

Contents

Foreword	VII
Translator's Note	XIII
We Always Treat Women Too Well	1

*We Always Treat
Women Too Well*

“GOD SAVE THE KING!” cried the doorman, who had been the manservant of a lord in Sussex for thirty-six years, but his master had gone down with the *Titanic*, leaving neither heir nor wherewithal to keep up his “carssel”, as they call it on the other side of St George’s Channel. Back in the country of his Celtic ancestors, the lackey had obtained this modest position in the post office at the corner of Sackville Street and Eden Quay.

“God save the King!” he repeated in a loud voice, for he was loyal to the Crown of England.

It was with horror that he had observed the irruption into the post office of seven armed individuals whom he immediately suspected of being Irish Republicans in an insurrectionary mood.

“God save the King!” he murmured for the third time.

He did no more than murmur, this time, for he had already manifested his loyalty to such an extent that Corny Kelleher had wasted no time in injecting a bullet into his noggin. The dead doorman vomited his brains through an eighth orifice in his head, and fell flat on the floor.

John MacCormack registered this execution out of the corner of his eye. He didn’t consider it absolutely necessary, but this was no time for argument.

The young lady postal clerks were clucking frantically. There were about ten of them, either real English girls or Ulsterwomen, and they in no way approved this turn of events.

“Clear these squawking hens out of here!” yelled MacCormack.

So Gallagher and Dillon, with both words and gestures, began advising the young ladies to make themselves scarce with all speed. But some of them wanted to go and fetch their

waterproofs, and others their handbags; a certain amount of panic became manifest in their conduct.

“Stupid cuntesses!” MacCormack shouted from the top of the stairs. “What’re you men waiting for? Clear them out of here!”

Gallager grabbed hold of the first one and gave her bottom a wallop.

“But you must be correct!” MacCormack added.

“We’ll never manage,” muttered Dillon, while being knocked sideways by two damsels charging in the opposite direction.

“Oh! Mr Dillon!” wailed one of them, as she recognized him. She stopped short.

“You, Mr Dillon! Such a respectable man! With a gun in your hand against our King! Instead of finishing my beautiful lace frock!”

Dillon, highly embarrassed, scratched his head. But Gallager came to his aid and, tickling the client under her arms, shouted in her ear:

“Get a spurt on, sappyhead!”

On hearing these words, she fled.

MacCormack rushed up to the first floor, followed by Caffrey and Callinan. When he was out of sight, Gallager caught hold of another girl and caused her hindquarters to reverberate. The girl jumped.

“Correct!” he said indignantly. “Correct!”

And, as another posterior was offered to him, he applied his beetle-crusher to it with some force and sent the young person flying – a young person, moreover, who had passed examinations, and correctly answered many questions concerning the geography of the world and the discoveries of Graham Bell.

“Come on, scutter, scutter!” yelled Dillon, full of courage in the face of all this femininity.

The situation was becoming a little clearer, and the feminine personnel were getting a move on, galloping towards the exits, and thence into Sackville Street or Eden Quay.

Two young telegraph clerks were hoping to be expelled like the young ladies, but they had to be content with vulgar biffs on the beezers. They withdrew, disgusted by so much correctitude.

Out in the street, the crowd was gawping at these expulsions. A few shots were heard. The groups began to disperse.

"I think that's the last of them," said Dillon, looking around him.

No more virgins offended his view.

2

ON THE FIRST FLOOR, the higher-ranking officials didn't make so much fuss. They immediately accepted their expulsion, rushed down the stairs and reached the pavement with all possible speed.

The superintendent was the only one to put up any show of resistance. His name was Théodore Durand, for he was of French origin. But in spite of the sympathy that had always united the French people and the Irish people, the postmaster of the Eden Quay post office had devoted his hearts and souls (he had several, but as we shall soon see this was of no use to him) to the British cause and to the support of the House of Hanover. He regretted the fact that he had neither his tails nor his dinner jacket with him. He had indeed tried to telephone his wife to ask her to bring them, but he lived a long way away, and in any case he didn't have the telephone at home. Hence he was merely attired in his morning coat. True, he had fought at Khartoum uniformed in shantung and unbleached linen, but even so it disgusted this Frenchman to have to fight these Republicans on behalf of his adopted King with such scant *décor-homme*.

