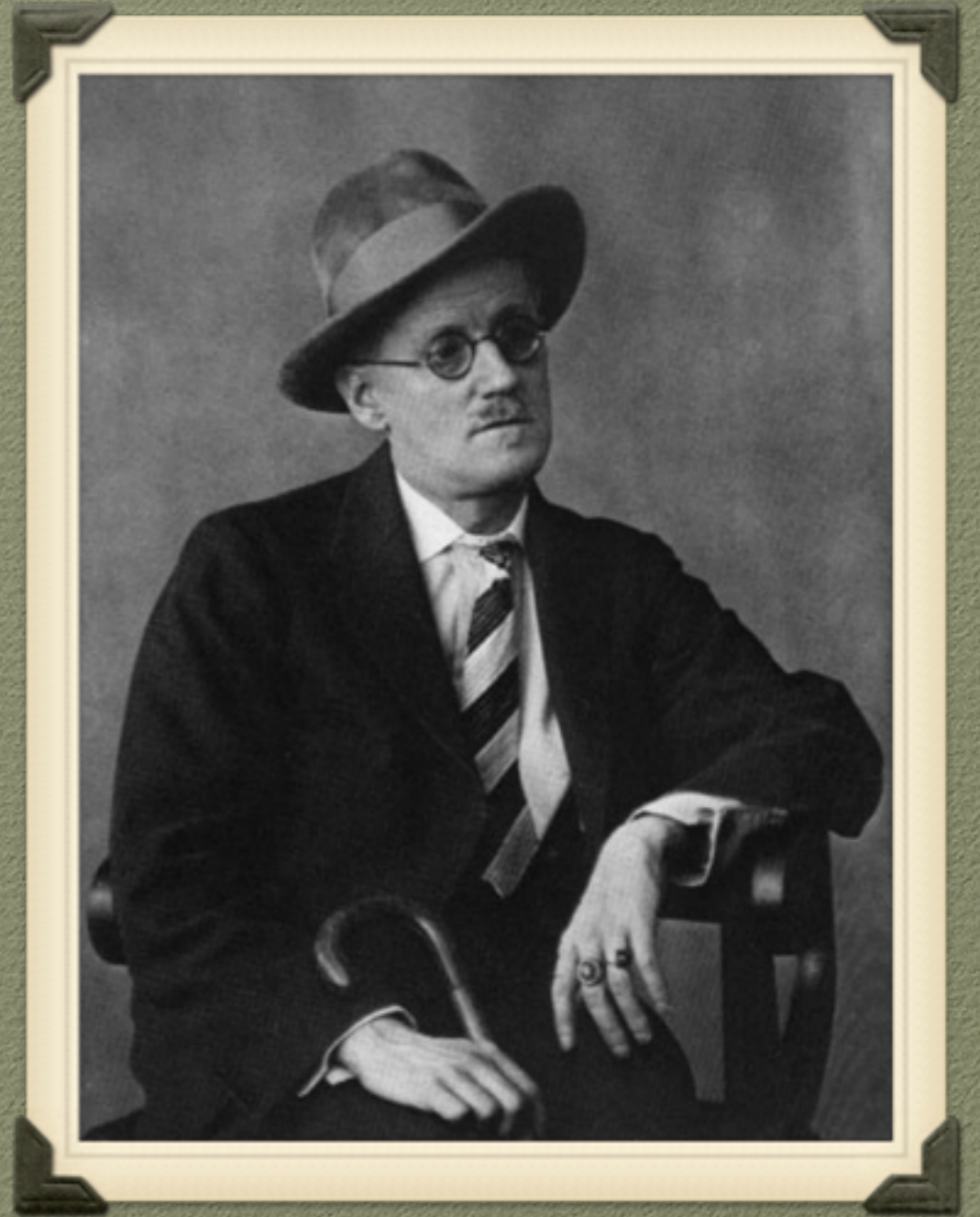


JAMES JOYCE

1882-1941

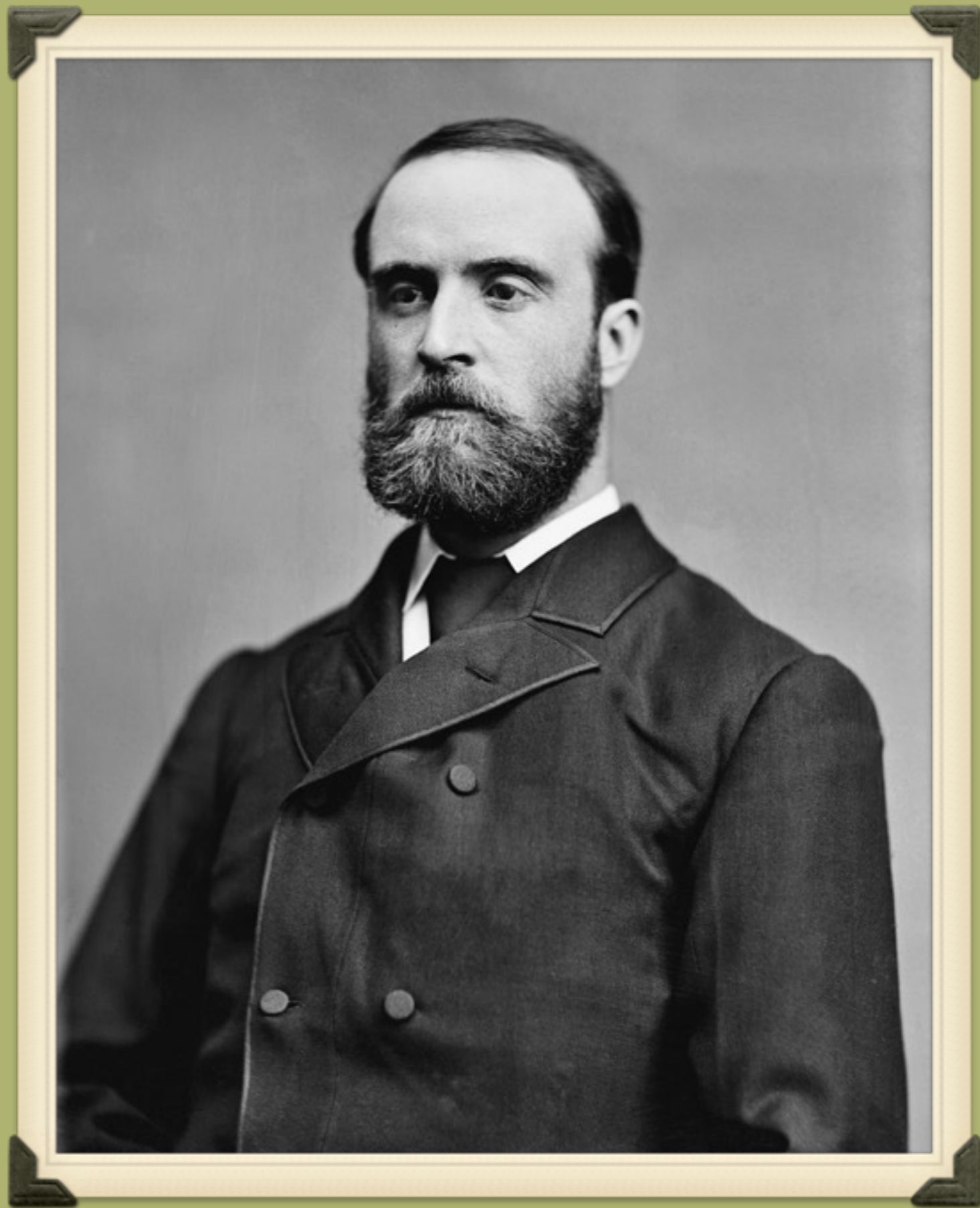


- Born on 2 February, 1882, in Dublin to a well-to-do middle-class Catholic family. The eldest child of the ten children.
- His father, John Stanislaus Joyce, was a tax collector. John inherited a considerable amount of wealth from his own father. But he was also a joyous, merry fellow who liked singing and drinking. John quickly squandered his fortune and drag down the whole family with him. They moved from house to house, each time less and less genteel. By the time Joyce was in his adolescent year, the family had moved into a Dublin slum.

“A medical student, an oarsman, a tenor, an amateur actor, a shouting politician, a small landlord, a small investor, a drinker, a good fellow, a storyteller, somebody’s secretary, something in a distillery, a tax gatherer, a bankrupt and at present a praiser of his own past.”

— *A Portrait*, Stephen Dedalus (Joyce’s fictional counterpart) recounted the long career of his father to his friend.

- Nevertheless, Joyce was very well educated. When he was six, his family could still afford to send him to the fashionable Jesuit boarding school, Clongowes Wood College.
- When he was eight, the family's wealth began to decline and his parents could no longer afford to send him back to the school. Joyce was sent to study at Christian Brothers' school for a short period.



