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JAMES JOYCE

Finnegans Wake

Edited by

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
INTRODUCTION

In 1922, with *Ulysses* finally launched and rapidly becoming both a *succès de scandale* and *succès d'estime*, a buoyant James Joyce could concentrate his thoughts on his next work. All his fictions had so far been written in different styles, each one a departure: the short stories of *Dubliners*, then the bildungsroman *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and then a vast comic novel that reinvented realism: *Ulysses*. So what was there left to do? What genre could be reinvented? By 1924, he had developed the radical innovation: this was not—or not simply—in terms of its genre, but rather in the fundamental field of language itself. For the next fourteen years, he would take the material of language and twist it into strange and comical shapes to achieve ends beyond those of everyday usage. There would be continuities with the earlier work: Ireland and its relation to European politics and to Catholicism; Dubliners and their voices, their humour and half-conscious yearnings, and plenty of narrative. But the language would break rules of spelling and syntax: words would be glued and fused together to make new hybrid forms. Prose would break out into the rhythms of song. It would be musical and onomatopoeic, able to evoke the sound of thunder or of someone falling downstairs:

babadalgharaghtakaminarrkonbrontronner-
ronntuomnthurhounawskawntoohoohordenthur-
nuk! (3.15–17)

The words could pun on names—so that Shakespeare (maker of worlds at the Globe theatre) is renamed ‘Shapesphere’ (295.4); and the Celtic Twilight, the Irish literary movement of the late nineteenth century, is satirically reworked as the ‘cultic twalette’ (344.12). The language, like Lewis Carroll’s Jabberwocky, would be thick with what Humpty Dumpty in *Through the Looking Glass* described as portmanteau words, looking like nonsense and yet meaningful—often densely packed with sense. The motivation for this alternative language has mystified readers, some explaining it as a language of the night, of

1 References to *Finnegans Wake* are traditionally, as here, given with page and line number and we have followed this throughout our edition.
dreams and the subconscious. The book as a whole provokes strong responses. It has been described as:

the dreamlike saga of guilt-stained, evolving humanity; an ark to contain all human myths and types; organic, living with its own life; a cold pudding of a book; a little Negro dance; music; a war on language; a hypermetamorphic machine; the most profoundly antifascist book produced between the two wars; a wonderful game. 2

For the Joycean Fritz Senn, *Finnegans Wake* is what we do with it. But it is also what it does with us: we produce a wake by the way we steer, but we also steer by the *Wake* that we produce.

This introduction is aimed in part at those who might open *Finnegans Wake* for the first time and perceive it as a kind of chaos and then, given its reputation for being incomprehensible, put it back on the shelf. It therefore provides anchorage in some basic aspects of the book. Those who find the initial appearance of disorder immediately appealing and fun should also find it useful to have a grasp on those features that it seems to share with novels, such as a basic theme and plot, and a cast of primary and secondary characters. Knowledge of these makes it easier to explore the open waters of Joyce's word-play, where the boundaries are less fixed and all the little details of the 'wonderful game' are endlessly diverting and, moreover, frequently subversive of these basic aspects.

‘the fall... is retailed early in bed and later on life’ (53.9)

Before Joyce started proper, he envisaged his new work as a ‘universal history’. Having written the complex history of a single day, structured around the events of Homer's *Odyssey*, Joyce was moving towards this other extreme—a history of the world, as seen through the night and structured around an idea of history as a cyclical pattern, an idea ascribed to the eighteenth-century Italian philosopher Vico. He began to take notes for this new work late in 1922 and, by October 1923, he had drafted five sketches, each about two pages long, known as: Roderick O’Conor, Tristan and Isolde; St Patrick and the Druid, 3

2 These descriptions come from the following sources, all in the Select Bibliography: Campbell and Robinson, 13; Hélène Cixous, quoted in Hassan, 116; Jean Cassou, in Denning, 471; Nabokov, 71; Joyce, quoted in Hauerle, 159; Joyce, quoted in Ellmann, 382; 129; Levin, 177.

and Anglo-Saxon. With the birth pangs of the Irish Republic making themselves felt at this time, Joyce's world history is clearly being coloured by a sense of the beginning of the end of the British Empire and the uneasy beginnings of Irish independence. Earwicker's fall is due to rumours that are spread about him, after he'd been spotted by three young men behaving in an 'ungentlemanly' way in Dublin's Phoenix Park opposite two maidservants while they were responding to a call of nature. Joyce adapted this idea—'took' would be a more accurate word for it—from Frank Harris's study *Oscar Wilde*, in which he saw the comic potential of the following:

The charge against Horatio Lloyd [Oscar Wilde's father-in-law]... was for exposing himself to nursemaids in the gardens of the Temple. *4*

This sentence was a note correcting rumours that Lloyd had been suspected of 'sexual viciousness'. Joyce makes full play of the fact that modern falls from grace—as is still the case—revolve around suggestions of sexual impropriety.

The five earlier sketches provided a large number of themes that Joyce drew on in the writing to come. But for now he laid them aside. The Earwicker sketch however ran and ran: out of it a narrative, a set of family characters, and even a social landscape developed. The original scene (or sin) in Phoenix Park came to be repeated and embellished, a theme with many variations. The numbers 2 (the young women) and 3 (the young men—often soldiers) recur like an obsession, each time suggesting the primal event. With his reputation at stake, Earwicker's wife Anna Livia will stand by him, and write—with some help from her son Shem—a letter that labels those making the slanderous allegations as snakes. The delivery of this letter is entrusted to her other son, Shaun, a postman, but he stalls in his duty and the letter goes astray, turning up later as an archaeological find, dug up from an 'orangeflavoured mudmound' (111–34). Joyce too, though he drafted Anna Livia's letter as early as 1924, delayed the delivery of its contents into the text, instead building up excitement about its revelatory power and releasing it only towards the end of Book IV (pp. 615–19), the final part of the book. In the meantime, Joyce fleshed out the characters of the Earwicker family and

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1 Sam Slope, 'Wilde thing: Concerning the Eccentricities of a Figure of Decidence in *Finnegans Wake*', in *Probes: Genitive Studies in Joyce, European Joyce Studies*, 5 (1995), 101–23, 104.
and many versions of the characters' relationships. Character is another area in which anchorage alongside the text can be secured. In the summer of 1927, assuming confusion amongst his early readers, Joyce composed a long quiz to come between two of the episodes. The chapter—L.6 (pp. 126–69)—consists of twelve questions, each providing clues to the characters and two impersonal categories in *Finnegans Wake.* These are cumulative and composite types rather than individuals. The quiz lists clues for the characters in the following order: HCE, ALP, the title, the four, Sackerson, Kate, the customers, the Maggies (or leapyear girls), the vision, Issy, Shaun, Shem. In his notes, Joyce had developed a system of strange hieroglyphs, known in critical terminology as 'sigla', intended to keep his 'brains from falling about'. Some of the sigla themselves appear within the book itself—for instance at p. 299, footnote 4. In the descriptions that follow, arranged in the sequence in which they appear in I.6, the quiz, the relevant siglum is attached to each of the characters and different versions of their transformations and associated characteristics are traced throughout the book.

*All the chariatures in the drame* (302–32)


HCE are the initials of the father, introduced, as we've seen, as Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker. One clue in the quiz is that he is a 'myther recter' (126.10), an erector of myths or an institutional cleric (a 'rector') who phallically puts mothers and myths to rights. He corresponds to large quantities of matter—a hill, mountain, city, giant, and also to the producer of that matter: so he is a founder of the river which, the city of Dublin straddles. In the answer to Shem's riddle, she is a 'dam night garrulous' (139.18). Her qualities seem to balance those of her husband: 'If Dann's dane, ann's dirty, if he's plane she's purty, if he's pane, she's flirty' (139.22–3). So where he is the bright day in which schemes, lines, and plans are drawn up, where work gets done and boasted of, but also where crimes come to light, she may be the murky night in which lines are blurred, work is undone, crimes are concealed, and sins forgiven. As a river she is associated with the bright day in which schemes, lines, and plans are drawn up, where work gets done and boasted of, but also where crimes come to light, she may be the murky night in which lines are blurred, work is undone, crimes are concealed, and sins forgiven. As a river she is associated with floods plains fertile, and being a channel for trade into interiors and lands beyond. ALP's grandiose incarnations are as Queens Victoria and Cleopatra, but in her association with the prankquean (pp. 21–3), she is an outlaw,
quick, Irish, naughty, subversive. Joyce used the adjectives ‘Devious [and] shallow’ to describe her (LI 302). Like Molly Bloom in Ulysses, she is shrewd but uneducated, happy to read romances (28.26), indifferent to intellect. Complementing her husband, she defends and hopes to rescue him through her letter; she indulges him when he’s miserable, cooking him omelettes which he ungratefully throws at her, and even gets prostitutes round to cheer him up (199.16). She is resourceful and takes revenge on those who doubted her husband through a series of ‘gifts’ (209.27 ff.) which Joyce described as ‘all the ills flesh is heir to’ (LI 302). Through much of this she can be read then as an embodiment of patriarchy’s traditional idealized female as a robust, generous; and forgiving figure, a feminized nature serving the ends of man, a ‘little oldfashioned mummy’ (194.32-3), whose time should by now be up. As with the initials H, C, and E, the letters A, L, and P are made to stand for many things like ‘Auld Letty Plussiboots’ (415.3), ‘Annshee lispes privily’ (571.26), ‘ambling limfy peepingpartner’ (580.25-6), and ‘A Laughable Party’ (66.17). We hear from her directly in the lengthy closing monologue that rounds up the book—for many, its most beautiful extended passage.

In Chapter III.4 HCE and ALP, in the form of Mr and Mrs Porter make love, the text teasing them by casting it in such incongruous terms as cricketing jargon: ‘with a flick at the bails for lubrication to scorch-her faster, faster’ (584.4–5).


The third question in the quiz concerns the title of the book, something Joyce, a riddler like Shem and Stephen Dedalus, kept secret from everyone except his wife Nora. While Joyce held on to the secret, the work appeared under the temporary title ‘Work in Progress’. He teased Harriet Shaw Weaver, his munificent patroness, about the real title to keep up her flagging interest in the book—an only partially successful ruse. The square symbol for the book (or for the title that stands for it) can stand for a house, a pub, an asylum, a hospital, a toilet, a phone-box, even a coffin—any container, frequently an institutional edifice. Like this square the book has four ‘sides’, though they’re far from equal: ‘I am making an engine with only one wheel. . . . The wheel is a perfect square!’ (LI 251). The title itself, Finnegans Wake, finally guessed in August 1938 by Eugene Jolas, the editor of the magazine transition in which instalments of ‘Work in Progress’ had been appearing, is ‘nothing Grand nothing Splendid’ (140.3–4), an indication of a kind of lowliness that is consistent with the song ‘Finnegan’s Wake’ from which the title is taken. This was an Irish-American comic song from the 1860s about a builder who is thought to have died but whose corpse, lying still at his own wake, nonetheless stirs when whiskey is spilled and splashes on his face and who then calls out for more. Joyce transformed the title of the song by removing the apostrophe. The title then becomes a sentence in which Finnegans (the plural noun) Wake (present tense verb).

4. The four, X. See, for example, pp. 13–14, II.4, III.3 (pp. 474–554), and p. 555.

The fourth question in the quiz asks us to consider four old men, at this point embodied as the four main cities of Ireland: Dublin, Cork, Galway, and Belfast. Sharing the names Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John with the biographers of Christ, they are associated with ancient mediums of Christian revelation, and represent quests for historical truth. Yet they are also associated with being lost in the past and getting, ‘maltreating’ themselves to their health’s contempt’, 322.29). Their signum points to Christ’s crucifix, to cross-examinations of the Inquisition, and to the four points of the compass, each being assigned one of these points: Matthew is North and Ulster (and it is not too hard, at points in Chapter III.3, to hear his Belfast accent), Mark is South and Munster, Luke is East and Leinster (making him probably a Dubliner), and John is Connacht, a province which includes Galway.

They feature as judges at a trial, detectives in a criminal investigation, four ancient historians, psychoanalysts, psychical researchers. Joyce figured them first as four old men tut-tutting over youthful illicit sexuality, as they spy at night on the tryst of the young lovers Tristan and Isolde, while also recalling their own youthful sexual exploits (II.4). They are associated with great age, as old as the geographical forms of the four cardinal corners or ‘waves’ of Ireland. Their most extensive appearance is in III.3 (pp. 474–554) where they hold a ‘starchamber quiry’ over the character Yawn (a version of ‘Shaun’).

Matthew, watchful and nosey, is their leader, the most aggressive of the interrogators, reflecting perhaps the economic power in the North, its wealth stemming from the shipbuilding in Belfast's docks. But in III.3 they are all eventually dumbfounded by their witness whose extraordinary facility of ventriloquial transformation reduces them until all they can do is blurt out 'Hoke! —Hoke! —Hoke! —Hoke!' (552.31-4), a drunken hiccupping acquiescence.

5. Sackerson, K. See, for example, pp. 141, 221, 429, 530, 556.

'Sackerson' would appear to be HCE's servant or his servile flip side. His is a small role: he is 'unconcerned in the mystery' (221.10). He serves drinks in the pub, cleans up after the customers, and clears the rubbish around the Inn. His job of cleaning extends to the moral zone where, as a night watchman, he seems to police sexual activities and is therefore given the name of 'sequencers' (556.24). As the 'blond cop ... constable Sistersen' he is ordered to defend an imprisoned Shem from attack, but is as likely to be spying on him. There is something melancholic and misanthropic about him. During the séance of III.3 he is heard to produce the following garbled message:

Day shirker four vanfloats he verdants market.
High liquor made lust torpid dough hunt her orchid.

(550.23-4)

This nonsense is a transcription of the sounds that he produces, but the actual misunderstood words behind them are the following from Ibsen's *Tit min Ven Revolutions-Taleren*:

I sorger for vandflom til verdenmarkeden.
Jeg lægger med lyst torpedo under Arken

Which has, in turn, been translated as:

You deluge the world to the topmost mark
With pleasure I will torpedo your ark.

A policeman and a sneak, his S marks him out as the snake into which Satan was transformed, as if his snooping is what will bring about the end of paradise or, on the other hand, a revolutionary apocalypse.


6. Kate, K. See, for example, pp. 79, 141-2, 221, 531, 556.

Kate is, socially, the lower-class flip side of ALP and, as a servant-maid, the female equivalent of Sackerson. She is associated with a busy-bee energy of cleaning and an impatience at dirt being left anywhere: 'And whoasatis youasatis propped the pot in the yard and whatinthe nameosfShem yourubbinthethe sideofthe flourothe lobbywith. *Shite!* Will you have a plateful? Tak' (142.5-7). She also prepares food with the energy of a cancan dancer: 'I started so hobnoppadlalike ... to kick the time off the cluckclock lucklock quemam potapot panapan kickakickack' (531.23-5). Somewhere beside this energy there is a suggestion of sexual dalliance between herself and HCE, but this is hard to pin down. Her job of cleaning and the way she scavenges, sometimes over a battlefield (pp. 11 and 79.27ff.) means she is associated with the hen who finds the letter when picking over a midden. She is superstitious: reading tea leaves, swearing with Catholic idioms ('glory to God', 'in the name of St Luke'), and sighting ghosts (p. 556). As the key keeper, she opens doors and winds the clock and is thus the principle of trying to keep things going: 'the show must go on' (p. 221).

