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THE WORKSHOP
OF DAEDALUS





The Workshop of Daedalus

JAMES JOYCE
AND THE RAW
MATERIALS FOR

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

*collected and edited by ROBERT SCHOLLES
and RICHARD M. KAIN*

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“ . . .THE ARTIST FORGING ANEW IN HIS
WORKSHOP OUT OF THE SLUGGISH
MATTER OF THE EARTH A NEW SOARING
IMPALPABLE IMPERISHABLE BEING.”

A PORTRAIT, (196/169)

LIST OF SHORT TITLES

1. WORKS BY JAMES JOYCE

- D DUBLINERS (*Double page references have been used throughout. In all cases the first refers to the first American edition, and will work for all American printings up through the Modern Library Editions. The second refers to the current Viking Compass paperback.*)
- P A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN (*Page references are, in order, to the first American edition, which will work for all American printings up through the Modern Library Editions; and to the new, definitive text edited for the Viking Press by Chester Anderson, which will work for future Viking Compass Editions based on this text.*)
- U ULYSSES (*Page references are, in order, to the Random House and Modern Library Editions through 1960; and to the revised Modern Library Edition of 1961 and after.*)
- SH STEPHEN HERO (*New Directions, augmented text, 1963*)
- CW CRITICAL WRITINGS OF JAMES JOYCE (*eds. Ellmann and Mason, Viking Press, 1959, and Viking Compass paperback.*)

2. WORKS BY STANISLAUS JOYCE

- DD THE DUBLIN DIARY OF STANISLAUS JOYCE, *ed. G. H. Healey* (Ithaca, 1962)
- MBK MY BROTHER'S KEEPER (*New York, 1958*)

3. OTHER WORKS

- Gorman Herbert Gorman, JAMES JOYCE (*New York, 1939*)
- JJ Richard Ellmann, JAMES JOYCE (*New York, 1959*)
- Slocum-Cahoon A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF JAMES JOYCE (*New York, 1953*)

Introduction

We hear sometimes, often in prefaces to the most unreadable books, that such works are not designed for the specialist but for the average educated reader. This book has been put together in the belief that where Joyce is concerned terms like these are irrelevant. The literary world is not made up of specialists and educated laymen, but of Joyceans and non-Joyceans. Among the Joyceans are some professionals, students and teachers of literature, and many amateurs who have been "caught"—in some way—by Joyce. We know of people in advertising, in government work, and in such "un-literary" academic disciplines as geology, who have been caught. This book is for them as well as for the students and teachers of Joyce. For the average reader with no special interest in Joyce—it is not.

In reading *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* our interest is drawn, because of the very nature of the book, in two quite different directions. This duality of Joyce's novel is implicit in the conception of the book and in the title which Joyce gave to it. It is to some extent a self-portrait, and to some extent impersonal, a portrait of the artist in general. As a result, external materials of two sorts become especially relevant to the internal world of the novel itself. These are the personal materials of Joyce's life, and the general materials dealing with literary art which were available to him. Joyce's novel can be experienced by the reader as a self-contained entity, without reference to external materials, but Joyce's art is to a considerable extent a learned, a humanistic art, which rewards the reader in proportion to the outside knowledge and learning he can bring to that art. In this book the editors have attempted to provide for the reader, in one volume, such personal and general materials as will enrich and enhance his understanding and appreciation of Joyce's novel.

These materials are presented in groups, according to their nature and their relevance to *A Portrait*. In Part I, we have collected manuscript materials which throw light on the development of Joyce's artistic theory and practice as he worked toward his finished novel. These materials should be read in conjunction not only with *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait* but with the essays, broadsides, and reviews in

Critical Writings. Such items in that collection as "The Holy Office" and "Drama and Life" are workshop materials too, in a way, and should not be ignored. In Part II, we have drawn together biographical materials which present a composite portrait of Joyce as a young man, living through the experiences on which he based his novel. We have concentrated here on eyewitness, primary sources rather than reconstructed biographical data, in an attempt to catch the image of Joyce as he lived, as he seemed to those who saw him. In Part III, we have included such external, literary materials as fed Joyce's conception of poetry, the poet, and the poem, influencing the presentation of poetic theory and practice in *A Portrait* and the whole view of the nature of The Poet which underlies and informs Joyce's work.

It is possible to claim too much usefulness for a collection of materials such as this, and that sort of claim should be avoided. Yet this collection is something of a special case, and these materials do have some special interest. We are dealing with a most artfully constructed work by a great literary artist. For few works of comparable stature do we have anything like this array of materials. Very seldom are we allowed such a glimpse into the creative process. Even so, these materials are intended to be of more than esthetic interest. We are inevitably concerned, when studying any great artist, with his mind as well as his art. In the case of Joyce, who cultivated "the enigma of a manner," the mind of the artist is not easy of access. But in the workshop we can see the mind unmasked, intent upon its work. We can even observe the fabrication of the protective manner itself. For those who wish to understand Joyce and are not content merely to explicate his works, materials such as these are indispensable. And though no attempt is made in these pages to establish any single "reading" of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, the editors believe that knowledge of the materials presented here might have altered or forestalled some of the more extreme readings which have been advanced in recent years.

In dealing with these materials the editors have provided notes leading in two directions. Wherever possible Joyce's notes, anecdotes, and allusions have been traced back to their original sources—in life or literature—and forward to their ultimate use by Joyce in *Stephen Hero*, *A Portrait*, or *Ulysses*. An editor, in performing this kind of

harmless drudgery, often learns more than he has bargained for and is tempted to set up as critic. In the present case the temptation to go beyond the functions of selection and explanation has usually been resisted. But one inescapable conclusion derived from these labors demands a statement. It becomes increasingly apparent that Joyce had either an actual or a literary source in mind for almost every passage in *A Portrait*. This novel was deliberately designed so that upon the basic autobiographical events of Joyce's life could be imposed a superstructure of materials relating to other literary artists. Stephen's echoes of Pater and D'Annunzio, Flaubert and Shelley, for example, serve in some respects to attenuate his resemblance to James Joyce and to emphasize his relationship with these other writers. If the title of the novel implies that it is both a self-portrait of the author and a portrait of the artist in general, then Joyce's practice of putting phrases from Flaubert and Shelley and cadences from Pater and D'Annunzio into Stephen's speech or thought is an aspect of his desire to relate the general, symbolic, and mythic materials of literature to the specific, literal, and naturalistic elements of life.

In the course of collaboration both editors have contributed to each Part of this book, but the primary and ultimate responsibility for Parts I and III has been borne by Robert Scholes, and that for Part II by Richard M. Kain. The editors have spared no pains in an attempt to achieve completeness and accuracy, aiming at a perfection which human fallibility makes all too unattainable. From those readers whom Dr. Johnson on a similar occasion termed "candid" we ask not only mercy but correction. Send the appropriate editor your criticism and advice, and he will put it to the best possible use. The help of three such candid critics has already resulted in countless improvements and corrections and is hereby gratefully acknowledged: Richard Ellmann, Robert M. Adams, and Vivian Mercier. Any manuscript read by these three is thrice-blessed. The editors also wish to thank O. A. Silverman of the University of Buffalo and A. Walton Litz of Princeton for their cooperation and assistance in bringing together these materials, and Miss Anne Munro-Kerr of the Society of Authors, London, for approving of this project on behalf of the estate of James Joyce. For financial assistance with this project we wish to express our gratitude to the American Philosophical Society and the University of Virginia Research Grants Committee. Robert Scholes wishes to thank person-

ally Professors Sale, Mizener, and Healey of Cornell, who first directed his attention to the riches of the Cornell Joyce Collection. Realizing the impossibility of mentioning the many friends who have aided him in the past, Richard Kain remembers with particular gratitude the assistance of Constantine Curran in Dublin, who provided some much-needed biographical data and generously permitted the reprinting of his recollections and his essay on the old buildings of University College. And, finally, both editors wish to express their strong feeling that one of the great pleasures in working on Joyce is the awareness that such work brings of a real community of scholarship, made up of men of intelligence and good will, working toward the common goal of understanding as fully as possible one of the giants of literature. To that end, and this community, these labors are humbly dedicated.

R. S.
Madison, Wis.
2 Feb. 1964
R. M. K.
Louisville, Ky.
16 June 1964

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PART I
MANUSCRIPT MATERIALS



Section I

The Epiphanies

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Joyce mentions his Epiphanies in his letters and in his plan for *Stephen Hero*, but the only definition of the form we have is that of Stephen Daedalus: "a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself" (*SH* 211). The forty Epiphanies collected here represent all Joyce's works in this form which have been found to date. To call the Epiphany a "form" is perhaps to dignify it beyond Joyce's intention, since Stephen believed that "it was for the man of letters to record these Epiphanies with extreme care," indicating that this was not a matter of artistic creation but only of apprehension and recording—to be done not by an artist, necessarily, but by "the man of letters." Still there are signs that Joyce was not satisfied with mere recording, with observations such as any writer might record in a journal; rather, he seems to have attempted to give shape to the shapeless and substance to the apparently insubstantial in his Epiphanies. Later he turned to more ordinary devices, such as the alphabetical notebook (Part I, Section 6 below), and to mere scraps of paper on which he wrote down bits of conversation or phrases that came to his mind, which found their way into *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*. But he treated his early Epiphanies reverently, as befitted their "spiritual" properties—with a reverence that he later mocked through the retrospective interior monologue of Stephen Dedalus in *Ulysses*: "Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years. . . ." (*U* 41/40).

The Epiphanies which have been preserved fall readily into two classes, which correspond, in many respects, to the two facets of Stephen Daedalus' definition in *SH*. In one kind the mind of the writer is most important. These Epiphanies, which may be called narrative (though a case might be made for calling some of them lyric) present for the most part "memorable phases" of Joyce's mind

—as he observes, reminisces, or dreams. The Epiphanies of the second kind, which may be called dramatic, dispense with the narrator and focus more on “vulgarity of speech or of gesture.” The distinction between the two kinds of Epiphany clearly reflects Joyce’s early vision of himself in the world, and his counterpart Stephen in his world: the mind of the artist is “memorable,” his companions and environment “vulgar.” The conflict between the artist and his crass environment is at the root of the three versions of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* which Joyce wrote. He quickly outgrew the easy contrast between heroic artist and mean environment, and his view of this conflict grew complex enough in the final version so that critics can now argue as to whether the portrait of Stephen is finally ironic or romantic, hostile or sympathetic. But the early concept of the Epiphany seems to reserve, by definition, the sympathy for the artist’s mind and the hostility for the surrounding world.

The relationship to Joyce’s art of this term “epiphany,” and of the actual Epiphanies which he recorded, has posed some difficult problems. The term has been applied, to *Dubliners* in particular, as if it referred to a principle of art according to which each story in the collection was constructed. If criticism finds the term useful in this sense, critics will no doubt continue to employ it; but they should do so in full awareness that they are using the term quite differently from the way Joyce himself used it. For him it had reference to life only, not to art. An Epiphany was life observed, caught in a kind of camera eye which reproduced a significant moment without comment. An Epiphany could not be constructed, only recorded. But such moments, once recorded, could be placed in an artistic framework and used to enrich with reality a fictional narrative. It is possible that a few Epiphanies were actually so used in *Dubliners*, but up to now not one known Epiphany has been discovered in that collection of stories.

A discovery made recently by Peter Spielberg in his work of cataloguing the Joyce papers at the University of Buffalo enables us to reconstruct with considerable certainty the way in which Joyce actually used his Epiphanies. There are twenty-two of them in manuscript at Buffalo. Mr. Spielberg noticed that on the versos of these twenty-two sheets of paper were numbers, ranging from 1 to 71. If we arrange the Epiphanies according to the sequence of these numbers, they fall into an orderly pattern which represents a sort of compromise between

their dates in Joyce's life and their employment in his autobiographical fiction. The handwriting in these numbers has not been positively identified, but this editor wishes to advance here the hypothesis that the numbers were written either by Joyce or at his direction; that they give us a good indication of the total number of Epiphanies that must have been written; and that they provide us with one meaningful order in which these materials were arranged by James Joyce.

We know how Joyce, with the help of his brother Stanislaus, tried out several meaningful arrangements of the poems in *Chamber Music*. It is likely that he treated the Epiphanies in the same way. We know that he intended, as soon as he began outlining *Stephen Hero*, to employ his Epiphanies in that work, and that he actually used many of them. That the numbers on the Buffalo leaves go as high as (71), with no. (65) datable precisely to 11 April 1903, indicates that the total number was in the seventies, or possibly somewhat higher. Once he had started on *Stephen Hero* in January 1904, beginning the conversion of his raw materials to a finished form, Joyce probably recorded few, if any, Epiphanies. Most of them seem to be the work of the years 1900 to 1903. By the end of 1902 they had attained the status of a manuscript collection, to be passed around to admiring friends or shown to literary figures such as George Russell, who had been given a set before Joyce left for Paris. The whole group should probably be thought of as a realistic, prose antithesis of the elegant verses of *Chamber Music*. In a poem like "I hear an army" (no. 36 of *Chamber Music*), which was based on a dream and written in early 1903, and in which the verse is much freer than the pseudo-Elizabethan of the other early poems, we can see Joyce effecting a reconciliation of the hitherto different forms of Epiphany and song. The dream-epiphanies which date from around this period take the form of a kind of prose poem not very different from the loose verse of this last poem in *Chamber Music*. In such reconciliation of his opposed urges to reproduce the actual and to create the beautiful lies much of the strength of Joyce's mature art.

The status of the Epiphanies in 1903 is revealed to us in a letter Joyce wrote to his brother from Paris on 20 March of that year. He noted that he had written fifteen new Epiphanies: twelve for insertion, three for addition. From this it is apparent that the Epiphanies existed already in a basic arrangement, which could be modified by addition

as well as insertion. They were not merely collected in the order of their composition but were arranged in a meaningful progression. Later, in using the Epiphanies for *Stephen Hero*, Joyce undoubtedly made some departures from this arrangement, but the numbers which have been preserved indicate that he followed it quite closely. No doubt the Epiphanies were rearranged and renumbered often, and the numbers we have here indicate only one such arrangement; but it must have been a late one, since it went so high as (71), and it must have been very close to the arrangement used by Joyce as part of the plan for *Stephen Hero*. We do not have the first 476 manuscript pages of that work and thus cannot check on the early employment of the Epiphanies in it, but Epiphany no. (1), which must have been the first used in *Stephen Hero*, appears on p. 2 of *A Portrait*. When Joyce had arranged his seventy-some Epiphanies, he had before him an excellent supplement to his outline for *Stephen Hero* (extant fragments of which appear in Part I, Section 3 below). These Epiphanies became his principal building blocks for the novel.

The eighteen additional Epiphanies at Cornell are not from that numbered set represented by the twenty-two at Buffalo, but it is not hard to assign them to likely places in the ordered arrangement. This has been done here, so that these forty Epiphanies reflect as accurately as possible that original arrangement of seventy-one or more which Joyce had before him as he began to turn his essay "A Portrait of the Artist" (I, 3 below) into *Stephen Hero*. In reading through them in this order, we can see Joyce's novel taking shape. The twenty-two Epiphanies at Buffalo are smooth copies on separate leaves in Joyce's hand. Those at Cornell, except for the one on Oliver Gogarty (no. 40 below, which is a Joycean rough draft), are from Stanislaus Joyce's commonplace book, which he has called "Selections in Prose from Various Authors." There, among the writings of Blake, Samuel Johnson, and others, are twenty-four Epiphanies of "Jas. A. Joyce." Seventeen of these are different from those at Buffalo. In the text that follows, the location of the manuscript is given in the note to each Epiphany. Where the same Epiphany is in manuscript at Buffalo and Cornell, the text of James Joyce at Buffalo has been followed. (There are no important variations between the Buffalo and Cornell texts.) Two somewhat opposed but very instructive views of the Epiphany

(by Oliver Gogarty and Stanislaus Joyce) are reprinted here as material prefatory to the Epiphanies themselves.

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY
ON JOYCE'S EPIPHANIES¹

Who can measure how great was [the theater's] loss when Lady Gregory gave him the cold shoulder? . . . So Ulysses had to strike out for himself. Dublin's Dante had to find a way out of his own Inferno. But he had lost the key. James Augustine Joyce slipped politely from the snug with an "Excuse me!"

"Whist! He's gone to put it all down!"

"Put what down?"

"Put us down. A chiel's among us takin' notes. And, faith, he'll print it."

Now, that was a new aspect of James Augustine. I was too unsophisticated to know that even outside Lady Gregory's presence, notes made of those contemporary with the growing "Movement" would have a sale value later on, and even an historical interest. . . .

I was trying to recall what spark had been struck or what "folk phrase" Joyce had culled from Ellwood or me that sent him out to make his secret record.

Secrecy of any kind corrupts sincere relations. I don't mind being reported, but to be an unwilling contributor to one of his "Epiphanies" is irritating.

Probably Fr. Darlington had taught him, as an aside in his Latin class—for Joyce knew no Greek—that "Epiphany" meant "a showing forth." So he recorded under "Epiphany" any showing forth of the mind by which he considered one gave oneself away.

Which of us had endowed him with an "Epiphany" and sent him to the lavatory to take it down?

"John," I said, seeking an ally, "he's codding the pair of us."

But John could not be enlisted to resent.

"A great artist!" he exclaimed, using "artist" in the sense it has in Dublin of a quaint fellow or a great cod: a pleasant and un-

1. From *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street* (New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1937) pp. 293-95.

hypocritical poseur, one who sacrifices his own dignity for his friends' diversion. . . .

"Coddling apart, John, why is he taking notes?"

"We're all on the stage—Jayshus, we're all on the stage since the Old Lady threw him out. . . ."

STANISLAUS JOYCE ON HIS BROTHER'S EPIPHANIES²

Another experimental form which his literary urge took while we were living at this address [32 Glengariff Parade] consisted in the noting of what he called "epiphanies"—manifestations or revelations. Jim always had a contempt for secrecy, and these notes were in the beginning ironical observations of slips, and little errors and gestures—mere straws in the wind—by which people betrayed the very things they were most careful to conceal. Epiphanies were always brief sketches, hardly ever more than some dozen lines in length, but always very accurately observed and noted, the matter being so slight. This collection served him as a sketch-book serves an artist, or as Stevenson's note-book served him in the formation of his style. But it was in no sense a diary. John Eglinton, in his short memoir of my brother in *Irish Literary Portraits*, mentions my brother's diary as if it were something the existence of which was known like that of *Dubliners* or *Ulysses*, and even describes him as cultivating the acquaintance of men of letters in order to gather diligent notes about them for his diary. The story is an impudent invention. Except in the case of one epiphany which regarded Skeffington, the subjects of the sketches were never people of any importance, and none of those men whom he met later were mentioned in the collection. Moreover Jim never kept a diary at any time in his life. That dreary habit was mine, and I have kept it up because I began it, as other people do cigarette smoking. (I consider my mania less harmful.) Nor was there reason to quote Burns:

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;

2. Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper*, ed. Richard Ellmann (New York: Viking Press, 1958), pp. 124–25. Reprinted by permission of the Viking Press and Faber and Faber Ltd. Abbreviated hereafter as *MBK*.

A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.

My brother's purpose was different and his angle of vision new. The revelation and importance of the subconscious had caught his interest. The epiphanies became more frequently subjective and included dreams which he considered in some way revelatory.

Some of these epiphanies he introduced here and there into *A Portrait of the Artist* where the occasion offered and some into the imaginary diary at the end. The others he considered not to be of sufficient interest to be retained; but I did not share his opinion, and have kept several of them.

1
(1)

[Bray: in the parlour of the house
in Martello Terrace]

Mr Vance—(*comes in with a stick*). . . O, you know,
he'll have to apologise, Mrs Joyce.

Mrs Joyce—O yes . . . Do you hear that, Jim?

Mr Vance—Or else—if he doesn't—the eagles'll
come and pull out his eyes.

Mrs Joyce—O, but I'm sure he will apologise.

Joyce—(*under the table, to himself*)

—Pull out his eyes,

Apologise,

Apologise,

Pull out his eyes.

Apologise,

Pull out his eyes,

Pull out his eyes,

Apologise.

This scene can be dated in 1891, but the Epiphany must have been written much later. Changed only slightly for *P* (2/8), this episode is used to present a dramatic foreshadowing of Stephen's future, as he finds a refuge from authority in art and makes a poem out of his predicament. MS at Buffalo. In the dramatic Epiphanies, such as this one, the settings in brackets are the work of Joyce, not the editor.

No school tomorrow: it is Saturday night in winter: I sit by the fire. Soon they will be returning with provisions, meat and vegetables, tea and bread and butter, and white pudding that makes a noise on the pan I sit reading a story of Alsace, turning over the yellow pages, watching the men and women in their strange dresses. It pleases me to read of their ways; through them I seem to touch the life of a land beyond them to enter into communion with the German people. Dearest illusion, friend of my youth! In him I have imaged myself. Our lives are still sacred in their intimate sympathies. I am with him at night when he reads the books of the philosophers or some tale of ancient times. I am with him when he wanders alone or with one whom he has never seen, that young girl who puts around him arms that have no malice in them, offering her simple, abundant love, hearing and answering his soul he knows not how.

An idyll: the sensitive youth in humble surroundings communes with a European spirit. Joyce alludes here to novels by the collaborators Erckmann-Chatrian: *L'Invasion*, *L'Ami Fritz*, *Le Juif Polonais* (MBK 57). The idealistic love motif here foreshadows "Araby" and Mercedes in *A Portrait*. MS at Cornell.

3

The children who have stayed latest are getting on their things to go home for the party is over. This is the last tram. The lank brown horses know it and shake their bells to the clear night, in admonition. The conductor talks with the driver; both nod often in the green light of the lamp. There is nobody near. We seem to listen, I on the upper step and she on the lower. She comes up to my step many times and goes down again, between our phrases, and once or twice remains beside me, forgetting to go down, and then goes down Let be; let be And now she does not urge her vanities—her fine dress and sash and long black stockings—for now (wisdom of children) we seem to know that this end will please us better than any end we have laboured for.

A tranquil moment recollected with emotion: an exception to the alienation from others depicted so frequently in these documents. In *P* this scene is presented three times (75–77, 85, 261/69–70, 77, 222): first as an event, later as a poignant recollection of Stephen's. In *SH* it is alluded to on p. 67. MS at Cornell.

[Dublin: on Mountjoy Square]

Joyce—(*concludes*) . . . That'll be forty thousand pounds.

Aunt Lillie—(*titters*)—O laus! . . . I was like that too.

. . . When I was a girl I was *sure* I'd marry a

lord . . . or something. . .

Joyce—(*thinks*)—Is it possible she's comparing
herself with me?

The irony here seems to be directed at Joyce himself, as his stunned reaction to his aunt's implied comparison indicates. If this reading is correct, then we have here a rare case of Joyce being victim instead of hero in an Epiphany which records not a "memorable phase" of his mind, or a "vulgarity" which exposes someone else, but his own wounded vanity. MS at Buffalo.

5

High up in the old, dark-windowed house: firelight in the narrow room: dusk outside. An old woman bustles about, making tea; she tells of the changes, her odd ways, and what the priest and the doctor said I hear her words in the distance. I wander among the coals, among the ways of adventure Christ! What is in the doorway? A skull—a monkey; a creature drawn hither to the fire, to the voices: a silly creature.

—Is that Mary Ellen?—

—No, Eliza, it's Jim—

—O. O, goodnight, Jim—

—D'ye want anything, Eliza?—

—I thought it was Mary Ellen I thought you were Mary Ellen, Jim—

The intended effect here seems to depend on the contrast between the banal women and the boy's adventurous imaginings—as in such a story as “Araby.” This scene took place at 15 Usher's Island after the death of Joyce's great-aunt, Mrs. Callanan (*JJ* 87), who was the model for one of the sisters in “The Dead.” Joyce reworked it for *P* (74–75/67–68), eliminating the juvenile attempt at a gothic chill, and alluded to it again in *U* (654/670). In this association of ghostly atmosphere and the house on Usher's Island we have one of the earliest seeds of mood and idea that ultimately flowered in “The Dead.” MS at Cornell.

A small field of still weeds and thistles alive with confused forms, half-men, half-goats. Dragging their great tails they move hither and thither, aggressively. Their faces are lightly bearded, pointed and grey as india-rubber. A secret personal sin directs them, holding them now, as in reaction, to constant malevolence. One is clasping about his body a torn flannel jacket; another complains monotonously as his beard catches in the stiff weeds. They move about me, enclosing me, that old sin sharpening their eyes to cruelty, swishing through the fields in slow circles, thrusting upwards their terrific faces. Help!

A dream-epiphany of hell, referred to in plan for *SH* (MS p. 16, see first draft of *Portrait*—Part I, Section 3 below), and probably used in the missing part of *SH*. Elaborated and reworked for *P* (158/137–8). In the plan for *SH* this Epiphany is located in the section dealing with the latter part of 1893, but see the chronology (Part II, Section 1, below) for other possibilities. MS at Cornell.

7

It is time to go away now—breakfast is ready. I'll say another prayer I am hungry; yet I would like to stay here in this quiet chapel where the mass has come and gone so quietly Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope! Tomorrow and every day after I hope I shall bring you some virtue as an offering for I know you will be pleased with me if I do. Now, goodbye for the present O, the beautiful sunlight in the avenue and O, the sunlight in my heart!

An episode in Joyce's pious phase, probably a post-communion reverie or a spiritual communion such as that described in *P* (176/152). The peace of this mood of piety contrasts with the disturbing dream of hell in Epiphany no. 6. MS at Cornell.

Dull clouds have covered the sky. Where three roads meet and before a swampy beach a big dog is recumbent. From time to time he lifts his muzzle in the air and utters a prolonged sorrowful howl. People stop to look at him and pass on; some remain, arrested, it may be, by that lamentation in which they seem to hear the utterance of their own sorrow that had once its voice but is now voiceless, a servant of laborious days. Rain begins to fall.

Called a dream-epiphany by Stanislaus Joyce (*MBK* 126), this was made into a real event by Joyce in *SH* (38), with some modification. MS at Cornell.

9
(12)

[Mullingar: a Sunday in July:
noon]

Tobin—(walking noisily with thick boots and tapping the road with his stick) O there's nothing like marriage for making a fellow steady. Before I came here to the *Examiner* I used knock about with fellows and boose. . . .Now I've a good house and. . . .I go home in the evening and if I want a drink. well, I can have it. . . .My advice to every young fellow that can afford it is: marry young.

This bourgeois advice offered on his Mullingar trip in July 1900 must have impressed Joyce with its studied banality, worthy of Flaubert's *Dictionary of Accepted Ideas*. He was able to use it, slightly improved, in *SH* (251). MS at Buffalo.

[Dublin: in the Stag's Head,
Dame Lane]

O'Mahony—Haven't you that little priest that
writes poetry over there—Fr Russell?

Joyce—O, yes. . . I hear he has written verses.

O'Mahony—(*smiling adroitly*). . . Verses, yes. . . that's
the proper name for them. . . .

It is hard to tell in this case whether our interest is intended to focus on Joyce's resentment of the versifying priest or on O'Mahony's adroitness in adjusting to Joyce's evaluation. If used in *SH*, this Epiphany would probably have appeared between the Mullingar material (which has been placed at the end of the printed version though it is about twenty pages earlier in the manuscript) and the University College material with which the major portion of the *SH* manuscript begins. MS at Buffalo.

11

(14)

[Dublin: at Sheehy's, Belvedere
Place]

Joyce—I knew you meant him. But you're wrong
about his age.

Maggie Sheehy—(*leans forward to speak seriously*). Why,
how old is he?

Joyce—Seventy-two.

Maggie Sheehy—Is he?

The context in *SH* (46) makes this puzzling scene clear. The man under discussion is Ibsen, who has just been the subject of a guessing game. The fact that no one else in the room had any notion of how old Ibsen was in 1900 is doubtless supposed to emphasize the extent of the intellectual desert in which Joyce and Stephen found themselves. MS at Buffalo.

12
(16)

[Dublin: at Sheehy's, Belvedere
Place]

O'Reilly—(*with developing seriousness*). . . .Now
it's my turn, I suppose. . . .(*quite
seriously*). . . .Who is your favourite
poet?

(*a pause*)

Hanna Sheehy—.German?

O'Reilly—.Yes.

(*a hush*)

Hanna Sheehy—. I think. . . .Goethe.

The seriousness, the pause, and the hush emphasize the ridiculous safeness of the choice, and we are doubtless supposed to infer that Hannah Sheehy's acquaintance with German poetry is of the slenderest. This scene, too, was used in *SH* (43) to be illustrative of the insipid jollity against which Stephen's temperament is highlighted in the home of the "Daniel" family. We can date this 1900. MS at Buffalo.

13

(19)

[Dublin: at Sheehy's, Belvedere
Place]

Fallon—(*as he passes*)—I was told to congratulate
you especially on your performance.

Joyce—Thank you.

Blake—(*after a pause*). .I'd never advise anyone
to. . .O, it's a terrible life!

Joyce—Ha.

Blake—(*between puffs of smoke*)—of course. . .it
looks all right from the outside. . .to
those who don't know. . . .But if
you knew. . . .it's really terrible. A
bit of candle, no. . .dinner, squalid
. . . .poverty. You've no idea simply. . . .

For Joyce, who bitterly resented the suggestion that he become a clerk at Guinness', this discussion of a potential stage career for him must have been gall and wormwood. We are probably meant to understand that Blake speaks from the depths of a considerable ignorance, which contrasts nicely with his pipe-smoking profundity. 1900. MS at Buffalo.

[Dublin: at Sheehy's, Belvedere
Place]

Dick Sheehy—What's a lie? Mr Speaker, I must ask. . .

Mr Sheehy—Order, order!

Fallon—You know it's a lie!

Mr Sheehy—You must withdraw, sir.

Dick Sheehy—As I was saying. . . .

Fallon—No, I won't.

Mr Sheehy—I call on the honorable member
for Denbigh. . . . Order, order! . . .

More jollity at the Sheehy home: a mock parliament this time. Since Joyce seems not to have taken part, we may be meant to assume that he stood aloof and superior to such pointless playfulness. In *SH* (45) this “parliamentary charade” is associated with the “pleasant stupor” leading to Stephen's ultimate boredom with the Daniels. 1900. MS at Buffalo.

15
(22)

[In Mullingar: an evening
in autumn]

The Lame Beggar—(*gripping his stick*). . . .It was
you called out after me yesterday.

The Two Children—(*gazing at him*). . .No, sir.

The Lame Beggar—O, yes it was, though. . . .(*moving
his stick up and down*). . . .But
mind what I'm telling you. . . .
D'ye see that stick?

The Two Children—Yes, sir.

The Lame Beggar—Well, if ye call out after me
any more I'll cut ye open with
that stick. I'll cut the livers
out o' ye. . . .(*explains himself*)
. . .D'ye hear me? I'll cut ye
open. I'll cut the livers and
the lights out o' ye.

Another relic of the 1900 trip to Mullingar, Joyce's reworking of this for *SH* (244) indicates the qualities in the scene which interested him. In *SH* he emphasized the beggar's splendid vulgarity by spelling out such uncouth locutions as "yous." In both versions the beggar is very real, very vivid, and very vulgar. By its number (22) this Mullingar scene is separated from the earlier scene in no. 9 (12) above. The number may be an error, or Joyce may have intended to send Stephen to Mullingar twice, but both these Epiphanies were worked into the same episode in *SH*. MS at Buffalo.

16

(26)

A white mist is falling in slow flakes. The path leads me down to an obscure pool. Something is moving in the pool; it is an arctic beast with a rough yellow coat. I thrust in my stick and as he rises out of the water I see that his back slopes towards the croup and that he is very sluggish. I am not afraid but, thrusting at him often with my stick drive him before me. He moves his paws heavily and mutters words of some language which I do not understand.

A dream-epiphany, probably dating from 1901, said by Stanislaus Joyce to be one of the first of this kind to be written (*MBK* 126). MS at Buffalo and Cornell.

17
(28)

[Dublin: at Sheehy's, Belvedere
Place]

Hanna Sheehy—O, there are sure to be great crowds.

Skeffington—In fact it'll be, as our friend

Jocax would say, the day of the
rabblement.

Maggie Sheehy—(*declaims*)—Even now the

rabblement may be standing
by the door!

This little scene probably took place shortly after Joyce published his "Day of the Rabblement" in a pamphlet with a Skeffington essay in November 1901. Margaret Sheehy is parodying the last line of Joyce's essay, which is itself an allusion to a recurring motif in Act I of Ibsen's *The Master Builder*. How Joyce-Jocax reacted to this teasing it would be interesting to know, but there is hardly a clue in the Epiphany. MS at Buffalo.

[Dublin, on the North Circular
Road: Christmas]

Miss O'Callaghan—(*lisps*)—I told you the name,
The Escaped Nun.

Dick Sheehy—(*loudly*)—O, I wouldn't read
a book like that. . .I must
ask Joyce. I say, Joyce, did
you ever read *The Escaped*
Nun?

Joyce—I observe that a certain
phenomenon happens about
this hour.

Dick Sheehy—What phenomenon?

Joyce—O. . .the stars come out.

Dick Sheehy—(*to Miss O'Callaghan*). .Did you
ever observe how. . .the
stars come out on the end
of Joyce's nose about this
hour? . . .(*she smiles*). .Because
I observe that phenomenon.

•
The flirting with a pornographic title and the clumsy attempts at wit of Dick Sheehy (which receive some encouragement) add up to the familiar net of vapid vulgarity in which Joyce saw himself enmeshed. By its position we can date this December 1901. MS at Buffalo.

19

(42)

[Dublin: in the house in
Glengariff Parade: evening]

Mrs Joyce—(*crimson, trembling, appears at the
parlour door*). . . Jim!

Joyce—(*at the piano*). . . Yes?

Mrs Joyce—Do you know anything about the
body? . . . What ought I do? . . . There's
some matter coming away from
the hole in Georgie's stomach. . . .
Did you ever hear of that happening?

Joyce—(*surprised*). . . I don't know. . . .

Mrs Joyce—Ought I send for the doctor, do you
think?

Joyce—I don't know. . . . What hole?

Mrs Joyce—(*impatient*). . . The hole we all have
. . . . here (*points*)

Joyce—(*stands up*)

Like the "Pull out his eyes" Epiphany (no. 1 above), this is a really fine dramatic scene, in which the cool impersonality of the dramatic form heightens the emotional power of the experience presented. This is neither an observed triviality nor a memorable phase of the artist's mind; it is a slice of significant life preserved indefinitely in this icy and impersonal form. With some reworking it was used for the death of Isabel in *SH* (162). The actual date is March 1902. MS at Buffalo.

They are all asleep. I will go up now He lies on my bed where I lay last night: they have covered him with a sheet and closed his eyes with pennies. . . . Poor little fellow! We have often laughed together—he bore his body very lightly I am very sorry he died. I cannot pray for him as the others do Poor little fellow! Everything else is so uncertain!

This rendering of Joyce's emotion on the death of his brother Georgie in March 1902 is almost artlessly direct. But the inability to pray at a deathbed is a foreshadowing of one of the major motifs of *Ulysses*. MS at Cornell.

21

(44)

Two mourners push on through the crowd. The girl, one hand catching the woman's skirt, runs in advance. The girl's face is the face of a fish, discoloured and oblique-eyed; the woman's face is small and square, the face of a bargainer. The girl, her mouth distorted, looks up at the woman to see if it is time to cry; the woman, settling a flat bonnet, hurries on towards the mortuary chapel.

Stanislaus Joyce tells us that this is a description of their mother's funeral in August 1903, written by James Joyce two or three months after the event (*MBK* 235). If Stanislaus is correct, this information gives us a valuable insight into the process by which the Epiphanies were arranged and numbered. This one has been included here in the sequence dealing with the death of Georgie Joyce in March 1902, indicating that the arrangement was not a historical or biographical one but a creative one, in which the materials were organized according to their esthetic relevance. Thus in *SH* this Epiphany became a part of the sequence on the death of Stephen's sister Isabel (*SH* 167). Joyce returned to it once again, using it even more creatively as part of Bloom's interior monologue at Paddy Dignam's funeral in *Ulysses* (100/101). MS at Buffalo and Cornell.

[Dublin: in the National Library]

Skeffington—I was sorry to hear of the death of
 your brother. . . .sorry we didn't
 know in time. . . .to have been at
 the funeral. . . .

Joyce—O, he was very young. . . .a boy. . . .

Skeffington—Still. . . .it hurts. . . .

Adapted in *SH* (169) to the death of Isabel, this cryptic scene actually relates to the death of the promising young Georgie in March 1902. The context in *SH* gives us our clue to its meaning, and the editor's critical comments on other Epiphanies have been made with Joyce's interpretation of this one in mind. In context this dialogue is followed by Joyce's comment, "The acme of unconvincingness seemed to Stephen to have been reached at that moment." We can assume that many of these dramatic Epiphanies represented for Joyce the acme of *something*—vulgarity, banality, insipidity, triviality—but sometimes we must guess at a significance too rarefied and personal for the reader to catch. In this case, however, the contrast between the perfunctory sentiments of Skeffington in this Epiphany and the real emotion with which the speechless Joyce rises in no. 19 is meaningful and unmistakable. Arranged in order, these Epiphanies reinforce one another by providing a context for the significant contrasts Joyce liked to employ by way of unspoken commentary. MS at Buffalo.

23

That is no dancing. Go down before the people, young boy, and dance for them. . . . He runs out darkly-clad, lithe and serious to dance before the multitude. There is no music for him. He begins to dance far below in the amphitheatre with a slow and supple movement of the limbs, passing from movement to movement, in all the grace of youth and distance, until he seems to be a whirling body, a spider wheeling amid space, a star. I desire to shout to him words of praise, to shout arrogantly over the heads of the multitude "See! See!" His dancing is not the dancing of harlots, the dance of the daughters of Herodias. It goes up from the midst of the people, sudden and young and male, and falls again to earth in tremulous sobbing to die upon its triumph.

A dream-epiphany in which Joyce (according to Stanislaus Joyce—*MBK* 136) believed he had dreamt of his dead brother Georgie. MS at Cornell.

Her arm is laid for a moment on my knees and then withdrawn and her eyes have revealed her—secret, vigilant, an enclosed garden—in a moment. I remember a harmony of red and white that was made for one like her, telling her names and glories, bidding her arise, as for espousal, and come away, bidding her look forth, a spouse, from Amana and from the mountains of the leopards. And I remember that response whereto the perfect tenderness of the body and the soul with all its mystery have gone: *Inter ubera mea commorabitur*.

With echoes of the Song of Solomon, an unknown female (see *MBK* 257) is epiphanized here. The Latin phrase (trans.: He shall lie between my breasts) is from the Vulgate Old Testament, Song of Songs, I, xii. For *P* Joyce reworked this passage, spiritualizing it considerably (*P* 176/152). MS at Cornell.

25

The quick light shower is over but tarries, a cluster of diamonds, among the shrubs of the quadrangle where an exhalation arises from the black earth. In the colonnade are the girls, an April company. They are leaving shelter, with many a doubting glance, with the prattle of trim boots and the pretty rescue of petticoats, under umbrellas, a light armoury, upheld at cunning angles. They are returning to the convent—demure corridors and simple dormitories, a white rosary of hours—having heard the fair promises of Spring, that well-graced ambassador

Amid a flat rain-swept country stands a high plain building, with windows that filter the obscure daylight. Three hundred boys, noisy and hungry, sit at long tables eating beef fringed with green fat and vegetables that are still rank of the earth.

This Epiphany depends for its effect on the contrast between the demure, protected life of the girls and the vulgar, earthy situation of the boys. Somewhat elaborated, this passage was used in *SH* (183–84), and it was reworked for *P* to provide Stephen with a charitable view of E. C. just prior to the composition of his villanelle in her honor (*P* 254/216). MS at Cornell.

She is engaged. She dances with them in the round—a white dress lightly lifted as she dances, a white spray in her hair; eyes a little averted, a faint glow on her cheek. Her hand is in mine for a moment, softest of merchandise.

—You very seldom come here now.—

—Yes I am becoming something of a recluse.—

—I saw your brother the other day He is very like you.—

—Really?—

She dances with them in the round—evenly, discreetly, giving herself to no one. The white spray is ruffled as she dances, and when she is in shadow the glow is deeper on her cheek.

Stanislaus Joyce tells us (*MBK* 257) that this scene—in which the solemnity and reserve of Joyce is contrasted with the restrained gaiety of the girl—actually describes a party at the Sheehys' which Joyce attended in a dress-suit borrowed from Gogarty. The engaged Sheehy girl is probably Hannah, who married Joyce's friend Skeffington. Along with her younger sister Mary, she contributed something to the Emma Clery of *SH* and *P*. In *P* this Epiphany is reworked into a recollection and the dialogue is made crisper and wittier, on Stephen's part especially (257–58/219). MS at Cornell.

Faintly, under the heavy summer night, through the silence of the town which has turned from dreams to dreamless sleep as a weary lover whom no carresses [*sic* in S. J.'s MS] move, the sound of hoofs upon the Dublin road. Not so faintly now as they come near the bridge; and in a moment as they pass the dark windows the silence is cloven by alarm as by an arrow. They are heard now far away—hoofs that shine amid the heavy night as diamonds, hurrying beyond the grey, still marshes to what journey's end—what heart—bearing what tidings?

This Epiphany seems an attempt to render a generalized longing for adventure. It appears as one of the diary entries at the end of *P*, and Stephen is allowed to take a rather ironical view of it as "vague words for a vague emotion" (*P* 297/251). MS at Cornell.

A moonless night under which the waves gleam feebly. The ship is entering a harbour where there are some lights. The sea is uneasy, charged with dull anger like the eyes of an animal which is about to spring, the prey of its own pitiless hunger. The land is flat and thinly wooded. Many people are gathered on the shore to see what ship it is that is entering their harbour.

A dream-epiphany. MS at Cornell.

29

A long curving gallery: from the floor arise pillars of dark vapours. It is peopled by the images of fabulous kings, set in stone. Their hands are folded upon their knees, in token of weariness, and their eyes are darkened for the errors of men go up before them for ever as dark vapours.

A dream-epiphany, used as a dream in *P* (295/249). MS at Cornell.

The spell of arms and voices—the white arms of roads, their promise of close embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon, their tale of distant nations. They are held out to say: We are alone,—come. And the voices say with them: We are your people. And the air is thick with their company as they call to me their kinsman, making ready to go, shaking the wings of their exultant and terrible youth.

This is a crucial Epiphany. In it we see Joyce beginning to clothe himself in the Daedalian myth. He used it just prior to Stephen's departure for Paris in both *SH* (237) and *P* (298–99/252), transposing it to a third-person narrative in the early version, and returning to first-person via Stephen's diary in *P*. MS at Cornell.

31

Here are we come together, wayfarers; here are we housed, amid intricate streets, by night and silence closely covered. In amity we rest together, well content, no more remembering the deviousness of the ways that we have come. What moves upon me from the darkness subtle and murmurous as a flood, passionate and fierce with an indecent movement of the loins? What leaps, crying in answer, out of me, as eagle to eagle in mid air, crying to overcome, crying for an iniquitous abandonment?

We find Joyce here in another very Daedalian phase which, according to Stanislaus Joyce (*MBK* 253), dates from late 1903 and marks the end of Joyce's "piping poet" days. MS at Cornell.

The human crowd swarms in the enclosure, moving through the slush. A fat woman passes, her dress lifted boldly, her face nozzling in an orange. A pale young man with a Cockney accent does tricks in his shirtsleeves and drinks out of a bottle. A little old man has mice on an umbrella; a policeman in heavy boots charges down and seizes the umbrella: the little old man disappears. Bookies are bawling out names and prices; one of them screams with the voice of a child—"Bonny Boy!" "Bonny Boy!" . . . Human creatures are swarming in the enclosure, moving backwards and forwards through the thick ooze. Some ask if the race is going on; they are answered "Yes" and "No." A band begins to play. A beautiful brown horse, with a yellow rider upon him, flashes far away in the sunlight.

Possibly another dream-epiphany, this one depends for its effect on the contrast between the sordid and banal figures swarming in the ooze and the beautiful horse and rider flashing away in the sunlight. MS at Buffalo.

33

They pass in twos and threes amid the life of the boulevard, walking like people who have leisure in a place lit up for them. They are in the pastry cook's, chattering, crushing little fabrics of pastry, or seated silently at tables by the café door, or descending from carriages with a busy stir of garments soft as the voice of the adulterer. They pass in an air of perfumes: under the perfumes their bodies have a warm humid smell No man has loved them and they have not loved themselves: they have given nothing for all that has been given them.

A Parisian scene of 1902–3: Joyce attempts here to get at the essence of prostitution. Parts of this Epiphany turn up improved almost beyond recognition in *Ulysses* (43/42). (See also MBK 254.) This and the following Epiphanies all postdate Stephen's departure for Paris and thus were not used in *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait*. MS at Cornell.

She comes at night when the city is still; invisible, inaudible, all unsummoned. She comes from her ancient seat to visit the least of her children, mother most venerable, as though he had never been alien to her. She knows the inmost heart; therefore she is gentle, nothing exacting; saying, I am susceptible of change, an imaginative influence in the hearts of my children. Who has pity for you when you are sad among the strangers? Years and years I loved you when you lay in my womb.

Stanislaus Joyce tells us that this was a dream-epiphany, recorded by his brother on his Paris sojourn in 1902–3 (*MBK* 229–30). In the dream Joyce was visited by his mother, whose image was confused and mingled with that of the Virgin Mary. This provided Joyce with a basis in his own life for the mother-haunted Stephen of *Ulysses*. (See *U* 566/581.) MS at Buffalo and Cornell.

35
(57)

[London: in a house at
Kennington]

Eva Leslie—Yes, Maudie Leslie's my sister an'

Fred Leslie's my brother—yev

'eard of Fred Leslie? . . . (*musings*) . . .

O,'e's a whoite-arsed bugger. . . 'E's

away at present.

(*later*)

I told you someun went with me

ten toimes one noight. . . . That's

Fred—my own brother Fred. . . .

(*musings*) . . . 'E is 'andsome. . . O I

do love Fred. . . .

By its numbering we can locate this as an observation made when Joyce passed through London on his way home from Paris at Christmas time, 1902. It is certainly an instance of his continuing interest in prostitutes and slatterns, recording vulgar physicality bluntly and directly. From it Joyce was able to salvage the picturesque expression "whitearsed" to enliven the language of Private Carr in *U* (587/603), no doubt taking a special delight in putting this word from the mouth of an English slut into the mouth of the namesake of Henry Carr of the English diplomatic service. MS at Buffalo.

Yes, they are the two sisters. She who is churning with stout arms (their butter is famous) looks dark and unhappy: the other is happy because she had her way. Her name is R. . . . Rina. I know the verb 'to be' in their language.

—Are you Rina?—

I knew she was.

But here he is himself in a coat with tails and an old-fashioned high hat. He ignores them: he walks along with tiny steps, jutting out the tails of his coat. . . . My goodness! how small he is! He must be very old and vain. . . . Maybe he isn't what I. . . . It's funny that those two big women fell out over this little man. . . . But then he's the greatest man in the world. . . .

Another dream-epiphany, according to Stanislaus Joyce (*MBK* 127); the subject of this one is Ibsen. This view of the artist-hero through the banal perspective of the speaker makes Ibsen a bit ridiculous but at the same time emphasizes his greatness with the kind of ambivalent irony typical of Joyce's mature style. MS at Buffalo.

37
(65)

I lie along the deck, against the engine-house, from which the smell of lukewarm grease exhales. Gigantic mists are marching under the French cliffs, enveloping the coast from headland to headland. The sea moves with the sound of many scales. . . . Beyond the misty walls, in the dark cathedral church of Our Lady, I hear the bright, even voices of boys singing before the altar there.

Stanislaus Joyce locates this scene for us (*MBK* 230) as being on Joyce's return from Paris in April, 1903, via "the cheaper route from Dieppe to New Haven" after he had received the famous telegram "Mother dying come home father." As so often in these Epiphanies, the effect depends on contrast—in this case between Joyce among the greasy fumes and the choirboys before the altar. MS at Buffalo and Cornell.

[Dublin: at the corner of
Connaught St, Phibsborough]

The Little Male Child—(*at the garden gate*). .Na. .o.

The First Young Lady—(*half kneeling, takes his
hand*)—Well, is Mabie
your sweetheart?

The Little Male Child—Na. . .o.

The Second Young Lady—(*bending over him, looks
up*)—*Who* is your
sweetheart?

Surely intended as a showing forth of banality and vulgarity, this insipid episode was easily translated to the Nausicaa section of *U* (341/347). MS at Buffalo.

39

(71)

She stands, her book held lightly at her breast, reading the lesson. Against the dark stuff of her dress her face, mild-featured with downcast eyes, rises softly outlined in light; and from a folded cap, set carelessly forward, a tassel falls along her brown ringletted hair . . .

What is the lesson that she reads—of apes, of strange inventions, or the legends of martyrs? Who knows how deeply meditative, how reminiscent is this comeliness of Raffaello?

If Joyce had an actual work of the Italian artist in mind, it has proved elusive of identification. Probably a scene from life recalled to Joyce's mind some of the painter's early work, in which books often appear, and caused him to adopt this Pateresque phraseology. MS at Buffalo and Cornell.

in O'Connell St:

[Dublin: ^ in Hamilton Long's,
the chemist's,]

Gogarty—Is that for Gogarty?

The Assistant—(*looks*)—Yes, sir. . . Will you ^{pay}~~take~~
~~it with you?~~ for it now?

Gogarty—No, ~~send it~~ put it in the
account; send it on. You know
the address.

(*takes a pen*)
The Assistant—~~Yes~~ Ye—es.

Gogarty—5 Rutland Square.

while
The Assistant—(*half to himself as he writes*)
. . 5. . . *Rutland*. . . Square.

The clue to this little scene in 1903 or 1904 lies in Gogarty's address and Joyce's attitude toward it. It is a good address, an address at which a person can be billed and expected to pay. All this is very different from the Joyce family's constantly shifting dwelling places and shiftless fiscal habits. All Joyce's jealousy and fear of Gogarty comes out in the underlining of that last *Rutland*. We are probably supposed to see Gogarty's self-assurance and smugness here as we should see Skeffington's "unconvincingness" in Epiphany no. 22 above. But Gogarty has not given himself away as much as Joyce has. Though Joyce is not in the scene but standing outside of it—"paring his fingernails" or trying to memorize the dialogue he hears—it is still a picture of him which we are left with. For Joyce, as for most writers, all portraits are portraits of the artist. This Epiphany is especially valuable because it is a rough draft—the only such draft of an Epiphany we have—and gives us ample evidence of the pains Joyce took to dramatize the moment he was capturing and to render its quality exactly. Moreover it bears out to some extent Gogarty's view of the

PART I
Manuscript Materials
SECTION 1
The Epiphanies

Epiphany (reprinted in the introductory material to this section). The views of Gogarty and Stanislaus Joyce on the Epiphany are not so far apart as they seem, if we remember that Stanislaus has in mind mainly the narrative kind, which he collected in his "Selections in Prose" and Gogarty has in mind the dramatic kind, such as this one in which he appears. MS at Cornell.

Section 2

The Paris Notebook

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

These notes on esthetics were made by Joyce during his stay in Paris of 1902–3. They are reprinted here from Herbert Gorman's biography, *James Joyce* (New York, 1939), the original manuscripts having been lost, though a draft of part of the original has been preserved (at Yale; see also *CW* 143). They should, of course, be compared to the esthetic theories developed by Stephen in *SH* and *P* and to the materials on esthetics in the Pola and Trieste notebooks (Part I, Sections 4 and 5 below). Joyce had been reading Aristotle when he wrote these notes—the *Poetics* and *On the Soul*—but this influence is more evident in the style of his esthetic writings than in their content. Joyce's practice with Aristotle and Aquinas was not to work out their theories but to borrow single phrases which caught his fancy and work out his own interpretations of the possibilities inherent in those phrases.

PARIS NOTEBOOK

Desire is the feeling which urges us to go to something and loathing is the feeling which urges us to go from something: and that art is improper which aims at exciting these feelings in us whether by comedy or by tragedy. Of comedy later. But tragedy aims at exciting in us feelings of pity and terror. Now terror is the feeling which arrests us before whatever is grave in human fortunes and unites us with its secret cause and pity is the feeling which arrests us before whatever is grave in human fortunes and unites us with the human sufferer. Now loathing, which in an improper art aims at exciting in the way of tragedy, differs, it will be seen, from the feelings which are proper to tragic art, namely terror and pity. For loathing urges us from rest because it urges us to go from something, but terror and pity hold us in rest, as it were, by fascination. When tragic art makes my body to

shrink terror is not my feeling because I am urged from rest, and moreover this art does not show me what is grave, I mean what is constant and irremediable in human fortunes nor does it unite me with any secret cause for it shows me only what is unusual and remediable and it unites me with a cause only too manifest. Nor is an art properly tragic which would move me to prevent human suffering any more than an art is properly tragic which would move me in anger against some manifest cause of human suffering. Terror and pity, finally, are aspects of sorrow comprehended in sorrow—the feeling which the privation of some good excites in us.

And now of comedy. An improper art aims at exciting in the way of comedy the feeling of desire but the feeling which is proper to comic art is the feeling of joy. Desire, as I have said, is the feeling which urges us to go to something but joy is the feeling which the possession of some good excites in us. Desire, the feeling which an improper art seeks to excite in the way of comedy, differs, it will be seen, from joy. For desire urges us from rest that we may possess something but joy holds us in rest so long as we possess something. Desire, therefore, can only be excited in us by a comedy (a work of comic art) which is not sufficient in itself inasmuch as it urges us to seek something beyond itself; but a comedy (a work of comic art) which does not urge us to seek anything beyond itself excites in us the feeling of joy. All art which excites in us the feeling of joy is so far comic and according as this feeling of joy is excited by whatever is substantial or accidental in human fortunes the art is to be judged more or less excellent: and even tragic art may be said to participate in the nature of comic art so far as the possession of a work of art (a tragedy) excites in us the feeling of joy. From this it may be seen that tragedy is the imperfect manner and comedy the perfect manner in art. All art, again, is static for the feelings of terror and pity on the one hand and of joy on the other hand are feelings which arrest us. It will be seen afterwards how this rest is necessary for the apprehension of the beautiful—the end of all art, tragic or comic—for this rest is the

only condition under which the images, which are to excite in us terror or pity or joy, can be properly presented to us and properly seen by us. For beauty is a quality of something seen but terror and pity and joy are states of mind.

