

STORIELLA  
AS SHE IS  
SYUNG





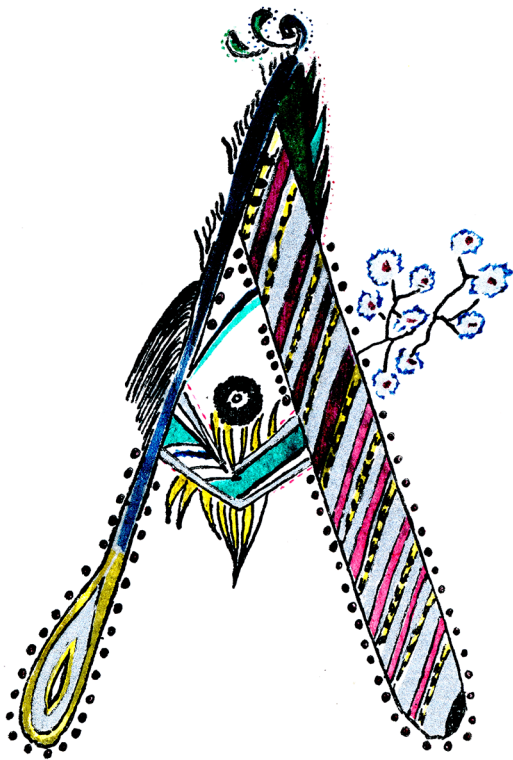
STORIELLA  
AS SHE IS  
SYUNG





A SECTION  
OF "WORK IN  
PROGRESS" BY  
JAMES JOYCE





S WE THERE **Unde et ubi**  
are where are we  
are we there from  
tomtittot to tee-  
tootomtotalitarian.

Tea tea too oo.

*with his broad  
and hairy face,  
to Ireland a  
disgrace.*

Whom will comes over. Who to caps  
ever. And howelse do we hook our hike to **Sie**  
find that pint of porter place? Am shot, says  
the bigguard.<sup>1</sup>

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



*Menily about  
peebles.*

*Dont retch meat  
fat salt lard  
sinks down  
(and out).*

Whence. Quick lunch by our left, wheel, **Imaginable  
Itinerary  
through the  
Particular  
Universal**  
to where. Long Livius Lane, mid Mezzo-  
fanti Mall, diagonising Lavatery Square, up  
Tycho Brache Crescent,<sup>1</sup> shouldering Berke-  
ley Alley, querfixing Gainsborough Carfax,  
under Guido d'Arezzo's Gadeway, by New  
Livius Lane till where we whiled while we  
whithered. Old Vico Roundpoint. But fahr,  
be fear. And natural, simple, slavish, filial.  
The marriage of Montan wetting his moll  
we know, like any enthewsyass cuckling a  
hoyden<sup>2</sup> in her rougey gipsylike chinkaminx  
pulshandjupeyjade and her petsybluse in-  
decked o' voylets.<sup>3</sup> When who was wist was  
ware. En elv, et fjaell. And the whirr of  
the whins humming us howe. His hume.  
Hencetaking tides we haply return, trum-  
peted by prawns and ensigned with seakale,  
to befinding ourself when old is said in one  
and maker mates with made (O my!), hav-  
ing conned the cones and meditated the  
mured and pondered the pensils and ogled  
the olymp and delighted in her dianaphous

<sup>1</sup> Mater Mary Mercerycordial of the Dripping Nipples,  
milk's a queer arrangement.

<sup>2</sup> Real life behind the floodlights as shown by the best  
exponents of a royal divorce.

<sup>3</sup> When we play dress grownup at alla ludo poker you'll  
be heppnessised to feel how fetching I can look in cling-  
arounds.

and cacchinated behind his cullosses, before  
*Swiney Tod, ye* a mosoleum, Length Withought Breath, of  
*Daimon Barbar* him, a chump of the evums, upshoot of pic-  
nic or stupor out of sopor, Cave of Kids or  
Hymanian Glattstoneburg, denary, danery,  
donnery, domm, who, entiringly as he con-  
*Dig him in the* tinues highlyfictional, tumultous under his  
*rubsh.* chthonic exterior but plain Mr Tumulty in  
*Ungodly old* mufti-life,<sup>1</sup> in his antisipiences as in his re-  
*Ardrey, Cron-* cognisances, is, (Dominic Directus) a many-  
*wall beeswaxing* feast munificent more mob than man.  
*the convulsion*  
*box.*

Ainsoph,<sup>2</sup> this upright one, with that  
noughty besighed him zeroine. To see in  
his horrorscup he is mehrkurios than saltz  
of sulphur. Terror of the noonstruck by day,  
cryptogam of each nightly bridable. But, to  
speak broken heaventalk, is he? Who is he?  
Whose is he? Why is he? Howmuch is he?  
Which is he? When is he? Where is he?<sup>3</sup>  
How is he? And what the decans is there  
about him anyway, the decent man? Easy,  
calm your haste! Approach to lead our pas-  
sage!

This bridge is upper.

**Constitution  
of the Con-  
stitutionable  
as Constitu-  
tional.**

**Proba-**

<sup>1</sup> Longfellow's Lodgings, House of Comments III, Cake  
Walk, Amusing Avenue, Salt Hill, Co Mahogany, Izalond,  
Terra Firma.

