

Early Twentieth-Century Fiction

andrewgoldstone.com/e20fic25

Professor Andrew Goldstone (andrew.goldstone@rutgers.edu)

Office hours: Mondays 12:30–1:30 in Murray 040A

TA: Cassie Schiffman (cassie.schifman@rutgers.edu)

Office hours: Thursdays 12:30–1:30 in Murray 101A

September 10, 2025. Joyce (I).

review: “The Figure in the Carpet”

- ▶ it goes slow and ends unsatisfyingly:
 - ▶ the narrator deserves it, the jerk
 - ▶ the sentences draw out the pleasures of uncertainty
 - ▶ ignorance draws out the pleasure of speculation
- ▶ fiction as an art
 - ▶ diffuseness and intricacy (“the figure”)
 - ▶ indirection and complexity
 - ▶ symbolism? sort of
- ▶ how to relate to literature?
 - ▶ artistic pleasure compared to secret/closeted pleasures
 - ▶ displacements or triangulations of sanctioned (marital) pleasure
 - ▶ austerity: don’t expect a reward at the end
 - ▶ being a woman has a way of turning fatal
 - ▶ there’s no moral



James Joyce, Zurich, 1915,
[Wikimedia Commons](#).

1882	b. Dublin
1904	leaves Ireland for good
1905	moves to Trieste
1907	<i>Chamber Music</i> (poems)
1914	<i>Dubliners</i>
1914	<i>Portrait</i> in <i>Egoist</i> magazine
1915	moves to Zurich
1916	<i>Portrait</i> (book pub.)
1920	moves to Paris
1922	<i>Ulysses</i>
1939	<i>Finnegans Wake</i>
1941	dies

- ▶ What kind of book is this?

genre: the *Bildungsroman*

genre: the *Bildungsroman*

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 (12)

genre: the *Bildungsroman*

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
United Kingdom?
Europe
The World
The Universe (12)

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)

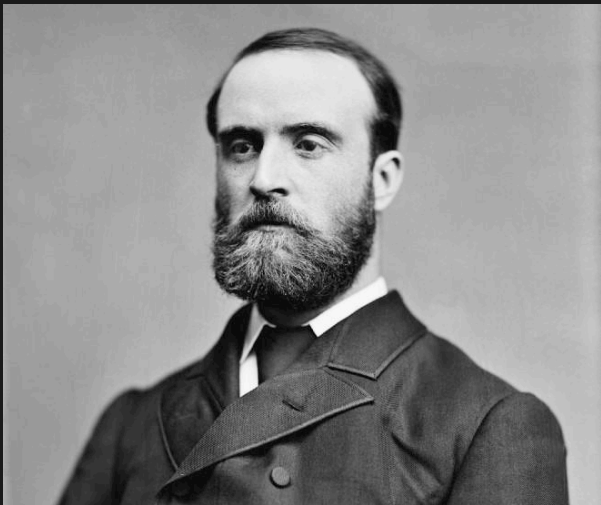
That was called politics. There were two sides in it: Dante was on one side and his father and Mr Casey were on the other side but his mother and uncle Charles were on no side....

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)

—Poor Parnell! he cried loudly. My dead king!

He sobbed loudly and bitterly.

Stephen, raising his terrorstricken face, saw that his father's eyes were full of tears. (33)



Charles Stewart Parnell (1846–1891), [Dictionary of Irish Biography](#).

subgenre: *Künstlerroman*

subgenre: *Kunstlerroman*

—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. (6)

subgenre: *Künstlerroman*

—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. (6)

(chiasmus)

making the artist: discussion

- ▶ Find another moment in the first chapter that pertains to Stephen's artistic formation. Explain how you can tell, and what sort of artistry is being developed.

subgenre: school novel

subgenre: school novel

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

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)

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)

against the institution

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)

against the institution

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)

Stephen drew back his maimed and quivering right arm and held out his left hand. The soutane sleeve swished again as the pandybat was lifted and a loud crashing sound and a fierce maddening tingling burning pain made his hand shrink together with the palms and fingers in a livid quivering mass. (42)

against the institution

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)

Stephen drew back his maimed and quivering right arm and held out his left hand. The soutane sleeve swished again as the pandybat was lifted and a loud crashing sound and a fierce maddening tingling burning pain made his hand shrink together with the palms and fingers in a livid quivering mass. (42)

against many institutions

He wanted to ask somebody about it. What did that mean about the smuggling in the square? (35)

no Dumbledores

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)

CONTENTS

Men, Machines and Progress.	41	<i>Social Story.</i> —	42	THE HOUSES OF DIOGENES	53
VIEWS AND COMMENTS.	44	POETRY OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN. By James Joyce.	50	By René de Gourmont. (Ch. 20.) Clouds.	55
THE PLAIN PERSON. By Allen Upward.	47	THE BOURGEOIS. By Bastien von Helmholtz.	53	PRESENTATION TO MR. W. S. BLUNT. By Richard Ald- rich.	56
BOOKS AND PAPERS. By Richard Aldington.	49	JOHN SEYNE. By Bastien von Helmholtz.	55	ART-PASSION, PATRONAGE AND PAY. By Huxley Carter.	58
		Poems. By H. D.	54	CORRESPONDENCE.	

