

Lucia Joyce

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[From *Ulysses*](#)

16. *"Though they're all but merely a schoolgirl yet these way
went they."*
(FW 22. 33-34)



THE THEATER OF WAR
ZURICH 1915-19



16

I. NEW LANGUAGES

When Lucia was five, her aunt Eva returned to Dublin; when she was eight, her aunt Eileen married Frantisek Schaurek and moved to Prague. The six years the niece had enjoyed in the company of maiden ladies who adored her had ended. But even greater disruptions were about to intrude on the life of the Joyce family, signaled in January 1914 by the arrest of her uncle Stanislaus for his outspoken opposition to Austrian rule of Trieste. Stripped of his job and his students, he was to sit out the Great War in detention camps in Austria. At first it may have seemed that the life of the rest of her family could continue as usual, for the Joyces, carrying British passports, were not citizens of an enemy nation at the onset of hostilities in July 1914. But England quickly joined the war effort; and when Italy entered the war in May 1915, Trieste, with its long history of Italian and Austrian antagonisms, became a dangerous place to live.

Left to his own devices, Joyce might have stayed put. Encouraged by Grant Richards's publication of *Dubliners* in June 1914 and by the serial publication of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in *The Egoist* between February 1914 and September 1915, he was deeply immersed in writing his play *Exiles*. He was also starting *Ulysses*, which he thought of as the sequel to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. For him the

worlds he invented took precedence over the worlds that nation-states tore apart, but personal preferences soon became irrelevant. Trieste was bombed four times, and soon the Austrian military authorities ordered a partial evacuation.¹ Even had the Joyces evaded the evacuation order, they had no source of income, for the Scuola Superiore di Commercio where Joyce had worked closed after most of its Austrian staff had been conscripted. Joyce turned his eyes back to the sad wreck of the actual world. With the help of well-placed former students, he secured visas and exit permits, bought train tickets to the border of Switzerland, and leaving books and furniture behind, took his young family away from the only home his children had ever known.

With the resilience of youth Lucia took what fortune offered next. For a few weeks in June 1915, she and her family moved into the Gasthaus Hoffnung in Zurich—the pension where her parents had stayed when they first came to Europe in 1904. Felix Béran, a Viennese writer living in Zurich, remembered looking up from his writing in the small pension garden and seeing the Joyces arrive: “The unknown lanky man with the eyeglasses came directly to me. He was leading a little girl by the hand. Close behind him came a lady, apparently his wife, young, with lovely dark eyes. A lusty little youngster was dragging at her right hand.”² But then the family moved three times in quick succession as rented room followed rented room.³ Lucia’s memories of life in Switzerland were memories of damp and crowded poverty, of being a schoolgirl, and of a dawning assessment of change as she began to recognize that her father was at work on a project of stunning proportions. “When *Ulysses* was finished,” she recalled in “My Life,” “they said it was a masterpiece and I was very excited about it.”⁴

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While her father worked, she and Giorgio were placed in a public school where her teacher was Heinrich Gallmann. Lucia’s judgment was that “Herr Gallmann seemed to like me and he always asked me to sing. I was good at arithmetic geography and gymnastic. *Rundlauf* was wonderful. You had to run and then you sort of fly in the air.”⁵ Already adept at two languages, she now tackled German, which she found “very interesting as a language.”⁶ Soon she and Giorgio were chattering away in *Schwyzertutsch*, the Swiss German dialect. Tucked away from the killing fields of the war, the Zurich schools were filled with other refugees like herself who bought a relatively normal childhood for the small price of

17. “At first I was surprised that my father had made a name for himself but then I got sort of used to the idea.

Lucia Joyce, “My Life.” Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

Lucia Joyce

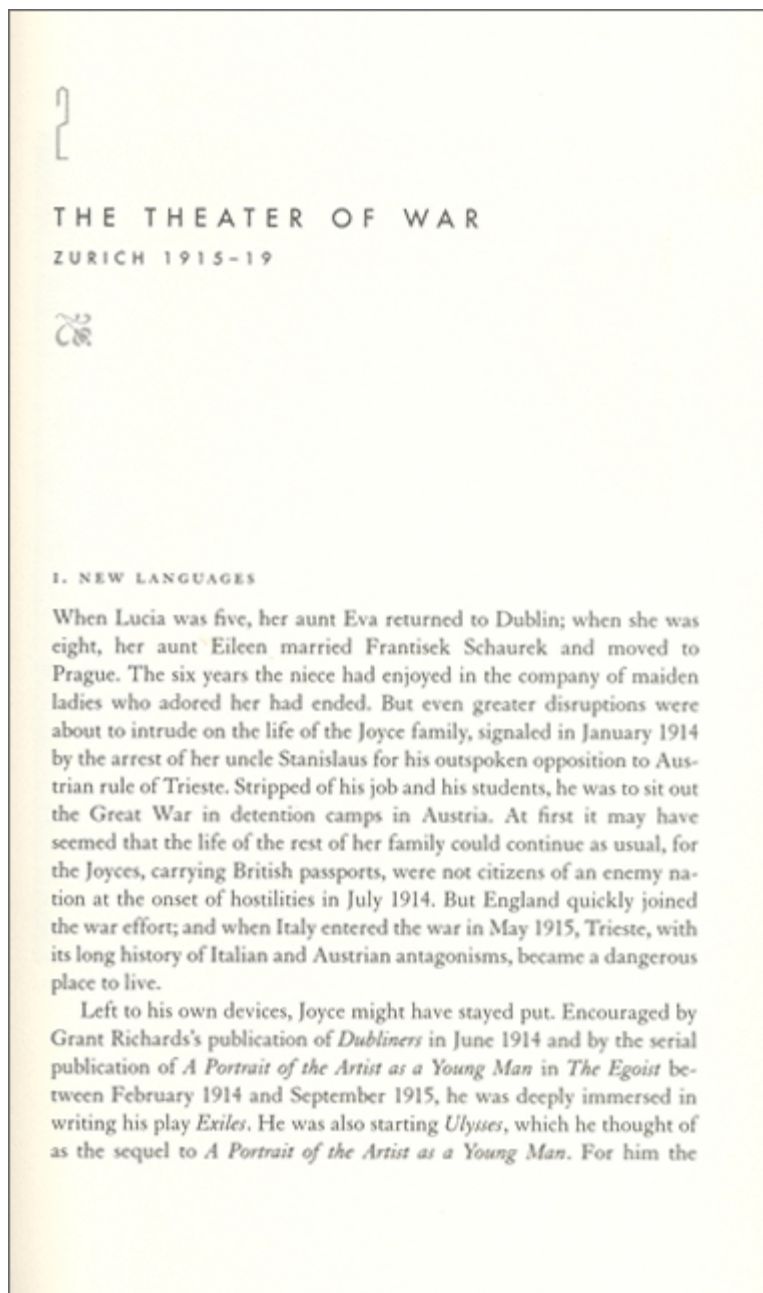
Supplemental Material

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These quotations from *Ulysses* show Joyce's images of Milly Bloom, the daughter figure, sorted according to the age of the growing child and according to the mother's or father's perspective.

