

DJUNA BARNES

(1892-1982)



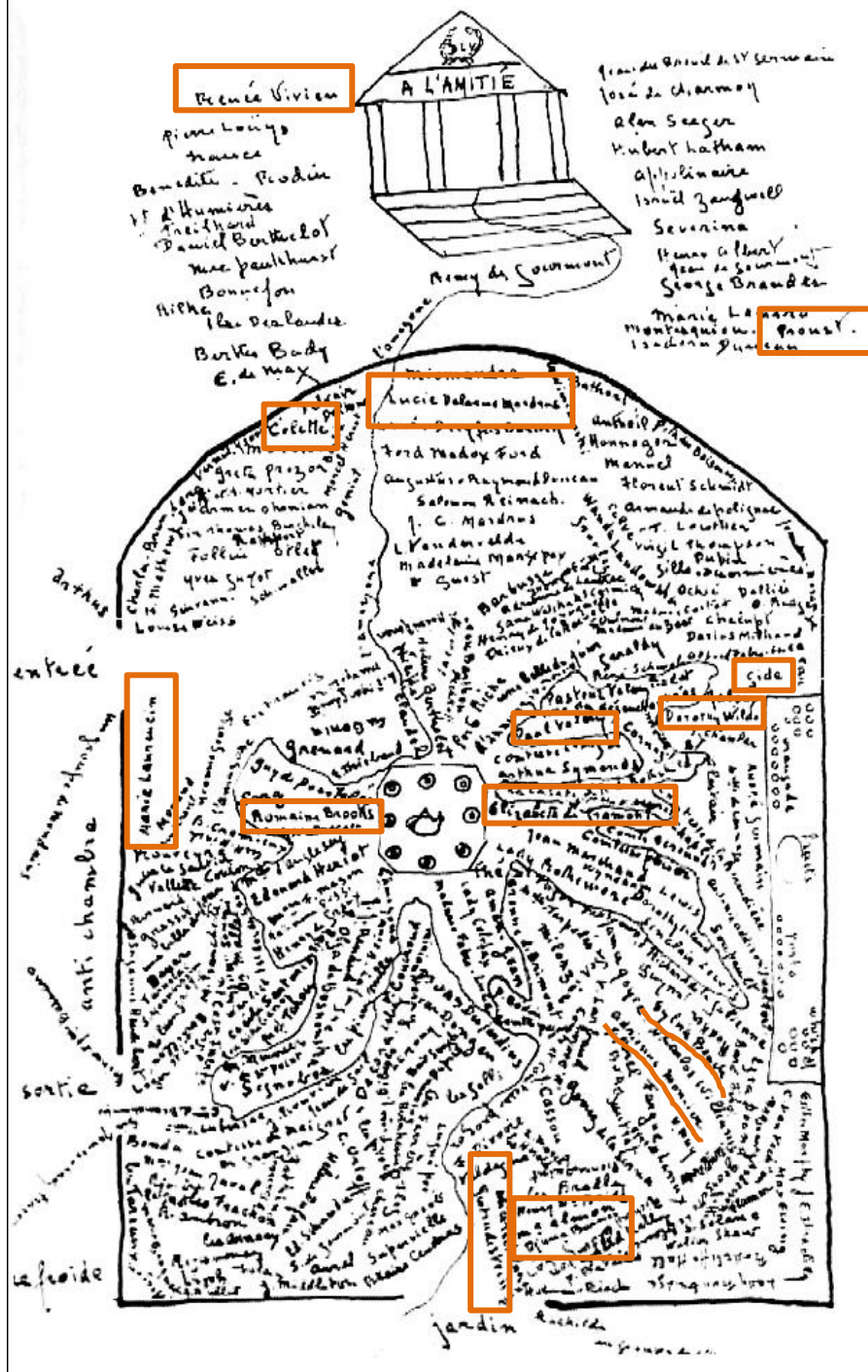
Droite :
Djuna Barnes
photographiée
par Man Ray,
1926.
Collection
Centre
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dation 1994.

