

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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Full FW Text	FW Line		
FW219			
Every evening at lighting up o'clock sharp and until further	1		
notice in Feenichts Playhouse. (Bar and conveniences always	2		
open, Diddlem Club douncesteers.) Entrancings: gads, a scrab;	3		
the quality, one large shilling. Newly billed for each wickeday	4		
perfumance. Somndoze massinees. By arraignment, childream's	5		
hours, expercatered. Jampots, rinsed porters, taken in token. With	6		
nightly redistribution of parts and players by the puppetry pro-	7		
ducer and daily dubbing of ghosters, with the benediction of the	8		
Holy Genesius Archimimus and under the distinguished patron-	9		
age of their Elderships the Oldens from the four coroners of	10		
Findrias, Murias, Gorias and Falias, Messoirs the Coarbs, Clive	11		

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Sollis, Galorius Kettle, Pobiedo Lancey and Pierre Dusort,	12		
while the Caesar-in-Chief looks. On. Sennet. As played to the	13		
Adelphi by the Brothers Bratislavoff (Hyrcaan and Haristobulus),	14		
after humpteen dumpteen revivals. Before all the King's Hoarsers	15		
with all the Queen's Mum. And wordloosed over seven seas	16		
crowdblast in celtelleneteutoslavzendlatinsoundscript. In four	17		
tubbloids. While fern may cald us until firn make cold. <i>The Mime</i>	18		
of Mick, Nick and the Maggies, adopted from the Ballymooney	19		
Bloodriddon Murther by Bluechin Blackdillain (authorways 'Big	20		
Storey'), featuring:	21		
GLUGG (Mr Seumas McQuillad, hear the riddles between the	22		
robot in his dress circular and the gagster in the rogues' gallery),	23		
the bold bad bleak boy of the storybooks, who, when the tabs go	24		
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up, as we discover, because he knew to mutch, has been divorced	1		
into disgrace court by	2		
THE FLORAS (Girl Scouts from St. Bride's Finishing Establish-	3		
ment, demand acidulateds), a month's bunch of pretty maidens	4		
who, while they pick on her, their pet peeve, form with valkyri-	5		
enne licence the guard for	6		
IZOD (Miss Butys Pott, ask the attendantess for a leaflet), a be-	7		
witching blonde who dimples delightfully and is approached in	8		
loveliness only by her grateful sister reflection in a mirror, the cloud	9		

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of the opal, who, having jilted Glugg, is being fatally fascinated by	10		
CHUFF (Mr Sean O'Mailey, see the chalk and sanguine picto-	11		
graph on the safety drop), the fine frank fairhaired fellow of the	12		
fairytales, who wrestles for tophole with the bold bad bleak boy	13		
Glugg, geminally about caps or puds or tog bags or bog gats or	14		
chuting rudskin gunerally or something, until they adumbrace a	15		
pattern of somebody else or other, after which they are both car-	16		
ried off the set and brought home to be well soaped, sponged and	17		
scrubbed again by	18		
ANN (Miss Corrie Corriendo, Grischun scoula, bring the babes,	19		
Pieder, Poder and Turtey, she mistributes mandamus monies,	20		
after perdunamento, hendrud aloven entrees, pulcinellis must not	21		
miss our national rooster's rag), their poor little old mother-in-	22		
lieu, who is woman of the house, playing opposite to	23		
HUMP (Mr Makeall Gone, read the sayings from Laxdalesaga	24		
in the programme about King Ericus of Schweden and the spirit's	25		
whispers in his magical helmet), cap-a-pipe with watch and top-	26		
per, coat, crest and supporters, the cause of all our grievances,	27		
the whirl, the flash and the trouble, who, having partially re-	28		
covered from a recent impeachment due to egg everlasting, but	29		
throughandthoroughly proconverted, propounded for cyclo-	30		
logical, is, studding sail once more, jibsheets and royals, in the	31		
semblance of the substance for the membrane of the umbrance	32		
with the remnance of the emblence reveiling a quemdam super-	33		
cargo, of The Rockery, Poopinheavin, engaged in entertaining	34		

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in his pilgrimst customhouse at Caherlehome-upon-Eskur those	35		
statutory persons	36		
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THE CUSTOMERS (Components of the Afterhour Courses at St.	1		
Patricius' Academy for Grownup Gentlemen, consult the annu-	2		
ary, coldporters sibsuction), a bundle of a dozen of representa-	3		
tive locomotive civics, each inn quest of outings, who are still	4		
more sloppily served after every cup final by	5		
SAUNDERSON (Mr Knut Oelsvinger, Tiffsdays off, wouldntstop	6		
in bad, imitation of flatfish, torchbearing supperaape, dud half-	7		
sovereign, no chee daily, roly pollsies, Glen of the Downs, the	8		
Gugnir, his geyswerks, his earsequack, his lokistroki, o.s.v.), a	9		
scherinsheiner and spoilcurate, unconcerned in the mystery but	10		
under the inflouce of the milldieuw and butt of	11		
KATE (Miss Rachel Lea Varian, she tells forkings for baschfel-	12		
lors, under purdah of card palmer teaput tosspot Madam d'Elta,	13		
during the pawses), kook-and-dishdrudge, which believes wan-	14		
thingthats, whouse be the churchyard or whorts up the aasgaars,	15		
the show must go on.	16		
Time: the pressant.	17		
With futurist onehorse balletbattle pictures and the Pageant	18		
of Past History worked up with animal variations amid ever-	19		
glaning mangrovemazes and beorbtracktors by Messrs Thud and	20		

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Blunder. Shadows by the film folk, masses by the good people.	21		
Promptings by Elanio Vitale. Longshots, upcloses, outblacks and	22		
stagetolets by Hexenschuss, Coachmaher, Incubone and Rock-	23		
narrag. Creations tastefully designed by Madame Berthe Dela-	24		
mode. Dances arranged by Harley Quinn and Coollimbeina.	25		
Jests, jokes, jigs and jorums for the Wake lent from the properties	26		
of the late cemented Mr T. M. Finnegan R.I.C. Lipmasks and	27		
hairwigs by Ouida Nooikke. Limes and Floods by Crooker and	28		
Toll. Kopay pibe by Kappa Pedersen. Hoed Pine hat with	29		
twentyfour ventholes by Morgen. Bosse and stringbag from	30		
Heteroditheroe's and All Ladies' presents. Tree taken for grafted.	31		
Rock rent. Phenecian blends and Sourdanian doofpoosts by	32		
Shauvesourishe and Wohntbedarf. The oakmulberryeke with	33		
silktrick twomesh from Shop-Sowry, seedsmanchap. Grabstone	34		
beg from General Orders Mailed. The crack (that's Cork!) by	35		
a smoker from the gods. The interjection (Buckley!) by the fire-	36		
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ment in the pit. Accidental music providentially arranged by	1		
L' Archet and Laccorde. Melodiotiosities in purefusion by the	2		
score. To start with in the beginning, we need hirtly bemerk,	3		
a community prayer, everyone for himself, and to conclude	4		
with as an exodus, we think it well to add, a chorale in canon,	5		
good for us all for us all us all all. Songs betune the acts by	6		

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the ambiamphions of Annapolis, Joan MockComic, male so-	7		
prano, and Jean Souslevin, bass noble, respectively: O, Mester	8		
Sogerman, ef thes es whot ye deux, then l'm not surpleased ye	9		
want that bottle of Sauvequipeu and Oh Off Nunch Der Rasche	10		
Ver Lasse Mitsch Nitscht. Till the summit scenes of climbbacks	11		
castastrophear, <i>The Bearded Mountain</i> (Polymop Barethe-	12		
rootsch), and <i>The River Romps to Nursery</i> (Maidykins in Undi-	13		
form). The whole thugogmagog, including the portions under-	14		
stood to be oddmitted as the results of the respective titulars	15		
neglecting to produce themselves, to be wound up for an after-	16		
enactment by a Magnificent Transformation Scene showing the	17		
Radium Wedding of Neid and Moorning and the Dawn of	18		
Peace, Pure, Perfect and Perpetual, Waking the Weary of the	19		
World.	20		
An argument follows.	21		
Chuffy was a nangel then and his soard fleshed light like like-	22		
ning. Fools top! Singty, sangty, meekly loose, defendy nous from	23		
prowlabouts. Make a shine on the curst. Emen.	24		
But the duvlin sulph was in Glugger, that lost-to-lurning.	25		
Punct. He was sbuffing and sputing, tussing like anisine, whip-	26		
ping his eyesoult and gnatsching his teats over the brividies from	27		
existers and the outhur liubbocks of life. He halth kelchy chosen	28		
a clayblade and makes prayeses to his three of clubs. To part from	29		
these, my corsets, is into overlusting fear. Acts of feet, hoof and	30		
jarrety: athletes longfoot. Djowl, uphere!	31		

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Aminxt that nombre of evelings, but how pierceful in their so-	32		
jestiveness were those first girly stirs, with zitterings of flight re-	33		
leased and twinglings of twitchbells in rondel after, with waver-	34		
ings that made shimmershake rather naughtily all the duskcended	35		
airs and shylyt beaconings from shehind hims back. Sammy, call	36		
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on. Mirrylamb, she was shuffering all the diseasinesses of the un-	1		
herd of. Mary Louisan Shousapinas! If Arck could no more salve	2		
his agnols from the wiles of willy wooly woolf! If all the airish	3		
signics of her dipandump helpabit from an Father Hogam till	4		
the Mutther Masons could not that Glugg to catch her by the	5		
calour of her brideness! Not Rose, Sevilla nor Citronelle; not	6		
Esmeralde, Pervinca nor Indra; not Viola even nor all of them	7		
four themes over. But, the monthage stick in the melmelode jawr,	8		
I am (twintomine) all thees thing. Up tighty in the front, down	9		
again on the loose, drim and drumming on her back and a pop	10		
from her whistle. What is that, O holytroopers? Isot givin yoe?	11		
Up he stulpled, glee you gees, with search a fling did die near	12		
sea, beamy owen and calmy hugh and if you what you my call for	13		
me I will wishyoumaycull for you.	14		
And they are met, face a facing. They are set, force to force.	15		
And no such Copenhagen-Marengo was less so fated for a fall	16		
since in Glenasmole of Smiling Thrushes Patch Whyte passed	17		

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O'Sheen ascowl.	18		
Arrest thee, scaldbrother! came the evangelion, sabre accu-	19		
sant, from all Saint Joan's Wood to kill or maim him, and be	20		
dumm but ill s'arrested. Et would proffer to his delected one the	21		
his trifle from the grass.	22		
A space. Who are you? The cat's mother. A time. What do	23		
you lack? The look of a queen.	24		
But what is that which is one going toprehend? Seeks, buzzing	25		
is brains, the feinder.	26		
The howtosayto itiswhatis hemustwhomust worden schall.	27		
A darktongues, kunning. O theoperil! Ethiaop lore, the poor lie.	28		
He askit of the hoothed fireshield but it was untergone into the	29		
matthued heaven. He soughed it from the luft but that bore ne	30		
mark ne message. He loked upon the bloomingrund where ongly	31		
his corns were growning. At last he listed back to beckline how	32		
she pranked alone so johntily. The skand for schooling.	33		
With nought a wired from the wordless either.	34		
Item. He was hardset then. He wented to go (somewhere) while	35		
he was weeting. Utem. He wished to grieve on the good persons, that	36		
FW224			
is the four gentlemen. Otem. And it was not a long time till he was	1		
feeling true forim he was goodda purssia and it was short after that	2		
he was fooling mehaunt to mehynte he was an injine ruber. Etem.	3		

