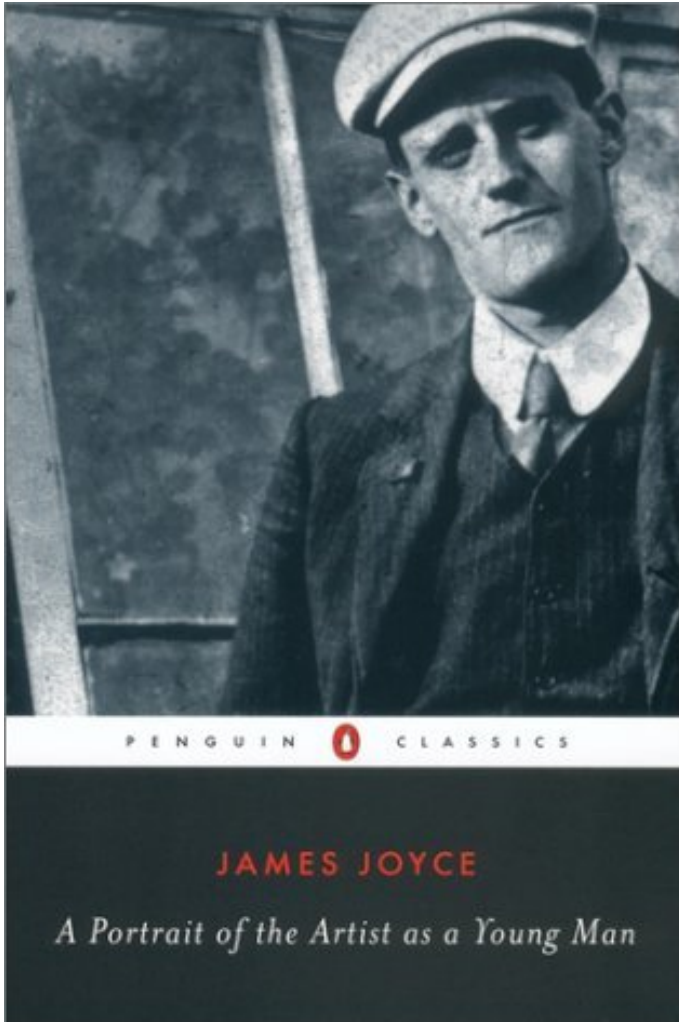

James Joyce

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man



Title: A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

Author: James Joyce

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Description

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man represents the transitional stage between the realism of Joyce's Dubliners and the symbolism of Ulysses, and is essential to the understanding of the later work.

The novel is a highly autobiographical account of the adolescence and youth of Stephen Dedalus, who reappears in Ulysses, and who comes to realize that before he can become a true artist, he must rid himself of the stultifying effects of the religion, politics and essential bigotry of his background in late 19th century Ireland.

Written with a light touch, this is perhaps the most accessible of Joyce's works.

Insightful reviews

Pierce: I have been feeling appreciative of Dublin lately, so I figured it was a good time to read this book.

I finished it last Friday, sprawled out in the evening sun in Stephen's Green while I killed an hour before a gig and a pint. A suitable place to end it. It is a fine read. It's a strange and wonderful experience to read passages describing the local road on which I've traveled to my grandmother's in Meath most every Sunday forever. In later years he walks the streets from Trinity to the canal past Merrion Square, two hundred metres from where I spend my days working.

As dad so neatly put it over the weekend, it ennobles one's existence by association. We have inherited a rich culture. We could work a little harder in its maintenance. The people of that time worked hard to give voice to our collective consciousness, and without wanting to sound overly dramatic about it, we have handed it back a little readily as we've prospered. And it doesn't make sense, really, because the two shouldn't be related.

Luke reckoned it lost steam in the middle third, the religious portion. I more felt it flag in the final third, the debating students reminded me too much of students bloviating in my own college days. Maybe each take is reflected in our ages.

