The Wandering Gentile: Joyce’s Emotional Odyssey in *Pomes Penyeach*

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The biographical links of the *Pomes Penyeach* have been documented and commented on by many critics. “Watching the Needleboats at San Sabba” was inspired by a rowing event in which Joyce watched his brother Stanislaus perform; “A Flower Given to My Daughter” is connected with the “affair” (whatever its nature) between Joyce and his pupil Amalia Popper; for “She Weeps over Rahoon” Joyce draws on a visit to the grave of Nora’s childhood love Michael Bodkin; “On the Beach at Fontana” expresses Joyce’s fatherly love for Giorgio; “Simples” was originally addressed to Lucia, who is the child of the poem; “Alone” recalls Joyce’s evening walks along Lake Zurich; “A Memory of the Players at Midnight” uses Joyce’s involvement in a performance by the English Players of a Browning play; “Bahnhofstrasse” describes Joyce’s agony at a bad attack of glaucoma; “A Prayer” is obviously addressed to Nora, echoing in tone and subject matter the letters he wrote to her from Ireland in the course of 1909 (SL 157–95).

The only monograph on Joyce’s poetry, Selwyn Jackson’s *The Poems of James Joyce and the Use of Poems in His Novels*, also notices this biographical thread. Jackson writes: “It is characteristic of most of [the poems] that they describe personal feelings and stem from situations in Joyce’s life that produced strong emotions in him” (15–16). But then he goes on to say that “in contrast to *Chamber Music* the poems in *Pomes Penyeach* are not in any sense a group or cycle. They are not united by a common theme or by a shared artistic purpose. They are simply the product of Joyce’s spasmodic excursions into lyric poetry over a period of about twenty years” (16).
If one came to the poems without a knowledge of the life or the other work one would probably be very hard put to discover any such "shared artistic purpose." In fact, if one came to the poems without such knowledge one might not be inclined to spend a great deal of time on them at all, for they are not great poems, though some are quite interesting. As early as 1927 AE wrote in a review of *Pomes Penyeach*: "The book will have for many readers perhaps a greater psychological than poetic interest" (Irish Statesman, 23 July 1927; repr. in Deming 349). This appears to be precisely the situation today. However, we also know that "with Joyce all is intentional, premeditated, allegorical and—in the noble sense—calculated," as Marcel Brion wrote in another review of *Pomes Penyeach*, also from 1927 (Les Nouvelles littéraires, 15 October 1927; repr. in Deming 350). Unfortunately he fails to specify the way in which he suspected *Pomes Penyeach* to be intentional, premeditated or allegorical.

We should like to suggest that *Pomes Penyeach* is at least as intentional, premeditated, or allegorical as *Chamber Music*, and we should like to call *Pomes Penyeach* an odyssey of Joyce's emotional life. That is to say that Joyce's larger artistic purpose is to be found precisely in the emotional thread that runs through them. *Pomes Penyeach* is central to the personal myth that Joyce is devoted to creating—what Robert Adams Day has called "James Joyce as Everyman."

By the time he begins to write the first of the *Pomes Penyeach* in 1913, Joyce has come to regard himself as a prose writer. He has not written any verse for some nine years, in fact since completing *Chamber Music* in 1904, with the sole exception of the broadside "Gas from a Burner" and possibly the poem that begins "The Flower I Gave Rejected Lies" (*Poems and Shorter Writings* 114). He has completed *Dubliners*, has almost finished reworking *Stephen Hero* as *A Portrait*, and is about to begin work on *Ulysses*. So Joyce's return to verse comes after a nine-year poetic silence. It also comes as somewhat of a surprise, after repeated disparaging comments he has made on his own earlier verse of *Chamber Music*. In one letter to Stanislaus he calls the verse "poor and trivial" (SL 121); in another he simply writes "I don't like the book" (SL 153). He also makes various statements to the effect that he will give up writing verse altogether, again to Stanislaus, who records them in *My Brother's Keeper* (247-49); in a letter to Stanislaus of December 1904 (SL 48); and in a letter to Molyneux Palmer of July 1909 (SL 155).

