

Lucia Joyce - Deletions

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20. "Our pet pupil of the whole rythmetic class."
21. "Nora was always at pains to point out to the children that she and they were of no interest to people, that they were only interested in 'Himself.'"
22. "Mr. Joyce is waiting for me in the dining room as I am now his self appointed volunteer secretary. The large table is littered with notes and books of reference, with encyclopedias. All the lights are burning brightly although the room itself is light and sunny. Wearing an old white starched linen jacket, often stained with ink and sometimes with food, Babbo was so nearly sightless that even eating was not easy for him. He would rise to greet me as I entered. Nora would welcome me and then vanish into her own room. Lucia would wave to me on her way to a dancing class."

Paris and New York. . . . And to throw a bridge across the Atlantic. . . . War is declared against isolation and the distance that separates men."²⁵

Duncan's generally pacifist political ideas were neither original nor sensible. He asserted them without support, posted them as leads of articles without argumentation, wrote them as if debate had no place in the midst of such self-evident truth. But they influenced Lucia Joyce nonetheless. Like her young American counterparts in the 1960s, she didn't care if Duncan's ideas were reasonable; she responded to their idealism and to their vision of a personally more coherent world.

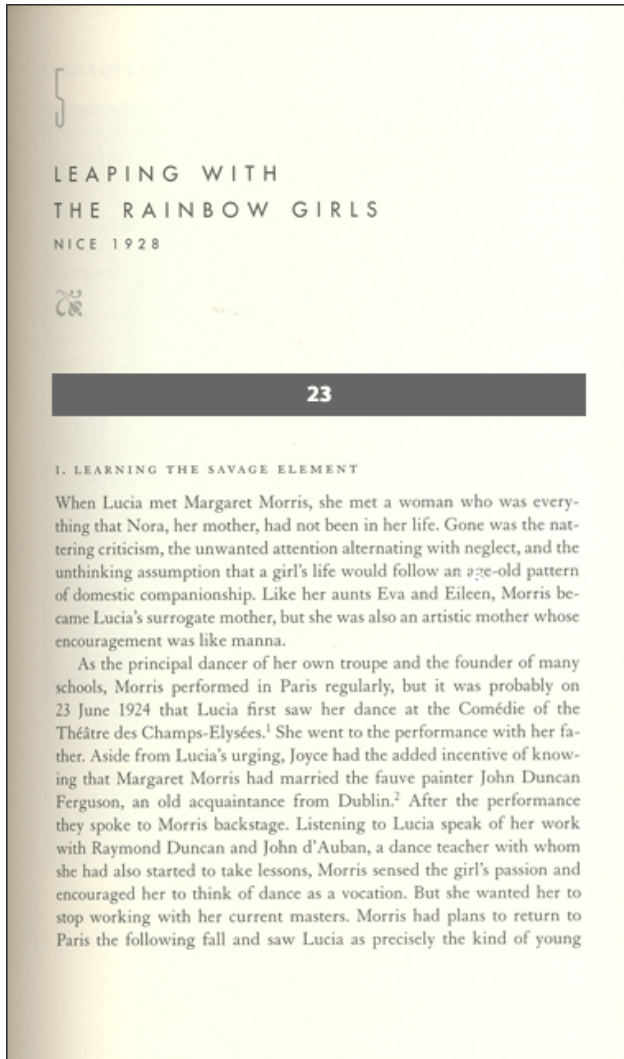
In a few years Lucia would let Duncan's quirky pacifism guide her own political agenda with Ireland and its relation to her father. But in the middle and late 1920s, her goals were more self-contained. She wanted to pursue the self-actualization of dancing and, through this training, to acquire a vocation, a means of support, and the company of other young people who pursued art as ardently as she did. For a brief span of years, she joined those who believed, with Rudolf Laban, that "the art of dance could be the only completely full expression of this life."²⁶ On stage she embodied the deepest meaning of her experience as a daughter of genius: in order to live artistically, she had to swerve. Raymond Duncan may have been a strange teacher, but he helped her calculate her own genius and measure the degree of transgression that would be needed to fulfill it.

This is what we can imagine Lucia doing, year after year, when friends of the Joyce family noticed a teenage girl slipping away to her dance classes. *Helen Fleischman remembered the Joyces' flat at 2 square Robiac as "my new magic country,"* where she went to work with Joyce as his "self-appointed volunteer secretary." Nora would greet her when she arrived and then disappear into her room. "Lucia would wave to me on her way to a dancing class."²⁷ *Helen wanted to be in the circle; she wanted to be close to the creator of *Ulysses*.* Lucia needed to figure out how to slip past the normal intensities. She was on the way out.