7. The customers, O. See, for example, pp. 142, 221, 373-80, 496-9, 557.

The twelve represent 'the people': twelve men of a jury, twelve apostles, twelve barons, the Irish parliament (or 'Dail'), the twelve tribes of Israel, customers in a pub, representatives of guilds, and citizens of the state and society. Their siglum and the number twelve—like the hours on a clock face or the signs of a zodiac—represent a certain kind of unifying circularity, any assembled crowd, a group of multiple members representing a yet greater multiplicity. They are 'Murphys' (142.29) and 'Doyles' (pp. 574-5), that is, typical Irishmen, the Finnegans of the title who are supposed, inevitably, to wake. During the book, however, they are often far from awake but 'ruled, roped, duped and driven' (142.23) and as such are Gods of sleep, hence 'Morphios' (142.29). They shift between devotion and animosity towards HCE, the singular mythic hero. As the audience of the ballad (pp. 43-5) and as turfed-out customers (pp. 373 ff.), we can see forms of social conflict, such as between a harassed leader and a hungry people, or an unreliable tradesman and his resentful fickle customers.
8. **The Maggies or leapyear girls**. See, for example, pp. 92–3, 142–3, II.1, especially pp. 220 and 235–40, III.2 (p. 430), III.3 (pp. 470, 499) and p. 558.

The Maggies or leapyear girls (of whom there are usually 28 or 29 and sometimes 7) are the female flip side of ‘the people’, and are Joyce’s portrait of femininity *en masse*, or rather his ironized picture of certain pictures of this. Unlike ‘the twelve’, they are lithe and attractive, associated with flowers and dancing (p. 281), the colours of the rainbow (pp. 226–7), and the letters of the alphabet (p. 147). They represent a pretty–pretty formalist aesthetic but often get tingered with an eroticism that is suspect because they’re either too young or too old. In *Lolita*, Nabokov has Humbert Humbert watching a high-school ballet and realizing that it is modelled on the rainbow girls in II.1 of *Finnegans Wake*. Joyce seems first to have introduced them as schoolgirls from Saint Bridget’s ‘national nightschool’ (p. 430) who listen to a long sermon from Jaun in Chapter III.2 (pp. 431–57 and 461–9). They often embody contradiction: ‘they were never happier, huhu, than when they were miserable, haha’ as if going through some moody adolescent crisis (p. 558). They are attracted to Shaun, to whom they sing songs of praise or mournful psalms (pp. 235 and 470), rather than Shem, who they despise and laugh at for smelling ‘petal collision and centrifugal escape. If the work is kaleidoscopic then it is colourful—more colourful than the perceived darkness of the *Wake* usually allows us to imagine.

The last three questions of the quiz concern the three children: Issy, Shaun, and Shem.


The ninth question has a siglum attached to it which appears scarcely anywhere else in the book, a circle with a cross in it, a mandala. This wheel-like form might also be what you see through a telescope or a gun-sight. Imagined in this way it corresponds to a symbol of the content or intention of the book’s compressed vision. It is the double of the square above. The question in the quiz wonders what someone would see if, after a hard day in the city (or ‘his dayety in the sooty’, 143.4–5), they were given a peek at this extraordinary thing. The confusion would be such that all they could manage would be a projection of what they appear to be to themselves: ‘what’ asks the question ‘would that fargazer seem to seemself to seem seeming of?’ (143.26). The answer given is ‘A colliderscape!’ (143.28). This wonderful word is a collision itself, of the words ‘collide’, kaleidoscope, and the suffix ‘-scape’, as found in words like landscape and seascape. In the process it combines two opposite alternatives in one: centripetal collision and centrifugal escape. If the work is kaleidoscopic then it is colourful—more colourful than the perceived darkness of the *Wake* usually allows us to imagine.

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10. **Issy**. See, for example, pp. 27, 143–8, 157–9, II.1 (pp. 220, 226, 248), II.2 (especially all the footnotes and in particular on p. 279), III.2 (pp. 457–61), III.3 (pp. 527–8) and III.4 (p. 556).

Issy is HCE’s daughter. One of the old men wonders if she is ‘the clou historique’ (528.14), a clue to the riddle of the whole story, the character around which everything in the book rotates. As we have seen, Isolde featured in one of the early sketches, Tristan and Isolde. The sketch was laid aside but the character remained, turned into the object of her brother Jaun’s (that is, Shaun’s) attention in III.2 (pp. 429–73) and later Mr Porter’s daughter (p. 556). To Jaun’s long sermon she responds provocatively: ‘your name of Shane will come forth between my shamefaced wessen with other lipth I nakest open my thight’, requesting that he should ‘Coach me how to tumble, Jaime, and listen, with supreme regards, Juan, in haste, warn me which to ah ah ah ah ah...’ (461.29–32). In the section that Joyce drafted next she appears addressing her mirror image, reassuring, scolding, teasing, gossiping, and fantasizing. Through this address, she seems to have split in two and one of the four analysts thinks she might be a hysterical (528.13). In III.4, she is Isobel, the daughter of the Porters, ‘the darling of [their] heart... she is so pretty, truth to tell, wildwood’s eyes and primarose hair... like some losthappy leaf’ (556.14–19). Often she is alone, reduced to addressing her mirror image, dolly, pet cat, or imaginary lover—or trying to get her brothers’ attention, who are too busy arguing. Like Carroll’s Alice she dissolves in tears, but like Ophelia she drowns. The three children do play together in II.1 (‘Nightgames’, pp. 219–59), with the boys competing for her, but
the fun is broken up and she dissolves in tears again. She occupies the subversive, distracted footnotes in Chapter II.2 (pp. 260–308). Doubled by her mirror image it becomes possible, as mentioned, to layer her over the ‘pair of dainty maidservants’ before whom H. C. Earwicker exposed himself (34.19). Through that layering comes a suggestion of incestuous feelings, already explicit in Jau’s sermon to Issy in III.2 and her response (p. 461) and built up in III.4 where she is ‘dadad’s lottiest daughterpearl’ (561.15; in Genesis, Lot and his daughters committed incest). A ‘clou’ for the four judges, she is ‘clou’ for critics too. Incestuous desire around Issy becomes an explanation for the idea that the deformed language of the Wake is deformed because it’s always trying to shove something out of sight.

The prevalence of ‘insects’ for instance, an anagram of incest, is read as a sublimation of a repressed but powerful presence in this family of ‘incest’.

II and 12. Shaun and Shem, \( \wedge \) and \( \checkmark \).

These final questions ask about Shaun and Shem, the twin sons of HCE and ALP. As we have seen, they developed around ALP’s letter: Shem the Penman is supposed to be its writer and Shaun its deliverer. Into this structural pairing, Joyce could throw any number of conflicting polarities and symbols: Christian and Jew, priestly-preacher and poet-philosopher, angel and devil, soldier and pacifist, nationalist and anarchist, pure and impure, eye and ear, speech and writing, arithmetic and geometry, white and black, high and low, meat and fish, the frank and the fake, being and seeming, labourer and layabout, space and time, justice and mercy, ant and grasshopper, stone and tree, death and life, Catholic archbishop and pagan high priest, noble Brutus and mean and hungry Cassius. Joyce used the ‘C’ of Cain for Shem’s siglum and the ‘A’ of Abel for Shaun’s, but in his rewrite of the myth he seems to mistrust the righteousness of the victim Abel, and sympathizes with the outlawed exile Cain. This mistrustful inversion of authorized history gets extended to the fact that, being twins, it is often difcult to ascribe these qualities with any certainty. As Jacob faked being Esau to steal his brother’s birthright, they can counterfeit each other and at times they swap positions. Rivals for the most part, occasionally they come together, as at the end of II.2 and in II.3 where it seems they first plan (at p. 308) and then celebrate (p. 354) the demise of their tyrannical father.

11. Shaun, \( \wedge \). See, for example, I.7 (pp. 169–95), III.1–3 (pp. 403–555), p. 556.

Joyce took the name of Shaun from the character Shaun the Post in Dion Boucicault’s 1865 Irish melodrama Arrah-na-Pogue. Boucicault’s character embodies a certain kind of Irish heroism, an eloquent and gallant Catholic peasant who sings the 1798 song ‘The Wearing of the Green’, a song subsequently banned by the British during the Fenian uprising of 1867.

Another common name for Shaun is Kevin or Frank, as we see in the first and penultimate chapters. He is a goody-goody: ‘Kevin’s just a doat with his cherub cheek’ (27.5), and as ‘Frank Kevin’ he is to be ‘the commandeering chief of the choirboys’ brigade’ (555.16–17). He embodies purity and becomes known as ‘Stainless’ (237.11), transforming the name of Joyce’s brother Stanislaus, just as Joyce Gaelicized his own name as Shem.

Shaun is the most verbose character in a book of garrulous speakers: he holds the stage in I.7 (pp. 169–95), III.1, and III.2 (pp. 403–73). He predominates in III.3 (pp. 474–554), where he is also a medium for all the other characters. Voluble and a hypocritical moralist, he repeatedly assassinates his brother’s character and warns his sister, for whom he holds a scarcely repressed attraction, away from him. He thus resembles Laertes as he warns Ophelia about Hamlet. Into Shaun’s turn of phrase and attitude, Joyce also wove the words of his one-time friend Wyndham Lewis, who wrote an aggressive critique of Joyce in his Time and Western Man (1927). An indication of Joyce’s satirizing Lewis (and Shaun) is found in the ‘translation’ of that book’s title as ‘Spice and Westend Women’ (292.6). The relationship between Lewis and Joyce underpins Joyce’s rewrite of Aesop’s Ant and the Grasshopper (pp. 414–19). In the original the musical and spendthrift Grasshopper has to accept that he has wasted his resources, unlike the Ant who has selfishly invested for the winter of his old age. In Joyce’s idealistic rewrite the ‘gracehoper’ gets the last laugh over the ‘ond’ (Danish for ‘evil’), as if the enduring temporality of a musical art will outlast capitalism’s spacious empire.

12. Shem, \( \checkmark \). See, for example, I.7 (pp. 169–95), Jerry Porter in III.4 (pp. 555.20–4).

Unlike the long answer to question 11, the answer to the brief
question 12 consists of just two words: ‘Semus sumus’, meaning ‘we are the same’. This statement of equality feels reconciliatory after all the conflict described in question 11. The brevity reflects the way that, unlike Shaun’s immense verbosity, Shem is often perfunctory in his speech. He defends himself as Mercius to Shaun’s Justius (in I.7, p. 193) and voices the Gracehoper’s verse in III.1 (414–19).

But after Shaun’s offensive diatribe in I.7 all he comes out with is: ‘Quoiqui quoiqui quoiqui quoiqui quoiqui’ (195.6). Shem quacks because he’s both quackers and a wise fool imitating a duck, as if to say with a naïve dismissiveness: ‘nonsense to all this nonsense.’ Like the text, Shem initiates riddles rather than clarificatory glosses. Hence him being the questioner in I.6 and his asking in I.7 ‘the first riddle of the universe... when is a man not a man?’ (170.4–5). Our knowledge of Shem is however mediated mostly through a remorselessly critical Shaun, elements of whose judgements Joyce transferred from early negative reviews of Ulysses.8 Shem is a disagreeable writer, a forger and narcissist who writes the history of the world in his own excrement on his own skin (pp. 185–6), a wastrel musician (p. 414), a Shamans dancer (p. 462). Shaun’s invectives are poisonous but clearly fuelled by jealousy. We cannot really trust anything he says about Shem: Shaun is envious presumably in part because of Shem’s intelligence which punctures many of his beliefs. An example of this occurs in II.2 when Shaun (as Dolph) is unable to do the geometry problem of constructing an equilateral triangle (286.25). He asks Shem who shows him how. In the process Shem comments that the triangle resembles their mother’s privates (296.31). This is too much knowledge for Shaun, who, it seems, wallops him so that Shem sees stars: ‘it’s the weight you strike me to the quick... I’m seeing raining bogeys rings around me’ (304.5–9). In this narrative, certain kinds of knowledge are shown to be seeds of the destabilizing conflicts between the twins: that any ‘philosophical’ abstraction (as can be found in the ideal world of pure geometry) can be identified with the ‘empirical illustration’ (as can be found in, let’s say, ‘practical biology lessons’). The identification is shocking as it makes explicit, in libidinous terms, concealed libidinous elements that, having been repressed, re-emerge in a mis-formed manner as a pursuit of knowledge as power. Time and again,
how he transferred and transformed his notes to produce the book’s astonishing intertextuality.\(^\text{12}\) The range of Joyce’s reading—to list a tiny proportion—included learned volumes about Irish and world history, tourist pamphlets about Bognor or Brittany, graphologists’ studies of criminals’ handwriting, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, British and Irish newspapers, memoirs by and about recent and contemporary celebrities, literary journals, and cartoon strips. There appear not to be that many novels. The vast majority of these notes were one or two words long. In amongst them appear the signs—or sigla—that correspond to the character types and categories detailed above. Generally, after a period of notetaking, Joyce would compose brief sketches, often drawing on these notes. In the first draft of what became *Ulysses*, for example, the following scene is sketched: ‘In the postal office . . . much administrative stationery was eaten by goats’ ([412.27–8; *FJ* 57:11]). Page thirty of Notebook VI.B.1 has the source for this surrealist event: ‘Goats eat / administrative / stationery in PO’. The origin for the note has not been traced, but it is likely to come from a small item in a local newspaper rather than something Joyce imagined.

The text invariably evolved through many levels, at each one of which there were accretive revisions. A draft, once revised, would be redrafted and this would usually also be revised. A fair copy was made—with minimal revisions—in order to be typed up. These type sheets were corrected but often revised at the same time and, if so, retyped, ready for printers to produce proofs, usually providing more than one copy. These proofs and invariably their copies would also be revised. New proofs—page proofs—were pulled but as with *Ulysses* these too would be revised. Every time any fragment was published, Joyce would invariably make additions before its next reappearance in print. This is true up to the final page proofs which Joyce was correcting and revising to the last minute. Joyce’s revisions were, in pretty much every case, expansive and accretive. Drafted words and phrases were only crossed out if they were being substituted by some new phrase. For instance, the words ‘Universal history’ in an early draft were revised to read ‘manyvoiced moodmoulded cyclewheeling history’ ([186.2]). The material for the revisions was by and large transferred from the notebooks: though Joyce often simply changed a couple of letters: ‘manyvoiced’, for instance, was later transformed into the word ‘marryvoising’, a change that needed no notes. The first word of the book, ‘riverrun’, was, in earlier draft, simply ‘river’. Joyce’s neologisms are not always made through revision: their formulation often seems to have happened off the page. Especially towards the end of his writing, Joyce was constructing his unfamiliar language in his head. The Archive shows that each word has a story but also that there are different kinds of story.

Any element that was transferred from the notebooks into the text would, in nearly every case, be struck through in coloured pencil so Joyce could avoid using any of them more than once. Discovering these sources precisely and interpreting Joyce’s relation to them—whether indifferent, detached, ironic, playful, savage, exploitative, thieving, investigative, even scholarly—are critical questions that will be debated in the years to come, especially as the ongoing digitization of texts is helping scholars’ attempts at tracking down what Joyce read and what he noted down. The description of the writer Shem as a ‘malestimated notesnatcher’ ([125.21]) working with a ‘pelagianist pen’ ([182.3]) is now often used to describe Joyce’s very method.

