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WALTER PATER'S MARIUS, GEORGE MOORE'S
CONFESSIONS, AND JAMES JOYCE'S A PORTRAIT
OF THE ARTIST.

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ROBERT MICHAEL SCOTTO

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SELF-PORTRAITS OF THE APPRENTICE
ARTIST: WALTER PATER'S MARIUS,
GEORGE MOORE'S CONFESSIONS, AND
JAMES JOYCE'S A PORTRAIT OF THE
ARTIST

by

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Textual Note

The following texts will be quoted directly in the body of the paper, without documentation:

Marius the Epicurean (2 vols.) and Gaston de Latour in the Library Edition of Pater's Works (London: Macmillan, 1910). It will be abbreviated in parentheses to M.E.

Thomas Wright, The Life of Walter Pater, 2 vols. (London: Everett, 1907).

Moore's Confessions in the latest reprint of the 1916 edition (New York: Capricorn, 1959).

Joyce's A Portrait in the latest "definitive" edition (New York: Viking, 1964).

All other source material will be cited in footnotes.

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INTRODUCTION

The apprenticeship novel, the bildungsroman, is now widely accepted by critics as a sub-genre which has produced some of the classics of English fiction: David Copperfield, The Way of All Flesh, Sons and Lovers. The story of the author's growth into manhood, incorporating all the elements which helped to shape his personality, his tastes, and his profession, is not new at all, of course; Augustine's Confessions is certainly no less direct and no less artistic than many of its descendants. The modern bildungsroman, however, begins with Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, as Suzanne Howe's classic study demonstrates;¹ the writer, by using the techniques usually associated with fiction, presents his early life to the reader in an artistic shape. In order to do this, he must edit, rearrange, splice, add, heighten, and diminish certain parts of his history, for he is concerned, as writer, with making a good book, not with foisting a diary-like sequence of events upon a perhaps unwilling reader. The bildungsroman, in other words, is an artistic re-ordering of the author's life.

¹Wilhelm Meister and his English Brethren (Columbia University Press, 1930).

The künstlerroman, the story of the artist's apprenticeship to his craft, has so far received less critical attention than the bildungsroman for a variety of reasons. It is a scarcer phenomenon, although one may argue persuasively that any life history is, by necessity, an apprenticeship to art because a writer is ultimately produced, regardless of the particulars of his environment, temperament and work. It is, moreover, a more specialized example of the sub-genre of bildungsroman, and therefore appeals to a smaller audience composed mainly of professional artists and critics. I cannot argue against this observation, nor do I want to. If fewer people read about the growth of an artist's mind (to alter Wordsworth's phrase a little), then so be it; this fact doesn't in any way negate some of the great books which have been written within the last one hundred years as künstlerromane.

I would like to show, therefore, how Walter Pater's Marius the Epicurean (1885), George Moore's Confessions of a Young Man (1888), and James Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916) are self-portraits of the apprentice artist. To do so with Moore and Joyce would seem rather easy, for it has been demonstrated by critics -- and the authors themselves have clearly explained -- that the books are essentially about their own growth to art and the tools of the trade which they picked up as they

matured.² Pater's Marius, however, has never been discussed as a künstlerroman, even though he himself tells us in a footnote added to the third edition of The Renaissance (in the famous "Conclusion") -- in 1888, three years after Marius was first published -- that his ideas on living had been "fully" developed in the novel. I will attempt to offer a new interpretation of Pater's greatest work of fiction in order to show that he was writing a künstlerroman, and that his experiments in style, technique and autobiography were developed in new directions by Moore and Joyce. In order to do this properly, it will be necessary to demonstrate at some length that Marius is autobiographical in order to show in detail how his persona was living the same life-as-artist that he was. Very few critics have gone beyond the basic assumption that Marius is autobiographical to discuss the kind of book he is writing. The earliest reviews of the novel were almost unanimous in both their praise of Pater's art and their recognition of his presence

² Joseph Hone's biography of George Moore (London: Victor Gollancz, 1936), Jean C. Noël's now standard critical biography of Moore (Paris: Didier, 1966), and Richard Ellmann's outstanding biography of Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), all provide a wealth of detail for substantiating both the Confessions and A Portrait as künstlerromane.

in the work³ -- Marius was obviously not a good disguise -- but it wasn't until Arthur Symons's penetrating studies⁴ that any critic saw into Pater's design or noted how Pater was using his life history; even the two most widely read critical biographies of Pater,⁵ with all their data and comparative analysis, do not come closer to answering these questions. For Symons, Marius was "properly no story, but the philosophy of a soul." Whose soul? Symons adds that Marius, "more than any of Pater's books . . . is a personal confession and the scheme of a doctrine."⁶ What doctrine? Again, those ideas which posterity as well as Symons has associated with Pater:

³William Sharp, The Athaeneum, 28 Feb. 1885; J. M. Grey, The Academy (21 March 1885); A.M.F.R., The Literary World, 18 April 1885; Mary Augusta Ward, Macmillan's Magazine, LII (June, 1885); Anon., Atlantic Monthly CCCXXIV (August, 1885); Horatio N. Powers, The Dial, VI (August, 1885); Anon., The Dublin Review, XIV (October, 1885); Anon., The Critic, April 17, 1886; Agnes Repplier, Catholic World, XLIII (May, 1886); Anon., The Edinburgh Review, CLXV (January, 1887); Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., Andover Review, X (August, 1888)

⁴Studies in Two Literatures (London: Leonard Smithers, 1897); Figures of Several Centuries (London: Constable, 1916); A Study of Walter Pater (London: Charles Sawyer, 1922).

⁵A. C. Benson, Walter Pater (London: Macmillan, 1906); Thomas Wright, The Life of Walter Pater, 2 vols. (London: Everett and Co., 1907). The latter book, unfortunately the "standard" work on Pater, is so presumptuous and pompous -- and often so unreliable -- that the critic is handicapped rather than helped at times.

⁶Studies in Two Literatures, p. 66.

And Pater seemed to draw up into himself every form of earthy beauty, or the beauty made by man, and many forms of knowledge and wisdom, and a sense of human things which was neither that of the lover nor of the priest, but partly of both; and his work was the giving out of all this again, with a certain labor to give it wholly. It is all, the criticism, and the stories, and the writing about pictures and places, a confession, a vraie vérité (as he was fond of saying) about the world in which he was living.⁷

Marius is, in other words, an apologia for Peter's career as artist, is, indeed, as I will try to show, like Moore's Confessions and Joyce's A Portrait, a self-portrait of the apprentice artist. Almost all recent critical works on Pater deal with his fictional techniques,⁸ or his aesthetic or philosophical ideas.⁹ By taking some of their

⁷Figures of Several Centuries, p. 319.

⁸Eugene J. Brzenk, "The Fictional Technique of Walter Pater," Unpublished Ph.D. thesis, State University of Iowa, 1951; Merrill M. May, "Symbolic Theory and Practice in the Prose Fictions of Walter Pater," Unpublished Ph.D. thesis, University of Chicago, 1954; James Hafley, "Walter Pater's Marius and the Technique of Modern Fiction," Modern Fiction Studies III (Summer, 1957), 99-109; R.T. Leneghan, "Pattern in Walter Pater's Fiction," Studies in Philology, LVIII (Jan., 1961), 69-91; Gerald Cornelius Monsman, Mythic Patterns in the Fiction of Walter Pater (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1967).

⁹Helen Hawthorne Young, The Writings of Walter Pater: A Reflection of British Philosophical Opinion from 1860 to 1890 (Bryn Mawr Ph.D. thesis, 1933); Ruth C. Child, The Aesthetic of Walter Pater (New York: Macmillan, 1940); Derek Stanford, "Pater's Ideal Aesthetic Type," The Cambridge Journal, VII (May, 1954), 488-494; U.C. Knoepfelmacher, Religious Humanism and the Victorian Novel (Princeton University Press, 1965); Anthony Ward, Walter Pater, The Idea in Nature (London: MacGibbon and Kee, 1966).

suggestions as a point of departure (Hafley's especially) I will show how Pater anticipates Moore and Joyce in his manipulation of fictional devices. Pater's Marius is a modern book, not only in its themes but also in its techniques. A Portrait is now considered the greatest kunstler-roman in English -- and with that I will not quarrel -- because of its striking originality. It is an unusual book, but perhaps some of its greatness lies in the manner in which it perfected a tradition which was transmitted to Joyce either directly from Pater or through Pater's disciple, George Moore. Since Pater is the forerunner in this art form, the comparative study of the three novels will show how great an innovator Pater really was, how "modern" in theme and technique especially in Marius, and where his peculiar fascination lies even to this day, long after most of his "disciples" have become obscure.¹⁰

Moore's critical reputation today is at a low ebb just as Pater's is reaching a new crest. To many he dates more noticeably than his master,¹¹ and, consequently, very little critical material has been published about his work in the

¹⁰I will not discuss Pater's role in the decadence. His influence on Wilde, Johnson, et. al. has been adequately studied, and, in any case, it is really beyond the scope of the present inquiry.

¹¹See Seán O'Faoláin, "Pater and Moore," The London Mercury, XXXIV (August, 1936), 330-338.

last twenty years or so. During his lifetime, and within a few years of his death, a great deal was written about Moore's life and art. Hone's biography and Noël's biography, coupled with Moore's rather frequent autobiographical "conversations,"¹² and a large number of memoirs, dialogues, impressions, and opinions written on him by friends and acquaintances, serve the critic well in establishing Moore's place in his art, it is true, but no critic has ever shown in detail how Moore converted his life into his book: there is no discussion of technique in the Confessions worth mentioning. I will try to fill this gap by discussing the book at length, especially in its relation to Marius.¹³

Unlike Moore, Joyce has not yet suffered a relapse in critical attention. It would be superfluous to reiterate the figures on Joyce scholarship. Probably no author today is more written about than Joyce; the steady and heavy stream of critiques which began when Joyce was at the center of the avant-garde movement in literature has flowed on and on. It is almost impossible to keep abreast of every new development in Joyce scholarship, and, unfortunately, it is very difficult to say something new about A Portrait when you consider what has been said already. About Joyce's life,

¹²A genre he did more than any other writer to perfect.

¹³Robert Porter Sechler, George Moore: A Disciple of Walter Pater (University of Pennsylvania Ph.D. thesis, 1931), explores nearly every relationship between Pater and Moore except that one dealing with both books as künstlerromane. He never really discusses technique either.

too, nothing new can be added; it is inconceivable how anyone can improve the job Richard Ellmann did of sorting memoirs, letters, critiques, conversations, rumors and scraps of paper. Since A Portrait is acknowledged to be autobiographical (here the evidence of Stanislaus Joyce¹⁴ and the ur-portrait, Stephen Hero, are most significant), little can be done but to show exactly how Joyce used his life-facts in revising his apprenticeship to art. Many critics have discussed the various techniques used in A Portrait¹⁵ -- sometimes too many -- yet no one has ever compared them in any depth to those used by Pater and Moore. I think it will be a valuable exercise, for it will demonstrate not only Pater's modernity, but also Joyce's impeccable technical skill.

Before moving on to a brief scheme of the dissertation, I would like to discuss very briefly two terms which are important in the text below. I will refer to all three novels as self-portraits, even though Joyce is the only one who actually uses the word "portrait" in his title. I will try to argue that each book is a "portrait," a work of art

¹⁴My Brother's Keeper (New York: Viking, 1958).

¹⁵Easily the most valuable source book for any technical discussion of A Portrait is: Robert Scholes and Richard M. Kain, The Workshop of Daedalus: James Joyce and the Raw Materials for A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Press, 1965).

written by an artist about his apprenticeship to art -- a very specialized meaning. Pater wrote many "imaginary portraits" -- indeed, his Marius is his most ambitious one. The term is borrowed from painting, of course, where it indicates the artist's presentation (not representation) of someone posing for him. Pater's portraits, and, of course, Joyce's A Portrait, are self-consciously works of art in which the author is presenting his interpretation of an individual. Since the hero -- Marius, Stephen, "Edwin Dayne" in the earlier versions of the Confessions, "George Moore" certainly distanced by irony in the later revisions -- is the author in disguise, moreover, the novels are self-portraits; also, like portraits, the action of all three books focuses on the apprentice artist at all times; every other element in the story, as in a painted portrait, is background, or shadow, or outline. The hero is always center stage. Finally, the portrait is apparently a static work, for although the aesthete grows and changes, his essence is always the same. He is the ur-artist governed by what he is and what he will be, and there is no real "dramatic" development, only moments of varying intensity (themselves static because the reader is forced to ponder their significance, as, in painting, one may move from nose, to eye, to limb while at the same time forming an opinion of the whole work) which mark the steps he takes on the road to his final destination.

After I have shown that all three novels are "portraits" I will then attempt to argue that the obvious differences between them are largely a function of the authors' different manipulation of point of view. Each of the three künstlerromane is an apologia for the author's life, each is surely autobiographical, yet, in each book, the distance between author and persona is not the same. The titles tell us a great deal about the author's public identity with his work. Marius the Epicurean, His Sensations and Ideas -- Pater's distance and reserve are obvious, for he not only places his hero in another place but also in another time. Of the three novels, Pater's is surely the one most difficult to prove self-revelatory, for Pater must be deduced from Marius, he can never be equated. Moore chooses, in the earlier editions of the Confessions, to give the name of "Edwin Dayne" to his persona; the novel, even when the hero's name becomes "George Moore," gives the feeling of intimacy yet, at the same time, is distanced by descriptive exaggeration, factual manipulation, and time. Joyce, like Pater, distances his persona, but not in time and place, only in name and personality, for Stephen is different from Joyce because of what is left out -- contrary to Moore's method -- rather than what is put in. A comparison of Stephen Hero and A Portrait indicates exactly how far Stephen Dedalus is from the author, and how Joyce re-made almost pure autobiography into a work of art. In fact, Pater and Joyce

are far closer to each other in technique than Moore is to either, Pater (as we will see in our discussion of Marius) transmuting the more direct re-telling of his life story (in "The Child in the House" and "Emerald Uthwart," for instance) into the more distanced, Joyce (as we will see when A Portrait is discussed) taking the humor, the openness, the volubility of the ur-Portrait, Stephen Hero, and making it over into the more objectified, more serious, more compressed A Portrait. The title of Moore's künstlerroman, the Confessions, would lead us to expect a closer identification of author and persona than we find in Marius and A Portrait, and after the irony is explained and the license taken with chronology accounted for, this is what we get. Needless to say, the point of view in time each author writes from, the step in his life when he wrote about his apprenticeship, helps to explain why each novel has a different author-hero relationship. Marius, for instance, was written only ten years before Pater's death, after many of his most representative works had been published, whereas Moore's Confessions was written relatively early in his literary career after a large part of his aesthetic had been formulated in France, and Joyce's A Portrait was in many ways an apprenticeship work preparing him for his more revolutionary later books. Yet even though the point of view varies in each book, the way it is used not only helps us to define the novel as künstlerroman, but also tells us something

about the artist himself: how he views autobiography, and how he sees himself in the life of art. Although all the stories are autobiographical, in other words, the amount of "pure" autobiography differs with each man, and this, ironically, tells us more about them.

I will try to show, then, how Pater's Marius (Chapter I), Moore's Confessions (Chapter II), and Joyce's A Portrait (Chapter III) are künstlerromane: self-portraits of the apprentice artis. In Chapter IV I will develop all the parallels which exist among the three authors, showing not only that Moore was Pater's "disciple" but that Joyce, in some important respects, was also, and that Moore and Joyce had a more extensive literary relationship than is usually thought. Pater will be seen as a man who, more than any other, inculcated in Moore and Joyce the importance of style, and the possibilities of the artistic life. Finally, in Chapter V, I will discuss the technical relationships among the three books, pointing out, again, how Pater is the forerunner and Joyce the most perfect craftsman. By a close analysis of the texts, I hope to justify the expanded critical attention Pater is now receiving; in fictional technique, in the artistic reshaping of his own life, as well as in other areas, he is truly "modern." I would like to place Moore in a fairer critical perspective, moreover, and attempt to show that his reputation is in need of a reevaluation, for he does not "date" as much as some would

have it. As a matter of fact, in subtlety and unassuming narrative energy, he too is frequently very "modern." Joyce's reputation, of course, needs no new defense, but I hope to show that the notoriety which is his is deserved, by establishing in truer perspective two of his literary influences, if only to show how much greater he made the already significant traditions he inherited.

Chapter I

MARIUS THE EPICUREAN: SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE APPRENTICE ARTIST

A) Setting the sights

Marius the Epicurean (1885) is a curious novel -- if, indeed, it is that. It has always elicited unqualified praise from those who were familiar with Pater as man or as artist. Critics outside the pale of his immediate influence, however, have often specified certain flaws in the book which, to the devotee, have become trademarks of the master: weak central characterization, a plot strung out upon essays about sensations and ideas, a highly involuted style with comments, apparently from Olympian heights, on the slow-paced action. Moreover, until certain critics of the sixties have begun to see structural and mythological patterns recurring through and defining the means and end of Marius, commentators have found very little need to discuss Pater's technical skills, confining their discussion to his more famous stylistic accomplishments. This is not to say that the novel is thematically or linguistically simple, for it is far from that; nor is it explainable without recourse to further investigation and, therefore, shallow. Like two other un-symbolic books to be investigated later, Moore's

Confessions of a Young Man and Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Pater's Marius is sophisticated not because it encompasses another range of meaning, but because its meaning is often subtly disguised by the author's manipulation of words, time, place, scene, and recurrent themes, all of which must be re-evaluated continually because they are continually shifted and enriched as the book gets closer to its resolution. What recurs in patterns, what gives total meaning to the book itself, its final cause as it were, however, is the author himself re-making his early experiences (note the age at which we last see Marius, or, for that matter, Moore and Dedalus) as the artist he now is, into a work of art governed by the laws of aesthetics, not the laws of the diary. A work of art about a youth -- an aesthete -- learning how to write a work of art: it is in this concept that the myriad patterns of words and ideas undergoing constant re-definition achieve their final explication. Thus we investigate autobiography in Marius, for, however much disguised and distanced his presence, it is the mind of Pater as artist which stands behind every moment of the book. Ultimately, indeed, it is the genesis of this very mind for which the book is attempting to account.

Pater's fictional writings are all of a piece. Marius is not Pater's only portrayal of his own "mind-building,"

to use his own phrase; some of the imaginary portraits and the unfinished Gaston de Latour are as deeply autobiographical. But the reason for selecting other works than Marius for corroboration is not merely to note Pater's literary continuity; it is to show that he indicated, in other ostensible works of fiction, the same disposition to discuss his own past, the same predilection for viewing the present as shaped by the past, as he did in Marius. This evidence, together with testimony from his life records, should enhance the contention that Marius is, in design and purpose, an autobiographical novel. Some of the "imaginary portraits" which illumine Pater's only finished piece of prose fiction are especially important. "Diaphaneité," delivered as a lecture to the Old Mortality, an Oxford literary society, in 1864, and not published until the posthumous Miscellaneous Studies in 1895, is surely the earliest finished essay we have from Pater. It is not only quite good, but it also foreshadows the works of the next thirty years, for it is a portrait of the type of individual Pater will be continually occupied with -- almost obsessed with -- in all of his "fiction" and most of his more factual essays: the receptive, sensitive, isolated ur-artist. "The Child in the House" is also early (1878) but it is perfect, a detailed account of the Paterian hero "looking back" to the environment which shaped him. "Imaginary Portraits, 2. An English Poet" ("Imaginary Portraits, 1." had been "The Child in the House") was not

written until the twilight of Pater's career (1891), and was not published until 1931. Although written some thirteen years later than the first "English" portrait, after he had finished Marius and probably had set aside Gaston for good, it contains essentially the same youth remembering still the early years and home. "Emerald Uthwart," (1892) written only two years before his death, depicts, as did Marius, the death of a fragile youth, perhaps too delicate, too "diaphanous" for life, a martyr to his own sensitivity, and possibly one of the first of the modern martyrs to the aesthetic life.¹

¹Although he never published "Diaphaneité," "The Child in the House," "An English Poet," or "Emerald Uthwart" in sequence, or in conjunction with his other imaginary portraits and Marius, he obviously intended them, at the outset, as a related series. In a letter to the editor of Macmillan's Magazine, 17 April 1878 (printed in Lawrence Gove Evans, "Some Letters of Walter Pater," Unpublished Ph.D. thesis, Harvard University, 1961, p. 41), he says:

I send you by this post a M.S. entitled The House and the Child . . . the first part of a work of fiction, but is meant to be complete in itself; though the first of a series, as I hope, with some real kind of sequence in them, and which I should be glad to send to you. I call the M.S. a portrait, and mean readers, as they might do on seeing a portrait, to begin speculating -- what came of him?

Later, when he did not include "The Child in the House" in his published Imaginary Portraits (1887), he gave as a reason to William Sharp ("Letters," p. 80, 23 May 1887) that "it would need many alterations, which I felt disinclined to make just then." He added, however, that he

Gaston de Latour (1888), however, is surely the most significant parallel work to Marius, for the two novels were intended by Pater to be companion-pieces. Shadwell, Pater's friend and literary executor, in his preface to the Library Edition of Gaston, calls the book a "parallel study" to Marius involving "the spiritual development of a refined and cultivated mind, capable of keen enjoyment in the pleasures of the senses and of the intellect, but destined to find its complete satisfaction in that which transcends both."

(p. vi) So like Marius is Gaston that Wright identifies both with Pater -- "in some respects" -- and with his other imaginary portraits, for the heroes and the works exist in the same unique atmosphere, the Pater country, where death comes young to a sensitive youth, where the impulse to recognize the necessity of religion replaces the usual impulse for romance in other fictional heroes, and where the hero's state of mind is presented most dramatically, but in a series of detached, reflective essays. (II, 101-104) Moreover, Pater so liked the long portrait that shortly after finishing Marius and

hoped it would be "included in some future similar series." Yet the centrality of this autobiographical portrait in Pater's canon is indicated by the brief comment he makes on a piece of note-paper found in the Houghton Library at Harvard and quoted in the introduction to "Letters," p. xxiv:

Child in the House: voilà, the germinating, original, source, specimen, of all my imaginative work.

And this, the most blatantly autobiographical work he ever wrote!

commencing Gaston (28 January 1886), he noted in a letter to Carl Wilhelm Ernst a very ambitious proposal:

I may add that "Marius" is designed to be the first of a kind of trilogy, or triplet, of works of a similar character; dealing with the same problems under altered historical conditions. The period of the second of the series would be the end of the 16th century, and the place France: of the third, the time, probably the end of the 19th century -- and the scene, England.

Perhaps the projection, if realized, would have produced works too "similar" and therefore repetitive, for to tell a story about a youth responding to essentially the same stimuli in three different times and places is still to tell the same story three times, however exciting and unique the setting. For the character is still the same: a fictionalized Walter Pater, and no disguise, as the author well knew, could obfuscate the story of the self. This is why he abandoned Gaston while only partially conceived; this is why he began Gaston without really knowing where he was going: the road was the same, and he must have seen, only after travelling on it shortly for a second time, that the vegetation and the flora merely covered it over a bit, while the traveller himself remained unchanged. It is the only explanation of the many offered that truly makes sense.

The presumptive evidence that Marius and other of Pater's imaginary portraits are autobiographical because they are alike must be reinforced by facts about Pater's life.

²"Letters," pp. 75-76.

His letters and his unpublished manuscripts help us very little, for Pater was reticent even in his most personal writings. The numerous memoirs which appeared during his life, and the reminiscences which appeared after his death are often helpful, but nearly every one was gathered into Wright's biography, published in 1907, which is still, despite its many weaknesses, the most important source of Pater's life. Wright has a bad habit of depending upon dubious sources for important contentions, and when he ascribes cause and effect we can only stand in amazement at his frequent misreadings of Pater's intentions. But he does give us a wealth of facts about Pater's life -- although we must lament what he arbitrarily decided not to give us -- and we do have enough evidence from Pater's works to rearrange some of the conclusions which Wright felt were biographically probable, but we know today are aesthetically ludicrous. It was Wright's insensitivity to literature that led him to such prosaic fallacies as assigning a model for Marius (Pater's friend, Richard Jackson), and to such myopic ellipses as the excision of all descriptions of Pater's home life, and, especially, most of his characteristic intimate conversation; it is, consequently, Wright's aesthetics and literary criticism that need correction, not his biography.

Although critics have always recognized the wealth of personal, autobiographical detail in Pater's "fiction," a full documentation of Pater's place in his work has never

been attempted, and the almost staggering amount of self-revelation in Marius has been passed by. Through the examination of Wright's facts on Pater's life, and from the many parallels found in Pater's other writings which substantiate the autobiographical argument, it can be shown how Marius is the fullest, the most complete, the most ambitious "fictional" work Pater ever attempted, and, of all his work, paradoxically, the least imaginary.

B) Marius as Autobiography:
 Childhood at home and at school

Pater loved to dwell on the idyllic nature of childhood, where the sensations -- as well as a glimpse of the ideas -- were formed. Wright tells us that Peter's fascination with childhood's home had basis in fact as well as in his ideals, and that, indeed, "Emerald and Florian are certainly Walter Pater, or rather Walter Pater with a straight back and even features." (I, 20) The home, for the young heroes in his imaginary portraits, consequently, has an almost sacred, hieratic character. It is "half-spiritualized," "the first stage of that mental journey" which forms the warp and woof of the child's "complex spiritual habit," and to which he owes "many tones of sentiment afterwards customary with him, certain inward lights under which things most naturally

presented themselves to him."³ The house in Pater's imaginary portraits is truly the home, filled with a myriad impressions which nurture the child's sensitivity and awareness, and which often give birth to the "poetic nature" of his personae. For Florian Deleal, in "The Child in the House,"

that general human instinct was reinforced by this special home-likeness in the place his wandering soul [here one must definitely note an anticipation of the "animula vagula" theme of Marius] had happened to light on as, in the second degree, its body and earthly tabernacle; the sense of harmony between his soul and its physical environment became, for a time at least, like perfectly played music, and the life led there singularly tranquil and filled with a curious sense of self-possession.⁴

Chailey, one of Pater's early homes, was almost entirely white (one thinks of the softness of that color to Marius at White-Nights), and was probably the source of many of his images of softness, purity and innocence. The house the child lives in, moreover, not only directs his initial apprehension of life, it also permeates his morality and conscience, and, like Teufelsdröckh's clothes in Sartor Resartus, becomes a "kind of raiment to one's body, as the body, according to Swedenborg, is but the raiment of the soul."⁵

³"The Child in the House," in Miscellaneous Studies, pp. 173-174, 176; in the same volume (p. 201) we see also Emerald Uthwart "amid the wholesome, natural self-indulgence of a very English home."

⁴Miscellaneous Studies, p. 180.

⁵"Dante Gabriel Rossetti," in Appreciations, p. 210.

