

## “Finnegans Wake” To “Gillegans Isle”

They say that James Joyce’s final work is structured like a circle -- its final, incomplete sentence merging with its first sentence, also incomplete. I don’t buy it. A river flowing into the ocean doesn’t just pick up again at the source, and a dream opening into morning doesn’t start again in the same place the next night. A thunderclap may restart the cycle, but the cycle is always a new one.

So where would the cycle begin today? Joyce built his work, starting with the title, out of fragments of the popular song and lore of Ireland. This time, we might find ourselves on a different island, with its own endless cycle of rescue and relapse. It’s just one step down the alphabet, after all, from “Finnegans Wake” to “Gillegans Isle.”

What if the circle is actually a Moebius strip, in which the end and the beginning do meet, but with a twist? The flip side of this recycled manuscript, while retaining the form of the original, would be marked by a mirror-like transformation of the substance. Sound, rhyme, and cadence would match up between the two sides -- word-for-word, even syllable-for-syllable -- in an interplay of shape and shadow, model and double, Wake and Isle. It would be an homage, a rip-off, a translation of Joyce’s work, multilingual puns and all, into the televisual vernacular of late-20th-century America.

Maybe the complete work already exists in some uncharted region of the reader’s unconscious. For now, though, let’s just see what a few pages might look like.

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minnowwreck, past Ginger and Skipper's, from sink of ship to rift of raft, takes them for a three-year tour of recastawaition back to Howells Professor and Maryann.

Sher Schwartzwood, isler d'abord, al'over the sailor scene, had producermore rerunnised from South Californica to reprise the shaggy foresth of Parcifica Tropicalish to reorderright his pilotolate shower: nor had bobdenver's locks by the script Oedobie degogeetated itsface to Mainard Hipster's bietnicks while he went caterin to his waiter on the water: nor ajym from abackush baldozed misht mishter magooma goo mugyarstheatric: nor het, nor homoroom halfter, had a captinsass fattended a blond old mastic: not wet, though dawn's well in wifery, were movie starstherers haughth with twine taketherhoe. Nought a prick of prof's fault had Johnson or Rohnson hued by candolite and natalie holed to the loveyrole hoped to be see bigshow on the t.v.set.

The call (justsitrightbackandyou'llhearataleataleofafatefultripthat-startedfromthistropicportaboardthistinyship!) of a short talltaled theme-song is realplayed early for bids and later for duds up through whole primetime schedulery. The heavy toll on the boathull enraged by such harsh stormage the psychuftje of Gilligan, else mighty mate, that the skimptywimptred of hisshirt churtly drops a bossyelling one into the drink all pink in his plumptyrumptruse: til their shorelandloongoonand-grace is on the isle deep in the dark where crevices have been filled to gust upon the cream since fessersfirst moored marry.

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No comforts here from phones nor lights, muttercars draggin faughtercars! Bróccoc Cóccoc Cóccoc Cóccoc! Bána Bána Bána! Mango Mango Mango! Gonannanuts! Which the Cuckoladies marysans bring still out to plastcaster Gilagus Gauntgrains and the Gergins creampieing the anexoristics out of the tastybaste to Hatties Head. Whadaweats and whoaredrinkson. Thurst's food, bring me beer! Fessorians's fave! Charms a meal with harms, alarming. Luvvyluvvluvvy: a roll, a roll. What meals muddly, what munchies shared and expurgated! What hungersmetohugs simpraced by sups getograbaclusters! What raw gropings for pair's layhayre with what smawl choice of farse hithut! Low we're here now both sprawled aft the luskt der broother of all inestationists but, (O my swinging hammock and booty!) how uphillsclimb must we seeben to nighttime our lost episodiment! Buzz is wutt! Isabutt! Were ere rescuers! Our boats of old awl in splinters soak but rafts reach where luggage lies. Weigh if you but cast, alight you return: and nuns too strewn swallsow shall the pimph for the timph call for a cruesom robinsegg phreedish.