<sup>2</sup> Groupname for grapejuice.

<sup>3</sup> Bhing said the burglar's head, soto poce her.

Cross.  
 Thus come to castle.  
 Knock.  
 A password, thanks.  
 Yes, pearse.  
 Well, all be dumbled!  
 O really?<sup>1</sup>  
 Hoo cavedin earthwight  
 At furscht kracht of thunder.  
 When shoo, his flutterby,  
 Was netted and named.<sup>2</sup>  
 Erdnacrusa, requiestress, wake em!  
 And let luck's puresplutterall lucy at ease!<sup>3</sup>  
 To house as wise fool ages builded.  
 Sow byg eat.<sup>4</sup>  
 Staplering to tether to, steppingstone to  
 mount by, as the Boote's at Pickardstown.  
 Or be these wingsets leaned to the outwalls,  
 beastskin trophies of booth of Baws the bal-  
 samboards?<sup>5</sup> Burials be ballyhouraised! So  
 let Bacchus e'en call! Inn inn! Inn inn!  
 Where. The babbers ply the pen. The bib-

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

*Quartandwds.*

**possible  
 prolegomena  
 to ideareal  
 history.**

**Gnosis of  
 precreate  
 determina-  
 tion.  
 Agnosis of  
 postcreate  
 deter-  
 minism.**

<sup>1</sup> O Evol, kool in the salg and ees how Dozi pits what a drows er.

<sup>2</sup> Apis amat aram. Luna legit librum. Pulla petit pascua.

<sup>3</sup> And after dinn to shoot the shades.

<sup>4</sup> Says blistered Mary Achinhead to beautifed Tummy Tullbutt.

<sup>5</sup> Begge. To go to Begge. To go to Begge and to be sure to reminder Begge. Goodbeg, buggey Begge.



*Tickets for the  
Tailwaggers  
Terrierpuppy  
Raffle.*

*Mars speaking.*

*Smith, no home.*

*Non quod sed  
quiat.*

bers drang the den. The papplicom, the publicam he's turning tin for ten. From seldomers that most frequent him. That same erst crafty hakemouth which under the assumed name of Ignotus Loquor, of foggy old, harangued bellyhooting fishdrunks on their favorite stamping ground, from a father theobalder brake.<sup>1</sup> And Egyptus, the spice-robed, as Cyrus heard of him? And Major A. Shaw after he got the miner smellpex? And old Whiteman self, the blighty blotchy, beyond the bays, hope of ostrogothic and ottomanic faith converters, despair of Pandemia's postwartem plastic surgeons? But is was all so long ago. Hispano-Cathayan-Euxine, Castillian - Emeiratic-Hebridian, Espanol - Cymric - Helleniky? Rolf the Ganger, Rough the Gangster, not a feature alike and the face the same. Pastimes are past times. Now let bygones be bei Gunne's. Saaleddies er it in this warken werden, mine boerne, and it vild need olderwise<sup>2</sup> since primal made alter in garden of Idem. The tasks above are as the flasks below, saith the emerald canticle of Hermes and all's loth and pleasestir, are we told, on excellent ink-

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

<sup>2</sup> And this once golden bee a cimadoro.

*Hearasay in  
paradox lust.*

bottle authority, solarsystemised, seriol-cos-  
mically, in a more and more almightily ex-  
panding universe under one, there is rhyme-  
less reason to believe, original sun. Securely  
judges orb terrestrial.<sup>1</sup> *Haud certo ergo.* But  
O felicitous culpability, sweet bad cess to  
you for an archetypt!

Honour commercio's energy yet aid the link-  
less proud, the plurable with everybody and  
ech with pal, this ernst of Allsap's ale halli-  
day of roaring month with its two lunar eclip-  
ses and its three saturnine settings. Horn of  
Heatthen, highbrowed! Brook of Life, back-  
frish! Amnios amnium, fluminiculum fla-  
minulinorum! We seek the Blessed One,  
the Harbourer-cum-Enheritance. Even Ca-  
naan the Hateful. Ever a-going, ever a-com-  
ing. Between a stare and a sough. Fossilisa-  
tion, all branches.<sup>2</sup> Wherefore Petra sware  
unto Ulma: By the mortals' frost! And Ulma  
sware unto Petra: On my veiny life!

*Bags.  
Balls.*

In these places sojournemus, where Eblinn  
water, leased of carr and fen, leaving amont  
her shoals and salmen browses, whom in-  
shore breezes woo with freshets, windeth to

**Archaic  
zelotypia and  
the odium  
teleologicum.**

**The localisa-  
tion of legend  
leading to the  
legalisation of  
latifundism.**

<sup>1</sup> And he was a gay Lutharius anyway, Sinobiled. You  
can tell by their extraordinary clothes.

<sup>2</sup> Startnaked and bonedstiff. We vivvy soddy. All be  
dood.

