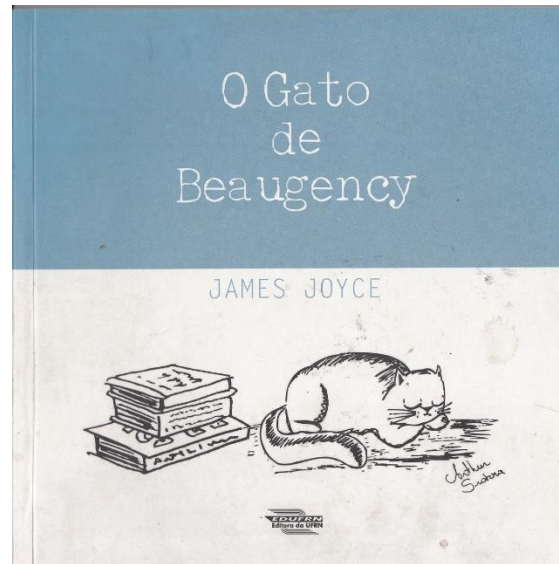


The Cat of Beaugency and the Mayor of Dublin New Light on the Joyce's Children's Tale

by

Bruce Stewart

Universidade Federal do Rio de Norte
University of Ulster (Emeritus)



IASIL Conference - Cork 2016

James Joyce – Boy and Man (1882-1941)



Baby tuckoo

Dublin 1880s



Herr Satan

Zürich 1918

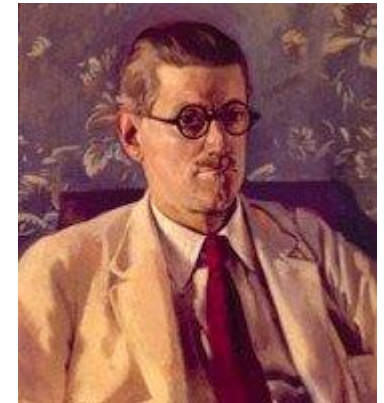


John Stanislaus Joyce (1849-1931)

In 1924 Patrick Tuohy made a portrait of Joyce père having previously completed one of Joyce himself in the previous year.



John Stanislaus Joyce by Patrick Tuohy



Arthur Power on Tuohy's portraits ...

Also at the time he decided that he wanted to have his father's portrait painted in Dublin to add to the collection, and asked me to recommend an artist. I suggested Paul Henry, Leo Whelan and others, but he did not respond. Then the name of Patrick Tuohy occurred to me. 'Yes,' he said – deciding on the moment – 'I think I know his father, Doctor Tuohy – I will have him do it' – a queer touch of provincialism, so it seemed to me at the time.

However, when it arrived it turned out to be a very good portrait of the old reprobate sitting in his armchair with his tugged moustache and fierce rheumy eyes, all Dublin's gossip bubbling on his broken lips – Ulysses incarnate.

Then Tuohy came over to Paris to paint the entire Joyce family. But his personality irritated Joyce so that when Tuohy talked to him about painting his soul, Joyce answered him shortly, 'Don't worry about my soul, but get my tie straight.' Also he asked him point blank once – 'Do you want to paint me, or my name?'

In *The Joyce We Knew*, ed. Ulick O'Connor (1967)

John Stanislaus Joyce & Stephen James Joyce

“Ecce Puer”

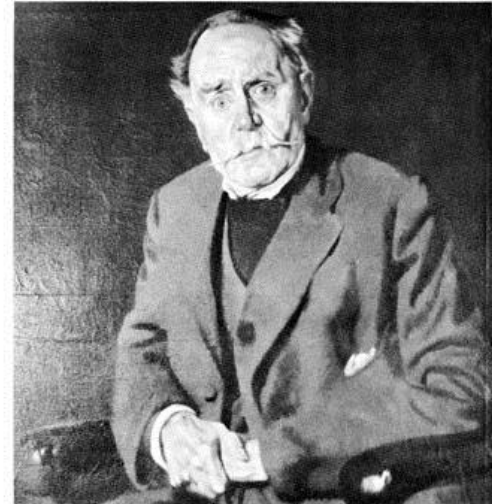
Of the dark past
A child is born;
With joy and grief
My heart is torn.

Calm in his cradle
The living lies.
May love and mercy
Unclose his eyes!

Young life is breathed
On the glass;
The world that was not
Comes to pass.

A child is sleeping:
An old man gone.
O, father forsaken,
Forgive your son!

XLVIII



John Joyce, by Patrick Tuohy.



Stephen Joyce.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

by

James Joyce

Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes (Ovid, *Metamorphosis*, VIII , 188).

Chapter One

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo ...

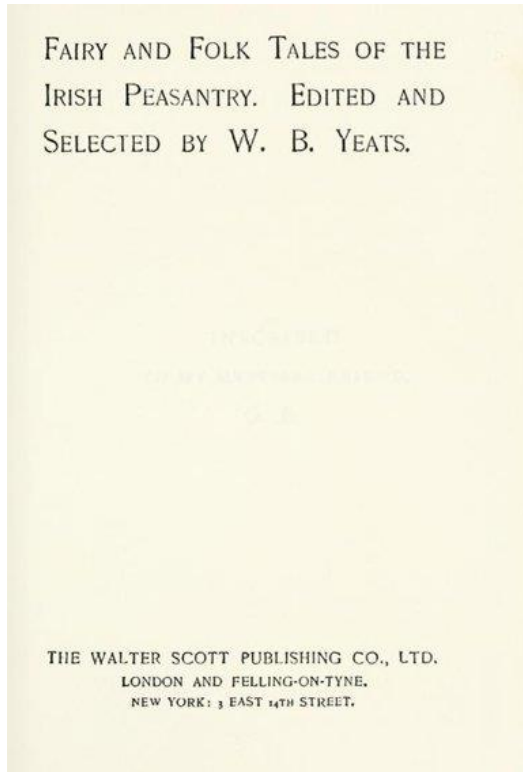
His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face. He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

