

phoggs, circuses and wardsmoats and basilikerks and aeropagods and the hoyse and the jollybrool and the peeler in the coat and the mecklenburk bitch bite at his ear and the merlinburrow bur-rocks and his fore old porecourts, 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 murum and all the uproor from all the aufroofs, a roof for may and a reef for hugh butt under his bridge suits tony) wan warning Phill filt tippling full. His howd feeled heavy, his hoddit did shake. (There was a wall of course in erection) Dimb! He stottered from the latter. Damb! he was dud. Dumb! Mastabatoom, mastabadtomm, when a mon merries his lute is all long. For whole the world to see.

Shize? I should shee! Maccool, Maccool, orra whyi deed ye diie? of a trying thirstay mournin? Sobs they sighdid at Fillagain's chrissormiss wake, all the hoolivans of the nation, prostrated in their consternation and their duodisimally profusive plethora of ululation. There was plumbs and grumes and cheriffs and citheres and raiders and cinemen too. And the all gianed in with the shout-most shoviality. Agog and magog and the round of them agrog. To the continuation of that celebration until Hanandhunigan's extermination! Some in kinkin 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 alanglast 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! Hurrah, there is but young gleve for the owl globe wheels in view which is tautaulogically the same thing. Well, Him a being so on the flounder of his bulk like an overgrown babeling, let wee peep, see, at Hom, well, see peegee 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 fiord to fjell his baywinds' oboboies shall wail him rockbound (hoahoahoah!) in swimswamswum and all the livvy-long night, the delldale dalplling night, the night of bluerybells, her flittafute in tricky trochees (O carina! O carina!) wake him. With her issavan essavans and her patterjackmartins about all them inns and ouses. Tilling a teel of a tum, telling a toll of a teary turty Taubling. Grace before Glutton. For what we are, gifs a gross if we are, about to believe. So pool the begg and pass the kish for crawsake. Omen. So sigh us. Grampupus is fallen down but grinny sprids the boord. Whase on the joint of a desh? Fin-

foefom the Fush. Whase be his baken head? A loaf of Singpantry's Kennedy bread. And whase hitched to the hop in his tayle? 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. Finiche! Only a fadograph of a yestern scene. Almost rubicund Salmosalar, ancient fromout the ages of the Agapemonides, 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 brontoichthyan form outlined a-slumbered, even in our own nighttime by the sedge of the troutling stream that Bronto loved and Brunto has a lean on. Hic cubat edilis. Apud libertinam parvulam. Whatif she be in flags or flitters, reekierags or sundyechosies, with a mint of mines or beggar a pinnyweight. 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 nannyygoes nancing by. Yoh! Brontolone slaaps, yoh snoores. Upon Benn Heather, in Seeplesout too. The cranic head on him, caster of his reasons, peer yuthtner in yondmist. Whooth? His clay feet, swarded in verdigrass, stick up starck where he last fellowem, by the mund of the magazine wall, where our maggy seen all, with her sisterin shawl. While over against this belles' alliance beyind Ill Sixty, ollolowed ill! bagsides of the fort, bom, tarabom, tarabom, lurk the ombushes, the site of the liffig-in-wait of the upjock and hockums. 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 charmfu waterloose country and the two quitewhite villagettes who hear show of themselves so gigglesomes minxt the follyages, the prettilees! Penetrators are permitted into the museomound free. Welsh and the Paddy Patkineses, one shelenk! Redismembers invalids of old guard find poussepousse pousseyptram 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 ffrinch that fire on the Bull that bang the flag of the Prooshious. Saloos the Crossgunn! Up with your pike and fork! Tip. (Bullsfoot! 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 Sraughter 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 goliar'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 nayther 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 Injun. This is the crimealine of the alps hooping to sheltershock the three lipoleums. This is the jinnies with their legahorns feinting to read in their handmade'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 obscides on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower. Tip. This is me Belchum sneaking his phillippy out of his most Awful Grimmet 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. Hugacting. Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to fontannoy the Willingdone. Shee, shee, shee! The jinnies is jillous agincourting 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 secred word with a ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's hur-old dispitchback. Dispitch 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. Hee, hee, hee! This is me Belchum in his twelvemile cowhooks, weet, tweet and stampforth foremost, footing the camp for the jinnies. Drink a sip, drankasup, 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 widdars! 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! (Bullsear! Play!) This is camelry, this is floodens, this is the solphereens 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 Finnllambs! This is jinnies rinning away to their ousterlists dowan a bunkersheels. With a nip nippy nip and a trip trippy trip so airy. For their heart's right 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 marmorial tallowscoop Sophy-Key-Po for his royal divorsion on the rinnaway jinnies. Gam-

