James Joyce

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

English 4520F
Sept. 23, 2013

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stages of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

Stephen Hero - begun in 1903 (early parts lost)

"A Portrait of the Artist" - January 1904 - short essay / sketch - rejected by *Dana* (published 1960)

Stephen Hero - written 1904-07 - 63+ chapters long - abandoned, published posthumously in 1944 (+1959 and 1963) - all surviving parts were reworked in Chapter 5 of *Portrait*

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man - written 1907-14 - published in *The Egoist* 1914-15 and as book 1916

"A Portrait of the Artist" (1904) - 1

The features of infancy are not commonly reproduced in the adolescent portrait for, so capricious are we, that we cannot or will not conceive the past in any other than its iron memorial aspect. Yet the past assuredly implies a fluid succession of presents, the development of an entity of which our actual present is a phase only. Our world, again, recognises its acquaintance chiefly by the characters of beard and inches and is, for the most part, estranged from those of its members who seek through some art, by some process of the mind as yet untabulated, to liberate from the personalised lumps of matter that which is their individuating rhythm, the first or formal relation of their parts. But for such as these a portrait is not an identificative paper but rather the curve of an emotion.

(MS p. 1)

"A Portrait of the Artist" (1904) - 2

To those multitudes, not as yet in the wombs of humanity but surely engenderable there, he would give the word: Man and woman, out of you comes the nation that is to come, the lightning of your masses in travail; the competitive order is employed against itself, the aristocracies are supplanted; and amid the general paralysis of an insane society, the confederate will issues in action.

(MS pp. 14-15)

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titles

"A Portrait of the Artist"

Stephen Hero: ballad "Turpin Hero"

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man
        Bildungsroman, Kunstlerroman

character's name

"Stephen Daedalus" in *Stephen Hero*
"Stephen Dedalus" in *Portrait*
        St. Stephen = first Christian martyr
        Dedalus (Daedalus) ➔

Daedalus

Greek: brought to Crete by King Minos to build labyrinth for minotaur (half-man, half-bull)
imprisoned by Minos in labyrinth
built wings to escape
son Icarus tested wings
Icarus flew too near sun
wings burned, fell into sea, drowned
Daedalus escaped to Sicily

epigraph: Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes.
Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VIII, 188
And he sets his mind to work upon unknown arts
[and changes the laws of nature]

structure of *A Portrait*

1)father ➔ Clongowes ➔ Christmas dinner (Parnell) ➔ Clongowes and Father Conmee

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Clongowes Wood College 1

Clongowes Wood College 2

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structure of *A Portrait*

1) father ➔ Clongowes ➔ Christmas dinner (Parnell) ➔ Clongowes and Father Conmee

2) family stability ➔ school ➔ Cork with father ➔ sex and prostitute

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Belvedere College

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structure of *A Portrait*

1) father ➔ Clongowes ➔ Christmas dinner (Parnell) ➔ Clongowes and Father Conmee

2) family stability ➔ school ➔ Cork with father ➔ sex and prostitute

3) sermon: hell, heaven, grace ➔ confession

4) Church and priesthood? ➔ vocation as artist

5) university: Irish culture ➔ artistic theory ➔ poem: villanelle ➔ "nets": "I will not serve" ➔ flight

National Library of Ireland 1

National Library of Ireland 2

three other villanelles (1)

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night
Dylan Thomas (1951, pub. 1952)

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rage at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
  Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
  Because their words had forked no lightning they
  Do not go gentle into that good night.
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
  Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
  And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
  Do not go gentle into that good night.
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
  And you, my father, there on the sad height,
  Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
  Do not go gentle into that good night.
  Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

three other villanelles (2)

Mad Girl's Love Song
Sylvia Plath (1951, pub. 1953)

I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead;
I lift my lids and all is born again.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)
  The stars go waltzing out in blue and red,
  And arbitrary darkness gallops in:
  I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.
I dreamed that you bewitched me into bed
And sung me moon-struck, kissed me quite insane.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)
  God topples from the sky, hell's fires fade:
  Exit seraphim and Satan's men:
  I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.
I fancied you'd return the way you said.
But I grow old and I forget your name.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)
  I should have loved a thunderbird instead;
  At least when spring comes they roar back again.
  I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.
  (I think I made you up inside my head.)

three other villanelles (3)

One Art
Elizabeth Bishop (1976)

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.
  Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
  of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
  The art of losing isn't hard to master.
Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.
  I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
  next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
  The art of losing isn't hard to master.
I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.
  —Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
  I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
  the art of losing's not too hard to master
  though it may look like (*Write* it!) like disaster.