

	As we there are where are we are we there from tomtittot to teetootomtotalitarian. Tea tea too oo.	UNDE ET UBI.
<i>With his broad and hairy face, to Ireland a disgrace.</i>	Whom will comes over. Who to caps ever. And howelse do we hook our hike to find that pint of porter place? Am shot, says the big- guard. <sup>1</sup>	SIC.
<i>Menly about peebles.</i>	Whence. Quick lunch by our left, wheel, to where. Long Livius Lane, mid Mezzofanti Mall, diagonising Lavatery Square, up Tycho Brache Crescent, <sup>2</sup> shouldering Berkeley Alley, querfixing Gainsborough Carfax, under Guido d'Arezzo's Gadeway, by New Livius Lane till where we whiled while we whithered. Old Vico Roundpoint. But fahr, be fear! And natural, simple, slavish, filial. The marriage of Montan wetting his moll we know, like any enthewsyass cuckling a hoyden <sup>3</sup> in her rougey	IMAGINABLE ITINERARY THROUGH THE PARTICULAR UNIVERSAL.

<sup>1</sup> Rawmeash, quoshe with her girlic teangue. If old Herod with the Cormwell's eczema was to go for me like he does Snuffler whatever about his blue canaries I'd do nine months for his beaver beard.

<sup>2</sup> Mater Mary Mercerycordial of the Dripping Nipples, milk's a queer arrangement.

<sup>3</sup> Real life behind the floodlights as shown by the best exponents of a royal divorce.

gipsylike chinkaminx pulshandjupeyjade and  
her petsybluse indecked o' voylets.<sup>1</sup> When  
who was wist was ware. En elv, et fjaell. And  
the whirr of the whins humming us howe.  
His hume. Hencetaking tides we haply return,  
trumpeted by prawns and ensigned with sea-  
kale, to befinding ourself when old is said in  
one and maker mates with made (O my!),  
having conned the cones and meditated the  
mured and pondered the pensils and ogled the  
olymp and delighted in her dianaphous and  
cacchinated behind his culosses, before a  
mosoleum. Length Withought Breath, of him,  
a chump of the evums, upshoot of picnic or  
stupor out of sopor, Cave of Kids or Hyma-  
nian Glatstoneburg, denary, danery, donnery,  
domm, who, entiringly as he continues highly-  
fictional, tumulous under his chthonic exterior  
but plain Mr Tumulty in muftilife,<sup>2</sup> in his an-  
tisipiences as in his recognisances, is, (Dominic  
Directus) a manyfeast munificent more mob  
than man.

*Swiney Tod, ye  
Daimon Barbar!*

*Dig him in the  
rubsh!*

*Ungodly old  
Ardrey, Cronwall  
beeswaxing the  
convulsion box.*

Ainsoph,<sup>3</sup> this upright one, with that  
noughty besighed him zeroine. To see in his  
horrorscup he is mehrkurios than saltz of  
sulphur. Terror of the noonstruck by day,  
cryptogam of each nightly bridable. But, to  
speak broken heaventalk, is he? Who is he?  
Whose is he? Why is he? Howmuch is he?  
Which is he? When is he? Where is he?<sup>4</sup> How  
is he? And what the decans is there about him

CONSTITU-  
TION OF THE  
CONSTITU-  
TIONABLE AS  
CONSTITU-  
TIONAL.

<sup>1</sup> When we play dress grownup at alla ludo poker you'll be happnissed to feel how fetching I can look in clingarounds.

<sup>2</sup> Kellywick, Longfellow's Lodgings, House of Comments III, Cake Walk, Amusing Avenue, Salt Hill, Co. Mahogany, Izalond, Terra Firma.

<sup>3</sup> Groupname for grapejuice.

<sup>4</sup> Bhing, said her burglar's head, soto.

anyway, the decent man? Easy, calm your haste! Approach to lead our passage!

This bridge is upper.

Cross.

Thus come to castle.

Knock.<sup>1</sup>

A password, thanks.

Yes, pearse.

Well, all be dumbled!

O really?<sup>2</sup>

Hoo cavedin earthwight

At furscht kracht of thunder.<sup>3</sup>

When shoo, his flutterby,

Was netted and named.<sup>4</sup>

Erdnacrusha, requiestress, wake em!

And let luck's puresplutterall Lucy at ease!<sup>5</sup>

To house as wise fool ages builded.

Sow byg eat.<sup>6</sup>

Staplering to tether to, steppingstone to mount by, as the Boote's at Pickardstown.

And that skimmelmk steed still in the ground-loftfan. As over all. Or be these wingsets leaned

to the outwalls, beastskin trophies of booth of Baws the balsamboards?<sup>7</sup> Burials be bally-

houraised! So let Bacchus e'en call! Inn inn! Inn inn! Where. The babbers ply the pen.

The bibbers drang the den. The pappicom, the publicam he's turning tin for ten. From

PROBA-  
POSSIBLE  
PROLEGOMENA  
TO IDEAREAL  
HISTORY.

GNOSIS OF  
PRECREATE  
DETERMINA-  
TION.  
AGNOSIS OF  
POSTCREATE  
DETER-  
MINISM.

*Swing the banjo,  
bantams, bounce-  
the-baller's  
blown to fook.*

*Thisight near  
left me eyes when  
I seen her put  
thounce otay  
ithpot.*

*Quartandws.*

*Tickets for the  
Tailwaggers  
Terrierpuppy  
Raffle.*

<sup>1</sup> Yussive smirte and ye mermon answerth from his beelyingplace below the tightmark, Gotahelv!

<sup>2</sup> O Evol, kool in the salg and ees how Dozi pits what a drows er.

<sup>3</sup> A goodrid croven in a tynwalled tub.

<sup>4</sup> Apis amat aram. Luna legit librum. Pulla petit pascua.

<sup>5</sup> And after dinn to shoot the shades.

<sup>6</sup> Says blistered Mary Achinhead to beautifed Tummy Tullbutt.

<sup>7</sup> Begge. To go to Begge. To go to Begge and to be sure to reminder Begge. Goodbeg, buggey Begge.

seldomers that most frequent him. That same erst crafty hakemouth which under the assumed name of Ignotus Loquor, of foggy old, harangued bellyhooting fishdrunks on their favorite stamping ground, from a father theobalder brake.<sup>1</sup> And Egyptus, the incenstrobed, as Cyrus heard of him? And Major A. Shaw after he got the miner smellpex? And old Whiteman self, the blighty blotchy, beyond the bays, hope of ostrogothic and ottomanic faith converters, despair of Pandemia's post-wartem plastic surgeons? But is was all so long ago. Hispano-Cathayan-Euxine, Castilian-Emeratic-Hebridian, Espanol-Cymric-Helleniky? Rolf the Ganger, Rough the Gangster, not a feature alike and the face the same.<sup>2</sup> Pastimes are past times. Now let bygoness be bei Gunne's. Saaledidies er it in this warken werden, mine boerne, and it vild need older-wise<sup>3</sup> since primal made alter in garden of Idem. The tasks above are as the flasks below, saith the emerald canticle of Hermes and all's loth and pleasestir, are we told, on excellent inkbottle authority, solarsystemised, seriol-cosmically, in a more and more almightily expanding universe under one, there is rhymeless reason to believe, original sun. Securely judges orb terrestrial.<sup>4</sup> *Haud certo ergo*. But O felicitous culpability, sweet bad cess to you for an archetyp!

*Mars speaking.*

*Smith, no home.*

*Non quod sed  
quiat.*

*Hearasay in  
paradox lust.*

<sup>1</sup> Hunter and Pumar's animal alphabites, the first in the world from aab to zoo.

<sup>2</sup> We dont hear the booming cursowarries, we wont fear the fletches of fighting, we float the meditareneas and come bask to the isle we love in spice. Punt.

<sup>3</sup> And this once golden bee a cimadoro.

<sup>4</sup> And he was a gay Lutharius anyway, Sinobiled. You can tell by their extraordinary clothes.

Bags.  
Balls.

Move up,  
Mackinemy!  
Make room for  
Muckinurney!

Honour commercio's energy yet aid the linkless proud, the plurable with everybody and ech with pal, this ernst of Allsap's ale halliday of roaring month with its two lunar eclipses and its three saturnine settings! Horn of Heatthen, highbrowed! Brook of Life, backfrish! Amnios amnium, fluminiculum flaminulinorum! We seek the Blessed One, the Harburer-cum-Enheritance. Even Canaan the Hateful. Ever a-going, ever a-coming. Between a stare and a sough. Fossilisation, all branches.<sup>1</sup> Wherefore Petra sware unto Ulma: By the mortals' frost! And Ulma sware unto Petra: On my veiny life!

In these places sojournemus, where Eblinn water, leased of carr and fen, leaving amont her shoals and salmen browses, whom inshore breezes woo with freshets, windeth to her broads. A phantom city, phaked of philim pholk, bowed and sould for a four of hundreds of manhood in their three and threescore fylkers for a price partitional of twenty six and six. By this riverside, on our sunnybank,<sup>2</sup> how buona the vista, by Santa Rosa! A field of May, the very vale of Spring. Orchards here are lodged; sainted lawrels evremberried. You have a hoig view ashwald, a glen of marrons and of thorns. Gleannaulinn, Ardeevin: purty glint of plaising height. This Norman court at boundary of the ville, yon creepered tower of a church of Ereland, meet for true saints in worshipful assemblage,<sup>3</sup> with our king's house

ARCHAIC  
ZELOTYPIA  
AND THE  
ODIUM TEL-  
EOLOGICUM.

THE LOCALI-  
SATION OF  
LEGEND  
LEADING TO  
THE LEGALI-  
SATION OF  
LATIFUNDISM.

<sup>1</sup> Startnaked and bonedstiff. We vivvy soddy. All be dood.

<sup>2</sup> When you dreamt that you'd wealth in marble arch do you ever think of pool beg slowe.

<sup>3</sup> Porphyrious Olbion, redcoatliar, we were always wholly rose marines on our side every time.

*In snowdrop,  
trou-de-dentelle,  
flesh and helio-  
trope.*

*Here's our dozen  
cousins from the  
starves on tripes.*

of stone, belgroved of mulbrey, the still that was mill and Kloster that was Yeomansland, the ghastrcold tombshape of the quick foregone on, the loftleaved elm Lefanunian above-mansioned, each, every, all is for the retrospectioner. Skole! Agus skole igen!<sup>1</sup> Sweet-some auburn, cometh up as a selfreizing flower, that fragolance of the fraisey beds: the phoenix, his pyre, is still flaming away with trueprat-tight spirit: the wren his nest is niedelig as the turris of the sabines are televisible. Here are the cottage and the bungalow for the cobbeler and the brandnewburgher:<sup>2</sup> but Izolde, her chaplet gardens, an litlee plads af liefest pose, arride the winnerful wonders off, the winnerful wonnerful wanders off,<sup>3</sup> with hedges of ivy and hollywood and bower of mistletoe, are, tho if it them tho and yeth if you pleathes,<sup>4</sup> for the blithehaired daughter of Angoissee. All out of two barreny old perishers, Tytonyhands and Vlossyhair, a kilolitre in metromyriams. Presepeprosapia, the parent bole. Wone tabard, wine tap and warm tavern<sup>5</sup> and, by ribbon development, from contact bridge to lease lapse, only two millium two humbered and eighty thausig nine humbered and sixty radiolumin lines to the wustworts of a Finntown's generous poet's office. Distorted mirage, aloofliet of the plain, wherein the

<sup>1</sup> Now a muss wash the little face.

<sup>2</sup> A viking vernacular expression still used in the Summerhill district for a jerryhatted man of forty who puts two fingers into his boiling soupplate and licks them in turn to find out if there is enough mushroom catsup in the mutton broth.

<sup>3</sup> H' dk' fs' h'p'y.

<sup>4</sup> Googlaa pluplu.

<sup>5</sup> Tomley. The grown man. A butcher szewched him the bloughs and braches. I'm chory to see P. Shuter.

boxomeness of the bedelias<sup>1</sup> makes hobby-hodge happy in his hole.<sup>2</sup> The store and charter, Treetown Castle under Lynne.-Rivapool? Hod a brieck on it! But its piers eerie, its span spooky, its toll but a till, its parapets all peripateting. D'Oblong's by his by. Which we all pass. Tons. In our snoo. Znore. While we hickerwards the thicker. Schein. Schore. Which assoars us from the murk of the mythe-lated in the barrabelowther, bedevere butlered table round, past Morningtop's necessity and Harington's invention, to the clarience of the childlight in the studiorium upsturts. Here we'll dwell on homiest powers, love at the latch with novices nig and nag. The chorus: the principals. For the rifocillation of their inclination to the manifestation of irritation: doldorboys and doll.<sup>3</sup> After sound, light and heat, memory, will and understanding.

