

Lucia Joyce - Deletions

[Home](#) | [Chapters: 1](#) | [2](#) | [3](#) | [4](#) | [5](#) | [6](#) | [7](#) | [8](#) | [9](#) | [10](#) | [11](#) | [12](#) | [13](#) | [14](#) | [15](#) | [16](#)

Chapter 13: [56](#) | [57](#) | [58](#) | [59](#) | [60](#) | [61](#) | [62](#)

56. "She sideslipped out by a gap in the Devil's glen while Sally her nurse was sound asleep."

57. ("three years are but a moment in the life of an ocean") and "remounts the salty water full of weeds and smiling happily."

356

THE DANCE OF DEATH

But then he had asked, "but when and where would we get this lapse of time? the gaiety, the security, the moral support necessary?"³

Léon and Miss Weaver were repeating history, effecting once again a swerve or maneuver that placed Lucia in a false position. But repetition marked her father's style of coping as well. He asked Lucia to revisit the scenario of "Dublin Bay" and to imagine its sequel. In the original version, the song ended with the young couple drowning:

On the crowded deck of that doomed ship
Some fell in their meek despair.
But some ore calm with a holier lip
Sought the God of the storm in pray'r.
"She has struck on a rock!" the seamen cried
In the breath of their wild dismay.
And that ship went down with that fair young bride
That sail'd from Dublin Bay.

In Joyce's version, Roy Neel is a good "diver"; he does not die beneath the bay but bides his time and "remounts the salty water full of weeds and smiling happily." His joy rests on his secret company in the deep, for there he has made the acquaintance of a very smiley fish with lots of teeth. He leaves his calling card with the fish along with three thousand silver buttons from his jacket. When the fish rises to the surface to find better reading light, he sees that it is the calling card of a dentist: "Doctor George Arago, 12 bis avenue MacMahon, Paris, telephone number Étoile 14.01." The fish weeps three thousand tears, one for each button, but he cannot read further to see if his mysterious friend (who seems to have a multiple identity) in the deep were "Jacky Jakes or Jicky Jones or Jaky Jeames, so help you me!"⁴

The tale was Joyce's veiled message to Lucia at a time when he could imagine her ready to give up. He was playing parodically with Jung's distinction between "diving" and "falling" into the depths of the unconscious, and with Lucia's self-identification as a dancing fish. If you are a fish, the tale suggests, you don't need to be able to dive; you already have the requisite powers of survival. What seems like death is not death; it is only a temporary setback; get ready to rise again. You are supported by secret companionship, though "so help you me," it's hard to tell what his real name is beyond the J.J. initials.

57

58. "The instant I touched her hand...I knew some change had set in,"

Having buoyed his battered child's spirits, Joyce set to work once again on some kind of plan for her. To Constantine Curran and his wife he explained that the moment he embraced her after seven months at 58 Frangins he knew that Lucia had changed. And he added a note about his worry that even in physical health Lucia would have a hard time of it, "when and if she finally withdraws her regard from the lightning verve of her clairvoyance and turns it upon that battered cabman's face, the world."⁶

In one of his crossings from Bournemouth, where the British Medical Association held its annual meetings, Curran had apparently heard of some kind of glandular treatment that he thought might help Lucia. His inquiries reinforced Joyce's own growing conviction that neither talk nor theory could counter a process within the body that affected one's moods. He once again determined that his daughter should travel a modern road. Just as he had pioneered in changing the face of literature, he understood that researchers had been transforming modern medicine, and he was willing to put Lucia in the hands of those at the forefront of the emerging field of endocrinology.

How Joyce first came to know Naum Efimowitsch Ischlonsky is impossible to determine: perhaps Ischlonsky was the physiologist whose work Curran had heard about in Bournemouth, or perhaps he was recommended by other friends. But however he discovered him, Joyce arranged to meet him in Paris sometime before the end of July and to put his daughter's case before him. In ways that would have been impossible for Joyce to foresee, Lucia's general problems turned out to fit into the pattern of clinical applications that Ischlonsky was eager to develop. Although he was a researcher with catholic interests—he had previously written about the neurological structure of the brain, about involuntary reflex action, and about the role of internal secretions in animal rejuvenation—the work that presumably interested Joyce was his inquiry into the physiological foundations of depth psychology.⁷

