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Yes because he never did a thing like that before as ask to get his breakfast

in bed with a couple of eggs since the <i>City Arms</i> hotel when he used to be

pretending to be laid up with a sick voice doing his highness to make himself

interesting to that old faggot Mrs Riordan that he thought he had a great leg of

and she never left us a farthing all for masses for herself and her soul greatest

miser ever was actually afraid to lay out 4 d for her methylated spirit telling me

all her ailments she had too much old chat in her about politics and earthquakes

and the end of the world let us have a bit of fun first God help the world

if all the women were her sort down on bathingsuits and lownecks of

course nobody wanted her to wear I suppose she was pious because no man

would look at her twice I hope Ill never be like her a wonder she didnt

want us to cover our faces but she was a welleducated woman certainly and her

gabby talk about Mr Riordan here and Mr Riordan there I suppose he was glad

to get shut of her and her dog smelling my fur and always edging to get up

under my petticoats especially then still I like that in him polite to old women

like that and waiters and beggars too hes not proud out of nothing but not

always if ever he got anything really serious the matter with him its much

better for them to go into a hospital where everything is clean but I suppose

Id have to dring it into him for a month yes and then wed have a hospital

nurse next thing on the carpet have him staying there till they throw him

out or a nun maybe like the smutty photo he has shes as much a nun as

Im not yes because theyre so weak and puling when theyre sick they want a

woman to get well if his nose bleeds youd think it was O tragic and that

dyinglooking one off the south circular when he sprained his foot at the choir

party at the sugarloof Mountain the day I wore that dress Miss Stack

bringing him flowers the worst old ones she could find at the bottom of the

basket anything at all to get into a mans bedroom with her old maids voice

691

trying to imagine he was dying on account of her to never see thy face

again though he looked more like a man with his beard a bit grown in the bed

father was the same besides I hate bandaging and dosing when he cut his toe with

the razor paring his corns afraid hed get blood poisoning but if it was a thing

I was sick then wed see what attention only of course the woman hides it

not to give all the trouble they do yes he came somewhere Im sure by his

appetite anyway love its not or hed be off his feed thinking of her so either it

was one of those night women if it was down there he was really and the hotel

story he made up a pack of lies to hide it planning it Hynes kept me who did

I meet ah yes I met do you remember Menton and who else who let me see

that big babbyface I saw him and he not long married flirting with a young

girl at Pooles Myriorana and turned my back on him when he slinked out

looking quite conscious what harm but he had the impudence to make up

to me one time well done to him mouth almighty and his boiled eyes of all

the big stupoes I ever met and thats called a solicitor only for I hate having a

long wrangle in bed or else if its not that its some little bitch or other he got

in with somewhere or picked up on the sly if they only knew him as well as I

do yes because the day before yesterday he was scribbling something a letter

when I came into the front room for the matches to show him Dignams

death in the paper as if something told me and he covered it up with the

blottingpaper pretending to be thinking about business so very probably that

was it to somebody who thinks she has a softy in him because all men get a bit

like that at his age especially getting on to forty he is now so as to wheedle

any money she can out of him no fool like an old fool and then the usual

kissing my bottom was to hide it not that I care two straws who he does it with

or knew before that way though Id like to find out so long as I dont have the

two of them under my nose all the time like that slut that Mary we had

in Ontario Terrace padding out her false bottom to excite him bad enough

to get the smell of those painted women off him once or twice I had a

suspicion by getting him to come near me when I found the long hair on his

coat without that one when I went into the kitchen pretending he was drinking

water 1 woman is not enough for them it was all his fault of course ruining

servants then proposing that she could eat at our table on Christmas if you please

O no thank you not in my house stealing my potatoes and the oysters 2/6 per

doz going out to see her aunt if you please common robbery so it was but I was

sure he had something on with that one it takes me to find out a thing like

that he said you have no proof it was her proof O yes her aunt was very fond

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of oysters but I told her what I thought of her suggesting me to go out to be

alone with her I wouldnt lower myself to spy on them the garters I found in

her room the Friday she was out that was enough for me a little bit too much

I saw to that her face swelled up on her with temper when I gave her her

weeks notice better do without them altogether do out the rooms myself

quicker only for the damn cooking and throwing out the dirt I gave it to

him anyhow either she or me leaves the house I couldnt even touch him if

I thought he was with a dirty barefaced liar and sloven like that one deuying

it up to my face and singing about the place in the WC too because she

knew she was too well off yes because he couldnt possibly do without it that

long so he must do it somewhere and the last time he came on my bottom

when was it the night Boylan gave my hand a great squeeze going along by

the Tolka in my hand there steals another I just pressed the back of his like

that with my thumb to squeeze back singing the young May Moon shes

beaming love because he has an idea about him and me hes not such a fool he

said Im dining out and going to the Gaiety though Im not going to give him

the satisfaction in any case God knows hes change in a way not to be always

and ever wearing the same old hat unless I paid some nicelooking boy to do

it since I cant do it myself a young boy would like me Id confuse him a little

alone with him if we were Id let him see my garters the new ones and make him

turn red looking at him seduce him I know what boys feel with that down

on their cheek doing that frigging drawing out the thing by the hour question

and answer would you do this that and the other with the coalman yes with

a bishop yes I would because I told him about some Dean or Bishop was

sitting beside me in the jews Temples gardens when I was knitting that

woollen thing a stranger to Dublin what place was it and so on about the

monuments and he tired me out with statues encouraging him making him

worse than he is who is in your mind now tell me who are you thinking of

who is it tell me his name who tell me who the German Emperor is it yes

imagine Im him think of him can you feel him trying to make a whore of

me what he never will he ought to give it up now at this age of his life

simply ruination for any woman and no satisfaction in it pretending to like it

till he comes and then finish it off myself anyway and it makes your lips pale

anyhow its done now once and for all with all the talk of the world about it

people make its only the first time after that its just the ordinary do it and

think no more about it why cant you kiss a man without going and marrying

him first you sometimes love to wildly when you feel that way so nice all

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over you you cant help yourself I wish some man or other would take me

sometime when hes there and kiss me in his arms theres nothing like a kiss

long and hot down to your soul almost paralyses you then I hate that

confession when I used to go to Father Corrigan he touched me father and

what harm if he did where and I said on the canal bank like a fool but

whereabouts on your person my child on the leg behind high up was it yes

rather high up was it where you sit down yes O Lord couldnt he say bottom

right out and have done with it what has that got to do with it and did

you whatever way he put it I forget no father and I always think of the

real father what did he want to know for when I already confessed it to God

he had a nice fat hand the palm moist always I wouldnt mind feeling it neither

would he Id say by the bullneck in his horsecollar I wonder did he know

me in the box I could see his face he couldnt see mine of course hed never

turn or let on still his eyes were red when his father died theyre lost for a

woman of course must be terrible when a man cries let alone them Id like

to be embraced by one in his vestments and the smell of incense off him like

the pope besides theres no danger with a priest if youre married hes too

careful about himself then give something to HH the pope for a penance

I wonder was he satisfied with me one thing I didnt like his slapping me behind

going away so familiarly in the hall though I laughed Im not a horse or an ass

am I I suppose he was thinking of his father I wonder is he awake thinking of

me or dreaming am I in it who gave him that flower he said he bought he

smelt of some kind of a drink not whisky or stout or perhaps the sweety kind

of paste they stick their bills up with some liquor Id like to sip those richlooking

green and yellow expensive drinks those stagedoor johnnies drink with the

opera hats I tasted once with my finger dipped out of that American that had

the squirrel talking stamps with father he had all he could do to keep himself

from falling asleep after the last time we took the port and potted meat

it had a fine salty taste yes because I felt lovely and tired myself and fell

asleep as sound as a top the moment I popped straight into bed till that

thunder woke me up as if the world was coming to an end God be

merciful to us I thought the heavens were coming down about us to punish

when I blessed myself and said a Hail Mary like those awful thunderbolts in

Gibraltar and then they come and tell you theres no God what could you do if

it was running and rushing about nothing only make an act of contrition the

candle I lit that evening in Whitefriars street chapel for the month of May see it

brought its luck though hed scoff if he heard because he never goes to church

694

burst though his nose is not so big after I took off all my things with the

blinds down after my hours dressing and perfuming and combing it like iron

or some kind of a thick crowbar standing all the time he must have eaten

oysters I think a few dozen he was in great singing voice no I never in all

my life felt anyone had one the size of that to make you feel full up he

must have eaten a whole sheep after whats the idea making us like that with

a big hole in the middle of us like a Stallion driving it up into you because

thats all they want out of you with that determined vicious look in his eye

I had to halfshut my eyes still he hasnt such a tremendous amount of spunk

in him when I made him pull it out and do it on me considering how big it

is so much the better in case any of it wasnt washed out properly the last

time I let him finish it in me nice invention they made for women for him

to get all the pleasure but if someone gave them a touch of it themselves theyd

know what I went through with Milly nobody would believe cutting her

teeth too and Mina Purefoys husband give us a swing out of your whiskers

filling her up with a child or twins once a year as regular as the clock always

with a smell of children off her the one they called budgers or something like

a nigger with a shock of hair on it Jesusjack the child is a black the last time

I was there a squad of them falling over one another and bawling you couldnt

hear your ears supposed to be healthy not satisfied till they have us swollen

out like elephants or I dont know what supposing I risked having another

not off him though still if he was married Im sure hed have a fine strong

child but I dont know Poldy has more spunk in him yes thatd be awfully

jolly I suppose it was meeting Josie Powell and the funeral and thinking about

me and Boylan set him off well he can think what he likes now if thatll do

him any good I know they were spooning a bit when I came on the scene he

was dancing and sitting out with her the night of Georgina Simpsons

housewarming and then he wanted to ram it down my neck on account of not

liking to see her a wallflower that was why we had the standup row over politics

he began it not me when he said about Our Lord being a carpenter at last he

made me cry of course a woman is so sensitive about every thing I was fuming

with myself after for giving in only for I knew he was gone on me and the first

socialist he said He was he annoyed me so much I couldnt put him into a temper still

he knows a lot of mixed up things especially about the body and the insides

I often wanted to study up that myself what we have inside us in that family

physician I could always hear his voice talking when the room was crowded

and watch him after that I pretended I had on a coolness with her over him

695

mass or meeting he says your soul you have no soul inside only grey matter

because he doesnt know what it is to have one yes when I lit the lamp yes because

he must have come 3 or 4 times with that tremendous big red brute of a thing

he has I thought the vein or whatever the dickens they call it was going to

because he used to be a bit on the jealous side whenever he asked who are you

going to and I said over to Floey and he made me the present of lord Byrons

poems and the three pairs of gloves so that finished that I could quite easily

get him to make it up any time I know how Id even supposing he got in with

her again and was going out to see her somewhere Id know if he refused to eat the

onions I know plenty of ways ask him to tuck down the collar of my blouse or

touch him with my veil and gloves on going out 1 kiss then wouldsend them all

spinning however alright well see then let him go to her she of course would

only be too delighted to pretend shes mad in love with him that I wouldnt so much

mind Id just go to her and ask her do you love him and look her square in the

eyes she couldnt fool me but he might imagine he was and make a declaration

with his plabbery kind of a manner to her like he did to me though I had the devils

own job to get it out of him though I liked him for that it showed he could

hold in and wasnt to be got for the asking he was on the pop of asking me

too the night in the kitchen I was rolling the potato cake theres something

I want to say to you only for I put him off letting on I was in a temper with

my hands and arms full of pasty flour in any case I let out too much the

night before talking of dreams so I didnt want to let him know more than

was good for him she used to be always embracing me Josie whenever he

was there meaning him of course glauming me over and when I said I

washed up and down as far as possible asking me did you wash possible the

women are always egging on to that putting it on thick when hes there

they know by his sly eye blinking a bit putting on the indifferent when

they come out with something the kind he is what spoils him I dont

wonder in the least because he was very handsome at that time trying to look

like lord Byron I said I liked though he was too beautiful for a man and he was

a little before we got engaged afterwards though she didnt like it so much the

day I was in fits of laughing with the giggles I couldnt stop about all my hairpins

