

“*The Talk Became Theatrical*”¹: *Dubliners on Tour in Portugal*

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Abstract: *Balloonatics Theatre Company, celebrating their 30th anniversary in 2014, have specialised in adaptations of literary texts, especially those by Joyce, for the theatre since 1984. In the summer of 2014, Culture Ireland offered them the opportunity of performing two stories from Dubliners to help commemorate the 100th anniversary of the publication of Joyce’s work. Balloonatics, took “The Boarding House” and “Counterparts”, written in Trieste during the “torrid” summer in 1905, to three university cities in Portugal: Lisbon, Oporto and Braga. It seemed appropriate to stage these stories in Portugal, with the approaching summer heat at the end of June possibly reflecting something of the atmosphere in which they were first conceived. This article frames the process of Balloonatics’ approach to and dramatisation of the texts within a discussion of the theatrical line in Joyce’s life and career, locating the roots of Dubliners’ use of the theatrical in Joyce’s earlier writings.*

The Swiss sculptor, August Suter, remembered that Joyce was fond of quoting the opening of St. John’s Gospel: “In the beginning was the Word” (Potts 62). In *Finnegans Wake* (*Finnegans Wake* 468), this becomes “In the beginning was the gest” (signalling both ‘gesture’ through spelling and ‘jest’ through sound). If there was one particular word “in the beginning” for Joyce the artist, however, we can find it in the artistic combination of language and gesture: theatre.

Bernard Benstock opened an essay on *Exiles* by writing that “James Joyce’s career as a dramatist was as vague as it was minimal” (Benstock 361). Considering his lost early dramatic attempts and single published play, one can see Benstock’s point. To the young Joyce and those who knew him (especially prior to 1904), however, this would have seemed rather an unlikely prediction for his artistic future.

His brother Stanislaus tells us that even as a young child, he knew how to make an entrance – “Here’s me! Here’s me!” he would shout when bounding downstairs to join the family (*My Brother’s Keeper* 30). Furthermore, in the small theatrical events put on with his brothers and sisters, Joyce seemed instinctively drawn to the best part. When the children put on a performance of the Garden of Eden, he played Satan.

This attraction was to last a lifetime. Louis Gillet remembers Joyce, in the 1930s, performing, rather than telling, the tale of an old islander who, seeing his wrinkled face in a mirror for the very first time, burst into tears, crying “Oh Dad! Dad!” Gillet tells us that “One had to see Joyce mimicking the scene with all his body! ... He was himself the character, imitating the gestures, the tone, with a delightful voice” (Potts 201).

Throughout his life, in fact, Joyce showed greater interest in the theatre, in its many variations, than in the novel: the genre he was to revolutionise. His major enthusiasms were stirred by performance in all its forms: from literary theatre, to the pantomimes, musical hall, light opera and popular plays to be seen in the Dublin of the late 19th and early twentieth century; as well as the various types of performance he experienced on the continent in his later years.

His early writing ambitions were a reflex of this enthusiasm. Joyce’s first published pieces were critical essays dealing exclusively with the theatre, with drama proclaimed the highest form of art. Even when writing about another artistic form in an 1899 student essay, the success of Munkacsy’s painting, *Ecce Homo*, was judged according to its dramatic quality (*Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing* 17-22).

Stanislaus also tells us of the early and now lost play, *A Brilliant Career* (the only piece Joyce ever dedicated to anyone – his own soul) which, it seems, owed much to Ibsen (*My Brother’s Keeper* 126-31). Although, as Ellmann suggests, it might well have been “Ibcenest nansence!” (*Finnegans Wake* 535) more than anything else (Ellmann 79), it was a sign of how the genre of the “old master” (*Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing* 52) was more important to Joyce in these early years than any other artistic form.

In addition to *A Brilliant Career*, and the two translations of Hauptmann (*Before Sunrise* and the now lost *Michael Kramer*) intended for the Abbey, the intriguingly titled verse play, *Dream Stuff*, was written in the early 1900s. Judging, however, from the one stanza that has survived, *Dream Stuff* was more in line with his Symbolist-influenced *Chamber Music* than what we might call an independently Joycean dramatic departure.² Any reader hoping to catch an early glimpse of *Finnegans Wake* in this dream text would, it seems, have certainly been disappointed.