The atmosphere of Florian's home, almost mystic in its presentation of the interpenetration of perceiver and perceived, finds no more beautiful apotheosis than in the "White-Nights" of Marius's childhood, where Pater evokes the wonder and novelty of childhood, the presages of voyages yet to come on the wings of the "white bird," as his mother -- who became to Marius "the very type of maternity in things, its unfailing pity and protectiveness, and maternity itself the central type of all love" -- so tenderly called his soul. (M.E., I, 22) Thus "that beautiful dwelling-place," White Nights, "lent the reality of concrete outline to a peculiar ideal of home, which throughout the rest of his life he seemed . . . to be ever seeking to regain." (M.E., I, 22)

A most significant part of the dream-like innocence, the atmosphere of purity and warmth found in the Paterian child's home was the healing presence of women. Pater had happy memories of his grandmother, and when he hears the "cry on the stairs" in "The Child in the House," Wright tells us that this was how the author recalled her death when he was a child (I, 24), that gentle woman he later eulogized in Gaston:

And in the midst of the siege, with all its tumult about her, the old grandmother died, to the undissembled sorrow of Gaston, bereft, unexpectedly as it seemed, of the gentle creature, to whom he had always turned for an affection, that had been as no other in its absolute incapacity of offence. (p. 46)

So the feminine principle shaped the natural softness of Pater's heroes, molded it perhaps as much as the physical environment, for Marius's mother is described with the same images of whiteness -- "white hands," "white...wools" -- that were used to describe his home. Through her tenderness and care (the only equivalent evocation of a softness and a whiteness so actively affecting which I can think of is E. E. Cummings's "intense fragility") Marius "came to think of women's tears, of women's hands to lay one to rest, in death as in the sleep of childhood, as a sort of natural want." (M.E. I, 21) No wonder that Pater as a youth was so sensitive, so aware of the spiritual warmth and comfort of a place and of people. Wright assures us that the incident at the end of Chapter 3 in Marius is autobiographical (I, 74), when the boy parted from his mother with "a sudden, incomprehensible petulance," "an angry childish gesture," and "a slighting word" only to return and find her dead. (M.E., I, 41) Pater's mother, too, died young, and he retained, like his persona, Marius, a "peculiar bitterness" over such a parting, especially since he "set so much store, both by principle and habit, on the sentiment of home." (M.E., I, 42)

Thus, childhood's end. But for Pater the lesson of youth is carried into adulthood, for it is not what one learns young so much as the acquisition of a way of learning, an open, sympathetic response to all stimuli and experiences, a warmth,

an empathy for all things lovely which recognizes, at the same time, that within the most precious moments of life lies the seed of sorrow.

This openness, this inquisitive ingenuousness, Wright tells us, Pater carried with him to school, and although normally reticent and introspective, he approached personal relationships with a quiet benevolence. If there is one thing Wright's book does prove, it is that Pater did not live a life of isolation as the self-appointed high priest of art, whatever the hyperbolic Moore and Wilde seem to indicate. He did form friendships, but strangely enough they were seldom with men of letters (Sharp being perhaps a temporary exception), for he seemed to crave something "spiritual" in his intimate converse with others, and the "audacious" and "satirical" literati⁶ who seemed to be drawn to him did not satisfy his hieratic propensities in their writings. Wright very carefully documented Pater's non-literary friendships, frequently assigning the shadowy figures who moved in and out of his "Spartan chambers" at Queens and Brasenose or the house he shared with his sisters, Hesta and Clara, at Olney, very specific places in his writings which are simply arbitrary. Yet there seems to be no reason why we cannot believe that "the saintly person who loved Florian tenderly" in "The Child in

⁶He used these words in his famous letter to George Moore which the latter prints proudly in his preface to the 1916 edition of the Confessions.

the House" was not the fervid Keble who impressed Peter at a very young age (Wright, I, 78), nor that Joseph Haydock, a friend for many of the formative school years, could not have served as a model for Exmes in Gaston, James Stokes in "Emerald Uthwart," and Flavian in Marius (I, 97). Moreover, it would be quite impossible to dismiss the striking parallel between a "triumvirate" of friendship which Pater formed with two students, McQueen and Dombrian, at King's School, Canterbury, in 1855 (I, 87), and the "triumvirate" composed of Jasmin, Amadée and Camille in Gaston. By acknowledging these conscious attempts by Pater to recapture his past, however, we are no closer to defining the central autobiographical persona engaged in the process of remembering, and whatever Wright might indicate to the contrary, Pater's friendships seem seldom to have punctured the wall of egotism, kindly and discreet as it was, behind which he always hid.⁷ For if we identify all the subsidiary roles in a Paterian portrait but fail to pinpoint the figure at the center, painting himself as if seen in a mirror, we must indeed be viewing the perspective out of focus.

It is important, then, to see how Pater incorporated details unique to his own experience, indicative of his own idiosyncrasies. Such is his love of cats, like the "white angora" in "The Child in the House," or the "favourite

⁷ Moore, in his Avowals, recounts his attempt at friendship with Pater, and is forced to admit that he never was able to penetrate Pater's "mask."

animal" of Marius's as Wright judiciously points out (II, 141), catlike images are strewn throughout Pater's fiction, soft and velvety. Because Peter continually kept a cat he could, as do Eliot in Prufrock or Sandburg in "Fog," refer to nature in terms of the feline. Furthermore, the source of Marius's especially acute discomfort at the cruel games at Rome -- when the fetuses of wildcats were ripped from their mothers' stomachs -- was partially what must have seemed to him to be the unnatural violation of the natural creature which had been such a comfort to him in times past.

Pater also loved flowers. We know that he kept a dwarf-rose plant in his rooms, and that, as a young boy, he loved to gaze upon the "Flos Parietis," the wallflower in his garden -- which appears in "The Child in the House" and "Emerald Uthward" -- and the musk which appears only in the latter story (Wright, I, 21-22). While at Oxford, too, Pater admired the fritillaries or snakes' head, a flower red "like rusted blood," which he alludes to vividly in "Emerald Uthwart." (Wright, I, 176) Again, it is the sensitive response to natural things in growth that delineates one important facet of the Paterian hero -- his innate awareness of how he differs from others, his isolation and his loneliness -- and contrasts him with indifferent characters like the aloof Marcus Aurelius, who signed public documents while carnage and slaughter screamed out to him from the arena below.

Finally, Pater's experiences at King's School, and his early years at Queen's College, Oxford, constantly enlivened his later portraits, especially "Emerald Uthwart." In this piece, Pater's school days at Canterbury, says Wright, are related with "the faithfulness of a photograph." (II, 166) Here we see "an ideal Pater -- what Pater would have been glad to look upon as himself." (I, 94) How indicative of the selectivity of the artist, who chooses only those details which enhance the focused portrait of the apprentice! How like the adjustments Joyce made between the prosaic Stephen Hero and the more complex, but certainly more skeletal A Portrait. To say that the only resemblance between Pater and Emerald is in character -- and not in appearance, athletic powers, and soldiering (Wright, I, 94) -- is to admit that Pater has consciously pruned his school days of superfluous detail and left only the youth, the product of the educational experience, clearly defined in attributes and in disposition: in "character." Like all autobiographical writers, Pater continually peppers his writings with assorted details from his life history -- an excellent example is the parallel between the fifty youths serving the Monseigneur in Gaston with the fifty "scholars" at King's, one of the many reminiscences which flood the unfinished novel as they did "Emerald Uthwart" (Wright, I, 44) -- yet it is important to remember that is not the data but the nature of the youth who is fashioned through the data that matters.

And in almost every case, the young-old man who has become the trademark of Pater's personae as well as his personality clearly emerges, obviously still, as late as 1892 -- two years before his death -- the center of his attention.

C) Marius as Autobiography:
 The nature of Marius:
 Pater in disguise

There can be little doubt that Pater was not attempting to write a "straight" historical novel, but rather a distanced self-portrait safely disguised in an age remarkably parallel to his own. I think it is clear that Pater was setting forth his own intellectual formation in the guise of his persona, and that Marius is not really an historical figure identified with the second century, but Pater transposed into another age; moreover, Gaston de Latour and the planned English novel were conceived along similar lines. This fact becomes even more believable when we realize that, in addition to numerous geographical, social, historical, and linguistic references to a time later than Aurelian Rome -- some direct, some indirect -- we are not really surprised to discover that he introduces all of twenty-seven figures, often by referring to their books, or paintings, or other accomplishments, who actually lived later than the second century, A.D.⁸ The philosophers include a "quaint

⁸In the following sequence, the numbers in parentheses indicate frequency of appearance.

German mystic" who quotes Swedenborg (2), certain German enthusiasts of the Sturm and Drang (2), Bacon (2), Aquinas (one of his hymns for Benediction is sung at the mass in Cecilia's house!), and the highly autobiographical Augustine and Pascal. The monarchs include Constantine, Louis XIV, and Saint Louis (2). The several religious apologists -- both Protestant and Catholic -- mentioned are Michelet, Jonathan Edwards, John Calvin, Gregory the Great (2) and Francis of Assisi (3). Artists -- Pater could never resist the temptation of describing in terms of the pictorial, or of comparing a natural situation to that in a painting -- include Claude and Salvator Rosa, and, from the Renaissance, his favorite period, Montegna, Raphael (2), and his treasured Giotto (4). Wordsworth and Dante (6) were, naturally, the two autobiographical poets par excellence to Pater, and their themes and their works flowed constantly through his writings, adding allusive richness to his fictional as well as his critical technique. Dante, for instance, is the most frequently mentioned figure in Marius outside of the chronology of Aurelian Rome, and we must remember that one of Pater's most significant themes in the novel -- to show the "necessity" of religion -- could have originated in The Divine Comedy, with its vivid personal and anagogical levels. But Wordsworth is especially revealing here, for his Prelude, on "the growth of a poet's mind," published first during Pater's youth, probably did more than any other

work written in English to make him see the richest possibilities of self-expression. Finally, the prose writers summoned by Pater to illustrate the disguised story of his own apprenticeship are most illuminating. In addition to Swift, Bunyan, and Gautier, Rousseau (2), who, like Augustine, wrote Confessions, Montaigne (2), so important in Gaston as the "great egoist" in literature, and Goethe (3), whose Wilhelm Meister was, most probably, the Romantic confessional model for Marius,⁹ all illuminate Pater's intention in writing the book, for all, in a sense, have accomplished a similar feat, but without his reticence and without his disguise. It will be noted also, that nearly every figure mentioned frequently in Marius is mentioned frequently elsewhere in Pater's works, some even in chapters or essays of their own.¹⁰

Such deliberate anachronisms are another indication that Pater's purpose in writing Marius was to portray not history but himself. He is not really interested in historical accuracy for its own sake, but rather as a back-drop in front of which, center stage, his hero is in the spotlight. Marius's moral and intellectual development is really outside the political or social events of his time, and the

⁹See the discussion of Pater MS. 21 in the Houghton Library, Harvard -- "The Young Romantics" -- later in Chapter I, where Pater praises the personal nature of the book.

¹⁰"Wordsworth," "Raphael," "Pascal," the Montaigne chapters in Gaston (IV, V), and, in the Pater papers at Harvard, Goethe's Wilhelm Meister (in "The Young Romantics" cited above), and "Dante."

beliefs and philosophies he samples by the way illustrate stages in his development, rather than cosmic or historical cycles (as A Portrait differs from Ulysses, for instance). Again, the distancing of the apprenticeship to art in no way changes its essential characteristics, for the time and place Pater chooses is, like his hero, easily translated back again into his own age, as seen through his own eyes.

Although we will discuss later how the Paterian youth (especially Marius) is the apprentice artist, it might be well to show here how this youth, at the same time, is Pater himself in disguise. Shaped by their environment, -- their home, their school, their reaction to natural things, the people in their lives -- Florian, Emerald, Gaston and Marius all emerge with essentially the same character, disposition, needs and habits as their author. However different the portraits are in physical details, then, it would be almost impossible to deny that they all share one vital characteristic: the personality of Pater.

Pater's sympathy for suffering youth can be shown no more dramatically than by the fact that nearly all of his heroes (including the four in the Imaginary Portraits and Hyacinthus in "Apollo in Picardy") are not at home in the world they are launched into; as a matter of fact, it appears as if Pater loses interest in life after youth, the stage of apprenticeship, for all his personae die young. Instead of facing life they die; as I will try to show

later, in Marius this death is a kind of figurative climax to the sensitive aesthete's quest for permanency in religion, art, and, conjointly, religious art. It is essential to note that all of Pater's personae share the same journey, including Florian Deleal, who looks back at his childhood from the span of "almost thirty years." Especially significant in this respect are Emerald and Marius, however, who die at about the same age -- a fact never before realized, it seems. Emerald, Pater tells us, dies at twenty-six years of age, although for some unknown reason the doctor who examines the corpse says he is twenty-seven. Critics, fooled first by the length of Marius's pilgrimage and the plenitude of sensations and ideas which were his lot, and second by Pater's remark that Marius looked back chronologically "from the midway of life . . . though antedating it a little" shortly before he died, are led to believe that he must have been at least in his middle thirties when he finally succumbed to the fever. Pater's "a little" is here very telling (especially when we remember that Marius was written when Pater was in his early forties and that he died in his mid-fifties) for Marius actually lived into his twenty-sixth year most probably, or, at the very most, into his twenty-seventh.¹¹ Thus, in discussing some vital

¹¹Pater gives only one date in the entire novel, and it is not exact. He tells us that Marius came to Rome when he was nineteen, and that a year later, in 173, he became Aurelius's amanuensis. The actual date is not 173, but 169, for the historical events depicted at that time (Lucius

relationships between Marius and the other imaginary portraits ("An English Poet" and Gaston being exceptions because unfinished, although it is hard to believe they would have ended differently), we are showing how every one of Pater's "fictions" is written with the same governing principle, the same controlling design, and for the same aesthetic effect.

All of Pater's personae are, like their author, deeply sensitive and meditative from earliest childhood. Florian Deleal, for instance, had "a strong innate sense for the soberer tones in things, further strengthened by actual circumstances"¹²; Emerald Uthwart was possessed by a "submissiveness" to the human condition beyond his years, akin to "the force of genius" in his learning experience.¹³ Marius especially, of all of Pater's creations, felt a sense of seriousness in things instinctively, and responded with an empathy almost religious, nearly feminine in its delicacy:

Verus's death in February, Aurelius's public auction, and Annus Verus's death in the autumn) all took place in the busy year before the emperor's second, and more extensive Germanic campaign (170-175). Marius leaves Rome upon Aurelius's triumphal return and hears of Faustina's death (both in 175) on the last trip to his childhood home. Marius is now twenty-six, since he was twenty in 169, and he dies on his way back to Rome in the company of Cornelius, no later than a couple of months after he had arrived at White-Nights.

¹²Miscellaneous Studies, p. 192.

¹³Ibid., p. 217.

To Marius the whole of life seemed full of sacred presences, demanding of him a similar collectedness. The severe and archaic religion of the villa, as he conceived it, begot in him a sort of devout circumspection lest he should fall short at any point of the demand upon him of anything in which deity was concerned. He must satisfy with a kind of sacred equity, he must be very cautious lest he be found wanting to, the claims of others, in their joys and calamities -- the happiness which deity sanctioned, or the blows in which it made itself felt. And from habit, this feeling of a responsibility towards the world of men and things, towards a claim for due sentiment concerning them on his side, came to be a part of his nature not to be put off. (M.E., I, 17-18)

How much this reminds us of the young Walter Pater, who sees beauty in wallflowers, softness in cats, happiness in duty, and joy in religion, it being said of him that he "really lived only when he was in church." (Wright, I, 70)

Marius, like Pater, also, was shaped his whole life through by the impact of raw sensations and deep reflection upon his unusual personality; he was truly an "epicurean" to the very end, even when he became a "natural" Christian just prior to his death, for his nature was never changed after his early years; it simply responded in empathy to those elements of life most like itself. The title of the novel is accurate because it describes the kind of person both Pater and his creation are:

A nature like that of Marius, composed in equal parts, of instincts almost physical, and of slowly accumulated intellectual judgments, was perhaps even less susceptible than other men's characters of essential change. (II, 75)

Marius remained, like Pater, serious and impressionable, tasting, sampling, weighing and judging, but never committing himself unless both "sensations and ideas" acted simultaneously upon his nature, as they did when he saw the services in the church in Cecilia's house.

The gravity and the sensitivity of the reflective Paterian youth, moreover, are coupled with a delicacy of taste and bodily constitution. Gaston, for instance, just like the young Pater described in Wright's biography, felt how his youthful home "imparted early a taste for delicate things as being indispensable in all his pleasures to come"; he

found for himself in this perfumed place the centre of a fanciful world, reaching out to who could tell what refined passages of existence in that great world beyond, of which the echoes seemed to light here amid the stillness. (p. 21)

Pater, moreover, often uses the physical health of his heroes to mirror the fragility of the universe: a kind of reverse pathetic fallacy. Frank Harris tells us how Pater felt the sting of his weak body and his inability to battle

a premature old age.¹⁴ He corroborates Wright's running commentary on Pater's illnesses and the delicate body which offered them little resistance, and this delicate health is transferred to many of the figures in the imaginary portraits, but especially to Marius, Emerald Uthwart, who is a good athlete, a good soldier, a fine physical specimen of the kind Pater admired and, perhaps, idealized because so different from himself -- see "The Age of Athletic Prize-men" in Greek Studies -- not only dies young, but appears to have withered away prematurely, death coming "to all intents and purposes as gradually as in old age."¹⁵ Pater communicated to his creations the surprising petulance -- born of the annoyance of having to carry about a continually taxing burden -- which led him to exclaim: "If only I were . . . " as the fatigue of the body began to imprint itself on the "fatigue of the soul" which made his Marius "in effect an older man." The tension of mind and body is akin to the dualism of light and dark, of a mother's white, soft hands and a horrible black writhing snake, which generates the tears in things, the incomprehensible suffering of little innocents in a universe fraught with pain. Marius, like Pater, "aware still in that suffering body of such

¹⁴Quoted in Bertram Newman, "Walter Pater, a Revaluation," The Nineteenth Century, CXI (Jan.-June, 1932), 633-640.

¹⁵Miscellaneous Studies, p. 245.

vivid powers of mind and sense," felt very often the "blind, outraged, angry feeling of wasted power, such as he might have experienced himself standing by the deathbed of another in condition like his own." (M.E., II, 219)

The continual depletion of physical power found side-by-side in the same person with a mature gravity and a heightened sensitivity to human suffering and natural imperfection, must, of necessity, cause painful alienation and isolation to the individual who cannot continually partake of all sides of human experience, both constitutionally and temperamentally. Pater was known for his reticence and secretiveness, shut up continually in his "Spartan" chambers and meditating on the glory of antiquity and the European Renaissance. But Pater did not live in an ivory tower in the usual sense of the word, for he was attempting not to escape himself but to project himself into different situations and then analyze his ubiquity. His isolation from others was, therefore, like that of his model Montaigne -- who appears centrally as a theme as well as a character in Gaston -- a more concentrated effort to know himself in the light of what man has discovered from the beginning of time. The result is, in addition to the personal, subjective, "impressionistic" criticism he is so noted for, the imaginary portraits, in which he examines himself (or isolated and idealized attributes of himself) in chronological and geographical perspective. Marius, for instance,

has Pater's "bookish air" and his "sombre habitude of the avowed scholar," but, more significant, he "secluded himself . . . in a severe intellectual meditation" when he came of age. It is only right that Pater attributed to Marius the same reputation as a recluse he himself had lived with from his late teens, for they are both doing essentially the same thing. As a matter of fact, the most significant idiosyncrasy they share is one which can only be due to a conscious effort on Pater's part to create a complete persona: they study and write in exactly the same way; their work habits are identical. If one compared A. C. Benson's description of Pater's daily routine at Brasenose¹⁶ with the following passage from Marius, all doubts would be cleared away:

It was still the habit of Marius, encouraged by his experience that sleep is not only a sedative but the best of stimulants, to seize the morning hours for creation, making profit when he might of the wholesome serenity which followed a dreamless night. 'The morning for creation,' he would say; 'the afternoon for the perfecting labour of the file; the evening for reception -- the reception of matter from without one, of other men's words and thoughts -- matter for our own dreams, or the merely mechanic exercise of the brain, brooding thereon silently, in its dark chambers.' To leave home early in the day was therefore a rare thing for him. (M.E., II, 141)

¹⁶ Walter Pater (London: Macmillan, 1906), pp. 202-203.

Marius, then, becomes more than just an autobiographical projection of Pater here, he becomes the young artist, the apprentice whose method of creative composition helps to explain the development of the old master's craft of fiction.

Pater shares certain other preferences with his Marius, moreover, the preferences of a man of letters, an art critic, a writer of imaginary portraits. As in everything else we have been discussing, it is not so much that author and character share certain traits, for this would be simply veiled autobiography, deliberate or accidental, and many critics have noted its presence in Pater's works many times before. It is what they share that matters, and what they share are those elements of personality which delineate the Paterian aesthete: his sensitivity, his sobriety, his labor, his precarious niche in the world of things. Pater, as an artist, has no other object but to talk about the artist when he talks about himself, and the novel on his own youth must perforce be the story of his own growth into his way of life: a portrait of the artist as a young man. Marius, for instance, shares Pater's love of literature:

Still with something of the old religious earnestness of his childhood, he set himself . . . to get

that precise acquaintance with the creative intelligence itself, its structure and capacities, its relation to other parts of himself and to other things, without which, certainly, no poetry can be masterly Marius, meantime, was reading freely, in the morning for the most part, those writers chiefly who had made it their business to know what might be thought concerning that strange, enigmatic, personal essence, which had seemed to go out altogether, along with the funeral fires. (M.E., I, 126-127)

Marius, moreover, shares with his author an almost religious devotion to music and the pictorial arts. Cornelius is remembered by Marius as a symbol, of course, yet it is the nameless hymn he hums that recurs as a motif, a reminder and reinvigoration, a forecast of things to come. When Marius meditates upon the bust of Caligula in the museum of the Capitoline,¹⁷ we can only recall like speculations and critiques (the Mona Lisa being only one) which fill the pages of The Renaissance. If we remember that Caligula died at age twenty-nine, an age Marius and Emerald fell short of, the scene has even more depth and poignancy.

All Pater's heroes are, like Pater himself, lonely in the end. Marius, for instance, is "the last of his race." Like Emerald, like the older Florian, Marius returns to his birth place before he passes on, another

¹⁷ "Had the very seal of empire upon those sombre brows, reflected from his mirror, suggested his insane attempt upon the liberties, the dignity of men?" (II, 34)

Paterian youth in search of childhood's home. Moreover, it would appear that Pater was fascinated by the death of a sensitive young man, for nearly all the central figures in his portraits -- and some of the peripheral ones as well (Flavian, James Stokes) -- die, often violently or tragically. Emerald Uthwart is a good example. He is described by the doctor in such a touching and tender manner, that there can be no doubt about what sympathies Pater was intending to evoke:

The extreme purity of the outlines, both of the face and limbs, was such as is usually found only in quite early youth; the brow especially, under an abundance of fair hair, finely formed, not high, but arched and full, as is said to be the way with those who have the imaginative temper in excess. Sad to think that had he lived reason must have deserted that so worthy abode of it! I was struck by the great beauty of the organic developments, in the strictly anatomic sense; those of the throat and diaphragm in particular might have been modelled for a teacher of normal physiology, or a professor of design.¹⁸

The sensitive reaction to the presence of a dead young man gives a certain charm mixed with horror to "Denys L'Auxerrois," but it is in the scene where Marius looks upon the corpse of Flavian that Pater invests personal fascination and highly charged description with a theme

¹⁸Miscellaneous Studies, p. 245.

recurring in all of his imaginary portraits: the dualism of youth and age, light and dark, good and evil -- the tension producing the tears in things.

A feeling of outrage, of resentment against nature itself, mingled with an agony of pity, as he noted on the now placid features a certain look of humility, almost abject, like the expression of a smitten child or animal, as of one, fallen at last, after bewildering struggle, wholly under the power of a merciless adversary. From mere tenderness of soul he would not forget one circumstance in all that; as a man might piously stamp on his memory the death scene of a brother wrongfully condemned to die, against a time that may come. (M.E., I, 119)

The theme of simultaneous joy and misery in life, certainly not new with Pater, is especially important for the full appreciation of all the imaginary portraits and Marius, because it is the artist's reaction to and recording of the dichotomy of existence that become the symbol of the quest, and its eventual resolution must account for both the laughter and the tears.

D) Marius as Autobiography:
The ambivalence of life

The world is at once a joyous and a tragic place for Pater, as the subjects of all his imaginary portraits come to realize. The movement of life is often a dialectic between laughter and pain, a dichotomy composed of the miracles of sensation and thought on the one hand, and of

the sorrows of pain and death on the other. If Pater's fiction is frequently sad, it is because of the incessant reminder to a sensitive -- and physically weak -- man that the universe which shaped the most delicate and happy of sensations and ideas is, paradoxically, the source of their weakening and death, the source of the tears in things. From the very earliest days of his life, Pater responded vicariously to the world of the senses and the world of the mind, and this response fashioned in him the beginnings of a quest which ended, aesthetically, in the pages of Marius. There, at the end of the novel, he finds a remedy, a solution, in art and in religion. But since all of Pater's themes stem from the impressions which he recorded from childhood, it is there that we will begin.

The Paterian youth, as we have seen, was temperamentally suited to respond to the ambivalence of the world and human existence. He was, like Florian, "led to assign very little to the abstract thought, and much to the sensible vehicle or occasion."¹⁹ He was, like Marius, devoted to the "diligent promotion for the capacity of the eye, inasmuch as in the eye would lie for him the determining influence of life: he was of the number of those who . . . must be 'made perfect by the love of visible beauty'." (M.E., I, 32) Yet one who can see things with

¹⁹"The Child in the House," in Miscellaneous Studies, p. 186.

such perspicacity will ultimately be able to see into and through, to the heart of the division of the universe, and note

two streams of impressions, the sentiments of beauty and pain -- recognitions of the visible, tangible, audible loveliness of things, as a very real and somewhat tyrannous element in them -- and of the sorrow of the world, of grown people and children and animals, as a thing not to be put by in them.²⁰

In the young Pater, such sensitivity and insight led, as he formulated it in "The Child in the House," to "an almost diseased sensibility to the spectacle of suffering,"²¹ and in this respect, Wright notes that "the opening chapters of Marius and the autobiographical "The Child in the House" are almost parallel studies." (II, 80) For the young Marius, the crude slaughter of the sacrificial victims at the rites of Numa exacted "a certain pity at the bottom of his heart . . . rising almost to disgust" -- especially because of the religious nature of the whole ritual. It was a shock which was resurrected many years later at the "manly amusements" in the Roman arena, where "mere cruelty to animals, their useless suffering and death, formed the main point of interest." And what was worse, Marcus Aurelius, showing "a peculiar point of blindness" which men of all ages have always shared, was unaware of the "antagonism" which racked the hurt Marius as he noted, at a

²⁰Ibid., p. 181.

²¹Ibid.

point of "crisis in life," the "fierce opposition of real good and real evil around him, the issues of which he must by no means compromise or confuse;" (M.E., I, 241-2) violence, he realized, perhaps fully for the first time, is inextricably woven into the warp and woof of life.

Hand-in-hand with the sensitive response to this cruelty and violence towards the naturally harmless and benevolent animal world -- "with this desire of physical beauty" -- went "the fear of death -- the fear of death intensified by the desire of beauty."²² Many of the childhood incidents related in "The Child in the House" and Marius dealing with the youth's response to death are, Wright tells us (I, 23), based directly upon Pater's impressionable, sober, serious childhood.

In a bright dress he rambled among the graves, in the grey weather, and so came, in one corner, upon an open grave for a child -- a dark space on the brilliant grass -- the black mould lying heaped up round it, weighing down the little jeweled branches of the dwarf rosebushes in flower. And therewith came, full-grown, never wholly to leave him, with the certainty that even children do sometimes die, the physical horror of death, with its wholly selfish recoil from the association of lower forms of life, and the suffocating weight above.²³

²²"The Child in the House," in Miscellaneous Studies, pp. 189-190.

²³Ibid., pp. 190-191.

