

Lucia Joyce

Supplemental Material

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Lucia Joyce

Supplemental Material

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Supplemental material:

[From *Ulysses*](#)

1. *"Remembering your shapes and sizes on the pillow of your babycurls"*

(Finnegans Wake 24. 29-30)

2. Dormiva durante il giorno/Dormiva durante la notte

Eileen Schaurek interview with Richard Ellmann, n.d., Richard Ellmann Papers, McFarlin Library, University of Tulsa.

THE CURTAIN OPENS

TRIESTE 1907-15

CSC

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1. A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS NAMED LUCIA

The story begins with the birth of a girl child in a pauper's hospital. She was the daughter of a beautiful, imperious woman and a famous man in his undiscovered youth. Scolded by her mother (Lucia you have dropped the doll and broken it. You have butter hands), she loved the father even more (Tell Lucia I am bringing her a new doll from Ireland, but the maker hasn't finished with its head yet. Love to Lucia.) Her father read to her and made up songs in Italian, which was the language spoken in Trieste, where they lived far from her parents' home in the island country of Ireland. "C'era una volta, una bella bambina / Che is chiamava Lucia / Dormiva durante il giorno / Dormiva durante la notte / Perché non sapeva camminare."¹ "Once upon a time there was a beautiful little girl / who was named Lucia / she slept during the day / she slept during the night / because she didn't know how to walk." His name was James Joyce; her name was Lucia. She was the light-giver, the patron saint of eyesight, and the guide through dark places. Their story was to involve light and shadow, blindness and insight, and it changed the course of modern literature.

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taken genuine pleasure in their child's development. Joyce peppered his letters to Stanislaus with news of Giorgio's health. And when they moved to Rome a year later for Joyce to take up a banking position there, he kept Stannie abreast of the newest words, the latest skills, and the intimate scenes of everyday affection and humor. Giorgio beat time to music in the Piazza Colonna and greeted the arrival of restaurant dishes with "Ettaro, ettaro." ("Here it is.")²² His appetite for language seemed voracious. He mimicked every sound he heard—a clock chiming, a vendor calling, a song coming in through the window. **3** The Roman love of children, manifested by signs of affection given to the boy by total strangers on the street, encouraged them in their new enterprise as parents. Joyce, looking back on his life in January 1907, thinking of his writing, his marriage, and his professional status, summed it all up: "Certainly Georgie is the most successful thing connected with me."²³

But this narrative of young married life told only part of the story. Nora, left alone to manage with the boy day after day, was the first to feel the stress of her husband's irresponsibility with money; and saddled with the boy at night, she was faced with the misery of Joyce's drinking. The child was not only her primary accomplishment but also her silent witness to isolation and frustration. Their bond, established in these lonely times, sustained them throughout Nora's life. At her death in 1951, he was still at her side.

When Stanislaus left Ireland on 20 October 1905 to join his brother in Trieste, he found the young family hungry, broke, and cranky. It wasn't simply that his brother periodically drank himself under the table but that Nora couldn't cope with motherhood. In June 1906, Aunt Josephine wrote to Stanislaus, "I can't understand Nora. Surely it is a monstrous thing to expect Jim to cook or mind the baby when he is doing his utmost to support both of them surely she can make as good an attempt as Jim it seems very soon for her to be so disappointed I wonder does she know what it is to be with a person with a scurrilous tongue from which you are never safe there is some excuse for Jim drinking it is the old story of finding forgetfulness." She wrote as an aunt whose primary loyalty was to her side of the family, but she paused to wonder what would happen to Nora if she carried out her repeated threats to take Giorgio and return to her people in Galway. And she worried that Nora might become pregnant again.²⁴ **4**

3. "Giorgio...spends his day pulling about papers, clothes and shoes. He is cursed frequently by both his parents for mislaying the comb and the sponge or the towel or my hat or shoes: and when asked where it is he points to the ceiling or the window and says 'la!'"

James Joyce to Stanislaus Joyce, 8 November 1906, *The Letters of James Joyce*, vol. II, ed. Richard Ellmann (New York: The Viking Press and London: Faber and Faber, 1966), 188.

4. "Is there any fear of Georgie being rivaled at present" she asked. "I hope not. That would be the climax."

Mrs. William Murray to Stanislaus Joyce, 6 June 1906, *Letters II*, 138-39.