There are many reasons of course for his negative feelings about the verse he has produced so far. Frustrated desire underlies all of *Chamber Music*, a great but as yet unfulfilled longing for love, as *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait* amply testify. But in 1904 real life intrudes. Nora in the flesh shows him to what extent *Chamber Music* was "a young man's book" (SL 153). He realizes that its verse is not "true," in the sense that it treats of a love that he did not actually experience. To Stanislaus he admitted as much: "It is not a book of love verses at all, I perceive" (SL 153)—a damning thing to say about verses that talk of
nothing but love. But what Joyce meant was that they are based on nothing more than an imagined experience of love. In this regard one might call Chamber Music “A Portrait of the Young Man as an Aspiring Lover.”

Incidentally, what lasting value and significance the Chamber Music verse had for Joyce it acquired long after its composition and even its publication, and probably unexpectedly. The cause was the crisis between Joyce and Nora in 1909. In the process of atoning for his false accusation of faithlessness Joyce almost convinced himself that he had actually written Chamber Music for Nora:

When I wrote them I was a strange lonely boy, walking about by myself at night and thinking that some day a girl would love me. But I never could speak to the girls I used to meet at houses. Their false manners checked me at once. Then you came to me. You were not in a sense the girl for whom I had dreamed and written the verses which you find now so enchanting. She was perhaps (as I saw her in my imagination) a girl fashioned into a curious grave beauty by the culture of generations before her, the woman for whom I wrote poems like “Gentle lady” or “Thou leanest to the shell of night.” But then I saw that the beauty of your soul outshone that of my verses. There was something in you higher than anything I had put into them. And so for this reason the book of verses is for you. It holds the desire of my youth and you, darling, were the fulfillment of that desire. (SL 161)

The fact that Nora found Chamber Music “so enchanting” gave the poems a new significance for Joyce and invested them with the emotional depth they originally lacked. Chamber Music always remained the one work by Joyce that Nora had actually read and approved of. The manuscript copy on parchment that Joyce made for her in that turbulent year became a material symbol of their love. It is questionable whether Joyce would have reprinted Chamber Music in his Collected Poems if it had not been for this unexpected new lease of life.

By the time he begins to write the Pomes Penyeach verses Joyce has said disparaging things about writing verse in his fiction, too. As early as 1904 he had written in Stephen Hero that Stephen’s style was “over affectionate towards the antique and even the obsolete and too easily rhetorical” (27). In 1906 he wrote “A Little Cloud,” in which he severely satirizes a character’s poetic aspirations. Richard Ellmann does not think there is any reason to believe that Little Chandler owes anything to Joyce (JJU 220n). But what Joyce mocks in Little Chandler is precisely the sort of unfocused lyricism that pervades Chamber Music: “Could he write something original? He was not sure what idea he wished to express, but the thought that a poetic moment had touched him took life within him like an infant hope” (D69 73). In 1913 Joyce is working on A Portrait, in which he mocks the verse-writing activities of his younger alter ego Stephen, especially the very tenuous connection between the emotions expressed in the verse and the experience on which it is supposed to be based (e.g., P64 71). One year later, in 1914, he begins Ulysses, in which we
find Stephen still reeling from the crash of his fall back to earth after the un­s­successful attempt at flight in A Portrait, and writing a poem that is a direct imitation of one of Douglas Hyde's Love Songs of Connacht.\(^3\) So in as far as Stephen is Joyce, we find Joyce mocking the derivative and untruthful nature of his own early verse in his fiction too.

If we add to this catalogue of Joyce's reservations about his youthful lyrics the remark to Stanislaus that a page of "A Little Cloud" gives him more plea­s­ure than all his verses (SL 121)—and surely it is no coincidence that he chooses precisely this story to contrast with his verse—we cannot help concluding that Joyce no longer held his verse in quite the same esteem he did before 1904. The most positive assessment of Chamber Music Joyce can muster is that its verses "are not pretentious and have a certain grace" (SL 153) and even then he says this only because he feels that he has just attacked them a little too viciously.

