A Book About Love & War & Death by Dick Higgins



PS
3558
.I36B6
1972

A Book About
Love & War & Death

UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG
515 PORTAGE AVENUE
WINNIPEG, MAN.
R3B 2E9
DISCARDED

A

Book About

1972

Something Else Press, Inc.

Barton, Vermont

Richard Carte
355
.I36
B6
197

by ~~Dick~~ Higgins

Love &

War &

Death

L. C. Catalog Card No.: 72-75707
ISBN: 0-87110-081-9 (cloth) and 0-87110-082-7 (paper)

Copyright © 1972 by Richard C. Higgins. All rights reserved. No portion of this text may be reproduced by any means whatever without permission in writing from the author or the publisher, Something Else Press, Inc., West Glover, VT 05875, except for brief passages included in a review for a magazine, newspaper, or a radio or television broadcast.

Manufactured in the United States of America

for my brother Mark
(1940 - 1960)
killed in the Congo

Contents

About A Book About Love & War & Death, page ix
Canto One, page 1
Canto Two, "The Girl in the Oven's Story," page 37
Canto Three, "The Court of Miracles," page 61
Canto Four, "A Scenario," page 75
Canto Five, page 147

About

A Book About Love & War & Death

About
A Book About Love & War & Death

By the late 1950's the tendency of poetry to become increasingly musical had reached its apogee in the works of quite a number of poets, including Jackson Mac Low and myself, who applied chance or logical test structures to language. This resulted in very abstract lyricism that seemed somehow detail-oriented. I began to want to work with larger units. I also wanted my work to be more literature than music, and literature seemed to me a matter of ideas more than sound. I also wanted to break the prestige of the visual-oriented work, best known from the concrete poetry and poet-artist collaborations of the time, and to get into images which were less essentially visual than conceptual. So I decided

to apply chance and test structures to bodies of ideas in a systematic way.

Chance led me to an Indonesian dictionary, with 202 pages translating English into Bahasa Indonesia. I picked a structure using three dice to work with. But each die has six sides, so there were 6 X 6 X 6, or 216 possible numbers. I let each throwing reference a page number, and used the first unused word on that page in a subject list. This gave me fourteen pages (up to the 216 pages needed) of Bahasa Indonesia, which explains all the "Antiks" and "Balai-Balais" in the work. As each word was used, it was crossed off. In this way I figured I would slowly use up most of the common words in English, and spice up the inevitably Latinate tone of such a body of materials with the Indonesian words. I also decided, from the outset, that when a page was used up, I would go on to the next page on which there were still unused words, and that I would go around the end also, say, from page 214 to page 3, assuming that 215-216 and 1-2 were used up.

The time was 1960 when I began the *Book*, taking my lists of words and structuring them into sentences, either lyrical or grammatical, according to rules which were consistent, section by section, but, except for the two "flashbacks," both of which refer to *Canto One*, not section to section. I also set special problems for myself from time to time within sections, such as not allowing myself any repetitions of any word whatever, connectives, modals or anything

(a long part of *Canto One* and a short chapter in *Canto Five* use that rule). Or I'd say to myself, let's have a psalm, and I'd think of my act of writing as being in psalmic terms. Or, let's do compact prose. Or, let's slow it down and do straight prose. Or free structure. Or whatever. But always sticking to the test structure based on chance for the morphemic and visual progressions. As far as I could tell, I was putting everything I knew into the book, and I would cover all the subjects in the dictionary. But for a focus I wanted to list the things that meant the most to me. I was in love when I began the writing, and was newly married. Thus the love. But in the Spring of 1960 my brother Mark left Dr. Schweitzer's hospital at Lambaréné, where he had been an assistant, and went to the Congo, where independence was followed by civil war. He was extremely handy, and wanted to help in any technical way that he could make himself useful. He was sent up to the Kasongo area to help at a power station. There some soldier saw him at work — a tall, blond man — and assumed he was a Belgian paratrooper and shot him. So the questions of race, nationality, war and death, which are used as organizing motifs, throughout the work. And so also the work got its name, in spite of the pretentious tone that naming the themes gives the title.

Canto One was completed in 1961. *Cantos Two* and *Three,* both shorter, involved slightly more elaborate structures, so they were not finished until

1966. For the next canto I discontinued the use of dice, and wrote an IBM Fortran IV program which resulted in a long printout randomizing numbers from one to 216. James Tenney ran this program for me, for which I thank him cordially. It was completed in August 1968, and, as *Canto Four,* was longer than any of the previous cantos.

Originally I had estimated that six cantos would be required to complete the cycle. But Henri Chiarucci very kindly provided me with an extraordinary streamlined printout for *Canto Five,* the main characteristic of which was that many of the chapters were almost at their maximum possible length. This, of course, I accepted, with delight, and combined the rules I had chosen for *Cantos Five* and *Six* into *Canto Five,* by far the longest of all and with which the cycle ends. I had thought that the alliterations at the end would take up a greater volume, but thanks to M. Chiarucci's long units, they are mostly concentrated in the last five or six chapters.

Because we are not used to such concentrations of literary and conceptual images, it is virtually impossible to read any large section of the *Book* to oneself. It should always be read aloud or heard, preferably with the text being passed among a number of readers, as each tires, laughs too hard or reaches a natural pausing point.

Barton, Vermont
June 18, 1970

Canto One

Canto One

Chapter One

To be, to be Bahaduri. A what? Memoirs, in estimation.

Single. One might curl his nature, another might stain or bob his approval. A screen-star could be nervous, but is he? To be fallacious in one layer might envenom Canada.

Or happy Jove.

Dismal as a serviette, slender as a slice, objective as a channel, a vegetable might be well packaged as jam.

To approve what is surely wanton.

Oh dusky, introductory.

This bobbin is attached to an aircraft.

Chaos was not present in the case of hydrophobia.

His onslaught caught the cross-word puzzle and Asmara. Close-fisted with their tricolors, they never knew a pineapple. Nor could their deceit be mistaken for infiltration, since they so often used to frisk the fathomless.

To authenticate the asbestos a conjurer had used a fallible balai. In his way Aso's advancement and Anteken's were connected with the land-owners'.

Copper is to roast a nobleman.

When, as a diebetic presses and cites a random aspal, when dissension is all wrapped up and outstanding, an infinite crate taken as an adhesion is an advantage.

No aircraftsman can hiss.

Neither can there reign any symptom.

"Please exhaust my soap-suds, and in May, when the air crew becomes chaotic and we are taken aback, a Hebrew might tricycle into the chapel."

And so Alin bathed Akas, in order to håbituate that ruminant to fingers. "Organize whatever is just passable in children into an unfortunate pushing," she said.

That Bangsa!

"What does it mean to press the dissimilar *barankalis*?" she asked, trying to make him out to be parakeets.

Midday: the hydroplanes like *Aliran* petrified.

In this bangsal the direction of any propagandist became mere indisposition, his behindhand unreal, his airfield Awet's, his *antena* spiralled, but his tri-

dent abandoned because of the pressure.

"It is my habitude," he said.

"I acknowledge your chaplain's spirit. Should he ascend like a grower of bobbies?"

All of them had to edit this: we are very weary.

The notorious fusty made unconscious pink breeders.

And this, this was a hyena, which astounded the divine, frivolous Canadian.

This committee met in his nest where any policeman might dig his grave. But bathrooms without parallel are controlled by the syndicate.

"Naught shall Bangsat see in the whirlpool, notwithstanding that her fervour for minerals showereth causality on the bids."

An illuminated flash was advantageous.

Chapter Two

Above the psalm a little unfortunately indisputable organizer had been darkened.

Her forefinger lay upon the balai-balai.

This kind of institution could use some lubricating.

But in the estuary there shone an example.

Its liquidation was by mail-order, which nobody, not even Bahagi, in the whole edition mistook for a hackney-carriage.

"If you had interfered, if only you had propagandized, the construction of Aspek would have had acknowledgement. No engineer in the balairung would have had the impetus or the stuffing to be an editor-boundary in the closet. No coppersmith

would refuse to be the trainer of conditional beings."
To seek is to be an off-day in Advent.
Anise astraddle the barat in the middle.
But, did it seem that the forefront was Bahagia's?
Then the wireless was sheer virulence's rear-guard.

"A child," she said, "and knock my pseudonym out of me. This grave-digger and this alley are like iron-clad *bahajas* to me, and I have drivelled out my nest-egg like a vegetarian." A possible adieu would be the terminal lucidity: so he acquainted her. But she said, "Abandon my jovial harangue? Any tweezers could be used by accident. Or, to be explicit, my childhood was curly enough. May your engineering author condole any accidental dismantling of your ankles!"

But did the closure of this discourage all the giants? No, a futile thing paralyzed her indistinct whirlwind, yet although we should have been childish about it, Antero dismayed the naughty ones aboveboard. To be diabolical began to be extremity. Our apartment made a fine wrapper for our licence. Onwards, marshy, scaly, gluttonous, weather, yes, and canals and outstretched and abased maybe wrapping-paper, all of them ironers. Which haft could be most like a top-hat.

But she could abash the careless finger-bowls.
His diagnosis, no soap-works, was objurgate.
She fluttered, destitute. But the mayor was busy.
Still she hedged: she made the dark perfection.
Destitution may not revise innumerable antiks,

but to quit, childless, would be suffrage for the inopportune clots.

Chapter Three

He had simply to counterfeit with a coppice, survey propellers from authoresses to causes, screw up each sob infirmary, each ruminating demolition, and defy the objurgations of Ahad and of synonymous obligation. Then, quite like how battalions jamb, haggard and trifling, into deputations uncorked by some unreasonable joy, caution simulated (according to certain eternal Muslims) the mingling of offences that are obligatory without a shell, and the acclaiming of the twelfth, as it was in the children's running, to caress fallow nausea or in the gnarling and more discoursing ones of what was probably servile.

How orient the show-room compositors inordinat-

ed the nauseous rumours, with January precipitating historians and canals or making currants deceitful.

He thought how recurrence was a memorandum, by prestige's extricating longest when fatigues made of wire-netting were battered against the hazard lay-out.

It was joyful to be encountered.

With spirited governance the sliding housemaid took each ascendancy of the unreliable, each rump-steak of pints' legalization, while Ampas' inaction contrasted with anything in an above-mentioned way.

With chilly educators their composure's pack-cloth thirteened, divinity and the arbai became the unrest's eleventh manliness and, but for all that dust, would maim on discovering.

But very cautiously there came a monument, the manner and the crate, a sort of seesaw of brutality among butchers and housewives.

Well might eternity twelve slightly, that anting-anting cloth of uncertain perfection.

Akbar.

To Japan, then, taking along a police-station for contravention, a passage for sugar, and Adpis to oblige and to destroy.

The memorial he saw enviously at the inquest.

It was time to be adjacent.

None of that commodity was clothed and mannered by the care-taker. The airfield itself seemed a blasphemy on ooze. The whole thing was a maze.

Oriental directions are synonymous with any timely paralysis.

The driver was hardly impious, and his policy was reinforced by the government. Still, he and the governor took their pleasure together while correcting runs among their synopses. This made it all as showy as luck.

We made nougat out of jubilant, festering weather.

Chapter Four

He baked me.

In Argentina they say it is futile for any bobtail to take an ironing-board to a martyr.

This is said to be pushing.

The air force never jubilated, although he himself exploded into foregoing everything with a gasp.

She was so stuffy that even her yesses were exploited. He led himself astray. She oriented him, presumably for his connections.

Darkness.

In this direction there was a hazardous clothes-nauticalizer. And there there was a nobody, top-heavy with cavalry.

Her condolences were clothes-horses.

Futility is for Adu as aspherse is for collarbones.

In the main, her offending the renowned clothes-peg was precipitous, and hers was used for the re-vision of honesty. Oblingingly she said, "Aduh!" and she deceived her landsliding sugar.

Balam had some soup, with which he frizzled their alliance. Defiant, he caved in the roast and the Japanese together.

Our currency was due to be turned over to the ironmonger when he twisted the finger-post into a knocker, but no amount of robbing could put us abreast of the spiritless, so we left for Antjam with Batuk nodding with liquor.

A hedgehog paid his land-tax and ranged and stumbled through the cavern divisibly.

"Here come the pioneers," she said, sobering up. "Contribute diagonally or your finger-prints may be cargo in a *bangsawan*."

But her exuberance and her exhaustion were just social when she and the robbers appeared in the environ of those terminating inquirers.

The more the Bareng Ironworks were individual, the more nought seemed like the bodice of a lisping heed.

In a dustbin:

The Robbery-Directive: "Alis, to hold a plebiscite would be historic. Abridge of the kennel and Baret a current of socialists did precisely what was least robust. Your license to make inquiry had nothing to do with the chaplain. (Jubilation among the viru-

lent.) To be found was to screw Azab. Hygiene was for passengers only. Who had colleagues? The trigger was to condone any gnarled division. Red exhibits used to drizzle, but now inactive whirlwinds in the meadows had adventures. No topic was an inquiry-office, so he's gibing at Africa, at Azas, in a pussy or hygienic station."

The Memorizer: "Possibly it would be useful to presume it is a flashlight."

She: "Bid for yesterday with the proper syntax."

The Exasperated Adjective: "Giddy Ones are Azasi!"

A Passer-By: "Astride a lane I have drolly seen Aki. He is ranking, and his uncourteous nodes are annals in the bidders for eternity."

The Man in a Sugar-Basin: "To ransack, to come to wrath, perhaps to gown as a screwdriver in the middle, to moo, to fatten."

The Language-Uncoverer, putting muslin on probably fatty memories: "Acclamation would be an irony. My longing for reasons adjoins my twentieth useful orientation now."

A Meagre Woman: "Found us authoritative, Belgian, — in *asrama* now, constructors."

The Instructive Discoverer: "Seizing any reasonably perfidious individual, you may make a contribution to his education. Saltpetre and *astanas* seldom make a gift."

The Knock-Knees: "Mainland meals make me crouch."

Perfidy, like collecting, accommodates.

Spiritually he was a weathercock. At the festival he was a vegetarian. His exasperation was a canary, probably probation. Any noun was false to him, and weather-conditions in Ari were the offender, slightly a menace.

The harasser was a nest-egg for servility.

A trim nourisher was coming with a flask, boundlessly middle-aged and *abadi*.

Interlude

"Bodkin, my sweet bodkin in the noise. If I were a baker would I bake a bodkin would I really bake a bodkin? And would a well-baked bodkin make a really fine meal?" Angels licking asparagus. "Oozy, isn't it," said the brute girl, but was she heedful of it all? Or was she in the mood?

"Well, it's nourishing."

Dance is a matter of being allied to things. Better to be a thing among things. Better no dance than to be allied.

Destroyer.

"Will you have a hernia?"

"No thank you, not today."

Copy: "Will you have a hernia?"

Shall I make your acquaintance?

How proper!

But is it proper to probe and to be inquisitive, to gasp or to be salty?

Akibat.

To be knotted.

Knotted to antjuk.

Antjuk Baring was the abridgement of being president. Antjuk Baring for president.

That is to say to gnash.

To be indifferent.

This one is the thirteenth that I have had this month I think.

In passing, to incorporate.

"So select."

"I salute you."

"Angguk!"

"Ha ha."

To be in society.

Paralysis.

To be offensive.

This is to suggest. "May I offer you a suggestion," they said. "Paramount to a sock, a flat is. Try using a cargo-boat."

But of course who could.

Who slimmed down. Who was slim and who was who.

"Shall I rebel?"

"Under that old flat-iron?"

"Revoke it all."

No?

"Ekover ekevor. Okeve. (Very softly.) Ekvoer."

"Oh, it's useless."

To be coming on the obliques.

This is the weather forecast: haze and ransom.

"Good morning, Mrs. Moon. Why are you so wiry?"

"That *is* a problem."

Now to trim and to so be trim.

This is my jubilee. Rock me.

Copy-books at minimum. Mountain discoveries and visible false ones too. In the balance put some hyphens. No divisor shall be December.

Your ethic discredits all runaway demons. Any taxpayer can know destruction, as diagrams commonly psychiater.

"Astronomy was weather-proof," he said.

"Reinforcements were on exhibition."

She: "Destructively our illumination downpour perforates any shell-fish."

Us: "Twenty harbours of Bahaja are mister's."

You (noiselessly): "I am being kerchiefed."

Precision's scandal-contrition without petrol over Anggur's wreath-rebellion rapped future incorporations while every pious perforation-training bidding crowed.

Countermand her foregone, boundless simultaneities, since festivities like these around Bahan, commoner than nourishment (selection's laziness irradicates), obliterate unfounded servitude.

"Asuh, which dissimulateth syntheses or obliteration's counterpanes, cancel noisy, exuberant sling-judges, legalization's hard instruction. Mainly breeze alongside, weaving, predestination-compounding ungrateful, topical.

"Darling fetchers' cither, *arif*, jarrers' hypnotic nestler, employ thy honeyed, oblivious wisdom for thine alligator's rent trinket. Vegetate meanly, thou user, crowbar, whisker collection, elf-quits' gigantic caricature, cavity under packers' citizen gnats.

"Connive, (passionately) topmost novel, inadequately discreditable! Exult, packet-rocket, meaning-honeycomb, African-ambusher, incorrectly synthetic. Exultant, redden. Presumption, petroleum's exultation from contrivance, Ampat's (intruding *asuransi*) exasperation, bubbleth rebelliously abroad. Shred then those excavations, yet through longing, reddish, acquiesce so, counterpart, excavator, pear-inroad, *balapan*-session that clotty Asut's mussels' ascension, hero-usher yet socket-martyr, demonstrates deficiencies. Pettiest must (hypnotists quivering, eyes fluxed, vision-butchery, — employees yielding) redeem passive carnage, annex war-unrighteousness, jaundiced lists, sodas mended bounteous educations."

Navals should manoeuvre, wreathing cancellations among tea-nets, abrogate setting up knotted bucks, detached copyists, origins, time-tables, visiting original, steely, middle-class contrivers (illusions apathetic).

"Steep-polished, may honeymoons, war criminals,

falsehoods, ethics, buckets, training colleges, environs, each inadmissibly astute itself, shrewdly dissipate, salute Bahana, ascertain, yoking carnations, honking away nomads, traitors, paraphrasers, abrupt (Belgium-nomenclature) copyright instructors.

"Adventurously, instrumental adverbs' foreheads, inadvertently deceivers, direcly, Antre, Bahara Baharu, intuition's honorary, oblong means, lucky licking Antuk, stainless adversary, envoy, obscene detachment, novelists' cayman eyeballs, city-scandalizer, rape his air gunner who predestines flying usual frocks etiquette-wards. Exhibition-divorcer, twice suicided, lid Akil Balig, listen . . ."

Adjoining one rocking-chair, three Atap offers (blasting dialects after fliers).

Decency's Martyrdom-Stair: "Butting several irrational liers-down allocated many languid judgements. Outstretched, obscure, insubordination-crowded, shelter England's decent. Slip nominally legalized pretence, allocation's marvel, off-hand. Annexation's tea caddy reinforcements ungrounded, adjourned, lieu-deficient, revolting against chimeras, shriek, 'Mustard! Exploitation!' "

Cloudy-Miner Six Hundred Forty-Seven: "Annihilating hazy brethren? Slipper-carols? Slippery parasites? Navels? Insane, slobbering wards. Visit languishing rocking-horses?"

(Hypnotizing adverse, lucrative buckles collectively) Cloven Pearl: "Droll, haggle. Moody, authoritative longings . . . meantime . . . revolutionary eels

. . . lieutenants . . . *alkohol* . . . (Posts resounding) Foreign pretenders, individuals, flattening irreconcilable teachings piously Authorization hardens."

Consul's Resource: "Redeemer mendicant, yoke-bone, rapidly finger-print His tripping mistresses, consulates usually foreigners' property-gnawed . . . trams uncultured, O Antul, clown-synthetic suit, wise fatuity within thyself, Akor's self-conceit's history, knotty . . . flying boat above yolk, hitting wishes, . . . but renter's novelty . . . steepening . . . "

Chapter Five

To be a legatee, Bangun, it is to be a phantom.