bariste 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 maxy montrumeny. Lipoleums is nice hung bushellors. 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 wixy old Willingdone picket up the half of the threefoiled hat of lipoleums fromoud of the bluddle filth. This is the hinndoo waxing ranjymad for a bombshoob. This is the Willingdone hanking 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, waggling his tailoscrupp with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insoult on the hinndoo seeboy. Hney, hney, hney! (Bullstrag! Foull!) This is the seeboy, madrashattaras, upjump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone: Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! This is the Willingdone, bornstable ghentleman, tindere his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shin. Basucker youstead! This is the dooforhim seeboy blow the whole of the half of the hat of lipoleums off of the top of the tail on the back of his big wide harse. Tip (Bullseye! Gamel!) 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-Lantern! It's a candlelittle houthse of a month and one windies. Downadown, High Downadown. And numbered quaintlymine. And such reasonable weather too! The wa-grant wind's awalt'zaround the piltdowns and on every blasted knollyrock (if you can spot fifty I spy four more) there's that gnarlybird ygathering, a runalittle, doalittle, preealittle, pouralittle, wipealittle, kicksalittle, severalittle, eatalittle, whinealittle, kenalittle, helfalittle, pelfalittle gnarlybird. A verytableland of bleakbardfields! Under his seven wrothschiels lies one, Lumproar. His glav toside him. Skud ontorsed. Our pigeons pair are flown for northcliffs. The three of crows have flapped it southenly, kraaking of de baccle to the kvarters 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 toom-cracks down the gael of Thon. No nubo no! Neblas on you liv! Her would be too moochy afreet. Of Burymeleg and Bindmerollingeyes 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 peri potmother, a pringlpik in the ilandiskippy, with peewee and powwows in beggybaggy on her bickybacky and a flick flask fleckflying its pixylighting pacts' huemeramybows, picking here, pecking

there, pussypussy plunderpussy. But it's the armitides toonigh, militopucos, and toomourn we wish for a muddy kissmans to the minutia workers and there's to be a gorgeups truce for happinest childher everwere. Come nebo me and suso sing the day we sallybright. She's burrowed the coacher's headlight the better to pry (who goes cute goes siocur and shoos aroun) and all spoiled goods go into her nabsack: curtrages and rattlin buttins, nappy spattees and flasks of all nations, clavicures and scampulars, 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 ceare!). With Kiss. Kiss Criss. Cross Criss. Kiss Cross. Undo lives 'end. Slain.

How bootifull and how truetowife of her, when strengly forebidden, to steal our historic presents from the past postpropheticals so as to will make us all lordy heirs and ladymaides 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 uncontrollable), 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 butteler'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 marriedann 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 glau-lous phace of Herrschuft Whatarwelter she'll loan a vesta and hire some peat and sarch the shores her cockles to heat and she'll do all a turfwoman can to piff the business on. Paff. To puff the blaziness on. Poffpoff. And even if Humpty shell fall frumpty times as awkward again in the beardsboosoloom of all our grand remonstrancers there'll be iggs for the brekkers come to mourn-him, sunny side up with care. So true is it that therewhere's a turnover the tay is wet too and when you think you ketch sight of a hind make sure but you're cocked by a hin.

Then as she is on her behaviourite job 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 elsewhere, by sixes and sevens, like so many heegills and collines, sitton aroont, scentbreeched ant somepotreek, in their swishawish satins and their taffetaffe tights, playing Wharton's Folly, at a treepurty on the planko in the purk. Stand up, mickos! Make strake for minnas! By order, Nicholas Proud. We may see

and hear nothing if we choose of the shortlegged bergins off Corkhill or the bergamoors of Arbourhill or the bergagambols of Summerhill or the bergincellies 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, Olaf'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 dormont from the macroborg of Holdhard to the microbirg of Pied de Poudre. Behove this sound of Irish sense. Really? Here English might be seen. Royally? One sovereign punned to petery pence. Regally? The silence speaks the scene. Fake!

