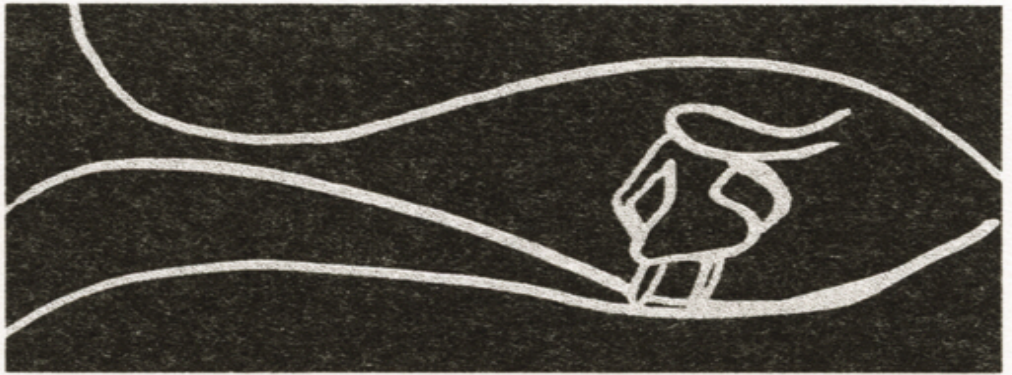
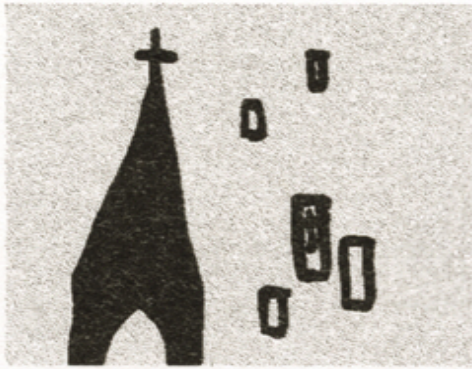
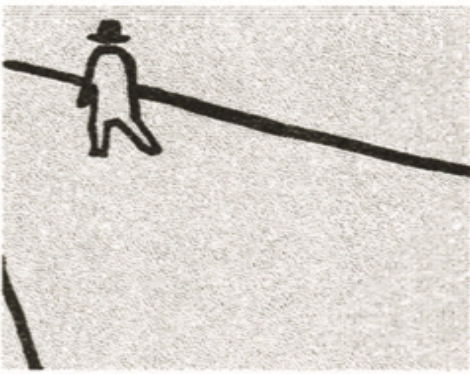


VINTAGE JOYCE



A PORTRAIT
OF THE ARTIST
AS A YOUNG MAN



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ABOUT THE BOOK

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY DR DIETER FUCHS AND JOSEPH O'CONNOR

Against the backdrop of nineteenth century Dublin, a boy becomes a man: his mind testing its powers, obsessions taking hold and loosening again, the bonds of family, tradition, nation and religion transforming from supports into shackles; until the young man devotes himself to the celebration of beauty, and reaches for independence and the life of an artist.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

James Augustine Aloysius Joyce was born on 2 February 1882 in Rathgar, Dublin and educated at Jesuit schools before attending the Royal University, Dublin. After graduating, he left Ireland for Paris, at first to study medicine, but returned home within five months when his mother lay dying. Joyce struggled to make a living in Dublin, and soon left the country again, this time in the company of Nora Barnacle, who would be his life-long companion and mother of his two children. Settling in Trieste, Joyce taught English and began once more to write. He published a volume of verse, *Chamber Music*, in 1907, which was followed by *Dubliners* in 1914, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916) and a play, *Exiles*, in 1918. These works won Joyce the attention of Ezra Pound, and through Pound, the patronage of publisher Harriet Shaw Weaver. Joyce's most famous novel, *Ulysses*, was serialised from 1918 and completed in 1922, and was celebrated as a work of immense literary importance by writers such as T.S. Eliot and Hemingway. It was followed by *Finnegans Wake*, published in its completed form in 1939. Joyce and his family fled the German occupation of France by moving to Zurich, where Joyce died on 13 January 1941.

