

~~He was a man of the highest caliber, a man of the highest caliber, a man of the highest caliber.~~
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Hubert - Spencer

1983

Halperin's into

If Halperin had a vice, it was that he fell in love too deeply with the Egyptian goddess Maat. She is the goddess of Balance, of compensation of a debt for every regret and a gift to each diabolical (look at spelling). Famine followed gluttony and illness succeeded long good health. It is the wisdom of moderation and the joy to give a counterweight to the icy wrath that was seeded deep in his genius. Built for temperance, he was on the balance of all human and cosmic proportions. ^{But he} He needed such temperance ~~to keep him from going mad~~, and that Halperin, I believe, made the mistake of following him, of taking that deep and by Joyce, saying, "With recognition of periodicity of things, and elaboration of his own philosophy." But ~~that~~ he only ~~needed~~ had no need of that. He was a good and generous and gentleman as we all have to agree and to honor, and he was, probably, close to the spirit of balance from the day of his birth. So he added ^{only this} philosophy of balance to his own essential stability, and provided for all ^{his desires} his life but one. He was a fine wife, a devoted husband, a considerate landlord, a caring and dear, ^{or trader in, sheep, etc.} and most of all

[illegible]

And if I know more of Joyce's work, (3)
~~if I had peered into his depths as~~
~~habited~~, when I ~~could~~^{might} have
clue to our nation, the free copy,
lent ~~to me~~^{to me} even so I can still
be ~~sure~~^{confident} that whatever he says, it will
be certain to send them off on a vast,
great — forgive me — ~~postversational~~
postversational ~~seeing~~ adventures
harmonizing the ~~heavens~~ ~~heavens~~ ~~heavens~~
below.

If Nat Halpern had a voice, it was that he fell in love too deeply with the Egyptian goddess Maat. Since she is the lord of Balance, of compensation, of a left for every right and a systole to each diastole. Famine follows glut and illness is succeeded by good health. It is the wisdom of moderation and James Joyce to give a counterweight to the icy wrath that was seeded deep in his genius built Finnegan's Wake on the balance of all human and cosmic systems. Perhaps he needed such temperance to keep from going mad, and Nat Halpern, I believe, made the mistake of following him, of taking that deep, and for Joyce, saving recognition of the periodicity of things. So, too, did Nat elaborate balance into his own philosophy. But, I would say, he had no need of that. He was a good and generous and gentle man, as we are all here to agree and to honor, and he was probably close to the spirit of balance from the day of his birth. So he only added this philosophy of balance to his own essential stability, and it provided for all his desires in life but one. He was a fine writer, a devoted husband, a considerate landlord,

a canny art dealer, a prodigious chess player, and most of all,
an enthusiast--he warmed all of us with his ~~enthusiasms~~ ^{enthusiasms}--but he
never finished the ~~great~~ ^{great} work of his life, the book ^{of criticism} that only
he could have ~~done~~ ^{managed} on Finnegan's Wake. His brain was finally
too balanced. He spun out the equation of his comprehension of
Joyce until he reached the empyrean, and who ~~could~~ ^{can} bring that
back in writing? Only the great Irishman himself.. Of course,
in his ultimate ~~failure~~ ^{inability} to complete that guide to Finnegan's
Wake which would have ~~opened~~ ^{made} Joyce's world ^{available} to our world, it
is possible, even likely, that Nat Halpern came closer to
understanding ~~the opus of~~ ^{opus} James Joyce than any man alive,
and I think that is what gave Nat the wild look in the eye we will
now miss seeing again on these luminous streets of our town.

Still, if there is a heaven where one speaks after death
to one's family, one's friends, and one's idols, I would like
to think of Nat and that most elegant Jim Joyce, gathering their
heads together in incredibly quick conversation, ^{speaking} ~~talking~~ up there,
one vast mind-set to ^{the other} vast mind-set, while all we can pick up is

Mr. Joyce's

~~the~~ first line of greeting: Halpern, I've had my eye on you.

How the hell did you ever

~~How the hell did you ever~~ divine that ~~my~~ Buckley is no one other

than Vasilich? And if I knew more of Joyce's work, why then

I might have a clue to our ^{own} Nathan Halpern's reply, but even so I

can still be confident that whatever he says, it will be ^{likely} ~~certain~~

to ^{set} ~~send~~ them off on a vast, great--forgive me--pontversensation ^{hell} ~~hell~~

adventour harmonyng the heavenings belue.