



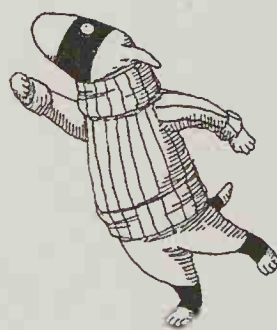
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Higher in Canada



This latest collection displays in glorious abundance the offbeat characters and droll humor of Edward Gorey. Figbash is acrobatic, topiaries are tragic, hippopotami are admonitory, and galoshes are remorseful in this celebration of a unique talent that never fails to delight, amuse, and confound.

*Amphigorey Again* contains previously uncollected work and two unpublished stories—"The Izzard Book," a quirky riff on the letter Z, and "La Malle Saignante," a bilingual homage to early French silent serial movies. Occasional sketches and unfinished panels illustrate an ironic and singular mind at work and serve as a fitting celebration of Edward Gorey's genius.



Boston Public Library











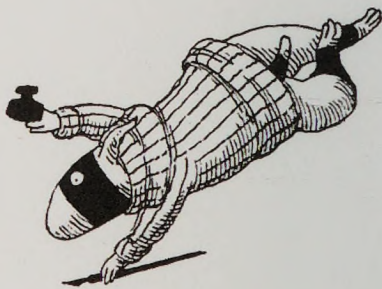
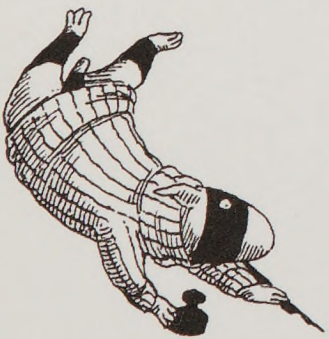
# AMPHIGOREY AGAIN



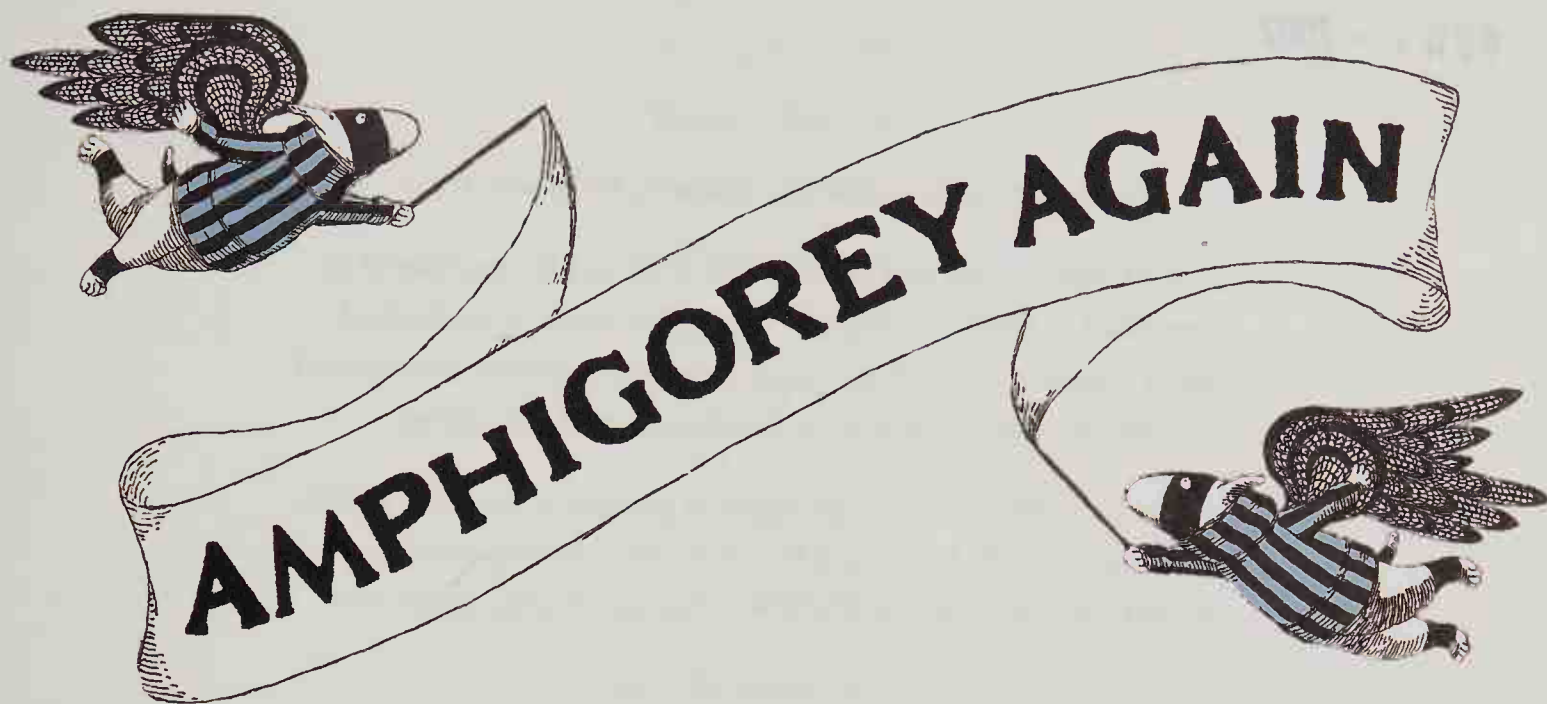
EDWARD GOREY



EDWARD GOREY







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FEB - - 2007

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First edition


A C E G I K J H F D B



In fond collaborative memory...

Addée Gorrwy  
Aedwyrð Goré  
Agowy Erderd  
D. Awdrey-Gore  
Deary Rewdgo  
Dedge Yarrow  
Dewda Yorger  
Dogear Wryde  
Dora Greydew  
Dreary Wodge  
Drew Dogyear  
E. G. Deadworry  
Edgar E. Wordy  
Eduard Blutig  
Edward Pig  
Garrod Weedy  
Gary Dredwoe  
Grey Redwood  
Groeda Weyrd  
O. Müde  
Ogdred Weary  
Om  
Orde Graydew  
Raddory Gewe  
Regera Dowdy  
Roger Addyew  
Roy Grewdead  
Wardore Edgy  
Waredo Dyrge  
Wee Graddory  
Ydora Wredge





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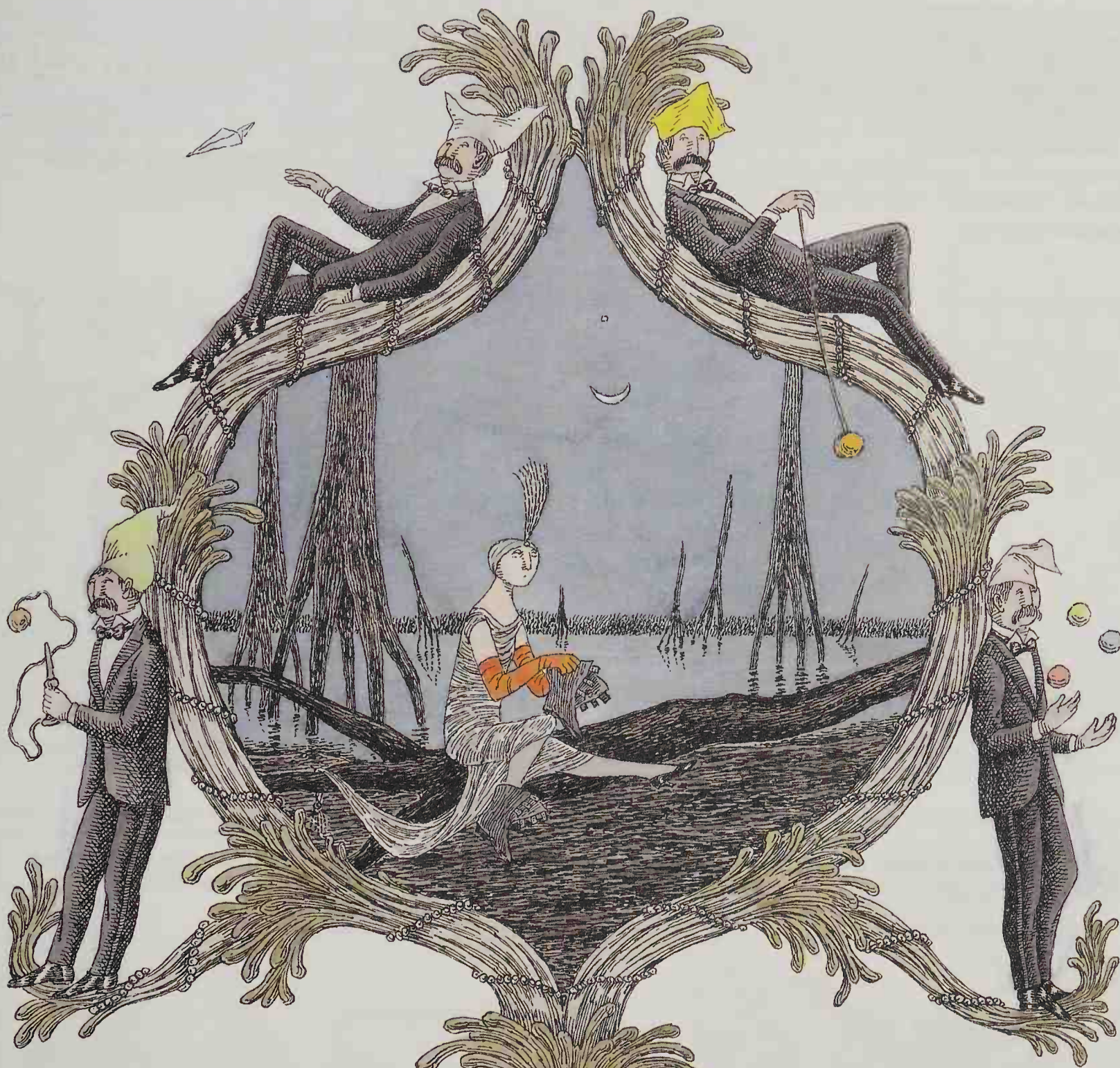
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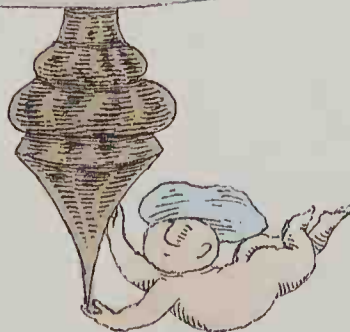
The Izzard Book







Frivolity, at the edge of a Moral Swamp,  
hears Hymn-Singing in the Distance  
and dons the Galoshes of Remorse.





# SIGNS OF SPRING

EDWARD GOREY

*In Central Park appearance of the first daffodil coincides with deepest snow of year*



*Disappearance of all spring and summer garments from the stores*



*In Soho lofts undreamt extensions of the frontiers of the Dance*

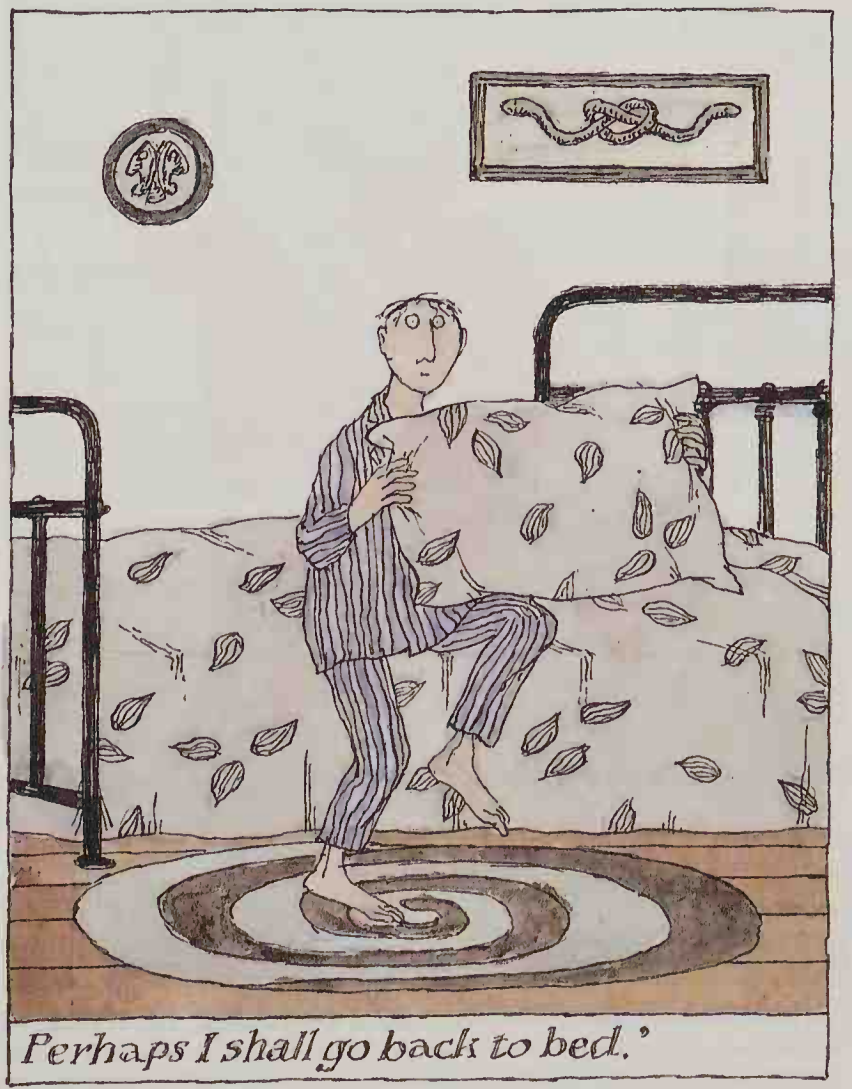
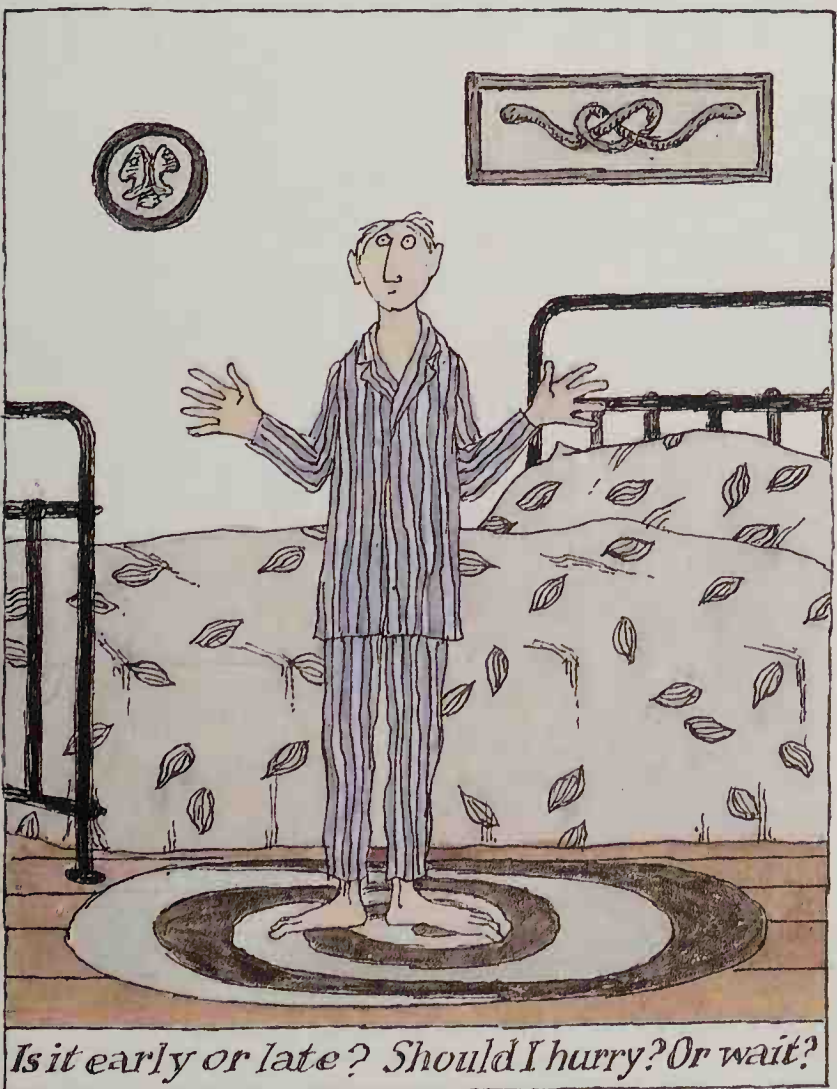
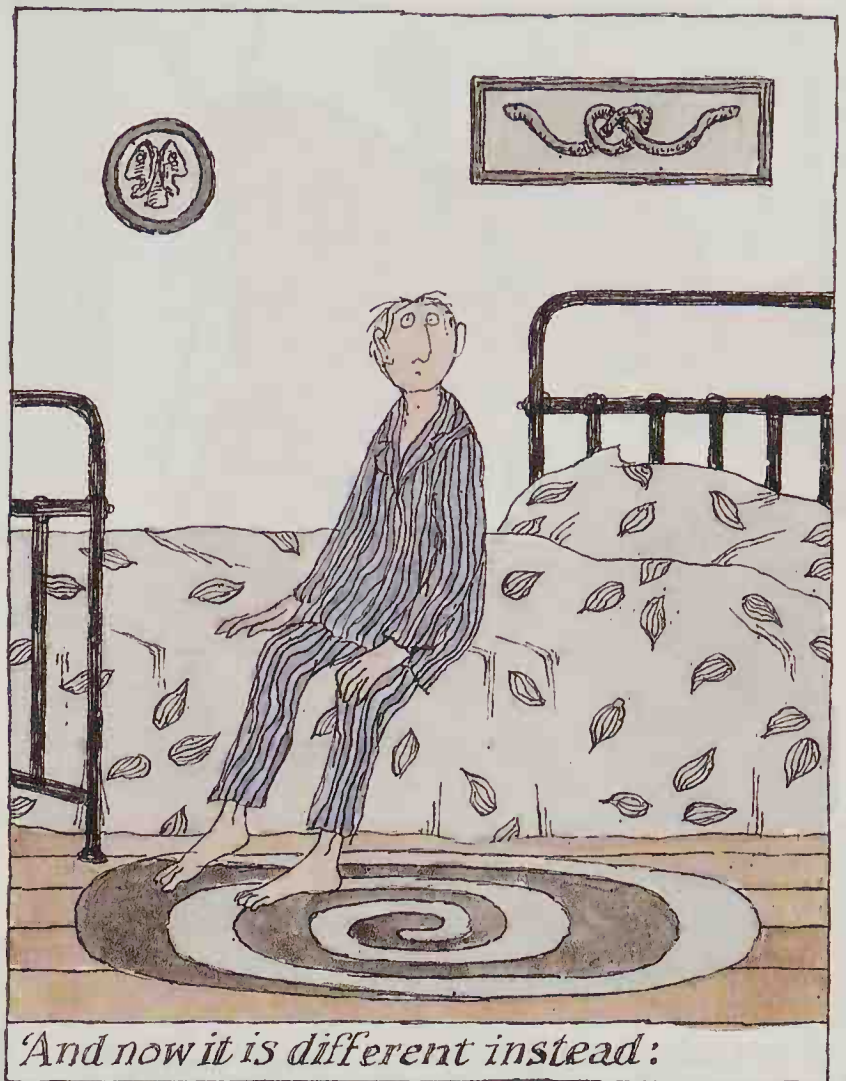


*Pedestrian peril in the Relentless Reaches of the Upper East and West Sides*

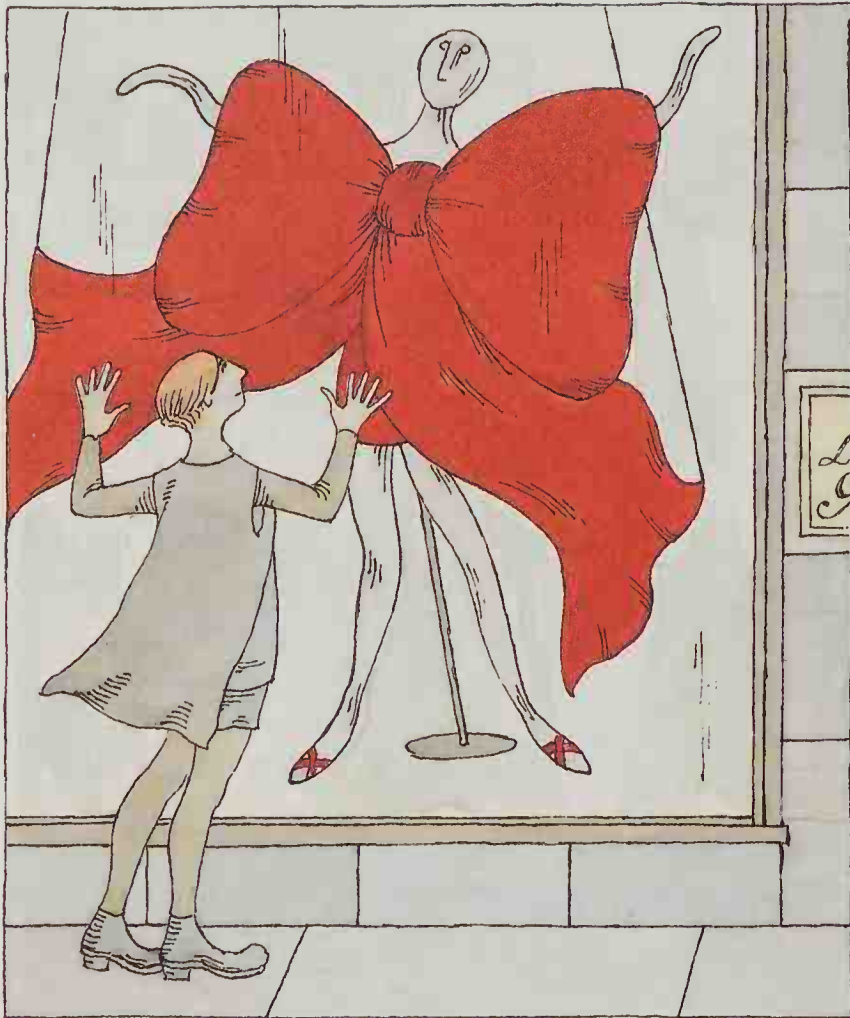




# SEASONAL CONFUSION







A trendy young woman named Jane



Spent a fortune on clothes — but in vain;



She'd make the mistake of refusing to take



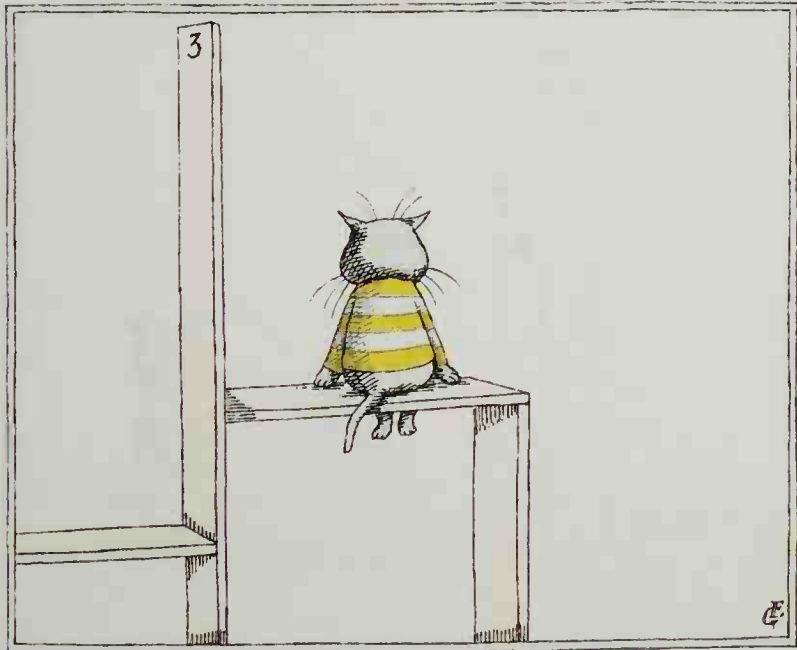
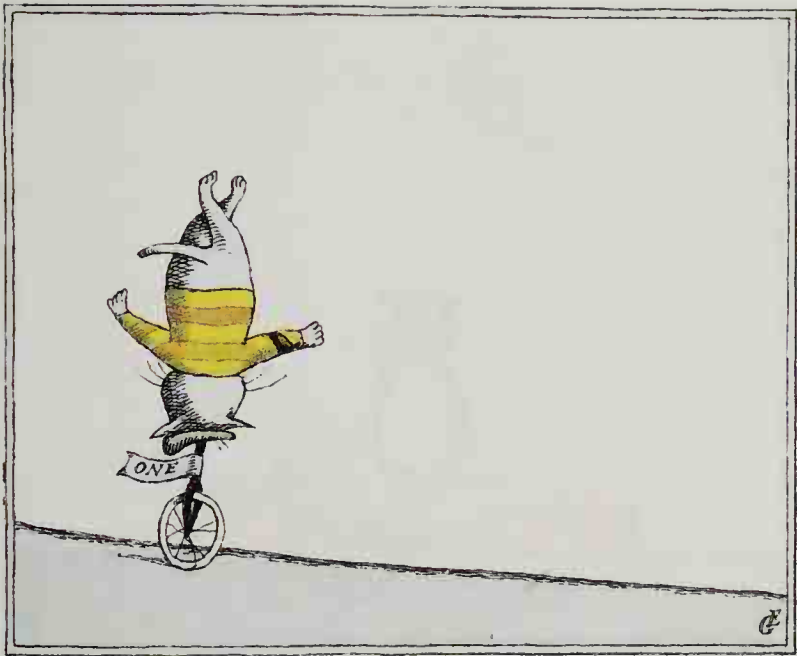
A cab when it started to rain.

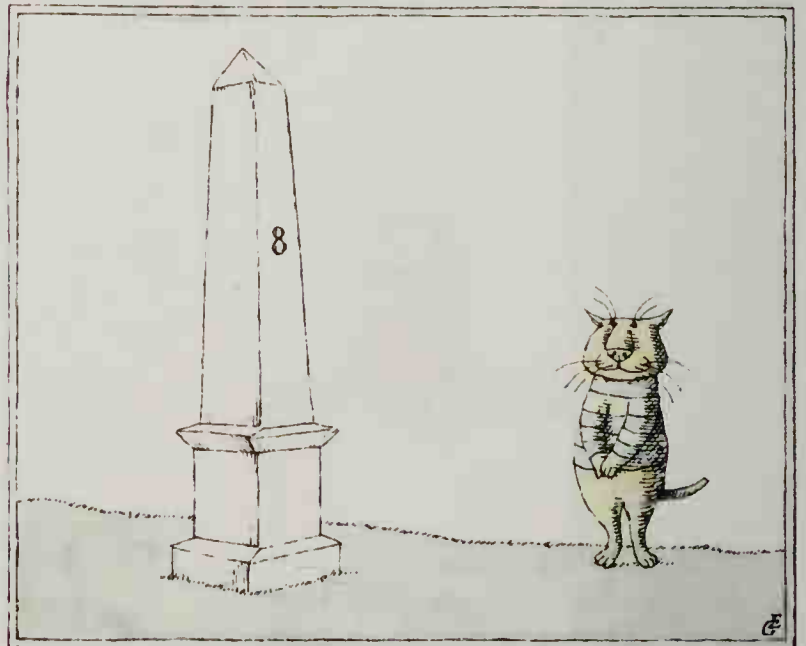
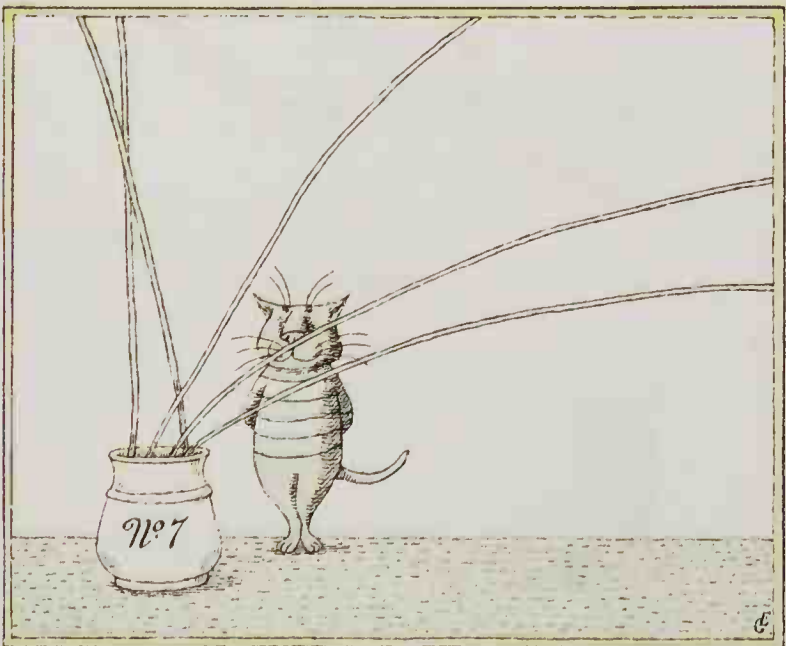
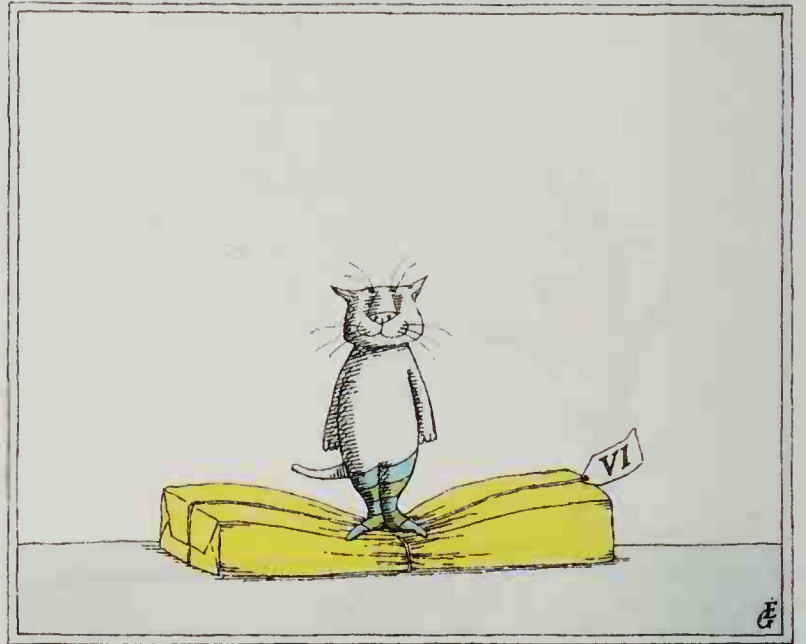
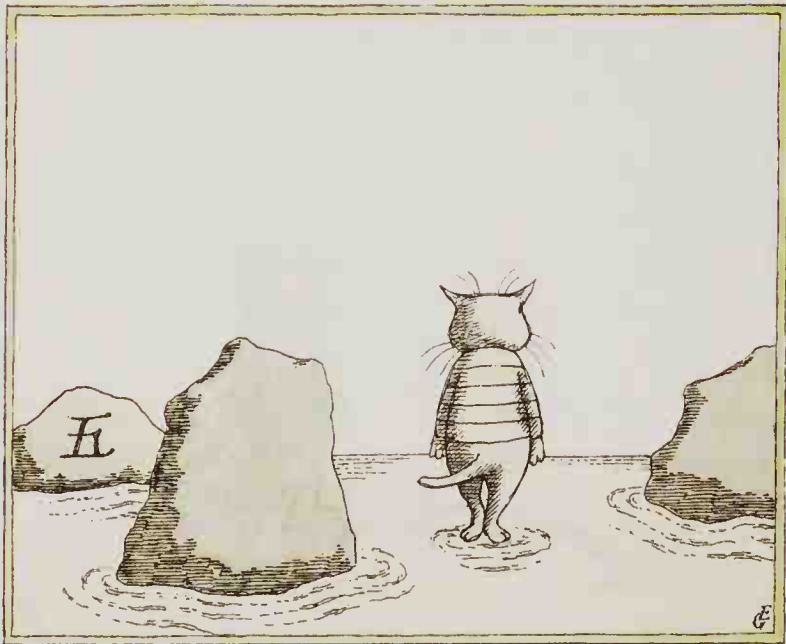




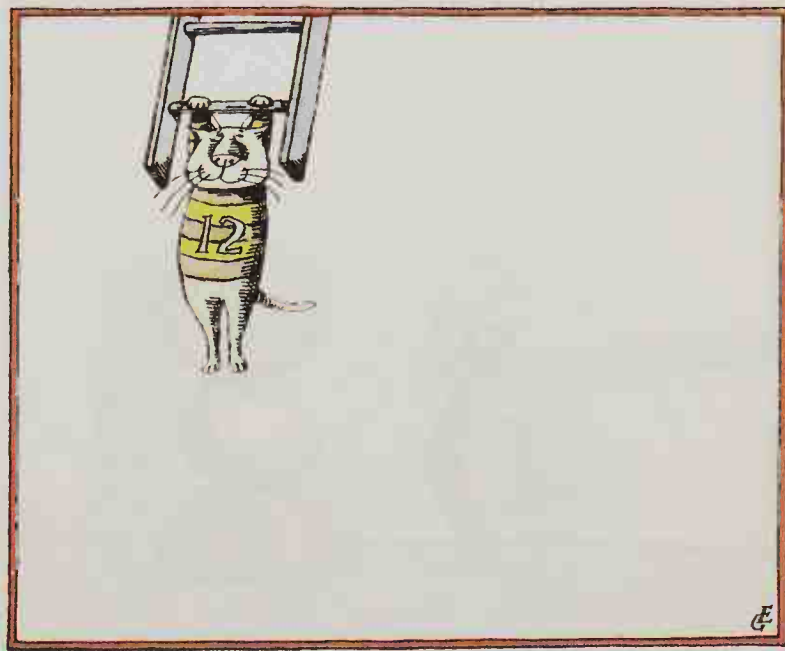
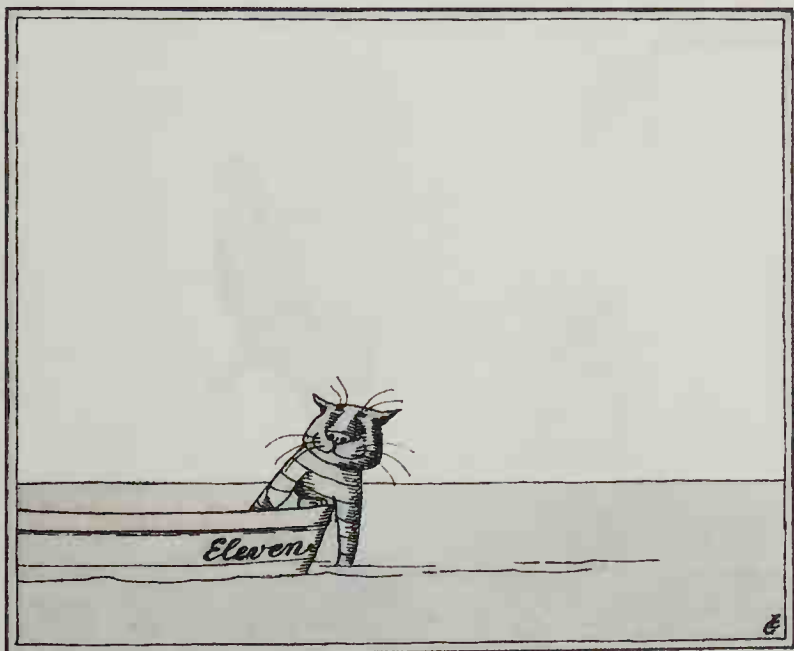
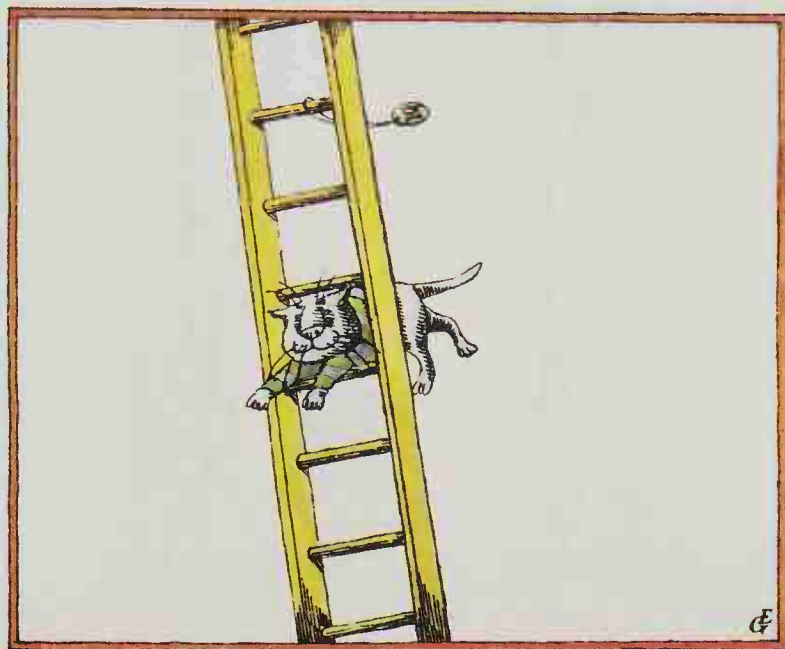
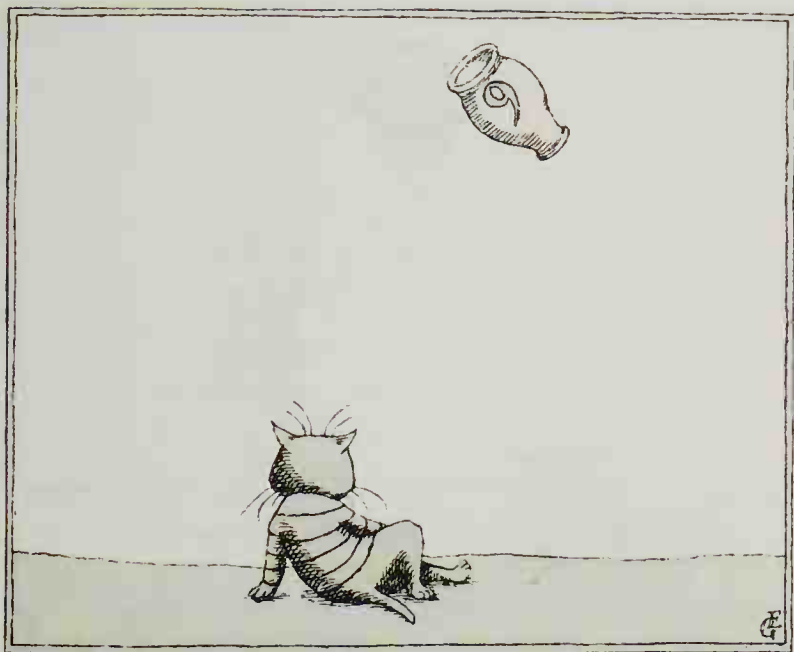


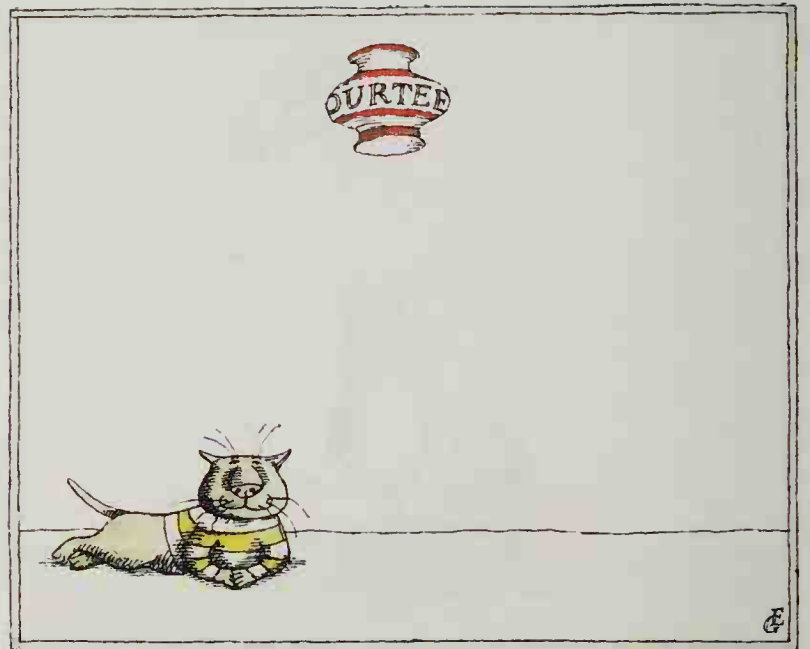




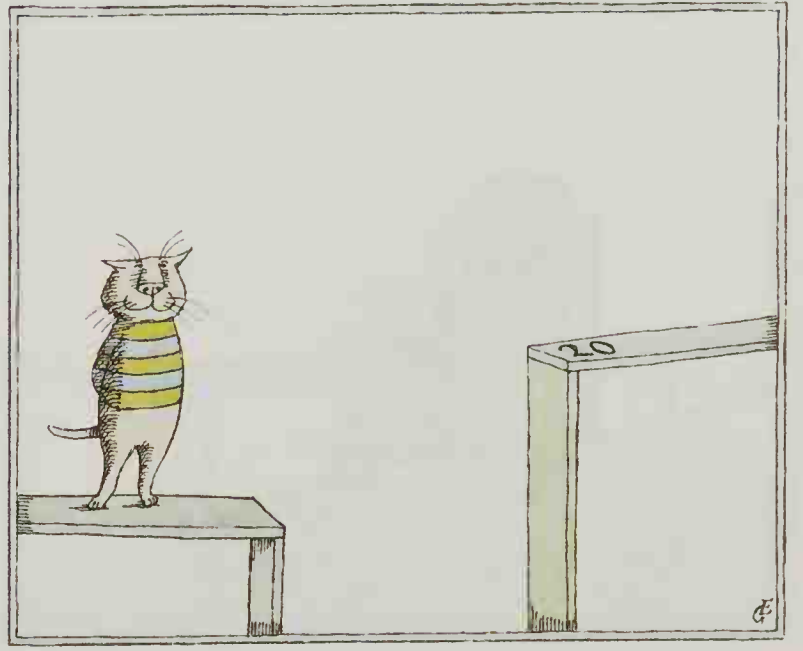
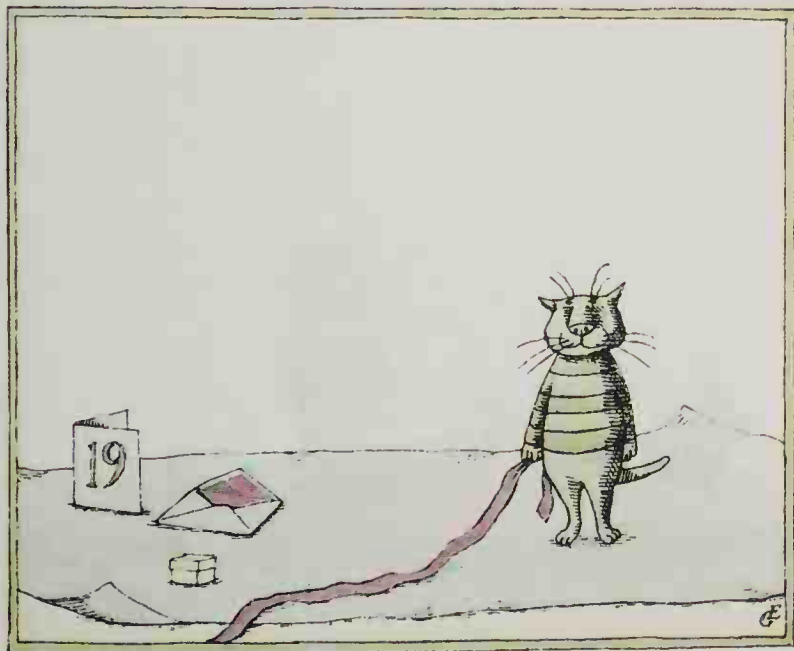
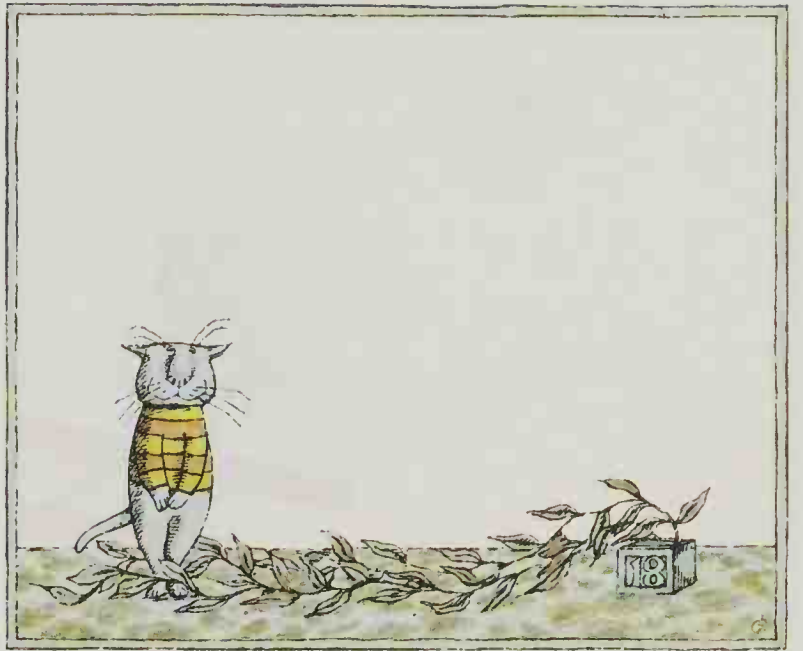
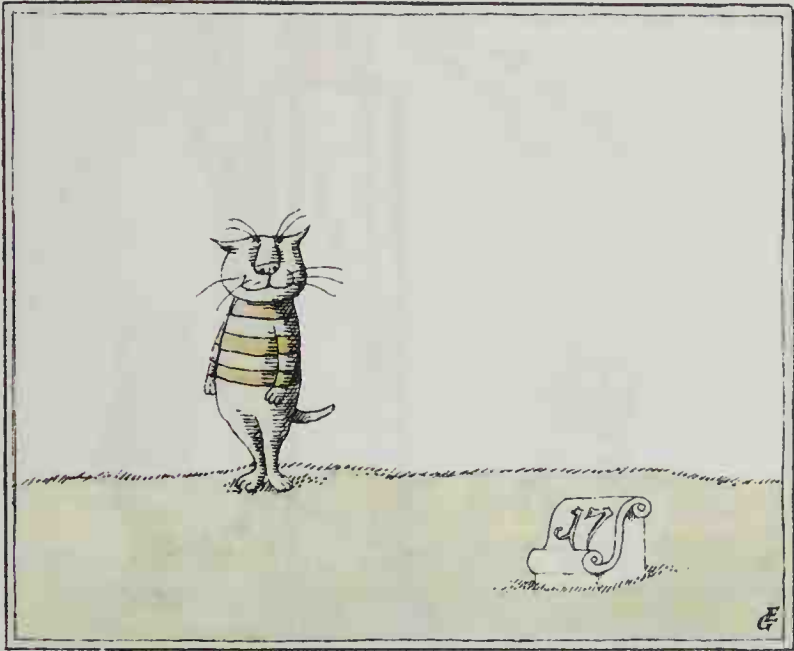


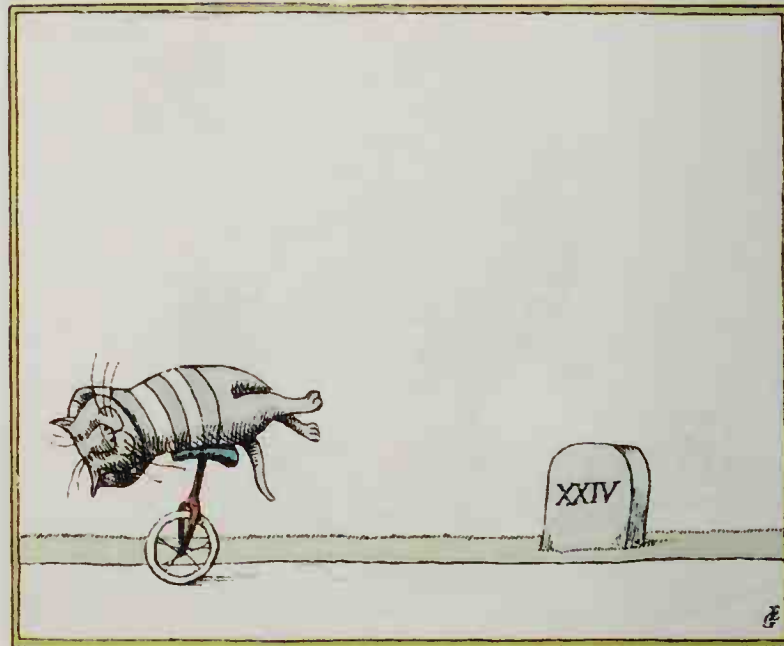
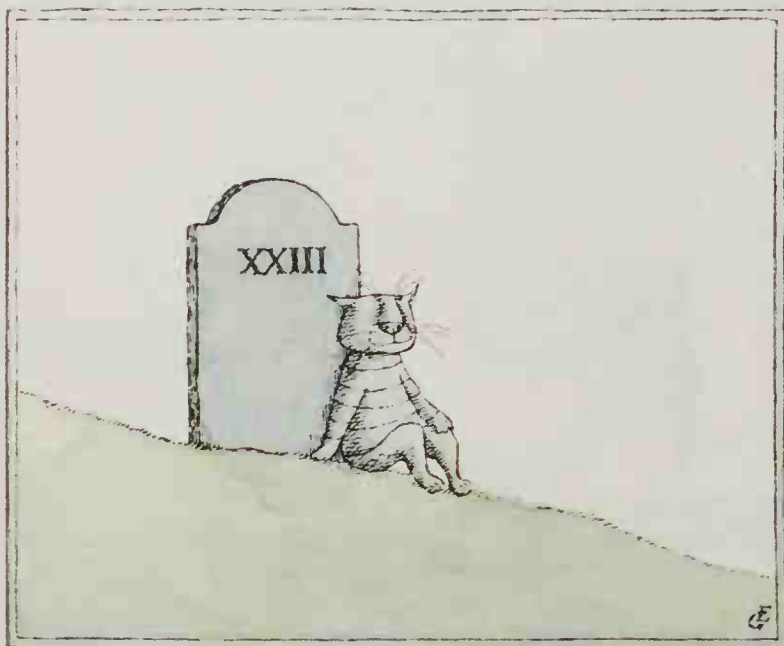
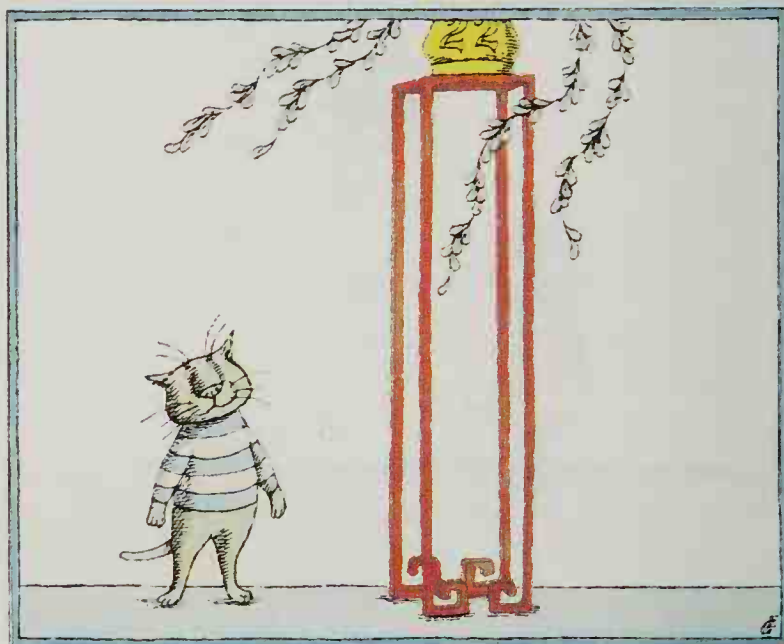




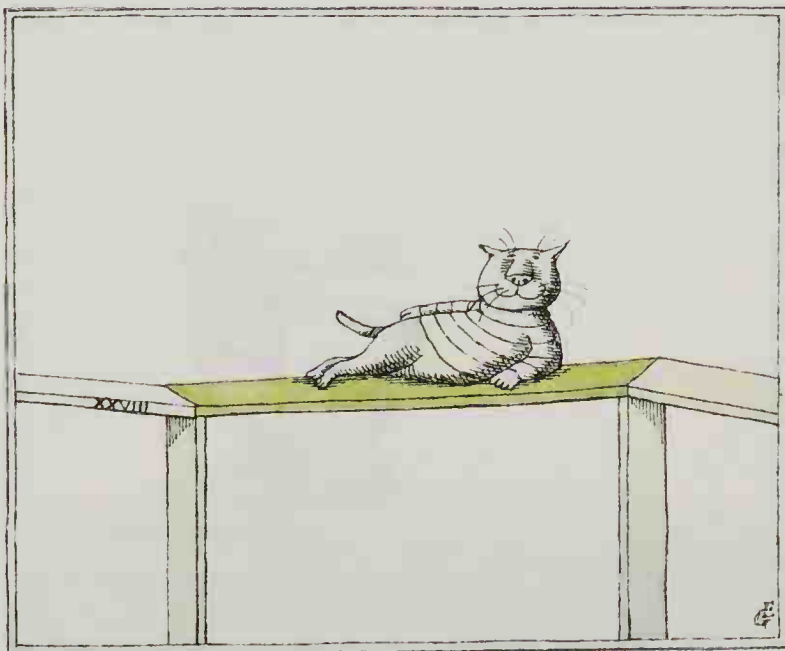
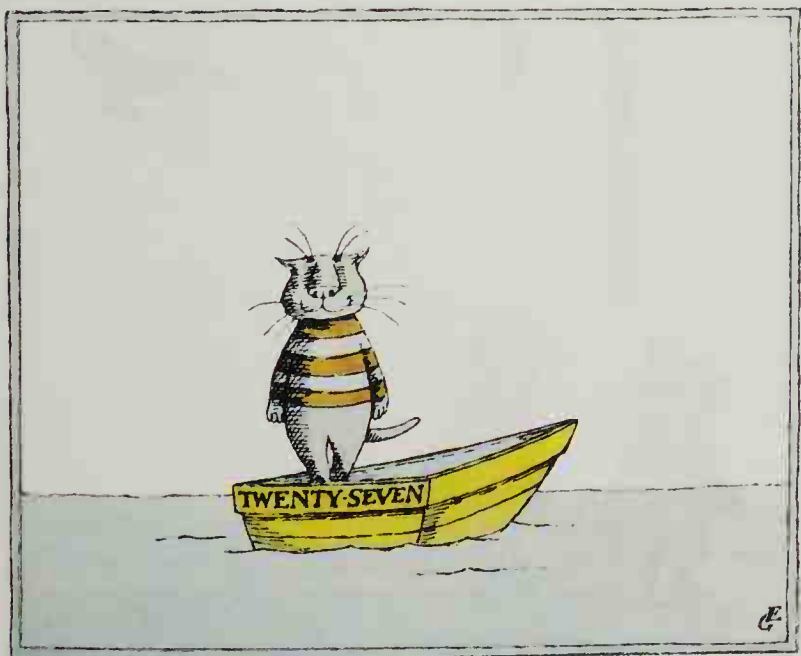


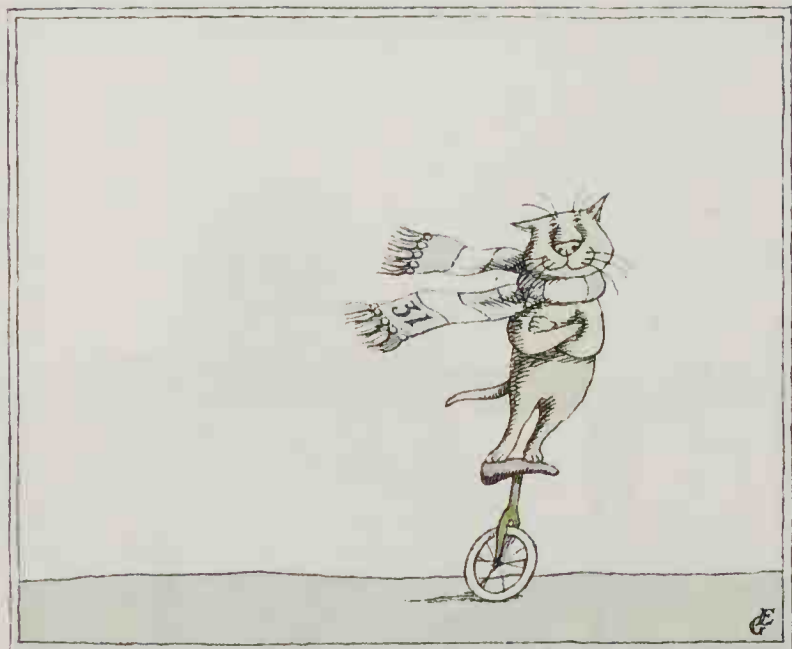
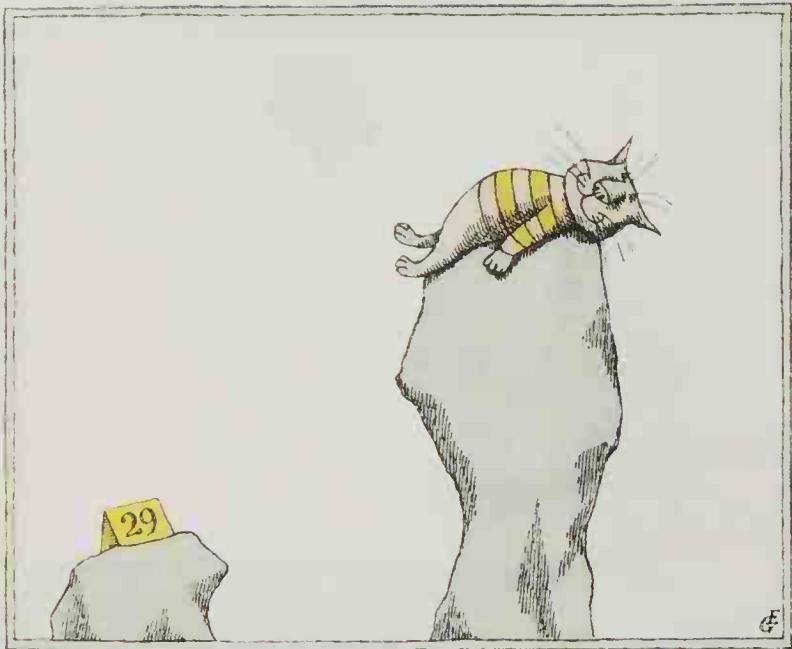




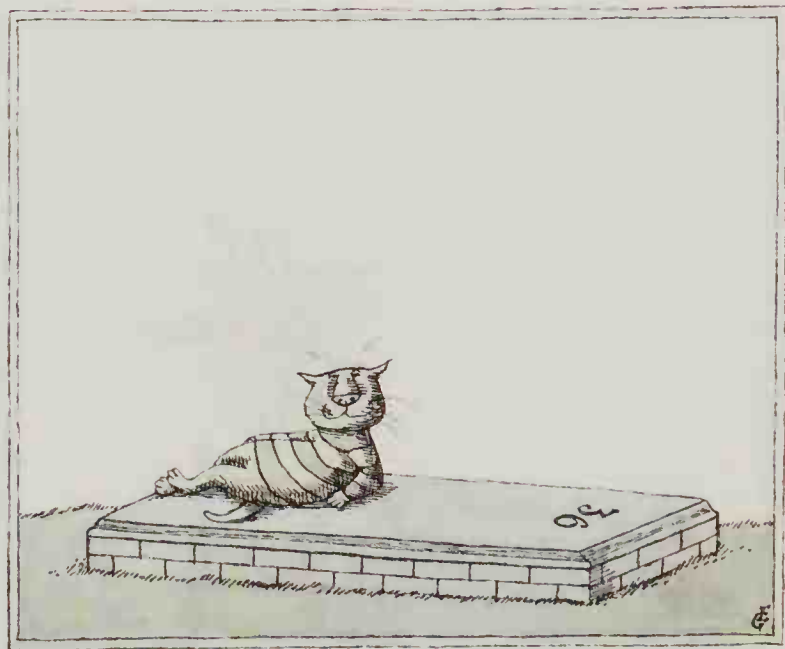
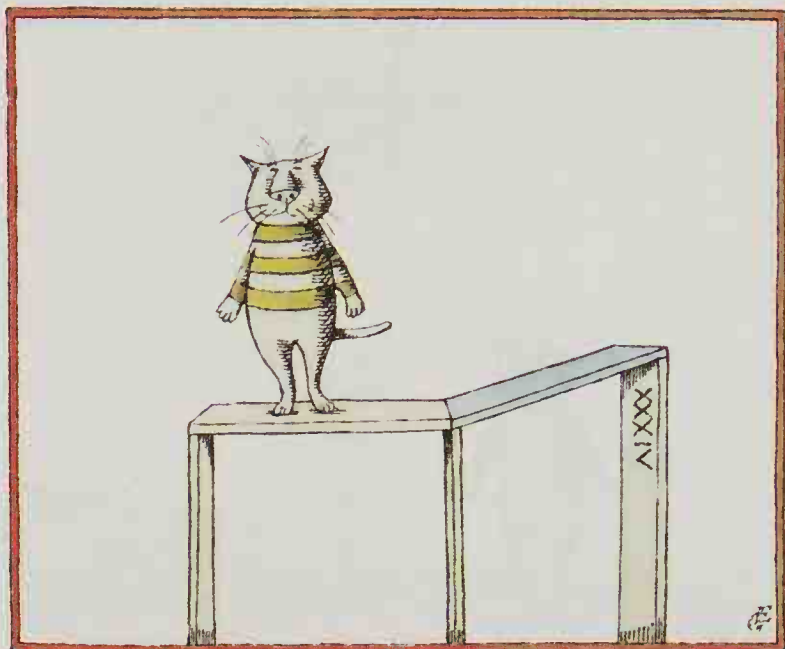
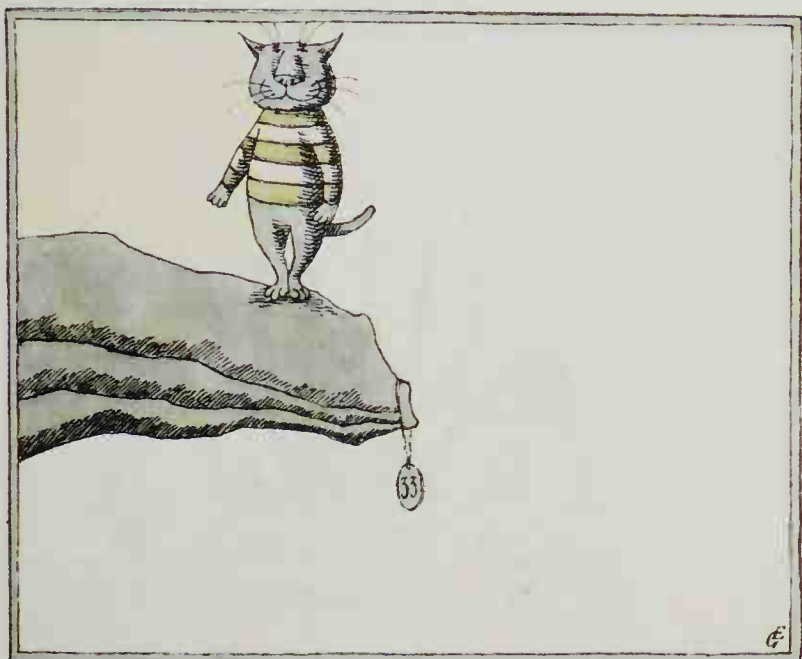


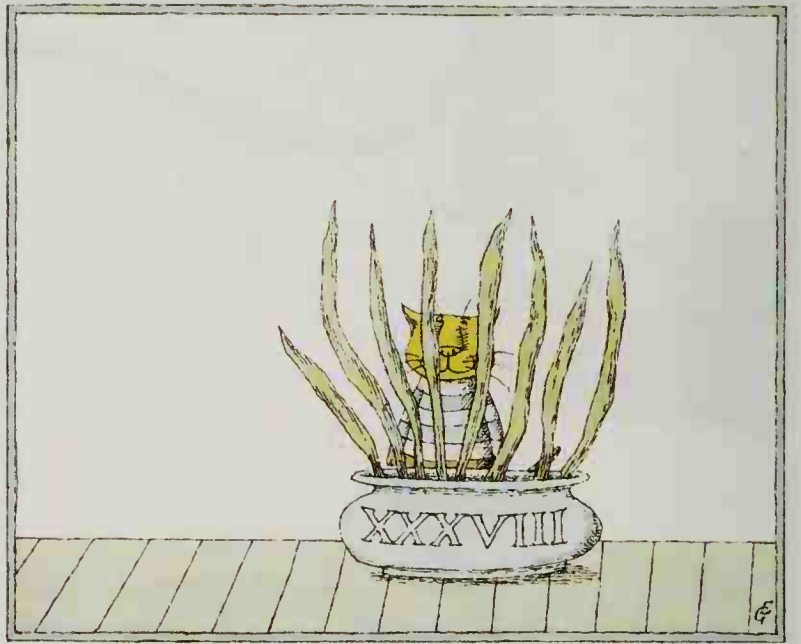
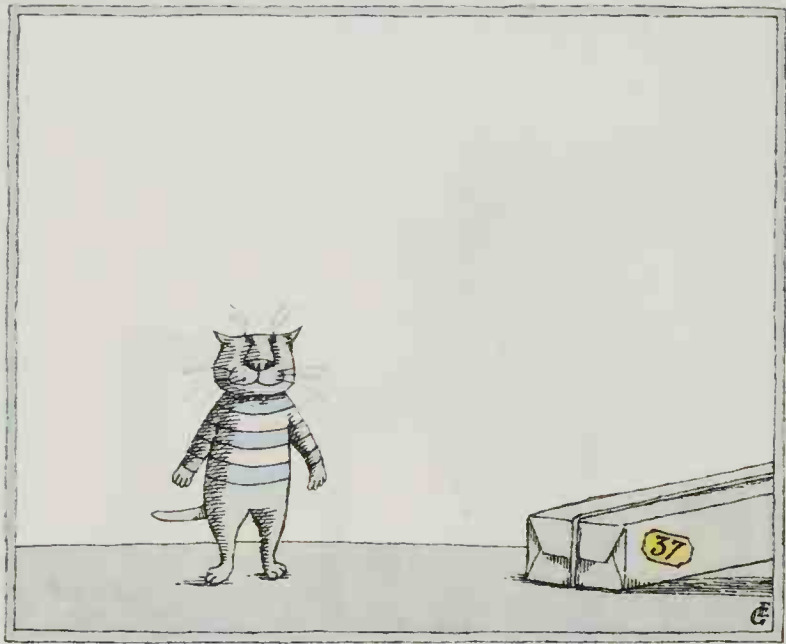




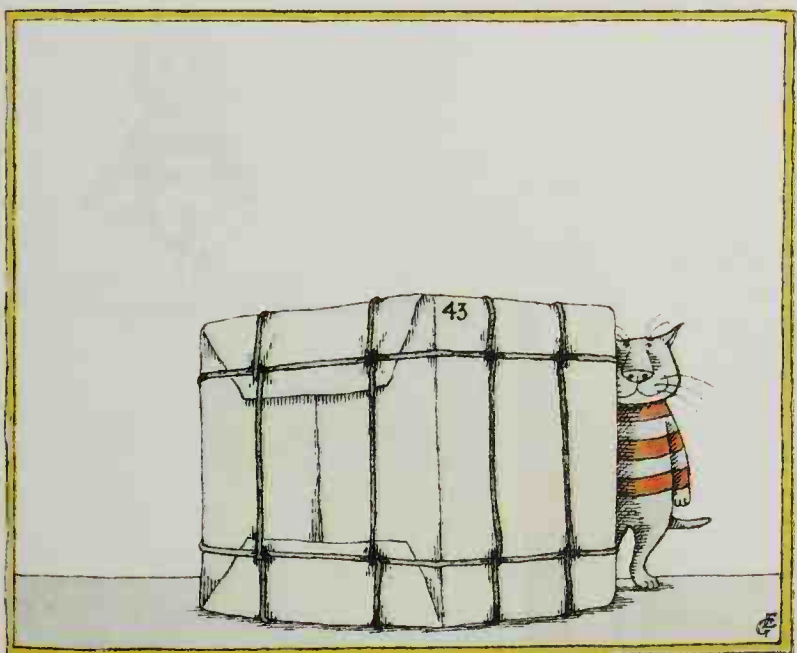


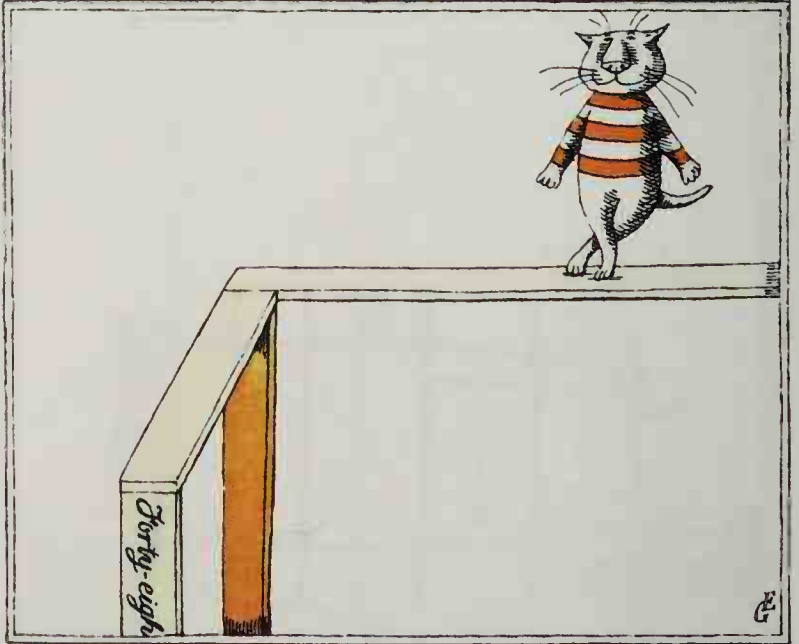




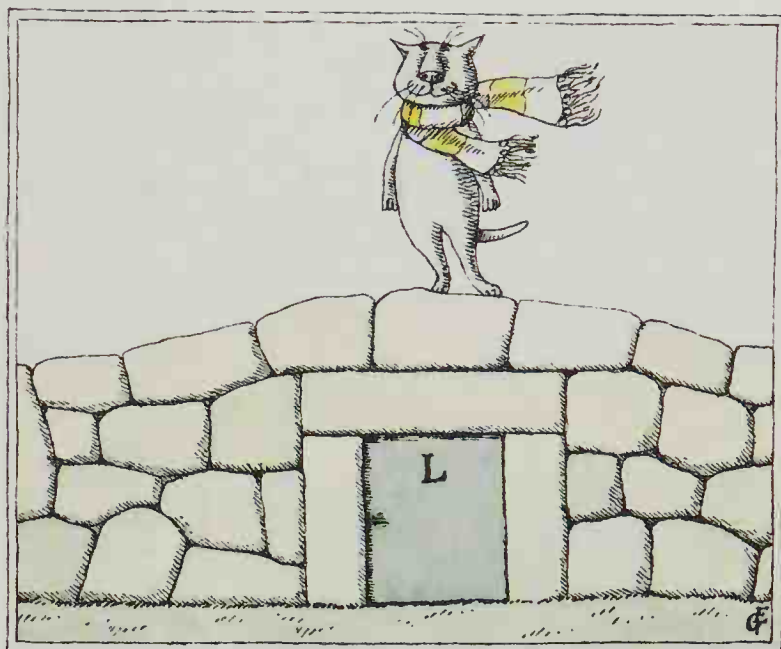


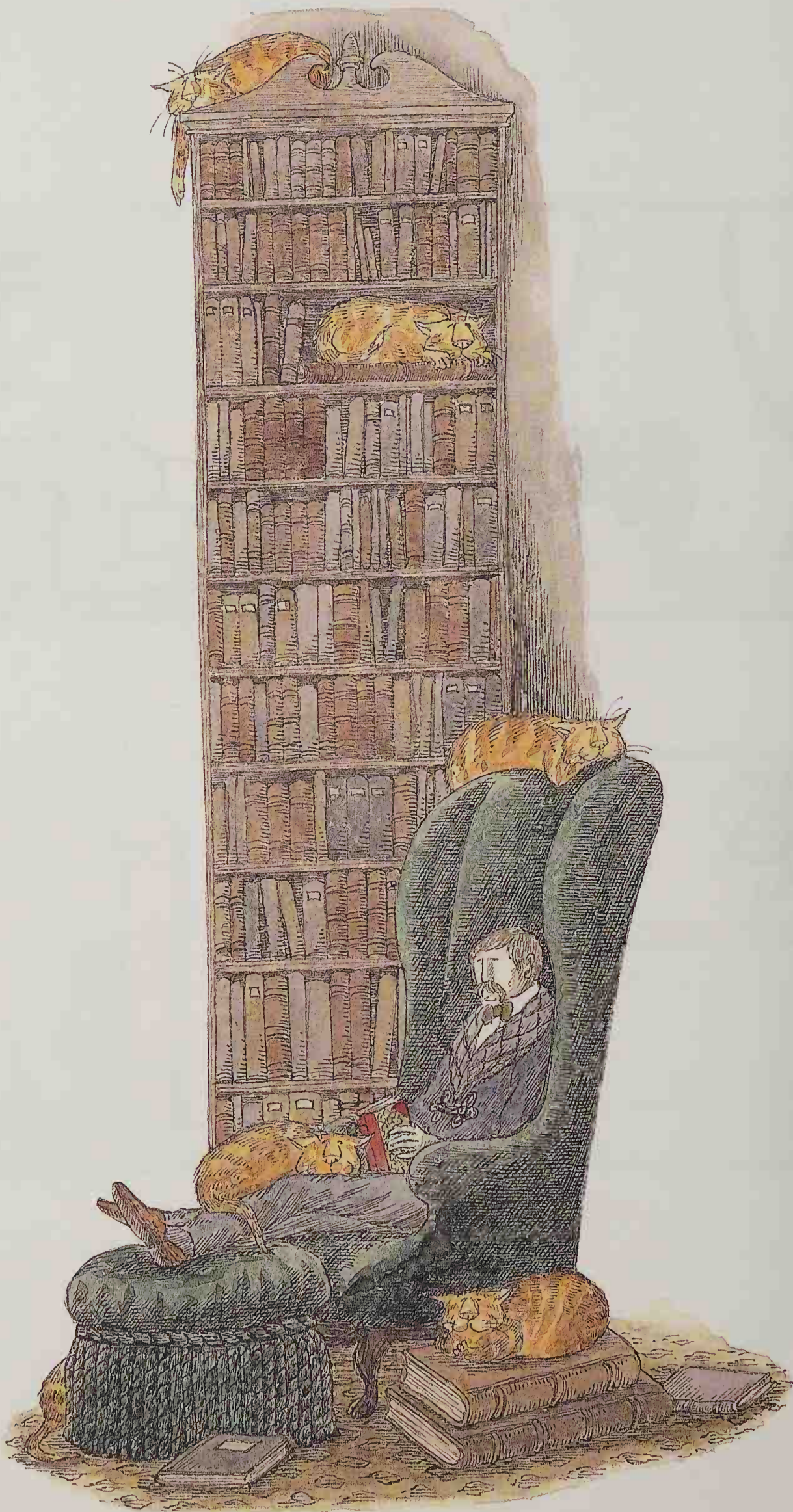




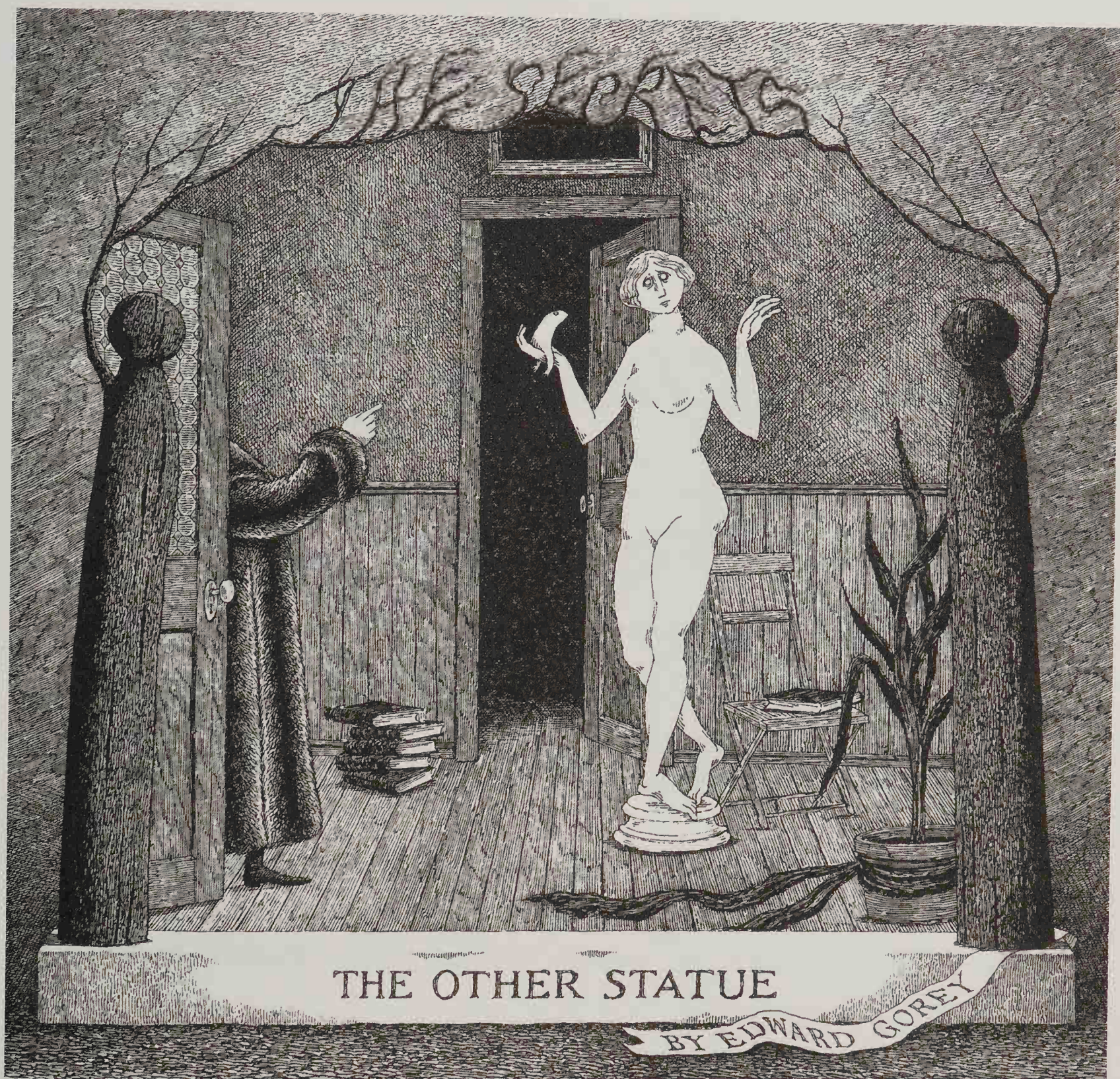




















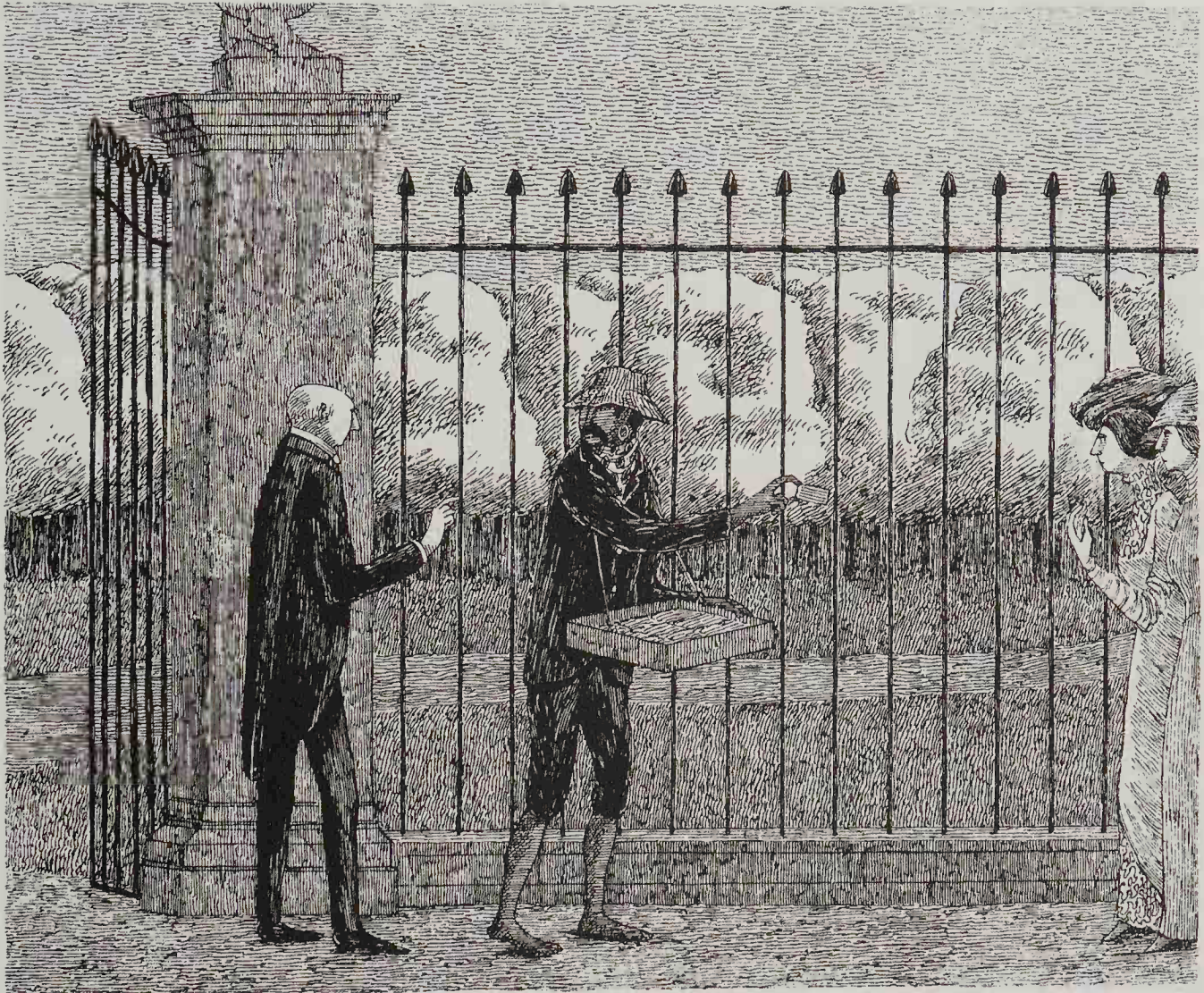
The autumn tints of 19— were at their most brilliant for the annual charity fête on the grounds of Backwater Hall in Mortshire.





