Every Irish schoolboy and schoolgirl—and consequently every serious Joycean—has heard of the Battle of Clontarf: how, in the year 1014 at the place called the Meadow of the Bulls, the saintly Irish King Brian Boru drove the heathen Danes into the sea, and how King Brian was surprised at prayer and killed by the cowardly Bruadar. Like a good deal of what every Irish schoolboy and schoolgirl—and every serious Joycean—knows, this account is somewhat wide of what might loosely be termed the truth. In fact, it is part of a propaganda campaign run by Brian’s supporters, the chieftains of Munster, to assert the primacy of the southern province over the rest of Ireland. The actual situation was more complicated. You must understand Dane to mean not merely an inhabitant of Denmark but any of the Scandinavian adventurers who tried his luck in Ireland. You must understand Irish to mean not all the people of Ireland but only those who were allies of Brian of Munster. The people of Dublin sided with the Danes which is not really surprising because Dublin, like all the major Irish towns, was a Scandinavian foundation. And the Danes were not expelled from Ireland: a large Scandinavian element remained, became assimilated with the locals and fought side by side with them when the next wave of invaders—the Normans—arrived in the twelfth century.

This essay is concerned with another piece of Munster propaganda which every Joycean is familiar with and which, given the constant increase in the popularity of Joyce’s writings, every Irish schoolboy and schoolgirl may know before long.

In January 1932, shortly after the death of his father, Joyce wrote to Harriet Weaver:

He thought and talked of me up to his last breath. I was very fond of him always, being a sinner myself, and even liked his faults. Hundreds of pages and scores of characters in my books
came from him.... I got from him his portraits, a waistcoat, a good tenor voice, and an extravagant licentious disposition (out of which, however, the greater part of any talent I may have springs) but, apart from these, something else I cannot define. (JIII 643)

I want to take as my topic those portraits which are now in Buffalo and, more especially, the purple hunting waistcoat in the Joyce Museum in Sandycove. This garment was made by Ellen Joyce for her son, John Joyce, who gave it to his son, James Joyce. Its fictional form figures in "The Dead" when Gabriel remembers that one year his mother had worked for him as a birthday present a waistcoat of purple tabinet, with little foxes' heads upon it, lined with brown satin and having round mulberry buttons. (D 186)

Associated with this waistcoat is a tale of two cities, Dublin, the capital of Ireland, and Cork, on the south coast, the capital of Munster, both of them originally Scandinavian settlements and both of them crucial to any account of the life and writings of James Joyce.

Though he loved his father dearly Joyce would not return to Dublin to see him. He kept him constantly under the illusion that I would come and was always in correspondence with him but an instinct I believed in held me back from going, much as I longed to. (JIII 643)

Joyce often expressed a fearful unwillingness to put himself in the hands of those in Dublin who had proved so treacherous and malignant in the past and this may be the instinct he refers to. However, like much that seems strange in the career of James Joyce, his failure to make an appearance at the death-bed of his beloved father is not quite so strange when seen in the context of his family history. John Joyce, it would seem, was also absent from the death-bed of his father.

At the time of his father's death, Joyce was living comfortably in Paris, the hero of the literary avant garde. Many were taken by an apparent contradiction between James Joyce, the daring apostle of literary freedom, and Mr. Joyce, the formal man who frowned on any references to sex, who loved to dress up for the Opera and who was surprised by the effect he had on some people:

My habit of addressing people I have just met for the first time as "Monsieur" earned for me the reputation of a tout petit
bourgeois while others consider what I intend for politeness as most offensive. (JIII 510)

Had these people known Joyce's family background or had they read his writings more carefully they would have recognized his social demeanor as yet another aspect of his paternal inheritance.

John Joyce was born in Cork in 1849 and died in Dublin in 1931 at the age of eighty-two. Though he spent most of his life in Dublin—having moved there in his mid-twenties—he remained a Corkman all his life, and his son recognized this when he had his gravestone inscribed in memory of John Stanislaus Joyce of Cork.

Among the many remarkable things about John Joyce is that, having lost his job in the Rates Office in 1891—at the age of forty—he never again reaped the benefits or bore the strain of full-time employment. His life divides neatly in two. Before 1891 he was a man of means, albeit of diminishing means, who had inherited a considerable amount of property in Cork; not long after 1891 he had mortgaged his properties away and was the unemployed father irresponsible for the welfare of a wife and ten children. John Joyce was a spectacularly inadequate breadwinner. He earned little by a series of occasional jobs but his social pleasures seem to have taken precedence over his domestic obligations. He abused his children physically and verbally and he made several attempts to inflict grievous bodily harm on his wife. Here is the opinion of one who knew him well:

He was a man of unparalleled vituperative power, a virtuoso in speech with unique control of the vernacular, his language often coarse and blasphemous to a degree of which, in the long run, he could hardly himself have been conscious... [His] stories would be of a perfectly drawing-room character till suddenly, as if taken unawares, he would slip into the coarse vein and another side of his nature and vocabulary would be revealed. (Curran 69f.)

