

# **EXHIBIT C**

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Private dancer

James Joyce's troubled daughter spent much of her life in institutions. Carol Loeb Schloss brings Lucia Joyce back from the margins with a new biography

**Sean O'Hagan**

Sunday May 16, 2004

**The Observer**

**Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake**

by Carol Loeb Schloss

Bloomsbury £20, pp528

'Whatever spark or gift I possess has been transmitted to Lucia,' James Joyce once said of his troubled daughter, 'and it has kindled a fire in her brain.' CJ Jung, who treated Lucia for supposed schizophrenia, seemed to agree, describing father and daughter as 'two people going to the bottom of a river, one falling and the other diving'.

It was perhaps inevitable, then, that, at a time when the damaged life is accorded as much attention as the gifted one, Lucia Joyce would be reclaimed from the margins of literary history. Already this year, her dalliance with Samuel Beckett has been turned into a confused drama called *Calico*, which ran briefly in the West End. Now comes this ambitious and at times extravagantly overreaching biography by Carol Loeb Schloss, an American academic determined to counter the received wisdom about Lucia's blighted life.

That received wisdom runs broadly as follows. Lucia was a sickly second child, whose nomadic, unconventional upbringing seems to have exacerbated the usual confusions of adolescence. In her teens, she pursued a career as a modern dancer and was an accomplished illustrator. At 20, having abandoned both, she fell hopelessly in love with Beckett, a 21-year-old acolyte of her father's.

When Beckett belatedly made it clear that his affection was not romantic, Lucia's life began to unravel. She seems to have blamed her mother, Nora, for the break-up of the relationship, and on Joyce's 50th birthday in 1932, flung a chair at her in a rage. Her older brother, Giorgio, had Lucia committed to hospital. She was 25, and, other than a brief exile in Ireland, it marked the beginning of a confinement in institutions that would last until her death 50 years later.

'This is a story that was not supposed to be told,' Schloss tells us, referring to the destruction of the hundreds of letters that passed between Joyce and his absent daughter. Maria Jolas, one of several strong-willed women with whom Joyce surrounded himself in Paris, destroyed the entire correspondence after Lucia's death. Later, Samuel Beckett burnt his letters from Lucia, having been pressed to do so by

Joyce's nephew, Stephen, a man unstinting in his opposition to the Joycean industry in academia and publishing.

As Schloss points out in her lengthy introduction, both Joyce's biographer, the late Richard Ellman, and Nora's biographer, Brenda Maddox, also seem to have cut deals with Stephen Joyce whereby they excised material about Lucia in return for his co-operation. In death, as in life, it seems, Lucia was an embarrassment to her family.

With so much evidence gone and so many of the primary sources dead, Schloss has her work cut out in attempting her painstaking reconstruction of the poignant complexities of Lucia's life. Had she concentrated solely on the known complexities of that life, this book might have been a small masterpiece of reclamation. Instead, it often reads as an uneasy alliance of scholarship and conjecture. Early on, for instance, Schloss sheds much light on Lucia's short career as a dancer, but also gives it a cultural import that seems wholly unjustified. 'Through her,' she writes, with typical extravagance, 'we watch the birth of modernism.' Yet Lucia featured in maybe 20 performances at most.

Schloss is strong, though, on Lucia's struggles to define herself through the brief embrace of a bohemian lifestyle for which she was spectacularly ill-suited. The writing catches fire when she details Lucia's long descent, particularly the poignant description of her brief exile in Ireland and her nocturnal wanderings through Dublin, 'whose every door she had heard named since earliest youth'.

While Joyce's attempts at helping his beloved daughter were often inadequate and ill-judged, they betokened a deeply felt, but seldom focused, belief that incarceration was not the answer to Lucia's problems. In this, he was alone, and overruled by the indomitable Nora.

Schloss is damning, too, of those who, like Joyce's publisher, Sylvia Beach, insisted on the primacy of his work above all else. Ironically, Lucia lives on as an abiding presence in *Finnegans Wake*, for which she was a muse, and, according to Schloss, maybe even a creative collaborator. The latter claim seems to be based on an ambitious reading of the text, and on one piece of anecdotal evidence, recounted by Lucia's cousin, Bozena Berta Schaurek, some 50 years after a brief visit to the Joyces' Paris apartment.

Bozena remembers being struck by her uncle's ability to write while: 'Lucia danced silently in the background.' From this fragment, Schloss creates a scenario that has precious little to do with biography and borders on wishful thinking. 'There are two artists in the room,' she writes, 'and both of them are working. Joyce is watching and learning. The two communicate with a secret, unarticulated voice. The writing of the pen, the writing of the body become a dialogue of artists...'

Were this a work of fiction in the vein of, say, Colm Tóibín's *The Master*, which attempts to get inside the head of Henry James, this kind of imaginative leap might

make metaphorical or symbolic sense. In a work of scholarship, it is distracting at best, compromising at worst. Besides, her subject's story is extravagant enough without this kind of embellishment.

The possibility that there was a genetic link between his genius and his daughter's illness haunted Joyce until his death in 1941. By then, Lucia, at 33, was again confined in a sanatorium in France, having tried to set fire to her aunt's house in Bray, Co Wicklow.

Ten years later, she was moved to St Andrew's Hospital in Northampton where she died in 1982. She is buried alone in Northampton, far from the family grave in Zurich.

She was someone who, said one of her admirers in Ireland, 'had a great scope to her', but seems to have lost her way in early adulthood, and, lacking the guidance she needed from those she loved, never found it again. This book rescues her from the margins, but in doing so, bestows on her a cultural importance unwarranted by her ill-fated life. Even in death, Lucia Joyce seems fated to be a much misunderstood individual, more sinned against than sinning.

The Bratty Bystander

**Lucia Joyce was a failed writer, dancer, and artist—so why does a new biography make her out to be a genius?**

By Katie Roiphe

Posted Tuesday, Dec. 23, 2003, at 6:03 AM PT

The biographies of great writers have been slowly overshadowed by the biographies of bystanders—usually female bystanders. These biographies interest themselves not with women who wrote great books, but with women who happened to be there as they were being written, women like Zelda Fitzgerald, Vera Nabokov, Georgie Yeats, Vivienne Eliot, and Nora Joyce.\* The latest engrossing contribution to the genre is Carol Shloss' *Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake*. Once the genre served as an original, quirky feminist corrective, but now, as it becomes more prevalent, it panders to a culture more enamored of family dysfunction and prurient gossip than art itself.

The premise of *Lucia Joyce*, like the rest of these biographies, is that the woman is an artist herself. The Great Man is not creating by himself, but somehow channeling the energies of the women around him. James Joyce's daughter, Lucia, was a dancer. "She too had been an artist," Shloss tells us, "who worked with a fervor and vision comparable to Joyce's own." Her accomplishments, in addition to dancing, were apparently a novel that's been lost and a few illustrations. But Shloss' evidence of her genius seems to be gleaned from her imitations of Charlie Chaplin at parties, a photograph of a dance performance in which she wore a sensational, mirrored, fish

costume, and "excellent report cards" from her childhood. She herself felt quite rivalrous with her father. When friends called Joyce to congratulate him on winning his obscenity trial in the United States, enabling the publication of *Ulysses*, Lucia cut the phone wire, saying, "I am the artist!" It's unclear whether this episode is rooted in mental unbalance or just petulance. Later, she behaves in ways that seem more clearly mad: She sets fires, throws a chair at her mother, unzips the pants of male visitors, sleeps with the gas on, sends telegraphs to dead people, and wanders through Dublin for days, sleeping on the street.

Inevitably, these biographies conflate brattiness, mental imbalance, and brilliance into a miasma of thwarted ability. One of the hallmarks of the woman-attached-to-great-men genre is that the Great Man has somehow prevented the female family member from achieving her potential. In this case, Joyce spirited his gifted daughter to London away from Paris, where, after years of dilettantish wandering, joining and quitting dance groups that sound suspiciously like cults, she somehow miraculously had been about to find her calling. He wouldn't let her dance, and thus destroyed her spirit. Other male villains lurk in the margins: There are male artists like Samuel Beckett and Alexander Calder who sleep with Lucia and abandon her. There is also a brother who Shloss suggests—with astonishingly little evidence—may have sexually abused her, and seems ferociously bent on keeping her in an institution, so that she won't tell the story of this abuse.

No matter how sensationalized the life, our appetite for these biographies is enormous. And there is no denying that the book is monumentally engaging, but why? We find something reassuring about the stories of the almost-artist, the brilliant "fantastic being," who could have written *Ulysses* but somehow never got around to it. The ordinary woman, the daughter, wife, mother, whom people remember sparkling in conversation or wearing a particularly beautiful dress, is elevated to the status of artist. In a way, Lucia Joyce is the ultimate heroine of this genre—a dancer who doesn't dance, a painter who doesn't paint, *and* a writer who doesn't write. Women readers, in particular, are endlessly drawn to these stories of doom and raw talent. It confirms some view we have of the world that is not nurturing our talent; it shifts the responsibility from us onto the shadowy male figures around us. It is the secret biography of our innermost aspirations, the half-written screenplays in our computers, the proverbial novels in drawers. But why have we been thwarted? Has someone physically prevented us from writing *Ulysses*, or are we just not talented or driven enough? The comforting, democratic message of these books is that you don't have to write or paint or act to be "an artist." It is enough to *be*. To Shloss, and her readers, "Lucia didn't need books like *Ulysses* to become modern." Ironically the rise of high modernism itself may have glorified the artist's place outside of social convention, leading to all sorts of imitators who thought that behaving badly or eccentrically makes you an artist without having to bother with the art. For the first time, we can all be geniuses in the privacy of our own minds.

Of course, the biographies of great men's women lend themselves to all kinds of romanticization—romanticization of the artistic process and romanticization of mental

illness. It is, in these hefty, attractive books, with their dramatic, sepia covers, enormously glamorous to be mad. Had Lucia Joyce simply married and had children, and stayed in Paris and taught dance to eager young protégés, and pursued her art in a modest way, and grown fat and happy, in a little apartment with a view of the river, there would be no *Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake*.

In spite of its romanticism, the position of muse is very vague and largely thankless for the muse herself (see Francine Prose's book *The Lives of the Muses* for more on this). It would be nice to think that *Ulysses* or *Finnegan's Wake* could not have been written without Lucia; but, of course, one suspects that they could have been. In this case, Lucia's role as muse seems to consist of an afternoon where Lucia was dancing in a room where Joyce happened to be writing *Finnegan's Wake*: "[T]here are two artists in his room, and both of them are working. Joyce is watching and learning ... the place where she meets her father is not in consciousness but in some more primitive place before consciousness." This is a pretty image, and Shloss embellishes it even further, "They understand each other, for they speak the same language, a language not yet arrived into words and concepts, but a language nonetheless, founded on the communicative body."