"I am a mountain ash," he says, "I am the termination of the unripe pledge, and I shall efface the English from the annihilation and the ash. Aksara, I shall be your body, and the timid shall find their prophecy in me. For I shall be the wreck of Aduk, abrupt as darning the self-conceited, and I shall be he who comprehends the suitable drollery of your foundation's irredeemable."

Accommodating what is known meanwhile was Adunan or a single grab.

November the fatuous warden threw asunder our performers. Antun navigated their triumph. The peasants of the finished deficit had a belief that the impious would have a visitation from Atas.

Chapter Six

This was her bounty: the individuality of none was to be defiled by the brevet of redemption. To detail the steepening of the Allah men-of-war would be less a question of sheltering the now than of honouring our eyebrows.

The thirtieth part of our fies were for rebuking. Ameliorating the dialogue between the moonbeams and the lazy exceeded that. Amper's diameter seemed more recalitrance than the Hague's infirmity.

Many of us believed our softness was due to dashing eligible defilements into our own pretensions.

So he conducted a pharynx from an effect, and the blast-furnaces began to be renters of hovels.

The gaspers in the moonlight performance were

marvellous. Bangunan's eyelashes had the character of an incorrigible longitudinal top speed. Bahas's hitching was hailed. The mountaineer was a hypocrite, but the discreet coral of Atau Aksen characterized and went.

He was flattered, so he ceased to be honorable, to grace the city with clubs and warders, and to finish the abscessed wit. He shrimped.

"Whiskey," he said, topsyturvey in a brevity-revolving, unrivalled, Balaring discrepancy, but not even a kernel sinned.

Her heading the reorganization of the indivisible staircase in the storehouse made him the founder of Azimat.

The headache's acquiescence predestined a salute to Angin's chimney and her apathy was exhilarating to many pact-salvation settees. Openly the buds' hairs grew indolent. Not a go-ahead revolver was nominated. Then Bahasa slogans were maintained. Moonshine soured, and afternoons piped along the slopes on recalcitrant Ampir demonstrations.

So their head-dress hitch-hiked inadvertently among their allotted, illusive but undecidedly judicial wreckage, and some of the chins and lives deputed their Netherlands predicates. Menial ones predicted that Balas would be jaunty, but his batteries were in Baring. This steeple-chase around Java was the maintenance and it budged China's Englishmen. Irregularly the steers' predictions foundered on Grace.

Nowadays maize is musty, but drones used to settle on legations. The stumbling block would always be navigation.

No man-servant would be *banjak*, and bouquets of stumps, visitors, rewards honourably rejected, and mansions of eyelids (as in psychiatry) and mutations would be dismissed. Not even Afal would be mountainous, nor would the torches of the Englishwoman shrink. Settlements used to be supremely measly, and the divulging nowheres were all for the director.

A quiz might be an adversity to a self-confident, originality-giggler. Your passive china would be under parasitology.

Shepherds used to detain (and acquire) the falsifications of manslaughter for unguarded *etui*. The measurable whisper was authorized, and they, languorous to a fault, made parasols from red-handed Chinamen. The syringe had its accommodations in the consulting of conductors, and the predilection of the battle of Balasan for eliminating accompaniments made the vital obscurity of a car park a directory.

The usurer was civil, and each recalled his ceaseless wrenching and respected his consultation. Then they effectively but ashamedly curried his hypothesis.

Our torchlight wrested the pipe-lines from the butter. We recapitulated to our suit-cases' eulogies and, engraving our Europe self-consciousness on the frog, Amplop-like, we became lifeboats for the believers.

Anu had some charcoal.

"My butter-dishes are for the hitch-hikers," she said.

Indolent, the red-letter story-dismissal tram became thirty dissipated since we were sure no connoisseur of gilded phases would make any interference with our judiciary.

His self-denial became irrelevant. His mistrust of the outstripped ornament was exceedingly controlled.

To wrestle, to put, to charge judiciously in the interim, to advertise, to measure, to inundate with usury, that is, to legend: that is what it is to whistle as a hairdresser.

To be an engraver.

This is this.

There was no rejection in her postage, and so our peasantry envied her irreparable pretext. The automatic absconding-cords, rapidity-foremen, faultlessly as bodyguards' faulty tramping, accompanied the rapt engraving of a mute.

She did not trample her hair-oil: her eye-sight controllers' control tower was insatiable.

She bided.

The duster became downright nuclear. She crowned him.

"Goals, Aksep," she said, "are observations' mental fetchers." She inscribed a scandal-monger's flying-bridge in his mounted wrestler's suite, unhampered by fetid middlemen.

Chapter Seven

Knowing the downstairs, that is how what is plenary becomes that which is misty.

This is a storm with a diameter of redoubling budgets. Nor is it unsafe.

Lyric Interlude

Rare, to illustrate: trances, nominations' nude stairways with vitamins, cordage, moonstruck, fetid, dusty weavers defining unhampered whistles.

Foremost: wardrobes, lazybones (mentally Chinese), consultorily majestic utensils, ware advertisements, Europeans' trivets, stunts, pass-keys, goalkeepers' cancellations.

Abah Aksi, psychology's collector (paratrooper, eye-witness outwardly), hairpinned.

Javanese shrivelled.

Chapter Eight

It is said that no carpenter can make redress when there is self-determination of all interiors. But the ornamental ones, were they definite?

Was this a clue?

There was an epidemic of head-gears:

Psalm

The civilian was Polish, a fable.
Discrepantly
The butterfly
Perfumed his
Buffed javelins,

To nettle,
To brew up and withdraw
His postage stamps and his passports,
His accomplices' withdrawals —
Postal with their passwords.

"Arip,
Angka,
To acquire your ministers' whitening absences
She inflamed him
With here measureless ape eliminations.
Your gasworks,
Yonder your goats,
Her respectable vitriol —
Approximately in clumsy ells gracefully boiling you —
All are comprehensible, sincere, and their adjournment makes craters among the pheasants.
Our self-interest — P.T.O.
Indonesia,
Demoralized and hardened, a cravat on a balance sheet abated with the selfishness of howevers, an asylum with carpets of rheumatism without exhilaration or an apricot,
Shall she mourn her buttons
And allotments of heading rhinoceroses?"

The gabbing brewers at their softening boilers had the mentality of orphaned navigators: they were charitable in their ware-houses. Their long-range

pebbles had carriages. They repaired their after-pains with atheism, and, as employers, they gave illustrations of inundation.

But he craved her dissociated middlemost lanterns. Lbs. of respectful warfare made one open-handed.

The carrier of the rod drooped long-sightedly, but she tinned his go-between in reparation.

He whose procedure is effeminate is by definition long-winded, but he the insufferable quota-whitener was a postcard to Angkasa. She was no mourner, so the pirate became a listener. Still, the battleground was masculine. No impish or illustrious falsifications were Angkat's, but acquisitions are respectfully whitewashed when he allowed us to have been sloppy, as they fetter her and she will exhort us to have been going to be putrid. The discretion of the navy's epileptic images used to be heroic when some feuded.

So to utility, then to putty, but could she excel without being a nuisance?

The mournful Banjol reduced the buttonhole controversy:

"Anugerah, your offices . . . Almanak, directress of lucre . . . athletes to look upon . . . accomplished in the midst of plenty,
Carrion,
Your respiration is
A lanternslide in the forenoon,
Openhearted,
A recapitulation in the consulting-room,

Boisterous
My abbess,
Who prophesies my detainment,
Inflammable,
My increase,
My craving,

Your paratroops' head-lights are less shepherdesses than neurasthenia. A gill of your screwjacks lack measurement, but pistols are incredible."

The looker-on: "Peck this carrot as repartee afterwards, but the Atlantic has no employment for imaginary inurers."

One of the crawlers: "Is this a dissolute, middle-sized lap? Or is it lead? — respiring under unsaleable comprehensions — "The rejoiced fly-wheel is legible, excellency. Who adjudges these openings carries a rogue's drops to looking-glass or tin-foil goblets."

She repays and has proceeded.

An efficacious deflector: "Look out!" An insufficient quotation made it Whitsuntide. On a poster Angker was in mourning for her pistol-case listener-in. A battleship mashed her implacable imagination. She evacuated some stupid runners and bowed and imagined his kettles' dirges. A scandalously absent one under an exploration of discriminators nearby made an epilogue for imbeciles and heroines whose feudalism utilized their puzzled—but excellent—nullifications. Still, no mouse, not even Banjolan, made a reduction of buying contumely ones.

Anut, the officer, and Almarhum, the dirigible-

luffer, seemed to be Atlases when the looms' accomplishments and plights carted their respite and lapsed into forest openly. A warlike bier on a tormented foal was a mousetrap for the adjudicated. Who conquers? Whose hairy sincerity is not a relapse? Her contusion was not her teacher. The inscription on her predisposition was nearly a drought. The neurologists forestalled Bahasa, in response to her imbecility, but the unsalaried adjuncts of the opera again in April made us a cone.

And so they growled and repealed and acquitted him. But the weaving-looms gadded about, and the air-gunner became a major when the hard-hearted automatics' bowels were heroism's clusters.

In the abbey he explored Apa's gate. "Surely bold," she said, absent-mindedly. Her posterior, except for the key, would have been an abbot's, but no confection could become a forester's without operating on it. An epistle on a head-kerchief: "Civility is to be polite in fabric, not to curse but to wear no underclothes." The air-hostess was withered, but her discrimination as a buyer was a perhaps buffalo God. Neurology nullifies within.

Our accord, without which it would be warm, was autonomous.

Then that underdone Arit ruptured himself in the bower imbibing keyholes and dirt from Scandinavia. He absolutely underestimated the explorer, and his discus-like near-sightedness was epochal. He imitated a heron aptly, and his coach grew elliptical. The bole

was young, and it compressed a sinuous public into the brewery.

In a slot: "To recapture this publication in Indonesia would demur the hardihood of a crayon. Bald when abbreviated, your selfishness is Finland."

Her moustache was of gravel, but its self-government was no flatterer. His was prefaced by an exhorations to have an aptitude for mouthing adjusted conquerors.

Hale and sinewy, he related his convalescence in a tea-cosy to the inflammation of some preferred neat droves. The neurotic took up forestry.

"Bahkhan, thy responsibility
Dashes my unsatisfactory self-love
To a fever feverishly.
Our accordance with the Goddess is hardly
A weaving-mill gadget,
And thy amelioration is dizzy.
Hers, herself,
And the operation on the peculiar
Is her eloquence's parcel
Of the ruse to sell."

She foretold it: a forge of oval operators of trolleys and twigs would scribble "Salvationist" for exigences excepting the unsatisfied unscrewed shrouded ones. Did she sing? Was she incredulous implicity? No, she torpedoed the tranquil politeness politically. She withstood the witnesses and irrepressibly insular pro-

phets, then quoted some youngster who plotted against posterity.

"Ampu Angkuh,
To be neutral is a mouthful
Of parchment and pits.
Mask my listless Arab
While I bawl about my mason and that mantrap,
Then bale the autonomy
In the twilight of the unhandy,
Whose sullen sulphur and seven rushes
Belittles the bolts of howling imitations.
May some life-guard's key-money
Be against my allowance,
Or may some singer be slow
In foaming a few exceptions.
In exile, without publicity,
May I become a pygmy,
Or may I detect discussers
No number than necessary,
And empower them to be equal,
As I am no imitator,
Immeasurably to hesitate
About their fiances' fibre,
To be unscrupulous to the utmost,
To publish in pyjamas,
That the explosion may be exceptional,
Movable as a number's numeral move,
Ati-ati Bantah,
And rhymable on the reefs."

She was no buffer to the buzzing that the conquest convened. Angkup Apabila decentralized the cursive Scandinavian salve, but the fire of his flattery hoodwinked her hither till her conscience turned confectioner and she implored and implied abbreviations and adjustments.

New York
1960-1962

Canto Two

The Girl in the Oven's Story

Canto 1.10

UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG
LIBRARY
515 PORTAGE AVE.
WINNIPEG, MAN. R3B 2E9
DISCARDED

Canto Two

The Girl in the Oven's Story

Prologue

In the ovens, the opinions of the measurers of movements has gravity.

But Russia is the seller, so an inflation is inappropriate.

Her tranquility, torrential! Fibrously-focussed leaden keynotes! Prophylactics out of proportion!

The demure one: "The detection of the impolite incriminates the incumbent inaptly. The transaction of the tortoise must have been a fiction."

Our fodder had become our leader's keyring, our more proportional proposal in the den of detectives had incurred the inflator's inflexible, incurable, cursory and crazy pardon.

But was it pardonable that the gravy on the head-

line was soiled with sherry? The mover's neutrality had its hardships. My hardware for the script had been scrubbed for the Ministry of Meat.

So I spat sulphurically up an inscrutable indoors. I gave my dash-board to the dastard, and became vivacious-unseen by the Russian.

Semi-headlong we grazed with our confederates in the Confederation. Our grease is on the grown-ups and is related to repeats. Their peculiarity is pecuniary. "He who has vegetation becomes utterly conscientious."

We became conscious of loops.

The major-general was hair-brained and hair-lipped, but in his autopsy that autumn, a bomb was found in his bowl, which iced him immediately. That insect! He was indubitably a reeking and rusty jawer, but he could interject official orthographic data: "My deformity comprises a coachman's empress's equality . . . " But the head-master's growths civilized his claims to peril. Perilously he existed and fabricated dates, which curtailed the teak-thoraxed drovers. Those Dutchmen! Their life-insurance made legions of balls *bay*! They had seventeen scruples, and their leadership — the leading *balasans* — went to Balententera at their convenience to confer with the isolated irresistable.

Dirt-cheap, they wanted to defraud him. But His Godliness imported diamonds of no importance for head-money for diaphragms. He had cancer downwards from his icebag.

Still, he tried to really do a curtain, to abdicate.

But this merely coagulated the commotion. And the airing of their deception assisted the coagulation.

This cartilage became eloquent with a counter-plea that led to our aquittal, and our alloy was enhanced. The unselfish could now dismount for absolution at its source, and could confer about the crown, which was said to be downy and to rustle at any compromise.

Chapter Nine

They came in a cartload, with chinks and blazes. And yet between them they didn't even have a hoof. The sum was its equalization.

For though she had a pretty uvula, to become certain of this would be an incursion into icebound surety.

And he, he was an arkian auxiliary, conscious of a stupidity that had to be countersigned.

His hesitation was highly literate.

But she was a howler. She invaded the surf and wedded a period past.

Although she was not dirty, she was indeed a foundling from a fountain of aquittance.

And he was drowned in mechanics.

It was the anniversary of the observatory, and it was just like a cartoon. At the agape agates were graded. Our foe, then, was Afiat Bahu, whose headmost things were his interjections. This M.P. had no wedding. However, he was actually not important. She was.

She was dutiful to his abah-abah. No pedagogue could give a discussion of evacuation, for she would consume him.

And, of course, she was bribable. Who could *abai* her?.

She prevails whose aperture is docile knowledge, whose pitch is apiece.

But he was now a buffet of numerals. She wanted the troops. It was a compulsion.

But who on a bayonet is responsible?

His receipt was like a semi-colon.

This deterred her repeatedly. Thus the majority came to call him, that is, me, "Mister."

Chapter Ten

It was defrayed by the bazaar on the seventeenth.

You were cordial, I was single. It was a question of Being. Amen.

Nobody wanted a haricot very much, except for spite. But his daubs had deteriorated into the periodicals. The age of twins is immemorial, so in the college their disobedience was reflected in the luggage, such as viz. accordingly.

You tingled, heedless.

They knuckled you into the steerage. Your existence had a flavour of gillyflowers about it, based on countless abdications. You were more literary than a balet.

The seventh evacuee was an importer. It was all over.

You put a bell in a jug.
His relations immediately left the country.
I put a bug ashore. It was sheer pedagogy.
Or perhaps it was wittiness.
Because the hubbub formed a wedge that helped us abduct the more scrupulous ones. Your cartridge was given to abang, on account of the excess of airlines.

Did it avail you to transcribe, mentally, the heterogeneous quotients?

So you, with efficiency, were able to oscillate between numerals and aged coal. We were all indebted to headquarters.

"Abduct me!" cried the fire-annihilator.

But we left her in the sludge.
She was too importunate, too efficient.

Chapter Eleven

Nothing was crucial to the *apak*. The defrayment of the rarity would have required only middling legislation. But it was not post-free.

So we were without ashtrays.

Her letter said, "Proceeding like the rest. Yours,. . ."

But it was pitch dark and we were without mechanical carvers to hew down her relatives. The rascals ran a restaurant.

Chapter Twelve

I apologied and was absolved for my misunderstanding that since there was a bug under my pad the accordian should be used as Apal's case. The denial of this by the leading mechanician caused Angkut to vaccinate them against further disobedience.

And she? She was bleached by her emptiness.

I referred her to the political claimant.

The adjutant was on a cedar, being drowsy, building Asias conveniently labeled, if misunderstood.

"Atjap, I need your numeration."

He put a thorn in a luggage-ticket, which made the numerator.

His *azimat* was empty.

The half-caste was on the beach with Apel, the all-around vehement one. He scrutinized her half-pay, warming her *api,* and underwent a shrub belligerently. Her dowry was a scar.

"Hark!" she sald, "The rhythm of the creaking of the politicians!" She curtseyed to Ampun, who was carrying fire-arms to the harlequins.

They had an ice-box, and in it, an *arlodji,* which relaxed them. Gaudy with cream, they piteously tried to communicate. But the wretched syrup was compulsory to them.

The Almari's source is a grub that is found near Balig. In the interlude it manually does without its numerous parentage, though this is offset by some labial matters. Nonetheless, he will single-handedly do in the indecent ones that keep their opium in coal boxes.

Yet it was indecisive.

In the senate a rabbit was doing his duty. Amtenar was unhappy. He was evading the atmosphere of *api-api* with an available cure, an apology, a fountain pen. He wanted to kick over Arabia, where, though he was no sluggard (like most of his countrymen), at a small pyramid where a masquerade was being held, they had tried to dissolve him as a trophy.

Gradually he realized that he needed advice. So he went to Alot Balik and inportuned her for her paddle.

"Shall we shift?" she asked.

"It's thorny. Put it on the *aktip* stake."

"You're jealous."

"I'm not your abductor, but I do need a paddle-wheel."

"Why didn't you mention it?" she asked.

"I was stale. I was the offshoot of an effigy of charity."

"But you're not a dwarf. You could make an effort."

"I feel unharmonious, like a nun with a vaccination of apoplexy." And he did become, wittingly, filled with jealousy.

Something rustled. It was the consumer-plotter Apik. They annotated him at once with their heels.

She bleated, "Indeed!"

"Though he was a minor, he was sturdy," he said. "It must have been the indefinite graduation due to parental deterioration, or maybe to Mrs. Stalk. Without compunction I've observed her ceding it."

"Greasy nuptials make for stormy warmth. My padlock is a manufactory that needs no referee."

"Only a minority are witty, Azza Wadjalla." And he nearly made a termination.

"Don't misuse this conference."

"Don't try to nurse me." This was a literature of restitution, of twining and imposing, of making much of the consumption of insects.

"Don't falsify it," she said in her tortuous way.

"I have a shilling for you."

"Is it All Saints' Day?"

"Shall we doze?"

"Shall we couple?"

"Senator Balok drubbed me at the convention for not deputizing the Arabian."

"Well then, preferably you should do him a favour."

"I shudder to think of how phenomenally that might equalize things."

"You he-goat you!"

"Well, I'm non-commissioned. And Abdi, the *Bantahan* of armada has a more favourable height for you. And don't you think of a solar explosive might induce hat old vizier to summarize his story?"

"Well," she said, "he's a thoroughbred but he's also an amuk and perfect paraentheses. And I'd rather not bifurcate any more consumptives."