*O, the wild rose blossoms
On the little green place.*

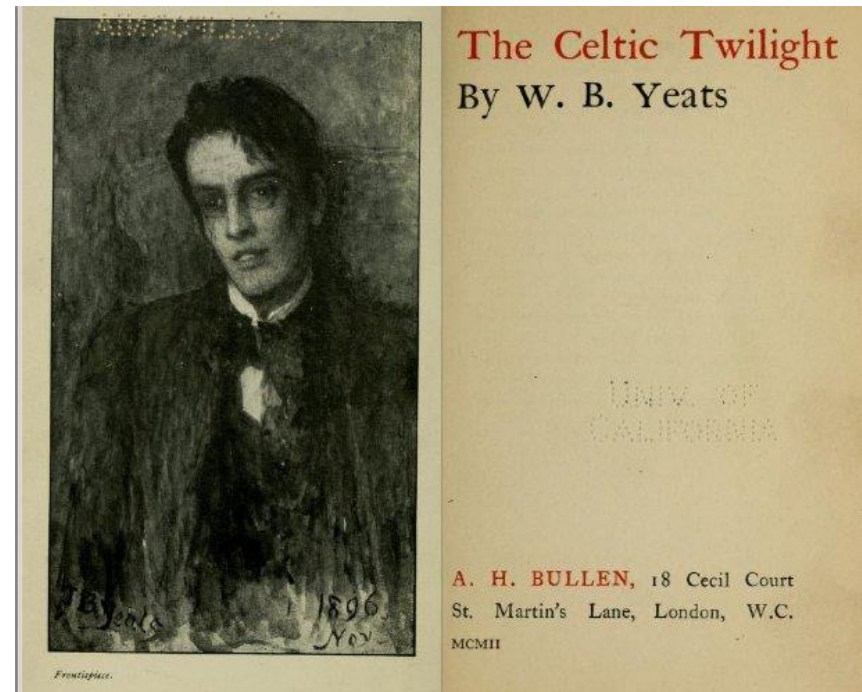
He sang that song. That was his song.

W. B. Yeats – Story-teller

The Irish literary revival began with story-tellers ...



*Fairy and Folk Tales of the
Irish Peasantry (1888)*



The Celtic Twilight (1888)

James Joyce and his grandson Stephen



Family Group (1935)



Joyce and Stephen (family group, 1935)



Joyce and Stephen at Rue Edmond Valentin
(by Gisèle Freund - Summer 1938)

Joyce's letter to Stephen

10 August 1936
Villers s[ur] Mer

My dear Stevie: I sent you a little cat filled with sweets a few days ago but perhaps you do not know the story about the cat of Beaugency.

Beaugency is a tiny old town on a bank of the Loire, French's longest river. It is also a very wide river, for France, at least. At Beaugency it is so wide that if you want to cross it from one bank to the other you would have to take at least one thousand steps.

Long ago the people of Beaugency, when they wanted to cross it, had to go in a boat for there was no bridge. And they could not make one for themselves or pay anybody else to make one. So what were they to do?

The Devil, who is always reading the newspapers, heard about this sad state of theirs so he dressed himself and came to call on the Lord Mayor of Beaugency, who was named Monsieur Alfred Byrne.

This Lord Mayor was very fond of dressing himself too. He wore a scarlet robe and always had a great golden chain round his neck even when he was fast asleep in bed with his knees in his mouth.

The Devil told the Lord Mayor what he had read in the newspaper and said he could make a bridge for the people of Beaugency so that they could cross the river as often as they wished. He said he could make as good a bridge as was ever made, and make it in one single night.

The Lord Mayor asked him how much money he wanted for making such a bridge.

No money at all, said the Devil, all I ask is that the first person who crosses the bridge shall belong to me.

Good, said the Lord Mayor.

The night came down, all the people in Beaugency went to bed and slept.

The morning came. And when they put their heads out of their windows they cried: O Loire, what a fine bridge! For they saw a fine strong stone bridge thrown across the wide river.

All the people ran down to the head of the bridge and looked across it. There was the Devil, standing at the other side of the bridge, waiting for the first person who should cross it. But nobody dared to cross it for fear of the Devil.

Then there was a sound of bugles - that was a sign for the people to be silent - and the Lord Mayor M. Alfred Byrne appeared in his great scarlet robe and wearing his heavy golden chain round his neck. He had a bucket of water in one hand and under his arm - the other arm - he carried a cat. The Devil stopped dancing when he saw him from the other side of the bridge and put up his long spyglass. All the people whispered to one another and the cat looked up at the Lord Mayor because in the town of Beaugency it was allowed that a cat should look at a Lord Mayor (because even a cat grows tired of looking at a Lord Mayor) he began to play with the Lord Mayor's golden chain.

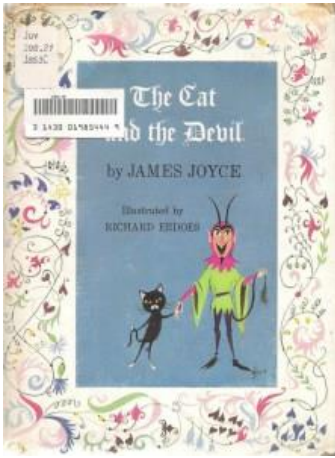
When the Lord Mayor came to the head of the bridge every man held his breath and every woman held her tongue. The Lord Mayor put the cat down on the bridge and, quick as a thought, splash! He emptied the whole bucket of water over it.

The cat who was now between the Devil and the bucket of water made up his mind quite as quickly and ran with his ears back across the bridge and into the Devil's arms.