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He was at his thinker's aunts to give (the four gentlemen) the	4		
presence (of a corpse). And this is what he would be willing. He	5		
fould the fourd; they found the hurtled stones; they fell ill with the	6		
gravy duck: and he sod town with the roust of the meast. Atem.	7		
Towhere byhangs ourtales.	8		
Ah ho! This poor Glugg! It was so said of him about of his old	9		
fontmouther. Truly deplurabel! A dire, O dire! And all the freight-	10		
fullness whom he inhebited after his colline born janitor. Some-	11		
time towerable! With that hehry antlets on him and the bauble-	12		
light bulching out of his sockets whiling away she sprankled his	13		
allover with her noces of interregnation: How do you do that lack	14		
a lock and pass the poker, please? And bids him tend her, lute	15		
and airly. Sing, sweetharp, thing to me anone! So that Glugg,	16		
the poor one, in that limbopool which was his subnesciousness	17		
he could scares of all knotknow whither his morrder had bourst	18		
a blabber or if the vogalstones that hit his tynpan was that mearly	19		
his skoll missed her. Misty's trompe or midst his floating? Ah,	20		
ho! Cicely, awe!	21		
The youngly delightsome frilles-in-pleyurs are now shownen	22		
drawen, if bud one, or, if in florileague, drawens up consociately	23		
at the hinder sight of their commoner guardian. Her boy fiend or	24		
theirs, if they are so plurielled, cometh up as a trapadour, sinking	25		
how he must fand for himself by gazework what their colours	26		
wear as they are all shownen drawens up. Tireton, cacheton, tire-	27		
ton, ba! Doth that not satisfy youth, sir? Quanty purty bellas,	28		

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here, Madama Lifay! And what are you going to charm them to,	29		
Madama, do say? Cinderynelly angled her slipper; it was cho	30		
chiny yet braught her a groom. He will angskt of them from their	31		
commoner guardian at next lineup (who is really the rapier of the	32		
two though thother brother can hold his own, especially for he	33		
bandished it with his hand the hold time, mamain, a simply gra-	34		
cious: Mi, O la!), and reloose that thong off his art: Hast thou feel	35		
liked carbunckley ones? Apun which his poohoor pricoxity theirs	36		
FW225			
is a little tittertit of hilarity (Lad-o'-me-soul! Lad-o'-me-soul,	1		
see!) and the wordchary is atvoiced ringsoundinly by their toots	2		
ensembled, though not meaning to be clever, but just with a shrug	3		
of their hips to go to troy and harff a freak at himself by all that	4		
story to the ulstramarines. Otherwised, holding their noises,	5		
they insinuate quiet private, Ni, he make peace in his preaches	6		
and play with esteem.	7		
Warewolff! Olff! Toboo!	8		
So olff for his topheetuck the ruck made raid, aslick aslegs	9		
would run; and he ankered on his hunkers with the belly belly	10		
prest. Asking: What's my muffinstuffinaches for these times? To	11		
weat: Breath and bother and whatarcurs. Then breath more	12		
bother and more whatarcurs. Then no breath no bother but wor-	13		
rawarrawurms. And Shim shallave shome.	14		

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As Rigagnolina to Mountagnone, what she meant he could	15		
not can. All she meant was goltén sylvup, all she meant was	16		
some Knight's ploung jamn. It's driving her dafft like he's so	17		
dumnb. If he'd lonely talk instead of only gawk as thought yate-	18		
man hat stuck hits stick althrough his spokes and if he woold nut	19		
wolly so! Hee. Speak, sweet bird! Mitzymitzy! Though I did	20		
ate tough turf I'm not the bogdoxy.	21		
— Have you monbreamstone?	22		
— No.	23		
— Or Hellfeuersteyn?	24		
— No.	25		
— Or Van Diemen's coral pearl?	26		
— No.	27		
He has lost.	28		
Off to clutch, Glugg! Forwhat! Shape your reres, Glugg!	29		
Foreweal! Ring we round, Chuff! Fairwell! Chuffchuff's inners	30		
even. All's rice with their whorl!	31		
Yet, ah tears, who can her mater be? She's promised he'd eye	32		
her. To try up her pretti. But now it's so longed and so fared and	33		
so forth. Jerry for jauntings. Alabye! Fled.	34		
The flossies all and mossies all they drooped upon her draped	35		
brimfall. The bowknots, the showlots, they wilted into wocblots.	36		
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The pearlagraph, the pearlagraph, knew whitchly whether to weep	1		
or laugh. For always down in Carolinas lovely Dinahs vaunt their	2		
view.	3		
Poor Isa sits a glooming so gleaming in the gloaming; the tin-	4		
celles a touch tarnished wind no lovelinoise awound her swan's.	5		
Hey, lass! Woefear gleam she so glooming, this pooripathete I	6		
solde? Her beauman's gone of a cool. Be good enough to symper-	7		
ise. If he's at anywhere she's therefor to join him. If it's to no-	8		
where she's going to too. Buf if he'll go to be a son to France's	9		
she'll stay daughter of Clare. Bring tansy, throw myrtle, strew	10		
rue, rue, rue. She is fading out like Journee's clothes so you can't	11		
see her now. Still we know how Day the Dyer works, in dims	12		
and deeps and dusks and darks. And among the shades that Eve's	13		
now wearing she'll meet anew fiancy, tryst and trow. Mammy	14		
was, Mimmy is, Minuscoline's to be. In the Dee dips a dame and	15		
the dame desires a demselle but the demselle dresses dolly and	16		
the dolly does a dulcydamble. The same renew. For though	17		
she's unmerried she'll after truss up and help that hussyband how	18		
to hop. Hip it and trip it and chirrub and sing. Lord Chuffy's sky	19		
sheraph and Glugg's got to swing.	20		
So and so, toe by toe, to and fro they go round, for they are the	21		
ingelles, scattering nods as girls who may, for they are an angel's	22		
garland.	23		
Catchmire stockings, libertyed garters, shoddys shoes, quicked	24		
out with selver. Pennyfair caps on pinnyfore frocks and a ring on	25		

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her fomefing finger. And they leap so looply, looply, as they link	26		
to light. And they look so loovely, loovelit, noosed in a nuptious	27		
night. Withasly glints in. Andecoy glants out. They ramp it a	28		
little, a lessle, a lissle. Then rompride round in rout.	29		
Say them all but tell them apart, cadenzando coloratura! R is	30		
Rubretta and A is Arancia, Y is for Yilla and N for greeneriN. B	31		
is Boyblue with odalisque O while W waters the fleurettes of no-	32		
vembrance. Though they're all but merely a schoolgirl yet these	33		
way went they. I' th' view o' th'avignue dancing goes entrancing	34		
roundly. Miss Oodles of Anems before the Luvium doeslike. So.	35		
And then again doeslike. So. And miss Endles of Eons efter Dies	36		
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of Eirae doeslike. So. And then again doeslike. So. The many	1		
wiles of Winsure.	2		
The grocer's bawd she slips her hand in the haricot bag, the	3		
lady in waiting sips her sup from the paraffin can, Mrs Wildhare	4		
Quickdoctor helts her skelts up the casuaway the flasht instinct	5		
she herds if a tinkle of tunder, the widow Megrievy she knits cats'	6		
cradles, this bountiful actress leashes a harrier under her tongue,	7		
and here's the girl who she's kneeled in coldfashion and she's told	8		
her priest (spt!) she's pot on a chap (chp!) and this lass not least,	9		
this rickissime woman, who she writes foot fortunes money times	10		
over in the nursery dust with her capital thumb. Buzz. All run-	11		

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away sheep bound back bopeep, trailing their teenes behind	12		
them. And these ways wend they. And those ways went they.	13		
Winnie, Olive and Beatrice, Nelly and Ida, Amy and Rue. Here	14		
they come back, all the gay pack, for they are the florals, from	15		
foncey and pansey to papaver's blush, foresake-me-nought,	16		
while there's leaf there's hope, with printim's ruse and marry-	17		
may's blossom, all the flowers of the ancelles' garden.	18		
But vicereversing thereout from those palms of perfection to	19		
anger arbour, treerack monatan, scroucely out of scout of ocean,	20		
virid with woad, what tornaments of complementary rages rocked	21		
the divlun from his punchpoll to his tummy's shentre as he dis-	22		
plaid all the oathword science of his visible disgrace. He was	23		
feeling so funny and floored for the cue, all over which girls as	24		
he don't know whose hue. If goosseys gaziuous would but fain	25		
smile him a smile he would be fondling a praise he ate some nice	26		
bit of fluff. But no geste reveals the unconnouth. They're all	27		
odds against him, the beasties. Scratch. Start.	28		
He dove his head into Wat Murrey, gave Stewart Ryall a puck	29		
on the plexus, wrestled a hurry-come-union with the Gillie Beg,	30		
wiped all his sinses, martial and menial, out of Shrove Sundry	31		
MacFearsome, excremuncted as freely as any frothblower into	32		
MacIsaac, had a belting bout, chaste to chaste, with McAdoo	33		
about nothing and, childhood's age being aye the shameleast, tel	34		
a Tartaran tastarin toothsome tarrascone tourtoun, vestimentiv-	35		
orous chlamydophagian, imbretellated himself for any time un-	36		

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tellable with what hung over to the Machonochie Middle from	1		
the MacSiccaries of the Breeks. Home!	2		
Allwhile, moush missuies from mungy monsie, preying in	3		
his mind, son of Everallin, within himself, he swure. Macnoon	4		
maggoty mag! Cross of a coppersmith bishop! He would split.	5		
He do big squeal like holy Trichepatte. Seek hells where from	6		
yank islanders the petriote's absolation. Mocknitza! Genik! He	7		
take skiff come first dagrene day overwide tumbler, rough and	8		
dark, till when bow of the shower show of the bower with three	9		
shirts and a wind, pagoda permettant, crookolevante, the bruce,	10		
the coriolano and the ignacio. From prudals to the secular but	11		
from the cumman to the nowter. Byebye, Brassolis, I'm breaving!	12		
Our war, Dully Gray! A conansdream of lodascircles, he here	13		
schlucefinis. Gelchasser no more! Mischnary for the minestrary	14		
to all the sems of Aram. Shimach, eon of Era. Mum's for's	15		
maxim, ban's for's book and Dodgesome Dora for hedgehung	16		
sheolmastress. And Unkel Silanse coach in diligence. Discon-	17		
nection of the succeeding. He wholehog himself for carberry	18		
banishment care of Pencylmania, Bretish Armerica, to melt Mrs	19		
Gloria of the Bunkers' Trust, recorporated, (prunty!) by meteo-	20		
romancy and linguified heissrohgin, quit to hail a hurry laracor	21		
and catch the Paname-Turricum and regain that absendee tarry	22		

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easty, his città immediata, by an alley and detour with farecard	23		
available getrennty years. Right for Rovy the Roder. From the	24		
safe side of distance! Libera, nostalgia! Beate Laurentie O'Tuli,	25		
Euro pra nobis! Every monk his own cashel where every little	26		
ligger is his own liogotenente with inclined jambs in full purview	27		
to his pronaose and to the deretane at his reredoss. Fuisfinister,	28		
fuyerescaper! He would, with the greatest of ease, before of	29		
weighting midhook, by dear home trashold on the raging canal,	30		
for othersites of Jorden, (heave a hevy, waterboy!) make one	31		
of hissens with a knockonacow and a chow collegions and fire	32		
off, gheol ghiornal, foull subustioned mullmud, his farced epistol	33		
to the hibruws. From Cernilius slomtime prepositus of Toumaria	34		
to the clutch in Anteach. Salvo! Ladigs and jointuremen! No more	35		
turdenskaulds! Free leaves for ebribadies! All tinsammon in the	36		
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yord! With harm and aches till farther alters! Wild primates not	1		
stop him frem at rearing a writing in handy antics. <i>Nom de</i>	2		
<i>plume!</i> Gout strap Fenlanns! And send Jarge for Mary Ink-	3		
lenders! And daunt you logh if his vineshanky's schwemmy!	4		
For he is the general, make no mistake in he. He is General	5		
Jinglesome.	6		
Go in for scribenery with the satiety of arthurs in S.P.Q.R.ish	7		
and inform to the old sniggering publicking press and its nation	8		

