

And A Very Good Time It Was: A Short Life of James Joyce

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Technically Joyce's life is pretty boring. Even his rebellion against the church and departure from Ireland appears tame nowadays, where the "exiled artist" or "rebellious former-Catholic" have become cliches. But what little excitement there was remains in their many departures: from Ireland in 1904 to occupied France in 1940. In between, Joyce did his best as a father and husband, was frequently irresponsible with the money he made, and he wrote his books. As if to defend himself he once said "Bach led a very uneventful life,"¹ but as uneventful as his life may seem, I can think of no other writer who yields so much through a parallel study of his life and his work, and consequently I can think of few lives as inspiring for myself or any writer.

In the short sketch to follow I hope to show a writer who justified the commonplace and supposedly ordinary with his life as well as his work. The genuine quality Samuel Beckett attributed to *Finnegans Wake* speaks for the rest of life as well: "His writing is not about something. *It is that something itself.*"²

Joyce was born into the typical Irish combination of poverty, Catholicism, and alcoholism. His father, John Stanislaus Joyce, was born in 1849, an only child who ended up with ten children of his own. He never finished college, but while there dabbled in areas (medicine, singing, and the theater) his son James would years later. He was twenty-one when his father died, and inherited the properties in Cork which he would sell in time as the family's finances grew worse and worse. His education came from his life in Cork that furnished him with an encyclopedic knowledge of local trivia his son later employed in his novels.

When John Joyce met and became engaged to Mary Jane Murray, he had already been engaged twice³. Neither family approved of the marriage, and while Mary's family eventually acquiesced, John's mother (who thought the Murrays beneath her) never did, and died soon after the wedding in 1880. His heavy drinking and irresponsibility with money were at least countered by a steady job—he had worked indefatigably for the Liberal Party during the general election of 1880, and was rewarded with a life-position in the Dublin office of the Collector of Rates.

After the first Joyce son was born (and soon died) in 1881, James Augustine was born on February 2, 1882. Besides Bloomsday (June 16), no date is more important in the Joycean universe than his birthday. He would later do his best to have both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* published on that day.

In September, 1888, Joyce began his schooling at Clongowes Wood College, forty miles from home in County Kildare. The school was actually a castle built in the late Middle Ages, and it wasn't until 1814, after changing hands many times and nearly being destroyed, that it was sold to a Jesuit who established the school.⁴ Indeed, no matter what Joyce had to say about the religion the Jesuits promoted, he counted his education from them as a point of pride for the rest of this life.

Many incidents in *Portrait* are drawn from real-life experiences from Clongowes: one, specifically, being pandied by Father Dolan (in real life Father Daly) for inattention to his studies, became an initial instance of the injustice of his religion and country. A period of homesickness passed in time, and his letters home became, in a priest's words, like a grocer's list⁵; but this was

more a comment, as his father knew, on his son's attention to detail. "If that fellow was dropped in the middle of the Sahara," John Joyce said, "he'd sit, be God, and make a map of it."⁶

In 1887 Mrs. Hearn Conway had been hired as the children's governess. Appearing in *Portrait* as Dante, this is less an homage to the Florentine poet than "the Southern Cork pronunciation of 'the Auntie' as 'de Auntie'."⁷ She was a terrifically devout Catholic and nationalist who took the Joyce children to museums and, with her religious anecdotes, instilled in young James his lifelong fear of thunderstorms. The scene over Christmas dinner in *Portrait*, where the family reacts to the fall of Charles Steward Parnell, was also based on a real event. Parnell, who emerged as the leading figure in the Irish Parliamentary Party, came to shame after his affair with the married Kitty O'Shea became public on Christmas Eve, 1889. The two reactions to his downfall were (Ms. Conway's) to side with the clerics who condemned him or (John Joyce's) to forever support their now-fallen leader. The young Joyce wrote a poem on the death of Parnell two years later, of which Richard Ellmann makes the point that even at nine Joyce is making a connection between a classical figure and a contemporary counterpart, Parnell now a lofty eagle (and later Caesar), as later he was to equate Leopold Bloom with Ulysses.⁸

With the government now in different hands, Joyce's father lost his position at the Rates Office. He had spent the past ten years moving his growing family from house to house, mortgaging what he owned countless times, and outright selling some of his property in Cork. In the end, as the final tally of children became four boys, six girls, and three misbirths, "[t]here were no more babies, and after eleven mortgages, there was no more property. John Joyce filled his house with children and with debts."⁹ When the family moved closer to Dublin in 1893 Joyce was taken out of Clongowes, but it was soon arranged, with the help of a Jesuit who saw potential in Joyce, for him to attend Belvedere College for free.

Belvedere was not as illustrious as Clongowes, he was still being taught by the Jesuits, to the satisfaction of the young Joyce and his father. Located in Dublin, it had been founded in 1841.¹⁰ Almost immediately Joyce excelled and broke away from his peers and teachers. He won academic competitions and spent the prize money (as he was to do later with any money that came his way) on family and friends. On the other hand, he became the victim of verbal and sometimes physical abuse from his peers. At Belvedere he decided to take Italian to add to his Latin and French, a decision that would allow him to live in Italy years later; and, as so many of his childhood details foretell his later life, Joyce chose Ulysses when assigned to write about a favorite hero.¹¹

Joyce's sight was never good, but in 1894 a doctor advised him not to wear glasses, which he wouldn't wear for another ten years. The result, Peter Costello says, was that

What he absorbed he took in mostly through the sensations of smell and sound—all his books are filled with these sensations rather than actual visions. The small corner of a shop window he could see and appreciate; the wide vista of the encircling mountains glimpsed at the end of so many Dublin streets passes unmentioned.... [Consequently] much of his impressionable youth was passed with restricted sight. The printed work may well have been more real to him than the physical world around him. For the young Joyce, the world was not visual but aural and literary.¹²

John McCourt, author of the definitive study of Joyce in Trieste, makes a similar point that could be attributed both to Joyce's poor eyes and, quite simply, his interest in the details:

Joyce was not interested in stunning scenery or in architecturally magnificent cities, but in people and their cultures. His letters are devoid of physical descriptions of the European places he travelled through and lived in.¹³

Joyce's family was beginning to notice his genius, and his brother Stanislaus (two years younger than him and his first supporter) ignored his assignments at Belvedere and instead read what his brother did. Stanislaus later claimed he, and not Nora's Barnacle's unpunctuated and rambling letters or a forgotten novel by Dujardin, gave Joyce the inspiration for the interior monologue. As children, while Joyce and Stanislaus fell asleep, they would talk and examine the intricacies of their sleepy speech.¹⁴ Much of Stanislaus' later resentment of his brother begins here, as Joyce was obviously the favored son: he was given special treatment at home around examination time and, considering the size of the family, he was still given his own room. And, less than a mile away from home, was the City of Dublin Public Library on Capel Street, whose stacks the young Joyce could credit as perhaps the true start of his independent education.

In November, 1896, Joyce attended the hell-fire retreat that comprises most of chapter 3 of *Portrait*, and for a brief time he had his own religious revival. But this new strain of piety did not last for long, and as he abandoned religion completely over the next few years, his faith now became centered on art. He wrote his first books, the prose sketches of *Silhouettes* and the poems of *Moods*. Both foretell, in the fragments that survive, his later journal of Epiphanies in prose, and the poetry that would become his first published book, *Chamber Music*.

Peter Costello¹⁵ places the date of Joyce's first sexual experience in the second week of August, 1898. After attending a play on South King Street, he came upon a prostitute. Beginning in that fall and probably for awhile after he met his wife six years later, he continued to see prostitutes. The experience seems to have the double-effect we would expect from Joyce—both disgust at the act but a necessary need for the experience; as Costello says, Joyce "was not a sentimentalist; he was in search of a deeper reality."¹⁶ Even here we can perhaps see Joyce's aesthetic at work: though this "deeper reality" could be both pleasurable or unpleasant, there was no reason to judge (or avoid) the unpleasant for its own sake: life is life.

Joyce read voraciously, and his most important discovery was the Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen, which Edna O'Brien says "ranks for Joyce as definitive as Saint Paul's conversion on the way to Damascus."¹⁷ Barely known in Ireland (and where known, derided), Ibsen convinced Joyce of an art beyond the simple moralizing didacticism he'd grown up with. And even though a census form states Joyce and Stanislaus could both speak and write Irish¹⁸, this is no more evidence of his devotion to the then-thriving Irish Revival than knowing Latin was indicative of his Catholic faith. Because just as Joyce could absorb, reject, and use to his own means the teachings of the Catholic Church, the same is true for the Irish Revival. And while Joyce and Ireland are indistinguishable now, the only way he could truly write about Ireland was by becoming a European, which required a different emphasis and a wholly personal (but at the same time universal) mythology.

In the summer of 1897 he found the secular inspiration he needed in seeing a beautiful girl on Sandymount Strand. Described in *Portrait*, she was the symbol that freed him to follow art and nothing else:

A girl stood before him in midstream, alone and still, gazing out to sea. She seemed like one whom magic had changed into the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird. Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane's and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh. Her thighs, fuller and soft-hued as ivory, were bared almost to the hips, where the white fringes of her drawers were like feathering of soft white down. Her slate-blue skirts were kilted boldly about her waist and dovetailed behind her. Her bosom was as a bird's, soft and slight, slight and soft as the breast of some dark-plumaged dove. But her long fair hair was girlish: and girlish, and touched with the wonder of mortal beauty, her face.

She was alone and still, gazing out to sea; and when she felt his presence and the worship of his eyes her eyes turned to him in quiet sufferance of his gaze, without shame or wantonness. Long, long she suffered his gaze and then quietly withdrew her eyes from his and bent them towards the stream, gently stirring the water with her foot hither and thither. The first faint noise of gently moving water broke the silence, low and faint and whispering, faint as the bells of sleep; hither and thither, hither and thither; and a faint flame trembled on her cheek.

—Heavenly God! cried Stephen's soul, in an outburst of profane joy.¹⁹

Joyce entered University College, Dublin, in September, 1898, partly on the money his godfather, Philip McCann, left Joyce upon his death.²⁰ The college dated back to 1854, founded by John Henry Newman as a Catholic rival for the Protestant Trinity College. For various reasons it never became anything of the kind, and in Joyce's time it had only 300 students as opposed to Trinity's 1,100.²¹ Joyce befriended a handful of characters there, but his closest friend was John Francis Byrne (Cranly in *Portrait*), and their friendship may have only flourished because Byrne wasn't much for debating—he simply listened as Joyce talked.²²

In 1899, Joyce attended a meeting of the Literary and Historical Society, an organization where students read papers on a variety of subjects. One night a student wrote that Henrik Ibsen was evil, and that “the proper end of the theatre should be to produce elevation [that is, moral elevation].”²³ Joyce first attacked the paper in the discussion that followed presentations and then, and almost a year later, he read his own paper, “Drama and Life.”

He was by no means condemning the previous student's admiration of Greek tragedy or Shakespeare. Rather he was pointing out that everything we call (and solemnize as) “history” was once as mundane as present-day Dublin—but also that the present should be regarded with the same solemnity as the past:

Even the most commonplace, the deadest among the living, may play a part in a great drama....*Ghosts* [one of Ibsen's plays], the action of which passes in a common parlour, is of universal import.²⁴

He was met with an audience of criticism, but he one-upped them that April when Britain's *Fortnightly Review* published his review of Ibsen's new play. Being published and paid was one thing, but the greatest compliment came from Ibsen himself, who wrote to his English translator, William Archer:

I have read or rather spelt out, a review by Mr. James Joyce in the *Fortnightly Review* which is very benevolent and for which I should greatly like to thank the author if only I had sufficient knowledge of the language.²⁵

Archer forwarded it to Joyce, and the depth of astonishment (and justification) he must have felt can only be guessed. His response to Archer a few days later was still reeling from the shock: I wish to thank you for your kindness in writing to me. I am a young Irishman, eighteen years old, and the words of Ibsen I shall keep in my heart all my life.²⁶

“Before Ibsen's letter,” Ellmann says, “Joyce was an Irishman; after it he was a European.”²⁷ Using the proceeds from his article, Joyce and his father traveled to London in May, and once home went to Mullingar. This trip, cut from *Portrait* but included in *Stephen Hero*, has Stephen Dedalus shocking the more rural Irish residents with statements like, “My mind is more interesting to me than the entire country.”²⁸ In Mullingar he began writing his first play, *A Brilliant Career*, the only work he ever dedicated to anyone. Naturally it was to himself:

To
My own Soul I
dedicate the first
true work of my

life.²⁹

He sent the play to Archer for criticism, and what little is known of the lost play today comes in part from Archer's letter. One criticism, that he first employs a large canvas only, in the end, to focus on a few people, became the virtues of "The Dead," *Ulysses*, and *Finnegans Wake*.³⁰ Perhaps Archer's finest comment echoes all would-be fans of Joyce: "At present I am interested and a good deal impressed, but also, I must confess, a good deal bewildered."³¹

Between 1900 and 1903 Joyce began scribbling the prose experiments he called "Epiphanies," by which he meant

the sudden 'revelation of the whatness of a thing,' the moment in which 'the soul of the commonest object ... seems to us radiant ... a sudden spiritual manifestation [either] in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phrase of the mind itself.'³²

Joyce's aesthetic, given in full in chapter 5 of *Portrait*, was the result of many years of thinking. Perhaps first stumbled upon when reading Ibsen, the double-realization was that art need not be moral, and that the lives of supposedly "ordinary" people were as worthy subjects for art as kings.

By declaring that art need not be moral, Joyce did not mean to favor the creation of immoral art; rather he rejected didactic judgments of any kind. Art should not tell us how to live our lives but, by understanding and experiencing genuine works of art, our own lives are vitalized.

He felt proper art, rather than being kinetic, was static: it didn't impel you to do anything. Rather you stand away and, instead of judging a work, you simply *behold* it. Here he used Aquinas' three terms when apprehending beauty: you apprehend a work's *integritas*, its wholeness as one thing. Next, you understand the relationship of each of the parts to one another, each of the parts to the whole, and the whole to each of its parts: its *consonantia*. Finally there is the breakthrough, the *claritas*, which Stephen Dedalus calls

the artistic discovery and representation of the divine purpose in anything ... You see that it is that thing which it is and no other thing. The radiance of which he speaks is the scholastic *quidditas*, or *whatness* of a thing.³³

To help realize this, Joyce rejected the literal teachings of Catholicism but nevertheless ransacked and made its symbols relevant to his secular art. He once remarked to Stanislaus,

Don't you think there is a certain resemblance between the mystery of the Mass and what I am trying to do? I mean that I am trying ... to give people some kind of intellectual pleasure or spiritual enjoyment by converting the bread of everyday life into something that has a permanent artistic life of its own ... for their mental, moral, and spiritual uplift.³⁴

And on another occasion:

Do you see that man who has just skipped out of the way of that tram? Consider, if he had been run over, how significant every act of his would at once become. I don't mean for the police inspector. I mean for anybody who knew him. And his thoughts, for anybody that could know them. It is my idea of the significance of trivial things that I want to give the two or three unfortunate wretches who may eventually read me.³⁵

With help from Aristotle's *Poetics*, he determined the proper nature of tragedy and comedy (the latter which he came to prefer for his work), and distinguished three forms art can take on: lyrical, epic, and dramatic. In the lyric, being "the simplest verbal vesture of an instant of emotion," the author and subject are one, and the experience is entirely personal. In the epic, the events described are of equal distance from the author and from others, but the author is still hovering there waiting to comment (this is the form most novels have always taken). But in the

dramatic, the author “presents his image in immediate relation to others,”³⁶ and there is no authorial judgment or comment whatsoever. This is the form Joyce chose for all his work.

