

# EXHIBIT C

11. THE RAINBOW GIRL

Among Joyce's many projections of his daughter's experience into the Wakean world of dream, one of the chief ones was, predictably, the world of dance with its spectacle of the female body in motion.<sup>8</sup> Her father watched her intently, seeing Lucia's own dancing, which he thought good, and also the lithe bodies of her friends, all nubile women who, in the age of Isadora Duncan, ardently pursued expressive movement as a way to regenerate the life force itself. Her repertoire group, Les Six de rythme et couleur, seemed to inspire Joyce to invent his own troupe of Rainbow Girls—the young, heavenly dancers who entertained him in imagination and became the vehicle by which he could make explicit an analogy between language and body language, between words and dance. Both of them were wrested from a world of constant flux, whose evanescence became increasingly interesting to him. In imagination the rainbow dancers carried the letters of the alphabet as they moved, first this way and then that way, circling. RAINBOW reversed was WOBNIAR, but the words always stayed within the surge of rhythm that could, as Joyce saw, characterize the performance of both language and dance. "We are strictly correct," Havelock Ellis had said, "when we regard not only life but the universe as a dance."<sup>9</sup> In Lucia rhythm, cadence, force, and the organization of nonverbal behavior into a calculus of meaning were displayed before the appreciative eyes of another artist who increasingly understood the deepest implications of his own work to be a "sounddance." "In the muddle is the sounddance" (*FW* 378,29). "What does it mean?" Lucia asked at one point in her life as she tried to puzzle out the invented words of her father's unprecedented creation. "It is pleasing to the ear," Joyce had replied, "just as your drawings are pleasing to the eye."<sup>10</sup> The *Wake* is a performance, a "little Negro dance," as he said to Jacques Mercanton in another context.<sup>11</sup> It is not about something else; it is that transient, constantly displaced, and forever disappearing thing itself. But you know that, Joyce seemed to say to Lucia. Think about what you already understand.

So and so, toe by toe, to and fro they go round, for they are the  
ingelles, scattering nods as girls who may, for they are an angel's  
garland.

Catchmire stockings, lberried garters, shoddyshoes, quicked  
out with selver. Pennyfair caps on pimpyfore frocks and a ring on  
her fominging finger. And they leap so loopyly, loopyly, as they link  
to light. And they look so loovely, loovelic, noosed in a nuptious  
night. Withasly glints in. Andecoy giants out. They ramp it a  
little, a lessle, a lissle. Then rompride round in rout.

Say them all but tell them apart, eadenzando coloratural R is  
Ruberta and A is Arancia, Y is for Yilla and N for greenerin'. B  
is Boyblue with odalisque O while W waters the fleuriettes of novembrance.  
Though they're all but merely a schoolgirl yet these  
way went they . . . [226.21-34]

. . . And these ways went they. And those ways went they.  
Winnie, Olive and Beatrice, Nelly and Ida, Amy and Rue. Here  
they come back, all the gay pack, for they are the floralis, from  
foncey and pansy to papaver's blush, foresake-me-nought,  
while there's leaf there's hope, with primum's ruse and matrimay's  
blossom, all the flowers of the ancelles' garden. [227.13-18]

But even at its most celebratory, Wakean dance is not idealized  
or flattened into graceful motion. Beauty is at any moment subject to  
alteration. Art grows out of pain; perfection has its share of "vice."  
Perfectly heavenly girls can shift into "anger," become "virid with  
woad" (Dutch *wode*, "fury"). Their "complementary rages" (*FW* 227.21)  
can rock the devil himself. These dark emotions seem, in fact, to in-  
habit a Wakean kingdom of their own, to arise from a "treack  
monatan" and out of a "scout of ocean" (*FW* 227.20). They seem, that  
is, to spring up from a deep source that is inseparable from the bright  
colors of their final presentation. It is hard to imagine that the moun-  
tain is "fortuitously" the land of the sleeping giant or that the ocean  
is "by chance" the final home of the "cold, mad, feary father" (*FW*  
628.02) that draws the flowing Anna Livia from her riverbed to her final  
destination.

But viceversing therout from those palms of perfection to  
anger arbour, treerack monatan, scroucely out of scout of ocean,  
virid with woad, what tournaments of complementary rages rocked  
the divlan from his punchpoll to his tummy's shentre as he dispiard  
all the oathword science of his visible disgrace. He was  
feeling so funny and floored for the cue, all over which girls as  
he don't know whose hue. [227.19-25]