ANNA LIVIA PLURABELLE
ANNA LIVIA PLURABELLE

BY JAMES JOYCE

WITH A PREFACE

BY PADRAIC COLUM

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Preface
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BY

PADRAIC COLUM

*Livia Plurabelle*

is concerned with the flowing of a River. There have gone into it the things that make a people's inheritance: landscape, myth, and history; there have gone into it, too, what is characteristic of a people: jests and fables. It is epical in its largeness of meaning and its multiplicity of interest. And, to my mind, James Joyce's inventions and discoveries as an innovator in literary form is more beautifully shown in it than in any other part of his work.

But although it is epical it is an episode, a part and not a whole. It makes the conclusion
of the first part of a work that has not yet been completed. The episode was first published in *Le Navaire d'Argent* in September 1925. It was expanded and published in *Transition* in November 1927. Again expanded, it is here published in its definite form and with a title given it: *Anna Livia Plurabelle*.

And so, like a river, it has gone on, and expanded, and gathered volume. . . . It is the same River that Stephen Dedalus of *The Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man* looked upon. “In the distance along the course of the slow-flowing Liffey slender masts flecked the sky, and, more distant still, the dim fabric of the city lay prone in haze. Like a scene on some vague arras, old as man’s weariness, the image of the seventh city of Christendom was visible to him across the timeless air, no older nor more weary nor less patient of subjection than . . . VIII in the days of the thingmote.” . . . “O tell me about Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course, we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now.” So the later prose begins, and at once we are in the water as it bubbles and hurries at its source. The first passage gives us the sight of the River, the second gives us the River as it is seen and heard and felt. The whole of the episode gives us something besides the sight and sound and feeling of water. . . . There are moments in our lifetime when, even although inarticulate, we are all poets, moments that are probably very frequent in childhood, moments when a bird hopping on the grass or a bush in blossom is something we could look upon for hours with a mind constantly stirred and forming images and thoughts that range through the visible . . . IX
world, through history, and through the experiences of one’s own lifetime. Such moments might come to us in any place. They would come most appropriately whilst watching the flow of water. It is this range we get in this episode: over and above the sight and sound and feeling of water there is in *Anna Livia Plurabelle* that range of images and thoughts, those free combinations of words and ideas, that might arise in us, if with a mind inordinately full and on a day singularly happy we watched a river and thought upon a river and travelled along a river from its source to its mouth.

But in this episode the mind’s range has its boundary: the range is never beyond the river banks nor away from the city towards which the river is making its slow-moving, sometimes hurrying way. Dublin, the city once seventh in Christendom, Dublin that was founded by sea-rovers, Dublin with its worthies, its sojourners, its odd characters, not as they are known to the readers of history-books, but as they live in the minds of some dwellers by the Liffey, is in this episode; Dublin, the Ford of Hurdes, the entrance into the plain of Ireland, the city so easily taken, so uneasily held. And the River itself, less in magnitude than the tributary of a tributary of one of the important rivers, becomes enlarged until it includes hundreds of the world’s rivers. *How many rivers have their names woven into the tale of Anna Livia Plurabelle? More than five hundred, I believe.* “She thought she’s sankhneath the ground with nymphant shame when he gave her the tigris eye.” In that sentence four of the world’s rivers are mentioned, and the associations we
have with "nymph" and "underground" give us two more river-references. How beautifully the sentence that goes before it gives the flow of water! "She says herself she hardly knows when the annals her graveled was, a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or what he did or how blyth she played or how, when, why, where and who offon he jumped her. She was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then, sauntering, by silvamoonlake and he was a heavy trudging lurching Seabroad of a Curraghman, making his hay for whose sun to shine on, as tough as the oaktrees (peats be with them!) used to rustle that time down by the dykes of killing Kildare, for furnelfoss with a plash across her."

There will be many interpretations of Anna Livia Pi orbelle—as many as the ideas that might come to one who watched the flowing

of the actual river. . . . To myself there comes the recollection of a feeling I had when, as a child, the first time in Dublin I crossed a bridge with an elder of mine beside me. I imagine other children's minds would have been occupied with such thoughts as occupied mine then. The city—who named it? The pavements—who laid them down? The statues—what had the men done that they should claim that men should look upon them now and that men should have looked upon them in one's father's and one's father's father's time? The River—who named it? Why that name and no other? And from what place did the River come? The mystery of beginnings filled the mind. And, combining with the questions that came, there were things that had to be noted—the elder one walked beside, now, strangely enough, become a man of the

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city, knowing its lore, being saluted by its inhabitants, the apple one bought and ate and the penny one paid for it, the beggar woman on the bridge with her blinded eyes and her doleful voice. . . . I feel in this tale of Anna Livia Plurabelle the mystery of beginnings as it is felt through, as it combines with, a hundred stray, significant, trifling things—the mystery of beginnings, and also the tale of all river-civilizations.

Its author, the most daring of innovators, has decided to be as local as a hedge-poet. James Joyce writes as if it might be taken for granted that his readers know, not only the city he writes about, but its little shops and its little shows, the nick-names that have been given to its near-great, the cant-phrases that have been used on its side-streets. "The ghost-white horse of the Peppers," he writes, and

some of us remember that there was an act in a circus called Peppor’s Ghost, and that there is an Irish play called The White Horse of the Peppers—a play in which ancestral acres are recovered through the speed of a horse. Through these memories a mythical shape appears on the banks of the River. This localness belongs to James Joyce’s innovations: all his innovations are towards giving us what he writes about in its own atmosphere and with its own proper motion. And only those things which have been encountered day after day in some definite place can be given with their own atmosphere, their own motion.

Much should be said, and some time much will have to be said, about the de-formations and the re-formations of words in James Joyce’s later work. Some of these de-formations and re-formations will not be questioned
by readers who have an understanding of language; they will know that they succeed clearly in giving what the writer wants to give us.