His first attempts to put these ideals into words came in his notebooks of Epiphanies. As Ellmann says, they claim importance “by claiming nothing.... [They seek] a presentation so sharp that comment by the author would be an interference.”³⁷ It leaves both the author and the reader at the mercy of the material at hand, to where the style of a story or novel isn’t imposed from outside of it, but only determined by the story itself. One could say that when Hemingway sought to create “one perfect sentence,” Joyce, twenty years earlier, was attempting to do the same.

While at Mullingar Joyce began to translate the German playwright Gerhart Hauptmann, with the hopes that the Irish Literary Theatre would put them on. To his annoyance he was rejected, and told the theatre’s next offerings were to be in Irish. This inspired Joyce’s infamous article “The Day of the Rabblement,” itself rejected by the college newspaper, *St. Stephens*. When his friend Skeffington’s feminist article was also rejected, they decided to publish their essays together. What Joyce accomplished with his article was in itself fantastic: he criticized the Irish Literary Theater for their refusal to be European, but also hit hard at the conservatives who disliked the Theater. He had alienated everyone, and, as Ellmann puts it, “found his private mountain top.”³⁸

After enrolling in the University Medical school after graduating in 1902, Joyce also began to seek out the most important literary names in Dublin, starting with George Russell (AE). Russell introduced him to Yeats, whom he told, “The first spectre of the new generation has appeared. His name is Joyce. I have suffered from him and I would like you to suffer.”³⁹ The two met, and after listening to Joyce object to nearly all of his friends’ work (and finally his own), Yeats delivered a long rebuttal. Joyce merely made one dismissive statement in response and then, in Yeats’ words,

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 was [he was thirty-seven]. He said with a sigh, ‘I thought as much. I have met you too late. You are too old.’⁴⁰

In later life both denied Joyce ever said this, or in this exact way, but if Joyce didn’t say it he should have. Yeats can’t have been much offended by Joyce’s behavior anyway, as he introduced him to Lady Gregory and took up where William Archer left off in offering Joyce candid criticism of his work.

That October Joyce began his medical training, but in a month was discouraged. Unable to depend on his father for tuition and refused a job as a tutor by the school, he began to think the school had it in for him. Ellmann’s biography is magnificent precisely for these moments of insight:

Having decided that medical school in Dublin did not suit him, Joyce rather illogically resolved to try medical school in Paris. Of course he wanted to go to Paris anyway, but he always presented his caprices as reasoned plans. Whether a Paris degree would be of any use to him in Ireland he did not investigate, and he did not bother his head over other questions he might have asked himself, such as how he could hope to pass chemistry in French when he could not do so in English.⁴¹

He wrote to Lady Gregory for support, and she set up introductions for him in Paris. Joyce talked to the Dublin *Daily Express*, who agreed to send him books to review. The only person to dissuade him from this sudden move was William Archer, who flat-out said, “I am sure you are making a mistake.”⁴²

With his usual grand gestures, Joyce told his brother Stanislaus that, if he didn't survive the trip, to send copies of his poems and epiphanies to all the great libraries of the world, including the Vatican.⁴³ With this first departure in early December, 1902, and with all future ones, Joyce imagined himself the subject of others' scorn and consequently relished his status as a martyred exile.

Once in Paris he read, wrote, and in a train station made the discovery of Emile Dujardin's *Les lauriers son coupées*, perhaps Joyce's first literary source for the interior monologue.⁴⁴ He also sent letters home giving the strictest detail of his poverty and illness. Only twenty days after his arrival he wrote to Lady Gregory, "My prospects for studying medicine here are not inviting."⁴⁵ As he would so often in the future, he settled on giving English lessons, and wrote to his parents about coming home for Christmas. His father promptly put another mortgage on the house to pay for the trip.

While in Dublin again in early 1903 he met Oliver St. John Gogarty (Buck Mulligan in *Ulysses*). Four years Joyce's senior, they both had the same interests (writing, medicine, blasphemy and obscenity), and like their fictional counterparts, they began to frequent the National Library and befriend the staff there.

In the middle of January Joyce returned to Paris, though one wonders why. Aside from reading Aristotle and Aquinas and becoming more clear on his aesthetic theory, he seems capable only of pitiful letters home with remarks like, "Monday and Tuesday are carnival days and I shall probably be the only one starving in Paris."⁴⁶ He did meet the playwright John Millington Synge there, but complained that his *Riders to the Sea* was too short. Foretelling his own ambitions, he said, "No one-act play, no dwarf-drama can be a knockdown argument."⁴⁷

By then Joyce's mother had been sick for some time, and on Good Friday Joyce received a telegraph from his father: "MOTHER DYING COME HOME FATHER." Penniless, Joyce was able to borrow the money he needed from one of his English students.⁴⁸ And in one of my favorite details of Joyce's life, "He crossed from Dieppe to Newhaven and spoke broken English on the pier to avoid tipping a porter to carry his bag."⁴⁹

Told in horrifically memorable detail in the opening episode of *Ulysses*, Joyce's mother begged him (and his brother Stanislaus) to receive Communion and Confession. Both refused. What might seem an unforgivable cruelty to one's mother is justified by Joyce as his fear of false homage "to a symbol behind which are massed twenty centuries of authority and veneration."⁵⁰ Meanwhile his father took out another mortgage on the house to pay for medical expenses.

His mother did not die until August of that year, and between April and then Joyce wandered Dublin. It's been written that Gogarty was the first to truly encourage Joyce to drink, but Costello suggests it was the death of Joyce's little brother George, two years earlier, that did that.⁵¹ It's clear anyway that Gogarty at least encouraged Joyce to drink more often, and this enraged Stanislaus, who was already jealous of the attention Joyce's friends were given, and sick of their designation of him as "James's ape."⁵²

During the three months following his mother's death, Joyce wrote thirteen reviews for *The Daily Express*. Nearly all of them negative, and after a disagreement with the editor, he was told not to submit anymore. He was turned down for almost every job he applied for, and refused every job he was offered, and took some classes in law and medicine. He was even sub-editor of the *Irish Bee-Keeper*, but it was a position that lasted "for about twenty-four hours."⁵³ His only steady job appears to have been a year later, between March and June, 1904, when he was a schoolteacher in Dalkey, an experience later transferred to the *Nestor* episode of *Ulysses*.

1904 was the year his life truly changed. First, in January, when told of a new journal looking for submissions, Joyce quickly wrote and sent off the autobiographical sketch "A Portrait of the Artist." It was rejected with the words, "I can't print what I can't understand,"⁵⁴ but as always

rejection was nearly as inspiring as acceptance, and he immediately retaliated with the idea of turning it into a novel. First called *Stephen Hero* and much later *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Stanislaus records the genesis of the book in his diary:

Jim is beginning his novel, as he usually begins things, half in anger, to show that in writing about himself he has a subject of more interest than their aimless discussion.He is putting a large number of his acquaintances into it, and those Jesuits whom he has known. I don't think they will like themselves in it.⁵⁵

By midsummer he already had a large book on his hands, turning his life into art seemingly as it was happening. He was also writing the verse that would comprise *Chamber Music*. How this title was given the final seal of approval is amusing: he and Gogarty went to the house of a widow one day, and Joyce read her some of his poems. She interrupted him for a moment to use, behind a nearby screen, her chamber pot. Gogarty said, "There's a critic for you!" and Stanislaus quipped, "You can take it [the title] as a favorable omen."⁵⁶

Always a talented singer, Joyce now set to training his voice. As his father had sold the family's piano the previous year, Joyce took a room in town and was able (God knows how) to put a down payment on one. In usual fashion he made sure to be away when it was delivered so as to avoid tipping the workers. He entered the Feis Ceoil (Festival of Music), where out of twenty-two singers he won the bronze medal. The famous Irish tenor John McCormack offered to teach Joyce, but he refused. Later both his wife and his father would suggest he should have been a singer instead of a writer.

The disparate strands of his life found their focus on June 10, 1904, when he met Nora Barnacle. He guessed correctly from her accent that she was from Galway, and convinced her to meet him in four days. When she stood him up, Joyce wrote to her. His first words are of a perfectly Joycean humor, considering his later eye troubles: "I may be blind." He went on:

I looked for a long time at the head of a reddish-brown hair and decided it was not yours. I went home quite dejected. I would like to make an appointment but it might not suit you. I hope you will be kind enough to make one with me—if you have not forgotten me!⁵⁷

So they met two days later—June 16, 1904, the day Joyce set *Ulysses*. He had finally met the woman he would give the credit for having "made me a man."⁵⁸ Thanks to the letters passed between Joyce and Nora in 1909, we know to what extent Joyce, beyond the spiritual and emotional, meant this:

It was you yourself, your naughty shameless girl who first led the way. It was not I who first touched you long ago down at Ringsend. It was you who slid your hand down down inside my trousers and pulled my shirt softly aside and touched my prick with your long tickling fingers and gradually took it all, fat and stiff as it was, into your hand and frigged me slowly until I came off through your fingers, all the time bending over me and gazing at me out of your quiet saintlike eyes.⁵⁹

From that moment on Nora was more sublime than a saint and at the same time dirtier (because truly passionate) than a whore. As Costello says,

Here was a girl who, literally, took him in hand. Here was none of the trade in sex he was used to from the prostitutes Fresh Nellie and Annie Langton, nor any of the delusive virginal posturing which he thought epitomized the girls of his own class. Nora was the first woman with whom he found he could be open and free, each giving because each desired.⁶⁰

The strength it later took not only to leave with but then live with James Joyce came in part from Nora's mother who, when she was perhaps twelve, did what Joyce's mother never could:

she kicked her husband out of her house. By then Nora, born in 1884, had been living with her maternal grandmother, and to those who assume her to be uneducated, it's worth noting first that most of us would seem so next to Joyce; and second that she did attend school until she was twelve—the longest a girl could be educated in the free schools of the day.⁶¹

Two early loves both hardened her heart and made her ready for a man like Joyce. The first, at twelve, was a crush on the sixteen year-old Michael Feeney, who fell ill with typhoid and died. Joyce's poem "She Weeps Over Ragoon" is his ode to Nora's grief, so many years later, for this young man she probably hardly knew. Then came Michael Bodkin—but at twenty he, too, died, this time of tuberculosis. Feeney and Bodkin were the models for Michael Furey in Joyce's "The Dead," and their deaths earned the sixteen year-old Nora the nickname "man-killer" from her peers.⁶²

Her grandmother had died a few weeks before Feeney, so by 1904 she had been living with her mother and her mother's brother, Tom Healy, for some time. The more one knows about Nora the more admirable and complex she is: one moment she seems entirely adult in her grief over two dead loves, and the next she's an entirely normal girl of her day, running around with her friends and playing superstitious games to foretell the names of their future husbands. Another has her and her friends traipsing around Galway in the evening, though dressed in men's clothes—no minor thing in 1900 Ireland. Her Uncle Tom was known to scour the streets looking for her to keep her in line, but Nora was no more a conformist than Joyce. So when a Protestant, William Mulvagh, asked her out, she didn't hesitate to deceive her Uncle. When her Uncle found out and beat her, she wasted no time leaving home, leaving Galway, and moving to Dublin.⁶³

She found a job at Finn's Hotel and met Joyce soon after, and when not together they wrote to each other. Brenda Maddox, in probably the only other biographical work to be as essential as Ellmann's, says,

The swift progress of their love affair depended upon a superb postal system. There were five deliveries a day, with the first collection at quarter past one in the morning. Joyce, who liked to write in the small hours of the morning, took full advantage of the service.⁶⁴

Nora's letters, aside from winning Joyce emotionally and spiritually and physically, would later inspire Molly Bloom's monologue in *Ulysses*. "Do you notice how women when they write disregard stops and capital letters?"⁶⁵ he wrote to Stanislaus. So we have two views of Nora, just from her letters: simple and seemingly uneducated, but also inspiring. Nora once expressed this paradox herself. Tired of Joyce's drunkenness in Paris nearly twenty years later, she yelled,

People say I have helped him to be a genius. What they'll be saying next is that if it hadn't been for that ignoramus of a woman what a man he would have been! But never you mind. I could tell them a thing or two about him after twenty years...⁶⁶

Whatever critics and elites may want to say about Nora, though, it was Joyce who stayed with her. He wrote to Stanislaus in 1905,

You are harsh with Nora because she has an untrained mind. She is learning French at present—very slow. Her disposition, as I see it, is much nobler than my own, her love also is greater than mine for her. I admire her and I love her and I trust her—I cannot tell how much. I trust her. So enough.⁶⁷

While Stanislaus became jealous of his relationship with Nora, his friends merely mocked it, while in her he saw the true expression of the simple and commonplace that he wished to make the foundation of his art.

So in a short time Joyce had stumbled upon his first novel and met the love of his life. Now, as a result of another casual inquiry, Joyce began another book. George Russell, enjoying the bits

of *Stephen Hero* he had been shown, asked Joyce for something “simple and rural.”⁶⁸ Joyce immediately wrote “The Sisters,” and not long after had already conceived of what would become *Dubliners*.

Under the pseudonym Stephen Daedalus, “The Sisters” was published in August, 1904, a year to the day after his mother’s death. “Eveline” appeared in September, and “After the Race” in December. The editor of the newspaper, in true Joycean fashion, “asked Joyce not to submit any more because there were too many letters of complaint from readers in both the country and the city.”⁶⁹ But Joyce was already off and could not be discouraged—he kept writing the stories, only disappointed that he couldn’t make money from them now.

Joyce began to test Nora’s affection immediately, admitting to all his experiences with prostitutes. If her love was real, certainly she could forgive him these awful actions, and when she did, she became even more immaculate in his eyes. He was plain later when he said, “You have been to my young manhood what the idea of the Blessed Virgin was to my boyhood.”⁷⁰ And now, reassured creatively and personally, he could safely vent his growing disaffection with his peers and the literary establishment. Like “The Day of the Rabblement,” Joyce’s new “The Holy Office” was rejected by the college paper, so he again published it himself. By insulting nearly every contemporary from Gogarty to Yeats, this was Joyce’s most clear declaration of his rage and equal delight at being so different (and no doubt superior) to them all. In part, he wrote:

I, who dishevelled ways forsook
To hold the poets’ grammar-book,
Bringing to tavern and to brothel

The mind of witty Aristotle...
But all these men of whom I speak
Make me the sewer of their clique...

And though they spurn me from their door
My soul shall spurn them evermore.⁷¹

The entirety of this piece necessarily put Joyce in an awkward position with most of his friends. “It was difficult to borrow money,” Ellmann says, “from the people he had just spurned for evermore.”⁷² So it is odd that in September Joyce moved in with Gogarty and a third man, Samuel Trench, into the Martello Tower on Sandycove. A squat tower built the previous century in the event of a Napoleonic invasion, it had only a large circular room as its living quarters. It serves as the setting for the opening episode of *Ulysses*, and the tension between the three fictional characters mirrored real-life. Already on their way to ending their friendship, one wonders why Gogarty and Joyce bothered. While Joyce may have done so out of pride, Stanislaus, in his diary, suggests Gogarty did so out of fear: “Gogarty wants to put Jim out, but he is afraid that if Jim made a name some day, it would be remembered against him (Gogarty) that though he pretended to be a Bohemian friend of Jim’s he put him out.”⁷³ The next year, when Gogarty tried to patch things up with Joyce, their friend Cosgrave told Stanislaus, “I wouldn’t like to be Gogarty when your brother comes to the Tower episode. Thanks be to God I never kicked his arse or anything.”⁷⁴

On September 14, Trench awoke from a nightmare and grabbed a revolver and shot at an area near where Joyce slept. When he awoke again and prepared to do the same thing, Gogarty grabbed the gun instead, and shot at some pans that fell on Joyce’s head. Joyce took the hint, dressed, and left the tower for good.