In these circumstances it is surprising to find Joyce returning to poetry in 1913, especially since the first poems he writes breathe exactly the same ar­chaic, Shelleyan, and Swinburnian atmosphere as the Chamber Music lyrics. Take for example:

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\begin{align*}
O \text{ hearts, } O \text{ sighing grasses,} \\
Vainly your loveblown bannerets mourn! \\
No more will the wild wind that passes \\
Return, no more return.
\end{align*}
\]

Consciously or not, in these lines Joyce echoes Shelley's "A Lament": "When will return the glory of your prime? / No more—Oh, never more!" Or take such lines as

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Frail the white rose and frail are} \\
\text{Her hands that gave} \\
\text{Whose soul is sere and paler} \\
\text{Than time's wan wave,}
\end{align*}
\]

which eminently justify Ezra Pound’s verdict that the verses were not worth printing: "They belong in the Bible or in the family album with the portraits" (UJIII 591).

But whatever the similarities with Chamber Music, Pomes Penyeach shows a departure from the Chamber Music mode in at least one major respect. Joyce's main criticism of Chamber Music appears to be that his verse is not "true," in the sense that it is not based on feelings he had personally experienced. This, as we have seen, is obviously not true of Pomes Penyeach, with its strong auto­biographical elements. However, though it is based on Joyce's personal expe­rience, it is a heavily fictionalized version, with some aspects dramatized to re­ceive greater weight and others expurgated for public consumption. The overall effect he is at pains to achieve is clearly to present an image of a complete and
a good man—Joyce’s odyssey is no less mythical than Homer’s. Without studying the poems in great detail, we might still look at some of the ways in which *Pomes Penyeach* can be regarded as Joyce’s personal emotional odyssey.

Like *Chamber Music*, *Pomes Penyeach* deals almost exclusively with love, though in a great many more guises. Its main concern is probably the changing place of love and passion in a man’s life as he grows older. The direct cause of Joyce’s return to verse is the emotional upheaval that results from his infatuation with Amalia Popper, which occurred in the period of roughly 1911–13. The bulk of the poems were written between 1913 and 1918 and thus cover the five-year period after the affair with Popper.

Disregarding for the time being “Tilly,” which in its original form dates from 1903–4, the first poem Joyce wrote after his long silence was “Watching the Needleboats at San Sabba,” in September 1913. It is a poem about the end of passion: “No more will the wild wind that passes / Return, no more return.” The date places it shortly after the end of the affair with Popper, and it should obviously be read against that background. The affair has impressed on Joyce the inexorability of the aging process, and he is preoccupied with the consequences of that process for a man’s emotional life. “Their young hearts” are the hearts of the rowers, who are young enough to have yet to experience love and passion. Though Joyce was not yet very old—barely over thirty—he regarded himself as mature, however hard he found it in many ways to accept the consequences of that fact. In *Exiles* he has Bertha remark that “that time [of the passion of courtship] comes only once in a lifetime. The rest of life is good for nothing except to remember that time” (115/129/232).

Many of the poems that follow return to this preoccupation with the consequences of aging. But there are other emotions. “A Flower Given to My Daughter” celebrates the mystery of a young girl’s innocence. We know from *Giacomo Joyce* that the giver of the rose is Amalia Popper (GJ 3). If the poem remembers Popper’s hands as “Rosefrail and fair,” it describes her soul in considerably less flattering language. It is “sere and paler / Than time’s wan wave.” But ultimately Popper is hardly important to the poem. She all but disappears even in the passive voice of the title. More than anything the poem is an expression of love for Joyce’s daughter, Lucia:

... —yet frailest  
A wonder wild  
In gentle eyes thou veilest,  
My blueveined child.