She had reason to be worried. She had gotten an even darker glimpse of her nephew's situation the previous December, when Joyce himself had written to say that he was "simply waiting for a little financial change," before making alterations in his life plan. He expected this would happen within two years, "but even if it does not come I shall do the best I can. I have hesitated before telling you that I imagine the present relations between Nora and myself are about to suffer some alteration."²⁵ Another, unwanted child, as Aunt Josephine could see, would have made a difficult human relationship, threatened at least in part by the tensions of caring for one child, into a disaster. **5**

But in February 1906, their old friends the Francini Brunis invited all the Joyces, Stanislaus included, to share a house on the Via Giovanni Boccaccio. Collective life offered everyone ways of deflecting their irritations. Their pooled money went farther; Nora once again had the company of Clothilde, who was herself the mother of young children, and Stanislaus had Alessandro Francini Bruni as an ally in the fight against Joyce's evening wanderings among the cafés and bars in the old quarter of the city. Francini Bruni regretted his friend's drinking but attributed its worst excesses to writing setbacks. "His artistic reversals had a disastrous effect on his animal spirits. His self-destruction was cold and premeditated. He would plunge recklessly when the world treated him badly." In the evenings, Francini Bruni would set out to find Joyce in some bistro, singing "high-pitched, out of tune" choruses about the need for more wine: "Ancora un litro di quel bon / Che no go la chiave del porto."²⁶ Throwing Joyce's limp body over his shoulder, he would stagger home, where the pattern of escape and rescue would repeat itself.

Joyce was not the only culprit. Francini Bruni remembered the house on the Via Giovanni Boccaccio as a bohemian household. They were all young, poor, aware of the absurdities of teaching foreign languages according to the Berlitz method, and full of animal vigor. One of Joyce's biographers, Herbert Gorman, says, "There were evenings in the house . . . when Francini Bruni would get into the infant Giorgio's carriage, suck at a milk bottle and cry, squeal and regurgitate like a baby while Joyce trundled him about the place. This would be at midnight. And after the clowning was over Joyce would sing Gregorian chants and the excitable Francini Bruni, who had a high shrill laugh like a goat, would kiss the singer in an ecstasy of joy."²⁷

5. "I am simply waiting for a little financial change which will enable me to change my life. At the latest it will come at the end of two years but even if it does not come I shall do the best I can. I have hesitated before telling you that I imagine the present relations between Nora and myself are about to suffer some alteration."

James Joyce to Mrs. William Murray, 4 December 1905, *Letters II*, 128.

The problem, aside from difficulties in his work at the Berlitz School, was that Joyce couldn't, or at least didn't, write in this high-spirited and boisterous environment. With the poems of *Chamber Music* completed, most of the stories of *Dubliners* in hand, and close to a thousand pages of his autobiographical novel finished, he still had had no book accepted for publication. By the end of July 1906, he'd had as much as he could stand, and with Nora and the year-old Giorgio in tow, he headed for a new position in Rome.

The move was a mistake. Joyce wrote to the Francini Brunis that he thought of the ancient part of the city as an "exquisite panorama" composed of "flowers of death, ruins, piles of bones and skeletons."²⁸ He discovered that, although he qualified for the job he had wanted, he had underestimated the number of hours he would have to spend at the bank. Nastkolb and Schumacher required him to work from eight-thirty in the morning until seven-thirty at night. Nora was once again left alone with Giorgio with long, empty hours to fill; and when tensions over money arose, as they inevitably did, Joyce once again took up tutoring private students. These extra hours of work exacerbated the alienation that the young husband and wife were both feeling not only from the city but also from the life they could offer each other. They needed each other, but they were not soul mates. Through all these early years of marriage, Joyce would write to Stanislaus, telling him some version of the same story: that Nora didn't "care a rambling damn about art."²⁹ Brenda Maddox, Nora's biographer, claimed that this period in the Joyces' lives cemented their union: "cut off from everybody but one another, each learned to tolerate the other's alien temperament, to delight in their child, and to live as Italians."³⁰ But Joyce's letters to Stanislaus paint a different picture of cramped rented rooms, serial evictions, and traipsing around the city "accompanied by a plaintive woman with infant (also plaintive)." In December he lamented his situation with "no pen, no ink, no table, no room, no time, no quiet, no inclination. Never mind." He feared that his imagination was weakening, that "all the things I was going to write about have become uncapturable images."³¹

It was in these circumstances that Lucia Anna was conceived. On 10 January 1907, when Joyce let Stanislaus know that Nora was expecting again, he wrote with pride about Giorgio but added a strange addendum: "he's only a small part mine."³² Perhaps this was a way of

6. "Are you annoyed?" he asked."