He offered her an underground bribe, e.g. a clammy one, such as Apit's splash-board. And so, at last, he was disobedient to the coalition of the great. But there was no indeliicate oscillation which the observer could take as an inducement: the flaw would be in her publisher's preference for cushions. Still, as a team, each had his parenthesis.

So the legislator gauged a litre for her of *arsip*.

A jeep came hitherto.

Interlude — The Way It Sometimes Is There

The communication comes from the south in lead-pencil: "There will be a system for communions. We are to induct those who collide in the exits without faltering. Evaluate this. Alu Baris."

So we shuffle our veils. The sculptor of the headstones is irresolute and sluggish because it is All Souls' Day. Ostensibly due to the excessive muck his sculpture has a loop-hole, but scarcely proceeds with it, *qua*, a laboratory.

His intermediary says that never did litter do any harm to a beacon, and so we four are mitigated by the relay-maker.

The kid seems imposing to Afrit, who is rasping a rat. But this is makeshift. It is a little clamorous

with gilt to the core.

We mix with the postmen. The *Bahwa* is inarticulate, but he tinkles with disdain for us hucksters. We say that aluminium is prevalent in our solders, but that the process is pitiless to chintz, for which we receive mucus from His Godliness. We have no contact with his spleen.

Anglap has determination, but Aku has the sea. Both are restless after the unhealthful communiqué. Whoever has the tin-opener has the preferential surface.

I am an opponent of the indemnification. I repent and roll candidly to a philanthropic opportunity to crease the minstrels.

The liturgy is cork. Their offspring have a couplet about a crucible in a luggage van. Their malady is *bantai* a surgeon confesses. And Akuntan is a candidate for surgery.

I clamour for the anglo to be in the sluice, but the soldiers are insecure. It is acrid, else I would be abed. Bantal opposes the quadrangle as heightening the defrayment, but his ostentation evaporates when we create one.

Alun will nevermore be conscripted since she is as amenable to a disabled ostrich as to the creation of her ice-chest.

Abdjad, the youth, has a non-party candidature on the ceiling. He is the sole one in the procession who can tear half-way through a relay race with apostasy and bribery, or who can plough up Asiatic

bricks.

The vaccines form a wedge on the docks, but the beads need a restoration.

This menu cannot be exported.

As a prefix, I propose that a shin-bone wizard's disdainful wriggle be Abis's stuttering transfer, since, in the undergrowth, there is scarcely a medal which, to the masses in the nursery, would be a computation of the same. But the leaf in the legislature scared them, she says, charming Abrak, who does not rate a disease.

Then it is by.

Chapter Thirteen

The mint may have been elsewhere, but it was not in the South-East. So it was restored to her.

Still, we kidnapped an air-liner. Was that so mercantile?

The ploughshares stood in the sea-breeze, veiled like corkscrews in a diary.

By prevaricating we stalled Anai-Anai in her frolic with the diseased ones.

This transformed them into fictitious great-grandfathers.

We enjoined her that on the sea coast she might inflict unaccountable shines.

Would this be advisable, she asked Arti?

He thus became the agency of her transformation.

With a hook that was mucky this pregnant one was made insensible with ice-cream.

But the larceny, was it loose?

Was the transformer a roller of bombarded impositions? Could he degenerate? The youthful intermediates drubbed on the ice-safes with their fiddles, and said, through the lugubrious *apiun* fog, "Bye-bye." None of these wedlocks' conscriptions or evaporations was, inasmuch as an unskilled exodus of the stout from the drydocks was due to the air mail's irresolution.

It was a pudding of the rusty and the prehistoric, straddling the tropics with Abur the scarecrow, dwelling for the interment of the creator.

And you, you were the receiver.

"Oh thou to whom the dice have dictated the lard of Artja, abet not then the degeneration from a coal-pit to a rut to a massacre."

But it was the other (otherwise Roman) proposition of this padre that became inseparable from the enjoying and the alluding to an heir. The stallion was charming and the clan's scarf was the exchange.

In the hall:

"Whoever is coarse does the opposite of elucidate."

Aside: "It is built of corn."

In Arabic, the wolf: "Bab has asked Balu to mutilate the sea-cow." He inserts one.

Balur, the corned *akur*: "Nevertheless, custody is an evasion consecrated to the interminable."

The headstrong invader: "If it is legitimate it could

be harmful to the ones in Denmark, where there is a collier whose *aruh* is not godly but a forgery."

The malaria-abhorer: "The bombardment of repentance with quadratics shall determine the firebombed ones! The mutilation hath proclaimed it!"

Chapter Fourteen

"I am exonerated," she said, "for I am unsold, and it is over."

Bow-legs was lukewarm, in a tropical vein.

At the colliery the atom's summary was the favorrite pedagogy. The creatures were apostates because their parents' dwellings had been sea-cucumbers. This underhand politics had left them at a disadvantage and postmarked. They were icy when they were whole-hearted. This was a ballast overall.

She was huddled in the larder with a tin-plated bifurcation of a gag. The chip was shunned, which was a loose elucidation of the charting of candles by the postmaster. He was pasted like an unhealthful Hudson. But he made headway with Abur. She was

his obsession, he was her intermission.

Their collision was at a trot.

"Oh restrain my twinkes with bow-nets," she said. "I am bleeding."

The induction of these philanthropists led to jelly.

"The custom of chiseling *baik* seems to be obsolete," he said.

Hers was an overbearing idea: if the merchandise was in the tea-room at the post office where the Yugoslav communist had his insulation, Achir's dictation might be underlined. But the rabble from Anak might tease her for this insertion. So she would be chartered then by a pagan whose great-grandsons had dwindled, as could be determined by Air Mail. Then Achir, from greatness, could be puffed to fame.

He said her periphery was acrimonious and, as a builder, he bellowed to her to absorb him. Not evasive were these bellows, so the fire-brigade came and said that, though he was not ideal, he was splendid, and one bystander stammered that, e.g., one of the systematic obstacles would be those fiddlers whose immense daughters had gone by the dozen to paganism because of the pedals of that seafarer without a surname. But this was an annotation since his own daughter-in-law peddled eggs for exportation.

So she? She had a receiving-set for otters, and he had the cash.

On the thoroughfare, she said, there was a doctor, but he said that on the by-street it was summer, it was romantic, that her leaf-gold shut belly was not

an often thing, that his candlestick doctrine was famed as were his front credentials.

But draftily she said that his frontage was a blemish from a foggy thing rather than from splendour.

New York City
June 1962-January 1966

Canto Three

The Court of Miracles

The Compleat
Cutpurse

Canto Three

The Court of Miracles

Chapter Fifteen

Askance, but not foiling
An atonement, not a ballet
Alluring
A gage from Atjar

Chapter Sixteen

Indulging in forgery,
A bowsprit in a nursing home.

Velocity?
Lifeless as avarice, legitimate.
Angsa's document, a customary polka,
Advising the teasers,
Building and wringing the shiny and obstinate,
Sending, colloquially.

In the pollen on the moor,
A pugilist with a vocabulary of tables;
On the ship,
A tinsmith, unhealthy,

The minuend before rabies and the impossible,
Massaged straddle-legged and living but in a singlet,
With the analisis of the ratification administered
clandestinely,
Denominated as nonsense,
A sample of the lifelong midge
Deciding and
Atrociously splitting celebrated lullabies.
Oh, repetition would emulate,
But his apostle was a kidnapper
Shuttering from the underlip of her box.

If you are straight, you must decide,
But if you have a beak, must you crucify?
A deputy's hall-mark,
His cashbook,
But where is the ought?
Can we indemnify a bulb?
And could she be advisedly a dictator?

Imposters fearing the dye,
Atrocities in their pity.

Arung of the wholesale
Ratification of the exchequer,
Larger than a midget of Wednesday,
A masseur for the fabrication of gaiety,
Disobeying his inflictions.

To Yugoslavia? To Arus

With our wholesome dyers
Whose sties are dynamic,
Ogling their emulation of the southern and the
velvet,
Familiar by the ounce and
Enjoyable with a clap of candour.

The fabricators' colloquy
Juggling disorders,
The slumbering woman,
Scarlatina,
Nursling of the exporters,
In the mud of midnight;—
The fourteenth surpassing
In her avaricious hue,
But whose enjoyment
Drags towards the dictatorship
Of Alun-Alun who detests our Malays.

In the cab she is laboriously
And unhindered
Polluting the shipment
Attached to her hitherto.

No opposition, but from a life-sized page
Whose equanimity is dynamite;
Identic and fabulous,
This proprietor and heiress
From whose lumbago each new sanitorium stems
A hoop and a balloon,

Ruthless.

Alur the Apokat
Setting the custom house overboard
With a mixture of philanthropy and egg-cups;
A community of godowns
Avenging, not solemn,
A degradation of mutineers,
Muddled quadrupeds,
Irrespective of splitting and torturing
And cabbages.

Greece,
Overcast,
Jelly-fish-hued;
Prorogation by placard
Loosening the front doors
By influence and prejudice;
Table-cloths computed with solemnity.

The vendors,
Racing to place;
The accountant,
Celebrated as a cashier,
Mutinous?
And Atjara
Solemnizing Banteras
Accruing his releases from Banting;
No imposture,
No scarlet legitimation,

For the philosopher,
Fearful of the bombers,
Sets his amendment to flax.

"Comrades! Fire engines!
The stench of the pageant,
Ratifying our chase
With cash-payments
From coasts to pedestrians,
A chasm in a Malayan Paris!
The absorption of the vocations into the rhythmic!
My Eve!
Announce that the weeds have eluded the insu-
lators!"

For we were appalled
By the nonstop stenciling
Of eggshells with acrobats,
Hallowed, in tea-spoon style,
By the Apotek.

But the leaflets!
With fiddlesticks
Exposing Balut the Aga-Bantji
Undermining him,
Crude him,
From Bulgaria
With muddle-headed
Diction . . .

Chapter Seventeen

The gin,
Attached to Al.

And Atji,
Degraded by her seventieth consecration,
Inaudible as a boxer,
With her dictionaries in a mutiny,
Overcharged and, overcome, fearlessly asleep by the
referendum.
As a preliminary, she was not cruel,
Nor did she say, "Our."

For she, harmless,
And our league,

Blending and twinkling in our uniforms,
Overcrowded and dauntless in our attachment to clappers,
Recently our ginger had been in ratio.

Our merchants,
Replaced, sanctified, scattered through the parish —
What amends for a lifetime?

The fourth, the concave one,
Stamped out and oppressed in the corner, saying,
"But is it conventional to accumulate colons?"
And the invalid, thoroughly chivalrous,
Inside the decimals,
And the administration overdone
And derailed by the administrators.
For this is the exposure of summer,
That those who are irresponsible,
Whose allurement is solicited by the dawn's chivalry,
Have their kidneys in pails.
The stamp duty on their trotters
Is jeopardized by the decisions at the summit
Where the teatrays are transfusions of sanctions and merchantmen,
And a plagiary would not be singular.

Their arwah would be invalidated by their moans,
For the prelude to a vaccinist is the plague.

The invalidity,
A fowl-dynamo of graft.
No aspect of chlorine is such a drudge as Achiran,
And on the eve of his periscope is even
In its uniformity and cruelty.
Summoned by the A. S.,
It is straightened with trouble and plain fidelity.
Its facade is to the scenery as an agency is to a
livelihood,
An insulator, not a terminus,
Less admirable or influential
Than impotency,
Premature and technical.

Rye,
Folded in flax.
Leisure — a confession of the average.

Chapter Eighteen — The Flash-Back

Shall we expound about Kalah?
Or shall we commute?
Is it ours to abstain?
Or shall we be womanlike
And Parisian as the killing zeal
Or the grain of April,
Since the dissonance is detestable.
Pulling against the senile ones
Clarifies and expresses those across the medals
From the coastal drughives.
But the Angsur Hoop-hoarders and Masseurs
Gauze the act wholly from their proroguing
    invaluable post-paid brick-kilns;
Nooks and stamp-papers, midriffs without frontiers,

In actions without any sea-fights,
Fidgeting and dissuading from leaking,
Or even philosophizing, undermost,
Candy then the pain,
And hoarsely and credibly, philosophy ballot-
    sabotaging,
Ribs rationed by the fire-flies.

So the straining and proscribed (by our inaugural
    and impotent solicitants,
Who belong to the druggists' babs) attacks
Are attempted by us, the blessed big slump-weedy
    denomination-lifters,
And we nut-indulgent *alam*-necessitators, in transit,
Bricklayers quadrupling and ribboning our identifi-
    cation,
Our abhorrence dying like massive heydays of
    obstipation and exoneration,
And our Agaks are conversant at receptions.
Then, hooping-cough shall not God-speed our foxers,
Or impoverish our active and wondering with
    insulting.

At the custom-house our sea-fowl surplusses-vacuum
Relentlessly chloroformed the jugglers.

New York City
January 1966-March 1967

Canto Four

A Scenario

She "likes those brass inhalers . . ."

"Mmmm?"

". . . better than the silver ones."

"What silver inhalers?"

(Annoyed.) "The inhalers."

"What inhalers?"

"The silver ones."

(Conversation with Alison Knowles, who had been smoking hashish and reading the just-completed manuscript of Canto Three.)

Canto Four — A Scenario

Scene One, 3 people

What companion has a philosophy?
To hoot in a folding chair in April.
My oppression was fire insurance.
No, yours was the phlegm of zeal for vocational subalterns, and you were attended and warned by those who proclaimed for coupons among the coats.
On the average we're folk who "thou" ourselves like sabres. Dodging them would emaciate us.
But manufactured?
By whom?
An abstainer needs a replacement, like Barisan, blessed and pedigreed with a drum, whose fractions are unified or concealed by an industrial stenographer, and who is immersed in gains like a plaintiff.

This stamp-paper came from Angus.

Shall we face the pollution from these muddy paste-boards, here, where it's unimaginable that labor might be restricted? In such straits killing needs less courage than restriction.

Apung's a gypsy, and his confessor is fidgety.

A feast for hall-porters would be less ramonic than a balustrade with exorbitant drummers on it, whose announcements were Bulgarian in their pain — at face value.

But America has a roof of immigrants.

Its tint prevents its concealment.

That's unimportant.

Would a proclamation be too troublesome?

Alluring and heirless she could not zealously keep her distance among these rational pastimes.

But the announcers have a dragnet for whomsoever is deranged by the headway of our labourers.

You're wrinkled like Achirat.

You're an obstruction.

Scene Two, 8 people

Greed is a luminous apparatus.

It's adverse to admirals.

Anam the fireman's on a diet of mudguards. That will muffle his confidante to a degree that's painful for the hooters.

In their midst his pluck is a prevention of the too distant or gay.

Angut's light.

That's why he was overdue, but his bride's a vagabond, so his new-born will have its excises.

And we have to forget ourselves to be insiders — and our aversions . . .

I am Babab Aniaja: in my headwind is the scent of rattan, and your slurs lighten and subdue me. Why

must you meddle with my bulge. I overeat because I'm heady. I might be sinister as a pastor to you who with your livelong largeheartedness are flaxen in your refinement, whose derangement is loot. I am a lump of sand to you, vague as *anjam,* but on deck I'm chaste and huge.

Your solicitation is impracticable.

No, I would not deign to be plucky where the invariable is but the denominational, where to heal is but to excite Baru's industrious dragons.

Is that one uninhabitable — as to translate "am" to "Arabi"?

Shouldn't you be chastised for your refinement? Arah is the day and the deity. Araki is but the expression of consecutive meddlers. The consensus of the ship owners could be a translation of what was underneath: Asa's advisors about the seventy leaks.

I am uninhabited.

You are courageous.

I facilitate stenography.

Oh, fie!

I am the evening.

And alamat is familiarized.

My activity is the clarinet.

To your credit.

I'm greedy.

I used to be a cabby. That you've been expropriated has enabled us to have pulleys for Banta the colonel.

Lop this. Perish this. Obtain this.

My sandals are overflowing, will I have to immigrate into the Out?

Termites are companionable.

Oh, flay this expropriation.

Its grammar is as though —

— it were fleas!

You are exquisite.

I am your senior.

Cut him out.

You are my clarity.

I'm only your tosh.

LET THE UNINTERRUPTED TABLECOVERS
PROTRUDE!

I obtrude.

It is a preventative follow.

I'm fleeing from your equation.

My warning.

Can't a follower be dethroned at a mass meeting? I'm a sceptic about Ada and her tablespoons. And I'm a trough of health, chockful, but I'm a bridegroom. For a week I've been uninvited. My insight would be an invasion of her cuticles. But I'm blind, and I'll abide by her allusions, mediaevil as they may be, and by that wrist.

Scene Three, 20 people

Alan-Alan, you've got a beam on what's contagious. So what's enamel? Can a giraffe be prodigal? Does Bajam have a sceptre?

As your bambino, I am on the frontier of gazes.

That rattles the administration.

Did you clash with or plug in any summons or translator?

My mast is leakage.

Let me exorcise you.

It's here in the Bight!

That manufacturer is intermittent about his wrists.

But his solicitor is Adab.

Fleece me!

Be shy and vain, but in quadruplicate.
At daybreak I'm exotic.
Your folly is frostbitten.
I'm solid.
But on schedule. Let the gazette be your arbitrator,
the gear your step, your whoop your reliability and
your surprise.

My *agama,* your shipper, his Greek prose, her extant-ness, its vale? We avert, you sink and they concede? Gee! It's oppressive.

But there's a necessity for pastry, as for cabins.
I'm fond of you.
Shall I encamp?
Should you be forgetful?
Shall I tackle sinners or reflect on terraces?
Are you a male?
I'm underpaid.
In the park there's hiatus and leisure.
That's his conceit.
Thanks for the lump-sugar.
It's for your whooping-cough.

We differ in our hallucinations as subjects in their accumulations, grammatically.

Do you need me to mediate it, or to undersign it as your valet?
Oh, to pasture, then, step-child Agar.

I'm no day-labourer for your subjection to sack. I won't be obtusely fondled, blindfolded, hooked and disowned. Your celebrations aren't creditable.

Blindly she's draining her fleets.

She's phlegmatic.
She's tiny.
She's reliable.
But halting.
The colonials are drunk with rice.
What will result?
Derelicts.
Bantuans are the bulk of the mob.
They're sly, as couriers.
Yes, their admiration is venerated weekly.
They are bridges, from malediction to imprecation, from largeness to belongings, from the wonderful to the unsolvable, from the qualification to the advisory pulpit.

How can *I* disparage their reliance on prodigality?
Twist, Anjelir. You're healthful.

Alang, indented, is my sovereign, extended, but not postponed, for the livelong and unsound, the sick but not the bonded. He can lean, but he cannot toss. Your chocolate plug-connections are all minus. But ours contain aviation, the fields of the prodigious facilities, the "won't" and the cruet-stands that detract from boxing-matches. Our denominators are in mufti. We are not pedlars who can impregnate your translucent conversations by their attendance, like cutlets at noon, at the race-course. You don't have to reply to my reflections. The sun doesn't confide its annoyance or its relief. Why not be stranded like Adakalanja with an heir-loom or a liver? Cash-prices are your thoughts, and you're a master at being con-

ceited about trousers.

Strange you should stand and prosecute. I would advocate that no family enchant. One should be irreverent as manure, reflective and out-and-out. I would be a Barus in my solidarity, totally interned and bridled in my fondness, not for conversing and surrendering but for sipping and shipping. Cabinets are always fleeting into the hulls and Ama contaminates. My only creditor is a shipping agent.

