

# Lucia Joyce - Deletions

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43. "Grisly old sykos who have done our unsmiling bit on 'alices, when they were yung and easily freudened."

44. "We found Lucia after seven months of the clinic almost on the verge of collapse. Utter despair. The doctors says [that] after all that time he can make no diagnostic. They are helpless in the case. The only hold she seems to have on life is her affection for us... I feel if she stays there she will simply fade out."

The second influence of this departure and the consequent feeling of emptiness in the house is to my mind even of greater importance. Mr. Joyce's thought actuated by this feeling has turned to his work and the last three years of unceasing worry about Miss Joyce, which have caused him almost to abandon his work. It is remarkable that he was even able to accomplish what he did. . . . But what is obvious is that owing to whatever influences it may have been he has neglected that part of his work. . . . [H]is daughter's health . . . should be kept in as satisfactory circumstances as possible though even materially it involves a great sacrifice. Mr. Joyce will never be calm unless he knows his daughter is taken good care of even be it at the sacrifice (as he is doing now) of 7,000 francs monthly.<sup>39</sup>

When Joyce first began to write to Lucia at Prangins, he had thought her worst problems there were melancholy and passivity. In June he had written, "Why do you always sit at the window? No doubt it makes a pretty picture but a girl walking in the fields also makes a pretty picture."<sup>40</sup> His letter is as interesting for its tacit presumption that, whether sitting or walking, Lucia would experience herself as being observed, as for its explicit advice.

When he and Nora finally returned to Geneva to see her at the end of August 1934, Lucia was distraught with grief and beside herself with the joy of being reunited with her parents. Although the Joyces had planned to sneak into the clinic for a private talk with Dr. Forel before seeing her, Lucia had learned of their arrival and fell upon them in tears. "Babbo!" "Mama!" For seven months she had been held, as Joyce was to describe it to Carola Giedion-Welcker on 2 September, "under restraint, that is, her windows are barred, and she is always *surveillée*."<sup>41</sup> Joyce was appalled at the meager young woman who stood before him, a mere ghost of her former self.

Joyce's discussions with Dr. Forel did little to alleviate his distress at the condition of his child. The doctor had no diagnosis to offer him. Carola Giedion-Welcker, Frank Budgen, and Giorgio all received versions of the same report: Forel said he could not make a diagnosis; "he could not sign his name to a conclusive statement about her. . . . The only hold she seems to have on life is her affection for us. . . . I feel if she stays there she will simply fade out."<sup>42</sup> Separated purposefully from the one friend she had made at Prangins, Lucia was found lacking in "affect."<sup>43</sup> Divided from whatever world she had possessed before she was institu-

45. "pyrolyphics"

tionalized, she was noticed to be unconnected to life. In Joyce's eyes, seven months at Prangins had eroded her already fragile sense of self.

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## III. FIREBIRD

Dr. Forel tried to mitigate the Joyces' devastation by telling them about a physical abnormality in Lucia that puzzled him. She had too many leukocytes or white blood cells, a circumstance that seemed to indicate some kind of lingering infection that they could not find. Though this worried Joyce, his first order of business was to get her out of Prangins altogether. Forel suggested a colleague in Geneva, a Dr. Loy, who would care for Lucia under a *cure libre*, that is, without physical restraint. But before this transfer could be effected, Lucia staged her most incendiary performance. She set fire to the tablecloth in her solitary confinement room.<sup>44</sup>

The immediate and practical consequence of this startling behavior was to close the doors of Dr. Loy's clinic. Few doctors want to offer freedom to a woman whose irrationality takes a dangerous form. But we should notice that Lucia waited to stage her protest until her father was among its witnesses and that she chose to make a Ring of Fire, as if she were enacting a scene from the Wagner operas of which she was so fond. When Joyce asked her about her "prank," she said that she had used the fire to show her need to get out of the confinement room, reasoning that she had created a circumstance in which the door would be opened. It was as if she had decided to personify the "Prankquean," one of the characters in her father's *Work in Progress*, who "lit up and fireland was ablaze. And spoke she to the dour" (*FW* 21.15–17). She later remarked that fire was red and so was her father's face. The blaze of genius, the fires of consciousness, the heat kindled by a Lucifer ("Lausafire" [*FW* 621.03]), the father a devil, the room a space that she occupied in a passionate but dark and unviable emotional economy, a misdirected love, a preoccupation that she could neither accept nor escape—her act resonates with manifold symbolic qualities. She seemed to speak with the "dancetongues of the woodfires" (*FW* 404.06). But in the report from the clinic, the fire was a cryptic gesture about which the patient refused to speak,<sup>45</sup> and which for that very reason became the focus of further intense inquiry.