Although there is insufficient space here to show how a typical passage grew in detail, this description of the multi-layered process of Joyce’s composition, which often involved a team of helpers, should make clear that, in the transitions from one level of the text to the next, there was considerable potential for error to creep in.\(^\text{13}\) At the end of this volume there appears a selection of such ‘transmissional departures’ or ‘textual variants’, gathered by tracing the genesis of the book through the manuscripts.

\(^{12}\) See *The Finnegans Wake Notebooks at Buffalo*, ed. Vincent Deane et al. (Turnhout: Brepols, 2000–).

and resurrection. As one reference has it: 'The Vico road goes round
Beckett, quick to avoid any charge of courting anything transcendent
the Brunonian Presence in James Joyce's
for the way Joyce was welding together multiple stories from round
the world and from different eras, collapsing time and space. It is
and round to meet where terms begin' (452.21-2). Vico's observa­
tions on the universal aspects of human socisties provided a ratio~ale
form; history characterized by moments of revolution, repression,
interpretations that bring Vico closer to materialism and to Marx. 15
All these ideas provide analogies for various aspects of
Wake:
its cyclical form; the recurring motifs of things in threefold
form, history characterized by moments of revolution, repression,
and resurrection. As one reference has it: 'The Vico road goes round
and round to meet where terms begin' (452.21-2). Vico's observa­
tions on the universal aspects of human socisties provided a rationale
for the way Joyce was welding together multiple stories from round
the world and from different eras, collapsing time and space. It is
not impossible, especially with regard to Providence, to read Joyce's
repeated emphases on Vico as a leg-pull and a red herring. But this
could be a rather suspicious or even paranoid reading. A balanced
view might be that while Vico plays a structuring role, he doesn’t of
course determine every form in the book nor indicate that Joyce is
affirming Vico's theories as correct. They may be simply a structural
convenience, or a catalyst for Joyce's imagination.

With respect to theories of language, in his use of etymology as
material to understand the history of human institutions and in
his claims that he found evidence in words themselves of primitive
human thought processes, Vico is thought to be highly original.
He developed a key idea, that of ‘poetic wisdom'. This is a kind of
mythical or irrational thinking that, at the dawn of human society,
spontaneously and out of necessity produced language to help
explain the world. Primitive language for Vico was neither rational,
nor divine, but, being gestural in its origins, was somehow purely
expressive, an extension of the body and its drives. It is in the sense
of being creative that it is ‘poetic': the origin of language is poetry,
an idea that Rousseau would later develop. These ideas fed Joyce’s
imagination and his attraction for artistic origination. They provide
a context for Joyce's games with language and his playful attempts
to return to the origins of things by getting inside and underneath
the structure of language. When alluding to Vico’s theories about the
origins of language, Beckett argues that Joyce had ‘desophisticated'
language, making it sensory and alive, unlike English, which had been
‘abstracted to death'. 16 Joyce wished form to be content, wished his
language to be and not to mean, so that, for example, ‘when the sense
is dancing the words dance'. 17 This is approximated by the mode of
onomatopoeia, exemplified in Finnegans Wake by the thunder words
that rumble throughout the book. This motif of thunder is taken
moreover from Vico, who made a great deal of the way humans inter­
preted thunder as the speech and judgement of God (whether Zeus,
Thor, Jehovah, Jove). In so doing, humans were projecting their own
capacity of speech onto a natural form. This objectified their capacity,
put it out beyond themselves, and helped produce a sense of their
own human identity as distinct from God and nature. The thunder,
being judgemental, resulted in a frightened humanity taking refuge
in caves and becoming domesticated. Joyce drew on Vico's capricious

14 Gareth Downes, ‘The Heretical Auctoritas of Giordano Bruno: The Significance of
the Brunonian Presence in James Joyce's The Day of the Rabblement and Stephen Hero',
15 See www.class.uidaho.edu/mickelsen/texts/Vico%20and%20Marx.htm
16 Beckett et al., 15.
17 Beckett et al., 14.
and romantic notions about the sensuous and concrete nature of primitive experience, thought and language. And he then sought to build a language that would accentuate these material qualities, and further resemble poetic wisdom in having powers of origination and of transmutation. Vico’s insight was that humans define their own humanity and that the world is built out of words. As Joyce was fond of pointing out, ‘the church is founded on a pun’.18

And, yet, for all of these apparently primitive and illogical qualities, *Finnegans Wake* is, as we’ve seen, dense with erudition and allusion, even rational critique, ‘laden with the loot of learning’, as it says (108.7). For Beckett, Joyce may have ‘desosificated’ language, giving it a childish naivety in its nonsensical and musical qualities, but at the same time he does it with immense sophistication. If this appears to be contradictory and paradoxical, that is perfectly appropriate, since paradox is central to *Finnegans Wake*—even in its choice of title which punningly signals the opposites of life (as an awakening) and of death (at a funeral). It is there on the first page in the word ‘twone’, in which the two words, ‘two’ and ‘one’, have been spliced into a single word. Giordano Bruno is the spirit presiding over this prevalent condition. ‘Vico’, according to Beckett, ‘applies Bruno—though he takes very good care not to say so’.19 Vico would have taken care, presumably, because ever since Bruno had been burned in Rome by the Inquisition in 1600, he was notorious as a heretic and therefore a dangerous figure to cite in any Catholic intellectual context. The bit of Bruno that Vico supposedly applies is the ‘coincidence of contraries’, an idea Bruno had in fact developed from Nicholas of Cusa, who had used it as a way of defining the infinity of God.

There is more that could be written on Joyce and Bruno, especially given Bruno’s interest in an infinite cosmos which could be put alongside Joyce’s aim to produce a textual model of that infinity, a ‘chaosmos of All’.20

The judgement that *Finnegans Wake* is ‘unreadable’ has on occasion been made, but it has limited purchase, for it invokes that style of ‘reading’ which, encountering no obstacle, is hardly reading in the active sense at all, resembling rather, in Beckett’s dismissive words, the ‘rapid skimming and absorption of the scant cream of sense’.21 From the perspective of ‘reading’ as interpretation, the *Finnegans Wake* invites its readers to play.22

So these ideas of Bruno and Vico assisted Joyce’s processes of combining and contorting words, the ‘endless variations and the intertwining . . . into a decoration of arabesques’.21 With a sense of how Joyce played games with language, we can now turn to the language games which *Finnegans Wake* invites its readers to play.

*Finnegans Wake* too. Perhaps the idea of fusing opposites that has been rightly attached to Bruno is at once too simple and too illogical for discussions about it to have developed. The cyclical form of *Finnegans Wake* is usually mentioned with a nod to Vico, and yet the way that its end is its beginning, and the pervasive way that its unfamiliar words and characters synthesize familiar words and characters is more primarily Brunian. There is more that could be written on Joyce and Bruno, especially given Bruno’s interest in an infinite cosmos which could be put alongside Joyce’s aim to produce a textual model of that infinity, a ‘chaosmos of All’ (118.21).

‘Can you rede . . . its world?’ (18.18–19)
mind-expanding and fun interpretations. Both methods are of course valid and the trick is to combine them.

One studious method that manages to combine both involves going through the whole text, taking in what you can at a general level but always in pursuit of particular themes or motifs. Such trawling has been and remains a common practice—whether for specific languages, historical themes, rhetorical figures, or biographical elements (to specify recent examples: Polish, Luso-Brazilian, nineteenth-century Catholic Irish culture, Parnell, chiasmus, direct address to the reader, Trieste, and Joyce's daughter Lucia). Once the elements are gathered, readers can jump around between them. This can elucidate the text and enrich our sense of how Joyce interpreted the world.

Something true of all Joyce's works, but especially *Finnegans Wake*, is that many pleasures of the text can be felt best through reading it out loud: this allows the many rhythms and voices that are at play to surface. The book has a wide spectrum of expressive tones and accents from around the world. *Wake* reading groups, a global phenomenon, with regular meetings in many different cities from Auckland to Zurich, in Dublin, Boston, London, California, Belfast, New York, Antwerp, and elsewhere, by reciting the text, unlock this range. Dedication is rewarded: it is worth going slowly, reading closely, working over every phrase and detail of a single page, perhaps chosen at random, and chasing up every reference, using Roland McHugh's *Annotations*, which can be found on-line. But look beyond them, at the *Oxford English Dictionary*, at Wikipedia, or the web pages devoted to *Finnegans Wake*. Several writers—Joyce included—have commented on *Finnegans Wake* as being a complex machine. If it is, then it is worth remembering that learning how to operate complex machines, like cars, airplanes, spaceships, nuclear reactors, requires time, patience, and a group effort. With *Finnegans Wake* the returns on perseverance are great, enabling far greater journeys through time and space in the imagination than these other machines could ever offer.

Joyce's fusion of words to make new words lures readers into the task of glossing them through close reading, as predicted in the text itself: 'every word will be bound to carry three score and ten toptypical readings' (20.15–16). Though this describes a compulsion, it is one of the most enjoyable modes of reading, especially in groups where a broad range of people throw in material from different languages or knowledges, and associations mount up. Joyce himself, whose close-rewriting involved a close-reading and rereading, performed exegeses on his own work, trial runs of its machinery, often very freely. He did so for the opening page and for sentences on pp. 23, 104, and 414–18. 23 For the sentence 'L'Arcs en His Gieling Flech Chinz on the Flur' (which became 104.13), Joyce glossed 'flur' as like 'Flut' and 'Fluss', flood and river. 24 Interchanging the last letter for a different sound twice opens the 'flood(Flut-)gates' of meaning, as Fritz Senn pointed out. 25 But that is partly the point: the context of a flood below and the rainbow and skylarks up above produces and reflects this free and unlimited movement of interpretation (where interpretations perform microcosmic high-jinks—and meanings skip about freely like circus fleas).

Joyce helped his friend Stuart Gilbert to offer a close reading of the following passage from what was at that time (1929), still 'Work in Progress'.

Not all the green gold that the Indus contains would over Hindcuse them (o.p.) to steeplechange back to their ancient flash and crash habits of old Pales time ere beam slewed cable or Derzerr, live wire, fired Benjermine Funkling outa th'Empyre, sin right hand son

It is worth quoting Gilbert's analysis in full

The last words of this passage are built on an old musicall refrain, popular in those 'good old days' when the 'Empire' in Leicester Square was the happy-hunting ground of the pretty ladies of London town: 'There's hair, like wire, coming out of the Empire.' An electrical undercurrent traverses the whole of this passage, which alludes to the dawn of pre-history when Vico's thunderclap came to rescue man from his wild estate; the 'flash and crash days.' 'Beam slewed cable' hints at the legend of Cain and Abel, which is frequently referred to in *Work in Progress*. "There's hair" has crystallized into 'Derzerr'—Der Erzerr (arch lord)—with a sidethrust at the hairy God of illustrated bibles. He is a 'live wire'—a bustling director. 'Benjamin means literally 'son of the right hand'; here the allusion is Lucifer (the favorite archangel till his rebellion), as well as to Benjamin Franklin, inventor of the lightning-conductor. The end of his name is written '-jermine,' in tune with the German word Erzerr, which precedes, and 'Funkling' (a diminutive of the German funke—a spark), which follows. Also we can

24 Ellmann, 594.
see in this word a clear, if colloquial, allusion to the angel's panic flight before the fires of God. In the background of the passage a reference to the doom of Prometheus, the fire-bringer, is certainly latent. 'Outa'—the Americanism recalls 'live wire,' as well as such associations as 'outer darkness'—Lucifer's exile in the void. 'Empyre' suggests Empyrean, highest heaven, the sphere of fire (from 'pyr,' the Latinized form of the Greek root 'pur'—fire). Finally, sin implies at once the German possessive sein (his), and the archangel's fall from grace.

Then Gilbert sums up, touching on the motivic structure:

This passage illustrates the manner in which a motif foliates outwards through the surrounding text, beginning from a single word—here the 'flash' in 'flash and crash' has 'electrified' the words which follow, and a German formation has similarly ramified into the context. All through Work in Progress similar foliations may be traced, outspreading, overlapping emmeshed together; at last deciduous, as new and stronger motifs thrust upwards into the light.26

Gilbert's theorization, no doubt guided by Joyce, is one of the earliest expressions of the Wake's 'organic' structuring—that motifs 'foliate,' and eventually work together, like the parts of a tree. Motifs spread locally and more generally over the work as a whole. Exegesis of such work threatens to unfold indefinitely. Clive Hart described the extravagant practical fun of it as follows: 'one can continue beating out the gold of individual words almost endlessly'.27 The way exposition tends to expand is punned on when Issy exclaims to her brother Shaun: 'How good you are in exposition!' (419.11). If the art of close-reading needs resuscitation, as some believe, it could do well by making Finnegans Wake central to its raw material. In so far as Finnegans Wake is a dream it is an exegetic's dream.

"His producers are they not his consumers?" (497.1)

Writing to his son Giorgio in 1934, Joyce described his work—at that time still in progress—as 'a big long wide high deep dense prosework.'28 These and other qualities have made it, in the literary field, hard—at least in its entirety—to imitate. It has nevertheless been a touchstone for radical experiments in both literary and artistic forms, inspiring a 'big long wide high' (and sometimes 'dense') set of responses. Finnegans Wake is what is done with it: it has been produced, as it predicted, by its consumers. Its consumption has been continuous and the production of its meanings has continually evolved. It has generated thriving communities of scholars and reading groups that pore over every piece in its mosaic, who embark on quests for sources, explore its genesis, or try to catch its musical echoes and rhythms. From its earliest appearance, several critical and intellectual strands emerged in response to it and these continue to evolve. In the 1920s, the nature of Joyce's experiments with language was taken up by academics working on linguistics; from the early 1930s, through the responses of Edmund Wilson, Eugene Jolas, and then Joseph Campbell and Henry Robinson, it was interpreted for its mythical dimensions and engagement with the dream-like collective unconscious; this strand continued fruitfully into John Bishop's widely admired James Joyce's Book of the Dark, the comedy of Finnegans Wake, emphasized early on by Harry Levin and later Anthony Burgess, indicated that it was a satirical burlesque on human vanity, rewriting history as a knockabout farce, its relation to theories of technology and the media and its less humanistic status as a machine have been examined since Marshall McLuhan first trumpeted these roles not long after World War II. Its persistent fusion of opposites and the blurring of boundaries have been noted and exploited for its ability to bring into question identity of all kinds—whether sexual, racial, political, or national. Arguments about its more particular engagements with specific Irish and European political circumstances have been somewhat belated (the work of Thomas C. Hofheinz being a prime early example), but are now increasing and suggest the emergence of an exciting new field of interpretation. Finnegans Wake has also inspired artists and thinkers from many different areas. Because of its uncompromising experimentation with language, so dismissive of all that is derivative or resting comfortably in a particular tradition, it is emblematic of avant-garde work, not only in literary fiction, but in music (John Cage), in film (Kvium and Lemmerz), sculpture (Joseph Beuys), drama (Beckett), philosophy (Derrida and Deleuze), psychoanalysis (Lacan), media theory (McLuhan), feminist theory (Kristeva and Cixous). While offering pleasures to its readers by virtue of its intrinsic qualities, this influence has made it one of the essential artistic works of the twentieth

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26 Gilbert, in Beckett et al., 59-60, 49-75.
28 LIII, 306.
century, having a prominent point of reference in the broad cultural and critical movements known as modernism, postmodernism, and poststructuralism. The space for innovative and rival scholarly interpretations remains large. But the space—and potential—for creative interpretation, whether in the form of illustration, recitals, dramatizations or even films, is larger still, and relatively untapped. Any movement in the direction of such interpretations should be welcomed: they will extend the way we imagine the work, how we visualize it and, above all, how we hear it. This aspect has yet to be fully brought into the light: it will provide a renewed *Finnegans Wake*. Experiments in this area could well affect, in turn, the art of performed readings generally. A dramatic voicing that grew out of Joyce’s 1927 recordings of Anna Livia, but took them further into the full chordal and choric complexity of the *Wake’s* polyvocality, would give body to its extraordinary musicality and breathe new lives into its garrulous orality. We will ‘begin again to make soundsense and sensesound kin again’ (121.15). The pendulum that has always swung between the senses of its writing and the sounds of its voices will swing out further, and bring back new vocal matter to the written pages and their extraordinary ‘singsigns’ (138.7). ‘Hear, O worldwithout!’ (244.1).