ALSO BY JAMES JOYCE

Chamber Music
Dubliners
Exiles
Ulysses
Finnegans Wake

JAMES JOYCE

A Portrait of the
Artist as a
Young Man

EDITED BY

Hans Walter Gabler with Walter Hettche

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY

Joseph O'Connor and Dieter Fuchs

VINTAGE BOOKS

London

A NOTE ON LINE-NUMBERING

This ebook offers the text, critically edited, of James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. By upsizing or downsizing the type to your own comfort, you may adjust what you read on your screen. This frees the text presentation from the fixed framework of pages and lines in book print.

Yet the parent of this ebook is the printed book. In the Vintage paperback edition, each of the five chapters of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is accompanied in the margins by a through-line numbering at ten-line intervals. It is provided for ease of orientation, and as aid to communication between readers. The Vintage UK and the Vintage US editions, as well as the Norton Critical Edition and the full critical edition of the work published by Garland in 1993, all have the same line-fall, and hence the identical line numbering, even though they size their pages differently. The text of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* can hence be identically referenced by all users of these editions, regardless of which book the reader happens to hold.

This ebook incorporates the line numbering of the printed book. But in the ebook the numbers will not commonly stand in the margin at every tenth line on the screen. Depending on the type-size chosen for reading, the number of screen lines between the numbers given will vary. Hence, the marginal numbers here do not count ebook lines. They function instead as markers to represent in the ebook the reference skeleton of the critical edition of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as printed. The word discretely underlined in the line against which a number is given in the

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Even the non-precision of the numbers in relation to the flexible line-flow of the text in the ebook, however, suffices to safeguard a referencing compatible with the customary citation from the printed book. Only a little adjustment is required. Instead of saying that the word or phrase or passage cited occurs precisely in line 51, or from lines 747 to 754, of a *Portrait* chapter in the printed book, one will from the ebook indicate that the given word, or phrase, or passage may be found in the text just after the line-number marker 50; or between line-number markers 740 and 760. Within each *Portrait* chapter the line-number markers are searchable via the ebook's search function. The text of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* thus remains uniformly referenceable across the divide between print and digital medium.

Hans Walter Gabler

INTRODUCTION

GROWING UP WITH THE PORTRAIT

As teenagers growing up in Dun Laoghaire, nine miles south of Dublin city, we didn't have a whole lot of fun. The town was fairly sorrowful in the 1970s and early 1980s, ravaged by emigration and recession. Once, in the time of our grandparents, it had been a resort for sea-loving Dubliners, a genteel and graciously appointed settlement then called 'Kingstown', where the functionaries of British power made their homes. The great playwright John Synge had lived there. So had George Bernard Shaw. But by the era of my childhood, some decades after its rebaptism, it was a down-at-heel and dilapidated Little Skegness, full of chip shops and bedsits and cheap hotels, surrounded by eternities of pebble-dashed 1960s estates where the children of the liberated moved their lawns. A song by local band, The Boomtown Rats, made bleak fun at the fact that even the very name of the place was oddly confusing, existing, as it did, in Gaelic and English versions, the former allegedly difficult for some to pronounce or write. The group's lyricist and singer, Bob Geldof, offered a memorable piece of assistance: *'Drab and dreary/Tired and weary/That is the way/to spell "Dun Laoghaire".'* His combination of motor-mouth arrogance and leopard-skin trousers made his poetry hard to resist.

It was the habit of my posse of friends to gather on a Saturday summer evening near a dirty little beach that heroically failed to beautify the outskirts of the town, specifically at a public bathing-place long known as 'The Forty Foot' that was set a little back from the road. As such, it was hidden from view, and thus sanctified by the multiple

possibilities of concealment that teenage life will always hope for. Assembled, we would drink the couple of cans someone had fetched along. We would smoke, dutifully, whether we wanted to or not, and listen to music on a transistor. Bob Marley was a favourite, as were Bob Dylan and Neil Young. Dylan's record 'Desire', full of songs about journeys, still brings those evenings back to me.

