

Twentieth-Century Fiction I

September 30. Joyce, *Portrait* (I).

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first paper

Paper 1 (5–7 pp.) due October 7 at 5 p.m.

How to use the Sakai Drop Box

<http://20fic-fl3.blogs.rutgers.edu/dropbox>

How to make a PDF

<http://andrewgoldstone.com/pdf>

review

1. Stein's "mask of dialect": violations of the standard
 - a. "Black" dialect
 - b. dialect of modernism (experimental language)
 - i. thought / being / linguistic surface
2. Attitudes to race shaping Stein's story: so what?
 - a. aesthetic achievement \neq ethical achievement
 - b. form and style loaded with social meaning
 - c. resources to innovate / be seen to innovate
 - d. judgment and historical understanding

review

3. the love stories

- a. not hidden: Melanctha's multiple desire
- b. non-“feminine” scripts for love
- c. circular chronology overdetermined

Why did the subtle, intelligent, attractive, half white girl Melanctha Herbert love and do for and demean herself in service to this coarse, decent, sullen, ordinary, black childish Rose, and why was this unmoral, promiscuous, shiftless Rose married...while Melanctha with her white blood and attraction and her desire for a right position had not yet been really married. (48)

But why did the subtle, intelligent, attractive, half white girl Melanctha Herbert, with her sweetness and her power and her wisdom, demean herself to do for and to flatter and to be scolded, by this lazy, stupid, ordinary, selfish black girl. This was a queer thing in Melanctha Herbert. (118)

review

3. the love stories

- a. not hidden: Melanctha's multiple desire
- b. non-“feminine” scripts for love
- c. circular chronology overdetermined
 - i. black stasis
 - ii. “primitive” seasonal cycle
 - iii. tragic inevitability
 - iv. “queer” temporality

James Joyce

bare outlines



Joyce, Zurich, 1915 (Wikimedia commons)

1882 born Dublin

1904 leaves Ireland for good

1905 Trieste

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1914 *Portrait* in *Egoist* magazine

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1917–22 *Ulysses*

1920 Paris

1923–39 *Finnegans Wake*

1941 dies

THE EGOIST

AN INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW.

Formerly the NEW FREEWOMAN.

No. 3 Vol. I.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

Assistant: RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Editors: LEONARD A. COMPTON-RICKETT.

Editor: DORA MARSDEN, B.A.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE	Serial Story:—	PAGE
MEN, MACHINES AND PROGRESS.	41	THE HORSES OF DIOMEDES	55
VIEWS AND COMMENTS.	44	By Remy de Gourmont.	
THE PLAIN PERSON. By Allen	47	(Ch. 20). Clouds.	
Upward.		PRESENTATION TO MR. W. S.	56
BOOKS AND PAPERS. By Richard	49	BLUNT. By Richard Ald-	
Aldington.		ington.	
		ART-PASSION, PATRONAGE AND	58
		PAY. By Huntly Carter.	
		CORRESPONDENCE.	59

MEN, MACHINES AND PROGRESS.

IT is the distinguishing mark of the "Verbal Age" that when the vogue of any of its shibboleths is at its zenith and exerting its strongest influence it is the least open to the questioning of sense. The hypnotism of sound hurls sense into accepting a "thought," i.e. an error born of ineffectual thinking, into its categories of existent things, and giving to it a "local habitation and a name." The name is all-important since over and above the name there is nothing of reality connected with it. Men cling to the names of thoughts because they are dimly aware that in abandoning the names they abandon all. The name of a spade can be abandoned and beyond a little hesitancy, a greater circumlocution in speech, nothing is changed; the spade remains; but abandon the names of thoughts and you have nothing left. Hence the device of making "sacred" names—the sacred names of "Duty," "Right," "Obedience," "Liberty" and the entire "moral" outfit, whereby it becomes sinful to question names. The sole purpose in fact in making a concept sacred is to ensure its immunity from being questioned.

It is therefore because this has been the "Age of Progress" that those who believe in "Progress" have regarded it as blasphemous to attempt its definition. Differing things may have been for or against progress, but as for "progress" itself—it is just "progress." That has not prevented assumptions in regard to "progress" being made. It is in fact under cover of the sacred regis that the largest assumptions always contrive to pass muster, and as far as "progress" is concerned it has been tacitly assumed that progress and an easing of the struggle with external environment are one. If the powers inherent in Nature can be set in such relation that one will overcome the other, and this with decreasing human effort so to set them: that it is assumed, is progress.

It happens that two pronouncements, one being an Individualist manifesto (which its author Mr. Heinrich Charles describes as The Anti-Thesis to the Communistic Manifesto by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels and the Synthesis of Social-Individualism) and the other that of a journal which

believes itself to be the intellectual organ of English Socialism, both making this same assumption in regard to "progress" come to our hands together. Upon that on which individualist and socialist agree it is worth while to pause to consider.