Le Temple de l'amitié et
le salon de
Natalie Clifford Barney
au 20 rue Jacob
75006 Paris
par André Rouveyre

Colette

Marie
Laurencin

Romaine
Brooks



Renée Vivien

Marcel
Proust

Lucie Delarue-
Mardrus

André Gide

Dorothy Wilde

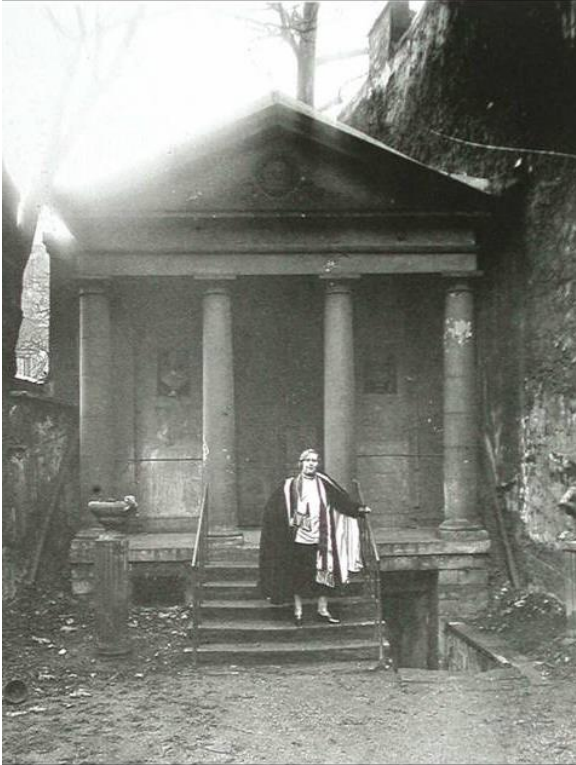
Paul Valéry

Elisabeth
de Gramont

Sylvia Beach
Shakespeare & co.
Adrienne Monnier
La Maison des Amis des
Livres

Djuna
Barnes

Gertrude Stein



Djuna Barnes et
Natalie Clifford
Barney

Le Temple de l'amitié et le salon de Natalie Clifford Barney au
20 rue Jacob 75006 Paris



Gertrude Stein par Djuna Barnes

« D'you know what she said of me? Said I had beautiful legs! Now what does that have to do with anything? Said I had beautiful legs! Now I mean, what, did she say that for? I mean, if you're going to say something about a person...I couldn't stand her. She had to be the centre of everything. A monstrous ego »

In Andrew Field, *Djuna: The Formidable Miss Barnes*, 1985.



James Joyce

A Portrait of the Man Who is, at Present, One of the More Significant Figures in Literature

By DJUNA BARNES

THERE are men in Dublin who will tell you that out of Ireland a great voice has gone; and there are a few women, lost to youth, who will add: "One night he was singing and the next he wasn't, and there's been no silence the like of it!" For the singing voice of James Joyce, author of *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and of *Ulysses* is said to have been second to none.

The thought that Joyce was once a singer may not come as a revelation to the casual reader of his books; one must perhaps have spent one of those strangely aloof evenings with him, or have read passages of his *Ulysses*, as it appeared in *The Little Review* to have realized the singing quality of his words. For tradition has it that a singer must have a touch of bravado, a joyous putting forth of first the right leg and then the left, and a sigh or two this side of the cloister, and Joyce has none of these.

I had read *Dubliners* over my coffee during the war, I had been on one or two theatrical committees just long enough to suggest the production of *Exiles*, his one play. The *Portrait* had been consumed, turning from one elbow to the other, but it was not until I came upon his last work that I sensed the singer. Lines like: "So stood they both awhile in wan hope sorrowing one with other" or "Thither the extremely large wains bring foison of the fields, spherical potatoes and iridescent kale and onions, pearls of the earth, and red, green, yellow, brown, russet, sweet, big bitter ripe pomellated apples and strawberries fit for princes and raspberries from their canes," or still better the singing humour in that delicious execution scene in which the "learned prelate knelt in a most Christian spirit in a pool of rain-water."

Yes, then I realized Joyce must indeed have begun life as a singer, and a very tender singer, and—because no voice can hold out over the brutalities of life without breaking—he turned to quill and paper, for so he could arrange, in the necessary silence, the abundant inadequacies of life, as a laying out of jewels—jewels with a will to decay.