We would try to tune in to John Peel on the BBC, but it wasn't always possible, the radio being cheap, and the biliousness of the winds out in Dublin Bay being inimical to clarity of reception. Cassettes of The Sex Pistols, The Stranglers or The Clash might be swapped, unspooling in our fervent fingers. There were tapes of a much beloved Dublin punk group called The Radiators From Space, who sang of five o'clock shadows and whores who died of heartache. (Their lead singer, Philip Chevron, would later join The Pogues.) Other kids from the neighbourhood would sometimes show up, perhaps twenty in all, on a good night thirty. Minor alcoholic or amorous possibilities would be enjoyed by the intrepid, but mostly we sat looking at the sea.

The ferries would steam out of Dun Laoghaire or the port of Dublin itself, heading out across the bay, towards Liverpool or Holyhead, the little village on Holy Island off the coast of North Wales through which millions of Irish immigrants had passed. We were all aware, I think, that one day we would sail away ourselves, that Dun Laoghaire and its waterfront, even these shimmering summer skies, would vanish into an inevitable yesterday. Glasgow was nine hours away, Liverpool was three. London, the hometown of Johnny Rotten and Joe Strummer, could be reached by the overnight boat-train. You had been told by a brother, or a neighbour, or a cousin, of the strange beauty of arriving in that city of cities, very early in the morning, exhausted by the journey, ascending out of Euston Station and knowing

you were free, that you were one of the lucky ones, the escaped. The short-story writer Frank O'Connor once observed: 'An Irishman's private life begins at Holyhead.' Liberation lay like a rumour across the Irish Sea, only waiting to be claimed by the brave. There were those in 1970s Ireland who reached for the rosary beads or the gun. My friends and I were reaching for the suitcase.

We were less aware, perhaps, that the greatest Irish novelist of the Twentieth Century had once made a similar crossing himself. Indeed, before going, he had lived a few brief weeks in sight of the Forty Foot, in the decrepit Martello tower we would pass on our bleary way home to whatever dreams our young desires might wreak on us. His novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* lays out with astonishing sadness and bravery the processes by which he came to leave his country. Perhaps his noble ghost hovered about our Saturday night gatherings, watching us, silently, in the smouldering dusk, as we smoked and snogged and staggered like foals and tried to find John Peel.

The Ireland of those years is a distant place now, although recession has returned with a vengeance. The young people of Joyce's country hoped Parnell would save them. These days, they look to the European Troika that presides over our destinies with the omnipresent sternness once shown by the Holy Trinity. Emigration is back. Unemployment is high. Joyce wrote that 'the odour of corruption' would arise from his descriptions of Ireland, as it certainly does from *Portrait*. But the odour of Irish corruption is no longer faint. Scandals fill the newspapers and the nightly news: lying politicians, thieving or inept bankers, bishops who turned their eyes from the rape of children. If Joyce were writing today, he would find plenty of targets for the fury that pulsates beneath the surface of *Portrait*.

2012 saw the end of the period of copyright on his works. He might be mystified by the resulting process by which he

has become even more of an Irish celebrity than ever before, a face on a souvenir T-shirt or a beer mat. Driven from the country by its ignorance and spite, he has posthumously been appointed an ambassador for its resilience, inducted back into the fold. You'd wonder how Stephen Dedalus would have felt about Bloomsday, Dublin's annual fiesta of all things Joycean. It's hard to imagine that uptight and miserably cerebral scholar of Aquinas letting himself loose for the party. Yet it has been touching to see so many new readers be drawn to Joyce's work by its recent wider availability. His short story collection *Dubliners* was a number one bestseller in Ireland this year. Amazing, to see it being read on the buses and the trains, loved for the wonderful thing it is. And when recently I taught at University College Dublin, descendant of the college Stephen Dedalus attends, I was struck by the intense affection my teenage students had for Joyce's writing, its capacity to speak to the young. They admired the work of Yeats and Samuel Beckett. Joyce, they actually loved. But looking at *Portrait* again, the reason is obvious. This is the story of a shy boy's coming of age, but in another sense it is a roadmap of every youthful leave-taking. Anyone who ever lived or worked away from home will find bittersweet beauty in these pages.

