

Lucia Joyce

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

(FW 203. 15)

13

FALLING APART

ENGLAND AND PARIS 1935-38

C&O

54

I. THE ORGAN DOCTORS

After three weeks at Farnhame House, Lucia accepted Harriet Weaver's invitation to return to England, though she had misgivings.¹ When she later realized what she had walked into and asked her father why she had to be in London, he told her that she herself, "it seems," had asked to visit Harriet Weaver in Sussex.² But Lucia had not initiated the contact with Miss Weaver. Paul Léon and Miss Weaver had once again contrived the invitation so that Joyce could return to work on *Finnegans Wake*.

At the end of July, Léon had catalogued for Miss Weaver the sections that remained to be completed:

There is not so much to be done. The third part is practically finished. All the additions have been done on loose sheets during the four weeks of respite Mrs. Joyce was able to influence him to have after the bad state he had been in had passed and the news from Mrs. Jolas came. The first part is, as you know with the publishers. Of the second part the section of plays is finished. The greater part of the lessons has just come out in *transition*. It leaves two sections to be done—the stories (one or two of which are ready) and the going to sleep. The Epilogue could be written while the thing went through the press. In fact I should say that six months or a year at most of labour would bring the work to an end.

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

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

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

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

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

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

James Joyce to Lucia Joyce, n.d. [August] 1935. *Letters I*, 377-378.

56

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

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

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

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

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

James Joyce to Constantine Curren, 31 July 1935, *Letters I*, 378.

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

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

Joyce raged at Lucia's incarceration. Losing the equilibrium that usually characterized his letters in even the most aggravated circumstances, he wrote to Harriet Weaver in June because "Léon says I am to write this": "my daughter is in a madhouse where I hear she fell off a tree." He then listed the bills that had to be paid "immediately if not sooner"—not only for Lucia's health care but also for that of Giorgio, who had undergone thyroid surgery for his own emotional imbalance.⁵² He broke off relations with Maria Jolas. As Léon could see, the subject of Lucia had become a landmine, or, as he put it, it was like running "against some hidden cliff."⁵³ Years later Richard Ellmann learned that Eileen Schaurek also "blamed Mme Jolas for persuading Joyce to put [Lucia] in an asylum."⁵⁴ In November Maria Jolas left for the United States, the breach with the Joyces still unended.

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

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

James Joyce to Harriet Shaw Weaver, 9 June 1936, Unpublished letter, RE Papers.

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

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

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

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

58. "Mr. Joyce did not like to leave Paris as he was always most punctilious about his visits to his daughter. He always went out directly after lunch every Sunday afternoon. I never accompanied him," she said, "but from his description of what went on I could form a vivid and very tragic picture."

Helen Fleischman Joyce, "A Portrait of the Artist by His Daughter-in-Law," HRC.

59. "He would wait for her in the little parlor of the sanitarium. From my knowledge of French salons...I can picture the scene. The small dark, overcrowded salon, the thin, dark-haired girl and the slender man with the thick glasses. She would greet him as a rule with pleasure. He would always bring her some gift, candy or fruit or sometimes a present of some sort, once a wristwatch, I remember. They would talk for awhile. She would ask about her mother and about Giorgio and me and Stephen. Then he or she would sit down at the piano and play and they would both sing. Sometimes they would dance together, and this to me is a terrible and fantastic picture. Babbo would tell us that they would dance with wild abandon together. Then would come the time when he had to go and a nurse would come to lead Lucia away. Babbo would return in the taxi, which he had kept waiting...in a state of complete exhaustion, near collapse. At dinner that evening at Fouquets he would tell us of the visit, eating almost nothing and drinking his usual succession of bottles of Swiss wine."

Helen Fleischman Joyce, "A Portrait of the Artist by His Daughter-in-Law," HRC.

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

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

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

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

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

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

James Joyce to Helen Fleischman Joyce, 6 April 1938, Letters III, 419.

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

1. "From this point in time, from the death of her father, James Joyce, Lucia would live with an unread mind."

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.