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of sheeppcopers about the whole plighty troth between them, ma-	9		
lady of milady made melodi of malodi, she, the lalage of lyon-	10		
esses, and him, her knave arrant. To Wildrose La Gilligan from	11		
Croppy Crowhore. For all within crystal range.	12		
Ukalepe. Loathers' leave. Had Days. Nemo in Patria. The	13		
Luncher Out. Skilly and Carubdish. A Wondering Wreck. From	14		
the Mermaids' Tavern. Bullyfamous. Naughtsycalves. Mother of	15		
Misery. Walpurgas Nackt.	16		
Maleesh! He would bare to untired world of Leimunconon-	17		
nulstria (and what a strip poker globbtrottel they pairs would	18		
looks!) how wholefallows, his guffer, the sabbatarian (might	19		
faction split his beard!), he too had a great big oh in the	20		
megafundum of his tomashunders and how her Lettyshape, his	21		
gummer, that congealed sponsar, she had never cessed at waking	22		
malters among the jemassons since the cluft that meataxe delt	23		
her made her microchasm as gap as down low. So they fished	24		
in the kettle and fought free and if she bit his tailibout all hat	25		
tiffin for thea. He would jused sit it all write down just as he	26		
would jused set it up all writhefully rate in blotch and void,	27		
yielding to no man in hymns ignorance, seeing how heartsilly	28		
sorey he was, owning to the condrition of his bikestool. And,	29		
reading off his fleshskin and writing with his quillbone, fillfull	30		
ninequires with it for his auditors, Caxton and Pollock, a most	31		
moraculous jeeremyhead sindbook for all the peoples, under the	32		
presidency of the suchess of sceaunonsceau, a hadtobe heldin,	33		

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thoroughly enjoyed by many so meny on block at Boyrut season	34		
and for their account ottorly admired by her husband in sole in-	35		
timacy, about whose told his innersense and the grusomehed's	36		
FW230			
yoegreeke of his spectrescope and why he was off colour and how	1		
he was ambothed upon by the very spit of himself, first on the	2		
cheekside by Michelangelo and, besouns thats, over on the owld	3		
jowly side by Bill C. Babby, and the suburb's formule why they	4		
provencials drollo eggspilled him out of his homety dometry nar-	5		
rowedknee domum (osco de basco de pesco de bisco!) because	6		
all his creature comfort was an omulette finas erbas in an ark finis	7		
orbe and, no master how mustered, mind never mend, he could	8		
neither swuck in nonneither swimp in the flood of cecialism and	9		
the best and schortest way of blacking out a caughtalock of all	10		
the sorrors of Sexton until he would accoster her coume il fou in	11		
teto-dous as a wagoner would his mudheeldy wheesindonk at	12		
their trist in Parisise after tourments of tosend years, bread cast	13		
out on waters, making goods at mutuurity, Mondamoiseau of	14		
Casanuova and Mademoisselle from Armentières. Neblonovi's	15		
Nivonovio! Nobbio and Nuby in ennoviacion! Occitantitempoli!	16		
He would si through severalls of sanctuaries maywhatmay might-	17		
whomight so as to meet somewhere, if produced, on a demi pans-	18		
sion for his whole lofetime, payment in goo to slee music and	19		

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poisonal comfany, following which, like Ipsey Secumbe, when he	20		
fingon to foil the fluter, she could have all the g. s. M. she moo-	21		
hooded after fore and rickwards to hersIF, including science of	22		
sonorous silence, while he, being brung up on soul butter, have	23		
recourse of course to poetry. With tears for his coronaichon,	24		
such as engines weep. Was liffe worth leaving? Nej!	25		
Tholedoth, treetrene! Zokrahsing, stone! Arty, reminiscen-	26		
sitive, at bandstand finale on grand carriero, dreaming largesse	27		
of lifesighs over early lived offs — all old Sators of the Sowsceptre	28		
highly nutritius family histrionic, genitricksling with Avus and	29		
Avia, that simple pair, and descendant down on veloutypads by a	30		
vuncular process to Nurus and Noverca, those notorious nepotists,	31		
circumpictified in their sobrine census, patriss all of them by the	32		
glos on their germane faces and their socerine eyes like transparents	33		
of vitricus, patruuts to a man, the archimade levirs of his ekonome	34		
world. Remember thee, castle throwen? Ones propsperups treed,	35		
now stohong baroque. And oil paint use a pumme if yell trace	36		
FW231			
me there title to where was a hovel not a havel (the first rattle of	1		
his juniverse) with a tingtumingling and a next, next and next	2		
(gin a paddy? got a petty? gussies, gif it ope?), while itch ish	3		
shome.	4		
— <i>My God, alas, that dear olt tumtum home</i>	5		

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<i>Whereof in youthfood port I preyed</i>	6		
<i>Amook the verdigrassy convict vallsall dazes.</i>	7		
<i>And cloitered for amourmeant in thy boosome shede!</i>	8		
His mouthfull of ecstasy (for Shing-Yung-Thing in Shina from	9		
Yoruyume across the Timor Sea), herepong (maladventure!) shot	10		
pinging up through the errorooth of his wisdom (who thought	11		
him a Fonar all, feastking of shellies by googling Lovvey, regally	12		
freytherem, eagelly plumed, and wasbut gumboil owrithy prods	13		
wretched some horsery megee plods coffin acid odarkery pluds	14		
dense floppens mugurdy) as thought it had been zawhen intwo.	15		
Wholly sanguish blooded up disconvulsing the fixtures of his	16		
fizz. Apang which his tempory chewer med him a crazy chump	17		
of a Haveajube Sillayass. Joshua Croesus, son of Nunn! Though	18		
he shall live for millions of years a life of billions of years, from	19		
their roseaced glows to their violast lustres, he shall not forget	20		
that pucking Pugases. Holihowlsballs and bloody acres! Like	21		
gnawthing unheardth!	22		
But, by Jove Chronides, Seed of Summ, after at he had bate	23		
his breastplates for, forforget, forforgetting his birdsplace, it was	24		
soon that, that he, that he rehad himself. By a prayer? No, that	25		
comes later. By contrite attrition? Nay, that we passed. Mid	26		
esercizism? So is richt.	27		
And it was so. And Malthos Moramor resumed his soul. With:	28		
Go Ferchios off to Allad out of this! An oldsteinsong. He threwed	29		
his fit up to his aers, rolled his poligone eyes, snivelled from his	30		

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snose and blew the guff out of his hornypipe. The hopjoint jerk	31		
of a ladle broom jig that he learned in locofoco when a redhot	32		
turnspite he. Under reign of old Roastin the Bowl Ratskillers,	33		
readyos! Why was that man for he's doin her wrong! Lookery	34		
looks, how he's knots in his entrails! Mookery mooks, it's a	35		
grippe of his gripes. Seekeryseeks, why his biting he's head off?	36		
FW232			
Cokerycokes, it's his spurt of coal. And may his tarpitch dilute	1		
not give him chromitis! For the mauwe that blinks you blank is	2		
mostly Carbo. Where the inflammabilis might pursuive his com-	3		
burenda with a pure flame and a true flame and a flame all too-	4		
gasser, soot. The worst is over. Wait! And the dubuny Mag may	5		
gang to preesses. With Dinny Finneen, me canty, ho! In the lost	6		
of the gleamens. Sousymoust. For he would himself deal a treat-	7		
ment as might be trusted in anticipation of his inculmination unto	8		
fructification for the major operation. When (pip!) a message	9		
interfering intermitting interskips from them (pet!) on herzian	10		
waves, (call her venicey names! call her a stell!) a butterfly from	11		
her zipclasped handbag, a wounded dove astartd from, escaping	12		
out her forecotes. Isle wail for yews, O doherlynt! The poetesser.	13		
And around its scorched cap she has twilled a twine of flame to	14		
let the laitiest know she's marrid. And pim it goes backballed. Tot	15		
burns it so leste. A claribel cumbeck to errind. Hers before his	16		

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even, posted ere penned. He's your change, thinkyou methim.	17		
Go daft noon, madden, mind the step. Please stoop O to please.	18		
Stop. What saying? I have soreunder from to him now, dear-	19		
mate ashore, so, so compleasely till I can get redressed, which	20		
means the end of my stays in the languish of Tintangle. Is you	21		
zealous of mes, brother? Did you boo moiety lowd? You sup-	22		
puted to be the on conditionly rejected? Satanly, lade! Can that	23		
sobstuff, whingeywilly! Stop up, mavrone, and sit in my lap,	24		
Pepette, though I'd much rather not. Like things are m. ds. is all	25		
in vincibles. Decoded.	26		
Now a run for his money! Now a dash to her dot! Old cocker,	27		
young crowy, sifadda, sosson. A bran new, speedhount, out-	28		
stripperous on the wind. Like a waft to wingweary one or a sos	29		
to a coastguard. For directly with his whoop, stop and an upa-	30		
lepsy didando a tishy, in appreciable less time than it takes a	31		
glaciator to submerger an Atlangthis, was he again, agob, before	32		
the trembly ones, a spark's gap off, doubledasguesched, gotten	33		
orlop in a simplasailormade and shaking the storm out of his	34		
hiccups. The smartest vessel you could find would elazilee him	35		
on her knee as her lucky for the Rio Grande. He's a pigtail tarr	36		
FW233			
and if he hadn't got it toothick he'd a telltale tall of his pitcher	1		
on a wall with his photure in the papers for cutting moutonlegs	2		

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and capers, letting on he'd jest be japers and his tail cooked up.	3		
Goal! It's one by its length.	4		
Angelinas, hide from light those hues that your sin beau may	5		
bring to light! Though down to your dowerstrip he's bent to	6		
knee he maun't know ledgings here.	7		
For a haunting way will go and you need not make your mow.	8		
Find the frence for frocks and translace it into shocks of such as	9		
touch with show and show.	10		
He is guessing at hers for all he is worse, the seagoer. Hark to	11		
his wily geeses gosling by, and playfair, lady! And note that they	12		
who will for exile say can for dog while them that won't leave	13		
ingle end says now for know.	14		
For he faulters how he hates to trouble them without.	15		
But leaving codhead's mitre and the heron's plumes sinistrant	16		
to the server of servants and rex of regums and making a bolder-	17		
dash for lubberty of speech he asks not have you seen a match	18		
being struck nor is this powder mine but, letting punplays pass	19		
to earnest:	20		
— Haps thee jaoneofergs?	21		
— Nao.	22		
— Haps thee mayjaunties?	23		
— Naohao.	24		
— Haps thee per causes nunsibellies?	25		
— Naohaohao.	26		
— Asky, asky, asky! Gau on! Micaco! Get!	27		

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24

Ping an ping nwan ping pwan pong.	28		
And he did a get, their anayance, and slink his hook away,	29		
aleguere come alaguerre, like a chimista inchamisas, whom the	30		
harricana hurries and hots foots, zingo, zango, segur. To hoots	31		
of utskut, urqurd, jamal, qum, yallah, yawash, yak! For he could	32		
ciappacioppachew upon a skarp snakk of pure undefallen engelsk,	33		
melanmoon or tartatortoise, tsukisaki or soppisuppon, as raskly	34		
and as baskly as your cheesechalk cow cudd spanich. Makoto!	35		
Whagta kriowday! Gelagala nausy is. Yet right divining do not	36		
FW234			
was. Hovobovo hafogate hokidimatzi in kamicha! He had his	1		
sperrits all foulén on him; to vet, most griposly, he was bedizzled	2		
and debuzzled; he had his tristiest cabaleer on; and looked like	3		
bruddy Hal. A shelling a cockshy and be donkey shot at? Or a	4		
peso besant to join the armada?	5		
But, Sin Showpanza, could anybroddy which walked this world	6		
with eyes whiteopen have looked twinsomer than the kerl he left	7		
behind him? Candidatus, viridosus, aurilucens, sinelab? Of all	8		
the green heroes everwore coton breiches, the whitest, the	9		
goldenest! How he stud theirs with himselfs mookst kevinly, and	10		
that anterevolutionary, the churchman childfather from tonsor's	11		
tuft to almonder's toes, a haggiography in duotrigesumy, son	12		
soptimost of sire sixtusks, of Mayaqueenies sign osure, hevny	13		