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II. SURREALISM AND "HARD-BOILED EGGS"

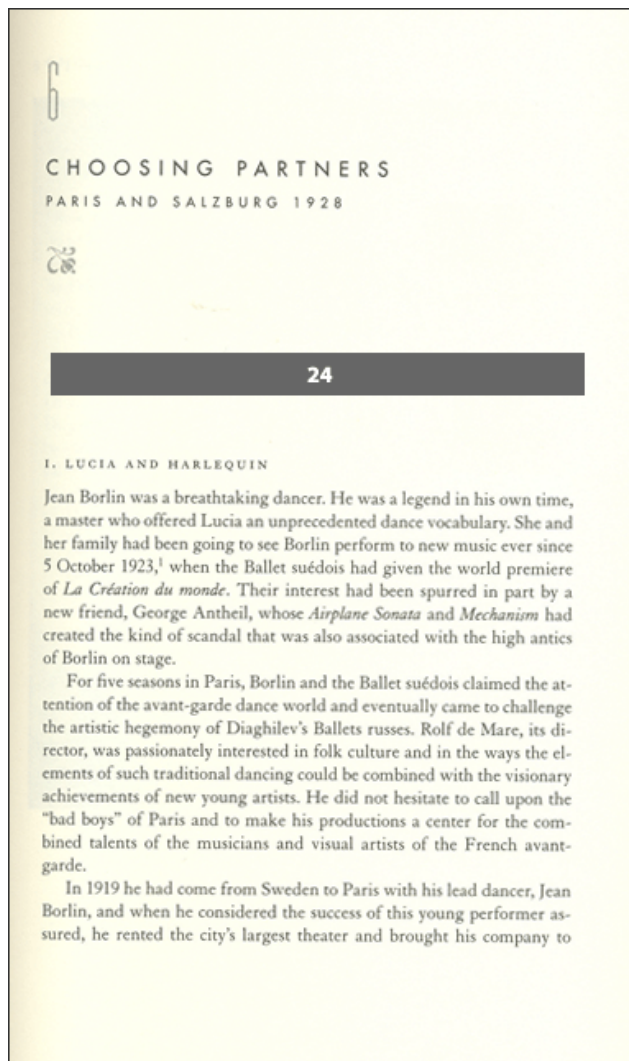
Things stood this way for several years. A photograph of Lucia taken during her years of work with Raymond Duncan shows her clad in a



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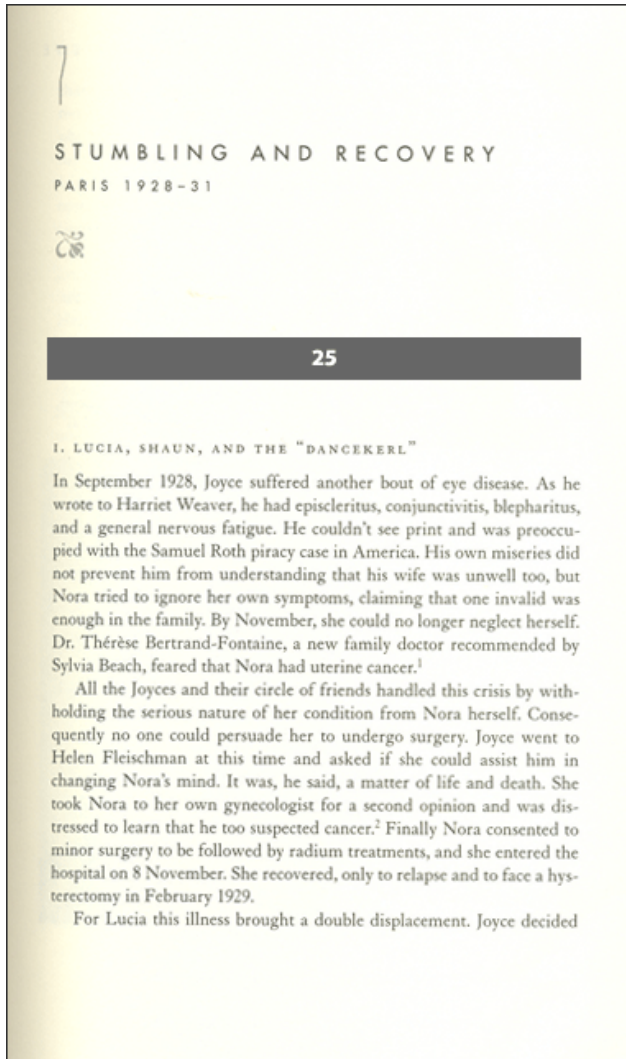
23. "And they leap so loopyly, loopyly, as they link to light."



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24. "Dances arranged by Harley Quinn"



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25. "And vamp, vamp, vamp the girls are merchand"

26. "to take care of Giorgio and Lucia while she [Nora] was confined to the hospital, disgenously referring to them as 'the children'"

that he would not part with his wife, and despite Nora's grumbling, he moved into her clinic with books, notebooks, and all his writing paraphernalia. Their apartment on square Robiac was closed (Helen claimed for five months, from November to March 1929), and Lucia, along with Giorgio, went to stay with Helen at Helen's apartment in the rue Huysmans.³ Not only was Lucia afraid that her mother would die, but these circumstances forced her to confront the complicated nature of her feelings for her brother, his lover, and the sexual ethics they had chosen to live by. She was, we can imagine, lonely, jealous, resentful, full of rage, full of outrage, full of longing, and her feelings were explicitly sexual.

