

One of Joyce's *Epiphanies*

High up in the old, dark-windowed house: firelight in the narrow room; dusk outside. An old woman bustles about, making tea; she tells of the changes, her odd ways, and what the priest and the doctor said. . . . I hear her words in the distance. I wander among the coals, among the ways of adventure . . . Christ! What is in the doorway? . . . A skull—a monkey; a creature drawn hither to the fire, to the voices: a silly creature.

—Is that Mary Ellen?—

—No, Eliza, it's Jim.—

—O . . . O, good night, Jim—

—D'ye want anything, Eliza?—

—I thought it was Mary Ellen . . . I thought you were Mary Ellen, Jim—¹

1. Quoted in Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce*, rev. ed. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1982), 84. Ellipses in original.