And yet—and this is not the least remarkable aspect of the man—despite the humiliations of poverty, despite the loss of employment, property, and social status, and despite his ignominious flights from angry landlords—John Joyce retained an invincible sense of himself as a gentleman and he sought to transmit that consciousness to his eldest son. At bay before a Clongowes bully whose father is a magistrate, Stephen maintains that his father is a gentleman. Even as he loses the last of the Cork properties, Mr. Dedalus clings to his hopes for a well-bred future:

—When you kick out for yourself, Stephen—as I daresay you will one of these days—remember, whatever you do, to mix
with gentlemen. When I was a young fellow I tell you I enjoyed myself. I mixed with fine decent fellows...we were all gentlemen, Stephen—at least I hope we were—and bloody good honest Irishmen too. (P 91)

Though like all fathers and sons they had their little disagreements, John Joyce always had hopes for James, and James, as he grew older, saw himself increasingly as his father's son. Just as John Joyce combined "a perfectly drawing room character" with what his son euphemized as "an extravagant licentious disposition," so too James Joyce, having scandalized the western world with his writings, could put on his evening clothes and appear at the opera as a model of bourgeois propriety.

Stanislaus Joyce, who hated his father and his native land with a religious passion, wrote as follows in My Brother's Keeper:

The two dominant passions of my brother's life were to be love of father and of fatherland... love of his country, or rather of his city, that was to reject him and his work; love of his father, who was like a mill-stone round his neck. (238)

Throughout his many wanderings James Joyce carried his family portraits as pius Aeneas bore his household gods. These portraits were the icons of a family cult, an oral history which transcended genealogy and attained the status of a foundation myth or an epic. We may refer to it as The Joycead in order to emphasize the conventions which govern it and to distinguish it from more orthodox history. The full text was lost, as it were, with the last breath of John Joyce, who was the principal author of this epic, but it is possible to reconstruct The Joycead by conflating the derivative versions found in the writings of his sons, James and Stanislaus. It is then possible to deconstruct this reconstruction by relating it to the historical circumstances and to contemporary records of people and events mentioned in The Joycead. The fact is that, despite the impression given in The Joycead, the Joyces made no lasting mark on Cork: their only existence is in the dusty obscurity of public records, legal documents, rates valuations, and commercial directories. John Joyce's attitude was more histrionic than historical. His pride in the Joyces was matched only by his scorn for the families of those women—including his wife and his mother—who married Joyces and thus—at least in the eyes of the world—contributed an equal share to the genetic pool.

Although The Joycead does not stress the far distant past, we may assume that Joyces were Scandinavians who settled in what is
now northwestern France and later on, in the twelfth century, took part in the Norman invasion of Ireland. In Ireland they have always been associated with a part of a western county, Galway, which is known as The Joyce Country. What we think of as traditional Norman virtues—urban development and regulation—do not appear to have found much expression on the western seaboard but the Joyces were not utterly lost in the Celtic ethos of Connemara: one strain moved south and into the Irish historical record at the end of the eighteenth century as builders. (They may have been connected with the marble quarries of Connemara where Joyces are still working.) They settled around the town of Fermoy in East Cork, the only part of Cork where the name is still reasonably popular. To this day the Joyces of East Cork preserve a tribal memory of their Galway ancestry and they believe, with justification, that they are descended from masons who came south in search of work. They prospered but at some stage they excited the envy or the disdain of their neighbors who composed a saying which still survives: never trust a Joyce, or Rice or a Quirke.

In many ways the history of the Joyces is the history of the Catholic middle class in Ireland. During the eighteenth century Irish Catholics suffered under a system of penal legislation which was designed to bar any Catholic from social advancement. During the nineteenth century, thanks to a series of measures which culminated in the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, middle-class Catholics came to dominate most aspects of Irish life. This social adjustment did not take place without a great deal of pushing and shoving as middle-class Catholics and Protestants sought to claim or maintain what they believed was exclusively theirs. Against the Protestant claim that the Catholics were treacherous and ignorant bog-trotters, the Catholics maintained that they were every bit as honest, as intelligent, and as cultured as the Protestants—in other words, the Catholic was just as much a gentleman as the Protestant.

