

# Lucia Joyce

## Supplemental Material

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### The Notebook Observations; the Early Drafts<sup>1</sup>

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1935-36

VI.B.37.171 ⊥ (facing left)

VI.B.37.222 if ⊥ (facing left)

VI.B.37.236

VI.B.37 - back flyleaf verso

VI.B.38.055

VI.B.38-096

VI.B.38.097

VI.B.38.100 ⊥

VI.B.38.112

VI.B.38.124 ⊥ (facing right)

⊥ (facing left)

VI.B.38.127 ⊥ (facing left)

VI.B.38.148 ⊥ (facing left)

VI.B.38.196 ⊥ (facing left)

VI.B.39.010 ⊥ (facing left)

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## PLAYING WITH FIRE

ZÜRICH AND GENEVA 1933-35



## 1. CLASSIFYING AND CONSTRAINING

When Lucia went to the Burghölzli Poliklinik on 19 July 1933, it was an institution in transition. Directed by Dr. Hans Wolfgang Maier, who had been a medical student under Eugen Bleuler, it was at the cutting edge of research on schizophrenia and what was then known as the “moral treatment” of mental patients. But in the minds of ordinary people, it was still what it had been for many long years: an insane asylum, a house of lunacy, a place of madness, of screaming and despair.<sup>1</sup>

Lucia went there only for a consultation, a diagnosis, and a referral. Since in Maier’s judgment Lucia was “not lunatic but markedly neurotic,”<sup>2</sup> he suggested that the Joyces take her to Les Rives de Prangins, outside Geneva in the town of Nyon. Prangins was another of the twenty-eight hospitals that the Swiss maintained for the care of people with mental and spiritual problems. Though his care of Lucia was fleeting—a judgment, a suggestion—Maier was a pivotal figure in Lucia’s life, for it was through him that she was handed into the care of other doctors who had been trained by Bleuler.<sup>3</sup> He was, consequently, responsible for whatever consistency of diagnosis Lucia received.

How would Maier have looked at Lucia? What could he do for her? Although his colleagues often considered Maier a “weak” scientist, he was a superb administrator, famous for redesigning the therapeutic

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As Joyce moved from observations of Lucia to the final construction of *Finnegans Wake*, he went through numerous drafts. Following these drafts lets us see, in a way that is rarely available to scholars, the transposition of life into art. As Joyce progressed from watching his adolescent daughter, he joined her, in his imagination, with the situation of other young women entering into life for the first time. He shows them learning about the nature of human intimacy, the anatomy of sex, the secrecy, suspicions and possibilities for betrayal that can accompany sex, and the complexities and ambiguities of human emotional attachments. Of particular interest to me, was Joyce's propensity to align Lucia with "triangles" and with close brother-sister relationships in history and literature. That is, one of his basic instincts led him to figure her as (for example) Isolde in the the story of *Tristan, King Mark and Isolde*, where, interestingly, the triangle is transposed to Shaun, Earwicker and Issy, that is, to the Wakean characters associated, in familial terms, with Giorgio, Joyce and Lucia. This triangular pattern and the brother-sister attachment pattern are insistent in Joyce's notebooks, in his drafts and in the final version of *Finnegans Wake*. The triangular pattern is also insistent in my biography of Lucia, as published, but, with the addition of this notebook and draft evidence, the assertion of these heavily weighted familial relationships is even more compelling than in the published version made available to scholars and reviewers. In fact, given the consistency of Joyce's evidence, a biographer would have been irresponsible to create a narrative without these emotional constellations.

Here you will find an additional infrastructure for my biography, given in the form of citations from the notebooks, for scholars who are interested in tracing most of Joyce's observations of the Lucia/Issy character. Also included are several examples of the transformational use of such material that I did not include in the final version of the book; that is, in the published book, I used only material from *Finnegans Wake* and not the genetic material leading up to it, the material that shows Joyce's chronological observation of Lucia and his transformational use of it.

# Lucia Joyce

## Supplemental Material

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Supplemental material:

[Shloss' Deletions](#)

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49. *"For a burning would is come to dance inane. Glamours hath  
moldered's lieb and herefore Coldours must leap no more."  
(FW 250.16)*

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## LOCKING UP DANCERS

LONDON 1935

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## 1. NIJINSKY'S FATE

Lucia spent Christmas Day 1934 with her parents at the Hotel Carlton Elite in Zurich. They had a dinner of ham, turkey, plum pudding, and champagne and then went for a drive. Joyce wrote to Giorgio and Helen that people were charmed by her grace. "She was all dressed up and powdered and perfumed." On Boxing Day, she came back again from the clinic, this time to sing in the music room of the hotel, entertaining the other guests with what her father referred to as "all my Irish songs to my Liszt-like accompaniments."<sup>1</sup> Despite the loveliness of her concert, it was Lucia the dancer whom the circle of her parents' friends had in mind that winter. They were reading the biography of Vaslav Nijinsky written by his wife, Romola, that had just been published that season, and wondering if Lucia's fate was to be like his.

