

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

1

**7. Episode SEVEN** (27 pages, from 169 to 195)

Full FW Text	FW Line		
FW169			
Shem is as short for Shemus as Jem is joky for Jacob. A few	1		
toughnecks are still getatable who pretend that aboriginally he	2		
was of respectable stemming (he was an outlex between the lines	3		
of Ragonar Blaubarb and Horrild Hairwire and an inlaw to Capt.	4		
the Hon. and Rev. Mr Bbyrdwood de Trop Blogg was among	5		
his most distant connections) but every honest to goodness man	6		
in the land of the space of today knows that his back life will	7		
not stand being written about in black and white. Putting truth	8		
and untruth together a shot may be made at what this hybrid	9		
actually was like to look at.	10		
Shem's bodily getup, it seems, included an adze of a skull, an	11		
eight of a larkseye, the whoel of a nose, one numb arm up a	12		
sleeve, fortytwo hairs off his uncrown, eighteen to his mock lip,	13		
a trio of barbels from his megageg chin (sowman's son), the	14		
wrong shoulder higher than the right, all ears, an artificial	15		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

tongue with a natural curl, not a foot to stand on, a handful of	16		
thumbs, a blind stomach, a deaf heart, a loose liver, two fifths of	17		
two buttocks, one gleetsteen avoirdupoier for him, a manroot	18		
of all evil, a salmonkelt's thinskin, eelsblood in his cold toes, a	19		
bladder tristended, so much so that young Master Shemmy on	20		
his very first debouch at the very dawn of protohistory seeing	21		
himself such and such, when playing with thistlewords in their	22		
garden nursery, Griefotrofiu, at Phig Streat III, Shuvlin, Old	23		
Hoeland, (would we go back there now for sounds, pillings and	24		
FW170			
sense? would we now for annas and annas? would we for full-	1		
score eight and a liretta? for twelve blocks one bob? for four tes-	2		
ters one groat? not for a dinar! not for jo!) dictited to of all his	3		
little brothron and sweestureens the first riddle of the universe:	4		
asking, when is a man not a man?: telling them take their time,	5		
youngfries, and wait till the tide stops (for from the first his day	6		
was a fortnight) and offering the prize of a bittersweet crab, a	7		
little present from the past, for their copper age was yet un-	8		
minted, to the winner. One said when the heavens are quakers,	9		
a second said when Bohemeand lips, a third said when he, no,	10		
when hold hard a jiffy, when he is a gnawstick and detarmined	11		
to, the next one said when the angel of death kicks the bucket	12		
of life, still another said when the wine's at witsends, and still	13		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

another when lovely wooman stoops to conk him, one of the	14		
littliest said me, me, Sem, when pappa papared the harbour, one	15		
of the wittiest said, when he yeat ye abblokooken and he zmear	16		
hezelf zo zhoooken, still one said when you are old I'm grey fall	17		
full wi sleep, and still another when wee deader walkner, and	18		
another when he is just only after having being semisized, an-	19		
other when yea, he hath no mananas, and one when dose pigs	20		
they begin now that they will flies up intil the looft. All were	21		
wrong, so Shem himself, the doctator, took the cake, the correct	22		
solution being — all give it up? —; when he is a — yours till	23		
the rending of the rocks, — Sham.	24		
Shem was a sham and a low sham and his lowness creeped out	25		
first via foodstuffs. So low was he that he preferred Gibsen's tea-	26		
time salmon tinned, as inexpensive as pleasing, to the plumpest	27		
roeheavy lax or the friskiest parr or smolt troutlet that ever was	28		
gaffed between Leixlip and Island Bridge and many was the time	29		
he repeated in his botulism that no junglegrown pineapple ever	30		
smacked like the whoppers you shook out of Ananias' cans,	31		
Findlater and Gladstone's, Corner House, England. None of	32		
your inchthick blueblooded Balaclava fried-at-belief-stakes or	33		
juicejelly legs of the Grex's molten mutton or greasilygristly	34		
grunTERS' goupons or slice upon slab of luscious goosebosom	35		
with lump after load of plumpudding stuffing all aswim in a	36		
FW171			

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

swamp of bogoakgravy for that greekenhearted yude! Rosbif of	1		
Old Zealand! he could not attouch it. See what happens when	2		
your somatophage merman takes his fancy to our virgitarian	3		
swan? He even ran away with hunself and became a farsoonerite,	4		
saying he would far sooner muddle through the hash of lentils	5		
in Europe than meddle with Irrland's split little pea. Once when	6		
among those rebels in a state of hopelessly helpless intoxication	7		
the piscivore strove to lift a czitround peel to either nostril, hic-	8		
cupping, apparently impromptued by the hibat he had with his	9		
glottal stop, that he kukkakould flowrish for ever by the smell,	10		
as the czitr, as the kcedron, like a scedar, of the founts, on moun-	11		
tains, with limon on, of Lebanon. O! the lowness of him was	12		
beneath all up to that sunk to! No likedbylike firewater or first-	13		
served firstshot or gulletburn gin or honest brewbarrett beer either.	14		
O dear no! Instead the tragic jester sobbed himself wheywhing-	15		
ingly sick of life on some sort of a rhubarbarous maundarin yella-	16		
green fungleblue windigut diodying applejack squeezed from	17		
sour grapefruice and, to hear him twixt his sedimental cupslips	18		
when he had gulfed down mmmmuch too mmmmany gourds of	19		
it retching off to almost as low withswillers, who always knew	20		
notwithstanding when they had had enough and were rightly	21		
indignant at the wretch's hospitality when they found to their	22		
horror they could not carry another drop, it came straight from	23		
the noble white fat, jo, openwide sat, jo, jo, her why hide that,	24		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

jo jo jo, the winevat, of the most serene magyansty az archdio-	25		
chesse, if she is a duck, she's a douches, and when she has a	26		
feherbour snot her fault, now is it? artstouchups, funny you're	27		
grinning at, fancy you're in her yet, Fanny Urinia.	28		
Aint that swell, hey? Peamengro! Talk about lowness! Any	29		
dog's quantity of it visibly oozed out thickly from this dirty	30		
little blacking beetle for the very fourth snap the Tulloch-Turn-	31		
bull girl with her coldblood kodak shotted the as yet unre-	32		
muneranded national apostate, who was cowardly gun and camera	33		
shy, taking what he fondly thought was a short cut to Caer Fere,	34		
Soak Amerigas, vias the shipsteam <i>Pridewin</i> , after having buried	35		
a hatchet not so long before, by the wrong goods exeunt, num-	36		
FW172			
mer desh to tren, into Patatapapaveri's, fruiterers and musical	1		
florists, with his <i>Ciaho, chavi! Sar shin, shillipen?</i> she knew the	2		
vice out of bridewell was a bad fast man by his walk on the	3		
spot.	4		
[Johns is a different butcher's. Next place you are up town pay	5		
him a visit. Or better still, come tobuy. You will enjoy cattlemen's	6		
spring meat. Johns is now quite divorced from baking. Fattens,	7		
kills, flays, hangs, draws, quarters and pieces. Feel his lambs! Ex!	8		
Feel how sheap! Exex! His liver too is great value, a spatiality!	9		
Exexex! COMMUNICATED.]	10		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