1

V. "HE'S WATCHING US ALL THE TIME"

Lucia passed the remainder of World War II in the *zone rouge*, in Dr. Delmas's clinic in Pornichet. How Delmas managed to keep his patients from the fate of the many handicapped people who died at the hands of Nazi eugenicists is a secret that went to the grave with him and with the other administrators of the various *maisons de santé* of occupied France. Perhaps the war's extremity and territorial violence created other priorities for the Germans. In August 1940 Hitler began the Battle of Britain; at the beginning of September began the remorseless bombing of London; on 8 October 1940, his troops entered Romania; in March 1941 they invaded Yugoslavia and Greece. Perhaps we can explain Lucia's survival by the inherent unwieldiness of bureaucracies or by the lack in France of an administrative structure for "liquidating" the handicapped.

What explains the last-minute cancellation of her exit visa from France? There is no answer to this question, although several administrative changes within occupied France might have had an indirect bearing on her case. On 27 September 1940, Hitler instituted a formal ordinance against all French Jews. Perhaps Lucia, like her father, had been mistakenly identified as Jewish. On 5 October, the German police arrested three hundred Communist protesters; and during November in Paris, on the Champs-Élysées, French students increasingly protested the occupation. These protests could have evoked tighter restrictions on the movements of private citizens within German-held territory. Perhaps she was held back simply because she had a British passport at a time of war between Germany and Great Britain. The answers to all these questions are shrouded by a silence as resonant and as deep as that which surrounded Lucia after January 1941.

Although Giorgio eventually wrote to her, Lucia learned of her father's death accidentally by reading about it in a newspaper. In England Harriet Weaver heard the news in a radio broadcast.⁶⁶ By means of these haphazard public communications, the two women, once so disastrously

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The Notebook Observations; the Early Drafts¹

1939

VI.B.44.066 ⊥ (facing left)

