

Early Twentieth-Century Fiction
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Office hours: Monday 2 p.m., or by appointment

February 8, 2021. Joyce (4).

paper I: what matters

- ▶ evidence

paper I: what matters

- ▶ evidence
- ▶ motive

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- ▶ evidence
- ▶ motive
- ▶ argument

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- ▶ evidence
- ▶ motive
- ▶ argument
- ▶ evidence
- ▶ also evidence is important too

review: epiphany

—You see that it is that thing which it is and no other thing. (179)

Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive to us,—for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end....

To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits: for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike....

For art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

Walter Pater, conclusion to *The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry*, ed. Adam Phillips (1868; Oxford: Oxford UP, 1986), 152–53.

Stephen's aesthetics, and Joyce's

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I translate it so: *Three things are needed for beauty, wholeness, harmony and radiance.*

—The connotation of the word [*claritas*], Stephen said, is rather vague....You see that it is that thing which it is and no other thing. The radiance of which he speaks is the scholastic *quidditas*, the *whatness* of a thing. This supreme quality is felt by the artist when the esthetic image is first conceived in the imagination. (179)

from epiphany to leitmotif

- ▶ ivory hands
- ▶ flame (on his/her cheek)
- ▶ he fell
- ▶ swish of the soutane
- ▶ drops
- ▶ E.
- ▶ ...

mapping the structure

Fill in the grid by notating what happens in the given section in 3–10 words. As you do this, pay attention to patterns of recurrence (events, settings, narrative modes, temporalities).

	1	2	3	4	5
a	early sensations	no school; adventures	Hello, Bertie; S as prefect	Daily pieties	Sordid home life; poetic thoughts
b	Clongowes: illness; dream	family; writing a poem; Conmee: <i>Ha! Ha! Ha!</i>	Arnall: sermon on hell (f.i.d.); S/E married in heaven		Davin's story; the dean: "tundish"
c	Xmas dinner argument	Whitsuntide play; "Admit!" memory	sermon on Hell: composition of place	Director of Belvedere: priesthood?	U. students; S on aesthetics
d	"Smuggling"; playground	Cork; Foetus	pains of the damned		No; back home
e	Pandying; going to the rector	Spending the prize money; the prostitute	Goatish creatures; confession	Out to the beach; the boys; bird-girl	the diary

villanelle

A ₁	b	A ₂	
a	b	A ₁	
a	b	A ₂	
a	b	A ₁	
a	b	A ₂	
a	b	A ₁	A ₂

villanelle

A ₁	b	A ₂	
a	b	A ₁	
a	b	A ₂	
a	b	A ₁	
a	b	A ₂	
a	b	A ₁	A ₂

What of the precious villanelle? Does Joyce intend it to be taken as a serious sign of Stephen's artistry....Are we to marvel at his artistry, or scoff at his conceit?

Wayne Booth, *Rhetoric of Fiction*, 2nd ed. (Chicago: U. of Chicago P., 1983), 328–29

irony still

The suave priest, her uncle, seated in his armchair, would hold the page at arm's length, read it smiling and approve of the literary form. (187)

[Cranly:] —Are you laughing in your sleeve? (176)

“non serviam”

—I will not serve, answered Stephen.

—That remark was made before, Cranly said calmly. (201)

—Look here, Cranly, he said. You have asked me what I would do and what I would not do. I will tell you what I will do and what I will not do. I will not serve that in which I no longer believe whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use—silence, exile, and cunning. (208)

This is somehow Joyce...

Djuna Barnes in *Vanity Fair* (1922)

extra: possessing language

He thought:

—The language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine. How different are the words *home*, *Christ*, *ale*, *master*, on his lips and on mine! I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language. (159)

tundish: *tun* (OE *tunne*) + *dish* (OE *disc*): a funnel
“English and good old blunt English too” (212)

next

- ▶ *Mrs. Dalloway*, first half (3–92)
 - ▶ notes are helpful, in moderation
- ▶ commonplacing: group A:
 - ▶ choose a passage that shows one way the past enters the narrative