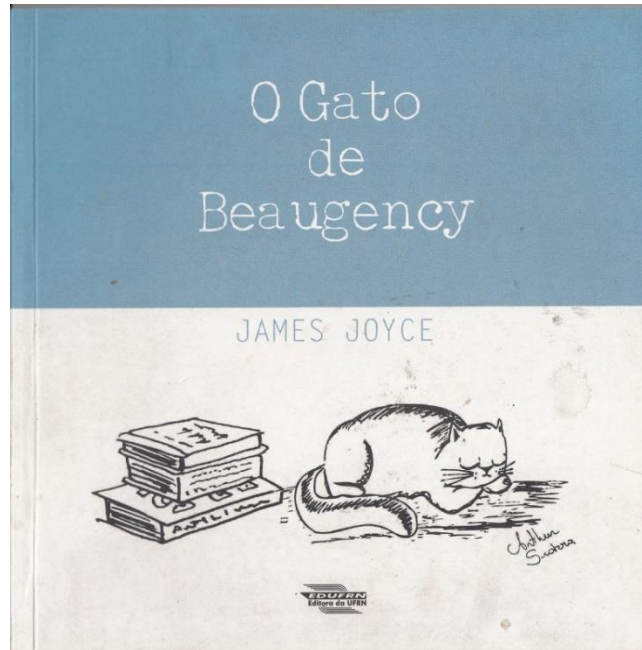
The Devil was as angry as the Devil himself. *Messieurs les Balgentiens*, he shouted across the bridge, *vous n'êtes pas de belle gens du tout! Vous n'êtes que des chats!* And he said to the cat: *Viens ici, mon petit chat! Tu as peur, mon petit chou-chat? Viens ici, le diable t'emporte! On va se chauffer tous les deux.*

A copy of the letter given above is to be found at— www.ricorso.net > Library > Classics > Joyce > Copenhagen.

The Cats of Beaugency

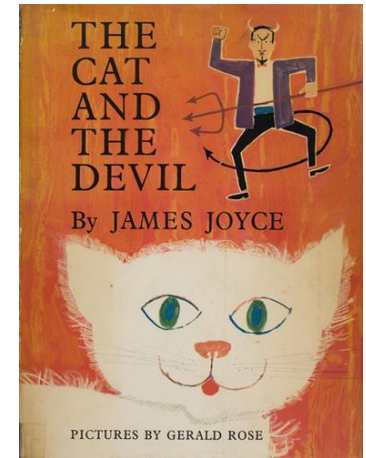


(Ills. by Richard Erdoes (NY 1964)

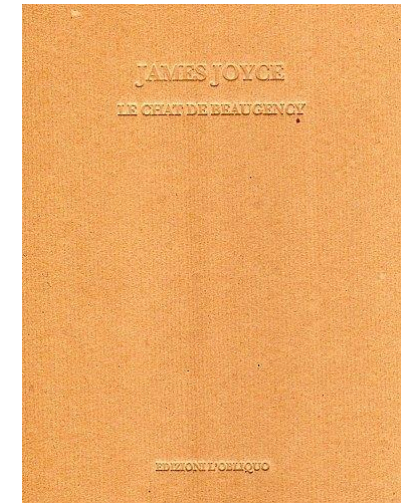


A Portuguese translation by Ana Graça Canan and Marcelo da Silva Amorim, ill. by Arthur Seabra (Brasil: UFRN 2013).

Joyce's letter to his grandson Stephen cites the ensuing little tale as "the story of the cat of Beaugency" and proceeds to give a witty version of the classic fable known as "The Devil's Bridge" which is listed as Tale-type 1191 in the universally-accepted Aarne-Thompson system of folklore classification.



Ills. by Gerard Rose (London 1965)



Le Chat de Beaugency: Una storia di Stephen (Brescia: Edizione L'Obliquo 1996)



Ills. by Jean-Jacques Corre (Gallimard 1966); reissued with ill. by Roger Blachon (1978)

Beaugency sur Loire



Pont de Beaugency – phot. Patrick Giraud

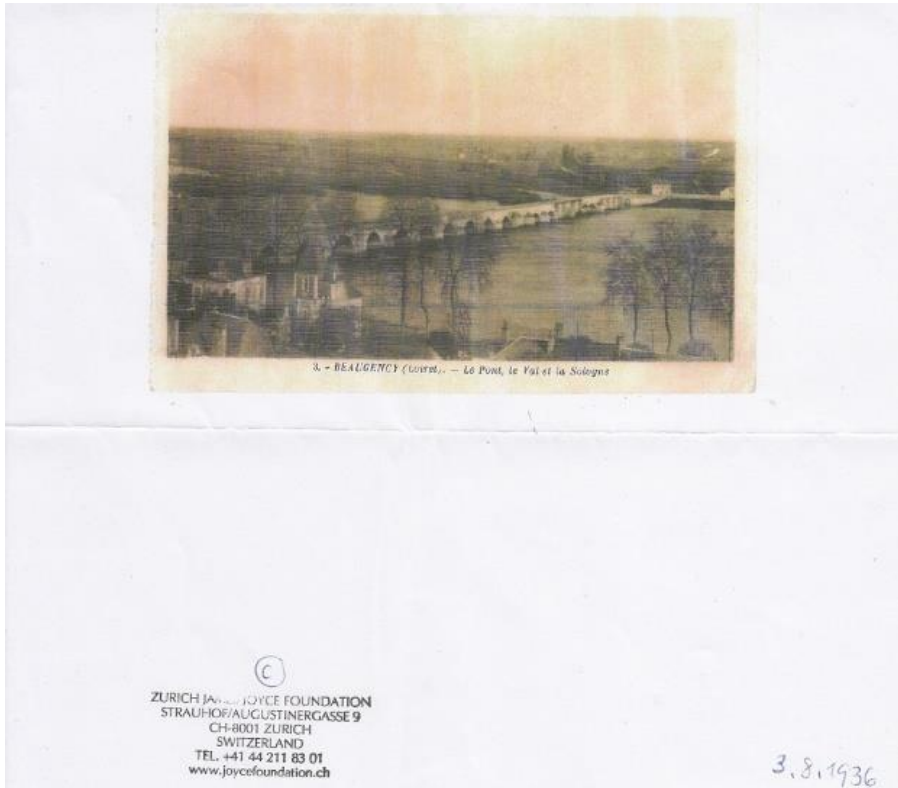


La Place Martroi - Beaugency

Shaun the Post

Post-card views of Beaugency sent by Joyce to various persons in Aug. 1936 and June 1937.