James A. Joyce, 13 Feb. 1903.

. . . There are three conditions of art: the lyrical, the epical and the dramatic. That art is lyrical whereby the artist sets forth the image in immediate relation to himself; that art is epical whereby the artist sets forth the image in mediate relation to himself and to others; that art is dramatic whereby the artist sets forth the image in immediate relation to others. . . .

James A. Joyce, 6 March, 1903, Paris.

Rhythm seems to be the first or formal relation of part to part in any whole or of a whole to its part or parts, or of any part to the whole of which it is a part. . . . Parts constitute a whole as far as they have a common end.

James A. Joyce, 25 March, 1903, Paris.

e tekhnē mīmētai tēn physin—This phrase is falsely rendered as “Art is an imitation of Nature.” Aristotle does not here define art; he says only, “Art imitates Nature” and means that the artistic process is like the natural process It is false to say that sculpture, for instance, is an art of repose if by that be meant that sculpture is unassociated with movement. Sculpture is associated with movement in as much as it is rhythmic; for a work of sculptural art must be surveyed according to its rhythm and this surveying is an imaginary movement in space. It is not false to say that sculpture is an art of repose in that a work of sculptural art cannot be presented as itself moving in space and remain a work of sculptural art.

James A. Joyce, 27 March, 1903, Paris.

Art is the human disposition of sensible or intelligible matter for an aesthetic end.

James A. Joyce, 28 March, 1903, Paris.

Question: *Why are not excrements, children and lice works of art?*

Answer: Excrements, children and lice are human products—human dispositions of sensible matter. The process by which they are produced is natural and non-artistic; their end is not an aesthetic end: therefore they are not works of art.

Question: *Can a photograph be a work of art?*

Answer: A photograph is a disposition of sensible matter and may be so disposed for an aesthetic end but it is not a human disposition of sensible matter. Therefore it is not a work of art.

Question: *If a man hacking in fury at a block of wood make there an image of a cow (say) has he made a work of art?*

Answer: The image of a cow made by a man hacking in fury at a block of wood is a human disposition of sensible matter but it is not a human disposition of sensible matter for an aesthetic end. Therefore it is not a work of art.

Question: *Are houses, clothes, furniture, etc., works of art?*

Answer: Houses, clothes, furniture, etc., are not necessarily works of art. They are human dispositions of sensible matter. When they are so disposed for an aesthetic end they are works of art.

Section 3

The First Version of "A Portrait"

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

In January 1904, at the close of his twenty-first year, James Joyce wrote—in a cheap copybook which belonged to his young sister Mabel—a prose work of some two thousand words. It was an unusual work: part manifesto, part narrative; a story with only one character, a portrait without descriptive detail; an attempt to chart "an individuating rhythm . . . the curve of an emotion." He named this strange work "A Portrait of the Artist," and submitted it to a new Irish periodical called *Dana*. Years later, one of the editors of that ephemeral periodical recalled the event. "He observed me silently as I read, and when I handed it back to him with the timid observation that I did not care to publish what was to myself incomprehensible, he replaced it silently in his pocket. I imagine that what he showed me was some early attempt in fiction, and that I was not really guilty of rejecting any work of his which has become famous." "John Eglinton" (W. K. Magee), the editor (see his essay in Part II, Section 7 below), will probably be remembered as much for this one deed as for any of his own literary labors. This has proved to be one of the most fruitful rejections in the history of literature. For Joyce, irritated rather than discouraged, set about at once to turn his unusual production into a novel, which, with its more conventional form, might find a readier audience.

Helped by his brother Stanislaus, Joyce made up a list of characters and proceeded to outline the early chapters of this projected novel. Some of these notes and outlines have been preserved in the original copybook and are here printed along with the early "Portrait" itself. The novel grew, acquired the title *Stephen Hero*, and attained somewhat massive dimensions before Joyce abandoned it, apparently destroying the larger part in his dissatisfaction. The surviving Chapters 16 through 26 of this work (and some other fragments) have been up to now the only available sources for dis-

cussions of the development of Joyce's final version, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. But with the first version at last available, we can follow much more clearly the whole process of creation which resulted in the finished *Portrait*, and we can see much more readily Joyce's reasons for dissatisfaction with *Stephen Hero*.

Joyce habitually referred to *Stephen Hero*, in his letters to Stanislaus Joyce of 1904 and 1905, as "my novel." And his ultimate objection to this work which had cost so much of his time may well have been that it was too much of a novel. The conventions of the novel form had been too powerful for him; characters and incidents had proliferated; the "individuating rhythm" and the "curve of an emotion" had become enmeshed in irrelevant material. The novel form itself had become a net which the artist would try to fly by.

In working on *Stephen Hero*, Joyce kept his little essay before him. Always an economical, even a parsimonious, writer, he used many passages from the essay verbatim in the novel, crossing out the lines on his first manuscript as he transferred them to his second. In the text of the essay which follows, the passages which Joyce crossed out in this manner have been placed between pointed brackets. The reader will note that much of the original page 2 appears on page 156 of *Stephen Hero*, page 3 on pages 34 and 35, and that smaller segments turn up in other parts of the novel (see notes to text below). Certainly Joyce selected the best passages from the essay for inclusion in the novel; yet hardly a line of the original was allowed to stand in the third and final version. Joyce's desire to save his words was more than balanced by his self-critical rigor, and he had progressed too far in *A Portrait* to find a use for the narrative prose of his first version. But he did find a use for its structure.

When Joyce abandoned *Stephen Hero* he returned to the essential form of his first miniature "Portrait," but he returned equipped by artistic and personal struggles with greater powers and a more complex view of life, ready to subject the D'Annunziesque lyricism of this boyish effort to a new discipline of form and content, to dramatize where he had only narrated before, ready to take the words of this pretentious little polemic—and make them flesh. The main outlines of the finished *Portrait* exist in the miniature: the early religious phase, "the enigma of a manner" at the University, the withdrawal

from the Church, a mystical moment on the strand, sexual excesses, a visitation by "an envoy from the fair courts of life," and a concluding withdrawal from society. The finished *Portrait* consists of a reordering and recombining of these elements with some differences in emphasis. This process of development we can trace through *Stephen Hero*, which is both a novelistic subversion of Joyce's original intention to represent an "individuating rhythm," and a necessary stage of progress from a narrative essay to a true literary portrait.

A famous purple passage in *A Portrait*, describing Stephen's ecstatic vision of the girl on the strand, is a development of material from the first version. The passage on pages 8 and 9 of the original manuscript is distinguished by heavy diagonal lines penned in at its beginning and end (indicated by slant lines in this text), and its words were rearranged, its rhythms echoed, in the closing pages of Chapter 4 of *A Portrait*. Even the sententious, socialistic close of the first version is revealing, for it hinges on the word "paralysis," which was to fascinate the small boy in "The Sisters"; the word which Joyce used to describe to his publisher the dominant mood of *Dubliners*; and a key word in *Stephen Hero*, expressing young Stephen's view of Ireland, symbolized for him by the drab brick houses of Dublin.

As late as *Ulysses*, Joyce was to recollect and use in the Aeolus chapter the quotation from St. Augustine which appears on page 10 of this manuscript. Little is wasted in Joyce's art. The most significant fact about this early narrative lies beneath its effusive lyricism and the tumidity of its prose. To an incredible degree, Joyce as a young man knew where he was going. This little essay represents not only Joyce's manifesto but the commencement of his serious work as a literary artist. Here he has found his subject matter in the first twenty years of his own life, and in making literature of them he is saying farewell to his youth. This is his valedictory address, and it has lain undelivered for over fifty years.

Of considerable interest are the memoranda on the last pages of the copybook. These represent in part a continuation of the Paris Notebook, linking it with the later notebooks of Pola and Trieste (see also Part I, Sections 5 and 6 below). Four of the notes in the Buffalo manuscript are also in the Pola notebook. "The ice-cream

Italian" is there identified as Rossetti; the marsupials, art's gift of tongues, and the note on "reporter" novels also appear. The other jottings concern the young writer's preoccupations with esthetics and religion.

The outlines of Chapters 8 through 11 of *Stephen Hero* provide important clues about the plan of the missing portion of that novel. The same material appears with the usual increase in concentration in the second and third chapters of the finished *Portrait*. There, "Business complications" are reduced to the suggestive two yellow moving vans as the family retreats to cheaper lodgings, and "Visits to friends" become three genre pictures, each beginning with the phrase, "He was sitting," a pose implying that the young boy is already a detached observer. The list of characters indicates how many figures were left out of the finished *Portrait*. Even in these early notes the sermons during the retreat were of great importance, suggesting the traumatic power of the episode in the novel.

In preparing the text for publication, the editors have been faced with certain difficulties. The original holograph manuscript (Slocum-Cahoon E 3a), after Joyce had finished using it, passed into the hands of his brother Stanislaus. In 1928, James Joyce, wishing to make a present of this early effort to his publisher, Sylvia Beach, sent to his brother for the manuscript. The pages of the cheap copybook had already begun to flake and chip at the edges, resulting in the loss of a few words, but Stanislaus Joyce had a typed copy of "A Portrait" made some time before he forwarded the original to his brother. Unfortunately, this copy was imperfect, containing many errors made by the typist in copying. Joyce then gave the original to Miss Beach. The flaking process continued, and more words and parts of words were lost from the original manuscript. A few years ago Cornell University acquired Stanislaus Joyce's typed copy of the essay, and in 1959 the University of Buffalo acquired the original. The present text has been prepared from the original, supplemented by the typed copy when necessary, to make it as complete as possible. The pagination of the original and all other editorial interpolations have been placed within square brackets. Most of the materials in this introductory note and the text of the essay itself were originally published by the editors in the *Yale Review*, Spring 1960, XLIX, pp. 355-69.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST¹

The features of infancy are not commonly reproduced in the adolescent portrait for, so capricious are we, that we cannot or will not conceive the past in any other than its iron memorial aspect. Yet the past assuredly implies a fluid succession of presents, the development of an entity of which our actual present is a phase only. Our world, again, recognises its acquaintance chiefly by the characters of beard and inches and is, for the most part, estranged from those of its members who seek through some art, by some process of the mind as yet untabulated, to liberate from the personalised lumps of matter that which is their individuating rhythm, the first or formal relation of their parts. But for such as these a portrait is not an identificative paper but rather the curve of an emotion.

Use of reason is by popular judgment antedated by some seven years and so it is not easy to set down the exact age at which the natural sensibility of the subject of this portrait awoke to the ideas of eternal damnation, the necessity [end p. 1] of penitence and the efficacy of prayer. <His training had early developed a very lively sense of spiritual obligations at the expense of what is called 'common sense.' He ran through his measure like a spendthrift saint, astonishing many by ejaculatory fervours, offending many by airs of the cloister. One day in a wood near Malahide a labourer had marvelled to see a boy of fifteen praying in an ecstasy of Oriental posture.² It was indeed a long time before this boy understood the nature of that most marketable goodness which makes it possible to give comfortable assent to propositions without ordering one's life in accordance with them. The digestive value of religion he never appreciated and he chose, as more fitting his case, those poorer humbler orders in which a confessor did not seem anxious to reveal himself, in theory at least, a man of the world. In spite, however, of continued

1. The reader should consult R. Ellmann's commentary on this document: *JJ* 149-54.

2. Cf. this episode in *SH* 156 and *P* 273/232.

shocks, which drove him from breathless flights of zeal shamefully inwards, he was still soothed by devotional exercises when he entered the University.

About this period the enigma of a manner was put up at all comers to protect the [end p. 2] crisis. He was quick enough now to see that he must disentangle his affairs in secrecy and reserve had ever been a light penance. His reluctance to debate scandal, to seem curious of others, aided him in his real indictment and was not without a satisfactory flavour of the heroic. It was part of that ineradicable egotism which he was afterwards to call redeemer that he imagined converging to him the deeds and thoughts of the microcosm. Is the mind of boyhood medieval that it is so divining of intrigue? Field sports (or their correspondents in the world of mentality) are perhaps the most effective cure, but for this fantastic idealist, eluding the grunting booted apparition with a bound, the mimic hunt was no less ludicrous than unequal in a ground chosen to his disadvantage. But behind the rapidly indurating shield the sensitive answered. Let the pack of enmities come tumbling and sniffing to the highlands after their game; there was his ground: and he flung them disdain from flashing antlers.³ There was evident self-flattery in the image but a danger of complacency too. Wherefore, neglecting the wheezier bayings in that [end p. 3] chorus which no leagues of distance could make musical, he began loftily diagnosis of the younglings. His judgment was exquisite, deliberate, sharp; his sentence sculptural. <These young men saw in the sudden death of a dull French novelist⁴ the hand of Emmanuel God with us; they admired Gla[d]stone, physical science and the tragedies of Shakespeare; and they believed in the adjustment of Catholic teaching to every day needs, in the Church diplomatic. In their relations among themselves and towards their superiors they displayed a nervous and (wherever there was question

3. *SH* 34-35 and "The Holy Office"—see *CW* 152. Joyce must have known this saying of Goethe's which Yeats was fond of quoting: "The Irish always seem to me like a pack of hounds dragging down some noble stag."

4. Emile Zola (1840-1902).

of authority) a very English liberalism.> He remarked the half-admiring, half-reproving demeanour of a class, implicitly pledged to abstinences towards <others among whom (the fame went) wild living was not unknown.⁵ Though the union of faith and fatherland was ever sacred in that world of easily inflammable enthusiasms a couplet from Davis,⁶ accusing the least docile of tempers, never failed of its applause and the memory of McManus⁷ was hardly less revered than that of Cardinal Cullen.⁸> They had many reasons to respect authority; and even if [end p. 4] <a student were forbidden to go to *Othello* ("There are some coarse expressions in it" he was told) what a little cross was that?⁹ Was it not rather an evidence of watchful care and interest, and were they not assured that in their future lives this care would continue, this interest be maintained? The exercise of authority might be sometimes (rarely) questionable, its intention, never. Who therefore readier than these young men to acknowledge gratefully the sallies of some genial professor or the surliness of some door-porter, who more solicitous to cherish in every way and to advance in person the honour of Alma Mater? For his part he was at the difficult age, dispossessed and necessitous, sensible of all that was ignoble in such manners who, in revery at least, had been acquainted with nobility. An earnest Jesuit¹⁰ had prescribed a clerkship in Guinness's: and doubtless the clerk-designate of a brewery would not have had scorn and pity only for an admirable community had it not been that he desired (in the language of the schoolmen) an arduous good.

5. *SH* 172-73.

6. Thomas Osborne Davis (1814-1845), Irish patriotic poet, a leader in the Young Ireland movement and founder of the separatist newspaper *The Nation*.

7. Terence Bellew McManus (1823?-1861), an advocate of physical force who had participated in the insurrection of 1848, died in San Francisco but his body was returned to Ireland for an elaborate and dramatic funeral. Fifty thousand Fenians are said to have marched behind the coffin. See *P* 39/38.

8. Paul, Cardinal Cullen became Archbishop of Dublin in 1852 and initiated the Church policy of discouraging aggressive action by Irish nationalists. He specifically refused to allow any funeral ceremony for McManus to be held in any church in his diocese in 1861; hence the sarcasm in Joyce's linking of the two names. McManus and Cullen symbolize here the destructive opposition between Irish Nationalism and Irish Catholicism which flared up in Joyce's day in the Parnell affair. See *SH* 172-73.

9. *SH* 29.

10. Father Butt in *SH*.

It was impossible that he should find solace in [end p. 5] societies for the encouragement of thought among laymen or any other than bodily comfort in the warm sodality amid so many foolish or grotesque virginities. Moreover, it was impossible that a temperament ever trembling towards its ecstasy should submit to acquiesce, that a soul should decree servitude for its portion over which the image of beauty had fallen as a mantle.¹¹ One night in early spring, standing at the foot of the staircase in the library, he said to his friend "I have left the Church."> And as they walked home through the streets arm-in-arm he told, in words that seemed an echo of their closing, how he had left it through the gates of Assisi.¹²

Extravagance followed.¹³ The simple history of the Poverello was soon out of mind and he established himself in the maddest of companies. Joachim Abbas, Bruno the Nolan, Michael Sendivogius, all the hierarchs of initiation cast their spells upon him. He descended among the hells of Swedenborg and abased himself in the gloom of Saint John of the Cross. His heaven was suddenly illuminated by a horde of stars, the signatures of all nature, the soul remembering ancient [end p. 6] days. Like an alchemist he bent upon his handiwork, bringing together the mysterious elements, sepa-

11. Much of the above material appears in *SH* 193.

12. *Cf. SH* 176.

13. *Cf. SH* 179. Joyce's trinity of hierarchs can be identified as follows: Joachim Abbas seems to be Joyce's name for Joachim, abbot of Floris (1145-1202), an Italian mystic theologian who divided history into three periods according to the Trinity (the past, an age of Law, associated with the Father; the present age of the Gospel, associated with the Son; and the future age of the Holy Spirit, which would be a contemplative striving toward ecstasy and would bring the ages of man to an end). This theory and Joachim's commentary on the Apocalypse were no doubt interesting to Joyce. In 1260 the Council of Arles condemned Joachim's writings and the Joachimites, conferring on him a quasi-heretical status which probably accounts for part of his appeal to Joyce and Stephen (who mentions him twice in *U*).

Giordano Bruno (1548-1600) of Nola, cryptically referred to by Joyce as "the Nolan" in "The Day of the Rabblement," was a Dominican, Calvinist, theologian, scientist, poet, Catholic and Protestant heretic, who was burned at the stake by the Inquisition, a martyr to free inquiry and a favorite hero in Joyce's private martyrology.

Michael Sędziwoj (1556 or '66-1636 or '46), better known under the Latinized version of his name employed by Joyce, was a Polish or Moravian alchemist who rescued the great Scottish alchemist Alexander Seton from a Dresden prison, half-dead from torture, and acquired his secrets, manuscripts, and wife in the process. For a fuller account see Seton and Sendivogius in John Ferguson's *Bibliotheca Chemica* (Glasgow, 1906).

rating the subtle from the gross. For the artist the rhythms of phrase and period, the symbols of word and allusion, were paramount things. And was it any wonder that out of this marvellous life, wherein he had annihilated and rebuilt experience, laboured and despaired, he came forth at last with a single purpose—to reunite the children of the spirit, jealous and long-divided, to reunite them against fraud and principality. A thousand eternities were to be reaffirmed, divine knowledge was to be re-established. Alas for fatuity! as easily might he have summoned a regiment of the winds. They pleaded their natural pieties—social limitations, inherited apathy of race, an adoring mother, the Christian fable. Their treasons were venial only. Wherever the social monster permitted they would hazard the extremes of heterodoxy, reason of an imaginative determinant in ethics, of anarchy (the folk), of blue triangles, of the fish-gods, proclaiming in a fervent [end p. 7] moment the necessity for action. His revenge was a phrase and isolation. He lumped the emancipates together—Venomous Butter—and set away from the sloppy neighborhood.

Isolation, he had once written, is the first principle of artistic economy but traditional and individual revelations were at that time pressing their claims and self-communion had been but shyly welcomed. But in the intervals of friendships (for he had outridden three) he had known the sisterhood of meditative hours and now the hope began to grow up within him of finding among them that serene emotion, that certitude, which among men he had not found. An impulse had led him forth in the dark season to silent and lonely places where the mists hung streamerwise among the trees; and as he had passed there amid the subduing night, in the secret fall of leaves, the fragrant rain, the mesh of vapours moon-transpierced, he had imagined an admonition of the frailty of all things./In summer it had led him seaward. Wandering over the arid, grassy hills or along the strand, [end p. 8] avowedly in quest of shellfish, he had grown almost impatient of the day. Waders, into whose childish or girlish hair,

girlish or childish dresses, the very wilfulness of the sea had entered—even they had not fascinated. But as day had waned it had been pleasant to watch the few last figures islanded in distant pools; and as evening deepened the grey glow above the sea he had gone out, out among the shallow waters, the holy joys of solitude uplifting him, singing passionately to the tide./¹⁴ Sceptically, cynically, mystically, he had sought for an absolute satisfaction and now little by little he began to be conscious of the beauty of mortal conditions. He remembered a sentence in Augustine—"It was manifested unto me that those things be good which yet are corrupted; which neither if they were supremely good, nor unless they were good could be corrupted: for had they been supremely good they would have been incorruptible but if they were not good there would be nothing in them which could be corrupted." A philosophy of reconciliation. . . possible. . . as eve. . . [end p. 9, two lines here largely disintegrated by flaking paper] The. . . of the. . . at lef. . . bor. . . lit up with dolphin lights but the lights in the chambers of the heart were unextinguished, nay, burning as for espousal.

Dearest of mortals! In spite of tributary verses and of the comedy of meetings here and in the foolish society of sleep the fountain of being (it seemed) had been interfused.¹⁵ Years before, in boyhood, <the energy of sin opening a world before him,> he had been made aware of thee. <The yellow gaslamps arising in his troubled vision, against an autumnal sky, gleaming mysteriously there before that violet altar—the groups gathered at the doorways arranged as for some rite—the glimpses of revel and fantasmal mirth—the vague face of some welcomer seeming to awaken from a slumber of centuries under his gaze—the blind confusion (iniquity! iniquity!) suddenly overtaking him—in all that ardent adventure of lust didst thou not even then communicate?> Beneficent one! (the shrewdness

14. Cf. P 198–201/171–73.

15. Cf. P 261–62/222–23.

of love was in the title) thou camest timely, as a witch to the agony of the self-devourer, an envoy from the [end p. 10] fair courts of life.¹⁶ How could he thank thee for that enrichment of soul by thee consummated? Mastery of art had been achieved in irony; asceticism of intellect had been a mood of indignant pride: but who had revealed him to himself but thou alone? In ways of tenderness, simple, intuitive tenderness, thy love had made to arise in him the central torrents of life. Thou hadst put thine arms about him and, intimately prisoned as thou hadst been, in the soft stir of thy bosom, the raptures of silence, the murmured words, thy heart had spoken to his heart. Thy disposition could refine and direct his passion, holding mere beauty at the cunningest angle. Thou wert sacramental, imprinting thine indelible mark, of very visible grace. A litany must honour thee; Lady of the Apple Trees, Kind Wisdom, Sweet Flower of Dusk. In another phase it had been not uncommon to devise dinners in white and purple upon the actuality of stirabout but here, surely, is sturdy or delicate food to hand; no need for devising. His way (abrupt creature!) lies out now to the [end p. 11] measurable world and the broad expanses of activity. The blood hurries to a gallop in his veins; his nerves accumulate an electric force; he is footed with flame. A kiss: and they leap together, indivisible, upwards, radiant lips and eyes, their bodies sounding with the triumph of harps! Again, beloved! Again, thou bride! Again, ere life is ours!

In calmer mood the critic in him could not but remark a strange prelude to the new crowning era in a season of melancholy and unrest. He made up his tale of losses—a dispiriting tale enough even were there no comments. The air of false Christ was manifestly the mask of a physical decrepitude, itself the brand and sign of vulgar ardours; whence ingenuousness, forbearance, sweet amiability and the whole tribe of domestic virtues. Sadly mindful of the worst [,] the vision of his dead, the vision (far more pitiful) of congenital lives shuffling onwards between yawn and howl, starvelings in mind

16. *P* 113, 200/100, 172.

and body, visions of which came as temporary failure of his olden, sustained [end p. 12] manner, darkly beset him.¹⁷ The cloud of difficulties about him allowed only peeps of light; even his rhetoric proclaimed transition. He could convict himself at least of a natural inability to prove everything at once and certain random attempts suggested the need for regular campaigning. His faith increased. It emboldened him to say to a patron of the fine arts¹⁸ 'What advance upon spiritual goods?' and to a capitalist¹⁹ 'I need two thousand pounds for a project.' He had interpreted for orthodox Greek scholarship the living doctrine of the *Poetics* and, out of the burning bushes of excess, had declaimed to a night policeman on the true status of public women: but there was no budge of those mountains, no perilous cerebation. In a moment of frenzy he called for the elves. Many in our day, it would appear, cannot avoid a choice between sensitiveness and dulness; they recommend themselves by proofs of culture to a like-minded minority or dominate the huger world as lean of meat. But he saw between camps his ground of vantage, opportunities for the [end p. 13] mocking devil in an isle twice removed from the mainland, under joint government of Their Intensities and Their Bullockships. His *Nego*,²⁰ therefore, written amid a chorus of peddling Jews' gibberish and Gentile clamour, was drawn up valiantly while true believers prophesied fried atheism and was hurled against the obscene hells of our Holy Mother:²¹ but, that outburst over, it was urbanity in warfare. Perhaps his state would pension off old tyranny—a mercy no longer hopelessly remote—in virtue of that mature civilization to which (let all allow) it had in some way contributed. Already the messages of citizens were flashed along the wires of the world, already the generous idea had emerged

17. Cf. *U*, esp. 223, 239–40/226, 243.

18. Possibly Lady Gregory, who ultimately sent Joyce £5 in Oct. 1904.

19. Probably Thomas Kelly, a wealthy American who was solicited by Joyce at his Irish residence in Castletown for money to start a newspaper only a month before he wrote this version of *A Portrait*.

20. *Nego*: from the Latin, literally "I deny," i.e., his attack on the establishment.

21. The Catholic Church, that is, not the Virgin Mary.

from a thirty years' war in Germany and was directing the councils of the Latins. To those multitudes, not as yet in the wombs of humanity but surely engenderable there, he would give the word: Man and woman, out of you comes the nation that is to come, the lightning²² of your masses in travail; the competitive order is employed against itself, the aristocracies are supplanted; [end p. 14] and amid the general paralysis of an insane society, the confederate will issues in action.

Jas. A. Joyce
7/1/1904

[7 January 1904]

[end p. 15]

August 1893 to December 1893²³

- 1) <Sensations coming home.—>²⁴
- 2) Gradual irreligiosity²⁵ <(Epiphany of Thornton)>²⁶
- 3) Return to Belvedere: in second class: prefect at sodality: Fr MacNally.²⁷
- 4) Retreat before feast of S. Francis Xavier.²⁸

22. "Lightening" may be the sense intended here, but the text reads "lightning."

23. This section of *SH* has been lost, but we can reconstruct it to some extent from this outline and from what remains of it in *P*. It was probably Chapter 11 of *SH*, following Chapters 9 and 10, outlined below.

24. Probably refers to the return from Cork (or Edinburgh), omitted in *P* after the Cork episode closes on p. 108/96.

25. Cf. the end of Chapter 2 of *P*.

26. Apparently Joyce's reminder to use one of his Epiphanies which has since been lost. Ned Thornton was a neighbor of the Joyces and was used by Joyce as a model for characters in the stories "Grace" and "Eveline" in *Dubliners* and for Mr. Kernan in *Ulysses*. Joyce may have intended to work into *SH* material which he found better use for in the stories.

27. Fr MacNally, destined here for *SH*, was eliminated for *P*.

28. This is the famous retreat which occupies most of Chapter 3 of *P*.

Six lectures

	1) Introductory, evening before 1 st Day	
(Epiphany of Hell) ²⁹	2) Death } 2 nd Day	
	3) Judgment }	
	4) Hell } 3 rd Day	
	5) Hell }	
	6) Heaven	morning after 4 th Day

[end p. 16]

[p. 17 blank]

Chap. I ³⁰

"The middle age discovered America; our age has discovered heredity." Thus do the ages exchange civilities like outgoing and

The spirit of
 incoming mayors. ^ Our age is not to be confounded with its works;
 these are novel and progressive, mechanical bases for life: but the
 spirit < is everywhere preterist > wherever it is able to assert itself in
 this medley of machines is romantic and preterist. Our vanguard of
 politicians put up the banners of anarchy and communism; our
 artists seek the simplest liberation of rhythms; our evangelists are
 pagan or neo-Christian, reactionaries.

[end p. 18]

For "University College" ³¹

The ice-cream Italian ³²

The marsupials ³³

29. See Epiphany no. 6, above, and *P* 158/137.

30. A paragraph apparently intended for use in an introductory chapter, quite different from the first chapter of *P* as we now have it.

31. These are apparently topics for Stephen's conversation and thought in the University College chapters of *SH*. In the MS this heading runs diagonally from top center to right margin, center.

32. Identified as Rossetti in the Pola Notebook (Part I, Section 5, below).

33. Joyce referred to the girls of Dublin in this way. See *SH* 176/210, and the Pola Notebook (I, 5 below).

Epiphany of Mr. Tate.⁴⁹

The Play at Whitsuntide: Emma again.⁵⁰

Chapter X

June 1893 to September 1893⁵¹

The affairs of Mr. Daedalus.⁵²

The journey to Cork⁵³

His reproving eyes,
his dreams⁵⁴

Meeting with godfather in train coming home ^

Bray: Eileen and Wells.⁵⁵

Soixante-Neuf. (after a walk)⁵⁶

47. After the Christmas dinner argument Mr. Casey fades from *P*, though he seems to have had a larger role in *SH*.

48. Stephen's reading is still important in Chapter 2 of *P*, and his preference for Byron over Tennyson is significant in his fight with Heron (83–92/75–82).

49. Mr. Tate, modeled on Joyce's English teacher at Belvedere (Mr. Dempsey), figures in the Heron/essay-reading episode of *P*, Chapter 2. Joyce apparently worked one of his Epiphanies (now lost) of Dempsey into that passage.

50. The play is associated with the Heron episode in *P*, and Emma, though nearly invisible, is present.

51. The tenth chapter of *SH* also deals with materials later used in Chapter 2 of *P*.

52. In *P* this precedes the play and the Heron flashback; see 71–72/65–66 for signs of Mr. Daedalus' declining fortunes.

53. See *P* 97–108/86–96.

54. The reproving eyes and dreams of Stephen's godfather seem to have been eliminated in *P*.

55. In Chapter 18 of the published *SH*, Stephen meets Wells, now studying for the priesthood, and they exchange some banter about the "esplanade girls" down in Bray (*SH* 70). Chapter 10 must have included an episode in Bray involving Wells and Eileen, perhaps a parallel to Emma's flirtation with the "priested peasant" whom Stephen thinks of as her "paramour" in a fit of anger in *P* 259/221.

56. *Soixante-neuf* is a slang expression for a sexual experience involving fellatio or cunnilingus or both. Joyce seems to have planned a sexual experience for Stephen more graphic and sordid than the embrace with the prostitute which closes Chapter 2 of *P*.

- 1) The Day in Edinburgh
- 2) We cannot educate our fathers ⁵⁷

[end p. 20]

<Christ's unique relations with prostitutes> ⁵⁸

Enigmatical Christ—enigmatical ^{men} \wedge counsel [connected?] ^{with him} \wedge

Christ and his Father: he knows him.

<Father recognises him only once>

Satan and Christ: objectivised

A more imperfect type than Buddha or S. Francis

Muhammed a maniac / Comparison with Hamlet
Simple and complex.

His methods of generalship

Man of Grief: "Cause of our sorrow"

His pride and hatred of his race

Knowledge of men's hearts: writing in the sand.

Jesus wept / / Christ and Leonardo: exoteric and esoteric.

"Whoso looketh upon a woman"

< Not a eunuch priest. > Melchisedec.

A more intellectual type than Buddha or Francis

His two interpreters: Blake and Dante ^{Creeping}
^{Jesus}

[end p. 21]

57. These two notes occur earlier in the notes for "University College" and are perhaps relocated here as an indication that they are to separate the two Belvedere sections rather than be included with the other University College experiences.

58. All the notes on this page of the MS relate to Joyce's thinking about Jesus rather than to any of his works specifically, but in the emphasis on the father-son motif and the implied comparison with Hamlet we have a foreshadowing of the complexities of *Ulysses*. See Part I, Section 4 for the source of most of these notes.

Mary Daedalus ⁵⁹
 Simon Daedalus
 Stephen Daedalus
 Maurice Daedalus
 Isabel Daedalus
 ∞
 Mrs Riordan
 John Casey
 Aunt Essie
 Uncle John
 Aunt Brigid
 Uncle Jim
 Mike Flynn
 Richard Sleater
 Vincent Heron
 Fr MacNally
 < Mr Demers > Mr Tate

John Bitter
 William Judge
 Joseph Magennis
 John Andrews
 Christopher McCann
 Hon Mrs Ambrose
 James MacCormack
 ∞
 Clare Howard
 Eileen Dixon
 Emma Clery < Gertrude Mayne >
 Sarah [written over Martha] Albin
 Charlotte Harrington
 Esther Osvalt
 Elinor Forde

∞
 Fr Webster
 Fr Dillon
 Miles Davin
 James Brennan
 Matthew Lister
 Thomas Nash
 Oliver Flanagan
 Patrick Hoey
 Owen Hoey
 Annie Hoey

- Chap VIII ⁶⁰
- 1) Business complications ⁶¹
 - 2) Aspect of the city ⁶²
 - 3) Christmas party ⁶³
 - 4) Visits to friends ⁶⁴
 - 5) Belvedere decided on ⁶⁵
-
-

[end p. 22]

59. This list of names is a tentative cast of characters for *SH*. Those which do not appear in the *SH* chapters we have may well have played their parts in the lost early chapters.

60. This is the earliest chapter of *SH* for which we have any notes. These episodes all seem to have been preserved in some form in *P*, mostly in Chapter 2.

61. See *P* 71/65.

62. See *P* 67/62.

63. See *P* 26-41/27-39.

64. See *P* 73-77/67-69.

65. See *P* 78/71.

The foregoing pages are the first draft of an essay of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and a sketch of the plot and characters, written (January 1904) in a copybook of my sister Mabel (b. 1896, d. 1911). The essay was written for a Dublin review *Dana* but refused insertion by the editors Mr. W. K. Magee (John Eglinton) and Mr. Frederick Ryan.

20-1-28

Paris James Joyce

Section 4

Sparks from a Whetstone

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

In the Scylla and Charybdis chapter of *Ulysses* Stephen's mind turns once to his brother: "Where is your brother? Apothecaries' hall. My whetstone. Him, then Cranly, Mulligan: now these" (208/211); and in his *Diary* Stanislaus Joyce remarks that Jim "has used me, I fancy, as a butcher uses his steel to sharpen his knife" (included in Part II, Section 7 below). James Joyce read that *Diary* often and used it as a source of anecdotes, descriptions, and ideas, taking over whole phrases, sentences, and paragraphs when he found a use for them, as the annotation of the Pola Notebook (Part I, Section 5 below) indicates. The following two passages must also have impressed him. From the first, on Jesus, he took those puzzling notes which are included in his plans for *Stephen Hero* (Part I, Section 3 above). Jesus as son, scapegoat, and betrayed leader interested Joyce immensely, and his thinking about Jesus is woven deep into the fabric of Stephen's character in *A Portrait* and *Ulysses*. And much of his thinking on this important subject was influenced not by the Fathers of the Church but by his own younger brother, whose militant atheism was the steel against which Joyce polished his own tolerant scepticism.

The second passage included here does not have echoes in any notes of Joyce's yet discovered but it must have started reverberations in his mind. In discussing the mental processes of the uneducated and the educated man when they are both thinking about nothing, Stanislaus developed a theory of the stream of consciousness which must have provided Joyce with a basis for the contrasting interior monologues of Bloom and Stephen in *Ulysses*. When Édouard Dujardin and Joyce's other forerunners in stream of consciousness technique are given their due credit for assisting in Joyce's achievement, some share must probably be reserved for "morose Maurice," the surly, taciturn young man of integrity and talent who had the fortune and misfortune of being his brother's keeper and whetstone.

The following two passages are not printed in *DD*. They are

included here with the permission of the Library Board, Cornell University. The first passage begins on MS page 119, the second on MS page 222. The *Diary*, which Stanislaus wanted called "My Crucible," is item 4 in the Cornell Joyce Collection.

STANISLAUS JOYCE

Nearly all great artists of all nationalities have painted ~~their likeness~~ imaginary portraits of Jesus Christ, excusing their ideas by some kind of historical proof, have painted them because they find his ~~life~~ character very interesting and because they have perhaps very vivid ideas of him. I, too, have a very definite reading of his character, a little excused in tradition, & I, too, regard him with interest, but quite without religious sentiment—a sentiment never in me. Jesus was neither as simple nor as poor as St. Francis, yet how engaging is his simplicity when after his boyish impudence arguing with the doctors in the Temple "he went down to Nazareth" with his parents "and was subject to them." Between the joyous and youthful boy and the strange and sorrowful criminal, homeless and acquainted with grief what a difference there is. Jesus was a far more intellectual type than Buddha or Mohammed or St. Francis, though not so beautiful as Buddha nor so masterful as Mohammed nor so charmingly simple as Francis d'Assisi. His crises were intellectual not emotional. He seemed to be absolutely without sentiment. During the crises which wrought the pessimist in him I have no doubt he whored greatly. We know he feasted often with free livers and sinners and there is no suggestion that he went to them to preach and we know he was a wine-bibber. He spoke frequently to his disciples' disconcerting with notable whores. Jesus was no eunuch priest. We find something fanatical or foolish always in those who are eternally virginal, something invigorous, unvirile, sentimental. Compare, for instance, a St. Augustine and a St. Aloysius. But Jesus is eminently masculine, unflinchingly wise, knowing man's heart and the world. He praises spiritual ardour and loves it in John and blesses the pure—but the pure of heart. No doubt for some reason (perhaps that he did not advert to it as to a matter of great importance—there is no carnal temptation in the desert) he acquiesced in his disciples thinking him a virgin. He even seems to have admired in Peter a blunt

simplicity and honesty greater than his own (though in the garden of Gethsemy he knew its weakness without anger) yet did not over-value the qualities. He did not attach supreme importance to bodily purity as his disciples did. To a Catholic this will sound blasphemous, but then Catholics can scarcely believe that he was really enraged in the Temple, yet did he not call them all "thieves" when they were only traders. (*Mem*—they were Jewish traders)

In this, too, he was misunderstood, in his humility for, though it is true "that humiliated pride falls lower than humbleness," [S. J. cites "*Meredith*" for this quotation] he had very great pride—pride in his ancestry. Indeed if he was not the son of God he certainly behaved himself as such. He talks of his father with undistinguished pride and of himself—"the poor you have always with you but me you have not always with you." He doubts if he is the son of God and hates his people—the whited sepulchres—to[o] much for deeds. The clamorous Jewish rabble run to him in their troubles. He is brought in by agitated parents to a fainting girl. He looks at her and says simply, "the child is not dead but sleepeth." He is enigmatical and stirs a like temper in others. Yet his few cries of bodily suffering are so simple, so perfect a confession of great weakness—"I thirst"—so classical.

The oriental Jesus is not gentle Jesus, or creeping Jesus, or the beau jeune homme of the early Italians, or the preaching moralists of the protestant divines. It might be maintained that the rabblement know nothing of Jesus except that he wept. But the Jesus I have always pictured is the ugly and saturnine Christ of the Good Friday ceremonies, the Jesus of Nazareth who has power over the lightning and who is called upon—not by the Jewish rabble now—to deliver us from a sudden and unprovided ~~for~~ death.

The Catholic Church is, I believe, nearest to an understanding of Jesus, for in its teaching—not in what it preaches—and in its poet Dante, it is proud, intellectual and practically contemptuous of morality. If Christianity is to regain ~~its~~ respect in Europe it will be with such a Christ, and if it tries to regain its hold by turning democrat, it will lose both its power and its respect.

The ~~charman~~ portrait Renan has done in his "*Vie de Jesus*" of "*le charmant docteur*" seems to me not so much like Jesus as like Ernest Renan. . . .

My mind used to have a very disputacious turn when I was younger. I used to take up some opinion that pleased me and in my mind argue with some figmentary opponent something in this way:—Concerning the idea of education.—See there is a man going alone along the Malahide Rd. Supposing he has nothing great on his mind, he is not ~~in love~~ a lover in the expectation of plenty like the farmer that hanged himself, supposing he has no great trouble, his only child has not died, he has not lost all his money, supposing, too, he is not a philosopher, what is he thinking about? Nothing, you say. But how does one decide, how do I decide what is the probable right answer? I cast about in my memory to try if I can find there what I think about in similar circumstances. Then it seems to me that only in a dreamless sleep is there nothing in the living mind. If you still persist, for argument sake in holding that there is nothing in his mind, I think I can convince you this way. His eyes are open and if he is not blind he sees. Yes, he sees, you say but his mind is silent. But listen. If you hold a glass before the scene he is passing, will it not reflect it more truly than the retina of his eye? Does the glass, then, “see”? Seeing implies consciousness, and you cannot in seriousness pretend to doubt ~~it~~ with that tag of scepticism, that the glass is not conscious, for we believe for reasons almost innumerable that it is not, ~~our reason being~~ for the reasons, for instance, that men by taking thought have made it what it is, a glass, and as it was made just so it remains, nor does it ever move itself, nor reflect things in the manner it chooses but as they are presented to it, nor reflect only such things as it chooses, nor has it showed any signs that are even of life, neither grew nor was capable of growth, reproduced nor was capable of reproducing. But the mind “sees,” that is is conscious of the image the eye reflects for it, and says continually within itself: “This is a road, the Malahide Rd. I know it well now that I see it. There are high broken hedges on both sides of it, and a few trees. Where the road branches an irregular dwelling-house with an orchard about it, sidles [?] to an arm and before pointing the bifurcation, is an old gate entrance. There is a young fellow on the opposite side going in the same direction as I am”; thinking not in sentences as in a book, but thought succeeding thought without utterance like harmonies in music, while conveying a more definite impression to the mind. ~~But~~ Now it seems to me that the right purpose of education is to make

these impressions and thoughts and judgments distinct, intelligible and definite. Such an education, you say, would make a man very silent and self-centred. It would, to a certain degree, but in that succession of thoughts there would be come impressions that would be beautiful and imaginative, original or witty or brilliant thoughts that would not be kept silent, and judgments that would remain as precious things kept bravely in the mind, that linking wit and brilliancy and imagination, would influence a mind seeing beauty and remembering happiness, would refine and mold it to a free and potent nobility.—Such thinking seems to me vain and vulgar, as if I were showing off to a spectator also figmentary. ~~It would have been better for instance to spend~~ It seems vulgar because, except the last, it was thought easily and with a secret distrust of its logic and yet passed. It would have been better to spend time and call the eye, for instance, a conscious glass. It is stupid, too, for I make my interlocutor stupid to make an argument in the first place and then the easier to beat him. Uncle Willie said to me, “You with your Socratic mind.” He didn’t believe himself, or reserved the right not to believe himself and to think his own mind better than Socratic; but he was right in a way. There is something feebly Socratic in its style. I like my leisure and can use it, my mind gives me ordinary fare for pleasure, but how cumbrously my brain moves in its shell. I see the road I go plainly, the bare hedges and trees and lush Spring colours, but I do not see one step before or after. But for the light of the conscious glass my mind is dark. How many are like me?

Section 5

The Pola Notebook

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

These notes were written by Joyce during his first months of permanent residence on the Continent in late 1904. At this time he was still working on *Stephen Hero*, the second version of *A Portrait*. The fragments which follow the paragraphs on esthetic theory are related to those notes for *Stephen Hero* which were attached to the first version (I, 3 above). As in the case of the Paris notebook, the original MS of these notes is lost and the text here follows Gorman 133–38. Since the arrangement of the fragmentary notes for *SH*—the actual layout on the page—has no manuscript authority (as opposed to the notes for *SH* attached to the first version), the editor has in this case added whatever commentary seemed appropriate in brackets after each note, preserving Gorman's order. Some items lack commentary because they seem not to need it, others because of the editor's inability to provide it.

Gorman called these fragmentary notes a "selection" from the notebook—how complete we cannot tell. But the notes he printed were separated into five groups, perhaps representing five pages of manuscript. The first group includes a number of phrases Joyce associated with Yeats and his circle. The second seems mainly made up of reminders of actual incidents and bits of local color, many copied from Stanislaus Joyce's Dublin diary (partially printed as *DD*). The third, on J. F. Byrne, is made up almost exclusively of materials from the Dublin diary. The fourth, labeled "Dubliners" but hard to trace in the stories, is a mixture of quotations, figurative speech, and idiomatic expressions, some of which were used in *Ulysses*. The fifth group is composed of three witty and outrageous sayings destined for S. D. (Stephen) who is twitted about one of them by John Eglinton in *Ulysses*.

POLA NOTEBOOK

Bonum est in quod tendit appetitus.

S. Thomas Aquinas.

The good is that towards the possession of which an appetite tends: the good is the desirable. The true and the beautiful are the most persistent orders of the desirable. Truth is desired by the intellectual appetite which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the intelligible; beauty is desired by the aesthetic appetite which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the sensible. The true and the beautiful are spiritually possessed; the true by intellection, the beautiful by apprehension, and the appetites which desire to possess them, the intellectual and aesthetic appetites, are therefore spiritual appetites. . . .

J. A. J. Pola, 7 XI 04.

Pulcera [sic in Gorman] sunt quae visa placent.

S. Thomas Aquinas.

Those things are beautiful the apprehension of which pleases. Therefore beauty is that quality of a sensible object in virtue of which its apprehension pleases or satisfies the aesthetic appetite which desires to apprehend the most satisfying relations of the sensible. Now the act of apprehension involves at least two activities, the activity of cognition or simple perception and the activity of ~~consequent satisfaction~~ recognition. (If?) the activity of simple perception is like every other activity, itself pleasant (,?) every sensible object that has been apprehended can be said in the first place to have been and to be ~~beautiful~~ in a measure beautiful; and even the most hideous object can be said to have been and to be beautiful in so far as it has been apprehended. In regard then to that part of the act of apprehension which is called the activity of simple perception there is no sensible object which cannot be said to be in a measure beautiful.

With regard to the second part of the act of apprehension which is called the activity of recognition it may further be said that there is no activity of simple perception to which there does not succeed in whatsoever measure the activity of recognition. For by the activity of recognition is meant an activity of decision; and in accordance with this activity in all conceivable cases a sensible object is said to be satisfying or dissatisfying. But the activity of recognition is, like every other activity, itself pleasant and therefore every object that has been apprehended is secondly in whatsoever measure beautiful. Consequently even the most hideous object may be said to be beautiful for this reason as it is *a priori* said to be beautiful in so far as it encounters the activity of simple perception.

Sensible objects, however, are said conventionally to be beautiful or not for neither of the foregoing reasons but rather by reason of the nature, degree and duration of the satisfaction resulting from the apprehension of them and it is in accordance with these latter merely that the words "beautiful" and "ugly" are used in practical aesthetic philosophy. It remains then to be said that these words indicate only a greater or less measure of resultant satisfaction and that any sensible object, to which the word "ugly" is practically applied, an object, that is, the apprehension of which results in a small measure of aesthetic satisfaction is, in so far as its apprehension results in any measure of satisfaction whatsoever, said to be for the third time beautiful. . . .

J. A. J. Pola, 15 XI 04.

The Act of Apprehension.

It has been said that the act of apprehension involves at least two activities—the activity of cognition or simple perception and the activity of recognition. The act of apprehension, however, in its most complete form involves three activities—the third being the activity of satisfaction. By reason of the fact that these three activities are all pleasant themselves every sensible object that has been appre-

hended must be doubly and may be trebly beautiful. In practical aesthetic philosophy the epithets "beautiful" and "ugly" are applied with regard chiefly to the third activity, with regard, that is, to the nature, degree and duration of the satisfaction resultant from the apprehension of any sensible object and therefore any sensible object to which in practical aesthetic philosophy the epithet "beautiful" is applied must be trebly beautiful, must have encountered, that is, the three activities which are involved in the act of apprehension in its most complete form. Practically then the quality of beauty in itself must involve three constituents to encounter each of these three activities. . . .

J. A. J. Pola, 16 XI 04.

Fragmentary Notes:

Group 1.

Greek culture (Iliad) Barbarian (Bible)

Spiritual and temporal power

Priests and police in Ireland

[This idea is developed in SH 64.]

Catacombs and vermin

La Suggestione Letteraria

[This idea is developed in SH 194.]

Ireland—an afterthought of Europe

[SH 53.]

Beauty is so difficult

[Like the following phrase, this is Yeats quoting Beardsley. Joyce may have heard it directly from Yeats. Both phrases appeared in 1922, in that section of *The Trembling of the Veil* called "The Tragic Generation."]

I once saw a bleeding Christ—(W. Yeats) quoting Beardsley

Old Murray and Dante

[This phrase probably refers to an anecdote involving Joyce's maternal grandfather and his aunt, Mrs. Conway (Dante, or Mrs. Riordan in *P*).]

"Miss Esposito, I never see a rose but I think of you."

[A remark made by Padraic Colum to Vera Esposito, one of two genteel sisters who acted at the Abbey Theatre.]

"I got the highest marks in mathematics of any man that ever went in."

[An overheard remark which seems to be the basis for SH 208.]

"Ah, Paris? What's Paris? The theatres, the cafés, *les petites femmes des boulevards*."

[Probably another overheard remark, this one has a touch of George Moore in it.]

Ladies' bonnets. High mass at the Pro-Cathedral.

[A reminder of a scene in one of Dublin's Catholic churches, the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street.]

Signs of Zodiac. Earth a living being.

[This cryptic, animistic phrase may have been set down because of its contrast with the combination of Catholicism and clothing above.]

"The English have their music-hall songs but we have the melodies."

[A bit of Irish musical patriotism, perhaps a reference to Thomas Moore's *Irish Melodies*.]

Moments of spiritual life

[On his way to Paris in 1903, Joyce was introduced by Yeats to C. Lewis Hind, editor of the *Academy*. Joyce wanted to review books for money. Hind asked him for some "moments of his spiritual life." Neither got what he wanted.]

"That queer thing—genius."

[In *Ulysses* A. E. applies this phrase to Padraic Colum (190/192). No doubt he did in life also, annoying Joyce, who referred to Colum (who worked for the Post Office) as "The Messenger-boy genius."]

"Synge's play is Greek," said Yeats, etc.

[Yeats gave Joyce this opinion of *Riders to the Sea* when he was engaged in trying to find work for both young men in London, while Joyce was on his way to Paris in 1903. Joyce resented this praise, and when he saw Synge and his manuscript in Paris attacked the play as un-Aristotelian, concealing that grudging admiration which led him to translate it into Italian some years later.]

"With all his eccentricities he remains a dear fellow."

[The sort of remark George Moore often made of his friend Edward Martyn. Joyce may have had it from Yeats.]

Dr. Doherty and the Holy City

[A reminder for the episode in which Doherty describes an imaginary visit to heaven. See Late Fragments of *A Portrait* at the end of this Part. Doherty is Joyce's earlier name for Oliver Gogarty, the Malachi Mulligan of *Ulysses*.]

Group 2:

Strangers are contemporary posterity—Chamfort.

[A very free and epigrammatic translation of this eighteenth-century French wit's *Maximes et pensées sur l'homme et la société*, XLVII.]

The artillery of heaven

[Milton's metaphor for thunder.]

Mrs. Riordan and the breadcrumbs

[A lost incident involving "Dante" Conway.]

Spittin' and spattin' on the floor

[A vigorous piece of vulgar speech which probably went with an anecdote that has been lost.]

Consumatum [sic in Gorman] *est*

[This phrase was intended to remind Joyce of Father Dillon's fatuous peroration, used in *SH* 120.]

Dog an' divil

[Another picturesque Irish locution probably referring to a lost anecdote.]

Make death a capital offence in England; end of modern English plays; Fr. Delaney

[This refers to the incident used for Stephen's conversation with the President of University College (Fr. Dillon) in *SH* 98.]

"Yisterday" F. Butt Moloney (Clery)

[This pronunciation is used by Fr. Butt in *SH* and adopted by the "infantile orator" Whelan, who is modeled on Louis J. Walsh, boy orator and poet, author of "Art thou real, my ideal?", who debated with Joyce in the University College Literary and Historical Society. (See "Walshe" in Trieste Notebook, below.) Arthur Clery, another debating opponent of Joyce's, was to appear in *SH* as Moloney, who makes a brief entrance on page 24 of the published *SH* and then disappears. Clery's pronunciation being assigned to Whelan suggests that Joyce may have finally decided to base Whelan on both Walsh and Clery.]

Kinahan and Boccaccio

[Kinahan was the model for Moynihan in *SH*, who told Stephen that "the *Decameron* took the biscuit for 'smut' " (150).]

Kinahan Enc. Britt. "Socialism"

[Another Moynihan incident in *SH* 149.]

The ice-cream Italian—Rossetti

[Stanislaus Joyce explains (*DD* 26) how Joyce reconciled his dislike of Rossetti and his admiration for Italians by comparing Rossetti to the stereotype of the ice-cream vendor. This and the following three phrases appeared first in the notes to the first version of *P*, Part I, Section 3 above.]

The marsupials

[Joyce's youthful, misogynistic reference to the girls of Dublin. Cf. Stanislaus Joyce's quotations from Joyce on women: "dirty animals," and "warm, soft-skinned animals" (*DD* 20, 22); and see *SH* 176, 210.]

Art has the gift of tongues

[A favorite phrase, this appears again in the "Esthetic" section of the Trieste Notebook. It is related to Joyce's notion that the artist is

a priest of the imagination, the gift of tongues being the almost magical ability of the disciples of Jesus to speak to men of all nations.]

“Special reporter” novels

[In a letter of 28 Feb. 1905 Joyce remarked, “If I had a phonograph or a clever stenographer I could *certainly* write any of the novels I have read lately in seven or eight hours.”]

“on our side every time”

centripetal writing

every bond is a bond to sorrow

[This and the six following entries all have the ring of Stanislaus Joyce’s voice about them, but only two have been located in the parts of his diaries that have been preserved. This phrase is employed by Mr. Duffy in “A Painful Case” (D 139/112), a character partially based on Stanislaus.]

