

## The End of Me

by Alfred Hayes

Then a plane appeared, high up, beneath a bank of cloud. He said, not really *to* me, I happened to be there in the room:

"Pasternak said it looks like a laundry mark." - pg 24

имеется в виду Ночь

*Идет без проволочек  
И тает ночь, пока  
Над спящим миром летчик  
Уходит в облака.*

*Он потонул в тумане,  
Исчез в его струе,  
Став крестиком на ткани  
И меткой на белье.*

- Harlem, he repeated?
- *Lower* Harlem, I grew up there.
- That's enemy country.

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I said, curious now: "How long have you been away from home, Michael?" and as I asked the question I realized that perhaps the real answer was possibly from the moment of his birth.

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It was astonishing what one of those simple-looking shifts did for them from the rear. They came at you from the front and they didn't look like anything at all, a bit flattened and almost demure, and then they turned around and walked away from you and that was the reason they hung in all the shops.

- Sinatra's *your* age.

- I wish I were yours.
- Why?
- So I could wear white boots and a shift like that.
- Do you like it?
- It's a tricky piece of fabric.
- Tricky?
- From the stern.
- There. See? You're not so old.

...

- You're a fink. A lecherous fink.
- Why?
- Watching young girls from the stern.
- It's a beautiful stern.
- You say that to all boats, don't you?

**pp 78-79**

The particular tear I followed settled at the corner of her mouth, and her tongue darted out, the sweetest of adders, to lick it away. **pg 86**

He plucked gently at a single dark hair. "The devil tried," he said, "but even he couldn't do it." "What?" "To take the curl out of that." He was quoting a pornographic poem by Congreve. [see [Straightening a Curly Hair](#), couldn't find anything by Congreve though - vs]

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