Around that time, moravar, one generally, for luvvomony	11		
hoped or at any rate suspected among morticians that he would	12		
early turn out badly, develop hereditary pulmonary T.B., and	13		
do for himself one dandy time, nay, of a pelting night blanketed	14		
creditors, hearing a coarse song and splash off Eden Quay sighed	15		
and rolled over, sure all was up, but, though he fell heavily and	16		
locally into debit, not even then could such an antinomian be	17		
true to type. He would not put fire to his cerebrum; he would	18		
not throw himself in Liffey; he would not explaud himself with	19		
pneumantics; he refused to saffrocake himself with a sod. With	20		
the foreign devil's leave the fraid born fraud diddled even death.	21		
<i>Anzi</i> , cabled (but shaking the worth out of his maulth: Guarda-	22		
costa leporello? Szasas Kraicz!) from his Nearapoblican asylum	23		
to his jonathan for a brother: Here tokay, gone tomory, we're	24		
spluched, do something, Fireless. And had answer: Inconvenient,	25		
David.	26		
You see, chaps, it will trickle out, freaksily of course, but the	27		
tom and the shorty of it is: he was in his bardic memory low.	28		
All the time he kept on treasuring with condign satisfaction each	29		
and every crumb of trektalk, covetous of his neighbour's word,	30		
and if ever, during a Munda conversazione commoted in the	31		
nation's interest, delicate tippits were thrown out to him touch-	32		
ing his evil courses by some wellwishers, vainly pleading by	33		
scriptural arguments with the opprobrious papist about trying	34		
to brace up for the kidos of the thing, Scally wag, and be a men	35		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

instead of a dem scrounger, dish it all, such as: Pray, what is	36		
FW173			
the meaning, sousy, of that continental expression, if you ever	1		
came acruX it, we think it is a word transpiciously like <i>canaille</i> ?:	2		
or: Did you anywhere, kennel, on your gullible's travels or	3		
during your rural troubadouring, happen to stumble upon a	4		
certain gay young nobleman whimpering to the name of Low	5		
Swine who always addresses women out of the one corner of	6		
his mouth, lives on loans and is furtivefree yours of age? with-	7		
out one sigh of haste like the supreme prig he was, and not a bit	8		
sorry, he would pull a vacant landlubber's face, root with ear-	9		
waker's pensile in the outer of his lauscher and then, lispig,	10		
the prattlepate parnella, to kill time, and swatting his deadbest	11		
to think what under the canopies of Jansens Chrest would any	12		
decent son of an Albiogenselman who had bin to an university	13		
think, let a lent hit a hint and begin to tell all the intelligentsia	14		
admitted to that tamileasy samtalaisy conclamazzione (since, still	15		
and before physicians, lawyers merchant, belfry pollititians, agri-	16		
colous manufraudurers, sacrestanes of the Pure River Society,	17		
philanthropicks lodging on as many boards round the panesthetic	18		
at the same time as possible) the whole lifelong swrine story of	19		
his entire low cornaille existence, abusing his deceased ancestors	20		
wherever the sods were and one moment tarabooming great	21		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

blunderguns (poh!) about his farfamed fine Poppamore, Mr	22		
Humhum, whom history, climate and entertainment made the	23		
first of his sept and always up to debt, though Eavens ears ow	24		
many fines he faces, and another moment visanvrerssas, cruach-	25		
ing three jeers (pah!) for his rotten little ghost of a Peppybeg,	26		
Mr Himmyshimmy, a blighty, a reeky, a lighty, a scrapy, a bab-	27		
bly, a ninny, dirty seventh among thieves and always bottom	28		
sawyer, till nowan knowed how howmely howme could be, giv-	29		
ing unsolicited testimony on behalf of the absent, as glib as eaves-	30		
water to those present (who meanwhile, with increasing lack of	31		
interest in his semantics, allowed various subconscious smickers	32		
to drivel slowly across their fichers), unconsciously explaining,	33		
for inkstands, with a meticulousity bordering on the insane, the	34		
various meanings of all the different foreign parts of speech he	35		
misused and cuttlefishing every lie unshrinkable about all the	36		
FW174			
other people in the story, leaving out, of course, foreconsciously,	1		
the simple worf and plague and poison they had cornered him	2		
about until there was not a snoozer among them but was utterly	3		
undeceived in the heel of the reel by the recital of the rigmarole.	4		
He went without saying that the cull disliked anything anyway	5		
approaching a plain straightforward standup or knockdown row	6		
and, as often as he was called in to umpire any octagonal argu-	7		



7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

ment among slangwhangers, the accomplished washout always	8		
used to rub shoulders with the last speaker and clasp shakers (the	9		
handtouch which is speech without words) and agree to every	10		
word as soon as half uttered, command me!, your servant, good,	11		
I revere you, how, my seer? be drinking that! quite truth, grati-	12		
as, I'm yoush, see wha'm hearing?, also goods, please it, me	13		
sure?, be filling this!, quiso, you said it, apasafello, muchas	14		
grassyass, is there firing-on-me?, is their girlic-on-you?, to your	15		
good self, your sulphur, and then at once focuss his whole	16		
unbalanced attention upon the next octagonist who managed to	17		
catch a listener's eye, asking and imploring him out of his	18		
piteous onewinker, ( <i>hemoptysia diadumenos</i> ) whether there was	19		
anything in the world he could do to please him and to overflow	20		
his tumbletantalisier for him yet once more.	21		
One hailcannon night (for his departure was attended by a	22		
heavy downpour) as very recently as some thousand rains ago he	23		
was therefore treated with what closely resembled parsonal viol-	24		
ence, being soggert all unsuspectingly through the deserted village	25		
of Tumblin-on-the-Leafy from Mr Vanhomrigh's house at 81 <i>bis</i>	26		
Mabbot's Mall as far as Green Patch beyond the brickfields of	27		
Salmon Pool by rival teams of slowspiers counter quicklimers	28		
who finally, as rahilly they had been deteened out rawther lae-	29		
tich, thought, busnis hits busnis, they had better be streaking for	30		
home after their Auborne-to-Auborne, with thanks for the pleasant	31		
evening, one and all disgustedly, instead of rugging him back,	32		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