With men women do not think independantly. [*sic* in Gorman]

What is the ambition of the hero’s valet?

[See DD 21.]

Love—and intimate, desirous dependance. [*sic* in Gorman]

Church calls it a low vice to serve the body, to make a God of the belly, and a high virtue to make a temple of it.

The egoist revenges himself on his loves for the restrictions his higher morality lays upon him.

Unlike Saul, the son of Kish, Tolstoy seems to have come out to find a kingdom and to have found his father’s asses.

[See DD 102.]

Coyne: Beauty is a white light

Joyce: Made up of seven colours.

[W. P. Coyne was secretary of the University College Literary and

Historical Society when Joyce read “Drama and Life” at a meeting. With Clery and Walsh he was a part of the opposition.]

Coyne and religious landscape

[A lost incident.]

“The blanket with the hole in the middle was not the dress of the ancient Irish but was introduced by the indecent Saxon.”

[A bit of hyperpatriotism which obviously amused Joyce but which he seems not to have found a use for.]

Shakespeare, Sophocles and Ibsen

[A reminder of George Moore’s enthusiastic reaction to a performance of *A Doll’s House*; see p. 197 below.]

Walshe didn’t know how anyone could know more about Ibsen than F. Butt did.

[See note to “Yisterday” above for information on Walsh. F. Butt in *SH* and *P* is not especially intelligent or well-informed.]

Starkey thinks Ibsen’s mind a chaos. “Hedda should get a kick in the arse.”

[James S. Starkey, who wrote as Seumas O’Sullivan.]

I am unhappy all day—the cause is I have been walking on my heels and not from the ball of my foot.

[A grave bit of self-observation by Stanislaus Joyce, which must have amused his brother; *DD* 34, *SH* 100.]

The music hall, not Poetry, a criticism of life.

[Joyce’s epigrammatic adaptation of Matthew Arnold, recorded by his brother; *DD* 38.]

The vulgarian priest

[See *DD* 97, 99; *SH* 65.]

Group 3:

[All the notes in this group refer to Joyce’s friend J. F. Byrne, the model for Cranly. Most of them were taken directly from Stanislaus

Joyce's diary and employed in *SH*. For *P*, to this material was added thought on Byrne from the later Trieste Diary. The *DD* pages to be consulted are 28, 35, 38, 45, and 74; to be compared with *SH* 145, 214, 216, 221; and *P* 207/178.]

Byrne

Features of the Middle Age: a pale, square, large-boned face, an aquiline nose with wide nostrils rather low in his face, a tight-shut lifeless mouth, full of prejudice, brown eyes set wide apart under short thick eyebrows and a long narrow forehead with short coarse black hair brushed up off it resting on his temples like an iron crown.

The Grand Byrne

Wicklow

Brutal "bloody" "flamin"

Thomas Squaretoes

Talking like a pint

Deprecate eke so

Did that bloody boat the Seaqueen ever start?

Immoral plebeian

His Intensity the Sea-green Incorruptible

to make me drink

[A reference to Stanislaus Joyce's notion that Joyce's friends were deliberately trying to injure him by getting him drunk.]

Stannie takes off his hat

Group 4:

For "Dubliners"

High instep

Foretelling rain by pain of corns

“the world will not willingly let die”

[A paraphrase of Milton’s statement of hopes for his career as a poet, worked into Gabriel Conroy’s speech in “The Dead.”]

“which, if anything that the hand of man has wrought of noble and inspiring and beautiful deserves to live deserves to live”

[Rhetoric which Joyce admired, delivered by the orator Seymour Bushe at the Childs murder case in Dublin, 1899, and used by Joyce in U 138/140, with some improvements.]

“that way madness lies”

[Cf. *King Lear*, III, iv.]

The United States of Europe

Sick and indigent roomkeepers

[Joyce applied these adjectives to the prostitute in his first draft of “Gas from a Burner.” See the *James Joyce Miscellany*, III (Carbon-dale, 1962), p. 12. He borrowed them from a real organization, The Society for the Relief of Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers in the City of Dublin of all Religious Denominations (founded 1790).]

Logue: a handsome face in repose

[Cardinal Logue: see U 471/480.]

Lightning: a livid woundlike flash

God plays skittles: thunder

[Joyce’s lifelong preoccupation with thunder and lightning is reflected in these two notes.]

Tips: palm-oil

[Mr. Kernan uses the phrase (U 236/239) as a synonym for graft.]

To scoff—to devour

Medieval artist—lice in a friar’s beard

[No doubt Joyce’s own epigram.]

The cold flesh of priests

[Another, probably of Joyce's own coinage, reflecting his lifelong anticlericalism.]

A woman is a fruit

[Cf. "marsupials" above.]

Paris—a lamp for lovers hung in the wood of the world

[Very likely a Joycean coinage, reflecting the view of Paris he acquired early in life from such sources as Ibsen's *Ghosts*.]

To take the part of England and her tradition against Irish-America

[This may express one side of Joyce's own ambivalent feelings.]

Mac—Be Jaze, that put the kybosh on me

[Cf. U 330/336.]

Group 5:

S. D.

[The following three witticisms were apparently destined for Stephen as early as this, and, though we never see him deliver one, Joyce apparently thought of him as having done so. In U (182/184) John Eglinton teases him about the first, for which he is said to have borrowed a title from hack novelist Marie Corelli: *The Sorrows of Satan*.]

Six medical students under my direction will write *Paradise Lost* except 100 lines.

The editor of the *Evening Telegraph* will write the *Sensitive Plant*.

Hellenism—European appendicitis.

[Hellenism, another enthusiasm which Joyce despised, was associated with Trinity College (Professor Mahaffy) and with Gogarty. U 9/7.]

Section 6

The Trieste Notebook

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

This alphabetical notebook postdates the completion of *Stephen Hero*. Most of the entries in it seem to have been made between 1907, when *Stephen Hero* was abandoned, and 1909, when Joyce visited Ireland and recorded the details of Michael Healy's room. It represents to a considerable extent a regathering of materials for *A Portrait*. The materials on J. F. Byrne in the Pola notebook were used in *Stephen Hero*. The materials on Byrne in the Trieste notebook were used in *A Portrait*. As late as the composition of *Ulysses*, Joyce found some of the entries in this diary useful, such as those on his parents and on Oliver Gogarty. Joyce's subsequent uses of this material have been noted in brackets after each notebook entry. The manuscript of this notebook is at Cornell.

TRIESTE NOTEBOOK

Byrne (John Francis) [Cranly in P]

He hears confessions without giving absolution: a guilty priest. [P 207/178]

His silence means that he has an answer to what puzzles me.

His speech has neither the rare phrases of Elizabethan English nor the quaintly turned versions of Irish idioms which I have heard with Clancy. I hear in its drawl an echo of the Dublin quays, given back by the decaying seaport from which he comes, and in its energy an echo of the flat emphasis of Wicklow pulpits. [P 228/195]

He asked me if I would deflower a virgin. [P 291/246]

He has one epitaph for all dead friendships: A Sugar. [P 228/195]

He spoke to me as: my dear man. [P 281 ff./239 ff.]

On the steps of the National Library he dislodged an old fig-seed from a rotten tooth. [P 270-77/230-36]

He said that I was reared in the lap of luxury [P 284/241]

He did not think that *Nicholas Nickleby* was true to life.

He is exhausted. [P 293/248]

He calls a clock a wag-by-the-wall and Yeats a go-by-the-wall.
[P 235/201]

Cosgrave (Vincent) [Lynch in P]

His laugh is like the whinny of an elephant. His trunk shakes all over and he rubs his hands delightedly over his groins. [P 235, 240/201, 205]

His hands are usually in his trousers' pockets. They were in his trousers' pockets when I was knocked down on S. Stephen's Green. [Cf. Lynch's desertion of Stephen in Nighttown in U.]

~~Under his headgear he brought up the image of a hooded reptile.~~ The long slender flattened skull under his cap brought up the image of a hooded reptile: the eyes, too, were reptilian in glint and gaze but with one human point, a tiny window of a shrivelled soul, poignant and embittered. [P 240/205-06]

He is a self-consumer.

He ate dried cowdung. [P 240/205]

Clancy (George Stephen) [Madden in SH, Davin in P]

There is a stare of terror in his eyes [P 210/180]

He sat at the feet of Michael Cusack the Gael who hailed him as citizen. [P 210/180; Michael Cusack is "The Citizen" of *Ulysses*]

Chance did not bring us face to face on either of my visits to Ireland. I wonder where he is at the present time. I don't know is he alive still.

His use of "whatever".

It is equal to him

He wore a swanskin gansy.

Casey (Joseph) [Kevin Egan in U]

a grey ember.

Calvacanti [sic] (Guido)

His father Cavalcante Cavalcanti asks Dante where he is (Inf. cant X). Dante hesitates before he replies.

Betto Brunelleschi and his brigade railed at him one day as he was coming in from Orsanmichele. He (being near a burial ground) said to them: *Signori, voi mi potete dire a casa vostra ciò che vi piace*. His speculations (he held the views of Epicurus) *eran solo in cercare se trovar si potesse che Iddio non fosse* (Bocc 6.viii)

[This is actually taken from *The Decameron*, sixth day, ninth tale. Perhaps we must give Boccaccio some credit for providing Joyce with inspiration for his story, "The Dead"; for Betto interprets Guido's remark in this way: ". . . he has honestly and briefly accused us of the worst evil in the world, because, if you understood him well, these arches are the houses of the dead, which he calls our home to show that we, and all other people who are ignorant and unlearned, in comparison to him and other men of learning are worse than dead men; and therefore, while we stay here we are at home." The passage runs through Stephen's mind in U 46/45.]

Dedalus (Stephen)

"Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes": Ovid: *Metamorphoses* VII. 188. [Epigraph for P]

Girls laughing when he stumbled in the street were unchaste.
[P 259/220]

He made duck in cricket.

Flowergirls and beggarboys came after him in the street for handsel, saying: Will you, gentleman? [P 213, 259/183, 220]

The gratings in the path often caught the broken soles of his boots. [P 259/220]

He had an inborn distaste for fermented foods.

He was a dispossessed son. [U 42, 187/41, 189]

He disliked to be seen in the company of any woman.

At times as he walked through the streets of Dublin he felt that he was really invisible.

He dreaded the sea that would drown his body and the crowd that would drown his soul. [P 194/167]

He came to the knowledge of innocence through sin.

His heart was moved to a deep compassionate love by the frail pallor and humble eyes of girls, humbled and saddened by the dark shame of womanhood. [P 261–62/222–23]

He liked green. [Cf. Wilde in III, 1 below]

He looked in vain for some poet of the people among his generation to be his whetstone. [U 208, 493/211, 504. See also I, 4 above]

He hoped that by sinning whole-heartedly his race might come in him to the knowledge of herself. [P 299/253]

He disliked bottles.

He strove to shut his eyes against the disloyalty of others to himself

He gave what he got.

He devoured snowcake.

He pawned a Pali book. [U 189/191]

He felt the growing pains of his soul in the painful process of life.

He shrank from limning the features of his soul for he feared that no everlasting image of beauty could shine through an immature being.

Girls called after him: *Hey, young fellow . . . or*
Straight hair and curly eyebrows [P 259/220]

It annoyed him to hear a girl begin suddenly the first bars of a song and stop.

The applause following the fall of the curtain fired his blood more than the scene on the stage.

He felt the quaking of the earth.

He felt himself alone in the theatre.

Having left the city of the church by the gate of sin he might enter it again by the wicket of repentance if repentance were possible. [P 294/248, reworked]

He desired to be not a man of letters but a spirit expressing itself through language because shut off from the visible arts by an inheritance of servitude and from music by vigour of the mind.

Devin [Tom, Mr. Power in *U* and *D*]

He had a dead eye.

He takes leave of his boon companions by saying: Here endeth the seventh lesson.

He drank with me in Mooney's-sur-Mer. [U 258, 507/262, 518]

He does favours for a friend with a heart and a half, and prays that your shadow may never grow less.

Esthetic

An enchantment of the heart [P 250, 255/212, 217]

Pornographic and cinematographic images act like those stimuli which produce a reflex action of the nerves through channels which are independent of esthetic perception. [P 240, 241/205, 206]

It relieves us to hear or see our own distress expressed by another person.

The instant of inspiration is a spark so brief as to be invisible. The reflection of it on many sides at once from a multitude of cloudy circumstances with no one of which it is united save by the

bond of merest possibility veils its afterglow in an instant in a first confusion of form. This is the instant in which the word is made flesh. [P 255/217, reworked]

There is a morning inspiration as there is a morning knowledge about the windless hour when the moth escapes from the chrysalis, and certain plants bloom and the feverfit of madness comes on the insane. [P 256/217]

The rite is the poet's rest. [U 493/503]

Art has the gift of tongues. [U 425/432]

Pornography fails because whores are bad conductors of emotion.

The skeleton conditions the esthetic image.

England

She is successful with savages, her mind being akin to theirs

Gogarty (Oliver Saint John) [Buck Mulligan in U]

He speaks fluently in two jargons, that of the paddock and that of the science of medicine.

The plump shaven face and the sullen oval jowl recall some prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. [U 5/3]

The most casual scenes appear to his mind as the theatres of so many violent sexual episodes and casual objects as gross sexual symbols.

He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his. [U 8/7]

He addresses lifeless objects and hits them smartly with his cane: the naturalism of the Celtic mind.

He has a horse-like face and hair grained and hued like pale oak. He calls thought the secretion of the brain-cells and says that Ireland secretes priests. [U 5, 40/3, 39; also I, 7 below]

The Omphalos was to be the temple of a neo-paganism. [U 9, 19, 396/7, 17, 402 and I, 7 below]

His money smells bad.

He wore scapulars in the baths at Howth.

His coarseness of speech is not the blasphemy of a romantic.

[I, 7 below]

Dubliners who slighted me esteemed him as peasants esteem a bone-setter or the redskins their medicine-man. [U 16/14]

His coarseness is the mask of his cowardice of spirit. [I, 7 below]

A butler served in his house. When his old fellow died this butler was stationed outside Clery's (anciently Mac Swiney, Delaney and Co's) emporium to help ladies to alight from their carriages. Gogarty spoke of him as the exposed butler and often told him in a pig's whisper that he had put up a dozen of stout for him round the corner.

He was in quest of a cupric woman or a clean old man.

Heaven and earth shall pass away but his false spirit shall not pass away.

He talked of writing from right to left when I told him Leonardo da Vinci did so in his notebooks and an instant after swore that, damn him, he would write like the Greeks and not like the Sheenies.

He called himself a patriot of the solar system.

He discovered the vanity of the world and exclaimed "The mockery of it!" [U 5/3 *et passim* and I, 7 below]

Gordon (Michael) [See DD 39]

Verbicano [?] is in his eyes.

Giorgino [Joyce's son, born 27 July 1905]

You were a few minutes old. While the doctor was drying his hands I walked up and down with you, humming to you. You were quite happy, happier than I.

I held him in the sea at the baths of Fontana and felt with humble love the trembling of his frail shoulders: *Asperge[s] me, Domine, hyssopo et mundabor: lavabis me et super nivem dealbabor.* [**"The Asperges, or Sprinkling with Holy Water is performed every Sunday, immediately before the commencement of High Mass. . . ." Translation: "Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed: thou shalt wash me and I shall be made whiter than snow" (*The Key to Heaven or a Manual of Prayer*, Dublin, 18—?). Joyce's poem "On the Beach at Fontana" is based on this.]**

Before he was born I had no fear of fortune.

Henry (Father William) [Rector of Belvedere College in fact and in P]

In translating Ovid he spoke of porkers and potsherds and of chines of bacon. [P 208/179]

When I listen I can still hear him reading sonorously: *In tanto discrimine Implere ollam denariorum India mittit ebur.* [P 208/179]

Healy (Michael) [Nora Barnacle's uncle, whom Joyce visited in Galway in 1909]

Many pairs of boots stand in a row along the wall of his bedroom.

Beside his bed hangs a card on which these verses are printed:

"Let nothing make thee sad or fretful

Or too regretful:

Be still.

What God hath ordered must be right

Then find in it thine own delight,

My will.

"Why shouldest thou fill today with sorrow

About tomorrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true
Doubt not that he will give thee too
Thy part

“Only be steadfast: never waver
Nor seek earth’s favour
But rest.
“Thou knowest what God’s will must be
For all His creatures: so for thee
The best”

Paul Fleming (1609–1640)

Ireland

Its learning is in the hands of the monks and their clerks and its art in the hands of blacklegs who still serve those ideas which their fellow artists in Europe have rebelled against.

One effect of the resurgence of the Irish nation would be the entry into the field of Europe of the Irish artist and thinker, a being without sexual education.

The sow that eats her young. [*P* 238/203]

Her state is like that of France after the Napoleonic wars or of Egypt after the slaughter of the first-born.

The first maxim in Irish morals is: *omertà* (the Sicilian law of silence)

Irish wits follow in the footsteps of King James the Second who struck off base money for Ireland which the hoofs of cattle have trampled into her soil.

The curfew is still a nightly fear in her starving villages.

Irish art is the cracked looking-glass of a servant. [*U* 8, 9/6, 7]

The Irish provinces not England and her tradition stand between me and Edward VII.

The cable of Catholicism that links Ireland to Latin Europe is eaten by two seas.

The shortest way from Cape of Good Hope to Cape Horn is to sail away from it. The shortest route to Tara is via Holyhead.
[P 296/250]

Her rebellions are servile wars.

The Irish are washed by the Gulf Stream [U 17/16]

There is hope for her: in 500 years the coal supply of England will run out [U 625/641]

Duns Scotis [*sic*] has won a poorer fame than S. Fiacre, whose legend sown in French soil, has grown up in a harvest of hackney-cabs.

If he and Columbanus the fiery, whose fingertips God illumined, and Fridolinus Viator can see as far as earth from their creepy-stools in heaven they know that Aquinas, the lucid sensual Latin, has won the day. [These early Irish Saints are mentioned by Joyce in his Trieste lecture "Ireland, Isle of Saints and Sages" CW 153; some of the phraseology was reused in U 43/42.]

Jesus

His shadow is everywhere.

From the first instant of his existence his human soul was filled with divine knowledge.

He was discourteous to his mother in public but Suarez, a Jesuit theologian and Spanish gentleman, has apologised for him.
[P 286/242]

The dove above his head is the *lex eterna* which overshadows the mind and will of God.

Ibsen (Henrik)

He seems witty often because his discoveries at such startling angles to applauded beliefs.

Jesuits

They breed atheists

I learnt Latin prosody from the rhymes of Father Alvarez.
[P 208/179]

The nice terms of their philosophy are like the jargon of
heraldry. [P 209/180]

They are levites. [P 215/185]

They do not love the end they serve.

The houses of jesuits are extraterritorial. [P 215/184]

They flatter the wealthy but they do not love them nor their
ways. They flatter the clergy, their half brothers. [P 222/190]

They who live by the mob shall perish by the mob.

They judge by categories.

Are they venal of speech because venality is the only point
of contact between pastor and flock? [P 222/190]

They are erotically preoccupied [*sic*]

Lust

The reek of lions [U 233/236]

The falling sickness: the eyes vanish under their lids: the cry.
A desire to embrace all women.

Mother

The drawer in her deadroom contained perfumed programmes
and old feathers. When she was a girl a birdcage hung in the sunny
window of her house. When she was a girl she went to the theatre
to see the pantomime of Turko the Terrible and laughed when Old
Royce the actor sang:

*I am the boy
That can enjoy
Invisibility* [U11/10]

She came to me silently in a dream after her death: and her washed body within its loose brown habit gave out a faint odour of wax and rosewood and her breath a faint odour of wetted ashes.
[U 7, 12/5, 10]

Every first Friday she approached the altar and when she came home drank a glass of water before eating. [U 11–12/10]

Her nails were reddened with the blood of lice. [U 12/10]

She was taken sometimes to a performance of Christy minstrels in the Leinster Hall.

Sometimes she roasted an apple for herself on the hob. [U 12/10]

She used to exclaim: *Merciful hour*.

She said I never went to church, mass or meeting.

McCluskey

When not quite sober he used to set us sums about the papering of a trench and told us we should get cent in the exam.

Nora [Joyce's wife, the former Nora Barnacle]

"Wherever thou art shall be Erin to me"

She said to me: Woman-Killer! That's what you are!

She speaks as often of her innocence as I do of my guilt.

She wears limber stays

Pappie [John Stanislaus Joyce]

He is an Irish suicide.

He read medicine

He cannot keep his pipe alight as the buccinator muscle is weak. [U 265/269]

He gave me money to wire to Nora on Christmas Eve, saying: "Non ignorus [*sic*] malorum miseris soccorere [*sic*] disco." [Christmas

1909: John Joyce quoting (nearly) a speech of Dido's from *The Aeneid*. See also U 601/617]

One morning he played the fiddle, sitting up in bed.

His college friends were: Tom O'Grady, Harry Peard, Mick Lacey, Maurice Moriarty, Jack Mountain, Joey Corbet, Bob Dyas and Keevers of the Tantiles. [P 99, 101/89, 90]

He calls a prince of the church a tub of guts. [P 33/33]

The verses he quotes most are:

Conservio lies captured! He lies in the lowest dungeons

With manacles and chains around his limbs

Weighing upwards of three tons. [Quoted by His Eminence Simon Stephen Cardinal Dedalus in Nighttown scene, U 512/524]

When he is satirical he calls me sonny and bids me think of my Maker and give up the ghost.

He offers the pope's nose at table. [P 32/32]

He was proud of his hop step and jump.

He calls Canon Keon frosty face and Cardinal Logue a tub of guts. Had they been laymen he would condone their rancid fat. [P 33/33]

When something is mislaid he asks softly: *Have you tried the ashpit?*

He read the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* [Bello Cohen reads this: U 521/532]

He inquires: *Who said?*

He read *Modern Society* and the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*
He threatened to make me smell hell.

He called Eileen a confirmed bloody idiot.

He quarrelled with my friends.

When drunk he composes verses containing the word *perchance*.

Prezioso (Roberto) [Triestine friend of Joyce]

An umbrella hanging from the crook of his elbow comforts his ribs.

Roucati (Venanzio)

Venanzio Roucati drew a watch from the fob in his waist
and held it from him at its chain's length.

Rogers (Marcellus)

He laughs with happy teeth.

Skeffington (Francis Joseph Christopher) [MacCann in P]

He wields a wooden sword. [P 231/197]

Sordino (Conte Francesco) [Triestine pupil of Joyce]

His books are dogseared.

Shelley (Percy Bysshe)

He spoke his ecstatic verses with an English accent.

Uncle William [Murray]

He agreed: *You may say that, ma'am.*

He sang *The Groves of the Pool*.

Walshe [*sic*; the "e" is a Joycean addition] (Louis) [Cited as author
of "Art thou real my ideal" U 357/364; see also I, 5 above]

He is the father of this poem on Saint Patrick, the patron
saint of Our Isle, which begins:

"Fair spring has come, the winter
winds have passed,

The wild torrentious streams are
plying rills"

Section 7

Fragments from a Late "Portrait" Manuscript

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The following two fragments were given by Sylvia Beach to Joyce's patron Harriet Weaver in 1939. They are on five sheets of 21 by 17 cm. paper, like that used for the *Stephen Hero* manuscript, but the use of the spelling "Dedalus" in the larger fragment indicates that it, at least, postdates that manuscript. The fact that the smaller fragment is very close to the final text of that passage in *A Portrait* indicates that it, also, is a late version, though the comparable section of *Stephen Hero* is lacking for comparison. These fragments were first published by Walton Litz, in his book *The Art of James Joyce* (London, 1961), with some useful commentary which will not be duplicated here. (See Appendix B of Mr. Litz's book. Note that he regards as a separate fragment one full MS page which has here been placed at the head of fragment 2 because of its apparent narrative continuity.)

Fragment 1 is the conclusion to the Christmas dinner episode of *A Portrait* virtually in finished form. (In fact, there is strong evidence that this is a missing leaf from the fair-copy MS now in Dublin's National Library.) Fragment 2 indicates that Joyce's intention in *A Portrait* was to have Stephen's departure into exile be the result of his expulsion from the Martello Tower by the Gogarty-figure called Doherty in this fragment and in the Pola notebook but Mulligan in *Ulysses*. (See Part II, Section 7 below for Stanislaus Joyce's version of the tower incident; see *JJ* 212–15 for Joyce's intentions and the full text of the "Song of the Cheerful (but slightly sarcastic) Jesus," referred to as the "Ballad of Joking Jesus" in *Ulysses*.) Doherty's mystery play about heaven is apparently referred to in the Pola notebook as "Dr Doherty and the Holy City" (see Part I, Section 5 above).

Fragment 1 should be compared to *P* 41/39. The changes observable are probably compositorial, not corrections by Joyce. Fragment 2 is related to *SH* 121, 135; to *U* 5–9, 20–21, 40, 214, 427, 576, and 604/3–7, 19, 39, 216–17, 434, 591, and 620.

Fragment 1

rage:

—Devil out of hell! We won! We crushed him to death!

Fiend!—

The door slammed behind her.

Mr Casey, freeing his arms from his holders, suddenly bowed his head on his hands with a sob of pain.

—Poor Parnell!—he cried loudly—My dead King!—

He sobbed loudly and bitterly.

Stephen, raising his terror-stricken face, saw that his father's eyes were full of tears.

*

*

*

Fragment 2

shed his blood for all men they have no need of other aspersion.

Doherty's jibes flashed to and fro through the torpor of his mind and he thought without mirth of his friend's face, equine and pallid, and of his pallid hair, grained and hued like oak. He had tried to receive coldly these memories of his friend's boisterous humour, feeling that coarseness of speech was not a blasphemy of the spirit but a coward's mask, but in the end the troop of swinish images broke down his reserve and went trampling through his memory, followed by his laughter:

I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard.

My mother's a jew, my father's a bird.

With Joseph the joiner I cannot agree

So here's to disciples and Calvary!

My methods are new and are causing surprise.

To make the blind see I throw dust in their eyes. . . .

[end MS page]

But the echo of his laughter had been the remembrance of Doherty, standing on the steps of his house the night before, saying:

—And on Sunday I consume the particle. Christine, *semel in die*. The mockery of it all! But it's for the sake of the poor aunt. God, we must be human first. Doherty meets his afflicted aunt. I

am writing a mystery-play in half an act. Scene: Heaven. Enter two bonzes [Buddhist priests, Gogartese for priests in general] from Leitrim wearing blue spectacles. From Leitrim! "What was it at all? Was it electric light or the *aurora borealis*?" "That was himself." "Glory be to God! It is the grandest thing I ever saw." I think that's a lovely touch. The mockery of it! Ireland secretes priests: that's my new phrase. I must go. A woman waits for me. God, the humanity of Whitman! I contain all. I embrace all. Farewell. Did you notice Yeats's new touch with the hand up. It's the Roman salute. *Salve*! Pip, pip! O, a lovely mummer! Dedalus, we must retire to the tower, you and I. Our lives are precious. I'll try to touch the aunt. We are the super-artists. *Dedalus and Doherty have left Ireland for the Omphalos*—

The rank smell of fried herrings filled the kitchen and the bare table was strewn with greasy [end MS page] plates ~~on~~ to which lay glutinous fish-bones and crusts were stuck by a congealing white sauce. Clammy knives and forks were abandoned here and there. A big soot-coated kettle sat in which had been drained of the last dregs of cocoa, ~~sat in~~ the midst of the disorder beside a large jam-jar still half-full of the oatmeal water which had served for milk. Under the table the tortoiseshell cat was chewing ravenously at a mess of charred fish ~~cuts~~ heads and eggshells heaped on a square of brown paper.

His mother, flushed and red-eyed sat by the range. Stephen, weary of the strife, ~~lean~~ of tongues, leaned against the japanned wall of the fireplace. Noises and cries and laughter echoed in the narrow yard: and from time to time a nose was flattened against the window pane, fingers tapped mockingly and a young voice, faint and high in the dim evening, asked if the genius had finished his phrenology.

—It is all over those books [end MS page] you read. I knew you would lose your faith. I'll burn every one of them—

—If you had not lost ~~the~~ your faith—said Stephen—you would burn me along with the books—

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PART II
THE ARTIST
AS A YOUNG MAN



Introductory Note

Readers of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* experience a sense of psychological immediacy rare in fiction. Now that the author's background has been investigated we realize that this imaginative intensity rests upon a paradox, for despite its factual foundation the novel is not realistic. Events are rigorously selected and highly concentrated, and Joyce's oblique mode of presentation renders the course of life as a series of revelations. Sensations felt or spontaneously recalled, like the color and odor of bog-water, have greater psychological pertinence than what might seem to be major events. A child's imagination translates the important occurrences into images or dramatic scenes. The death of Parnell itself becomes a dream or an occasion of family dispute, and even the death of Joyce's beloved younger brother is changed in *Stephen Hero* into a sister's death, and dropped from *A Portrait* entirely. The esthetic theory, discussed in *A Portrait* as Stephen walks with friends, is apparently a redaction of many episodes in his undergraduate career, deriving from papers delivered before the Literary and Historical Society and from his essay, "The Day of the Rabblement."

Thus the documents which follow have only limited relevance to *A Portrait*. Here is the stuff that dreams are made on, from which character is formed, and out of which the artificer creates an imperishable work, as true today as it was sixty years ago, a symbol of aspiration, and, perhaps, what Stephen Dedalus prayed to achieve, a mystical encounter from which will emerge a recreated conscience.

Section I

Chronology, 1882–1904

- 1882 February 2. James Augustine Joyce born in Dublin to John Stanislaus Joyce and Mary Jane Murray Joyce.
- 1884 December 17. Stanislaus Joyce, the Maurice of *Stephen Hero*, born. Eight other children survived infancy.
- 1887 Spring. Joyce family moves to Bray, a town on Dublin Bay. See opening pages of Chapter 2 of *A Portrait*.
- 1888 September 1. Joyce enrolled at the boarding school, Clongowes Wood College, near Sallins in County Kildare. Chapter 1 of *A Portrait*.
- 1891 June. James leaves Clongowes Wood College as the family's financial difficulties begin.
- October 7. Death of Charles Stewart Parnell, former leader of the Irish parliamentary party and political hero of the Joyce family. His dismissal from leadership in the preceding year on account of his marriage with the divorced Kitty O'Shea split the loyalties of the Irish. See Chapter 1 of *A Portrait* for the child's meditations on Parnell's death and the family quarrel at Christmas dinner. October 7 is the "Ivy Day" of the fine story in *Dubliners*, and the poem there recited may derive from one written by the nine-year-old Joyce and privately printed by his father (now lost). Note that in *A Portrait* Joyce has the boy still a student at Clongowes Wood, perhaps to hide his embarrassment at the social decline of the family.
- 1892 Spring. Family moves, first to Blackrock, then to Dublin. See Chapter 2 of *A Portrait*.
- 1893 Joyce briefly at the Christian Brothers' School, Dublin, an interlude which he chose to forget and which occasions dis-

crepancies between Chapter 2 of *A Portrait* and the dates given in the notes following the "Portrait" essay. The Joyce family made many changes of address through the next ten years.

1893 April 6. Joyce enters Belvedere College, housed in an eighteenth-century Dublin mansion. Its prefect of studies was Father John Conmee, formerly rector of Clongowes Wood College, who is remembered with respect in *A Portrait* and with affectionate irony in *Ulysses*. Joyce spent the spring term in the class of Third Grammar, entering the Preparatory grade in the fall.

1894 February. Visit to Cork with father, who sold properties. *A Portrait*, Chapter 2.

May 14-19. The bazaar, "Araby in Dublin," inspiration for the story in *Dubliners*. See Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce*, for a photograph of the cover of the program (facing p. 80).

Whitsuntide play, according to *A Portrait*, but dated the year before in Joyce's notes.

Spring. Joyce wins the first of a series of "exhibitions," or cash prizes, for high standings in national examinations. Other awards were won in 1895 and 1897, and in 1897 and 1898 for essays in English.

Fall. Joyce enters Junior grade, where he is delayed for a second year, presumably to groom for prizes.

1895 July 1. Date of death of the fictitious Father Flynn in "The Sisters," *Dubliners*. The first printed version gave the date as "July 2nd, 189-." See Marvin Magalaner, *Time of Apprenticeship*, pp. 176-77, for a reproduction of the original printing.

December 7. Joins Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

1896 Fall. Enters Middle grade. Ellmann dates the retreat of *A Portrait*, Chapter 3, as 1896; Joyce's notes give 1893, while

- the immediately preceding prize money would indicate 1897, and Stephen's age of sixteen suggests 1898. Elected prefect of Sodality.
- 1897 Wins thirty pounds in exhibition and three pounds for essay, the money described at end of Chapter 2 of *A Portrait*.
Fall. Enters Senior grade. Reelected prefect.
- 1898 To this year probably belong the problem of vocation and the vision of the girl in *A Portrait*, Chapter 4.
Matriculates at University College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. Here begin the events in the extant chapters of *Stephen Hero*.
- 1899 Becomes a member of the Executive Committee of the Literary and Historical Society (February 18), although he is defeated for position of Treasurer (March 21).
May 8. Irish Literary Theatre opens with *The Countess Cathleen*, a play by Yeats which is bitterly attacked as an insult to Irish womanhood. A number of Joyce's college mates hiss the performance and send a letter of protest which appears in the *Freeman's Journal*, May 10.
- 1900 January 20. Reads paper on "Drama and Life" before Literary and Historical Society.
April 1. Essay, "Ibsen's New Drama," in *Fortnightly Review*.
- 1901 March. Writes letter to Ibsen on his seventy-third birthday.
June. First issue of *St. Stephen's* magazine.
Fall. Attack on Irish Theatre for its presumed provincialism, "The Day of the Rabblement," printed with an essay by Francis Skeffington (later Sheehy-Skeffington) in *Two Essays*.
October 24. John F. Taylor defends Irish language in address before Law Students' Debating Society. A four-page

pamphlet was published in 1903 and distributed widely. See the quotation in the newsroom chapter of *Ulysses*, a passage which Joyce read for a phonograph recording.

1902 February 1. Joyce reads paper on James Clarence Mangan.

 March 9. Brother, George Alfred Joyce, dies of typhoid. See death of Isabel in *Stephen Hero*.

 May. Mangan essay printed in *St. Stephen's*.

 August. Meets A. E.

 October. Meets William Butler Yeats.

 October 31. Receives Bachelor of Arts degree from the Royal University, examining body for University College.

 December 1. Leaves Dublin for Paris, planning to study medicine. See conclusion of *A Portrait*. En route, visits Arthur Symons in London.

 December 11. First book review published in Dublin *Daily Express*, "An Irish Poet" (i.e., William Rooney, whose *Poems and Ballads* had been published posthumously).

 December 23. Returns to Dublin, visiting Yeats in London on the way. Stays in Dublin until January 17. At about this time makes the acquaintance of Oliver St. John Gogarty, wit and medical student, the model for Buck Mulligan in *Ulysses*, whom he first met in the summer of 1901.

1903 Back in Paris, Joyce reads in libraries, writes poems, eats little. Meets Synge and makes disparaging remarks about the manuscript of *Riders to the Sea*, jealous of Yeats's praise for the work as comparable to Greek tragedy. Continues to send book reviews to *Daily Express*.

 April 11. Leaves Paris, summoned to deathbed of his mother in Dublin.

July 2. Gordon-Bennett motor race. See "After the Race," *Dubliners*. Joyce's interview in Paris with a French contestant had been published, April 7, in the *Irish Times*, "The Motor Derby."

August 13. Mother dies.

1904 The *annus mirabilis*, with the first draft of "A Portrait of the Artist," the day to be commemorated in *Ulysses*, the meeting and elopement with his future wife, and the first publication of poems and stories.

January 7. Essay, "A Portrait of the Artist," first published in 1960.

February 10. First chapter (now lost) of *Stephen Hero* finished.

April 28. Visit to Dublin of King Edward VII. See discussion in "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," *Dubliners*.

Spring. Teaches at Clifton School, Dalkey. Cf. *Ulysses*, Chapter 3. Gogarty, a student at Oxford, urges him to visit.

May 16. Wins medal at music festival, the Feis Coeil, but loses highest rating because of refusal to compete in sight singing.

June 10. The time of his meeting with Nora Barnacle, according to Joyce's first biographer, Herbert Gorman. On this day he attended a meeting of the Irish National Literary Society, where a discussion of the feasibility of the Abbey Street property was being held.

June 16. The date of *Ulysses*, chosen possibly because the day was associated with Nora.

On this day Joyce wrote to the London Academy of Music for the address of the authority on early instruments, Arnold Dolmetsch. Dolmetsch had made a psaltery for Yeats, in order that the poet could demonstrate his verse theories with the help of Florence Farr. See Yeats, "Speaking to the

Psaltery," an essay in *The Monthly Review*, May 1902, and in *Ideas of Good and Evil* (1903). Dolmetsch dissuaded Joyce from the lute playing project on the grounds that lutes were scarce, expensive, difficult to play, and troublesome to keep in playing condition.

June. Elkin Mathews reissues Yeats's privately printed stories published in 1897, *The Tables of the Law and The Adoration of the Magi*. In this edition Yeats included a prefatory note, apparently referring to Joyce: "I do not think I should have reprinted them had I not met a young man in Ireland the other day, who liked them very much and nothing else that I have written."

Joyce slowly being published. The *Irish Homestead* printed three stories, later to be revised and included in *Dubliners*: "The Sisters," August 13, "Eveline," September 10, and "After the Race," December 17. Poems published in *The Speaker*, *Dana*, and *The Venture*.

August 27. Joyce appears in concert, later utilized in story "A Mother," *Dubliners*.

September 9-19. Lives with Gogarty and Samuel Chenevix Trench at Martello Tower, Sandycove. See *Ulysses*, Chapter 1, where this residence is transposed to June 16.

October 8. Leaves Dublin with Nora Barnacle for a final exile from Ireland. Except for brief visits in 1909 (August-September, October-January) and 1912 (July-September), Joyce henceforth lived in Dublin only in his imagination.

Section 2

Family

JOHN STANISLAUS JOYCE

A persistent rumor in Dublin has it that the "interview" with Joyce's father, published in the *James Joyce Yearbook* (1949) was a hoax perpetrated by a young journalist. Bearing in mind Irish skill in mimicry it could easily be so; but whatever the facts, the account does capture the flavor of a characteristic Dublin type, and is consistent with other recollections of "old Joyce," as he is still remembered.¹

This was the man, descending through the lower levels of shabby gentility, whom Stephen in *A Portrait* professed to despise, but of whom Joyce was to say, "No one could be worthy of such intense love as my father had for me," or, more specifically, "Hundreds of pages and scores of characters in my books came from him."

Joyce's brother Stanislaus adopted Stephen's scornful attitude, but even he, in *My Brother's Keeper*,² reveals unwittingly the father's carefree charm, and his fund of local knowledge, as shown during a neighborhood stroll:

My brother and I were always in the group, which usually included a friend or two of his, for whom he was better than a guide, though they were truer Dubliners than he was. We would stop to look in at the gates of a country house.

—A delightful spot, my father would say enthusiastically, I wouldn't mind ending my days there.

—Whom does it belong to, John, do you know?

—Well, it used to belong to old So-and-so.

—Is it the solicitor in Dame Street you mean?

—Yes, that's the man.

1. Mrs. Eugene Jolas, editor of the *James Joyce Yearbook* and formerly co-worker with her husband Eugene Jolas in editing the magazine *transition*, has written me that the text of this interview, typed and unsigned, was found among Joyce's papers when she sorted them in 1949. R. M. K.

2. Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper*, ed. Richard Ellmann (New York: Viking Press, 1958), pp. 64-65. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press and Faber and Faber Ltd.

Then would follow the life, death, and miracles of old So-and-so or it might be scraps of information regarding more important people, the place where Addison used to walk, or Swift's supposed residence, or the house of the infamous 'Sham Squire'. . . He had an inexhaustible fund of Dublin small talk, and my brother shared with him this interest in Dublin lore, which distance and the lapse of time served only to increase.

The "interview" shows the same awareness of locale—an important facet of Joyce's writing. A few errors may be noted, traceable perhaps to a French typesetter, the misspellings of "Guinness" and of "McGuckin," for instance. The old man's pride in his electioneering and in his vocal exploits fits Stephen's contemptuous dismissal of the father as "a praiser of his own past," but Joyce undoubtedly drew on such reminiscences for the political and musical discussions in *Dubliners* and *Ulysses*. "Gallagher of the *Freeman's Journal*" is he of the fine story "A Little Cloud," who is also praised in the newsroom chapter of *Ulysses*. The questions about Chapelizod and "Van Hom-rig" are in keeping with Joyce's interest in the Dublin suburb and Swift's curious relations with women, topics which permeate *Finnegans Wake*. On the other hand, everyone in Dublin would undoubtedly know of Tom Kettle's death on the Western Front in 1916; but again, this may be merely a slip in an old man's memory.

*"Interview With Mr. John Stanislaus Joyce
(1849-1931)"*³

[pp. 159-69]

"Begor I'm not too bad considering everything, and how are you?" Thus replied Mr. Joyce when I visited him the other evening. . . .

Asked for his recollections of the time he spent in Chapelizod, he said: "I knew the place very well for I was Secretary to the Distillery there for 3 or 4 years. It was owned by the Dublin and Chapelizod Distilling Coy. You know that the premises were very historic. Formerly the place was used as a Convent, then Begor it became a soldiers' barrack and after that William Dargan got it and set up a Flax

3. Reprinted by courtesy of *A James Joyce Yearbook*, edited by Maria Jolas, Paris, 1949.

Factory. His monument is in Merrion Square. Eventually it became a distillery. . . . At that particular time I had nothing particular to do, and after an interview by Henry Alleyn, Dunbar, George Delaney, another director and a Corkman too, I was appointed secretary. . . .

"Anyway I was appointed Secretary with a salary of £300 a year and I stopped there for about three years. Chapelizod was a very quaint old spot. The Earl of Donoughmore's family are buried there in the old church; he lived in the house on the hill, which is now a lunatic asylum."

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Questioned about the firm of Guinness's [*sic*] the brewers, Mr. Joyce said that he didn't know much about the history of the firm, adding: "but I know this much, they make damn good porter—I wish I had a pint of it now. The founder of the Brewery was Arthur Guinness, then the next owner was his son Benjamin Lee Guinness, who was Lord Mayor of Dublin for three years. He had a service of gold plate at the Mansion House where he entertained on a grand style. I had many a damn good night there at dances and suppers, in the good old times. That was when I was secretary to the Liberal Club in Dublin, after I left the Distillery at Chapelizod. And I was only 22 years old at the time. I won the election in Dublin and I was the man that put in Maurice Brooks and Lyons, and put out Arthur Guinness as he then was, the sitting member, and of course Sterling, who was going up with Guinness, never got in. . . ."

Asked if he knew anything about the quality of the water of the Liffey, Mr. Joyce answered: "Not a damn bit because I never drank it without whiskey in it."

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"Van Homrig, who the Hell was he? my God I could not tell you. Why does he want to know these things, Jim must be getting mad.

"There are some of Dean Swift's family still living in Dublin. Swift McNeill is a relative of his and he is a very clever man. Of course I didn't know the Dean because he was in Hell long before my time. The Dean had one of the Van Esses as a sweetheart and he had a second one but I don't know her name.

". . . .Father Matthew I remember slightly as I was only a

child; he was a great friend of my father's. Holy St. Peter! May God be merciful to him. Holy Father! Jim must have gone mad—he has overworked himself. My God what is coming over him!

"You asked me about the Kettle family; I don't know much about them. They lived in Artane. Andrew was a Member of Parliament and I knew him. Some of the Kettles are living at present—Tom Kettle⁴ is a great friend of Jim's. . . .

"McCuckin [*sic*] was a tenor in the Carl Rosa Company; he was the leading tenor. A most extraordinary thing about McCuckin and myself was this. At this time I was a young man about 25 years of age and I had a very good tenor voice. I sung at a concert in the Antient Concert rooms which was got up for some purpose the object of which I forget now. Anyway as I said, I had a very good tenor voice at the time—a better tenor than when I was in Cork. After this concert when McCuckin used pass me in the street he used watch and look after me. I used wonder why he looked so hard at me and by God I never could make out what it was all about; and it was only after he was dead for some years that I heard the story. It was in one of my favourite houses on Bachelors Walk one evening where a lot of the fellows used meet in the evenings for a jollification, and while talking about one thing or the other—of course singing cropped up. John Phelan said to me 'you had the best tenor in Ireland.' 'Yerra my God what put that into your head?' says I, and he said, 'I heard it from the very best authority.' 'Who was that?' says I. 'Well' says he, 'did you ever hear of a gentleman called Barton McCuckin?' 'I did indeed,' said I, and John said 'that is my authority,' and that accounted for the way he used look so hard at me. When I asked him what McCuckin knew about me he said, 'McCuckin heard you singing at a concert in the Antient Concert Rooms and said that you had the best tenor voice in Ireland; and begor he ought to be a judge.' Anyway I had a devil of a good tenor in those days—and they were great days, My God! they were.

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4. Thomas M. Kettle (1880–1916). M.P. (1906–10); Professor of National Economics of Ireland, University College, Dublin (1909–16). Clongowes Wood College, University College—President, Literary and Historical Society (1898–99). Author, *The Day's Burden* [essays] (1910), *The Open Secret of Ireland* (1912), *Poems and Parodies* (1916), *The Ways of War* (1917). Married Mary Sheehy. Reviewed Joyce's *Chamber Music* in Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, June 1, 1907. Killed in action on the Somme.

“ . . . The count of the votes took place in the Exhibition Palace in a very big room. All the tables were there and I had four men on each table. I didn't at all expect that we would get the two members in—I would have been satisfied if I got Brooks in but I didn't at all expect that Lyons would get in. In the end towards the end of the count I got the rough figures and I totted them up two or three times and by God what was it but I knew the two were returned! This was the hell of a thing for me. . . . When I found that we had the election won, I was going out but there was a great crush at the door. When the people outside heard the news there was the devil's shouting and cheering. I could not stir but I saw my friend the Baby Policeman at the door. He helped me out and I don't know what I would do without him. Gallagher [*sic*]⁵ of the *Freeman's Journal* got hold of me, when I pushed my way through the door, to get the figures. I went down to the office in Townsend Street where there was a very big crowd and when they heard the news there was more shouting and cheering. I left the *Freeman* office after giving them the correct figures and went up to Abbey Street. The Oval Bar was just at the corner of that street and it was owned by a damn decent fellow—I knew him well. I had not taken a drink of any kind during the election—a whole fortnight—and I would not have one for God Almighty if he came down especially from the Heavens. A car drove up and all around about there was shouting and cheering for the victors at that hour of the morning. My God it was three o'clock in the morning and the excitement was great and I was the hero of it all because they said that it was I that won the election. I was seized by a fellow who pushed his way up to me: 'Where are you pushing me?' said I—and who in the blazes was this fellow but the poor decent man that owned the Oval Bar. I had to go in with him—he was a brother-in-law of Nugent, that's Michael you know. He was there with two others on the car. We all went in and by God Almighty such drinking of champagne I never saw in my life. We could not wait to draw the corks, we slapped them against the marble-topped counter. The result was we were there drinking for about three hours and when we came out the question was what were we to do with ourselves at that ungodly hour of the morning. The

5. Fred Gallaher, Dublin, and later, London journalist, model for "Ignatius Gallaher" in "A Little Cloud," *D*, and in *U*.

Turkish Baths came into my mind and there I went after having any God's quantity of champagne. Oh dear, dear, God, those were great times.

“. . . Of course I knew Hugh Kennedy⁶ now Chief Justice of the Free State. He was a schoolfellow of Jim's. He was at Belvedere College with Jim. I don't know much about him except his ugliness. By the Holy God you would put him up to frighten anybody—he would frighten the horses off their feet. Oh yes! I saw him making a holy show of himself in the College. Jim was reading a paper on some subject—you know Jim had a great flow of language. There was a debate and Kennedy if you please took exception to something Jim said. The cool, calm, and calculating Jim putting his hand on the table took a note of what Kennedy said. At last Jim stood up and my God he spoke for half an hour and he left Kennedy in a condition that he was not fit to be washed. I often told Jim to go for the Bar, for he had a great flow of language and he speaks better than he writes. However he has done very well.

“Every night of my life and in the daytime too I think of all these things—they all come back to me and my God when I think of the times I used to have and here I am now—well I had a good time, anyway. There is not a field in County Cork that I don't know, for I hunted them all and I now go through all these hunts and the jollifications that we used have after them. They were great. . . .”

*Pappie and Mother—
Notes from Stanislaus Joyce's Diary*⁷

[26 September 1903]

[pp. 16–20] Pappie⁸ is the only child of an only child (his father) and therefore the spoiled son of a spoiled son, the spendthrift son of

6. Hugh Kennedy (1879–1936). University College, Dublin—President, Literary and Historical Society, 1900–1901. Legal career. Later first Attorney-General and first Chief Justice of Irish Free State, and member of Dail (1923–24).

7. From *The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce*, ed. G. H. Healey. Copyright 1962 by Cornell University and George Harris Healey, by permission of Cornell University Press and Faber and Faber Ltd. In this printing of excerpts from the *Diary*, quotation marks have been normalized to the usual double quotes, and in general American rather than English spelling has been used.

8. Cf. J.J.'s notes on his father in the Trieste notebook, Part I, Section 6 above.

a spendthrift. His temperament was probably Gasconish—gallant and sentimental—and was certainly shallow and without love. If he ever had any self-criticism his inordinate self-love and vanity choked it in his early youth. Yet, strangely enough, he is shrewd in his judgment of others. He takes pride in a family of some refinement, education and some little distinction on one side, and of some wealth on the other. He is domineering and quarrelsome and has in an unusual degree that low, voluble abusiveness characteristic of the Cork people when drunk. He is worse in this respect since we have grown up because even when silent we are an opposition. He is ease-loving and his ambition in life has been to be respected and to keep up appearances. However unworthy this may sound, it has been so difficult of attainment and he has struggled for it with such tenacious energy against the effects of his constant drunkenness that it is hard to despise it utterly. He is lying and hypocritical. He regards himself as the victim of circumstances and pays himself with words. His will is dissipated, and his intellect besotted, and he has become a crazy drunkard. He is spiteful like all drunkards who are thwarted, and invents the most cowardly insults that a scandalous mind and a naturally derisive tongue can suggest. He undoubtedly hastened Mother's death. He was an insulting son, and as a husband, a household bully and a bester in money matters. For his children he has no love or care but a peculiar sense of duty arising out of his worship of respectability. He is full of prejudices, which he tries to instil into us, regarding all opposition as impertinent puppyism. He boasts of being a bit of a snob. His idea of the home is a well-furnished house in which he can entertain and his children grow up under their mother's care, and to which, having spent the evening in drinking and story-telling with his friends, he can return to lord it and be obeyed.

He is generous, however, and when he claims to have "some ideas of a gentleman" he does not seem to be ridiculous. When he has been sober for a few days he is strangely quiet, though irritable and nerve-shaken, with a flow of lively talk. It is difficult to talk to him even now at 54 for his vanity is easily hurt. Moreover this quietness seems unnatural and to be the reaction of his drunkenness.

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When Pappie is sober and fairly comfortable he is easy and pleasant spoken though inclined to sigh and complain and do nothing. His conversation is reminiscent and humourous, ridiculing without malice, and accepting peace as an item of comfort. This phase is regrettably rare and of short duration. It comes at times of dire poverty and does not last till bedtime. The mood is genuine, indeed, but a chance phrase will reveal that it is more an amnesty temporarily agreed to than a peace. Unsettling from his comfortable position before the fire and gathering up his papers to go to bed effect a change in him, and he goes up the stairs complaining and promising changes over which he has no control.

Pappie has for many years regarded his family as an encumbrance which he suffers impatiently while he must, and which he seeks to cast off at the earliest opportunity. Jim and I and Charlie,⁹ who naturally do not see matters in this light, he abuses and threatens as wasters. He calls all his children bastards as a habit, and really the treatment he wishes to give them is that enforced by law even to bastards—support until the sixteenth year for a male child.

He is truculent and inflicts a thoughtless selfishness on his children. I have said he has a peculiar sense of duty toward them. It is true, but that sense does not include the office of feeding them regularly. Even tonight when his being was comfortable there was a somewhat vicious hue about his contentment. . . .

That amongst his innumerable acquaintances, Pappie had a few real friends, is to be remembered to his credit.

At that time which I remember most vividly, Mother had little left of what had once made her a figure in drawing-rooms, little except a very graceful carriage and occasional brilliancy at the piano. She had a small, very feminine head, and was pretty. I remember her intelligent, sparing, very patient in troubles (the normal state) and too patient of insults. When I saw her lying in her brown habit on the bed in the front room, her head a little wearily to one side, I seemed to be standing beside the death-bed of a victim. Now for the first time waking in the quietness and subdued light of the room, beside the candles and the flowers, she had the importance that should always have been hers. An ever-watchful anxiety for her children, a

9. Charles Joyce (1886–1941).

readiness to sacrifice herself to them utterly, and a tenacious energy to endure for their sakes replaced love in a family not given to shows of affection. She was very gentle towards her children though she understood them each. It is understanding and not love that makes the confidence between Mother and children so natural though unacknowledged, so unreserved though nothing is confessed (there is no need of words or looks between them, the confidence surrounds them like the atmosphere). Rather it is this understanding that makes the love so enduring. Pappie, who had no relatives and was free and selfish, demanded of Mother, who had many, alienation from them. I can well believe that she never brought them to his house and that Pappie himself, being weak and inconstant, did; but in heart she was never altogether alienated from them. To have been so for Pappie's sake would have demanded more passionateness than was in Mother's nature. Perhaps if she had done so she would have been just as unloved by one so eminently selfish as Pappie, or if not as unloved certainly as cruelly treated. It is in her favour that in the middle of worries in which it is hard to remain gentle or beautiful or noble Mother's character was refined as much as Pappie's was debased, and she gained a little wisdom. Yet I cannot regard Mother and Pappie as ill-matched, for with Pappie Mother had more than mere Christian patience, seeing in him what only lately and with great difficulty I have seen in him. It is strange, too, that the true friendships Pappie made (with Mr. Kelly¹⁰ for instance) were confirmed at home and, I think, under Mother's influence, his friends being scarcely less friendly towards Mother than towards himself. Up to the last Mother had a lively sense of humour and was an excellent mimic of certain people. Though worn and grave, Mother was capable at unusual times of unusual energy. She was a selfish drunkard's unselfish wife.