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buddhy time, inwreathed of his near cissies, a mickly dazzly eely	14		
oily with looiscurrals, a soulnetzer by zvesdals priestessd, their	15		
trail the tractive, and dem dandypanies knows de play of de eye-	16		
lids, with his gamecox spurts and his smile likequid glue (the	17		
suessiest sourir ever weanling wore), whiles his host of spritties,	18		
lusspillerindernees, they went peahenning a ripidarapidarpad	19		
around him, pilgrim prinkips, kerilour kevinour, in neuchoristic	20		
congressulations, quite purringly excited, rpdrrpd, allauding to	21		
him by all the licknames in the litany with the terms in which	22		
no little dulsy nayer ever thinks about implying except to her	23		
future's year and sending him perfume most praypuffs to setis-	24		
fire more then to teasim (shllwe help, now you've massmuled,	25		
you t'rigolect a bit? yismik? yimissy?) that he, the finehued, the	26		
fairhailed, the farahead, might bouchesave unto each but every-	27		
one, asfar as safras durst assume, the havemercyonhurs of his	28		
kissier licence. Meanings: Andure the enjurious till imbetther rer.	29		
We know you like Latin with essies impures, (and your liber as	30		
they sea) we certney like gurgles love the nargleygargley so, arrah-	31		
beejee, tell that old frankay boyuk to bellows upthe tombucky in	32		
his tumtum argan and give us a gust of his gushy old. Goof!	33		
Hymnumber twentynine. O, the singing! Happy little girly-	34		
cums to have adolphted such an Adelphus! O, the swinginging	35		
hopops so goholden! They've come to chant en chor. They say	36		
FW235			

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their salat, the madiens' prayer to the messenger of His Nabis,	1		
prostituting their selves eachwise and combinedly. Fateha, fold the	2		
hands. Be it honoured, bow the head. May thine evings e'en be	3		
blossful! Even of bliss! As we so hope for ablution. For the sake	4		
of the farbung and of the scent and of the holidrops. Amems.	5		
A pause. Their orison arises misquewhite as Osman glory, ebb-	6		
ing wasteward, leaves to the soul of light its fading silence (allah-	7		
lah lahlah lah!), a turquewashed sky. Then:	8		
— Xanthos! Xanthos! Xanthos! We thank to thine, mighty	9		
innocent, that diddest bring it off fuitefuite. Should in offer years	10		
it became about you will after desk jobduty becoming a bank mid-	11		
land mansioner we and I shall reside with our obeisant servants	12		
among Burke's mobility at La Roseraie, Ailesbury Road. Red	13		
bricks are all hellishly good values if you trust to the roster of ads	14		
but we'll save up ourselves and nab what's nicest and boskiest of	15		
timber trees in the nebohood. Oncaill's plot. Luccombe oaks,	16		
Turkish hazels, Greek firs, incense palm edcedras. The hypso-	17		
meters of Mount Anville is held to be dying out of arthataxis but,	18		
praise send Larix U' Thule, the wych elm of Manelagh is still	19		
flourishing in the open, because its native of our nature and the	20		
seeds was sent by Fortune. We'll have our private palypeachum	21		
pillarposterns for lovesick letterines fondly affianxed to our front	22		
railings and swings, hammocks, tighttaught balletlines, accomoda-	23		
tionnooks and prismic bathboites, to make Envyeyes mouth	24		

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water and wonder when they binocular us from their embrassured	25		
windows in our garden rare. Fyat-Fyat shall be our number	26		
on the autokinaton and Chubby in his Chuffs oursforownly	27		
chuffeur. T will be waiting for uns as I sold U at the first antries.	28		
Our cousin gourmand, Percy, the pup, will denounce the sniff-	29		
nomers of all callers where among our Seemyease Sister, Tabitha,	30		
the ninelived, will extend to the full her hearty welcome. While	31		
the turf and twigs they tattle. Tintin tintin. Lady Marmela Short-	32		
bred will walk in for supper with her marchpane switch on, her	33		
necklace of almonds and her poirette Sundae dress with bracelets	34		
of honey and her cochineal hose with the caramel dancings, the	35		
briskly best from Bootiestown, and her suckingstaff of ivory-	36		
FW236			
mint. You mustn't miss it or you'll be sorry. Charmeuses chloes,	1		
glycering juwells, lydialight fans and puffumed cynarettes. And	2		
the Prince Le Monade has been graciously pleased. His six choco-	3		
late pages will run bugling before him and Cococream toddle	4		
after with his sticksword in a pink cushion. We think His Spark-	5		
ling Headiness ought to know Lady Marmela. Luisome his for	6		
lissome hers. He's not going to Cork till Cantalamesse or may-	7		
hope till Rose Easter or Saint Tibble's Day. So Niomon knows.	8		
The Fomor's in his Fin, the Momor's her and hin. A paaralone!	9		
A paaralone! And Dublin's all adin. We'll sing a song of Single-	10		

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month and you'll too and you'll. Here are notes. There's the key.	11		
One two three. Chours! So come on, ye wealthy gentrymen wib-	12		
frufrocksfull of fun! Thin thin! Thin thin! Thej olly and thel	13		
ively, thou billy with thee coo, for to jog a jig of a crispness nice	14		
and sing a missal too. Hip champouree! Hhiphip champouree! O	15		
you longtailed blackman, polk it up behind me! Hip champouree!	16		
Hhiphip champouree! And, jessies, push the pumkik round. Anne-	17		
liuia!	18		
Since the days of Roamaloose and Rehmoose the pavanos have	19		
been strident through their struts of Chapelldiseut, the vaulsies	20		
have meed and youdled through the purly ooze of Ballybough,	21		
many a mismy cloudy has tripped taintily along that hercourt	22		
strayed reelway and the rigadoons have held ragtimed revels on	23		
the platauplain of Grangegorman; and, though since then ster-	24		
lings and guineas have been replaced by brooks and lions and	25		
some progress has been made on stilts and the races have come	26		
and gone and Thyme, that chef of seasoners, has made his usual	27		
astewte use of endadjustables and whatnot willbe isnor was, those	28		
danceadeils and cancanzanies have come stimmering down for our	29		
begayment through the bedeaftom of po's taeorns, the obcecity	30		
of pa's teapucs, as lithe and limbfree limber as when momie	31		
mummed at ma.	32		
Just so stylled with the nattes are their flowerheads now and	33		
each of all has a lovestalk onto herself and the tot of all the tits of	34		
their understamens is as open as he can posably she and is tourne-	35		

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soled straightcut or sidewaist, accourdant to the coursets of	36		
FW237			
things feminite, towooerds him in heliolatry, so they may catch-	1		
cup in their calyzettes, alls they go troping, those parryshoots	2		
from his muscalone pistil, for he can eyespy through them, to	3		
their selfcolours, nevertheleast their tissue peepers, (meaning	4		
Mullabury mesh, the time of appling flowers, a guarded figure	5		
of speech, a variety of perfume, a bridawl, seamist inso one) as	6		
leichtly as see saw (O my goodmiss! O my greatmess! O my	7		
prizelestly preshoes!) while, dewyfully as dimb dumbelles, all	8		
alisten to his elixir. Lovelyt!	9		
And they said to him:	10		
— Enchanted, dear sweet Stainusless, young confessor, dearer	11		
dearest, we herehear, aboutobloss, O coelicola, thee salutamt.	12		
Pattern of our unschoold, pageantmaster, deliverer of softmis-	13		
sives, round the world in forty mails, bag, belt and balmybeam,	14		
our barnaboy, our chepachap, with that pampipe in your put-	15		
away, gab borab, when you will be after doing all your sight-	16		
seeing and soundhearing and smellsniffing and tastytasting and	17		
tenderumstouchings in all Daneygaul, send us, your adorables,	18		
thou overblaseed, a wise and letters play of all you can ceive,	19		
chief celtech chappy, from your holy post now you hast as-	20		
certained ceremonially our names. Unclean you art not. Outcaste	21		

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thou are not. Leperstower, the karman's loki, has not blanched	22		
at our pollution and your intercourse at ninety legsplits does not	23		
defile. Untouchable is not the scarecrow is on you. You are	24		
pure. You are pure. You are in your puerity. You have not	25		
brought stinking members into the house of Amanti. Elleb Inam,	26		
Titep Notep, we name them to the Hall of Honour. Your head	27		
has been touched by the god Enel-Rah and your face has been	28		
brightened by the goddess Aruc-Ituc. Return, sainted youngling,	29		
and walk once more among us! The rains of Demani are masakal	30		
as of yere. And Baraza is all aflower. Siker of calmy days. As	31		
shiver as shower can be. Our breed and better class is in brood	32		
and bitter pass. Labbeycliath longs. But we're counting on the	33		
cluck. The Great Cackler comes again. Sweetstaker, Abel lord of	34		
all our haloease, we (to be slightly more femmiliar perhyps than is	35		
slickly more then naccessory), toutes philomelas as well as mag-	36		
FW238			
delenes, were drawpairs with two pinmarks, BVD and BVD dot,	1		
so want lotteries of ticklets posthastem (you appreciate?) so as to	2		
be very dainty, if an isaspell, and so as to be verily dandydainty,	3		
if an ishibilley, of and on, to and for, by and with, from you.	4		
Let the hitback hurry his wayward ere the missive has time to	5		
take herself off, 'twill be o'erthemore willfully intomeet if the	6		
coming offence can send our shudders before. We feem to have	7		

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being elfewhere as tho' th' had pafs'd in our fufpens. Next	8		
to our shrinking selves we love sensitivas best. For they are	9		
the Angèles. Brick, fauve, jonquil, sprig, fleet, nocturne, smiling	10		
bruise. For they are an Angèle's garment. We will be constant	11		
(what a word!) and bless the day, for whole hours too, yes, for	12		
sold long syne as we shall be heing in our created being of ours	13		
elvishness, the day you befell, you dreadful temptation! Now	14		
promisus as at our requested you will remain ignorant of all what	15		
you hear and, though if whilst disrobing to the edge of risk, (the	16		
bisifings in idolhours that satinfinestootoo!) draw a veil till we	17		
next time! You don't want to peach but bejumboed if ye do!	18		
Perhelps. We ernst too may. How many months or how many	19		
years till the myriadth and first become! Bashfulness be tuppel!	20		
May he colp, may he colp her, may he mixandmass colp her!	21		
Talk with a hare and you wake of a tartars. That's mus. Says the	22		
Law. List! Kicky Lacey, the pervergined, and Bianca Mutantini,	23		
her conversa, drew their fools longth finnishfurst, Herzog van	24		
Vellentam, but me and meother ravin, my coosine of mine, have	25		
mour good three chancers, weathers, after Bohnaparts. The	26		
mything smile of me, my wholesome assumption, shes nowt me-	27		
without as weam twin herewithin, that I love like myselfish, like	28		
smithereens robinsongs, like juneses nutslost, like the blue of the	29		
sky if I stoop for to spy's between my whiteyoumightcallimbs.	30		
How their duel makes their triel! Eer's wax for Sur Soord, dong-	31		
dong bollets for the iris riflars, queemswellth of coocome in their	32		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

combs for the jennyjos. Caro caressimus! Honey swarns where	33		
mellisponds. Will bee all buzzy one another minnies for the mere	34		
effect that you are so fuld of pollen yourself. Teomeo! Daurdour!	35		
We feel unspeechably thoughtless over it all here in Gizzygazelle	36		
FW239			
Tark's bimboowood so pleasekindly communicake with the	1		
original sinse we are only yearning as yet how to burgeon. It's	2		
meant milliems of centiments deadlost or mislaid on them but,	3		
master of snakes, we can sloughchange in the nip of a napple	4		
solongas we can allsee for deedsetton your quick. By the hook	5		
in your look we're eyed for aye were you begging the questuan	6		
with your lutean bowl round Monkmesserag. And whenever	7		
you're tingling in your trout we're sure to be tangled in our tice-	8		
ments. It's game, ma chère, be off with your shepherdress on! Up-	9		
some cauda! Behose our handmades for the lured! To these nunce	10		
we are but yours in ammatures yet well come that day we shall ope	11		
to be ores. Then shalt thou see, seeing, the sight. No more hoax-	12		
ites! Nay more gifting in mennage! A her's fancy for a his friend	13		
and then that fellow yours after this follow ours. Vania, Vania	14		
Vaniorum, Domne Vanias!	15		
Hightime is ups be it down into outs according! When there	16		
shall be foods for vermin as full as feeds for the fett, eat on earth	17		
as there's hot in oven. When every Klitty of a scolderymeid shall	18		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