Joyce, the Man

YET of Joyce, the man, one has heard very little. I had seen a photograph of him, the collar up about the narrow throat, the beard, heavier in those days, descending into the abyss of the hidden bosom. I had been told that he was going blind, and we in America learned from Ezra Pound that "Joyce is the only man on the continent who continues to produce, in spite of poverty and sickness, working from eight to sixteen hours a day."

I had heard that for a number of years Joyce taught English in a school in Trieste, and this is almost all of his habits, of his likes and his dislikes, nothing, unless one dared come to some conclusion about them from the number of facts hidden under an equal number of improbabilities in his teeming *Ulysses*.

And then, one day, I came to Paris. Sitting in the café of the Deux Magots, that faces the little church of St. Germain des Prés, I saw approaching, out of the fog and damp, a tall man, with head slightly lifted and slightly



JAMES JOYCE DRAWING BY MINA LOY

A sketch made by Mina Loy in Paris of Joyce, who, in exile from his native Ireland, has continued, in spite of all but impossible difficulties, to produce work of whose permanent significance there can be little doubt. "Chamber Music," his first volume of verse, contains lyrics, subdued in tone, but of irreproachable loveliness. "Dubliners," his volume of short sketches, was compared with the best of de Maupassant. "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," on whose perfecting he laboured ten years, brought to the novel an interest in form, selection and style, more French than English. "Ulysses," which appeared serially in *The Little Review*, on one occasion causing its suppression, is about to be published in Paris. It represents, in form, a following and elaboration of that method which Joyce first made apparent in the "Portrait." It is a question in many minds whether Joyce, in this new volume, has not pursued his theory too far for coherence and common understanding.

turned, giving to the wind an orderly distemper of red and black hair, which descended sharply into a scant wedge on an out-thrust chin.

He wore a blue grey coat, too young it seemed, partly because he had thrust its gathers behind him, partly because the belt which circled it, lay two full inches above the hips.

At the moment of seeing him, a remark made to me by a mystic flashed through my mind "A man who has been more crucified on his sensibilities than any writer of our age," and I said to myself—"this is a strange way to recognize a man I never laid my eyes on."

Because he had heard of the suppression of *The Little Review* on account of *Ulysses* and of the subsequent trial, he sat down opposite me, who was familiar with the whole story, ordering a white wine. He began to talk at once. "The pity is," he said, seeming to choose his words for their age rather than their aptness, "the public will demand and find a moral in my book—or worse they may take it in some more serious way, and on the honour of a gentleman, there is not one single serious line in it."

For a moment there was silence. His hands, peculiarly limp in the introductory shake and peculiarly pulpy, running into a thickness that the base gave no hint of, lay, one on the stem of the glass, the other, forgotten, palm out, on the most delightful waistcoat it has ever been

my happiness to see. Purple with alternate doe and dog heads. The does, tiny scarlet tongues hanging out over blond lower lips, downed in a light wool, and the dogs no more ferocious or on the scent than any good animal who adheres to his master through the seven cycles of change.

He saw my admiration and he smiled. "Made by the hand of my grandmother for the first hunt of the season" and there was another silence in which he arranged and lit a cigar.

"All great talkers," he said softly, "have spoken in the language of Sterne, Swift or the Restoration. Even Oscar Wilde. He studied the Restoration through a microscope in the morning and repeated it through a telescope in the evening."

"And in *Ulysses*?" I asked.

"They are all there, the great talkers" he answered, "them and the things they forgot. In *Ulysses* I have recorded, simultaneously, what a man says, sees, thinks, and what such seeing, thinking, saying does, to what you Freudians call the subconscious,—but as for psychoanalysis" he broke off, "it's neither more nor less than blackmail."

He raised his eyes. There is something unfocused in them,—the same paleness seen in plants long hidden from the sun,—and sometimes a little jeer that goes with a lift and rounding of the upper lip.

His Appearance

PEOPLE say of him that he looks both sad and tired. He does look sad and he does look tired, but it is the sadness of a man who has procured some medieval permission to sorrow out of time and in no place; the weariness of one self-subjected to the creation of an over abundance in the limited.