and awake, reconciled (though they were as jealous as could be	33		
cullions about all the truffles they had brought on him) to a	34		
friendship, fast and furious, which merely arose out of the noxious	35		
pervert's perfect lowness. Again there was a hope that people,	36		
FW175			
looking on him with the contemp of the contempibles, after	1		
first gaving him a roll in the dirt, might pity and forgive him, if	2		
properly deloused, but the pleb was born a Quicklow and sank	3		
alowing till he stank out of sight.	4		
All Saints beat Belial! Mickil Goals to Nichil! Notpossible!	5		
Already?	6		
<i>In Nowhere has yet the Whole World taken part of himself for his</i>	7		
<i>Wife;</i>	8		
<i>By Nowhere have Poorparents been sentenced to Worms, Blood and</i>	9		
<i>Thunder for Life</i>	10		
<i>Not yet has the Emp from Corpsica forced the Arth out of Engleterre;</i>	11		
<i>Not yet have the Sachsen and Judder on the Mound of a Word made</i>	12		
<i>Warre;</i>	13		
<i>Not yet Witchywithcy of Wench struck Fire of his Heath from on</i>	14		
<i>Hoath;</i>	15		
<i>Not yet his Arcobaleine forespoken Peacepeace upon Oath;</i>	16		
<i>Cleftfoot from Hempal must tumpel, Blamefool Gardener's bound to</i>	17		
<i>fall;</i>	18		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>Broken Eggs will poursuive bitten Apples for where theirs is Will</i>	19		
<i>there's his Wall;</i>	20		
<i>But the Mountstill frowns on the Millstream while their Madsons</i>	21		
<i>leap his Bier</i>	22		
<i>And her Rillstrill liffs to His Murkesty all her daft Daughters laff</i>	23		
<i>in her Ear.</i>	24		
<i>Till the four Shores of deff Tory Island let the douze dumm Eire-</i>	25		
<i>whiggs raille!</i>	26		
<i>Hirp! Hirp! for their Missed Understandings! chirps the Ballat of</i>	27		
<i>Perce-Oreille.</i>	28		
<i>O fortunate casualitas! Lefty takes the cherubcake while</i>	29		
<i>Rights cloves his hoof. Darkies never done tug that coon out to</i>	30		
<i>play non-excretory, anti-sexuous, misoxenetic, gaasy pure, flesh</i>	31		
<i>and blood games, written and composed and sung and danced</i>	32		
<i>by Niscemus Nemon, same as piccaninnies play all day, those</i>	33		
<i>old (none of your honeys and rubbers!) games for fun and ele-</i>	34		
<i>ment we used to play with Dina and old Joe kicking her behind</i>	35		
<i>and before and the yellow girl kicking him behind old Joe,</i>	36		
<b>FW176</b>			
<i>games like Thom Thom the Thonderman, Put the Wind up the</i>	1		
<i>Peeler, Hat in the Ring, Prisson your Pritchards and Play Withers</i>	2		
<i>Team, Mikel on the Luckypig, Nickel in the Slot, Sheila Harnett and</i>	3		
<i>her Cow, Adam and Ell, Humble Bumble, Moggie's on the Wall,</i>	4		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>Twos and Threes, American Jump, Fox Come out of your Den,</i>	5		
<i>Broken Bottles, Writing a Letter to Punch, Tiptop is a Sweetstore,</i>	6		
<i>Henressy Crump Expolled, Postman's Knock, Are We Fairlys Rep-</i>	7		
<i>resented?, Solomon Silent reading, Appletree Bearstone, I know a</i>	8		
<i>Washerwoman, Hospitals, As I was Walking, There is Oneyone's</i>	9		
<i>House in Dreamcolohour, Battle of Waterloo, Colours, Eggs in the</i>	10		
<i>Bush, Habberdasherisher, Telling your Dreams, What's the Time,</i>	11		
<i>Nap, Ducking Mammy, Last Man Standing, Heali Baboon and the</i>	12		
<i>Forky Theagues, Fickleyes and Futilears, Handmarried but once in</i>	13		
<i>my Life and I'll never commit such a Sin agin, Zip Cooney Candy,</i>	14		
<i>Turkey in the Straw, This is the Way we sow the Seed of a long and</i>	15		
<i>lusty Morning, Hops of Fun at Miliken's Make, I seen the Tooth-</i>	16		
<i>brush with Pat Farrel, Here's the Fat to graze the Priest's Boots,</i>	17		
<i>When his Steam was like a Raimbrandt round Mac Garvey.</i>	18		
Now it is notoriously known how on that surprisingly bludgeony	19		
Unity Sunday when the grand germogall allstar bout was harrily	20		
the rage between our weltingtoms extraordinary and our petty-	21		
thicks the marshalaisy and Irish eyes of welcome were smiling	22		
daggers down their backs, when the roth, vice and blause met the	23		
noyr blank and rogues and the grim white and cold bet the black	24		
fighting tans, categorically unimperatived by the maxims, a rank	25		
funk getting the better of him, the scut in a bad fit of pyjamas	26		
fled like a leveret for his bare lives, to Talviland, ahone ahaza, pur-	27		
sued by the scented curses of all the village belles and, without	28		
having struck one blow, (pig stole on him was lust he lagging it	29		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

was becaused dust he shook) kuskykorked himself up tight in	30		
his inkbattle house, badly the worse for boosegas, there to stay	31		
in afar for the life, where, as there was not a moment to be lost,	32		
after he had boxed around with his fortepiano till he was whole	33		
bach bamp him and bump him blues, he collapsed carefully under	34		
a bedtick from Schwitzer's, his face enveloped into a dead war-	35		
rior's telemac, with a lullobaw's somnbomnet and a whotwater-	36		
FW177			
wottle at his feet to stoke his energy of waiting, moaning feebly,	1		
in monkmarian monotheme, but tarned long and then a nation	2		
louder, while engaged in swallowing from a large ampullar, that	3		
his pawdry's purgatory was more than a nigger bloke could bear,	4		
hemiparalysed by the tong warfare and all the shemozzle, ( <i>Daily</i>	5		
<i>Maily, fullup Lace! Holy Maly, Mothelup Joss!</i> ) his cheeks and	6		
trousers changing colour every time a gat croaked.	7		
How is that for low, laities and gentlenuns? Why, dog of the	8		
Crostiguns, whole continents rang with this Kairokorran low-	9		
ness! Sheols of houris in chems upon divans, (revolted stellas	10		
vespertine vesamong them) at a bare (O!) mention of the scaly	11		
rybald exclaimed: Poisse!	12		
But would anyone, short of a madhouse, believe it? Neither of	13		
those clean little cherubum, Nero or Nobookisonester himself,	14		
ever nursed such a spoiled opinion of his monstrous marvellosity	15		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

as did this mental and moral defective (here perhaps at the	16		
vanessance of his lownest) who was known to grognt rather than	17		
gunnard upon one occasion, while drinking heavily of spirits to	18		
that interlocutor <i>a latere</i> and private privysuckatary he used to	19		
pal around with, in the kavehazs, one Davy Browne-Nowlan, his	20		
heavenlaid twin, (this hambone dogpoet pseudoed himself under	21		
the hangname he gave himself of Bethgelert) in the porchway of	22		
a gipsy's bar (Shem always blaspheming, so holy writ, Billy, he	23		
would try, old Belly, and pay this one manjack congregant of	24		
his four soups every lass of nexmouth, Bolly, so sure as thair's a	25		
tail on a commet, as a taste for storik's fortytooth, that is to	26		
stay, to listen out, ony twenny minnies moe, Bully, his Ballade	27		
Imaginaire which was to be dubbed <i>Wine, Woman and Water-</i>	28		
<i>clocks, or How a Guy Finks and Fawkes When He Is Going Batty,</i>	29		
by Maistre Sheames de la Plume, some most dreadful stuff in a	30		
murderous mirrorhand) that he was avoopf (parn me!) aware	31		
of no other shaggspick, other Shakhisbeard, either prexactly	32		
unlike his polar andthisishis or procisely the seem as woops	33		
(parn!) as what he fancied or guessed the sames as he was him-	34		
self and that, greet scoot, duckings and thuggery, though he was	35		
foxed fux to fux like a bunnyboy rodger with all the teashop	36		
FW178			
lionses of Lumdrum hivanhoesed up gagainst him, being a lapsis	1		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

linquo with a ruvidubb shortartempa, bad cad dad fad sad mad	2		
nad vanhaty bear, the consciquenchers of casuality prepestered	3		
crusswords in postposition, scruff, scruffer, scrufferumurraimost	4		
andallthatsortofthing, if reams stood to reason and his lanka-	5		
livline lasted he would wipe alley english spooker, multapho-	6		
niaksically spuking, off the face of the erse.	7		
After the thorough fright he got that bloody, Swithun's day,	8		
though every doorpost in muchtried Lucalizod was smeared with	9		
generous erstborn gore and every free for all cobbleway slippery	10		
with the bloods of heroes, crying to Welkins for others, and	11		
noahs and cul verts agush with tears of joy, our low waster never	12		
had the common baalamb's pluck to stir out and about the com-	13		
pound while everyone else of the torchlit throng, slashers and	14		
sliced alike, mobbu on massa, waaded and baaded around, yamp-	15		
yam pampyam, chanting the Gillooly chorus, from the Monster	16		
Book of Paltryattic Puetrie, <i>O pura e pia bella!</i> in junk et sampam	17		
or in secular sinkalarum, heads up, on his bonafide avocation (the	18		
little folk creeping on all fours to their natural school treat but	19		
childishly gleeful when a stray whizzer sang out intermediately)	20		
and happy belongs to the fairer sex on their usual quest for	21		
higher things, but vying with Lady Smythe to avenge Mac-	22		
Jobber, went stonestepping with their bickerrstaffs on educated	23		
feet, plinkity plonk, across the sevenspan ponte <i>dei colori</i> set up	24		
over the slop after the war-to-end war by Messrs a charitable	25		
government for the only once (dia dose Finnados!) he did take	26		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

a tompip peepestrella throug a threedraw eighteen hawkspower	27		
durdicky telescope, luminous to larbourd only like the lamps in	28		
Nassaustrass, out of his westernmost keyhole, spitting at the	29		
impenetrablum wetter, (and it was porcoghastly that outumn) with	30		
an eachway hope in his shivering soul, as he prayed to the cloud	31		
Incertitude, of finding out for himself, on akkount of all the	32		
kules in Kroukaparka or oving to all the kodseoggs in Kalatavala,	33		
whether true conciliation was forging ahead or falling back after	34		
the celestious intemperance and, for Duvvelsache, why, with his	35		
see me see and his my see a corves and his frokerfoskerfuskar	36		
FW179			
layen loves in meeingseeing, he got the charm of his optical	1		
life when he found himself ( <i>hic sunt lennonnes!</i> ) at pointblank	2		
range blinking down the barrel of an irregular revolver of	3		
the bulldog with a purpose pattern, handled by an unknown	4		
quarreler who, supposedly, had been told off to shade and	5		
shoot shy Shem should the shit show his shiny shnout out	6		
awhile to look facts in their face before being hosed and creased	7		
(uprip and jack him!) by six or a dozen of the gayboys.	8		
What, para Saom Plaom, in the names of Deucalion and	9		
Pyrrha, and the incensed privy and the licensed pantry gods	10		
and Stator and Victor and Kutt and Runn and the whole mesa	11		
redonda of Lorencao Otulass in convocacaon, was this dis-	12		