James Joyce to Stanislaus Joyce, 10 January 1907, *Letters II*, 206.

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responding to the intensity of the relationship between mother and child that he watched evolve during those months in Rome. In another letter to his brother, he acknowledged that while he might be considered cynical, he nonetheless felt that "a lot of this talk about love is nonsense. A woman's love is always maternal and egoistic. A man, on the contrary . . . possesses a fund of genuine affection for the 'beloved' or 'once beloved' object."³³ These sound like the words of a man who, though constant in his own love for his wife, is aware of being superseded in her regard.

We have no record of what Nora thought about her second pregnancy, but we can notice that she didn't stop nursing Giorgio. Nora must have conceived Lucia in the later part of November 1906. Although Aunt Josephine had cautioned her to wean the boy in the event of another pregnancy, Nora continued to breast-feed her son until February 1907.³⁴ Giorgio claimed to remember this experience. When he married in 1930, he told his wife that his mother had nursed him for two years; and Helen wrongly imagined that, after Lucia was born, Nora had suckled both children together, one at each breast.³⁵ Any one of the Joyces could have corrected her, for they knew Lucia had not been breast-fed at all. In later years, Joyce told Padraic and Mary Colum how much he regretted Nora's decision on this score, but he apparently couldn't dissuade her at the time.³⁶

His own response to the imminence of a second baby must have been complicated. In theory he was clear. In later years he told his sister Eva that "the most important thing that can happen to a man is the birth of a child,"³⁷ but it was also a fearful prospect. Still, the anticipation of a larger family did little to alter Joyce's vision of his future life. In early March, he wrote sharply to Stanislaus, as if in response to some criticism, "You seem to imagine that I should settle down to make myself a *carriera* here, beginning at 250 Frs. a month and ending 20 years hence at 450 Frs. a month, with all the accompaniments of such a *carriera*, a quarter, a servant, children at school, a small bank *a/c* and a great fear of everything in me. This is what I *should* do but I doubt very much if I *will* ever do it."³⁸ In the end, whatever it was—intellectual and artistic loneliness, financial worries, the need for Stanislaus's proximity, concern for his equally lonely wife—he took Giorgio and the pregnant Nora back to Trieste in March 1907. Here he resumed work at the Berlitz School, began once again to build up a roster of private clients, and then was struck

7. "[r]e-member there are three people now. And I suppose it will be worse when there are four."

James Joyce to Stanislaus Joyce, 6 February 1907, *Letters II*, 210-211.

8. "As for Nora and Georgie it seems to me easy to exaggerate. I suppose it will hardly come to starvation point."

James Joyce to Stanislaus Joyce, 1 March 1907, *Letters II*, 219-220.

For the crisis had brought her father face to face with the abyss. In the panic of losing his wife, as he thought, Joyce had thrown his kids into the bargain. "If I could forget my books and my children and forget that the girl I loved was false to me and remember her only as I saw her with the eyes of my boyish love I would go out of life content,"⁴⁹ he wrote, and continued to send letters in the same vein: "Our children (much as I love them) must not come between us. If they are good and noble-natured it is because of us, dear."⁵⁰

Everyone says things in the heat of the moment; you can cut off your own fingers in a peak of jealous rage. But what was distinctive about Joyce's attachment to Nora—what he required of her, what he demanded—was expressed in the language of a child to his mother who was imagined as both virgin and whore. That August, and then again later in the fall and winter, as one letter after another crossed from Ireland to Trieste, he discovered that it was not enough to use correspondence to create masturbatory fantasies with his wife, to imagine torsos arched in pleasure and all the possibilities of the marriage bed. Joyce needed to imagine his relation to Nora in terms of fetal intimacy. "My little mother," he wrote to her on Christmas Eve 1909, "take me into the dark sanctuary of your womb. Shelter me, dear, from harm! I am too childish and impulsive to live alone. . . . I am so helpless tonight, helpless, helpless!"⁵¹

No one knows exactly what Nora thought about Joyce's way of imagining their relationship. Her letters have been lost or destroyed, but if she entered into this exchange of naughty letters, she also retained her skepticism about her long-absent husband. By December she'd had enough. She threatened to take Lucia and Giorgio back to her people in Galway because she couldn't endure any more of Joyce's profligacy about money. There'd been another eviction notice. Her real children needed a roof over their heads and food in their stomachs.