hold every yardscullion's right to stumm her uprecht for whimso-	19		
ever, whether on privates, whather in publics. And when all us	20		
romance catholeens shall have ones for all amanseprated. And the	21		
world is maidfree. Methanks. So much for His Meignysthy man!	22		
And all his bigyttens. So till Coquette to tell Cockotte to teach	23		
Connie Curley to touch Cattie Hayre and tip Carminia to tap La	24		
Chérie though where the diggings he dwellst amongst us here's	25		
nobody knows save Mary. Whyfor we go ringing hands in hands	26		
in gyrogyrorondo.	27		
These bright elects, consentconsorted, they were waltzing up	28		
their willside with their princesome handsome angeline chiuff	29		
while in those wherebus there wont bears way (mearing un-	30		
known, a place where pigeons carry fire to seethe viands, a miry	31		
hill, belge end sore footh) oaths and screams and bawley groans	32		
with a belchybubhub and a hellabelow bedemmed and bediabbled	33		
the arimaining lucisphere. Helldsdend, whelldselse! Lonedom's	34		
breach lay foulend up uncouth not be broched by punns and	35		
reedles. Yet the ring gayed rund rorosily with a drat for a brat	36		
FW240			
you. Yasha Yash ate sassage and mash. So he found he bash, poor	1		
Yasha Yash. And you wanna make one of our micknick party.	2		
No honaryhuest on our sposhialiste. For poor Glugger was dazed	3		
and late in his crave, ay he, laid in his grave.	4		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

But low, boys low, he rises, shivering, with his spittyful eyes	5		
and his whoozebecome voice. Ephthah! Cisamis! Examen of	6		
conscience scruples now he to the best of his memory schemado.	7		
Nu mere for ever siden on the stolen. With his tumescinquance	8		
in the thigh of his tumstull. No more singing all the dags in	9		
his sengaggeng. Experssly at hand counterhand. Trinitatis kink	10		
had mudded his dome, peccat and pent fore, pree. Hymserf,	11		
munchaowl, maden, born of thug tribe into brood blackmail, dooly	12		
redecant allbigenesis henesies. He, by bletchendamacht of the golls,	13		
proforhim penance and come off enternatural. He, selfsufficiencer,	14		
eggscumuddher-in-chaff sporticolorissimo, what though the	15		
duthsthrows in his lavabad eyes, maketomake polentay rossum,	16		
(Good savours queen with the stem of swuith Aftreck! Fit for	17		
king of Zundas) out of bianconies, hiking ahake like any nudge-	18		
meroughgorude all over Terracuta. No more throw acids, face all	19		
lovabilities, appeal for the union and play for tirnitys. He, praise	20		
Saint Calembaurnus, make clean breastsack of goody girl now as	21		
ever drank milksoep from a spoon, weedhearted boy of potter and	22		
mudder, chip of old Flinn the Flinter, twig of the hider that tanned	23		
him. He go calaboosh all same he tell him out. Teufleuf man he	24		
strip him all mussymussy calico blong him all same he tell him all	25		
out how he make what name. He, through wolkenic connection,	26		
relation belong this remarklable moliman, Anaks Andrum, parley-	27		
glutton pure blood Jebusite, centy procent Erserum spoking.	28		
Drugmallt storehuse. Inrance on back. Most open on the lay-	29		

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days. He, A. A., in peachskin shantungs, possible, sooth to say,	30		
notwithstanding far former guiles and he gaining fish consider-	31		
able, by saving grace after avalunch, to look most prophitable	32		
out of smily skibluh eye. He repeat of him as pious alios cos he	33		
ast for shave and haircut people said he'd shape of hegoat where	34		
he just was sheep of herrgott with his tile toggged. Top. Not true	35		
what chronicles is bringing his portemanteau priamed full potato-	36		
FW241			
wards. Big dumm crumm digaditchies say short again akter, even	1		
while lossassinated by summan, he coaxyorum a pennysilvers	2		
offarings bloadonages with candid zuckers on Spinshesses Walk	3		
in presents to lilithe maidinettes for at bloo his noose for him	4		
with pruriest pollygameous inatentions, he having that pecuni-	5		
arity ailmint spectacularly in heather cliff emurgency on gale	6		
days because souffrant chronic from a plentitude of house torts.	7		
Collosul rhodomantic not wert one bronze lie Scholarina say as	8		
he, greyed vike cuddlepuller, walk in her sleep his pig indicks	9		
weg femtyfem funts. Of so little is her timentrousnest great for	10		
greeting his immensesness. Sutt soonas sett they were, her uyes	11		
as his auroholes. Kaledvalch! How could one classically? One	12		
could naught critically. Ininest lightingshaft only for lovalit	13		
smugpipe, his Mistress Mereshame, of cupric tresses, the form-	14		
white foaminine, the ambersandalled, after Aasdocktor Talop's	15		

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onamuttony legture. A mish, holy balm of seinsed myrries, he is	16		
as good as a mountain and everybody what is found of his gients	17		
he knew Meistral Wikingson, furframed Noordwogen's kampf-	18		
ten, with complexion of blushing dolomite fanned by ozeone	19		
brisees, what naver saw his bedshead farrer and nuver met his	20		
swigamore, have his ignomen from prima signation of being	21		
Master Milchku, queerest man in the benighted queendom, and,	22		
adcraft aidant, how he found the kids. Other accuse him as	23		
lochkneeghed forsunkener, dope in stockknob, all ameltingmoult	24		
after rhomatism, purely simply tammy ratkins. The kurds of	25		
Copt on the berberutters and their bedaweens! Even was Shes	26		
whole begeds off before all his nahars in the koldbethizzdryel. No	27		
gudth! Not one zouz! They whiteliveried ragsups, two Whales of	28		
the Sea of Deceit, they bloodiblabstard shooters, three Drome-	29		
daries of the Sands of Calumdonia. As is note worthies to shock	30		
his hind! Ur greeft on them! Such askors and their ruperts they	31		
are putting in for more osghirs is also false liarnels. The frocken-	32		
halted victims! Whore affirm is agains sempry Lotta Karssens.	33		
They would lick their lenses before they would negativise a jom	34		
petter from kis sodalites. In his contrary and on reality, which	35		
Bichop Babwith bares to his whitness in his <i>Just a Fication of</i>	36		
FW242			
<i>Villumses</i> , this Mr Heer Assassor Neelson, of sorestate hearing,	1		

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diseased, formarly with Adenoiks, den feed all lighty, laxtleap	2		
great change of retiring family buckler, highly accurect in his	3		
everythinks, from tencents coupoll to bargain basement, live with	4		
howthold of nummer seven, wideawake, woundabout, wokin-	5		
betts, weeklings, in black velvet on geolgian mission senest mangy	6		
years his rear in the lane pictures, blanking same with autonaut	7		
and annexes and got a daarlingt babyboy bucktooth, the thick of	8		
a gobstick, coming on ever so nerses nursely, gracies to goodess,	9		
at 81. That why all parks up excited about his gunnfodder. That	10		
why ecrazyaztecs and the crime ministers preaching him morn-	11		
ings and makes a power of spoon vittles out of his praverbs. That	12		
why he, persona erecta, glycorawman arsenicful femorniser, for	13		
a trial by julias, in celestial sunhat, with two purses agitatating	14		
his theopot with wokklebout shake, rather incoherend, from one	15		
18 to one 18 biss, young shy gay youngs. Sympoly far infusing	16		
up pritty tipidities to lock up their rhainodaisies and be nice	17		
and twainty in the shade. Old grand tutut toucher up of young	18		
poetographies and he turn aroundabrupth red altfrumpishly like	19		
hear samhar tionnor falls some make one noise. It's his last lap,	20		
Gigantic, fare him weal! Revelation! A fact. True bill. By a jury	21		
of matrons. Hump for humbleness, dump for dirt. And, to make	22		
a long stoney badder and a whorly show a parfect sight, his Thing	23		
went the whollyway retup Suffrogate Strate.	24		
Helpmeat too, contrasta toga, his fiery goosemother, laotsey	25		
taotsey, woman who did, he tell princes of the age about. You	26		

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sound on me, judges! Suppose we brisken up. Kings! Meet the	27		
Mem, Avenlith, all viviparous out of couple of lizards. She just as	28		
fenny as he is fulgar. How laat soever her latest still her sawlogs	29		
come up all standing. Psing a psalm of psexpeans, apocryphul of	30		
rhyme! His cheekmole of allaph foriverever her allinall and his	31		
Kuran never teachit her the be the owner of thyself. So she not	32		
swop her eckcot hjem for Howarden's Castle, Englandwales. But	33		
be the alleance of iern on his flamen vestacoat, the fibule of brooch-	34		
bronze to his wintermantle of pointefox. Who not knows she, the	35		
Madame Cooley-Couley, spawife to laird of manna, when first	36		
FW243			
come into the pictures more as hundreads elskernelks' yahrds of	1		
annams call away, factory fresh and fuming at the mouth, wronged	2		
by Hwemwednoget (magrathmagreeth, he takable a rap for that	3		
early party) and whenceforward Ani Mama and her fiertey	4		
bustles terrified of gmere gnomes of gmountains and furibound	5		
to be back in her mytinbeddy? Schi schi, she feightened allsouls	6		
at pignpugn and gets a pan in her stummi from the pialabellars	7		
in their pur war. Yet jacticktating all around her about his poor-	8		
liness due to pannellism and grime for that he harboured her when	9		
feme sole, her zoravarn lhorde and givnergenral, and led her in	10		
antient consort ruhm and bound her durant coverture so as she	11		
could not steal from him, oz her or damman, so as if ever she's	12		

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beleaved by checkenbrooth death since both was parties to the	13		
feed it's Hetman MacCumhal foots the funeral. Mealwhile she	14		
nutre him jacent from her elmer's almsdish, giantar and tschaina	15		
as sieme as bibrondas with Foli Signur's tinner roumanschy to	16		
fishle the ladwigs out of his lugwags, like a skittering kitty	17		
skattering hayels, when his favourites were all beruffled on him	18		
and her own undesirables justickulating, it was such a blowick	19		
day. Winden warden wild like wenchen wenden wanton. The	20		
why if he but would bite and plug his baccypipes and renownse	21		
the devlins in all their pumbs and kip the streelwarkers out of	22		
the plague and nettleses milk from sickling the honeycoombe	23		
and kop Ulo Bubo selling foulty treepes, she would make massa	24		
dinars with her savuneer dealinsh and delicate her nutbrown	25		
glory cloack to Mayde Berenice and hang herself in Ostmanns-	26		
town Saint Megan's and make no more mulierage before ma-	27		
hatmas or moslemans, but would ondulate her shookerloft hat	28		
from Alpoleary with a viv baselgia and a clamast apotria like any	29		
purple cardinal's princess or woman of the grave word to the	30		
papal legate from the Vatucum, Monsaigneur Rabbinsohn Crucis,	31		
with an ass of milg to his cowmate and chilterlings on account	32		
of all he quaqueduxed for the hnor of Hrom and the nations	33		
abhord him and wop mezzo scudo to Sant Pursy Orelli that gave	34		
Luiz-Marios Josephs their loyal devouces to be offered up missas	35		
for vowts for widders.	36		