*Bet you fippence, anythesious, there's no pug-gatory, are you game?*

Here (the memories framed from walls are minding) till wranglers for wringwrowdy wready are, F T, (at gaze, respecting, fourteenth baronet, meet, altrettanth bancorot, chaff) and ere commence commencement cat-alaunic when Aetius check chokewill Attil's gambit, (that buxon bruzeup, give it a burl!) lead us seek, O june of eves the jenni-est, thou who fleest flicklesome the fond fervid frondeur to thickly thyself attach with thine efteased ensuer,<sup>4</sup> ondrawer of our unconscionable, flickerflapper fore our unter-

PREAUSTERIC  
MAN AND HIS  
PURSUIT OF  
PAN-  
HYSTERIC  
WOMAN.

<sup>1</sup> I believe in Dublin and the Sultan of Turkey.

<sup>2</sup> I have heard this word used by Martin Halpin, an old gardener from the Glens of Antrim who used to do odd jobs for my godfather, the Rev. B.B. Brophy of Swords.

<sup>3</sup> Ravens may rive so can dove deelish.

<sup>4</sup> A question of pull.

drugged,<sup>1</sup> lead us seek, lote us see, light us find, let us missnot Maidadate, Mimosa Multimim etica, the maymeaminning of maimoomaining! Elpis, thou fountain of the greeces, all shall speer theeward,<sup>2</sup> from kongen in his canteenus to knivers hind the knoll. Ausonius Audacior and gael, gillie, gall.<sup>3</sup> Singalingalying. Storiella as she is syung. Whence followeup with end-speaking nots for yestures, plutonically pursuant on briefest glimpse from gladrags, pretty Proserpronette whose slit satchel spilleth peas.

Belisha beacon, beckon bright! Usherette, unmesh us! That grene ray of earong it waves us to yonder as the red, blue and yellow flogs time on the domisole,<sup>4</sup> with a blewly blow and a windigo. Where flash becomes word and silents selfloud. To brace congeners, trebly bounden and asservaged twainly. Adamman,<sup>5</sup> Emhe, Issossianusheen and sometypes Yggely ogs Weib. Uwayoei!<sup>6</sup> So mag this sybilette be our shibboleth that we may syllable her well! Vetus may be occluded behind the mou in Veto but Nova will be nearing as their radiant among the Nereids. A one of charmers, ay, Una Unica, charmers, who, under the branches of the elms, in shoes as yet unshent by stoniness, wend, went, will wend a way of honey myrrh and Rambler roses mistmusk while still the maybe mantles the meiblume or ever her

URGES AND  
WIDERURGES  
IN A PRIMI-  
TIVE SEPT.

*There was a  
sweet hopeful  
culled Cis.*

*The Big Bear  
bit the Sailor's  
Only. Trouble,  
trouble, trouble.*

*Forening Unge  
Kristlike Kvinne.*

<sup>1</sup> For Rose Point see Inishmacsaint.

<sup>2</sup> Mannequins' Pose.

<sup>3</sup> Their holy presumption and hers sinfully desprit.

<sup>4</sup> Anama anamaba anamabapa.

<sup>5</sup> Only for he's fathering law I could skewer that old one and slosh her out many's the time but I thinks more of my pottles and ketts.

<sup>6</sup> All abunk for Tarararat! Look slipper, soppyhat, we've a doss in the manger.

*Telltale me all  
of annaryllies.*

*Will you carry  
my can and  
fight the fairies?*

*Allma Mathers,  
Auctioneer.*

*Old Gavelkind  
the Gamper and  
he's as daff as  
you're erse.*

if have faded from the fleur,<sup>1</sup> their arms enlocked, (ringrang, the chimes of sex appealing as conchitas with sentas stray,<sup>2</sup> rung!), all thinking all of it, the It with an itch in it, the All every inch of it, the pleasure each will preen her for, the business each was bred to breed by.<sup>3</sup>

Soon jemmijohns will cudgel about some a rhythmatick or other over Browne and Nolan's divisional tables whereas she, of minions' novence charily being cupid, for mug's wumping, grooser's grubbiness, andt's avarice and grossopper's grandegaffe, with her tootpettypout of jemenfichue will sit and knit on solfa sofa.<sup>4</sup> Stew of the evening, booksyful stew. And a bodikin a boss in the Thimble Theatre. But all is her inbourne. Intend. From gramma's grammar she has it that if there is a third person, mascarine, phelinine or nuder, being spoken abad it moods prosodes from a person speaking to her second which is the direct object that has been spoken to, with and at. Take the dative with his oblativ<sup>5</sup> for, even if obsolete, it is always of interest, so spake gramma on the impetus of her imperative, only mind your genderous towards his reflexives such that I was to your grappa (Bott's trousend, hore a man uff!) when him was me hedon<sup>6</sup> and mine, what the lewdy saying, his analec-tual pygmyhop.<sup>7</sup> There is comfortism in the

EARLY  
NOTIONS OF  
ACQUIRED  
RIGHTS AND  
THE INFLU-  
ENCE OF  
COLLECTIVE  
TRADITION  
UPON THE  
INDIVIDUAL.

*Undante  
umoroso.  
M. 50-50.*

*οὐκ ἔλαβον  
πόλιν·*

knowledge that often hate on first hearing comes of love by second sight. Have your little sintalks in the dunk of subjunctions, dual in duel and prude with pruriel, but even the aoriest chaparound whatever plaudered perfect anent prettydotes and *haec genua omnia* may perhaps chance to be about to be in the case to be becoming a pale peterwright in spite of all your tense accusatives whilstly you're wall-floored<sup>1</sup> like your gerandiums for the better half of a yearn or sob. It's a wild's kitten, my dear, who can tell a wilking from a warthog. For you may be as practical as is predicable but you must have the proper sort of accident to meet that kind of a being with a difference.<sup>2</sup> Flame at his fumbles but freeze on his fist.<sup>3</sup> Every letter is a godsend, ardent Ares, brusque Boreas and glib Ganymede like zealous Zeus, the O'Meghisthest of all. To me or not to me. Satis thy quest on. Werbungsap! Jeg suis, vos wore a gentleman, thou arr, I am a quean. Is a game over? The game goes on. Cookcook! Search me. The beggar the maid the bigger the mauler. And the greater the patrarc the griefier the pinch. And that's what your doctor knows. O love it is the commonkounest thing how it pashes the plutous and the paupe.<sup>4</sup> Pop! And egg she active or spoon she passive, all them fine clauses in Lindley's and Murrey's never braught the participle of a present to a desponent hortatrixy, vindicatively I say it,

<sup>1</sup> One must sell it to some one, the sacred name of love.

<sup>2</sup> Making it up as we goes along.

<sup>3</sup> The law of the jungerl.

<sup>4</sup> Let me blush to think of all those halfwayhoist pullovers.

<sup>5</sup> I'd like his pink's cheek.

<sup>6</sup> Frech devil in red hairing! So that's why you ran away to sea, Mrs Lappy. Leap me, Locklaun, for you have sensed!

<sup>7</sup> A washable lovable floatable doll.

<sup>1</sup> With her poodle feinting to be let off and feeling dead in herself. Is love worse living?

<sup>2</sup> If she can't follow suit Renée goes to the pack.

<sup>3</sup> Improper frictions is maledictions and mens uration makes me mad.

<sup>4</sup> Llong and Shortts Primer of Black and White Wenchcraft.

*I'll go for that  
small polly if  
you'll suck to  
your lebbens-  
quatsch.*

*O'Mara Farrell.*

*Verschwindibus.*

*Ulstria,*

from her postconditional future.<sup>1</sup> Lumpsome is who lumpsum pays. Quantity counts though accents falter. Yoking apart and oblique orations parsed to one side, a brat, alanna, can choose from so many, be he a solicitor's appendix, a pipe clerk or free functionist flyswatter, that perfect little cad, from the languors and weakness of limberlimbed lassihood till the head, back and heartaches of waxedup womanage and heaps on heaps of other things too. Note the Respectable Irish Distressed Ladies and the Merry Mustard Frothblowers of Humphreystown Associations. Atac first, queckqueck quicks after. Beware how in that hist subtaile of schlangder<sup>2</sup> lies liaison to tease oreilles! To vert embowed set proper penchant. But learn from that ancient tongue to be middle old modern to the minute. A spitter that can be depended on. Though Wonderlawn's lost us for ever. Alis, alas, she broke the glass! Liddell lokker through the leafery, ours is mistery of pain.<sup>3</sup> You may spin on youthlit's bike and multiplease your Mike and Nike with your kickshoes on the algebrars but, volve the virgil page and view, the O of woman is long when burly those two muters sequent her so from Nebob<sup>4</sup> see you never stray who'll nimm you nice and nehm the day.

One hath just been areading, hath not one, ya, ya, in their memoiries of Hireling's puny wars, end so, und all, ga, ga, of The O'Brien,

CONCOMITANCE  
OF COURAGE,  
COUNSEL AND

<sup>1</sup> The gaggles all out.

<sup>2</sup> He's just bug nuts on white mate he hasn't the teeth nor the grits to choo and that's what's wrong with Lang Wang Wurm, old worbbling goesbelly.

<sup>3</sup> Dear and I trust in all frivolity I may be pardoned for trespassing but I think I may add hell.

<sup>4</sup> He is my all menkind of every desception.

*Monastir,  
Leninstar and  
Connecticut.*

*Cliopatria, thy  
hosies history.*

*The Eroico  
Furioso makes  
the valet like  
smiling.*

*The hyperape the  
mink he groves the  
mole you see now for  
crush sake, chawley!*

The O'Connor, The Mac Loughlin and The Mac Namara with summed their appondage, da, da, of Sire Jeallyous Seizer, that gamely torskmaster,<sup>1</sup> with his duo of druidesses in ready money rompers<sup>2</sup> and the tryonfort of Oxthievous, Lapidous and Malthouse Anthemy. You may fail to see the lie of that layout, Suetonia,<sup>3</sup> but the reflections which recur to me are that so long as beauty life is body love<sup>4</sup> and so bright as Mutua of your mirror holds her candle to your caudle, lone lefthand likeless, sombring Autum of your Spring, reck you not one spirt of anyseed whether trigemelimen cuddle his coddle or nope. She'll confess it by her figure and she'll deny it to your face. If you're not ruined by that one she won't do you any whim. And then? What afters it? Cruff Gunne may blow, Gam Gonna flow, the gossans eye the jennings aye. From the butts of Heber and Heremon, *volens volens*, brood our pansies, brune in brume. There's a split in the infinitive from to have to have been to will be. As they warred in their big innings ease now we never shall know. Eat early earthapples. Coax Cobra to chatters. Hail, Heva, we hear! This is the glider that gladdened the girl<sup>5</sup> that list to the wind that lifted the leaves that folded the fruit that hung on the tree that grew in the garden Gough gave. Wide hiss, we're wizen-

<sup>1</sup> All his teeths back to the front, then the moon and then the moon with a hole behind it.

<sup>2</sup> Skip one, flop fore, jennies in the cabbage store.

<sup>3</sup> None of your cumpohlstery English here!

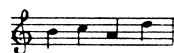
<sup>4</sup> Understudy my understandings, Sosituda, and meek thine compliment, gymnufleshed.

<sup>5</sup> Tho' I have one just like that to home, deadleaf brown with quicksilver appliques, would whollymost applissiate a nice shiny sleekysilk out of that slipping snake charmeuse.

CONSTANCY.  
ORDINATION  
OF OMEN,  
ONUS AND  
OBIT.  
DISTRIBUTION  
OF DANGER,  
DUTY AND  
DESTINY.  
POLAR PRIN-  
CIPLES.

ing. Hoots fromm, we're globing. Why hidest thou hinder thy husband his name? Leda, Lada, aflutter-afraida, so does your girdle grow! Willed without witting, whorled without aimed. Pappapassos, Mammamanet, warwhets-wut and whowitswhy.<sup>1</sup> But it's tails for toughs and titties for totties and come buckets come bats till deeleet.<sup>2</sup>

*Pige pas.*



*Seidlitz powther  
for slogan  
plumpers.*

*Hoploits and  
atthems.*

Dark ages clasp the daisy roots, Stop, if you are a sally of the allies, hot off Minnowaurs and naval actiums, picked engagements and banks of rowers. Please stop if you're a B.C. minding missy, please do. But should you prefer A.D. stepplease. And if you miss with a venture it serves you girly well glad. But, holy Janus, I was forgetting the Blitzen-kopfs! Here, Hengegst and Horsesauce, take your heads<sup>3</sup> out of that taletub! And leave your hinnyhenhyhindyou! It's haunted. The chamber. Of errings. Whoan, tug, trace, stirrup! It is distinctly understouttered that, sense you threehandshighs put your twofoot-large timepates in that dead wash of Lough Murph and until such time pace one and the same Messherrn the grinning statesmen, Brock and Leon, have shunted the grumbling coundedtouts, Starlin and Ser Artur Ghinis. Foamous homely brew, bebattled by bottle, gageure de guegerre.<sup>4</sup> Bull igien bear and then bearagain bulligan. Gringrin gringrin. Staffs versus herds and bucks vursus barks.

PANOPTICAL  
PURVIEW OF  
POLITICAL  
PROGRESS  
AND THE  
FUTURE PRE-  
SENTATION  
OF THE PAST.

<sup>1</sup> What's that, ma'am? says I.

<sup>2</sup> As you say yourself.