Note that not only is this Paterian in sentiment, but also, in its description, it carries with it an aura he evoked in many of his works, the aroma almost of a dwarf rose-tree he kept in his rooms at Oxford. Pater, too, like Florian as a boy or the young Marius at White-Nights, felt, almost as a physical reality, the presence of spirits, of "those poor, home-returning ghosts . . . beating their vain hands at the doors, as the wind came, their cries distinguishable in it as a wilder inner note."²⁴ So "the dead genii" of Marius's family buried on the Roman villa -- who "loved those who brought them their sustenance" -- entrenched themselves firmly in the mind of the young boy, especially when they were heard "wandering through the house, crying sorrowfully in the stillness of the night." (M.E., I, 10-11)

It is no wonder that Marius, for instance, felt compelled to feel "a sympathy for all creatures, for the almost human troubles and sicknesses of the flocks," (M.E., I, 22) and for the other natural creatures in his purview. Although he continually felt a similar sorrow for suffering things, however, Pater was bothered at the same time by an almost erotic impulse to discourse upon the evil around him, almost revel in it at times, which he saw in himself and others. After reading George Moore's A Mere Accident

²⁴Ibid., p. 192.

(1887), Pater wrote a very characteristic letter of criticism in which he said:

Descriptions of violent incidents and abnormal states of mind . . . do not serve the purpose of art. The object of art is to lead up towards certain normal aspects of nature.²⁵

To a friend at about the same time he had said: "The perfection of culture is not rebellion, but peace." (Wright, II, 96) Yet why is it that he was curiously attracted by war and warrior, battle and murder, riot and sudden death -- subjects so antipathetic to his nature? For -- "notwithstanding his sweetness and gentleness" -- his mind, especially in the later years, "had a tendency . . . to dwell on cruelties," and "delight in grisly horrors." (Wright, I, 134-135) Not only "Denys l'Auxerrois" and "Apollo in Picardy" demonstrate this obsession, but also a piece like "The Bacchanals of Euripides" from the late Plato and Platonism, and the famous arena scene in Marius illustrate the scope of the recurrent prepossession which he "admitted," "regretted," "fought against," and "sternly denounced" often, but which obviously he could not shake. (Wright, I, 135) Pater was both fascinated and repelled by evil simultaneously, and since he announced at the very outset of his career, in "Diaphaneité," that "all progress is a kind of violence"²⁶ it is apparent that he, like

²⁵ Printed by Moore in his Avowals (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1923) p. 206.

²⁶ Miscellaneous Studies, p. 252.

Milton, gradually came to believe that nothing was intrinsically beautiful, that unless its opposite was also considered, anything worthwhile would be impossible to perceive. The realization that joy and pain are often indissolubly wedded in things, coming as it did at such an early age, led Pater to desire an all-embracing explanation of the universe. Thus we note Marius's journey through the dogmas, for instance, accepting and rejecting in turn hedonism, stoicism, sophism, and at least partially committing himself to Christianity at the end, although he still sees it with the eyes of a confirmed epicurean "less susceptible than other men's characters of essential change." (M.E., II, 75) Thus we detect Pater's conscious manipulation of thematic effect -- symbolic, even, in its force -- in order to represent pictorially the two warring principles his experience told him underlay every sensation, for it was the senses that remained the threshold of knowledge for him, even to the end of his life. He chose very carefully two recurring images which he had felt with such bold effect as a child that they came to represent, in miniature, the principle which spawned them.²⁷ Any reader of Pater's fiction must recall the emotive tenderness he attaches to the color white, and the revulsion and

²⁷I am indebted in part for the following discussion to Anthony Ward, Walter Pater, The Idea in Nature (London: MacGibbon and Kee, 1966), especially pp. 122-123.

horror his persona, Marius, feels in the presence of snakes. Indeed, the bifurcation which results is due to more than a natural antithesis, for it is derived from Pater's own apprehension of morality through sense data.

Pater's aversion to snakes was famous even during his life-time, especially since he seemed to love other animals so tenderly. William Sharp, in his excellent reminiscence,²⁸ tells how Pater was shocked to see Mrs. Sharp, of whom he was fond, wearing an ornamental serpent -- so shocked that the surprised woman was forced to take it off and put it away. Wright relates this incident, and notes in various other places (I, 52-55; II, 81, 89) Pater's confirmed prejudice. Marius, too, feels the same horror as a young man:

Though his liking for animals was so strong, yet one fierce day in early summer, as he walked along a narrow road, he had seen the snakes breeding, and ever afterwards avoided that place and its ugly associations, for there was something in the incident which made food distasteful and his sleep uneasy for many days afterwards. The memory of it, however, had almost passed away, when at the corner of the street in Pisa he came upon an African showman exhibiting a great serpent: once more, as the reptile writhed, the former painful impression revived: it was like a peep into the lower side of the real world, and again for many days took all sweetness from food and sleep

²⁸ "Personal Reminiscences of Walter Pater," Atlantic Monthly (Dec., 1894), reprinted in Papers Critical and Reminiscent (New York: Duffield, 1912), pp. 222-223.

A kind of pity even mingled with his aversion, and he could hardly have killed or injured the animals, which seemed already to suffer by the very circumstances of their life, being what they were. It was something like a fear of the supernatural, or perhaps rather a moral feeling, for the face of a great serpent, with no grace of fur or feathers, so different from quadruped or bird, has a sort of humanity of aspect in its spotted and clouded nakedness. There was a humanity, dusty and sordid, and as if far gone in corruption, in the sluggish coil, as it awoke suddenly into one metallic spring of pure enmity against him. (M.E., I, 23-24, *italics mine*)

Note the emotional coloring of the words; note how the snake becomes almost symbolic of the moral privation of beauty and good in the world, being as it is "sordid," "far gone in corruption," a creature of "the lower side of the real world" with "pure enmity" towards man. Note, also, how Pater's use of snakes is not merely symbolic, since his personal repugnance to them is so well documented.

Diametrically opposite the dark perversions which the snakes came to represent for Pater, but just as meaningful on the moral level, stands the purity, fragility, gentility which the color white invariably communicates in the imaginary portraits. Pater, says Wright, "loved whiteness as never did another" (II, 102) -- and he shared this predilection, this passion for the "comely whiteness" (I, 24)

which colored his home, his clothes, and his pets with all his personae. The "whiteness" of Florian Deleal's old house, with its "white mice," the "whites" glimmering through chinks in the window -- the fog outside, forcing him to "see inwardly" -- the "white vision of heat about him, clinging closely, through the languid scent of the ointments" which soothed his childish hurts while he convalesced in his "white room;" the effect is mesmeric, growing in emotional charge as the staggering amount of white imagery accumulates. Even the delicate human nature pictured in "Diaphaneité" is explained metaphorically as "a thread of pure white light" while Deux Manoirs, the childhood home of Gaston, shares the ~~same~~ pure imagery as Florian's youthful sanctuary. But even these descriptions pale before the evocative power of Chapter II in Marius: the justly famous "White-Nights" of the Roman countryside. Marius's tender mother has "white hands" and weaves "white" wools while Marius watches and helps. "White-Nights" is a place where childhood passes in "continuous dreaming, only half veiled by sleep" -- for "dreaming even in the daytime might come to much there." (M.E., I, 14) At the villa, "the mystery of so-called white things" is most apparent, for they are "the doubles, or seconds, of real things, and themselves but half-real, half-material" -- the other side of the moral universe from the writhing snakes. There queens and witches both

are "white" but especially the mass, "which, as the black mass is a travesty of the true mass turned evil by old horrible witches, is celebrated by young candidates for the priesthood with an unconsecrated host, by way of rehearsal." (M.E., I, 13) Whiteness for Pater is a metaphor for the benevolence of the universe; it is no wonder that Marius's material abode discovered practical and symbolic exempla to one with a Paterian, instinctive seriousness.

E) Marius as Pater's apologia

Marius is, according to Arthur Symons, "a personal confession and the scheme of a doctrine."²⁹ That it is a personal confession, I think we are in the process of showing, but the question of what "doctrine" Pater is setting forth systematically in the novel has yet to be discussed. It is clear that the story of an apprenticeship to art must include, at least by implication, a defense of both the kind of art being learned and the kind of artist the apprentice is going to be. Before illustrating how Marius is Pater as apprentice artist, then, it must be shown how Marius shares Pater's views on the way one should live, the manner in which one should respond to the sensations and ideas with which he comes into contact, especially those of art and religion. As we shall see, Marius is, like all of Pater's personae, an aesthetic man who lives according to the formula first set forth in the famous "Conclusion"

²⁹ Studies in Prose and Verse (London: Dent, 1904), p. 66.

to The Renaissance, and the Paterian "nature" which conditions the concept of the aesthetic man also conditions Pater's concept of how the artist operates and what art is.

When Pater's The Renaissance went into its third edition in 1888 -- three years after Marius appeared and the same year in which Gaston was serialized in Macmillan's Magazine -- he added this enlightening footnote to the controversial -- now restored -- "Conclusion:"

This brief "Conclusion" was omitted in the second edition of this book,³⁰ as I conceived it might possibly mislead some of those young men into whose hands it might fall. On the whole, I have thought it best to reprint it here, with some slight changes which bring it closer to my original meaning. I have dealt more fully in Marius the Epicurean with the thoughts suggested by it.³¹

Indeed, the "doctrine" which Marius presents is the development of a sensibility to the point of such refinement that it could espouse the ideas in the "Conclusion," hold them and live according to them, and, since the unique perceptions of this revolutionary document are those so typically Paterian, the aesthetic journey depicted is that of the author himself. Marius is an apologia for Pater's way of life, almost an exemplum showing that the revolutionary kind of existence depicted in the "Conclusion" actually

³⁰The original edition (1873) had the title Studies in the History of the Renaissance; the second edition (1877) was changed to The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry, which it retained in all subsequent printings.

³¹The Renaissance, p. 233.

worked -- and worked well -- if one had the nature of a Paterian youth. "I did mean it [Marius] to be more anti-Epicurean than it has struck you as being"32 he wrote to Sharp: Marius is an apology for the life of an aesthete, not -- as the "Conclusion" was originally taken by many -- a license for libertinism. It is about an aesthete's "sensations and ideas" and his growth as an artist, not simply his reaction to and enjoyment of concrete particulars. It perfects the "Conclusion" because it shows in detail how the "wisest" of men spends his life in the pursuit of art, courting life's intensest moments in order to recreate them again at a later time.

Even as early as 1864, when he read "Diaphanéité" to the Old Mortality Club, Pater was conscious of dramatizing a doctrine he was strongly committed to. He evokes in this brief essay the kind of character he would deal with in all of his imaginary portraits, and we cannot help but notice the striking similarity between the type of aesthete depicted here and the Pater who wrote The Renaissance and Marius:

It does not take the eye by breadth of colour; rather it is that fine edge of light, where the elements of our moral nature refine themselves to the burning point. It crosses rather than follows the main currents of the world's life. The world has no sense fine enough for those evanescent shades, which fill up the blanks between contrasted types of

32

1 March 1885, in "Letters," p. 69.

characters -- delicate provision in the organization of the moral world for the transmission to every part of it of the life quickened at single points! For this nature there is no place ready in its affections. This colourless, unclassified purity of life it can neither use for its service, nor contemplate as an ideal.³³

This early work contains not only some of the recurrent thematic motifs in the imaginary portraits (including Pater's painful awareness of the unbridgeable philosophical gap between himself and the Victorian world), but echoes of the style of the "Conclusion." In "Diaphaneite" Pater is drawing a character sketch; in the "Conclusion" to The Renaissance he is the character sketching the same viewpoint, in all essentials, simply from a different point of view.

At first sight experience seems to buy us under a flood of external objects, pressing upon us with a sharp and importunate reality, calling us out of ourselves in a thousand forms of action. But when reflexion begins to play upon those objects they are dissipated under its influence; the cohesive force seems suspended like some trick of magic; each object is loosed into a group of impressions -- colour, odour, texture -- in the mind of the observer. And if we continue to dwell in thought on this world, not of objects in the solidity with which language invests them, but of impressions, unstable, flickering, inconsistent, which burn and are extinguished with our consciousness of them, it contracts still farther; the whole scope of observation is dwarfed into the narrow chamber of the

³³Miscellaneous Studies, p. 248.

individual mind. Experience, already reduced to a group of impressions, is ringed round for each one of us by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to us, or from us to that which we can only conjecture to be without. Every one of those impressions of the individual in his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world It is with this movement, with the passage and dissolution of impressions, images, sensations, that analysis leaves off -- that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves.³⁴

This very subjective doctrine of Pater's would be worth no more notice here -- it has been explained many times -- save for one very significant aspect: Marius shares it with him. Quite possibly this is what Symonds meant by "the scheme of a doctrine" and what Pater meant when he said he would deal "more fully" with the "thoughts" of the "Conclusion" in Marius. The root of the diaphanous epicurean of "refined sensation," planted in "Diaphaneité," blossomed (thematically) in The Renaissance and (dramatically) in Marius whose hero dares to allow "the beauty of the physical world" to strike him "potently upon his wide-open, unwearied senses." Again, in both diction

³⁴The Renaissance, pp. 234-236.

and sensibility, the "pure" epicureanism of Pater³⁵ appears once more, but whereas in "Diaphaneité" and the "Conclusion" this concept was abstracted or presented doctrinally, here, in Marius, it is embodied in a character who is a projection of Pater himself; Marius has "capacities of feeling, of exquisite physical impressions, of an imaginative sympathy" unlike his friends and acquaintances at court. In the reflective chapter, "Second Thoughts," Pater tells us how Marius is still "wholly bent on living in that full stream of refined sensation" which he had learned to immerse himself in when he was a "young Cyrenaic." Marius, then, lives the life of fine art counseled in the "Conclusion," having "a strong apprehension" of

the beauty of the visible things around him; their fading, momentary, graces and attractions. His natural susceptibility in this direction, enlarged by experience, seemed to demand of him an almost exclusive preoccupation with the aspects of things; with their

³⁵ For his most succinct definition of epicureanism (and his most direct denunciation -- though characteristically weak -- of his "decadent disciple," Wilde) see his review of The Picture of Dorian Gray, reprinted in Sketches and Reviews (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1919, p. 128:

A true Epicureanism aims at a complete though harmonious development of man's entire organism. To love the moral sense, therefore, for instance, the sense of sin and righteousness, as Mr. Wilde's heroes are bent on doing as speedily, as completely as they can, is to lose, or lower, organization, to become less complex, to pass from a higher to a lower degree of development.

aesthetic character, as it is called -- their revelations to the eye and to the imagination: not so much because those aspects of them yield him the largest amount of enjoyment, as because to be occupied, in this way, with the aesthetic or imaginative side of things, is to be in real contact with those elements of his own nature, and of theirs, which, for him at least, are matter of the most real kind of apprehension. (M.E., II, 25-26)

Compare this to the most famous passage in the "Conclusion" -- Pater's most "poetic" statement of the nature of things, and the personality of the aesthete especially attuned to them:

Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.³⁶

If this apparent sensualism or hedonism is contrasted with Pater's natural gravity and quietism, however, much of the confusion stemming from this statement is cleared up. Pater's "burning" was not a license, but a command to develop and coordinate all experience, intellectual and ethical also, towards a moral and spiritual, as well as

³⁶The Renaissance, p. 236.

physical perfection. His natural sensitivity and grave disposition led him, from the very beginning, to see things seriously and piously. Marius, who can be identified with Pater in all other essentials, inherits this point of view in toto. Again, in the chapter "Second Thoughts," -- during which Marius takes stock of his first twenty years, especially the one year spent at the court in Rome -- Pater tells us how Marius, "to strengthen and to purify a certain vein of character" developed "the ideal, pre-existent there, of a religious beauty . . . in connexion with a vivid sense of the value of mental and bodily sanity."

And this recognition of the beauty, even for the aesthetic sense, of mere bodily health, now acquired, operated afterwards as an influence morally salutary, counteracting the less desirable or hazardous tendencies of some phases of thought, through which he was to pass. (I, 41)
 . . . In his scrupulous idealism indeed, he too feels himself to be something of a priest, and that devotion of his days to the contemplation of what is beautiful, a sort of perpetual religious service.
 (M.E., II, 17)

Indeed, the dual solution to the forced isolation of human experience, the two ideals beyond the purely sensory for Pater, the aesthetic and the religious, are never very far apart in his mind, and Marius, and Gaston, underwent the "spiritual development of a refined and cultivated mind, capable of keen enjoyment in the pleasures of the senses and of the intellect, but destined to find its

complete satisfaction in that which transcends both."³⁷

But the journey to religious awareness -- or to the complete sensation of the art of religion -- is still on the road of the senses, and the only logical prelude to the fulfillment of and full appreciation of an aesthetic religion is the fullest possible development of the aesthetic sense itself -- the critical perception of impressions and fluctuating physical data which makes life itself a fine art.

Marius's devotion to the "real world around" makes him the perfect Paterian, because the impression -- and its corresponding sensations -- gave life its fullest, most intense pleasure, "endorsing everything it touched upon, however remotely, down to its little passing tricks of fashion even, with a kind of fleeting beauty," and exercising over him "a great fascination." (M.E., I, 47) In "The Child in the House" Pater had shown how "indelibly" "sensible things" etched themselves unto our personalities, "with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on the white paper, the smooth wax, of our ingenuous souls . . ."³⁸ The exhortation of the "Conclusion" is clear:

What we have to do is to be forever curiously testing new opinions

³⁷C. L. Shadwell's "Preface" to Gaston de Latour, p. vi.

³⁸Miscellaneous Studies, p. 177, italics mine. Compare this passage to George Moore's opening description of himself in the Confessions: "I came into the world apparently

and courting new impressions . . .
 For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time . . . Of such wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for its own sake, has most. 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.³⁹

Marius heeds this call with the greatest possible gusto, spending, as the true aesthete is advised to do, as much time as possible in "art and song,"⁴⁰ and thus Marius the Epicurean becomes not only Pater's apology for his cyrenaic philosophy, but also its vital embodiment in the life of a perceptive, "crystalline" youth. It is his defense against the charges of hedonism, and his program for "the good life," for Marius is not merely blameless but kindly, benevolent, charitable, humanitarian, as well. If the senses and the impressions of the physical world can lead us into the snares of the devil, they can also put

with a nature like a smooth sheet of wax, bearing no impress, but capable of receiving any; of being moulded into all shapes." Moore, too, was obviously convinced by this Lockean philosophy: that we grow and learn and know by the action of empirical data on our senses.

³⁹The Renaissance, pp. 237-239.

⁴⁰Ibid., p. 238.

us on the path of righteousness, self-control, and religious devotion. However ambiguous the end of Marius may be, there can be little doubt that the "epicurean" of scarcely twenty-seven years of age is, symbolically if not actually, a catechumen of the Roman church, and a devotee to the art of religion.

Marius the Epicurean, then, is a program of life based firmly on the extremely idiosyncratic "Conclusion" to The Renaissance. Literature, fine art, music, -- they are all so necessary and so serious a part of life, that devotion to them becomes intense enough to be called moral, in addition to purely aesthetic.

Because Pater demonstrated a keen ethical as well as artistic interest in religion, we must show, before going on to a discussion of Marius as künstlerroman, how Marius shared his author's views even though the Christianity of the second century differed markedly from that of the nineteenth. There is one subject that marks Pater's later writings more strongly than any other: religion and ethics as seen through the eyes of a sensualist, an aesthete. The religious predisposition -- as we have seen, and as we shall see -- had always been strong in Pater, but it was only at the end of Marius the Epicurean that he was able to harmonize it fully with the devotion to sense experience of the "Conclusion." And the marriage is interesting, because he assigns to the infant Christian religion

the same virtues he used to define an aesthetic education. If his allegiance was switched, it was not because of a sudden change in temperament or a sacramental enlightenment, but because he came to see in the Christian religion a different perfection of life than in art, one strengthened by the addition of a firmly established moral set of values.

The ideal of asceticism represents moral effort as essentially a sacrifice, the sacrifice of one part of human nature to another, that it may live the more completely in what survives of it; while the ideal of culture represents it as a harmonious development of all the parts of human nature, in just proportion to each other. It was to the latter order of ideas that the Church of Rome in the age of the Antonines, freely lent herself. (M.E., II, 121)

Moreover, one must constantly keep in mind the aesthetic dimension of Pater's religiosity, for it is undoubtedly through the senses that he first encountered the experience of religion, and it is just as surely true that it was the pleasant experience of church services and church ritual which kept him coming back until he could look deeper than the surface. The final stage of Marius's apprenticeship was his confrontation with religion -- the fourth part of Marius is devoted almost exclusively to the impact of the infant church of Rome on the young but "world weary" epicurean -- and the final source of beauty

and truth for Pater, it could be argued, was his realization that there is a world beyond that of the senses, a world which is more than a mere source of metaphor, but rather of pleasure and consolation, perhaps the most powerful remedy of all against the inherent tears in things.

Pater's true stand on religion has always been problematical. If we accept the pious picture which Wright paints of him (omitting, quite conveniently, the don's "frequent gibes" at religion, as he tells us in his Preface, p. xiv) we might be tempted to place Pater in the pantheon of Anglo-Catholic saintly recluses headed by one such as Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding. Yet most assuredly this is incomplete typecasting, for it dismisses much of Pater's most characteristic and most revolutionary thought. On the other hand, we might think of Pater as the aesthete lodged firmly in his ivory tower, preaching a complete devotion to hedonism, irreligious in the true sense of the word. By associating him with his self-named "disciples," Wilde and the Decadents, we are led to place him at the opposite pole, as the high priest of words and pictures rather than of religion. This, too, however, is obviously a caricature based upon one aspect of his writings, and not a full picture of the man behind the masks. Are the two Paters the same man, or did he move gradually from youthful excess to mature self-control? I do not think that I am becoming too subtle when I say that Pater's ambivalence towards

religion, and his ambiguous position between saint and decadent becomes the most important biographical question we must answer. I do not believe, as Wright does, that Pater ever apprehended religion as the saint, nor, as his admirers often hinted, can I associate him directly with the various "decadent" themes of the Yellow Book nineties. Two recent studies have clearly shown that Pater's pre-occupation with religion was the most significant problem he wrestled with as a writer. U. C. Knoepfelmacher⁴¹ argues that Pater became a "religious humanist" because his artistic temperament had great difficulty in reconciling the physical world of the senses with the ideal world of morality and religion. Anthony Ward⁴² shows how Pater, faced with the enigma of the ambivalence of life that we noted earlier, became a Hegelian idealist, seeking to explain life in terms of a dialectic.⁴³ Although I don't

⁴¹Religious Humanism and the Victorian Novel (Princeton University Press, 1965).

⁴²Walter Pater, The Idea in Nature (London: Mac Gibbon and Kee, 1966).

⁴³Ward also has an interesting discussion of two manuscripts in the Pater collection at the Houghton Library, Harvard. "Art and Religion," with "Thoughts," (MS.11) and a sequel (MS.17) are highly philosophical essays on good living which Pater notes were intended at one time, at least in part, to be incorporated into Marius. They were probably rejected because the addition of such a highly abstract and programmatic discussion into a book filled already with so many set-pieces would conceivably have destroyed whatever pretence to plot and drama existed already.

believe that Pater ever became a Christian humanist or a dialectician -- because I do not think that he apprehended religion philosophically so much as aesthetically -- it must be admitted that the case both Knoepfmacher and Ward make for Pater's interest in religion is convincing. But whereas they believe that Pater was most interested in dogma, I feel that it was the Christian ritual which fired his imagination, his sensations and his ideas. Pater, from the very first as a child, had a deep-seated religious disposition which he never outgrew; indeed, he became pre-occupied more seriously with it as he grew older.⁴⁴ As an artist -- even, when he was young, as an ur-artist -- he treated this religious impulse in a special way, however, responding not to the "message" but to its medium, much as an art critic would praise the technique of a painter, not the "story" of the picture, and much as the literary critic would discuss the merits of diction, tone, irony, or image clusters rather than the "plot" or the "tale." Pater's deep religious character -- which it cannot be denied he possessed -- responded primarily to the beauty of religion, its aesthetic, sensual, impressionistic effect on the terribly sensitive, characteristically serious and grave personality which he shared with his creations. Religion,

⁴⁴ See the poem by Lionel Johnson -- an artist who shared Pater's aesthetics as well as his hieratic propensities -- celebrating this side of his character: "Gracious God rest him, him who toiled so well." (Wright, II, 221)

for Pater, was the fittest subject for art, as well as the fitting climax to a life devoted primarily to the quest for physical and spiritual beauty.⁴⁵

⁴⁵The obvious tensions which a nature both highly artistic and deeply religious must suffer are best presented in the following passages from Gaston, pp. 38-39, 71-72:

It was a brilliant surface with which the untried world confronted him. Touch it where you might, you felt the resistant force of the solid matter of human experience, in its strange mixture of beauty and evil, its sorrow, its ill-assorted fates; its pathetic acquiescence; above all, in its overpowering certainty, over against his own world of echoes and shadows. A nature with the capacity of worship, he was straightway challenged, as by a new religion claiming to supersede the religion he knew, to identify himself conclusively with this so tangible world, its suppositions, its issues, its risks. . . . Two worlds, two antagonistic ideals, were in evidence before him. Could a third condition supervene, to mend their discord, or only vex him perhaps, from time to time, with efforts toward an impossible adjustment? . . . And therewith came the consciousness, no longer of mere bad-neighborship between what was old and new in his life, but of incompatibility between two rival claimants upon him, of two ideals. . . . Was there perhaps somewhere, in some penetrative mind in this age of novelties, some scheme of truth, some science about men and things, which might harmonize for him his earlier and later preference, "the sacred and profane loves," or, failing that, establish, to his pacification, the exclusive supremacy of the latter?

If this seems to favor the aesthetic viewpoint too strongly, it must be remembered that Gaston here is young and open-eyed, much as Marius was during his euphuistic stage. Here Gaston is under the strong influence of the Pleiade.

By now, Pater's early religious sensibilities need little illustration. Nearly all of his personae in the imaginary portraits share the same childhood responsiveness, that "strong innate sense for the soberer tones in things, further strengthened by actual circumstances" of Florian Deleal, who "yielded himself easily to religious impressions, and with a kind of mystical appetite for sacred things"⁴⁶ and holy service. Note how autobiographical is the description of the young Gaston de Latour:

A nature, instinctively religious,
which would readily discover and give
their full value to all such facts
of experience as might be conform-
able thereto! (p. 22)

Moreover, as in the young Pater, Gaston's "religious sensibility" was wedded to "sensibilities of another kind," with which

the imaginative heat, that might one
day enter into dangerous rivalry with
simple old-fashioned faith, was blent
harmoniously . . . They were hardly
distinguishable elements of an amiable
character, susceptible generally to
the poetic side of things -- two
neighbourly apprehensions of a single
ideal. (pp. 22-23)

When he was young, Pater himself responded as openly, as freshly to the world about him, sensing at one and the same time the exquisite loveliness of nature and the mystery, the awe and the wonder at its creation. The religious

⁴⁶ "The Child in the House," in Miscellaneous Studies, pp. 192-193.

impulse was woven into the deepest fibres of his nature, but so, too, was the aesthetic. Later, when he began to see in earnest how the universe was ugly and cruel also, when he realized vividly the tears inherent in things, then he called upon his natural respect for and adoration of liturgy and devotion to provide a haven for his "little wandering soul."⁴⁷

In Marius, however, Pater catalogues most fully his own "native instinct of devotion." In the manner of one of his most esteemed literary heroes, Wordsworth (who is mentioned by name in the first chapter, "'The Religion of Numa'"), he shows Marius recruiting "that body of antique traditions by a spontaneous force of religious veneration such as had originally called them into being." (M.E., I, 5) Indeed, Marius's beloved White-Nights, "the very essence" of the intimate, secure home, was under the forcible "spell of his religion" which, in turn "seemed to involve certain heavy demands upon him." (M.E., I, 12) Like Pater, Marius was precociously grave and serious, yet at the same time he seemed to glow with joy in the comforting presence of religious ceremony, for the promise of eternal reward can only be meaningful if one exacts a full look at the worst. Such "heavy demands," however,

⁴⁷ It is instructive to note that the chapter "Sunt Lacrimae Rerum," presented in the form of excerpts from Marius's diary, appears at the end of the novel, just after his initial rapture with Christian ritual, and just prior to his death in the last chapter, "Anima Naturaliter Christiana" -- a soul Christian by nature.

were not confined exclusively to the hieratic strain of his character, but impinged on the aesthetic also, for the loss felt for things dying and dead is sincere only if they were truly loved in full bloom. Thus Pater's -- Marius's -- zealous response to childhood religion stems initially from the perception of beauty, is built upon a love of perfection in both form and content, and recognizes evil not only in things sinful, but also in ugliness, incompleteness, shapelessness.

