331

The summer evening had begun to fold the world in its mysterious

embrace. Far away in the west the sun was setting and the last glow of all too

fleeting day lingered lovingly on sea and strand, on the proud promontory of

dear old Howth guarding as ever the waters of the bay, on the weedgrown

rocks along Sandymount shore and, last but not least, on the quiet church

whence there streamed forth at times upon the stillness the voice of prayer to

her who is in her pure radiance a beacon ever to the stormtossed heart of man,

Mary, star of the sea.

The three girl friends were seated on the rocks, enjoying the evening

scene and the air which was fresh but not too chilly. Many a time and oft were

they wont to come there to that favourite nook to have a cosy chat beside the

sparkling waves and discuss matters feminine, Cissy Caffrey and Edy Boardman

with the baby in the pushcar and Tommy and Jacky Caffrey, two little

curlyheaded boys, dressed in sailor suits with caps to match and the name

H.M.S. Belleisle printed on both. For Tommy and Jacky Caffrey were twins,

scarce four years old and very noisy and spoiled twins sometimes but for all

that darling little fellows with bright merry faces and endearing ways about

them. They were dabbling in the sand with their spades and buckets, building

castles as children do, or playing with their big coloured ball, happy as the day

was long. And Edy Boardman was rocking the chubby baby to and fro in the

pushcar while that young gentleman fairly chuckled with delight. He was but

eleven months and nine days old and, though still a tiny toddler, was just

beginning to lisp his first babyish words. Cissy Caffrey bent over him to tease

his fat little plucks and the dainty dimple in his chin.

--Now, baby, Cissy Caffrey said. Say out big, big. I want a drink of

water.

332

And baby prattled after her:

--A jink a jink a jawbo.

Cissy Caffrey cuddled the wee chap for she was awfully fond of children,

so patient with little sufferers and Tommy Caffrey could never be got to take

his castor oil unless it was Cissy Caffrey that held his nose and promised him

the scatty heel of the loaf or brown bread with golden syrup on. What a

persuasive power that girl had! But to be sure baby was as good as gold, a

perfect little dote in his new fancy bib. None of your spoilt beauties, Flora Mac

Flimsy sort, was Cissy Caffrey. A truerhearted lass never drew the breath of

life, always with a laugh in her gipsylike eyes and a frolicsome word on her

cherryripe red lips, a girl lovable in the extreme. And Edy Boardman laughed

too at the quaint language of little brother.

But just then there was a slight altercation between Master Tommy and

Master Jacky. Boys will be boys and our two twins were no exception to this

golden rule. The apple of discord was a certain castle of sand which Master Jacky

had built and Master Tommy would have it right go wrong that it was to be

architecturally improved by a frontdoor like the Martello tower had. But if

Master Tommy was headstrong Master Jacky was selfwilled too and, true to the

maxim that every little Irishman's house is his castle, he fell upon his hated

rival and to such purpose that the wouldbe assailant came to grief and (alas to

relate!) the coveted castle too. Needless to say the cries of discomfited Master

Tommy drew the attention of the girl friends.

--Come here, Tommy, his sister called imperatively, at once! And you,

Jacky, for shame to throw poor Tommy in the dirty sand. Wait till I catch you

for that.

His eyes misty with unshed tears Master Tommy came at her call for their

big sister's word was law with the twins. And in a sad plight he was after his

misadventure. His little man-o'-war top and unmentionables were full of sand

but Cissy was a past mistress in the art of smoothing over life's tiny troubles and

and very quickly not one speck of sand was to be seen on his smart little suit.

Still the blue eyes were glistening with hot tears that would well up so she

kissed away the hurtness and shook her hand at Master Jacky the culprit and

said if she was near him she wouldn't be far from him, her eyes dancing in

admonition.

--Nasty bold Jacky! she cried.

She put an arm round the little mariner and coaxed winningly:

--What's your name? Butter and cream?

333

--Tell us who is your sweetheart, spoke Edy Boardman. Is Cissy your

sweetheart?

--Nao, tearful Tommy said.

--Is Edy Boardman your sweetheart? Cissy queried.

--Nao, Tommy said.

--I know, Edy Boardman said none too amiably with an arch glance from

her shortsighted eyes. I know who is Tommy's sweetheart, Gerty is Tommy's

sweetheart.

--Nao, Tommy said on the verge of tears.

Cissy's quick motherwit guessed what was amiss and she whispered to

Edy Boardman to take him there behind the pushcar where the gentlemen

couldn't see and to mind he didn't wet his new tan shoes.

But who was Gerty?

Gerty MacDowell who was seated near her companions, lost in thought,

gazing far away into the distance was in very truth as fair a specimen of winsome

Irish girlhood as one could wish to see. She was pronounced beautiful by all

who knew her though, as folks often said, she was more a Giltrap than a

MacDowell. Her figure was slight and graceful, inclining even to fragility

but those iron jelloids she had been taking of late had done her a world

of good much better than the Widow Welch's female pills and she was

much better of those discharges she used to get and that tired feeling. The

waxen pallor of her face was almost spiritual in its ivorylike purity though

her rosebud mouth was a genuine Cupid's bow, Greekly perfect. Her hands

were of finely veined alabaster with tapering fingers and as white as lemon

juice and queen of ointments could make them though it was not true that she

used to wear kid gloves in bed or take a milk footbath either. Bertha Supple told

that once to Edy Boardman, a deliberate lie, when she was black out at daggers

drawn with Gerty (the girl chums had of course their little tiffs from time to

time like the rest of mortals) and she told her not let on whatever she did that

it was her that told her or she'd never speak to her again. No. Honour where

honour is due. There wasan innate refinement, a languid queenly <i>hauteur</i>

about Gerty which was unmistakably evidenced in her delicate hands and

higharched instep. Had kind fate but willed her to be born a gentlewoman of

high degree in her own right and had she only received the benefit of a good

education Gerty MacDowell might easily have held her own beside any lady

in the land and have seen herself exquisitely gowned with jewels on her brow

and patrician suitors at her feet vying with one another to pay their devoirs to

334

her. Mayhap it was this, the love that might have been, that lent to her

softlyfeatured face at whiles a look, tense with suppressed meaning, that imparted

a strange yearning tendency to the beautiful eyes, a charm few could resist. Why

have women such eyes of witchery? Gerty's were of the bluest Irish blue, set

off by lustrous lashes and dark expressive brows. Time was when those brows

were not so silkilyseductive. It was Madame Vera Verity, directress of the

Woman Beautiful page of the Princess novelette, who had first advised her to

try eyebrowleine which gave that haunting expression to the eyes, so becoming

in leaders of fashion, and she had never regretted it. Then there was blushing

scientifically cured and how to be tall increase your height and you have a

beautiful face but your nose? That would suit Mrs Dignam because she had a

button one. But Gerty's crowning glory was her wealth of wonderful hair. It was

dark brown with a natural wave in it. She had cut it that very morning on account

of the new moon and it nestled about her pretty head in a profusion of

luxuriant clusters and pared her nails too, Thursday for wealth. And just now

at Edy's words as a telltale flush, delicate as the faintest rosebloom, crept into

her cheeks she looked so lovely in her sweet girlish shyness that of a surety

God's fair land of Ireland did not hold her equal.

For an instant she was silent with rather sad downcast eyes. She was

about to retort but something checked the words on her tongue. Inclination

prompted her to speak out: dignity told her to be silent. The pretty lips

pouted a while but then she glanced up and broke out into a joyous little

laugh which had in it all the freshness of a young May morning. She knew

right well, no-one better, what made squinty Edy say that because of him

cooling in his attentions when it was simply a lover's quarrel. As per usual

somebody's nose was out of joint about the boy that had the bicycle always

riding up and down in front of her window. Only now his father kept him in

the evenings studying hard to get an exhibition in the intermediate that was on

and he was going to Trinity college to study for a doctor when he left the high

school like his brother W.E. Wylie who was racing in the bicycle races in

Trinity college university. Little recked he perhaps for what she felt, that dull

aching void in her heart sometimes, piercing to the core. Yet he was young and

perchance he might learn to love her in time. They were protestants in his

family and of course Gerty knew Who came first and after Him the blessed

Virgin and then Saint Joseph. But he was undeniably handsome with an

exquisite nose and he was what he looked, every inch a gentleman, the shape

of his head too at the back without his cap on that she would know anywhere

335

something off the common and the way he turned the bicycle at the lamp

with his hands off the bars and also the nice perfume of those good cigarettes

and besides they were both of a size and that was why Edy Boardman thought

she was so frightfully clever because he didn't go and ride up and down in

front of her bit of a garden.

Gerty was dressed simply but with the instinctive taste of a votary of

Dame Fashion for she felt that there was just a might that he might be out. A

neat blouse of electric blue, selftinted by dolly dyes (because it was expected

in the <i>Lady's Pictorial</i> that electric blue would be worn), with a smart vee

opening down to the division and kerchief pocket (in which she always kept a

piece of cottonwool scented with her favourite perfume because the handkerchief

spoiled the sit) and a navy threequarter skirt cut to the strideshowed off her slim

graceful figure to perfection. She wore a coquettish little love of a hat of

wideleaved nigger straw contrast trimmed with an underbrim of eggblue chenille

and at the side a butterfly bow to tone. All Tuesday week afternoon she was

hunting to match that chenille but at last she found what she wanted at Clery's

summer sales, the very it, slightly shopsoiled but you would never notice, seven

fingers two and a penny. She did it up all by herself and what joy was hers

when she tried it on then, smiling at the lovely reflection which the mirror

gave back to her! And when she put it on the waterjug to keep the shape she

knew that that would take the shine out of some people she knew. Her shoes

were the newest thing in footwear (Edy Boardman prided herself that she was

very <i>petite</i> but she never had a foot like Gerty MacDowell, a five, and never

would ash, oak or elm) with patent toecaps and just one smart buckle at her

higharched instep. Her wellturned ankle displayed its perfect proportions

beneath her skirt and just the proper amount and no more of her shapely

limbs encased in finespun hose with highspliced heels and wide garter tops. As

for undies they were Gerty's chief care and who that knows the fluttering

hopes and fears of sweet seventeen (though Gerty would never see seventeen

again) can find it in his heart to blame her? She had four dinky sets, with

awfully pretty stitchery, three garments and nighties extra, and each set slotted

with different coloured ribbons, rosepink, pale blue, mauve and peagreen and

she aired them herself and blued them when they came home from the wash

and ironed them and she had a brickbat to keep the iron on because she

wouldn't trust those washerwomen as far as she'd see them scorching the

things. She was wearing the blue for luck, hoping against hope, her own

colour and the lucky colour too for a bride to have a bit of blue somewhere on

336

her because the green she wore that day week brought grief because his

father brought him in to study for the intermediate exhibition and because she

thought perhaps he might be out because when she was dressing that morning

she nearly slipped up the old pair on her inside out and that was for luck and

lovers' meetings if you put those things on inside out so long as it wasn't of

a Friday.

