none Eryen blood in him abaft	2			
the seam level, the scatterling, wearing his cowbeamer and false	3			
clothes of a brewer's grains pattern with back buckons with his	4			
motto on, <i>Yule Remember</i> , ostensibly for that occasion only of the	5			
twelfth day Pax and Quantum wedding, I'm wondering.	6			
— I bet you are. Well, he was wandering, you bet, whatever	7			
was his matter, in his mind too, give him his due, for I am sorry	8			
to have to tell you, hullo and evoe, they were coming down from	9			
off him.	10			
— How culious an epiphany!	11			
— <i>Hodie casus esobhrakonton?</i>	12			
— It looked very like it.	13			
— Needer knows necess and neither garments. Man is minded	14			
of the Meagher, wat? Wooly? Walty?	15			
— Ay, another good button gone wrong.	16			
— Blondman's bluff! Like a skib leaked lintel the harbour	17			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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leidend with . . . ?	18			
— Pamelas, peggylees, pollywollies, questuants, quaint-	19			
aquilties, quickamerries.	20			
— Concaving now convexly to the semidemi-hemispheres and,	21			
from the female angle, music minnestirring, were the subligate	22			
sisters, P. and Q., Clopatrick's cherierapest, <i>mutatis mutandis</i> ,	23			
in pretty much the same pickle, the peach of all pedom, the	24			
quest of all quicks?	25			
— Peequeen ourselves, the prettiest pickles of unmatchemable	26			
mute antes I ever bopeeped at, seesaw shallshee, since the town go	27			
went gonning on Pranksome Quaine.	28			
— Silks apeel and sulks alusty?	29			
— Boy and giddle, gape and bore.	30			
— I hear these two goddesses are liable to sue him?	31			
— Well, I hope the two Collinses don't leg a bail to shoot him.	32			
— Both were white in black arpists at cloever spilling, knickt?	33			
— Gels bach, I, languised, lizted. Etoudies for the right hand.	34			
— Were they now? And were they watching you as watcher	35			
as well?	36			
FW509				
— Where do you get that wash? This representation does not	1			
accord with my experience. They were watching the watched	2			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

58

watching. Vechers all.	3			
— Good. Hold that watching brief and keep this witching	4			
longuer. Now, retouching friend Tomsy, the enemy, did you	5			
gather much from what he let drop? We are sitting here for that.	6			
— I was rooshian mad, no lie. About his shapeless hat.	7			
— I suspect you must have been.	8			
— You are making your thunderous mistake. But I was dung	9			
sorry for him too.	10			
— O Schaum! Not really? Were you sorry you were mad	11			
with him then?	12			
— When I tell you I was rooshiamarodnimad with myself	13			
altogether, so I was, for being sorry for him.	14			
— So?	15			
— Absolutely.	16			
— Would you blame him at all stages?	17			
— I believe in many an old stager. But what seemed sooth to	18			
a Greek summed nooth to a giantle. Who kills the cat in Cairo	19			
coaxes cocks in Gaul.	20			
— I put it to you that this was solely in his sunflower state	21			
and that his haliodraping het was why maids all sighed for him,	22			
ventured and vied for him. Hm?	23			
— After Putawayo, Kansas, Liburnum and New Aimstir-	24			
dames, it wouldn't surprise me in the very least.	25			
— That tare and this mole, your tear and our smile. 'Tis life	26			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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that lies if woman's eyes have been our old undoing. Lid efter lid.	27			
Reform in mine size his deformation. Tiffpuff up my nostril,	28			
would you puff the earthworm outer my ear.	29			
— He could claud boose his eyes to the birth of his garce, he	30			
could lump all his lot through the half of her play, but he jest	31			
couldn't laugh through the whole of her farce bec corpse he warn't	32			
billed that way. So he outandouts his volimetangere and has a	33			
lightning consultation and he downadowns his pantoloogions	34			
and made a piece of first perpersonal puetry that staystale re-	35			
mains to be. Cleaned.	36			
FW510				
— Booms of bombs and heavy rethudders?	1			
— This aim to you!	2			
— The tail, so mastrodantic, as you tell it nearly takes your	3			
own mummouth's breath away. Your troppers are so unrelieved	4			
because his troopers were in difficulties. Still let stultitiam done	5			
in veino condone ineptias made of veritues. How many were	6			
married on that top of all strapping mornings, after the midnight	7			
turkey drive, my good watcher?	8			
— Puppaps. That'd be telling. With a hoh frohim and heh	9			
fraher. But, as regards to Tammy Thornycraft, Idefyne the lawn	10			
mare and the laney moweress and all the prentisses of wildes to	11			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

60

massage him.	12			
— Now from Gunner Shotland to Guinness Scenography.	13			
Come to the ballay at the Tailors' Hall. We mean to be mellay on	14			
the Mailers' Mall. And leap, rink and make follay till the Gaelers'	15			
Gall. Awake! Come, a wake! Every old skin in the leather world,	16			
infect the whole stock company of the old house of the Leaking	17			
Barrel, was thomistically drunk, two by two, lairking o' tootlers	18			
with tombours a'beggars, the blog and turfs and the brandywine	19			
bankrompers, trou Normend fashion, I have been told, down to	20			
the bank lean clorks? Some nasty blunt clubs were being operated	21			
after the tradition of a wellesleyan bottle riot act and a few plates	22			
were being shied about and tumblers bearing traces of fresh	23			
porter rolling around, independent of that, for the ehren of Fyn's	24			
Insul, and then followed that wapping breakfast at the Heaven	25			
and Covenant, with Rodey O'echolowing how his breadcost on	26			
the voters would be a comeback for e'er a one, like the depre-	27			
dations of Scandalknivery, in and on usedtowobble sloops off	28			
cloasts, eh? Would that be a talltale too? This was the grandsire	29			
Orther. This was his innwhite horse. Sip?	30			
— Well, naturally he was, louties also genderymen. Being	31			
Kerssfesstiydt. They came from all lands beyond the wave for	32			
songs of Inishfeel. Whiskway and mortem! No puseyporcious	33			
either, invittem kappines all round. But the right reverend priest,	34			
Mr Hopsinbond, and the reverent bride eleft, Frizzy Fraufrau,	35			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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were sober enough. I think they were sober.	36			
FW511				
— I think you're widdershins there about the right reverence.	1			
Magraw for the Northwhiggern cupteam was wedding beastman,	2			
papers before us carry. You saw him hurriedly, or did you if	3			
thatseme's not irrelevant? With Slater's hammer perhaps? Or he	4			
was in serge?	5			
— I horridly did. On the stroke of the dozen. I'm sure I'm	6			
wrong but I heard the irreverend Mr Magraw, in search of a	7			
stammer, kuckkuck kicking the bedding out of the old sexton,	8			
red-Fox Good-man around the sacristy, till they were bullbeadle	9			
black and bufeteer blue, while I and Flood and the other men,	10			
jazzlike brollies and sesuos, was gickling his missus to gackles in	11			
the hall, the divileen, (she's a lamp in her throth) with her	12			
cygncygn leckle and her twelve pound lach.	13			
— A loyal wifish woman cacchinic wheepingcaugh! While	14			
she laylylaw was all their rage. But you did establish personal	15			
contact? In epexegesis or on a point of order?	16			
— That perkumiary pond is beyawnd my pinnigay pre-	17			
tonsions. I am resting on a pigs of cheesus but I've a big	18			
suggestion it was about the pint of porter.	19			
— You are a suckersome! But this all, as airs said to oska,	20			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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was only that childbearer might blogas well sidesplit? Where	21			
letties hereditate a dark mien swart hairy?	22			
— Only. 'Twas womans' too woman with mans' throw man.	23			
— Bully burley yet hardly hurley. The saloon bulkhead, did	24			
you say, or the tweendecks?	25			
— Between drinks, I deeply painfully repeat it.	26			
— Was she wearing shubladey's tiroirs in humour of her	27			
hubbishobbis, Massa's star stellar?	28			
— Mrs Tan-Taylour? Just a floating panel, secretairlid-	29			
ingdraws, a budge of kleees on her schalter, a siderbrass seh-dass	30			
on her anulas findring and forty crocelips in her curlingthongues.	31			
— So this was the dope that woolied the cad that kinked the	32			
ruck that noised the rape that tried the sap that hugged the mort?	33			
— That legged in the hoax that joke bilked.	34			
— The jest of junk the jungular?	35			
— Jacked up in a jock the wrapper.	36			
FW512				
— Lollgoll! You don't soye so! All upsydown her whole	1			
creation? So there was nothing serical between you? And Dry-	2			
salter, father of Izod, how was he now?	3			
— To the pink, man, like an allmanox in his shirt and stickup,	4			
brustall to the bear, the Megalomagellan of our winevatswater-	5			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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way, squeezing the life out of the liffeey.	6			
— Crestofer Carambas! Such is zodisfaction. You punk me!	7			
He came, he kished, he conquered. Vulturuvagnar! The must of	8			
his glancefull coaxing the beam in her eye? That musked bell of	9			
this masked ball! Annabella, Lovabella, Pullabella, yep?	10			
— Yup! Titentung Tollertone in S. Sabina's. Aye aye, she	11			
was lithe and pleasable. Wilt thou the lee? Wilt thou the hee?	12			
Wilt thou the hussif?	13			
— The quicker the deaf the safer the sapstaff, but the main	14			
the mightier the stricker the strait. To the vast go the game! It	15			
is the circumconversioning of antelithual paganelles by a hugger-	16			
knut cramwell energuman, or the caecodedition of an absque-	17			
litteris puttagonnianne to the herreraism of a cabotinesque ex-	18			
ploser?	19			
— I believe you. Taiptoep reelly, O reelly!	20			
— Nautaey, nautaey, we're nowhere without ye! In steam of	21			
kavos now arbatos above our hearths doth hum. And Malkos	22			
crackles logs of fun while Anglys cheers our ingles. So lent she	23			
him ear to burrow his manhood (or so it appierce) and borrow	24			
his namas? Suilful eyes and sallowfoul hairweed and the sickly	25			
sigh from her gingering mouth like a Dublin bar in the moarning.	26			
— <i>Primus auriforasti me.</i>	27			
— The park is gracer than the hole, says she, but shekleton's	28			
my fortune?	29			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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— Eversought of being artained? You've soft a say with ye,	30			
Flatter O'Ford, that, honey, I hurdley chew you.	31			
— Is that answers?	32			
— It am queery!	33			
— The house was Toot and Come-Inn by the bridge called	34			
Tiltass, but are you solarly salemly sure, beyond the shatter of	35			
the canicular year? <i>Nascitur ordo seculi numfit.</i>	36			
FW513				
— Siriusly and selenely sure behind the shutter. <i>Securius indicat</i>	1			
<i>umbris tellurem.</i>	2			
— Date as? Your time of immersion? We are still in drought	3			
of . . . ?	4			
— Amnis Dominae, Marcus of Corrig. A laughin hunter and	5			
Purty Sue.	6			
— And crazyheaded Jorn, the bulweh born?	7			
— Fluteful as his orkan. <i>Ex ugola lenonem.</i>	8			
— And Jambs, of Delphin's Bourne or (as olders lay) of	9			
Tophat?	10			
— Dawncing the kniejinksky choreopiscopally like an easter	11			
sun round the colander, the vice! Taranta boontoday! You	12			
should pree him prance the polcat, you whould sniff him wops	13			
around, you should hear his piedigrotts schraying as his skimpies	14			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

65

skirp a . . .	15			
— Crashedafar Corumbas! A Czardanser indeed! Dervilish	16			
glad too. Ortovito semi ricordo. The pantaglionic affection	17			
through his blood like a bad influenza in a leap at bounding	18			
point?	19			
— Out of Prisky Poppagenua, the palsied old priamite, home	20			
from Edwin Hamilton's Christmas pantaloona, <i>Oropos Roxy</i>	21			
and <i>Pantharhea</i> at the Gaiety, trippudiating round the aria, with	22			
his fiftytwo heirs of age! They may reel at his likes but it's Noeh	23			
Bonum's shin do.	24			
— And whit what was Lillabil Issabil maideve, maid at?	25			
— Trists and thranes and trinies and traines.	26			
— A take back to the virgin page, darm it!	27			
— Ay, graunt ye.	28			
— The quobus quartet were there too, if I mistake not, as a	29			
sideline but, <i>pace</i> the contempt of senate, well to the fore, in an	30			
amenessy meeting, metandmorefussed to decide whereagainwhen	31			
to meet themselves, flopsome and jerksome, lubber and deliric,	32			
drinking unsteadily through the Kerry quadrilles and Listowel	33			
lancers and mastersinging always with that consecutive fifth of	34			
theirs, eh? Like four wise elephants inandouting under a twelve-	35			
podestalled table?	36			
FW514				