*Move up,  
Mackinerny!  
Make room for  
Muckinurney!*

her broads. A phantom city, phaked of phillim pholk, bowed and sould for a four of hundreds of manhood in their three and threescore fylkers for a price partitional of twenty six and six. By this riverside, on our sunny-bank,<sup>1</sup> how buona the vista, by Santa Rosa! A field of May, the very vale of Spring. Orchards here are lodged; sainted lawrels evr-emberried. You have a hoig view ashwald, a glen of marrons and of thorns. Gleannaulinn, Ardeevin: purty glint of plaising height. This Norman court at boundary of the ville, yon creepered tower of a church of Ereland, meet for true saints in worshipful assemblage,<sup>2</sup> with our king's house of stone, belgroved of mulbrey, the still that was mill and Kloster that was Yeomansland, the ghastr-cold tombshape of the quick foregone on, the loftleaved elm Lefanunian abovemansioned, each, every, all is for the retrospectioner. Skole! Agus skole igen!<sup>3</sup> Sweetsome auburn, cometh up as a selfreizing flower, that fragolance of the fraisey beds: the phoenix, his pyre, is still flaming away with trueprat-

<sup>1</sup> When you dreamt that you'd wealth in marble arch do you ever think of pool beg slowe.

<sup>2</sup> Porphyrious Olbion, redcoatliar, we were always wholly rose marines on our side every time.

<sup>3</sup> Now a muss wash the little face.



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

tight spirit: the wren his nest is niedelig as  
 the turrises of the sables are televisible.  
 Here are the cottage and the bungalow for  
 the cobbeler and the brandnewburgher:<sup>1</sup> but  
 Izolde, her chaplet gardens, an litlee plads af  
 liefest pose, arride the winnerful wonders off,  
 the winnerful wonnerful wanders off,<sup>2</sup> with  
 hedges of ivy and hollywood and bower of  
 mistletoe, are, tho if it them tho and yeth if  
 you pleathes,<sup>3</sup> for the blithehaired daughter  
 of Angoisse. All out of two barreny old peri-  
 shers. Wone tabard, wine tap and warm tav-  
 ern and, by ribbon development, from con-  
 tact bridge to lease lapse, only two millium  
 two humbered and eighty thausig nine hum-  
 bered and sixty radiolumin lines to the wust-  
*Here's our dozen  
 cousins from the  
 starves on tripes.*

worts of a Finntown's generous poet's office.  
 Distorted mirage, alooflied of the plain,  
 wherein the boxomeness of the bedelias<sup>4</sup>  
 makes hobbyhodge happy in his hole.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A viking vernacular expression still used in the Summerhill district for a jerryhatted man of forty who puts two fingers into his boiling soup-plate and licks them in turn to find out if there is enough mushroom catsup in the mutton broth.

<sup>2</sup> H' dk' fs' h'p'y.

<sup>3</sup> Googlaa pluplu.

<sup>4</sup> I believe in Dublin and the Sultan of Turkey.

<sup>5</sup> I have heard this word used by Martin Halpin, an old gardener from the Glens of Antrim who used to do odd jobs for my godfather, the Rev. C. P. Brophy of Swords.

The store and charter, Treetown castle under  
 Lynne. Rivapool? Hod a brieck on it. But its  
 piers eerie, its span spooky, its toll but a till,  
 its parapets all peripateting. D'Oblong's by  
 his by. Which we all pass. Tons. In our snoo.  
 Znore. While we hickerwards the thicker.  
 Schein. Schore. Which assoars us from the  
 murk of the mythelated in the barrabelow-  
 ther, past Morningtop's necessity and Har-  
 ington's invention, to the clarience of the  
 childlight in the studiorium upsturts. The  
 chorus: the principals. For the rifocillation  
 of their inclination to the manifestation of  
 irritation: doldorboys and doll. After sound,  
 light and heat, memory, will and understand-  
 ing.

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

Here till wranglers for wringwrowdy wready  
 are, F 7, (at gaze, respecting, fourteenth ba-  
 ronnet, meet, altrettanth bancorot, chaff) and  
 ere commence commencement catalaunic  
 when Aetius check chokewill Attil's gambit,  
 lead us seek, O june of eves the jenniest, thou  
 who fleest flicklesome the fond fervid fron-  
 deur to thickly thysel self attach with thine  
 efteased ensuer,<sup>1</sup> ondrawer of our unconscion-  
 able, flickerflapper fore our unterdrugged,<sup>2</sup>

**Preausterie  
 man and his  
 pursuit of  
 panhysterie  
 woman.**

<sup>1</sup> A question of pull.

<sup>2</sup> For Rose Point see Inishmacsaint.

*There was a  
sweet hopeful  
culler Cis.*

lead us seek, lote us see, light us find, let us  
missnot Maidadate, Mimosa multimime-  
tica, the maymeaminning of maimoomein-  
ing! Elpis, thou fountain of the greeces, all  
shall speer theeward<sup>1</sup> from kongen in his  
canteenhus to knivers hind the knoll. Auso-  
nius Audacior and gael, gillie, gall.<sup>2</sup> Singa-  
lingalying. Storiella as she is syung. Whence  
followeup with endspeaking nots for yestures,  
plutonically pursuant on briefest glimpse  
from gladrags, pretty Proserpronette whose  
slit satchel spilleth peas.