7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

interestingly low human type, this Calumnious Column of	13		
Cloaxity, this Bengalese Beacon of Biloxity, this Annamite Aper	14		
of Atroxity, really at, it will be precise to quarify, for he seems	15		
in a badbad case?	16		
The answer, to do all the diddies in one dedal, would sound:	17		
from pulling himself on his most flavoured canal the huge chest-	18		
house of his elders (the <i>Popapreta</i> , and some navico, navvies!)	19		
he had flickered up and flinnered down into a drug and drunkery	20		
addict, growing megalomane of a loose past. This explains the	21		
litany of septuncial lettertrumpets honorific, highpitched, erudite,	22		
neoclassical, which he so loved as patricianly to manuscibe after	23		
his name. It would have diverted, if ever seen, the shuddersome	24		
spectacle of this semidemented zany amid the inspissated grime	25		
of his glaucous den making believe to read his usylessly unread-	26		
able Blue Book of Eccles, <i>édition de ténèbres</i> , (even yet sighs the	27		
Most Different, Dr. Poindejenk, authorised bowdler and censor,	28		
it can't be repeated!) turning over three sheets at a wind, telling	29		
himself delightedly, no espellor mor so, that every splurge on the	30		
vellum he blundered over was an aisling vision more gorgeous	31		
than the one before t.i.t.s., a roseschelle cottage by the sea for	32		
nothing for ever, a ladies tryon hosiery raffle at liberty, a sewer-	33		
ful of guineagold wine with brancomongepadenopie and sick-	34		
cylinder oysters worth a billion a bite, an entire operahouse	35		
(there was to be stamping room only in the prompter's box and	36		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

FW180			
everthemore his queque kept swelling) of enthusiastic noble-	1		
women flinging every coronetcrimsoned stitch they had off at	2		
his probsceniun, one after the others, inamagoated into ajustil-	3		
loosing themselves, in their gaiety pantheomime, when, egad, sir,	4		
acordant to all acountstrick, he squealed the topsquall im <i>Deal</i>	5		
<i>Lil Shemlockup Yellin</i> (geewhiz, jew ear that far! soap ewer!	6		
loutgout of sabaous! juice like a boyd!) for fully five minutes, in-	7		
finitely better than Baraton Mc Gluckin with a scrumptious cocked	8		
hat and three green, cheese and tangerine trinity plumes on the	9		
right handle side of his amarellous head, a coat macfarlane (the	10		
kerssest cut, you understand?) a sponiard's digger at his ribs,	11		
( <i>Alfaiate punxit</i> ) an azulblu blowsheet for his blousebosom	12		
blossom and a dean's crozier that he won from Cardinal Lin-	13		
dundarri and Cardinal Carchingarri and Cardinal Lorientuli and	14		
Cardinal Occidentaccia (ah ho!) in the dearby darby doubled for	15		
falling first over the hurdles, madam, in the odder hand, a.a.t.s.o.t.,	16		
but what with the murky light, the botchy print, the tattered	17		
cover, the jigjagged page, the fumbling fingers, the foxtrotting	18		
fleas, the lieabed lice, the scum on his tongue, the drop in his	19		
eye, the lump in his throat, the drink in his pottle, the itch in his	20		
palm, the wail of his wind, the grief from his breath, the fog of	21		
his mindfag, the buzz in his braintree, the tic of his conscience,	22		
the height up his rage, the gush down his fundament, the fire	23		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

in his gorge, the tickle of his tail, the bane in his bullugs, the	24		
squince in his suil, the rot in his eater, the ycho in his earer,	25		
the totters of his toes, the teters on his tumtytum, the rats in his	26		
garret, the bats in his belfry, the budgerigars and bumbosolom	27		
beaubirds, the hullabaloo and the dust in his ears since it took him	28		
a month to steal a march he was hardset to mumorise more than	29		
a word a week. Hake's haulin! Hook's fisk! Can you beat it?	30		
Whawe! I say, can you bait it? Was there ever heard of such	31		
lowdown blackguardism? Positively it woolies one to think	32		
over it.	33		
Yet the bumpersprinkler used to boast aloud alone to himself	34		
with a haccent on it when Mynfadher was a boer constructor and	35		
Hoy was a lexical student, parole, and corrected with the black-	36		
FW181			
board (trying to copy the stage Englesemen he broughts their	1		
house down on, shouting: Bravure, surr Chorles! Letter purfect!	2		
Culossal, Loose Wallor! Spache!) how he had been toed out of	3		
all the schicker families of the klondykers from Pioupioureich,	4		
Swabspays, the land of Nod, Shruggers' Country, Pension	5		
Danubierhome and Barbaropolis, who had settled and stratified	6		
in the capital city after its hebdomodary metropoliarchialisation	7		
as sunblistered, moonplastered, gory, wheedling, joviale, litche-	8		
rous and full, ordered off the gorgeous premises in most cases on	9		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

account of his smell which all cookmaids eminently objected to	10		
as resembling the bombinubble puzzo that welled out of the	11		
pozzo. Instead of chuthoring those model households plain	12		
wholesome pothooks (a thing he never possessed of his Nigerian	13		
own) what do you think Vulgariano did but study with stolen	14		
fruit how cutely to copy all their various styles of signature so as	15		
one day to utter an epical forged cheque on the public for his own	16		
private profit until, as just related, the Dustbin's United Scullery-	17		
maid's and Househelp's Sorority, better known as Sluttery's	18		
Mowlted Futt, turned him down and assisted nature by unitedly	19		
shoeing the source of annoyance out of the place altogether and	20		
taytotally on the heat of the moment, holding one another's	21		
gonk (for no-one, hound or scrublady, not even the Turk, un-	22		
greekable in purscent of the armenable, dared whiff the polecat	23		
at close range) and making some pointpointing remarks as they	24		
done so at the perfects of the Sniffey, your honour, aboon the	25		
lyow why a stunk, mister.	26		
[J]ymes wishes to hear from wearers of abandoned female cos-	27		
tumes, gratefully received, wadmel jumper, rather full pair of	28		
culottes and onthergarmenteries, to start city life together. His	29		
jymes is out of job, would sit and write. He has lately commited	30		
one of the then commandments but she will now assist. Superior	31		
built, domestic, regular layer. Also got the boot. He appreciates	32		
it. Copies. ABORTISEMENT.]	33		
One cannot even begin to post figure out a statuesquo ante	34		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

as to how slow in reality the excommunicated Drumcondriac,	35		
nate Hamis, really was. Who can say how many pseudostylic	36		
FW182			
shamiana, how few or how many of the most venerated public	1		
impostures, how very many piously forged palimpsests slipped	2		
in the first place by this morbid process from his pelagiarist pen?	3		
Be that as it may, but for that light phantastic of his gnose's	4		
glow as it slid lucifericiously within an inch of its page (he would	5		
touch at its from time to other, the red eye of his fear in	6		
saddishness, to ensign the colours by the beerlitz in his mathness	7		
and his educandees to outhue to themselves in the cries of girl-	8		
glee: gember! inkware! chonchambre! cinsero! zinnzabar! tinc-	9		
ture and gin!) Nibs never would have quilled a seriph to	10		
sheepskin. By that rosy lampoon's effluvious burning and with	11		
help of the simulchronic flush in his pann (a ghinee a ghirk he	12		
ghets there!) he scrabbled and scratched and scriobbled and	13		
skrevened nameless shamelessness about everybody ever he met,	14		
even sharing a precipitation under the idlish tarriers' umbrella	15		
of a showerproof wall, while all over up and down the four	16		
margins of this rancid Shem stuff the evilsmeller (who was	17		
devoted to Uldfadar Sardanapalus) used to stipple endlessly	18		
inartistic portraits of himself in the act of reciting old	19		
Nichiabelli's monolook interyerear <i>Hanno, o Nonanno, acce'l</i>	20		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