And what about Lucia herself, petulant, mesmerizing, fragile, bratty Lucia? She liked to sleep outside under the stars, and walk around without underwear, and swim in the middle the night. Instead she spent 50-odd years in an institution. There is no poetry, no glory in this story, no secret communion, no mystical collaboration, no intangible collusion, between father and daughter, only pointless, run of the mill human suffering. Instead of the subtle literary pas de deux between Joyce and his daughter, the truth is far more painful and nonsensical: A woman's life was wasted. Books like this give a dishonest, literary gloss to what is a form of illicit voyeurism.

**Correction, Dec. 7, 2004:** In the original version of this article Katie Roiphe alluded to a biography of Valerie Eliot, but no life story of T.S. Eliot's second wife exists. In 2001 Carole Seymour-James published a biography of T. S. Eliot's first wife, Vivienne, titled *Painted Shadow: The Life of Vivienne Eliot*.

Katie Roiphe is the author of *Still She Haunts Me*.

[http://www.arlindo-correia.com/lucia\\_joyce.html](http://www.arlindo-correia.com/lucia_joyce.html)

July 2, 2004 n.º 5283

## A MANIA FOR INSECTS

Brenda Maddox

Carol Loeb Shloss, Lucia Joyce, *To Dance in the Wake*, 561 pp. Bloomsbury, ISBN 0 7475 7033 7

USA: Farrar, Straus and Giroux. ISBN 0 374 19424 6

James Joyce made a religion of himself, with two sacred days in his ecclesiastical calendar: his birthday, on February 2, and June 16, the day in 1904 when he first walked out with Nora Barnacle, the girl who became his wife, and on which he subsequently set the entire action of *Ulysses*. His nimbus encompasses his Holy Family group. Nora and his father have been the subject of biographies. His brother, Stanislaus, wrote his own. Now, Carol Loeb Shloss focuses on Joyce's daughter, Lucia, with emphasis on her brief career as a modern dancer. So far, only his son, Giorgio —also an artist, and a trained baritone who might have become a concert singer instead of an alcoholic had he had a less awesome father — has escaped treatment.

The cause of Joyce's greatest anguish, Lucia was born in Trieste in 1907, the second child of impoverished and (until 1931) unwed parents. With them, she moved to Zurich during the First World War, and later to Paris where Joyce, on Ezra Pound's advice, found the Modernist milieu conducive to finishing *Ulysses*. At home the Joyces spoke Italian, or a Triestine dialect thereof (a fact which makes nonsense of the Irish brogues affected by the actors playing Giorgio and Lucia in Michael Hastings's recent play, *Calico*). The children's rickety upbringing was marked by the two abrupt changes of language and schooling as well as by constant shifts of address in whichever city they were living. They were scarred too by sharing their home with their obsessive artist father, who was becoming blind. Perhaps worse, was the sudden celebrity, following the 1922 publication of *Ulysses*.

Both young Joyces began their own romantic lives under its fierce glare. In 1931, Giorgio married a New York divorcee ten years his senior, a woman delighted to enter the inner circle of the great writer. In the late 1920s, Lucia fell in love with the young Samuel Beckett (as dramatized in *Galico*) and was heartbroken when he made clear that his prime interest was in her father, rather than her. Erratically, Lucia found lovers and, briefly in 1932, a fiancé. Serious trouble had manifested itself in 1932, on Joyce's fiftieth birthday, when Lucia hurled a chair at her mother. Subsequently, Giorgio had her removed to a *maison de santé*. Her behaviour became increasingly irrational, and Joyce asked himself if he was to blame. He encouraged her work as a designer of illuminated initials, *lettrines*, in order that she should not think her whole life a failure. Dispatched to England, to his generous and long-suffering patron, Harriet Shaw Weaver, then to relatives in Ireland, she manifested unexplained disappearances, catatonia, incendiarism, sexual mania. Throughout the 1930s, Lucia endured a succession of French and Swiss sanatoriums. The crude, often cruel, treatments of the day — solitary confinement, straitjackets, enforced rest, sea-water injections, even (in Zurich with Carl Jung) an attempt at the "talking cure" — had no visible benefit. In 1939, she was sent to a clinic near La Baule, and never lived outside an institution again.

Joyce's distress at the plight of his beloved daughter was intensified with the fall of France in 1940. Giorgio's wife had had a breakdown and returned to the United States. Joyce, Nora, Giorgio and grandson, Stephen, left Paris in the autumn of 1939. From the village of Saint-Gérand-le-Puy near Vichy, Joyce laboured to move his family, including Lucia, to Switzerland. Agonizingly, just as he finally managed to clear Swiss and French bureaucratic hurdles, Lucia's exit permit from the Occupation authorities expired. So, in December 1940, the Joyce family left France without her. In time, Joyce might have succeeded in finding a place for his daughter in a Swiss clinic. Yet on January 13, 1941, following an operation for a perforated ulcer, he died. Thereafter, Lucia's welfare was handled by Joyce's London lawyers together with Miss Weaver.



Even once the Second World War was over, getting funds from Britain to the Continent was difficult. In 1951, when Nora Joyce died in Zurich, Miss Weaver as Lucia's legal guardian, arranged for her transfer to England, to St Andrew's Hospital, Northampton, where her bills could be paid and she could be visited, and where she remained until her death in 1982. With the advent of phenothiazine drugs in the 1950s, she was calm and tractable. She might have lived outside an institution, had there been anywhere for her to go.

So much is known. Carol Shloss, a lecturer at Stanford University, has chosen to tell Lucia's story as that of a thwarted dancer and a silenced woman. In Paris, the young Lucia became a pupil of Raymond Duncan (brother of Isadora); then, at eighteen, she joined Margaret Morris (granddaughter of William) in her school of modern dance. Subsequently, she became a performing member of "Les Six de rythme et couleur". Her party piece was an amusing imitation of Charlie Chaplin. She travelled with her group to Austria and Germany, and enjoyed life away from her family for the first time. In 1929 she decided to become a Morris teacher, but then turned down an offer to join a group in Darmstadt and effectively gave up dancing. Joyce told Harriet Weaver that this resulted in "a month of tears as she thinks she has thrown away three or four years of hard work and is sacrificing a talent".

Therein lies Shloss's book. Her research is impressive. Joyce studies are the richer for her mining of the Paul Léon papers at the National Library of Ireland. Léon rescued the papers from Joyce's Paris flat in 1940 and lodged them with the Irish Consul in the city, with instructions that in the event of his and Joyce's death, they were to go to the Dublin library, and not to be opened until fifty years after Joyce's death. Soon after, the Nazis arrested Léon, and he died in an internment camp in 1942. Thus it was not until 1991 that the papers became available to scholars and it was possible to take a detailed look at the financial records of Lucia's medical treatments. Other archives available to Shloss are those of Richard Ellmann, and Joyce's close friends in Paris, Maria Jolas and Stuart Gilbert. These have enabled Shloss to give previously unknown details of Lucia's friendships and love affairs in Paris — her involvement with the artistic Fernandez family, and with various beaux.

Her medical records for gynaecological care suggest a possible abortion in 1933 um 1934.

But all this good scholarship is undermined by Shloss's intemperate, polemical tone. She appears to hold the Laingian view that mental illness is a response to a harsh society's intolerance of aberrant behaviour, rather than a sadly common affliction, often inherited, often striking young people in late adolescence or early adulthood. She is not interested in the possibility that, in the case of Lucia,. genetics could be relevant. And she dismisses the varied professional psychiatric diagnoses offered for what oven Joyce recognized as "a fire in her [Lucia's] brain". The frustrated dancer is the key to Shloss's wordy interpretation:

In illness as in health, Lucia continued to experience the lessons of the dance world and to use its wisdom in her response to experience. Western culture is built upon a system of exclusions, and the expressive, "dancing" body is regulated, disciplined, normalized, and individualized in proportion to the fears it arouses *about transgression*.

In Shloss's view, Lucia was not schizophrenic but "Dionysian". Starting fires or trying to unbutton men's trousers was "bacchic activity". Later efforts, notably by Lucia's nephew, Stephen Joyce, to prevent written accounts of her life are attributed to a determination to expunge traces of a gifted female, rather than a wish to protect family privacy.

Shloss's culprits include Giorgio, for being the first to send Lucia to a mental hospital; Jung for misunderstanding *Ulysses*; Ellmann and myself (as the biographer of Nora Joyce) for perpetuating the myth that Lucia was mad; and Norma for being a jealous and rejecting mother.

Shloss is most convincing when she discusses Lucia's influence on *Ulysses* and on *Finnegans Wake*. Both books, wisely or not, can be read as coded autobiographies. Incest themes are detectable. Scholars of *Ulysses* lave long noticed the incestuous ruminations of Leopold Bloom about his daughter, Milly. Although she

is away in Mullingar, Bloom's mind is full of thoughts about her doomed virginity: "A soft qualm of regret, flowed down his backbone, increasing. Will happen, yes. Prevent. Useless". And what is the hidden secret of the *Wake*? Scholars ponder what is meant by the pivotal word "insect". Incest? Father, or brother? Shloss observes that during much of her girlhood Lucia had to share a room and perhaps a bed with Giorgio. Yet it is one thing to say that Lucia helped her father with his word-games and research for the magnificent dead-end of the *Wake*. It is quite another to declare that, after Giorgio's marriage, the book became for Lucia "a rival sibling" and, in time, "a fantastical child" of which she, the "daughter-wife", was part author. And the assertion that the Joyce-Lucia relationship was "one of the great love stories of the twentieth century" is preposterous.

It is interesting to speculate just how good a dancer Lucia was. Some lovely photographs exist. None, however, conveys the grace um elegance of those showing her mentor, Margaret Morris. The main surviving critical judgement of Lucia's abilities is an often quoted sentence from an interview in the *Paris Times* in 1928: "When she reaches her full capacity for rhythmic dancing, James Joyce may yet to known as his daughter's father". Yet the existence of this sentence suggests that, to the Paris of her time, her main distinction was precisely that she was her father's daughter.