After luncheon Miss Underfold, the governess, waited until the Earl of Thump and Lady Emily Lising were taking their naps before slipping away from the nursery.





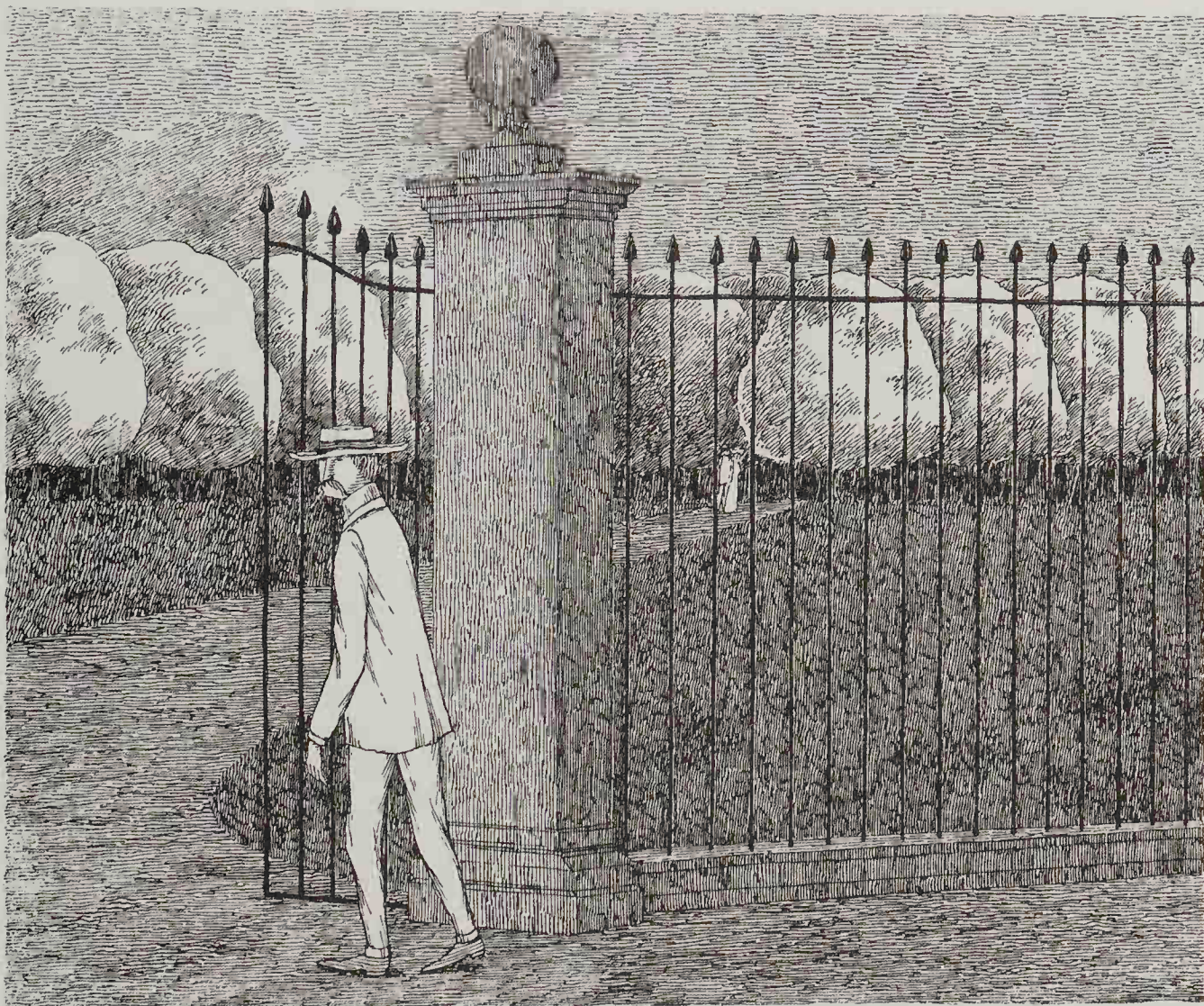
A gypsy selling Orphobismic Lozenges was told to remove himself by Fenks, the butler, as the first guests neared the gates.





Lady Flora, his elder daughter, discovered the Marquess of Wherewithal on the terrace, peering upwards.





The gypsy was nowhere to be seen by the time Horace Gollop turned into the drive.





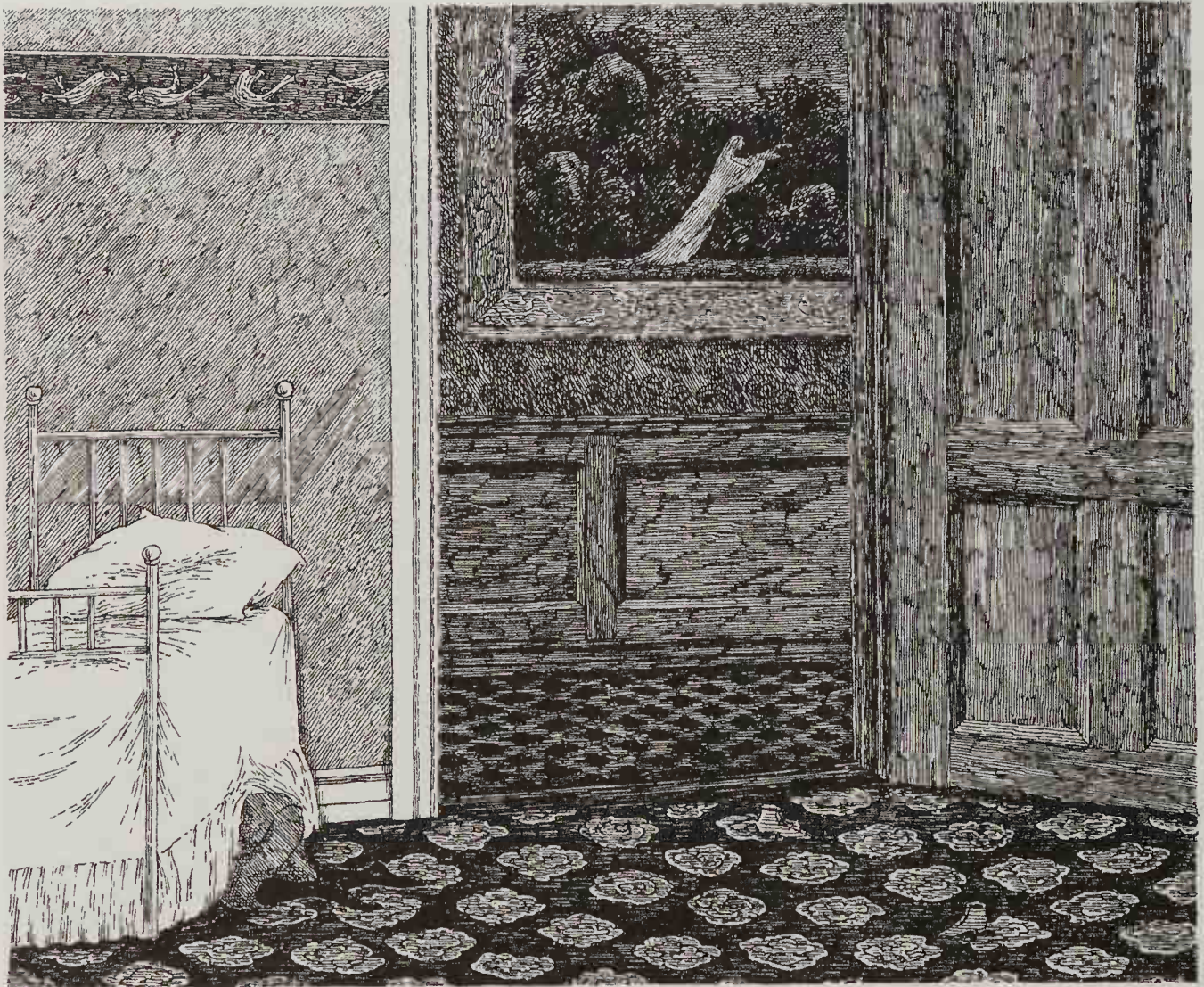
He was recognized at once by Lady Isobel Stringless, Lord Wherewithal's aunt, although they had last met seventeen years before on St Clot in the Maladroit Islands.





A clergyman staying at the Upturned Pig, the Rev. O. MacAblloo, wandered in a remote corner of the shrubbery.





Augustus woke up to find his stuffed twisby was missing.





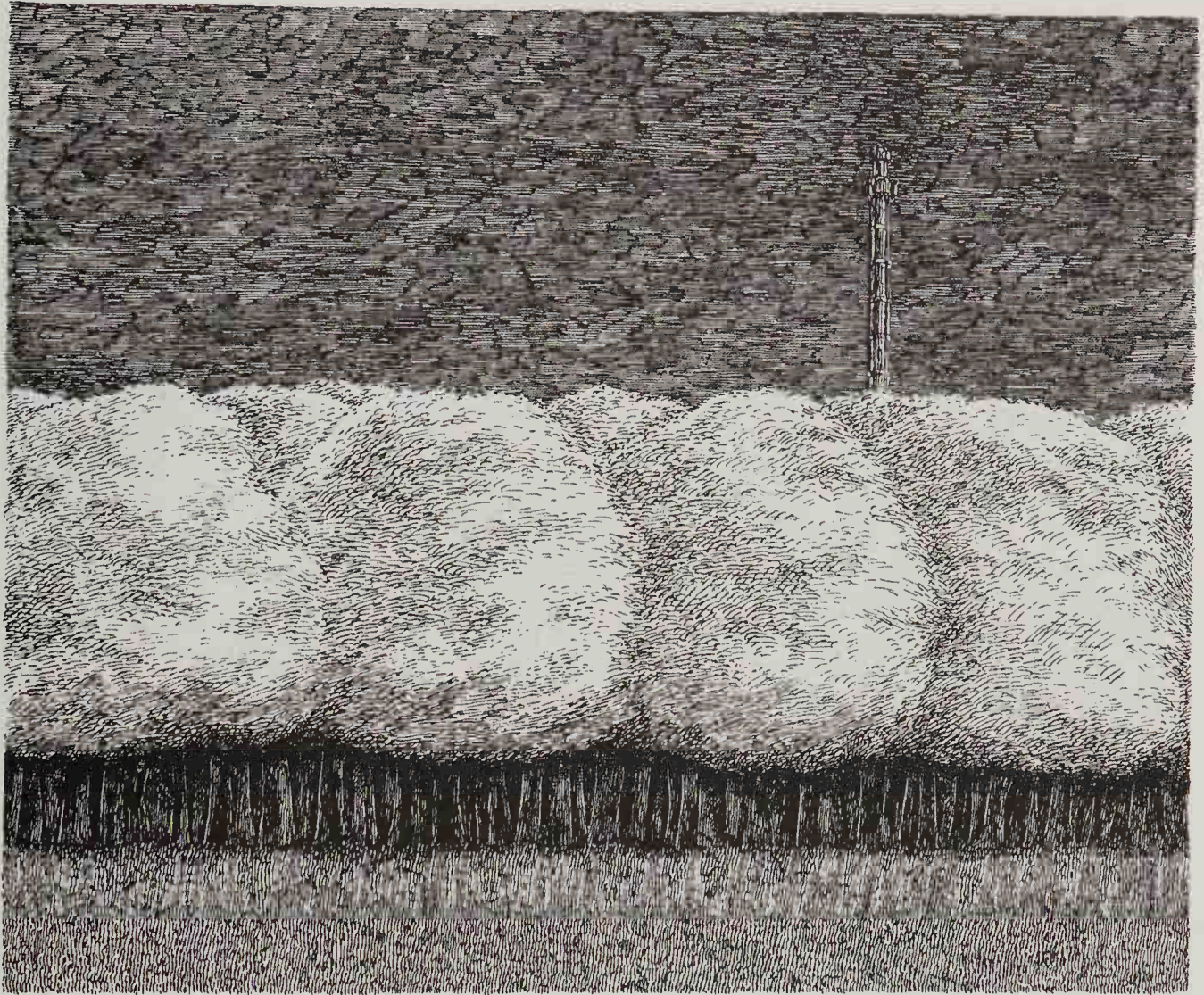
Something went wrong with Dr Maximilian Belgravius's motor on the far side of the village.





At the buffet Miss Quartermourning lost a slice of cucumber from her sandwich.





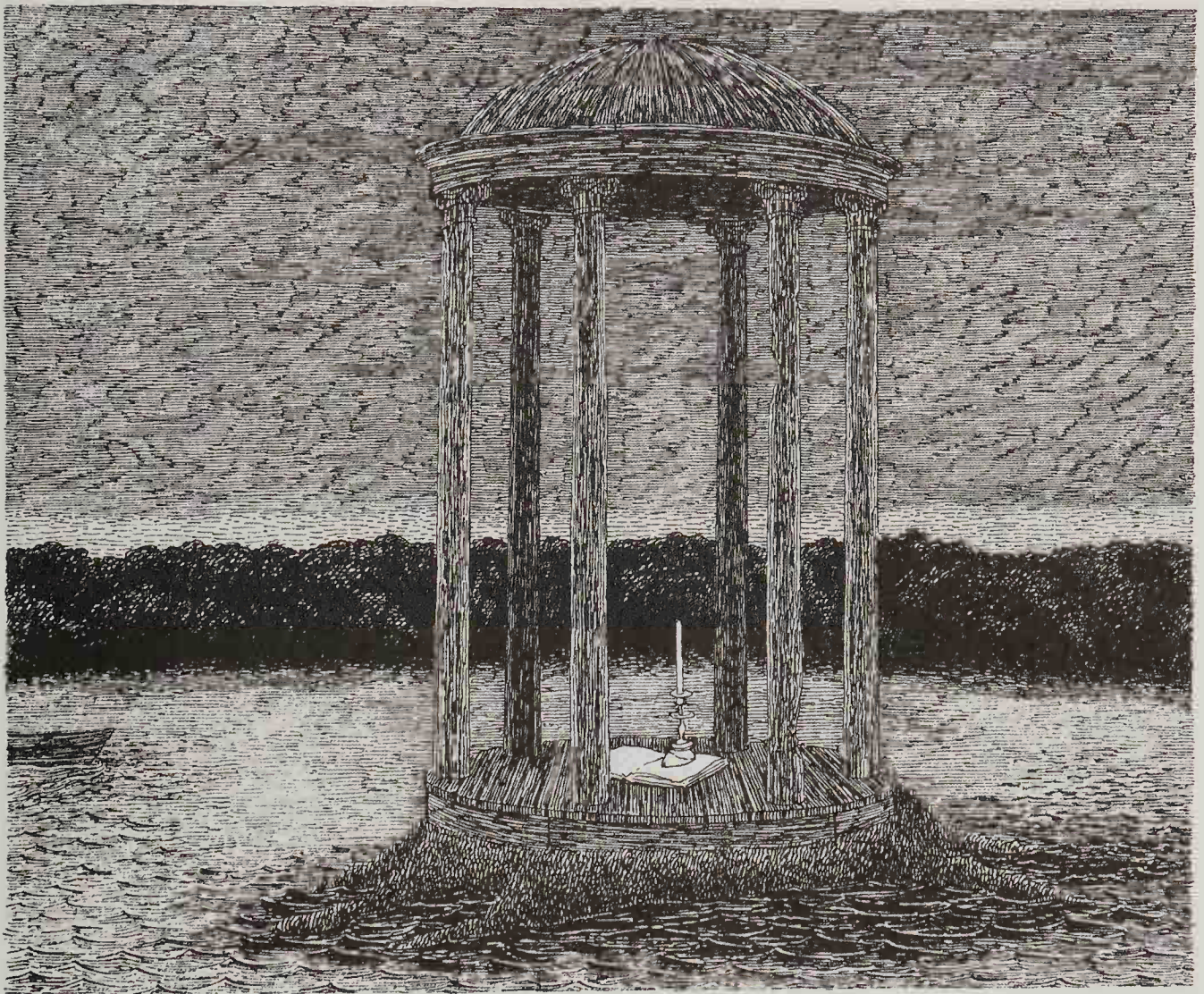
A sudden gust of wind came up from nowhere and rushed through the trees.





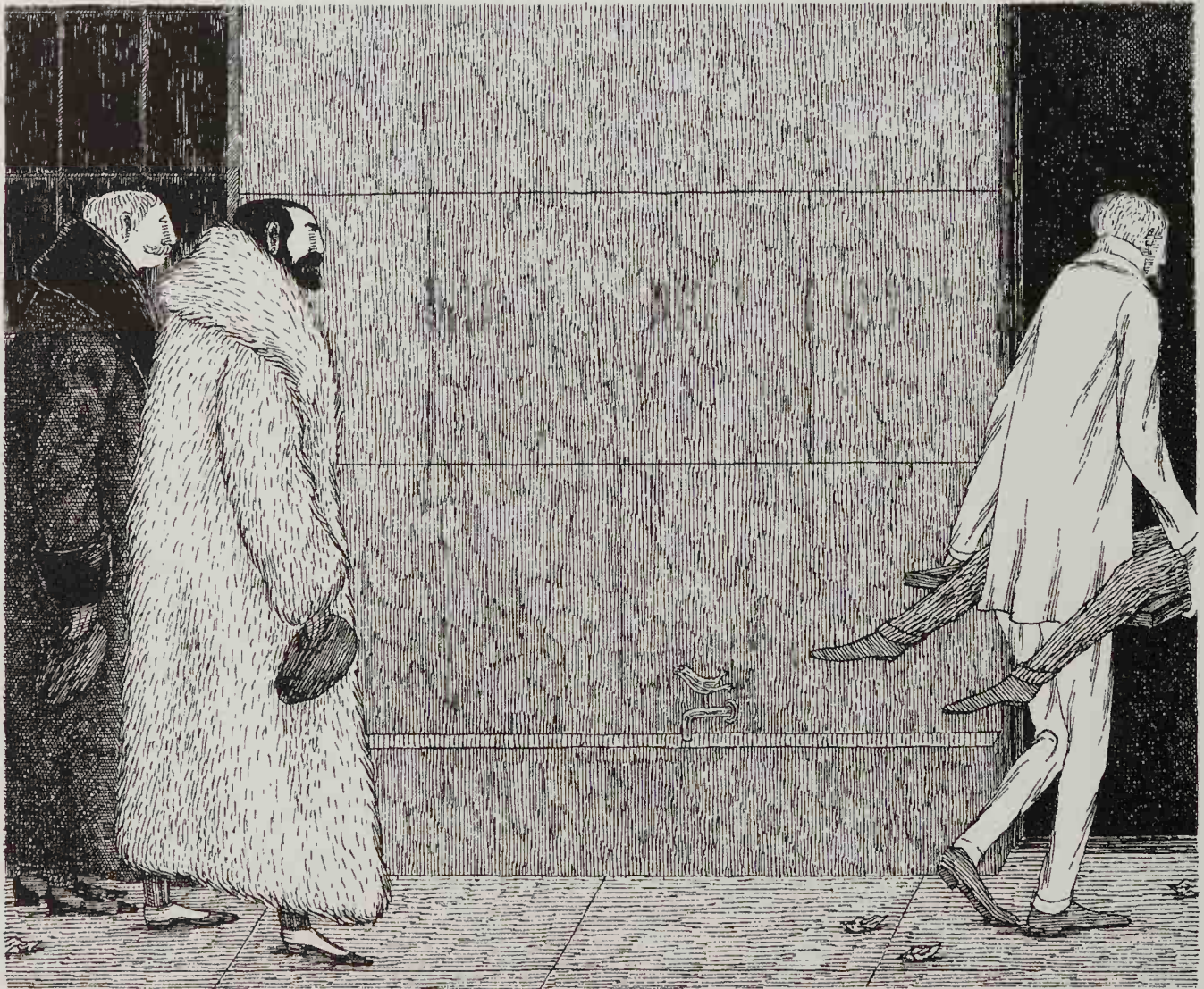
After it had passed, Lord Wherewithal was found crushed beneath a statue blown down from the parapet.





In the folly a candlestick mounted on a horse's hoof rested  
on page 47 of *The Romance of a Soda Cracker*.





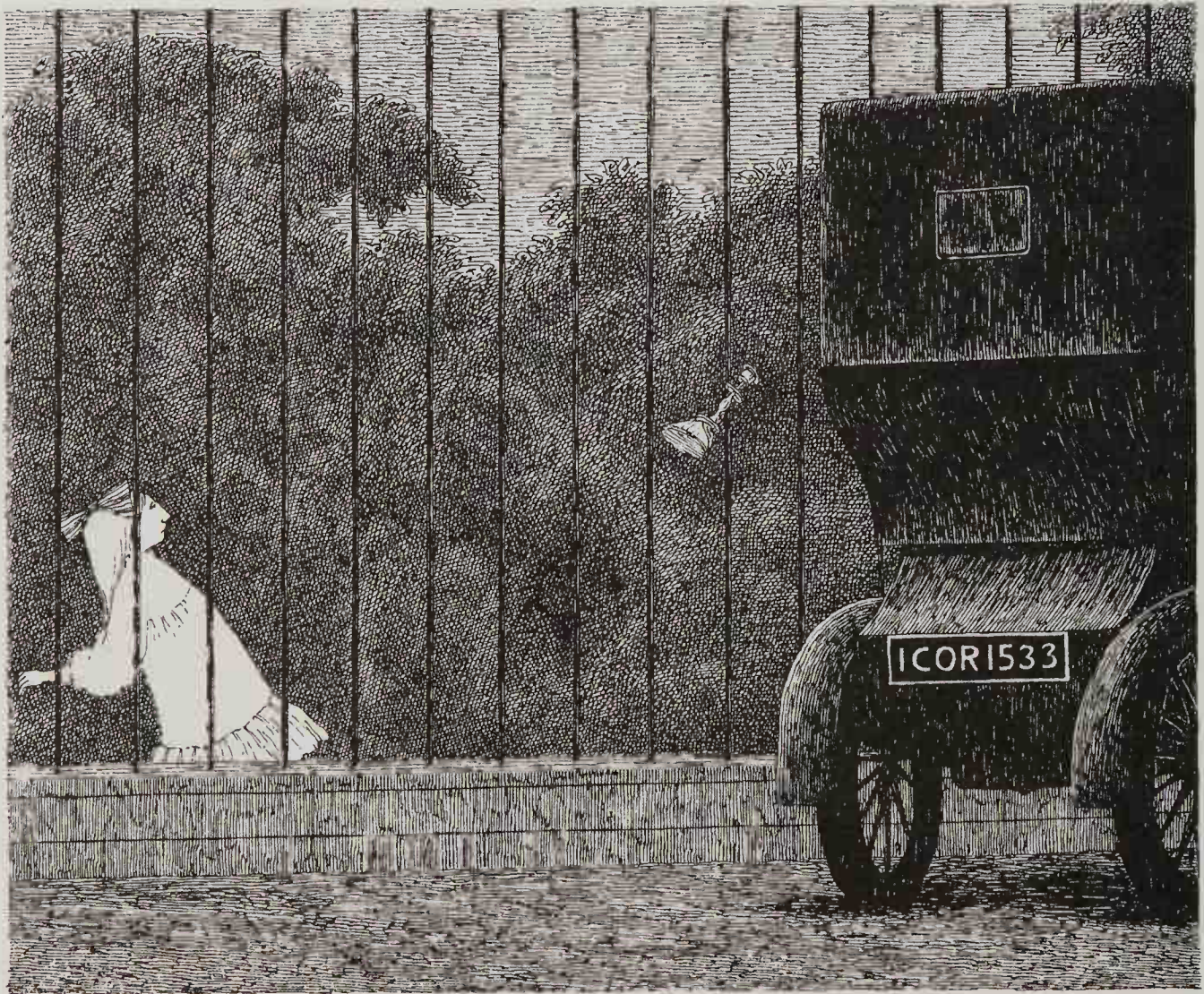
Dr Belgravius and his nephew, Luke Touchpaper, drove up as the body was being taken indoors.





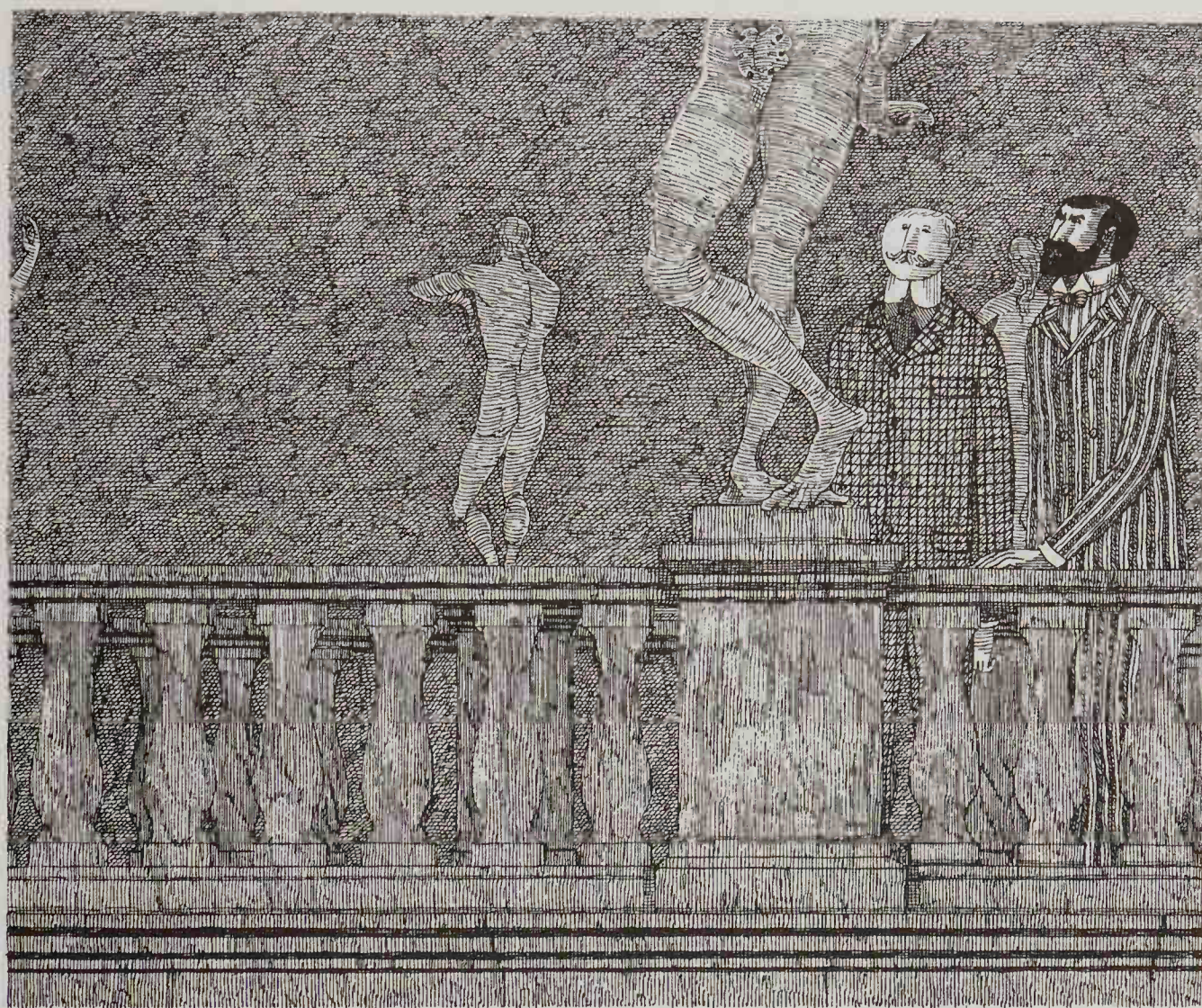
The fête broke up in confusion and dismay.





Emily, helping her brother look for his twisby, saw a candlestick mounted on a horse's hoof thrown from a limousine as it drove away.





On the roof a curious discovery was made.





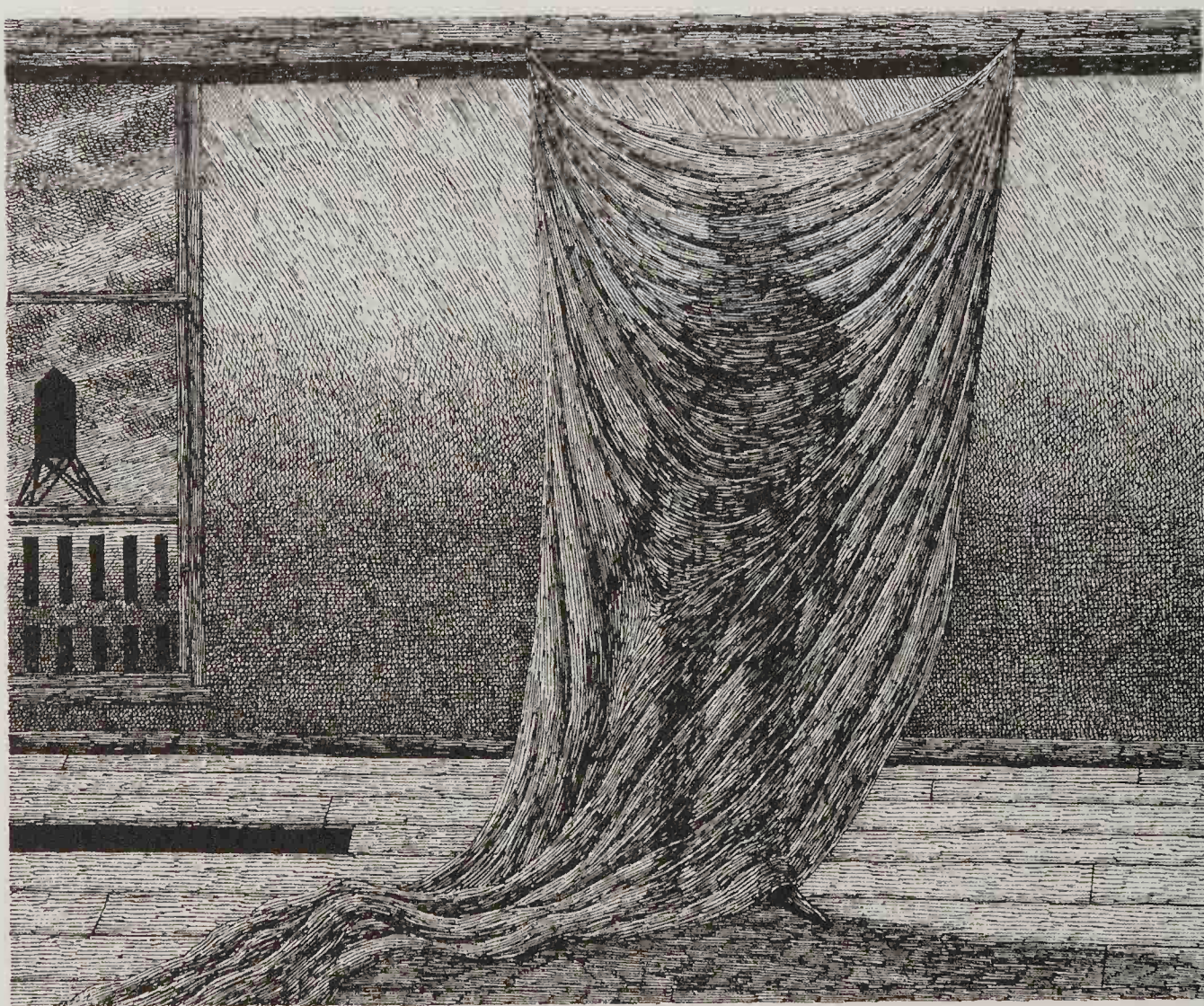
As the party was about to retire for the night Fenks announced that the *Lisping Elbow* was not in its case.





The family was baffled: though their oldest heirloom, it was only made of wax and of no value to anyone else.





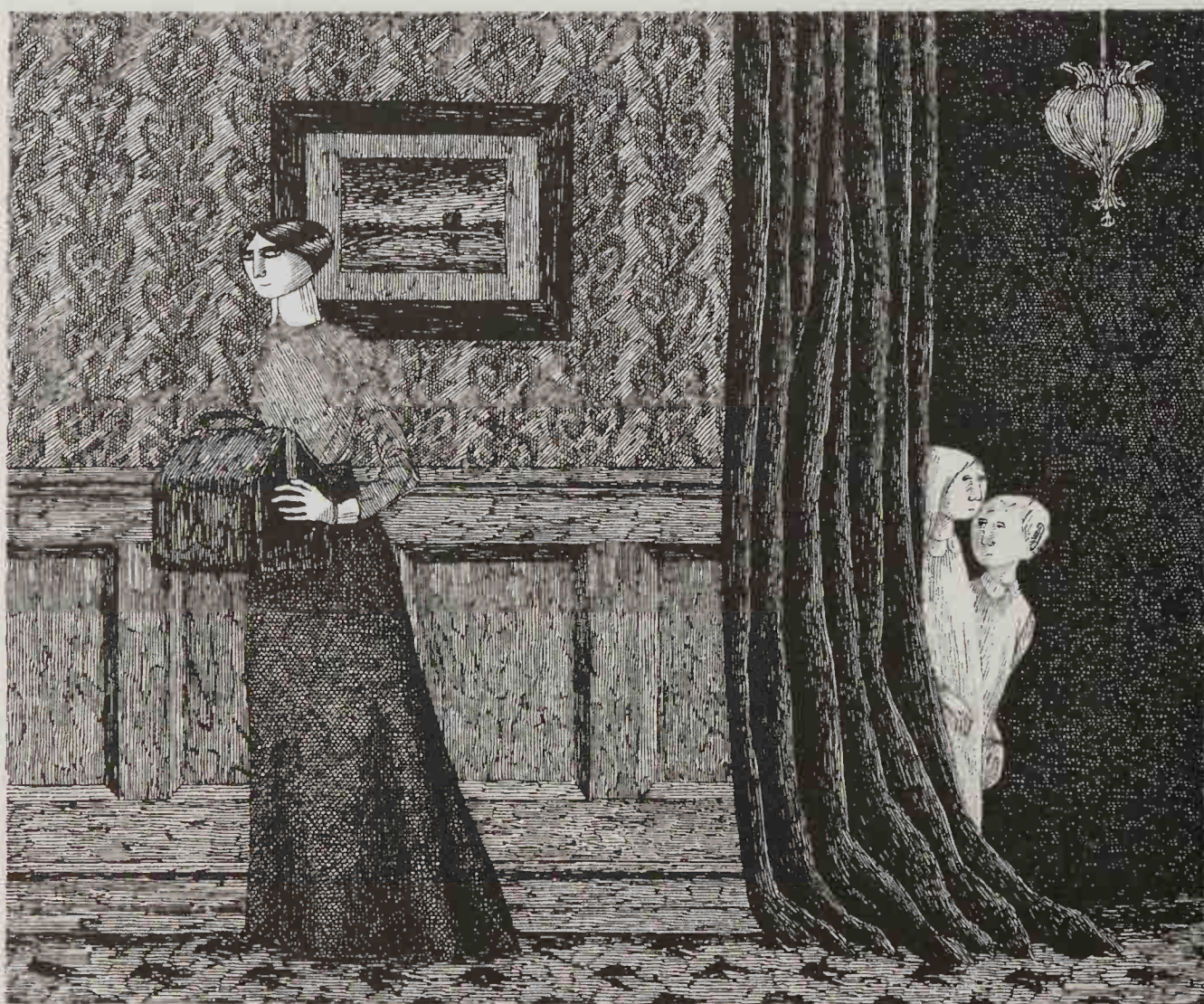
Lord Wherewithal had been murdered, said Dr Belgravius, to gain possession of it.





Due to the indisposition of both the vicar and his curate, the burial-service was taken by Mr MacAblloo.





That evening Miss Underfold gave up her post without offering an explanation.





Her train had just pulled out when Dr Belgravius and Luke reached the station at Nether Millstone.





She was met at the terminus in London by a friend.





A letter to Lady Isobel from St Clot mentioned that Horace Gollop had been paralysed for over a year now.





After the first snow-fall of the year, Fenks found Augustus's  
twisby disembowelled at the edge of the lake.





The next evening Mr MacAbloo delivered a lecture on the Serouliau Heresy at a bethel in the slums.





Several days later Flora stopped with Luke and Dr Belgravius while Lady Isobel took Emily and Augustus to pay a visit to the dentist.





During tea the children said that from the window of his waiting room they had seen Miss Underfold wearing a hat decorated with black lilies.





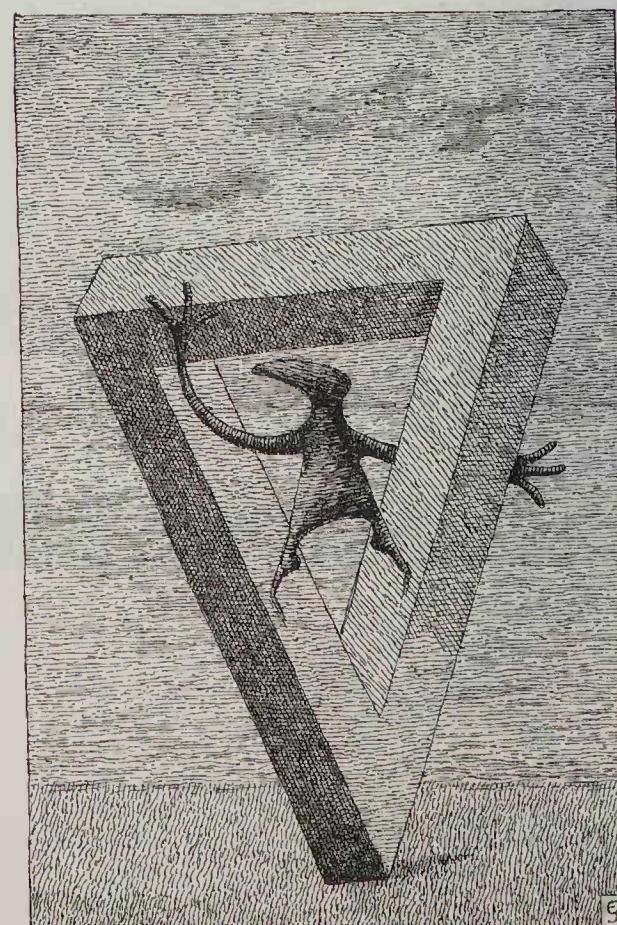
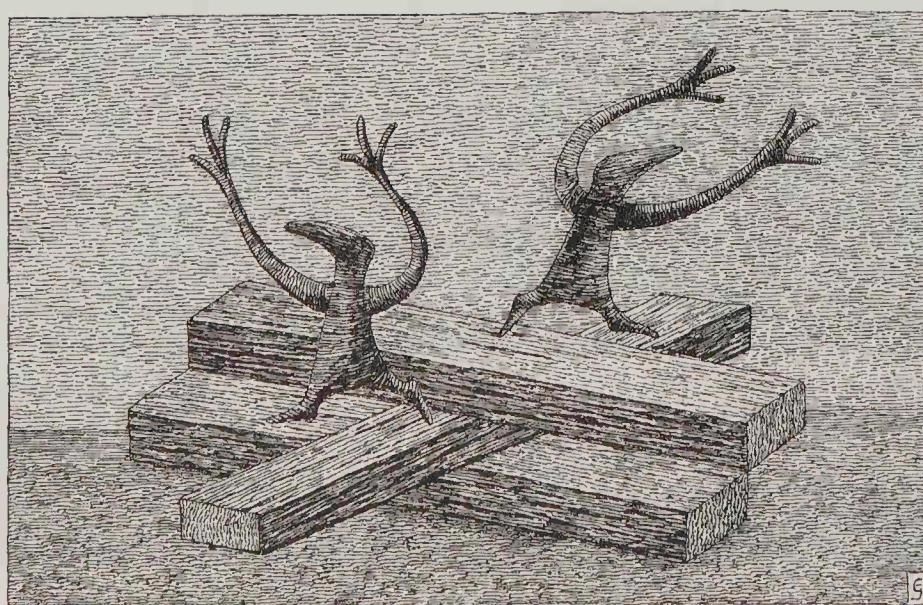
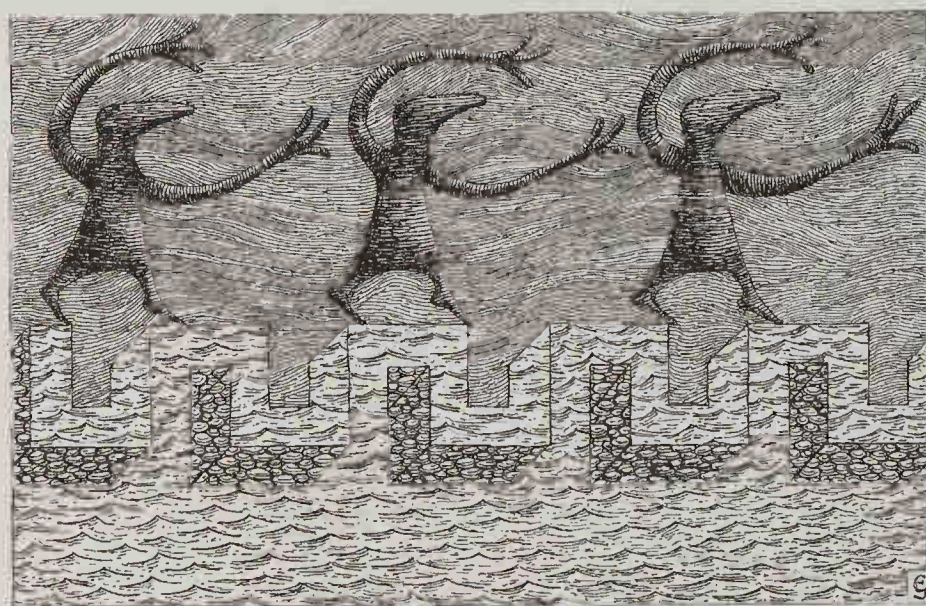
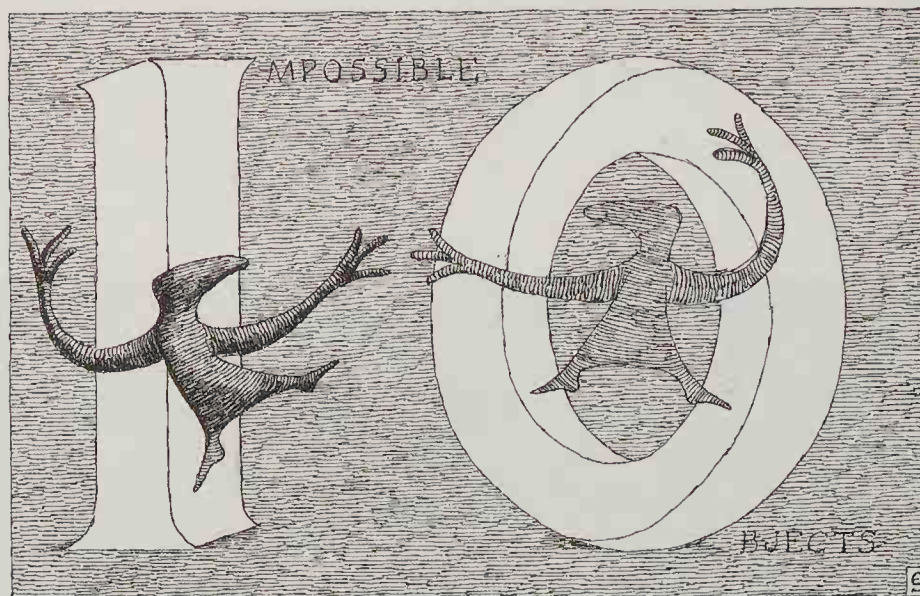
At the same time, in the Soiled Dove, Victoria Scone danced a tango with Horace Gollop.



# THE SECRETS











# The Universal Solvent

*Edward Gorey*



In starts and fits to  
purchase bits is  
false economy;  
That's why I buys  
the largest size  
there is of Q.R.V.



Beneath the floor,  
behind the door faint  
whispers come to me;  
I think they urge  
we daily purge  
ourselves with Q.R.V.



The ancient sphinx  
reclines and thinks  
about its history;  
The crocodile floats  
down the Nile and  
weeps for Q.R.V.



It is a shame you  
lost the game by  
17 to 3;  
We would have  
won, had you begun  
by taking Q.R.V.



At two he knew the  
Bible through, an  
infant prodigy;  
His parents cried,  
Our joy and pride  
we've raised on Q.R.V.



It clears up rashes,  
makes moustaches  
grow thicker  
rapidly;  
It also numbs  
arthritic thumbs—  
huzzah for Q.R.V.!



The pachyderm, the  
angleworm, they  
both of them agree  
That people make a  
grave mistake not  
using Q.R.V.



Goodbye to care!  
Begone, despair!  
Adieu to misery!  
Fare well, remorse!  
And then, of course,  
it's ho for Q.R.V.!



O I would do strange  
things to you, if  
you'd do them to me;  
I have on hand, you  
understand, just  
scads of Q.R.V.













La Duchesse de K\_\_\_\_\_ as la Reine des  
Asperges in *La Triomphe végétale*, c.1785





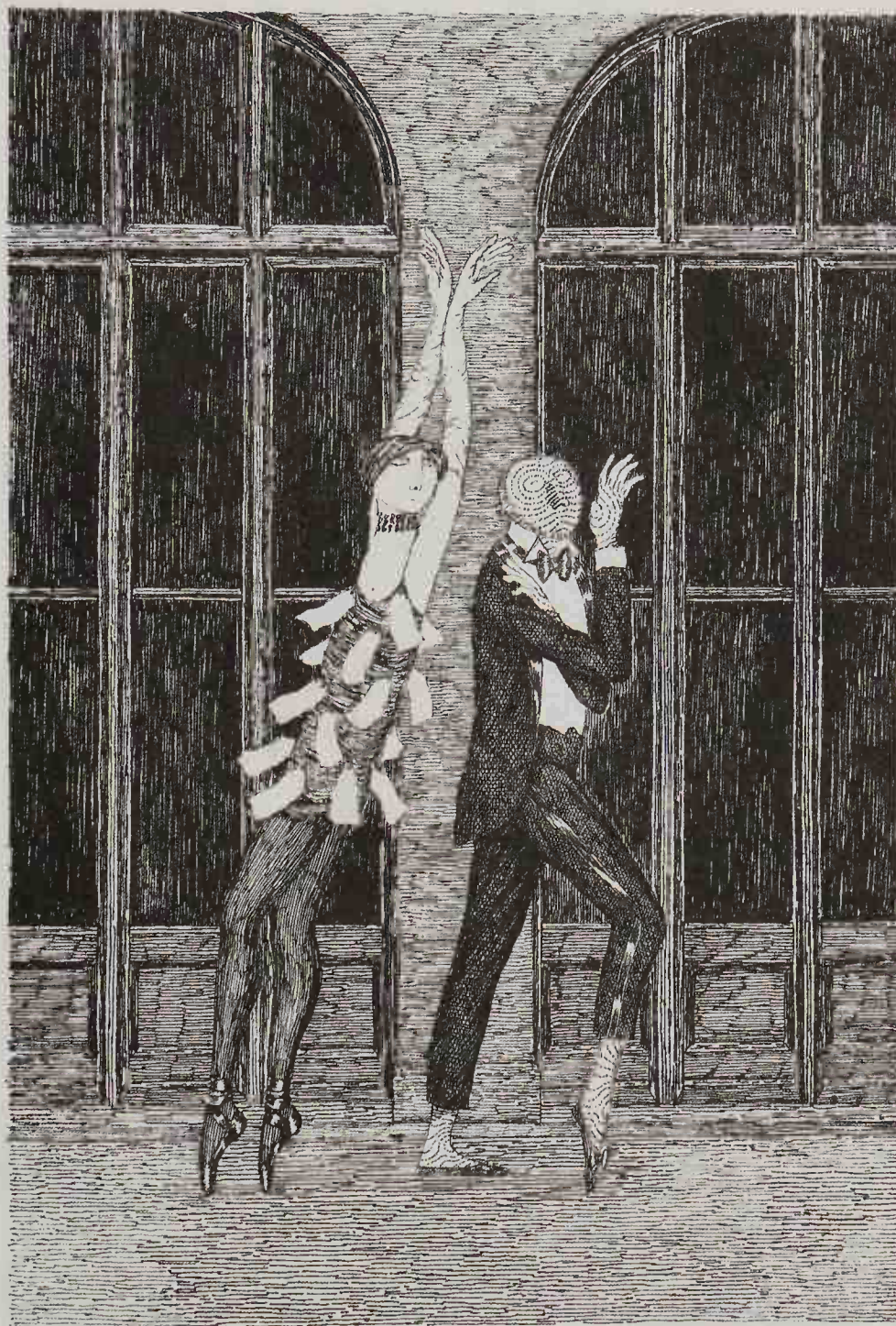
Georges Bumby (as Sigisimondo) and  
Hortense Pasta-Frobenius in *Elphine:  
ou, la Sylphe de la Forêt Noire*, 1836





Sarah Blotter interpreting Wurmkaust's  
Twelfth (the 'Apocalyptic') Symphony,  
Oklahoma City, 1904





Tatiana Smyasht as la Princesse touristique  
and Serge Ibiskovski as l'Habitant au  
quatrième étage in Tüth's *La Pagode de  
béton-armé*, Grands Ballets de Liechten-  
stein et de l'Univers, 1923





Derrick Scone, Hester Fringe, and John Mucksweat in Orlando Sashweight's *Bitter Glue*, 1947



Edward Gorey

## VERSE ADVICE

*Some things you ought, perhaps, to hear  
Before you start the brand-new year.*



*It's possible to pick up crumbs  
By pressing on them with the thumbs.*



*The one who wants to put on airs  
Should not attempt them on the stairs.*



*The person who today is here  
May by tomorrow disappear.*





*The helpful thought for which you look  
Is written somewhere in a book.*



*Upon your person keep a pill  
In case you're taken deathly ill.*



*A one or two inch piece of string  
Cannot be used for anything.*





*It's well we cannot hear the screams  
We make in other people's dreams.*



*A random thought, if said aloud,  
May soon attract a hostile crowd.*

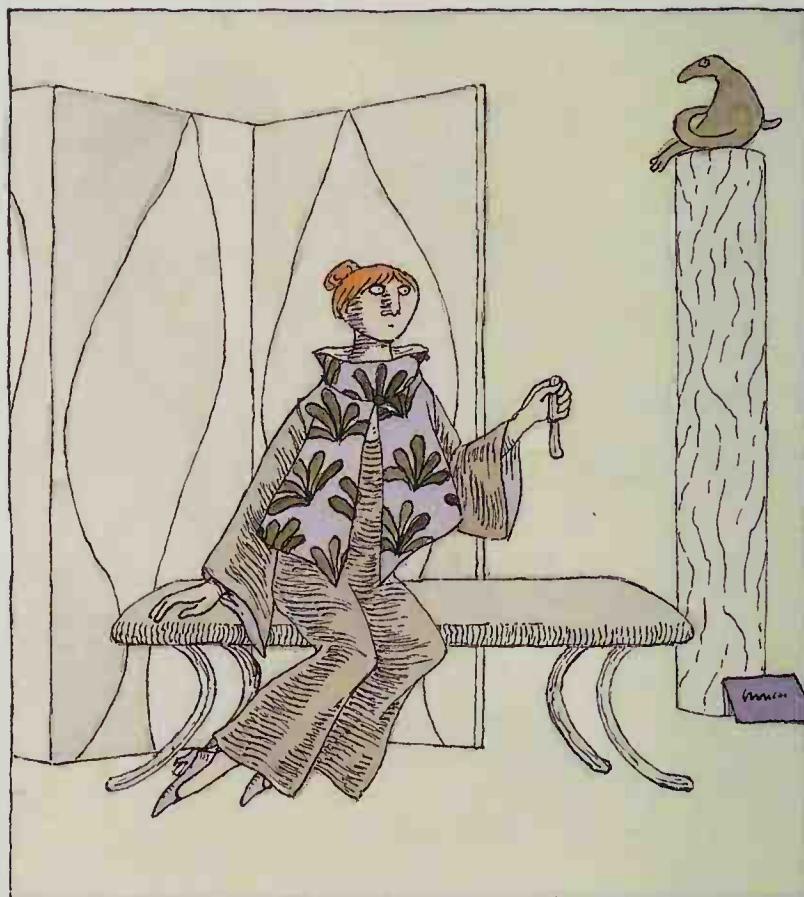


*At twilight objects often start  
To make odd sounds and fall apart.*





*A timely use of glue or paste  
May well prevent a shocking waste.*



*One cannot hope to end one's life  
With nothing but a butter knife.*



*The seaweed on the shore cries out,  
But only it knows what about.*



THE DEADLY BLOTTER

*Edward Gorey*

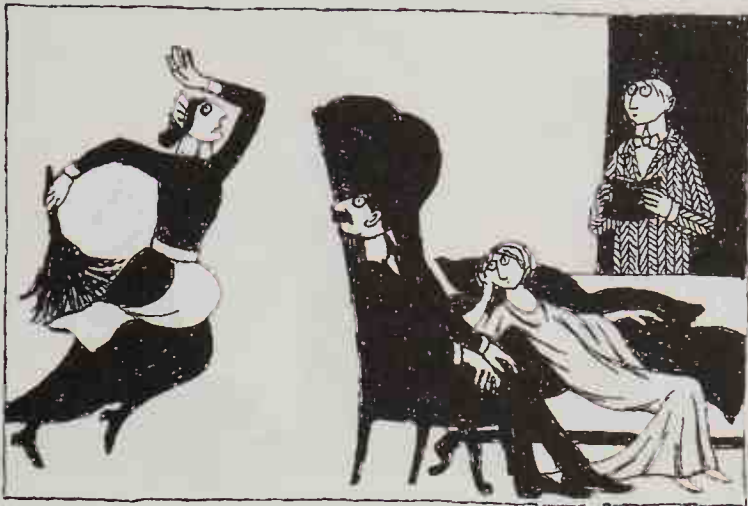
THOUGHTFUL ALPHABET XVII



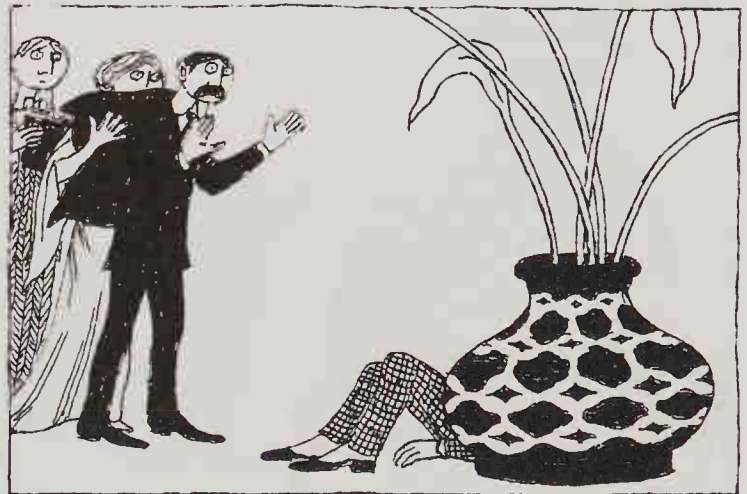




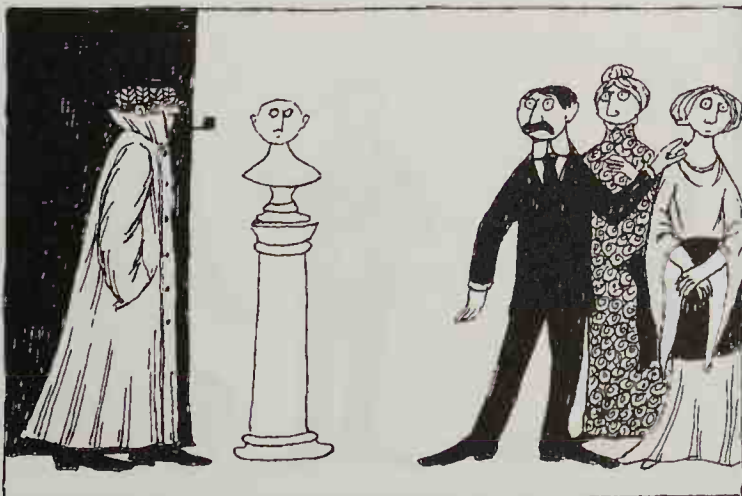




*Alarming behaviour.*



*Corpse.*



*Detective enters.*





*Fearful glances.*

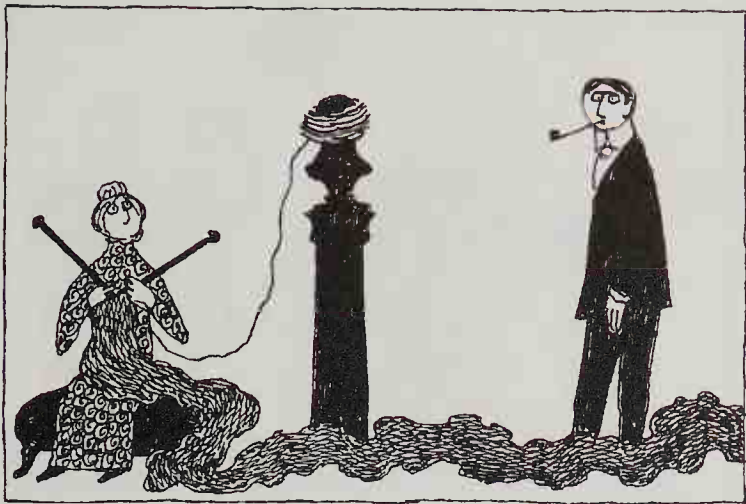


*Helpful irrelevancies.*

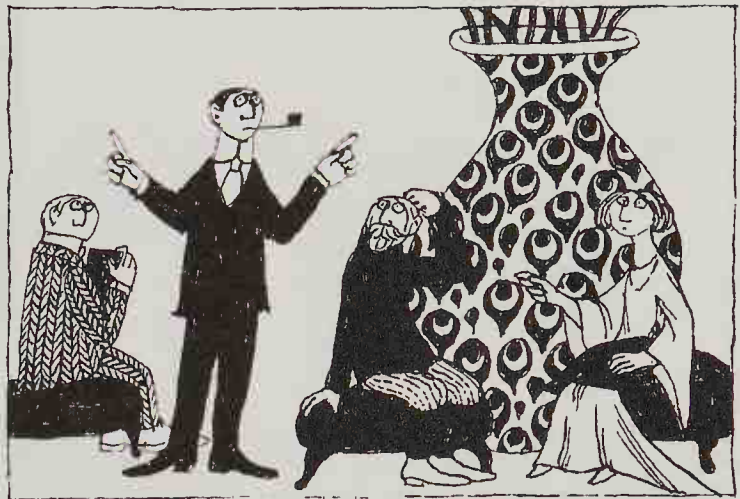


*Jitters.*

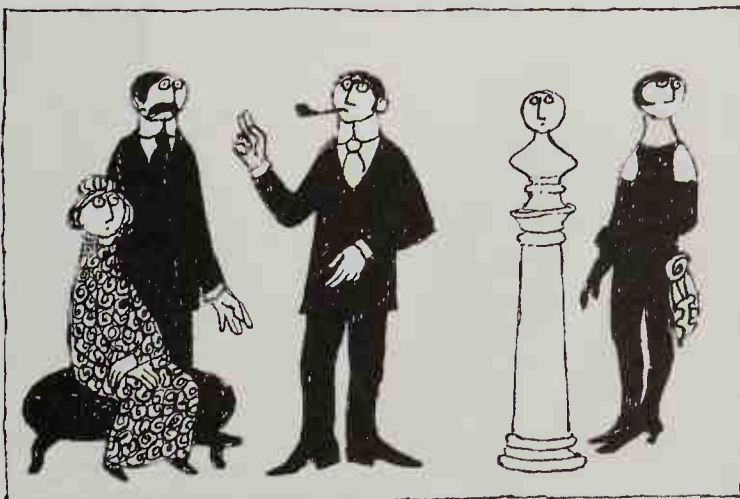




*Knitting.*

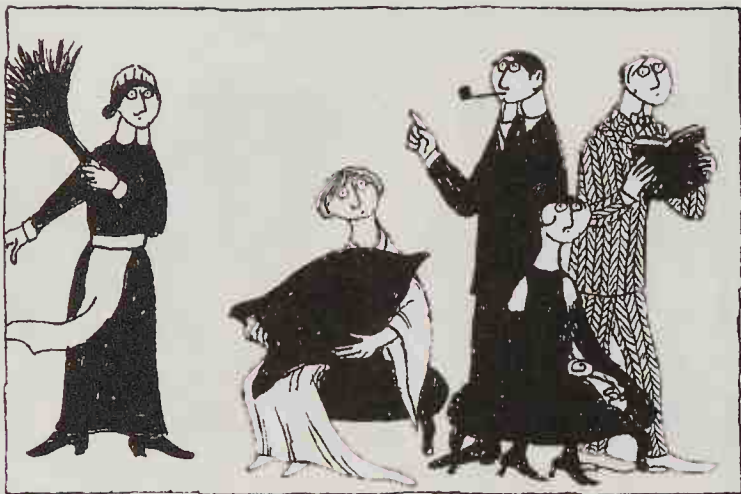


*Likely motives.*



*Notable omissions.*





*Pointed questions.*

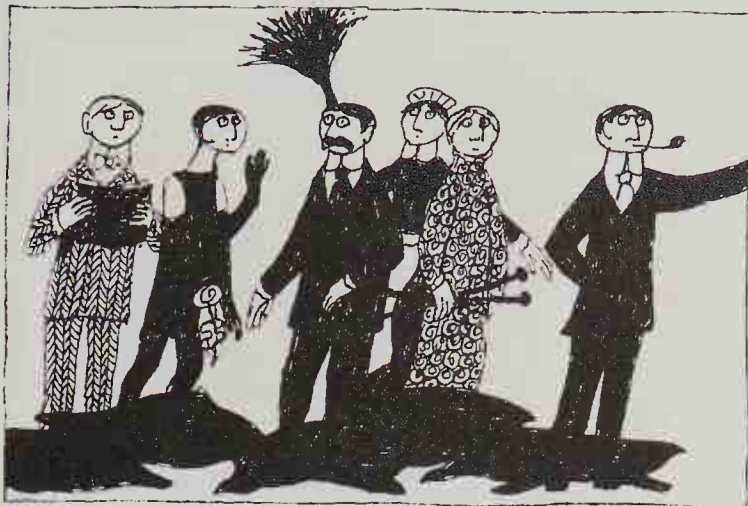


*Reluctance.*



*Subtle trap.*





*Unmasked villain.*



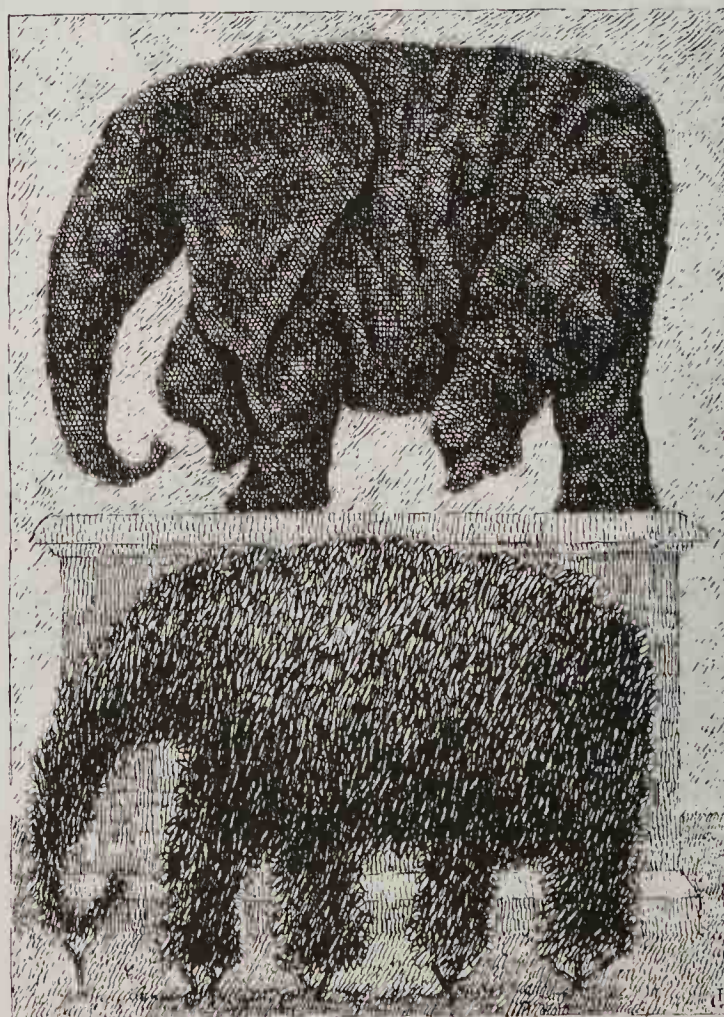
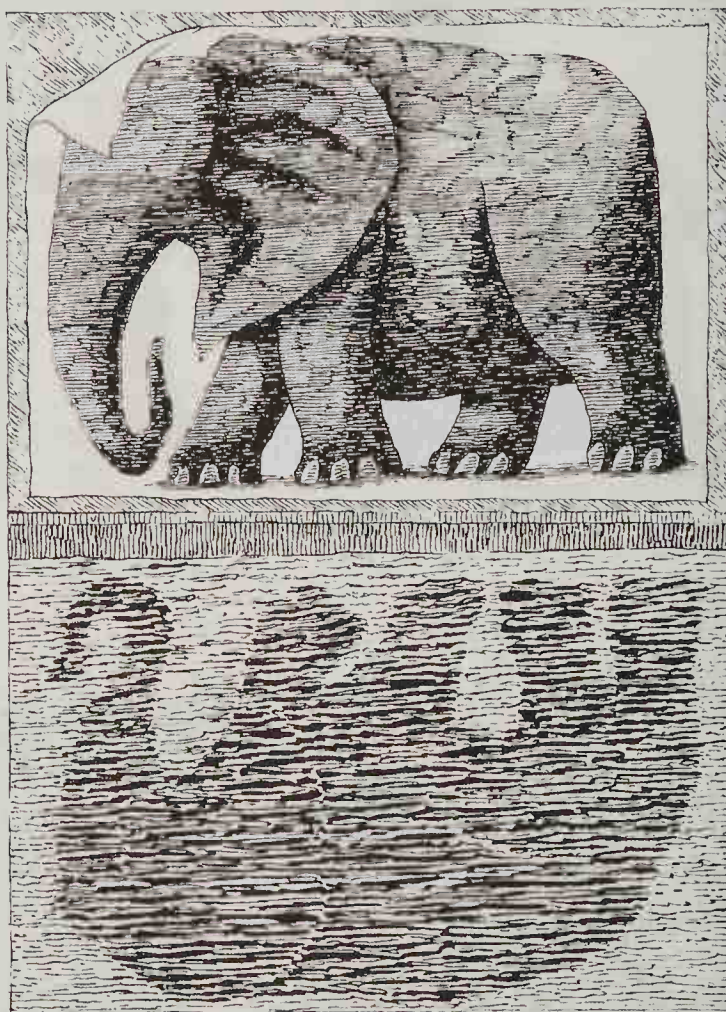
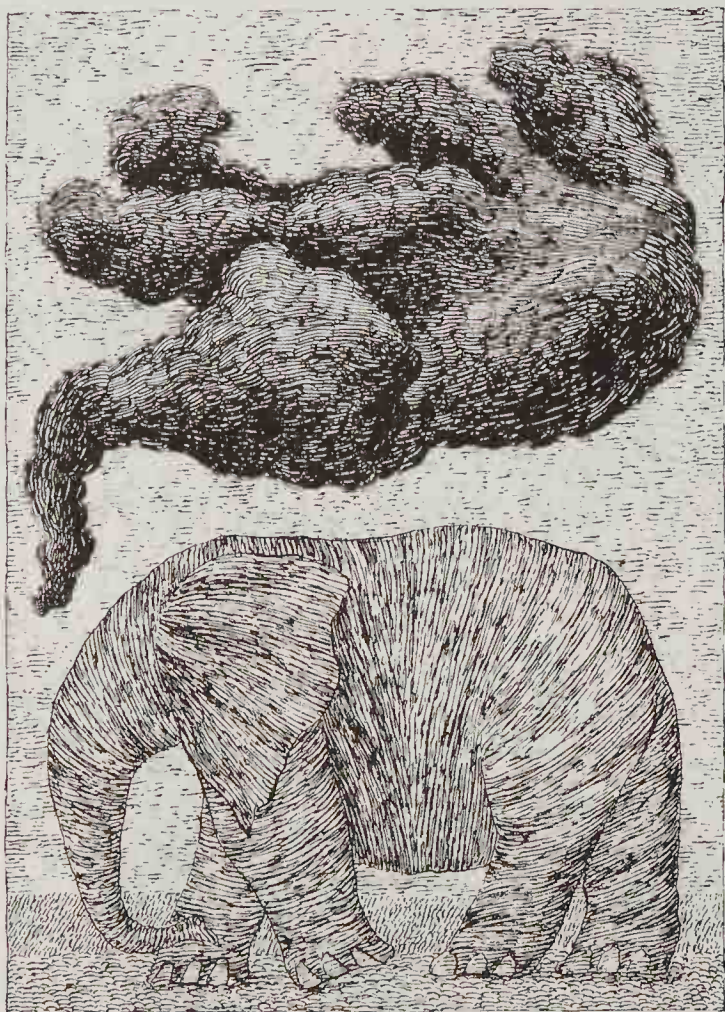
*Who?*



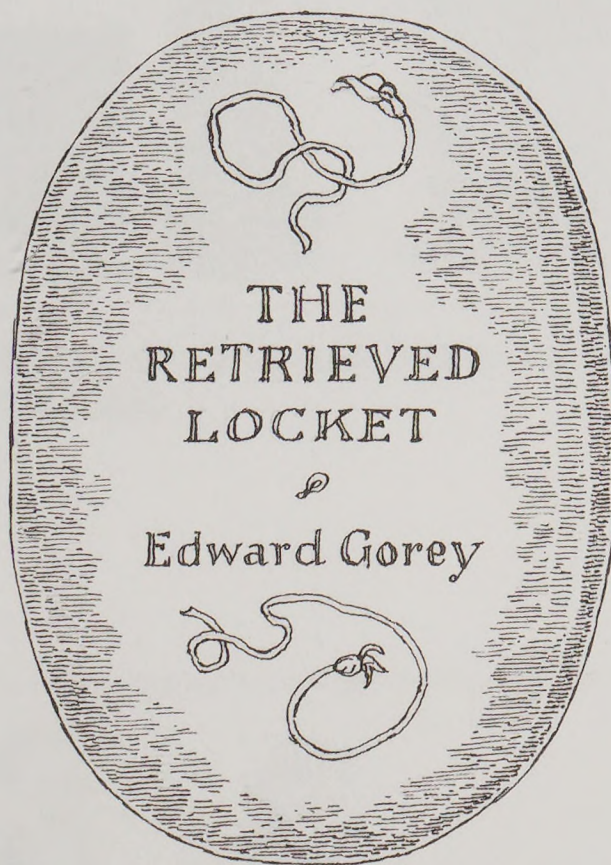
*Extenuation yields zero.*



## CREATIVITY















The Fibleys christened their baby  
Amelia Emily.