John MacCormack kicked in the door.

"God save the King!" declared the postmaster, with the heroic resolution of the Unknown Warrior.

He cheesed it presto, though, for John MacCormack had just split his skull with five bloodily and anatomically distributed dumdum bullets.

Caffrey and Callinan shoved the corpse in a corner, and MacCormack ensconced himself in the postmaster's armchair. He manipulated the telephonic apparatus and shouted: "Hello! Hello!" into the receiver. At the other end of the line someone answered: "Hello! Hello!" So MacCormack pronounced the password:

"Finnegans wake!"

And the someone answered:

"Finnegans wake!"

"MacCormack here. The Eden Quay post office has been occupied."

"Fine. This is the GPO. Everything's going well. The orange, green and white flag has been hoisted."

"Hurrah!" said MacCormack.

"Hold on in case there's an attack, though it's unlikely. Everything's going well. Finnegans wake!"

"Finnegans wake!" replied MacCormack.

The someone hung up. And so did he.

Larry O'Rourke came into the office. Very politely, he had positively and practically requested the other high-ranking officials to vamoose. All the employees had been expelled. Dillon, coming from the entrance hall, confirmed this. All they had to do now was await events.

MacCormack lit a pipe, and then offered cigarettes to his pals. Caffrey went downstairs again.

3

ON THE GROUND FLOOR, Kelleher and Gallager were standing outside the post office, their rifles under their arms. A few onlookers were looking on, at a certain distance. Some sympathizers, at the same distance, were waving

their hands, hats or handkerchiefs as a sign of sympathy, and the two rebels answered them from time to time by brandishing their rifles. A few passers-by then started to move off, far from reassured. No Britisher seemed to exist in the vicinity.

Along the quay, a little Norwegian sailing ship was made fast to the sturdy mooring posts, and some Scandinavian seamen were observing these incidents without making any appreciable comment.

Gallager went down the steps to the street and walked the few paces to the corner of Sackville Street. O'Connell Bridge was deserted. On the other side of the bridge, several anxious citizens were stuck like flies round the white marble statue of William Smith O'Brien, awaiting the outcome of the events. After privately saluting the memory of the great conspirator, Gallager turned his back on the Liffey in order to examine the situation in Sackville Street. Facing him, O'Connell's statue, with its fifty bronze figures, had attracted no curious onlookers, in view of its exposed situation; beside it, a tram had come to a standstill, emptied of its passengers and employees. A motionless man stood in front of the statue of Father Matthew. Gallager was less interested in trying to account for the presence of this character than in insulting the memory of the apostle of temperance, which he was in the habit of doing even when he hadn't a drop taken.

The Irish flag was flying over No. 43, the headquarters of the Irish Nationalist Party, it was flying over the Metropole Hotel, it was flying over the GPO. A little farther on, Nelson continued his sojourn in a damp sky, at the top of his 134-foot high pillar.

Passers-by, bystanders, onlookers, anxious citizens and tourists were becoming scarce. From time to time a rebel or some rebels ran across the street, rifle or revolver in hand.

Still no reaction from the British.

Gallager smiled and went back to his post.

"Everything all right?" asked Kelleher.

“The flag of Eire is flying over the most important roofs in O’Connell Street,” replied Gallager.

Naturally, he never said Sackville Street.

“Finnegans wake!” they shouted in chorus, waving their rifles over their heads.

A few sympathizers replied, but some onlookers withdrew.

Caffrey began to close the windows.