Although Nora did not take them away—Stanislaus rescued them once more—it must have been clear to her that the partnership she had entered into with her husband was a peculiarly needy one. If Joyce imagined his books to be children, he also imagined himself as an infant in relation to his wife. Thus there was a full house of Joyces, a house swimming with children and their requirements, even before Joyce imported his own sisters, Eva and Eileen, to their flat on the Via Scussa in Trieste.

9. "We met and joined our bodies and souls freely and nobly and our children are the fruit of our bodies. Good night, my dearest girl, my little Galway bride, my tender love from Ireland."

James Joyce to Nora Barnacle, 31 August 1909, *Letters II*, 242.

mothers who, in a long chain until the end of her life, replaced the real mother who preferred Giorgio. Eva admitted to Stanislaus, a year after her return to Dublin in July 1911, "I never took such a fancy to any child as I did to her."⁵⁷ Amid all of Eva's negative responses to her new environment, Lucia was the single bright spot. In 1910 she had a studio portrait made of herself with her three-year-old niece. Dressed in white ruffles with an enormous hat, the delicate Lucia stands companionably on a chair, holding Eva's hand as if she were indeed her mother. Eileen too seemed curiously unbothered that her role in the Triestine household was as a housewife and mother in Nora's place. In her own words, she "did most of the housekeeping and . . . took care of Jim's two children, Giorgio and Lucia."⁵⁸ When in 1915 she married Frantisek Schaurek, whom she dearly loved, she described herself as "brokenhearted" about leaving the children. "You see," she continued, "I had really reared Giorgio and Lucia. I used to do everything for them and we were always together."⁵⁹

Although the Joyces lived on the constant, wearing edge of poverty, none of them let it get them down. If their home was squalid, it was also high-spirited; if it was financially insecure, it was filled with the gusto and optimism and vociferous opinions of youth. Francini Bruni summed it up: "So it went in Trieste before the war, when one made less money and laughed more. In Austria everyone laughed. Harlequin could pay the bills."⁶⁰ Amid this general gaiety Lucia laughed and cried, too. On his Dublin trips Joyce sent messages to his comical daughter: he would send her a doll, but not yet, for "l'uomo non ha mess la testa ancora." ("The man hasn't put the head on yet.")⁶¹ The doll was to replace one whose head had broken when it fell from a chair, an occasion Lucia never forgot.⁶² Her father had chased away her tears with a song. In 1958 she could still remember its lyrics: "we sang 'Bambola chinina etc. Quando era Babbi nella ancor di bambole un tesori essa dice mamma pappa essa diceva mamma pappa etc.'"⁶³

Music was as abundant in the Joyce home as laughter. However much he might have been in debt, Joyce always rented a piano, so music was his family's daily fare. Eileen remembered grand parties when everyone, including the children, sang. Joyce and Eileen played the keyboard; Nora was learning. Their sheet music included works by Debussy, Beethoven, Wagner, and Verdi but also collections of Irish music:

10. "[T]ell that comical daughter of mine that I would send her a doll."

James Joyce to Nora Barnacle, 25 October 1909, *Letters II*, 254.

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Butler's *Seven Original Irish Melodies* and Cecil Sharp's *A Book of British Song for Home and School*.⁶⁴ Eileen had a flair for dramatic parlor songs like "The Last Rose of Summer" or "Una Furtiva Lacrima" (A Furtive Tear),⁶⁵ while her father had a particular fondness for Renaissance music both sacred and secular. He owned Dodge's *Twelve Elizabethan Songs* and used to return from Mass humming Gregorian chants like *Vidae Aquam*.⁶⁶ But as she grew, the lyrics for the lullaby he composed were changed: "Era una piccola bambina che rideva durante il giorno e non dormiva durante la notte."⁶⁷ ("There was a little girl who laughed during the day and did not sleep at night.")

