

EMBEDDING JOYCE

LOCAL MUSINGS FROM ULYSSES



with

Pól Ó Duibhir
+ Music & Song

at 11am - 1pm on BLOOMSDAY 16 June 2018

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EMBEDDING JOYCE

Musings on local things arising out of Joyce's Ulysses

***“I’ve put in so many enigmas and puzzles
that it will keep the professors busy
for centuries arguing over what I meant.”***

James Joyce on Ulysses

EPISODE 1 – *Embeddable*

I have taken as my title Embedding Joyce. Those of you fortunate enough to have received an invitation will see that I have embedded a bust of Joyce, from the grounds of UCD, on this very spot.

Embedding is easy. Plain bedding is another matter. So, to validate my action and the derivative verb we must determine if Joyce is beddable in the first place. And I am not here simply talking about impregnating a woman and fathering a child. I am equally concerned with the quality of the event.

So who better to ask than Nora's fictional double, Molly Bloom.

First to validate the equipment:

[Quote from Ulysses]

*I never in all my life felt anyone had one the size of that to make you feel full up // he must
have eaten a whole sheep
[from Penelope :663¹]*

Then the foreplay:

[Quote from Ulysses]

*yes I think he made them a bit firmer sucking them like that // so long he made me thirsty //
titties he calls them // I had to laugh // yes this one anyhow stiff the nipple gets for the least
thing // Ill get him to keep that up and Ill take those eggs beaten up with marsala // fatten
them out for him
[from Penelope :674]*

*much an hour he was at them Im sure by the clock // like some kind of a big infant I had at me
// they want everything in their mouth // all the pleasure those men get out of a woman
[from Penelope :675]*

1 Page numbers for the quotes from Ulysses relate to the Penguin 1969 edition.

And the climax:

[Quote from Ulysses]

*I wished he was here // or somebody to let myself go with // and come again like that // I feel all fire inside me // or if I could dream it when he made me spend the 2nd time tickling me behind with his finger // I was coming for about 5 minutes with my legs round him
[from Penelope :675]*

[End of quotes from Ulysses]

I'd best leave it at that and I won't quote from Joyce's letters as we're dealing with Ulysses and I don't think Niall has put any bromide in the coffee.

The point is made however, Joyce is eminently beddable and by extension embeddable.

EPISODE 2 – *Me*

Having sorted Joyce, what about me. Why am I here?

Well, my connections with Joyce are tenuous, to say the least. I have never read Ulysses, not even the Bluffer's Guide version. But I did have an intimate moment with Joyce in my teens.

That sermon in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* had me terrified for months and Holy Mother Church got a few extra Confessions out of me during that time, and probably a bit later too.

That was at a time in my life when I seriously clasped Mother Church to my bosom and was open to serious hurt. I later came to the same conclusion as Simon Dedalus.

[Quote from Portrait of the Artist]

Respect! he said. Is it for Billy with the lip or for the tub of guts up in Armagh? Respect!

[:Chapter 1]

[End of quote from Portrait of the Artist]

That Billy is Archbishop Walsh who turned on Parnell when the going got tough. I was vindicated in my own view in later life when the Church started eating her own children.

In a wicked moment, the thought flashed through my mind to invite Bishop Doran here today. I might have got some publicity for the Tower from the episcopal pulpit tomorrow morning.

But, no matter. It's Ulysses I'm at today so let's leave Portrait and the Hierarchy for another day.

My claim to fame on this occasion is the Martello Tower connection. As they say about religion, one religion is as good as another, and the same is sort of true about Martello Towers. But, as the Church

will tell you, there is only one true religion, and so there is one pre-eminent Martello Tower in the Bay and this is it. So we'll allow Joyce the upgrade for the day that's in it.

While I'm on me, I should outline the plan of this talk. It is one big cheat, or as the literary bods might describe it, a work of creativity. It is a mixture of fact and fiction, story and history, literature and location. The structure is to take a cue from Ulysses and bring you episodes from the history of Killiney Bay, however tenuously related.

Ulysses has 18 chapters, called episodes. I am bringing you this in 18 episodes but don't panic. Some are quite short and I coming in at about 40 minutes.

See, two episodes gone already.

EPISODE 3 – *Bloomsday*

Just as I needed to justify my own connections with Joyce, slim as they were, I also feel a need to share my link with Bloomsday, which has a particular significance in my family, and one totally unrelated to Joyce except for the date itself.