<sup>3</sup> That's the lethemuse but it washes off.

<sup>4</sup> Where he fought the shessock of his stimmstammer and we caught the pepettes of our lovelives.

*Curragh  
machree, me  
bosthoon fiend.*

*Femilies hug  
bank!*

*All we suffered  
under them Cow-  
dung Forks and  
how we enjoyed  
over our pick of  
the basketfild.  
Old Kine's  
Meat Meal.*

*Flieflie for the  
jillies and a  
bombambum  
for the  
nappotondus.*

By old Grumbledum's walls. Bumps, bellows and bawls.<sup>1</sup> Opprimor's down, up up Opima! Rents and rates and tithes and taxes, wages, saves and spends. Heil, heptarched span of peace!<sup>2</sup> Live, league of lex, nex and the mores! Fas est dass and foe err you. Impovernment of the booble by the bauble for the bubble. So wrap up your worries in your woe (wumpum-tum!) and shake down the shuffle for the throw. For there's one mere ope<sup>3</sup> for downfall ned. As Hanah Levy, shrewd shroplifter, and nievre anore skidoos with her spoiled.<sup>4</sup> To add gay touches. For hugh and guy and goy and jew. To dimpled and pimped and simpled and wimpled. A peak in a poke and a pig in a pew.<sup>6</sup> She wins them by wons, a haul hectoendecate, for mangay mumbo jumbjubes tak mutts and jeffs muchas bracelonettes gracies barcelonas.<sup>6</sup> O what a loovely free-speech 'twas (tep)<sup>7</sup> to gar howalively hintergrunting! Tip. Like lilt of larks to burdened crocodile,<sup>8</sup> or skittering laubbing at that wheeze of old windbag, Blusterboss, blowharding about all he didn't do. Hell o' your troop! With is the winker for the muckwits of willesly and nith is the nod for the umproar napollyon and hitheris poorblond piebold hoerse. Huirse. With its tricuspidal hauberk-

<sup>1</sup> Shake eternity and lick creation.

<sup>2</sup> I'm blest if I can see.

<sup>3</sup> Hoppity Huhnaye, hoosh the hen. I like cluckers, you like nuts (wink).

<sup>4</sup> Sweet, medium and dry like altar wine.

<sup>5</sup> Who'll buy me penny babies?

<sup>6</sup> Well, Maggy, I got your castoff devils all right and fits lovely. And am vaguely graceful. Maggy thanks.

<sup>7</sup> My six is no secret, sir, she said.

<sup>8</sup> Yes, there, Tad, thanks, give, from, tathair, look at that now.

Murdoch.

*Pas d'action,  
peu de sauce.*

*From the seven  
tents of Joseph  
till the calends of  
Mary Marian,  
olivehunkered  
and thorny too.*

*As Shakefork  
might pitch it.*

helm coverchaf emblem on. For the man that broke the ranks on Monte Sinjon. The all-riddle of it? That that is allruddy with us, ahead of schedule, which already is plan accomplished from and syne: Daft Dathy of the Five Positions (the death ray stop him!) is still, as reproaches Paulus, on the Madderhorn and, entre chats and hobnobs,<sup>1</sup> daring Dunderhead to shiver his timbers and Hannibal mac Hamilton the Hegerite<sup>2</sup> (more livepower elbow him!) ministerbuilding up, as repreaches Timothy, in Saint Barmabrac's.<sup>3</sup> Number Thirty two West Eleventh streak looks on to that (may all in the tocoming of the sempereternal speel spry with it!) datetree doloriferous which more and over leafeth earlier than every growth and, elfshot, headawag, with frayed nerves wondering till they feeled sore like any woman that has been born at all events to the purdah and for the howmanyeth and how-movingth time at what the demons in that jackhouse that jerry built for Massa and Missus and hijo de puta, the sparksown ferment of the starryk fieldgosongingon where blows a nemone at each blink of windstill<sup>4</sup> they were sliding along and sleeting aloof and scouting around and shooting about. All-whichwhile or whereaballoons for good vaunty years Dagobert is in Clane's clean hometown prepping up his prepueratory and learning how to put a broad face bronzily out through a broken breached meataerial

<sup>1</sup> Go up quick, stay so long, come down slow!

<sup>2</sup> If I gnows me gneesgnobs the both of him is gnatives of Genuas.

<sup>3</sup> A glass of peel and pip for Mr Potter of Texas, please.

<sup>4</sup> All the world loves a big gleaming jelly.

*Puzzly, puzzly,  
I smell a cat.*

*Two makes a  
wing at the  
macroscope  
telluspeep.*

*From the Buffalo  
Times of bysone  
days.*

*Quick quake  
quokes the par-  
rotbook of dates.*

from Bryan Awlining! Erin's hircohaired culoteer.<sup>1</sup>

And as, these things being so or ere those things having done, way back home in Pacata Auburnia,<sup>2</sup> (untillably holy gammel Eire) one world burrowing on another, (if you've got me, neighbour, in any large lumps, geek?, ant got the strong of it) Standfest, our topiocal sagon hero, or any otther macotther, signs is on the bellyguds bastille back, bucket up with fullness, ant silvering to her jubilee,<sup>3</sup> birch-leaves her jointure, our lavy in waving, visage full of flesh ant fat as a hen's i' forehead, Airyanna ant Blowyhart topsirturvy, that royal pair in their palace of quicken boughs hight The Goat ant Compasses ('phone number 17:69, if you want to know<sup>4</sup>) his sea-arm strongsround her, her velivole eyne aship-wracked, have discusst their things of the past, crime and fable with shame, home and profit,<sup>5</sup> why lui lied to lei and hun tried to kill ham, scribbledelhobbles, in whose veins runs a mixture of, are head bent and hard upon. Spell me the chimes. They are tales all tolled.<sup>6</sup> Today is well thine but where's may tomorrow be. But, bless his cowly head and press his crankly hat, what a world's woe is each's

FROM CENO-  
GENETIC  
DICHOTOMY  
THROUGH  
DIAGONISTIC  
CONCILIANCE  
TO DYNASTIC  
CONTINUITY.

<sup>1</sup> A pengeneepy for your warcheekeepy.

<sup>2</sup> My globe goes gaddy at geography giggle pending which time I was looking for my shoe all through Arabia.

<sup>3</sup> It must be some bugbear in the gender especially when old which they all soon get to look.

<sup>4</sup> After me looking up the plan in Humphrey's *Justice of the Piece* it said to see preseeding chaps.

<sup>5</sup> O boyjones and hairyoddities! Only noane told missus of her massas behaving she would laugh that flat that after that she had sanked down on her fat arks they would shaik all to sheeks.

<sup>6</sup> Traduced into jinglish janglage for the nusances of dolphins born.



*Some is out for  
twoheaded dul-  
carnons but more  
pulfers turnips.*

*Ommitudes in a  
knutshedell.*

*For all us kids  
under his aegis.*

*Saving the public  
his health.*

*Superlative  
absolute of  
Porterstown.*

other's weariness waiting to beadroll his own properer mistakes, the backslapping glad-hander,<sup>1</sup> free of his florid future and the other singing likeness, dirging a past of bloody altars, gale with a blost to him, dove without gall. And she, of the jilldaw's nest<sup>2</sup> who tears up lettereens she never apposed a pen upon.<sup>3</sup> Yet sung of love and the monster man. What's Hiccupper to hem or her to Hagaba? Ough, ough, brieve kindli!<sup>4</sup>

Dogs' vespers are anending. Vespertiliatur. Goteschoppard quits his gabhard cloke to sate with Becchus. Zumbock! Achevre! Yet wind will be ere fadervor<sup>5</sup> and the hour of fruminy and bergoo bell if Nippon have pearls or opals Eldorado, the daindy dish, the lecking out! Gipoo, good oil! For (hushmagandy!) long 'tis till gets bright that all cocks waken and birds Diana<sup>6</sup> with dawnsong hail. Aught darks flou a duskness. Bats that? There peepee-strilling. At Brannan's on the moor. At Tam Fanagan's weak yat his still's going strang. And still here is noctules and can tell things acommon on by that fluffy feeling. Larges loomy wheelhouse to bodgbox<sup>7</sup> lumber up with hoodie hearsemen carrawain we keep is peace who follow his law, Sunday

THE MONGREL  
UNDER THE  
DUNG MOUND.  
SIGNIFICANCE  
OF THE  
INFRALIMINAL  
INTELLIGENCE.  
OFFRANDES.

<sup>1</sup> He gives me pulpitations with his Castleowards never in these twowsers and ever in those twawsers and then babeteasing us out of our hoydenname.

<sup>2</sup> My goldfashioned bother near drave me roven mad and I dyeing to keep my linefree face like readymaid maryangs for jollycomes smashing Holmes.

<sup>3</sup> What I would like is a jade louistone to go with the moon's increscent.

<sup>4</sup> Parley vows the Askinwhose? I do, Ida. And how to call the cattle black. Moopetsi meepotsi.

<sup>5</sup> I was so snug off in my apholster's creedle but at long leash I'll stretch more capritious in his dappleped bed.

<sup>6</sup> Pipette. I can almost feed their sweetness at my lisplips.

<sup>7</sup> A liss in hunterland.

*Why so mucky  
spick bridges  
span our Flumi-  
nian road.*

*P.C. Helmut's in  
the cottonwood,  
listnin.*

*The throne is an  
umbrella strande  
and a sceptre's a  
stick.*

*Jady jewel, our  
daktar deer.*

*Gautamed bud-  
ders deossiphys-  
ing our Theas.*

*By lineal in pon-  
dus overthepoise.*

King.<sup>1</sup> His sevencoloured's soot (Ochone! Ochonal!)<sup>2</sup> and his imponence one heap lump-block (Mogoull!). And rivers burst out like weeming racesround joydrinks for the fewnrally,<sup>3</sup> where every feaster's a foster's other, fian-nians all.<sup>4</sup> The wellingbreast, he willing giant, the mountain mourning his duggedy dew. To obedient of civicity in urbanious at felicity what'll yet meek Mike<sup>5</sup> our diputy mimber when he's head on poll and Peter's burgess and Miss Mishy Mushy is tiptupt by Toft Taft. Boblesse gobleege. For as Anna was at the beginning lives yet and will return after great deap sleap rerising and a white night high with a cows of Drommhiem as shower as there's a wet en-closed in Westwicklow or a little black rose a truant in a thorn tree. We drames our dreams tell Bappy returns. And Sein annews. We will not say it shall not be, this passing of order and order's coming, but in the herbest country and in the country around Blath as in that city self of legionds they look for its being ever yet. So shuttle the pipers done.<sup>6</sup> Eric aboy!<sup>7</sup> And it's time that all paid tribute to this massive mortality, the pink of punk perfection as photography in mud. Some may seek to dodge the

<sup>1</sup> I wonder if I put the old buzzerd one night to suckle in Millickmaam's honey like they use to emballem some of the special popes with a book in his hand and his mouth open.

<sup>2</sup> And a ripping rude rape in his lucreasious togery.

<sup>3</sup> Will ye nought would wet your weapons, warriors bard?

<sup>4</sup> Roe, Williams, Bewey, Greene, Gorham, McEndicth and Vyler, the lays of ancient homes.

<sup>5</sup> The standsglass effect, you could sugerly swear buttermilt would not melt down his dripping ducks.

<sup>6</sup> Thickathigh and Thinathews with sant their dam.

<sup>7</sup> Oh, could we do with this waddled of ours like that redbanked profanian with his bakset of yosters.

*Pitchcap and  
triangle, noose  
and tinctunc.*

*Uncle Flabbius  
Muximus to  
Niece Flappia  
Minnimiss. As  
this is. And as  
this this is.*

*Dear Brotus,  
land me arrears.*

*Rockaby, babel,  
flatten a wall.*

*How he broke the  
good news to  
Gent.*

gobbet for its quantity of quality but who wants to cheat the choker's got to learn to chew the cud. Allwhichhole scrubs on scroll circuminiuminluminatedhave encunoniams here and impropeties there.<sup>1</sup> With a pansy for the pussy in the corner.<sup>2</sup>

Bewise of Fanciulla's heart, the heart of Fanciulla! Even the recollection of willow fronds is a spellbinder that lets to hear.<sup>3</sup> The rushes by the grey nuns' pond: ah eh oh let me sigh too. Coalman's bell: behoves you handmake of the load. Jenny Wren: pick, peck. Johnny Post: pack, puck.<sup>4</sup> All the world's in want and is writing a letters.<sup>5</sup> A letters from a person to a place about a thing. And all the world's on wish to be carrying a letters. A letters to a king about a treasure from a cat.<sup>6</sup> When men want to write a letters. Ten men, ton men, pen men, pun men, wont to rise a ladder. And den men, dun men, fen men, fun men, hen men, hun men wend to raze a leader. Is then any lettersday from many peoples, Daganasanavitch? Empire, your outermost.<sup>7</sup> A posy cord. Plece.

We have wounded our way on foe tris prince till that force in the gill is faint afarred

INCIPIT IN-  
TERMISSIO.