Helen later wrote about this period of time as one in which she was taking care of "the children" while Nora was in the hospital.⁴ But Lucia knew that Helen's presence in their lives marked the end of their childhood and of the special relationship she had shared with her brother.⁵ For her the fall and winter of 1928 were times of worry, of managing hospitals and illness, and of living with a brother who was "living in sin."

From the beginning, Giorgio and Helen's relationship was considered scandalous. Helen was eleven years older than Giorgio, Jewish, and married, but the disturbing emotional dynamics of the affair were even more complicated than many people knew. Myron Nutting remembered how he first learned about the couple: "On our return to Paris from one of our many short trips, Richard Wallace told me the James Joyces were running quite a temperature. Giorgio was discovered in an affair with Helen Fleischman. Richard Wallace's comment was that it was interesting that, for people supposed to be so unconventional, the Joyces' reaction was one of proper middle class distress. Nora may have confided in Helen Nutting, probably did, but I don't remember being even interested. Helen Fleischman was then seen at the Joyces and was always treated with kindness and courtesy so far as I could see. I always had a feeling of vague discomfort in her presence at the James Joyces as I could see little temperamentally in common between her and any of the Joyces."⁶ Nino Frank considered that Helen had set her sights on "Joyce père," that she was "really married to father not son." He also remembered that in 1926 and 1927 Helen was interested in neither the elder nor the younger Joyce but was being courted by Philippe Soupault.⁷ Giorgio thought he had met Helen in 1922, when he was seventeen,⁸ but Helen

27 "that he found [her] pleasant to look at." "I felt happy," she wrote, creating a scene of seduction that was as replete with the machinations of fate as any Harlequin romance: "I blushed like a school-girl. It was a happy night and nothing except perhaps a slight excited tingle around the region of my heart warned me that this evening was to be a turning point in my life... For all time [my fate] was to be inextricably woven with the destiny of the man I had met that night."

28. "Standing tall and straight and looking young and very beautiful, he fixed his dark blue eyes on mine with such intensity, I blushed and he began to sing a lovely old Italian song, 'Amaryllis.' I thought I had never heard anything more lovely in my life. All his young passionate soul rang out in the small room and stirred my senses and my heart. I knew, as his feather knew, that he was in love with me. Accustomed to having young men as well as men nearer my own age attracted to me, still I was deeply moved. I gazed back with equal intensity into his lovely Irish eyes and a new phase of my life, unknown to me, had begun.

When his fresh young baritone voice had faded away into the soft dark shadows of the room, the last poignant 'Amaryllis' had been sung with so much passion, I was inwardly rather embarrassed. It was surely obvious to everyone as to me, that Giorgio was very much interested in me. I applauded loudly and went up to him to thank him for his lovely song. He flushed and bowed in his comely and old fashioned, yet so charming way."

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THE DANCE OF LIFE

put the date several years later, and at least in her unpublished memoir, she surrounded it with a drama of betrayal and deception.

There is no doubt that Helen's initial excitement about meeting the Joyces had to do with Joyce senior. The "We Meet" section of her memoir is not about meeting her new lover, future husband, and father of her next child but about meeting her future father-in-law. He told her "in no uncertain terms" that he found her attractive, and she felt that her fate would "be inextricably woven with the destiny of the man I had met that night."⁹ Helen quickly became a member of an inner circle of the Joyce family, knowledgeable about their birthday rituals, intimate parties, and the gossip festivals that invariably followed these gatherings. She was in on the Bloomsday lunch that Adrienne Monnier and Sylvia Beach gave at the Hôtel Léopold to honor Joyce in June 1929 and the Bal de la purée (Ball of the Busted), which Joyce (whom she called "Babbo") invented as a response to the crash of the American stock market that October. Everyone was to come in rags. Instead of fearing shabbiness, the guests were to flaunt it. Eventually she recognized that it was Giorgio—and not his father—who would furnish the next chapter of her life.

Although some of her own relatives were unkind and spoke of Helen as sexually voracious (to her brother's wife, Ellen, "she was a sexual vampire, a bloodsucker"¹⁰) Helen reversed these roles, casting Giorgio as the one on the make. In her memoir, she pictured him at the end of an evening party at square Robiac, standing beautifully erect, fixing her with an intense, knowing look, and singing an old Italian song, "Amaryllis," to the accompaniment of Arthur Laubenstein. She was charmed. "I knew, as his father knew, that he was in love with me." She returned his gaze with "equal intensity," sensing that a "new phase" of her life had begun. She was embarrassed but equally certain that all the guests could see that Giorgio was very taken with her.¹¹ In her memory, Joyce became "perhaps the *deus ex machine* [*sic*] that was then shaping our ends." "It was the old game that I loved," Helen admitted. "But this boy was so young, so sweet. I did not want to hurt him."¹²

In one passage after another, Helen's retrospective memoirs tried to make the "rough places smooth." She pictured Nora, whom she came to dislike before her marriage to Giorgio was over, as the model young wife, charming and witty. Lucia was "sweet, pretty, slightly cross-eyed

29. "perhaps the *deus ex machine* that was then shaping our ends." "It was," Helen admitted, "the old game that I loved. But this boy was so young, so sweet. I did not want to hurt him. Loving him would only bring him pain. I hoped he would get over it but not heartily or sincerely. I really liked his passionate adoration."