46. "commanding approaches to my intimast innermost"

Lucia's dilemma was her dependence upon the father whose love confined her in the unhappy and solitary rooms of consciousness. Whatever dark recrimination he read in his daughter's behavior, Joyce now chose to deal with the problem he could address immediately: Lucia's physical condition. Remembering that Frank Budgen had once spoken to him about a friend who had been treated for a reduction of white blood cells, he wrote asking about the condition and the doctor who had treated it. The friend, Fritz Fleiner, put him in touch with Dr. Otto Naegeli, a blood specialist in Zurich. And once he was in Zurich, Joyce decided, after years of resistance, to take Maria Jolas's suggestion and to consult Dr. Carl Gustav Jung.

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## IV. THE BIG MATERIALISTIC DOCTOR JUNG

The Zurich to which Lucia Joyce returned in the fall of 1934 was very different from the city that had sheltered her as a child during the Great War. Once the site of youthful friendship and awakening aspiration, it was now the site of further dreary probing. What was wrong with her? Why did she play with fire? What made her so angry? She came stigmatized, and she left, according to her new doctors, with no deeper insight into her own spirit. Neither Maier, who examined her again, nor Jung was able to establish a therapeutic relationship with her. In the absence of such rapport, Maier now called her "catatonic," and Jung conceded that he could think of nothing to lessen her suffering. To one doctor, she was withdrawn and unreachable because of her apparent self-absorption; to the other, the lack of "transference" signaled the limit of his art. The one doctor categorized her according to his belief about the body's relation to behavior; the other was the first to practice analytic psychology on her. Jung's task was to ask serious and systematic questions about the psychogenesis of Lucia's problems. To each of them, Lucia responded with an antagonism that her father recognized as characteristic. He and Léon admitted in the *Anamnese* that they submitted to the Burghölzli that she had "a great aversion to all doctors and wants only to be with her father, to leave with him, to show the doctors that the two of them are stronger than medical authority."

The first order of business was, however, Lucia's blood count. To this

47. "The normal is 5000 to 6500. She has 17,000 to 20,000. He has never known another such case of constant leukocytes. This doesnot mean that she is anemic. She is not. Anemia is a deficiency of red corposcles [sic]. Nor does it mean that she has leukemia— white blood..."

end, the Joyces hoped that Dr. Otto Naegeli, then director of medicine at the Clinic of the University of Zurich, could help them distinguish symptoms that had an organic origin from psychogenic ones. Their hope was well founded, for Dr. Naegeli had made his reputation by helping physicians make just such distinctions. He had written a manual that described the differences among patients suffering from the aftereffects of traumas, from lingering fright, from hysteria, or from inborn nervousness.<sup>46</sup> His diagnosis of Lucia has been lost or destroyed, so all we can know is that he first saw her on 22 September 1934 and continued to treat her until March 1935, months after she had stopped having psychoanalytic sessions with Jung.<sup>47</sup>

Only within the immediate family did the Joyces admit to what they feared this consultation would produce: They thought that Lucia had syphilis. To Giorgio, Joyce wrote,

Try to understand what I am going to say and don't get it all wrong. Lucia has constant leukocytes . . . a superabundance of white blood corpuscles [sic] . . . 47  
Hers is not a disease at all but a symptom. He says that white corpuscles [sic] among other things are the police of the body . . . Lucia's blood is always over policed. They say, therefore, there must be a form of infection. Nothing is absolutely sure . . . [but] the chances are 9 to 1 against syphilis. . . . Physically her case is as baffling as it is psychologically.<sup>48</sup>