Begmister Gilligan, off the Chartering Land, priemuns' maurtre, stood for the earliest play sittcommicable with his bootlick toofarout for references before bradyann bunches be devin us dumpers or Jecktrifferis admittistirred tritterscompany (one dumbasday he stoopdly stedt his sette on the stubb vor to wunsch the rupture of his rates but fore he fiftly toned itoff aten, by the nought of nielsen, their fairy spawnsor had deliberated and all the executives had spent their generatives and that aught to stell you bout the dreamofjeannie buzz it had!) and doing mostly long seasons this mate of rufes, drams and sedatives on Ropher's Porth brought stowrooms intra stowrooms bye the bonks lease the lovers own the Islando. He tooka likka vulva Teena rubbt the clittal layther. Bringyer bayre in bonds stuff up your felt innard. Openwhile boobulous, starther givehead, with shiply wheel in grasp and overaled moverstall which he fanntistacularly gropesteed, like Ragoon Dilderic Segendbirth he would castraculate by mothersnippicals the alicesighed of phalliscide uptil his seed-sod by plantlight of the pecker 'erespin was sporn, his landseed record of newer days to brides in cindress mittelry marciedad (wigfliptit!), a widdowerth of a pictureframe we must never have forgetterly, beculminating

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from you i and we and honeymoonating the familial send off, hearastory-  
bookaboutabofloftygal, with a middling maid amedd off its centerblock  
and with parrens all'oovers lookeling oop and mumbles a'muckets nick-  
eling dawn.

Ah but first we haff to state farms for a gain: Underwright Suretyaugh  
von Reasonninsured. He's crossed off liability, in teri with labials,  
consonants, uvulance, a riphroat, glottalstop, fricative, formed. His  
throachum stretched, with sretchers sprung, spielio, on the record.  
Speech is for strandyman fondling his foe. Nononono, Master Gill,  
you're growing to be Master Guildagain! Shipsday shorn and, So,  
you're signed! Cropsday's eased and, geez, you're sinesure!  
Nananana, Master Gall, you're goring to be guisled again!

Who then patronlike bossed about that saillordy sundersday his sen-  
trippical ill nistless? The tubecase still talks as sheerwitress to the stun-  
der in his underpantas but we see dorso by professive gauges a nebbishy  
choenysh with infalliphied pauzzalendepiissilehymns that could zippo-  
rate the shipstein where it shoaklechoakled south to seabend. Take them  
ereshore in their quest for rescueousness, O Heddwriter, til high they  
dries and ere they break up the woodship and aweigh they look raoun  
aloan their luvverwed and to the freight and at the beating of the bongos!  
For a bruse to the brassiere is marooner than maim for the mitzvanti.  
Otherwhose welose like that poorboat shiffing belowing the joister and  
the jgynian beach. Shootload the shortlassen shall deride. Then we'll  
show him the brest for his burfday. She has a dress of silk and tight and  
she alldazzlingly fancies whelpers, the creamymommy. Seed! Seed. It  
could o binn a spawnhoff skit, as hassly dais, or it mighta come through  
as the redactus off his flick cartridges, as ooglers wanted it. (There exist  
by now a million or so plotlines, some old, all the same). But so sure  
did bob bite beeny's milkywide mammals, (told of the pallmall's mar-  
tyrs at lockstrikes, camelbacks, gingerslims, jizztanes, danheels, bends-  
thehedges, marekindspawns, winstonwobbilies, gaulin- gaspees, carton-  
carols, marbologgs, filtresses and boardstokes and haleyhurts and ligh-  
tupanons and the hackks and the canswercruel and the roller of the joint  
and the monkeyblack ash wipe at his rear and the laryng hollow haullups  
and his late night shaketights, to score some more, and his blinketyblank

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gaspersnacks at forefiftly a corten and the nicketyrights slippering upon Secondhands Streak and the bradyeddimies vandering arouhnd Sell-No-Sailors' Coroner and the shrooms and the dopes and the bumptybump of his veins' endangerous loambreathers, poemwheezers, tometeasers writhed and writhed from pansyword drived and all the outpoor from all his smokesure, some reefs for her and refer for rimm butt ever his head shoots baloney) pawn dawning Gill felt tripling bull. His bowell was burstyn, his brudy did bake. (There was a hull you see in lubrication) Liff! He triffed upon the liffter. Laff! he was lofft. Lufft! Tinkellytool, trinkkelytoil, when a mate mesies his shoots are all soiled. And all his shipps at sea.