_The Joycead_, in true epic style, launches forth in _medias res_ with the Joyces established in the forefront of Catholic society. It does not inquire too deeply into the manner in which they achieved their social status but the fact is that the Joyces, like Tim Finnegan, rose in the world by carrying a hod. They made bricks with which they made houses with which they made money.

The move from manual labor to property development coincides with the move from the town of Fermoy into the city of Cork around 1800 and is associated with James Joyce, ‘‘manufacturer and chapman
of salt and lime." Though it seems an unlikely combination today, salt and lime were essential commodities in the economy of Cork at the time. Lime was used in the making of building bricks and mortar and also as a fertilizer; salt was always in great demand in a city which was the center of the British butter trade. Various dependable documents—legal records, rates valuations, trade directories—establish James Joyce in the city of Cork as the owner of a brick-building business, of a salt and lime business, and of property.

In The Joyceiad this primal James Joyce functions as a cultural hero whose exploits hover between mythological and academic history. If we recall that in this form he is the creation of John Joyce, we shall not be surprised if he epitomizes the virtues which his creator would claim as quintessentially Joycean. Here he is in A Portrait of the Artist:

He was a good Irishman when there was no money in the job. He was condemned to death as a whiteboy. But he had a saying about our clerical friends, that he would never let one of them put his two feet under his mahogany. (38)

In other words: James Joyce was the model of a spirited Irish gentleman. The Whiteboys were a clandestine agrarian terror society and were active around Fermoy in the late eighteenth century but the name was often used to indicate any secret society which used extreme methods on behalf of Catholics. The episode suggests that the Joyces, like many ambitious Catholics, resented the advantages, commercial and social, enjoyed by their Protestant competitors. This would have made them sympathetic to secret societies and, consequently, brought them into conflict with the Catholic clergy whose official position was in support of the status quo. Nationalism and anticlericalism are intertwining threads of The Joyceiad and of Irish political history.

James Joyce's unexplained reprieve may seem odd unless we remember we are dealing with a myth which is not constrained by the conventions of realism. The mythic element is more obvious in the case of James' son, James Augustine, who was born in 1827 in Rose Cottage, just outside Fermoy and quite close to several limestone quarries. The road between Rose Cottage and the main road to Mallow was known into our own time as Joyce's Boreen. In The Joyceiad James Augustine is the most obviously superhuman of the Joyces: almost everything about him suggests a quasi-divine status. He was "the handsomest man in Cork" and, most tellingly, a man
The Joycead of "angelic temper" (My Brother's Keeper 21, 23). Even his physical position is on high: in the pageant of the past he rides along, aloft on his horse, resplendent in his red hunting jacket, the admiration of all who gaze up at him (P 94). He was also above vulgar commerce with such mundane materials as salt and lime—he went bankrupt at least once—but before alluding to his human imperfections it is necessary to say something about his marriage.

In My Brother's Keeper, Stanislaus, presumably repeating his father, writes that James Augustine

married a woman of some means, an O'Connell, one of a family of nineteen, the daughter of the proprietor of one of the largest general stores in Cork. Some of the nineteen became priests and nuns. (22)

John Joyce was the only child of an only child and his own domestic circumstances did not encourage him to admire large families. He had little to say in favor of the O'Connells who figure in The Joycead as the antitheses of the Joyces: graceless, superstitious and, despite their commercial success, peasants. He may even have blamed his own prolific paternity on the O'Connells.¹

James Augustine's father-in-law, the polyphiloprogenitive shopkeeper, was also a representative figure of Irish life in the early nineteenth century. John O'Connell was a successful draper who had served in local politics. His political beliefs may be deduced from his claimed relationship with Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator of Irish Catholics by means of constitutional agitation and clerical support, and an uncompromising denouncer of political violence. I have been able to trace only five O'Connell children, four of whom answered the call to the religious life. One of these was Ellen O'Connell who followed her sister, Alicia, into the South Presentation Convent in Cork in October 1836. Ellen left the convent after four months.² Ten years later she was still unmarried but her patience was to be rewarded with a proposal from "the handsomest man in Cork." They were married in 1848, an exceptionally unhappy year for Ireland which was being ravaged by the Great Famine. In July 1849 their only child was born, John Stanislaus, the father of James and Stanislaus and the main author of The Joycead: a child of the Famine, he was to prove himself a great survivor.