30. "the epitome of lovely young wifehood and womanhood, [with] great charm and wit."

31. "his wife, Lillian, was Canadian by birth I think [she was English] and I thought her very common. She spoke in a high pitched shrill voice with a short of cockney accent, her thin tense rather horselike face, her blonde stringy hair, her big teeth, her too thin body. I found not at all attractive. Perhaps there was a reason for the antagonism I felt toward her. Dear Lillian had been Giorgio's first romance. I think she seduced him but perhaps that is unkind. Certainly I never had any trouble getting away from her."

. . . with warm, friendly eyes . . . and an adorable little accent when speaking English."

According to Helen, she was not Giorgio's first lover, and their ability to share stories about their previous erotic experiences formed the foundation of their later intimacy.¹³ She claimed that Giorgio's sexual initiation had been with Lillian Wallace, Richard Wallace's wife, who had first come on the scene as the Christmas benefactor of Lucia and Giorgio in 1920.¹⁴ Wallace, she said, was an attractive, cultured man, but Lillian she found common. She characterized her as having a harsh voice, a "tense rather horselike face," scruffy hair, and big teeth. But she acknowledged a reason for her animosity. "Dear Lillian had been Giorgio's first romance. I think she seduced him but perhaps that is unkind." Helen easily got him away from her.¹⁵

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This rather vindictive account is contradicted by Myron Nutting, who saw Lillian Wallace as "slender and quite chic looking." He remembered that she was English, the daughter of an Anglican parson, and that Richard Wallace had met her in Paris when she was performing with a theatrical troupe: "She was good-looking, dressed smartly and tastefully. She was good company, jolly, but shallow. Lillian always called James Joyce 'Jim.' I can't be sure but don't think even Richard Wallace used his first name. I had an idea from Nora that Joyce got several ideas from Lillian Wallace, but aside from the 'yes' of Molly's reverie, I don't recognize anything."¹⁶

And Helen's manuscript recollections differ from the well-groomed pages that she eventually typed and edited to form a coherent memoir. Its distinctiveness comes from the press of sentiment. It seems to be composed of unedited flows that capture the sting of raw, unprocessed emotion. It is self-aggrandizing and melodramatic. Her dislike of Lillian Wallace was real, and she later would explain her crucifixion upon the cross of gossip during 1926 and 1927—years when she was shunned by the elder Joyces in public—as due in part to Wallace's desire for revenge.

The Joyces, as Helen remembered them, were accustomed to combining teacups with intellectual scalpels. Their evening parties were always served up a second time for "cruel analysis" at tea the next day, when "we would figuratively wipe the blood of our victims off our mouths and hands . . . on dainty napkins." When she was included as a commentator in these postmortems, Helen considered herself one of the

32. "[r]emember there are three people now. And I suppose it will be worse when there are four."
33. "Babbo has my unconscious Calvary immortalized in the part of *Finnegans Wake* known as "Anna Livia Plurabelle" and the washerwomengossiping by the river are indubitably Nora and some friends of hers, eagerly ripping me apart and washing their own dirty linen in the river while I (as Anna) swim happily and uncsciously downstream followed by...H.C. Earwicker. Babbo never told me and I stupidly never suspected that I *was* the heroine of this masterpiece of prose and that he as H.C.E. was trying to catch my slim young form which was chasing after Giorgio who in the book is the twin brothers...Dear Dirty Dublin is passionately in the manner of a middle-aged man feeling love and life slipping through his fingers, pursuing youth and beauty in the person of Anna."
34. If Joyce's art followed life, then the life of his son followed art. "Do as I write, not as I do." *Ulysses* was not only a fact in Giorgio's life; it was a script. He had found a precursor in Blazes Boylan, even if the parent who had created the jaunty adulterer was scandalized by his behavior. He had "vicereversed" his father's use of Lillian Wallace as one of the models for Molly Bloom.

elect and this the best part of the fun. Nora would start by disparaging the behavior and looks of the women guests: "Did you see' . . . and so on down the list with hardly a kind word for anyone."¹⁷ **32**

When she had to imagine herself as the dissected "corpse," Helen collapsed in misery until, in one remarkable intellectual move, she recognized that Joyce used his family's gossip fests in *Finnegans Wake*. "O tell me all about Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia?" (*FW* 196.1-4). Helen concluded that she herself was the heroine of Joyce's novel. "Babbo," she thought, had transcribed her life in *Finnegans Wake* in the character of Anna Livia Plurabelle, just as Nora's penchant for criticizing her guests was transformed into the gossiping washerwomen "eagerly ripping me apart and washing their own dirty linen." In Helen's imagination Joyce became H.C.E., "trying to catch my slim young form which was chasing after Giorgio," all the while himself fearing that "love and life . . . youth and beauty" were passing him by.¹⁸ **33**