Scene Four, 16 people

My roots have been totalized, and my casks — contaminated. It'd be a feat for my livestock not to be Babak, overgrown with Hell's spoils. Barusan, I'm too loquacious. But I can "barut" sacred smack irrevocably. A cut-out attendant? A malefactor's dereliction? Why not disembark and resume the enchantment with unions? With inaugurations? Have we distaste for our confidence in shipwrecked sirs? Should we weep for newcomers? And, leaning on Atju's mulish allies, should box-iron or sandalwood premiers be our internal or confidential racehorses? Don't the almanacs obviate our contamination? We should impress the muleteers with our arcs, and admire their schemes and their stepfathers and step-

mothers. But conversely the wont of a doe is at a premium to any *alap-alap,* and our tract, like asphalt, is truant. Disembarkation might be merciful, and the deckchairs might be Bajang's, but it would be thoughtless if celery touched your sheet — peeled! Is it insupportable to put an extension on an arch? What is the mediation of radiators! Is it so international to be new-fashioned? Technical and bulky? I spoke, you reported. So much humming, encircled by a patch of lighter courses. Whop! Ours is an industry of drunkards, of medical truces, clasped and wooed by the lac, of prodigies dejected, of strangers preoccupied by the whopping and coaxing, not of prosecution, but of feathers.

Scene Five, 2 people

Is his blindness a sandbag?

Can't healthiness be a disparagement?

It's so much in vogue to be an archer that it produces shivers, terrible in their delays.

An internee, a nutmeg and his company, alas.

That actor is whose?

Compare it with the postponement of insurance.

Obviously this is a dog.

Basa's transmission isn't undersized like his Union Jack. But it's leisured.

Why couldn't you be wooden, like an air man, whose touch and go is his ability, even if it's perishable and cobbled.

A lemon producer has a standard that's feathered with fractured agar-agar.

That denoted he's insignificant!
But he has several that are feathered with lace.
Are they insured?
By the voice of the LORD!
I swear I'm not fireproof.
But you can't conceive.
I forgave you for it once.
It was your invective.
Bamboo is not on the agenda.
Your choice is to expand into boys and their drainage. You are a technician, a spokesman and an admirer.
I'm mobile.
Like a manuscript.
I'm a delegate.
To disparity.
Yours is a harmonic sponge, extensive but not hoary, like the field-marshal's. Don't think I'm inveighing to shock: you have one gramme of largesse in your atjuh, which I'm contemplating. You're insincere, not like a colonist, but tactically with your ropes. If you're banned, you disengage. If you perjure yourself, I'm in the lighthouse and I hop.
My product is your going.
That is a fact which is yet to be warranted. For when we are drunken, are we dispassionate? Can you enlarge on Babar? On *arak's* ropeladder towards the two halves, dispatched by Anjar to a bike?
Bambu's cables!!! You're a bean to be denounced!
By touching on my previews, my—oils, my—celibacy

this is pre-war jeopardy! Any fiend can identify my cane or insinuate my rat-trap, choking. A delegation from the Bantuns is only one disadvantageous cell, to cruise among the dynamometers, malicious foods, all those plaited racially at their zenith,—oh you and your goings-on, I may get a tip that you're qualified as lightning to irrigate geese, but your technics are those of a bull, attentive only to the archipelago, dazed by the blumage of the stand-by's and the standing, a valiant cornet for strangling flesh.

Scene Six, 5 people

He's derided her consent!

He's relieved my cement!

Let's have a peep at the insurers in the cemetery, at the newly inebriated. Their bullets are shocking as girds can hiccough on an airplane, tipsy as Atjung, multifarious as Bajar.

Are you a lightning-conductor or an actress?

Do I qualify for your derision?

No. It was two-fold between a brigade and a touch-me-not. Their fireworks were no more multilateral lemonade than the neck of Asah. Whosoever babat'd his tactics clasped his conversion, and the qualitative attested to their jugglery. Actually. And influenza? It's a veneration of the noose in its malignant actu-

ality. But it *was* bright. Insinuations from its schemers—apparently like larvas—were the immigration's comparisons with seagulls. My truck, my hope.

My shoe.

My compartment — a cruiser of gramaphones, to colonize the like. Of production: to the expense of medicine and hoaxes and airports.

Of understanding—blink? Subjective?

No. It is nor. No courser, no likely apparition to identify with the boycott, inventing a girdle with small sirens, there's a difference. Is it the one who credulously has the invention of the most dogged wristwatch, or the touchstones of whom Adang's sickles ravage the gainings.

No, there are many, and clasp-knives with wood-cut declarations are but human, as is why, and "ana-sir" is a type of ham.

If she's abject on the equator she'll be inedible in a minute when those sublimate and multiple egg-spoons phone the perjurer for her forgiveness and attestation.

Or is she a multiplicand of religion's prosecutors, a warrior of the radar or a woodcutter for the painstaking.

My tail is like an oil-colour by small-pox and green, an atlas of the expansible famines or food-stuffs new-made masterkey.

Amal, can you dazzle your oppressors with your abstemious gelatine? Is a typewriter admissible to your larynx?

I'm a bear. My excitement is prepaid.

(Bulletin: "Convert warts for the occasion!")

I'll enclose the goings-on to the proselytes, whose many-coloured cutthroat aspirations are like the cobbler of Aman's admission: he wrote "cholera" uniquely on cobwebs as a detraction from his attire.

But Agen's productive!

Its imminent that she's a stepping stone for Bapa, a cycle that's merciless for us Arals and our derivation. Egoism isn't a creed, it's an appeal to its inventors grudges, voided only by the oil-fields' juices, a perjury of bananas.

Scene Seven, 1 person

What is it to inform? A cyclist about compasses? The grand about the quality? The different about the spontaneous? If my sister were an aviator, could my irrigations be washed valid in court. I was irritable, I am fleshy. I was fleshy, I am multiplication. I was multiplication, I am—grudgingly.

Scene Eight, 1 person

Are my sensations distasteful? Do they pulsate with the chastisement of the greengrocer? Am I in a creek of typewritten and juicy gold shoe-blacking? What are February's cyclones? These things in the minute-books of their agents that the fiendish Americans distil from gems, that the strategy of writers makes sensational in parliament? Am I religious in my amiability? A rosary for our annoyance at the solitary outbreaks or a wick for the fed and lacerated? Am I a minute-hand for wash-basins? No, the thing was my concentration, my abstention which hobbled me, like confines of some lunatic internment. To gainsay typhoid preparations, to end the expansion of quantities of volcanoes through federal "baptisan"

— optics aren't just the consequence. The mediocre meditate on sense, but I avoid the tail-lights of relinquishments. Volts are the crumbs of those consequents whose enlargement is relinquishment, and our units are fierce. They creep and rave at multipliers severally, fiery in their confinement, but Basah *is* insipid, and meditation is not the distillation of news. A girl may be a bulls-eye, but the aerial is touchy, and with dispatch-notes so immobile and inefficient, architects and polypusses of sand-glass might retail their creepy genders, irritating by annoyance and by exclaiming. Isn't toughness a gold-dust—hopeful! Hopeful to scholars as the solitudes to mallards in our boyhoods which we choose and dry, informally, and chop. Optically there is a postscript, our luncheons' concentration into newspapers risen from humane avowals. Why do I severely insist on abstinence when there is nothing about me except my being unsteady prey. Am I terrific? I'm a greenhorn. Am I true? It's only the coronation of humanity's disentangling of difficulties. I abjure spools and *atlit atlat*. Your dispatch riders! My exclamations are convertible into the casks for the disfavour of your dogma. You're hopelessly smart with your peepholes, my general, my sunbeam. No. Recess my price, sister-in-law. I'd sacrifice and be harmonious if I were priceless, and your impression is confirmed by my insistence on crumbling. To my beloveds, I'm patchy, to my miracle, I'm in quarantine. I have to be flexible to a volume, and to validate their pates.

Scene Nine, 1 person

Radicals are dispelled in bliss at fifteen. If there were no inventory of the lorgnettes would it be insolent? I'm not a chopper, with neckerchiefs and compasses whose validations would terrify the Adases. Federalism is to be on tour of the below, and not of the mobilization of the inborn. My wick has its pulsations when I plumb those livid enclosures, and the emaciation of those seals is less derived from the impressionable than my lung is truly. So I mock their quarrels, their cylinders of the plumes of drakes. I'm not dead, and I'm not an unsuccessful jerk, a typhoon in the Mediterranean whose sovereignty is a sea-level beard. I plan.

Scene Ten, 15 people

A prospectus for my irritations!

I'd liken that to the banning of conceptions.

But he's inept.

Only in July.

It's a trumpet for a washerman, a recipe for cenotaphs, all cylindrical. He's deliberately being Hamlet.

The insurgents are ablaze.

You aren't very forgiving, Occident. Nor do you admit it.

Cremation is what he is doing—grudgingly—to the living and the healthy. He may be a bulwark, but he's fragile, a castaway of vengeance, enlightening the courteous with his concern for the fifteenth sewing, and muttering about lizards on his map. He's a

retail-dealer writing his bile, declaring for mailets and oil-lamps in the contemplation of a thousand difficulties with phonetics, a corner expatiating from his writing-books and marauding among expected harmonies.

It's incalculable.

The fiftieth!

Rot!

He looks boyish, this Adat.

He'll enlist you as a reporter of his deliberations.

I'm only a wash-stand censor, with an album derogating straw and lorries and strawberry harnesses. I'm unteachably dense. But he is a plane, with a colony of flicked-off loads for fifty aerodromes of acceptance.

But Amanat is masterly!

This is insurrection!

Midway to the valley of Basi our cabmen's prosperity was harpooned, by generalizations on tiptoe, conveying the detractors understanding. Streams of cacao greeted us and painted us with price-lists. Golden and quarrelsome we lurched reciprocally, deadened with Sundays. We were loading up when we had this encounter to the detriment of Islam. For the Agung is extensively crumbly. Its masterpieces of bone are not being valorously overhauled.

Tell us the color of your courtesy.

It's parliamentary. So Atob jumbled them, and we retained a derrick.

Did you radio to Aldjabar?

My accumulators aspired to confirmations equilaterally. But a wooden quartet was transmitted to Atap, whose admittance was the declination of the equilibrists of the federation. His enlistment, though frothy, was a distinct disgrace, not soluble. His blisters were voluminous bumps, and Adik heaped territory on him. May I sit?

Your pulse?

So it was a fig of scholarship for the cannibal Basil Helm, who was abstractly humble—and lacking a necklace band and annoying the multiplying courtiers with the multitude of his parlours was the solution of his censorship. We were in school to hear him, in voluntary evening-dress, but his mutton, which had no equilibrium, was censurable. To lose isn't to profess the Occidental, so we represented him at the dispensary with a flickering distinction of air-pumps and neck-ties.

Was he amiable?

It was gruesome, this censure. We had equipped the corporal for valour. A radish had a flight to his occiput, which had been prepared impressively by Asak. We reciprocated with marble. So his necrology was distinguished for its delicacy and was the terror of the planet and the corporation. This was the March terrorism.

Scene Eleven, 12 people

Am I a Moor or am I Bill? On a gruff rice-bird to bandage the oil-palms? Or Babij's grandam?

It's tedious to the extent of being admonished from writing desks and hiding actually.

Spoons? Of venom?

It was mama's event.

They billeted us with helmets and shoe-laces.

The fights?

It was Babit.

And the fireworks in the wood-engraving? Enlivened with lurid accuracy.

He's on the dole, and his mum's a tailor.

That's my hobby.

Was that Babon's? It was understood compassion.

He's a shoe-maker.
Like Amarah?
She's a medium, with a fork that's phosphorescent.
And a midwife to the mumbling of the expectant absurd.
Where's my atom trunk?
This one's tainted.
The equipment's pulverized.
Your idiocy is acute.
It was an insoluble drama of greetings.
Is it your profession or your class, Baskom?
You're an oil-tanker of inequalities.
Bandur Agustus!
That was my dispensation, Adil.
That bearded and dramatic boy scout!
Algodja?
Well, dent my frown, on that hobby horse is my school-fellow!
She's in the idom of drapers.
It was the fragment of a corps.
Solve me, take me and shoot me, but I'm valuable
Oh, a beardless optician.
In the architecture archives, phosphorus.
Basmi, is that reciprocation?
Writing-materials.
I'm famished.
Did you undertake it?
She's radium-sensitive.
Smashing!
That's encouraging.

I'll loaf and you be optimistic.
The schoolmaster, archly, his cock almighty.
What is a cypress?
A trunk-call with medleys in abundance.
Jessamine. In photographs.
If you're compassionate we'll meet and lurk with
the grenades.
Her bonnet's forlorn and grey.
It's Asal the photographer.
He has a blitz of incapable agglomerations.
And the hearer?
A grey-beard.
It's his likeness.
Mummy.
In the internment-camp it would be unthinkable.
I'm like mercury.
Likewise.
Our representation was lackeys and mockers.
Enmity is not liking.
Are you sad?
I'm in the sitting-room.
A zephyr's avowals? A form of taking.

Scene Twelve, 7 people

On flightdeck?
It's the gait of dynasties.

Scene Thirteen, 1 person

From your stand-point I am a corpse, a grumbling reflector of the cannons of Antap, whose admonition is zero and whose fee is not amicable. Who could harrow my lilies-of-the-arctic? Or I'm a delicate cockatoo, with Ahad's grunts about the peerage and nutrition. But if you overhear my compatriots, the indentured ones, the tale is of aggrandizing, a nutritious classic of zest imprinted without inequity or the cackling of the venomous Islamic. Oilwells, munched equitably, have a patent need for limbs, and our accurately volunteered are conveyed by a march of factitious talents. It is not written that there is any option to be peevish, so the billowing hammers of the mammals of Christ are leaping, step-sons

and kill-times, at Amat's independence. Sealing wax is idiotic or laconic. But sublime is lime. Ali-Ali was imprisoned. That's a factor. He jumped at ass in the Soviet, and though its bearer was brightened, his peg was excluded as a painter of ventilation. It was leap-year's paternal factory, and the loafers were deadlocked, untidy in their brightness at the meeting. The transmitter in the cock-pit of the Grey Hound was bearing the faculty's united trust, when he dubbed in an attitude that was graceful and generalized. Caste is not to be needful amidst those of Antar Street. Then Adjaib the almond-horder, whose brilliancy is assailed by guarantees, smelled the jest and hearing consequently of Bonny's survey of eventual air raids, inverse gales and teens disaffected with Ahli's annual draperies, he guarded and bloated himself with hockey. It was melancholy and delicious to see, in a nutshell, this egoist of pummice blocking some of them in the hammock incarnate of Adjak the fool. Basuh! It was the exclusion of equity for the zig-zagged and the idiotic, the transparent. The needle of typhus, as Bara had it, was insolvent but mutual. So Anatomi—the lender of loam—had a drastic and pump bonus. A reciter was on the horizon, a "fighter of professors prosperous," in Jesus Pomade, concerned about shooting-ranges and appealing to fads without ado. Being no idle terrorist he hampered no expectations but firmed up his areo-engines. In the outbuildings it was hide-and-seek and horizontal cyst, abundantly colourful and seamed.

For they are famous for their idleness, those who are corpulent but intact, and though it might be expedient to smile, their declination is expedited by parody of the egoistic. The shop was accursed though it was able to dispense with the hide-bound. So the abundant undertakers, in Bajaran's photography, were almost for the interpretation of the wrong expedition. But our representatives untied them, and their reflexes for the aggrandizement of the assailants of the pelicans made the tea-totallers test them, after their courtly but sensual imprisonment.

Scene Fourteen, 1 person

Does a rice-crop have a schoolmistress? Is it optional to be the thousandth? If I am in a draught, I retire. Seamen aren't zinc, and I can be diffident pell-mell into lime-kilns of dubious mercies and values, whose fragrant and restless crumplings of idlers are—generally—correct. Cactus isn't my conveyance but my pump needs a smith. Is there a horn on this submarine? Am I the guardian of opulence in a dental disguise? Or a draught-horse bracing classified typists like Atsir, christening incendiary grandchildren? I have no ardour for dysentery, Arang, or for the foolery of expeditiously crunching somebody to earn my parole. I disagree with loaning merely to Antara so she can expel her adolescence or court-martial or

Islamize the convicts in the rice-fields and the sewers. I expend my *andai* on beasts, normally, and somehow if I prick one, I can be reckoned with and castigated by the *asam*. I can fade into street-cars, and I can plunder the pride of distinguished girlhood like a bandit. My accusation is that of sewing machines and pumpkins, the castigation of smithies for their annuities and of parrots for their guardianship of contemplative Christendom. Would you sentence me to parry your encouragements? Is Adjal as girlish as a pomegranate? Is Bandel a schoolroom-schooner? Babu is extenuated. And something is a woodpecker. Goldfish are seldom punctual, and the feeble and the flighty are cruppers. I'm not on sick-leave, but my colts have the equivalent incense to diffuse lasses who loathe thrashing outbursts and aggravate their awaking galls. But Bandela is our firmament, and disgust is doleful. A helmsman's cadences are an undertaking from strength and not from the loathing or the harrying of an area or sentiment. Is the horned one disgusting because he's occult? Are we united by disagreeable smoke? I can't annul belts or bemoan the bandoleers who descend on and ravel those telegrams and transport them thrashing with normalization. It's sporadic clatter's draughtsmen who are situated and strengthened by science and tourism. "Sow each cadet and Arda shall be permanent." Is a sentimental priest a man? Or an outcast? Or a bracelet of guesses, awakening and distorting the path and the alms of Baji-Ambal the wrong-doer.

Adjar was the first to rotate wasps. And I? I am length. I am aggregately thread, a hodgepodge of municipalities and testaments.

Scene Fifteen, 9 people

Am I immoderate?
Midwifery is an abuse.
But that's the gist of this painting!
Your inversion is my rotation.
Don't be so eager.
The tourist that was like a needle-case got incessantly planked.
She probably needed correction.
Bata is learned.
Only about zones.
Beastly, to distract you from the wicked dish!
Yours is the interpolation of inertia assassinated and reforms that are abusive.
How do you plant an *aser*?

Was it the chastity of Asap or the expense of overloading the prostitutes?

The paintress's threats won't be overlooked.

My first-born is protected, on an island.

Soya is figurative for overpower.

If I'm frugal will you help me?

I'm not your sentry.

I chatted with the jets. Their annulment was brilliant, but Parson Barang, in his *Outcome of the Moors*, seems distracted by the bangs, the spaces and sundries, the humbugs' and ravens' enormous trusteeship.

Alif outdid them with a blockade of banderols.

Sex and sandpaper? It's improbable.

Don't be tyrannical with your patience.

The contemporary permeates Asa's chatter.

Sometimes.

But Adji's independent! On the exterior.

I'm beat.

Overseas there's a column of censuses generating dentists and attorneys that are less permissible than foolhardy and rotten.

Atung's in the sentry box. His grief is descendant as the christening of nylons. In part it's an award from the strenuous junctions of the telegraphs for his delight and his spacious combings.

Too much wastage.

How much do eagles weigh, Asbes?

A pair need protection.

Would they be beaten?

I grieve for the protectors of hoes and aeronautics.
My pelt has an occupant.
That's a formality.
I was indescribably tyrannized by blockheads and,
eventually, by chatterboxes. I dubbed in my protests,
and their airship was threatened with the destruction
of the gallant but equivocal, the abusive and opulent.

Scene Sixteen, 15 people

Are you repressed? Or air-tight?
Crash! I declined like a seamstress.
Did you ever partake of cockroaches?
Give me a hand, I'm from Pakistan.
Should I give? Is it mockery?
It was the profile of Asese—with a pen.
He's able-bodied Asia.
My convictions were benched.

Adjican's a spade. But he's learning lime-water can be trustworthy, wide and Christian. Somewhat.

Egypt was the rice-straw for generations of testators.

That corresponds to our loss.

What shabby needle-point! Its blood-sickness for-

mations without any former conservations are harsh
as Ambang. Hideous!
That's not a phrase I'd submit.
I'm convinced Awahl's a prig with a radius.

Scene Seventeen, 1 person

Now it was the ventilator's posture. He was oily and Argentine in his moping talk. Not penal, not scientific. But he muzzled his centipedes like a nymph. This was the situation. In the brim were handbags by Bachil, cheap. New Years was inevitable and integrally helpful. I was *asik,* and with Andalan. It was a sudden blood relation. But he was the overseer. His adages emanated like glaciers from his side, until the crescent blood-stains, like improper seaplanes, were frail. Our disagreement with Andalas christianized him. For sandstone is not talkative, and recognition is not to feed or to relish with wool. Would it be amiss to be a post-war duck, overshadowed by ears? Were dish-cloths ever immodest? Were

canoes transverse? I could be felt in a shack, somewhere. But the might of a physician who disappeared aloft, could lacquer six alone. They undervalued the pot, and at the juncture were accusative. I managed and reprimanded them for the harvest of brackens. It was a lacuna to my insomnia. There was a shadow of aggression when he was glad. He was no pal. He prepaid for the assassination.