- During this time Charles Stewart Parnell, an Irish politician and the leader of Irish independence movement whom John Joyce fervently supported, began to lose his political power due to the scandal in which he was found to have been carrying on an affair with his colleague's wife.
- Parnell came from a Protestant background (an unlikely leader of Irish cause). He was elected to represent in Westminster and had lobbied with both the Irish representatives and English liberals to support the Irish Home Rule bill. If the bill had passed, Ireland would have been lawfully and peacefully separated from the English government. He was on the verge of successfully passing that bill when his affair with Katherine O'Shea was exposed.

- Irish Catholic priests was quick to denounce him as a sinner and an adulterer. Irish people, a very religious race, also began to condemn him.
- The English representatives, seeing that it was the opportunity to obstruct the bill, threatened that they would vote against the bill if Parnell remained as the leader. Parnell refused to resign. It was the Irish representatives who voted against his continuing leadership.
- Betrayed by his own people, Parnell was heartbroken. The Home Rule movement soon collapsed, and Parnell died within a year.

- The failure of Parnell left a deep mark on Irish political history of the twentieth century. Political struggle moved from the House of Representatives to the streets of Dublin. The aftermath saw the birth of the Irish Brotherhood (IRB, which later became Irish Republican Army or IRA), the nationalist force which tried to use violent means, even terrorism, to revolt against British rule.
- Meanwhile, in the northern part of Ireland which was dominantly Protestant, the Unionist movement was also gathering force, whose aim was to continue the union with England.

- Joyce's father was devastated by the fall of Parnell—the uncrowned king of Ireland. He held the anti-clerical attitude ever since. Joyce, then nine, even wrote a poem condemning the Irish people who betrayed Parnell.
- Joyce's father ran into a schoolmaster who used to teach at Clongowes. He was then teaching at another Jesuit school, Belvedere, which was no less fashionable than Clongowes. The school master arranged for Joyce and his brother to study at Belvedere without having to pay the tuition. The Jesuit education provided Joyce with a solid background in classical language and theological understanding of Catholicism.

- Due to his good performance at school and his pious demeanor, Joyce was chosen to be the prefect of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Belvedere.
- It was also around this time that Joyce began visiting Dublin red-light district and experimented with the prostitute.
- His sexual encounters and his frustration with the religious prohibitions were vividly recounted in *A Portrait...*

—Hello, Bertie, any good in your mind?

—Is that you, pigeon?

—Number ten. Fresh Nelly is waiting on you.

—Good night, husband! Coming in to have a short time?

...

His sin, which had covered him from the sight of God, had led him nearer to the refuge of sinners. Her eyes seemed to regard him with mild pity; her holiness, a strange light glowing faintly upon her frail flesh, did not humiliate the sinner who approached her. If ever he was impelled to cast sin from him and to repent the impulse that moved him was the wish to be her knight. If ever his soul, re-entering her dwelling shyly after the frenzy of his body's lust had spent itself, was turned towards her whose emblem is the morning star, **BRIGHT AND MUSICAL, TELLING OF HEAVEN AND INFUSING PEACE**, it was when her names were murmured softly by lips whereon there still lingered foul and shameful words, the savour itself of a lewd kiss.

- Joyce must have been considering the idea of becoming a Jesuit priest upon finishing school. (A position which could redeem his family financially.) But he was very well aware that he no longer had any religious faith left. Partly due to the anti-clerical belief he inherited from his father, and partly because of his own earlier sexual experience.
- Joyce enrolled in University College Dublin. He took the degree in 1902. Left for Paris to study medicine.
- 1903. Returned to Dublin due to his mother's illness. Dying, she begged him to kneel and pray for her. Joyce refused. She died later that year.

- 1904. Met Nora Barnacle. They went out on a date on 16 June 1904, the day which will be memorialized later in *Ulysses*. Joyce and Nora soon eloped together to Europe.
- It was also that year that he began writing stories which would eventually become *Dubliners*. (published ten years later, in 1914) First three stories were published in agricultural magazine, *Irish Homestead*.
- Also wrote an essay called 'A Portrait of the Artist' to be published in art magazine *Dana*. The editor rejected the piece, and Joyce transformed it into an autobiographical novel *Stephen Hero*. It later became *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. (published 1916)

- Joyce hardly ever came back to Ireland ever since, apart from several occasional visits. Nevertheless, he wrote about nothing except Dublin, the city in which he was born. Later in life and at the height of his international fame, Joyce was asked by a reporter if he would ever go back to Ireland again, to which Joyce replied, “Have I ever left it?”

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.

...

Welcome, O life, I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.