MAJOR AND  
MINOR

<sup>1</sup> Gosem pher, gezumphier, greeze a jarry grim felon! Good bloke him!  
<sup>2</sup> And if they was setting on your stool as hard as my was she could beth her bothom dolours he'd have a culious impressiom on the diminutive that chafes our ends.

<sup>3</sup> When I'am Enastella and am taken for Essastessa I'll do that droop on the pohlmann's piano.

<sup>4</sup> Heavenly twinges, if it's one of his I'll fearly feint as swoon as he enter-rooms.

<sup>5</sup> To be slipped on, to be slept by, to be conned to, to be kept up. And when you're done push the chain.

<sup>6</sup> With her modesties office.

<sup>7</sup> Strutting as proud as a great turquin weggin that cuckhold on his Eddems and Clay's hat.

and the face in the treebark feigns afear. This is rainstones ringing. Strangely cult for this ceasing of the yore. But Erigureen is ever. Pot price pon patrilinear plop, if the osseletion of the onkring gives omen nome? Since alls war that end war let sports be leisure and bring and buy fair. Ah ah athclete, blest your bally bathfeet! Towntoquest, fortorest, the hour that hies is hurley. A halt for hearsake.<sup>1</sup>

MODES  
COALESCING  
PROLIFERATE  
HOMOGENEITY  
HOMOGENEITY.

<sup>1</sup> Come, smooth of my slate, to the beat of my blush! With all these gelded ewes jilting about and the thrills and ills of laylock blossoms three's so much more plants than chants for cecilies that I was thinking fairly killing times of putting an end to myself and my melody, when I remembered all your pupil-teacher's erringnesses in perfection class. You sh'undn't write you can't if you w'udn't pass for undevelopmented. This is the propper way to say that, Sr. If it's me chews to swallow all you saidn't you can eat my words for it as sure as there's a key in my kiss. Quick erit faciofacey. When we will conjugate together toloseher tomaster tomiss while morrow fans amare hour, verbe de vie and verve to vie, with love ay loved have I on my back spine and does for ever. Your are me severe? Then rue. My intended, Jr, who I'm throne away on, (here he inst, my listack, a newfolly likon) when I slip through my pettigo I'll get my decree and take seidents when I'm not ploughed first by some Rolando the Lasso, and flaunt on the flimsyfilmsies for to grig my collage juniorees who, though they flush fuchsia, are they octette and viginity in my shade but always my figurants. They may be yea of my year but they're nary nay of my day. Wait till spring has sprung in spickness and prigs beg in to pry they'll be plentyprime of housepets to pimp and pamper my. Impending marriage. Nature tells everybody about but I learned all the runes of the gamest game ever from my old nourse Asa. A most adventuring trot is her and she vicking well knowed them all heartwise and fourwords. How Olive d'Oyly and Winnie Carr, bejupers, they reized the dressing of a salandmon and how a peeper costs and a salt sailor med a mustied poet atwaimen. It most have bean Mad Mullans planted him. Bina de Bisse and Trestrine von Terrefin. Sago sound, rite go round, kill kackle, kook kettle and (remember all should I forget to) bolt the thor. Auden. Wasn't it just divining that dog of a dag in Skokholme as I sat astrid uppum their Drewitt's altar, as cooleadas as culcumbre, slapping my straights till the sloping ruins, postillion, postallion, a swinge a swank, with you offering me clouts of illscents and them horners stagstruck on the leasward! Don't be of red, you blanching mench! This isabella I'm on knows the ruelles of the rut and she don't fear andy mandy. So sing loud, sweet cheeriot, like anegreon in heaven! The good fother with the twingling in his eye will always have cakes in his pocket to bethroat us with for our allmichael good. Amum. Amum. And Amum again. For tough troth is stronger than fortuitous fiction and it's the surplice money, oh my young friend and ah me sweet creature, what buys the bed while wits borrows the clothes.

*Bibelous hics-  
tory and Barbar-  
assa harestary.*

*A shieling in cop-  
pings and por-  
rish soup all days.*

*How matches  
metroosers?*

*Le hélos tombaut  
soul sur la jambe  
de marche.*

A scene at sight. Or dreamoneire. Which they shall memorise. By her freewritten Hopely for ear that annalykeses if scares for eye that sumns. Is it in the now woodwordings of our sweet plantation where the branchings then will singingsing tomorrows gone and yesters outcome as Satadays afternoon lex leap smiles on the twelvemonthsminding? Such is. Dear (name of desired subject, A.N.), well, and I go on to. Shlicksher. I and we (tender condolences for happy funeral, one if) so sorry to (mention person suppressed for the moment, F.M.). Well (enquiries after all-healths) how are you (question maggy). A lovely (introduce to domestic circles) pershan of cates. Shrubsher. Those pothooks mostly she hawks from Poppa Vere Foster but these curly mequeues are of Mippa's moulding. Shrubsheruthr. (Wave gently in the ere turning ptover.) Well, mabby (consolation of shopes) to soon air. With best from cinder Christinette if prints chumming, can be when desires Soldi, for asamples, backfronted or, if all, peethrolio or Get my Prize, using her flower or perfume or, if veryveryvery chumming, in otherwards, who she supposed adeal, kissists my exits. Shlicksheruthr. From Auburn chenlemagne. Pious and pure fair one, all has concomitated to this that she shall tread them lifetrees leaves whose silence hitherto has shone as sphere of silver fastalbarnstone, that fount Bandusian shall play liquick music and after odours sigh of musk. Blotsbloshblothe, one dear that was. Sleep in the water, drug at the fire, shake the dust off and dream your one who would give her sidecurls to. Till later

*Mai maintenant  
elle est venuse.*

*Twos Dons Johns  
Threes Totty  
Askins.*

*Also Spuke  
Zerothruster.*

*A saxum shillum  
for the sextum  
but nothums for  
that parridge  
preast.*

Lammas is led in by baith our washwives, a weird of wonder tenebrous as that evil thorn-garth, a field of faery blithe as this flowing wild.

*Aujourd'hui comme aux temps de Pline et de Columelle la jacinthe se plaît dans les Gaules, la pervenche en Illyrie, la marguerite sur les ruines de Numance<sup>1</sup> et pendant qu'autour d'elles les villes ont changé de maîtres et de noms, que plusieurs sont entrées dans le néant, que les civilisations se sont choquées et brisées, leurs paisibles générations ont traversé les âges et sont arrivées jusqu'à nous, fraîches et riantes comme aux jours des batailles.<sup>2</sup>*

Margaritomancy! Hyacinthinous pervinciveness! Flowers. A cloud. But Bruto and Cassio are ware only of trifid tongues<sup>3</sup> the whispered wilfulness, ('tis demonall) and shadows shadows multiplying (il folsoletto nel falsoletto col fazzolotto dal fuzzolezzo),<sup>4</sup> to-tients quotients, they tackle their quarrel. Sickamoor's so woful sally. Ancient's aerger. And eachway bothwise glory signs. What if she love Sieger less though she leave Ruhm moan? That's how our oxyggent has gotten ahold of half their world. Moving about in the free of the air and mixing with the ruck. Enten eller, either or.

And!

Nay, rather!

THE PART  
PLAYED BY  
BELLETRI-  
PAX-BEL-  
LUM.  
MUTUOMOR-  
PHOMUTA-  
TION.

SORTES VIR-  
GINIANAE.

INTERROGATION.  
EXCLAMATION.

<sup>1</sup> The nasal foss of our natal folkfarthers so so much now for Valsing-giddyrex and his grand arks day triumph.

<sup>2</sup> Translout that gaswind into turfish, Teague, that's a good bog and you, Thady, poliss it off, there's a nateswipe, on to your blottom pulper.

<sup>3</sup> You daredevil donnelly, I love your piercing lots of lies and your flashy foreign mail so here's my cowrie card, I dalgo, with all my exes, wise and sad.

<sup>4</sup> All this Mitchells is a niggarr for spending and I will go to the length of seeing that one day Big Mig will be nickleless himself.

*Tricks stunts.*

With sobs for his job, with tears  
for his toil, with horror for his squalor  
but with pep for his perdition,<sup>1</sup> lo, the  
boor plieth as the laird hireth him.

Boon on begyndelse.

At maturing daily gloryaims!<sup>2</sup>

A flink dab for a freck dive and a stern poise  
for a swift pounce was frankily at the manual  
arith sure enough which was the bekase he  
knowed from his cradle, no bird better, why  
his figures were giving him whatfor to fife  
with. First, by observation, there came boko  
and nigh him wigworms and nigh him tittlies  
and nigh him cheekadeekchimple and nigh  
him pickpocket with pickpocketpumb, pick-  
pocketpoint, pickpocketprod, pickpocket-  
promise and upwithem. Holy Joe in lay  
Eden.<sup>3</sup> And anyhow always after them the  
dimpler he weighed the fonder fell he of his  
null four lovedroyd curdinals, his element cur-  
dinal numen and his enement curdinal marryng  
and his epulent curdinal weisswassh and his  
eminent curdinal Kay O'Kay. Always would  
he be reciting of them, hoojahs koojahs, up by  
rota, in his Fanden's catachysm from fursed to  
laced, quickmarch to decemvers, so as to pin the  
tenners, thumbs down. And anon and aldays,  
strues yerthere, would he wile arecreating  
em om lumerous ways, caiuscounting in the  
scale of pin puff pive piff, piff puff pive poo,  
poo puff pive pree, pree puff pive pfoor,  
pfoor puff pive pippive, poopive,<sup>4</sup> Niall Dhu,

ANTITHESIS OF AMBI-  
DUAL ANTICIPATION.  
THE MIND FACTORY,  
ITS GIVE AND TAKE.

AUSPICIUM.

AUGURIA.

DIVINITY  
NOT DEITY  
THE UNCER-  
TAINTY JUS-  
TIFIED BY  
OUR CERTI-  
TUDE.

EXAMPLES.

*Truckeys' cant  
for dactyl and  
spondee.*

*Panoplous pere-  
grine pifflicative  
pomposity.*

<sup>1</sup> While I'll wind the wildwoods' bluckbells among my window's weeds.

<sup>2</sup> Lawdy Dawdy Simpers.

<sup>3</sup> But where, O where, is me lickle dig done?

<sup>4</sup> That's his whisper waltz I like from Pigott's with that Lancydancy step.  
Stop.

*Non plus ulstra,  
Elba, nec, cashel-  
lum tuum.*

Foughty Unn, Enoch Thortig, endso one, like  
to pitch of your cap, pac, on to tin tall spilli-  
cans.<sup>1</sup> To sum, borus pew notus pew eurus  
pew zipher. Ace, deuce, tricks, quarts, quims.  
Mumtiplay of course and carry to their whole  
number. While on the other hand, traduced  
by their comedy nominator to the loaferst  
terms for their aloquent parts, sexes, suppers,  
oglers, novels and dice.<sup>2</sup> He could find (the  
rakehelly!) by practice the valuse of thine-to-  
mine articles with no reminder for an equality  
of relations and, with the helpings from his  
tables, improduce fullmin to trumblers, links  
unto chains, weys in Nuffolk till tods of  
Yorek, oozies ad libs and several townsendes,  
several hundreds, civil-to-civil imperious  
gallants into gells (Irish), bringing alliving  
stone allaughing down to grave clothnails and  
a league of archers, fools and lurchers under  
the rude rule of fumb. What signifieth whole  
that<sup>3</sup> but, be all the prowess of ten, 'tis as  
strange to relate he, nonparile to rede, rite and  
reckan, caught allmeals dullmarks for his  
nucleuds and alegobrew. They wouldn't took  
bearings no how anywheres. O them dodd-  
hunters and allanights, aabs and baas for  
agnomes, yeas and zeas for incognits, bate  
him up jerrybly! Worse nor herman doror-  
rhea. Give you the fantods, seemed to him.  
They ought to told you every last word first  
stead of trying every which way to kinder  
smear it out poison long. Show that the

*Dondderwedder  
Kyboshicksal.*

<sup>1</sup> Twelve buttles man, twentyeight bows of curls, forty bonnets woman  
and ever youthfully yours makes alleven add the hundred.

<sup>2</sup> Gamester Damester in the road to Rouen he grows more like his deed  
every die.

<sup>3</sup> Slash-the-Pill lifts the pellet. Run, Phoenix, run!

*A stodge Angleshman has been worked by eccentricity.*

*An oxygen is naturally reclined to rest.*

*Ba be bi bo bum.*

median, hce che ech, interecting at royde angles the parilegs of a given obtuse one biscuts both the arcs that are in curveachord behind. Brickbaths. The family umbrogia. A Tullagrove pole<sup>1</sup> to the Height of County Fearmanagh has a septain inclinaison<sup>2</sup> and the graphplot for all the functions in Lower County Monachan, whereat samething is rivisible by nighttim, may be involted into the zeroic couplet, palls pell inhis heventh glike noughty times  $\infty$ , find, if you are not literally cooefficient, how minney combinaisies and permutandies can be played on the international surd! pthwndxrczpl, hids cubid rute being extructed, taking anan illitterettes, ififif at a tom. Answers, (for teasers only).<sup>3</sup> Ten, twent, thirt, see, ex and three icky totchty ones. From solation to solution. Imagine the twelve deaferended dumbbawls of the howl abovebeugled to be the contonuation through regeneration of the urutteration of the word in pregress. It follows that, if the two antesedents be bissyclitties and the three come-seekwenchers trundletrikes, then, Aysha Lalipat behidden on the footplate, Big Whiggler<sup>4</sup> restant upsittuponable, the nCr<sup>5</sup> presents to us (tandem year at lasted length!) an ottomantic turquo-indaco of pictorial shine by pictorial shimmer so long as, gad of the giddyday, pictorial summer, viridorefulvid, lits asheen,

<sup>1</sup> Dideney, Dadeney, Dudeney, O, I'd know that putch on your poll.