Portrait conjures with subtle skill the city of Joyce's childhood, its steeples, ribald bars and backstreet brothels, but it also seems to anticipate a contention of the novelist John McGahern, that Ireland is not really a country at all, but a collection of thousands of little republics called families, each of them a labyrinth of fealties and resentments that cannot be negotiated by the outsider. Joyce's home life, as a boy, was wildly unstable, his boastful, deadbeat father incapable of keeping any commitment, his mother a woman of secrets and pieties who had suffered a great deal in her marriage. The work of no Irish novelist is more focused on

the father and son, the smouldering mutual yearning for acceptance. How harrowing for the boy observer is the unforgettable Christmas dinner scene of *Portrait*, how attuned to the terrible fact that the grown-ups on whom you should be able to depend are ultimately an agonising embarrassment.

The town of Joyce's boyhood was a dying backwater of the Empire, amputated from Europe and even from Britain by a sense of its own irrelevance. Once, it had been the city of Jonathan Swift. Now, it was the capital of a piteous Lilliput, where giants like Parnell were savaged by the puny little hypocrites who sermonised about the sanctity of the slums. But there was music in the crumbling opera houses and concert halls Joyce frequented, in the hymns he heard in church, in the citizens' daily talk, and in the nationalistic balladry of the nineteenth century bardic poets beloved by his Christian Brother teachers. *Portrait* is full of music, like everything Joyce wrote. Whole passages from it seem to want to sing. It is, also, in its way, the story of a love affair that may never have quite happened, a theme to which Joyce would return several times in his career. Always haunted by the fear of betrayal and infidelity, he appears to have indulged in both, fairly often. In Stephen he found a way of incarnating on the page his confessions, his secrets and his connected desires. It is sometimes contended (wrongly) that all first novels are memoirs in disguise. *Portrait* is a memoir dressed beautifully as a novel, the orchestration of personal and intimate history as art, a redemption song to the outgrown self.

In the passionate letters with which he courted his companion, Nora Barnacle, Joyce presents himself as the prey, not the hunter, precisely the pose (or the self-delusion) adopted by Stephen Dedalus towards Emma Clery in *Portrait*. Joyce could be conniving, but he was also capable of a touching and genuine empathy, especially

towards the women in his life. But that understanding would be the achievement of a mature and wiser man, not the fearful, emotionally broken and sometimes hard to like student who wanders the pages of *Portrait*, in love with his grandiosities, stoked with his pompousness, stoned on the smoke of his rage. The hero of this novel is language itself, not the protagonist who attempts to make it fit his neuroses. It is a mark of Joyce's honesty, as well as his courage, that he can present a central character who is so often an utter loser and still make you raise a cheer for him. I have read this book many times, always disliking Stephen's self-importance, his adolescent's certainty that the whole world revolves around his pretensions. And yet, if you don't feel a small, vivid desire to punch the air at the end, when he sails out into the world in his second-hand clothes, armed only with 'silence, exile and cunning', it can only be because (a) you don't want to recognise your youthful self, or (b) you were never young.

Ultimately, this beautiful and important novel leaves the reader with the image of a crazily brave youth about to put out to sea. It's how I picture Joyce, facing into the hurricane, his back turned perpetually to the audience. Bob Dylan's greatest prayer was 'May you stay forever young.' *Portrait* will always be young. Reading it, I feel the spirit of a port-town boy, who pitted himself heroically against the ravages of the world and lived to tell the tale of his unutterable hopes, of the heroism of being a teenager in love. Joyce is Roy Orbison before rock and roll, Fellini before the movies, The Clash and the Pistols, The Beatles *and* the Stones, one of the greatest and most persuasive storytellers we will ever see. His *Portrait* is a window and a mirror.

Joseph O'Connor, Dublin, 2012

INTRODUCTION

Dieter Fuchs

In Dublin in the summer of 1903, James Joyce began to write a fictional autobiography. He read early draft chapters to his mother on her death-bed; or so his sister remembers in a letter of 1 September 1916. She had just received a copy of the first book edition of the novel that emerged from her brother's draft: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. The author's counterpart in the novel is named Stephen Dedalus, even as, with just a slight spelling difference, he was Stephen Daedalus in the early draft: Stephen for St. Stephen, the first Christian martyr, and D(a)edalus for 'the fabulous artificer' (IV.772) that classical mythology presents in the Daedalus and Icarus-myth.