Can't hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Fitttering bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are yea not gone alone? What Tom Malone? Can't hear with bawk of bats, all the liftingy waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won't moos. I feel as old as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia's daughtersons. Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of John or Shaun? Who were Shem and Shaun the living sons or daughters of? Night now! Tell me, tell me, tell me, ehu! Night night! Tell me tale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!

Everything that belongs to the dusk and the gathering of the clouds of evening is in

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the remark is very simple-minded or very experienced. And remember that Chaucer, in one instance, uses the word as meaning a boy. Remember, too, that in "queen" and "quean" the same word has been given opposite meanings; the form of the word that held dignity is now losing it as any one knows who has listened to talk about "movie-queens." James Joyce treats words as having shifting meanings: he lets us read a score of meanings into the words he sets down in his later work.

Anna Livia Plurabelle—two washerwomen tell her story: as it begins, the evening sun, we fancy, is dabbling the water; as it closes, night is closing in. Voices become remote. Metamorphoses comes upon all that has been looked upon and talked about. The women, when we look to see them again, have been changed, one into a stone, and the other into an elm-tree. It is any story that might have been babbled about anywhere . . . the tale of Eve . . . In the uncompleted work it belongs to a section called The Book of Life. It is emblematical of that work's shifting and changing meanings. For the work in its entirety deals with what is nocturnal—with the night-side of our lives, and with no other side.
tell me all about
Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna
Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of
course, we all know Anna Livia. Tell me
all. Tell me now. You'll die when you hear.
Well, you know, when the old cheb went
futt and did what you know. Yes, I know,
go on. Wash quit and don't be dabbling.
Tuck up your sleeves and loosen your talk-
tapes. And don't, butt me—hike!—when
you bend. Or whatever it was they threed to
make out he thried to two in the Fiendish park. He's an awful old reppe. Look at the shirt of him! Look at the dirt of it! He has all my water black on me. And it steeping and stuping since this time last wikt. How many goes is it I wonder I washed it? I know by heart the places he likes to sale, duddurty devil! Scorching my hand and starving my famine to make his private linen public. Wallop it well with your battle and clean it. My wrists are rusting rubbing the mouldaw stains. And the dreamers of wet and the gangres of sin in it! What was it he did a tail at all on Animal Sendai? And how long was he under loch and neagh? It was put in the newses what he did, nacies and priers, the King fierceas Humphrey, with illysus distilling, exploits and all. But toms will till. I know he well. Temp untamed will hist for no man. As you spring so shall you neap. O, the roughty old reppe! Minxing marrage and making loof. Reeve Gootch was right and Reeve Drughad was sinister! And the cut of him! And the strue of him! How he used to hold his head as high as a howeth, the famous eld duke alien, with a hump of grandeur on him like a walking rat. And his derry's own drawl and his corksown blather and his doubling stutter and his gullaway swank. Ask Lictor Hackett or Lector Reade or Garda Growley or the Boy with the Billyclub. How elster is he a called at all. Qu'appelle? Hugea Caput Earlyfoule? Or where was he born or how was he found? Urgothland, Twistown, on
the Kattekat? New Hunshire, Concord on the Merrimake? Was her banns never loosened in Adam and Eve’s or were him and her but captain spliced. For nine ether duck I thee drake. And by my wildgaze I thee gander. Flowey and Mount on the brink of time makes wishes and fears for a happy isticmass? O, passmore that and oxus another! Don Dom Dombdomb and his wee fallyo! Was his help inshored in the Stork and Pelican against bungelars, flu and third risk parties? I heard he dug good tin with his doll when he raped her home, Sabrine astore, in a parakeet’s cage, by dredgerous lands and devious delts, playing catched and mythed with the gleam of her shadda, past auld min’s manse, and Maisons Allfou and the rest of incurables and the last of immurables, the quaggy waag for stumbling. Who sold you that jackalatern’s tale? Pemmican’s pasty pie! In a gabbard he barqued it, the boat of life, from the harbourless Ivernikan Okean, till he spied the loom of his landfall and he loosed two croakers from under his tilt, the gran Phenician rover. By the smell of her kelp they made the pigeonhouse. Like fun they did! But where was Himself, the timoneer? That marchantman he suivied their scutties right over the wash, his cameleer’s burnous breezing up on him, till with his runagate bowmpriss he roade and borst her bar, Pilcomayo! Suchcaughtawan! And the whale’s away with the grayling! Tune your pipes and fall alhumming, you born ijypt, and you’re nothing short of one!
Well, tell me soon and curb your escumo. When they saw him shoot swift up her sheba sheath, like any gay lord salomon, her bulls they were ruhring, surfed with spree. Boyarka buah! Boyana bueh! He erned his lille Bunbath hard, our staly bred, the trader. He did. Look at here. In this wet of his prow. Don't you know he was kalled a bairn of the brine, Wasserbourne the waterbaby? Havemmarea, so he was. H.C.E. has a codfisck ee. Shyr she's nearly as badher as him herself. Who? Anna Livia? Ay, Anna Livia. Do you know she was calling backwater sals from all around to go in till him, her erring cheef, and tickle the pontiff aisy-eisy? She was? Gota pot! Well, that's the limmat! As El Negro winced when he wonced in La Plate.