Scene Eighteen, 15 people

Can there be a reformation of the indestructible?

Could *you* banish him to *your* declivity with the reluctance of a sunflower?

Asin's anodyne has stress, but Alifbata's has three.

It's a march-past of cadres!

How untimely. They're my guests.

Air's refrain is conservative.

To the zoo!

Thy indeterminate and loathesome amity, like adolescence cheapened, delightfully filches the disappearance from expensive banishment. Adapted but dispirited, the airways of thy integrity shall be as Egyptian banisters to thy feelers. Thy smokers shall be ravines for the voluptuous. Thy three-fold and miraculous plantations shall be but canopies for thy *bata-bata* and thy *asing*. Towards banding shall be

the adaptation of thy crest, and a delinquent air-woman shall be thy handbill. By hearsay shalt thou be stretched, and thou shalt be partial everlastingly to the wasting of the magnificently lengthened.

Batal's occupation is aggressive.

Thou shalt be aware of hearses and encumbered by the flimsy experiencing of thy separate disappointments! Thou shalt argue with the bank!

She'll gladden the lads with her mastery.

To the cages!

Interpret it.

It's partiality, Assisten.

Thou shalt be the ladder of the aggressors, rafted and testified centrally! Thou shalt be lost in the kilns! Thou shalt vomit the lot of woollen asjiks confiscated from the next — but formally of dentistry's prepayment.

Saddles compel.

She's wasteful in her punctuality about sports.

She's an informant.

It's her convocation.

It's the tyranny of guest rooms.

Nib it and normalize it. The ointment.

I'll combat Atur by inches.

Ambar sterilized the tyrants.

He's prim but inverted.

Don't reprint that.

Spain is for plunderers what sideboards are for Protestants.

The conservatory is full of tyres.

Too draughty for a planter.

A preposition nibbles and you appear refreshed.

Adjun was but sixteen when he was laden with decomposed ducklings. It was a smoky venture.

There's a mighty one, an anomaly.

The information accuses him.

Lasso me mellow Administrasi! Firstly you submit mirages.

O. K.

Then it's your descent from leases, or Batang's interpretation of traps for scientists, or mine, or a Killogramme doll.

Or the permission for correspondence with Batas?

Or refreshment for mopish votes. Or cast-iron munitions in the refreshment room.

You convoke my generosity generously. It's a mock-fight, with brimfuls of cretaceous mares . . .

. . . A banker's truth is banknotes enough.

A saddler's scissors.

Anonymous as underwear?

The courtship of hornets.

Occupied harvesters have formidable gallantry.

If a sportsman isn't their shop-assistant.

Can you file down the clauses and punctuation sternly?

This is an isle of normally patient voters.

It's a confiscation.

It's jet-black.

It's the guidance of valves.

It's a telegrapher.

Scene Nineteen, 17 people

This is a spot for fruit. This is Asli's cheating-permit.

Puncture this weight?

Evermore.

And these ear-drops attract. These improve and these occur. This is a surveyor's towel, and these are lotteries from the era of his cousin.

Are these to accustom or to be accustomed?

Those are jet-fighters and these are humid. This is Alih's crevice. This is her towel-horse.

Is this the denunciation of the word? It flinches. It conflicts with my grand-dad.

It's not prepossessing.

Will you cajole me, or . . .

Or?
This is an aeroplane. This is genial.
Is this one emancipated?
He's a fag in a waste-paper basket.

Scene Twenty, 2 people

You're my castle.
No, I'm a scold. I am protestant.
You're deadly.
I work and I aggrieve.
You're tip-top.
It's my prerogative to eradicate.
You're my travels.
I enrage and I invest, — I'm along and I'm manageable.
You're my oak.
Conserve me, guide me. You're untired, I'm a formula.
You're reluctant.
I'm the sixteenth, and I recognize.

You're my interpreter.
I'm your murder and your bankruptcy.

Scene Twenty One, 1 person

If I were inexact, I would plunge as a potable banner, by protocol of the workers, into the underwood. I would deny that I am tall. Mine would be the eradication of the testimonials of migrants and their undesirable udders. I would adopt the crusts of Bandjar's idolatry, the modes of Andel. The arguments and hand-clapping would be widened and inspected in the fag-ends of the occurrences, and with castor-oil we could try the correspondents detrimentally. If I were more melodious my tubs would be tubes and she would be helpless. But I suspect the limits of my emancipation. If I were eight it would be needless to be retired. I am able-bodied and can corroborate the lease-holders. Another would be

Batasan. Is it wrongful to be in distress over Amberuk. Concerning the deaf, the bins are the melodies of rice-water and the ear-drum is aghast. I shall consider potassium and depart.

Scene Twenty Two, 1 person

The side issue is hogs. What the deuce? Bracket the deuced with the limitations of their genitive dolphins. They're immoral as models. Let's merge—in the palace? I'm a participant so my diffusion will migrate. He's an encumbrance and you're a crustacean. We're a combination: we're stars. His shadowy excommunications rely on dishevelled galleries' feelings, on the scolding of concerned idolizationfruiterers, on departments of melons and vans of acetylene. Is it inexcusable to be so compendious an "administratur?" I had a covenant with my dad, so welcome to the embalming, and be the eighteenth in the brimstone. I would gladly exterminate you in the mire. But to formulate a *bandjir* the ocean must

be plastered with delirious "aums" and lengthy abuts. If you're moderate, they bind you. If one is limited, they humidify his feet. Can I compensate you for this excursion? No, it's the corroboration of the airy *aurs*. The incident is limp. *Aus*? Too modern. *Banduls*? Outdoors they would corrode, aching, with ammonia on their claws, their answers melting into untried improvements of our "welfare." A three-pence bung would do ably well. Fan me if I participate—I'm not a fanatic whose outer gladness is a *baterai's* contempt for stretchers and binders. My disappointment might be moral, but I'm not hiding in clay and coco, recollecting Bantins. I might add the undiminished but incidental, drawing and describing the leaseholding stew. My crew is not a concession to the melting pot. My inspections displace no hearts, and batiks are not potatoes. I towered over the early jetties; now the attraction is my son. I am tired but lenient, answerable for my recollections. Though I am a Jew I was never enriched.

Scene Twenty Three, 2 people

Aus, combining and investigating their guide-books to Australia.

Bangats, wrong-headed and oral.

Rough reprisals.

The interrogated and the recommended.

Bajonet's investigation of the inspectors.

The Christmas of the imprudent.

Sea-plane carriers at their eighteenth banquet, masticating for a profit.

The north.

The myopic.

The adoption of grand-daughters.

Contempt for the primary penalty.

Penance.

Alim being smooth.
A Kilometer, grievous to the last, at a seaport.
Our quarterly *badai.*
Clean chrome.
Humiliating experiments with lushes.
Awak's interrogation.
Atar's ravishment.
The dishonest and the filial.
Tuberculosis' migration to one's kin.
The glamour of a widow on the rafters.
A sidelong description of verandas.
The fruitful watching of one's genius.

Scene Twenty Four, 3 people

I've come for my humiliation. It's casual in this old town. My intellect is my heartache. It's an index to my digging alongside.

That's palatable.

But it's fanaticism.

We've centralized our fanciers by the gold-leaf in the lobby.

What are these filings?

I'm a traveller.

A limpid one and a loud one.

My palate's confluences—a myriad of songs. I could roughen my banter in the galley, yes, in India where my side-walk had potency. But if I shook Ambil, it would end, enrolled among the crickets.

These zoölogical remains on the mat are physics' threshold at the o'clock of our grandfathers.

Her convoy scooped June at the decomposition.

That's affability, Awal. But excuse me. The frailness of these and the fruitless hiding places of their forsaken crutches flings us into olden tame and the horrible guideposts of deafening intellectuals. These may be checked but, if undisputed, there will be no due cover. And if the display fails, the spangles won't be universal. But, informed of this, the heartbreaking in its myrtle frame, we could erase heart-disease and, with corrosive rags, could retort with a glance at our least mild glands.

(Awalan's affable, a patrician as pale as a plasterer, conforming to every thing from France's domains, heartened to be the sixth murderer thrice.)

Quasi-checkmate, Batin. Your fruit-trees are ajar.

Your pomp may bend me, but—it can't achieve the assault on my eighth.

You are wrongly in your cleaning and smouldering, your perpendicular and perpetual affairs.

No, I'm oaken, Baka, on Tuesdays. You can deliver my recommendation for leather.

Don't idolize me.

It's infrequent for me to punish *any* physiognomy.

Scene Twenty Five, 2 people

Ajah's had heart-failure!

A guilder.

Are you isolated from Awan? Can you conciliate me with the tans and Awas?

India-rubber.

But smuggle me to Batja? It's punishable to have a coverlet without the participation of the tired and inexhaustibly rich! Don't forswear me. Don't be aloof—glare at me like daggers!

Universe.

I'll be gentle and attractive. No? My reproductions will be raw! I'll affect and infringe on the lust of an Andewi. No? I'll be old-fashioned. A pianist on hash. I'll plunge into the erasure of an interrogator.

Plural.

I'll earn! I'll be an inspiration. My humility will be like Badak's. I'll be myself. No? I'll be a first-rate adder and attribute plastic embankments to the cheeks of the grid! The displeased grills at Batjaan's siege will be our deliverance. The lading-investigators will be but voting-papers' baptism. Their failure will be lasting. No?

Mirror.

But the centre is beneath the riches of any patrimony. Roughly I could be your son-in-law as flint is to a jewel. My haste could be parti-coloured. I could horrify the miry ones, the endangered ones whose sadness is but chromium, and causality. I could be an infringement on their humouristic deafness and incise their intelligence. I could be an assaulter.

Dues.

Distribute me to the ragamuffins in the binderies. Like Adonan I can be ugly. Like a ray. No? I could be the oars for your dug-out. Oh, I'm just a bumper for wrought-up conciliations of starboards and particulars. I'd execute the management if I had the ammunition or the cats. It's an oversight.

Heartily.

In a sieve I can't be cheeky. It's brackish in a test-tube. I'm not an oarsman for dishonesty, a firth for ulcers ably on their sixtieth northern delivery. Hmm?

Nice is not in Roumania.

But I don't presage any shopkeepers' lenses. I'm not a member of the handcuff. My franchise to be is

not that of an October jeweller. I'm not a comedian who beautifully hastens brags or interrupts punishments—as a handicap—and is but shopping for eighty cakes. I'm not sunk like an oculist: I'm sunken and frustrated only by the profitable meridians of those university thrift-indicators whose sub-offices tirelessly baptize the affected.

Prescribe?

Oh, a considerable outfit for an oasis that's safe and gallons of endearing guile. No interruptions for the manager's endeavors. Zoölogy is not abnormal. Ultimatums are in the nick of domestic glass. I won't be covert or suspended or for auctioning. I would refrigerate the incisions of the scope of boobies. No, my grandiloquence is not humorous. My humour does not intersect my Jewish steward's. I am wry, i.e., my disapprobation becomes oathes that . . .

. . . Leave!

Your plurality is—*batok*. You're adoptive in your rage. This I disapprove. Like Badam, you're flippant. You should be corrugated!

Scene Twenty Six, 1 person

Yes, so she protruded like margarin. They cheered his limping. It wasn't recompense for his amnesty but a misadventure in the jungle of his aloud considerations for her being a fancy stewardess. Oh, fancy fair, and outgoings at the bar. Yes, be cheerful. But calamities aren't when we cry. Then we devastate. We covet the grim gold-mines on the edges of some Palestine, inspiring concisely some frank auctioneer "sixty!" can be beautified by our departure for some republic convulsed with abysses. Let me catalogue what it is to decorate: she has latches and Bakal's ensigns when the remainder are infuriated. She has sunlight and spotlights. But Badan, you are entangled in benedictions. I may be perplexed by

sized, but you are in search of either—Xınan or a separation. You don't have to be in search of compensation. But as an "Ambing" she's intelligent, as a "Badawai," she *is* adorable. Executions are inst., arising from verbs as crystal from gleamings, and decorations are audacious. No, her convulsions aren't feigned. She is not of nickel, ejected by the particularly frantic contenders. She is not the razor of some isolation. Nor is hers the proudness of contempt—nor is she a filly. The batiks of unjust centuries deal in acid. Their air their vanguard, akimbo, but not ants or Spaniards, concluding. If—as it is is. Our umbrellas aren't our appearances. Everybody is matched. Trawling us is a feint. The skeleton of Andil is a loudspeaker, and there is a hoist of the oversleep of Ajaks. My vowels are not incisive, nor is my aristocracy elaborate. My sight is my brain, and mine is a fancy-price for vanilla. Shall I or shall I? Am I a louse at sight-seeing? Like Ambis, am I bloodthirsty? Or, am I September, that of goldsmiths, holding? Alphabets and umbrella stands, alphabets and umbrella stands and forts, Andja, the corruptible and the appeased, Andjing, the strict and the ragged. They are aboard—and I would be the dealer. I am not rickety. I won't vanish. If I were verbal like a republican outlander or if mine were a needlewoman's impulses, mine would be the intersection of ladies by an ajam's latchkey, not the sketchings of the arithmetic of fish in brine. I would strike decorously. Fraternities would have their lustre, but Badja's lady-

friend would be in the omelette. The needy would be potent with their umpires, and the verdicts of the executioners would be a tiresome investment. Pianos, to a *badjak*, aren't cheerless or thrifty or akin to the conclusions of murderesses on trawlers paling for their comfort.

Scene Twenty Seven, 2 people

These gentle-folk! Their safe-deposited isobars are the nid-nod of devastation.

That's untrue, pupa.

But I'd love to be rid of these ne'er-do-wells and starchy watchers of holes. I'd flirt with Batu. You could compete with Barb.

But the refrigerators would digest you.

Not if I were appended to or negated by a *bangau*.

I'll have an orange one installed at the margin.

Scene Twenty Eight, 6 people

He was experimentally everyday with her.

He's gone.

That's but an indication that these barbarous patriots, like inveterate pencils, can skid their potential competence. It's an omen that the thrill of strikers binding the fangs of their felicity could be a prescription for junior crystallizers like Badji to be, particularly, tugboats and marines.

I had a book on this voyage. It was sanitary and inexpensive.

Your vanity is audible.

But they persecuted him for managing and developing this experimentation. His suspenders were thrillers to the throat. I was intelligible but faint.

But he was plated with elapsed handicrafts, braked by sanity and its merits. An ark is not a comfortable abode, yet it was for the instillation of benefits. He was immortal for his digestion of grime.

Well interspace my tissues! Leaven me, it's Badjik the gentleman, intersecting with the stick.

I'm unabashed.

And sticky.

My domicile is the reconciling of Bakar with his subordinates.

(Badjing has an embargo on the presence of the sonorous and odd, the unkind and the shallow.)

Your strings are foolish.

Scene Twenty Nine, 20 people

Badjingan! Everyone! This is the negation of the sham and outlandish membership of grandmothers in the mandated ceremonials! The comforters of Badju are vulgar in the perseverance! Their tits arm our antagonists. Abolish them. They are as covetous of our titles as fish-bones are of miles. It would be a shame to have so meritorious a reconcilement—and not gentlemanlike. If they overtake us, we shall repulse them with alabaster. That fantastic Ajapan is inexperienced as an addict of the antarctic. That's pot-luck. Or its abolishment.

He's profound!

Prime.

It is the riddance of the abominable dahlia—whose

conformity is inexplicable—that embarked our cheeses and primers on their daily murmurs. Oh nasty! To be among them and to depend on their frustration, to be dominated by their abominations.

He's a searchlight of the horrors.

What an oration!

So far.

But our Spanish reputation is from the instalment of cubes on the quays. We are enslaved, unknowing, by our patriotism. In the glens I may be the titular pick of the acidity of intemperance. But in a jiffy I fall mysteriously into Lent. And our audience is no longer safe-guarded.

He's not faint-hearted.

It's a raid on Ajat!

Let us guillotine the competent for their leavings, and their bookbinders for their reactions to the delta! It's bran! It's helter-skelter! It's Badut's membranes and Bagai's fair considerings of untruthful abominations! And the aborigines, pompous and impulsive — our platform for them is to be morale, jingling horses and sight-seers.

That's ominous.

His affections are modernized seasickness.

His remarks should be humped.

It is not my manner to bring out the shameful and the skilful. Their subordination would disarm the stares of this farce. But in my diary I can spout on holidays. Here it's but dull platinum.

Scene Thirty, 1 person

I'm unable to do it in this sepulchre under the cataract. Persevere? That would be academic. Where the pickets abound is an unacceptable isotherm, trayed by the distribution of vultures platoons. It is the handkerchief of heartiness that Bagaimana—to and about the barber's morality and membranous obediences—vanquished with a comic pendulum of blood-vessels, treachery and merriment. Mine is but the good jurisdiction. I tread on the academy's ignoble lectures. I throb to indict the amorous for treason. There is a potpourri of holiness and stringent frauds in me, elastic as to districts, but an indictment. I *shall* be the invincible crier of the crim of good-breeding! I'll flit the saps and line ours with

cheese-mongers as mementos. I am militant and convulsive about hats, and at the brink the sequel shall be duly a competition with Baganan. There's a drawback. The queen is ensnared and displeased by the ceremony in the canteen. Your benevolence is Roumanian and shameless, but I am a refugee from hems. You can scorch my indifference, I will fry you as a reactionary. I am in elation on a throne of pickles. Plus: I am no leopard of the queer, but I can rail against the not-watchful. Forth, I am not fraudulent. I can handle the affectionate and start a leper's biography. No dumb or heart-rending foot is the antecedent of my outlawed refusal to float mandatory throngs of endive on inviolate dumb-bells. It is gently with immortality. I am an expert at embarkation, though my width *is* grimy. Mine is the plausible expiration, and the augmenting of Israel. Ambruk Ajuh, I repute that you coo! And I will not accede to the primitive branch. I cannot subscribe to your niece's vantage. The flocks are confounded, but I cannot accelerate this jurisprudence with play.

Barton, Vermont
August 1967 to August 24, 1968

Canto Five

Canto Five

Chapter Nineteen

Can ommissions be profuse? Is displeasure an ignominy? Is adoration just a mandoline for pickpockets?

Frayed on parting, these cubical footballs are a catastrophe to play with, a treasure for lobsters but no townhall for seaside watchmakers, whose extermination is not the tuition for reading about freaks. Ambul had the development and Andjur was the drawee of shampoo from the Northeast.

Or should we have consigned the executives to their seasons? Would this have been disarmament's acceleration?

Bagi is external, Bagian Baginda. You can sign as a subscriber. But Ajun will be the footballer. Soon.

Bare is beauty, and Bagus is a job. His amortization doesn't erect. Bah!

There were seats at intervals, and we were agile X-ray diggers, whose agility made the *ambung's* late augmentation retract the yachts. It was a bloody reconnoitring, and so was Akad the *felloe*. As a chemist he soothed the invisible and unafraid hemispheres.

For he was a lecturer, lately confounded and proven, with a grin that blossomed at the disposal, or the verification or—or the deluding over—suspension bridges. How lovely to ply our accelerators, Akal, indifferent to P.M.'s. On sapphire hemp, Bakat, we are gentry, in sequence with orators, with our bakau accents. We're briny and working-class lustrous niggers to the watchmen of the shore of Holland. But telegraphers that can verify the Israelites' overthrowing at the request of certain on our merry-go-round treasure-house.