Now he became determined to leave Ireland, but was unsure if he should ask Nora to go with him. He consulted his old friend Byrne, and after getting Joyce to admit the depth of his affection

for her, he told Joyce, “Don’t wait and don’t hesitate. Ask Nora, and if she agrees to go away with you, take her.”⁷⁵

Nora accepted, and they began their feeble plans to leave as soon as possible. Conveniently leaving Nora out of the equation (since he knew his father would not accept his son running away with a Galway girl with no name or money), John Joyce approved of the plan. Joyce then contacted anyone he could for help. He secured the possibility of a teaching position in a Berlitz school in Europe, and at Arthur Symons’ suggestion he submitted *Chamber Music* to Grant Richards for publication. “Now I will make my own legend and stick to it,” Joyce wrote to Lady Gregory,⁷⁶ and on October 6, 1904, they left Ireland. Brenda Maddox’s *Nora* is so good partly because she doesn’t mind second-guessing the inflated myth Joyce crafted for himself:

As they turned their backs on Ireland, at twenty-two and twenty, Joyce and Nora had enormous courage. But so had 37,413 other people from Ireland that year. Apart from the fact that he was going to forge the uncreated conscience of his race and that Nora had put aside a life of religious training to go as his unwed bride, they were absolutely typical Irish immigrants.⁷⁷

They only had enough money to get to Paris, but a doctor Joyce had known there two years before gave them enough to get to Zurich. Once there he found the Berlitz School didn’t have a job for him to fill, and neither had they been expecting him. The director suggested trying a school in Trieste, but with no luck. Finally Joyce found a job at the Berlitz School in Pola, an international harbor south of Trieste. Aside from living in Rome a few years later, either Pola, Zurich, or Trieste were to be the Joyce’s home for the next sixteen years.

Teaching English at the Berlitz Schools in Pola and Trieste provided Joyce with a far from normal job. Its advertisements boasted qualified teachers available for “classes or private lessons, or in the students’ homes, at any hour.”⁷⁸ The irregular schedule this kind of guarantee brought about no doubt appealed to Joyce’s nature, and as most of his lessons were held in his own or students’ homes, he was able to absorb as much from his surroundings as his students were from his lessons.

For all this, it’s a shame that the already financially-irresponsible Joyce was paid so little. In a city whose average salary ranged from 150 to 400 crowns, Joyce made 190.⁷⁹ And as most of his students were upper-class, either in military or in business or, in a few cases, the children (more specifically the daughters) of elite families, his difference in class from them was embarrassing. However, as John McCourt says, the arrangement did have its creative advantages:

In order to teach English grammar, syntax, phonetics, and pronunciation, Joyce was forced to analyze patterns that he had always taken for granted, so as to render them understandable to students. In thus distancing himself from his own language Joyce was in fact deepening his appreciation of it, and this process cannot but have helped him as a writer.⁸⁰

For now, though, he and Nora were newcomers in Pola. Joyce continued to write more stories for *Dubliners*, which he sent back to Stanislaus, the two of them arguing points between letters. Nora brushed up her French on the eventuality that they become rich from his books and move to Paris.

Instead, Joyce was transferred to the Berlitz School in Trieste in March, 1905. At the time Trieste’s population was 45,205, which broke down to 24,056 Italians, 10,388 Serb Croats, 4,654 Germans, and 1,543 Slovenes.⁸¹ A good list of the languages spoken there are Armenian, English, Spanish, Turkish, Sicilian, Maltese, German, Hungarian, Slovenian, Croatian, Czech, Greek, Italian, and various dialects of Italian—all of which contributed to the *Triestino* dialect (and McCourt isn’t far off calling *Finnegans Wake* “an exaggerated, exploded version of *Triestino*”⁸²). With this mix of culture and language, Trieste was also the gateway city to an exotic East, and

boasted a number of attractions, from three opera seasons a year to the bora, “that dreadful wind that blew so fiercely through the town that ropes had to be stretched across the street to aid pedestrians.”⁸³

Nora, left utterly alone most of the day in a country whose language she barely knew, was now pregnant. Joyce wrote home, “She has nobody to talk to but me and, heroics left aside, this is not good for a woman.... I do not know what strange and morose creature she will bring forth after all her tears.”⁸⁴ It’s worth noting that Joyce could at least use his past, or Nora’s past, or his new surroundings, as material. Nora, who probably had little interest in Trieste and no real need to dwell on her past, was left with very little to do. Nora, Brenda Maddox remarks “might as well have been talking into a tape recorder”⁸⁵ when with Joyce, but this early on in their travels it’s doubtful Nora felt very useful at all. When Giorgio Joyce was born on July 27, 1905, it only seemed to make things more strained. Edna O’Brien, in her beautifully written but otherwise romantic portrait of Joyce, is most true in passages about the writing life, and we can imagine what Nora had to put up with:

Writers are a scourge to those they cohabit with. They are present and at the same time they are absent. They are present by the fact of their continuing curiosity, their needs, their cataloguing minds, their longing to see into another person, a longing that is increasingly discharged into the work. The bulk of his time when he was not teaching he was in one of the bedrooms, a suitcase lid on his lap as a desk....⁸⁶

On more than one occasion both threatened to leave the other. Meanwhile, Joyce forbade the child to be baptized (though the ceremony did take place in secret when Nora went to Dublin in 1912).

By then Joyce had completed twenty-four of the planned sixty-three chapters of *Stephen Hero*. And with the exception of three stories (“Two Gallants,” “A Little Cloud,” and “The Dead,” all written later) Joyce completed *Dubliners* between May and October, 1905, and the shape of the book was clear. He wrote to Stanislaus in September:

The order of the stories is as follows. *The Sisters*, *An Encounter*, and another story [Araby] which are stories of my childhood: *The Boarding House*, *After the Race*, and *Eveline*, which are stories of adolescence: *The Clay*, *Counterparts*, and *A Painful Case*, which are stories of mature life: *Ivy Day in the Committee Room*, *A Mother*, and the last story of the book [*Grace*] which are stories of public life in Dublin. When you remember that Dublin has been a capital for thousands of years, that it is the ‘second’ city of the British Empire, that it is nearly three times as big as Venice it seems strange that no artist has given it to the world.⁸⁷

He sent the stories to the publisher Grant Richards, though was doubtful they would be accepted. And as Nora needed company, so in many ways did Joyce, and he was able to convince Stanislaus to move to Trieste, assuring him he would have a job at the Berlitz School waiting for him. Upon arriving, most of Stanislaus’ money went to his brother, and eventually Joyce took his brother’s check without him ever seeing it. This only worsened Stanislaus’ already persistent disapproval of nearly everything Joyce did—inability to live within his means and constantly coming home drunk being the chief complaints.

To Joyce’s surprise, *Dubliners* was accepted by Grant Richards in early 1906, but almost immediately a series of events began that would keep the book from print for eight years. First, a printer objected to passages in “Two Gallants.” Three sections in “Counterparts” were questionable as well, two about a man “having” or “keeping” a girl, another about “a woman’s changing the position of her legs often, and brushing against a man’s chair.” Joyce objected that these passages were less lascivious than the daily papers, which fed on such material. He then

tried the heroic route, telling Grant that “[I]f a change is to take place [in these laws] I do not see why it should not be now.”⁸⁸ Instead the objections were only added to, now in the use of the word “bloody,” (e.g., “...she brought me two bloody fine cigars...”) to which Joyce said, “Is it not ridiculous that my book cannot be published because it contains this one word which is neither indecent or blasphemous?”⁸⁹ In what was probably an ironic remark, Joyce asked Richards why, amid all these specific words, he didn’t object to the entirety of “The Encounter”—so Richards did, saying the entire story had to be removed, as did “Two Gallants.”

Joyce gave in with obvious reluctance to remove a few “bloodies,” but would not remove an entire story. He wrote to Richards,

It is not my fault that the odour of ashpits and old weeds and offal hangs around my stories. I seriously believe that you will retard the course of civilisation in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking-glass.⁹⁰

Frustrated with Richards and stalled in *Stephen Hero*, Joyce needed to move again. He found a position in a bank in Rome and, leaving Stanislaus in Trieste, moved there in July, 1906. It is an understatement to say he disliked the city. “Rome reminds me of a man who lives by exhibiting to travellers his grandmother’s corpse,”⁹¹ is one of his many remarks on the city. It didn’t help that he found his job as bank-clerk so nauseating: he worked from 8:30 in the morning to 7:30 at night, with two hours in between for lunch, perpetually wearing a long tailcoat to cover the large patches on the backs of his pants.⁹² At the same time, however, in reading Joyce’s correspondence one realizes that most of his letters to Stanislaus were written while he was at work: indeed he always left out the fact that his superiors allowed him more special privileges than other employees.⁹³

Worse of all, the bank paid him once a month, so no sooner did he have money than it was spent, followed by letters to Stanislaus for help. But the constant presence of the dead and of history in Rome only made he and Nora more nostalgic for their own past in Ireland. A few story ideas came to Joyce as a result: one, to be called “Ulysses,” and about “the putatively Jewish Dubliners,” was given another seven years to gestate. A story that he did begin in Rome was “The Dead.” “Out of their hunger and homesickness came the richly laden Christmas table of ‘The Dead’,”⁹⁴ Brenda Maddox says, and this nostalgia spread to all of Ireland, as when Joyce wrote of the story,

Sometimes thinking of Ireland it seems to me that I have been unnecessarily harsh. I have reproduced (in *Dubliners* at least) none of the attraction of the city ... I have not reproduced its ingenuous insularity and its hospitality.⁹⁵

He hoped to show this hospitality in “The Dead,” but this was not enough. The ending, where Gabriel Conroy hopes to rejuvenate his marriage with his wife only to find out she has a previous love on her mind, came from combining Nora’s memories of Michael Bodkin and Michael Furey, both of whom died young of disease. For a man as jealous as Joyce this was a battle he could never win—for how to defeat the influence of those already dead?

Meanwhile, Grant Richards now informed Joyce that he refused to publish *Dubliners* at all, Nora became pregnant again, and Joyce was more than sick of Rome. Stanislaus, who had gotten used to living without him, begged his brother to stay there, but Joyce returned to Trieste. The Berlitz School there at first refused to hire him back, but when it became apparent that enough students would take private lessons with him, they hired him rather than compete with him.

The acceptance of *Chamber Music* by Elkin Matthews in January, 1907, gave Joyce little solace. “A page of *A Little Cloud* gives me more pleasure than all my verses,”⁹⁶ he said, but was probably being too harsh. The poems are definitely those of a young man, and far from the genius of his other work, but at the very least *Chamber Music* remained a personal book for Joyce and

Nora, and in fact, when scholars began to visit Nora in Zurich in the 1950s, the only book of Joyce's she had was Joyce's handwritten copy of *Chamber Music*. At the moment, however, Joyce briefly considered removing the book from publication. When it was published it made no ripples, selling less than 200 copies by 1913. But almost immediately, and continuing for the rest of his life, poems from it and his 1927 volume, *Pomes Penyeach*, were constantly being set to music.

In early July, 1907, Nora gave birth to Lucia Joyce. Joyce had apparently decided on this name earlier, before any of his eye troubles appeared, so it is eerie that Lucia is the patron-saint of eyesight. On the heel's of Lucia's birth Joyce had conceived a new plan to rewrite the entirety of *Stephen Hero* in the form we now find *Portrait*. This wasn't all accident, for while Nora was pregnant with Giorgio he'd asked Stanislaus and other friends to send him information on the process of gestation, and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, now reworked into five long chapters, became (in Ellmann's words) about "the gestation of a soul."⁹⁷

In reading the first pages of the novel this is obvious: only the most base sense-experiences are expressed, and slowly, as the book continues, the style grows up. This is a horrendous oversimplification, but the same man who wrote *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* also wrote *Portrait*, and it is just as intentionally crafted as his other books. And there is a balance everywhere, mostly in the answers Stephen makes to his Catholic surroundings: the hell-fire sermon of the third chapter by his theory of aesthetics in the last; his adoration of the Virgin throughout by his adoration of the girl in the strand, and his abandonment of Catholicism by his embrace of his own art.⁹⁸

In July 1909, on the generosity of one of his students who paid for an entire year of lessons in advance, Joyce and Giorgio set out for a six-week trip to Dublin, and without the presence of his son it probably would have been a much more uncomfortable visit.

After an unpleasant visit with Gogarty, Joyce's paranoid desire for betrayal came true in another old friend, Vincent Cosgrave (grimly renamed Lynch in *Portrait*). Cosgrave now claimed he and Nora had had an affair during the beginning of her relationship with Joyce. Joyce wrote to her immediately, saying,

I cannot call you any dear name because tonight I have learnt that the only being I believed in was not loyal to me....Write to me, Nora, for the sake of my dead love. I am tortured by memories.⁹⁹

The next morning, on no sleep, he was much harsher, asking if Giorgio was even his son, and then, "Were you fucked by anyone before you came to me?"¹⁰⁰ He confided in Byrne, who had never "seen a human being more shattered."¹⁰¹ He called Cosgrave's story "a blasted lie,"¹⁰² and claimed it was part of a plot by Gogarty and Cosgrave. Joyce begged for Nora's forgiveness in his letters, but his apologies quickly became tasks: "My jealousy is still smouldering in my heart. Your love for me must be fierce and violent to make me forget *utterly*."¹⁰³

But just as the thought of Nora's infidelity hurt Joyce, making the cause of it a secret cabal between Gogarty and Cosgrave no doubt pleased him greatly. "Joyce was more than half in love with persecution,"¹⁰⁴ Edna O'Brien says, and for this reason alone the conspiracy theory is unlikely. Brenda Maddox says,

Joyce nurtured the thought of 'those bowsies' conspiring against him and Nora, but to do so required him to overlook a great deal. It required him to believe that Gogarty, a successful surgeon with a busy practice, met Cosgrave after Joyce's unexpected return and plotted to break Joyce's trust in Nora.¹⁰⁵

And besides the leap this kind of thinking requires, it isn't beyond the realm of possibility that something *did* happen between Nora and Cosgrave before she and Joyce became serious. Knowing of her previous history, and her aggressiveness with Joyce, there is no reason to

suppose it never happened; and just as there is no reason to judge Nora because of it, there is even less reason to see the situation through Joyce's poor eyes and condemn Cosgrave. Peter Costello puts it best:

This universal denigration of Cosgrave is odd, for he emerges in Gogarty's memories as a more attractive fellow. And indeed what more had he said to Joyce than the truth? He had gone about with Nora, accompanying her to Joyce's concert. He would not have been the first man to make a pass at a friend's new floozy.... As we have only Joyce's version of this history, we can allow Vincent Cosgrave a generous thought or two.¹⁰⁶

Joyce and Giorgio also went to Galway to visit Nora's mother, and before returning to Trieste he signed a contract with Mansel & Co., who agreed to publish *Dubliners*. But he was in Trieste barely a month before he returned to Ireland in October. A chance remark that Dublin, unlike Trieste—a major film distribution center—had no cinemas, lit Joyce with a sure-fire scheme to make some real money. He approached a group of investors, saying, "I know a city of 500,000 inhabitants where there is not a single cinema."¹⁰⁷ He offered to be the agent in Dublin—all he needed was the money. They agreed, and after finding and renovating the site and hiring the staff, Joyce left the management of the Volta Theatre to one of the investors and returned to Trieste in December.

While still in Dublin his letters to Nora, first in the expected accusatory, jealous, pious and worshipful tone, finally became astonishingly explicit. Even his dirty letters, "an extreme of Joyce's, and perhaps of human, utterance,"¹⁰⁸ bear his unmistakable stamp. But, as extreme as the letters are, there is no use in either of making too much out of them or being too respectable (really just squeamish) to say much about them at all. Peter Costello is right that the letters "distort what he know about Joyce,"¹⁰⁹ but only if we focus on the letters more than we should. To say, as Edna O'Brien does, that "they are as outright in their earthiness as the mystics are in their ecstasies, yet they share the mystics longing for a couple to dissolve into one"¹¹⁰ is a bit silly. H. G. Wells, writing to Joyce many years later, said it was Joyce's Catholic upbringing that focused his mind on dirty words, and these remarks say more about the true natures of the letters—far from erotic and more adolescent:

You really believe in chastity, purity, and the person God and that is why you are always breaking out into cries of cunt, shit and hell. As I don't believe in these things except as quite provisional values my mind has never been shocked to outcries by the existence of water closets and menstrual bandages....¹¹¹

Nora's side of the correspondence do not survive, the fact that any of this was put to paper shows, if anything, the immense amount of trust there was between the two.