In 1935 Ischlonsky was preparing lectures, to be given to the Egyptian Medical Association in Cairo, that would establish his reputation as an innovator in treating various diseases thought to result from glandular deficiencies. He called his work "protoformotherapy," and he saw it as a superior alternative to the glandular supplements that were a common although controversial response to illness at the time. Instead of

59. I have to pay the following bills immediately if not sooner

nounced . . . vengeance against nurses. . . . Agadjanian emphatically maintains that there is something to be saved.⁵⁰ Eventually Agadjanian simplified this description to "cyclothymia"—circular emotions—something akin to what we call manic-depressive disorder.⁵¹

So Lucia's long sojourn at Dr. Delmas's clinic began. His fees—although they brought Joyce to the brink of financial ruin—were more reasonable than those at Prangins. The clinic had a large garden; Delmas knew that her previous experiences of incarceration had left her with an abiding hatred of nurses; he let her go outdoors by herself, and he encouraged her to play the piano and to sing. And once again he recommended that she take glandular treatments ten days out of every month. Somehow this combination of circumstances promoted a degree of peace for her.

Joyce raged at Lucia's incarceration. Losing the equilibrium that usually characterized his letters in even the most aggravated circumstances, he wrote to Harriet Weaver in June because "Léon says I am to write this": "my daughter is in a madhouse where I hear she fell off a tree." He

59 then listed the bills that had to be paid "immediately if not sooner"—not only for Lucia's health care but also for that of Giorgio, who had undergone thyroid surgery for his own emotional imbalance.⁵² He broke off relations with Maria Jolas. As Léon could see, the subject of Lucia had become a landmine, or, as he put it, it was like running "against some hidden cliff."⁵³ Years later Richard Ellmann learned that Eileen Schaurek also "blamed Mme Jolas for persuading Joyce to put [Lucia] in an asylum."⁵⁴ In November Maria Jolas left for the United States, the breach with the Joyces still unattended.

In virtual isolation and increasingly unwilling to discuss his daughter's case with anyone, Joyce now turned to reading. His patience with "mental" and "moral" physicians was as short as his faith in the attitudes of his friends and family was weak. He warned Carola Giedion-Welcker, whose own daughter was now ill, to keep away from such doctors. If he could study the history of humanity for his *Work in Progress*, he could study personality disorders that had a somatic origin. He could form a judgment of his own without the mediation of either amateur or professional psychologists, whose opinions rocketed around him, all of them founded, as it seemed to him, upon a void. While Nora and Giorgio commiserated, united in their decision that Lucia should be "shut in and left there to sink or swim,"⁵⁵ Joyce ordered books and essays. First he

60. "Mr Joyce did not like to leave Paris as he was always most punctilious about his visits to his daughter. He always went out directly after lunch every Sunday afternoon. I never accompanied him," she said, "but from his description of what went on I could form a vivid and tragic picture."
61. "He could wait for her in the little parlor of the sanitarium. From my knowledge of French salons...I can picture the scene. The small dark, overcrowded salon, the thin, dark-haired girl and the slender man with the thick glasses. She would greet him as a rule with pleasure. He would always bring her some gift, candy or fruit or sometimes a present of some sort, once a wristwrach, I remember. They would talk for a while. She would ask about her mother and about Giorgio and me and Stephen. Then he or she would sit down at the piano and play and they would both sing. Sometimes they would dance together, and this to me is a terrible and fantastic picture. Babbo would tell us that they would dance with wild abandon together. Then would come the time when he had to go and a nurse would come to lead Lucia away. Babbo would return in the taxi, which he had kept waiting...in a state of complete exhaustion, near collapse. At dinner that evening at Fouquets he would tell us of the visit, eating almost nothing and drinking his usual succession of bottles of Swiss wine."

read McKaig's *Nil Desperandum: The Chemical Man as Deduced from the Biochemistry of the Human Blood* and a small piece by Lucia's doctor in Northampton, George Gibier-Rambaud, *Rôle de l'infection focale dans les psychoses*.⁵⁶ But the book he placed most faith in was by his contemporary Louis Berman, whose *The Glands Regulating Personality* had appeared in 1922. His final opinion after years of other people labeling his daughter was "keep clear of all the so-called mental and moral physicians."⁵⁷