The documentary history of the marriage is mainly legal. A deed of settlement records the merging of assets: the Joyces contributed house property close to their own town residence and the
O'Connells gave land and quarries close to the Joyce brick-building business outside the city in Ballinlough. Stanislaus suspected that the parents looked to the mature Ellen to temper the extravagance of James Augustine and teach him the sober virtues of the O'Connells. Not the least of Ellen's attractions was the equivalent of $100,000 she brought in hard cash but hopes of a successful merger were vain: four years later James Augustine was bankrupt. In retrospect it is clear that the angelic James Augustine frittered the family fortune. Before his early death in 1866 he had lost the family interests in brickmaking, building, and the sale of salt and lime. His death certificate describes him as Inspector of Hackney Coaches—almost certainly a sinecure in the gift of the O'Connells.  

The mythological history of the union is much more interesting and is concerned with the nature of James Augustine, the nature of Ellen O'Connell, the nature of the marriage, the naming of the child, and finally, the amazing survival of the child. As usual the sordid commercial details are more or less dismissed as vulgar and beneath the notice of gentlemen.

The story of James Augustine and Ellen may be seen as a parody of the Adonis theme, with James Augustine as Adonis and Ellen as a dull peasant Persephone; there is even in My Brother's Keeper the suggestion of occasional visits to Aphrodite (23). James Augustine was young, exceptionally handsome and "of angelic temper"; no longer young, Ellen was plain and shrewish. Nor would Ellen's defection from the convent have added to her attractions in a society which branded young men who left the seminary as "spoiled priests."

Here, to change terms, was a Dido whom James Augustine should have loved and left. What prevented him? What else except the malign influence of the priest-ridden O'Connells? At least that is how it was in The Joycead as reported in My Brother's Keeper (23). No doubt the O'Connells blamed the failure of the marriage—carnal and commercial—on the fecklessness of the ill-disciplined and licentious Joyces, but the Joyces saw things in a different light. The marriage was a loveless and grotesque conjunction contrived by the O'Connells and their clerical mentors as a last ditch effort to marry Ellen off to the angelically ingenuous James Augustine.

The most farcical of the mythological episodes was that of the naming of the only son. According to The Joycead it was intended to christen the son James but, thanks to the bungling of a drunken parish clerk, the baby was named John. It is infinitely more likely
that John was named after his maternal grandfather, the irreproachable John O'Connell. The story of the drunken clerk was a Joycean denial of the O'Connell heritage, a heritage which teemed with scheming clerics.

One can only guess as to which Joyce was responsible for this tale. Its garrulous form suggests John Joyce but perhaps it originated as James Augustine's apology for not protecting his son more effectively from the O'Connells. More than likely, both men had a hand in it for they were unusually close to each other, "more like brothers than father and son." John Stanislaus had been a weak child and had suffered from typhus, the disease which would later kill James Augustine. He was saved by James Augustine in a manner which would not have been out of place in a more ancient myth: James Augustine arranged for his son to go out in the pilot boats and the fresh salt air of Cork Harbour not only cured him of childish illness but enabled him to live to the age of eighty-two.

John Joyce remembered his twenty-five years in Cork as a sort of paradise. Wanting for nothing, assured of everything, innocent of the harder facts of life, free from the inconvenience of work, he set out to emulate his father: he excelled at outdoor pursuits—riding, sailing, rowing, bowling, athletics—and, spoiled with money, an engaging manner, a good voice, and a talent for mimicry, he was equally successful as a young man-about-town. Even the early death of his angelic father does not seem to have interrupted the blissful tone of his youth. The story is that James Augustine, as he lay dying, urged his son to go to the Opera House (My Brother's Keeper 23). The death of James Augustine left John Joyce alone among the O'Connells. He went up to Queen's College, now University College, to study medicine in order to consolidate his social status by earning a living as a professional gentleman; but it was his Joycean spirits that won out and he dedicated himself so assiduously to athletics and dramatics that there was no time for studies and he abandoned his attempt to become a professional gentleman, preferring to live the life of a gentleman of leisure. One presumes that the O'Connells tried to point out the weakness of his position—that his inheritance was not unlimited, that he was living off his capital while creating none; at any rate, his relations with his mother and her people may be gauged from another episode of The Joyceed.

The story goes that in his early twenties John Joyce made two efforts to join violent organizations, the French Army and the Fenian Brotherhood. In the first case he was frustrated by his mother who
followed him to London and dragged him home; to extricate him from the Fenians his mother took him to Dublin where she hoped he would find some respectable and profitable expression for his political energies. Ellen O'Connell appears here as typically O'Connell, dull, constitutional, and bent on repressing the extravagant disposition of the Joyces. As a man of property John Joyce should not have sympathized with the Fenians but he needed some outlet for the colorfully rebellious streak he had inherited from his father's people. Soon he was to find a cause which would allow him to become involved in radically nationalist politics without prejudicing his position as an Irish Catholic gentleman. Charles Stewart Parnell united almost all strands of Irish nationalism behind him: a Protestant landlord who was as anti-English as any Catholic peasant, Parnell seemed set to deliver a new Ireland in which men like John Joyce would come into their own. John Joyce became his fanatical supporter.