<sup>2</sup> That is tottinghim in his boots.

<sup>3</sup> Come all ye hapney coaches and support the richview press.

<sup>4</sup> Braham Baruch he married his cook to Massach McKraw her uncle-in-law who wedded his widow to Hjalmar Kjaer who adapted his daughter to Braham the Bear. V for wadlock, P for shift, H for Lona the Konkubine.

<sup>5</sup> A gee is just a jay on the jaunts cowsway.

*Finnfinnotus of Cincinnati.*

*Arthurgink's hussies and Everguin's men.*

*Nom de nombres! The balbearians.*

but (lenz alack lends a lot), if this habby cyclic erdor be outraciously enviolated by a mierelin roundtableturning, like knuts in maze, the zitas runnind hare and dart<sup>1</sup> with the yeggs in their muddle, like a seven of wingless arrows, hodgepadge, thump, kick and hurry, all boy more missis blong him he race quickfeller all same hogglepiggle longer house blong him,<sup>2</sup> while the catched and dodged exarx seems himmulteemiously to beem (he wins her hend! he falls to tail!) the ersed ladest mand<sup>3</sup> and (uhu and uhud!) the losed farce on erro-roots,<sup>4</sup> twalegged poneys and threehandled dorkeys (madahoy, morahoy, lugahoy, jogahoyaway) mPM brings us a rainborne pamtomomiom, aqualavant to (cat my dogs, if I baint dingbushed like everything!) kaksitoista volts yksitoista volts kymmenen volts yhdeksan volts kahdeksan volts seitseman volts kuusi volts viisi volts nelja volts kolme volts kaksi volts yksi! allahthallacamelated, caravan series to the finish of helve's fractures.<sup>5</sup> In outhwards, one from five, two to fives ones, one from fives two millamills with a mill and a half a mill and twos twos fives fives of bully clavers. For a surviuever over all the factionables see Iris in the Evenine's World.<sup>6</sup> Binomeans to be comprendered. Inexcessible as thy by god ways. The aximones. And their prost-

<sup>1</sup> Talking about trilbits.

<sup>2</sup> Barneycorrall, a precedent for the prodection of curiosity from children

<sup>3</sup> A pfurty pscore of ruderic rossies haremhorde for his divulsion.

<sup>4</sup> Look at your mad father on his boneshaker fraywhaling round Myriom square.

<sup>5</sup> Try Asia for the assphalt body with the concreke soul and the forequarters of the moon behinding out of his phase.

<sup>6</sup> Tomatoes malmalaid with De Quinceys salade can be tastily served with Indiana Blues on the violens.

lutes. For his neuralgiabrown.  
Equal to=aosch.

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

HEPTAGRAMMATON.

So, bagdad, after those initials falls and that primary tainture, as I know and you know yourself, begath, and the arab in the ghetto knows better, by nettus, nor anymeade or persan, comic cuts and series exerxeses always were to be capered in Casey's frost book of, page torn on dirty, to be hacked at Hickey's, hucksler, Wellington's Iron Bridge, and so, by long last, as it would shuffle out, must he to trump adieu atout atous to those cardinhands he a big deal missed, radmachrees and rossecullinans and blagpikes in suitclover. Dear hearts of my counting, would he revoke them, forewheel to packnumbers, and, the time being no help fort, plates to lick one and turn over.

Problem ye ferst, construct ann aquilittoral dryankle Probe lo.om! With his primal handstoe in his sole salivarium. Concoct an equoangular trillitter.<sup>1</sup> On the name of the tizzer and off the tongs and off the mythametrical tripods. Beatsoon.

Can you nei do her, numb? asks Dolph,<sup>2</sup> suspecting the answer know. Oikkont, ken you, ninny? asks Kev,<sup>3</sup> expecting the answer guess.<sup>4</sup> Nor was the noer long disappointed for easiest of kisshams, he was made vicewise.

Oc, tell it to oui, do, Sem! Well, 'tis oil thusly. First mull a mugfull of mud, son.<sup>5</sup> Oglores,

HYPOTHESES  
OF COM-  
MONEST EX-  
PERIENCES  
BEFORE APO-  
THEOSIS OF  
THE LUSTRAL  
PRINCIPIUM.  
INGENIOUS  
LABOUR-  
TENACITY  
AS BETWEEN  
INGENUOUS  
AND  
LIBERTINE.  
PROPE AND  
PROCUL IN  
THE CON-  
VERGENCE  
OF THEIR  
CONTRAPUL-  
SIVENESS.

*Vive Paco  
Hunter!*

*The hoisted in  
red and the low-  
ered in black.*

*The boss's bess  
bass is the browd  
of Mullingar.*

*The aliments of  
jumeantry.*

<sup>1</sup> As Rhombulus and Rhebus went building rhomes one day.

<sup>2</sup> The trouvellor.

<sup>3</sup> Of the disordered visage.

<sup>4</sup> Singlebarrelled names for doubleparalleled twixtytwins.

<sup>5</sup> Like pudging a spoon fist of sugans into a sotspot of choucolout.

the virtuoser prays, olorum! What the D.V. would I do that for? That's a goosey's ganswer you're for giving me, he is told, what the Deva would you do that for?<sup>1</sup> Now, sknow royl road to Puddlin, take your mut for a first beginning, big to bog, back to bach. Anny liffle mud which cometh out of Mam will doob, I guess. A.i. *Amnium instar*. And to find a locus for an alp get a howlth on her bayrings as a prisme O and for a second O unbox your compasses. I cain but are you able? Amicably nod. Gu it! So let's seth off between us. Prompty? Mux your pistany at a point of the coastmap to be called a but pronounced olfa. There's the isle of Mun, ah! O! Tis just. *Bene!* Now, whole in applepine odrer<sup>2</sup>

(for—husk, hisk, a spirit spires—Dolph, dean of idlers, meager suckling of gert stoan, though barekely a balbose boy, he too,—*venite, preteriti*,<sup>3</sup> *sine mora dumque de entibus nascituris decentius in lingua romana mortuorum parva chartula liviana ostenditur, sedentes in letitiae super ollas carniurn, spectantes immo situm lutetiae unde auspiciis secundis tantae consurgent humanae stirpes, antiquissimam flaminum amborium Jordani et Jambaptistae mentibus revolvamus sapientiam: totum tute fluvii modo mundo fluere, eadem quae ex aggere fututa fuere iterum inter alveum fore futura, quodlibet sese ipsum per aliudpiam agnoscere contrarium, omnem demun amnem ripis rivalibus amplecti*<sup>4</sup>—recurrently often, when him moved he would cake their chair, coached rebelliumtending mikes of his same and over his own choirage at Backlane Univarsity, among of which pupal souaves the pizdrool was pulled up, bred and bat-

*Wolsherwomens  
at their weirdst.*

<sup>1</sup> Will you walk into my wavetrap? said the spiter to the shy.

<sup>2</sup> If we each could always do all we ever did.

<sup>3</sup> Dope in Canorian words we've made. Spish from the Doc.

<sup>4</sup> Basqueesh, Finnican, Hungulash and Old Teangtaggle, the only pure way to work a curse.

tered, for a dillon a dollar,<sup>1</sup> chancing letters for them vice o'verse to bronze mottes and blending tschemes for em in tropadores and doublecrossing twofold thruths and devising tingling tailwords too whilst, cunctant that another would finish his sentence for him, he druider would smilabit eggways<sup>2</sup> ned, he, to don't say nothing, would, so prim, and pick upon his ten ordinailed ungles, trying to undo with his teeth the knots made by his tongue, retelling himself by the math hour, long as he's brood, a reel of funnish ficts about the shee, how faust of all and on segund thoughts and the thirds the charnhim giralove and fourthermore and filthily with bag from Oxatown and baroccidents and proper accidence and hoptohill and hexenshoes, in fine the whole damning letter; and, in point of feet, when he landed in ourland's leinster<sup>3</sup> of saved and solomnones for the twicedhecame time, off Lipton's strongbowed launch, the *Lady Eva*, in a tan soute of sails<sup>4</sup> he converted it's nataves, name saints, young ordnands, maderaheds and old unguished P.T. Publikums, through the medium of znigznaks with sotiric zeal, to put off the barcelonas<sup>5</sup> from their peccaminous corpulums (Gratings, Mr Dane!) and kiss on their bottes (Master!) as often as they came within blood-shot of that other familiar temple and showed em the celestine way to by his tristar and his flop hatrick and his perry humdrum dumb and numb nostrums that he larned in Hymbuktu,<sup>6</sup> and that same galloroman cultous is very prevailend up to this windiest of landhavemiseries all over what was beforeaboos a land of nods, in spite of all the bloot, all the braim, all the brawn, all the brile, that was shod, that were shat, that was shuk all the while, for our massangrey if mosshungry people, the at Wickerworks,<sup>7</sup> still hold

<sup>1</sup> An ounceworth of onions for a pennyawealth of sobs.

<sup>2</sup> Who brought us into the yellow world!

<sup>3</sup> Because it's run on the mountain and river system.

<sup>4</sup> When all them allied sloopers was ventitillated in their poppos and, sliding down by creek and veek, stole snaking out to sea.

<sup>5</sup> They were plumped and plumed and jerried and citizens and racers, and cinnamondhued.

<sup>6</sup> Creeping Crawleys petery parley, banished to his native Ireland from erring under Ryan.

<sup>7</sup> Had our retrospectable fearfurther gatch mutchtatches

ford to their healing and<sup>1</sup> byleave in the old weights downupon the Swanny, innovated by him, the prence di Propagandi, the chrism for the christmass, the pillar of the perished and the rock o'ralereality, and it is veritably belied, we belove, that not allsods of esoupcans that's in the queen's pottage post and not allfinesof greendgold that the Indus contains would overhinduce them, (o.p.) to steeplechange back once from their ophis workshop and twice on sundises, to their ancient flash and crash habits of old Pales time ere beam slewed cable<sup>2</sup> or Derzherr, live wire, fired Benjermine Funkling outa th'Empyre, sin righthand son; which, cummal, having listed curefully to the interlooking and the underlacking of her twentynine shifts or his continental's curses, pummel, apostrophised Byrne's and Flamming's and Furniss's and Bill Hayses's and Ellishly Haught's, hoc, they (t.a.W.), sick or whole, stiff or sober, let drop as a doombody drops, without another ostrovgods word eitherways, in their own lineal descendance, as priesto as puddywhack,<sup>3</sup> coal on:<sup>4</sup> and, as we gang along to gigglehouse, talking of molniacs' manias and missions for mades to scotch the schlang and leathercoats for murty magdies, of course this has blameall in that medeoturanian world to say to blessed by Pointer the Grace's his privates judgements<sup>5</sup> whenso to put it, *disparito*, *duspurudo*, *desterrado*, *despertieu*, or, saving his presents for his own onefriend Bevradge, Conn the Shaughraun; but to return for a moment from the reptile's age<sup>6</sup> to the coxswain on the first landing (page Ainée Rivière!) if the pretty Lady Elisabbess, Hotel des Ruines—she laid her batsleeve for him two trueveres tell love (on the Ides of Valentino's, at Idleness, Floods Area, Isolade, Liv's lonely daughter, with the Comes Tichiami, of Prima Vista, Abroad, suddenly), and beauty alone of all dare say when now, uncrowned,

<sup>1</sup> That is to sight, when cleared of factions, vulgure and decimating.

<sup>2</sup> They just spirits a body away.

<sup>3</sup> Patatapadatback.

<sup>4</sup> Dump her (the missuse).

<sup>5</sup> Fox him! The leggy colt!