As a student, Joyce was frequently at the popular theatre and the music hall where, like Stephen Dedalus “in the gallery of the Gaiety”, he became “a constant ‘god’” (*Stephen Hero* 36). A friend from Paris, Philippe Soupault, would later argue that “It was the theatre as theatre that he loved. I mean that he was attracted less by the play than by the atmosphere: the footlights and spotlights, the spectators ... He liked everything, even the crudest vaudeville” (Potts 113).

Unlike the literary form, the pantomimes and similar popular performances at, for example, the Gaiety and Dan Lowry’s Music Hall, with their broader conventions and an audience perhaps more open to change and surprise, could stage virtually whatever they wanted and however they liked, without the constraints of realism. Content, however, was far from being insignificant; and in what was perhaps more than a glib throwaway line, Joyce claimed – possibly thinking of how it took up and played with “the most

commonplace, the deadest among the living” (*Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing* 28) – that “the music-hall, not poetry, was a criticism of life” (*My Brother’s Keeper* 110). His enjoyment of such popular forms, free from the responsibilities of realism, continued throughout his life and their influence can be clearly seen in the “Circe” chapter of *Ulysses* and is almost omnipresent in *Finnegans Wake*.³

Most of Joyce’s literary theories (as put forward in the early articles and papers⁴) centred on the realistic drama as developed by Ibsen. These theories did not, however, ultimately represent Joyce’s carefully formulated thinking about a literary genre but rather served to justify and rationalise his personal attraction to a specific artist. These distinct artistic inclinations created a central conflict in Joyce’s relationship with the theatre. Despite his intellectual commitment to Ibsen and the kind of drama he stood for, Joyce had little practical understanding of, or emotional drive to create realistic drama; Ibsenite or otherwise. If *A Brilliant Career* and, to a lesser extent, *Exiles* is evidence of this disinclination, “Circe” particularly can be seen as the bringing together of the spectacular theatrical forms – more ‘popular’, but also more Wagnerian than Ibsenite in its ‘global’ nature – that intrigued and delighted Joyce. After initially suffering, we could argue, from the same kind of misdirection he ironically identified in the young Ibsen: “an original and capable writer struggling with a form that is not his own” (*Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing* 73), Joyce found release in a concept of drama allowing him to use “the spectacular and the theatrical” (25) effects he was attracted to; and without being confined to a form which, despite his theoretical support, was essentially at odds with his basic creative inclinations. When released from the constraints of actual staging, or literal theatrical representation, he could employ the dramatic, and exploit the resultant formal tension, within the pages of an ostensibly narrative text.

Referring to Joyce’s early paper, “Drama and Life”, Richard Ellmann argued that “the exaltation of drama above all other forms was to be reformulated later in his aesthetic system and, if he published only one play, he kept to his principles by making all his novels dramatic” (Ellmann 73).

A sense of the dramatic was evident even in his first attempts at the short story “At school” in the mid-1890s (*My Brother’s Keeper* 74). Stanislaus also records one of the now lost prose sketches that made up what the schoolboy Joyce called *Silhouettes*:

[The narrator’s] attention is attracted by two figures in violent agitation on a lowered window-blind illuminated from within, the burly figure of a man, staggering and threatening with upraised fist, and the smaller sharp-faced figure of a nagging woman. A blow is struck and the light goes out. The narrator waits to see if anything happens afterwards. Yes, the window-blind is illuminated again dimly, (...) and the woman’s sharp profile appears accompanied by two small heads, just above the window-ledge, of children wakened by the noise. The woman’s finger is pointed in warning. She is saying, ‘Don’t waken Pa’ (104).

Bearing in mind Joyce's main artistic inclination at the time – the drama - , it is hardly surprising that the episode (he calls it a “triviality”) in *Eccles St^s* gives Stephen the idea of collecting such epiphanies, with its flavour of the theatrical undoubtedly a contributing factor:

A young lady was standing on the steps of one of those brown brick houses which seem the very incarnation of Irish paralysis. A young gentleman was leaning on the rusty railings of the area.⁶ Stephen as he passed on his quest heard the following fragment of colloquy out of which he received an impression keen enough to afflict his sensitiveness very severely.

THE YOUNG LADY: (drawling discreetly) ... O, yes ... I was ... at the ... cha ... pel ...

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN: (inaudibly) ... I ... (again inaudibly) ... I ...

THE YOUNG LADY: (softly) ... O ... but you're ... ve ... ry ... wick ... ed ...
(*Stephen Hero*, 188).