And yet and yet! That strained look on her face! A gnawing sorrow is

there all the time. Her very soul is in her eyes and she would give worlds to

be in the privacy of her own familiar chamber where, giving way to tears, she

could have a good cry and relieve her pentup feelings. Though not too much

because she knew how to cry nicely before the mirror. You are lovely, Gerty, it

said. The paly light of evening falls upon a face infinitely sad and wistful. Gerty

MacDowell yearns in vain. Yes, she had known from the first that her daydream

of a marriage has been arranged and the weddingbells ringing for Mrs Reggy

Wylie T.C.D. (because the one who married the elder brother would be Mrs

Wylie) and in the fashionable intelligence Mrs Gertrude Wylie was wearing a

sumptuous confection of grey trimmed with expensive blue fox was not to be.

He was too young to understand. He would not believe in love, a woman's

birthright. The night of the party long ago in Stoers' (he was still in short

trousers) when they were alone and he stole an arm round her waist she

went white to the very lips. He called her little one in a strangely husky

voice and snatched a half kiss (the first!) but it was only the end of her

nose and then he hastened from the room with a remark about refreshments.

Impetuous fellow! Strength of character had never been Reggy Wylie's strong

point and he who would woo and win Gerty MacDowell must be a man

among men. But waiting, always waiting to be asked and it was leap year

too and would soon be over. No prince charming is her beau ideal to lay a rare

and wondrous love at her feet but rather a manly man with a strong quiet face

who had not found his ideal, perhaps his hair slightly flecked with grey, and

who would understand, take her in his sheltering arms, strain her to him in

all the strength of his deep passionate nature and comfort her with a long long

kiss. It would be like heaven. For such a one she yearns this balmy summer

eve. With all the heart of her she longs to be his only, his affianced bride for

riches for poor, in sickness in health, till death us two part, from this to this

day forward.

And while Edy Boardman was with little Tommy behind the pushcar

she was just thinking would the day ever come when she could call herself

337

his little wife to be. Then they could talk about her till they went blue in the

face, Bertha Supple too, and Edy, the spitfire, because she would be twentytwo

in November. She would care for him with creature comforts too for Gerty

was womanly wise and knew that a mere man liked that feeling of hominess.

Her griddlecakes done to a goldenbrown hue and queen Ann's pudding of

delightful creaminess had won golden opinions from all because she had a lucky

hand also for lighting a fire, dredge in the fine selfraising flour and always stir in

the same direction then cream the milk and sugar and whisk well the white of

eggs though she didn't like the eating part when there were any people that

made her shy and often she wondered why you couldn't eat something poetical

like violets or roses and they would have a beautifully appointed drawingroom

with pictures and engravings and the photograph of grandpapa Giltrap's lovely

dog Garryowen that almost talked, it was so human, and chintz covers for the

chairs and that silver toastrack in Clery's summer jumble sales like they have in

rich houses. He would be tall with broad shoulders (she had always admired

tall men for a husband) with glistening white teeth under his carefully trimmed

sweeping moustache and they would go on the continent for their honeymoon

(three wonderful weeks!) and then, when they settled down in a nice snug

and cosy little homely house, every morning they would both have brekky,

simple but perfectly served, for their own two selves and before he went out

to business he would give his dear little wifey a good hearty hug and gaze for

a moment deep down into her eyes.

Edy Boardman asked Tommy Caffrey was he done and he said yes, so

then she buttoned up his little knickerbockers for him and told him to run off

and play with Jacky and to be good now and not to fight. But Tommy said he

wanted the ball and Edy told him no that baby was playing with the ball and if

he took it there'd be wigs on the green but Tommy said it was his ball and

he wanted his ball and he pranced on the ground, if you please. The temper

of him! O, he was a man already was little Tommy Caffrey since he was

out of pinnies. Edy told him no, no and to be off now with him and she told

Cissy Caffrey not to give in to him.

--You're not my sister, naughty Tommy said. It's my ball.

But Cissy Caffrey told baby Boardman to look up, look up high at her

finger and she snatched the ball quickly and threw it along the sand and

Tommy after it in full career, having won the day.

--Anything for a quiet life, laughed Ciss.

And she tickled tiny tot's two cheeks to make him forget and played here's

338

the lord mayor, here's his two horses, here's his gingerbread carriage and here

he walks in, chinchopper, chinchopper, chinchopper chin. But Edy got as

cross as two sticks about hin getting him own way like that from everyone

always petting him.

--I'd like to give him something, she said, so I would, where I won't

say.

--On the beeoteetom, laughed Cissy merrily.

Gerty MacDowell bent down her head and crimsoned at the idea of Cissy

saying an unladylike thing like that out loud she'd be ashamed of her life to

say, flushing a deep rosy red, and Edy Boardman said she was sure the

gentleman opposite heard what she said. But not a pin cared Ciss.

--Let him! she said with a pert toss of her head and a piquant tilt of her

nose. Give it to him too on the same place as quick as I'd look at him.

Madcap Ciss with her golliwog curls. You had to laugh at her sometimes.

For instance when she asked you would you have some more Chinese tea and

jaspberry ram and when she drew the jugs too and the men's faces on her

nails with red ink make you split your sides or when she wanted to go where

you know she said she wanted to run and pay a visit to the Miss White.

That was just like Cissycums. O, and will you ever forget the evening she

dressed up in her father's suit and hat and the burned cork moustache and

walked down Tritonville road, smoking a cigarette. There was none to come

up to her for fun. But she was sincerity itself, one of the bravest and truest

hearts heaven ever made, not one of your twofaced things, too sweet to be

wholesome.

And then there came out upon the air the sound of voices and the pealing

anthem of the organ. It was the men's temperance retreat conducted by the

missioner, the reverend John Hughes S.J. rosary, sermon and benediction of

the Most Blessed Sacrament. They were there gathered together without

distinction of social class (and a most edifying spectacle it was to see) in that

simple fane beside the waves, after the storms of this weary world, kneeling

before the feet of the immaculate, reciting the litany of Our Lady of Loreto,

beseeching her to intercede for them, the old familiar words, holy Mary, holy

virgin of virgins. How sad to poor Gerty's ears! Had her father only avoided

the clutches of the demon drink, by taking the pledge or those powders

the drink habit cured in Pearson's Weekly, she might now be rolling in her

carriage, second to none. Over and over had she told herself that as she mused

by the dying embers in a brown study without the lamp because she hated

339

two lights or oftentimes gazing out of the window dreamily by the hour at the

rain falling on the rusty bucket, thinking. But that vile decoction which has

ruined so many hearths and homes had cast its shadow over her childhood

days. Nay, she had even witnessed in the home circle deeds of violence caused

by intemperance and had seen her own father, a prey to the fumes of

intoxication, forget himself completely for if there was one thing of all things

that Gerty knew it was the man who lifts his hand to a woman save in the

way of kindness deserves to be branded as the lowest of the low.

And still the voices sang in supplication to the Virgin most powerful,

Virgin most merciful. And Gerty, wrapt in thought, scarce saw or heard her

companions or the twins at their boyish gambols or the gentleman off

Sandymount green that Cissy Caffrey called the man that was so like himself

passing along the strand taking a short walk. You never saw him anyway

screwed but still and for all that she would not like him for a father because he

was too old or something or on account of his face (it was a palpable case of

doctor Fell) or his carbuncly nose with the pimples on it and his sandy

moustache a bit white under his nose. Poor father! With all his faults she

loved him still when he sang <i>Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee</i> or <i>My love and

cottage near Rochelle</i> and they had stewed cockles and lettuce with Lazenby's salad

dressing for supper and when he sang <i>The moon hath raised</i> with Mr Dignam

that died suddenly and was buried, God have mercy on him, from a stroke.

Her mother's birthday that was and Charley was home on his holidays

and Tom and Mr Dignam and Mrs and Patsy and Freddy Dignam and they

were to have had a group taken. No-one would have thought the end was so

hear. Now he was laid to rest. And her mother said to him to let that be a

warning to him for the rest of his days and he couldn't even go to the funeral

on account of the gout and she had to go into town to bring him the letters

and samples from his office about Catesby's cork lino, artistic standard designs,

fit for a palace, gives tiptop wear and always bright and cheery in the

home.

A sterling good daughter was Gerty just like a second mother in the

house, a ministering angel too with a little heart worth its weight in gold. And

when her mother had those raging splitting headaches who was it rubbed on

the menthol cone on her forehead but Gerty though she didn't like her mother

taking pinches of snuff and that was the only single thing they ever had words

about, taking snuff. Everyone thought the world of her for her gentle ways.