falling one after another with the mass of hair I had youre always in great

humour she said yes because it grigged her because she knew what it meant

because I used to tell her a good bit of what went on between us not all but just

enough to make her month water but that wasnt my fault she didnt darken

the door much after we were married I wonder what shes got like now

696

after living with that dotty husband of hers she had her face beginning to look

drawn and run down the last time I saw her she must have been just after a

row with him because I saw on the moment she was edging to draw down a

conversation about husbands and talk about him to run him down what was it

she told me O yes that sometimes he used to go to bed with his muddy boots

on when the maggot takes him just imagine having to get into bed with a

thing like that that might murder you any moment what a man well its not

the one way everyone goes mad Poldy anyway whatever he does always wipes

his feet on the mat when he comes in wet or shine and always blacks his own

boots too and he always takes off his hat when he comes up in the street like

that and now hes going about in his slippers to look for £ 10000 for a

postcard up up O Sweetheart May wouldnt a thing like that simply bore you

stiff to extinction actually too stupid even to take his boots off now what

could you make of a man like that Id rather die 20 times over than marry

another of their sex of course hed never find another woman like me to put up

with him the way I do know me come sleep with me yes and he knows that too

at the bottom of his heart take that Mrs Maybrick that poisoned her husband

for what I wonder in love with some other man yes it was found out on her

wasnt she the downright villain to go and do a thing like that of course

some men can be dreadfully aggravating drive you mad and always the

worst word in the world what do they ask us to marry them for if were so

bad as all that comes to yes because they cant get on without us white Arsenic

she put in his tea of flypaper wasnt it I wonder why they call it that if I asked

him hed say its from the Greek leave us as wise as we were before she must

have been madly in love with the other fellow to run the chance of being

hanged O she didnt care if that was her nature what could she do besides

theyre not brutes enough to go and hang a woman surely are they

theyre all so different Boylan talking about the shape of my foot he

noticed at once even before he was introduced when I was in the DBC with

Poldy laughing and trying to listen I was waggling my foot we both ordered

2 teas and plain bread and butter I saw him looking with his two old maids of

sisters when I stood up and asked the girl where it was what do I care with it

dropping out of me and that black closed breeches he made me buy takes you

half an hour to let them down wetting all myself always with some brandnew

fad every other week such a long one I did I forgot my suede gloves on

the seat behind that I never got after some robber of a woman and he wanted

me to put it in the Irish Times lost in the ladies lavatory DBC Dame street

697

finder return to Mrs Marion Bloom and I saw his eyes on my feet going out

through the turning door he was looking when I looked back and I went there

for tea 2 days after in the hope but he wasnt now how did that excite him

because I was crossing them when we were in the other room first he meant the

shoes that are too tight to walk in my hand is nice like that if I only had a

ring with the stone for my mouth a nice aquamarine Ill stick him for one

and a gold bracelet I dont like my foot so much still I made him spend

once with my foot the night after Goodwins botchup of a concert so cold

and windy it was well we had that rum in the house to mull and the

fire wasnt black out when he asked to take off my stockings lying on the

hearthrug in Lombard street well and another time it was my muddy boots

hed like me to walk in all the horses dung I could find but of course hes

not natural like the rest of the world that I what did he say I could give

9 points in 10 to Katty Lanner and beat her what does that mean I asked him

I forget what he said because the stoppress edition just passed and the man with

the curly hair in the Lucan dairy thats so polite I think I saw his face before

somewhere I noticed him when I was tasting the butter so I took my time

Bartell dArcy too that he used to make fun of when he commenced kissing

me on the choir stairs after I sang Gounods <i>Ave Maria</i> what are we waiting

for O my heart kiss me straight on the brow and part which is my brown

part he was pretty hot for all his tinny voice too my low notes he was always

raving about if you can believe him I liked the way he used his mouth singing

then he said wasnt it terrible to do that there in a place like that I dont see

anything so terrible about it Ill tell him about that some day not now and

surprise him ay and Ill take him there and show him the very place too we

did it so now there you are like it or lump it he thinks nothing can happen

without him knowing he hadnt an idea about my mother till we were

engaged otherwise hed never have got me so cheap as he did he was 10

times worse himself anyhow begging me to give him a tiny bit cut off my

drawers that was the evening coming along Kenilworth Square he kissed

me in the eye of my glove and I had to take it off asking me questions

is it permitted to inquire the shape of my bedroom so I let him keep

it as if I forgot it to think of me when I saw him slip it into his

pocket of course hes mad on the subject of drawers thats plain to be seen

always skeezing at those brazenfaced things on the bicycles with their skirts

blowing up to their navels even when Milly and I were out with him

at the open air fete that one in the cream muslin standing right against the

698

sun so he could see every atom she had on when he saw me from behind

following in the rain I saw him before he saw me however standing at the

corner of the Harolds cross road with a new raincoat on him with the muffler

in the Zingari colours to show off his complexion and the brown hat looking

slyboots as usual what was he doing there where hed no business they can go

and get whatever they like from anything at all with a skirt on it and were

not to ask any questions but they want to know where were you where

are you going I could feel him coming along skulking after me his eyes on

my neck he had been keeping away from the house he felt it was getting

too warm for him so I halfturned and stopped then he pestered me to

say yes till I took off my glove slowly watching him he said my openwork

sleeves were too cold for the rain anything for an excuse to put his hand

anear me drawers drawers the whole blessed time till I promised to give

him the pair off my doll to carry about in his waistcoat pocket <i>O Maria

Santisima</i> he did look a big fool dreeping in the rain splendid set of teeth he

had made me hungry to look at them and beseeched of me to lift the orange

petticoat I had on with sunray pleats that there was nobody he said hed kneel

down in the wet if I didnt so persevering he would too and ruin his new

raincoat you never know what freak theyd take alone with you theyre so savage

for it if anyone was passing so I lifted them a bit and touched his trousers

outside the way I used to Gardner after with my ring hand to keep him from

doing worse where it was too public I was dying to find out was he

circumcised he was shaking like a jelly all over they want to do everything

too quick take all the pleasure out of it and father waiting all the time

for his dinner he told me to say I left my purse in the butchers and had

to go back for it what a Deceiver then he wrote me that letter with all

those words in it how could he have the face to any woman after his

company manners making it so awkward after when we met asking me

have I offended you with my eyelids down of course he saw I wasnt he had

a few brains not like that other fool Henny Doyle he was always breaking

or tearing something in the charades I hate an unlucky man and if I knew

what it meant of course I had to say no for form sake dont understand you

I said and wasnt it natural so it is of course it used to be written up with a

picture of a womans on that wall in Gibraltar with that word I couldnt find

anywhere only for children seeing it too young then writing a letter every

morning sometimes twice a day I liked the way he made love then he knew the

way to take a woman when he sent me the 8 big poppies because mine

699

was the 8^#'t^#'h then I wrote the night he kissed my heart at Dolphins barn I

couldnt describe it simply it makes you feel like nothing on earth but he

never knew how to embrace well like Gardner I hope hell come on Monday

as he said at the same time four I hate people who come at all hours answer

the door you think its the vegetables then its somebody and you all undressed

or the door of the filthy sloppy kitchen blows open the day old frostyface

Goodwin called about the concert in Lombard street and I just after dinner all

flushed and tossed with boiling old stew dont look at me professor I had to

say Im a fright yes but he was a real old gent in his way it was impossible

to be more respectful nobody to say youre out you have to peep out through

the blind like the messengerboy today I thought it was a putoff first him

sending the port and the peaches first and I was just beginning to yawn with

nerves thinking he was trying to make a fool of me when I knew his tattarrattat at

the door he must have been a bit late because it was 1/4 after 3 when I saw the

2 Dedalus girls coming from school I never know the time even that watch

he gave me never seems to go properly Id want to get it looked after when I

threw the penny to that lame sailor for England home and beauty when I was

whistling there is a charming girl I love and I hadnt even put on my clean shift

or powdered myself or a thing then this day week were to go to Belfast just as

well he has to go to Ennis his fathers anniversary the 27th it wouldnt be pleasant

if he did suppose our rooms at the hotel were beside each other and any

fooling went on in the new bed I couldnt tell him to stop and not bother me

with him in the next room or perhaps some protestant clergyman with a

cough knocking on the wall then he wouldnt believe next day we didnt do

something its all very well a husband but you cant fool a lover after me telling

him we never did anything of course he didnt believe me no its better hes

going where he is besides something always happens with him the time going

to the Mallow Concert at Maryborough ordering boiling soup for the two of

us then the bell rang out he walks down the platform with the soup splashing

about taking spoonfuls of it hadnt he the nerve and the waiter after him

making a holy show of us screeching and confusion for the engine to start

but he wouldnt pay till he finished it the two gentlemen in the 3rd class

carriage said he was quite right so he was too hes so pigheaded sometimes

when he gets a thing into his head a good job he was able to open the carriage

door with his knife or theyd have taken us on to Cork I suppose that was

done out of revenge on him O I love jaunting in a train or a car with lovely

soft cushions I wonder will he take a 1st class for me he might want to do it

700

in the train by tipping the guard well O I suppose there'll be the usual idiots

of men gaping at us with their eyes as stupid as ever they can possibly be that

was an exceptional man that common workman that left us alone in the

carriage that day going to Howth Id like to find out something about him

1 or 2 tunnels perhaps then you have to look out of the window all the

nicer then coming back suppose I never came back what would they say

eloped with him that gets you on on the stage the last concert I sang at

where its over a year ago when was it St Teresas hall Clarendon St little

chits of missies they have now singing Kathleen Kearney and her like on

account of father being in the army and my singing the absentminded

beggar and wearing a brooch for lord Roberts when I had the map of it

all and Poldy not Irish enough was it him managed it this time I wouldnt

put it past him like he got me on to sing in the <i>Stabat Mater</i> by going

around saying he was putting Lead Kindly Light to music I put him up

to that till the jesuits found out he was a freemason thumping the piano lead

Thou me on copied from some old opera yes and he was going about with some

of them Sinner Fein lately or whatever they call themselves talking his usual

trash and nonsense he says that little man he showed me without the neck is

very intelligent the coming man Griffith is he well he doesnt look it thats all

I can say still it must have been him he knew there was a boycott I hate the

mention of politics after the war that Pretoria and Ladysmith and Bloemfontein

where Gardner Lieut Stanley G 8th Bn 2nd East Lancs Rgt of enteric fever

he was a lovely fellow in khaki and just the right height over me Im sure he

was brave too he said I was lovely the evening we kissed goodbye at the canal

lock my Irish beauty he was pale with excitement about going away or wed be

seen from the road he couldnt stand properly and I so hot as I never felt they

could have made their peace in the beginning or old oom Paul and the rest of

the old Krugers go and fight it out between them instead of dragging on for

years killing any finelooking men there were with their fever if he was even

decently shot it wouldnt have been so bad I love to see a regiment pass in

review the first time I saw the Spanish cavalry at La Roque it was lovely after

looking across the bay from Algeciras all the lights of the rock like fireflies

or those sham battles on the 15 acres the Black Watch with their kilts in time

at the march past the 10th hussars the prince of Wales own or the

lancers O the lancers theyre grand or the Dublins that won Tugela his

father made his money over selling the horses for the cavalry well he

could buy me a nice present up in Belfast after what I gave him theyve

701

lovely linen up there or one of those nice kimono things I must buy

a mothball like I had before to keep in the drawer with them it would be

exciting going around with him shopping buying those things in a new

city better leave this ring behind want to keep turning and turning to get

it over the knuckle there or they might bell it round the town in their papers

or tell the police on me but theyd think were married O let them all go

and smother themselves for the fat lot I care he has plenty of money and hes

not a marrying man so somebody better get it out of him if I could find out

whether he likes me I looked a bit washy of course when I looked close in the

handglass powdering a mirror never gives you the expression besides scrooching

down on me like that all the time with his big hipbones hes heavy too with his

hairy chest for this heat always having to lie down for them better for him put

it into me from behind the way Mrs Mastiansky told me her husband made her

like the dogs do it and stick out her tongue as far as ever she could and he so

quiet and mild with his tingating cither can you ever be up to men the way it

takes them lovely stuff in that blue suit he had on and stylish tie and socks with