The realism here obviously looks towards *Dubliners* (though such a scene in *Dubliners* would probably have caused George Roberts to blow more than his “nose”⁷) but the scene is purely dramatic, with the narrator as the literal audience for the grim shadow puppetry. *Silhouettes* was never developed in itself but its legacy could be felt when, in 1900, Joyce began to write his ‘epiphanies’: moments of “sudden spiritual manifestation” that might appear “in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself” (188). Significantly, the epiphanies were manifested through the spoken as well as the written word, with “the vulgarity of speech or of gesture” suggesting a clear dramatic quality balancing the often more lyrical “memorable phase of the mind”, and are often similar in tone to what Stanislaus remembers of the earlier prose sketches. Of the 40 that have survived – it seems there were at least 71 (*Poems and Shorter Writings* 272) –, 16 are of short dramatic dialogues; with the others being either monologues or prose poems. The dramatic seeds of *Silhouettes* combined with “the vulgarity of speech or of gesture” balancing the “memorable phase” in *Stephen Hero* and the epiphanies were to grow into *Dubliners*. Back in 1939, in *James Joyce: His First Forty Years*, Herbert S. Gorman argued that it was “very plain to see that [Joyce had] absorbed a deal of knowledge concerned with drama” (Gorman 103-4). He also noted, or was prompted to by the subject of his labours, “that Joyce could handle dramatic situations with a keen sense of affect. Certain of the scenes in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* proved this, as did some of the sketches in *Dubliners*” (Gorman 106).

In *A Portrait*, Gorman was presumably thinking of scenes such as the Christmas dinner (*A Portrait* 28-37) and the retreat sermons (100-103 and 108-114). In *Dubliners*, there is the clear flavour of music hall ‘double act’ banter at times in the dialogues between Lenehan and Corley in “Two Gallants” and even between Gallaher and Little Chandler in “A Little Cloud”. Much of the “Grace” text at Tom Kernan’s bedside (*Dubliners* 145-157)

works perfectly as dramatic dialogue and stage directions. Thinking along similar lines, at the Twelfth Annual Joyce Summer School in Trieste in 2008, Clare Hutton presented a dramatic reading, almost a staging, of “Ivy Day in the Committee Room” using male volunteers from the audience and the narrative as stage directions. The fact that Joyce wrote to Grant Richards, on 20th May 1906, that this was the story that pleased him most may owe something to its dramatic quality (*Selected Letters* 88).

Along with the 100th anniversary of the publication of *Dubliners*, 2014 marked the more modest 30th anniversary of Balloonatics Theatre Company, founded by the Irish actor and writer Paul O’Hanrahan and I in 1984, following Paul’s award-winning adaptation of *Circe* (from *Ulysses*) at the 1983 Edinburgh Festival, in which I played Bloom. Joyce has often figured in our repertoire since, including *Nightfall* (1985) based on Book I of *Finnegans Wake* and various versions of *Cyclops* (again from *Ulysses*) between 1987 and 2006.

To celebrate both occasions, Balloonatics were invited by Culture Ireland to present dramatised readings of two stories from *Dubliners* on a whistle-stop tour of Portugal. “The Boarding House” and “Counterparts” share the theatrical qualities that run through *Dubliners*, presenting characters with a taste for the dramatic who, at times, and as we shall see below, seem to be performing their lives rather than living them. The stories were finished in Trieste during the “torrid” summer of 1905 and, although “The Boarding House” is set in breezy, early summer and “Counterparts” in February, Joyce wrote that “Many of the frigidities of [these stories] were written while the sweat streamed down my face onto the handkerchief which protected my collar” (*Selected Letters* 69). It seemed appropriate, therefore, to perform these texts in Lisbon, Oporto and Braga at the end of June, when the approaching summer heat might possibly reflect something of the atmosphere in which they were first conceived.⁸

The stories are studies of entrapment. In “The Boarding House”, we meet Mr Bob Doran who is staying at Mrs. Mooney’s boarding house for working men. Her daughter Polly sings to and flirts with the borders and, once it is discovered that he and Polly are having an affair, Mr. Doran has to face a situation in which he knows he has been manipulated but, nonetheless, feels honour bound to accept the consequences of his own indiscretion.

“Counterparts” presents us with an afternoon and evening in the life of Farrington. He hates his boss, his clerical job and, indeed, much of the rest of his life. After another frustrating day at work, his humiliation unexpectedly continues after drinking with his friends at various pubs. The story ends with the seething Farrington returning home to vent his anger on whichever member of his family is unfortunate enough to be within range: it happens to be his young son, Tom.