Early October 1938

VI.B.47.005

VI.B.47.006

VI.B.47.008

VI.B.47.0111 s

VI.B.47.015

VI.B.47.017

VI.B.47.025

VI.B.47.029

VI.B.47.040

VI.B.47.040

VI.B.47.041

VI.B.47.046

VI.B.47.048

VI.B.47.057

VI.B.47.066

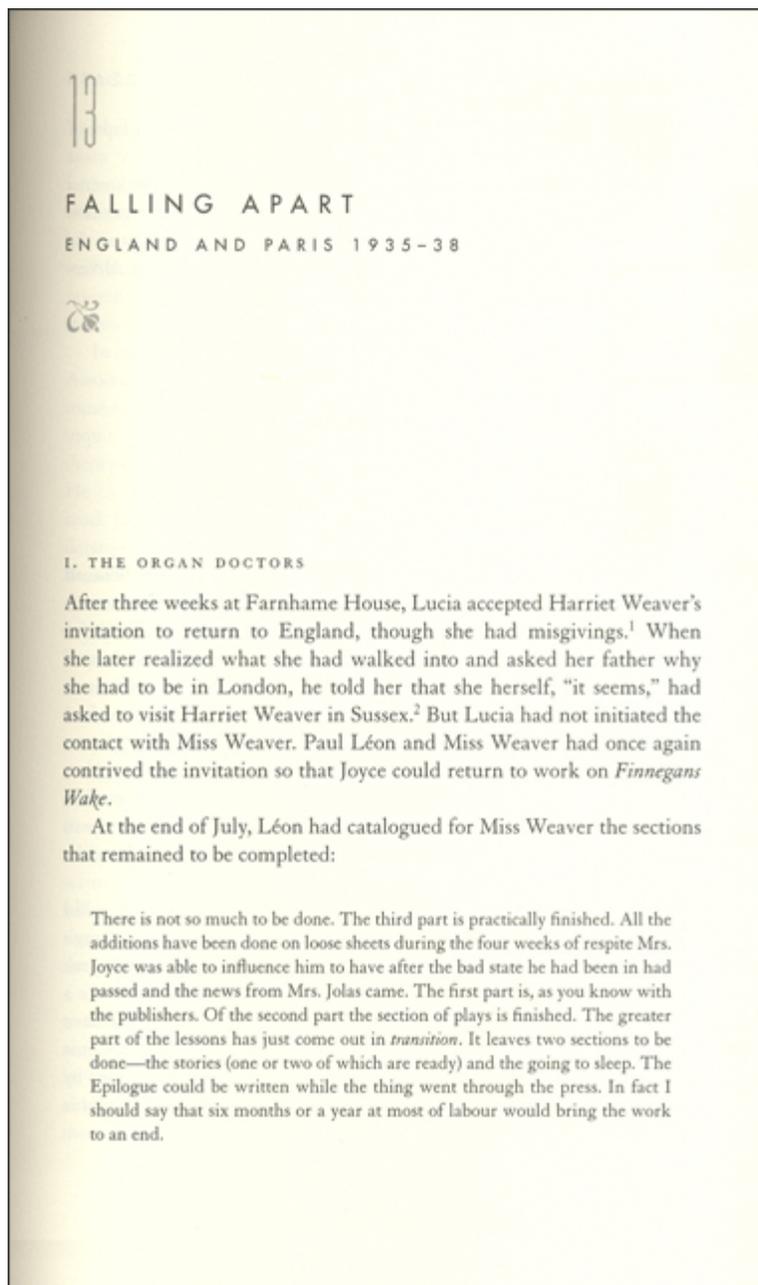
VI.B.47.068

VI.B.47.073

VI.B.47.081

VI.B.47.086

VI.B.47.090



1938

IV, f "Ending" (MS 47488, 119-120, 126-127; FW 619/20-628)

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

As Joyce moved from observations of Lucia to the final construction of *Finnegans Wake*, he went through numerous drafts. Following these drafts lets us see, in a way that is rarely available to scholars, the transposition of life into art. As Joyce progressed from watching his adolescent daughter, he joined her, in his imagination, with the situation of other young women entering into life for the first time. He shows them learning about the nature of human intimacy, the anatomy of sex, the secrecy, suspicions and possibilities for betrayal that can accompany sex, and the complexities and ambiguities of human emotional attachments. Of particular interest to me, was Joyce's propensity to align Lucia with "triangles" and with close brother-sister relationships in history and literature. That is, one of his basic instincts led him to figure her as (for example) Isolde in the the story of Tristan, King Mark and Isolde, where, interestingly, the triangle is transposed to Shaun, Earwicker and Issy, that is, to the Wakean characters associated, in familial terms, with Giorgio, Joyce and Lucia. This triangular pattern and the brother-sister attachment pattern are insistent in Joyce's notebooks, in his drafts and in the final version of *Finnegans Wake*. The triangular pattern is also insistent in my biography of Lucia, as published, but, with the addition of this notebook and draft evidence, the assertion of these heavily weighted familial relationships is even more compelling than in the published version made available to scholars and reviewers. In fact, given the consistency of Joyce's evidence, a biographer would have been irresponsible to create a narrative without these emotional constellations.

Here you will find an additional infrastructure for my biography, given in the form of citations from the notebooks, for scholars who are interested in tracing most of Joyce's observations of the Lucia/Issy character. Also included are several examples of the transformational use of such material that I did not include in the final version of the book; that is, in the published book, I used only material from *Finnegans Wake* and not the genetic material leading up to it, the material that shows Joyce's chronological observation of Lucia and his transformational use of it.

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61. "arms appeal with larms, appalling, Killykillkilly: a toll, a toll."

(FW 4. 7-8)



FACING DANGER

OCCUPIED FRANCE 1939-45



61

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

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

Did he reconsider his wistful prophecy to Jacques Mercanton—that

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

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

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

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

Helen Fleischman Joyce, "A Portrait of the Artist by His Daughter-in-Law," HRC.

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

(*FW* 4. 7-8)

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

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

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

64. "mais je suppose que les autorites occupants accorderaient sans difficulte la permission pour le transfert d'une maladesi je pourrais l'arranger" [I supposed that there will be no difficulty with the occupying authorities granting permission.]

James Joyce to Carola Giedion-Welcker, 28 July 1940, *Letters III*, 414.