Finn Fordham

CHAPTER BY CHAPTER OUTLINE

‘Look at all the ploish!’ (81.2)

Book I

L.1 (pp. 1–29) *Finnegan’s Wake*. A tour-guide, mid-flow, is speaking: we are by the river Liffey, in or near Dublin, and going back to the first story of all, the original Fall; 4.1–17 the post-lapsarian struggle for existence, the promise of peace; 4.18–8.8 the builder Finnegan and his demise; 8.9–10.23 the Willingdone Museum: Finnegans’s ‘mild indiscretion’ projected onto the battle of Waterloo; 10.24–12.17 introducing the thrifty woman (a bird/a slavey) who retrieves the letter; 12.18–13.19 another look at the corpse; 13.20–15.27 some historical context; 15.28–18.16 Mutt and Jute discuss national conflicts and domestic relations; 18.17–21.4 more historical context: Patrick banishes snakes, the history of writing; 21.5–23.15 ‘The Prankquean’, based on the Grace O’Malley legend; 23.16–24.15 a prayer that Finnegan will rest in peace—but he wakes! 24.16–29.36 mourners reassure him back to sleep and announce the ‘coming man’.

L.2 (pp. 30–47) *The Humphriad I*: an academic study about the rumour mill obsessed with HCE. 30–33.13 Earwicker’s naming by King William and his nicknaming by the people—Here Comes Everybody; 33.14–34.29 a rumour-qualified; 34.30–38.8 HCE’s encounter with a Cad: he gratuitously swears his innocence; the Cad, amused if baffled, goes home; 38.9–47 gossip passes from the Cad’s wife to a priest to a layteacher to a tipster with apnoea to three down-and-outs who, treated to many drinks, compose and sing the slanderous Ballad of Persse O’Reilly (HCE) to working-class Dublin.

L.3 (pp. 48–74) *The Humphriad II*: continuing study of other ‘outrages’ against HCE. 48–58.22 Time destroys witnesses and evidence: the gossips and balladeers all come to a bad end; versions of the first encounter still abound; 58.23–61.27 vox populi about HCE; 61.28–64.24 HCE took
refuge but experienced hostility and a battery at his gate; 64.25–66.9
and the girls? An interludic canoodling in a canoe of a young girl
and an older man; conflict is universal; 66.10–67.6 and the letter
or coffin (both containers)? 67.7–67.27 A police account in court of
the encounter; 67.28–69.29 the two girls again and blackmail ·
gate keeping him out of trouble; 69.30–73.27 'Battery at the Gate':
a German lodger abuses HCE because he won’t give out any drink;
resisting peacefully, HCE simply lists the abusive names he’s called·
73.28–74 HCE has left his mark—now he rests. ‘·
4 (pp. 75–103) ‘The Humphriad III’: the study continues describ-­
ing yet more outrages.
75–76.9 HCE’s eugenic thoughts prompted by his criminal assail-­
ant; 76.10–78.14 HCE’s hiding place/ coffin, his resurrection; 78.15–
81.11 how people were drawn into the assault; gender relations; Kate
Strong and street rubbish; 81.12–85.19 details of an assault: a request
for money, a long struggle, a deal, the aftermath; 85.20–86.31 the trial
of Festy King (the assailant) introduced; 86.32–90.33 evidence
from a medical witness; 90.34–92.5 Festy declares his innocence;
92.6–93.21 women in court admire the witness while shunning Festy;
93.22–94.22 the trial ends, with King let off. The letter is called for-
94.23–96.24 the judges, drunk, reminisce; 96.25–97.28 HCE i~
hiding, is hunted for; 97.29–100.36 men” gossip: they hope he’s d~ad;
100.37-100.36 but no, smoke rises, he lives; 101–3 women gossip: ALP
will defend him; ALP is introduced.
1.5 (pp. 104–25) ‘The mafifesta’: a new focus for the investigation—
the letter.
104–107.7 Its many titles, 107.8–108.36 its authorship, 109 its
envelope and the role of context; 110–113.22 where it was found—
a Chapelizod rubbish tip, and by whom—the hen; 113.23–119.9
its appearance, lack of signature, various interpretations, its being
undoubtedly genuine and, though always changing, it still has order;
119.10–125 philological analysis (parodying an introduction to Th­;
Book of Kells) and the author finally revealed: Shem the Penman.
1.6 (pp. 126–68) ‘The quiz’.
126–139.14 Q1: clues for ‘HCE’/Finn MacCool; 139.13–143.28
Q2: ALP; Q3: the city’s motto; Q4: the four (as cities of Ireland); Q5:
Sigurdsen/Poor ole Joe; Q6: Kate; Q7: the twelve/the Irish people;
Q8: The 28 leapyear girls/the Maggies; Q9: the vision; 143.29–148.32
Q10: Issy’s deranged attempt at seduction; 148.33–168 Q11: Shaun,
answering himself, with a long lecture obsessed by binaries and
conflict and which (149.34–152.3) parodies Wyndham Lewis’s Time
and Western Man; 152.4–159.23 in illustration of the twins’ verbal
duelling ‘The Mookse and the Gripos’, oblivious to their sister Issy/
Nuvoletta (157); 159.24–161.14 Shem should clear off; 161.15–168.12
yet more illustration through the allegory of ‘Burrus and Caseous’;
1.7 (pp. 169–95) ‘Shem the Penman’.
169–193.30 A character assassination of the writer Shem by
Shaun, his brother; 193.31–195 Shem’s apology, his self-defence, and
his invocation of ALP, just around the corner.
1.8 (pp. 196–216) ‘Anna Livia’.
196–200.32 Washerwomen gossip about HCE and ALP; their first
meeting; his glumness, her cooking eggs for him, then smgm~ and
even pimping for him; 200.33–205.15 ALP’s complaint, her many
children and early sexual experiences; 205.16–209.17 HCE’s fall
and ALP’s revenge on his detractors; her toilette; 209.18–212.19 her
‘Pandora’s box [of gifts to the people] containing all the ills that flesh
is heir to’ (Ellmann, 564); 212.20–close chat about washing, night
comes on, the gossip becomes inaudible, they go their ways.
Book II
II.1 (pp. 219–59) ‘Nightgames’. Child’s play. Glugg (Shem) must
guess the colour of his sister’s underwear.
219–222.20 A playbill; dramat!s personae and acknowledgements;
222.21–226.7 the stage is set, the game is on; hints at the chosen col­
our (heliotrope) are given; we hear about Glugg’s shortcomings, the
Floras, his first guess, and him losing; 226.4–234.5 Isa is introduced,
one of the Floras or rainbow girls; Glugg, resentful, will reveal his
parents’ shortcomings; he writes a bad poem, gets toothache, pulls
himself together and tries again but, guessing yellow, loses; 234.6–
237.9 Chuff appears—a saint; the Floras sing to him; there is a thé
dansant; 237.10–240.4 a love hymn of bourgeois dreams and a p:oph-­
ecity of women’s power; 240.5–243.36 Glugg returns, cleans up his act,
will defend both HCE and ALP (242.25); 244–246.35 moonrise is
imminent, night falls over the zoo, the pub will open. A ‘Phoenix Park nocturne’. Distantly HCE is heard calling; 246.36–250.15 Glugg, reformed, is reintroduced; the Floras tease him with more clues; 250.16–253.32 they dance, Glugg is still frustrated—but one day he will be their teacher (‘toucher’); Glugg and Chuff duel before the dancing girls; Glugg’s confusion and failure; 253.33–255.26 HCE, man of mystery, stirs; leave him to sleep; 255.27–257.27 ALP appears to bring the kids in for homework; Issy is in tears; ALP struggles with them then slams the door; 257.28–259 the play is over; the thunder claps; a prayer for calm and sleep.

II.2 (pp. 260–308) ‘Nightlessons’. The layout presents a central column where an account of some children’s studies unfolds; the margin notes by Shem (at first on the left) and Shaun (at first on the right) swap after p. 292, while the footnotes are by Issy. The major set piece of the chapter is a geometry exercise which starts on p. 287, immediately interrupted, before picking up again on p. 293. 260–264.14 We follow the children through the evening streets and talk of HCE and ALP; 264.15–266.19 a survey of suburban Chapelizod; 266.20–270.28 before the geometry problem can be tackled, a muse is invoked to explain what ‘meaning’ is; women learn the meaning of life from ‘gramma’s grammar’, how, that is, to secure a mate; 270.29–275.2 some boring old history of war and politics; 275.3–276.10 while HCE and ALP discuss the past, the children do their homework; 276.11–278.6 evening comes on; 278.7–281.29 Issy’s letter-writing lesson; the Edgar Quinet passage (saying flowers outside great civilizations); 282.5–286.18 Frank (Shem) likes arithmetic but not algebra or geometry; 286.19–287.19 the twins Frank and Jerry must do Euclid’s first problem: construct an equilateral triangle; 287.18–292.32 Frank (now ‘Dolph’) muses on teaching; 293–306.7 the triangle’s construction and its interpretation (as the mother’s pudendum); the twins then discuss this; 306.8–308 themes for writing essays; a sinister letter to the parents is signed by all three children.

II.3 (pp. 309–82) ‘Tales at the Inn’: a chapter obscured by heavy drink, with teller and tale melting into each other.

1. 311–32 The Tale of the Norwegian Captain;
2. 338–54 How Buckley Shot the Russian General;
3. 355–70 After last orders.
a duet sung by two women and a laughing chorus; 361.32–363.16 the customers/the twelve gossip about HCE and ALP; 363.17–366.31 HCE’s confession and defence; 367.7–370.22 the four judges respond, voice their theories; 370.23–373.12 Sackerson comes to clear the pub; the customers, drunk and chanting, resist but eventually exit; 373.13–380.6 they abuse and threaten HCE from outside; 380.7–close HCE as King Roderick O’Conor heeltaps his way through the drink everyone had left.

II.4 (pp. 383–99) ‘Tristan and Isolde’.
A lovers’ tryst by the Ocean at night-time, during which they kiss while being observed by four old men; reminiscent and rambling; 398.30–399 their four-part ‘love’ poem.

Book III

III.1 (pp. 403–28) ‘Shaun’.
403–405.3 A new narrator announces the appearance of Shaun in a dream; 405.4–407.9 Shaun’s diet; 407.10–408.7 waking wearily, Shaun says his brother should have his job of postman; 408.8–414.13 an interview of 14 questions begins. Shaun’s answers generally drift from the question into complaints. 1. How’d you get the job? It was foretold. 2. You had an order? Yes and I feel suicidal. 3. Do you carry the famous letter? Yes: 4. Where do you work? Here and around—as a preacher. 5. Did you paint the letterboxes green? Yes. 6. And will the green vanish? No but there are other problems I will report. 7. What about the uniform? It’s a Guinness bair. 8. Sing us a song? 413.16–419.10 The Ondt and the Grasshopper, reworking Aesop’s ‘ant and grasshopper’ fable: the wealthy Ondt turns down the Grasshopper’s request for money; the Grasshopper sings a song that will long outlive the Ondt; 419.11–420.16, 9. Can he read ALP’s/Shem’s letter? I can read anything—but this is rubbish! 420.17–421.14 The letter and its non-arrival; 421.15–426.1, 10 and 11. Isn’t your language as bad as your famous brother’s? And how did the letter come about? Shaun’s replies rail against degenerate Shem. 12. So why did you deliver it? Because of the invented words. 13. You could do it? No one could—it’s all stolen anyway. 14. But with time you could do it? I could—and do better. And I’ll send to hell anyone who wishes to set my mother on fire! 426.4–427.16 Shaun gets worked up, then, admiring the stars, careens into the river; 427.17–close the narrator wishes him well and predicts his return.

III.2 (pp. 420–73) ‘Jaun’: ‘long absurd and rather incestuous Lenten lecture to Izzy, his sister’ (LI 216).
429–431.20 Introducing Jaun and the leapyear girls he’ll lecture; 431.21–445.26 advice and commandments about how to behave, what to read, other men, etc.; 445.26–446.26 vision of Jaun’s return to a life with Issy; 446.27–448.33 they’ll do charitable work together, clean up Dublin and he’ll give up travelling; 448.34–452.33 but he’s in no hurry—can lie here and enjoy the sights and sounds of nature and could even make money. He’s sorry to go, but he’s off to see the king. 452.33–454.26 Don’t squabble when I’m gone, he says, we’ll meet in heaven—goodbye; 454.27–457.24 but Jaun has more to say: he describes heaven, praises food then, again, says goodbye; 457.25–461.32 Issy addresses him: offers a handkerchief as a memento, encourages him to write, and promises to think of him as she says her prayers, having changed for bed... 461.33–468.22 Over one last parting cup, Jaun presents his ‘proxy’, Dave the Dancerkerl (Shem); 468.23–469.28 then Jaun, once again, bids farewell; 469.29–470.21 the leapyear girls watch him leave and sing a psalm; 471.22–473 the manner of Jaun’s departure; they wish him well.