O, tell me all I want to hear, how loft she was lift a laddery dextro. A coneywink after the bunting fell. Letting on she didn't care, the proxenete! Proxenete and phwhat is phthat? Tell us in franca langua. And call a spate a spate. Did they never sharee you ebro at skol, you antiabecedarian? It's just the same as if I was to go for examplum now out of telekinesis and proxenete you. For coxyt sake and is that what she is? Botettle I thought she'd act that loa. Didn't you spot her in her windaug, wubbling up on an osiery chair, with a mensic before her all cunniform letters, pretending to ribble a reedy derg on a fiddle she bogans without a band on? Sure she can't fiddan a dee, with bow or abandon! Strue, she can't! Tista suck. Well, I never heard the like of
that! Tell me mothe. Tell me moatst. Well, old Humber was as glemmen as grampus, with the tares at his thor and the buboes for ages and neither Bowman nor shot abroad and bales albrant on the crests of rockies and nera lamp in kitchen or church and giant's holes in Grafton's causeway, setting sambre on his benk, drummen and drummm, his childlinen scarf to encourage his obsequies where he'd check their debths in that mormon's thames, be questing and handset, hop, step and a deepend, with his berths in their toiling mol, his swallow open from swolf to face and the snipes of the gutter pecking his crocs, hunger striking all alone and holding doomsdag over hunself, dreeing his weird, with his dander up, and his fringe combed over his eygs and droming on loff till the sight of the sternes, after zwarthy kowse and weedy broeks and the tits of buddy and the loits of pest and to peer was Parish worth thettes mess. You'd think all was dodo belonging to him how he durmed adranse in durance vaal. He had been belching for severn years. And there she was, Anca Livia, she darent catch a winkle of sleep, purling around like a chit of a child, in a Lapsummer skirt and damazon cheeks, for to ishim bonzour to her dear debber Dan. With neuphraties and sault from his maggias. And an odd time she'd cook him up blooms of fisk and lay to his heartsfoot her meddery eygs and staynish beacons on toase and a cupenhave se weeshywashy of Greenland's tay or a
dzoupgan of Kaffue mokau an sable or Sikiang sukry or his ale of ferns in trueart pewter and a shinkobread for to piaze that man hog stay his stomicker till her pyraknees shrunk to nutmeg graters and as rash as she'd russ with her peakload of vivers up on her sieve (his towering rage it swales and rieses) my hardey Hek he'd kast them frome him, with a stour of scorn, as much as to say you sow and you sozh, and if he didn't peg the platteau on her tawe, believe you me, she was safe enough. And then she'd ask to vistule a hymn, The Heart Bowed Down or The Rakes of Mallow or Chelli Michele's La Calunnia è un Vernicelli or a bally bit or old Jo Ravidson. Sucho sulhing a sifing 'twould cut you in two! She'd hate the hen that crowed on the turnace of Babbel. What harm if she knew how to cockle her mouth. And not a mag out of Hum no more than out of the mangle weight. Is that a faith? That's the fact. Then riding the ricka and roya romanche Annona, geboren aroostokrat Nivia, dochter of Sense and Art, with Sparks' piryphlickathims funkling her fan, anner frostivying tresses dasht with virevles,—while the prom beauties steeved with their bearers' skins!—in a period gown of changeable jade that would robe the wood of two cardinals' chairs and crush poor Cullen and smother MacCabe. O blazer-skate! Theirs porpor patches! And brahming to him down the feedchute, with all kinds of fondling endings, the poother rambling off her nose: Vuggybarney, Wick-
erymandy! Hello, ducky, please don't die! Do you know what she started cheeping then, the with a choiccy voicey like water-glucks? You'll never guess. Tell me. Tell me. Phoebe, dearest, tell, O tell me and I loved you better nor you knew. And letting on hoon var daft about the warbly songs from over helmen: High bellskirt saw ladies bensmoker lilyburg pigger: and soay and soan and so forth and so forth in a tone sonora and Oom Bochard below in his sandy cloak, so umvolosy, as deaf as a yawn, the stult! Go away! Poor deef, old deary! Y are only teesing! Anna Liv? As chalk is my judge! And didn't she up in sorgues and go and trot doon and stand in her douro, puffing her old dudheen, and every shirvant siligirl or wensum farmerette walking the pilend roads Sawy, Fundally, Daery or Maery, Milucre, Awny or Graw, usedn't she make her a simp or sign to slip inside by the sullyport? You don't say the silly-post? I did. And do. Calling them in one by one (To Blockbeddumhere! Here the Shoe-benacaddic!) and legging a jig or so on the silih to show them how to shake their benders and the dainty how to bring to mind the gladdest garments out of sight and all the way of a maid with a man and making a sort of a cackling noise like two and a penny or half a crown and holding up a silliver shiner. Lordy, lordy, did she so? Well, of all the ones ever I heard! Throwing all the neiss little whores in the world at him! To inny captured wenches you wish of no matter what sex of pleissful
ways two adda cammar a Lizzy a lossie to hug and hab haven in Humpy's apron!

And what was the wyere rim she made! Odet! Odet! Tell me the trent of it while I'm lathering hail out of Denis Florence MacCarthy's combies. Rise it, flat ye, pian piena! I'm dying down off my iodine feet until I lerr y n Anna Livia's cashingloo! I can see that, I see you are. How does it tunmel? Listen now. Are you listening? Yes, yes! I need I am! Tam your ore ouse. Essonne inne.

By earth and the cloudy but I badly want a brandnew bankside, bedamp and I do, and a plumper at that!

For the puny affair I have is wore out, so it is, sitting, yapping and waiting for my old Dane ladder dadderer, my life in death rom-companion, my frugal key of our larder, my much-axed camel's bump, my jointspoiler, my maymoon's honey, my fool to the last December, to wake himself out of his winter's doze and bore me down like he used to.

Is there trwell a lord of the manor or a knight of the shire at strike, I wonder, that'd dip me a pound or two in cash for washing and darning his worshipful socks for him now we're run out of horsemeat and milk?

Only for my short Britt bed made is as snug as it smells it's out I'd lep and off with me to the sobs della Folkla or the place au Clonaraf to frate the gay aire of my salt troublin bay and the race of the saywint up me ambushure.