<i>brubblem'as, ser Autore, q.e.d., a heartbreakingly handsome</i>	21		
young paolo with love lyrics for the goyls in his eyols, a plain-	22		
tiff's tanner vuce, a jucal inkome of one hundred and thirtytwo	23		
dranchmas per yard from Broken Hill stranded estate, Came-	24		
breech mannings, cutting a great dash in a brandnew two guinea	25		
dress suit and a burlled hogsford hired for a Fursday evenin	26		
merry pawty, anna loavely long pair of inky Italian moostarshes	27		
glistening with boric vaseline and frangipani. Puh! How un-	28		
whisperably so!	29		
The house O'Shea or O'Shame, <i>Quivapieno</i> , known as the	30		
Haunted Inkbottle, no number Brimstone Walk, Asia in Ireland,	31		
as it was infested with the raps, with his penname SHUT sepia-	32		
scraped on the doorplate and a blind of black sailcloth over its	33		
wan phwinshogue, in which the soulcontracted son of the secret	34		
cell groped through life at the expense of the taxpayers, dejected	35		
into day and night with jesuit bark and bitter bite, calico-	36		
FW183			
hydrants of zolfor and scoppialamina by full and forty Queasi-	1		
sanos, every day in everyone's way more exceeding in violent	2		
abuse of self and others, was the worst, it is hoped, even in our	3		
western playboyish world for pure mousefarm filth. You brag	4		
of your brass castle or your tyled house in ballyfermont? Niggs,	5		
niggs and niggs again. For this was a stinksome inkenstink, quite	6		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

puzzonal to the wrottel. Smatterafact, Angles aftanon browsing	7		
there thought not Edam reeked more rare. My wud! The warped	8		
flooring of the lair and soundconducting walls thereof, to say	9		
nothing of the uprights and imposts, were persianly literatured	10		
with burst loveletters, telltale stories, stickyback snaps, doubtful	11		
eggshells, bouchers, flints, borers, puffers, amygdaloid almonds,	12		
rindless raisins, alphybettyformed verbage, vivlical viasses, om-	13		
piter dictas, visus umbique, ahems and ahahs, imeffible tries at	14		
speech unasyllabled, you owe mes, eyoldhymns, fluefoul smut,	15		
fallen lucifers, vestas which had served, showered ornaments,	16		
borrowed brogues, reversibles jackets, blackeye lenses, family	17		
jars, falsehair shirts, Godforsaken scapulars, neverworn breeches,	18		
cutthroat ties, counterfeit franks, best intentions, curried notes,	19		
upset latten tintacks, unused mill and stumbling stones, twisted	20		
quills, painful digests, magnifying wineglasses, solid objects cast	21		
at goblins, once current puns, quashed quotatoes, messes of mot-	22		
tage, unquestionable issue papers, seedy ejaculations, limerick	23		
damns, crocodile tears, spilt ink, blasphematory spits, stale shest-	24		
nuts, schoolgirl's, young ladies', milkmaids', washerwomen's,	25		
shopkeepers' wives, merry widows', ex nuns', vice abbess's, pro	26		
virgins', super whores', silent sisters', Charleys' aunts', grand-	27		
mothers', mothers'-in-laws', fostermothers', godmothers' garters,	28		
tress clippings from right, lift and cintrum, worms of snot,	29		
toothsome pickings, cans of Swiss condensed bilk, highbrow	30		
lotions, kisses from the antipodes, presents from pickpockets,	31		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

borrowed plumes, relaxable handgrips, princess promises, lees of	32		
whine, deoxodised carbons, convertible collars, diviliouker	33		
doffers, broken wafers, unloosed shoe latches, crooked strait	34		
waistcoats, fresh horrors from Hades, globules of mercury,	35		
undeleted glete, glass eyes for an eye, gloss teeth for a tooth,	36		
FW184			
war moans, special sighs, longsufferings of longstanding, ahs ohs	1		
ouis sis jas jos gias neys thaws sos, yeses and yeses and yeses, to	2		
which, if one has the stomach to add the breakages, upheavals	3		
distortions, inversions of all this chambermade music one stands,	4		
given a grain of goodwill, a fair chance of actually seeing the	5		
whirling dervish, Tumult, son of Thunder, self exiled in upon	6		
his ego, a nightlong a shaking betwixtween white or reddr haw-	7		
rors, noondayterrorised to skin and bone by an ineluctable phan-	8		
tom (may the Shaper have mercery on him!) writing the mystery	9		
of himsel in furniture.	10		
Of course our low hero was a self valeter by choice of need so	11		
up he got up whatever is meant by a stourbridge clay kitchen-	12		
ette and lithargogalenu fowlhouse for the sake of akes (the	13		
umpple does not fall very far from the dumpertree) which the	14		
moromelodious jigsmith, in defiance of the Uncontrollable Birth	15		
Preservativation (Game and Poultry) Act, playing lallaryrook	16		
cookerynook, by the dodginess of his lantern, brooled and cocked	17		



7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

and potched in an athanor, whites and yolks and yilks and whotes	18		
to the frulling fredonnance of <i>Mas blanca que la blanca hermana</i>	19		
and <i>Amarilla, muy bien</i> , with cinnamon and locusts and wild bees-	20		
wax and liquorice and Carrageen moss and blaster of Barry's and	21		
Asther's mess and Huster's micture and Yellownan's embrocation	22		
and Pinkington's patty and stardust and sinner's tears, acuredent	23		
to Sharadan's <i>Art of Panning</i> , chanting, for all regale to the like	24		
of the legs he left behind with Litty fun Letty fan Leven, his	25		
cantraps of fermented words, abracadabra calubra culorum, (his	26		
oewfs à la Madame Gabrielle de l'Eglise, his avgs à la Mistress	27		
B. de B. Meinfelde, his eiers Usquadmala à la pomme de ciel,	28		
his uoves, oves and uves à la Sulphate de Soude, his ochiuri	29		
sowtay sowmmonay à la Monseigneur, his soufflosion of oogs	30		
with somekat on toyast à la Mère Puard, his Poggadovies alla	31		
Fenella, his Frideggs à la Tricarême) in what was meant for a	32		
closet (Ah ho! If only he had listened better to the four masters	33		
that infanted him Father Mathew and Le Père Noble and Pastor	34		
Lucas and Padre Aguilar — not forgetting Layteacher Baudwin!	35		
Ah ho!) His costive Satan's antimonian manganese limolitmious	36		
FW185			
nature never needed such an alcove so, when Robber and Mum-	1		
sell, the pulpic dictators, on the nudgment of their legal advisers,	2		
Messrs Codex and Podex, and under his own benefiction of their	3		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