As I live in Lisbon and Paul is based in Dublin, the scripts were developed through numerous emails. Our project began life as a pair of fairly straight dramatised readings rather than adaptations or transpositions. However, as our short and intense rehearsal period in Lisbon went on, the ‘he saids’ and ‘she saids’ etc., which we initially retained

in order to augment a deliberate distance, gradually disappeared, and we moved further away from the “reading” and closer to the “dramatised” aspect of our show.

Taking Joyce’s motto of “scrupulous meanness” (*Selected Letters* 83) for the book to an extreme, our only theoretical approach was based on that famously conveyed by the opening line of Peter Brook’s *The Empty Space*: “I can take any empty space and call it a bare stage. A man walks across this empty space whilst someone else is watching him, and this is all that is needed for an act of theatre to be engaged” (Brook 11). To this we added the desire to be as faithful as possible to the Joyce texts in the sense of cutting as little as possible, not creating any imagined events and making only minimal additions in terms of language. Our audience was coming for Joyce and Joyce was what we would give them.

So important to Joyce, as we have seen, the music hall and variety weave their way through both stories. The “floating population” of Mrs Mooney’s house was “made up . . . occasionally, [of] artistes from the music halls”. Although Polly would sing with them on a Sunday nights, Jack had once had occasion to threaten one of the artistes who “had made a rather free allusion to Polly” (*Dubliners* 56-7, 62). In “Counterparts”, artistes are the source of Farrington’s two major sources of frustration during his disastrous evening out: he believes he has missed a romantic opportunity with a young woman who was “out of the Tivoli”; and later loses “his reputation as a strong man” when arm wrestling with “Weathers who was performing at the Tivoli as an acrobat and knockabout artiste” (86-7).

The appearances of these professional performers brings into play the fact that all the major characters in both stories are either deliberately performing or are forced to perform certain roles. To take just the principal authority figures in the two stories: Mrs. Mooney plays the outraged mother, (although she doesn’t need to play that role for long to get what she wants); and Mr. Alleyne attempts to put on a show of verbal fireworks for the benefit of Miss Delacour, before being almost unwittingly upstaged by Farrington’s supposedly “felicitous moment”: “I don’t think, sir, . . . that that’s a fair question to put to me” (83), a moment he later rehearses to himself, preparing to perform it to his friends.

We wanted to assert the idea of performance in the stories not merely by having our scripts in our hands (even though we didn’t actually need them by the end of the rehearsal period), but by also being obviously being performers: people who, like the characters, were self-consciously presenting different roles. We made no use of costume changes and, whilst distinguishing the different characters vocally, tried to avoid falling into the trap of two-dimensional “funny” voices. All these people – male and female, adults and children – were to be played by two middle-aged men in white shirts and dark trousers, scripts in hand, standing on a bare stage bar a table and a couple of chairs: “scrupulous meanness” to the maximum! Although we knew this might inadvertently give the performances of female characters a sense of the grotesque, perhaps even a slight tang of the music hall impersonation, we worked hard to avoid stereotypes. The challenge was to tell both stories clearly through such deliberately meagre means, creating

the atmosphere of Mrs Mooney's establishment, which "was beginning to get a certain fame" (60); the oppressive office of Crosbie & Alleyne and the Dublin's dingy bars and drizzle-drenched streets?

To illustrate what our working process and the end result, let's look at a short passage from each story. The following passage from "The Boarding House" comes just after Mrs Mooney has talked to Polly and understood the situation between her daughter and Mr Doran:

Mrs. Mooney glanced instinctively at the little gilt clock on the mantelpiece as soon as she had become aware through her reverie that the bells of George's Church had stopped ringing. It was seventeen minutes past eleven: she would have lots of time to have the matter out with Mr. Doran and then catch short twelve at Marlborough Street. She was sure she would win. To begin with she had all the weight of social opinion on her side: she was an outraged mother. She had allowed him to live beneath her roof, assuming that he was a man of honour and he had simply abused her hospitality. He was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, so that youth could not be pleaded as his excuse; nor could ignorance be his excuse since he was a man who had seen something of the world. He had simply taken advantage of Polly's youth and inexperience: that was evident. The question was: What reparation would he make? There must be reparation made in such case. It is all very well for the man: he can go his ways as if nothing had happened, having had his moment of pleasure, but the girl has to bear the brunt. Some mothers would be content to patch up such an affair for a sum of money; she had known cases of it. But she would not do so. For her only one reparation could make up for the loss of her daughter's honour: marriage (58).