III.3 (pp. 474–54) ‘Yawn’: an enquiry, run as a séance by ‘senators four’, into the various events so far narrated (especially the Humphriad of Book I, Chapters 2–4). Shaun (now ‘Yawn’) is the star witness, ventriloquizing or channelling the characters who appear one by one, with HCE as a philanthropic urban planner dominating the last 20 pages.
474–477.2 The four, Matthew Gregory, Marcus Lyons, Lucas Metcalfe, Jonny na Hossaleen, and an ass in tow, approach their quarry; 477.3–480.36 proceedings begin, with Yawn questioned as he half-wakes from mixed dreams, amorous and nightmare, of a female typist and of wolves, reflecting elements of Tristan and St Patrick. Matthew tries to establish facts about Yawn’s origin (477.35), his language, and a boat (479.17–36), without much luck then 481–483.14 follows up clues about HCE; Yawn responds (addressing Jonny at 482.9–15): questions about Kevin and the letter he found; 483.16–485.27 Yawn speaks disparagingly of his twin (Shem) and dismisses the four; one of the senators turns on him; 485.28–487.34 Yawn breaks
out in Chinese pidgin; another attempts to channel visions through
him, another questions him like a psychoanalyst; Yawn's answers take
them nowhere; 487.35–491.25 questions are asked about duality and
doppelgangers, and there's more on Shem and one 'Stouter' (HCE);
491.26–492.7 how HCE was caught defecating in the park; is that why
he was laughed at? Seven manic laughs; 492.8–496.22 ALP appears
to reply to this defamation of HCE; the four disabuse her and change
the subject to HCE and . . . 496.23–499.3 his bankruptcy as a busi-
nessman, and the wake that is held at which 499.4–499.28 the leapyear
girls wall and kne to a dance of death; a new king is announced.
But isn't it all lies and nonsense? It's all secrets and music! 499.29–
501.6 There is now some disturbance from the medium and, as Yawn
begins to resemble a telephone exchange, sounds of war and pillage
are picked u p, coming through; 501.7–532.6 a long cross-examination
focuses on the Phoenix Park incident: so what happened that evening?
There are questions about the weather, the park and (503.29–505.28)
a great tree at the scene, then about one 'Toucher Thom' (HCE), and
(508) the two maids, then (510–514.18) an unruly wedding party/
wake that night with everyone there, and ALP's dress; 516.23–519.15
one senator (possibly Mark) asks again about the funeral games and
the struggle (as described on 81–5); then, at 519, Senator Matthew
takes over with the interrogation; at 520 a rambling tangential tale is
told and at 521 the session gets heated; at 522 Mark, it seems, returns
but makes little headway; at 523–4 we have a witness statement from
a friend of Frisky (see 39 above) about HCE and Coppinger (see
55 above); on 525 there's a fishy and sexualized version of events;
526.20–528.24 queries about Issy are raised, followed by Issy's evi-
dence and a confused response from Mark; 528.25–531.26 Matthew
takes charge, calls Sackerson and then Kate to the stand. 531.27–532.5
Enough! Call up HCE; 532.6–554 HCE's long boastful statement of
innocence and success as a great urban planner (all done for ALP),
punctuated by brief remarks from the four (at 554, 535, 540, 546, 547,
550, 552).

III.4 (pp. 555–90) 'Dawn': an intensely structured chapter and a shift,
relatively speaking, from the surrealism of all that's gone before to a
degree of realism. We seem to float with two narrators through the
Chapelizod Inn at night, describing the sleeping inhabitants (the
Porters) and others, all versions of characters already encountered.

Chapter by Chapter Outline

A small nocturnal domestic drama unfolds: one of the twins, Jerry,
wakes; his mother soothes him back to sleep, the parents have sex,
dawn approaches, the husband slumbers, anxious with money prob-
lems. The chapter rotates round four points of view, camera posi-
tions, signalled by four musical chords: 1. 'First position of harmony
... Say! Eh? Hal!' (559) CEH; 2. 'second position of discordance
. . . meseedo' (564) EHC; 3. 'Third position of concord! ... Sidome'
(582) HCE; 4. 'Fourth position of solution . . . Two me see' (590)
taking us back to CEH.

555–558.31 is a survey of characters—some asleep in the house and
others elsewhere related to them. We start with the four—pleased by
the lad Kevin (Shaun), but disturbed by his twin brother Jerry (Shem);
pretty little Isobel; Sackerson, the watchman; Kate—seeing a ghost;
the twelve as a jury; the leapyear girls; HCE and ALP; 558.32–563
a 'cry off' is signalled; we move through a bedroom as a film set; again,
a cry is heard (perhaps the same one); Mrs Porter (ALP), followed
by her husband, goes downstairs to investigate; the narrators, curi-
ous, discuss the Porters, especially the girl Buttercup and the twins;
564–565.16 shift to perspective 2: HCE’s bottom as Phoenix Park;
a suggestion of homophobia within the narrator’s relations; 565.17–
566.7 Jerry, his nightmare over, is soothed back to sleep; an Esperanto
dialogue between the parents; Chapelizod is such a reassuring place
to visit—back to sleep now . . . 566.8–566.27 an early—modern courtly
survey of characters (suggesting the princes in the tower murdered
by Richard III); 566.28–567.15 back to the park at night: a signpost
(a phallus with a condom); 567.16–568.23 thoughts turn to tomorrow
when the King will visit; 568.24–570.13 at a ceremony, the Mayor
will present keys; the King will knight him, church bells will ring
amid general celebrations, if tomorrow comes; 570.14–571.26 dia-
logue about Mr Porter’s status; a need for a pee is mentioned, then
the springs in Phoenix Park are, aptly, described; sounds made by
HCE and ALP are listened to by the four; 571.27–572.17 the younger
generation will succeed the older; anxious dialogue about Issy’s door
being open; 572.18–576.9 a legalistic interlude: complex versions of
treacherous familial relations are retold first in an ancient Roman
context and secondly in a modern Irish setting; 576.10–578.1 Jerry
(Shem) sighs in his sleep, ALP is still in attendance; a prayer to road
builders, guides through life, is voiced; does Shem stir? No, it’s only
the wind; 578.1–580.22 more on HCE and ALP, the strictures they
live by, the grind of laissez-faire progress; 580.23–582.27 back to bed; HCE's reputation as an outsider is reported but the narrators agree that they have to put up with him; 582.28–584.26 'Third position of concord', HCE and ALP have sex, as seen from outside, projected onto the blind of their bedroom window (583); various forms of innuendo are provided through imagery of planetary movements, horse racing, and at 583–4, cricket; 584.27–587.2 dawn cockerel thanks are given and pity is begged for; sex winds down; no more disturbance, things are as they were—just sounds of water or wind in the trees; 587.3–588.34 three privates describe meeting a man in a pub (HCE). Two of them are called Jimmy D'Arcy and Fred Watkins (NB: 'Fred Atkins' provided evidence for the defence in Wilde v. Queensberry), and are quizzed about events in Phoenix Park; the morning news will reveal all; 588.35–590 how HCE made his money; his insurance scams, now rumble.

**Book IV**

593–595.32 The sun rises, touches the tops of hills and tombstones, and the mute and deaf asleep in dormitories; the 32 counties of Ireland; a cock crowes; let HCE sleep; 595.33–596.33 the attributes of the coming man, Shaun; 596.34–598.27 What was all the kerfuffle last night about? Look—a shaft of sunlight! Yesterday's gone, a new day dawns—give thanks; 598.28–600.4 the world turns, time returns, but what is (the) time? Primeval times are over, progress has been made, more or less; but still the world's parents 'boil their kettle with their crutch'; 600.4–604.27 the Liffey's cleansing purity in its higher reaches is evoked and associated with Issy and the girls, their voices like church bells; let's have a hero—Kevin (Coemghen/Shaun); 602.6–604.26 Shaun the post, the news he brings; the milk train can be heard; 604.27–606.12 St Kevin isolates himself, and meditates on water and baptism; 606.13–607.22 after a muddle of motifs, the title is finally announced with apologies for the muddle; 607.23–609.23 various motifs are rehearsed: the King's visit, the fall (signalled by 'two and three'), the family, the awakening, the night now passing, the four, the ass, the girls, the twelve; 609.24–611.3 a discussion between Muta and Juva about the coming duel between the pagan druid and the Christian missionary; 611.4–613.12 'St Patrick and the druid', 'the defence and the indictment of the book itself' (LI 406), an argument about vision and colour between a practically minded Catholic and an idealist (Berkeley). Unlike 'fallen man', the archdruid says, a seer (like Berkeley) with inner vision, is able to perceive objects as coloured not singly as they appear but by the entire spectrum, including, that is, all the colours on the spectrum of light that have been absorbed by the object. As a result everything is entirely multi-coloured, all is unified and appears, in a sense, as one colour which we might as well say is green since that colour lies representatively in the middle of the spectrum; have a look, for example, at the King's clothes, says Berkeley: they may look like the colours of the rainbow but actually they are all green, like cabbage, spinach, etc. Patrick, not understanding and preferring symbols to concealed vision, picks a shamrock and bows down to the rainbow, symbol of divine mystery. Berkeley then kicks Patrick up the arse (or is it the other way round?): Patrick is thus 'converted by Ireland', 613.13–614.16 Despite this major conversion, nothing really changes. See—Laurence O'Toole welcomes Henry II. 613.17–614.18 A cleansing is encouraged: of insides (with cereal, emetics, etc.) and outsides (clothing). Advice to dress sharp for the day. 614.19–615.11 But what was all that about? It was a complex process, designed so it can all be 'there for you'; 615.13–619.19 'The Letter' is finally produced. Is this at last the revelation? It reveals ALP's statement against the allegations aimed at her husband, and (617) her desire for revenge; at 619 she confirms her faith in her husband as 'erect, confident and heroic'. 619.20–628 By contrast, the spoken monologue of Leafy or ALP that follows offers an alternative and seems more revelatory. A meditation on life as she addresses her husband, soothingly and (627.23) dismissively: 'I thought you the great in all things, in guilt and in glory. You're but a puny.' It is, finally, as she flows out to sea, a death aria—'remember me'—she sings ('mememormee!' 628.14), which we do by returning to the beginning, where we find the river is still running through the City of Dublin.

F.F.

2 See JJA 63, 146e.
riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr' over the short sea, had passen-core rearrival from North Armorica on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselse to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all the time; nor avoice from afore bellowsed mishe mishe to tauftauf thuartpeartrick: not yet, though venissoon after, had a kidscad buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all's fair in vanessy, were sosie sestethers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and tory end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.

The fall (babadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonbronnronneronruonnthuntrourriouawankenwoohooohordenentunrukn) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and later on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the ofwall entailed at such short notice the pfirschute of Finnegar, erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humself promptly sends an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumptytumtoes: and their upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since dev-linsfirst loved livvy.
What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrygodse gaggin fishy-gods! Brekkkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kósax Kósax Kósax Uulu Uulu Uulu Quouauu! Where the Baddelaries partisans are still out to machmaster Malachus Migranes and the Verdons catapulting the canibalistics out of the Whoyteboyce of Hoodie Head. Assessates and boomeringstorms. Sod's brood, be me fear! Sanglorians, save! Arms apeal with jars, appalling. Killykilly-killy: a toll, a toll. What chance cuddleys, what cashels aired and ventilated? What bidimetoloves sinduced by what tegeteb-solvers? What true feeling for their's hayair with what strawng voice of false jiccup! O here here how hoth sprawled met the dusk the father of fornicationists, but, (O my shining stars and body!) how hath fanspanned most high heaven the skysign of soft advertisement! But was iz? Iseut? Ere were sewers? The oaks of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where askes-lay. Phall if you but will, rise you must: and none so soon either shall the pharce for the nunce come to a setdown secular phoenish. Bygmesrer Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen's maurre, lived in the broadest way immarginable in his rushlit toofat-back for messuages before joshuan judges had given us numbers or Helvicicus committed deuteronomy (one yeasyday he sternly struck his tete in a tub for to watsch the future of his fates but ere he swiftly stook it out again, by the might of moses, the very water was eviparated and all the guenneses had met their exodus thia ought to show you what aipentschanjeuchy chap he was!) and during mighty odd years this inan.of hod, cement and edifaces in Toper's Thorp piled building supra building pon the banks for the livers by the Soangso. He addle liddle phifie Annieugged the little craythur. Wither hayre in honds tuck up your part inher. Oftwhile balbulous, mithre ahead, with goodly trowel in grasp and ivoroiled overalls which he habitacularly fondseed, like Haroun Childeric Eggeberth he would ctitulate by multiplicables the allcitude and malltitude untillhe seesaw by neatlight of the liquor wherewith 't was born, his roundhead staple of other days to rise in undress maisonry upstanned (jogyrantit!), a waalworth of a skyescape of most eyeful hoyth entowerly, hierarchitecttiptiptiptiptoploftical, with a burning bush abob off its baublestop and with larrons o'toolers clittering up and tomblees a'buckets clittering down.

Of the first was he to bare arms and a name: Wassaily Booseleugh of Riesengeborg. His crest of hurtdry, in vert with ancillars, troublant, argent, a hegoak, pursuivant, horrid, horned. His scutschum fessed, with archers strung, helio, of the second. Hootch is for husbandman handling his hoe. Hohohoho, Mister Finn, you're going to be Mister Finnagain! Comeday morrow and, O, you're vine! Sendday's eve and, ah, you're vinegar! Hahahaha, Mister Finn, you're going to be fined again!

What then agentlike brought about that tragedy thundersday this municipal sin business? Our cubehouse still rocks as earwitness to the thunder of his araftas but we hear also through successive ages that shabby chowunfsh of unkalified nuzzlenimissilehims that would blackguardise the whitestone ever hurttured out of heaven. Stay us wherefore in our search for righteousness, O Sustainer, what time we rise and when we take up to toomhnick and before we lump down upown our leatherbed and in the night and at the fading of the stars! For a nod to the nabir is better than wink to the wabsanci. Otherways wesways like that provost scoffing bedoueen the jebel and the jypsisian sea. Cropherb the crunchbracken shall decide. Then we'll know if the feast is a flyday. She has a gift of seek on site and she allcasually ansars helpers, the drearilydeary. Heed! Heed! It may half been a missfired brick, as some say, or it mought have been due to a collupsus of his back promises, as others looked at it. (There extand by now one thousand and one stories, all told, of the same). But so sore did abe icry's holised abbles, (what with the walhall's horrors of rollights, cartbacks, stonengens, kiestvanes, stamtrees, fargobawlers, autokinotons, hippohobbilies, streetfleets, tournintax's, megaphoggs, circuses and wardsmoats and basilikerks and aerogapods and the hoyse and the jollybrool and the peeler in the coar and the mecklenburk bitch bite at his ear and the merlinburrow burrocks and his fore old porcourt, the bore the more, and his
blightblack workingstacks at twelvepins a dozen and the noobi­
busses sleighding along Safetyfirst Street and the derryjellybies
snooping around Tell-No-Tailors' Corner and the fumes and the
hopes and the strupithump of his ville's indigenous romekeepers,
homesweepers, domecreepers, thurum and thurum in fancymud
mutmund and all the uproor from all the aufoofs, a roof for may
and a reef for hugh butt under his bridge suits tony) wan warn­
ing Phill filt tippling full. His howd feeled heavy, his hoddit did
shake. (There was a wall of course in erection) Dimbl! He stot­
tered from the latter. Dumb! Mastabatoom, mastabatoom, when a mon
merries his lute is all long. For
whole the world to see:

Shize? I should shee! Macoöl, Macoöl, orra whyi deed ye die?
of a trying thristay youmin? Sobs they sighdid at Fillagain's
chrisormiss wake, all the hoolivans of the nation, prostrated in
their consternation and their duodisially profusive plethora of
ululation. There was plumbs arid grumes and cheriffs and citherers
and raiders and cinemen too.—And the all gianed in with the shorum­
most shoviality. Agog and magog and the round of them agrog.
To the continuation of that celebration until Hanandhunigan's
extermination! Some in kinkiri corass, more, kankan keening;
Belling him up and filling him down. He's stiff but he's steady is
Priam Olim! 'Twas he was the dacent gaylabouring youth. Sharpen
his pillowscone, tap up his bier! E'erawhere in this whorl would ye
hear sich a din again? With their deepbrow fundigs and the dusty
fidelios. They laid him brawdawn alonglast bed. With a bockalips
of finisky fore his feet. And a barrowload of guenesis hoer his head.
Tee the tootal of the fluid hang the twoddle of the fuddled, O!