If I were asked what seemed to be the most characteristic pose of James Joyce I should say that of the head; turned farther away than disgust and not so far as death, for the turn of displeasure is not so complete, yet the only thing at all like it, is the look in the throat of a stricken animal. After this I should add—think of him as a heavy man yet thin, drinking a thin cool wine with lips almost hidden in his high narrow head, or smoking the eternal cigar, held slightly above shoulder-level, and never moved until consumed, the mouth brought to and taken away from it to eject the sharp jets of yellow smoke.

Because one may not ask him questions one must know him. It has been my pleasure to talk to him many times during my four months in Paris. We have talked of rivers and of religion, of the instinctive genius of the church which chose, for the singing of its hymns, the voice without "overtones"—the voice of the eunuch. We have talked of women, about women he seems a bit disinterested. Were I vain I should say he is afraid of them, but I am certain he is only a little skeptical of their existence. We have talked of Ibsen, of Strindberg, Shakespeare. "Hamlet is a great play, written from the standpoint of the ghost," and of Strindberg, "No drama behind the hysterical raving."

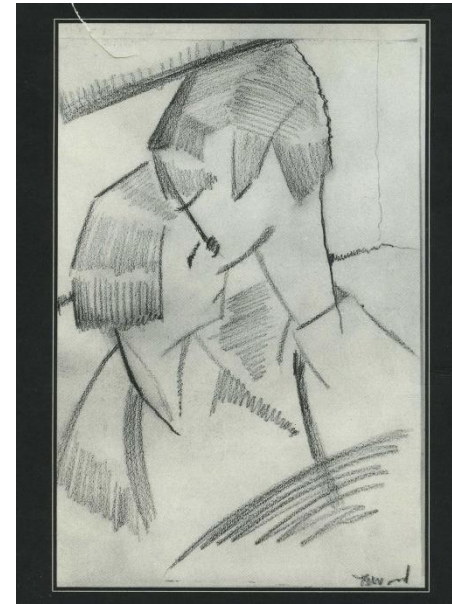
(Continued on page 104)



James Joyce par
Djuna Barnes in *Poe's Mother*:
Selected Drawings of
Djuna Barnes, ed. Douglas
Messerli, avril 1922.