Onon! Onon! tel me more. Tell me every tiny teign. I want to know every single
Down to what made the potters fly into jagsthole. And why were the veales vet. Well, now comes the hazel-hatchery part. After Clondalkin the Kings's Inns. We'll soon be there with the fresheft. How many aleveens had she in tool? I can't rightly rede you that. Close only knows. Some say she had three figures to fill and confined herself to a hundred eleven, wan bywanbywan.Oiaph lammet, all that pack? We won't have room in the kirkeyaard. She can't remember half of the cradlenames she smacked on them by the grace of her boxing bishop's infallible slipper, the cane for Kund and abbles for Eyolf and ayther nayther for Yakov Yea. A hundred and how? They did well to rechristien her Pluhurabelle. O lordley! What a loddon

ledes! Heigh ho! But it's quite on the cards she'll shed more and merrier, twills and trills, sparefours and spoilfives, nordshikes and sudsevers and ayes and neins to a litter. Grandfarthing nap and Messamisery and the knave of all knaves and the joker. Hee-haw! She must have been a gadabout in her day, so she must, more than most. Shoal she was, gidgad. She had a flewmens of her own. Then a toss nare scared that lass, so aimai moe, that's agapo! Tell me, tell me, how cam she camlin through all her fellows, the neckar she was, the diveline? Linking one and knocking the next, tapting a flank and tipting a jutty and palling in and pictaring out and clyding by on her eastway. Waiwhou was the first thurever burst? Someone he was, whuebra they were, in a
tactic attack or in single combat. Tinker, tillar, souldrer, salor, Pieman Peace or Polistaman. That’s the thing I always want to know. Push up and push upper and come to headquarters! Was it waterloos year, after Grattan or Flood, or when maidens were in Arc or when three stood hosting? Fidaris will find where the Doubt arises like Nieman from Ningends found the Nihil. Worry you sighing, Aherne, O Anser? Untie the gemman’s fistknonts, Qvic and Nuancee? She can’t put her hand on him for the moment. Tez tholen langlo, walking weary! Such a loon way backwards to row! She says herself she hardly knows whuon the annals her gravereller was, a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or what he did or how blyth she played or how, when, why, where and who offon he jumped her. She was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then, sauntering, by silvamoonlake and he was a heavy trudging lurching lieabroad of a Curraghman, making his hay for whose sun to shine on, as tough as the oaktrees (peats be with them!) used to rustle that time down by the dykes of killing Kildare, for forstfellfoss with a plash across her. She thought she’s sankh neethe the ground with nymphant shame when he gave her the tigris eye! O happy fault! Me wish it was he! You’re wrong there, coribly wrong! Tisn’t only tonight you’re anachronistic! It was ages behind that when nullahs were nowhere, in county Wickenlow, garden of Erin, before she ever
...dreamt she'd leave Kilbride and go foaming under Horsepass bridge with the great southerwestern windstorming her traces and the midland's grainwaster asarch for her track, to wend her ways by and by, robecca or worse, to spin and to grind, to swab and to thrash, for all her golden lifey in the barleyfields and pennylotts of Humphrey's fordofhurdlestown and lie with a landleaper, wellingtonorseher. Alesse, the lagues of girly days! For the dove of the dunas! Wasat? Izod? Are you sarthin suir? Not where the Finn fits into the Mourne, not where the Nore takes lieve of Bloom, not where the Braye divarts the Farer, not where the Moy changez her minds twixt Cullin and Conn tween Cunn and Collin? Neya, narev, nen and nos!

Then whereabouts in Ow and Ovoca? Was it yst with wyst or Lucan Yokay or where the hand of man has never set foot? Dell me where, the fairy ferse time! I will if you listen. You know the dinkel dale of Luggelaw? Well, there once dwelt a local heremite, Michael Arklow was his riverend name, (with many a sigh I aspersed his lavabibs!) and one venersderg in junojuly, oso sweet and so cool and so limber she looked, Nance the Nixie, Nanon L'Escaut, in the silence, of the sycamores, all listening, the kindling curves you simply can't stop feeling, he plunged both of his newly anointed hands the core of his cushlas in her singimari saffron strumans of hair, parting them and soothing her and mingling it, that was deep-

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dark and ample like this red bog at sundown. By that Vale Vowclose’s lucydlac, the reignbeau’s heavenarchs arranged arranged her. A froth-dizzying galbs, her enamelled eyes indgoading him on to the vierge violetian. Wish z wish! Why a why? Mavro! Letry Lerek’s lafing light throw those laurals now on her daphdaph teaseng petrock. Maass! He cudde not help himself, thusro that hot on him, he had to forget the monk in the man so, rubbing her up and smoothing her down, he raised his lips in smiling mood, kiss akiss after kioskoshk (as he warned her never to, never to) on Anna-na Poghue’s of the freckled forehead. While you’d parse secheressa she hielt her souff’. But she ruz two feet hire in her alone

aestimation. And steppes on stilts ever since, O, wasn’t he the bold priest? And wasn’t she the naughty Livvy? Nautic Naama’s now her navn. Two lads in scoutsch breeches went through her before that, Barefoot Burn and Wallowme Wade, Lagnaquillia’s, noblesse picts, before she had a hint of a hair at her fanny to hide or a bosom to tempt a birch caneciller not to mention a bulgc porterhouse barge. And ere that again, leads, laid, all unrady, too faint to buoy the fairest rider, too frail to flirt with a cygnet’s plume, she was licked by a hound, Chirripa-Chirruta, while poing her pee, pure and simple, on the spur of the hill in old Kippure, in birdsong and shearingtime, but first of all, worst of all, the wiggly livvly, she sideslipped out by a gap
in the Devil’s glen while Sally her nurse was sound asleep in a sloot and feefee fiefe fell over a spillway before she found her stride and lay and wriggled in all the stagnant black pools of rainy under a fallow coo and she laughed innocently with her limbs aloft and a whole drove of maiden hawthorns blushing and looking askance upon her.