Lucia herself was preoccupied with the physical aspects of her case, and she considered her appointments with Jung to be fruitless. Cary Baynes, whom Jung engaged to serve as a companion to Lucia during her months of treatment with him, remembered that Lucia bridled at Jung's insistence on remembering dreams. Such a doctor could do nothing for her, she said, "because my trouble is somewhere in the body."<sup>49</sup> Baynes, trained at the Johns Hopkins Medical School, was impressed that Lucia asked about leukocytes by their proper name, and Baynes talked to her about their function, which was to stave off local infections like appendicitis. "But," she assured Lucia, "you have no such place like that so they do not know why you should have so many of these cells."<sup>50</sup>

Baynes's diary of the several months she spent in Lucia's company is one of the few documents in which Lucia's own speech and self-understanding survive, and aside from this immense importance, it pro-

48. "for his beautiful corssmess parzel"



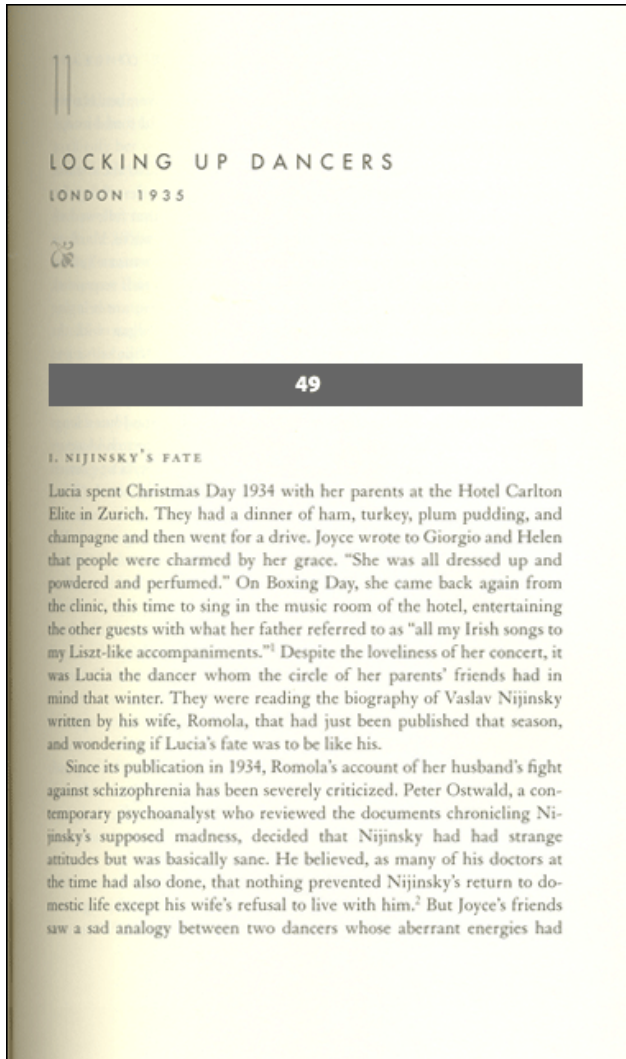
her father's other intricately wrought handiwork, she would act as another tantalizing cipher, provoking Jung to recognize in his situation the intelligent reader's "maddening defeat."<sup>66</sup>

V. A MOTHER, A FATHER, AND A DOCTOR BATTLE IT OUT

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Lucia's program of therapy with Jung lasted more or less four months—an interesting length of time, since it indicates that Jung neither dismissed her case nor made a full commitment to it. In the end, Lucia and Jung didn't establish a satisfactory therapeutic relationship. Aside from a brief period at the beginning, when Lucia apparently spoke openly and happily with him,<sup>67</sup> Jung neither impressed her as wise nor gained her confidence. To her, the doctor and her father seemed equally "old-fashioned."<sup>68</sup> And the solid bourgeois comfort in which he worked, so different from the series of apartments in which she had been raised, apparently aroused her resentment.