It was Gerty who turned off the gas at the main every night and it was Gerty

340

who tacked up on the wall of that place where she never forgot every fortnight

the chlorate of lime Mr Tunney the grocer's christmas almanac the picture of

halcyon days where a young gentleman in the costume they used to wear then

with a threecornered hat was offering a bunch of flowers to his ladylove with

oldtime chivalry through her lattice window. You could see there was a story

behind it. The colours were done something lovely. She was in a soft clinging

white in a studied attitude and the gentleman was in chocolate and he looked a

thorough aristocrat. She often looked at them dreamily when she went there

for a certain purpose and felt her own arms that were white and soft just

like hers with the sleeves back and thought about those times because she had

found out in Walker's pronouncing dictionary that belonged to grandpapa

Giltrap about the halcyon days what they meant.

The twins were now playing in the most approved brotherly fashion, till

at last Master Jacky who was really as bold as brass there was no getting

behind that deliberately kicked the ball as hard as ever he could down towards

the seaweedy rocks. Needless to say poor Tommy was not slow to voice his

dismay but luckily the gentleman in black who was sitting there by himself

came gallantly to the rescue and intercepted the ball. Our two champions claimed

their plaything with lusty cries and to avoid trouble Cissy Caffrey called to the

gentleman to throw it to her please. The gentleman aimed the ball once or

twice and then threw it up the strand towards Cissy Caffrey but it rolled down

the slope and stopped right under Gerty's skirt near the little pool by the rock.

The twins clamoured again for it and Cissy told her to kick it away and let

them fight for it so Gerty drew back her foot but she wished their stupid ball

hadn't come rolling down to her and she gave a kick but she missed and Edy

and Cissy laughed.

--If you fail try again, Edy Boardman said.

Gerty smiled assent and bit her lip. A delicate pink crept into her pretty

cheek but she was determined to let them see so she just lifted her skirt a little

but just enough and took good aim and gave the ball a jolly good kick and it

went ever so far and the two twins after it down towards the shingle. Pure

jealousy of course it was nothing else to draw attention on account of the

gentleman opposite looking. She felt the warm flush, a danger signal always

with Gerty MacDowell, surging and flaming into her cheeks. Till then they

had only exchanged glances of the most casual but now under the brim of her

new hat she ventured a look at him and the face that met her gaze there in the

twilight, wan and strangely drawn, seemed to her the saddest she had ever seen.

341

Through the open window of the church the fragrant incense was wafted

and with it the fragrant names of her who was conceived without stain of

original sin, spiritual vessel, pray for us, honourable vessel, pray for us, vessel

of singular devotion, pray for us, mystical rose. And careworn hearts were

there and toilers for their daily bread and many who had erred and wandered,

their eyes wet with contrition but for all that bright with hope for the reverend

father Hughes had told them what the great saint Bernard said in his famous

prayer of Mary, the most pious Virgin's intercessory power that it was not

recorded in any age that those who implored her powerful protection were ever

abandoned by her.

The twins were now playing again right merrily for the troubles of

childhood are but as fleeting summer showers. Cissy played with baby

Boardman till he crowed with glee, clapping baby hands in air. Peep she cried

behind the hood of the pushcar and Edy asked where was Cissy gone and then

Cissy popped up her head and cried ah! and, my word, didn't the little chap

enjoy that! And then she told him to say papa.

--Say papa, baby. Say pa pa pa pa pa pa pa.

And baby did his level best to say it for he was very intelligent for eleven

months everyone said and big for his age and the picture of health, a perfect

little bunch of love, and he would certainly turn out to be something great,

they said.

--Haja ja ja haja.

Cissy wiped his little mouth with the dribbling bib and wanted him to sit

up properly and say pa pa pa but when she undid the strap she cried out, holy

saint Denis, that he was possing wet and to double the half blanket the other

way under him. Of course his infant majesty was most obstreperous at such

toilet formalities and he let everyone know it:

--Habaa baaaahabaaa baaaa.

And two great big lovely big tears coursing down his cheeks. It was all no

use soothering him with no, nono, baby, no and telling him about the geegee

and where was the puffpuff but Ciss, always, readywitted, gave him in his mouth

the teat of the suckingbottle and the young heathen was quickly appeased.

Gerty wished to goodness they would take their squalling baby home out

of that and not get on her nerves no hour to be out and the little brats of

twins. She gazed out towards the distant sea. It was like the paintings that man

used to do on the pavement with all the coloured chalks and such a pity too

leaving them there to be all blotted out, the evening and the clouds coming

342

out and the Bailey light on Howth and to hear the music like that and the

perfume of those incense they burned in the church like a kind of waft. And

while she gazed her heart went pitapat. Yes, it was her he was looking at and

there was meaning in his look. His eyes burned into her as though they would

search her through and through, read her very soul. Wonderful eyes they

were, superbly expressive, but could you trust them? People were so queer.

She could see at once by his dark eyes and his pale intellectual face that he

was a foreigner the image of the photo she had of Martin Harvey, the matinée

idol, only for the moustache which she preferred because she wasn't stagestruck

like Winny Rippingham that wanted they two to always dress the same on

account of a play but she could not see whether he had an aquiline nose or a

slightly <i>retroussé</i> from where he was sitting. He was in deep mourning, she could

see that, and the story of a haunting sorrow was written on his face. She would

have given worlds to know what it was. He was looking up so intently, so still

and he saw her kick the ball and perhaps he could see the bright steel buckles

of her shoes if she swung them like that thoughtfully with the toes down. She

was glad that something told her to put on the transparent stockings thinking

Reggy Wylie might be out but that was far away. Here was that of which she

had so often dreamed. It was he who mattered and there was joy on her face

because she wanted him because she felt instinctively that he was like no-one

else. The very heart of the girlwoman went out to him, her dreamhusband.

because she knew on the instant it was him. If he had suffered, more sinned

against than sinning, or even, even, if he had been himself a sinner, a wicked

man, she cared not. Even if he was a protestant or methodist she could convert

him easily if he truly loved her. There were wounds that wanted healing with

heartbalm. She was a womanly woman not like other flighty girls, unfeminine,

he had known, those cyclists showing off what they hadn't got and she just

yearned to know all, to forgive all if she could make him fall in love with her,

make him forget the memory of the past. Then mayhap he would embrace

her gently, like a real man, crushing her soft body to him, and love her, his

ownest girlie, for herself alone.

Refuge of sinners. Comfortress of the afflicted. <i>Ora pro nobis.</i> Well has it

been said that whosoever prays to her with faith and constancy can never be

lost or cast away: and fitly is she too a haven of refuge for the afflicted because

of the seven dolours which transpierced her own heart. Gerty could picture the

whole scene in the church, the stained glass windows lighted up, the candles,

the flowers and the blue banners of the blessed Virgin's sodality and Father

343

Conroy was helping Canon O'Hanlon at the altar, carrying things in and out

with his eyes cast down. He looked almost a saint and his confessionbox was so

quiet and clean and dark and his hands were just like white wax and if ever she

became a Dominican nun in their white habit perhaps he might come to the

convent for the novena of Saint Dominic. He told her that time when she told

him about that in confession crimsoning up to the roots of her hair for fear he

could see, not to be troubled because that was only the voice of nature and we

were all subject to nature's laws, he said, in this life and that that was no sin

because that came from the nature of woman instituted by God, he said, and

that Our Blessed Lady herself said to the archangel Gabriel be it done unto me

according to Thy Word. He was so kind and holy and often and often she

thought and thought could she work a ruched teacosy with embroidered floral

design for him as a present or a clock but they had a clock she noticed on the

mantelpiece white and gold with a canary bird that came out of a little house

to tell the time the day she went there about the flowers for the forty hours'

adoration because it was hard to know what sort of a present to give or perhaps

an album of illuminated views of Dublin or some place.

The exasperating little brats of twins began to quarrel again and Jacky

threw the ball out towards the sea and they both ran after it. Little monkeys

common as ditchwater. Someone ought to take them and give them a good

hiding for themselves to keep them in their places, the both of them. And Cissy

and Edy shouted after them to come back because they were afraid the tide

might come in on them and be drowned.

--Jacky! Tommy!

Not they! What a great notion they had! So Cissy said it was the very

last time she'd ever bring them out. She jumped up and called them and she

ran down the slope past him, tossing her hair behind her which had a good

enough colour if there had been more of it but with all the thingamerry she

was always rubbing into it she couldn't get it to grow long because it wasn't

natural so she could just go and throw her hat at it. She ran with long gandery

strides it was a wonder she didn't rip up her skirt at the side that was too tight

on her because there was a lot of the tomboy about Cissy Caffrey and she was a

forward piece whenever she thought she had a good opportunity to show off and

just because she was a good runner she ran like that so that he could see all the

end of her petticoat running and her skinny shanks up as far as possible. It would

have served her just right if she had tripped up over something accidentally on

purpose with her high crooked French heels on her to make her look tall and

344

got a fine tumble. <i>Tableau!</i> That would have been a very charming exposé for

a gentleman like that to witness.

Queen of angels, queen of patriarchs, queen of prophets, of all saints,

they prayed, queen of the most holy rosary and then Father Conroy handed the

thurible to Canon O'Hanlon and he put in the incense and censed the Blessed

Sacrament and Cissy Caffrey caught the two twins and she was itching to give

them a ringing good clip on the ear but she didn't because she thought he might

be watching but she never made a bigger mistake in all her life because Gerty

could see without looking that he never took his eyes off of her and then Canon

O'Hanlon handed the thurible back to Father Conroy and knelt down looking

up at the Blessed Sacrament and the choir began to sing <i>Tantum ergo</i> and she

just swung her foot in and out in time as the music rose and fell to the

<i>Tantumer gosa cramen tum</i>. Three and eleven she paid for those stockings in

Sparrow's of Ceorge's street on the Tuesday, no the Monday before Easter and

there wasn't a brack on them and that was what he was looking at, transparent,

and not at her insignificant ones that had neither shape nor form (the cheek

of her!) because he had eyes in his head to see the difference for himself.