Displayed here with acknowledgements and warm thanks to Ruth Frehner of the James Joyce Foundation in Zürich.



- ^ Postcard sent by Joyce to Giorgio (addressed Hôtel de l'Abbaye) – 3 Aug. 1936.

Postcard sent to Carola Giedion-Welcker – 8 July 1937.

>



Extant postcard views of Beaugency which Joyce did not send ...

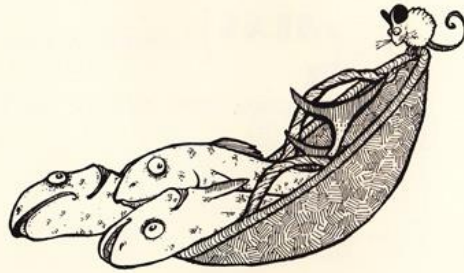


Place du Martroi et le Monument aux Morts "Le Grenadier" (Beaugency), &c.



“Cats of Copenhagen”

There are **LOTS & LOTS** of *FISH*
and **BICYCLE** but
there are **NO CATS**.



The Cats of Copenhagen (Dublin: Ithys Press 2012), 40pp. The text is in a letter donated by Hans E. Jahnke, the son of Giorgio Joyce's second wife, Asta, to the Zurich James Joyce Foundation, among other papers. [http://www.brainpickings.org/index.php/2012/11/02/the-cats-of-copenhagen-james-joyce.](http://www.brainpickings.org/index.php/2012/11/02/the-cats-of-copenhagen-james-joyce)]

A letter from James Joyce to his grandson
Stephen Joyce of 5 Sept. 1936

ALL THE
Danish
policemen
pass the
DAY AT HOME
in bed.



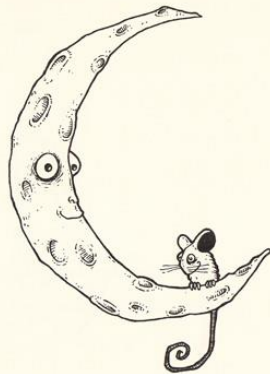
They smoke **BIG** DaNiSH ciGaRs
and drink buttermilk
all day lOnG.

“Cats of Copenhagen”

These are all for the **policemen**
from **old Ladies** who want to cross the road
and **boys** who are writing home
for more **SWEETS**



and **girls** who want to know
something about the **moon**.



Note: The text is to be found in a letter donated by Hans E. Jahnke, the son of Giorgio Joyce's second wife, Asta, to the Zurich James Joyce Foundation, among other papers. This was transcribed by the present publishers without permission to the great indignation of the Foundation.



When I come to **Copenhagen** again
I will bring a **cat** and show
the **Danes** how it can cross the road
without any **INSTRUCTIONS**
from a **POLICEMAN**

“The Cats of Copenhagen” (Letter to Stephen Joyce of 5 September 1936)

There are lots of fish and bicycles but there are no cats. Also there are policemen. All the Danish policemen spend the day at home in bed. They smoke big Danish cigars and drink buttermilk all day long. There are lots and lots of young boys dressed in red on bicycles going around all day with telegrams and letters and postcards. These are all for the policemen from old ladies who want to cross the road and boys who are writing home for more sweets and girls who want to know something about the moon. When I come to Copenhagen again I will bring a cat and show the Danes how it can cross the road without any instructions from a policeman.

Note: The letter is among the numerous items donated to the James Joyce Foundation (Zürich) by Han E. Janhke, son of Giorgio Joyce's second wife Asta. See version at Ithys Press 2012 – online; also Guardian report by Alison Flood – online; accessed 20.04.2013.

On 14 July 1937 Joyce wrote to his Dublin friend Con Curran: “[...] By way of Clongowes Fr Conmee Use to say my letters home were like grocer's lists. Sono sempre quello. For I am sending you another £2 & ten 10/- and I would like you to exhaust the amount in the purchase of all the songs available in French, Ashcroft, Wheatley and Vousden [...] I would like these soon.” (*Sel. Letters*, p.386.)

