

now unhinged by all of this and seemingly dement, begins to squawk, "shut tat!", laments, "elementata, tata! Phantasmata! Tata!" Allbutready now, first afix the cabala, dust off the cornucopia of fallen malenviolent angels, set places here. Ten plates of the Sephyr china, seven cups, wha? Three unaccounted left? (Mustmeantheholynumberthree!) Then seven planetary places, set. Toth! (Tolunchatwonderlandmadhatterpartysoon?) Oy yes! Forgot. Clay demiurge and all his seven working parts are puppet strung and hung upon rafter, and ducky decoy is places inwindow perch for all pigeons to a tempt, his sinister smile after all a smirk. Wagner's wig is perched on chair, powdered, and since Victrola ringaround is malefunted, a hum will do. Opera? Allready now.

LIBRETTO:

Neoplat! Aglaop! The picturebook is opened, turned, the guests prepared. Aethervane is wound to work upon a gust. The lion head plops seated so; sword hand sits left and next, Virgin Venarian, hair free upon the stage, brought apple, flowers, all. Thank you and please be, sit. Crowface afoot is placed in a corner, on a box, all by himself; and Miss Ping Po, the dragon lady serpent-toothed and looney as any, is given book to read. Cocky Quicksilver is second last, and life of the party Sol begins to smoke rings around. All seated some conjunct, deacons preside. Archangels standby. The famous recipe is looked up everywhere, and now, mens one tablespoon, spiritus one teaspoon, materia two gallons. A luminous stir of a shtick issuing from the nous. The conversation wobbles

(ABSOLUTE KEY)