pastor Father Flammeus Falconer, boycotted him of all mutton-	4		
suet candles and romeruled stationery for any purpose, he winged	5		
away on a wildgoup's chase across the kathartic ocean and made	6		
synthetic ink and sensitive paper for his own end out of his wit's	7		
waste. You ask, in Sam Hill, how? Let manner and matter of this	8		
for these our sporting times be cloaked up in the language of	9		
blushfed porporates that an Anglican ordinal, not reading his	10		
own rude dunsky tunga, may ever behold the brand of scarlet	11		
on the brow of her of Babylon and feel not the pink one in his	12		
own damned cheek.	13		
<i>Primum opifex, altus prosator, ad terram viviparam et cuncti-</i>	14		
<i>potentem sine ullo pudore nec venia, suscepto pluviali atque discinctis</i>	15		
<i>perizomatis, natibus nudis uti nati fuissent, sese adpropinquans,</i>	16		
<i>flens et gemens, in manum suam evacuavit</i> (highly prosy, crap in his	17		
hand, sorry!), <i>postea, animale nigro exoneratus, classicum pulsans,</i>	18		
<i>stercus proprium, quod appellavit deiectiones suas, in vas olim</i>	19		
<i>honorabile tristitiae posuit, eodem sub invocatione fratrorum gemino-</i>	20		
<i>rum Medardi et Godardi laete ac melliflue minxit, psalmum qui</i>	21		
<i>incipit: Lingua mea calamus scribae velociter scribentis: magna voce</i>	22		
<i>cantitans</i> (did a piss, says he was dejected, asks to be exonerated),	23		
<i>demum ex stercore turpi cum divi Orionis iucunditate mixto, cocto,</i>	24		
<i>frigorique exposito, encaustum sibi fecit indelibile</i> (faked O'Ryan's,	25		
the indelible ink).	26		
Then, pious Eneas, conformant to the fulminant firman which	27		
enjoins on the tremylose terrian that, when the call comes, he	28		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

shall produce nichthemericly from his unheavenly body a no	29		
uncertain quantity of obscene matter not protected by copirright	30		
in the United Stars of Ourania or bedeed and bedood and bedang	31		
and bedung to him, with this double dye, brought to blood heat,	32		
gallic acid on iron ore, through the bowels of his misery, flashly,	33		
faithly, nastily, appropriately, this Esuan Menschavik and the first	34		
till last alshemist wrote over every square inch of the only fools-	35		
cap available, his own body, till by its corrosive sublimation one	36		
FW186			
continuous present tense integument slowly unfolded all marry-	1		
voising moodmoulded cyclewheeling history (thereby, he said,	2		
reflecting from his own individual person life unlivable, trans-	3		
accidentated through the slow fires of consciousness into a divi-	4		
dual chaos, perilous, potent, common to allflesh, human only,	5		
mortal) but with each word that would not pass away the squid-	6		
self which he had squirtscreened from the crystalline world	7		
waned chagreenold and doriangrayer in its dudhud. This exists	8		
that isits after having been said we know. And dabal take dab-	9		
nal! And the dal dabal dab aldanabal! So perhaps, agglaggagglo-	10		
meratively asaspensing, after all and arklast fore arklyst on his	11		
last public misappearance, circling the square, for the deathfête	12		
of Saint Ignaceous Poisonivy, of the Fickle Crowd (hupon the	13		
sexth day of Hogsober, killim our king, layum low!) and brandish-	14		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

ing his bellbearing stylo, the shining keyman of the wilds of	15		
change, if what is sauce for the zassy is souse for the zazimas, the	16		
blond cop who thought it was ink was out of his depth but	17		
bright in the main.	18		
Petty constable Sistersen of the Kruis-Kroon-Kraal it was, the	19		
parochial watch, big the dog the dig the bog the bagger the	20		
dugger the begadag degabug, who had been detailed from pollute	21		
stoties to save him, this the quemquem, that the quum, from the	22		
ligatureliablous effects of foul clay in little clots and mobmauling	23		
on looks, that wrongcountered the tenderfoot an eveling near	24		
the livingsmeansuniumgetherum, Knockmaree, Comty Mea, reel-	25		
ing more to the right than he lurched to the left, on his way from	26		
a protoprostitute (he would always have a (stp!) little pigeoness	27		
somewhure with his arch girl, Arcoiris, smockname of Mergyt)	28		
just as he was butting in rand the coyner of bad times under a	29		
hideful between the rival doors of warm bethels of worship	30		
through his boardelhouse fongster, greeting for grazious oras	31		
as usual: Where ladies have they that a dog meansort herring?	32		
Sergo, search me, the incapable reparteed with a selfevitant	33		
subtlety so obviously spurious and, raising his hair, after the	34		
grace, with the christmas under his clutcharm, for Portsymasser	35		
and Purtsymessus and Pertsymiss and Partsymasters, like a prance	36		
FW187			

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

of findingos, with a shallto shallto slipny stripny, in he skittled.	1		
Swikey! The allwhite poors guardiant, pulpably of balltossic	2		
stummung, was literally astundished over the painful sake, how	3		
he burstteself, which he was gone to, where he intent to did he,	4		
whether you think will, wherend the whole current of the after-	5		
noon whats the souch of a surch hads of hits of hims, urged and	6		
staggered thereto in his countryports at the caledosian capacity	7		
for Lieutuvisky of the caftan's wineskin and even more so,	8		
during, looking his bigmost astonishments, it was said him,	9		
aschu, fun the concerned outgift of the dead med dirt, how that,	10		
arrahbejibbers, conspuent to the dominical order and exking	11		
noblish permish, he was namely coon at bringer at home two	12		
gallonts, as per royal, full poultry till his murder. Nip up and	13		
nab it!	14		
Polthergeistkotzdondherhoploits! Kick? What mother? Whose	15		
porter? Which pair? Why namely coon? But our undilligence has	16		
been plutherotested so enough of such porterblack lowness, too	17		
base for printink! Perpending that Putterick O'Purcell pulls the	18		
coald stoane out of Winterwater's and Silder Seas sing for Harreng	19		
our Keng, sept okt nov dez John Phibbs march! We cannot, in	20		
mercy or justice nor on the lovom for labaryntos, stay here for	21		
the residence of our existings, discussing Tamstar Ham of Ten-	22		
man's thirst.	23		
JUSTIUS (to himother): Brawn is my name and broad is my	24		
nature and I've breit on my brow and all's right with every fea-	25		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

ture and I'll brune this bird or Brown Bess's bung's gone bandy.	26		
I'm the boy to bruise and braise. Baus!	27		
Stand forth, Nayman of Noland (for no longer will I follow	28		
you obliquelike through the inspired form of the third person	29		
singular and the moods and hesitensies of the deponent but ad-	30		
dress myself to you, with the empirative of my vendettative, pro-	31		
vocative and out direct), stand forth, come boldly, jolly me,	32		
move me, zwillung though I am, to laughter in your true colours	33		
ere you be back for ever till I give you your talkingto! Shem	34		
Macadamson, you know me and I know you and all your she-	35		
meries. Where have you been in the uterim, enjoying yourself	36		
FW188			
all the morning since your last wetbed confession? I advise you	1		
to conceal yourself, my little friend, as I have said a moment	2		
ago and put your hands in my hands and have a nightslong	3		
homely little confiteor about things. Let me see. It is looking	4		
pretty black against you, we suggest, Sheem avick. You will	5		
need all the elements in the river to clean you over it all and a	6		
fortifine popespriestpower bull of attender to booth.	7		
Let us pry. We thought, would and did. <i>Cur, quicquid, ubi,</i>	8		
<i>quando, quomodo, quoties, quibus auxiliis?</i> You were bred, fed,	9		
fostered and fattened from holy childhood up in this two easter	10		
island on the piejaw of hilarious heaven and roaring the other	11		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

place (plunders to night of you, blunders what's left of you, flash	12		
as flash can!) and now, forsooth, a nogger among the blankards	13		
of this dastard century, you have become of twosome twiminds	14		
forenenst gods, hidden and discovered, nay, condemned fool,	15		
anarch, egoarch, hiresiarch, you have reared your disunited king-	16		
dom on the vacuum of your own most intensely doubtful soul.	17		
Do you hold yourself then for some god in the manger, Sheho-	18		
hem, that you will neither serve not let serve, pray nor let pray?	19		
And here, pay the piety, must I too nerve myself to pray for the	20		
loss of selfrespect to equip me for the horrible necessity of scan-	21		
dalisang (my dear sisters, are you ready?) by sloughing off my	22		
hope and tremors while we all swin together in the pool of So-	23		
dom? I shall shiver for my purity while they will weepbig for	24		
your sins. Away with covered words, new Solemonities for old	25		
Badsheetbaths! That inharmonious detail, did you name it? Cold	26		
caldor! Gee! Victory! Now, opprobrio of underslung pipes,	27		
johnjacobs, while yet an adolescent (what do I say?), while	28		
still puerile in your tubsuit with buttonlegs, you got a hand-	29		
some present of a selfraising syringe and twin feeders (you know,	30		
Monsieur Abgott, in your art of arts, to your cost as well as I do	31		
(and don't try to hide it) the penals lots I am now poking at) and	32		
the wheeze sort of was you should (if you were as bould a stroke	33		
now as the curate that christened you, sonny douth-the-candle!)	34		
repopulate the land of your birth and count up your progeny by	35		
the hungered head and the angered thousand but you thwarted	36		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