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

66

— They were simple scandalmongers, that familiar, and all!	1			
Normand, Desmond, Osmund and Kenneth. Making mejical	2			
history all over the show!	3			
— In sum, some hum? And other marrage feats?	4			
— All our stakes they were astumbling round the ranky roars	5			
assumbling when Big Arthur flugged the field at Annie's courting.	6			
— Suddenly some wellfired clay was cast out through the	7			
schappsteckers of hoy's house?	8			
— Schottenly there was a hellfire club kicked out through the	9			
wasistas of Thereswhere.	10			
— Like Heavystost's envil catacalamitumbling. Three days	11			
three times into the Vulcuum?	12			
— Punch!	13			
— Or Noe et Ecclesiastes, nonne?	14			
— Ninny, there is no hay in Eccles's hostel.	15			
— Yet an I saw a sign of him, if you could scrape out his	16			
acquinntence? Name or redress him and we'll call it a night!	17			
— . i . . ' . . o . . l .	18			
— You are sure it was not a shuler's shakeup or a plighter's	19			
palming or a winker's wake <i>etcaetera etcaeterorum</i> you were at?	20			
— Precisely.	21			
— Mayhap. Hora pro Nubis, Thursdays, at A Little Bit Of	22			
Heaven Howth, the wife of Deimetuus (D'amn), Earl Adam Fitz-	23			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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adam, of a Tartar (Birtha) or Sackville-Lawry and Morland-	24			
West, at the Auspice for the Living, Bonnybrook, by the river	25			
and A. Briggs Carlisle, guardian of the birdsmaids and deutil-	26			
iser for groom. Pontifical mess. Or (soddenly) Schott, furtivfired	27			
by the riots. No flies. Agreest?	28			
— Mayhem. Also loans through the post. With or without	29			
security. Everywhere. Any amount. Mofsovit, swampstakers,	30			
purely providential.	31			
— Flood's. The pinkman, the squeeze, the pint with the kick.	32			
Gaa. And then the punch to Gaelicise it. Fox. The lady with the	33			
lamp. The boy in the barleybag. The old man on his ars. Great	34			
Scrapp! 'Tis we and you and ye and me and hymns and hurts and	35			
heels and shields. The eirest race, the ourest nation, the airest place	36			
FW 515				
that ertestationed. He was culping for penance while you were	1			
ringing his belle. Did the kickee, goodman rued fox, say anything	2			
important? Clam or cram, spick or spat?	3			
— No more than Richman's periwhelker.	4			
— Nnn ttt wrd?	5			
— Dmn ttt thg.	6			
— A gael galled by scheme of scorn? Nock?	7			
— Sangnifying nothing. Mock!	8			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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— <i>Fortitudo eius rhodammum tenuit?</i>	9		
— Five maim! Or something very similar.	10		
— I should like to euphonise that. It sounds an isochronism.	11		
Secret speech Hazelton and obviously disemvowelled. But it is	12		
good laylaw too. We may take those wellmeant kicks for free	13		
granted, though <i>ultra vires</i> , void and, in fact, unnecessarily so.	14		
Happily you were not quite so successful in the process verbal	15		
whereby you would sublimate your blepharospasmockical sup-	16		
pressions, it seems?	17		
— What was that? First I heard about it.	18		
— Were you or were you not? Ask yourself the answer, I'm	19		
not giving you a short question. Now, not to mix up, cast your	20		
eyes around Capel Court. I want you, witness of this epic struggle,	21		
as yours so mine, to reconstruct for us, as briefly as you can, in-	22		
exactly the same as a mind's eye view, how these funeral games,	23		
which have been poring over us through homer's kerryer pid-	24		
geons, massacreedoed as the holiname rally round took place.	25		
— Which? Sure I told you that afoul. I was drunk all lost life.	26		
— Well, tell it to me befair, the whole plan of campaign, in	27		
that bamboozelem mincethrill voice of yours. Let's have it,	28		
christie! The Dublin own, the thrice familiar.	29		
— Ah, sure, I eyewitness foggus. 'Tis all around me bebatters-	30		
bid hat.	31		
— Ah, go on now, Masta Bones, a gig for a gag, with your	32		

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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impedements and your perroqtiques! Blank memory of hatless	33			
darky in blued suit. You were ever the gentle poet, dove from	34			
Haywarden. Pitcher cup, patcher cap, pratey man? Be nice about	35			
it, Bones Minor! Look chairful! Come, delicacy! Go to the end,	36			
FW516				
thou slackerd! Once upon a grass and a hopping high grass it	1			
was.	2			
— Faith, then, Meesta Cheeryman, first he come up, a gag	3			
as a gig, badgeler's rake to the town's major from the wesz,	4			
MacSmashall Swingy of the Cattelaxes, got up regardless, with	5			
a cock on the Kildare side of his Tattersull, in his riddlesneek's	6			
ragamufflers and the horrid contrivance as seen above, whisklyng	7			
into a bone tolerably delicately, the <i>Wearing of the Blue</i> , and taking	8			
off his plushkwadded bugsby in his perusual flea and loisy man-	9			
ner, saying good mrowkas to weevilybolly and dragging his feet	10			
in the usual course and was ever so terribly naas, really, telling	11			
him clean his nagles and fex himself up, Miles, and so on and so	12			
fort, and to take the coocomb to his grizzlies and who done	13			
that foxy freak on his bear's hairs like fire bursting out of the	14			
Ump pyre and, half hang me, sirr, if he wasn't wanting his	15			
calicub body back before he'd to take his life or so save his life.	16			
Then, begor, counting as many as eleven to thritytwo seconds	17			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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with his pocket browning, like I said, wann swanns wann, this is	18			
my awethorrorty, he kept forecursing hascupth's foul Fanden,	19			
Cogan, for coaccoackey the key of John Dunn's field fore it was	20			
for sent and the way Montague was robbed and wolfling to	21			
know all what went off and who burned the hay, perchance wilt	22			
thoult say, before he'd kill all the kanes and the price of Patsch	23			
Purcell's faketotem, which the man, his plantagonist, up from the	24			
bog of the depths who was raging with the thirst of the sacred	25			
sponge and who, as a mashter of pasht, so far as him was con-	26			
cerned, was only standing there nonplush to the corner of Turbot	27			
Street, perplexing about a paumpshop and pupparing to spit,	28			
wanting to know whelp the henconvention's compass memphis	29			
he wanted with him new nothing about.	30			
— A sarsencruixer, like the Nap O' Farrell Patter Tandy moor	31			
and burgess medley? In other words, was that how in the annusual	32			
curse of things, as complement to compliment though, after a	33			
manner of men which I must and will say seems extraordinary,	34			
their celicolar subtler angelic warfare or photoplay finister	35			
started?	36			
FW517				
— Truly. That I may never!	1			
— Did one scum then in the auradrama, the deff, after some	2			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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clever play in the mud, mention to the other undesirable, a	3			
dumm, during diverse intentional instants, that upon the resume	4			
after the angerus, how for his deal he was a pigheaded Swede and	5			
to wend himself to a medicis?	6			
— To be sore he did, the huggornut! Only it was turnip-	7			
huddled dunce, I beg your pardon, and he would jokes bowlder-	8			
blow the betholder with his black masket off the bawling green.	9			
— Sublime was the warning!	10			
— The author, in fact, was mardred.	11			
— Did he, the first spikesman, do anything to him, the last	12			
spokesman, when, after heaving some more smutt and chaff	13			
between them, they rolled togutter into the ditch together?	14			
Black Pig's Dyke?	15			
— No, he had his teeth in the back of his head.	16			
— Did Box then try to shine his puss?	17			
— No but Cox did to shin the punman.	18			
— The worsted crying that if never he looked on Leaverhol-	19			
ma's again and the bester huing that he might ever save sunlife?	20			
— Trulytruly Asbestos he ever. And sowasso I never.	21			
— That forte carlysle touch breaking the campdens pianoback.	22			
— Pansh!	23			
— Are you of my meaning that would be going on to about	24			
half noon, click o'clock, pip emma, Grinwicker time, by your	25			
querqcut quadrant?	26			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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— You will be asking me and I wish to higgins you wouldn't.	27			
Would it?	28			
— Let it be twelve thirty after a somersautch of the tardest!	29			
— And it was eleven thirsty too befour in soandsuch, reloy on it!	30			
— Tick up on time. Howday you doom? That rising day	31			
sinks rosing in a night of nine week's wonder.	32			
— Amties, marcy buckup! The uneven day of the unleventh	33			
month of the unevented year. At mart in mass.	34			
— A triduum before Our Larry's own day. By which of your	35			
chronos, my man of four watches, larboard, starboard, dog or dath?	36			
FW518				
— Dunsink, rugby, ballast and ball. You can imagine.	1			
— Language this allsfare for the loathe of Marses ambiviolent	2			
about it. Will you swear all the same you saw their shadows a	3			
hundred foot later, struggling diabolically over this, that and	4			
the other, their virtues <i>pro</i> and his principality <i>con</i> , near the	5			
Ruins, Drogheda Street, and kicking up the devil's own dust	6			
for the Milesian wind?	7			
— I will. I did. They were. I swear. Like the heavenly militia.	8			
So wreck me Ghyllgully! With my tongue through my toecap on	9			
the headlong stone of kismet if so 'tis the will of Whose B. Dunn.	10			
— Weepin Lorcans! They must have put in some wonderful	11			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

73

work, ecad, on the quiet like, during this arms' parley, meatierities	12		
forces vegateareans. Dost thou not think so?	13		
— Ay.	14		
— The illegallooking range or fender, alias turfing iron, a	15		
product of Hostages and Co, Engineers, changed feet several	16		
times as briars revalvered during the weaponswap? Piff?	17		
— Puff! Excuse yourself. It was an ersatz lottheringcan.	18		
— They did not know the war was over and were only bere-	19		
bellling or bereppelling one another by chance or necessity with	20		
sham bottles, mere and woiney, as betwinst Picturshirts and	21		
Scutticules, like their caractacurs in an Irish Ruman to sorowbrate	22		
the expeltsion of the Danos? What sayest thou, scusascmerul?	23		
— That's all. For he was heavily upright man, Limba romena	24		
in Bucclis tucsada. Farcing gutterish.	25		
— I mean the Morgans and the Dorans, in finnish?	26		
— I know you don't, in Feeney's.	27		
— The mujic of the footure on the barbarihams of the bashed?	28		
Co Canniley?	29		
— Da Donnuley.	30		
— Yet this war has meed peace? <i>In voina viritas</i> . Ab chaos lex,	31		
neat wehr?	32		
— O bella! O pia! O pura! Amem. Handwalled amokst us.	33		
Thanksbeer to Balbus!	34		
— All the same you sound it twould clang houlish like Hull	35		

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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hopen for christmians?	36			
FW519				
— But twill cling hellish like engels opened to neuropeans, if	1			
you’ve sensed, whole the sum. So be vigil!	2			
— And this pattern pootsch punnermine of concoon and	3			
proprey went on, hog and minne, a whole whake, your night after	4			
larry’s night, spittinspite on Dora O’Huggins, ormonde caught	5			
butler, the artillery of the O’Hefferns answering the cavalry of the	6			
MacClouds, fortey and more fortey, a thousand and one times,	7			
according to your cock and a biddy story? Lludillongi, for years	8			
and years perhaps?	9			
— That’s ri. This is his largos life, this is me timtomtum and	10			
this is her two peekweeny ones. From the last finger on the	11			
second foot of the fourth man to the first one on the last one of	12			
the first. That’s right.	13			
— Finny. Vary vary finny!	14			
— It may look funny but fere it is.	15			
— This is not guid enough, Mr Brasslatten. Finging and tong-	16			
ing and winging and ponging! And all your rally and ramp and	17			
rant! Didget think I was asleep at the wheel? D’yu mean to tall	18			
grand jurors of thathens of tharctic on your oath, me lad, and	19			
ask us to believe you, for all you’re enduring long terms, with	20			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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yur last foot foremouthst, that yur moon was shining on the	21			
tors and on the cresties and winblowing night after night, for	22			
years and years perhaps, after you swearing to it a while back	23			
before your Corth examiner, Markwalther, that there was reen	24			
in planty all the teem?	25			
— Perhaps so, as you grand duly affirm, Robman Calvinic.	26			
I never thought over it, faith. I most certainly think so about it.	27			
I hope. Unless it is actionable. It would be a charity for me to	28			
think about something which I must on no caste accounts omit,	29			
if you ask to me. It was told me as an inspired statement by a	30			
friend of myself, in reply to salute, Tarpey, after three o'clock	31			
mass, with forty ducks indulgent, that some rain was promised	32			
to Mrs Lyons, the invalid of Aunt Tarty Villa, with lots gulp	33			
and sousers and likewise he told me, the recusant, after telling	34			
mass, with two hundred genuflexions, at the split hour of	35			
blight when bars are keeping so sly, as was what's follows. He	36			
FW520				
is doing a walk, says she, in the feelmick's park, says he, like	1			
a tarrable Turk, says she, letting loose on his nursery and,	2			
begalla, he meet himself with Mr Michael Clery of a Tuesday	3			
who said Father MacGregor was desperate to the bad place about	4			
thassbawls and ejaculating about all the stairrods and the cats-	5			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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pew swashing his earwanker and thinconvenience being locked	6		
up for months, owing to being putrenised by stragglers abusing	7		
the apparatus, and for Tarpey to pull himself into his soup and	8		
fish and to push on his borrowsaloaner and to go to the tumples	9		
like greased lining and see Father MacGregor and, be Cad, sir, he	10		
was to pipe up and salute that clergyman and to tell his holiness	11		
the whole goat's throat about the three shillings in the confusional	12		
and to say how Mrs Lyons, the cuptosser, was the infidel who	13		
prophessised to pose three shielings Peter's pelf off her tocher	14		
from paraguais and albs by the yard to Mr Martin Clery for	15		
Father Mathew to put up a midnight mask saints withins of a	16		
Thrushday for African man and to let Brown child do and to leave	17		
he Anlone and all the nuisances committed by soldats and non-	18		
behavers and missbelovers for N.D. de l'Ecluse to send more	19		
heehaw hell's flutes, my prodder again! And I never brought my	20		
cad's in togs blanket! Foueh!	21		
— Angly as arrows, but you have right, my celtslinger! Nils,	22		
Mugn and Cannut. Should brothers be for awe then?	23		
— So let use off be octo while oil bike the bil and wheel	24		
whang till wabblin befoul you but mere and mire trulloses will	25		
knave mate a game on the bibby bobby burns of.	26		
— Quatsch! What hill ar yu fluking about, ye lamelookond	27		
fyats! I'll discipline ye! Will you swear or affirm the day to yur	28		
second sight noo and recant that all yu affirmed to profetised at	29		