From James Joyce, *Ulysses* (Shakespeare and Company, 12 Rue de l'Odéon, 12, Paris, 1922).

(355) Handed down from father to mother to daughter, I mean. Bred in the bone. Milly for example drying her handkerchief on the mirror to save the ironing. Best place for an ad to catch a woman's eye on a mirror. And when I sent her for Molly's Paisley shawl to Prescott's, by the way that ad I must, carrying home the change in her stocking. Clever little minx! I even told her. Neat way she carries parcels too. Attract men, small thing like that. Holding up her hand, shaking it, to let the blood flow back when it was red. Who did you learn that from? Nobody. Something the nurse taught me. O, don't they know? Three years old she was in front of Molly's dressingtable just before we left Lombard street west. Me have a nice face. Mullingar. Who knows? Ways of the world. Young student. Straight on her pins anyway not like the other. Still she was game. Lord, I am wet. Devil you are. Swell of her calf. Transparent stockings, stretched to breaking



point. Not like that frump today.

- (644) How did the father of Millicent receive this second part?
With mixed feelings. Unsmiling, he heard and saw with wonder a jew's daughter, all dressed in green.
- (645) Had this latter [somnambulism] or any cognate phenomenon declared itself in any member of his family? Twice, in Holles street and in Ontario terrace, his daughter Millicent (Milly) at the ages of 6 and 8 years had uttered in sleep an exclamation of terror and had replied to the interrogations of two figures in night attire with a vacant mute expression.

Lucia Joyce

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18. *"Those first girly stirs."*
(FW 226. 26-27)

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MOVING INTO ADOLESCENCE

PARIS 1920-24



18

I. "LUCIA . . . IT MEANS LIGHT—LIKE PARIS, THE CITY OF LIGHT."¹

In 1920, when Lucia arrived in Paris, she was a thirteen-year-old whom her father described as a "saucebox." She spoke back to him, calling him "l'Esclamadore." "You're always exclaiming!" she teased. She surrounded herself and Joyce in a realm whose walls were a private language.² It didn't matter what country they were in—Italy, Switzerland, France, or England—she continued to speak Italian with her father, for it was the language of her birth. To others who met her in the early days in Paris, no matter what language she spoke, she was a "wonderfully sweet girl"; but she was quiet in front of strangers, and they couldn't see everything.³

Within her immediate family, Lucia was mordant, especially for a child. Eager, critical, outspoken, curious about the new world she inhabited, frustrated by the need to learn yet another language, resentful of all she had lost in moving from Trieste, uncomfortable in her isolation, she covered her awkwardness by talking to Giorgio in German and by rarely talking to anyone at all outside of the family. Sitting down to tea with Helen Nutting in 1921, once a school had finally been chosen for her daughter, Nora sighed with relief. "I cannot tell you what it is like to have that child out of the way!" she admitted. "I was nearly mad with her about all day."⁴

Montparnasse and later at the Dôme. Guggenheim thought of Vail as "the King of Bohemia," and she intended to marry him.⁴³

19 Of course none of these intricacies was visible to the Joyces when they met the Fleischmans for the first time. In consequence, when Peggy Guggenheim and Laurence Vail asked the whole family to their wedding breakfast in March 1922, they were baffled. They did not immediately recognize that the Fleischmans were behind the invitation. Yet this new circle of friends expanded in subsequent years to include Helen's friend Alec Ponisovsky; Alec's sister Lucie and her husband, Paul Léon; and finally, though indirectly, Hazel Guggenheim and Elsa Schiaparelli. It was a powerful network of affiliations, and the group gradually, with various personal motives, surrounded the Joyce family. Their views came to color the Joyces' expectations of the possibilities that life afforded them in Paris. They gave them, especially Giorgio and Lucia, a set of attitudes, a sense of material expectations, and a sexual ethic that seemed to promise delight and then turned delight into jealousy, unmet desire, and discord. But in 1922, puzzled though he may have been by the unexpected wedding invitation, Joyce was more worried about his family's imminent departure for Ireland.

II. UNDER FIRE

It was a trip Nora had insisted upon. By April she had become fed up with Joyce's evening drunkenness, his dependence, and his literary preoccupations. She wanted to see her mother, and with financial resources that now seemed sufficient, she wanted to gain some perspective on her marriage. It is likely, since she and Joyce discussed a monthly allowance for herself and the children, that she anticipated staying away for a long time.⁴⁴ Lucia and Giorgio, now fifteen and seventeen, were to go with her. Almost certainly they did not consider the political dangers that their father, with more insight into the ways history can intervene in private destiny, worried about on their behalf. Thinking not just of her mother's family but also of her father's, Lucia memorized the addresses of her father's Dublin relatives and set out for a place she had not seen since she was five. But first their mother took them to London for a week.

19. "I scarcely know him [Vail] though I think they met him or her somewhere."

James Joyce to Frank Budgen, 3 January 1920, *The Letters of James Joyce*, vol. 1, ed. Stuart Gilbert (New York: The Viking Press, 1966), 134.

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From James Joyce, *Ulysses* (Shakespeare and Company, 12 Rue de l'Odéon, 12, Paris, 1922).

(60) The tea was drawn. He filled his own moustachecup, sham crown Derby, smiling. Silly Milly's birthday gift. Only five she was then. No, wait: four. I gave her the amberoid necklace she broke. Putting pieces of folded brown paper in the letterbox for her. He smiled, pouring.