Both in the early draft and in the novel before us the character is thoroughly aware of the double identification his name heroically lends him. (James Joyce's brother Stanislaus was soon - in 1904 - to suggest *Stephen Hero* as a title for the draft.) What is more: the identification developed a double edge. Over a period of time, in 1904, Joyce often signed himself as 'Stephen Daedalus' in letters and postcards, as well as in the manuscripts of short stories he then began to write. The first two of these, 'The Sisters' and 'Eveline', were even published under the pseudonym and were acknowledged as James Joyce's only when they were eventually incorporated in the collection *Dubliners*. As work on *Dubliners* intensified, *Stephen Hero* faltered and stalled completely in mid-1905. Writing resumed in 1907 and a carefully reorganized work in progress based on the early draft material - the emerging *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* - was carried forward over a period of seven

years. In 1914, *Portrait* began to be published in instalments in the British bi-weekly magazine *The Egoist*.

There were manifold reasons why the *Stephen Hero* draft had proved unrealizable and had to be rewritten - even though criticism could make out the complexity of the reorganization as *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* only when the surviving seven-chapter conclusion to the unfinished early draft became available for comparison after Joyce's death. Whereas Stephen Daedalus had been taken relentlessly 'straight' and fully seriously in *Stephen Hero*, the rewriting of this character as Stephen Dedalus in *Portrait* helped to present him as ironically refracted and distanced.

Central to the reorganization of the novel as a whole was a deepening of the implications of its protagonist's names. In the novel reorganized, Stephen's identification with martyrdom persists. So does his awareness of the classical myth dimension of his family name. From the outset, ostensibly to attune us as readers to Stephen Dedalus's self-awareness as 'fabulous artificer', we find prefixed the motto '*Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes*' ['He turned his mind to unknown arts'] from Ovid, the Roman poet of classical antiquity. Ovid's *Metamorphoses* supplied the received version of the Daedalus-myth for the educated. It is the version that Stephen admits having consulted in support of his self-identification (V.188). But must we therefore, in accordance with Stephen, take the motto simply at face value? It is what readers to this day have done. Or are we prepared to consider that the narrative stratagems of distancing and ironic refraction that distinguish *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* from the preceding *Stephen Hero* also extend to the prefixing of this particular Ovidian motto? Do we accept, that is, that the invocation of the Daedalian arts in the words of Ovid challenges us to seek out the 'unknown arts' of the *Portrait* itself? If we do, what we stand to discover is that the 'mythical method' which T.S. Eliot

recognised as the hall-mark of *Ulysses* (1922) is an already fully-fledged device in *Portrait*: the presentation of an allusive framework of mythical analogies and correspondences which escapes the awareness of the main character, but provides a structural design to be reconstructed by the discerning reader. This covert 'intelligent design' does not only show that the allegedly trivial and inconsistent aspects of modern human everyday life correspond with the universal stories of myths and archetypes and thus turn out to be meaningful and coherent if viewed in the greater context of culture. Applied to the more specific context of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, this insight also unveils for us the narrative's hidden meanings so as to contrast our awareness with the more limited perspective of the novel's protagonist.

Although Stephen consciously fashions himself as a counterpart of the archetypal artificer that his family name D(a)edalus imperfectly alludes to, he is only aware of parts of the Daedalus-myth and thus fails to embed these fragments into the full mythical context. Owing to his Jesuit education in the late Victorian period, the young Stephen only knows the Ovidian schoolbook version of the ancient artificer, which fashions Daedalus as an 'arts-and-crafts man' producing the Cretan labyrinth and other artefacts for the establishment. But this version omits the scandalous parts of the original story, which constitute the forbidden knowledge Stephen is denied by Christian humanist educational discourse and censorship: it overlooks the treacherous and heinous subtext of the collectively suppressed dark side of the myth. And it is this culturally repressed subtext to be reconstructed by the reader as Joyce's 'mythical method' which ironically casts light on the youthful inexperience and epistemological limitation of Stephen's artistic self-fashioning - hence the novel's

ironically distanced title as *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young* [rather than experienced and truly knowledgeable] *Man*.