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[From Lucia's Dreams](#)

65. "Isolade, Liv's lonely daughter."
(FW 289.28-29)

15

KILLING TIME

NORTHAMPTON 1951-82



65

I. MOVING TO ENGLAND

In 1951 Dr. Delmas died. As Harriet Weaver brooded about this development, wondering if the clinic at Ivry was keeping Lucia for primarily financial reasons, Maria Jolas went out to see Dr. Delmas's successors. To them Lucia seemed unchanged: she would experience long periods of quietness and then have unexpected and violent rages. If she broke anything or attacked anyone, she was placed in a straitjacket—by now the *camisole de force* was as familiar to her as a slip or stockings. It was their judgment that these alternations of mood were associated with a hormone imbalance that would not diminish until she ceased to menstruate. As part of a reorganization plan, the doctors at Ivry wanted to move some of their long-term patients—Lucia among them—to the French provinces.

Looking at the configuration of the Joyce family from across the channel, Harriet Weaver weighed the pros and cons of this move. By this time, Nora Joyce, still in Zurich, was mortally ill. She had spent the last several years badly crippled from arthritis. Giorgio, never far from her side, considered that the cortisone given as part of her treatment was hastening her end.¹ His mother's suffering had propelled him, for the time being, to stop drinking, but he wanted nothing more to do with his sister. Whatever the troubled secrets of their youth together—the experiences

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The Dream Sequences

1. In an undated notebook, preserved in the Stuart Gilbert Papers (Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas at Austin), Lucia kept track of her dreams while she was at Northampton. She observed simply, "I told my dreams to Miss Harmer every morning and now I am going to try to write them down." Collectively they reveal the people who remained significant in memory along with a consistent and reiterated sense of danger and loss. Giorgio, Emil Fernandez and his cousin Roger Bickert populated her dreams, as did Samuel Beckett, Alec Ponisovsky, and her best friend, Kitten Neel. Her dance teachers appeared to her, as did experiences of music, dance, theater and ballet. In the world of sleep, what she loved vied with anxiety: she dreamed repeatedly of her father's death, of being lost, of being run over, of falling and of people disappearing. She recorded dream images of being in hotel rooms with men, of drinking "medicated milk," of a child in association with Roger Bickert, of being in a small room with Dr. Bertrand-Fontaine, and of losing a dog.

From Lucia Joyce. "My Dreams," Unpublished manuscript. Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin.

Harriet Weaver told Lucia of her mother's death, on 10 April 1951. Miss Weaver observed Lucia's birthdays, arranged spending money and a clothing allowance, and saw to it that royalties from Joyce's books were invested so that she could continue to live with the small decencies that St. Andrew's allowed. When her own health began to fail, she arranged for Lucia's guardianship to be assumed by her godchild, Jane Lidderdale. Giorgio visited Lucia in England only once, in 1967, when he and his new wife, Asta Jahnke-Osterwalder, a German ophthalmologist, were returning from a Joyce conference in Dublin. They stayed long enough to complain about Lucia's duties in the routine of the hospital, not understanding their therapeutic purpose.⁴ Various Joyce scholars and relatives visited her; people wrote letters. Alexander Calder and Samuel Beckett both remained loyal friends in their own ways.

II. FREEING LUCIA?

In 1959, just before publication of his biography of James Joyce, Richard Ellmann wrote to Maria Jolas to tell her that Frances Steloff, who was giving him a book party at her bookshop in New York, was "full of a notion of getting Lucia out of Saint Andrew's and giving her a job at the Gotham Book Mart. I gather she tried to discuss this with you and that you were, perhaps fortunately, out of town."⁵ He wrote confidently about Lucia as an "incurable" person, which elicited from Jolas the comment that Frances Steloff was herself "[b]orderline."⁶

Nothing came of this proposal, but Steloff was the first person, aside from James Joyce himself, to question the inevitability of Lucia's incarceration and to raise, if only implicitly, the question of her leaving Northampton to live a more normal life. Sometimes Lucia seemed to want ecstasy—when she said she wanted to become a mountaineer who could scale great peaks. Sometimes she wanted simple and quiet pleasures: a house with a garden, a dog, a chance to be around children instead of cooped up with sick women. Always she wanted close personal companionship, and she had an undying preoccupation with marriage partners.⁷