Cissy came up along the strand with the two twins and their ball with

her hat anyhow on her to one side after her run and she did look a streel

tugging the two kids along with the flimsy blouse she bought only a fortnight

before like a rag on her back and a bit of her petticoat hanging like a caricature.

Gerty just took off her hat for a moment to settle her hair and a prettier, a

daintier head of nutbrown tresses was never seen on a girl's shoulders, a radiant

little vision, in sooth, almost maddening in its sweetness. You would have to

travel many a long mile before you found a head of hair the like of that. She

could almost see the swift answering flush of admiration in his eyes that set her

tingling in every nerve. She put on her hat so that she could see from underneath

the brim and swung her buckled shoe faster for her breath caught as she caught

the expression in his eyes. He was eying her as a snake eyes its prey. Her

woman's instinct told her that she had raised the devil in him and at the

thought a burning scarlet swept from throat to brow till the lovely colour of

her face became a glorious rose.

Edy Boardman was noticing it too because she was squinting at Gerty,

half smiling, with her specs, like an old maid, pretending to nurse the baby.

Irritable little gnat she was and always would be and that was why no-one

could get on with her, poking her nose into what was no concern of hers. And

she said to Gerty:

345

--A penny for your thoughts.

--What? replied Gerty with a smile reinforced by the whitest of teeth.

I was only wondering was it late.

Because she wished to goodness they'd take the snottynosed twins and

their baby home to the mischief out of that so that was why she just gave a

gentle hint about its being late. And when Cissy came up Edy asked her the

time and Miss Cissy, as glib as you like, said it was half past kissing time, time

to kiss again. But Edy wanted to know because they were told to be in early.

--Wait, said Cissy, I'll ask my uncle Peter over there what's the time by

his conundrum.

So over she went and when he saw her coming she could see him take

his hand out of his pocket, getting nervous, and beginning to play with his

watchchain, looking at the church. Passionate nature though he was Gerty

could see that he had enormous control over himself. One moment he had

been there, fascinated by a loveliness that made him gaze and the next moment

it was the quiet gravefaced gentleman, selfcontrol expressed in every line of his

distinguishedlooking figure.

Cissy said to excuse her would he mind telling her what was the right

time and Gerty could see him taking out his watch, listening to it and looking

up and clearing his throat and he said he was very sorry his watch was

stopped but he thought it must be after eight because the sun was set. His

voice had a cultured ring in it and though he spoke in measured accents there

was a suspicion of a quiver in the mellow tones. Cissy said thanks and came

back with her tongue out and said uncle said his waterworks were out of

order.

Then they sang the second verse of the <i>Tantum ergo</i> and Canon O'Hanlon

got up again and censed the Blessed Sacrament and knelt down and he told

Father Conroy that one of the candles was just going to set fire to the flowers

and Father Conroy got up and settled it all right and she could see the gentleman

winding his watch and listening to the works and she swung her leg more in

and out in time. It was getting darker but he could see and he was looking all

the time that he was winding the watch or whatever he was doing to it and

then he put it back and put his hands back into his pockets. She felt a kind

of a sensation rushing all over her and she knew by the feel of her scalp and

that irritation against her stays that that thing must be coming on because the

last time too was when she clipped her hair on account of the moon. His

dark eyes fixed themselves on her again drinking in her every contour,

346

literally worshipping at her shrine. If ever there was undisguised admiration

in a man's passionate gaze it was there plain to be seen on that man's face. It

is for you, Gertrude MacDowell, and you know it.

Edy began to get ready to go and it was high time for her and Gerty

noticed that that little hint she gave had the desired effect because it was a long

way along the strand to where there was the place to push up the pushcar

and Cissy took off the twins' caps and tidied their hair to make herself

attractive of course and Canon O'Hanlon stood up with his cope poking up

at his neck and Father Conroy handed him the card to read off and he read

out <i>Panem de coelo praestitisti eis</i> and Edy and Cissy were talking about the

time all the time and asking her but Gerty could pay them back in their own

coin and she just answered with scathing politeness when Edy asked her was

she heartbroken about her best boy throwing her over. Gerty winced sharply.

A brief cold blaze shone from her eyes that spoke volumes of scorn immeasurable.

It hurt. O yes, it cut deep because Edy had her own quiet way of saying things

like that she knew would wound like the confounded little cat she was. Gerty's

lips parted swiftly to frame the word but she fought back the sob that rose to

her throat, so slim, so flawless, so beautifully moulded it seemed one an artist

might have dreamed of. She had loved him better than he knew. Lighthearted

deceiver and fickle like all his sex he would never understand what he had

meant to her and for an instant there was in the blue eyes a quick stinging of

tears. Their eyes were probing her mercilessly but with a brave effort she

sparkled back in sympathy as she glanced at her new conquest for them to see.

--O, responded Gerty, quick as lightning, laughing, and the proud head

flashed up. I can throw my cap at who I like because it's leap year.

Her words rang out crystalclear, more musical than the cooing of the

ringdove but they cut the silence icily. There was that in her young voice

that told that she was not a one to be lightly trifled with. As for Mr Reggy with

his swank and his bit of money she could just chuck him aside as if he was

so much filth and never again would she cast as much as a second thought on

him and tear his silly postcard into a dozen pieces. And if ever after he dared

to presume she could give him one look of measured scorn that would make

him shrivel up on the spot. Miss puny little Edy's countenance fell to no slight

extent and Gerty could see by her looking as black as thunder that she was

simply in a towering rage though she hid it, the little kinnatt, because that

shaft had struck home for her petty jealousy and they both knew that she was

something aloof, apart in another sphere, that she was not of them and there

347

was somebody else too that knew it and saw it so they could put that in their

pipe and smoke it.

Edy straightened up baby Boardman to get ready to go and Cissy tucked

in the ball and the spades and buckets and it was high time too because the

sandman was on his way for Master Boardman junior and Cissy told him too

that Billy Winks was coming and that baby was to go deedaw and baby looked

just too ducky, laughing up out of his gleeful eyes, and Cissy poked him like

that out of fun in his wee fat tummy and baby, without as much as by your

leave, sent up his compliments on to his brandnew dribbling bib.

--O my! Puddeny pie! protested Ciss. He has his bib destroyed.

The slight <i>contretemps</i> claimed her attention but in two twos she set

that little matter to rights.

Gerty stifled a smothered exclamation and gave a nervous cough and Edy

asked what and she was just going to tell her to catch it while it was flying but

she was ever ladylike in her deportment so she simply passed it off with

consummate tact by saying that that was the benediction because just then the

bell rang out from the steeple over the quiet seashore because Canon O'Hanlon

was up on the altar with the veil that Father Conroy put round him round his

shoulders giving the benediction with the Blessed Sacrament in his hands.

How moving the scene there in the gathering twilight, the last glimpse of

Erin, the touching chime of those evening bells and at the same time a bat

flew forth from the ivied belfry through the dusk, hither, thither, with a tiny

lost cry. And she could see far away the lights of the lighthouses so picturesque

she would have loved to do with a box of paints because it was easier than

to make a man and soon the lamplighter would be going his rounds past the

presbyterian church grounds and along by shady Tritonville avenue where the

couples walked and lighting the lamp near her window where Reggy Wylie

used to turn his freewheel like she read in that book <i>The Lamplighter</i> by Miss

Cummins, author of <i>Mabel Vaughan</i> and other tales. For Gerty had her dreams

that no-one knew of. She loved to read poetry and when she got a keepsake from

Bertha Supple of that lovely confession album with the coralpink cover to write

her thoughts in she laid it in the drawer of her toilettable which, though it did

not err on the side of luxury, was scrupulously neat and clean. It was there

she kept her girlish treasures trove, the tortoiseshell combs, her child of Mary

badge, the whiterose scent, the eyebrowleine, her alabaster pouncetbox and

the ribbons to change when her things came home from the wash and there

were some beautiful thoughts written in it in violet ink that she bought in Hely's

348

of Dame Street for she felt that she too could write poetry if she could only

express herself like that poem that appealed to her so deeply that she had

copied out of the newspaper she found one evening round the potherbs. <i>Art

thou real, my ideal?</i> it was called by Louis J. Walsh, Magherafelt, and after

there was something about <i>twilight, wilt thou ever?</i> and ofttimes the beauty of

poetry, so sad in its transient loveliness, had misted her eyes with silent tears

that the years were slipping by for her, one by one, and but for that one

shortcoming she knew she need fear no competition and that was an accident

coming down Dalkey hill and she always tried to conceal it. But it must end

she felt. If she saw that magic lure in his eyes there would be no holding back

for her. Love laughs at locksmiths. She would make the great sacrifice. Her

every effort would be to share his thoughts. Dearer than the whole world would

she be to him and gild his days with happiness. There was the allimportant

question and she was dying to know was he a married man or a widower who

had lost his wife or some tragedy like the nobleman with the foreign name

from the land of song had to have her put into a madhouse, cruel only to be

kind. But even if -- what then? Would it make a very great difference? From

everything in the least indelicate her finebred nature instinctively recoiled. She

loathed that sort of person, the fallen women off the accommodation walk beside

the Dodder that went with the soldiers and coarse men, with no respect for a

girl's honour, degrading the sex and being taken up to the police station. No,

no: not that. They would be just good friends like a big brother and sister

without all that other in spite of the conventions of Society with a big ess.

Perhaps it was an old flame he was in mourning for from the days beyond

recall. She thought she understood. She would try to understand him because

men were so different. The old love was waiting, waiting with little white hands

stretched out, with blue appealing eyes. Heart of mine! She would follow her

dream of love, the dictates of her heart that told her he was her all in all, the

only man in all the world for her for love was the master guide. Nothing else

mattered. Come what might she would be wild, untrammelled, free.