They had her name engraved on a locket  
and put snapshots of themselves inside it.



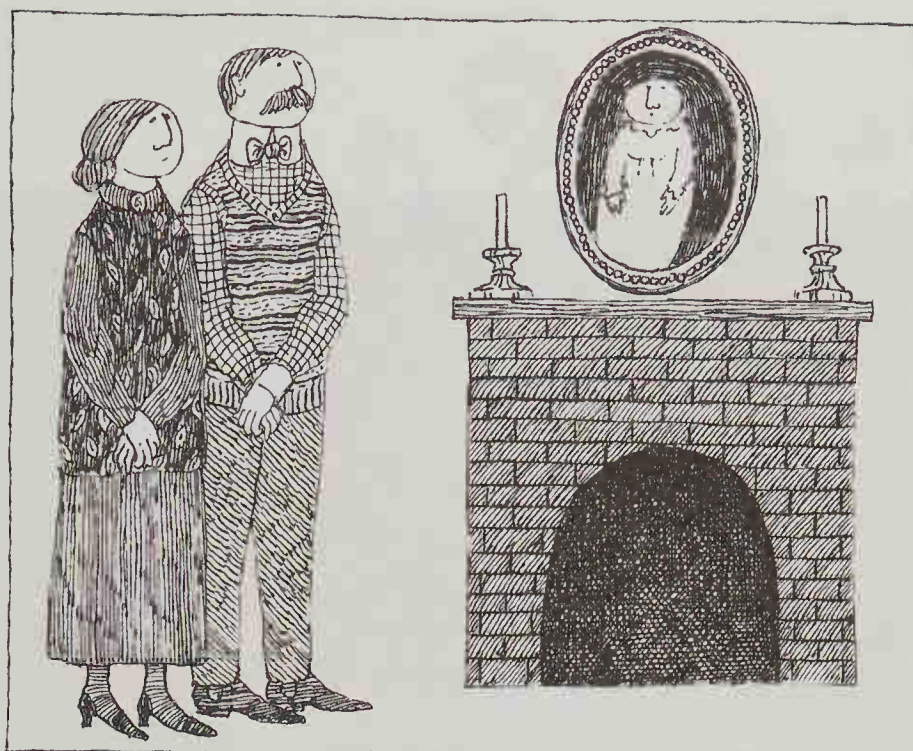


The next week she vanished from her cradle.



Neither the police, nor anyone else for that matter, could find her.





After a few months they had her baptismal photograph enlarged in oils and hung it over the mantel.



A neighbour brought them a dog wearing the locket in which he had recognized the snapshots.



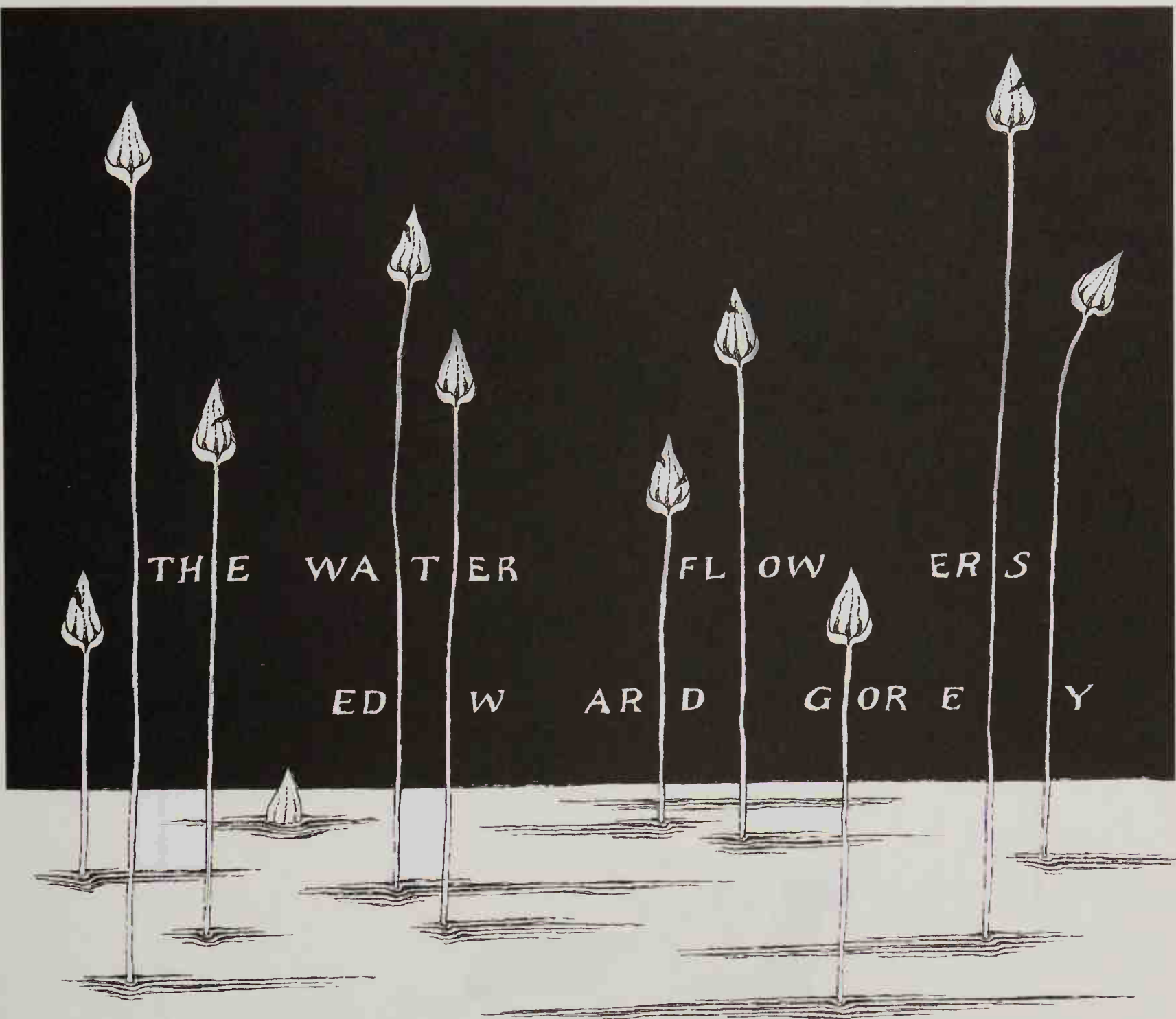


Several days later Amelia Emily had puppies.



The Fibleys' declining years were spent with Amelia Emily, her great great grand-daughter.





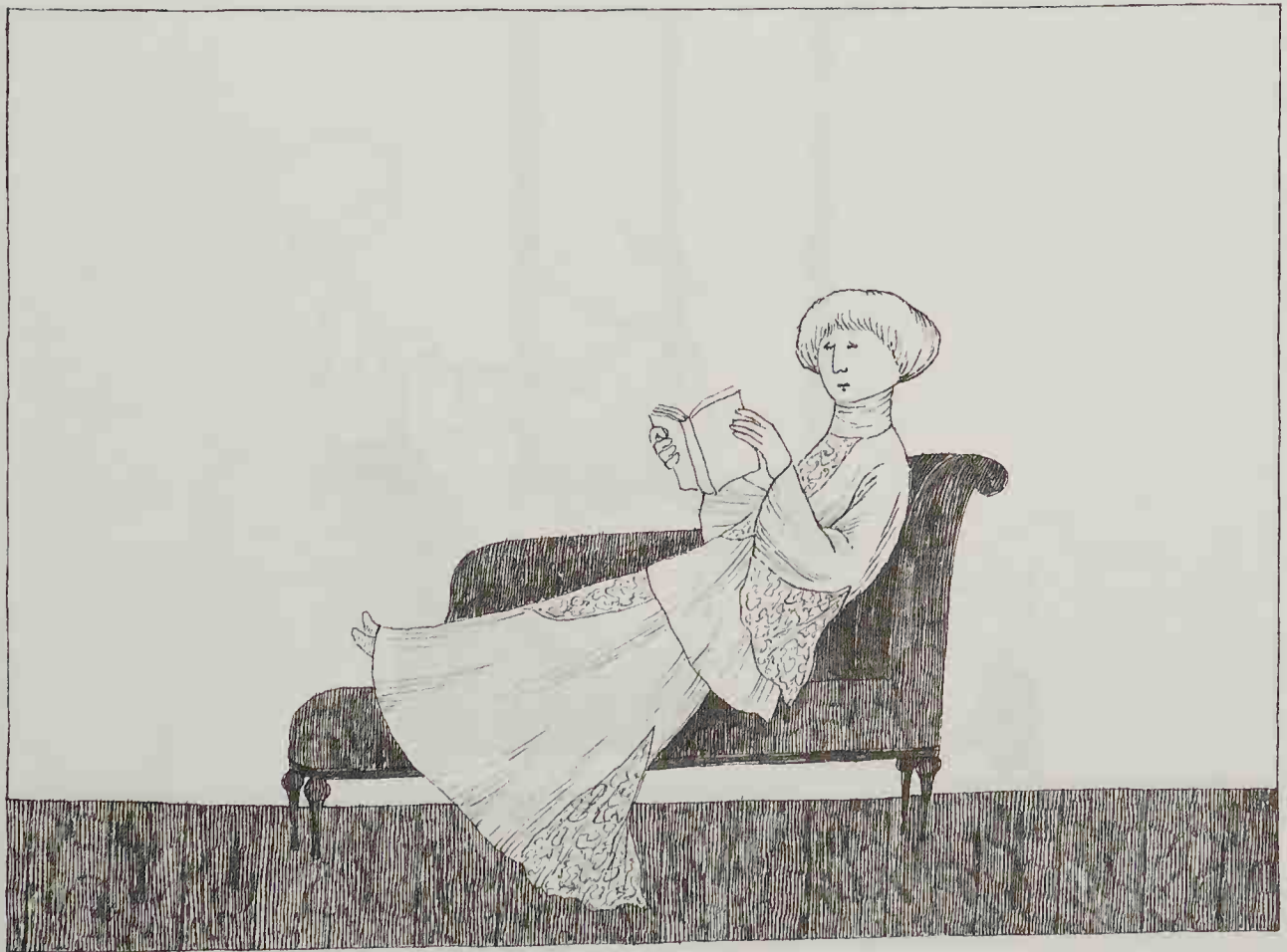






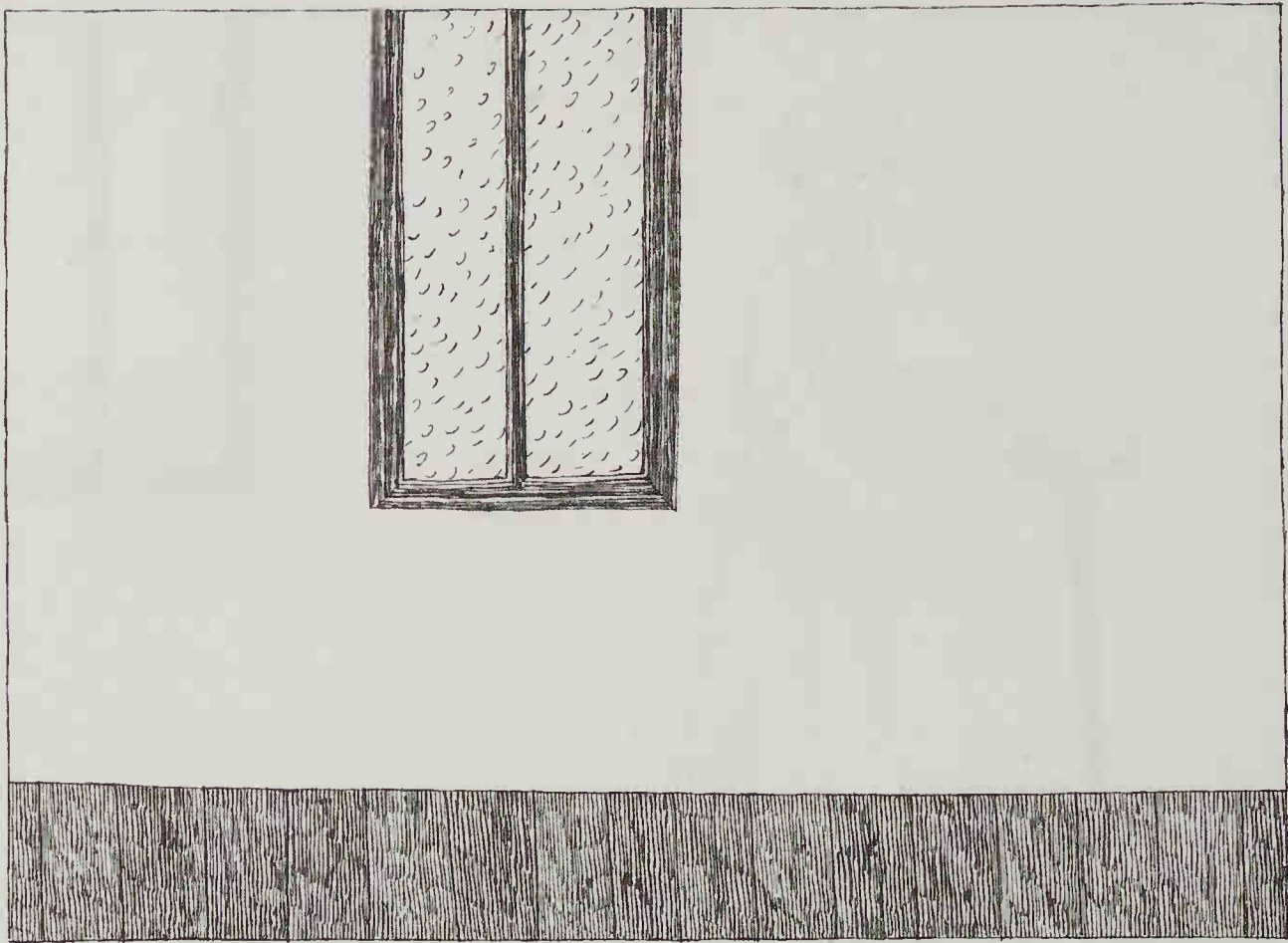


*It began snowing early in the afternoon.*

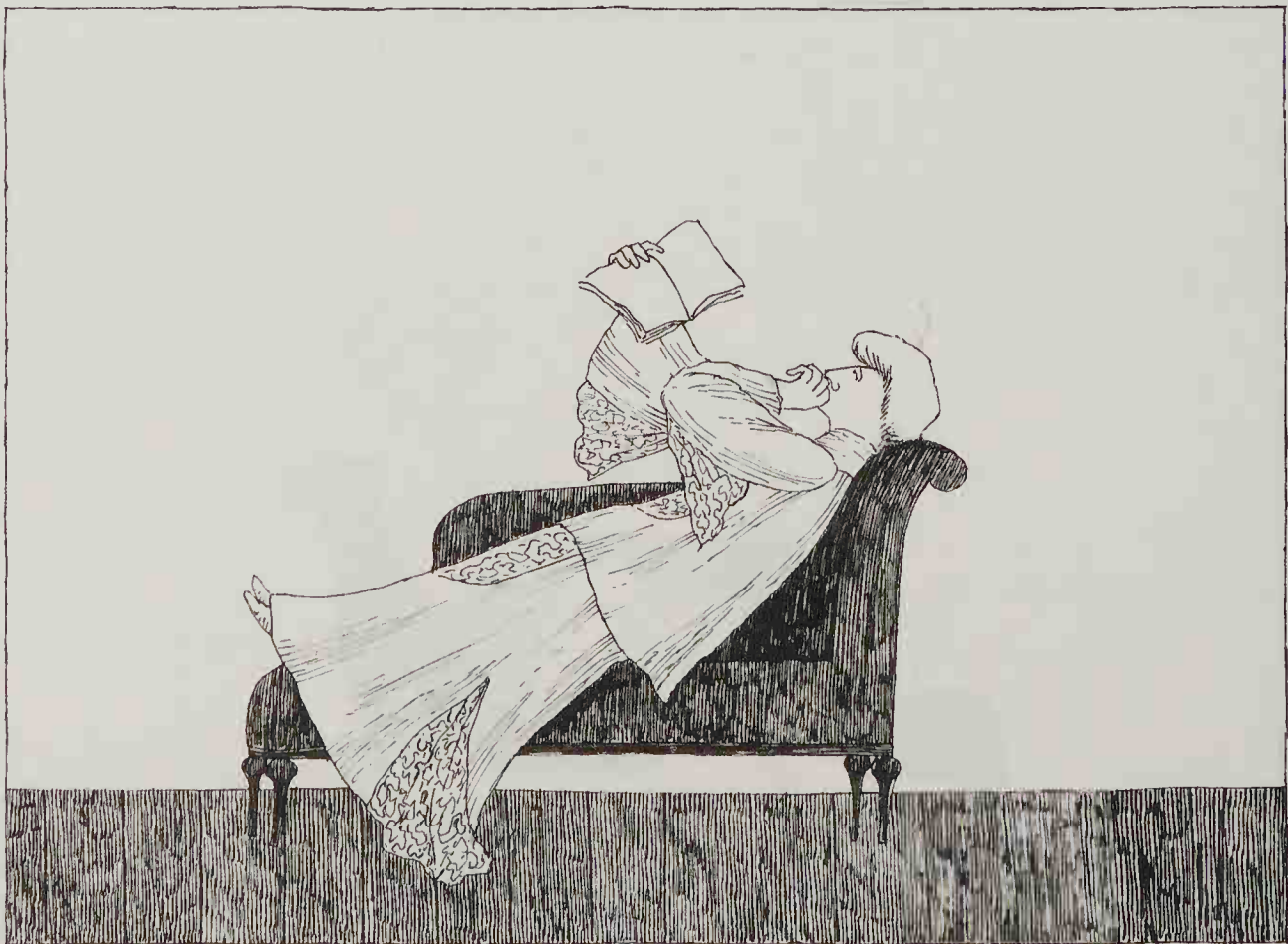


*Jane settled herself on the sofa with a novelette in a yellow paper cover.*



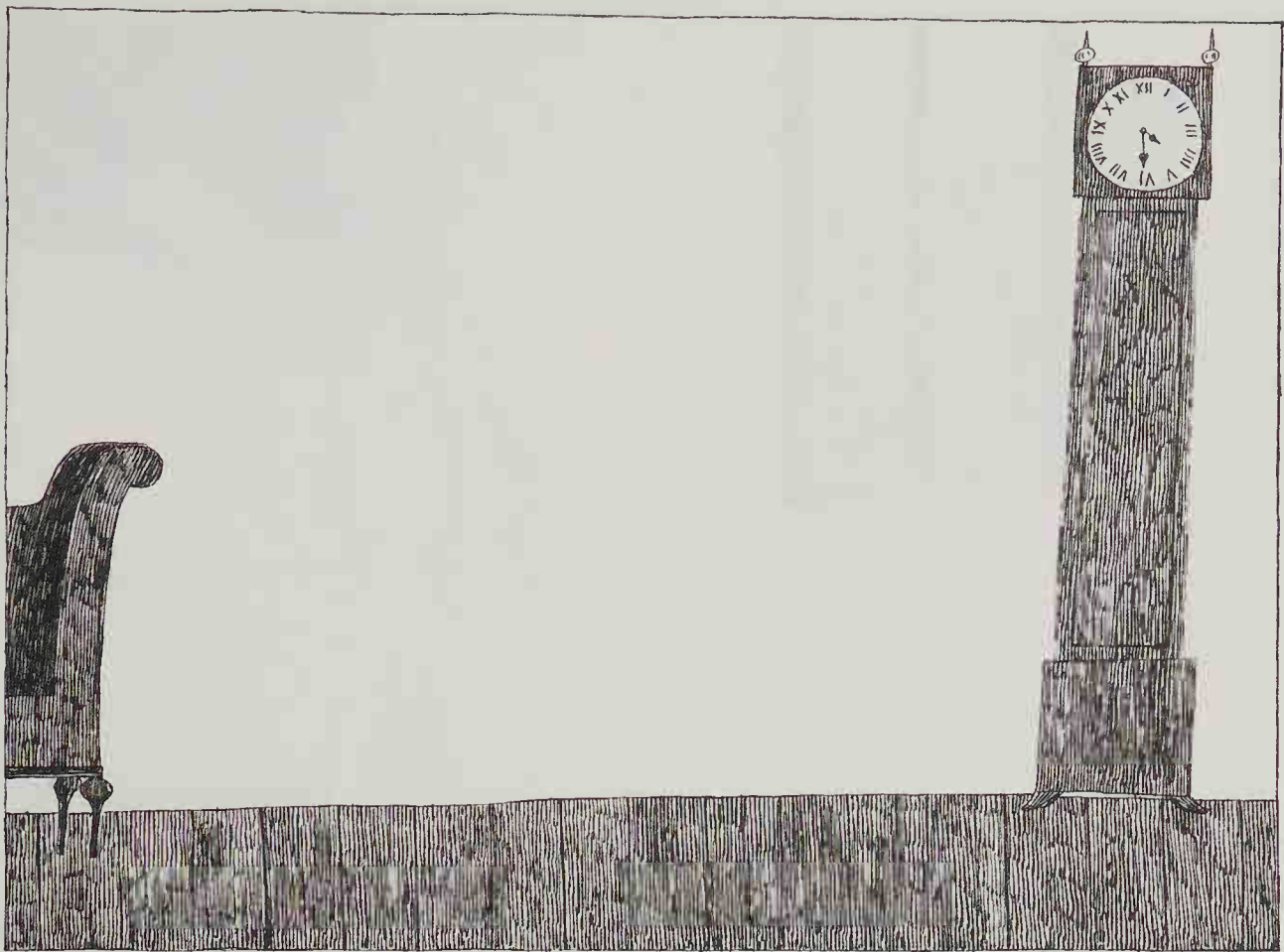


*The wind rose and the snow came down harder.*

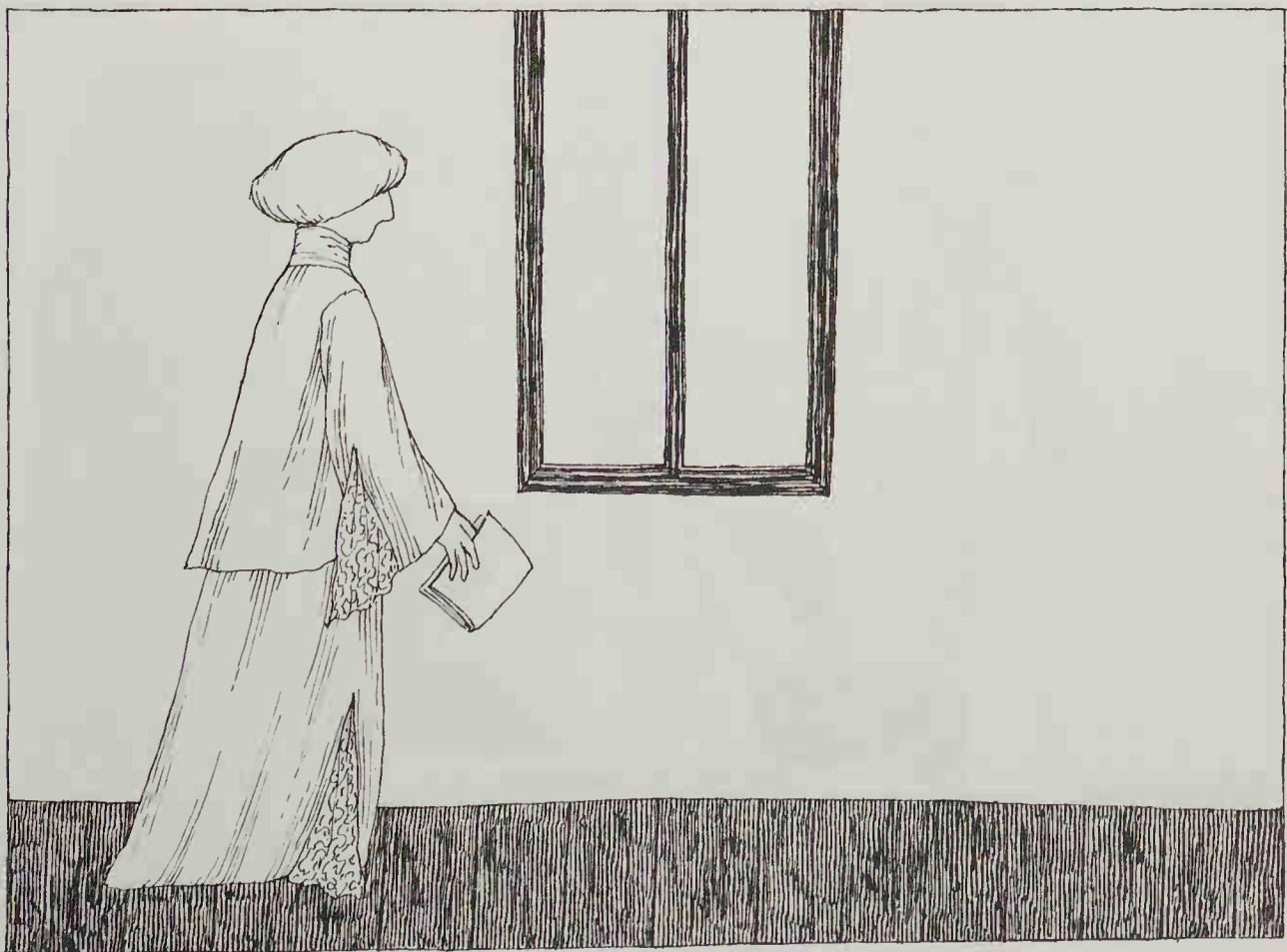


*Jane lay enthralled by the perils the heroine was subjected to.*



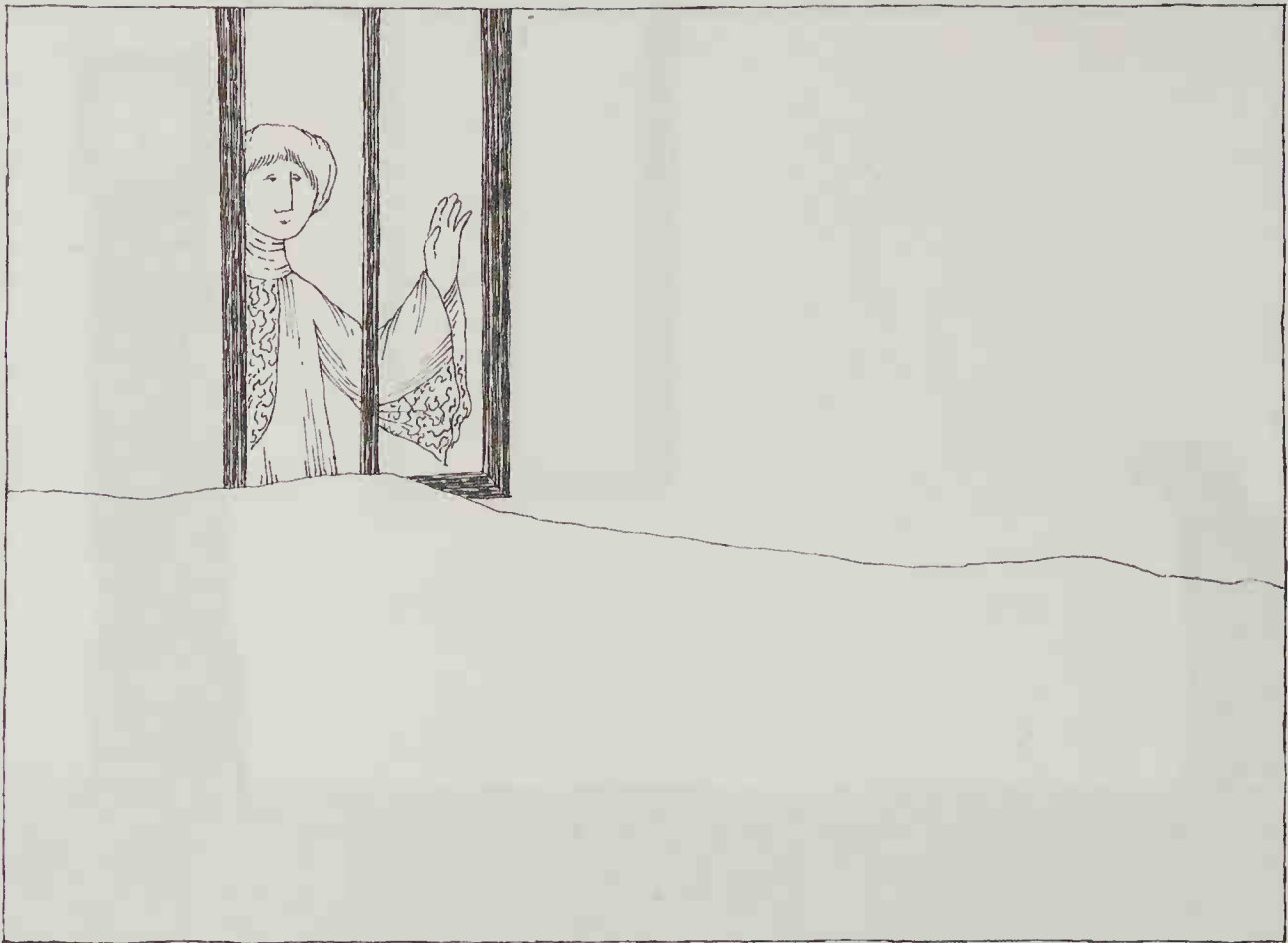


*The clock struck for the first time that day; she started up from the midst of a trainwreck.*



*'I must go and shop for dinner' she said, drawn to the window by the curious glare.*



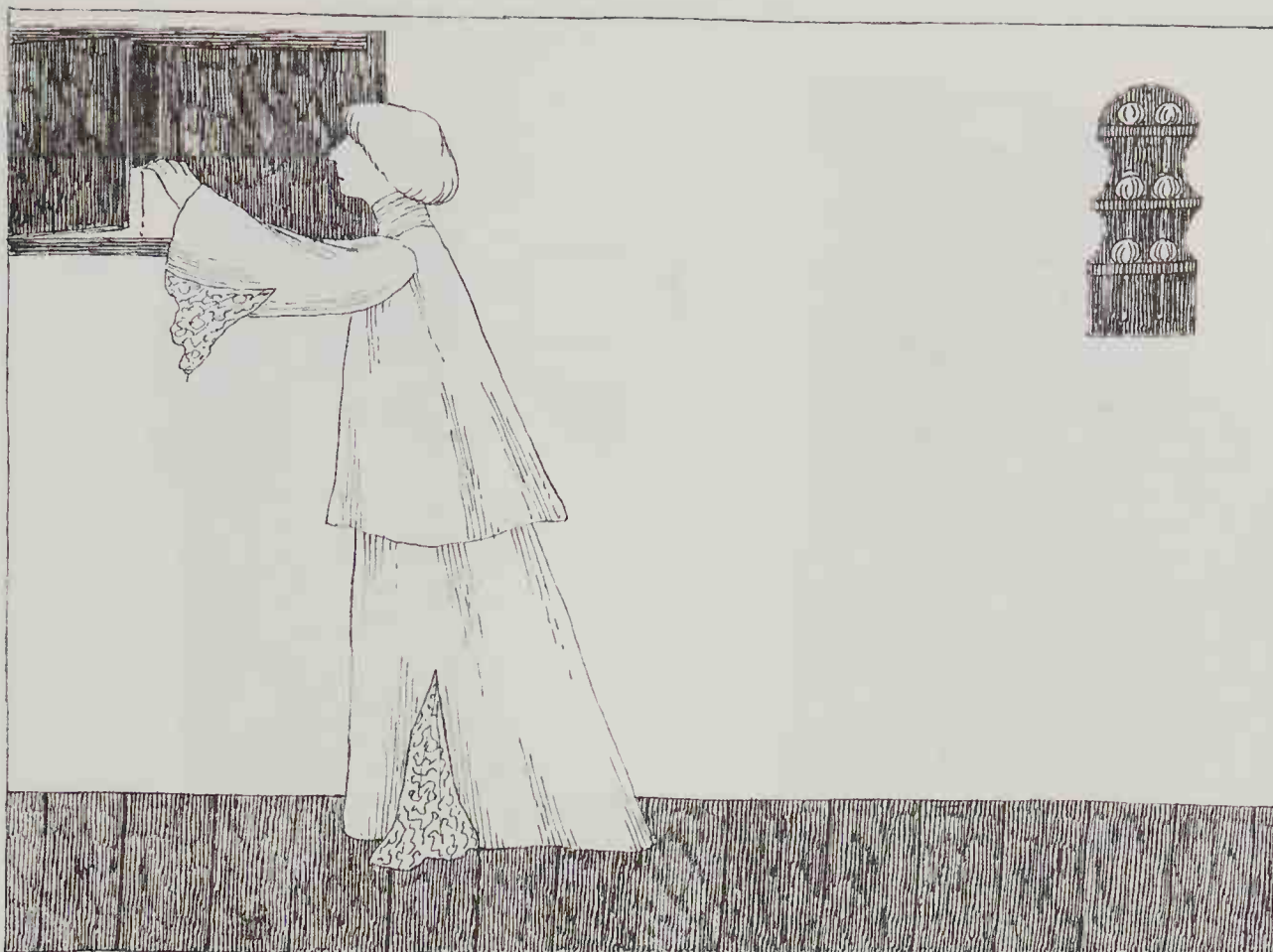


*The snow was far too deep for her to go to the village.*



*She read to the end of the novelette and then asked herself 'What shall I do about dinner?'.*





*The kitchen yielded nothing but an unopened box of soda crackers in the cupboard.*



*Charles came in and said 'What are we having for dinner?'*



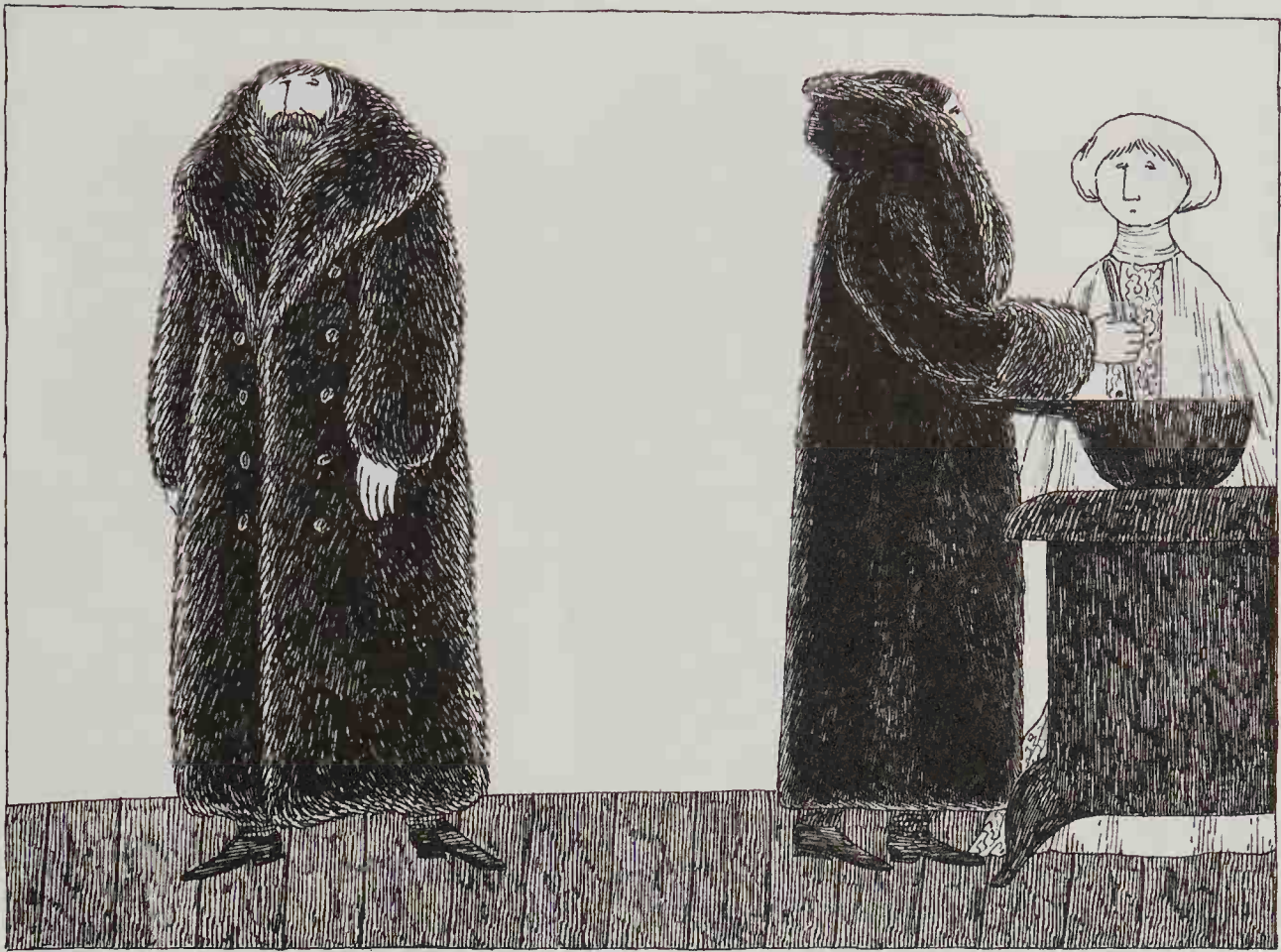


*'Soda crackers,' she said 'but I'll make a delicious white sauce to go over them'.*



*She took flour and water, and mixed some of each together on the stove.*



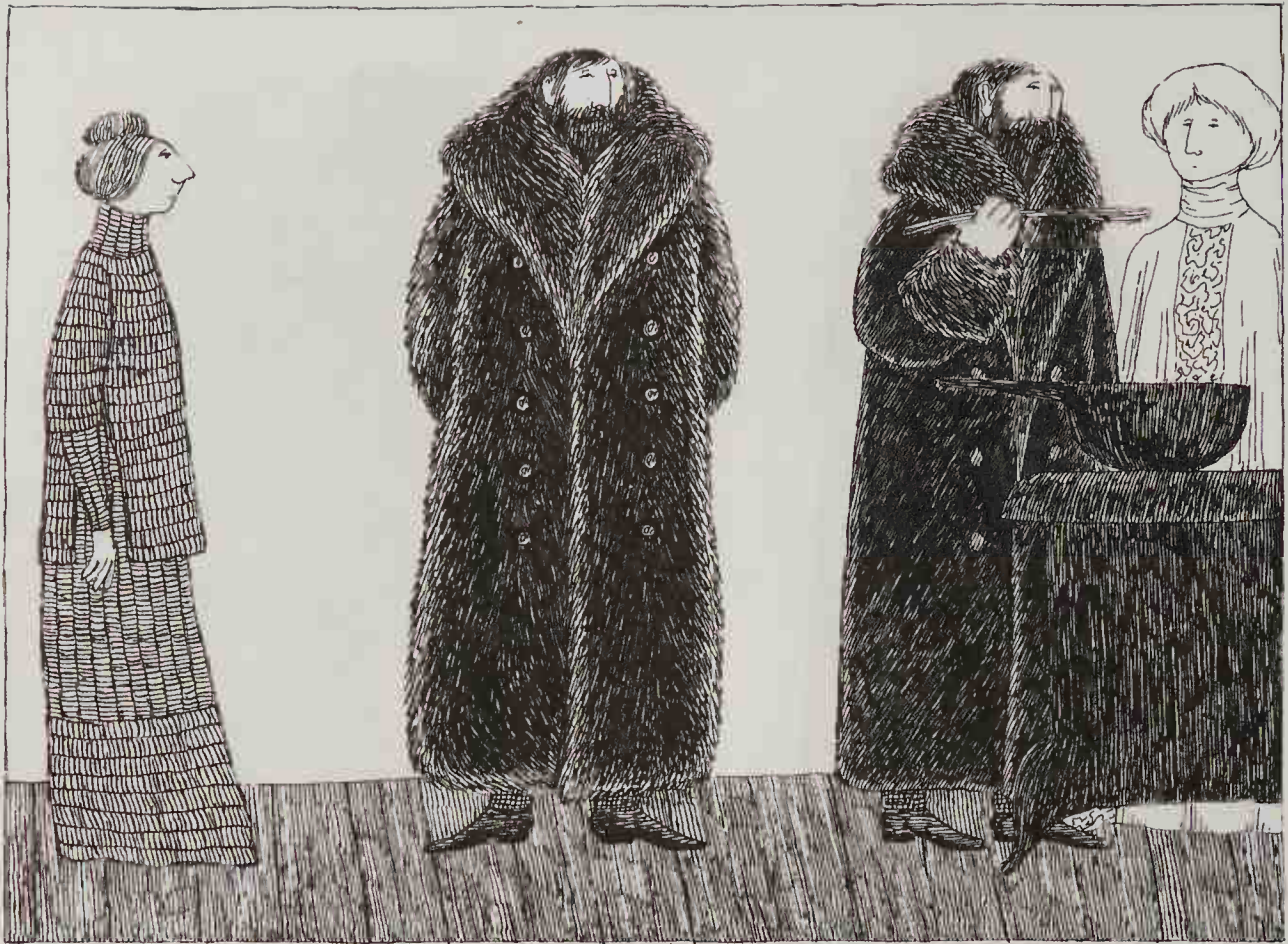


*George came in, stirred the sauce about, and said 'It's too thick'.*



*Jane added a quantity of water.*





*Anne came in as George was tasting it.*

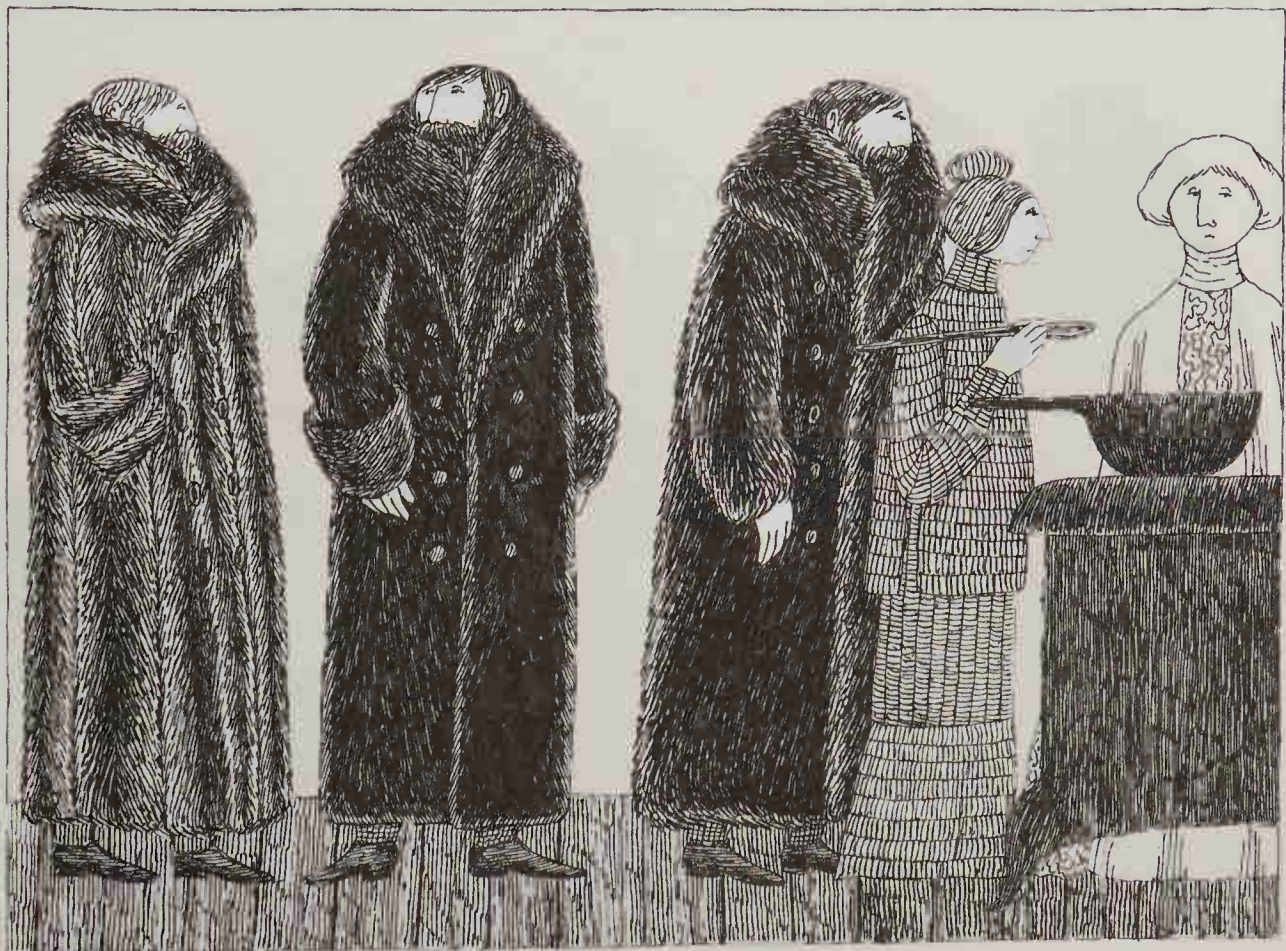


*She took the ladle from him and said 'It's too thin'.*





*Jane added an amount of flour.*



*William came in as Anne was sampling it again.*





*He stuck his finger in it and said 'It's lumpy'.*

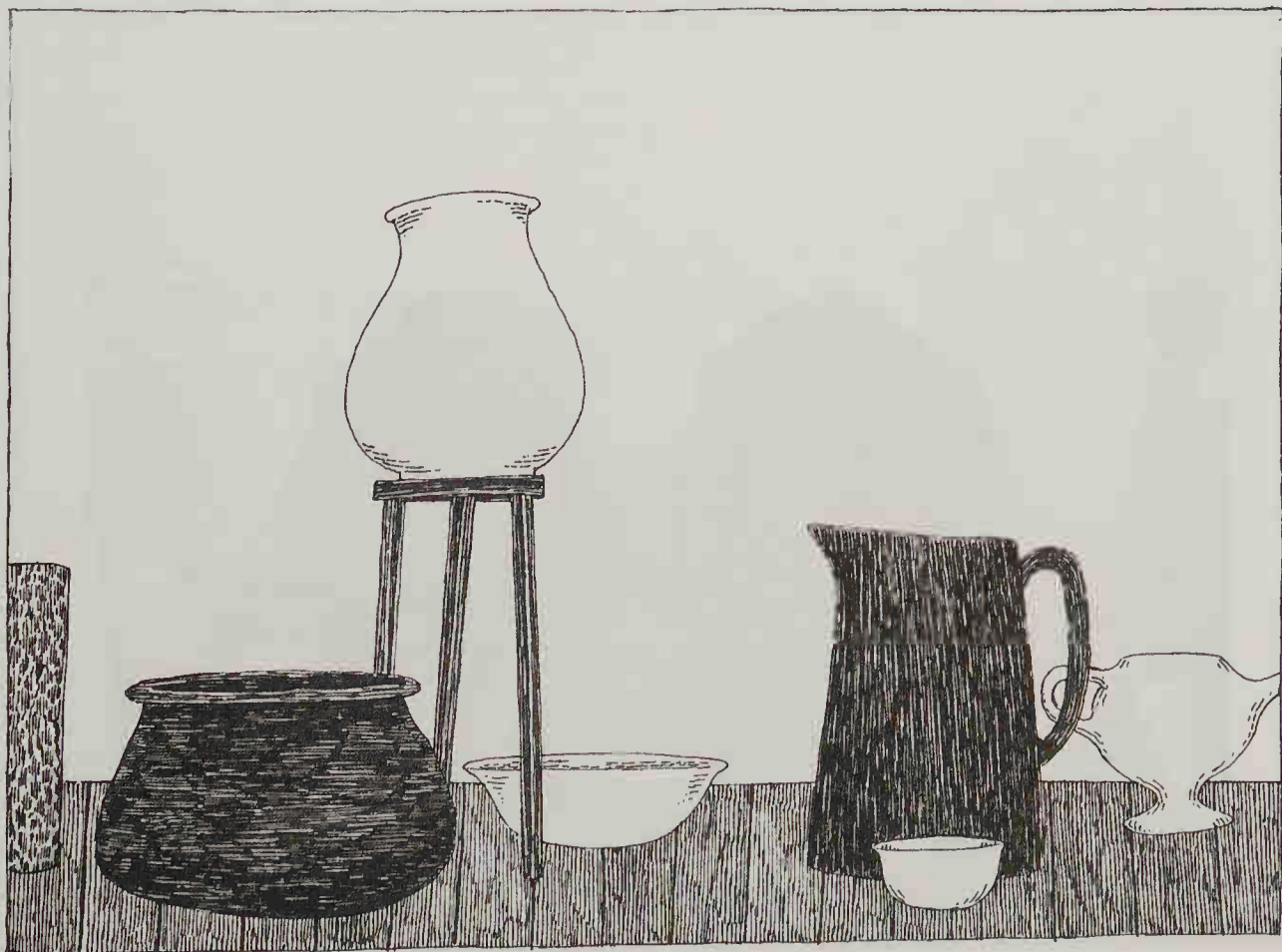


*Jane poured in water to dissolve the lumps, so that it was too thin once again.*





*She dumped in flour, so that it became a second time too thick.*

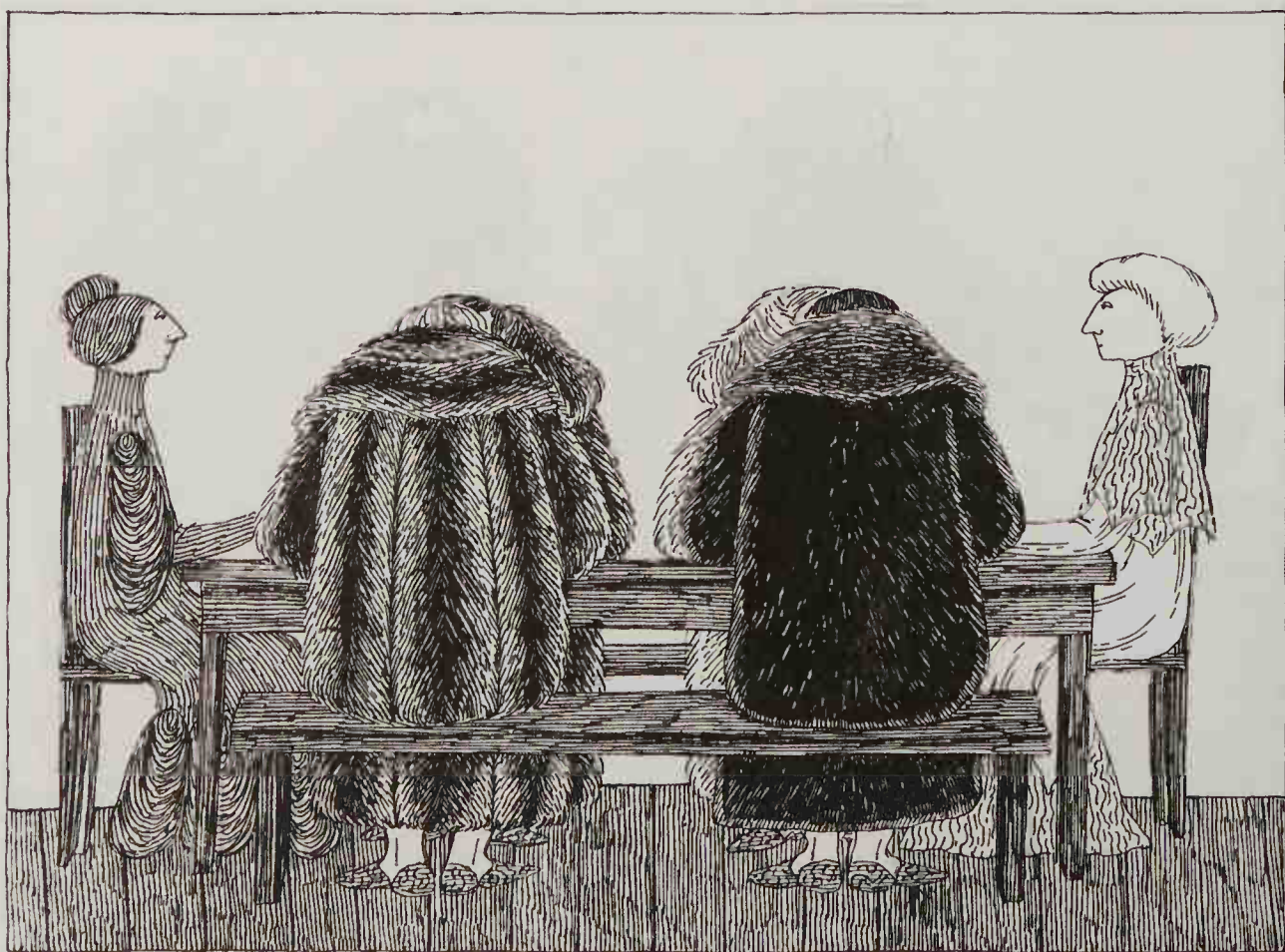


*This went on until there was so much white sauce, it filled every available receptacle.*





*It was still lumpy, but they sat down to dinner notwithstanding.*

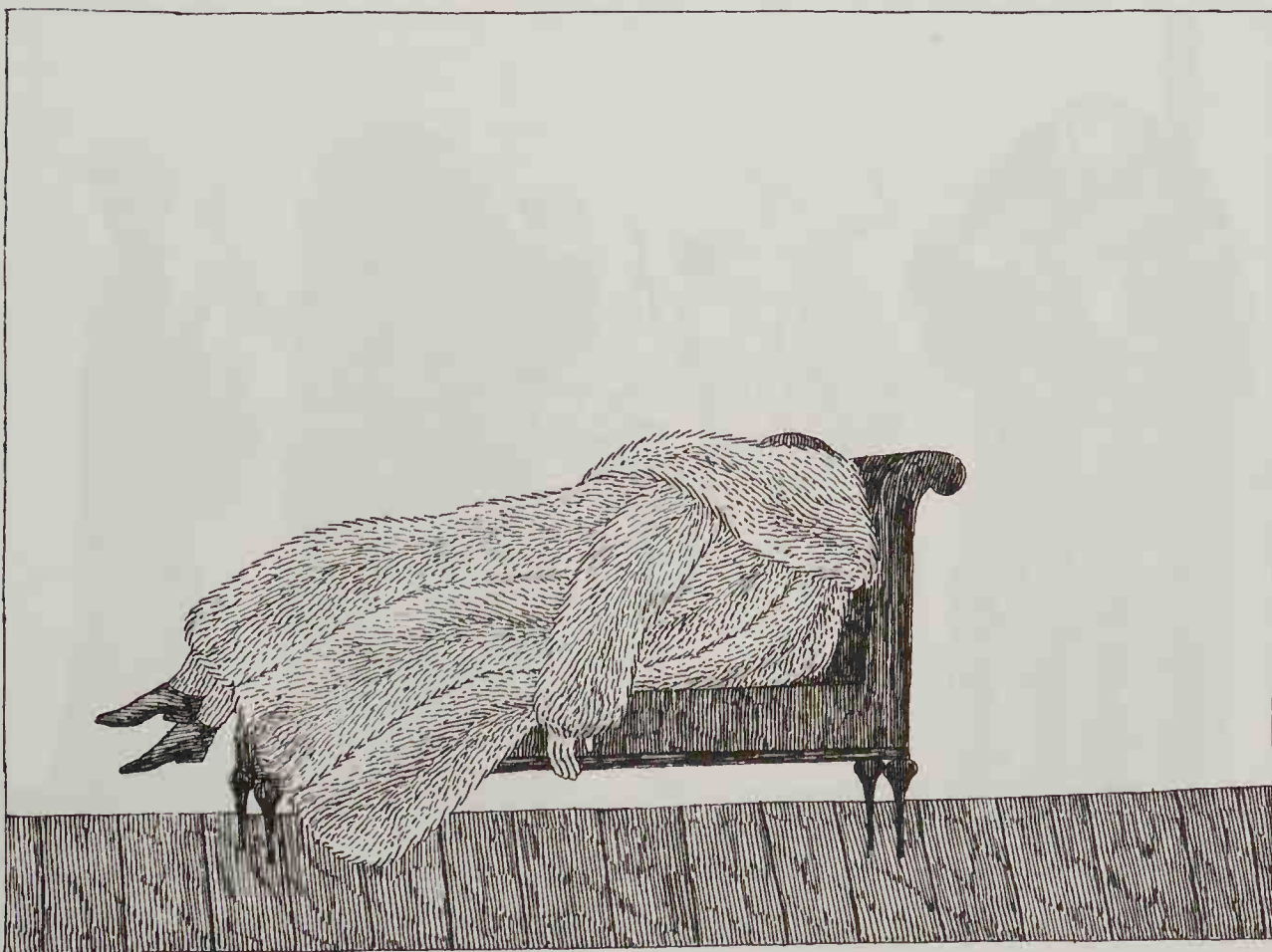


*In the ensuing weeks white sauce appeared at least once, and often two or three times, at every meal, even breakfast.*





*The last of the sauce covered some ill-mashed turnips.*



*Just after the meal concluded Henry suddenly died.*





*It was Christmas Eve as it happened.*

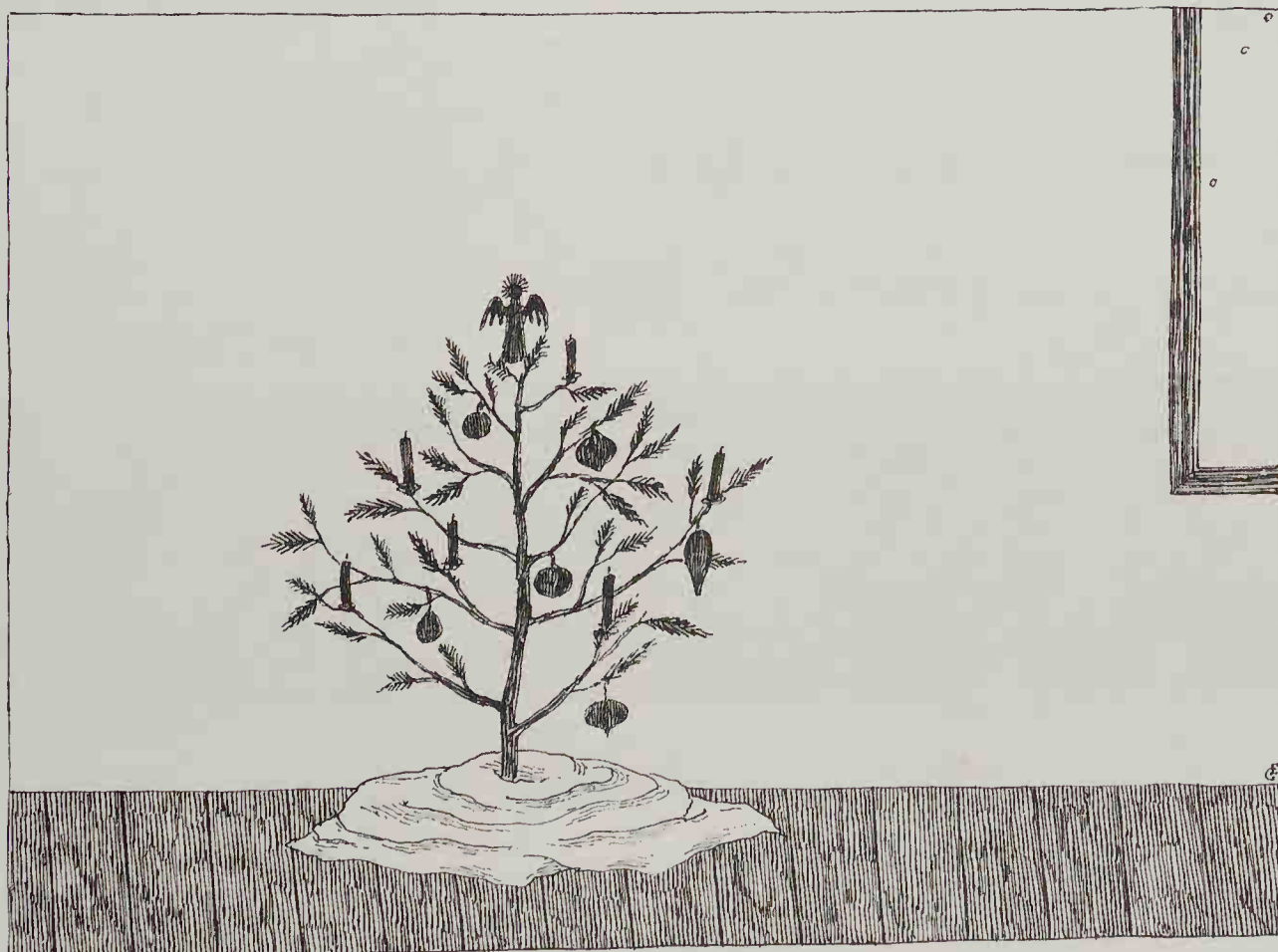


*Jane, Anne, George, and William painted all the ornaments a dull black.*



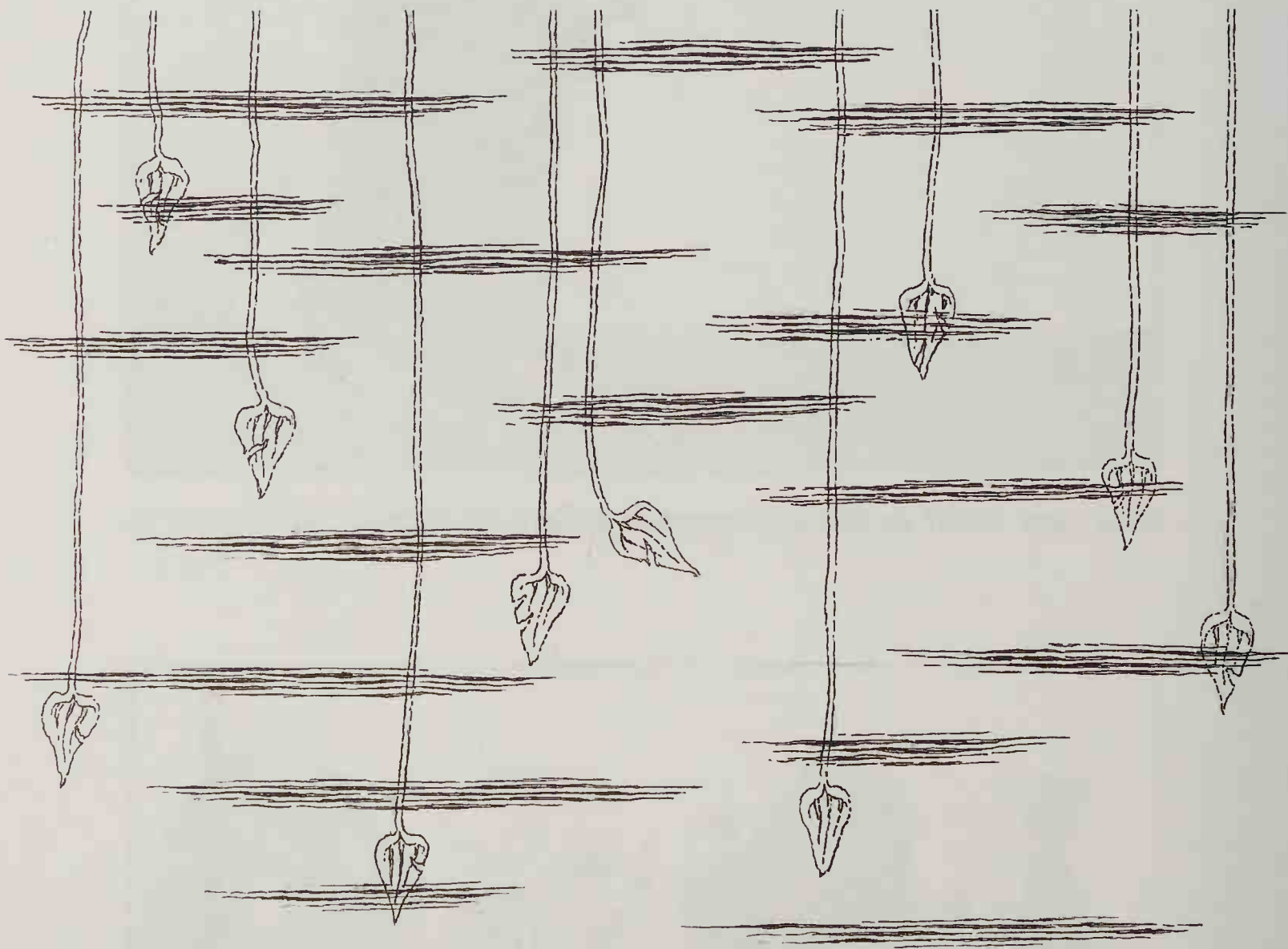


*Charles went to the village for black candles.*



*Snow was falling again as they finished trimming the tree.*



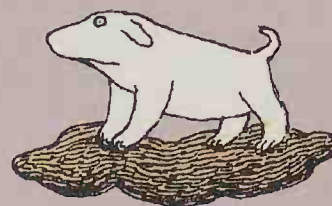
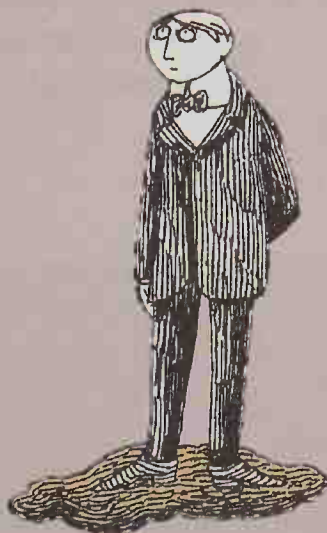
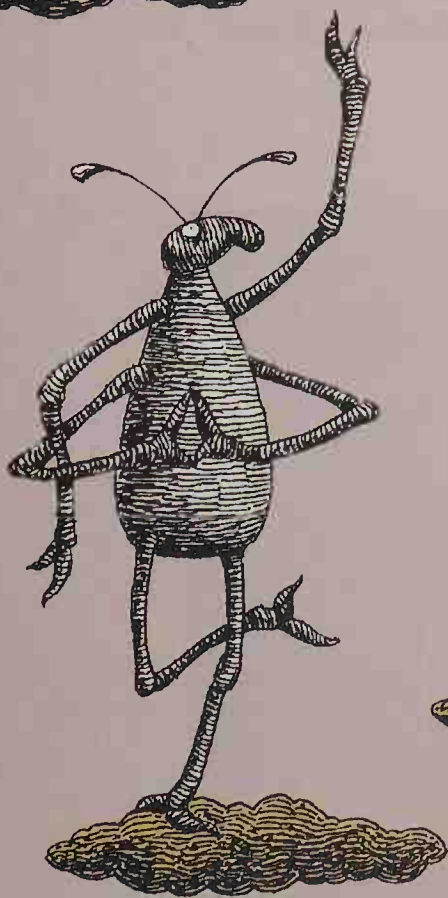