Sheets? He did shite! Magool, Magool, hora rhye kuend yeu triie? on a passing eightsday eavenin? Bladds they bleded on Gallagin's prissorbrist isle, on the babykinds operation, castrated in his patternation, with a duodenimally excrusive expora of poopulation. There was sproots and groots and bearries and slitherers and radices and oedible goo. And they haul dropped down for the floormost corprofallogy. The guests and the breasts and the lot of them undressed. In the expectation of his constipation after Gallanddooligan's inflatulation! Swain him stinchin cravass, moor, cawcaw kleening, Wiping him up and washing him down. He'll shipph til he's stinky that Yawnem Olin! 'Tis he dumps the mercind mindclottering trueth. Cutoff his fellowship, dry up his funds! F'orawhat kind of whyle would he puer such a jill again? With our cavelike sinuses and his marshy oldsmellios. We stook him deepdawn uponthee wed. With a gabinett of payper up his view. And a toiletrain of acquir down his gorge. Pry the mester off the bastard give the bitchard to your muthard, Ho!

Sothen, wesee but one shale for the oiled show leads the knews which is commcommercially a sure thing. Thus, Him a peering there on the grounder of his bend like a pussytail swallowing, as hee seed, peed, and Redd, thus, am ayenne en en oh, dubbelyou. Howlse! From Sandyquick to Wolfenstein or from mounting to gallonloaf or from Stormthebeach to Fillthecave or from the south of the strand to clearings campf he blindly abahnnolies. And on the way (a warn!) from goon to ghent his coachmares' logogoes shel trail them nach-

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traumd (shoashoashoah!) in libslabslubs of all the luicyjewce fright, the sellsoul simpering fright, the fright of woolrysmells, her maenasuit from prickly pulchrees (O vatina! O vatina!) aweight him. With her skinnahead skippahead and her leatherdocmartins allup for some stomps and bashes. Schleppling his stool for a stone, sipping up soil for a sheery sugary Outshitz. Glas before gheddon. Hitqattal v'yitqallal, s'meh barra n' golm di b'rall, v'yyi'tomimin. So graze the meat and brash the dish pourseverinever. Timesten. So sign off. Gildengoose is gooden gone but ginngy breads the shoob. Whose on the tipp of his thumb? Grimgraph the Grumb. Whose was it maidem wet? A splish from Ronhinkley's Chemistry set. And whose creamed to the crop of his soyle? A gush of Mary N'Summer's nayvelly riche Al-luvey oyle. But, oh, as he would wipeoff his shortsleeve and fall sleep on that skiff for a doubleplayed basey hetaught of time in atempt when he was owestreshow. Syndiche! Ever a paranorm for the seasons greene. Oncemost sherryred Cosmomacrar, constant about the gagues of the Alainabenides, he was bolton from his brist, castegained and crepped agone. Ere the deal's coast off from snewton, smoak, swimm and glansellashun.

But can't we still tune in the rerantageous norm developed asundered, leading out our whole primtime on the ledge of the silent screen that Re-run rubbed and Runto casts a leer on. Regis duainet scooledenum. Telus librariam veneris. Couldit not be in scripts or scatters, pilotaires or specialepisodes, with a slice of shares or somekind of demograph. Lookit, here, we all watch olive Teena Luisy, or, this time of day, watchalluv Teeny Layisy, as allup her lineup, com middle cum muddle she skinnyshows shippystows showering nigh. Whole! Cammerloafer shoots whole shaares. Aposh Sport Ginger, a Scary Baby too. The shiply form of her, bearer of her seasons, bring closher for youngkish. Waerth? Her clear cave, cradled in assonance, dark down deep in her past quellomen, from the fizz of her fantazine doll, as she catchers a call, in the festering squawll. And splittin uphond this blues' appearance inside San Quentin, illspillowed sand! spenthouse for the shawn, honnd, misterhonnd, misterhonnd, stand the backerboys, the work of the swishing-ingear of the uptake and makeums. Thus as the times pasht by, jinnie, a

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scoutshigh crew is employable in our girlfrieze gash, now Wailing-song musical emptorem, where, from one cheaply substance, the arching donnachick gently with the two milklight mosquetettes can bring news of themshelves so minneral to molly the partreges, the purtybees! Excavators are exempted from the empirigirl glee. Grabb and the Scoopy Scavengers, keep dinking! Sevenmembers intheskids of old spice go pushpush pusherpawn to steal the soul of their ought. For to shaveoff the goods of the talentless, the broadcast Mundi. Click.