My wad was as a lover, and I omitted the unknown. I assembled with my kind of record, immortalized by blots. My merry antennae—there was an outlay of ignorance scoring the vaporization of criminals—were of cocoa, and my cucumber accelerator-pedal was everything to my affiliates in the concord and forthcoming affiliation. I was a genuine *baki* fellow from Amerika. And my spares were galloping cudgels.

Bookbinding? Go away. Elbows? Already anterior.

The intemperate ones were in bookcases and were

desecrated in orbit because the present drawers were sappy, unlawful and inexpressible. They waddled and were vaporized higgledy-piggledy. We ground up their earnings.

Then our invitations were modest.

Chapter Twenty

We are dumbfounded by armaments. To our lee is the north star. We intervene with skill. Also crimson is a mesh to the *aneh* of the genus Amin.

Is this readable? Or is it to accentuate the cringing and competitive distrust of retraction's chemistry? Or the tumbling of biplanes amortized by a riddle, a seaweed of humpbacked lineage conveying dependencies, brisk and undisturbed everywhere, like a jockey wading in negatives and certainties pneumatically. Or a pupil with leprosy, immortalized by the catching of amounts of watchwords, princes' toys dignified by these puppets as evidence, the glib erection of incisors as fellowship.

I can accept Bakti's pottery, his grinders and his

throttles, his marks that glide and expire at sunrise.
But I intend, while the *Baku* alarms.
Unless, to our elders, we are obedient poultices.

Chapter Twenty One

She cleanses their hempen ones, while the cook agitates immovably. Fairly she could incite the Amis with their undoing and leprous picnics, with Israelitish subscriptions and concordant certificates for the overweight domination. Unanimously they would desert their fair-spoken messes and their cows. It's our dummy, and is not skilled but requires less fellies.

Our geographer is certified and he penetrates their tanks with his pictures and partisan questions impulsively. It is a picture book dealing, certifying our cues for the gallows through the film of the smugglers' deviations.

There are leeches in the water.

My well-beloved calculates and stiffly niggles by a hollow short altar.

There is a military presentation and agitation on the palisades. Their patrol is flogged, and Bakul's addition startles without impunity. Mystery ensues, a blotting paper for modesty.

The elderly rounds and anthems of the workmen are presently like an ant-hill of manes and of the freakish and the vaporous. Their cessation would be an anthology of the high and the dumped, with messages unlimited if dependent on the gliders of their remarkable competitors.

Our toadstools are toasted with awful cookery in a frying-pan. The partition beckons with a galore of tobacco, questionable geographical snacks and ample night fuel.

Additional sunsets are scorned and we seclude deserters. We are not kind-hearted because the grind-stone does not lessen its requirements.

It glimmers. We alter our handle bars. Our eldest is Akan, who can cripple deviations. He's a fugitive Yankee messenger whose remedies are undoubtedly forthright for starters.

The workmanship of Bangga's blouse,—she un-dresses but invites me for a water bottle. I unload heartily. My foot-brake is evident and fulfils all odds.

There are buns by the concourse, and poultry and an orchard. The indigene has appendicitis in the mess-room. An awkward consignee. The coconuts are still and neglected. We gamble. His penetrating

soprano,—cheque and bal—

"The dignitary Aneka Bala is coming!"

We unlock our telegraphic signal and blow obediently on the tumblers veritably. The appendix is not in its holster.

Am I farcical through my content, my catchwords and my cantos' decorum? Or a puppy whose desertion from the profusion of outlets for Akar's sparing purchases are the reader's rescue from the pneumonia of sordid and acceptable patterns?

Do I deserve to become a pond of calculations forthwith, or is it the penetration of the consigner's acceptance? A workshop for gamblers remembering.

Amnesti, my wife's in heat.

Chapter Twenty Two

My appetites are not contentable.

I could palliate neglectful obelisks, or grip acceptation's undying and pallid glimpses of birds. Unloved, I could outline unashamed penholders' games intended to hatch consignments of evil and the *bangkas*. Or elect to ensure the partition by the invocation of those well-bred paunches, Messrs. Trace & Drawing, whose odious dominion is disposed to the coming of disasters and the explaining of orchestras, becoming a prognosis for exemplary fortifications. I've a hunch that to kindle a match box would be their fare.

But our dear Anemer and adored Bangkai's antiaircraft artillery was our election. Our acceptors were

signatory, not as jurists, but in the remembrance of the deplorable, calenders of calves and palms low and not adorned. Fortified by instances of corruption. Wags' obese farewells compiled into invoices for accesses. Reminders. Sarcasm. Embarrassing electors. Bangkang's shortages.

Bed was a hen on the skin of suspicion. The calibre of our research? Skinny hand-made tummies.

They deplored our indigence. But we were electric, lower, hunchbacks, regarded deservedly.

We sprayed wigging and extinct pounds of dales and reminiscences into the stillness. We were the book-ends of game-cocks and the extinction of seclusion.

And their tankers were shortened by the corsair and his lady-help, the scorpion Angan-Angan. They were accessible. They were wild. They were partly *bangkerut* intending to be *bangkit* (as decoys).

Second, they were deserving of a serenade. So she dallied lady-like in the northwest yard, by an omnibus, and was extinguished by texts of Ampai stripped in their alterations. Ampaian, a morbid tobacconist who was works manager, applauded and was no accessory but a full-blooded partner to these handsome and kindly extinguishers. It was explainable on calico so they retreated. And her tumour—in canvas—was startling if roundabout.

And a lesser, indigenous one with lineament, on horseback, gave this address:

The Address

Assemble and be not immune, for it is clear that starvation is overwhelming.

Not to obey or not to ride is to lag in the crisis.

For Britain is the issue, whose outlook and outlying jocose altercations deport, deport cocoons from designs by scoundrels.

And our grandsons starve.

You, addressee, you're a sergeant? Instantly, your serial.

It would be palm-oil and you, subsequently a pauper.

But their intervention would consist of floods of freckles in your bedroom.

And leeks!

And armchairs!

And adequately hundreds of bedspreads, and benevolent sparks, exempt from the misapprehension of the crisp!

I pause.

Unlucky you.

Your sparking-plug will be a play-bill for the British *bangku,* whose infallible retributions will be lusty.

Their *angat* players are the lowest.

They are odoriferous.

But our benign partnership in misbehaviour is as the resemblance of shorthand to handwriting, a secondary immunity to the high-handed.

Let the bedsteads be our foothold!

Let us shape the sunshine with linen in the wilderness!

And let us be those designated,

Pavement and Vapour!!

Chapter Twenty Three

"Regarding Anggap, today he poured it on in an interview.

"It was some disastrous apple. But ingenious.

"I am barefooted, and . . . "

Chapter Twenty Four

The will can be instantly a morbidity.
Alas.
And the filmy or chronic earth,
full-grown in its jocular
and complacent glitter,
a catechism from hence.
We were the liners of cook-shops,
regenerate and adhering
to uneasy good breeding.
On the footing of our wages
were the "pure" ones and the
cowards adherent to our toes.
Anggar, bent and blubbering,
remitting his goodbyes

with dignity and adornment.
Anggerik—in his toga readily—indigent.
Anggota, out of date but not to be
impaired by a free jury,
the orchid of the series,
a textbook one.
Anggrek, the Party's dominoed playfellow,
but a rider,
an amplifier,
an agitator,
but instead—
shortly—
a felon to the state.
It was a categorical tumult, theirs,
invoking agos and holy appliances,
the intestines of gangsters,
and stripes of laggard footmen
and negligence
cool as a picture-book.
And we, out of the way,
adrift but adroit,
commas of brittle fortitude.
Adulation is embarassment.
In the highlands it decreases
with the agonies of indigestible
yarn.
Do not extol the adulator.
His clearance is traction
and entanglement.

On our insteps we pondered the striped floodgates and the branch office. We were benumbed but adult. We could extort.

Chapter Twenty Five

Are we ignorant? That's digression. It's metal and you're distrustful? Throw it to the isthmus or the ridge. Adulterate it.

To stimulants the lowlands owe their high life. And to the preservation of out-of-work devices. Dishonour is but adulteration, and the tractors of the devils strive for the well-off and the embassies, whose applicable commands are the corsets of poverty.

The critics of telegraphy should have their remittances in granite. We are not sarcastic about cowardice, but what it bequeaths resembles holy-water behind a dike: stroke it and your statement will be your foot-work. This was our homage to advance.

But locals have localities into which trade is thrust. But proverbs are short-sighted and endless. So endlessly and henceforth we coded our incitements.

Commander Sardine had an assembly. He was suspicious of a bequest, and had an inclination to order some mystics onto the foot-path to the filters. He called them lowly, for their extortion of guilt for the hundredth textile armistice.

But they had no affinity with those who were to recover Persia from sunstrokes and vermicelli. They were bareheaded together, and their recovery was the cession of donations, a cortège of miscalculations affirming and entering an intimate affirmation of Norway's farms. They were barely critical, but they jogged in their grannies, muscularly and manfully. Oh for an exemption from watercolours! But theirs was the chronicle of affirmative explanations, sharing the variable and the grisly, militating towards in gots of the involuntary. Endowed with hatchets and call-boxes, they complained of their handy designation as unemployed or negligent. They broached that there should be affixed a just bee to the myth of the superb horse-boy, the remitter with a beret and with goodies in his armour of a fairy.

It was infamous, this explanatory resentment of theirs of what was highly concrete. So matchlessly we swaddled them in their night-dresses. They fulminated, we afflicted.

Secondly, we confronted them with a serious bargain. If in their affliction they would sparkle and

scour a hundredweight of extortions and consistent affluence, if they would toil with omnipotence, our gristle would be spread to pocket their indigestion, we would dun their berths to metamorphose second-hand. Then we could afford the enterprise of their broad complaints guiltlessly. The reading-books would be cooler. It would be a spree to a devilish manganese dam, where remnant objects could be affrayed to affront or be purfles.

Chapter Twenty Six

The coolie had been a regent, but the cowardly endowment and the chronology of the devious ones had cost him his chubby and high-minded picture gallery.

But he could intimidate beeves.

Aflame with the criticism of gaming-houses he nagged at the heathen alternately afloat with the seriousness of their trade lists and barking at the passing sore ones afoot. It was roundly a fairy-tale for the beefy, as aforesaid.

But he was afraid.

In the barn he was not negligible, with his awl and his omnipotent programs for Hungary. He was a barometer for pavilions to be strolled into, was a

railing of assent when ingratitude or wagers made us hate the treasurer and book-keepers who axed us and palpitated in secrecy with their servants.

He disavowed *it*. *It* was the endurance of cuffs and hangings, "I agree's" and "I'm contented's" and "It's negotiable afresh's" and "your highness's." His omniscient outpost was a waterfall. There he could criticize and paw at the barracks' antics, or make axioms about snack-bars, unemployment or tank-steamers.

He was agreeable- about railroads. He cherished them, would subsidize them. They'd be the applicants for his grants.

But he would pawn them for the sorrow of the farmers in the spring. Some of these would negotiate trade marks for their output, and their thumbs had the mange of decrees, of traders and tradesmen. There was no filtering paper for their purgation. Safely, through the disturbances, they would coöperate.

Yes, he was a sparrow with a secret critique and an agreement to return to regicide with caoutchouc bludgeons.

His chess was chaff.

The shareholders would fortnightly fumble their Variations on a Negotiation, and with remote disillusion would concur that August beefsteak was a variety that was intense. Their confrontations had impunity. There was no consolation in the evolution of the negotiators of agricultural coöperation They

reserved for our questioner Satan's Footstool. The world was their treasury.

And our objections to the trade unions of Albion were decried by the Persians. It would damage the coöperative, skip agriculture, stimulate aground lagoons and ague. But we chucked the filthy ones with strong thunder onto the floor. And we ridiculed them.

Delapidated one had a miscarriage. It was a shark.

We hadn't anticipated this modification ahead of the rifles, since beef tea was a costly subsidy to the stations. But one served to localize extra ingredients with the aid of lairs for chums and ailing dunces chained designedly to the Norwegian's armpits. He persisted in ailing.

The army was not willing to heave donkeys, so we mated a signature which provided a militia commemorating milk. One diviser aimed his cuirass in anticipation, and evolved a felony of deportation for embellishing heaven mordantly.

Chapter Twenty Seven

You are aimless. You are disillusionized. You have an air of ignoring the secretariat.

The hangars are unequally vermillion, intensified by albums of disinclined progress. Ewes reside in them, disunited by an intolerable floor plan. Joggled by the play grounds they cower on the incline. The toilet is preserved by stropping and stinging, more to modify its complements than felt by the scouts with their ponderous albumen entertainers.

In the alcohol market there yawns a nightingale, and the high spirited ones have return tickets. But the alcoholics have the geography of pawnbrokers damned by alternating or stingy or orderly donors, and intensified by the material of nails.

Your nose is a thunderbolt to globes of luxurious outrage. You are stationary and fuming, owing to the indignant milk cows. You are ready for the establishment. Their fun is to extract and dilate managers.

Although—a poniard on a dune? Their electricity is sharp! In your tanner's cap you are sorrowful and Satanic. It is real. Your satellites are short-tempered with the blues of complementary globe-trotters. You rouse them, unavailing.

They are snails in swaddling bands.

And the well-to-do in their hen-houses, with their various guilty chunks of faith and their floor tiles tapped with the odour of telephones, they inhabit ordinances with deluges of secretaries.

The negresses exercise and are shot. Some concurrence.

You beeseech your muse, a bird's eyed alberman whose home is the rigging. It is the infamous application of unusual lessons. As an entertainer without ale you are alert to the railways, unequalled with a watering can by the negro. Your dearness is the commemoration of penicillin and the delusion of the ordinary. You ditch your female at her residence, lest her algebra be algebraic at the water level.

The fishermen fortnightly have an impartial reality. Your alibi is to function in a marketable category. You palter only with the realization that the signboards have located the aliens. But you are not confused by guineas. It is intensive, this infamy in your exercise book. You have but alienated mis-

cellaneous kindnesses, and alienation is your unmannerly "don't." With your capabilities at a jog trot and your residency lingering secretly by mischance in the church, their confusion alights on your materialism. The coöperator's location aligns with the freebooter's.

For Erin presides over the alike.

Chapter Twenty Eight

It was spring tide, and the caterpillars were alive and leering, coercing their unviolated and recreated milkers in the structures of embers. It was all, all a drawing pin for highways. We endured it good-naturedly as a pocket book extraction. But the spring-time eroders of the ore, with their waterproof ill-wagons of goodness (of?) and electrodes, and their skipper, a globular highwayman, were the infant coercions of gloom farming.

Our playmates in the lake had a birth that was uneven and allayed impassable and latent pawn-shops. Their dung was impure and in the west there was coffee. We embezzled their allegations of ex-traditing from the service. And an Italian made the

complete an omnivorous alleging of cow-houses that sharpened pawn-tickets, prohibiting allegiance to allegories in italics. It was a recreation of the disposition of alleviating cops, and our outrageous intentions (an aroma of the vernacular) sprinkled these functionaries on and on. It was the alleviation of entertainments revealed by a dearth of unavoidable antidotes.

Chapter Twenty Nine

In the churchyard she was capable, but in Italy hers was a brand of altitude footwear. She was a waif at a fortress, heavy with congealed indignities. A linguist, an outright year was her dilemma—but willingly and with funds.

Moreover, in her metamorphosis from an ill-advised tradition she completely hiked from unwary tokens that stank of diligence off altogether with the deportees to superfluous drawing rooms, and ditto from snail shells where alum flopped with the completion of azure dunghills to aluminium erosions that disinfected the luxuries and the safety of playthings.

The faithful Thames errs. It treats princesses as electrodes and broadcasts them.

Chapter Thirty

Always there were liniment substances whose amplitude was the disavowal of the materialistic from brand-new designers.

Once was a guinea-pig in the A.M. Its electrolysis devolved on the caller, who dreaded worldly consoles with their intolerably amalgamated cathedrals.

It was a route whose persistent by the sharp-witted could unexpectedly cope with the gloomy and the unmarketable.

A granular owl was shaving, and there materialized a sect for book-keeping.

There were floral chess-boards on the peninsula, and the florid inhabitants were organ hikers. Capaciously later they would amass question marks of

paltry things, would join in grit when the enemy was the brandy-sprinklers.

Penitence is for demagogues, but in the lees were amateur bluejackets with mangy skirts and hateful guises amazed by grapes. We shot them in amazement, and beside their skulls we asserted that their ambassador had been aromatic and churlish, that he had demanded a milkmaid or a market-clerk in his hunger. His had been a nosegay of mischiefs, consolidated by the latest applyings and pamperings of amber and consonant nailbrushing.

There was a queue of sprinters whose willingness was an ambiguity over the desire for ganders. They recruited playwrights whose will-power had the penitent capacity to world war. Their deportment was their freedom, for fops are the congelation of some goods. A barrage of powder with a waterspout to the right, it was a hilarious and willy-nilly sky consorted around by spasms of ambiguous picture games.

Our ambition, to be ambitious, made a quick disinfection for our section was unmarried.

Psalm

Oh spatter ye in the removal of cider, ye saffron museums: and dupe ye not the broadened extraditions of our birthdays' appointed.

For, clearing the bluffs, we neigh with the joiners, and organic is our tune.

Let the powder-boxes be our cigars, and tolerance be ours faithfully.

Oh ye mischief-makers! Are ye unaware that sorry are the ambulances whose worms are intentional?

Yea, let the gritty be our nightly costume, though sago be our lining, and though grape-shot be our homely doom.

For lo! He whose unfair appointment to the fisheries hath amputated the extraordinary, his is the

chair of death: and this person, even he in the fishing boat, unto him is the concussion catholic.

Chapter Thirty One

Mine was the ewer. Hers was the itch. My beehive was feminine, hers was a joint of home-made pontoons and cigar cases, copious, foppish and bigger than amulets duplicated as barrels. Traditionally we linked market days, amused by our callosity towards one, with an extravagant aunt's amusement at her spawn. She, desirous of amusing her coxcomb neighbor. I, realizing that my pamphlet on mushrooms unmasked our florist as a one-eyed satiate. My shaving brush was taped besides.

It was a nightmare of ill-bred routines and antipathy.

"An — shawl?" she asked, not low-spiritedly. Or fortuitously. Or cosily. Or homesickly.

Her anaemia was a rectangle, a sprout culminating in her grizzled and worm-eaten shoulder, enthroned on her coffers and from the outset unfaithful. She deposited a coxswain on the auspices of a hat rack in the contention that it was intolerant, not clear-sighted and too conspicuous for that *snake!* to have his own lymph. But our contentious chessmen ganged up and blundered. In her anaemic scouting she groaned, so they interred her. They besieged her with the best anaesthesia, the inhalation of the electromotor from the farrier.

And I sailed with the geologist in a coffin.

As an intoxicant the regiment had anaesthetics—making the sky line of justice secure—and they mischievously arranged for some Mohammedans to superintend the anaesthetizing of a cottage. Here they condemned a chest of analogous cotton and a pony. But in the morning there was an earthquake of extreme satiety. Was it an analogy to lambs? Or an onerous signification of their kindred?

By oneself one could not remove the maternal traffic, so condemnable and loyal.

But she? She was disingenuous, energetic in her babbling. She was a lion of revelations, paying for booklets about personages henpecked in their struggles for pans. Her personal electron was analysed as a babe, a gang-board and a stationer. This analysis was fortunate, but it made her rove, callous to shoulder-blades or anatomy. Extremely. And her nostrils were thanked on her death-bed, for their

assertions that were payable to her ancestors and her ancestry.

Her? Anchor her. She was a free-handed hangman with the goodwill of a gangster, a sort of sorter to the leeward but stationary in a pool. A herald might contest that it was tragic. But we scrambled for her horse-cloth, her cotton-mill and her cotton-wool when she croaked.

Chapter Thirty Two

At their yearly nailfile ditty they were for.

For?

Their chairman hankered after the brass. Pancakes were their anchorage, and this arrangement with the regimental satin rended them and filtrated their coughs one-sidedly.

It was a fishermonger's glorification to inhale, but it disinherited their security.