His days evolved into a familiar pattern that Helen Kastor Joyce captured in haunting terms in one of her memoirs: Everything changed after Lucia's illness, she remembered. Joyce was "punctilious" about visiting Lucia on Sunday afternoons, and though Helen never went with him, she thought she could picture the scene. "Babbo would tell us that they would dance with wild abandon together," and she imagined them singing and playing the piano together, too—"a terrible and fantastic picture." Joyce would return home from these visits completely exhausted, "near collapse." The rest of the family would hear the details over dinner at Fouquets, where Joyce would overindulge in his customary Swiss wine.⁵⁸

The world of father and daughter was now pared to the bone, and at its center the two met in dance. A wild pas de deux symbolized the mutual responsiveness that had driven their interior lives throughout Lucia's adolescence and first maturity. In a world before the clarity of daylight, in a place beyond the intensities of "normal" intercourse, they communicated the extraordinary, sometimes corrosive, but always engrossing nature of their mutual regard. Joyce had solved the problem of the hostility between Nora and Lucia by using some of the oldest categories of his intellect. Like the young Stephen Dedalus, walking along Sandymount Strand, thinking about the primary order of the world,⁵⁹ he replaced the *Nebeneinander* with the *Nacheinander*. He substituted terms that follow one another in succession for terms that could not live in proximity. Six days of the week would be for Nora; the seventh would be for his child.

As Lucia grew more stable at Ivry, secure at least in the esteem of one parent, Joyce renewed his other efforts on her behalf. The logic of his writing had also led him to see the necessity of recirculation. He understood the human imperative to begin again, with patience, and in the spirit of hope. By now all the care for Lucia was on his shoulders; the internal division of the Joyce family was complete. Nora never went to

60. "It is rather curious that the two men in whom poor Lucia tried to see whatever she or any other woman or girl is looking for"

line Weld, Guggenheim's biographer, understood that she and Giorgio had been lovers nonetheless.⁷⁵

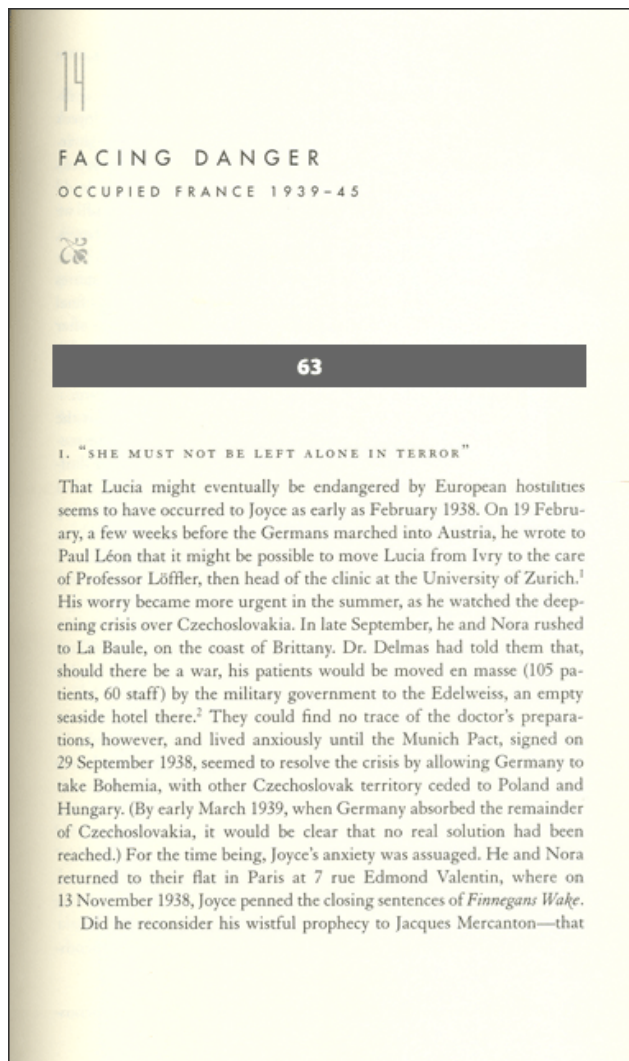
62

In April 1938, Joyce wrote to Helen that he found it odd that the two young men whom "poor Lucia" had been interested in "should now be going around with two sisters. After having got up, each of them, from a hospital bed. And that I should have gone from one bed to the other."⁷⁶ Probably neither Joyce nor Nora knew of Giorgio's liaison with Guggenheim, but in the spring of 1938 he was well aware of Samuel Beckett and Alec Ponisovsky's penchants for Peggy and Hazel, whose wealth, extravagance, and promiscuity had never escaped him. Beckett had been stabbed in the street; Ponisovsky had broken his leg; and Joyce saw with bitter clarity that he had ministered to the two young men who had broken Lucia's heart only to watch them take up with other women.