Thus the manifesto:

What has been the world's greatest curse? Physical labour! Manual work! Mechanical drudgery! Toil oppressive to mind and body! Compulsory service! Who shall hew the wood? Who shall draw the water? Who shall do the dirty work? This has been the bone of contention . . . the immediate sole cause of all wars; of all the bloodshed and struggles between man and man; of all the land-hunger and the great migratory movements . . . of all the revolts, rebellions, and revolutions, the division of classes, of slavery, of serfdom, and the modern system of exploitation. . . . Man's main mental work has been how to escape physical work. All the social systems and organisations of the past, all the mighty empires and republics, all the nations and states were based on one proposition: that there must be one class which does the work. To escape from this class was the ruling ambition.

It is the writer's contention that that which distinguishes developed man from the savage is the possession of knowledge relating to inventions which relieve men from the necessity of physical toil; that the genius of the few will never rest until it has discovered a power upon which can be thrown the performance of the labouring work of the world. All tools he maintains are efforts in this direction. Harnessed to the energy of the human hand and arms, a tool will lighten labour; tools harnessed to the tremendous power in steam will turn the world into a hive of industry where the man's task is that of mere minder of the tool; progress is due to the men who are possessed of unusual faculties, which provided them with the inspiration and intuitive sense to see relations between things which the ordinary man would never think of relating. The pioneers of science are the true forces of progress. Not the world's fifteen or sixteen great battles—but the fifteen or sixteen decisive discoveries and inventions, from those of fire and missiles onwards. It is not surprising therefore, holding such views, that in judging the calibre of the thinkers of the nineteenth century Mr. Charles should award the palm to Marx and Engels!

Great men were Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels! There is no doubt that they were the most scientific and deepest thinkers,

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

By JAMES JOYCE.

"Et ignotas animum dimittit in orbes."
OVID, Metamorphoses, VIII., 18.

I.

ONCE upon a time and a very good time it was, there was a moo-cow coming down along the road, and this moo-cow that was down along the road met a niceus 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 moo-cow 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.

O, the green with the botheth.

When you wet the bed, first it is warm then it gets cold. His mother put on the oilsheet. That had the queer smell.

His mother had a nicer smell than his father. She played on the piano the sailor's hornpipe for him to dance. He danced:

Tralala lala,
Tralala tralaladdy,
Tralala lala,
Tralala lala.

Uncle Charles and Dante clapped. They were older than his father and mother, but Uncle Charles was older than Dante.

Dante had two brushes in her press. The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt and the brush with the green velvet back was for Parnell. Dante gave him a cachou every time he brought her a piece of tissue paper.

The Vances lived in number seven. They had a different father and mother. They were Eileen's father and mother. When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen.

He hid under the table. His mother said:

— O, Stephen will apologise.

Dante said:

— O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes.—

Pull out his eyes,
Apologise,
Apologise,
Pull out his eyes.

Apologise,
Pull out his eyes,
Pull out his eyes,
Apologise.

•••••

The wide playgrounds were swarming with boys. All were shouting and the prefects urged them on with strong cries. The evening air was pale and chilly, and after every charge and thud of the footballers the greasy leather orb flew like a heavy bird through the grey light. He kept on the fringe of his line, out of sight of his prefect, out of the reach of the rude feet, feigning to run now and then. He felt his body small and weak amid the throng of players,

in the City. I believe in drawing-rooms for the use of callers, semi-detached villas, nasturtiums in season and dogs with aristocratic, if distant, relatives. I believe that public school-boys, University men (who must not be called Varsity men), and commissioned officers are snobs. I believe that the West End is a gilded haunt of vice. I believe in sober worship once a week, regular payments to the clergy. I believe in temperance, saving an occasional bust, a spruce, a night on the tiles (when the wife is in the country), but even then I believe I mustn't go too far. I believe in a bit of fun with a lady now and then, being a dog and all that, so long as there's no harm in it. I believe that I am a gentleman and must be genteel, not too toney though, for it must not be said that I swank. And I believe enough to be saved with. I believe that my wife loves me and that I must reward her by insuring my life; I believe that my sons should be clerks and that my daughters should wait until clerks marry them. I believe that, when I die, the neighbours must approve of my funereal pageant. I believe that I must be honest, that I must not swear in mixed company, that I must visit the upper classes whom I despise. I believe that I am the backbone of England. I am a middle-class man."