So This Is Dyoublong?

Hush! Caution! Echoland!

How charmingly exquisite! It reminds you of the outwashed engravure that we used to be blurring on the blotchwall of his innkempt house. Used they? (I am sure that tiring chabelshoveller with the mujikal chocolat bōx, Miry Mitchel, is listening) I say, the remains of the outworn gravemure where used to be blurried the Ptolmens of the Incabus. Used we? (He is only pretendant to be stugging 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. Hear? By the mausolime wall. Fimfim fimfim. With a grand funferall. Fumfum fumfum. 'Tis optophone which ontophanes. List! Wheatstone's magic lyer. They will be tuggingl foriver. They will be lichening for allof. They will be pretumbling 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.t. in Dyfflinarsky 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! *Triom.* (Tamuz.) An auburn mayde, o'brine a'bride, to be desarted. Adear, adear! *Quodlibus.* (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 wondern 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-

rieosity and be me sawl but she found hersell 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 ravisht of her
by the ogre Puropeus Pious. Bloody wars in Ballyaughacleeagh-
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-
vius and annadominant the copyist must have fled with his
scroll. The billy flood rose or an elk charged him or the sultrup
worldwright from the excelsissimost empyrean (bolt, in sum)
earthspake or the Dannamen gallous banged pan the bliddy du-
ran. A scribicide then an 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 meddlement with the drawers of his
neighbour's safe.

Now after all that farfatch'd and peragrine or dingnant or clere
lift we our ears, eyes of the darkness, from the tome of *Liber Li-
vidus* and, (toh!), how paisibly eirenical, all dimmering dunes
and gloamering glades, selfstretches afore us our fredeland's plain!
Lean neath stone pine the pastor lies with his crook; young pric-
ket by pricket'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 Hairyman the cornflowers have been staying at Ballymun,
the duskrose has choosed out Goatstown's hedges, twolips have
pressed together them by sweet Rush, townland of twinedlights,
the whitethorn and the redthorn have fairygeyed the mayvalleys
of Knockmaroon, and, though for rings round them, during a
chiliad of perihelygangs, the Formoreans have brittled 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 Kevan-
ses and Little on the Green is childsfather to the City (Year!
Year! And laughtears!), 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 Killallwho.

The babbelers with their thangas vain have been (confusium
hold them!) they were and went; thigging thugs were and hou-
nhnyn songtoms were and comely norgels were and pollyfool
fiansees. Menn have thawed, clerks have surssurhummed, the

blond has sought of the brune: Elsekiss thou may, mean Kerry piggy?: and the duncledames have countered with the hellish fellows: Who ails tongue coddeau, aspace of dumbillsilly? And they fell upon one another: and themselves they have fallen. And still nowanights and by nights of yore do all bold florals 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! Well may they wilt, marry, and profusedly blush, be troth! For that saying is as old as the howitts. Lave a whale a while in a whillbarrow (isn't it the truath I'm tallin ye?) to have fins and flippers that shimmy and shake. Tim Timmycan timped hir, tampting Tam, Fleppety! Flippety! Fleapow!

Hop!

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 hoagshead, shroonk his plodsfoot. He hath locktoes, this short-shins, and, Obeold that's pectoral, his mammamuscles most mousteriorious. It is slaking nuncheon out of some thing's brain pan. Me seemeth a dragon man. He is almonthst on the kiek fief by here, is Comestipple Sacksoun, be it junipery or febrewery, marracks or alebrill or the ramping riots of pouriose and froriose. What a quhare soort of a mahan. It is evident the mich-indaddy. Lets we overstep his fire defences and these kraals of slitsucked marrogbones. (Cavel) He can prapsposterus the pilory way to Hirculos pillar. Come on, fool porterfull, hosiered women blown monk sewer? Scuse us, chorley guy! You toller-day donsk? N. You tolkatiffscowegian? Nn. You spigotty anglease? Nnn. You phonio saxo? Nnnn. Clear all so! 'Tis a Jute. Let us swop hats and excheck a few strong verbs weak oach ea-ther yapyazzard abast the bloody creeks.

Jute.— Yutah!

Mutt.— Mukk's pleasurad.