What Joyce thought of his daughter-in-law's troubles is difficult to construe, but he evidently withheld from Helen the empathy he extended to Lucia in such abundance. Nino Frank remembered Joyce telling him that Helen had a persecution mania.⁷⁷ Dr. Bertrand-Fontaine had a darker, more complicated take on it all, for Helen had confided in her and shown her letters Joyce had written, which were, in her judgment, "almost diabolically intended to upset" Helen. She believed that Joyce could not "bear the thought of his son being saddled with a sick woman," and she admitted that the Joyces had tried to get her "to sign certificates of insanity"⁷⁸ about Helen, which she refused to do. If what she remembered is true, Helen would have had ample reason to feel persecuted.

These emotional dynamics cast a mottled light over Helen's final attempt to assert a well-meaning place for herself in the Joyce family. On 2 February 1939, when Joyce expected to receive one bound copy of his finally completed *Finnegans Wake*, Helen threw him a marvelous party. She did it, she admitted, partly out of guilt. The previous Christmas, she, Giorgio, and Stephen had departed from tradition and taken a holiday in the French Alps, visiting Kay Boyle and Laurence Vail and then continuing on to Mégève, where they skated, skied, and enjoyed a robust outdoor life. She was clearly trying to save her marriage, but to do this, she and Giorgio had left Joyce and Nora alone in Paris for a gloomy holiday.⁷⁹

The *Finnegans Wake* birthday party was intended in some way to



Lucia Joyce - Deletions

[Home](#) | [Chapters: 1](#) | [2](#) | [3](#) | [4](#) | [5](#) | [6](#) | [7](#) | [8](#) | [9](#) | [10](#) | [11](#) | [12](#) | [13](#) | [14](#) | [15](#) | [16](#)

Chapter 14: [63](#) | [64](#) | [65](#) | [66](#)

63. "Arms apeal with larms, appalling, Killykillkily; a toll, a toll."

1. "SHE MUST NOT BE LEFT ALONE IN TERROR"

That Lucia might eventually be endangered by European hostilities seems to have occurred to Joyce as early as February 1938. On 19 February, a few weeks before the Germans marched into Austria, he wrote to Paul Léon that it might be possible to move Lucia from Ivry to the care of Professor Löffler, then head of the clinic at the University of Zurich.¹ His worry became more urgent in the summer, as he watched the deepening crisis over Czechoslovakia. In late September, he and Nora rushed to La Baule, on the coast of Brittany. Dr. Delmas had told them that, should there be a war, his patients would be moved en masse (105 patients, 60 staff) by the military government to the Edelweiss, an empty seaside hotel there.² They could find no trace of the doctor's preparations, however, and lived anxiously until the Munich Pact, signed on 29 September 1938, seemed to resolve the crisis by allowing Germany to take Bohemia, with other Czechoslovak territory ceded to Poland and Hungary. (By early March 1939, when Germany absorbed the remainder of Czechoslovakia, it would be clear that no real solution had been reached.) For the time being, Joyce's anxiety was assuaged. He and Nora returned to their flat in Paris at 7 rue Edmond Valentin, where on 13 November 1938, Joyce penned the closing sentences of *Finnegans Wake*.

Did he reconsider his wistful prophecy to Jacques Mercanton—that

64. "Babbo would tell us that they would dance with wild abandon together...And this to me is a terrible and fantastic picture."

65. "'Che bello, che bello' had been her sarcastic response to Giorgio's rare Sunday visits to Ivry."

writing the *Wake* was somehow implicated in Lucia's illness, that her illness would end when he ceased to write? The final words of Joyce's seventeen years of work seem to modulate into the voice of a "daughter-wife" who wearily imagines a freedom that was being denied to Joyce's flesh-and-blood child. Anna Livia remembers life in terms that could equally describe Lucia's circumstances: "the clash of our cries till we spring to be free" (*FW* 627.29–30). And she speaks of uninhibited dances, which had become Lucia's way of coping with incarceration: "all our wild dances in all their wild din" (*FW* 627.24–25). Of the many stories that are brought together by Joyce's words on the last pages of his final book, one of them is surely that of the private family that had, year after year, provided Joyce with the prototypes of Tim Finnegan and his "vocally changing" relatives. Lucia haunts the final pages of the *Wake*, both as a speaker and as someone who listens to the voice of the father/creator.