The TLS n.º 5290 August 20, 2004

Letters to the Editor

Lucia Joyce and Finnegans Wake

Sir, - In her review of my book, *Lucia Joyce, To dance in the wake* (July 2), Brenda Maddox implies both the unseemliness of writing about Lucia Joyce (to inquire about her is to invade the privacy of Stephen James Joyce) and its triviality. Here is yet another book about a family member of a creative man, whose only claim to our attention is the annoying swarm of her emotions, which interrupted the lives of her more important parents. This is, after all, the thesis of Maddox's biography of Nora

Joyce (*Nora: The real life of Molly Bloom*) where the all of Lucia's life experience is reduced to "Madness in Progress I", "Madness in Progress II", "Madness in Progress III". That Joyce cared profoundly for his daughter, and that this concern might be identified as a "love story", she describes as "preposterous".

Yet the two great projects of James Joyce's maturity were *Finnegans Wake* and the attempt to save his daughter's life. To minimize the importance of these life experiences not only truncates Joyce's life as an artist (Maddox reduces the *Wake* to a "dead-end") but also refuses him the full dimension of fatherhood that was, according to his own assessment, his life's greatest experience. Joyce translated compassion into action, which is important to literary history. By the time he wrote *Finnegans Wake*, he passed well beyond the dilemmas of (adulterous) married life on which *Ulysses* centres.

Maddox's implicit need to defend the centrality of Nora is understandable, but it is also a misprision that prevents us from seeing the most powerful thematics of *Finnegans Wake*. Contrary to her assertion in *Nora*, the *Wake* is no longer solely or primarily about husbands and wives (Maddox simply translates Nora from Molly Bloom into Anna Livia Plurabelle), but about a younger woman supplanting an older one in the father's libidinal economy. This assumption prevents us from seeing the *Wake's* story of regeneration, its insistence, akin to Virginia Woolf's in *Three Guineas*, on the family as the origin of war. Certainly it is Lucia's

life that proved the touchstone for these themes, and it is Joyce's incorporation of these aspects of her fate in the *Wake* that let us see, in the words of Susan Sontag, how responsiveness to suffering enters art". Whether "insects" is a coded reference to "incest" in Joyce's final book may be of interest to some scholars, but as a biographical fact it is unverifiable. To throw this idea around again is to recirculate the opinions, prejudice, fantasies and misinformation that condemned Lucia in the first place.

What is at stake in revising this entrenched paradigm? The answer to this question does not lie in assessing how good a dancer Lucia Joyce was. Nor does it lie in reanalysing Lucia to decide what was really wrong with her. To this day I cannot say whether she was weirdly, tantalizingly original, or ill; or whether originality tipped over into malaise. I do know that "madness" is as much a cultural representation as it is a disease, that Lucia was labelled erratically and irresponsibly, and that this labelling had serious consequences. In my judgement, a life was lost not only through the callousness of Nora and Giorgio but also through cruelties exacted in the name of the science. In researching her life, I discovered that it was a fate shared at one period or another by Yva Fernandez, Kaye Boyle, Emily Coleman, Zelda Fitzgerald, Nancy Cunard and Lucia's own sister-in-law, Helen Fleischman Joyce, to name only those young women in Lucia's circle of friends. To some extent, *Lucia Joyce* is a lamentation narrative for a generation.

As to the seemliness of the undertaking, I refuse to abandon the right of scholarly inquiry or give in to the culture of shame that has hidden this story for so long.

CAROL LOEB SHLOSS

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Sir, - Given the obvious similarities between modernist wordplay and the wordplay of schizophrenic patients, it is not surprising that an apocryphal story has James Joyce protesting to C.G. Jung when the latter notes the equivalence between Joyce's own writing and that of his daughter Lucia (then a putative psychotic referred to Jung). "The difference is", Jung replies to Joyce, "that you dived to the bottom of the pool, Lucia sank".

Fifteen years ago, on a visit to St. Andrews hospital, Northampton, where Lucia Joyce spent her later years, and eventually died, I sneaked a look at her medical notes in exchange for giving a lecture. They seemed already to have been weeded; apart from constant references to a threatening black figure, they seemed fairly jejune

with, in Lucia's own writing, some mild word play and loosening of associations. No insects.

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The TLS n.º 5292, September 3, 2004

Sir, - Carol Loeb Shloss (Letters, August 20) protests too much. She says that my review of her biography of Lucia Joyce (July 2) implies that it is unseemly to write about James Joyce's daughter, and that I suggest that to inquire about Lucia is to invade the privacy of Stephen James Joyce (the writer's grandson).

She knows full well that the original text of my biography of Nora Joyce had an Epilogue devoted to Lucia and her illness, but that this had to be deleted at the request of the Joyce Estate. This epilogue remains unpublished. However, a copy of it taken from the American proofs of *Nora* found its way to the Humanities Research Center at Austin, Texas, where the information and research contained in it are thus available to scholars. Professor Shloss made use of my epilogue, as the notes to her biography indicate.

So much for "unseemliness". But Carol Shloss has missed the point of my criticism of her book. It is that she treats mental illness as "a cultural representation" rather than a sadly common human affliction, often inherited, which it might have been in Lucia's case.

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<http://www.cercles.com/review/r22/schloss.htm>

*Lucia Joyce. To Dance in the Wake. Tragic Muse and Wild Beauty: The Story of James Joyce's Only Daughter*  
Carol Loeb Shloss  
London: Bloomsbury, 2003.  
£20.00, 560 pages, ISBN 0-7475-7033-7.

Caroline Marie  
Paris IV-Sorbonne

"Carol Loeb Shloss teaches English at Stanford University. She has written extensively on Joyce," the dust-jacket explains. Together with the subtitle of this biography of Lucia Joyce, *Tragic Muse and Wild Beauty: The Story of James Joyce's Only Daughter*, that suggests that the emphasis is less on ballet or Lucia Joyce than on James Joyce and literature, less on "dance" than on "in the wake." However, Carol Loeb Shloss's contention that Lucia's passion and gift for self-expression through movement drew her father into "reconsidering the performative nature of language as well as the fictional aspects of everyday life" [7] and influenced his writing is appealing. Her claim that "the story of [Lucia's] struggles, amid all its bitter contention, is one of the great love stories of the twentieth century" [4] between father and daughter is far less convincing, for the second part of the book, "The Dance of Death," repeatedly depicts their relationship as highly destructive.

The most exciting part of the book is arguably the introduction, enticingly entitled "What happened to Lucia Joyce?" In a detective-story-like narrative, Carol Loeb Shloss recounts how Lucia Joyce's letters as well as the letters written to her were systematically destroyed or kept away from biographers and academics by the members of the Joyce family, and primarily by Joyce himself, by their friends and her lover Samuel Beckett, who all felt that it was their duty to protect Lucia's privacy. Perhaps their motive in that process of censorship and destruction was less noble than they claimed, she suggests, and they may very well have been trying to construct a safe myth, the unthreatening cliché of "the mad daughter of a man of genius" [4], a misconception that she intends to correct in this biography. What if Lucia had been a genius, stifled in the name of her father's comfort and fame, held down to "the margins of someone else's creativity" [80]?

Despite the scarcity of primary sources available, the book is well-researched, as shown in the substantial notes and bibliography. Such scarcity, however, leads to unwelcome speculation, such as: "In later years, the gift of a book would be the gift of a sentiment, a particular text would be understood as an invitation to consider the world from the vantage point suggested by the author. Though we cannot know that Joyce read this particular book to Lucia, we can notice that Lucia loved to read" [57]. Except for these

uncalled for attempts at imagining Lucia's feelings and perception of her parents' professional, private and even sexual lives, the family's troubled yet joyful travels through Europe are vividly depicted and give an interesting insight into the turmoil of artistic creation.

It may be regretted that, just as her predecessors, the biographer falls into the trap of myth-writing that she denounces and gives her own aptly refocused but still idealized version of Lucia's life. Typically, just by looking at a long-searched for photograph of the dancer (reproduced on the cover of the book) which she unearthed from "one of the folders at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center in Austin, Texas" [9], she is able to sense who Lucia was, in an almost supernatural way:

The woman in the photograph was inwardly focused, intense, and almost savagely beautiful. She had made her living body into a poetic image, and I could see why Charles de Saint-Cyr had described the power of her movement as "subtle and barbaric." I could see why Joyce had insisted that she was "a fantastic being." She reminded me of Nijinsky, of Pavlova, of Makarova. Here was energy and originality that could tear your heart out. Here was the legendary pearl of great price whose father, of all fathers on earth, was exquisitely equipped to recognize its value. [9]

That is definitely a lot to be seen in a photograph. Carol Loeb Shloss does not shun lyricism, but if her hagiographical style can prove tiresome at times, it still serves the rehabilitation of her biographee.

If Shloss's intention is to save Lucia Joyce from the margin, why not consider the interactions between dance and literature from the dancer's point of view, since, as the reader is informed parenthetically, she wrote poetry—Lucia Joyce also dabbled in book-binding and drawing, taking lessons with Marie Laurencin. Frustratingly, however, such remarks as: "It was this poetry that Dominique Maroger remembered reading in the 1930s, that Carl Gustav Jung read in 1934 and used to judge Lucia's 'language disorder,' and that Joyce defended to Jung as a language experiment of the new generation" [113] are never followed by any in-depth analysis of the literary interest of her writing, let alone by any example of it! If her poems have all been destroyed, how credible could any judgement on their psychological or linguistic value be? Carol Joyce Loeb fails to make the utmost of her main point: to show that, just as Lucia Joyce and her father did, literature and dance "communicate with a secret, inarticulate voice. The writing of the pen, the writing of the body become a dialogue of artists, performing and counter-performing, the pens, the limbs writing away" [152]. The simile, which in the long run becomes somewhat of a cliché, never leads to genuinely theoretical remarks.

Carol Loeb Shloss is at her most convincing when her half-hearted literary perspective gives way to the depiction of the wider picture of the cultural and psychoanalytical background of Lucia Joyce's life. Her references to Friedrich Nietzsche are particularly enlightening. She recaptures the unrestrained creativity that prevailed among dancers at the beginning of the twentieth century. Lucia Joyce studied and danced in several capitals of Europe with the greatest artists of her time. From Jaque-Dalcroze to



Raymond Duncan, from Margaret Morris to Jean Borlin, from the Dadaists to the surrealists, she worked with them all—and that's why the index comes in handy; yet the performances she took part in are only summarily described and very rarely commented on from an aesthetic standpoint. However, the enthusiastic, unpretentious spirit in which dancers came together and experimented with new art forms is strikingly rendered, as is the bohemian way of life of a dancer who befriended penniless artists as well as the Guggenheims. The confused, self-contradictory psychoanalytical theories and therapeutic programs Lucia Joyce was subjected to after 1930, as her parents sent her to noted psychoanalysts they distrusted—Jung included—at a period when, to quote the teacher of most of her doctors, "with many patients, the number of diagnoses made equals the number of institutions they ha[d] been to" [263], casts Lucia as the victim not just of her parents' prejudices and shortcomings but also of those of her time.