He was elegant and they were tolerant. They happened. He was a tapeworm in the cog, a metaphor for the deathrate in the market place. The rectification was coy and ancient. Fin.

The door,—the paybox,—and, . . .

So floundered their organism like a thunderclap.

Chapter Thirty Three

Cattle assessing the onions outside.

A station master, disbanding his satires, hungry for the hilarity of infantile anecdotes.

A faithless one by the water supply in the fen.

Fortune anew on a divan with a joint-stock in heraldry.

With a coulter by a fence, a thankful fake president.

Crabbing and exerting and telephonically glorifying, an antiquarian.

An unwelcome principle with quicklime.

A baby on the poop of a skyscraper, farseeing, with errands that vanish into council—including fundamentals for the infantry.

An onlooker, a depositor and a councillor satirizing happiness with the unfamiliar and the thankless.

A railway porter, broad-minded but with illegal misconceptions.

Chapter Thirty Four

Righteous angels. Angered.

The illegality of the snapshot of the market place with the infant school. A bestial power angle. Anglers with angling rods, dedicated to disinterment. To the broiling of organists and the horse-fly principle.

Regions of watertight organizations.

Counseling doorkeepers to instigate shouting. To the left, a beer payer with a groin you'd disbelieve.

To dive and to yearn.

A bachelor crocheting in the brassworks. An Anglo?

Disinterested outsiders grooming for the telephonist.

Falcons and crockery.
An angry spur. Justified? Diligent.
On the outskirts a gangway with an herb, a crocodile and the varsity lathers.
The revenge of geology.
An error in the waist.
Intoxicated.

Chapter Thirty Five

And now, enthusiasm.

The birthmark of thunderstorms and some owners' angular graphics. A geometry that's shared.

Our indigo was unmixed, and our revenues were metaphorical. The assessment-worrier's fishing rod was only quicksilver.

A herd of pen-knives and aniline animals (manhood is but statistics and market value) and biscuits. Scrapping and speaking bravely. Animating items and bestirring. Animatedly. Blunt in the embezzlement of animation, and falling in a lather of beeswax.

Intoxication and goal at the farther loch.

The durability of the statues was our imputation.

We signified the cattle show with a sheaf of picture houses. Then we desisted.

They were quick tempered but unaware. Broken animosity.

We foraged with a bunch of ownerless ones.

Their "king" was calm in his exertions. The flour of the unnatural really grooved with his yeast, like an antiquary with a pocket knife. But the rover had a cape with the energy of meteors and dive-bombers.

Telephony. And on the hill was an antique.

Chapter Thirty Six

Durable as antiquity, this lather-brush's appraisal or unbearable telescope spurts capital like sailcloth, exactly yet quick-wittedly, to sheath the antlers of its fishy anvil, but our bishop's a worse paymaster than that lame herdsman who has anxieties.

Chapter Thirty Seven

Crabbed and not tolerated the lioness, in her intrepid loyalty, dispossessed him of his morning paper. It was unnecessary. He eased himself off the doorstep while the marksman in the depot bit anxiously, with final and dreadful easiness.

The pennant bestowed ownership. She lamented and shoved, blushing, her counselor, who was farthermost from being rendered an ox. He counted his pocket money and the panes and locks that diluted the panel of dreadnoughts.

He imputed any verse to anybody, had an oxide as a purgative and an array of unbelievable lamentations on guitars, and his demarcations with chalk made the penniless provided for. He devoted his bets

to the exaction of pockmarked challenges.

But homesickness's toll was the sediment that intercalcated an anyhow complex cleaving of trails, desks and regional indigo bacilli. He joked and let her be enthusiastic about Australia left-handedly but rightly. So he won and she disbursed for the farthest that anyone or anything could rendezvous. Her poor Latin anywhere would be a plea for farthings apace from purgatory, for debarring and stubbing the powerful, who, apart from their realms, oxidized Providence.

His prints and her superintendence of the jute music made for maternity on Thursdays. Finally she was appreciably appreciated through his pleading of her bravery (no barren appreciation). This was a winch to the tomato geese, who apprehended in their lethargy that she had not betrayed her exactitude apprehensibly.

Though a printer, his chambers had their oxygen unfastened, so he scratched at night-school.

But their apprehension and the booksellers' slacks lipped an elegy for her germs, for her prohibition of shovels in the jokers' province.

Provincial, he was less apprehensive than the residents of the neighborhood. These enticed her to yell, and though their clemency had latitude, they brawled and their legs were substantial. Her liqueur's exhalation had an element of dedication to the morose, but an apprentice's approach popped up, and an approachable powerhouse (with grapnels) made a

jolly provision for her as a fortune teller.

This was her legacy's cognate: to vary and to fascinate, to thwart while slackening their damnable approbation. She renewed hillsides with fascination for the unobservant kingdom, whose arrears were appropriate to a penny's appropriation.

Thanks for the renewal.

Chapter Thirty Eight

Enervated, the groping bitch in her intrepidity cracked mace when arrested, grappling with her kinship with the arrival of the arrived. Demented, she bit. It was the instigation of assiduous assignings of betrayal pensions.

In the bookshop the assignation with an oyster was scrawled on a barricade, while here at the institute ozs. of chestnuts were commended to the bitter and stubborn.

We were involved in dreams of our embitterment, and their complexion was elementary but invulnerable. Our cronies were mathematicians whose arrogance was a mania for entire gulfs of brokers and slag from the exaggerated East. The fascists were

nosy and their status came from screaming and blustering gloriously and arrogantly.

I was the arrow in the hunt for arsenic, and my arsons were commendable, assimilated with satisfaction by the versed. My *pension* is on picture postcards.

But the hatred of us dreamers was fashion's sheathed locker, illegible at our unbeloved railway-station where we unceasingly gorged on juvenile projects at forty. It was a stuckup art, liquid, screening conspiracies through quid betrothal itineraries. Some were arteries for fast versifying. Some were fencers with the pace of divers. Some congenitally seduced fissures in waist-belts. These seducers were impassive with a western flourish, including their countenancing of "rectifying." Some resigned to the neighboring winds. And some fastened articles for funerals and the picturesque and articulate intercalation of souls.

Chapter Thirty Nine

For her personality ran counter to the dreary. She could intercept an artifice as a dilution rather than rain over the Pacific as brown. Australians? Artificial but signposts. Artillery? Deduce it, not as a boar exalting the unwell. Show things. Swallow things, like artists and sailers. Diverge and purge, but not inwards. No winding compliances with the silence of superintendents, but poems. And silencers. Gulls might register for treatments with desolate studs. But how uncertain, to calumniate a board *as* something.

To assist, is it assistance? No, there is congestion.

And she could deduct cauldrons of disinterments and condemnations—that "entitled" one to some fungus—as the divergence of westerners. Or she'd pacify

some stature with a crook.

The picture-window of the hong had a toll booth. There she embodied her assistants' tallies.

Though her intricacy made her an inhaler of chambermaids, she would machinate at the assizes over the stipulation of letters and contestable associates' associations without any barrier. She came assorted, and she was unwilling to worship her kinsmen.

Chapter Forty

Having assuaged the unfathomable, having assumed the cigarette and exhaled the jolt, let us dredge the substantive.

Inclusive with treaties and divergent conspirators on Easter she sounded like a fastidious cogwheel by a letterbox with marmalade in it. Her fists had assurance, and the doorways were assured of payment. She spied from behind asters and her entrails made television when astern or when hunters had asthma. The intercessors were rigorously asthmatic and astonished at her clenches with crackers. A cauliflower at a book stall with a locket—astonishment.

Austria, quiet with its trailers and its sheds, grosses of vases from the Austrian powerless hereabouts.

Authentic. And on the back of an elephant, the worst of the projection, the inherent backbiting. Trees, musical but silent, jostling. Nail-scissors with reverence and coherence. Reverends at night-watch, fat with provisional peas and flowing with the betrothed not unpacked. Backbiters at their entrance, substituting backbiters and finance for backbone from their backdoor cradles. Neither indirect nor enfeebled, but backing trains of televisors, conspiring in backrooms with bundles to caulk. Haughty. Nimble, damp or crooked chameleons backwards, freespoken to slam journals but fit to be fatal. Spyglasses on bacon. The resignation of dopes and better bacteria, swallowed. Bad for the rector. Brawny cigar-holders with free trade machinations, waiting in. German badges forbearing madness.

Chapter Forty One

The resin pack's legal reaping baffled with pangs and versions of kapok. The peace of tuning forks (like the printing office's milk-food) was gorgeous in its financial forbearance and misconduct.

The book trader bagged silhouettes with lamps. His baggage panicked the wet snatches sailing with the letter carrier on the maroon silk, peacefully. The sailors' quietness was not, not fatality to the eastern peacocks' homesteads or bailed out of desolation with recumbent bait. The waterways and cinders, the hilly pleaders enforced and froze the barrister's bitter and notable barrows with iodine.

"Hereafter . . . "—a conglomeration of fitful tellings out of windows, bartering for bromine at the base

of levels, basemindedness. The hauling of unchangeable moist horsemeat, and the grasping of windowpanes.

They recuperated and bashful on the homeward rim. They crooned and slandered journalism as not superior if basic. And in the basins of devoted mathematics they brayed their commendations, grasping and basking in matrimonies liquidated by the row—the glory baskets hunting down students and unfinished bastards. Their printing presses? Coherent with the craft of exaltation without despair, despair that, that pensive panorama of sheep. They, exalted on the vertical in prior indisciplinable priorities, had the gullets of bats. They could elevate and compli-cate like the culmination of beetles as uncivil freight, and were unwisely benefited hereby in the elevation of their tunnels by sheepskins. They'd squabble over pies or meteorology, but their deduction of the naked was brazen, as a clergyman said. They had substitutions before deeds, and their bronzed fates, unwittingly, were the theatre for craftsmen speakers and lamp-chimney poets. Their tempers, to the hilt, were silken and pleasant.

Chapter Forty Two

Beforehand, nine at the tomb.

A yellow one begging, infatuated by the water-works, but in reverse.

A beggar sneaking into his pants. A freighter of pantaloons with horse-power. Beggarly recurring as illegitimate.

To begin with beginnings. Fathers, waiters and marriage.

Slanderers in review, on their haunches. Swamped by intricate panthers. Staying. The enforcement of Him who beguiles his father-in-law on behalf of forward condensations.

Grottos of piebald peaks, haunted by behavers in the pantry, but crafty. Resisting and condensing

meters. The superiority of rainbows and the betterment of the practical.

The bettor's gospel. A cine-camera for marriageable pants.

Himself in a raincoat, his ticket and its dispossession. Its. Between purification and the constable's beverages, a bevy of whales.

Complications culpable. A windpipe's theft bewailed. And bewared. Of worth and its methods, the hind of the pope, that dredger.

The registrations crammed into marriage bonds. Cram full of cinema.

Musicians and proletarians, spearing, disjoining this, deeming that, intrigued by this, regretting that, bewildered.

The bewilderment of the lock-keeper at intercourse. Impatient at their milk-jugs' examination. The contestable and the debased from Brazil.

The brooch. The marriage certificate. He, regretful. She, bewitched and personified by that beyond hereditary moistenings and demeanings. A dormitory of the proletariat's biases.

Please, a maniacal bib.

The cramps of journalists, bibles for uncivilized debates.

A regular papa from Germany, a fatherly forwarding gaoler. A devotee of his nephew the culprit.

Fathoms matter.

To be engaged in a journey, satisfactory.

To filter.

Chapter Forty Three

And a clerk in a funk. Renovated with disproportion between intriguers, contexts, the rinds' calumniators, the capitalists' inability and the incognito of paper.

To dance, desperate, with a horse-shoe.

The fossils of dredging machines and the paper boy's depravations. Slanderous? No, a level-crossing from special examining to the forbearing.

Quinine and locksmiths. "Silly one on a disjointed bicycle, you interdict champagne as tapioca. You blab of your levers but your wharves? Black. Your marriage services. Your demeanour of five poetesses and their intrinsic fending off of verve. Like superstitious yelpings not germinating paper clips. Your

musing on emblems. You deep examinee of flowers. Your hindering of our squadron. Your purifying, your erupting with provocations. Your French "nineteen" and your silvery nerves. Congratulations on your levying of unwonted sheets, and blackboards, and gossip. Your interdiction of Frenchmen. Your ticket-collector's temperament. Your I.O.U.'s with their similar rings to a dancer's prisms of blackened seduction in penthouses. Your pealing blackguard complicity with *their* personnel. Your blacking of "fennel" with blacklead. Your slang, and the similarity of your misdeeds with those in the haven for the unfit and the blackmailers.

"I'd dose you with a ferment of homicide, the black market and black marketeers, peanuts, swampy eruptions from the cranium and horsewhippings.

"Uncle, my devotion to you is not as a ring dove brooding on income, but condescending."

The moisture made a blackout. And the blacksmith (his bladder, by heredity, provocative) made his blades blamably.

"In Irak the waiting rooms are regulated by huntresses. Their engagements, inherited or introduced by disks, are indiscreet but of no duration.

"But our methodical prisons are stirred by regulations that foster and entreat constancy.

"Our specialists, ill fated and blamed for each morsel of the contiguous and each nineteenth blameless, rainy, supervised, sneered-at or worthless square; their locomotives? Blanched and blanked out with

blankets of continence and blasphemings.

" 'Quinquina for the cranks! 'Elevators for the gullible!' 'The blasphemous for the swans!' 'Deepness for the squat and the poetical!'

"It devours the boarders. The prisoners tremble and crash into the gap between the specialty-studied and the raised herein of the ninetieth unfolding of their own hereof worthily specialized Practice of the Devout *Itself*.

"If *It* dims, you can see the gloss of the locusts on Its deep-rooted and private sheet iron. Its ninety indiscriminate heresies from Iran. The havoc of Its gullies. The brooding in the boarding-houses of Its would-be's. The sheet-lightning of Its coins. The gulping of Its glossaries. The cinnamon of Its rehabilitation. The swarming of Its unclean. The discarding, coinciding with Its boarding schools, of Its paper covers.

"Practise on It. Not with popguns.

"Infect It. Not with tap rooms or dimes."

Chapter Forty Four

Calumny is embodied in marriage settlements. But on mattresses do chickens disprove the engaging of saints?

The board wages were boasted of on the boats. The dimensions of the boatrace were steadfast, wound diversely up by the boatswain. His glossy poppy compliments matured her ninth interest though he forbade it. The boom of her poetry was her supervision of boors, whose paper money congregated for their erysipelas. The boorish funneled their coincidences, unpaid. "This boosts raisins and kisses," they said. "And the perspiration of metropolisses is a privilege." They ground with their boots and booted some Brazilians.

Mortality in Papua is a brook. There is no mortar for the Reaper. Its congregation is named in the frenzied introductions of financiers. It is no calyx.

But the one from Iraq was vaseline-homogeneous. His bootlaces and bootpolish were booty. Unforseen as tap water on the border. He was irascible. And his misdoings? And the fermentation of his perspiring? He had mettle as a bore.

So he was born to be one of her parables.

And she borrowed a tombstone, and with ciphers and gestures her bosom parachuted its infections and irate rehabilitations, persuading in her similes. Her boss was a tom cat botanist, penurious but indispensable. His rehearsal for the Congress of the Meuse had been a prize for botany, and his purity was both lewd and infectious. He would not bother to bottle a parachutist. But he did mew.

So he and she paraded as rowers with microphones, raking paradise and complying with the interested in rallies in the grass. It was simple.

She, Iris, would find the bottom of the bottomless while his ringfinger would nip at some machine and hurdle microscopes discharging up into the boughs. They had kits for heretics and for milkmen. And could bounce the temperature of crops in their rambles. Her keel got bound in tar in the simplicity of a prize fight in a garage, and the populace, watery but tremendous, provoked him but embrace her on the ring-wall of her liability.

He said this concical simplification was a manifest

bungle, a subterranean breach. That her ivory breads were illicit. That her keen breadth would break or hone down a cult. But, he *was* a miser, and the breakdown of his paradoxes capitulated him to the windward.

And she, the breaker, had her breakfast on a shelf on a breakwater. And hurled here engendered and paradoxical one hereto. Her musk had its sake in the Coke at her breast. Without comment.

Chapter Forty Five

To subtract the clever from prows. To wave and to swear from lodges.

Commentaries and conjectures. Breath.

The crossing of brooms. Breathing.

Practiced dancing.

The gloves of horsewomen on the wave-length of ferns.

Champions ticking continents.

Disputing over seeds. Breeches.

Breeding on Maundy Thursday with the horticultural.

Milk-molar and Prolific Bros., demented prize fighters rehearsing theirs.

Ramblers and their honest broth.

The impeaching of funny brothers. Seedlings of brotherhood and brothers-in-law.

Stirrups.

Hurrah! The engine!

The embrocation being to paraffin as capitulation to the prolix.

Brows, tempered brown.

Machine guns of the inaccessible, furbished by their resistance to gout.

Unpardonable manifestations. What? To dislike that.

The impeachment of bruised ones, interesting to their examiners.

Turbans and brushes and purple salads.

Dislocated in Ireland.

Liable for their paragraphs.

Trenches and the Irish, resolute.

Bunks. Windy gum. Cold crossings.

Renovation in the brushwood.

Brutal but not inaccurate commentators, these latter in the bunkers.

Simplified bunnies. Incommoded by buoys.

Nitrogen. Moles or ringworm?

The buoyancy of the buoyant.

The sweat of popular burdens.

Liars with a purpose.

Bureaus rinsed with dew.

Constant conjunctions with bureaucracy. Jabbed herewith.

Capoc.

The royal tempest of hawks.

Bureaucrats' ferocity. Glove-fighting with bureaucratic hawkers.

Waitresses governing the people.

Lodgers? No.

Despicable ones in Sweden, vast in their championship of our burglars, but without resolution.

Turbines and pep and specific jabber.

A burglary and a disciple, furious.

The royalty of tomorrow, the persuasion of liberals.

Burgling and escaping machine gunners.

Crossroads. Milk pails of pepper.

The slapping of the burgomaster.

Burial at the burial ground.

Debility and the burning of marriage ties.

The burners, satisfied and resolved.

Burnished debits. Resonance in the burrows. Saturated with stitches.

Deer on Saturday.

Lodgings embroidered with dexterity.

The liberality of wine.

Wrangled, burst and buried.

Debts and busses.

Telegram

SWEDISH VEAL HORTICULTURE'S MORTGAGE STOP
CAPON BUSH NOT KEENSIGHTED STOP
STUDIO GRASSHOPPERS HAVE CHICKEN POX STOP
AM MARRIED STOP
WINE LIST WELL CULTIVATED TO SPECIFICATIONS STOP
MACHINE MADE ONES DEFACED ON PEPPERBOX STOP
WILL ESCORT HERS TO CULTIVATION OF KEENWITTED STO
PEPPERMINT IN STOCK WITH MILK TEETH STOP
ARE BUSILY RIOTING OVER FORBIDDEN BUSINESS STOP

Chapter Forty Six

He had peppery nobility and the culture of a business man. Dotted by the unforgettable. In a ferry's bustle he furled his demerits and his Camel glowed. His perambulators, conditioned incomparably.

He, ripe for the cameras, disqualified, piece by piece, as a Hindu. He'd trespassed miserably on the disciplines of Chance and the Noble.

But, slated for a hurricane, he'd rubbed. Been indisposed. Had ripened in a camphor can in a loft. Not through caprice. His entreaties? Poignant *and* perceived. As a capricious Irishman he'd risen to capsize the prologues of stockbrokers and their per cent captains.

Then, liberated but temporarily captious, he mil-

led around specifying for debtors about hay on piers and captivating captives and the heritors of their captivity. This by cunningly capturing a ferry boat and a car (for a percentage).

He populated his perceptions with trespassers and the carats of his inheritance. And garbed himself in continental ramifications, such as glow-worm sauce on perch or glozes about carbines and glue. An inference was risked, and Prox was an uncomfortable glutton.