the skyblue silk things on them hes certainly welloff I know by the cut his

clothes have and his heavy watch but he was like a perfect devil for a few

minutes after he came back with the stop press tearing up the tickets and

swearing blazes because he lost 20 quid he said he lost over that outsider

that won and half he put on for me on account of Lenehans tip cursing him

to the lowest pits that sponger he was making free with me after the Glencree

dinner coming back that long joult over the featherbed mountain after the lord

Mayor looking at me with his dirty eyes Val Dillon that big heathen I first noticed

him at dessert when I was cracking the nuts with my teeth I wished I could have

picked every morsel of that chicken out of my fingers it it was so tasty and

browned and as tender as anything only for I didnt want to eat everything

on my plate those forks and fishslicers were hallmarked silver too I wish

I had some I could easily have slipped a couple into my muff when I was

playing with them then always hanging out of them for money in a

restaurant for the bit you put down your throat we have to be thankful

for our mangy cup of tea itself as a great compliment to be noticed the

way the world is divided in any case if its going to go on I want at least

two other good chemises for one thing and but I dont know what kind of

drawers he likes none at all I think didnt he say yes and half the girls in

Gibraltar never wore them either naked as God made them that Andalusian

singing her Manola she didnt make much secret of what she hadnt yes and the

702

second pair of silkette stockings is laddered after one days wear I could have

brought them back to Lewers this morning and kick up a row and

made that one change them only not to upset myself and run the risk

of walking into him and ruining the whole thing and one of those kidfitting

corsets Id want advertised cheap in the Gentlewoman with elastic gores on the

hips he saved the one I have but thats no good what did they say they give a

delightful figure line 11/6 obviating that unsightly broad appearance across the

lower back to reduce flesh my belly is a bit too big Ill have to knock off the

stout at dinner or am I getting too fond of it the last they sent from ORourkes

was as flat as a pancake he makes his money easy Larry they call him the

old mangy parcel he sent at Xmas a cottage cake and a bottle of hogwash he

tried to palm off as claret that he couldnt get anyone to drink God spare

his spit for fear hed die of the drouth or I must do a few breathing exercises

I wonder is that antifat any good might overdo it thin ones are not so much

the fashion now garters that much I have the violet pair I wore today thats

all he bought me out of the cheque he got on the first O no there was the

face lotion I finished the last of yesterday that made my skin like new I told

him over and over again get that made up in the same place and dont forget it

God only knows whether he did after all I said to him Ill know by the bottle

anyway if not I suppose Ill only have to wash in my piss like beeftea or

chickensoup with some of that opoponax and violet I thought it was

beginning to look coarse or old a bit the skin underneath is much finer

where it peeled off there on my finger after the burn its a pity it isnt all

like that and the four paltry handerchiefs about 6/- in all sure you cant

get on in this world without style all going in food and rent when I get it

Ill lash it around I tell you in fine style I always want to throw a handful

of tea into the pot measuring and mincing if I buy a pair of old brogues

itself do you like those new shoes yes how much were they Ive no

clothes at all the brown costume and the skirt and jacket and the one at the

cleaners 3 whats that for any woman cutting up this old hat and patching

up the other the men wont look at you and women try to walk on you

because they know youve no man then with all the things getting dearer

every day for the 4 years more I have of life up to 35 no Im what am I at all

Ill be 33 in September will I what O well look at that Mrs Galbraith shes much

older than me I saw her when I was out last week her beautys on the wane

she was a lovely woman magnificent head of hair on her down to her waist tossing

it back like that like Kitty OShea in Grantham street 1st thing I did every morning

703

to look across see her combing it as if she loved it and was full of it pity I only

got to know her the day before we left and that Mrs Langtry the Jersey

Lily the prince of Wales was in love with I suppose hes like the first man

going the roads only for the name of a king theyre all made the one way

only a black mans Id like to try a beauty up to what was she 45 there

was some funny story about the jealous old husband what was it at all and an

oyster knife he went no he made her wear a kind of a tin thing around

her and the prince of Wales yes he had the oyster knife cant be true a thing

like that like some of those books he brings me the works of Master

Francois somebody supposed to be a priest about a child born out of her

ear because her bumgut fell out a nice word for any priest to write and her

a -- e as if any fool wouldnt know what that meant I hate that pretending of

all things with the old blackguards face on him anybody can see its not true and

that Ruby and Fair Tyrants he brought me that twice I remember when I came

to page 50 the part about where she hangs him up out of a hook with a cord

flagellate sure theres nothing for a woman in that all invention made up about

he drinking the champagne out of her slipper after the ball was over like the infant

Jesus in the crib at Inchicore in the Blessed Virgins arms sure no woman could

have a child that big taken out of her and I thought first it came out of her

side because how could she go to the chamber when she wanted to and she a

rich lady of course she felt honoured H.R.H. he was in Gibraltar the year

I was born I bet he found lilies there too where he planted the tree he planted

more than that in his time he might have planted me too if hed come

a bit sooner then I wouldnt be here as I am he ought to chuck that Freeman

with the paltry few shillings he knocks out of it and go into an office or

something where hed get regular pay or a bank where they could put

him up on a throne to count the money all the day of course he prefers

plottering about the house so you cant stir with him any side whats your

programme today I wish hed even smoke a pipe like father to get the smell

of a man or pretending to be mooching about for advertisements when he

could have been in Mr Cuffes still only for what he did then sending me to

try and patch it up I could have got him promoted there to be the manager

he gave me a great mirada once or twice first he was as stiff as the

mischief really and truly Mrs Bloom only I felt rotten simply with the old

rubbishy dress that I lost the leads out of the tails with no cut in it but

theyre coming into fashion again I bought it simply to please him I knew it

was no good by the finish pity I changed my mind of going to Todd and

704

Burns as I said and not Lees it was just like the shop itself rummage sale a

lot of trash I hate those rich shops get on your nerves nothing kills me

altogether only he thinks he knows a great lot about a womans dress and

cooking mathering everything he can scour off the shelves into it if I went by

his advices every blessed hat I put on does that suit me yes take that thats

alright the one like a wedding cake standing up miles off my head he said suited

me or the dishcover one coming down on my backside on pins and needles

about the shop girl in that place in Grafton street I had the misfortune to

bring him into and she as insolent as ever she could be with her smirk saying

Im afraid were giving you too much trouble whats she there for but I stared

it out of her yes he was awfully stiff and no wonder but he changed the

second time he looked Poldy pigheaded as usual like the soup but I could see

him looking very hard at my chest when he stood up to open the door for

me it was nice of him to show me out in any case Im extremely sorry

Mrs Bloom believe me without making it too marked the first time after him

being insulted and me being supposed to be his wife I just half smiled I know

my chest was out that way at the door when he said Im extremely sorry and

Im sure you were

yes I think he made them a bit firmer sucking them like that so long he made

me thirsty titties he calls them I had to laugh yes this one anyhow stiff the

nipple gets for the least thing Ill get him to keep that up and Ill take those

eggs beaten up with marsala fatten them out for him what are all those veins

and things curious the way its made 2 the same in case of twins theyre

supposed to represent beauty placed up there like those statues in the museum

one of them pretending to hide it with her hand are they so beautiful of

course compared with what a man looks like with his two bags full and

his other thing hanging down out of him or sticking up at you like a hatrack

no wonder they hide it with a cabbageleaf the woman is beauty of course

thats admitted when he said I could pose for a picture naked to some rich

fellow in Holles street when he lost the job in Helys and I was selling the

clothes and strumming in the coffee palace would I be like that bath of the

nymph with my hair down yes only shes younger or Im a little like that

dirty bitch in that Spanish photo he has the nymphs used they go about like

that I asked him that disgusting Cameron highlander behind the meat market

or that other wretch with the red head behind the tree where the statue of

the fish used to be when I was passing pretending he was pissing standing

out for me to see it with his babyclothes up to one side the Queens own

705

they were a nice lot its well the Surreys relieved them theyre always trying

to show it to you every time nearly I passed outside the mens greenhouse

near the Harcourt street station just to try some fellow or other trying to catch

my eye or if it was 1 of the 7 wonders of the world O and the stink of those

rotten places the night coming home with of those rotten places the night

coming home with Poldy after the Comerfords party oranges and lemonade to

make you feel nice and watery I went into 1 of them it was so biting cold I

couldnt keep it when was that 93 the canal was frozen yes it was a few months

after a pity a couple of the Camerons werent there to see me squatting in the

mens place meadero I tried to draw a picture of it before I tore it up like a

sausage or something I wonder theyre not afraid going about of getting a kick

or a bang of something there and that word met something with hoses in

it and he came out with some jawbreakers about the incarnation he never

can explain a thing simply the way a body can understand then he goes and

burns the bottom out of the pan all for his Kidney this one not so much

theres the mark of his teeth still where he tried to bite the nipple I had to

scream out arent they fearful trying to hurt you I had a great breast of milk

with Milly enough for two what was the reason of that he said I could have

got a pound a week as a wet nurse all swelled out the morning that delicate

looking student that stopped in n° 28 with the Citrons Penrose nearly

caught me washing through the window only for I snapped up the towel to

my face that was his studenting hurt me they used to weaning her till he got

doctor Brady to give me the Belladonna prescription I had to get him to suck

them they were so hard he said it was sweeter and thicker than cows then he

wanted to milk me into the tea well hes beyond everything I declare somebody

ought to put him in the budget if I only could remember the one half of

the things and write a book out of it the works of Master Poldy yes and its so

much smoother the skin much an hour he was at them Im sure by the clock

like some kind of a big infant I had at me they want everything in their mouth

all the pleasure those men get out of a woman I can feel his mouth O Lord

I must stretch myself I wished he was here or somebody to let myself go with

and come again like that I feel all fire inside me or if I could dream it when he

made me spend the 2nd time tickling me behind with his finger I was coming

for about 5 minutes with my legs round him I had to hug him after O Lord

I wanted to shout out all sorts of things fuck or shit or anything at all only not

to look ugly or those lines ftom the strain who knows the way hed take it you

want to feel your way with a man theyre not all like him thank God some of

706

them want you to be so nice about it I noticed the contrast he does it and doesnt

talk I gave my eyes that look with my hair a bit loose from the tumbling and

my tongue between my lips up to him the savage brute Thursday Friday one

Saturday two Sunday three O Lord I cant wait till Monday

frseeeeeeeefronnnng train somewhere whistling the strength those engines

have in them like big giants and the water rolling all over and out of them

all sides like the end of Loves old sweet sonnnng the poor men that have to be

out all the night from their wives and families in those roasting engines stifling