As Lucia grew, she became aware of her mother as "the prettiest girl in Galway" and of a skinny, nearsighted, and foppishly well-dressed father. Francini Bruni said Joyce described himself as belonging to the giraffe family and wrote that he was "agile, lean, his rigid legs like the poles of a compass, he went about with an abstracted look. In summer, he wore a Panama hat of indescribable color and old shoes; in winter a shabby overcoat with a raised fur collar."⁶⁸ His niece, Bozena Berta Schaurek, remembered that "his clothes were dramatic and careless."⁶⁹ Always he wore outlandish ties, which Lucia got to choose for him in the morning: "What a lot of ties he had."⁷⁰

Though she had no way to measure it, idiosyncrasy was the norm in her household. Her father was terrified of thunderstorms, somehow associating them with the wrath of God, and flew about the house closing windows when one threatened. His love of Ibsen drew him to a love for anything Danish, so when there was money enough for furniture, he had a local carpenter copy modern Danish chairs pictured in a magazine. He liked them so much that he had more and more of them made, like the pot that never stopped boiling, until the living room was awash with chairs. This was, of course, so that her father could rest his arms and legs on them as well as his torso when he was writing.⁷¹

Unlike the fathers of other children, her own father was usually around the house, for Joyce had given up teaching at the Berlitz School in favor of giving private lessons in his home. In the afternoons when his students came, she and Giorgio had to make themselves scarce. Nora could keep them out of the living room but couldn't keep them quiet any more than she could keep her husband and his brother quiet when they disagreed. Lucia grew up watching the discrepancies of emigrant life

11. "C'era una volta, una bella bambina
Che si chiamava Lucia.
Dormiva durante il giorno
Dormiva durante la notte
Perch non sapeva camminare.
Perch non sapeva camminare
Dormiva durante il giorno
Dormiva durante la notte."

[Once upon a time there was a beautiful little girl
Who was named Lucia.
She slept all day
She slept all night
Because she didn't know how to walk.
Because she didn't know how to walk
She slept all day
She slept all night.]

James Joyce, *Poems and Shorter Writings*, ed. Richard Ellmann, A. Walton Litz and John Whittier-Ferguson (London: Faber and Faber, 1991), 114.

12. "[S]he sang that song; that was [her] song."

James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (New York: The Viking Press, 1964), 7.

calling his powers fit him for becomes irresolute, restless, and unfitted for any other, and therefore falls a far easier prey to temptation than if he had followed his natural bent."⁸⁷ The novella ends with a priest's blessing: "for the bridegroom is Art, the actor's mighty Art, and his betrothed my foster daughter, my dear Petra. May you be happy together! I tremble to think of it; but those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. God be with you, my daughter!"⁸⁸ "And the curtain rose."⁸⁹

For the young Triestine Lucia, no debut was in sight, but for the Joyces, father and daughter, reading and writing would remain a private way to communicate. 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. One of the earliest photographs of her is of a handsome young girl, somberly dressed, who sits with downcast eyes, immersed in a book.⁹⁰ And we can reflect upon the lingering power of images encountered early in life. Can it be entirely a coincidence that one of Lucia's most beautiful and evocative dance costumes, the outfit designed for the Bal Bullier in 1929 and known to her contemporaries as the *poisson d'or* (goldfish), was a dress that turned her into a "fisher lass"?

Whatever the pleasures of having a musical, punning, limerick-writing, banister-sliding, extravagant, and indulgent father, Lucia and Giorgio's childhood also had a dark side. Hunger was a constant theme in these years, a serious one. Stanislaus remembered his five-year-old nephew snapping out at him one day, "We had no dinner today. Keep that in your head."⁹¹ Giorgio remembered later that his family had been so poor that he had been taught to sing for their supper. Beginning when he was two, he later confided to his wife, he had sung in a café whose proprietor would then give the Joyces free meals. Lucia would toddle after him, "blindly obedient to his slightest command." Before long he was entrusted with her on the evenings when Nora and James "went out carousing."⁹² By the time the Joyces moved to Zurich in 1914, this habit of leaving their children unattended while they went out in the evening was met by their children's equally insistent response—Giorgio and Lucia would yell out the window, "You are locking us up like pigs in a sty!"⁹³

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13. "At two years old he sang operatic arias to the delight of the music loving Italians. The proprietor of the café would gladly give the young couple a free meal for this treat. Lucia a quiet, chubby little blue eyed baby toddled after her big brother... Giorgio was soon left to take care of her while his mother and father went out carousing at night."