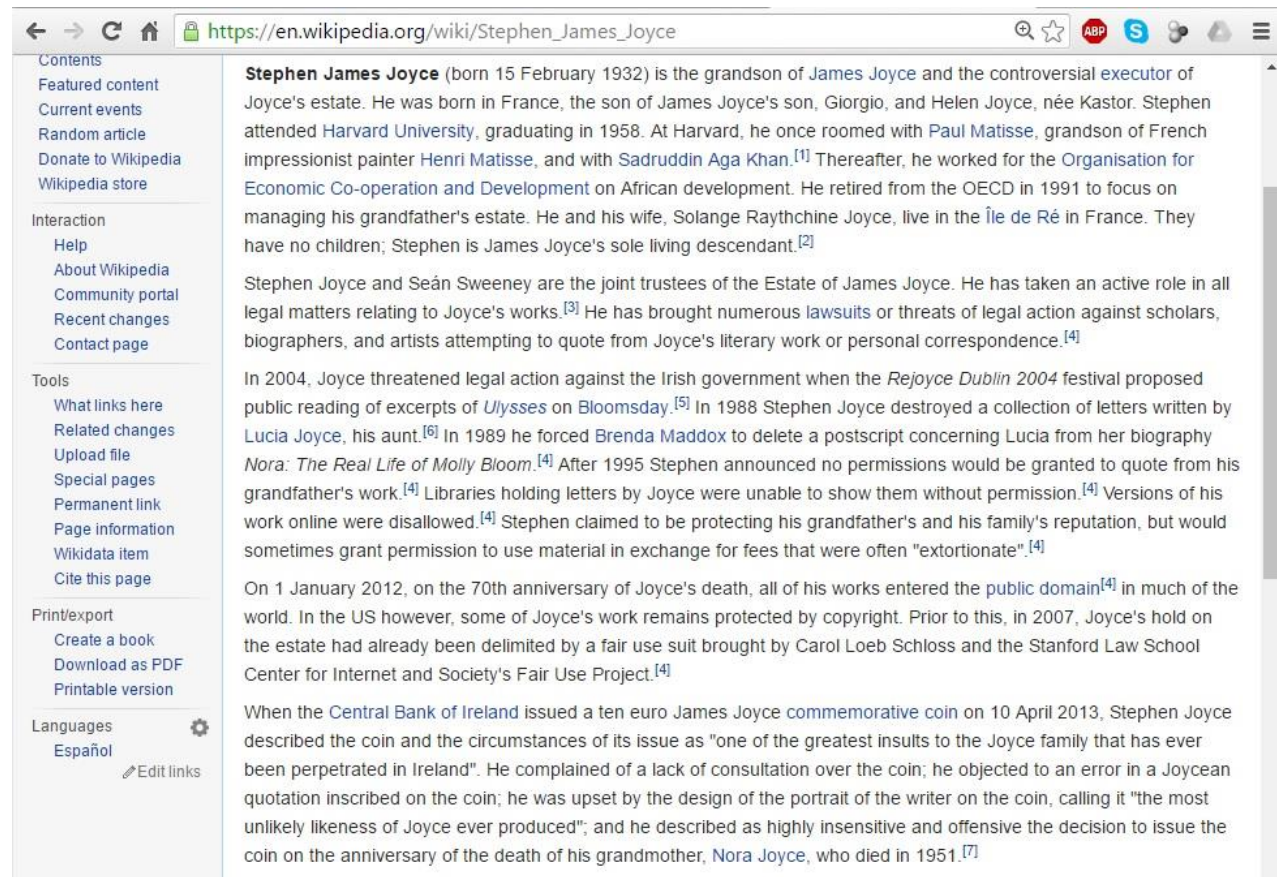
The recipient of “The Cat of Beaugency”

On 10 August 1936 James Joyce wrote a letter to Stephen (“Stevie”), the only child of his son George (or Giorgio) and Helen Joyce. In 1978 Gallimard Press of Paris reissued an earlier edition of the letter as *Le chat et le diable* in 1966 in a translation by Jacques Borel but this time with new illustrations by Roger Blachon and an introduction by Stephen Joyce.



Stephen Joyce (1932-)

“... has brought numerous lawsuits or threats of legal action against scholars, biographers, and artists attempting to quote Joyce’s literary works ... In 2004 [he] ... threatened legal action against the Irish government ...”

A screenshot of the Wikipedia page for Stephen James Joyce. The browser address bar shows the URL https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stephen_James_Joyce. The page content includes a biographical summary, a list of legal actions, and a section on the 2004 festival. The left sidebar contains navigation and tool options.

Stephen James Joyce (born 15 February 1932) is the grandson of James Joyce and the controversial executor of Joyce's estate. He was born in France, the son of James Joyce's son, Giorgio, and Helen Joyce, née Kastor. Stephen attended Harvard University, graduating in 1958. At Harvard, he once roomed with Paul Matisse, grandson of French impressionist painter Henri Matisse, and with Sadruddin Aga Khan.^[1] Thereafter, he worked for the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development on African development. He retired from the OECD in 1991 to focus on managing his grandfather's estate. He and his wife, Solange Raythchine Joyce, live in the Île de Ré in France. They have no children; Stephen is James Joyce's sole living descendant.^[2]

Stephen Joyce and Seán Sweeney are the joint trustees of the Estate of James Joyce. He has taken an active role in all legal matters relating to Joyce's works.^[3] He has brought numerous lawsuits or threats of legal action against scholars, biographers, and artists attempting to quote from Joyce's literary work or personal correspondence.^[4]

In 2004, Joyce threatened legal action against the Irish government when the *Rejoyce Dublin 2004* festival proposed public reading of excerpts of *Ulysses* on Bloomsday.^[5] In 1988 Stephen Joyce destroyed a collection of letters written by Lucia Joyce, his aunt.^[6] In 1989 he forced Brenda Maddox to delete a postscript concerning Lucia from her biography *Nora: The Real Life of Molly Bloom*.^[4] After 1995 Stephen announced no permissions would be granted to quote from his grandfather's work.^[4] Libraries holding letters by Joyce were unable to show them without permission.^[4] Versions of his work online were disallowed.^[4] Stephen claimed to be protecting his grandfather's and his family's reputation, but would sometimes grant permission to use material in exchange for fees that were often "extortionate".^[4]

On 1 January 2012, on the 70th anniversary of Joyce's death, all of his works entered the public domain^[4] in much of the world. In the US however, some of Joyce's work remains protected by copyright. Prior to this, in 2007, Joyce's hold on the estate had already been delimited by a fair use suit brought by Carol Loeb Schloss and the Stanford Law School Center for Internet and Society's Fair Use Project.^[4]

When the [Central Bank of Ireland](#) issued a ten euro James Joyce commemorative coin on 10 April 2013, Stephen Joyce described the coin and the circumstances of its issue as "one of the greatest insults to the Joyce family that has ever been perpetrated in Ireland". He complained of a lack of consultation over the coin; he objected to an error in a Joycean quotation inscribed on the coin; he was upset by the design of the portrait of the writer on the coin, calling it "the most unlikely likeness of Joyce ever produced"; and he described as highly insensitive and offensive the decision to issue the coin on the anniversary of the death of his grandmother, Nora Joyce, who died in 1951.^[7]

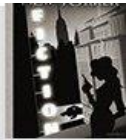


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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE INJUSTICE COLLECTOR

Is James Joyce's grandson suppressing scholarship?