Jute.— Are you jeff?

Mutt.— Somehards.

Jute.— But you are not jeffmute?

Mutt.— Noho. Only an utterer.

Jute.— Whoa? Whoat is the mutter with you?

Mutt.— I became a stun a stummer.

Jute.— What a hauhauhauhaudibble thing, to be cause! How, Mutt?

Mutt.— Aput the buttle, surd.

Jute.— Whose poddle? Wherein?

Mutt.— The Inns of Dungtarf where Used awe to be he.

Jute.— You that side your voise are almost inedible to me.

Become a bitskin more wiseable, as if I were you.

Mutt.— Has? Has at? Hasatency? Urp, Booohooru! Booru

Usurp! I trumple from rath in mine mines when I rimimirim!

Jute.— One eyegonblack. Bisons is bisons. Let me fore all your hasitancy cross your qualm with trink gilt. Here have sylvan coyne, a piece of oak. Ghinees hies good for you.

Mutt.— Louee, louee! How wooden I not know it, the intel-
lible greytcloak of Cedric Silkyshag! Cead mealy
faulty rices for one dabblin bar. Old grilsy growlsy!
He was poached on in that eggtentical 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 puddinstone inat the brookcells by a
riverpool.

Jute.— Load Allmarshy! Wid wad for a norse like?

Mutt.— Somular with a bull on a clompturf. Rooks roorum
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.— Boildoyle and rawhoney on me when I can beuraly
forsstand 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 agreem. Bussave a sec. Walk a dun blink
roundward this albutisle and you skull see how olde
ye plaine of my Elters, hunfree and ours, where wone
to wail whimbrel to peewee o'er the saltings, where
wilby citie by law of isthmon, where by a droit of
signory, icefloe was from his Inn the Byggnig to
whose Finishthere Punct. Let erehim ruhmuhrmuhr.
Mearmerge two races, swete and brack. Morthering
rue. Hither, craching eastuards, they are in surgence:
hence, cool at ebb, they requiesce. Countlessness of
livestories have netherfallen by this plage, flick as
flowflakes, litters from aloft, like a waast wizzard all of
whirlworlds. Now are all tombed to the mound, isges
to isges, erde from erde. Pride, O pride, thy prize!

Jute.— 'Stench!

Mutt.— Fiatfuit! Hereinunder lyethey. Llarge by the smal an'
everynight life also th'estrange, babylone the great-
grandhotelled with tit tit tittlehouse, alp on earwig,
drukn on ild, likeas equal to anequal in this sound
seemetry which iz leebez luv.

Jute.— 'Zmorde!

Mutt.— Meldundleize! By the fearse wave behoughted. Des-
pond's sung. And thanacestross mound have swollup
them all. This ourth of years is not save brickdust
and being humus the same roturns. 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! Hum-
blady Fair. But speak it allsosiftly, moulder! Be in
your whisht!

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 miscegenations. Tieckle. 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 ensuance of existentiality. But with a rush out of his navel reaching the reredos of Rámasbatham. A terricolous vively-onview 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, bagawards, like yoxen at the turnpaht. Here say figurines billycoose arming and mounting. Mounting and arming bellicose figurines see here. Futhorc, this liffle effingee is for a firing called a flintforfall. Face at the eased! O I fay! Face at the waist! Ho, you fie! Upwap and dump em, Face to Face! 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 these Rox orangotangos rangled rough and rightgorong. Wisha, wisha, whydidtha? Thik is for thorn that's thuck in its thoil like thum-fool's thraitor thrust for vengeance. What a mnice old mness it all mnakes! A middenhide hoard of objects! Olives, beets, kim-mells, dollies, alfrids, beatties, cormacks and daltons. Owlets' eegs (O stoop to please!) are here, creakish from age and all now quite epsilene, and oldwolldy wobblewers, haudworth a wipe o grass. Sss! See the snake wurrums everyside! Our durlbin is swarming 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 Wip-pingham and the his garbagecans cotched the creeps of them pricker than our whosethere outofman could quick up her whats-thats. Somedivide and sumthelot but the tally turns round the same balifuson. Racketeers and bottloggers.