On this day, 16th June, in 1946, a man set out from his home in Sutton and headed for Howth to buy sweets for his two teenage children. While in the sweetshop he collapsed and died on the spot. The shopkeeper ran round from behind the counter and whispered an act of contrition in his ear. The man was the artist and cartoonist, Gordon Brewster, and the shopkeeper was my mother.

And this might be a good place to say that I'd like to dedicate this talk to the memory of Gordon Brewster.

EPISODE 4 – *Murder*

[Quote from Ulysses]

Mr Power pointed.

-- That is where Childs was murdered, he said. The last house.

-- So it is, Mr Dedalus said. A gruesome case. Seymour Bushe got him off. Murdered his brother. Or so they said.

[from Hades :101]

[End of quote from Ulysses]

This extract is from Hades, and Paddy Dignam's funeral is passing the scene of an earlier fratricide.

Well, we can go one better in this neck of the woods, a genuine gory matricide.

When I'm finished you can look towards Bray Head. What you will see before you is the sweep of the Bay right round to the Head, just as the commander of this Martello Tower saw it as he contemplated its vulnerability to invasion by the French fleet more than 200 years ago.

Viewed from the bottom of Corbawn Lane, this would have been Vera Ball's last view of this earth had it been daylight and had she still been alive. But it was the dead of night and she was very dead - bloodied and hacked to death by her son Edward.

Corbawn Lane is where Edward brought the body to dispose of it once and for all in the sea.

Well, if he was in a panic he ended up in a super-panic when, arriving in his mother's car with her hacked to death body in the back seat, he found his way to the cliffs blocked by a number of cars. Corbawn lane was a lovers lane where couples in cars went for a court, and often considerably more as the car in front of him bouncing up and down could testify. Still everything eventually comes to an end or, in these circumstances, a climax. And so it came time to move on. He had been sitting in the back seat with his arm around his dead mother so as not to draw unwanted attention to himself. Back in the driver's seat he inched the car forward but it quickly got stuck and he had to drag his mother to the cliff edge and send her on her way.

I have described this part of the story in some detail as it is the local element. The remainder, as in the murder itself, played out in town. Edward was found guilty of his mother's murder but, thanks probably to his influential doctor father, he was also found to be insane. After some 14 years of comfortable incarceration in Dundrum Criminal Lunatic Asylum, he came out, inherited his mother's substantial wealth and toured the world. He died in 1987.

EPISODE 5 – *Her Majesty*

[Quote from Ulysses]

M. Drumont, famous journalist, Drumont, know what he called queen Victoria? Old hag with the yellow teeth. Vieille ogresse with the dents jaunes.

[from Proteus :48]

[End of quote from Ulysses]

And you'll surely have guessed the connection here. In 1887 Killiney Hill was dedicated to the Queen and named Victoria Hill after her in celebration of her jubilee – 50 years on the throne.

And if that is not close enough for you there is a memorial to her just outside the gates of this Martello Tower – to wit, a genuine and still working Victorian Postbox.

EPISODE 6 – *His Majesty*

[Quote from Ulysses]

*STEPHEN (With elaborate gestures, breathing deeply and slowly.) You are my guests. The uninvited. By virtue of the fifth of George and seventh of Edward.
[from Circe :520]*

[End of quote from Ulysses]

When George V was crowned in 1911 he set out on a tour of his dominions and that's how he ended up in Dún Laoghaire on the 7th of July that year.

It is worth quoting from Nathaniel Colgan's contemporaneous report in the Irish Naturalist ² on what happened next.

Killiney Town Council resolved to contribute its quota to the general scheme of decoration by illuminating the obelisk on Killiney Hill. ... When the Killiney Hill illuminations were set going at 10 o'clock on the night of the King's arrival at Kingstown, watchers by the shores of the bay confessed to a feeling of disappointment, for many of the rockets, though they soared into the night high above the obelisk, failed to explode at their zenith and fell back ineffectually as it seemed, to the wooded hill slopes. But those who remained abroad until the approach of midnight had no reason to be disappointed with the Killiney illuminations. About that hour the whole hill-top was seen to be on fire, and the decorative effect exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The rockets had evidently exploded amongst the old Gorse spinnies on the hill, and these, dry as tinder from a long spell of fine weather, had caught fire in many places at once. It seemed, indeed, as if Killiney would be provided with an abiding memorial of the royal visit in the shape of a ruined beauty-spot.

