Section 1
The Epiphanies

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

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

The Epiphanies which have been preserved fall readily into two classes, which correspond, in many respects, to the two facets of Stephen Daedalus' definition in SH. In one kind the mind of the writer is most important. These Epiphanies, which may be called narrative (though a case might be made for calling some of them lyric) present for the most part "memorable phases" of Joyce's mind
—as he observes, reminisces, or dreams. The Epiphanies of the second kind, which may be called dramatic, dispense with the narrator and focus more on "vulgarity of speech or of gesture." The distinction between the two kinds of Epiphany clearly reflects Joyce’s early vision of himself in the world, and his counterpart Stephen in his world: the mind of the artist is "memorable," his companions and environment "vulgar." The conflict between the artist and his crass environment is at the root of the three versions of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* which Joyce wrote. He quickly outgrew the easy contrast between heroic artist and mean environment, and his view of this conflict grew complex enough in the final version so that critics can now argue as to whether the portrait of Stephen is finally ironic or romantic, hostile or sympathetic. But the early concept of the Epiphany seems to reserve, by definition, the sympathy for the artist’s mind and the hostility for the surrounding world.

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

A discovery made recently by Peter Spielberg in his work of cataloguing the Joyce papers at the University of Buffalo enables us to reconstruct with considerable certainty the way in which Joyce actually used his Epiphanies. There are twenty-two of them in manuscript at Buffalo. Mr. Spielberg noticed that on the versos of these twenty-two sheets of paper were numbers, ranging from 1 to 71. If we arrange the Epiphanies according to the sequence of these numbers, they fall into an orderly pattern which represents a sort of compromise between
their dates in Joyce’s life and their employment in his autobiographical fiction. The handwriting in these numbers has not been positively identified, but this editor wishes to advance here the hypothesis that the numbers were written either by Joyce or at his direction; that they give us a good indication of the total number of Epiphanies that must have been written; and that they provide us with one meaningful order in which these materials were arranged by James Joyce.

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

The status of the Epiphanies in 1903 is revealed to us in a letter Joyce wrote to his brother from Paris on 20 March of that year. He noted that he had written fifteen new Epiphanies: twelve for insertion, three for addition. From this it is apparent that the Epiphanies existed already in a basic arrangement, which could be modified by addition
as well as insertion. They were not merely collected in the order of their composition but were arranged in a meaningful progression. Later, in using the Epiphanies for *Stephen Hero*, Joyce undoubtedly made some departures from this arrangement, but the numbers which have been preserved indicate that he followed it quite closely. No doubt the Epiphanies were rearranged and renumbered often, and the numbers we have here indicate only one such arrangement; but it must have been a late one, since it went so high as (71), and it must have been very close to the arrangement used by Joyce as part of the plan for *Stephen Hero*. We do not have the first 476 manuscript pages of that work and thus cannot check on the early employment of the Epiphanies in it, but Epiphany no. (1), which must have been the first used in *Stephen Hero*, appears on p. 2 of *A Portrait*. When Joyce had arranged his seventy-some Epiphanies, he had before him an excellent supplement to his outline for *Stephen Hero* (extant fragments of which appear in Part I, Section 3 below). These Epiphanies became his principal building blocks for the novel.

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

**OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY**

**ON JOYCE'S EPIPHANIES**

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

“Whist! He’s gone to put it all down!”

“Put what down?”

“Put us down. A chiel’s among us takin’ notes. And, faith, he’ll print it.”

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

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

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

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

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

“John,” I said, seeking an ally, “he’s codding the pair of us.”

But John could not be enlisted to resent.

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

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1. From *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street* (New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1937) pp. 293–95.
hypocritical poseur, one who sacrifices his own dignity for his friends’
diversion. . . .

“Coddling apart, John, why is he taking notes?”
“We’re all on the stage—Jayshus, we’re all on the stage since
the Old Lady threw him out. . . .”

STANISLAUS JOYCE
ON HIS BROTHER’S EPIPHANIES

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

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

2. Stanislaus Joyce, My Brother’s Keeper, ed. Richard Ellmann (New York:
Faber and Faber Ltd. Abbreviated hereafter as MBK.
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
An' faith he'll prent it.  

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

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

Mr Vance—(comes in with a stick). . . O, you know,
    he'll have to apologise, Mrs Joyce.
Mrs Joyce—O yes. . . Do you hear that, Jim?
Mr Vance—Or else—if he doesn't—the eagles'll come and pull out his eyes.
Mrs Joyce—O, but I'm sure he will apologise.
Joyce—(under the table, to himself)
    —Pull out his eyes,
Apologise,
    Apologise,
    Pull out his eyes.
Apologise,
Pull out his eyes,
Pull out his eyes,
Apologise.