Axe on thwack\$ on thracks, axenwise. One by one place one be three dittoh and one before. Two nursus one make a plausible free and idim behind. Starting off with a big boaboa and three-

legged calvers and ivargraine jadesses with a message in their mouths. And a hundredfilled unleavenweight of liberorumqueue to con an we can till all horrors eve. What a meanderthalltale to unfurl and with what an end in view of squattor and anntisquattor and postproneauntisquattor! To say too us to be every tim, nick and larry of us, sons of the sod, sons, little sons, yea and lealittle sons, 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 papeer in the waste, and mightmountain Penn still groaned for the micies to let flee. All was of ancentry. 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 infrarational sense fore the last milch-camel, the heartvein throbbing between his eyebrows, has still to moor before the tomb of his cousin charmian 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, chap them, cut them up allways; leave them to terracook in the muttheringpot: and Gutenmorg with his cromagnom charter, tintingfast and great primer must once for omniboss step rub-brickredd out of the wordpress else is there no virtue more in al-cohoran. For that (the rapt one warns) is what papyr is meed 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 tytopies. 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 Doublends Jined (may his forehead be darkened with mud who would sunder!) till Daleth, mahomahouma, who oped it closeth thereof the. Dor.

Cry not yet! There's many a smile to Nondum, with sytty maids per man, sir, and the park's so dark by kindlelight. But look what you have in your handself! The movibles are scrawling in motions, marching, all of them ago, in pitpat and zingzang for every busy eerie whig's a bit of a torytale to tell. One's upon a thyme and two's behind their lettuce leap and three's among the strubbely beds. And the chicks picked their teeth and the dombkey he begay began. You can ask your ass if he believes it. And so cuddy 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. Malmarriedad he was reversogassed by the frisque of her frasques and her prytty pyrrhique. Maye faye, she's la gaye this snaky woman! From that trippieri toe expectungpelick! Veil, volante, 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 weenybeen-veenyteeny. Comsy see! Het wis if ee newt. Lissom! lissom! I am doing it. Hark, the corne entreats! And the larprnotes prittle.

It was of a night, late, lang time ago, in an auldstane eld, when Adam was delvin and his madameen spinning watersilts, when mulk mountynotty man was everybully and the first leal ribberrobber that ever had her ainway everybuddy to his love-saking eyes and everybilly lived alove with everybiddy else, and Jarl van Hooter 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 Flure of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse. And, be dermot, 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 petty perusi-enne: Mark the Wans, why do I am alook alike a poss of porter-pease? And that was how the skirtmisshes began. But the dour handworded her grace in dootch nossow: Shut! So her grace o'malice kidsnapped up the jiminy Tristopher and into the shandy westerness she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl van Hooter 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 sabboath 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 saddles and she had her four owlers masters for to tauch him his tickles and she convorted 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 Hooter's in a brace of samers and the jiminy with her in her pinafrond, lace at night, at another time. And where did she come but to the bar of his bristolry. And Jarl von Hooter had his baretholobruised heels drowned in his cellarmalt, shaking warm hands with himself and the jimminy 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 madesty. So her madesty 'a forethought' set down a jiminy and took up a jiminy and all the lilipath ways to Woeman's Land she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl von Hooter bleathered atter her with a loud finegale: Stop domb stop come back with my earring stop. But the prankquean swaradid: Am liking it. And there was a wild old grannewwail that laurency night of starshootings somewhere

in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Turnlemeem and she punched the curses of cromcruwell with the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had her 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 Hooter's and the Larryhill with her under her abromette. And why would she halt at all if not by the ward of his mansionhome of another nice lace for the third charm? And Jarl von Hooter had his hurricane hips up to his pantry-box, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), ant 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 trihump, asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am alook alike three poss of porter pease? But that was how the skirtmishes endupped. For like the campbells acoming with a fork lance of-lightning, Jarl von Hooter Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chol-lar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves and his ladbroke breeks and his cattegut bandolair and his fur-framed panuncular cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen or-angeman in his violet indigonation, to the whole longth of the strongth 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 (Per-kodhuskurunbarggruauyagokgorlayorgromgremmitghundhurth-rumathunaradidillifaititillibumullunukkunun!) 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 kirssy the tiler made a sweet uncloze to the Narwhealian captol. 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 Hooter 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 secrest of their soorcelossness. Quarry silex, Homfrie Noanswa! Undy gentian festyknees, Livia Noanswa? Wolkencap is on him, frowned; audiurient, he would evesdrip, were it mous at hand, were it dinn of bottles in the far ear. Murk, his vales are darkling. With lipth she lithpeth 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 abhears. The soundwaves are his buffeteers; they trompe him with their trompes; the wave of roary and the wave of hooshed and the wave of hawhawhawrd and the wave of neverheedthem-horseluggarsandlisteltomine. Landloughed by his neaghboormis-tress and petrified in his offsprung, sables and suckers, the moaning pipers could tell him to his faceback, the louthly one whose loab we are devourers of, how butt for his hold 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 be a 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 noddly hint to the convaynience.