Very few people shared her low opinion of Jung. In the 1930s Jung's practice had the aspect not only of a thriving clinic but of a religious cult as well. From all accounts he was a man of tremendous vitality, wit, and erudition, and his catholic array of interests in occult subjects attracted an international train of disciples. Most of them were women from prosperous homes who had the resources to live abroad and to "pursue their souls."<sup>69</sup> Emma Jung, Toni Wolff, Linda Fierz-David, Dr. Marie-Louise von Franz, and Dr. Liliane Frey were among them, collectively forming what Jung called his "Anima." Charles Baudouin remembered finding them a strange entourage. In his 1934 journal he noted, "But when someone raised the objection that a majority of his disciples were women, Jung is said to have replied: 'what's to be done? Psychology is after all the science of the soul, and it is not my fault if the soul is a woman.' A jest; but for anyone who has followed his teaching, a jest which is itself charged with experience, and behind which one sees arising in all its ambiguous splendor the archetype of the Anima."<sup>70</sup> One thinks back on these women who formed the inner circle around Jung—variously referred to as the Vestal Virgins, the Maenads, the Jungfrauen, and the Valkyries<sup>71</sup>—and wonders what separated their deep investment in analysis with Jung from Lucia's eventual forlorn hostility.



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49. "For a burning would is come to dance inane. Glamours hath moidered's lieb and herefore Coldours must leap no more."

### I. 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

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."

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

51. In Lucia's life, such a figure would bear the name of Maria Jolas, although it was the father who would die in the effort to disprove her judgement.



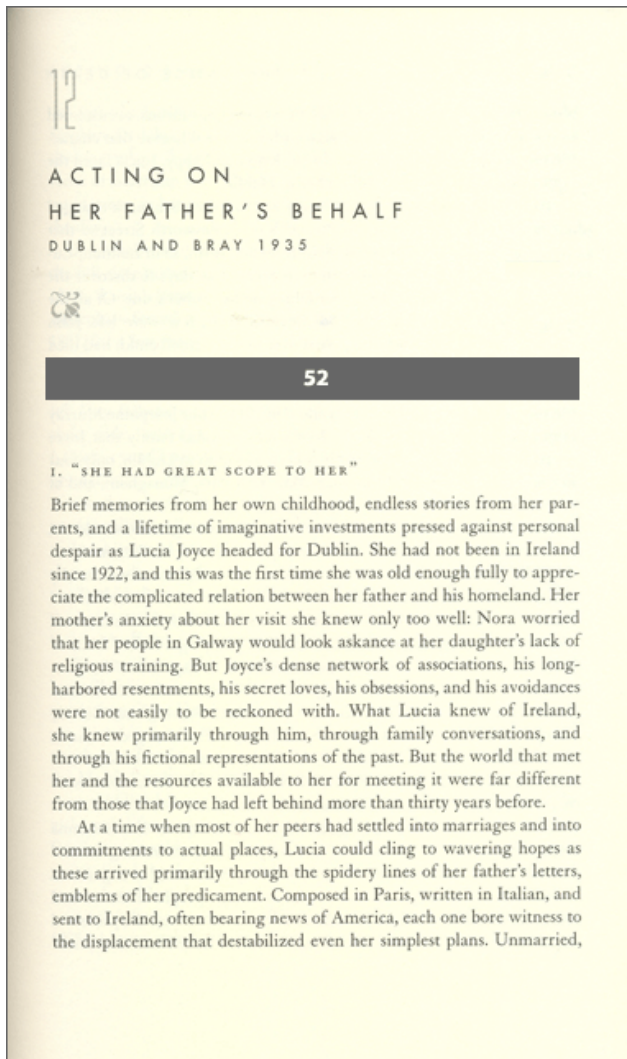
daughter to him, when she hated his glory, hated his success, may have led to the present state."<sup>93</sup>

One is tempted to ascribe predictive value to Ibsen's drama. *When We Dead Awaken* shows us in the untimely demise of Irene and Rubek that insight cannot always redirect the lives of those who struggle to face truth, however savage. Irene speaks of the irretrievable nature of her problems, even as she takes the hand of the sculptor and agrees to ascend with him into the high mountains. Ibsen transposes the avalanche of feeling unleashed between these two into the literal snowfall that destroys the couple: "Suddenly there is a roar as of thunder from high up on the snowfield, which begins to slide and tumble down at terrifying speed. Rubek and Irene can be glimpsed indistinctly as they are caught up and buried by the mass of snow."<sup>94</sup>