Drop me the sound of the findhorn’s name. And drip me why in the flenders was she frickled. And trickle me through was she marcelle waved or was it weirdly a wig she wore. And whitside did they droop their glows in their florry, aback to wist or affront to sea? In fear to hear the dear so near or longing loth and loathing longing? Are you in the swim or are you out? Go in, go on, go an! I mean about what you know. I know right well what you mean. Rother! You’d like the coifs and guimpes, snorty, and me to do the greasy jub on old Veronica’s wipers. What am I rancing now and I’ll thank you? Is it a pinny or is it a surplice? Arran, where’s your nose? And where’s the starch? That’s not the vestre benediction smell. I can tell from here by their eau de Colo and the scent of her oder they’re Mrs Magrath’s. And you ought to have aird them. They’ve moist come off her. Creases in silk they are, not crampton lawn. Baptiste me, father, for she has sinned! Through her catchment ring she freed them easy, with her hips’hurrahs for her knees’dontelleries. The only parr with frills in old the plain. So they are, I declare!
Welland well! If tomorrow keeps fine who'll come tripping to sightsee? How'll? Ask me next what I haven't got! The Belvederean exhibitioners. In their sculling caps and oarsclub colours. What hoo, they band! And what hoa, they buck! And here is her nubilee letters too. Ellis on quay in scarlet thread. Linked for the world on a flush-coloured field. Annan exe after to show they're not Laura Kehoe's. O, may the diabolo twisk your safety pin! You child of Mammon, Kinsella's Lilith! Now who has been tearing the leg of her drawers on her? Which leg is it? The one with the bells on it. Rinse them out and aston along with you. Where did I stop? Never stop. Continuation! You're not there yet. Garonne, garonne!

Well, after it was put in the Mericy Cordial Mendicants' Sitterdag-Zindeh-Munday Wakeschrift (for once they sullied their white kidloves, chewing cuds after their dinners of cheeckin and beggin, with their show us it here and their mind out of that and their when you're quite finished with the reading material), even the snee that snowdon his hoaring hair had a skunner against him. Thaw, thaw, sava, savuto! Score Her Chuff Exsquire! Everywhere erriff you went and every bung you arver dropped into, in cit or suburb or in addled areas, the Rose and Bottle or Phoenix Tavern or Power's Inn or Jude's Hotel, or wherever you scoured the countryside from Nannywater to Vartryville or from Porta Lateen to the lootin quarter you found his
ikom etched tipside down or the corner-boys burning his gay and Morris the Man, with the role of a roys in his turgos the turrible, (Evropahahn scheic house, un-skinned soot it yahoort, hamman now cheekmee, Ahdam this way make, Fatima, half turn!) reeling and railing around the local with oddfellow's triple tiara husby rotundarinking round his scalp. Like Pete-by-the-Neva or Pete-over-Meer. This is the Hausman all paven and stoned, that cribbed the Cabin that never was owned, that cocked his leg and hennad his Egg. And the mauldra rabble around him in areopage, fracassing a great bingkan cagnan with their timpan crowders. Mind your Grimmfather. Think of your Ma! Hing the Hong is his jove's hangnomen!

Lilt a bolero, bulling a law! She swore on croststyx nyne wyndabouts she'd be level with all the snags of them yet. Par the Vulnerable Virgins' Mary del Dame! So she said to herself she'd frame a plan to fake a shine, the mischiefmaker, the like of it you never heard. What plan? Tell me quick and dongu so crowd! What did she mague? Well, she bergened a bag, a shammy mailbag, off one of her swapsons, Shaun the Post, and then she went and consulted her chapboucqs, old Mot Moore, Casey's Euclid and the Fashion Display and made herself tidal to join in the mas-carete. O gig goggle of gigguels. I can't tell you how! It's too screaming to rizo, rabbit it all! Minneha, minneh! minneh! O but you must, you must really!
Make my hear it gurgle gurgle, like the fairest gargle gargle in the dusky dirgle dargle. By the holy well of Mulhuddart I swear I'd pledge my chanza getting to heaven through Terry and Killy's mount of impiety to hear it all, aviary word. O, leave me my faculties, woman, a while. If you don't like my story get out of the punt. Well, have it your own way, so. Here, sit down and do as you're bid. Take my stroke and bend to your bow. Forward in and pull your overthepoise! Lisp it slaney and crisp it quiet. Deel me longsome. Tongue your time now. Breathe that deep. Thouat's the fairway. Hurry slow and scheldt you go. Lynd us your blessed ashes here till I scrub the canon's underpants. Flow now. Ower more.

First she let her hair fall and down it flussed to her feet its teviots winding coils. Then, mothernaked, she sampood herself with galawater and fraguant pistania mud, wupper and lauar, from crown to sole. Next she greased the groove of her keel, warthes and wears and mole and itcher, with anti-fouling butterscatch and turfentide and serpenthyme and with leafmould she ushered round prunella isles and islets dun quincecunct allover her little mary. Peeld gold of waxwork her jellybelly and her grains of incense anguille bronze. And after that she wove a garland for her hair. She pleated it. She plaited it. Of meadowgrass and riverflags, the bulrush and waterweed, and of fallen griefs of weeping willow. Then she made her bracelets and her anklets and
her armlets and a jetty amulet for necklace of clicking cobbles and pattering pebbles and rumbledown rubble, richmond and rehr, of Irish rhunerhinerstones and stellmarble bangles. That done, a dawk of smut to her airy ey, Annushka Latetiavitch Puffiovah, and the lellipos cream to her lippdeens and the pick of the paintbox for her pommettes, from strawbirry reds to extra violates, and she sent her boudeloire maids to His Affluence-Ciliegia Grande and Kirschie Real, the two chirsines, with respecks from his missus, seepy and sewery, and a request might she passe of him for a minnikin. A call to pay, and light a taper, in Brie-on-Arossa, back in a sprizzling, The cock striking mine, the stalls bridlely sign, there's Zambosy waiting for me. She said

she wouldn't be half her length away. Then, then, as soon as the lump his back was turned, with her mealiebag slang over her shulder, Anna Livia, oysterface, forth of her bassein came.

Describe her! Hustle along, why can't you? Spitz on the iern while it's hot. I wouldn't miss her for irthing on bethe. Oceans of Gaud, I mussel hear that! Ogowe presta! Leste, before Julia sees her! Ishkarry and washemeskad, the carishy caratimany? Whole ladyfair? Duodecimoroon? Bon a venture? Malagassy? What had she on, the liddel oud oddity! How much did she scallop, harness and weights! Here she is, Anmesty Ann. Call her calamity electrifies man.