Mother had seventeen¹¹ children of whom nine are now living.

Mother's treatment of Poppie¹² was unjust, not nearly so unjust but of the same kind as Pappie's treatment of her, and perhaps due a

10. Mr. Casey in *P*.

11. Stanislaus originally wrote "fourteen." Ellmann counts ten, plus three misbirths (*JJ* 20).

12. The oldest daughter, Margaret Alice, then nineteen, who took over the raising of the younger children after their mother's death (August 13, 1903) and later entered a convent. Died 1964, in the Convent of Mercy, Papanui, Christchurch, N. Z.

little unconsciously to that example. These women of Nirvana who accept their greatest trials with resignation, letting worries be heaped like ashes on their heads, and hoping only in one thing—their power to live them down, vent themselves in irritability about ridiculous little annoyances. One of the most difficult things to excuse is a nagging temper, but it must be remembered that Mother's temper was only lately of this kind, that it was due to disease in one who died of cirrhosis [originally "cancer"] of the liver, and that it was directed against Poppie from a habit begun when Poppie was young and very obstinate. Mother, too, saw that the reading of life in our home was unchristian and, constantly, deceived herself to make her life submissive to that Priest-worship in which she was reared. She even asserted her Catholicism that by speaking much she might convince herself, and this is called insincerity. Mother's religion was acquiescence and she had the eye of unbelievers constantly upon her.

Jim has lately become a prig about women, affecting to regard them as dirty animals and frequently quoting an epigram of Dr. Perse's.¹³

*Further Notes by Stanislaus Joyce*¹⁴

[p. 29] In fact he had a jolly time of it with his hard-drinking friends of that hard-drinking generation. But however uncritical of himself he may have been, he must have suffered in his self-esteem. He had failed in all the careers that had seemed open so promisingly before him—as a doctor, as an actor, as a singer, as a commercial secretary, and lastly as a political secretary. He belonged to that class of men regarding whom it is impossible to postulate any social system of which they could be active members. They are saboteurs of life though they have the name of *viveurs*. He had natural advantages enough, including the health of an ox, but no character to quicken them. And by character I mean just belief in oneself. It is astonishing that a father with so little character could beget a son with so much.

13. S. J.'s MS note: "Woman is an animal that micturates once a day, defecates once a week, menstruates once a month, and parturates once a year."

14. This selection and the two following ones, on Mrs. Conway and John Kelly, are reprinted from *My Brother's Keeper* by Stanislaus Joyce, ed. Richard Ellmann (New York: Viking Press, 1958), by permission of The Viking Press and Faber and Faber Ltd.

“DANTE”—MRS. CONWAY

[p. 7] [Joyce's] first educator was the woman who in *A Portrait of the Artist* is called Mrs. Riordan, and whom he, and the rest of us after him, called “Dante”—probably a childish mispronunciation of Auntie. She had, in fact, in embryo, an influence not unlike that of her great namesake, for besides teaching my brother to read and to write, with some elementary arithmetic and geography, she inculcated a good deal of very bigoted Catholicism and bitterly anti-English patriotism, the memory of the Penal Laws being still a thorn in the flesh of Irish men and women when I was a boy. Her name was Mrs. Conway, and she seems to have been some distant relative of my father's. She lived with us for several years and it was owing to her preparation that my brother was accepted at Clongowes Wood College, the principal Jesuit College in Ireland, when he was little over six years of age.

[p. 9] She was thought to be a very clever and shrewd woman—in fact, she was by no means stupid—and was allowed to have more than her say in the conduct and education of the children. It was a generation of large families, but with scant understanding of children. Dante was only more definite and consequent than others in her belief that children come into the world trailing murky clouds of original sin.

“MR. CASEY”—JOHN KELLY

[pp. 11–12] The sincerest of the little group of my brother's well-wishers was the man who appears in *A Portrait of the Artist* as “Mr. Casey”—John Kelly of Tralee. He had been in and out of prison several times for making speeches in support of the Land League agitation. In fact it was in consequence of these terms of imprisonment that he fell into the decline from which he died some ten or eleven years later. After he had served a sentence, my father used to invite him to come down to Bray to recuperate at the seaside. I remember his coming to stay with us three or four times, and the hugger-mugger after his escape up to Dublin to avoid arrest, an escape at night that put an end to what must have been his last visit

to Bray. The sergeant who came after dark to give warning that a warrant for Mr. Kelly's arrest had arrived and that he had delayed its execution until the following morning was a very tall, sinewy Connaught man who dwarfed my father and Mr. Kelly when they used to talk with him. He hailed from the Joyce country—his name was Joyce, of course—and he was clannishly devoted to my father. There is mention of the incident in *A Portrait of the Artist*.

[pp. 13–14] John Kelly of Tralee must, I think, have been of peasant stock. He was pale and handsome, slow of speech and movement, with regular, clean-cut features and a mass of black hair. The fingers of his left hand were permanently cramped from making sacks and picking oakum in jail.¹⁵ He had an old-fashioned courtesy, a peasant eloquence—in later years more than once in exercise on my brother's birthday—a natural gift of friendship, and a passionate loyalty to his country and his Chief, Parnell. His great expectations for my brother were hardly outdone even by my father. What he thought my brother might become I cannot guess. Something in political life? I hardly think so. At any rate he never tried to influence him as Dante did with her narrow, restless, partisan bigotry. If the boy liked to listen, let him listen. He did.

15. S. J.'s note: “. . . and Mr. Casey had told him that he had got those three cramped fingers making a birthday present for Queen Victoria” (P 27/28).

Section 3

Clongowes Wood College, 1888–1891

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Very little has been recorded of Joyce's brief stay at the boarding school which provides the setting for the memorable first chapter of *A Portrait*. Unfortunately there is no account by Father Conmee,¹ the sympathetic rector. "He was their rector; his reign was mild," Joyce remarks, with unexpectedly simple eloquence, as the priest appears in *Ulysses* (221/224).

The school, long reputed the best and most fashionable in Ireland, is located on the gently sloping meadows of County Kildare, some forty miles southwest of Dublin. Legend and history surround the area. A queen of ancient days was buried in the school grounds. The medieval castle had been destroyed by Cromwell's General Monk. The English "pale," or boundary line for the Irish colony, established by Richard II in 1395, came close to the school. The expression "beyond the pale" derives from the unthinkable behavior attributed to the "wild Irish" living outside of the English domain. In 1794 the patriot Hamilton Rowan, convicted of sedition, escaped by the ruse of throwing down his hat and thus fooling his pursuers while he hid in the tower of the restored castle.

Such a locale demands the presence of a ghost, and one was supplied by Browne, a Marshal of the Austrian army, whose spirit walked the upper gallery at the moment of his death in 1757 at the Battle of Prague.

The descriptions which follow are from an early prospectus and from a review of W. P. Kelly's novel, *Schoolboys Three* (1895) in the first issue of *The Clongownian*.

1. Father John Conmee, S.J. (1847–1910). Later Prefect of Studies, Belvedere College, Dublin, then Superior of the residence of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin. In 1905 named Provincial of the Irish Jesuits. Author: *Old Times in the Barony* (c. 1902).

PROSPECTUS²

Clongowes Wood College, Clongowes, July 1886

Clongowes Wood College was founded in 1813 [*sic, actually* 1814], in the pleasantest part of Kildare, and stands in the midst of beautiful and well-wooded grounds of 500 acres in extent. It is placed between the Great Southern and Midland Lines of Railway, Sallins, on the Great Southern, being 3½ miles, and Maynooth and Kilcock each 5 miles distant by road. There is frequent and easy communication with Dublin daily. A great number of trains, at suitable hours, run to and from Sallins. The drive from town through the valley of the Liffey, occupying about two hours, is one of the most picturesque in Ireland.

There are extensive and well appointed grounds for Cricket, Tennis, Football and all outdoor games. Bathing is permitted when the season allows, and under certain precautions rowing is permitted to the more grown boys.

To prevent bullying, and for the better formation of character, the pupils are grouped in three divisions, each with its own grounds perfectly distinct. Indoors, too, each division has its own playroom, with billiard tables and requisites for indoor games, and for each division there is a separate readingroom well-stocked with books suitable to the age and tastes of the boys. . . .

Special care is taken of very young boys. They have the benefit of female attendance, and the dietary and studies are modified to suit their tender years. Boys are received from the age of seven.

“A CLONGOWES NOVEL”³

The fact that the first considerable work of fiction dealing with Clongowes life should have made its appearance almost synchronously with that of the first number of the new Clongowes magazine is, to say the least of it, a curious literary coincidence. Obviously, too, a work so important and so interesting to all old Clongownians calls for our immediate notice and comment.

2. Quoted by Kevin Sullivan, *Joyce Among the Jesuits* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1958), pp. 231–33.

3. *The Clongownian*. I, 1 (1895), 44.

Although assumed names are used, no Clongowes man can doubt the identity of the College Mr. Kelly thus describes:

"The avenue was exactly a mile in length, and it was lined on each side by two rows of magnificent elms, the vista being closed at the farther end by the great building. As we approached, we saw that the College was an immense square structure, very solid-looking, with a circular tower at each corner. In this building—formerly a gentleman's residence, and generally known in the district as 'Castle Brown'—the reverend fathers of the establishment lived, moved, and had their being, the necessary accommodation for the pupils consisting of dormitories, refectory, classrooms, and play-rooms being provided in extensive buildings in the rear of the castle. On our left was a large and well-kept pleasure-ground, &c."

And, again, he tells us of a room which "was square in shape, and lighted from above; which room I afterwards learned was known, apparently on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as the 'Round Room.'"

These extracts, besides, will give those who have not read the book a specimen of the author's remembrance and the profusion of detail in which he delights. We may say at once that the work is extremely creditable both to the author and the author's college. Mr. Kelly is master of a clear, easy style and power of picturesque narrative that lures one on through the varied scenes he portrays. But nothing is more creditable to him than the kindly and appreciative spirit with which he treats all that concerns his Alma Mater. . . .

Section 4

The Fall of Parnell, 1889–1891

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Charles Stewart Parnell's rejection by the Irish parliamentary party in 1889 laid bare Irish political and religious animosities. The crisis, brought on by the leader's marriage to the divorced Kitty O'Shea, split the ranks of Irish nationalists and intensified latent anticlericalism. It brought the end to constitutional means for obtaining Irish independence. These wounds were made even more painful by Parnell's death less than two years later. Joyce's father was an ardent Parnellite, and the Christmas dinner scene in *A Portrait* dramatizes the traumatic experience undergone by the child as the quarrel flared up within the family circle. It is said that the young Joyce wrote a poetic eulogy, which his father had printed and which he presented proudly to his friends. For Joyce, Parnell became an image of the betrayed tragic hero, the stag at bay, and his rejection an illustration of Irish time-serving and ignobility. In the satiric broadside "Gas from a Burner" (1912) Joyce characterized Ireland as

This lovely land that always sent
Her writers and artists to banishment
And in a spirit of Irish fun
Betrayed her own leaders, one by one.

Remorse and recrimination reached their height when Parnell died. The poet Katharine Tynan (later Mrs. Henry A. Hinkson) was thirty years old at the time, and her recollections depict, from an adult's point of view, the mood of sorrow and defeat.

THE DEATH OF PARNELL— OCTOBER 7, 1891¹

[pp. 323–24] In November of that year came the O'Shea Divorce Case. It was no great surprise to anyone who had their ears and eyes

1. Taken from *Twenty Five Years: Reminiscences* by Katharine Tynan, published in 1913 by The Devin-Adair Company, New York.

open. I may state at once how the case stood for us who were loyal to Mr. Parnell, as to many others who for one or another reason were not loyal to him. There was no trail of the sensual over it at all. It appeared to us that this great and lonely man had had, for him, the irreparable misfortune of falling in love with a woman who was a wronged and deserted wife. There was no betrayal of a friend, no breaking up of a home: none of the bad features that usually accompany such cases. We had a very bad opinion of Captain O'Shea. Whatever might or might not have been his motive for publishing his wrongs at the eleventh hour, we believed that the story of the fire-escape was a malignant invention, sprung upon Mr. Parnell at a moment when his lips were sealed, because if collusion was proved there would be no divorce and consequently no marriage with the woman he adored. I state this point of view because it will explain how to many devout Catholic Irishwomen, to whom the sensual sin is the one thing abhorrent, the O'Shea Divorce Case was simply not considered at all.

I will also plead, in justice to those who opposed Mr. Parnell—there may have been some honest among them—that for a long time Mr. Parnell had almost disappeared from the public mind. For one reason or another the reins of leadership had hung so slackly that the leader was almost forgotten. He had lost his hold on people. If he had died then he would have left comparatively little mark behind. They might have gone on saying, as they were saying, that this, that, and the other had done the work and not he. It needed the last crowded hour to show him as the giant he was. Reading now the comments of the English press at the time of his death I find that he was regarded then as a great but somewhat sinister figure—a sort of Satan after the Fall, splendid, but better away. The haggard desperado, invented by Sir F. Carruthers Gould, who figured on the cover of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's *Parnell Movement* as in the *Westminster Gazette*, had perhaps something to do with this view of him. English people thought he looked like Guy Fawkes. Whatever it said for Gould's qualities as a caricaturist, it said little for his inner imagination. But the judgment that sits behind our transient day, sifting, winnowing, casting into the dust or keeping, has reversed all that. Steadily, in all the years that have gone since his death, I have seen, while the little

reputations faded away, Mr. Parnell's greatness grow brighter and brighter. It has come to be recognised that he was not only a great man of his day, but a great leader among the great leaders of history. "When Gladstone is a splendid commonplace," I heard Mr. J. L. Garvin say once, "Parnell will be remembered among the great men of the earth."

[p. 329] During the weeks that followed I was the recipient of many anonymous letters, some merely ugly and insulting, others written more in sorrow than in anger. A sadder thing was the parting of the ways which divided friend from friend, and made enemies of members of the same household. I suffered less in this way than most people, for practically all my friends were with me, except a priest here and there, who was professionally bound to be on the other side. As for members of the household—well, the members of my father's household were bound to be Parnellites. If they were not he would have wanted to know the reason why. Not that any one of them was disaffected, happily. Nor were our neighbours. Dublin and Dublin County were practically solid for Mr. Parnell.

[p. 330] But the Sunderings of friends were terrible. I still believe it was a sifting, and that the best took the side of Mr. Parnell. The bitterness was incredible. A distinguished Dublin Jesuit said to someone after I had joined the National League that if he met me in the street he would not lift his hat to me. I have said earlier in this book, or perhaps I only meant to say, that Father Russell never tried to argue me out of my convictions, even at the time of "the Split." I believe that is true. Certainly his friendship showed no slackening. Yet we were in opposite camps—of feeling. By chance, I have come upon a letter of my own to Mrs. Gill, in the autumn after Mr. Parnell's death. Her husband was an Anti-Parnellite. Not that it made any difference in my relations with that house, after one or two breezes. Mrs. Gill was too sweet and comfortable to be anti-anything with the thoroughness required in the bitter struggle of that day. From her greenhouses I carried a great basket of flowers to Mr. Parnell's lying-in-state. The letter betrays the inward bitterness of my soul when it was written. She was the dearest, warmest and sweetest of friends to me.

[p. 333] The excitement, the exaltation carried us along. We ran through the year, little knowing what waited us at the end. I see now, after twenty-one years, that Parnell lives and shines by that one year. To the Muse of History it matters very little whether movements fall or succeed, whether men live or die untimely. She is concerned only with men. And here was a man to whom longer living could have added nothing of lustre, of splendour. To the Muse of History it matters little that Parnell died when he did. He had reached his full height. His place is secure.

[p. 334] Even still, after twenty-one years, one comes upon traces of it. A couple of years ago I happened to be staying in a Dublin hotel. It was a wet October Sunday—Parnell Sunday. “A bad day for the Procession!” I said to the chambermaid. “Aye,” she said; “the sky’s weepin’ for him; it always does.” I— “It’s like his funeral day.” She—“It is: I remember it well.” I (surprised)—“But you must have been very young at the time.” She—“I was only a slip, but I followed him all the same. The skies were cryin’ for him, and they’ve cried ever since. Sure, why wouldn’t they? It was the worst day we ever had when we lost him.”

[p. 345] On Wednesday, the 7th of October, she and I went into Dublin together. We had a day of gaieties before us, and were as happy as possible. We thought it strange afterwards that we should have been so happy.

Going down town on top of the tram we became aware of an unusual commotion in the street: of groups standing about talking, of people asking questions and going away with a hanging head. Suddenly there was a clamour, and the streets were full of the news-boys shouting the Stop-Press Edition. “Death of Mr. Parnell! Death of Mr. Parnell!”

We got down from the tram at Trinity College. The air was full of the horrible sounds. We would *not* believe it. It was a device of the enemy, a wicked, horrible lie that would be contradicted almost as soon as it was spoken. Everyone was buying papers and talking in agitated voices. We spoke to absolute strangers as we snatched our papers. “Do you think it is true?” No one knew. We would not believe it. We had said that with the Chief—only the Chief—our cause

must win. We could afford to wait while all those others went by. We could not believe that Death himself had intervened and that the great days were over.

[p. 350] The coffin was lowered. A woman shrieked, and there was a second's confusion: then stillness and the silvery voice of the reader. But as earth touched earth—and anyone who was present will bear me out in this—the most glorious meteor sailed across the clear space of the heavens and fell suddenly. He had omens and portents to the end.

Then we turned about, leaving him to the night and the Mercy of God, and went home with the stillness and the darkness in our hearts.

That was the end of one great chapter of Irish history.

Section 5

Belvedere College, 1893–1898

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Of Joyce's stay at the preparatory school, Belvedere College, we have only meager records—two essays, some examination grades—though the events of these five years form the central chapters of *A Portrait*. The Whitsuntide play and the religious retreat took place here. At Belvedere Joyce distinguished himself as a student, winning prize money in national competition. Here too, as Kevin Sullivan points out in his study of *Joyce Among the Jesuits* (N. Y., 1958), he was a dutiful member of the school Sodality. As the following recollections indicate, he had already become something of a character.

Belvedere College, one of the finest of Dublin mansions, had been taken over by the Jesuits for educational purposes, as had Clongowes Wood College.

BELVEDERE HOUSE ¹

Belvidere [*sic*] House, Great Denmark-street, faces North Gt. George's-street. It is one of the finest old houses of Dublin, and contains magnificent, if somewhat florid, stucco work. It was built about 1775 and is detached, with a frontage of 80 feet, a cut stone basement and fine flight of steps. The grand staircase is magnificently designed and richly decorated in stucco of French design executed by Italian workmen. The three reception rooms on the first floor are finely decorated. One—the music room—is dedicated to Apollo who, with his attendants and musical instruments adorns the ceiling; another to Diana has the objects of the chase (finely modelled), and the third to Venus and the Arts. The grand organ in its S. Domingo mahogany case, fine mahogany book-cases and old hall chairs are worth seeing.

1. E. MacDowel Cosgrave and Leonard E. Strangways, *The Dictionary of Dublin* (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker, 1895), p. 126.

The house was bought by the Jesuits in 1843 for £1,800 (which included the organ and book-cases) subject to £35 per annum, and was turned into a college. New college buildings having been built at the back, the house has been restored to its original condition and tastefully coloured.

JOYCE AT BELVEDERE COLLEGE—

J. F. BYRNE²

[pp. 146–147] Let me digress here for a little while. I sat in the same class with Joyce in Room No. 3 in Belvedere College, from 1894 to 1895. The large windows of this classroom gave south; and in the southwest corner there was the teacher's dais. At the west and east walls there were folding doors, opening respectively to the preparatory and middle grade classrooms. At the northeast corner in the north wall was the door to the corridor outside. In the room there were two rows of desks; four desks to the row, with a passageway between the rows. Each desk could accommodate four pupils. Joyce always sat near the window in the front desk of the left row, facing the teacher, and immediately under the dais. I sat always in the back desk of the right row, just one seat space from the door; that space next the door was occupied during that year by Joe Culhane; Joe's brother, Frank, sat in the back desk of the left row. I don't know about Joe, but Frank has been dead since 1927. He was Taxing Master in Dublin City and had been married to Maggie Sheehy, one of the four daughters of David Sheehy,³ the M.P. One of these daughters is referred to by Joyce in the *Portrait of the Artist*. The eldest daughter, Hannah, married Skeffington;⁴ Mary became the wife of Tom Kettle, and Kathleen wedded Cruise O'Brien.

2. Reprinted from *Silent Years: An Autobiography with Memoirs of James Joyce and Our Ireland*, by J. F. Byrne, by permission of Farrar, Straus & Company, Inc. Copyright 1953 by J. F. Byrne. Byrne (1879–1960). Financial journalist. Carmelite Seminary, Dominick Street, Dublin. Belvedere College and University College. Joyce's "Cranly." Emigrated to New York, 1910.

3. David Sheehy (1844–1932), Member of Parliament, 1895–1890, 1903–1918. Anti-Parnellite after "The Split." See *U* 216/219.

4. F. J. C. Skeffington (1878–1916). University College, Dublin—President, Literary and Historical Society, 1897–1898. Author: "A Forgotten Aspect of the University Question," printed with Joyce's "Day of the Rabblement" in *Two Essays* (1901). Author, editor. Shot without trial by English troops at time of Easter Rising. Married Hannah Sheehy, took name of Sheehy-Skeffington. Model for "MacCann" in *P*.

In this class there were about thirty boys, all of them good lads, and some of them really intelligent. There were two brothers, Keogh, who were obviously great chums. They lived over Rathmines way. The younger of these two brothers was one of the best and best-looking boys I ever knew—I think he was the youngest and he was certainly one of the brightest, in the class. He was small, but well-built and strong; with large blue eyes and curly golden hair. Towards the end of that school year this little fellow took sick and died. We were all very sad about it; at least I know I was. Joyce was a little boy, bright, well-looking, and apparently delicate. But he really wasn't delicate; he was virile enough physically. He was a bright boy, always the good scholar, and he was favoured by all the teachers, especially Dempsey, the English teacher, who, as I recall now over the intervening years, resembled Justice Holmes.

In some respects Joyce was precocious; in others he was, and remained, rather strangely simple. Dempsey liked him a great deal, but I think he liked the little fellow for his own sake, just as much as for his proficiency in English. Each Monday we were supposed to bring in an English composition, and of course all of us—well, very nearly all—complied. A few of the “composers” would be asked by Dempsey to read their lucubrations, and among these James Joyce was one of the most frequently called upon. Joyce was a good reader, and the while he read, Dempsey would literally wriggle and chuckle with delight. Generally, the class, too, liked Joyce's efforts, but there were occasions when the floridity of his stuff made you feel as if you were in the hot-house out in the Botanic Gardens.

Joyce had a fine sense of humor, but his definitely favorite mirth rouser was when anyone pulled a boner. Always he sat in an elfin crouch waiting and hoping for a blunder. For instance, that day when the word “pedestrian” came up and Dempsey asked the class, “What is a pedestrian?” One kid's arm shot up like a semaphore.

“Well, Reuben, what is a pedestrian?”

“A pedestrian is a Roman soldier, Sir.”

Joyce's spontaneous shout—well, you couldn't describe it as a laugh—was more like a howl of agony, as if his little frame were being torn apart.

REMINISCENCES BY
EUGENE SHEEHY ⁵

[pp. 7-10] Another boy who defeated Father Henry was John Francis Byrne, who was afterwards a close companion of James Joyce at University College, Dublin, and is the character portrayed as Cranly in *A Portrait*. Joyce's references to "the black upright hair" of Cranly, "the priestlike pallor of his face and his faintly smiling lips" describe Byrne very vividly as I knew him both as boy and man. He was well built, very handsome, and had the carriage of an Olympic athlete.

Byrne made the excuse one day at Latin class that, in his hurry to school, he had left the exercise behind him on the hall table of his home. The Rector was not satisfied that this excuse was *bona fide*.

"Where do you live, Byrne?"

"Drumcondra, Sir."

"How far is it to your house from here?"

"Over a mile, Sir."

"It is now 11.15 A.M. Go home and produce your Latin exercise to me in half an hour!"

Byrne, who was a very athletic boy, ran from Belvedere to his home, wrote out an exercise (doubtless full of mistakes) in double quick time and did the return journey again at full speed. To avoid the use of blotting paper he held the exercise book open in front of him as he ran through the streets. By this means the ink dried slowly and gave the home work the appearance of not having been recently written. Byrne possessed excellent wind and with his very pale face did not appear in any way distressed on his return to school. Father Henry was compelled to accept the evidence. I think, however, he had a shrewd suspicion that the truth had been tampered with, and that some very quick Latin composition and penmanship had been performed that morning in Drumcondra.

James Joyce came to Belvedere from Clongowes Wood College and was in a class, one year ahead of me, for the Intermediate examinations. Joyce, the schoolboy, was as aloof, icy and imperturbable as later in this book I present Joyce, the man. He took the

5. From *May it Please the Court*, by Eugene Sheehy (Dublin: 1951). Courtesy of C. J. Fallon Limited. Eugene Sheehy (1883-1958). Belvedere College; University College, Dublin. Legal career. Served in World War I, Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Various legal posts under Free State government. Circuit Court Judge, 1928-1954.

same pleasure, too, in baiting his masters and the Rector that he afterwards revelled in at the expense of his University Professors.

One day when Father Henry was taking my class for Latin Joyce was sent in by the English master, Mr. Dempsey, to report that he had been late for school. The Rector delivered quite a long lecture to Joyce, to which the latter listened in unrepentant silence. When the lecture had finished, Joyce added, as if by way of afterthought and in a very bored manner: "Mr. Dempsey told me to tell you, Sir, that I was half an hour late also yesterday." This led to a second telling-off, almost as long as the first, and when it had run its course Joyce took up the running again—this time almost with a yawn:

"Mr. Dempsey told me to tell you, Sir, that I have not been in time for school any day this month."

This method of confessing one's transgressions was calculated to break the heart of any headmaster, and I fear that at Belvedere Joyce added many grey hairs to Father Henry's head.

It was Father Henry whom Joyce burlesqued in the school play at Belvedere, so vividly described in his book, *Stephen Hero*. I was seated in the gallery of the school theatre when the play was produced and witnessed the performance. The Reverend Rector had many mannerisms and clichés. For instance, a common practice of his was to announce: "Any boy who cannot confidently feel that he can answer the Roman History stand up" and then, after sizing up with a shrewd glance the boys whose eyes did not sparkle with too bright or confident a light, he would add the dire command: "Up Sheehy, up Lenehan!" as the case might be.

Joyce, who was cast for the part of a schoolmaster in the school play, ignored the role allotted to him and impersonated Father Henry. He carried on, often for five minutes at a time, with the pet sayings of the Rector, imitating his gestures and mannerisms. The other members of the cast collapsed with laughter on the stage—completely missing their cues and forgetting their parts—and the schoolboy audience received the performance with hysterical glee.

Father Henry, who was sitting in one of the front rows, again showed what a sportsman he was by laughing loudly at this joke against himself and Joyce received no word of reprimand for his impudence.

Section 6

University College, Dublin, 1898–1902

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Even when one discounts the fondness of recollection, it is apparent from the memories of Joyce's college classmates that the student body, in Joyce's generation, was of unusual ability.

The grandiose Whaley mansion of St. Stephen's Green, austere classical, was the physical center of the institution, founded some fifty years before and only beginning to achieve eminence. The intellectual center was the recently opened National Library, a block down Kildare Street on the opposite side of the Green. But the most persistent memories of the graduates gathered around the meetings of the Literary and Historical Society, with speeches and discussions which often attracted attention outside the walls of the college.

The accounts of the L. and H. in the *Centenary History* testify to the liveliness of the meetings, while the many references to Joyce in the college magazine, *St. Stephen's*, indicate that from his undergraduate days he was singled out as a personality—first as the author of an attack on the recently formed Irish Literary Theatre, "The Day of the Rabblement," the vain presumptuousness of which brought forth the reprimand of Arthur Griffith in his nationalist journal *The United Irishman*; then as the dreaming "Hatter" of the Alice in Wonderland skit; and as the author of the magniloquent paper on the poet Mangan, which was praised in the local press. Yet withal, as "Chanel" (Arthur Clery)¹ assured "A Lady Correspondent" (December 1901), "*That dreadful Mr. Joyce* is quite a respectable person in private life." In sizing up prospects for the final college examinations, *St. Stephen's* opined that "Modern Literature should scarcely have its usual appearance of a reserve after the combined attack which is being made by Clandillon, Clancy, Kelly, Curran, and Joyce"

1. Arthur E. Clery (1880–1932). Clongowes Wood College; University College, Dublin—President, Literary and Historical Society, 1899–1900. Professor of Law of Property and Contracts, U.C.D., from 1910. Member of Dail Eireann Supreme Court, 1920–1922; member of Dail, 1927. Author: *Dublin Essays* (1919).

(May 1902). Contributors seized upon the Mangan essay as an occasion for parody. " 'Tho,' as Plotinus was fain to utter, 'absence is the highest form of presence' " wrote "Chanel" in June 1902, recalling Joyce's passage on "death, the most beautiful form of life." At the end of the next academic year, Joyce meanwhile having returned from a brief stay in Paris, *St. Stephen's* found that the essay "wears uncommonly well" and suggested that it was worth rereading (June 1903). After his second departure from Dublin, Joyce and his contemporaries were hailed in Ibsenesque terms. Now that "the old gods are departing from us," only those who can compare the modern college with what it was before "can properly estimate the burden of gratitude that should accompany these master-builders of societies" (November 1904). The next spring, almost three years after Joyce's last classes at the University, *St. Stephen's* indicated that his presence was still felt. In tracing the development of the Library Conference ² (April 1905) the college magazine remarked that "From being a simple-minded unpretentious and comparatively humble gathering it has developed into a scientific-philosophical home for discussing anything and anybody from Sophocles to Walter Pater, or from Haeckel to Jimmy Joyce."

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY ³

(Map A.) is situated in St. Stephen's-green on the south side. The main building, easily recognised by the recumbent lion over the door, was the town house of the famous Buck Whaley, whose many feats earned him an unenviable notoriety. The lion above the handsome Doric doorway was cast according to Malton by the celebrated Van Nost. The building, in spite of late additions, is not very suitable for its present purpose, and can be regarded only as a makeshift, until funds are forthcoming to erect a building which shall be a fitter home. . . .

2. Organized by the college Sodality in 1901, the Library Conference met for papers and discussions. Minutes from 1901 to 1906 were printed in *A Page of Irish History* (1930), pp. 439-47. Among the notes on sixteen meetings during Joyce's last year and a half at the University are references to his participating in the discussions of papers by Arthur Clery (June 16, 1901) and by J. F. Byrne (February 1, 1902).

3. E. MacDowel Cosgrave and Leonard R. Strangways, *The Dictionary of Dublin* (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker, 1895), pp. 145-46.

NEWMAN HOUSE AND UNIVERSITY
CHURCH—BY C. P. CURRAN⁴

[pp. 5, 8, 22, 14–15] Nos. 85 and 86 St. Stephen's Green were given their present name in honour of the first Rector of the Catholic University. . . . When No. 85 was finished in 1740 it must have had something of the appearance of a garden pavilion. . . . No. 85 still stood apart from the tall brick houses which were creeping towards it from both sides. Faced with granite, the only stone-fronted house then on the Green, its strong rusticated basement stood in contrast with the elegance of a single upper storey from which under open balustrade, cornice and finely drawn frieze two segmented windows and between them a wide Venetian window looked out north and another east. The graceful horizontal lines of the new building were not yet broken or its refinement overshadowed by an imposing neighbor. Pleasantly Italianate, it looked north over twenty-seven acres of open ground with walks fringed with sycamore, elm and lime. . . .

Three years before the church was built, No. 86 had been bought for the Catholic University Committee, and on 3rd November, 1854, its doors were opened as the Catholic University of Ireland. . . .

No. 86 [*circa* 1770] is a four-storey building with area basement and five bays. It is granite-faced like its neighbour, severe in aspect, with little external interest other than the varied ordonnance of its windows and its lion-surmounted porch. . . . The inner hall and staircase justify John Bolger's language concerning Whaley's splendour and prince-like magnificence. Another early writer refers to "the grandeur of the wide Portland stone staircase and the sumptuous stucco decoration of the splendid arched ceiling, in itself an object of great interest pronounced by the élite of the country as a masterpiece of art." . . .

In these houses, we have before our eyes the process by which continental influences joined hands with Irish craftsmanship in the revival of the arts in Ireland. . . . The dominant style in the building

4. From a pamphlet, printed in 1953. Reprinted by permission of the author. Constantine Curran (1883–). University College. Senior Counsel. Former Registrar of the Supreme Court. Irish correspondent of the (London) *Nation* from 1916 until Massingham's retirement. Contributor to *Studies*, *J.R.S.A.I.*, etc. Authority on classic architecture and stucco decoration in Dublin.

of great houses, such as these, was semi-Palladian, and the manner of their decoration, showing itself in stucco-work on ceilings and walls, in the fine carving of doorways and chimney-pieces, in the work of cabinet-makers and silversmiths, follows a common European evolution. It begins in the late Louis XIV style when an earlier formal symmetrical manner, based on certain floral motives and on shell-like and other radial ornament associated with the *roi soleil*, was assuming a less formal aspect. . . . In our principal ceilings figure-decoration plays a proportionately greater part and mere arabesque a smaller part than abroad. Furthermore . . . by 1750, this style had given way to the asymmetrical freedom and gaiety of rococo, to a lighter and more natural treatment of flowers and foliage with trophies of music and the other arts and of country pursuits.

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY ⁵

The National Library, Kildare-street, forms the northern portion of the fine pair of buildings erected in 1883 in the Courtyard of LEINSTER HOUSE, from the designs of T. N. Deane and Sons. Its general features correspond with the MUSEUM opposite, but the design is varied to suit its special purpose.

Entering the large horseshoe-shaped hall the curious internal porch is seen. A staircase leads to a lobby from which a double flight ascends to the principal reading-room immediately over the entrance hall. This reading room is horseshoe shaped and measures 70 × 60; it is lofty, with a fine domed roof. Dwarf bookcases contain reference books, but the collection of books is kept in the wing next Kildare-street, which is divided into three stories, each again divided into others some seven feet high by intermediate iron floors. Thus all the books are easily reached by the attendants, but the fine effect of old fashioned libraries is lost.

CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN ⁶

[pp. 227–228] Tom Kettle and James Joyce were the two men of genius in my period. Joyce came to the College a year before I did

5. E. MacDowel Cosgrave and Leonard E. Strangways, *The Dictionary of Dublin* (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker, 1895), p. 213.

6. From "Memories of University College, Dublin—The Jesuit Tenure, 1883–1908," in *Struggle With Fortune: A Miscellany For the Centenary of The Catholic University of Ireland 1854–1954*, ed. Dr. Michael Tierney (Dublin: Browne & Nolan, n. d.). Printed by permission of Mr. Curran.

and I have already described over this radio how I first saw him. It was at my first lecture; the class was in English Literature; the lecturer was Father Darlington, and his first words were from Aristotle's *Poetics*. Towards the end of the lecture he had occasion to mention Stephen Phillips, a lesser poet of the 'nineties who had just written his *Paolo and Francesca*. He asked if anyone in the class had read it, and then "Have you read it, Mr. Joyce?" and a voice answered indifferently "Yes." I looked round and saw my first poet.

He was then seventeen, and, though he had not yet published any of his *Chamber Music*, his article on Ibsen's latest play *When We Dead Awaken* appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* only six months later. Earlier in the same year he read his paper on *Drama and Life* to the Literary and Historical. It was an assault on the romantic theatre and a vindication of Ibsen, but unfortunately nothing of it survives. His other address to the Society on Clarence Mangan was published in the College magazine, *St. Stephen's*, when Hugh Kennedy, later our first Chief Justice, was its editor. Joyce's delivery of that address remains in my memory—his voice metallic in its clearness and very deliberate as if coming from some cold and distant oracle.

He was working for a Modern Literature degree in Italian, French, and English, but his reading was a good deal off the course. I suspect there were few young men in these islands at that date so equally interested in Guido Cavalcanti and the Scandinavians, in Dante and Arthur Rimbaud. What distinguished him most was not the exceptional character of his reading, or the maturity of his own mind, but his complete absorption in the art and function of literature and his defiant assertion of the conclusions at which he had arrived. He stood jealously in defence of his own integrity. He was wholly indifferent to questions which excited the general body of the students and this lent him a false appearance of arrogance. He had the liveliest sense of the absurd but though he could be grotesquely funny at times, he was not gregarious as most students are and in conversation he preferred to talk with one friend at a time. He stood apart from those interminable discussions which kept the rest of us, after closing hours, at the National Library, swinging backwards and forwards between our lodgings, loath to separate, unwilling to conclude anything. Joyce's conclusions were oracular, cryptic, and ad-

mitted of little debate, but his aloofness implied no discourtesy or personal antagonism. There was, on the contrary, a great deal of mutual respect.

THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY⁷

1. The Late William Dawson⁸

[p. 44] I have been asked to write my recollections of the Literary and Historical Society of University College, Dublin, in the days when I was connected with it. An easy task, indeed, and a pleasant one, for was not that, as all the world knows, the Golden Epoch in the life of the Society? At which the reader demurs, and says "No, No; that was during the time when I belonged to it." Of course, he is right. One's own day was the day—no matter when.

To the epoch of which I am about to write belongs, however, the distinction that it marked the re-emergence of the Society from a long period in Limbo. Sometime about the year 1897, Arthur Clery and Frank Skeffington, who had not yet added Sheehy to his name, being still single, urged on the one hand by the desire to hear themselves talk, and by a very genuine ambition to do something to impart a College atmosphere to what was then little better than a grinding academy, gathered one or two students together, and requested the President to give them permission and assistance to re-start the Debating Society. They were fortunate in the circumstance that Father William Delany had been appointed President of University College that year. A man of exceptional ability, energy and broad views, he fell in with the project and the Society got under way. The start was, however, hard work. Save for the two enthusiasts mentioned, Hugh Kennedy (now Chief Justice) and a few others, no one took much interest in the scheme, and the weekly meetings in the Physics Theatre were poorly attended. Indeed, the paucity of speakers was such that on one occasion the Standing Orders had to be suspended so as to allow the one or two orators

7. Excerpts from the *Centenary History of the Literary and Historical Society of University College Dublin 1855–1955*, ed., James Meenan. Chap. II, "The Society Restored (1897–1908)" (Tralee: The Kerryman Limited.) Reprinted by permission of Mr. James Meenan.

8. William Dawson (1877–1934). Belvedere College; University College, Dublin—President, Literary and Historical Society, 1902–1903. Later, examiner in title, Land Commission.

present to speak time and again. Clery and Skeffington had the night to themselves.

The first Auditor of the Society, in its revived form, was Frank Skeffington. He was succeeded in 1898 by Tom Kettle, who had just come up from Clongowes. Already Kettle was giving proof of that strange magnetism by which he attracted people to him, and the audiences at the weekly debates steadily increased. My recollection of Kettle at this time is that he was by no means an easy or pleasant speaker. The curious intonation with which the public were later to become familiar, sounded affected in a boy of eighteen, while the sarcasm and irony which were to delight and hurt legislative assemblies and listening multitudes in days to come, grated rather in those early days. Kettle was followed in the auditorial chair by Arthur Clery, to whom belongs the credit of carrying to success our first public inaugural meeting.

[p. 47]. . . .The influences strongest upon us in those young days were Father Delany, Father Tom Finlay and Professor Magennis. And the greatest of those was Finlay. We strove to talk like him; perhaps, even, to think like him. As speakers we were not, I fear, really good; but we made conscientious efforts. Clery and Skeffington were the best, as my memory goes. Kennedy was solemn and didactic, and took everything—committees and so forth—very seriously.

[pp. 49–50] They were good old days those. Shall I ever forget the hour I spent with George Moore in Ely Place, endeavouring to persuade him to preside at one of our meetings, when James Joyce was to read a paper? All my entreaties were in vain; but little did the famous novelist then realise that the future author of *Ulysses* was the unknown undergraduate. He told me he was too shy and dreaded making speeches. I assured him we would let him off lightly, but it was no use. Then he put his hand on my shoulder, and besought me to write for him a play to be acted on the little lawn in front of his house. A beguiling talker—George Moore.

2. Felix E. Hackett⁹

[p. 51] Dublin at that time could well have been described as a

9. Felix E. Hackett (1882–). University College, Dublin. Postgraduate study, Johns Hopkins. Professor of Physics, Royal College of Science and later University College. Former Treasurer of the Royal Irish Academy. Former President

city of peripatetic discourse. The university atmosphere around 86 St. Stephen's Green was indeed peripatetic also in the philosophic sense, as is evident from the description given by Joyce in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. The aesthetic discussion with Father Darlington may be an idealised or a synthetic version of many such talks but it conveys the essence of the spirit of reference to Aristotle, which was the salient characteristic of Father Darlington's interventions in the discussions of the L. & H. and other societies such as the Library Conference and the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas.

[pp. 60-61] "No human beings," remarks Clery in *Dublin Essays*, "were ever so proud of themselves as we, the committee, when we first held a public inaugural meeting that could vie with those of Dublin University in its splendours."

Then there was the excitement of the threatened censorship of Joyce's paper on *Drama and Life*, which was eventually delivered on January 20th, 1900. The account given in *Stephen Hero* of the interview with the President, when walking in the handball alley, may be as biased as the reports of Dr. Johnson of the debates in the House of Commons which ensured that the Whig dogs had not the best of the argument, yet it reads as a reasonable presentation of what took place. *Drama and Life* was on a level of abstraction unusual in the Society. The fictional account in *Stephen Hero* embodies, as commentators have observed, several sentences to be found in the introduction of the paper on Mangan, and the reported discussion appears to be blended with the atmosphere of the discussion on that paper.

At the end of the year, Kennedy was awarded the President's gold medal for Oratory. It is not surprising that, with this distinction added to his record as secretary, he received fifteen votes against nine for James Joyce in the election for the auditorship for the session 1900-01. His auditorial address was the first of several on the Irish university question. The inaugural thus became part of that agitation for a university for Catholics which had been revived in 1898 and was carried on ceaselessly in one form or another during these years.

Royal Dublin Society and present member of its Executive Council. Institute of Advanced Studies. Chairman of Trustees of National Library.

[p. 64] [The Mangan paper] had the structure of a symphony. Beginning with the basic tones of romanticism and classicism, the first movement rose to a discussion of the judgment of the artist in relation "to the highest knowledge and to those laws which do not take holiday because men and times forget them." The second movement dealt with Mangan the man. The third movement, considering Mangan the writer, was an arabesque of language interwoven with rhythmic phrases from the verses of Mangan's oriental dreamland: "a prayer that peace may come again to her who has lost her peace, the moonwhite pearl of his soul, Ameen," leading to those lines from *To Mihri* and to that evaluation of the poems already quoted in an abbreviated printed form. This movement concluded with an eloquent passage echoing the phrase at the head of the printed essay: "a memorial I would have. . . a constant presence with those that love me," recalling the preoccupation of Mangan with death and the orient. "To tell the truth he has been in love with death all his life, like another, and with no woman, and he has the same gentle manner as of old to welcome him whose face is hidden with a cloud, who is named Azrael." The final movement returns to the highest abstractions about poetry in relation to the mournful verses of Mangan, with a finale beginning: "Beauty, the splendour of truth, is a gracious presence when the imagination contemplates intensely the truth of its own being or the visible world, and the spirit which proceeds out of truth and beauty is the holy spirit of joy"; and then soaring to a conclusion of musical and oracular utterance.

The paper tried its audience hard. A symphony can scarcely be fully appreciated at a first hearing. C. P. Curran writes: "Joyce's delivery remains in my memory—his voice metallic in its clearness and very deliberate as if coming from some old and distant oracle."

3. Thomas F. Bacon¹⁰

[pp. 69-70] The lapse of time makes it difficult for me to give anything except general impressions about the style or the merits of the oratory that flowed within these walls fifty years ago. Naturally not all of us were either orators or good debaters, but, at all periods during my membership, there were some who were invariably superla-

10. Thomas F. Bacon (1881-). Clongowes Wood College; University College, Dublin—President, Literary and Historical Society, 1905-1906. Called to Bar. Bench of the King's Inn.

tive. In the period to 1902, Skeffington, Kettle, Joyce and Clery, and in the subsequent years to 1906, W. Dawson, Richard ¹¹ and Eugene Sheehy, and F. Cruise O'Brien,¹² were the outstanding speakers.

Of these, Tom Kettle was the one who impressed us as being the most deliberative and constructive in debate. He spoke with his body bent slightly forward, and had a peculiar little mannerism of raising his right hand quickly to his head and then withdrawing it slowly as if taking a pencil or a cigarette from above his ear. His measured pace and thoughtful manner gave the impression that one could see his mind working. His contemporaries, Skeffington and Joyce, on the other hand, inclined in debate more towards what might be described as destructive criticism, but in very different styles. Skeffington's arguments, in his crisp Ulster accent, came in sharp telling bursts, suggestive of machine-gun fire, and with the same shattering effect on the views of his opponents. Joyce, thin and pale, stood erect, scarcely moving, cold and undisturbed by interruptions (and he had many), and seemed in passionless tones to wither the opposition by his air of indifferent disdain. So far as I am aware, he never addressed the Society after reading his famous paper on Mangan in February 1902.

4. Eugene Sheehy

[pp. 84-85] I was also present in the Physics Theatre on the night of the 20th January, 1900, when James Joyce read his famous paper on *Drama and Life*. The theme of Joyce's paper was high praise of Ibsen as a dramatist; and most, if not all, of the speakers—including Mr. Magennis, who summed up—profoundly disagreed with the views advanced by Joyce, and criticized Ibsen severely on moral, religious, and artistic grounds. I read somewhere that Joyce made a *short* reply. This is certainly not accurate. Joyce spoke at considerable length, with great intensity and fluency, and without referring to a note. The College rule was that debates should end at 10.00 P.M.; and a bell rung by the porter in the hall was the signal that the time was up. On

11. Richard Sheehy (1882-1923). Belvedere College; University College, Dublin—President, Literary and Historical Society, 1904-1905. Munster Circuit. Emigrated to South Africa. Brother of Eugene Sheehy.

12. F. Cruise O'Brien (1885-1927). Christian Brothers' School; University College, Dublin—President, Literary and Historical Society, 1906-1907. President, Young Ireland Branch, United Ireland League, then secretary, Dominion League. Leader-writer, *Freeman's Journal*, then *Irish Independent*. Married Kathleen Sheehy. Son: Conor Cruise O'Brien.

this night curfew was ignored, and Joyce kept on talking for at least thirty minutes. He dealt in masterly fashion with each of his critics in turn and to salvos of applause—even from the ranks of Tuscany. When, at the end, Seamus Clandillon¹³ pounded him on the back and exclaimed: “That was magnificent, Joyce, but you are raving mad,” he probably voiced the opinion of many of those present.

Professor Magennis again presided when, on 15th February, 1902 [*sic* for Feb. 1], Joyce read a paper on *Clarence Mangan*. John Kennedy,¹⁴ Tom Kettle, Louis Walsh,¹⁵ James Murnaghan,¹⁶ Arthur Clery and Father George O. Neill, S.J., were the other speakers and it was a night to enjoy and remember. Indeed the *Freeman's Journal* next day,¹⁷ in its reference to the proceedings, stated that: “James Joyce was deservedly applauded at the conclusion of what was generally agreed to have been the best paper ever read before the Society.”

I remember that several of Mangan's verses were quoted—some by Joyce and some by the chairman. The beautiful poem, *The Nameless One*, was recited by one or other—by Joyce as I thought, but someone who was present has assured me that we heard this from Professor Magennis. I might easily be confused on this point as I heard Joyce recite this favourite of his more than once in my father's house.

“JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN”

Literary and Historical Society¹⁸

A meeting of the above society was held on Saturday evening in the Physics Theatre of the College. Mr. W. Magennis, F.R.U.I., being in the chair.

Mr. James Joyce read an extremely able paper on “Mangan,” and was deservedly applauded at the conclusion of what was generally agreed to have been the best paper ever read before the society.

13. Seamus Clandillon (1878–1944). Member of Gaelic League. Singer, interested in folk music, of which he published a collection. Director of Broadcasting, Irish Free State, 1925–1934.

14. John Kennedy (1886–1947). Later a mining engineer in South America.

15. Louis J. Walsh (1880–1942). Solicitor, author of sketches and short stories. Appointed District Justice by the Free State Government.

16. James A. Murnaghan (1881–). Later Justice of Appeal.

17. Actually two days later.

18. *Freeman's Journal*, 3 February 1902.

Mr. J. Kennedy, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Joyce, was very good. He was followed by Messrs. Kettle, Walshe [*sic*], Murnaghan, Cleary [*sic*], and Rev. G. O'Neill, S.J., F.R.U.I., the former two being welcomed back after a long absence.

The chairman then gave a remarkably brilliant summing-up speech, and a vote of thanks for his presiding, proposed by Mr. Kinahan,¹⁹ auditor, and seconded by Mr. Kettle, was unanimously passed. The meeting then adjourned.

COMMENTS IN ST. STEPHEN'S ²⁰

The "Hatter's" paper proved highly interesting. Everyone went home feeling that he knew a great deal more about Mangan's purpose and aims than he had known when he entered the theatre. The most interesting part of the evening was the boy-orator's ²¹ *rentrée*. Filled (doubtless by reason of his golden spoils in the past) with a confidence and daring that the poor ordinary member could never attain to, he made a bold frontal attack on Mr Joyce and the Nolan. The rabblement, whom the mention of Giacosa and Paracelsus customarily appals, rallied with "timid courage" to the side of the newly-found champion. The idealistic cat was belled, and ignorance had a *field-day* for the nonce.

Yet notwithstanding the Philistinism of young Ulster,²² Mr Joyce certainly read a paper which displayed exceptional qualities both of thought and style. If Mr Magennis alone could understand what was meant by the "retreating footsteps of the gods" (was this the retiring Committee?) and even he did not seem to be a thick and thin supporter of the doctrine that death is the highest form of life; still, apart from the mist which over-hung the writer's closing remarks, the *exposé* and appreciation of Mangan's life and writings was almost perfect. In parts the paper itself rose to no mean height of eloquence. Mr. Magennis's summing-up on this occasion was perhaps the best we have heard for years in the society and made one regret indeed that the other professors do not take a larger part in the Society.

19. Robert Kinahan (1880-1921). University College, Dublin—President, Literary and Historical Society, 1901-1902. Barrister at Law. Leinster Circuit. Moynihan in *SH*.

20. March 1902.

21. Louis Walsh.

22. See Sullivan, *Joyce Among the Jesuits*, pp. 218-19, for identification of the opponent as Hugh Kennedy. See also Felix Hackett, in *Centenary History*, *supra*.

THE JOHN F. TAYLOR SPEECH ON THE IRISH LANGUAGE

John F. Taylor was one of the eloquent speakers of the day, and his appearance before the L. and H. made an important contribution to the Irish national cause. *St. Stephen's* observed that "*dreaming Jimmy*" Joyce and J. F. Byrne, the model for Cranly, "looked as if they could say things unutterable." Testimony to Joyce's reputation as a controversialist is the remark that Taylor's style "reminded one of our Joyce at his best," but with "a broadness of sympathy that the latter has yet to acquire" (February 1902).

Joyce utilized, and improved, this text in the newsroom chapter of *Ulysses*, and though he was often impatient with what he felt to be the provincialism of the Gaelic League, it was this portion of the novel which he recorded in 1924. The phonograph record is now barely audible.

The joke about the fashionable professor (the *Freeman's Journal* recorded prolonged laughter) turns on Sir John Mahaffy's testimony against the study of Gaelic at the hearings of the Internal Education Commission. The scholar had sneered that early Irish literature was notable for its "religiosity, silliness, or indecency."

The following text is taken from a four-page leaflet, author unknown, printed in 1904 or 1905, and circulated "Largely in North of Ireland" according to marginalia in the hand of P. S. O'Hegarty, bibliographer and historian, who gave a photostat to Richard M. Kain.

The Language of the Outlaw

ONE of the arguments most frequently used by those who oppose or are indifferent to the Irish language, and its claims on the interest and support of Irishmen and women, is that of its "uselessness" in the environment of our day. . . .

That argument is not of yesterday. It is co-eval with the first war of English institutions upon the native life of this land. . . .

One of the most eloquent of modern Irishmen, the late Mr. J. F. Taylor, K. C., pleaded the cause of the Irish language against these friendly critics of our own land who opine that "it might well

be spared," in such terms as all workers in the cause of Irish nationality should lay close to their hearts.

The only record available of Mr. Taylor's speech is contained in a letter signed "X," which was addressed to the *Manchester Guardian* some time ago; but the letter puts the sense of his address with such telling clearness that it may very well be quoted as it stands. Here it is:—

"Sir,— May I venture to send you a few words as to a speech made by Mr. J. F. Taylor last November at the University College Debating Society? Mr. Taylor's gifts as an orator were of a very remarkable order. . . .

"The discussion was on the question whether the Irish people might be allowed to know or take an active interest in their own language. Lord Justice Fitzgibbon had made a dialectical discourse of a kind with which we are all familiar on platforms; only, as might be expected of his ability, he surpassed the ordinary advocate in the skilful irrelevance of his argument and in the covering vehemence (no less skilful) of his manner of delivery.