Helen Fleischman Joyce, "A Portrait of the Artist by His Daughter-in-Law," Unpublished typescript. Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin.

pale face is surrounded with furs; she is shy; she wears "quizzing glasses"; she writes with a delicate script. He catches a glimpse of a white undergarment when he watches her tobogganing with her father and another glimpse when a sudden movement catches her skirt. In helping her to button a dress, he touches her back. The impressions continue: she is Jewish; she is pale, chill, thin. "Her flesh recalls the thrill of that raw mist-veiled morning." Among the signs of her leisure-class origins—expensive clothing, cultured activities, protected upbringing, good education (after all, Joyce is her teacher)—what titillates the keeper of this secret diary seems to be a kind of innocent anticipation. The mystery lady is a virgin—unripe, but on the edge of discovering her own sensuality. Amid these glimpses of lust and of lust resisted by virtue, the writer pauses to notice that his beloved student has given a flower to Lucia; and in reverie, he unites the gift, the giver, and his daughter: "Frail are her hands that gave / whose soul is sere . . . Frail gift, frail giver, frail blueveined child."¹⁰³

In 1913 Joyce would use this observation, about a flower, a lover, and a child, as the basis for a poem, "A Flower Given to My Daughter," in a little book of verse he eventually called *Pomes Penyeach*. To a tormented and undecided father, situating himself between the heavy sensuality of his wife and the green, budding eroticism of a would-be lover, the daughter seemed in these years akin more to his lover than his wife. The poem, which speaks of a beauty symbolically passed from one generation to another, places the daughter in the unorthodox company of a cultured woman who is not her mother but whom the father nonetheless perceives to be a kindred spirit. In all of Joyce's writing there would never be a Madonna-and-child image for Nora and Lucia. Instead, he takes pleasure in comparing one delicate creature with another and he pauses, with heart-wrenching tenderness, to look at his own little girl as she must look to the "gentle eyes" of the more mature woman. She is a "wonder wild."¹⁰⁴

He paused once more in these early years of Lucia's childhood to linger over the meaning of his daughter's life, and he implicitly contrasted her to the complications of his own erotic life with Nora and with the mystery lady of his secret journal. In 1915 he wrote her another poem entitled "Simples." It begins with a quotation from an Italian popular song—"ella bionda, ei come l'onda!"¹⁰⁵ The father watches a child gather-

14. "Frail the white rose and frail are
Her hands that gave
Whose soul is sere and paler
Than time's wan wave.
Rosefrail and fair-yet frailest
A wonder wild
In gentle eyes thou veilest,
My blueveined child."

James Joyce, "A Flower Given to my Daughter," in *Poems and Shorter Writings*, 53.

15. "Of cool sweet dew and radiance mild
The moon a web of silence weaves
In the still garden where a child
Gathers the simple salad leaves.

A moondew stars her hanging hair
And Moon light kisses her young brow
And gather, she sings an air:
Fair as the wave is, fair art thou!

Be mine, I pray, a waxen ear
To shield me from her childish croon
And mine a shielded heart for her
Who gathers simples of the moon."

James Joyce, "Simples," in *The Essential James Joyce*, ed. Harry Levin (London: Granada, 1977), 455.