Soon after accepting *Dubliners* for publication, it was apparent George Roberts, the director at Manusel, was having the same fears as Grant Richards before him. Now objections were raised to Joyce's favorite of the stories, "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," where, amid perceived insults on Edward VII, the Queen Mother is referred to as a "bloody old bitch." Joyce rightly (as usual) pointed out that Richards hadn't objected to these passages when Edward VII had been alive; now that he was dead, there was even slimmer chance of offending him. Joyce offered a concession, Roberts refused, and publication was again delayed.

In July, he sent a detailed history of all the troubles he'd had with the book to various Dublin newspapers. He hoped that by publishing his letter as well as the supposedly offensive passages (as the *Sinn Féin* did) he would prove that they weren't obscene at all. Roberts' only response was, in part, "I don't think you quite realise a publisher's difficulties."¹¹²

Now Nora decided to visit Ireland, and Joyce asked her to talk to Roberts on behalf of *Dubliners*. Once she arrived Joyce flooded her with angry letters for not writing to him

immediately. She was more satisfied than annoyed by this, though, saying, “well what have you to say to Jim now after all our little squabbles he could not live without me for a month.”¹¹³ Joyce came to Dublin soon after to talk to Roberts in person, and offered to make concessions to a few of Roberts’ demands. Roberts not only refused but added to the list: now, any proper name of a public place had to be changed, and “An Encounter” had to be omitted entirely. Desperate, Joyce gave in, but the book never appeared. By October he offered to pay for the first print run of the book, but Roberts insisted on an additional £2,000 of security. Now Joyce refused, and finally Roberts threatened to sue *him* for knowingly submitting a book he knew to be libelous, with the intention of suing Roberts when the book was rejected. Joyce walked the streets and considered buying a gun to “put some daylight into my publisher.”¹¹⁴ Instead he answered Roberts on every point, and, in a story Joyce would never tire of telling:

Roberts refused to publish it and finally agreed to sell me the first edition for £30 so that I might publish it myself. Then the printer refused to hand over the 1000 copies that he had printed either to me or to anyone else and actually broke up the type and burned the whole first edition.¹¹⁵

Joyce claimed it was by fire, Roberts by shredding, but either way the message was clear: he was neither welcome nor wanted. On his way back to Trieste, on the back of the Maunsel’s contract, he wrote the wonderfully vicious “Gas from a Burner,” a monologue spoken by Richards, which concludes:

I’ll penance do with farts and groans
Kneeling upon my marrowbones.
This very next lent I will unbare
My penitent buttocks to the air
And sobbing beside my printing press
My awful sin I will confess.
My Irish foreman from Bannockburn
Shall dip his right hand in the urn
And sign crisscross with reverent thumb
Memento homo upon my bum.¹¹⁶

He had it printed in Trieste and sent back to Dublin for his brother Charles to distribute, but Joyce himself would never again return to Ireland. This final rejection by his country only fueled his confidence even more, and he wrote, “What is certain is that I am more virtuous than all that lot.”¹¹⁷

Almost exactly a year after the destruction of *Dubliners*, in November 1913, Joyce heard from two people he’d been waiting for for ten years. The first was Ezra Pound. The American expatriate poet was now living in London and, at the suggestion of Yeats, contacted Joyce. Pound was associated with in England with *The Egoist* and in America with H. L. Mencken’s *The Smart Set* and Harriet Monroe’s *Poetry*. Joyce sent him all of *Dubliners* and the first chapter of *Portrait*. Both “The Boarding House” and “A Little Cloud” were published in *The Smart Set*, and Pound successfully pushed for the serialization of *Portrait* in *The Egoist*, at the time edited by Joyce’s later patron, Harriet Weaver.

The second was Grant Richards. Troubled by his conscience (a rare trait for any publisher) he now agreed, again, to publish *Dubliners*, the only condition being Joyce had to buy 120 copies himself and would receive no royalties until 500 copies had been sold. So on June 15, 1914, almost ten years to the day since his first date with Nora, *Dubliners* appeared in a first run of 1,250 copies.¹¹⁸ And there was, in the end, no uproar over any of the passages that had kept the book from publication for the so long.

With the help of the deadlines for *The Egoist*, Joyce made quick work on finishing and polishing *Portrait*. He also began work on his only play, *Exiles*, which would be published but performed only sporadically in his lifetime, and given a lowly status in his canon.

Now beginning to gain the recognition he knew he deserved, he began seriously writing *Ulysses*. He had spent the previous seven years thinking about it, and would spend the next seven writing it. Taking place on June 16, 1904, it is separated into three parts, the first with three episodes, the second twelve, and the third three, with all but one of the eighteen (*The Wandering Rocks*, from the adventures of Jason and the Argonauts) having a parallel in the *Odyssey*.

Part one has Stephen Dedalus at the Martello Tower with Buck Mulligan (*Telemachus*), teaching school and meeting with his boss (*Nestor*), and afterwards contemplating the universe on Sandymount Strand (*Proteus*).

Part two introduces Leopold Bloom and his wife Molly (*Calypso*). Afterwards, Bloom takes a walk about Dublin and relaxes in a public bath (*Lotus-Eaters*), attends his friend Paddy Dignam's funeral (*Hades*), visits the offices of the *Freeman's Journal* as part of his job as an ad canvasser—where he just misses meeting Stephen (*Aeolus*), and wanders ravenously for some lunch (*The Lestrygonians*). We return to Stephen and Mulligan again who, with others, discuss Shakespeare at the National Library, where Bloom briefly appears towards the end (*Scylla and Charybdis*), and then enter the only non-Homeric episode, itself a set of eighteen vignettes from around Dublin that serve as a microcosm of the entire book (*The Wandering Rocks*). (Peter Costello makes the good point that Stephen disappears from the book now, just around the time Joyce and Nora would have been out walking that evening.¹¹⁹) Bloom stops at a bar and music-room (*Sirens*), has an unfortunate encounter with a violent nationalist and anti-Semite at a different restaurant (*Cyclops*), and has a nearly opposite and erotic encounter when he sees Gerty MacDowell (*Nausicaa*). We return to Stephen and his medical student friends at a hospital where a child is born (*The Oxen of the Sun*), and part two concludes in the long hallucinogenic adventure (it takes up nearly a quarter of the book) in Nighttown among the prostitutes where Bloom and Stephen finally meet, the latter rescuing Stephen from his equally inebriated friends (*Circe*).

The third part consists of Stephen and Bloom's exhausted visit to a cab-men's shelter where the style (wordy and sloppy) matches their frame of mind (*Eumeaus*), followed by their walk to Bloom's house on 7 Eccles Street, where Stephen continues on and Bloom goes to bed (*Ithaca*). The book finishes with Molly Bloom's long soliloquy with her husband beside her (*Penelope*).

"A perfectly ordinary day,"¹²⁰ Stuart Gilbert says.

Many of the more anecdotal Homeric parallels have been pointed out only to deride the technique; one that comes to mind is "the cigar Bloom keeps brandishing in front of the citizen is like the spear Ulysses uses to blind the Cyclops."¹²¹ While these are bits of Joyce's humor, and jokes on Homer, they are also, for a man who wanted to solemnize the everyday, "the ennoblement of the mock-heroic."¹²² In fact Joyce favored a mistaken etymology for the Greek of Ulysses' name: a combination of *Outis* (nobody) and *Zeus* (God).¹²³ The etymology may be wrong, but the point has been made. Ellmann elaborates:

For Bloom is a nobody—an advertisement canvasser who, apart from his family, has virtually no effect upon the life around him—yet there is god in him. By god Joyce does not intend Christianity; although Bloom has been generously baptized in both the Protestant Church and the Catholic Church, he is obviously not a Christian. Nor is he concerned with the conception of a personal god. The divine part of Bloom is simply his humanity—his assumption of a bond between himself and other created beings.¹²⁴

Joyce's method, called by T. S. Eliot an "anti-style," was merely a more full realization of what he had begun in *Portrait*, only now more complicated, with dozens of correspondences holding each episode together. One example is *Aeolus*, where Bloom visits the offices of the *Freeman's Journal*. The episode is written between exaggerated newspaper headlines, with the windy god Aeolus matched by the windbags of the journalists and the numerous presses going all around them. Or in the *Lestrygonians*, where Bloom searches for a place to eat and food imagery abounds until, as Joseph Campbell says, "you come out smeared with pie and grease and fish and everything."¹²⁵ Or, as elaborated below, the *Oxen of the Sun* episode, the style (which follows the progression of English prose from the seventh century on matches the subject-matter, gestation and birth.

With all of these underpinnings, Joyce never planned entirely ahead, saying, "In the writing the good things will come."¹²⁶ This of course didn't stop him from adding to and reworking what he had found—whereas many books are reduced from draft to draft, *Ulysses* grew by a third in the proof stage alone. He also filled the book with numerous references and threads of thought and speech that are never borne out or mentioned again in the book—the point being that the book is life, where unconnected themes and thoughts crop up all the time.¹²⁷

Perhaps the most important scene in *Ulysses*, Bloom playing Good Samaritan to Stephen at the end of *Circe*, deserves to be looked at closer. Indeed, this gesture, placed at the climax of the book's longest episode, is the defining moment for the book as a whole, and the gesture has two possible sources from Joyce's own life, both involving a man named Alfred H. Hunter. Hunter, an ad canvasser who was actually a Presbyterian with an unfaithful Catholic wife, was for some reason mistaken as being Jewish—and so we have the early models for Leopold and Molly Bloom. And it was only a few days after meeting with Nora that Joyce, hitting on a girl on St. Stephen's Green, was himself beaten up by her boyfriend. Ellmann's version of events says Hunter, whom Joyce hardly knew, came to Joyce's defense and helped him to his feet and on his way home.¹²⁸ Peter Costello's version (which sounds more convincing) has Joyce, the evening he left the Martello Tower, going out with Nora, then visiting his medical student friends at the Holles Street maternity hospital. From there they went to the brothels, where Joyce and some others got into a fight, and here Hunter makes his entrance, befriending Joyce and taking him home.¹²⁹

Either way, it is so strange that a book exemplifying the beauty of everyday life, and which ends in a chorus of affirmative repetitions of "Yes," and which finally (as Stephen says), shows "the eternal affirmation of the spirit of man in literature,"¹³⁰ should have been so easily dismissed as "dirty." In fact the overriding theme *Ulysses* is that of *The Odyssey*: family life, be it negative or positive. Stephen's dead mother, his sisters, and his father, are on his mind all day; as are Bloom's daughter, wife, and deceased son—and even his own father, a suicide, resurfaces in his mind in *Hades*. And buried in the details of the book, beside the more obvious literary and historical ones, are probably hundreds of familial ones. As Peter Costello points out, the name Garryowen for the Citizen's dog in the *Cyclops* episode was taken from the father of Joyce's favorite Aunt Josephine. "It is all too typical of Joyce's work," Costello says, "that even the dogs in them have an immediate personal connection with his family."¹³¹

Bloom and Stephen, like Joyce, abhor violence—an important point, as this Ulysses and Telemachus flourish simply on intelligence and good-nature alone. On his decision in 1933 to allow *Ulysses* into the United States, Judge John M. Woolsey wrote that the book was difficult, brilliant, dull, obscure, sincere, honest and frank.¹³² These words can be used to describe any life, and as Joyce was to say later, "If *Ulysses* isn't fit to read, life isn't fit to live."¹³³

When World War I broke out Trieste was not the ideal place to be living. Stanislaus, always more politically outspoken than his brother, was placed in an Austrian internment camp in

January, 1915. Joyce and his family remained in Trieste, but when his students and fellow teachers entered the army and the school closed, he said, “Now that everyone in Trieste knows English, I will have to move on.”¹³⁴

Leaving their furniture and books behind, the Joyce clan left Trieste in June, 1915, and ended up in Zurich, where Joyce was to write the majority of *Ulysses*. His family was not happy with the move—Nora had to learn a new language, and the children were again set back in school. Thankfully, with the help of Pound, Yeats, and others, Joyce was granted seventy-five pounds from the Royal Literary Fund. His Zurich friends also helped him out with money; many paid for English lessons they never received, and one friend remembers, “Joyce was sometimes humorously indignant if a pupil insisted upon having a lesson he had paid for.”¹³⁵

With sales of *Dubliners* tapering off, he now sought to publish *Portrait* in book-form, but already he was running into the same problems that had plagued his previous books. Squeamish printers had deleted whole sentences from its serialized parts in *The Egoist*. Duckworth’s, in their rejection of it, said,

James Joyce’s ‘Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man’ wants going through carefully from start to finish.... It is too discursive, formless, unrestrained, and ugly things, ugly words, are too prominent; indeed at times they seem to be shoved in one’s face, on purpose, unnecessarily....Unless the author will use restraint and proportion he will not gain readers. His pen and his thoughts seem to have run away with him sometimes.¹³⁶

With the help of H. G. Wells (who admired *Portrait*), Joyce was able to secure an agent, whose efforts landed the American publication of *Dubliners* and *Portrait*, by B. W. Huebsch, by the end of 1916. No publisher in England would yet touch *Portrait*, and finally Miss Weaver offered to have the Egoist Press print it, and it finally appeared on February 12, 1917. Soon afterwards his play *Exiles* was published by Grant Richards, though it remained unperformed for the time being.

As a result of his patrons’ help, Joyce could now live as he wished, waking late and staying out in the cafes. Zurich at the time was a strange crossroads of artists and intellectuals, and in 1915 the original Surrealists began meeting at the Café Voltaire before moving to Paris after the war. Also, in the Café Odéon, Joyce and Lenin were both frequent customers, and it is said that on one occasion they actually met.¹³⁷

He continued with *Ulysses* as always, and began to bring his acquaintances more and more into the process of its composition. He talked for a long time to a student and friend, Georges Borach, and Borach noted much of what Joyce said in his notebook:

The most beautiful, most human traits are contained in the Odyssey....I find the subject of Ulysses the most human in world literature. Ulysses didn’t want to go off to Troy ... [and when] the recruiting officers arrived, he happened to be plowing. He pretended to be mad....Then the motif of wandering. Scylla and Charybdis—what a splendid parable. Ulysses is also a great musician; he wishes to and must listen [to the Sirens]; he has himself tied to the mast. The motif of the artist, who will lay down his life rather than renounce his interest.... On Naxos, the oldster of fifty, perhaps bald-headed, with Nausicaa, a girl who is barely seventeen. What a fine theme! And the return, how profoundly human! Don’t forget the trait of generosity at the interview with Ajax in the nether world, and many other beautiful touches. I am almost afraid to treat such a theme; it’s overwhelming.¹³⁸

Ellmann points out, “It is not surprising that Joyce’s description of Ulysses as pacifist, father, wanderer, musician, and artist, ties the hero’s life closely to his own.”¹³⁹

By now he had finished the *Telemachiad* (the first three chapters) of *Ulysses*, and sent copies to Pound and Miss Weaver, who had agreed to publish it serially in *The Egoist*. The American magazine *The Little Review* (run by Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap) agreed to do the same, and for a time it looked as if *Ulysses* would sail into literary history with no difficulties.

In 1918 Joyce and his friend Claude Sykes began formal plans to put on plays in English, calling their troupe The English Players. Their first production was Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*. This brought Joyce into contact with two men who would involve him in one of the most ludicrous situations of his life.