"After his conventional fireworks Mr. Taylor rose. He had been very ill, and had come straight from his bed, and without food.

"He began with some difficulty, but his power increased as he went on. . . .

"He compared, in one passage, the position of the Irish language under English rule to the position of the Hebrew language under Egyptian rule. He set out the arguments which a fashionable professor with an attachment to the Egyptian Court might have addressed to Moses:—

'Your prejudices are very antiquated and sentimental,' he would have said. 'Do just look at the matter in a reasonable light, like a man of the world. Here your people have been for hundreds of years in the brickfields. The fact is patent that they have never been able to rise out of this miserable position.

'They have no education; the masses of them are poor, demoralised, and despised. They have no history outside their brick fields, and within them they are the foolish prey of agitators who set them clamouring for straw. Instead of adopting the enlightened and philosophic religion of Egypt, they still cling through all these genera-

tions to a superstitious and obscurantist faith, mischievous and altogether behind the times.

"Their language is rude and provincial. It is incapable of expressing philosophic thought.

"It is, of course, useless for commercial purposes. As for literature, the fragments that remain are well known to be either superstitious or indecent—in any case quite unfit for ordinary people.

"You must recognise that the interest your race attaches to it is derived from mere ignorance and obstinacy; it would be unworthy of a man of culture, and certainly impossible in a man of the world or moving in society. Consider, on the other hand, the Empire to which you now, happily for you, belong—its centuries of civilisation, its ancient history, its buildings, its arts, its literature. Observe its splendid Imperial organisation, its world-wide fame. . . . Why, then, do you not frankly throw in your lot with this magnificent and successful organisation? A handful of obscure peasants as you are, you would at once share in its renown and its prosperity. . . ."

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"And," broke out the speaker, "if Moses had listened to those arguments, what would have been the end? Would he ever have come down from the Mount with the light of God shining on his face and carrying in his hands the Tables of the Law written in the language of the outlaw?"

* * * * *

Let all of us who are striving to do something for the language of our race remember these words. . . .

RECEPTION OF "THE DAY OF THE RABBLEMENT" 1901

Joyce and his classmate Skeffington triumphed handily over the suppression of their ideas by the expedient of private publication. The *Two Essays* (1901) had been rejected by Hugh Kennedy, editor of *St. Stephen's*, and were forthwith printed, in an edition of less than a hundred copies, by Gerrard Brothers in Dublin. Joyce's "The Day of the Rabblement" attacked the recently formed Irish Theatre for its provincial selection of plays.

It seems a pity that the Irish Literary Theatre should now cease: it is only getting to be known. One can hardly expect Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore and the others, who have already done so much for us, to permanently burden themselves with such an enterprise; but there is no use expecting, as Mr. Yeats evidently does in *Samhain*, that the country will take it up. The Language Movement, no matter what the Gaelic League may say, has *not* the country behind it; it has, thank goodness, a considerable following, and if the valuable work which it has started is to be continued it must be done by the few; it will not be done by the many. And oh! ye enthusiasts! do not forget that the elegant *Evening Herald* told us lately, and who should know better than it, that an Irish National Theatre would die of dry-rot.

I should like to refer, before concluding, to an article which I have just read, entitled "The Day of the Rabblement," and which I consider makes some grossly unjust assertions about the Irish Literary Theatre. The writer, James A. Joyce, adopts a rather superior attitude. He accuses the Irish Literary Theatre of having "surrendered to the popular will," although it "gave out that it was champion of progress and proclaimed war against commercialism and vulgarity." One would be glad to know in what way the Irish Literary Theatre has pandered to popularity. Is it by producing a play in Irish? I ask this because Mr. Joyce speaks of "sodden enthusiasm and clever insinuation and every flattering influence of vanity and low ambition." But I have yet to learn that either the Irish Literary Theatre or the Irish Language Movement is popular. Surely they both represent the fight of the minority against the "damned compact majority." Mr. Joyce sneers at Mr. Yeats, Mr. George Moore and Mr. Martyn; but sneering at these gentlemen has become so common that one wonders why Mr. Joyce should fall so low. Lastly, Mr. Joyce accuses the Irish Literary Theatre of not keeping its promise to produce European masterpieces. If he will read *Samhain* he will see that the Irish Literary Theatre still hopes to do that. That it has not done so is mainly a matter of money. Those who write and talk so glibly about what the Irish Literary Theatre ought to do and ought not to do are people who have no idea of the difficulties such an institution has to contend with. Patience, good Mr. Joyce, and your desires for the masterpieces

23. From *The United Irishman*, November 2, 1901.

may have fulfillment. This article of Mr. Joyce's, with another, are published in pamphlet-form because they have, it seems, been suppressed by Father Delany, who would not let them appear in *St. Stephen's*, and therefore, I hope, they will be widely read.

F. J. F.

*In St. Stephen's*²⁴

The second of the essays is entitled "The Day of the Rabblement," by James A. Joyce. The opening sentence describes his attitude towards the subject which he treats, the Irish Literary Theatre. He begins thus: "No man, said the Nolan, can be a lover of the true and good unless he abhors the multitude." In deference to the multitude, or, as Mr. Joyce prefers to say, the rabblement, of which "the Irish Literary Theatre must now be considered the property," the directors have refrained from presenting Ibsen, Tolstoy, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Björnson, and Giacosa, "where even Countess Cathleen is pronounced vicious and damnable." Now, as we understand the Literary Theatre, its object was to *educate* a vulgarised public, in a word, to rescue the Irish rabblement from the influences which, from the point of view of the artist, were working havoc. But this rabblement clung to a standard of morality—the tradition of the Catholic Church, the ethical teaching of Christendom. For a spiritual life based thereon it had sacrificed material prosperity and well-being, and it now showed itself willing, in the same interest, to forego all that art might add to the surroundings of life. So it happened that when this rabblement protested against "Countess Cathleen," our fellow-students approved and supported the protest. Mr. Joyce alone, to our knowledge, stood aloof. If Mr. Joyce thinks that the artist must stand apart from the multitude, and means that he must also sever himself from the moral and religious teachings which have, under Divine guidance, moulded its spiritual character, we join issue with him, and we prophesy but ill-success for any school which offers an Irish public art based upon such a principle.

.....

And we also call to your Lordship's notice that there beeth a certayne unlicensed press, owned by one Gerrard, a printer, where-

24. December 1901.

from there doe issue sundrye riotous and sedytious publications under the names of one Skeffington and one Joyce, whom we believe to be a rebell, the which are most like to ruine the good manners of this our citie, for whereas the latter, corrupted, as we do verily believe by the learning of Italie or othere foreigne parts, hath no care for Holy Religion, but is fain to mislead our players, so that they doe perform evill workes; the former doth distracte our young maydes, who doe quit the distaff and would lief invade our schules and have it out with the lads as being their equals, so will they cease their fooling till they be whipt, the which we do submit to your graces were mete punishment for they that do mislead them.

ARTHUR CLERY²⁵

[pp. 54-57]. . . .If University College of old had any special defect, it was really that it was too true a University, and complied overmuch with the ideal of culture for its own sake. Students from other places of education were, indeed, more likely to succeed in the world, even in the world of educational promotion, just for this reason, that their intellectual training was less complete. That I should thus exalt the training of my old college above that of other universities may, perhaps, be set down to mere filial piety. Yet, if outsiders had known the brilliant and varied college life that existed behind the shabby exterior of the Stephen's Green buildings, they might be more of my way of thinking.

. . . .It is all but a memory now. But the college life, which had these men in the first promise of youth as its chief figures was indescribably brilliant and interesting. The period of which I speak began with the return of Father Delany, S.J., to the Presidency of University College in 1897. For some time before there had been a period of slumber in College affairs. His coming back brought about a revival. The first organ of college life to take on a new vitality was the Literary and Historical Society. . . . No human beings were ever so proud of themselves as we, the committee, when we first held a public inaugural meeting that could vie with those of Dublin University in its splendours. The Society received constant support and encouragement from Father Thomas Finlay and Mr. William

25. From "The Passing of University College, Stephen's Green," *Dublin Essays* (Dublin: Maunsel, 1919).

Magennis, his brilliant pupil. Upon our young and impressionable natures the intellectual influence of two such men was very powerful, and I think we all strove to imitate them more or less. And no one was a more frequent participant in its debates, and more interested in its welfare, than Father Joseph Darlington, S.J., a man, the kindness and simplicity of whose character almost hid his real intellectual acumen. . . .

. . . . At the time I speak of, the Gaelic League was beginning to get into its stride, and nowhere was the new movement accepted with more enthusiasm than among the students of University College. Voluntary Gaelic classes became the rage. Sophocles and O'Growney, Higher Plane Curves and O'Growney, Hegel and O'Growney, became the recognized diet of the various classes of students. Ireland owes the College at least one well-known Gaelic singer, Mr. Clاندillion. Yet the new movement, by giving us students an ideal, raised the tone of our lives, and an exceptionally high moral standard prevailed among us.²⁶ There was, at all times, a considerable interest taken in athletics, but we were heavily handicapped in this respect by want of resources, and Stephen's Green, unfortunately, offers no facilities for boating. But the greatest feature of College life, the college paper, *St. Stephen's*, has yet to be spoken of. Many people look back upon it as one of the cleverest papers ever published in Dublin. It was conducted by a students' committee, but Professor Browne, S.J., turning aside from Grammatical and Homeric studies, had not a little to say to the conduct of it. It was "unprejudiced as to date of issue," as it once editorially declared, but made some attempt to appear monthly. Humour was its strong point, and it waged unceasing war with the Choral Union. Auditors, too, experienced a treatment in its columns much different from that of the speakers, who talked of their brilliant and suggestive addresses at the Inaugural meetings of the debating society. The ladies' column, alleged to be, but not always in fact, the composition of a girl graduate, was a point of much difficulty. Lady students always cavilled at it as being too frivolous.

26. A.C.'s note: Readers of Mr. James Joyce will get a different impression, but this is the actual fact. Among the students of the college about this time were P. H. Pearse, T. M. Kettle, F. Sheehy-Skeffington. Joyce is true as far as he goes, but confining himself to one small knot of medical students he gives a wrong impression of the whole.

The rather juvenile staff observed one rule in conducting the paper which showed a wisdom beyond their years. Stability was secured by the remarkable principle (I now reveal it for the first time) that there should always be two *dull articles*. I wonder if, when Professor X received a request to describe his visit to the sources of the Ganges, he had any inkling that he had been fixed upon by the staff as the writer of one of the *dull articles* for the coming month. Yet, so it was. . . .

Section 7

Sketches of Joyce as a Young Man

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

One may be tempted to distrust the accuracy of the detailed recollections which follow, many of them a half century after the event, but Joyce was a vivid young man, and as an eighteen-year-old contributor to the *Fortnightly Review* and a champion of Ibsen, he had already enjoyed a reputation for iconoclastic views and esoteric learning. Another path to fame was that of insult, and the arrogance of the young University College student was long a subject for Dublin gossip. Seventeen years after Joyce's encounter with A.E., the story was retold to the diarist Joseph Holloway, and as late as 1913 the University of Pennsylvania professor Cornelius Weygandt remembered having heard it in Dublin on his visit in the summer of 1902. To almost everyone but Joyce, A.E., the bearded poet-philosopher and painter, was an imposing figure. But then, Joyce was no more impressed—or professed not to be—by the already distinguished master of English poetry, W. B. Yeats. His dismissal of Lady Gregory in a high-sounding book review was equally in character.

JOSEPH HOLLOWAY¹

June 8, 1904

Dropped in for a chat at Cousins' "At Home" One is always sure to find interesting people there. . . . Mrs. Cousins played a couple of classical pieces on the piano. Then Mr. J. Joyce, a strangely aloof, silent youth, with weird, penetrating, large eyes, which he frequently shaded with his hand and with a half-bashful, far-away

1. From "Impressions of a Dublin Playgoer," by Joseph Holloway (1861–1944). Architect of the Abbey Theatre, author of an exhaustive MS "Impressions of A Dublin Playgoer" in over two hundred volumes, a diary, now in the National Library, Dublin, covering the theatre history of Dublin from the late nineties up to the time of his death.

expression on his face, sang some dainty old world ballads most artistically and pleasingly. . . . Later he sat in a corner and gazed at us all in turn in an uncomfortable way from under his brows and said little or nothing all the evening. He is a strange boy. I cannot forget him. . . .

THOMAS M. KETTLE ²

Those who remember University College life of five years back will have many memories of Mr. Joyce. Wilful, fastidious, a lover of elfish paradoxes, he was to the men of his time the very voice and embodiment of the literary spirit. His work, never very voluminous, had from the first a rare and exquisite accent. One still goes back to the files of "St. Stephen's," to the "Saturday Review," the "Homestead," to various occasional magazines to find these lyrics and stories which, although at first reading so slight and frail, still hold one curiously by their integrity of form. "Chamber Music" is a collection of the best of these delicate verses, which have, each of them, the bright beauty of a crystal. The title of the book evokes that atmosphere of remoteness, restraint, accomplished execution characteristic of its whole contents.

There is but one theme behind the music, a love, gracious, and, in its way, strangely intense, but fashioned by temperamental and literary moulds, too strict to permit it to pass ever into the great tumult of passion. The inspiration of the book is almost entirely literary. There is no trace of the folklore, folk dialect, or even the national feeling that have coloured the work of practically every writer in contemporary Ireland. Neither is there any sense of that modern point of view which consumes all life in the language of problems. It is clear, delicate, distinguished playing with harps, with wood birds, with Paul Verlaine.

But the only possible criticism of poetry is quotation.

[Here are quoted Poems I and XXVIII]

Mr. Joyce's book is one that all his old friends will, with a curious pleasure, add to their shelves, and that will earn him many new friends.

2. *Freeman's Journal*, June 1, 1907. *Chamber Music*, Poems by James Joyce. Ellein [sic] Mathews, London, 1s.6d.

JOYCE'S MEETING WITH A.E.—
BY CORNELIUS WEYGANDT³

[pp. 120-22] Mr. Russell talked very simply of his pictures, of how their subjects came to him, and of his enjoyment in thus recording them. He does not consider himself a painter, but he thinks there was the making of a painter in him had he had instruction in his earlier years. This attitude towards his various powers, as well as the attitude towards him of ardent young countrymen of his, came out in a story he told us of a boy that he found waiting for him one night at a street corner near his home. The boy timidly asked him was he not Mr. Russell, and then walked silently by his side until the house was reached. They entered and the boy mustered up courage to say he had waited for him two hours at the head of the street. "A.E." had been waiting for the boy to say what brought him, but he was obliged to encourage the boy before he would out with it. Said "A. E.," "You came here to talk with me. You must be interested in one of the three interests I have given much time to. Is it economics?" "No," replied the boy, indignantly. "Is it mysticism?" continued "A.E." "No," cried the boy, almost angry at such an interest being attributed to him. "It must be literary art, then?" "Yes," said the boy, with a sigh, his haven reached at last. "A. E." soon found the boy an exquisite who thought the literary movement was becoming vulgarized through so many people becoming interested in it. Finally the boy turned questioner and found that "A. E." was seeking the Absolute. Having found this out, he again sighed, this time regretfully, and said decidedly that "A.E." could not be his Messiah, as he abhorred the Absolute above everything else. He was infected with Pater's Relative, said Mr. Russell, "which has fallen like a blight on all English literature." So the boy—he was not yet twenty-one—went out into the night with, I suppose, another of his idols fallen.

3. From *Irish Plays and Playwrights*, by Cornelius Weygandt (Boston: 1913). Reprinted by permission of Houghton-Mifflin Company. See also *U* 139/140.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT
OF JOYCE'S INTERVIEW WITH A.E.—
BY JOSEPH HOLLOWAY ⁴

January 22, 1919

A.E. told me of his first meeting with James Joyce. One night at 11.45, a knock came to the door. A. E. opened it and a figure outside asked was he A.E. and Russell said, "Yes." "I want to see you," the young man said, "My name's Joyce. Is it too late to go in?" "No," replied A.E. and in Joyce came. A.E. went to his sofa, where he sat with his legs crossed and waited for what Joyce had to say. For a while Joyce seemed confused, but afterwards he thawed and showed the most utter contempt for everybody and everything. Joyce not only spoke slightly of Yeats but of all others. His arrogance was colossal in one so young. Some time afterwards Joyce read some of his poems to Yeats and to A.E. But when Yeats expressed an opinion that he liked them, Joyce condescendingly said, "Your opinion isn't worth more than another's. It doesn't matter whether you or he (A.E.) likes them. Your work will all be forgotten in time." Joyce also asked Yeats about some of his poems, so Yeats went into an elaborate explanation of their meaning. All Joyce then said was, "You're past developing—it is a pity we didn't meet early enough for me to be of help to you." Joyce, at the time, continued A.E., was the condensed essence of studied, insolent, conceit.

A.E. TO YEATS
ON HIS INTERVIEW WITH JOYCE ⁵

I want you very much to meet a young fellow named Joyce whom I wrote to Lady Gregory about half jestingly. He is an extremely clever boy, who belongs to your clan more than to mine and more still to himself. But he has all the intellectual equipment, culture and education which all our other clever friends here lack. And I think writes amazingly well in prose though I believe he also writes verse and is engaged in writing a comedy which he expects will

4. From the MS "Impressions of a Dublin Playgoer," in the National Library of Ireland, Dublin. This excerpt is not dated by Michael O'Neill, who included it in his "The Joyces in the Holloway Diaries," *A James Joyce Miscellany: Second Series* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), pp. 103–10. Date from Mr. O'Neill in letter to R. M. K.

5. A paragraph from a letter of August 1902, reprinted with permission from *Letters from AE*, ed. Alan Denson (Abelard-Schuman, 1961), p. 43.

occupy him five years or thereabouts as he writes slowly. Moore who saw an article of this boy's says it is preposterously clever. Anyhow I think you would find this youth of 21 with his assurance and self-confidence rather interesting. He is I think certainly more promising than Magee.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS⁶

I had been looking over the proof sheets of this book one day in Dublin lately and thinking whether I should send it to the Dublin papers for review or not. I thought that I would not, for they would find nothing in it but a wicked theology, which I had probably never intended, and, it may be, found all the review on a single sentence. I was wondering how long I should be thought a preacher of reckless opinions and a disturber who carries in his hand the irresponsible torch of vain youth. I went out into the street and there a young man came up to me and introduced himself. He told me he had written a book of prose essays or poems, and spoke to me of a common friend.

Yes, I recollected his name, for he had been to my friend [A.E.] who leads an even more reckless rebellion than I do, and had kept him up to the grey hours of the morning discussing philosophy. I asked him to come with me to the smoking room of a restaurant in O'Connell Street, and read me a beautiful though immature and eccentric harmony of little prose descriptions and meditations. He had thrown over metrical form, he said, that he might get a form so fluent that it would respond to the motions of the spirit. I praised his work but he said, "I really don't care whether you like what I am doing or not. It won't make the least difference to me. Indeed I don't know why I am reading to you."

Then, putting down his book, he began to explain all his objections to everything I had ever done. Why had I concerned myself with politics, with folklore, with the historical setting of events, and so on? Above all why had I written about ideas, why had I condescended to make generalizations? These things were all the sign of the cooling of the iron, of the fading out of inspiration. I had been

6. From Richard Ellmann, *The Identity of Yeats* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1954), pp. 86-89. Reprinted by permission of Mrs. W. B. Yeats. A manuscript intended by Yeats as a preface to *Ideas of Good and Evil* (1903), but not published until after the poet's death. The "descriptions and meditations" are the Epiphanies. See Part I, Section 1 above.

puzzled, but now I was confident again. He is from the Royal University, I thought, and he thinks that everything has been settled by Thomas Aquinas, so we need not trouble about it. I have met so many like him. He would probably review my book in the newspapers if I sent it there. But the next moment he spoke of a friend of mine [Aubrey Beardsley or Oscar Wilde] who after a wild life had turned Catholic on his deathbed. He said that he hoped his conversion was not sincere. He did not like to think that he had been untrue to himself at the end. No, I had not understood him yet.

I had been doing some little plays for our Irish theatre, and had founded them all on emotions or stories that I had got out of folklore. He objected to these particularly and told me that I was deteriorating. I had told him that I had written these plays quite easily and he said that made it quite certain; his own little book owed nothing to anything but his own mind which was much nearer to God than folklore.

I took up the book and pointing to a thought said, "You got that from somebody else who got it from the folk." I felt exasperated and puzzled and walked up and down explaining the dependence of all good art on popular tradition. I said, "The artist, when he has lived for a long time in his own mind with the example of other artists as deliberate as himself, gets into a world of ideas pure and simple. He becomes very highly individualized and at last by sheer pursuit of perfection becomes sterile. Folk imagination on the other hand creates endless images of which there are no ideas. Its stories ignore the moral law and every other law, they are successions of pictures like those seen by children in the fire. You find a type of these two kinds of invention, the invention of artists and the invention of the folk, in the civilization that comes from town and in the forms of life that one finds in the country. In the towns, especially in big towns like London, you don't find what old writers used to call the people; you find instead a few highly cultivated, highly perfected individual lives, and great multitudes who imitate them and cheapen them. You find, too, great capacity for doing all kinds of things, but an impulse towards creation which grows gradually weaker and weaker. In the country, on the other hand, I mean in Ireland and in places where the towns have not been able to call the tune, you find people who are hardly individualized to any great extent. They live

through the same round of duty and they think about life and death as their fathers have told them, but in speech, in the telling of tales, in all that has to do with the play of imagery, they have an endless abundance. I have collected hundreds of stories and have had hundreds of stories collected for me, and if one leaves out certain set forms of tale not one story is like another. Everything seems possible to them, and because they can never be surprised, they imagine the most surprising things. The folk life, the country life, is nature with her abundance, but the art life, the town life, is the spirit which is sterile when it is not married to nature. The whole ugliness of the modern world has come from the spread of the towns and their ways of thought, and to bring back beauty we must marry the spirit and nature again. When the idea which comes from individual life marries the image that is born from the people, one gets great art, the art of Homer, and of Shakespeare, and of Chartres Cathedral."

I looked at my young man. I thought, "I have conquered him now," but I was quite wrong. He merely said, "Generalizations aren't made by poets; they are made by men of letters. They are no use."

Presently he got up to go, and, as he was going out, he said, "I am twenty. How old are you?" I told him, but I am afraid I said I was a year younger than I am. He said with a sigh, "I thought as much. I have met you too late. You are too old."

And now I am still undecided as to whether I shall send this book to the Irish papers for review. The younger generation is knocking at my door as well as theirs.

EUGENE SHEEHY⁷

Joyce took his Degree in the Royal University and I saw a good deal of him during his time in College. He treated both his lectures and examinations as a joke and it is to the credit of the University and its Professors that, in spite of all this, he passed through successfully. He told me, from time to time, how he enjoyed himself in the examination hall. He considered that the poet Cowper was only fit to write the rhymes which are found in the interiors of Christmas crackers. When requested, therefore, to write an appreciation of *The*

7. From *May It Please the Court*, by Eugene Sheehy (Dublin: 1951), pp. 13-16. Courtesy of C. J. Fallon Limited.

Task he finished off two pages of scathing disparagement of its author with an adaptation of Hamlet's farewell to the dead Polonius: "Peace tedious old fool!" Addison was another *bête noir*: referring to his summons to Steele to "see how a Christian can die," Joyce berated him as the world's greatest hypocrite, and lapsed into Chaucerian English to state that the great "Atticus" himself was "holpen nightly to his litter."

It was, however, at his Oral Examination in English for his B.A. Degree that he excelled himself. One of the learned Professors put to him the question: "How is poetic justice exemplified in the play of *King Lear*?"

Joyce replied very briefly: "I don't know."

The Examiner, who had full knowledge of Joyce's literary ability, was not satisfied with this reply. "Oh come, Mr. Joyce, you are not doing yourself justice. I feel sure that you have read the play."

"Oh yes!" replied Joyce, "but I don't understand your question. The phrase 'poetic justice' is unmeaning jargon so far as I am concerned."

Further comedy at oral examination was supplied by another student friend of mine in the College, named Fallon,⁸ who was asked: "What do you know about the great Earl of Clarendon?" Fallon took full time to consider carefully the question before he gave the blithe reply: "Well, Sir, I certainly have heard the name." "Indeed, Mr. Fallon," was the frigid comment of the learned Examiner.

Joyce and I both attended the same class for Italian. Our Lecturer was an Italian Jesuit named Father Ghezzi, who had been in India for many years and spoke English perfectly. Joyce had a wonderful aptitude for foreign languages and spoke Italian like a native though, at that time, he had never left Dublin. My function in the class was to listen to Father Ghezzi and Joyce discuss philosophy and literature in Italian, and, for all I could understand of the dialogue, I would have been more profitably engaged in taking high dives from the spring-board at the Forty-foot Hole in Sandycove.

Father Ghezzi had an amusing experience during his time at

8. William G. Fallon (1881-). Belvedere College; University College, Dublin: President, Young Ireland Branch of United Irish League, 1908. Called to Bar. Author; *Perpetual Peace: A Catholic Ideal* (1918); *Via Romana* (1933).

the College. He decided to improve the shining hour by presenting himself as a candidate for the Matriculation examination. When the results were announced it was found that he had obtained high first-class honours in English and low second-class honours in his native Italian. As he had been examined in the latter subject by a German Professor named Steinberger, he was much amused and wrote to his relatives in Florence to tell them of the joke. The next year he had his revenge. The First Arts Examination included an oral test and Father Ghezzi in due course appeared for it before Professor Steinberger. When the candidate turned on the hot tap of his rapid and idiomatic Italian poor Steinberger had to cry halt and request the candidate to finish his reply in English as the learned Professor could not quite follow.

A close companion of Joyce at the College was George Clancy,⁹ who was afterwards Mayor of Limerick and was shot by the "Black and Tans." Clancy was a well-built and dark-haired son of Munster who was keen on Gaelic games and the restoration of our ancient language. He had a keen sense of humour and no guile. The simplicity and sincerity of his character appealed to Joyce and I suspect that the character described as Davin in *A Portrait* covers his identity.

He and Joyce, at French class, made merry at the expense of Professor Cadic. Joyce would snigger whilst Clancy was translating into English a passage from a French text-book. Clancy pretended to take offence, demanded an instant apology, which was refused, and thereupon challenged Joyce to a duel in the Phoenix Park. The Professor intervened to prevent bloodshed; the performance ended with handshakes all round; and the guileless Frenchman never appreciated what a farce it all was. One day Joyce entered the class-room about twenty minutes late and, ignoring the Professor's presence, went over to one of the large front windows of No. 86, threw it up, and stuck his head out. Monsieur Cadic, by a counter stroke, in order to upset Joyce's equilibrium, went to the other window, threw it up, and putting his head well out, looked across at the offending pupil. "Bonjour, M'sieu!" said the imperturbable Joyce, "I was counting the carriages in Alderman Kernan's funeral."

I find that the personality of Joyce looms very large as I come

9. George Clancy (1880-1921). Clongowes Wood College; University College, Dublin. Model for "Davin" in *P*, "Madden" in *SH*. When Mayor of Limerick murdered by English forces.

to write up the humorous side of my life at University College. I was closely associated with him during his school and college career, and I have a good deal to say as to the lighter side of his character which may interest my readers. I reserve all this for a later chapter and the incidents here related are those connected with his life at University College.

Francis John Byrne [*sic*], the "Cranly" of Joyce's *A Portrait*, was also a fellow-student of mine at the College. He was a very clever man, had read most of the best literature and was a brilliant conversationalist. He was also one of the best Chess players in Ireland at this period.

Joyce and he carried on long conversations in Dog Latin to which each contributed an ingenious quota. "*Ibo crux oppidum*," for instance, signified: "I am going across town"; "*ad manum ballum jocabimus*": "we will play handball"; and "*regnat felices atque canes*": "it is raining cats and dogs." And, in more correct Latin, another bright effort on the part of "Cranly" resulted in the aphorism "*Nomina stultorum ubique scribuntur*." It may be that these talks were, on Joyce's part, the first intimation of the vocabulary of *Finnegans Wake*.

[pp. 21-29] James Augustine Joyce was his full name, but he soon dropped the middle name.

He was an intimate friend, both at School and College, of my brother Richard, and myself and he came very often to my Father's house in Belvedere Place.

In *James Joyce's Dublin*¹⁰ the authoress has devoted a chapter to Belvedere Place and in the *Feüilles de note Manuscrites*, displayed at the Joyce Exhibition in Paris recently, there are several references to "chez Sheehy" and to talks between Joyce and various members of my family.

As I remember him then, he was a tall slight stripling, with flashing teeth—white as a hound's—pale blue eyes that sometimes had an icy look, and a mobile sensitive mouth. He was fond of throwing back his head as he walked, and his mood alternated between cold, slightly haughty, aloofness and sudden boisterous merriment.

Sometimes his abrupt manner was a cloak for shyness. He refers

10. Patricia Hutchins, *James Joyce's Dublin* (London: Grey Walls, 1950).

in an early manuscript to "the induration of the shield,"¹¹ meaning that each of us has to forge in self-protection a shield to interpose between oneself and the hostile world.

Joyce could have been a great actor. Even in his late teens he was keen on dramatics and took part in family theatricals. I remember him playing in Belvedere Place the part of the English Colonel in Robertson's *Caste* and he played it to the life.

He acted also with my sister, Margaret, in the old X.L. Cafe in Grafton Street in a play written by her, called *Cupid's Confidante*, in which he played the part of the villain—Geoffrey Fortescue.¹²

In charades in our house on Sunday nights he was the star turn. His wit and gift for improvisation came into ready play. He was also a clever mimic and his impassive poker face helped his impersonations.

I remember on one occasion a burlesque of *Hamlet* performed by him and William Fallon. Joyce played the Queen Mother to Fallon's Ophelia, and the performance would rival that of Jimmy O'Dea at his best. As Ophelia, with appropriate comments, laid on the carpet some pieces of carrot and onion—the best substitutes for yew and rosemary—Hamlet's mother (who bore a striking resemblance to "Mrs. Mulligan of the Combe"), performed all the motions of a woman "keening" at an Irish wake in the very ecstasy of grief.

Joyce had a beautiful tenor voice and one of his earliest ambitions was to be a singer. His mother sometimes came to our house and played on the piano the accompaniments to his songs. I remember her as a frail, sad-faced, and gentle lady whose skill at music suggested a sensitive, artistic temperament. She was very proud and fond of James and he worshipped her. I can still see him linking her towards the piano with a grave Old World courtesy. When she was not present he played by ear his own accompaniments.

He had a wide range of ballads, English and Irish.

His favourite songs were: *Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes* from *The Gondoliers* and the Serenade by Shelley beginning "I arise from dreams of thee."

11. Cf. "A Portrait of the Artist," essay of 1904 (I, 3 above), and SH 34 for "indurating shield."

12. In his MS diary Holloway wrote that Joyce "showed some sense of character in his acting."

He revelled, however, with a zest worthy of Falstaff in such rousing ballads as *Blarney Castle*, *Bold Turpin Hero* and *When McCarthy Took the Flure at Enniscorthy*.

Another "flash back" to Belvedere Place reveals him, with cane, hat and eyeglass, swaggering up and down the room in the manner of Charles Coburn, as he sang with gusto *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*.

He also sang a half comic half plaintive Irish love song which I have heard from no other lips.

I heard him sing this ballad so often that I still remember every word of it. It contained two verses as follows:

"Oh Molly, I can't say you're honest,
Sure you've stolen the heart from my breast.
I feel like a bird that's astonished
When the young vagabonds steal its nest.
So I'll throw up a stone at the window,
And in case any glass I should break,
It's for you all the panes that I'm taking,
Yerra! what wouldn't I smash for your sake.
They say that your Father is stingy,
And likewise that your Mother's the same,
So it's mighty small change that you'll bring me
Excepting the change of your name.
So be quick with that change, dearest Molly,
Be the same more or less, as it may,
And my own name, my Darling, I'll give you
The moment that you name the day."

At the end of each verse he sang the following refrain which was, to say the least of it, unusual:

"Ochone! Pillaloo! Och I'm kilt!
May the quilt!
Lay light on your delicate form,
When the weather is hot
But my love, when 'tis not,
May it cradle you cosy and warm.
Nic nurum ni rool
Nic nurum ni!"

Some of his humorous items he undoubtedly picked up from his father who, I understand, had in his day quite a reputation as a singer of comic songs in the concert halls of County Cork.

The song commencing: "'Tis youth and folly makes young men marry," which Joyce heard his father singing in the Victoria Hotel, Cork, as described in *A Portrait*, was also a favourite of the son and I often heard him sing it. He sang these old favourite ballads of his father, too, with "the quaint accent and phrasing" to which Joyce refers in his book. According to Joyce Senior no one could sing an Irish ballad like Mike Lacy.

"He had little turns for it, grace notes that he used to put in that I haven't got."

I suspect that he was too modest in this disclaimer, for his son sang these old songs with quaint phrasing and grace notes that must have been in the full Lacy tradition.

His father was a dapper little man, with military moustache, who supported an eyeglass and cane, and wore spats, and I can quite believe that on the stage he could do "George Lashwood" to the life.

I would say, too, that James owed his rather caustic wit to his male parent. I remember Joyce relating to me one sample.

His father, at breakfast one morning, read from the *Freeman's Journal*, the obituary notice of a dear friend, Mrs. Cassidy.

Mrs. Joyce was very shocked and cried out:

"Oh! don't tell me that Mrs. Cassidy is dead."

"Well, I don't quite know about that," replied her husband, "but someone has taken the liberty of burying her."

After his retirement from the rates office Joyce senior apparently devoted a good deal of his spare time to studying the pictures in *Tit-Bits* and *Answers* which gave the clues to the names of railway stations—substantial prizes being offered each week to those competitors who were most successful in naming the stations depicted.

Joyce appeared to be entertained by this hobby of the old man. He told me that in the form he filled up, when seeking admission to the University, he described his father's occupation as "going in for competitions."

Joyce had legends for some of the Dublin statues. Of that of Bishop Plunket in Kildare Place, who has a finger thoughtfully on his brow, he said that the pose suggested: "Now, where on earth did I put that stud?" And the statue of the poet Moore in College Green supplied with right forefinger raised the satisfied answer: "Oh! I know."

Of the numerous lampoons and limericks which he wrote at this time, I can recall one on Lady Gregory.

“There was an old lady named Gregory,
Who cried: ‘Come all poets in beggary.’
But she found her imprudence,
When hundreds of students
Cried: ‘We’re in that noble category.’”

I have already mentioned that it took a good deal to disturb Joyce’s equanimity. On one occasion my brother and I were walking together in Phibsborough Road. We saw Joyce approaching us waving aloft what seemed to be a small Venetian blind. He was followed, at some paces interval, by his brother Stanislaus, who appeared to be hugely amused at James’s antics. Joyce was very excited.

“Look what I have here,” he said. “This is an Indian poem written in Sanskrit on ribbed grass, and I am going to sell it to the Professor of Oriental Languages in Trinity College.”

He opened up the book to show us the ribbed grass and the writing thereon. When he had the lattice work open in full length a nursery maid in charge of a perambulator, whose attention at the moment was evidently not on her job, drove into him from behind with the result that he fell back into the carriage of the pram. Joyce was not the least bit perturbed. Still holding the book wide open on his lap, he half turned to the nurse and said very calmly: “Are you going far, Miss?”

Joyce had an impish humour. He did the most whimsical things, often to his own detriment. Once, when paid to sing at a Dublin concert, he walked off the stage because he did not like the accompaniment: the fee, which he forfeited, meant a small fortune to him at the time. On another occasion, he went to London to meet William Archer, the critic, who was much impressed by Joyce’s contribution to the *Fortnightly Review* on Ibsen’s play, *When We Dead Awaken*. Archer introduced Joyce to the editor of a literary magazine,¹³ who gave him a book of poems to review. Joyce castigated the unfortunate poet in merciless fashion. This did not please the editor.

“This will not do, Mr. Joyce,” he said.

“Sorry!” said Joyce and proceeded to leave the room.

13. C. Lewis Hind of the *Academy*. Cf. Ellmann, *JJ* 123.

It was characteristic of him that he would never condescend to argue any point.

"Oh! come Mr. Joyce," pleaded the editor, "I am only anxious to help you. Why won't you meet my wishes?"

"I thought," replied Joyce, "that I was to convey to your readers what I considered to be the aesthetic value of the book you gave me."

"Precisely," said the editor, "that is what I want."

"Well!" replied Joyce, "I don't think it has any value whatsoever, aesthetic or otherwise, and I have tried to convey that to your readers, and I presume that you have readers."

This remark naturally nettled the editor, and he said: "Oh! well, Mr. Joyce, if that is your attitude, I can't help you. I have only to lift the window and put my head out, and I can get a hundred critics to review it."

"Review what?" said Joyce, "your head?" and this ended the interview.

This incident is, of course, "ex relatione" Joyce, but I believe that it happened, as he was, in my opinion, a very truthful man.

He also loved to challenge others to do whimsical acts. One night I heard him wager Skeffington half a crown, that the latter would not purchase one halfpenny worth of gooseberries in the most expensive fruit shop in O'Connell Street and tender a golden sovereign in payment.

Skeffington took the bet and gave his miserly order to the lady shop assistant. When he offered the sovereign in payment the lady said in rather frigid tone:

"Could you not make it something more, sir?"

"No," replied Skeffington, "I can't afford it," and he collected his gooseberries and his change.

Joyce witnessed all this from the door of the shop and whooped with glee at the performance.

The year after John McCormack won the Gold Medal for tenor singing at the Annual Feis Ceoil in Dublin, Joyce was a candidate for the same competition. Joyce would have secured the Gold Medal if he had attempted the sight reading test, but his "integrity" would not permit, and he was disqualified.

It is worthy of note in this connection, that a friend of mine,

Mr. William Reidy, the Dublin 'cellist, has an old programme of a concert in the Antient Concert Rooms, in which the name of James Joyce would appear to have pride of place over that of John McCormack. Mr. Reidy has very kindly given me a copy of the programme which is published herewith. The date of the concert is not mentioned.¹⁴ My guess is that it took place in the year 1902.

After Joyce left Dublin, I lost touch with him for some years, though he wrote to my father on the death of my brother Richard, and at another time sent me an Italian newspaper in which he had written an article—"Il Fenianismo"¹⁵—on the death of John O'Leary, the great Fenian leader, who, by the way, presided at one of the debates in the Literary and Historical Debating Society when I was in the College.¹⁶

One night in the year 1909 during a production by the Abbey Theatre of Shaw's *Blanco Posnet* I met Joyce again. He tapped me on the shoulder from behind with his walking stick, and then greeted me nonchalantly, as if we had met the previous day. He told me that he had come to Dublin to do the critique of the play—which had been censored in Great Britain—for an Italian newspaper, *Il Piccolo Sera* [*sic*].¹⁷ He also said that I would hear interesting news of him within the next few weeks. This had reference, I understand, to the fact that he was to be the manager of the first cinema in Dublin, the "Volta" in Henry Street. I believe he did obtain the position but, if so, he held it only for a very short period.¹⁸

Joyce was very sparing in his praise of other writers; and I was surprised therefore when, on this occasion, he told me that he admired the works of George Meredith, and that he regarded *The Tragic Comedians* as a novel of outstanding merit.

Except for Ibsen and Dante the only other author whom he favoured was James Clarence Mangan; and I remember the intense pleasure with which all those assembled one night in my father's house heard him recite *The Nameless One* by the hapless Irish poet.

The next and last time I met Joyce was in his flat in Paris in the

14. August 27, 1904.

15. *Il Piccolo della Sera*, Friday, 22 March 1907, *CW* 187–92.

16. January 23, 1904.

17. September 5, 1909. Translation in *CW* 206–08.

18. Opened December 1909, sold July 1910 at great loss. See Ellmann, *JJ* 310–13, 320–22. Papers dealing with this project are at Cornell. See Scholes, *Cornell J Collection*, items 725, 960–62, 1090–91, 1294–96.

year 1928, when he had become world famous. I found out his address in the Rue de Grenelle from Miss Sylvia Beach who, I understand, financed the publication of the first edition of *Ulysses* and whose book shop in Paris had on display on its shelves many photographs of Joyce.

She was charmed when I told her that I was an old school-companion of his, and she produced a photograph of a group of students and professors taken at University College. The photo had been taken by my friend, Con Curran, and the group included Joyce and she was so pleased that I was able to name all the others, that she presented me with a free copy of *Transition*, in which Joyce's *A Work in Progress* was then being published. I regret to say that I never read the instalment in *Transition* as the first paragraph thereof convinced me that my untutored mind was not adequate to understand and appreciate Joyce's new "vocabulary," as he himself termed it.

Later that day my wife and I called on Joyce at his flat, and met there, also, his wife, son and daughter. Everything in Joyce's rooms spelt "Dublin." There were pictures and sketches of old Dublin on the walls and even the design of the large rug, with which the floor was carpeted, portrayed the corkscrew course of the River Liffey.

He was delighted to meet me again, and his queries were all concerning the Dublin that he knew and loved.

"Where were now Tom and Dick and Harry?"—naming former companions that I had well-nigh forgotten, and he became quite impatient that I could not call to mind at once one Jack O'Reilly, who had faded from the Dublin scene for many years.

"And how does Sallynoggin look now?" and "the shops along the chief streets?"

And then he questioned me about some of Dublin's well-known characters. For instance: "Did J. B. Hall"¹⁹—a reporter for the *Freeman's Journal*—"still go round in all weathers with his overcoat slung over one shoulder?"

He was thrilled to know that the statue of Smith O'Brien had been moved from O'Connell Bridge, and was now lined up with the other statues in O'Connell street.

"Why has nobody told me that before?" he said rather petulantly.

19. Author of *Random Notes of a Reporter* (1929).

My sister, Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, told me that at a later date she had another such interview with Joyce. Half-dazed with his cascade of queries, she at length said to him:

"Mr. Joyce, you pretend to be a cosmopolitan, but how is it that all your thoughts are about Dublin, and almost everything that you have written deals with it and its inhabitants?"

"Mrs. Skeffington!" he replied, with a rather whimsical smile, "There was an English Queen who said that when she died the word 'Calais' would be written on her heart. 'Dublin' will be found on mine."

JOHN FRANCIS BYRNE ²⁰

[pp. 33-37] One morning, a few weeks after the "chat" in the oratory, I waited for Norah at our usual meeting place near York Street. It was a bitterly cold, raw morning a few days before the Christmas vacation. Having waited in the cold for more than a half-hour, I decided to go on to the college and to keep a look-out for her passing my window. It was about twenty minutes to nine when I came up to the first-arts class; and I was disappointed to find that it was nearly as cold in the room as it had been outside. The fire in the open grate had been lit carelessly, and it had gone out.

Just as I had taken my stand at the window watching for Norah, Father Darlington came swiftly into the room, looked at me, said "Good morning, Mr. Byrne, you're early aren't you?" To which I replied, "Yes, Sir, I'm earlier in class than usual." He then went over to the cold grate, peered into it, stood away from it, looked at me again, said nothing, and went out. Five minutes later, Father Darlington re-entered the room; looked at me; then around the room; then went over to the inhospitable grate; scrutinized it, looked at me and seemed about to say something, thought better of it and went out. At ten minutes to nine he returned to the room, and this time his manner and entry were different, it could be said that he came breezing in confidently. I was still at the window, for Norah had not yet come, but he appeared now not to be in the slightest degree disconcerted; he smiled at me and winked his right eye; and

20. Reprinted from *Silent Years: An Autobiography with Memoirs of James Joyce and Our Ireland*, by J. F. Byrne, by permission of Farrar, Straus & Co., Inc. Copyright 1953 by J. F. Byrne.

went straight to the fireplace. Stooping down before it, he picked out the singed coal putting it on the fender, then he pulled up his soutane and brought to view a paper bag which he rapidly tore open on the hearth, exposing a few "Evening Telegraphs" and a good supply of firewood. The papers he tore up and wisped and deposited in the grate, superimposing the bits of firewood, on which he redeposited the pieces of charred coal he had shortly before taken out. Then he lit a match, which he applied to the paper in the grate at each side and in the middle; and then he stood up hastily and looked over at me, still posted right at the window, but not with undivided attention. Lifting up his soutane once more, Father Darlington drew forth from somewhere a wee paper package containing three candle ends; these he placed strategically amid the coals on top of the fire, one at each side and one in the middle. When the melting candle grease burst into flame at all three places, he stood erect to survey his work and saw that it was good. Thereupon he produced his handkerchief, wiped his hands with it, replaced it, and in embarrassed but none the less boyish exultation, he turned to look at me. Being thoroughly pleased with himself and his achievement, he stroked his chin downward with his right hand; sucked his breath, and coming over to me said, "'Pon my word, Mister—Mister Byrne, there's quite an art in lighting a fire, is there not!"

And all I said in reply was an emphatic assent. "Yes, sir, there certainly is." I did not offer any comment about his own exposition of the art, especially in the employment of candle ends. In fact, I said nothing more, for at this moment I saw Norah walking rapidly in the Green to school. She turned her face to look over at my classroom window, where she could see Father Darlington standing beside me. She waved to me with her right hand, and I waved to her, and she hurried on. Father Darlington was silent for a moment, and then with a wistful tone in his voice, he said: "I thought so. She's late, isn't she. Lovely child."

It was now a few minutes to nine, and already some of the pupils had entered the room. I didn't say anything, nor did Father Darlington. He just smiled at me benignly and left the room.

I have already made it plain that I liked Father Darlington, but after this incident the word "like" would have been altogether too feeble to express my regard for him. This was not alone for his

remark about Norah, it was perhaps more for the fact that I believed he had admitted me as nearly to him as it would ever be possible for him to permit anyone to come. I felt sure that there was no one else in the college, lay or cleric, in whose presence he would have lit that fire as he did—candle ends and all.

It was not until seven years afterwards, in 1902,²¹ that I committed the blunder of telling Joyce about this incident of Father Darlington and the fire, and years later I regretted my indiscretion when I read how he used, or rather abused, the story in his *Portrait of the Artist*. When I visited Joyce in Paris in 1927, I criticized him for this, and I told him that instead of being an ornament to his book, the incident, as he narrated it, was a disfigurement. The reader of his book, I said, is left with the impression that, because of some "private griefs," Joyce was venting his spleen on Father Darlington. I reminded Joyce that he should have remembered what the fishwives in Mary's Abbey used to say to a fiddling and fingering customer. "If ye want the cod, ma'am, take it, but if ye don't want the cod, don't maul it." Joyce agreed with me, saying he was sorry he had written it as he had, and that he was sorry for certain other things he had written. So I said no more.

I assumed at that time that he had simply let himself go in a moment of fluent literary effusion, and that he had been for that moment "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." However, in 1944, when *Stephen Hero*, Joyce's first draft of the *Portrait of the Artist*, was published, I realized how wrong I had been in my assumption. For, in *Stephen Hero* the incident of Father Darlington's lighting the fire had been told by Joyce with approximate accuracy in fewer than two hundred words, whereas in the *Portrait of the Artist*, written long after the first draft, the incident has been elongated and elaborated to almost two thousand words of twaddle; in which Joyce labors to narrate a flat-footed conversational minuet à deux danced by himself and the dean of studies with all the grace and agility of a pair of sawdust dolls. In *Stephen Hero* Joyce had played exactly the same melody entitled "Pulchra sunt quae visa placent," and had indulged to its accompaniment in

21. A slip of the pen. Seven years after Joyce's college years would be 1909, but Byrne must have told Joyce before 1904 for the incident to have been included in *Stephen Hero*.

similar terpsichorean conversational antics—but with a different partner. His first partner had not been the dean of studies, but the President of the College, Father William Delaney.

Through what oversight has it happened that this passage at arms between Stephen and the dean has escaped the penetrating elucidation of Joyce's interpreters? To an exegete the passage should have been a magnet with irresistible attraction for his analytical prowess. One cannot but be amazed that no one appears to have realized the full significance of the *place* chosen by Joyce as the locale for his renditions. Reference has been made to Joyce's predilection for places "with Greek sounding names"; and what place could have a more Greek sounding name than "Physics Theatre," which not merely sounds Greek, but is in fact pure Greek?

Of course, when it comes to the interpretation of numbers, the subject might have been found a little more recondite than the number of that house of myth on Eccles Street. For, in the first draft, Joyce says the dean took out *three* "dirty" candle-butts, whereas in the *Portrait* the dean extracted *four* candle-butts, all of which must have been different from the *three*, because none of them is described as "dirty." Now what made Joyce change the number of "butts" from three, which is considerable of a mystic number in its own right—to such a vulgar and unmystic number as four? Puzzling, is it not? Not at all! The explanation is simple; for, mark you, if to the "three dirty" candle-butts which in *Stephen Hero*, the dean "produced from the most remote pockets of his chalkey soutane," you add "the four candle butts from the side pockets of his soutane," as detailed in the *Portrait*, you get a total of what? You get a total of *seven*—the very number of the mysterious house on "the street with the Greek sounding name," Eccles Street.

Furthermore, it may be observed that when Stephen perceived the figure of the dean "crouching before the large grate" in his act of lighting the fire, he opened the conversation with, "Good morning, sir! Can I help you?" And here it should well be noted that Stephen offered to help the dean to light the fire, forgetting what he had previously had reason a thousand times to remember that he himself could not light a fire. As he says only thirty seconds later "to fill the silence" in this arthritic conversation "I am sure I could not

light a fire." And to this admission by Stephen what could be the only adequate comment one could make? Why, the only comment that would fill the bill here would be "Freudians please note!"

Pursuing the examination of this conglomeration of piffle, see how the archaic meaning of the word "detain" is laboriously introduced, and how Stephen himself misapplies the word when he says "I hope I am not detaining you." Observe also that word "tundish," of which the dean is made to say, "I never heard the word in my life," and yet Stephen goes on to say "The language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine His language . . . will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted his words," and Stephen admits that he "felt with a smart of dejection that the man to whom he was speaking was a countryman of Ben Jonson." Ben Jonson and Shakespeare were contemporaries and pals; and Shakespeare used the word "tundish"; and yet the Dean of Studies, a born Englishman and Oxford graduate, is depicted by Joyce as ruminating in infantile amazement over this Anglo-Saxon word, and saying that he had never before heard it in his life.

How or why Joyce wrote such stuff as this is a question I do not answer. But I do say that these mythical talks of Stephen with the President of the College, and with the Dean of Studies, are really interesting in that they reveal Joyce's immanent and abiding simplicity.

[pp. 43-44] It was late in October 1898, that Joyce first dubbed me Cranly. This was one of the months during which he sat waiting for me, session after session while I played chess with Parnell.²²

After one of these sessions Joyce came over and stood beside me, waiting impatiently for us to go. For perhaps a minute or two I held a post mortem with John Howard on the game we had just played; when Joyce, taking me by the arm, intoned softly into my ear " 'Ite missa est,' your Grace. Come on, Cranly; as you say yourself 'Let us eke go.' "

On the footpath outside, Joyce, still linking me, asked, "Did you hear what I called you?"

"Yes, of course I did. You called me Cranly."

22. Brother of the political leader.

"I like that name," he said, "do you mind me calling you by it?"

"No, I don't mind—only I'd just as lief be called Byrne or J.F."

"Very well, then, I'll go on calling you J.F., but I'll think of you as Cranly. Do you know where I got that name?"

"Yes, I do. Since you came to University College last month you have heard me occasionally referred to as the "White Bishop." And in the past few weeks there have been a couple of notices about a White Bishop who came here as Archbishop of Dublin five hundred years ago this very month of October. The other night I saw you reading about him in John D'Alton's book, the *Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin*."

[pp. 58–62] In the *Portrait of the Artist* Joyce writes of "Stephen pointing to the title page of Cranly's book on which was written 'Diseases of the Ox.'" This apparently trivial incident affords much material for rumination. Here is the story.

In July, 1899, something occurred to a cow owned by my farming friends in the County Wicklow; in the National Library I sought for, and with the help of the librarian, Mr. Lyster, finally located a book in which I hoped to find some information that might be useful should a similar emergency occur. When the librarian handed me the book at the counter, he indicated a section or chapter in it with the title "Diseases of the Ox," and although I was in serious mood, I immediately smiled. "Diseases of the Ox" I read aloud, and remarked to Lyster, who also had a broad smile on his visage, "Sounds funny, somehow, that title." "Yes, it does," he agreed, "but maybe it covers what you are looking for."

I took the book with me and sat down at a table near the balcony door, and I had just begun to peruse it when Joyce came in and sat down beside me. At that period Joyce was cramming himself with the Norwegian language, and he had brought with him to our table a pile of books on Ibsen including some of his plays, a Norwegian dictionary and a Norwegian grammar. For a moment he was silent, but then he leaned over to look at the large book I had open before me. "Good Lord, Byrne," he ejaculated, "what are you reading?" I didn't say anything but I turned the pages to

the title of the chapter where printed in large type was "DISEASES OF THE OX." The instantaneous affect [*sic*] on James Joyce was the detonating expulsion of a howl that reverberated through the reading room; and no Assyrian ever came down more swiftly on a fold than did Lyster on Joyce, who was in a convulsion of laughter.

"Mr. Joyce," the librarian ordered, "please leave the reading room." By way of calling attention to an ameliorating circumstance, I pointed to the title, but Lyster snapped, "Yes, Mr. Byrne, I know, but Mr. Joyce should learn to control himself, and I must ask him to leave the reading room, and to stay out of it, until he does." Compliantly Joyce struggled to his feet, and I got up to go with him. "I don't mean you, Mr. Byrne. Of course, you can stay." "That's all right, thank you, Mr. Lyster, but I'm afraid I'll have to help my friend out of the room. He would never be able to navigate as far as the turnstile."

Outside of the library Joyce slowly regained his composure, but neither of us felt inclined to make an immediate return to the vicinity of that book. Instead, we went for a walk through the Green and, needless to say, we talked; and the one big question that interested us was why that title was so funny. Why, for instance, was it that if that title had been "Diseases of Cattle," or "Bovine Diseases," we would not have thought it a bit funny? But "Diseases of the Ox" yes; for some obscure reason, it was funny.