4

ALL THE SAME, said Gertie Girdle to herself, all the same, these modern lavatories are still not perfect, this flushing system makes such a noise, goodness gracious! A noise like a riot, not that I’ve ever heard a riot, but I’ve sometimes heard a rabble, a rabble brawling and babbling, this flushing system makes a noise like that, it bawls, and it’s still bawling, that gurgling noise the tank makes as it fills up again, it’s never-ending, it’s definitely not perfect yet, it lacks discretion. I must tidy my hair a bit. To please whom, I wonder. My beloved fiancé, Commodore Sidney Cartwright, hasn’t arrived yet to admire my beautiful mane. When shall I see my beloved fiancé again? When? And until then, my goodness gracious, whom shall I be able to please? Those people running, I wonder why. But my goodness gracious, those people running. I wasn’t thinking about them. I was thinking about my hair. That’s a good two minutes there’ve been those sounds of feet, of running, of stamping feet. Just now. At the same time as the flushing system, there was something like a... Something like a what... A shot. It’s ridiculous. A suicide. Perhaps Monsieur Durand has committed suicide. He loves me so much. And so respectfully. I don’t love him. There, my hair’s more or less all right now. A shot. He’s killed himself for love of me. It’s stupid. And those people who never stop running. They must have gone mad. Goodness gracious. How stupid I am. Goodness gracious, goodness gracious. That’s what it is,

there's a fire. A fire. Why don't they shout "Fire!" if there's a fire? They aren't shouting "Fire!" It's this flushing system that's given me incendiary ideas. Even so it's high time I came out of here. Mrs Kane will say I've been away too long again. What a job. Ah, all the same they've stopped running. All the same. What a job. Mrs Kane with her grey hair with its pink dandruff. I've never seen a riot, or a revolution. They're talking about one here. They're talking about one. They're talking about one. The war in France means peace for here. Isn't it peaceful. Isn't it quiet. They've stopped running. But why have they stopped running. Stopped. Stopped. Everything's stopped. It's time I went out of here. Then why don't I go out? Don't I go out? Don't I go out? Why not? There. I've done everything I had to do here. And now this silence. Put my hand on that protective bolt. Slide the bolt. Open the door gently. Why gently? Why all these precautions? My goodness gracious, am I going mad? It's stupid. I'll open the door.

5

HAVING PUSHED THE DOOR OPEN, she perceived, in the corridor, a man with a revolver in his hand. He didn't see her. She quickly pulled the door shut again and, leaning against the washbasin, pressed both her hands to her heart, which had started beating so hard it was nearly breaking her ribs.

6

"I'VE BEEN DOING THE rounds," said Larry O'Rourke. "Not a soul. Caffrey, Kelleher and Gallagher have locked everything up downstairs, except the main door. They're ready to barricade it if need be."

“No danger,” said Dillon.

“Meaning?” asked MacCormack.

“That they won’t need to barricade it.”

“You think there won’t be any English reaction?”

“No. They’ve got other things to do. It’s in the bag.”

“Meaning?” asked MacCormack.

“That they’ll capitulate without firing a single shot.”

“Monkeydoodle,” said MacCormack.

O’Rourke shrugged his shoulders.

“No point in arguing. We shall see. We must obey orders.”

“For the moment, there’s no problem,” said Dillon. “All we have to do is wait.”

“Well then, let’s wait,” said O’Rourke.

MacCormack pointed to the corpse of Théodore Durand, late of the Civil Service.

“We aren’t going to leave it to ferment here.”

“It won’t have time,” retorted Dillon. “This very evening we’ll give it back to the British and they’ll bury it. Just like that. A little present before they leave.”

“We could put it in another room,” said MacCormack.

He looked at the stiff in disgust, even though it was his own work, after all.

“O’Rourke can cut it up,” said Dillon, “and we’ll take it away in little bits and chuck it down the lavatory.”

MacCormack banged his fist down on the table and a few drops of ink spurted out of the inkwell.

“In the name of God! Kindly show some respect for the dead!”

“And in any case, he’s got the wrong idea about the study of medicine,” said O’Rourke, who was in his last year.

“Then you don’t by any chance cut up corpses?”

“This is no time for such arguments,” said MacCormack.