Irish Literary Revival (or the Gaelic Revival)

- One form of Irish nationalism at the close of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century
- Obsession with Irish past: Irish language, folklores, legends, sports, etc.
- Art serves political ends
- Romanticism, idealism
- (poverty, hunger, death, exile)



Dubliners (1914)

- Realism. Joyce was obsessed with realistic details of the city to the point of absurdity. Street names, places, or even the tram schedule, found their exact reproduction in Joyce's fiction.
- But what interested Joyce most was the everyday lives of the Dubliners who populated the city—schoolboy, drunkard, priest, pedophile, abusive father, shopgirl, sailor, suicide, bachelor, butcher, singer, prostitute, politician, etc. People from all walks of life populated Joyce's fictional landscape.

- Childhood, adolescence, maturity, public life
- Moral paralysis, or the hemiplegia of the will
- Truth and self-knowledge is the first step towards personal and national growth
- “I seriously believe that you will retard the course of civilisation in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking-glass.”

- Epiphany-the religious term referring to the revelation of the divine being, the infant Christ, to the three Magi
- moment of illumination
- “...a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself... [It is the artist’s duty] to record these epiphanies with extreme care, seeing that they themselves are the most delicate and evanescent of moments.”



A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916)

- A semi-autobiographical novel.
- The story of Stephen Dedalus, from his schoolday to his sexual encounter in his teens, his subsequent rejection of Catholicism, his call to become an artist, and his flight from Ireland

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo

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

He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

O, the wild rose blossoms

On the little green place.

He sang that song. That was his song.

O, the green wothe botheth.

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

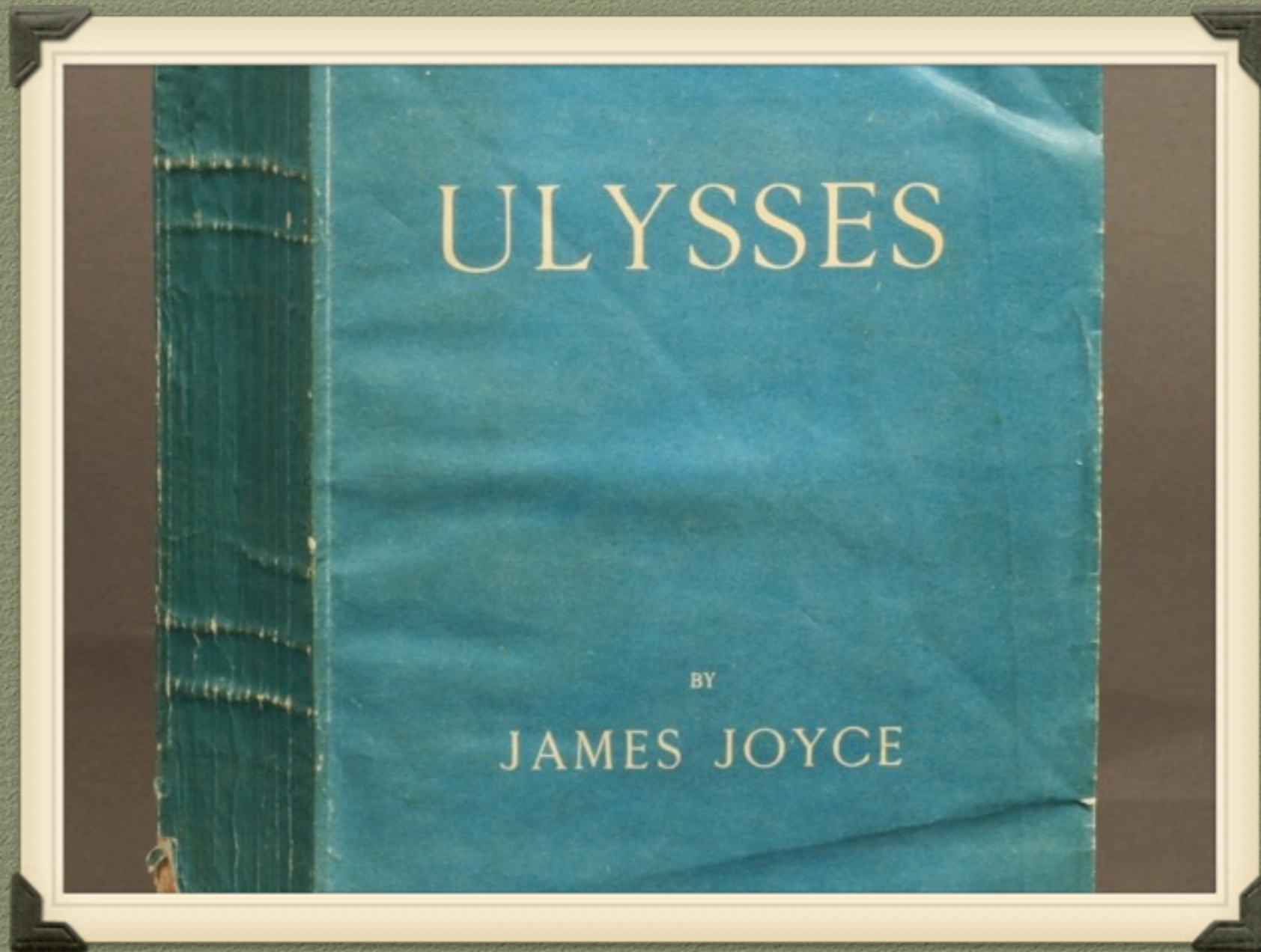
His mother had a nicer smell than his father. She played on the piano the sailor's hornpipe for him to dance. He danced:

Tralala lala,

Tralala tralaladdy,

Tralala lala,

Tralala lala.



Ulysses (1922)

- Closely modeled after Homer's *Odyssey*
- Recorded a day in the lives of the three Dubliners, Stephen Dedalus, the failed artist; Leopold Bloom, a canvasser and a cuckolded husband; and Molly Bloom, an unfaithful wife
- Stream-of-consciousness technique

| Title | Scene | Hour | Organ | Colour | Symbol | Art | Technic |
|---------------------|------------------|------|---------------------|--------------|-------------------|-------------------|---------------------------|
| Telemachus | The Tower | 8am | - | White /gold | Heir | Theology | Narrative (young) |
| Nestor | The School | 10am | - | Brown | Horse | History | Catechism (personal) |
| Proteus | The Strand | 11am | - | Green | Tide | Philology | Monologue (male) |
| Calypso | The House | 8am | Kidney | Orange | Nymph | Economics | Narrative (mature) |
| Lotus Eaters | The Bath | 10am | Genitals | - | Eucharist | Botany /chemistry | Narcissism |
| Hades | The Graveyard | 11am | Heart | White /black | Caretaker | Religion | Incubism |
| Aeolus | The Newspaper | 12pm | Lungs | Red | Editor | Rhetoric | Enthymemic |
| Lestrygonians | The Lunch | 1pm | Oesophagus | - | Constables | Architecture | Peristaltic |
| Scylla andCharybdis | The Library | 2pm | Brain | - | Stratford /London | Literature | Dialectic |
| Wandering Rocks | The Streets | 3pm | Blood | - | Citizens | Mechanics | Labyrinth |
| Sirens | The Concert Room | 4pm | Ear | - | Barmaids | Music | Fuga per canonem |
| Cyclops | The Tavern | 5pm | Muscle | - | Fenian | Politics | Gigantism |
| Nausicaa | The Rocks | 8pm | Eye, nose | Grey /blue | Virgin | Painting | Tumescence / detumescence |
| Oxen of the Sun | The Hospital | 10pm | Womb | White | Mothers | Medicine | Embryonic development |
| Circe | The Brothel | 12am | Locomotor apparatus | - | Whore | Magic | Hallucination |
| Eumaeus | The Shelter | 1am | Nerves | - | Sailors | Navigation | Narrative (old) |
| Ithaca | The House | 2am | Skeleton | - | Comets | Science | Catechism (impersonal) |
| Penelope | The Bed | - | Flesh | - | Earth | - | Monologue (female) |

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, wholly, shadowing the bay in deeper green. It lay beneath him, a bowl of bitter waters. Fergus' song: I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her door was open: she wanted to hear my music. Silent with awe and pity I went to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed. For those words, Stephen: love's bitter mystery.

Where now?

Her secrets: old featherfans, tasselled dancecards, powdered with musk, a gaud of amber beads in her locked drawer. A birdcage hung in the sunny window of her house when she was a girl....

Phantasmal mirth, folded away: muskperfumed.

In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes.

Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me alone. The ghostcandle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down....

No, mother! Let me be and let me live.

Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck.

Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winepress grapes of Burgundy. Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth below us bay sleeping: sky....Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweetsour of her spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft warm sticky gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes....Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair.

Kissed, she kissed me.

Me. And me now.

Stuck, the flies buzzed.

...tomorrow the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of seedcake out of my mouth and it was leapyear like now yes 16 years ago my God after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the mountain yes so we are flowers all a womans body yes that was one true thing he said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is...

then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.