And finally disbored to the rim thank gut, the pale=arses! / Moisstend themselves, toes daintilypropbackwaerard : NineNine again / evidently ignoring the polyclct emotions itching thru Us), / At most alla off=You-us : *Don't You wonne take a swim?*! (plus *Do chase 'er, Duchessa). / For the crow lives 9 times longer than a human being; (saith Hesiod) : meaning

9 humans equal 1 crow;
4 crows equal 1 stag;
3 stags equal 1 raven;
9 ravens equal 1 phoenix;
10 fay=nixies equal 1 nymph;”

Err=gô, (as the quarta=quinta=mathematinx on Channel iii would put it), the average age of 1 nymph totals up to : 291 thousand : six hundred : ye=ears! –). / (And wayed off from Us yet farther yardwise.) In the coarsa gawking after them) : *Have*Y ever actually considered exactly why is He had this=or that fav’rite book?* / —

»Nope why should I?« (he said, gratuitously licking lips; then)

»First I’m not gettin’ paid for it. And it’d be pretty unpindownable too — wouldn’t it?* / »Wellpaul. – Look here: He knew scott in’n’out acourse. After all He Faults Redgauntlet Monastery Pirate Saint=Ronans=Well; praises others — *what’s His fav’rite piece?* / : »Oththât’s What Y’mean,« he said : »Lucia Di Lammermoor? Yes, but there can be allsorts reasons for that —. / (Justso=justso. And so ask it in another way) : «Given the hole scottian œuvre would You likewise ‘ve pickt this=one pickticular piece?*. / (He purs’d (for maybe 5 sec) his lips —) »Nah,* (he then said) : »it’s really a pretty insipid novelette, isn’t it? There’s a good dozen others I’d give pref’rants to, like: Antiquary; Heart of Midlothian; Old Morality; Montrose; Redgauntlet; Rob Roy; Woodstock; why even Nigel and St. Ronan’s Well. Not that — (on the spurra the moment) — I’d be able to tell You in e’rey case just *what* the basis of my *bindings* mite be. / (First I’ll allow for a refined word like *bindings* at most only in connexion with skiing; and then) : HERDER puts it, in the cited source, about like this:

»Every poem, particularly a very-large poem, is a work of the soul & of life itself, is a dangerous traitor to its originator, often where the latter least believed himself to be betrayed. Not only does one see in it, (as the rabble cries), the man’s poetical talents; one also sees: What the thoughts & tendencies are that rule him? How does He receive images & by what paths?; how does he arrange & structure both them & the chaos of his impressions? The dearest chords of his heart, as often as the blows of fate to his very life: his manly or childish reason, the props of his thinking & his memory — but I may have indeed said much too much for our critics of art, who have never dreamt of such things in all their lives. To be sure, not every dunghy soul is worth such study; indeed one has no need of the impressions that one such dunghy soul may leave behind, whether in writing or in deeds. Where it is worth the effort, such lively reading, such divination into the soul of the originator, is the most true reading & the profoundest method of education. It becomes a kind of enthusiasm, intimacy & friendship, which often proves most instructive & pleasant precisely where we do not immediately believe & feel it to be, and in reality characterizes that which one calls one’s

(whysre *Green Teeth: that’s what You’re missing!*

(Plan of site:

(and then that free-brochure via Rohnbaum Road b’ides)

(Everyword for itself, code for us all)

(vapidly at times)

(The novel appeared in 1819; the DONIzETI=opera in 35)

(‘written in a fortnightly’ by the by; according to scott’s own account)

(‘Idealist with a Double Life…’)

(We were delighted, however, to find her (= ANNA CORA MOWATT) announced as Lucy in *The Bride of Lammermoor*: for our remembrances of this opera were connected only with the music of Bellini and the glowing romance of Scott; if, in all the literature of fiction, there is a character for which Mrs. Mowatt is peculiarly adapted, it is LUCY Ashton! … In the utterance of the truly generous — of the really noble — of the unaffected pussey’o’ate — we see her bosom heave — her cheek grow pale — her limbs tremble — her chiselled lip quiver — and Nature’s own tear rush impetuously to the eye … this well of deep feeling … the mere instrument, by witch it could be effectually & unimpededly laid bare to the audience the movements of her own pious heart. / Feeling this — being well assured, … that her forte lay in the depiction of piousness … we were delighted, when we saw her announced for LUCY Ashton — Butte alass! it was Scott’s Lucy, and not the opera Lucy of which we dreamed. The play, as we saw it on Tuesday, is miserably in-effective; and no remembrance of that moist piousse & romantic of novels. … but the actress lost no opportunity — the wild shriek at the sudden entrance of EDGAR (sic!) would have done honor to anyone!* (iiii, 189 ff.)

((& just now, over there, Francesca, deftly & merrily, threw Herself lengthwise across the hole-book : (And without looking this way, never kept her eye off Me !—)). (Line of spine aslant across meadow green, Woods

(a distant : Lammâ=moo=moo=?…)

The most pure, perfect & radiant gem of fictitious literature! *tov, 283

in the review of Cooper’s *Wyan-dotta* mention is made of Dominie Sampson in *Guy Mannering*)

(pale=faces;)

the little ones: *They* indeed know better! / To wit: *and Beauty draws Us by a single hair — capillary attraction*, of course.* (iii.486)