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

77

first sight for his southerly accent was all paddyflaherty? Will	30			
ye, ay or nay?	31			
— Ay say aye. I affirmly swear to it that it rooly and cooly	32			
boolyhooly was with my holyhagionous lips continuously poised	33			
upon the rubricated annuals of saint ulstar.	34			
— That's very guid of ye, R.C.! Maybe yu wouldn't mind	35			
talling us, my labrose lad, how very much bright cabbage or	36			
FW521				
paperming comfirts d'yu draw for all yur swearin? The spanglers,	1			
kiddy?	2			
— Rootha prootha. There you have me! Vurry nothing, O	3			
potators, I call it for I might as well tell yous Essexelcy, and I	4			
am not swallowing my air, the Golden Bridge's truth. It amounts	5			
to nada in pounds or pence. Not a glass of Lucan nor as much as	6			
the cost price of a highlandman's trousertree or the three crowns	7			
round your draphole (isn't it dram disgusting?) for the whole	8			
dumb plodding thing!	9			
— Come now, Johnny! We weren't born yesterday. <i>Pro tanto</i>	10			
<i>quid retribuamus?</i> I ask you to say on your scotty pictail you	11			
were promised fines times with some staggerjuice or deadhorse,	12			
on strip or in larges, at the Raven and Sugarloaf, either Jones's	13			
lame or Jamesy's gait, anyhow?	14			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

78

— Bushmillah! Do you think for a moment? Yes, by the way.	15			
How very necessarily true! Give me fair play. When?	16			
— At the Dove and Raven tavern, no, ah? To wit your wiz-	17			
zend?	18			
— Water, water, darty water! Up Jubilee sod! Beet peat wheat	19			
treat!	20			
— What harm wants but demands it! How would you like to	21			
hear yur right name now, Ghazi Power, my tristy minstrel, if	22			
yur not freckened of frank comment?	23			
— Not afrightened of Frank Annybody's gaspower or ill-	24			
conditioned ulcers neither.	25			
— Your uncles!	26			
— Your gullet!	27			
— Will you repeat that to me outside, leinconnmuns?	28			
— After you've shouted a few? I will when it suits me,	29			
hulstler.	30			
— Guid! We make fight! Three to one! Raddy?	31			
— But no, from exemple, Emania Raffaroo! What do you	32			
have? What mean you, august one? Fairplay for Finnians! I will	33			
have my humours. Sure, you would not do the cowardly thing	34			
and moll me roon? Tell Queen's road I am seilling. Farewell,	35			
but whenever! Buy!	36			
FW522				

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

— Ef I chuse to put a bullet like yu through the grill for	1			
heckling what business is that of yours, yu bullock?	2			
— I don't know, sir. Don't ask me, your honour!	3			
— Gently, gently Northern Ire! Love that red hand! Let me	4			
once more. There are sordidly tales within tales, you clearly	5			
understand that? Now my other point. Did you know, whether	6			
by melanodactylism or purely libationally, that one of these two	7			
Crimeans with the fender, the taller man, was accused of a cer-	8			
tain offence or of a choice of two serious charges, as skirts were	9			
divided on the subject, if you like it better that way? You did,	10			
you rogue, you?	11			
— You hear things. Besides (and serially now) bushes have	12			
eyes, don't forget. Hah!	13			
— Which moral turpitude would you select of the two, for	14			
choice, if you had your way? Playing bull before shebears or the	15			
hindlegs off a clotheshorse? Did any orangepeelers or green-	16			
goaters appear periodically up your sylvan family tree?	17			
— Buggered if I know! It all depends on how much family	18			
silver you want for a nass-and-pair. Hah!	19			
— What do you mean, sir, behind your hah! You don't hah	20			
to do thah, you know, snapograph.	21			
— Nothing, sir. Only a bone moving into place. Blotogaff.	22			
Hahah!	23			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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— Whahat?	24			
— Are you to have all the pleasure quizzing on me? I didn't	25			
say it aloud, sir. I have something inside of me talking to myself.	26			
— You're a nice third degree witness, faith! But this is no	27			
laughing matter. Do you think we are tonedeafs in our noses to	28			
boot? Can you not distinguish the sense, prain, from the sound,	29			
bray? You have homosexual catheis of empathy between narcis-	30			
sism of the expert and steatopygic invertedness. Get yourself	31			
psychoanolised!	32			
— O, begor, I want no expert nursis symaphy from yours	33			
broons quadroons and I can psoakoonaloose myself any time I	34			
want (the fog follow you all!) without your interferences or any	35			
other pigeonstealer.	36			
FW523				
— Sample! Sample!	1			
— Have you ever weflected, wepowtew, that the evil what	2			
though it was willed might nevewtheless lead somehow on to	3			
good towawd the genewality?	4			
— A pwopwo of haster meets waster and talking of plebiscites	5			
by a show of hands, whether declaratory or effective, in all	6			
seriousness, has it become to dawn in you yet that the deponent,	7			
the man from Saint Yves, may have been (one is reluctant to use	8			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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the passive voiced) may be been as much sinned against as sin-	9		
ning, for if we look at it verbally perhaps there is no true noun in	10		
active nature where every bally being— please read this mufto	11		
— is becoming in its owntown eyeballs. Now the long form and	12		
the strong form and reform alltogether!	13		
— Hotchkiss Culthur's Everready, one brother to never-	14		
reached, well over countless hands, sieur of many winners and	15		
losers, groomed by S. Samson and son, bred by dilalahs, will	16		
stand at Bay (Dublin) from nun till dan and vites inversion and	17		
at Miss or Mrs's MacMannigan's Yard.	18		
— Perhaps you can explain, sagobean? The Mod needs a	19		
rebus.	20		
— Pro general continuation and in particular explication to	21		
your singular interrogation our asseveralation. Ladiegent, pals	22		
will smile but me and Frisky Shorty, my inmate friend, as is un-	23		
common struck on poplar poetry, and a few fleabesides round at	24		
West Pauper Bosquet, was glad to be back again with the chaps	25		
and just arguing friendlylike at the Doddercan Easehouse having	26		
a wee chatty with our hosty in his comfy estably over the old	27		
middlesex party and his moral turps, meaning flu, pock, pox	28		
and mizzles, grip, gripe, gleet and sprue, caries, rabies, numps	29		
and dumps. What me and Frisky in our concensus and the whole	30		
double gigscrew of suscribers, notto say the burman, having	31		
successfully concluded our tour of bibel, wants to know is thisa-	32		

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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here. Supposing, for an ethical fict, him, which the findings	33			
showed, to have taken his epscene licence before the norsect's	34			
divisional respectively as regards them male privates and or	35			
concomitantly with all common or neuter respects to them	36			
FW524				
public exess females, whereas allbeit really sweet fillies, as was	1			
very properly held by the metropolitan in connection with this	2			
regrettable nuisance, touching arbitrary conduct, being in strict	3			
contravention of schedule in board of forests and works bylaws	4			
regulationing sparkers' and succers' amusements section of our	5			
beloved naturpark in pursuance of which police agence me and	6			
Shorty have approached a reverend gentleman of the name of	7			
Mr Coppinger with reference to a piece of fire fittings as was	8			
most obliging, 'pon my sam, in this matter of his explanations	9			
affirmative, negative and limitative, given to me and Shorty,	10			
touching what the good book says of toooldaisymen, concerning	11			
the merits of early bisectualism, besides him citing from approved	12			
lectionary example given by a valued friend of the name of Mr	13			
J. P. Cockshott, reticent of England, as owns a pretty maisonette,	14			
<i>Quis ut Deus</i> , fronting on to the Soussex Bluffs as was telling us	15			
categoric how Mr Cockshott, as he had his assignation with,	16			
present holder by deedpoll and indenture of the swearing belt,	17			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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he tells him hypothetic, the reverend Mr Coppinger, hereckons	18			
himself disjunctively with his windwarrrd eye up to a dozen miles	19			
of a cunifarm school of herring, passing themselves supernatently	20			
by the Bloater Naze from twelve and them mayridinghim by the	21			
silent hour. Butting, charging, bracing, backing, springing,	22			
shrinking, swaying, darting, shooting, bucking and sprinkling	23			
their dossies sodouscheock with the twinx of their taylz. And,	24			
reverend, he says, summat problematical, by yon socialist sun,	25			
gut me, but them errings was as gladful as Wissixy kippers could	26			
be considering, flipping their little coppingers, pot em, the fresh	27			
little flirties, the dirty little gillybrighteners, pickle their spratties,	28			
the little smolty gallockers, and, reverend, says he, more asser-	29			
titoff, zwelf me Zeus, says he, lettin olfac be the extench of the	30			
supperfishies, lamme the curves of their scaligerance and pesk	31			
the everurge flossity of their pectoralium, them little salty popu-	32			
lators, says he, most apodictic, as sure as my briam eggs is on	33			
cockshot under noose, all them little upandown dippies they was	34			
all of a libidous pickpuckparty and raid on a wriggolo finsky	35			
doodah in testimonials to their early bisectualism. Such, he says,	36			
FW525				
is how the reverend Coppinger, he visualises the hidebound	1			
homelies of creed crux ethics. Watsch yourself tillicately every	2			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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morkning in your bracksullied twilette. The use of cold water,	3		
testificates Dr Rutty, may be warmly recommended for the sug-	4		
jugation of cunggunitals loosed. Tolloll, schools!	5		
— Tallhell and Barbados wi ye and your Errian coprulation!	6		
Pelagiarist! Remonstrant Montgomeryite! Short lives to your	7		
relatives! Y'are absexed, so y'are, with mackerglosia and mick-	8		
roocyphyllicks.	9		
— Wait now, leixlip! I scent eggoarchicism. I will take you	10		
to task. I don't follow you that far in your otherwise accurate	11		
account. Was it <i>esox lucius</i> or <i>salmo ferax</i> ? You are taxing us	12		
into the driven future, are you not, with this ruttymaid fishery?	13		
— Lalia Lelia Lilia Lulia and lively lovely Lola Montez.	14		
— Gubbernathor! That they say is a fenian on the secret.	15		
Named Parasol Irely. Spawning ova and fry like a marrye	16		
monach all amanygoround his seven parish churches! And	17		
peopling the ribald baronies with dans, oges and conals!	18		
— Lift it now, Hosty! Hump's your mark! For a runnymede	19		
landing! A dondhering vesh vish, <i>Magmam Carpam</i> , es hit neat zoo?	20		
— <i>There's an old psalmsobbing lax salmoner fogeyboren Herrin</i>	21		
<i>Plundehowse.</i>	22		
<i>Who went floundering with his boatloads of spermin spunk about.</i>	23		
<i>Leaping freck after every long tom and wet lissy between Howth and</i>	24		
<i>Humbermouth.</i>	25		
<i>Our Human Conger Eel!</i>	26		

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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— Hep! I can see him in the fishnoo! Up wi'yer whippy!	27			
Hold that lad! Play him, Markandeyn! Bullhead!	28			
— Pull you, sir! Olive quill does it. Longeal of Malin, he'll	29			
cry before he's played. And his tear make newisland. Did a rise?	30			
Way, lungfush! The great fin may cumule! Three threeth o'er	31			
the wild! Manu ware!	32			
— He missed her mouth and stood into Dee, Romunculus	33			
Remus, plying the rape, so as now any bompriss's bound to get	34			
up her if he pool her leg and bunk on her butt. No, he skid like	35			
a skate and berthed on her byrnie and never a fear but they'll	36			
FW526				
land him yet, slitheryscales on liffeybank, times and times and	1			
halve a time with a pillow of sand to polster him.	2			
— Do you say they will?	3			
— I bet you they will.	4			
— Among the shivering sedges so? Weedy waving.	5			
— Or tulipbeds of Rush below.	6			
— Where you take your mugs to wash after dark?	7			
— To my lead, Toomey lout, Tommy lad.	8			
— Besides the bubblye waters of, babblyebubblye waters of?	9			
— Right.	10			
— Grenadiers. And tell me now. Were these anglers or angel-	11			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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ers coexistent and compresent with or without their <i>tertium quid</i> ?	12			
— <i>Three in one, one and three.</i>	13			
<i>Shem and Shaun and the shame that sunders em.</i>	14			
<i>Wisdom's son, folly's brother.</i>	15			
— God bless your ginger, wigglewaggle! That's three slots	16			
and no burners. You're forgetting the jinnyjos for the fayboys.	17			
What, Walker John Referent? Play us your patmost! And un-	18			
packyoulloups!	19			
— Naif Cruachan! Woe on woe, says Wardeb Daly. Woman	20			
will water the wild world over. And the maid of the folley will go	21			
where glory. Sure I thought it was larking in the trefoll of the furry	22			
glans with two stripping baremaids, Stilla Underwood and Moth	23			
MacGarry, he was, hand to dagger, that time and their mother, a	24			
rawkneepudsfrowse, I was given to understand, with superflow-	25			
vius heirs, begum. There was that one that was always mad gone	26			
on him, her first king of cloves and the most broadcussed man	27			
in Corrack-on-Sharon, County Rosecarmon. Sure she was near	28			
drowned in pondest coldstreams of admiration forherself, as bad	29			
as my Tarpeyan cousin, Vesta Tully, making faces at her bach-	30			
spilled likeness in the brook after and cooling herself in the	31			
element, she pleasing it, she praising it, with salices and weidow-	32			
wehls, all tossed, as she was, the playactrix, Lough Shieling's love!	33			
— O, add shielsome bridelittle! All of her own! Nircississies	34			
are as the doaters of inversion. Secilas through their laughing	35			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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classes becoming poolermates in laker life.	36			
FW527				
— It seems to same with Iscappellas? Ys? Gotellus! A tickey	1			
for tie taughts!	2			
— Listenest, meme mearest! They were harrowd, those fin-	3			
weeds! Come, rest in this bosom! So sorry you lost him, poor	4			
lamb! Of course I know you are a viry vikid girl to go in the	5			
dreemplace and at that time of the draym and it was a very wrong	6			
thing to do, even under the dark flush of night, dare all grand-	7			
passia! He's gone on his bombashaw. Through geesing and so	8			
pleasing at Strip Teasy up the stairs. The boys on the corner were	9			
talking too. And your soreful miseries first come on you. Still to	10			
forgive it, divine my lickle wiffey, and everybody knows you do	11			
look lovely in your invinsibles, Eulogia, a perfect apposition with	12			
the coldcream, Assoluta, from Boileau's I always use in the wards	13			
after I am burned a rich egg and derive the greatest benefit,	14			
sign of the cause. My, you do! Simply adorable! Could I but	15			
pass my hands some, my hands through, thine hair! So vicky-	16			
vicky veritiny! O Fronces, say howdyedo, Dotty! Chic hands.	17			
The way they curve there under nue charmeen cuffs! I am more	18			
divine like that when I've two of everything up to boyproof	19			
knicks. Winning in a way, only my arms are whiter, dear.	20			