According to Samuel Beckett, Lucia Joyce could not live a life of her own because she was "already part of a better story" [282], her all but incestuous love for her father. How, then, could the reader expect Carol Loeb Shloss not to portray Lucia Joyce "in the wake" of her father? The dancer is upstaged by the writer to the final sentence: "Love for a child is infinite" [460]. Given her willingness to fill in the gaps of the missing evidence with imagination and poetical licence—she calls her biography a "creative tribute" [456]—despite her careful attention to the documents, one is left wondering what work of fiction she might have produced, had she decided to write in the vein of Colum McCann's fictional biography of Nureyev in *Dancer*.

## BOOK REVIEW Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake By Carol Loeb Shloss Farra

Lucia and her psyche, the origins of modern dance, and the relationships of fathers and daughters. Some of it includes the biographical fallacy. Here is Stuart Gilbert, the former Burmese judge and collector of early Joyceana: "As Gilbert watched her he found himself regarding a young woman who was increasingly preoccupied with her own sexual attractiveness. Where once she stood at the ballet barre, . . . watching her own movements, she now began to consider her body as a mirror, capable of reflecting back to others the nature of their own desire." It is probably captious to single out an instance of speculation in a biography as well written as this one, but Lucia, after all, may have been thinking of Issy, one of the fictional daughters in "Finnegans Wake," just as readily as Lucia is thinking about herself: Indeed, the prose has some of the texture of fiction.

When it became obvious that Lucia didn't have the physical capacity to make a career out of dance, Joyce encouraged his daughter to master calligraphy as an art. Although talented, she took a halfhearted approach and never knew that her father secretly paid for the publications, which included a copy of one of his early books, "Poems Pennyeach."

Was Lucia mad or merely neurotic? In the Joyce circle there were many who asserted that he had traded his daughter's welfare for literary fame. Joyce, however, never lost his faith in her talent, notwithstanding the pain of eye surgery, his waning eyesight, and depression nibbling at his creative powers. Asked once for a message to give her father, Lucia replied, "Tell him I am a crossword puzzle, and if he does not mind seeing a crossword puzzle, he is to come out [to see me]."

The final years of **Lucia Joyce** took place in St. Andrew's Hospital, Northampton, England. Rushing toward the sea, toward the dance of the tides, a childish voice accompanies the river Liffey ("O bitter ending"). In his great final speech in "Finnegans Wake" Joyce is remembering Lucia "Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair." The river runs to the sea. Of all of her father's papers, Lucia was allowed to keep his copy of "Poems Pennyeach," though it is questionable if she ever read them.

**GRAPHIC:** PHOTO

**LOAD-DATE:** February 20, 2004

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The Boston Globe

February 15, 2004, Sunday ,THIRD EDITION

**SECTION:** BOOKS; Pg. D7

**LENGTH:** 875 words

**HEADLINE:** BOOK REVIEW *Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake* By Carol Loeb Shloss Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 560 pp., illustrated, \$30 Robert Taylor is a retired book editor of the Globe.;

**LUCIA JOYCE:** GIRL, INTERRUPTED REEXAMINING THE LIFE OF A TROUBLED ARTIST

**BYLINE:** By Robert Taylor

**BODY:**

Carol Loeb Shloss's fascinating but flawed biography of James Joyce's daughter, Lucia, presents an engaging moral problem the rights of privacy vs. the claims of historical research. Stephen Joyce, James Joyce's grandson, contends that only the family should have access to significant documents. A great majority of these have been destroyed. Shloss, however, points out that some 1,000 remaining letters include the ones that Joyce most valued those between him and Lucia.

Lucia died in the Joycean centennial year, 1982. She had been receiving treatment for mental illness for years, always representing the medical theory of the day. Many doctors labeled her schizophrenic; others were baffled by her condition. When she was a young woman, modern dance and the origins of the physical culture movement assumed an essential part of her life. Lucia's dancing partners and mentors included Raymond Duncan, Isadora Duncan's brother; many followers of the eurhythmic techniques of Emile Jaques-Dalcroze; and Margaret Morris, who saw rhythmic movement as a key to health, and modern dance as a universal language. Lucia's illness was cryptic although people remembered her standard party piece, a charming imitation of Charlie Chaplin. The Joyces' inner circle included Harriet Weaver, patroness, literary executor, and later guardian of Lucia; and the formidable Maria Jolas, the most influential figure outside the family, with whom Joyce shared a love song. The outer circle would include Joseph Campbell, scholar of myth and one of the earliest authors to study the meaning of the sleeping giant beneath the city of Dublin. In later years Lucia had love affairs with Alexander Calder, Samuel Beckett, and the Maine artist Waldo Peirce.

Shloss is profoundly sympathetic to the family, with the exception of Lucia's brother, Giorgio, who is treated as a slick, self-centered social climber embarrassed by his sister's behavior. Bank manager, opera singer, Giorgio emerges as an affluent chancer in his race for social status, a cold schemer who reinforced Nora Joyce's feelings of dominance over her husband, eventually persuading the family to admit Lucia to a mental institution.

The most important strand of the biographical pattern deals with Lucia's immersion in dance and the shaping of her character through the medium. The problem with the biography is its occasionally speculative influence. Shloss is candid. "Because of the circumstances in which I wrote, because I was writing in the wake of earlier suppressions of material, and because of the meagerness of the undestroyed sources, I have had to construct the context of Lucia's experiences, and then put her into them," which is rather like erecting a proscenium stage for performance and leaving it empty. Shloss gets as much out of the gaps in correspondence as we may reasonably expect.

The biography falls into three sections; the middle one includes the compelling emergence of the main themes:

FOCUS - 62 of 95 DOCUMENTS

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Financial Times (London, England)

June 12, 2004 Saturday

**SECTION:** FT WEEKEND MAGAZINE - Book Reviews; Pg. 29

**LENGTH:** 963 words

**HEADLINE:** Tell him I'm a crossword puzzle James Joyce's daughter Lucia was a racy 1920s dancer, but her life ended sadly and madly

**BYLINE:** By JACKIE WULLSCHAGER

**BODY:**

**Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake**

by Carol Loeb Shloss

Bloomsbury Pounds 20, 560 pages

A hundred years ago this week, on June 16 1904, James Joyce first walked out with a Dublin barmaid called Nora Barnacle, who, although she had failed to show up for an earlier date, reassured him on this encounter by immediately placing a hand inside his trousers. The date had iconic status for Joyce, and was important enough for him to transmute it into Bloomsday, the single day when the whole action of *Ulysses* occurs and an occasion feted annually by Joyce scholars and fans.

How much of the rest of Joyce's life went into this modernist masterpiece, which revolutionised the future of the novel? In its emphasis on a state of interiority alone, *Ulysses* has always sent readers questing after the inner, imaginative existence of its author. The creators of modernism, that great epoch celebrating the subjective self, cannot help but mesmerise us in their personal lives, and modernist literature in English more or less begins with *Ulysses* in 1922. (T.S. Eliot's *The Wasteland* was published the same year.)

So it is not by chance that the work that shaped post-war literary biography, with its interplay of life-into-art, was Richard Ellmann's magisterial *James Joyce* (1959). Nor was it chance again that the book which marked the genre's decline 30 years later into sensationalising decadence was Brenda Maddox's bestselling account of his wife and their marriage, *Nora* (1988).

At the tail-end of this denouement, with lives of great authors exhausted and, post-Maddox, wives and lovers mercilessly raked over too, comes Lucia Joyce.

A glamorous 1920s' vamp in scaly mermaid costume flings herself across the jacket. Above her, the Mills-and-Boon line "Tragic muse and wild beauty: the story of James Joyce's only daughter". Within, 500 pages of psychoanalytical feminism dovetail with sentimental speculation and 21st-century censure about imperfect parenting.

Freud would have had a field day with the Joyces, and Jung, when Lucia consulted him in the 1920s, did. The Joyce family was archetypally oedipal. Uneducated, primal Nora adored, indulged and endlessly breast-fed her first son

Tell him I'm a crossword puzzle James Joyce's daughter Lucia

Giorgio, while neglecting, criticising and never breast-feeding his younger sister Lucia. Joyce fell in love with his daughter at birth, chose a name suggesting her as his light-giving inspiration, and passed to her rather than to Giorgio his intellectual and artistic interests.

While Nora refused to read a line Joyce wrote, Lucia devoured the works that Carol Loeb Shloss considers her rival siblings - Ulysses and "Work-in-Progress", the crazy, linguistically brilliant meandering that became *Finnegans Wake*. By the time it was published in 1939, Lucia was 32 and certified insane, but for many years Joyce hopefully deceived himself that her madness and his creativity were of a piece. Jung told him that whereas he was diving, Lucia was falling, a theory broadly followed by both Ellmann and Maddox, and a fact to which the available evidence - most of her letters were destroyed - points.

Loeb Shloss will not accept this. She argues that Lucia's childhood predisposed her to neurosis and feelings of inferiority, so extreme in expression as to be misunderstood as madness, though actually a theatrical manifestation to grab attention. ("Tell him I'm a crossword puzzle" was one wrenching message sent to the author of *Finnegans Wake*.) Her behaviour was, however, so threatening to her unimaginative mother and brother that they locked her up. Joyce alone tried to understand and free her into an independent existence.

A towering, beloved father figure who was inconveniently a genius, he was unfortunately the last person able to do so. When he died in 1941, Lucia - who was multilingual, having been dragged around bohemian Trieste, Zurich and Paris by her unstable parents - remarked from her asylum "Cet imbecile, qu'est ce qu'il fait sous la terre? Quand est-ce qu'il se decide a sortir? Il vous regarde tout le temps." ("That imbecile. What is he doing under the earth? When will he decide to leave? He's watching you all the time.") Like many children of geniuses, Lucia never escaped the shadow of her famous, dazzling, larger-than-life parent.