To flee the nets of his philistine environment of the Victorian State and the Catholic Church, Stephen fuses this received schoolbook version with the Romantic cult of artistic genius, and fashions the mythical Daedalus as a representative of artistic absolutism. Stephen thus presents the archetypal artist as a genius paralysed by the establishment: to exploit him for his royal self-fashioning, the Cretan King Minos lured Daedalus into courtly patronage and kept him under slave-like arrest. To stress Stephen's self-identification as an Irish Daedalus in this way, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* presents the turn of the twentieth century Irish capital Dublin as a counterpart of the Minoan capital Knossos, and insular Ireland as a counterpart of ancient Crete. Like the mythical artist imprisoned by the Cretan King, his modern counterpart Stephen considers Dublin an intellectual prison he wants to flee. Although Stephen leaves his philistine confinement by the rather prosaic steamboat, he identifies his 'flight' with that of the mythical Daedalus, who fled Crete by means of a pair of self-made artificial bird's wings:

Now, as never before, his strange name seemed to him a prophecy. [...] Now, at the name of the fabulous artificer, he seemed to hear the noise of dim waves and to see a winged form flying above the waves and slowly climbing the air. What did it mean? Was it a quaint device [...], a hawklike man flying sunward above the sea, a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve [...], a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring and impalpable imperishable being? (IV.767-81)

His soul had arisen from the grave of boyhood, spurning her gravecloths. Yes! Yes! Yes! He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, as the great artificer whose name he bore, a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable. (IV.809-13)

Idolising 'the fabulous artificer' engaging in 'unknown arts' as 'a hawklike man flying sunward above the sea', Stephen's artistic mythmaking, however, fails to perceive

the dark side of the Daedalus story. Owing to his fragmentary awareness of the myth, the young Dedalus remains ignorant of the circumstance that his idol suffered from hubris which resulted in a heinous sacrilege: an unspeakable primal sin which blurred the divisions between humanity and the natural world and thus revealed 'culture' as an artificial construct. Challenging man's identity as a rational being, even Stephen's not very squeamish Ovidian source (not to mention the more than squeamish Victorians and Jesuits) referred to this Ur-scandal by way of indirection rather than in plain words: Daedalus had not only murdered a talented pupil out of envy, he had also sold out his Lord and Master King Minos. Although he lived on his patron's money, Daedalus betrayed the confidence of his king and abused his position as artist laureate. Rather than engaging in the spiritual sphere of arts and culture, Daedalus horned his master by acting as a pimp for the King's lusty wife Pasiphae, who yearned for 'unknown arts' of bodily passion. To satisfy her longing for sodomite intercourse with a sacrificial bull, Daedalus the clever craftsman designed a cow-costume, which enabled his royal mistress to arouse the bull's animal passion and make her sexual fantasies come true. Pasiphae conceived the half-human, half-bovine Minotaur. The monstrous beast was locked away in the labyrinth, again constructed by Daedalus - and it is only at this point that the purified schoolbook version of the ancient myth sets in, the one that Stephen Dedalus of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* admits to his consciousness.

As a cultural concept, the labyrinth may be considered an attempt to contain and hide the Minoan Ur-scandal from the beginning of Western civilisation: a scheme to transfer and displace the pre-civilized sodomite crime in a maze of pseudocultural activities (or Freudian neurotic *Ersatzhandlungen*) via Daedalian cunning and deceit. Owing to the fact that Stephen, too, does not remember the

culturally repressed prehistory of the ancient myth, this cunning art of the labyrinth still works in the modern context of the novel. The reader intuiting and reconstructing Joyce's 'mythical method', however, becomes aware that *Portrait* makes Stephen unknowingly re-enact the whole Daedalus-myth, including its culturally suppressed prehistory. The young Dedalus is not only fashioned as a modern counterpart of the mythical artist he most consciously identifies with: although ignorant of the myth's scandalous subtext, he also functions as a reflector figure to mirror the conflicting aspects of Daedalian art represented by the other agents involved in the archaic myth. In him as reflector are also focused the sacrificial bull representing the pre-Daedalian Minoan fertility-cult defiled by the artificer's heinous overreaching on behalf of Pasiphae, and the monstrous result of this sacrilege, the half-human, half-bovine Minotaur locked in the labyrinth; and last but not least also the ancient artificer's son Icarus.