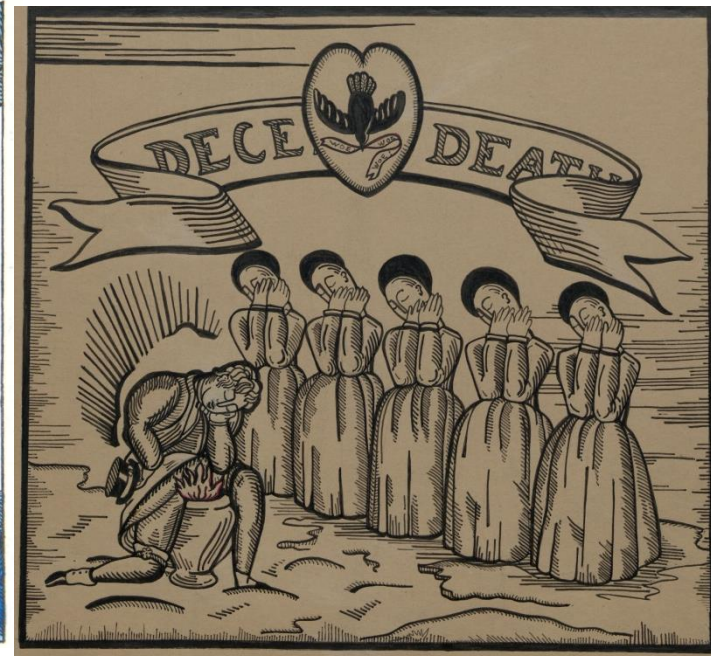
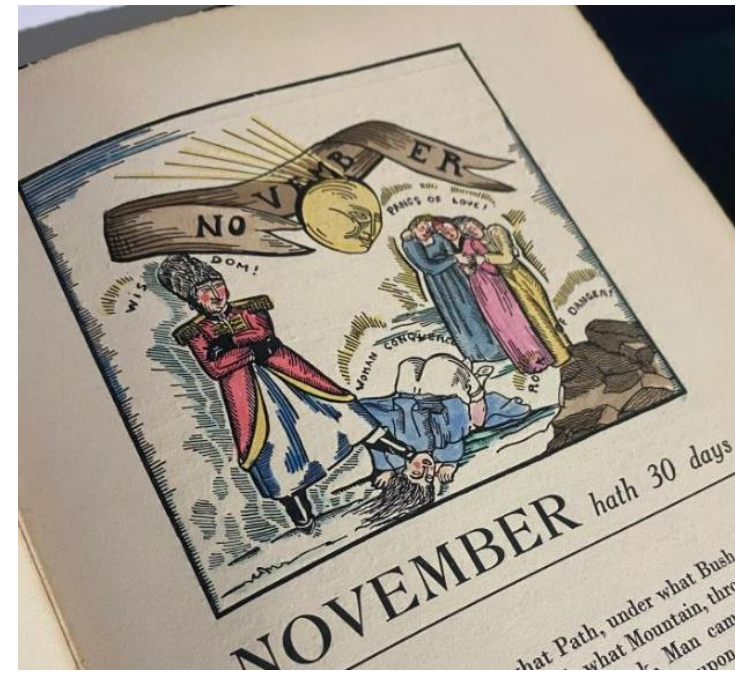
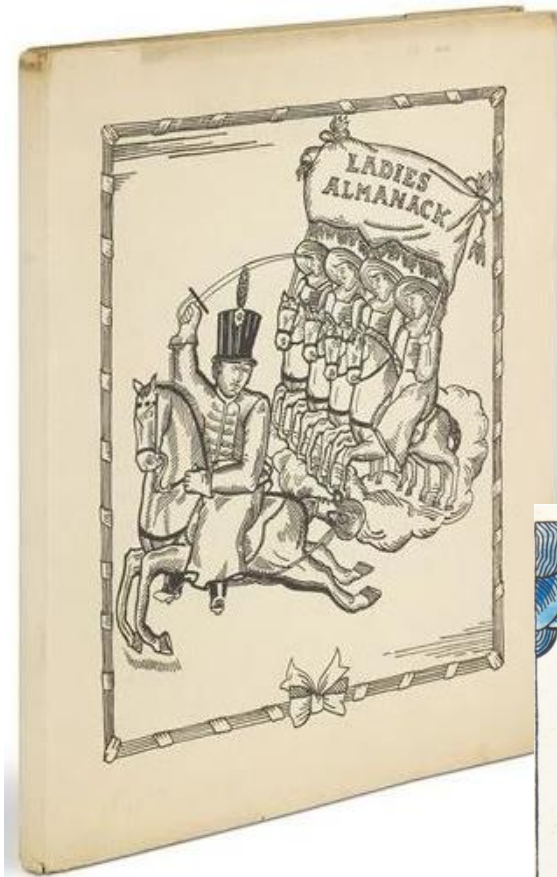
Thelma Wood



Nightwood,
1936

Djuna Barnes et
Thelma Wood

LADIES ALMANACK (1928)





**Romaine Brooks et
Natalie Clifford Barney**
(Cynic Sal and Dame Evangeline
Musset/ *Sal la Cynique et Dame
Évangeline Musset*)



Lady Una Troubridge et Radclyffe Hall
(Tilly Tweed-in-Blood and Lady Buck-and-Balk /
Lady Hue-et-Dia et Tilly-Tweed-dans-le Sang)



Mimi Franchetti
Señorita Fly-About
/ Señorita
Butineuse



Dolly Wilde
Doll Furious
/ *Dolly Dingue*



Mina Loy
Patience
Sclapel

HOW IT FEELS TO BE FORCIBLY FED



Clamped in a sheet, the subject is held steady on the table while a physician examines her nose and throat with speculum and electric lamp.

In English tells scenes of militant suffragists have been forcibly fed. There was talk in New York recently of "forcibly feeding" the mutinous young L. W. W. agitator Beaky Edelson, who is protest against what she called the injustice of her imprisonment, went on a hunger strike. What is forcible feeding and how is it performed? Miss Diana Chappell Barnes, impressionistic writer and artist, volunteered to undergo the ordeal in order to describe the process and its attendant sensations.