BY D. T. MAX

JUNE 19, 2006

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June 16th marks the hundred-and-second anniversary of Bloomsday, the date on which the events in James Joyce's "Ulysses" take place. There will be the customary commemorative celebrations surrounding Leopold Bloom's famous walk through Dublin: public readings and festivals in cities around the world, including Dublin, New York, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Melbourne. In Budapest, two hundred or so academics will convene a Joyce symposium—the twentieth to be held on Bloomsday.



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See D. T. Max, 'The Injustice Collector: Is James Joyce's grandson suppressing scholarship?', in *The New Yorker* (19 June 2006) – available online at http://www.newyorker.com/archive/2006/06/19/060619fa_fact.

Yankee Doodle

D. T. Max, 'The Injustice Collector: Is James Joyce's grandson suppressing scholarship?', in *The New Yorker* (19 June 2006) -

'[....] Stephen's parents, Giorgio Joyce and Helen Kastor Joyce, had lived in the New York City area during part of the nineteen-thirties, and Stephen's English was infused with the slang of that era. He talked about opening his "yap" and "getting a fair shake."'

http://www.newyorker.com/archive/2006/06/19/060619fa_fact.

‘[Nora] was born within sight of Aran I think Synge’s words were spoken with the genuine brogue’ (Joyce)



Nora Joyce, dressed as a young Aran Islander in *Riders to the Sea* (1918). Courtesy of Jimmy Joyce

Nora as “a young Aran Islander” in Synge’s *Riders to the Sea* - directed by Joyce (Zürich, 1919).

—Letter to Forrest Reid, 1 Aug. 1918, in *Letters of James Joyce*, ed. Stuart Gilbert (New York: Viking Press 1957; 1966), Vol. I, pp.118.

In 1935, Joyce wrote to Lucia, beginning with a comic reference to her mother’s pronunciation of French: ‘*Cara figliola: “Hariosement”, come dice mama la tua benedetta cura è terminata.*’

Lucia herself had difficulty learning German in Zürich during the war and was taxed again by French on reaching Paris in 1919—so much so that she was educated privately rather than face the rigours of the Lycée system. Joyce’s letters to her were always in Triestino Italian.



Joyce with his daughter Lucia

Wakeese (the 'language' of *Finnegans Wake*)

It is told in sounds in utter that, in signs so adds to, in universal, in polygluttural, in each auxiliary neutral idiom, sordomutics, florilingua, shelta-focal, flayflutter, a con's cubane, a pro's tutute, strassarab, ereperse and anythongue athall.

[*Finnegans Wake*, 1939, pp.117.12-16]

Kilkenny Cats ...

There Once Were Two Cats of Kilkenny

There once were two cats of Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many,
So they fought and they fit,
And they scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there weren't any.

Traditional Hiberno-English Verses (Regional)

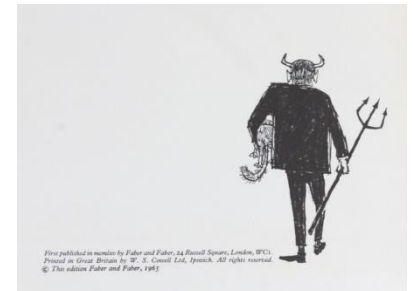
“Lire en ligne Loiret”: Baedeker meets internet

http://librairie.immateriel.fr/fr/read_book/9782746961180/corpus00001

Long de 400 mètres, ce pont d'une vingtaine d'arches fait suite à une première construction du XIIe siècle. Au Moyen Age, le vieux pont était le seul, avec celui de Gien, à enjamber la Loire. Ses parties les plus anciennes datent donc du XIIe siècle, mais l'essentiel de l'ouvrage est postérieur à la grande crue de 1608 au cours de laquelle le Petit Pont, qui rejoignait la rive gauche, fut emporté.

Une légende reste attachée à sa construction: du temps où les habitants devaient traverser le fleuve en bateau, le diable en personne construisit un pont, en une seule nuit, en échange de la vie de la première personne qui le franchirait. Soupçonneux, le maire de la ville (ou le prêtre selon les versions), posa un chat au départ du pont et lui lança un seau d'eau pour le faire traverser. Floué, le diable en colère donna un coup de pied dans l'une des arches (qui depuis est restée décalée) tout en traitant les habitants de «chats de Beaugency», appellation encore utilisée aujourd'hui.

James Joyce trouva cette légende savoureuse au point de la raconter dans un livre pour enfants, à l'humour délicieux et qu'il a dédié à son fils [sic].



Joyce writes to Stephen of a cat filled with sweets and it is easy to imagine a papier-maché cat in the image of the one in the legend – but the proprietors of the many confiseries, patisseries and chocolateries in Beaugency recall no such commodity for sale in their shops. Instead, however, they offer the visitor ...

Le Pavé Balgentien



'... un gâteau de voyage composé de chocolat, fruits confits et de grand-marnier'.

Bloom & “the pussens”

Mr Bloom watched curiously, kindly, the lithe black form. Clean to see: the gloss of her sleek hide, the white button under the butt of her tail, the green flashing eyes. [...]

They call them stupid. They understand what we say better than we understand them. She understands all she wants to. Vindictive too. Wonder what I look like to her. Height of a tower? No, she can jump me.

— Afraid of the chickens she is, he said mockingly. Afraid of the chookchooks. I never saw such a stupid pussens as the pussens. [\[1\]](#)



[\[1\]](#) *Ulysses* [1922] (London: Bodley Head 1965), pp.65-66.

Voici le chat ...

The Devil was as angry as the Devil himself. *Messieurs les Balgentiens*, he shouted across the bridge, *vous n'êtes pas de belle gens du tout! Vous n'êtes que des chats!* And he said to the cat: *Viens ici, mon petit chat! Tu as peur, mon petit chou-chat? Viens ici, le diable t'emporte! On va se chauffer tous les deux.*

“The Cat of Beaugency”

“The Cat of Beaugency”

My dear Stevie: I sent you a little cat filled with sweets a few days ago but perhaps you do not know **the story about the cat of Beaugency**.