*O, Milly Bloom, you are my darling,
You are my looking glass from night to morning.
I'd rather have you without a farthing
Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden.*

Poor old professor Goodwin. Dreadful old case. Still he was a courteous old chap. Oldfashioned way he used to bow Molly off the platform. And the little mirror in his silk hat. The night Milly brought it into the parlour. O, (61) look what I found in professor Goodwin's hat! All we laughed. Sex breaking out even then. Pert little piece she was.

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- (63) What was that about some young student and a picnic? He creased out the letter at his side, reading it slowly as he chewed, sopping another die of bread in the gravy and raising it to his mouth.

Dearest Papli,

Thanks ever so much for the lovely birthday present. It suits me splendid. Everyone says I'm quite the belle in my new tam. I got mummy's lovely box of creams and am writing, They are lovely. I am getting on swimming in the photo business now. Mr. Coghlan took one of me and Mrs will send when developed. We did great biz yesterday. Fair day and all the beef to the heels were in. We are going to lough Owel on Monday with a few friends to make a scrap picnic. Give my love to mummy and to yourself a big kiss and thanks. I hear them at the piano downstairs. There is to be a concert in the (64) Greville Arms on Saturday. There is a young student comes here some evenings named Bannon his cousins or something are big swells he sings Boylan's (I was on the pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about those seaside girls. Tell him silly Milly sends my best respects. Must now close with fondest love.

Your fond daughter,

MILLY.

P.S. Excuse bad writing, am in a hurry. Byby.

M.

Fifteen yesterday. Curious, fifteenth of the month, too. Her first birthday away from home. Separation. Remember the summer morning she was born, running to knock up Mrs Thornton in Denzille street. Jolly old woman. Lots of babies she must have helped into the world. She knew from the first poor little Rudy wouldn't live. Well, God is good, sir. She knew at once. He would be eleven now if he had lived.

His vacant face stared pitying at the postscript. Excuse bad writing. Hurry. Piano downstairs. Coming out of her shell. Row with her in the XL Café about the bracelet. Wouldn't eat her cakes or speak or look. Saucebox. He sopped other dies of bread in the gravy and ate piece after piece of kidney. Twelve and six a week. Not much. Still, she might do worse. Music hall stage. Young student. He drank a draught of cooler tea to wash down his meal. Then he read the letter again : twice.

O well: she knows how to mind herself. But if not? No, nothing has happened. Of course it might. Wait in any case till it does. A wild piece of good. Her slim legs running up the staircase. Destiny. Ripening now. Vain: very.

He smiled with troubled affection at the kitchen window. Day I caught her in the street pinching her cheeks to make them red. Anemic a little. Was given milk too long. On the *Erin's King* that day round the Kish. Damned old tub pitching about. Not a bit funky. Her pale blue scarf loose in the wind with her hair.

*All dimpled cheeks and curls,
Your head it simply swirls.*

Seaside girls. Torn envelope. Hands stuck in his trousers' pockets, jarvey off for the day, singing. Friend of the family. Swirls, he says. Pier with lamps, summer evening, band,

- (65) *Those girls, those girls*
Those lovely seaside girls.

Milly too. Young kisses : the first. Far away now past. Mrs. Marion. Reading lying back now, counting the strands of her hair, smiling, braiding.

A soft qualm regret, flowed down his backbone, increasing. Will happen, yes. Prevent. Useless: can't move. Girl's sweet light lips. Will happen too. He felt the flowing qualm spread over him. Useless to move now. Lips kissed, kissing kissed. Full gluey woman's lips.

Better where she is down there : away. Occupy her. Wanted a dog to pass the time. Might take a trip down there. August bank holiday, only two and six return. Six weeks off however. Might work a press pass. Or through M'Coy.

- (66) Molly, Milly. Same thing watered down. Her tomboy oats, O jumping Jupiter! Ye gods and little fishes! Still, she's a dear girl. Soon be a woman. Mullingar. Dearest Papli. Young student. Yes, yes: a woman too. Life. Life.
- (362) Milly, no sign of funk. Her blue scarf loose, laughing. Don't know what death is at that age. And then their stomachs clean. But being lost they fear. When we hid behind the tree at Crumlin. I didn't want to. Mamma! Mamma! Babes in the wood. Frightening them with masks too. Throwing them up in the air to catch them. I'll murder you. Is it only half fun? Or children playing battle. Whole earnest. How can people aim guns at each other. Sometimes they go off. Poor kids. Only troubles wildfire and nettlerash. Calomel purge I got her for that. After getting better asleep with Molly. Very same teeth she has. What do they love? Another themselves? But the morning she chased her with the umbrella. Perhaps so as not to hurt. I felt her pulse. Ticking. Little hand it was: now big. Dearest Papli. All that stays I remember. Made me laugh to see. Little paps to begin with. Left one is more sensitive, I think. Mine too. Nearer the heart. Padding themselves out if fat is in fashion. Her growing pains at night, calling, wakening me. Frightened she was when her nature came on her first. Poor child ! Strange moment for the mother too. Brings back her girlhood.
- (385) ...the Scotch student...With these words he approached the goblet to his lips, took a complacent draught of the cordial, slicked his hair and, opening his bosom, out popped a locket that hung from a silk riband that very picture which he had cherished ever since her hand had wrote therein. Gazing upon those features with a world of tenderness, Ah, Monsieur, he said, had you but beheld her as I did with these eyes at that affecting instant with her dainty tucker and her new coquette cap (a gift for her feast day as she told me) in such an artless disorder, of so melting a tenderness, 'pon my conscience, even you, Monsieur, had been impelled by generous nature to deliver yourself wholly into the hands of such an enemy or to quit the field for ever. I declare, I was never so touched in all my life. God I thank thee as the Author of my days! Thrice happy will he be whom so amiable a creature will bless with her favours. A sigh of affection gave eloquence to these words and, having replaced the locket in his bosom, he wiped his eye and signed again.