Inserting the speculum to find a passage for the feeding tube by way of the nostrils.

By Diana Chappell Barnes.

I HAVE been forcibly fed! In just what relation to life other incidents in my life does this one stand? For it was an experiment. It was only tragic in my imagination. But it offered sensations sufficiently poignant to compel compilation of certain of the day's phenomena.

The hall they took me down, waiting and faintly lighted; I could hear the doctor walking ahead of me, stepping as all doctors step, with that little confident gait that horses must have returning from funerals. It is not a sad or mournful step, perhaps it suggests suppressed satisfaction. Every now and then one of the four men that followed turned his head to look at me; a woman by the strains gazed wonderingly—or was it contemptuously, as I guessed.

They brought me into a great room; a table loomed before me. My mind seemed to prefigure with the pain of the future—it was the table whereon I must lie.

The doctor opened his bag, took out a heavy white gown, a small, white cap, a sheet, and held them all upon the table.

Out across the city, in a flat, frail, coherent yet incoherent monotone, resounded the song of a million machines doing their life in the universal wheel. And the murmur was vital and confounding, for what was before me knew no song.

I shall be strictly professional, I assured myself. If it be an ordeal, it is familiar to my sex at this time: other women have endured it in acute stealth. Surely I have as much nerve as my English sisters? Then I held myself steady. I thought so and I caught sight of my face in the glass. It was quite white; and I was swallowing convulsively.

And then I knew my soul stood terrified before a little yard of red rubber tubing.

The doctor was saying: "Help her turn upon the table."

He was trying thin twisted tapes about his arm; he was testing his instruments. He took the loose end of the sheet and began to bind me.

He wrapped it round and round me, my arms tight to my side; wrapped it up to my throat so that I could not move. I lay in as long and unbroken lines as any corpse—unbroken, definite lines that stretched away beyond my vision, for I saw only the sky-light.

My eyes wandered, outside in a world they knew.

It was the most concentrated moment of my life.

Three of the men approached me. The fourth stood at a distance, looking at the slow, crawling hands of a watch. The three took me not with kindly, but with unbroken compassion, one by the head, one by the feet; one sprang about me, holding my hands down from my lips.

All life's problems had now been reduced to one simple act—to swallow or to choke. As I lay in passive revolt, a quizzical thought wandered across my be-laguered mind—this at least, I saw pictures that will never go into the family album.

Oh, this ridiculous perturbation—I reassured myself. Yet how imagination can abuse! It is the truth that the lights of the windows—pictures of a city's

Pouring the meal of pea soup through the nose. She must swallow or choke.

Miss Diana Chappell Barnes.

In feeding the skylines—the walls, the men, all went feeding tube, out into a great blank as the doctor leaned down. Then suddenly the dark broke into a bluish light, as he trailed the electric bulb up and down and across my face, stopping to examine my throat to make sure I was fully capable of swallowing.

He sprayed both nostrils with a mixture of cocaine and disinfectant. As it reached my throat, it burned and burned.

There was no progress on this pilgrimage. Now I abandoned myself. I was in the valley, and it seemed years that I lay there watching the pitcher as it rose in the hand of the doctor and hung, a devilish lachryman menace. It was the liquid food I was to have. It was milk, but I could not tell what it was, for all things are alike when they reach the stomach by a rubber tube.

He had inserted the red tubing, with the funnel at the end, through my nose into the passages of the throat. It is utterly impossible to describe the anguish of it.

The hands above my head tightened into a vise, and like answering vines the hands at my hips and those at my feet grew rigid and secure.

Ubiquitous visions of remote horrors danced madly through my mind. There arose the hideous thought of being gripped in the tentacles of some monster devilish in the depths of a tropic sea, as the liquid slowly seeped its way along innumerable endless passages that seemed to traverse my nose, my ears, the inner intention of my thinking head. Unsuspected nerves thrilled pain tidings that reached the area of my face and bones. They seared along my spine. They set my heart at antipathetic plunging.

