

JAMES JOYCE

best was still there if the torso was gone) where he did and when he did, retriever to the last-escapes my forget-ness now was it dustcovered on lapse or street on-down — for merry a valsehood whispit he to manny a iilying earling; and to try to analyse that ambo's pair of braceleans akwart the rollyon — trying to amarm all of that miching micher's bearded but insensible virility into her limited (*tuffluff, que tu es pitre!*) lapse at the same slapse for towelling ends in their dolightful Sex-sex home, Somehow-at-Sea, (O little oily head, sloper's brow and prickled ears!) as though he, a notoriety, a foist edition, were a wrigular wither neonovene babe! — weel, diarmuee and granyou if that in what lamoor that of gentle breast rathe is intaken scems circling towarde out yondets heaven help his hindmost and, mark mo, if the so greatly displeaced diorems in the Saint Lubbock's Day number of that most improving of roundshows, *Spice and Westend Woman* (utterly exhausted before publication, indiappper edition shortly), are for our indices, it agins to pear like it par my fay and there is no use for your pastripreaching for to cheese it either or praying fresh fleshblood claspers of Young catholick throats on Huggin Green to take warning by the prispast, why?, bycows man, in shirt, is how he is pitù *la gonna è mobile* and they wonet do ut; and an you could peep inside the cerebralised saucepan of this eer illwinded goodfornobody you would see in his house of thoughtsam what a jetsam litterage of convolvuli of times lost or strayed, of lands derelict and of tongues laggin too not only that but by searchlighting pharahead into faturity your own convolvulis would real to jazz-fancy the novo takin place of what stale words whilom were woven with and fitted fairly featly for,

and its  
gaulish  
mouse-tags

and  
Vae  
vinctus