- (386) Would to God that foresight had remembered me to take my cloak along! I could weep to think of it. Then, though it had poured seven showers we were neither of us a penny the worse. But, beshrew me, he cried, clapping hand to his forehead, tomorrow will be a new day and, thousand thunders, I know of a *marchand de capotes*, Monsieur Poyntz, from whom I can have for a *livre* as snug a cloak of the French fashion as ever kept a lady from wetting.
- (393) In a breath 'twas done but — hold! Back! It must not be! In terror the poor girl flees away through the murk. She is the bride of darkness, a daughter of night. She dare not bear the sunnygolden babe of day. No, Leopold! Name and memory solace thee not. That youthful illusion of thy strength was taken from thee and in vain. No son of thy loins is by thee. There is none now to be for Leopold, what Leopold was for Rudolph.

The voices blend and fuse in clouded silence: silence that is the infinite of space: and swiftly, silently the soul is wafted over regions of cycles of generations that have lived. A region where grey twilight ever descends, never falls on wide sagegreen pasturefields, shedding her dusk, scattering a perennial (394) dew of stars. She follows her mother with ungainly steps, a mare leading her fillyfoal. Twilight phantoms are they yet moulded in prophetic grace of structure, slim shapely haunches, a supple tendonous neck, the meek apprehensive skull. They fade, sad phantoms: all is gone. Agendath is a waste land, a home of screechowls and the sandblind upupa. Netaim, the holden, is no more. And on the highway of the clouds they come, muttering thunder of rebellion, the ghosts of beasts...Ominous, revengeful zodiacal host! ...And, lo, wonder of metempsychosis, it is she, the everlasting bride, harbinger of the daystar, the bride, ever virgin. It is she, Martha, thou lost one, Millicent, the young, the dear, the radiant. How serene does she now arise, a queen among the Pleiades, in the penultimate antelucan hour, shod in sandals of bright gold, coifed with a veil of what do you call it gossamer! It floats, it flows about her starborn flesh and loose it streams emerald, sapphire, mauve and heliotrope, sustained on currents of cold interstellar wind, winding, coiling, simply swirling, writhing in the skies a mysterious writing till after a myriad metamorphoses of symbol, it blazes, Alpha, a ruby and triangled sign upon the forehead of Taurus.

- (397) The chair of the resident indeed stood vacant before the hearth but on either flank of it the figure of Bannon in explorer's kit of tweed shorts and salted cowhide brogues contrasted sharply with the primrose elegance and townbred manners of Malachi Roland St John Mulligan.
- (405) Closingtime, gents. Eh? Rome boose for the Bloom toff. I hear you say onions? Bloo? Cadges ads? Photo's papli, by all that's gorgeous. Play low, pardner. Slide. Bonsoir la compagnie. And snares of the poxfiend. Where's the buck and Namby Amby? Skunked?

- (507) BLOOM

(In tattered moccasins with a rusty fowlingpiece, tiptoeing, fingertipping, his haggard bony bearded face peering through the diamond panes, cries out.) I see her! It's she! The first night at Mat Dillon's! But that dress, the green! And her hair is dyed gold and he...

BELLA

(Laughs mockingly.) That's your daughter, you owl, with a Mullingar student.

(Milly Bloom, fair-haired, greenvested, slimsandalled, her blue scarf in the seawind simply swirling, breaks from the arms of her lover and calls, her young eyes wonderwide.)

MILLY

My! It's Papli! But, O Papli, how old you've grown!

(646) What memories had he of her adolescence?

She related her hoop and skippingrope to a recess. On the duke's lawn entreated by an English visitor, she declined to permit him to make and take away her photographic image (objection not stated). On the South Circular road in the company of Elsa Potter, followed by an individual of sinister aspect, she went half way down Stamer street and turned abruptly back (reason of change not stated). On the vigil of the 15th anniversary of her birth she wrote a letter from Mullingar, county Westmeath, making a brief allusion to a local student (faculty and year not stated).

Did that first division, portending a second division afflict him?
Less than he had imagined, more than he had hoped.

What second departure was contemporaneously perceived by him similarly if different?
A temporary departure of his cat.

Why similarly, why differently?
Similarly, because actuated by a secret purpose the quest of a new male (Mullingar student) or of a healing herb (valerian).

(716) ...the Lord knows still it's the feeling especially now with Milly away such an idea for him to send the girl down there to learn to take photographs on account of his grandfather instead of sending her to skerrys academy where shed have to learn not like me getting all at school only hd do a thing like that all the same on account of me and Boylan that's why he did it Im certain the way he plots and plans everything out I couldn't turn round with her in the place lately unless I bolted the door first gave me the fidgets coming in without knocking first...she broke off the hand off that little gimcrack statue with her roughness and carelessness before she left ... (717) I noticed he was always talking to her lately at the table explaining things in the paper and she pretending to understand sly of course that comes from his side of the house and helping her into her coat but if there was anything wrong with her its meshed tell not him he cant say I pretend things can he Im too honest as a matter of fact I suppose he thinks im finished out and alid on the shelf well Im not no nor anything like it well see well see now shes well on for flirting too with Tom Devans two sons imitating me whistling with those romps of Murray girls calling for her can Milly come out please shes in great demand to pick what they can out of her round in Nelson street riding Harry Devans bicycle at night its as well he sent her where she is she was just getting out of bounds wanting to go on the skatingrink and smoking their cigarettes through their nose I smelt it off her dress when I was biting of the thread of the button I sewed on to the bottom of her jacket she couldn't hide much from me I tell you only I oughtnt to have stitched it and it on her it brings a parting and the last plumpudding too split in 2 halves see it comes out no matter what they say her tongue is a bit too long for my taste your blouse is open too low she says to me the pan calling the kettle blackbottom and I had to tell her not to cock her legs up like that on show on the windowsill before all the people passing they all look at her like me when I was her age of

course any old rag looks well on you then a great touchmenot too in her own way at the Only Way in the Theatre royal take you foot away out of that I hate people touching me afraid of her life Id crush her skirt with the pleats a lot of that touching must go in theatres in the crush in the dark theyre always trying to wiggle up to you...and she didn't even want me to kiss her at the Broadstone going away well I hope shell get someone to dance attendance on her the way I did when she was down with the mumps and her glands swollen wheres this and wheres that of course she cant feel anything deep yet I never came properly till I was what 22 or so it went into the wrong place always only the usual girls nonsense and giggling that Conny Connolly writing to her in white ink on black paper sealed with sealingwax though she clapped (718) when the curtain came down because he looked so handsomethen we had Martin Harvey...wanting to put her hair up at 15 my powder too only ruin her skin on her shes time enough for that all her life after of course shes restless knowing shes pretty with her lips so red a pity they wont stay that way