An instant that was an hour and the liquid had reached my throat. It was ice cold, and sweet as cold broke out upon my forehead.

Still my heart plunged on with the irregular, meaningless motion that sunlight reflected from a mirror casts upon a wall. A dull ache grew and spread from my shoulder into the whole area of my back and through my chest.

The pit of my stomach had lapsed long ago, had gone out into absolute vacancy. Things around began to move lethargically; the electric light to my left took a hazy step or two toward the clock, which lurched forward to meet it; the windows could not keep still. I, too, was detached and moved as the room moved. The doctor's eyes were always just before me. And I knew then that I was fainting. I struggled against surrender. It was the faintest defiance of nightmare. My utter helplessness was a pain. I was conscious only of head and feet and that spot where some one was holding me by the lips.

Still the liquid trickled frenetically down the tubing into my throat; every drop seemed a quest and every quest all over and down into space. I had lapsed into a physical momentary motion to oppose or resent the outrage to my will.

The spigot was betrayed by the body's weakness. There it is—the outrageous

(Continued on page 17.)

70 Trained Suffragists Turned Loose on City

Grist of Vote-Getters Ground Out of School in Rapid-Fire Two-Week Course—Principles of Women's Rights Crammed Into Heads Eager for Wisdom.

And now comes the suffrage school. In how many ways has education been given out: in elementary schools, in high schools, in business and technical schools, in colleges. We have poured over books and notes and have spent the daylight and burned the midnight electric light in years of school, with the hope of becoming good citizens.

Then came along an eminent professor who declared books, when by the yard would do more for human civilization than all the colleges in creation. We thought, at the time, that this was something of an education "going some." Here was a chance to become a Bolshoi in a month or so.

Now even this record is broken, for suffrage school, a school for suffragists, and promises a productivity in ten weeks.

One may be very optimistic and still not care to go to school again at the age of thirty, so it is not until we are thirty that we get the information concerning this suffrage course over the "phone." The truth was, there was a fear in the reporter's mind that the presidential chair might be thrust upon one who was at that moment engaged.

A note from East Thirty-seventh street said, "Hello!"

"Hello," queried the reporter.

"Hello!"

Telephone Proves Unsatisfactory Means of Interviewing.

"You have the advantage over me," the reporter said warily, and hung up the receiver.

It had to be done at times, though! Among seventy or eighty students there are bound to be some high-minded formulas for life. In fact the thresholds in some minds are so high that one has to learn to walk to get into their rooms of thought.

High-mindedness is necessary. If in two short weeks you are handed the grist of vote-getters, you must be able to rise to the occasion.

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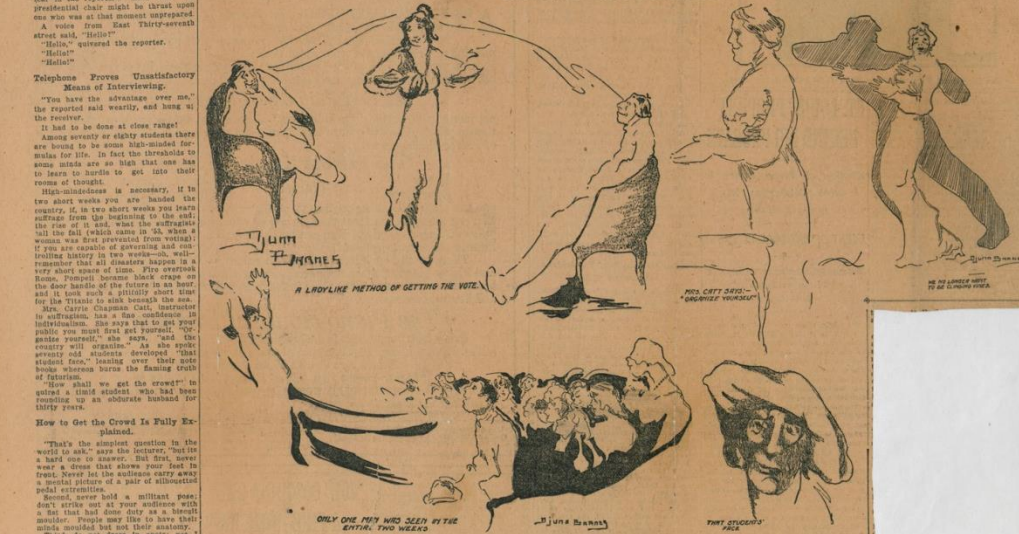
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« How it feels to be forcibly fed », The New York World Magazine, 1914