The above extract from a 21 page report speaks for itself. Killiney and Ballybrack UDC really excelled itself in its expression of loyalty to the monarch, George V, as he returned to Dún Laoghaire at the end of the Irish six day segment of his coronation tour.

The fire and the fireworks are an object of ridicule today, but funnily enough, the writer of the above piece was not really interested in this aspect of the fiasco. He was interested in seeing how long it took the flora to re-establish on the burnt out hill. The piece deals with this in considerable detail, attempting to distinguish between seeds that survived the fire, those that were carried in after the fire and a category which could not be pinned down. The observations referred only to that ground which had been completely burnt out.

I am not a botanist and I don't really have any interest in or knowledge of plants, but the message I get from the report is that the ground was well into recovery within three months of the fire and by the end of eighteen months had virtually re-established itself in full.

The author's conclusion is that nature abhors a vegetable vacuum. *Horror vacui*.

² The Irish Naturalist Vol.21 No.4 1912 pps 72/3 (extract) The Burnt Ground Flora of Killiney Hill by Nathaniel Colgan RHA

EPISODE 7 – *Water*

[Quote from Ulysses]

What in water did Bloom, waterlover, drawer of water, watercarrier returning to the range, admire?

...

*its violence in seaquakes, **waterspouts**,
[from *Ithica* :592]*

[End of quote from Ulysses]

In the 19th century, local worthies, members of institutions such as the Royal Irish Academy frequently reported on unusual natural happenings in their area. One such report, in the late 1830s, came from Rev. Dr. Dickinson who gave a verbal account of a remarkable waterspout, which he had observed at Killiney during the summer.

While standing on the shore of the bay of Killiney, his attention was directed by a friend to a waterspout, distant about a quarter of a mile from the land. It was not similar in form to the representations of waterspouts usually given, and may therefore deserve to be noticed. It was shaped like a double syphon, the whole being suspended at a considerable elevation in the air; the longer end of the syphon reached towards the sea, and appeared to approach it nearer and nearer, till, at length, its waters were distinctly seen rushing into the deep.

Dr. Dickinson was informed that a waterspout fell a few days after inland, towards the Three-Rock mountain. It is said to have done some injury; but his informant did not notice it, and he could not, therefore, ascertain its shape.

EPISODE 8 – *Domestic Service*

[Quote from Ulysses]

Having set the halffilled kettle on the now burning coals, why did he return to the stillflowing tap?

To wash his soiled hands with a partially consumed tablet of Barrington's lemonflavoured soap, to which paper still adhered (bought thirteen hours previously for fourpence and still unpaid for)

*[from *Ithica* :593]*

[End of quote from Ulysses]

Here, with his reference to Barrington's lemonflavoured soap, Joyce is giving me an opportunity to combine a little local and family history in the one story.

Sir John Barrington was a tallow chandler in Great Britain (now Parnell) Street. He was twice Lord

Mayor of Dublin, in 1865 and 1879.

My great-grandmother, Sarah Rankin, was in domestic service to Barrington and her address on her marriage certificate in 1866 was his premises in Great Britain Street.

Barrington subsequently moved to Killiney, first to St. Anne's, quite close to this tower, and then to Santa Severina, even closer, and now known as Summerhill. When he died his widow moved to Campanella, a house adjacent to Summerhill.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, my great granny had my granny who, in due course, had my mammy and my mammy eventually moved to Ballybrack to run the newsagent's there, and ended up delivering papers to Campanella to one of Barrington's descendants.

So is that service spanning three generations or is it not.

EPISODE 9 – *Admiral Nelson*

[Quote from Ulysses]

*They want to see the views of Dublin from the top of Nelson's pillar.
[from Aeolus :146]*

*Glory be to God. They had no idea it was that high.
[from Aeolus :146]*

*Many most attractive and enthusiastic women also commit suicide by ... casting themselves ...
from the top of Nelson's Pillar, [etc.]
[from Circe :463]*

[End of quote from Ulysses]

The Pillar was 168 steps on the way up, and for some, no steps at all on the way down.

Some time in the nineteen fifties the viewing platform was upgraded from its relatively low and precarious railings to a complete cage clearly aimed at putting an end to any further attempts at suicide. But wait, there was still one figure outside the cage and, lo and behold, he came down one night with a horrible crash.