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FW244			
Hear, O worldwithout! Tiny tattling! Backwoods, be wary!	1		
Daintytrees, go dutch!	2		
But who comes yond with pire on poletop? He who relights	3		
our spearing torch, the moon. Bring lolave branches to mud	4		
cabins and peace to the tents of Ceder, Neomenie! The feast of	5		
Tubbournigglers is at hand. Shopshup. Inisfail! Timple temple	6		
tells the bells. In syngagyng a sangasongue. For all in Ondslos-	7		
by. And, the hag they damename Coverfew hist from her lane.	8		
And haste, 'tis time for bairns ta hame. Chickchilds, comeho to	9		
roo. Comehome to roo, wee chickchilds doo, when the wild-	10		
worewolf's abroad. Ah, let's away and let's gay and let's stay	11		
chez where the log foyer's burning!	12		
It darkles, (tinct, tint) all this our funnaminal world. Yon	13		
marshpond by ruodmark verge is visited by the tide. Alvem-	14		
marea! We are circumveiled by obscuritads. Man and belves	15		
frieren. There is a wish on them to be not doing or anything. Or	16		
just for rugs. Zoo koud! Drr, deff, coal lay on and, pzz, call us	17		
pyrress! Ha. Where is our highly honourworthy salutable spouse-	18		
founderess? The foolish one of the family is within. Haha! Huzoor,	19		
where's he? At house, to's pitty. With Nancy Hands. Tsheetshee!	20		
Hound through the maize has fled. What hou! Isegrim under	21		
lolling ears. Far wol! And wheaten bells bide breathless. All. The	22		
trail of Gill not yet is to be seen, rocksdrops, up benn, down	23		

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dell, a craggy road for rambling. Nor yet through starland that	24		
silver sash. What era's o'erling? Lang gong late. Say long, scielo!	25		
Sillume, see lo! Selene, sail O! Amune! Ark!? Noh?! Nought	26		
stirs in spinney. The swayful pathways of the dragonfly spider	27		
stay still in reedery. Quiet takes back her folded fields. Tranquille	28		
thanks. Adew. In deerhaven, imbraced, alleged, injoynted and	29		
unlatched, the birds, tommelise too, quail silent. ii. Luathan?	30		
Nuathan! Was avond ere a while. Now conticinium. As Lord	31		
the Laohun is sheutseuyes. The time of lying together will come	32		
and the wildering of the nicht till cocke doodle aubens Aurore.	33		
Panther monster. Send leabarrow loads amorrow. While loevdom	34		
shleeps. Elenfant has siang his triump, <i>Great is Eliphas Magis-</i>	35		
<i>trodontos</i> and after kneepayer pious for behemuth and mahamoth	36		
FW245			
will rest him from tusker toils. Salamsalaim! Rhinohorn isnoutso	1		
pigfellow but him ist gonz wurst. Kikikuki. Hopopodorme. So-	2		
beast! No chare of beagles, frantling of peacocks, no muzzing of	3		
the camel, smuttering of apes. Lights, pageboy, lights! Brights	4		
we'll be brights. With help of Hanoukan's lamp. When otter	5		
leaps in outer parts then Yul remembers Mei. Her hung maid	6		
mohns are bluming, look, to greet those loes on coast of amethyst;	7		
arcglow's seafire siemens lure and wextward warnerforth's hooker-	8		
crookers. And now with robby brerfox's fishy fable lissaned out,	9		

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the threads simwhat toran and knots in its antargumends, the	10		
pesciolines in Liffeyetta's bowl have stopped squiggling about	11		
Junoh and the whalk and feriaquintatism and pebble infinibility	12		
and the poissission of the hoghly course. And if Lubbernabohore	13		
laid his horker to the ribber, save the giregargoh and dabardin	14		
going on in his mount of knowledge (munt), he would not hear	15		
a flip flap in all Finnyland. Witchman, watch of your night? Es	16		
voes, ez noes, nott voes, ges, noun. It goes. It does not go. Dark-	17		
park's acoo with sucking loves. Rosimund's by her wishing well.	18		
Soon tempt-in-twos will stroll at venture and hunt-by-threes strut	19		
musketeering. Brace of girdles, brasse of beauys. With the width	20		
of the way for jogjoy. Hulker's cieclest elbownunsense. Hold	21		
hard! And his dithering dathering waltzers of. Stright! But meet-	22		
ings mate not as forsehn. Hesperons! And if you wand to Liv-	23		
mouth, wenderer, while Jempson's weed decks Jacqueson's Island,	24		
here lurks, bar hellpelhullpulthebell, none iron welcome. Bing.	25		
Bong. Bangbong. Thunderation! You took with the mulligrubs	26		
and we lack mulsum? No sirrebob! Great goodness, no! Were	27		
you Marely quean of Scuts or but Chrestien the Last, (our duty	28		
to you, chris! royalty, squat!) how matt your mark, though	29		
luded your johl, here's dapplebellied mugs and troublebedded	30		
rooms and sawdust strown in expeccoration and for ratification by	31		
specification of your information, Mr Knight, tuntapster, buttles;	32		
his alefru's up to his hip. And Watsy Lyke sees after all rinsings	33		
and don't omiss Kate, homeswab homely, put in with the bricks.	34		

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A's the sign and one's the number. Where Chavvyout Chacer	35		
calls the cup and Pouropourim stands astirrup. De oud huis bij	36		
FW246			
de kerkegaard. So who over comes ever for Whoopee Weeks	1		
must put up with the Jug and Chambers.	2		
But heed! Our thirty minutes war's alull. All's quiet on the	3		
felled of Gorey. Between the starfort and the thornwood brass	4		
castle flambs with mutton candles. Hushkah, a horn! Gadolmag-	5		
tog! God es El? Housefather calls entthreateningly. From Bran-	6		
denborgenthor. At Asa's arthre. In thundercloud periwig. With	7		
lightning bug aflash from afinger. My souls and by jings, should	8		
he work his jaw to give down the banks and hark from the tomb!	9		
Ansighosa pokes in her potstill to souse at the sop be sodden	10		
enow and to hear to all the bubbles besaying: the coming man, the	11		
future woman, the food that is to build, what he with fifteen years	12		
will do, the ring in her mouth of joyous guard, stars astir and	13		
stirabout. A palashe for hirs, a saucy for hers and ladlelike spoons	14		
for the wonner. But ein and twee were never worth three. So they	15		
must have their final since he's on parole. Et la pau' Leonie has the	16		
choice of her lives between Josephinus and Mario-Louis for who	17		
is to wear the lily of Bohemey, Florestan, Thaddeus, Hardress or	18		
Myles. And lead raptivity captive. Ready! Like a Finn at a fair.	19		
Now for la bella! Icy-la-Belle!	20		

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The campus calls them. Ninan ninan, the gattling gan! Childs	21		
will be wilds. 'Twastold. And vamp, vamp, vamp, the girls are	22		
merchand. The horseshow magnete draws his field and don't the	23		
fillyings fly? Educande of Sorrento, they newknow knowwell	24		
their Vico's road. Arranked in their array and flocking for the	25		
fray on that old orangeray, Dolly Brae. For these are not on	26		
terms, they twain, bartrossers, since their baffle of Whatalose	27		
when Adam Leftus and the devil took our hindmost, gegifting	28		
her with his painapple, nor will not be atoned at all in fight to	29		
no finish, that dark deed doer, this wellwilled wooer, Jerkoff and	30		
Eatsoup, Yem or Yan, while felixed is who culpas does and harm's	31		
worth healing and Brune is bad French for Jour d'Anno. Tiggers	32		
and Tuggers they're all for tenzones. Bettlimbraves. For she must	33		
walk out. And it must be with who. Teaseforhim. Toesforhim.	34		
Tossforhim. Two. Else there is danger of. Solitude.	35		
Postreintroducing Jeremy, the chastenot coulter, the flowing	36		
FW247			
taal that brooks no brooking runs on to say how, as it was	1		
mutualiter foretold of him by a timekiller to his spacemaker, velos	2		
ambos and arubyat knychts, with their tales within wheels and	3		
stucks between spokes, on the hike from Elmstree to Stene and	4		
back, how, running awage with the use of reason (sics) and	5		
ramming amok at the brake of his voice (secs), his lasterhalf	6		

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was set for getting the besterwhole of his yougendtougend, for	7		
control number thrice was operating the subliminal of his invaded	8		
personality. He nobit smorfi and go poltri and let all the tondo	9		
gang bola del ruffo. Barto no know him mor. Eat larto altruis	10		
with most perfect stranger.	11		
Boo, you're through!	12		
Hoo, I'm true!	13		
Men, teacan a tea simmering, hamo mavrone kerry O?	14		
Teapotty. Teapotty.	15		
Kod knows. Anything ruind. Meetingless.	16		
He wept indeiterum. With such a tooth he seemed to love his	17		
wee tart when abuy. Highly momourning he see the before him.	18		
Melained from nape to kneecap though vied from her girders up.	19		
Holy Santalto, cursing saint, sight most deletious to ross up the	20		
spyballs like exude of margary! And how him it heaviered that	21		
eyerim rust! An they bare falls witless against thee how slight	22		
becomes a hidden wound? Soldwoter he wash him all time big-	23		
feller bruisy place blong him. He no want missies blong all boy	24		
other look bruisy place blong him. Hence. It will paineth the	25		
chastenot in that where of his whence he had loseth his once for	26		
every, even though mode grow moramor maenneritsch and the	27		
Tarara boom decay. Immaculacy, give but to drink to his shirt	28		
and all skirtaskortas must change her tunics. So warred he from	29		
first to last, forebanned and betweenly, a smuggler for lifer. Lift	30		
the blank ve veered as heil! Split the hvide and aye seize heaven!	31		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

He knows for he's seen it in black and white through his eye-	32		
trompit trained upon jenny's and all that sort of thing which is	33		
dandymount to a clearobscure. Prettimaids may try their	34		
taunts: apple, bacchante, custard, dove, eskimo, feldgrau, hema-	35		
tite, isingglass, jet, kipper, lucile, mimosa, nut, oysterette, prune,	36		
FW248			
quasimodo, royal, sago, tango, umber, vanilla, wisteria, xray,	1		
yesplease, zaza, philomel, theerose. What are they all by? Shee.	2		
If you nude her in her prime, make sure you find her comple-	3		
mentary or, on your very first occasion, by Angus Dagdasson	4		
and all his piccions, she'll prick you where you're proudest with	5		
her unsatt speagle eye. Look sharp, she's signalling from among	6		
the asters. Turn again, wistfultone, lode mere of Doubtlynn!	7		
Arise, Land-under-Wave! Clap your lingua to your pallet, drop	8		
your jowl with a jolt, tambourine until your breath slides, pet a	9		
pout and it's out. Have you got me, Allyslope?	10		
My top it was brought Achill's low, my middle I ope before	11		
you, my bottom's a vulser if ever there valed and my whole the	12		
flower that stars the day and is solly well worth your pilger's	13		
fahrt. Where there's a hitch, a head of things, let henker's halter	14		
hang the halunkenend. For I see through your weapon. That	15		
cry's not Cucullus. And his eyelids are painted. If my tutor here	16		
is cut out for an oldeborre I'm Flo, shy of peeps, you know. But	17		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