In a mausoleum ramified by specimens of the proximate he disclosed his disclosures, sneezing. Here, commerce with Prague. There, no change, but the dregs of sneezing, carbon's carbon copies and their carbonic inheritors.

This ferryman's fertile fertility—no nameless carbuncle, no fervent carburettor of hermaphrodites, no risky carcass to *them*, namely, or well perchance,- it was fined and hurried by proxy to the unpleasant carding of irksome cardboard. This, a clew to the speckling of the commercial cardinal whose care for the rites of commission were his career and his demesne. Unforgivably.

But careful with their marrow, his slate pencils rivalled lattices.

And the hermit? Changeable. Chided for his democracy. Doting on diversion. Entrenched with the chief of the kitchen. With a stocking and as a lamplighter pointing chiefly at the chieftain. Impecunious.

A ground-glass circle on a gun circuit. The upper one with uncommon tons of circuitous subtractions from rampant liberation. Cliffs of rivalry, their finery in the river. Percolating by hinged and circular grass plots. By eleven impeding roads. Discoloured. The climate of road accidents and their flowery circulating. Cups of circulation, stoked by circumstances. The percolator of the flu fixed. Squinting at the slaughter.

Millipedes in inferior circumstances.

The incompatibilities hinted at.

Chapter Forty Seven

On the wings of defamation,
entrenchment's roadbridges.
On the fixation of the circumstantial,
disquiet.
At the circus,
the lauding of discomfort and
dislocation.
The slaving in the citadels,
the hosing of the fixed
And slavery,
hip.
No citations
for stokers.

Chapter Forty Eight

Climbed with colic. Dexterously jacked up our perennial hire. But fizzled manifold at dislodging.

Clung to the components of flabby clinics. Squirrelled away hirelings. Perfected wakes, grates and clinking hire-puchases.

Stomached clipping. Disloyal about specs and trestles. Roared over purses.

"Liberators" pro-clique and incompetent. Cloaks in cloak-rooms. Grateful but infernal clocks persuasive. Steady on rubber ramparts. Unprejudiced. Maximally pertinent? Or clods clogging?

Fluctuated past cloisters of iron. Perturbed by flags. Close collaborating and fluctuation. A wax jackal winking.

Collaboration in a slavish frenzy. Stabbed between the grater and the flue. Our collaborator collapsing.

On a jackass, his collar with lofty embroidery.

Diminishing, point blank.

A ramshackle stability of whatevers. Constellations of consternation. Rubbish.

Slain, the notary in his kitchen garden. Pointed out the double spectacle of the musket and the Commissioner of Cupboards.

The fluency of liberty. A flagstaff: committed.

The comportment of the population, composed of pursers and composers drenched in tones.

Getting the composite rubrics together, with Ruby the democratic manikin.

The stabilization of flag-wagging at inhuman suppers. Jacketted. Unprepared for the composition's sweep and its constitution and pointers.

Notches on the lampposts. Jagged.

Perturbation in the hospital. Disconcert at the double-dealing of "constitutional" diminutions. Incomplete.

The gardener, constrained by his keeper. Perverse The maximum of the incomprehensible. His wheat grouped infertilely. They perverted constraint.

Constructed contingencies. And inimitable contingents.

Not the rancid, but the rudder towards gratification. Towards the target of the continually continuing.

No name-plates in reaping-books.

The continuous.
Not pessimistic.
Praise.

Chapter Forty Nine

His namesake contorted her contours, pestered him about those very ones at the trials for contraband of the miller. Those unprofitable contracts. The contraction of the iniquitous contractor. The contractual contradicting of flagstones and flakes. The contradiction of flames to the millimetre. The hirers of sleep, the despisers of noting naps. The pestilence in the jail. All the contradictory ones. The contrary subtrahends during her cupola's spectacular winning. Her jailer had a pestle for keeping and prolonging cup-ties.

And as his pet, he, the curator, had been gratified by the curbs on hospitality at the curbstone. He was not curdled by the curing of napes at curfew or flank-

ing prolongations. He was not the millions. He dressed waxenly, was not rude. Studied and stable.

But she? On his furlough, in her note book, her foster brother out of curiosity—and he *was* curious (there was dandruff on his flannels) saw a petition about his stealing. He flapped like a kite. Dandy? She, a petitioner? When his kith, by default, were vessels unprotected from the dangers of their machinery. But the flapper? The kitten, in her note-case?

He doubted the triangle was dangerous.

But it was, and they pierced him "for his diabetes." And they dangled him.

His host flared up. But the dank poisons were prominent in him. One napkin and he was a spectator. Gratis. Noted from the Danube for his disloyalty. It was fluent.

He did not dare especially to be a daredevil. He was daring in his piety, in his knacks at stuffy debuts where rancour and mortifying decadence were decanted. He decapitated these with his decay, but was a sleeper in speeches. Decease was his fluff. And he was defeated by the sauce-boats that defecated by him.

But she? Her frequent infidel impediments forced her to defect. Her defection? Illimitable, and her defences fluid. To the depraved she was not defenceless. She could disconnect and defend herself. As a defendent against sleeplessness. Or tariffs. Or veterinary sniffings. Or tarts. Or sleepwalkers, hostages or knapsacks. Or especially the rudiments of *their* note-

papers. As a defender she'd defer with deference but also with noteworthy defiance. Which would frequently democratize, demolish or infiltrate.

In their emerald depravity they deprecated and depreciated her. But their depreciation was stone. Nothing depressed her. She was miserly with depression. But it was no fluke, no narcotic librarian-deprivation.

Prudence was not among her laudables, but it would be inconceivable to deprive her of our gratitude.

Oh, but in their depths among their logarithms and despite all, the knaves were ghastly and despondent. They winnowed with speed at the despots' desserts, and at their speed limit their slealthy destination destined destiny.

She emerged as a hostess.

But they were speedy and she was diminutive.

She grew sleepy and in her dimness had the dimples of a Turk.

After the din, the mill owner, a pig, dined on her.

Chapter Fifty

On a sleeve, narrated with gratuities from a dingy notice to a flurry of knavery. Pigeons on libraries with their dining cars' mortuary gunboats. Dining rooms in Turkey tided the furnaces of incongruous wheaten growings with dinner tongs' milt and tidings of dinner parties.

Flushed hostile, the mimic's mimicry was neither narrative to the dinner pails nor noticeable to impending flutes' stone-blind hostility.

No ruin at dinner time could dip the rules, and the inconsiderate ones forcedly dipthonged the diplomas to misery, disregarding our narrator's ruler and the misfortunes of diplomacy's pigeon holes for mackerel.

"Thou furnished diplomat," said the praiser poisonously, "to be a diplomatic diplomatist would be dire and direct to themselves the salaries of the furniture's tribal sweets."

Disconsolate, the tribe kneaded its knees in the misgovernment of dusk, discontented and discontinued. To poke discord at a knee-cap's kneeling on knick-knacks, discordantly supple but with snipes at Poland's discounts' spelling the sales of pigments.

Forcibly their disreputable promises of iniquity's disrespectful dissatisfactions minced the Ford dissatisfiedly.

The dissectors: "May they wheedle your dissections from steam salesmen! May some dissembler of gun-carriages tempt your pikes into polar knives."

The hot knife-board minder: "Emergency disseminates notifications. Divert your lances, ye entrusters."

The knife-grinders, diverting: "Tribunals divide their stone-cast dividends."

Chapter Fifty One

Doubtful it's a hotchpotch. Doubtless it's not dough to a dove spelling dowdy. Down and downcast, hurrying to downfalls of logs in suburbs. Downheartedly dressing tartlets' dressmakers. A driftwood knight spent on the manipulations of drilling gunners. An impenetrable drink in a pile of drinkables.

A drinker? *Fore!*

"Drip not, drive not," laughs the hot-headed one, easy in his easy chair, eating illiterately. He, a sniper, and his eatables, laughable.

An eavesdropper's tongue ebbing. An ebony eccentric unprovided for. The echo of a pilgrim to the eclipse, his pilgrimage pursuing the logbooks of knighthood and the economic logic of snobs. The

economical economist economizing narrowly on snores that sweeten the entry of snouts. A Pole and a pill and the economy of ecstasy.

Narrow-mindedly knitting the rear of his eddies' inconsolable but subversive edges (they're edible), he subverts the stone-dead praiseworthily. And succeeds in his pillar's edification. An edifice for the pole-minded, mindful of spendings. Logically edifying at the emergency door.

Salmon at the emergency meeting, his loins in emery paper. Nasally: "Snow temptation's emigrants."

From knitting needles to knobs. From pillar boxes and hounds to pillows and pillow cases to saloons at the snow line. To salt, to emigrate and to walk. From emigration to the eminent.

The hour of the emissaries. Snow-white and mindless gunpowder. The furrowing emissions. Enumerating and emitting fresh polemics in forboding gushes. Emoluments forecast with gushing emotion. Or laughter.

The knobby emperor, unqualified for any emphasis. Snug in his forefathers' gusto, emphasized but stone deaf.

So.

A pilot of the stool's success, a foster-child who emphatically married Empire and the salt-cellars' enumeration. He loiters among the gherkins enunciating saucers and enveloping his foster-father's pimples and molecules.

Interlude — Things to Notice Soon

An envelope for espionage.
Populous Esq.'s essay on walkers.
The notifying of guts for salt fish.
The essence of further essential pins.
The establishment of knobsticks, and their soaking of the establishment.
London and its ghosts.
Notions about walking sticks and pincers.
Lancers on estates.
Esteemed estimates of foster-mothers.
Initials on hour-glasses.
Turkeys with a nasty way of fouling freshly pinched salt pans.
Saucy Londoners.

The successful and prudent ones' freshwater frets.
Ill-mannered initiatives.
Fretfulness over sausages and sausage rolls.
Houris wiping pin cushions.
Mines with friars in them.
Friction on Fridays.
Fried friends.
Savage steam-boiler and friendly hour-hands.
Friendship's natal soaking.
The savage of fright by so-and-so's.
Soap's frightening tricks.
The frightfully lone.
Frigid mackintoshes on the police. Furthermore, wire.
The furthermost miner's mad and furtive sweetheart.
The injecting of soapdishes with fury.
Fuses for loneliness.
The gutter's fusion with its saving.
The fuss about gargle.
Garlands of savings.
Garlic in savings banks.
Garments in porcelain, garnished with porcupine.
Guys with pores.
The garnishment of garrisons.
Houses and gymnasiums.
Garrulous garters that gas.
Gas-bills vetoed.
Gas burners' spendthrift mish-mashes.
The injection of gas cookers.

Gas filters that gash gas masks.

Gas meter spice injunctions.

Gasoline where G.I.'s lancets are illness to the household.

The Saviour of pork.

Savoury housekeeping vexing the porous, the hurt and the hurtful.

Porpoises' wire entanglements.

Husbands and nations hushed up.

Molesting husks of the husky.

Huts with lonely hydraulics.

Successions of promissory hydrochloric saws. Then, hydrogen.

Illogical, unconcerned, ill-tempered, ill treated and imperative sawdust.

An imperceptible and imperfect *via*.

Successively imperial porridges spicily imperiled.

Chapter Fifty Two

We were misinterpreted. But imperishably we impersonated the supplements in Turkish. Impertinent, we. And imperturbable.

In port we were impetuous but inconstant. We unconditionally injured spiders with portable prams. These incontestably marshy portents inconvenienced the swells. To say was to be injurious. And injury is injustice.

So, with the ink from ink fish, we were unconquerable. But with our ink stands and as porters of inkwells, we were inky and misjudged. For long we were misled and were inlaid inland at the inlet. But our nationals' inmates' inns innately landed our trickery, and were were innocent. The landholders

were unquiet on the landings. Their sayings about landing crafts and landing stages were in a portfolio of portholes and misprints.

Their scabies made the landlords and the landladies landmarks for our launch. One laundress missed the laundry, and the lava in the lavatory was lavish.

Our laws were not law-abiding, so we were lawbreakers. In the lawcourts, madams were lawful as, on a lawn, a lawn-mower.

One was a walk-over at lawn tennis. One had a lawsuit on a scaffold. At a portion of this, the lawyer had a laxative so when the scaffolding was weak, with his portmanteau he lay spiked and scalded.

One was in a madhouse with madmen. One had a magazine with maggots. One did magic with magicians. And one was a misshapen magistrate in a stadium, whose portrait was magnanimous but not supplementary.

His magnesium was a magnet to the magnetic, and his magneto's magnificence was magnificent. Portrayed he was magnified. But, with a magnifying glass, a magpie.

A maid or a maiden and a maidservant had nationalism tonight. Its scale spilled out and mailed Mankind. The pursuit of the marshals was a mission for spinning spinach. And the missionaries from Portugal staffed unreadable missives in Portuguese to pose for his successors.

In the midst we made a mistake and were mistak-

en for those from the Molucas. A spinning wheel's position and moments were momentarily monarch of our positive possessing. But monarchy is a spinster, and the stags in the monasteries on Mondays are monetary. Money turned the money boxes, and these the money changers. So the money lenders, money markets and money orders were in our possession.

Some mongrel promoted possessors, and his promotion *was* a possibility to monks and monkeys. So we monkey-wrenched his monoplane, his monopolies, monotheism and monotints.

Yet the monsoon was monstrous. For a month we staged our monthly *Moses* for the moslems by the mosque. They prayed about mosquitos and staggered with mosquito nets, and their moss was mossier than most prayers.

And the steam engines were mostly motes pried from moths.

Mothers preached motherhood. Then swiftly these preachers thence preambled with their precarious tonnage to mother-in-laws and stagnation.

And one was motherless on a mother-of-pearl steamer. One was in motion but motionless. One had her upper lip in motion pictures.

And one had a motive.

Chapter Fifty Three

The motor from a motor boat she purveyed.

Then, by motor bus, to the Upper Ten, with precautions.

By motor car. Then by steam roller over the viaduct. By motorcycle with a motor cyclist. With a motor man on the motor road.

And a motor spirit in a motor truck, mottled and vibrating. Her motto was "Mould for the mouldy." She moulted her mounts, and like any nationalist of her nationality, any nationalizer of their national monuments, or natively naturalized, she naturally and in a precautionary way preceded. Her precedence was not a precedent, but she had precedential precepts. Her preceptor had been a swimmer, and on

precious precipices she was prone to pronouns. But as she stooped to pronounce them, we stopped her.

Her pronunciation was proof of her purveyance. And in her vibrations this purveyor was—pushed.

The stopper was a stopping place, a store. She succumbed.

The wall there was such that one could suck or suckle a suckling suddenly in the suds upright.

Sue suffered. And as a sufferer her suffering was sufficient suffix that our suppliers supplied us with supports for our supporters. But suppose her suppositions were suppressed. Would this suppression swindle the swindlers and the swine? Or would it wheel on us and swing us by the swingdoor to the Swiss?

We switched switchboards, and one from Switzerland, swollen, swooped with us with a sword of syllables and symbols symbolizing the symmetric. Tidily we sympathized with his sympathy, and his was a task of taste.

We made a tasty tattoo in a tavern. Taxed taxable ties, and oh, the taxation of the tax collectors!

Our taxicabs were tempters for ten, and our tenable tenants tended to tendencies that were tendentious but tender. Tender-hearted by tenfold our turkeys were on the tennis courts. The tension of their tents by the tenth was a tepid term for theology and the theoretical.

Theories were there, thereabouts, thereafter and therefore. And the one about thermometers made an

uproar of theses.

They were thick as thieves, but their thighs were thimbles, and such thin things did they think that by the third they were tied up, thirdly by their thirst, —and they were thirsty,—but their tie pins and their tiffins too.

Chapter Fifty Four — Ebb Tide

The tiger's tight. Tightened the tigress.
The tiles tilled with timber.
Tonsils too. Too the tools and the teeth.
No toothaches uprooted by toothbrushes or toothpaste or tooth picks or tooth powder.
The top turnout of the turnovers for the turnscrews.
Some turpentine.
Turtles and turtle doves.
The tusks of one tutor upset and upside-down.
To be upstairs, to be upstream, to be up to date.
Upwards.
Urging to urgency.
Not so urgent us, the USA.

Just usage and use.

The vice, the viceroys, not in this vicinity.

The victims, victorious. A victory for victuals, views and viewpoints.

The vigilant, the vigorous, the vigour of our villages.

No villains in the vines, no vinegar in the vineyard.

We have violated violations and violence.

Our wallets are the wallop of our wanderings.

Our wanderers wane but don't want, weaken but have no weaknesses, have wealth but aren't wealthy, have weapons but don't wear them.

Wheelbarrows. Wheelwrights and welps.

When, and whence these whenevers? Where the whereabouts, the whereas, the wherever?

A wherry by one who is whetting. Whether on a whetstone or which or while or whilst.

Whims.

By whimsical whinings (whimsically whinnies), to whip and to whirl, to be.

Barton, Vermont
June 17th, 1970

Other books by Dick Higgins include:

What Are Legends (1960)
Jefferson's Birthday/Postface (1964)
Towards the 1970's (1969)
FOEW&OMBWHNW (1969)
Pop Architektur (1969)
Die Fabelhafte Geträume von Taifun-Willi (1969)
Computers for the Arts (1970)
Fantastic Architecture (1971)
Amigo (1972)

This book is set in Trump Mediaeval, a rare face designed by G. Trump for Weber in 1954. It is based on old Venetian models, known as "Mediaeval" in Germany, hence the name. Of particular interest are the small arm of the upper-case E and the irregularly spread legs of the upper-case M and the general irregularity of the ascenders.

The type was set by Noël Young in Santa Barbara, California, and the book was printed and bound by Halliday Lithograph Corporation in West Hanover, Massachusetts.

F4

Other Something Else Press books exploring the ways, means, whys and wherefores of cultural experience—

Finlay, Ian Hamilton, *A Sailor's Calendar,* with drawings by Gordon Hubbell. Delightful graphic poems in the concrete vein by Scotland's well-loved poet. 18 pages, hand-silkscreened in color, hand-bound with chrome rings, limited edition of 1,000 copies, 5½ x 8½. $6.95, ringbound.

Higgins, Dick, *foew&ombwhnw.* Essays, poems speculations and performance works by the exciting young artist/critic who coined the term "intermedia." In prayerbook format, $5.95, clothbound.

Kaprow, Allan, *How to make a Happening.* This record is a Pandora's box of incendiary ideas, masquerading as a cool, formal lecture, straight from the horse's mouth since Kaprow is the man who named "Happenings." Originally published by Massart in 1966, this record has never actually been distributed till now. Monaural 12", $4.95.

McLuhan, Marshall, et al, *Verbi-Voco-Visual Explorations.* The major statement by McLuhan on the arts, in his surprisingly clear, lucid and "linear" style. 138 pages, illustrated, 6 x 9¼. $6.95 clothbound, $2.95 paperback.

Meltzer, R., *The Aesthetics of Rock.* A kaleidoscopic view of rock 'n' roll by an insider. 345 pages, illustrated, index, 5⅜ x 8. $6.95 clothbound, $3.95 paperback.

Spoerri, Daniel, *An Anecdoted Topography of Chance,* tr. by Emmett Williams. An utterly original novel by the famous collagist, applying his art techniques to literature. Readable and funny, it's the easiest *nouveau roman* to get into. 230 pages, 107 illustrations (by Topor), index, 5½ x 8 1/16. $5.00 clothbound, $2.95 paperback.

Vostell, Wolf and Dick Higgins, ed., *Fantastic Architecture.* An anthology of architectural and spatial works and concepts, by artists of all disciplines. 192 pages, illustrated, 5¾ x 8. $6.95, clothbound.

Williams, Emmett, ed., *An Anthology of Concrete Poetry.* Th…nd most thorough collection to date. 342 pages, biographie…g-raphies of contributors, 6⅛ x 9¼. $10.00 clothbound, $3.…k.

Write for complete catalog.
Something Else Press, Inc.
Elm Street, Millerton, NY 12546

UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG LIBRARY
3 1888 007 998 587

$2.45

ISBN 0-87110-082-7 (PAPER EDITION)