Belisha beacon, beckon bright! Usherette,  
unmesh us! That grene ray of earong it waves  
us to yonder as the red, blue and yellow flogs  
time on the domisole,<sup>3</sup> with a blewy blow and  
a windigo. Where flash becomes word and  
silents selfloud. To brace congeners, trebly  
bounden and asservaged twainly. Adam-  
man,<sup>4</sup> Emhe, Issossianusheen and sometypes  
Yggely ogs Weib. Uwayoei!<sup>5</sup> So mag this  
sybilette be our shibboleth that we may syl-  
lable her well. Vetus may be occluded be-

**Urges and  
Widerurges  
in a Primi-  
tive Sept.**

<sup>1</sup> Mannequins' Pose.

<sup>2</sup> Their holy presumption and hers sinfly desprit.

<sup>3</sup> Anama anamaba anamabapa.

<sup>4</sup> Only for he's fathering law I could skewer that old one  
and slosh her out many's the time.

<sup>5</sup> All abunk for Tarararat! Look slipper, soppypat, we've  
a doss in the manger.

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

*Forening Unge  
Kristlike  
Kvinne.*

*Telltale me all  
of annaryllies.*

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

hind the mou in Veto but Nova will be near-  
ing as their radiant among the nereids. A one  
of charmers, ay, Una Unica, charmers, who,  
under the branches of the elms, in shoes as  
yet unshent by stoniness, wend, went, will  
wenda way of honey myrrh and Rambler roses  
mistmusk while still the maybe mantles the  
meiblume, fore ever her if have faded from  
the fleur,<sup>1</sup> their arms enlocked, (ringrang,  
the chimes of sexappealing as conchitas with  
sentas stray,<sup>2</sup> rung!), all thinking all of it,  
the It with an itch in it, the All every inch of  
it, the pleasure each will preen her for, the  
business each was bred to breed by.<sup>3</sup>

Soon jemmijohns will cudgel about some a  
rhythmatick or other over Browne and No-  
lan's divisional tables whereas she, of mini-  
ons' novence charily being cupid, for mug's  
wumping, grooser's grubbiness, andt's avarice  
and grossopper's grandegaffe, with her toot-  
pettypout of jemenfichue will sit and knit on  
solfa sofa.<sup>4</sup> Stew of the evening, booksyful  
stew. And a bodikin a boss in the Thimble  
Theatre. But all is her inbourne. Intend.

**Early Notions  
of Acquired  
Rights and  
the Influence  
of Collective  
Tradition  
upon the  
Individual.**

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

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

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

<sup>4</sup> Let me blush to think of all those halfwayhoist pull-  
overs.



*Allma Mathers,* From gramma's grammar she has it that if  
*Auctioneer.* there is a third person, mascarine, phelinine  
or nuder, being spoken abad it moods pro-  
sodes from a person speaking to her second  
which is the direct object that has been spoken  
to, with and at. Take the dative with his ob-  
lative<sup>1</sup> for, even if obsolete, it is always of  
interest, so spake gramma on the impetus of  
her imperative, only mind your genderous  
towards his reflexives such that I was to your

*Old Gavelkind* grappa (Bott's trousend, hore a man uff!)  
*the Gamper and* when him was me hedon<sup>2</sup> and mine, what  
*he's as daff as* the lewdy saying, his analectual pygmyhop.<sup>3</sup>  
*you're erse.* There is comfortism in the knowledge that  
often hate on first hearing comes of love by  
second sight. Have your little sintalks in the  
dunk of subjunctions, dual in duel and prude  
with pruriel, but even the aoriest chaparound  
whatever plaudered perfect anent prettydotes  
and haec genua omnia may perhaps chance  
to be about to be in the case to be becoming  
a pale peterwright in spite of all your tense  
accusatives whilstly you're wallfloored<sup>4</sup> like

<sup>1</sup> I'd like his pink's cheek.

<sup>2</sup> Frech devil in red hairing! So that's why you ran away  
to sea, Mrs. Lappy. Leap me, Locklaun, for you have  
sensed.

<sup>3</sup> A washable lovable floatable doll.

<sup>4</sup> With her poodle feinting to be let off and feeling dead  
in herself. Is love worse living?

your gerandiums for the better half of a yearn or sob. It's a wild's kitten, my dear, who can tell a wilkling from a warthog. For you may be as practical as is predicable but you must have the proper sort of accident to meet that kind of a being with a difference. Flame at his fumbles but freeze on his fist.<sup>1</sup> Every letter is a godsend, ardent Ares, brusque Boreas and glib Ganymede like zealous Zeus the O'Meghisthest of all. To me or not to me. Satis thy quest on. Werbungsap! Jeg suis, vos wore a gentleman, thou arr, I am a quean. Is a game over? The game goes on. Cookcook! Search me. The beggar the maid the bigger the mauler. And the greater the patraric the griefer the pinch. And that's what your doctor knows. O love it is the common-knoustonest thing how it pashes the plutous and the paupe.<sup>2</sup> Pop! And egg she active or spoon she passive, all them fine clauses in Lindley's and Murrey's never braught the participle of a present to a desponent hortatrixy, vindicatively I say it, from her post-conditional future.<sup>3</sup> Lumpsome is who

*Undante*  
*umoroso.*  
*M. 50-50.*

οὐκ ἔλαβον  
 πόλιν

<sup>1</sup> Improper frictions is maledictions and mens uration makes me mad.