The religion of Numa had the same effect on Marius as Anglicanism had on the young Pater, for, in both cases, a native seriousness and sensitivity nourished the religious impulse and, in turn, was further strengthened by the earliest acts of faith. Marius gave himself up to the religion of his childhood,

to that system of symbolic usages, and they in turn developed in him further, a great seriousness -- an impressibility to the sacredness of time, of life and its events, and the circumstances of family fellowship; of such gifts to men as fire, water, the earth, from labour on which they live, really understood by him as gifts -- a sense of religious responsibility in the reception of them. (M.E., I, 5-6)

Sometimes, even, his concentration on the supernatural "afforded a welcome channel for the almost stifling sense of health and delight in him, and relieved it as gratitude to the gods." (M.E., I, 6) Thus Marius consecrated himself

to his religion of joy; thus the "first, early boyish ideal of priesthood, the sense of dedication, survived through all the distractions of the world, and when all thoughts of such vocation had finally passed from him, as a ministry, in spirit at least, towards a sort of hieratic beauty and order in the conduct of life." (M.E., I, 25) Pater's "favourite amusement," Wright tells us, was similarly "playing at being a clergyman . . ." (I, 21) We are told how he loved to mimic divine services, organize processions, dress in mock-clerical garb to the amazement of both family and friends. Pater's childhood pre-occupation with the form as well as the substance of church liturgy isolated Pater -- and Marius -- further from even those closest to him, implementing his natural shyness and reticence with yet another private exercise indulged in to the fullest when he was alone or when he was acting a symbolic role apart from his social personality. As with Marius,

those childhood days of reverie,
when he played at priests, played
in many another day-dream, working
his way from the actual present,
as far as he might, with a delightful
sense of escape in replacing the
outer world of other people by an
inward world as himself really cared
to have it, had made him a kind of
'idealist.' (M.E., I, 132-133)

And because religion fitted his personality so perfectly, it is not surprising that ritual was to him, aesthetically, the most satisfying of self-indulgences as well as

the most fulfilling of life's duties, "always something to be done, rather than something to be thought, or believed, or loved;" (M.E., I, 181) such revealing passages suggest that his devotion was to the form rather than the content, to the ritual rather than the dogma, of Christianity, a fact which Pater's life-records frequently attest to.

When Marius encountered infant Christianity in the Fourth Part of Marius he experienced a re-birth, a new hope in religion and religious values which his journey through the informed circles at Rome had put aside for a time. But never had he lost touch with the sensitivity born into him at White-Nights, with the devotional services and liturgical worship that had so pleased him. Faced with a succession of creeds and philosophies at school and at court, he had temporarily surrendered faith in the other to faith in the self, holding to and living a life of extreme subjectivity devoid of religion much as Pater at Queen's College gave himself temporarily to a philosophy of delicacy, refinement, physical epicureanism and literary euphuism which led to such works as "Diaphaneité," "The Child in the House" and the "Conclusion" to The Renaissance. But, like Pater's again, Marius's period of living for and in the self was followed by a more stoical stage in which reflection and devotion, the two cornerstones of his active personality as a youth, once more held center stage.

Pater's later works are fundamentally more philosophical in tone and substance (Plato and Platonism, 1893; Greek Studies, 1895) than his earlier, more famous, "cyrenaic" proclamations, and Marius, in the last quarter of the novel, becomes overtly more Christian than epicurean. Pater was never formally converted to Christianity like his Marius, and his life-cycle was, as in so many other specifics, exactly the same: for in youth they shared the same serious religiosity which a period of euphuism and subjectivity only slightly disguised, and which, when it returned once again in early middle age, was re-affirmed more securely than before. Marius and Pater share also the almost purely aesthetic appeal of church liturgy, and there can be little doubt that one thematic reason for the conversion in Part IV is to show how indisputably necessary the sensual apprehension of religion really is -- how, as a matter of fact, the physical experience of religion is antecedent to the moral, how what we see and hear first opens the door to what we think and feel and do.

When Marius first enters Cecilia's house, he feels once again his childhood sensitivity and sees, perhaps for the first time, how the life of sensation and impression and religious service are truly compatible:

His old native susceptibility to the spirit, the special sympathies, of places -- above all, to any hieratic or religious significance they might have -- was at its liveliest, as Marius, still encompassed by that

peculiar singing, and still amid the evidences of a grave discretion all around him, passed into the house. That intelligent seriousness about life, the absence of which had ever seemed to remove those who lacked it into some strange species wholly alien from himself, accumulating all the lessons of his experience since those first days at White-Nights, was as it were translated here, as if in designed congruity with his favourite precepts of the power of physical vision, into an actual picture.
(M.E., II, 96-97)

Remaining "faithful to the spirit of his early Epicurean philosophy" and to "the impulse to surrender himself, in perfectly liberal inquiry about it, to anything that, as a matter of fact, attracted or impressed him strongly," he felt all of a sudden "the stirring of some wonderful new hope within himself," (M.E., II, 109-110) -- a recapturing, with the differences which time and perspective must cause, of the religious awe of long ago.

It is the drama of worship, the sensuous appeal of the Christian liturgy, the physical apparel of religion, which captures Pater's interest and that of his characters. The "somewhat Gothic soul of Gaston" is, for example, at home in the strange, bizarre, even, expanse inside the cathedral at Notre-Dame, which satisfies his "appetite . . . for dimness" and his "preference for darkness."
(pp. 28-29, 31) Marius, "amid a deep sense of vacuity in life" at the glorious court of Rome, is fascinated by the

sheer beauty and genuine pathos of the services at Cecelia's house, the liturgy of the mass becoming to him then "the greatest act of worship the world has seen."

The wonderful liturgical spirit of the Church, her wholly unparalleled genius for worship, being thus awake, she was rapidly reorganizing both pagan and Jewish elements of ritual, for the expanding therein of her own new heart of devotion. Like the institutions of monasticism, like the Gothic style of architecture, the ritual system of the Church, as we see it in historic retrospect, ranks as one of the great, conjoint, and (so to term them) necessary products of the human mind.⁴⁸ (M.E., II, 123-4) . . . It was not in an image, or series of images, yet still in a sort of dramatic action, and with the unity of a single appeal to eye and ear, that Marius about this time found all his new impressions set forth, regarding what he had already recognized, intellectually, as for him at least the most beautiful thing in the world. (M.E., II, 128)

The inevitability of Marius's "conversion" is here quite evident, for Pater distinctly points out how unique the Christian service was at its point of time -- how, as a matter of fact, a young man of Marius's characteristic gravity and native receptivity could not help but respond with appreciation and delight. Moreover, the ritual of the mass appeals to the most cherished mode of perception

⁴⁸ See Pater's letter explaining his view of religion -- very similar in language as well as in ideas to this passage -- reproduced in footnote 53, below.

for the confirmed epicurean: the aesthetic. It is "the most beautiful thing in the world." For Marius's sensual appetite, softened and sensitized by his equable temperament and his devotional habits, the mass, viewed objectively for the first time, becomes the perfect artistic masterpiece incorporating, once and for all, every enjoyable facet of human experience into one ceremony: the sensual, the aesthetic, the moral, the dramatic. Again, too, Pater shared this experience with Marius, for the mass described in the book -- which makes such an indelible impression upon the novice -- is, in Wright's words, "an exact description of the services at St. Austin's." (I, 84) The priory of Father Nugée, with its elaborate ceremonies and highly dramatic services, became, after it was founded in 1879, a regular haunt of Pater.⁴⁹ As Wright tells us (II, 19-48), Pater was so impressed by the Roman Catholic service -- in many particulars like that of the second century -- that he incorporated it into his masterwork, and he shared it, in every significant sign, sound and gesture with his Marius. For both men, and in both quests, it became a seminal experience. Once more, author and character, self and mask, feel the same way, react the same way, and are changed in the same way.

⁴⁹ This date is especially important because it was after the first two editions of The Renaissance, after he suppressed the "Conclusion" in 1877, but before the publication of Marius in 1885, or the third edition of The Renaissance in 1888 with the partially revised "Conclusion" including the important footnote on Marius the Epicurean.

But Marius dies young and Pater lives on into his fifties. How are we to view Marius's early death then? Why is Pater somewhat ambiguous only at the very end? Is Marius no longer an autobiographical projection of Pater, but, in the last few pages, a totally separable entity experiencing the end of his life totally apart from his author? We would, if we dismiss the last quarter of Marius as a conventional ending, be guilty of critical negligence, -- even laziness -- however, about the equivalent oversight of conveniently passing over Chapter V of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man because it appears too doctrinaire. If Marius the Epicurean is indeed a self-portrait of the apprentice artist, then Marius must share Pater's final allegiance as well as his earlier ones,⁵⁰ regardless of how the critics have interpreted his ambivalent "conversion" -- or, for that matter, his rejection -- of dogmatic Christianity. I would like to show now that Pater does make Marius's choice rather clear by the structural dialectic of the fourth part of the novel, and that his attitude and receptivity towards Christianity is the same as Pater's when he

⁵⁰ It is interesting to note that the third edition of Marius, printed in 1892, is filled with textual revisions, yet it is only in one section that the meaning of certain sections was changed. As Edmund Chandler points out in his monograph, Pater on Style (Copenhagen: Rosenkilde and Bagger, 1958), pp. 59-76, Pater deletes what is anti-Christian, limits the investigation of cyrenaicism and aestheticism, and is, on the whole, more discreet in matters dealing with "universal religion and morality" as well as those dealing with Christian dogma and liturgy. He is, later in his life, then, more intent upon justifying Marius's Christian, religious ending than his epicurean career.

wrote the book, and which became stronger as he grew older. Whether Pater or Marius was a Christian is not so important; what is important is this: do Pater and Marius share the same creeds, attitudes, awarenesses? Since the overwhelming biographical evidence indicates that, indeed, Pater was a Christian, however, it is essential to show that Marius died -- symbolically -- holding the same set of views.

When Marius encounters the underground community of Christians in Part IV, he had experienced fully, even for his years, the depth and scope of Roman civilization. It had obviously not satisfied him. His natural affinity for beauty, especially that kind found in religious ritual, initially attracted him to the solemnity of Christian hope, and the nobility of Christian suffering. As we read further into the last section of the novel, however, we begin to feel that Pater has set up yet another criterion by which to judge Marius's attachment to the Church -- he has contrasted and compared the qualities of Christian life with those of pagan civilization, to the obvious detriment of the latter. This dialectical method is not new here, for Pater used it quite subtly in the earlier sections of Marius to illustrate the ambivalence of human life. By clearly contrasting the color white with the slimy snakes, the loveliness and fragility of natural things with man's cruelty and bestiality, and the warmth and comforts of home

with the frigidity and arbitrariness of the world outside, he showed how art and artistic values subsumed the unnatural breach between natural things for Marius and made all whole again in his mind. In Part IV of Marius we again meet the young man uneasy with himself and the world about him, "amid a deep sense of vacuity in life." And again Pater provides contextual landmarks which represent the steps of Marius's realization of the wholeness of religion, for the last quarter of the book presents a series of contrasts between the good he sees in Christianity and the evil or incompleteness he had earlier experienced in pagan Rome. Just as the younger Marius had found a sense of unity in the life of art which gave meaning to life's disparate experiences, so the Marius of twenty-six finds comfort and beauty in the art of religion, the life of religion, which amalgamates thought and sense into an intelligible whole. Through his alert, refined senses, Marius responds first to the loveliness and then to the moral sweetness of early Christianity, and Pater marks the transformation of his own middle age (his heroes always developed faster than he did) by indicating the virtues of this new life almost side-by-side with the old values they have come to replace.

The contrast between pagan and Christian begins quite explicitly in Chapters XX and XXI, at the very beginning of Part IV, when we see, first, a feast at the house of an aristocratic poet and, second, the church in Cecelia's house.

The breach is wide and intentional, for the first occasion can almost be taken as the epitome of pagan epicureanism, containing, as it does, the "somewhat crude tastes" of Commodus in addition to the "great Apuleius," Marius's boyhood "literary ideal" and the exemplar of euphuism, while the quiet, solemn services at the home of the Roman matron represents Christianity pristine and undefiled. And since Marius leaves the pagan feast somewhat repulsed by the crass libertinism and false epicureanism of the emperor-to-be, and somewhat disappointed after his talk with Apuleius, we are only led further in the obvious direction. Dismissing the poet's easy Platonism -- "assumed . . . with too much facility, too much of self-complacency" -- Marius must go somewhere to seek "a world wider," and "the trace of some celestial wing" must be found in another set of values than those of pagan epicureanism, stoic philosophy, or youthful euphuism. He finally receives an invitation from Cornelius to visit "another curious house" in "strange contrast to his visit at the poet's villa at Tusculum," and enters a whole new world.

Pater uses the adjective "jaded" at least ten times in the course of the novel, most frequently when describing the moral decrepitude at the court of Aurelius. The Empress Faustina (reminiscent of the Mona Lisa of the famous passage) symbolizes and crystallizes moral corruption coupled with physical fascination, while her son, Commodus,

clearly delineates moral and social degeneration, as did Lucius Verus before his death. They are all truly "jaded" in the eyes of the pure Marius. Contrasted to the non-stoical members of the royal family in the last quarter of the book are Cecilia and Cornelius, both representative of early Christianity at its best: brave, charitable, just. Exactly opposite to Faustina is Cecilia (both nobly born), for she was destined to become a martyr and shines, through the sheer force of her benevolent femininity, with such supra-human power that she illuminates her entire community. Pater, as we have shown, was impressed by the comfort and security maternity offers, so he created Cecilia almost a world-mother, similar to her model, the Blessed Virgin. Against this image, Faustina's terrible beauty is truly perverse and "jaded," a corruption of the true feminine principle. Cornelius, the knight of Christendom, appears, too, in his symbolic armor, diametrically opposed to the degenerate Commodus, being fair where the prince is arbitrary, strong where the prince is weak, kind where the prince is unjust. Marius, sensing the inevitable flow of events, allows Cornelius to go free while he remains behind -- eventually to die, but not planned as such -- a prisoner at the end of the book, for his romance with Christianity is consummated in the projected marriage of Cecilia and Cornelius, Church and Christ, mother comfort and father protector, Blessed Virgin and the Spirit or strength of Christianity. Marius's last act, then, was one of

Christian charity; but it was even more than that. It was an act which recognized the inevitable justification and conquests of the infant Church -- a moment in history of which he had a small part.⁵¹

The contrast between pagan incontinence and Christian "chastity" is very clearly drawn. Again, it is the abuses which he witnessed at the court which strike him as being so morally barbaric when he first observes the maternally pure home of Cecilia, the only place he ever saw where chastity was an active rather than a passive virtue. The sacrifice of the mass, too, presented such a stark contrast to the pagan sacrifices of his youth (he had been repulsed

⁵¹ If one charges Pater with "poor" characterization -- and there can be no doubt that his ability to draw life-like figures was minimal, even in his major protagonists -- it would be wise, perhaps, to note how he is using his fictional creations. Marius is not a dramatic novel, but a succession of stimuli and states of mind -- "impressions and ideas" -- which Pater's persona lives through. Characterization, per se, is not important because it contributes little to the growth of the apprentice artist, who is more interesting as phenomenon than as human being (is it necessary to like George Moore and Stephen Dedalus in order to appreciate their stories?) In the discussion in the text above, it is clear that, as characters, Cornelius and Cecilia fall flat -- much like Milton's God -- not only because they are good and simple in contrast to the more startling and garish Commodus and Faustina (this is simply good technique), but because they are meant to be flat -- "ficelles" upon which Pater hangs symbolic significance and thematic design. They are representative of a stage of self-realization in the mind of Marius, a stage set in contrast to an earlier fascination and flirtation with the purely sensual, and like all good allegorical figures, exist only to define a state of being in the central character. For a fuller discussion of Pater's use of technique, see Chapter V.

by the burnt offerings and the slaughtering of harmless animals) and of his life at court (he was disgusted by the apparently motiveless carnage at the games -- celebrating, ironically, the wedding of Aurelius's daughter and half-brother), that he was immediately reminded of the "simplest fruits of the earth" of his childhood "in the midst of a jaded world that had lost the true sense of such things, and in strong contrast to the wise emperor's renunciant and impassive attitude towards them." Instead of Aurelius's "public" ministries, -- which the emperor himself offered only to appease the spiritual hunger of his citizens -- with their pomp, their artifice, their "jaded" splendor, he was witnessing the quiet dignity of a ceremony of deepest personal meaning to its celebrants; instead of Aurelius's "ceremony of the dart," replete with its threat of war, he was observing the new knighthood of Cornelius, where power was based on charity rather than on arms. To the sensitive Marius, the "softer" choice was instantly more appealing: "this exalted worship of Jesus."

In Chapter XXIV, "A Conversation not Imaginary," Pater presents a Socratic dialogue which further punctures some of the appeal of the pagan world -- especially the philosophical speculations of the Stoics. Lucian smoothly destroys the pretence of Hermotimus by showing him how incredibly difficult it is to know anything intellectually, and, when he finishes speaking, Marius is left asking that skeptic's question: "'Do they never come down again from

the heights, to help those whom they left here below?"

The emotional, sensational, and aesthetic joy of surety in Christianity is the only possible source of an answer, for, in the next chapter, "Sunt Lacrimae Rerum," he notes how even his own epicureanism failed to explain the sadness of the universe because it was basically a selfish philosophy in a world crying out for sympathy and humanity.⁵² Set in contrast to the indifference of the Stoics and the selfishness of the epicurean are the Christian martyrs (Chapter XXVI) who pay the price for the "charm" and "poetry" of Cecilia's warm, maternal world -- a universe filled with generosity, humanity, empathy -- by their death. Ironically, it is the decree of Aurelius, whose discourses had formerly displayed "the hard contempt of one's own or other's pain, of death, of glory even," which disturbs 'The Minor Peace of the Church' and leads, indirectly, to Marius's death. It is no wonder that Marcus Aurelius's "triumph" appears to the disillusioned Marius as "a somewhat vulgar spectacle."

⁵²In a letter to William Sharp (March 1, 1885), who in his review of Marius (The Athenaeum, Feb. 2, 1885) really placed more emphasis on the Christianity of the novel than on its epicureanism, Pater makes this quite explicit:

As regards the ethical drift of Marius, [sic] I should like to talk to you, if you were here. I did mean in to be more anti-Epicurean than it has struck you as being. ("Letters," p. 69)

It was probably because of opinions such as Sharp's that led Pater to revise Marius thoroughly in 1892, making its "ethical drift" absolutely clear. See footnote 50.

Yes! these Romans were a coarse, a vulgar people; and their vulgarities of soul in full evidence here. And Aurelius himself seemed to have undergone the world's coinage, and fallen to the level of his reward, in a mediocrity no longer golden. (M.E., II, 200)

Despondent, Marius seeks solace in the old quietism of his childhood home at White-Nights, but even here the memory of a past no longer alive, peopled by ghosts of his mother and father, cannot cure the "fatigue of soul which made himself in effect an older man," especially when contrasted with Cornelius's "irrepressible youth" and optimism.

The final chapter of the book is entitled "Anima Naturaliter Christiana" -- by nature, a Christian soul -- and depicts Marius's end, in the eyes of others at least, as a Christian martyr. In the face of public persecution, he deliberately performs a charitable act in order to "save" Cornelius for Cecilia, and commits himself to judgment at a civil court. He dies en route of a fever. He becomes a Christian if not in assent, or by formal Baptism, then by option, since he tacitly admits to quarreling with the law of his emperor and the policy of his countrymen. And because Marius thought that the slaughter of Christians was "no glorious end" to a life such as his, with "no eternal aroma" and no "plenary grace," -- and because, as Pater uncharacteristically tells us, "he was, as we know, no hero, no heroic martyr -- had indeed no right to be" --

his death does not have the glamor of those who died on the floor of the Colosseum. Yet in his own quiet way he has made an enormous leap, and although befuddled by the mystery of evil in the world, is willing to look beyond for truly the first time in his life:

And yet it was the fact, again, that the vision of men and things, actually revealed to him on his way through the world, had developed, with a wonderful largeness, the faculties to which it addressed itself, his general capacity for vision; and in that too was a success in the view of certain, very definite, well-considered, undeniable possibilities. Throughout that elaborate and lifelong education of his receptive powers, he had ever kept in view the purpose of preparing himself towards possible further revelation someday -- towards some ampler vision, which should take up into itself and explain this world's delightful shows as the scattered fragments of a poetry, till then but half-understood, might be taken up into the text of a lost epic, recovered at last. At this moment, his unclouded receptivity of soul, grown so steadily through all those years, from experience to experience, was at its height; the house ready for the possible guest; the tablet of the mind white and smooth, for whatever divine fingers might choose to write there. And was not this precisely the condition, the attitude of mind, to which something higher than he, yet akin to him, would be likely to reveal itself; to which that influence

he had felt now and again like a friendly hand upon his shoulder, amid the actual obscurities of the world, would be likely to make a further explanation?⁵³
(M.E., II, 219-220).

⁵³In a letter to Mary Arnold Ward (Dec. 23, 1885), Pater affords us perhaps the most striking parallel in his own life to Marius's realization of the possibility of Christianity in "The Will as Vision" as well as in the last chapter. Pater, who called himself with undeniable accuracy "a reluctant letter writer" ("Letters," p. 106) in another place, here gives us the same philosophical decision and emotional leap he attributes to his hero:

To my mind, the beliefs, and the function in the world, of the historic church, form just one of those obscure but all-important possibilities, which the human mind is powerless effectively to dismiss from itself; and might wisely accept, in the first place, as a workable hypothesis. The supposed facts on which Christianity rests, utterly incapable as they have become to any ordinary test, seem to me matters of very much the same sort of assent we give to any assumption, in the strict and ultimate sense, moral. The question whether those facts were real will, I think, always continue to be what I should call one of the natural questions of the human mind. ("Letters," p. 74)

The fact that the language of the reasoning here is almost precisely that of Marius when he first saw the liturgy of the mass at Cecilia's house (see footnote 48), and that this letter was written on Dec. 25, 1885, is yet another good example that Marius is Pater, even in his religious meditations. Also, as Chandler tells us (footnote 50), since Pater took such care in revising Marius for its third edition in 1892, and since the care was manifested mainly on clarifying Marius's religious predispositions, it is clear that he wanted this identification strengthened and clarified.

Marius is buried as a Christian, being given in his last helpless moments the Holy Eucharist and Extreme Unction, in a ritual form most assuredly adopted later by the Roman church, dying naturaliter, as one would have expected, at a very early age, imbued with the principles of faith he was not given a chance to accept.

Yet Marius's "conversion," like Dedalus's decision to go into exile or Moore's decision to write, is, however autobiographically true it may be, more symbolic than factual. In terms of the novel, it would make sense if Marius were initiated into the mystery-religion of Christianity before his death, thus being brought at last, in the swift panorama of Aurelian thought, to the creed which promised him a longevity beyond those he had sampled during his lifetime. His conversion would have added both credibility and closure to the story of a Paterian hero sampling the cultural and philosophical "sensation and ideas" of his time. But in terms of Pater's life, Marius's distinct preference for religious services, without complete philosophical assent, is undoubtedly accurate, for the story of his life is one of continual struggle between the desire to satisfy both his native epicureanism and his natural moral gravity. Marius's end was, therefore, Pater's, for how else can we explain Pater's regular attendance at Father Nugée's St. Austin's Priory, a Catholic Church (Wright, II, 19-48), towards the end of his life at the same

time that he was writing portraits like "Emerald Uthwart" and "Apollo in Picardy"? Pater, like Marius, had always been of the religious temperament, had possessed from childhood a nature imbued with moral gravity, yet he had never lost his belief that truth must first enter the mind through the senses. Both Marius and Pater were "epicureans" in the full sense of the word; it is through the senses that the fresh liturgy of the early Christian Church made its first, and most long-lasting, impact.

The last quarter of Marius the Epicurean is structurally more like a series of lectures than a "dramatic" development of Marius's awareness of Christianity.⁵⁴ If it is duller than what we would have been led to expect, perhaps Pater was being too serious here, too egocentric, too much possessed by the purpose behind the action so that he composed more of a series of essays on aesthetics and religion than an ending of a novel -- more of a rationale, more of an apologia than a drama. If this is so, then the many critics who have condemned the fifth chapter of A Portrait for approximately the same reasons might do likewise for Marius. It seems that both authors, as soon as they reach the point where their characters more closely

⁵⁴ That Marius the Epicurean was so structured is borne out not only by chapters in the book entitled "New Cyrenaicism," "Second Thoughts," "The Will as Vision," "Sunt Lacrimae Rerum," but also those chapters in the Harvard collection ("Art and Religion," "Thoughts") which were rejected probably because they were too programmatic.

resemble themselves as adults, as mature writers, feel it necessary to explain what the consequences of the actions are rather than simply revealing what has happened. They are more personally involved.

So, if we are to believe that Marius is really only Pater disguised and translated into another age, how is his premature death to be explained? Pater, at age forty-six, most certainly held the same views as his persona, and shared the same emotional and aesthetic response to pure Christianity. He could then have allowed Marius to live for another twenty years or so (until he was as old as Pater when the book was first published) as a Paterian scholar flirting with Christianity, but this, quite obviously would have been poor technique. He could have ended the novel when he did, simply allowing Marius to live and hinting to his reader of things to come, but this would have been anti-climactic, to say the least, if one considers the rapidity of Marius's sensational and philosophical journey up to that point. The brilliant panorama of Aurelian intellectual life would have ground to a halt for Marius after twenty years of enriching, rewarding experience. Moreover, the apprenticeship novel usually ends when a new stage (most often the final stage) is reached in the persona's development. But Marius has reached the final stage of his life -- and of Pater's -- and has sampled all of the phenomena which the artist who wrote the story also sampled.

No, it is obvious that Marius's death is symbolic, and that the extended analyses of his internal workings were never intended to be dramatic; the "visions" were steps leading to a culmination in Part IV.⁵⁵ Marius dies at twenty-six or twenty-seven -- about the same age when Pater was first beginning to write and publish prose seriously. "Diaphaneité" was read in 1864, when Pater was twenty-five, and "Coleridge" was published in 1866, when he was twenty-seven. These are both, obviously, his earliest finished prose work. Marius flirted with euphuistic poetry at school in Pisa at about the same age when Pater was versifying at King's School, Canterbury -- and they both realized that, however much they were attracted by verse, it was not their medium. The inference, I think, is clear. If Marius the Epicurean is a self-portrait of the apprentice artist, it ends when the apprentice "dies" and the artist is born out of his ashes. Since Marius, living in second century Rome, could never become Pater the writer in nineteenth century England -- as Dedalus, for instance, could become Joyce -- his autobiographical purpose was fulfilled when he saw the implications of Christianity; he was Pater about

⁵⁵The whole question of "visions" and structure will be discussed in Chapter V.

to become the artist; his life as apprentice, as ur-artist, was over, and so he died. Even though Pater is writing Marius in his mid-forties, and his persona develops more quickly than he himself did -- his life in Marius is almost in double-time -- he is demonstrating that his perception of "sensations and ideas" reached a climactic point in his mid-twenties, and the rest of his life was spent recollecting his moments of "vision" and "burning" in tranquillity. That Pater's life hardly changed from the time he became a fellow at Brasenose until his death is illustrative of this self-realization.