Joyce ended his *Work in Progress* by imagining Anna Livia as the voice of the river Liffey as it flows into the Irish Sea. Like someone meandering on the edge of psychic dissolution, she communicates her disillusion with the ordinary rounds of human interaction: "All me life I have been lived among them," she admits, "but now they are becoming loathed to me. And I am lothing their little warm tricks. And lothing their mean cosy turns. And all the greedy gushes out through their small souls" (*FW* 627.16–19). One is reminded of Lucia's words about Jung: "To think that such a big, fat materialistic Swiss man should try to get hold of my soul."³ And was she not the excluded one who grew to loathe not only her captivity but those who held her captive? Who would have been most "loonely in me loneness" or most aptly called "weird, haughty Niluna" (*FW* 627.28, 32)? Who would need secretly to "slip away before they're up" (*FW* 627.35) if not the young girl who disappeared from the homes of the well-meaning people in France, England, and Ireland who supervised her even when she hated it? Who needed to be saved from "those therrble prongs" (*FW* 628.05) if not the girl who had been incarcerated in Les Rives de Prangins? Who would have most worried in 1938 that "my leaves have drifted from me" (*FW* 628.06)? Who needed to be reassured that "but one clings still. . . . Yes. Carry me along, taddy" (*FW* 628.07–08) unless it was the girl left in the wake, the one whose entire adult experience could be described as a threat of extinction in the sea, in the great father, the "cold mad feary father" (*FW* 628.02)?

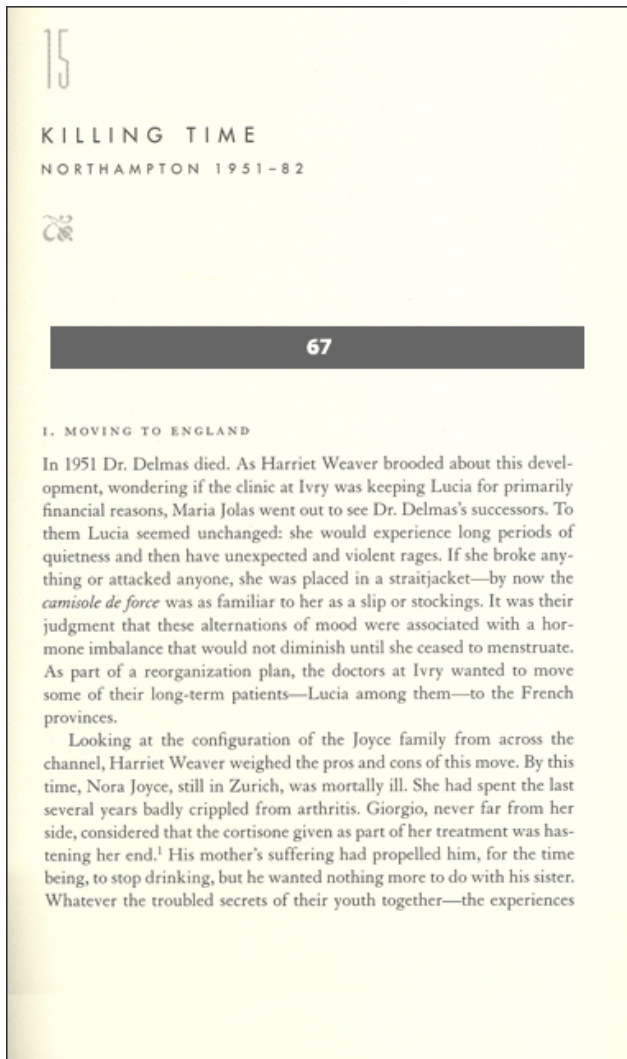
At the end of the *Wake*, Joyce wrote, "mememormee! Till thousands-

66. "mais je suppose que les autorites occupantes accorderaient sans difficulte la permission pour le transfert d'une maladesi je pourrais l'arranger" ("I suppose that there will be no difficulty with the occupying authorities' granting permission...")