The consideration of this question suggests two other questions which, being more closely related than might appear at first sight, we may take up here in connection with the mammoth *Ulysses*. In that book Joyce employs three elemental four-letter words. According to Hanley's *Word Index to James Joyce's Ulysses* these words, with variations, are employed by Joyce in that book a total of thirty times; and the two questions that arise are "What effect did the employment of these words have on the book considered as a work of art?", and "What effect did the appearance of these three words in the book have on its sales?"

I have already told how I took up with Joyce the matter of that yarn he had written in the *Portrait* about the "conversation" between Stephen and Father Butt in the Physics Theatre, and as a corollary to our talk on this point, we had gone on to mull over his use of the three four-letter words. The upshot was that I found

Joyce not at all positive about the artistic value of the words; but inflexibly positive about their sales or popularity value. And with this judgment of Joyce's I could largely agree.

Two points in this general connection I want to stress: The first of these is that Joyce rarely, indeed scarcely ever, uttered orally any of these words; and it is all the more strange, therefore, that he had a leaning to write them, and it is also a little strange that he was so addicted to putting a plethora of expletives and fulminations into the mouths of some of his characters. In this regard, he made another mistake of over-embellishment, but the reason he did this was simply that he believed it was becoming for strong men, or strong characters, to talk that way.

To illustrate my point, let us look at and note the language in a letter he wrote to his brother, and which is reproduced in part in Mr. Gorman's book. In it Joyce fulminates, "For the love of the Lord Christ change my curse-o-God state of affairs. Give me for Christ's sake a pen and an ink bottle . . . and then, by the crucified Jaysus, if I don't . . ., send me to hell. . . . Whoever the hell you are . . . I'm darned to hell if. . . . For your sake I refrained from taking a little black fellow from Bristol by the nape of the neck and hurling him into the street. . . . But my heroic nature urged me to do this because he was smaller than I."

Let me stress the fact that Joyce was no coward; but muscularly he was weak and he knew it. It would have taxed his strength to take a one-year-old baby "by the nape of the neck." In writing this letter Joyce was consciously posing as the eldest and strongest of the brothers—mentally, physically, and muscularly. And he wrote as he fancied a man of his "heroic nature" should thunderously express himself.

And now coming to the second of my two points, it is that I believe one of Joyce's principal purposes in insisting on the use of elemental words in his works was in protest against popular insincerity, cant, and hypocrisy; and against a puritanical prudery which is essentially prurient.

Harking back to that "conversation" between Stephen and Father Butt, I reminded Joyce that toward the end of his *Portrait* he made Stephen say, "That tundish has been in my mind for a long time. I looked it up and find it English and good old blunt English

too." I asked Joyce where did he look up the word *tundish* and he told me in the dictionary. Then I asked him, "Did you ever look up the word in Shakespeare, you know he uses it once in that piffly *Measure for Measure*?" "Probably I did, but I couldn't say for certain."

"Well, the point I am getting at is this: In that play the Duke says to Lucio, 'Why should he die, sir?' And Lucio replies, 'Why? For filling a bottle with a *tundish*.' Now we can well imagine the guffaw that went up from the surrounding audience when it heard these words issue with ribald flippancy from the mouth of a character whom Shakespeare was depicting as the lowdown skunk, Lucio."

"I see what you're driving at," interrupted Joyce. "Your point is that if Lucio had used all three of the elemental words in this seven-word sentence, as he could have done, he would have expressed himself with less indecency. This never occurred to me before, but if that is your point I fully agree."

"Yes," I said, "that is my point."

There is another aspect to this matter to which I will advert briefly. James Joyce valued many words for their sounds and for their own sake as much as he did for their connotation. Indeed the meaning of a word or group of words often was less important to Joyce than the word itself, or the grouping. Milton could say, and did, when he was imprecating—of all things—Urania, "The meaning, not the name, I call." Joyce could scarcely ever have so spoken. He would have insisted on his *Urania*—and a rose to him by any other name would have been just another weed.

To retrace my steps once more after this digression, that incident in the National Library of Joyce's outburst of mirth at the title, the "Diseases of the Ox," occurred during the period when he was studying Ibsen and preparing his essay on that playwright—an essay which found prompt acceptance, on its very first offering, in the *Fortnightly Review*. While Joyce was writing it, a period of about two months, he sat as usual beside me in the Library, and at his insistence I read it and re-read it as it progressed, and when it was finished I could have recited it verbatim. Whether it was a good thing for Joyce that his essay was accepted by the *Fortnightly*, and that it was accepted so promptly, is a point I won't discuss here.

It must, however, in this connection be emphasized that it

would be impossible for a young collegiate of the present day to realise the importance attached in Joyce's time by some persons, in certain circles, to the *Fortnightly Review*. Joyce was well aware, however, that this was not my attitude; and he knew that my opinion of him, or of the essay he wrote, would not be modified in the slightest degree by the *Fortnightly* acceptance. To some extent *Blackwood's* mantle, or to speak more aptly, *Blackwood's* "muddy vesture of decay" had fallen on the *Fortnightly*. Joyce knew that I was a reader of Poe's works and that I admired the great American; and he knew that whereas Poe's opinion of *Blackwood's* stood at freezing point on Poe's thermometer, my opinion of the literary importance of that magazine, or, indeed, of any other magazine with similar pretensions, stood down near absolute zero.

[pp. 63-66] After his article on Ibsen had been published, Joyce's relationship with his few associates became impaired by either their jealousy or sycophancy; and so it happened that Joyce was forced during the next couple of years to rely more than ever on me for companionship.

Immediately after the publication of the Ibsen article, Joyce began occasionally, and when in the mood, to seek expression in writing short poems. In the production of these he was not prolific; and even as he sat beside me in the library he would write and re-write and retouch, it might almost seem interminably, a bit of verse containing perhaps a dozen or a score of lines. When he had at last polished his gem to a satisfying degree of curvature and smoothness, he would write out the finished poem with slow and stylish penmanship and hand the copy to me. Many a time he said to me as he did this: "Keep all these, J.F.—some day they'll be worth a pound a piece to you." Joyce always said this jokingly; but I never took his remark as a joke for I was even then quite sure that, no matter what my own personal opinion of his bits of verse might be, these bits of polished verse in Joyce's equally polished handwriting would some day be collector's pieces.

The finished poems were invariably done on slips of good quality white paper provided free and in abundance to the readers of the National Library. The slips were approximately 7½ inches in length by 3¾ inches in width. Joyce gave me copies of all the poems

he wrote prior to October, 1902; and I kept all of them, as well as I could, for more than twenty years. Then, finding that many had either been lost, or, more likely, pilfered, and realizing that they would probably be safer in a collection, I yielded to the importunities of John Quinn and sold him the few originals I had left. With these I also sold to Mr. Quinn a signed copy of Joyce's *The Holy Office*, which he gave to me on one of his visits to my place at 100 Phibsboro Road. The price I got for these several items averaged about six dollars. That certainly wasn't much; but still it was more than even Joyce had jokingly told me they would some day be worth.

One day late in March, 1902, Joyce said to me, "I have another poem for you."

"Good," I said, "give it to me."

"I have it in the rough here, but I'll write it out for you."

"You know I told you I had an appointment at four o'clock in connection with the handball tournament, and it is nearly that now. Give me the rough, and I'll copy it myself in one-quarter the time it would take you to write it."

He did; and I did. And that copy of Joyce's poem written by me with a pencil on two library slips so many years ago is still in my possession. On the second slip where the word "sorrow" occurs in the poem, Joyce drew a mark over that word, and he wrote in the margin "Accent divided equally."

Here is a reproduction of the poem, verbatim et literatim, as I copied it from Joyce's rough:

I

O, it is cold and still—alas!—
The soft white bosom of my love,
Wherein no mood of guile or fear
But only gentleness did move.
She heard as standing on the shore,
A bell above the water's toll,
She heard the call of, "come away"
Which is the calling of the soul.

II

They covered her with linen white
And set white candles at her head

And loosened out her glorious hair
And laid her on a snow-white bed.
I saw her passing like a cloud,
Discreet and silent and apart.
O, little joy and great sorrow
Is all the music of the heart

III

The fiddle has a mournful sound
That's playing in the street below.
I would I lay with her I love—
And who is there to say me no?
We lie upon the bed of love
And lie together in the ground:
To live, to love and to forget
Is all the wisdom lovers have.

Joyce was fond of music, and at that time I was even fonder of it than he was. During the far-flung visits of the Rouseby, and Carl Rosa Opera Companies, we went to as many operas as we could afford. In our very youthful days we enjoyed such popular favorites as "Trovatore"; "Maritana"; "The Bohemian Girl"; "Lily of Killarney," and such like; but as we grew older, it was Wagner who attracted us—especially by such of his music dramas as "Tristan and Isolde," and "Lohengrin."

In the dramatic field we looked forward to the occasional visits of, for instance, Osmond Tearle, whose repertory was chiefly, but not exclusively, Shakespearean. Tearle's locale was always the Gaiety Theatre; and in that theatre, whether we were attending opera, play, or pantomime, Joyce had the peculiar whim to sit at the extreme right of the top gallery (the gods). From this vantage point you looked down almost vertically on the players. I did not like the spot at all, but Joyce was so childishly eager to sit there that, of course, I agreed to sit with him.

Once in a while during the period of which I have been writing, Joyce developed an urge to set something to music. Usually it was one of his own pieces of verse, but at one time in 1902 he labored lovingly over composing an accompaniment for James Clarence Mangin's [*sic*] beautiful poem "Dark Rosaleen." Toward the south end of the Aula Maxima in University College, and on its west side, there was a door leading to a small room in which was a

pianoforte. Joyce and I went there on many a night so that I could hear him sing the airs he had in mind and then play them for him. And sometimes on these nights, in order not to attract attention, we stayed in that room in pitch darkness—Joyce singing almost *sotto voce* and I playing the piano *pianissimo*. Whether Joyce's accompaniment to Mangin's "Dark Rosaleen" has ever been published I do not know. But I do know that after all these years I remember perfectly the air for it which he sang to me, and which I played for him, in the dark.

PADRAIC COLUM²³

[p. 17] Several times after we were introduced at Lady Gregory's, he and I came within recognizing distance on the street or in the National Library, but we had no communication. Joyce was aloof, and his blue eyes, perhaps because of defective vision, seemed intolerant of approach. He would enter the rotunda of the reading room at the library generally between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. I won't say that he entered arrogantly, but he entered as one who was going to hold himself aloof from the collectivity there. I was not interested in what he was reading, but once when I came to the counter after he had been there, an attendant said of a book that had been put aside, apparently to be reserved, "For Mr. Joyce." It was a book on heraldry.

[pp. 19–21] Now that Joyce had come upon my terrain, it was proper that I should measure myself with him: this I decided one evening as we passed each other in the library. As he went through the turnstile on his way out, I went through too and spoke to him on the stairway.

I think he took my approach as an act of homage (it was) and was willing to go along with me conversationally. We went out on Kildare Street and kept walking on, then along O'Connell Street until we turned toward where he lived. By this time Joyce was talking personally, or perhaps I should say biographically.

Looking back on that promenade, I know that I could have had

23. Passages, all by Padraic Colum, from *Our Friend James Joyce* by Mary and Padraic Colum. Copyright © 1958 by Padraic Colum. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc. and Padraic Colum.

no better introduction to the personality and the mind of that unique young man. He talked, perhaps, as a formed person talking to one whom he suspected of being unformed; he delivered, as he often did in those days, some set speeches. What maturity he had then!

The event that had occasioned the meeting was soon dismissed by him, for the largeness of AE seemed to him a vacuity. Considering the scholasticism of one and the neo-paganism of the other, their conjunction for even an afternoon was mysterious. The other poet of our town Joyce put on a different plane. "Yeats has written what is literature—even what is poetry," he said and then spoke of one of his stories, "The Adoration of the Magi." For the new nationalist movement, the Gaelic League, he had no regard. "I distrust all enthusiasms," he said.

It was natural to think, and I suppose I thought it, that a young man who distrusted all enthusiasms was a singular character. And for Joyce to say this in the Dublin of the day was to set himself up as a heretic or a schismatic, one who rifles the deposit of the faith. "And if history and the living present fail us, do there not lie hid among those spear-heads and golden collars over the way in the New Museum, suggestions of that age before history when the art, legends and wild mythology of earliest Ireland rose out of the void? There alone is enough of the stuff that dreams are made of to keep us busy a thousand years." So Yeats had written, at the age that Joyce was then. To us at that time, belonging to "a movement" meant fellowship, exhilaration. It meant moving away from the despondency of the generation before and toward a new national glory. Who would not be in such a movement? And it was animated by enthusiasm.

I am trying to find a word for the way the young man standing on that street corner said, "I distrust all enthusiasms." It was not with any youthful bravado. It was rather like one giving a single veto after a tiring argument.

[p. 36] Joyce was away from Dublin for some months; then I heard that he had returned and later that his mother had died. I wrote a note of sympathy and received a formal acknowledgment. My family name has variant spellings, and when I wrote the note I used the one with the horrible "b" at the end, a form that a grandparent quite mis-

takenly had used. The next time I saw Joyce he was standing despondently where there was a small company. In a distant way he said, "I had a letter from you—or can it be there are two doves?" (In Latin, Irish, and French my name means that.) I mentioned the variations in spelling. "And which do you use when your singing robes are about you?"

This was Joyce at his most detached. All of us used the cold approach from time to time, of course—the "frozen mitt" was often proffered. Still, Joyce's attitude of ironic detachment toward me was not surprising. The nationalist group around *The United Irishman*, with which I was associated, was to him nothing more than "the rabblement." AE, whose Hermeticism he despised, was promoting whatever stock I had. Perhaps Joyce thought of me then as one of those whom he later described as:

*Those souls have not the strength that mine has
Steeled in the school of old Aquinas.*²⁴

But he seemed to be kin, at this stage, with his own "comedian Capuchin."²⁵ The gestures he made with the ashplant he now carried, his way of making his voice raucous, was surely part of an act. And wasn't there, too, in his behavior the assertion of a young man conscious of his hand-me-down clothes, whose resort was the pawn office, who was familiar with the houses in Nighttown? The raucous voice, the obscene limericks delivered with such punctilio. . . . Was he playing Rimbaud? Villon?

[pp. 38–39] It was solely as a "character," and that partly a Gogartian creation, that Joyce was known to Dubliners of that time. To himself, of course, he was altogether different: he had none of the approachableness, privately, of a "character":

*That high, unconsortable one—
His love is his companion.*²⁶

But since that early Ibsen article he had written nothing, beyond the Mangan essay and a few lyrics shown to friends, so far as anyone knew. That he was an intellectually exceptional young man anyone who met him could tell, but they also knew he had frequently been

24. "The Holy Office," a satiric broadside of 1904.

25. *Chamber Music*, XII.

26. *Chamber Music*, XXI.

in the gutter. There had been other brilliant young Dubliners who were now but fading "characters." Needless to say, no one foresaw *Ulysses* or *Portrait of the Artist* or even *Dubliners*.

And so when it was known that he had begun a novel—it must have been first version of *Portrait of the Artist*—his writing was regarded as a performance. "Have you heard about Joyce's Meredithian novel?" one of the coterie that included Joyce and Gogarty said to me. Of course, what Joyce was writing was not "Meredithian," but whatever it was, it would have to be something unexpected and improbable—hence the term—to be the product of this "character." My informant added an example of the writing: "the chocolate-colored train."²⁷

About that time an early play of mine was produced by the National Theatre Society. Joyce asked me to let him see the script. I did. Afterward I encountered him in O'Connell Street, and he treated me to a private "performance." Pointing his ashplant at me, he said, "I do not know from which of them you derive the most misunderstanding—Ibsen or Maeterlinck." He had the script with him: the encounter must have been planned. It was in a roll, which permitted him to make its presentation to me significant. "Rotten from the foundation up," he said.

[pp. 42–43] "*Lost angel of a ruined Paradise.*" It was James Cousins²⁸ who, after he had stood Joyce and me to supper at the Vegetarian Restaurant, said this about my fellow guest. Our host—he was a little older than we were—asked Joyce urbanely what he was working on, and thereupon Joyce, parodying the "folk" style in current Irish writing, recited a curse he had put upon some Zoe or Kitty in Night-town. The idealistic, tolerant North of Ireland poet, one of the early writers for the National Theatre Society that developed into the Abbey Theatre, was not amused.

Then, after the mock turkey, the gooseberry tart, and the cup of coffee had been consumed, the dinnerless convive went into another phase. Joyce spoke of the dedication of the artist with all the sincerity and eloquence he was to put into some of Stephen

27. P 17/20: "chocolate train with cream facings."

28. James H. S. Cousins (1873–1956), theosophist, poet. From 1915 an educational administrator in India. See joint autobiography, *We Two Together* (1950), by him and his wife, Margaret.

Dedalus' speeches. Outside, as we watched the slender, shabby figure with the ashplant go away from us, Cousins made his statement of regret and admiration for Joyce.

Neither Cousins nor I, because of our involvement in the nationalist movement, could at that time be a familiar of Joyce's. Still, I did about then see another side of him—not the "Kinch" of the Gogartian companionship nor the sensitive and dedicated writer, but the James Joyce of an intelligent fellowship. Gogarty and I had a mutual friend (I think it was Gogarty who brought us together), Tom Kettle. Kettle was regarded as the rising young man of the country. Like Joyce he had been through the Jesuit school at Clongowes Wood, and like Joyce was a University College man. I remember an afternoon he and I and Joyce and Gogarty spent together by the beach at Sandymount, near where Kettle lived at the time. Kettle's Catholicism was reinforced by the neo-Thomism (though it was not called that then), and Joyce's dialectics and Gogarty's jokes were competently and good-humoredly dealt with by him. I believed from the conversation that Joyce and Kettle were close friends; but speaking to Joyce afterward, I was surprised to learn he hardly knew Kettle and did not like him—he thought him too demonstrative.

[pp. 46–47] Another time Joyce was among those in the National Library when I was; readers were departing. Timing my exit to be with Joyce's, who was at the turnstile with a friend, ready to leave, I left some volumes on the counter. They were *The World as Will and Idea*. When the three of us were on the stairway, Joyce said with the raillery he often used when addressing me in those days, "You see before you two frightful examples of the will to live."

Which meant that Joyce and his companion were out to pick up girls. The companion was taciturn, but I guessed it was he who knew the approaches. We went up Kildare Street and along Harcourt Street to the road off which I lived, the South Circular Road, which, with the lonesomeness of the canal banks adjacent, was a likely place for pickups. As we went along Joyce talked in a way that was supposed to be a revelation to me of the uncloistered life. In those days he would have relished playing Mephistopheles to Faust; later he was extremely fastidious in his conversation.

His mind mustn't have been totally preoccupied with pros-

pects on the South Circular Road, for after we had cups of tea in a confectioner's in Harcourt Street and went strolling again, we shifted to the World as Idea. Ibsen, remember, was the avatar of the time. I spoke of having seen a nonprofessional performance of *A Doll's House* and of George Moore's saying to me at the end of it, "Sophocles! Shakespeare! What are they to this!" Joyce's comment made the elder writer's seem filled with boyish enthusiasm. "A post-card written by Ibsen will be regarded as interesting and so will *A Doll's House*." But when we talked of *Hedda Gabler* Joyce showed his admiration for the Master while allowing me to say all the enthusiastic things.

W. K. MAGEE ("JOHN EGLINTON")

The Beginnings of Joyce.²⁹

[pp. 131-150] As I think of Joyce a haunting figure rises up in my memory. A pair of burning dark-blue eyes, serious and questioning, is fixed on me from under the peak of a nautical cap; the face is long, with a slight flush suggestive of dissipation, and an incipient beard is permitted to straggle over a very pronounced chin, under which the open shirt-collar leaves bare a full womanish throat. The figure is fairly tall and very erect, and gives a general impression of a kind of seedy hauteur; and every passer-by glances with a smile at the white tennis shoes (borrowed, as I gather from a mention of them in *Ulysses*). It was while walking homeward one night across Dublin that I was joined by this young man, whose appearance was already familiar to me; and although I cannot remember any of the strange sententious talk in which he instantly engaged, I have only to open the *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* to hear it again. "When we come to the phenomena of artistic conception, artistic gestation and artistic reproduction I require a new terminology and a new personal experience." I have never felt much interest in literary aesthetics, and he seemed to set a good deal of store by his system, referring, I recollect, to some remark made to him by "one of his disciples," but I liked listening to his careful intonation and full vowel sounds, and as he recited some of his verses, "My love is in a

29. This essay is reprinted with permission of the publisher from *Irish Literary Portraits* by John Eglinton. First published in the U. S. A. by The Macmillan Company in 1935.

light attire," I remember noticing the apple in his throat, the throat of a singer; for Mr. Joyce has turned out to be an exception to a sweeping rule laid down by the late Sir J. P. Mahaffy, who used to say that he had never known a young man with a good tenor voice who did not go to the devil. Some ladies of the pavement shrieked at us as we crossed over O'Connell Bridge. I remember that we talked of serious matters, and at one point he impressed me by saying: "If I knew I were to drop dead before I reached that lamp-post, it would mean no more to me than it will mean to walk past it." Why did this young man seek out my acquaintance? Well, writing folk are interested in one another, and there were peculiarities in the occasion of the present writer's inglorious attempts at authorship about which it may be well to say something, as the relation may help indirectly to define the nature of Joyce's own portentous contribution to Irish literature.

James Joyce was one of a group of lively and eager-minded young men in the University College (a Jesuit house), amongst whom he had attained a sudden ascendancy by the publication in the *Fortnightly Review*, when he was only nineteen [*sic*, actually eighteen], of an article on Ibsen's play, *When We Dead Awaken*. The talk of these young men, their ribald wit and reckless manner of life, their interest in everything new in literature and philosophy (in this respect they far surpassed the students of Trinity College) are all reproduced in Joyce's writings; for his art seems to have found in this period the materials on which it was henceforth to work. Dublin was certainly at this moment a centre of vigorous potentialities. The older culture was still represented with dignity by Dowden, Mahaffy and others; political agitation was holding back its energies for a favourable opportunity, while the organization of Sinn Fein was secretly ramifying throughout the country; the language movement was arrogant in its claims; the Irish Literary Theatre was already famous; and besides Yeats and Synge, A.E. and George Moore, there were numerous young writers, and even more numerous talkers of incalculable individuality. There was hardly any one at that time who did not believe that Ireland was on the point of some decisive transformation. What, then, was wanting to this movement? for it has passed away, leaving Ireland more intensely what it has always been, a more or less disaffected member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. That

Ireland should achieve political greatness appeared then to most of us to be an idle dream; but in the things of the mind and of the spirit it seemed not a folly to think that Ireland might turn its necessity of political eclipse to glorious gains. A regenerate and thoughtful Ireland, an Ireland turned inwards upon itself in reverie, might recover inexhaustible sources of happiness and energy in its own beauty and aloofness, through a generous uprush of wisdom and melody in its poets and thinkers. It was not in the interest of the constituted spiritual authorities in Ireland that such a dream should ever be realized: a new movement of the human mind in Ireland was indeed precisely what was feared; the noisy language movement, the recrudescence of political agitation, outrage, assassination—anything was preferable to that! There was a moment nevertheless when it seemed possible that this might be the turn events would take. Among other hopeful indications, a little magazine was started, under the editorship of the present writer, and A.E. boldly recommended "The Heretic" for a title, but the somewhat less compromising name, *Dana, a Magazine of Independent Thought*, was chosen. The fruitfulness of the moment was revealed in the number of eminent writers who contributed freely to its pages (Shaw and Chesterton promised contributions): Joyce, who chortled as he pocketed half a sovereign for a poem, was the only one to receive remuneration.³⁰ Yeats held aloof, talking cuttingly of "Fleet Street atheism."

Joyce is, as all his writings show, Roman in mind and soul; for, generally speaking, to the Romanized mind the quest of truth, when it is not impious, is witless. What he seemed at this period I have attempted to describe, but what he really was is revealed in his *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, a work completed in Trieste just ten years later. Religion had been with him a profound adolescent experience, torturing the sensitiveness which it awakened; all its floods had gone over him. He had now recovered, and had no objection to "Fleet Street atheism," but "independent thought" appeared to him an amusing disguise of the proselytizing spirit, and one night as we walked across town he endeavoured, with a certain earnestness, to bring home to me the extreme futility of ideals represented in *Dana*, by describing to me the solemn ceremonial of High Mass. (Dost thou

30. "You are the only contributor to *Dana* who asks for pieces of silver." *U* 211/214.

remember these things, O Joyce, thou man of meticulous remembrance?) The little magazine laboured through a year, and the chief interest of the volume formed by its twelve numbers is now, no doubt, that it contains the series of sketches by George Moore, *Moods and Memories*, afterwards embodied in *Memoirs of My Dead Life*. It might have had a rare value now in the book market if I had been better advised one evening in the National Library, when Joyce came in with the manuscript of a serial story which he offered for publication. He observed me silently as I read, and when I handed it back to him with the timid observation that I did not care to publish what was to myself incomprehensible, he replaced it silently in his pocket.

I imagine that what he showed me was some early attempt in fiction, and that I was not really guilty of rejecting any work of his which has become famous.³¹ Joyce at this time was in the making, as is shown by the fact that the friends and incidents of this period have remained his principal subject matter. Chief among these friends was the incomparable "Buck Mulligan," Joyce's name for a now famous Dublin doctor—wit, poet, mocker, enthusiast, and, unlike most of his companions, blest with means to gratify his romantic caprices. He had a fancy for living in towers, and when I first heard of him had the notion of establishing himself at the top of the Round Tower at Clondalkin; afterwards he rented from the Admiralty the Martello Tower at Sandycove, which presently became the resort of poets and revolutionaries, something between one of the "Hell-Fire Clubs" of the eighteenth century and the Mermaid Tavern. Joyce was certainly very unhappy, proud and impecunious: no one took him at his own valuation, yet he held his own by his unfailing "recollectedness" and by his sententious and pedantic wit, shown especially in the limericks on the various figures in the literary movement, with which from time to time he regaled that company of roysterers and midnight bathers. Buck Mulligan's conversation, or rather his vehement and whimsical oratory, is reproduced with such exactness in *Ulysses* that one is driven to conclude that Joyce even then was "taking notes"; as to Joyce himself, he was exactly like his own hero Stephen Dedalus, who announced to his private circle of disciples that "Ireland was of importance because it belonged to him."³² He had made up his mind at

31. See "A Portrait," I, 3 above.

32. "—But I suspect, Stephen interrupted, that Ireland must be important because it belongs to me." *U* 629/645.

this period, no doubt with vast undisclosed purposes of authorship, to make the personal acquaintance of everyone in Dublin of repute in literature. With Yeats he amused himself by delivering the sentence of the new generation, and "Never," said Yeats, "have I encountered so much pretension with so little to show for it." He was told that Lady Gregory, who was giving a literary party at her hotel, had refused to invite himself, and he vowed he would be there. We were all a little uneasy, and I can still see Joyce, with his air of half-timid effrontery, advancing toward his unwilling hostess and turning away from her to watch the company. Withal, there was something lovable in Joyce, as there is in every man of genius: I was sensible of the mute appeal of his liquid-burning gaze, though it was long afterwards that I was constrained to recognize his genius.

As already noted, Nature had endowed him with one remarkable advantage, an excellent tenor voice, and there is still, I have read, in existence a copy of the program³³ of a Dublin concert, in which the names of the singers appear thus, perhaps only in alphabetical order:

1. Mr. James A. Joyce
2. Mr. John M'Cormack [*sic*]

He had persuaded himself to enter as a competitor in the Irish Musical Festival, the Feis Ceoil, but when a test-piece was handed to him, he looked at it, guffawed, and marched off the platform. Who but Joyce himself could have surmised at this moment the inhibition of his daemon, or the struggle that may have been enacted in his dauntless and resourceful spirit? Perhaps it was then that he slipped past the Sirens' Rock on the road to his destiny. Our daemon, as Socrates pointed out, will only tell us what *not* to do, and if Joyce's daemon had made the mistake of saying to him in so many words, "Thou shalt be the Dante of Dublin, a Dante with a difference, it is true, as the Liffey is a more prosaic stream than the Arno: still, Dublin's Dante!" he might quite likely (for who is altogether satisfied with the destiny meted out to him?) have drawn back and "gone to the devil" with his fine tenor voice. He chose, what was for him no doubt the better part, his old vagabond impecunious life. One morning, just as the National Library opened, Joyce was announced; he seemed to wish

33. See advertisement, reproduced in Ellmann, *JJ*, opposite p. 80.

for somebody to talk to, and related quite ingenuously how in the early hours of the morning he had been thrown out of the tower, and had walked into town from Sandycove. In reading the early chapters of *Ulysses* I was reminded of this incident, for this day, at least in its early portion, must have been for Joyce very like the day celebrated in that work, and I could not help wondering whether the idea of it may not have dawned upon him as he walked along the sands that morning.

Certain it is that he had now had his draught of experience: all the life which he describes in his writings now lay behind him. Suddenly we heard that he had married, was a father, and had gone off to Trieste to become a teacher in the Berlitz School there. It must have been two or three years later³⁴ that he looked into the National Library for a few minutes, marvellously smartened up and with a short trim beard. The business which had brought him back had some connection, curiously enough, with the first introduction into Dublin of the cinema. The mission was a failure, and he was also much disgusted by the scruples of a Dublin publisher in reprinting a volume of short stories, of which all the copies had been destroyed in a fire. (It was not until 1914 that *Dubliners* was published in London). "I am going back to civilization," were the last words I heard from him. He has not, I believe, been in Dublin since.

From this point Joyce becomes for me, in retrospect, an heroic figure. He had "stooped under a dark tremendous sea of cloud," confident that he would "emerge some day": "using for my defence the only weapons I allow myself to use, silence, exile and cunning."³⁵ Pause on that word "exile," a favourite one with Joyce. Why was it necessary for him to conjure up the grandiose image of his rejection by his countrymen? Ireland, though famous for flights of Wild Geese, banishes nobody, and Dublin had no quarrel with her Dante; and we have seen what he thought of the little group of those who were intent on blowing into flame the spark of a new spiritual initiative: the only people, be it said, of whom Catholic Ireland could be conceived of as anxious to rid herself. Still, a sensitive artist, reduced to impecunious despair as Joyce was at this period, might feel, in the very obscurity in which he was suffered to steal away out of

34. Five years later, in 1909.

35. *P* 291/247.

Dublin, a sentence of banishment no less stern in its indifference than Florence's fiery sentence on her Dante:

I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated consciousness [*sic*] of my race.³⁶

He must have met with many curious adventures and suffered many a grief in the winning of his soul: but the strange thing is that in all his experience of the cities of men and of their minds and manners; while a new life claimed him and the desire of return departed from him; while his intellect consolidated itself through study and the acquisition of many languages: the city he had abandoned remained the home and subject matter of all his awakening invention. Dublin was of importance because it belonged to him. Demonstrably, he must have carried with him into his exile a mass of written material, but it was long before he learned how to deal with it, or to recognize, probably with some reluctance, in the merry imp of mockery which stirred within him, the spirit which was at length to take him by the hand and lead him out into the large spaces of literary creation.

His mind meanwhile retained some illusions: for example, that he was a poet. He has in fact published more than one volume of poems; but I will take A.E.'s word for it that most of them "might have been written by almost any young versifying sentimentalist." Another illusion was that he could write, in the ordinary sense, a novel; for *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, which took him ten years to write, is no more a novel than is Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man*. In style it is, for the most part, pompous and self-conscious, and in general we may say of it that it is one of those works which becomes important only when the author has done or written something else. That Joyce should have been able to make *Ulysses* out of much the same material gives the book now an extraordinary interest. It tells us a great deal about Joyce himself which we had hardly suspected, and both its squalor and its assumption wear quite a different complexion when we know that the author eventually triumphed over the one and vindicated the other. Genius is not always what it is supposed to be, self-realization: it is often a spirit to which the artist has to sacrifice himself; and until Joyce surrendered

36. P 299/252-53.

himself to his genius, until he died and came to life in his Mephistopheles of mockery, he remained what Goethe called "*ein trüber Gast auf der dunklen Erden.*"³⁷

I confess that when I read *Ulysses* I took Stephen Dedalus (Joyce himself) for the hero, and the impression seemed justified by the phrase at the end of the book when Stephen [*sic*] falls asleep: "at rest, [*sic*], he has travelled." The commentators, however, all appear to be agreed that Mr. Leopold Bloom is Ulysses, and they refer to the various episodes "Nausicaa," "The Oxen of the Sun," "The Nekuia," and so forth, with an understanding which I envy them. All the same, I am convinced that the only person concerned in the narrative who comes out as a real hero is the author himself. What kind of hero after all is brought to mind by the name Ulysses if not a hero long absent from his kingdom, returning, after being the sport of the gods for ten years, in triumph and vengeance? And it was after nearly as many years of absence as Ulysses from the country "which belonged to him," that Joyce turned up again for us in Dublin, with a vengeance! Certain it is that when he decided to scrap the scholastic habiliments of his mind, the poor disguise of a seedy snobbishness, and in lieu thereof endued himself with the elemental diabolism of *Ulysses*, he was transfigured. A thousand unexpected faculties and gay devices were liberated in his soul. The discovery of a new method in literary art, in which the pen is no longer the slave of logic and rhetoric, made of this Berlitz School teacher a kind of public danger, threatening to the corporate existence of "literature" as established in the minds and affections of the older generation.

He found this method, as the concluding pages of the *Portrait* suggest to us, in his Diary: a swift notation, at their point of origination, of feelings and perceptions. In one way Joyce is no less concerned with style than was R. L. Stevenson: yet we mark in this pupil of the Irish Jesuits a spirit very different from the goodwill of the Scottish Protestant towards English literature. He is aware, like Stevenson, of every shade of style in English, and there is a chapter in *Ulysses* which presents a historic conspectus of English prose from its Anglo-Saxon beginnings down to the personal oddities of Carlyle, Henry James and others, and modern slang. But whereas, with Stevenson, English prose style, according to his own cheerful com-

37. "A dreary guest on the dark earth."

parison, is a torch lit from one generation to another, our Romano-Celtic Joyce nurses an ironic detachment from the whole of the English tradition. Indeed, he is its enemy. Holding his ear to the subconscious, he catches his meanings unceremoniously as they rise, in hit-or-miss vocables. English is only one of the languages which he knows: they say he speaks Italian like a native, German, Spanish, Portuguese and various other idioms; and he knows these languages not through books but as living organisms, their shop-talk and slang rather than their poets; they are companions to him, powerful agents, genii who bear him into the caverns whence they originated. And at the end of it all, it must have seemed to him that he held English, his country's spiritual enemy, in the hollow of his hand, for the English language too came at his call to do his bidding. George Moore used to talk with envy of those English writers who could use "the whole of the language," and I really think that Joyce must be added to Moore's examples of this power—Shakespeare, Whitman, Kipling. This language found itself constrained by its new master to perform tasks to which it was unaccustomed in the service of pure literature; against the grain it was forced to reproduce Joyce's fantasies in all kinds of juxtapositions, neologisms, amalgamations, truncations, words that are only found scrawled up in public lavatories, obsolete words, words in limbo or belike in the womb of time. It assumed every intonation and locution of Dublin, London, Glasgow, New York, Johannesburg. Like a devil taking pleasure in forcing a virgin to speak obscenely, so Joyce rejoiced darkly in causing the language of Milton and Wordsworth to utter all but unimaginable filth and treason.

Such is Joyce's Celtic revenge, and it must be owned that he has succeeded in making logic and rhetoric less sure of themselves among our younger writers. As an innovator in the art of fiction I conceive him to be less formidable. Mankind has never failed to recognize a good story-teller, and never will. They say that Joyce, when he is in good humour among his disciples, can be induced to allow them to examine a key to the elaborate symbolism of the different episodes, all pointing inward to a central mystery, undivulged, I fancy. *Ulysses*, in fact, is a mock-heroic, and at the heart of it is that which lies at the heart of all mockery, an awful inner void. None but Joyce and his daemon know that void: the consciousness of it is perhaps the "tragic sense" which his disciples claim that he

has introduced into English literature. But is there then no serious intention in *Ulysses*? As Joyce's most devout interpreters are at variance with respect to the leading motive, we may perhaps without much loss assume its seriousness to be nothing but the diabolic gravity with which the whole work is conducted throughout its mystifications. Yet the original motive may have been quite a simple one. Near the centre of the book, in that chapter known as the "Oxen of the Sun," which, in Mr. Stuart Gilbert's words, "ascends in orderly march the gamut of English styles," "culminating in a futurist cacophony of syncopated slang," there is a passage over which the reader may pause:

There are sins or (let us call them as the world calls them) evil memories which are hidden away by man in the darkest places of the heart but they abide there and wait. He may suffer their memory to grow dim, let them be as though they had not been and all but persuade himself that they were not or at least were otherwise. Yet a chance word will call them forth suddenly and they will rise up to confront him in the most various circumstances, a vision or a dream, or while timbrel and harp soothe his senses or amid the cool silver tranquillity of the evening or at the feast at midnight when he is now filled with wine. Not to insult over him will the vision come as over one that lies under her wrath, not for vengeance to cut him off from the living but shrouded in the piteous vesture of the past, silent, remote, reproachful. [U 414/421]

The "timbrel and harp" make me a little wary, but though some writer is doubtless parodied (Ruskin?),³⁸ does there not seem here for once to be a relaxation of some significance, in the strain of mockery?

The conception of the Irish Jew, Leopold Bloom, within whose mind we move through a day of Dublin life, is somewhat of a puzzle. Buck Mulligan we know, and the various minor characters; and in the interview of the much-enduring Stephen with the officials of the National Library, the present writer experiences a twinge of recollec-

38. Eglinton's note: "A friend has referred me to Letter XVII in Ruskin's *Time and Tide*, as the passage possibly in Joyce's mind." Joyce actually had Newman in mind.

tion of things actually said. But Bloom, if he be a real character, belongs to a province of Joyce's experience of which I have no knowledge. He is, I suppose, the jumble of ordinary human consciousness in the city, in any city, with which the author's experience of men and cities had deepened his familiarity: a slowly progressing host of instincts, appetites, adaptations, questions, curiosities, held at short tether by ignorance and vulgarity; and the rapid notation which I conceive Joyce to have discovered originally in his diary served admirably well to record these mental or psychic processes. Bloom's mind is the mind of the crowd, swayed by every vicissitude, but he is distinguished through race-endowment by a detachment from the special crowd-consciousness of the Irish, while his familiarity with the latter makes him the fitting instrument of the author's encyclopedic humour. Bloom, therefore, is an impersonation rather than a type: not a character, for a character manifests itself in action, and in *Ulysses* there is no action. There is only the rescue of Stephen from a row in a brothel, in which some have discovered a symbolism which might have appealed to G. F. Watts, the Delivery of Art by Science and Common Sense. But the humour is vast and genial. There are incomparable flights in *Ulysses*: the debate, for instance, in the Maternity Hospital on the mystery of birth; and above all, I think, the scene near the end of the book in the cabmen's shelter, kept by none other than Skin-the-Goat, the famous jarvey of the Phoenix Park murders.³⁹ Here the author proves himself one of the world's great humorists. The humour as always is pitiless, but where we laugh we love, and after his portrait of the sailor in this chapter I reckon Joyce after all a lover of men.

When Joyce produced *Ulysses* he had shot his bolt. Let us put it without any invidiousness. He is a man of one book, as perhaps the ideal author always is. Besides, he is not specially interested in "literature," not at all events as a well-wisher. A man who adds something new to literature often hates the word, as the poet shrinks from the tomb even though it be in Westminster Abbey. Usually he is interested in something quite apart from literature, added unto it by him. As for Joyce, his interest is in language and the mystery of words. He appears at all events to have done with "literature," and

39. Assassination of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Frederick Cavendish, and the Permanent Under-Secretary, Thomas Henry Burke, May 6, 1882, oddly misdated in *U*, *passim*. See Adams, *Surface and Symbol* (1962), 160-63.

we leave him with the plea for literature that it exists mainly to confer upon mankind a deeper and more general insight and corresponding powers of expression. Language is only ready to become the instrument of the modern mind when its development is complete, and it is when words are invested with all kinds of associations that they are the more or less adequate vehicles of thought and knowledge. And after "literature" perhaps comes something else.

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY ⁴⁰

[pp. 45-47] Joyce lived in my direction; he lived at Cabra and got out at Dunphy's Corner while I stayed on in the tram until it reached Fairfield, about a mile from Joyce's home. He used to walk down to visit me and we would go back and forwards under the apple trees in the kitchen garden, for that garden had the longer paths. Perhaps it was when the blossoms were in the air that he got that first of his lovely lyrics in *Chamber Music*:

My love is in a light attire
Among the apple trees.

His lyrics were as spontaneous as those of the Elizabethans whom he admired so much.

One morning as we walked in the garden, shortly after I had entered Trinity, he asked me if I would lend him my .22 rifle. What he, who to my knowledge had never handled a gun, wanted my rifle for was a puzzle; but I obliged. I continued to puzzle until one day he said, "You are eligible to compete for the Gold Medal for English verse in the Royal."

"But I am a student of Trinity College!"

"You have passed First Arts in the Royal; I tell you that you can compete."

"Why don't you go in for it yourself?" I asked.

"I am thinking of your rifle."

When I had untangled the cryptogram I realized that he had pawned my rifle and was proposing that I should redeem it by winning the Gold Medal for English verse, then pawning that and regain-

40. The passages which follow are from Gogarty's "unpremeditated autobiography," *It Isn't This Time of Year at All* by Oliver St. John Gogarty. Copyright 1954 by Oliver St. John Gogarty. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc. and MacGibbon & Kee Ltd.

ing my rifle with the money. The credit for pointing out the way was to go to him. I won the gold medal, which duly went into the pawnshop for the equivalent of fifty dollars, but my rifle never came out.

Another member of the Aula Maxima whom I would not have missed was John Elwood,⁴¹ called the Citizen to ridicule his advanced views. He was an ebullient fellow who always had a quizzical smile in his eyes and around his shapely mouth. In the semicircular portico of the National Library we would meet every morning when I was not at lectures in Trinity College. Opposite to the library, in which the bookless students used to forgather, was the National Museum; it also had a pillared colonnade. Its hall was circular and decorated by nude plaster casts, somewhat larger than life, of the famous statues of antiquity. One morning Joyce arraigned Elwood. He assumed an air of great gravity, as he was wont to do when about to perpetrate a joke.

"It has come to my notice, Citizen, that this morning, between the hours of ten and ten-thirty, you inscribed your name in lead pencil on the backside of the Venus of Cnidus. Are there any extenuating circumstances that may be cited in your defence?"

"He's terrific," said Elwood when he recounted the tale. "A great artist!" "Artist" in Dublin stands for a practical joker or a playboy; someone who prefers diversion to discipline; a producer, an "artifex."

[pp. 85-95]

I saw and hearkened many things and more
Which might be fair to tell but now I hide.

James Joyce said, "Do you know that we can rent the Martello Tower at Sandycove? I'll pay the rent if you will furnish it."

Sandycove is about seven miles from Dublin on the south side of its famous bay. It lies a little to the east of the harbour which takes the mail boat from England early in the morning and late at night. The water between Dun Laoghaire and Sandycove is called Scotsman's Bay and is bounded by the east pier of the harbour and the two-storied, thick-walled Martello Tower, with the Battery close by the Forty Foot, a resort for strong swimmers.

The Martello Tower⁴² is one of the many towers which the Eng-

41. Model for "Temple" in *P*.

42. For another account of life in the Tower, see Seumas O'Sullivan, "The 'Forty-Foot' Forty Years Ago," *Essays and Recollections* (Dublin: Talbot Press, 1944), pp. 112-17.

lish built along the southern coast of England and the southeastern coast of Ireland *after* Napoleon's threat of invasion. Some say that these towers got their name from a sculptor's mallet, others from the name of the man who designed them.⁴³ They all look like the muzzle of an old-fashioned cannon, ringed around the top. They have very thick walls with two little windows for each story. The entrance is on the side away from the sea.

The rent for the Tower at Sandycove was only eight pounds or about \$32 per year, payable at Dublin Castle. We took it; and Joyce kept his word and stumped up the rent from a prize of twenty pounds that he had won in some examination. I did the furnishing from unmissed things from 5 Rutland Square. "It's a poor house where there are not many things superfluous." I learned that at school from the poet Horace.

Well I remember how we went out to inspect and to take possession, for Joyce had an uncle who was a clerk in an attorney's office from whom we had probably heard that possession is nine tenths of the law. He was careful to leave some article of his as a symbol of possession before we moved in. The only movable thing he possessed was a roll of manuscripts which contained a score or so of poems written in his clear handwriting. Later these were published in a little book he called *Chamber Music*. How they got their title remains to be told.

The Tower at Sandycove is built of clear granite. It is very clean. Its door, which is halfway up, is approached by a ladder fixed beneath the door, which is opened by a large copper key, for there was a powder magazine in the place and the copper was meant to guard against sparks which an iron key might strike out from the stone. There is a winding staircase in the thickness of the wall to the side that does not face the sea. On the roof, which is granite, is a gun emplacement, also of granite, which can be used for a table if you use the circular sentry walk for a seat. Over the door is a projection from which boiling oil or molten lead can be poured down upon the enemy. Beside this is a furnace for making cannon balls red hot. There were no shells in the days when it was built, but the red-hot cannon balls could burn a wooden ship if they hit it. Happily these towers were never used, though they were occupied by coast guards until quite recently.

43. Still another, and probably the most likely, explanation: a corruption of Mortella, cape in Corsica, on which a tower commanding the Gulf of San Fiorenzo was found almost invincible when attacked by English forces in 1794 (*Ency. Brit.*).

We lived there for two years, greatly to the anxious relief of our parents.⁴⁴ Joyce had a job at an adjoining school. I had some reading to do for my medical degree. When the weather was warm we sunbathed on the roof, moving around the raised sentry platform with the sun and out of the wind. In the evenings we would visit the Arch, kept by watery-eyed Murray, soon to become a widower, or go into the Ship in Abbey Street in the city to meet Vincent Cosgrove [*sic*]⁴⁵ or "Citizen" Elwood, our friends from the Aula Maxima.

To get into the city "depended" sometimes; it depended on our being in funds. We could go either by tram or train provided that we possessed the fare. Early one day we wandered off in the direction of the city. We were certainly at a loss, a loss for fares or for the subsequent entertainment if and when we reached Dublin.

Joyce saw him first, a tall figure coming rapidly in our direction. I looked and recognized "old Yeats," the father of the bard.⁴⁶ He was out for his morning constitutional. As he came nearer he appeared an uninviting figure, old, lean and very tall. His dark eyes burned brightly under shaggy eyebrows. "It is your turn," Joyce whispered, "For what?" I asked. "To touch." Reluctantly, and with trepidation, I spoke to the old man, whom I hardly knew. "Good morning, Mr. Yeats, would you be so good as to lend us two shillings?" Savagely the old man eyed me and my companion. He looked from one to the other. At last he broke out: "Certainly not," he said. "In the first place I have no money; and if I had it and lent it to you, you and your friend would spend it on drink." He snorted. Joyce advanced and spoke gravely. "We cannot speak about that which is not." But old Yeats had gone off rapidly. "You see," said Joyce, still in a philosophical mood, "the razor of Occam forbids the introduction of superfluous arguments. When he said that he had no money that was enough. He had no right to discuss the possible use of the non-existent."

We quoted and parodied all the poets. Joyce could parody every prose style and get an equivalent sound for every word. It was chiefly the Collects or the New Testament he chose to parody, for that blind,

44. Joyce stayed for only a few weeks. See Ellmann, *JJ* 177.

45. Cosgrave: model for "Lynch" in *P*.

46. John Butler Yeats (1839–1922). Portrait painter. Author: *Essays Irish and American* (Dublin: Talbot Press, 1918), *Early Memories: Some Chapters of Autobiography* (Dublin: Cuala Press, 1923), *Letters to His Son W. B. Yeats and Others* (London: Faber & Faber, 1944).

bitter antagonism toward the teachings of his childhood—an antagonism which finally broke his mind—had already begun. . . .

He could be very solemn about it.

Vincent Cosgrove was another mother's boy. He was cynical and amusing, pensive at times, and cynical with himself. He caused jealousy by walking out with Nora Barnacle, who was the girl with whom Joyce eloped to Flushing before he married her. She had beautiful auburn hair. Vincent came to an early end. He inherited a few hundred pounds on his mother's death and in a fit of remorse, after a few weeks in London, jumped off one of the bridges over the Thames.

To the Tower, on Sundays, Arthur Griffith⁴⁷ would come, and sometimes he would come out for the weekend. He would not let himself be outdone by anyone. It was my custom to swim to Bullock Harbour from Sandycove before breakfast of a morning. You skirted along by the granite rocks, but about halfway to the harbour the rocks receded and you entered a round extent of water from which the shore was equidistant on two sides. There was no landing until you turned and swam again along by the shore.

One morning, as I swam back from Bullock Harbour, I missed Griffith. He had been beside me, between me and the rocks. Then I saw him under the water but even then I forebore to go to his assistance because of his anger if he found out. Things got too alarming so I pulled out that determined man. Though his body was scraped as I pulled him up the rock, no allusion was made to the incident when he recovered and walked back to the Tower. I desisted from going for an early morning dip after that.

Joyce very rarely bathed and never in the Forty Foot, which was below the Tower. Once, when we took a tram to Howth on the other side of Dublin Bay, he did get into the swimming bath at the north side of the Hill. I forget if I saw him in the water, but I remember seeing him naked on the side of the bath, carrying a sweeping brush over his shoulder and deliberately staggering along. I was about eight feet up the rock at the side of the tank trying to get a foothold for a dive.

"Jesus wept; and when he walked, he waddled," Joyce announced.

47. Arthur Griffith (1872–1922). Journalist, founder of Sinn Féin, President of the Provisional Government of Ireland.

I studied the naked figure. "So that's what his uncle wants to make a half miler out of," I said to myself. "He'll never do it with that physique. Why, his knees are wider than his legs. He has lost his faith. Now what is to become of his form?"

One morning back in Sandycove I was shaving on the roof of the Tower, because of the better light—it is a good idea to shave before going into salt water—when up comes Joyce.

"Fine morning, Dante. Feeling transcendental this morning?" I asked.

"Would you be so merry and bright if you had to go out at this hour to teach a lot of scrawny-necked brats?"

Touché. He had me there: not a doubt about it. Why don't I think of other people's problems? I must develop a little sympathy: suffer with them; realize their difficulties. I am glad that he has a job, though it is only that of a teacher.

The golden down that would be a beard on a more robust man shone in the morning light. Joyce did not need a shave.

"Yes," I said, "that is enough to obscure the Divine Idea that underlies all life. But why be atrabilious about it?" He gave me a sour look. He turned and stooped under the low door.

"I suppose you will bear that in mind and attach it to me when you come to write your *Inferno*?" I said.

He turned and made a grave announcement: "I will treat you with fairness."

"Put a pint or two in the fairness and I won't complain."

He was gone.

What would be the use of sympathy with a character like that? He would resent sympathy. He is planning some sort of novel that will show us all up and the country as well: all will be fatuous except James Joyce. He will be Judge Joyce, to whom Judge Jeffreys, the hanging judge, won't be able to hold a candle.

I knew that Joyce was incapable of writing a *Paradiso*, but little did I think that *Ulysses* would be a masterpiece of despair. And all the worse because it represented the *disjecti membra poetae*: the scattered limbs of a poet. Joyce was the most damned soul I ever met. He went to hell and he could not get out. He could not help it, and no one could help him; he was stubborn and contemptuous. He could not follow in his father's footsteps, for they were too zigzag. His father

was an alcoholic, an old alcoholic wag. His mother was a naked nerve; and Joyce himself was torn between a miserable background and a sumptuous education. My cavalier treatment did nothing to help, nor did the attitude of his friend, the lighthearted "Citizen," who insisted on seeing in Joyce "a great artist": a droll.

Presently I heard him climbing down the ladder. I went into the overhanging balcony and called down, "Don't stop at the Arch on your way back." He never looked up but he raised his stick in a grave salute and loped off.

Added to the grievances of his upbringing, and they were many but unavoidable, was the outrageous conduct of "Maunsell's [*sic*] Manager"; that is what he called an illiterate fellow from Belfast who, when he was not selling ladies' undies, managed—and ruined—Maunsell and Co., the publishers of nearly all the work of those in the Yeats circle. Maunsell's manager burned the whole edition of Joyce's *Dubliners* with the exception of one copy on the plea that the book contained an offensive reference to the King or Queen. You may wonder why that should be any concern of a Dublin firm. Ah, but Maunsell's manager was a Belfast man who travelled in ladies' undies, wholesale, and some Belfast men are professional loyalists, combative only in times of peace! ⁴⁸

I do not wish to pose as a blameless observer of my contrary friend Joyce. If in spite of myself I do, you will perhaps forgive me, though I confess that I aided and abetted him. I drank with him, lived with him, and talked of many things. I was called by one of his critics "An accessory before the fact of *Ulysses*." That, of course, is an extenuation of the truth. To know a man intimately does not make you an accessory to his subsequent action. I did my living best to cheer him and to make those thin lips of his cream in a smile. Very seldom I succeeded. I tried to show him by example how unnecessary and absurd was a seedy hauteur. Maybe I was wrong to try to make him genial. He must have regarded my efforts as the efforts of one who wanted to master him and shape him after the figure and likeness of the would-be mentor. He had the formal and diffident manners of a lay brother in one of the lower orders of the Church. But I was living

48. A garbled account of the destruction of the printed sheets of *Dubliners*. See Ellmann, *JJ* 346.

with him and his constant air of reprobation and his reserve and silences annoyed me, for I took them to be a pose; and I detest humbug in any manifestation.