No electress at all, but old Moppa Ne-
cessity, angin mother of injons. I'll tell you a test. But you must sit still. Will you hold your peace and listen well to what I am going to say now? It might have been ten or twenty to one of the night of Allclose or the nexth of April when the flip of her hoogy igloo flappered and out toetippit a bushman woman, the dearest little moma ever you saw, nodding around her, all smiles, with ems of embarras and aus to awe, between two ages, a judyqueen, not up to your elb. Quick, look at her cute and saise her quirk for the bicker she lives the slicker she grows. Save us and tagus! No more? Werra where in ourthe did you ever pick a Lambay chop as big as a battering ram? Ay, you're right. I'm epte to forget­ting, Like Liviam Liddle did Loveame Long.

The nth of my hough, I say! She wore a ploughboy's nailstudded clogs, a pair of ploughfields in themselves: a sugarloaf hat with a gaudyquiviry peak and a band of gorse for an armment and a hundred streamers dancing off it and a guildered pin to pierce it: owlglassy bicycles boggled her eyes: and a fishnetzeveil she had to keep the sun from spoiling her wrinkles: potatorings boucled the loose laubes of her laudsnarers: her nude cuba stockings were salmospotspeckled: she sported a gal­ligo shimmy of hazeviapar tinto that never was fast till it ran in the washing: stout stays, the rivals, lined her length: her bloodorange bockknickers, a two in one garment, showed natural nigger baggers, fancyfastened, free to undo: her blackstripe
tan joseph was sequansewn and teddybear-lined, with wavy rashgreen epaulettes and a leadowd here and there of royal swans-ruff: a brace of gaspers stuck in her hay-rope garters; her civvy codroy coat with alphubett buttons was boundaried round with a twobar tunnel belt; a fourpenny bit in each pockeside weighed her safe from the blowaway windrush; she had a clothes-peg tight astride of her joki’s nose and she kep on grinding a sommething quaint in her fumy mouth and the rreke of the fluve of the tail of the gawan of her snuffdrab sioder’s skirt trailed fifty Irish miles behind her lungarhodes.

Hellsbells, I’m sorry I missed her! Sweet gumptyum and nobody fainted. But in whelks of her mouths? Was her naze alight?

Everyone that saw her said the dowce little delia looked a bit queer. Lotsy wotsy, mind the poddle! Missus, be good and don’t fol in the say! Fenny poor hex she must have charred. Kickhams a frumpier ever you saw. Making saft mullet’s eyes at her boys dobelong. And they crowned her their chariton queen, all the maids. Of the may? You don’t say! Well for her she couldn’t see herself. I recknitz wharfore the darling murrayed her mirror. She did? Mersey me! There was a koros of drouthdropping surfacemen, boomslanging and plugchewing, fruiteyeing and flowerfeeding, in contemplation of the fluctuation and the undification of her filamentation, lolling and leasing on North Lazers’ Waal all eelfare week by the Jukar Yoick’s and as soon as they
saw her meander by that maritime way
in her grasswinter's weeds and twigged
who was under her deaconess bonnet,
Avondale's fish and Clarence's poison,
says an to ather, Wit-upon-Crutches to
Master Bates: Between our two southsates
and the granite they're warming, or her face
has been lifted or Alp has doped.

But what was the game in her mixed
haggyrhaty? And where in thunder did
she plunder? Fore the battle or after the
ball? I want to get it frisk from the source.
I aubette my bearb it's worth while poach-
ing on. Shake it up, do, do! That's a good
old son of a ditch! I promise. I'll make
it worth your while. And I don't mean
maybe. Not yet with a goodfor. Spey me
pruth and I'll tale you true.

Well, arundgirond in a waveney lyne
aringarouma she pattered and swung and
silded, dribbling her boulder through nar-
rowa mosses, the diliskydrear on our drier
side and the wilde vetchvine agin us, curara
here careero there, not knowing wich medi-
way or weser to strike it, edereider'making
chattahoochee all to her ain chichiu, like
Santa Claus at the cree of the pale and puny,
nistling to hear for their tiny hearties, her
arms encircling Isolabella, then running
with reconciled Romas and Reims, then
bathing Dirty Hans' spatters with spittle,
with a Christmas box apiece for aisch and
everyone of her childer, the birthday gifts
they dreamt they gabe her, the spoiled she
fleetly laid at our door! On the natt, by
the pourch and inunder the cellar. The
rivulets ran afloat to see, the glashaboy, the pollynooties. Out of the paunschaup on to the pyre. And they all about her, youths and maidens, rickets and riots, like the Smyly boys at their vicereine's levee. Vivi vienne, little Annchen vielo Anna, high life! Sing us a sula, O, susuria! Ausone sidulcis! Hasn't she tambre! chipping her and raising a bit of a chir or a jary every dive she'd neb in her culdee sacco of wabbash she raabed and reach out her maundy meerschaundize, poor souvenir as per ricorder and all for sore aringaunag, stinkers and heelers, laggards and primelads, her furzeborn sons and dribblederry daughters, a thousand and one of them, and wickerpotluck for each of them. For evil and ever. And kiks the buch. A tinker's
father's early aim for Tim from Skibereen:
a jauntingcar for Larry Doolin, the Bally­
clee jackeen; a seasick trip on a govern­
ment ship for Teague O'Flanagan; a louse
and trap for Jerry Coyle; slushmincepies
for Andy Mackenzie; a hairclip and clack­
dish for Penceless Peter; that twelve
sounds look for G. V. Brooke; a drowned
doll, to face downwards for modest Sister
Anne Mortimer; altar falls for Blanchisse's
bed; Wildaire's brecketties for Magpeg
Wopppington; to Sue Dot a big eye to Sam
Dash a false step; snakes in clover, picked
and scotched and a vaticanned vipercatcher's visa for Patsy Presby's: a reiz
every morning for Standfast Dick and a
drop every minute for Stumblestone Davy;
scrub oak beads for beatified Biddy; two