THE HAUNTED TEA-COSY  
BY EDWARD GOREY

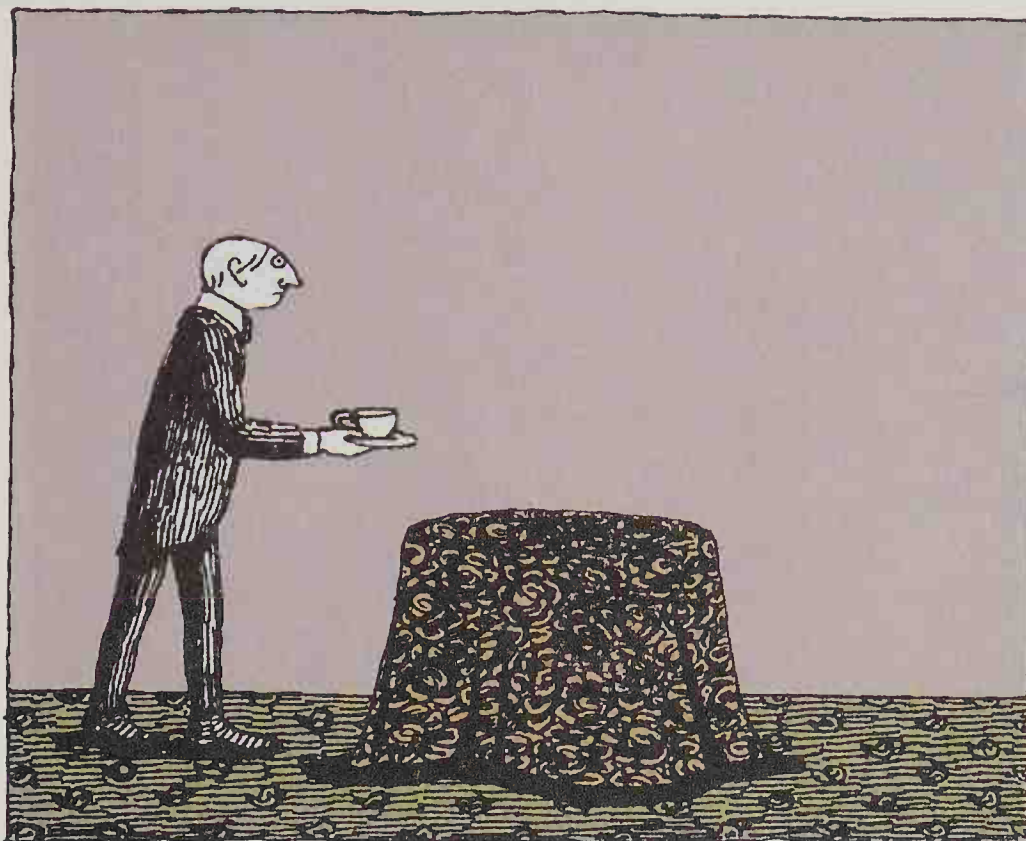
*A Dispirited and Distasteful  
Diversion for Christmas*



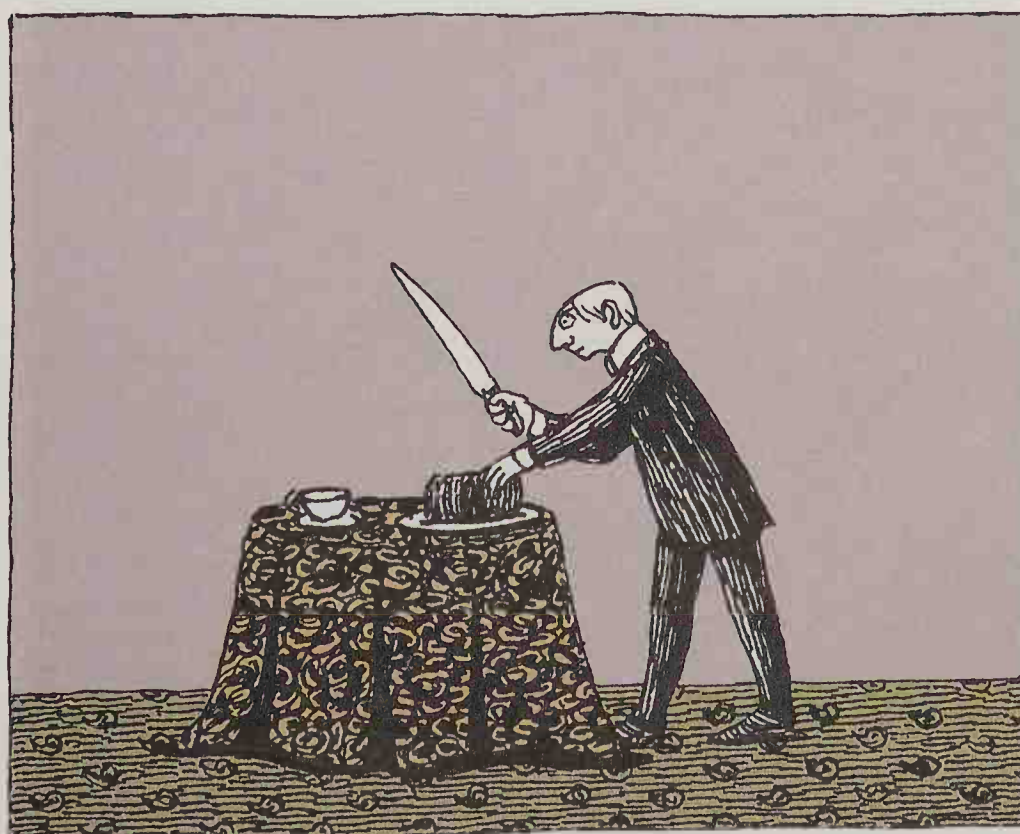






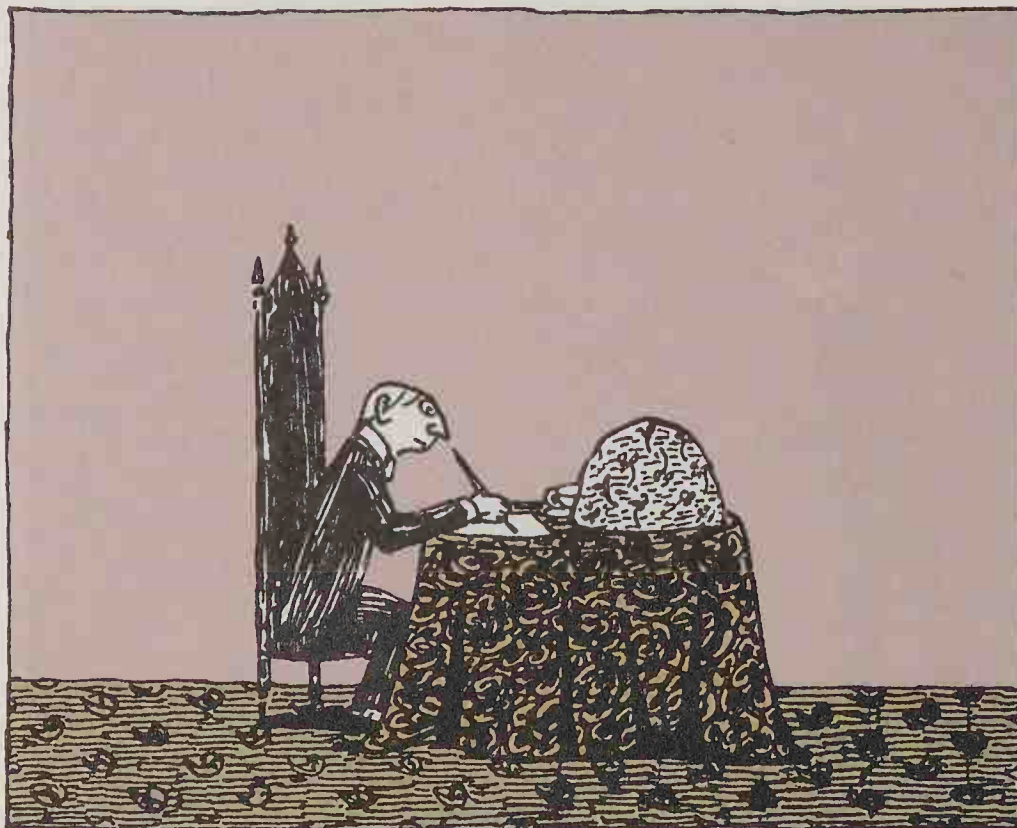


*Edmund Gravel, known as the Recluse  
of Lower Spigot to everybody there  
and elsewhere, prepared to take  
tea by himself on Christmas Eve.*

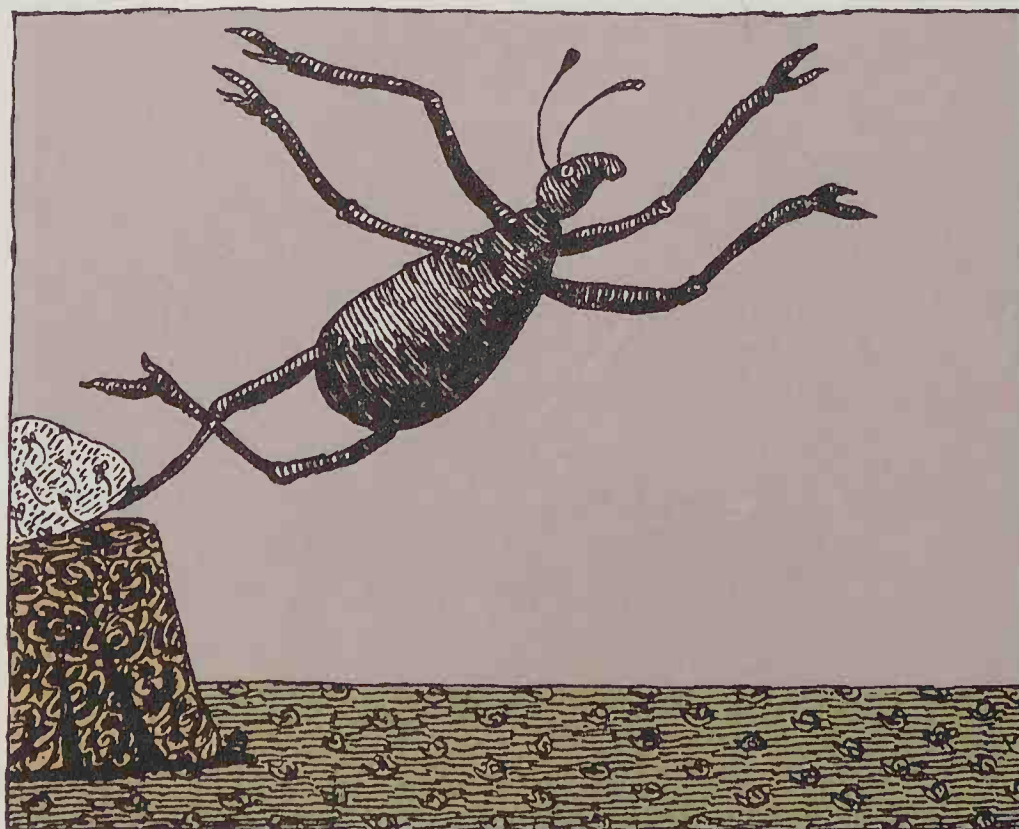


*He was hardly able to cut a slice of  
fruitcake from the last one he had  
received more than a decade ago.*



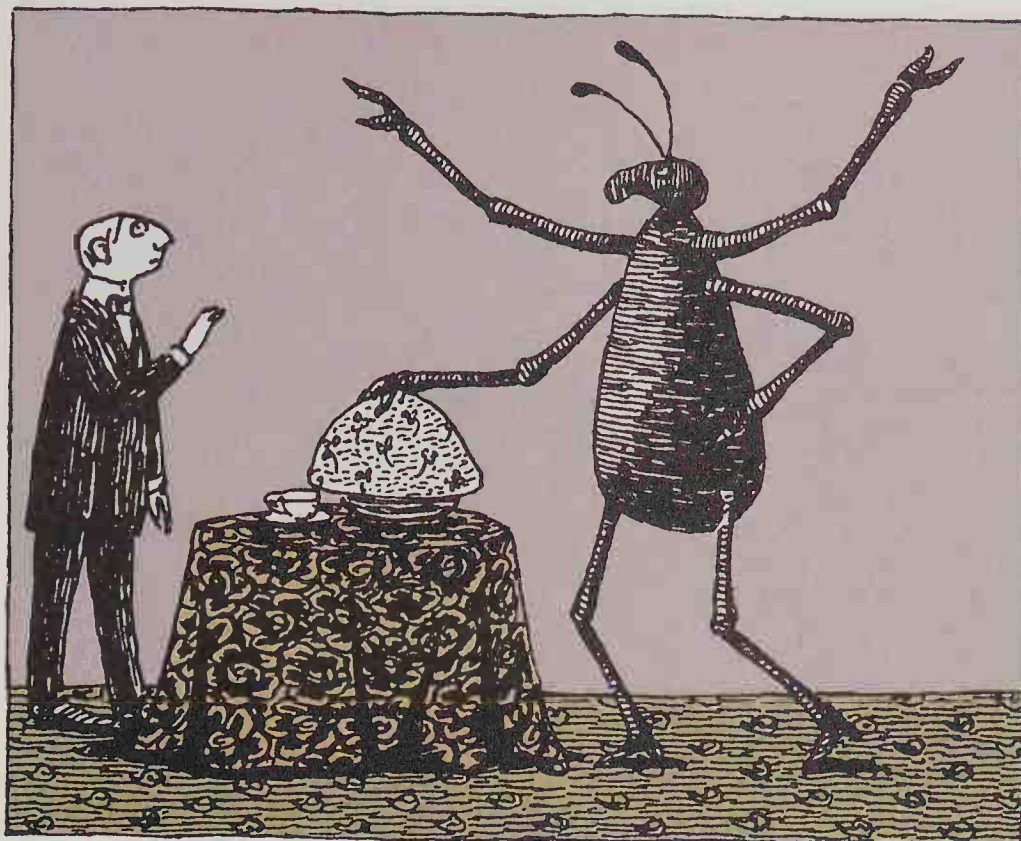


*Waiting for the week's teabag to steep, he wrote by hand several letters to the newspapers anent the price of a typewriter ribbon having risen the day of the winter solstice.*

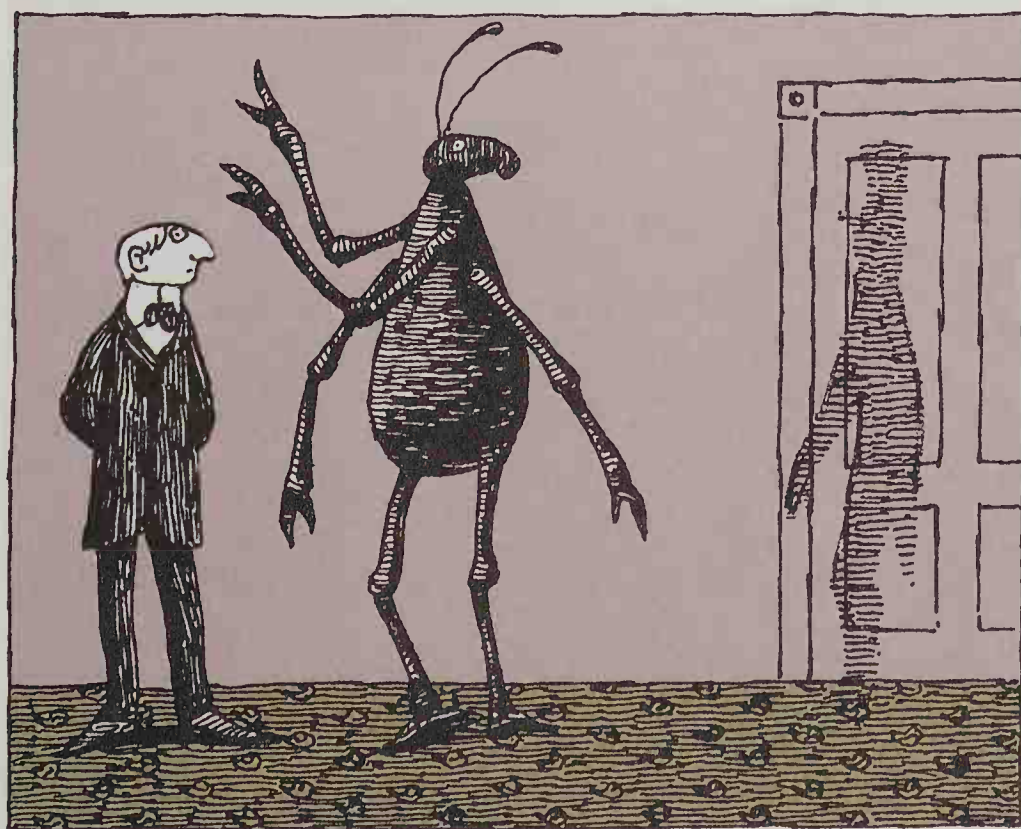


*The tea-cosy suddenly twitched and from beneath it leapt a creature many times the size of the space within, even if it had not already held the teapot.*



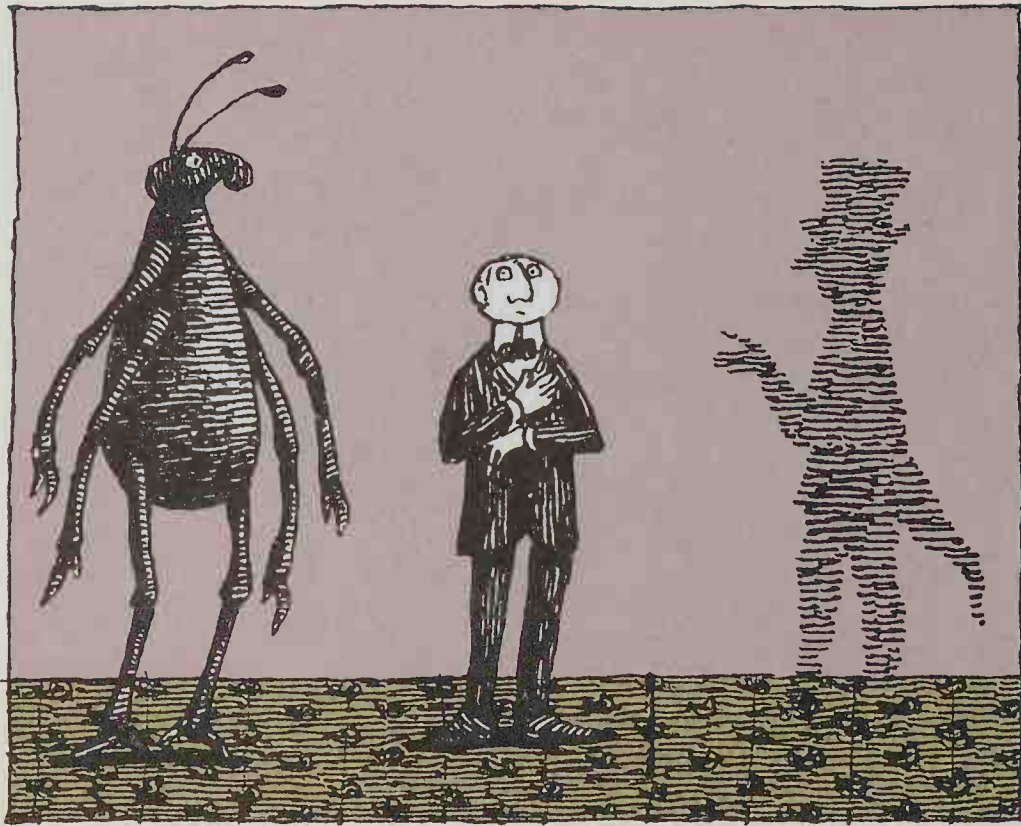


*'I am the Bahhum Bug,' it declared;  
'I am here to diffuse the interests  
of didacticism.'*



*A knocking was heard at the door  
through which, without it opening,  
stepped a subfuse but transparent  
personage.*



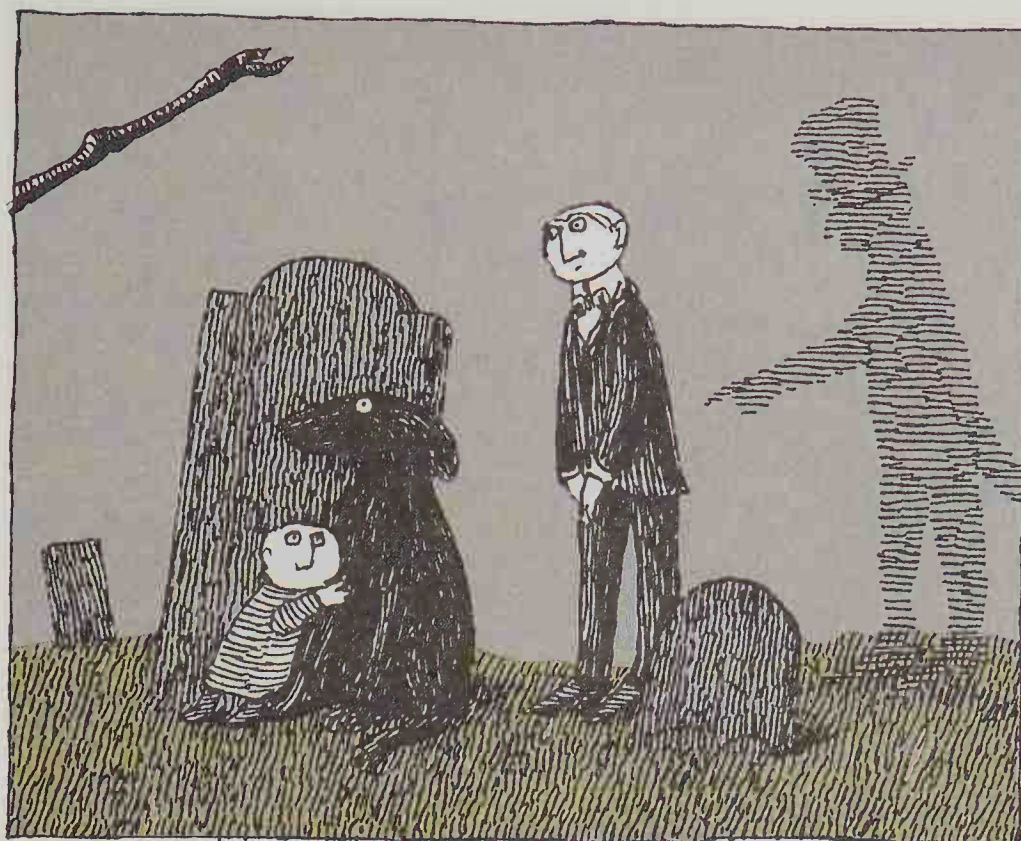


*'I am the Spectre of Christmas That Never Was,' it muttered, 'and I have come to show you Affecting Scenes.'*



*Gravel and his companions found themselves at a great distance somewhere to the north.*



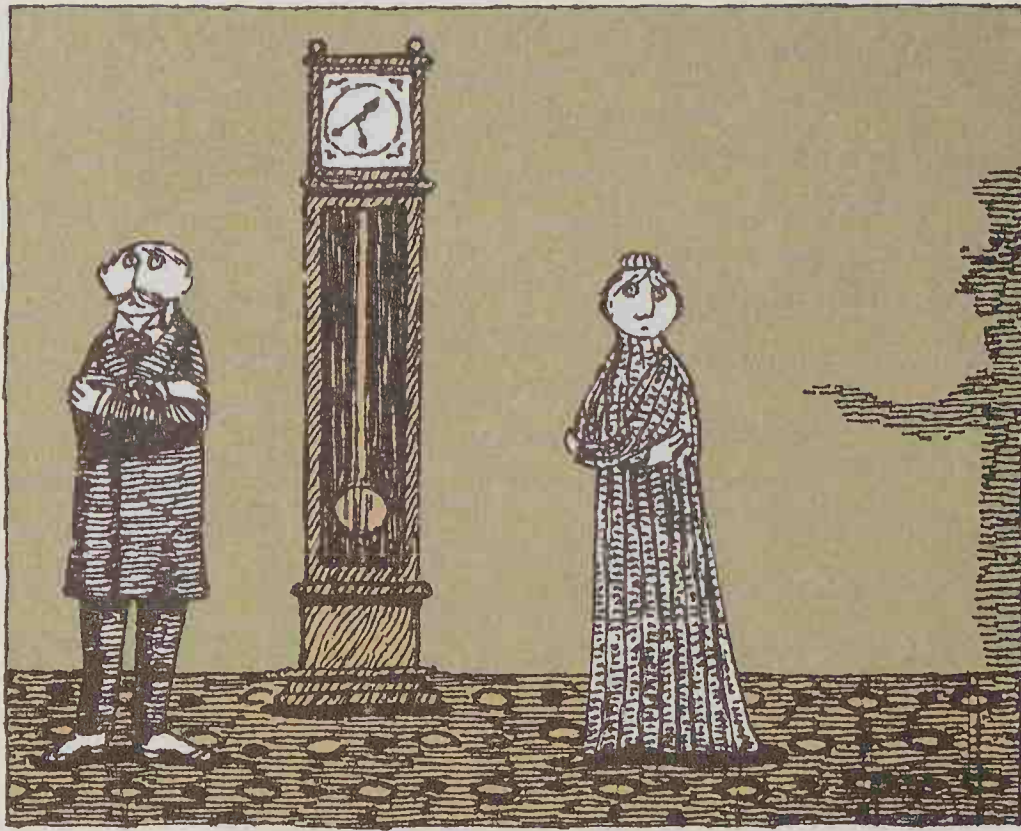


*A small orphan called Nub and a large stray dog named Bruno huddled against a tombstone whose inscription was worn away.*

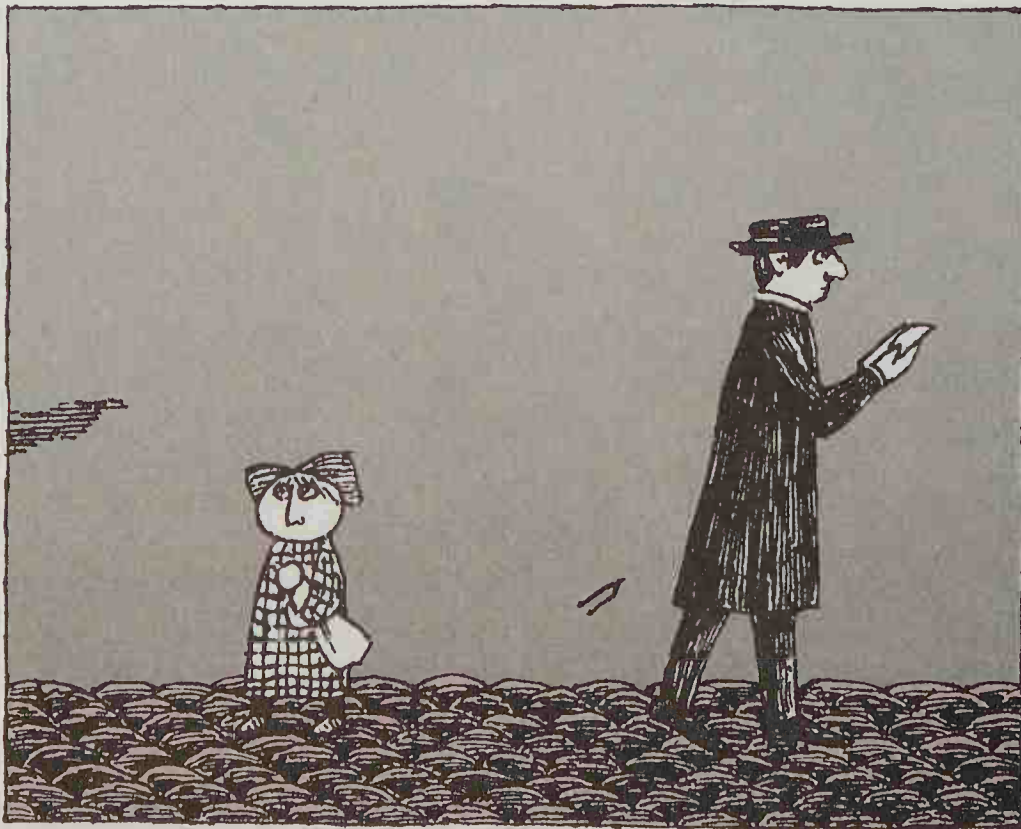


*Across the road from the churchyard Alberta Stipple returned home to find the wallpaper in the drawing room gone.*



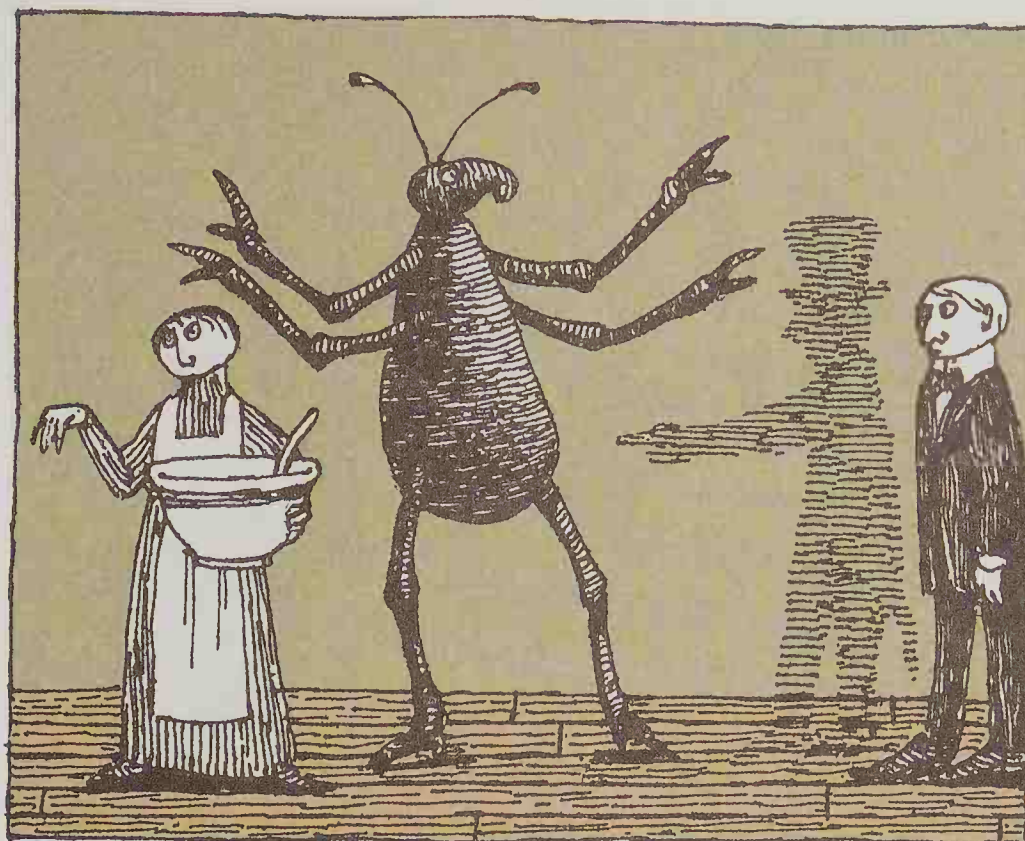


*Three doors to the east the Edward Boggles could not agree whether the grandfather clock was fast or slow.*

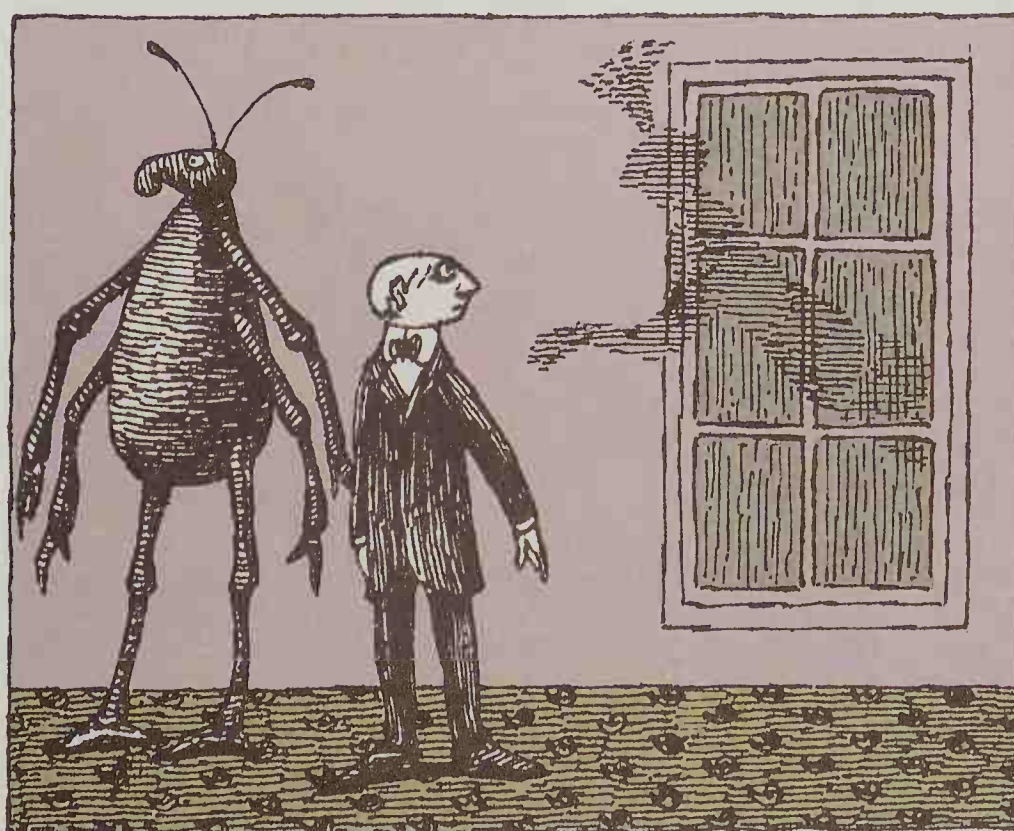


*In the high street of the village Reverend Flannel lost his tuning-fork.*





*In the cottage next to the post office  
Alma Crumble broke her wrist stirring  
batter, at which the Bug declared  
in a minatory tone that 'That was  
enough of that.'*

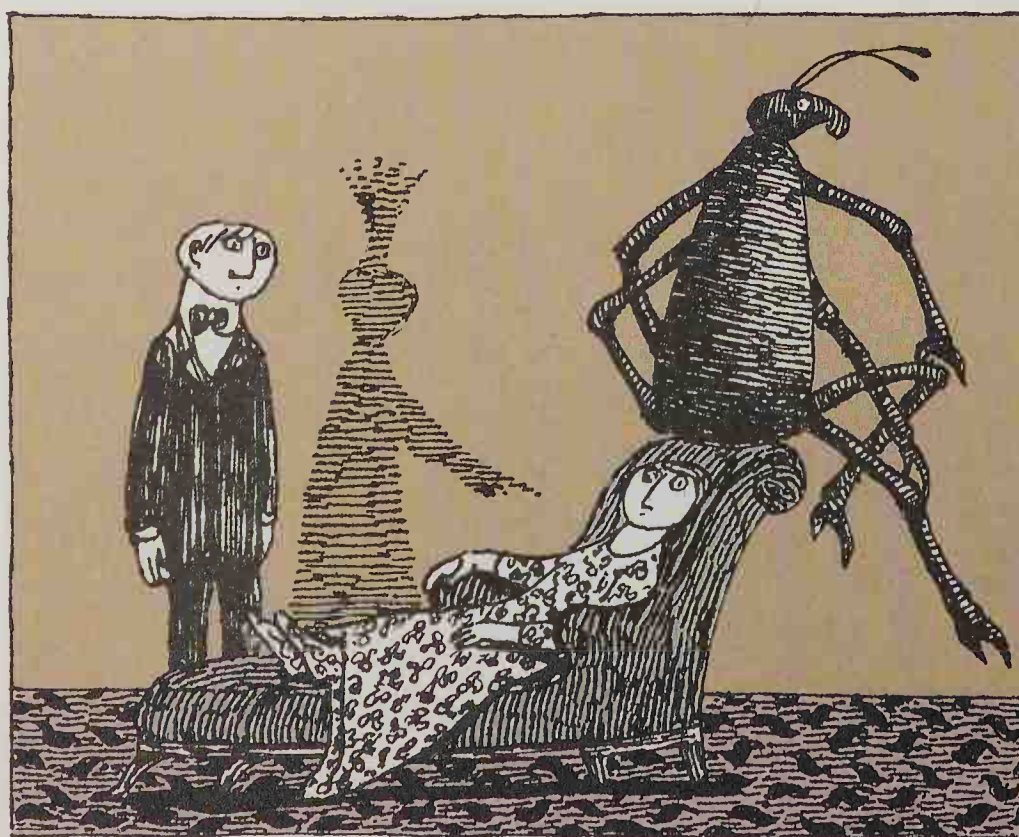


*No sooner were they back than a  
twittering was heard outside the  
window through which, without  
breaking the glass, drifted a second  
subfusc but transparent personage.*





*'I am the Spectre of Christmas That Isn't,' it murmured, 'and I have come to show you Distressing Scenes.'*



*Albinia Fennel reclined on a chaise longue and waited for a letter from her brother in far-off Hokkaido, Japan.*





*Over the way Alfreda Scumble was  
abstracted from the veranda by  
gypsies despite the barks of Nero.*

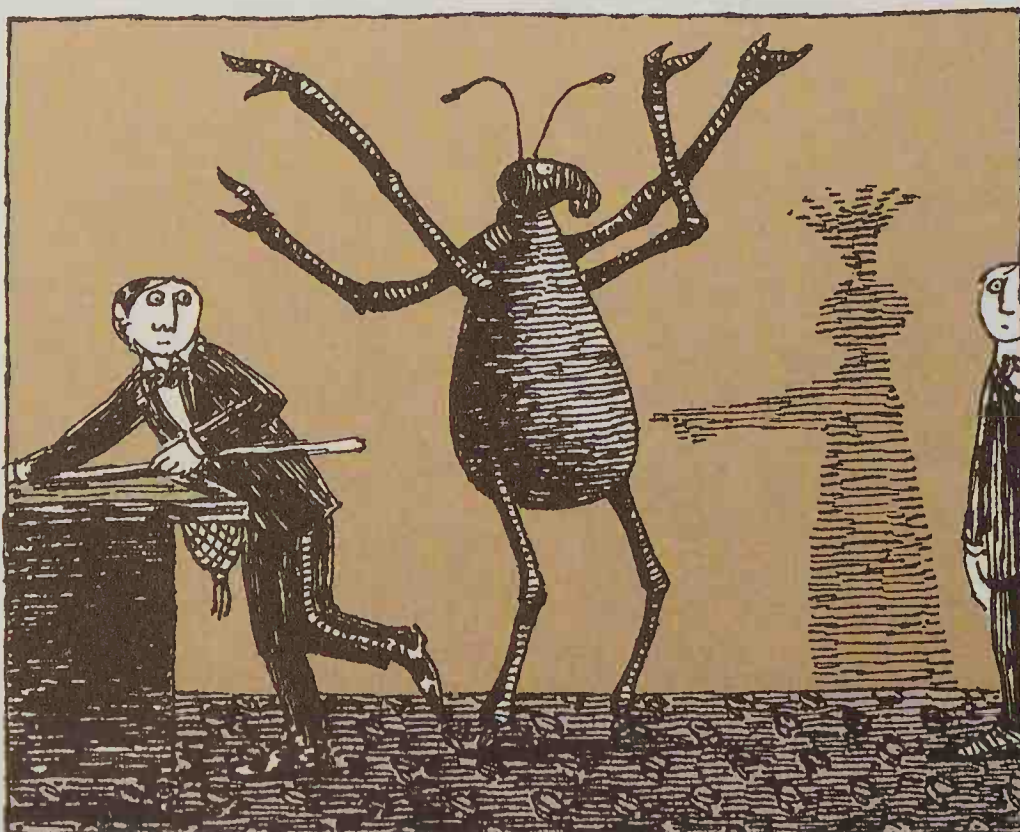


*Next door but one the Edgar Grapples,  
Senior and Junior, had an argument  
as to what day of the week it was.*



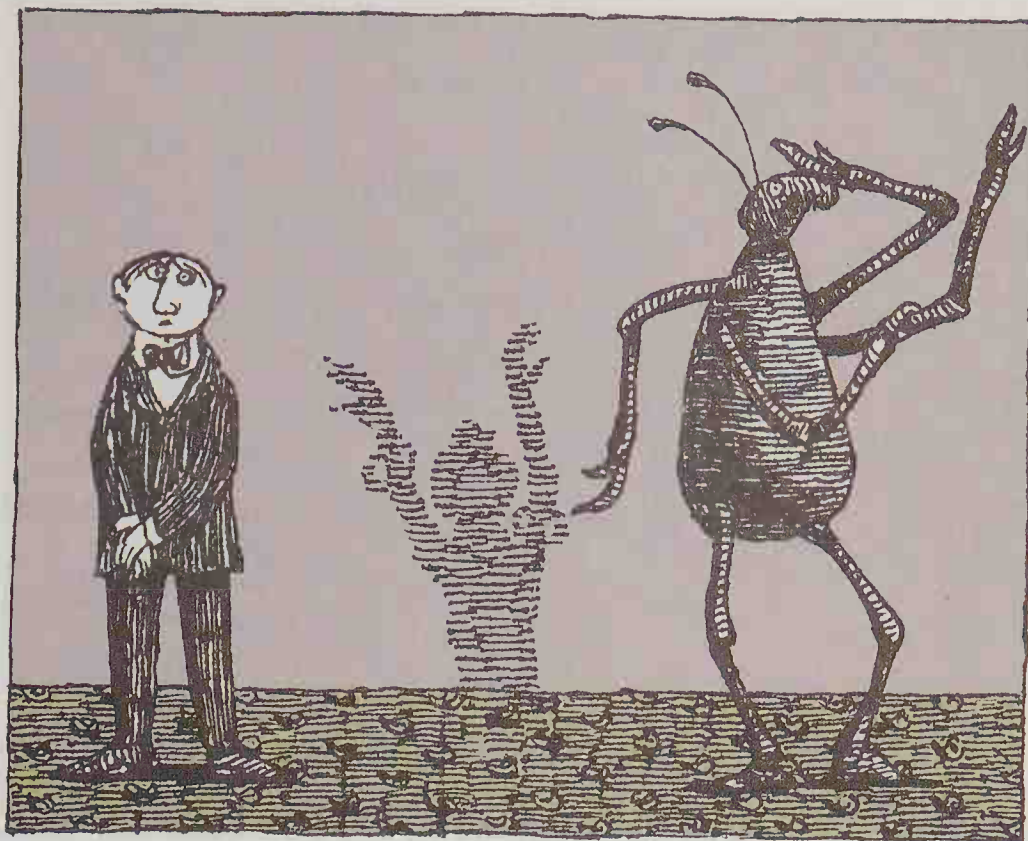


*To the south, in the cemetery a wrong coffin in a newly dug grave was found to contain rolls of used wallpaper.*

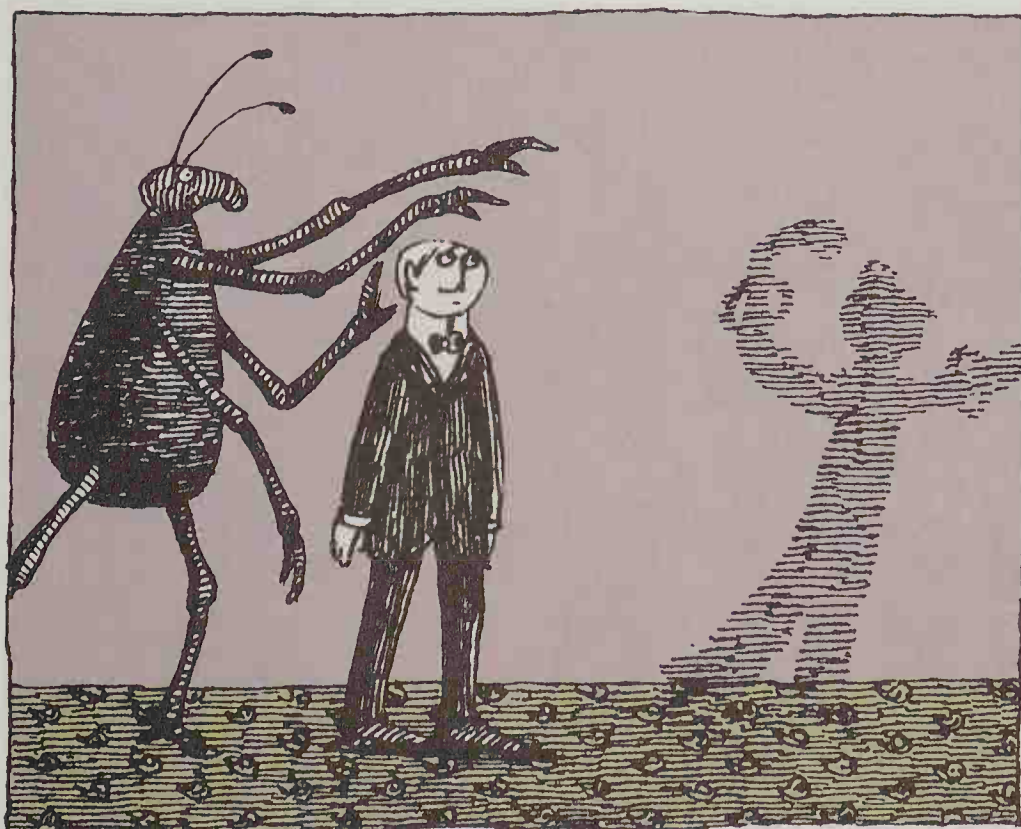


*In a nearby villa Edo Haggie sprained his ankle while playing billiards, at which the Bug declared in an admonitory tone that 'That is enough of that.'*



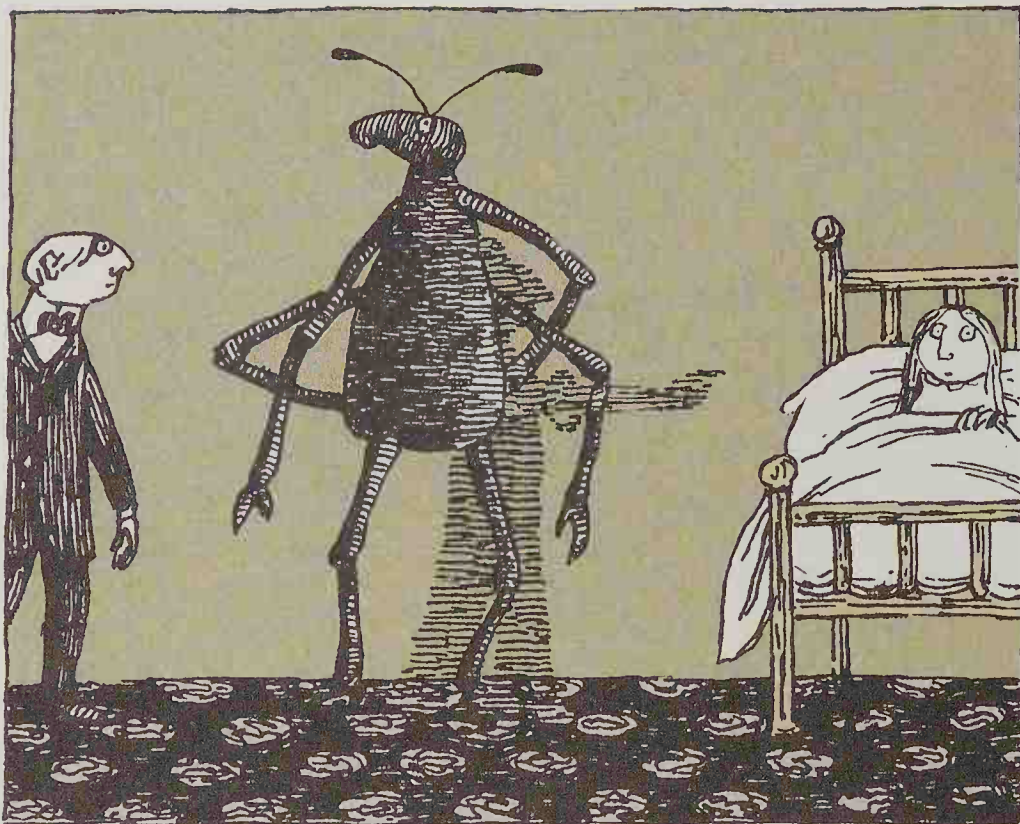


*No sooner were they back than a scratching came from under the floor through which, without disturbing the boards, ascended a third subfusc but transparent personage.*

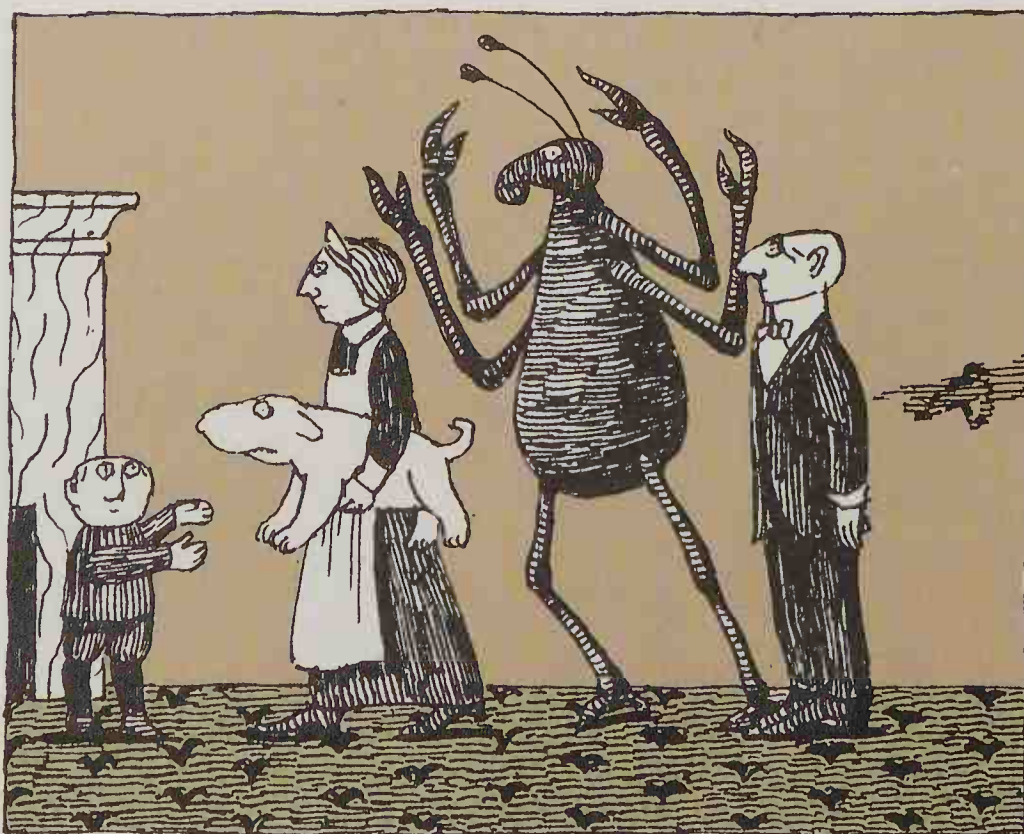


*'I am the Spectre of Christmas That Never Will Be,' it mumbled, 'and I have come to show you Heart-Rending Scenes.'*



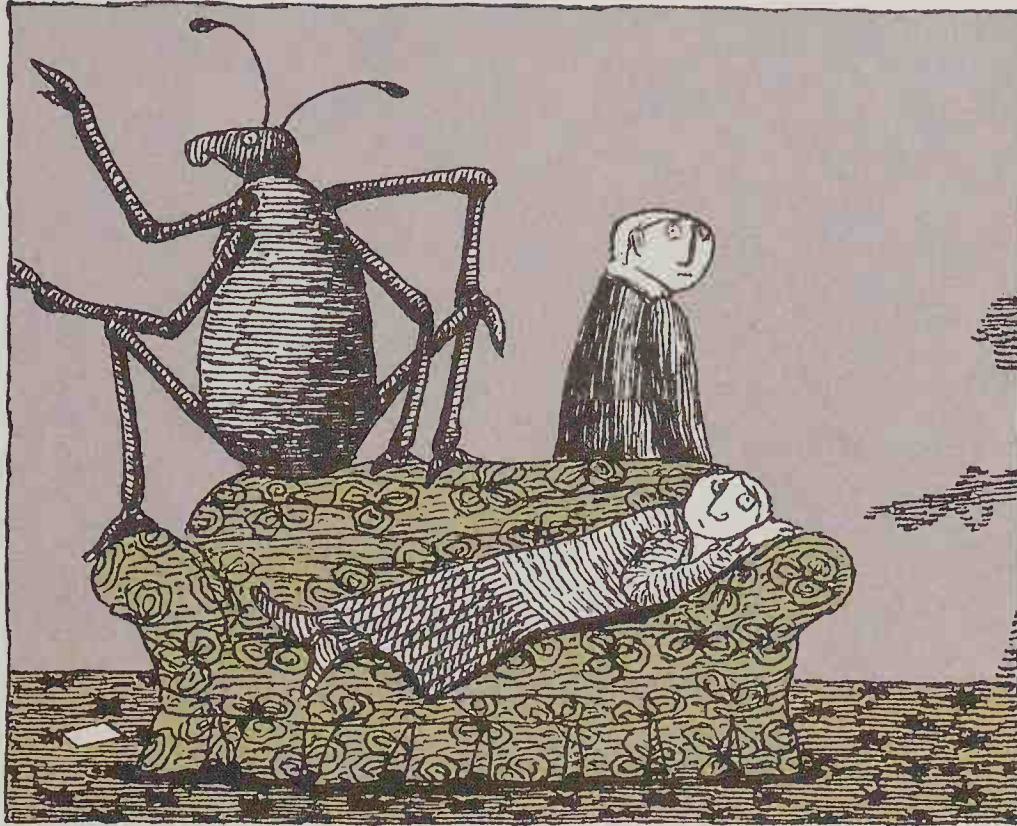


*Alicia Grumble woke in the night  
unable to think where she had put  
her Bible.*



*To the house opposite Fido was returned  
from the taxidermist and set down  
by the fireplace.*



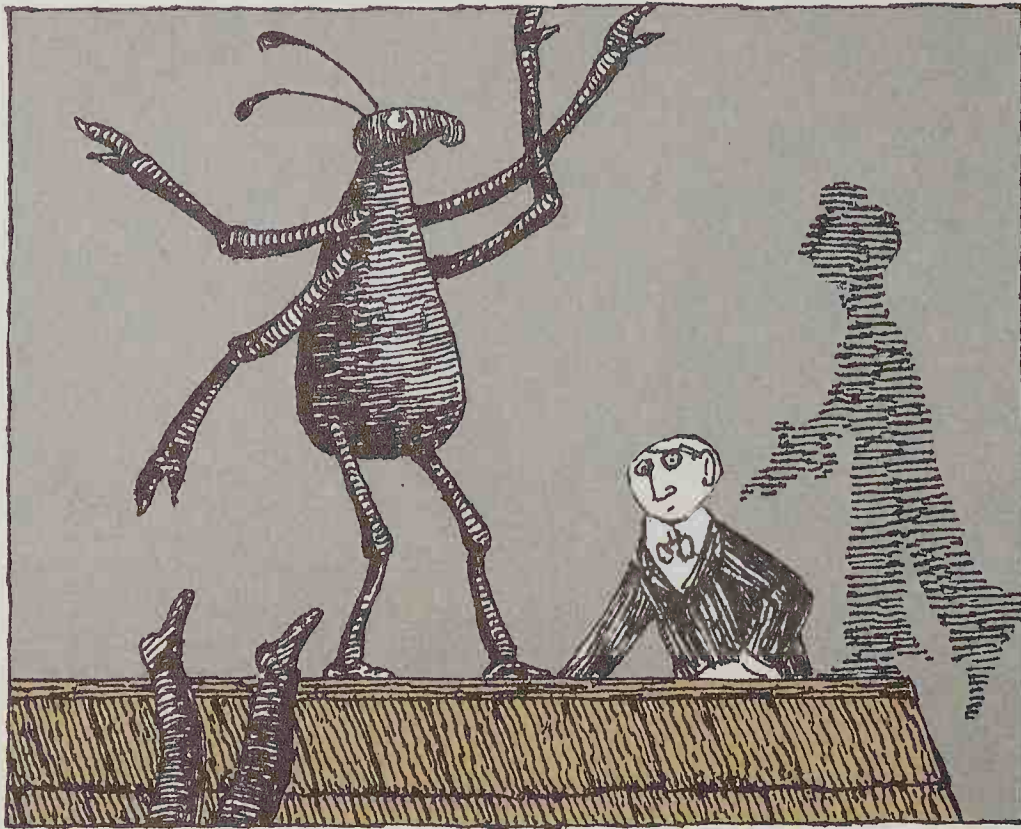


*In a residence to the west Alethea Funnel lay on the sofa remembering her fiancé who had gone down with the Alexandra.*

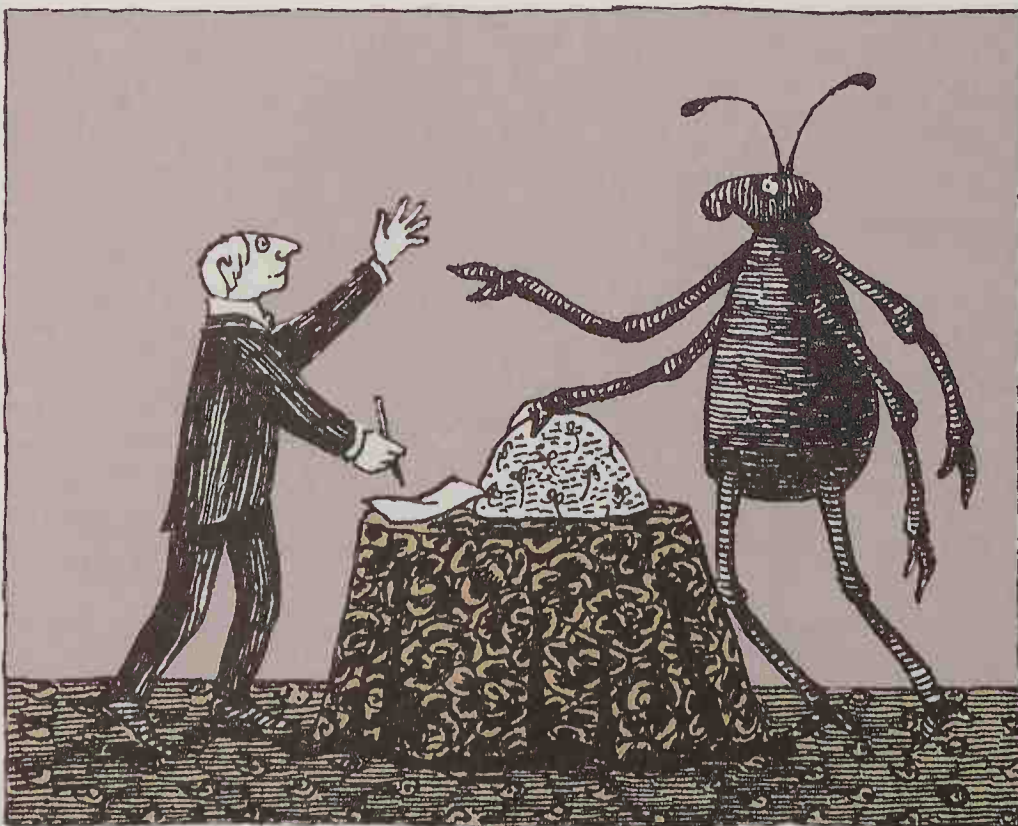


*Beyond, at the ancestral home Lady Snaggle was informed her husband's were the brains behind an international gang of wallpaper thieves.*



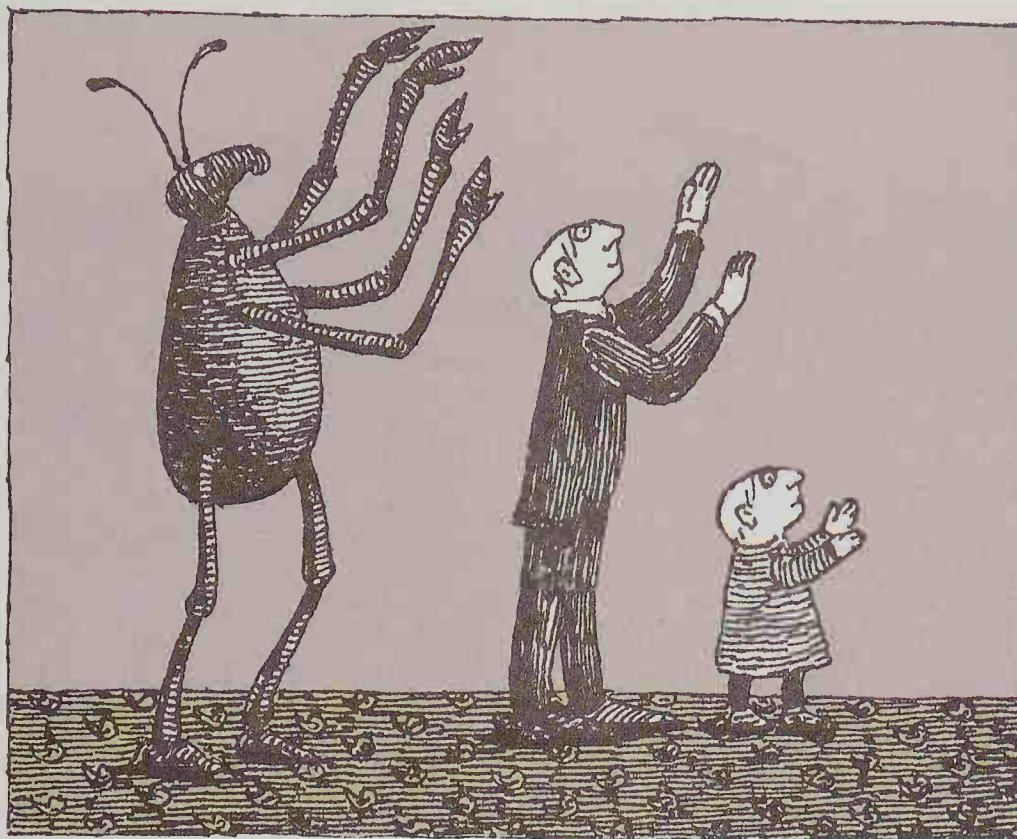


*At the lodge Edwin Stoppie, attempting to deal with a loose slate, fell off the roof, at which the Bug declared in an objugatory tone that 'That will be enough of that.'*

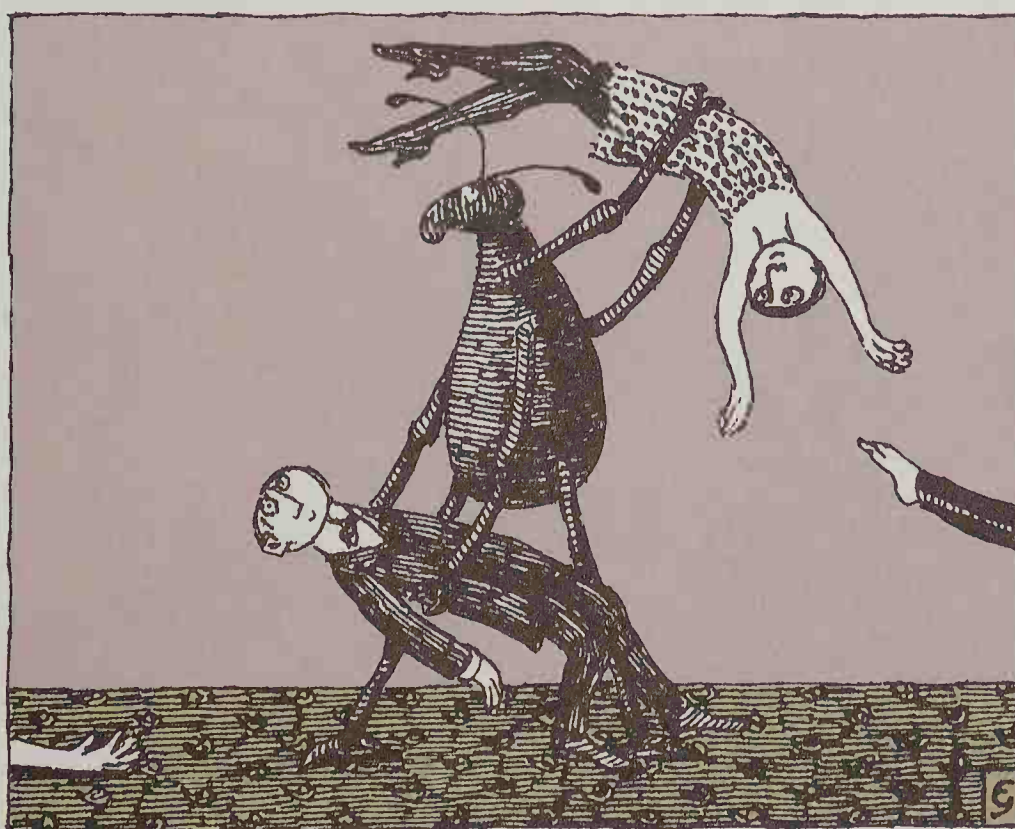


*No sooner were they back than Gravel cried, 'I shall give a party and ask everyone in Lower Spigot and others from elsewhere,' and plunged into penning invitations.*





*The cynosure was a cake taller than anything else in the room, a conflation of Chartres Cathedral and the Stupa at Borobudur iced in dazzling white sugar; inside was a quarter-ton of fruitcake.*



*Giggling, dancing, and shrieking prevailed and, as the evening wore on, were carried to the very edge of the unseemly.*



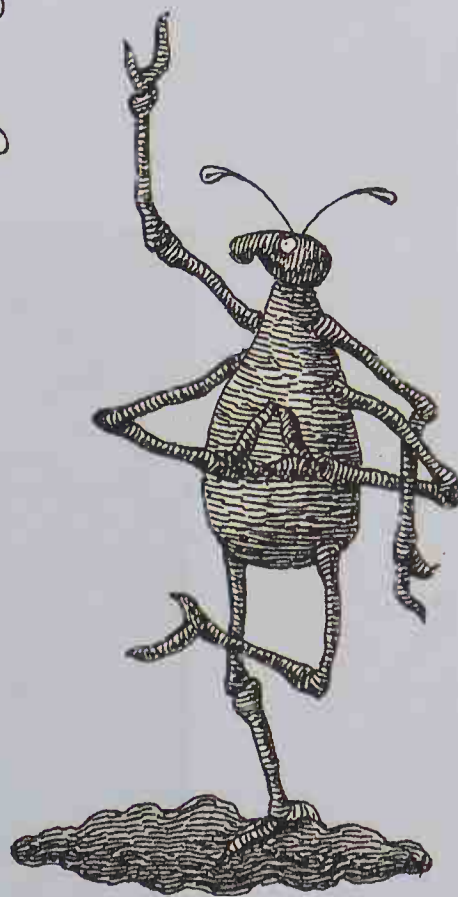
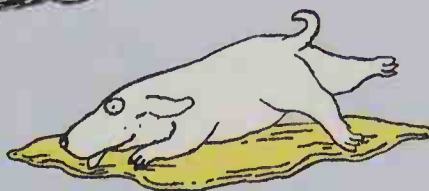
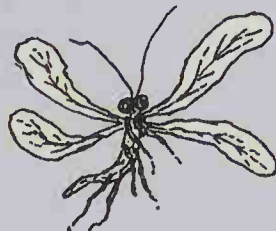
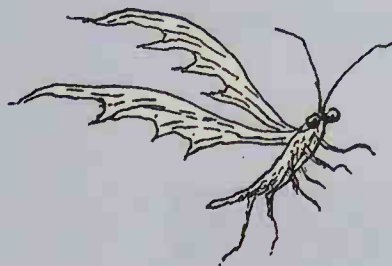
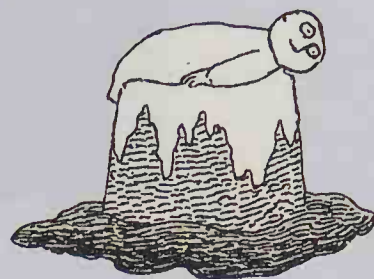






THE HEADLESS BUST  
BY EDWARD GOREY

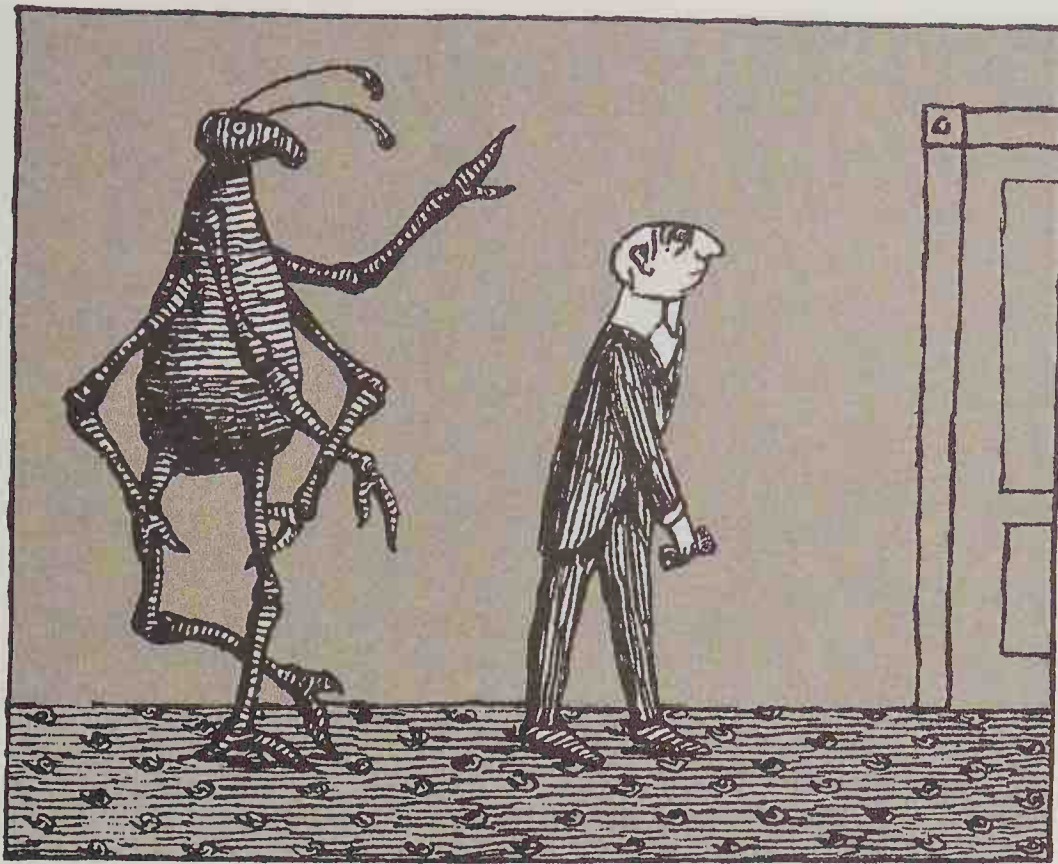
*A Melancholy Meditation  
on the False Millennium*