I was going to talk about the religion here, but I don't think I will now. I only want to say that if you sense a certain coolness from me towards your religious beliefs, it is not your loving, good-time, 20th century buddy Jesus I am rejecting. It is the religion that was brought on my parents, and my parents' parents. The religion of fear and hell and damnation and original sin. The religion that elected to update its views only in the growing face of human rights and equality. I grew up without hell, and I'll be "eternally" grateful for that opportunity given me.

Ted: First off, I have too many shelves, so Joyce must sit on the "lit-british" shelf, spinning him in his grave no doubt. *(No longer! now an Irish shelf!)*

I read the book first in college (not for a course), then a second time a couple years ago. The 40+ year gap provided an interesting test as to what would seem familiar and what wouldn't. I

barely recognized the earlier parts of the novel, more recollection (not very detailed) as I progressed. Finally I reached the end, and was shocked as I read the last two paragraphs, which I recognized almost word for word, forty years after first reading them! The mind is a strange thing.

[\(view spoiler\)](#)

Incidentally, chapter three, relating Stephen's retreat and the hell-and-brimstone sermon to which the boys are subjected, provides a wonderful example of the way in which organized religion (in this case the Irish Catholic version) can so wonderfully scare the crap out of a young adult. The following describes Stephen returning to his room after the sermon.

He could not grip the floor with his feet and sat heavily at his desk, opening one of his books at random ... Every word for him! It was true ... God could call him now ... God had called him. Yes? What? Yes? His flesh shrank together as it felt the approach of the ravenous tongues of flames, dried up as it felt about it the swirl of stifling air. He had died. Yes. He was judged. A wave of fire swept through his body: the first. Again a wave. His brain began to glow. Another. His brain was simmering and bubbling within the cracking tenement of the skull. Flames burst forth from his skull like a corolla, shrieking like voices: - Hell! Hell! Hell! Hell! Hell!

Luckily, it passes. And eventually Joyce passed out of the Church. There's an interesting little section in the Wiki article on Joyce titled **Joyce and Religion** Some scholars believe that Joyce was reconciled, or never really left, the Catholic Church. This section concludes by relating that, when his burial was being arranged, a Catholic priest tried to convince Joyce's wife that there should be a funeral Mass for him. She is quoted as saying "I couldn't do that to him."
["br"]>["br"]>["br"]>["br"]>["br"]>["br"]>["br"]>["br"]>["br"]>["br"]>

Paul Bryant: CELEBRITY DEATH MATCH : STEPHEN DEDALUS VS. HOLDEN CAULFIELD

(Note : this is not part of the current ongoing Celebrity Death Match series organised by Manny but I thought I would revive it as a companion piece)

BUCK MULLIGAN : Come on, kinch, you fearful jesuit. I've got a tenner on this so I have so get in that square ring and batter this lollybogger senseless.

STEPHEN : Pro quibus tibi offérimus, vel qui tibi ófferunt hoc sacrificium laudis.

BUCK MULLIGAN : Give us a rest of your gobshite and pannel the wee dodger.

STEPHEN : Not so wee, he's six foot if he's an inch.

BUCK shoves him in the ring. HOLDEN CAULFIELD eyes STEPHEN miserably. His psychiatrist has explained that contests of physical strength and agility will raise his spirits and shake him out of his depressive spiral. He can't say that he gives a rat's ass about the whole thing. In fact he'd rather be pretty much anywhere but here.

THE REF pockets a tenner secreted insouciantly to him by stately, plump BUCK MULLIGAN.

BUCK : And another where that came from.

REF : Seconds away, Round One.

STEPHEN closes his eyes and walks vaguely about the ring, ashplant dangling from limp left hand. You are walking through it howsomever. I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six: the nacheinander. Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the nebeneinander ineluctably. I am getting on nicely in the dark. My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it: they do. WHAM !

HOLDEN has been thinking he may as well get this feeble thing over and done with as quickly as possible and he has strode up and flailed – there is really no other word - a long thin arm vaguely in STEPHEN'S direction. More by luck than judgement he connects with STEPHEN's bullockbefriending ear which then commences issuing goutts of redblooded blood.