Canon O'Hanlon put the Blessed Sacrament back into the tabernacle and

the choir sang <i>Laudate Dominum omnes gentes</i> and then he locked the tabernacle

door because the benediction was over and Father Conroy handed him his hat

to put on and crosscat Edy asked wasn't she coming but Jacky Caffrey called out:

--O, look, Cissy!

And they all looked was it sheet lightning but Tommy saw it too over

the trees beside the church, blue and then green and purple.

349

--It's fireworks, Cissy Caffrey said.

And they all ran down the strand to see over the houses and the church,

helterskelter, Edy with the pushcar with baby Boardman in it and Cissy holding

Tommy and Jacky by the hand so they wouldn't fall running.

--Come on, Gerty, Cissy called. It's the bazaar fireworks.

But Gerty was adamant. She had no intention of being at their beck and

call. If they could run like rossies she could sit so she said she could see from

where she was. The eyes that were fastened upon her set her pulses tingling.

She looked at him a moment, meeting his glance, and a light broke in upon

her. Whitehot passion was in that face, passion silent as the grave and it had

made her his. At last they were left alone without the others to pry and pass

remarks and she knew he could be trusted to the death, steadfast, a sterling man,

a man of inflexible honour to his fingertips. His hands and face were working

and a tremour went over her. She leaned back far to look up where the

fireworks were and she caught her knee in her hands so as not to fall back looking

up and there was no-one to see only him and her when she revealed all her

graceful beautifully shaped legs like that, supply soft and delicately rounded,

and she seemed to hear the panting of his heart, his hoarse breathing, because

she knew about the passion of men like that, hotblooded, because Bertha Supple

told her once in dead secret and made her swear she'd never about the

gentleman lodger that was staying with them out of the Congested Districts

Board that had pictures cut out of papers of those skirtdancers and highkickers

and she said he used to do something not very nice that you could imagine

sometimes in the bed. But this was altogether different from a thing like that

because there was all the difference because she could almost feel him draw her

face to his and the first quick hot touch of his handsome lips. Besides there

was absolution so long as you didn't do the other thing before being married

and there ought to be women priests that would understand without your

telling out and Cissy Caffrey too sometimes had that dreamy kind of dreamy

look in her eyes so that she too, my dear, and Winny Rippingham so mad

about actors' photographs and besides it was on account of that other thing

coming on the way it did.

And Jacky Caffrey shouted to look, there was another and she leaned back

and the garters were blue to match on account of the transparent and they all

saw it and shouted to look, look there it was and she leaned back ever so far

to see the fireworks and something queer was flying about through the air, a

soft thing to and fro, dark. And she saw a long Roman candle going up over

350

the trees up, up, and, in the tense hush, they were all breathless with excitement

as it went higher and higher and she had to lean back more and more to

look up after it, high, high, almost out of sight, and her face was suffused with

a divine, an entrancing blush from straining back and he could see her other

things too, nainsook knickers, the fabric that caresses the skin, better than

those other pettiwidth, the green, four and eleven, on account of being

white and she let him and she saw that he saw and then it went so high it

went out of sight a moment and she was trembling in every limb from being

bent so far back that he had a full view high up above her knee where no-one

ever not even on the swing or wading and she wasn't ashamed and he wasn't

either to look in that immodest way like that because he couldn't resist the sight

of the wondrous revealment half offered like those skirtdancers behaving so

immodest before gentlemen looking and he kept on looking, looking. She would

fain have cried to him chokingly, held out her snowy slender arms to him to come,

to feel his lips laid on her white brow, the cry of a young girl's love, a little

strangled cry, wrung from her, that cry that has rung through the ages. And

then a rocket sprang and bang shot blind blank and O! then the Roman candle

burst and it was like a sigh of O! and everyone cried O! O! in raptures and

it gushed out of it a stream of rain gold hair threads and they shed and ah!

they were all greeny dewy stars falling with golden, O so lovely! O so soft,

sweet, soft!

Then all melted away dewily in the grey air: all was silent. Ah! She

glanced at him as she bent forward quickly, a pathetic little glance of piteous

protest, of shy reproach under which he coloured like a girl. He was leaning

back against the rock behind. Leopold Bloom (for it is he) stands silent, with

bowed head before those young guileless eyes. What a brute he had been! At it

again? A fair unsullied soul had called to him and, wretch that he was, how

had he answered? An utter cad he had been. He of all men! But there was an

infinite store of mercy in those eyes, for him too a word of pardon even

though he had erred and sinned and wandered. Should a girl tell? No, a

thousand times no. That was their secret, only theirs, alone in the hiding

twilight and there was none to know or tell save the little bat that flew so

softly through the evening to and fro and little bats don't tell.

Cissy Caffrey whistled, imitating the boys in the football field to show

what a great person she was: and then she cried:

--Gerty! Gerty! We're going. Come on. We can see from farther up.

Gerty had an idea, one of love's little ruses. She slipped a hand into her

351

kerchief pocket and took out the wadding and waved in reply of course without

letting him and then slipped it back. Wonder if he's too far to. She rose. Was

it goodbye? No. She had to go but they would meet again, there, and she

would dream of that till then, tomorrow, of her dream of yester eve. She drew

herself up to her full height. Their souls met in a last lingering glance and the

eyes that reached her heart, full of a strange shining, hung enraptured on her

sweet flowerlike face. She half smiled at him wanly, a sweet forgiving smile, a

smile that verged on tears, and then they parted.

Slowly without looking back she went down the uneven strand to Cissy,

to Edy, to Jacky and Tommy Caffrey, to little baby Boardman. It was darker

now and there were stones and bits of wood on the strand and slippy seaweed.

She walked with a certain quiet dignity characteristic of her but with care and

very slowly because, because Gerty MacDowell was .....

Tight boots? No. She's lame! O!

Mr Bloom watched her as she limped away. Poor girl! That's why she's

left on the shelf and the others did a sprint. Thought something was wrong

by the cut of her jib. Jilted beauty. A defect is ten times worse in a woman.

But makes them polite. Glad I didn't know it when she was on show. Hot

little devil all the same. Wouldn't mind. Curiosity like a nun or a negress or

a girl with glasses. That squinty one is delicate. Near her monthlies, I expect,

makes them feel ticklish. I have such a bad headache today. Where did I put

the letter? Yes, all right. All kinds of crazy longings. Licking pennies. Girl

in Tranquilla convent that nun told me liked to smell rock oil. Virgins go mad

in the end I suppose. Sister? How many women in Dublin have it today? Martha,

she. Something in the air. That's the moon. But then why don't all women

menstruate at the same time with same moon, I mean? Depends on the time they

were born, I suppose. Or all start scratch then get out of step. Sometimes Molly

and Milly together. Anyhow I got the best of that. Damned glad I didn't do it

in the bath this morning over her silly I will punish you letter. Made up

for that tramdriver this morning. That gouger M'Coy stopping me to say

nothing. And his wife engagement in the country valise, voice like a pickaxe.

Thankful for small mercies. Cheap too. Yours for the asking. Because they

want it themselves. Their natural craving. Shoals of them every evening poured

out of offices. Reserve better. Don't want it they throw it at you. Catch em alive,

O. Pity they can't see themselves. A dream of wellfilled hose. Where was that?

Ah, yes. Mutoscope pictures in Capel street: for men only. Peeping Tom. Willy's

hat and what the girls did with it. Do they snapshot those girls or is it all a

352

fake. <i>Lingerie</i> does it. Felt for the curves inside her <i>deshabillé</i>. Excites them

also when they're. I'm all clean come and dirty me. And they like dressing

one another for the sacrifice. Milly delighted with Molly's new blouse. At first.

Put them all on to take them all off. Molly. Why I bought her the violet

garters. Us too: the tie he wore, his lovely socks and turnedup trousers.

He wore a pair of gaiters the night that first we met. His lovely shirt was

shining beneath his what? of jet. Say a woman loses a charm with every pin

she takes out. Pinned together. O Mairy lost the pin of her. Dressed up to the

nines for somebody. Fashion part of their charm. Just changes when you're

on the track of the secret. Except the east: Mary, Martha: now as then. No

reasonable offer refused. She wasn't in a hurry either. Always off to a fellow

when they are. They never forget an appointment. Out on spec probably. They

believe in chance because like themselves. And the others inclined to give her an

odd dig. Girl friends at school, arms round each other's necks or with ten fingers

locked, kissing and whispering secrets about nothing in the convent garden.

Nuns with whitewashed faces, cool coif and their rosaries going up and down,

vindictive too for what they can't get. Barbed wire. Be sure now and write to

me. And I'll write to you. Now won't you? Molly and Josie Powell. Till

Mr Right comes, along then meet once in a blue moon. <i>Tableau!</i> O, look who

it is for the love of God! How are you at all? What have you been doing

with yourself? Kiss and delighted to, kiss, to see you. Picking holes in each

other's appearance. You're looking splendid. Sister souls showing their teeth at

one another. How many have you left? Wouldn't lend each other a pinch of

salt.

Ah!

Devils they are when that's coming on them. Dark devilish appearance.

Molly often told me feel things a ton weight. Scratch the sole of my foot.

O that way! O, that's exquisite! Feel it myself too. Good to rest once in a

way. Wonder if it's bad to go with them then. Safe in one way. Turns

milk, makes fiddlestrings snap. Something about withering plants I read in

a garden. Besides they say if the flower withers she wears she's a flirt. All

are. Daresay she felt I. When you feel like that you often meet what you

feel. Liked me or what? Dress they look at. Always know a fellow courting:

collars and cuffs. Well cocks and lions do the same and stags. Same time might

prefer a tie undone or something. Trousers? Suppose I when I was? No.