FW189			
the wious pish of your cogodparents, soph, among countless	1		
occasions of failing (for, said you, I will elenchate), adding to the	2		
malice of your transgression, yes, and changing its nature, (you	3		
see I have read your theology for you) alternating the morosity	4		
of my delectations — a philtred love, trysting by tantrums,	5		
small peace in ppenmark — with sensibility, sponsibility, passi-	6		
bility and prostability, your lubbock’s other fear pleasures of a	7		
butler’s life, even extruding your strabismal apologia, when	8		
legibly depressed, upon defenceless paper and thereby adding to	9		
the already unhappiness of this our popeyed world, scribblative!	10		
— all that too with cantreds of countless catchaleens, the man-	11		
nish as many as the minneful, congested around and about you	12		
for acres and roods and poles or perches, thick as the fluctuant	13		
sands of Chalwador, accomplished women, indeed fully edu-	14		
canded, far from being old and rich behind their dream of arri-	15		
visme, if they have only their honour left, and not deterred by bad	16		
weather when consumed by amorous passion, struggling to pos-	17		
sess themselves of your boosh, one son of Sorge for all daughters	18		
of Anguish, <i>solus cum sola sive cuncties cum omnibobs</i> (I’d have	19		
been the best man for you, myself), mutely aying for hat natural	20		
knot, debituary vases or vessels preposterous, for what would	21		
not have cost you ten bolivars of collarwork or the price of one	22		



7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

ping pang, just a lilt, let us trillt, of the oldest song in the wooed	23		
woodworld, (two-we! to-one!), accompanied by a plain gold	24		
band! Hail! Hail! Highbosomheaving Missmisstress Morna of	25		
the allsweetheartening bridemuredemeanour! Her eye's so glad-	26		
some we'll all take shares in the —— groom!	27		
Sniffer of carrion, premature gravedigger, seeker of the nest	28		
of evil in the bosom of a good word, you, who sleep at our vigil	29		
and fast for our feast, you with your dislocated reason, have	30		
cutely foretold, a jophet in your own absence, by blind poring	31		
upon your many scalds and burns and blisters, impetiginous sore	32		
and pustules, by the auspices of that raven cloud, your shade, and	33		
by the auguries of rocks in parlament, death with every disaster,	34		
the dynamitisation of colleagues, the reducing of records to	35		
ashes, the levelling of all customs by blazes, the return of a lot	36		
FW190			
of sweettempered gunpowdered didst unto dudst but it never	1		
stphruck your mudhead's obtundity (O hell, here comes our	2		
funeral! O pest, I'll miss the post!) that the more carrots you	3		
chop, the more turnips you slit, the more murphies you peel, the	4		
more onions you cry over, the more bullbeef you butch, the	5		
more mutton you crackerhack, the more potherbs you pound,	6		
the fiercer the fire and the longer your spoon and the harder you	7		
gruel with more grease to your elbow the merrier fumes your	8		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

new Irish stew.	9		
O, by the way, yes, another thing occurs to me. You let me tell	10		
you, with the utmost politeness, were very ordinarily designed,	11		
your birthwrong was, to fall in with Plan, as our nationals	12		
should, as all nationalists must, and do a certain office (what, I will	13		
not tell you) in a certain holy office (nor will I say where) during	14		
certain agonising office hours (a clerical party all to yourself) from	15		
such a year to such an hour on such and such a date at so and	16		
so much a week <i>pro anno</i> (Guinness's, may I remind, were just	17		
agulp for you, failing in which you might have taken the scales off	18		
boilers like any boskop of Yorek) and do your little thruppenny	19		
bit and thus earn from the nation true thanks, right here in our	20		
place of burden, your bourne of travail and ville of tares, where	21		
after a divine's prodigence you drew the first watergasp in your	22		
life, from the crib where you once was bit to the crypt you'll	23		
be twice as shy of, same as we, long of us, alone with the colt	24		
in the corner, where you were as popular as an armenial with	25		
the faithful, and you set fire to my tailcoat when I hold the	26		
paraffin smoker under yours (I hope that chimney's clear) but,	27		
slackly shirking both your bullet and your billet, you beat it	28		
backwards like Boulanger from Galway (but he combed the grass	29		
against his stride) to sing us a song of alibi, (the cuthone call over	30		
the greybounding slowrolling amplyheaving metamorphoseous	31		
that oozy rocks parapangle their preposters with) nomad, mooner	32		
by lamplight, antinos, shemming amid everyone's repressed	33		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

laughter to conceal your scatchophily by mating, like a thorough-	34		
paste prosodite, masculine monosyllables of the same numerical	35		
mus, an Irish emigrant the wrong way out, sitting on your crooked	36		
FW191			
sixpenny stile, an unfrillfrocked quackfriar, you (will you for	1		
the laugh of Scheekspair just help mine with the epithet?) semi-	2		
semitic serendipitist, you (thanks, I think that describes you)	3		
Europasianised Afferyank!	4		
Shall we follow each others a steplonger, drowner of daggers,	5		
whiles our liege, tilyet a stranger in the frontyard of his happi-	6		
ness, is taking, (heal helper! one gob, one gap, one gulp and	7		
gorger of all!) his refreshment?	8		
There grew up beside you, amid our orisons of the speediest	9		
in Novena Lodge, Novara Avenue, in Patripodium-am-Bummel,	10		
oaf, outofwork, one remove from an unwashed savage, on his	11		
keeping and in yours, (I pose you know why possum hides is	12		
cause he haint the nogumtreeumption) that other, Immaculatus,	13		
from head to foot, sir, that pure one, Altrues of other times,	14		
he who was well known to celestine circles before he sped	15		
aloft, our handsome young spiritual physician that was to be,	16		
seducing every sense to selfwilling celebesty, the most winning	17		
counterfeuille on our incomeshare lotetree, a chum of the	18		
angelets, a youth those reporters so pettily wanted as game-	19		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

fellow that they asked his mother for ittle earps brupper to	20		
let him tome to Tindertarten, pease, and bing his scooter	21		
'long and 'tend they were all real brothers in the big justright	22		
home where Dodd lives, just to teddyfy the life out of him	23		
and pat and pass him one with other like musk from hand to	24		
hand, that mothersmothered model, that goodlooker with not	25		
a flaw whose spiritual toilettes were the talk of half the town, for	26		
sunset wear and nightfallen use and daybroken donning and	27		
nooncheon showing and the very thing for teasetime, but him	28		
you laid low with one hand one fine May morning in the Meddle	29		
of your Might, your bosom foe, because he mussed your speller	30		
on you or because he cut a pretty figure in the focus of your	31		
frontispecs (not one did you slay, no, but a continent!) to find	32		
out how his innards worked!	33		
Ever read of that greatgrand landfather of our visionbuilders,	34		
Baaboo, the bourgeoismeister, who thought to touch both him-	35		
mels at the punt of his risen stiffstaff and how wishywashy sank	36		
FW192			
the waters of his thought? Ever thought of that hereticalist Marcon	1		
and the two scissymaidies and how bulkily he shat the Ructions	2		
gunorrhah? Ever hear of that foxy, that lupo and that monkax	3		
and the virgin heir of the Morrisons, eh, blethering ape?	4		
Malingerer in luxury, collector general, what has Your Low-	5		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