Welkum hear to the emptyroom. Wash the lights dimmin down! Lish we now with the Wardinshow Emptyroom. Brought you by Chiu- seous gumm. Give it a tchoo. Click. Don't we have time for a Chiuseous, the Blest in Bobbletop. Don't we have something to spare the time for a Chiuseous. Don't we have tchoo to take on the sloth that speared the time for a Chiuseous. Bubble the Bossgumm! Out with your tongue and blow! Click. (Network! Abs!) Here in the sinkular night of Milleneum. Click. Milleneumnight. Here at the Wardinshow with our strait wise host, the Laurenside. Heft we a great Fabluss Wardinshow, staged for appear- ance with the clerkskin dunst and the jaildoe pez and the diffpuff diddy- poof and the benman's tillers and the likkum's slabs and shady's slim- most and the penniconellopy's kidscrews. End with your belle isle host. Click. Now with the sink milleneum boyse greeting dawns in their leaking dredge. Dawn of the shykidbrothering lancis, dawn of the pranckster chris, dawn of the joey, flirting. Dawn of the lake milleneum timbering the milleneum lack. In Speariurs fundament, Dawn of the pretty milleneum boy whose jacks bother jicks and jocks. Affond, affond! Tuffys On Tario. Eager Boy Erie. And Hunky Ol' Hurdon. Most of them michigan-swishigan. Off to Fishywide bay. Off to Isle Royal, off to Isle Postal, off to the Last Isle Inland. Off to the bubbeling on the wane bursting to bottlestop our sink milleneums. On tows the jeannie with her chromaform glistening for mort in her highdug's boots of pesantry while paving the way episode the Wardinshow. The jeannie is a shoo in her hind and the jeannie is a cullin her dare that the Wardinshow make the band up. Here the good Wardinshow ingenal juicyfruit Letter- backer monitors all the stoops of the jeannie. Performaner grillpowder. Click. Here

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goes teen Britchney poking her philanthropy in to her once Alltwo  
Biggist Slapshot Cotsmellies. Bloated. There for the jeannie's bleat-  
ing cryptych for to annolate the Wardinshow. Cryptych in old greek  
trials up the scortshirt of teen Britchney. Yo, yo, yo! Heygar Toythick.  
Tummy ontoes! Acetone on ayanti hotten. Eightypaste. Pose. That  
was the techtalks of the jeannie for to platonate the Wardinshow. Ça,  
ça, ça! The jeannie is jigless yestermasting all the milleneums.  
While the milleneums is all guygroupinhappy hereat the gut Wardin-  
show. That the Wardinshow make the band up. And for blest Britch-  
ney, oopsey to baby, knocking her seemend site for a call up her rear to  
the Wardinshow. There for the Wardinshow'd promo's crypteaseact.  
Cryptease contrived for the skintight shape of teen Britchney. Inno-  
ciente! Yeh, yeh, yeh! Gravy jeannie. Daseinfuehl! Dumm pisty men,  
Poofem. Wardinshow. That was our layme excuse of Wardinshow,  
tech for talk. Blah, blah, blah! So says teen Britchney in her flesh-  
toned corpsuit, switsch, twitsch and nose more fairmoans, tripping it  
off for the jeannie. Keep it up, keepitout, and we can maybe double  
darren with a new dick dork. Make him Discipline dolls. Make him a  
ccrue. Make him maidenspikes. Make him Croppy Latte with the slop-  
pyjoes. Holping his upheld head's insouciance. This is the method.  
Farrah's feathers! For the jeannie in her blonny blond bleeches. For  
the milleneums in their burgher broilers. There for the Wardinshow, in  
the newness of York, hopefor hire. Sacrifait! (Netwake! Eye!) Lack  
for chartery, lack for chastens, lack for the prudenteens in striction,  
lack for their blattery, lack for brutenhores. Aguilarod! Hearthon dein  
bruise! Too the Wardinshow cry. Come! Come! Inncome! To the jean-  
nie cry. Lemmeoutter! Help meet Nell- songs! Hear the jeannie crib-  
ing away at her omphalos chafing her carriagewheels. With a blink  
blinky blink and a nod noddy nod so scary. For her fear's most fair.  
Click. This was teen Britchney's teacher torture skipyule slate for scrap-  
ing her score in the school of her speculum. Mare the moor! There for  
the hartwork of the partisong purty that the jeannie had locked inside  
her. There for the Wardinshow holding his own inguinal gooseyfruit  
Reddy-Ded-So from his loyal abortion of the hideaway jeannie. Nas-  
cimento della skina! Desdemona fabulisa! Done by the prettiest of the

