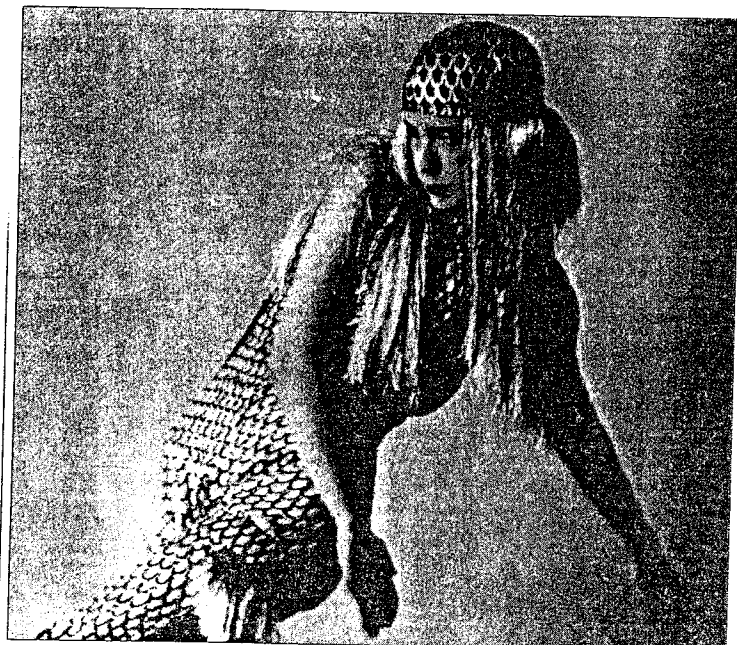


EXHIBIT N



Lucia Joyce dazzled the audience at the first international dance festival in Paris in 1929.

From "Lucia Joyce"

A promising artist waylaid by crashing of her mind

Stanford scholar examines life of James Joyce's daughter

Lucia Joyce

To Dance in the Wake
By Carol Loeb Shloss

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Reviewed by
William S. Kowinski

In the spring of 1929, Lucia Joyce was one of six finalists in the first international festival of dance in Paris. In a startling, slithering-scaled mermaid costume of blue, green and silver that she designed and made, she improvised a dance that was so enthusiastically received that the audience boomed when first prize was chaunistically awarded to a Frenchwoman, and demanded it be given to "the Irish girl." Then the 22-year-old Lucia went off to celebrate with her father, James Joyce, and her beau, Samuel Beckett.

The year before, she had studied with and impressed Elizabeth Duncan, Isadora's sister, and danced a small duet as a toy soldier in Jean Renoir's film about the Little Match Girl. The Paris Times interviewed her and concluded, "When she reaches her full capacity for rhythmic dancing, James Joyce may yet be known as his daughter's father." But the cheers for Lucia's solo dance in 1929 would be her last taste of triumph. For the next dozen years she would be examined by more than a score of doctors with nearly as many psychological and physical programs of treatment, with long periods confined in institutions or under close supervision. After her father's death in 1941, she was abandoned by her mother and brother, and spent the last 30 years of her life in a mental hospital in England.

Now more than a generation after Lucia's death in 1982, Stanford English professor Carol Loeb Shloss has written the first scholarly study of Lucia Joyce's fate; the first not only to attempt answers but also to ask the questions, including the principal one: "What happened to that lively radiance?"

It was a formidable task. Not only had the biographical trail gone cold, with few people left alive to shed light on surviving documents, but with chilling consistency over

a period of decades, no fewer than six Joyce heirs and friends of the family destroyed thousands of letters Lucia wrote, including nearly all she wrote to her father. (Others were lost, censored or, in one case, stolen.) Objections by James Joyce's grandson forced Shloss to delete hard-won material and rewrite this book several times. Among those she thanks in her acknowledgments are several lawyers.

But some evidence did survive, and Shloss began not by investigating the purported mental illness that the extended Joyce family felt was a private matter, but with Lucia's involvement in avant-garde dance in the 1920s. It is this sense of Lucia Joyce as a thwarted artist that arouses contemporary interest, feminist and otherwise, and has led to at least four recent plays and a novel about her. Shloss herself makes specific comparisons to Zelda Fitzgerald and Virginia Woolf. But as she relentlessly demonstrates that many well-meaning as well as malicious people around Lucia were projecting their own anxieties and standards on her, she also admits that Lucia's behavior was at times "pretty batty" and that the state of psychological knowledge was tragically inadequate.

Though the author snipes at James Joyce's self-centeredness and sees his writer's scrutiny of his daughter as central to her self-image and difficulties, Shloss devotes more detailed attention to him as Lucia's only champion. She asserts that Lucia was the light of his writing from "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" through "Ulysses" and especially in "Finnegans Wake." He would often be alone in insisting Lucia was not mad, a judgment Shloss seems to share. This book not only rescues Lucia's life from oblivion, simply in its description of James Joyce, blind and near death, focused on rescuing Lucia from possible harm as the Nazis devoured Europe, it is also a valuable addition to his biography as well.

What was Lucia's illness, and what precipitated it? The evidence is apparently obscure and ambiguous, leading to a frustrating uncertainty, compounded by the author's scattershot interpretations. Besides painfully failed love affairs (with Beckett and artist Alexander Calder, among oth-

ers), there are suggestions of an abortion, some unrelated form of incest (perhaps involving her brother) and hints of rape. Shloss seems more definite that Lucia's condition deepened because of barbiturate addiction. She sees Lucia's abandonment of dance because of an unstated physical problem as key, but she does not directly and clearly confront this mystery.

This book gives substance to a life that has previously been treated as a distracting footnote. Shloss adds literary criticism of "Finnegans Wake" to illuminate Lucia's role as subject and inspiration that deepened her father's writing. Students of 20th century European literary and cultural history as well as women's studies will find this book very useful. Many of the problems this book presents to readers are probably due to the dearth of data and coyness created by legal action.

But even with the existing information, there is a lack of narrative clarity. The author warns in her preface that readers will be entering a labyrinth, but some passages leading nowhere seem a product of inadequate organization and inconsistent judgments as much as biographical rigor. Dramatic and affecting moments are sundered by impositions of theory. While Shloss corrects errors and unlikely conjectures by Richard Ellman (in his classic James Joyce biography) and Brenda Maddox (in her biography of Nora Joyce), she adds a daunting quantity of her own speculations, surmises and unconvincingly supported suppositions. However, the book's narrative power gets stronger as it goes on, making this a rewarding journey.

In the end there are still more questions. Except perhaps for informants it inspires to come forward, this book probably contains as much as can be known about Lucia Joyce — and if Joyce heirs have their way, as much as we will ever know. Perhaps this biography will limit contemporary projections onto Lucia and bolster the integrity of her life. The virtues of "Lucia Joyce" are considerable, and its existence is testament to heroic effort. ■

William S. Kowinski, the author of "The Malling of America," lives in Arcata (Humboldt County).