ness done in the mealtime with all the hamilkcars of cooked	6		
vegetables, the hatfuls of stewed fruit, the suitcases of coddled	7		
ales, the Parish funds, me schamer, man, that you kittycoaxed so	8		
flexibly out of charitable butteries by yowling heavy with a	9		
hollow voice drop of your horrible awful poverty of mind so as	10		
you couldn't even pledge a crown of Thorne's to pawn a coat	11		
off Trevi's and as how you was bad no end, so you was, so whelp	12		
you Sinner Pitre and Sinner Poule, with the chicken's gape and	13		
<i>pas mal de siècle</i> , which, by the by, Reynaldo, is the ordinary	14		
emetic French for grenadier's drip. To let you have your plank	15		
and your bonewash (O the hastroubles you lost!), to give you	16		
your pound of platinum and a thousand thongs a year (O, you	17		
were excruciated, in honour bound to the cross of your own	18		
cruelfiction!) to let you have your Sarday spree and holineight sleep	19		
(fame would come to you twixt a sleep and a wake) and leave to	20		
lie till Paraskivee and the cockcock crows for Danmark. (O	21		
Jonathan, your estomach!) The simian has no sentiment secre-	22		
tions but weep cataracts for all me, Pain the Shamman! Oft in	23		
the smelly night will they wallow for a clutch of the famished	24		
hand, I say, them bearded jezabelles you hired to rob you, while	25		
on your sodden straw impolitely you encored (Airish and naw-	26		
boggaleesh!) those hornmade ivory dreams you reved of the	27		
Ruth you called your companionate, a beauty from the bible, of	28		
the flushpots of Euston and the hanging garments of Maryle-	29		
bone. But the dormer moonshee smiled selene and the light-	30		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

throwers knickered: who's whinging we? Comport yourself,	31		
you inconsistency! Where is that little alimony nestegg against	32		
our predictable rainy day? Is it not the fact (gainsay me, cake-	33		
eater!) that, while whistlewhirling your crazy elegies around	34		
Templetombmount joyntstone, (let him pass, pleasegood-	35		
jesusalem, in a bundle of straw, he was balbettised after hay-	36		
FW193			
making) you squandered among underlings the overload of	1		
your extravagance and made a hottentot of dulpeners crawsick	2		
with your crumbs? Am I not right? Yes? Yes? Yes? Holy wax	3		
and holifer! Don't tell me, Leon of the fold, that you are not a	4		
loanshark! Look up, old sooty, be advised by mux and take your	5		
medicine. The Good Doctor mulled it. Mix it twice before re-	6		
pastures and powder three times a day. It does marvels for your	7		
gripins and it's fine for the solitary worm.	8		
Let me finish! Just a little judas tonic, my ghem of all jokes, to	9		
make you go green in the gazer. Do you hear what I'm seeing,	10		
hammet? And remember that golden silence gives consent, Mr	11		
Anklegazer! Cease to be civil, learn to say nay! Whisht! Come	12		
here, Herr Studiosus, till I tell you a wig in your ear. We'll do a	13		
whisper drive, for if the barishnyas got a twitter of it they'd tell	14		
the housetops and then all Cadbury would go crackers. Look!	15		
Do you see your dial in the rockingglass? Look well! Bend down	16		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

a stigmy till I! It's secret! Iggri, I say, the booseleers! I had it	17		
from Lamppost Shawe. And he had it from the Mullah. And Mull	18		
took it from a Bluecoat schooler. And Gay Socks jot it from	19		
Potapheu's wife. And Rantipoll tipped the wink from old Mrs	20		
Tinbullet. And as for she was confussed by pro-Brother Thaco-	21		
licus. And the good brother feels he would need to defecate	22		
you. And the Flimsy Follettes are simply beside each other.	23		
And Kelly, Kenny and Keogh are up up and in arms. That a	24		
cross may crush me if I refuse to believe in it. That I may rock	25		
anchor through the ages if I hope it's not true. That the host	26		
may choke me if I beneighbour you without my charity! Sh!	27		
Shem, you are. Sh! You are mad!	28		
He points the deathbone and the quick are still. <i>Insomnia,</i>	29		
<i>somnia somniorum. Awmaam.</i>	30		
MERCIUS (of hisself): <i>Domine vopiscus!</i> My fault, his fault,	31		
a kingship through a fault! Pariah, cannibal Cain, I who oathily	32		
forswore the womb that bore you and the paps I sometimes	33		
sucked, you who ever since have been one black mass of jigs and	34		
jimjams, haunted by a convulsionary sense of not having been	35		
or being all that I might have been or you meant to becoming,	36		
FW194			
bewailing like a man that innocence which I could not defend	1		
like a woman, lo, you there, Cathmon-Carbery, and thank Movies	2		

7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

from the innermost depths of my still attrite heart, Wherein	3		
the days of youyouth are evermixed mimine, now ere the comp-	4		
line hour of being alone athands itself and a puff or so before	5		
we yield our spiritus to the wind, for (though that royal one	6		
has not yet drunk a gouttelette from his consummation and the	7		
flowerpot on the pole, the spaniel pack and their quarry, retainers	8		
and the public house proprietor have not budged a millimetre	9		
and all that has been done has yet to be done and done again,	10		
when's day's woe, and lo, you're doomed, joyday dawns and,	11		
la, you dominate) it is to you, firstborn and firstfruit of woe, to	12		
me, branded sheep, pick of the wasterpaperbaskel, by the	13		
tremours of Thundery and Ulerin's dogstar, you alone, wind-	14		
blasted tree of the knowledge of beautiful andevil, ay, clothed	15		
upon with the metuor and shimmering like the hoescens, astro-	16		
glodynamonologos, the child of Nilfit's father, blzb, to me	17		
unseen blusher in an obscene coalhole, the cubilibum of your	18		
secret sigh, dweller in the downandoutermost where voice only	19		
of the dead may come, because ye left from me, because ye	20		
laughed on me, because, O me lonly son, ye are forgetting me!,	21		
that our turfbrown mummy is acoming, alpillla, beltilla, ciltilla,	22		
deltilla, running with her tidings, old the news of the great big	23		
world, sonnies had a scrap, woewoewoe! bab's baby walks at	24		
seven months, waywayway! bride leaves her raid at Punchestime,	25		
stud stoned before a racecourseful, two belles that make the	26		
one appeal, dry yanks will visit old sod, and fourtiered skirts	27		



7. Episode SEVEN (27 pages, from 169 to 195). Linearized by Contemporary Literature Press.

are up, mesdames, while Parimiknie wears popular short legs,	28		
and twelve hows to mix a tipsy wake, did ye hear, colt Cooney?	29		
did ye ever, filly Fortescue? with a beck, with a spring, all her	30		
rillringlets shaking, rocks drops in her tachie, tramtokens in	31		
her hair, all waived to a point and then all inuendation, little	32		
oldfashioned mummy, little wonderful mummy, ducking under	33		
bridges, bellhopping the weirs, dodging by a bit of bog, rapid-	34		
shooting round the bends, by Tallaght's green hills and the	35		
pools of the phooka and a place they call it Blessington and	36		
FW195			
slipping sly by Sallynoggin, as happy as the day is wet, bab-	1		
bling, bubbling, chattering to herself, deloothing the fields on	2		
their elbows leaning with the sloothering slide of her, giddy-	3		
gaddy, grannyma, gossipaceous Anna Livia.	4		
He lifts the lifewand and the dumb speak.	5		
— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquo!	6		