Gently does it. Dislike rough and tumble. Kiss in the dark and never tell. Saw

something in me. Wonder what. Sooner have me as I am than some poet

353

chap with bearsgrease plastery hair, lovelock over his dexter optic. To aid

gentleman in literary. Ought to attend to my appearance my age. Didn't let

her see me in profile. Still, you never know. Pretty girls and ugly men

marrying. Beauty and the beast. Besides I can't be so if Molly. Took off her

hat to show her hair. Wide brim bought to hide her face, meeting someone

might know her, bend down or carry a bunch of flowers to smell. Hair strong

in rut. Ten bob I got for Molly's combings when we were on the rocks in

Holles street. Why not? Suppose he gave her money. Why not? All a

prejudice. She's worth ten, fifteen, more a pound. What? I think so. All that

for nothing. Bold hand. Mrs Marion. Did I forget to write address on that

letter like the postcard I sent to Flynn. And the day I went to Drimmie's

without a necktie. Wrangle with Molly it was put me off. No, I remember.

Richie Goulding. He's another. Weighs on his mind. Funny my watch stopped

at half past four. Dust. Shark liver oil they use to clean could do it myself. Save.

Was that just when he, she?

O, he did. Into her. She did. Done.

Ah!

Mr Bloom with careful hand recomposed his wet shirt. O Lord, that

little limping devil. Begins to feel cold and clammy. After effect not pleasant.

Still you have to get rid of it someway. They don't care. Complimented

perhaps. Go home to nicey bread and milky and say night prayers with the

kiddies. Well, aren't they. See her as she is spoil all. Must have the stage setting,

the rouge, costume, position, music. The name too. <i>Amours</i> of actresses. Nell

Gwynn, Mrs Bracegirdle, Maud Branscombe. Curtain up. Moonlight silver

effulgence. Maiden discovered with pensive bosom. Little sweetheart come

and kiss me. Still I feel. The strength it gives a man. That's the secret of it.

Good job I let off there behind coming out of Dignam's. Cider that was.

Otherwise I couldn't have. Makes you want to sing after. <i>Lacaus esant taratara.</i>

Suppose I spoke to her. What about? Bad plan however of you don't know

how to end the conversation. Ask them a question they ask you another.

Good idea if you're in a cart. Wonderful of course if you say: good evening,

and you see she's on for it: good evening. O but the dark evening in the

Appian way I nearly spoke to Mrs Clinch O thinking she was. Whew! Girl

in Meath street that night. All the dirty things I made her say all wrong of

course. My arks she called it. It's so hard to find one who. Aho! If you don't

answer when they solicit must be horrible for them till they harden. And

kissed my hand when I gave her the extra two shillings. Parrots. Press the

354

button and the bird will squeak. Wish she hadn't called me sir. O, her

mouth in the dark! And you a married man with a single girl! That's what they

enjoy. Taking a man from another woman. Or even hear of it. Different with

me. Glad to get away from other chap's wife. Eating off his cold plate. Chap in

the Burton today spitting back gumchewed gristle. French letter still in my

pocketbook. Cause of half the trouble. But might happen sometime, I don't

think. Come in. All is prepared. I dreamt. What? Worst is beginning. How

they change the venue when it's not what they like. Ask you do you like

mushrooms because she once knew a gentleman who. Or ask you what

someone was going to say when he changed his mind and stopped. Yet if I went

the whole hog, say: I want to, something like that. Because I did. She too.

Offend her. Then make it up. Pretend to want something awfully, then cry

off for her sake. Flatters them. She must have been thinking of someone else

all the time. What harm? Must since she came to the use of reason, he, he

and he. First kiss does the trick. The propitious moment. Something inside

them goes pop. Mushy like, tell by their eye, on the sly. First thoughts are

best. Remember that till their dying day. Molly, lieutenant Mulvey that kissed

her under the Moorish wall beside the gardens. Fifteen she told me. But her

breasts were developed. Fell asleep then. After Glencree dinner that was when

we drove home the featherbed mountain. Gnashing her teeth in sleep. Lord

mayor had his eye on her too. Val Dillon. Apoplectic.

There she is with them down there for the fireworks. My fireworks. Up

like a rocket, down like a stick. And the children, twins they must be, waiting

for something to happen. Want to be grownups. Dressing in mother's clothes.

Time enough, understand all the ways of the world. And the dark one with

the mop head and the nigger mouth. I knew she could whistle. Mouth made

for that. Like Molly. Why that high class whore in Jammet's wore her veil only

to her nose. Would you mind, please, telling me the right time? I'll tell you

the right time up a dark lane. Say prunes and prisms forty times every

morning, cure for fat lips. Caressing the little boy too. Onlookers see most of

the game. Of course they understand birds, animals, babies. In their line.

Didn't look back when she was going down the strand. Wouldn't give

that satisfaction. Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls. Fine eyes

she had, clear. It's the white of the eye brings that out not so much the pupil.

Did she know what I? Course. Like a cat sitting beyond a dog's jump. Women

never meet one like that Wilkins in the high school drawing a picture of Venus

with all his belongings on show. Call that innocence? Poor idiot! His wife

355

has her work cut out for her. Never see them sit on a bench marked <i>Wet Paint.</i>

Eyes all over them. Look under the bed for what's not there. Longing to get

the fright of their lives. Sharp as needles they are. When I said to Molly the

man at the corner of Cuffe street was goodlooking, thought she might like,

twigged at once he had a false arm. Had too. Where do they get that? Typist

going up Roger Greene's stairs two at a time to show her understandings.

Handed down from father to mother to daughter, I mean. Bred in the bone.

Milly for example drying her handkerchief on the mirror to save the ironing.

Best place for an ad to catch a woman's eye on a mirror. And when I sent her

for Molly's Paisley shawl to Presscott's, by the way that ad I must, carrying

home the change in her stocking. Clever little minx! I never told her. Neat

way she carries parcels too. Attract men, small thing like that. Holding up

her hand, shaking it, to let the blood flow back when it was red. Who did

you learn that from? Nobody. Something the nurse taught me. O, don't they

know? Three years old she was in front of Molly's dressingtable just before

we left Lombard street west. Me have a nice pace. Mullingar. Who knows?

Ways of the world. Young student. Straight on her pins anyway not like the

other. Still she was game. Lord, I am wet. Devil you are. Swell of her calf.

Transparent stockings, stretched to breaking point. Not like that frump today.

A.E. Rumpled stockings. Or the one in Grafton street. White. Wow! Beef

to the heel.

A monkey puzzle rocket burst, spluttering in darting crackles. Zrads and

zrads, zrads, zrads. And Cissy and Tommy ran out to see and Edy after with

the pushcar and then Gerty beyond the curve of the rocks. Will she? Watch!

Watch! See! Looked round. She smelt an onion. Darling, I saw your. I saw

all.

Lord!

Did me good all the same. Off colour after Kiernan's, Dignam's. For this

relief much thanks. In <i>Hamlet</i>, that is. Lord! It was all things combined.

Excitement. When she leaned back felt an ache at the butt of my tongue.

Your head it simply swirls. He's right. Might have made a worse fool of myself

however. Instead of talking about nothing. Then I will tell you all. Still it was

a kind of language between us. It couldn't be? No, Gerty they called her.

Might be false name however like my and the address Dolphin's barn a blind.

<i>Her maiden name was Jemima Brown</i>

<i>And she lived with her mother in Irishtown.</i>

356

Place made me think of that I suppose. All tarred with the same brush.

Wiping pens in their stockings. But the ball rolled down to her as if it

understood. Every bullet has its billet. Course I never could throw anything

straight at school. Crooked as a ram's horn. Sad however because it lasts only

a few years till they settle down to potwalloping and papa's pants will soon fit

Willy and fullers' earth for the baby when they hold him out to do ah ah. No

soft job. Saves them. Keeps them out of harm's way. Nature. Washing child,

washing corpse. Dignam. Children's hands always round them. Cocoanut

skulls, monkeys, not even closed at first, sour milk in their swaddles and tainted

curds. Oughtn't to have given that child an empty teat to suck. Fill it up with

wind. Mrs Beaufoy, Purefoy. Must call to the hospital. Wonder is nurse Callan

there still. She used to look over some nights when Molly was in the Coffee

Palace. That young doctor O'Hare I noticed her brushing his coat. And Mrs

Breen and Mrs Dignam once like that too, marriageable. Worst of all at night

Mrs Duggan told me in the City Arms. Husband rolling in drunk, stink of pub

off him like a polecat. Have that in your nose in the dark, whiff of stale boose.

Then ask in the morning: was I drunk last night? Bad policy however to

fault the husband. Chickens come home to roost. They stick by one another

like glue. Maybe the women's fault also. That's where Molly can knock spots

off them. It is the blood of the south. Moorish. Also the form, the figure.

Hands felt for the opulent. Just compare for instance those others. Wife

locked up at home, skeleton in the cupboard. Allow me to introduce my. Then

they trot you out some kind of a nondescript, wouldn't know what to call her.

Always see a fellow's weak point in his wife. Still there's destiny in it, falling

in love. Have their own secrets between them. Chaps that would go to the

dogs if some woman didn't take them in hand. Then little chits of girls,

height of a shilling in coppers, with little hubbies. As God made them He

matched them. Sometimes children turn out well enough. Twice nought

makes one. Or old rich chap of seventy and blushing bride. Marry in May and

repent in December. This wet is very unpleasant. Stuck. Well the foreskin is

not back. Better detach.

Ow!

Other hand a sixfooter with a wifey up to his watchpocket. Long and the

short of it. Big he and little she. Very strange about my watch. Wristwatches

are always going wrong. Wonder is there any magnetic influence between the

person because that was about the time he. Yes, I suppose at once. Cat's away

the mice will play. I remember looking in Pill lane. Also that now is magnetism.

357

Back of everything magnetism. Earth for instance pulling this and being pulled.

That causes movement. And time? Well that's the time the movement takes.

Then if one thing stopped the whole ghesabo would stop bit by bit. Because

it's all arranged. Magnetic needle tells you what's going on in the sun, the

stars. Little piece of steel iron. When you hold out the fork. Come. Come.