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Blanchemain, idler. Fairhair, frail one. Listen, meme sweety! O	21			
be joyfold! Mirror do justice, taper of ivory, heart of the cona-	22			
vent, hoops of gold! My veil will save it undyeing from his ether-	23			
nal fire! It's meemly us two, meme idoll. Of course it was down-	24			
right verry wickred of him, reely meeting me disguised, Bortolo	25			
mio, peerfectly appealing, D.V., with my lovebirds, my colom-	26			
binas. Their sinsitives shrinked. Even Netta and Linda, our seeyu	27			
tities and they've sin sumtim, tankus! My rillies were liebeneaus,	28			
my aftscents embre. How me adores eatsother simply (Mon ishe-	29			
beau! Ma reinebelle!), in his storm collar, as I leaned yestreen	30			
from his muskished labs, even my little pom got excited, when I	31			
turned his head on his same manly bust and kissed him more.	32			
Only he might speak to a person, lord so picious, taking up my	33			
worths ill wrong! May I introduce! This is my futuous, lips and	34			
looks lovelast. Still me with you, you poor chilled! Will make it	35			
up with mother Concepcion and a glorious lie between us,	36			
FW528				
sweetness, so as not a novene in all the convent loretos, not my	1			
littlest one of all, for mercy's sake need ever know, what passed	2			
our lips or. Yes sir, we'll will! Clothea wind! Fee o fie! Covey us	3			
niced! Bansh the dread! Alitten's looking. Low him lovly! Make	4			
me feel good in the moontime. It will all take blossom as orange at	5			

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St Audiens rosan chocolate chapelry with my diamants blickfeast	6		
after at minne owned hos for all the catclub to go cryzy and	7		
Father Blesius Mindelsinn will be beminding hand. Kyrielle elation!	8		
Crystal elation! Kyrielle elation! Elation immanse! Sing to	9		
us, sing to us, sing to us! Amam! So meme nearest, languished	10		
hister, be free to me! (I'm fading!) And listen, you, you beauty,	11		
esster, I'll be clue to who knows you, pray Magda, Marthe with	12		
Luz and Joan, while I lie with warm lisp on the Tolka. (I'm fay!)	13		
— Eusapia! Fais-le, tout-tait! Languishing hysteria? The clou	14		
historique? How is this at all? Is dads the thing in such or are	15		
tits the that? Hear we here her first poseproem of suora unto	16		
suora? Alicious, twinstreams twinestraines, through alluring	17		
glass or alas in jumboland? Ding dong! Where's your pal in	18		
silks alustre? Think of a maiden, Presentacion. Double her, An-	19		
nupciacion. Take your first thoughts away from her, Immacola-	20		
cion. Knock and it shall appall unto you! Who shone yet shim-	21		
mers will be e'er scheining. Cluse her, voil her, hild her hindly.	22		
After liryc and themodius soft aglo iris of the vals. This young	23		
barlady, what, euphemiasly? Is she having an ambidual act her-	24		
self in apparition with herself as Consuelas to Sonias may?	25		
— Dang! And tether, a loguy O!	26		
— Dis and dat and dese and dose! Your crackling out of your	27		
turn, my Moonster firefly, like always. And 2 R.N. and Long-	28		
horns Connacht, stay off my air! You've grabbed the capital and	29		

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you've had the lion's shire since 1542 but there's all the difference	30			
in Ireland between your borderation, my chatty cove, and me. The	31			
leinstrel boy to the wall is gone and there's moreen astoreen for	32			
Monn and Conn. With the tyke's named moke. Doggymens'	33			
nimmer win! You last led the first when we last but we'll first	34			
trump your last with a lasting. Jump the railchairs or take them,	35			
as you please, but and, sir, my queskins first, foxyjack! Ye've as	36			
much skullabogue cheek on you now as would boil a caldron of	37			
FW529				
kalebrose. Did the market missioners Hayden Wombwell, when	1			
given the raspberry, fine more than sandsteen per cent of chalk	2			
in the purity, promptitude and perfection flour of this raw	3			
materialist and less than a seventh pro mile in his meal? We	4			
bright young chaps of the brandnew braintrust are briefed here	5			
and with maternal sanction compellably empanelled at quarter	6			
sessions under the six disqualifications for the uniformication of	7			
young persons (Nodding Neutrals) removal act by Committal-	8			
man Number Underfifteen to know had the peeress of generals,	9			
who have been getting nose money cheap and stirring up the	10			
public opinion about private balls with their legs, Misses Mirtha	11			
and Merry, the two dreeper's assistants, had they their service	12			
books in order and duly signed J. H. North and Company when	13			

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discharged from their last situations? Will ye gup and tell the	14			
board in the anterim how, in the name of the three tailors on	15			
Tooley Street, did O'Bejorumsen or Mockmacmahonitch, ex of	16			
Butt and Hocksett's, violating the bushel standard, come into	17			
awful position of the barrel of bellywash? And why, is it any harm	18			
to ask, was this hackney man in the coombe, a papersalor with	19			
a whiteluke to him, Fauxfitzhuorson, collected from Manofisle,	20			
carrying his ark, of eggshaped fuselage and made in Fredborg	21			
into the bullgine, across his back when he might have been	22			
setting on his jonass inside like a Glassthure cabman? Where	23			
were the doughboys, three by nombres, won in ziel, cavehill	24			
exers or hearts of steel, Hansen, Morfydd and O'Dyar, V.D.,	25			
with their glenagearries directing their steps according to the	26			
R.U.C's liaison officer, with their trench ulcers open and	27			
their hands in their pockets, contrary to military rules, when	28			
confronted with his lifesize obstruction? When did he live off	29			
rooking the pooro and how did start pfuffpfaffing at his Paterson	30			
and Hellicott's? Is it a factual fact, proved up to scabsteethshilt,	31			
that this fancydress nordic in shaved lamb breeches, child's kilts,	32			
bibby buntings and wellingtons, with club, torc and headdress,	33			
preholder of the Bar Ptolomei, is coowner of a hengster's circus	34			
near North Great Denmark Street (incidentally, it's the most	35			
unjoyable show going the province and I'm taking the youngsters	36			

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FW530				
there Saturday first when it's halfprice naturals night to see the	1			
fallensickners aping the buckleybackers and the blind to two	2			
worlds taking off the deffydowndummies) and the shamshem-	3			
showman has been complaining to the police barracks and	4			
applying for an order of <i>certiorari</i> and crying out something vile	5			
about him being molested, after him having triplets, by offers of	6			
vacancies from females in this city, neighing after the man and his	7			
outstanding attraction ever since they seen his X ray picture turned	8			
out in wealthy red in the sabbath sheets? Was it him that suborned	9			
that surdumutual son of his, a litterydivider in Saint Patrick's	10			
Lavatory, to turn a Roman and leave the chayr and gout in his	11			
bare balbriggans, the sweep, and buy the usual jar of porter at	12			
the Morgue and Cruses and set it down before the wife with her	13			
fireman's halmet on her, bidding her mine the hoose, the strum-	14			
pet, while him and his lagenloves were rampaging the roads in	15			
all their paroply under the noses of the Heliopolitan constabu-	16			
lary? Can you beat it? Prepare the way! Where's that gendarm	17			
auxiliar, arianautic sappertillery, that reported on the whole hood-	18			
lum, relying on his morse-erse wordybook and the trunchein up	19			
his tail? Roof Seckesign van der Deckel and get her story from	20			
him! Recall Sickerson, the lizzyboy! Seckersen, magnon of Errick.	21			
Sackerson! Hookup!	22			

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— Day shirker four vanfloats he verdants market.	23			
High liquor made lust torpid dough hunt her orchid.	24			
— Hunt her orchid! Gob and he found it on her right enough!	25			
With her shoes upon his shoulders, 'twas most trying to be-	26			
holders when he upped their frullatullepleats with our warning.	27			
A disgrace to the homely protestant religion! Bloody old pre-	28			
adamite with his twohandled umberella! Trust me to spy on me	29			
own spew!	30			
— Wallpurgies! And it's this's your deified city? Norganson?	31			
And it's we's to pray for Bigmesser's conversions? Call Kitty the	32			
Beads, the Mandame of Tipknock Castle! Let succuba succumb, the	33			
improvable his wealth made possible! He's cookinghagar that rost	34			
her prayer to him upon the top of the stairs. She's deep, that one.	35			
— A farthernoiser for his tuckish armenities. Ouhr Former	36			
FW531				
who erred in having down to gibbous disdag our darling breed.	1			
And then the confisieur for the boob's indulligence. As sunctioned	2			
for his salmenbog by the Councillors-om-Trent. Pave Pannem	3			
at his gaiter's bronze! Nummer half dreads Log Laughty. Mas-	4			
ter's gunne he warrs the bedst. I messaged his dilltoyds sause-	5			
pander mussels on the kisschen table. With my ironing duck	6			
through his rollpins of gansyfett, do dodo doughdy dough, till	7			

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he was braising red in the toastface with lovensoft eyebulbs and	8		
his kiddledrum steeming and rattling like the roasties in my	9		
mockamill. I awed to have scoured his Abarm's brack for him.	10		
For the loaf of Obadiah, take your pastryart's noas out of me	11		
flouer bouckuet! Of the strainger scene you given squeezers to	12		
me skillet! As cream of the hearth thou reinethst alhome. His	13		
lapper and libbers was glue goulewed as he sizzled there watch-	14		
ing me lautterick's pitcher by Wexford-Atelier as Katty and	15		
Lanner, the refined soupette, with my bust alla brooche and the	16		
padbun under my matelote, showing my jigotty sleeves and all	17		
my new toulong touloosies. Whisk! There's me shims and here's	18		
me hams and this is me juppettes, gauge be the meter! Whisk!	19		
What's this? Whisk! And that? He never cotched finer, balay	20		
me, at Romiolo Frullini's flea pantamine out of Griddle-the-Sink	21		
or Shusies-with-her-Soles-Up or La Sauzerelly, the pucieboots,	22		
when I started so hobmop ladlelike, highty tighty, to kick the	23		
time off the cluckclock lucklock quamquam camcam potapot	24		
panapan kickakickkack. Hairhorehounds, shake up pfortner.	25		
Fuddling fun for Fullacan's sake!	26		
— All halt! Sponsor programme and close down. That's	27		
enough, genral, of finicking about Finnegan and fiddling with	28		
his faddles. A final ballot, guvnor, to remove all doubt. By sylph	29		
and salamander and all the trolls and tritons, I mean to top her	30		
drive and to tip the tap of this, at last. His thoughts that wouldbe	31		

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words, his livings that havebeen deeds. And will too, by the holy	32			
child of Coole, primapatriock of the archsee, if I have at first	33			
to down every mask in Trancenania from Terreterry's Hole to	34			
Stutterers' Corner to find that Yokeoff his letter, this Yokan his	35			
dahet. Pass the jousters of the king, the Kovnor-Journal and	36			
FW532				
eirenarch's custos himself no less, the meg of megs, with the Carri-	1			
son old gang! Off with your persians! Search ye the Finn! The	2			
sinder's under shriving sheet. Fa Fe Fi Fo Fum! Ho, croak,	3			
evildoer! Arise, sir ghostus! As long as you've lived there'll be no	4			
other. Doff!	5			
— Amtadam, sir, to you! Eternest cittas, heil! Here we are	6			
again! I am bubub brought up under a camel act of dynasties long	7			
out of print, the first of Shitric Shilkanbeard (or is it Owllaugh	8			
MacAuscullpth the Thord?), but, in pontofacts massimust, I am	9			
known throughout the world wherever my good Allenglisches	10			
Angleslachsen is spoken by Sall and Will from Augustanus to	11			
Ergastulus, as this is, whether in Farnum's rath or Condra's	12			
ridge or the meadows of Dalkin or Monkish tunshep, by saints	13			
and sinners eyeeye alike as a cleanliving man and, as a matter of	14			
fict, by my halfwife, I think how our public at large appreciates	15			
it most highly from me that I am as cleanliving as could be and	16			