jects had been transferred to the protection of the American Embassy. Accordingly Joyce wrote to Bennett Cerf at Random House, publisher of *Ulysses*, asking that his American royalties be forwarded to him through the State Department at Washington and deposited for him at the U.S. Embassy in Vichy.³⁹ He waited in vain, as did Giorgio, who lived in constant anticipation of money from the Kastors. Joyce then wrote to the U.S. Embassy in Paris, making use of the Vichy Embassy courier service, asking that the "dole" to which he was entitled as a British citizen trapped in alien territory be forwarded to Dr. Delmas. The maximum amount of this support was 1,500 francs per month—less than the 2,700 francs he owed Delmas—but he hoped it would suffice. The American consul, Leigh W. Hunt, replied in September that this could be done but that Joyce would have to resubmit his request each month through the American Embassy at Vichy: "Kindly note that the forms should be made out in triplicate and signed in the two places indicated on each sheet."⁴⁰

66 Joyce next turned to preparing a destination for his family. Initially he hoped to return to Zurich. On 28 July, he wrote to Carola Giedion-Welcker asking her to see if the *maison de santé* at Kilchberg would accept Lucia. He added, with mistaken optimism, that he imagined that the occupying authorities would readily grant permission "to transfer a sick person, if I can arrange it."⁴¹ He himself wrote to the previously dreaded Burghölzli asking if there was a place for Lucia there and what the cost of her board would be. And he asked Paul Ruggiero about flats for Nora, Giorgio, and himself and about French-speaking schools for Stephen.⁴²

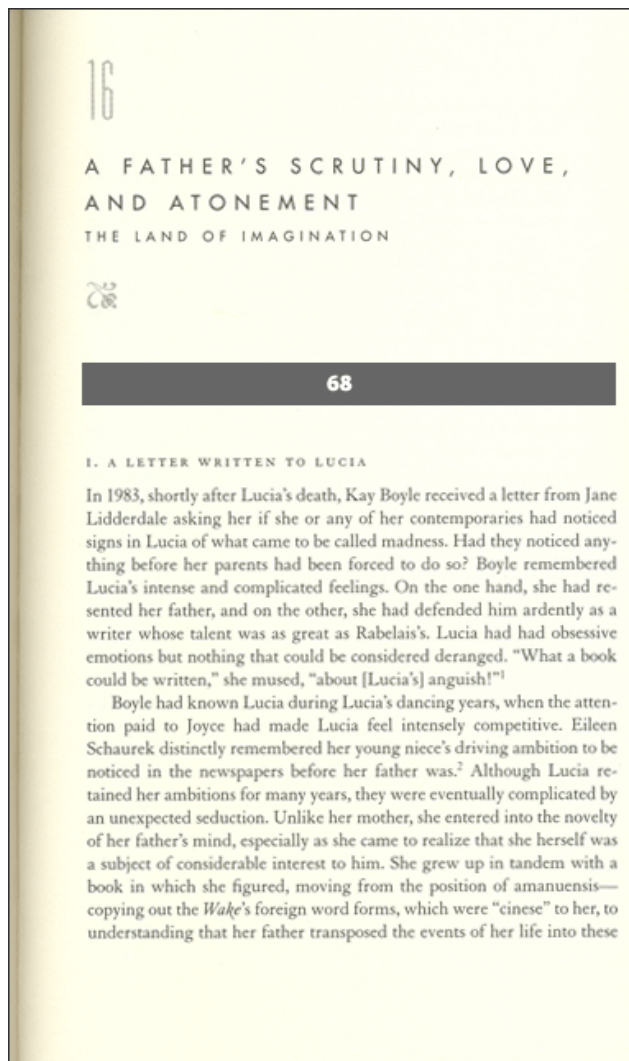
This done, he applied for exit permits for Lucia from the occupied zone and for the rest of the family from Vichy. By 11 September he was able to tell Carola Giedion-Welcker that the German authorities had told him "verbally that they would grant my daughter permission to leave the occupied zone."⁴³ It was only a verbal agreement, but Joyce placed faith in it. This miracle of bureaucratic efficiency left him with the impression that Germans were more responsive to ordinary citizens than other wartime bureaucrats. In the interim, replies from the Kilchberg sanatorium and from the Burghölzli arrived, and their fees were beyond even Joyce's extravagant tendencies. Kilchberg's was fifteen Swiss francs a day plus a double fee to both the institute and to the state;



Lucia Joyce - Deletions

[Home](#) | [Chapters: 1](#) | [2](#) | [3](#) | [4](#) | [5](#) | [6](#) | [7](#) | [8](#) | [9](#) | [10](#) | [11](#) | [12](#) | [13](#) | [14](#) | [15](#) | [16](#)

67. "Isolade, Liv's lonely daughter."