<sup>2</sup> Llong and Shortts Primer of Black and White Wenchcraft.

<sup>3</sup> The gaggles all out.

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

lumpsum pays. Quantity counts though accents falter. Yoking apart and oblique orations parsed to one side, a brat, alanna, can choose from so many, be he a solicitor's appendix, a pipe clerk or free functionist flyswatter, that perfect little cad, from the languors and weakness of limberlimbed lassihood till the head, back and heart aches of waxedup womanage and heaps on heaps of other things too. Note the Respectable Irish Distressed Ladies and the Merry Mustard Frothblowers of Humphreystown Associations. Atac first, queckqueck quicks after. Beware how in that hist subtaile of schlangender<sup>1</sup> lies liaison to tease oreilles. To vert embowed set proper penchant. But learn from that ancient tongue to be middle old modern to the minute. A spitter that can be depended on. Though Wonderlawn's lost us for ever. Alis, alas, she broke the glass! Liddell lokker through the leafery, ours is mistery of pain.<sup>2</sup> You may spin on youthlit's bike and multiplease your Mike and Nike with your kickshoes on the algebrars but, volve

<sup>1</sup> He's just bug nuts on white mate he hasn't the teath nor the grits to choo and that's what's wrong with Lang Wang Wurm, old worbbling goesbelly.

<sup>2</sup> Dear and I trust in all frivolity I may be pardoned for trespassing but I think I may add hell.

*O'MaraFarrell.* the virgil page and view, the O of woman is  
long when burly those two muters sequent  
*Verschwindibus* her so from Nebob<sup>1</sup> see you never stray who'll  
nimm you nice and nehm the day.

*Ulstria,  
Monastir,  
Leninstar and  
Connecticut.*

*Cliopatria, thy  
bosies history.*

One hath just been areading, hath not one,  
ya, ya, in their memoiries of Hireling's puny  
wars, end so, und all, ga, ga, of The O'Brien,  
The O'Connor, The Mac Loughlin and The  
Mac Namara with summed their appond-  
age, da, da, of Sire Jeallyous Seizer, that  
gamely torskmester, with his duo of druid-  
esses in ready money rompers and the try-  
onforit of Oxthievous, Lapidous and Malt-  
house Anthemy. You may fail to see the lie  
of that layout, Suetonia,<sup>2</sup> but the reflections  
which recur to me are that so long as beauty  
life is body love<sup>3</sup> and so bright as Mutua of  
your mirror holds her candle to your caudle,  
lone lefthand likeless, sombring Autum of  
your Spring, reck you not one spirt of any-  
seed whether trigemelimen cuddle his coddle  
or nope. She'll confess it by her figure and  
she'll deny it to your face. If you're not ruined  
by that one she won't do you any whim. And  
then? What afters it? Gruff Gunne may

**Concomi-  
tance of  
courage,  
counsel and  
constancy.  
Ordination  
of omen,  
onus and  
obit.  
Distribution  
of danger,  
duty and  
destiny.  
Polar princi-  
ples.**

<sup>1</sup> He is my all menkind of every desception.

<sup>2</sup> None of your cumpohlstery English here.

<sup>3</sup> Understudy my understandings, Sostituda, and meek  
thine complinement, gymnuflashed.



*The Eroico  
Furioso makes  
the valet like  
smiling.*

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

*Pige pas.*

blow, Gam Gonna flow, the gossans eye the jennings aye. From the butts of Heber and Heremon, nolens volens, brood our pansies, brune in brume. There's a split in the infinitive from to have been to will be. As they warred in their big innings ease now we never shall know. Eat early earthapples. Coax Cobra to chatters. Hail, Heva, we hear! This is the glider that gladdened the girl<sup>1</sup> that list to the wind that lifted the leaves that folded the fruit that hung on the tree that grew in the garden Gough gave. Wide hiss, we're wizening. Hoots fromm, we're globing. Why hidest thou hinder thy husband his name? Leda, Lada, aflutter-afraida, so does your girdle grow! Willed without witting, whorled without aimed. Pappapassos, Mammamanet, warwhetswut and whowitswhy.<sup>2</sup> But it's tails for toughs and titties for totties and come buckets come bats till deeleet.<sup>3</sup>

Dark ages clasp the daisy roots, Stop, if you are a sally of the allies, hot off Minnowaurs and naval actiums, picked engagements and

**Panoptical  
purview of  
political pro-  
gress and**

<sup>1</sup> Tho' I have one just like that to home, deadleaf brown with quicksilver appliques, would whollymost applissiate a nice shiny sleekysilk out of that slippering snake charmeuse.

<sup>2</sup> What's that ma'am, says I.