This scene can be dated in 1891, but the Epiphany must have been written much later. Changed only slightly for P (2/8), this episode is used to present a dramatic foreshadowing of Stephen's future, as he finds a refuge from authority in art and makes a poem out of his predicament. MS at Buffalo. In the dramatic Epiphanies, such as this one, the settings in brackets are the work of Joyce, not the editor.
No school tomorrow: it is Saturday night in winter: I sit by the fire. Soon they will be returning with provisions, meat and vegetables, tea and bread and butter, and white pudding that makes a noise on the pan . . . . I sit reading a story of Alsace, turning over the yellow pages, watching the men and women in their strange dresses. It pleases me to read of their ways; through them I seem to touch the life of a land beyond them to enter into communion with the German people. Dearest illusion, friend of my youth! . . . . . . In him I have imaged myself. Our lives are still sacred in their intimate sympathies. I am with him at night when he reads the books of the philosophers or some tale of ancient times. I am with him when he wanders alone or with one whom he has never seen, that young girl who puts around him arms that have no malice in them, offering her simple, abundant love, hearing and answering his soul he knows not how.

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

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

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

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

. . . When I was a girl I was sure I'd marry a lord . . . or something. . .

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

The irony here seems to be directed at Joyce himself, as his stunned reaction to his aunt's implied comparison indicates. If this reading is correct, then we have here a rare case of Joyce being victim instead of hero in an Epiphany which records not a "memorable phase" of his mind, or a "vulgarity" which exposes someone else, but his own wounded vanity. MS at Buffalo.
High up in the old, dark-windowed house: firelight in the narrow room: dusk outside. An old woman bustles about, making tea; she tells of the changes, her odd ways, and what the priest and the doctor said . . . . . I hear her words in the distance. I wander among the coals, among the ways of adventure . . . . . . Christ! What is in the doorway? . . . . A skull—a monkey; a creature drawn hither to the fire, to the voices: a silly creature.
—Is that Mary Ellen?—
—No, Eliza, it's Jim—
—O. . . . . O, goodnight, Jim—
—D'ye want anything, Eliza?—
—I thought it was Mary Ellen . . . . . I thought you were Mary Ellen, Jim—

The intended effect here seems to depend on the contrast between the banal women and the boy's adventurous imaginings—as in such a story as "Araby." This scene took place at 15 Usher's Island after the death of Joyce's great-aunt, Mrs. Callanan (JJ 87), who was the model for one of the sisters in "The Dead." Joyce reworked it for P (74–75/67–68), eliminating the juvenile attempt at a gothic chill, and alluded to it again in U (654/670). In this association of ghostly atmosphere and the house on Usher's Island we have one of the earliest seeds of mood and idea that ultimately flowered in "The Dead." MS at Cornell.
A small field of still weeds and thistles alive with confused forms, half-men, half-goats. Dragging their great tails they move hither and thither, aggressively. Their faces are lightly bearded, pointed and grey as india-rubber. A secret personal sin directs them, holding them now, as in reaction, to constant malevolence. One is clasping about his body a torn flannel jacket; another complains monotonously as his beard catches in the stiff weeds. They move about me, enclosing me, that old sin sharpening their eyes to cruelty, swishing through the fields in slow circles, thrusting upwards their terrific faces. Help!

A dream-epiphany of hell, referred to in plan for SH (MS p. 16, see first draft of Portrait—Part I, Section 3 below), and probably used in the missing part of SH. Elaborated and reworked for P (158/137–8). In the plan for SH this Epiphany is located in the section dealing with the latter part of 1893, but see the chronology (Part II, Section 1, below) for other possibilities. MS at Cornell.
It is time to go away now—breakfast is ready. I'll say another prayer . . . . I am hungry; yet I would like to stay here in this quiet chapel where the mass has come and gone so quietly . . . . Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope! Tomorrow and every day after I hope I shall bring you some virtue as an offering for I know you will be pleased with me if I do. Now, goodbye for the present . . . . O, the beautiful sunlight in the avenue and O, the sunlight in my heart!