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that my game was a fair average since I perpetually kept my	17			
ouija ouija wicket up. On my verawife I never was nor can afford	18			
to be guilty of crim crig con of malfeasance trespass against par-	19			
son with the person of a youthful gigirl frifrif friend chirped	20			
Apples, acted by Miss Dashe, and with Any of my cousines in	21			
Kissilov's Slutsgartern or Gigglotte's Hill, when I would touch	22			
to her dot and feel most greenily of her unripe ones as it should	23			
prove most anniece and far too bahad, nieceless to say, to my	24			
reputation on Babbyl Maltet for daughters-in-trade being lightly	25			
clad. Yet, as my acquainters do me the complaisance of apprising	26			
me, I should her have awristed under my duskguise of whippers	27			
through toombs and deempeys, lagmen, was she but tinkling of	28			
such a tink. And, as a mere matter of ficfect, I tell of myself how	29			
I popo possess the ripest littlums wifukie around the globelettes	30			
globes upon which she was romping off on Floss Mundai out of	31			
haram's way round Skinner's circusalley first with her consola-	32			
tion prize in my serial dreams of faire women, Mannequins Passe,	33			
with awards in figure and smile subsections, handicapped by two	34			
breasts in operatops, a remarkable little endowment garment.	35			
Fastened at various places. What spurt! I kickkick keenly love	36			
FW533				
such, particularly while savouring of their flavours at their most	1			

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perfect best when served with heliotrope ayelips, as this is, where	2			
I do drench my jolly soul on the pu pure beauty of hers past.	3			
She is my bestpreserved wholewife, sowell her as herafter, in	4			
Evans's eye, with incompatibly the smallest shoenumbr outside	5			
chinatins. They are jolly dainty, spekin tluly. May we not recom-	6			
mend them? It was my proofpiece from my prenticeserving.	7			
And, alas, our private chaplain of Lambeyth and Dolekey, bishop-	8			
regionary, an always sadfaced man, in his lutestring pewcape with	9			
tabinet band, who has visited our various hard hearts and reins	10			
by imposition of fufuf fingers, also haddock's fumb, in that	11			
Upper Room can speak loud to you some quite complimentary	12			
things about my clean charactering, even when detected in the	13			
dark, distressful though such recital prove to me, as this is, when	14			
I introduced her (Frankfurters, numborines, why drive fear?) to	15			
our fourposter tunies chantreying under Castrucci Sinior and De	16			
Mellos, those whapping oldsteirs, with sycamode euphonium in	17			
either notation in our altogether cagehaused duckyheim on	18			
Goosna Greene, that cabinteeny homesweetened through affec-	19			
tion's hoardpayns (First Murkiss, or so they sankeyed. Dodo! O	20			
Clearly! And Gregorio at front with Johannes far in back. Aw,	21			
aw!), gleeglom there's gnome sweepplaces like theresweep No-	22			
whergs. By whom, as my Kerk Findlater's, ye litel chuch rond	23			
ye coner, and K. K. Katakasm enjoineth in the Belief and, as you	24			
all know, of a child, dear Humans, one of my life's ambitions of	25			

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my youngend from an early peepee period while still to hedje-	26			
skool, intended for broadchurch, I, being fully alive to it, was	27			
parruchially confirmed in Caulofat's bed by our bujibuji beloved	28			
curate-author. Michael Engels is your man. Let Michael relay	29			
Sutton and tell you people here who have the phoney habit (it	30			
was remarketable) in his clairaudience, as this is, as only our own	31			
Michael can, when reicherout at superstation, to bring ruptures	32			
to our roars how I am amp amp amplify. Hiemlancollin. Pim-	33			
pim's Ornery forninehalf. Shaun Shemsen saywhen saywhen.	34			
Holmstock unsteaden. Livpoomark lloyrge hoggs one four tupps	35			
noying. Big Butter Boost! Sorry! Thnkyou! Thatll beall for-	36			
FW534				
tody. Cal it off. Godnotch, vryboily. End a muddy crushmess!	1			
Abbreciades anew York gustoms. Kyow! Tak.	2			
— Tiktak. Tikkak.	3			
— Awind abuzz awater falling.	4			
— Poor a cowe his jew placator.	5			
— It's the damp damp damp.	6			
— Calm has entered. Big big Calm, announcer. It is most	7			
ernst terooly a moresome intartenment. Colt's tooth! I will give	8			
tandsel to it. I protest there is luttrelly not one teaspoonspill of	9			
evidence at bottomlie to my babad, as you shall see, as this is.	10			

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Keemun Lapsang of first pickings. And I contango can take off	11			
my dudud dirtynine articles of quoting here in Pynix Park be-	12			
fore those in heaven to provost myself, by gramercy of justness,	13			
I mean veryman and moremon, stiff and staunch for ever, and	14			
enter under the advicies from Misrs Norris, Southby, Yates and	15			
Weston, Inc, to their favoured client, into my preprotestant caveat	16			
against the pupup publication of libel by any tixtim tipsyloon or	17			
tobtomtowley of Keisserse Lean (a bloweyed lanejoymt, waring	18			
lowbelt suit, with knockbrecky kenees and bullfist rings round	19			
him and a fallse roude axehand (he is cunvesser to Saunter's	20			
Nocelettres and the Poe's Toffee's Directory in his pisness), the	21			
best begrudged man in Belgradia who doth not belease to our	22			
paviour) to my nonesuch, that highest personage at moments	23			
holding down the throne. So to speak of beauty scouts in elegant	24			
pursuit of flowers, searchers for tabernacles and the celluloid art!	25			
Happen seen sore eynes belived? The caca cad! He walked by	26			
North Strand with his Thom's towel in hand. Snakeeye! Strangler	27			
of soffiacated green parrots! I protest it that he is, by my	28			
wipehalf. He was leaving out of my double inns while he was all	29			
teppling over my single ixits. So was keshaned on for his recent	30			
behaviour. Sherlook is lorking for him. Allare beltspanners.	31			
Get your air curt! Shame upon Private M! Shames on his ful-	32			
someness! Shamus on his atkinscum's lulul lying suulen for an	33			
outcast mastiff littered in blood currish! Eristocras till Hanging	34			

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Tower! Steck a javelin through his advowtried heart! Instaun-	35			
ton! Flap, my Larrybird! Dangle, my highflyer! Jiggety jig my	36			
FW535				
jackadandyline! Let me never see his waddppez again! And mine	1			
it was, Barktholed von Hunarig, Soesown of Furrows (hour-	2			
springlike his joussture, immitiate my chry! as urs now, so yous	3			
then!), when to our lot it fell on my poplar Sexsex, my Sexen-	4			
centaurnary, whenby Gate of Hal, before his hostel of the Wodin	5			
Man, I hestened to freeholdit op to his Mam his Maman, Majus-	6			
cules, His Magnus Maggerstick, first city's leasekuays of this	7			
Nova Tara, our most noble, when hrossbucked on his pricelist	8			
charger, Pferdinamd Allibuster (yeddonot need light oar till	9			
Noreway for you fanned one o'er every doorway) with my all-	10			
bum's greethims through this whole of my promises, handshakey	11			
congrandyoulikethems, ecclesency.	12			
Whosaw the jackery dares at handgripper thisa breast? Dose	13			
makkers ginger. Some one we was with us all fours. Adversarian!	14			
The spiking Duyvil! First liar in Londsend! Wulv! See you scar-	15			
gore on that skeepsbrow! And those meisies! Sulken taarts! Man	16			
sicker at I ere bluffet konservative? Shucks! Such ratshause bugs-	17			
mess so I cannot barely conceive of! Lowest basemeant in hystry!	18			
Ibscenest nansence! Noksagt! Per Peeler and Pawr! The broker-	19			

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heartened shugon! Hole affair is rotten muckswinish porcupig's	20			
draff. Enouch!	21			
— Is that yu, Whitehed?	22			
— Have you headnoise now?	23			
— Give us your mespilt reception, will yous?	24			
— Pass the fish for Christ's sake!	25			
— Old Whitehowth he is speaking again. Ope Eustace tube!	26			
Pity poor whiteoath! Dear gone mummeries, goby! Tell the	27			
woyld I have lived true thousand hells. Pity, please, lady, for	28			
poor O.W. in this profundust snobbing I have caught. Nine dirty	29			
years mine age, hairs hoar, mummery failend, snowdrift to my	30			
ellpow, deff as Adder. I askt you, dear lady, to judge on my tree	31			
by our fruits. I gave you of the tree. I gave two smells, three eats.	32			
My freeandies, my celeberrimates: my happy bossoms, my all-	33			
falling fruits of my boom. Pity poor Haveth Childers Every-	34			
where with Mudder!	35			
That was Communicator, a former colonel. A disincarnated	36			
FW536				
spirit, called Sebastion, from the Rivera in Januero, (he is not	1			
all hear) may fernspreak shortly with messuages from my dead-	2			
ported. Let us cheer him up a little and make an appunkment for	3			
a future date. Hello, Commudicate! How's the buttes? Ever-	4			

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scepistic! He does not believe in our psychous of the Real Ab-	5			
sence, neither miracle wheat nor soulsurgery of P. P. Quemby.	6			
He has had some indiejestings, poor thing, for quite a little while,	7			
confused by his tonguer of baubble. A way with him! Poor Felix	8			
Culapert! Ring his mind, ye staples, (bonze!) in my ould reeke-	9			
ries' ballyheart and in my krumlin and in aroundisements and	10			
stremmis! Sacks eleathury! Sacks eleathury! Bam! I deplore over	11			
him ruely. Mongrieff! O Hone! Guesterned with the nobelities,	12			
to die bronxitic in achershous! So enjoying of old thick whiles,	13			
in haute white toff's hoyt of our formed reflections, with stock	14			
of eisen all his prop, so buckely hosiered from the Royal Leg,	15			
and his puertos mugnum, he would puffout a dhymful bock.	16			
And the how he would husband her that verikerfully, his cigare	17			
divane! (He would redden her with his vestas, but 'tis naught.)	18			
With us his nephos and his neberls, mest incensed and befogged	19			
by him and his smoke thereof. But he shall have his glad stein of	20			
our zober beerbest in Oscarshal's winetavern. <i>Buen retiro!</i> The	21			
boyce voyce is still flautish and his mounth still wears that	22			
soldier's scarlet though the flaxafloyeds are peppered with salse-	23			
dine. It is bycause of what he was ascend into his prisonce on	24			
account off. I whit it wel. Hence his deepraized words. Some day	25			
I may tell of his second storey. Mood! Mood! It looks like some-	26			
one other bearing my burdens. I cannot let it. Kanes nought.	27			
Well, yeamen, I have bared my whole past, I flatter myself,	28			

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on both sides. Give me even two months by laxlaw in second	29			
division and my first broadcloth is business will be to protest to	30			
Recorder at Thing of all Things, or court of Skivinis, with mar-	31			
chants grey, antient and credibel, Zerobubble Barrentone, Jonah	32			
Whalley, Determined Codde or Cucumber Upright, my jurats,	33			
if it does not occur again. O rhyme us! Haar Faagher, wild heart	34			
in Homelan; Harrod's be the naun. Mine kinder come, mine	35			
wohl be won. There is nothing like leuther. O Shee! And nosty	36			
FW537				
mens in gladshouses they shad not peggot stones. The elephant's	1			
house is his castle. I am here to tell you, indeed to goodness, that,	2			
allbe I discountenanced beallpersuasions, in rinunciniation of	3			
pomps of heretofore, with a wax too held in hand, I am thorgt-	4			
fulldt to do dope me of her miscisprinks and by virchow of those	5			
filthered Ovocnas presently like Browne umbracing Christina	6			
Anya, after the Irishers, to convert me into a selt (but first I must	7			
proxy babetise my old antenaughties), when, as Sigismond Stol-	8			
terforth, with Rabbin Robroost for my auspicer and Leecher	9			
Rutty for my lifearst and Lorencz Pattorn (<i>Ehren til viktrae!</i>),	10			
when I will westerneyes those poor sunuppers and outbreighen	11			
their land's eng. A man should stump up and I will pay my	12			
pretty decent trade price for my glueglue gluecose, peebles,	13			

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were it even, as this is, the legal eric for infelicitous conduit (here	14			
incloths placefined my pocketanchoredcheck) and, as a matter of	15			
fact, I undertake to discontinue entyrelly all practices and I deny	16			
wholeswiping <i>in toto</i> at my own request in all stoytness to have	17			
confermentated and confoederated and agreed in times prebellic,	18			
when here were waders for the trainsfolk, as it is now nuggently	19			
laid to me, with a friend from mine, Mr Billups, pulleter, my	20			
quarterbrother, who sometimes he is doing my locum for me	21			
on a grubstake and whom I have cleped constoutuent, for so it	22			
was felt by me, at goodbuy cootcoops byusucapiture a mouth-	23			
less niggeress, Blanchette Brewster from Cherna Djamja, Blaw-	24			
lawnd-via-Brigstow, or to illsell my fourth part in her, which al-	25			
though allowed of in Deuterogamy as in several places of Scrip-	26			
ture (copyright) and excluded books (they should quite rightly	27			
verbanned be), would seem eggseggs excessively haroween to	28			
my feelimbs for two punt scotch, one pollard and a crockard or	29			
three pipples on the bitch. Thou, Frick's Flame, Uden Sulfer,	30			
who strikest only on the marryd bokks, enquick me if so be I	31			
did cophetuisse milady's maid! In spect of her beavers she is a	32			
womanly and sacret. Such wear a frillick for my comic strip,	33			
Mons Meg's Monthly, comes out aich Fanagan's Weck, to bray	34			
at by clownsillies in Donkeybrook Fair. It would lackin mackin	35			
Hodder's and Cocker's erithmetic. The unpurdonable preemp-	36			