it was today Im glad I burned the half of those old Freemans and Photo bits

leaving things like that lying around hes getting very careless and threw the

rest of them up in the WC Ill get him to cut them tomorrow for me instead

of having them there for the next year to get a few pence for them have him

asking wheres last Januarys paper and all those old overcoats I bundled out of

the hall making the place hotter than it is the rain was lovely just after my

beauty sleep I thought it was going to get like Gibraltar my goodness the heat

there before the levanter came on black as night and the glare of the rock

standing up in it like a big giant compared with their 3 Rock mountain

they think is so great with the red sentries here and there the poplars and

they all whitehot and the mosquito nets and the smell of the rainwater in

those tanks watching the sun all the time weltering down on you faded

all that lovely frock fathers friend Mrs Stanhope sent me from the B

Marche paris what a shame my dearest Doggerina she wrote on what she

was very nice whats this her other name was just a PC to tell you I sent the

little present have just had a jolly warm bath and feel a very clean dog now

enjoyed it wogger she called him wogger wd give anything to be back in Gib and

hear you sing in old Madrid or Waiting Concone is the name of those exercises

he bought me one of those new some word I couldnt make out shawls

amusing things but tear for the least thing still there lovely I think dont you

will always think of the lovely teas we had together scrumptious currant scones

and raspberry wafers I adore well now dearest Doggerina be sure and write soon

kind she left out regards to your father also Captain Grove with love yes affly

x x x x x she didnt look a bit married just like a girl he was years older than her

wogger he was awfully fond of me when he held down the wire with his foot

for me to step over at the bullfight at La Linea when that matador Gomez

was given the bulls ear clothes we have to wear whoever invented them

expecting you to walk up Killiney hill then for example at that picnic all staysed

up you cant do a blessed thing in them in a crowd run or jump out of the way

707

thats why I was afraid when that other ferocious old Bull began to charge the

banderilleros with the sashes and the 2 things in their hats and the brutes

of men shouting bravo toro sure the women were as bad in their nice white

mantillas ripping all the whole insides out of those poor horses I never heard

of such a thing in all my life yes he used to break his heart at me taking off

the dog barking in bell lane poor brute and it sick what became of them ever I

suppose theyre dead long ago the 2 of them its like all through a mist makes you

feel so old I made the scones of course I had everything all to myself then a

girl Hester we used to compare our hair mine was thicker than hers she showed me

how to settle it at the back when I put it up and whats this else how to

make a knot on a thread with the one hand we were like cousins what

age was I then the night of the storm I slept in her bed she had her arms

round me then we were fighting in the morning with lhe pillow what

fun he was watching me whenever he got an opportunity at the band on

the Alameda esplanade when I was with father and Captain Grove I

looked up at the church first and then at the windows then down and our

eyes met I felt something go through me like all needles my eyes were

dancing I remember after when I looked at myself in the glass hardly

recognized myself the change I had a splendid skin from the sun and the

excitement like a rose I didnt get a wink of sleep it wouldnt have been nice

on account of her but I could have stopped it in time she gave me the

Moonstone to read that was the first I read of Wilkie Collins East Lynne I read

and the shadow of Ashlydyat Mrs Henry Wood Henry Dunbar by that other

woman I lent him afterwards with Mulveys photo in it so as he see I wasnt

without and Lord Lytton Eugene Aram Molly bawn she gave me by Mrs

Hungerford on account of the name I dont like books with a Molly in them like

that one he brought me about the one from Flanders a whore always shopifting

anything she could cloth and stuff and yards of it this blanket is too heavy on

me thats better I havent even one decent nightdress this thing gets all rolled

up under me besides him and his fooling thats better I used to be weltering

then in the heat my shift drenched with the sweat stuck in the cheeks of my

bottom on the chair when I stood up they were so fattish and firm when I got

up on the sofa cushions to see with my clothes up and the bugs tons of them

at night and the mosquito nets I couldnt read a line Lord how long ago it

seems centuries of course they never come back and she didnt put her

address right on it either she may have noticed her wogger people were always

going away and we never I remember that day with the waves and the boats

708

with their high heads rocking and the swell of the ship those Officers uniforms

on shore leave made me seasick he didnt say anything he was very serious

I had the high buttoned boots on and my skirt was blowing she kissed me

six or seven times didnt I cry yes I believe I did or near it my lips were

taittering when I said goodbye she had a Gorgeous wrap of some special

kind of blue colour on her for the voyage made very peculiarly to one side

like and it was extremely pretty it got as dull as the devil after they went I

was almost planning to run away mad out of it somewhere were never easy

where we are father or aunt or marriage waiting always waiting to guiiiide him

toooo me waiting nor speeeed his flying feet their damn guns bursting and

booming all over the shop especially the Queens birthday and throwing

everything down in all directions of you didnt open the windows when

general Ulysses Grant whoever he was or did supposed to be some great

fellow landed off the ship and old Sprague the codsul that was there from

before the flood dressed up poor man and he in mourning for the son then the

same old reveille in the morning and drums rolling and the unfortunate

poor devils of soldiers walking about with messtins smelling the place more than

the old longbearded jews in their jellibees and levites assembly and sound

clear and gunfire for the men to cross the lines and the warden marching with

his keys to lock the gates and the bagpipes and only Captain Groves and father

talking about Rorkes drift and Plevna and sir Garnet Wolseley and Gordon at

Khartoum lighting their pipes for them everytime they went out drunken old

devil with his grog on the windowsill catch him leaving any of it picking his

nose trying to think of some other dirty story to tell up in a corner but he

never forgot himself when I was there sending me out of the room on some

blind excuse paying his compliments the Bushmills whisky talking of course

but hed do the same to the next woman that came along I supposed he died

of galloping drink ages ago the days like years not a letter from a living

soul except the odd few I posted to myself with bits of paper in them so

bored sometimes I could fight with my nails listening to that old Arab with

the one eye and his heass of an instrument singing his heah heah aheah

all my compriments on your hotchapotch of your heass as bad as now with the

hands hanging off me looking out of the window if there was a nice fellow

even in the opposite house that medical in Holles street the nurse was after

when I put on my gloves and hat at the window to show I was going out not

a notion what I meant arent they thick never understand what you say even

youd want to print it up on a big poster for them not even if you shake

709

hands twice with the left he didnt recognise me either when I half frowned

at him outside Westland row chapel where does their great intelligence come in

Id like to know grey matter they have it all in their tail if you ask me those

country gougers up in the City Arms intelligence they had a damn sight less

than the bulls and cows they were selling the meat and the coalmans bell

that noisy bugger trying to swindle me with the wrong bill he took out of

his hat what a pair of paws and pots and pans and kettles to mend any broken

bottles for a poor man today and no visitors or post ever except his cheques

or some advertisement like that wonderworker they sent him addressed dear

Madam only his letter and the card from Milly this morning see she wrote a

letter to him who did I get the last letter from O Mrs Dwenn now whatever

possessed her to write after so many years to know the recipe I had for pisto

madrileno Floey Dillon since she wrote to say she was married to a very rich

architect if Im to believe all I hear with a villa and eight rooms her father was

an awfully nice man he was near seventy always good humour well now Miss

Tweedy or Miss Gillespie theres the pyannyer that was a solid silver coffee

service he had too on the mahogany sideboard then dying so far away I hate

people that have always their poor story to tell everybody has their own

troubles that poor Nancy Blake died a month ago of acute pneumonia well

I didnt know her so well as all that she was Floeys friend more than mine its

a bother having to answer he always tells me the wrong things and no stops

to say like making a speech your sad bereavement symphathy I always make

that mistake and newphew with 2 double yous in I hope hell write me a longer

letter the next time if its a thing he really likes me O thanks be to the great God

I got somebody to give me what I badly wanted to put some heart up into me

youve no chances at all in this place like you used long ago I wish somebody

would write me a loveletter his wasnt much and I told him he could write

what he liked yours ever Hugh Boylan in Old Madrid silly women believe love is

sighing I am dying still if he wrote it I suppose thered be some truth in it true or no it

fills up your whole day and life always something to think about every moment

and see it all around you like a new world I could write the answer in bed to

let him imagine me short just a few words not those long crossed letters Atty

Dillon used to write to the fellow that was something in the four courts that

jilted her after out of the ladies letterwriter when I told her to say a few

simple words he could twist how he liked not acting with precipit precipitancy

with equal candour the greatest earthly happiness answer to a gentlemans

proposal affirmatively my goodness theres nothing else its all very fine for them

710

but as for being a woman as soon as youre old they might as well throw you

out in the bottom of the ashpit.

Mulveys was the first when I was in bed that morning and Mrs Rubio

brought it in with the coffee she stood there standing when I asked her to hand

me and I pointing at them I couldnt think of the word a hairpin to open it

with ah horquilla disobliging old thing and it staring her in the face with her

switch of false hair on her and vain about her appearance ugly as she was near

80 or a 100 her face a mass of wrinkles with all her religion domineering

because she never could get over the Atlantic fleet coming in half the ships

of the world and the Union Jack flying with all her carabineros because

4 drunken English sailors took all the rock from them and because I didnt run

into mass often enough in Santa Maria to please her with her shawl up on her

except when there was a marriage on with all her miracles of the saints and

her black blessed virgin with the silver dress and the sun dancing 3 times on

Easter Sunday morning and when the priest was going by with the bell bringing

the vatican to the dying blessing herself for his Majestad an admirer he signed

it I near jumped out of my skin I wanted to pick him up when I saw him

following me along the Calle Real in the shop window then he tipped me just

in passing I never thought hed write making an appointment I had it inside

my petticoat bodice all day reading it up in every hole and corner while father

was up at the drill instructing to find out by the handwriting or the language of

stamps singing I remember shall I wear a white rose and I wanted to put on

the old stupid clock to near the time he was the first man kissed me under

the Moorish wall my sweetheart when a boy it never entered my head what

kissing meant till he put his tongue in my mouth his mouth was sweetlike

young I put my knee up to him a few times to learn the way what did I

tell him I was engaged for fun to the son of a Spanish nobleman named Don

Miguel de la Flora and he believed that I was to be married to him in 3

years time theres many a true word spoken in jest there is a flower that bloometh

a few things I told him true about myself just for him to be imagining the

Spanish girls he didnt like I suppose one of them wouldnt have him I got him

excited he crushed all the flowers on my bosom he brought me he couldnt

count the pesetas and the perragordas till I taught him Cappoquin he came from

he said on the Blackwater but it was too short then the day before he left may

yes it was May when the infant king of Spain was born Im always like that in

the spring Id like a new fellow every year up on the tiptop under the rockgun

near OHaras tower I told him it was struck by lightning and all about the old

711

Barbary apes they sent to Clapham without a tail careering all over the show on

each others back Mrs Rubio said she was a regular old rock scorpion robbing the

chickens out of Inces farm and throw stones at you if you went anear he was

looking at me I had that white blouse on open at the front to encourage him

as much as I could without too openly they were just beginning to be plump

I said I was tired we lay over the firtree cove a wild place I suppose it

must be the highest rock in existence the galleries and casemates and those

frightful rocks and Saint Michaels cave with the icicles or whatever they call

them hanging down and ladders all the mud plotching my boots Im sure thats

the way down the monkeys go under the sea to Africa when they die the ships

out far like chips that was the Malta boat passing yes the sea and the sky

you could do what you liked lie there for ever he caressed them outside

they love doing that its the roundness there I was leaning over him with my

white ricestraw hat to take the newness out of it the left side of my face the best

my blouse open for his last day transparent kind of shirt he had I could see his

chest pink he wanted to touch mine with his for a moment but I wouldnt

let him he was awfully put out first for fear your never know consumption

or leave me with a child embarazada that old servant Ines told me that one

drop even if it got into you at all after I tried with the Banana but I was afraid it