Tip. Woman and man that is. Fork and steel. Molly, he. Dress up and look

and suggest and let you see and see more and defy you if you're a man to see

that and, like a sneeze coming, legs, look, look and if you have any guts in

you. Tip. Have to let fly.

Wonder how is she feeling in that region. Shame all put on before third

person. More put out about a hole in her stocking. Molly, her underjaw stuck

out, head back, about the farmer in the ridingboots and spurs at the horse

show. And when the painters were in Lombard street west. Fine voice that

fellow had. How Giuglini began. Smell that I did, like flowers. It was too.

Violets. Came from the turpentine probably in the paint. Make their own use

of everything. Same time doing it scraped her slipper on the floor so they

wouldn't hear. But lots of them can't kick the beam, I think. Keep that thing

up for hours. Kind of a general all round over me and half down my back.

Wait. Hm. Hm. Yes. That's her perfume. Why she waved her hand. I

leave you this to think of me when I'm far away on the pillow. What is it?

Heliotrope? No, Hyacinth? Hm. Roses, I think. She'd like scent of that

kind. Sweet and cheap: soon sour. Why Molly likes opoponax. Suits her

with a little jessamine mixed. Her high notes and her low notes. At the dance

night she met him, dance of the hours. Heat brought it out. She was wearing

her black and it had the perfume of the time before. Good conductor, is it?

Or bad? Light too. Suppose there's some connection. For instance if you go

into a cellar where it's dark. Mysterious thing too. Why did I smell it only

now? Took its time in coming like herself, slow but sure. Suppose it's ever

so many millions of tiny grains blown across. Yes, it is. Because those spice

islands, Cinghalese this morning, smell them leagues off. Tell you what it is.

It's like a fine fine veil or web they have all over the skin, fine like what do you

call it gossamer and they're always spinning it out of them, fine as anything,

rainbow colours without knowing it. Clings to everything she takes off. Vamp

of her stockings. Warm shoe. Stays. Drawers: little kick, taking them off. Byby

till next time. Also the cat likes to sniff in her shift on the bed. Know her

smell in a thousand. Bathwater too. Reminds me of strawberries and cream.

Wonder where it is really. There or the armpits or under the neck. Because

358

you get it out of all holes and corners. Hyacinth perfume made of oil of

ether or something. Muskrat. Bag under their tails one grain pour off odour

for years. Dogs at each other behind. Good evening. Evening. How do you

sniff? Hm. Hm. Very well, thank you. Animals go by that. Yes now, look

at it that way. We're the same. Some women for instance warn you off when

they have their period. Come near. Then get a hogo you could hang your hat

on. Like what? Potted herrings gone stale or. Boof! Please keep off the

grass.

Perhaps they get a man smell off us. What though? Cigary gloves Long

John had on his desk the other. Breath? What you eat and drink gives that.

No. Mansmell, I mean. Must be connected with that because priests that are

supposed to be are different. Women buzz round it like flies round treacle.

Railed off the altar get on to it at any cost. The tree of forbidden priest. O

father, will you? Let me be the first to. That diffuses itself all through the

body, permeates. Source of life and it's extremely curious the smell. Celery

sauce. Let me.

Mr Bloom inserted his nose. Hm. Into the. Hm. Opening of his

waistcoat. Almonds or. No. Lemons it is. Ah no, that's the soap.

O by the by that lotion. I knew there was something on my mind. Never

went back and the soap not paid. Dislike carrying bottles like that hag this

morning. Hynes might have paid me that three shillings. I could mention

Meagher's just to remind him. Still if he works that paragraph. Two and nine.

Bad opinion of me he'll have. Call tomorrow. How much do I owe you?

Three and nine? Two and nine, sir. Ah. Might stop him giving credit another

time. Lose your customers that way. Pubs do. Fellows run up a bill on the

slate and then slinking around the back streets into somewhere else.

Here's this nobleman passed before. Blown in from the bay. Just went

as far as turn back. Always at home at dinnertime. Looks mangled out: had a

good tuck in. Enjoying nature now. Grace after meals. After supper walk a

mile. Sure he has a small bank balance somewhere, government sit. Walk after

him now make him awkward like those newsboys me today. Still you learn

something. See ourselves as others see us. So long as women don't mock what

matter? That's the way to find out. Ask yourself who is he now. <i>The Mystery</i>

<i>Man on the Beach,</i> prize titbit story by Mr Leopold Bloom. Payment at the

rate of one guinea per column. And that fellow today at the graveside in the

brown macintosh. Corns on his kismet however. Healthy perhaps absorb all

the. Whistle brings rain they say. Must be some somewhere. Salt in the

359

Ormond damp. The body feels the atmosphere. Old Betty's joints are on the

rack. Mother Shipton's prophecy that is about ships around they fly in the

twinkling. No. Signs of rain it is. The royal reader. And distant hills seem

coming nigh.

Howth. Bailey light. Two, four, six, eight, nine. See. Has to change or

they might think it a house. Wreckers. Grace darling. People afraid of the

dark. Also glowworms, cyclists: lightingup time. Jewels diamonds flash better.

Light is a kind of reassuring. Not going to hurt you. Better now of course than

long ago. Country roads. Run you through the small guts for nothing. Still

two types there are you bob against. Scowl or smile. Pardon! Not at all. Best

time to spray plants too in the shade after the sun. Some light still. Red rays

are longest. Roygbiv Vance taught us: red, orange, yellow, green, blue,

indigo, violet. A star I see. Venus? Can't tell yet. Two, when three it's night.

Were those nightclouds there all the time? Looks like a phantom ship. No.

Wait. Trees are they? An optical illusion. Mirage. Land of the setting sun

this. Homerule sun setting in the southeast. My native land, goodnight.

Dew falling. Bad for you, dear, to sit on that stone. Brings on white

fluxions. Never have little baby then less he was big strong fight his way up

through. Might get piles myself. Sticks too like a summer cold, sore on the

mouth. Cut with grass or paper worst, Friction of the position. Like to be

that rock she sat on. O sweet little, you don't know how nice you looked.

I begin to like them at that age. Green apples. Grab at all that offer. Suppose

it's the only time we cross legs, seated. Also the library today: those girl

graduates. Happy chairs under them. But it's the evening influence. They

feel all that. Open like flowers, know their hours, sunflowers, Jerusalem

artichokes, in ballrooms, chandeliers, avenues under the lamps. Nightstock in

Mat Dillon's garden where I kissed her shoulder. Wish I had a full length

oilpainting of her then. June that was too I wooed. The year returns. History

repeats itself. Ye crags and peaks I'm with you once again. Life, love, voyage

round your own little world. And now? Sad about her lame of course but must

be on your guard not to feel too much pity. They take advantage.

All quiet on Howth now. The distant hills seem. Where we. The

rhododendrons. I am a fool perhaps. He gets the plums and I the plumstones.

Where I come in. All that old hill has seen. Names change: that's all.

Lovers: yum yum.

Tired I feel now. Will I get up? O wait. Drained all the manhood out of

me, little wretch. She kissed me. My youth. Never again. Only once it comes.

360

Or hers. Take the train there tomorrow. No. Returning not the same. Like

kids your second visit to a house. The new I want. Nothing new under the

sun. Care of P.O. Dolphin's barn. Are you not happy in your? Naughty

darling. At Dolphin's barn charades in Luke Doyle's house. Mat Dillon and his

bevy of daughters: Tiny, Atty, Floey, Maimy, Louy, Hetty. Molly too.

Eightyseven that was. Year before we. And the old major partial to his drop

of spirits. Curious she an only child, I an only child. So it returns. Think

you're escaping and run into yourself. Longest way round is the shortest way

home. And just when he and she. Circus horse walking in a ring. Rip van

Winkle we played. Rip: tear in Henny Doyle's overcoat. Van: breadvan

delivering. Winkle: cockles and periwinkles. Then I did Rip van Winkle

coming back. She leaned on the sideboard watching. Moorish eyes. Twenty

years asleep in Sleepy Hollow. All changed. Forgotten. The young are old.

His gun rusty from the drew.

Ba. What is that flying about? Swallow? Bat probably. Thinks I'm a tree,

so blind. Have birds no smell? Metempsychosis. They believed you could be

changed into a tree from grief. Weeping willow. Ba. There he goes. Funny

little beggar. Wonder where he lives. Belfry up there. Very likely. Hanging by

his heels in the odour of sanctity. Bell scared him out, I suppose. Mass seems

to be over. Could hear them all at it. Pray for us. And pray for us. And pray

for us. Good idea the repetition. Same thing with ads. Buy from us. And buy

from us. Yes, there's the light in the priest's house. Their frugal meal.

Remember about the mistake in the valuation when I was in Thom's.

Twentyeight it is. Two houses they have. Gabriel Conroy's brother is curate.

Ba. Again. Wonder why they come out at night like mice. They're a mixed

breed. Birds are like hopping mice. What frightens them, light or noise? Better

sit still. All instinct like the bird in drouth got water out of the end of a jar by

throwing in pebbles. Like a little man in a cloak he is with tiny hands. Weeny

bones. Almost see them shimmering, kind of a bluey white. Colours depend

on the light you see. Stare the sun for example like the eagle then look at a

shoe see a blotch blob yellowish. Wants to stamp his trademark on everything.

Instance, that cat this morning on the staircase. Colour of brown turf. Say you

never see them with three colours. Not true. That half tabbywhite tortoiseshell

in the <i>City Arms</i> with the letter em on her forehead. Body fifty different

colours. Howth a while ago amethyst. Glass flashing. That's how that wise

man what's his name with the burning glass. Then the heather goes on fire.

It can't be tourists' matches. What? Perhaps the sticks dry rub together in the

361

wind and light. Or broken bottles in the furze act as a burning glass in the

sun. Archimedes. I have it! My memory's not so bad.