“We’ve got plenty of time,” Dillon retorted. “While we’re waiting for the British to surrender, we’ve got plenty of time to argue. Tell me, Larry O’Rourke, in what way have I got the wrong idea about the study of medicine when I

maintain that you would be capable of cutting a civil servant up into little pieces? And I may add, Larry O'Rourke, that you have plenty of time to talk, and we might just as well talk about that as about anything else, because we shan't have a great deal to do until we hear that the British are leaving Dublin for their inclement, Zeppelin-studded skies."

"This is a solemn hour, Dillon," said MacCormack. "It isn't the moment to give way to smug optimism."

"Well said," said O'Rourke.

"You'll see, you'll see, the British..."

"Dillon, I'm in charge here. Shut up."

MacCormack was highly embarrassed at having had to cause discipline, the strength of insurrections, to reign, and he started fiddling with a stick of sealing wax. Callinan, his hands in his pockets, slumped back in an armchair, was looking for flies on the ceiling to spit at, but it was rather high. O'Rourke, at the window, was looking at the deserted quay, and at O'Connell Bridge where the passers-by were becoming scarcer and scarcer. The only activity he could observe was that of the Norwegian sailing ship which was feverishly fitting out. This displeased him. He turned back to MacCormack. The latter, mechanically adorning his face with a moustache by squeezing the stick of sealing wax between his lip and nose, said in a colourless voice to Callinan:

"Move the civil servant into the next room. Dillon can help you."

They did so.

7

ALL THE SAME, I'm not going to stay here until the end of my days, said Gertie to herself. Goodness gracious, it was bandits, Republicans, looting the post office. They must

ALMA CLASSICS

ALMA CLASSICS aims to publish mainstream and lesser-known European classics in an innovative and striking way, while employing the highest editorial and production standards. By way of a unique approach the range offers much more, both visually and textually, than readers have come to expect from contemporary classics publishing.



1. James Hanley, *Boy*
2. D.H. Lawrence, *The First Women in Love*
3. Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*
4. Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*
5. Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*
6. Anton Chekhov, *Sakhalin Island*
7. Giuseppe Gioacchino Belli, *Sonnets*
8. Jack Kerouac, *Beat Generation*
9. Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*
10. Jane Austen, *Emma*
11. Wilkie Collins, *The Moonstone*
12. D.H. Lawrence, *The Second Lady Chatterley's Lover*
13. Jonathan Swift, *The Benefit of Farting Explained*
14. Anonymous, *Dirty Limericks*
15. Henry Miller, *The World of Sex*
16. Jeremias Gotthelf, *The Black Spider*
17. Oscar Wilde, *The Picture Of Dorian Gray*
18. Erasmus, *Praise of Folly*
19. Henry Miller, *Quiet Days in Clichy*
20. Cecco Angiolieri, *Sonnets*
21. Fyodor Dostoevsky, *Humiliated and Insulted*
22. Jane Austen, *Sense and Sensibility*
23. Theodor Storm, *Immensee*
24. Ugo Foscolo, *Sepulchres*
25. Boileau, *Art of Poetry*
26. Georg Kaiser, *Plays Vol. 1*
27. Émile Zola, *Ladies' Delight*
28. D.H. Lawrence, *Selected Letters*
29. Alexander Pope, *The Art of Sinking in Poetry*
30. E.T.A. Hoffmann, *The King's Bride*
31. Ann Radcliffe, *The Italian*
32. Prosper Mérimée, *A Slight Misunderstanding*
33. Giacomo Leopardi, *Canti*
34. Giovanni Boccaccio, *Decameron*
35. Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, *The Jew's Beech*
36. Stendhal, *Life of Rossini*
37. Eduard Mörike, *Mozart's Journey to Prague*
38. Jane Austen, *Love and Friendship*
39. Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*
40. Ivan Bunin, *Dark Avenues*
41. Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*
42. Sadeq Hedayat, *Three Drops of Blood*