Marius dies -- thematically - because he sees a kind of finality in Christianity:

As for Marius himself -- the natural soul of worship in him had at last been satisfied as never before. He felt, as he left that place, that he must hereafter experience often a longing memory, a kind of thirst, for all this, over again. And it seemed, moreover, to define what he must require of the powers, whatsoever they might be, that had brought him into the world at all, to make him not unhappy in it. (M.E., II, 140)

Wright tells us similarly that "for Pater himself, he may be said to have really lived only when he was in church."

(I, 70) After reflecting upon the ending of Marius, Wright shows how deeply autobiographical Marius's experiences of religion in the novel really were:

Marius, though impressed by Christianity, does not become a Christian; for though he died in the midst of persecution, it is not for his religious principles, but in an attempt to save from death his Christian friend. However, those who buried him held his death, according to their generous view in this matter, to have been of the nature of a martyrdom, and so ends what has been called, and in a sense correctly, Pater's Apologia pro vitâ suâ.

"It is certainly curious," observes Mr. Jackson, "that the later days of Pater's own life bore a remarkable resemblance to the latter days of Marius, for Pater, though drawn more and more to religion, could never truthfully be said to have become a Christian, and it is still more remarkable to notice that his death was just as tragic as that of Marius." (II, 85)

When Marius had finally made contact with the remarkable liturgy of the early church, then, he became the Pater who re-lived for thirty more years this first apprehension, and told of it very directly in his most ambitious imaginary portrait.

Marius dies -- structurally -- because he has sampled, even at his early age, the full circle of sensorial and philosophical experience. He returns, symbolically, through the Christian ritual, to the peace and security of his childhood home and childhood faith. Notice how subtly Pater echoes the tranquillity of *White-Nights* and the devotional simplicity of the religion of Numa -- the sanctity of Marius's boyhood -- in the following passage, which tells of Marius's joy in the newly discovered ritual of the mass:

The charm of its poetry, a poetry of the affections, wonderfully fresh in the midst of a threadbare world, would have led Marius, if nothing else had done so, again and again, to Cecilia's house. He found a range of intellectual pleasures, altogether new to him, in the sympathy of that pure and elevated soul. Elevation of soul, generosity, humanity -- little by little it came to seem to him as if these existed nowhere else. The sentiment of maternity, above all, as it might be understood there -- its claims, with the claims of all natural feeling everywhere, down to the sheep bleating on the hills, nay! even to the mother-wolf in her hungry cave -- deemed to have been vindicated, to have been enforced anew, by the sanction of some divine pattern thereof. He saw its legitimate place in the world given at last to the bare capacity for suffering in any creature, however feeble or apparently useless. (M.E., II, 186-187)

Pater, who has seldom been praised for his fictional technique, here re-evokes the magic of White-Nights in order to make Marius's contact with Christianity as powerful as possible. Note how similar this passage is to the earlier descriptions of Marius's childhood home, so restful, so secure, and how similar his response in both instances. Soon after this moment of self-realization, moreover, he returns to White-Nights in an attempt to ease his anxieties by recapturing the past. Here the contrast is revealing, for the values and traditions of his youth no longer contain the ability to please and to comfort, and his emotional and aesthetic attachment to Christianity is further strengthened.

Pater, when asked his purpose in writing Marius, said "'To show . . . the necessity of religion.'"

(Wright, II, 87) In a letter to Violet Paget (Vernon Lee) reprinted by Benson, he again re-affirms the value of "religion:"

I regard this present matter as a sort of duty. For you know I think that there is a . . . sort of religious phase possible for the modern mind, the conditions of which it is the main object of my design to convey.⁵⁶

R. V. Osbourn notes how the "central theme" of Pater's "autobiographical progress" and the "primary intention" of showing "the need of religion" go hand in hand; Pater concentrates on

the artistic record of his own movement towards Christianity, so presenting his personal development that the reader can reconstruct it, and, without being forced or awkwardly directed, move, slowly but inevitably with Pater, to the final, artistically convincing realization of the absolute value of religion.⁵⁷

But how absolute is this conviction really? Is artistic truth different from life truth? Since Marius has sampled all the intellectual life Rome had to offer -- as Pater had sampled the "life of the mind" in nineteenth century England -- he does end his life with an emotional commitment to Christianity's moral system and an aesthetic

⁵⁶p. 90.

⁵⁷"Marius the Epicurean," Essays in Criticism, I (October, 1951), 396.

appreciation of Christian service. But the Paterian "relative," which prohibited Pater in his own life from committing himself completely to one creed or sect, prohibits the final step here in the book. Marius dies as Pater died -- uncommitted -- yet, according to the tenets of his own epicureanism, aware that the hardest burning is done in the sanctuary at the sacrifice of the mass. Life's finest moments come to the "natural" Christian who seeks vivid impressions of the liturgy; and Marius, like Pater, always sorting, rejecting, sampling, simply becomes the perfect aesthete when in Church.

Since we have gone to such great lengths to show how Marius is in all major particulars Pater's story too, it now remains for us to demonstrate that the book is undoubtedly a bildungsroman about the artist, one of the first examples in English of the prose künstlerroman.

F) Marius as künstlerroman

As we have seen, nearly every one of Pater's "fictional" writings is truly subjective, truly autobiographical. Confession is very difficult for a reticent man, however, especially when a natural shyness is constantly reinforced by the kind of hieratic propensities and aesthetic pursuits which impel him further into forced isolation. Yet he did include much of his life-history, his most idiosyncratic

gestures and responses, in the imaginary portraits, sometimes disguised only by a name (Florian), and at other times distanced by his deliberate fascination with geographical and chronological exoticism (Marius), since he was so often uncomfortable in Victorian England. Pater was fascinated also with style -- in fact, it could be argued that it was nearly the obsession of his entire literary career -- and this, too, he shares with his personae. Moreover, Marius is especially a devotee of words, and of words used in a very personal sense, in subjective writing, for, as Pater so often demonstrated, a fascination with language in itself leads to a fascination with language as self-revelation.

But he was always interested primarily in his "little wandering soul," and was always seeking new directions in which to express his own life. In the very early "Aesthetic Poetry" (1868), he tells us that the "composite experience of all ages is part of each one of us;" but "to come face to face with the people of a past age . . . is as impossible as to become a little child, or enter again into the womb and be born."

But though it is not possible to repress a single phase of that humanity, which because we live and move and have our being in the life of humanity, makes us what we are, it is possible to isolate such a phase, to throw it into relief, to be divided against ourselves in zeal for it; as we may hark back to some choice space of our own individual life.⁵⁸

⁵⁸Sketches and Reviews, p. 15.

In the unpublished, fragmentary paper in the Houghton Library at Harvard, he pursues this line of argument. "The Young Romantics," (MS. 21) is a philosophical-literary discussion of Goethe's Werther and "its host of followers" -- one of whom is most certainly Pater himself. Here he tells us that Shakespeare's Hamlet is the archetype of the romantic hero marked by "hesitation" and "negation," and, like Goethe, is an exile in his own kingdom. Pater, too, felt a keen sense of isolation, especially since his doctrines of "epicureanism" and "impressionism" were treated with distrust by a public highly conscious of morality in art, and "the age" for him tended to rob the individual of his very essence, turning him inward with increasing anxiety. The rebel, then, seeks new ages (Goethe: Italy; Pater: Rome, both classic and Renaissance -- remember that one of his earliest essays was on Winckelmann, and one of his most finished portraits on the classically-oriented German prince, Duke Carl of Rosenmold) in which to project his ego, utopias for the dissemination of his aesthetic and moral ideals, for he must respond to his own times with "half philosophical skepticism, half mere instinctive suspicion of the vanity of things," being one "for whom the wall of outer things about him has grown very thin the affections when they come at all touch him to the quick because they take him by surprise . . ."⁵⁹ This was

⁵⁹ This and the following manuscript were obviously rough drafts, for they are filled with haphazard punctuation and other irregularities, and the pages are not numbered.

"Werther's torment." And like the uncomfortable Werther, Pater is not at home in his own time and place; he feels that it is necessary to project a persona into a different place, a different time, even though it be only into the home of his own childhood. Yet in another fragment in the Harvard Pater collection (MS. 13), an uncompleted survey of English literature -- possibly intended for publication -- he tries to show that the only way he can appreciate any "age" in literature is to know the individual who responds to it: in other words, he favors the "psychological" readings of texts rather than a "philosophy of literature."⁶⁰

We possess a philosophy of literature so far as we detect [?] in the individual writer and his work a sym [pathy] of which he is perhaps unconscious with contemporary writers, with contemporary workers of other kinds . . . Literature of course understood inclusively is the most complete of all expressions of the human heart and soul: here, therefore, those subtle movements of thought, of temper which shape changes in religion, in art, in life, in our daily habits ought to tell . . . Here least of all are we likely to be unaffected by the varying lights and shades in man's consciousness of himself and his position in the world, deeper than any formal philosophy or theology even such as may with an effort be avoided . . . And the utterance of such a "time spirit" . . .

⁶⁰When Gaston first encountered the poetry of Ronsard, it "took possession" of him "with the ready intimacy of one's equal in age, fresh at every point; and he experienced what it is the function of contemporary poetry to effect anew for sensitive youth in each succeeding generation." (p. 51)

formulates the sense of humanity itself upon the sum of its actual experience, its actual outlook in each succeeding age. Such a method . . . thus enlarges also our interest in that book or writer. We may pass from the genius of the age . . . The great master currents of the age become the deeper lines of the individual. . . . And one advantage contained in this method is that it tends to keep us in contact with . . . those in whom that potent spirit has come by its most forcible self-utterances.⁶¹

Pater, then, realized quite well that he was a creature of his own time -- perhaps even a representative one -- but he knew also that direct confession was not suitable either to his temperament or to his audience. Knowing that all his "fiction was almost unavoidably his own unique interpretation of and reaction to the time spirit," the "varying lights and shades" of his personality in its "position in the world," he set Marius, for instance, in an era which is strikingly distant from Victorian England -- yet, ironically, remarkably parallel in many respects -- in order to protect his own innermost feelings, and also to safeguard his doctrine from any puritanical, moral voice which would have clamored against the excesses of a contemporary Marius the Epicurean. It must be remembered that he suppressed the revolutionary "Conclusion" to The Renaissance because he was afraid it would be misinterpreted. All his books are about the life of fine art,

⁶¹Ellipses indicate illegible passages.

his fiction being no exception; as a matter of fact, it is through the thin veil of autobiography, "thinner" at its most characteristic points, that Pater explains how he became an aesthete, a connoisseur of the fine arts, for his "fiction" is ultimately the explanation of his journey to art.

When Pater, as a child, first saw so intensely the duality of the universe and responded with sensitivity and pity, there grew up in him simultaneously, as in his Florian Deleal, "a certain capacity of fascination by bright colour and choice form" -- "those two elementary apprehensions of the tenderness and of the colour in things grew apace in him, and were seen by him afterwards to send their roots back into the beginnings of life."⁶² Pater, then, responded with awe and fascination to the mystery and beauty of the world around him -- both its pleasure and pain -- but he responded as an aesthete must, personally, subjectively, isolated, attuned to the nature of things but strangely alone in his precocious self-awareness, as was his Marius:

A vein of subjective philosophy, with the individual for its standard of all things, there would be always in his intellectual scheme of the world and of conduct, with a certain incapacity wholly to accept other men's valuations.
(M.E., I, 25)

⁶² Miscellaneous Studies, pp. 181-182.

The journey through various creeds, dogmas, and aesthetics which Marius the Epicurean so painstakingly charts is in all essentials the one Pater made years before he wrote the novel. Marius, in his villa, at the court, and Pater, in his rooms at Brasenose, at his house in Olney, both came to realize the essential subjectivity of all sense knowledge and, hence, of all knowledge:

He was become aware of the possibility of a large dissidence between an inward and somewhat exclusive world of vivid personal apprehension, and the unimproved, unheightened reality of the life of those about him. As a consequence, he was ready now to concede, somewhat more easily than others, the first point of his new lesson, that the individual is to himself the measure of all things, and to rely on the exclusive certainty to himself of his own impressions. To move afterwards in that outer world of other people, as though taking it as their estimate, would be possible henceforth only as a kind of irony.
(M.E., I, 133)

Thus the young Marius surrendered himself, "a willing subject, as he walked, to the impressions of the road," allowing his senses unbridled sway over the direction of his knowing, subscribing wholly to the doctrine of "the subjectivity of knowledge." "Our knowledge is limited to what we feel, he reflected: we need no proof that we feel." (M.E., I, 137-8) How comforting to discover finally, after years of searching, that the measure of one's knowledge is oneself, especially in an age fraught with philosophical and moral dilemmas -- Victorian England as well as Aurelian Rome:

But our own impressions! -- the light and heat of that blue veil over our heads, the heavens spread out, perhaps not like a curtain over anything! -- How reassuring, after so long a debate about the rival criteria of truth, to fall back upon direct sensation, to limit one's aspirations after knowledge to that! In an age still materially so brilliant, so expert in the artistic handling of material things, with sensible capacities still in undiminished vigour, with the whole world of classic art and poetry outspread before it, and where there was more than eye or ear could well take in -- how natural the determination to rely exclusively upon the phenomena of the senses, which certainly never deceive us about themselves, about which alone we can never deceive ourselves. (M.E., I, 138-139)

Pater's earliest finished prose work, "Diaphaneité," is a celebration of the subjective man; it is, as a matter of fact, the blueprint for the type of character Pater portrayed in all of his imaginary portraits; it is moreover, the kind of man, "diaphanous," "absolutely himself," that Pater held as the ideal -- the ideal he spent a lifetime trying to perfect in himself. This "clear crystal nature" is unique, he is different, distinct, variegated, one in whom "taste, without ceasing to be instructive, is far more than a mental attitude or manner." He is transparent, for through him flows "all that is really lifegiving in the established order of things;" he is confident that he will perfect himself, because his "affinities" lie only with "the nobler elements" of "the lords of change."⁶³

⁶³Miscellaneous Studies, p. 251.

When Pater, at the age of twenty-five (a figure quite consistent with the youths in his imaginary portraits), set forth in detail an almost programmatic outline into which all his "fictional" personae would later fit, he was, in Wright's opinion, detailing, at the same time, his own apprenticeship. "Pater's own aim in life was to approach this type, and to a considerable extent he succeeded."

He is isolated, and to use a favourite word of his own, columnar. The placid, white, marmoreal, monastic, subtle equable, nebulous soul stands self-revealed. He is the nearest he could get to the Crystal Man.⁶⁴ (I, 217)

Most significant, too, is that this nature "is felt like a sweet aroma in early manhood. Afterwards, as the adulterated atmosphere of the world assimilates us to itself, the savour of it faints away."⁶⁵ Only the young man could be completely detached and transparent, allowing the five senses to sample and select the most desirable impressions passing through him from the phenomenal world. It is no wonder that of Pater's personae not one is old, for only the youth can feel and convey the exquisiteness of the unique, sensorial experiences Pater himself thrilled to when he was the age of

⁶⁴ Although Wright's assessment is correct here, it must be noted how incredibly poor his "style" is in this passage. In an attempt to imitate his master, he has betrayed him.

⁶⁵ "Diaphaneité," in Miscellaneous Studies, pp. 253-254.

Emerald, Marius, or Gaston.⁶⁶ Perhaps, too, this might be yet another explanation for the premature death of Emerald and Marius in particular: they were gradually sensing the world's impingement upon the self, and, symbolically, Pater has them die rather than sacrifice the perfection of plenitude to social or even moral norms. It certainly explains the interest in art and religion which nearly every one of Pater's creations share, for all "diaphanous" creatures are predictably attuned to the finer sensations, and, especially,

⁶⁶Gaston de Latour is filled with frequent verbal parallels with the imaginary portraits and with Marius especially, usually on the subjects of impressionism and individualism. On impressionism: "The worship of physical beauty a religion, the proper faculty of which would be the bodily eye! (p. 70) On subjective knowledge:

The variableness, the complexity, the miraculous surprises of man, concurrent with the variety of complexity, the surprises of nature, making all true knowledge of either wholly relative and provisional; a like insecurity in one's self, if one turned thither for some say of clear and certain evidence; this, with an equally strong sense all the time of the interest, the power and charm, alike of man and nature and of the individual mind; -- such was the sense of this open book, of all books and things. (p. 89)

His description of Montaigne, the great egotist (pp. 105-106), is perhaps the highest praise Pater ever gave to writing which was purely self-revelatory, and his apt summary and reworking of the famous essays his most ardent defense of and most eloquent rationale for autobiography:

Opinions! -- they are like the clothes we wear, which warm us, not with their heat, but with ours.
(p. 92)

characteristically impelled to communicate these heightened experiences to others through the "transparent" medium of literature. Moreover, as Pater explains it in his "Preface" to The Renaissance, the Paterian hero cultivates impressions of art because it is through them that he ultimately discovers life at its most rewarding, and through them that he first nourishes the artistic sensibility in himself:

'To see the object as in itself it really is,' has been justly said to be the aim of all true criticism whatever; and in aesthetic criticism the first step towards seeing one's object as it really is, to discriminate it, to realize it distinctly. . . . The aesthetic critic, then, regards all the objects with which he has to do, all works of art, and the fairer forms of nature and human life, as powers or forces producing pleasurable sensations, each of a more or less peculiar or unique kind. . . . What is important, then, is not that the critic should possess a correct abstract definition of beauty for the intellect, but a certain kind of temperament, the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects.⁶⁷

Notice, it is the "aesthetic" critic of literature and painting that Pater is primarily concerned with: the apprentice who is learning not only how to appreciate great art works, but, ultimately, how to live so that he too will become the artist. The "aesthetic" critic, then, is also the ur-artist, living in a world of fleeting phenomena and capturing the most beautiful moments from art works. The earliest devotion

⁶⁷"Preface" to The Renaissance, pp. viii-x. Italics mine.

of the young Paterian hero -- religion being apparently the most mature and long lasting -- is to words and to the art of writing, for literature is the earliest form the crystal youth can master -- painting coming later -- and the earliest vehicle he discovers for the transmission of the fine art of experience.

The crystal youth loves the word, for it is one remedy against the flickering unreliability of impressions, one solution -- solid and permanent -- to the evanescence of experience. However various the experience of the world may be, it is so impermanent that the virgin purity of the individual's response to it lasts only into young adulthood before it gradually crumbles and disintegrates. The tears in things preclude that prolonged ingenuousness which is almost prelapsarian, so the young Pater, through his "fictional" characters, is forced to see that the "wisest" of men spend their days "in art and song."

The unfinished and posthumously published essay, "An English Poet," displays the early hunger for "literary form" and the ideal of "literary life" which are typical of Marius, and which must have been typical of the Walter Pater who was conceiving aesthetic types at the age of twenty-five. It is an imaginary portrait that is distinctly important here because of its late date of composition (late 1891), only three years before his death, and

thus because it demonstrates how Pater was pre-occupied with the response of the crystalline youth to literature long after he himself had passed through that stage -- the "golden age," as he might have called it, of poetic inception. The hunger for the word purifies, for it is "a motive high enough to purge out of an ambitious youth all that was common or unclean," and prompted an ideal so high that his

intellectual hunger drew him freely into older English literature of many periods, and still always with a savour before all things of the style -- how things were said -- of manner -- those elements of taste or of literary production which, because they are so delicately and individually apprehended and are yet so real, resemble physical sensation and may be rightly said to be the matter of a literary sense.⁶⁸

The sensitive boy, the Paterian youth described at length already, reacts to literature first as reader, not writer; he is made to see -- before he begins to write himself -- that the beauty of language is as satisfying, as enriching, as powerful physical impressions.

Out of the greyness and austerity of a school in which the senses pined while the fancy declined fondly towards a more exquisite mode of living, the boy required from words, and not in

⁶⁸ "An English Poet" was originally printed in the Fortnightly Review (April 1, 1931), where it was edited from the manuscript by Mrs. May Ottley; it is reprinted in Imaginary Portraits by Walter Pater, edited by Eugene J. Brzenk (New York: Harper and Row, 1964), pp. 34-49. The citations in the text were from pp. 43-44.

vain, in books, the picture, the tube-rose, the marble face, the fading light on ancient cities, all that was not actually there for ear and eye, above all the genius of refinement; and this not as the new subject of writing, its more obvious and immediate presentations, but by a subtler operation from the style, the ether-like manner of the thing. So written language came to be form and colour as well as sound to him, exotic perfume almost. Having nothing else to live on, he extracted all they could yield from words, and his sense of them came to be curiously cultivated at all points.⁶⁹

Marius, also, under the guidance of his revered Flavian, responded with youthful ardor to the niceties of language, seeing in Apuleius's The Golden Ass the ultimate definition of euphuistic prose, filled with "curious felicities," "racy morsels of the vernacular," and "studied prettinesses: all alike, mere playthings for the genuine power and natural eloquence of the erudite artist . . ." (M.E., I, 56) The extreme preciousness which such a writer can induce in a disciple, if youthful dilettantism is allowed to betray levelheadedness, design and hard work, was avoided by Flavian and Marius. As Pater himself warned in his essay on "Style," beautiful language is the result of a conscientious attempt, fraught with "the labor of the file," to capture the essence of a delicate human being's response to the give-and-take of life itself. "Precious" in this sense means more than surface glitter and verbal agility -- it is a highly

⁶⁹"An English Poet," pp. 44-45.

evocative play on words which calls to our attention the importance of language to one, like Marius, like Pater,⁷⁰ who weighs very carefully, very conscientiously, every word and phrase he reads and writes. Compare the following estimate of Pater by Wright with two passages from Marius in which Pater himself describes Marius's fascination with language, once before, once after the death of Flavian.

His intense interest in words for their own sake, and his love for choice phrases and everything relating to Euphuism is manifest in almost all his writings. He used to talk about delightful words, especially if they were not in common use, as an epicure does of lickerish morsels . . . (Wright, II, 133)

Others might brutalize or neglect the native speech, that true 'open field' for charm and sway over men. He would make of it a serious study, weighing the precise power of every phrase and word, as though it were precious metal, disentangling the later associations and going back to the original and native sense of each -- restoring to full significance all its wealth of latent figurative expression, reviving or replacing its outworn or tarnished images. . . . and what was necessary, first of all, was to re-establish the natural and direct relationship between thought and expression, between the sensation and the term, and restore to words their primitive power. (M.E., I, 96)

To create, to live, perhaps, a little while beyond the allotted hours, if it were but in a fragment of perfect expression: -- it was thus his longing defined itself for something to hold

⁷⁰ And like Moore and Joyce, too. See Chapters IV and V.

by 'amid the perpetual flux.' With men of his vocation, people were apt to say, words were things. Well! with him, words should be indeed things -- the word, the phrase, valuable in exact proportion to the emotion, the mood, so vividly real within himself. (M.E., I, 155)

The correlation between Pater and Marius does not end in their agreement on the impact and experience of language, but becomes even more evident when Marius himself has literary ambitions. Marius's development as artist -- specifically, as prose artist -- is demonstrated by his growing consciousness of style. The novel is a self-portrait of Pater, as we have shown; it is also about the apprentice artist who shares Pater's sensibility, talent, preoccupations and desires. His period of euphuism, guided by Flavian, inspired by the "golden book" of Apuleius, corresponds to Pater's boyhood days at King's School, and his friendship with Joseph Haydock. Wright often makes the point that Pater, as a youth, was interested in becoming a poet, and only later abandoned verse for prose, destroying many early manuscripts (in addition to those Wright later withdrew from the world of scholarship) as a kind of sacrifice to his new medium. (I, 192-198) So, too, Marius, who, after "his care for poetry had passed away," put aside his "much pondered manuscript verses" apparently forever. But Marius remained, like Pater, "something of a poet from first to last," conceiving as he did only a few years earlier a fame "of the intellectual order, that of a poet perhaps."

Although Marius's work changed from poetry to prose he retained, like Pater, the "poetic temper." "I should like," Pater once said to Mr. Jackson, "my Imaginary Portraits to be called, if only they could be Prose Idylls." (Wright, II, 83-84)

And why not? Infused as they are with a delicate language only few prose writers ever achieved, and set in an enchanted childhood world filled with vivid memories and more vivid impressions -- how inexact, really, is the term "idyll?" If we add to the magic of language, sense, and scene the fact that nearly all the imaginary portraits are a recreation of Pater's own life and work, we are even tempted to say it is a very good choice indeed. Pater is surely one of the pioneers in English of Flaubert's "mot juste," for prose was to be written as carefully as poetry. "All art aspires to the condition of music" he tells us in the "Conclusion," and his whole life was spent in the attempt to make prose an art form where each word, each phrase is chosen with the deliberation and the care of a poet; his laborious and costly revisions of printer's proofs were notorious even during his lifetime and even among his most ardent admirers. The imaginary portraits have the evocative power of poetry, its economy, its precision, its emotional intensity. As we shall see later, in Chapter V, Pater's conscientious attempt to create an art of prose marks him as one of the fathers of modern fictional technique whom both Moore and Joyce, for instance, revered early in their literary careers.

From the very beginning, both Pater and Marius arrived at "the principle, as axiomatic in literature: that to know when oneself is interested, is the first condition of interesting other people."

That preoccupation of the dilettante with what might seem mere details of form, after all, did but serve the purpose of bringing to the surface, sincerely and in their integrity, certain strong personal intuitions, a certain vision or apprehension of things as really being, with important results, thus, rather than thus -- intuitions which the artistic or literary faculty was called upon to follow, with the exactness of wax or clay, clothing the model within. . . . And it was this uncompromising demand for a matter, in all art, derived immediately from lively personal intuition, this constant appeal to individual judgment, which saved his euphuism, even at its weakest, from lapsing into mere artifice.
(M.E., I, 103)

Marius next encounters the style of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and the style of the orator, Cornelius Fronto, the most eloquent spokesman for Roman Stoicism. Pater, at Oxford, also was exposed to highly philosophical prose at approximately the same age (Marius was nineteen when he came to Rome) for his master was the great classical scholar, Dr. Jowett. But more important than this, Marius is awakened to the significance of style in autobiography when he reads Aurelius's personal diary (much as Pater himself must have responded to the beautiful sensitivity of Montaigne --

"the spontaneous self-revelation of a soul as delicate as his own") after completing his first year as amanuensis:

His purely literary curiosity was greatly stimulated by this example of a book of self-portraiture. It was in fact the position of the modern essayist -- creature of efforts rather than of achievements, in the matter of apprehending truth, but at least conscious of lights by the way, which he must needs record, acknowledge. What seemed to underlie that position was the desire to make the most of every experience that might come, outwardly or from within: to perpetuate, to display, what was so fleeting, in a kind of instinctive, pathetic protest against the imperial writer's own theory -- that theory of the 'perpetual flux' of all things -- to Marius himself, so plausible from of old. (M.E., II, 47)

In art -- especially in the art of self-revelation -- Marius finds meaningful momentary experience in the flux, a fact which deeply and constantly preoccupied Pater himself, and led inevitably to the revolutionary doctrines in the "Conclusion," that most "modern" example of the "position of the modern essayist." Twenty-four years before Marius was published, in "Diaphaneité," he had formulated what can only be described as a critical hypothesis to which he adhered for the remainder of his career, a career which included not only cyrenaic sensitivity and purple passages, but also the later, more "stoic" control and severer prose style:

The artist, and he who has treated life in the spirit of art, desires only to be shown to the world as he really is; as he comes nearer and nearer to perfection, the veil of an outer life not simply expressive of the inward becomes thinner and thinner.⁷¹

Marius, then, like Pater, begins as an epicurean seeking "a complete education" according to the guidelines of the "Conclusion:"

-- an education partly negative, as ascertaining the true limits of man's capacities, but for the most part positive, and directed especially to the expansion and refinement of the power of reception; of those powers, above all, which are immediately relative to fleeting phenomena, the powers of emotion and sense. In such an education, an "aesthetic" education, as it might now be termed, and certainly occupied very largely with those aspects of things which affect us pleurably through sensation, art, of course, including all the finer sorts of literature, would have a great part to play. The study of music, in that wider Platonic sense, according to which, music comprehends all those matters over which the Muses of Greek mythology preside, would conduct one to an exquisite appreciation of all the finer traits of nature and of man. (M.E., I, 147)

Marius, like Pater, samples the various kinds of philosophy, religion, and art. He journeys through the ages of youthful epicureanism, "new cyrenaicism,"⁷² Stoical philosophy, nihilism, and, finally, Christianity. He is, like Pater,

⁷¹Miscellaneous Studies, p. 249.