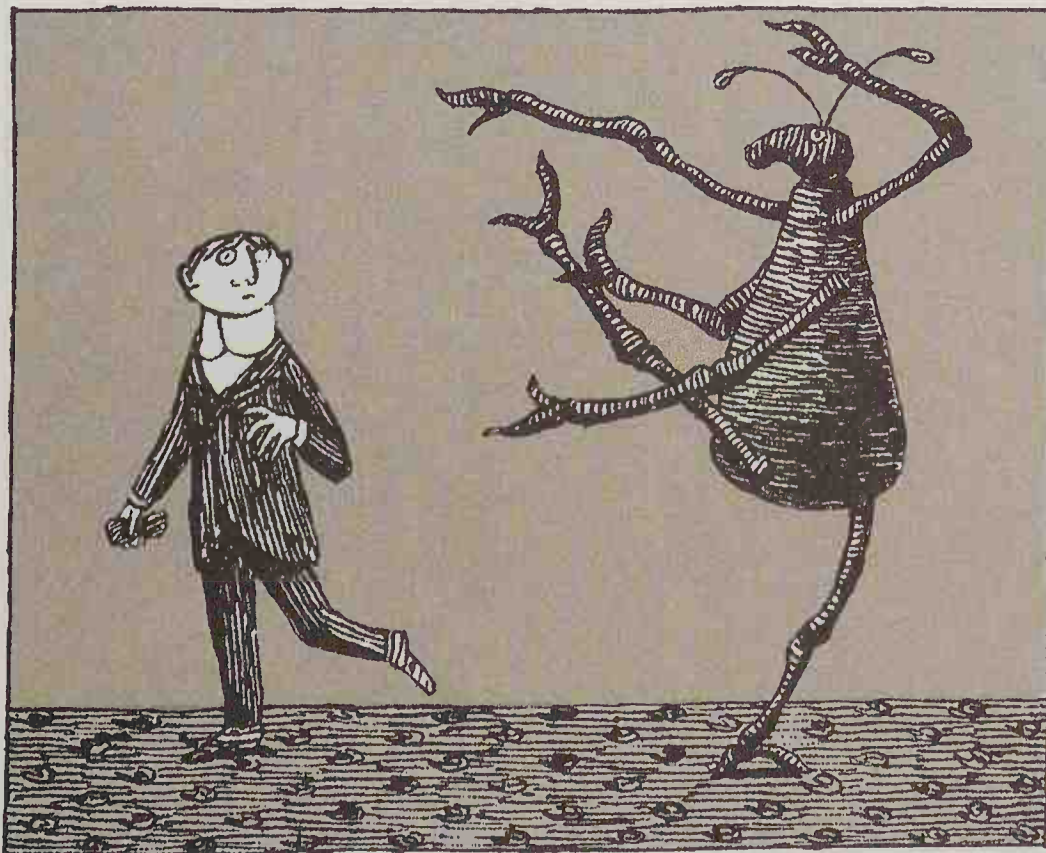






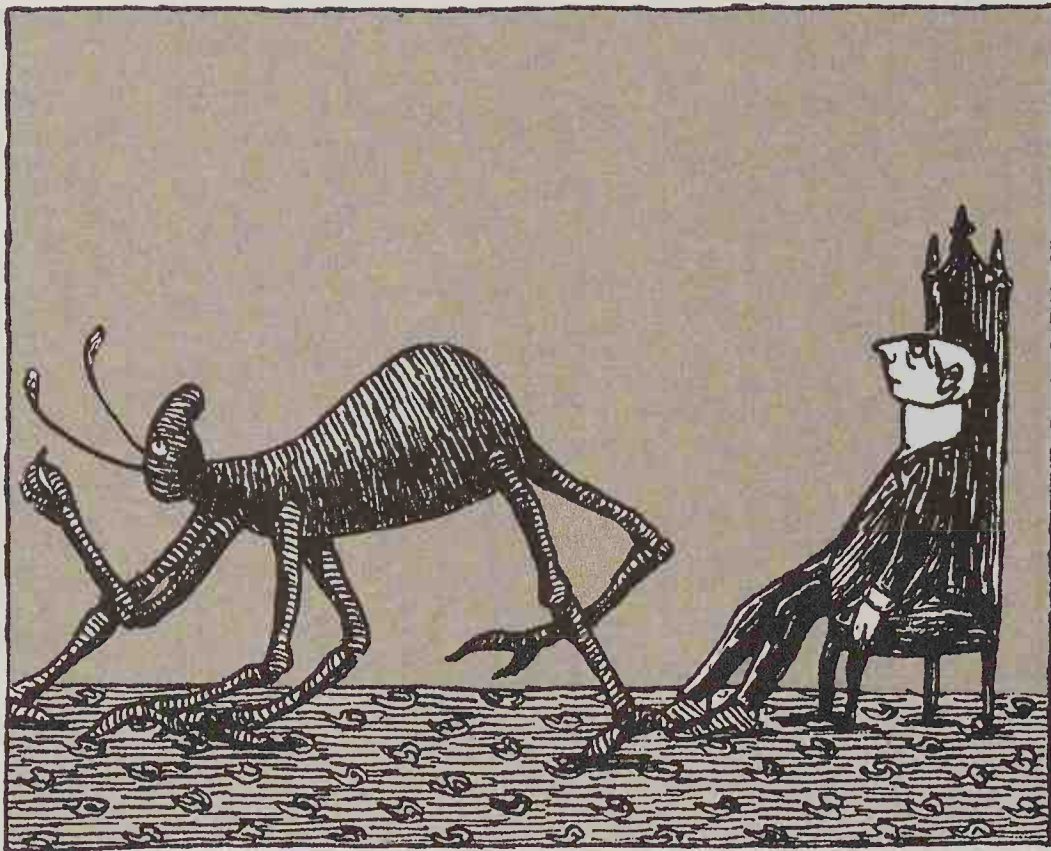


*'Twas hours and hours after dawn  
Ere the last guest was fin'ly gone.  
Ça va, hélas, from bad to worse:  
Adieu to prose, allô to verse.*

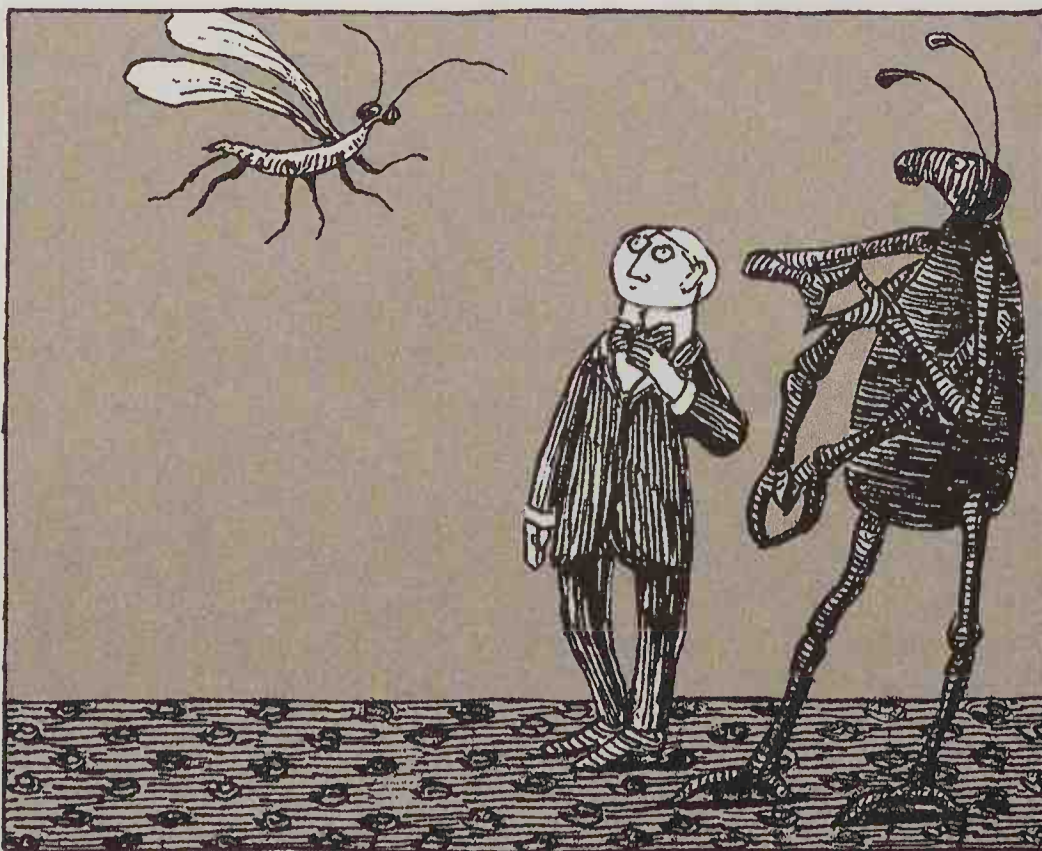


*The Bahhumbug with lack of tact  
Now called attention to the fact,  
Which made it feel to Edmund Gravel  
He was already to unravel.*



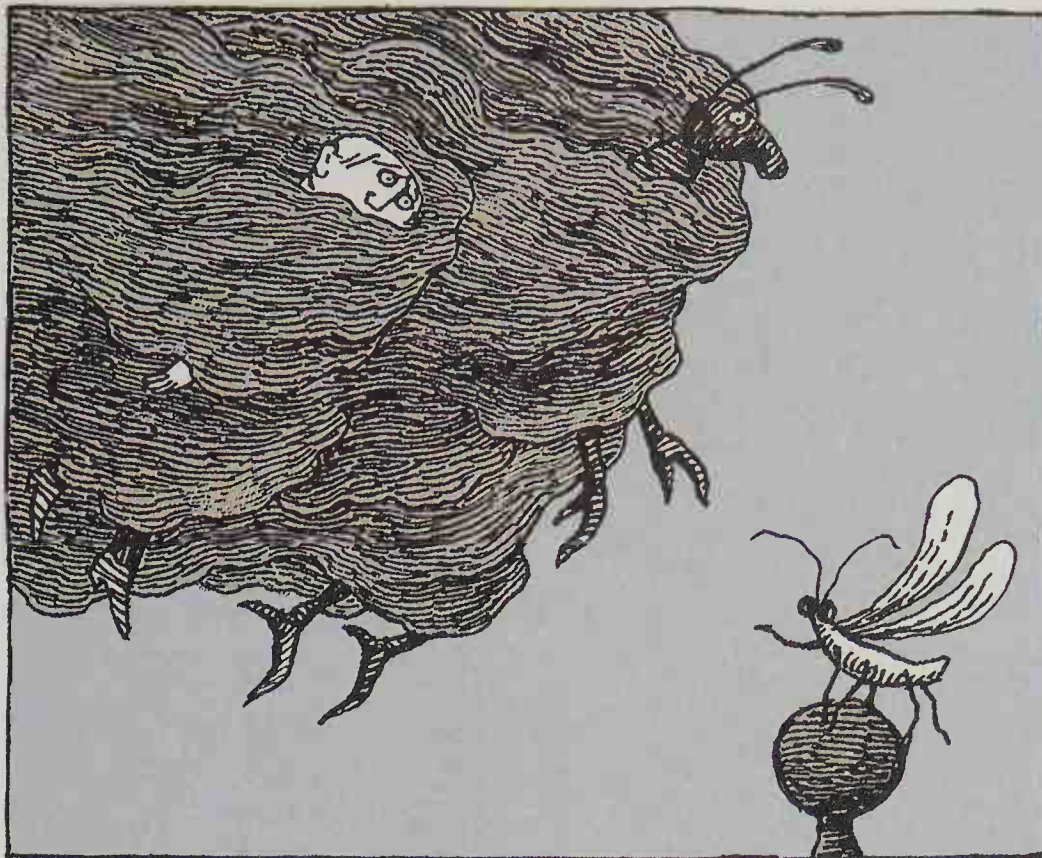


*While Edmund dozed, the Bahhumbug  
Was picking crumbs from off the rug;  
A noise disturbed the morning gloom  
And something flapped around the room.*



*In tinny tones it whispered, 'I'm  
Arrived, and only just in time  
To take you both from place to place  
Where there is shame, also disgrace.'*



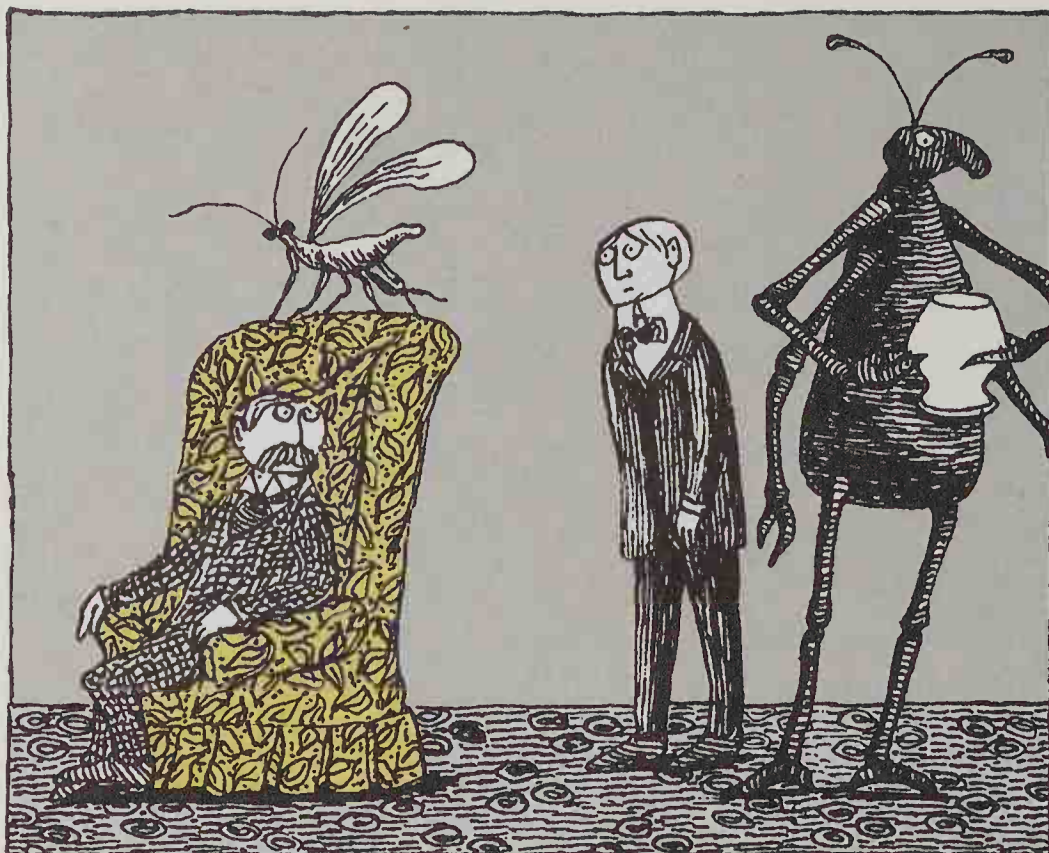


*They felt themselves wound up in shrouds —  
Or were they only woolly clouds?  
Till shortly after they came down  
In some remote provincial town.*



*'Initial, dash cannot conceal  
The fact that everything is real,  
But whether it is also true  
Is left entirely up to you.'*



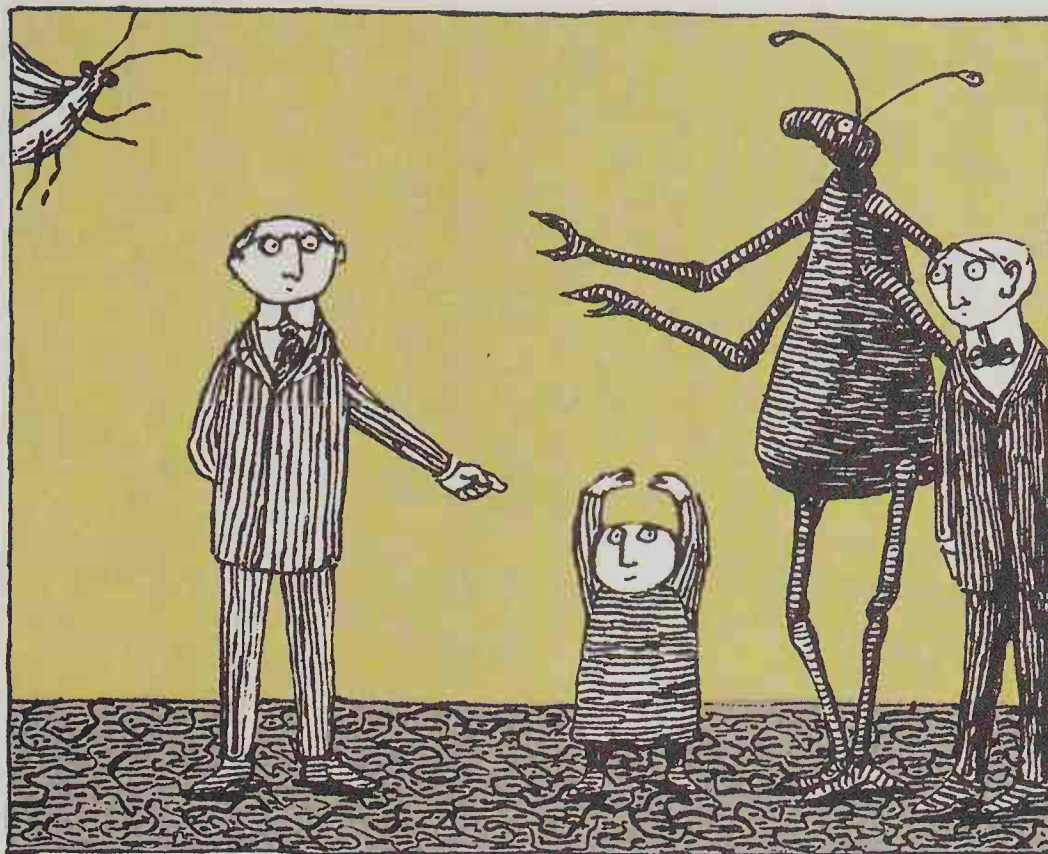


*The famous essay writer, V—  
Was one for strict propriety,  
So few were privileged to know  
His left foot had an extra toe.*

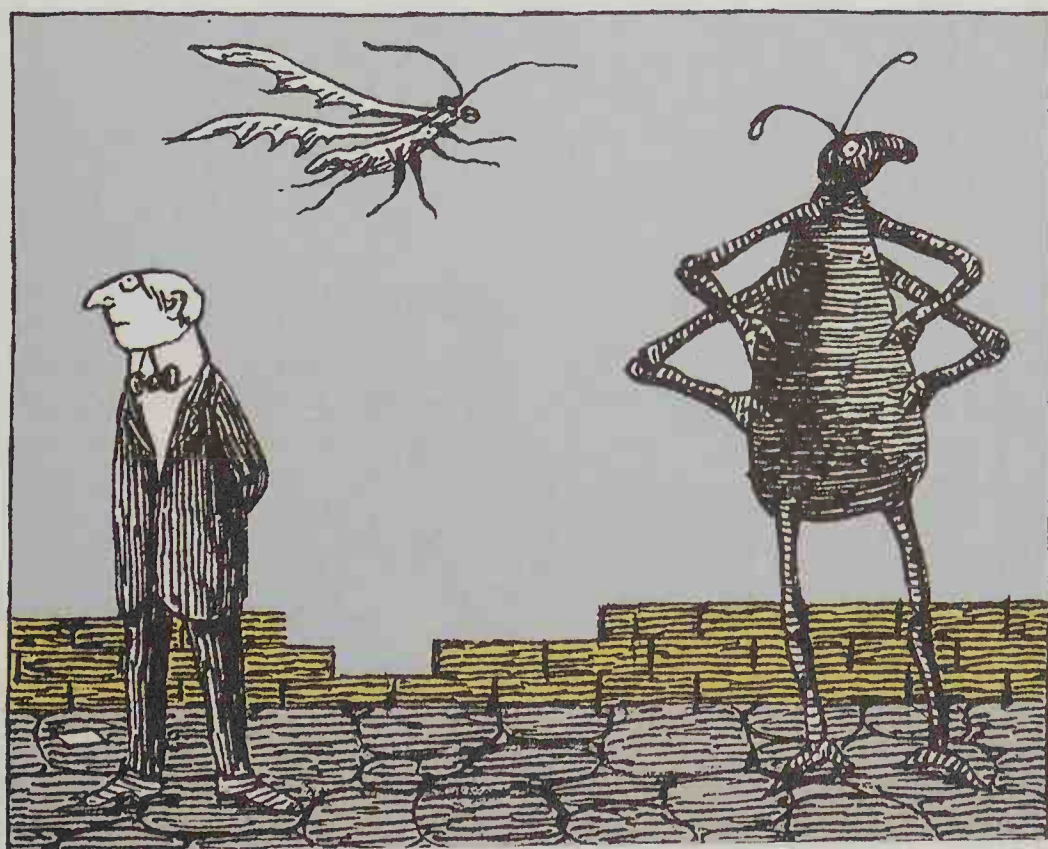


*La K —, with waving scarves and veils,  
And screams and moans and shrieks and wails,  
Caused all the others at croquet  
To send their balls and wits astray.*



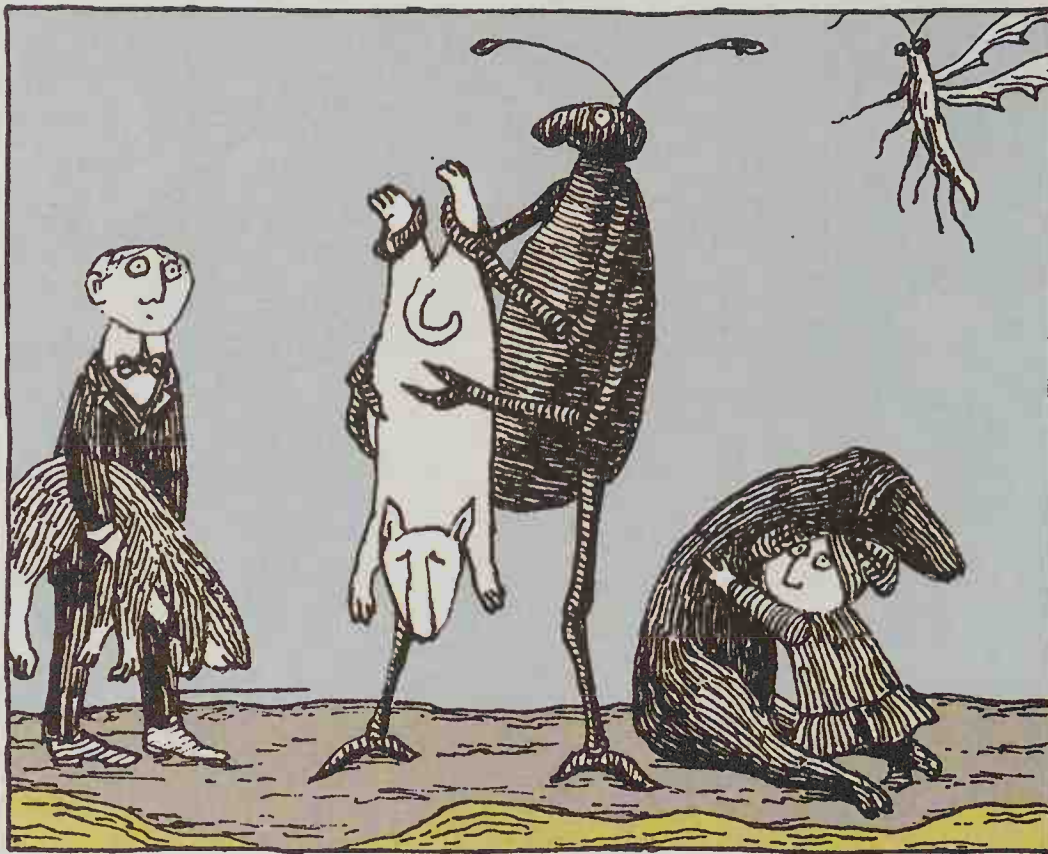


*Sir U\_\_\_ fell from a speeding train,  
Which did some damage to his brain,  
And after that he did not know  
How to pronounce the letter O.*



*When asked if she would like an ice  
She said pineapple might be nice;  
They went to buy her one, but then  
Miss M\_\_\_ was never seen again.*



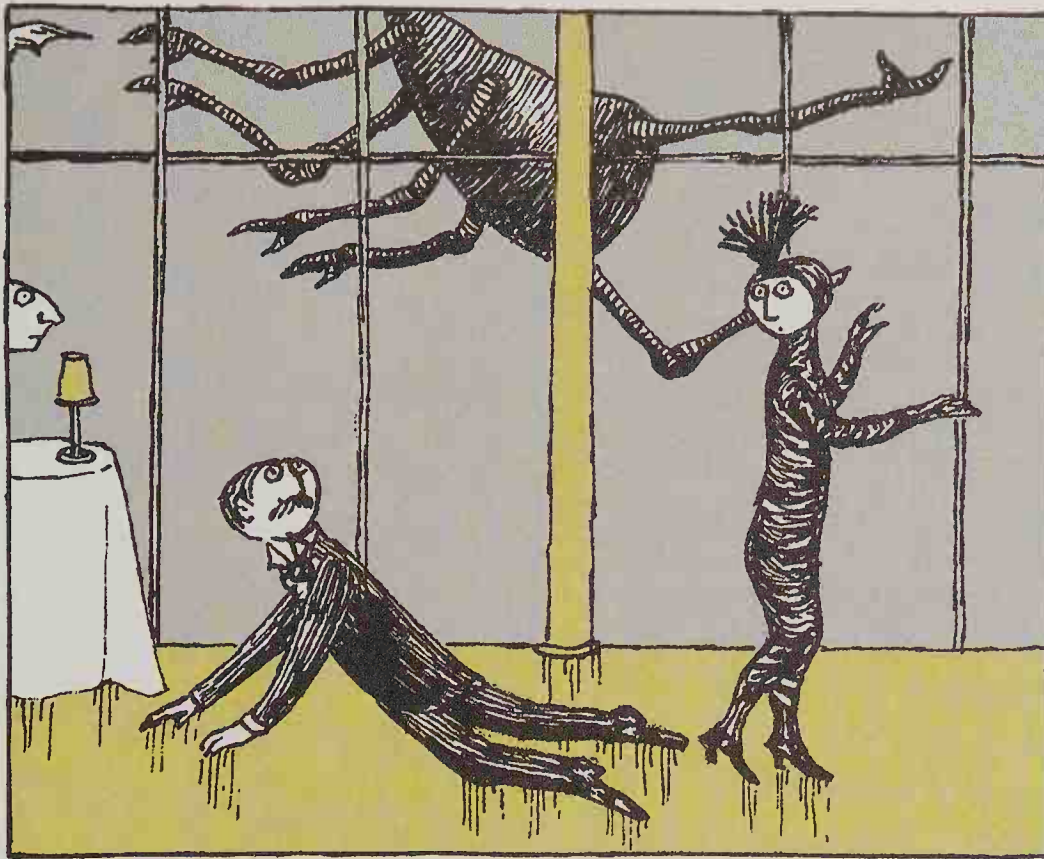


*One afternoon there was a spillage  
Of soothing syrup in the village  
Of Godly Wot, whose dogs though shaken,  
Could not at once be made to waken.*

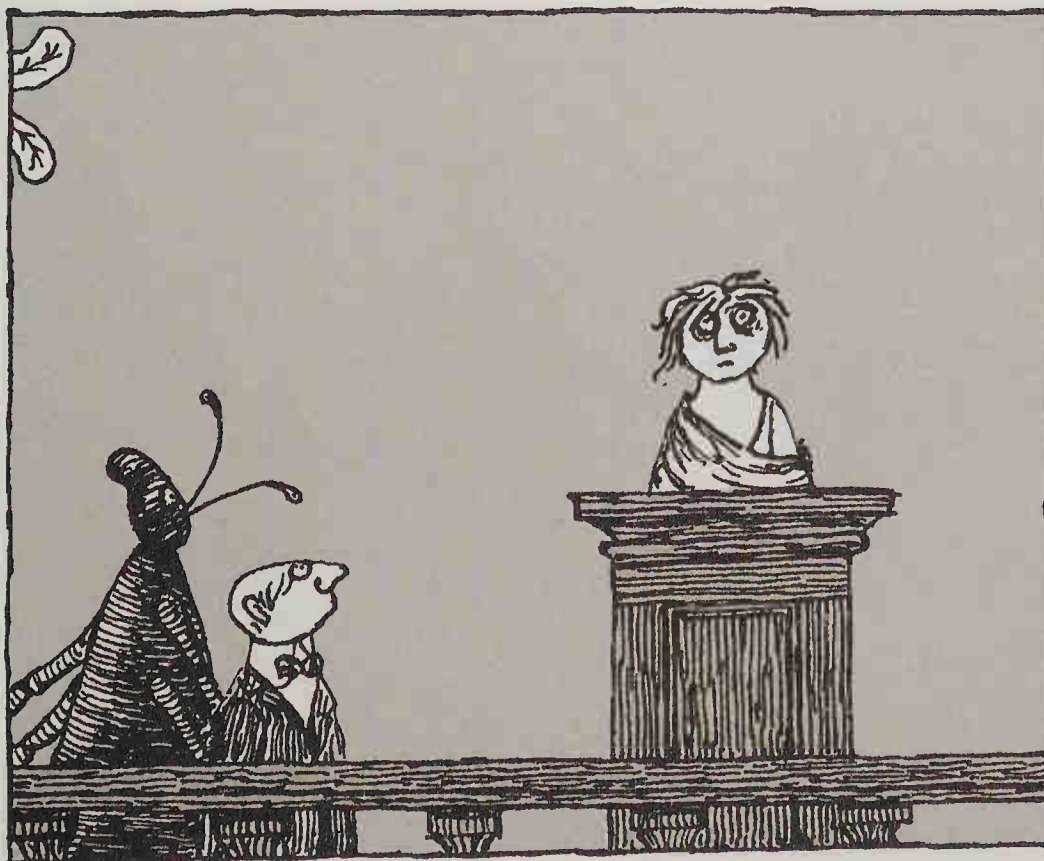


*A certain R — , in the beau monde  
Had none with whom to correspond,  
And so she slyly retrieved letters  
No longer wanted by her betters.*



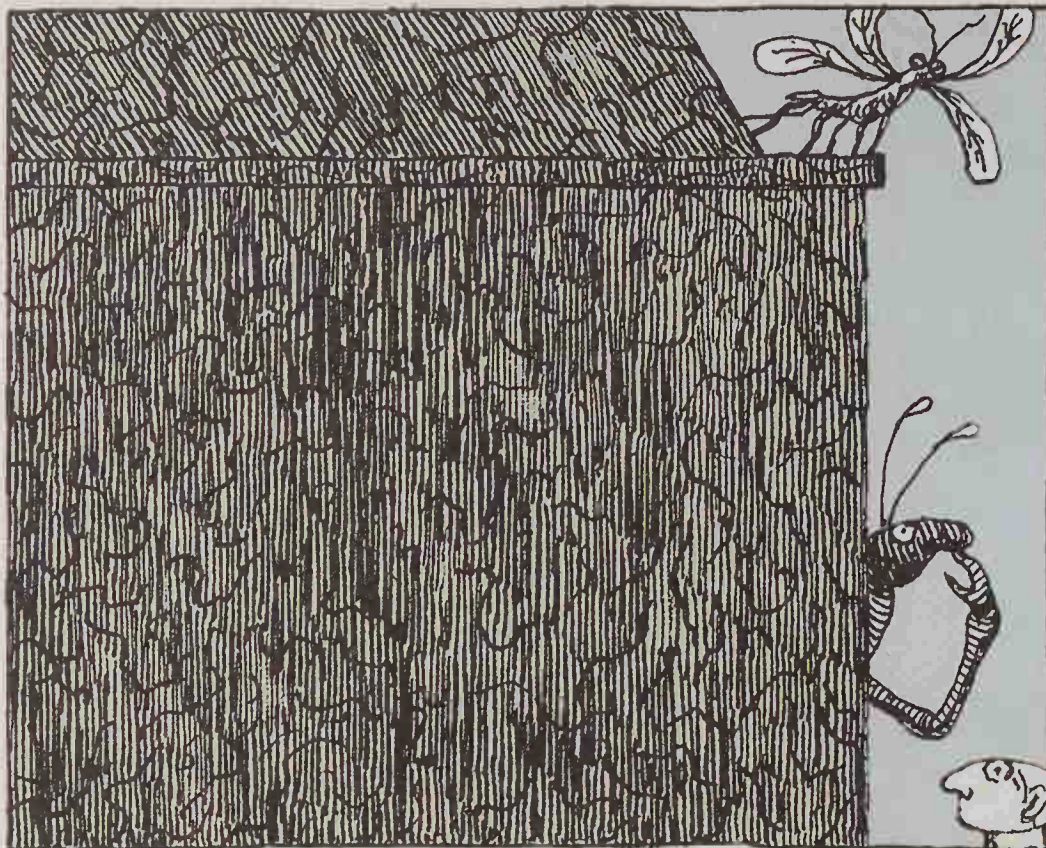


*Reversing at a tango tea  
In Snogg's Casino-not-on-Sea  
L\_\_\_ tripped and cried, 'I am afraid  
They tampered with the marmalade.'*

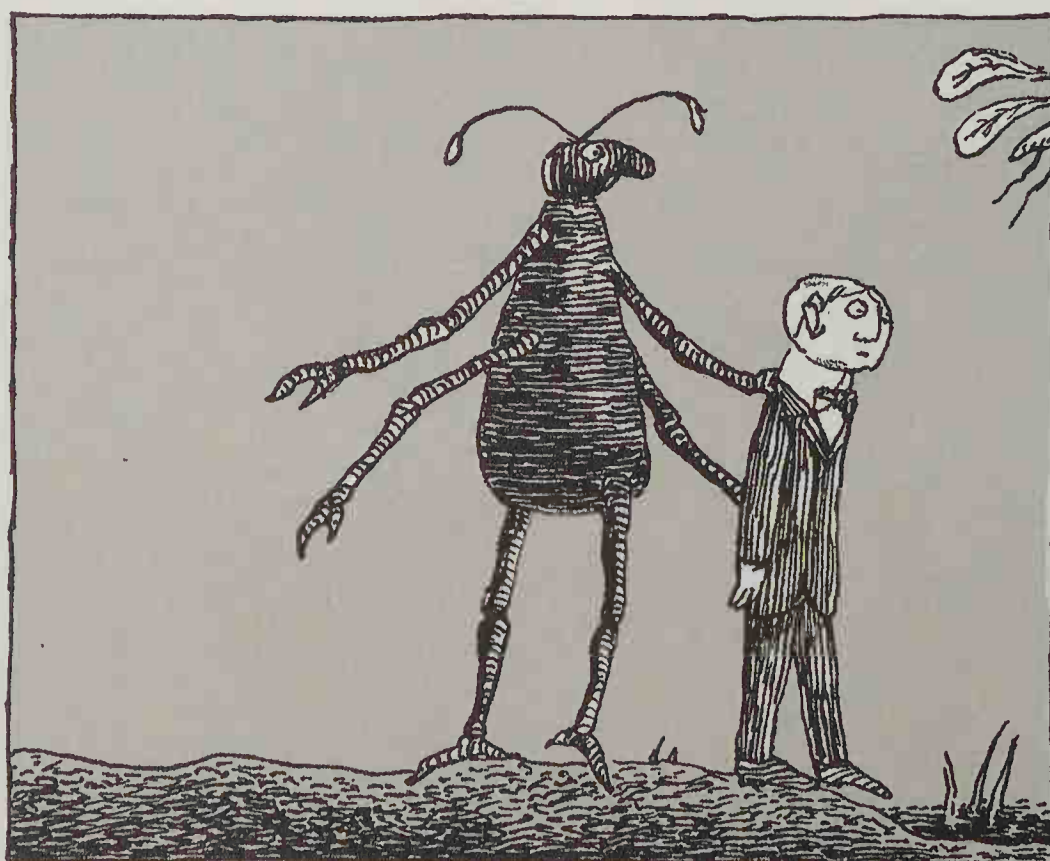


*To save her lover Lady Y\_\_\_  
Was asked to come and testify;  
She looked so dreadfully unkempt  
The court soon found her in contempt.*



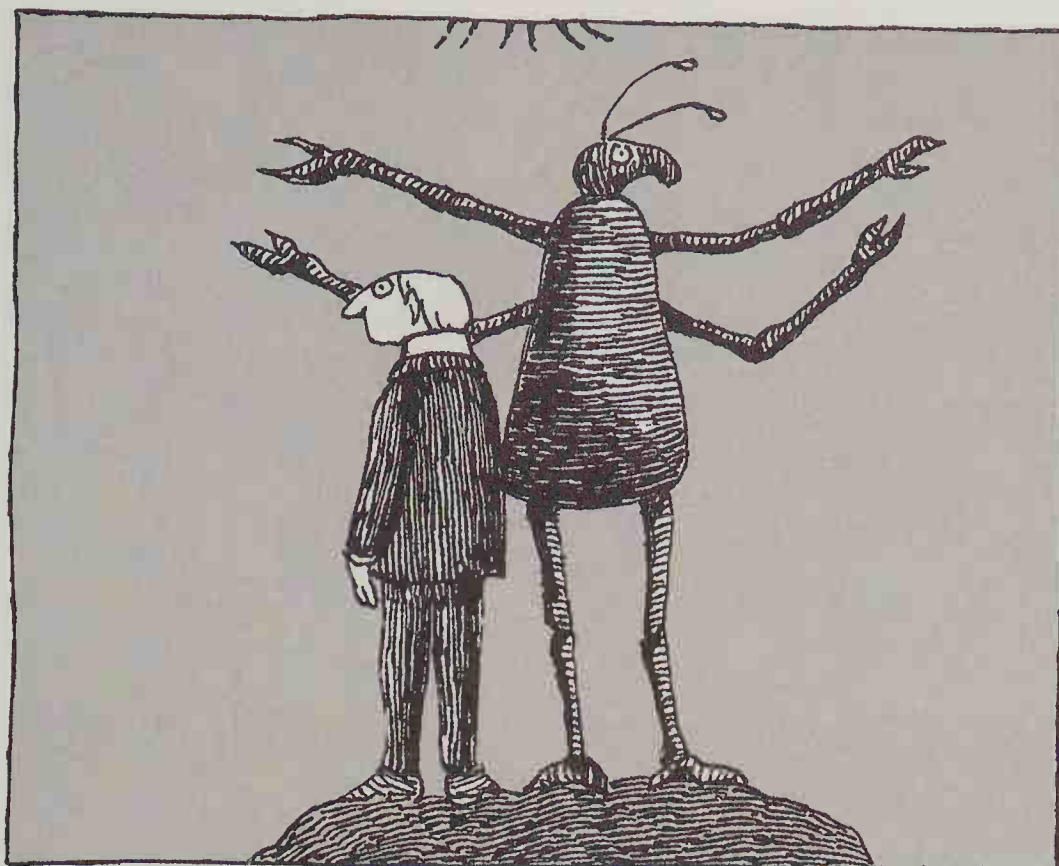


*A Monument to the Unknown  
Loomed up as if it had been blown  
Despite its awful size and weight  
There by some absent-minded Fate.*

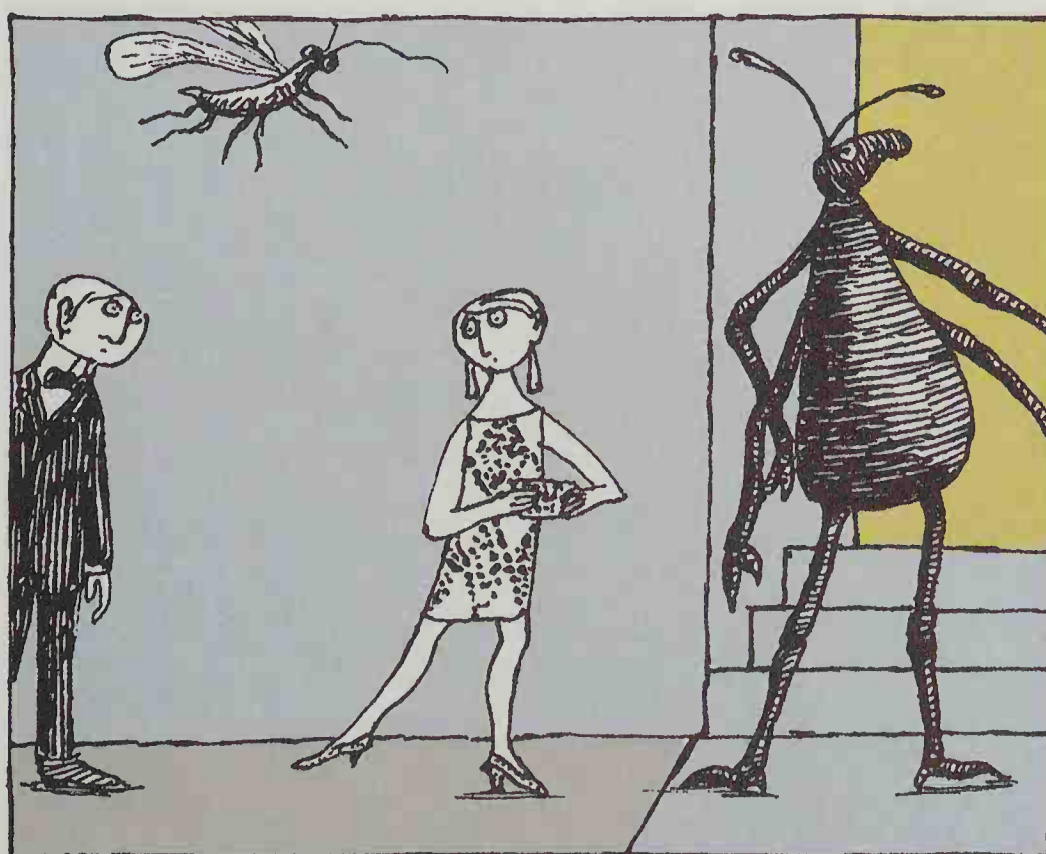


*They wandered off into the fog  
And nearly fell in Glummish Bog,  
Which made them think to their dismay  
At first of change and then decay.*



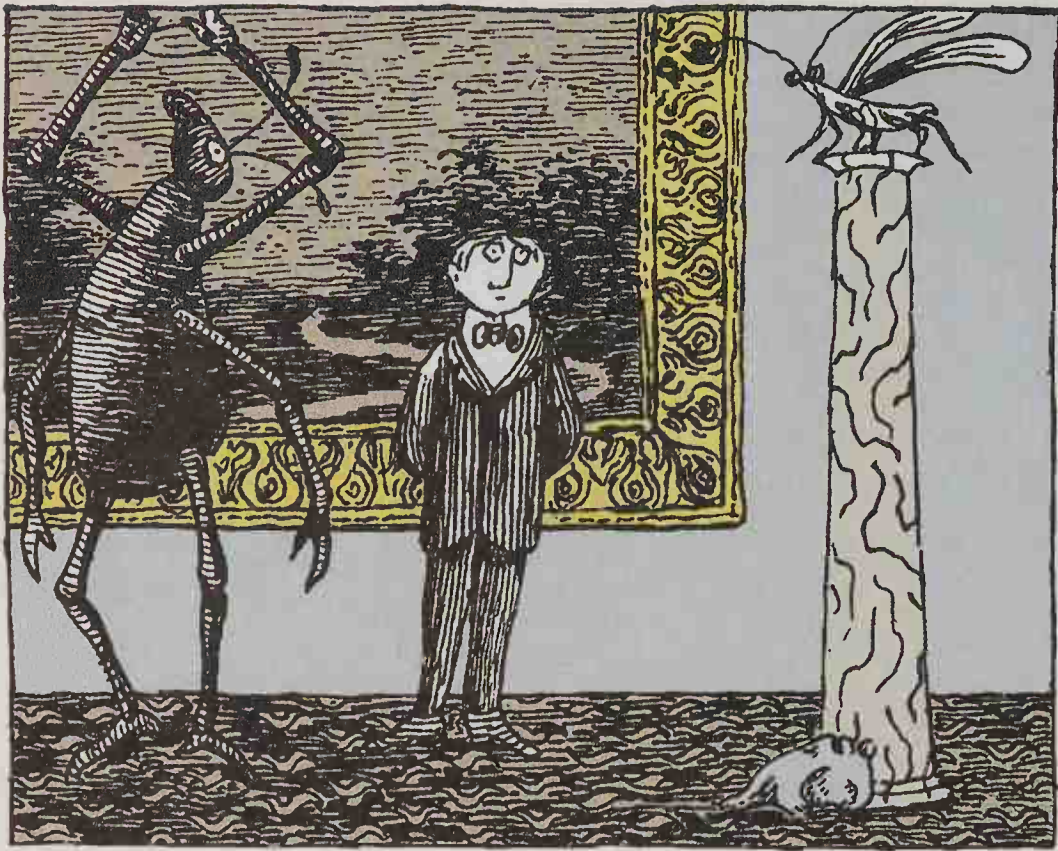


*'To us it's very far from clear  
The reasons for our being here.'  
'We'd leave at once, but do not know  
We've any place where we might go.'*



*Miss N — saw that a greenish ooze  
Had dripped upon her rhinestone shoes,  
And so she could not, after all,  
Attend the Bandage Folders' Ball.*



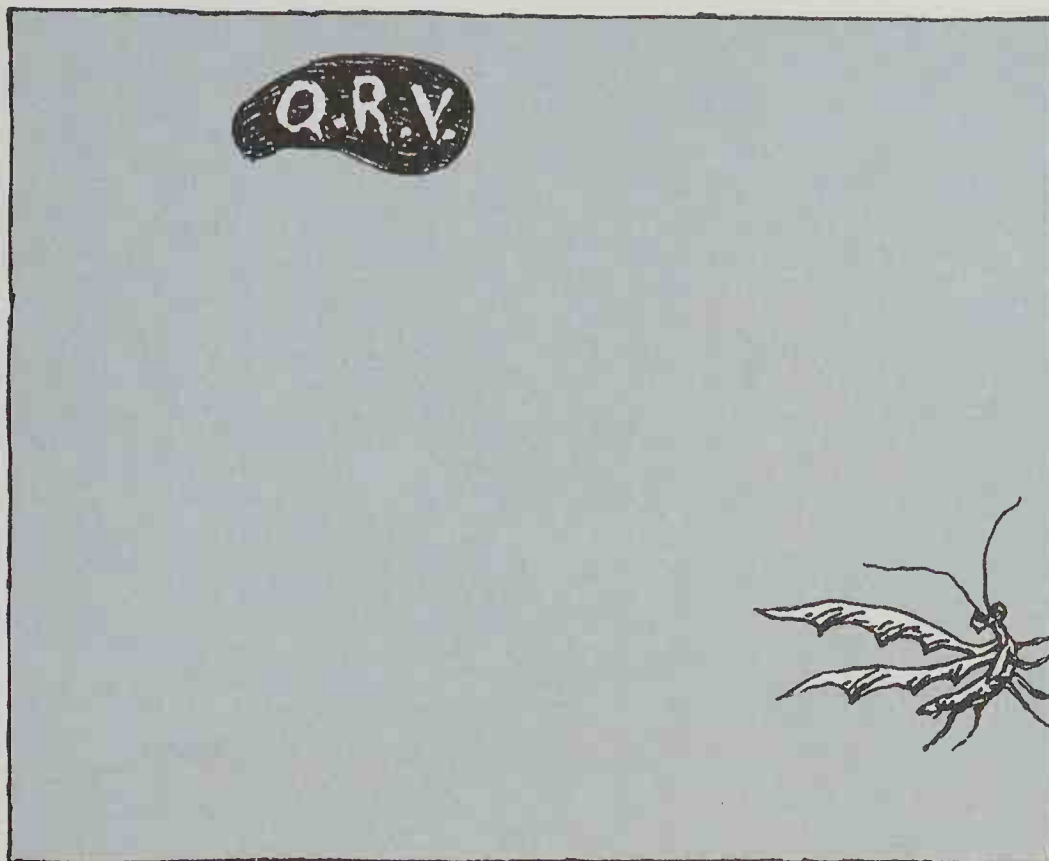


*The private rooms of Monsieur H —  
Were known for being oh so posh;  
Then it was learned that all his druthers  
Were still the property of others.*



*When the piano lid fell down  
It ripped the back from off her gown;  
The diva in a tearing rage  
Forever left the concert stage.*





*Then high above the rural scene  
 Appeared a giant aubergine  
 On which were limned for all to see  
 The mystic letters Q.R.V.*

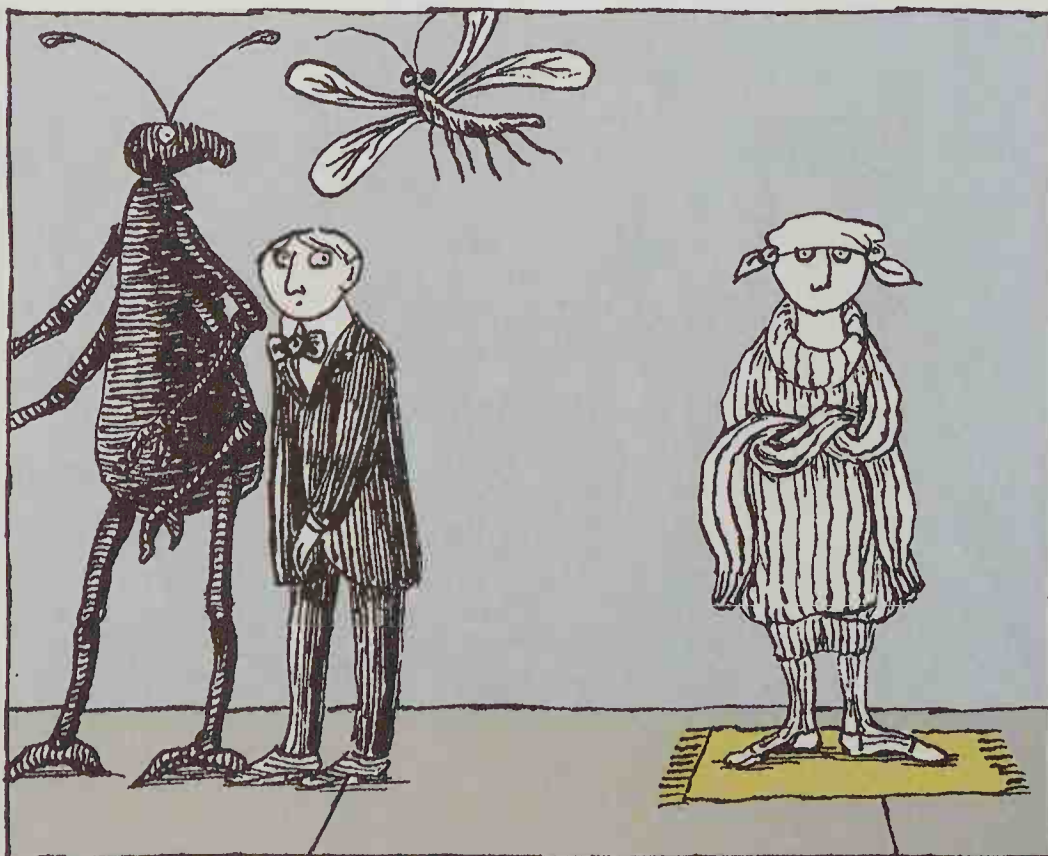


*Pf \_\_\_\_'s crocheted gloves and knitted socks  
 Were found on Stranglegurgle Rocks;  
 The doubtful circumstances led  
 His relatives to think him dead.*



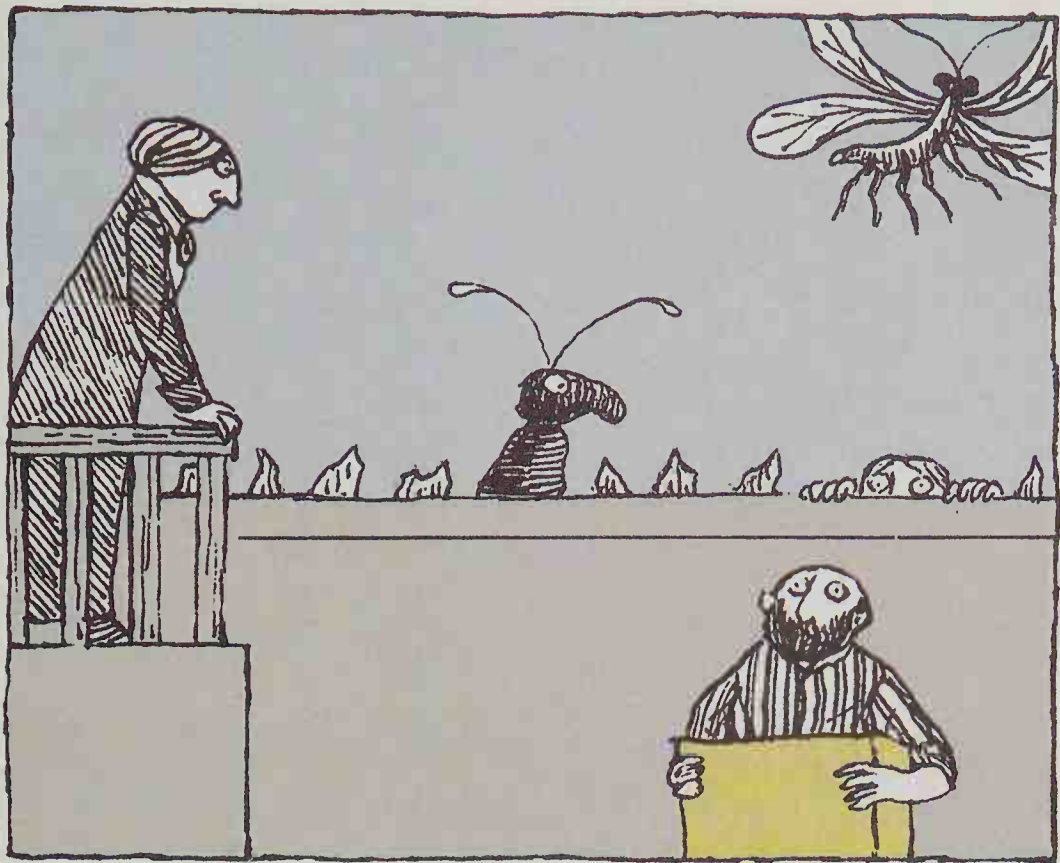


*It almost drove her husband wild  
When S — maintained their youngest child  
Had been delivered by mistake  
Atop a Summer Solstice Cake.*

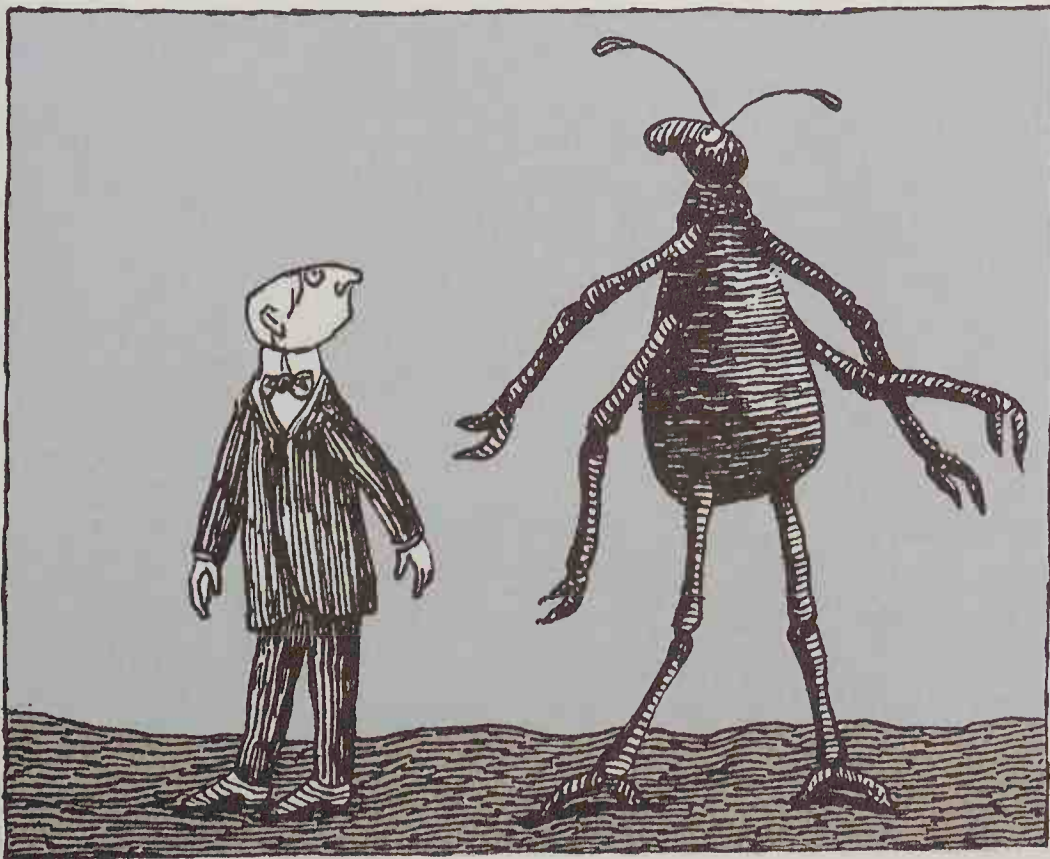


*In Wiggly Blot a certain X —,  
Who looked to be of neither sex,  
Was charged with gross indecency  
Which everyone could plainly see.*



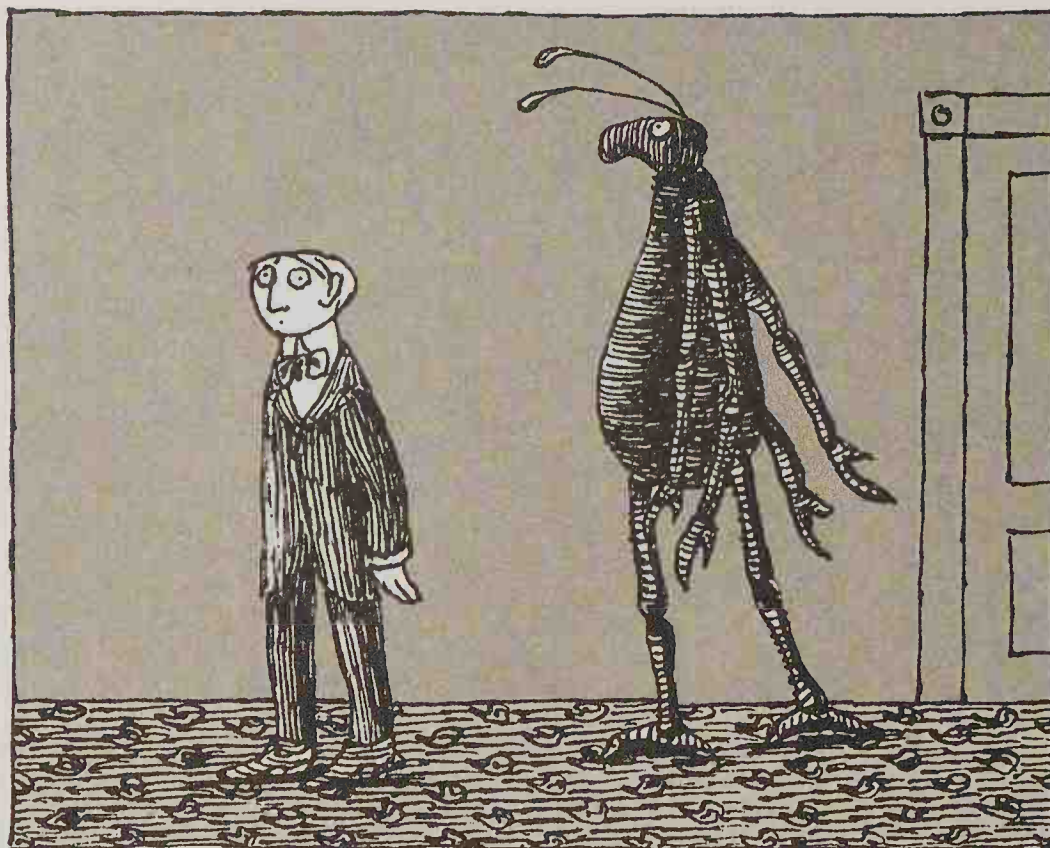


*'Is it not' murmured Q — 'quite rash  
To throw that box into the trash?  
Who knows we shall not find a use  
For all those teeth, however loose?*

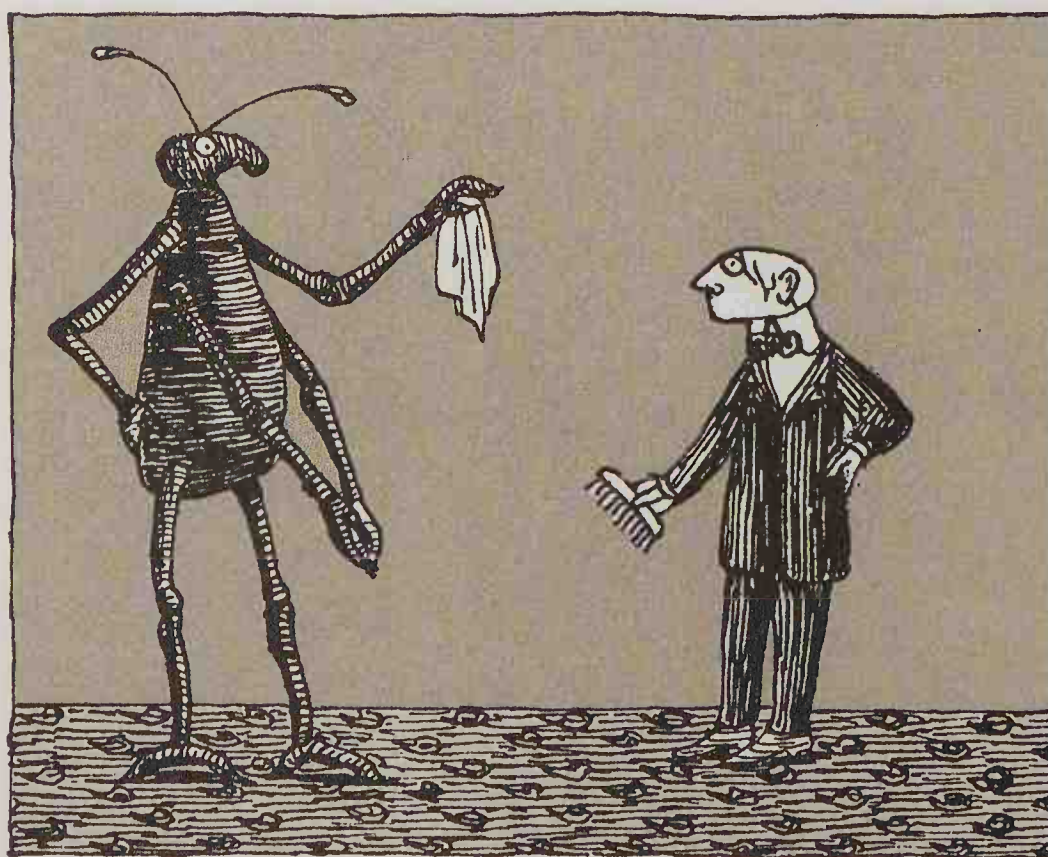


*The Bahhumbug said, 'Much ado...  
What does it matter if they're true?'  
The Whatsit hissed, dissolved in air,  
And was no longer anywhere.*



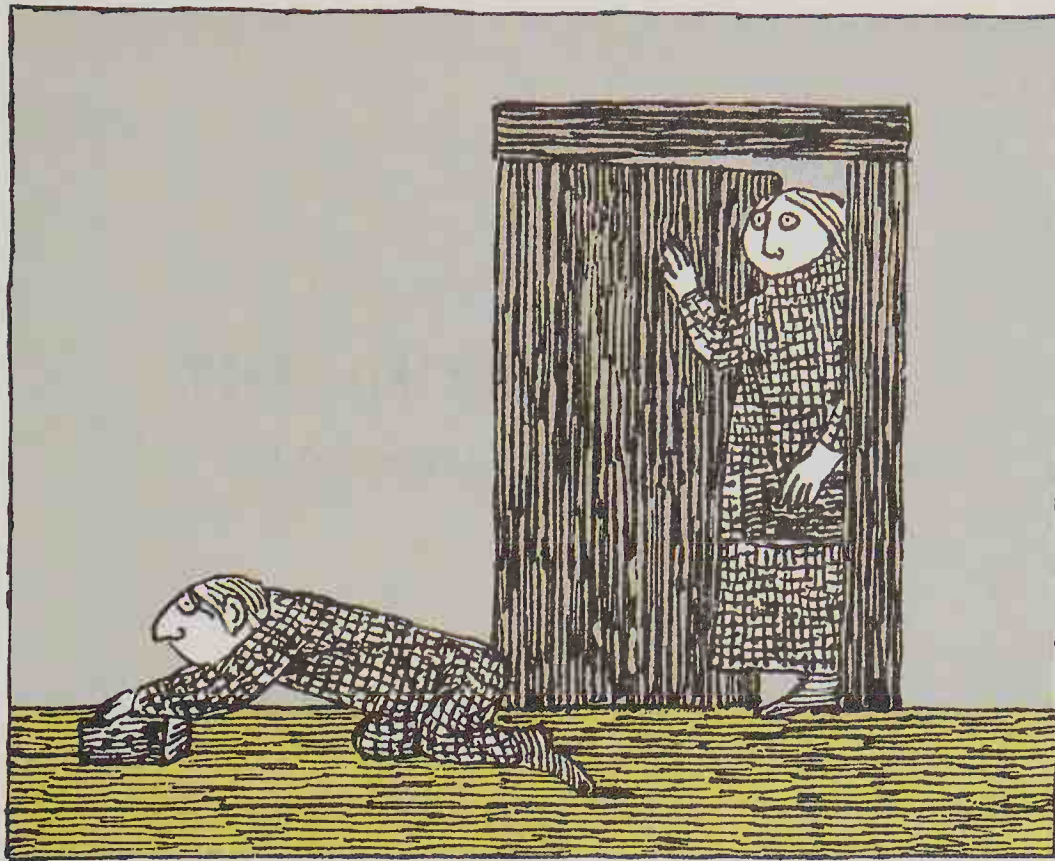


*The Bahhumbug and Edmund Gravel  
Were back from their phantasmal travel,  
And so it was they had to face  
The task of clearing up the place.*

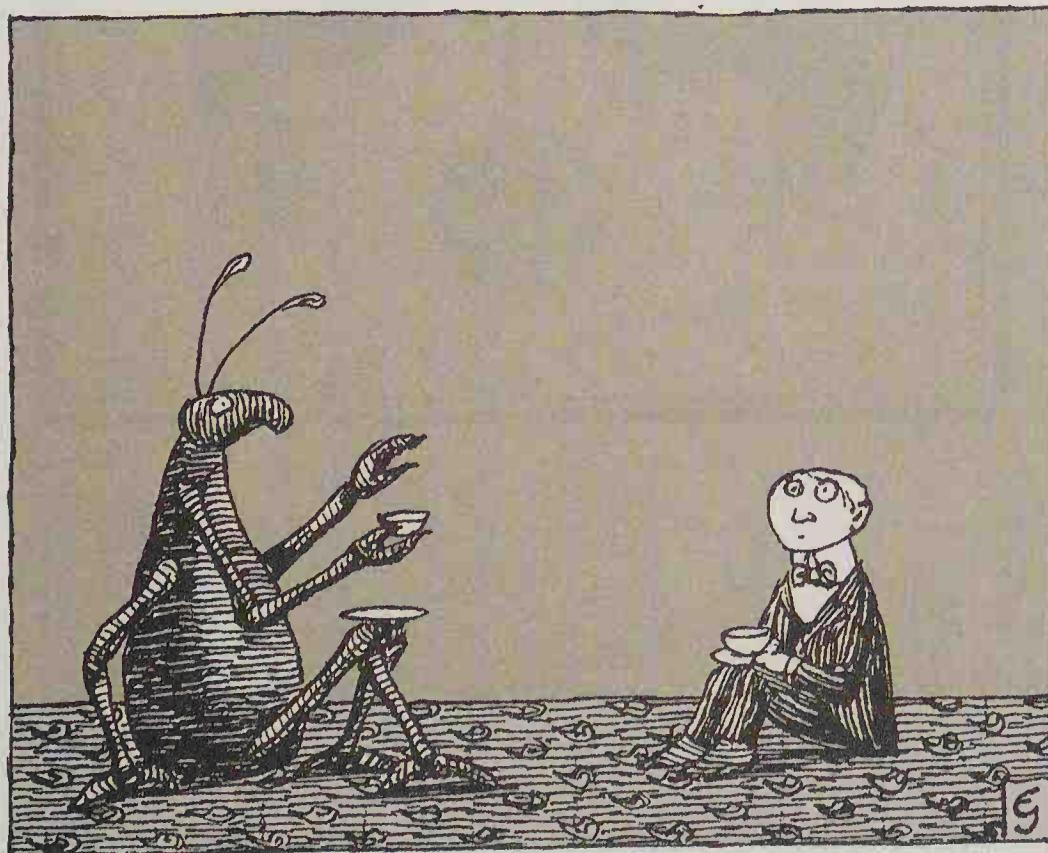


*'Who were those people? Why did they  
Appear to us along the way?'  
'But then again, why should we care?  
It's quelque chose d'un grand mystère.'*





*Fruitcake was sawed in blocks and sent  
To Havens for the Indigent,  
Where it was used for scouring floors  
And propping open hanging doors.*



*They saw it was about to come:  
The end of the millennium,  
So find themselves perforce to be  
Into another century.*