Here is our final version, as performed:

Actor M: Mrs. Mooney glanced instinctively at the little gilt clock on the mantelpiece as soon as she had become aware through her reverie that the bells of George's Church had stopped ringing.

Actor P: It was seventeen minutes past eleven:

Actor M: She would have lots of time to have the matter out with Mr. Doran and then catch short twelve at Marlborough Street.

Actor P: She was sure she would win.

Actor M: To begin with she had all the weight of social opinion on her side: she was an outraged mother. She had allowed him to live beneath her roof, assuming that he was a man of honour, and he had simply abused her hospitality.

Actor P: He was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, so that youth could not be pleaded as his excuse;

Actor M: Nor could ignorance be his excuse since he was a man who had seen something of the world. He had simply taken advantage of Polly's youth and inexperience: that was evident.

Actor P: The question was: What reparation would he make?

Actor M: There must be reparation made in such cases.

Actor P: It is all very well for the man: he can go his ways as if nothing had happened, having had his moment of pleasure, but the girl has to bear the brunt.

Actor M: Some mothers would be content to patch up such an affair for a sum of money; she had known cases of it.

Actor P: But she would not do so.

Actor M: For her only one reparation could make up for the loss of her daughter's honour:

Actor P and Actor M: Marriage.

This lengthy piece of narrative in the original shows us Mrs Mooney is weighing up the situation but, even in her own mind she has an eye to the external as well as her genuine internal thoughts. She seems to switch between this public presentation and her private calculations: hence our division of the text. Actor M is the more public Mrs Mooney, making the socially accepted noises and, in a sense, rehearsing for the later meetings with friends and acquaintances she may share this story with. She is putting on a show even in her imagination of how she will present the situation. This is more for the external benefit of others, and was accordingly performed in a broader, more self-conscious manner. At the same time, however, there is the more internal Mrs Mooney who deals more sharply, more concisely with the facts and the solution. This includes her wanting to see Polly married and off her hands, probably more for economic than moral reasons. Earlier in the text, Mrs Mooney has seen “that the young men [Polly flirted with] were only passing the time away: none of them meant business. Things went on so for a long time and Mrs. Mooney began to think of sending Polly back to typewriting” (57). The actors finally speak in unison as the external and the internal sides of Mrs Mooney inevitably converge in the only publicly and privately acceptable solution: marriage.

Here is the opening passage of “Counterparts”:

The bell rang furiously and, when Miss Parker went to the tube, a furious voice called out in a piercing North of Ireland accent:

– Send Farrington here!

Miss Parker returned to her machine, saying to a man who was writing at a desk:

– Mr. Alleyne wants you upstairs.

The man muttered *Blast him!* under his breath and pushed back his chair to stand up. When he stood up he was tall and of great bulk. He had a hanging face, dark wine-coloured, with fair eyebrows and moustache: his eyes bulged forward slightly and the whites of them were dirty. He lifted up the counter and, passing by the clients, went out of the office with a heavy step. He went heavily upstairs until he came to the second landing, where a door bore a brass plate with the inscription Mr. Alleyne. Here he halted, puffing with labour and vexation, and knocked. The shrill voice cried:

– Come in! (78).

Here is our performed version:

Actor P: Farrington!

Actor M: The bell rang furiously.

Actor P: Farrington!

Actor M: And, when Miss Parker went to the tube, a furious voice called out in a piercing North of Ireland accent:

Actor P: – Send Farrington here!

Miss Parker returned to her machine, saying to a man who was writing at a desk:

– Mr. Alleyne wants you upstairs.

Actor M: The man muttered *Blast him!* under his breath and pushed back his chair to stand up. When he stood up he was tall and of great bulk. He had a hanging face, dark wine-coloured, with fair eyebrows and moustache: his eyes bulged forward slightly and the whites of them were dirty. He lifted up the counter and, passing by the clients, went out of the office with a heavy step. He went heavily upstairs until he came to the second landing, where a door bore a brass plate with the inscription Mr. Alleyne. Here he halted, puffing with labour and vexation, and knocked. The shrill voice cried:

Actor P: Come in!

Our “Counterparts” began, then, with the furiously ringing bell being conveyed by Mr. Alleyne’s shouting for Farrington: a blurring of man and machine. This blurring, as if from Farrington’s perspective, was underlined by the Farrington actor (M) being given the line which talks of “the tube” and Alleyne’s “furious voice”.