STEPHEN (Throws up his hands.) O, this is too monotonous! His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air: mouth to her womb. Oomb, allwombing tomb. His mouth moulded issuing breath, unspeched: ooeeehah: roar of cataractic planets, globed, blazing, roaring wayawayawayawayawayaway.

REF issues a standing count : A one. A two. A three.

HOLDEN sits down, scratches his private parts and produces a cigarette. lights it and sneers at the crowd.

REF : A four. A five.

HOLDEN : What a bunch of phonies.

CISSEY CAFFREY : Who are you callin a phoney and what kind of accent do you call that anyway? Is he an American? O Lor, he is as well. And aren't they all rich? So they are. Here what's your name darlin? You look awfy young to me.

HOLDEN : Well I act quite young for my age sometimes. It's really ironical, because I'm six foot two and a half and I have gray hair. I really do. The one side of my head--the right side--is full of millions of gray hairs. I've had them ever since I was a kid. And yet I still act sometimes like I was only about twelve. Everybody says that, especially my father. It's partly true, too, but it isn't all true. People always think something's all true. I don't give a damn, except that I get bored

sometimes when people tell me to act my age. Sometimes I act a lot older than I am--I really do--but people never notice it. People never notice WHAMBLAM! Ooof! Shit!

STEPHEN has roused himself from his solipsistic torpor and delivered a mighty blow to HOLDEN'S temple with the ash plant.

ASHPLANT : Jaysus, I felt that!

REF : Hey, back in your corner you holy terror, this is Marquis of Queensbury rules! No ashplants! I'm going to have to disqualify you forthwith! So I am!

BUCK MULLIGAN waves another tenner in his purview.

REF : If you do it again!

STEPHEN, disgusted with his actions, throws his ashplant out of the ring. It is deftly caught by LEOPOLD BLOOM , an all round decent fellow with a really plumpacious sexy milf of a wife with tremendous bazooms. Let me tell you. In fact did I ever mention that one time me and her were DING DING!

End of round one.

STEPHEN limps over to the prone form of his lanky young opponent. He rouses him, pats him down, hauls him to his feet, and apologises. By the time HOLDEN's vision clears he finds he's been propped in his seat and a beer is in his hand, proffered by the gay crowd whose relish of the contest appears to know no bounds.

LEOPOLD BLOOM pokes his head into the proceedings.

BLOOM : You know, lads, this isn't the way. life doesn't have to be all about biff bang pow and the best man wins and all. let's go down the pub.

Exeunt BLOOM, HOLDEN AND STEPHEN in the direction of the Butcher's Arms Public House.

BUCK MULLIGAN : Dedalus wins on a TKO!

CROWD : Did he bollocks!

General melee ensues.

AC: replace at bottom:A right review, perhaps, tomorrow. yet for now, points:1.) see my reviews on Dubliners: <https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...2.>) One key passage, back from half V. Stephen is already permitting his brain to be drawn clear of realism (meaning) in the direction of the 'vocalism' (if i will placed it thus) that marks Ulysses and Finnegans Wake:"Through this snapshot he had a glimpse of an odd darkish cavern of hypothesis yet instantly grew to become

