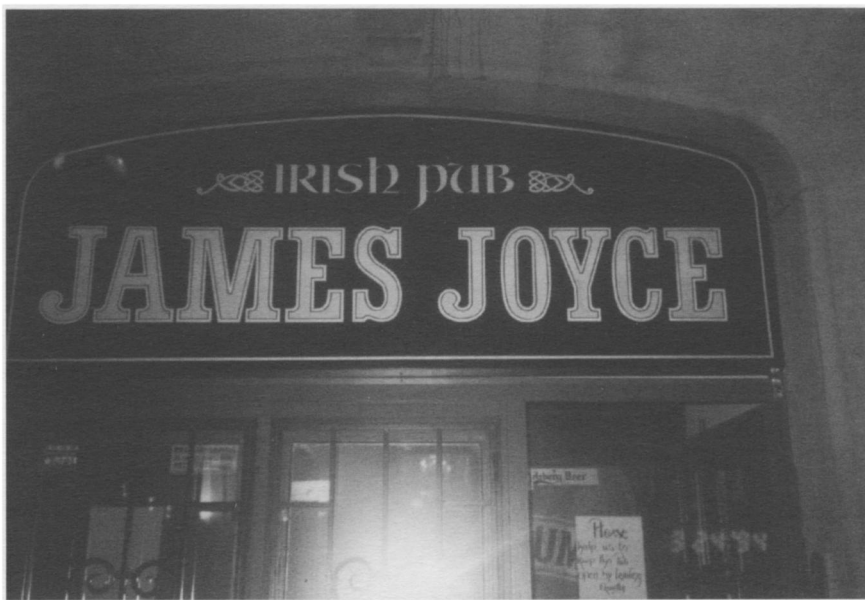


JAMES JOYCE IRISH PUB



Joyce had had enuf of Dubl/ein after all there was no rhum for werks of hiz kin(d) in ire land of a whirld win of protesting not catholic taste and what is a poor boy to do after waking Finnegans to thee question and what if fey the wants of one to do but hire Beckett he of little mouth to mouth to mouth the voice of the master maestro both and paint portraits of young men if fey can there be anythink else to do what poor boy Dubliner hero to Stephen whose sisters encounter araby and eveline after the race finds two gallants in the boarding house beneath a little cloud counterparts to clay a painfulcase on an ivy day in the committee room a mother begs grace for his soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last en uponall the living and the dead word war wonderful world of drink alchools bière Belgique and moocows to found a new romance an odyssey of other salutations salutary the Ulysses of Bruxelles sell who he is the he in Bruxelles ooh the drinks do not tamper with the word and can be appreciated without the finite loss of metaphor like the Andalusian girls under the Moorish wall to the whims of whores and whirls that wind there ways past the if fey and won't we have a merry time drinking whisky, beer, and wine at the James Joyce Irish Pub today.