So, what has this to do with Killiney? Well, the good admiral's head appeared in many places before it was eventually returned to the Corporation from which some students had borrowed it. One of the places it visited while on tour was Killiney beach. Nelson's head posed for a fashion photo shoot advertising Bolger's of North Earl St.

Bolger's is long gone, but as we know, the Corporation, now known as the City Council, has since erected a statue of Joyce, outside what used to be the Kylemore Bakery in North Earl St., within spitting distance of where Bolger's had their store.

EPISODE 10 – Sir John Gray

[Quote from Ulysses]

He halted on sir John Gray's pavement island and peered aloft at Nelson through the meshes of his wry smile.

[from Aeolus :150]

[End of quote from Ulysses]

The Town Commissioners did not embark on the complex job of providing the whole Killiney area with a water supply until after 1891. The plan was set out in the *Irish Builder*³ that year:

One of the problems involved here was the height of certain parts of the township. In his report to the Commissioners, the engineer, M. P. F. Leonard, suggested that water originating in the Rathmichael reservoir should be pumped by a two horse gas engine (silent) from a small tank to be erected either on Mr. Warren's or Mr. Talbot's land up to a large tank to be placed on Killiney hill at a level to command the highest position of the township.

For those who might be interested, the pumping station was in what is now Paddock Wood, further up the Killiney Hill Rd. just before the village. The associated reservoir was just across from the obelisk at the top of the hill. There are still railings to be seen there. Since that time, things have evolved. A later reservoir in the middle of the Ballinclae Heights estate is now gone. But there is a massive new reservoir just beside the golf course. This reservoir and its entrance are brilliantly camouflaged, or in more neutral terms landscaped.

Even in my day, living in Ballybrack, the obverse of the supply, the sewerage system was not completed. While we continued to have an outdoor only toilet, it was at least linked up to the mains. The cottages round the corner in Daleview still had regular visits from the honey-cart (tanker lorry) coming to empty the tanks at the bottom of their gardens. An earlier version of the tanker, a horse drawn Merryweather vacuum tank, was discovered in 1957, stored on this very site, and is now in the National Transport Museum.

So why am I mentioning Sir John Gray (1815-1875) who was well dead by 1891. Well, as a Dublin city councillor, he was responsible for the massive Vartry scheme which brought water to the capital (1866-8) and from which the Killiney water supply was later taken. However, the connection is a closer one. He once lived in one of the castellated semis on the Strand Road down at the beach on the way to No.6 Martello Tower (so lovingly restored by Victor Enoch) and his widow renamed this house Vartry Lodge, in his memory, and Vartry Lodge it is to this very day. Gray owned the *Freeman's Journal* newspaper, in whose office the Aeolus episode of *Ulysses* is set.

³ *Irish Builder*, 15/11/1884 and 1/12/1891.

EPISODE 11 – *The Newsroom*

One of the most interesting chapters in *Ulysses* is set in the newsroom of the Freeman's Journal and I am familiar with bits of it from its treatment of the Phoenix Park murders.

However, I am not going to rise to those splendid heights today, I am going to deal with something blander and less significant in the global scale of things, though it was quite significant locally for a mere six months in 1958.

The Shanganagh Valley News was produced monthly between June 1958 and February 1959, serving the Ballybrack/Shankill area of south Dublin.

It consisted of a stencilled 2-4 pages with articles, opinions, letters, competitions and paid advertisements. It had a run of around 50 copies and was read both locally and abroad, as copies were sent by locals to family members overseas.

The paper was briefly mentioned in the national press at the time.

It started out costing 1d. but quickly rose to 2d. and the Christmas (bumper) edition went as high as 3d. These prices wouldn't register on a Eurograph but each 1d. was approximately the price of a Woodbine cigarette at the time.

The paper had a number of, subsequently distinguished, contributors including Alan Dukes (former Minister for Finance and leader of the Fine Gael party) and Barry Murphy (former Commissioner and head of OPW).

EPISODE 12 – *Lord Byron*

[Quote from *Ulysses*]

*I dont wonder in the least because he was very handsome at that time // trying to look like lord Byron I said I liked // though he was too beautiful for a man
[from Penelope :664]*

[End of quote from *Ulysses*]

From Byron's poem to the Duke of Dorset who was one of the Sackvilles.

