

Section 6

The Trieste Notebook

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

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

TRIESTE NOTEBOOK

Byrne (John Francis) [Cranly in P]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He is exhausted. [P 293/248]

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

Cosgrave (Vincent) [Lynch in P]

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

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

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

He is a self-consumer.

He ate dried cowdung. [P 240/205]

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

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

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

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

His use of "whatever".

It is equal to him

He wore a swanskin gansy.

Casey (Joseph) [Kevin Egan in U]

a grey ember.

Calvacanti [sic] (Guido)

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

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

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

Dedalus (Stephen)

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

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

He made duck in cricket.

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

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

He had an inborn distaste for fermented foods.

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

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

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

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

He came to the knowledge of innocence through sin.

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

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

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

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

He disliked bottles.

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

He gave what he got.

He devoured snowcake.

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

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

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

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

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

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

He felt the quaking of the earth.

He felt himself alone in the theatre.

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

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

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

He had a dead eye.

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

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

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

Esthetic

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pornography fails because whores are bad conductors of emotion.

The skeleton conditions the esthetic image.

England

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His money smells bad.

He wore scapulars in the baths at Howth.

His coarseness of speech is not the blasphemy of a romantic.
[I, 7 below]

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

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

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

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

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

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

He called himself a patriot of the solar system.

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

Gordon (Michael) [See DD 39]

Verbicano [?] is in his eyes.

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

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

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

Before he was born I had no fear of fortune.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Let nothing make thee sad or fretful
Or too regretful:
Be still.
What God hath ordered must be right
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

"Why shouldest thou fill today with sorrow

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

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

Paul Fleming (1609–1640)

Ireland

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her rebellions are servile wars.

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

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

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

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

Jesus

His shadow is everywhere.

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

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

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

Ibsen (Henrik)

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

Jesuits

They breed atheists

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

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

They are levites. [P 215/185]

They do not love the end they serve.

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

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

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

They judge by categories.

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

They are erotically preoccupied [*sic*]

Lust

The reek of lions [U 233/236]

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

Mother

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She used to exclaim: *Merciful hour.*

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

McCluskey

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

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

“Wherever thou art shall be Erin to me”

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

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

She wears limber stays

Pappie [John Stanislaus Joyce]

He is an Irish suicide.

He read medicine

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

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

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

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

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

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

The verses he quotes most are:

Conservio lies captured! He lies in the lowest dungeons

With manacles and chains around his limbs

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

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

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

He was proud of his hop step and jump.

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

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

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

He inquires: *Who said?*

He read *Modern Society* and the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*

He threatened to make me smell hell.

He called Eileen a confirmed bloody idiot.

He quarrelled with my friends.

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

Prezioso (Roberto) [Triestine friend of Joyce]

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

Roucati (Venanzio)

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

Rogers (Marcellus)

He laughs with happy teeth.

Skeffington (Francis Joseph Christopher) [MacCann in P]

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

Sordino (Conte Francesco) [Triestine pupil of Joyce]

His books are dogseared.

Shelley (Percy Bysshe)

He spoke his ecstatic verses with an English accent.

Uncle William [Murray]

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

He sang *The Groves of the Pool.*

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

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

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

The wild torrentious streams are plying rills"