

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

February 15, 2021. Joyce, concluded; Woolf (1).

	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; the bird-girl	the diary

## some patterns

- ▶ Ia and 5e: fragments
- ▶ c: the din of voices / climaxes
- ▶ b/d symmetry: typical episodes
- ▶ e: moments of triumph
- ▶ a: failures/routinizations

## our failure

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. (Pater, conclusion to *The Renaissance*)

## a mythic method?

The question, then, about Mr. Joyce, is: how much living material does he deal with, and how does he deal with it: deal with, not as a legislator or exhorter, but as an artist?

It is here that Mr. Joyce's parallel use of the *Odyssey* [in *Ulysses*] has a great importance....

It is simply a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history.

T. S. Eliot, "Ulysses, Order, and Myth," *Dial* 75, no. 5 (November 1923): 482–83. [HathiTrust](#).

# villanelle

A <sub>1</sub>	b	A <sub>2</sub>	
a	b	A <sub>1</sub>	
a	b	A <sub>2</sub>	
a	b	A <sub>1</sub>	
a	b	A <sub>2</sub>	
a	b	A <sub>1</sub>	A <sub>2</sub>

## villanelle

A<sub>1</sub> b A<sub>2</sub>  
a b A<sub>1</sub>  
a b A<sub>2</sub>  
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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)

## Joyce/Stephen

Mother is putting my new secondhand clothes in order. (213)

to forge in the smithy of my soul (213)

## Joyce/Stephen

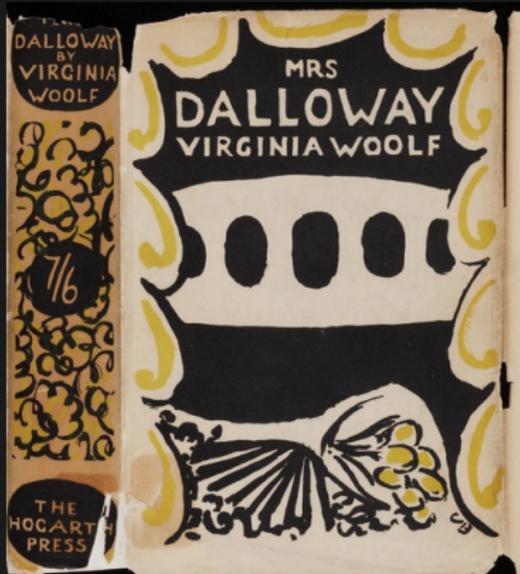
Mother is putting my new secondhand clothes in order. (213)

to **forge** in the smithy of my soul (213)

The artist, like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.

—Trying to refine them also out of existence, said Lynch. (180)

# Virginia Woolf (1882–1941)



What happens on the first page?

Dust jacket of *Mrs. Dalloway*, Hogarth Press 1st ed., 1925. Illustration by Vanessa Bell. [Beinecke Library](#).

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3. What a lark! What a plunge!
4. For so it had always seemed to her...

## reported discourse (2)

For Heaven only knows why one loves it so, how one sees it so, making it up, building it round one, tumbling it, creating it every moment afresh; but the veriest frumps, the most dejected of miseries sitting on doorsteps (drink their downfall) do the same; can't be dealt with, she felt positive, by Acts of Parliament for that very reason: they love life.  
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## big and small

Examine for a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day. The mind receives a myriad impressions—trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel.

Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall....Let us not take it for granted that life exists more fully in what is commonly thought big than in what is commonly thought small. (Woolf, "Modern Fiction," 189–90)

## the transfer of confidence

Exterior events have actually lost their hegemony, they serve to release and interpret inner events.

A transfer of confidence: the great exterior turning points and blows of fate are granted less importance. (Auerbach, 547)

Erich Auerbach, *Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature*, trans. Willard R. Trask (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1957), 538, 547.

But often now this body she wore (she stopped to look at a Dutch picture), this body, with all its capacities, seemed nothing—nothing at all. She had the oddest sense of being herself invisible; unseen; unknown; there being no more marrying, no more having of children now, but only this astonishing and rather solemn progress with the rest of them, up Bond Street, this being Mrs. Dalloway; not even Clarissa any more; this being Mrs. Richard Dalloway.

(10, qtd. by IB and JK)

stream of consciousness

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That was her self—pointed; dartlike; definite. That was her self when some effort, some call on her to be her self, drew the parts together, she alone knew how different, how incompatible and composed so for the world only into one centre, one diamond, one woman who sat in her drawing-room and made a meeting-point, a radiancy no doubt in some dull lives, a refuge for the lonely to come to, perhaps; she had helped young people, who were grateful to her; had tried to be the same always, never showing a sign of all the other sides of her—faults, jealousies, vanities, suspicions, like this of Lady Bruton not asking her to lunch; which, she thought (combing her hair finally), is utterly base! Now, where was her dress? (36)

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## boom

The violent explosion which made Mrs. Dalloway jump and Miss Pym go to the window and apologise came from a motor car which had drawn to the side of the pavement precisely opposite Mulberry's shop window....

The sun became extraordinarily hot because the motor car had stopped outside Mulberry's shop window; old ladies on the tops of omnibuses spread their black parasols; here a green, here a red parasol opened with a little pop. Mrs. Dalloway, coming to the window with her arms full of sweet peas, looked out with her little pink face pursed in enquiry. Every one looked at the motor car. Septimus looked. Boys on bicycles sprang off. Traffic accumulated. (13–14)

## multipersonal

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### Discussion

How does the skywriting episode (19–28) frame individual perceptions? Compare several examples. What is the sum of individual perceptions here?

next

- ▶ Aim to finish *Mrs. Dalloway*.