might break and get lost up in me somewhere yes because they once took something

down out of a woman that was up there for years covered with limesalts theyre

all mad to get in there where they come out of youd think they could never

get far enough up and then theyre done with you in a way till the next time

yes because theres a wonderful feeling there all the time so tender how did we

finish it off yes O yes I pulled him off into my handkerchief pretending not

to be excited but I opened my legs I wouldnt let him touch me inside my

petticoat I had a skirt opening up the side I tortured the life out of him first

tickling him I loved rousing that dog in the hotel rrrsssst awokwokawok his

eyes shut and a bird flying below us he was shy all the same I liked him like

that morning I made him blush a little when I got over him that way when

I unbuttoned him and took his out and drew back the skin it had a kind of

eye in it theyre all Buttons men down the middle on the wrong side of them

Molly darling he called me what was his name Jack Joe Harry Mulvey was it

yes I think a lieutenant he was rather fair he had a laughing kind of a voice so

I went around to the whatyoucallit everything was whatyoucallit moustache

had he he said hed come back Lord its just like yesterday to me and if I was

married hed do it to me and I promised him yes faithfully Id let him block

712

me now flying perhaps hes dead or killed or a Captain or admiral its nearly

20 years if I said firtree cove he would if he came up behind me and put his

hands over my eyes to guess who I might recognize him hes young still

about 40 perhaps hes married some girl on the black water and is quite changed

they all do they havent half the character a woman has she little knows what

I did with her beloved husband before he ever dreamt of her in broad

daylight too in the sight of the whole world you might say they could have put

an article about it in the Chronicle I was a bit wild after when I blew out the

old bag the biscuits were finrom Benady Bros and exploded it Lord what a bang

all the woodcocks and pigeons screaming coming back the same way that we

went over middle hill round by the old guardhouse and the jews burialplace

pretending to read out the Hebrew on them I wanted to fire his pistol he said

he hadnt one he didnt know what to make of me with his peaked cap on

that he always wore crooked as often as I settled it straight HMS Calypso

swinging my hat that old Bishop that spoke off the altar his long preach

about womans higher functions about girls now riding the bicycle and wearing

peak caps and the new woman bloomers God send him sense and me more

money I suppose theyre called after him I never tho ught that would be my

name Bloom when I used to write it in print to see how it looked on a

visiting card or practising for the butcher and oblige M Bloom youre looking

blooming Josie used to say after I married him well its better than Breen or

Briggs does brig or those awful names with bottom in them Mrs Ramsbottom

or some other kind of a bottom Mulvey I wouldnt go mad about either

or suppose I divorced him Mrs Boylan my mother whœver she was might

have given me a nicer name the Lord knows after the lovely one she had

Lunita Laredo the fun we had running along Willis road to Europe

point twisting in and out all round the other side of Jersey they were

shaking and dancing about in my blouse like Millys little ones now when

she runs up the stairs I loved looking down at them I was jumping up at

the pepper trees and the white poplars pulling the leaves off and throwing

them at him he went to India he was to write the voyages those men

have to make to the ends of the world and back its the least they might get a

squeeze or two at a woman while they can going out to be drowned or blown

up somewhere I went up windmill hill to the flats that Sunday morning with

Captain Rubios that was dead spyglass like the sentry had he said hed have one

or two from on board I wore that frock from the B Marche Paris and the coral

necklace the straits shining I could see over to Morocco almost the bay of Tangier

713

white and the Atlas mountain with snow on it and the straits like a river so

clear Harry Molly Darling I was thinking of him on the sea all the time after at

mass when my petticoat began to slip down at the elevation weeks and weeks

I kept the handerchief under my pillow for the smell of him there was no decent

perfume to be got in that Gibraltar only that cheap peau despagne that faded and

left a stink on you more than anything else I wanted to give him a memento

he gave me that clumsy Claddagh ring for luck that I gave Gardner going to

South Africa where those Boers killed him with their war and fever but

they were well beaten all the same as if it brought its bad luck with it like an

opal or pearl must have been pure 16 carat gold because it was very heavy I

can see his face clean shaven Frseeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeefrong that train again

weeping tone once in the dear deaead days beyondre call close my eyes breath

my lips forward kiss sad look eyes open piano ere oer the world the mists

began I hate that istsbeg comes loves sweet ssooooooong Ill let that out full

when I get in front of the footlights again Kathleen Kearney and her lot of

squealers Miss This Miss That Miss Theother lot of sparrowfarts skitting

around talking about politics they know as much about as my backside

anything in the world to make themselves someway interesting Irish homenade

beauties soldiers daughter am I ay and whose are you bootmakers and publicasn

I beg your pardon coach I thought you were a wheelbarrow theyd die down

dead off their feet if ever they got a chance of walking down the Alameda

on an officers arm like me on the bandnight my eyes flash my bust that

they havent passion God help their poor head I knew more about men and life

when I was 15 than theyll all know at 50 they dont know how to sing a song like

that Gardner said no man could look at my mouth and teeth smiling like that and

not think of it I was afraid he mightnt like my accent first he so English all father

left me in spite of his stamps Ive my mothers eyes and figure anyhow he

always said theyre so snotty about themselves some of those cads he wasnt a

bit like that he was dead gone on my lips let them get a husband first thats fit

to be looked at and a daughter like mine or see if they can excite a swell

with money that can pick and choose whoever he wants like Boylan to do it 4

or 5 times locked in each others arms or the voice either I could have been a

prima donna only I married him comes looooves old deep down chin

back not too much make it double My Ladys Bower is too long for an

encore about the moated grange at twilight and vaunted rooms yes Ill sing

Winds that blow from the south that he gave after the choirstairs performance

Ill change that lace on my black dress to show off my bubs and Ill yes by

714

God Ill get that big fan mended make them burst with envy my hole is

itching me always when I think of him I feel I want to I feel some wind

in me better go easy not wake him have him at it again slobbering after

washing every bit of myself back belly and sides if we had even a bath itself

or my own room anyway I wish hed sleep in some bed by himself with

his cold feet on me give us room even to let a fart God or do the least thing

better yes hold them like that a bit on my sidep iano quietly sweeeee theres

that train far away pianissimo eeeeeeee one more song

that was a relief wherever you be let your wind go free who knows if

that pork chop I took with my cup of tea after was quite good with the heat

I couldnt smell anything off it Im sure that queerlooking man in the

porkbutchers is a great rogue I hope that lamp is not smoking fill my nose up

with smuts better than having him leaving the gas on all night I couldnt rest

easy in my bed in Gibraltar even getting up to see why am I so damned

nervous about that though I like it in the winter its more company O Lord it

was rotten cold too that winter when I was only about ten was I yes I had the

big doll with all the funny clothes dressing her up and undressing that icy wind

skeeting across from those mountains the something Nevada sierra nevada

standing at the fire with the little bit of a short shift I had up to heat myself

I loved dancing about in it then make a race back into bed Im sure that fellow

opposite used to be there the whole time watching with the lights out in the

summer and I in my skin hopping around I used to love myself then stripped

at the washstand dabbing and creaming only when it came to the chamber

performance I put out the light too so then there were 2 of us Goodbye to

my sleep for this night anyhow I hope hes not going to get in with those

medicals leading him astray to imagine hes young again coming in at 4 in the

morning it must be if not more still he had the manners not to wake me

what do they find to gabber about all night squandering money and getting

drunker and drunker couldnt they drink water then he starts giving us his

orders for eggs and tea Findon haddy and hot buttered toast I suppose

well have him sitting up like the king of the country pumping the wrong

end of the spoon up and down in his egg wherever he learned that from and

I love to hear him falling up the stairs of a morning with the cups rattling on

the tray and then play with the cat she rubs up against you for her own sake

I wonder has she fleas shes as bad as a woman always licking and lecking but

I hate their claws I wonder do they see anything that we cant staring like that

when she sits at the top of the stairs so long and listening as I wait always

715

what a robber too that lovely fresh place I bought I think Ill get a bit

of fish tomorrow or today is it Friday yes I will with some blancmange with

black currant jam like long ago not those 2 lb pots of mixed plum and apple

from the London and Newcastle Williams and Woods goes twice as far only for

the bones I hate those eels cod yes Ill get a nice piece of cod Im always

getting enough for 3 forgetting anyway Im sick of that everlasting butchers

meat from Buckleys loin chops and leg beef and rib steak and scrag of mutton and

calfs pluck the very name is enough or a picnic suppose we all gave 5/ each and or

let him pay and invite some other woman for him who Mrs Fleming and drove

out to the furry glen or the strawberry beds wed have him examining all the

horses toenails first like he does with the letters no not with Boylan there

yes with some cold veal and ham mixed sandwiches there are little houses

down at the bottom of the banks there on purpose but its as hot as blazes

he says not a bank holiday anyhow I hate those ruck of Mary Ann coalboxes out

for the day Whit Monday is a cursed day too no wonder that bee bit him better

the seaside but Id never again in this life get into a boat with him after him at Bray

telling the boatmen he knew how to row if anyone asked could he ride the

steeplechase for the gold cup hed say yes then it came on to get rough the old

thing crookeding about and the weight all down my side telling me to pull the

right reins now pull the left and the tide all swamping in floods in through

through the bottom and his oar slipping out of the stirrup its a mercy we werent

all drowned he can swim of course me no theres no danger whatsoever keep

yourself calm in his flannel trousers Id like to have tattered them down off

him before all the people and give him what that one calls flagellate till he

was black and blue do him all the good in the world only for that longnosed

chap I dont know who he is with that other beauty Burke out of the City

Arms hotel was there spying around as usual on the slip always where he

wasnt wanted if there was a row on youd vomit a better face there was

no love lost between us thats 1 consolation I wonder what kind is that

book he brought me Sweets of Sin by a gentleman of fashion some other

Mr de Kock I suppose the people gave him that nickname going about with

his tube from one woman to another I couldnt even change my new white

shoes all ruined with the saltwater and the hat I had with that feather

all blowy and tossed on me how annoying and provoking because the smell

of the sea excited me of course the sardines and the bream in Catalan bay

round the back of the rock they were fine all silver in the fishermens baskets old

Luigi near a hundred they said came from Genoa and the tall old chap with

716

the earrings I dont like a man you have to climb up to to get at I suppose

theyre all dead and rotten long ago besides I dont like being alone in this big

barracks of a place at night I suppose Ill have to put up with it I never brought

a bit of salt in even when we moved in the confusion musical academy he was

going to make on the first floor drawingroom with a brassplate or Blooms private

hotel he suggested go and ruin himself altogether the way his father did

down in Ennis like all the things he told father he was going to do and me but

I saw through him telling me all the lovely places we could go for the honeymoon

Venice by moonlight with the gondolas and the lake of Como he had a picture cut

out of some paper of and mandolines and lanterns O how nice I said whatever I

liked he was going to do immediately if not sooner will you be my man will

you carry my can he ought to get a leather medal with a putty rim for all the

plans he invents then leaving us here all day youd never know what old beggar

at the door for a crust with his long story might be a tramp and put his foot

in the way to prevent me shutting it like that picture of that hardened criminal

he was called in Lloyd's Weekly News 20 years in jail then he comes out and

murders an old woman for her money imagine his poor wife or mother or

whoever she is such a face youd run miles away from I couldnt rest easy till

I bolted all the doors and windows to make sure but its worse again being locked

up like in a prison or a madhouse they ought to be all shot or the cat of nine

tails a big brute like that that would attack a poor old woman to murder her in her

bed Id cut them off him so I would not that hed be much use still better than nothing

the night I was sure I heard burglars in the kitchen and he went down in his

shirt with a candle and a poker as if he was looking for a mouse as white as a

sheet frightened out of his wits making as much noise as he possibly could for the

burglars benefit there isnt much to steal indeed the Lord knows still its the

feeling especially now with Milly away such an idea for him to send the girl

down there to learn to take photographs on account of his grandfather instead

of sending her to skerrys academy where shed have to learn not like me getting

all at school only hed do a thing like that all the same on account of me and

Boylan thats why he did it Im certain the way he plots and plans everything out

I couldnt turn round with her in the place lately unless I bolted the door first

gave me the fidgets coming in without knocking first when I put the chair against

the door just as I was washing myself there below with the glove get on your

nerves then doing the loglady all day put her in a glasscase with two at a time to

look at her it he knew she broke off the hand off that little gimcrack statue

with her roughness and carelessness before she left that I got that little Italian