Ba. Who knows what they're always flying for. Insects? That bee last

week got into the room playing with his shadow on the ceiling. Might be

the one bit me, come back to see. Birds too never find out what they say. Like

our small talk. And says she and says he. Nerve they have to fly over the ocean

and back. Lots must be killed in storms, telegraph wires. Dreadful life sailors

have too. Big brutes of oceangoing steamers floundering along in the dark,

lowing out like seacows. <i>Faugh a ballagh.</i> Out of that, bloody curse to you.

Others in vessels, bit of a handkerchief sail, pitched about like snuff at a wake

when the stormy winds do blow. Married too. Sometimes away for years at the

ends of the earth somewhere. No ends really because it's round. Wife in

every port they say. She has a good job if she minds it till Johnny comes

marching home again. If ever he does. Smelling the tail end of ports. How

can they like the sea? Yet they do. The anchor's weighed. Off he sails with a

scapular or a medal on him for luck. Well? And the tephilim no what's this

they call it poor papa's father had on his door to touch. That brought us out

of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage. Something in all those

superstitions because when you go out never know what dangers. Hanging on

to a plank or astride of a beam for grim life, lifebelt round round him, gulping

salt water, and that's the last of his nibs till the sharks catch hold of him.

Do fish ever get seasick?

Then you have a beautiful calm without a cloud, smooth sea, placid, crew

and cargo in smithereens, Davy Jones' locker. Moon looking down. Not my

fault, old cockalorum.

A lost long candle wandered up the sky from Mirus bazaar in search of

funds for Mercer's hospital and broke, drooping, and shed a cluster of violet

but one white stars. They floated, fell: they faded. The shepherd's hour: the

hour of folding: hour of tryst. From house to house, giving his everwelcome

double knock, went the nine o'clock postman, the glowworm's lamp at his

belt gleaming here and there through the laurel hedges. And among the five

young trees a hoisted lintstock lit the lamp at Leahy's terrace. By screens of

lighted windows, by equal gardens a shrill voice went crying, wailing: <i>Evening

Telegraph, stop press edition! Result of the Gold Cup races!</i> and from the door of

Dignam's house a boy ran out and called. Twittering the bat flew here, flew

there. Far out over the sands the coming surf crept, grey. Howth settled for

slumber tired of long days, of yumyum rhododendrons (he was old) and felt

362

gladly the night breeze lift, ruffle his fell of ferns. He lay but opened a red eye

unsleeping, deep and slowly breathing, slumberous but awake. And far on

Kish bank the anchored lightship twinkled, winked at Mr Bloom.

Life those chaps out there must have, stuck in the same spot. Irish Lights

board. Penance for their sins. Coastguards too. Rocket and breeches buoy and

lifeboat. Day we went out for the pleasure cruise in the Erin's King, throwing

them the sack of old papers. Bears in the zoo. Filthy trip. Drunkards out to

shake up their livers. Puking overboard to feed the herrings. Nausea. And the

women, fear of God in their faces. Milly, no sign of funk. Her blue scarf loose,

laughing. Don't know what death is at that age. And then their stomachs clean.

But being lost they fear. When we hid behind the tree at Crumlin. I didn't

want to. Mamma! Mamma! Babes in the wood. Frightening them with masks

too. Throwing them up in the air to catch them. I'll murder you. Is it only

half fun? Or children playing battle. Whole earnest. How can people aim

guns at each other. Sometimes they go off. Poor kids. Only troubles wildfire

and nettlerash. Calomel purge I got her for that. After getting better asleep

with Molly. Very same teeth she has. What do they love? Another themselves?

But the morning she chased her with the umbrella. Perhaps so as not to hurt.

I felt her pulse. Ticking. Little hand it was: now big. Dearest Papli. All that

the hand says when you touch. Loved to count my waistcoat buttons. Her first

stays I remember. Made me laugh to see. Little paps to begin with. Left one

is more sensitive, I think. Mine too. Nearer the heart. Padding themselves

out if fat is in fashion. Her growing pains at night, calling, wakening me.

Frightened she was when her nature came on her first. Poor child! Strange

moment for the mother too. Brings back her girlhood. Gibraltar. Looking from

Buena Vista. O'Hara's tower. The seabirds screaming. Old Barbary ape that

gobbled all his family. Sundown, gunfire for the men to cross the lines.

Looking out over the sea she told me. Evening like this, but clear, no clouds.

I always thought I'd marry a lord or a gentleman with a private yacht. <i>Buenas

noches, señorita. El hombre ama la muchaha hermosa.</i> Why me? Because you

were so foreign from the others.

Better not stick here all night like a limpet. This weather makes you dull.

Must be getting on for nine by the light. Go home. Too late for <i>Leah, Lily of

Killarney</i>. No. Might be still up. Call to the hospital to see. Hope she's over.

Long day I've had. Martha, the bath, funeral, house of keys, museum with

those goddesses, Dedalus' song. Then that bawler in Barney Kiernan's. Got my

own back there. Drunken ranters. What I said about his God made him wince.

363

Mistake to hit back. Or? No. Ought to go home and laugh at themselves.

Always want to be swilling in company. Afraid to be alone like a child of two.

Suppose he hit me. Look at it other way round. Not so bad then. Perhaps not

to hurt he meant. Three cheers for Israel. Three cheers for the sister-in-law

he hawked about, three fangs in her mouth. Same style of beauty. Particularly

nice old party for a cup of tea. The sister of the wife of the wild man of Borneo

has just come to town. Imagine that in the early morning at close range.

Everyone to his taste as Morris said when he kissed the cow. But Dignam's

put the boots on it. Houses of mourning so depressing because you never

know. Anyhow she wants the money. Must call to those Scottish widows as

I promised. Strange name. Takes it for granted we're going to pop off first.

That widow on Monday was is outside Cramer's that looked at me. Buried

the poor husband but progressing favourably on the premium. Her widow's

mite. Well? What do you expect her to do? Must wheedle her way along.

Widower I hate to see. Looks so forlorn. Poor man O'Connor wife and five

children poisoned by mussels here. The sewage. Hopeless. Some good

matronly woman in a porkpie hat to mother him. Take him in tow, platter

face and a large apron. Ladies' grey flanelette bloomers, three shillings a pair,

astonishing bargain. Plain and loved, loved for ever, they say. Ugly: no

woman thinks she is. Love, lie and be handsome for tomorrow we die. See

him sometimes walking about trying to find out who played the trick. U.p:

up. Fate that is. He, not me. Also a shop often noticed. Curse seems to dog

it. Dreamt last night? Wait. Something confused. She had red slippers on.

Turkish. Wore the breeches. Suppose she does. Would I like her in pyjamas?

Damned hard to answer. Nannetti's gone. Mailboat. Near Holyhead by now.

Must nail that ad of Keyes's. Work Hynes and Crawford. Petticoats for Molly.

She has something to put in them. What's that? Might be money.

Mr Bloom stooped and turned over a piece of paper on the strand. He

brought it near his eyes and peered. Letter? No. Can't read. Better go. Better.

I'm tired to move. Page of an old copybook. All those holes and pebbles.

Who could count them? Never know what you find. Bottle with story of a

treasure in it thrown from a wreck. Parcels post. Children always want to throw

things in the sea. Trust? Bread cast on the waters. What's this? Bit of

stick.

O! Exhausted that female has me. Not so young now. Will she come here

tomorrow? Wait for her somewhere for ever. Must come back. Murderers do.

Will I?

364

Mr Bloom with his stick gently vexed the thick sand at his foot. Write a

message for her. Might remain. What?

I.

Some flatfoot tramp on it in the morning. Useless. Washed away. Tide

comes here a pool near her foot. Bend, see my face there, dark mirror,

breathe on it, stirs. All these rocks with lines and scars and letters. O, those

transparent! Besides they don't know. What is the meaning of that other

world. I called you naughty boy because I do not like.

AM. A.

No room. Let it go.

Mr Bloom effaced the letters with his slow boot. Hopeless thing sand.

Nothing grows in it. All fades. No fear of big vessels coming up here. Except

Guinness's barges. Round the Kish in eighty days. Done half by design.

He flung his wooden pen away. The stick fell in silted sand, stuck. Now

if you were trying to do that for a week on end you couldn't. Chance. We'll

never meet again. But it was lovely. Goodbye, dear. Thanks. Made me feel so

young.

Short snooze now if I had. Must be near nine. Liverpool boat long gone.

Not even the smoke. And she can do the other. Did too. And Belfast. I won't

go. Race there, race back to Ennis. Let him. Just close my eyes a moment.

Won't sleep though. Half dream. It never comes the same. Bat again. No harm

in him. Just a few.

O sweety all your little girlwhite up I saw dirty bracegirdle made me do

love sticky we two naughty Grace darling she him half past the bed met him

pike hoses frillies for Raoul to perfume your wife black hair heave under embon

<i>señorita</i> young eyes Mulvey plump years dreams return tail end Agendath swoony

lovey showed me her next year in drawers return next in her next her next.

A bat flew. Here. There. Here. Far in the grey a bell chimed. Mr Bloom

with open mouth, his left boot sanded sideways, leaned, breathed. Just for a few

<i>Cuckoo.</i>

<i>Cuckoo.</i>

<i>Cuckoo.</i>

The clock on the mantelpiece in the priest's house cooed where Canon

O'Hanlon and Father Conroy and the reverend John Hughes S.J. were taking

365

tea and sodabread and butter and fried mutton chops with catsup and talking

about

<i>Cuckoo.</i>

<i>Cuckoo.</i>

<i>Cuckoo.</i>

Because it was a little canarybird bird that came out of its little house to

tell the time that Gerty MacDowell noticed the time she was there because

she was as quick as anything about a thing like that, was Gerty MacDowell,

and she noticed at once that that foreign gentleman that was sitting on the

rocks looking was

<i>Cuckoo.</i>

<i>Cuckoo.</i>

<i>Cuckoo.</i>