Though removed from his southern paradise, John Joyce continued on the primrose path. Against the wishes of their parents, he married May Murray and in 1882 their son was born and christened James Augustine: there was no bungling this time. John Joyce took his family to live in Bray—on the coast just south of Dublin—where he resumed the water-sports he had excelled in while in Cork. There were danger signs but spotting them had never been a Joyce forte. The series of only boys was broken and then gradually shattered as May Murray showed herself to be the equal of any O'Connell when it came to bearing children. John Joyce must have known that he was living beyond his means but if he did, he took no corrective measures. As a gentleman of means he sent his son James to Clongowes, a prestigious and expensive school run by the Jesuits for the sons of Catholic gentlemen.

And here endeth the first part of The Joycead.

The child James Joyce was nourished on this family myth and within it he found his role: he was Sunny Jim, first in line to the solar throne which had been occupied by the immortal James I whom even a sentence of death could not kill, by the angelic James Augustine whose brief life shed sunshine on all around him (with the possible exception of his wife and his creditors), and by his own father. John Joyce was not the least superhuman of these Joyces: the only begotten son of a heavenly father and an all-too-earthly-mother,
he had grown up in the distant paradise that was called Cork and
he would establish his beloved Jim in the promised land into which
Mr. Parnell was about to lead all the people of Ireland. At the same
time young Jim was being nourished—some would say force-fed—
on another myth: "Dante" was instructing him in the Roman
Catholic religion.

The central episode of the second part of *The Joycead* was the
loss of paradise: this fall from graciousness was not due to the sin
of any Joycean father but to the meanminded treachery of the Irish
people. A less creative account would point out that the Joyces had
been living beyond their means for two generations and that James
Augustine's commercial ineptitude had only been disguised by his
alliance with the O'Connells. John Joyce had failed either to earn
enough money or to marry a sufficiently rich woman to finance his
life of genteel leisure. It was only a matter of time before he fell
into debts which could not be sustained.

John Joyce had begun to mortgage his property ten years before
the fall of Parnell but according to *The Joycead* the fall of John
Joyce was part of the greater fall of Parnell. Both men had been
betrayed and deserted in their hours of need by the uncouth Irish
rabble encouaged and directed by their masters, the Catholic bishops
and priests. It was probably at this juncture, c. 1891, that the family
myth assumed its final form, which I have called *The Joycead* and
which, for John Joyce, provided an acceptably coherent account of
the fate of the Joyce family. The Joyces were gentlemen and not to
be confused with the peasants who marveled at them as the Joyces
rode past. The Joyces were good Catholics and good Irishmen but
they were contemptuous of the Irish Catholic clergy whose bullying
of the Irish was matched only by their subservience to the English.
The Joyces were men of spirit who had sported in paradise until
they were trapped into marriage with the O'Connells, a dull priest-
ridden family whose only achievement was the breeding of priests
and nuns, the same priests and nuns who had organized the peasants
against Parnell and thereby thrown away the future of Ireland.

Joyce had been removed from Clongowes in June 1891. *A
Portrait of the Artist* suggests that hints of John Joyce's troubles had
begun to filter through beforehand: Stephen is upset by the aggressive
snobbery of Nasty Roche and the mean behavior of Athy whose
father owned horses and was probably, thinks Stephen, another
magistrate.
[Stephen] thought of his own father, of how he sang songs while his mother played and of how he always gave him a shilling when he asked for sixpence and he felt sorry for him that he was not a magistrate like the other boys’ fathers. Then why was he sent to that place with them? But his father had told him that he would be no stranger there because his granduncle had presented an address to the liberator there fifty years before. (26)

If he was not a magistrate, that is, if he could not afford to send his son to Clongowes, why had he sent him there? John Joyce’s reassurance is a reference to The Joycead: Clongowes was for young Catholic gentlemen and James’ status was assured because an ancestor—for once the O’Connells proved useful—had presented an address to Daniel O’Connell there. But such references would not satisfy a bursar and young James did not return to Clongowes after the summer vacation of 1891.