This initial swift interchanging of lines between the two actors then gave way to a lengthy passage of slow, deliberate sentences, describing Farrington and his seemingly endless journey along labyrinthine passageways to Alleyne’s office. On the stage, Actor M (Farrington) was actually sitting quite close to Actor P (as Alleyne) but Farrington walks in the opposite direction going, if we imagine a clock face, from 3 to 6 to 9 to 12, rather than simply moving from 3 back to 12.

This movement was intended to give the idea not only of Farrington’s foot-dragging reluctance – clearly implicit from the ‘journey’ of Joyce’s drawn out sentences – but also his view of the whole office as being frustrating and ridiculous, as well as fixing Alleyne at the very centre of this pathetic universe; around whom the clerks, like petty satellites, conduct their futile orbit.

Having Farrington describe himself in such detail, delivered neutrally by the actor staring rather blankly out into the audience, both served to introduce the man’s self-absorption and illustrate his inability to truly see himself by recognising what his “dark wine-coloured” face and his eyes which “bulged forward slightly” and whose “whites ... were dirty” (78) might indicate about him.

In both “The Boarding House” and “Counterparts”, there is a sense of the end of the story reflecting the beginning, though the reflection is seen in a “cracked” (*Ulysses* 6) rather than a “nicely polished looking-glass” (*Selected Letters*, 90). This is, of course, clearly suggested by the title of the latter. The tale of Bob Dornan and Polly Mooney begins with the end of a disastrous marriage and ends with the beginning of another, as we are to learn later (*Ulysses* 391). “Counterparts” begins with a superior “furiously” berating an inferior and ends with a man savagely thrashing a boy. By way of conclusion, therefore, I would like to return to how this article began: Joyce and theatre.

In their recollections of his final days in Zurich, Paul Léon and Carola Giedion-Welcker provide an intriguing postscript to the story of theatrical Joyce. Léon finishes his account by lamenting, after Joyce’s death, that there was a greater loss than realising he would never see him again. This was “because his indefatigable brain was about to give birth to something new ... to a new confession ... a new creation” (Potts 291). Giedion-Welcker was permitted, it seems, a glimpse of that “new creation”. She tells us that when he died, he had two books on his table: one was Gogarty’s *I follow St. Patrick*; and the other, a Greek dictionary. The Greeks’ struggle for freedom against the Italians in the Second World War impressed Joyce, and it thus appears that the Hellenic theme had returned in another form. Giedion-Welcker tells us that, on one of the last occasions she was with him, “I saw [he] had a notebook and I asked, ‘Are you going to work on something? ... He said, ‘Yes, the Greek Revolution. I would like to write a drama on the revolution of the modern Greeks’” (279). What became of that notebook, one wonders? As if in “a commodius vicus of recirculation” (*Finnegans Wake* 3), the word in the end, as in the beginning, might well have been ‘theatre’ too.

Notes

- 1 *Dubliners*, p. 85.
- 2 All that has survived are the following seven lines: “In the soft nightfall / Hear thy lover call, / Harken the guitar!” / Lady, lady fair / Snatch a cloak in haste, / Let thy lover taste / The sweetness of thy hair” (*Poems and Shorter Writings*, 86).
- 3 In “Circe”, Ellen Bloom as Widow Twankey (569), the Bohee brothers (573) and Virag (629-634) immediately spring to mind. In the *Wake* we have, for example, the music hall-stamped routines of Jute and Mutt (16-18) and “The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies” (219-222)
- 4 The student Joyce had a brief flurry of theoretical writing between 1900 and 1901 (see “Drama and Life”, “Ibsen’s New Drama” and “The Day of the Rabblement” in *Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing*). After which, he never published any theory (at least in his own name) again.
- 5 Perhaps this “triviality” later took on a greater significance for Joyce and may well have been a factor in his deciding to house Bloom in the same street.
- 6 The setting for the *Silhouettes* sketches was “a row of mean little houses along which the narrator passes after nightfall” (*My Brother’s Keeper*, 104).
- 7 “Gas from a Burner”, in *Poems and Shorter Writings*, 103, l. 28.
- 8 Balloonatics would like to take this opportunity to thank not only Sien Deltour at Culture Ireland for her wonderful efficiency and enthusiasm, but also Dr. Teresa Casal at the University of

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