43. Alexander Trocchi, *Young Adam*
44. Oscar Wilde, *The Decay of Lying*
45. Mikhail Bulgakov, *The Master and Margarita*
46. Sadeq Hedayat, *The Blind Owl*
47. Alain Robbe-Grillet, *Jealousy*
48. Marguerite Duras, *Moderato Cantabile*
49. Raymond Roussel, *Locus Solus*
50. Alain Robbe-Grillet, *In the Labyrinth*
51. Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*
52. Robert Louis Stevenson, *Treasure Island*
53. Ivan Bunin, *The Village*
54. Alain Robbe-Grillet, *The Voyeur*
55. Franz Kafka, *Dearest Father*
56. Geoffrey Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*
57. Ambrose Bierce, *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*
58. Fyodor Dostoevsky, *Winter Notes on Summer Impressions*
59. Bram Stoker, *Dracula*
60. Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*
61. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Elective Affinities*
62. Marguerite Duras, *The Sailor from Gibraltar*
63. Robert Graves, *Lars Porsena*
64. Napoleon Bonaparte, *Aphorisms and Thoughts*
65. Joseph von Eichendorff, *Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing*
66. Adelbert von Chamisso, *Peter Schlemihl*
67. Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, *The Three-Cornered Hat*
68. Jane Austen, *Persuasion*
69. Dante Alighieri, *Rime*
70. Anton Chekhov, *The Woman in the Case and Other Stories*
71. Mark Twain, *The Diaries of Adam and Eve*
72. Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*
73. Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*
74. Gottfried Keller, *A Village Romeo and Juliet*
75. Raymond Queneau, *Exercises in Style*
76. Georg Büchner, *Lenz*
77. Giovanni Boccaccio, *Life of Dante*
78. Jane Austen, *Mansfield Park*
79. E.T.A. Hoffmann, *The Devil's Elixirs*
80. Claude Simon, *The Flanders Road*
81. Raymond Queneau, *The Flight of Icarus*
82. Niccolò Machiavelli, *The Prince*
83. Mikhail Lermontov, *A Hero of our Time*
84. Henry Miller, *Black Spring*
85. Victor Hugo, *The Last Day of a Condemned Man*
86. D.H. Lawrence, *Paul Morel*
87. Mikhail Bulgakov, *The Life of Monsieur de Molière*
88. Leo Tolstoy, *Three Novellas*
89. Stendhal, *Travels in the South of France*
90. Wilkie Collins, *The Woman in White*
91. Alain Robbe-Grillet, *Erasers*
92. Iginio Ugo Tarchetti, *Fosca*
93. D.H. Lawrence, *The Fox*
94. Borys Conrad, *My Father Joseph Conrad*
95. James De Mille, *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder*
96. Émile Zola, *Dead Men Tell No Tales*
97. Alexander Pushkin, *Ruslan and Lyudmila*

98. Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*
99. James Hanley, *The Closed Harbour*
100. Thomas De Quincey, *On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*
101. Jonathan Swift, *The Wonderful Wonder of Wonders*
102. Petronius, *Satyricon*
103. Louis-Ferdinand Céline, *Death on Credit*
104. Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*
105. W.B. Yeats, *Selected Poems*
106. Antonin Artaud, *The Theatre and Its Double*
107. Louis-Ferdinand Céline, *Journey to the End of the Night*
108. Ford Madox Ford, *The Good Soldier*
109. Leo Tolstoy, *Childhood, Boyhood, Youth*
110. Guido Cavalcanti, *Complete Poems*
111. Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*
112. Charles Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier, *Hashish, Wine, Opium*
113. Charles Dickens, *Haunted House*
114. Ivan Turgenev, *Fathers and Children*
115. Dante Alighieri, *Inferno*
116. Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*
117. Alexander Trocchi, *Man at Leisure*
118. Alexander Pushkin, *Boris Godunov and Little Tragedies*
119. Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote*
120. Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*
121. Charles Baudelaire, *Paris Spleen*
122. Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Idiot*
123. René de Chateaubriand, *Atala and René*
124. Mikhail Bulgakov, *Diaboliad*
125. Goerge Eliot, *Middlemarch*
126. Edmondo De Amicis, *Constantinople*
127. Petrarch, *Secretum*
128. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Sorrows of Young Werther*
129. Alexander Pushkin, *Eugene Onegin*
130. Fyodor Dostoevsky, *Notes from Underground*
131. Luigi Pirandello, *Plays Vol. 1*
132. Jules Renard, *Histoires Naturelles*
133. Gustave Flaubert, *The Dictionary of Received Ideas*
134. Charles Dickens, *The Life of Our Lord*
135. D.H. Lawrence, *The Lost Girl*
136. Benjamin Constant, *The Red Notebook*
137. Raymond Queneau, *We Always Treat Women too Well*
138. Alexander Trocchi, *Cain's Book*
139. Raymond Roussel, *Impressions of Africa*
140. Llewelyn Powys, *A Struggle for Life*
141. Nikolai Gogol, *How the Two Ivans Quarrelled*
142. F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*
143. Jonathan Swift, *Directions to Servants*
144. Dante Alighieri, *Purgatory*
145. Mikhail Bulgakov, *A Young Doctor's Notebook*
146. Sergei Dovlatov, *The Suitcase*
147. Leo Tolstoy, *Hadji Murat*
148. Jonathan Swift, *The Battle of the Books*
149. F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Tender Is the Night*
150. Alexander Pushkin, *The Queen of Spades and Other Short Fiction*
151. Raymond Queneau, *The Sunday of Life*
152. Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