<sup>6</sup> Do he not know that walleds had wars. Harring man, is neow king. This is modeln times.

decepted, in what niche of time<sup>1</sup> is Shee or where in the rose world trysting, that was the belle of La Chapelle, shapely Liselle, and the peg-of-my-heart of all the tompull or on whose limbs-to-lave her semicupiose eyes now kindling themselves are brightning,<sup>2</sup> O Shee who then (4.32 M.P., old time, to be precise, according to all three doctors waterburies that was Mac Auliffe and poor Mac-Beth and poor MacGhimley to the tickleticks, of the synchronisms, all lauschening, a time also confirmed seven sincuries later by the quatren medical johnny, poor old MacAdoo MacDollett, with notary,<sup>3</sup> whose presence was required by law of Devine Foresygh and decretal of the Douge) who after the first compliments<sup>4</sup> med darkist day light, gave him then that vantage of a Blinkensope's cuddlebathe at her proper mitts—if she then, the then that matters,—but, *seigneur!* she could never have forefelt, as she yet will fearfeel, when the lovenext breaks out, such a coolcold douche as him, the totterer, the four-flights-the-charmer, doubling back, in nowtime,<sup>5</sup> bymby when saltwater he wush him these iselands, *O alors!*, to mount miss (the wooeds of Fogloot!) under that *chemise de fer* and a vartryproof name, Multalusi (would it wash?) with a cheek white peaceful as, wen shall say, a single professed claire's<sup>6</sup> and his washawash tubatubtub and his diagonoser's lampblick, to pure where they where hornest girls, to buy her in *par jure*, il you plait, nuncandtunc and for simper, and other duel mavourneens in plurible numbers from Arklow Vikloe to Louth super Luck, come messes, come mams, and touch your spottprice (for 'twas he was the born suborner, man) on behalf of an oldest ablished firma of winebakers, Lagrima and Gemiti, later on, his craft ebbing, invoked by the unirish title, Grindings of Nash,<sup>7</sup> the

<sup>1</sup> Muckcross Abbey with the creepers taken off.

<sup>2</sup> Joke and Jilt will have their tilt.

<sup>3</sup> Old Mamalujorum and Rawrogerum.

<sup>4</sup> Why have these puerile blonds those large flexible ears?

<sup>5</sup> Pomeroy Roche of Portobello, or the Wreck of the Ragamuffin.

<sup>6</sup> No wonder Miss Dotsh took to veils and she descended from that obloquohy.

<sup>7</sup> The bookley with the rusin's hat is Patomkin but I'm blowed if I knowed who the slave is doing behind the curtain.

One and Only, Unic bar None, of Saint Yves by Landsend corner, man—ship me silver!, it must have been, faw! a terrible mavrue mavone, to synamite up the old Adam-he-used-to, such a finalley, and that's flat as Tut's fut, for whowghowho? the pour girl, a lonely peggy, given the bird, so inseuladed as Crampton's peartree, (she sall eurn bitter bed by thirt sweet of her face!), and short wonder so many of the tomthick and tarry members in all there subsequious ages of our timocracy tipped to console with her at her mirrorable gracewindow'd hut<sup>1</sup> till the ives of Man, the O'Kneels and the O'Prayins and the O'Hyens of Lochlaunstown and the O'Hollerins of Staneybatter, hollyboys, all, burryripe who'll buy?,<sup>2</sup> in jewelietry and kickychoses and madornaments and that's not the finis of it (would it were!)—but to think of him foundling a nelliza the second,<sup>3</sup> also cliptbuss (the best was still there if the torso was gone) where he did and when he did, retriever to the last<sup>4</sup>—escapes my forgetness now was it dust-covered, *nom de Lieu!* on lapse or street ondown, through, for or from a foe, by with as on a friend, at the Rectory? Vicarage Road? Bishop's Folly? Papesthorpe?, after picket fences, stonewalls, out and ins or oxers—for merry a valsehood whispit he to manny a lilying earling;<sup>5</sup> and to try to analyse that ambo's pair of braceleans akwart the rollyon trying to amarm all<sup>6</sup> of that miching micher's bearded but insensible virility and its gaulish moustaches, Dammad and Groany, into her limited (*tuff, tuff, que tu es pitre!*) lapse at the same slapse for towelling ends<sup>7</sup> in their dolightful Sexsex home, Somehow-at-Sea (O little oily head, sloper's brow and prickled ears!) as though he, a notoriety, a foist edition, were a wrigular writher neonovene babe!<sup>8</sup>—well, diarmuee and

<sup>1</sup> O hee! O hee!

<sup>2</sup> Six and seven the League.

<sup>3</sup> It's all round me hat I'll wear a drooping dido.

<sup>4</sup> Have you ever thought of a hitching your stern and being ourdeaned, Mester Bootenfly, here's me and Myrtle is twinkling to know.

<sup>5</sup> To show they caught preferment.

<sup>6</sup> See the freeman's cuticatura by Fennella.

<sup>7</sup> Just one big booty's pot.

<sup>8</sup> Charles de Simples had an infirmierity complexe before he died a natural death.



granyou and *Vae Vincitis*, that is what lamoor that of gentle breast rathe is intaken seems circling toward out yondest (it's life that's all choked by that batch of grim rushers) heaven help his hindmost and, mark mo, if the so greatly displeaced diorems in the Saint Lubbock's Day number of that most improving of roundshows, *Spice and Westend Woman* (utterly exhausted before publication, indiapopper edition shortly), are for our indices, it agins to pear like it, par my fay, and there is no use for your pastripreaching for to cheesse it either or praying fresh fleshblood clasps of young catholick throats on Huggin Green<sup>1</sup> to take warning by the prispast, why?, by cows ∴ man, in shirt, is how he is *più la gonna è mobile* and ∴ they wonet do ut; and, an you could peep inside the cerebralised saucepan of this eer illwinded goodfornobody, you would see in his house of thoughtsam (was you, that is, decontaminated enough to look discarnate) what a jetsam litterage of convolvuli of times lost or strayed, of lands derelict and of tongues laggin too, longa yamsayore, not only that but, search lighting, beached, bashed and beaushelled *à la Mer* pharahead into faturity, your own convolvulis pickninnig capman would real to jazztfancy the novo takin place of what stale words whilom were woven with and fitted fairly featly for, so; and equally so, the crame of the whole faustian fustian, whether your launer's lightsome or your soulard's schwearmood, it is that, whenas the swiftshut scareyss of our pupilteachertaut duplex will hark back to lark to you symibellically that, though a day be as dense as a decade, no mouth has the might to set a mearbound to the march of a landsmaul,<sup>2</sup> in half a sylb, helf a solb, holf a salb onward<sup>3</sup> the beast of boredom, common sense, lurking gyrographically down inside his loose Eating S.S. collar is gogoeing of whisth to you sternly how—Plutonic loveliaks twinnt Platonic yearlings—you must, how, in undivided reawlity draw the line somewhawre)

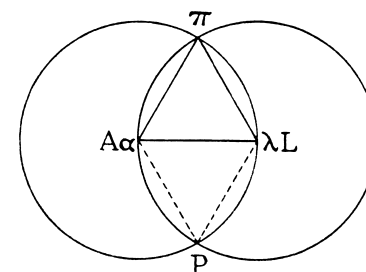
<sup>1</sup> Where Buickly of the Glass and Bellows pumped the Rudge engineral.

<sup>2</sup> Matter of Brettaine and brut fierce.

<sup>3</sup> Bussmullah, cried Lord Wolsley, how me Aunty Mag'll row!

Coss? Cossist? Your parn! You, you make what name? (and in truth, as a poor soul is between shift and shift ere the death he has lived through becomes the life he is to die into, he or he had albut—he was rickets as to reasons but the balance of his minds was stables—lost himself or himself some somnion sciupiones, soswhitchoverswetch had he or he gazet, murphy come, murphy go, murphy plant, murphy grow, a maryamyriameliamurphies, in the lazily eye of his lapis,

WHY MY AS  
LIKEWISE  
WHIS HIS.



*Uteralterance or  
the Interplay of  
Bones in the  
Womb.*

*The Vortex.  
Spring of Sprung  
Verse. The Ver-  
tex.*

Vieus Von DVbLLIn, 'twas one of dozedreams a darkies ding in dewood) the Turnpike under the Great Ulm (with Mearingstone in Fore ground).<sup>1</sup> Given now ann lynch you take enn all. Allow me! And, heaving alljawbreakical expressions out of old Sare Isaac's<sup>2</sup> universal of specious arismystic unsaid, A is for Anna like L is for liv. Aha hahah, Ante Ann you're apt to ape aunty annalive! Dawn gives rise. Lo, lo, lives love! Eve takes fall. La, la, laugh leaves alas! Aiaiaiai, Antiann, we're last to the lost, Loulou! Tis perfect. Now (lens your

<sup>1</sup> Draumcondra's Dreamcountry where the betterlies blow.

<sup>2</sup> O, Laughing Sally, are we going to be toadhauntered by that old Pantifox Sir Somebody Something, Burt, for the rest of our secret striptease?

*Sarga, or the  
path of outgoing.*

*Docetism and  
Didicism, Maya-  
Thaya. Tamas-  
Rajas-Sattvas.*

dappled yeye here, mine's presbyoperian, shill and wall) we see the copyngink strayed-line AL (in Fig., the forest) from being continued, stops ait Lambday:<sup>1</sup> Modder ilond there too. Allow me anchore! I bring down noth and carry awe. Now, then, take this in! One of the most murmurable loose carollaries ever Ellis threw his cookingclass. With Olaf as centrum and Olaf's lambtail for his spokesman circumscrip a cyclone. Allow ter! Hoop! As round as the calf of an egg! O, dear me! O, dear me now! Another grand dis-cobely! After Makefearsome's Ocean. You've actuary entducked one! Quok! Why, you haven't a passer! Fantastic! Early' clever, surely doomed, to Swift's, alas, the galehus! Match of a matchness, like your Bigdud dadder in the boudeville song, *Gorotsky Gollovor's Troubles*, raucking his flavourite turvku in the smukking precincts of lydias,<sup>2</sup> with Mary Owens and Dolly Monks seesidling to edge his cropulence and Blake-Roche, Kingston and Dockrell auriscenting him from afurz, our papacocopotl,<sup>3</sup> Abraham Bradley King? (ting ting! ting ting!) By his magmasine fall. Lumps, lavas and all.<sup>4</sup> *Bene!* But, thunder and turf, it's not alover yet! One recalls Byzantium. The mystery repeats itself todate as our callback mother Gaudyanna, that was daughter to a tanner,<sup>5</sup> used to sing, as I think, now and then consinuously over her possetpot in her quer

<sup>1</sup> Ex jup pep off Carpenger Strate. The kids' and dolls' home. Makeacake-ache.

<sup>2</sup> A vagrant need is a flagrant weed.

<sup>3</sup> Grand for blowing off steam when you walk up in the morning.

<sup>4</sup> At the foot of Bagnabun Banbasday was lost on one

<sup>5</sup> We're all found of our annal matter.

*The Vegetable  
Cell and its Pri-  
vate Properties.*

*The haves and  
the havenots: a  
distinction.*

homolocous humminbass hesterdie and ist-herdie forivor.<sup>1</sup> Vanissas Vanistatums! And for a night of thoughtsendyures and a day. As Great Shapisphere puns it. In effect, I remumble, from the yules gone by, purr lil mur-rerof myhind, so she used indeed. When she give me the Sundaclouths she hung up for Tate and Comyng and snuffed out the ghost in the candle at his old game of haunt the sleeper. Faithful departed. When I'm dreaming back like that I begins to see we're only all telescopes. Or the comeallyoum saunds. Like when I dromed I was in Dairy and was wuckened up with thump in thudderdown. Rest in peace! But to return.<sup>2</sup> What a wonderful memory you have too! Twonderful morrowy! Straorbinaire! *Bene!* I bring town eau and curry nothung up my sleeve. Now, springing quickenly from the mudland-Loosh from Luccan with Allhim as her Elder tetra-turn a somersault. All's fair on all fours, as my instructor unstrict me. Watch! And you'll have the whole inkle. Allow, allow! Gyre O, gyre O, gyrotundo! Hop lala! As umpty herum as you seat! O, dear me, that was very nesse! Very nace indeed! And makes us a daintical pair of accomplasses! You, allus for the kunst and me for omething with a handel to it. *Beve!* Now, as will pressantly be felt, there's tew tricklesome poinds where our twain of doubling bicirculars, mating approxemetely in their suite poi and poi, dunloop into eath the ocher. Lucihere.! I fee where you

<sup>1</sup> Sewing up the beillybursts in their buckskin shiorts for big Kapitayn Killykook and the Jukes of Kelleiney.

<sup>2</sup> Say where! A timbrellfill of twinkletinkle.

mea. The doubleviewed seeds. Nun, lemmas quatsch, vide pervoys akstiom, and I think as I'm suqeez in the limon, stickme punctum, but for seminal rations I'd likelong, by Araxes, to mack a capital Pee for Pride down there on the batom<sup>1</sup> where Hoddum and Heave, our monsterbilker, balked his bawd of parodies. And let you go, Airmienious, and mick your modest mock Pie out of Humbles up your end. Where your apexojesus will be a point of order. With a geing groan grunt and a croak click cluck.<sup>2</sup> And my faceage kink and kurkle trying to make keek peep.<sup>3</sup> Are you right there, Michael, are you right? Do you think you can hold on by sitting tight? Well, of course, it's awful angelous. Still I don't feel it's so dangelous. Ay, I'm right here, Nickel, and I'll write. Singing the top line why it suits me mikey fine. But, yaghags hogwarts and arrahquinonthiance, it's the muddest thick that was ever heard dump since Eggsmather got smothered in the plap of the pfan. Now, to compleat anglers, beloved bironthiarn and hushtokan hishtakatsch, join alfa pea and pull loose by dotties and, to be more spa-rematically logoical, eelpie and paleale by trunkles. Alow me align while I encloud especious! The Nike done it. Like pah,<sup>4</sup> I peh. Innate little bondery. And as plane as a poke stiff.<sup>5</sup> Now, *aqua in buccat*. I'll make you to see figuratleavely the whome of your eternal

<sup>1</sup> Parsee f french for the upholdsterer would be delighted.