⁷²See footnote 35 for his repudiation of Wilde's excesses.

basically the man of sensation (as the title indicates), "less susceptible than other men's characters of essential change." (II, 75) His "ideas" are not sampled to be rejected, but to enlarge his experience, to fill his moments with the largest number of pulsations.⁷³

Such a doctrine, at more leisurable moments, would of course have its precept to deliver on the embellishment, generally, of what is near at hand, on the adornment of life, till, in a not impracticable rule of conduct, one's existence, from day to day, came to be like a well-executed piece of music; that 'perpetual motion' in things . . . according itself to a kind of cadence or harmony. (M.E., I, 149)

Since Marius the Epicurean is truly a self-portrait, it is fitting that Marius gradually comes to think and to write exactly like Pater, for whom language attempts to capture the evanescent "perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves" which the "Conclusion" first described.

The falls of the Paterian sentence structure, its pauses, its idiosyncratic phraseology, invade the thought processes of Marius.

There was a voice in the theory he had brought to Rome with him which whispered 'nothing is either great nor small', as there were times when he could have thought that, as

⁷³ A look at the themes of Pater's critical writings indicate this: Renaissance art, Greek civilization, works of literature (both native and foreign), philosophy, religion, aesthetics.

the 'grammarian's' or the artist's ardour of soul may be satisfied by the perfecting of the theory of a sentence, or the adjustment of two colours, so his own life also might have been fulfilled by an enthusiastic quest after perfection; -- say, in the flowering or folding of a toga. (M.E., I, 197)

The most revealing proof of Marius's intention to be an artist -- and of Pater's intention of telling his own history in disguise -- comes in the chapter "Sunt Lacrimae Rerum." There, Marius keeps a diary like the emperor's, the first tentative, serious step in recording the life-facts which form the basis of the künstlerroman.

It was become a habit with Marius -- one of his modernisms -- developed by his assistance at the Emperor's "Conversations with himself," to keep a register of the movements of his own private thoughts and humours; not continuously indeed, yet sometimes for lengthy intervals, during which it was no idle self-indulgence, but a necessity of his intellectual life, to "confess himself," with an intimacy, seemingly rare among the ancients
. . . (M.E., II, 172)

Marius, as we have shown, dies symbolically at the end of the novel, but note how he captures the essence of Pater's recurrent themes -- themes found in many of the imaginary portraits, not only in Marius -- in the phraseology they had been clothed in often before. The theme of life's delicacies and refinements recorded as impressions impinging upon the sensitive aesthete, for instance:

"How little I myself really need, when people leave me alone, with the intellectual powers at work serenely. The drops of falling water, a few wild flowers with their priceless fragrance, a few tufts even of half-dead leaves, changing colour in the quiet of a room, that has but light and shadow in it; these, for a susceptible mind, might well do duty for the glory of Augustus." (M.E., II, 180)

Had Augustus not been mentioned -- he is really a symbol here, and not present as an historical fact -- this scene could easily have been transposed into Pater's own age. As a matter of fact, all the touching, pathetic vignettes in this chapter, on dying children and dying creation in general, are no more indigenous to second century Rome than they are to nineteenth century England.

The powerful theme of sunt lacrimae rerum, which had been cleverly developed throughout the entire novel, receives its final statement here:

"For there is a certain grief in things as they are, in man as he has come to be, as he certainly is, over and above those griefs of circumstance which are in a measure removable -- some inexplicable shortcoming, or misadventure, on the part of nature itself -- death, and old age as it must needs be, and that watching for their approach, which makes every stage of life like a dying over and over again. Almost all death is painful, and in every thing that comes to an end a touch of death, and therefore of wretched coldness struck home to one, of remorse, of loss and parting, or outraged attachments."
(M.E., II, 181-182)

Or again:

"A party of men were coming down the street. They were leading a fine race-horse; a handsome beast, but badly hurt somewhere, in the circus, and useless. They were taking him to slaughter; and I think the animal knew it: he cast such looks, as if of mad appeal, to those who passed him, as he went among the strangers to whom his former owners had committed him, to die, in his beauty and pride, for that one mischance or fault; although the morning air was still so animating, and pleasant to snuff. I could have fancied a human soul in the creature, swelling against its luck. And I had come across the incident just when it would figure to me as the very symbol of our poor humanity, in its capacities for pain, its wretched accidents, and those imperfect sympathies, which can never quite identify us with one another; the very power of utterance and appeal to others seeming to fail us, in proportion as our sorrows come home to ourselves, are really our own. We are constructed for suffering! What proofs of it does but one day afford, if we care to note them as we go -- a whole long chaplet of sorrowful mysteries.⁷⁴ Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt." (M.E., II, 174-175)

Two things must be noted about these passages: first, they describe common events which might have been encountered in the nineteenth century as well as in the second, in England as well as in Italy; then, the perceiver is most certainly a man like Pater himself, grave, serious, reflective,

⁷⁴ Notice who is really talking here. The slip in chronology (the "Mysteries" of the Rosary were not created until long after the second century) is telling.

sensitive, who sees, quite literally, into and beyond sensory experience. Indeed, there is no reason why exactly the same scenes could not have appeared to Pater himself.

Finally, the theme of sympathy and harmony with creation (first seen in the chapter, "The Will as Vision"):⁷⁵

"In the mere clinging of human creatures to each other, nay! in one's own solitary self-pity, amid the effects even of what might appear irredeemable loss, I seem to touch the eternal. Something in that painful contact, something new and true, fact or apprehension of fact, is educed, which, on a review of all the perplexities of life, satisfies our moral sense, and removes that appearance of unkindness in the soul of things themselves, and assures us that not everything has been in vain." (M.E., II, 184)

This entire chapter is told in the first person -- the only time in the novel where Pater drops the mask -- and is, in a sense, the closest Pater ever came to a confession. The themes, the style, the personality -- all are clearly defined, and all are clearly identified with the author. Pater is Marius more surely at this point than at any other, for Marius is, shortly before his symbolic death, what Pater had been less than twenty years before: the apprentice artist beginning to record his own journey, a journey to be made over some day into a major work of art.

⁷⁵A full discussion of the "vision" as technique in Marius will appear in Chapter V.

Chapter II

CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG MAN: SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE APPRENTICE ARTIST

A) Setting the sights

George Moore's place in English literature is surely in need of revaluation. For a man who was one of the most significant creative writers in English for five decades, he is scarcely considered today as a representative figure of an age gone by. Of the books and articles written about him, almost all of note were published either during his lifetime or shortly after his death.¹ As Desmond Shawe-Taylor aptly put it in "The Achievement of George Moore:"

The world is a little out of sympathy with George Moore to-day. He represents a period too recent to have come round into fashion again; in another fifty years his world and his ideas will be so alien to readers that, instead of reacting against them, they will without difficulty assume the historical sense which enables us to enjoy the flower of past epochs without subscribing to their modes of thought and life.²

¹See the annotated bibliography on Moore printed in English Fiction in Transition (now English Literature in Transition), II (1959), No. 2, Parts I and II, and in yearly supplements thereafter.

²In Hone, George Moore, p. 487. Although this appraisal dates from 1936, it is still quite accurate.

Perhaps part of the reason for the scholars' neglect of Moore lies in his eccentricity, for, as Shawe-Taylor states, "the appeal of the eccentrics, even of the greatest, is largely a matter of personal sympathy," and Moore's "mischievous charm" has exorcized him from what Arnold called "central" literature.³ Indeed his somewhat arbitrary preferences in literature -- and even better, his frequent gibes at the young writers of his time -- alienated him from many critics, especially towards the end of his life.⁴ Although there have been a few recent attempts to re-establish George Moore's reputation as artist,⁵ he is still considered, for the most part, only "historically" important.

I feel that the most significant reason for the lack of critical attention which Moore has received is that, up to a few years ago, few of his readers understood what he was doing in his confessional-autobiographical works. As one of the fathers of British naturalism, Moore's

³Hone, George Moore, p. 490.

⁴The most vitriolic condemnation of Moore is found in an anonymous, privately printed pamphlet ("Moore versus Harris," Chicago: 1925) in which Moore's correspondence with Frank Harris -- especially his concern over Harris's portrait of him in Contemporary Portraits -- is given. The editor concludes that Moore is "a self-centered, conceited egoist, vain, ignorant, and totally inappreciative of other men's genius." (p. 9)

⁵The most successful has been Malcolm Brown, George Moore: A Reconsideration (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1955).

reception as a writer of fiction was quick and long lasting.⁶ But his more personal books -- the first of which was Confessions -- have been consistently mistaken for "pure," literal confessions. The artistry of the recreation of his apprenticeship -- the fact that Moore continually tried to make works of art out of his life and his conversations -- has been too easily put by. Malcolm Elwin, in "GM: Tragedy or Farce?" likes to read the Confessions as "the frank autobiography of a card, impudently advertising himself by scoring off conventional institutions with outspokenly unconventional opinions."⁷ But the Confessions is not that simple. Although it is clearly the autobiography of Moore's early life and an apologia for his life as an artist, it is just as clearly viewed through a lens which Moore has chosen to distort in order to enhance the artistry of the book. The Confessions comes rather early in Moore's career as a writer, since it was published in 1888, only shortly after he had distinguished himself not as a poet (Flowers of Passion, 1878; Pagan Poems, 1881) or as a dramatist (Martin Luther, 1879), but as a promising young novelist (A Modern Lover, 1883; A Mummer's Wife, 1885; A Drama in Muslin, 1886; A Mere Accident, 1887) and a vehement spokesman of avant-garde French ideas against

⁶See, for instance, Granville Hicks, "The Miracle of "Esther Waters,"" in Figures of Transition (N.Y.: Macmillan, 1939). Joyce, as we will see below in Chapter IV, also considered Moore one of the greatest naturalistic writers then alive.

⁷In Old Gods Falling (N.Y.: Macmillan, 1939), p. 102.

British philistinism (Literature at Nurse, 1885). In the Confessions Moore gives his first of many autobiographical performances; it is a book which is central to his development as an artist, and, even more important, a book which has been misinterpreted for so long that its subtle techniques have been almost forgotten.

It is our purpose to show that the Confessions is not only an autobiographical book, but the story of the author's apprenticeship disguised by such devices as chronological distortion, irony and satire. Although Moore is apparently writing about the education of the author freely and frankly -- the exact reverse of Pater's approach -- he is, like Pater, making up his early life according to a pattern. As Ruth Z. Temple points out in The Critic's Alchemy, Moore felt himself playing a role in Paris as a young man -- a filter through which new ideas on art and literature first crossed over the channel into England.⁸ It is this Moore which, until very recently, the critics have ignored.

B) The self-portrait: autobiography

Unlike Pater, George Moore was never reticent about his life, nor the significant role his life played in his art. Five of his major works are autobiographical in

⁸ N.Y.: Twain, 1953, pp. 231-241.

great part⁹ and many of his shorter efforts, in the forms of privately printed pamphlets, articles or lectures,¹⁰ are no less self-revelatory. Late in his literary career, when the bulk of his fiction did not include details drawn from his own experience,¹¹ he retained the same autobiographical impulse which led him to produce, in his middle thirties, his own Confessions.¹² Since he was one of the premier men of letters in his time, moreover, he inspired many of his contemporaries to publish memoirs and descriptions of him at work or at play -- that is, usually, talking. The evidence that a large number of his books are autobiographical, then -- especially the Confessions of a Young Man -- comes from many sources, of which the most

⁹ In addition to the Confessions (1888), there are Memoirs of my Dead Life (1906), the three volumes of Hail and Farewell (1911-1914), Avowals (1919), and Conversations in Ebury Street (1924).

¹⁰ Literature at Nurse (1885), some essays collected in Impressions and Opinions (1891), Reminiscences of the Impressionistic Painters (1906), "Apologia Pro Scriptis Meis" (1922), and the unfinished A Communication to my Friends (1933).

¹¹ Compare his use of autobiographical details in Esther Waters (1894) and A Mere Accident (1887) -- especially the latter, in which John Norton is clearly a persona of Moore's (see Chapter IV below) -- with the later biblical prose "epics," far removed in time, place and theme from his world and the twentieth century.

¹² A Communication to my Friends was unfinished at his death, 21 January 1933.

significant are Joseph Hone's biography and Jean C. Noël's definitive study in French.¹³ Moore was a widely discussed literary figure for over forty years, and consequently, of the numerous articles and books -- both critical and reminiscent -- dealing with him, frequent mention was made of Moore's singular presence in his work. Susan Mitchell, writing with Moore's blessing, said: "I cannot recall any writer so continuously implicated in his own work as George Moore."¹⁴ John Eglinton, one of Moore's closest literary companions, and at one time Moore's chosen biographer, wrote soon after Moore's death: "When he wrote of himself he was a master. There is hardly any portion of his life on which he has not directed his visionary retrospection, and a collection of these passages might form his best memorial."¹⁵ Virginia Woolf, in her essay on Moore in The Death of a Moth, notes that he is so autobiographical in his novels that he actually weakens them. But, she goes on, the "very qualities which weaken Mr. Moore's novels are the making of his memoirs."

This complex character, at once diffident and self-assertive, this sportsman who goes out shooting in ladies' high-heeled boots, this amateur jockey who loves literature,

¹³ George Moore; George Moore: L'Homme et L'Oeuvre.

¹⁴ George Moore (Dublin: Maunsel, 1916), p. 15.

¹⁵ "Recollections of George Moore," in Irish Literary Portraits (London: Macmillan, 1935), pp. 110-111.

beyond the apple of his eye,
 this amorist who is so innocent,
 this sensualist who is so ascetic,
 this complex and uneasy character,
 in short, with its lack of starch
 and pomp and humbug, its pliability
 and malice and shrewdness and in-
 competence, is made of too many
 incompatible elements to concen-
 trate into the diamond of a great
 artist, and is better occupied
 in exploring its own vagaries than
 in exploring those of other people.
 . . . he has devised -- very pain-
 fully, for he is above all things
 painstaking, eking out a delicate
 gift laboriously -- a means of
 liquidating the capricious and
 volatile essence of himself and
 decanting it in these memoirs; and
 that, whatever the degree, is
 triumph, achievement, im-
 mortality.¹⁶

The recognition of the autobiographical nature of his work, however, does not imply that it is all of one piece, nor, indeed that it is all of one quality. It is well to note that the Confessions is still the most widely read of Moore's self-revelations, and, along with Esther Waters, perhaps, his most popular work. The Confessions is still appealing because of its freshness and its singularity; Moore never created a character as original as himself when he was learning how to become an artist -- half fop, half serious student -- and, with the exception of his innovations in the naturalistic novel, he never wrote a more original book.

¹⁶London: Hogarth, 1942, pp. 102-103.

Moore frequently defended autobiographical art as a genre in general, and the story of his own apprenticeship to art in particular, both in straightforward reminiscences and in the more highly stylized, highly polished conversational autobiographies, a special form of confessional literature which he perfected from the work of one of his masters, Landor. The conversations were almost purely imaginary, and he certainly took incredible liberties with his life and the lives of his friends as such, but the books were surely literarily true for they explained the goals and the models, the matter and the form of Moore's life as artist. His Confessions are, of course, his fullest example of self-expression. In a lecture given to the Irish Literary Society in 1906, printed as Reminiscences of the Impressionistic Painters, he explains the genesis of his impulse to go to France:

I wished above all things to be myself,
and to live the physical as well as the
intellectual life of the quarter.
Myself was the goal I was making for,
instinctively if you will, but still
making for it . . .¹⁷

The Confessions, which recreates this journey and the consequent steps of the apprenticeship to art, becomes, then, the vehicle for self-expression; although "purely literary," as Moore states in an undated letter to Jacques-Émile Blanche, the Confessions is also purely self-revelatory:

¹⁷Dublin: Maunsell, p. 10.

Regarding your question as to whether I am expressing my own opinion or the opinions of an imaginary young man, I reply that I am expressing my own opinions everywhere . . .¹⁸

The Confessions itself gives ample testimony to the doctrine of the self: Moore, being "so full of his own personality" that he alone must decide his own future, is a pilgrim at a very early age. Enticed by his uniqueness, he becomes, long before encountering Manet or Pater, a devotee of his own impressions, and a young artist "feeling" that life would have to filter through the veil of his own personality:

Before me the crystal lake, the distant mountains, the swaying woods, said but one word, and that word was -- self; not the self that was then mine, but the self on whose creation I was enthusiastically determined.
(Confessions, pp. 9-10)

"I would be an artist." (p. 10) In art, of course, individuality achieves its formal perfection, being shaped and molded into permanence while at the same time being utterly unique, for art, he tells us, "is not mathematics, it is individuality." (p. 121) Art, too, can bring, in its finest form, what every self-admitted egocentric most desires: fame.

I longed to give a personal shape to something, and personal shape could not be achieved in a paragraph nor in an article. True it is that I longed

¹⁸Printed in Portraits of a Lifetime (London: Dent, 1937), p. 137.

for art, but I longed also for fame, or was it notoriety? Both. I longed for fame, brutal and glaring. (p. 261)

Being what he was -- a man interested, to use Pater's phrase, in courting new impressions -- Moore sought the unusual, the controversial, the foreign. He brought to England new theories of art as revolutionary as his manner of communicating them. He was a true innovator, because in telling the story of his own apprenticeship to art, he also served as a channel through which the impressionistic, naturalistic, and symbolic theories of art and literature then prevalent in France first reached England.¹⁹ He tells his own story in a new way, and thus achieves "notoriety" because of the kind of person he is, but he also tells about new ideas and becomes famous for his innovation in subject-matter as well as in technique. His apprenticeship to art was revolutionary for both the boldness of the telling and the art he learned on the way -- which made the telling possible -- in contrast to the normal fare of the British reading public, was moving in new and exciting directions.

C) The apprentice artist

Since the Confessions is autobiographical, since George Moore is undoubtedly an artist, and since the book covers a span of time prior to his formal literary career

¹⁹See Ruth Z. Temple, The Critic's Alchemy (New York: Twayne, 1953), pp. 243-271.

(he is writing a novel at the end) during which he is admittedly learning his trade from various masters and teachers, it, as the bildungsroman is about the apprenticeship to life, a künstlerroman, about his apprenticeship to art. In a letter to Edouard Dujardin (17 May 1887), Moore makes this clear:

I am writing a book called The Confessions of a Young Man. The young man goes to Paris to study painting, and I trace the development of his character in the three schools -- romantic, naturalist and symbolist. He returns to London, and I show what becomes of him when he finds himself in the midst of English painting and literature.²⁰

The purpose here is more than purely autobiographical, however. Confessions is, as the title indicates, more than a self-portrait, more, even, than a self-portrait of the apprentice artist: it is a "confession," a personal account and defense of his way of his life: it is, as Robert M. Coates says in his Introduction to the Confessions, "an essay in introspection and in large part a study of the processes by which a man becomes an artist."²¹ In A Mere Accident, published one year before the Confessions (in 1887), Mr. Hare, the librarian, speaking to John Norton, Moore's obvious persona, sums modern literature tersely:

²⁰Letters from George Moore to Edouard Dujardin (N.Y.: Crosby Gaige, 1929), pp. 20-21.

²¹New York: Capricorn, 1959, p. viii.

"The whole theory and practice of modern literature is found in the 'Confessions of St. Augustine;' and from hence flows the great current of psychological analyses which, with the development of the modern novel, grows daily greater in volume and more penetrating in essence . . . Is not the fretful desire of the Balzac novel to tell of the soul's anguish an obvious development of the 'Confessions?'²²

He is not only justifying his own book here, albeit indirectly, but also providing a tradition for it. In Moore's Confessions, the story of a man becoming an artist, a parallel is drawn between Moore and Augustine, a man becoming a saint: "St. Augustine's Confessions are the story of a God-tortured, mind of an art-tortured soul." (p. 227) For Moore, the personal confession is a perfect art-form because it permits the fullest possible development of the most singular and most significant character: himself:

His Preface to the third edition of the Confessions, written in 1916, thirty years after the book was first conceived, recognizes the acute interest it still held for him, for within it is found "the seed of everything I have written since" -- the genesis of his very life as artist.

Moore tells us at the beginning of the Confessions that he "came into the world apparently with a nature like

²²London: Vizetelly, 1887, p. 86.

a smooth sheet of wax, bearing no impress, but capable of receiving any; of being molded into all shapes."²³ (p. 1) The book begins with the ur-artist prior to his experiences with literature, yet we see from the very outset how he was temperamentally suited to his role in life. At eleven he is a devotee of Shelley; at sixteen he is expelled from school for "idleness and general worthlessness" and studies art in London after first refusing the military life. His father's death then "freed" him "to create a complete and absolute self out of the partial self which was all that the restraint of home had permitted." (p. 9) At eighteen years of age he hankers after the studio, for his "love of art was very genuine and deep-rooted;" (pp. 10-11) he is, indeed, a happy young man, with "life and France" beckoning to him. Moore then, with an acute sense of economy and design, presents the literary and artistic stimuli which acted upon his young sensibilities, charting the course of his apprenticeship by showing the models which presented themselves to him in France and in England. The book is about the confessions of a young man and what he wants to be; the main thing to be "confessed" in his interest in art. He becomes "the natural man, who educates himself, who allows his mind to grow and ripen under the sun and wind of modern life," but a man who is never allowed to

²³See p. 62 above for a comparison of this idea with a similar one expressed by Pater.

to be seen for any length of time away from the life-as-artist he had become so steeped in, even in the midst of a "jaded and dissipated" world:

What saved me was the intensity of my passion for art, and a moral revolt against any action that I thought could or would definitely compromise me in that direction. I was willing to stray a little from my path, but never further than a single step, which I could retrace when I pleased. (p. 24)

Like the works of art he samples, friends also present themselves to him, and he treats his friends like books, rejecting what is no longer useful, retaining what had become a part of his apprenticeship.

As I picked up books, so I picked up my friends. I read friends and books with the same passion, with the same avidity, and as I discarded my books when I had assimilated as much of them as my system required, so I discarded my friends when they ceased to be of use to me. (p. 34)

The Confessions trace Moore's education in art studies, at the Nouvelles Athènes, his rejection of English "tavern" culture and villaism, and his condemnation of Mudie and Smith, their circulating libraries, and the "healthy school" of English fiction. But most of all, it records the literary debts he built up over the years; indeed, it is, as he calls it, "a record of my mental digestions;" it is the result of his apprenticeship, the perfected work built up of many dissimilar themes and styles, the finished product

using the tools and the ideas he first encountered on the journey itself.

Moore's künstlerroman, however, is not always literally true -- a "confession" is not necessarily a diary -- and it is, in its own unique and subtle way, a "disguised" autobiography like Marius. Moore, while confessing his life and his work to the reader, is at liberty to alter the facts as they actually occurred, eliminating the unessential, heightening the significant, adding a little dab of paint here and there to make the picture of himself more effective, more dramatic, more impressive. In this sense, Pater's Marius and Joyce's A Portrait are "confessions," for both writers are indirectly presenting apologias for their ways of life -- their books are "fictional," "disguised," it is true, but nonetheless transparent. Moore's Confessions is more than a record of his life; it, too, is an apologia, and he, too, distorts reality, creates fictional incidents, and distances his persona. Those critics who like to read the Confessions as "the frank autobiography of a card," then, -- where Moore is "impudently advertising himself by scoring off conventional institutions with outspokenly unconventional opinions"²⁴ -- are missing his subtlety. The book is apparently "frank," it is ostensibly more of a life-record than a Paterian or a Joycean "portrait," yet

²⁴Malcolm Elwin, Old Gods Falling, p. 102.

it is, in its effective use of fictional technique, as unlike pure autobiography as the works closest to it in purpose.

An important scholarly study recently finished points out how, in the nine different versions of the Confessions -- George Moore was an incurable perfectionist -- revisions were constantly made to make the novel not less but apparently more autobiographical, more identifiable with the author.²⁵ When the novel was first published in 1888,²⁶ Moore's persona was called "Edwin Dane" (or "Edmund Dane," "Edwin Dayne," depending upon the printing). In the 1904 and 1916 revisions -- by far the most significant -- "Edwin Dane" became "George Moore,"²⁷ and remained "George Moore" throughout most of the later reprints of the novel.²⁸

²⁵Susan Marie Dick, "Confessions of a Young Man by George Moore: A Variorum Edition," Unpublished Ph.D. thesis, Northwestern University, 1967.

²⁶The Modern Library Edition, first printed in 1925, follows this earliest version.

²⁷See Confessions, pp. 9, 58, 114, 211, for instance, as well as the Dedication and the important Preface.

²⁸The major differences between the early (1888) and the later (1916) editions of the Confessions are quite striking. In addition to the numerous textual changes noted by Dick, the chapters were thoroughly revamped. The 1888 edition, for instance had only twelve chapters, whereas the 1916 edition had nineteen; many of the original chapters were split.

There can be no doubt then, that Moore was personalizing the Confessions, which he admitted at one time would be his "best book."²⁹ There can be no doubt, also, that the Confessions lack the restraint of Marius in one sense, as Moore's life differed quite noticeably from Pater's.³⁰

<u>1888</u>	<u>1916</u>
Chapter II	Chapters II and III
Chapter III	Chapters IV and V
Chapter IX	Chapters XI and XII
Chapter XII	Chapters XVI, XVII, XVIII and XIX

But more significant, the very autobiographical chapter XV, the dialogue between "Conscience" and "I" wherein A Modern Lover is mentioned indirectly (see discussion in Chapter IV below), was not in the original edition.

²⁹From a letter by Moore to Blanche printed without a date in Portraits of a Lifetime, p. 141.

³⁰See Noël, p. 546:

Ce serait aussi fausser l'image de la personnalité littéraire de Moore que faire de lui pour la reste de sa vie, de façon stricte un disciple de Walter Pater. Il doit beaucoup, nous l'avons dit, au Maître de Brasenose, mais malgré le temps qu'il consacre aux secrètes délices du travail littéraire, malgré le subjectivisme d'une partie de son oeuvre, malgré l'importance qu'il attache à la vie intérieure, il ne s'enferme pas en lui-même et s'il suit ses rêves, il ne fuit pas pour autant l'homme son semblable. Il est égotiste, il n'est pas introverti.

Yet, for all these differences, one clear resemblance between the Confessions and Marius has long gone unnoticed -- "George Moore" is not George Moore in every particular, but a persona who did things his author did not do, refrained from doing what his author did, and has had his apprenticeship reshaped more idealistically -- as Pater projected his "idealized self" into Marius -- than Moore had actually experienced it.