Lucia Joyce

Supplemental Material

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

1. What she had viewed on the screen had doubtlessly shaped her own performance, and we can argue that it shaped her understanding in other ways as well. For Lucia read Chaplin as an allegory of her own situation in life, seeing the experience of art as a system of mirrors: the artist watching, the performers waiting for the eyes of the artist, who both creates them and from whom they in turn create..."

unexpected moment that Lucia described beautifully: "He was worth seeing at any price," she admitted, and luck had been with her. "He had neither his cane nor his droll walk, [so] I didn't recognize him until he stopped at the Petit Guignol to watch the spectacle that had captured the lively interest of the children." There, she explained, "his gestures and his attitudes finally unmasked him to me. Those little kids, screaming with joy at the puppets, what would they have done if they had known that the real, the living puppet was behind them?"²⁹

One of the small happinesses of Lucia's essay was that it showed she understood that life presents itself as a spectacle for people who create in any genre. She was watching the artist watching, and at fourteen she already had a lifetime of experience to tell her how to do it. Although Larbaud's introduction to her essay emphasized her youth—she was a young girl, he said, whose opinion might be valued because of Chaplin's immense influence on a whole generation of children—Lucia herself revealed a double identity. She saw herself both as a judge of artistry who "unmasked" the actor—and as an artist herself. Like scores of her contemporaries, male and female, she took pleasure in imitating Chaplin's ragged costume, droll walk, buffoonery, and impertinence. "I dressed myself up in 'Charlie,' we had a lot of fun and I had a great succes [*sic*]. We danced and played, sang and I don't know what else," she wrote at Christmas in 1922.³⁰

During these years, as Joyce found himself increasingly in the position of having to explain the innovations of his own writing style in *Ulysses*, he frequently spoke of what was required to represent the concurrent nature of experience. "In *Ulysses*," he said to Djuna Barnes, "I have recorded simultaneously what a man says, sees, thinks and what such seeing, thinking, saying does to what you Freudians call the unconscious."³¹ Of these functions, the ceaseless process of seeing and transposing the bounty of the performed world into art was the one that shaped the life and the sensibility of his young daughter. It was as if she lived in the presence of a private movie camera, waiting for the "intelligent and sad" eyes of her father to find her and read her. Her essay on Chaplin shows that her early choices, her improvisations for a life of fullness, unwittingly contained destructive seeds. As if the vocation of artist were not difficult enough, Lucia internalized both the need to be an artist and the continued need to perform for one.

versies that came to a head earlier in 1921 when the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice sued Jane Heap and Margaret Anderson for publishing "Nausicaa" in *The Little Review*. John Quinn, in rebutting the obscenity charges, had had to argue that the adolescent Gerty MacDowell's exhibitionism and Bloom's masturbatory fantasies were disgusting rather than indecent, that the work evoked anger rather than lascivious thoughts.³² But one of the issues in the lawsuit involved the concept of the mind and consciousness of young girls perceived as readers. Could the book corrupt them? Quinn also had to address Joyce's representation of a young girl imagined as a sexual actor. What did it mean to portray Gerty not simply as the object of male desire but as its provocateur?

As it happened, Quinn's defense coincided in time almost exactly with the Joyces' move back to the overcrowded two rooms of the hotel on the rue de l'Université. This was the place that Joyce ruefully described as "the damned brothel"³³ where he shared his bedroom with both his wife and his daughter for the sake of economy. In those days, August Suter remembered Nora's spirited defense of Wagner to her husband in the face of his penchant for obscenities: "Es gibt viele Schweine-rien auch in deinen Buch." ("There's a lot of shit in your book too.")³⁴ This little snippet of memory lets us glimpse a family accustomed to voicing opinions about obscenity, boundaries, and the requirements of human decency. Did Nora's defense of Wagner and derision of her husband's writing conceal a more uncomfortable awareness of a shifting, unspoken dynamic at work in their home? **2**

As Joyce's work faced public scrutiny, so it seems did his emotional proclivities. One way to understand Nora's frequent irritation with Joyce—which in later years was more and more often displaced onto her daughter—is to posit her tacit anxiety about a man who could thus imagine a pubescent child. Nora had first expressed this kind of distress several years earlier, in a dream about the performance of a play. Shakespeare had figured in it as well as two ghosts, and Nora had told Joyce that in her dream she had feared that Lucia would be frightened by the play. Joyce had responded by interpreting the dream. He said that the child was "herself [Nora] in little" and suggested that the fear was perhaps "that either subsequent honors or the future development of my mind or art with its extravagant excursions into forbidden territory may

2. Was she thinking about the husband/father's increasing affinity with a real growing girl, encouraged perhaps by the proximity imposed by poverty but certainly encouraged by his search for writing material? Had she noticed a concomitant withdrawal or lessening of his investment in her? ... She was not yet worried about the child itself, despite the disruption of dreams which might have led her to suspect that her husband's imagination, working silently with no measurable consequences, was nonetheless working with insidious effect... She [Lucia] was not yet cast as the Gerty Macdowell of her family, not yet seen as an untamed actor who would focus that unrest and walk directly and extravagantly into forbidden territory of her own..."

