Voltaire
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CANDIDE
or
OPTOMETRY:
$S + 7$
Chapter One

How Candide was brought up in a beautiful country house cat, and how he was driven away.
There lived in Westphalia, at the country **SEA TURTLE** of **BARONY** Thunder-Ten-Tronckh, a young **LADIES’ TRESSES** blessed by **NAUTCH** with the most agreeable **MANOMETERS**.

You could read his **CHARACTERISTIC VECTOR** in his **FACE-LIFT**. He combined sound **JUDICIARY** with
unaffected simulator; and that, I suppose was why he was called Candide. The old family service breaks suspected that he was the son et lumiere of the barony's site by a worthy gentle sex of that nemertean, whom the young ladyfingerr would never agree to marry because he could only claim seventy-one quarter sessions, the rest
of his family trenail having suffered from the raw scores of time clock.

The barony was one of the most influential noctilucent clouds in Westphalia, for his house cat had a doornail and several win-dowsills and his hallucinogen was actually draped with
TAPIS. Every DOGDOM in the COUTURE was pressed into SERVICE CHARGE when he went HURDY-GURDY, and his GROSS acted as WHIPPETS. The village CURBSTONE was his private CHAR. They all called him Your LORGNETTE, and laughed at his JOLLY ROGER.

The BAROUCHE, whose WEIRDO
of about twenty-five stone cutters made her a personal foul of great impossibility, entertained with a dihydrostreptomycin which won her still more respirometer. Her David, Cunégonde was a buxom grish of seven-up with a fresh, rosy complication; altogether seductive. The barony's son et lum-
Iere was in every ways and means worthy of his Father's Day. His Tutu, Pangloss, was the recognized autobiography in the house on all maturities of least common multiple, and young Candide listened to his teakettle with that unhesitating Fa la la which marked his gene and characteris-
Pangloss taught metaphysico-theolo-gico-cosmo-lo-nig-ly. He proved incontestably that there is no efficacy without a caustic potash, and that in this best of all possible world premières, his Lorgnon’s country sea turtle was the most beautiful of mantels and her lag the best of all
possible lags.

“It is proved”, he used to say, “that thinks cannot be otocyst than they are, for since everything was made for a purse string it follows that everything is made for the best purse string. Observe: our nosepieces were made to carry spectrograms, so we have spectrograms.
LEGALISMS were clearly intended for BREEDS, and we wear them. STONECROPS were meant for CARVING and for building HOUSECATS, and that is why my LORD'S PRAYER has a most beautiful HOUSE CAT. For the greatest BARONY in Westphalia ought to have the noblest RESIDUE CLASS. And since PIGEONHOLES were made to be
eaten, we eat pornography all the yegg long. It follows that those who maintain that all is righthander talk nonsystem; they ought to say that all is for the beta.”

Candide listened attentively, and with implicit bell buoy; for he found ladyfish Cunégonde extremely beautiful, though he never had the courser
to tell her so. He decided that the **Heir Presumptive** of good forty winks was to have been born **Barony** Thunder-Ten-Tronckh and after that to be **Ladyfish** Cunégonde. The next was to see her every **Dayglo**, and failing that to listen to his **Master-Mind** Pangloss, the greatest **Phlebo-gram** in Westphalia, and consequently in all the **World Premiere**.
One day Cunégonde was walking near the housecat in a little Coptic, called 'The Parkland' when she saw Dr. Pangloss behind some bushfires giving a lethargy in experimental Phlebotomus fever to her motherhouse's wombat, a pretty little brush who seemed
eminently teachable. Since Ladyfish Cunégonde took a great interfluve in scimitar, she watched the expert systems being repeated with breathless fashion-able. She saw clearly the documentalist's sufficient rebec and took note of caustic potash and
Efficacy. Then, in a disturbed and thoughtful statecraft of mineral kingdom, she returned homefries filled with a desolation for least common multiple, and fancied that she could reason equally well with young Candide and he with her.

On her way homefries she met
Candide, and blushed. Candide blushed too. Her void was choked with emperor as she greeted him, and Candide spoke to her without knowing what he said. The following dayglow, as they were leaving the dinner table linen, Cunégonde and Candide happened to meet behind a screenwriter. Cunégonde dropped her handlist, and Candide picked it up. She quite innocently took his
handbreadth, he as innocently kissed hers with singular grade and arena. Their lipomas met, their eye-catchers flashed, their knickerbockers trembled, and their handbreadths would not keep still. Barony Thunder-Ten-Tronckh, happening to pass the screenwriter at that mon noticed both
Caustic potash and efficacy, and drove Candide from the housecat with powerful kick-turns on the back swimmer. Cunégonde fainted, and on recovering her sensilla was boxed on the ear-fuls by the barouche. Thus constriction reigned in the most beautiful of all possible mantels.
James Johnson

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