appletweed stools for Eva Mobbely: for
Saara Philpot a jordan vale teanorne: a
pretty box of Pettyfib's Powder for Eileen
Aruna to whiten her teeth and outflash
Helen Arhone: a whippingtop for Eddy
Lawless: for Kitty Celeraine of Butter­
man's Lane a penny wise for her foolish
pitcher: a putty shovel for Terry the
Puckain: a potamus mask for Promoter
Dunne: a nester egg with a twicedated
shell and a dynamight right for Pavl the
Curate; a collera morbous for Mann in
the Cloack; a starr and girton for Draper
and Dease; for Will-of-the-Wisp and
Barny the Bark two mangolds noble to
sweeten their bitters; for Oliver Bound
a way in his frey: for Seumas, thought
little, a crown he feels big; a fibertime's pile
with a Congoswood cross on the back for Sunny Twimjim; a praises be and spare me days for Brian the Brave; penteplenty of pity with lubilashings of lust for Olona Lena Magdalena; for Camilla, Dromilla, Ludmilla, Mamilla, a bucket, a packet, a book and a pillow: for Nancy Shannon a Tuami brooch: for Dora Riparia Hope and water a cooling douche and a warming-pan; a pair of Blarney brags for Wally Meagher: a hairpin slatspencil for Elsie Oram to scratch her toby, doing her best with her volgar fractions: an old age pension for Betty Bellezza: a bag of the blues for Funny Fitz: a *Missa pro Messa* for Taff de Taff; Jill, the spoon of a girl, for Jack, the broth of a boy: a Rogerson Crusoe’s Friday fast for Caduceus Angelus

Rubiconstein: three hundred and sixtysix poplin tyne for revery warp in the weaver’s woof for Victor Hugonot: a stiff steaded rake and good varians muck for Kate the Cleaner: a hole in the ballad for Hosty: two dozen of cradles for J.F.X.P. Coppinger; tenpounten on the pop for the dauphins born with five spoiled squibs for Infanta: a letter to last a lifetime for Maggi beyond by the ashpit: the heftiest frozen meat woman from Lusk to Livienbad for Felim the Ferry: spas and speranza and symposium’s syrup for decayed and blind and gouty Gough: a change of naves and joys of ills for Armoricus Tristram Amoor Saint Lawrence a guillotine shirt for Reuben Redbreast und hempen suspenderats for Brennan on the Moor; an oakan-
knee for Conditor Sawyer and musquodoboits for Great Tropical Scott; a Cepeduncle for Karmalite Kane; a sunless map of the month, including the sword and stamps for Shemus O'Shaun the Post; a jackal with hide for Browne but Nolan; a store-cold shoulder for Donn Joe Vance; all lock and no stable for Honorbright Meretrix; a big drum for Billy Dunboyne; a guilty goldeny bellows, below me blow me for Ida Ida and a hushtby rocker Eletrouvetica for Who-is-silver—Where-is-he?: whatever you like to swilly to swash, Yueness or Yennessy, Laagen or Niger, for Festus King and Roaring Peter and Frisky Shorty and Treacle Tom and O. B. Behan and Sully the Thug and Master Magrath and Peter Cloran and O'Delawarr Rossa and Nerone MacPacem and whoever you chance to meet knocking around: and a pig's bladder balloon for Selina Susquehanna Stakelum. But what did she give to Prude Ward and Katty Kanel and Peggy Quilty and Briery Browna and Teasy Kieran and Ena Lappin and Muriel Mosel and Zusza Camac and Melissa Bradogue and Flora Ferns and Fauna Fox-Goodman and Grettna Greaney and Penelope Inglesante and Lezba Licking like Leytha Liane and Roxana Rohan with Simpaticoh Sohan and Una Bina Laterza and Trina La Mesme and Philomena O'Farrell and Irmak Elly and Josephine Foyle and Snakeshead Lily and Fountinoy Laura and Marie Xavier Agnes Daisy Frances de Sales Macleay? She gave them ilcka
madre’s daughter a moonflower and a bloodvein: but the grapes that ripe before reason to them that devide the vinedress. So on Izzy, her shamemaid, love shone beyond her tears as from Shem, her penmighth, life past befool his prime.

My colonial, wardha bagful! A baker­een’s dusind with tithet tillies to boot. That’s what you may call a tale of a tub. All that and more under one erindleine envelope if you dare to break the porkbarrel seal. No wonder they’d run from her pison plague. Throw us your hudson soap for the honour of Clane. The wee taste the water left. I’ll raft it back, first thing in the marne. Merced mulde! Ay, and don’t forget the reckits I lohaned you. You’ve all the swirls your side of the current. Well, am I

to blame for that if I have? Who said you’re to blame for that if you have? You’re a bit on the sharp side. I’m on the wide. Only snuffers’ corners drifts my way that the cracka divne chuckes out of his cassock, with her estheryear’s marsh narcissus to make him recant his vanity fair. Foul strips of his chinook’s bible I do be reading, dodwell disgusted but chuckled with chuckles at the titties is drawn on the tattlepage. Senior ga dito Faciasi Omo. Omo fu fé. Ho! Ho! Senior ga dito: Faciasi Hidano! Hidano se ga facessá! Ha! Ha! And Die Windernere Dichter and Lefanu (Sheridens) Old House by the Coachyard and Mill (J) On Woman with Ditto on the Floss. Ja, a swamp for Altmuehler and a stone for his tossies. I know how racy they
move his wheel. My hands are brawcauld between isker and suda like that piece of pattern chayney there, lying below. Or where is it? Lying beside the sedge I saw it. Hoangho, my sorrow, I've lost it! Aimihi! With that turbary water who could see? So near and yet so far! But O, gihon! I lovat a gabber. I could listen to maure and moravar again. Regn oder river. Flies do your float. Thick is the life for mere.