Even though again and again he fleetingly sees himself as Icarus, Stephen persistently overlooks the all-too-obvious circumstance that his situation as the young Dedalus corresponds, structurally speaking, with that of the 'fabulous artificer's' son rather than the middle-aged father – a young man whom the artist Ovid portrays as an even greater overreacher than the father. To flee his Cretan confinement together with his son, Daedalus constructs two pairs of wings from birds' feathers held together by wax. Although the father exhorts his son to cruise at a moderate altitude rather than to approach the sun whose heat might melt the waxen glue of his flying apparatus, Icarus soars sunwards, destroys his wings, falls into the sea and drowns. Thus it is Icarus rather than Daedalus who appears in Stephen's mind's eye when he imagines seeing a 'hawklike man flying sunward above the sea.' Whereas Stephen imagines seeing Daedalus in an act of self-liberation as a

(failed) process of self-discovery, he remains ignorant of the fact that he is about to witness the Icarian fall induced by filial hubris. Like Icarus who is about to die a overreaching death rather than arising 'from the grave of boyhood', the young Dedalus imagines flying high but is doomed to fall.

To shed further light on this overreaching aspect of Daedalian art, the novel casts the unknowing Stephen also to represent the sacrificial bull deceived by Daedalian cunning and, simultaneously, its half-human progeny, the Minotaur. In fact, the beginning of *Portrait* echoes the culturally repressed prehistory of the Daedalus-myth: the sacrilegious act that enabled the lascivious Pasiphae to deceive her royal husband Minos with the sacrificial bull and as a visible result of this liaison to conceive the monstrous half-human being to be locked away in the labyrinth. The first lines of Joyce's text recall Pasiphae convincingly disguised as a cow as the first Cretan artistic creation of Daedalus:

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 [...]: he had a hairy face. He was baby tuckoo. (1.1-7)

Under the apparently innocent guise of a children's story, this beginning refers to the sodomite genealogy of the half-human monster - and thereby to the actual beginning of the archaic myth of the artist. In the same way that Stephen Dedalus represents both the Daedalian father and the Icarian son, he covers, structurally speaking, both the paternal position of the sacrificial bull and its semi-human filial offspring: hence the simultaneous presentation of Stephen as the archaic bull reduced to a 'nicens little boy' meeting Pasiphae disguised as a 'moocow' *and* the Minotauran monster trivialized as 'baby tuckoo' listening to the story told by his bovine father with 'a hairy face.'

As can be seen from the strategy to belittle the monstrosity of the sodomite skeleton in the Daedalus family cupboard, the ancient artificer idolised by Stephen applies his labyrinthine approach to art as an illusionary means of disguise to hide his crimes of the past. Although the beginning of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* echoes the Ur-sin of the prehistory of the D(a)edalus 'family-myth', its shocking content is no longer recognized. Its monstrosity was more and more veiled in the long maze-like chain of tradition and displaced in the labyrinth of cultural memory, so that at the end of this chain we find the apparently harmless tale of the 'moocow' that the little Stephen is told by his father Simon D(a)edalus.

To elucidate Stephen's Minotaur-like lust to be locked away in the labyrinth as the result of the heinous aspect of Daedalian art, one has to look at the presentation of the adolescent Stephen, who hustles through the maze-like streets of the Dublin Nighttown labyrinth to appease his unruly flesh in the local brothels:

His blood was in revolt. He wandered up and down the dark slimy streets peering into the gloom of lanes and doorways [...]. He moaned to himself like some baffled prowling beast. [...] He had wandered into a *maze* of narrow and dirty streets. (II.1395-1425, my italics)

After early nightfall the yellow lamps would light up here and there the squalid quarter of the brothels. He would follow a devious course up and down the streets, circling always nearer and nearer [...], until his feet led him suddenly round a dark corner. (III.8-12)

If it is true that Stephen functions as modern Minotaur then he could only appear to be the alleged son of his mother's husband King Minos - and in fact Joyce's text, in the same way as the myth, presents the paternity of Simon Dedalus as a deception: just as the Minotaur is the son of the horny bull, but not the son of his horned father *Minos*, Joyce's protagonist is revealed as the cuckoolike *changeling* son of his civil father *Simon*. The key to the secret of the

archetypal animal lust of Stephen's mother - the modern Pasiphae - lies in the ambiguity of the name of his father: whereas the second name may be referred back to Daedalus - who pimps to Pasiphae's infidelity by way of the cow costume - his first name, Simon, may be considered a corruptly spelled version of Minos: if one reads the name 'Simon' as an anagram as Parker suggests in the 1982 issue of the *James Joyce Quarterly*, Simon Dedalus becomes a modern 'Minos', cuckolded by the bull and the trickery art of Daedalus alike, and his civil son becomes a substitute Minotaur.