An episode in Joyce's pious phase, probably a post-communion revery or a spiritual communion such as that described in P (176/152). The peace of this mood of piety contrasts with the disturbing dream of hell in Epiphany no. 6. MS at Cornell.
Dull clouds have covered the sky. Where three roads meet and before a swampy beach a big dog is recumbent. From time to time he lifts his muzzle in the air and utters a prolonged sorrowful howl. People stop to look at him and pass on; some remain, arrested, it may be, by that lamentation in which they seem to hear the utterance of their own sorrow that had once its voice but is now voiceless, a servant of laborious days. Rain begins to fall.

Called a dream-epiphany by Stanislaus Joyce (MBK 126), this was made into a real event by Joyce in SH (38), with some modification. MS at Cornell.
[Mullingar: a Sunday in July: noon]

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

This bourgeois advice offered on his Mullingar trip in July 1900 must have impressed Joyce with its studied banality, worthy of Flaubert’s Dictionary of Accepted Ideas. He was able to use it, slightly improved, in SH (251). MS at Buffalo.
O’Mahony—Haven’t you that little priest that writes poetry over there—Fr Russell?
Joyce—O, yes. . .I hear he has written verses.
O’Mahony—(smiling adroitly) . . .Verses, yes. . .that’s the proper name for them. . . .

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

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

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

Joyce—Seventy-two.

Maggie Sheehy—Is he?

The context in *SH* (46) makes this puzzling scene clear. The man under discussion is Ibsen, who has just been the subject of a guessing game. The fact that no one else in the room had any notion of how old Ibsen was in 1900 is doubtless supposed to emphasize the extent of the intellectual desert in which Joyce and Stephen found themselves. MS at Buffalo.
12
(16)

[Dublin: at Sheehy's, Belvedere Place]

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

(a pause)

Hanna Sheehy—. . . . . . German?
O'Reilly—. . . . . . Yes.

(a hush)

Hanna Sheehy—. . I think. . . . . . Goethe. . . . .

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

Joyce—Thank you.

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

Joyce—Ha.

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

For Joyce, who bitterly resented the suggestion that he become a clerk at Guinness’, this discussion of a potential stage career for him must have been gall and wormwood. We are probably meant to understand that Blake speaks from the depths of a considerable ignorance, which contrasts nicely with his pipe-smoking profundity. 1900. MS at Buffalo.
Dick Sheehy—What’s a lie? Mr Speaker, I must ask. . .
Mr Sheehy—Order, order!
Fallon—You know it’s a lie!
Mr Sheehy—You must withdraw, sir.
Dick Sheehy—As I was saying. . . .
Fallon—No, I won’t.
Mr Sheehy—I call on the honorable member for Denbigh. . . . Order, order! . . .

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

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

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

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

The Two Children—Yes, sir.

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

Another relic of the 1900 trip to Mullingar, Joyce’s reworking of this for *SH* (244) indicates the qualities in the scene which interested him. In *SH* he emphasized the beggar’s splendid vulgarity by spelling out such uncouth locutions as “yous.” In both versions the beggar is very real, very vivid, and very vulgar. By its number (22) this Mullingar scene is separated from the earlier scene in no. 9 (12) above. The number may be an error, or Joyce may have intended to send Stephen to Mullingar twice, but both these Epiphanies were worked into the same episode in *SH*. MS at Buffalo.
A white mist is falling in slow flakes. The path leads me down to an obscure pool. Something is moving in the pool; it is an arctic beast with a rough yellow coat. I thrust in my stick and as he rises out of the water I see that his back slopes towards the croup and that he is very sluggish. I am not afraid but, thrusting at him often with my stick drive him before me. He moves his paws heavily and mutters words of some language which I do not understand.
Hanna Sheehy—O, there are sure to be great crowds.
Skeffington—In fact it’ll be, as our friend
Jocax would say, the day of the
rabblement.
Maggie Sheehy—(declaims)—Even now the
rabblement may be standing
by the door!

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

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

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

Dick Sheehy—What phenomenon?

Joyce—O. . .the stars come out.