The first was the British Consul in Zurich, A. Percy Bennet, whose permission the English Players had to get to perform their work. Bennet already disliked Joyce for not reporting his services during wartime. The other was Henry Carr, who also worked in the consular's office. He was hired as an amateur actor but was later offended by not being paid the same amount as the professionals; he also demanded reimbursement for the money spent on his costume. When Joyce confronted him in the consular's office, Carr threatened Joyce, calling him a cad and a swindler. Since Bennett would not remove Carr from his position, Joyce drew up a suit against Carr, who countered, and Joyce countered him with a libel suit. The affair would continue for the next year, and Joyce intended to see it, however frivolous, to its end.

Just as his court troubles were beginning Joyce met the painter, sculptor (and frequent model for sculptors), Frank Budgen, who later wrote what is generally considered the best book on *Ulysses*, *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'*. Budgen had no formal education, but while at sea had educated himself. Even when Pound or Miss Weaver disliked a chapter of *Ulysses*, Budgen (perhaps because he had the luxury of Joyce's running-commentary on top of his own instincts) invariably supported his work. The friendship that resulted from this kind of relationship became probably the most important in Joyce's life, and certainly the most significant since Byrne back in his college days. Their other companion was Paul Suter, brother of sculptor August Suter, and the three of them often spent long nights out, drinking. This infuriated Nora, who thought Budgen and Suter were encouraging Joyce to drink.

Also to Nora's annoyance, Joyce constantly talked about his work with his friends, "stage-managing" conversations so that they centered around him or his book. When he asked Budgen if there was any example of an "all-around character" in literature, Budgen put forth Christ, or Hamlet, or Faust. Joyce knocked all of these down in favor of *Ulysses* (and, by association, Bloom), who had been a son, father, and husband.

Since leaving Ireland Joyce had been infatuated with more than a few women; the first seems to have been (as many of them were) one of his students. Annie Schleimer, whom he knew in 1904, traded at least a kiss with Joyce. John McCourt suggests it was Joyce's experiences around the upper-class girls of Pola and Trieste forced him

because of their sophistication, education, beauty and sexual ease—to reconsider his rather reductive early visions of the feminine and to replace them with the fuller versions of womankind we find in the later fiction.¹⁴⁰

McCourt points specifically to Joyce's posthumously published notebook, *Giacomo Joyce* (written between 1912 and 1913), as a "key transitional text in Joyce's canon" precisely because it is the first place where Joyce begins to give a more complex representation of a woman in his writing.¹⁴¹ Though the identity of the girl in the notebook is still debated, it was probably Amalia Popper, who had been one of his students as early as 1908. Her father, a Jewish businessman named Leopoldo, became a model (if only in name) for Leopold Bloom later on.

If, as has been suggested, Joyce and Nora's sex life ended after 1913 or so, it makes sense that Joyce now seek out woman instead of younger girls. In August, 1917, when he and the family vacationed in Locarno for the benefit of Joyce's eyes, he met a doctor, Gertrude Kampffer,

and gave her copies of *Chamber Music* and *Portrait*. When she refused his sexual advances, he thought what worked with Nora might work with her, and gave her a letter describing his first sexual arousal as a boy. When walking home with a nurse who told him to turn around while she urinated in a field, Joyce became aroused at the sound; but as Kampffer was not familiar with the terms “piss” and “jiggled” (used to describe his excitement), his confession was left misunderstood and unwanted.

Now, in late 1918, Joyce met Marthe Fleischmann, and was astonished at how much she resembled the girl he had seen in the Strand in 1898. He began to watch her, and at first she tried to ignore him. He finally wrote her a note in French, and as each was already involved with another, their correspondence was kept secret. She became important in *Ulysses*, as her limp was given to Gerty MacDowell, and her name to the girl Bloom writes to, Marthe Clifford. On Joyce’s birthday, 1919, she agreed to meet him in the afternoon, and Joyce planned for her arrival in the manner of a romantic farce. He purchased a ceremonial candlestick lighted during Chanukah, and then recruited Budgen. When his friend was leery of helping with Joyce’s infidelity, Joyce said, “If I permitted myself any restraint in this matter it would be spiritual death to me.”¹⁴² They set up the candle in Budgen’s studio and hung his paintings on the walls. When Joyce suggested that the only thing missing was a nude “with ample buttocks,” Budgen quickly drew one up, and in an uncharacteristic move, Joyce allowed that when Marthe came over they were to address each other as “Jim” and “Frank” (Joyce rarely allowed anyone to call him by his first name). She arrived, and after walking around the studio (looking embarrassed at the nude as Joyce hoped she would), he accompanied her home. He told Budgen later, “I have explored the coldest and hottest parts of a woman’s body,” but Ellmann suggests that sexual intercourse did not take place, instead that she had been “fingered only.”¹⁴³

Since at no point, it seems, did Joyce ever think of leaving Nora for one of these late infatuations, the reason now given for them is the boring and merely creative one: he was writing a book about a married couple, both unfaithful, but who always prefer one another at the end of the day. A few times Joyce encouraged Nora to go with other men, but she never would, and in these ploys we can see how totally *Ulysses* held Joyce. Brenda Maddox says: “It was more than a book; it was a whole private world into which Joyce had withdrawn, taking his libido with him.”¹⁴⁴ Indeed, the book consumed Joyce in every way, so that when working on the *Oxen of the Sun* episode, “his head was so full of images of half-born fetuses, swabs, and the smell of disinfectant that he could not eat.”¹⁴⁵

In the fall of 1918 Joyce had won the first case with Carr, for which he wrote a humorous and bawdy broadside. Around his birthday a few months later he (finally) gave up the libel suit, and as a result was ordered to pay 59 francs in court costs and 120 francs in damages, which he promptly avoided doing. He was notified in April that if he did not pay the court would take action against him and, again a martyr in his own mind, “made his plight known to the world,”¹⁴⁶ writing letters to his agent, the British Foreign Office, friends in Dublin, and to Huebsch and Padraic Colum (both in New York), exaggerating his troubles by saying 10,000 francs were at stake.

Meanwhile, he brushed up on his *Hamlet* and read other books to write the *Scylla and Charybdis* chapter in *Ulysses*, and then added the *Wandering Rocks* episode. Now having reached *Cyclops*, he was beginning to get his first hint of negative responses from Pound and Weaver. Pound also said that “a new style per chapter not required,”¹⁴⁷ a strange thing to say halfway through the book’s composition. As Joyce would do ten years later at the opposition to *Finnegans Wake*, he wrote defending letters to both, assuring them that the various styles used were “not capricious.”¹⁴⁸

Joyce and his family returned to Trieste in mid-October 1919. It was impossible for them to return to their old flat, which had been requisitioned during the war, so instead they lived with his sister, her husband, and Stanislaus—all in one apartment. By now Stanislaus, released from the interment camp, had made his own friends, and was no longer an attentive ear to his brother's ideas. As later with *Finnegans Wake*, he found the innovations of *Ulysses* boring and superfluous. Not that Joyce minded—he instead wrote to Budgen as progress was made. Upon completion of *Nausicaa*, written in the sentimental and flowery dime-store tradition, he described it as “a namby-pamby jammy marmalady drawsery (alto là!) style with effects of incense, mariolatry, masturbation, stewed cockles, painter's palette, chitchat, circumlocutions, etc. etc.”¹⁴⁹ He tried to interest other Triestines in the book, but with this result: “Not a soul to talk to about Bloom. Lent the chapter to one or two people but they know about as much about it as the parliamentary side of my arse.”¹⁵⁰

On one of the most stunning (and difficult) episodes, the *Oxen of the Sun*, Joyce wrote at length to Budgen. Set in a lying-in hospital where a child is born, the episode's themes are birth, development, metamorphosis, and growth; to show this, the style itself grows up, and the entire chapter is a chronological trip through the developments of English prose:

Am working hard at *Oxen of the Sun*, the idea being the crime committed against fecundity by sterilizing the act of coition. Scene, lying-in hospital. Technique: nineparted episode without divisions, introduced by Sallustian-Tacitean prelude (the unfertilized ovum), then by way of earliest English alliterative monosyllabic and Anglo-Saxon ('Before born the babe had bliss. Within the womb he won worship.' 'Bloom dull dreamy heard: in held hat stony staring') then by way of Mandeville ('there came forth a scholar of medicine that men clepen &c') then Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur* ('but that Frankling Lenehan was prompt ever to pour them so that at least way mirth should not lack') then Elizabethan 'chronicle style' ('about that present time Stephen filled all cups'), then a passage solemn, as of Milton, Taylor, Hooker, followed by a choppy Latin-gossipy bit, style of Burton-Browne, then a passage Bunyanesque ('the reason was that in the way he fell in with a certain whore whose name she said is Bird in the hand') after a diary-style bit Pepys-Evelyn ('Bloom sitting snug with a party of wags, among them Dixon jun., Ja. Lynch, Do. Madden and Stephen D. for a languor he had before and was now better, he having dreamed tonight a strange fancy and Mistress Purefoy there to be delivered, poor body, two days past her time and the midwives hard put to it, God send her quick issue') and so on through Defoe-Swift and Steele-Addison-Stern and Landor-Pater-Newman until it ends in a frightful jumble of Pidgin English, nigger English, Cockney, Irish, Bowery slang and broken doggerel. This progression is also linked back at each part subtly with some foregoing episode of the day and, besides this, with the natural stages of development in the embryo and the periods of faunal evolution in general. The double-thudding Anglo-Saxon motive recurs from time to time ('Loth to move from Horne's house') to give the sense of the hoofs of oxen. Bloom is the spermatozoon, the hospital the womb, the nurse the ovum, Stephen the embryo.

How's that for high?¹⁵¹

Joyce finally met Pound in France that June. Once together they agreed they should go to Paris “for a few weeks” to see about French translations of *Dubliners* and *Portrait*. Returning to Trieste, he and the family headed to Venice, Dijon, and finally Paris. Rather than a few weeks, Paris was to be their home for the next twenty years.

This move severed Joyce from Stanislaus almost completely. Already sour at his brother for not dedicating *Dubliners* to him (as Joyce had promised he would), for removing his character (Stephen Dedalus' brother Maurice) from *Portrait*, and finally for never showing any gratitude for supporting him and his family in Trieste, Stanislaus was happy to see him go. As Joyce put it later in a footnote to Herbert Gorman's biography, "The relations between the two brothers practically ends here."¹⁵²

Once in Paris Joyce continued work on the *Circe* episode, and on July 11, 1920, he met the woman who would eventually publish *Ulysses*. Sylvia Beach was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister from Princeton. The previous November she had opened her famous Shakespeare and Company bookshop in Paris. Her close friend (and lover) was another bookseller, Adrienne Monnier, and it was at Monnier's house that Beach met Joyce. Only later did her bookshop become Joyce's favorite hangout, as it was already with the rest of literary Paris. Over the next ten years Beach and her bookshop remained Joyce's "bank, post office, coffee shop, library, and home away from home."¹⁵³

On August 15 there took place one of the more humorous meetings in literary history. T. S. Eliot, traveling with Wyndham Lewis, had been entrusted with a package from Pound that he was to deliver to Joyce. They met Joyce in the afternoon, Giorgio with him. Wyndham Lewis' reminiscences on this scene are priceless: after some preliminary talk Eliot rose histrionically and made the formal presentation of the package. As Joyce unwrapped the package, Lewis says, "Thereupon, along with some nondescript garments for the trunk—there were no trousers, I believe—a fairly presentable pair of *old brown shoes* stood revealed, in the centre of the bourgeois French table...."¹⁵⁴ Joyce sent his son home and (partly out of embarrassment, partly just being himself), took Eliot and Lewis out to dinner, spent as much as he could, and tipped extravagantly. Eliot, who found Joyce to be exceedingly arrogant, nevertheless noted a week later that, "He is obviously the man who wrote his books—that is, he impressed you as an important enough personage for that."¹⁵⁵

By now Joyce had been receiving regular (and large) donations from an anonymous patron, and ten days after meeting Eliot and Lewis more money came. Joyce was as impatient for the opportunity to thank someone as he was to deride them, and he forced the patron to be anonymous no more. It was Harriet Weaver. At first embarrassed, she soon made it simple that her hope was to free his "best and most powerful and productive years" from the usual financial difficulties.¹⁵⁶ (Indeed, it is hard to imagine *Finnegans Wake* being written under any other circumstances) It is estimated in today's money that over twenty years Weaver gave Joyce nearly a million dollars. Of course Joyce could never remove himself from financial worries, and while Joyce and Weaver's relationship would be strained for various reasons (her brief lack of support for *Finnegans Wake*, her disapproval of his drunkenness and their differences over how to handle Lucia's later illness), they always remained close, and Joyce never forgot how much he owed her. When he remarked later about Sylvia Beach that "All she ever did was to make me a present of the ten best years of her life,"¹⁵⁷ he could have said the same about Miss Weaver. For a man habitually cynical about women, it was the presence of three (Nora, Weaver, and Beach) that he could have never done without.

After quickly writing the *Eumaeus* episode, Joyce moved onto *Ithaca*, Bloom's walk with Stephen to his house. Rendered in the driest prose, the episode is comprised of a series of questions and answers of such scientific exactitude that

Bloom and Stephen thereby become heavenly bodies, wander[ing] like the stars at which they gaze. The last word (human, all too human) is left to Penelope.

This is the indispensable countersign to Bloom's passport to eternity.¹⁵⁸

Penelope, the fifty-page interior monologue of Molly Bloom, is the final chapter. Ellmann notes,

To make sure that he could handle her childhood and adolescence on Gibraltar, Joyce read all he could find about the island. The result was that when he met a man from Gibraltar later, he was so well informed that the man refused to believe Joyce had never set foot there.¹⁵⁹

And in Joyce's words to Budgen:

Penelope is the clou [star turn] of the book. The first sentence contains 2500 words. There are eight sentences in the episode. It begins and ends with the female word *yes*. It turns like a huge earth ball slowly surely and evenly round and round spinning, its four cardinal points being the female breasts, arse, womb and cunt expressed by the words *because*, *bottom* (in all senses bottom button, bottom of the class, bottom of the sea, bottom of the heart), *woman*, *yes*. Though probably more obscene than any preceding episode it seems to me to be perfectly sane full of amoral fertilisable untrustworthy engaging shrewd limited prudent indifferent *Weib*. *Ich bin der* [sic] *Fleisch der stets bejaht*.¹⁶⁰

Initially, an American edition of *Ulysses* seemed the most likely, but by 1921 four issues of the *Little Review* had already been confiscated and burned. On Valentine's Day, a trial over the book's obscenity began in New York. The issue in question was the one containing *Nausicaa*. Representing Jane Heap and Margaret Anderson was John Quinn, the literary benefactor famous otherwise for buying original manuscripts, most notably of *The Waste Land*. But after a defense Joyce always found inadequate, the women were found guilty and ordered to pay \$50 in fines. Worst of all, the decision made an unexpurgated edition of *Ulysses* in America unlikely. To the army of those against the book, Joyce wrote humorously,

Now, as I hear, a great movement is being prepared against the publication, initiated by Puritans, English Imperialists, Irish Republicans, Catholics—what an alliance! Gosh, I ought to be given the Nobel prize for peace!¹⁶¹

His usual humor aside, the loss of New York trial left him dejected, and he went to Sylvia Beach's bookshop and told her the news. Suddenly she said, "Would you let Shakespeare and Company have the honor of bringing out your *Ulysses*?" Joyce immediately agreed to the best terms he'd ever gotten: a first printing of 1,000 copies and an astounding 66% royalties. The book would be dependent upon subscribers ordering the book before its release.¹⁶² One of the best refusals to subscribe comes from George Bernard Shaw:

I have read several fragments of *Ulysses* in its serial form. It is a revolting record of a disgusting phase in civilization; but it is a truthful one... In Ireland they try to make a cat cleanly by rubbing its nose in its own filth. Mr Joyce has tried the same treatment on the human subject. I hope it may prove successful.... I must add, as the prospectus implies an invitation to purchase, that I am an elderly Irish gentleman, and that if you imagine that any Irishman, much less an elderly one, would pay 150 francs for a book, you little know my countrymen.¹⁶³

Ezra Pound continued the debate with Shaw over the book's importance, while Joyce told Miss Weaver he was sure Shaw would subscribe anonymously.