Joyce’s summary dismissal of Popper strikes one as a rather sharp contrast with the mood of sentimental indulgence that characterizes *Giacomo Joyce*. If Ellmann is right about the date of *Giacomo Joyce* (GJ x–xii), it was written at about the same time as the poem. The most likely explanation for the difference is that the poem was written for publication whereas *Giacomo Joyce* was
not. Joyce could hardly recount in public his tender feelings for a young student in an affair that he was keeping a secret from the world. We always have to remind ourselves that Giacomo Joyce, like, for example, the letters, which we now regard as a natural part of Joyce’s writings, did not belong to what he himself regarded as his oeuvre.

“She Weeps over Rahoon” and “Tutto e Sciolto” were both inspired by Joyce’s visit to Oughterard and Rahoon in 1912. The speaker in “She Weeps over Rahoon” is a woman talking to her beloved about her dead lover, musing that one day they too will be dead and buried. That the woman is Nora, the dead lover Michael Bodkin, and the beloved James Joyce, there is no doubt. Joyce’s jealousy of Bodkin is well documented, for example by Ellmann, but also in Joyce’s own fiction (cf. the notes for Exiles and the character of Gabriel in “The Dead”). With almost masochistic perversion Joyce has Nora speak of her “dark lover,” the very words Joyce would have feared most to hear from her mouth. The way to transcend this jealousy is to think of human love sub specie aeternitatis, as he has Nora remind him. The poem’s final impact is that of a forceful memento mori, expressing Joyce’s overriding concern with aging, especially where the experience of love is concerned.

“Tutto e Sciolto” (“All Is Lost”) is a companion piece to “She Weeps over Rahoon.” The place is again the west of Ireland (the same landscape, both real and imagined, as evoked at the end of “The Dead”); the time, dusk; the theme, the transience of love; the form, dramatic monologue. The title derives from the aria of that name in Bellini’s La sonnambula, which also plays an important part in Ulysses. For Joyce the central lines of the aria were:

All is lost now,
By all hope and joy am I forsaken,
Nevermore can love awaken
Past enchantment, no nevermore.

In the “Sirens” episode the song is associated with Bloom’s unhappiness about the lost love between him and Molly, symbolized by her affair with Boylan. In the poem there is a similar triangle. This time the voice is that of Joyce himself, addressing Michael Bodkin on the subject of his love for Nora. The speaker has by now (Joyce has dated the poem a year later) transcended his jealousy and writes from a sense of sympathy with that man, almost a boy, who died for love. “Why then, remembering those shy / Sweet lures, repine” refers to “his sad voice . . . ever calling” from Nora’s poem. Joyce imagines Bodkin remembering “love’s time,” and especially the “shy / Sweet lures” of the girl—Nora—who was the object of that love:

The clear young eyes’ soft look, the candid brow,
The fragrant hair,
Falling as through the silence falleth now
Dusk of the air.
The dusk falling from the air, of course, recalls Joyce’s play—in chapter 5 of *A Portrait* (which dates from the same time)—with the line “Brightness falls from the air” from Nashe’s contemplation of man’s tenuous hold on life in his “Litany in Time of Plague.” In Joyce’s poem the phrase describes the scene for the character’s musings, telling once again of his preoccupation with the onset of dark old age.

“On the Beach at Fontana” and “Simples” form another pair, expressing Joyce’s parental love, tinged with anxiety, for Giorgio and Lucia respectively. The storm that rages in “On the Beach at Fontana” arouses Joyce’s instinctive urge to protect his son from the powerful forces of nature that threaten to batter and buffet him as they have Joyce. “Simples,” originally addressed to Lucia, breathes an atmosphere of magic, even ritual. It speaks of the poet’s fear of his innocent young daughter growing into a woman under the influence of the moon. In Joyce’s writings many references can be found to the power he attributes to the moon and its connection with woman. In “Ithaca,” for example, Bloom perceives a long list of similarities between woman and the moon, such as: “her potency over effluent and refluent waters: her power to enamour, to mortify, to invest with beauty, to render insane” (*U-GP* 17.1163–65).