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

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

Mrs Joyce—(*crimson, trembling, appears at the parlour door*)...Jim!
Joyce—(*at the piano*)...Yes?
Mrs Joyce—Do you know anything about the body?...What ought I do?...There's some matter coming away from the hole in Georgie's stomach...Did you ever hear of that happening?
Joyce—(*surprised*)...I don't know...Mrs Joyce—Ought I send for the doctor, do you think?
Joyce—I don't know...What hole?
Mrs Joyce—(*impatient*)...The hole we all have...here (*points*)
Joyce—(*stands up*)

Like the "Pull out his eyes" Epiphany (no. 1 above), this is a really fine dramatic scene, in which the cool impersonality of the dramatic form heightens the emotional power of the experience presented. This is neither an observed triviality nor a memorable phase of the artist's mind; it is a slice of significant life preserved indefinitely in this icy and impersonal form. With some reworking it was used for the death of Isabel in *SH* (162). The actual date is March 1902. MS at Buffalo.
They are all asleep. I will go up now . . . . He lies on my bed where I lay last night: they have covered him with a sheet and closed his eyes with pennies. . . . Poor little fellow! We have often laughed together—he bore his body very lightly . . . . I am very sorry he died. I cannot pray for him as the others do . . . . Poor little fellow! Everything else is so uncertain!

This rendering of Joyce's emotion on the death of his brother Georgie in March 1902 is almost artlessly direct. But the inability to pray at a deathbed is a foreshadowing of one of the major motifs of *Ulysses*. MS at Cornell.
Two mourners push on through the crowd. The girl, one hand catching the woman’s skirt, runs in advance. The girl’s face is the face of a fish, discoloured and oblique-eyed; the woman’s face is small and square, the face of a bargainer. The girl, her mouth distorted, looks up at the woman to see if it is time to cry; the woman, settling a flat bonnet, hurries on towards the mortuary chapel.

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

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

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

Adapted in SH (169) to the death of Isabel, this cryptic scene actually relates to the death of the promising young Georgie in March 1902. The context in SH gives us our clue to its meaning, and the editor’s critical comments on other Epiphanies have been made with Joyce’s interpretation of this one in mind. In context this dialogue is followed by Joyce’s comment, “The acme of unconvincingness seemed to Stephen to have been reached at that moment.” We can assume that many of these dramatic Epiphanies represented for Joyce the acme of something—vulgarity, banality, insipidity, triviality—but sometimes we must guess at a significance too rarefied and personal for the reader to catch. In this case, however, the contrast between the perfunctory sentiments of Skeffington in this Epiphany and the real emotion with which the speechless Joyce rises in no. 19 is meaningful and unmistakable. Arranged in order, these Epiphanies reinforce one another by providing a context for the significant contrasts Joyce liked to employ by way of unspoken commentary. MS at Buffalo.
That is no dancing. Go down before the people, young boy, and dance for them. . . . He runs out darkly-clad, lithe and serious to dance before the multitude. There is no music for him. He begins to dance far below in the amphitheatre with a slow and supple movement of the limbs, passing from movement to movement, in all the grace of youth and distance, until he seems to be a whirling body, a spider wheeling amid space, a star. I desire to shout to him words of praise, to shout arrogantly over the heads of the multitude "See! See!" . . . . . His dancing is not the dancing of harlots, the dance of the daughters of Herodias. It goes up from the midst of the people, sudden and young and male, and falls again to earth in tremulous sobbing to die upon its triumph.

A dream-epiphany in which Joyce (according to Stanislaus Joyce—MBK 136) believed he had dreamt of his dead brother Georgie. MS at Cornell.
Her arm is laid for a moment on my knees and then withdrawn and her eyes have revealed her—secret, vigilant, an enclosed garden—in a moment. I remember a harmony of red and white that was made for one like her, telling her names and glories, bidding her arise, as for espousal, and come away, bidding her look forth, a spouse, from Amana and from the mountains of the leopards. And I remember that response whereto the perfect tenderness of the body and the soul with all its mystery have gone: Inter ubera mea commorabitur.

With echoes of the Song of Solomon, an unknown female (see MBK 257) is epiphanized here. The Latin phrase (trans.: He shall lie between my breasts) is from the Vulgate Old Testament, Song of Songs, I, xii. For P Joyce reworked this passage, spiritualizing it considerably (P 176/152). MS at Cornell.
The quick light shower is over but tarries, a cluster of diamonds, among the shrubs of the quadrangle where an exhalation arises from the black earth. In the colonnade are the girls, an April company. They are leaving shelter, with many a doubting glance, with the prattle of trim boots and the pretty rescue of petticoats, under umbrellas, a light armoury, upheld at cunning angles. They are returning to the convent—demure corridors and simple dormitories, a white rosary of hours—having heard the fair promises of Spring, that well-graced ambassador . . . . . .