Lucia Joyce

Supplemental Material

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The Notebook Observations; the Early Drafts¹

Beginning 1923²

VI.B.10.045³

VI.B.10.049 Lucia

VI.B.10.054

VI.B.10.066

VI.B.10.070 Lucia

VI.B.10.111

March 1923

VI.B.3.000

VI.B.3.001

VI.B.3.002 VI.B.3.007

VI.B.3.008 Is

VI.B.3.010 Isolde

VI.B.3.016 Is

VI.B.3.021 (Is)

VI.B.3.22 (Is)

VI.B.3.026

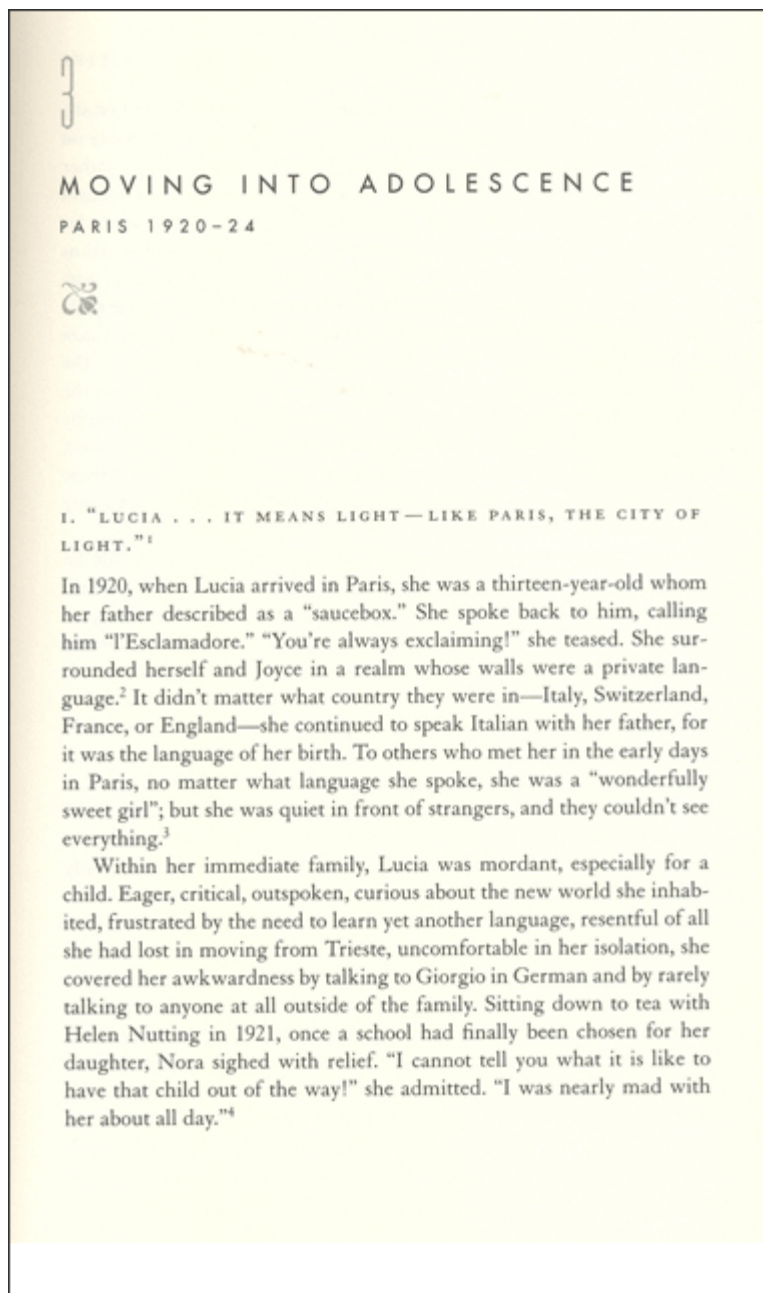
VI.B.3.029 Is

VI.B.3.031 Is

VI.B.3. Is

VI.B.3.037 Is

VI.B.3.038



VI.B.3.039 (T & I)
 VI.B.3.040 I
 VI.B.3.041 Isolde
 VI.B.3.047 Is
 VI.B.3.048 Is
 VI.B.3.049 Is
 VI.B.3.051 Is; (T & I)
 VI.B.3.053 Is
 VI.B.3.056 Is
 VI.B.3. Isolde

VI.B.3.060 Isolde
 VI.B.3.061 Trist/ Is-
 VI.B.3.063 Is
 VI.B.3.065 Is
 VI.B.3.076 Is
 VI.B.3.077 Is
 VI.B.3.079
 VI.B.3.080 Is
 VI.B.3.081 Is
 VI.B.3.085 Is
 VI.B.3.086 Is
 VI.B.3.104 Is
 VI.B.3.108 Is
 VI.B.3.111 Is
 VI.B.3.121 Is
 VI.B.3.123 Is
 VI.B.3.124 (Is)
 VI.B.3.126 (Is)
 VI.B.3.127 Is
 VI.B.3.128 Is
 VI.B.3.130 Is
 VI.B.3.131 Is
 VI.B.3.132 Isolde
 VI.B.3.133
 VI.B.3.134 Is could lisp
 VI.B.3.140 Tris/ (Is)
 VI.B.3.142 Trist (et Is)
 VI.B.3.143 Is / ⊥
 VI.B.3.144 Is
 VI.B.3.154 Is
 VI.B.3.160 (Is)

June-August 1923

VI.B.25.147 Is
 VI.B.25.164 Trist /I
 VI.B.25.166 Is

December 1923-February 1924

VI.B.6.100 ⊥ & I
 VI.B.6.101 ⊥
 VI.B.6.102
 VI.B.6.112 incest applauded in Eden

Commentarium in Librum Geneseos 257. [Where did Cain's wife come from? Undoubtedly from the daughters of Adam—and he had many—or at least from the descendants of Adam. At the beginning of the world it was necessary that sisters marry brothers, as Augustine, Chrysostomus and Theodoretus observe, which is otherwise prohibited by natural law.]

VI.B.6.115

VI.B.6.188 Lucia/Giorgio

March - June 1923⁴

First Draft: II, iv, a "Tristan and Isolde" (MS 47481, 94ab; MS 47480, 267b, FW 383 "Sea Swan's Song")⁵ In 1924, taking notes for the unnamed book that would eventually become *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce recorded a few words from Chateaubriand's *Oeuvres choisies illustrées III, Mémoires d'outre-tombe: "palpitant de respect/ et de volupté"* [VI.B.5.119]. The longer passage from which this quote is taken concerns a phantom: "And so I imagined a woman made up of all the women I had seen [...] A young queen comes towards me, bedecked with diamonds and flowers (it was again my imagined sylph); [...] I fall at the knees of the sovereign of Enna's lands; the silken waves of her loosened diadem fall caressingly on my brow while she leans her sixteen year old head over my face, and her hands rest on my breast *throbbing with respect and voluptuous delight*" (39).