153. Mikhail Bulgakov, *The Fatal Eggs*
154. Antonia Pozzi, *Poems*
155. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*
156. Anton Chekhov, *The Story of a Nobody*
157. Fyodor Dostoevsky, *Poor People*
158. Leo Tolstoy, *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*
159. Dante Alighieri, *Vita nuova*
160. Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Tragedy of Korosko*
161. Franz Kafka, *Letters to Friends, Family and Editors*
162. Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*
163. Erich Fried, *Love Poems*
164. Antonin Artaud, *Selected Works*
165. Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*
166. Sergei Dovlatov, *The Zone*
167. Louis-Ferdinand Céline, *Guignol's Band*
168. Mikhail Bulgakov, *A Dog's Heart*
169. Rayner Heppenstall, *The Blaze of Noon*
170. Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Crocodile*
171. Anton Chekhov, *The Death of a Civil Servant*
172. Georg Kaiser, *Plays Vol. 2*
173. Tristan Tzara, *Seven Dada Manifestos and Lampisteries*
174. Frank Wedekind, *The Lulu Plays and Other Sex Tragedies*
175. Frank Wedekind, *Spring Awakening*
176. Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Gambler*
177. Prosper Mérimée, *The Etruscan Vase and Other Stories*
178. Edgar Allan Poe, *Tales of the Supernatural*
179. Virginia Woolf, *To the Lighthouse*
180. F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Beautiful and Damned*
181. James Joyce, *Dubliners*
182. Alexander Pushkin, *The Captain's Daughter*
183. Sherwood Anderson, *Winesburg Ohio*
184. James Joyce, *Ulysses*
185. Ivan Turgenev, *Faust*
186. Virginia Woolf, *Mrs Dalloway*
187. Paul Scarron, *The Comical Romance*
188. Sergei Dovlatov, *Pushkin Hills*
189. F. Scott Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise*
190. Alexander Pushkin, *Complete Lyrical Poems*
191. Luigi Pirandello, *Plays Vol. 2*
192. Ivan Turgenev, *Rudin*
193. Raymond Radiguet, *Cheeks on Fire*
194. Vladimir Odoevsky, *Two Days in the Life of the Terrestrial Globe*
195. Copi, *Four Plays*
196. Iginio Ugo Tarchetti, *Fantastic Tales*
197. Louis-Ferdinand Céline, *London Bridge*
198. Mikhail Bulgakov, *The White Guard*
199. George Bernard Shaw, *The Intelligent Woman's Guide*
200. Charles Dickens, *Supernatural Short Stories*
201. Dante Alighieri, *The Divine Comedy*

To order any of our titles and for up-to-date information about our current and forthcoming publications, please visit our website at:

www.almaclassics.com