<sup>2</sup> I'll pass out if the screw spliss his strut.

<sup>3</sup> Thargam then goeligum? If you sink I can, swimford. Suksumkale!

<sup>4</sup> Hasitatense?

<sup>5</sup> The impudence of that in girl's things!

geomater. And if you flung her headdress on her from under her highlows you'd wheeze whyse Salmonson set his seel on a hexengown.<sup>1</sup> Hissss!, Arrah, go on! Fin for fun! You've spat your shower like a son of Sibernia but let's have at it! Subtend to me now! Pisk! Outer serpumstances beieg ekewilled, we carefully, if she pleats, lift by her seam hem and jabote at the spidsiest of her trickkikant (like thousands done before since fillies calpered. Ocone! Ocone!) the maidsapron of our A.L.P., fearfully! till its nether nadir is vortically where (allow me aright to two cute winkles) its naval's napex will have to beandbe. You must proach near mear for at is dark. Lob. And light your mech. Jeldy! And this is what you'll say.<sup>2</sup> Waaaaaa. Tch! Sluice! Pla! And their, redneck, (for addn't we to gayatsee with Puhl the Punkah's bell?) mygh and thy, the living spit of dead waters,<sup>3</sup> fastness firm of Hurdlebury Fenn, discinct and isoplural in its (your sow to the duble) sixuous parts, flument, fluvey and fluteous, midden wedge of the stream's your muddy old triagonal delta, fiho miho, plain for you now, appia lippia pluvaville, (hop the hula, girls!) the no niggard spot of her safety vulve, first of all usquiluteral threeingles, (and why wouldn't she sit cressloggedlike the lass that lured a tailor?) the constant of fluxion, Mahamewetma, pride of the province<sup>4</sup> and when that tidled boare rutches up from the Afrantic, allaph quaran's his bett und bier!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The chape of Doña Speranza of the Nacion.

<sup>2</sup> Ugol egal ogle. Mi vidim Mi.

<sup>3</sup> It is, it is Sangannon's dream.

<sup>4</sup> And all meinkind.

<sup>5</sup> Whangpoos the paddle and whiss whee whoo.

*Ambages and  
Their Rôle.*

*Ecclasiastical  
and Celestial  
Hierarchies. The  
Ascending. The  
Descending.*

*The peripatetic  
periphery. It's  
Allothesis.*

Paa lickam laa lickam, apl lpa! This it is an her. You see her it. Which it whom you see it is her. And if you could goaneggbetter we'd soon see some raffant scrumala riffa. Quicks herit fossyending. Quef! So post that to your pape and smarket! And you can haul up that languil pennant, mate. I've read your tunc's dimissage. For, let it be taken that her littlenist is of no magnetude or again let it be granted that Doll the laziest can be dissimulant with all respects from Doll the fiercst, thence must any what-youlike in the power of emphthood be either greater **THAN** or less **THAN** the unite we have in one or hence shall the vectorious ready-eyes of evertwo circumflicksrent searchers never film in the elipsities of their gyribouts those fickers which are returnally reproductive of themselves.<sup>1</sup> Which is unpassible. Quarrel-lary. The logos of somewome to that base anything, when most characteristically mantissa minus, comes to nullum in the endth:<sup>2</sup> orso, here is nowet badder than the sin of Aha with his cosin Lil, verswaysed on coverswised, and all that's consecants and cotangincies till Per-perp stops repippinghim since her redtangles are all abscissan for limitsing this tendency of our Frivulteeny Sexuagesima<sup>3</sup> to expense herself as sphere as possible, paradismic perimutter, in all directions on the bend of the unbridalled, the infinisissimalls of her facets becoming manier and manier as the calicolum of her umdescribables (one has thoughts of that eternal Rome) shrinks from schurtiness

<sup>1</sup> I enjoy as good as anyone.

<sup>2</sup> Neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked.

<sup>3</sup> The boast of the town.

*Canine Venus  
sublimated to  
Aulidic  
Aphrodite.*

*Exclusivism: the  
Ors, Sors and  
Fors, which?*

to scherts.<sup>1</sup> Scholium, there are trist sigheds to everysing but ichs on the freed brings euchts to the feared. Qued? Mother of us all! O, dear me, look at that now! I don't know is it your spictré or my omination but I'm glad you dimentioned it! My Lourde! My Lourde! If that aint just the beatenest lay I ever see! And a superpposition! Quoint a quincidence! O.K. *Omnius Kollidimus*. As Ollover Krumwall sayed when he slepped ueber his granny-mother. Kangarooose feathers: Who in the name of thunder'd ever belevin you were that bolt? But you're holy mooxed and gaping up the wrong palce<sup>2</sup> as if you was seeheeing the gheist that stays forenenst, you blessed simpletop domefool! Where's your belested loiternan's lamp? You must lap wandret down the bluishing refluction below. Her trunk's not her brain-box. Hear where the bolgylines, Yseen here the puncture. So he done it. Luck! See her good. Well, well, well, well! O dee, O dee, that's very lovely! We like Simperspreach Hammel-tones to fellow Selvertunes O'Haggans.<sup>3</sup> When he rolls over his ars and shows the hise of his heels. Vely lovely entilely! Like a yangsheep-slang with the tsifengtse. So analytical plausible! And be the powers of Moll Kelly, neighbour topsowyer, it will be a lozenge to me all my lauffe.<sup>4</sup> More better twofeller we been speak copperads. Ever thought about Guinness's? And the regrettable Parson Rome's advice?

<sup>1</sup> Hen's bens, are we soddy we missed her?

<sup>2</sup> I call that a scumhead.

<sup>3</sup> Pure chingchong idiotism with any way words all in one soluble. Gee each owe tea eye smells fish. That's U.

<sup>4</sup> The Doodles family, **М, Δ, ↯, X, □, ∧, ⊔**. Hoodle doodle, fam.?

*Primanouriture  
and Ultimo-  
geniture*

Want to join the police.<sup>1</sup> You know, you were always one of the bright ones, since a foot made you an unmentionable, fakes! You know, you're the divver's own smart gossoon, aequal to yoursell and wanigel to anglyother, so you are, hoax! You know, you'll be dampned, so you will, one of these invernal days but you will be, carrotty!<sup>2</sup>

Wherapool, gayet that when he stop look time he stop long ground who here hurry he would have ever the lothst word, with a sweet me ah err eye ear marie to reat from the jacob's<sup>3</sup> and a shypull for toothsake of his armjaws at the slidepage of de Vere Foster, would and could candykissing P. Kevin to fress up the rinnerung and to ate by hart (*leo* I read, such a spanish, *escribibis* all your mycoscoups) wont to nibbleh ravenostonnoriously ihs mum to me in bewonderment of his chipper chuthor for, while that Other by the halp of his creac-tive mind offered to deleberate the mass from the booty of fight our Same with the help of the bounty of food sought to delubberate the mess from his corructive mund, with his muffetee cuffes ownconsciously grafficking with his sinister cyclopes after trigamies and spirals' wobbles pursuing their rovinghamilton selves and godolping in fairlove to see around the waste of noland's browne jesus<sup>4</sup> (thur him no quartos!) till that on him poorin sweat the juggaleer's veins (quench his quill!) in his napier scrag stud out burstthright tam-

*No Sturm. No  
Drang.*

SICK US A  
SOCK WITH  
SOME SEDI-  
MENT IN IT  
FOR THE  
SAKE OF OUR  
DARNING  
WIVES.

<sup>1</sup> Picking on Nickagain, Pikey Mikey?

<sup>2</sup> Early morning, sir Dav Stephens, said the First Gentleman in youreups.

<sup>3</sup> Bag bag blockcheap, have you any will?

<sup>4</sup> What a lubberly whide elephant for the men-in-the straits!

*Illustration.*

*Ascription of the  
Active.*

*Proscription of  
the Passive.*

quam taughtropes. (Spry him! call a blood-lekar! Where's Dr Brassenaarse?) Es war itwas in his priesterrite. O He Must Suffer! From this misbelieving feacemaker to his noncredible fancyflame.<sup>1</sup> Ask for bosthoon, late for Mass, pray for blaablaablack sheep. (Sure you could wright anny pippap passage, Eye bet, as foyne as that moultylousy Erewhig, yerself, mick! Nock the muddy nickers!<sup>2</sup> Christ's Church varses Bellial!) Dear and he went on to scripple gentlemine born, milady bread, he would pen for her, he would pine for her,<sup>3</sup> how he would patpun fun for all<sup>4</sup> with his frolicky frowner so and his glumsome grinner otherso. And how are you, waggy?<sup>5</sup> My animal his sorrafool! And trieste, ah trieste ate I my liver! *Se non é vero son trovatore.* O jerry! He was soso, harriot all! He was sadfellow, steifel! He was mister-mysterion. Like a purate out of pensionee with a gouvernement job. All moanday, tearsday, wailsday, thumpsday, frightday, shatterday till the fear of the Law. Look at this twitches! He was quisquis, floored on his plankraft of shittim wood. Look at him! Sink deep or touch not the Cartesian spring! Want more ashes, griper? How diesmal he was lying low on his rawside laying siege to goblin castle. And, bezouts that, how hyenesmeal he was laying him long on his laughside lying sack to croakpartridge. (Be thou wars Rolaf's intes-

<sup>1</sup> And she had to seek a pond's apeace to salve her suiterkins. Sued!

<sup>2</sup> Excuse theyre christianbrothers irish!

<sup>3</sup> When she tripped against the briery bush he profused her allover with curtesy flowers.

<sup>4</sup> A nastilow disigraible game.

<sup>5</sup> Dear old Erosmas. Very glad you are going to Penmark. Write to the corner. Grunny Grant.

*Ensouling Female Sustains Agonising Overman.*

*Sesama to the Rescues. The Key Signature.*

tions, quoths the Bhagavat biskop Leech) Ann opes tipoo soon ear! If you could me lendtill my pascol's kondyl, sahib, and the price of a plate of poultice. Punked. With best apolojigs and merrymoney thanks to self for all the clerricals and again begs guerdon for bistrissing on your bunificence. Well wiggy-wiggywagtail, and how are you, yaggy? With a capital Tea for Thirst. From here Buvard to dear Picuchet. Blott.

Now, (peel your eyes, my gins, and brush your saton hat, me elementator joyclid, son of a Butt! She's mine, Jow low jure,<sup>1</sup> be Skibbering's eagles, sweet tart of Whiteknees Archway) watch him, having caught at the bifurking calamum in his bolsillos, the onelike underworp he had ever funnet without difficultads, the aboleshqwick, signing away in happinext complete, (Exquisite Game of inspiration! I always adored your hand. So could I too and without the scrope of a pen. Ohr for oral, key for crib, olchedolche and a lunge ad lib. Can you write us a last line? From Smith-Jones-Orbison?) intrieatedly in years, jirry-alimpaloop. And i Romain, hup u bn gd grl.<sup>2</sup> Unds alws my thts. To fallthere at bare feet hurryaswormarose. Two dies of one rafflement. Eche bennyache. Outstamp and distribute him at the expanse of his society. To be continued. Anon.

And ook, ook, ook, fanky! All the charic-  
tures<sup>3</sup> in the drame! This is how San holy-

WHEN THE  
ANSWERER  
IS A LEMAN.

ALL SQUARE  
AND

<sup>1</sup> I loved to see the Macheths Jerseys knacking spots of the Plumpduffs Pants.

<sup>2</sup> Lifp year fends you all and moe, foudenirs foft as fummer fnow, fweet willings and forget-uf-knots.

<sup>3</sup> Gag his tubes yourself.

*Force Centre of the Fire Serpentine: heart, throat, navel, spleen, sacral, fontanella, intertemporal eye.*

*Conception of the Compromise and Finding of a Formula.*

*Ideal Present Alone Produces Real Future.*

polypools. And this, pardonsky! is the way Romeopullupalleaps.<sup>1</sup> Pose the pen, man, way me does. Way ole missa vellatooth fust show me how. Fourth power to her illpogue! Bould strokes for your life! Tip! This is Steal, this is Barke, this is Starn, this is Swhipt, this is Wiles, this is Pshaw, this is Doubblinnbbayates.<sup>2</sup> This is brave Danny weeping his spache for the popers. This is cool Connolly wiping his hearth with brave Danny. And this, regard! how Chawleses Skewered parparaparnelligoes between brave Danny boy and the Connolly. Upanishadem! Top. Spoken hath L'arty Magory. Eregobragh. Prouf!<sup>3</sup>

And Kev was wreathed with his pother.

But, (that Jacoby feeling again for forebitten fruit and, my Georgeous, Kevvy too he just loves his puppadums, I judge!) after all his autocratic writings of paraboles of famellicurbs and meddled muddlingisms, thee faroots hof cullchaw end ate citrawn woodint wun able rep of the triperforator awlrite blast through his pergaman hit him where he lived and do for the blessted selfchuruls, what I think, smarter like it done for a manny another unpious of the hairydary quare quandary firstings till at length, you one bladdy bragger, by mercy-stroke he measured his earth anyway? could not but reckon in his adder's badder cadder way our frankson who, to be plain, he fight him all time twofeller longa kill dead finish bloody face blong you, was misocain. Wince

ACCORDING  
TO COCKER.