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 urned 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 ears-end to earsend. And would again could whispring 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 you bring bride and bedding, will you whoop for my deading is a? Wake? *Usgueadbaugham!* 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 the foggy 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 is 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 rake your gravel and bringing you presents, won't we, fenians? And il isn't our spittle we'll stint you of, is it, druids? Not shabbty little imagettes, pennydirts and

dodgemyeyes 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 men-here's always talking of you sitting around on the pig's cheeks under the sacred roof-tree, 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 manument. All the toothpicks ever Eirenesians chewed on are chips chepped from that battery block. If you were bowed and soild 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 dudd-andgunne now and we're apter finding the sores of his sedeq but peace to his great limbs, the buddhoch, with the last league long rest of him, while the millioncandled 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, bung king, 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 Mac-cullaghmore 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 eggynaggy and a kis to tilly up. We calls him the journeyall Buggaloffs since he went Jerusalemfaring in Arssia Manor. You had a gamier cock than Pete, Jake or Martin and your archgoose of geese stubbled for All Angels' Day. So may the priest of seven worms and scalding tayboil, Papa Vestray, come never anear 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 incloted, 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 Copri-capron. Your feet are in the cloister of Virgo. Your olala 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 loamsome

roam to Laffayette is ended. Drop in your tracks, babe! Be not unrested! The headboddylwatcher of the chempel of Isid, Totumcalmum, saith: I know thee, methengar, I know thee, salvation boat. For we have performed upon thee, thou abramanation, 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 scrant to me aunt Florenza. The horn for breakfast, one o'gong for lunch and dinnerchime. 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 Eswuards' desipated soup beside Mother Seagull'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 hathatansy and turning out tables by mudapplication. Allfor the books and never pegging smashers after Tom Bowe Glassarse or Timmy the Tosser. 'Tisraely the truth! No isn't it, roman pathoricks? You were the doublejoynted janitor the morning they were delivered and you'll be a grandfer yet entirely when the ritehand seizes what the lovearm knows. Kevin's just a doat with his cherub cheek, chalking oghres on walls, and his little lamp and schoolbelt and bag of knicks, playing postman's knock round the diggings and if the seep were milk you could lieve his olde by his ide but, laus sake, the devil does be in that knirps of a Jerry sometimes, the tarandtan plaidboy, making encostive inkum out of the last of his lavings and writing a blue streak over his bourseday shirt. Hetty 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 Williams-woodsmenufactors 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 whirligigmagees. 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 Irons, and may God strengthen you! It's our warm spirits, boys, he's spoor-ing. 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 mystries 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, sharestutterers? So you won't be up a stump entirely.
 Nor shed your remnants. The sternwheel's crawling strong. I
 seen your missus 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 watch-
 ing her sewing a dream together, the tailor's daughter, stitch to
 her last. Or while waiting for winter to fire the enchantement,
 decoying more nesters to fall down the flue. It's allavalonche that
 blows nopussy food. If you only were there to explain the mean-
 ing, best of men, and talk to her nice of guldenselver. The lips
 would moisten once again. As when you drove with her to Fin-
 drinny 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 flirtsome 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 abbely dimpling and is in her
 merlin chair assotted, reading her Evening World. To see is
 it smarts, full lengths or swaggers. News, news, all the news.
 Death, a leopard, kills fellah in Fez. Angry scenes at Stormount.
 Stilla 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 chuckle
 a chuckle, in and out of their serial story, *Les Loves of Selskar
 et Pervenche*, freely adapted to *The Novvergin'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! Worthier waist in the
 noblest, says Adams and Sons, the wouldpay actionneers. Her
 hair's as brown as ever it was. And wivvy and wavy. Repose you
 now! Finn no more!
 For, be that samesake sibsubstitute of a hooky salmon, there's
 already a big rody ram lad at random on the premises of his
 haunt of the hungred bordles, as it is told me. Shop Illicit,
 flourishing like a lordmajor or a buaboabaybohm, litting flop
 a deadlop (aloose!) to lee but lifting a bennbranch a yardalong
 (Ivoeh!) the breezy side (for showm!), the height of Brew-
 ster's chimpaney and as broad below as Phineas Barnum; humph-