Constituting far more than a playful mannerism, the *Simon/Minos* anagram sums up the Daedalian labyrinthine approach to art as a heinous and mendacious act of *simony*: like Daedalus - who lives on his patron's money in exchange of deceitful things artistic - a simoniac sells things spiritual for his personal profit by way of manipulation and forgery: sacraments but also positions in the hierarchy of the church. Rather than to recompense the patronage of King Minos by way of true art, the corrupt Daedalus betrays his master as a procurer of the unfaithful Pasiphae's unnatural lust.

By using the culturally suppressed aspects of the Daedalus-myth as a subtext to be decoded by the discerning reader, therefore, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* exposes the self-deceptive one-sidedness in which Stephen idolises the archetypal artist. To elucidate the heinous potential of these aspects by way of analogy, Stephen is not only presented as a self-consciously fashioned modern D(a)edalus, but also as the unknown counterpart of Icarus, Pasiphae's sacrificial bull and the Minotaur. As a final clue to this mirror technique, Stephen is not only hailed in terms of the Daedalian artist he idolizes: 'Stephanos Dedalos' (IV.764, see Curran in *James Joyce Quarterly*, 1968); he is also addressed as 'Bous Stephanoumenos' (IV.764), which could be translated as

'bull by the name of Stephen' or 'encircled bull', meaning a Minotaur-like 'bull enclosed by the labyrinth'. As an additional variant 'Bous Stephanoumenos' could mean the 'bull that is wearing the wreath', that is to say, the sacrificial animal with whom Pasiphae conceived the Minotaur. Last but not least Stephen is also addressed as 'Bous Stephaneforos' (IV.764-5), which Curran translates as Apollo's wreath bearer - a name that may be attributed to Icarus the 'hawklike man flying sunward' in his overreaching attempt to approach the sun god Apollo.

Whereas the sunward aspiring Icarus represents the Apollonian concept of spiritual art, the bull as the main symbol of the archaic cult of Minoan Crete points towards its pre-civilised Dionysian counterpart. In contrast to the Minotaur as the unnatural result, the juggling Daedalus succeeds in bridging these conflicting aspects - an aspect represented by the deceptive masterpiece of the labyrinth, which contains the dark side of his craftsmanship, covers and simonizes it with an artificial civilizing weft of cultural symbolism that cannot be unpicked.

The new Dedalus, however, cannot cope with this conflict and is presented as its Minotaur-like victim. Owing to his uncritical affirmation of Daedalian art, he fails to see that he idolizes a corrupt craftsman rather than the true artist he wishes to emulate. Ignorant of the moral abysses fathomed in the Daedalus-myth, Stephen embraces the very concept of utilitarian craftsmanship that he wishes to overcome: the mendacious tradition of pseudo-artistic panegyric hypocritically celebrating the establishment in simoniac exchange for money. Rather than revolutionizing the institutions of the church, the family and the state in British-colonial Dublin and Ireland by way of pure art, Stephen in his one-sided Daedalian admiration is unknowingly about to reach a compromise with the establishment, and even paradoxically so, since at the same time he strives to fly by

its nets. Yet it is precisely in this that his overreaching lies. Shedding light on these implications of the overt narrative by virtue of the unknown but absolute art of covert allusion devised as Joyce's 'mythical method', *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* thus presents itself as a *Künstlerroman* in the truest sense, critically reflecting the self-image of Western art.

Dieter Fuchs, University of Vienna, 2012

Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes.

Ovid, *Metamorphoses*. VIII.188.



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.*

10

He sang that song. That was his song.

O, the geen 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.*

20

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 cachou 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.

30

*Pull out his eyes,
Apologise,
Apologise,*