Beaugency is a tiny old town on a bank of the Loire, French’s longest river. It is also a very wide river, for France, at least. At Beaugency it is so wide that if you want to cross it from one bank to the other you would have to take at least one thousand steps.

Long ago **the people of Beaugency**, when they wanted to cross it, had to go in a boat for there was no bridge. And they could not make one for themselves or pay anybody else to make one. So what were they to do?

[...]

PS: The Devil mostly speaks **a language of his own called Bellsybabble** which he makes up himself as he goes along but when he is very angry he can speak quite bad French very well though some who have heard him say that he has a strong Dublin accent.

“The Cat of Beaugency” [Cont.]

[...]

The devil was as angry as the devil himself. *Messieurs les Balgentiens*, he shouted across the bridge, *vous n’êtes pas de belles gens du tout! Vous n’êtes que des chats!**

And he said to the cat: *Viens ici, mon petit chat! Tu as peur, mon petit chou-chat! Viens ici, le diable t’emporte! On va se chauffer tous les deux.*** And off he went with the cat.

And since that time the people of that town are called le *chats de Beaugency*.***

[...]

Notes:

*You people of Beaugency. From this time on you will be called the people with the soul of a cat! (Corrupted French).

**Come here, my pussy cat. Don’t fear me, my pussy cat. Are you cold, my pussy cat? Come, come, the devil will take you to hell, O.K.? There we will feel warm soon. (Corrupted French).

*** The cats of Beaugency. (Corrupted French).

the Cat and the Devil

February 12, 2012 at 10:04 am · Filed under [illustration](#), [Tales](#) · Tagged [book](#), [cat](#), [children](#), [Gerald Rose](#), [illustration](#), [James Joyce](#), [Roger Blachon](#)

The devil was as angry as the devil himself. Messieurs les Balgentiens, he shouted across the bridge, vous n'etes pas de belles gens du tout! Vous n'ete que des chats!*

And he said to the cat: Viens ici, mon petit chat! Tu as peur, mon petit chou-chat! Viens ici, le diable t'emporte! On va se chauffer tous les deux.** And off he went with the cat.

And since that time the people of that town are called le chats de Beaugency.***

But the bridge is there still and there are boys walking and riding and playing upon it.

I hope you will like this story.

Nonno

P.S. The devil mostly speaks a language of his own called Bellsybabble which he makes up himself as he goes along but when he is very angry he can speak quite bad French very well, though some who have heard him, say that he has a strong Dublin accent.

*You people of Beaugency. From this time on you will be called the people with the soul of a cat! ([Corrupted French](#)).

**Come here, my pussy cat. Don't fear me, my pussy cat. Are you cold, my pussy cat? Come, come, the devil will take you to hell, O.K.? There we will feel warm soon. ([Corrupted French](#)).

*** The cats of Beaugency. ([Corrupted French](#)).



La légende a été dessinée et peinte sous toutes les coutures.

pages >

archives

Welcome - read me

BY JOURNAL INET

My copy of this is titled Bombs on Aunt Dainty. It's a brilliant sequel to When Hitler Stole Pink Rabbit. Now Anna is in London. (This is quite strange: I know almost all of the places she mentions, but in a later incarnation.) The war ...

Maggot Moon
by Sally Gardner

I listened to this on audiobook yesterday. I think there should be more of this inside-look-at-oppression kind of book. In fact where are they all? Are there kids, or teenagers' books set in eastern Europe or Russia in the soviet era? I'...

23 Things They Don't
Tell You About
Capitalism
by Ha-Joon Chang

Behind the Beautiful
Forever: Life, Death
and Hope in a Mumbai
Slum
by Katherine Boo

What a remarkable book. Remarkable for the detail and vividness of Katherine Boos picture of life for a few people in a Mumbai slum. These are people struggling to survive not just poverty, but corruption and hatred. It reads like a nove...

When You Reach Me
by Rebecca Stead

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the road more travelled, Forêt de Bouconne added as a

Joyce's multilingual pun

[The Devil:] *Messieurs les Balgentiens vous n'êtes pas de belles gens du tout! Vous n'êtes que des chats!**

Balgentiens (arch.) = (BELLES) GENTIENS/good people” [false etymology + erroneous etymology] > antonym – “bad people” > “chats/cats” [extension].

Gens de Beaugency = *beaux gens* [false etymology + erroneous grammar] > antonym – “bad people” > by extension – nothing but chats [nick-name].

Cf. *Hachette* -

When used with *gens*, the adjectives *bon*, *mauvais*, *petit*, *vieux*, *vilain* are placed before *gens* and in the feminine: (*toutes*) *les vieilles gens*. But the gender of *gens* itself does not change: *les bonnes gens* sont heureux. All other adjectives behave normally: (*tous*) *les braves gens*.

Oxford Hachette French Dictionary, ed. Mare-Hélène Corréard & Valerie Grundy [2nd Edn.] (Oxford University Press 1997), p.382.

Le vrai etymologie ..

The *Ligerien Christian* gives a spirited version of the legend at 500 words extent, ending:

'[...] Plus sérieusement, on pense que le mot «chat» est une contraction du mot châtaigne. Il est vrai que les foires aux châtaignes sont très nombreuses dans la région. Les «chats de Beaugency» seraient en réalité les châtaignes de Beaugency.'

[http://ligerien.christian.pagesperso-orange.fr/LA LEGENDE DU PONT DE BEAUGENCY.htm](http://ligerien.christian.pagesperso-orange.fr/LA%20LEGENDE%20DU%20PONT%20DE%20BEAUGENCY.htm)

Châtaignes / marrons / chestnuts



The *châtaignes* come in pods of three while the *marron* yields one such nut in each pod.