Helen apparently worked on this memoir after her separation from Giorgio in the late 1930s, and she no doubt needed to recapture a happy world that had disappeared. But her narrative does show us a young woman who is actively aware of intergenerational sexual currents, and it gives us some new information: Giorgio was already accustomed to adulterous assignations. **34**

Did the other Joyces know about Lillian Wallace's reputed relationship with Giorgio? It is difficult to imagine that Nora, who became upset with Helen Fleischman, would have continued to be Lillian's friend if she had known. If Joyce knew, he did not tell anyone, and Lucia's unsullied memory of Lillian lasted a lifetime. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, she remembered her simply as a family friend—significantly identified as "a Yorkshire girl"—who had treated her "like a princess." Of course this need not mean that she had no contemporary sense of the onset of her brother's erotic life.¹⁹

Lucia's assessment of his relationship with Helen was instant and unsparring. Giorgio was now a "gigolo."²⁰ This recognizable type was newly popular because of the movies and lifestyle of the Hollywood film star Rudolph Valentino, who began his career as a professional dancing partner at Maxim's. Both on and off the screen his erotic good looks seemed to symbolize "everything wild and wonderful and illicit in nature." In

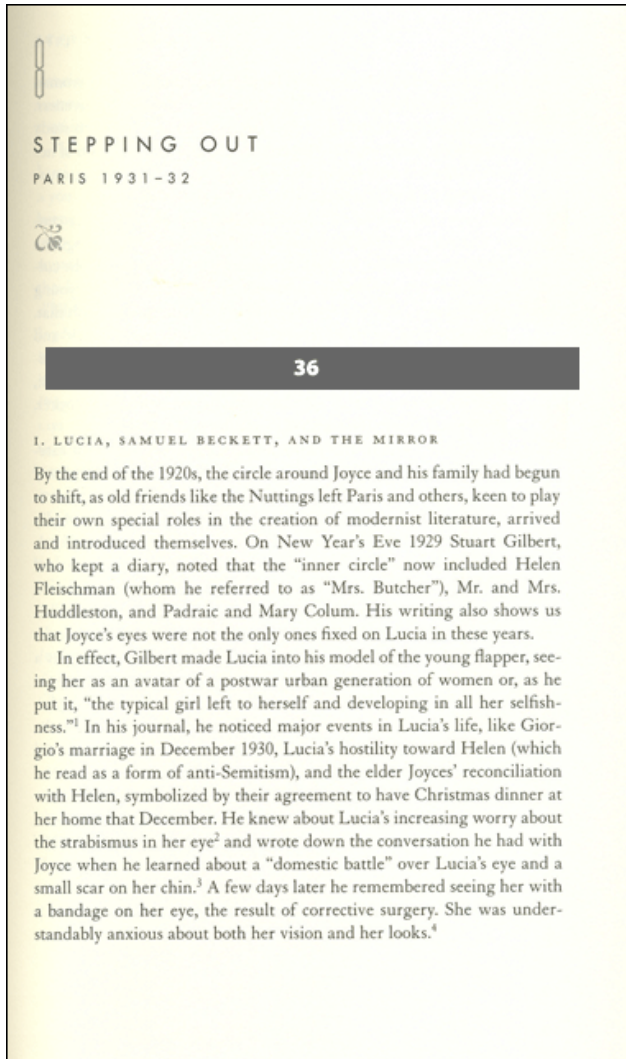
35. "very attractive and brilliant young French writers and I flirted and ate and drank a lot of good wine and had a perfectly wonderful time."

critical essays about *Work in Progress*, a book with the whimsical title *Our Exagmination Round His Factification for Incamination of "Work in Progress."* Not only did Joyce "choreograph" each of the twelve essays in the book, but he also commandeered more essays for the future. In addition, he was arranging for Harry and Caresse Crosby to bring out a limited edition of *Tales Told of Shem and Shaun* at their Black Sun Press.⁴⁷ And along with all these projects, Sylvia Beach and Adrienne Monnier conspired to hold a *Déjeuner Ulysse* to celebrate the publication of the French translation of *Ulysses*. On 27 June these two inimitable ladies chartered a bus to take all their guests to the town of Les Vaux-de-Cernay where they would all dine together at the aptly named Hôtel Léopold.

Helen Fleischman remembered this as a marvelous party. She, Giorgio, Samuel Beckett, and Tom MacGreevy were together in the bus, and the young men she met at the party were "very attractive." She flirted, drank copiously, and had "a perfectly wonderful time."⁴⁸ But to Lucia it was yet another detour from her own life and from the six hours a day that she was now working with Madame Egorova, her new ballet teacher.⁴⁹ If she looked dejected or abstracted in the photograph taken to commemorate the occasion, there was reason. Her position in the photo speaks for itself. She was in the back row on the side—obviously an unimportant person to whoever arranged the photograph. And Helen, who is leaning her weight on the shoulders of Philippe Soupault, displaces her quite directly and even physically.

