

## First Impressions

Extending his walking stick to its maximum reach and stretching forward, having carefully adjusted his wire glasses at a slight but exact angle to the perpendicular of his nose, Joyce could just make out the soft impression of the letters in the moonlight, "Sutherland School of Law".

"What a waste of a dactyl," he sighed, slowly rolling double dactyls off his tongue into the cold night air..."Mal-a-chi Mull-i-gan.....Suth-er-land Lib-ra-ry....." A long regret of his was that they hadn't named him the Joy-ce-an Lib-ra-ry. "But I would have settled for 'School of Joyce' .....given-a-choice!"

Manley Hopkins too mourned the death of Joyce's second dactyl, the sad lament for which vibrated nightly through the outer concrete walls of the James Joyce Library. "I must have a chat with Newman", he thought, "poetic justice has been denied".

As if on cue, the razor sharp voice of His Lordship, old Judge Roebuck penetrated the shadows. "They'll soon cut him down to size" he said knowingly. "After a week there will be no 'Sutherland', just 'Suds' or some such. They shortened me to 'Roe' on the timetables, though I've always fancied myself as a Buck."

Joyce sighed again, "I suppose it's my own fault. If I hadn't made 'Mull-i-gan' a 'Buck' my double dactyl dictum would have stuck.

Daedalus coughed. His alter-ego had shared too many pages with Buck Mull-i-gan. But Joyce had introduced him to Dublin and without Joyce he would not have earned his place here, among these less than equals. Taking full advantage of the absence of a spokesperson for the School of Engineering, he elected to lend his vastly superior knowledge of (mostly Greek) buildings to the discussion. "In my opinion it's a fine structure", he said, consoling himself with the thought that the engineering and architectural professions would be safe for as long as no lawyer could read a map.

Normally wary (in the business sense) of Greeks bearing gifts, Quinn could not but agree. "Cubist in style..." he opinioned, resolving privately to make it his gnó to get to know the dlí (in the Gaelic sense).

"More womanly than Manley" whispered O' Brien as he peered over the tree tops and caught a glimpse of the blush pink stone in the moonlight. O' Reilly smiled knowingly, as six water ladies danced before him, bejeweled in his amethyst light.

O' Brien puffed himself to his full twice-height of O'Reilly from where he could almost reach the level of Ardmore's top hat. Ardmore, for his part, was too old and aristocratic to know his own superiority and slept through the whole affair, dreaming of Molly Bloom.

"Glory be to God for dappled things" said Hopkins, as the moon chased its shadow through the horse chestnut leaves, marblesing the sandstone letters of the Sutherland School of Law. "I can only make out two words" frowned Daedalus, "...land....law". Roebuck smiled to himself, nodding admiringly, "I should have known he'd be in there before anyone else, Wylie old fox!"