Perhaps the most amusing testimony to the power of The Joycead is Joyce’s implicit denial—in A Portrait—of his attendance at North Richmond Street Christian Brothers School. While Stephen enjoys what is termed a “long spell of leisure and liberty” (71) between Clongowes and Belvedere, it is almost certain that James Joyce spent the corresponding period with the Christian Brothers. The writer who would become notorious for his relentless honesty drew the line at subjecting his fictional self to the tender mercies of the Christian Brothers. His fictional father would have agreed:

—Christian Brothers be damned! said Mr Dedalus. Is it with Paddy Stink and Micky Mud? No, let him stick to the jesuits in God’s name since he began with them. They’ll be of service to him in after years. (P 71)

The Jesuits were the teachers of young gentlemen, the Christian Brothers of the lower orders, the peasants and urban proletariat. The Christian Brothers were members of the gang which had betrayed Parnell—and Ireland—in the name of Catholic morality. They would therefore have been allies of that uncouth and meanninded clergy which had always been the traditional enemy of the Joyces.

Although the Jesuits retained their access to the more exclusive corridors of power, the Christian Brothers were more overtly influential in the post-Parnell era. They were associated with the popular wave of cultural nationalism which was organized by the Gaelic League and was eventually taken over by the revolutionaries who would beget the Irish Free State in 1923. Despite the passionate nationalism
that was a family tradition, John Joyce took no part in these developments: he remained on the sideline, utterly contemptuous.

John Joyce withdrew from active political involvement partly because he could no longer afford to contribute as he had done and partly because, having identified so completely with Parnell, there was no way he could join with those who had, in his opinion, betrayed him: Irish history was—and would always be—a series of great men betrayed, a view which he impressed on his favorite son. Why did he not lend his support—even his verbal support—to the "hillsiders and fenians" who, despite the threats of the bishops, were plotting to bring about an independent Ireland? After all, his grandfather was reputed to have been involved with the precursors of the Fenians and he himself had flirted with the Fenians in Cork: why not support the new Fenians? Because the Gaelic League had transformed nationalist politics. The ideal of the Gaelic League was a new Ireland which sought its inspiration not in British Victorian society but in the Gaelic culture of Ireland's past, a culture which had only survived in the remotest parts of the country and especially along the western seaboard. This did not appeal at all to people like John Joyce who in the course of the nineteenth century had established themselves as gentlemen by distancing themselves from the hovels and the peasants which the English satirists associated with Irish separatism. And yet the members of the Gaelic League—like Miss Ivors in "The Dead"—saw these peasants as cultural heroes of the new Ireland they hoped to bring about. The Joyces were among those who were intensely proud of the fact that they had made their way from the hovel to the city, from scratching a living to making a fortune, from rags to hunting waistcoats. Though they had come a long way, they were still too close to their rural origins to relish any idea of return: for them the cult of the Irish-speaking peasant was a relapse into barbaric isolation.

Like almost everybody else, James Joyce was attracted by the excitement which the Gaelic League generated but he resisted the cult of the peasant which Yeats and Synge and Lady Gregory had made fashionable. In his journal for April 14, Stephen mocks this fashion but the tone changes from mockery to something more complex when he imagines the face of the peasant:

I fear him. I fear his red-rimmed horny eyes. It is with him I must struggle all through this night till day come, till he or I
lie dead, gripping him by the sinewy throat till... Till what? Till he yield to me? No, I mean no harm. (P 252)

Like Gabriel Conroy, Joyce came to accept his relations with the Irish past but, like his ancestors, he preferred to look to the future and head for the city. And that future would be outside Ireland altogether. Joyce lived through the achievement of an Irish Free State but, despite the traditional nationalism of his family, he was always careful to avoid any remark or gesture that could be understood to imply his approval of the new Ireland.

In far-off Trieste in 1907 Joyce decided to recast his autobiographical novel into a fictional account of his development as an artist. The opening section is dominated by his memories of the row which spoiled the Christmas dinner at 1 Martello Terrace, Bray, in 1891. In his clash with Mrs. Conway, John Joyce was supported by Mr. John Kelly from Tralee who had been imprisoned on several occasions for his political activities and who was, according to Stanislaus, "of peasant stock" (13). Of Mrs. Conway Stanislaus says, vaguely, that "she seems to have been some distant relative of my father's" (7). Given Stanislaus' attitude to Mrs. Conway and his attitude to his O'Connell relations, one must assume that he was unable to accuse Mrs. Conway of being related to John Joyce's mother rather than his father: if there was even a hint that Mrs. Conway was of the tribe of the O'Connells, we can be sure that Stanislaus would have mentioned it for Dante embodies all that The Joycead mocks as typical of the O'Connells—even to her spell in the convent and her romantic ineptitude—plus an extravagant aggression.