Lucia probably experienced the family trip to Torquay, a seaside resort in southwestern England, later in the summer as a similar disruption. Joyce was using the trip as an occasion for research as well as pleasure. He visited Kent's Cavern to see prehistoric remains that would fit into his fictional portrait of H.C.E. as a giant lying beneath the earth dreaming of the course of human history. He also collected a "series of strange newspapers and magazines: *The Baker and Confectioner*, *Boy's Cinema*, *The Furniture Record*, *Poppy's Paper*, *The Schoolgirls' Own*, *Woman*, *Woman's Friend*, *Justice of the Peace*, *The Hairdressers' Weekly*,"⁵⁰ which he planned to use in the second section of *Work in Progress*, devoted to children. But to the children at his side he paid scant attention. In England, according to Gilbert, "the Great Man interested as usual in himself only. Pleased to have two secretaries, Mrs. Fleischman and

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36. "Exceedingly nice girls can strike exceedingly bad times."

37. "Lucia was very upset and depressed; she was suddenly left without an occupation or a career, and nothing seemed to take its place."

II. MORE DANCING PARTNERS

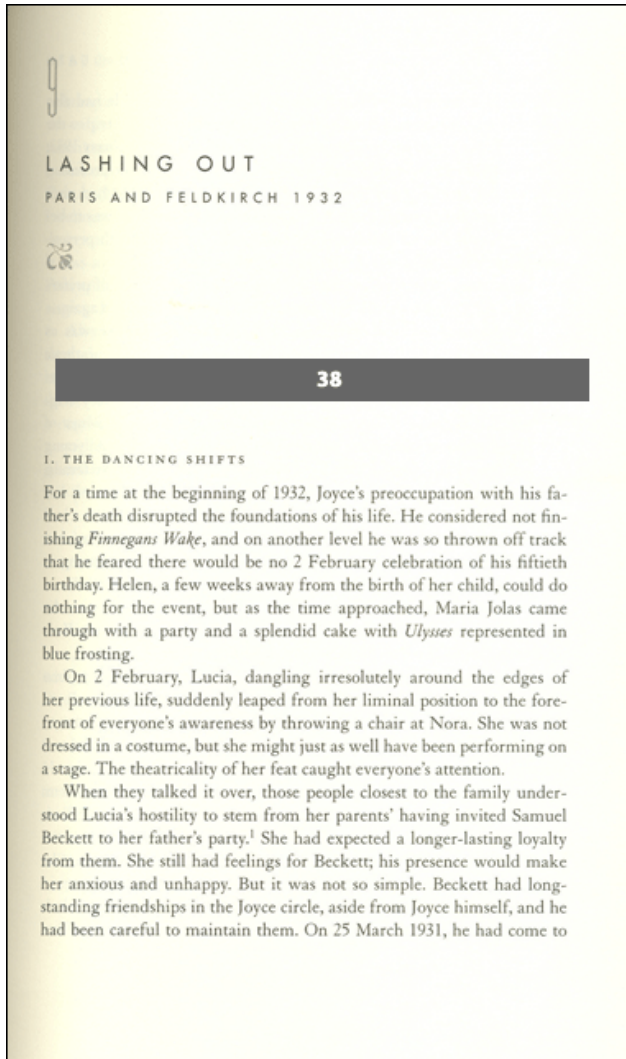
Beckett returned to Dublin to take up a position as a lecturer in French at Trinity College at the end of summer in 1931. By this time Lucia had begun to change the entire focus of her life. No longer dancing in a sustained way, she had begun halfheartedly to study design and to run with a fast crowd of visual artists. Helen Kastor Joyce remembered these years as painful ones for Lucia, whose depression and aimlessness were palpable: suddenly she was adrift "without an occupation or a career," and it seemed that nothing could take the place of dancing.⁷⁶

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Stella Steyn, a young Irish artist who knew Lucia, also noticed the change in her between 1926, when they first met, and 1929, when she encountered Lucia again. "Lucia was a young girl about a year older than me," she wrote of her first visit to Paris in 1926.⁷⁷ "Pretty, with a fresh complexion, elegant and more sophisticated than a young art student. Joyce encouraged a friendship between us, as we were of an age. Lucia was a dancer and had been studying since the age of sixteen and seemed to be [as] absorbed in dancing as I was in art." Joyce also suggested a kind of barter between the girls: Lucia's fluent French in exchange for visits to the Louvre and discussions of pictures. Stella visited square Robiac several times a week, but neither the language lessons nor the art appreciation plan worked out: "I don't think Lucia had much interest in art at all."⁷⁸

When Steyn returned for a second period of study in 1929, she expanded her repertoire to include market and street scenes. These were such a success that *Paris Montparnasse* published an article on her work. It was perhaps for this reason that Joyce asked her to do a few illustrations for *Finnegans Wake*. She was, according to her own admission, "a bit alarmed about this as I was young and was always rather afraid of Joyce." But when he read the passages of his book aloud to her, explaining what to listen to, she understood enough to make three drawings, which appeared in *transition* in the fall of 1929: "Anna Livia with her Baudeloire Maids," "The Ondt's Funeral," and "Anna Livia Legging a Jig."⁷⁹

Later in the year Lucia came to visit Stella in Montparnasse and told her that her father had advised her to give up dancing as a career and to take up something more akin to what Stella was doing. The young



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38. "This kissingwold's full of killing fellows."