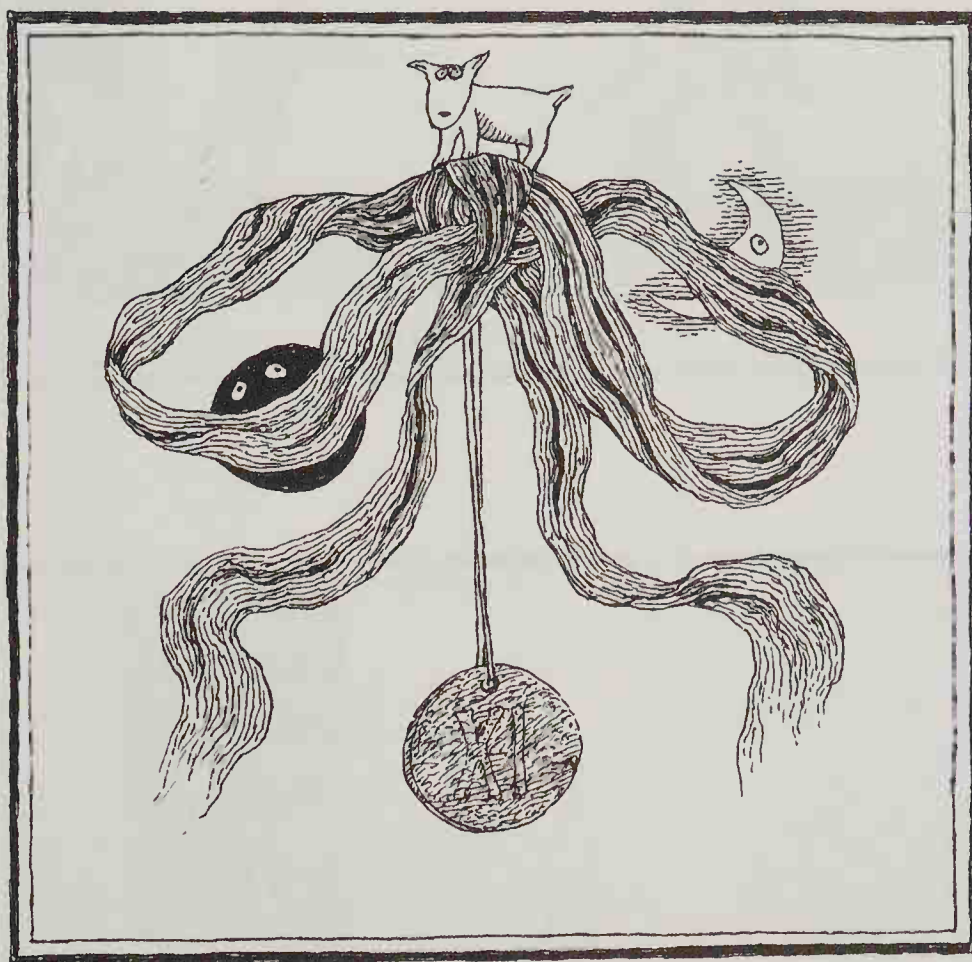






# THE JUST DESSERT

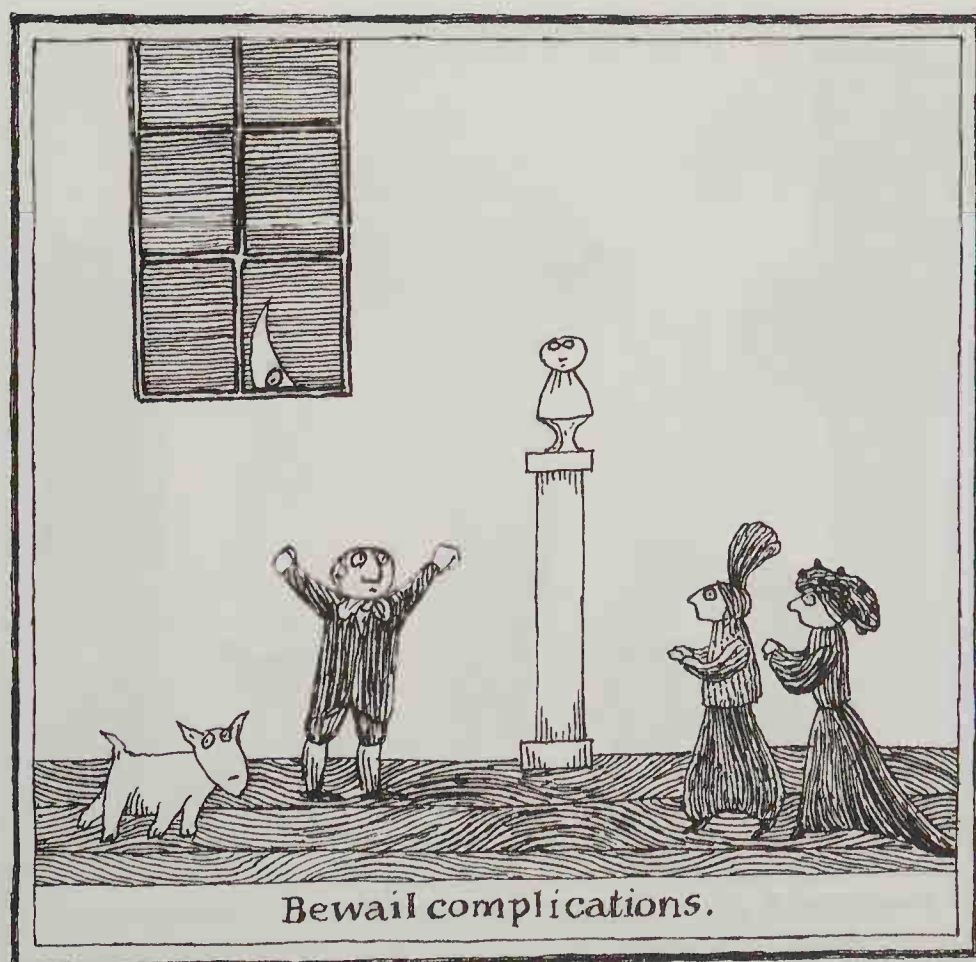
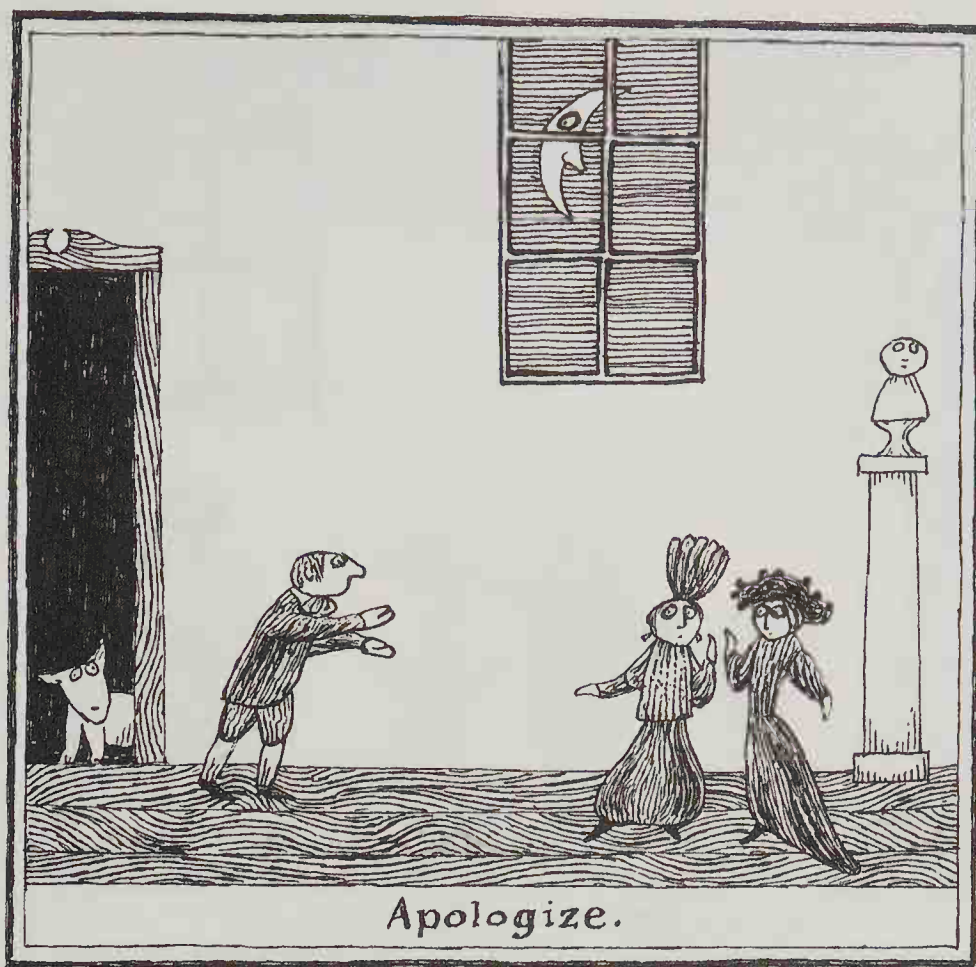
*Thoughtful Alphabet XI*



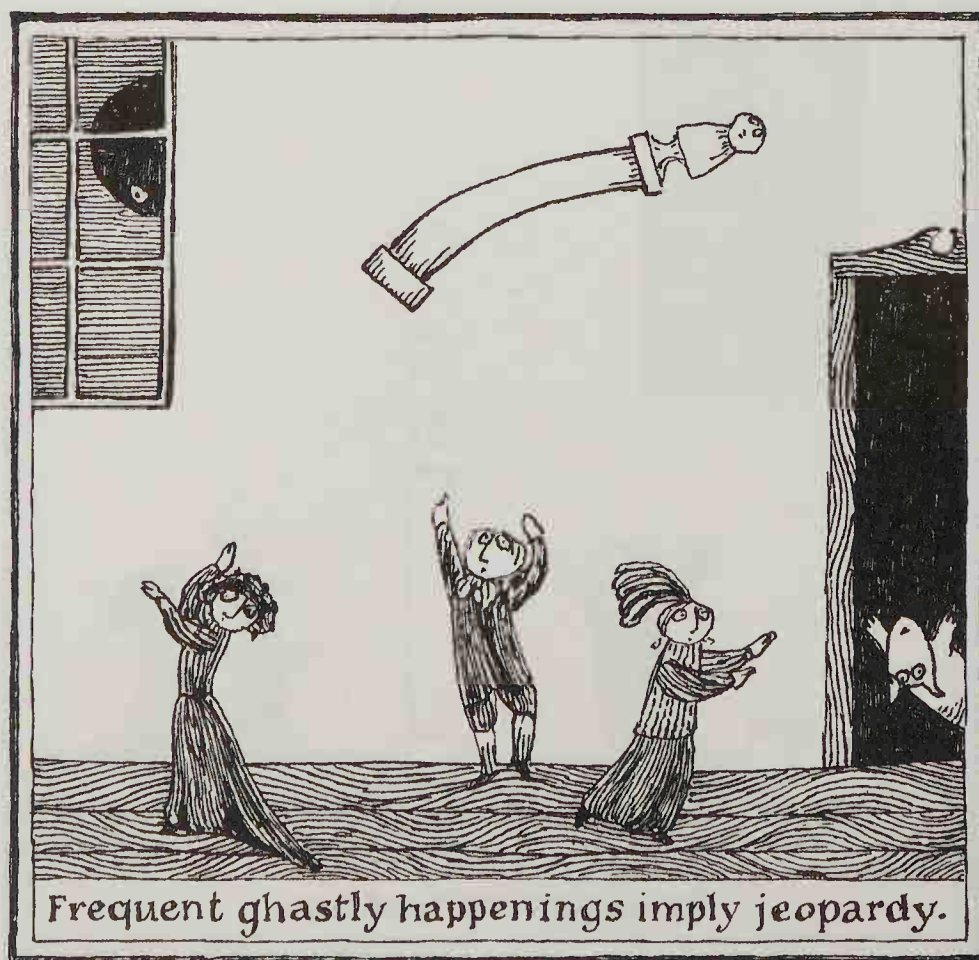








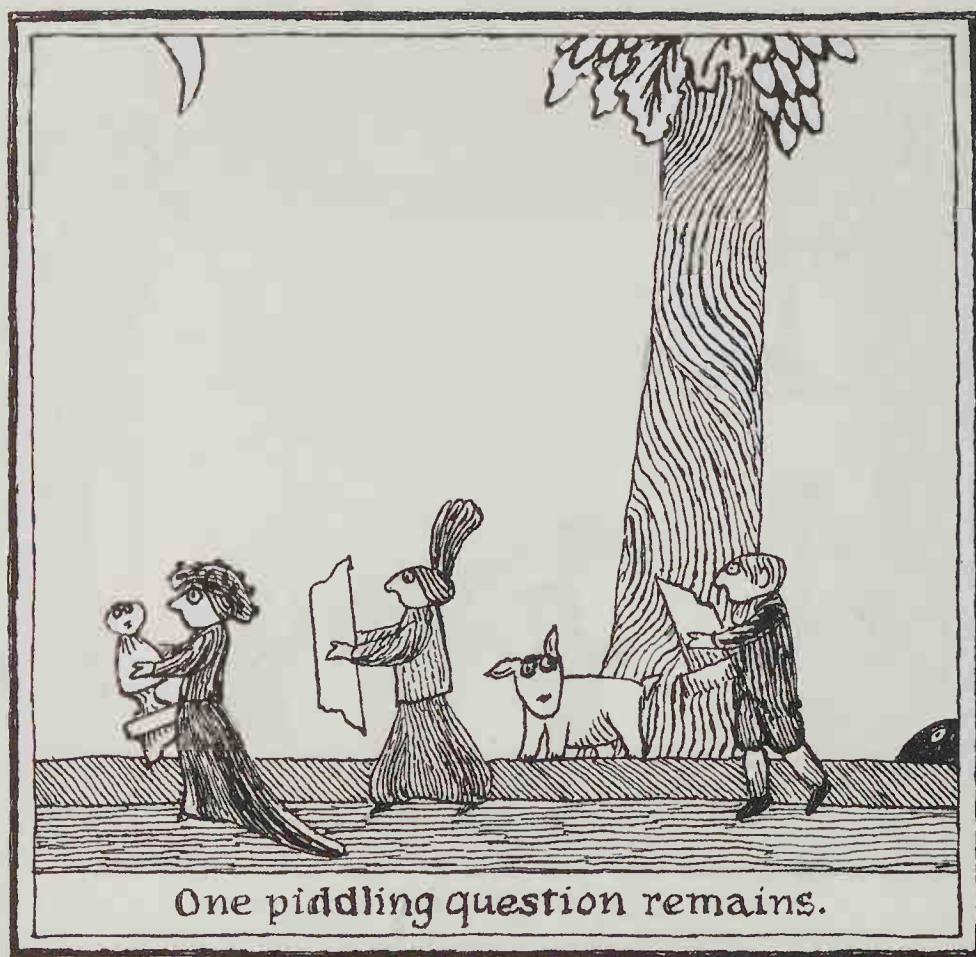






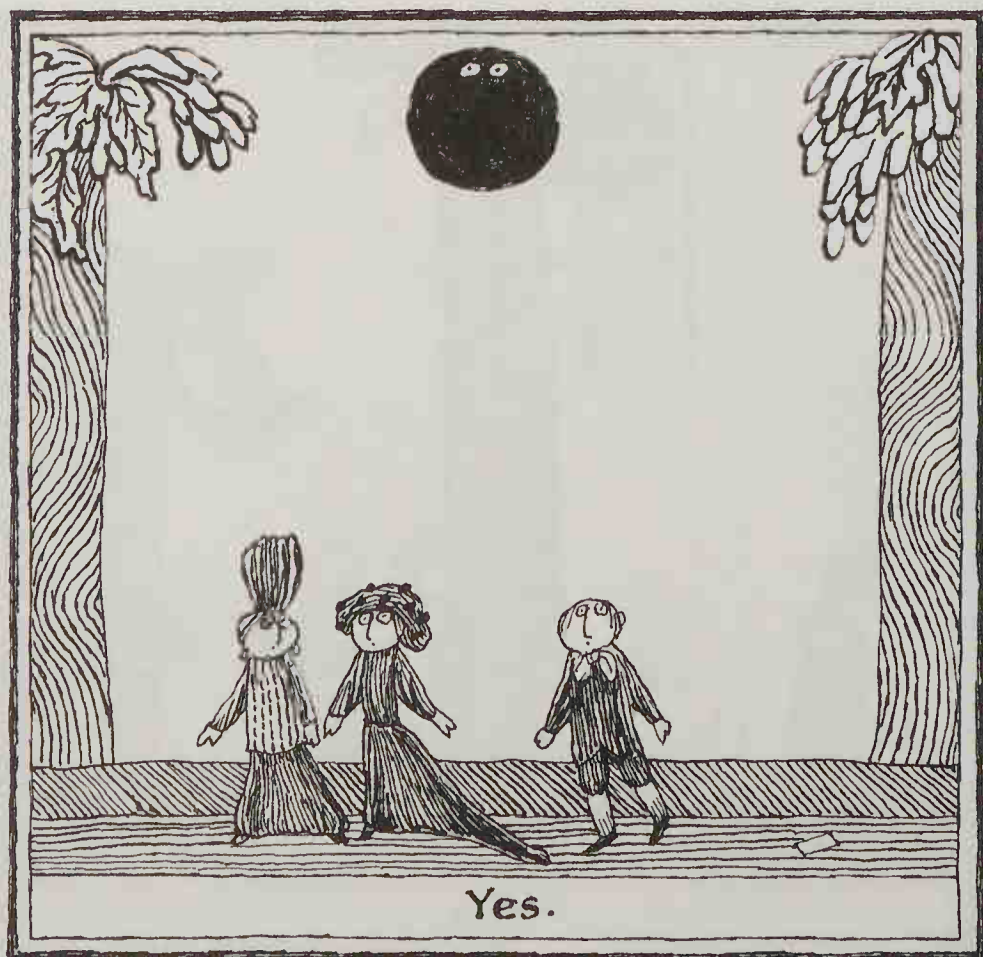
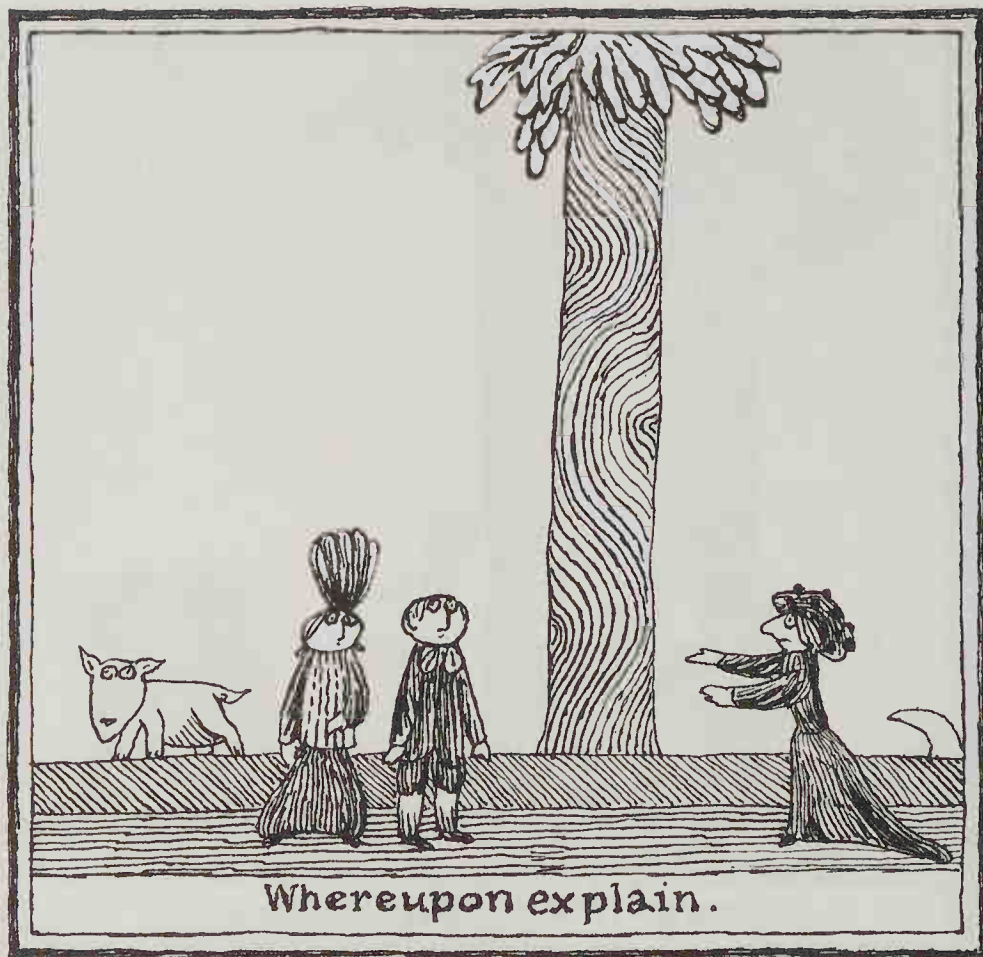




















# The Admonitory Hippopotamus: or, Angelica and Sneezby

Edward Gorey

One day when she was five Angelica was in the gazebo,  
playing snap with her brothers.

Suddenly she caught sight of something rising from the ha-ha.

It was a spectral hippopotamus. "Fly at once!" he said. "All  
is discovered."

She remembered the bread pudding under the carpet.

She ran into the woods, and was not found by the servants  
until the sun was going down.

Seven years later she sneaked away from St. Torpid's to buy  
forbidden jujubes.



The hippopotamus attracted her attention from the back of a pantechicon. "Fly at once!" he said. "All is discovered."

She remembered the novel with yellow covers at the bottom of the laundry bag.

She jumped on a tram, and was noticed only at closing time in a distant cinema.

Ten years came and went, and Angelica was being married for the first time.

The hippopotamus peered out at her from behind the altar. "Fly at once!" he said. "All is discovered."

She remembered the packet of letters up the chimney.

She pedaled off on a stolen bicycle; it was several weeks before she was recognized in a remote seaside lodging.

Another ten years passed; Angelica, at the height of her notoriety, attended a picnic in the Bois de Boulogne.

The hippopotamus showed himself on the top of a rock. "Fly at once!" he said. "All is discovered."

She remembered the emeralds in the cold cream.

She drove off in her host's Panhard-Levassor, and was not seen again until the season had begun in Cagnes-sur-Mer.

Seventeen years went by; on the Seppuku Maru in the Indian Ocean, Angelica had an assignation with a Eurasian stoker.

The hippopotamus clambered up the ladder from the second-class deck. "Fly at once!" he said. "All is discovered."

She remembered the screwdriver in the well.

She followed an inflatable raft overboard. It was thirty-eight days before she was picked up.

A quarter of a century afterwards, Angelica, now the Dowager Duchess of Paltry, was perambulating the grounds of Shambles.

The hippopotamus emerged from a grotto made of shells. "Fly at once!" he said. "All is discovered."

She remembered the broiled champignons veneneux on toast.

She took the first down train from Much Fidgeting; next morning she was apprehended in the aisles of Listless and Earshot.

In her eighty-sixth year Angelica was sinking rapidly.

The hippopotamus floated in at the window. "Fly at once!" he said. "All is discovered."

But she could not remember what it was he meant.

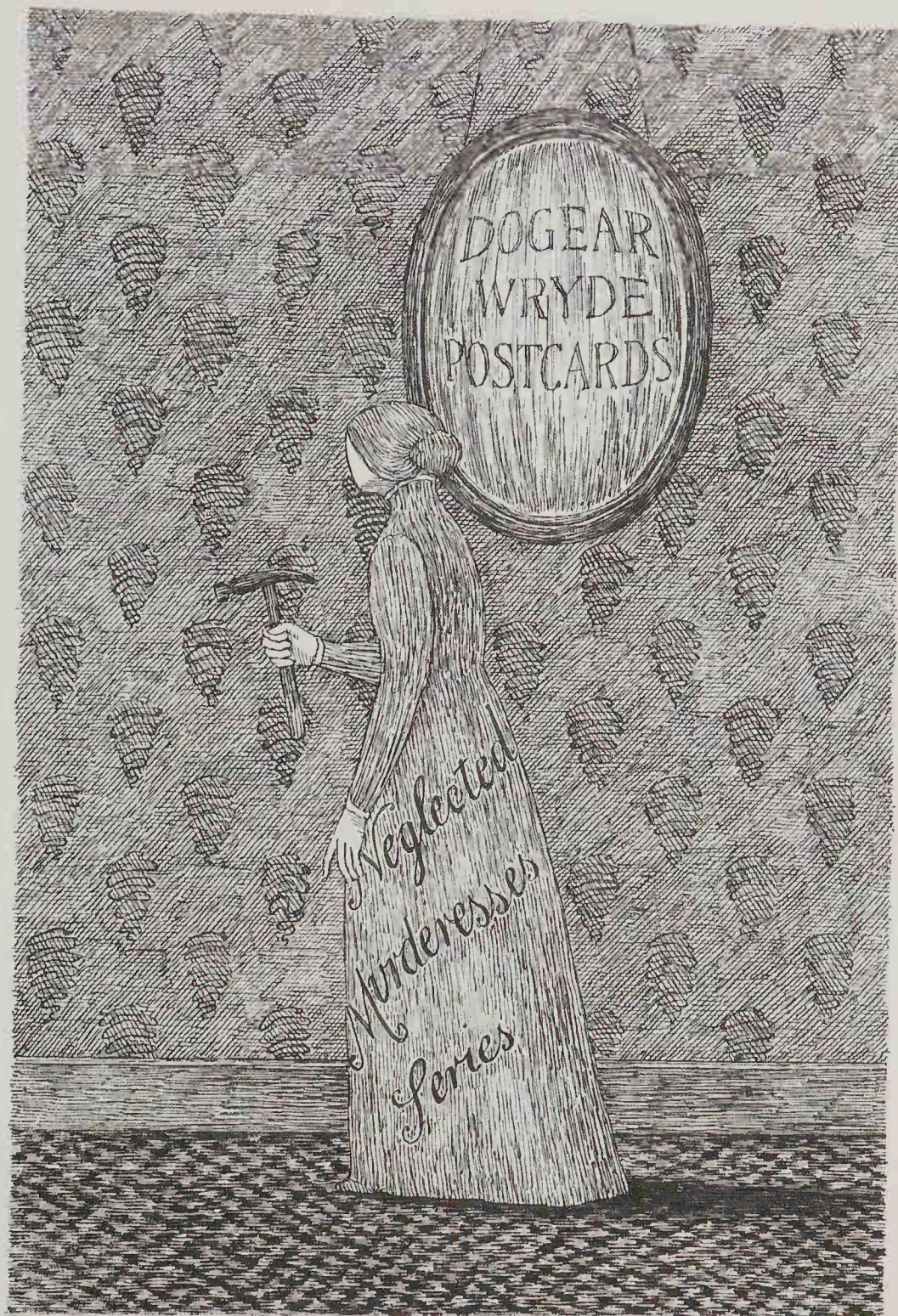
Her body fell lifeless on the bed.

Angelica rode away on the back of the hippopotamus.











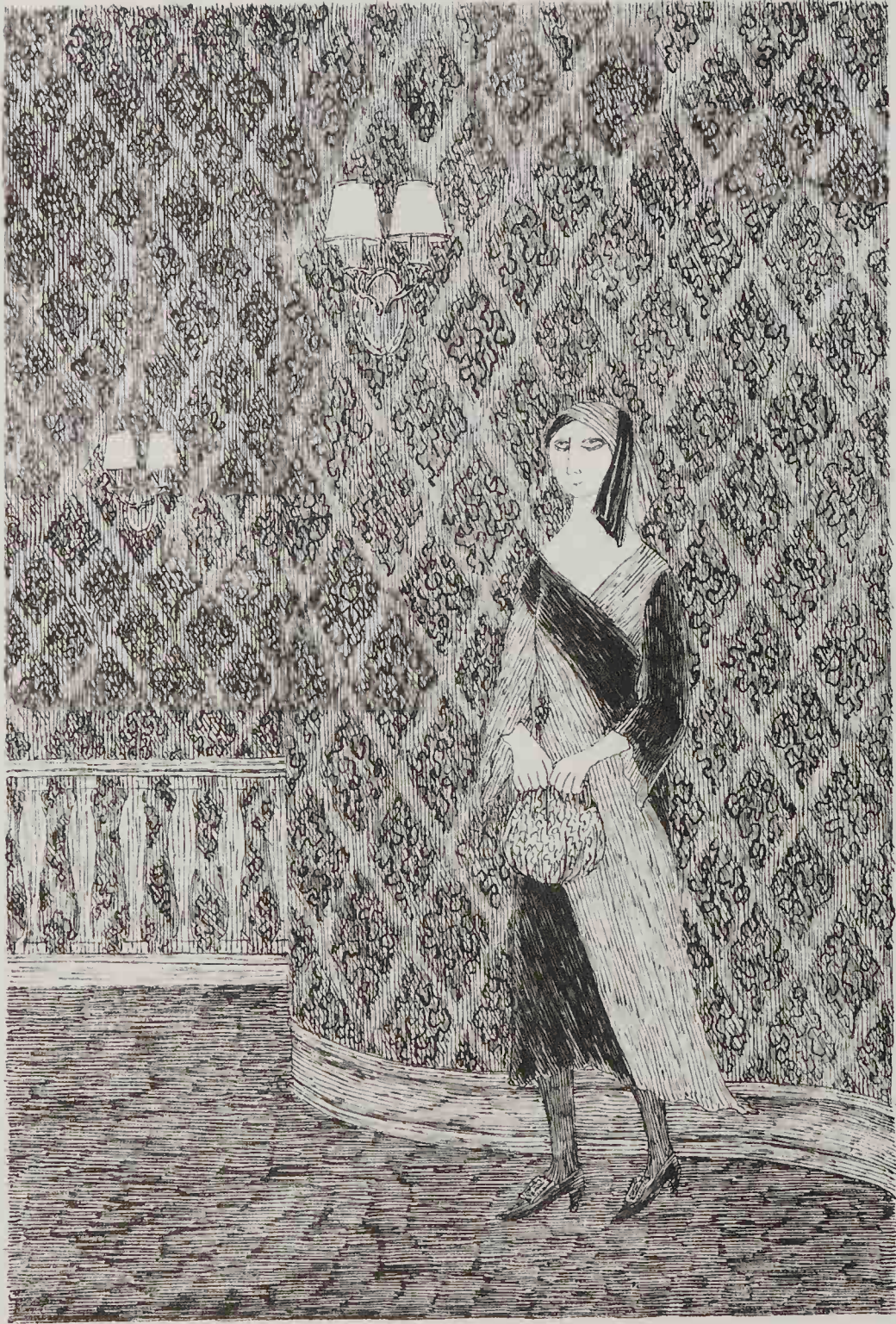






*Mrs Daisy Sallow eviscerated  
her daughter-in-law with a  
No. 7 hook, afterwards cro-  
cheting, over the course of  
three evenings, her shroud  
in a snowflake pattern (1921).*





*Lettice Finding shot Edgar Cutlet, whose mistress she was, during the interval of a touring repertory company production of Rosmersholm in Manchester in 1934.*





*Sarah Jane ('Batears') Olafsen  
hacked to collops nineteen  
loggers between March 1904  
and November 1907 in and  
around Bindweed, Oregon.*





*Madame Galoche in May 1911  
added a tin of insectide to a  
potage purée Crécý aux  
perles at the soup kitchen  
she operated for the indigent  
of Berchem-Sainte-Agathe,  
Belgium.*





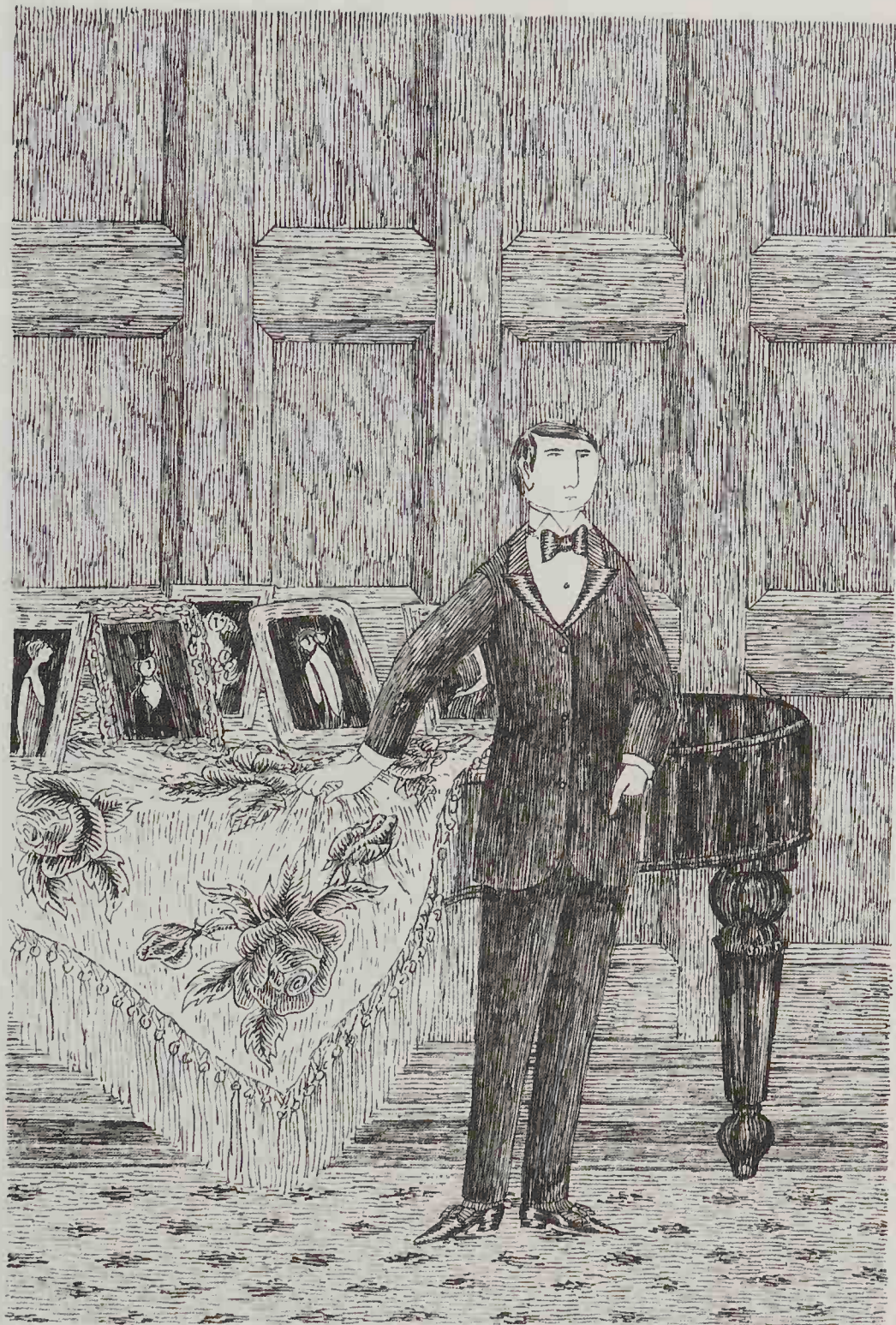
*Miss Elspeth Lipsleigh eventually succeeded in causing the death of Arthur Glumm at Towage Regis, 1892.*





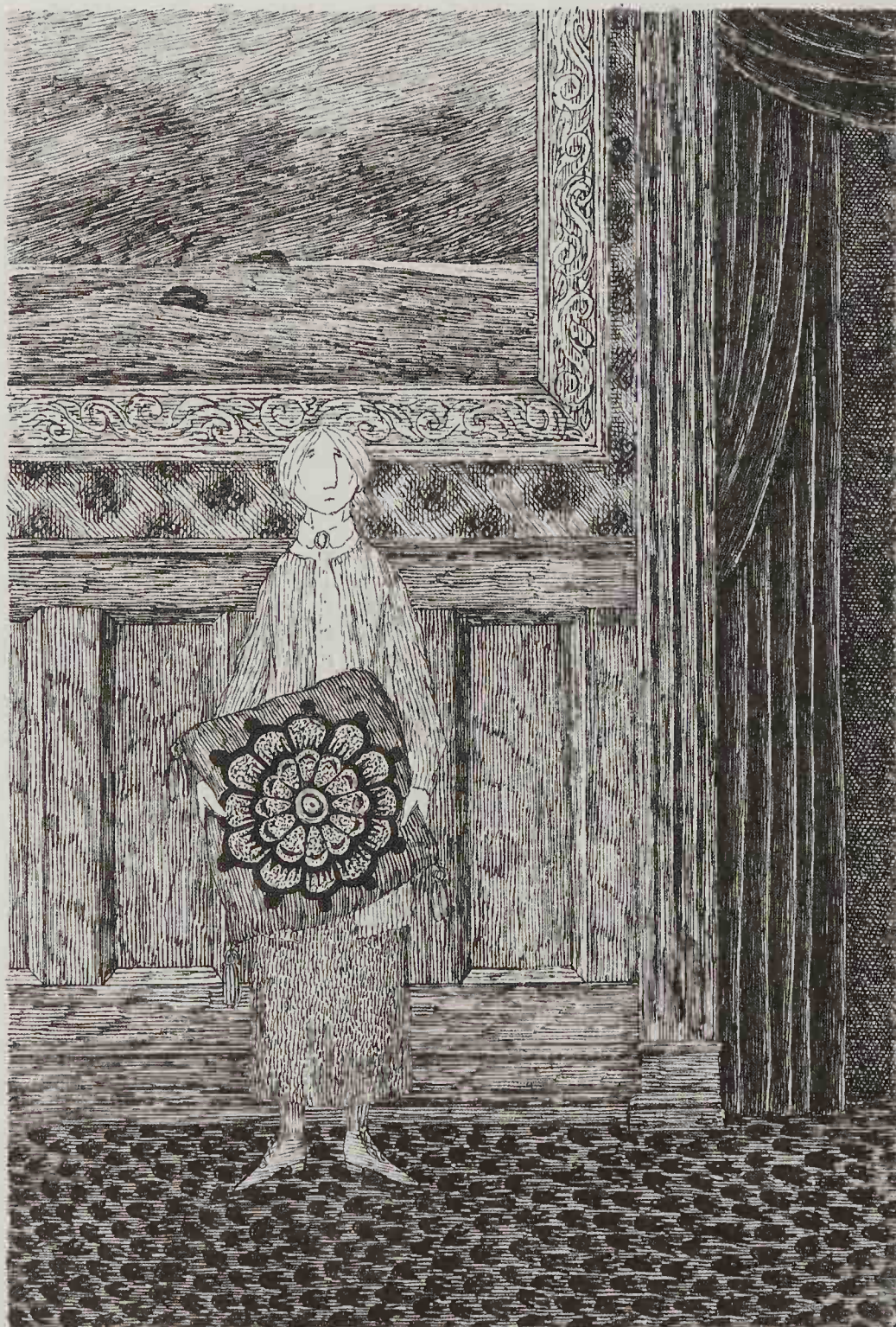
*Angelica Transome so disposed  
of her infant brother that he  
was not found until many  
years later (Nether Postlude,  
1889).*





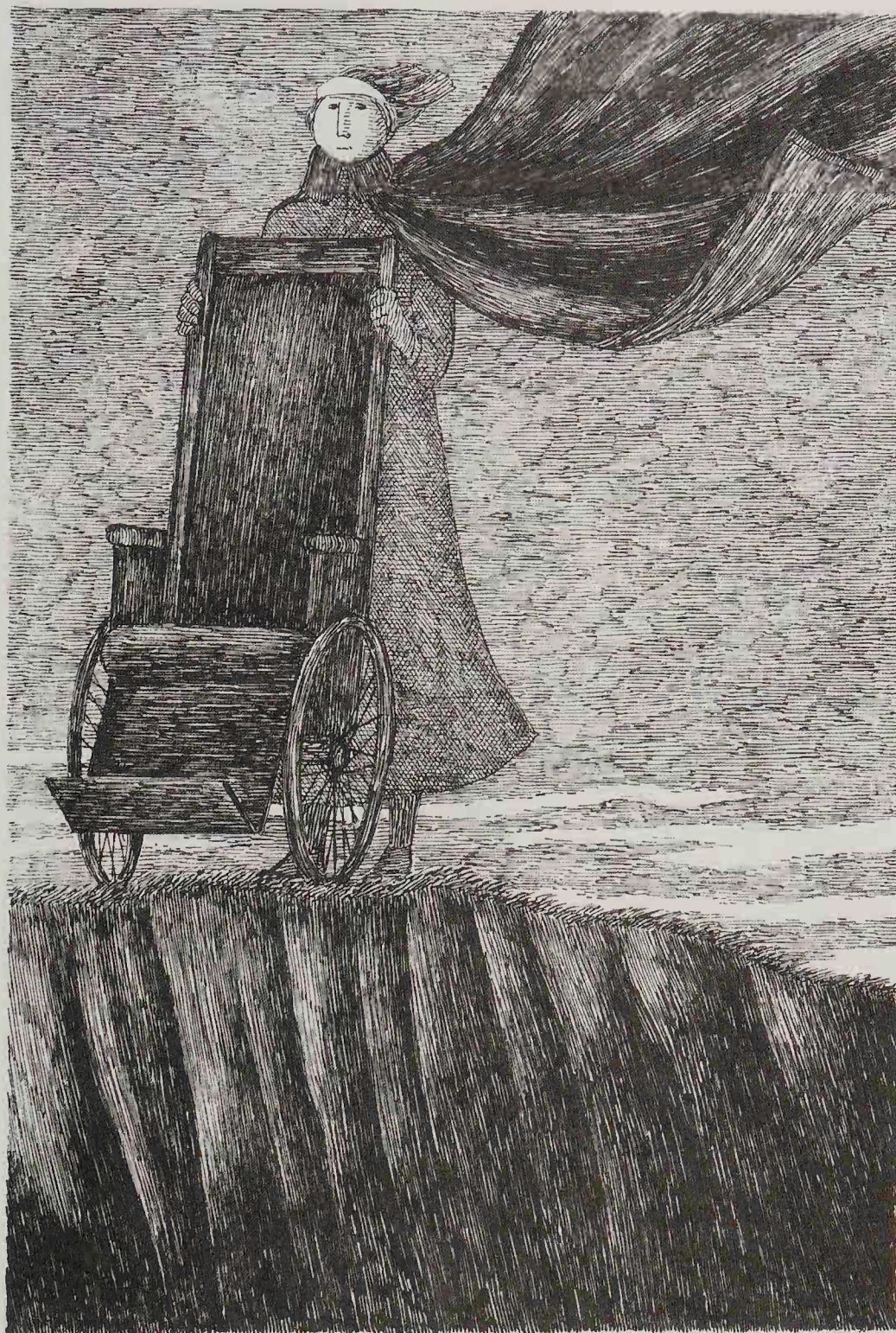
*Lady Violet Natheless strangled  
the Hon. Opal Gentian at  
Gilravage Hall on Midsum-  
mer's Eve, 1925.*





Miss Emily Toastwater  
smothered her father after  
evening prayers, London S.W. 7  
(1916).





*Nurse J. Rosebeetle tilted her employer out of a Bath chair and over a cliff at Sludge-mouth in 1898.*





*Miss Q. P. Urkheimer brained  
her fiancé after failing to  
pick up an easy spare at  
Glover's Lanes, Poxville,  
Kansas, 1936.*





Natasha Batti-Loupstein  
*pulverized a paste necklace  
and sprinkled it over a tray  
of canapés, Villa Libellule,  
Nice, 1923.*

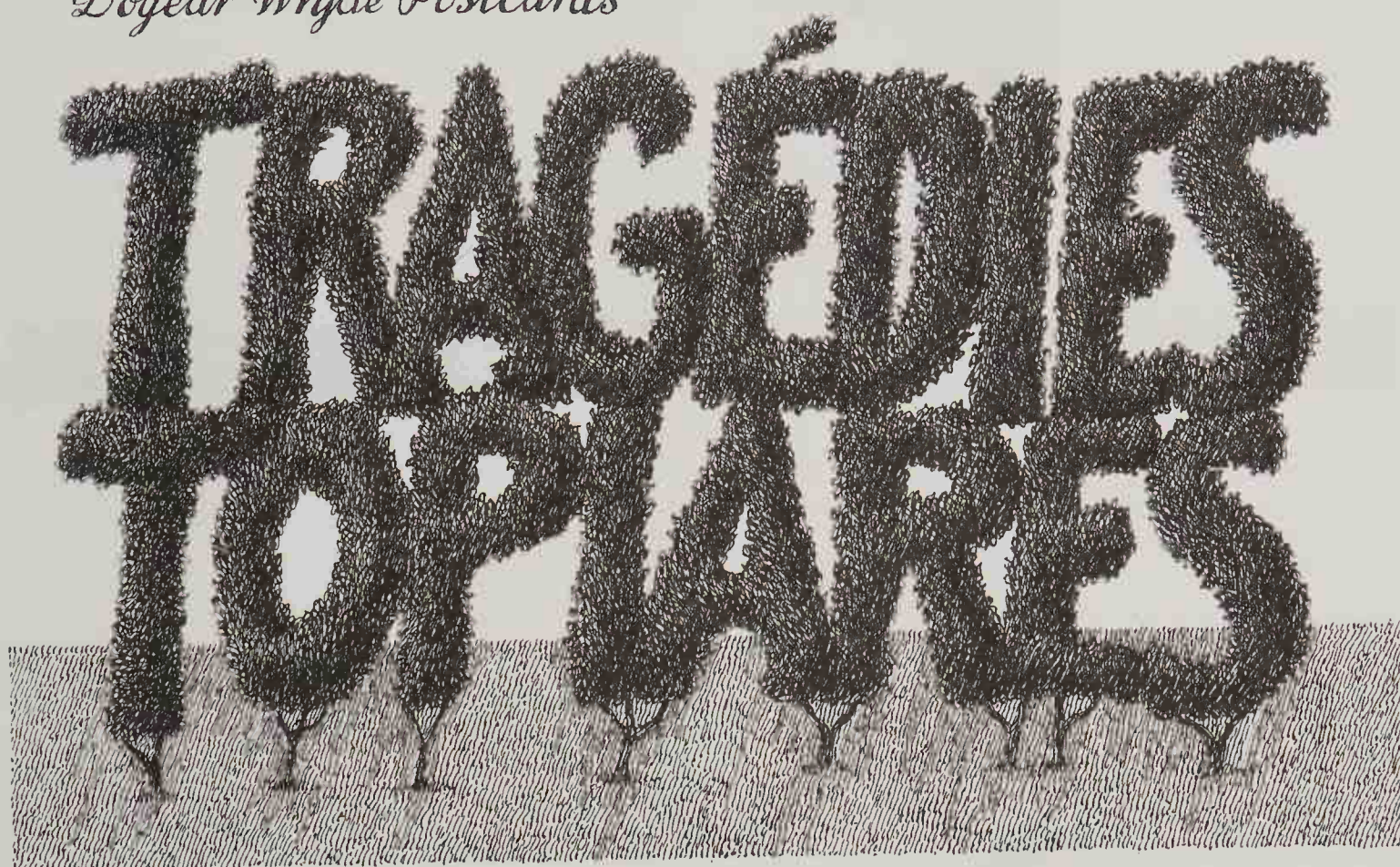




*Mrs Fledaway laced her husband's tea with atropine in the spring of 1903 at the Locusts, near Puddingbasin, Mortshire.*