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FW538				
son of all of her of yourn, by Juno Moneta! If she, irished Marry-	1			
onn Teheresiann, has been disposed of for her consideration, I,	2			
Ledwidge Salvatorious, am tradefully unintiristid. And if she is	3			
still further talc slopping over her cocoa contours, I hwat mick	4			
angars, am strongly of opinion why I should not be. Inprobable!	5			
I do not credit one word of it from such and suchess mistra-	6			
versers. Just feathers! Nanenities! Or to have ochtroyed to	7			
resolde or borrough by exchange same super melkkaart, means	8			
help; best Brixton high yellow, no outings: cent for cent on	9			
Auction's Bridge. 'Twere a honnibel crudelty wert so tente-	10			
ment to their naktlives and scatab orgias we devour about in	11			
the mightyevil roohms of encient cartage. Utterly improperable!	12			
Not for old Crusos or white soul of gold! A pipple on the	13			
panis, two claps on the cansill, or three pock pocks cassey	14			
knocked on the postern! Not for one testey tickey culprik's	15			
coynds ore for all ecus in cunziehowffse! So hemp me Cash!	16			
I meanit.	17			
My herrings! The surdity of it! Amean to say. Her bare	18			
idears, it is choochoo chucklesome. Absurd bargain, mum, will	19			
call. One line with! One line, with with! Will ate everadayde sau-	20			
mone like a boyne alive O. The tew cherripickers, with their	21			
Catheringnettes, Lizzy and Lissy Mycock, from Street Flesh-	22			

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shambles, were they moon at aube with hespermun and I their	23			
covin guardient, I would not know to contact such gretched	24			
youngsteys in my ways from Haddem or any suistersees or	25			
heiresses of theirn, claiming by, through, or under them. Ous of	26			
their freiung pfann into myne foyer. Her is one which rassembled	27			
to mein enormally. The man what shocked his shanks at contey	28			
Carlow's. He is Deucollion. Each habe goheerd, uptaking you	29			
are innersence, but we sen you meet sose infance. Deucollion!	30			
Odor. Evilling chimbes is smutsick rivulverblott but thee hard	31			
casted thereass pigstenes upann Congan's shootsmen in Schot-	32			
tenhof, ekeascent? Igen Deucollion! I liked his Gothamm chic!	33			
Stutttertub! What a shrubbery trick to play! I will put my oath-	34			
head unner my whitepot for ransom of beeves and will stand	35			
me where I stood mine in all free heat between Pelagios and little	36			
FW539				
Chistayas by Roderick's our mostmonolith, after my both ears-	1			
toear and brebreeches buybibles and, minhatton, testify to my	2			
unclothed virtue by the longstone erectheion of our allfirst man-	3			
here. I should tell you that honestly, on my honour of a Near-	4			
wicked, I always think in a wordworth's of that primed favou-	5			
rite continental poet, Daunty, Gouty and Shopkeeper, A. G.,	6			
whom the generality admoyers in this that is and that this is to	7			

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come. Like as my palmer's past policy I have had my best mas-	8		
ter's lessons, as the public he knows, and do you know, home-	9		
sters, I honestly think, if I have failed lamentably by accident	10		
benefits though shintoed, spitefired, perplagued and cram-	11		
krieged, I am doing my dids bits and have made of my prudentials	12		
good. I have been told I own stolemines or something of that	13		
sorth in the sooth of Spainien. Hohohoho! Have I said ogso how	14		
I abhor myself vastly (truth to tell) and do repent to my nether-	15		
heart of suntry clothing? The amusin part is, I will say, hotel-	16		
men, that since I, over the deep drowner Athacleeath to seek	17		
again Irrlanding, shamed in mind, with three plunges of my	18		
ruddertail, yet not a bottlenim, vanced imperial standard by	19		
weaponright and platzed mine residenze, taking bourd and	20		
burgage under starrymisty and ran and operated my brixtol selec-	21		
tion here at thollstall, for mean straits male with evorage fimmel,	22		
in commune soccage among strange and enemy, among these	23		
plotlets, in Poplinstown, alore Fort Dunlip, then-on-sea, hole	24		
of Serbonian bog, now city of magnificent distances, good-	25		
walldabout, with talus and counterscarp and pale of palisades,	26		
upon martiell siegewin, with Abbot Warre to blesse, on yon	27		
slaughterday of cleantarriffs, in that year which I have called	28		
myriabellous, and overdrave these marken (the soord on Whence-	29		
hislaws was mine and mine the prusshing stock of Allbrecht	30		
the Bearn), under patroonshaap of our good kingsinnturns,	31		

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T. R. H. Urban First and Champaign Chollyman and Hungry	32			
the Loaved and Hangry the Hathed, here where my tenure of	33			
office and my toils of domestication first began, with weight of	34			
woman my skat and skuld but Flukie of the Ravens as my sure	35			
piloter, famine with Englisch sweat and oppedemics, the two-	36			
FW540				
toothed dragon worms with allsort serpents, has compolitely	1			
seceded from this landleague of many nations and open and	2			
notorious naughty livers are found not on our rolls. This seat of	3			
our city it is of all sides pleasant, comfortable and wholesome.	4			
If you would traverse hills, they are not far off. If champain land,	5			
it lieth of all parts. If you would be delited with fresh water, the	6			
famous river, called of Ptolemy the Libnia Labia, runneth fast	7			
by. If you will take the view of the sea, it is at hand. Give heed!	8			
— <i>Do Drumcollogher whatever you do!</i>	9			
— <i>Visitez Drumcollogher-la-Belle!</i>	10			
— <i>Be suke and sie so ersed Drumcollogher!</i>	11			
— <i>Vedi Drumcollogher e poi Moonis.</i>	12			
— Things are not as they were. Let me briefly survey. Pro clam	13			
a shun! Pip! Peep! Pipitch! Ubipop jay piped, ibipep goes the	14			
whistle. Here Tyeburn throttled, massed murmars march: where	15			
the bus stops there shop I: here which ye see, yea reste. On me,	16			

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your sleeping giant. Estoesto! Estote suntto! From the hold of	17			
my capt in altitude till the mortification that's my fate. The end	18			
of aldest mokest ist the beginning of all thisorder so the last of	19			
their hansbailis shall the first in our sheriffsby. New highs for	20			
all! Redu Negru may be black in tawn but under them lintels	21			
are staying my horneymen meet each his mansiemagd. For peers	22			
and gints, quaysirs and galleyliers, fresk letties from the say and	23			
stale headygabblers, gaingangers and dudder wagoners, pullars	24			
off societies and pushers on rothmere's homes. Obeyance from	25			
the townsmen spills felixity by the toun. Our bourse and politico-	26			
ecomedly are in safe with good Jock Shepherd, our lives are on	27			
sure in sorting with Jonathans, wild and great. Been so free!	28			
Thank you, besters! Hattentats have mindered. Blaublaze devil-	29			
bobs have gone from the mode and hairtrigger nicks are quite	30			
out of time now. Thuggeries are reere as glovars' metins, lepers	31			
lack, ignerants show beneath suspicion like the bitterhalves of	32			
esculapuloids. In midday's mallsight let Miled d discurserself.	33			
Me ludd in her hide park seek Minuinette. All is waldy bonums.	34			
Blownose aerios we luft to you! Firebugs, good blazes! Lubbers,	35			
kepp your poudies drier! Seamen, we segn your skivs and wives!	36			
FW541				
Seven ills so barely as centripunts havd I habt, seaventy seavens	1			

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for circumference inkeptive are your hill prospect. Braid Black-	2			
fordrock, the Calton, the Liberton, Craig and Lockhart's, A.	3			
Costofino, R. Thursitt. The chort of Nicholas Within was my	4			
guide and I raised a dome on the wherewithouts of Michan: by	5			
awful tors my wellworth building sprang sky spearing spires,	6			
cloud cupoled campaniles: further this. By fineounce and im-	7			
posts I got and grew and by grossscruple gat I grown outreaches-	8			
ly: murage and lestage were my mains for Ouerlord's tithing	9			
and my drains for render and prender the doles and the tribute:	10			
I was merely out of my mint with all the percussors on my	11			
braincap till I struck for myself and muched morely by token: to	12			
Sirrherr of Gambleden ruddy money, to Madame of Pitymount	13			
I loue yous. Paybads floriners moved in hugheknots against us and	14			
I matt them, pepst to papst, barthelemew: milreys (mark!) on-	15			
fell, and (Luc!) I arose Daniel in Leonden. Bulafests onvied me,	16			
Corkcuttas graatched. Atabey! I braved Brien Berueme to berow	17			
him against the Loughlins, all her tolkie shraiking: Fugabollags!	18			
Lusqu'au bout! If they had ire back of eyeball they got damage	19			
on front tooth: theres were revelries at ridottos, here was rivalry	20			
in redoubt: I wegschicked Duke Wellinghof to reshockle Roy	21			
Shackleton: Walhalloo, Walhalloo, Walhalloo, mourn in plein!	22			
Under law's marshall and warschouw did I thole till lead's	23			
plumbate, ping on pang, relieved me. I made praharfeast upon	24			
acorpolous and fastbroke down in Neederthorpe. I let faireviews	25			

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in on slobodens but ranked rothgardes round wrathminders: I	26			
bathandbaddend on mendicity and I corocured off the unoculated.	27			
Who can tell their tale whom I filled ad liptum on the plain of	28			
Soulsbury? With three hunkered peepers and twa and twas!	29			
For sleeking beauties I spinned their nightinveils, to slumbred	30			
beast I tummed the thief air. Round the musky moved a mur-	31			
mel but mewses whinninaird and belluas zoomed: tendulcis	32			
tunes like water parted fluted up from the westinders while from	33			
gorges in the east came the strife of ourangoontangues. All in	34			
my thicville Escuterre ofen was thorough fear but in the meck-	35			
ling of my burgh Belvaros was the site forbed: tuberclerosies I	36			
FW542				
reized spudfully from the murphyplantz Hawkinsonia and berri-	1			
berries from the pletoras of the Irish shou. I heard my liberti-	2			
lands making free through their curraghcoombs, my trueblues	3			
hurusalaming before Wailington's Wall: I richmounded the	4			
rainelag in my bathtub of roundwood and conveyed it with	5			
cheers and cables, roaring mighty shouts, through my longer-	6			
tubes of elm: out of fundness for the outozone I carried them	7			
amd curried them in my Putzemdown cars to my Kommeandine	8			
hotels: I made sprouts fontaneously from Philuppe Sobriety in	9			
the coupe that's cheyned for noon inebriates: when they weaned	10			

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weary of that bibbing I made infusion more infused: sowerpacers	11		
of the vinegarth, obtemperate unto me! When you think me in	12		
my coppeecuffs look in ware would you meckamockame, as you	13		
pay in caabman's sheltar tot the ites like you corss the tees.	14		
Wherefore watch ye well! For, while I oplooked the first of	15		
Janus's straight, I downsaw the last of Christmas steps: syndic	16		
podestril and on the rates, I for indigent and intendente: in	17		
Forum Foster I demosthrenated my folksfiendship, enmy pupuls	18		
felt my burk was no worse than their brite: Sapphrageta and	19		
Consciencia were undecidedly attached to me but the maugher	20		
machrees and the auntieparthenopes my schwalby words with	21		
litted spongelets set their soakye pokeys and botchbons afume:	22		
Fletcher-Flemmings, elisaboth, how interquackeringly they ro-	23		
gated me, their golden one, I inhesitant made replique: Mesde-	24		
memdes to leursieuresponsor: and who in hillsaide, don't you	25		
let flyfire till you see their whites of the bunkers' eyes! Mr An-	26		
swers: Bringem young, bringem young, bringem young!: in	27		
my bethel of Solyman's I accouched their rotundaties and I turn-	28		
keyed most insultantly over raped lutetias in the lock: I gave bax	29		
of biscums to the jacobeaters and pottage bakes to the esausted;	30		
I dehivered them with freakandesias by the constant droppings	31		
from my smalls instalmonts while I titfortotalled up their	32		
farinadays for them on my slataper's slate with my chandner's	33		
chauk: I jaunted on my jingelbrett rapt in neckloth and sashes,	34		

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and I beggered about the amnibushes like belly in a bowle. In	35			
the humanity of my heart I sent out heyweywomen to refresh	36			
FW543				
the ballwearied and then, doubling megalopolitan poleetness,	1			
my great great greatest of these charities, devaleurised the base	2			
fellows for the curtailment of their lower man: with a slog to	3			
square leg I sent my boundary to Botany Bay and I ran up a	4			
score and four of mes while the Yanks were huckling the Em-	5			
pire: I have been reciping om omominous letters and widely-	6			
signed petitions full of pieces of pottery about my monumental-	7			
ness as a thingabolls and I have been inchanting causeries to the	8			
feshest cheoilboys so that they are allcalling on me for the song	9			
of a birtch: the more secretely bi built, the more openly palas-	10			
tered. Attent! Couch hear! I have becket my vonderbilt hutch	11			
in sunsmidnought and at morningrise was encampassed of	12			
mushroofs. Rest and bethinkful, with licence, thanks. I con-	13			
sidered the lilies on the veldt and unto Balkis did I disclothe	14			
mine glory. And this. This missy, my taughters, and these man,	15			
my son, from my fief of the villa of the Ostmanorum to Thor-	16			
stan's, recte Thomars Sraid, and from Huggin Pleasee to William	17			
Inglis his house, that man de Loundres, in all their barony of	18			
Saltus, bonders and foeburghers, helots and zelots, strutting oges	19			