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

This Epiphany depends for its effect on the contrast between the demure, protected life of the girls and the vulgar, earthy situation of the boys. Somewhat elaborated, this passage was used in \textit{SH} (183–84), and it was reworked for \textit{P} to provide Stephen with a charitable view of E. C. just prior to the composition of his villanelle in her honor (\textit{P} 254/216). MS at Cornell.
She is engaged. She dances with them in the round—a white dress lightly lifted as she dances, a white spray in her hair; eyes a little averted, a faint glow on her cheek. Her hand is in mine for a moment, softest of merchandise.

—You very seldom come here now.—
—Yes I am becoming something of a recluse.—
—I saw your brother the other day . . . . . He is very like you.—
—Really?—

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

Stanislaus Joyce tells us (MBK 257) that this scene—in which the solemnity and reserve of Joyce is contrasted with the restrained gaiety of the girl—actually describes a party at the Sheehys' which Joyce attended in a dress-suit borrowed from Gogarty. The engaged Sheehy girl is probably Hannah, who married Joyce's friend Skeffington. Along with her younger sister Mary, she contributed something to the Emma Clery of SH and P. In P this Epiphany is reworked into a recollection and the dialogue is made crisper and wittier, on Stephen's part especially (257–58/219). MS at Cornell.
Faintly, under the heavy summer night, through the silence of the town which has turned from dreams to dreamless sleep as a weary lover whom no carresses [sic in S. J.'s MS] move, the sound of hoofs upon the Dublin road. Not so faintly now as they come near the bridge; and in a moment as they pass the dark windows the silence is cloven by alarm as by an arrow. They are heard now far away—hoofs that shine amid the heavy night as diamonds, hurrying beyond the grey, still marshes to what journey's end—what heart—bearing what tidings?

This Epiphany seems an attempt to render a generalized longing for adventure. It appears as one of the diary entries at the end of P, and Stephen is allowed to take a rather ironical view of it as "vague words for a vague emotion" (P 297/251). MS at Cornell.
A moonless night under which the waves gleam feebly. The ship is entering a harbour where there are some lights. The sea is uneasy, charged with dull anger like the eyes of an animal which is about to spring, the prey of its own pitiless hunger. The land is flat and thinly wooded. Many people are gathered on the shore to see what ship it is that is entering their harbour.

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

A dream-epiphany, used as a dream in P (295/249). MS at Cornell.
The spell of arms and voices—the white arms of roads, their promise of close embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon, their tale of distant nations. They are held out to say: We are alone,—come. And the voices say with them: We are your people. And the air is thick with their company as they call to me their kinsman, making ready to go, shaking the wings of their exultant and terrible youth.

This is a crucial Epiphany. In it we see Joyce beginning to clothe himself in the Daedalian myth. He used it just prior to Stephen’s departure for Paris in both SH (237) and P (298–99/252), transposing it to a third-person narrative in the early version, and returning to first-person via Stephen’s diary in P. MS at Cornell.
Here are we come together, wayfarers; here are we housed, amid intricate streets, by night and silence closely covered. In amity we rest together, well content, no more remembering the deviousness of the ways that we have come. What moves upon me from the darkness subtle and murmurous as a flood, passionate and fierce with an indecent movement of the loins? What leaps, crying in answer, out of me, as eagle to eagle in mid air, crying to overcome, crying for an iniquitous abandonment?

We find Joyce here in another very Daedalian phase which, according to Stanislaus Joyce (MBK 253), dates from late 1903 and marks the end of Joyce’s “piping poet” days. MS at Cornell.
The human crowd swarms in the enclosure, moving through the slush. A fat woman passes, her dress lifted boldly, her face nozzling in an orange. A pale young man with a Cockney accent does tricks in his shirtsleeves and drinks out of a bottle. A little old man has mice on an umbrella; a policeman in heavy boots charges down and seizes the umbrella: the little old man disappears. Bookies are bawling out names and prices; one of them screams with the voice of a child—"Bonny Boy!" "Bonny Boy!" . . . Human creatures are swarming in the enclosure, moving backwards and forwards through the thick ooze. Some ask if the race is going on; they are answered "Yes" and "No." A band begins to play. . . . . A beautiful brown horse, with a yellow rider upon him, flashes far away in the sunlight.

Possibly another dream-epiphany, this one depends for its effect on the contrast between the sordid and banal figures swarming in the ooze and the beautiful horse and rider flashing away in the sunlight. MS at Buffalo.
They pass in twos and threes amid the life of the boulevard, walking like people who have leisure in a place lit up for them. They are in the pastry cook's, chattering, crushing little fabrics of pastry, or seated silently at tables by the café door, or descending from carriages with a busy stir of garments soft as the voice of the adulterer. They pass in an air of perfumes: under the perfumes their bodies have a warm humid smell . . . . . No man has loved them and they have not loved themselves: they have given nothing for all that has been given them.