when he beetles backwards, ain't I fly? Pull the boughpee to see	18		
how we sleep. Bee Peep! Peepette! Would you like that lump of	19		
a tongue for lungeon or this Turkey's delighter, hys hyphen	20		
mys? My bellyswain's a twalf whulerusspower though he knows	21		
as much how to man a wife as Dunckle Dalton of matching wools.	22		
Shake hands through the thicketloch! Sweet swanwater! My	23		
other is mouthfilled. This kissing wold's full of killing fellows	24		
kneeling voyantly to the cope of heaven. And somebody's com-	25		
ing, I feel for a fect. I've a seeklet to sell thee if old Deanns won't	26		
be threaspanning. When you'll next have the mind to retire to	27		
be wicked this is as dainty a way as any. Underwoods spells bush-	28		
ment's business. So if you sprig poplar you're bound to twig this.	29		
'Twas my lord of Glendalough benedixed the gape for me that	30		
time at Long Entry, commanding the approaches to my intimast	31		
innermost. Look how they're browthered! Six thirteens at Blanche	32		
de Blanche's of 3 Behind Street and 2 Turnagain Lane. Awabeg	33		
is my callby, Magnus here's my Max, Wonder One's my cipher	34		
and Seven Sisters is my nighbrood. Radouga, Rab will ye na	35		
pick them in their pink of panties. You can colour up till you're	36		
FW249			
prawn while I go squirt with any cockle. When here who adolls	1		
me infuxes sleep. But if this could see with its backsight he'd	2		
be the grand old greeneyed lobster. He's my first viewmarc since	3		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Valentine. Wink's the winning word.	4		
Luck!	5		
In the house of breathings lies that word, all fairness. The walls	6		
are of rubinen and the glittergates of elfinbone. The roof herof is	7		
of massicious jasper and a canopy of Tyrian awning rises and	8		
still descends to it. A grape cluster of lights hangs therebeneath	9		
and all the house is filled with the breathings of her fairness, the	10		
fairness of fondance and the fairness of milk and rhubarb and the	11		
fairness of roasted meats and uniomargrits and the fairness of	12		
promise with consonantia and avowals. There lies her word, you	13		
reder! The height herup exalts it and the lowness her down aba-	14		
seth it. It vibroverberates upon the tegmen and prosplodes from	15		
pomoeria. A window, a hedge, a prong, a hand, an eye, a sign, a	16		
head and keep your other augur on her paypaypay. And you have	17		
it, old Sem, pat as ah be seated! And Sunny, my gander, he's	18		
coming to land her. The boy which she now adores. She does.	19		
Oh backed von dem zug! Make weg for their tug!	20		
With a ring ding dong, they raise clasped hands and advance	21		
more steps to retire to the saum. Curtsey one, curtsey two, with	22		
arms akimbo, devotees.	23		
Irrelevance.	24		
All sing:	25		
— I rose up one maypole morning and saw in my glass how	26		
nobody loves me but you. Ugh. Ugh.	27		
All point in the shem direction as if to shun.	28		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

— My name is Misha Misha but call me Toffey Tough. I	29		
mean Mettenchough. It was her, boy the boy that was loft in the	30		
larch. Ogh! Ogh!	31		
Her reverence.	32		
All laugh.	33		
They pretend to helf while they simply shauted at him sauce to	34		
make hims prich. And ith ith noth cricquette, Sally Lums. Not	35		
by ever such a lot. Twentynines of bloomers gegging een man	36		
FW250			
arose. Avis was there and trilled her about it. She's her sex, for	1		
certain. So to celebrate the occasion:	2		
— Willest thou rossy banders havind?	3		
He simules to be tight in ribbings round his rumpffkorpff.	4		
— Are you Swarthants that's hit on a shorn stile?	5		
He makes semblant to be swiping their chimbleys.	6		
— Can you ajew ajew fro' Sheidam?	7		
He finges to be cutting up with a pair of sissers and to be buy-	8		
tings of their maidens and spitting their heads into their facepails.	9		
Spickspuk! Spoken.	10		
So now be hushy, little pukers! Side here roohish, cleany fug-	11		
lers! Grandicellies, all stay zitty! Adultereux, rest as befour! For	12		
you've jollywelly dawdled all the day. When ye coif tantoncle's	13		
hat then'll be largely temts for that. Yet's the time for being now,	14		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

now, now.	15		
For a burning would is come to dance inane. Glamours hath	16		
moidered's lieb and herefore Coldours must leap no more. Lack	17		
breath must leap no more.	18		
Lel lols for libelman libling his lore. Lolo Lolo liebermann you	19		
loved to be leaving Libnius. Lift your right to your Liber Lord.	20		
Link your left to your lass of liberty. Lala Lala, Leapermann,	21		
your lep's but a loop to lee.	22		
A fork of hazel o'er the field in vox the verveine virgins ode.	23		
If you cross this rood as you roamed the rand I'm blessed but	24		
you'd feel him a blasting rod. Behind, me, frees from evil smells!	25		
Perdition stinks before us.	26		
Aghatharept they fleurelly to Nebnos will and Rosocale. Twice	27		
is he gone to quest of her, thrice is she now to him. So see we so	28		
as seed we sow. And their prunktqueen kilt her kirtles up and	29		
set out. And her troupe came heeling, O. And what do you think	30		
that pride was drest in! Voolykins' diamondinah's vestin. For ever	31		
they scent where air she went. While all the fauns' flares widens	32		
wild to see a floral's school.	33		
Led by Lignifer, in four hops of the happiest, ach beth cac duff,	34		
a marrer of the sward incoronate, the few fly the farbetween!	35		
We haul minymony on that piebold nig. Will any dubble dabble	36		
FW251			

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

on the bay? Nor far jocubus? Nic for jay? Attilad! Attattilad! Get	1		
up, Goth's scourge on you! There's a visitation in your implu-	2		
vium. Hun! Hun!	3		
He stanth theirs mun in his natural, oblious autamnesically	4		
of his very proprium, (such is stockpot leaden, so did sonsepun	5		
crake) the wont to be wanton maid a will to be wise. Thrust from	6		
the light, apophotorejected, he spoors loves from her heats. He	7		
blinkth. But's wrath's the higher where those wreathe charity.	8		
For all of these have been thisworlders, time liquescing into state,	9		
pitiless age grows angelhood. Though, as he stehs, most anysing	10		
may befallhim from a song of a witch to the totter of Blackarss,	11		
given a fammished devil, a young sourceress and (eternal con-	12		
junction) the permission of overalls with the cuperation of night-	13		
shirt. If he spice east he seethes in sooth and if he pierce north	14		
he wilts in the waist. And what wonder with the murkery vice-	15		
heid in the shade? The specks on his lapsan are his foul deed	16		
thoughts, wishmarks of mad imogenation. Take they off! Make	17		
the off! But Funnylegs are leanly. A bimbamb bum! They vain	18		
would convert the to be hers in the word. Gush, they wooed!	19		
Gash, they're fair ripecherry!	20		
As for she could shake him. An oaf, no more. Still he'd be	21		
good tutor two in his big armschoel lerningstoel and she be	22		
waxen in his hands. Turning up and fingering over the most dan-	23		
tellising peaches in the lingerous longerous book of the dark.	24		
Look at this passage about Galilleotto! I know it is difficult but	25		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

when your goche I go dead. Turn now to this patch upon Smac-	26		
chiavelluti! Soot allours, he's sure to spot it! 'Twas ever so in	27		
monitorology since Headmaster Adam became Eva Harte's	28		
toucher, <i>in omnibus moribus et temporibus</i> , with man's mischief	29		
in his mind whilst her pupils swimm'd too heavenlies, let his be	30		
exaspirated, letters be blow'd! I is a femaline person. O, of pro-	31		
vocative gender. U unisingular case.	32		
Which is why trumppers are mixed up in duels and here's B.	33		
Rohan meets N. Ohlan for the prize of a thou.	34		
But listen to the mocking birde to micking barde making bared!	35		
We've heard it aye since songdom was gemurmal. As he was	36		
FW252			
queering his shoolders. So was I. And as I was cleansing my	1		
fausties. So was he. And as way ware puffing our blowbags.	2		
Souwouyou.	3		
Come, thrust! Go, parry! Dvoibrathran, dare! The mad	4		
long ramp of manchind's parlements, the learned lacklearning,	5		
merciless as wonderful.	6		
— Now may Saint Mowy of the Pleasant Grin be your ever-	7		
glass and even prospect!	8		
— Feeling dank.	9		
Exchange, reverse.	10		
— And may Saint Jerome of the Harlots' Curse make family	11		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

three of you which is much abedder!	12		
— Grassy ass ago.	13		
And each was wrought with his other. And his continence fell.	14		
The bivitellines, Metellus and Ametallikos, her crown pretenders,	15		
obscindgemeinded biekerers, varying directly, uruseye each oxes-	16		
other, superfetated (never cleaner of lamps frowned fiercelier on	17		
anointer of hinges), while their treegrown girls, king's game, if	18		
he deign so, are in such transfusion just to know twigst timidy	19		
twomeys, for gracious sake, who is arthoudux from whose	20		
heterotropic, the sleepy or the glouch, for, shyly bawn and	21		
showly nursured, exceedingly nice girls can strike exceedingly	22		
bad times unless so richtly chosen's by (what though of riches	23		
he have none and hope dashes hope on his heart's horizon) to gar	24		
their great moments greater. The thing is he must be put strait	25		
on the spot, no mere waterstichystuff in a selfmade world that	26		
you can't believe a word he's written in, not for pie, but one's	27		
only owned by naturel rejection. Charley, you're my darwing!	28		
So sing they sequent the assent of man. Till they go round if	29		
they go roundagain before breakparts and all dismissed. They	30		
keep. Step keep. Step. Stop. Who is Fleur? Where is Ange? Or	31		
Gardoun?	32		
Creedless, croonless hangs his haughty. There end no moe red	33		
devil in the white of his eye. Braglodyte him do a katadupe! A con-	34		
damn quondam jontom sick af a suckbut! He does not know how	35		
his grandson's grandson's grandson's grandson will stammer up	36		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

FW253			
in Peruvian for in the ersebest idiom I have done it equals I so	1		
shall do. He dares not think why the grandmother of the grand-	2		
mother of his grandmother's grandmother coughed Russky with	3		
suchky husky accent since in the mouthart of the slove look at	4		
me now means I once was otherwise. Nor that the mappamund	5		
has been changing pattern as youth plays moves from street to	6		
street since time and races were and wise ants hoarded and saute-	7		
relles were spendthrifts, no thing making newthing wealthshow-	8		
ever for a silly old Sol, healthytobedder and latewiser. Nor that the	9		
turtling of a London's alderman is ladled out by the waggerful to	10		
the regionals of pigmyland. His part should say in honour bound:	11		
So help me symethew, sammarc, selluc and singin, I will stick to	12		
you, by gum, no matter what, bite simbum, and in case of the	13		
event coming off beforehand even so you was to release me for	14		
the sake of the other cheap girl's baby's name plaster me but I	15		
will pluckily well pull on the buckskin gloves! But Noodynaady's	16		
actual ingrate tootle is of come into the garner mauve and thy	17		
nice are stores of morning and buy me a bunch of iodines.	18		
Evidentament he has failed as tiercelly as the deuce before for	19		
she is wearing none of the three. And quite as patently there is a	20		
hole in the ballet trough which the rest fell out. Because to ex-	21		
plain why the residue is, was, or will not be, according to the	22		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

eighth axiom, proceeded with, namely, since ever apart that gos-	23		
san duad, so sure as their's a patch on a pomelo, this yam ham in	24		
never live could, the shifting about of the lassies, the tug of love	25		
of their lads ending with a great deal of merriment, hoots,	26		
screams, scarf drill, cap fecking, ejaculations of aurinos, reecho-	27		
able mirthpeals and general thumbtonosery (Myama's a yaung	28		
yaung cauntry), one must reckon with the sudden and gigant-	29		
esquesque appearance unwithstandable as a general election in	30		
Barnado's bearskin amongst the brawlmiddle of this village chil-	31		
dergarten of the largely longsuffering laird of Lucanhof.	32		
But, vrayedevraye Blankdeblank, god of all machineries and	33		
tomestone of Barnstaple, by mortisection or vivisuture, splitten	34		
up or recompounded, an isaac jacquemin mauromormo milesian,	35		
how accountibus for him, moreblue?	36		
FW254			
Was he pitssched for an ensemple as certain have dognosod of	1		
him against our seawall by Rurie, Thoath and Cleaver, those	2		
three stout sweynhearts, Orion of the Orgiasts, Meereschal Mac-	3		
Muhun, the Ipse dadden, product of the extremes giving quoti-	4		
dients to our means, as might occur to anyone, your brutest	5		
layaman with the princest champion in our archdeaconry, or so	6		
yclept from Clio's clippings, which the chroncher of chivalries	7		
is sulphicious save he scan, for ancients link with presents as the	8		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