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and swaggering macks, the darsy jeanses, the drury joneses,	20			
redmaids and bleucotts, in homage all and felony, all who have	21			
received tickets, fair home overcrowded, tidy but very little	22			
furniture, respectable, whole family attends daily mass and is	23			
dead sick of bread and butter, sometime in the militia, mentally	24			
strained from reading work on German physics, shares closet	25			
with eight other dwellings, more than respectable, getting com-	26			
fortable parish relief, wageearner freshly shaven from prison,	27			
highly respectable, planning new departure in Mountgomery	28			
cyclefinishing, eldest son will not serve but peruses Big-man-up-	29			
in-the-Sky scraps, anoopanadoon lacking backway, quasi respec-	30			
table, pays ragman in bones for faded windowcurtains, staircase	31			
continually lit up with guests, particularly respectable, house	32			
lost in dirt and blocked with refuse, getting on like Roe's dis-	33			
tillery on fire, slovenly wife active with the jug, in business for	34			
himself, has a tenth illegitimate coming, partly respectable,	35			
following correspondence courses, chucked work over row, both	36			
FW544				
cheeks kissed at levee by late marquess of Zetland, sharing closet	1			
which is profusely written over with eleven other subscribers,	2			
once respectable, open hallway pungent of Baltic dishes, bangs	3			
kept woman's head against wall thereby disturbing neighbours,	4			

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private chapel occupies return landing, removal every other	5			
quarter day, case one of peculiar hopelessness, most respectable,	6			
nightsoil has to be removed through snoring household, eccen-	7			
tric naval officer not quite steady enjoys weekly churchwarden	8			
and laugh while reading foreign pictorials on clumpstump before	9			
door, known as the trap, widow rheumatic and chars, haunted,	10			
condemned and execrated, of dubious respectability, tools too	11			
costly pledged or uninsured, reformed philanthropist whenever	12			
feasible takes advantage of unfortunates against dilapidating	13			
ashpits, serious student is eating his last dinners, floor dangerous	14			
for unaccompanied old clergymen, thoroughly respectable, many	15			
uncut pious books in evidence, nearest watertap two hundred	16			
yards' run away, fowl and bottled gooseberry frequently on	17			
table, man has not had boots off for twelve months, infant being	18			
taught to hammer flat piano, outwardly respectable, sometimes	19			
hears from titled connection, one foot of dust between banister	20			
and cracked wall, wife cleans stools, eminently respectable, otta-	21			
wark and regular loafer, should be operated would she consent,	22			
deplorable rent in roof, claret cellar cobwebbed since the ponti-	23			
ficcate of Leo, wears drill trousers and collects rare buddhas,	24			
underages very treacly and verminous have to be separated, sits	25			
up with fevercases for one and threepence, owns two terraces	26			
(back to back breeze), respectable in every way, harmless im-	27			
becile supposingly weakminded, a sausage every Sunday, has a	28			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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staff of eight servants, outlook marred by ne'er-do-wells using	29			
the laneway, lieabed sons go out with sisters immediately after	30			
dark, has never seen the sea, travels always with her eleven	31			
trunks of clothing, starving cat left in disgust, the pink of re-	32			
spectability, resting after colonial service, labours at plant, the	33			
despair of his many benefactresses, calories exclusively from	34			
Rowntrees and dumplings, one bar of sunlight does them all	35			
january and half february, the V. de V's (animal diet) live in five-	36			
FW545				
storied semidetached but rarely pay tradesmen, went security	1			
for friend who absconded, shares same closet with fourteen simi-	2			
lar cottages and an illfamed lodginghouse, more respectable than	3			
some, teawidow pension but held to purchase, inherited silk hat	4			
from father-in-law, head of domestic economy never mentioned,	5			
queery how they live, reputed to procure, last four occupants	6			
carried out, mental companionship with mates only, respecta-	7			
bility unsuccessfully aimed at, copious holes emitting mice, de-	8			
coration from Uganda chief in locked ivory casket, grandmother	9			
has advanced alcoholic amblyopia, the terror of Goodmen's	10			
Field, and respected and respectable, as respectable as respec-	11			
table can respectably be, though their orable amission were the	12			
horrors I could have expected, all, let them all come, they are my	13			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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villeins, with chartularies I have talledged them. Wherfor I will and	14			
firmly command, as I willed and firmly commanded, upon my	15			
royal word and cause the great seal now to be affixed, that from	16			
the farthest of the farther of their fathers to their children's chil-	17			
dren's children they do inhabit it and hold it for me unencum-	18			
bered and my heirs, firmly and quietly, amply and honestly,	19			
and with all the liberties and free customs which the men of Tol-	20			
bris, a city of Tolbris, have at Tolbris, in the county of their city	21			
and through whole my land. Hereto my vouchers, knive and	22			
snuffbuchs. Fee for farm. Enwreak us wrecks.	23			
Struggling forlongs I have livramentoed, milles on milles of	24			
mancipelles. Lo, I have looked upon my pumpadears in their	25			
easancies and my drummers have tattled tall tales of me in the land:	26			
in morgenattics litt I hope, in seralcellars louched I bleakmealers:	27			
on my siege of my mighty I was parciful of my subject but in street	28			
wauks that are darkest I debelledem superb: I deemed the drugtails	29			
in my pettycourts and domstered dustyfeets in my husinclose: at	30			
Guy's they were swathed, at Foulke's slashed, the game for a	31			
Gomez, the loy for a lynch: if I was magmonimoss as staidy lavgiver	32			
I revolucanized by my eruptions: the hye and bye wayseeds I	33			
scattered em, in my graben fields sew sowage I gathered em: in	34			
Sheridan's Circle my wits repose, in black pitts of the pestered	35			
Lenfant he is dummed. (Hearts of Oak, may ye root to piece!	36			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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FW546				
Rechabites abstain! Clayed sheets, pineshrouded, wake not, walk	1			
not! Sigh lento, Morgh!) <i>Quo warranto</i> has his greats my soliven	2			
and puissant lord V. king regards for me and he has given to me	3			
my necknamesh (flister it!) which is second fiddler to nomen.	4			
These be my genteelician arms. At the crest, two young frish,	5			
etoiled, flappant, devoiled of their habiliments, vested sable, with-	6			
drewers argent. For the boss a coleopter, pondant, partifesswise,	7			
blazoned sinister, at the slough, proper. In the lower field a terce	8			
of lancers, shaking unsheathed shafts, their arms crossed in sal-	9			
tire, embusked, sinople. Motto, in letters portent: <i>Hery Crass</i>	10			
<i>Evohodie</i> . Idle were it, repassing from elserground to the elder	11			
disposition, to inquire whether I, draggedasunder, be the forced	12			
generation of group marriage, holocryptogam, of my essenens, or	13			
carried of cloud from land of locust, in ouzel galley borne, I,	14			
huddled til summone be the massproduct of teamwork, three	15			
surtouts wripped up in itchother's, two twin pritticoaxes lived as	16			
one, troubled in trine or dubildin too, for abram nude be I or	17			
roberoyed with the faineans, of Feejeean grafted ape on merfish,	18			
surrounded by obscurity, by my virtus of creation and by boon	19			
of promise, by my natural born freeman's journeymanright and	20			
my otherchurch's inher light, in so and such a manner as me it	21			
so besitteth, most surely I pretend and reclam to opt for simul-	22			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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taneous. Till daybowbreak and showshadows flee. Thus be hek.	23			
Verily! Verily! Time, place!	24			
— What is your numb? Bun!	25			
— Who gave you that numb? Poo!	26			
— Have you put in all your sparepennies? I'm listening. Sree!	27			
— Keep clear of propennies! Fore!	28			
— Mr Televox, Mrs Taubiestimm and invisible friends! I may-	29			
may mean to say. Annoyin part of it was, had faithful Fulvia,	30			
following the wiening courses of this world, turned her back on	31			
her ways to gon on uphill upon search of louvers, brunette men of	32			
Earalend, Chief North Paw and Chief Goes in Black Water and	33			
Chief Brown Pool and Chief Night Cloud by the Deeps, or again	34			
had Fluvia, amber whitch she was, left her chivily crookcrook	35			
crocus bed at the bare suggestions of some prolling bywaymen	36			
FW547				
from Moabit who could have abused of her, the foxrogues, there	1			
might accrue advantage to ask wher in pellmell her deceivers	2			
sinned. Yet know it was vastly otherwise which I have heard it	3			
by mmummy goods waif, as I, chiefly endmost hartly aver, for	4			
Fulvia Fluvia, iddle woman to the plusneeborn, ever did ensue	5			
tillstead the things that pertained unto fairnesse, this wharom	6			
I am fawned on, that which was loost. Even so, for I waged	7			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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love on her: and spoiled her undines. And she wept: O my	8			
lors!	9			
— Till we meet!	10			
— Ere we part!	11			
— Tollollall!	12			
— This time a hundred years!	13			
— But I was firm with her. And I did take the reached of my	14			
delights, my jealousy, ymashkt, beyashmakt, earswathed, snout-	15			
snooded, and did raft her flumingworthily and did leftlead her	16			
overland the pace, from lacksleap up to lifflsloup, tiding down, as	17			
portreeve should, whimpering by Kevin's creek and Hurdlesford	18			
and Gardener's Mall, long rivierside drive, embankment large,	19			
to Ringsend Flott and Ferry, where she began to bump a little	20			
bit, my dart to throw: and there, by wavebrink, on strond of	21			
south, with mace to masthigh, taillas Cowhowling, quailless	22			
Highjakes, did I upreized my magicianer's puntpole, the tridont	23			
sired a tritan stock, farruler, and I bade those polyfizzyboisterous	24			
seas to retire with themselves from os (rookwards, thou seasea	25			
stamoror!) and I abridged with domfine norsemanship till I had	26			
done abate her maidan race, my baresark bride, and knew her	27			
fleshly when with all my bawdy did I her whorship, min	28			
bryllupswibe: Heaven, he hallthundered; Heydays, he flung	29			
blissforhers. And I cast my tenspan joys on her, arshed over-	30			
tupped, from bank of call to echobank, by dint of strongbow	31			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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(Galata! Galata!) so streng we were in one, malestream in	32			
shegulf: and to ringstresse I thumbd her with iern of Erin	33			
and tradesmanmarked her lieflang mine for all and singular, iday,	34			
igone, imorgans, and for ervigheds: base your peak, you! you,	35			
strike your flag!: (what screech of shippings! what low of dampf-	36			
FW548				
bulls!): from Livland, hoks zivios, from Lettland, skall vives!	1			
With Impress of Asias and Queen Columbia for her pairanympths	2			
and the singing sands for herbrides' music: goosegaze annoynted	3			
uns, canailles canzoned and me to she her shyblumes lifted: and	4			
I pudd a name and wedlock boltone round her the which to	5			
carry till her grave, my durdin dearly, Appia Lippia Pluviabilla,	6			
whiles I herr lifer amstell and been: I chained her chastemate to	7			
grippe fiuming snugglers, her chambrett I bestank so to spunish	8			
furiosos: I was her hochsized, her cleavunto, her everest, she was	9			
my annie, my lauralad, my pisoved: who cut her ribbons when	10			
nought my prowes? who expoused that havenliness to beacha-	11			
lured ankerrides when not I, freipforter?: in trinity huts they	12			
met my dame, pick of their poke for me: when I foregather 'twas	13			
my sumbad, if I farseeker itch my list: had I not workit in my	14			
cattagut with dogshunds' crotts to clene and had I not gifted	15			
of my coataways, constantonoble's aim: and, fortiffed by my	16			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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right as man of capitol, I did umgyrdle her about, my vermin-	17			
celly vinagerette, with all loving kindness as far as in man's	18			
might it lay and enfranchised her to liberties of fringes: and I	19			
gave until my lilienyounge turkeythighs soft goods and hard-	20			
ware (catalogue, <i>passim</i>) and ladderproof hosiery lines (see	21			
stockinger's raiment), cocquette coiffs (see Agnes' hats) and	22			
peningsworths of the best taste of knaggs of jets and silvered	23			
waterroses and geegaws of my pretty novelties and wispywaspy	24			
frocks of redferns and lauralworths, trancepearances such as	25			
women cattle bare and peltries piled, the peak of Pim's and	26			
Slyne's and Sparrow's, loomends day lumineused luxories on	27			
looks, <i>La Primamère</i> , <i>Pyrrha Pyrrhine</i> , <i>Or de Reinebeau</i> , <i>Sourire</i>	28			
<i>d'Hiver</i> and a crinoline, wide a shire, and pattens for her trilibies	29			
that know she might the tortuours of the boots and bedes of	30			
wampun with to toy and a murcery glaze of shard to mirrow, for	31			
all daintiness by me and theetime, the cupandnaggin hour: and	32			
I wound around my swanchen's neckplace a school of shells of	33			
moyles marine to swing their saysangs in her silents: and, upping	34			
her at king's count, her aldritch cry oloss unheading, what	35			
though exceeding bitter, I pierced her beak with order of the	36			
FW549				
Danabrog (Cunnig's great! Soll leve! Soll level!): with mare's	1			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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greese cressets at Leonard's and Dunphy's and Madonna lan-	2			
thorns before quintacasas and tallonkindles spearhead synging	3			
nickendbookers and mhutton lightburnes dipdippingdownes in	4			
blackholes, the tapers of the toppers and his buntingpall at hoist:	5			
for days there was no night for nights were days and our folk had	6			
rest from Blackheathen and the pagans from the prince of pacis:	7			
what was trembling sod quaked no more, what were frozen loins	8			
were stirred and lived: gone the septuor, dark deadly dismal dole-	9			
ful desolate dreadful desperate, no more the tolvmaans, bloody	10			
gloomy hideous fearful furious alarming terrible mournful	11			
sorrowful frightful appalling: peace, perfect peace: and I hung up	12			
at Yule my duindleeng lunas, helphelped of Kettil Flashnose, for	13			
the souperhore of my frigid one, <i>coloumba mea, frimosa mea</i> , in	14			
Wastewindy tarred strate and Elgin's marble halles lamping	15			
limp from black to block, through all Livania's volted ampire,	16			
from anodes to cathodes and from the topazolites of Mourne,	17			
Wykinloeflare, by Arklow's sapphire siomen's lure and Wexter-	18			
ford's hook and crook lights to the polders of Hy Kinsella:	19			
avenyue ceen my peurls ahumming, the crown to my estuarine	20			
munipicence?: three firths of the sea I swept with draughtness	21			
and all ennempties I bottled em up in bellomport: when I stab-	22			
marooned jack and maturin I was a bad boy's bogey but it was	23			
when I went on to sankt piotersbarq that they gave my devil his	24			
dues: what is seizer can hack in the old wold a sawyer may hew	25			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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in the green: on the island of Breasil the wildth of me perished	26			
and I took my plowshure sadly, feeling pity for me soled: where	27			
bold O'Connee weds on Alta Mahar, the tawny sprawling beside	28			
that silver burn, I sate me and settled with the little crither of my	29			
hearth: her intellects I charmed with I calle them utile thoughts,	30			
her turlyhyde I plumped with potatums for amiens pease in	31			
plenty: my biblous beadells shewed her triumphs of craftygild	32			
pageantries, loftust Adam, duffed our cousterclother, Conn and	33			
Owel with cortopped baskib, Sire Noeh Guinnass, exposant of	34			
his bageness and Lord Joe Starr to hump the body of the camell:	35			
I screwed the Emperor down with ninepins gaelic with sixpenny-	36			
FW550				
hapennies for his hanger on: my worthies were bissed and trissed	1			
from Joshua to Godfrey but my <i>processus prophetarum</i> they would	2			
have plauded to perpetuation. Moral: book to besure, see press.	3			
— He's not all buum and bully.	4			
— But his members handly food him.	5			
— Steving's grain for's greet collegtium.	6			
— The S. S. Paudraic's in the harbour.	7			
— And after these things, I fed her, my carlen, my barelean lin-	8			
steer, upon spiceries for her garbage breath, italics of knobby	9			
lauch and the rich morsel of the marrolebone and shains of gar-	10			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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leeks and swinespepper and gothakrauts and pinkee dillisks,	11			
primes of meshallehs and subtleties in jellywork, come the feast	12			
of Saint Pancreas, and shortcake nutrients for Paas and Pingster's	13			
pudding, bready and nutalled and potted fleshmeats from store	14			
dampkookin, and the drugs of Kafa and Jelupa and shallots out	15			
of Ascalon, feeding her food convenient herfor, to pass them into	16			
earth: and to my saffronbreathing mongoloid, the skinsyg, I gave	17			
Biorwik's powlver and Uliv's oils, unguents of cuticure, for the	18			
swarthy searchall's face on her, with handewers and groinscrubbers	19			
and a carrycam to tease her tussy out, the brown but combly,	20			
a mopsa's broom to duist her sate, and clubmoss and wolves-	21			
foot for her more moister wards (amazing efficiencies!): and, my	22			
shopsoiled doveling, when weeks of kindness kinly civicised, in	23			
our saloons esquiral, with fineglas bowbays, draped embrasures	24			
and gildedged librariums, I did devise my telltale sports at even-	25			
bread to wring her withers limberly, wheatears, slapbang,	26			
drapier-cut-dean, bray, nap, spinado and ranter-go-round: we	27			
had our lewd mayers and our lairdie meirresses kiotowing and	28			
smuling fullface on us out of their framous latenesses, oilclothed	29			
over for cohabitation and allpointed by Hind: Tamlane the Cus-	30			
sacke, Dirk Wettingstone, Pieter Stuyvesant, Outlawrie O'Niell,	31			
Mrs Currens, Mrs Reyson-Figgis, Mrs Dattery, and Mrs Pruny-	32			
Quetch: in hym we trust, footwash and sects principles, apply to	33			
overseer, Amos five six: she had dabblingtime for exhibiting her	34			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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grace of aljambras and duncingk the bloodanoobs in her vaux-	35			
halls while I, dizzed and dazed by the lumpty thumpty of our	36			
FW551				
interloopings, fell clocksure off my ballast: in our windtor palast	1			
it vampared for elenders, we lubded Sur Gudd for the sleep and	2			
the ghoasts: she chauffed her fuesies at my Wigan's jewels while	3			
she skalded her mermeries on my Snorryson's Sagos: in pay-	4			
cook's thronsaale she domineered, lecking icies off the dormer	5			
panes all admired her in camises: on Rideau Row Duanna dwells,	6			
you merk well what you see: let wellth were I our pantocreator	7			
would theirs be tights for the gods: in littleritt reddinghats and	8			
cindery yellows and tinsel and glitter and bibs under hoods: I	9			
made nuisance of many well pressed champdamors and peddled	10			
freely in the scrub: I foredreamed for thee and more than full-	11			
maked: I prevened for thee in the haunts that joybelled frail light-	12			
a-leaves for sturdy traemen: <i>pelves ad hombres sumus</i> : I said to	13			
the shiftless prostitute; let me be your fodder; and to rodies and	14			
prater brothers; Chau, Camerade!: evangel of good tidings, om-	15			
nient as the Healer's word, for the lost, loathsome and whomso-	16			
ever will: who, in regimentation through liberal donation in co-	17			
ordination for organisation of their installation and augmenta-	18			
tion plus some annexation and amplification without precipita-	19			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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tion towards the culmination in latification of what was formerly	20			
their utter privation, competence, cheerfulness, usefulness and	21			
the meed, shall, in their second adams, all be made alive: my tow	22			
tugs steered down canal grand, my lighters lay longside on	23			
Regalia Water. And I built in <i>Urbs in Rure</i> , for minne elskede,	24			
my shiny brows, under astrolobe from my upservatory, an erd-	25			
closet with showne ejector wherewithin to be squatquit in most	26			
covenience from her sabbath needs, when open noise should	27			
stilled be: did not I festfix with mortarboard my unniversiries,	28			
wholly rational and gottalike, sophister agen sorefister, life sizars	29			
all?: was I not rosetted on two stellas of little egypt? had not I	30			
rockcut readers, hieros, gregos and democriticos?: triscastellated,	31			
bimedallised: and by my sevendialled changing charties Hiberns-	32			
ka Ulitzas made not I to pass through twelve Threadneedles and	33			
Newgade and Vicus Veneris to cooinsight?: my camels' walk,	34			
kolossa kolossa! no porte sublimer benared my ghates: Oi polled	35			
ye many but my fews were chousen (Voter, voter, early voter,	36			
FW552				
he was never too oft for old Sarum): terminals four my staties	1			
were, the Geenar, the Greasouwea, the Debwickweck, the Mif-	2			
greawis. And I sept up twinminsters, the pro and the con, my	3			
stavekirks wove so norcelly of peeled wands and attachatouchy	4			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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floodmud, now all loosebrick and stonefest, freely masoned,	5		
arked for covennanters and shinnners' rifuge: descent from above	6		
on us, Hagiasofia of Astralia, our orisons thy nave and absedes,	7		
our aeone tone aeones thy studvaast vault; Hams, circuitise!	8		
Shemites, retrace!: horns, hush! no barkeys! hereround is't	9		
holied!: all truantrulls made I comepull, all rubbeling gnomes	10		
I pushed, gowgow: Cassels, Redmond, Gandon, Deane, Shep-	11		
perd, Smyth, Neville, Heaton, Stoney, Foley, Farrell, Vnost with	12		
Thorneycroft and Hogan too: sprids serve me! gobelins guard!:	13		
tect my tileries (O tribes! O gentes!), keep my keep, the peace	14		
of my four great ways: oathiose infernals to Booth Salvation,	15		
arcane celestials to Sweatenburgs Welhell! My seven wynds I	16		
trailed to maze her and ever a wynd had saving closes and all these	17		
closes flagged with the gust, hoops for her, hatsoff for him and	18		
ruffles through Neeblow's garding: and that was why Blabus was	19		
razing his wall and eltering the suzannes of his nighboors: and	20		
thirdly, for ewigs, I did reform and restore for my smuggy	21		
piggiesknees, my sweet coolocked, my auburn coyquailing one,	22		
her paddypalace on the crossknoll with massgo bell, sixton	23		
clashcoshant, duominous and muezzatinties to commind the fit-	24		
ful: doom adimdim adoom adimadim: and the oragel of the lauds	25		
to tellforth's glory: and added thereunto a shallow laver to slub	26		
out her hellfire and posied windows for her oriel house: gospelly	27		
pewmillieu, christous pewmillieu: zackbutts babazounded, ollguns	28		