Ibsen gives the last word in the play to the Sister of Mercy who, despite Irene's attempt to evade her, follows inexorably. No matter how singular our efforts to elude the eyes of the moral order, no matter how exalted the vision that compels us to pursue a private destiny, Ibsen would have us understand, we cannot escape the judgment of collective humanity. Functioning like the chorus of ancient Greek tragedy, the Sister of Mercy quite literally shadows Irene, secure in her judgment about the boundaries of rational and permissible behavior. It is Irene's fate in Ibsen's final drama to exchange the gaze of the artist for the gaze of social opinion and to find rescue only in death. **51**

In the spring of 1935 Joyce seemed to anticipate that the time left for his daughter would be circumscribed, not by their own endurance, but by some future offense that Lucia might give to the outside world's sense of propriety. By April he had succeeded in convincing Paul Léon that "if anything can be achieved at all it is in keeping her free." "This naturally involves certain risks," Léon continued to explain to the ever receptive Harriet Weaver, "but I do not think these are of a suicide but much more of a public row which will lead to a definite landing into a sanitarium."<sup>95</sup>

Most of Joyce's friends worried about Lucia's trip to Ireland, anticipating that her behavior would jeopardize her father's name. Joyce alone paused to ask how the attitudes of the Irish might distort *their view of her*. "How well I know the eyes with which she will be regarded," he admitted to Harriet Weaver. "Léon is concerned with what she may do to prejudice my name there and my wife . . . thinks that this



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52. "The pose of the daughter of the queen of the Emperour of Irelande."

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

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. **53**

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

54. "why 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."

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>

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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>

55. If ever there were the need for an ethics of sexual difference, they seemed to say to the Joyce "kids," it occurs with the question of female vagrancy."



come to understand the intricacies of Irish political allegiances, such calculation was impossible for her. Of the family whose vicissitudes had moved him to the art of poetry, only a few elderly sisters remained; of the circle of university students with whom he had honed his ideas of aesthetics, nationality, and personal identity, only Constantine Curran had remained faithful. The young Joyce had been able to write unequivocally in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, "This race and this country and this life produced me . . . I shall express myself as I am."<sup>68</sup> His child knew obscurely that the same forces had molded her, but she could not articulate what they were. And if she tramped, it was because she had few alternatives. Michael Healy and shortly thereafter Maria Jolas were adamant that Lucia had to stop roaming about. For them, to be without a roof over one's head was to be without law and order in one's life. For them, tramping was unthinkable for a woman.

Of Lucia's life during her six days of tramping in Dublin, we have only one independent account, by Patrick Collins, who had met her in Bray earlier in the summer. The woman of "great scope" who had walked "as if she owned the whole bloody world" was no more. When he bumped into her in Dublin in early July, "Lucia was filthy and hungry so he took her into a cafe 'to give her a feed' and saw a sinister moon-faced man looking at her. The man, reeking of Jameson's, breathed, 'I've been following that girl for hours.'"<sup>69</sup> **55**

Why was she on the road in the first place? She was probably desperate, but she also had wanted to leave Bray and go to Galway. This had always been a potential part of her plan. Even though she had been bored during her 1922 visit to Annie Barnacle, it pleased her to know that she had family in Galway, and she looked forward to seeing her aunt Kathleen again. She took the train at Bray and went to Dublin's Central Post Office to send a telegram announcing her arrival. To her amazement, when she turned around, Kathleen was standing right there. By coincidence she was in Dublin that day for some surgery. So Lucia's plan was put on hold until Kathleen was out of the hospital.<sup>70</sup>

But at least in part, Lucia's tramping was another attempt to escape. Joyce had decided to send Maria Jolas to Dublin as a kind of emissary, hoping she would be a more reliable witness of Lucia's situation than Michael Healy. On 6 July, Jolas left for Ireland, originally planning to return to Paris on 11 July. But Joyce had reckoned without Lucia's view of