717

boy to mend so that you cant see the join for 2 shillings wouldnt even

teem the potatoes for you of course shes right not to ruin her hands I noticed

he was always talking to her lately at the table explaining things in the paper

and she pretending to understand sly of course that comes from his side of the

house and helping her into her coat but if there was anything wrong with her

its meshed tell not him he cant say I pretend things can he Im too honest as a

matter of fact I suppose he thinks Im finished out and laid on the shelf well Im

not no nor anything like it well see well see now shes well on for flirting too

with Tom Devans two sons imitating me whistling with those romps of Murray

girls calling for her can Milly come out please shes in great demand to pick what

they can out of her round in Nelson street riding Harry Devans bicycle at night

its as well he sent her where she is she was just getting out of bounds wanting

to go on the skatingrink and smoking their cigarettes through their nose I smelt

it off her dress when I was biting off the thread of the button I sewed on to the

bottom of her jacket she couldnt hide much from me I tell you only I oughtnt

to have stitched it and it on her it brings a parting and the last plumpudding

too split in 2 halves see it comes out no matter what they say her tongue is

a bit too long for my taste your blouse is open too low she says to me the

pan calling the kettle blackbottom and I had to tell her not to cock her legs

up like that on show on the windowsill before all the people passing they all

look at her like me when I was her age of course any old rag looks well on

you then a great touchmenot too in her own way at the Only Way in the

Theatre royal take your foot away out of that I hate people touching me afraid

of her life Id crush her skirt with the pleats a lot of that touching must go in

theatres in the crush in the dark theyre always trying to wiggle up to you that

fellow in the pit at the pit at the Gaiety for Beerbohm Tree in Trilby the last

time Ill ever go there to be squashed like that for any Trilby or her barebum

every two minutes tipping me there and looking away hes a bit daft I think

I saw him after trying to get near two stylish dressed ladies outside Switzers

window at the same little game I recognised him on the moment the face and

everything but he didnt remember me and she didnt even want me to kiss her

at the Broadstone going away well I hope shell get someone to dance attendance

on her the way I did when she was down with the mumps and her glands swollen

wheres this and wheres that of course she cant feel anything deep yet I never

came properly till I was what 22 or so it went into the wrong place always

only the usual girls nonsense and giggling that Conny Connolly writing

to her in white ink on black paper sealed with sealingwax though she clapped

718

when the curtain came down because he looked so handsome then we had Martin

Harvey for breakfast dinner and supper I thought to myself afterwards it must

be real love if a man gives up his life for her that way for nothing I suppose

there are few men like that left its hard to believe in it though unless it really

happened to me the majority of them with not a particle of love in their

natures to find two people like that nowadays full up of each other that

would feel the same way as you do theyre usually a bit foolish in the head his

father must have been a bit queer to go and poison himself after her still poor old

man I suppose he felt lost always making love to my things too the few old rags

I have wanting to put her hair up at 15 my powder too only ruin her skin on

her shes time enough for that all her life after of course shes restless knowing

shes pretty with her lips so red a pity they wont stay that way I was too but

theres no use going to the fair with the thing answering me like a fishwoman

when I asked to go for a half a stone of potatoes the day we met Mrs Joe Gallaher

at the trottingmatches and she pretended not to see us in her trap with Friery

the solicitor we werent grand enough till I gave her 2 damn fine cracks

across the ear for herself take that now for answering me like that and that

for your impudence she had me that exasperated of course contradicting

I was badtempered too because how was it there was a weed in the tea or

I didnt sleep the night before cheese I ate was it and I told her over and

over again not to leave knives crossed like that because she has nobody

to command her as she said herself well if he doesnt correct her faith

I will that was the last time she turned on the teartap I was just like that

myself they darent order me about the place its his fault of course having

the two of us slaving here instead of getting in a woman long ago am I

ever going to have a proper servant again of course then shed see him coming

Id have to let her know or shed revenge it arent they a nuisance that old

Mrs Flemming you have to be walking round after her putting the things into her

hands sneezing and farting into the pots well of course shes old she cant help

it a good job I found that rotten old smelly dishcloth that got lost behind the

dresser I knew there was something and opened the window to let out the

smell bringing in his friends to entertain them like the night he walked

home with a dog if you please that might have been mad especially Simon

Dedalus son his father such a criticiser with his glasses up with his tall hat

on him at the cricket match and a great big hole in his sock one thing

laughing at the other and his son that got all those prizes for whatever

he won them in the intermediate imagine climbing over the railings if

719

anybody saw him that knew us wonder he didnt tear a big hole in his grand

funeral trousers as if the one nature gave wasnt enough for anybody hawking

him down into the dirty old kitchen now is he right in his head I ask pity

it wasnt washing day my old pair of drawers might have been hanging up

too on the line on exhibition for all hed ever care with the ironmould mark

the stupid old bundle burned on them he might think was something else

and she never even rendered down the fat I told her and now shes going such as

she was on account of her paralysed husband getting worse theres always something

wrong with them disease or they have to go under an operation or if its

not that its drink and he beats her Ill have to hunt around again for someone every

day I get up theres some new thing on sweet God sweet God well when Im

stretched out dead in my grave I suppose Ill have some peace I want to get up a

minute if Im let wait O Jesus wait yes that thing has come on me yes now wouldnt

that afflicty ou of course all the poking and rooting and ploughing he had up in

me now what am I to do Friday Saturday Sunday wouldnt that pester the soul

out of a body unless he likes it some men do God knows theres always something

wrong with us 5 days every 3 or 4 weeks usual monthly auction isnt it simply

sickening that night it came on me like that the one and only tim ewe were in

a box that Michael Gunn gave him to see Mrs Kendal and her husband at the

Gaiety something he did about insurance for him Drimmies I was fit to be

tied though I wouldnt give in with that gentleman of fashion staring down at

me with his glasses and him the other side of me talking about Spinoza and

his soul thats dead I suppose millions of years ago I smiled the best I could

all in a swamp leaning forward as if I was interested having to sit it out then

to the last tag I wont forget that wife of Scarli in a hurry supposed to be a

fast play about adultery that idiot in the gallery hissing the woman adulteress

he shouted I suppose he went and had a woman in the next lane running

round all the back ways after to make up for it I wish he had what I had

then hed boo I bet the cat itself is better off than us have we too much blood

up in us or what O patience above its pouring out of me like the sea anyhow

he didnt make me pregnant as big as he is I dont want to ruin the clean

sheets the clean linen I wore brought it on too damn it damn it and they

always want to see a stain on the bed to know youre a virgin for them all

thats troubling them theyre such fools too you could be a widow or divorced

40 times over a daub of red ink would do or blackberry juice no thats too

purply O Jamesy let me up out of this pooh sweets of sin whoever suggested

that business for women what between clothes and cooking and children this

720

damned old bed too jingling like the dickens I suppose they could hear us

away over the other side of the park till I suggested to put the quilt on the

floor with the pillow under my bottom I wonder is it nicer in the day I think

it is easy I think Ill cut all this hair off me there scalding me I might look

like a young girl wouldnt he get the great suckin the next time he turned up

my clothes on me Id give anything to see his face wheres the chamber

gone easy Ive a holy horror of its breaking under me after that old commode

I wonder was I too heavy sitting on his knee I made him sit on the

easychair purposely when I took off only my blouse and skirt first in the

other room he was so busy where he oughtnt to be he never felt me I hope my

breath was sweet after those kissing comfits easy God I remember one time

I could scout it out straight whistling like a man almost easy O Lord how noisy

I hope theyre bubbles on it for a wad of money from some fellow Ill have

to perfume it in the morning dont forget I bet he never saw a better pair of

thighs than that look how white they are the smoothest place is right

there between this bit here how soft like a peach easy God I wouldnt mind

being a man and get up on a lovely woman O Lord what a row youre

making like the jersey lily easy easy O how the waters come down at Lahore

who knows is there anything the matter with my insides or have I something

growing in me getting that thing like that every week when was it last I Whit

Monday yes its only about 3 weeks I ought to go to the doctor only it would be like

before I married him when I had that white thing coming from me and Floey

made me go to that dry old stick Dr Collins for womens diseases on Pembroke

road your vagina he called it I suppose thats how he got all the gilt mirrors

and carpets getting round those rich ones off Stephens green running up to

him for every little fiddlefaddle her vagina and her cochinchina theyve money

of course so theyre all right I wouldnt marry him not if he was the last man

in the world besides theres something queer about their children always smelling

around those filthy bitches all sides asking me if what I did had an offensive odour

what did he want me to do but the one thing gold maybe what a question if

I smathered it all over his wrinkly old face for him with all my compriment

I suppose hed know then and could you pass it easily pass what I thought he was

talking about the rock of Gibraltar the way he put it thats a very nice invention

too by the way only I like letting myself down after in the hole as far as I can

squeeze and pull the chain then to flush it nice cool pins and needles still theres

something in it I suppose I always used to know by Millys when she was a child

whether she had worms or not still all the same paying him for that how much

721

is that doctor one guinea please and asking me had I frequent omissions where do

those old fellows get all the words they have omissions with his shortsighted

eyes on me cocked sideways I wouldnt trust him too far to give me chloroform or

God knows what else still I liked him when he sat down to write the thing out

frowning so severe his nose intelligent like that you be damned you lying

strap O anything no matter who except an idiot he was clever enough to

spot that of course that was all thinking of him and his mad crazy letters my

Precious one everything connected with your glorious Body everything

underlined that comes from it is a thing of beauty and of joy for ever something

he got out of some nonsensical book that he had me always at myself 4 or

5 times a day sometimes and I said I hadnt are you sure O yes I said I am

quite sure in a way that shut him up I knew what was coming next only

natural weakness it was he excited me I dont know how the first night ever

we met when I was living in Rehoboth terrace we stood staring at one another

for about 10 minutes as if we met somewhere I suppose on account of my

being jewess looking after my mother he used to amuse me the things he said

with the half sloothering smile on him and all the Doyles said he was going

to stand for a member of Parliament O wasnt I the born fool to believe all

his blather about home rule and the land league sending me that long strool

of a song out of the Huguenots to sing in French to be more classy O beau

pays de la Touraine that I never even sang once explaining and rigmaroling

about religion and persecution he wont let you enjoy anything naturally then

might he as a great favour the very 1st opportunity he got a chance in Brighton

square running into my bedroom pretending the ink got on his hands to wash

it off with the Albion milk and sulphur soap I used to use and the gelatine still

round it O I laughed myself sick at him that day I better not make an alnight

sitting on this affair they ought to make chambers a natural size so that a woman