Now that a publisher had been found, *Ulysses* was being edited, added to, and proofed. On December 7, 1921, two-hundred-and-fifty people packed Adrienne Monnier's bookshop, La Maison Des Amis Des Livres, to hear the French critic Valery Larbaud give a brief biography of Joyce. It was followed by an appreciation of *Ulysses*, and then sections were read by an actor. Finally Joyce was coaxed from his hiding place behind a screen, and the most confident of writers found himself embarrassed at their applause.

At the insistence of Beach and Joyce (and to the aggravation of Joyce scholars since), the printer was rushed into finishing the typo-ridden first edition of *Ulysses*, so that three copies would arrive in Paris on Joyce's fortieth birthday. Reviews began coming in, at first from familiar names. Eliot, in the *Dial*, wrote that "manipulating a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity" has "the importance of a scientific discovery." Virginia Woolf later remembers him asking, "How could anyone write again after achieving the immense prodigy of the last chapter?"¹⁶⁴ There were naturally those who detested the book, and those (Gertrude Stein among them) simply jealous of the attention the book was getting, but Joyce never cared to counter any of it. Probably he had been thinking about and writing it for so long that he wanted to forget it. This was the case with the technique that made the book: to those who were critical of the interior monologue, he wrote indifferently that "it has served me as a bridge over which to march my eighteen episodes, and, once I have gotten my troops across, the opposing forces can, for all I care, blow the bridge sky-high."¹⁶⁵ Yeats later admitted that he had never been able to finish the book, Hemingway thought it "goddamn wonderful,"¹⁶⁶ and his brother Stanislaus thought it a "merely technical monstrosity."¹⁶⁷ While Joyce was a celebrity (he was forced to stop going to his usual restaurants), in many ways his fate was the same as his books: he was more talked about than known, which explains why, when Lucia fell ill a decade later, some seriously concluded that the author of such a "dirty" book could himself only be a dirty man, and wondered if incest hadn't caused her to go mad.

In July he and Nora went to England so he could undergo another eye surgery, and while there met Miss Weaver for the first time. When asked what he was to write next, he told her, "I think I will write a history of the world."¹⁶⁸ On March 11, 1923, he wrote to her, "Yesterday I wrote two pages—the first I have written since the final *Yes* of *Ulysses*."¹⁶⁹ It would take him the next sixteen years to come to the end of it.

By then he already knew the title of the book was to be *Finnegans Wake*, a secret he divulged only to Nora. The title itself is indicative of Joyce's ideals: he has taken a famous but otherwise common drinking song about the wake of Tim Finnegan, a working-class bricklayer who fell from his ladder (falls are everywhere in the *Wake*), and, by simply removing the apostrophe in *Finnegans*, created the "pregnant ambiguity"¹⁷⁰ that pervades the entire book: "it referred both to the hod carrier of the ballad, who was miraculously resurrected by the whisky at his wake, and to the tough, vegetable recurrence of human life and misbehaviour. The book was to combine the affirmation of life, which he had always defined as the central function of literature, with the scepticism about particular living beings which had always been natural to him."¹⁷¹

Behind its 628 pages and mixtures of up to seventy languages, it still rests on its structure and basic characters. Separated into four parts, it mirrors (among others) the four evangelists and the four gospels, the four points (and the circle) of the compass. Part one has eight chapters, part two and three have four chapters, and part four only one. It ends in the middle of a sentence:

A way a lone a last a love a long the¹⁷²

and begins in the middle of the same one:

riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to best of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.¹⁷³

Joyce takes his four parts from the Italian historiographer Giambattista Vico's *New Science*, which separated history into four ages: theocratic, aristocratic, democratic, and the chaos that comes and which returns us to the beginning. However, Joyce didn't believe in these cycles literally "beyond using them for all they are worth."¹⁷⁴ Vico also believed that the sound of thunder (this must have been hard for Joyce to go along with) represented to early humanity the voice of God, and the spark of human thought and consciousness. Ten times during the *Wake* there are words¹⁷⁵ 100 letters long (the last being 101), each taken from dozens of words for

thunder from various languages. The significance of the last having 101 letters brings the total letters in the thunder-words to 1,001—again, a completed totality plus one: a new beginning.

The stock characters in the wake begin with the archetypal mother and father: Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker (HCE) and Anna Livia Plurabelle (ALP). HCE is both the human father and the sleeping giant in the Irish landscape; ALP both the human mother and the river Liffey who, flowing by the sleeping body of her husband, stirs him into creation, into starting the world again.

But as with dream, and as with Joyce, nothing ever means just one thing, or even two things: HCE is also Adam and Humpty Dumpty (who both fell), Isaac and Noah, Tim Finnegan and Jonathan Swift, Parnell and Napoleon, or any king or patriarchal figure—the possibilities are endless. Along with ALP, he also embodies every phrase that shares his initials (Howth Castle and Environs, Here Comes Everybody, etc.) so as to exist everywhere and in everything, constantly recurring, whether in landscape, human form, or thought. He is the simple bricklayer of the popular song and the master builder of all civilizations.

The same with ALP, as young girl, mother, old crone, Eve, Isult, goddess, and the Virgin Mary. She is also, as the river, constantly moving towards the sun, towards awakening—so it is only appropriate that the book ends with her morning-thoughts, just as *Ulysses* ended with Molly's night-thoughts. Then their two sons: Shem and Shaun, prototypes of all brothers, Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau, Joyce and Stanislaus, and consequently any warring principalities, any opposites of thought or life: Shem the pen-man, or writer, or creative thinker, and introvert; Shaun the extrovert, society man, and builder like his father. And finally the daughter Issy, or Isabel, or Iseult—this is a world where your daughter, mother, and wife can become indistinguishable.

With this backdrop Joyce *could* tell the history of the world, though in a less direct way than any textbook. Early on he compared the intricacies of the book to the seventh-century Irish illuminated manuscript, *The Book of Kells*, which Joyce called “the most purely Irish thing we have,”¹⁷⁶ in which letters and words become works of art themselves. Joyce frequently defended the dense style he chose for *Finnegans Wake*, most often pointing out that it merely charted an interminable night after the longest day of *Ulysses*:

In writing of the night, I really could not, I felt I could not, use words in their ordinary connections. Used that way they do not express how things are in the night, in the different stages—conscious, then semi-conscious, then unconscious. I found that it could not be done with words in their ordinary relations and connections. When morning comes of course everything will be clear again.... I'll give them back their English language. I'm not destroying it for good.¹⁷⁷

He built into his book vast encyclopedias, and it is worth mentioning the designs behind a few chapters to show this. One of the most famous, the *Anna Livia Plurabelle* chapter¹⁷⁸, is an attempt, as Joyce said, “to subordinate words to the rhythm of water.”¹⁷⁹ To Miss Weaver he described it as “a chattering dialogue across the river by two washerwomen who as night falls become a tree and a stone.”¹⁸⁰ One of the only recordings of Joyce reading is from *ALP*, in whose twenty pages 350 river names are incorporated. Unsure the day he finished it if he had captured what he wanted, Ellmann says Joyce “went down to the Seine to listen by one of the bridges to the waters. He came back content.”¹⁸¹

Since one recommended way of tackling the book is with a devoted reading group, it's appropriate that the *Wake* was written in a similar way. Often, sections of various books were read to the near-blind Joyce, who was then given time to note what names would lend themselves to his puns. Joyce elaborated on the composition of one section:

Nevertheless I had them retype in legal size, twice or three times this, with triple spacing, section three of Shaun, and this, when it has been read to me by three or

four people, I shall try to memorise as to pages etc (there are nearly a hundred) and so hope to be able to find the places where I can insert from the twenty notebooks which I have filled up since I wrote this section. The notebooks, written when I was suffering from my eyes or lately, are quite legible to me as they were scribbled with thick black pencil, but the other ones, about thirteen, I am relying on my improved sight to help me over.¹⁸²

Similarly with *Haveth Childers Everywhere*¹⁸³, a celebration of civilization and city development, Joyce was read entries from the *Encyclopedia Britannica* on thirty major cities. Others are crammed with information taken from children's games, books, and magazines; another of Euclidean mathematics.

For those interested in the *Wake* these anecdotes enlighten and fascinate; but they are only too quickly used as ammunition by its detractors as proof the book is no more than a bloated puzzle. But as John Bishop points out, in the end *Finnegans Wake* is one of the few books where the reading (let alone total comprehension) of the whole is not needed to enjoy it. And its range of allusions are so vast, from any of the subjects already mentioned to a hundred more, that a learned scholar will catch some but be ignorant of those a pop-culture historian, or cricket player, will catch easily.¹⁸⁴

In April, 1924, the first bits of *Work in Progress* (the title *Wake* was known as until it was published entire in 1939) began to appear in the new journal *transatlantic review*. Ford Madox Ford was offered editorship of the journal under the condition that nothing of Joyce's appear in it; when Ford refused he was given editorship anyway. Still, with this apparent support, Joyce immediately began to notice the unease over his new work that would later so worry him.

The rest of Joyce's life until his death in 1941 was plagued by Lucia's illness, constant eye trouble and the constant threat of surgery. By 1925 Joyce had been operated on ten times already. His reactions to his eye troubles varied; once he wrote, "In your letter you mention something called warm sunlight. What is it? There are allusions to it in the works of great writers."¹⁸⁵ Other times he was simply exhausted: "Twice a day," he wrote after one operation, "they flash a light before my eyes and say 'You see nothing? Not anything?' I am tired of it all. This has gone on so long."¹⁸⁶ This, compounded with his financial difficulties and Lucia's later illness, left him often with little time or energy to write. When he did, it was with the assistance of others, with the aid of magnifying glasses, or by covering sheets of paper with large letters. He did learn to type later, but being so used to writing by hand, he could not be converted.

On Easter, 1924, Stanislaus visited him, and his opposition to *Finnegans Wake* hinted at the uncomfortable group of friends, including Ezra Pound and Miss Weaver, who would also come to have similar feelings.

Perhaps to involve her with the book so she would find favor with it, Joyce asked Weaver to request a section for him to write. She asked for one based "on a tradition concerning what was reputed to be a giant's grave of prehistoric Britain."¹⁸⁷ Joyce sent her what was to be the first pages in the book, along with a key, but Miss Weaver made the point that "without comprehensive key and glossary ... the poor hapless reader loses a very great deal of your intention"; Pound (as always) was more direct, in one letter saying, "I will have another go at it, but up to present I make nothing of it whatever," and in another, "Nothing would be worth plowing through like this, except Divine Vision—and I gather it's not that sort of thing."¹⁸⁸ Joyce continued to defend the book, saying, "One great part of every human existence is passed in a state which cannot be rendered by the use of wideawake language, cutanddry grammar and goahead plot."¹⁸⁹

In February, 1927, Miss Weaver finally admitted her bewilderment in a letter that partly reads,

I am made in such a way that I do not care much for the output from your Wholesale Safety Pun Factory nor for the darkness and intelligibilities of your deliberately-entangled language system. It seems to me you are wasting your genius.¹⁹⁰

This news, from such a usually loyal supporter in all ways, crushed Joyce. He still went on saying things like, “It is all so simple. If anyone doesn’t understand a passage, all he need do is read it aloud,”¹⁹¹ but he also began asking close friends “Do you think I may be on the wrong track with my *Work in Progress*?”¹⁹² Once he lamented, “The task I have set myself is dreadfully difficult but I believe it can be done. O dear me! What sins did I commit in my last incarnation to be in this hole?”¹⁹³ At one point he became so hopeless about it he suggested a bizarre idea (to say the least): the fellow Irish-writer James Stephens, who Joyce found out was born on the same year, day, and time as he, and who also shared the first names of Joyce and his fictional counterpart, seemed the perfect candidate to *finish* the book if Joyce proved unable. Stephens accepted the odd assignment, but reassured Joyce he would finish it himself, without any intervention.

Thankfully two people, the American couple Eugene and Maria Jolas, came into Joyce’s life at just the right time and gave him the support he needed. Eugene had founded the new journal *transition*, and even though Joyce quipped that “I imagine I’ll have about eleven readers,”¹⁹⁴ it was agreed *Finnegans Wake* would be published serially in it.

Then, in May of 1927 he met Stuart Gilbert, who had lived in Burma previously and come to Paris to retire with his wife. He’d read sections of the French translation of *Ulysses* and now offered to make improvements. It was these sessions and frequent meetings with Joyce on the particulars of the book that gave birth to his study of *Ulysses*. In the fall of that year, Joyce and the Gilberts traveled to meet Stanislaus and his new wife. Once again admonished by his brother for writing an incomprehensible book, Joyce remarked that there would be “a sequel, a reawakening,” one of the few hints of what might have been. Many suggest the book was to have been about the sea, and Peter Costello gives on good reason for this. Having spent so many years in the port-cities of Pola and Trieste, and later vacationing in dozens of sea-side towns,

Joyce saw the seas along the coasts of Europe in so many of their aspects that it is not surprising he should have contemplated following *Finnegans Wake*, his book of the Night, with a book of the Ocean.¹⁹⁵

On July 27, 1927, *Pomes Penyeach*, a book of fourteen short poems, appeared. They were released partly to assuage the virulent criticism Joyce saw against *Finnegans Wake*, but the book did little. He complained to Miss Weaver,

My position is a farce. Picasso has not a higher name than I have, I suppose, and he can get 20,000 or 30,000 francs for a few hours work. I am not worthy of a penny a line and it seems I cannot even sell such a rare book as *Dubliners* (Dublin). Of course I have turned down a number of lecture tours in America and refused interviews.¹⁹⁶

He was rejuvenated in October when he read *Anna Livia Plurabelle* to a group of friends. It had cost him, Joyce said, more than twelve-hundred hours. Archibald MacLeish wrote to Joyce after the reading, saying:

This pure creation that goes almost beyond the power of the words you use is something I cannot talk about. But neither can I keep silent. This I am sure—that what you have done is something even you can be proud to have written.¹⁹⁷

In one of the more eloquent refusals of *Finnegans Wake*, H. G. Wells wrote to Joyce after being asked to write some good words on it, as he had done years earlier with *Portrait*. Wells replied in part:

Now with regard to this literary experiment of yours. It's a considerable thing because you are a very considerable man and you have in your crowded composition a mighty genius for expression which has escaped discipline. But I don't think it gets anywhere. You have turned your back on common men, on their elementary needs and their restricted time and intelligence and you have elaborated. What is the result? Vast riddles. Your two last works have been more amusing to write than they will ever be to read.... To me it is a dead end.... But the world is wide and there is room for both of us to be wrong.¹⁹⁸

In May, 1929, the volume *Our Exagmination Round His Factification for Incamination of Work in Progress* was published: a collection of twelve essays, partly directed by Joyce, in support of the *Wake*, followed by two against it. Along with this it became "the aim of all private presses, to publish an excerpt from *Work in Progress*."¹⁹⁹ This was partly because larger firms initially refused to publish sections, and also to obtain immediate copyright for the material. This had become an issue since 1926, when it was found that an American, Samuel Roth, was publishing sections of *Finnegans Wake* (and later *Ulysses*) without permission.