In *Chamber Music*, after number 11 has urged the beloved to “Bid adieu to girlish days,” number 12 asks her what counsel the hooded moon has put in her heart. In the notes to *Exiles*, Joyce quotes a description of menstrual flow by Alfredo Oriana in *La rivolta ideale*: “la malattia sacra che in un rituo lunare prepara la donna per il sacrificio” [The sacred malady which, in a lunar rhythm, prepares a woman for the sacrifice] (147/163/343). The girl in “Simples” thus receives her initiation from the moon, a first step toward dark consciousness of her instincts and loss of innocence. Incidentally, the device used by the character is the same one Odysseus employs to shield his crew from the lures of the Sirens:

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Be mine, I pray, a waxen ear
To shield me from her childish croon
And mine a shielded heart for her
Who gathers simples of the moon.
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“The sated flood” swaying “the rockvine clusters” in “Flood” continues Joyce’s contemplation of the moon’s power. Like the moon, the movements of tide and waves that it causes form a powerful and inescapable natural force. The same theme returns in the “Proteus” episode of *Ulysses*, where the rock vine clusters (“weeds”) are even more passive: “Under the upswelling tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms, hising up their petticoats, in whispering water swaying and upturning coy silver fronds. Day by day: night by night: lifted, flooded and let fall” (*U* 49). As “Telemachus” and “Proteus” amply make clear, the sea with its tides and floods represents to Joyce an intractable force, at the same time to be feared and revered. “Love’s full flood” is the force of life itself (the “grey sweet mother” of “Telemachus”), but like the
anima within us it is an irrational force that cannot be checked or controlled by the (day)light of reason. The poem enjoins the golden vine to let its clustered fruits participate in the full experience of life's passion—"love's full flood" in this poem, or the "flood of passion" in Exiles (111/125/228)—observed with disdain by the brooding angel of melancholy from Dürer's engraving and Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

"Nightpiece" is associated in language with Giacomo Joyce (and thus Amalia Popper; see GJ 10) and Stephen's "Villanelle of the Temptress" in A Portrait (and thus Emma Clery). Both women are, in Joyce's view, temptresses, representing a frigid, almost sterile form of love: they attract men with their superficial beauty and feminity but are incapable of true female love. Where Popper is concerned, Joyce has already hinted at this in "A Flower Given to My Daughter" in his description of her as a girl "Whose soul is sere and paler / Than time's wan wave." The agent in "Nightpiece" is a woman who enlists the seraphim (who have fallen for her in Stephen's villanelle) to perform the task of awaking the lost hosts to her service—a service of adoration of herself. With the words "bleak," "void," and "waste" Joyce indicates the barrenness of this nocturnal travesty of love. The poem is the counterpart of "Flood" with its celebration of love's full flood.

"Alone" is a fantasy about a possibly imaginary other woman in the most vague and veiled terms. At the time of writing Joyce has not yet met Martha Fleischmann, but the theme fits the period of Joyce's life. As he confided to Frank Budgen, he felt that as an artist he had a need for the experience of an extramarital affair. The mere whisper of a female name is enough to cause a "swoon of shame" in the poet's soul: innocuous enough as a sexual fantasy.

In "A Memory of the Players in a Mirror at Midnight" and "Bahnhofstrasse," Joyce returns to his preoccupation—amounting almost to an obsession—with the aging process. The fear of physical as well as emotional aging is powerfully present in "A Memory of the Players in a Mirror at Midnight." The speaker in "A Memory" comments dejectedly on the gaunt and gray face he sees in a mirror, unfit for kissing. "The players" from the title are the English Players at Zurich founded by Joyce and Claud Sykes; the occasion was their performance of Browning's In a Balcony. The play's theme is precisely that of (physical) love belonging to youth. Joyce obviously compares his own experience with that of the Queen who, no longer young and beautiful, is painfully excluded from the domain of love. For one hopeful moment she thinks that Norbert has declared his love for her—that she is not too old after all and that she was wrong to believe the conventional view:

Men say—or do men say it? fancies say—
"Stop here, your life is set, you are grown old.
"Too late—no love for you, too late for love—
"Leave love to girls. Be queen: let Constance love." (365)
But her hope is presently dashed. Not only is old age unfit for love, it is envious of younger people's love.

