

Early Twentieth-Century Fiction

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review: intertextuality

- ▶ every text can be seen as a “mosaic of quotations”
 - ▶ but some are more mosaic'd than others
- ▶ analyzing intertextuality
 - ▶ What is being quoted / cited / echoed / alluded to / parodied?
 - ▶ What is the **context** (narrative or cultural)?
 - ▶ What are the possible **functions** in context?
 - ▶ What does the **pattern of intertextuality** mean?
- ▶ Joyce's intertextuality: in your FACE
 - ▶ Joyce (and eventually Stephen) is hyperconscious of the way not just texts but **people** are made out of quotations
 - ▶ problems of voice and control (not just Stephen's but Joyce's)
 - ▶ problems of interpretation...

what does it mean?

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a little sweet talk from Joyce

My mind rejects the whole present social order and Christianity—home, the recognised virtues, classes of life, and religious doctrines. How could I like the idea of home? My home was simply a middle-class affair ruined by spendthrift habits which I have inherited....

Six years ago I left the Catholic Church, hating it most fervently. I found it impossible for me to remain in it on account of the impulses of my nature. I made secret war upon it when I was a student and declined to accept the positions it offered me. By doing this I made myself a beggar but I retained my pride. Now I make open war upon it by what I write and say and do. I cannot enter the social order except as a vagabond.

Letter to Nora Barnacle, August 29, 1904, in *Selected Letters of James Joyce*, ed. Richard Ellmann (London: Faber and Faber: 1975), 25–26.

He had refused. Why? (139)

—Do you fear then, Cranly asked, that the God of the Roman catholics would strike you dead and damn you if you made a sacrilegious communion?

—The God of the Roman catholics could do that now, Stephen said. I fear more than that the chemical action which would be set up in my soul by a false homage to a symbol behind which are massed twenty centuries of authority and veneration. (205)

The chill and order of the life repelled him. (135)

it's all about the cabbages

The faint sour stink of rotted cabbages came towards him from the kitchengardens on the rising ground above the river. He smiled to think that it was this disorder, the misrule and confusion of his father's house and the stagnation of vegetable life, which was to win the day in his soul.
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on the shore

A girl stood before him in midstream, alone and still, gazing out to sea. She seemed like one whom magic had changed into the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird. Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane's and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh....

The first faint noise of gently moving water broke the silence, low and faint and whispering, faint as the bells of sleep; hither and thither, hither and thither: and a faint flame trembled on her cheek.

—Heavenly God! cried Stephen's soul, in a outburst of profane joy.
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epiphany

This triviality made him think of collecting many such moments together in a book of epiphanies. By an epiphany he meant a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself. He believed that it was for the man of letters to record these epiphanies with extreme care, seeing that they themselves are the most delicate and evanescent of moments....

Joyce, *Stephen Hero*, new ed., ed. Theodore Spencer, John J. Slocum, and Cahoon (New York: New Directions, 1963), 211. This fragmentary draft of *Portrait* dates to around 1906.

High up in the old, dark-windowed house: firelight in the narrow room; dusk outside. An old woman bustles about, making tea; she tells of the changes, her odd ways, and what the priest and the doctor said I hear her words in the distance. I wander among the coals, among the ways of adventure Christ! What is in the doorway? A skull—a monkey; a creature drawn hither to the fire, to the voices: a silly creature.

—Is that Mary Ellen?—

—No, Eliza, it's Jim—

—O. . . . O, goodnight, Jim—

—D'ye want anything, Eliza?—

—I thought it was Mary Ellen I thought you were Mary Ellen, Jim—

James Joyce, *Poems and Shorter Writings*, ed. Richard Ellmann, A. Walton Litz and John Whittier-Ferguson (London: Faber and Faber, 1991), 165. The “Epiphanies” were written 1901–4.

what is epiphanized?

A skull appeared suspended in the gloom of the doorway. A feeble creature like a monkey was there, drawn thither by the sound of voices at the fire. (56–57)

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.

group brainstorm

- ▶ What is the pattern of *Portrait's* chapters?
 - ▶ look for concrete evidence you can point to
 - ▶ clues: * * *

	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		the villanelle
e	Pandying; going to the rector	Spending the prize money; the prostitute	Goatish creatures; confession	Out to the beach; the boys; bird-girl	S/Cranly: "I will not serve"
					the diary

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

His soul was all dewy wet.... In a dream or vision he had known the ecstasy of seraphic life. (182)

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)

from epiphany to leitmotif

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

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)

next

- ▶ bring back Joyce one last time, but also get ready for something completely different (OR IS IT?)
- ▶ “Vasantica” and “When Is a Woman ‘Too Old’?” on Canvas
 - ▶ read carefully
 - ▶ bring computers: we will look at digital materials together