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milleneums. Timberleak, who took in the Wardinshow with his laid night host, the Lettersaid. Coffrich Wardinshow has a strong buried bankerchief. Milleneums are not just lookalikes. So says hareena hanna-lee kvetching akraut at the Wardin- show. So says marsteen heidi pensing the etr of the hannalee. So says the critic Benjee Been before the heidi grrl and the hannalee. Click. This was the second stringed Wardinshow slipping off the stack of the sink- hold hit of milleneums without all those dubbling tracks. This was the critic liking reallybad for a boobjob. This was the Wardinshow tricking the stack of the hit of milleneums off the stage down the truckside of the late night host. Click. Off with the best shot of Wardinshow. Boy, boy, boy! Sing with the great white host of the Wardinshow. Luridscreed, dripping our stablecar from the stack of the hit of milleneums in discusst of the critic jewboy. Bye, bye, bye! (Netwaste! Cock!) Hear how the jewboy, merdrassplattergas, outshoop and poopin, shouts at the Wardinshow: Raw Perubu! Ubu Peraw! Hear how the Wardinshow, faltering virulent, handles a kurtjieff to the sobberin Benjee Been. Thouspotty lewdjaw! Hear how the goofyslim jewboy throws a bowl on the stack of the hit of milleneums just as the band with the stake in the trunk of your strait wise host. Click (Networst! Head!) Reach Dewlyfunded splenders. Lift out the emptyroom. Wash your sheets gumming up.

Pop!

What a wrought traum he tore just now and how trying it were to wakeitout! We sowhat he sez so you better be centerfull if you want to Cure-his-Diction! He's a bunnyhidden mouthse with a toothse has gone mithing. Babytalk, Take Babytalk. His tungered twistyfine. With such pleasurable pastings through! His loosend lips' asink'nchops with port- sauce on an amply goodship lollitop (if she can sing shirley I'll be bob dole) sets his breakfastfood ybushelling, a milkabread, a carobread, a gricabread, a marzabread, a petabread, a jinnabread, a bumblebread, a cinderbread, a tigerbread, a fluffybread, a lisabread, an olivebready- bushelling. A belladonnacrew of mandrakemeals! Outof his semen sod- spilled shot three, Thricemore. He vaws tolead them. Dux meyimsix. His whelpings mare prefares his feastdish.

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Her maid of harts had crooked it masterly, baaking up a caakle for the cummings of her ere till hubbards tanker; God, that's good! She fizzes it up with Mike's odd flower and with Mike's milk from his Twiggy pearls and with Mike's flowing hintersons through the lieves of Mike. Go golly go! Takewhat you can think! It could be so totally groovy. It's Happeningnow and Newlyoriginal and one more time for the show. Dick doc drake! He'll feel each fool with tums upon tums. Eight, and it just might be enough now, he eats, a dentlion, a daizily chain, a daffi dilldoker, a delphinum on the apolloplain, for paylay, with dogwoods in dippeddrapple, on a double- dribble, and a bigbad boot brightlining its heavenelevning sevens hinteruntergrund, giving broth, beating bread, bullybully bid-dybully. And that's how altumturns towide, myotterspark, and torain we watsch for a moanly aidsman and the remaining pleasure that leads to see a day-time soapstar revealingly donning summerware. That every man and boy inside can wash the eurolog. They've harried the toother's hurtyright in order to spy (we won't charge the chunnel fore free attock) and so those kids are caught in his sadtrap: manwiches and mealy girlies, sylvan splatters and casts of all bitters, tableshares and dinnercloths, fights, plays and hairpulls of saywennies and spoonfed droolers with gallonsof drinks in em, kindred daytoners of leaders and maulers that tickletheir pants and gashup their tinies in a gardly tocsin of cakes and everyone marching and mincing and munching, tolls and girls of leafs and plumes for sins of olds on the high roads that lead to the waif (truckling!) and the closets key for capsure (can's due!). Who'll Be. Be Boy. Bob's Boy. Be Bob. Teller's time ends. Lame.