BYRON'S NOTE: I found the following lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the Summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young school-fellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country;

DORSET! whose early steps with mine have strayed,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade,
Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend;

Though the harsh custom of our youthful band,
Bade thee obey, and gave me to command;

BYRON'S NOTE: At every public School, the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms, till they attain a seat in the higher classes.

Still, if the wishes of a heart // untaught
To veil those feelings, // which, perchance, it ought,
If these – but let me cease the lengthened strain,
Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
The Guardian Seraph, who directs thy fate,
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

In 1815, some 10 years after the above poem was written, Dorset was hunting with Earl of Meath's hounds over this land when he came a cropper just down the road and died. There is a huge memorial to him in the grounds of a big house beside the RC church.

Byron only found out about the death much later and penned another short, but revealing, poem.

I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss with scarce a sigh;
And yet thou wert surpassing dear –
Too loved of all to die.
I know not what hath seared mine eye,
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its lids deny
Falls dreary on my heart.

Byron was said to have been bisexual so who knows what hidden depths reside in the above lines.

EPISODE 13 – The *French*

[Quote from Ulysses]

-- The French! says the citizen. Set of dancing masters! Do you know what it is? They were never worth a roasted fart to Ireland. Aren't they trying to make an Entente cordiale now at Tay Pay's dinnerparty with perfidious Albion?

-[from Cyclops :328]

[End of quote from Ulysses]

Joyce is being a bit hard here on the cheese eating surrender monkeys. They did have two goes at invading the British on our island and they even set up an Irish republic and appointed a Governor for Connaught when they landed at Killala.

But the Killiney connection is on the opposite side of the fence. A French ex-pat royalist actually advised the British on precisely how to defend Killiney Bay against his countryman Napoleon.

So maybe Joyce had a point after all. Tay Pay is a reference to T.P. O'Connor, the famous London journalist and Irish Party MP at Westminster.

EPISODE 14 – *Introibo*

[Quote from Ulysses]

STATELY, PLUMP BUCK MULLIGAN CAME FROM THE STAIRHEAD, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressing gown, ungirdled, was sustained gently-behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

-- Introibo ad altare Dei.

[from Telemachus :9]

[End of quote from Ulysses]

Introibo ad altare Dei, how often as an altarboy have I heard that phrase? Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meum. To God who gives joy to my youth.

Well, let's set the scene. A mere quarter of a mile down the hill from here, at the cabstand, lay the Convent of Our Lady of the Cenacle. The chaplains tended to be newly ordained, on their first posting. That's how we got Morgan Costello. A personable young priest and past pupil of Coláiste Mhuire.

He soon moved on to St. Catherine's in Meath Street, to Seán McDermot St. where he became postulator in the cause of Matt Talbot and Edel Quinn. He did a stint in Portmarnock and Baldoyle. I printed blank baptismal certs for him for St. Catherine's in our attic at 34 Church Road around the corner from here.

I lost contact with him and it was only in 2012 that his name came up in the course of a conversation with a former colleague. To cut a long story short, he had been up in court, charged with bugging a young man in St. Catherine's. His appearance followed an intensive Garda investigation but the DPP eventually dropped the case. I suspect because of his, or his victim's health.

I did a blog post on him then and it is clear from the comments I received on this that he was up to his tricks in the other parishes I have mentioned above.

He died in July 2016 and I have been reliably informed by the diocese that no concrete was poured over his grave, wherever that is.

You may wonder why I have included this episode. Well, Joyce kicks off Ulysses with a mockery of the mass. That would have been a mortaller in my day right through from Pius XII to John Paul II. However the emphasis is now shifting from the purely theological to the pastoral with the advent of Pope Francis. We can now appreciate that Morgan Costello's sin is the greater by far.

EPISODE 15 – *Jerusalem*

So we have Leopold Bloom, a bona fide member of Dublin's Jewish community, as we would say today, and he clearly pervades the whole of Ulysses, so specific quotation is not necessary in this case.

Now, there were very few members of that community in this area, but one notable exception in the latter half of the last century was Victor Enoch. He was a self proclaimed aficionado of Martello Towers and he bought No.6 at the bottom of Strand Road. He even published a booklet on the subject and it took me a while to realise that the Martello on the cover was not his but No.2 tower beside Bray railway station, in which Bono once lived for a while. The reason, I suspect, was that he had sufficient self awareness to appreciate that, from a heritage point of view. he had absolutely ruined his tower by adding two panoramic storeys which made the tower itself as insignificant as the base of a chess piece.