Joyce had "a nose like a rhinoceros for literature." From his appreciations and quotations I learned much. From Dowland's *Third and Last Book of Songs and Airs* he would quote, "Weep no more, sad fountains," and caress the end line of the last stanza, "Softly, now softly lies sleeping." "One lyric made Dowland immortal," he would say. Another favourite and model of his was Ben Jonson's "Queen and huntress chaste and fair." Clarence Mangan's "Veil not your mirror, sweet Aline" was often recited to show me what a poet Mangan was. Vergil's "*procumbit humi bos*" he would compare to Dante's "*Cade como corpo morte, cade.*" He tried not unsuccessfully to form his style on the precision and tersity of Dante. That and his intensity, self-absorption and silence caused me to call him "Dante" just to rally him from being "sullen in the sweet air."

I should have known better, for I was studying abnormal psychology under Connolly Norman, in Grangegorman Asylum, who was one of the best teachers I ever met. But it is one thing to study lunacy in an asylum, another thing to recognize it in a friend. Had I succeeded in ministering to a mind diseased, Joyce would not be the greatest schizophrenic who ever wrote this side of a mental hospital: he would never have been famous, and Dublin would have been less.

We are all more or less schizophrenic, divided as we are between good and evil, belief and disbelief, reason and emotion, and the conditioning of our childhood and the real experiences of maturity. That is the normal condition for which perhaps the word "schizophrenic" is inappropriate, for that word is associated with a pathological state of mind.

After all, who am I to talk about sanity? Out of four of my friends, two committed suicide, one contracted syphilis and the fourth was a schizophrenic. Show me your company! I am showing them to you, for I would not have you think that I wasn't as good or as bad as any of them, but it was "after my fashion." In that lies a saving grace.

If I hate anything, I hate humbug or what appears to be humbug. That is why I preferred the Citizen to Joyce. The Citizen was as free

as a bird. He was not inhibited. He laughed easily. Joyce had a grim sense of humour; he never laughed at all. He guffawed; but it was his way of being scornful.

Apparently it was payday at the school; for when Joyce returned he had evidently dropped into the Arch to see Mr. Murray, who kept that tavern. He invited me to go to Dublin. He had a purpose in going to town but he would not tell me what it was and I knew it was useless to try to pry the secret from him. He liked to act mysteriously of set purpose. We hid the key of the Tower and walked to Sandycove station. We got out at Westland Row. Now the secret will be divulged, I thought.

Joyce said, "They meet on Friday nights."

"Who?"

He laughed at my want of understanding. "The Hermetics."

"Oh, AE's crowd?"

"Precisely."

He led the way to Kildare Street. We went up it to Molesworth Street and thence into Dawson. Joyce stopped before a large shabby office building and proceeded down the lane beside it for about thirty yards. He stopped at a side door and beckoned me. "This is where Maunsell's Manager has an office. He lends it to the Hermetics on Friday nights."

I knew that they met on Thursdays; but I said nothing.

"The Hermetics sound like nonsense to me."

He bowed his head gravely. He was determined on some outrage, joke or insult and he assumed a pontifical air before it, as was his way. We ascended a stairway that was perfectly dark. He paused and listened at a closed door. No sound. Brazenly he opened it. The dark room was empty. After a long pause: "Got a match?" he asked.

I lit the gas bracket. The room was empty but for a dozen folding chairs heaped against the wall. On the floor was a suitcase. The gas went out. We had no shilling to waste in the meter so we left.

In the street I noticed that Joyce was carrying Maunsell's Manager's suitcase. Larceny, I suggested. He said something about himself having been robbed by Maunsell's Manager. In the Ship we found that the suitcase contained a gross of samples. All were ladies' undies. We had a few pints. Joyce suggested a tour of the Kips—the red-light district—to distribute the undies to the various ladies. The proviso

with each present was that the lady would write to thank the Hermetic Society. For all the ladies would know, the Hermetic Society might have been one of those rescue societies which were such a source of laughter in the Kips. Fearing that the bruit of an adventure in the Kips might reach home, I suggested that we visit the mistress of Sweeney the greengrocer, whose vocation kept her constantly indoors. This constancy was her only virtue.

We found her at home in Rutland Street, which runs down to Richmond Street from Mountjoy Square. Jenny produced some bottles of stout, then sent the one-legged girl who lived with her out for more. Joyce, with increasing dignity, suggested that she try on the undies, "Belfast's best." Jenny obliged with such zeal that Joyce gave her the dozens of underwear and threw the suitcase with them into the bed. As he did so, his toe struck the night jar or "chamber" and it rang musically. I never saw the letter of thanks she promised to write.

Our sufferings, it seems, were caused by Mrs. Murray, or rather by her wake, at the Arch. She was the wife of the big-headed, thin little publican who kept the nearest licensed house to the Tower. As old customers we were expected, if not invited to attend. Entrance was by the back door because Murray evidently did not wish to bring any trouble on the house that would be disedifying at such a time. The local police, however, were aware of the bereavement and they sent the constable on duty to pay his respects *en passant* to the dead. Mr. Murray himself served libations; such service for the living was a habit with him which he did not turn off, now that it had become almost a rite.

"Here's how!" said the local constable, then, remembering the gravity of the occasion, said innocently, "Here's mud in your eye." In the eyes of Mr. Murray there were tears, their liquidity overflowed, for there was always a watery film on his dreary blue optics. It had been raining and the probability was that the earth of Dean's Grange cemetery would be muddy; but in the toast of the constable there could have been no allusion to that. His was a well-known expression, the meaning of which, if any, escapes me. Kirke and Lyons, the two fishermen who sold us lobsters, were among those present. The other mourners were habitués, that is, pensioners, and one ex-conductor of the Dalkey tram. There may have been others. I am sure there were

but I cannot remember them. I do remember Joyce's gravity as he intoned a ritualistic parody which was his form of joking: he recited Milton:

She must not float upon his watery beer
Unwept.

There was a hiatus after that and we wisely did not attempt the unguarded stairs of the Tower. The potato patch was much safer and drier than its occupants.

What a pattern leaves can make, or rather what a pattern can be made out of leaves. Wonderful, wonderful! The window by Burne-Jones in Mansfield College, Oxford, for instance—is it by Burne-Jones? These are potato leaves, leaves of the potato plant. By Jove, I am lying in a potato ridge! I lift my gaze. Above me is the Tower. Where is my companion? I found Joyce in the ridge next to me. He was wide awake and staring up through the potato leaves. “I have the title for my book of poems—*Chamber Music*.”⁴⁹

[pp. 95–99] During the Long Vacation from Oxford, the length of which is a reminder that in the days of old students were released from their studies to work at harvesting, I invited to the Tower Samuel Chenevix-Trench. His given name was Samuel but he had it changed to Dermot by deed poll. He was of Cromwellian stock and the son of a colonel in the British Army, but when he got infected by the Gaelic Revival he became “more Irish than the Irish themselves.”⁵⁰ When you come to think of it, the Irish themselves care little about patriotism; for them it has memories of despair, so all our patriots are imported and Dermot Trench was no exception. When he was at Balliol, and there are no fools in Balliol, he would round up men from Ireland or with Irish propensities—remember Oxford is the home of lost causes—and teach them Gaelic in his rooms in Holywell.

His forehead was wide, with that level space across it which Lavater considers an indispensable mark of genius. His eyes were grey and set wide apart. His legs and feet were as long as those of the men who govern England secretly. His long legs were slightly curved; not curved enough to be bandy but they deviated ever so little from the

49. Stanislaus Joyce's version (below) differs.

50. “*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*,” traditionally said of the early Norman settlers in Ireland on their acclimatation.

straight. He was not our guest at the Tower for long before he removed all the oil-lamp shades because they were not manufactured in Ireland but made of Belgian glass. As a result of his patriotism the place was filled with smoke. He refused to use boot blacking until it was produced at home. His shoes grew a mould of verdant hue: "The Wearin' o' the Green"⁵¹ on his feet! He refused to smile at the jape. "Not another grim character?" I asked myself. "One is enough for me."

Joyce was greatly impressed by what he took for Trench's Eton and Oxford accent. With formal courtesy he gave him his bed at the right-hand side of the entrance door and slept in a bed under the shelf which ran round the room. It was where the number two is on a watch dial. Immediately over his head was piled all the tinware of the Tower—pots, pans, plates and a fish kettle.

One night about one-thirty Trench awoke from a nightmare screaming, "Ah, the black panther!" As he yelled, he drew a revolver from under his pillow and fired two shots at the hallucination before falling back exhausted. Quietly, I took the revolver away. Again he woke screaming. "Leave the menagerie to me," I said; and fired the remaining shots into the cans over Joyce's head. One by one they fell into his bed. He scrambled out, dressed, took his ash plant, and left the Tower never to return.

Trench is Haines, the Englishman, in *Ulysses* and there is an allusion, which may read obscurely, to a black panther, about the middle of the book.⁵² Joyce had a great respect for Haines the Englishman. I was blamed for all the shooting. Had Joyce practised instead of pawning my rifle, he would not have been so gun-shy.

Trench's pamphlet, *What Is the Use of Reviving Irish*, is written in the clear style of a Balliol man. "Gaelic is a language of social genius; its use reveals the Irishman to himself and sets in motion the genial current of soul that has become frozen in an Anglicised atmosphere. It is the symbol of a native social culture which was dignified and attractive in lieu of being snobbish and imitative, and for lack of which every man, woman and child in the country are denied their full expansion of personality."

As an example of social culture, when Irish had become a

51. Title of a well-known anonymous nationalist song, circa 1798.

52. *U* 6, 45, 47, 405, 592/4, 44, 47, 412, 608.

“political shibboleth” a high dignitary among the judges of the Supreme Court issued an invitation to a garden party, but instead of the script reading “. . .wishes the pleasure of your company at a garden party,” it read “. . .wishes the pleasure of your body in his potato patch.”

Trench, with an enthusiasm which is the mark of madness, or of genius, or of both, made himself into a fluent Gaelic speaker. When he went back to Oxford he fell into the hands of one of those poverty-stricken, designing fellows who farm Oxford, on the lookout for Trenches and for their sisters who may make rich wives. The fellow that got hold of Trench married a titled woman and lived on her happily, for him, ever afterwards. Trench himself blew his brains out for the hopeless love of Lady Mary Spring-Rice.⁵³

Just as Carlyle thought more of a bridge his father built at Ecclefechan than of any of his own books, Joyce thought more of the admirable tenor voice he had inherited from his father than of his literary works. When I was in England he wrote to me—the letter dated 1904⁵⁴ can be seen in the Public Library at Forty-second Street, in New York City—to tell me of a projected tour of English coastwise towns on which he would sing old English ballads and sea chanties. This was his idea forty years before such things were thought of, though they have since become the vogue. The tour fell through because for one thing Dolmetsch, the instrument maker, would not present the troubador with a lute.

Another reason was a distracting SOS which Lady Gregory sent out from her Abbey Theatre. It had run out of geniuses. As everyone in Dublin was a genius, we all applied. I had little to offer so I did not seek the Presence; but Joyce called on Her Ladyship only to be instantly thrown out. He was not out of the top drawer; not out of any drawer for that matter. When he emerged, he addressed the Citizen, Vincent Cosgrove and me with the following impromptu limerick. He moved his fingers gravely as he recited:

There was a kind Lady called ‘Gregory’
Said, ‘Come to me poets in beggary’;
But found her imprudence

53. Daughter of Lord Monteagle who took part in gun-running at Howth, July 28, 1914, as nationalist protest against embargo.

54. *Letters of JJ*, ed. Stuart Gilbert (N. Y.: Viking, 1957), p. 54.

When thousands of students
Cried, 'All we are in that category.'

Ignored and derided in Dublin, Joyce eloped with Nora Barnacle, who was a maid in Finn's Hotel, Lincoln Place. He sent me a postcard of himself dressed as Arthur Rimbaud, the French poet who tried to revolutionize the French language. Later, he sent two poems printed on galleys to his acquaintances—he would not admit a friend. These were *The Holy Office* and *Gas from a Burner*, a reference to the gas jet in the room where he found "Maunsell's Manager's travelling bag," i.e., the suitcase with the twelve dozen undies which he removed and presented as has been recorded. He himself was the "Burner." That was in 1904.⁵⁵

Almost a year later I met the Citizen, who, with eyes dancing and his quizzical mouth smiling, asked, "Did you hear the latest about the 'artist'?"

"No."

"He sent a telegram to his father to announce the birth of his son with, 'Mother and bastard both doing well.'"⁵⁶

Contra mundum, and no mistake!

STANISLAUS JOYCE⁵⁷

[1903]⁵⁸

[pp. 13–15] Jim's character is unsettled; it is developing. New influences are coming over him daily, he is beginning new practices. He has come home drunk three or four times within the last month (on one occasion he came home sick and dirty-looking on Sunday morning, having been out all night) and he is engaged at present in sampling wines and liqueurs and at procuring for himself the means of living. He has or seems to have taken a liking for conviviality, even with those whose jealousy and ill-will towards himself he well knows, staying with them a whole night long dancing and singing and mak-

55. "The Holy Office" was printed and distributed in 1904, "Gas from a Burner" in 1912. The "burner" was the printer John Falconer, who, Joyce thought, burned the sheets of *Dubliners*.

56. The actual telegram read "Son born Jim."

57. The following passages are taken from *The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce*, ed. G. H. Healy. © 1962 by Cornell University and George Harris Healey, by permission of Cornell University Press and Faber and Faber Ltd.

58. Dates added later by S.J.

ing speeches and laughing and reciting, and revelling in the same manner all the way home. To say what is really his character, one must go beneath much that is passing in these influences and habits and see what it is in them that his mind really affects; one must compare what he is with what he was, one must analyse, one must judge him by his moments of exaltation, not by his hours of abasement.⁵⁹

His intellect is precise and subtle, but not comprehensive. He is no student. His artistic sympathy and judgment are such as would be expected in one of his kind of intellect—if he were not more than a critic, I believe he would be as good a critic of what interests him as any using English today. His literary talent seems to be very great indeed, both in prose and in verse.⁶⁰ He has, as Yeats says, a power of very delicate spiritual writing and whether he writes in sorrow or is young and virginal, or whether (as in “He travels after the wintry sun”) ⁶¹ he writes of what he has seen, the form is always either strong, expressive, graceful or engaging, and his imagination open-eyed and classic. His “epiphanies”—his prose pieces (which I almost prefer to his lyrics) and his dialogues—are again subtle. He has put himself into these with singular courage, singular memory, and scientific minuteness; he has proved himself capable of taking very great pains to create a very little thing of prose or verse. The keen observation and satanic irony of his character are precisely, but not fully, expressed. Whether he will ever build up anything broad—a drama, an esthetic treatise—I cannot say. His genius is not literary and he will probably run through many of the smaller forms of literary artistic expression. He has made living his end in life, and in the light of this magnificent importance of living, everything else is like a rushlight in the sun. And so he is more interested in the sampling of liqueurs, the devising of dinners, the care of dress, and whoring, than to know if the one-act play—the “dwarf-drama” ⁶² he calls it—is an artistic possibility.

Jim is a genius of character. When I say “genius,” I say just the least little bit in the world more than I believe; yet remembering

59. Either James or Stanislaus wrote the word “Rubbish” across this paragraph, which is the first page of the diary.

60. MS. note, by S. J.: “He is not an artist he says. He is interesting himself in politics—in which he says [he has] original ideas. He says he does not care for art or music though he admits he can judge them. He lives on the excitement of incident.”

61. From “Cabra,” an early, idyllic version of “Tilly,” which was revised into a bitter cry of exile for *Pomes Penyeach*.

62. For Joyce’s use of the term “dwarf-drama” see his condescension toward Douglas Hyde’s short plays in his review of a book by Lady Gregory in 1903, *CW* 104.

his youth and that I sleep with him, I say it. Scientists have been called great scientists because they have measured the distance of the unseen stars, and yet scientists who have watched the movements in matter scarcely perceptible to the mechanically aided senses have been esteemed as great; and Jim is, perhaps, a genius though his mind is minutely analytic. He has, above all, a proud, wilful, vicious selfishness, out of which by times now he writes a poem or an epiphany, now commits the meannesses of whim and appetite, which was at first protestant egoism, and had, perhaps, some desperateness in it, but which is now well-rooted—or developed?—in his nature, a very Yggdrasil.⁶³ He has extraordinary moral courage—courage so great that I have hopes that he will one day become the Rousseau of Ireland. Rousseau, indeed, might be accused of cherishing the secret hope of turning away the anger of disapproving readers by confessing unto them, but Jim cannot be suspected of this. His great passion is a fierce scorn of what he calls the “rabblement”—a tiger-like, insatiable hatred. He has a distinguished appearance and bearing and many graces: a musical singing and especially speaking voice (a tenor), a good undeveloped talent in music, and witty conversation. He has a distressing habit of saying quietly to those with whom he is familiar the most shocking things about himself and others, and, moreover, of selecting the most shocking times, saying them, not because they are shocking merely, but because they are true. They are such things that even knowing him well as I do, I do not believe it is beyond his power to shock me or Gogarty with all his obscene rhymes. His manner however is generally very engaging and courteous with strangers, but, though he dislikes greatly to be rude, I think there is little courtesy in his nature. As he sits on the hearth-rug, his arms embracing his knees, his head thrown a little back, his hair brushed up straight off his forehead, his long face red as an Indian's in the reflexion of the fire, there is a look of cruelty in his face. Not that he is not gentle at times, for he can be kind, and one is not surprised to find simpleness in him. (He is always simple and open with those that are so with him.) But few people will love him, I think, in spite

63. The Tree of Life in Norse myth, made part of the English vocabulary by Carlyle. Stanislaus spells it “Igdrasil” in his MS. All spellings in the *DD* were normalized by the editor G. H. Healey, but most deletions were not indicated. In these notes all legible deletions and significant spelling variants are included. A few ellipses made in the published text for the sake of propriety have been filled in in this text.

of his graces and his genius, and whosoever exchanges kindnesses with him is likely to get the worst of the bargain. (This is coloured too highly, like a penny cartoon.)

[26 September 1903]

[pp. 15–16] Jim says it is not moral courage in him but as he phrases it of himself, “when the Bard begins to write he intellectualizes himself.” Jim’s voice, when in good form, has a beautiful flavour, rich and pure, and goes through one like a strong exhilarating wine. He sings well.

Jim has a wolf-like intellect, neither massive nor very strong, but lean and ravenous, tearing the heart out of his subject.

Pappie ⁶⁴ is very scurrilous.

He scourges the house with his tongue.

Mother kept the house together at the cost of her life.

The Sophists will never be extinct while Jim is alive.

The twelve tribes of Galway are:

Athy, Blake, Bodkin

Deane, D’Arcy, Lynch

Joyce, Kirwin, Martin

Morris, Skerret, French

[29 February 1904]

[pp. 20–22] Mary Sheehy ⁶⁵ has a very pleasant speaking voice and an engaging laugh. She seems to be happy and lazy and is often amused. Under her quietness I think she has a merry disposition. She is very handsome and wears an immense plait of soft black hair.

The Irish are represented as being very much afraid of the satire of the wandering poets. This “satire” is really a habit of nick-naming very prevalent in this country. Scarcely any escape. Among those I know, for instance, Pappie calls Uncle John ⁶⁶ “the cornet player” and his wife “Amina” and “La Somnambula,” William

64. S.J.’s MS note: “I have spelt Pappie incorrectly ‘Papie’ all through from a misconception of the precedents in orthography. I thought it should be ‘Papa,’ ‘Papie.’ ”

65. One of the models for “Emma Clery” in *SH* and *P*, who married Joyce’s acquaintance, T. M. Kettle.

66. John Murray, brother of Joyce’s mother, a model for “Red Murray” in *U*.

Field⁶⁷ "Hamlet." Gogarty calls O'Leary Curtis⁶⁸ "the Japanese Jesus," Jim "Kinch," me "Thug," AE "Corpse-face." Jim calls "John Eglinton" "the horrible virgin." Pappie calls Aunt Josephine⁶⁹ "the seal," "Aunt Hobblesides." Mother used to call Mr. Richard Thornton⁷⁰ (an amusing, robust, florid little elderly man) "the dicky bird." I call Gogarty "Doll" because he reminds me of an India-rubber doll, and a young fellow named Kelly, who goes to Sheehy's, a squat, swarthy chap, "Frog-face."

My sister Eva⁷¹ reminds me of the "Marchioness" in *The Old Curiosity Shop*. . . .

[29 February 1904]

The wise virgins delight in the society of the necessitous young genius. They are happy when he comes in. They laugh at him, or with him, or for him, making the heart of the dullard envious. And he is suspected of wild ways. They flatter him with pressing attention, an interest which is almost a wish—lasting the whole length of an evening—to protect him from himself, and which the secret, shy admiration in their eyes—for it is evident they suspect something they slyly will not even with a look question—betrays. There is smiling unacknowledged friendship between them, but no more. They will not meet him on the highways alone, nor will they marry him.⁷²

What is the ambition of the hero's valet?⁷³

It is most important that I should remember that Pappie is my father. This does not make me think him any different from what he is, but it shows me why I find quite natural to tolerate from him what I would certainly not tolerate from any other.

Jim says he has an instinct for women. He scarcely ever talks decently of them, even of those he likes. He talks of them as of warm, soft-skinned animals.⁷⁴ "That one'd give you a great push." "She's

67. Butcher and M. P. Mentioned in *U* as recipient of a letter from Mr. Deasy regarding the foot-and-mouth disease, a subject on which surprisingly enough Joyce himself wrote (CW 238-41).

68. Mentioned in "Gas from a Burner." As "O'Madden Burke" in *U*.

69. Wife of William Murray, the "Ritchie Goulding" of *U*.

70. Professional tea-taster, model for "Tom Kernan" in "Grace," and in *U*.

71. Aged twelve, fourth daughter.

72. Entire paragraph crossed out in the MS.

73. See the Pola notebook (Part I, Section 5 above).

74. E.g., "marsupials," in Pola notebook and *SH* 176.

very warm between the thighs, I fancy." "She has great action, I'm sure."

[p. 23] Jim is often silly-mannered and impolite. I have no doubt that he is a poet, a lyric poet, that he has a still greater mastery of prose. He may be a genius—it seems to me very possible—but that he has not yet found himself is obvious. . . .

[29 March 1904]

[pp. 25–26] I suggested the title of a paper of Jim's which was commissioned⁷⁵ for a new review to be called *Dana* in February last. It is now almost April and the review has not yet appeared. The paper—the title of which was "A Portrait of the Artist"—was rejected by the editors Magee ("John Eglinton") and F. Ryan because of the sexual experiences narrated therein—at least this was the one reason they gave. Jim has turned the paper into a novel the title of which—"Stephen Hero"—I also suggested. He has written eleven chapters. The chapters are exceptionally well written in a style which seems to me altogether original. It is a lying autobiography and a raking satire. He is putting nearly all his acquaintances in it, and the Catholic Church comes in for a bad quarter of an hour. I suggested many of the names for the characters on an onomatopoeic principle.⁷⁶

Anything I owe to Jim I owe to his example, for he is not an encouraging person in criticism. He told me when I began keeping a diary that I would never write prose and that my diary was most uninteresting except in the parts that were about him. (Indeed it was a journal of his life with detailed conversations with him and between him and Irish men of letters, poets, etc., covering often 3 and 4 pages of close-written foolscap. I burnt it to make a holocaust. Perhaps Jim owes something of his appearance to this mirror held constantly up to him. He has used me, I fancy, as a butcher uses his steel to sharpen his knife.)⁷⁷ He told me I reminded him of Gogarty's description of Magee, "that he had to fart every time before he could think," has

75. S.J. originally wrote : Jim's article which was to have appeared in . . ."—see Magee's version of the incident and I, 3 (above).

76. S.J.'s MS note: "I parodied some of the names: Pappie, 'Sighing Simon'; Jim, 'Stuck-up Stephen'; myself, 'Morose Maurice'; the sister, 'Imbecile Isabel'; Aunt Josephine (Aunt Brigid), 'Blundering Brigid'; Uncle Willie (Uncle Jim), 'Jealous Jim.' "

77. "Kinch, the knife-blade" (U 6/4). "My whetstone" (U 208/211) "Whetstone!" (U 493/504). See I. 4 above.

written an epiphany of a sluggish polar bear on me,⁷⁸ and used to say frequently that I was a "thick-headed bloody fool," even a "common-place youth." He has told me when I am listening seriously to what he is telling "to please turn my face away as it bored him." One night when I was lying on my back in bed thinking of something or another, Jim, who was watching me from his, said, "I wouldn't like to be a woman and wake up to find your 'goo' (face) on the pillow beside me in the morning." Lately he has told me I have a right idea of writing prose and compared my method with his when he was young, laughing at his own. He has also told me that he thought I was wittier than Wilde. Before, I believed him because he was telling me my opinion of myself; now I cannot trust his judgment. He also told me my voice was unpleasant and expressionless, though many like it very much. No one whose judgment I respect has told me he liked it, and I cannot help believing Jim as my voice tires my throat and bores me. Christ hear us, Christ graciously hear us.

Jim reconciled his admiration of Italians and his contempt for Rossetti by calling Rossetti an ice-cream Italian.⁷⁹

I called Mr. Kane⁸⁰ "the Green Street Shakespeare."

It is annoying that I should have a typically Irish head; not the baboon-faced type, but the large, square, low-fronted head of O'Connell, and Curran.⁸¹

Jim seems to have many friends amongst the younger men he has met.

[p. 27] Jim has the first character of the hero—strange to say, he is noble; and the first character of the lyric poet—he is most susceptible. His affairs have the proper air of reality. His second last was his cousin Katsy Murray—a child. His present Mary Sheehy.

Mary Sheehy is good looking but ungraceful in figure, and has a beautiful voice. She is romantic but clever and sensible and therefore dissatisfied. She wants Hero.

Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington (*née* Hannah Sheehy) was till about

78. Epiphany no. 16 in I, 1 above.

79. See "Portrait" essay notes, above, and Pola notebook (Part I, Sections 3 and 5).

80. "Martin Cunningham" in "Grace," *D*, and in *U*. See Adams, *Surface and Symbol* (1962), pp. 61–64.

81. Probably the orator and member of the Irish Parliament in Dublin, John Philpot Curran.

27 a student—yet I think she has no sympathy with student life, and does not understand those disattached personalities, the world's poets and artists and cranks, the Shakespeares and the Rimbauds. She is a practical animal and regards as worthless those who do not work, seeing truly enough that men of that stamp will not serve the purpose of her and her kind.

[12 April 1904]

[p. 28] Jim says Mary Sheehy seems to him like a person who had a great contempt for many of the people she knew. He has written two poems under her inspiration but she is ignorant of his tributes. I called J. F. Byrne "the intense face".

[10 April 1904]

[pp. 29-30] Gogarty is treacherous in his friendship towards Jim. While never losing an opportunity of "keeping in touch" with celebrities to whom he is introduced, he affects to care nothing for them, or his own reputation, or anyone else's. He affects to be careless of all things and carries this out by acting generously towards Jim in regard to money. The other day Yeats, Ryan, Colum and Gogarty [were] talking and Yeats mentioned a fellow in London who was making three hundred a year writing short clever articles for some London paper. "It is a pity Joyce couldn't get something like that," said Ryan. "He could write the articles all right, but then he couldn't keep sober for three days together." "Why put it at three days?" corrected Gogarty. "For one day." As a matter of fact, Jim has a reputation altogether out of keeping with his merits. Within the last two months he has been only once drunk, and showed signs of drink not more than three times. Nor is he a person that is easily made drunk, for though he is slight, he is healthy and clearheaded and not at all excitable. Colum said, "He is going in for the Feis Ceoil now. He came over to me to borrow ten shillings to enter. I hadn't it so he was looking all over town for it. At last," said Colum, "we managed to enter him." Colum had really nothing to do with Jim's entrance. Jim got the money by selling the ticket⁸² of some of his own books. The truth is, Gogarty—and his mother believes him—hopes to win a literary reputation in Ireland. He is jealous of Jim and wishes to put himself before him by every means he can. The

82. Pawn ticket.

carelessness of reputation is the particular lie he has chosen to deceive himself with. Both Gogarty and his mother are mistaken, however, for Gogarty has nothing in him and precious little character, and is already becoming heavy, while Jim has more literary talent than anyone in Ireland except Yeats—even Yeats he surpasses in mastery of prose, and he has what Yeats lacks, a keen critical intellect. If Jim never wrote a line he would be greater than these people by reason of the style of his life and his character. Gogarty told Jim this incident but Jim has such a low opinion of these Young Irelanders it is really beyond their power to hurt him. If Jim thought there would be a chance of his getting it he would ask Colum for money tomorrow with no very definite idea of paying it back. Jim says he should be supported at the expense of the State because he is capable of enjoying life. Yet Gogarty has friendship for Jim.

This house should be known as the "House of the Bare Table." Shallow Gogarty—"a whirl-wind of pot-bellied absurdities with a fund of vitality that it does one good to see."⁸³

I think Jim's sense of honour is altogether humoursome.

Gogarty tells Jim's affairs to everyone he knows. He told a whore called Nellie⁸⁴ that Jim was going in for the Feis, and that he had to feed himself on what he got from books he sold, there was so little at home. At this Nellie was astonished, and having taken a liking for Jim, said that if he came in to her she'd give him whatever she had, "but you couldn't suggest that to him, he's too fuckin' proud." She has a great admiration for Jim's voice and says that he has "the fuckin'est best voice she ever heard." "I could sit listening to you all night, Kiddie." Having, I suppose a taste for chamber-music, she offered to accompany Jim on the "po"⁸⁵ on one occasion when he was about to sing. Jim, who has never lain with this whore by the bye, likes her. In moments of excitement she exclaims, "God's truth I hate you. Christ, God's truth I do hate you."

[20 April 1904]

[p. 31] I suggested to Jim to call his verses "Chamber Music." The incident with the whore is surely an omen.

83. S.J.'s MS note: "No, he's very tiresome after the first ten minutes."

84. In *P* and in *U*.

85. Dublinese for chamber pot.

[13 August 1904]

[pp. 46–51] My life has been modelled on Jim's example, yet when I am accused, by my unprepossessing Uncle John or by Gogarty, of imitating Jim, I can truthfully deny the charge. It was not mere aping as they imply, I trust I am too clever and my mind too old for that. It was more an appreciation in Jim of what I myself really admire and wish for most. But it is terrible to have a cleverer elder brother, I get small credit for originality. I follow Jim in nearly all matters of opinion, but not all. Jim, I think, has even taken a few opinions from me. In some things, however, I have never followed him. In drinking, for instance, in whoring, in speaking broadly, in being frank without reserve with others, in attempting to write verse or prose or fiction, in manner, in ambitions, and not always in friendships. I think I may safely say I do not like Jim.⁸⁶ I perceive that he regards me as quite commonplace and uninteresting—he makes no attempt at disguise—and though I follow him fully in this matter of opinion, I cannot be expected to like it. It is a matter beyond the power of either of us to help. He treats me badly, too, in his manner, and I resent it. I shall try to remember the articles of the creed which I have gathered from Jim's life—the individual life that has influenced me most. He has ceased to believe in Catholicism for many years. It is of little use to say that a man rejects Catholicism because he wishes to lead the life of a libertine. This is not the last word that can be said. Libertinism will, doubt it not, be clever in its own defence. To me one is as likely to be near the truth as the other. There is need of a more subtle criticism, a more scientific understanding, a more satisfactory conviction than is given by such a wholesale begging of the question. Begging questions is a habit with Catholicism. Jim wants to live. Life is his creed. He boasts of his power to live, and says, in his pseudo-medical phraseology, that it comes from his highly specialized [originally “magnificent”] central nervous system. He talks much of the syphilitic contagion in Europe, is at present writing a series of studies in it in Dublin, tracing practically everything to it. The drift of his talk seems to be that the contagion is congenital and incurable and responsible for all manias, and being so, that it is useless to try to avoid it. He even seems to invite you to delight in

86. S.J.'s MS note: “See later,” referring to two passages in which he says that he does like Jim, with some reservations.

the manias and to humour each to the top of its bent. In this I do not follow him except to accept his theory of the contagion, which he adduces on medical authority. Even this I do slowly, for I have the idea that the influence of heredity is somewhat overstated. Yet I am rapidly becoming a valetudinarian on the point. I see symptoms in every turn I take. It seems to me that *my* central nervous system is wretched, and I take every precaution my half-knowledge suggests to revive it. In his love of life I find something experimental, something aesthetical. He is an artist first. He has too much talent to be anything else. If he was not an artist first, his talent would trouble him constantly like semen. For the things that go to make up life, glory, politics, women (I exclude whores), family wealth, he has no care. He seems to be deceiving himself on this point and it gives his manner a certain untrustworthiness and unpleasantness. His nature is naturally antagonistic to morality. Morality bores and irritates him. He tries to live on a principle of impulse. The justification of his conduct is the genuineness of the impulse. The Principle is itself an impulse, not a conviction. He is a polytheist [originally "pantheist"]. What pleases him for the moment is his god for the moment. He demands an absolute freedom to do as he pleases. He wants the freedom to do wrong whether he uses it or no, and for fear he should be deceiving himself by any back thought he is vindicating his right to ruin himself. He accepts no constraint, not even self-constraint, and regards a forced growth, however admirable in itself, as an impossible satisfaction. This kind of life is naturally highly unsatisfactory and his conduct bristles with contradictions. For instance, he practises exercises for the voice regularly; he works at his novel nearly every day saying that he wants to get his hand into such training that style [originally "writing"] will be as easy to him as singing. The inconsistency might itself be called an impulse but that he mentions both practices as proofs of the power to do regular work that is still in him. Above all, he has spoken with admiration of Ibsen as a "self-made man"—partly of course for the pleasure of using this formula of commonplaceness of so singular a man.⁸⁷ I find much to puzzle me and to trouble me in the antinomy between the Exercise Mo-

87. S.J.'s MS note: "He reconciles this impulsiveness with an exalted ['unbounded' crossed out] opinion of Philosophy. He upholds Aristotle against his friends, and boasts himself an Aristotelean [*sic*]."

nopoly and idea of systematically improving myself—by becoming a scientific humanist (laws which I loathe but which seem my only hope)—and the Principle of Simple Impulse, which pleases me greatly and which seems to me to be the right First Principle in regarding life because the most natural. (“Natural” suggests a private judgment of my own on life. I think the art of life should imitate nature.) I live in a state of intimate and constant dissatisfaction because this Principle seems logically unpracticable. In the love of Philosophy I have not followed Jim, I forestalled him. I even tried, between sixteen and seventeen, to write a Philosophy (I suppose it would have been called a Metaphysic), but having written about nine pages of it and finding that my interpretation of life was a little too simple to be interesting, I burnt the leaves. To say that any course of action is irrational is enough to condemn it in my eyes, but unfortunately not enough to make me dislike it. Indeed, saying that it is rational seems perilously like saying it is commonplace. Mediocrity is a poor relative of mine that “I can’t abear.” The golden mean is as abhorrent to me as to Jim. It will be obvious that whatever method there is in Jim’s life is highly unscientific, yet in theory he approves only of the scientific method. About science he knows “damn all,” and if he has the same blood in him that I have he should dislike it. I call it a lack of vigilant reticence in him that he is ever-ready to admit the legitimacy of the scientist’s raids outside his frontiers. The word “scientific” is always a word of praise in his mouth. I, too, admire the scientific method, but I see that it existed and was practised long before science became so churlish as it is now. On one point allied to this I differ with him altogether. He wishes to take every advantage of scientific inventions [originally “appliances”], while I have an unconquerable prejudice against artifice—outside special appliances and instruments. Bicycles, motor-cars, motor-trams and all that, seem to me wanton necessities, the pampering of an artificial want. As for such sensual aids as Herbert Spencer’s ear-caps, they seem to me most revoltingly mean and undignified. And to Jim, too, I have forced him to admit. Even from an inventor’s point of view, I am sure they are wretched, for there is a great disproportion between the end effected and the means taken.

Jim boasts—for he often boasts now—of being modern. He calls himself a socialist but attaches himself to no school of socialism.

He marks the uprooting of feudal principles. Besides this, and that subtle egoism which he calls the modern mind, he proclaims all kinds of anti-Christian ideals—selfishness, licentiousness, pitilessness. What he calls the domestic virtues are words of contempt in his mouth. He does not recognise such a thing as gratitude. He says it reminds him of a fellow lending you an overcoat on a wet night and asking for a receipt. (Gratitude is, after all, such an uncomfortable sentiment—thanks with a grudge at the back of it.) As he lives on borrowing and favours, and as people never fail to treat him in their manners as a genius while he treats them as fools, he has availed himself of plenty of opportunity of showing ingratitude. It is, of course, impossible for him to carry out his ideas consistently, but he does the best he can.⁸⁸ He says that no man has so much hope for the future as he has, but as he is the worst liar I know, and as he is rapidly acquiring a drunkard's mind, he seems so far as his own possible progeny is concerned to have precious little care for it. Catholicism he has appreciated, rejected and opposed, and liked again when it had lost its power over him; and towards Pappie, who, too, represents feudalism to him, his mind works perversely. But his sense of filial honour, as of all honour, is quite humoursome. What is more to the point is this: why should Jim proclaim his own selfishness, and be angry at the selfishness of others toward him? I am so far with Jim in all this that his idea of modernity is probably a corollary of my theory of genius being a new biological species. I have many theories. And, moreover, I find something stodgy and intrinsically unsatisfying in morality. ·

Many things he has expressed I remember, for they seemed to me to be just while they seemed to suit me. His contempt, for instance, for enthusing, for strenuousness, for flirting and sentimentality, which he says he leaves to clerks. (He walks out at night with Miss Barnacle,⁸⁹ and kisses her, while she calls him “my love,” though he is not a clerk.) He has said that what women admire most in men is moral courage, and that people are unhappy because they cannot express themselves, and these things I recollect and at times consider, and though they seem small, they affect me greatly. This is Jim's

88. S.J.'s MS note: “In fact he is trying to commit the sin against the Holy Ghost for the purpose of getting outside the utmost rim of Catholicism.”

89. Within two months Nora was to leave Ireland with Joyce as his common-law wife.

religion—his faith is probably a little different—so far as I can draw up its articles. The experiment of his life has, I think, less personal interest now than formerly, though he is still capable of holding judgment on himself with a purity of intention altogether beyond my power. Yet should he discover that his interest was mainly experimental, he would consider it an unpardonable self-deception to try to infuse into it a personal anxiety. He is in great danger of himself. I see the way his conduct prevaricates to an unsatisfied mind. He has not the command of himself he once had. He has been in the power of his friends lately, and has needed to be rescued by Cosgrave's instrumentality from them. A year ago he would have rescued himself. He has always read these notes, for there was always much in them about him, and if I was calling them anything I would call them "My journal in imitation of Jim," but I think his influence on me is becoming less than it was. *August 1904.*

[31 July 1904]

[pp. 62–63] Jim has written a nocturne in prose beginning "She comes at night when the City is still," and a *matutine* in verse beginning "From dewy dreams my soul arise."⁹⁰

Jim's style is becoming a little sententious and congested. He locks words of too great weight together constantly and they make the rhythm heavy. I advised him to read Goldsmith or Henry James to gain easy lucidity, but he does nothing now. His lyrics are becoming much of a piece. His last⁹¹ contained a contradiction ("For elegance and antique phrase, Dearest, my lips are all too wise"—the song is both elegant and antique), a mistake ("Mithradates" for "Mithridates"), the words "Dearest" and "Dearer" used with the same accent at the beginning of two lines in the second verse. It has a recapitulatory phrase as a close to the second and last verse and as there is not the excuse of length this is something of a cliché.

As Jim has become very weak lately, I thought I might be striding up to him. I met him the other day after a few days and I was glad that my secret thoughts are hidden, for it seemed to me that the difference between us was not a difference of degree but of kind.

90. See Epiphany no. 34 and Poem XV in *Chamber Music*.

91. Poem XXVII in *Chamber Music*.

[31 July 1904]

[p. 66] Jim's style in prose writing many times is almost perfection in its kind, holding in periodic, balanced sentences and passages, a great spiritual delicacy. But between these passages, instead of writing quietly and relying on his life-like dialogue, he tortures his sentences in figurative psychology and writes strenuously.

[p. 68] Jim said one day to Cosgrave and me, "Isn't my mind very optimistic? Doesn't it recur very consistently to optimism in spite of the trouble and worry I have?" I said "Yes, to proper optimism."

Cosgrave told me there was more money in my voice than in Jim's because it was stronger and I would take more trouble with its training if I was having it trained. I do not believe there is very much money in my voice; it is losing its richness, is becoming noisy, and I sing badly.

[14 September 1904]

[pp. 68–69] Jim's landlady and her husband have shut up house and gone away on holiday, and Jim has consequently left Shelbourne Road—for the time being at any rate—since the 31st August. It is now the 14th September. In that time he has stayed first two nights at a Mr. Cousin's [*sic*] on invitation, then a few nights at Murrays, and being locked out there, one night with a medical student, O'Callaghan. At present he is staying on sufferance with Gogarty in the Tower at Sandycove. Gogarty wants to put Jim out, but he is afraid that if Jim is made a name someday it would be remembered against him (Gogarty) that though he pretended to be a bohemian friend of Jim's, he put him out. Besides, Gogarty does not wish to forfeit the chance of shining with a reflected light. Jim is scarcely any expense to Gogarty. He costs him, perhaps, a few shillings in the week and a roof, and Gogarty has money. Jim is determined that if Gogarty puts him out it will be done publicly. Cousins and Mrs. Cousins, especially, invited Jim to stay for a fortnight, but Jim found their vegetarian household and sentimental Mrs. Cousins intolerable, and more than this he did not like their manner to him. They made no effort to induce him to stay longer. Jim met Cousins afterwards and Cousins told him that many people had asked them about him and that their household had become quite a centre of interest because he had honoured them with two days of his life.

[p. 74] Byrne has the features of the Middle Ages.⁹² A pale, square, large-boned face; an aquiline nose with wide nostrils, rather low on his face; a tight-shut, lipless mouth, full of prejudice; brown eyes set wide apart under short thick eye-brows; and a long, narrow forehead surmounted by short, coarse hair brushed up off it like an iron crown. His forehead is lined, and he has a steady look. He is low-sized, square, and powerful looking, and has a strong walk. He dresses in light grey and wears square-toed boots. Jim calls him the Grand Byrne; he has the grand manner, the manner of a Grand Inquisitor. He was born in Wicklow and goes there every summer. My name for him hits the rustic—"Thomas Square-toes." He is over sceptical as a sign of great wisdom—a doubting Thomas. . . .

[p. 76] I hate to see Jim limp and pale, with shadows under his watery eyes, loose wet lips, and dank hair. I hate to see him sitting on the edge of a table grinning at his own state. It gets on my nerves to be near him then. Or to see him sucking in his cheeks and his lips, and swallowing spittle in his mouth, and talking in an exhausted husky voice, as if to show how well he can act when drunk, talking about philosophy or poetry not because he likes them at the time but because he remembers that he has a certain character to maintain, that he has to show that he is clever even when drunk, and because he likes to hear himself talking. He likes the novelty of his role of dissipated genius. I hate to hear him making speeches, or to be subjected to his obviously and distressingly assumed courteous manner. He is more intolerable in the street, running after every chit with a petticoat on it and making foolish jokes to them in a high weak voice, although he cannot possibly have any desire, his organ of generation being too weak for him to do anything with it but make water. They—the little bitches—run screaming away in pairs and then come back to see if he will chase them again. Jim courts this wasting and fooling although he knows it to be an insinuating danger. He tried it first as an experiment, then he got drunk in company for the want of something more interesting to do. He welcomes drunkenness at times, hoping to find in it some kind of conscious oblivion, and finding I don't know what. Sometimes he be-

92. The Pola notebook contains almost the same phrasing. Who was the author, James or Stanislaus? See also *SH* 144–45.

comes quite imbecile, falling up against and mauling whoever he is talking to, or sinks down on the floor quite overcome, moaning and venting huge sighs. Now, however, he gets drunk in the regular way, by lounging from one public house to another. Few things are more intolerable than it is for a sober person to be in company with—it generally means in charge of—a drunken one. Perhaps for this reason I cannot stand drunkards. I hate to see anyone, let him be as stupid as a hog, nine or ten degrees below his standard—drunk; and I know that with time this state becomes permanent. . . .

[December 1904]

[p. 103] People like Jim easily, although he is a man of strange impulses. Perhaps it is because he is so much alive. He seemed to me the person in Ireland who was most alive.

[p. 104] I am tempted seven times a day to burn these notes. I yielded to the temptation in summer, 1903, and burnt a long and full diary which I had kept for two years. Jim said he was very sorry I burnt it, as it would have been of great use to him in writing his novel,⁹³ and if it would have been of use, I am sorry too.

93. Note by George Harris Healey: "‘Send me all documents dealing with University College period from your diary etc.’ (Letter from James to Stanislaus, 13 January 1905.)"

PART III |
THE ESTHETIC MILIEU



INTRODUCTORY NOTE

In this Part of the book an attempt has been made to present the sort of literary materials out of which Joyce formed his conceptions of poetry, the poem, and the poet. In the first section are passages on esthetic theory which, combined, provide us with some insight into Joyce's intellectual milieu, the spectrum of critical opinion in the light of which he wrote: Scholasticism, Romanticism, Realism, Aestheticism, and Symbolism—a rich and complex blend of ideas and attitudes. As intellectual background they are relevant to *A Portrait*, but beyond this general relevance each has its share of specific connection with Joyce and this novel. We can be certain, or nearly so, that Joyce had read every one of these passages before he finished *A Portrait*. In almost every case our certainty is confirmed by verbal echoes. And going beyond verbal parallels we can see how a mind impregnated with these diverse esthetic philosophies might produce such a complex and variegated work as *A Portrait*. Joyce's elaborate presentation of Stephen's own esthetic may derive from Yeats's insistence that an artist must have a philosophy. Flaubert's emphasis on impersonality and his careful avoidance of the autobiographical, balanced against Wilde's assertion that "autobiography is irresistible," may help us understand how Joyce arrived at his concept of an impersonal autobiographical novel. And Flaubert's hostility to and contempt for the bourgeois, revealed in his remarks on Homais' speech in *Madame Bovary*, combined with Shelley's romantic view of the importance of the poet, may lie behind Joyce's peculiar concept of the Epiphany as a moment in which is revealed either the vulgarity of the non-artist or a memorable phase of the artist's mind. In combination, these passages on esthetics help account for Joyce's production of a scholastic, romantic, realistic, aesthetic, symbolist novel.

The materials in the second section are relevant to the "Villanelle of the Temptress" composed by Stephen in the last chapter of *A Portrait*. To be a literary artist, a poet, Stephen must demonstrate his mastery of both the theory and practice of poetry. As the materials in the first section of this Part relate to esthetic theory, so the materials in the second section relate to Stephen's esthetic practice in composing his poem. The materials in the third section relate to the

concept of the poet as manifested in Joyce's novel, both in the author's presentation of Stephen and in Stephen's view of his own role in life. In the name he gave his hero, Joyce related him to St. Stephen—prophet, saint, and martyr—and to Ovid's Daedalian trinity—fabulous artificer, overbold youth, and overclever victim. But Stephen's modern roots are in the view of the poet projected by the rhapsodic Italian novelist, D'Annunzio, and the view of the artist as individualist developed by Oscar Wilde. In D'Annunzio, Joyce found a voice which spoke so powerfully to one side of his nature that there is some question whether Joyce "used" D'Annunzio in *A Portrait*, or if at times we simply hear the Italian author speaking through the Irishman. Certainly in the first version of the novel (Part I, Section 3 above) D'Annunzio's is the dominant voice; but in the final version his tones are heard only in a few purple passages which have their proper place and function in the larger whole. His role has been subordinated—mainly through the importation into the narrative of those realistic and naturalistic elements which give Joyce's work a solidity and specificity that the ornate Italian never achieved.

Section I

On Art and Poetry

SCHOLASTICISM: AQUINAS¹

*That Which Pleases in Its Very
Apprehension Is Beautiful*

The beautiful and the good are the same in the concrete existent [*in subjecto*], for they are based on the same thing, namely, on the form. For this reason, the good is approvingly called the beautiful. Yet, they differ in their intelligibility [*ratione*]. For the good appeals to appetite: indeed, the good is what all desire. So, it has the intelligible character of an end, for appetite is a sort of motion toward a thing. On the other hand, the beautiful appeals to the cognitive power: for things that give pleasure when they are perceived [*quae visa placent*] are called beautiful.

Hence, the beautiful consists in a due proportion, since the sense power takes pleasure in things that are duly proportioned, as in things like itself, for sense is also a sort of ratio, as is every knowing power. Since knowledge is produced by assimilation, and since similitude is a formal relation, the beautiful properly belongs to the intelligible character [*ratio*] of the formal cause. . . .

The beautiful is the same as the good, differing only in intelligibility [*sola ratione*]. For, since the good is what all desire, it pertains to the intelligible meaning of the good that appetite find its rest in it; but it pertains to the intelligibility of the beautiful that in looking upon or knowing it, the appetite finds its rest. Hence, those sense powers that are most cognitive, namely, sight and hearing, which are the servants of reason, are chiefly concerned with the beautiful. In fact, we speak of visible things and beautiful sounds as beautiful. We do not use the name "beauty" in regard to the objects of the other senses; we do not speak of beautiful tastes or odors. Thus, it is apparent that the beautiful adds to the meaning of the good a relation to the cognitive power. So, the good simply means what satisfies appetite, but the beautiful means that whose very apprehension gives pleasure.

1. These passages are quoted from *The Pocket Aquinas*, trans. V. J. Bourke (New York: Washington Square Press, 1960), by permission of the publisher.

Integrity, Proportion, and Brilliance

Three items are required for beauty: first, *integrity* or *perfection* [*integritas sive perfectio*], for things that are lessened are ugly by this very fact; second, *due proportion* or *harmony* [*debita proportio sive consonantia*]; and third, *brilliance* [*claritas*]²—thus, things that have a bright color are said to be beautiful.

ROMANTICISM: SHELLEY²

For there is a certain order or rhythm belonging to each of these classes of mimetic representation, from which the hearer and the spectator receive an intenser and purer pleasure than from any other; the sense of an approximation to this order has been called taste by modern writers. Every man, in the infancy of art, observes an order which approximates more or less closely to that from which this highest delight results; but the diversity is not sufficiently marked as that its gradations should be sensible, except in those instances where the predominance of this faculty of approximation to the beautiful (for so we may be permitted to name the relation between this highest pleasure and its cause) is very great. Those in whom it exists to excess are poets, in the most universal sense of the word; and the pleasure resulting from the manner in which they express the influence of society or nature upon their own minds, communicates itself to others, and gathers a sort of reduplication from the community. Their language is vitally metaphorical; that is, it marks the before unapprehended relations of things and perpetuates their apprehension, until words, which represent them, become, through time, signs for portions or classes of thought instead of pictures of integral thoughts; and then, if no new poets should arise to create afresh the associations which have been thus disorganized, language will be dead to all the nobler purposes of human intercourse. These similitudes or relations are finely said by Lord Bacon to be “the same footsteps of nature impressed upon the various subjects of the world”—and he considers the faculty which perceives them as the storehouse of axioms common to all knowledge. In the infancy of

2. These passages are from *A Defence of Poetry*, ed. A. S. Cook (Boston, 1891).

society every author is necessarily a poet, because language itself is poetry; and to be a poet is to apprehend the true and the beautiful, in a word, the good which exists in the relation subsisting, first between existence and perception, and secondly between perception and expression. Every original language near to its source is in itself the chaos of a cyclic poem; the copiousness of lexicography and the distinctions of grammar are the works of a later age, and are merely the catalogue and the forms of the creations of poetry. . . .

Plato was essentially a poet—the truth and splendor of his imagery, and the melody of his language, are the most intense that it is possible to conceive. He rejected the harmony of the epic, dramatic, and lyrical forms, because he sought to kindle a harmony in thoughts divested of shape and action, and he forbore to invent any regular plan of rhythm which would include, under determinate forms, the varied pauses of his style. Cicero sought to imitate the cadence of his periods, but with little success. Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect; it is a strain which distends and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy. All the authors of revolutions in opinion are not only necessarily poets as they are inventors, nor even as their words unveil the permanent analogy of things by images which participate in the life of truth; but as their periods are harmonious and rhythmical, and contain in themselves the elements of verse; being the echo of the eternal music. Nor are those supreme poets, who have employed traditional forms of rhythm on account of the form and action of their subjects, less capable of perceiving and teaching the truth of things, than those who have omitted that form. Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton (to confine ourselves to modern writers) are philosophers of the very loftiest power.

A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth. There is this difference between a story and a poem, that a story is a catalogue of detached facts, which have no other connection than time, place, circumstance, cause and effect; the other is the creation of actions according to the unchangeable forms of human nature, as

existing in the mind of the creator, which is itself the image of all other minds. The one is partial, and applies only to a definite period of time, and a certain combination of events which can never again recur; the other is universal, and contains within itself the germ of a relation to whatever motives or actions have place in the possible varieties of human nature. Time, which destroys the beauty and the use of the story of particular facts, stripped of the poetry which should invest them, augments that of poetry, and for ever develops new and wonderful applications of the eternal truth which it contains. Hence epitomes have been called the moths of just history; they eat out the poetry of it. A story of particular facts is as a mirror which obscures and distorts that which should be beautiful; poetry is a mirror which makes beautiful that which is distorted. . . .

Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought; it is that from which all spring, and that which adorns all; and that which, if blighted, denies the fruit and the seed, and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life. It is the perfect and consummate surface and bloom of all things; it is as the odor and the color of the rose to the texture of the elements which compose it, as the form and splendor of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption. What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship; what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit; what were our consolations on this side of the grave, and what were our aspirations beyond it,—if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar? Poetry is not like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the determination of the will. A man cannot say, “I will compose poetry.” The greatest poet even cannot say it; for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness; this power arises from within, like the color of a flower which fades and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our natures are unprophetic either of its approach or its

departure. Could this influence be durable in its original purity and force, it is impossible to predict the greatness of the results; but when composition begins, inspiration is already on the decline, and the most glorious poetry that has ever been communicated to the world is probably a feeble shadow of the original conceptions of the poet. I appeal to the greatest poets of the present day whether it is not an error to assert that the finest passages of poetry are produced by labor and study. The toil and the delay recommended by critics can be justly interpreted to mean no more than a careful observation of the inspired moments, and an artificial connection of the spaces between their suggestions by the intertexture of conventional expressions—a necessity only imposed by the limitedness of the poetical faculty itself; for Milton conceived the *Paradise Lost* as a whole before he executed it in portions. We have his own authority also for the muse having “dictated” to him the “unpremeditated song.” And let this be an answer to those who would allege the fifty-six various readings of the first line of the *Orlando Furioso*. Compositions so produced are to poetry what mosaic is to painting. The instinct and intuition of the poetical faculty is still more observable in the plastic and pictorial arts: a great statue or picture grows under the power of the artist as a child in the mother’s womb; and the very mind which directs the hands in formation, is incapable of accounting to itself for the origin, the gradations, or the media of the process.

REALISM: FLAUBERT ³

[From a letter to Louise Colet, Croisset, 9 Dec. 1852]

. . . The author, in his work, should be like God in the universe, present everywhere and visible nowhere. Since art is a second nature, the creator of this second nature should employ similar methods; so that one is aware of a secret, infinite impassiveness in every atom and at every angle of vision; the effect on the spectator should be a kind of astonishment. . . .

3. These translations were made by the editor from the Bibliothèque-Charpentier *Lettres* of 1907–9, which Joyce may have known. The dates are from the more exact and authoritative Conard edition of 1926.

[From a letter to Louise Colet, Croisset, 26-27 April 1853]

. . . At the present time I believe that a thinker (and what is the artist if not a triple thinker) should have no religion, no country, nor even any social conviction. . . .

. . . I have a speech for Homais on the education of children (which I am writing now) which, I believe, should prove very amusing; but, though it seems so grotesque to me, I am no doubt deceived, because to the bourgeois it will all seem profoundly reasonable. . . .

[From a letter to Louise Colet, Trouville, 26 Aug. 1853]

. . . That which seems to me the highest thing in art (and the most difficult) is not to provoke laughter or tears, lust or anger, but *to arouse wonder* [*de faire rêver*]. The most beautiful works of art share this quality; they are serene in aspect and incomprehensible. . . .

[From a letter to Louise Colet, Croisset, 16 Sept. 1853]

. . . The primary quality of art and its end is *illusion*; emotion, often obtained by certain poetic sacrifices of detail is another thing and of an inferior kind. . . .

[From a letter to Mlle Leroyer de Chantepie, Paris, 11 March, 1857]

. . . With such a reader as you, Madame, who are so sympathetic, frankness is a duty. So I am going to answer your questions: *Madame Bovary* is a complete fiction. It is a story *totally invented*; I have put in it neither my sentiments nor my experiences. The illusion of actuality [*l'illusion*] (if there is any) comes on the contrary from the *impersonality* of the work. It is one of my principles that a writer should not write of himself. The artist should be in his work like God in creation, invisible and all-powerful; he should be felt everywhere, but he should not be seen.

Moreover, Art should raise itself above personal feelings and nervous susceptibilities! It is time to endow it, through a methodical indifference, with the precision of the physical sciences! The great problem, for me, remains style, form, the indefinable Beauty resulting from the conception itself, which is the splendor of truth, according to Plato.

AESTHETICISM: WILDE ⁴

But then it is only the Philistine who seeks to estimate a personality by the vulgar test of production. This young dandy sought to be somebody, rather than to do something. He recognized that Life itself is an art, and has its modes of style no less than the arts that seek to express it. Nor is his work without interest. We hear of William Blake stopping in the Royal Academy before one of his pictures and pronouncing it to be "very fine." His essays are prefiguring of much that has since been realized. He seems to have anticipated some of those accidents of modern culture that are regarded by many as true essentials. He writes about *La Gioconda*, and early French poets and the Italian Renaissance. He loves Greek gems, and Persian carpets, and Elizabethan translations of *Cupid and Psyche*, and the *Hypnerotomachia*, and book-bindings, and early editions, and wide-margined proofs. He is keenly sensitive to the value of beautiful surroundings, and never wearies of describing to us the rooms in which he lived or would have liked to live. He had that curious love of green, which in individuals is always the sign of a subtle artistic temperament, and in nations is said to denote a laxity, if not a decadence of morals. . . .

.
Gilbert: Yes; the public is wonderfully tolerant. It forgives everything except genius. But I must confess that I like all memoirs. I like them for their form, just as much as for their matter. In literature mere egotism is delightful. It is what fascinates us in the letters of personalities so different as Cicero and Balzac, Flaubert and Berlioz, Byron and Madame de Sévigné. Whenever we come across it, and, strangely enough it is rather rare, we cannot but welcome it, and do not easily forget it. Humanity will always love Rousseau for having confessed his sins, not to a priest, but to the world, and the couchant nymphs that Cellini wrought in bronze for the castle of King Francis, the green and gold Perseus, even, that in the open Loggia at Florence

4. The first passage is from "Pen, Pencil, and Poison: A Study in Green"; the speeches of Gilbert and Ernest are from "The Critic as Artist." Both these essays were included in the volume *Intentions*, which text is followed here. A current volume in which they may be found is *The Works of Oscar Wilde*, ed. G. F. Maine (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1954; London: William Collins Sons).

shows the moon the dead terror that once turned life to stone, have not given it more pleasure than has that autobiography in which the supreme scoundrel of the Renaissance relates the story of his splendour and his shame. The opinions, the character, the achievements of the man, matter very little. He may be a sceptic like the gentle *Sieur de Montaigne*, or a saint like the bitter son of *Monica*, but when he tells us his own secrets he can always charm our ears to listening and our lips to silence. The mode of thought that *Cardinal Newman* represented—if that can be called a mode of thought which seeks to solve intellectual problems by a denial of the supremacy of the intellect—may not, cannot, I think, survive. But the world will never weary of watching that troubled soul in its progress from darkness to darkness. The lonely church at *Littlemore*, where “the breath of the morning is damp, and worshippers are few,” will always be dear to it, and whenever men see the yellow snapdragon blossoming on the wall of *Trinity* they will think of that gracious undergraduate who saw in the flower’s sure recurrence a prophecy that he would abide for ever with the *Benign Mother* of his days—a prophecy that *Faith*, in her wisdom or her folly, suffered not to be fulfilled. Yes; autobiography is irresistible. . . .

Ernest: You are quite incorrigible. But, seriously speaking, what is the use of art-criticism? Why cannot the artist be left alone, to create a new world if he wishes it, or, if not, to shadow forth the world which we already know, and of which, I fancy, we would each one of us be wearied if *Art*, with her fine spirit of choice and delicate instinct of selection, did not, as it were, purify it for us, and give to it a momentary perfection. It seems to me that the imagination spreads, or should spread, a solitude around it, and works best in silence and in isolation. Why should the artist be troubled by the shrill clamour of criticism? Why should those who cannot create take upon themselves to estimate the value of creative work? What can they know about it? If a man’s work is easy to understand, an explanation is unnecessary. . . .

Ernest: Because the best that he can give us will be but an echo of rich music, a dim shadow of clear-outlined form. It may, indeed,

be that life is chaos, as you tell me that it is; that its martyrdoms are mean and its heroisms ignoble; and that it is the function of Literature to create, from the rough material of actual existence, a new world that will be more marvellous, more enduring, and more true than the world that common eyes look upon, and through which common natures seek to realise their perfection. But surely, if this new world has been made by the spirit and touch of a great artist, it will be a thing so complete and perfect that there will be nothing left for the critic to do. I quite understand now, and indeed admit most readily, that it is far more difficult to talk about a thing than to do it. But it seems to me that this sound and sensible maxim, which is really extremely soothing to one's feelings, and should be adopted as its motto by every Academy of Literature all over the world, applies only to the relations that exist between Art and Life, and not to any relations that there may be between Art and Criticism. . . .

Gilbert: Yes, from the soul. That is what the highest criticism really is, the record of one's own soul. It is more fascinating than history, as it is concerned simply with oneself. It is more delightful than philosophy, as its subject is concrete and not abstract, real and not vague. It is the only civilised form of autobiography, as it deals not with the events, but with the thoughts of one's life; not with life's physical accidents of deed or circumstance, but with the spiritual moods and imaginative passions of the mind. I am always amused by the silly vanity of those writers and artists of our day who seem to imagine that the primary function of the critic is to chatter about their second-rate work. The best that one can say of most modern creative art is that it is just a little less vulgar than reality, and so the critic, with his fine sense of distinction and sure instinct of delicate refinement, will prefer to look into the silver mirror or through the woven veil, and will turn his eyes away from the chaos and clamour of actual existence, though the mirror be tarnished and the veil be torn. His sole aim is to chronicle his own impressions. It is for him that pictures are painted, books written, and marble hewn into form. . . .

SYMBOLISM: YEATS⁵

"Symbolism, as seen in the writers of our day, would have no value if it were not seen also, under one disguise or another, in every great imaginative writer," writes Mr. Arthur Symons in *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*, a subtle book which I cannot praise as I would, because it has been dedicated to me; and he goes on to show how many profound writers have in the last few years sought for a philosophy of poetry in the doctrine of symbolism, and how even in countries where it is almost scandalous to seek for any philosophy of poetry, new writers are following them in their search. We do not know what the writers of ancient times talked of among themselves, and one bull is all that remains of Shakespeare's talk, who was on the edge of modern times; and the journalist is convinced, it seems, that they talked of wine and women and politics, but never about their art, or never quite seriously about their art. He is certain that no one, who had a philosophy of his art or a theory of how he should write, has ever made a work of art, that people have no imagination who do not write without forethought and afterthought as he writes his own articles. He says this with enthusiasm, because he has heard it at so many comfortable dinner-tables, where some one had mentioned through carelessness, or foolish zeal, a book whose difficulty had offended indolence, or a man who had not forgotten that beauty is an accusation. Those formulas and generalisations, in which a hidden sergeant has drilled the ideas of journalists and through them the ideas of all but all the modern world, have created in their turn a forgetfulness like that of soldiers in battle, so that journalists and their readers have forgotten, among many like events, that Wagner spent seven years arranging and explaining his ideas before he began his most characteristic music; that opera, and with it modern music, arose from certain talks at the house of one Giovanni Bardi of Florence; and that the Pliade laid the foundations of modern French literature with a pamphlet. Goethe has said, "a poet needs all philosophy, but he must keep it out of his work," though that is not always necessary; and certainly he cannot know too

5. Reprinted with permission of The Macmillan Company (New York), Macmillan & Co. Ltd. (London), and Mrs. W. B. Yeats from "The Symbolism of Poetry" in *Essays and Introductions* by William Butler Yeats. Copyright 1961 by Mrs. W. B. Yeats. The text followed here is that of the first edition (London: A. H. Bullen, 1903).

much, whether about his own work, or about the procreant waters of the soul where the breath first moved, or about the waters under the earth that are the life of passing things; and almost certainly no great art, outside England, where journalists are more powerful and ideas less plentiful than elsewhere, has arisen without a great criticism, for its herald or its interpreter and protector, and it is perhaps for this reason that great art, now that vulgarity has armed itself and multiplied itself, is perhaps dead in England.

All writers, all artists of any kind, in so far as they have had any philosophical or critical power, perhaps just in so far as they have been deliberate artists at all, have had some philosophy, some criticism of their art; and it has often been this philosophy, or this criticism, that has evoked their most startling inspiration, calling into outer life some portion of the divine life, of the buried reality, which could alone extinguish in the emotions what their philosophy or their criticism would extinguish in the intellect. They have sought for no new thing, it may be, but only to understand and to copy the pure inspiration of early times, but because the divine life wars upon our outer life, and must needs change its weapons and its movements as we change ours, inspiration has come to them in beautiful startling shapes. The scientific movement brought with it a literature, which was always tending to lose itself in externalities of all kinds, in opinion, in declamation, in picturesque writing, in word-painting, or in what Mr. Symons has called an attempt "to build in brick and mortar inside the covers of a book"; and now writers have begun to dwell upon the element of evocation, of suggestion, upon what we call the symbolism in great writers.

In "Symbolism in Painting," I tried to describe the element of symbolism that is in pictures and sculpture, and described a little the symbolism in poetry, but did not describe at all the continuous indefinable symbolism which is the substance of all style.

There are no lines with more melancholy beauty than these by Burns—

7
The white moon is setting behind the white wave,
And Time is setting with me, O!

and these lines are perfectly symbolical. Take from them the whiteness of the moon and of the wave, whose relation to the setting of

Time is too subtle for the intellect, and you take from them their beauty. But, when all are together, moon and wave and whiteness and setting Time and the last melancholy cry, they evoke an emotion which cannot be evoked by any other arrangement of colours and sounds and forms. We may call this metaphorical writing, but it is better to call it symbolical writing, because metaphors are not profound enough to be moving, when they are not symbols, and when they are symbols they are the most perfect, because the most subtle, outside of pure sound, and through them one can best find out what symbols are. If one begins the reverie with any beautiful lines that one can remember, one finds they are all like those by Burns. Begin with this line by Blake—

“The gay fishes on the wave when the moon sucks up the dew;”
or these lines by Nash—

Brightness falls from the air,
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen’s eye;

or these lines by Shakespeare—

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover;

or take some line that is quite simple, that gets its beauty from its place in a story, and see how it flickers with the light of the many symbols that have given the story its beauty, as a sword-blade may flicker with the light of burning towers. . . .

Section 2

The Poem

Stephen's "Villanelle of the Temptress"
in Its Literary Context

PATER

Stephen's pellucid but cryptic little poem has caused considerable puzzlement among readers of *A Portrait* but provoked little commentary from critics and interpreters of Joyce. Still, we are on safe ground in observing that it is clearly a poem about the female principle as embodied in all the various females Stephen has known or heard about and the archetypal female figures of pagan and Christian mythology. The "temptress" is related to that complex figure called the "triple muse" by Robert Graves in *The White Goddess*: woman as goddess of "the sky, earth, and underworld . . . primitive woman—woman the creatress and destructress:" the different aspects of female nature represented by Mary, Eve, and Lilith, respectively, in Judaeo-Christian tradition.

Joyce's (and Stephen's) thought in the poem is reminiscent of the typological habit of thought, characteristic of such early Church Fathers as St. Augustine, which became the habitual mode of literary discourse in the Middle Ages, flowering finally in such allegorical works as Dante's *Comedy* and Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, in which scholastic and humanistic ways of thought are held in a delicate and complex balance. In *Ulysses* (385/391) Joyce revealed his familiarity with Augustine's typological thinking. He was also familiar, undoubtedly, with the following passages from Walter Pater's *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*. In the first, Pater discusses this mode of thought in relation to Pico della Mirandola. In the second, he considers the Mona Lisa as a type of the eternal temptress.

I said that the Renaissance of the fifteenth century was in many things great rather by what it designed or aspired to do than by what it actually achieved. It remained for a later age to conceive the true method of effecting a scientific reconciliation of Christian sentiment

with the imagery, the legends, the theories about the world, of pagan poetry and philosophy. For that age the only possible reconciliation was an imaginative one, and resulted from the efforts of artists trained in Christian schools to handle pagan subjects; and of this artistic reconciliation work like Pico's was but the feebler counterpart. Whatever philosophers had to say on one side or the other, whether they were successful or not in their attempts to reconcile the old to the new, and to justify the expenditure of so much care and thought on the dreams of a dead religion, the imagery of the Greek religion, the direct charm of its story, were by artists valued and cultivated for their own sake. Hence a new sort of mythology with a tone and qualities of its own. When the ship-load of sacred earth from the soil of Jerusalem was mingled with the common clay in the Campo Santo of Pisa, a new flower grew up from it, unlike any flower men had seen before, the anemone with its concentric rings of strangely blended colour, still to be found by those who search long enough for it in the long grass of the Maremma. Just such a strange flower was that mythology of the Italian Renaissance which grew up from the mixture of two traditions, two sentiments, the sacred and the profane. Classical story was regarded as a mere datum to be received and assimilated. It did not come into men's minds to ask curiously of science concerning its origin, its primary form and import, its meaning for those who projected it. It sank into their minds to issue forth again with all the tangle about it of medieval sentiments and ideas. In the *Doni Madonna* in the Tribune of the Uffizi, Michelangelo actually brings the pagan religion, and with it the unveiled human form, the sleepy-looking fauns of a Dionysiac revel, into the presence of the Madonna, as simpler painters had introduced other products of the earth, birds or flowers, and he has given that Madonna herself much of the uncouth energy of the older and more primitive mighty Mother. . . .

The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years man had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it

for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by its beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed? All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return to the pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea. . . .

The two brief passages which follow (from Pater's essays on Giorgione and Leonardo) are relevant to Joyce's esthetic theory and his manner of presenting Stephen as a poet. In the first we can see a line of thought suggested which must have contributed to Joyce's development of the theory of the "Epiphany." And in the second we have a theory of inspiration which in its general tenor and its specific details of vocabulary and rhythm is strikingly close to the theory developed by Joyce in the "Esthetic" section of his Trieste Notebook (Part I, Section 6 above) and employed by him in narrating Stephen's composition of the villanelle.

Now it is part of the ideality of the highest sort of dramatic poetry, that it presents us with a kind of profoundly significant and animated instants, a mere gesture, a look, a smile, perhaps—some brief and wholly concrete moment—into which, however, all the motives, all the interests and effects of a long history, have condensed themselves, and which seem to absorb past and future in an intense consciousness

of the present. Such ideal instants the school of Giorgione selects, with its admirable tact, from that feverish, tumultuously colored world of the old citizens of Venice—exquisite pauses in time, in which, arrested thus, we seem to be spectators of all the fullness of existence, and which are like some consummate extract or quintessence of life. . . .

But Leonardo will never work till the happy moment comes—that moment of *bien-être*, which to imaginative men is a moment of invention. On this moment he waits; other moments are but a preparation, or aftertaste of it. Few men distinguish between them as jealously as he did. Hence, so many flaws even in the choicest work. But for Leonardo the distinction is absolute, and, in the moment of *bien-être*, the alchemy complete; the idea is stricken into color and imagery; a cloudy mysticism is refined to a subdued and graceful mystery, and painting pleases the eye while it satisfies the soul.

SYMONS

Joyce's acquaintance with the poetry of the French Symbolists was no doubt fairly extensive and firsthand, and their work is part of the background for Stephen's villanelle. But he also knew Arthur Symons and must have read Symons' book of 1899, *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*, where he would have found a passage such as this, in which Symons is discussing Gerard de Nerval's belief in metempsychosis as it relates to "perhaps his finest sonnet, the mysterious *Artémis*":

It was a dream, perhaps refracted from some broken, illuminating angle by which the madness catches unseen light, that revealed to him the meaning of his own superstition, fatality, malady: "During my sleep, I had a marvellous vision. It seemed to me that the goddess appeared before me, saying to me: 'I am the same as Mary, the same as thy mother, the same also whom, under all forms, thou hast always loved. At each of thine ordeals I have dropped yet one more of the masks with which I veil my countenance, and soon thou shalt see me as I am!'"

YEATS

How much Joyce knew of Irish tradition is an unsolved question. He repudiated the Gaelic League approach to literature and resisted learning the Irish language, but he must have absorbed considerable Celtic lore from his reading of Mangan and Yeats (his brother said that he had read all of Yeats—*MBK* 98) and still more from that atmosphere laden with Celtic revival in which he had to take his breath. He may not have known, as Robert Graves does, that “in Medieval Irish poetry Mary was equally plainly identified with Brigit the Goddess of Poetry: for St. Brigit, the Virgin as Muse, was popularly known as ‘Mary of the Gael’ ”; but he may well have known Yeats’s statements about the Leanhaun Shee in *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry* (London, 1888), pp. 81, 146:

The *Leanhaun Shee* (fairy mistress) seeks the love of mortals. If they refuse, she must be their slave; if they consent, they are hers, and can only escape by finding another to take their place. The fairy lives on their life and they waste away. Death is no escape from her. She is the Gaelic muse, for she gives inspiration to those she persecutes. The Gaelic poets die young, for she is restless and will not let them remain long on earth—this malignant phantom. . . .

. . . for the Lianhaun Shee lives upon the vitals of its chosen, and they waste and die. She is of the dreadful solitary fairies. To her have belonged the greatest of Irish poets, from Oisín down to the last century. . . .

BOYD

Joyce may even have known such a poem as the following by the Irish poet Thomas Boyd (1867–1927), reprinted here from *Irish Literature*, Vol I (Chicago, 1904).

To The Leanán Sidhe

Where is thy lovely perilous abode?
In what strange phantom-land

Glimmer the fairy turrets whereto rode
The ill-starred poet band?

Say, in the Isle of Youth hast thou thy home,
The sweetest singer there,
Stealing on wingéd steed across the foam
Through the moonlit air

Or, where the mists of bluebell float beneath
The red stems of the pine,
And sunbeams strike thro' shadow, dost thou breathe
The word that makes him thine?

Or by the gloomy peaks of Erigal,
Haunted by storm and cloud,
Wing past, and to thy lover there let fall
His singing-robe and shroud?

Or is thy palace entered thro' some cliff
When radiant tides are full,
And round thy lover's wandering, starlit skiff,
Coil in luxurious lull?

And would he, entering on the brimming flood,
See caverns vast in height,
And diamond columns, crowned with leaf and bud,
Glow in long lanes of light,

And there, the pearl of that great glittering shell
Trembling, behold thee lone,
Now weaving in slow dance an awful spell,
Now still upon thy throne?

Thy beauty! ah, the eyes that pierce him thro'
Then melt as in a dream;
The voice that sings the mysteries of the blue
And all that Be and Seem!

Thy lovely motions answering to the rhyme
That ancient Nature sings,
That keeps the stars in cadence for all time,
And echoes through all things!

Whether he sees thee thus, or in his dreams,
Thy light makes all lights dim;
An aching solitude from henceforth seems
The world of men to him.

Thy luring song, above the sensuous roar,
He follows with delight,
Shutting behind him Life's last gloomy door,
And fares into the Night.

DOWSON

In the eighties and nineties the villanelle form was frequently employed by Yeats's fellow Rhymer, Ernest Dowson. Joyce must have known most of Dowson's poems in this form, including the following. Stephen's achievement should be measured against this typical effort of Dowson's, from his posthumous volume, *Decorations*, of 1900.

Villanelle of Acheron

By the pale marge of Acheron,
Me thinks we shall pass restfully,
Beyond the scope of any sun.

There all men hie them one by one,
Far from the stress of earth and sea,
By the pale marge of Acheron.

'Tis well when life and love is done,
'Tis very well at last to be,
Beyond the scope of any sun.

No busy voices there shall stun
Our ears: the stream flows silently
By the pale marge of Acheron.

There is the crown of labour won,
The sleep of immortality,
Beyond the scope of any sun.

Life, of thy gifts I will have none,
My queen is that Persephone,
By the pale marge of Acheron,
Beyond the scope of any sun.

SWINBURNE

The female principle in its various aspects is a familiar motif in Romantic poetry. The creative-destructive and beautiful-terrible

paradox of femininity is familiar to us through such works as Blake's "The Mental Traveller" and Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." The late Victorian romantic poems on this theme are not so well known to us, though it was a favorite subject of theirs, and their poems were popular in their day. Swinburne, in fact, made this the major theme of his poetry. In "Laus Veneris" and in such other poems as "Dolores," "Sapphics," and "Hertha," he presents the feminine principle in various aspects. Perhaps his most complex and rich fusion of the various aspects of the eternal feminine is in "Mater Triumphalis," which can only be understood as a prayer to the triple goddess-muse, as this passage (lines 93-108) demonstrates:

I am thine harp between thine hands, O mother!
All my strong chords are strained with love of thee.
We grapple in love and wrestle, as each with other
Wrestle the wind and the reluctant sea.

I am no courtier of thee, sober-suited,
Who loves a little for a little pay.
Me not thy winds and storms, nor thrones disrooted,
Nor molten crowns, nor thine own sins, dismay.

Sinned thou hast sometime, therefore art thou sinless;
Stained hast thou been, who art therefore without stain;
Even as man's soul is kin to thee, but kinless
Thou, in whose womb Time sews the all-various grain.

I do not bid thee spare me, O dreadful mother!
I pray thee that thou spare not, of thy grace.
How were it with me then, if ever another
Should come to stand before thee in this my place?

THOMPSON

Swinburne's brilliant neo-paganism represents only one extreme of the late Victorian poetry which concerned itself with the eternal feminine. The other can be represented here by the first 11 lines of "The After Woman" by the Catholic poet Francis Thompson. Thompson almost automatically employs the typological mode of thought in considering Mary a second Eve.

The After Woman

Daughter of the ancient Eve
We know the gifts ye gave—and give.
Who knows the gifts which *you* shall give,
Daughter of the newer Eve?
You, if my soul be augur, you
Shall, O what shall you not, Sweet, do?
The celestial traitress play,
And all mankind to bliss betray;
With sacrosanct cajoleries
And starry treachery of your eyes,
Tempt us back to Paradise!

Stephen's villanelle should also be read against the background of Joyce's own reworking of its poetic materials in the "Nightpiece" of *Pomes Penyeach*, which dates from 1915 when he was at work on the last parts of *A Portrait*.

Section 3

The Poet

STEPHEN AND DAEDALUS

Most readers of *A Portrait* are doubtless aware that the protagonist's name derives from the Christian St. Stephen and Ovid's Daedalus, but are unfamiliar enough with the details of both Ovid and the New Testament to miss many of the allusive parallels which Joyce has worked into his text. After all, St. Stephen is not only cast out of his city and martyred; before that he was a prophet and a preacher, seeking to revitalize the conscience of his race. And Stephen Dedalus resembles not only the fabulous artificer and his son Icarus but also that too-clever nephew of Daedalus who was pushed off a high tower by his uncle and turned into a lapwing. In *Ulysses* Stephen's main resemblance is clearly to this third, lapwinged member of the Daedalian trinity.

The version of the New Testament used here is not the Catholic Douai version but the King James. Joyce demonstrated his familiarity with the "Protestant" Bible by copying from it the entire Book of Revelations (MS at Cornell).

*Stephen*¹

And the saying pleased the whole multitude: and they chose Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and Philip, and Prochorus, and Nicanor, and Timon, and Parmenas, and Nicolas a proselyte of Antioch;

Whom they set before the apostles: and when they had prayed, they laid their hands on them.

And the word of God increased; and the number of the disciples multiplied in Jerusalem greatly; and a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith.

And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people.

Then there arose certain of the synagogue, which is called the

1. From the New Testament, Acts 6, v—8, iv.

synagogue of the Libertines, and Cyrenians, and Alexandrians, and of them of Cilicia and of Asia, disputing with Stephen.

And they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake.

Then they suborned men, which said, We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God.

And they stirred up the people, and the elders, and the scribes, and came upon him, and caught him, and brought him to the council,

And set up false witnesses, which said, This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law;

For we have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us.

And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

Then said the high priest, Are these things so?

And he said, Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken; The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran,

And said unto him, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall show thee.

[Stephen recounts the history of the Children of Israel]

Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye.

Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers:

Who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it.

When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth.

But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.

And said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.

Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord,

And cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul.

And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

And Saul was consenting unto his death. And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judaea and Samaria, except the apostles.

And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.

As for Saul, he made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women committed them to prison.

Therefore they that were scattered abroad went every where preaching the word.

*Daedalus*²

When Minos had returned safely to Crete, he disembarked, and sacrificed a hundred oxen to Jupiter in payment of his vows. The trophies he had won were hung up to adorn the palace. In his absence the monstrous child which the queen had borne, to the disgrace of the king's family, had grown up, and the strange hybrid creature had revealed his wife's disgusting love affair to everyone. Minos determined to rid his home of this shameful sight, by shutting the monster away in an enclosure of elaborate and involved design, where it could not be seen. Daedalus, an architect famous for his skill, constructed the maze, confusing the usual marks of direction, and leading the eye of the beholder astray by devious paths winding in different directions. Just as the playful waters of the Maeander in Phrygia flow this way and that, without any consistency, as the river, turning to meet itself, sees its own advancing waves, flowing now

2. Reprinted from Mary M. Innes' translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (1961) by permission of Penguin Books, Ltd. and Penguin Books, Inc.

towards its source and now towards the open sea, always changing its direction, so Daedalus constructed countless wandering paths and was himself scarcely able to find the way back to the entrance, so confusing was the maze.

There Minos imprisoned the monster, half-bull, half-man, and twice feasted him on Athenian blood; but when, after a further interval of nine years, a third band of victims was demanded, this brought about the creature's downfall. For, thanks to the help of the princess Ariadne, Theseus rewound the thread he had laid, retraced his steps, and found the elusive gateway as none of his predecessors had managed to do. Immediately he set sail for Dia, carrying with him the daughter of Minos; but on the shore of that island he cruelly abandoned his companion. Ariadne, left all alone, was sadly lamenting her fate, when Bacchus put his arms around her, and brought her his aid. He took the crown from her forehead and set it as a constellation in the sky, to bring her eternal glory. Up through the thin air it soared and, as it flew, its jewels were changed into shining fires. They settled in position, still keeping the appearance of a crown, midway between the kneeling Hercules and Ophiuchus, who grasps the snake.

Meanwhile Daedalus, tired of Crete and of his long absence from home, was filled with longing for his own country, but he was shut in by the sea. Then he said: "The king may block my way by land or across the ocean, but the sky, surely, is open, and that is how we shall go. Minos may possess all the rest, but he does not possess the air." With these words, he set his mind to sciences never explored before, and altered the laws of nature. He laid down a row of feathers, beginning with tiny ones, and gradually increasing their length, so that the edge seemed to slope upwards. In the same way, the pipe which shepherds used to play is built up from reeds, each slightly longer than the last. Then he fastened the feathers together in the middle with thread, and at the bottom with wax; when he had arranged them in this way, he bent them round into a gentle curve, to look like real birds' wings. His son Icarus stood beside him and, not knowing that the materials he was handling were to endanger his life, laughingly captured the feathers which blew away in the wind, or softened the yellow wax with his thumb, and by his pranks hindered the marvellous work on which his father was engaged.

When Daedalus had put the finishing touches to his invention,

he raised himself into the air, balancing his body on his two wings, and there he hovered, moving his feathers up and down. Then he prepared his son to fly too. "I warn you, Icarus," he said, "you must follow a course midway between earth and heaven, in case the sun should scorch your feathers, if you go too high, or the water make them heavy if you are too low. Fly halfway between the two. And pay no attention to the stars, to Boötes or Helice or Orion with his drawn sword: take me as your guide, and follow me!"

While he was giving Icarus these instructions on how to fly, Daedalus was at the same time fastening the novel wings on his son's shoulders. As he worked and talked the old man's cheeks were wet with tears, and his fatherly affection made his hands tremble. He kissed his son, whom he was never to kiss again: then, raising himself on his wings, flew in front, showing anxious concern for his companion, just like a bird who has brought her tender fledgelings out of their nest in the treetops, and launched them into the air. He urged Icarus to follow close, and instructed him in the art that was to be his ruin, moving his own wings and keeping a watchful eye on those of his son behind him. Some fisher, perhaps, plying his quivering rod, some shepherd leaning on his staff, or a peasant bent over his plough handle caught sight of them as they flew past and stood stock still in astonishment, believing that these creatures who could fly through the air must be gods.

Now Juno's sacred isle of Samos lay on the left, Delos and Paros were already behind them, and Lebinthus was on their right hand, along with Calymne, rich in honey, when the boy Icarus began to enjoy the thrill of swooping boldly through the air. Drawn on by his eagerness for the open sky, he left his guide and soared upwards, till he came too close to the blazing sun, and it softened the sweet-smelling wax that bound his wings together. The wax melted. Icarus moved his bare arms up and down, but without their feathers they had no purchase on the air. Even as his lips were crying his father's name, they were swallowed up in the deep blue waters which are called after him. The unhappy father, a father no longer, cried out: "Icarus!" "Icarus," he called. "Where are you? Where am I to look for you?" As he was still calling "Icarus" he saw the feathers on the water, and cursed his inventive skill. He laid his son to rest in a tomb, and the land took its name from that of the boy who was buried there.

As Daedalus was burying the body of his ill-fated son, a chattering lapwing popped its head out of a muddy ditch, flapped its wings and crowed with joy. At that time it was the only bird of its kind, and none like it had ever been seen before. The transformation had been a recent one, and was a lasting reproach to Daedalus: for his sister, knowing nothing of fate's intention, had sent her son, an intelligent boy of twelve, to learn what Daedalus could teach him. This lad, observing the backbone of a fish, and taking it as a pattern, notched a series of teeth in a sharp iron blade, thus inventing the saw. He was the first, too, to fasten two iron arms together into one joint, so that, while remaining equidistant, one arm might stand still, and the other describe a circle round it. Daedalus was jealous, and flung his nephew headlong down from Minerva's sacred citadel. Then he spread a false report that the boy had fallen over. But Pallas, who looks favourably upon clever men, caught the lad as he fell, and changed him into a bird, clothing him with feathers in mid-air. The swiftness of intellect he once displayed was replaced by swiftness of wing and foot. His name remained the same as before. However, this bird does not soar high into the air, nor does it build its nest on branches in the tree-tops: rather it flutters along the ground, and lays its eggs in the hedgerows, for it is afraid of heights, remembering its fall in the days of long ago.

SOCRATES AND STELIO

Joyce's interest in D'Annunzio has often been remarked, but D'Annunzio's extraordinary influence on *A Portrait*, from the first version to the last, has never been fully appreciated. Stanislaus Joyce tells us (*MBK* 166) of Joyce's deep interest in the first part of *Le Vergini delle Rocce*, and Joyce himself proclaimed the greatness of *Il Fuoco* in "The Day of the Rabblement." The originals of the following passages (the first from the Antona translation of *Le Vergini*, made in 1898; and the second from Dora Ranous' translation of *Il Fuoco*, made in 1906) clearly have left their marks on the prose of *A Portrait* and on the attitudes of Stephen Dedalus. Stephen's insistence on forging the uncreated conscience of his race can undoubtedly be traced to D'Annunzio's musings on Socrates in the first passage. And in the second Stelio's esthetic pronouncements, his

raptures, and the use of the elaborate symbolism certainly gave Joyce hints for the Daedalian bird symbolism of *A Portrait*. The rich and unusual texture of Joyce's novel derives to a considerable extent from his ability to unite the styles, the attitudes, and the modes of thought of such disparate Continental novelists as Flaubert and D'Annunzio.

*The Soul of the Artist: Socrates*³

After the first tumults of youth subdued, the too vehement and discordant wishes beaten, a barrier placed against the confused and innumerable irruptions of the senses, I had investigated in the momentary silence of my conscience whether it might happen that life could become a different pursuit than the accustomed accommodation of faculties to suit the continual varying of cases: that is, whether my will could by means of choice and exclusion draw a new, dignified work from the elements that life had accumulated within me, and after some examination I assured myself that my conscience had reached the arduous degree in which it is possible to understand this too simple axiom, viz.:

The world is the representation of the sensibility and the thought of a few superior men, who have made it what it is, and in the course of time broadened and adorned it. In the future they will still further amplify and enrich it, and the world as it today appears, is a magnificent gift granted by the few to the many, from the free to the slaves, from those who think and feel, to those who must work.

And I recognized consequently the highest of my ambitions, in the desire to bring likewise some ornament, to add some new value to this human world that is eternally increasing in beauty and in grief.

Confronted with the presence of my own soul, I bethought me of the dream that often occurred to Socrates, assuming each time a different figure, but persuading him always to the same duty, "Oh Socrates, compose and cultivate music!"

Thus I learned that the duty of a noble man may well be that of studiously discovering in the course of his life a series of musical

incentives of logical reasonings, which, though being unlike, should be directed by a single dominant motive and bear the imprint of a single style.

Wherefore it appears to me that from that great Ancient—who was most excellent in the art of elevating the human soul to the extreme height of its vigor—a grand and efficacious teaching could descend even to-day.

Scrutinizing himself and his fellow creatures, he had discovered the inestimable worth that an assiduous discipline, intent always upon a certain scope, confers upon life. His greatest wisdom seemed to me to shine in this; he did not place his ideal beyond daily practice, beyond necessary realities, but he formed of it the living centre of his substance, and deduced from it proper laws according to which, in the passage of years, he rhythmically developed, exercising with tranquil pride the rights that they yielded to him, separating—he too an Athenian citizen, under the tyranny of the Thirty and the tyranny of the people—with deliberate design his moral existence from that of the City.

He desired and knew how to preserve himself to himself until death. “I obey only God!” signified “I obey only the laws of that discipline to which, for the fulfillment of my conception of order and beauty, I have subjected my free nature.”

A rarer artificer than Apelles or Protogenes, he succeeded with a firm hand in describing upon a continuous line the integral image of himself, and the sublime gladness of that last night did not come to him from the hope of that other life that he had represented in discourse, but rather from the vision of his own likeness that completed itself with death. . . .

Thus the Ancient taught me the commemoration of death in a mode suitable to my nature, in order that I might find a rarest worth and gravest significance in those things near to me.

And he taught me to search and discover both the sincere virtues and the defects of my nature, to dispose of the one and the other according to a premeditated design, to give with patient care a decorous appearance to this, and to elevate that towards highest perfection.

And he also taught me to exclude all that could alter the lines of

my ideal, all that was unlike my directing idea, or that could retard and interrupt the rhythmical development of my thought.

From him I learned to recognize with sure intuition those minds upon which to exercise kindness or mastery, or from which to obtain some extraordinary revelation; and finally he communicated his faith to me in the Demon, which was nothing else but the mysteriously significant power of character, inviolable even by one's self.

Solitary and filled with such teaching, I set myself to work, with the hope of succeeding, and determining by a precise outline, that representation of myself, to whose actuality so many remote causes, operating from time immemorial through an infinite series of generations, had contributed.

The value of extraction, of race, that which in the country of Socrates is named *eugenéia*, revealed itself to me more valiantly, the sterner the rigor of my discipline became, and pride and content grew apace together in me when I reflected that too many minds under such a severe, fiery proof, would sooner or later have revealed their vulgar essence.

But sometimes from the very roots of my body—there where sleeps the indestructible soul of my ancestors—unexpectedly surged up such jets of energy vehement and direct, that I became saddened, recognizing their uselessness in an epoch in which public life is only a miserable spectacle of baseness and dishonor. . . .

I felt my being grow and become determined in its own characteristics, in its distinct peculiarities from day to day, under the assiduous force of meditation, assertion, and exclusion. The aspect of the *campagna*, so grave and precise in its situations and its coloring, was a continual example and continual stimulus to me, having for my intellect the efficacy of a sentential teaching. Each development of lines, in fact, inscribed itself upon the sky with the brief signification of an engraved sentence, and with the constant imprint of a unique style.

But the admirable virtue of that teaching lay in this: that while it brought me in my inner life to obtain the exactitude of a studied design, it did not quench or dry up the spontaneous sources of emotion and of dreams, but rather excited them to a higher activity.

Suddenly, perhaps, a single thought like a pleasing form created by an illusion, would come to me so intense and so ardent, that I became impassioned almost to delirium, and all my world was spread with shadows and new lights: a jet of poetry broke out from my inmost emotions, filling my soul with music and ineffable freshness and desires, and hopes raised up in happy boldness. . . .

More than all else then, that solitude could give the degree of frivolity and the degree of reason necessary to an ambitious ascetic who, renewing the original sense of the word austere, wished to prepare himself, like the ancient gladiators, with rigid discipline for earthly struggles and dominations.

"What arduous march, what fiery desert, what inaccessible summit, what bottomless cavern, what fever-marsh, what spot more naked, tragic and solitary can surpass this in the virtue of kindling the sacred spark of enthusiasm in one who believes himself destined to engrave upon new tables of the law a new code for the religious soul of the people?"

My thoughts were wont to take this ruminative style, while the presentiments of uncreated forms arose in me, favored by that same silence in which so many extinct representations of our humanity were assembled.

"All death is here," I thought to myself, "but all can suddenly come to life again in a spirit that may have a warmth and redundancy sufficient to accomplish the miracle. How to imagine the grandeur and the terror of such a resurrection?"

He whose conscience could conceive it, would appear to himself and to others invaded by a mysterious and incalculable force greater yet than that which assailed the ancient pythoness. The fury of a priestess of the tripod would not speak from his mouth, but rather the funereal genius itself of guardian races, of innumerable destinies already completed. His oracle would not be a tiny aperture opened towards a too perceiving world, but the admonition of all human wisdom mixed with the Earth breath, the first prophecy according to the work of Aeschylus.

And once again the multitudes would bow before the divine seeming of his madness, not as in Delphi, to solicit the unknown

decrees of the obscure god, but to receive the clear response of a former life, the response that the Nazarene, by reason of his ignorance, did not give.

The desert that he had chosen, away under the mountains of Judea, on the western shores of the Dead Sea, was too stony for him to find his revelation there: a place of rocks and crags and abysses, lacking all trace or sign of footsteps or human life, hidden, indeed, and blind in every thought. The young hermit feared not the greedy dogs of the Orient, but he dreaded the deliberation and reflection: his emaciated hand knew how to soften the wild beasts, but an ardent, dominating thought, such as those that wander in this Latin desert, would have devoured him.

When the Spirit of all Evil drew him to the mountain top, pointing out to him the direction of the various kingdoms of the world, indicating the fertile countries underneath, and the profound, whirlpool currents of human desire, the young Nazarene closed his eyelids, he did not wish to see, he did not wish to know.

But the Revealer must extend the horizon of his conscience beyond every limit, and embrace days, years, centuries and millenniums, that his truth, emanating from the apex of life lived by man up to the present hour, may be a fire in which the rising energies of the greatest number of generations may be gathered, harmonized and multiplied, to continue ever more straightforwardly and more unanimously towards purer ideality. . . .

*The Soul of the Artist: Stelio*⁴

He had come to realize in himself the intimate union of art and of life, thus finding, in the depths of his own soul, a source of perpetual harmony. He had become able to maintain within himself, without lapse, the mysterious psychological condition that engenders works of beauty, and thus, at a single stroke, to crystallize into ideal types the fleeting figures of his varied existence. It was to celebrate this conquest over his own mental powers that he put the following words into the mouth of one of his heroes: "I witnessed within myself the continual genesis of a higher life, wherein all appearances metamorphosed themselves as if reflected in a magic mirror." En-

4. From the first part of *Il Fuoco*, called "The Epiphany of the Flame."

dowed with an extraordinary linguistic facility, he could instantly translate into words the most complicated workings of his mind, with a precision so exact and vivid that sometimes, as soon as expressed, they seemed not to be his own, having been rendered objective by the isolating power of style. His clear and penetrating voice, which, so to speak, seemed to define each word as distinctly as if it were a note of music, enhanced still more this peculiar quality of his speech, so that those who heard him speak for the first time experienced an ambiguous feeling—a mingling of admiration and aversion, because he revealed his own personality in a manner so strongly marked that it seemed to denote an intention to demonstrate the existence of a profound and impassable difference between himself and his listeners. But as his sensibility equaled his intelligence, it was easy for those that knew him well and liked him to absorb, through his crystalline speech, the glow of his vehement and passionate soul. These knew how illimitable was his power to feel and to dream, and from what fiery source sprang the beautiful images into which he converted the substance of his inner life. . . .

“Do you not believe, Perdita,” Stelio continued after another pause, “in the occult beneficence of signs? I do not mean astral science or horoscopic signs. I mean that, like those that believe themselves under the influence of one planet or another, we can create an ideal correspondence between our own soul and some terrestrial object, in such a way that this object, becoming impregnated, little by little, with the essence of ourselves, and being magnified by our illusion, finally becomes for us the representative sign of our unknown destiny, and takes on an aspect of mystery when it appears to us in certain crises of our life. This is the secret whereby we may restore to our withering hearts something of their pristine freshness. I know by experience the beneficial effect we may derive from intense communion with some earthly object. From time to time it is necessary for our natures to become like a hamadryad, in order to feel within us the circulation of new energy drawn from the source of life. Of course you understand that I am thinking of your words just now, when the boat passed. You expressed the same idea when you said ‘Look at your pomegranates!’ For you, and for everyone that loves me, the pomegranate never can be anything but *mine*. For you and for them, the

idea of my personality is indissolubly linked to that fruit which I have chosen for an emblem, and which I have charged with significant ideals, more numerous than its seeds. Had I lived in the times when men excavated the Grecian marbles and found under the soil the still damp roots of ancient fables, no painter could have represented me on his canvas without putting in my hand the Punic apple. To sever from my person that symbol would have seemed to the ingenuous artist like the amputation of a living member, for, to his pagan imagination, the fruit would have seemed to grow to my hand as to its natural branch. In short, he would not have conceived me in any different way than he thought of Hyacinthus or Narcissus or Caparissus, all three of whom would appear to him as youths symbolized by a plant. But, even in our day, a few lively and warm imaginations exist that comprehend all the meaning and enjoy all the savor of my invention.

"You, yourself, Perdita, do you not delight in cultivating in your garden a pomegranate, the beautiful 'Effrenian' tree, that you may every summer watch me blossom and bring forth fruit? In one of your letters, flying to me like a winged messenger, you described to me the graceful ceremony of decorating the tree with garlands the day you received the first copy of *Persephone*. So, for you, and for those that love me, I have in reality renewed an ancient myth when, in fancy, I have assimilated myself with a form of eternal Nature. And when I am dead (and may Nature grant that I am able to manifest my whole self in my work before I die!), my disciples will honor me under a symbol of that tree; and in the sharp outline of the leaf, in the flame of the flower, and in the hidden treasure of the ripe fruit, they will recognize certain qualities of my art. By that leaf, by that flower and fruit, as if by a posthumous teaching of the master, their minds will be formed to a similar sharpness, flame-like intensity, and treasured richness.

"You will see now, Perdita, what is the real beneficence of symbols. By affinity, I am led to develop myself in accord with the magnificent genius of the plant which it pleases me to fancy as the symbol of my aspirations toward a full, rich life. This arboreal image of myself suffices to assure me that my powers should follow nature in order to attain naturally the end for which they were created. 'Nature has

disposed me thus' is the epigraph of Leonardo da Vinci, which I placed on the title-page of my first book; and the pomegranate, as it continually blossoms and bears its fruit, repeats to me that simple phrase over and over again. We obey only the laws written in our own substance, and by reason of this we shall remain intact in the midst of dissolution, in the unity and plenitude that make our joy. No discord exists between my art and my life."

He spoke with perfect freedom, as if the mind of the listening woman were a chalice into which he poured his thoughts till it was full to the brim. An intellectual felicity filled him, blended with a vague consciousness of the mysterious action whereby his mind was preparing itself for the effort it was soon to make. From time to time, as if by a lightning flash, his mental vision beheld, as he bent toward his beloved friend and listened to the beat of the oar in the silence of the great estuary, the crowd, with its thousand faces, gathering in the vast hall; and he felt a rapid throbbing of his heart.

"It is a very singular thing, Perdita," said he gazing at the pale distance of the waters, "to observe how readily chance aids our imagination in ascribing an element of mystery to the conjunction of certain appearances with the aim we have fancied. I do not understand the reason why the poets of to-day are so indignant at the vulgarity of the present, and complain that they were born either too late or too early. I am convinced that to-day, as always, every man of intelligence has power to create for himself his own beautiful fable of life. We should study the confused whirl of life with the same lively imagination that Leonardo encouraged in his disciples when he advised them to study the stains on the wall, the ashes on the hearth, the clouds, even mud, and similar objects, in order to find there 'wonderful inventions' and 'infinite things.' In the same way, he declared, one can find in the sound of bells every name and every word that can be imagined. That great master knew well that chance—as the sponge of Apelles had already shown—is always the friend of the ingenious artist. For example, I never cease to be astonished at the ease and grace with which chance favors the harmonious development of my inventions. Do you not believe that the dark god Hades forced his bride to eat the seven seeds of the pomegranate in order to furnish me with the subject of a masterpiece?" . . .

In the moment that followed, a violent wave of mingled regret and desire swept over him. The pride and intoxication of his hard, persistent labor; his boundless ambition, which had been curbed within a sphere too narrow for it; his intolerance of mediocrity, his demand for the privileges of princes; his superb and empurpled dreams; his insatiable need of preeminence, glory, pleasure—surged in his soul with a confusing tumult, dazzling and suffocating him. . . .

“Wagner declares that the only creator of a work of art is the people,” said Baldassare Stampa, “and that the sole function of the artist is to gather and express the creation of the unconscious multitude.”

The extraordinary emotion that had stirred Stelio when, from the throne of the Doges, he had spoken to the throng seized on him once more. In that communion between his soul and the soul of the people an almost divine mystery had existed; something greater and more exalted was added to the habitual feeling he had for his own person; he had felt that an unknown power converged within him, abolishing the limits of his earthly being and conferring upon his solitary voice the full harmony of a chorus.

There was, then, in the multitude a secret beauty, in which only the poet and the hero could kindle a spark. Whenever that beauty revealed itself by the sudden outburst from a theater, a public square, or an entrenchment, a torrent of joy must swell the heart of him who had known how to inspire it by his verse, his harangue, or a signal from his sword. Thus, the word of the poet, when communicated to the people, was an act comparable to the deed of a hero—an act that brought to birth in the great composite soul of the multitude a sudden comprehension of beauty, as a master sculptor, from the mere touch of his plastic thumb upon a mass of clay, creates a divine statue. Then the silence that had spread like a sacred veil over the completed poem would cease. The material part of life would no longer be typified by immaterial symbols: life itself would be manifested in its perfection by the poet; the word would become flesh, rhythm would quicken in breathing, palpitating form, the idea would be embodied with all the fulness of its force and freedom. . . .

The young man saw his pathway blazed before him by victory—the long art, the short life. “Forward, still forward! Higher, ever

higher!" Every hour, every second, he must strive, struggle, fortify himself against destruction, diminution, oppression, contagion. Every hour, every second, his eye must be fixed on his aim, concentrating and directing all his energies, without truce, without relaxation. He felt that victory was as necessary to his soul as air to his lungs. At the contact with the German barbarian, a furious thirst for conflict awoke in his Latin blood. "To you now belongs the will to do!" Wagner had declared, on the day of the opening of the new theater: "In the work of art of the future, the source of invention will never run dry." Art was infinite, like the beauty of the world. There are no limits to courage or to power. Man must seek and find, further and still further. "Forward, still forward!" . . .

"Glory to the Miracle!" An almost superhuman feeling of power and of freedom swelled the young man's heart as the wind had swollen the sail transfigured for him. In its crimson splendor, he saw himself as in the splendor of his own blood. It seemed to him that all the mystery of this beauty demanded of him a triumphal act. He felt confident that he was able to accomplish it. "To create with joy!"

And the world was his!

He had crept, bareheaded, into the bushes on his hands and knees. He felt the dead leaves, the soft moss. And as he breathed among the branches, and felt his heart throb with the strange delight of the situation, with the communion between his own life and the vegetable life around him, the spell of his fancy renewed among those winding ways the industry of the first maker of wings, the myth of the monster that was born of Pasiphae and the Bull, the Attic legend of Theseus in Crete. All that ancient world became real to him. In that glowing autumn evening, he was transfigured, according to the instincts of his blood and the recollections of his mind, into one of those ambiguous forms, half animal and half divine, one of those glittering genii whose throats were swollen with the same gland that hangs from the neck of the goat. A joyous voluptuousness suggested strange surprises to him, suggested the swiftness of pursuit, of flight, capture, and a fleeting embrace in the shadows of the wood. Then he desired some one like himself, fresh youthfulness that could share his laughter, two light feet to fly before him, two arms to resist him, a prize to capture at last.

THE ARTIST AS INDIVIDUALIST

That insistent refusal to engage himself in any altruistic activity, to make any sacrifices or compromises for the benefit of society as a whole or his own family in particular, is an aspect of Stephen's character which is consistently maintained by Joyce from *Stephen Hero* through *Ulysses*. It is not a pleasant or endearing aspect of character, and it has led some readers to wonder what Joyce's attitude toward this attribute of his fictional self actually was, and what our attitude toward it should be. One suspects that here Joyce's own feelings were very close to those of a writer he did not always agree with or approve of—Oscar Wilde. One of Wilde's works which Joyce really did admire was "The Soul of Man under Socialism," an essay of 1891 which Joyce asked permission to translate into Italian in 1909. The following passages from that essay should indicate why such a selfish intransigence seemed to Joyce so necessary a part of the character of the artist as a young man.

Now and then, in the course of the century, a great man of science, like Darwin; a great poet, like Keats; a fine critical spirit like M. Renan; a supreme artist like Flaubert, has been able to isolate himself, to keep himself out of reach of the clamorous claims of others, to stand, "under the shelter of the wall," as Plato puts it, and so to realize the perfection of what was in him, to his own incomparable gain, and to the incomparable and lasting gain of the whole world. These, however, are exceptions. The majority of people spoil their lives by an unhealthy and exaggerated altruism—are forced, indeed, to spoil them. . . .

And so he who would lead a Christlike life is he who is perfectly and absolutely himself. He may be a great poet, or a great man of science; or a young student at a University, or one who watches sheep upon a moor; or a maker of dramas, like Shakespeare, or a thinker about God, like Spinoza; or a child who plays in a garden, or a fisherman who throws his net into the sea. It does not matter what he is, as long as he realizes the perfection of soul that is within him. . . .

Upon the other hand, whenever a community or a powerful section of a community, or a government of any kind, attempts to dictate to

the artist what he is to do, Art either entirely vanishes, or becomes stereotyped, or degenerates into a low and ignoble form of craft. A work of art is the unique result of a unique temperament. Its beauty comes from the fact that the author is what he is. It has nothing to do with the fact that other people want what they want. Indeed, the moment an artist takes notice of what other people want, and tries to supply the demand, he ceases to be an artist, and becomes a dull or an amusing craftsman, an honest or a dishonest tradesman. He has no further claim to be considered as an artist. Art is the most intense mode of Individualism that the world has known. . . .

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