ing his share of the showthers is senken on him he's such a grandfallar, with a pocked wife in pickle that's a flyfire and three lice nittle clinkers, two twilling bugs and one midgit pucelle. And aither he cursed and recursed and was everseen doing what your fourfootlers 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 fiddle it to the zephiroth and Artsa zoom it round her heavens for ever. Creator he has created for his created ones a creation. White monothoid? Red theatrocrat? And all the pinkprophets cohaleting? Very much so! But however 'twas 'tis sure for one thing, what sherif 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 tide on another, with a bumrush in a hull of a wherry, the twin turbane dhow, *The Bey for Dybbling*, this archipelago's first visiting schooner, with a wicklowpattern waxenwench at her prow for a figurehead, the deadsea dugong updipdripping from his depths, and has been repreaching 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, batin the bulkihood he bloats about when innebbiated, our old offender was humile, commune and ensectuous from his nature, which you may gauge after the bynames was put under him, in lashons of languages, (honnein suit and praisers be!) and, totalisating him, even hamissim of himashim that he, sober serious, he is ee and no counter he who will be ultimendly respunchable for the hubbub caused in Edenborough.

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Уильям Карлос Уильямс

ТРУДЫ ГЕРТРУДЫ¹

«Хотел бы я увидеть белого медведя!
(Иначе как я могу его себе представить?)»²

Согласимся, что для всего нового в литературе можно найти истоки в творениях предшествующих эпох; но только современный акцент придаст произведению актуальность в настоящем.

Необходимость в таком современном ракурсе и значение всех возникающих различий — это, однако, другая тема для размышления, обычно являющаяся камнем преткновения для критиков. Такая тема, впрочем, стоит внимания с нашей стороны в случае с Гертрудой Стайн, — до настоящего момента ее демонстративно отказывались обсуждать.

Почему, в действительности, от американских исследователей ничего вразумительного не было слышно по поводу творчества Гертруды Стайн? Что это — малодушие или отсутствие способностей, или, может быть, у них опускаются руки перед испытаниями дня сегодняшнего?

«— Вспомогательные глаголы, которыми мы здесь занимаемся, — продолжал отец, — такие: быть, иметь, допускать, хотеть, мочь, быть должным, следовать, иметь обыкновение или привычку — со всеми их изменениями в настоящем, прошедшем и будущем времени, спрягаемые с глаголом видеть — или выраженные вопросительно: Есть ли? Было ли? Будет ли? Было ли бы? Может ли быть? Могло ли быть? И они же, выраженные отрицательно: Нет ли? Не было ли? Не должно ли было? — или утвердительно: — есть, было, должно быть, — или хронологически: Всегда ли было? Недавно? Как давно? — или гипотетически: Если бы было? Если бы не было? Что бы тогда последовало? Если бы французы побили англичан? Если бы солнце вышло из зодиака?

И вот, если вышkolить память ребенка, — продолжал отец, — правильным употреблением и применением *вспомогательных* глаголов, ни одно представление, даже самое бесплодное, не может войти в его мозг без того, чтобы из него нельзя было извлечь целого арсенала понятий и выводов. Видел ты когда-нибудь белого медведя? — спросил вдруг отец, обратившись к Триму, стоявшему за спинкой его кресла. — Никак нет, с позволения вашей милости, — отвечал капрал. — А мог бы ты о нем поговорить, Трим, сказал отец, — в случае надобности? — Да как же это возможно, братец, — сказал дядя Тоби, — если капрал никогда его не видел? — Вот это-то мне и надо, — возразил отец, — и сейчас я покажу, как это возможно.