In “Bahnhofstrasse” eye trouble again leads to a contemplation of the irreversibility of aging: “Highhearted youth comes not again,” the speaker sighs, echoing Jan Pieterszoon. Sweelinck's “Mein junges Leben hat ein End.” The personal significance to Joyce of the Sweelinck song is clear from its appearance in a key passage of Giacomo Joyce; it also occurs in Bloom's thoughts in the “Eumaeus” episode of Ulysses (see GJ 16 and xxvi n). Joyce wrote the poem shortly after he had experienced a bad attack of glaucoma in the Bahnhofstrasse (JJII 450), and he must have experienced it as objective confirmation of his notion of physical decline. What would have made the experience even more acute was yet another abortive illicit affair, this time with Martha Fleischmann.

That the poems cover exactly a twenty-year period, from 1904 to 1924, corresponding to the length of time Odysseus was away from home, may or may not be relevant. What is relevant is that Joyce appended the place of composition to each poem, evidence of his physical odyssey during those twenty years, from Dublin to Trieste to Zurich to Paris. Also, the bulk of Pomes Penyeach was written at the same time that Joyce was writing Ulysses, and Frank Budgen records Joyce's fascination with Odysseus, whom he admired as a complete all-round character (15-18). In the same way that he models Bloom on Odysseus, Joyce models himself on Odysseus in Pomes Penyeach. The collection presents Joyce as a son, father, husband, and lover, just as he perceived Odysseus.12

Unlike the poet of Chamber Music, the poet of Pomes Penyeach has lived, even if it has not been a spectacular life. His emotions are overriding those of the fear and pain that every human being experiences. The resulting image is a tame, not to say bourgeois, version of a hero's life. Joyce's self-censorship in the Popper affair does not help (and leads one to surmise that he may have been reticent in other matters too). He has Robert in Exiles say: “All life is conquest, the victory of human passion over the commandment of cowardice” (88/99/201). But Joyce does not act on his character's conviction. The passivity of jealousy and cuckoldry sits more easily with Joyce than the activity of adultery. Joyce is masochistic, preferring to see himself as a sufferer and victim.

Looking at the dates of the poems in Pomes Penyeach, there are clearly three parts. “Tilly” (1904), the main middle section (1912-18), and “A Prayer” (1924). It is an obvious division by date, but also in another way. Though “Tilly” is dated 1904 and opens the collection, the final printed version almost certainly dates from as late as 1927, in other words from the time when Joyce was preparing the volume for the press. The main changes are to be found in the last stanza. As Robert Scholes convincingly demonstrates, the changes introduce the theme of exile and betrayal, the one important
emotion from Joyce’s life in the period covered by *Pomes Penyeach* missing in our discussion so far. How important a theme it is for Joyce hardly needs stating.

In other words, Joyce rewrites “Tilly” in 1927 expressly to provide the point of departure from which he sets out on his emotional odyssey. That point of departure is Ireland 1904, the year he met Nora and the year he exiles himself from Ireland. It was the watershed in Joyce’s emotional life as it was in his artistic development. However, in Joyce’s perception, 1904 was also the year of betrayal. It is the year in which Cosgrave supposedly went out with Nora on alternate evenings from Joyce.

If “Tilly” provides the point of departure, the last poem of the collection, “A Prayer,” provides the point of return, if not to the Ithaca of Dublin at least to Nora, his Penelope. The poem echoes Joyce’s letters to Nora of 1909 in many ways: masochism, submission, the fusion of the experiences of love and religion.

> Nora, my “true love,” you must really take me in hand. Why have you allowed me to get into this state? Will you, dearest, take me as I am with my sins and follies and shelter me from misery. If you do not I feel my life will go to pieces. Tonight I have an idea madder than usual. I feel I would like to be flogged by you. I would like to see your eyes blazing with anger.