A Parisian scene of 1902–3: Joyce attempts here to get at the essence of prostitution. Parts of this Epiphany turn up improved almost beyond recognition in *Ulysses* (43/42). (See also *MBK* 254.) This and the following Epiphanies all postdate Stephen's departure for Paris and thus were not used in *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait*. MS at Cornell.
She comes at night when the city is still; invisible, inaudible, all unsummoned. She comes from her ancient seat to visit the least of her children, mother most venerable, as though he had never been alien to her. She knows the inmost heart; therefore she is gentle, nothing exacting; saying, I am susceptible of change, an imaginative influence in the hearts of my children. Who has pity for you when you are sad among the strangers? Years and years I loved you when you lay in my womb.

Stanislaus Joyce tells us that this was a dream-epiphany, recorded by his brother on his Paris sojourn in 1902–3 (MBK 229–30). In the dream Joyce was visited by his mother, whose image was confused and mingled with that of the Virgin Mary. This provided Joyce with a basis in his own life for the mother-haunted Stephen of Ulysses. (See U 566/581.) MS at Buffalo and Cornell.
Eva Leslie—Yes, Maudie Leslie’s my sister an’
Fred Leslie’s my brother—yev
‘eard of Fred Leslie? . . . (musing) . . .
O,’e’s a whoite-arsed bugger. . . ’E’s
awoy at present. . . . . .

(later)
I told you someun went with me
ten toimes one noight. . . .That’s
Fred—my own brother Fred. . .
(musing) . . . ’E is ’andsome. . . O I
do love Fred. . .

By its numbering we can locate this as an observation made when Joyce passed through London on his way home from Paris at Christmas time, 1902. It is certainly an instance of his continuing interest in prostitutes and slatterns, recording vulgar physicality bluntly and directly. From it Joyce was able to salvage the picturesque expression “whitearsed” to enliven the language of Private Carr in U (587/603), no doubt taking a special delight in putting this word from the mouth of an English slut into the mouth of the namesake of Henry Carr of the English diplomatic service. MS at Buffalo.
Yes, they are the two sisters. She who is churning with stout arms (their butter is famous) looks dark and unhappy: the other is happy because she had her way. Her name is R... Rina. I know the verb 'to be' in their language.

—Are you Rina?—

I knew she was.

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

Another dream-epiphany, according to Stanislaus Joyce (MBK 127); the subject of this one is Ibsen. This view of the artist-hero through the banal perspective of the speaker makes Ibsen a bit ridiculous but at the same time emphasizes his greatness with the kind of ambivalent irony typical of Joyce's mature style. MS at Buffalo.
I lie along the deck, against the engine-house, from which the smell of lukewarm grease exhales. Gigantic mists are marching under the French cliffs, enveloping the coast from headland to headland. The sea moves with the sound of many scales. . . . Beyond the misty walls, in the dark cathedral church of Our Lady, I hear the bright, even voices of boys singing before the altar there.

Stanislaus Joyce locates this scene for us (MBK 230) as being on Joyce’s return from Paris in April, 1903, via “the cheaper route from Dieppe to New Haven” after he had received the famous telegram “Mother dying come home father.” As so often in these Epiphanies, the effect depends on contrast—in this case between Joyce among the greasy fumes and the choirboys before the altar. MS at Buffalo and Cornell.
The Little Male Child—*(at the garden gate)*—Na. .o.
The First Young Lady—*(half kneeling, takes his hand)*—Well, is Mbie your sweetheart?
The Little Male Child—Na. .o.
The Second Young Lady—*(bending over him, looks up)*—Who is your sweetheart?

Surely intended as a showing forth of banality and vulgarity, this insipid episode was easily translated to the Nausicaa section of *U* (341/347). MS at Buffalo.
She stands, her book held lightly at her breast, reading the lesson. Against the dark stuff of her dress her face, mild-featured with downcast eyes, rises softly outlined in light; and from a folded cap, set carelessly forward, a tassel falls along her brown ringletted hair . . .

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

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

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

Gogarty—Is that for Gogarty?

The Assistant—(Looks)—Yes, sir. . .Will you take it with you? for it now?

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

(takes a pen)

The Assistant—Yes Ye-es.

Gogarty—5 Rutland Square.

while

The Assistant—(half to himself as he writes)

. . 5. . Rutland. . Square.

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