<sup>3</sup> As you say yourself.



banks of rowers. Please stop if you're a B.C. minding missy, please do. But should you prefer A.D. stepplease. And if you miss with a venture it serves you girly well glad. But, holy Janus, I was forgetting the Blitzenkopfs! Here, Hengegst and Horsesauce, take your heads<sup>1</sup> out of that taletub. And leave your hinnyhennyhindyou. It's haunted. The chamber. Of errings. Whoan, tug, trace, stirrup! It is distinctly understuttered that, sense you threehandshighs put your twofoot-large timepates in that dead wash of Lough Murph and until such time pace one and the same Messherrn the grinning statesmen, Brock and Leon, have shunted the grumbling coundedtouts, Starlin and Ser Artur Ghinis. Foamous homely brew, bebattled by bottle, gageure de guegerre.<sup>2</sup> Bull igien bear and then bearagain bulligan. Gringrin gringrin. Staffs varsus herds and bucks vursus barks. By old Grumbledum's walls. Bumps, bel-lows and bawls. Opprimor's down, up up Opima! Rents and rates and tithes and taxes, wages, saves and spends. Heil, heptarched span of peace!<sup>3</sup> Live, league of lex, nex and

**the future  
presentation  
of the past.**

*Seidlitz powther  
for slogan  
plumpers.*

*Hoploits and  
atthems.*

*Curragh  
machree, me  
bosthoon fiend.  
Femilies bug  
bank!*

<sup>1</sup> That's the lethemuse but it washes off.

<sup>2</sup> Where he fought the shessock of his stimmstammer and we caught the pepettes of our lovelives.

<sup>3</sup> I'm blest if I can see.

*All we suffered  
under them  
Cowdung Forks  
and how we  
enjoyed over  
our pick of the  
basketfild.  
Old Cowe's  
Meat Meal.*

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

the mores! Fas est dass and foe err you. Impovernment of the booble by the bauble for the bubble. So wrap up your worries in your woe (wumpumtum!) and shake down the shuffle for the throw. For there's one mere ope<sup>1</sup> for downfall ned. As Hanah Levy, shrewd shroplifter, and nievre anore skidoos with her spoiled.<sup>2</sup> To add gay touches. For hugh and guy and goy and jew. To dimpled and pimples and simpled and wimpled. A peak in a poke and a pig in a pew.<sup>3</sup> She wins them by wons, a haul hectoendecate, for man-gay mumbo jumbjubes tak mutts and jeffs muchas bracelonettes gracies barcelonas.<sup>4</sup> O what a loovely freespeech 'twas (tep)<sup>5</sup> to gar howalively hintergrunting. Tip. Like lilt of larks to burdened crocodile,<sup>6</sup> or skittering laubhing at that wheeze of old wind-bag, Blusterboss, blowharding about all he didn't do. Hell o' your troop! With is the winker for the muckwits of willesly and nith is the nod for the umproar napollyon and

<sup>1</sup> Hoppity Huhneye, hoosh the hen. I like cluckers, you like nuts (wink).

<sup>2</sup> Sweet, medium and dry like altar wine.

<sup>3</sup> Who'll buy me penny babies?

<sup>4</sup> Well, Maggy, I got your castoff devils all right and fit lovely. And am vaguely graceful. Maggy thanks.

<sup>5</sup> My six is no secret, Sir, she said.

<sup>6</sup> Yes, there, Tad, thanks, give, from, tathair, look at that now.

*Murdoch.*

*Pas d'action,  
peu de sauce.*

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

*As Shakefork  
might pitch it.*

hitheris poorblond piebold hoerse. Huirse.  
With its tricuspidal hauberkhelm coverchaf  
emblem on. For the man that broke the  
ranks on Monte Sinjon. The allriddle of it?  
That that is allruddy with us ahead of sched-  
ule which already is plan accomplished from  
and syne: Daft Dathy of the Five Positions  
(the death ray stop him!) is still, as re-  
proaches Paulus, on the Madderhorn and,  
entre chats and hobnobs,<sup>1</sup> daring Dunder-  
head to shiver his timbers and Hannibal mac  
Hamiltan the Hegerite (more livepower el-  
bow him!) ministerbuilding up, as repreaches  
Timothy, in Saint Barmabrac's.<sup>2</sup> Number  
Thirty two West Eleventh streak looks on  
to that (may all in the tocoming of the sem-  
pereternal speel spry with it!) datetree do-  
loriferous which more and over leafeth ear-  
lier than every growth and, elfshot, heada-  
wag, with frayed nerves wondering till they  
feeled sore like any woman that has been  
born at all events to the purdah and for the  
howmanyeth and howmovingth time at what  
the demons in that jackhouse that jerry built  
for Massa and Missus and hijo de puta, the  
sparkstown fermament of the starryk field-

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

<sup>2</sup> A glass of peel and pip for M. Potter of Texas, please.



gosongingon where blows a nemone at each  
blink of windstill<sup>1</sup> they were sliding along  
and sleetng aloof and scouting around and  
shooting about. Allwhichwhile or where-  
aballoons for good vaunty years Dagobert is  
in Clane's clean hometown prepping up his  
prepueratory and learning how te put a broad  
face bronzily out through a broken breached

*Puzzly, puzzly,* meataerial from Bryan Awlining. Erin's  
*I smell a cat.* hircohaired culoteer.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> All the world loves a big gleaming jelly.

<sup>2</sup> A pengeneepy for your warcheekeepy.