Graceful, febrile, compulsively on the move physically, emotionally and geographically, she briefly became a star dancer with the modernist troupe "Les Six du rythme et couleur" in 1920s Paris. A critic from *The Times* suggested that "when she reaches her full capacity... James Joyce may yet be known as his daughter's father". But soon afterwards, Lucia had a series of breakdowns, fuelled partly by her catastrophic, promiscuous relationships with modernism's fast set, including Alexander Calder and Samuel Beckett (Peggy Guggenheim stole him from her).

When Joyce died, hope of anyone caring enough to rescue or even visit her died too. She remained in mental homes, gently treated but achingly lonely, until her death in 1982.

Her story is familiar to anyone who knows the backbone of Joyce's biography. Aspects of this revaluation are intriguing - especially the observations on 1920s psychoanalysis as an emerging branch of medicine (Lucia consulted some 20 shrinks).

But Loeb Shloss's heavy, scholarly psychobabble barely illuminates a slim, sad tale, which she overloads with ludicrous symbolism. Lucia's collapse, for example, is just that - not "a poignant moment in modern history, a moment when modernism could not live with the consequences of its own creation". Nor, in 1941, might Lucia "as well have been under the care of geneticists whose views of racial purity had just propelled the world beyond the pale of human civility" - they would have killed her.

This is a book that did not need to be written: unbalanced, tedious and silly.

LOAD-DATE: June 11, 2004

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Copyright 2004 Times Newspapers Limited  
The Times (London)

June 5, 2004, Saturday

**SECTION:** Features; Weekend Review 10

**LENGTH:** 1704 words

**HEADLINE:** A hundred not out

**BYLINE:** Simon Barnes

**BODY:**

Leopold Bloom, sports hero? Simon Barnes celebrates James Joyce's magnificent century with *Ulysses* and its tale of a Dublin day in June 1904.

You may be wondering what a sportswriter, of all people, is doing writing about *Ulysses* in this of all years. Well, I'll tell you why: it's because *Ulysses* is a sports book. It has a right to be on the same shelf as *Managing My Life* by Sir Alex Ferguson and *My Side* by David Beckham, particularly since it says more about sport than either.

James Joyce's classic tells us of the events of a single day: June 16, 1904, and what happens to the hero (hero?) Leopold Bloom. June 16, then, is Bloomsday and this year is the centenary, the anniversary of a book that is about everything as well as about sport. For example:

1. The Ascot Gold Cup

The race haunts the book: the victory of *Throwaway*, the dark horse, causes pain and distress all over Dublin. That, you might say, is the underlying theme of the book, for Bloom, black-clad and an outsider himself, also manages a resented and misunderstood victory of sorts.

2. Boxing

The boxing match between Myler Keogh (Dublin's pet lamb) and sergeant-major Percy Bennett, the Portobello bruiser, also appears and reappears throughout the book: "the welterweight sergeant-major had tapped some lively claret ..."

3. Gaelic sports

Bloom has an encounter with the citizen, a patriotic pub ranter based on Michael Cusack, founder of the Gaelic Athletic Association. The citizen, a former champion of all Ireland at putting the 16 pound shot, is worsted in argument by Bloom -who advocates love instead of hatred -and responds by flinging a missile at him.

4. Bowls

Bloom recalls beating a fellow-mourner at a funeral at bowls by a fluke; the mourner also remembers and snubs Bloom vindictively.

A hundred not out The Times (London) June 5, 2004, Saturday

5. Tennis

Bloom unwisely recommends tennis to a pub gathering as a finer sport than boxing.

6. Cricket

In the lotus-eaters chapter, Bloom muses dreamily about cricket: "Sit around under sunshades. Over after over."

7. Motor-racing

Characters discuss the Gordon Bennett races. "That will be a great race tomorrow in Germany."

8. Cycling

A cycle race turns up intermittently throughout the pages. "Bang of the last lap bell spurred the halfmile wheelmen to their sprint."

9. Swimming

Buck Mulligan, friend of Stephen Dedalus (alter-ego of the young Joyce) takes a swim in the first chapter. "His plump body plunged."

10. Shooting

A sailor tells a tall tale of the marksmanship of Stephen's father, who, he alleges, shot a pair of eggs with an over-the-shoulder shot.

11. Gymnastics

Bloom in his youth had excelled at "the half lever movement on the parallel bars".

12. Exercise

Bloom, in romantic quest for self-improvement, constantly resolves to start once again a regimen of Sandow's exercises, a system devised by the (historically genuine) strongman.

My assertion that Ulysses is a book about sport is, as it were, proved by algebra. Mind you, Ulysses is also a book about everything else as well. Absolutely everything. Sport is just one of the things it sweeps up in its all-including way: the first genuinely encyclopaedic work since the Divine Comedy (which, like the horse race, also echoes through the pages of Ulysses).

Ulysses has a reputation for fiendish complexity. On the other hand, it is a simple love story. "Touch me," muses Stephen, alone and terribly young. "Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now. What is the word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me."

A word known to all men, but hard to say, harder still to profess, for all that Bloom preached it confidently enough to the citizen. But as he chunters on to himself in his troubled course this way and that way about Dublin, he thinks: "Women won't pick up pins. Say it cuts lo."

Even in interior monologue, Bloom finds himself unable to say the word known to all men: the word that explains Ulysses. In fact, you might describe all Ulysses as a lo. story. A story of boy doesn't meet girl. It is a book full of longing.

Why June 16? Joyce loved significance: dates, numbers, initials, coincidences. And on June 16, 1904, Joyce went

A hundred not out The Times (London) June 5, 2004, Saturday

for a walk with a chambermaid from Finn's Hotel, and the two of them played the game of laugh and lie down. Her name was Nora Barnacle.

"She'll stick to him any way," said Joyce's father, rightly, because the pair ran away abroad and remained together throughout their lives.

But as Stephen is beset by longing ("Pain that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart"), Bloom walks on around Dublin, unable, unwilling to return home because his wife has chosen that day to see her lover. Bloom, the most uxorious man in fiction, is disturbed as much by his own complaisance as by his wife Molly's adulterous frolicking.

The lo. story takes place all over Dublin, and the peregrinations are put together with so much detail that maps and timetables have been drawn up. Every place, every shop, every pub was really there on June 16, 1904. Never has so much meticulous plotting taken place in a book in which so little happens.

But it is not the events that matter so much as the strange and strained relationship between fact and fiction, fantasy and reality, what really happened and what Joyce tells us happened. And all six of the above lead inexorably to truth.

I remember visiting the Martello tower in which the first chapter is set; Stephen and two others sleep in its comfortless quarters. And I stood on the roof and looked out at warm sunshine merrily over the sea. Inshore and farther out the mirror of the water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. And I thought: I am standing here, here where it actually happened, here where Mulligan stood and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains.

And then I thought: what nonsense! Nothing of the sort happened here, it's all made up, it's a novel, not a history book, and it didn't happen in 1904. It didn't happen until February 2, 1922, Joyce's birthday, when *Ulysses* was published by Shakespeare and Company of Paris.

All the same, James Joyce's Dublin gives us a wonderful series of maps, timetables, floorplans and photographs, as if to prove that *Ulysses* is a book about trainspotting and anorak-wearing. Why not? This book brings all kinds of unexpected insights and it is a deep delight.

*Ulysses* is a book about everything and everything casts light upon it. The tales in *The Joyce We Knew* give us unexpected glimpses of the historical Joyce, quite different from the fictional Dedalus, and they add further twists to the complex relationship between the two. Joyce comes over as an Edwardian drawing-room "card" and full-time Dublin "character". No wonder he had to seek exile before he could write.

*Ulysses*, said T. S. Eliot, "is the book to which we are all indebted and from which none of us can escape". There is a desperate need in those of us who love the bloody book to become missionaries: read it! Read it for its simplicities! Read it for its complexities! Read it for its comprehensibilities, read it for its incomprehensibilities! Read it because, as the News of the World used to advertise itself, All Human Life Is Here!

One way to start is in the wonderful Naxos set of CDs: 22 of them, delightfully and unabridgedly read by Jim Norton and completed by Marcella Riordan, coming in at the end for Molly Bloom's soliloquy. The nature of listening rather than reading both simplifies and complicates: there is a rather hectic feeling of no going back: no way of retuning to a sentence of particular beauty or puzzlement.

James Joyce had two children, a son, stolid and comparatively unremarkable, Giorgio, and a daughter, thrilling and dangerous, Lucia. She seemed to have her father's genius without his ability to live with it: and the tale of her troubles and her descent into madness is told in a rather over-the-top Californian feminist-revisionist fashion in **Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake**. It reminds me a little of the writer in Cold Comfort Farm who claims that Branwell Bronte was the real author of *Wuthering Heights* and *Jane Eyre*. But all things Joycean shed light on his works: they cannot help it.



A hundred not out The Times (London) June 5, 2004, Saturday

Ulysses is a huge book. It has to be, if it is to contain everything (including sport). The book is more landscape than story. You can look at a nice view: say a nice copse with a stream running through it, and say: ah yes, jolly nice.

Or you can note down every bird that sings, the predator-prey balance, the mammals that live, visit and have their being there, the invertebrate life, make a botanic survey, investigate the hydrology, research the history, the impact of humans, the nature of the soil, the changes in the landscape throughout the historical and the geological ages, and then speculate on the future, taking in such matter as climate change, acid rain, atmospheric pollution, persecution of wildlife, insecticide use, neglect, local and central government, conservation policies and all other interests relevant to the future of the wood and its stream.

And it's still a lovely view. But Ulysses takes the bigger option and operates in depth and breadth and time. The Odyssey, the Divine Comedy and Hamlet whisper their way through its pages: and Ulysses is their equal at every turn. There is but one way to celebrate the 100th anniversary of Bloomsday and that is to read Ulysses. Read it again if you have read it before, start it again if you have got so far and stumbled, read it for the first time and be envied for starting a voyage that will give you a lifetime's joy. Make the resolution now: yes I will read it yes I said yes I will Yes.

James Joyce's Dublin by Ian Gunn and Clive Hart (Thames & Hudson, £29.95; offer £22.40 plus £2.25 p&p).

Ulysses: Complete and Unabridged, read by Jim Norton with Marcella Riordan (Naxos Audiobooks, £85; offer £68 plus £2.25 p&p).

The Joyce We Knew, ed. Ulick O'Connor (Brandon, £7.99).

**Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake** by Carol Loeb Schloss (Bloomsbury, Pounds 20; offer £16 plus £2.25 p&p)

**LOAD-DATE:** June 5, 2004

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The Observer

May 16, 2004

**SECTION:** Observer Review Pages, Pg. 16

**LENGTH:** 1095 words

**HEADLINE:** Review: Books: BIOGRAPHY: Private dancer: James Joyce's troubled daughter, Lucia, spent much of her life in institutions. A new biography brings her back from the margins

**BYLINE:** SEAN O'HAGAN

**BODY:**

Lucia Joyce in Paris, 1929.

#### **LUCIA JOYCE: TO DANCE IN THE WAKE**

By Carol Loeb Schloss

Bloomsbury £20, pp528

'WHATEVER spark or gift I possess has been transmitted to Lucia,' James Joyce once said of his troubled daughter, 'and it has kindled a fire in her brain.' CJ Jung, who treated Lucia for supposed schizophrenia, seemed to agree, describing father and daughter as 'two people going to the bottom of a river, one falling and the other diving'.

It was perhaps inevitable, then, that, at a time when the damaged life is accorded as much attention as the gifted one, Lucia Joyce would be reclaimed from the margins of literary history. Already this year, her dalliance with Samuel Beckett has been turned into a confused drama called *Calico*, which ran briefly in the West End. Now comes this ambitious and at times extravagantly overreaching biography by Carol Loeb Schloss, an American academic determined to counter the received wisdom about Lucia's blighted life.

That received wisdom runs broadly as follows. Lucia was a sickly second child, whose nomadic, unconventional upbringing seems to have exacerbated the usual confusions of adolescence. In her teens, she pursued a career as a modern dancer and was an accomplished illustrator. At 20, having abandoned both, she fell hopelessly in love with Beckett, a 21-year-old acolyte of her father's. When Beckett belatedly made it clear that his affection was not romantic, Lucia's life began to unravel. She seems to have blamed her mother, Nora, for the break-up of the relationship, and on Joyce's 50th birthday in 1932, flung a chair at her in a rage. Her older brother, Giorgio, had Lucia committed to hospital. She was 25, and, other than a brief exile in Ireland, it marked the beginning of a confinement in institutions that would last until her death 50 years later.

This is a story that was not supposed to be told,' Schloss tells us, referring to the destruction of the hundreds of letters that passed between Joyce and his absent daughter. Maria Jolas, one of several strong-willed women with whom Joyce surrounded himself in Paris, destroyed the entire correspondence after Lucia's death. Later, Samuel Beckett burnt his letters from Lucia, having been pressed to do so by Joyce's nephew, Stephen, a man unstinting in his opposition to the Joycean industry in academia and publishing.

Review: Books: BIOGRAPHY: Private dancer: James Joyce's troubled da

As Schloss points out in her lengthy introduction, both Joyce's biographer, the late Richard Ellman, and Nora's biographer, Brenda Maddox, also seem to have cut deals with Stephen Joyce whereby they excised material about Lucia in return for his co-operation. In death, as in life, it seems, Lucia was an embarrassment to her family.

With so much evidence gone and so many of the primary sources dead, Schloss has her work cut out in attempting her painstaking reconstruction of the poignant complexities of Lucia's life. Had she concentrated solely on the known complexities of that life, this book might have been a small masterpiece of reclamation. Instead, it often reads as an uneasy alliance of scholarship and conjecture. Early on, for instance, Schloss sheds much light on Lucia's short career as a dancer, but also gives it a cultural import that seems wholly unjustified. 'Through her,' she writes, with typical extravagance, 'we watch the birth of modernism.' Yet Lucia featured in maybe 20 performances at most.

Schloss is strong, though, on Lucia's struggles to define herself through the brief embrace of a bohemian lifestyle for which she was spectacularly ill-suited. The writing catches fire when she details Lucia's long descent, particularly the poignant description of her brief exile in Ireland and her nocturnal wanderings though Dublin, 'whose every door she had heard named since earliest youth'.

While Joyce's attempts at helping his beloved daughter were often inadequate and ill-judged, they betokened a deeply felt, but seldom focused, belief that incarceration was not the answer to Lucia's problems. In this, he was alone, and overruled by the indomitable Nora.

Schloss is damning, too, of those who, like Joyce's publisher, Sylvia Beach, insisted on the primacy of his work above all else. Ironically, Lucia lives on as an abiding presence in *Finnegans Wake*, for which she was a muse, and, according to Schloss, maybe even a creative collaborator. The latter claim seems to be based on an ambitious reading of the text, and on one piece of anecdotal evidence, recounted by Lucia's cousin, Bozena Berta Schaurek, some 50 years after a brief visit to the Joyces' Paris apartment. Bozena remembers being struck by her uncle's ability to write while: 'Lucia danced silently in the background.' From this fragment, Schloss creates a scenario that has precious little to do with biography and borders on wishful thinking. 'There are two artists in the room,' she writes, 'and both of them are working. Joyce is watching and learning. The two communicate with a secret, unarticulated voice. The writing of the pen, the writing of the body become a dialogue of artists. . .'

Were this a work of fiction in the vein of, say, Colm Toibin's *The Master*, which attempts to get inside the head of Henry James, this kind of imaginative leap might make metaphorical or symbolic sense. In a work of scholarship, it is distracting at best, compromising at worst. Besides, her subject's story is extravagant enough without this kind of embellishment.

The possibility that there was a genetic link between his genius and his daughter's illness haunted Joyce until his death in 1941. By then, Lucia, at 33, was again confined in a sanatorium in France, having tried to set fire to her aunt's house in Bray, Co Wicklow.

Ten years later, she was moved to St Andrew's Hospital in Northampton where she died in 1982. She is buried alone in Northampton, far from the family grave in Zurich.

She was someone who, said one of her admirers in Ireland, 'had a great scope to her', but seems to have lost her way in early adulthood, and, lacking the guidance she needed from those she loved, never found it again. This book rescues her from the margins, but in doing so, bestows on her a cultural importance unwarranted by her ill-fated life. Even in death, Lucia Joyce seems fated to be a much misunderstood individual, more sinned against than sinning.

To order Lucia Joyce for the special price of £17, plus p & p, call the Observer Books Service on 0870 836 0885

Joyce picture gallery

[www.themodernword.com](http://www.themodernword.com)

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The Weekend Australian

March 20, 2004 Saturday NSW Country Edition

**SECTION:** REVIEW-TYPE- FEATUREREVIEW-COLUMN- BOOKS-BIOG- JAMES JOYCE, SAMUEL BECKETT, LUCIA JOYCE; Pg. B10

**LENGTH:** 1521 words

**HEADLINE:** Inside a FAMILY AFFAIR

**SOURCE:** Sunday Times

**BYLINE:** Bryan Appleyard

**BODY:**

Bryan Appleyard examines a mysterious life lived in the shadow of James Joyce and Samuel Beckett

BRILLIANT, broken women litter the course of 20th-century literature. There was Zelda, wife of Scott Fitzgerald, suffering repeated breakdowns from 1930 onwards. There was Vivien Eliot, first wife of T.S. Eliot, consumed with mysterious physical and mental illnesses. And there was Sylvia Plath, who killed herself in 1963. All these women have inspired the same debate. Were they brilliant but oppressed by the success of their men, victims of a social and artistic injustice? Or were they simply the disordered companions of men whose stature has cast an unusually bright light on their sufferings?

Another name must now be added to this rollcall and tossed into this debate: Lucia Joyce. Lucia was the daughter of James Joyce, the author of four books -- *Dubliners*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* -- that represent the summit of literary modernism in prose. It is estimated that 100 academic papers a month are published on his works.

The art is raked over constantly, and so is the life. He had two children, Giorgio and Lucia, by his wife, the incorrigibly Irish, irredeemably working-class Nora Barnacle. At first impoverished, but later supported by patrons, they travelled Europe constantly, the family's life revolving around Joyce's painfully slow writing processes. Both the children were disturbed: Giorgio seemed crushed by his father's fame and genius; Lucia was in various institutions from the mid-1930s until her death in a Northampton hospital in December 1982.

Suddenly, Lucia is the centre of attention. A biography, **Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake**, by Carol Loeb Shloss, has appeared in the US and will soon be published in Britain (Bloomsbury) and elsewhere. And a new Michael Hastings play, *Calico*, about Lucia, has opened in London's West End.

The issue of Lucia is the same as the issue of those other broken women: was she simply disordered, or brilliant but crushed by autocratic male genius? Certainly, she was gifted, first as an exceptional dancer and later as a rather strange but distinctly original illustrator. She also seems to have been deeply involved in the composition of *Finnegans Wake*. But one other factor makes the Lucia case even more gripping than the others: she was involved with not one but two men of genius, the other being Samuel Beckett, the one writer of the 20th century who can claim to be as great a master of English prose as Joyce.

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At the age of 22, Beckett became Joyce's assistant in Paris in 1928. He spent many hours in the midst of the family. Lucia was then 21 and appears to have fallen in love with him. Whether an affair took place is unknown. Hastings thinks not but shows Beckett indulging Lucia's fantasies of a family life together. He portrays Beckett as a supremely, almost unbearably sensitive man. Having once spent a few hours with him in much later life, this seems, to me at least, to be accurate. Whatever actually happened, the relationship caused friction in the household and Beckett was, for a time, banished from Joyce's company.

Hastings's view of Lucia is broadly the same as that of Shloss. Both see her symptoms -- sudden obscene outbursts reminiscent of Tourette's syndrome; violence, as when she threw a chair at Nora; and so on -- as more socially than physically determined. In contrast, Brenda Maddox, biographer of Nora, sees her as a classic schizophrenic, lucid maybe, but dangerously ill.

This cannot fully be resolved. In part, this is because of the strange multitude of treatments and theories about mental illness at the time. Lucia was subjected to most of them, saying movingly at one point that these men of science were trying "to get hold of my soul".

She was even treated by Carl Gustav Jung. This was ill-advised. Jung had taken a violent dislike to *Ulysses*, so violent, indeed, that he seems to have wondered what it was in his own psyche that was repelled by the book. Jung failed with her because, he later concluded, of the deep identification between father and daughter.

Joyce could not agree she was mad, as Jung thought she was, because to do so would have implied he, too, was insane: "To have her certified would have been as much as an admission that he himself had a latent psychosis," Jung wrote. Beckett, typically, put it more simply and more profoundly: "She's already part of a different story." Of a different patient, a girl who died in childhood, Jung hauntingly remarked: "She has never been properly born." Hastings applies this quote to Lucia, and it was a remark Beckett was to return to again and again in his later work. Who, after all, is ever "properly born"?

