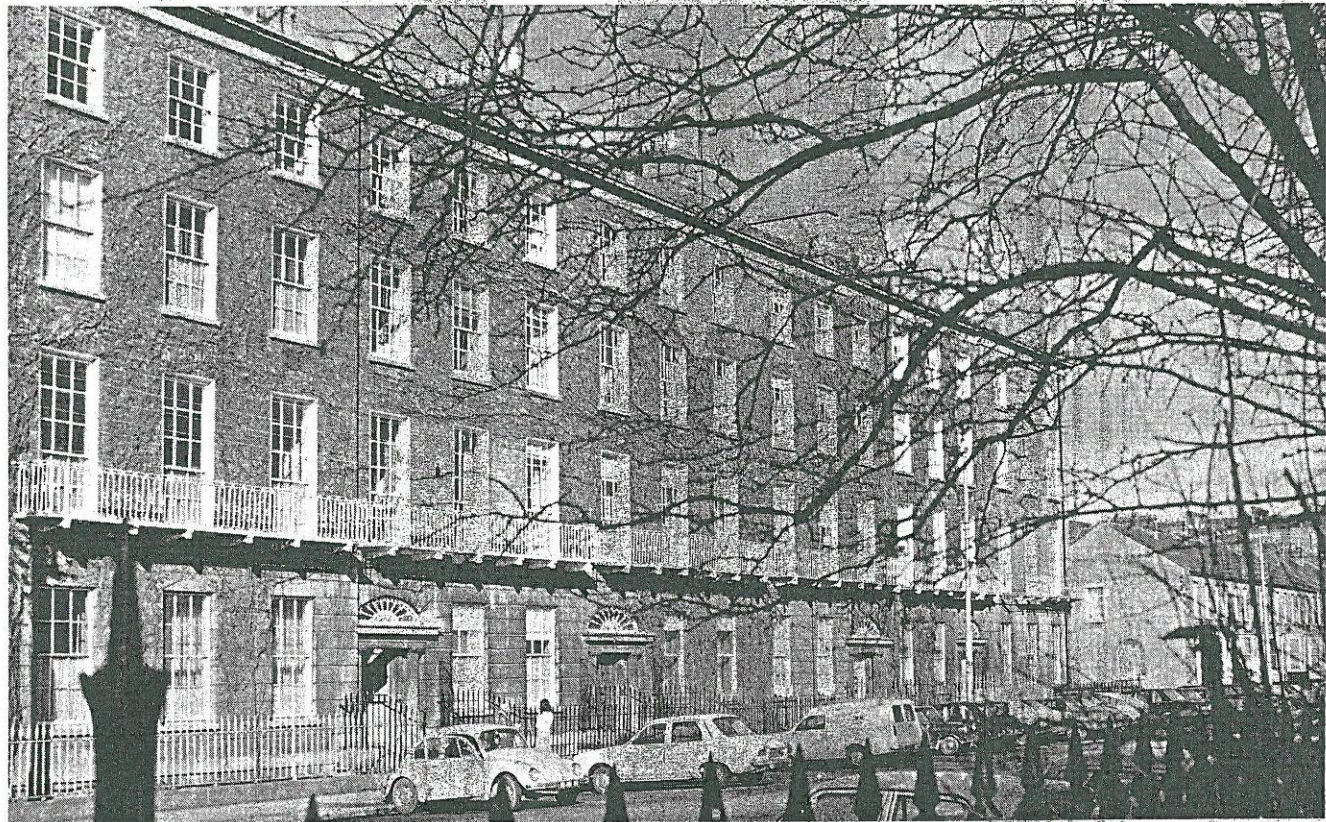


2 pages  
—





... a  
... and  
... ner ac-  
... we you?"  
... om one Vien-  
... nile in Limerick.

...rs sincerely,

Geoffrey Grigson

# LIMERICK

... woman between seventy and eighty,  
... of her eyes sagging down and showing  
... and above all, around all, in all,  
... a bit sweet with the near-bitter inten-  
... of saccharine. Mixed with the stench  
... uts from one window to another, from  
... ay to window.

... pper portion of the tenement cliff is  
... tumbled out, and in a great U, the  
... replaced, but without windows. One  
... ent empty, because dilapidation has  
... indows without glass, and the wind off  
... g in and blowing out through the roof,  
... eansea, powerless to obliterate the  
... embered O'Casey—O'Casey's slum  
... time's spit and anger's hasty knock-  
... ick were 'long haggard corridors of  
... ' Only here, because the brick face  
... rrupted eyes across the Shannon,  
... lls, because of all this, the effect was  
... ooked at an aged, noseless syphilitic  
... rounded by flowers. I remember once  
... ell coming to me in the reading-room  
... um, persistent above the dry oil-cloth  
... ; and turning half-round, I saw a  
... er his books, the nose-holes plugged  
... on-wool. Cromwell's Ireton died in  
... olague, and here were nose-plugged  
... antastically life was possible) dying

... liver one from the tenements into  
... Patrick Street merges into the long  
... eet, painted, and clean, alive with the  
... ed water in the 'Medical Halls', with  
... elaborate graining. Here are hotels,

...ing nasty out of time's spirit.

In between them and the tenement Ireland, in a side street leading back to the Shannon, one came into a crowded cave where Ireland of the town, of the tenement, and of the country all crowded and mixed into a painting of Ostade's: prams, parcels, saddles, saucepans, sacks, young girls and children, long farmers, round nuns, hags under shawls, a hairy hunchback, filling the dark cave around a stove, from which a pipe straddled along to a soot-rimmed hole in the wall. In the centre of the gloom, to which one struggled through bodies and parcels, a

... for being engaged, we could not get back'. One may think, between the bus station cave and the tenements of Limerick, that a visitation of plague is not the prerequisite required for the squalor of Irish towns; and one realizes how foreign the whole concept either of town or village must be to the Irish, how the towns have been imported by the English and foisted upon a tribal, rural Irish, who did not know and still have not learned how to conduct them or live in them. Cats are cleanly animals, but in cages they smell. The town Irish are in cages.

In Limerick, still one other Ireland was visible, as the



Pery Square. "A smart doctors street".