could sit on it properly he kneels down to do it I suppose there isnt in all

creation another man with the habits he has look at the way hes sleeping at

the foot of the bed how can he without a hard bolster its well he doesnt kick

or he might knock out all my teeth breathing with his hand on his nose like

that Indian god he took me to show one wet Sunday in the museum in Kildare

street all yellow in a pinafore lying on his side on his hand with his ten toes

sticking out that he said was a bigger religion than the jews and Our Lords

both put together all over Asia imitating him as hes always imitating everybody

I suppose he used to sleep at the foot of the bed too with his big square feet

up in his wifes mouth damn this stinking thing anyway wheres this those napkins

722

are ah yes I know I hope the old press doesnt creak ah I knew it would hes

sleeping hard had a good time somewhere still she must have given him great

value for his money of course he has to pay for it from her O this nuisance

of a thing I hope theyll have something better for us in the other world tying

ourselves up God help us thats all right for tonight now the lumpy old jingly bed

always reminds me of old Cohen I suppose he scratched himself in it often

enough and he thinks father bought it form Lord Napier that I used to

admire when I was a little girl because I told him easy piano O I like my

bed God here we are as bad as ever after 16 years how many houses were

we in at all Raymond terrace and Ontario terrace and Lombard street and

Holles street and he goes about whistling every time were on the run

again his huguenots or the frogs march pretending to help the men with

our 4 sticks of furniture and then the City Arms hotel worse and worse

says Warden Daly that charming place on the landing always somebody

inside praying then leaving all their stinks after them always know who was in

there last every time were just getting on right something happens or he puts

his big foot in it Thoms and Helys and Mr Cuffes and Drimmies either hes

going to be run into prison over his old lottery tickets that was to be all our

salvations or he goes and gives impudence well have him coming home with

the sack soon out of the Freeman too like the rest on account of those Sinner

Fein or the freemasons then well see if the little man he showed me dribbling

along in the wet all by himself round by Coadys lane will give him much

consolation that he says is so capable and sincerely Irish he is indeed judging

by the sincerity of the trousers I saw on him wait theres Georges church bells

wait 3 quarters the hour wait 2 oclock well thats a nice hour of the night for

him to be coming home at to anybody climbing down into the area if anybody

saw him Ill knock him off that little habit tomorrow first Ill look at his shirt

to see or Ill see if he has that French letter still in his pocketbook I suppose

he thinks I dont know deceitful men all their 20 pockets arent enough for

their lies then why should we tell them even if its the truth they dont

believe you then tucked up in bed like those babies in the Aristocrats

Masterpiece he brought me another time as if we hadnt enough of that in real

life without some old Aristocrat or whatever his name is disgusting you more

with those rotten pictures children with two heads and no legs thats the kind

of villainy theyre always dreaming about with not another thing in their

empty heads they ought to get slow poison the half of them then tea and

toast for him buttered on both sides and newlaid eggs I suppose Im nothing any

723

more when I wouldnt let him lick me in Holles street one night man man

tyrant as ever for the one thing he slept on the floor half the night naked the

way the jews used when somebody dies belonged to them and wouldnt eat

any breakfast or speak a word wanting to be petted so I thought I stood out

enough for one time and let him he does it all wrong too thinking only of his

own pleasure his tongue is too flat or I dont know what he forgets that wethen

I dont Ill make him do it again if he doesnt mind himself and lock him down to

sleep in the coalcellar with the blackbeetles I wonder was it her Josie off her head

with my castoffs hes such a born liar too no hed never have the courage with

a married woman thats why he wants me and Boylan though as for her Denis

as she calls him that forlornlooking spectacle you couldnt call him a husband

yes its some little bitch hes got in with even when I was with him with Milly at

the College races that Hornblower with the childs bonnet on the top of his nob

let us into by the back way he was throwing his sheeps eyes at those two doing

skirt duty up and down I tried to wink at him first no use of course and

thats the way his money goes this is the fruits of Mr Paddy Dignam yes they

were all in great style at the grand funeral in the paper Boylan brought in

if they saw a real officers funeral thatd be something reversed arms muffled

drums the poor horse walking behind in black L Boom and Tom Kernan

that drunken little barrelly man that bit his tongue off falling down the

mens WC drunk in some place or other and Martin Cunningham and

the two Dedaluses and Fanny MCoys husband white head of cabbage

skinny thing with a turn in her eye trying to sing my songs shed want

to be born all over again and her old green dress with the lowneck

as she cant attract them any other way like dabbling on a rainy day

I see it all now plainly and they call that friendship killing and then burying

one another and they all with their wives and families at home more

especially Jack Power keeping that barmaid he does of course his wife is

always sick or going to be sick or just getting better of it and hes a goodlooking

man still though hes getting a bit grey over the ears theyre a nice lot all of

them well theyre not going to get my husband again into their clutches if

I can help it making fun of him then behind his back I know well when he

goes on with his idiotics because he has sense enough not to squander every

penny piece he earns down their gullets and looks after his wife and family

goodfornothings poor Paddy Dignam all the same Im sorry in a way for him

what are his wife and 5 children going to do unless he was insured comical little

teetotum always stuck up in some pub corner and her or her son waiting Bill

724

Bailey wont you please come home her widows weeds wont improve her

appearance theyre awfully becoming though if youre goodloking what men

wasnt he yes he was at the Glencree dinner and Ben Dollard base barreltone

the night he borrowed the swallowtail to sing out of in Holles street squeezed

and squashed into them and grinning all over his big Dolly face like a

wellwhipped childs botty didnt he look a balmy ballocks sure enough that must

have been a spectacle on the stage imagine paying 5/- in the preserved

seats for that to see him and Simon Dedalus too he was always turning up half

screwed singing the second verse first the old love is the new was one of his

so sweetly sang the maiden on the hawthorn bough he was always on for

flirtyfying too when I sang Maritana with him at Freddy Mayers private opera

he had a delicious glorious voice Phoebe dearest goodbye <i>sweet</i>heart he always

sang it not like Bartell D'Arcy sweet <i>tart</i> goodbye of course he had the gift

of the voice so there was no art in it all over you like a warm showerbath O

Maritana wildwood flower we sang splendidly though it was a bit too high for

my register even transposed and he was married at the time to May Goulding

but then hed say or do something to knock the good out of it hes a widower

now I wonder what sort is his son he says hes an author and going to be a

university professor of Italian and Im to take lessons what is he driving at

now showing him my photo its not good of me I ought to have got it taken

in drapery that never looks out of fashion still I look young in it I wonder he

didnt make him a present of it altogether and me too after all why not I saw

him driving down to the Kingsbridge station with his father and mother I was

in mourning thats 11 years ago now yes hed be 11 though what was the good

in going into mourning for what was neither one thing nor the other of course

he insisted hed go into mourning for the cat I suppose hes a man now by

this time he was an innocent boy then and a darling little fellow in his lord

Fauntleroy suit and curly hair like a prince on the stage when I saw him at

Mat Dillons he liked me too I remember they all do wait by God yes wait yes hold

on he was on the cards this morning when I laid out the deck union with a

young stranger neither dark nor fair you met before I thought it meant him

but hes no chicken nor a stranger either besides my face was turned the

other way what was the 7th card after that the 10 of spades for a Journey by

laud then there was a letter on its way and scandals too the 3 queens and the

8 of diamonds for a rise in society yes wait it all came out and 2 red 8s for

new garments look at that and didnt I dream something too yes there was

something about poetry in it I hope he hasnt long greasy hair hanging

725

into his eyes or standing up like a red Indian what do they go about

like that for only getting themselves and their poetry laughed at I always

liked poetry when I was a girl first I thought he was a poet like Byron

and not an ounce of it in his composition I thought he was quite different

I wonder is he too young hes about wait 88 I was married 88 Milly is 15

yesterday 89 what age was he then at Dillons 5 or 6 about 88 I suppose hes

20 or more Im not too old for him if hes 23 or 24 I hope hes not that stuck up

university student sort no otherwise he wouldnt go sitting down in the old

kitchen with him taking Eppss cocoa and talking of course he pretended to

understand it all probably he told him he was out of Trinity college hes

very young to be a professor I hope hes not a professor like Goodwin was he

was a patent professor of John Jameson they all write about some woman in

their poetry well I suppose he wont find many like me where softly sighs

of love the light guitar where poetry is in the air the blue sea and the moon

shining so beautifully coming back on the nightboat from Tarifa the lighthouse

at Europa point the guitar that fellow played was so expressive will I ever go

back there again all new faces two glancing eyes a lattice hid Ill sing that for

him theyre my eyes if hes anything of a poet two eyes as darkly bright as loves

own star arent those beautiful words as loves young star itll be a change the

Lord knows to have an intelligent person to talk to about yourself not always

listening to him and Billy Prescotts ad and Keyess ad and Tom the Devils ad

then if anything goes wrong in their business we have to suffer Im sure hes

very distinguished Id like to meet a man like that God not those other ruck

besides hes young those fine young men I could see down in Margate strand

bathing place from the side of the rock standing up in the sun naked like a

God or something and then plunging into the sea with them why arent all men

like that thered be some consolation for a woman like that lovely little statue

he bought I could look at him all day long curly head and his shoulders his

finger up for you to listen theres real beauty and poetry for you I often felt

I wanted to kiss him all over also his lovely young cock there so simple

I wouldnt mind taking him in my mouth if nobody was looking as if it was

asking you to suck it so clean and white he looked with his boyish face I would

too in 1/2 a minute even if some of it went down what its only like gruel or the

dew theres no danger besides hed be so clean compared with those pigs of men

I suppose never dream of washing it from 1 years end to the other the most of

them only thats what gives the women the moustaches Im sure itll be grand if

I can only get in with a handsome young poet at my age Ill throw them the

726

1st thing in the morning till I see if the wishcard come out or Ill try pairing

the lady herself and see if he comes out Ill read and study all I can find or

learn a bit off by heart if I knew who he likes so he wont think me stupid if

he thinks all women are the same and I can teach him the other part Ill make

him feel all over him till he half faints nnder me then hell write about me lover

and mistress publicly too with our 2 photographs in all the papers when he

becomes famous O but then what am I going to do about him though

no thats no way for him has he no manners nor no refinement nor

no nothing in his nature slapping us behind like that on my bottom

because I didnt call him Hugh the ignoramus that doesnt know poetry from

a cabbage thats what you get for not keeping them in their proper place

pulling off his shoes and trousers there on the chair before me so barefaced

without even asking permission and standing out that vulgar way in the half

of a shirt they wear to be admired like a priest or a butcher or those old

hypocrites in the time of Julius Caesar of course hes right enough in his

way to pass the time as a joke sure you might as well be in bed with what

with a lion God Im sure hed have something better to say for himself

an old Lion would O well I suppose its because they were so plump and

tempting in my short petticoat he couldnt resist they excite myself sometimes

its well for men all the amount of pleasure they get off a womans body

were so round and white for them always I wished I was one myself for

a change just to try with that thing they have swelling upon you so hard and

at the same time so soft when you touch it my uncle John has a thing long

I heard those cornerboys saying passing the corner of Marrowbone lane my

aunt Mary has a thing hairy because it was dark and they knew a girl was

passing it didnt make me blush why should it either its only nature and he

puts his thing long into my aunt Marys hairy etcetera and turns out to be you

put the handle in a sweepingbrush men again all over they can pick and

choose what they please a married woman or a fast widow or a girl for their

different tastes like those houses round behind Irish street no but were to be

always chained up theyre not going to be chaining me up no damn fear once I start