After the November 1929 issue of *transition*, the magazine was suspended for two years, and Joyce wasn't to publish in it again until 1933. Of the four books in *Finnegans Wake*, the first and third were essentially complete, with only bits of the second and fourth done. The combination of Lucia's illness (which began to be noticed now), and his eye troubles that left him unable to work on the book for long stretches, kept *Finnegans Wake* from completion for another ten years. He sometimes went as long as a year without writing at all, and said the words came "like drops of blood" after such a hiatus.²⁰⁰ But the writing never ceased to amuse Joyce—indeed, if it could bring its author no pleasure what would be the point? Nora remembers,

Well, Jim is writing his book. I go to bed and then that man sits in the next room and continues laughing about his own writing. And then I knock at the door, and I say, "Now, Jim, stop writing or stop laughing."²⁰¹

In December 1930, Giorgio (who now preferred to be called George) married Helen Fleischman, a woman eleven years his senior and already a mother. Initially married to a Paris agent of Boni and Liveright and a friend of Nora, their relationship shocked the Joyces. In fact few of their friends saw the match as an agreeable one; Helen seemed to use George and, when they traveled to America to promote his singing career in the mid-thirties, many thought Helen purposely tried to keep him from success. It is unfortunate that their marriage ended up as much of a disaster as everyone predicted: in the late-thirties Helen had a breakdown and, like Lucia, was committed.

For now, however, the marriage was advantageous for two reasons: first, Nora got her wish and Joyce finally—that is to say, legally—married her. Ellmann is cloudy on the reasons for the sudden marriage, but Maddox makes the situation clear: Helen didn't want to be married to an illegitimate child, which technically George was. When he and Lucia found out their parents weren't married they were beyond angered, and Joyce's little lies over the years of having been married in Pola no longer stood up.

But, most important to Joyce, the marriage helped secure a legal and unexpurgated American edition of *Ulysses*. Helen's brother, Robert Kastor, happened to be friends with Bennet Cerf of Random House, and immediately upon hearing of *Ulysses*' woeful treatment in America, he agreed to talk to Cerf.²⁰²

So Joyce and Nora were married on July 4, 1931—John Stanislaus Joyce's birthday. Both appeared on the cover of the *Evening Standard* the next day, confirming Joyce's distaste and distrust for the press. Later that month Lucia began to act strangely again, but Joyce and Nora

assumed it was only stress over their marriage and a silly jealousy over Nora's sister Kathleen, who had been visiting with them that month.

That December Joyce's father died, his final words a last answer to one of Joyce's many questions sent back home: "Tell Jim he was born at six in the morning."²⁰³ Joyce immediately felt regret at not returning to Ireland to see him in his last years, and wrote to T. S. Eliot, "He had an intense love for me and it adds anew to my grief and remorse that I did not go to Dublin to see him for so many years. I kept him constantly under the illusion that I would come..."²⁰⁴ He told another friend, "He never said anything about my books, but he couldn't deny me. The humor of *Ulysses* is his; its people are his friends. The book is his spittin' image."²⁰⁵ Not opposing a fiftieth-birthday celebration for himself, he still said, "Life is so tragic—birth, death, departure (separation), sickness, death, that we are permitted to distract ourselves and forget a little."²⁰⁶

But in the cycles Joyce always saw, George's wife Helen gave birth to Stephen James Joyce on February 15, 1932. Joyce wrote a poem to commemorate the death of his father and the birth of his grandon, "Ecce Puer," which ends:

A child is sleeping;
An old man gone.
O, father forsaken,
Forgive your son!

But his birthday was marred again when Lucia, in a fit of anger, threw a chair at Nora. When Lucia became infatuated with Joyce's friend, the young Samuel Beckett, and claimed he had toyed with her affections, Joyce forbade not only Beckett but any male visitors whatsoever to their flat. But this didn't stop Lucia from sleeping around, and Joyce tried to ignore how easily his daughter was being taken advantage of. The source of her illness is unknown, but the Joyce's shiftless life had to be part of it: especially early on, there wasn't a time when Giorgio and Lucia weren't behind in school, or suddenly forced to learn a new language, or simply living in a new flat for the umpteenth time. For the next ten years there were various scenes and rows with Lucia: in train stations, hotels, or in their flat. For a time she lived with Miss Weaver, who had no way of caring for her competently. Later, she lived in Ireland with Joyce's sister Eileen and her two daughters. Each new setting proved disastrous, and only at the very end did Joyce relent and have her committed.

Until then, however, Joyce defended Lucia to the point of entirely neglecting the severity of her illness. Instead, he began to see it as the equivalent of his own gift, saying, "Whatever spark of gift I possess has been transmitted to Lucia, and has kindled a fire in her brain."²⁰⁷ *Finnegans Wake* and Lucia became intertwined in his mind, so much so that he became more sympathetic to her the more doctors she visited, and even hoped the completion of the *Wake* might be met with the end of her illness.

The first set of doctors, like many to follow, did nothing for her. Joyce encouraged her to draw, which she did. In May, 1932, she was diagnosed hebephrenic—"a form of schizophrenia characterized by hallucinations, absurd delusions, silly mannerisms, and other kinds of deteriorations."²⁰⁸ That fall a new doctor suggested Lucia drink seawater as a cure, which appeared to work for a month. Before an operation on his eyes that could have resulted in blindness, Joyce said, "What the eyes bring is nothing. I have a hundred worlds to create, I am losing only one of them."²⁰⁹ But he did not have the luxury of such an insight with Lucia—the more apparent her derangement became the more Joyce refused to believe it, and consequently the closer he became to her.

The only good news came from America: earlier in the year the American rights for *Ulysses* went to Bennet Cerf at Random House. Sylvia Beach, who initially wanted a cut from Random House for acquiring the rights from her, was now so exhausted from dealing with Joyce she gave

them up for nothing. Having spent the past ten years bending to Joyce's every whim, she was finally tired him, and the two were never close again. It was now up to Random House to make *Ulysses* legal in the United States, and the case began in New York in November. Joyce also signed a contract to publish *Finnegans Wake* with his old friend B. W. Huebsch, now with Viking Press, but with this clause, a rare sign of appreciation:

If at any time during the continuance of this agreement, Mr. B.W. Huebsch should sever his connection with the said Viking Press and either set up publishing on his own account or acquire interest in another firm of publishers than the Viking Press, then the said Author shall have the option of transferring the benefits of this contract to such new firm.²¹⁰

In September, Frank Budgen's *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'* appeared, in response to which Joyce wrote, "I never knew you could write so well. It must be due to your association with me."²¹¹ Other good news reached him in December: John M. Woolsey, the judge presiding over the *Ulysses* case, wrote that "in 'Ulysses', in spite of its unusual frankness, I do not detect anywhere the leer of the sensualist. I hold, therefore, that it is not pornographic."²¹² The book was to be allowed in the United States.

Joyce, who had always seen a clairvoyance in his own work, now saw the same talent in Lucia's apparently nonsensical remarks. But his desperation over her condition can best be seen when he allowed Jung to have a look at her. Joyce had always thought Freud and Jung to be quacks, and to Joyce this was proven in 1930 when Jung wrote a preposterous introduction to the German translation of *Ulysses*. Jung, who had either not read or just not understood a word of it, simply said it was an example of the schizophrenic mind. It's hard to imagine Joyce condescending to anyone else with so shallow a view of his book, and it's a sign of how truly desperate he was when he allowed Jung to look at Lucia. Lucia, however, inherited her father's bluntness in the face of stupidity when she wrote, "To think that such a big fat materialistic Swiss man should try to get hold of my soul!"²¹³ But when Jung pointed out the crazed nature of some of the poems she had written, Joyce put Lucia in his own place and said "they were anticipations of a new literature, and said his daughter was an innovator not yet understood."²¹⁴ Jung's treatment eventually came to nothing. "A man who had so misconstrued *Ulysses*," Ellmann writes, "could scarcely be expected by Joyce to construe Lucia correctly."²¹⁵

She was released from the hospital and early in 1935 spent some time with Miss Weaver and Joyce's sister Eileen, where she was increasingly unmanageable. Joyce and Nora finally convinced Helen and George, who were in America with her family to promote his singing career, to return to France at the end of September to help out with Lucia. Only George was able to tell his father Lucia was incurable and should be committed for good, but to no avail. For the next five years she was in and out of hospitals.

Joyce's entire world seems to have been crumbling now. He lamented on *Finnegans Wake* that "There are not ten centimes in my work. I can see nothing but a dark wall in front of me, a dark wall or precipice if you prefer, physically, morally, materially."²¹⁶ In July 1936, he arranged to have Lucia's letrines—elaborate designs for each letter of the alphabet—published to illustrate *A Chaucer A B C*, in hope of provoking a cure. He wrote to Miss Weaver:

I will not do so [commit her] so long as I see a single chance of hope for her recovery, nor blame her or punish her for the great crime she has committed in being a victim to one of the most elusive diseases known to men and unknown to medicine. And I imagine that if you were where she is and felt as she must you would perhaps feel some hope if you felt that you were neither abandoned nor forgotten.²¹⁷

Somehow, with the help of his family and close friends, whom he sent on numerous errands, *Finnegans Wake* was nearing completion. “If God Almighty came down to earth,” Nora complained, “you’d have a job for him.”²¹⁸ But he always remained loyal and grateful in his last years to the group of friends he still kept.

Hoping to publishing the *Wake* on his birthday in 1938, he worked constantly at it. He informed his publishers that he would divulge the book’s title when it went to the binder, “and no sooner.”²¹⁹ But Joyce’s birthday, and his father’s (July 4) both passed without the book appearing. During that summer Joyce took up a game he had begun with Miss Weaver ten years before: to guess the title of *Finnegans Wake*. At dinner that August Eugene Jolas finally guessed it. Joyce looked deflated for a moment and said, “Ah Jolas, you’ve taken something out of me.”²²⁰ He swore them to secrecy until he was done writing it, and cheered up for the rest of the evening.

When George’s wife Helen suffered a mental breakdown in September 1938, Joyce and Nora visited her in Montreux. During a few days stop in Zurich, Joyce complained of stomach cramps. He was told by the local doctor to have immediate X-rays, but Joyce ignored this and returned to Paris. Once there he wrote the concluding pages of *Finnegans Wake*, its last word (*the*) being as deliberate as the concluding *Yes* of *Ulysses*:

In *Ulysses*, to depict the babbling of a woman going to sleep, I had sought to end with the least forceful word I could possibly find. I had found the word “yes,” which is barely pronounced, which denotes acquiescence, self-abandon, relaxation, the end of all resistance. In *Work in Progress*, I’ve tried to do better if I could. This time, I have found the word which is the most slippery, the least accented, the weakest word in English, a word which is not even a word, which is scarcely sounded between the teeth, a breath, a nothing, the article *the*.²²¹

After the exhaustion of coming to the end, and the approval of the few people he showed it to, the closing months of 1938 saw the frantic proofreading stage so Faber & Faber could deliver the book on his birthday in 1939. A party was held to celebrate its release, and his old friend Frank Budgen even came over from London for the occasion. Ellmann justifies the book best:

Sleep is the great democratizer: in their dreams people become one, and everything about them becomes one. Nationalities lose their borders, levels of discourse and society are no longer separable, time and space surrender their demarcations. All human activities begin to fuse into all other human activities, printing a book into bearing a baby, fighting a war into courting a woman.²²²

On May 4 the book was officially released in London and New York, and the reviews ran the gamut between supposing the book was madness, or reserving praise in light of subsequent study. A few were cogent and praiseworthy enough for Joyce.

But then World War II began. Joyce bitterly complained his book he had spent so long on would now be lost. He and Nora were in Zurich at the time, and that December they arrived in St. Gérard-le-Puy, a village near Vichy (although even here, staying only a year, they moved four times).²²³ Joyce was again seized with stomach pains. That Christmas at a party he asked Mrs. Jolas to dance; when she hesitated he said, “Come on then, you know very well it’s the last Christmas.”²²⁴ Although there was to be one more for him, he seems to have been aware that there was little time left. Villagers referred to him as “that poor old man,” and fueled by his lifetime dislike of dogs (as powerful as his fear of thunderstorms), he walked around the village with a cane and a pocketful of stones, “my ammunition,” he said, against any approaching canine.²²⁵ When asked what he would write next, he gave his usual cynical answers that no one was reading his new one so why should he write another—but the truth came in small hints such as, “Yes, I think I’ll write something very simple and very short.”²²⁶ The year was occupied with correcting misprints in *Finnegans Wake*, and trying to receive permission to go to Zurich, which was

difficult as George was of military age and Lucia had to be retrieved from a hospital in now-occupied France. If his surviving letters are any indication, Joyce also spent just as much time trying to get his Jewish friends passage to England or Ireland. Permission was granted for George, but Lucia could not be released to her family. In late December, 1940, then, Joyce and Nora left for Zurich with George and his son Stephen.

On January 7, 1941, he wrote to Stanislaus, who due to the war was forced to move from Trieste to Florence. He gave his brother the names of a few people who might be able to help him there. It was Joyce's last letter. Two evenings later he was seized with stomach cramps and taken to a doctor in the middle of the night, diagnosed with a perforated duodenal ulcer. He was operated on and seemed to be recovering when he slipped into a coma. Early in the morning of January 13, 1941, he woke to ask for his Nora and George, and then relapsed. He died an hour later, at 2:15. When approached about a Catholic burial, Nora refused, saying, "I couldn't do that to him."²²⁷ He was buried on January 15. As the coffin was lowered and Nora saw his face for the last time, through the glass in the coffin lid, she cried out, "Jim, how beautiful you are!"²²⁸

Upon hearing of her father's death Lucia said, "What is he doing under the ground, that idiot? When will he decide to come out? He's watching us all the time."²²⁹ And indeed he is. As Richard Ellmann remarks early in his biography, "We are still learning to be James Joyce's contemporaries, to understand our interpreter."²³⁰ By simply showing us the world, Joyce has shown us ourselves. As for the complexities of his work, his remark to Budgen that "the ideas are always simple"²³¹ is indicative of what he still means to us now: the combination of his work, his life, and his letters gives us a sublime example of what it is to be a son, a husband, a father, a writer (or member of any other profession) and, in the end, a human being.

Notes

These notes refer back, first of all, to Joyce's books and the three volumes of his *Letters*, and the *Selected Letters*. Since Joyce's letters were occasionally pretty lengthy, the page numbers refer to where the quoted passage occurs, not the page where the letter begins, as Ellmann does. In some cases reference to the *Selected Letters* and a volume of the collected letters is given, as the *Selected Letters*, while including many letters omitted entirely from the collected letters, also restores the occasional omitted passage from others. References to *Dubliners* and *Portrait* are from the Viking Corrected Texts, to *Ulysses* from the 1961 Random House Corrected Text. The 1939 edition of *Finnegans Wake* is used.

¹ Robert McAlmon, *Being Geniuses Together*

² *Our Exagmination Round His Factification for Incamination of "Work in Progress,"* 14.

³ Peter Costello, *James Joyce: The Years of Growth*, 49.

⁴ See Costello, 72-3; also Costello's book-length history, *Clongowes Wood College: A History*.

⁵ C. P. Curran, July 14, 1937. *Letters* I, 393.

⁶ Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce* (revised ed.), 28; from an interview with Mrs. Eileen Schaurek, 1953.

⁷ Costello, 93.

⁸ Ellmann., 33.

⁹ Ellmann., 21.

¹⁰ Costello, 122.

¹¹ Herbert Gorman, *James Joyce*, 45.

¹² Costello, 119 and 129.

¹³ John McCourt, *The Years of Bloom: James Joyce in Trieste*, 14.

¹⁴ Edna O'Brien, *James Joyce*, 30.

¹⁵ Costello, 151.

¹⁶ Costello, 150.

¹⁷ O'Brien, 11.

¹⁸ Costello, 190.

¹⁹ *Portrait*, 171.

