

Early Twentieth-Century Fiction

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October 2, 2023. Joyce, concluded; Woolf (1).

the first paper

- ▶ evidence: quote, analyze
- ▶ argument: make a specific claim
- ▶ motive: make it *matter* to a scholarly discussion
 - ▶ go beyond summary, go beyond the obvious
- ▶ evidence is important
- ▶ also evidence
- ▶ draft and revise

review: *Portrait's* structure

- ▶ a: scene-setting; routine; failure (exc. in 1)
- ▶ b: S's conversations; authority and the imposition of ideology
- ▶ c: abrupt mode-shift; dramatic "scenes"; crises
- ▶ d: punishments and miseries (exc. in 4)
- ▶ e: triumphs

	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

is life like this?

- ▶ What is the significance of this structure?

that was called the order

- ▶ “life purified in and reprojected from the human imagination”
(181)

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](#).

the insignificance of structure

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)

the opposite of habit

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)

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

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), 153.

from epiphany to leitmotif

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

“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, “James Joyce,” *Vanity Fair* 18, no. 2 (April 1922): 104, [HathiTrust](#).

Joyce/Stephen

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

to forge in the smithy of my soul (213)

Joyce/Stephen

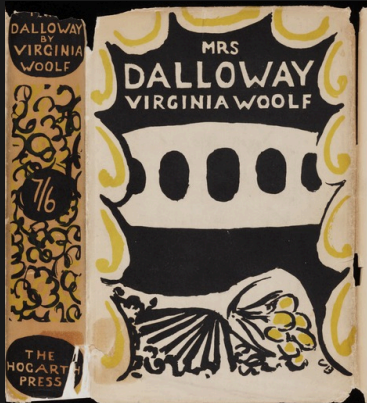
Mother is putting my new secondhand clothes in order. (213)

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](#).

it's still about the cabbages

He would be back from India one of these days, June or July, she forgot which, for his letters were awfully dull; it was his sayings one remembered; his eyes, his pocket-knife, his smile, his grumpiness and, when millions of things had utterly vanished—how strange it was!—a few sayings like this about cabbages. (3–4, qtd. by “Chloe Dineen”)

...and shopping

“That is all,” she repeated, pausing for a moment at the window of a glove shop where, before the War, you could buy almost perfect gloves. And her old Uncle William used to say a lady is known by her shoes and gloves. He turned on his bed one morning in the middle of the War. He had said, “I have had enough.” Gloves and shoes; she had a passion for gloves. (11, qtd. by G.C.)

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- ▶ associational/metonymic sequence
- ▶ moving through time
- ▶ circular structure (“That is all”...“I have had enough”)

reported discourse

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1. Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself.
2. For Lucy had her work cut out for her.
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.
(4)

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big and small

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," in *The Common Reader*, 2nd ed. (London: Hogarth Press, 1925), 190, [HathiTrust](#).

- ▶ What really matters in this novel?

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)

next

- ▶ *Mrs. Dalloway*: aim to finish, but we'll focus on the first half.