Hurrh, there is but young gleve for the owl globe wheels in
view which is taautologically the same thing. Well, Him a being
so on the flounder of his bulk like ari. overg:i_:own babeling, let wee
peep, see, at Hom, well, see preegee ought he ought, platterplate: =)
Hum! From Shopalist to Bailywick or from ashtun to baronoath
or from Buythebanks to Roundthehead or from the foot of the
bill to ireglint's eye he calmly extensolies. And all the way (a
horn!) from fjord to fjell his baywinds' oboobes shall wail him
rockbound (hoahohoah!) in swimswamswum and all the livvy-
long night, the delldale dalppling night, the night of blueyybells,
her flittaflute in tricky trochees (O carinal! O carinal! wake him.
With her issavan essavans and her patterjackmartins about all
them ings and ouses. Tilling a teel of a tum, telling a toll of a tea­
ry tytty Taubling. Grace before Glutton. For what we are, gits
à gross if we are, about to believe. So pool the begg and pass the
kisf for crawskake. Omen. So sigh us. Grampupus is fallen down
but griny sprids the board. Whase on the joint of a desh? Fin­
foefom the Fush. Whase be his baken head? A loaf of Singpan­
try's Kennedy bread. And whe hitched to the hop in his tyle?
A glass of Danu U'Dunnell's foamous olde Dobbelin ayle. But,
lo, as you would quaffoff his fraudstUFF and sink teeth through
that pyth of a flowerwhite bodey behold of him as behemoth for
he is noewhemoe. Finichel! Only a fadograph of a yestern scene.
Almost rubicund Salmosalar, ancient fromout the ages of the Ag­
apemonides, he is smolten in our mist, woebecanned and packt
away. So that meal's dead off for summan, schlook, schlice and
goodridhirring., .

Yet may we not see still the brontoichthyian form outlined a-
slumbered, even in our own nighttime by the sedge of the trou­
tling stream that Bronto loved and Bronto has a lean on. Hic cubat
edulis. Apud libertinam parvulam. Whatif she be in flags or £litters,
reekierags—or sundyechosies, with a mint of mines or beggar a
pennyweight. Arrah, sure, we all love little Anny Ruiny, or, we
mean to say, lovelittle Anna Rayiny, when unda her brella, mid
piddle med puddle, she ninnygoes nannygoes nancirig by. Yoh!
Brontolone slaaps, yoh snoores. Upon Benn Heather, in Seeple
Isout too. The cranic head on him, caster_ofhis reasons, peer
yuthner in yondmist. Whooth?. His clay feet, swarded in verdigrass,
stick up Starck where he last fellonem, by the mund of the maga­
zine wall, where our maggy seen all, with her sisterin shawl.
While over against this belles' alliance beyind Ill Sixty, ill!
beguiness of the fort, bom, tarabom, tarabom, lurk the
ombishes, the site of the lyffing-in-wait of the upjock and hock­
tums. Hence when the clouds roll by, Jamey, a proudseye view is
enjoyable of our mounding's mass, now Wallinstone national museum, with, in some greenish distance, the charming water-loose country and the two quiteswhite villagettes who hear show of themselves so gigglesomes mixnt the follyages, the prettilees! Penetrators are permitted into the museum mound free. Welsh and the Paddy Patkineses, one shelenk! Redismembers invalids of old guard find poussepousse poussey preamble to sate the sort of their butt. For her passkey supply to the janitrix, the mistress Kathe. Tip.

This the way to the museyroom. Mind your hats goan in! Now yiz are in the Willingdone Museyroom. This is a Prooshious gunn. This is a ffrinch. Tip. This is the flag of the Prooshious, the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of the Prooshious. This is the franc that fire on the Bull thai: bang the flag of the Prooshious. Saldos the Crossgunnl Up with your pike and fork! Tip. (Bullsfootl Fine!) This is the triplewon hat of Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleumhat. This is the Willingdone on his same white harse, the Cokenhape. This is the big Slaughter Willingdone, grand and magentic in his goldtin spurs and his ironed dux and his quarterbrass woodyshoes, and his magnate's gharters and his bangkok' s best and go liar's goloshes and his pullupon-easyan wartrews. This is his big wide harse. Tip. This is the three lipoleum boyne grouching down in the living detch: This is an inimyskilling inglis, this is a scotcher grey, this is a davy, stooping. This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. A Gallawghurs argaumunt. This is the petty lipoleum boy that was nayrher bag nor bug. Assaye, assaye! Touchole Fitz Tuo-mush. Dirty MacDyke. And _ Hairy_ O'Hurry. All of them arminus-varminus. This is Delian alps. This is Mont Tivel, this is Mont Tipsey, this is the Grand Mons Injuri. This is the crimealine of the alps hooping to sheitershock the three lipoleums. This is the jinnies with their legahorns feinting to read in their handmad's book of stralegy while making their war undisides the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is big Willingdone mormorial tallowscoop Wounderworker obdecides on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower; Tip. This is me Belchum sneaking his phillippy out of his most Awful Grimmest Sunshat Cromwelly. Looted. This is the jinnies' hastings dispatch for to irrigate the Willingdone. Dispatch in thin red lines cross the shortfront of me Belchum. Yaw, yaw, yaw! Leaper Orthor. Fear siecken! Fieldgaze thy tiny frow. Hugac ting. Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to fontannoy the Willingdone. shee, shee, sheel! The jinnies is jillous agincourtng all the lipoleums. And the lipoleums is gonn boycottoncrezy onto the one Willingdone. And the Willingdone git the band up. This is bode Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his sacred word with a ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's hurold dispatchback. Dispatch deployed on the regions rare of me Belchum. Salamangra! Ayi, ayi, ayi! Cherry jinnies. Figtreeyou! Damn fairy ann, Voutre. Willingdone. That was the first joke of Willingdone, tic for tac. Hec, hec, heel! This is me Belchum in his twelvemile cowchooks, weet, Tweet and stampforth foremost, footing the camp for the jinnies. Drink a sip, dranksup, for he's as sooner buy a guinness than he'd stale store stout. This is Roo~ shious balls. This is a ttrinch. This is mistletropes. This is Canon Futter with the popynose. After his hundred days' indulgence. This is the blessed. Tarra's widdarsl This is jinnies in the bonny bawn blooches. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This is the Willingdone, by the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre! (Bullsare! Play!) This is came cylry, this is floodens, this is the sopherereens in action, this is their mobbily, this is panickburns. Almeidagad! Arthiz too loose! This is Willingdone cry. Brum! Brum! Cumbrum! This is jinnies cry. Underwetter! Goat strip Finnlamb! This is jinnies running away to their ousterlists dowan a bunkersheels. With a nip nippy nip and a trip trippy trip so airy. For their heart' night there. Tip. This is me Belchum's tinkyou tankyou silvoor plate for citchin the crapes in the cool of his canister. Poor the pay! This is the bissmark of the marathon merry of the jinnies they left behind them. This is the Willingdone branlish his same mormorial tallowscoop Sophy-Key-Po for his royal diversion on the runnaway jinnies. Gambariste della porca! Dalaveras fimmieras! This is the pettiest
of the lipoleums, Toffeethief, that spy on the Willingdone from his big white harse, the Capeinhope. Stonewall Willingdone is an old masy montremeny. Lipoleums is nice hung bushel: lors .. This is hiena, hinnessy laughing. alout .. at the Willingdone. This is lipsyg dooley krieging the funk from the hinnessy. This_ is the hinndoo Shimar Shin between the dooley boy and the hinnessy. Tip. This is the hinndoo waxing ranjymad for a bombshoob. This is the hinndoo shank the half of the hat of lipoleums up the tail on the buckside of his big white harse. Tip. That was the last joke of Willingdone. Hit, hit, hit! This is the same white harse of the Willingdone, Culpenhelp; wagging his tailoscrupp with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insout on the hinndoo seeboy. Hney, hney, hney! (Bullsrag! Foul!) This is the seeboy, madraschattaras, upjump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone: Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurapl This is the Willingdone, bornstable ghoentleman, tinders his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shin. Basucker youstead! This is the doofothim seeboy blow the whole of the half of the hat of lipoleums of off of the top of the tail on the back of his big wide harse. Tip (Bullsseye! Game!) How Copenhagen ended. This way the museyroom. Mind your boots goan out.

Phew!

What a warm time we were in there but how keling is here the airabouts! We nowhere she lives but you mussna tell annaone for the lamp of Jig-a-Lanthem! It's a candlelittle house of a month and one windies. Downadown, High Downadown. And nummered quaintlymine. And such reasonable weather too! The wa-grant wind's awawl'zaaround the piltdowns and on every blasted knollyrock (if you can spot fifty I spy four more) there's that gnarlybird ygathering, a ruralittle, daalittle, preelittle, poulralittle, wipealittle, kicksalittle, severalittle, eatalittle, whinealittle, kenalittle, helfalittle, pelfalittle gnarlybird. A veryableland of bleakbardfields! Under his seven wrothschields lies one, Lumperoar. His glav toside him. Skud onterted. Our pigeons pair are flown for northcliffs.

The three of crows have flapped it sourhenly, kraaking of de baccle to the kwarters of that sky whence triboos answer; Wail, 'tis well! She niver comes out when Thon's on shower or when Thon's flash with his Nixy girls or when Thon's blowing toomcracks down the gaels of Thon. No nubo no! Neblas on you liw! Her would be too moochy afeet. Of Burymeleg and Bindmertonrollingeyes and all the deed in the woe. Fe fo fom! She jist does hopes till byes will be byes. Here, and it goes on to appear now, she comes, a peacefugle, a parody's bird, a peti potmother, a pringlpik in the ilandiskippy, with pewee and powwows in beggybaggy on her bickybacky and a flick 'lash fleckflinging its pixylighting pacts' huemeramybows, picking here, pecking there, pussypussy plunderpussy. But it's the armitides noonigh, militorypocas, and too modern we wish for a muddy kismans to the minuita workers and there's to be a gorgeups truce for happiest childher everwere. Come nebe me and suso sing the day we sallbright. She's borrowed the coacher's heallight the better to pry (who goes cute goes siocur and shoes aroun) and all spoiled goods go into her nabsack: curtrages and rattlin buttins, nappy spattees and flcks of all nations, clavicurses and scarripulars, maps, keys and woodpiles of haypennies and moonled brooches with bloodstaned breeks in em, boaston nightgarters and masses of shoesets and nickelly nacks and foder allmicheal and a lugly parson of cates and howitzer muchears and midgers and maggets, ills and ells with loffs of toffs and pleures of bells and the last sigh that come fro the hart (bucklied!) and the fairest sin the sunsaw (that's ceacr!). With Kiss. Kiss Criss. Cross Criss. Kiss Cross. Undo lives 'end. Slain.

How bootifull and how truetowife of her, when stronglly fore-bidden, to seal our historic presents from the past postpropheticals so as to will make us all lordy heirs and ladymaidesess of a pretty nice kettle of fruit: She is livving in our midst of debt and laffing through all plores for us (her birth is uncontroolable), with a naperon for her mask and her sabboes kickin arias (so sair! so solly!) if yous ask me and I saack you. Hou! Hou! Gricks may rise and Troysirs fall (there being two sights for ever a picture).
for in the byways of high improvidence that's what makes life-work leaving and the world's a cell for citters to cit in. Let young wimman run away with the story and let young min' talk smooth behind the buttelrer's back. She knows her knight's duty while Luntum sleeps. Did ye save any tin? says he. Did I what? with a grin says she. And we all like a marriedanfi' because she is mercenary. Though the length of the land lies under liquidation (floote!) and there's nare a hairbrow nor an eyebush on this glabrous phace of Herrschult Whatarwelter she'll loan a vesta and hire some pear and sarch the shores her cockles to heat and she'll do all a turfwoman can to puff the business on. Paff. To puff the blaziness on. Poffpoff. And even: ifHtimpty shell.fall frumpty times as·awkward again in the beardsboosoloom of all our grand remonstrancers there'll be iggs for the bikkers come to mourn.:.

Then as she is on her behaviouritejob of quainance bandy, fruting for firstlings and taking her tithe, we may take our review of the two mounds to see nothing of the himples here as at else-where, by sixes and sevens; like so many heegills and collines, sitton zooot, scentbreeched ant somepotreek, in their swisha:.. wish s~tins and th~ir taffetaffe tights;-playing Wharton's Folly, at a treepurty on the planko in the purk. Stand up, mickos! Make strake for minnasl By order, Nicholas Proud. We may see and hear nothing if we choose of the shortlegged bergins off Corkhill or the bergamooes of Arbouthill or the bergagambols of Summerhill or the berginclingess of Miseryhill or the country-bossed bergones of Constitutionhill though every crowd has its several tones and every trade has its clever mechanics and each harmonical has a point of its own, Ola's on the rise and Ivor's on the lift and Sitric's place's between them. But all they are all there scraping along to sneeze out a likelihood that will solve and salve life's robulous rebus, hopping round his middle like kippers on a griddle, O, as he lays dormant from the macroborg of Holdhard to the microborg of Pied de Poudre. Behove this sound of Irish sense. Really? Here English might be seen. Royally? One sovereign punned to petry pence. Regaily? The silence speaks the scene. Fake!

So This Is Dyoublong? 
Hush! Caution! Echoland!

How charmingly exquisite! It reminds you of the outwashed engraving that we used to be blurring on the blotchwall of his inkempt house. Used they? (I am sure that tiring chabelshovel-ler with the mujikal chocolat box, Miry Mitchel, is listening) I say, the remains of the outworn gravemure where used to be blurtied the Potlimens of the Incabus. Used we? (He is only pret­tendant to be stuggling at the jubalee harp from a second existed lishener, Fiery Farrelly,) It is well known. Lokk for himself and see the old butte new. Dbln. W. K. O. O. Heat? By the mauso­lime wall. Fimfin fimfin. With a grand funferall. Fumfum fum­fum. 'Tis optophone which ontophanes: List! Wheatstone's magic lyer. They will be tuggling foriver. They will be lichening for alof. They will be prettilhbling forover. The harpsdischord shall be theirs for ollaves.

Four things therefore, saith our herodotary Mammon Lujius in his grand old historiorum, wrote near Boriorum, bluest book in baile's annals, f. e. in Dyffinlansky ne'er sall fail til heathersmoke and cloudweed Eire's ile sall pall. And here now they are, the fear of um. T. Totities! Unum. (Adar,) A bulbenboss surmounted upon an alderman: Ay, ay! Duum. (Nizam.) A shoe on a puir old wobban. Ah, ho! 'Trum. (Tamuz,) An aubutri. mayde, o'brine a'bride, to be deserted. Adear, adear! Quollibus. (Marchessvan.) A penn no weightier nor a polepost. And so. And all. (Succoth.)

So, how idlers' wind turning pages on pages, as innocens with anaclete play popeye antipop, the leaves of the living in the boke of the deeds, annals of themselves timing the cycles of events grand and national, bring fassilwise to pass how.

1132 A.D. Men like to ants or emmets wonder upon a groot hwide Whallfisk which lay in a Runnel. Blubby wares upat Ub­lanium.

566 A.D. On Baalfire's night of this year after deluge a crone that
hadde a wickered Kish for to hale dead tunes from the bog look-
it under the blay of her Kish as she ran for to sothisfeige her cow-
riecesy and be me sawl but she found herself sackvulle of swart
goody quickenshoon ant small illigant brogues, so rich in sweat.
Blurry works at Hurdlesford.

(Silent.)