So, what was wrong with Lucia? The straight schizophrenic view is persuasive and supported by the evidence of her behaviour. On the other hand, her upbringing was profoundly strange. She was dragged from country to country, acquiring some proficiency in many languages but never being fully educated. Joyce, in fleeing Ireland, had embraced an ideal of absolute freedom; as he put it, he flew by the nets of language, nationality and culture.

But, curiously, it did not apply to him. He remained obsessed by Irishness and by the fabric of English; moreover, he had endured a very sound education at the hands of the Christian Brothers. This applied to neither of his children, who became free but deracinated and imperfectly educated. In addition, Joyce and Nora were strange parents. In Hastings's interpretation, Joyce always suspected that Nora had been a prostitute in Dublin. His sexuality was, as Maddox showed, bizarre and extreme, requiring heavily pornographic letters from Nora whenever she was away, letters that, in Hastings's play, Lucia discovers.

They also frequently left their children alone. And, finally, it was always clear that the family existed only to serve the moment at which Joyce put pen to paper. Lucia served more than all of them.

She was locked away with him for hours, helping him craft the multilingual puns that form the fabric of *Finnegans Wake*. This ritual forms Hastings's opening scene.

For Shloss, Lucia was almost co-creator of this strange work; almost, indeed, the creative equal of her father. Perhaps she was the true model for Milly, the wayward daughter in *Ulysses*, or for the daughter of H.C. Earwicker in *Finnegans Wake*, or maybe even for Anna Livia Plurabelle, Earwicker's wife and goddess, who becomes the River Liffey flowing out to her father, the sea -- "And it's old and old it's sad and old it's sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father." For lovers of Joyce's glorious prose -- I have been one for as long as I can remember -- Lucia's exact role is no more important than the crossword-puzzle approach many academics take to his work. But even I can see that there is a mystery here, a mystery that demands solution and that is compounded by one further character in this

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extraordinary story: Stephen Joyce.

Stephen is the son of Giorgio and the sole direct survivor of the family. He is in his seventies and lives in Paris. Communications with him are controlled by lawyers and literary executors. Joyce died in 1941 so, normally, copyright in his work would have expired in 1991 but, thanks to EU laws, copyright was extended for another 20 years, to 2011.

Stephen, therefore, remains in control of the Joyce estate and earns substantial annual royalties, estimated to be in six figures. He is a well-off man anyway; his mother, Helen, was a very wealthy American. He has been highly protective. Most crucially, he has burnt his grandfather's correspondence, much of it with Lucia. This produced widespread dismay and attacks on his conduct from both Michael Yeats, the son of W.B. Yeats, and Mary de Rachewitz, the daughter of Ezra Pound. A modernist shrine seemed to have been defiled.

Stephen's defence is that the writing is all that matters and the correspondence in question casts no light on that. What, if anything, is he hiding? The necessarily speculative answer for many is incest between Joyce and his daughter. There is some circumstantial evidence. The plot of *Finnegans Wake* revolves around an incestuous act between father and daughter. Lucia is known to have said to her father: "I will never be unfaithful to you." Then there is Lucia's "illness". Was this, in fact, a complex reaction compounded of jealousy and possessiveness, a struggle between herself and Nora for the attentions of James?

Nobody knows the truth or otherwise of this, and it is possible, now, that nobody will ever know. All that is really known is that, in 1928, in a flat in Paris, two giants of the English language met. One had just written *Ulysses*, and the other would go on to write *Ill Seen Ill Said*, two of the greatest prose works in English of the 20th century, if not of all time. That is all we know and, perhaps, need to know. The prose can be Lucia's monument as well as Joyce's.

Was Lucia Joyce simply disordered, or brilliant but crushed by autocratic male genius?

**LOAD-DATE:** March 19, 2004

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March 7, 2004 Sunday  
Home Edition

**SECTION:** BOOK REVIEW; Features Desk; Part R; Pg. 16

**LENGTH:** 1247 words

**HEADLINE:** Portrait of a daughter as a lost cause;

**Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake**, Carol Loeb Shloss, Farrar, Straus & Giroux: 548 pp., \$30

**BYLINE:** Denis Donoghue, Denis Donoghue is university professor and Henry James professor of English and American letters at New York University and the author of many books, including "Yeats," "The Practice of Reading" and "Speaking of Beauty."

**BODY:**

James JOYCE and Nora Barnacle had two children, Giorgio and Lucia. Giorgio was born on July 27, 1905, Lucia on July 26, 1907. All that most people have heard about Giorgio is that he inherited his father's tenor voice and aspired to become a professional singer. All they know -- or think they know -- about Lucia is that for a while she was in love with Samuel Beckett and that, not necessarily as a consequence of her disappointment with his response, she went mad and died many years later in St. Andrew's Hospital, Northhampton, England. She is also thought to have enjoyed the miserable privilege of being featured in Beckett's novel "Dream of Fair to Middling Women" as Syra-Cusa, of whom the hero Belacqua reports that "she lives between a comb and a glass."

Carol Loeb Shloss thinks that Lucia has been hard done by, and she has written a large-hearted biography to prove it. Lucia had some talent as a dancer, a writer and a book designer, but she could not turn these gifts into a life. She studied dance in Paris with Raymond Duncan -- Isadora's brother -- and later with Margaret Morris and Jean Borlin. There were also lessons in eurhythmics at the Jaques-Dalcroze Institute. And a few lessons in singing.

Lucia was never short of teachers. Or of lovers. After Beckett, she was involved with Alexander Calder, Albert Hubbell and Alexander Ponisovsky. Sex was never a problem. But Lucia's home life was arid. Nora, who doted on Giorgio, did not have much time for Lucia and by 1935 had largely given up on her. She was probably tiresome to deal with, emotionally demanding and sometimes impossible, but she did not deserve to be excluded from Nora's affection and Giorgio's. She started showing signs of mental illness in 1931 and was diagnosed as suffering from dementia praecox. But the diagnosis is still doubtful. Her friends disagreed about her condition: Some of them thought she was mad, others felt that she was just strange. Harriet Shaw Weaver did not think she was mad, but Maria Jolas thought she was. Stuart Gilbert concluded that her insanity was a pose, to begin with, but that with long practice she acted herself into the condition of madness. The doctors could do nothing for her. Even the great Dr. Carl Gustav Jung was helpless. Or maybe Lucia refused his help. "To think that such a big, fat materialistic Swiss man should try to get hold of my soul," Shloss reports her as having said of Jung's ministrations.

What was the matter with her? Shloss doesn't claim to know, but she stops short of saying she was mad. "Joyce's daughter may have had problems," she says, "but she was no lunatic." To have had problems doesn't meet the case,



though her not being a lunatic is what we would like to know. Joyce said, after years of consultations, conflicting diagnoses and psychiatric speculation, that his daughter had "one of the most elusive diseases known to men and unknown to medicine." Shloss comes up with more questions than answers:

"Why was Joyce's own sense of the beauty and talent of his child so at odds with the opinions of other people in his circle? Why should Joyce's primary biographer [Richard Ellmann] have judged Joyce to be a man of extraordinary discernment in some matters but foolish in judging Lucia? Why was Joyce upbraided for trying to save Lucia instead of admired for the steadfastness of his love?"

Shloss has written this book on the conviction that Joyce knew Lucia "much better than anyone else, including well-meaning family friends." Lucia, she claims, "was a person of great seriousness and intensity." Many who "lived in her presence drew light from her being."

If Joyce is the hero of Shloss' book, he is surrounded by villains. Nora is first on that list, guilty of jealousy and incomprehension. In 1931, she bullied Lucia into giving up her dancing, the art in which she seems to have been most gifted. Giorgio is also presented as crass. He had no plan for Lucia except to have her placed in an institution and kept there. After Joyce's death on Jan. 13, 1941, Giorgio wrote to Jolas: "I hope Dr. Delmas has not put Lucia in the street as needless to say I cannot pay him nor can I communicate with him." Shloss comments on this sentence:

"Few words could have better displayed the alien nature of Giorgio's birthright. Heir to neither his father's passion nor his compassion, unable to imagine the magnitude of another human being's fear or loneliness, unwilling to value the singular nature of his sister's bright, misplaced, and mistimed originality, he abandoned Lucia. In one sentence he dismantled the fragile lines of communion that had bound her to life and to the hope of human understanding."

"Abandoned" is rough. Even after his father's death, Giorgio was not Lucia's keeper. But he didn't expend much imagination on trying to save her mind.

Shloss distributes further blame when the question of letters to and from Lucia arises. Her father evidently decided, in the chaos of the first weeks of World War II, that many letters should be destroyed, and he handed them over to Jolas with that in mind. Jolas appears to have gone through the letters and chosen some for the fire and some to be preserved. Harriet Weaver also exercised her judgment, retaining some letters and destroying others. Paul Leon did whatever he could to save boxes of letters.

There was still the question of releasing the correspondence to and from Lucia, and on this issue the most influential figure in the story is now Giorgio's son, Stephen. He evidently decided, in Shloss' version, that "his aunt's story was a private one, of no interest to the reading public," and in that spirit he evidently managed to withdraw several items from the Leon archives now in the National Library of Ireland. Those archives of about a thousand items contain no letter from Lucia. In June 1988, Stephen Joyce announced that he had destroyed Lucia's letters to him and had persuaded Beckett to do the same: "I didn't want to have greedy little eyes and greedy little fingers going over them.... My aunt may have been many things, but to my knowledge she was not a writer," he told the New York Times.

Shloss has written her biography of Lucia under these and other difficulties of censorship. She has also put forward a claim, as if by way of compensation, that Lucia became a figure of immense coded significance in her father's "Finnegans Wake." This is a stretch. Mothers are more liberally active than daughters in "Wake," as in "Ulysses," even though there are dancing girls in some of the most gorgeous passages of "Wake" that were probably inspired, however distantly, by Lucia. I wish I had space enough to quote the passage about Nuvoletta reflecting "for the last time in her little long life" and making up "all her myriads of drifting minds in one." There is so much to be seen and heard in the book, it is all to the good to have such passages brought forward to the top of the banisters.