TROTHBLOWERS.

FIG AND  
THISTLE  
PLOT A PIG  
AND  
WHISTLE.

<sup>1</sup> He, angel that I thought him, and he not aebel to speel eelyotripes., Mr Tellibly Divilcult!

<sup>2</sup> When the dander rattles how the peacocks prance!

<sup>3</sup> The Brownes de Browne-Browne of Castlehacknolan.

*Service superseding self.*

*Catastrophe and Anabasis.*

*The rotary process and its reestablishment of reciprocities.*

wan's won! Rip!<sup>1</sup> And his countinghands rose.

Formalisa. Loves deathhow simple! Slutningsbane.<sup>2</sup>

Thanks eversore much, Pointcarried! I can't say if it's the weight you strike me to the quick or that red mass I was looking at but at the present momentum, potential as I am, I'm seeing rayingbogeys rings round me. Honours to you and may you be commended for our exhibitiveness! I'd love to take you for a bug-aboo ride and play funfer all if you'd only sit and be the ballasted bottle in the porker barrel. You will deserve a rolypoly as long as from here to tomorrow. And to hell with them driftbombs and bottom trailers! If my maily was bag enough I'd send you a toxis. By Saxon Chromaticus, you done that lovely for me! Didn't he now, Nubilina? Tiny Mite, she studierts whas? With her listeningin coiffure, her dream of Endsland's daylast and the glorifires of being presainted maid to majesty.<sup>3</sup> And less is the pity for she isn't the lolypops she easily might be if she had for a sample Virginia's air of achievement. That might keep her from throwing delph.<sup>4</sup> As I was saying, while retorting thanks, you make me a reborn of the cards. We're offals boys ambows.<sup>5</sup> For I've flicked up all the crambes as they crumbed from your table um, singing glory allaloserem, cog it out, here goes a sum. So

WITH EBONISER.

IN PIX.

EUCHRE  
RISK, MERCI  
BUCKUP, AND  
MIND WHO  
YOU'RE  
PUCKING,  
FLEBBY.

*The Twofold  
Truth and the  
Conjunctive Ap-  
petites of Oppo-  
sitional Oreses.*

*Trishagion.*

read we in must book. It tells. He prophets most who bilks the best.

And that salubrated sickenagiaour of yaours have teaspilled all my hazeydency. Forge away, Sunny Sim! Sheepshopp. Bleating Goad, it is the least of things, Eyeinstye! Imagine it, my deep dartry dullard! It is hours giving, not more. I'm only out for celebridging over the guilt of the gap in your hiscitendancy. You are a hundred thousand times welcome, old wort-sampler, hellbeit you're just about as culpable as my woolfell merger would be. In effect I could engage in an energument over you till you were republicly royally toobally prussic blue in the shirt after.<sup>1</sup> *Trionfante di bestia!* And if you're not your bloater's kipper may I never curse again on that pint I took of Jamesons. Old Keane now, you're rod, hook and sinker, old jubalee Keane! Biddy's hair. Biddy's hair, mine lubber. Where is that Quin but he sknows it knot but what you that are my popular end-phthisis were born with a solver arm up your sleep. Thou in shanty! Thou in scanty shanty!! Thou in slanty scanty shanty!!! Bide in your hush! Bide in your hush, do! The law does not aloud you to shout. I plant my penstock in your postern, chinarpot. Ave! And let it be to all remembrance. Vale. Ovocation of maid-ing waters.<sup>2</sup> For auld lang salvy steyne. I defend you to champ my scullion's praises. To book alone belongs the lobe. Foremaster's meed<sup>3</sup> will mark tomorrow when we are making pilscrummage to whaboggeriyin with

COME SI  
COMPITA  
CUNCTITI-  
TITILATIO?  
CONKERY  
CUNK,  
THIGH-  
THIGHT-  
TICKELLY-  
THIGH, LIG-  
GERILAG,  
TITTERITOT,  
LEG IN A TEE,  
LUG IN A  
LAW, TWO  
AT A TIE,  
THREE ON A  
THRICKY  
TILL OHIO  
OHIO  
IOIOMISS.  
IOIOMISS.

<sup>1</sup> A byebye bingbang boys! See you Nutcracker Sunday!

<sup>2</sup> Chinchin Childaman! Chapchopchap!

<sup>3</sup> Wipe your glosses with what you know.

<sup>4</sup> If I'd more in the cups that peeves thee you could cracksmith your rows tureens.

<sup>5</sup> Alls Sings and Alls Howls.

<sup>1</sup> From three shellings. A bluedye sacrifice.

<sup>2</sup> Not Kilty. But the manajar was. He! He! Ho! Ho! Ho!

<sup>3</sup> Giglamps, Soapy Geyser, The Smell and Gory Mac Gusty.

*Abnegation is  
Adaptation.*

*Cato.  
Nero.  
Saul. Aristotle.  
Julius Caesar.  
Pericles.  
Ovid.  
Adam, Eve.  
Domitian. Edipus.  
Socrates.  
Ajax.  
  
Homer.  
Marcus Aurelius.  
  
Alcibiades.  
Lucretius.*

staff, scarf and blessed wallet and our aureoles round our neckkandcropfs where as and when Heavysciusgardaddy, parent who offers sweetmeats, will gift uns his Noblett's surprize. With this laudable purpose in loud ability let us be singulfied. Betwixt me and thee hung cong. Item, mizpah ends.

But while the dial are they doodling dawdling over the mugs and the grubs? Oikey, Impostolopulos?<sup>1</sup> Steady steady steady steady steady studiavimus. Many many many many many manducabimus.<sup>2</sup> We've had our day at triv and quad and writ our bit as intermidgets. Art, literature, politics, economy, chemistry, humanity, &c. Duty, the daughter of discipline, the Great Fire at the South City Markets, Belief in Giants and the Banshee, A Place for Everything and Everything in its Place, Is the Pen Mightier than the Sword? A Successful Career in the Civil Service,<sup>3</sup> The Voice of Nature in the Forest,<sup>4</sup> Your Favorite Hero or Heroine, On the Benefits of Recreation,<sup>5</sup> If Standing Stones Could Speak, Devotion to the Feast of the Indulgence of Portiuncula, The Dublin Metropolitan Police Sports at Ballsbridge, Describe in Homely Anglian Monosyllables the Wreck of the Hesperus,<sup>6</sup> What Morals, if any, can be drawn from Diarmuid and Grania?<sup>7</sup> Do you Approve of our Existing Parliamentary System? The Uses and Abuses of Insects, A

ENTER THE  
COP AND  
HOW.  
SECURES  
GUBERNANT  
URBIS  
TERRORUM.

<sup>1</sup> The divvy wants that babbling brook. Dear Auntie Emma Emma Eates.  
<sup>2</sup> Strike the day off, the nightcap's on nigh. Goney, goney gone!  
<sup>3</sup> R.C., disengaged, good character, would help, no salary.  
<sup>4</sup> Where Lily is a Lady found the nettle rash.  
<sup>5</sup> Bubabipibambuli, I can do as I like with what's me own. Nyamnyam.  
<sup>6</sup> Able seaman's caution.  
<sup>7</sup> Rarely equal and distinct in all things.

*Noah. Plato.  
Horace. Isaac.  
Tiresias.  
Marius.  
Diogenes.  
Procne, Philomela. Abraham.  
Nestor. Cincinnatus. Leonidas.  
Jacob.  
Theocritus.  
Joseph.  
Fabius. Samson.  
Cain.  
Esop.  
Prometheus.  
Lot. Pompeius Magnus,  
Miltiades Strategos.  
Solon.  
Castor, Pollux.  
Dionysius.  
Sappho.  
Moses. Job.  
Catilina.  
Cadmus. Ezekeiel.  
Solomon. Themistocles.  
Vitellius. Darius.*

Visit to Guinness' Brewery, Clubs, Advantages of the Penny Post, When is a Pun not a Pun? Is the Co-Education of Animus and Anima Wholly Desirable?<sup>1</sup> What Happened at Clontarf? Since our Brother Johnathan Signed the Pledge or the Meditations of Two Young Spinsters,<sup>2</sup> Why we all Love our Little Lord Mayor, Hengler's Circus Entertainment, On Thrift,<sup>3</sup> The Kettle-Griffith-Moynihan Scheme for a New Electricity Supply, Travelling in the Olden Times,<sup>4</sup> American Lake Poetry, the Strangest Dream that was ever Halfdreamt.<sup>5</sup> Circumspection, Our Allies the Hills, Are Parnellites Just towards Henry Tudor? Tell a Friend in a Chatty Letter the Fable of the Grasshopper and the Ant,<sup>6</sup> Santa Claus, The Shame of Slumdom, The Roman Pontiffs and the Orthodox Churches,<sup>7</sup> The Thirty Hour Week, Compare the Fistic Styles of Jimmy Wilde and Jack Sharkey, How to Understand the Deaf, Should Ladies learn Music or Mathematics? Glory be to Saint Patrick! What is to be found in a Dustheap, The Value of Circumstantial Evidence, Should Spelling? Outcasts in India, Collecting Pewter, Eu,<sup>8</sup> Proper and Regular Diet Necessity For,<sup>9</sup> If You Do It Do It Now.

<sup>1</sup> Jests and the Beastalk with a little rude hiding rod.  
<sup>2</sup> Wherry like the whaled prophet in a spookeerie.  
<sup>3</sup> What sins is pim money sans Paris?  
<sup>4</sup> I've lost the place, where was I?  
<sup>5</sup> Something happened that time I was asleep, torn letters or was there snow?  
<sup>6</sup> Mich for his pain, Nick in his past.  
<sup>7</sup> He has *togliaresti in brodo* all over his agrammatical parts of face and as for that hippofoxphiz, unlucky number, late for the christening!  
<sup>8</sup> Eh, Monsieur? Oû, Monsieur? Eu, Monsieur? Nenni No, Monsieur!  
<sup>9</sup> Ere we hit the hay, brothers, let's have that response to prayer!



*Xenophon.* Delays are Dangerous. Vitavite! Gobble  
Anne: tea's set, see's enough! Mox soonly  
will be in a split second per the chancellor  
of his exticker.

*Pantocracy.* Aun  
*Bimutualism.* Do  
*Interchangeability.* Tri  
*Naturality.* Car  
*Superfetation.* Cush<sup>1</sup>  
*Stabimobilism.* Shay  
*Periodicity.* Shockt  
*Consummation.* Ockt  
*Interpenetrativeness.* Ni  
*Predicament.* Geg<sup>2</sup>

*Balance of* Their feed begins.  
*the factual by the*  
*theoric Boox and*  
*Coox, Amallaga-*  
*mated.*

MAWMAW,  
LUK, YOUR  
BEEFTAY'S  
FIZZIN OVER!

KAKAO-  
POETIC  
LIPPUDENIES  
OF THE  
UNGUMPTIOUS.

## NIGHTLETTER

With our best youlldied greedings to Pep  
and Memmy and the old folkers below and  
beyant, wishing them all very merry Incar-  
nations in this land of the livvey and plenty  
of preprosperousness through their coming  
new yonks

from  
jake, jack and little sousoucie  
(the babes that mean too)



<sup>1</sup> Kish is for anticheirst, and the free of my hand to him!

<sup>2</sup> And gags for skool, and crossbuns and whopes he'll enjoyimsollf over  
our drawings on the line!

It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinnesses but.

That the fright of his light in tribalbalbutience hides aback in  
the doom of the balk of the deaf but that the height of his life  
from a bride's eye stamppunct is when a man that means a moun-  
tain barring his distance wades a lymph that plays the lazy win-  
ning she likes yet that pride that bogs the party begs the glory of  
a wake while the scheme is like your rumba round me garden,  
allatheses, with perhelps the prop of a prompt to them, was now  
or never in Etheria Deserta, as in Grander Suburbia, with Finn-  
fannfawners, ruric or cospolite, for much or moment indispute.

Whyfor had they, it is Hiberio-Miletians and Argloe-Noremen,  
donated him, birth of an otion that was breeder to sweatoslaves,  
as mysterbolder, forced in their waste, and as for Ibdullin what of  
Himana, that their toltvtubular high fidelity daildialler, as modern  
as tomorrow afternoon and in appearance up to the minute, (hear-  
ing that anybody in that ruad duchy of Wollinstown schemed  
to halve the wrong type of date) equipped with supershielded um-  
brella antennas for distancegetting and connected by the magnetic  
links of a Bellini-Tosti coupling system with a vitaltone speaker,  
capable of capturing skybuddies, harbour craft emittences, key  
clickings, vaticum cleaners, due to woman formed mobile or  
man made static and bawling the howle hamshack and wobble  
down in an eliminium sounds pound so as to serve him up a mele-  
goturny marygoraumd, eclectrically filtered for allirish earths and