Since its publication in 1934, Romola's account of her husband's fight against schizophrenia has been severely criticized. Peter Ostwald, a contemporary psychoanalyst who reviewed the documents chronicling Nijinsky's supposed madness, decided that Nijinsky had had strange attitudes but was basically sane. He believed, as many of his doctors at the time had also done, that nothing prevented Nijinsky's return to domestic life except his wife's refusal to live with him.<sup>2</sup> But Joyce's friends saw a sad analogy between two dancers whose aberrant energies had

let her daughter live there. "She should be in this house, which was set up for her," he wrote to Harriet Weaver. "But you can think in what a state my wife's nerves are after four years of it. And that is the problem, the whole problem and nothing but the problem."<sup>60</sup> He and Nora were at odds about their child—Joyce wanting and needing Lucia near him; Nora hostile to the mere thought of renewed proximity. Paul Léon captured the bleakness of their lives and the altered focus of Joyce's emotional preoccupations. Far from relishing his private life with Nora, Léon claimed, Joyce was languishing. He was "suffering from solitude" without Lucia; he was living with a "sense of desertion"—as if he had been abandoned by a lover. There has "developed a peculiar atmosphere here," Léon confided to Miss Weaver. "Mr. Joyce trusts one person alone, and this person is Lucia."<sup>61</sup>

Who can measure the resonance of a father's love for a daughter? Who can decide whether an emotion is "proper" or "improper," "enough" or "too much"? In these years, Joyce seems to have come to understand that if Lucia was to survive and flourish once again, he could help her to puzzle out the way, and to see that freedom had to be the ground of her recovery. Several months later, he described the various strategies used with her to Nora's uncle, Michael Healy, explaining, "Rigid surveillance was a complete failure and slack surveillance only a partial success. The plan of allowing her her own way as much as possible using only the force of persuasion has apparently been more successful."<sup>62</sup> He did not cease to watch over her, but he did so from afar, maintaining his connection to her through constant letters, books, and suggestions about activities, people to meet, and places of beauty to visit. He harbored no illusions, knowing that others called her malady schizophrenia, but he continually refused to sentence his child to exile.

To Giorgio, who still thought that Lucia should be put away, he wrote that her experiences at Prangins and the Brunner sanatorium had made her worse, not better. And summarizing the situation to Michael Healy, he said that her problems were not in the violence or hysterics or setting of fires, difficult as these were to deal with. "The real danger is torpor," he wrote, the danger of Lucia's coming to live entirely in "her inner world, losing more and more contact with the outer world."<sup>63</sup>

By this time, Joyce was conceding that Lucia had no future as measured in conventional ways. She was presumably destined for the life of a

50. "[i]n the form of mental or nervous malady she is subject to...the real trouble is not violence or incendiarism or hysterics or simulated suicide. These are hard to deal with but they prove that the person is still alive."

James Joyce to Michael Healy, 28 June 1935, *Letters I*, 373.

# Lucia Joyce

## Supplemental Material

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These are quotations of my own language that were deleted before publication.

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1. "Harriet Weaver was evidently worried by the responsibility she had accepted for the welfare of Mr. Joyce's daughter. The previous descriptions of Lucia's potential violence made her even more nervous, and she had an anxious and inhibited disposition in less trying circumstances. She never knew how to measure Lucia's unruliness in relation to her own more cautious nature. Looking back, it is even harder to judge whether Lucia's actions were irresponsible or whether Harriet Weaver let her own anxiety get out of hand."

to editor of the Egoist Press, to patron of the arts, and finally into the socialist movement.

By 1935 Harriet Weaver was well acquainted with Lucia's problems, mostly through Paul Léon's letters. Some combination of duty and genuine kindness must have called her to respond to Léon's request, but it could not have been an easy decision. She liked quiet and order and was even uneasy in the presence of people who used alcohol or cigarettes. Her Quaker upbringing made her uncomfortable among bohemians, and Ezra Pound liked to laugh at her inability to distinguish between high spirits and malice.<sup>29</sup> Like Jung she was a reluctant reader of some of Joyce's prose, although the book that made her anxious was not *Ulysses* but *Finnegans Wake*.