This fragment expresses an imaginative propensity that was already implicit in Joyce's preparatory notebooks. That is, it makes explicit Joyce's intuitive merging of notes from the observation of daily life with notes from myth and other written sources, in this case, fusing the observed experiences of his daughter into a composite image of emerging womanhood: "And so I imagined a [young] woman made up of all the women I had seen...my imagined sylph."

If we remember this combinative strategy, used in pursuit of creating a universal family in the *Wake*, we can see how Lucia becomes a formative aspect of a larger, polyvalent, constantly modulating "younger woman" or daughter figure. In one of the earliest of Joyce's notebooks, VI.B.10, Lucia is simply referred to by name: "Lucia has an exquisite handwriting (leisure)" [VI.B.10.049] or "Lucia cooking reads" [VI.B.10.070] or "McAlmon/can see Lilian/Gish/ in Rome/ (Lucia)" [VI.B.10.066]. These unmistakably specific notes occur in proximity with other notes that lack such specificity, but which suggest, by their location and by their reference to the dilemmas of young womanhood, that they could refer to her: "Mater smells incest" [VI.B.10.045] or "abortionist" [VI.B.10.111].

By March 1923, when Lucia was fifteen, she or the daughter figure had acquired the nickname "Is" and Giorgio the nickname "Trist." Already Joyce had begun to figure his daughter and son in a contemporary retelling of a Celtic tale of long-standing interest to him, the story of Tristan, King Mark and Isolde, where an aged king must face the illicit love between his "daughter/wife" and a young knight. Its many retellings (Joyce noted those by Binyon, Tennyson, Wagner, Michael Field, Swinburne, Arnold, Debussy and Gordon Bottomly [see JJA 31:87]) create and recreate an archetypal pattern: the moment of regeneration, that is, the moment when age, wealth and power must bow to the erotic energy of youth. This, too, will become one of the overarching patterns of Joyce's book, where time and again, in constantly changing circumstances, an older male figure, finding himself replaced by a younger male, compensates for decreasing vitality by an amplified voyeurism. What is the younger generation up to?

It is not surprising, then, to find Joyce taking notes about his family at the same time that he was exploring how to universalize the material so observed. While Lucia was going out into life, learning to dance, meeting Raymond Duncan and the young people involved in that idiosyncratic circle, Joyce was watching her and listening to her characteristic manners of speech and behavior. In notebook VI.B.3 (March 1923), one can see Joyce speculating about the archetypal nature of the "imagined sylph" he is beginning to construct as well as collecting specific characteristics that Lucia/Issy, the real "sylph" of his acquaintance, possesses: In the

earlier notebook, for example, "Lucia" had beautiful penmanship; in **VI.B.3** she has begun her transformation into an Isolde character, as if an Irish princess had similar traits: "Isolde-ornaments/her father's calligraphy" [**VI.B.3.010**]. Similarly, Joyce speculates about what this character might become: "Is description of / [??]" [**VI.B.3.000**], jotting down possibilities: "Is (a Tocher)" [G. *Tochter*. A daughter] [**VI.B.3.002**]; "Is & transubstantiation" [**VI.B.3.007**]; "Is-sponsa/ Trist" [L. *sponsa*. A bride] [**VI.B.3.031**]. He imagines his young "woman made up of all women" as both a daughter and a bride who shifts from one specificity to another, just as her description morphs from English to German to Latin, the polyvalence of language itself employed as a mark of her emerging, shifting nature.

For all of its scrawled anticipation of a universal character, notebook **VI.B.3** is filled with what we can only imagine are specific observations of a young girl at hand. How does she speak? What does she say? "Is-they haven't/ the heart to make/ a cup of tay (/Bretonnes/)" [**VI.B.3.008**]; "(Is) I'm so glad/ to have met you/ awfully bucked" [**VI.B.3.021**]; "Is when she first/ counted 15 then 14" [**VI.B.3.076**]; "Don't forget me, Is cried/ - interval of 5 minutes" [**VI.B.3.081**]. What are her teenaged idiosyncrasies? "Is-moustaches/ of beer" [**VI.B.3.016**]; "Isolde whistles" [**VI.B.3.041**]; "Is washed hall/ by standing wet/ umbrella in corner" [**VI.B.3.051**]; "Is had 15/ in P.O. Savings Bk" [**VI.B.3.065**]; "Is learned Fr/ from cook/ -chef" [**VI.B.3.052**]; "Is cleans flue/ with blazing/ Irish Catholics" [**VI.B.3.048**]; "Is's musical sneeze" [**VI.B.3.077**]; "Is climbs tree" [**VI.B.3.133**].

Emerging out of these notes is a picture of a spirited child, still harking back to the comedic Charlie Chaplin mimic-someone who hates housework, does it in creative, unorthodox ways, reads while cooking, whistles, has a "musical sneeze," climbs trees, loves nature, learns French and lisps while she does it [**VI.B.3.134**] or sings "Molly/ Bawn, it is a / Charming Girl I/ Love" [**VI.B.3.056**]. In many ways, Joyce's observations are those of a father noticing a charming tom boy settling reluctantly into the assigned tasks of family responsibility.

But the far more dominant pattern in the 1923 notebooks concerns the interaction of Issy and Tristan, where the note taker's observations focus on budding sexuality. Tristan, of course, both is and is not Giorgio, in the same way that Issy anticipates a more universal figure of young womanhood, but it is important to notice that the notes in 1923 and 1924 are specific, not yet dispersed into a more collective vision of emerging manhood; they are not attributable to any known versions of the already existing Tristan and Isolde stories (as are, for example, the notes from the *Exiles II* section of *Scribbledehobble*⁶), and, at least in some cases, are unmistakably located at home: "Trist-Go away from/ me you-/ (she goes) O come back" [**VI.B.3.001**]; "Trist picks up/ her handker/ with his foot" [**VI.B.3.026**]; "Trist narrat/ -Hoh! Is screams/ Heh-etc" [**VI.B.3.037**]; "Papa Is goes to/ bed in socks" [**VI.B.3.049**].