Well, you know or don’t you kennet or haven't I told you every telling has a taling and that's the he and the she of it. Look, look, the dusk is growing. My branches lofty are taking root. And my cold cher's gone ashley. Fieluh? Filou! What age is a? It saon is late. 'Tis endless now since eye or erewone last saw Waterhouse's clogh. They took it asunder, I hurd thum sigh. When will they reassemble it? O, my back, my back, my back! I'd want to go to Aches-les-Pains. Pingpong! There's the Belle for Sexaloitez! And Concepta de send-us-pray! Pang! Wring out the clothes! Wring in the dew! Godavari, vert the showers! And grant thaya grace! Aman. Will we spread them here now? Ay, we will. Flip! Spread on your bank and I'll spread mine on mine. Flep! It's what I'm doing. Spread! It's churning chill. Der went is rising. I'll lay a few stones on the hostel sheets. A man and his bride embraced between them. Else I'd have sprinkled and folded them only. And I'll tie my butcher's apron here. It's suety yet. The strollers will pass it by. Six
shifts, ten kerchiefs, nine to hold to the fire and this for the code, the convent napkins twelve, one baby's shawl. Good mother Joseph knows, she said. Whose head? Mutter snores? Deatacles! Whar-now are alle her childer, say? In kingdom gone or power to come or gloria be to them farther? Allalivial, allalluvial! Some here, more no more, more again lost alls stranger. I've heard tell that same brooch of the Shannons was married into a family in Spain. And all the Dunders de Dunnes in Markland's Vineland beyond Brendan's herring pool takes number nine in yang-see's hats. And one of Biddy's beads went bobbing till she rounded up lost histereve with a marigold and a cobbler's candle in a side strain of a main drain of a manzina-

hurries off Bachelor's Walk. But all that's left to the last of the Meaghers in the loop of the years prefixed and between is one kneebuckle and two hooks in the front. Do you tell me that now? I do in troth. Orara par Orbe and poor Las Animas! Ussa, Ulla, we're umbas all! Mezha, didn't you hear it a deluge of times, ufer and ufer, respond to spond? You deed, you deed! I need, I need! It's that irrawaddly I've stoke in my aars. It all but husheth the lethest sound. Oronoko! What's your trouble? Is that the great Finnleader himself in his joakimono on his statue riding the high horse there forehengist? Father of Otters, it is himself! Yonne there! Iset that? On Fallareen Common? You're thinking of Astley's Amphitheayer where
the bobby restrained you making sugar-stuck pouts to the ghostwhite horse of the Peppers. Throw the cobwebs from your eyes, woman, and spread your washing proper. It's well I know your sort of slop. Flap! Ireland sober is Ireland stiff. Lord help you, Maria, full of grease, the load is with me! Your prayers. I sonhit zo! madam-mangut! Were you lifting your elbow, tell us, glazy cheeks, in Conway's Carrigacurra canteen? Was I what, hobbledhips? Flap! Your rere gait's creakorheuman bitts your butts disagrees. Amn't I up since the damp dawn, marthared mary allacook, with Corrigan's pulse and varicoarse veins, my premaxle smashed, Alice Jane in decline and my oneeyed mongrel twice run over, soaking and bleaching boiler rags, and sweating cold, a widow like me, for to deck my tennis champion son, the laundryman with the lavender flannels? You won your limpopo limp from the husky hussars when Collars and Cuffs was heir to the town and your slur gave the stink to Carlow. Holy Scamander, I say it again! Near the golden falls. Icis on us! Seints of light! Zezere! Subdue your noise, you humble creature! What is it but a blackbury growth or the dwyegray ass them four old codgers owns. Are you meenam Tarpey and Lyons and Gregory? I meyne now, thank all, the four of them, and the roar of them, that draves that stray in the mist and old Johnny Mac Dougal along with them. Is that the Poolbeg flasher beyant, pharphar, or a fireboat coating nyar the
Kishtna or a glow I behold within a hedge
or my Garry come back from the Indes?
Wait till the honeying of the lune, love!
Die eve, little eve, die! We see that wonder
in your eye. We'll meet again, we'll part once more. The spot I'll seek if the hour you'll find. My chart shines high where the blue milk’s upset. Forgivemequick, I'm going! Bubye! And you, pluck your watch, forgetmenot. Your everbode. So save to jurna’s end! My sights are swimming thicker on me by the shadows to this place. I sow home slowly now by own way, moy-valley way. Towy I too, rathmine.

Ah, but she was the queer old skeowsha anyhow, Anna Livia, trinkettoes. And sure he was the quare old buntz too, Dear Dirty Dumpling, foostherfather of fingalls and dotthergills. Gammer and gaffer we're all their gangsters. Hadn’t he seven dams to wive him? And every dam had her seven crutches. And every crutch had its seven hues. And each hue had a different cry. Sudds for me and supper for you and the doctor’s bill for Joe John. Before! Before! He married his markets, cheap by soul, I know, like any Etrurian Catholic Heathen, in their pinky limony creamy birnies and their turkiss indienne mauves. But at milkidmass who was the spouse? Then all that was was fair. Tys Elvenland? Teems of times and happy returns. The seim anew. Ordovico or viricordo. Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle’s to be. Northmen’s thing made southfolk’s place but how-multy plurators made eachone in person?
Latin me that, my trinity scholard, out of eure sanscreed into oure eryan. *Hircus Civis Eblanensis!* He had buckgoat paps on him, sof'nt ones for orphans. Ho, Lord! Twins of his bosom. Lord save us! And ho! Hey? What all men. Hot? His tittering daughters of. Whawk?

Can’t hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Flittering bats, field-mice hawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone abome? What Tom Malone? Can’t hear with bawk of bats, all the liffeying waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won’t moo. I feel as old as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia’s daughtersons. Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of John or Shaun? Who were Shem

and Shaun the living sons or daughters of? Night now! Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Tell me tale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hither-and-thithering waters of. Night!