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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tararulled: and she sass her nach, chillybombom and forty bon-	29			
nets, upon the altarstane. May all have mossyhonours!	30			
— Hoke!	31			
— Hoke!	32			
— Hoke!	33			
— Hoke!	34			
— And wholehail, snaeffell, dreardrizzle or sleetshowers of bless-	35			
ing, where it froze in chalix eller swum in the vestry, with fairskin	36			
FW553				
book and ruling rod, vein of my vergin page, her chastener ever	1			
I did learn my little ana countrysmouse in alphabeater cameltem-	2			
per, from alderbirk to tannenyoun, with myraw rattan atter dun-	3			
drum; ooah, oyir, oyir, oyir: and I did spread before my Livvy,	4			
where Lord street lolls and ladies linger and Cammomile Pass	5			
cuts Primrose Rise and Coney Bend bounds Mulbreys Island but	6			
never a blid had bledded or bludded since long agore when the	7			
whole blighty acre was bladey well pessovered, my selvage mats	8			
of lecheworked lawn, my carpet gardens of Guerdon City, with	9			
chopes pyramidous and mousselimes and beaconphires and colos-	10			
sets and pensilled turisses for the busspleaches of the summira-	11			
mies and esplanadas and statuesques and templeogues, the Par-	12			
donell of Maynooth, Fra Teobaldo, Nielsen, rare admirable, Jean	13			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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de Porteleau, Conall Gretecloke, Guglielmus Caulis and the eiligh	14			
ediculous Passivucant (glorietta's inexcellsiored!): for irkdays	15			
and for folliedays till the comple anniums of calendarias, gregoro-	16			
maios and gypsyjuliennes as such are pleased of theirs to walk:	17			
and I planted for my own hot lisbing lass a quickset vineyard and	18			
I fenced it about with huge Chesterfield elms and Kentish hops	19			
and rigs of barlow and bowery nooks and greenwished villas	20			
and pampas animos and (N.I.) necessitades iglesias and pons for	21			
aguaducks: a hawthorndene, a feyrieglenn, the hallaw vall, the	22			
dyrchace, Finmark's Howe, against lickybudmonth and gleaner-	23			
month with a magicscene wall (rimrim! rimrim!) for a Queen's	24			
garden of her phoenix: and (hush! hush!) I brewed for my alpine	25			
plurabelle, wigwarming wench, (speakeasy!) my granvilled brand-	26			
old Dublin lindub, the free, the froh, the frothy freshener, puss,	27			
puss, pussyfoot, to split the spleen of her maw: and I laid down	28			
before the trotters to my eblanite my stony battered waggon-	29			
ways, my nordsoud circulum, my eastmoreland and westland-	30			
more, running boullowards and syddenly parading, (hearsemen,	31			
opslo! nuptiallers, get storting!): whereon, in mantram of true-	32			
men like yahoomen (expect till dutc cunductor summoneth him	33			
all fahrts to pay, willkommen all hankinhunkn in this vongn of	34			
Hoseyeh!), claudesdales withe arabinstreeds, Roamer Reich's	35			
rickyshaws with Hispain's King's trompateers, madridden mus-	36			

15. Episode FIFTEEN (81 pages, from 474 to 554). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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FW554				
tangs, buckarestive bronchos, poster shays and turnintaxis, and	1			
tall tall tilburys and nod nod noddies, others giggling gaily, some	2			
sedated in sedans: my priccoping gents, aroger, aroger, my dam-	3			
sells softsidesaddled, covertly, covertly, and Lawdy Dawe a perch	4			
behind: the mule and the hinny and the jennet and the mustard	5			
nag and piebald shjelties and skewbald awknees steppit lively	6			
(lift ye the left and rink ye the right!) for her pleashadure: and	7			
she lalaughed in her diddydid domino to the switcheries of the	8			
whip. Down with them! Kick! Playup!	9			
Mattahah! Marahah! Luahah! Joahanahanahana!	10			