Uncle Charles is based on William O'Connell who came to live with the Joyces shortly after the death of his wife on August 4, 1881. Though very much an O'Connell—quiet and religious—he is somebody who understands Simon Dedalus' references to Cork. On their Sunday walks Stephen absorbs details of The Joycead as Uncle Charles and his father speak constantly

of the subjects nearer their hearts, of Irish politics, of Munster and of the legends of their own family, to all of which Stephen lent an avid ear. (P 62)

But why should John Joyce welcome an O'Connell into his home, particularly an O'Connell who had a son and grandchildren in Cork? Perhaps it was a case of simple generosity; perhaps a clue is to be found in the marriage settlement of James Augustine and
Ellen back in 1848. Among the Joyce contributions was property in White Street where, according to Griffith's *Rates Valuation*, James Joyce is listed as the owner of number 17—*house, offices and yard*—and of Joyce's Alley (also known as Joyce's Court), a lane of seven small houses which survived into the 1930s. In 1852—the year in which Griffith's *Valuation* was published and thus some time after the actual research—James Joyce went bankrupt. A *Rates Assessment* of 1854 confirms that he lost the White Street property which was then owned by one William O'Connell. It is hard to avoid the suspicion that, faced with the inevitability of bankruptcy, James Joyce "sold" this property to William O'Connell who somehow "donated" it back to the Joyces; at any rate, it is among the properties which John Joyce mortgaged and finally sold in 1894. If Uncle William had indeed been so considerate in the Joyces' hour of need, he would have been a welcome guest in their home when he, having lost both his money (P 62) and his wife, fell on hard times. Shortly after the Christmas Dinner of 1891, when it became clear that John Joyce was in financial difficulties, Uncle William returned to Cork: there is a death certificate for a William O'Connell, draper, who died of heart failure on August 31, 1892.

Two years later John Joyce brought James to Cork to see where the episodes of *The Joycean* had taken place and to be present at the sale of the last of the ancestral properties—including that in White Street which Uncle William may have "minded" for them in the past. His eyes unmoistened by alcohol, young James did not see Cork as the paradisal scene of his father's narratives but as a fallen world of booze and bombast where people preferred to live pseudo-heroic roles from the mythical past rather than face the facts of contemporary life.

There is no allusion in *A Portrait* to any meeting with relatives in Cork. Ellmann reports that they heard an O'Connell cousin sing for them when they visited the Presentation Convent in Crosshaven, a nearby seaside resort (37). This was May O'Connell, a granddaughter of William O'Connell, who was a student at the convent and who went on to become a Presentation nun, Sr. Mary Ita O'Connell. The visit to the convent was an embarrassing failure and yet another indication of how the Joyce stock had fallen. According to *The Joycean* the convent in Crosshaven had been planned and paid for by Alicia O'Connell—daughter of John O'Connell and sister of Ellen and William—who had been inspired by a dream "that she was..."
standing on a hill overlooking the sea, succouring children” (UH 13). In 1894 John Joyce had come to ask that what he thought of as more or less a family foundation should take two of his daughters as boarders at reduced rates. He was not pleased when his request was refused by the principal, Mother Teresa, whose version of the founding of the convent differed from that given in The Joycead.

Alicia O'Connell entered the South Presentation Convent in Cork city in 1836 and became Sr. Mary Francis Xavier. While it is likely that she had—with or without the assistance of dreams—taken part in the planning of the convent in Crosshaven and had given or raised money for the project, she died of liver disease in 1872, four years before the foundation of the convent. The money which enabled the nuns to open it was donated by a former student who married a rich American and who is buried in the convent. The adjacent grave is that of Mother Teresa, “our beloved foundress.” Although Mother Xavier is remembered with affection and respect by the Presentation nuns she does not, in their records, figure quite as prominently as she does in The Joycead.

It is a commonplace of criticism that in A Portrait Joyce used the visit to Cork to dramatize Stephen’s emerging individuality; it is likely that this was inspired by his own experience in Cork where he became aware of the gulf between the world his father lived in and the world he himself inhabited, between the romance of The Joycead and the facts of his own circumstances. Unlike his father, he could not close his eyes to the grim reality. His revised role in The Joycead could be understood by reference to another myth—the myth which he had first heard about from Dante and which was the theme on which the Jesuits had constructed their rich and subtle intellectual structures; because of the sins of our first—and only—parents, we had been deprived of the paradise which might so easily have been ours. If there is one central theme in his work from the earliest verse on Parnell up to Finnegans Wake it is that of the fall. He had been born Sunny Jim, heir to the solar throne, but he soon preferred to make a virtue of his fall and see himself as Lucifer, splendidly rebellious and spectacularly fallen. Because of the sins of his father he had been deprived of the cricket fields of Clongowes, of the elegant houses and big gardens south of the river, of the privileges and prospects of a gentleman’s son; he found himself living among the navvies and assorted commoners of the northern suburbs where the little back gardens reeked of ashpits.
There was not return to paradise in this life but there was one obvious way back to the world of Clongowes and elegant culture: to accept the invitation of the Jesuits and become The Reverend James Joyce, S.J. But he resisted the temptation of the order and went home:

The faint sour stink of rotted cabbages came towards him from the kitchen gardens on the rising ground above the river. He smiled to think that it was this disorder, the misrule and confusion of his father's house and the stagnation of vegetable life, which was to win the day in his soul. (P 162)

In contrast to the saintly namesake who had written of the city of God, he would dedicate his life to the city of fallen man. He would accept the facts of his life and would celebrate the common people who walked the mean streets rather than the blustering heroes of ancient glories. He would not, as his father did, actually believe in the account of the personal, familial or racial past or present which he found in The Joycead but neither would he, as his brother did, dismiss the extravagances of The Joycead with contempt; rather, with an extraordinarily sane generosity, he would understand why and how human beings tell each other stories to pass the time outside paradise.

Prompted to some extent by genetic pressure he became a maker, a word-mason, a masterbuilder, erecting the most famous city of modern literature, the Dublin of Ulysses, a city which has survived better than the city on which it was based, thanks to the new Homeric scaffolding system which he invented and patented. He would not have been displeased to be described as a builder. His work was construction, putting his city together brick by brick, using words rather than the bricks and mortar the earlier Joyces had used. While others lauded his powers of imagination, he claimed it was simply memory (U 661). As he followed the tradition of his ancestors by traveling as a wandering craftsman from Dublin to Trieste to Zurich to Paris he came to treasure what his father had given him, not least the purple hunting waistcoat made by Ellen, the wife of the earlier James Augustine Joyce, a genuine relic of the world of The Joycead, the world of his father’s tales which he himself had quarried and refined as his ancestors had quarried and refined the limestone of Cork.
NOTES

1. John Joyce, after his fashion, treated James as if he was an only child and in his will made him sole benefactor. Despite his low opinion of his father, Stanislaus too believed that the O'Connells were genetically inferior to the Joyces. See Healy 21, 37, 72.

2. The convent records show that Ellen followed her sister's example and entered the convent in October 1836. The records have this to say about her when she left: It was a matter of her own choosing. She became nervously and unnecessarily anxious about her health, which was not, in reality bad. She had just finished the fourth month of her Postulant ship. She was a nice, amiable and good girl—too good, to encounter the rough sea of this world; where, she can scarcely escape the meeting of many a rock and many a breaker—but, little as her religious training has been, may she have learned in her short Noviciate, to look up only to the one eye, that steadily and securely guides, each bark of this uncertain life. Her brother Charles (1826–1872) attended Maynooth, spent seven years in West Cork and then thirteen as a curate in Carrignavar. Ellmann reports the rumor that he had been silenced for refusing to accept offerings from his poor parishioners. The fact that no mention of this is made in his death notice in the Cork Examiner is by no means a disproof, and it is not impossible to imagine a rich priest sparing his parishioners in time of Famine, but it would be typical of The Joycead to mitigate the existence of a priestly relation by having him incur the wrath of a bishop. At Charles' funeral was his brother, Fr. O'Connell CM, of Castleknock, about whom I could discover nothing else.

3. For details of the settlement see JIII 747. There were many O'Connells—a popular name in Cork—in the hackney business and James Augustine's office was in a boarding house owned by a Miss Hannah O'Connell. One of the taxi firms in Cork today is called Joyceab; the eponymous owners do not claim any connection with the late inspector and rest their claim to fame on the prowess of their sons in international amateur boxing.

4. See JII 13. Though the Joyces were not overly impressed by her singing in 1894, Sr. Mary Ita retained her interest in music—and in literature—throughout her life. Though typically O'Connell in her vocation, Sr. Mary Ita is said to have been a passionate nationalist who offered the sanctuary of the convent to several guerillas during The Troubles. For this and for other kindnesses some older people in Cork still speak warmly of her. Born on February 2, 1883, May O'Connell shared a birthday with James Joyce but even this connection did not earn her a mention in Joyce's fiction. Although she did not wish to be publicly associated with Joyce, she spoke privately of her relationship and her meetings with him. Her attitude to Joyce softened as a result of her correspondence with his sister, Margaret, who became a nun and lived in New Zealand.

5. The orthodox history is quite as romantic in its own way: a former student of the South Presentation Convent in Cork went to America where she was wooed by a wealthy Jew whom she accepted on condition that he become a Catholic. She used some of her newly acquired wealth to endow the Crosshaven project.

WORKS CITED