clear of it, feeling that it used to be now not but the hour to go into it. however the nightshade of his friend's listlessness appeared to be diffusing within the air round him a tenuous and lethal exhalation and He came across himself glancing from one informal note to a different on his correct or left in stolid ask yourself they'd been so silently emptied of prompt feel till each suggest store legend sure his brain just like the phrases of a spell and his soul shrivelled up sighing with age as he walked on in a lane between lots of useless language. His personal recognition of language was once ebbing from his mind and trickling into the very phrases themselves which set to band and disband themselves in wayward rhythms:"I cite this passage in basic terms to underline it.This is a completely really good e-book - a piece of genius -- and a piece of significant literary value either for its personal sake and for what follows it. even if it's consistently an "enjoyable" learn is, of course, irrelevant.* UPDATE:Clearly, "vocalism" is a poorly selected word. however the basic notion I raised is proven by means of Jeri Johnson within the advent to her variation of Ulysses (xvi):"Now this was once a unique with a difference. Larbaud may pressure that "the plan, which can't be indifferent from the book, since it is the very net of it" was once really subordinate to 'man...', however the terribly problematic and tricky symbolic platforms hold it clear of the the area of extra traditional fiction and towards anything which, for loss of a greater name, we would name the 'hyperliterary'. For this is often literature which pulls recognition to itsself AS literature, as artifact developed out of phrases and emblems and correspondences and platforms which we get pleasure from accurately as a result of (rather than despite) their craftedness, accurately simply because they draw our recognition to note AS word, image AS symbol, approach AS system, instead of easily urging us to work out via this artifice towards a few which means living within. If now we have been knowledgeable to learn novels in this sort of method as to find the correlation among the unconventional and life, or to supply a paraphrase of its 'meaning', or to explicate the ethical dilemma, this foregrounding of word, symbol, system, correspondence, frustrates that training. What attainable 'moral' may be drawn from the proliferation of flower names within the 'Lotus Eaters' episode?"Earlier she (Johnson) referred (xiii) to 2 forms of readers: these attracted to the publication as novel (preoccupied with personality and plotted action). "Here we discover fanatics of realism." And one other team of readers that prefers "patterns, parallels, symstems, symbols, myths, literature which proudly declared its 'literariness' ".This can be outdated hat to such a lot of my GR friends. yet for me, who has struggled with Postmodernist (and even excessive Modernist) literature -- who stumbled midway via Gravity's Rainbow after which needed to bail - this is often illuminating.Add to this the concept that Modernism techniques its subject kaleidoscopically, seeks to watch it from a number of angles, with out favoring anybody of them -- a kind of Nietzschean Perspektivism -- which is helping to provide an explanation for the choice for pastiche, montage, leaps, and juxtapositions (parataxis)... which i've got additionally by no means understood..... and slowly i'm making growth into (at least!) the 20 th century...!!!

Barry Pierce: Oh my god men JOYCE. this can be really the best books i have learn thus far this year. probably not a plot pushed novel yet extra a personality learn of the younger Stephen Dedalus and his trip via his youngster years. whereas a few features of this novel should be obscure should you do not have a little bit wisdom of Irish heritage (names like Charles Stewart Parnell, Michael Davitt, and Wolfe Tone are pointed out particularly a lot), i believe like that does not influence the joy you may get from this novel. I fairly loved the components the place Stephen and his father travelled to Cork (my neighborhood city) simply because I knew of all of the locations defined and at one element Joyce even mentions my neighborhood teach station

(he additionally mentions a small village that's actually a 10 minute drive from my residence in order that used to be peculiar yet exciting) so these have been enjoyable little perks for me. Joyce has this picture of being a few kind of monolithic, literary genius, which he is, yet that photograph may perhaps positioned a few humans off his work. this is not "Ulysses" or (thankfully) "Finnegans Wake", the prose of this novel is modernist yet comprehensible and gorgeous in each way. i believe the Joyce spark has been lit inside of me, i need to learn more! *eyes Ulysses on bookshelf* Hmmm, probably a few days my friend.

Kelly: i believe this e-book is better learned at a really particular time. i believe there should be a restlessness in you, the necessity for difference, an information of your self and your individual wishes that's simply starting to emerge. i believe this novel is inspiring for individuals in that situation. fairly these of their past due kids and early twenties. it is a coming of age novel. definitely the main available of any of James Joyce's novels. i don't believe i might have been prepared for it whilst i began excessive school, and that i may have no longer beloved it a yr or in the past either. yet I learned it as a highschool senior in AP Lit, and that used to be perfect. Stephen is a completely unappealing personality while one first meets him, and that i imagine it is necessary to have a sympathy along with his emotions to actually connect to him. This isn't to claim that the writing isn't stable on its own, yet i feel to be interested within the proceedings, Stephen's clash rather needs to be your personal on a few level. So these graduating from university this year, these craving to, these graduating from excessive school, probably relocating to begin a brand new job, or altering majors- any of these transitional periods- this can be a strong e-book for you. Warning: In addition, one should have a persistence for a slightly tough writing style.

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