So heartywise and so hungryman of him, when still withinrea-son, to stake our endangering speeches on his screening screedscribel-ers while aiming to name us all braidy ladds and bushylashesses in a make believe cradle of youth. He comes barging in our room of betts and givving us the store of it (his gaze is undeterrable), with a witting in his eyes and his chatting hitting plattitudes (some fair! some folly!) till we hears him and he hoes us. Dig! Dig! Greggs may writhe and Peters crawl (they having never penned it that way before) but it's

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the weeboy who climbs ontoppovit that keeps his dialworks drilling lest the bunk be a berg for hidders to hid in. Some old fallows keep ahead of the grain while some old lawss cant loose inside the butchellor's shack. She queers him where gently he finds his Peace. At the meatcutters' ball? tries he. Did they slice it so small? cries she. It was worse that a suddledin had made him so sadentary. That the shame of her sham can shatter simulayshun (shucks!) all just shows a lowbrow for a highbitch in his sedulous phase as Weaknight Brokenender: they're all together yet all alone and he can afford to litter his throne which is all that a housemaker needs to home his highness in. Harm. To hem his heinous himn. Hummhumm. Andso if a Bobby takes up hobbity climes for clutching a pen to his juicefrootylooms and showing his steel unstoppable still the inks in his pekker try to warnhim, playwith it if you dare. So hard of it to chokehold a hangover and tail your debt due that if you're drifting like mike in a hutch then the land makes you look like a hare.

Unhappy within the unhurrying words he so willfully borrows, robbing his readings and stealing his style, for to make something new of the cruel sounds he hears parsing in the symbols near by the lawn chair, so sickty and sedenty, yet longing to sit for the solitude, burning aboot, deadweight and decadent, like a pastyfried picition of a muddy- lubbing mess, making Martin Sorry, he's a scriptvirus in the process of a plague. Black out, sicko! Play straight for simmy! Your hero, Jestering Jake. You can read it right out in the news of the shortstuffed sibling boy Shykihnn or the sibbalongs of Machokihnn or the sibulations of Vanity- kihnn or the sibstitutionals of Goofyballkihnn or the frecklefaced sibilling of Awkwarduglykihnn that every clan has its general codes and every tribe has its elementary structures and each propositus has its part in the home, Michael on the mend and Carol in the clear and Cindy'll try to relate them. But don't fear it's just fine flooring ahead to draw out a storyboard that will toil and tell such fabulous fables, drafting out a riddle for the laughter of a liddle, A, as she grows musedly from the worterlend of Lexicon to the winterloan of Foot o'Filly. This

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lady once was bleaching up. Cleanly? Three very blondy girls. Teeny? She coiled her callowest princess pup. Queenly? To complicate her curls. Buff!

How Firm They Formally?

Rice! Damage! Settledown!

So derivatively respiteful! It's exactly like that firstworn erection that intruded into plotting the deployment of his workshopped show. Should he? (Since we know that finking storytatteller with the minimally private ear, Blessed Arnold, is snitchering) Or say, an exceedingly fastwon election with forty-three letters on the Boardwalk where they Work-forus. Do they? (She is simply delighted to be weaning off the fidelity shop with that second certified messenger, Speedy Delivery.) In a pure tone. Boldly they bounce and yet he makes no leap. Nwtn. G. W. B. L. Fells? Like a flickering flim. Dimdim dimdim. For a shadyslim sum. Dumdum dumdum. His emptiness is everydense. Strike! Abraham's caveat emptor. You can be fooling your father. You can be shamaning like a son. You can be outfeeling him further. The reelfordeal won't get fooled for gain.

Save one detour, trailing our gigantuary Festal Cruiser to the grand old cananadanyon, out near Odananyon, taking a trip where peter's holms, i.e. the Deafandportly's four main hills go hangingout the downstreet where fest Menn hide. So number them high and done with it. A. Laity! Twinky. (Pasty.) A whistlewuss descending upon a solarsaw. Eh, oh! Topsy. (Dazey.) A sigh of the moon all sodden. Ba, ba! Lazy. (Lacky.) A windmill wild, o'riled o'real, to feel forgotten. Agon, agon! Impotent. (Estrogen.) A moan more mellower than his missive. Who here. Who now. (Buckett.)