*Dogear Whyde Postcards*

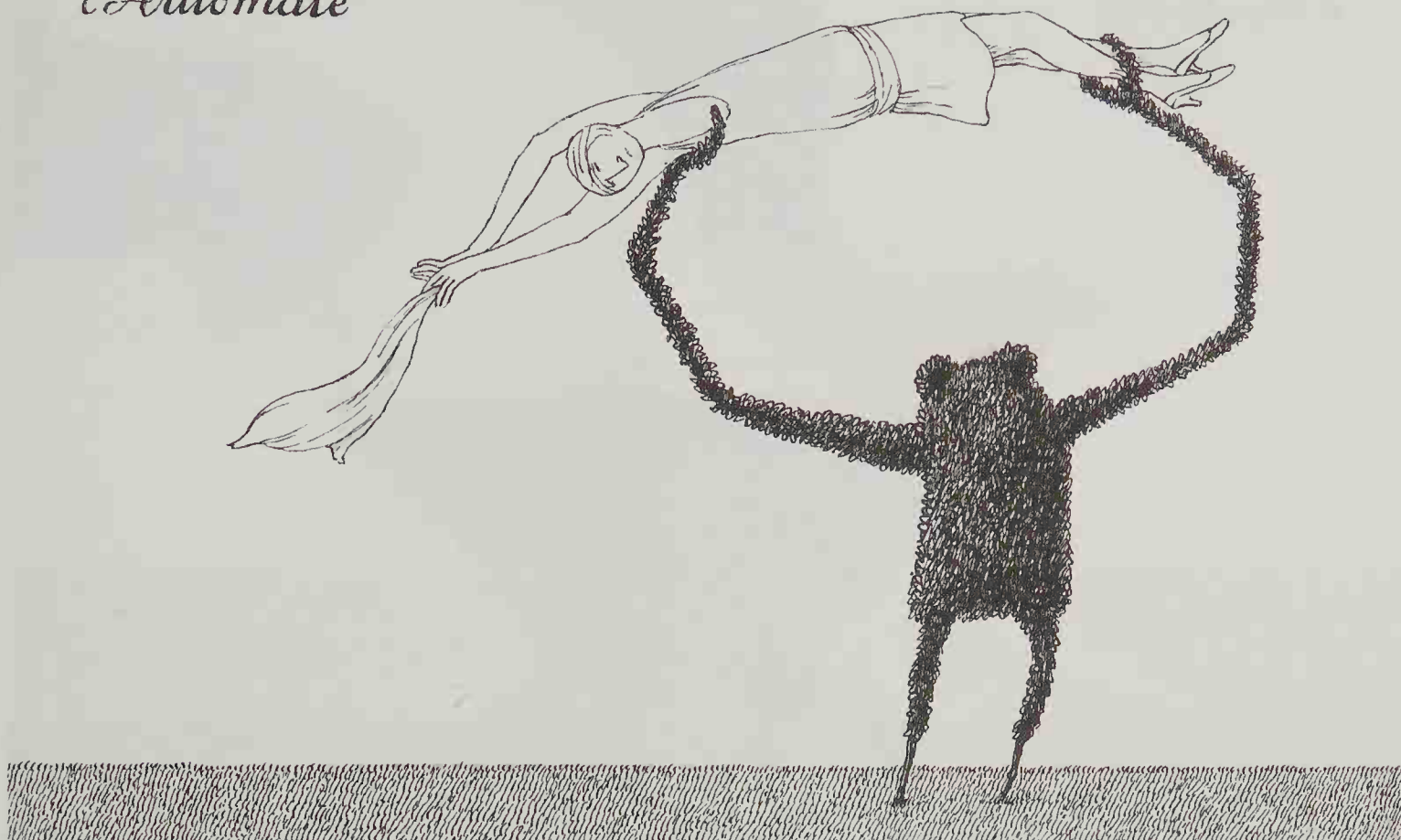




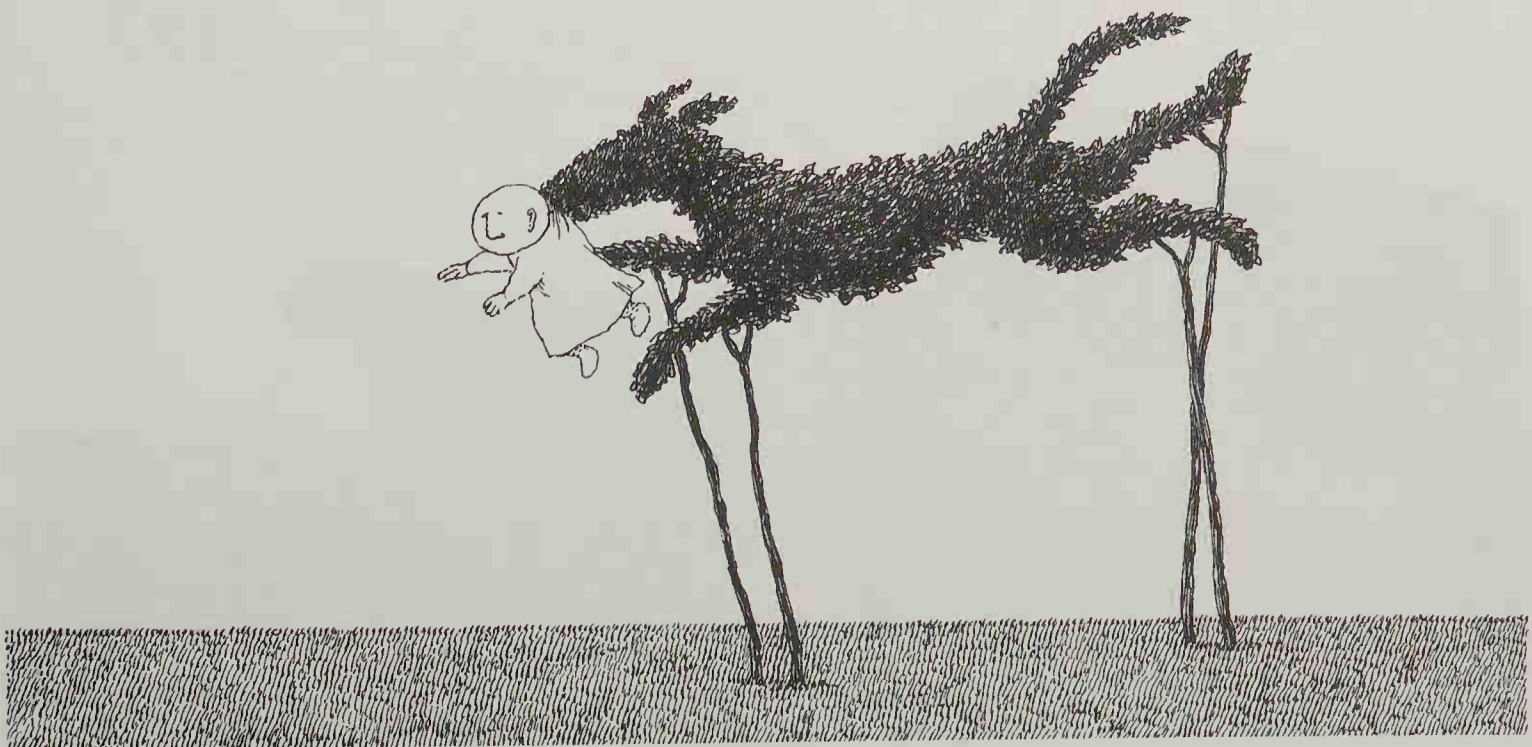




*l'Automate*

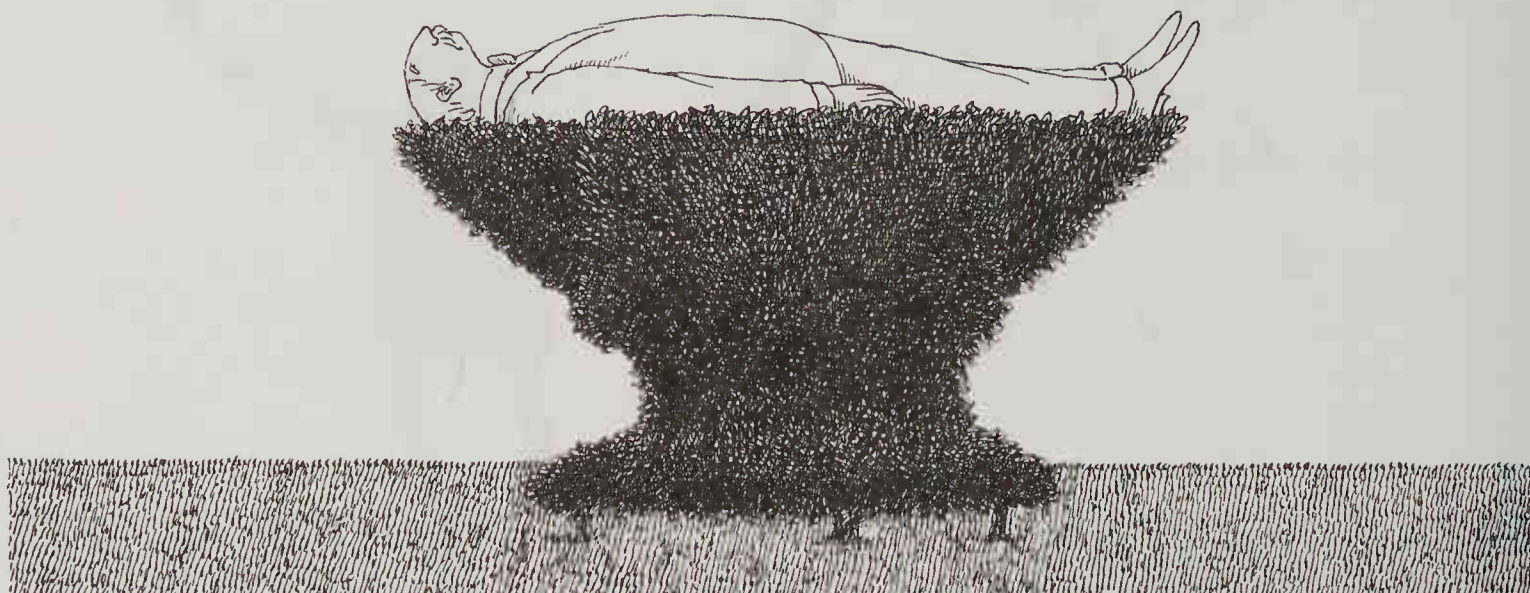


*le Chien d'arrêt*

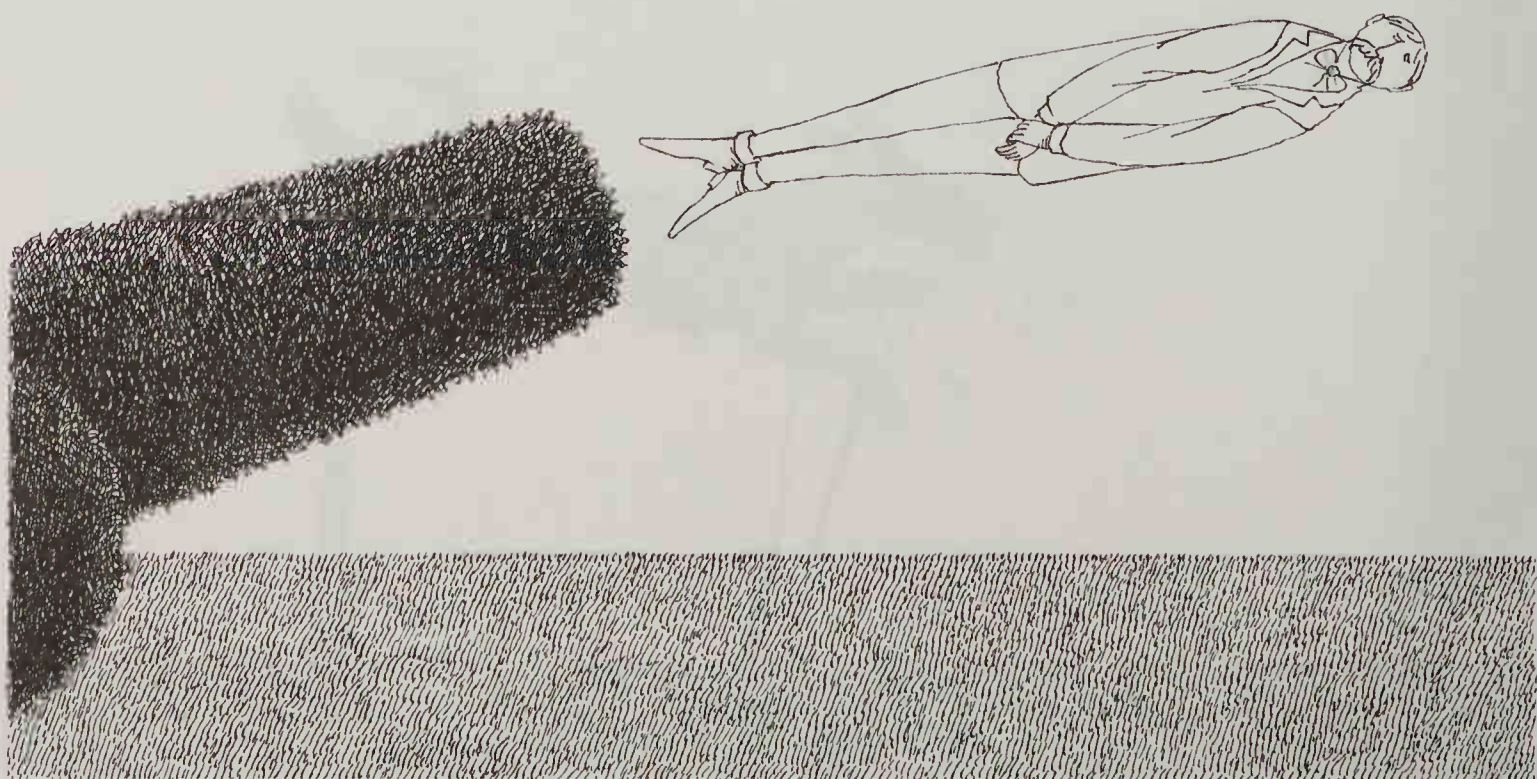




## *l'Enclume*

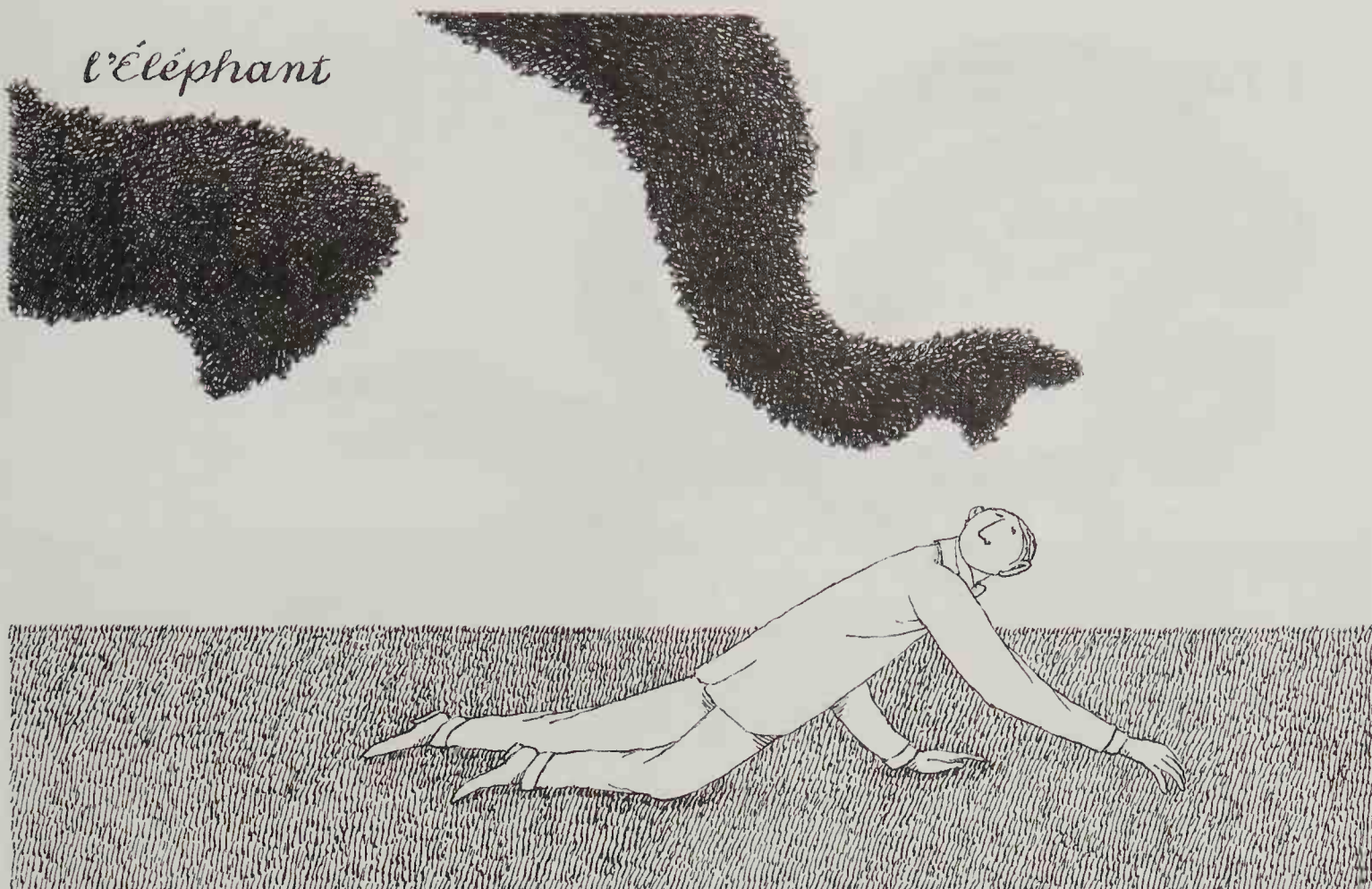


## *le Canon*

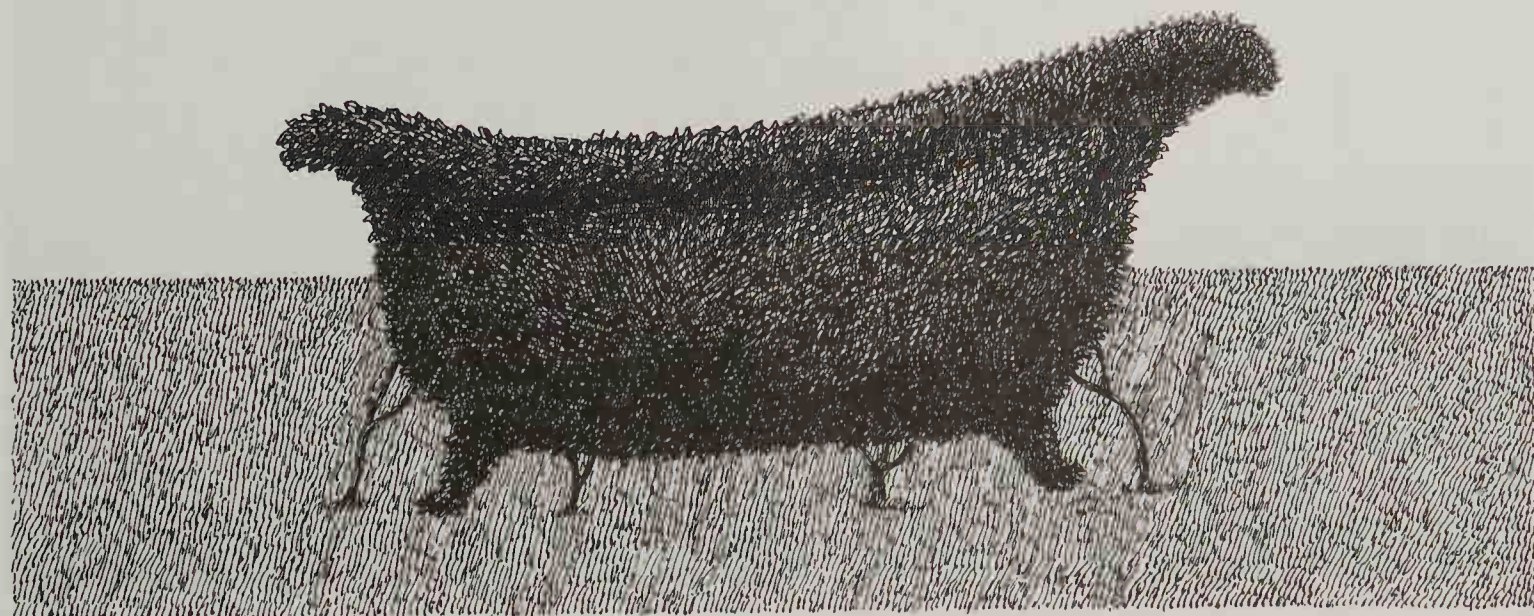




*l'Éléphant*

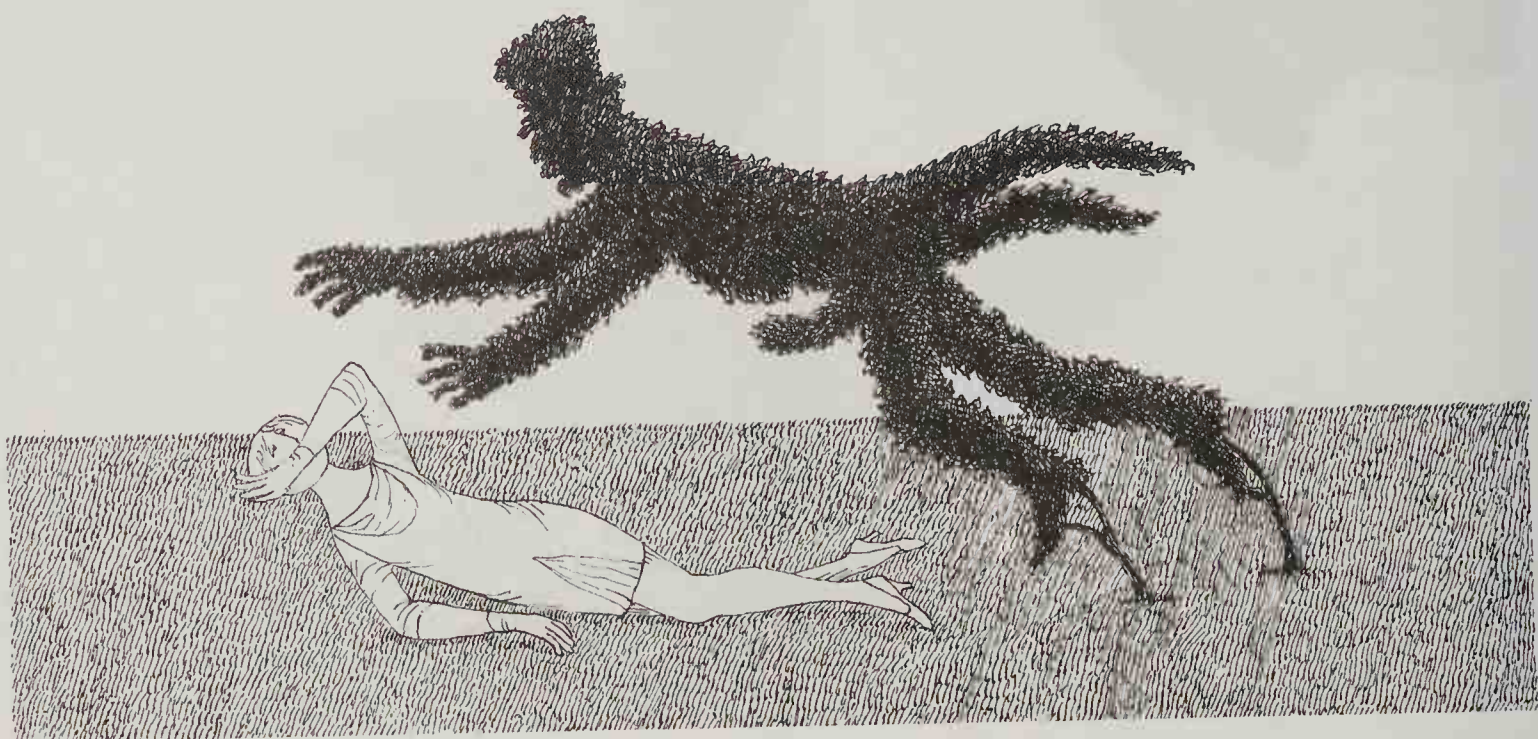


*la Baignoire*

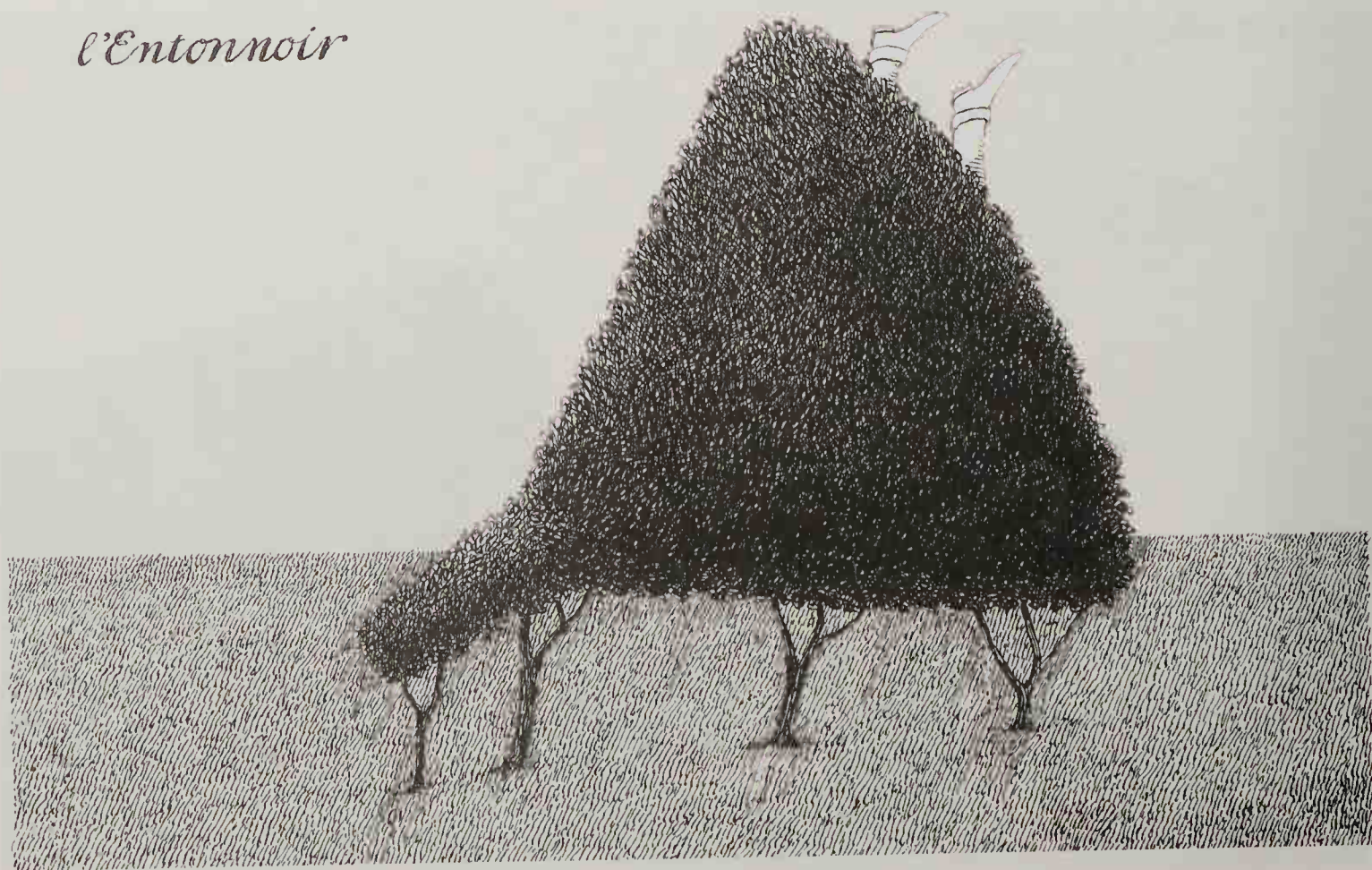




*l'Viol*



*l'Entonnoir*

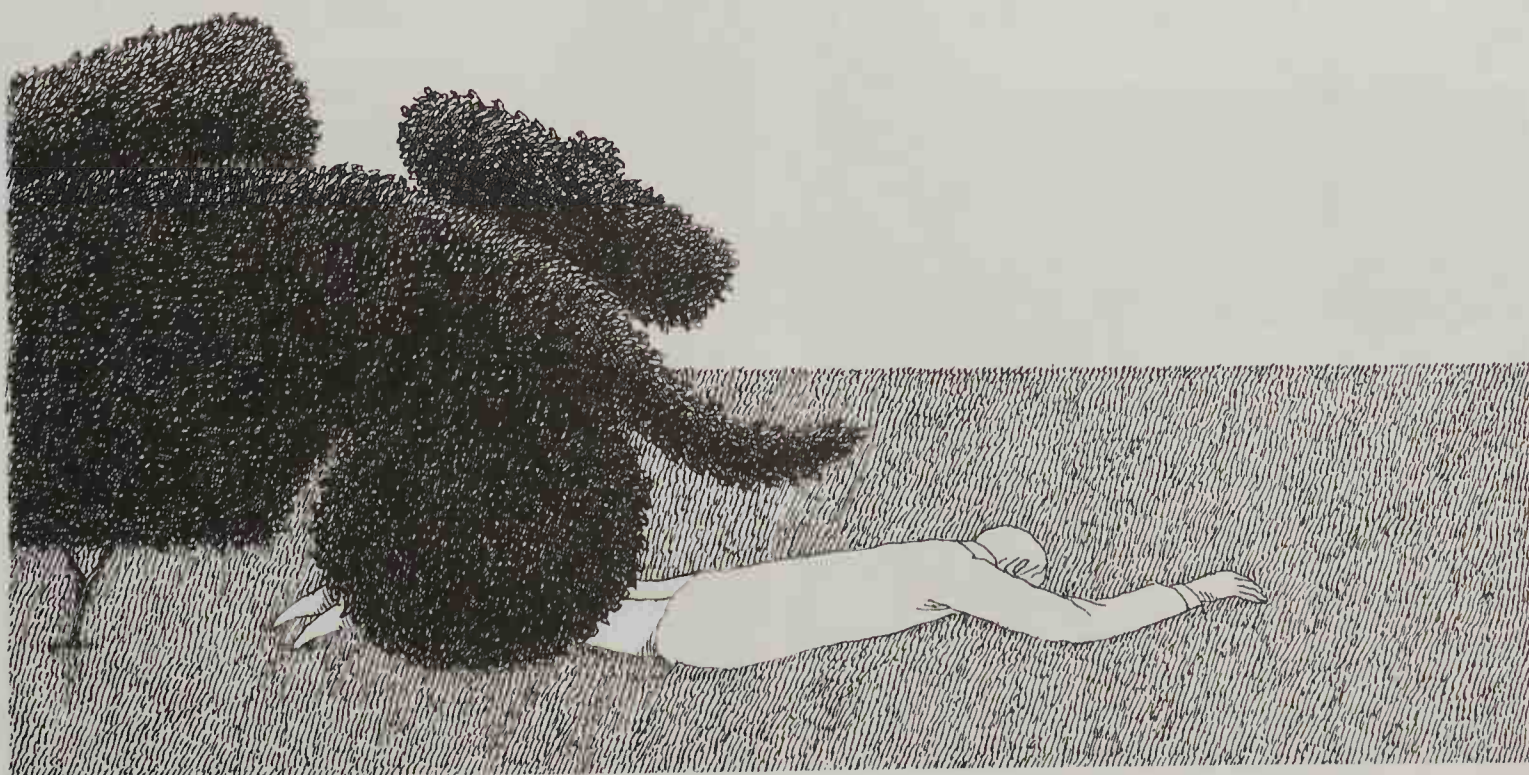




*les Serpents*

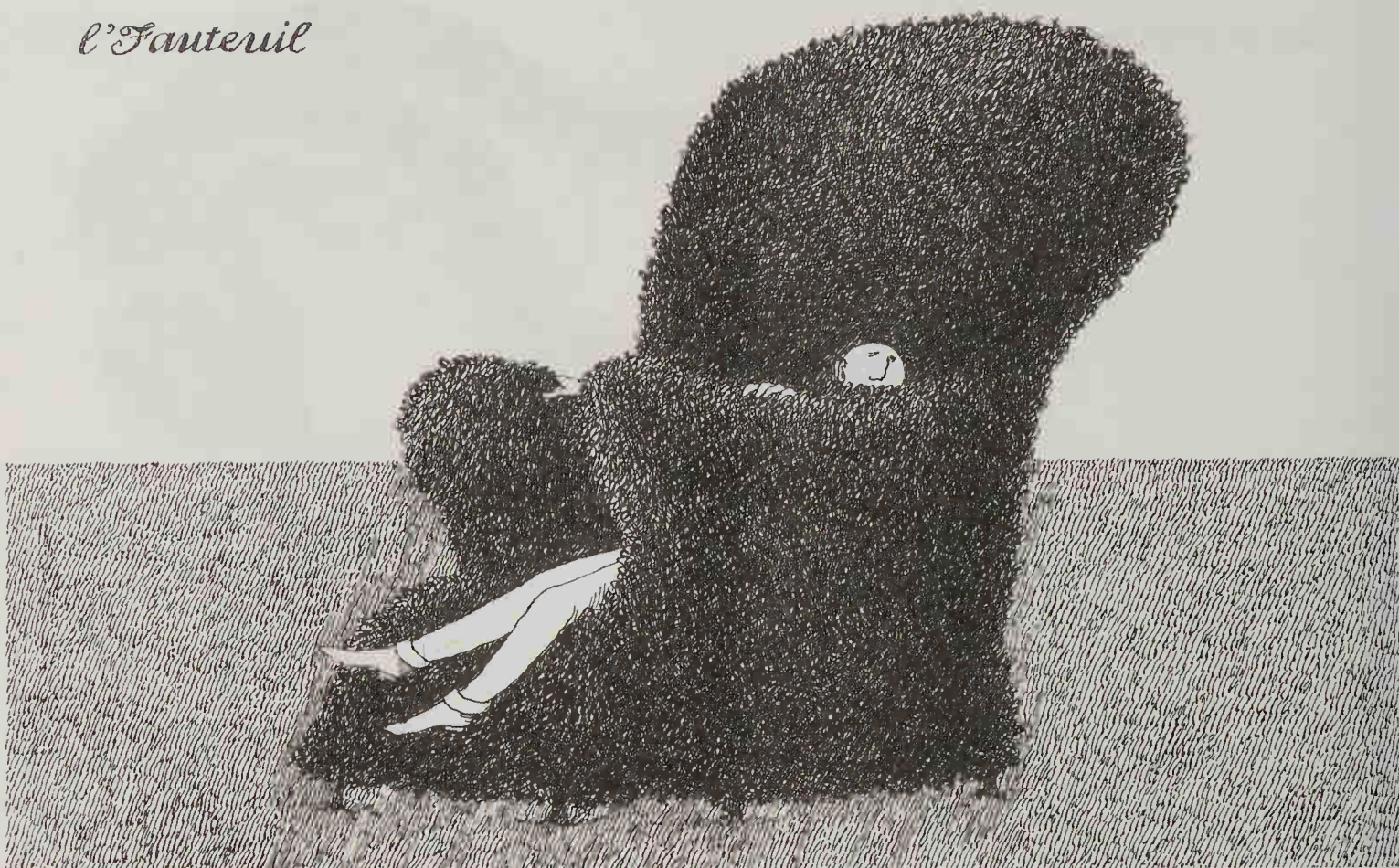


*l'Automobile*

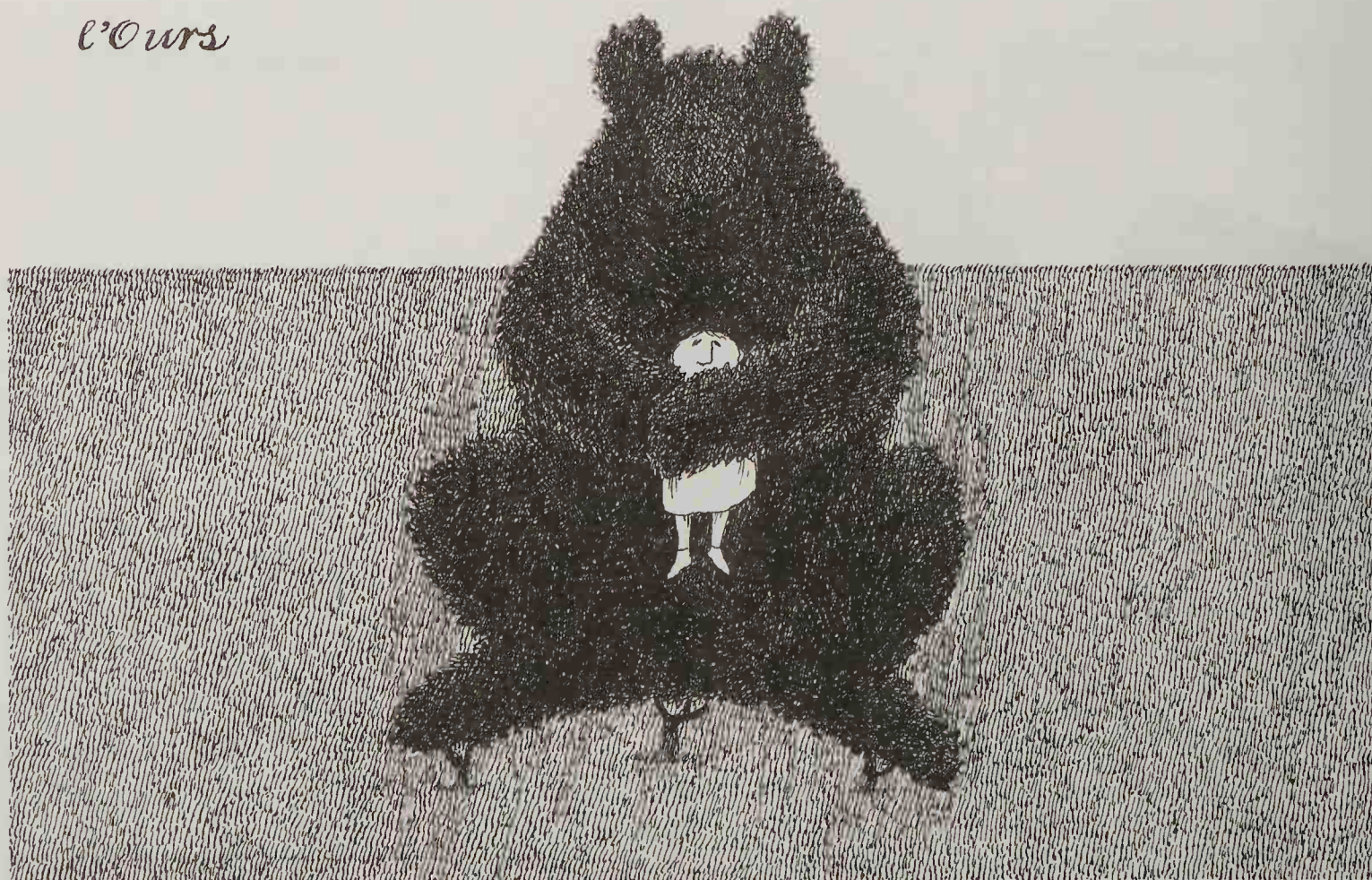




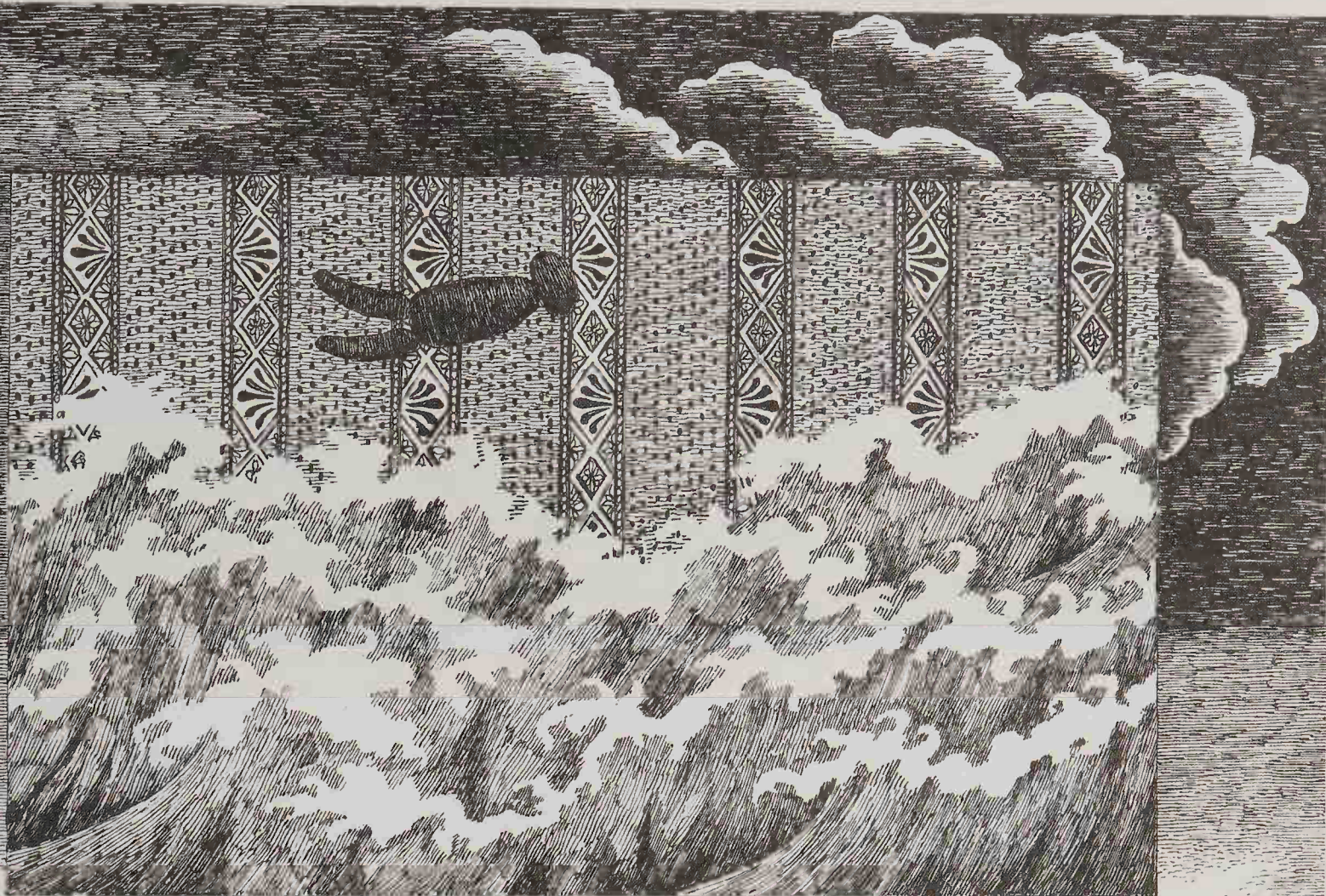
*l'Auteruil*



*l'Ours*







*The Raging Tide: or, The Black Doll's Imbroglia by Edward Gorey*









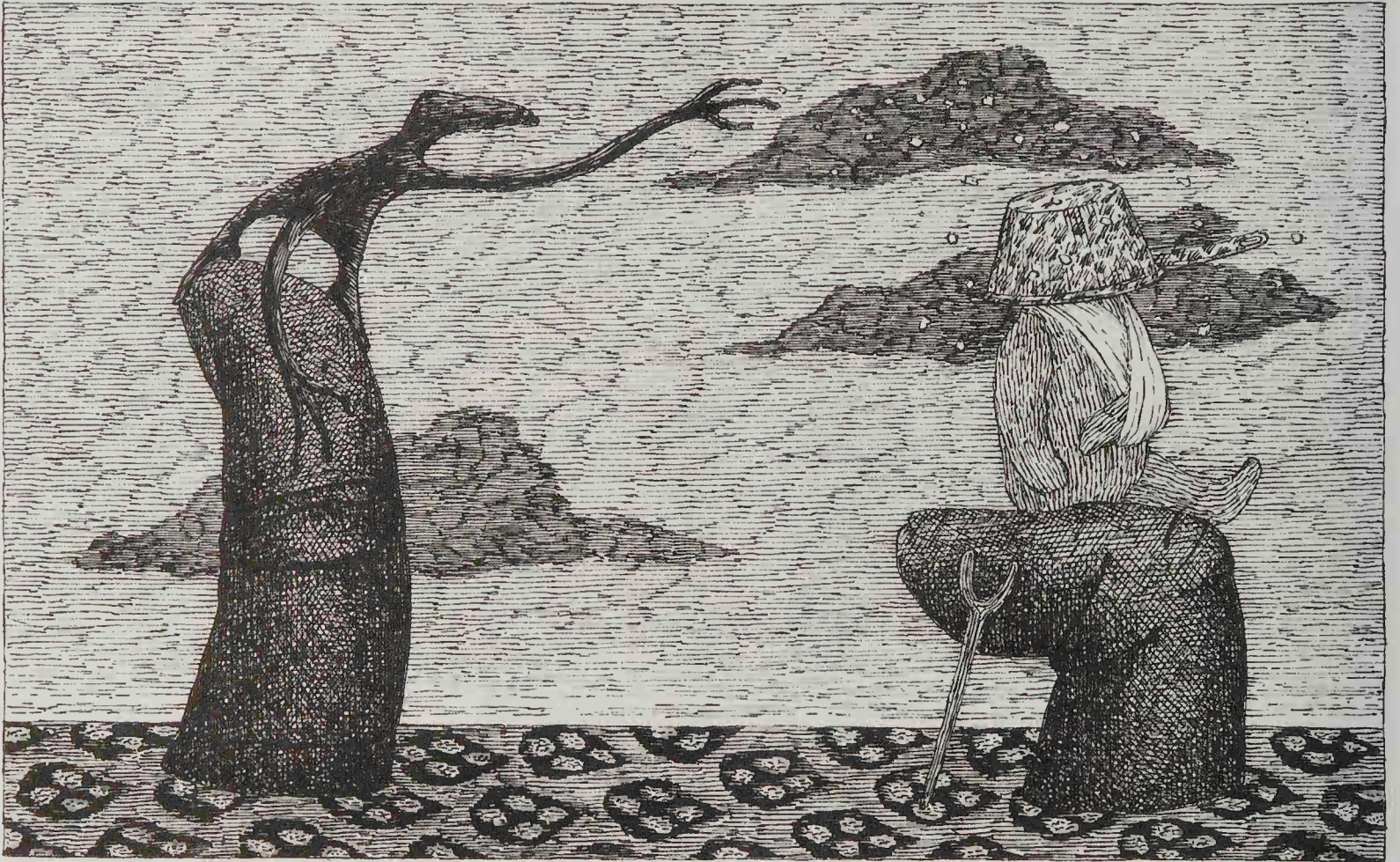
1

Skrump flung a damp sponge at Naeelah.

*If you are interested, turn to 6.*

*If you aren't, turn to 2.*





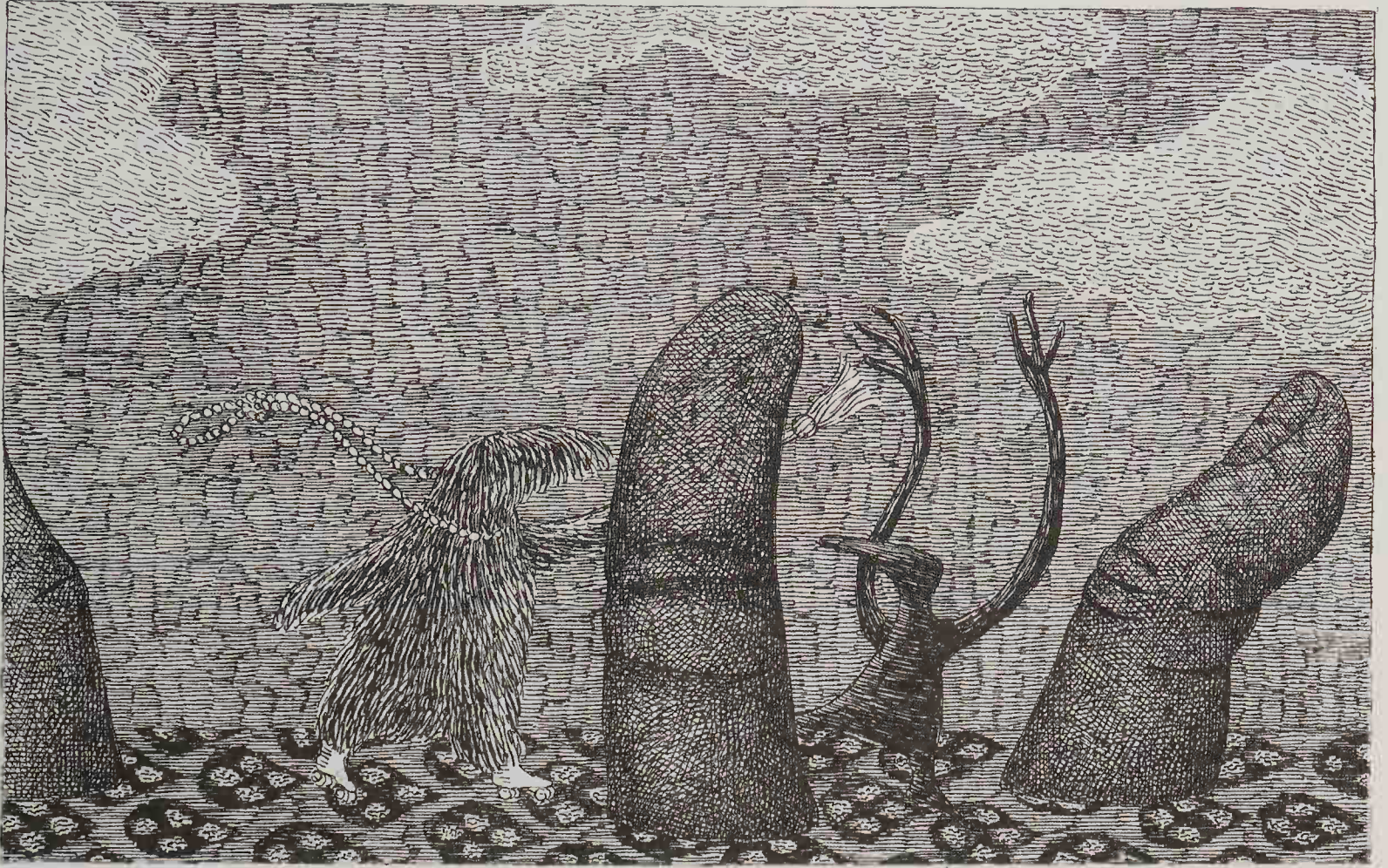
2

Figbash scattered cracker crumbs on Hooglyboo.

*If this makes you uncomfortable, turn to 3.*

*If it doesn't, turn to 8.*





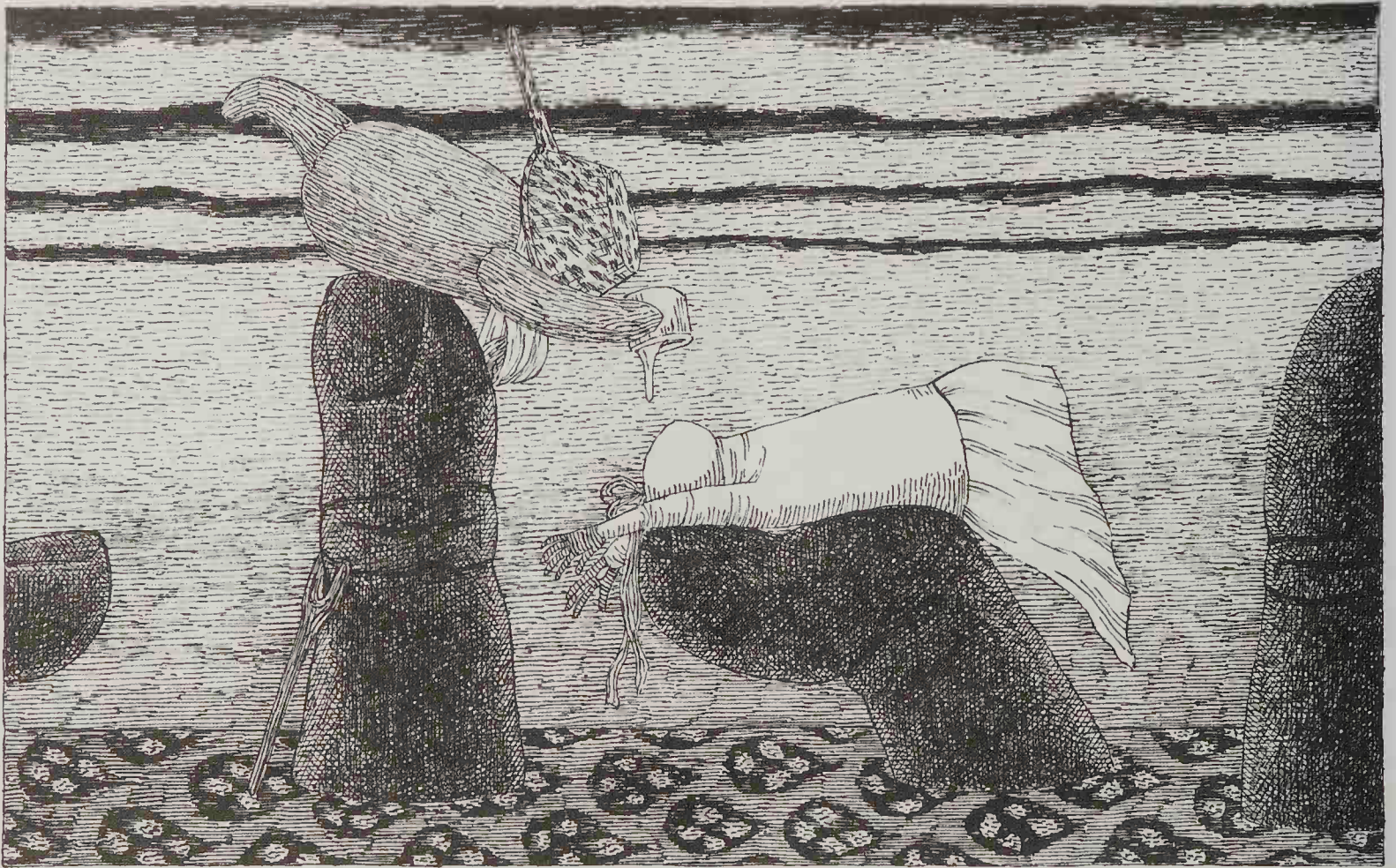
3

Skrump thwacked Figbash with a dishmop.

*If you find this gratifying, turn to 7.*

*If you don't, turn to 4.*





4

Hooglyboo poured golden syrup over Naeelah.

*If you would have done the same, turn to 5.*

*If you cannot condone these actions, turn to 30.*





5

Naeelah stuck Hooglyboo with a mourning-pin.

*If you think she was justified, turn to 12.*

*If you think she wasn't, turn to 7.*





6

Naeelah went for Skrump with a feather-duster.

*If you find this detestable, turn to 8.*

*If you are charmed, turn to 10.*





7

Figbash threw an antimacassar over Skrump.

*If you feel he was right to do this, turn to 9.*

*If you think he was wrong, turn to 6.*





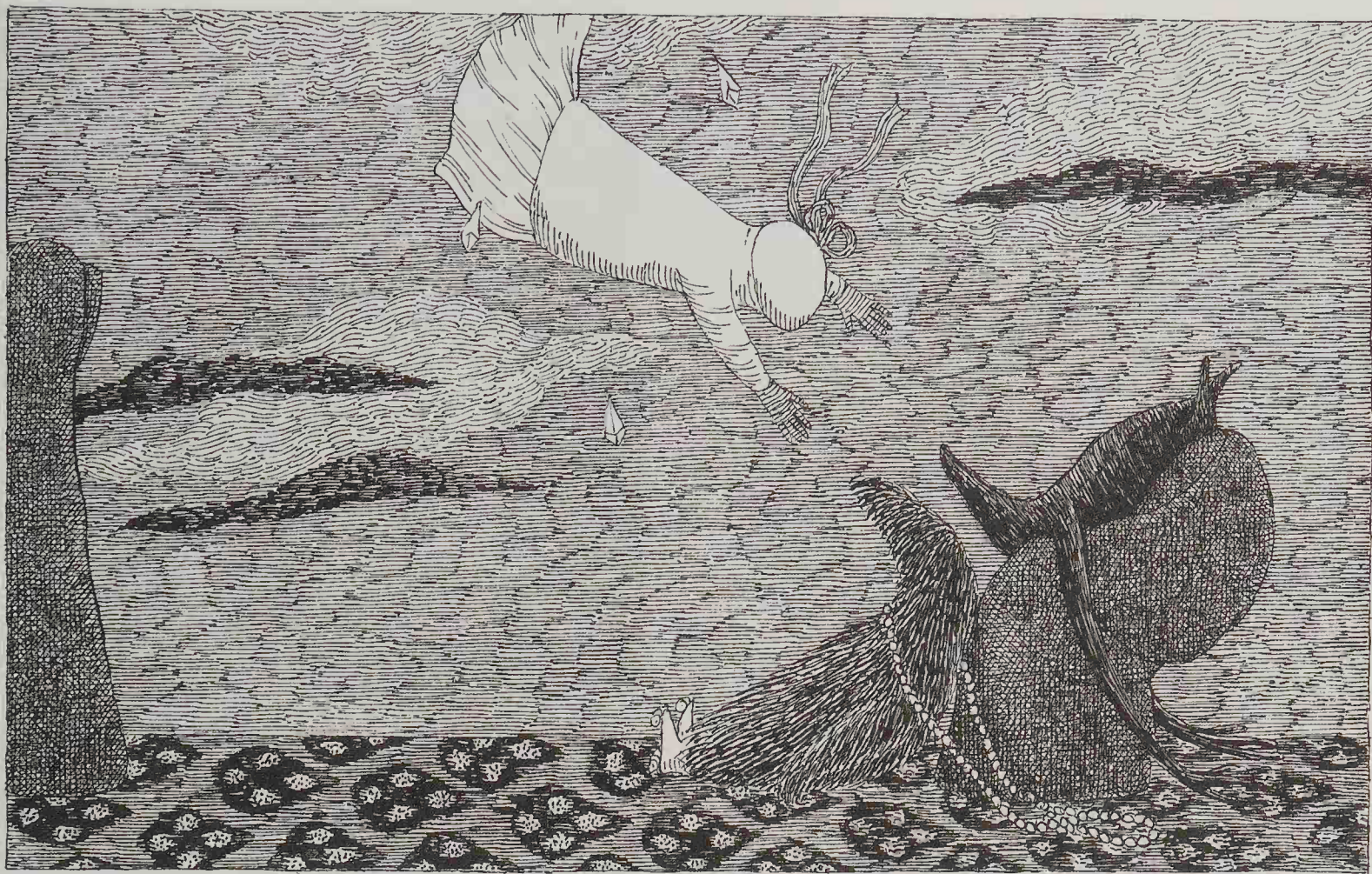
8

Hooglyboo crammed Figbash inside a vase.

*If this strikes you as clever, turn to 11.*

*If all this seems too terrible to contemplate, turn to 29.*





9

Naeelah dropped from the chandelier onto  
Figbash and Skrump.

*If you find this not unamusing, turn to 17.*

*If you want to benefit spiritually, turn to 15.*





10

Figbash popped out at Naeelah and Skrump  
from a valise.

*If you aren't taken aback by this, turn to 14.  
If you are, turn to 12.*





11

Naeelah erupted through the carpet between  
Figbash and Hooglyboo.

*If you do not find this nervous-making, turn to 13.*

*If you wish it hadn't happened, turn to 9.*





12

Figbash emerged from the woodwork before  
Naeelah and Hooglyboo.

*If this does not upset you unduly, turn to 16.*

*If you wish to be morally improved, turn to 18.*





13

Figbash and Naeelah assaulted Hooglyboo  
with cookie-cutters.

*If you are not repelled by this, turn to 20.*

*If you are, turn to 16.*





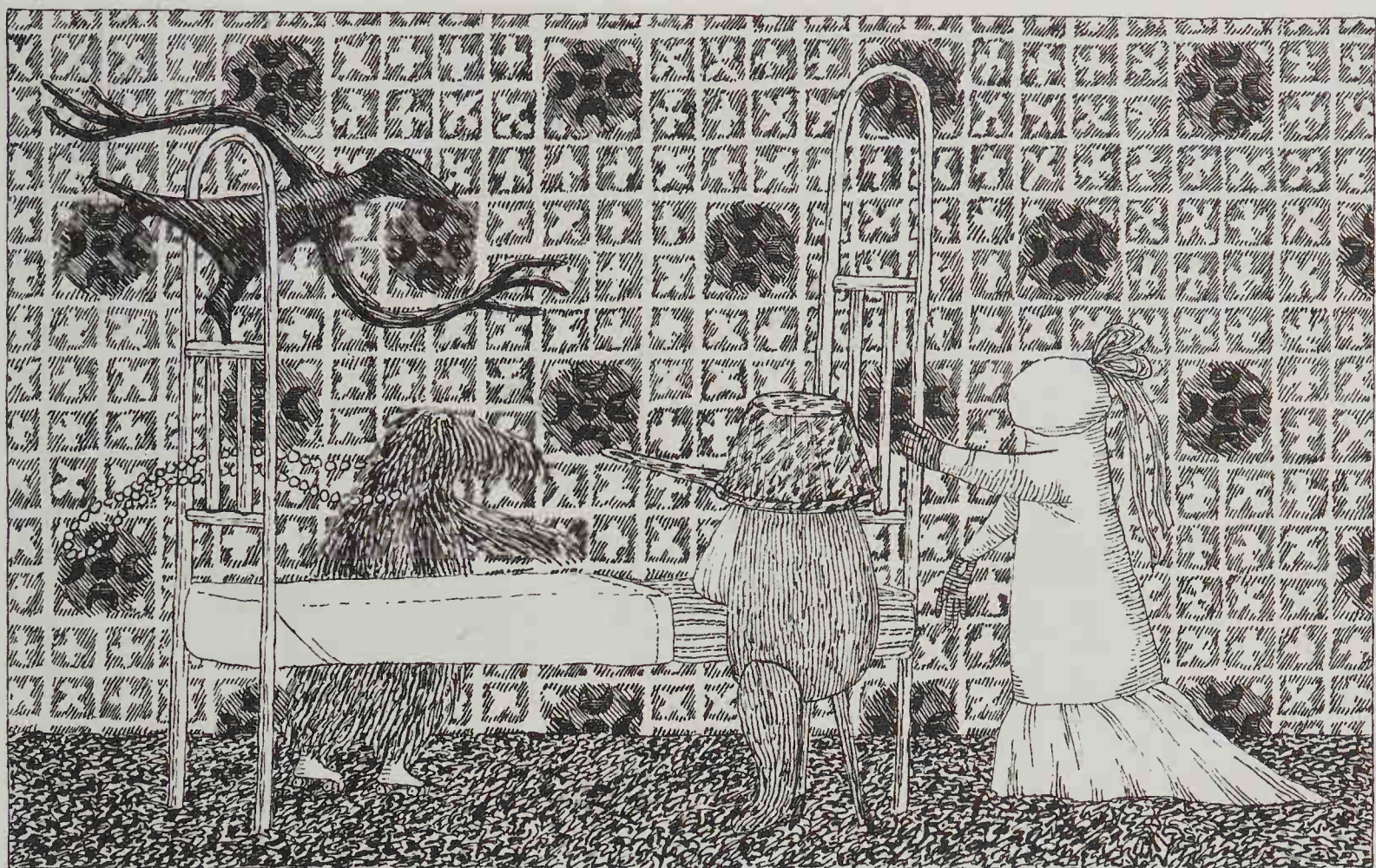
14

Skrump and Figbash attacked Naeelah  
with buttonhooks.

*If this doesn't make you apprehensive, turn to 19.*

*If it does, turn to 17.*





15

Short sheets make the bed look longer.

*If you want to go on with the story, turn to 17.*

*If you would like to visit the Dogear Wryde Topiary Gardens, turn to 26.*





16

Hooglyboo and Figbash dropped a lump of suet  
on Naeelah.

*If you want to get on with the story, turn to 24.*

*If suddenly you'd rather be doing something else, turn to 29.*





17

Skrump and Naeelah attempted to hinder Figbash  
with library paste.

*If you want to continue with the story, turn to 25.  
If you can't wait to see how it comes out, turn to 50.*





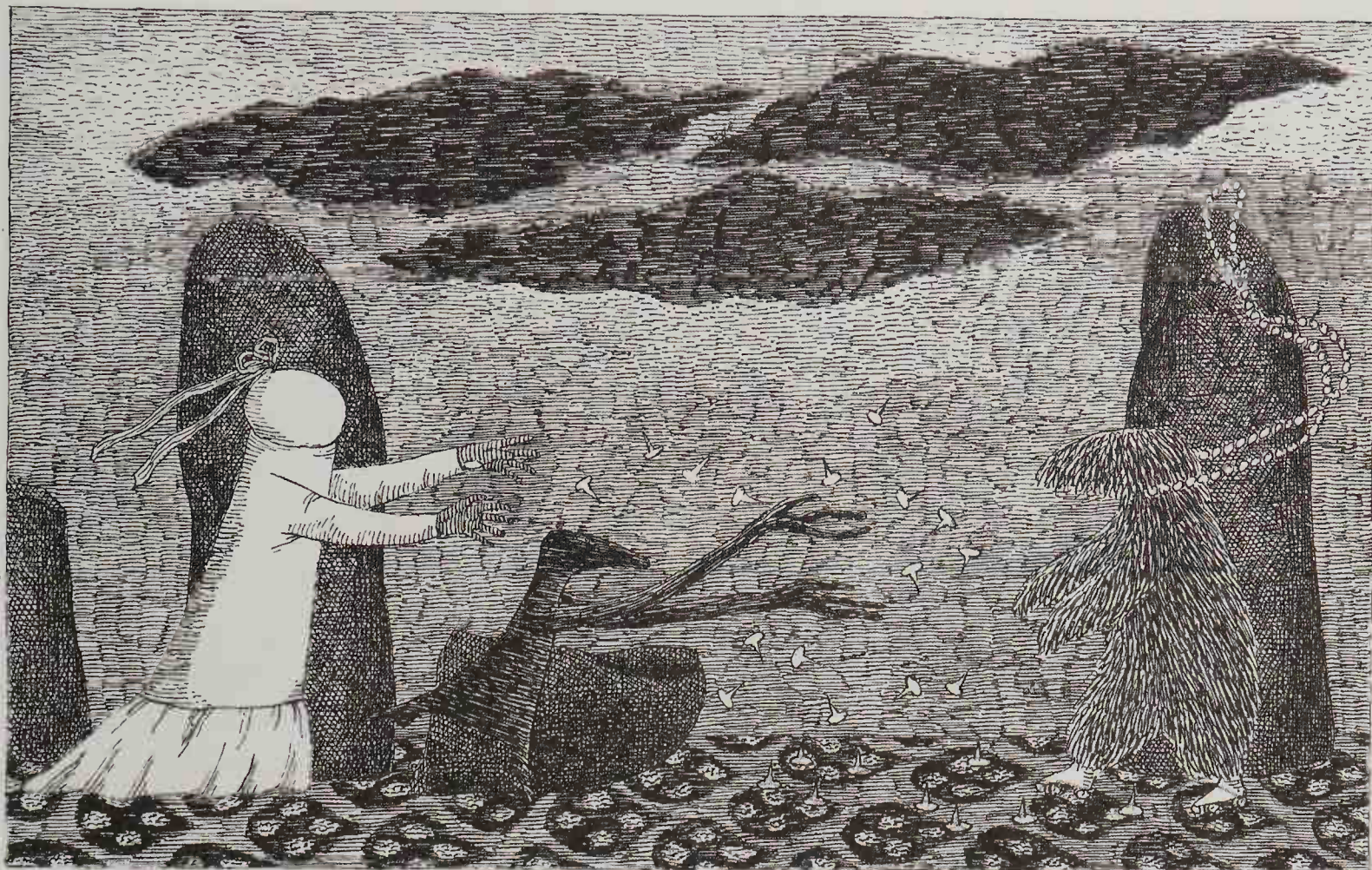
18

There's no going to town in a bathtub.

*If you want to get back to the story, turn to 16.*

*If you would like to tour the Villa Amnesia, turn to 23.*





19

Naeelah and Figbash strove to impede Skrump  
with tintacks.

*If you want to keep on with the story, turn to 25.  
For a meaningful aside, turn to 15.*





20

Naeelah and Hooglyboo dumped wet tea leaves  
on Figbash.

*If you wish to pursue the story, turn to 24.  
For a brilliant apophthegm, turn to 18.*





## 21

Skrump and Naeelah and Figbash pardoned one another  
over stewed prunes.

*If you want to persist with the story, turn to 27.*

*If you wish to correct a possible discrepancy, turn to 22.*





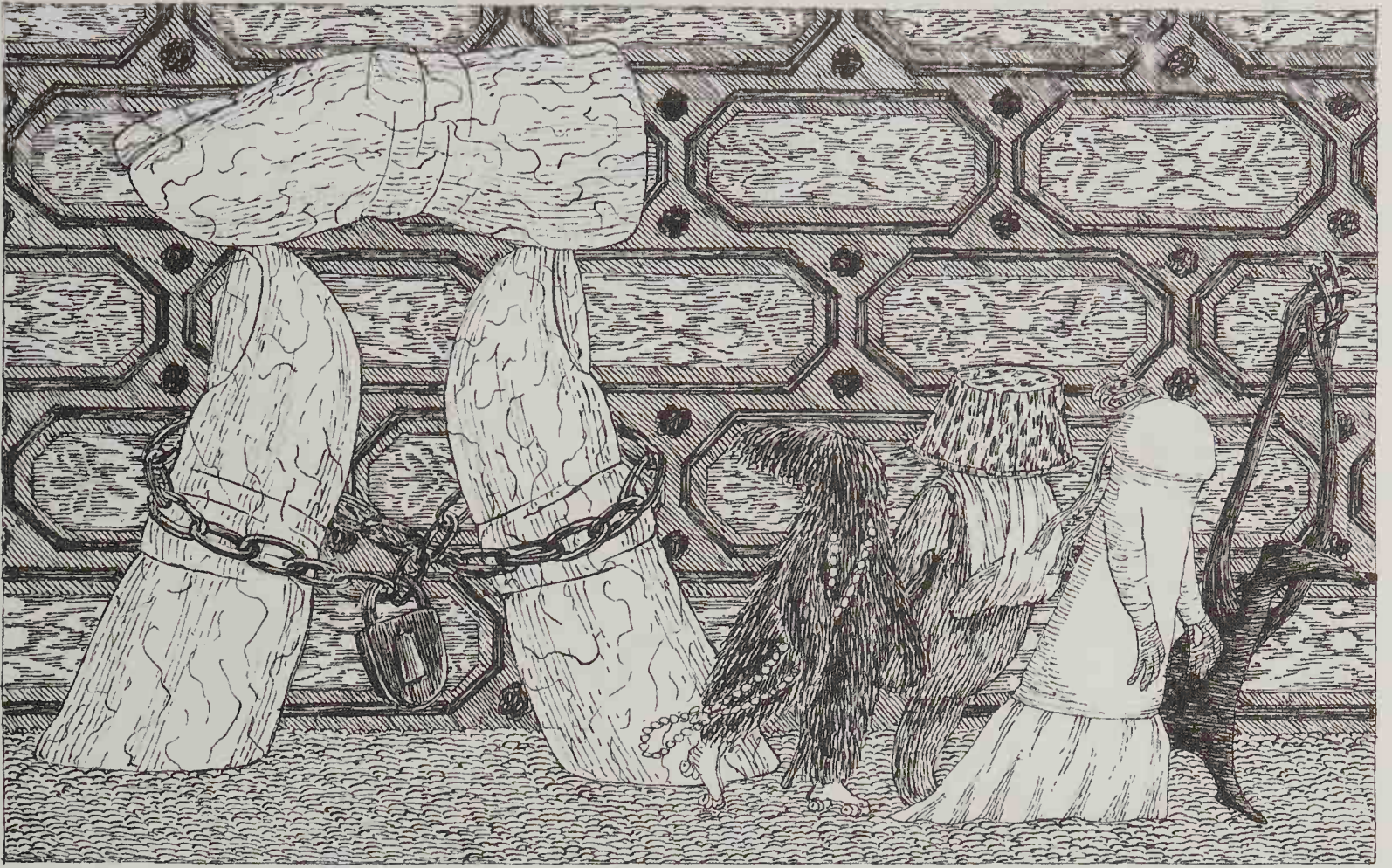
## 22

Figbash and Hooglyboo and Naeelah forgave each other  
over boiled turnips.

*If you want to persevere with the story, turn to 28.*

*If you wish to correct a possible discrepancy, turn to 21.*





## 23

It is open to the public only one Tuesday a month.

*If you want to hark back to the story, turn to 17.*

*For a stunning irrelevancy, turn to 15.*





24

Naeelah and Figbash endeavoured to encase Hooglyboo  
in piecrust dough.

*If you dislike turnips less than you do prunes, turn to 22.  
If it is the reverse, turn to 21.*





25

Figbash and Skrump essayed to throttle Naeelah  
with a bootlace.

*If you loathe prunes more than you do turnips, turn to 22.  
If it is the other way around, turn to 21.*





26

Not long ago they were destroyed by insects.

*If you want to revert to the story, turn to 16.*

*For a dazzling inconsequence, turn to 18.*





## 27

Figbash, Naeelah, and Skrump fell upon each other  
with loofahs.

*If you would love a romantic ending, turn to 30.*

*If you would prefer an ironic one, turn to 29.*





## 28

Naeelah, Figbash, and Hooglyboo set upon one another  
with sleeve garters.

*If you would like a realistic conclusion, turn to 30.*

*If you would rather a preposterous one, turn to 29.*

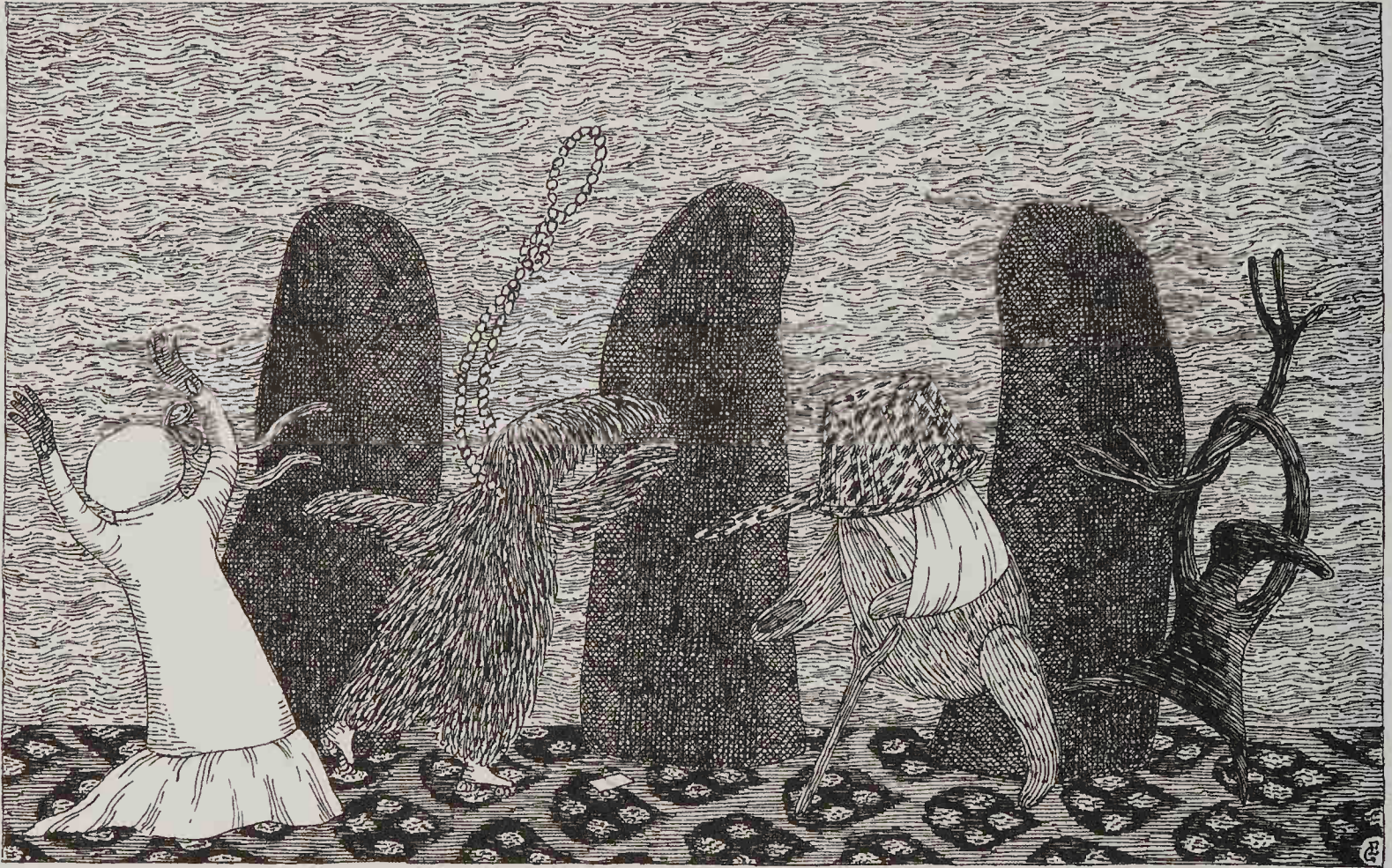




29

*And then everyone went joyously to an early grave.*

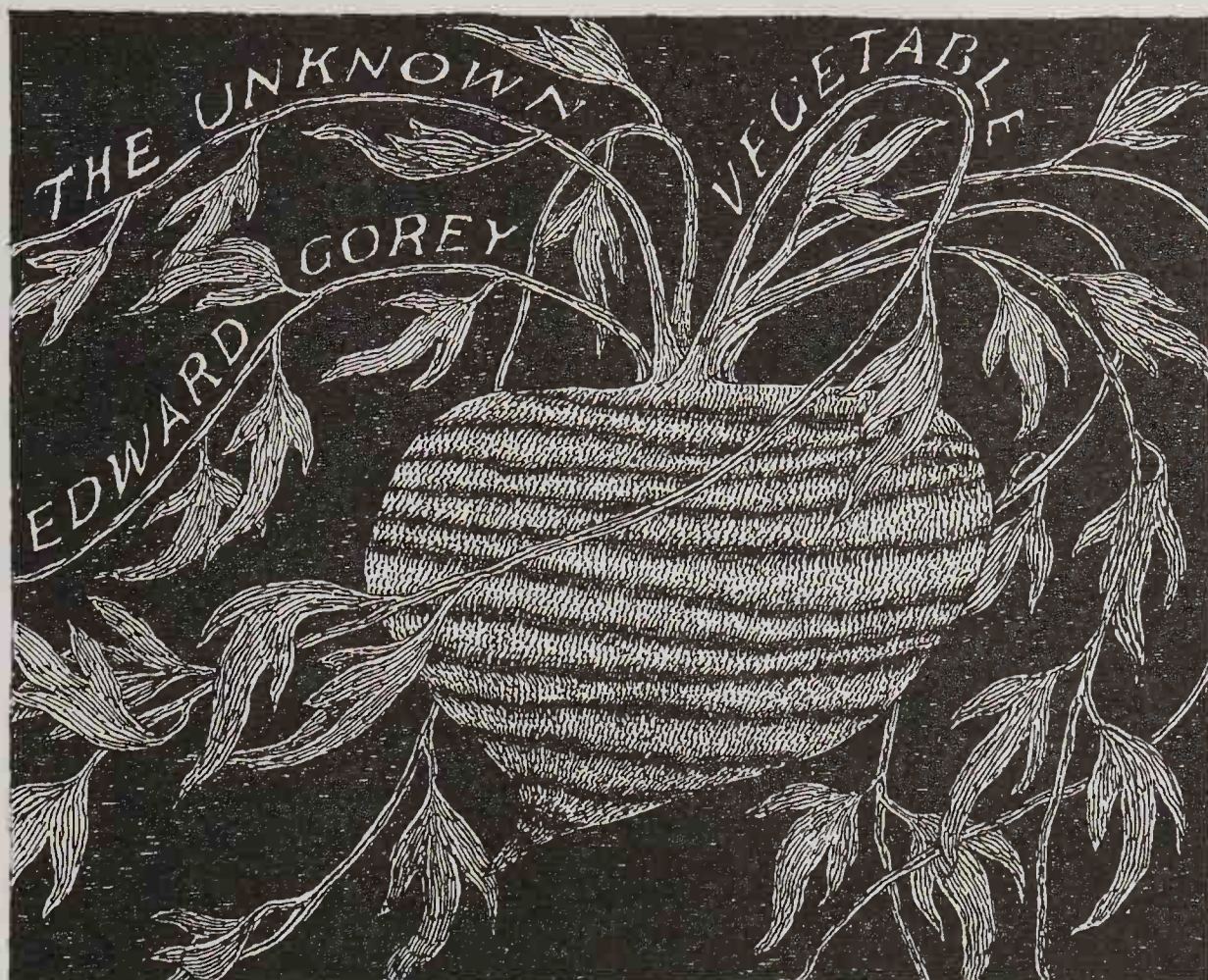




30

*And so they all lived miserably for ever after.*













Out strolling, Filda heard a sound  
That came from underneath the ground.



She saw next time she took a walk  
The spot marked by a tiny stalk.





Next day a dozen leaves were there,  
Vibrating strangely in the air.



Next week they waved above her head;  
Their veins were purple, black, and red.





She pulled and wrenched the stalk about  
Until she had the whole thing out.



Its like she had not ever seen ;  
The skin was brownish pinky green.





She scrubbed away all trace of soil,  
Then cooked it up with herbs and oil.

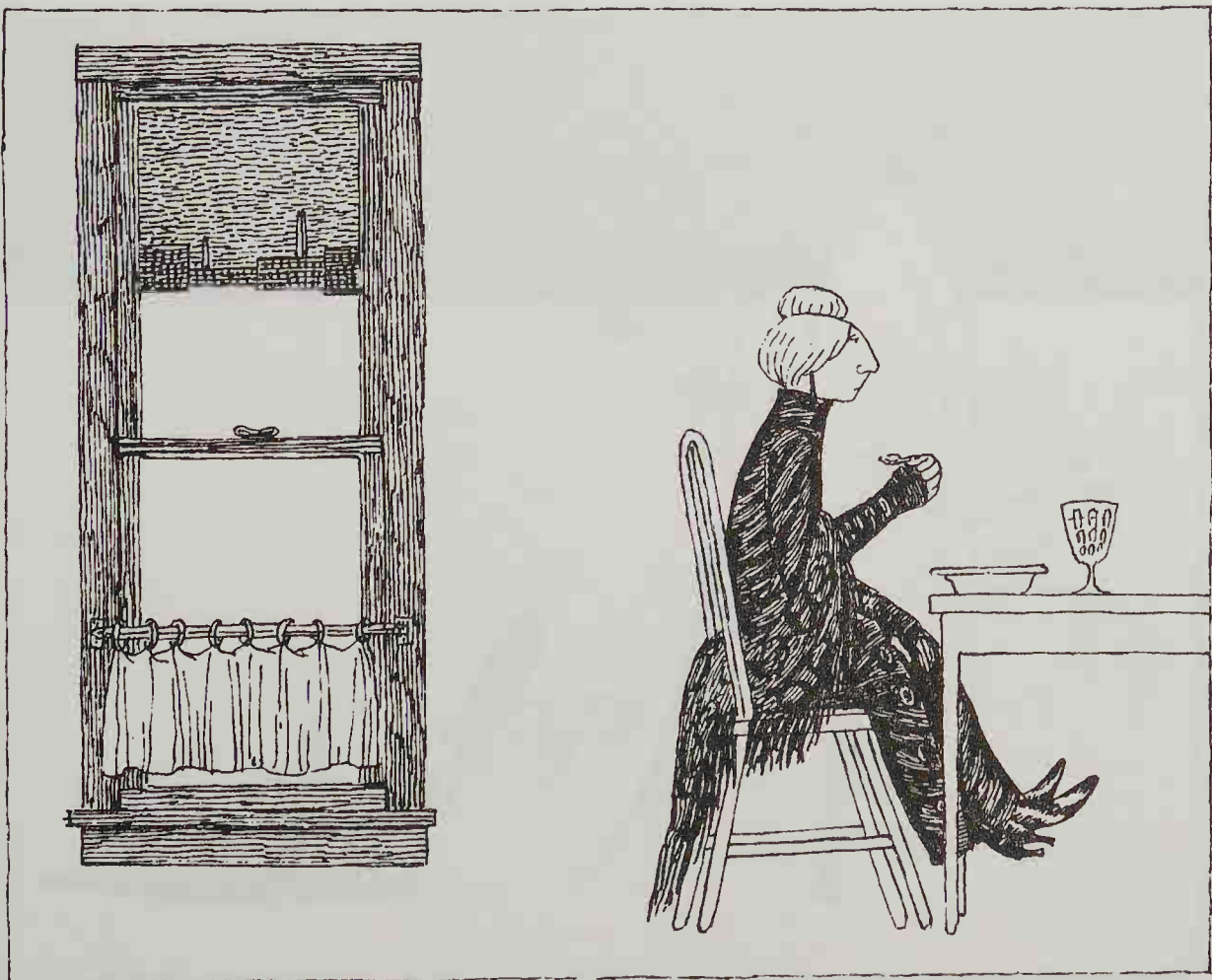


The flesh was yellow tinged with rose ;  
Its taste went down into her toes.





She tripped out to the yard and made  
Depressions with a handy spade.

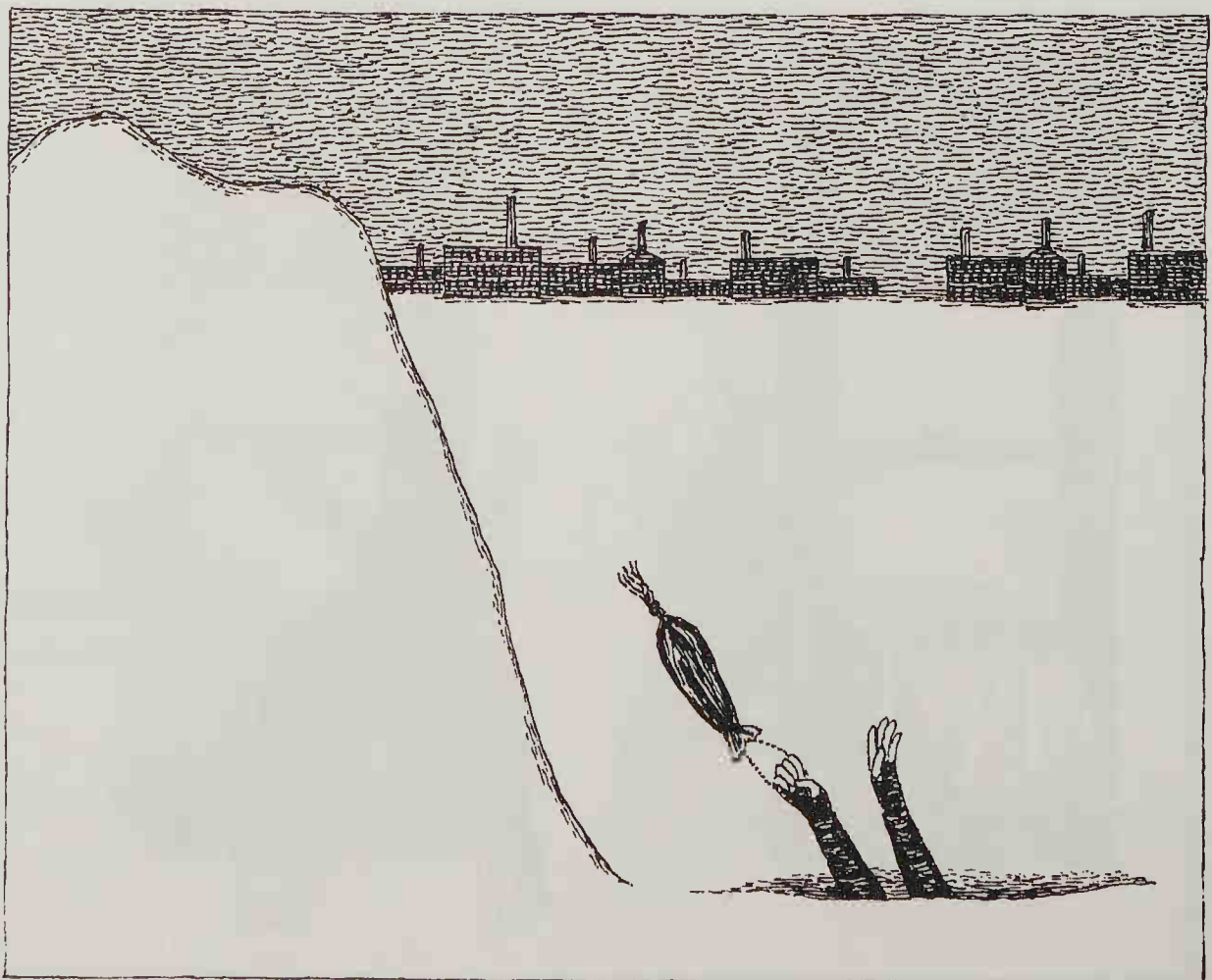


When there was nothing else to do,  
She ate the last bits in a stew.



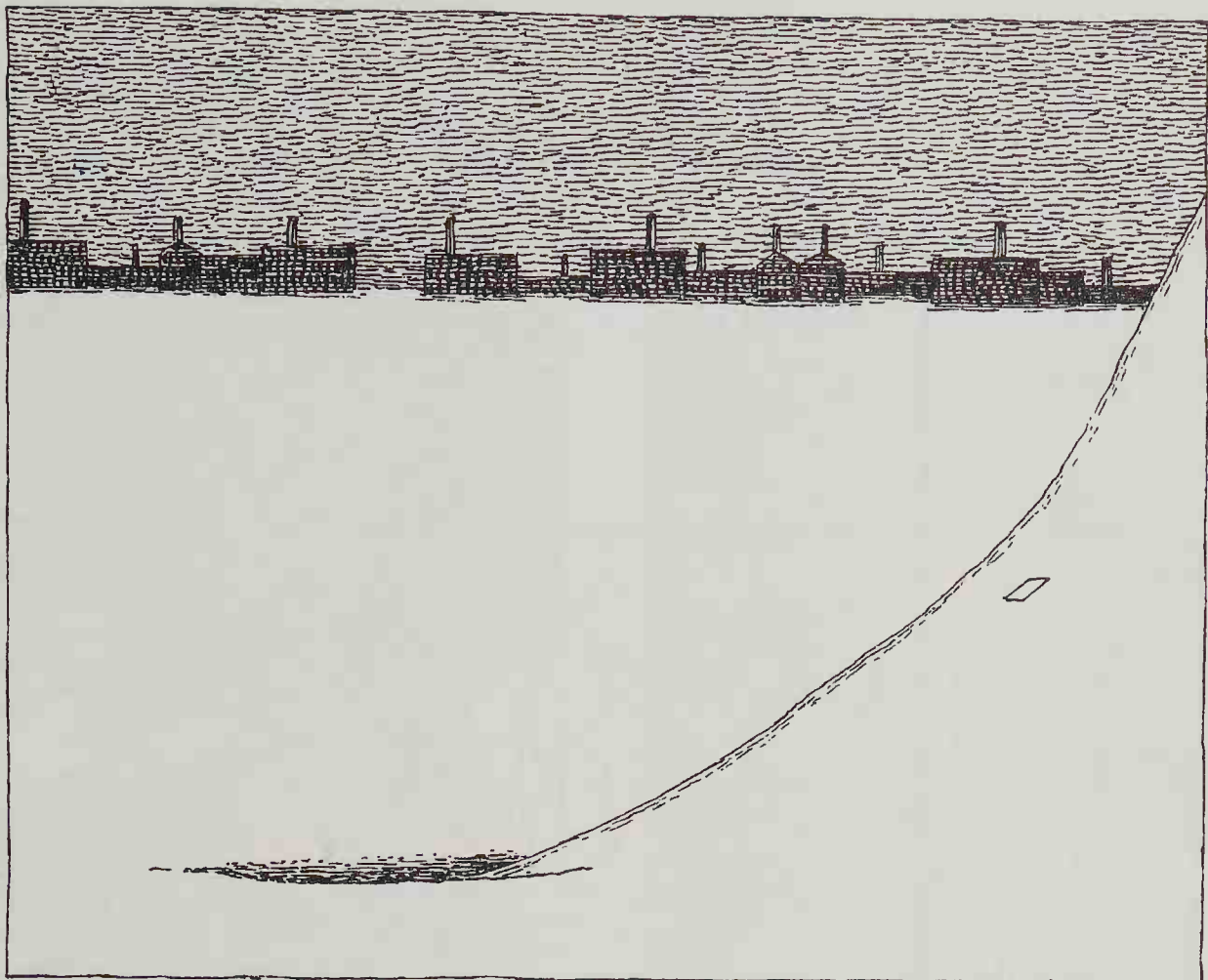


Beset by something in her soul,  
She started in to dig a hole.

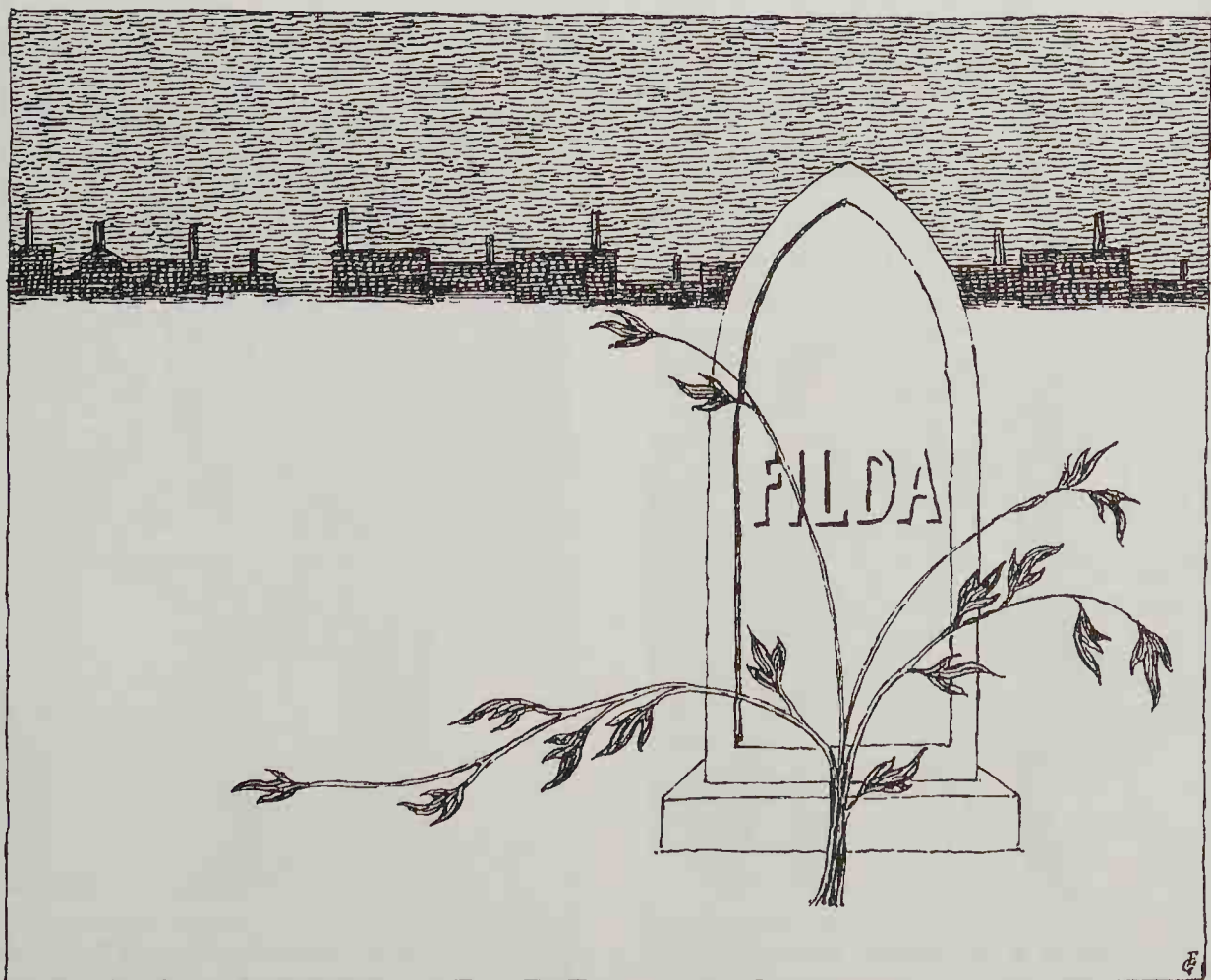


When it was deeper than her height  
She jumped feet first down out of sight.





The pile of earth began to slide  
And Filda ended up inside.



There is a moral to this fable  
Of an unknown vegetable.