- ²⁰ Costello, 143.
- ²¹ Costello, 158.
- ²² Alphabetical notebook at Cornell.
- ²³ Ellmann, 70; printed in Clery's *Dublin Essays*.
- ²⁴ *Critical Writings*, 45-6
- ²⁵ Letter from Archer to Joyce, now in the Slocum Collection at Yale.
- ²⁶ Letter to Archer, April 28, 1900. *Letters II*, 7.
- ²⁷ Ellmann, 75
- ²⁸ *Stephen Hero*, 246 (249).
- ²⁹ "On the back of Joyce's letter to Archer of Aug. 30, 1900, now in the British Library, Archer copied out Joyce's extraordinary dedication."
- ³⁰ Ellmann, 80
- ³¹ Ellmann, 80
- ³² *Stephen Hero*, 211-3 (216-8)
- ³³ *Portrait*, 206-215
- ³⁴ Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper*, 103-4 (116)
- ³⁵ Ellmann, 163; from S. Joyce's notes.
- ³⁶ *Portrait*, 214
- ³⁷ Ellmann, 84
- ³⁸ Ellmann, 90
- ³⁹ Russell, "Some Characters of the Irish Literary Movement."
- ⁴⁰ Ellmann, *The Identity of Yeats*, 86-9
- ⁴¹ Ellmann, 106
- ⁴² *My Brother's Keeper*, 192-3 (194)
- ⁴³ Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'* (London, 1934; new ed., 1972), 155.
- ⁴⁴ Costello, 207.
- ⁴⁵ Letter to Lady Gregory, December 21, 1902. *Selected Letters*, 11.
- ⁴⁶ To Mary Joyce, February 21, 1903. *Letters II*, 29
- ⁴⁷ Ellmann, 124; from Gorman notes.
- ⁴⁸ Gorman, 108; *Ulysses*, 42 (52).
- ⁴⁹ *Ulysses*, 42 (52); *My Brother's Keeper*, 230 (227).
- ⁵⁰ *Portrait*, 514
- ⁵¹ Costello, 177.
- ⁵² Ellmann, 134.
- ⁵³ Gorman, 114
- ⁵⁴ Eglinton, *Irish Literary Portraits*, 136
- ⁵⁵ Ellmann, 147-8, from S. Joyce's diaries.
- ⁵⁶ Ellmann, 154; from an interview with S. Joyce, 1953.
- ⁵⁷ To Nora Barnacle, June 15, 1904. *Letters II*, 42
- ⁵⁸ Ellmann, 156
- ⁵⁹ *Selected Letters*, 182.
- ⁶⁰ Costello, 226.
- ⁶¹ Brenda Maddox, *Nora*, 12-14.
- ⁶² Maddox, 15-18.
- ⁶³ Maddox, 18-22.
- ⁶⁴ Maddox, 30-31.
- ⁶⁵ To Stanislaus Joyce, October 9, 1904. *Letters II*, 273.
- ⁶⁶ McAlmon, *Geniuses*, 168. In Maddox, 190.
- ⁶⁷ To Stanislaus Joyce, 7 February 1905, *Letters II*, 79-80.
- ⁶⁸ From George Russell, ? June or July 1904, *Letters II*, 43.
- ⁶⁹ Ellmann, 165
- ⁷⁰ To Nora Barnacle Joyce, 31 August 1909, *Letters II*, 242.
- ⁷¹ Ellmann, 165-67; in full in
- ⁷² Ellmann, 167.
- ⁷³ S. Joyce, *The Dublin Diary*, 69.
- ⁷⁴ Letter from Charles Joyce to S. Joyce, April 12, 1906.

- ⁷⁵ Byrne, *Silent Years*, 148.
- ⁷⁶ Ellmann notes, "Lady Gregory seems to be quoting this remark of Joyce in her reply." (763)
- ⁷⁷ Maddox, 46.
- ⁷⁸ Quoted in McCourt, 31.
- ⁷⁹ McCourt, 33.
- ⁸⁰ McCourt, 21.
- ⁸¹ McCourt, 11.
- ⁸² McCourt, 51-53.
- ⁸³ from Herbert Gorman's biography, quoted in McCourt, 26.
- ⁸⁴ To Stanislaus Joyce, July 12, 1905. *Letters II*, 95.
- ⁸⁵ Maddox, 53.
- ⁸⁶ O'Brien, 103.
- ⁸⁷ To Stanislaus Joyce, c. Sept 24, 1905. *Letters II*, 111.
- ⁸⁸ To Grant Richards, May 5, 1906. *Letters II*, 135.
- ⁸⁹ To Grant Richards, 13 May 1906. *Letters II*, 136-37.
- ⁹⁰ To Grant Richards, 23 June 1906. *Letters I*, 64.
- ⁹¹ To Stanislaus Joyce, 25 September 1906. *Letters II*, 165.
- ⁹² Ellmann, 226
- ⁹³ See also McCourt, 85.
- ⁹⁴ Maddox, 78.
- ⁹⁵ To Stanislaus Joyce, 25 September 1906. *Letters II*, 166.
- ⁹⁶ To Stanislaus Joyce, 18 October 1906. *Letters II*, 182.
- ⁹⁷ Ellmann, 297
- ⁹⁸ Ellmann, 297-298
- ⁹⁹ To Nora Barnacle Joyce, 6 August 1909. *Selected Letters*, 158.
- ¹⁰⁰ To Nora Barnacle Joyce, 7 August 1909. *Selected Letters*, 158.
- ¹⁰¹ Byrne, *Silent Years*, 156
- ¹⁰² To Nora Barnacle Joyce, 19 August 1909. *Selected Letters*, 159.
- ¹⁰³ To Nora Barnacle Joyce, 22 August 1909. *Selected Letters*, 163.
- ¹⁰⁴ O'Brien, 78.
- ¹⁰⁵ Maddox, 92-93.
- ¹⁰⁶ Costello, 285.
- ¹⁰⁷ Ellmann, 301; from an interview with S. Joyce, 1954; also McCourt, 143.
- ¹⁰⁸ *Selected Letters*, vii.
- ¹⁰⁹ Costello, 289n.
- ¹¹⁰ O'Brien, 74.
- ¹¹¹ From H. G. Wells, 23 November 1928. *Letters I*, 275.
- ¹¹² Ellmann, 315; a copy of this letter is at the University of Illinois Library.
- ¹¹³ Ellmann, 324
- ¹¹⁴ To Stanislaus Joyce, 23 August 1912. *Letters II*, 312.
- ¹¹⁵ To W. B. Yeats, 19 September 1912. *Letters I*, 71.
- ¹¹⁶ Ellmann, 335-337
- ¹¹⁷ Svevo, *James Joyce*
- ¹¹⁸ Ellmann, 353.
- ¹¹⁹ Costello, 224.
- ¹²⁰ Gilbert, 3
- ¹²¹ Ellmann, 360
- ¹²² Ellmann, 360
- ¹²³ Ellmann, 361; also from Ellmann:
"Letter to me from Aldous Huxley, 1957. Stuart Gilbert informs me he also heard this etymology from Joyce; see Gilbert, *James Joyce's Ulysses* (1952), 263.
- ¹²⁴ Ellmann, 361-62
- ¹²⁵ Joseph Campbell, *Mythic Worlds Modern Words*, 99.
- ¹²⁶ Ellmann, 360; from an interview with Arthur Power, 1953.
- ¹²⁷ For more on this, see Ellmann, 366.
- ¹²⁸ Ellmann, 161-62.

- ¹²⁹ See Costello, 230-31, and 266.
- ¹³⁰ *Ulysses*, 666
- ¹³¹ Costello, 30.
- ¹³² *Ulysses*, xvi.
- ¹³³ Hutchins, *James Joyce's World*, 139, and an interview with Kathleen Murray, 1953. (E, 793)
- ¹³⁴ Silvio Benco, 'James Joyce in Trieste,' *Bookman* (New York), LXXII (Dec. 1930), 375-80.
- ¹³⁵ Ellmann, 396
- ¹³⁶ "A copy of this report is in the Slocum Collection at Yale, with a letter from Duckworth & Co. dated Jan. 30, 1916, at Yale." (E, 780)
- ¹³⁷ Ellmann, 409; from an interview with Signora Vela Bliznakoff Pulitzer, 1954, by Lucy von Hibler.
- ¹³⁸ Georges Borach, 'Conversations with joyce,' tr. by Joseph Prescott, *College English*, XV (March 1954), 325-27.
- ¹³⁹ Ellmann, 417
- ¹⁴⁰ McCourt, 5.
- ¹⁴¹ See McCourt, 196-206.
- ¹⁴² Budgen, *myself when young*, 190
- ¹⁴³ Ellman, 451; and: "Budgen made the remark to J. S. Atherton. See the latter's "Facts, Fictions and Fadographs," *Times Literary Supplement*, Dec. 12, 1975, 1483." (E, 783)
- ¹⁴⁴ Maddox, 149.
- ¹⁴⁵ Maddox, 171.
- ¹⁴⁶ Ellmann, 456.
- ¹⁴⁷ Ellmann, 459.
- ¹⁴⁸ To Harriet Shaw Weaver, 6 August 1919. *Selected Letters*, 242, and *Letters I*, 129.
- ¹⁴⁹ To Frank Budgen, 3 January 1920. *Letters I*, 135.
- ¹⁵⁰ To Frank Budgen, 3 January 1902. *Selected Letter*, 245 and *Letters I*, 134.
- ¹⁵¹ To Frank Budgen, 20 March 1920. *Selected Letters*, 251, and *Letters I*, 139.
- ¹⁵² See Ellmann, 482n.
- ¹⁵³ Maddox, 177; see also Noel Riley Fitch's *Sylvia Beach and the Lost Generation*, the definitive account of how truly devoted Beach was to Joyce.
- ¹⁵⁴ Lewis, *Blasting and Bombardiering*, 274-276
- ¹⁵⁵ Eliot letters, 403
- ¹⁵⁶ Ellmann, 491; letter from Harriet Weaver to Joyce, Aug. 25, 1920.
- ¹⁵⁷ Maria Jolas, "The Joyce I Knew and the Women Around Him," a section from an unfinished autobiography, published in the *Crane Bag* (Dublin) IV:1 (1980), 82-7.
- ¹⁵⁸ To Frank Budgen, End February 1921. *Letters I*, 160.
- ¹⁵⁹ Ellmann, 501; from Myron Nutting interview in Oral History Project, U.C.L.A. Library.
- ¹⁶⁰ To Frank Budgen, 16 August 1921. *Letters I*, 170.
- ¹⁶¹ To Carlo Linati, 21 September 1920. *Letters I*, 146.
- ¹⁶² Ellmann, 504; from an interview with Arthur Power, 1953.
- ¹⁶³ From William White, 'Irish Antitheses: Shaw and Joyce,' *The Shavian*, II, No. 3 (Feb. 1961), 28-9. The letter was first printed in Sylvia Beach, *Shakespeare and Company* (1959), 52.
- ¹⁶⁴ Woolf, *A Writer's Diary*, 363.
- ¹⁶⁵ Gilbert, 28
- ¹⁶⁶ Ellmann, 529; from a letter in the Newberry Library, Chicago.
- ¹⁶⁷ Ellmann, 531.
- ¹⁶⁸ Ellmann, 537; from an interview with Harriet Weaver, 1956.
- ¹⁶⁹ To Harriet Shaw Weaver, March 1923. *Letters I*, 202.
- ¹⁷⁰ Rejoyce, 247
- ¹⁷¹ Ellmann's introduction to *Letters III*, 4.
- ¹⁷² FW, 628
- ¹⁷³ FW, 3
- ¹⁷⁴ To Harriet Shaw Weaver, 21 May 1926. *Letters I*, 241.
- ¹⁷⁵ e . g . o n p . 3 :
- bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonnerronntuonntthunnttrovarrhounawnskawntoohoooodenen
thurnuk!
- ¹⁷⁶ Power, *From an Old Waterford House*, 67, and interview with Arthur Power, 1953. (E, 793)

- ¹⁷⁷ Ellmann, 546.
- ¹⁷⁸ FW, pp. 196-216
- ¹⁷⁹ Ellmann, 564; from Curran notes.
- ¹⁸⁰ To Harriet Shaw Weaver, 7 March 1924. *Letters I*, 213.
- ¹⁸¹ Curran notes.
- ¹⁸² To Harriet Shaw Weaver, 2 December 1928. *Letters I*, 276.
- ¹⁸³ FW, pp. 532.06-554
- ¹⁸⁴ See John Bishop's wonderful introduction to the new Penguin Classics edition of *Finnegans Wake*; also his book-length treatment, *Joyce's Book of the Night*.
- ¹⁸⁵ To Harriet Shaw Weaver, 25 April 1925. *Letters I*, 227.
- ¹⁸⁶ Ellmann, 573; from the diary of Helen (Mrs. Myron) Nutting.
- ¹⁸⁷ *Letters I*, 246n.
- ¹⁸⁸ Letter from Ezra Pound to Hilaire Hiler, March 10, 1937, in *Letters of Ezra Pound*, 292.
- ¹⁸⁹ To Harriet Shaw Weaver, 24 November 1926. *Letters III*, 146.
- ¹⁹⁰ Ellmann, 590; in a letter from Weaver, February 4, 1927.
- ¹⁹¹ Ellmann, 590; from an interview with Claud W. Sykes, 1954.
- ¹⁹² McAlmon, *Being Geniuses Together*, 251.
- ¹⁹³ To Robert McAlmon, ?18 February 1924, *Letters III*, 88.
- ¹⁹⁴ Ellmann, 588.
- ¹⁹⁵ Costello, 13.
- ¹⁹⁶ To Harriet Shaw Weaver, 14 August 1927. *Letters I*, 258.
- ¹⁹⁷ Undated letter from Archibald MacLiesch.
- ¹⁹⁸ From H. G. Wells to Joyce, 23 November 1928. *Letters I*, 274-75.
- ¹⁹⁹ Ellmann, 614.
- ²⁰⁰ To Harriet Shaw Weaver, 22 November, 1930. *Letters I*, 295.
- ²⁰¹ Ellmann, 710.
- ²⁰² See Maddox, 255-57, and 260.
- ²⁰³ Ellmann, 642; from an interview with Eva Joyce, 1953.
- ²⁰⁴ To T. S. Eliot, 1 January 1932. *Letters I*, 311.
- ²⁰⁵ Ellmann, 22, from unpublished notes of Louis Gillet.
- ²⁰⁶ Gillet, *Claybook for James Joyce*, 132.
- ²⁰⁷ Letter from Paul Léon to Harriet Weaver, quoting Joyce, July 19, 1935. (E. 805)
- ²⁰⁸ Ellmann, 651.
- ²⁰⁹ Ellmann, 664.
- ²¹⁰ See Stuart Gilbert's introduction to *Letters I*, 38.
- ²¹¹ Budgen, *Further Recollections of James Joyce*, 4, 5.
- ²¹² Ulysses, 1961 Random House, xv
- ²¹³ Ellmann, 679, from an interview with Jung, 1953.
- ²¹⁴ Ellmann, 679.
- ²¹⁵ Ellmann, 680.
- ²¹⁶ Ellmann, 685.
- ²¹⁷ To Harriet Shaw Weaver, 9 June 1936. *Letters III*, 385-86.
- ²¹⁸ Ellmann, 699; from an interview with Samuel Beckett, 1953.
- ²¹⁹ Ellmann, 707.
- ²²⁰ Ellmann, 708.
- ²²¹ Translated from the French in Gillet, *Stèle pour James Joyce*, 164-5. See Ellmann, 712.
- ²²² Ellmann, 716.
- ²²³ Maddox, 338.
- ²²⁴ Ellmann, 729; and: "For many details in the account of Joyce at Saint-Gérard-le-Puy I am indebted to Maria Jolas's essay, "Joyce en 1939-1940," *Mercure de France*, CCCIX (May 1, 1950), 45-58, and to interviews with Mrs. Jolas in 1953, 1954, and 1956.
- ²²⁵ Ellmann, 730.
- ²²⁶ Ellmann, 731; from an interview with George Pelorson, 1954.
- ²²⁷ Ellmann, 742, from an interview with George Joyce, 1953.
- ²²⁸ Carola Giedion-Welcker, "Les Derniers Mois de la Vie de James Joyce." Quoted in Maddox, 345.
- ²²⁹ Ellmann, 743; from an interview with Nino Frank, 1953.

²³⁰ Ellmann, 3.

²³¹ Interview with Frank Budgen, 1954.