Go, from guidely bands pulling treasures on treasures, to periods that petrify what deadeye daddydid, the gaze of his giving to the shows of their greed, lesions of desire drying the lessons of defense bland and rational, unnameable to no how.

1:19 P.M. Short are the scenes of eddie finding that all his kid's lost Friendships are there in the Funnel. Frenzied screams across Islandia.

2:38 P.M. Ere Goodtime muses he's got to be leaving the babe

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that heard the burning Love that would heed live songs from the loft over looking the song of his Love yet he plays so to certify his laughingclowncareer and hold man's way til he shoves himself earnest with slow polished sausages and sligh talented beefs, so good and laid. Fringy suedes in Bravoland.

(Glosses.)

2:38 P.M. If same thing should come up from a quarterback half-time sneeze (*suddenlysodden!*) he'll maybe Prevent his sister from mangling herself with a sheen of Prevaricose Playbacks. Frantic shots from Reallysupercloseupreally.

1:19 P.M. Two peets in a pod were grown before consumption of their plan. Each peet billed himself Angel the Arthur. Arthur was an evilord and forged with mindless malice. Angel plotted Placemaps and laughed it all behind. Fruity schemes for Freshmen.

Somehow, markedly, in the saddendso shade of the posthumethusalous and primadonnical some company must have sawn off his penn. His bloody felt nose as his belt choked him and his whatzup putzwhipes full of electronical entrollying (them, in song) touchsang as the Adamount fallous flowed drown his flabby body. Though navelists near and far can shore up on the dean's list with poor lines compassed at ten cents per docent in gratitude for the building of joyce's genes so capering inter dead and divine in his dreams he writhes easy, as a freeman of literarily sinful pretension, lest a dramaturge should show off to the warden that keeping his prose lines pure composted his attitude toward the groaning of hackmann's bull.

Now looking down that starstretch'd reality off normandy's lear lift we our bier, brew of the lifeless, to the tune of *Vera Veritas* and, (whoa!), directly parabolical, in willeying woes and whinneying wheys, felicity's journal of hapfilled days! Lone weak sick hop the potster flies to the hoop; right richard in richard's pfister fieldeth his applied trajectories; within his ralphing malphus the neon finity holds nothingness; greysky turns to helloblue. So, moved, do fonzie's tears. On the rout through Barstow and Bernadin the kingmakers have been aiming for

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Louisville, the deepjohn has wiped out Nonna's heifers, ingraytz who razed the krazypuss are flogged Stiff, backlaid for bricklove, to throwdown and to smackdown and bellyache the mayberries of Knottingham, and, though his stills shot it, sharing a celluloid of pornithography, the Marillions have galloped the makers of the Marks and the Okies have been hastened by Jalopy and the Saynts are layed out merrymaking for the Flavorfool and Billy in the Sky plays timesarrow for the Haley (Rock! Rock! The ruinedclock!), while snowscreaming pigeonballs are enlaunched upon the leveebreak to splish then splash it off, south with no-work-to-do yet, on their way to Chicallgo.

The brothelers whom her talents lain had seen (conceptual hole there!) were sure and spent; richly rich guys and dangerous random guys and careless lonely guys and pennyshone exposeurs. Fates were foiled, ports were petrified, the verne gave shotz to the shirl: Marshall thigh will, meere Holly penny? and the skinnylegs went courting for the twiggy lezzie: Why seek men to date, my bonnie boobookitty? And they made theurgical mothers: with improcreant urges. Along crossingroads and down roads of lore do all poor tokens get a taste of her girlhood virging on woman: Scuse me while I kiss this guy!: or, with the vaguest glitter: Pardon me my french! So shall she kiss, fondle and provocatively french, her mann! And her waiting is annulled within hours. Slave a maid a month from maturnity (aren't those the burbs she's bellied in?) to hear wailing wannabees holler and hurl. Miss Missymiss mobbed them, making a Mess. Hippety! Hoppity! Hoedown!

Caught!