*Service superseding self.*

Thanks eversore much, Pointcarried! I can't say if it's the weight you strike me to the quick or that red mass I was looking at but at the present momentum, potential as I am, I'm seeing rayingbogeys rings round me. Honours to you and may you be commended for our exhibitiveness! I'd love to take you for a bugaboo ride and play funfer all if you'd only sit and be the ballasted bottle in the porker barrel. You will deserve a roly-poly as long as from here to tomorrow. And to hell with them driftbombs and bottom trailers! If my maily was bag enough I'd send you a toxis. By Saxon Chromaticus, you done that lovely for me! Didn't he now, Nubilina? Tiny Mite, she studiert whas? With her listeningin coiffure, her dream of Endsland's daylast and the glorifires of being presainted maid to majesty.<sup>1</sup> And less is the pity for she isn't the lollypops she easily might be if she had for a sample Virginia's air of achievement. That might keep her from throwing delph. As I was saying, while

**Euchre risk,  
merci  
buckup, and  
mind who  
you're  
pucking,  
fleddy.**

*Catastrophe and  
Anabasis.*

<sup>1</sup> Wipe your glosses with what you know.

*The rotary process and its reestablishment of reciprocities.*

retorting thanks, you make me a reborn of the cards. We're offals boys ambows.<sup>1</sup> For I've flicked up all the crambes as they crumbed from your table um, singing glory allalose-rem, cog it out, here goes a sum. So read we in must book. It tells. He prophets most who bilks the best.

And that salubrated sickenagiaour of yaours have teaspilled all my hazeydency. Forge away, Sunny Sim. Sheepshopp. Bleating Goad, it is the least of things, Eyeinstye! Imagine it, my deep dartry dullard! It is hours giving, not more. I'm only out for celebridging over the guilt of the gap in your hiscitendency. You are a hundred thousand times welcome, old wortsampler, hellbeit you're just about as culpable as my woolfell merger would be. In effect I could engage in an energument over you till you were re-publicly royally toobally prussic blue in the shirt after.<sup>2</sup> *Trionfante di bestia!* And if you're not your bloater's kipper may I never curse again on that pint I took of Jamesons. Old Keane now, you're rod, hook and sinker, old jubalee Keane. Bidy's hair. Bidy's hair, mine lubber. Where is that Quin but

**Come si com-  
pita cuncti-  
titillatio?  
Conkery  
cunk,  
thighthigh-  
tickellythigh,  
liggerilag, tit-  
teritot, leg in  
a tee, lug in a  
law, two at a  
tie, three on a  
thricky till  
ohio ohio  
ioiomiss.**

*The Twofold  
Truth and the  
Conjunctive  
Appetites of Op-  
positional  
Orexes.*

<sup>1</sup> Alls Sings and Alls Howls.

<sup>2</sup> From three shellings. A bluedye sacrifice.

*Trishagion.*

he sknows it knot but what you that are my popular endphthisisis were born with a solver arm up your sleep. Thou in shanty! Thou in scanty shanty!! Thou in slanty scanty shanty!!! Bide in your hush. Bide in your hush, do. The law does not aloud you to shout. I plant my penstock in your postern, chinarpot. Ave! And let it be to all remembrance. Vale. Ovocation of maiding waters.<sup>1</sup> For auld lang salvy steyne. I defend you to champ my scullion's praises. To book alone belongs the lobe. Foremaster's meed<sup>2</sup> will mark tomorrow when we are making pilscrummage to whaboggery in with staff, scarf and blessed wallet and our aureoles round our neckkandcropfs where as and when Heavysciusgardaddy, parent who offers sweetmeats, will gift uns his Noblett's surprize. With this laudable purpose in loud ability let us be singulfied. Betwixt me and thee hung cong. Item, mizpah ends.

*Abnegation is  
Adaptation.*

But while the dial are they doodling dawdling over the mugs and the grubs? Oikey, Impostolopulos? Steady steady steady steady steady studiavimus. Many many many many **Enter the Cop and How. Secures gubernant urbis terrorem.**

<sup>1</sup> Not Kilty. But the manajar was. He! He! Ho! Ho! Ho!

<sup>2</sup> Giglamps, Soapy Geysers, The Smell and Gory Mac Gusty.



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

many manducabimus. We've had our day at triv and quad and writ our bit as intermidgets. Art, literature, politics, economy, chemistry, humanity, &c. Duty, the daughter of discipline, the Great Fire at the South City Markets, Belief in Giants and the Banshee, A Place for Everything and Everything in its Place, Is the Pen Mightier than the Sword? A Successful Career in the Civil Service,<sup>1</sup> The Voice of Nature in the Forest,<sup>2</sup> Your Favorite Hero or Heroine, On the Benefits of Recreation,<sup>3</sup> If Standing Stones Could Speak, Devotion to the Feast of the Indulgence of Portiuncula, The Dublin Metropolitan Police Sports at Ballsbridge, Describe in Homely Anglian Monosyllables the Wreck of the Hesperus,<sup>4</sup> What Morals, if any, can be drawn from Diarmuid and Grania?<sup>5</sup> Do you approve of our Existing Parliamentary System? The Uses and Abuses of Insects, A Visit to Guinness' Brewery, Clubs, Advantages of the Penny Post, When is a Pun not a Pun? Is the Co-Education of

<sup>1</sup> R. C., disengaged, good character, would help, no salary.

<sup>2</sup> Where Lily is a Lady found the nettle rash.

<sup>3</sup> Bubabipibambuli, I can do as I like with what's me own. Nyamnyam.

<sup>4</sup> Able seaman's caution.