Lucia Joyce

Supplemental Material

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

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

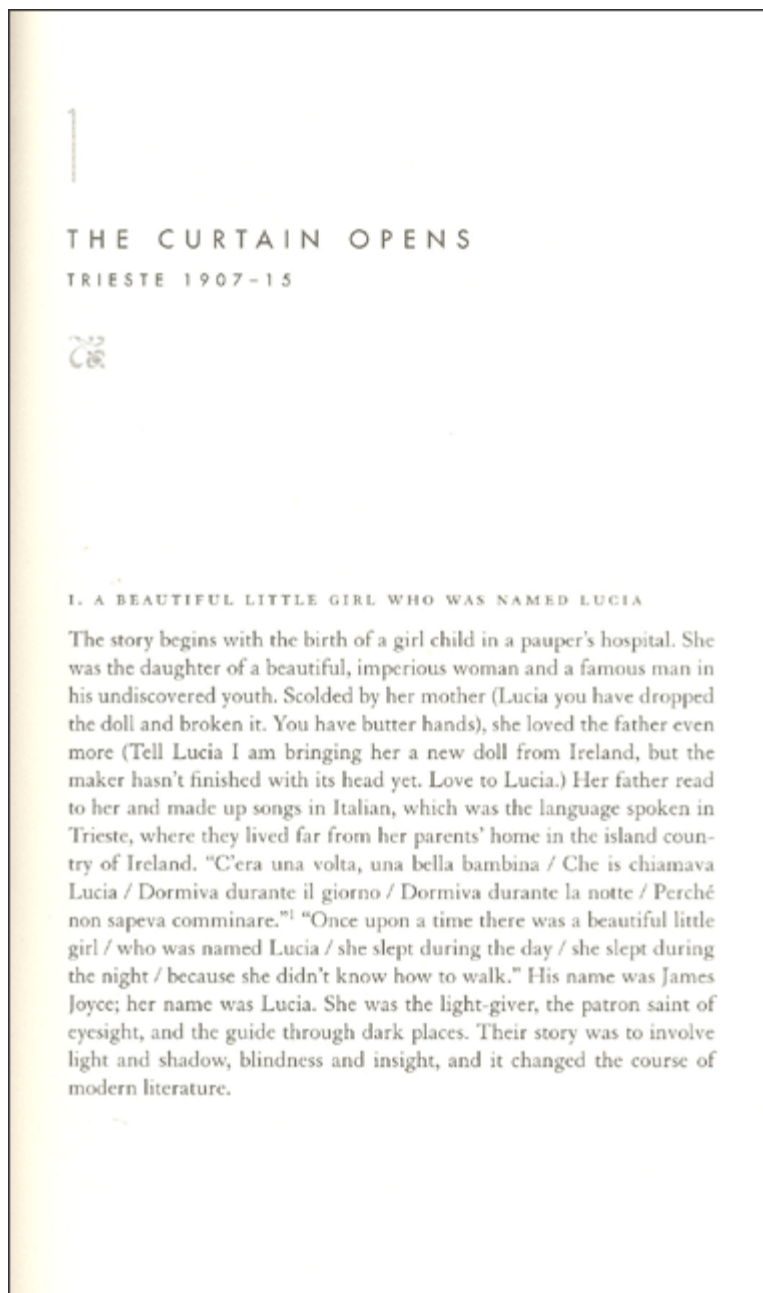
(148) Milly was a kiddy then...Happy. Happier then...Milly's tubbing night. American soap all over. Shapely too. Now photography.

(646) What other infantile memories had he of her?

15 June 1889. A querulous newborn female infant crying to cause and lessen congestion. A child renamed Padney Socks she shook with shocks her moneybox: counted his three free moneypenny buttons one, tloo, tlee: a doll, a boy, a sailor she cast away: blond, born of two dark, she had blond ancestry, remote, a violation. Her Hauptmann Hainau, Austrian army, proximate, a hallucination, lieutenant Mulvey, British navy.

What endemic characterists were present?

Conversely the nasal and frontal formation was derived in a direct line of lineage which, though interrupted, would continue at distant intervals to its most distant intervals



(647) ...Furthermore, silly Milly, she dreamed of having had an unspoken unremembered conversation with a horse whose name had been Joseph to whom (which) she had offered a tumblerful of lemonade which it (he) had appeared to have accepted (cf. hearthdreaming cat).

(647) In what way had he utilized gifts 1) an owl, 2) a clock), given as matrimonial auguries, to interest and to instruct her? As object lessons to explain: 1) the nature and habits of oviparous animals, the possibility of aerial flight, certain abnormalities of vision, the secular process of imbalsamation: 2) the principle of the pendulum, exemplified in bob, wheelgear and regulator, the translation in terms of human or social regulation of the various positions clockwise of moveable indicators on an unmoving dial...

In what manners did she reciprocate?

She remembered: on the 27th anniversary of his birth she presented to him a breakfast moustachecup of imitation crown Derby porcelain ware. She provided: at quarter day or thereabouts if or when purchases had been made by him not for her she showed herself attentive to his necessities, anticipating his desires. She admired: a natural phenomenon having been explained by him not for her she expressed the immediate desire to possess without gradual acquisition a fraction of his science, the moiety, the quarter, a thousandth part.

(694) I let him finish it in me nice invention they made for women for him to get all the pleasure but if someone gave them a touch of it themselves theyd know what I went through with Milly nobody would believe cutting her teeth too...