Jean C. Noël's discussion of the Confessions as "l'autobiographie indirecte et romancée" is by far the most sophisticated reading I have yet encountered of a novel which has been far too maligned, and far too easily dismissed. By examining Moore's life records very carefully (his years in Paris from 1873-1880 and in London from 1881-1883),³¹ and by comparing the facts as they actually occurred with the manner in which they are related in the Confessions, he has shown just how many liberties Moore took with the chronology. For instance, Moore recounts his exposure to the symboliste poets: Verlaine (whose Les Poets Maudits appeared in 1884), Ghil, Mallarmé and Kahn (whose periodical Vogue was founded in 1886). Two

³¹ When A Modern Lover, the novel he is ostensibly working on at the end of the Confessions -- see Chapter XV, pp. 247-249, during the dialogue between "Conscience" and "I" in the second edition -- was published.

chapters later (VIII), he tells us about the "echo-augury" he experienced when he first read Zola (whose campaign for naturalism extended from 1879-1882)!³² He subtly reversed the steps of his apprenticeship in order to show those works which had had a greater effect on his earliest writings -- the naturalistic novels he is famous for (The Mummer's Wife and Esther Waters, for instance) last in the book. Noël points out that this deliberate distortion is intended to be satiric -- a fact which Pater was one of the few critics observant enough to notice³³ -- to "shock" his audience with a series of startling contrasts.³⁴ He says blatantly in a letter

³²Noël, pp. 160-161.

³³See Chapter IV below for a discussion of the famous letter from Moore to Pater printed in the Preface, in which he calls the Confessions "satiric" and "cynical."

³⁴See George-Paul Collet, George Moore et la France (Paris: Minard, 1957), who gives the most detailed description of Moore in France and the French influence on his work:

En somme, s'il faut se garder, pour les raisons que nous avons dites plus haut, d'accueillir sans réserve chaque proposition des Confessions, il convient aussi de ne pas les considérer comme de simples bravades faites pour <<épater le bourgeoisie>> et scandaliser les Anglo-Saxons. (p. 67)

to Dujardin (11 March 1888): "My book is satiric."³⁵ In yet another letter to Dujardin (3 November 1888) Moore tells about the subtle ironies the translation of the Confessions into French quite misses:

If my translator is a young man you may tell him that the irony of the English disappears somewhat in the French. I achieve I think a lighter and more spirited phrase, and there is always a touch of exaggeration which the French fails to convey. In English I have my tongue in my cheek, in French I am deadly serious.³⁶

Noel quite perceptively notes the significance of his admission:

Le livre est donc à l'origine conçu comme une biographie littéraire au service d'un parti pris. Il s'agit pour Moore, encore une fois, de secouer la torpeur britannique, de faire honte en quelque sorte à la Grande-Bretagne en opposant à son engourdissement intellectuel et artistique les effervescences de Paris. C'est l'entreprise commencée dès la Preface de Martin Luther qui se poursuit. Les Confessions sont une machine de guerre et comme dans tout pamphlet, comme dans tout écrit militant, les jugements portés y sont péremptoirs. Toutefois les intentions avouées ne semblent pas justifier les déformations historiques relevées plus haut. C'est entre les lignes qu'il faut chercher les raisons de ces modifications de la chronologie.³⁷

³⁵Letters from George Moore to Edouard Dujardin, p. 27.

³⁶Ibid.

³⁷Noël, p. 161.

As Noël observes, the actual composition of the Confessions was cathartic for Moore, "un jeu" and "une liberation."³⁸ In the Confessions, moreover, Moore "conduit inévitablement à une entreprise littéraire ridicule."³⁹ His condemnation of Victorian literature becomes, as his Literature at Nurse had prophesied his future works would be, "un véritable manifeste des écrivains de moins de quarante ans" -- a battlecry for art-for-art.

Moore voit fort bien que l'issue de la bataille engagée contre la génération précédente n'est pas seulement une assurance de liberté pour le romancier, mais une possibilité de renouvellement pour la langue.⁴⁰

The nineteenth century was, indeed, for Moore an age whose "special idea" was "the young man!" (Confessions, p. 231) Moreover, his battle against "tavern culture," against "the healthyschool" of novelists, and for the aesthetic novel is seen to be more effective if the satire of the Confessions is given its full import.

Like Pater's Marius, Moore's Confessions is truly his apologia, his aesthetic rationale, as well as the story of his apprenticeship. And Moore, like Pater, has disguised his persona somewhat only to make his views on art and the life of the artist clearer. The book is an autobiography,

³⁸Ibid., pp. 164-165.

³⁹Ibid., p. 167.

⁴⁰Ibid.

but not necessarily "frank," not necessarily about "an impudent card." Beneath the disguise of satire is the ur-artist Moore once was, however much details differ, and of himself he always thought with the highest respect:

Au fond de lui-même, l'auteur semble
garder une secrète tendresse pour
son moi d'autrefois et par voie de
conséquence pour les etres, les
choses, les idées qu'il avait
passionnément aimés.⁴¹

⁴¹Noël, p. 164.

CHAPTER III

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN: SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE APPRENTICE ARTIST

A) The self-portrait: autobiography

There is no question that Joyce's A Portrait is an autobiographical work. For one thing, the role of Joyce's life in his work, "the problem of Joyce scholarship" according to Marvin Magalaner and Richard Kain,¹ has been brilliantly and extensively explored in Richard Ellmann's standard life.² Reminiscences, memoirs, and impressions abound, moreover; for the last twenty years of his life Joyce was the symbol of the avant-garde in literature, and both artists and critics closely observed his every move. And nearly every man who wrote about Joyce's early works, especially A Portrait, was conscious not only of the autobiographical content of the novel, but also of how Joyce transmitted his life into a major work of art.

Joyce, at an early age, announced his own credo, asserting, as his brother Stanislaus records, "the inalienable right of the artist to use as material for his

¹Joyce, the Man, the Work, the Reputation (New York University Press, 1956), p. 43.

²James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959).

art his own life and the lives of those about him, regardless of persons and of the claim of human respect."³ Joyce, Stanislaus goes on to say, came to treat the materials of his youth more objectively as he grew further away from it, "reliving that period in the light of a more seasoned experience" until A Portrait was "no longer autobiography in the usual sense."⁴ He recalls how Joyce ironically referred to himself in the third person when discussing the objectification of art, much as his own Stephen pared his fingernails like God, indifferent to the content of his work, interested only in its form: "'When the bard sits down to write, he intellectualizes himself.'"⁵ Yet this discussion of how Joyce made a work of art out of his life, or, in Joyce's own terms, converted the lyrical (personal) into the dramatic (objective), is important only after we first realize that it is his life he is working with, and because nearly every incident recreated in A Portrait has been shown to be based squarely upon similar, if not exact, events in his own life. Harry Levin is quite aware of this, calling the novel "more candid than other autobiographies"⁶

³"James Joyce: A Memoir," The Hudson Review, II (Winter, 1950), 488. This is a translation of an article originally written (in 1941) for the Florentine journal, Litteratura.

⁴"James Joyce: A Memoir," 496, 504.

⁵Ibid., p. 500.

⁶James Joyce: A Critical Introduction (Norfolk: New Directions, 1960), p. 46.

in the tradition of the künstlerroman.⁷ Moreover, the more immature Stephen Hero, the ur-portrait which Nora Joyce partially rescued after her husband had thrown it into the fire, was conceived originally as an autobiography, and it, in turn, served as the blueprint for A Portrait. Herbert Gorman, Joyce's own "picked" biographer, tells us that Stephen Hero was an

autobiographical book, a personal history, as it were, of the growth of a mind, his own mind, and his own intensive absorption in himself and what he had been and how he had grown out of the Jesuitical garden of his youth. He endeavoured to see himself objectively, to assume a godlike poise of watchfulness over the small boy and youth he called Stephen and who was really himself.⁸

Gorman also prints a letter (p. 148) from Joyce to Grant Richards, dated 13 March 1906, in which Joyce says:

You suggest I should write a novel in some sense autobiographical. I have already written a thousand pages of such a novel, as I think I told you, 914 pages to be accurate.

Joyce, moreover, although seldom went to call attention to his autobiographical intentions in print, did

⁷ Louis Gillet, among the many critics that could be named, agrees, calling A Portrait Joyce's "confession," and Stephen Dedalus the "surrogate for the author." Claybook for James Joyce (New York: Abelard-Schuman, 1958), pp. 57, 38.

⁸ James Joyce (New York: Ferrar and Rinehart, 1940), p. 133.

occasionally demonstrate a "kinship with a literary hero,"⁹ as with James Clarence Mangan, the Irish poet who had lived in exile. In an essay which Joyce revised completely five years after he first wrote it,¹⁰ Mangan becomes powerfully like the young Joyce himself:

He was one of those strange abnormal spirits who believe that their artistic life should be nothing more than a true and continual revelation of their spiritual life, who believe that their inner life is so valuable that they have no need of popular support, and thus abstain from proffering confessions of faith, who believe, in sum, that the poet is sufficient in himself, the heir and preserver of a secular patrimony, who therefore has no urgent need to become a shouter, or a preacher, or a perfumer.¹¹

Yet even this resemblance was not enough for Joyce, obsessed as he was by the drive to do something unique. Eglinton, recounting "The Beginnings of Joyce," tells of a conversation in which Joyce first presented an idea he must have later transcribed word-for-word in A Portrait (p. 209):

⁹Marvin Magalaner points out that Joyce's early readings helped shape the theme of his first novel:

Kinship with his literary heroes -- biographically, psychologically, artistically -- seems to have been a necessity for the artist as a young man, less important once he himself had become the literary hero of a newer generation.

Time of Apprenticeship (New York: Abelard-Schuman, 1959), p. 33.

¹⁰The first draft was written in 1902, the revision in 1907.

¹¹Critical Writings, ed. Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann (New York: Viking, 1959), p. 184.

When we come to the phenomena of artistic conception, artistic gestation and artistic reproduction I require a new terminology and a new personal experience.¹²

His first attempt to write autobiography was a very short story, part essay, part narrative, which he called "A Portrait of the Artist."¹³ From this early effort was born the very long autobiographical narrative, Stephen Hero. The fact that this partially destroyed ur-portrait does indeed exist is significant, for we know, among other things, that it is closer to a life-record than the more objective, more distanced, more polished A Portrait, and that it represents Joyce's attempt to record his apprenticeship, whereas A Portrait is most certainly his attempt to transmute his apprenticeship into a work of art. Joyce compressed the extended narrative of Stephen Hero into half the space when he revised it into A Portrait. In order to make the finished product an objective work of art, capable of being appreciated on its own merits, he left out the extraneous details of Stephen's "ineradicable egoism," for in Stephen Hero he is a boy whose life was "so self-centered" that he could exclaim how the artist "affirms out of the

¹²Irish Literary Portraits (London: Macmillan, 1935), p. 131.

¹³It was written in one day, 7 January 1904. Ellmann has an excellent discussion of its impact on the later works of Joyce (James Joyce, pp. 149-154). It is reprinted in The Workshop of Dedalus.

fullness of his own life" in order to make a work of art.¹⁴ The fact that he revised his own life story so assiduously is strong enough proof of how he felt about autobiographical art.

B) The apprentice artist

It is not necessary to defend the autobiographical contents of A Portrait, but it is important to show in what manner the novel is about an apprenticeship to art. Here again Stephen Hero looms as a unique document. By comparing and contrasting the two versions of Joyce's youthful apprenticeship, we can note not only the remarkable nature of his literary development, but also -- to an extent never before conceived -- the manner in which discursive and personal episodes are re-woven into a work where loose ends are conspicuously absent.¹⁵ A Portrait is a remarkable effort in

¹⁴Stephen Hero (New York: New Directions, 1959), pp. 34, 49, 86.

¹⁵A discussion earlier on the relationship between Pater's imaginary portraits and Marius concluded similarly. Pater's early portraits ("Diaphaneité" and "The Child in the House") as well as his later portraits ("An English Poet" and "Emerald Uthwart") were not only related in theme and mood (and therefore likely candidates as sketches of the third -- English -- novel of the Marius trilogy) to Marius, but also could have been conceived as first drafts or first trial attempts at fictionalized autobiography. As such they share with Stephen Hero several points: 1) they are closer to the author in point-of-view, for Pater's portraits are all English in setting and contain more easily verifiable autobiographical data, while Stephen Hero more often resembles

more personally involved in his dogmas, more compassionate, more emotionally responsive to family, friends, and country.²⁰ Joyce, by attempting to objectify his own sensory and intellectual experience, came to treat his adolescence much the same way Pater treated the "Conclusion" to The Renaissance in Marius, allowing his own personal beliefs and his formative, early approaches to an aesthetic to be expressed by a more distanced but still readily identifiable persona.²¹ Philip L. Handler, in an unpublished Columbia Master's thesis,²² shows how Joyce first evolves an aesthetic in Stephen Hero, a discursive, probing effort to come to grips with the question about art haunting the precocious adolescent, and finally uses it in A Portrait. Marvin Magalaner, who notes and praises Handler's contribution, tells how Stephen Hero, "the most strictly autobiographical document which Joyce wrote," "a bald, prosaic commentary," is also a key to Joyce's "increasingly complex presentation, often in subversive symbolic form," of his life in his art.²³

²⁰ Hugh Kenner, "The Portrait in Perspective," in Joyce's Portrait, Criticisms and Critiques, ed. Thomas E. Connolly (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1962), p. 59, is most certainly correct when he says that the end of A Portrait lacks humor most of all.

²¹ As Tindall puts it (James Joyce, p. 19): "By aesthetic distance, the personal, becoming symbolic and formal, becomes dramatic."

²² "James Joyce: From Hero to Artist," 1955

²³ Time of Apprenticeship, pp. 98-99. Joseph Prescott, "James Joyce's Stephen Hero," in Connolly, op.cit., p. 83, notes: "The change from Stephen Hero to A Portrait mirrors the progression from the novel of the overt and partisan manager to that of the invisible and impersonal director."

concentration. Stephen Hero, though less than half preserved,¹⁶ is almost as long as A Portrait. Joyce literally compressed the original into half the space by mercilessly cutting whatever did not enhance the portrait of Stephen as artist. "Emma Clery" in Stephen Hero becomes merely "Emma" or "E.C." in A Portrait. Stephen's foolishness, his adolescent rage at the Jesuits, his dependence upon family approval, and his lionization of Ibsen are expunged from A Portrait because of Stephen's overbearing self-confidence and his career as writer.¹⁷ If Stephen Hero was indeed a young man's book, and A Portrait the work of an artist, as Tindall seems to think,¹⁸ and if Stephen is the hero or adolescent in the earlier work, and the artist or adult in the later, as Theodore Spencer thinks,¹⁹ there can be no doubt that the persona in Stephen Hero is far closer to Joyce than the supercilious and aloof Stephen, who, at the end of A Portrait, sets out for a life of "silence, exile, cunning." The earlier Stephen is certainly more human,

a diary than a novel; 2) Pater's portraits and Stephen Hero both incorporate material -- especially that dealing with the kind of character depicted, the kind of life he leads, and the kind of art theory he subscribes to -- which is deliberately re-used and re-modeled later in a similar context for a similar purpose.

¹⁶See the Foreword (by John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon) and the Introduction (by Theodore Spencer) to Stephen Hero.

¹⁷Ibid., pp. 12-13.

¹⁸James Joyce (New York: Scribner's, 1950), p. 8.

¹⁹Stephen Hero, Introduction, p. 14.

The result of Joyce's change in point-of-view²⁴ from Stephen Hero to A Portrait is that we get a better work of art about a less interesting person. Once again, moreover, just as Pater "dramatized" his revolutionary "Conclusion" in Marius so Joyce converts what had been an artistic manifesto in Stephen Hero (the paper read before the college historical and literary society) to "the aesthetics of a young man," revealed dramatically in a conversation, in A Portrait.²⁵ Even the epiphanies of Stephen, so personal, so memorable -- the naked experience of aesthetic apprehension -- are purged of subjectivity in A Portrait, and are used by Joyce as a device to measure the steps of Stephen's apprenticeship (the word "epiphany" never occurs in A Portrait).²⁶ Joyce, in A Portrait, does not explain how the theory of the epiphany originated -- as he had done at great length in Stephen Hero -- nor how he gathered his material, he simply uses it. Again, one need only compare the paper on art and the artist recited in Stephen Hero,²⁷ with the presentation in A Portrait of a one-sided

²⁴The object of this chapter has been simply to note that the difference exists, but not to the extent where we cannot recognize the author. Point-of-view as technique, as it is related to Pater especially, will be discussed later in Chapter V.

²⁵Tindall, James Joyce. p. 21.

²⁶Irene Hendry Chayes, "Joyce's Epiphanies," in Connolly, op. cit., pp. 210-211.

²⁷Pp. 76-80.

conversation between Stephen and Lynch,²⁸ to see the distinction between the two works. Joyce, in A Portrait, fulfills his own youthful aesthetic formulated completely for the first time in Stephen Hero when he must have still considered himself an apprentice. His life undoubtedly gave him the material for his art, but his art, in turn, reshaped his life to conform to his ideal of the apprentice artist, not simply the young man.²⁹ One must never forget that it is a portrait of the artist as a young man, nor which word comes first. That Stephen is undeniably the young Joyce only makes the story of his development that much more interesting and rewarding.

²⁸Pp. 211-215. The arguments by no means correspond.

²⁹A very interesting thesis shows how Joyce's theory of art was conceived, first, in reaction to the moralistic attitudes of Joyce's Dublin environment, and, second, as an increasingly "metaphysical" application of Aquinas's doctrines. Therefore, Stephen Hero represents a youth who is more of an aesthete, an immature fledgling, while A Portrait presents a mature artist reflecting more dispassionately on his craft. See, Francis Edward Callahan, Jr. "James Joyce's Early Aesthetic," Unpublished Ph.D. thesis, University of Wisconsin, 1966.

Chapter IV

PATER'S ROLE IN THE WORKS OF MOORE AND JOYCE: THE LITERARY RELATIONSHIPS AMONG THE THREE FIGURES

A) Pater and Moore

Moore's Confessions was written only a year after the publication of Marius the Epicurean -- in 1886 -- and was published in 1888, yet Pater plays a major functional role in the novel. Moore discovered in Pater an English prose which engendered a "genuine pleasure in the language itself," (Confessions, p. 213) and it was Pater's style which Moore most frequently acknowledged as his master's greatest gift. It is clear that the cadence of Pater's rhythms first attracted Moore's sensibilities, and made him see, as he tells us in the "Preface" to the 1916 edition of the Confessions, that literature could be raised "to the condition of music."

Moore was somewhat fickle in his allegiances, often denouncing what he had formerly idolized (Zola, for instance), but to Pater -- as Professor Tonks, one of Moore's closest friends, tells us -- he remained faithful to the last.¹ One of the obvious reasons for his continued devotion

¹Told to Joseph Hone, George Moore, p. 446.

was his realization that Pater worked hard on his art and his style, being "always at composition" as Moore relates in the 1916 "Preface." Like Pater, Moore was a tireless reviser; as Charles Morgan puts it, he had an "abiding desire to re-write his mind and soul."² According to John Englington, Moore's life has been one long quest of style. His style is his wisdom, his vision of life, his whole experience."³

Like Pater -- and like Joyce also! -- Moore gave up verse for prose at an early age, deciding that his *métier* would be as a "tale-teller" rather than as a derivative poet using a borrowed, and often foreign, idiom.⁴ Marius made prose not only possible but desirable, providing for Moore "the stepping stone that carried ... [him] ...

²Epitaph on George Moore (New York: Macmillan, 1935), p. 27.

³Introduction to Letters from George Moore to Edouard Dujardin (New York: Crosby Gaige, 1929), pp. 14-15. In a conversation with William Lyon Phelps, Moore said:

"Just as I believe the worst of all sins is bad writing, so I believe the highest virtue is found in corrections, in an author's revisions of his own work. If you wish to estimate the true value of an author's art, study his revisions."

"Conversations with George Moore," The Yale Review, XVIII (Spring, 1929), 560.

⁴Apologia Pro Scriptis Meis," The Fortnightly Review, DCLXX (2 October 1922), 531. It is amusing to note in this connection what he said after reading the poetry of the young Joyce: "Symons!" See Ellmann, James Joyce, p. 140.

across the channel into the genius ... [his] ... own tongue."⁵ (Confessions, p. 213) In a letter to Jacques-Émile Blanche written 13 December 1887 (after the Confessions had been written), he called Marius "my idea of all that is beautiful and sweet" written by "our greatest, our only great writer."⁶ In "A Plea for the Soul of the Irish People," he noted:

A dozen of years ago Walter Pater said that he wished to write in English as in a learned language, and since the death of Walter Pater -- whom I shall always regard as England's last great writer -- we have seen the language pass into the patty-pans of Stevenson and many various pint-pots.⁷

In Hail and Farewell (completed in 1914) he had called Marius "a tide of honeyed words preached by a divine from an ivory pulpit, well worth re-reading . . ."⁸ In a letter to Professor Tonks written on 28 December 1917, he once again affirms his devotion:

I can think of nothing but Pater now and it seems that he will always light up my life even in the darkest days.

⁵Quite characteristically, I think, Moore points out in the very next sentence how he moved from Pater to De Quincey -- in other words to a far more personal writer who led Moore to see that his Confessions could be a Paterian confession though far more open and idiosyncratic.

⁶Blanche, Portraits of a Lifetime (London: Dent, 1937), p. 293.

⁷Nineteenth Century Review (Feb., 1901), 286.

⁸III (Vale) (London: Heinemann, 1947), p. 2.

He will be a torch, a beacon. All other
lights are vain lights, believe me,
Tonks, including the greatest stinking
tallow dip that your friend George
Moore lights betimes.⁹

The Avowals (1919), one of Moore's most self-revelatory works, includes among other things an extended praise of Pater's style. "He wrote the only prose that I never weary of;" "he made each separate sentence a work of art in itself."¹⁰ Marius, for Moore, was "the great atonement for all the bad novels written in the English language."¹¹ Furthermore, Moore acknowledges that Pater's devotion to art limited his audience, a situation Moore himself often relished:

Pater cut himself off from many readers by his unfailing sense of beauty; and I can imagine the embarrassment that would have been aroused in his face if I had warned him that he was cutting himself off from many readers by insisting on a certain unfailing sense of beauty, not readily apprehended by the casual reader.¹²

Moore shared the stubborn devotion to art uncompromised by any standards other than the purely aesthetic. His whole life was a protracted war waged against the philistine;

⁹J. M. None, "George Moore and Some Correspondents," The Dublin Magazine, XXII (Jan.-March, 1947), 14. See John Freeman, A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of his Work (London: T. Werner Laurie, 1922), p. 206: "His appreciation of Pater's prose is almost the only exception to his generally unsympathetic view of contemporary writers."

¹⁰Avowals (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1923), pp.91, 98.

¹¹Ibid., p. 197.

¹²Ibid., p. 107.

nearly every minute of every day -- including the relaxing conversations with friends and admirers he so loved -- was spent in discovering something beautiful, or in re-telling it with "a manner of writing I acquired from Pater through Symons."¹³

Moore's word alone, however, would not be sufficient to prove the magnitude of Pater's stylistic influences. Graham Hough tells us that Pater taught Moore something more general than specific: "the cultivation of prose as a deliberate aesthetic instrument."¹⁴ He tells us that Pater taught Moore to seek a style "where the beauty, harmony, and integrity of the words on the page are a more important consideration than their efficacy in representing outer reality."¹⁵ In the Confessions, Moore talks of a "sense of rhythmic progression" and defines art itself as a "rhythmical sequence of events described with rhythmical sequence of phrase." (pp. 207-208, 205) Undoubtedly he inherited this conception of style from Pater, for both authors are not interested at all in using imitative

¹³Ibid., p. 36. For a different point of view on this subject, see Seán O'Faoláin, "Pater and Moore," The London Mercury, XXXIV (August, 1939), 330-338. O'Faoláin believes that Moore, although a lineal descendant of Pater, is not nearly so effective as his master, for Pater had not only a finer style but much more to say. Moore he considers an indirect disciple of Pater, writing in a highly derivative style in the fashion of Wilde.

¹⁴Image and Experience (London: Duckworth, 1960), p. 192.

¹⁵Ibid., p. 204.

conversation -- conversation to delineate character; the book itself has a "style," a flavor, all its own. Sentence fits into paragraph, paragraph into chapter, chapter into book. It is interesting to note that both Pater and Moore write extremely long paragraphs. The typography of a Moore novel, especially the autobiographical-conversational ones or the later prose epics, often owes something to Pater, for although Moore includes a great deal of dialogue (Marius has really none to speak of), he preserves at the same time, according to Charles Morgan, "the continuity of a prose that would have been broken by photographic naturalism."¹⁶ Hough notes how Moore "suppresses" indentation and inverted commas while writing dialogue, for he is interested in "the harmony of the whole" where "an unbroken rhythm" and "musical line" flows "continuously through a whole passage," and where the prose is "capable of absorbing into itself all the diversities of experience with which it deals."¹⁷ How like Pater!¹⁸

¹⁶Epitaph on George Moore, p. 51.

¹⁷Image and Experience, pp. 206-207.

¹⁸And it should be noted here, also, that Joyce, concerned almost totally with the actions and reactions of Stephen, reduces conversation to a minimum, and treats it -- as in Pater's "A Conversation not Imaginary" -- as a set-piece rather than as a realistic transcription. He, too, reduces the inverted commas to a simple dash, thus presenting the reader with fewer obstacles to the flow of language; Stephen, moreover, the only central intelligence, usually monopolizes any discussion in which he has an

But Moore's debt to Pater goes beyond the lesson of style. Moore had noted, in the "Preface" to the Confessions, how, in Pater, style and style of life were inseparable, how it was impossible for the man "to separate himself wholly from his art." Indeed, he wrote, says Moore, "whilst in our midst," and "trained his face to wear a formal impassive expression behind which he could pursue his rhythms undisturbed." Art, for Pater, was life, and Moore tried valiantly to pierce his "mask" worn socially, often to ward off intruders upon the internal "composing" he was forever indulging in. The frank Avowals is the record of this attempt -- doomed from the start because of Moore's completely different approach to friendship -- to see behind the mask of Pater. Despite his claimed "genius for intimacy," and his sincere praise of "The Child in the House," Moore had difficulty from the very beginning.¹⁹

active role. Stephen Hero is filled with imitative conversation because it is a record, a quite literal transcript of the day-to-day life of the hero. A Portrait has very little conversation, and whatever it does have is confined to structural set-pieces (the Christmas dinner scene, Stephen's encounters with the Jesuits while at Belvedere and the University) or to scenes of thematic revelation (Stephen's discussion with Lynch -- on art -- and Cranly -- on religion -- in Chapter V), for Joyce is no longer recording experience, he is transmuting it into a work of art.

¹⁹Avowals, p. 191.

Pater, whose conversation was filled with appositives such as "no doubt,"²⁰ continually demonstrated that he saw things a little differently from the "vivacious" Moore. First, there was the review of Modern Painting, where Pater noted Moore's deep preference for "the personal and the uncontrollable," -- a preference which Pater's reserve clearly precluded.²¹ But this should not really have come as a surprise, for in the famous letter (written 4 March 1888) which Moore prints proudly in the Preface to the Confessions (p. xii), Pater indirectly shows that he was aware of the gulf which separated the two writers. He calls the novel "satiric" and "cynical;" he explains that what Moore called "realistic" could be interpreted as an "exclusive . . . way of looking at the world."²² In Avowals, Moore notes that the letter was actually an "admonition to put on a mask" as Pater himself did in his works; instead of bringing the two closer together, it divided them to the point where Moore, tiring of Pater's shyness and reserve, was forced to take the position that behind the mask was a man "all powerful in written word," but "impotent in life." Unlike

²⁰Ibid., p. 190.