Белый медведь? Превосходно. Видел ли я когда-нибудь белого медведя? Мог ли я когда-нибудь его видеть? Предстоит ли мне когда-нибудь его увидеть? Должен ли я когда-нибудь его увидеть? Или могу ли я когда-нибудь его увидеть?

Хотел бы я увидеть белого медведя! (Иначе как я могу себе его представить?)

Если бы мне пришлось увидеть белого медведя, что бы я сказал? Если бы мне никогда не пришлось увидеть белого медведя, что тогда?

Если я никогда не видел, не могу увидеть, не должен увидеть и не увижу живого белого медведя, то видел ли я когда-нибудь его шкуру? Видел ли я когда-нибудь его изображение? Или описание? Не видел ли я когда-нибудь белого медведя во сне?»³.

Заметьте, как слова *живого, шкуру, изображение, описание, во сне* вписываются в конструкцию предложений. Такое чувство, что слова сами по себе, они обладают каким-то невиданным мгновенным качеством⁴, не имеющим отношения к их значению, точно как в музыке, когда звуки, так сказать, служат сами себе, организуясь в повторяющиеся аккорды, все одновременно или один за другим. Можно сравнить это со сходными приемами во всем, что делает Стайн.

Например, в «Географии и пьесах»⁵: «И было им обоим небо голубое»⁶. Продолжим цитату:

«— Видели ли когда-нибудь белого медведя мой отец, мать, дядя, братья или сестры? Что бы они за это дали? Как бы они себя вели? Как бы вел себя белый медведь? Дикий ли он? Ручной? Страшный? Грубый? Гладкий?»

Примечательна игра со словами *косматый*, *гладкий* (хотя, может быть, это не нарочно), где *грубый* может быть отнесено к повадкам медведя, а *гладкий* — к качеству поверхности, например к шкуре медведя. Так или иначе, кажется, что речь идет не о качествах, применимых к медведю, а о признаках самих слов *грубый* и *гладкий*. Закончим цитату:

«— Стоит ли белый медведь того, чтобы его увидеть?
Нет ли в этом греха?
Лучше ли он, чем *черный медведь*?»

Так оканчивается 43-я глава⁷ «Жизни и мнений Тристрама Шенди». Изысканная работа со словом и щедрая изобретательность по отношению к языку ведут прямо к Гертруде Стайн, которая с новой силой и с особым синтетическим чутьем продолжила сегодня эту линию. При анализе становится ясным, что Стерн, так же, как и Стайн⁸, экспериментирует не только с соотношением (контрапунктом) звуковых, графических и смысловых контрастов между самими словами⁹, но затрагивает также и грамматику — ср. *да я и представить себе не могу, мог ли... что если, что будет*; ср. у Стайн «полреки, полруки»¹⁰ и пр. Не будет слишком большим преувеличением сказать, что поэтика Стайн, особенно что касается грамматики, семантики и основных мотивов, имеет в фигуре Стерна своего непосредственного предшественника¹¹.

Сначала у нас *крошка*, потом, допустим, *крышка*. Так всегда думала поэзия.

Потом что-нибудь добавлялось, вроде этого: *Убрали крошки, Собрали крышки*.

Мисс Стайн покончила со всем этим. Верлибристы, наоборот, все опускали. Экономии: *Убрали... крышки*.

Ее занимает просто-напросто несущий каркас, «формальные» элементы письма, те, которые создают форму, в отличие от тех, которые якобы несут в себе смысловую нагрузку. Этот каркас важен для распознавания всех ненужных, затуманивающих разум областей знания, которыми так заполнена современность.

Предмет письма у Стайн — это само письмо¹². Но в этом случае письмо предстает как творящееся впервые, в данный момент, и вся прежняя логика вместе с ее тухлой критикой остается за бортом мертвым грузом; а на ее месте возникает пространство для вечного обновления, для бесконечного количества новых проблемсков разумности.

Происходит революция в области всеобщих пропорций, революция, точное содержание которой здесь нами может быть только лишь обрисовано, но суть которой — в соотношении литературы и человеческой природы, о чем до недавнего времени мало задумывались¹³.

И в то же самое время это фундаментальный вызов схоластике, которая со времен Средневековья и до наших дней, от поколения к поколению, навязывает литературе свои ущербные понятия. Мы наблюдаем здесь отрыв от того парализу-