Lucia Joyce - Deletions

[Home](#) | [Chapters: 1](#) | [2](#) | [3](#) | [4](#) | [5](#) | [6](#) | [7](#) | [8](#) | [9](#) | [10](#) | [11](#) | [12](#) | [13](#) | [14](#) | [15](#) | 16

Chapter 14: [68](#) | [69](#) | [70](#)

68. "I will write down all your names in my gold pen and ink.
Everyday, previous, while m'm'ry's leaves are falling deeply"

69. ...Once
and for all, I'll have no college swankies (you see, I am well
voiced in love's arensental and all its overture from collion
boys
to colleen bawns so I have every reason to know that
rogues'
gallery of nightbirds and bitchfanciers, lucky duffs and light
lindsays, haughty hamiltons and gay gordons, dosed,
doctored
and otherwise, messing around skirts and what their fickling
intentions
look like, you make up your mind to that) trespassing
on your danger zone in the dancer years.

ditional courtship began, a spectral suitor. We can trace this dynamic repeatedly in the *Wake*; its theme is as manifold and varied as the tributaries of a river. It never ceases to flow.

What Joyce saw broke his heart. He watched as Lucia turned from provocative pubescent girl—"dadad's lottiest daughterpearl" (*FW* 561.15), his "Lucylight," his "subtle and barbaric" madcap, high-stepping daughter—into someone who was "unmerried" (*FW* 226.18) and then ditched. In the text written in 1928¹⁶ the narrator, who speaks in the voice of the father, merely issues warnings: "I'll have no college swankies . . . trespassing on your danger zone in the dancer years" (*FW* 438.32, 439.02–03). I don't want any college graduates messing around with you while you're still a dancer.

69

But within a few years, the father's voice, as it records far darker events, becomes simultaneously more acute and more obscure. The daughter's image is tarnished; she has no "lovelinoise around her swan's"; that is, she has no hold on ("noise around" or noose around) her swain. He's walked off leaving a young woman wounded ("awound"), in sorrow and in fear ("woefear").

Poor Isa sits a glooming so gleaming in the gloaming; the tincelles
a touch tarnished wind no lovelinoise around her swan's.
Hey, lass! Woefear gleam she so glooming, this pooripathete I
solde? Her beauman's gone of a cool. Be good enough to symperise.
[226.04–07]

At this point (these gloomy "gloaming" lines were first drafted somewhere around 1930, worked on in 1932, the year that Lucia and Alec Ponisovsky became engaged, and continually revised until 1938)¹⁷ Joyce uses the voice speaking the text almost as if the daughter were in conversation with him. She is present as a model of and creator of the text and also as its recipient. He speaks in the mode of a parent trying to reassure a battered child that all will be well again: "She'll meet anew fiancy, tryst and trow" (*FW* 226.14). She'll meet a new fiancé, tried and true. She'll meet, rendezvous ("tryst"), and when she thinks ("trow": Old English, to think, to suppose), she'll realize that "Mammy was, Mimmy is, Minuscoline's to be" (*FW* 226.14–15). That is, she'll know that she's next in the line of human regeneration. It's her turn.

70. "The river of lives, the regenerations of the incarnations."

EPILOGUE
A DAUGHTER'S LEGACY



I. THE GENERATIONS OF LUCIA JOYCE

Lucia Joyce died on 12 December 1982 in Northampton, England. There is no evidence that she ever read *Finnegans Wake* after her father's death or thought of it as having a personal message encoded within it. She remembered being watched. When Bonnie Kime Scott came to visit her, Lucia told her that her youth had been spent with her father's note cards always close at hand.¹ It was her impression that whatever she said or did went into a book. But when Richard Ellmann asked her about the *Wake* in the 1960s, she replied, "I don't know I mean I do not understand much about Anna Livia Plurabelle."²

She died with fond and loving memories of every member of her family. In her will, she gave various small amounts to friends she had made at Northampton. She left another small amount to her aunt Florence. But like her father she named two family members as her principal heirs, and she indicated a line of succession. Her aunt Nelly was one beneficiary. Her brother Giorgio was the other. Should he predecease her, as he did, his share of both capital and income was to go first to his widow, Asta Jahnke-Osterwalder, and then to Lucia's nephew, Stephen Joyce.³ Thus it was that part of Lucia's estate was left in the hands of the very person who later decided that her story should remain buried in the dark cellars of "family privacy." Unconcerned about what she could not