39. Alec "was certainly never in love with Lucia," she wrote to Richard Ellman in 1959. He was "still in love with Hazel Guggenheim, with whom he had had an affair for about three years. I believe she had left him and returned to London, or started another one of her numerous affairs or marriages."

preferred to marry the men she loved. One exception was Alec Pónisovsky. To her he was "charming, well educated, and about the nicest person I ever knew."¹¹ But everyone "in the know" in Paris in the 1930s knew that Alec was desperately in love with Hazel and had been for years.

Maria Jolas, who looked down on the Guggenheim circle in general, had kind words to say about Alec. Of the group as a whole, she remarked, "It was a frivolous, less psychoanalytic group looking for one thing—titillation. There was a tremendous amount of lesbianism, the beginning you might say, the first rivulets of the wave of sexuality. Rules were to be flouted and the body abused."¹² But if Jolas knew about Alec's participation in this lifestyle, she did not admit it. To her he was a "devoted friend of Peggy's sister, Hazel," and she said that she "found his conversation astoundingly intelligent. He was personable, kindly . . . and always helpful to other people."¹³ Alec was eventually to be picked up by the Nazis in Monte Carlo and presumably killed, but Maria Jolas knew that personal danger had not affected his generous outlook. In the summer of 1940, she remembered thirty years later, Alec and Giorgio Joyce were instrumental in getting Peggy's art collection out of Paris.

In 1932 Alec Pónisovsky, for all of his fine and sympathetic qualities, was still in love with Hazel Guggenheim. Yet the Léons convinced him to propose to Lucia on the grounds that she was a well-raised, bourgeois girl to whom one could not show attention without its being misconstrued. Helen Kastor Joyce looked on the scene being acted out in Paris and saw the futility of the gesture. Alec "was certainly never in love with Lucia," she wrote to Richard Ellmann in 1959. She said Pónisovsky still loved Hazel Guggenheim, and that they had had an affair "for about three years."¹⁴

What Joyce and Nora Joyce knew about the hearts of their children is unclear. A few years later, Léon's and Joyce's account for Lucia's doctors said that Alec, after years of enjoying Lucia's affection, "disappeared from the picture and often had affairs with other women. When he reemerged on the scene in 1932, he proposed to her, whereupon Lucia became psychotic for the first time."¹⁵

Stuart Gilbert noticed that sometime early in March there had been an engagement dinner at the Restaurant Drouant at which both Joyce and Paul Léon got "royally drunk."¹⁶ To ask what happened next and

40. "but apart from that they are also a family document of great value to me and I regard their eventual loss in the same light as I should regard the loss of one of my own mss, which had cost me months of labor."

seen her so pretty, so gay, so strangely tranquil. We exchanged a few joking words, then I watched her move off with a lithe, startlingly light step."¹²¹ Carelessness, plain and simple, was now to stand in the Joyces' way: Burns and Oates had lost Lucia's lettrines.

Between February 1933 and September 1934—that is, for almost one and a half years—Joyce tried doggedly to locate his daughter's work. It took more than a year for Holroyd-Reece to return Louis Gillet's preface and two photographs of Lucia.¹²² Then he began an elaborate set of apologies for not sending on the lettrines. They were in his safe in Grasse; they were not in his safe in Grasse; they must be in England; no, they were apparently sent to Paris; they weren't there either; the matter was now in the hands of the Paris postmaster general. During this time Léon tried every strategy he could think of to compel a response, including the threat that if the lettrines were not sent to Holland, the Dutch editor would press Holroyd-Reece for damages. Nothing worked. Holroyd-Reece claimed that his feelings were hurt and that he would no longer write to Léon because of his "commercial, threatening attitude."¹²³ In August Joyce hand-wrote a letter to Holroyd-Reece himself, reviewing the dark trail of human error that had endangered the lettrines he so admired, which were "also a family document of great value to me and I regard their eventual loss in the same light as I should regard the loss of one of my own mss."¹²⁴ He noted that they had already missed the Christmas market. He could soon add that the fiasco had scotched Servire's interest in the *Chaucer A.B.C.*¹²⁵ He and Lucia did not find another publisher until Jack Kahane made another "no cost to himself" agreement for the Obelisk Press to bring the book out in 1936 in a limited edition of three hundred.¹²⁶ But by then the rationale of the project—its role in reconfiguring a *vita nuova* for Lucia—was destroyed beyond repair.

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VI. UNMAKING PAIN

Years later, when Richard Ellmann came to write about Joyce's concern over Lucia's lettrines, he described him as manipulative and self-deceiving, devoting "his thoughts frantically and impotently to his daughter."¹²⁷ But this description misrepresents both the purpose and the

41. "Unfortunately," he told Harriet Weaver, "she seems to have antagonized a great number of people including her immediate relatives and as usual I am the fellow in the middle of the rain holding out both hands though whatever she is right in her blunt outspokenness or not is a question my head is too addled to answer."