•••••

I think comment on that valuable document would be supererogatory. Mr. George, having exposed the English in this and two other creeds, became so delighted with them that he wrote a novel to give them a proper setting. Let no one object, but rather sympathise; these syntheses become more effective, if anything, when they are surrounded by particular instances. It was a happy idea to imagine the southern French boy mad on England, mad to be English, and to use him for purposes of indirect satire. And the fact that the exigencies of the market caused all this fine insult and just denunciation to fade away into the sickening strains of Rule Britannia I have already lamented. What more is there to be said? Mr. George had the power of writing a great satire—which would be read rapturously by a few people now, and by a few more in fifty years' time—and he has chosen to mix up his satire with a very clever novel of the ordinary kind. The fastidious of the earth will delight in his satire and ignore the rest; the people who subscribe to circulation libraries will wallow in the bosom and adjacent parts of Edith, and possibly not notice the satire. When Mr. George dies he will go to hell and rest among those who were neither for God nor his enemies.

•••••

The Effort Libre has taken to Suffragetism, and therefore concerns us not. It contains an article on one Nazi, who is dead, and who, had he lived, would have reformed the world.

•••••

"Some Ideas on George Brandès," by Henri Albert, Beauvain on the Poésie de l'Époque, an article on Artificial Cold, and Mlle. Henriette Charasson on Dowson—that is the Mercure de France.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

BOOKS on all subjects, Secondhand, at Half-Prices. New, 25 per cent. Discount. Catalogue 761 free. State Wants, Books Bought.—FOYLE, 121, Charing Cross Road, London.

James Joyce

bare outlines



Joyce, Zurich, 1915 (Wikimedia commons)

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1904 leaves Ireland for good

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1882 born Dublin

1891 death of Parnell

1904 leaves Ireland for good

1914 *Dubliners* (written earlier)

1914 *Portrait* in *Egoist* magazine

1916 Easter Rising

1916 *Portrait* (book pub.)

1917–22 *Ulysses*

1919 Irish War of Independence

1922 Irish Free State; civil war

1923–39 *Finnegans Wake*

1941 dies

genre

Bildungsroman

novel of development/cultivation/growth/coming of age

Bildung

He turned to the flyleaf of the geography and read what he had written there: himself, his name and where he was.

Stephen Dedalus
Class of Elements
Clongowes Wood College
Sallins
County Kildare
Ireland
Europe
The World
The Universe

Great Britain?

(12)

Bildung

That was called politics. There were two sides in it: Dante was on one side and his father and Mr Casey were on the other side but his mother and uncle Charles were on no side....

It pained him that he did not know well what politics meant and that he did not know where the universe ended. He felt small and weak. (13)

Bildung

—I am Stephen Dedalus. I am walking beside my father whose name is Simon Dedalus. We are in Cork, in Ireland. Cork is a city. Our room is in the Victoria Hotel. Victoria and Stephen and Simon. Simon and Stephen and Victoria. Names.

The memory of his childhood suddenly grew dim.

(77–78)

genre

Bildungsroman

novel of development/cultivation/growth/coming of age

Künstlerroman

artist-novel

artist in formation

—O, Stephen will apologise.

Dante said:

—O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes.

Pull out his eyes, *a*

Apologise, *b*

Apologise, *b*

Pull out his eyes. *a*

chiasmus

Apologise,

Pull out his eyes.

Pull out his eyes,

Apologise. (6)

discussion

Find another example of Stephen's imaginative play with language to remake or question his experiences. Concentrate on the first chapter.

genre

Bildungsroman

novel of development/cultivation/growth/coming of age

Kunstlerroman

artist-novel

Boarding-school story

Stephen Dedalus and the Chamber of Secrets?

Tom Brown's School Days (Thomas Hughes, 1857)

institutional life

Rody Kickham was a decent fellow but Nasty Roche was a stink. (6)

—Bravo Lancaster! The red rose wins. Come on now, York!
(9)

Was it true about the black dog that walked there at night with eyes as big as carriagelamps? (15)

And they gave three groans for Baldyhead Dolan and three cheers for Conmee and they said he was the decentest rector that was ever in Clongowes. (49)

institutional life

How pale the light was at the window! But that was nice. The fire rose and fell on the wall. It was like waves.

He saw the sea of waves, long dark waves rising and falling, dark under the moonless night. (21–22)

Was that a sin for Father Arnall to be in a wax? ... Perhaps he would go to confession to the minister. And if the minister did it he would go to the rector: and the rector to the provincial: and the provincial to the general of the jesuits. That was called the order. (40)

ironic reversals

He felt the touch of the prefect's fingers as they had steadied his hand and at first he had thought he was going to shake hands with him because the fingers were soft and firm: but then in an instant he had heard the swish of the soutane sleeve and the crash. (43)

The rector held his hand across the side of the desk where the skull was and Stephen, placing his hand in it for a moment, felt a cool moist palm. (48)

ironic reversals

Mr Dedalus imitated the mincing nasal tone of the provincial.

—Father Dolan and I, when I told them all at dinner about it, Father Dolan and I had a great laugh over it. *You better mind yourself Father Dolan, said I, or young Dedalus will send you up for twice nine.* We had a famous laugh together over it. Ha! Ha! Ha! (60)

next time

Onwards—at least through chapter four, but try to finish