If Weaver was awkward in company, she was good at nursing. People admired her for her quiet and reassuring demeanor in the sick-room.<sup>30</sup> Yet whatever made her calm, soothing, and practical in outlook left her ill equipped to chaperone a now-twenty-eight-year-old woman who was restless, angry, despairing, and in no mood to be watched over as an invalid. Miss Weaver's quiet courtesies were no match for Lucia's unbridled tongue. A disenfranchised Parisian flapper, a friend of the avant-garde, a frequenter of communes, a reader of bohemian newspapers, an ex-dancer, an ex-asylum inmate, she was a young woman thwarted in love who continued to think of herself as the undirected but ambitious child of a genius. Her father had made a career out of his disregard for bourgeois thrift and convention, and so would she.

Lucia and Eileen Schaurek arrived in London on 14 February 1935. Jane Lidderdale wrote that Lucia lived in the back room of Miss Weaver's apartment at 74 Gloucester Place while Eileen stayed at a small hotel, the Mascot, around the corner in York Street.<sup>31</sup> But Joyce's own letters refer repeatedly to paying for room and board for both women together.<sup>32</sup> An educated guess might be that Lucia stayed with her aunt at the hotel until Schaurek returned to Dublin to check on her own family on 24 February and only then went to Miss Weaver's.

From the beginning, the visit was fraught with good intentions gone awry. Lucia had a private agenda of friends and family to see. She wanted to see Samuel Beckett again,<sup>33</sup> and she experienced Harriet Weaver's careful companionship as a choking restriction on her freedom. She behaved erratically. Miss Weaver had an anxious and inhibited dis-



# Lucia Joyce

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51. *"The pose of the daughter of the queen of the Emperour of  
Irelande."*

*(FW 157. 35-36)*

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ACTING ON  
HER FATHER'S BEHALF

DUBLIN AND BRAY 1935



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## 1. "SHE HAD GREAT SCOPE TO HER"

Brief memories from her own childhood, endless stories from her parents, and a lifetime of imaginative investments pressed against personal despair as Lucia Joyce headed for Dublin. She had not been in Ireland since 1922, and this was the first time she was old enough fully to appreciate the complicated relation between her father and his homeland. Her mother's anxiety about her visit she knew only too well: Nora worried that her people in Galway would look askance at her daughter's lack of religious training. But Joyce's dense network of associations, his long-harbored resentments, his secret loves, his obsessions, and his avoidances were not easily to be reckoned with. What Lucia knew of Ireland, she knew primarily through him, through family conversations, and through his fictional representations of the past. But the world that met her and the resources available to her for meeting it were far different from those that Joyce had left behind more than thirty years before.

At a time when most of her peers had settled into marriages and into commitments to actual places, Lucia could cling to wavering hopes as these arrived primarily through the spidery lines of her father's letters, emblems of her predicament. Composed in Paris, written in Italian, and sent to Ireland, often bearing news of America, each one bore witness to the displacement that destabilized even her simplest plans. Unmarried,

should join the library, take out a membership in the golf club, visit coves that were remembered to be beautiful or marked by some historical adventure. As he did with Giorgio and Helen, who were now in America, Joyce sent her magazine articles, newspaper clippings, and the latest editions of *transition* with its installments of *Work in Progress*. He sent her books to read and packets of medicine.

But if leisure, extravagance, and gusto characterized her outer life, Lucia's inner life was quite different. Troubles, whether of nations, families, or the self, are about inner divisions. To her father she wrote about her old friend Emile Fernandez, recently married to a young Italian woman, who continued to haunt her. Joyce made light of her reference to him, saying he never thought about that "defunct cavalier,"<sup>21</sup> but here his plan for dwelling only on positive aspects in Lucia's life didn't work. Almost thirty years later, when Lucia wrote a short essay about her life for Richard Ellmann, she still remembered Emile and said she was sorry not to have married him. She remembered dancing with him in Paris when he had composed the music for *Le Pont d'or*, his home near the Champs de Mars, his physique, his manner of dressing, his talent, and his large family of aunts and uncles who had frequently invited her to tea. Hoping to keep her mind focused on the present, Joyce wrote on 7 April, to tell her that her brother and his family were well,<sup>22</sup> and he sent with his letter a copy of a small article about them that had appeared in *The New Yorker* in January.

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All hell broke loose. The article upset the fragile balance that Lucia had been making for herself and plunged her into despair. By 10 April, she had brutally ripped the picture of Giorgio out of the magazine and sent it back to Paris along with a suicide note. She was going to kill herself; would Joyce greet all her friends for her? At the same time she sent another note to Constantine Curran, an Irish barrister and her father's friend from University College Dublin, and enclosed her house keys. She would no longer need them.<sup>23</sup>

The Joyce circle went into crisis mode. But before they could form a plan, Lucia wired them. She was all right but needed extra money for the week. In the interim, Curran had also learned that the crisis had passed. He had not gone down to Bray personally but had gotten word, presumably through Eileen Schaurek, that Lucia had conquered her despair. He took the liberty of inquiring about a "mental specialist" in

52. "Giorgio is well now, Helen very well, and their child tremendously well."