I tell you for stupid husbands jealousy why cant we all remain friends over

it instead of quarrelling her husband found it out what they did together

well naturally and if he did can he undo it hes coronado anyway whatever

he does and then he going to the other mad extreme about the wife in Fair

Tyrants of course the man never even casts a 2nd thought on the husband or

wife either its the woman he wants and he gets her what else were we given

727

all those desires for Id like to know I cant help it if Im young still can I its

a wonder Im not an old shrivelled hag before my time living with him so cold

never embracing me except sometimes when hes asleep the wrong end of me

not knowing I suppose who he has any man thatd kiss a womans bottom Id

throw my hat at him after that hed kiss anything unnatural where we havent 1

atom of any kind of expression in us all of us the same 2 lumps of lard before

ever Id do that to a man pfooh the dirty brutes the mere thought is enough

I kiss the feet of you senorita theres some sense in that didnt he kiss our

halldoor yes he did what a madman nobody understands his cracked ideas but

me still of course a woman wants to be embraced 20 times a day almost to make

her look young no matter by who so long as to be in love or loved by somebody

if the fellow you want isnt there sometimes by the Lord God I was thinking

would I go around by the quays there some dark evening where nobodyd know

me and pick up a sailor off the sea thatd be hot on for it and not care a pin whose

I was only to do it off up in a gate somewhere or one of those wildlooking

gipsies in Rathfarnham had their camp pitched near the Bloomfield laundry to

try and steal our things if they could I only sent mine there a few times for

the name model laundry sending me back over and over some old ones odd

stockings that blackguardlooking fellow with the fine eyes peeling a switch

attack me in the dark and ride me up against the wall without a word

or a murderer anybody what they do themselves the fine gentlemen in their

silk hats that K.C. lives up somewhere this way coming out of Hardwicke

lane the night he gave us the fish supper on account of winning over the

boxing match of course it was for me he gave it I knew him by his gaiters

and the walk and when I turned round a minute after just to see there was a

woman after coming out of it too some filthy prostitute then he goes home

to his wife after that only I suppose the half of those sailors are rotten

again with disease O move over your big carcass out of that for the love of

Mike listen to him the winds that waft my sighs to thee so well he may sleep

and sigh the great Suggester Don Poldo de la Flora if he knew how he

came out on the cards this morning hed have something to sigh for a dark

man in some perplexity between 2 7s too in prison for Lord knows what he

does that I dont know and Im to be slooching around down in the kitchen to

get his lordship his breakfast while hes rolled up like a mummy will I indeed did

you ever see me running Id just like to see myself at it show them attention and

they treat you like dirt I dont care what anybody says itd be much better for the

world to be governed by the women in it you wouldnt see women going and

728

killing one another and slaughtering when do you ever see women rolling

around drunk like they do or gambling every penny they have and losing it

on horses yes because a woman whatever she does she knows where to stop

sure they wouldnt be in the world at all only for us they dont know what it

is to be a woman and a mother how could they where would they all of

them be if they hadnt all a mother to look after them what I never had thats why I

suppose hes running wild now out at night away from his books and studies and

not living at home on account of the usual rowy house I suppose well its a poor

case that those that have a fine son like that theyre not satisfied and I none was

he not able to make one it wasnt my fault we came together when I was

watching the two dogs up in her behind in the middle of the naked street that

disheartened me altogether I suppose I oughtnt to have buried him in that

little woolly jacket I knitted crying as I was but give it to some poor child but

I knew well Id never have another our 1st death too it was we were never the

same since O Im not going to think myself into the glooms about that any

more I wonder why he wouldnt stay the night I felt all the time it was

somebody strange he brought in instead of roving around the city meeting

God knows who nightwalkers and pickpockets his poor mother wouldnt

like that if she was alive ruining himself for life perhaps still its a lovely

hour so silent I used to love coming home after dances the air of the night

they have friends they can talk to weve none either he wants what he wont

get or its some woman ready to stick her knife in you I hate that in women

no wonder they treat us the way they do we are a dreadful lot of bitches I

suppose its all the troubles we have makes us so snappy Im not like that he

could easy have slept in there on the sofa in the other room I suppose he was

as shy as a boy he being so young hardly 20 of me in the next room hed have

heard me on the chamber arrah what harm Dedalus I wonder its like those

names in Gibraltar Delapaz Delagracia they had the devils queer names there

father Vial plana of Santa Maria that gave me the rosary Rosales y O'Reilly

in the Calle las Siete Revueltas and Pisimbo and Mrs Opisso in Governor

street O what a name Id go and drown myself in the first river if I had a name

like her O my and all the bits of streets Paradise ramp and Bedlam ramp and

Rodgers ramp and Crutchetts ramp and the devils gap steps well small blame

to me if I am a harumscarum I know I am a bit I declare to God I dont feel a

day older than then I wonder could I get my tongue round any of the Spanish

como esta usted muy bien gracias y usted see I havent forgotten it all I

thought I had only for the grammar a noun is the name of any person place

729

or thing pity I never tried to read that novel cantankerous Mrs Rubio lent

me by Valera with the questions in it all upside down the two ways I always

knew wed go away in the end I can tell him the Spanish and he tell me the

Italian then hell see Im not so ignorant what a pity he didnt stay Im sure

the poor fellow was dead tired and wanted a good sleep badly I could have

brought him in his breakfast in bed with a bit of toast so long as I didnt do it on

the knife for bad luck or if the woman was going her rounds with the

watercress and something nice and tasty there are a few olives in the kitchen

he might like I never could bear the look of them in Abrines I could do the

criada the room looks all right since I changed it the other way you see

something was telling me all the time Id have to introduce myself not

knowing me from Adam very funny wouldnt it Im his wife or pretend we

were in Spain with him half awake without a Gods notion where he is dos

huevos estrellados senor Lord the cracked things come into my head

sometimes itd be great fun supposing he stayed with us why not theres the

room upstairs empty and Millys bed in the back room he could do his

writing and studies at the table in there for all the scribbling he does at it and

if he wants to read in bed in the morning like me as hes making the

breakfast for 1 he can make it for 2 Im sure Im not going to take in

lodgers off the street for him if he takes a gesabo of a house like this Id love

to have a long talk with an intelligent welleducated person Id have to get

a nice pair of red slippers like those Turks with the fez used to sell or

yellow and a nice semitransparent morning gown that I badly want or a

peachblossom dressing jacket like the one long ago in Walpoles only 8/6 or

18/6 Ill just give him one more chance Ill get up early in the morning Im

sick of Cohens old bed in any case I might go over to the markets to see all

the vegetables and cabbages and tomatoes and carrots and all kinds of splendid

fruits all coming in lovely and fresh who knows whod be the 1st man Id meet

theyre out looking for it in the morning Mamy Dillon used to say they are

and the night too that was her massgoing Id love a big juicy pear now to melt

in your mouth like when I used to be in the in the longing way then Ill throw

him up his eggs and tea in the moustachecup she gave him to make his

mouth bigger I suppose hed like my nice cream too I know what Ill do Ill go

about rather gay not too much singing a bit now and then mi fa pieta Masetto

then Ill start dressing myself to go out presto non son più forte Ill put on my

best shift and drawers let him have a good eyeful out of that to make his micky

stand for him Ill let him know if thats what he wanted that his wife is fucked

730

yes and damn well fucked too up to my neck nearly not by him 5 or 6 times

handrunning theres the mark of his spunk on the clean sheet I wouldnt bother

to even iron it out that ought to satisfy him if you dont believe me feel my

belly unless I made him stand there and put him into me Ive a mind to tell

him every scrap and make him do it in front of me serve him right its all his

own fault if I am an adulteress as the thing in the gallery said O much about

it if thats all the harm ever we did in this vale of tears God knows its not

much doesnt everybody only they hide it I suppose thats what a woman is

supposed to be there for or He wouldn't have made us the way He did so

attractive to men then if he wants to kiss my bottom Ill drag open my drawers

and bulge it right out in his face as large as life he can stick his tongue

7 miles up my hole as hes there my brown part then Ill tell him I want

£ 1 or perhaps 30/ Ill tell him I want to buy underclothes then if he gives me

that well he wont be too bad I dont want to soak it all out of him like other

women do I could often have written out a fine cheque for myself and write

his name on it for a couple of pounds a few times he forgot to lock it up

besides he wont spend it Ill let him do it off on me behind provided he doesnt

smear all my good drawers O I suppose that cant be helped Ill do the indifferent

1 or 2 questions Ill know by the answers when hes like that he cant keep

a thing back I know every turn in him Ill tighten my bottom well and let out

a few smutty words smellrump or lick my shit or the first mad thing comes

into my head then Ill suggest about yes O wait now sonny my turn is coming

Ill be quite gay and friendly over it O but I was forgetting this bloody pest of

a thing pfooh you wouldnt know which to laugh or cry were such a mixture

of plum and apple no Ill have to wear the old things so much the better itll

be more pointed hell never know whether he did it or not there thats good

enough for you any old thing at all then Ill wipe him off me just like a

business his omission then Ill go out Ill have him eying up at the ceiling

where is she gone now make him want me thats the only way a quarter after

what an unearthly hour I suppose theyre just getting up in China now combing

out their pigtails for the day well soon have the nuns ringing the angelus

theyve nobody coming in to spoil their sleep except an odd priest or two for

his night office the alarmclock next door at cockshout clattering the brains out

of itself let me see if I can doze off 1 2 3 4 5 what kind of flowers are those they

invented like the stars the wallpaper in Lombard street was much nicer the

apron he gave me was like that something only I only wore it twice better lower

this lamp and try again so as I can get up early Ill go to Lambes there beside

731

Findlaters and get them to send us some flowers to put about the place in case he

brings him home tomorrow today I mean no no Fridays an unlucky day first I

want to do the place up someway the dust grows in it I think while Im asleep then

we can have music and cigarettes I can accompany him first I must clean the

keys of the piano with milk whatll I wear shall I wear a white rose or those fairy

cakes in Liptons I love the smell of a rich big shop at 7 1/2 d a lb or the other

ones with the cherries in them and the pinky sugar 11 d a couple of lbs of course a

nice plant for the middle of the table Id get that cheaper in wait wheres this

I saw them not long ago I love flowers Id love to have the whole place swimming

in roses God of heaven theres nothing like nature the wild mountains then

the sea and the waves rushing then the beautiful country with fields of oats

and wheat and all kinds of things and all the fine cattle going about that

would do your heart good to see rivers and lakes and flowers all sorts of

shapes and smells and colours springing up even out of the ditches

primroses and violets nature it is as for them saying theres no God I wouldnt

give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning why dont they go and create

something I often asked him atheists or whatever they call themselves go and

wash the cobbles off themselves first then they go howling for the priest and

they dying and why why because theyre afraid of hell on account of their

bad conscience ah yes I know them well who was the first person in the

universe before there was anybody that made it all who ah that they dont

know neither do I so there you are they might as well try to stop the sun

from rising tomorrow the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying

among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his

straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of

seedcake out of my mouth and it was leapyear like now yes 16 years ago

my God after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower

of the mountain yes so we are flowers all a womans body yes that was one

true thing he said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was

why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and

I knew I could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure I could

leading him on till he asked me to say yes and I wouldnt answer first only

looked out over the sea and the sky I was thinking of so many things he

didnt know of Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester and father and old captain

Groves and the sailors playing all birds fly and I say stoop and washing up

dishes they called it on the pier and the sentry in front of the governors house

with the thing round his white helmet poor devil half roasted and the Spanish

732

girls laughing in their shawls and their tall combs and the auctions in the

morning the Greeks and the jews and the Arabs and the devil knows who

else from all the ends of Europe and Duke street and the fowl market all

clucking outside Larby Sharons and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep

and the vague fellows in the cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps and the

big wheels of the carts of the bulls and the old castle thousands of years old

yes and those handsome Moors all in white and turbans like kings asking you

to sit down in their little bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows

of the posadas glancing eyes a lattice hid for her lover to kiss the iron and

the wineshops half open at night and the castanets and the night we missed

the boat at Algeciras the watchman going about serene with his lamp and O

that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like

fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes

and all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and

the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar

as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in

my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he

kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another

and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me

would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around

him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume

yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

<i>Trieste-Zurich-Paris</i>,

<i>1914-1921</i>.