Article et dessins sur les suffragettes, dans le Daily Brooklyn Eagle, 1913

GLIMPSES IN THE CONDENSED COURSE OF TWO WEEKS, WHERE ALL ABOUT THE SUFFRAGE COURSE WAS TAUGHT UNDER MRS. CATT'S DIRECTION.

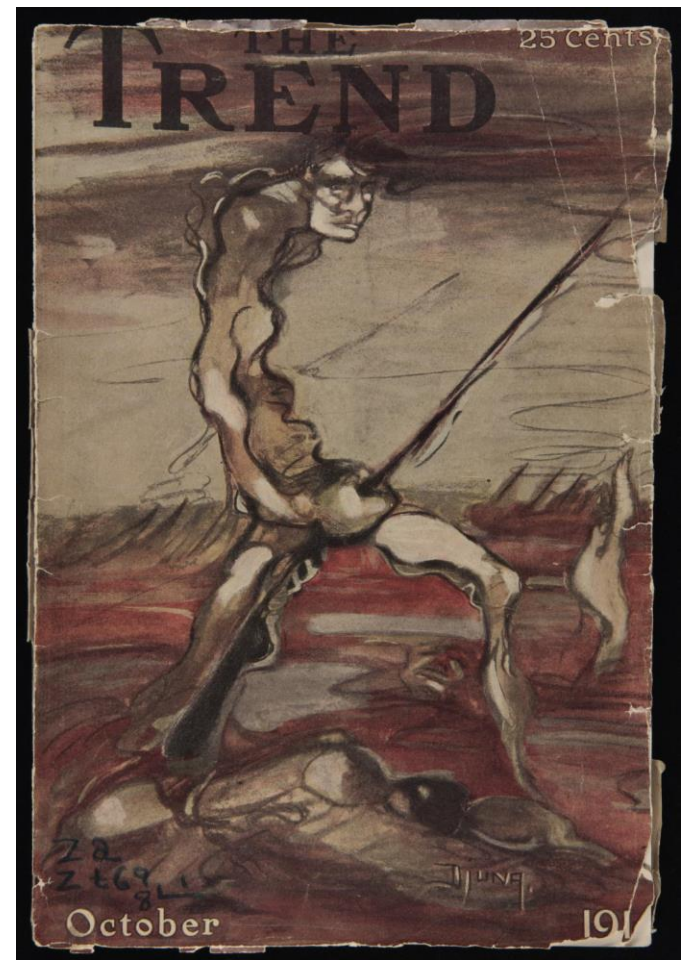




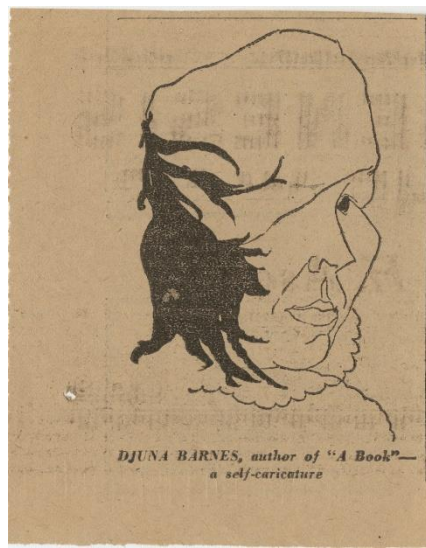
« The Girl and the Gorilla », *The New York World Magazine*, 1914



« My adventures being rescued », *The New York World Magazine*, 1914



Couverture de *The Trend*, 1914



A



B



C



A- Autoportraits
B- Livres des répulsives (1915)
C- Ryder (1928)



Djuna Barnes
en 1957

5 Patchin Place à Greenwich Village à
New York, où Djuna Barnes passera
40 ans de sa vie