566 A.D. At this time it fell out that a brazenlockt damsel grieved
(sobralasolas!) because that Puppette her minion was ravished of her
by the ogre Europeus Pious. Bloody wars in Ballybaughcleagh-
bally.

1132. A.D. Two sons at an hour were born until a Goodman
and his hag. These sons called themselves Caddy and Primas.
Primas was a santryman and drilled all decent people. Caddy
went to Winehouse and wrote o peace a farce. Blotty words for
Dublin.

Somewhere, parently, in the ginnandgo gap between antedilu-
vous and annadominant the copyist must have fled with his
scroll. The billy flood rose or an elk charged him or the sultrup
worldwight from the excelsissimost empyrean (bolt, in sum)
earthspake or the Dannamen gallous banged pan the bliddy du-
ran. A scribicide then and there is led off under old's code with
some fine covered by six marks or ninepins in metalmen for the
sake of his labour's dross while it will:be·only now and again in
our rear of o'er era, as an upshoot of military and civil engage-
ments, that a gynecure was let on to the scuffold for taking that
same fine sum covertly by meddlemeµt with the drawers of his
neighbour's safe.

Now after all that farfatch'd and peragrine or dignant or clere
lift we our ears, eyes of the darkness, from the tome of Liber Li-
vidus and, (cohl), how paisibly eirenical, all dimmering dunes
and gloaming glades, selfstretches afore us our fredeland's plain!
Lean neath stone pine the pastor lies with his crook; young pric-
ket by pricker's sister nibbleth on returned viridities; amaid her
rocking grasses the herb trinity shams lowliness; skyup is of ever-
grey. Thus, too, for donkey's years. Since the bouts of Hebear
and Hairymans cornflowers have been staying at Ballymun,
the duskrose has choosed out Goatstown's hedges, twolips have
pressed togeththerthem by sweet Rush, townland of twinedlights,
the whirethorn and the redthorn have fairygeyed the mayvalleys
of Knockmaroon, and, though for rings round them, during a
chiliad of perihelygangs, the Formoreans have bittled the too-
ath of the Danes and the Oxman has been pestered by the Fire-
bugs and the Joynts have thrown up jerrybuilding to the Keavan-
ses and Little on the Green is childsfather to the City (Year!
Year! And laughears!), these paxsealing buttonholes have quad-
rilled across the centuries and whiff now whafft to us, fresh and
made-of-all-smiles as, on the eve of Killalwico.

The babbelets with their thangas vain have been (confusium
hold them!) they were and went; thigging thugs were and hou-
hymn songtoms were and comely norgels were and pollyfoot
fiansees. Menn have thawed, clerks have surrrummed, the
blond has sought of the brune: Elsekiss thou may, mean Kerry
piggy?: and the duncledames have countered with the hellish fel-
lovs: Who ails tongue coddeau, aspace of dumbillsily? And they
fell upong one another: and themselves they have fallen. And
still nowanigh and by nights of yore do all bold floras of the
field to their shyfaun lovers say only: Cull me ere I wilt to thee:
and, but a little later: Pluck me whilst I blush! Wff may they
wilt, marry, and profusely blush, be troth! For that saying is as
old as the howitts. Lave a whale a while in a whillbarrow (isn't
it the-truth I'm tallin ye?) to have fins and flippers that shimmy
and shake. Tim Timmycan tipped hir, tampting Tam. Fleppety!
Flippety! Fleapow!

Hopi

In the name of Anem this carl on the kopje in pelted thongs a
parth a lone who the joebiggar be he? Forshapen his pigmaid
hoaghead, shroonk his plodsfoot. He hath lockroes, this short-
shins, and, Obeold that's pectoral, his mammamuses most
mousterious. It is slaking nuncheon out of some thing's brain
pan. Me seemeth a dragon man. He is almounst on the kiep
sief by here, is Comestipple Sacksoun, be it junipery or febrew-
ery, matracks or alebrill or the ramping riots of puriourse and
What a quhare soort of a mahan. It is evident the mich-
indaddy. Let us overstep his fire defences and these kraals of
slitsucked marrogbones. (Cave!) He can prapsposterus the pil-
lory way to Hirculos pillar. Come on, fool portefull, hosiered
women blown monk sewer? Susc us, chorley guy! You toller-
day donsk? N. You toltariff scwegian? Nn. You spigotty an-
Let us swap hats and excheck a few strong verbs weak each ei-
ther yapyazzard abast the blooty creeks.

Jute. — Yutahl!
Mutt. — Mukk's pleasuread.
Jute. — Are you jeff?
Mutt. — Somechards.
Jute. — But you are not jeffmate?
Mutt. — Noho. Only an utterer.
Jute. — Whoa? Whaa is the mutter with you?
Mutt. — I became a stum a stummer.
Jute. — What a haohauhauhdible thing, to be cause! How,
Mutt?
Mutt. — Aput the burtle, surd.
Jute. — Whose puddle? Wherein?
Mutt. — The Inns of Dungtarf where Used awe to be he.
Jute. — You that side your voice are almost inedible to me.
Become a bit skin more wiseable, as if I were you.
Mutt. — Has? Has at? Hasstenoy? Urp, Booohooru! Booru
Usurp! I trumple from rath in mine mines when I
rimimirim!
Jute. — One. eyegonblack. Bisons is bisonis. Let me fore all
your hasitancy cross your qualm with trink gilt. Here
have sylvan coyne, a piece of oak. Ghines hies good
for you.
Mutt. — Louee, louee! How wooden I not know it, the intel-
liable greytcoat of Cedric Silkyshagl Cead mealy
faulty rices for one dabblin bar. Old grily growly!
He was poached on in that eggetical spot. Here
where the liveries, Monomark. There where the mis-
sers moony, Minnikin passe.

Jute. — Simply because as Taciturn pretells, our wrongstory-
shortener, he dumptied the wholeborrow of rubba-
ges on to soil here.

Mutt. — Just how a pudgeinstone inat the brookcells by a
riverpool.

Jute. — Load Allmarshy! Wid wad for a norses like?
Mutt. — Somehur with a bull on a clomptruf. Rooks roarum
rex room! I could snore to him of the spumy horn,
with his woolseley side in, by the neck I am sutton
on, did Brian d' of Linn.

Jute. — Boldoyle and rawhoney on me when I can beiraly
forssstand a weird from sturk to finnic in such a pat-
what as your rutterdamrotter. Onheard of and um-
scene! Gut aftermeal! See you doomed.

Mutt. — Quite agreeem. Bussave a sec. Walk a dun blink
roundward this albutisle and you skull see how olde
ye plaine of my Eters, hunfree and ours, where wone
to wail whimbre to peceee o'er the saltings, where
wilby citie by law of isthmon, where by a droit of
signory, icefloe was from his Inn the Byggning to
whose Finishthere Punct. Let erehim ruhmuhmrhr.
Mearmerge two races; swee and brack. Morthering
rue. Hither, craching eastwards, they are in sur-
gence: hence, cool at ebb, they requiesce. Countless-
of livestories have netherfallen. by this plage, flick-
as flowflakes, litters from aloft, like a waast wtzzard all of
whirlworlds. Now are all tombed to the mound, isges
to isges, erde from erde. Pride, O pride, thy prize!

Jute. — 'Stench!
Mutt. — Fiatfuitl Hereinunder lyeethey. Large by the smal an'
evenny night life oslo th'estrange, babylone the great-
grandhotelled with tit tit titleselouse, alp on earwig,
druk on ild, likeas equal to anequal in this sound
semetery which iz leebez luv.
Jute. - 'Zmorde!

Mutt. - Meldundleize! By the fearse wave behoUughted. Despond's sung. And thanacestross mound have swollup them all. This outh of years is not save brickdust and being humus the same roturris. He who runes may rede it on all fours. O'c'stle, n'wc'stle, tr'c'stle, crumbling! Sell me sooth the fare for Humblin! Humblady Fair. But speak it allsosiftly, moulder! Be in your wisht!

Jute. - Whysht?

Mutt. - The gyant Forficules with Amni the fay.

Jute. - Howe?

Mutt. - Here is viceking's graab. -

Jute. - Hwaad!

Mutt. - Ore you astoneaged, jute you?

Jute. - Oye'am thonthorstrok, thing mud.

(Stoop) if you are abcedminded, to this claybook, what curios of signs (please stoop), in this allaphbed! Can you rede (since We and Thou had it out already) its world? It is the same told of all. Many. Miscegenations on miscegenario's. Treeke. They lived und laughed ant loved end left. Forsin. Thy thingdome is given to the Meades and Porsons. The meandertale, aloss and again, of our old Heidenburgh in the days when Head-in-Clouds walked the earth. In the ignorance that implies impression that knits knowledge that finds the nameform that whets the wits that convey contacts that sweeten sensation that _ drives desire that adheres to attachment that dogs death that bitches birth that entails the ensurance of existenriality: But with a rush out of his navel reaching the reredos of Ramasbatham. A terricolous vivelyonview this; queer and it continues to be quaky. A hatch, a celt, an earshare the pourquose of which was to cassay the earthcrust at all of hours, furrowards, bagavards, like yoxen: at the turnpah't.

Here say figurines billycoose arming and mounting. Mounting and arming bellicose figurines see here. Futhorc, this liffie effingee is for a fireing called a flintforfall. Face at the cased! O I say! Face at the waist! Ho, you fie! Upwap and dump em, vice to uace! When a part so ptee does duty for the holos we soon grow to use of an allforabit. Here (please to stoop) are selveran cued peteet peas of quite a pecuniar interest inaslittle as they are the pellets that make the tomtummy's pay roll. Right rank ragnar rocks and with theserox orangotangos rangled rough and rightgorong. Wisha, wisha, whyditha? Thik is for thorn that's thuck in its tholl like thoomfool's thraitor thrust for vengeance. What a mince old mness it all mmakes! A middenhide hoard of objects! Olives, beets, kimmells, dollies, alfrids, beafties, cormacks and daltons. Owlets' eegs (O stoop to please!) are here, creakish from age and all now quite epilene, and oldwolldy wobblewers, haudworth a wipe o grass. Sss! See the snake wurrums eversyside! Our durlbin is sworming in sneaks. They came to our island: from triangular Toucheaterre beyond the wet prairie rared up in the midst of the cargon of prohibitive pomefructs but along landed Paddy Wippingham and, the his garbagecans cotched the creeps of them pricker than our whosethere outofinan could quick up her whatsthats. Somedivide and sumthelot but the tally turns round the same balifuson. Racketeers and bottloggers:

Axe on thracks on thracks, axenwise. One by one place one be three dittoh and one before. Two nurus one make a plausible free and idim behind. Starting off with a big boaba and three-legged calvers and ivargraine jadesses with a message in their mouths. And a hundreadfilled unleavenweight of liberorumqueue to con an we can till allhorrors eve. What a meanderthallrale to unfurl and with what an end in view of squattor and annrisquattor and-postproneaunrisquattor! To say too us to be every rim, nick and larry of us, sons of the sod, sons, littlesons, yea and lealittlesons, when usses not to be, every sue, siss and sally of us, dugters of Nan! Accusative ahnsire! Damadam to infinities!

True there was in nillohs dieybos as yet no lumpend paper in the waste and mightmountain Penn still groaned for the micies to let flee. All was of ancynctry. You gave me a boot (signs on it!) and I ate the wind. I quizzed you a quid (with for what?) and you went to the quod. But the world, mind, is, was and will be writing its own wrunes for ever, man, on all matters that fall
under the ban of our infrational senses for the last milch-camel, the heartvein throbbing between his eyebrows, has still to moor before the tomb of his cousin charman where his date is tethered by the palm that's hers. But the horn, the drinking, the day of dread are not now. A bone, a pebble, a ramskin; chip them, chop them, cut them up all ways; leave them to terracook in the inuttheringpot: and Gutenmorg with his cromagnom charter, tintingfast and great primer must once for omniposs step rubrickred out of the wordpress else is there no virtue more in alcohoman. For that (the tapt one warns) is what papyr is need of; made of, hides and hints and misses in prints. Till ye finally (though not yet endlike) meet with the acquaintance of Mister Typus, Mistress Tope and all the little typtopies. Fillstup. So you need hardly spell me how every word will be bound over to carry three score and ten toptypical readings throughout the book of Doubledends Jined (may his forehead be darkened with mud who would sunder!) till Daleth, mahomalouna, who oped it closeth thereof the. Dor.

Cry not yet! There's many a smile to Nondum, with sitty maids per man, sir, and the park's so dark by kindelight. But look what you have in your handself! The movibles are scrawling in motions, marching, all of them ago, in pipat and zingzang for every busy erie whig's a bit of a toytale to tell. One's upon a thyme and two's behind their lettece leap and three's among the strubbely beds. And the chicks picked their teeths and the domkey he begay began. You can ask your ass if he believes it. And so cuddly me only wallops have heels. That one of a wife with folty barnets. For then was the age when hoops ran high. Of a noarch and a chopwife; of a pomme full grave and a fammy of levity; or of golden youths that wanted gelding; or of what the mischievmiss made a man do. Malmarrried he was reversgassed by the frique of her frasques and her pytty pyrrique. Maye saye, she's la gaye this snaky woman! From that trippity toe expectungpelick! Veil, volantine, valentine eyes. She's the very besch Winnie blows Nay on good. Flou inn, flow ann. Hohore! So it's sure it was her not we! But lay it easy, gentle
mien, we are in rearing of a norewhig. So weenybeenye-veenyteeny. Comsy see! Het wis if ee newt. Lissom! lissom! I am doing it. Hark, the come entreats! And the larpnotes prittle.