Part II: The Mansion House Cat

Let's see that again ...



Alfred Byrne - Lord May of Dublin



Alfred Byrne 1882-1955
"The Handshake of Dublin"

Joyce supplied an Irish connection for his French tale of cats and devilment at the *pont de Beaugency* by identifying the Mayor who outwits the Devil as Alfred Byrne, a perennial MP and TD and afterwards a long-standing Lord Mayor of Dublin (1930-39 & 1954-55)



Douglas Hyde (President of Ireland), with Alfred Byrne (1938).

Joyce on Alfred Byrne

Letter of 19 February 1935 to Giorgio Joyce (then in New York):

I see the little Lord Mayor of Dublin Alfie Byrne is going to N.Y. for the 17th [i.e., St. Patrick's Day]. Every day I open the *Irish Times* I seem him and his golden chain in some photograph or other. He has been Lord Mayor for 7 years but before him Mr. "Larry" O'Neill was Lord Mayor for 15 years. In my time the Lord Mayor was elected by members of the corporation to whom he owed money so that they could get a garnishee order on his salary.[\[1\]](#)

[\[1\]](#) *Letters*, Vol. III (New York: Viking Press 1966), p.346.

Eire President – Agreed Candidate (*Glasgow Herald*, 22 April 1938)

EIRE PRESIDENT: AGREED CANDIDATE—Page 13

The Glasgow Herald

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1938. TWOPENCE.

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PRESIDENT OF EIRE
Parties Nominate Dr Douglas Hyde
HISTORIAN, POET AND FOLKLOREIST
Douglas Will Challenge An Election

ANGLO-FRENCH TALKS
NEXT WEEK
Discussions to be on "Broadest Possible Scale"
QUESTION OF LOAN TO FRANCE

TOWER OF EMPIRE FLOODIT
Cultural Spectacle Thousands See "Rehearsal" at Ballyhooban

NEW BRITISH NOTE TO MEXICO
Right to Intervene in Expropriation Of Oilfields Question

VALERA TO THE EIREANN SENATE. He is known in Gaelic circles as "An Craoibhin Aoibhinn" ("The Little Branch").

Mr Alfred Byrne (Lord Mayor of Dublin), who was the only candidate in the field for the Presidency, when asked last night if Dr Hyde's selection would affect his position as candidate, said that he was not in a position to make any statement.

Dr Hyde told a reporter last night that he had received the invitation, and his reply would be forwarded in a day or two. It is felt in Dublin that he will accept the honour, but with some reluctance in view of his advanced age and the delicate state of his wife's health.

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Valera to the Eireann Senate. He is known in Gaelic circles as "An Craoibhin Aoibhinn" ("The Little Branch").

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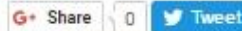
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Interview With Mr Alfred Byrne Lord Mayor... 1936



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Description

Full title reads: "Interview with Mr. Alfred Byrne, Lord Mayor of Dublin".

Eire (Southern Ireland, Republic of Ireland).

C/U of Mr. B. sitting in an arm chair in a garden. He wears his mayoral chain. He delivers a speech about the problems in Ireland. He assures the viewers that there is no serious animosity between the Irish and the British peoples and there is no animosity between the people... [more](#)

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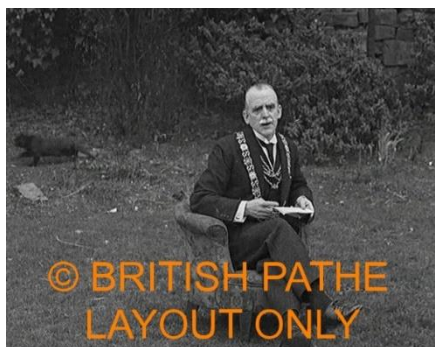
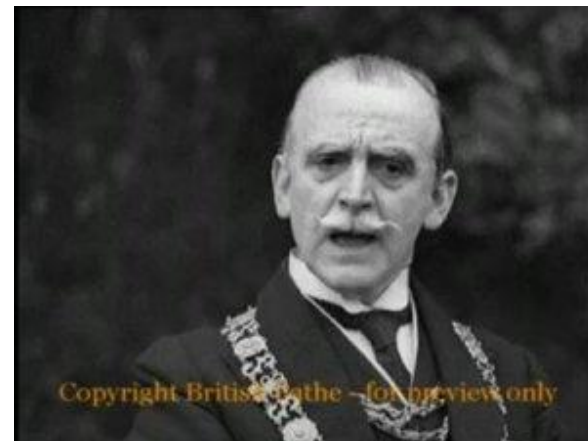
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Pathé News – An interview with Alfred Byrne, Lord Mayor of Dublin (and a black cat)



The Cat of Beaugency

Dramatis personae

The Devil	Mr. James Joyce
The Lord Mayor	Mr Alfred Byrne
The Cat	The Mansion-house “pussens”

Special acknowledgements and thanks are herewith extended to the good people of Dun Laoghaire for the use of their not-so disappointed bridge as the setting of this fable and to Messrs. Faber & Faber for permission to make allusion to the special language of *Finnegans Wake* under the nameform of “Bellsybabble” – and likewise to Beelzebub for his historicial role in the “confusioning of human races” through the introduction of “diversed tongues” in post-Edenic society and especially in the precincts of the Tower of Babel and (post)colonial Ireland.*

*It takes little to appreciate that a combination of Renaissance epistemology and postcolonial analysis is likely to identify *Finnegans Wake* as the epitome of modernist attempts to construct a cosmological image of the “fragmented” world of cultural and linguistic relativities resumed by an ideal of “totalisating” wholeness under the aegis of a late-Joycean epiphany of perceptual and ideolectical forms and, therefore, to postulate the bridge at Beaugency as a riposte to the “disappointed bridge” at Kingstown, Co. Dublin in the last moments of the colonial era in Ireland.

The End