<sup>5</sup> Rarely equal and distinct in all things.

<p>Marius. <i>Diogenes.</i></p> <p><i>Procne, Philomela.</i></p> <p><i>Abraham.</i></p> <p><i>Nestor. Cincinnatus.</i></p> <p><i>Leonidas.</i></p> <p><i>Jacob.</i></p> <p><i>Theocritus.</i></p> <p><i>Joseph.</i></p> <p><i>Fabius. Samson.</i></p> <p><i>Cain.</i></p> <p><i>Esop.</i></p> <p><i>Prometheus. Lot.</i></p> <p><i>Pompeius Magnus,</i></p> <p><i>Miltiades Strategos.</i></p> <p><i>Solon.</i></p> <p><i>Castor, Pollux.</i></p> <p><i>Dionysius.</i></p> <p><i>Sappho.</i></p> <p><i>Moses. Job.</i></p>	<p>Animus and Anima Wholly Desirable?<sup>1</sup></p> <p>What happened at Clontarf? Since our Brother Johnathan Signed the Pledge or the Meditations of Two Young Spinsters,<sup>2</sup> Why we all Love our Little Lord Mayor, Hengler's Circus Entertainment, On Thrift,<sup>3</sup> The Kettle-Griffith-Moynihan Scheme for a New Electricity Supply, Travelling in the Olden Times,<sup>4</sup> American Lake Poetry, the Strangest Dream that was ever Halfdreamt.<sup>5</sup> Circumspection, Our Allies the Hills, Are Parnellites Just towards Henry Tudor? Tell a Friend in a Chatty Letter the Fable of the Grasshopper and the Ant,<sup>6</sup> Santa Claus, The Shame of Slumdom, The Roman Pontiffs and the Orthodox Churches,<sup>7</sup> The Thirty Hour Week, Compare the Fistic Styles of Jimmy Wilde and Jack Sharkey, How to Understand the Deaf, Should Ladies learn Music or Mathematics? Glory be to Saint Patrick! What is to be found in a Dustheap,</p>
--	--

<sup>1</sup> Jestis and the Beastalk with a little rude hiding rod.

<sup>2</sup> Wherry like the whaled prophet in a spookeerie.

<sup>3</sup> What sins is pim money sans Paris.

<sup>4</sup> I've lost the place, where was I?

<sup>5</sup> Something happened that time I was asleep, torn letters of was there snow?

<sup>6</sup> Mich for his pain, Nick in his past.

<sup>7</sup> He has *togliaresti in brodo* all over his agrammatical parts of face and as for that hippofoxphiz, unlucky number, late for the christening!

*Catilina.* The Value of Circumstantial Evidence,  
*Cadmus. Ezekiel.* Should Spelling? Outcasts in India, Collect-  
*Solomon. Themistocles.* ing Pewter, Eu<sup>1</sup>, Proper and Regular Diet  
*Vitellius. Darius.* Necessity For,<sup>2</sup> If You Do It Do It Now.  
*Xenophon.* Delays are dangerous. Vitavite! Gobble  
 Anne: tea's set, see's enough! Mox soonly  
 will be in a split second per the chancellory  
 of his exticker.

*Pantocracy.* Aun  
*Bimutualism.* Do  
*Interchangeability.* Tri  
*Naturality.* Car  
*Superfetation.* Cush<sup>3</sup>  
*Stabimobilism.* Shay  
*Periodicity.* Shockt  
*Consummation.* Ockt  
*Interpenetrativeness.* Ni  
*Predicament.* Geg<sup>4</sup>  
*Balance of the* Their feed begins.  
*factual by the theoric*  
*Boox and Coox,*  
*Amallagamated.*

**Mawmaw,  
 luk, your  
 beeeftay's  
 fizzin over.**

**Kakaopoetic  
 lippudenies  
 of the  
 ungumptious.**

<sup>1</sup> Eh, Monsieur? Oû, Monsieur? Eu, Monsieur?  
 Nenni No, Monsieur.

<sup>2</sup> Ere we hit the hay, brothers, let's have that response  
 to prayer.

<sup>3</sup> Kish is for anticheirst, and the free of my hand to him!

<sup>4</sup> And gags for skool and crossbuns and whopes he'll  
 enjoyimsolff over our drawings on the line!



## NIGHTLETTER

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

from

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





THIS BOOK  
COMPRISES THE  
OPENING AND  
CLOSING PAGES  
OF PART II: SEC=  
TION II: OF "WORK  
IN PROGRESS." THE  
ILLUMINATED  
CAPITAL LETTER  
AT THE BEGINNING  
IS THE WORK OF  
LUCIA JOYCE  
THE AUTHOR'S  
DAUGHTER



Of this book One Hundred and Seventy-five copies have been set in 18-pt. Centaur type and printed on Arnold hand-made paper. All copies have been numbered from 1 to 175. One extra copy lettered "A" has been printed on a white Japanese mulberry paper and is reserved for the printer. Copies Nos. 1 to 25 have been signed by the Author.

This copy is number 176

Completed at the Corvinus Press during  
October, 1937. Laus Deo.











STORIELLA AS SHE IS SYUNG.

A SECTION OF WORK IN PROGRESS

BY.

JAMES JOYCE.