> I wonder is there some madness in me. Or is love madness? One moment I see you like a virgin or madonna the next moment I see you shameless, insolent, half naked and obscene! . . .

> I remember the first night in Pola when in the tumult of our embraces you used a certain word. It was a word of provocation, of invitation and I can see your face over me (you were over me that night) as you murmured it. There was madness in your eyes too and as for me if hell had been waiting for me the moment after I could not have held back from you.

> Are you too, then, like me, one moment high as the stars, the next lower than the lowest wretches?

> I have enormous belief in the power of a simple honourable soul. You are that, are you not, Nora?

> I want you to say to yourself: Jim the poor fellow I love, is coming back. He is a poor weak impulsive man and he prays to me to defend him and make him strong. (SL 166–67)

His return to Nora at the end of his emotional odyssey is testimony to Joyce’s indebtedness to her for the steadfastness of her love for him in the face of his own fickleness. On his twenty-year-long journey to her, James Joyce has found his way to the experience that he so much desired in *Chamber Music*. It is a long stretch from the unresponsive woman he once yearningly described in *A Portrait* as “a figure of the womanhood of her country, a bat-like soul waking to the consciousness of itself in darkness and secrecy and loneliness” (P64 221). In his endeavour to “recreate life out of life” he chose no
longer to serve: “Non serviam.” In “A Prayer” he celebrates his love for the woman who has not just accepted the fact that he has fallen but who is proud of his fall:

Bend deeper on me, threatening head,
Proud by my downfall, remembering, pitying
Him who is, him who was!

In another of his letters to Nora Joyce writes “I began this letter so quietly and yet I must end it in my own mad fashion” (SL 189). It is one of the last letters he writes in that extraordinary outburst of sexual candour in 1909. *Pomes Penyeach* also begins so quietly and ends in Joyce’s “own mad fashion.”

**NOTES**

1. The date 1912 is a late change (see JJA 1). We shall return to “Tilly” later, which dates from 1903–4—potentially in time for inclusion in *Chamber Music*.
2. Anderson (134) calls attention to the similarity.
3. In the “Proteus” and “Aeolus” episodes; see Jackson 75.
4. The dates Joyce chose to append to the poems when he first published them in 1927 are to a certain extent fictitious. We shall only mention discrepancies where they are directly relevant to our argument.
5. See p. xii of Richard Ellmann’s introduction to *GJ* for the significance Joyce attached to his age.
6. Page references for *Exiles* are to the Granda, the Jonathan Cape, and the Penguin editions, respectively.
7. In *JIII* Ellmann connects “She Weeps over Rahoon” with Joyce’s visit to the cemeteries (324–25). “Tutto à Sciolto” he connects tentatively with Amalia Popper (347), a connection that *Poems and Shorter Writings* (255) also makes.
8. Ellmann, *JIII* 324–25, cites the evidence from the notes to *Exiles*.
9. See Bowen 8 and 175–77.
10. We do not have to follow Tindall in the more notorious reaches of his reading of *Chamber Music* to agree that “maternal and therefore at once creative and dangerous, water is Joyce’s principal symbol” (Tindall 222–23n).
11. See “L’Allegro” line 6 and “Il Penseroso” lines 75–76 for verbal echoes.
12. It is interesting to note in his 1912 essay on Blake (CW) how important Joyce thought the vicissitudes of Blake’s emotional life were for a proper understanding of his work. Obviously regarding Blake as a kindred soul (“Like many other men of great genius, Blake was not attracted to cultured and refined women”), he talks of “the primitive goodness of his heart,” commiserates with him for having had no children, and uses the rather odyssean metaphor “the bark of his married life . . . sailed among the usual rocks” when discussing his “mortal life.”
13. See Scholes (263–66) for a discussion of the many literary allusions Joyce may have had in mind while rewriting “Tilly.”

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