T is the disingenuous mark of the "Verbed Age," that when the vogue of any of its shibboleths is at its zenith and exerting its strongest influence, the word is spent and its use is exhausted. The hypothesis of sound laws seems into accepting "thought," i.e., an error born of intellectual thinking, into its categories of evident things, and generalizing from the name of a thing to the thing itself, is an important sense over and above the name there is nothing of reality connected with it. Men cling to the name of things, and are not aware that in abandoning the names they abandon all. The name of a spide can be abandoned and beyond a little hesitancy, a greater creature can be abandoned and the name remains, but abandon the names of thoughts and you have nothing left. Hence the device of making "sacred" names unchangeable, and the name of a thing an error,—"Liberty" and the entire "marrow" outfit, whereby it becomes sinful to question names. The sole purpose in fact is making a name sacred to the name of the thing, and leaving the question

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 a very common error to assume that all 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 without decreasing the effort so to set them: *that* it is a question of *quintessence*.

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.

What has been the world's greatest curse? Physical labor! Manual work! Mechanical slavery! Toll aggressive to man and body! Compulsory struggle! Who shall know the words "I am tired," "I am weary," "I am exhausted," "I am dead?" This has been the cause of contention since the immediate sole cause of all wars: of all bloodshed and struggles between men and man; of all the landwars and the great wars at sea; of all the revolutions, rebellions, uprisings, and revolutions, the division of classes, of slavery, of serfdom, and the modern system of exploitation . . . Man's nature is such that he will never voluntarily give up his physical work, social systems and organizations 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.

It is the critic's mistake to think that the savages distinguish developed man from the savage because he is the possessor of knowledge relating to inventions which relieve men from the necessity of physical toil. The savages have discovered a power upon which can be thrown the performer of the labouring work of the world. All that he maintains are efforts in this direction. Hardly a day goes by without the human hand inventing a tool which lightens labour; tools harnessed to the tremendous power in steam will turn the world into a vast machine. The inventor is the man who is the reminder 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 others do not see. It is never truth of relating. The pioneers of science are the true forces of progress. Not the world's stream of knowledge, but the men who open or seize upon decisive discoveries and inventions, from the compass and missiles onwards. It is not surprising therefore, holding such views, that in judging the character of the man who has been the cause of the world's march toward 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

she
wh
fun
tha
vie
tha
cla

the City. I believe in drawing-rooms for the enjoyment of callers, semi-detached villas, austere rooms in the suburbs, and dogs with aristocratic, if distant, relatives. I believe in the necessity of a library, university men (I believe they must not be called *Vans*), I believe in the necessity of officers and seals. I believe that the West End is a place where one would not like to live. I believe in sober worship, in a sense of duty, in the necessity of a good education, in believing in education, saving an occasional bias (in my country), but I believe in the necessity of a good education. I believe in a bit of fun with a *lady new* and a *lady old*, but I believe in a dog and all that, so long as there's no harm done. I believe in a good education, but I must be gentle, not too too tough, for I must not be said that I swank. And I believe enough for my own part, but I believe in a good education, that I must reward her by insuring my life; I believe that my sons should be clerics and that my daughters should be married to good men. I believe in a good education, when I die, the neighbours must approve of my funeral pueran. I believe that I must be honest, and I believe in a good education, but I believe in visit the upper classes whom I despise. I believe that I am the backbone of England. I am a middle-

I think comment on that valuable document would be supererogatory. Mr. George, having exposed the delinquencies in this and two other creeds, became so delighted with his own performance that he forgot to enter it properly setting. Let no one object, but rather be sympathetic; these syntheses become more effective, the more they are carried out by the same person, in instances. It was a happy idea to imagine the southern French boy mad on England, mad to be so near his native land, and to be so near the seat of the satirist. And the fact that the exotics of the market caused all this fine insult and just denunciation to be so much more effective, is a fact that the satirist Britannia I have already lamented. What more is there to be said? Mr. George had the power of making his own words so effective, that he could be rapturously by a few people now, and by a few more in fifty years' time—and he has chosen to mix up his own words with the words of the satirist. The fastidious of the earth will delight in his satire and ignore the rest; the people who subscribe to the *Quarterly Review* will be sure to notice the adjacent parts of Edith, and possibly not notice the satire. When Mr. George has chosen to mix up to hell with the words of the satirist, he will not be 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 Brandes," by Henri Albert, Beaudouin on the Poésie de l'Époque, an article on Artificial Cold, and Mlle. Henriette Charasson on Dowson—that is the *Mercur* de France.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

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

February 2nd, 1931:

By JAMES POTTER.

Ovin, *Metamorphoses*, VIII., 18.

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 trackoo.

His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.

He was baby trackoo. The moo-cow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon slatt.

O, the wild rose blossoms
On the little green place.

He sang that song. That was his song.

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

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

Trolala lale,
Trolala trolaladdy,
Trolala lale.

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 cachos 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 change 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.

orders of difficulty

- ▶ What makes reading this novel hard?

- ▶ historical reference, often veiled
“History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake” (*Ulysses*, 2.377)
- ▶ intertextuality, often deliberately recondite
- ▶ anachrony barely signaled
- ▶ associational logic diverts the narrative
- ▶ irony...

next

- ▶ keep reading, through chap. 3
 - ▶ pace yourself