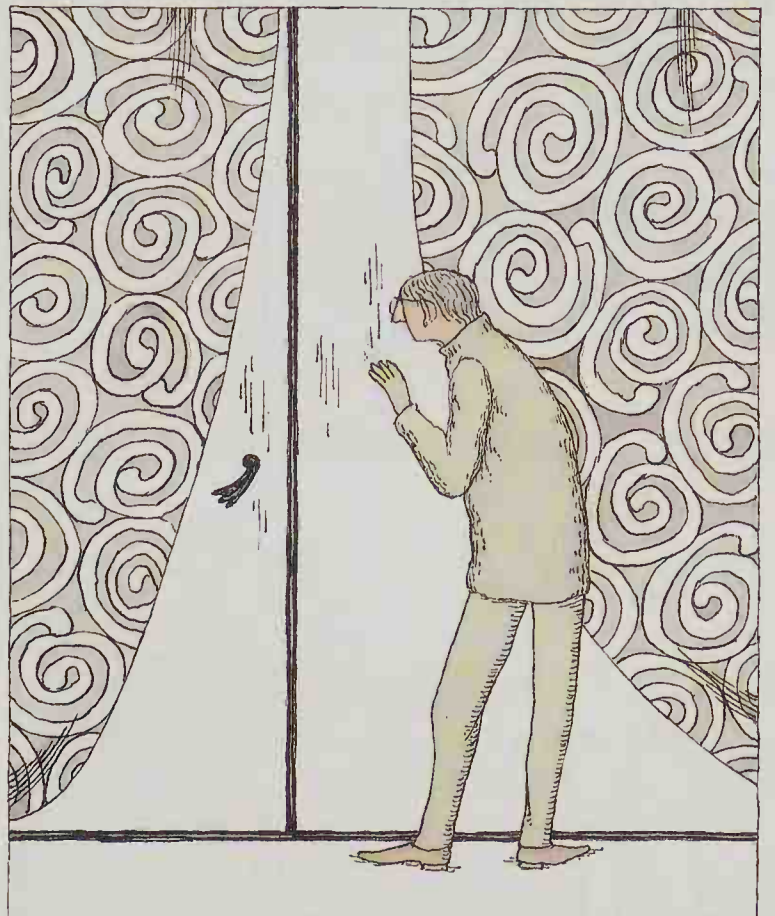




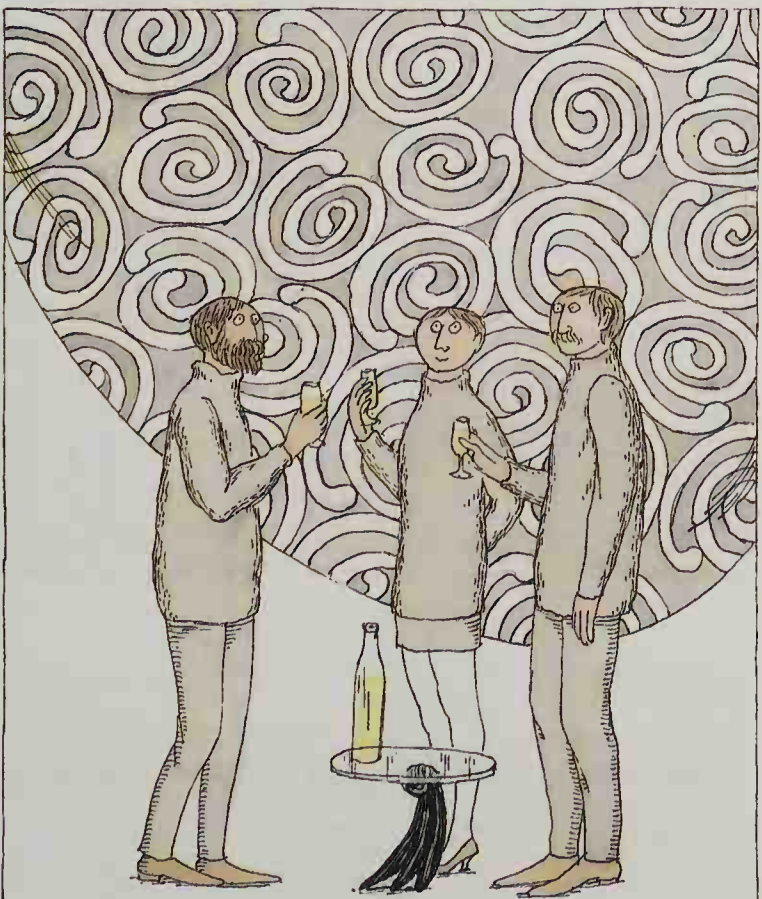
# Random Walk



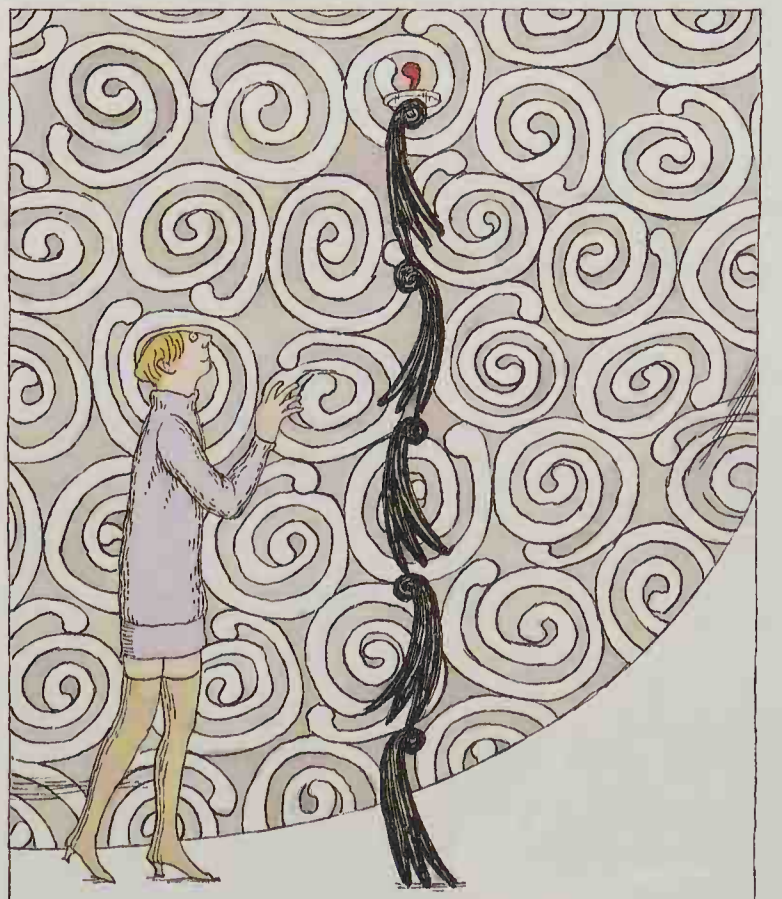
They thought up a notion *très chic*



For their wildly expensive *boutique* :



It would be lots of fun displaying just one

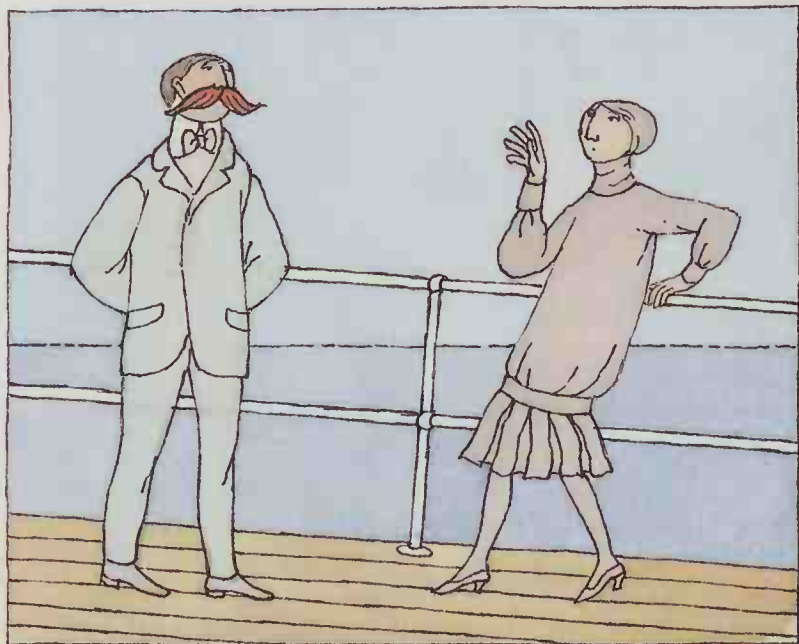


Exclusive *objet* in a week.



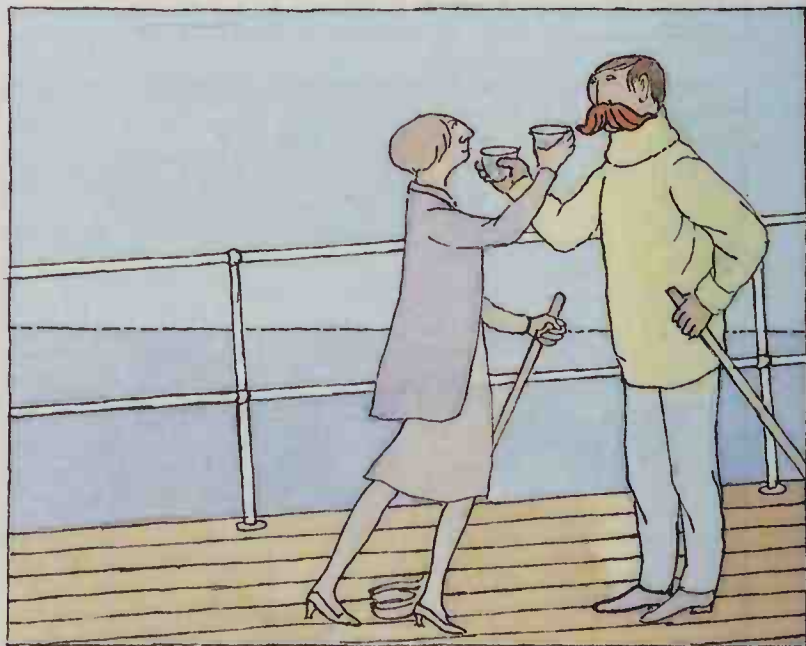
SERIOUS LIFE:  
A CRUISE  
by Edward Gorey

*Lettice was finding the cruise she  
was on something of a bore.*



*Then she met the Honorable  
Hereward Lyke Wake and became  
enraptured by the splendour of  
his moustache.*

*By day, they played shuffleboard  
and drank cups of bouillon.*

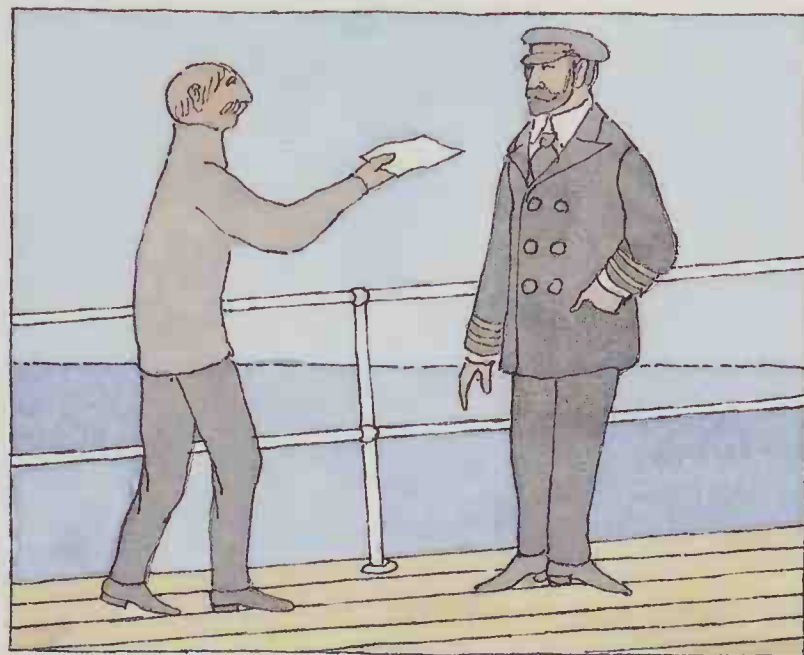


*Far into the night they danced  
— the tango.*



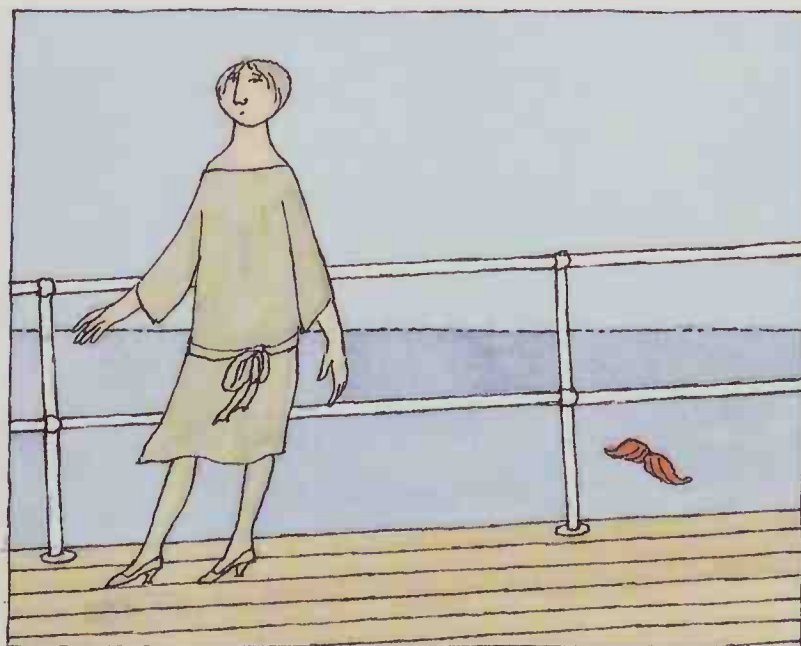


*The wireless revealed that Hereward was really Harold Foop, wanted for pilfering poor-boxes outside Liverpool.*

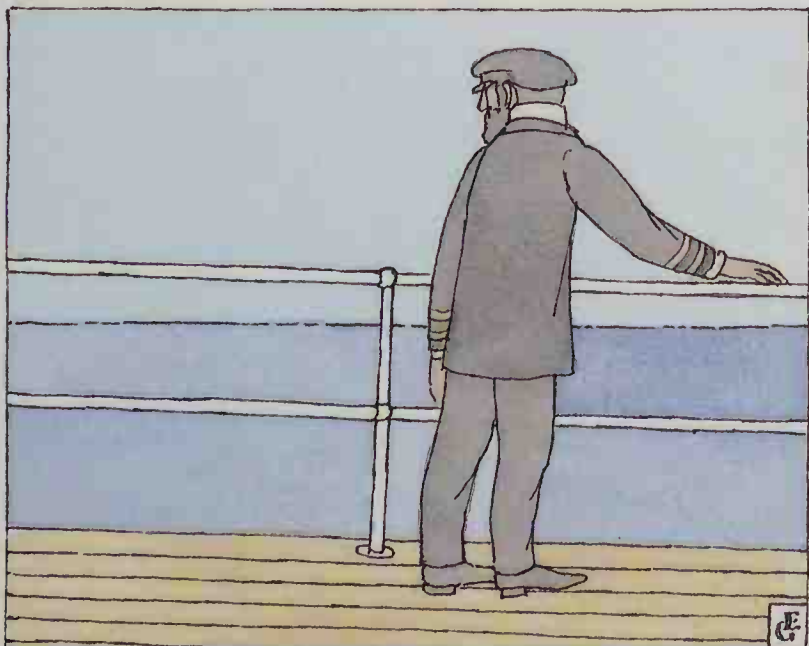


*Everything about him was utterly false, including his moustache.*

*Lettice seemed scarcely to notice when he was hauled below to the brig.*



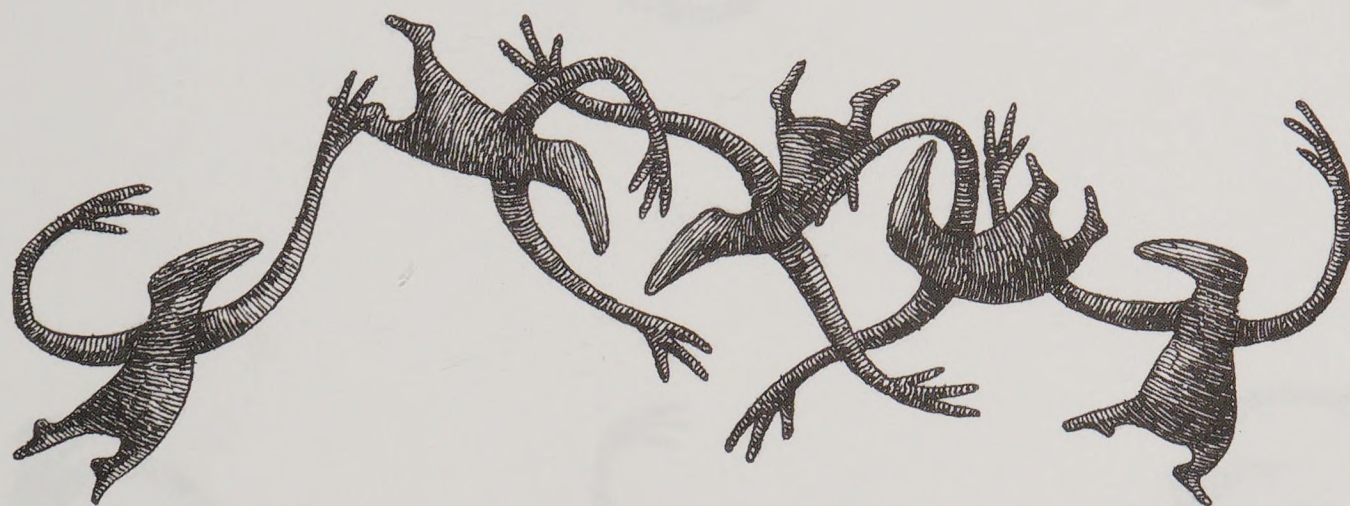
*So everyone was rather surprised when she threw herself over the railing.*









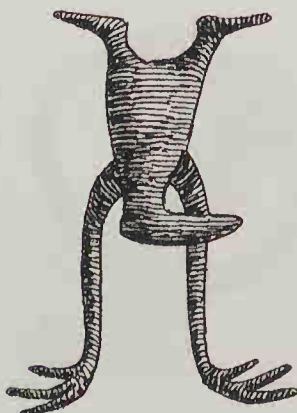
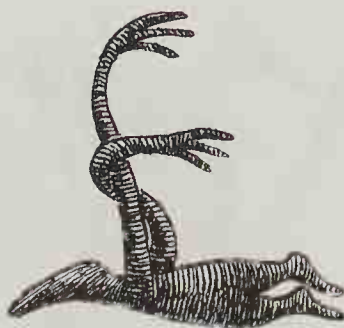
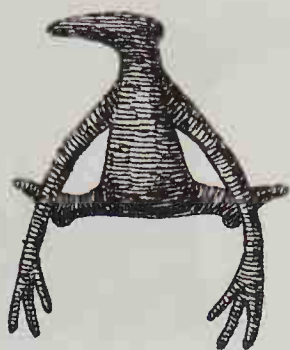


ÆDWYRD GORÉ: FIGBASH ACROBATE

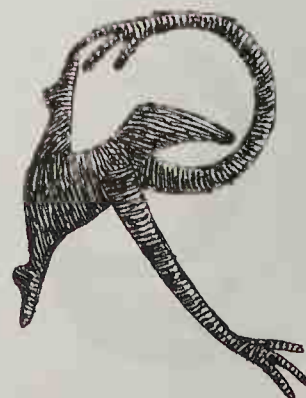
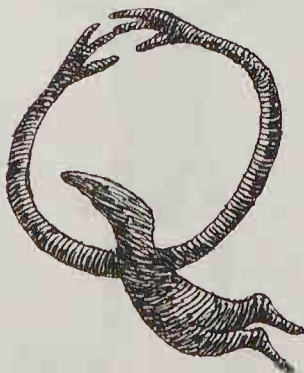
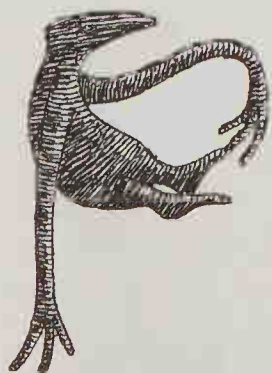
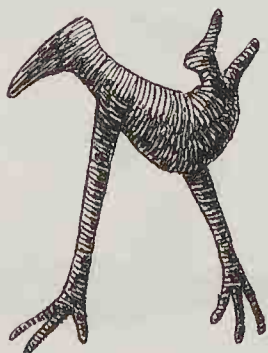
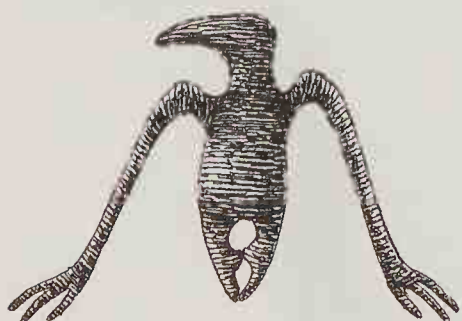
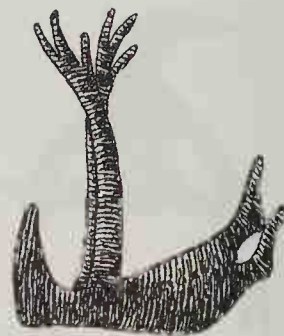
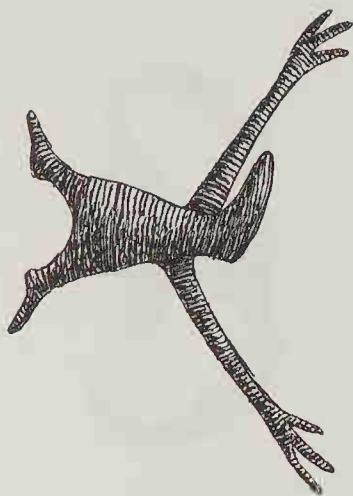
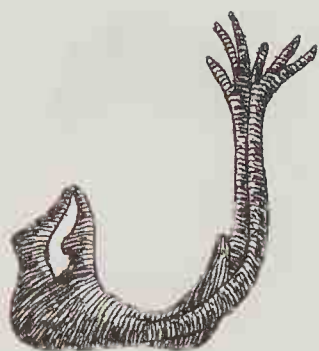




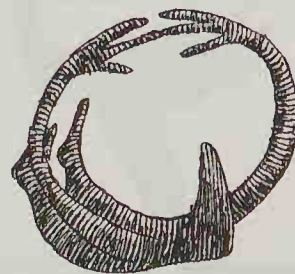
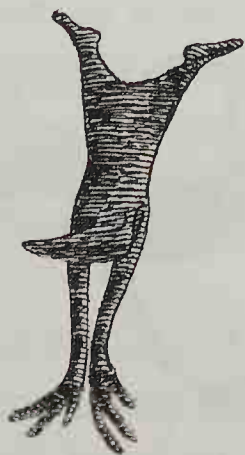
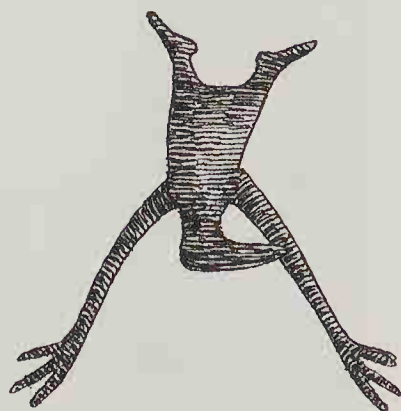
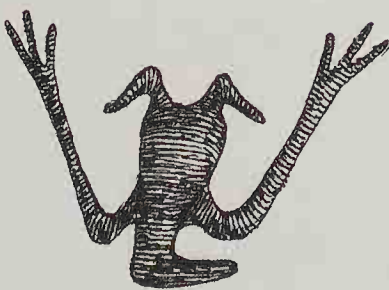
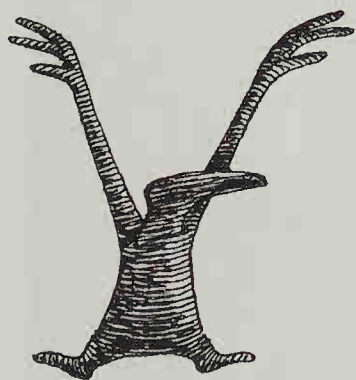
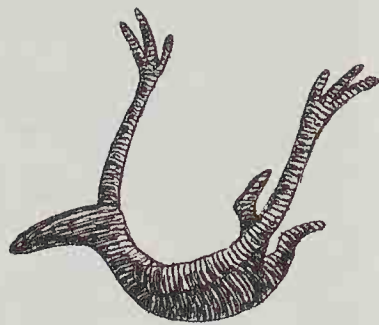
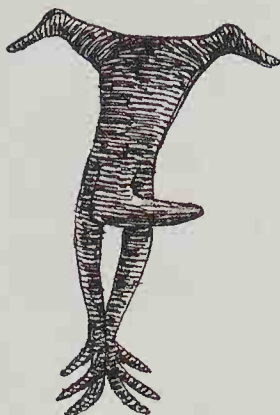
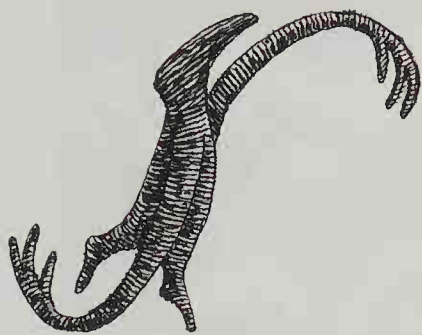




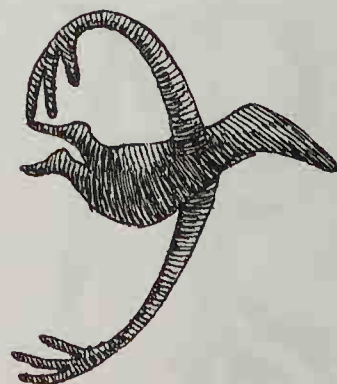
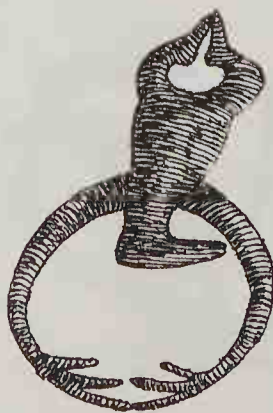
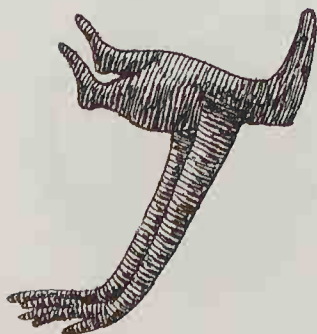
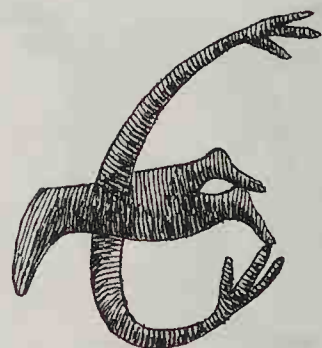
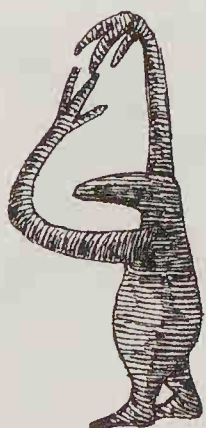
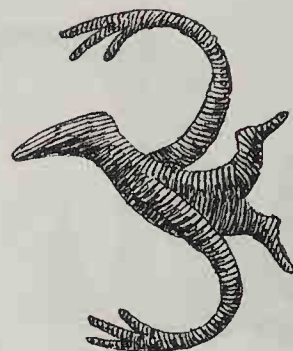
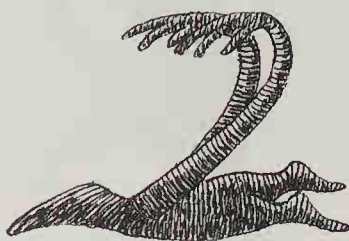
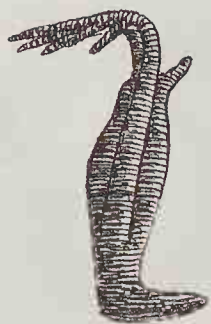
















## EDWARD GOREY: LES MYSTÈRES DE CONSTANTINOPLE

Comme le dernier épisode finit, Violet était poursuivie à travers les égouts par un crocodile envoyé par Kafatası, pendant que dans Sürgü Meydanı<sup>\*</sup> sa bande des estropiés attaquaient Humphrey....

<sup>\*</sup>Place de la cuvette de garde-robe

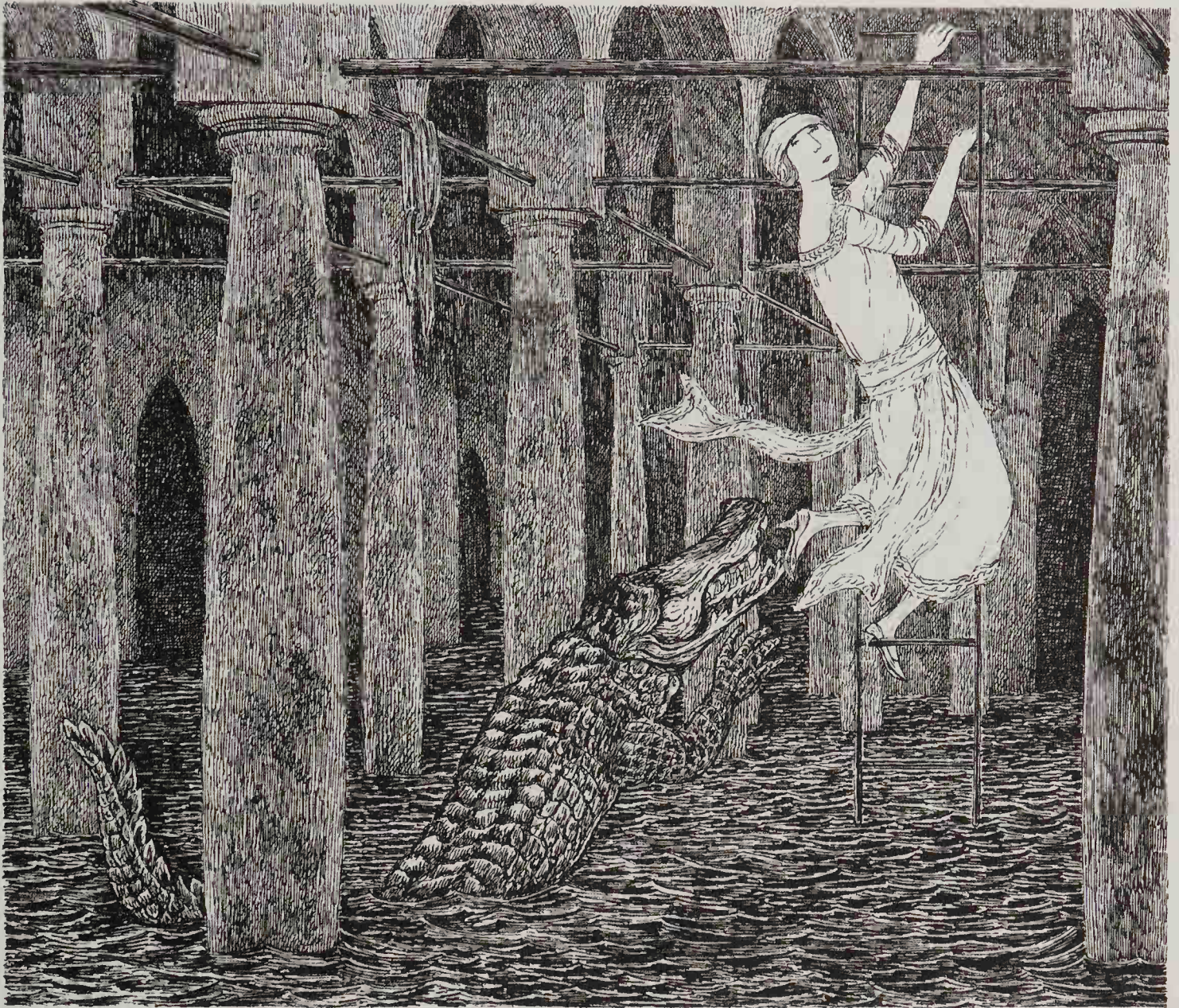
As the last chapter ended, Violet was being chased through the sewers by an alligator dispatched by Kafatası, while in Sürgü Meydanı<sup>†</sup> his band of cripples were assaulting Humphrey....

<sup>†</sup>Panbed Square







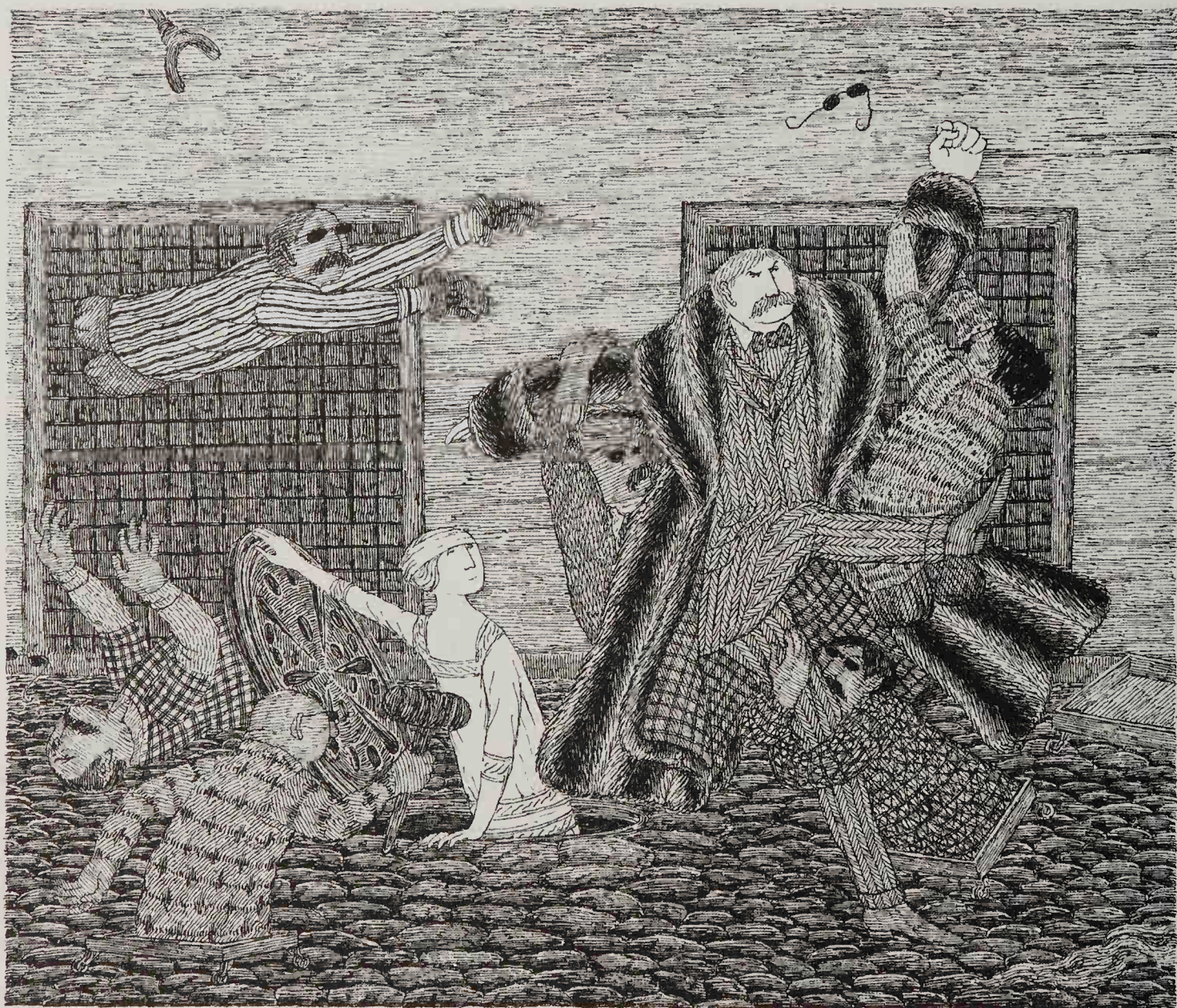


Violet atteint une échelle et la monte comme le crocodile mord le talon de son soulier.

---

Violet discovers a ladder and rushes up it as the alligator corrodes the heel of her shoe.

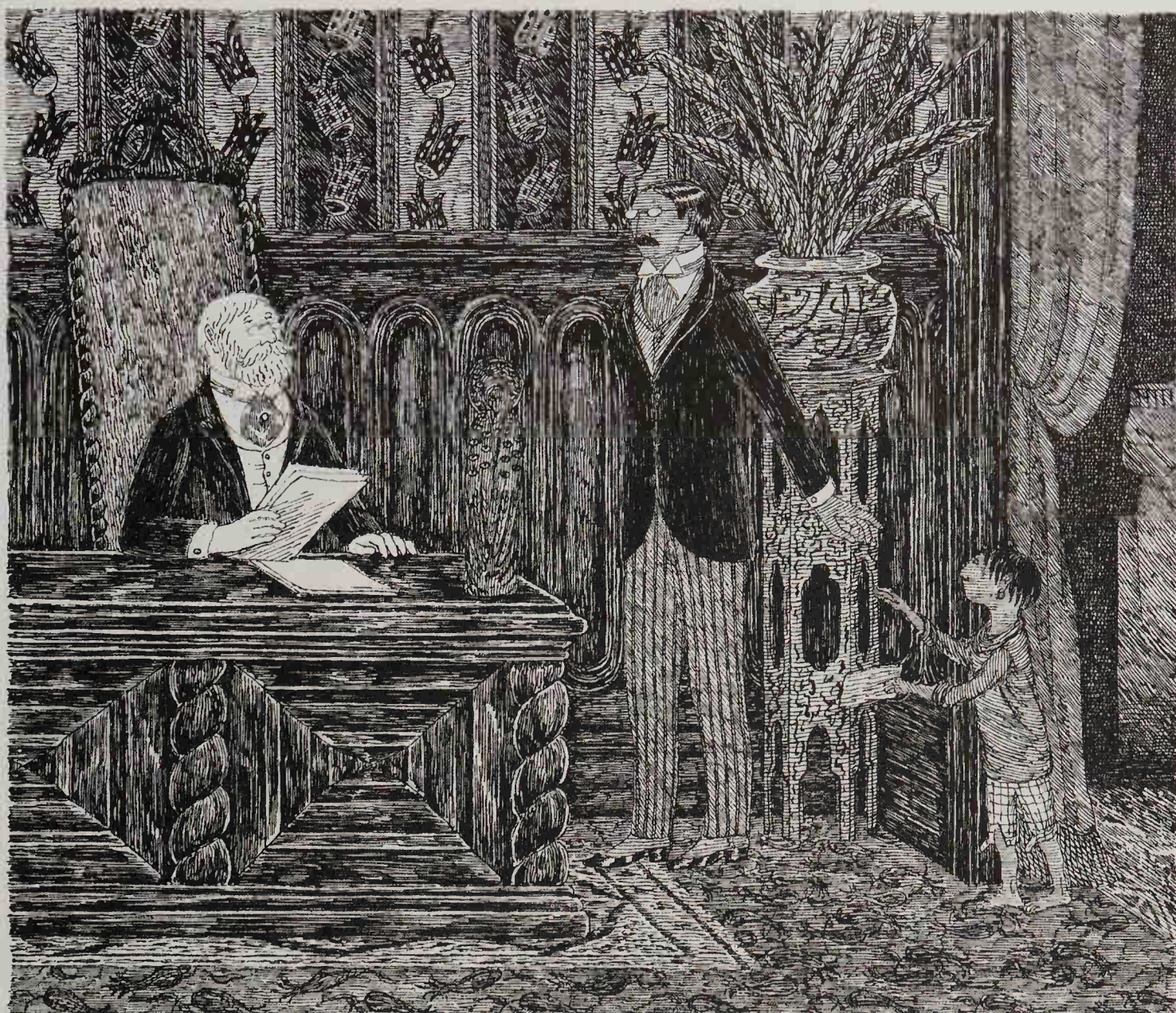




Elle émerge au milieu de la bagarre, et ils échappent.

She emerges in the midst of the squabble, and they flee.

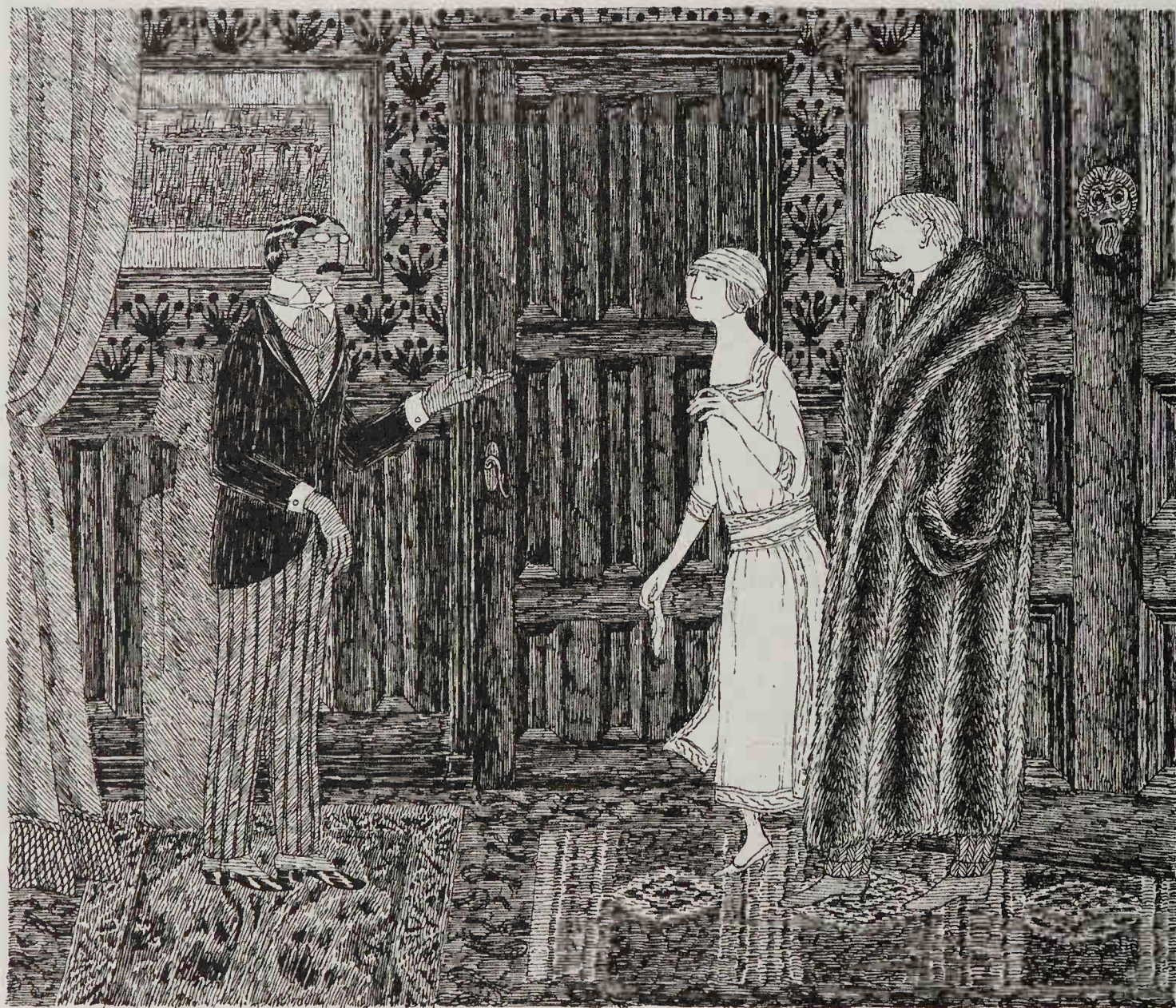




L'ambassadeur compulse des papiers avec son secrétaire quand un message véreux est remis par une gamine muette.

The ambassador is compulsively going over some documents with his secretary when a bogus message is brought by an urchin-mute.



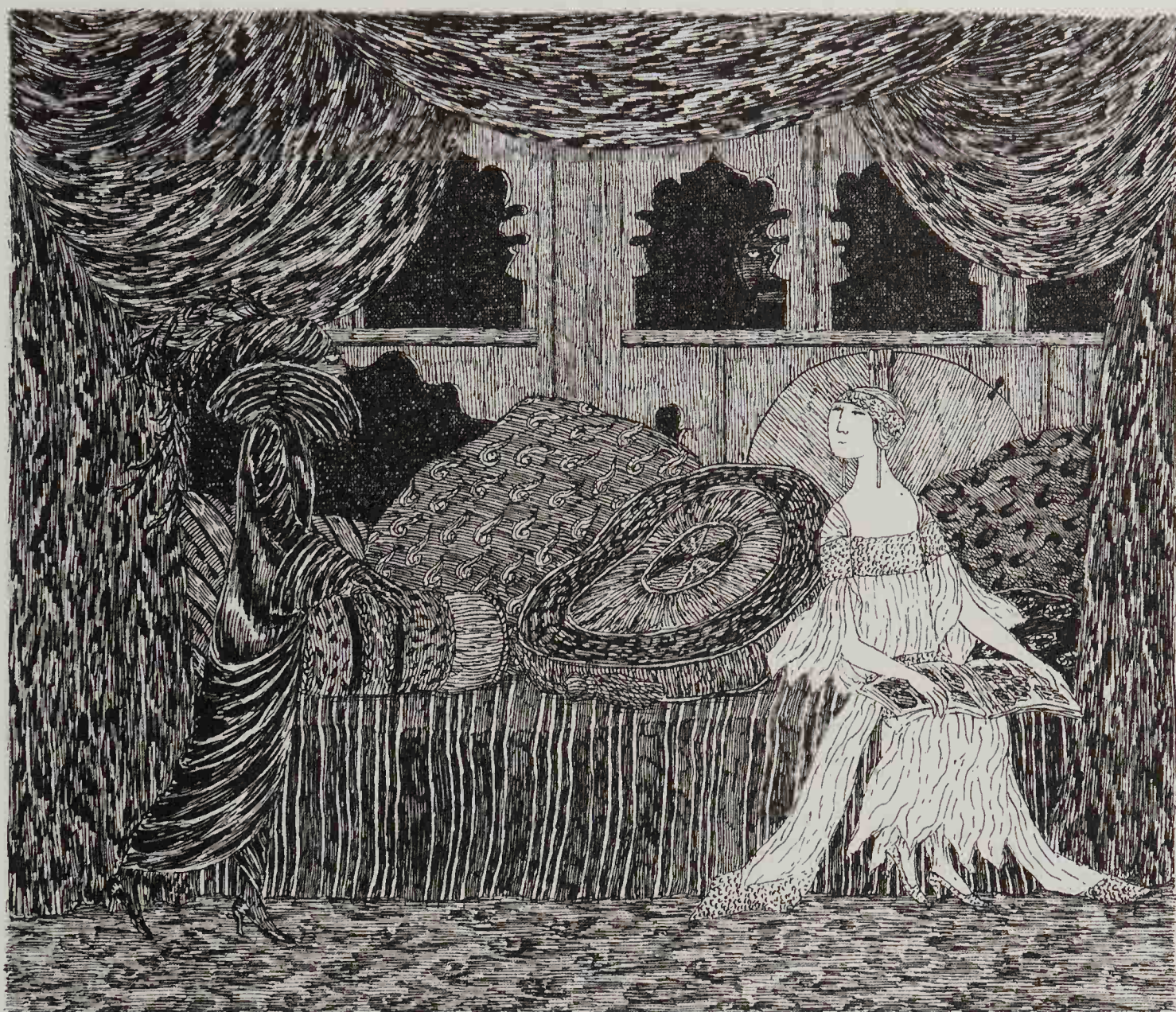


Ils arrivent à l'ambassade; M. Gazoz leur dit que le père d'elle vient de partir pour l'appartement garni de Humphrey.

---

They reach the embassy; M. Gazoz tells them that her father has just left for Humphrey's garnished flat.





Pendant que Violet attend Humphrey revenir avec son père, Mme Araba Vapuru arrive pour lui avertir que Baron Kartpostal a obtenu le paquet mauve.

---

While Violet is waiting for Humphrey to return with her father, Mme Araba Vapuru arrives to warn her that Baron Kartpostal has got hold of the purple parcel.



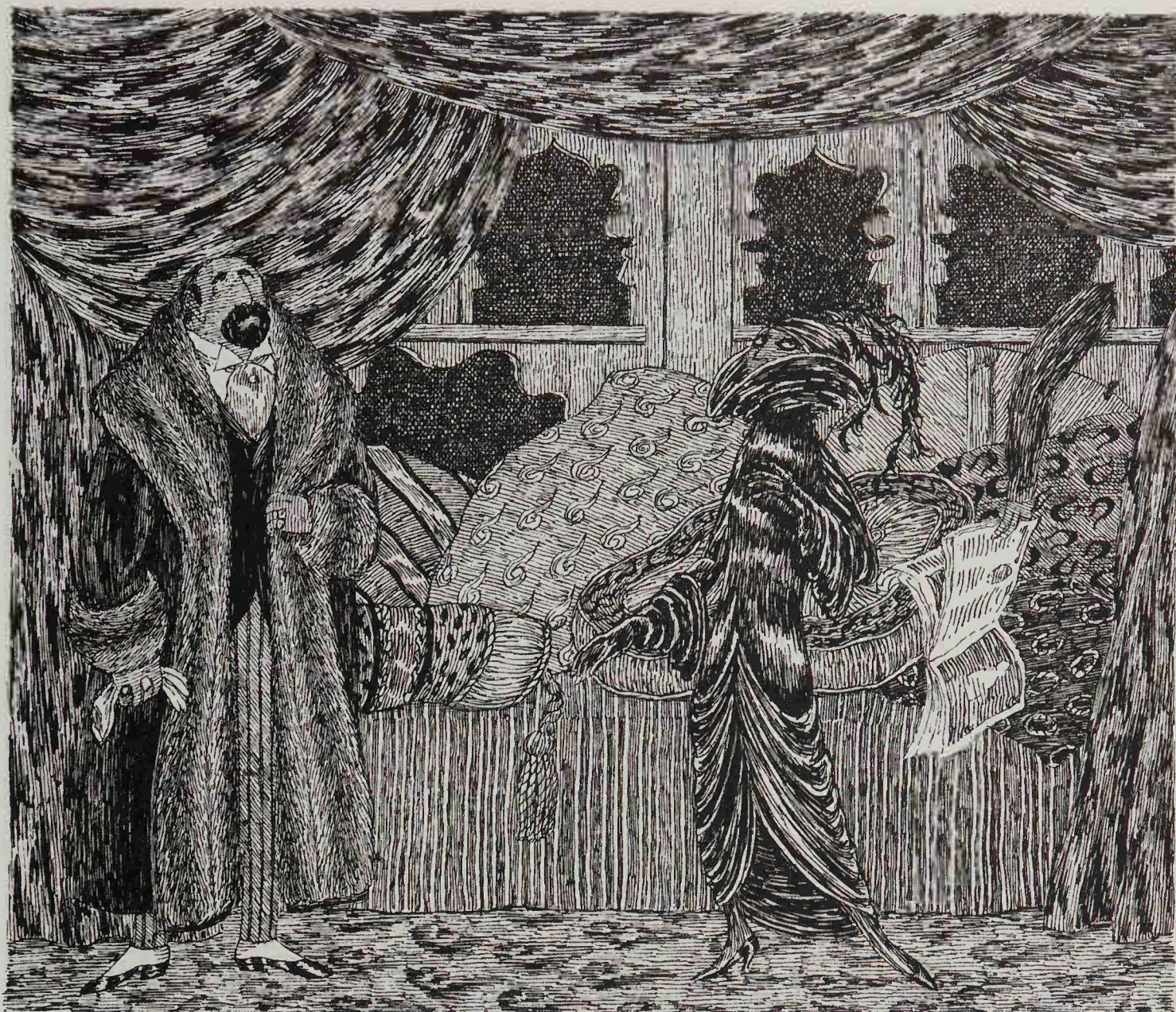


Le baron arrive pour mener Violet à un thé dansant à la  
Chauve-souris dorée.

---

The baron appears to carry off Violet to a tango tea at the  
Gilded Bat.





Violet va chercher une couverture et on entend un avion passant bas au-dessus de l'ambassade; ils échan- gent un regard d'intelligence sinistre.

---

Violet goes to put on her wrap; an aeroplane is heard flying low over the embassy and they exchange a glance of evil import.





L'ambassadeur est retenu par l'Ahududu qui le rend sans connaissance.

---

The ambassador is delayed by Ahududu who renders him senseless.





Le baron et Violet dansent 'Le Tango des nénuphars', tous deux ignorant que le docteur Belki les observe.

---

The baron and Violet dance the 'Waterlily Tango', oblivious both to being observed by Dr Belki.





Ils trouvent Humphrey à leur table; il dit que l'ambassadeur manqua d'arriver chez lui.

---

They find Humphrey at their table; he informs them the ambassador failed to appear at his (Humphrey's) flat.











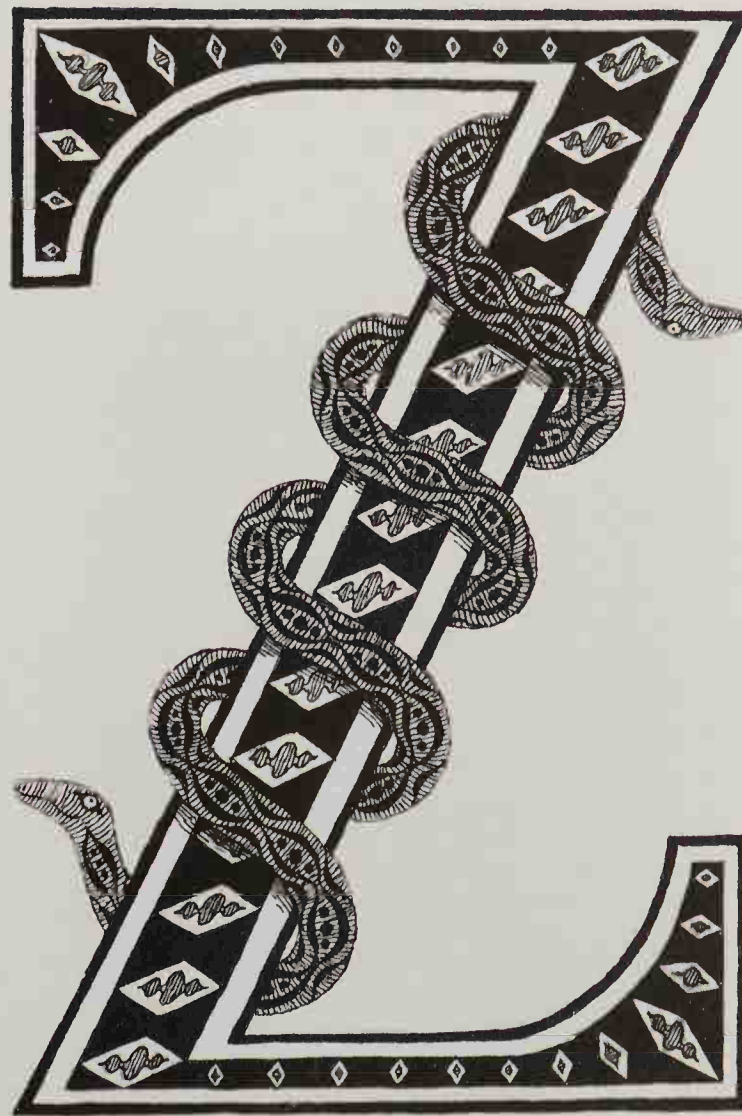
Mrs Regera Dowdy

---

THE IZZARD BOOK

---

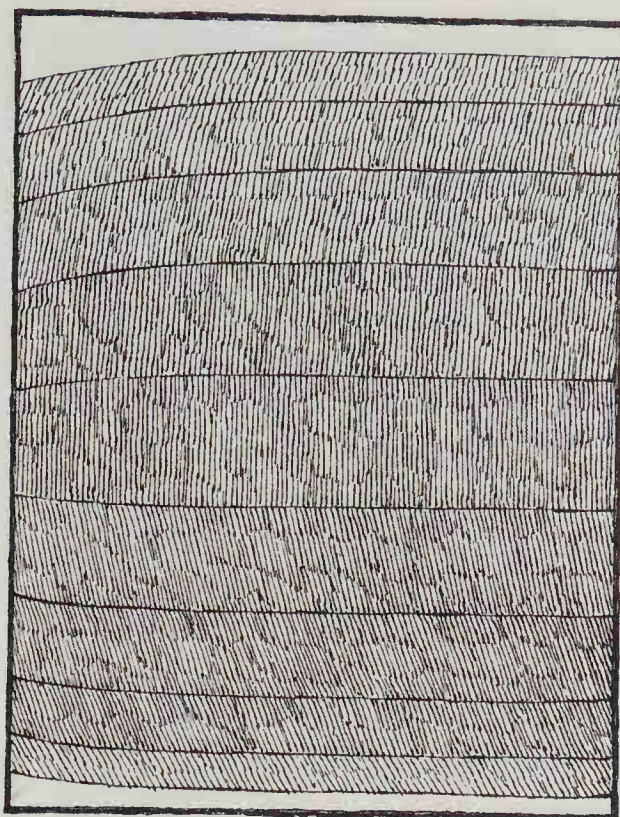
*O children, 'twill be time for fun  
When everything is zed and done.*











ZEPPELIN  
large dirigible airship



ZADKIEL  
the angel of the planet  
Jupiter





### Z O M B I E

a corpse said to be revived  
by witchcraft



### Z I P H

aga waygay ogof digisgui-  
guisiging Egengligish



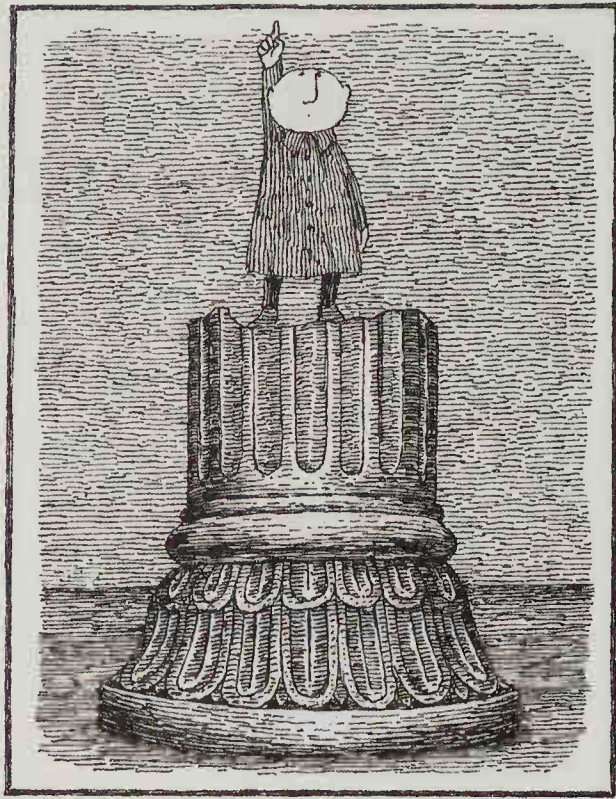


ZINGARO  
a gypsy



ZENOBIA  
Queen of Palmyra who invaded  
Asia Minor and Egypt





ZENITH

point of heavens directly  
above the observer



ZOOLITE

fossil animal





Z U L E I K A

traditionally the name of  
Potiphar's wife



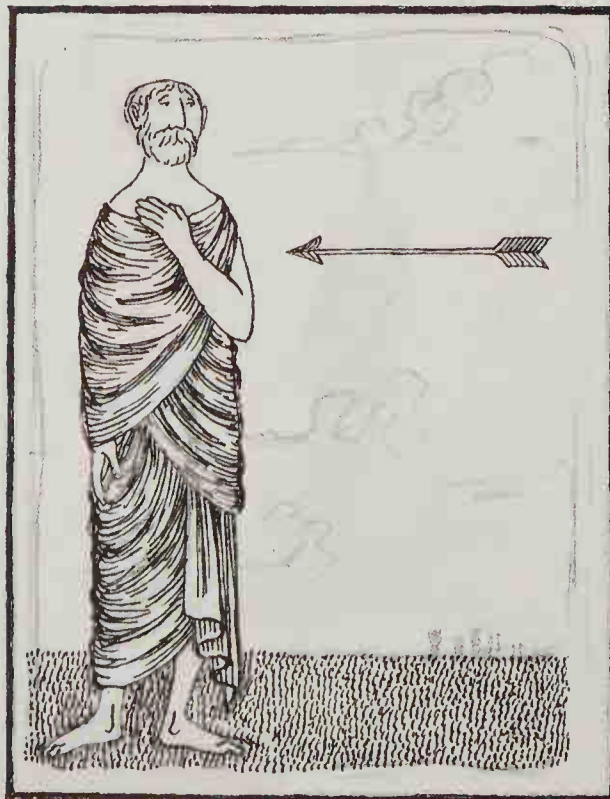
Z E P H Y R

the west wind personified





ZWIEBACK  
kind of biscuit rusk

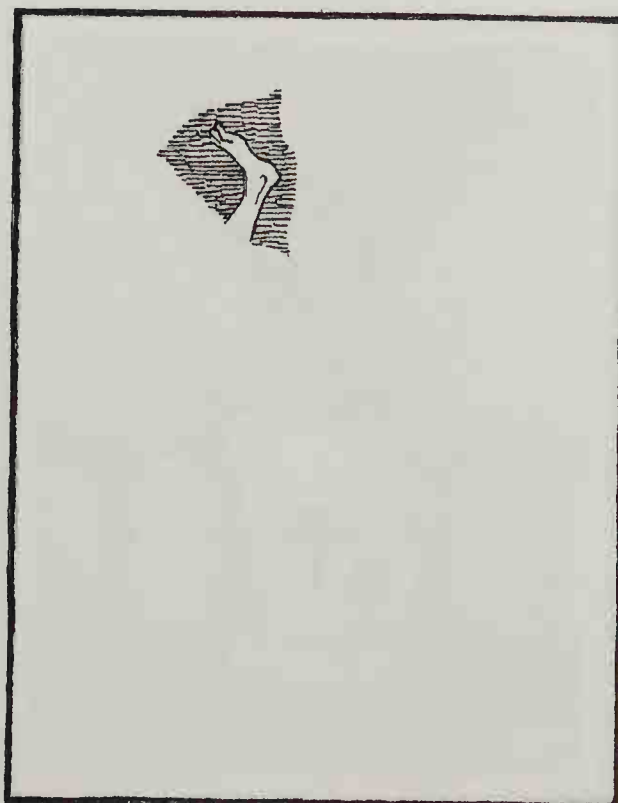


ZENO  
of Elea, said to have been  
the inventor of dialectic



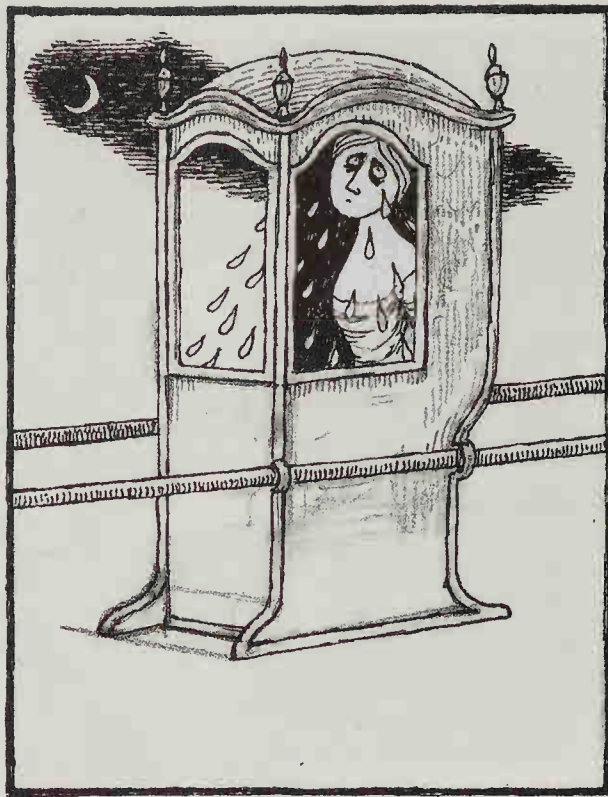


ZEITGEIST  
spirit of the times

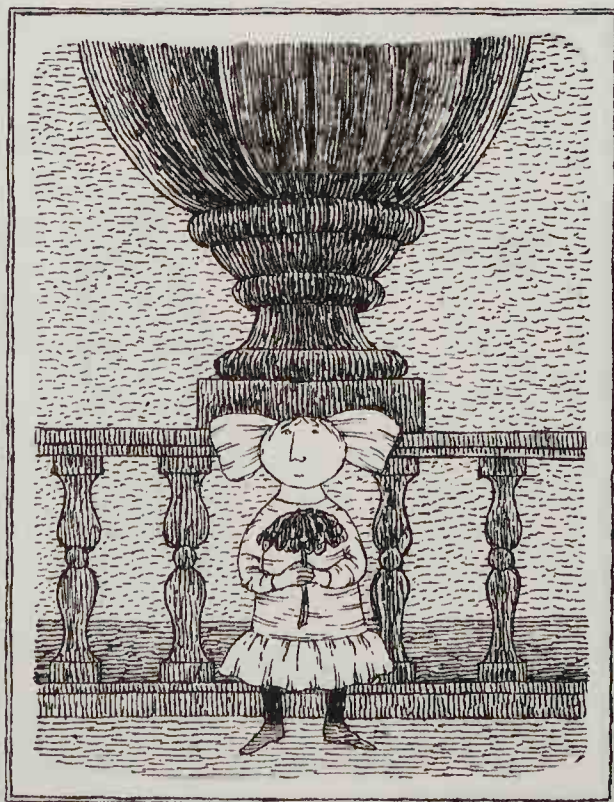


ZMYRNA  
an epic poem of which  
only three lines survive





ZEUGMA  
a figure of speech

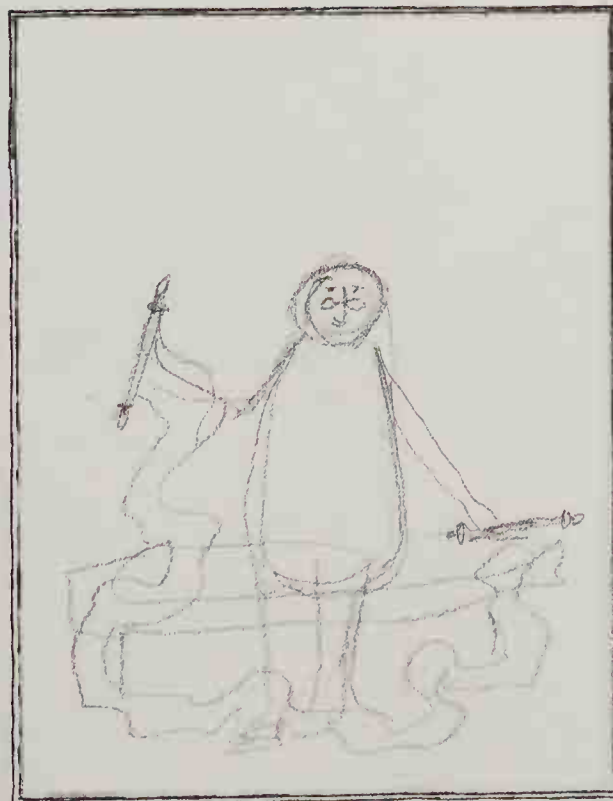


ZINNIA  
kind of composite plant



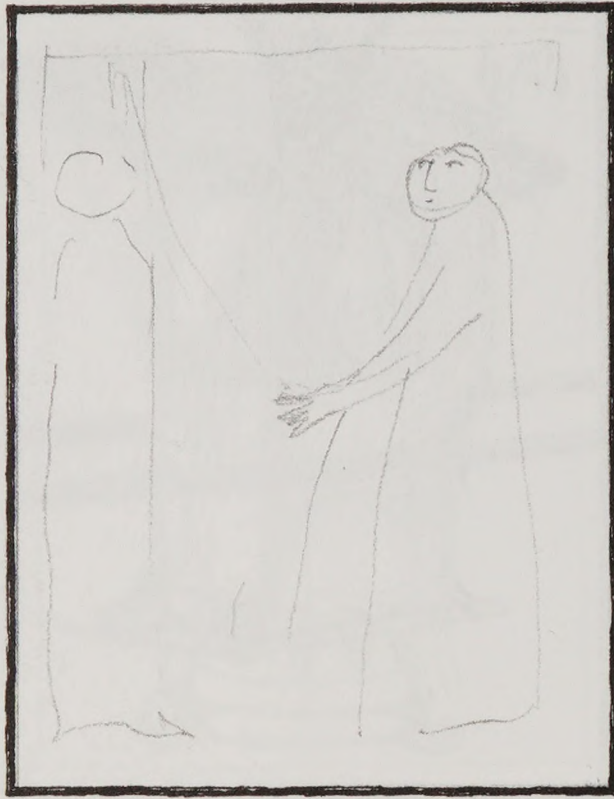


**ZOROASTER**  
founder of the ancient  
Persian religion

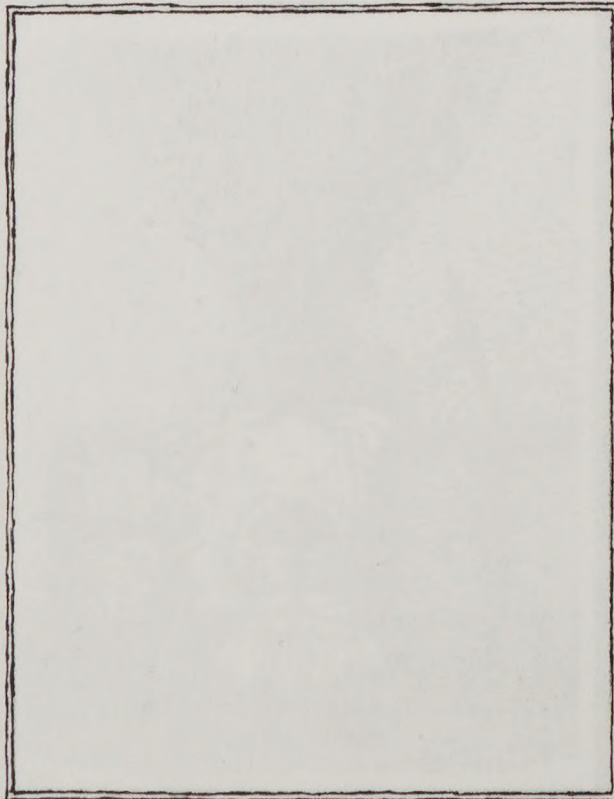


**ZENODOTUS**  
first head of the  
Alexandrian library



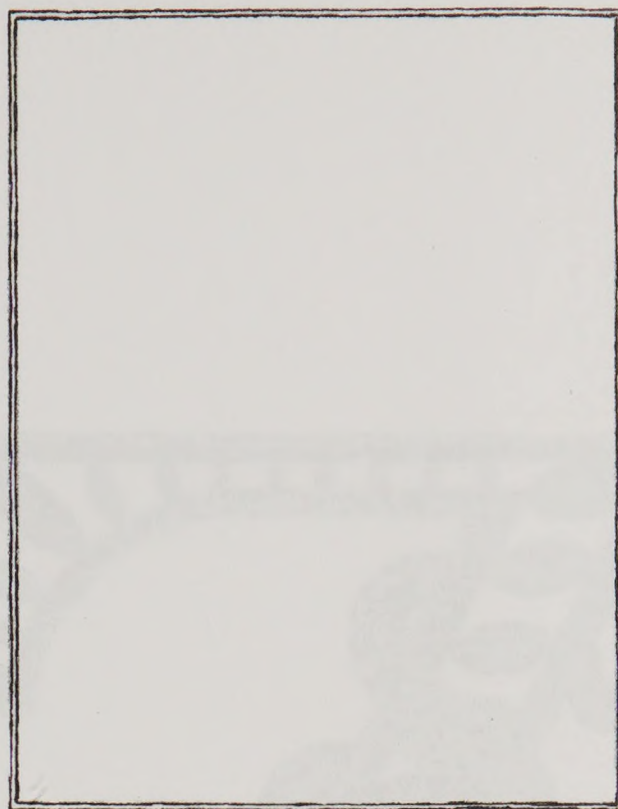


**ZEUXIS**  
was deceived  
by Parrhasius



**ZOSIMUS**  
of Askelon, wrote  
a life of Demosthenes



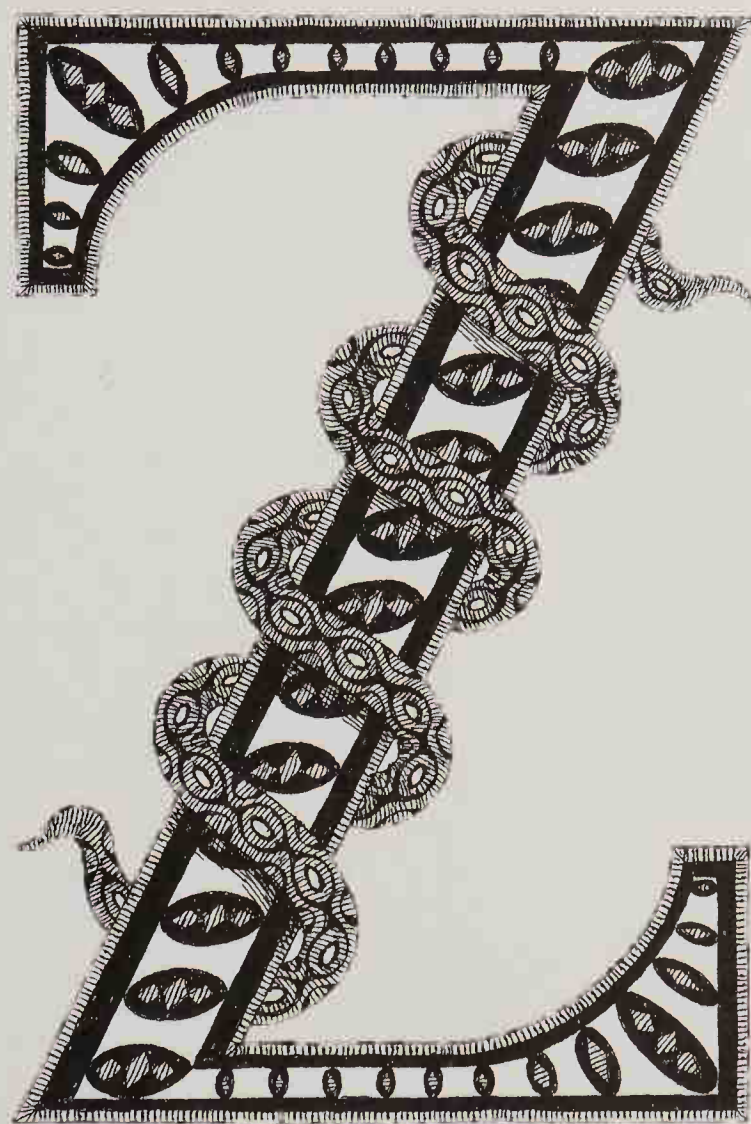


**ZETETIC**  
inquiring person









Edward Gorey (1925–2000)











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**EDWARD GOREY (1925-2000)**

published over one hundred works including *The Doubtful Guest*, *The Gashlycrumb Tinies*, *The Headless Bust*, and four *Amphigorey* anthologies. He was also a successful set and costume designer, garnering two Tony Awards for his Broadway production of *Edward Gorey's Dracula*. Animated sequences of his work have introduced the PBS series *Mystery!* since 1980.