human chain extends, have done, do and will again as John, Poly-	9		
carp and Irenews eye-to-eye ayewitnessed and to Paddy Palmer,	10		
while monks sell yew to archers or the water of the livvyng	11		
goes the way of all fish from Sara's drawhead, the corralsome, to	12		
Isaac's, the lauphed butt one, with her minnelisp extorreor to his	13		
moanolothe inturned? So Perrichon with Bastienne or heavy	14		
Humph with airy Nan, Ricqueracqbrimbillyjicqueyjocjolicass?	15		
How sowesthow, <i>dullcisamica</i> ? A and aa ab ad abu abiad. A	16		
babbel men dub gulch of tears.	17		
The mar of murmury mermers to the mind's ear, uncharted	18		
rock, evasive weed. Only the caul knows his thousandfirst name,	19		
Hocus Crocus, Esquilocus, Finnfinn the Faineant, how feel full	20		
foes in furrinarr! Doth it not all come aft to you, puritysnooper,	21		
in the way television opes longtimes ofter when Potollomuck	22		
Sotyr or Sourdanapplous the Lollapaloosa? The charges are, you	23		
will remember, the chances are, you won't; bit it's old Joe, the	24		
Java Jane, older even than Odam Costollo, and we are recur-	25		
rently meeting em, par Mahun Mesme, in cycloannalism, from	26		
space to space, time after time, in various phases of scripture as	27		
in various poses of sepulture. Greets Godd, Groceries! Merodach!	28		
Defend the King! Hoet of the rough throat attack but whose say	29		
is soft but whose ee has a cute angle, he whose hut is a hissarlik	30		
even as her hennin's aspire. And insodaintily she's a quine of selm	31		
ashaker while as a murder of corpse when his magot's up he's	32		
the best berrathon sanger in all the aisles of Skaldignavia. As who	33		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

shall hear. For now at last is Longabed going to be gone to, that	34		
more than man, prince of Bunnicombe of wide roadsterds, the	35		
herblord the gillyflowrets so fain fan to flatter about. Artho is the	36		
FW255			
name is on the hero, Capellisato, shoehanded slaughterer of the	1		
shader of our leaves.	2		
Attach him! Hold!	3		
Yet stir thee, to clay, Tamor!	4		
Why wilt thou erewaken him from his earth, O summonor-	5		
other: he is weatherbitten from the dusts of ages? The hour of his	6		
closing hies to hand; the tocsin that shall claxonise his ware-	7		
abouts. If one who remembered his webgoods and tealofts were	8		
to ask of a hooper for whose it was the storks were quitting	9		
Aquileyria, this trundler would not wot; if other who joined faith	10		
when his depth charge bombed our barrel spillway were to –!	11		
Jehosophat, what doom is here! Rain ruth on them, sire! The	12		
wing of Moykill cover him! The Bulljon Bossbrute quarantine	13		
him! Calavera, caution! Slaves to Virtue, save his Veritotem!	14		
Bearara Tolearis, <i>procul abeat!</i> The Ivorbonegorer of Danamara-	15		
ca be, his Hector Protector! Woldomar with Vasa, peel your	16		
peeps! And try to saviourise the nights of labour to the order of	17		
our bleeding worold! While Pliny the Younger writes to Pliny	18		
the Elder his calamolumen of contumellas, what Aulus Gellius	19		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

picked on Micmacrobius and what Vitruvius pocketed from	20		
Cassiodorus. Like we larnt from that Buke of Lukan in Dublin's	21		
capital, Kongdam Coombe. Even if you are the kooper of the	22		
winkel over measure never lost a licence. Nor a duckindonche	23		
divulse from bath and breakfast. And for the honour of Alcohol	24		
drop that you-know-what-I've-come-about-I-saw-your-act air!	25		
Punch may be pottleproud but his Judy's a wife's wit better.	26		
For the producer (Mr John Baptister Vickar) caused a deep	27		
abuliousness to descend upon the Father of Truants and, at a side	28		
issue, pluterpromptly brought on the scene the cutletsized con-	29		
sort, foundling filly of fortyshilling fostertailor and shipman's	30		
shopahoyden, weighing ten pebble ten, scaling five footsy five	31		
and spanning thirtyseven inchettes round the good companions,	32		
twenty-nine ditties round the wishful waistress, thirtyseven alsos	33		
round the answer to everything, twentythree of the same round	34		
each of the quis separabits, fourteen round the beginning of hap-	35		
piness and nicely nine round her shoed for slender.	36		
FW256			
And eher you could pray mercy to goodness or help with your	1		
hokey or mehokeypoo, Gallus's hen has collared her pullets.	2		
That's where they have owreglias for. Their bone of contention,	3		
flesh to their thorns, prest as Prestissima, makes off in a thinkling	4		
(and not one hen only nor two hens neyther but every blessed	5		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

brigid came aclucking and aclacking), while, a rum a rum, the	6		
ram of all harns, Bier, Wijn, Spirituosen for consumption on the	7		
premises, advokaat withouten pleaders, Mas marrit, Pas poulit,	8		
Ras ruddist of all, though flamifestouned from galantifloures, is	9		
hued and cried of each's colour.	10		
Home all go. Halome. Blare no more ramsblares, oddmund	11		
barkes! And cease your fumings, kindalled bushies! And sherri-	12		
goldies yeassymgnays; your wildeshaweshowe moves swiftly	13		
sterneward! For here the holy language. Soons to come. To	14		
pause.	15		
'Tis goed. Het best.	16		
For they are now tearing, that is, teartoretorning. Too soon	17		
are coming tasbooks and goody, hominy bread and bible bee,	18		
with jaggery-yo to juju-jaw, Fine's French phrases from the	19		
Grandmère des Grammaires and bothered parsenaps from the	20		
Four Massores, Mattatias, Marusias, Lucanias, Jokinias, and what	21		
happened to our eleven in thirtytwo antepostdating the Valgur	22		
Eire and why is limbo where is he and what are the sound waves	23		
saying ceased ere they all wayed wrong and Amnist anguished	24		
axes Collis and where fishngaman fetched the mongafesh from	25		
and whatfor paddybird notplease rancoon and why was Sindat	26		
sitthing on him sitbom like a saildior, with what the doc did in the	27		
doil, not to mention define the hydraulics of common salt and,	28		
its denier crid of old provaunce, where G.P.O. is zentrum and	29		
D.U.T.C. are radients write down by the frequency of the scores	30		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

and crores of your refractions the valuations in the pice of ding-	31		
gyings on N.C.R. and S.C.R.	32		
That little cloud, a nibulissa, still hangs isky. Singabed sulks	33		
before slumber. Light at night has an alps on his druckhouse.	34		
Thick head and thin butter or after you with me. Caspi, but	35		
gueroligue stings the air. Gaylegs to riot of us! Gallocks to lafft!	36		
FW257			
What is amaid today todo? So angelland all weeping bin that Izzy	1		
most unhappy is. Fain Essie fie onhapje? laughs her stella's vispirine.	2		
While, running about their ways, going and coming, now at	3		
rhimba rhomba, now in trippiza trappaza, pleating a pattern Gran	4		
Geamatron showed them of gracehoppers, auntskippers and coney-	5		
farm leppers, they jeeriled along, durian gay and marian maid-	6		
cap, lou Dariou beside la Matieto, all boy more all girl singout-	7		
feller longa house blong store Huddy, whilest nin nin nin nin that	8		
Boorman's clock, a winny on the tinny side, ninned nin nin nin	9		
nin, about old Father Barley how he got up of a morning arley	10		
and he met with a platonem blondes named Hips and Haws and	11		
fell in with a fellows of Trinity some header Skowood Shaws like	12		
(You'll catch it, don't fret, Mrs Tummy Lupton! Come indoor,	13		
Scoffynosey, and shed your swank!) auld Daddy Deacon who	14		
could stow well his place of beacon but he never could hold his	15		
kerosene's candle to (The nurse'll give it you, stickypots! And you	16		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

wait, my lasso, fecking the twine!) bold Farmer Burleigh who	17		
wuck up in a hurlywurlly where he huddly could wuddle to wal-	18		
low his weg tillbag of the baker's booth to beg of (You're well	19		
held now, Missy Cheekspeer, and your panto's off! Fie, for shame,	20		
Ruth Wheatacre, after all the booz said!) illed Diddiddy Achin	21		
for the prize of a pease of bakin with a pinch of the panch of the	22		
ponch in jurys for (Ah, crabeyes, I have you, showing off to the	23		
world with that gape in your stocking!) Wold Forrester Farley	24		
who, in deesperation of deispiration at the diasporation of his	25		
diesparation, was found of the round of the sound of the lound	26		
of the. Lukkedoerendunandurraskewdylooshoofermoyportertoo-	27		
ryzoosphalnabortansporthaokansakroidverjkapakkapuk.	28		
Byfall.	29		
Upploud!	30		
The play thou schouwburgst, Game, here endeth. The curtain	31		
drops by deep request.	32		
Uplouderamain!	33		
Gonn the gawds, Gunnar's gustspells. When the h, who the	34		
hu, how the hue, where the huer? Orbiter onswers: lots lives	35		
lost. Fionia is fed up with Fidge Fudgesons. Sealand snorres.	36		
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Rendningrocks roguesreckning reigns. Gwds with gurs are	1		
gttrdmmrng. Hills vlls. The timid hearts of words all exeomno-	2		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

sunt. Mannagad, lammalelough, how do that come? By Dad, youd	3		
not heed that fert? Fulgitudes ejist rowdownan tonuout. Quoq!	4		
And buncskleydoodle! Kidoosh! Of their fear they broke, they	5		
ate wind, they fled; where they ate there they fled; of their fear	6		
they fled, they broke away. Go to, let us extol Azrael with our	7		
harks, by our brews, on our jambses, in his gaits. To Mezou-	8		
zalem with the Dephilim, didits dinkun's dud? Yip! Yup! Yar-	9		
rah! And let Nek Nekulon extol Mak Makal and let him say	10		
unto him: Immi ammi Semmi. And shall not Babel be with	11		
Lebab? And he war. And he shall open his mouth and answer:	12		
I hear, O Ismael, how they laud is only as my loud is one. If	13		
Nekulon shall be havonfalled surely Makal haven heavens. Go to,	14		
let us extell Makal, yea, let us exceedingly extell. Though you	15		
have lien among your posspots my excellency is over Ismael.	16		
Great is him whom is over Ismael and he shall mekanek of Mak	17		
Nakulon. And he deed.	18		
Uplouderamainagain!	19		
For the Clearer of the Air from on high has spoken in tumbul-	20		
dum tambaldam to his tembledim tombaloom worrild and, mogu-	21		
phonoised by that phonemanon, the unhappitents of the earth	22		
have terrerumbled from fimament unto fundament and from	23		
tweedledeedumms down to twiddledeedees.	24		
Loud, hear us!	25		
Loud, graciously hear us!	26		
Now have thy children entered into their habitations. And	27		

9. Episode NINE (41 pages, from 219 to 259). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

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nationglad, camp meeting over, to shin it, Gov be thanked! Thou	28		
hast closed the portals of the habitations of thy children and thou	29		
hast set thy guards thereby, even Garda Didymus and Garda	30		
Domas, that thy children may read in the book of the opening of	31		
the mind to light and err not in the darkness which is the after-	32		
thought of thy nomatter by the guardiance of those guards which	33		
are thy bodemen, the cheeryboyum chirryboth with the kerry-	34		
bommers in their krubeems, Pray-your-Prayers Timothy and	35		
Back-to-Bunk Tom.	36		
FW259			
Till tree from tree, tree among trees, tree over tree become	1		
stone to stone, stone between stones, stone under stone for ever.	2		
O Loud, hear the wee beseech of thees of each of these thy un-	3		
litten ones! Grant sleep in hour's time, O Loud!	4		
That they take no chill. That they do ming no merder. That	5		
they shall not gomeet madhowiatrees.	6		
Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laugh-	7		
ters low!	8		
Ha he hi ho hu.	9		
Mummum.	10		