So, of Victor the less said the better.

De mortuis nihil nisi bonum.

EPISODE 16 – *Domville*

[Quote from Ulysses]

*We'll put force against force, says the citizen. We have our greater Ireland beyond the sea. They were driven out of house and home in the black 47. Their mudcabins and their shielings by the roadside were laid low by the batteringram ... Ay, they drove out the peasants in hordes.
-- Perfectly true, says Bloom.*

[from Cyclops :328]

[End of quote from Ulysses]

I would like to pick up on two themes from the above quote: mud cabins and evictions.

All of Loughlinstown, including Ballybrack, had been given to the Domville family by Charles the Second in 1663, and had, at least partly, remained in the family right up to my time in Ballybrack.

No mud huts

In 1811, in the first of a series of leases, Sir Compton Domville leased Ballybrack to Messrs Moore and Oxley. Both leases had clauses prohibiting the burning of bricks or tiles or the building of houses with mud walls and thatch roofs.

So, no mud cabins then. No wonder, when the military finally got round to selling this tower here at the end of the nineteenth century, they could describe it as follows:

The site is a most desirable building plot in what is at present a fashionable resort.

Evictions

Sir Charles Domville was severely rebuked by one of his own class when he turned his hand to a little legal innovation in 1863. The following account is taken from *The Irishman* of 23rd January 1864. Sir Charles had brought an action into court to eject one of his tenants. He made the cardinal mistake of serving the man with a month's notice on the 25th of the previous November, this meant

... a notice to quit and deliver up possession of his house ... on CHRISTMAS DAY. Not satisfied with this act of unparalleled brutality, ... SIR CHARLES DOMVILLE moved the court that his tenant JOHN BRACKEN should not be allowed to defend himself until he should give security for costs ... On this state of facts the Judges of the Queen's Bench not only unanimously refused the application of SIR CHARLES DOMVILLE, but they freely expressed their sense of the *stringent* ... character of the legal provision in question.

EPISODE 17 – Lacklustrelimerick

[Quote from Ulysses]

Lenehan's Limerick

*There's a ponderous pundit MacHugh
Who wears goggles of ebony hue.
As he mostly sees double
To wear them why trouble?
I can't see the Joe Miller. Can you?
[from Aeolus :135]*

[End of quote from Ulysses]

I'm probably missing most of the nuances and resonances in that limerick and the last line scans only with a change of tack. I would much prefer to settle for the one given to me by an eminent Franciscan scholar, Fr. Benignus Millet OFM RIP, from the Franciscan house of studies, Dún Mhuire, on the Seafield Road.

There was a young lass from Cape Cod,
Who believed in intervention by God,
But 'twas not the Almighty
Who lifted her nightie,
But John, the lodger, the sod.

EPISODE 18 – Ignatius Rice

[Quote from Ulysses]

And at the sound of the sacring bell, headed by a crucifer with acolytes, ... and the confraternity of the christian brothers led by the reverend brother Edmund Ignatius Rice.

[from Cyclops :337]

[End of quote from Ulysses]

In or around 1980 the Local History Group of Ballybrack ICA Guild produced a small guidebook to the area called The Granite Hills. This contained a list of notables who lived in the area including the following:

Ignatius Rice, founder of the Christian Brothers, succeeded Michael Davitt in Roselawn.

This, unfortunately, illustrates one of the potential pitfalls in historical research – jumping to hasty uncorroborated but very tempting conclusions. Davitt occupied Roselawn, on the Military Road, between 1888 and 1896 and Edmund Ignatius Rice, of Christian Brother fame, died in 1844. So the Christian Brothers man was already dead for half a century when Davitt left Roselawn and there have been no reports of a second coming as far as I am aware.

The solution here is a different Ignatius Rice, Dublin Corporation's law agent, who took up residence in Roselawn in 1907.

So beware the sirens of similitude.

IN CONCLUSION

We have ranged far and wide this morning courtesy of sometimes tenuous links to James Joyce and Ulysses, and I am delighted to have had the opportunity of doing so.

That's why, when Niall suggested that I do this talk, my response was:

“yes I said yes I will yes.”