But Shloss now and again talks herself into excess and injustice. I am shocked to find Joyce presented as "the father/creator" who "became a voyeur whose appreciation of the spectacle presented by his child can in some way be considered a precipitating factor in the crises of the girl's later life." "Can in some way" are two weasel qualifications,

Portrait of a daughter as a lost cause; Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wak

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but the tone of "appreciation" and "spectacle" is ugly, and there is no biographical justification for "precipitating." Joyce had no part in Lucia's illnesses, except that his love could not save her. \*

**GRAPHIC: PHOTO: FATE OF ABANDONMENT:** Lucia Joyce's passport photo, circa 1932, at about age 25.  
**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Farrar, Straus & Giroux

**LOAD-DATE:** March 7, 2004

## FOCUS - 78 of 95 DOCUMENTS

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Slate Magazine

December 23, 2003, Tuesday  
Correction Appended

**SECTION: BOOKS****LENGTH:** 1135 words**HEADLINE:** The Bratty Bystander**BYLINE:** Katie Roiphe**BODY:**

The biographies of great writers have been slowly overshadowed by the biographies of bystanders "usually female bystanders. These biographies interest themselves not with women who wrote great books, but with women who happened to be there as they were being written, women like Zelda Fitzgerald, Vera Nabokov, Georgie Yeats, Vivienne Eliot, and Nora Joyce.\* The latest engrossing contribution to the genre is Carol Shloss' **Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake**. Once the genre served as an original, quirky feminist corrective, but now, as it becomes more prevalent, it panders to a culture more enamored of family dysfunction and prurient gossip than art itself.

The premise of Lucia Joyce, like the rest of these biographies, is that the woman is an artist herself. The Great Man is not creating by himself, but somehow channeling the energies of the women around him. James Joyce's daughter, Lucia, was a dancer. She too had been an artist, Shloss tells us, who worked with a fervor and vision comparable to Joyce's own. Her accomplishments, in addition to dancing, were apparently a novel that's been lost and a few illustrations. But Shloss' evidence of her genius seems to be gleaned from her imitations of Charlie Chaplin at parties, a photograph of a dance performance in which she wore a sensational, mirrored, fish costume, and excellent report cards from her childhood. She herself felt quite rivalrous with her father. When friends called Joyce to congratulate him on winning his obscenity trial in the United States, enabling the publication of *Ulysses*, Lucia cut the phone wire, saying, I am the artist! It's unclear whether this episode is rooted in mental unbalance or just petulance. Later, she behaves in ways that seem more clearly mad: She sets fires, throws a chair at her mother, unzips the pants of male visitors, sleeps with the gas on, sends telegraphs to dead people, and wanders through Dublin for days, sleeping on the street.

Inevitably, these biographies conflate brattiness, mental imbalance, and brilliance into a miasma of thwarted ability. One of the hallmarks of the woman-attached-to-great-men genre is that the Great Man has somehow prevented the female family member from achieving her potential. In this case, Joyce spirited his gifted daughter to London away from Paris, where, after years of dilettantish wandering, joining and quitting dance groups that sound suspiciously like cults, she somehow miraculously had been about to find her calling. He wouldn't let her dance, and thus destroyed her spirit. Other male villains lurk in the margins: There are male artists like Samuel Beckett and Alexander Calder who sleep with Lucia and abandon her. There is also a brother who Shloss suggests "with astonishingly little evidence" may have sexually abused her, and seems ferociously bent on keeping her in an institution, so that she won't tell the story of this abuse.

No matter how sensationalized the life, our appetite for these biographies is enormous. And there is no denying that the book is monumentally engaging, but why? We find something reassuring about the stories of the almost-artist, the

The Bratty Bystander Slate Magazine December 23, 2003, Tuesday Correction

brilliant fantastic being, who could have written *Ulysses* but somehow never got around to it. The ordinary woman, the daughter, wife, mother, whom people remember sparkling in conversation or wearing a particularly beautiful dress, is elevated to the status of artist. In a way, Lucia Joyce is the ultimate heroine of this genre "a dancer who doesn't dance, a painter who doesn't paint, and a writer. Women readers, in particular, are endlessly drawn to these stories of doom and raw talent. It confirms some view we have of the world that is not nurturing our talent; it shifts the responsibility from us onto the shadowy male figures around us. It is the secret biography of our innermost aspirations, the half-written screenplays in our computers, the proverbial novels in drawers. But why have we been thwarted? Has someone physically prevented us from writing *Ulysses*, or are we just not talented or driven enough? The comforting, democratic message of these books is that you don't have to write or paint or act to be an artist. It is enough to be. To Shloss, and her readers, Lucia didn't need books like *Ulysses* to become modern. Ironically the rise of high modernism itself may have glorified the artist's place outside of social convention, leading to all sorts of imitators who thought that behaving badly or eccentrically makes you an artist without having to bother with the art. For the first time, we can all be geniuses in the privacy of our own minds.

Of course, the biographies of great men's women lend themselves to all kinds of romanticization "romanticization of the artistic process and romanticization of mental illness. It is, in these hefty, attractive books, with their dramatic, sepia covers, enormously glamorous to be mad. Had Lucia Joyce simply married and had children, and stayed in Paris and taught dance to eager young protégés, and pursued her art in a modest way, and grown fat and happy, in a little apartment with a view of the river, there would be no **Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake**.

In spite of its romanticism, the position of muse is very vague and largely thankless for the muse herself (see Francine Prose's book *The Lives of the Muses* for more on this). It would be nice to think that *Ulysses* or *Finnegan's Wake* could not have been written without Lucia; but, of course, one suspects that they could have been. In this case, Lucia's role as muse seems to consist of an afternoon where Lucia was dancing in a room where Joyce happened to be writing *Finnegan's Wake*: [T]here are two artists in his room, and both of them are working. Joyce is watching and learning the place where she meets her father is not in consciousness but in some more primitive place before consciousness. This is a pretty image, and Shloss embellishes it even further, They understand each other, for they speak the same language, a language not yet arrived into words and concepts, but a language nonetheless, founded on the communicative body.

And what about Lucia herself, petulant, mesmerizing, fragile, bratty Lucia? She liked to sleep outside under the stars, and walk around without underwear, and swim in the middle the night. Instead she spent 50-odd years in an institution. There is no poetry, no glory in this story, no secret communion, no mystical collaboration, no intangible collusion, between father and daughter, only pointless, run of the mill human suffering. Instead of the subtle literary pas de deux between Joyce and his daughter, the truth is far more painful and nonsensical: A woman's life was wasted. Books like this give a dishonest, literary gloss to what is a form of illicit voyeurism.

**CORRECTION-DATE:** December 7, 2003

**CORRECTION:**

In the original version of this article Katie Roiphe alluded to a biography of Valerie Eliot, but no life story of T.S. Eliot's second wife exists. In 2001 Carole Seymour-James published a biography of T. S. Eliot's first wife, Vivienne, titled *Painted Shadow: The Life of Vivienne Eliot*. Return to the corrected sentence.

**LOAD-DATE:** January 8, 2004

In the heart of the Silicon Valley, legal doctrine is emerging, rights and technological innovation for decades to come. T housed at Stanford Law School and a part of the Law, Scie apex of this evolving area of law.

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## Shloss v. Estate of Joyce

*Fair use litigation. Opened 1/9/06*

### Shloss Details Ten Years Of Threats Joyce

by **Anthony Faizone**, posted on December 18, 2006 - 8:51p

On Friday, December 15, we filed Carol Shloss's oppos dismiss her claims for lack of subject matter jurisdictho years of threats agains Shloss and her publisher are se that she had nothing to fear is answered. Read it [here](#)

**Anthony Faizone's blog** | [add new comment](#) | **1 attach**

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Cases: Shloss v. Estate of Joyce

### Update: Shloss v. Estate of James J

by **Sarah Craven**, posted on December 5, 2006 - 2:20pm.

This post is to update everyone on the progress of the the Estate of the late literary genius, James Joyce. As t revealed, this case focuses on the extent the fsir use d academics to quote from both published and unpublsh and how far a copyright owner can go in prohibiting th:

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- Shloss Details Ten Years Of Threats From Stephen James Joyce
- Update: Shloss v. Estate of James Joyce
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### About Sarah Craven

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### Our Issues

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## Update: Shloss v. Estate of James J

by **Sarah Craven**, posted on December 5, 2006 - 2:20pm.

This post is to update everyone on the progress of the the Estate of the late literary genius, James Joyce. As t revealed, this case focuses on the extent the fsir use d academics to quote from both published and unpublsh and how far a copyright owner can go in prohibiting th:

On one side sits Carol Shloss, currently a Professor of I wrote a book about James Joyce's daughter, Lucia Joyc masterpiece "Finnegans Wake". Shloss spent an enorm traveling all over the work, to gather public informatio unpublished letters and writings of James, Lucia, and t and to create a work of scholarship about Lucia's life th case (Lucia spent much of her life in mental institutions: her own right. Shloss published her book, "Lucia Joyce because of the Estate, Shloss did not publish the book quotes that she wanted.

In the other corner is the Estate. The Estate operates t grandson of James Joyce, and niece of Lucia. Joyce fir for any use of certain family works, and when that did publisher and employer. The end result: the publisher i quotes from her book that supported her thesis—remo page book. In response, Shloss set up a website, curre very quotes linked to the relevant places in the book, t she has yet to publish it by making it available to the p judgment suit seeking a declaration of non-infringemer Ulysses, copyright misuse, and unclean hands.

Now you have the background. Since then we have file currently knee deep in work responding to the Estate's Strike Certain Portions of the Amended Complaint. Bot I've done everything correctly) for your enjoyment.

First the Amended Complaint: When Shloss first set up material that her publisher had stripped from the book the Estate. This Website existed as of the time the first Shloss added additional supporting material, and thus I Complaint was filed October 23, 2006.

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#### Cases Updates

- Shloss Details Ten Years Of Threats From Stephen James Joyce
- Update: Shloss v. Estate of James Joyce
- Poulsen Files Motion For Attorney's Fees After Successful Action

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The Estate's response: a Motion to Dismiss for lack of : alternative a Motion to Strike Certain Portions of the Ar the dispute very narrowly, stating that they never thre version of the Website. This completely ignores the ver forbidden material. The Estate also seeks to strike Shlc copyright misuse—framing the defense as limited only the Ninth Circuit has not addressed the issue outside tl language the court adopted from the Fourth Circuit def the public policy embodied in the grant of a copyright." refuse to license; the Estate denies the force of fair use and has claimed copyright in documents (like medical r copyright. Finally, the Estate wants costs. So now, we opposition, which is due to the court on December 15,

#### Attachment

**Amended Complaint Final[1].doc**  
**Motion to Dismiss Shloss Complaint[1].pdf**  
**Grace Smith Decl\_Exhibits[1].pdf**  
**Nelson Decl[1].pdf**  
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