Frances Steloff's gesture toward giving Lucia a place in the world showed not only that she saw her as a complete and sentient being

"I was in an old fashioned hotel with my mother and father so I decided to go to the cinema by myself so I went in a bus or tram and it was a small cinema. I got myself an ice cream then I talked in German to a taxi driver and I did not remember the name of the hotel in which my parents were. Then I was run over by a train. It was a place I did not know at all."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin.

"I dreamt I was...with a piano teacher a woman. I could see her very clearly. Then there was my father. He looked very well but he did not seem to know what to do. Then I was in France and did not like it at all. I insulted everybody but I was sorry afterwards."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt I went to a shoe shop in Zurich and lost my nice scarf so they gave me another one."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt my brother was in a little shop having tea but the tea had a taste of ink. They had all sorts of sweets in the shop then two young men came in. Then I dreamed the table was messy. My brother gave me some sweets and cakes then we had tea in a nice flat where there was some [indecipherable] so I went away to a place where I could see the Eiffel tower. Then I asked for a taxi to go home but at first they said they could not get me one. They were rather angry then they did get me one in the end and told me that my father had died."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt I was having a piano lesson and I arrived _ of an hour late. My teacher had some chocolates which she offered me. Then there was a boy somewhere and I had some writing paper and envelopes and a pencil."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt of my father and brother and of Emile Fernandez. He was in his house and there were a lot of people about. I had to wash dishes but I did not do it. I ran away. Emile said he would buy me a coat as the one I had was getting shabby. I can remember quite well what happened. We went upstairs and there was a sort of hole and I nearly fell down."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt of a child and then I was looking for Roger Bickert but did not find him."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt I was in a theater. It looked like the Trocadero and my mother was there. It was very crowded. Then there was a ballet performance. I had a bag which did not close very well and my things kept on falling out. I had a camera and some money. My parents disappeared and I was waiting for them to come back. Then I had two lovely big apples which I wanted to give to my brother. My sister-in-law was also there and when I asked her for money, she refused to give it to me."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt that a young Jewish man was in love with me and he had a very nice shop of glass bottles and crystal things. I was in a corner in a lovely bed with a red velvet cover."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt of when I was...in France near the Bois de Vincennes."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt of a child and then I was looking for Roger Bickert but did not find him."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt of Helene Vanel and the dance and...I had...all sorts of thoughts."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt...that Miss Neel was married to an Irish man who wrote a letter to somebody mentioning me. It was in France and there were a lot of French people."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt I was with a lot of rich people. We went to a sort of conference or concert and I asked if I could sing...We went by ambulance, a German one, then I found my father and kissed him with much love also mother I kissed her and was happy we were in a bus or train. There was another bus coming near us. I also talked about Helene Vanel and Lois Hutton."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt of Mr. Beckett and Mr. Leon. He was going away somewhere. Then my shoes had a big hole, so I ordered some shoes and slippers."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt I went all naked to a very nice hotel where there was a very nice young man. Then I was in a chemistry shop and had some medicated milk. They told me my father was dying."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt I was eating cherrys [sic]. Then I was in love and was going to become a mother. There were a few French girls there. They were very slim and young. Then I went to buy a paper Le Figaro...then there was Mrs. Neel and Mr. Leon."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt...about dogs and Alec. Then I had a little white puppy dog and I had to feed him but I lost him. There was also another puppy dog like a bull dog."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt of Madame Fontaine our doctor. She took me to her home and I had a lot to eat. There was a very big strong man. Then I went in a very small room where I could hardly move about. Then there was an Englishman who wanted to talk to me."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt...Nurse Wainwright put a camisole de force on me. As she was sewing it up I could not take it so she gave me another pair of socks...she had a black veil over her face and I asked her if I could have it to wear. The houses were moving up and down like in an earthquake. I could not put my camisole on."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt I was with a lot of nice nurses....as I was ill...I had a nice little doll which belonged to one of the nurses."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"I dreamt I was going to America with Mr. Leon and Helen. Then I passed through Dublin and stopped there. There were a lot of people about and I asked a girl about Mr. Beckett and other people and friends. ...I did not want to go to America as I was afraid of the journey so I thought I would stay in Dublin. I went to a tea room in Dublin and asked for money. They gave it to me. Then there was a young man there. I asked him if he liked me and he said rather."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