It was of a night, late, lang time agone, in an auldstone eld, when Adam was delvin and his madame spinning watersilts, when mulk moonynotty man was everybully and the first leal ribberroborber that ever had her ainway everybuddy to his lovesaking eyes and everybully lived alone with everybuddy else, and jarl van Hoothet had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse, laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jiminies, cousins of ourn, Tristopher and Hilary, were kickaheeling their dummy on the oil cloth flute of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse. And, be derrmot, who come to the keep of his inn only the niece-of-his-in-law, the prankquean. And the prankquean pulled a rosy one and made her wit foreninst the dour. And she lit up and fireland was ablaze. And spoke she to the dour in her persey perusienne: Mark the Wans, why do I am alook alike a poss of potteryease? And that was how the skirtmisshes began. But the dour handworded her grace in dootch nossow: Shut! So her grace o'malice kidnapped the jiminy Tristopher and into the shandy westerness she rain, rain, rain. And jarl van Hoothet warlessed after her with soft dovesgall: Stop deaf stop come back to my earin stop. But she swaradid to him: Unlikelihud. And there was a brannewail that same sabbat night of falling angles somewhere in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Tourlemonde and she washed the blessings of the love-spots off the jiminy with soap sulliver suddles and she had her four owlers masters for to tauch him his tickles and she converted him to the onesure allgood and he became a luderman. So then she started to rain and to rain and, be redtom, she was back again at Jarl van Hoothet's in a brace of samers and the jiminy. with her in her pinaftond, lace at night, at another time. And where did she come but to the bar of his bristolry. And jarl von Hoothet had his baretholobruised heels drowned in his cellarmalt, shaking warm hands with himself and the jiminy Hilary and
the dummy in their first infancy were below on the tearsheet, wringing and coughing, like brodar and histher. And the prankquean nipped a paly one and lit up again and redcocks flew flackering from the hillcombs. And she made her witter before the wicked, saying: Mark the Twy, why do I am alook alike two poss of porterpease? And: Shut! says the wicked, handwording her majesty. So her majesty a forethought set down a jiminy and took up a jiminy and all the lilipathways to Woeman's Land she rain, rairi, rain. And Jarl von Hoother bleethered atte her with a loud finegale: Stop domb stop come back with my earring stop. But the prankquean swared: Aiu liking it. And there was a wild grannewwail that laurency night of starshootings somewhere in Erlo. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Turnleemeem and she punched the curses of cromcruwell with the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had his four larksical monitrix to touch him his tears and she provorted him to the onecertain allsecure and he became a tristian. So then she started raining, raining, and in a pair of changers, be dom ter; she was back again at Jarl von Hoother's and the Larry hill with her under her abromette. And why should she halt at all if no by the ward of his mansionhome of another nice lace for the third charm? And Jarl von Hoother had his hurricane hips up to his pantry-box, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), and the jiminy Toughertrees and the dummy were belove on the watercloth, kissing and spitting, and roguing and poghuing, like knavepaltry and naivebride and in their second infancy. And the prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay twinkling. And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of mihump, asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am alook alike three poss of porterpease? But that was how the skirtmishes endupped. For like the campbells acoming .. with a-fork lance of lightning, Jarl von Hoother Boaherges. himself, the old terror of the dames, caine hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chollar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves and his ladbroke breek and his cattegut bandolair and his fur-framed panuncular cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen orangeman in his violet indigiration, to the whole length of the strength of his bowman's bill. And he clopped his rude hand to his eacy hitch and he ordurd and his thick spch spck for her to shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clup (Perkodhuskurtunbargruaayagokgoeyayorgromgremmitghundhirthrumathunaradidilisaititilibumullunukunun!) And they all drank free. For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any girls under shurts. And that was the first peace of illiterative porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world. How kixsyy the tiler made a sweet unclose to the Narwhealian capitl. Saw fore shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to hold her dummyship and the jimminies was to keep the peacewave and van Hoother was to git the wind up. Thus the hearsomeness of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.

O foenix culprit! Ex nickylow malo comes mickelmassed bonum. Hill, rill, ones in company, billeted, less be proud of. Breast high and bestride! Only for that these will not breathe upon Norronesen or Irenean the secres of their soorcelossness. Quarry silx, Hornfrie Noanswa! Undy. gentian festyknees, Livia Noanswa? Wolkencap is on him, frowned; auduriert, he would evesdrip, were it mous at hand, were it dinn of bottles in the far ear. Murk, his vales are darkling. With liph she lipheth to him all to time of thuch on thuch and thow on thow. She he she ho she ha to la. Hairfluke, if he could bad twig her! Impalpabunt, he abeers. The soundwaves are his buffetiers; they trompe him with their trompes; the wave of roary and the wave of hooshed and the wave of hawhawhd and the wave of neverheedthemhorseluggarsandlittletomine. Landloughed by his neighboormistress and perpetrified in his offsprung, sabes and suckers, the moaning pipers could tell him to his faceback, the loufthy one whose loab we are devorers of, how butt for his 4old halibutt, or her to her pudor puff, the lipalip one whose libe we drink at, how biff for her tiddywink of a windfall, our breed and washer givers, there would not sea holey spier on the town nor a vestal flouting in the dock, nay to make plein avowels, nor a yew nor an eye
to play cash cash in Novo Nilbud by swamplight nor a' toole o' tall o' toll and noddy hint to the conveynience.

He dug in and dug out by the skill of his tilth for himself and all belonging to him and he sweated his crew beneath his auspice for the living and he turned his dread, that dragon volant, and he made louse for us and delivered us to boll weevils amain, that mighty liberator, Unfru-Chikda-Uru-Wukru and begad he did, our ancestor most worshipful, till he thought of a better one in his windower's house with that blushmantle upon him from eardend to earend. And would again could whispering grassies wake him and may again when the fiery bird disembers. And will again if so be sooth by elder to his youngers shall be said. Have you whines for my wedding, did.

Anam muck an dhoul! Did ye drink me doornail?

Now be aisy, good Mr Finnimore, sir. And take your laysure like a god on pension and don't be walking abroad. Sure you'd only lose yourself in Healiopolis now the way your roads in Kapelavaster are that winding there after the calvary, the North Umbrian and the Fivs Barrow and Waddlings Raid and the Bower Moore and wet your feet maybe with theogg dew's abroad. Meeting some sick old bankrupt or the Cottericks' donkey with his shoe hanging, clankatachankata, or a slut snoring with an impure infant on a bench: 'Twould turn you against life, so 'twould. And the weather's that mean too. To part from Devlin was hard as Nugent knew, to leave the clean tanglesome one lushier than its neighbour enfranchisable fields but let your ghost have no grievance. You're better off, sir, where you are, primesigned in the full of your dress, bloodeagle-waistcoat and all, remembering your shapes and sizes on the pillow of your babycurls under your sycamore by the keld water where the Tory's clay will scare. The varmints and have all you want, pouch, gloves, flask, bricket, kerchief, ring and amberulla, the whole treasure of the pyre, in the land of souls with Homin and Broin Baroke and pole ole Lonan and Nobucketnozzler and the Guinnghis Khan. And we'll be coming here, the ombre players, to take your gravel and bringing you presents, won't we, fenians? And it isn't our spittle we'll stint you of, is it, druids? Not shabby little imagettes, pennydirts and dodgemeyes you buy in the soottee stores. But offerings of the field. Mieliodories, that Doctor Faherty, the madison man, taught to gooden you. Poppypap's a passport out: And honey is the holiest thing ever was, hive, comb and earwax, the food for glory, (mind you keep the pot or your nectar cup may yield too light!) and some goat's milk, sir, like the maid used to bring you. Your fame is spreading like Basilico's ointment since the Fintan Lalors piped you overborder and there's whole households beyond the Bothnians and they calling names after you. The menhere's always talking of you sitting around on the pig's cheeks under the sacred rooftree, over the bowls of memory where every hollow holds a hallow, with a pledge till the drengs, in the Salmon House. And admiring to our supershillelagh where the palmsweat on high is the mark of your monument. All the toothpicks ever Eirenesians chewed on are chips chipped from that battery block. If you were bowed and solid and letdown itself from the oner of the load it was that paddyplanters might pack up plenty and when you were undone in every point fore the laps of goddesses you showed our labourlasses how to free was easy. The game old Gunne, they do be saying, (skull!) that was a planter for you, a Spicer of them all. Begog but he was, the G.O.G! He's duddandgunne now and we're astern finding the sores of his sedeg but peace to his great limbs, the buddhoch, with the last league long rest of him, while the millioncandlecl eye of Tuskar sweeps the Moylean Main! There was never a warlord in Great Erinnes and Brettland, no, nor in all Pike County like you, they say. No, nor a king nor an ardking, sung king or hung king. That you could fell an elmstree twelve urchins couldn't ring round and hoist high the stone that Liam failed. Who but a Macculaghmote the reise of our fortunes and the faunayman at the funeral to compass our cause? If you was hogglebully itself and most frifty like you was taken waters still what all where was your like to lay the cable or who was the batter could better Your Grace? Mick Mac Magnus MacCawley can take you off to
the pure perfection and Leatherbags Reynolds tries your shuffle and cut. But as Hopkins and Hopkins puts it, you were the pale eggnaggy and a kiss to tilly up. We calls him the journeyall Buggaloffi since he went Jerusalemfaring in Assia Manor. You had a gamier cock than Pete, Jake or Martin and your archoose of geese stubbled for All Angels' Day. So may the priest of seven worms and scolding tayboil, Papa Vestray, come never apear you as your hair grows wheater beside the Liffey that's in Heaven! Hep, hep, hurrah there! Hero! Seven times thereto we salute you! The whole bag of kits, falconplumes and jackboots inrolled, is where you flung them that time. Your heart is in the system of the Shewolf and your crested head is in the tropic of Copricapron. Your feet are in the cloister of Virgo. Your oala is in the region of sahuls. And that's ashore as you were born. Your shuck tick's swell. And that there texas is tow linen. The loomsome roam to Laffayetre is ended. Drop in your tracks, babel Be not unrested! The headboddywatcher of the chempel of Isid, Totumcalmuri, saith: I know thee, motherjar, I know thee, salvation boat. For we have performed upon thee, thou abramation, who comest ever without being invoked, whose coming is unknown, all the things which the company of the precentors and of the grammarians of Christpatrick's ordered concerning thee in the matter of the work of thy tombing. Howe of the shipmen, steep wall!

Everything's going on the same or so it appeals to all of us, in the old holmsted here. Coughings all over the sanctuary, bad scant to me aunt Florenza. The horn for breakfast, one o'gong for lunch and dinnerhime. As popular as when Belly the First was keng and his members met in the Diet of Man. The same shop slop in the window. Jacob's lettercrackers and Dr Tipple's Vi-Cocoa and the Esuard's desippated soup besides Mother Sea-gull's syrup. Meat took a drop when Reilly-Parsons failed. Coal's short but we've plenty of bog in the yard. And barley's up again, begrained to it. The lads is attending school nessans regular, sir, spelling beesknees with hatatancy and turning out tables by mudaplication. Allfor the books and never pegging smashers after Tom Bowe Glassarse or Timmy the Tosser. Tisraelly the truth! No isn't it, roman pathoricks? You were the doublejoyned janitor the morning they were delivered and you'll be a grandfer yet entirely when the right hand seizes what the lovearm knows. Kevin's just a doar with his cherub cheek, chalking ochres on walls, and his little lamp and schoolbelt and bag o'knicks, playing postman's knock round the diggings and if the seep were milk you couldieve his oldie by his ide but, laus sake, the devil does be in that knips of a Jerry sometimes, the tarandtan plaidboy, making encoystive inkum out of the last of his lavings and writing a blue streak over his bourseday shirt. Hettie Jane's a child of Mary. She'll be coming (for they're sure to choose her) in her white of gold with a touch of ivy to rekindle the flame on Felix Day. But Essie Shanahan has let down her skirts. You remember Essie in our Luna's Convent? They called her Holly Merry her lips were so ruddyberry and Pia de Purebelle when the redminers riots was on about her. Were I a clerk designate to the Williamswoodsmenufacturers I'd poster those pouters on every jamb in the town. She's making her rep at Lanner's twicenightly. With the tabarine tamtammers of the whirligigmates. Beats that cachucha flat. 'Twould dilate your heart to go.

Aisy now, you decent man, with your knees and lie quiet and repose your honour's lordship! Hold him here, Ezekiel I;ons, and may God strengthen you! It's our warm spirits, boys, he's spooring. Dimitrius O'Flagonan, cork that cure for the Clancartys! You swamped enough since Portobello to float the Pomeroy. Fetch neahere, Pat Koy! And fetch nouyou, Pam Yates! Be nayther angst of Wramawitch! Here's lumbos. Where misties swaddlum, where misches lodge none, where mysteries pour kind on, O sleepy! So be yet!

I've an eye on queer Behan and old Kate and the butter, trust me. She'll do no jugglywuggly with her war souvenir postcards to help to build me mural, tippers! I'll trip your traps! Assure a sure there! And we put on your clock again, sir, for you. Did or didn't we, sharestutters? So you won't be up a stump entirely. Nor shed your remnants. The sternwheel's crawling strong. I
seen your misssus in the hall. Like. the queenoveire. Arrah, it's herself that's fine, too, don't be talking! Shirksends? You storyan Harry chap longa me Harry chap storyan grass woman plelthy good trout. Shakeshands. Dibble a hayfork' s wrong with her only her lex' s salig. Boald Tib does be yawning and smirking cat's hours on the Pollockses' woolly round tabouretcushion watch­ing her sewing a dream together, the tailor's daughter, stitch to her last. Or while waiting for winter to fire the enchantment, decoying more nesters to fall down the flue. It's allavalonche that blows nopussy foo&fJf you only were there to explain the mean­ing, best of men, and talk to her nice of guldenselver. The lips would moisten once again. As when you drove with her to Fin­drinny Fair. What with reins here and ribbons there all your hands were employed so she never knew was she on land or at sea or swooped through the blue like Airwinger’s bride. She was flitsome then and she's fluttersome yet. She can second a song and adores a scandal when the last post's gone by. Fond of a concertina and pairs passing when she's had her forty winks for supper after kanekannan and abely dimpling and is in her merlin chair assotted, reading her Eve­ning World. To see is it smarts, full lengths or swaggers. News, news; news, all the news. Death, a leopard, kills fellah in Fez. Angry scenes at Stormount. Still Star with her lucky in go­ingaways. Opportunity fair with the China floods and we hear these rosy rumours. Ding Tams he noise about all same Harry chap. She’s seeking her way, a chickle a chuckle, in and out of their· serial storyi. Les Loves of Selskar et Pervenche, freely adapted to The Novverain’s Viv. There'll be bluebells blowing in salty sepulchres the night she signs her final tear. Zee End. But that’s a world of ways away. Till track laws time. No silver ash or switches for that one! While flattering candles flare. Anna Stacey’s how are you! Worther waist in the noblest, says Adams and Sons, the walcypay actionneers. Her hair’s as brown as ever it was. And wivy and wavy. Repose you now! Finn no more!

For, be that same sake sibsubstitute of a hooky salmon, there’s already a big rody ram lad at random on the premises of his haunt of the hunbed bordses, as it is told me. Shop illite, flourishing like a lordmajor or a buaboabaybohm, litting flop a deadlop (aloose!) to lee but lifting a bennbranch a yardalong (lvoehl) the breezy side (for shown!), the height of Brew­ster’s chimpey and as broad below as Phineas Barnum; humphing his share of the showthers is senken on him he’s such a grandfallar, with a pocked wife in pickie that’s a flyfire and three live nittle clinkers, two twilling bugs and one midgit pucelle. And aither he cursed and recursed and was everseen doing what your fourfooters saw or he was never done seeing what you cool pigeons know, weep the clouds aboon for smiledown witnesses, and that’ll do now about the fairyhees and the frailyshees. Though Eset ribble it to the zephiroth and Atsa zoom it round her heavens for ever. Creator he has created for his creatures ones a creation. White monoithoid? Red theatrocrat? And all the pinkprophets cohalething? Very much sol! But however ’twas ’tis sure for one thing, what sheriff Toragh voucherfors and Mapqiq makes put out, that the man, Humme the Cheapner, Esc, overseen as we thought him, yet a worthy of the naym, came at this timecoloured place where we live in our paroqial fermament one ride on another, with a bumrush in a hull of a wherry, the twin turbine dhow, The Bey for Dybbling, this archipelago’s first visiting schooner, with a wicklow pattern waxenwench at her prow for a figurehead, the deadsea dugong updidripping from his depths, and has been reprechasing him­self like a fishmummer these siktyten years ever since, his shebi by his shide, adi and aid, growing hoarish under his turban and changing cane sugar into sethulose starch (Tuttut’s cess to him!) as also that, bacin the bulkihood he bloats about when innebriated, our old offender was hunbed, commune and egressuous from his nature, which you may gauge after the bynames was put under him, in lashons of languages, (honnein suit and praisers bel!) and, totalisating him, even hamissim of himashim that he, sober serious, he is ee and no counter he who will be ultimendly respuncheable for the hubbub caused in Eden­borough.