James Joyce to Lucia Joyce

and financial interests." "Human culture," Duncan had reminded his audience, "is the result of close contacts between men. The more this contact takes place between many men and the more intimate it becomes . . . so much the better." If Lucia saw herself as a personal emissary who could breach the divisions of her father's "disunited kingdom," she was at least not alone. Duncan had for years been urging his dancers to work against the "isolation and the distance that separate men," reasoning that even his own primitive evangelism was better than the rampant nationalism raging around him.<sup>60</sup>

Dublin was a place so firmly rooted in Lucia's imagination that she could not remember a time when it had not seemed important. To get to know it would be to learn the source of her own existence and to see the contours of her father's mind. She decided it was time to leave Bray. She did not know that it was time for her to fall.

#### V. TRAMPING IN DUBLIN

She wandered. Sometimes she returned to Bray in the evenings; sometimes she didn't. Bozena Berta was worried enough that she finally wrote to her uncle in Paris. It was a progress report of sorts. Lucia was restless; she had gained a lot of weight; she herself wasn't well and was, in fact, succumbing to tuberculosis in Bray's damp climate.<sup>61</sup> Aside from a telegram sent on Bloomsday, Lucia herself stopped writing; so Joyce asked Nora's uncle Michael Healy to look in on Lucia at Bray and to send him his opinion of her. Healy reported that Lucia seemed to spend her days walking around Dublin, and the august old man suggested that she should stop. Joyce was baffled. What was wrong with daily walks around Dublin?<sup>62</sup>

Joyce himself had been a wanderer since youth. As a young man, he had personified the lure of travel as a woman calling to him with "the white arms of roads, their promise of close embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon their tale of distant nations . . . to say . . . Come."<sup>63</sup> He had been recommending walks for Lucia to take along the shore and in the Wicklow Mountains for months. When she had reported about the beauties of one such outing, he had playfully written back, "*la donna è mobile*"—the lady is a tramp.<sup>64</sup>

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53. "Why do you consider Lucia's daily walks round Dublin so undesirable? She is after all a woman of twenty eight and walking is a good exercise."

James Joyce to Michael Healy, 28 June 1935, *Letters I*, 373.

# Lucia Joyce

## Supplemental Material

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These are quotations of my own language that were deleted before publication.

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1. "She might speak, but, once certified, she could not compel belief."

seen another pattern as well. It was her brother, and not her father, who had always wanted to send her away and lock her up. It was he who had tricked her into going to L'Haye-les-Roses in 1932. It was he who had insisted that she break her engagement to Alec.<sup>27</sup> He had also wanted to incarcerate her at Les Rives de Prangins. It is hard to know how much she knew of his attitude in 1935, for Joyce seems to have decided to give his children only the most superficial news of each other. But even from America, Giorgio continued to lobby for the end of his sister's freedom and thus for the end of her young life.<sup>28</sup> If Lucia had once loved him, as undoubtedly she had, the brother was now the fickle lover, the turncoat, the betrayer. Only Lucia could have known the motive that drove him to try to silence her. Even Nora with her frayed nerves did not reach across the ocean to snatch her daughter away from life. It was Giorgio's image that Lucia shredded, sending it as evidence to the father, who stood as the silent but scrupulous witness of her existence.

#### II. MASTERS AND SERVANTS

No matter what Joyce understood Lucia's gesture to mean, he responded to it as the effect of jealousy. To Giorgio, Joyce wrote saying he would not answer his questions about her "because I did not want to spoil the prospects of your career."<sup>29</sup> To Lucia, as he had done so often in the past, he sent his reply in a carefully chosen book. Where a few weeks earlier he had sent Dante's *Vita Nuova*, calling his daughter's attention away from sexual experience to the satisfactions of spiritual love, now he made her a gift of the short stories of Leo Tolstoy. He recommended "How Much Land Does a Man Need?" as the best short story ever written. He also asked her to read "Masters and Servants."<sup>30</sup> Each tale takes a prosperous man to consciousness at the brink of death, and in each a father wishes for a child's well-being. Joyce imagined Lucia as the reader who gains insight before it is too late. His choice of book also shows a father's anguished glimpse of himself as the overreaching protagonist who has brought extremity upon himself and thus the need for insight.

In the first story Tolstoy created a simple but profound allegory about the overarching pursuit of material well-being and the self-defeating rewards of greed. The action is initiated by the rivalry of siblings. An elder,

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ACTING ON  
HER FATHER'S BEHALF

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