"Dear Baby, Please come to fetch me. I want to be in Ireland with you. My father is in Heaven, also my mother and I miss them very much."

Lucia Joyce to Bozena Delimata, 7 May 1973. Unpublished letter, Stuart Gilbert Papers, HRC.

Dear Baby, I have written to Dr. Banner to ask him if I could go to see you in Bray....It is no use going to Church. It does not make things better."

Lucia Joyce to Bozena Delimata, 13 January 1974. Unpublished letter, Stuart Gilbert Papers, HRC.

"I dreamt I was sitting in a Garden of St. Andrews Hospital and a little pretty white Butterfly came up to me but I squeezed it with my fingers of my left hand I think. What became of it? God knows it was so small you could hardly see it."

Lucia Joyce, "My Dreams." Unpublished manuscript. HRC.

Lucia Joyce

Supplemental Material

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

(FW 460. 18-20)

16

A FATHER'S SCRUTINY, LOVE,
AND ATONEMENT
THE LAND OF IMAGINATION

28

66

I. A LETTER WRITTEN TO LUCIA

In 1983, shortly after Lucia's death, Kay Boyle received a letter from Jane Lidderdale asking her if she or any of her contemporaries had noticed signs in Lucia of what came to be called madness. Had they noticed anything before her parents had been forced to do so? Boyle remembered Lucia's intense and complicated feelings. On the one hand, she had resented her father, and on the other, she had defended him ardently as a writer whose talent was as great as Rabelais's. Lucia had had obsessive emotions but nothing that could be considered deranged. "What a book could be written," she mused, "about [Lucia's] anguish!"¹

Boyle had known Lucia during Lucia's dancing years, when the attention paid to Joyce had made Lucia feel intensely competitive. Eileen Schaurek distinctly remembered her young niece's driving ambition to be noticed in the newspapers before her father was.² Although Lucia retained her ambitions for many years, they were eventually complicated by an unexpected seduction. Unlike her mother, she entered into the novelty of her father's mind, especially as she came to realize that she herself was a subject of considerable interest to him. She grew up in tandem with a book in which she figured, moving from the position of amanuensis—copying out the *Wake's* foreign word forms, which were "cinese" to her, to understanding that her father transposed the events of her life into these

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

What Joyce saw broke his heart. He watched as Lucia turned from provocative pubescent girl—"dadad's lottiest daughterpearl" (*FW* 561.15), his "Lucylight," his "subtle and barbaric" madcap, high-stepping daughter—into someone who was "unmerried" (*FW* 226.18) and then ditched. In the text written in 1928¹⁶ the narrator, who speaks in the voice of the father, merely issues warnings: "I'll have no college swankies . . . trespassing on your danger zone in the dancer years" (*FW* 438.32, 439.02–03). I don't want any college graduates messing around with you while you're still a dancer. **67**

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

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

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

67. ...Once

And for all, I'll have no college swankies (you see, I am well
Voiced in love's arsenal and all its overtures from collion
boys
To colleen bawns so I have every reason to know that
rogues'
Gallery of nightbirds and bitchfanciers, lucky duffs and light
Lindsays, haughty hamiltons and gay gordons, dosed,
doctored
And otherwise, messing around skirts and what their fickling
intentions
Look like, you make up your mind to that) trespassing
On your danger zone in the dancer years."

(*FW* 438.31-439.03)

EPILOGUE
A DAUGHTER'S LEGACY



68

I. THE GENERATIONS OF LUCIA JOYCE

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

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

68. "The river of lives, the regenerations of the incarnations."
(FW 592.08-09)