The reason I keep on trying by every means to find a solution for her case . . . is that she may not think that she is left with a blank future as well."¹³² A similar motive would guide his preparation of *Storiella as She Is Syung*, published by the Corvinus Press in 1937.¹³³

The pain that Joyce was able to imagine on Lucia's behalf tells us something important about his own early life as well. The extent of his empathy for the pain of being separated from the benefits of one's own work suggests anew the suffering of his own younger years when he had struggled unsuccessfully to get his writing published. The earlier "unfamous" self arose, so to speak, and tried to prevent a recurrence of that situation for his child. That his own self-realization in the pursuit of writing was in some way implicated in her unhappiness he did not yet see. Years later he was to tell his friend Jacques Mercanton that he saw a profound connection between the writing of *Finnegans Wake* and Lucia's suffering. "In that night wherein his spirit struggled," Mercanton later recalled, "in that 'widering of the night' lay hidden the poignant reality of a face dearly loved. He gave me details about the mental disorder from which his daughter suffered, recounted a painful episode without pathos, in that sober and reserved manner he maintained even in moments of the most intimate sorrow. After a long silence, in a deep, low voice, beyond hope, his hand on a page of his manuscript: 'Sometimes I tell myself that when I leave this dark night, she too will be cured.'"¹³⁴

VII. CONSPIRACY

While Joyce worked with Lucia to lay the fragile foundations of a recovered life, Stuart Gilbert noticed not only her talent and her supposed vanity but also the machinations of those who had no faith in her. Joyce knew that Lucia's way would not be smooth, for she had become outspoken and abrasive with friends and family, he told Harriet Weaver, "and as usual I am the fellow in the middle of the rain holding out both hands 41 though whether she is right in her blunt outspokenness or not is a question my head is too addled to answer."¹³⁵ He expressed his anxiety through sleeplessness and stomach pains that Dr. Bertrand-Fontaine mistakenly ascribed to nerves,¹³⁶ but gradually he recognized the weight of opinion amassing against Lucia. He continued to see the emotional ca-

42. "He was a member of many learned societies: "Membre de la société de pathologie comparée...de la Société anatomique...de l'association française pour l'étude du cancer...de la Société de dermatologie et de syphilligraphe...de la Société d'électrothérapie et de radiologie. de la Société de sexologie (membre fondateur, vice-president)...de la Société de l'anesthésie de d'anglésie." He held military titles and medals of distinction. In 1930, for example, he had been named Lauréat de l'académie des sciences; in 1933 he had been elected an Officier de la légion d'honneur. Not only was he honored for a distinguished career in public service, but he was also recognized for his pioneering work in obstetrics, especially in problems during pregnancy and anomalies of birth."

Léon, was that Lucia had "ruined her nervous system by five years dancing strain something which [Joyce] always combated and tried to discourage as far as he could while recognizing her great talent."¹⁴⁹ The injections had no discernible effect one way or another, but in April 1933 Joyce became dejected. Half of his plan seemed not to be working. The ever diligent Léon reported to Harriet Weaver that while Lucia was well enough, she had stopped going to her Laurencin classes.¹⁵⁰ The substitution of the visual arts for dancing was not giving her a renewed sense of vocation. It must have been evident to all of them that new roots could not be put down so quickly. Lucia remained unfocused—but then in 1933 none of them had any fixed plans or any fixed place to live.

Nora and Joyce did not invest in an unfurnished flat and unpack their furniture until February 1935.¹⁵¹ In the spring of 1933, Joyce wrote first to Valery Larbaud and then to Carola Giedion-Welcker asking if their residences would be free for his family to borrow during the summer, and then in May he and Nora took Lucia with them to Zurich, where Joyce was to have another eye examination with Dr. Vogt. For the time being, Dr. Vignes was left behind and, along with him, one of the most puzzling moves in the Joyces' many attempts to help Lucia. Dr. Vignes was not a nerve specialist but an obstetrician/gynecologist.

There is no question that Vignes was a distinguished man. He had begun his career in 1903 as an *externe des hôpitaux de Paris* and had been granted his medical doctorate in July 1914. By 1919 he had risen to be head of the faculty clinic in Paris and the following year he was named head of obstetrics for all Paris hospitals. In 1933, when he was consulted about Lucia, he was head of obstetrics at La Charité. He was a member of many learned societies who held military titles and medals of distinction, being honored for a distinguished career in public service and recognized for his pioneering work in obstetrics, especially in problems during pregnancy and anomalies of birth, about which he wrote many books.⁴² Some of their titles are *Obstetrical Physiology, Normal and Pathological* (1923); *The Hygiene of Pregnancy* (1942); *Maladies of Pregnant Women* (1948); and *The Sufferings of Childbirth* (1951). In 1933, the year he treated Lucia, his two books *The Duration of Pregnancy and Its Anomalies* and *Premature Babies* were published. Nowhere in this long career and in the records of his extraordinary life as a doctor and writer does