Joyce notices the young woman's appearance and her concern with her appearance: "description of Is's mouth" [**VI.B.3.036**]; "Position of I's legs" [**VI.B.3.040**]; "her lips, paint/ her feet" [**VI.B.3.133**]. And he notices more than her socially "assembled" appearance: "Is's piss liquid sunlight/ Fingerprints on her drawers/ Lover's silences" [**VI.B.3.038**]. Then he speaks about ways of behaving: "they dissimulated/ themselves (T & I)/ Or has she?/ His stratagem/ Trist pinches her" [**VI.B.3.039**]. Later he observes, "Defloration begins/ & ends with/ hate (cf T & I)" [**VI.B.3.052**], and still later, he records an implied conversation: "Trist-He-You?/ Is- (nods, nods, nods,)/ 7 times/ Is swoon & unconscious/ undid his [tr] etc/ Is's Pop and Mop/ (Pa & Ma)" [**VI.B.3.061**].

Joyce's notebooks served many functions: sometimes they recorded phrases from influential books, sometimes they recorded abstract ideas that might be used as subtext or structure, sometimes they recorded observations; and he felt no need to distinguish among these categories as he noted them down. They simply co-habit the pages, reminders of both the esoteric and the commonplace, united by their potential usefulness to an emerging vision. This polyglot assembly prevents a biographer from using the material as unambiguous evidence, but one can notice a constellation of associations—it is this constellation and not another—that illustrate how the son and daughter figure in the writer's imagination.

At the least, they are extraordinarily close and unambiguously responsive to one another. It is impossible not to notice that by the summer of 1923, when Joyce began notebook **VI.B.25**, the question, "how close?" has returned to him: "Trist gives I young photo — think/ of me so" [**VI.B.25.164**]. The issue remained into the early part of 1924, when, in notebook **VI.B.6** he recorded: "⊥. Feel that/ I. How you love me?" [**VI.B.6.101**]. He then, in reading *Commentarium in Librum Geneseos*, noted "incest applauded in Eden" [**VI.B.6.112**], as a reminder of the fuller text, which asks, ["Where did Cain's wife come from? Undoubtedly from the daughters of Adam—and he had many—or at least from the descendants of Adam. At the beginning of the world it was necessary that sisters marry brothers, as Augustine, Chrysostomus and Theodoretus observe, which is otherwise prohibited by natural law" 257]. Note **VI.B.6.115** mentions "incest Byron & sister."

By the time Joyce wrote a fair copy of *Tristan and Isolde* (Book II, iv), Trist had become a "handsome sixfoottwo rugger and soccer champion" and Issy "the belle of Chapelizod." The couple meets on board a ship in moonlight; he tries to woo her with poetry ("in decasyllabic iambic hexameter"); they gaze at one another amorously; he persists with ludic verbiage. "When he had shut his duckhouse," they kiss; and one sees that Isolde is no longer either medieval or a fifteen-year-old Parisian teenager, but a twentieth century "strapping young old Irish princess" who is six feet tall, skinny, red headed, and anxious to escape from her aged husband, the "tiresome old King Mark, that tiresome old ~~pantaloen~~ ourangoutan beaver *with his duty peck & his bronchial trouble* in his tiresome old twentytwoandsixpenny shepherd's plaid trousers." All that remains of behavior observed in 1923 are a few phrases—the lovers "dissimulated [themselves] behind the chief ~~steward's~~ stewardess's cabin" [see **VI.B.3.081**] and the odd fact that a six foot flapper speaks with the words of the young Lucia: "I'm so real glad to have met you, Tris, *you fascinator, you!* she said, awfully bucked" [see **VI.B.3.021**].

Joyce has begun his transformation of the younger members of his family into the comic universality of young adulthood, but what he knows of that generation still bears the specificity of his children's lives: Issy still whistles, drops handkerchiefs, waits for her male counterpart to pick them up with his feet, worries that she'll be forgotten, and admits that she is totally dependent upon the affection of whoever the departing man is: "No come back, she cried. *How sweetly you have responded to me. I can't live without you! I so want you!*"¹

¹The following discussion of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* notebook observations supplements the summary chapter about the *Wake* at the end of my published biography of Lucia Joyce (chapter 16). In this supplementary material, the "sigla" for the daughter figure from Joyce's notebooks forms a kind of additional infrastructure of the biography, arranged chronologically and placed next to the actual events of Lucia's life. They show what Joyce observed about Lucia as she grew and they indicate her consistent influence on the final text of *Finnegans Wake*. They also indicate the composite nature of the daughter figure in the *Wake*, as Joyce merges experiential observations with notes from other sources about adolescent girls emerging into womanhood, figures like Alice Liddell from *Alice in Wonderland*, Isa Bowman, "Peaches" Browning, Isolde from *Tristan and Isolde*, Edith Thompson from the *Trial of Frederic Bywaters and Edith Thompson*, Lot's daughters, and so forth. In the early notebooks, the daughter is indicated by the nickname "Is" or "Issy" or "Isabeale" or some variation of the name "Isolde." Later, she, like all of the other major characters, acquired a symbol, ⊥, which could also appear on its side, facing either left or right. When used in combination with the symbol ⊥, Joyce was usually referring to some aspect of the love triangle in *Tristan and Isolde*.

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.

²The dates used throughout, unless otherwise noted, are from the "Date of Compilation" introductory sections of the published *'Finnegans Wake' Notebooks at Buffalo*. Eds. Vincent Deane, Daniel Ferrer, Geert Lernout (Turnhout, Belgium: Brepols Publishers, 2001). When there are explanatory notes, they are also from this source.

³The notations, giving notebook numbers and page number from the notebooks, are also from The *'Finnegans Wake' Notebooks at Buffalo*.

⁴These dates are from David Hayman, *A First-Draft Version of 'Finnegans Wake.'* Austin: University of Texas Press, 1963.

⁵For another, entirely different explication of the evolution of this section, see David Hayman, *The 'Wake' in Transit* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1990), 56-92.

⁶James Joyce, *Scribbledehobble: The Ur-Workbook for 'Finnegans Wake*, ed. Thomas E. Connolly (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1961), 271-300.

⁷See David Hayman, *A First-Draft Version of 'Finnegans Wake* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1963), 208-209.