²¹10 June 1893, The Daily Chronicle. Reprinted in Sketches and Reviews, p. 21.

²²See how this letter is discussed in the context of Pater's view of literature in Chapter I, pp. 23-24.

²³Avowals, pp. 210, 214.

Pater, finally, Moore was a prolific and personal²⁴ letter writer. Yet, with all their differences in personality, they did agree that the artist should play a role in his work. Moore was fascinated not only with Pater's style, but also with the kind of character evoked in the imaginary portraits. Marius, especially, lacks humor, Moore says, because Pater is only concerned with relating the "states of consciousness through which Marius passes, his hopes, fears, aspirations and dreams, his interest in common things . . ."²⁵ Pater's works of fiction are "intimations of life rather than life as it seems in its passing."²⁶ And Moore, after noting that Pater writes "about mankind rather than about the mere individual,"²⁷ in Marius, was, as he recalls, gently corrected by Pater, who asked if he was not missing "something of Marius's individual character."²⁸ Moore came to see that Marius is about a young

²⁴In a letter to Mary Cunard recalled in her book, GM. Memoirs of George Moore (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1956) p. 156, Moore was said to write: "The good letter writer must be full of himself;" it was, for him, a "necessary egotism."

²⁵Avowals, p. 196.

²⁶Ibid., p. 192.

²⁷Ibid., p. 195.

²⁸Ibid., p. 197.

man in search of art as is his Confessions, and that Pater had accomplished what he himself was at that time attempting. With perceptive insight into Pater's novel, an insight which only Symonds, of all his contemporaries, shares, he shows that Marius is truly about an apprenticeship to art.

Marius was a modern story, inasmuch as it was a human one. Our human nature does not change in essentials, and at every page this story seemed to have been written for me, and at moments it seemed as if Pater had divined not only my existence but the very circumstances of my life, for Marius lived in an old family mansion, one which he was soon to leave to go to Rome, drawn thither by literature -- a literary career having become a necessity through the extravagance of an ancestor.²⁹

Marius was drawn to Rome by literature, a fact which Pater never states, only implies. Moore always considered Marius his "golden book," and here we see why; in it he not only learned the possibility of a beautiful style in English, but also saw an earlier example of a book which traces the same growth of the writer as his own Confessions. He says about Pater and himself: "We are always becoming our books." Moore saw just how much a part of his fiction Pater really was, and he saw in his master, even though he failed to become his friend, a kindred spirit to whom he paid homage until the day he died.

²⁹ Ibid., p. 180. Italics mine.

Robert Porter Sechler, in a 1931 University of Pennsylvania doctoral thesis,³⁰ points out many resemblances between Moore and his acknowledged master. Although A Modern Lover (1883) is the novel which Moore is ostensibly writing at the end of the Confessions -- as the dialogue between "Conscience" and "I" clearly indicates (pp. 247-249) -- it was actually written three years before the Confessions was conceived. It is only presented thematically to bring Moore's apprenticeship to an end: he is no longer apprentice but novelist. The novel he was undoubtedly planning as he finished the Confessions, however, was A Mere Accident (1887), and it is this book which clearly shows the direct impact of Pater's Marius which he had first noted in the Confessions. A Mere Accident depicts a conflict between the real world and the world of religion (most assuredly a Paterian theme), not between the world of things and the world of art as in the Confessions, within the soul of the hero.³¹ Indeed, John Norton is "a second Marius, and a very bad imitation of the original . . ."³² Mr. Hare, one of the characters in the novel who guides the young John on his pilgrimage, notes how

³⁰ George Moore, A Disciple of Walter Pater.

³¹ Again, Pater's influence is apparently far-reaching. Many of Moore's later prose epics deal with the subject of religion, and it is not inconceivable that Marius taught him how to present an ideological conflict in a stylized fictional framework.

³² Sechler, p. 53.

the "freshness" and "hopeful idealism" of Marius had affected his life:

Marius was to me an awakening; the rapture of knowledge came upon me that even our temporal life might be beautiful; that, in a word, it was possible to somehow come to terms with life.³³

Marius became, then, for John Norton -- as it had been to George Moore -- an important step in his apprenticeship. So deeply is Moore under the spell of Pater and Marius, that he copies more slavishly than he ever did in the Confessions. The result, of course, is an inferior, derivative book:

The entire story of John Norton is the tale of a struggle between the life of the world and the life of the religious, an ideal which Mr. Moore never placed in any of his previous books . . . John is the aesthete without the philosophic good sense that is granted to Marius. The ideal of a general completeness of life has been forgotten in the attempt to do away with what is ugly and sensual.³⁴

A Mere Accident illustrates Moore's dependence upon Pater, of course, but it also shows how imitation is always second-rate. In order for Moore to do what Pater had shown him was possible, he had to realize that he couldn't copy an apprenticeship: it had to be his life told in his way. When he wrote A Mere Accident he must have forgotten that Marius was not a "creation" of Pater, but Pater in disguise.

³³A Mere Accident (London: Vizetelly, 1887), p. 67.

³⁴Sechler, p. 53.

Sechler demonstrates Pater's pervasive, general influence on the works of Moore. He shows how Moore's characters are, like Pater's, highly susceptible to beauty and beautiful things.³⁵ He lists the various ways Pater's characters reappear in Moore's work, very often transformed by Moore's own touches, but still obviously sharing the same lineage.³⁶

They are all interested either in art, philosophy, or religion . . . in the fine art of living, and living with a philosophical and aesthetic vision rather than a merely social one . . . They are united by that common bond of intellectual aesthetic interest either in nature or in art.³⁷

In other words, they all share the interest of the artist, and all are eager to undergo whatever apprenticeship is necessary to perfect their lives.

One final point of similarity should be noted before moving on to Joyce. Pater's influence as a critic is pervasive throughout the Confessions. The picture of the growth of the artist implies at the same time that there is a simultaneous growth in the artist's ability to criticize, and it is obvious that the impressionistic criticism of Pater here looms very large. Moore continually indulges in Paterian analyses of paintings and works of literature in

³⁵Sechler, pp. 69-92. "Artistic atrophy is benumbing us, we are losing our finer feelings for beauty, the rose is going back to the briar." Confessions, p. 179.

³⁶Ibid., pp. 93-113.

³⁷Ibid., pp. 95, 105.

the pages of the Confessions,³⁸ much as Marius, the youth who personifies the artistic formulas found in the "Conclusion," is allowed to do. Moore notes in a letter to Edouard Dujardin that Pater, the "president" of "our high court of criticism," approved of the Confessions.³⁹ It is easy to see why: the Confessions, among many other things, is an excellent book of Paterian criticism. It is a double compliment to both Pater's life and his work.

B) Pater and Joyce

There is not as much written evidence linking Pater and Joyce, and this is to be expected. In fact, one of the primary purposes of this essay is to fill in the gaps which now exist in the literature on the subject of Pater's heirs, and to correct any misapprehensions there might be about the relationship between these two seminal figures. The function of this section is simply to gather together the apparently negligible information that has accumulated on the subject of the Paterian influences on Joyce, especially in the two areas of "style" and the aesthetic life. Later, in the chapter dealing with Joyce's techniques, some other considerations will be introduced in order to show both Pater's modernity and its far-reaching effects.

³⁸Note especially his critique of a painting by Degas on p. 45.

³⁹Letters from George Moore to Edouard Dujardin, p. 25.

Although the relationship between Joyce and Moore will be considered later, it would be interesting to note here that Graham Hough shows how, in prose style, Pater is a common master of both writers, for the "dying falls" in A Portrait have the same origin as the cadences in some of Moore's earlier work.⁴⁰ He gives two examples, one from A Portrait and one from The Untilled Field:

From without as from within the water
had flowed over his barriers; their
tides once more began to jostle fiercely
above the crumbled mole. (A Portrait)

I could see that he believed the story,
and for the moment I, too, believed in
an outcast Venus becoming the evil spirit
of a village that would not accept her
as divine. (The Untilled Field)⁴¹

Stanislaus Joyce points out that Joyce "held style, good or bad, to be the most intimate revelation of character, and slovenly writing invariably provoked his angry contempt."⁴² This remark not only reminds one of Moore's claim that style was individuality but also that Pater inspired all young to see that "style was the man," including the young Moore and the young Joyce. T. S. Eliot, in a discussion of Ulysses, said that Joyce "is a purely literary writer. He is founded upon Walter Pater with a dash of Newman."⁴³ This is not

⁴⁰ Image and Experience, p. 198.

⁴¹ Ibid.

⁴² My Brother's Keeper (New York: McGraw Hill, 1964), p. 167.

⁴³ In Virginia Woolf's A Writer's Diary, ed. Leonard Woolf (London: Hogarth, 1954), p. 49.

simply a facetious assessment, for Pater was far too important a figure to be dismissed at that time or at any other. His influence was all pervasive. He was a darling of the avant-garde, the shining example of "art-for-art's sake." No literate college student during Joyce's formative years could help but feel in some way aligned with this "martyr" to art, as he was so often made out to be, against philistine, barbarian, and populace.

Magalaner and Kain call Pater Joyce's youthful idol,⁴⁴ and Magalaner, in Time of Apprenticeship, notes how Joyce, when writing Dubliners, tried very hard to resist "the influence of Pater's hypnotically gushing sentences" -- often without success.⁴⁵ A look at his two essays on James Clarence Mangan (1902 and 1907) will show how deeply Pater's style infused the cadence, the rhythm, and even the art-images of his prose⁴⁶ better than any other of his pre-portrait writings.⁴⁷ Two versions of two different passages are printed below to illustrate, first, how he did not

⁴⁴Joyce, the Man, the Work, the Reputation, p. 312.

⁴⁵pp. 92-93.

⁴⁶Ellmann says that he tries to "outdo Pater" here (James Joyce, p. 99); Levin, that this essay is "impressionistic" like Pater's The Renaissance (James Joyce, A Critical Introduction, pp. 24-25); Tindall, that his undergraduate essay is filled with "Paterite prose" (James Joyce, p. 20).

⁴⁷With the exception of a couple of unpublished epiphanies which will be discussed later in Chapter V.

expunge the mention of Pater, but, second, how he did eliminate some purple (and obviously embarrassing) sections from the second essay. By that time, however, he was working on Stephen Hero, and was well on his way to creating stylistic techniques of his own. First:

He Mangan is interested, too, in the life of the seeress of Prevorst, and in all phenomena of the middle nature and here, where most of all sweetness and resoluteness of the soul have power, he seems to seek in a world, how different from that in which Watteau may have sought, both with a certain graceful inconstancy, "what is there in no satisfying measure or not at all."
(1902)⁴⁸

He is very much interested in the life of the seeress of Prevorst, and in all the phenomena of the middle nature, and here, where most of all the sweetness and resoluteness of soul have power, he seems to seek in a fictitious world, but how different from that in which Watteau (in Pater's happy phrase) may have sought, both with a certain characteristic inconstancy, what is found there in no satisfying measure or not at all.
(1907)⁴⁹

Second:

A scenery and a world have grown up about her face, as they will about any face which the eyes have regarded with love. Vittoria Colonna and Laura and Beatrice -- even she upon whose face many loves have cast that shadowy

⁴⁸Critical Writings, p. 78. Notice how he not only adopts Paterian phraseology, but actually quotes from "The Prince of Court Painters" from the Imaginary Portraits.

⁴⁹Ibid., p. 182.

delicacy, as of one who broods upon
distant terror and riotous dreams,
and that strange stillness before
which love is silent, Mona Lisa.
(1902)⁵⁰

There is only one chivalrous idea,
only one male devotion, that lights
up the faces of Vittoria Colonna,
Laura, and Beatrice, just as the
bitter disillusion and the self-
disdain that end the chapter are
one and the same. (1907)⁵¹

Although Joyce severely truncated his Paterianism, we should not be led to believe that he abandoned Pater completely, especially since he showed how intimately he knew The Renaissance and the Imaginary Portraits, Pater's two most famous volumes beside Marius. For instance, in Stephen Hero, compare Stephen's walk through Dublin (and Bloom's later on?) with Marius's opening of his sensibilities on the road to Rome:

As he walked thus through the ways
of the city he had his ears and eyes
ever prompt to receive impressions.⁵²

Even the ending of the second chapter of A Portrait has been called by Levin peculiarly Paterian in effect, with all the "swooning" being done.⁵³ It is, says Tindall, a "warm, juicy style" that "carries both Stephen's adolescent rapture and Joyce's irony."⁵⁴ I don't agree with Tindall that Joyce

⁵⁰Critical Writings, p. 79. He is obviously trying to duplicate Pater's famous passage here, somewhat too slavishly.

⁵¹Ibid., p. 183

⁵²p. 30.

⁵³James Joyce, A Critical Introduction, p. 20.

⁵⁴James Joyce, p. 125.

is being ironic here for two reasons: first, the situation is not the same as in, say, the Nausicaä episode in Ulysses where the parody of rhetoric is satiric; second, Stephen is only sixteen at this juncture of A Portrait, and it is not only conceivable, but rather probable that adolescent love is wrapped up in such luscious language -- in other words, Joyce, as Pater did in Marius, is using language as a barometer to measure the progress of the apprentice. At this stage (the end of Chapter II) he is still borrowing his rhythms from another master, and is self-consciously literary rather than the objective artist paring his fingernails, disinterested in his creation. His language is very much involved with his conception of love at sixteen years of age; it is immature, it is true, mainly because its immediate source is readily identifiable:

He stretched out his arms in the street to hold fast the frail swooning form that eluded him and incited him: and the cry that he strangled for so long in his throat issued from his lips. It broke him like a wail of despair from a hell of sufferers and died in a wail of furious entreaty, a cry for an iniquitous abandonment, a cry which was but the echo of a obscene scrawl which he had read on the oozing wall of a urinal.⁵⁵

With a sudden movement she bowed his head and joined her lips to his and he read the meaning of her movements in her frank uplifted eyes. It was too much for him. He closed his eyes, surrendering himself to her, body and mind, conscious of nothing in the world but the dark pressure of her

⁵⁵ A Portrait, p. 100.

softly parting lips. They were pressed upon his brain as upon his lips as though they were the vehicle of a vague speech; and between them he felt an unknown and timid pressure, darker than the swoon of sin, softer than sound or odour.⁵⁶

It is even more significant, however, that Joyce chose to express part of his definition of the epiphany in Paterian prose:

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 moments. ⁵⁷

Robert Scholes and Richard M. Kain, in their invaluable The Workshop of Daedalus,⁵⁸ show how Joyce leaned heavily on the following passage from Pater's "The School of Giorgione" in The Renaissance for his oft-quoted definition:

Now it is part of the ideality of the highest sort of dramatic poetry, that it presents us with a kind of profoundly significant and animated instants, a mere gesture, a look, a smile, perhaps -- some brief and wholly concrete moment -- into which, however, all the motives, all the interests and effects of a long history, have condensed themselves, and which seems to absorb past and future in an intense consciousness of the present.

Scholes and Kain also point out the similarity of the two

⁵⁶A Portrait, p. 101.

⁵⁷Stephen Hero, p. 211. Italics mine.

⁵⁸p. 257.

following passages.⁵⁹ The first is from Joyce's "Trieste Notebook,"⁶⁰ and may be called his theory of inspiration; the second, the probable source of the first, is from Pater's "Leonardo da Vinci," again in The Renaissance:

The instant of inspiration is a spark so brief as to be invisible. The reflection of it on many sides at once from a multitude of cloudy circumstances with no one of which it is united save by the bond of merest possibility veils its afterglow in an instant in a first confusion of form. This is the instant in which the word is made flesh.

But Leonardo will never work till the happy moment comes -- that moment of bien-etre, which to imaginative men is a moment of invention. On this moment he waits; other moments are but a preparation, or aftertaste of it. Few men distinguish between themselves as jealously as he did. Hence, so many flaws even in the choicest work. But for Leonardo the distinction is absolute, and in the moment of bien-etre, the alchemy complete; the idea is stricken into colour and imagery; a cloudy mysticism is refined to a subdued and graceful mystery and painting pleases the eye while it satisfies the soul.

Enough passages have been cited to demonstrate the early Joyce's stylistic dependence upon Pater; the parallels are clear, even to the "dying falls." Paterianism, obviously, was infectious when Joyce was young.⁶¹ Enough is known, too,

⁵⁹Workshop, p. 257.

⁶⁰Ibid., pp. 95-96.

⁶¹See The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce, ed. George Harris Healy (Cornell University Press, 1962), p. 43, for Stanislaus's remark: "Mine is then -- it would be said -- to burn with a hard and Jim-like ecstasy."

about Joyce's youth to say with assurance that Pater's call to the aesthetic life, that his advocacy of a "style of life" as well as a style of prose was greeted with approval. According to James T. Farrell, through Joyce (and this will be seen later in greater detail) Pater reached the moderns: "Marius, like Stephen, is being groomed for a life of dedication to an esthetic idea."⁶² What a curious breach of chronology! Surely, though Stephen is "more forceful" and "stronger" than Marius because he rebels⁶³ -- as Joyce is, in this sense, more of a rebel than Pater -- the quest is the same, the goal identical.

C) Moore and Joyce

Joyce was too young to have ever met Pater and Moore, who, as we have seen, tried somewhat unsuccessfully to get behind Pater's mask. Joyce and Moore did meet several times, and even had an influential literary friend in common (Edouard Dujardin, who Joyce claimed was the father of the "monologue intérieur"), but neither of them seemed terribly interested in the other, Moore thinking of Joyce as an eccentric with some strange talent, Joyce associating Moore with the art he was trying to liberate, and the Ireland he had forever renounced. It is hard at first to associate

⁶²"Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," in James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism, ed. Seon Givens (New York: Vanguard, 1948), p. 184.

⁶³Ibid., p. 185.

Pater, the shy Oxford scholar so very British and insular, with the two flamboyant Irishmen who were both notorious extroverts. Even the surface similarities in the lives of Moore and Joyce would seem to encourage a critic to disassociate them from Pater. They were both enrolled as young boys in Catholic grammar schools they were not happy at (Moore called Oscott "a hateful Roman Catholic College," Confessions, p. 4; and Joyce's vivid picture of his miserable experiences at Clongowes Wood and Belvedere in the first three chapters of A Portrait is deservedly famous), and both fled to France at the earliest opportunity because of, in Moore's words, "an original hatred of my native country, and a brutal loathing of the religion I was brought up in." (Confessions, p. 117) As Moore tells us in Reminiscences of the Impressionistic Painters, he had to get rid of his valet in Paris because it meant

conformity to certain conventions and the young man who sets out on artistic adventures must try to separate himself from all convention, whether of politics, society, or creed.⁶⁴

Joyce's response to fatherland and motherchurch was just as vehement, and certainly a major part of the theme of alienation which dominates much of his writings. His formula at the end of A Portrait -- "silence, exile, cunning" -- reveals that he, too, felt it was necessary for the young artist to break with his past in order to insure his future.

⁶⁴Dublin: Maunsel (The Tower Press Booklets), 1906, p. 10.

Yet both men --paradoxically -- used Ireland as the subject-matter for their books, Moore partly owing to his role in the Irish revival, Joyce because of the intense emotions of love and hatred, joy and sorrow, which Dublin had infused into his sensibilities.

But it is here that the similarities end and the differences -- often unbridgeable ones -- between the two men become apparent. Moore came from a rather well-to-do middle class family of landowners, and was provided with a patrimony which enabled him to embark on his aesthetic life in France. He was a product of the country. Joyce, on the other hand, came from a large Dublin family whose fortunes, as both he and his brother Stanislaus vividly recall, gradually dwindled as he grew older. Moore, who remained middle class to the end, was obviously quite conscious of this difference in background, for he once said about Joyce, the confirmed bohemian: "Joyce, Joyce, why he's a nobody -- from the Dublin docks: no family, no breeding."⁶⁵ At another time, when Joyce walked into a Paris restaurant where Moore was already dining, he turned to his companion and asked in "a stage whisper" if "that" was Joyce, and how he "made his living."⁶⁶ Moore, although he returned in middle-life to Ireland for a couple of years, was never really Irish, could never be truthfully said to respond to the Irish way of life except in moments

⁶⁵Barrett H. Clark, Intimate Portraits (New York: Dramatist's Play Series, 1951), p. 110. In the Berg Collection papers, this originally read: "Joyce came from nowhere, 'the docks of Dublin, no family, no breeding.'"

⁶⁶Ibid., p. 128.

of whimsy, and was most certainly a product of a French and British literary apprenticeship. As he said in 1906, he thought his education had been "better conducted in a café than in a university."⁶⁷ Joyce, a product of the Irish University, however much he tried, however much he blustered, was the proverbial Irishman who never returned home because he never had to. His brother Stanislaus, for instance, in My Brother's Keeper, was far more vehement in his condemnation of his family and his country. Ireland was the theme and setting for all of Joyce's books; its language first fired his life-long obsession with words; its people later became the inhabitants of the Joyce country. Joyce, one of the only genuine cosmopolitan writers known, never left Ireland in his books.

But Moore and Joyce did have one important thing in common: an uninterrupted devotion to art. It was their primary interest and the one element of their lives which occupied most of their time. It is this they share with Pater (what three writers have ever spent as much "labor of the file" on revisions, on re-workings, -- on painstaking searches for the "mot juste" like their common master, Flaubert -- as they have), and it is this which is ultimately of the first significance. For no coincidences of biography explain what the three writers are doing in their self-

⁶⁷Reminiscences of the Impressionistic Painters, p. 10.

portraits. Whether their lives are alike or unlike simply does not matter. What they did with their lives does. They all served apprenticeships to their craft, and they all chose to relate this journey as a disguised autobiography (varying, of course, in their distance from their persona as their temperaments dictated, as their aesthetics allowed), using techniques more often associated with creative writing.

Moore and Joyce did read and, up to a point, respect each other's work. Joyce regarded Moore as one of the truly great "naturalistic" writers in English, and said to Frank Budgen about Esther Waters: "'Strange that it should have been left to an Irishman to write the best novel of modern British life.'"⁶⁸ Stanislaus Joyce points out that James read all of Moore's novels from Vain Fortune to Evelyn Innes, as well as Sister Teresa and Celibates.⁶⁹ Marvin Magalaner, quoting Gorman, notes how Joyce read Moore extensively in 1906, a seminal date in his literary development.⁷⁰ There can be no doubt that Joyce thought of Moore as a member of the literary establishment he repeatedly scorned, for his encyclopedic broadsides always included the older writer.

⁶⁸ James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses (Indiana University Press, 1961), p. 180. See footnote 71.

⁶⁹ My Brother's Keeper, p. 98.

⁷⁰ Time of Apprenticeship, p. 25. It is interesting to note that Joyce had in his personal library three of Moore's novels -- Aphrodite in Aulis, The Brook Kerith, and Vain Fortune -- as well as Hone's George Moore, which wasn't published until 1936. See The Personal Library of James Joyce: A Descriptive Bibliography, ed. Thomas E. Connolly, University of Buffalo Monographs in English, VI (April, 1955).

But this condemnation must have been due partially to the public mask Joyce felt obligated to wear, -- that icy superciliousness with which he greeted every other writer at one time or another -- because he often indicated indirectly his grudging respect for Moore. For instance, Joyce says, in "The Day of the Rabblement" (1901), that Moore does "misquote Pater and Turgenioff to defend himself," that Moore, from Celibates on, "is beginning to draw upon his literary account," and that Moore has "no kind of relation to the future of art." On the same page, however, when Vain Fortune and Esther Waters are praised as "fine, original work," it is obvious that he considers Moore a master of naturalism, and one of the most illustrious channels through which Flaubert and Zola first reached British shores.⁷¹ Needless to say, Joyce saw himself as the culmination of this tradition. Elsewhere, Joyce rebukes his elders and Moore is again included. In "Gas From a Burner" (1912), Joyce scurrilously attacks

A play on the Word and Holy Paul
And some woman's legs that
I can't recall⁷²
Written by Moore, a genuine gent
That lives on his property's
ten per cent:⁷³

⁷¹Critical Writings, p. 71.

⁷²The Apostle (1911).

⁷³Critical Writings, p. 243. There are two snide mentions of Moore's work even in Finnegans Wake, once to the Confessions, once to Hail and Farewell, two of Moore's autobiographical, not naturalistic works. See James S. Atherton, The Books at the Wake (New York: Viking, 1960).

In a couple of letters gathered by Ellmann, Joyce complains about Moore's handling of fictional technique in The Untilled Field, calling the book of stories on the Irish "damned stupid" in one place and quoting Nora Joyce as critic: "'That man doesn't know how to finish a story.'" ⁷⁴

I read that silly, wretched book
of Moore's 'The Untilled Field'
which the Americans found so
remarkable for its 'craftsman-
ship.' O dear me! It is very
dull and flat, indeed: and ill
written. ⁷⁵

Yet even though he denigrates it, he must have been aware of how dependent his Dubliners was upon Moore's Untilled Field, for Joyce's Irish stories were first conceived scarcely a year after Moore's book came out. Untilled Field was first published in 1903, and although Dubliners was not published complete until 1914, Joyce began writing and publishing the stories on Irish life which were eventually to be gathered into the book as early as 1904 ("The Sisters" was printed in the Irish Homestead on 13 August 1904; it was quickly followed by "Eveline," September 10, and "After the Race," December 17.) Also, George Russell -- A.E. -- a common acquaintance of Moore and Joyce, was instrumental in Joyce's early success. ⁷⁶ The proximity of

⁷⁴The Letters of James Joyce (New York: Viking, 1966), II, pp. 71, 78.

⁷⁵Joyce, Letters, II, 111.

⁷⁶Ellmann, James Joyce, pp. 169-170.

dates is even more telling, however, when we note that Joyce called Ireland "an untilled field" in a series of maxims he composed while teaching at Trieste early in 1906,⁷⁷ long before he had completed his Dubliners. If we add to this the fact that Moore's original title for his book of short stories was A Portrait of Ireland,⁷⁸ it becomes clearer that Joyce shared Moore's intention in writing the book. Further, Moore notes in a letter that Untilled Field "is not a mere collection of short stories, it is a book about Ireland which came to me in the form of short stories."⁷⁹ This, of course, is comparable to Joyce's statement that he wanted Dubliners to be a picture of Ireland's moral paralysis -- "a series of chapters in the moral history of Ireland;" the book as a whole, in other words, has a purpose beyond the quality of the individual stories. Although Moore's work has a predominantly rural setting and Joyce's an urban setting, and although Joyce makes far more use of the "romantic-ironic contrast," says Graham Hough, the "closeness" of Joyce's

⁷⁷Ibid., p. 225.

⁷⁸A Communication to my Friends, p. 83. The word "portrait," of course, is most significant here. It could have been a suggestion to Joyce for the title of his autobiographical novel, along with Pater's imaginary portraits.

⁷⁹George Moore in Transition, Letters to T. Fisher Unwin and Lena Milman, ed., Helmut E. Gerber (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1968), p. 246.

"manner" to Moore's goes beyond the coincidental.⁸⁰ Since the influence of Moore's other writings on Dubliners has been pointed out too,⁸¹ it is not belaboring a point to state that Joyce was apparently more attuned to Moore's works than might at first be thought.

From December 1904 to January 1905, Joyce began a translation of Celibates into Italian.⁸² This would not even be worth mentioning except that a briefer version of A Mere Accident (1887), Moore's most highly derivative and "Paterian" novel, as we have seen, appears in Celibates; since this is about the time when he was taking in as much Moore as he could, he most probably read this book only a few months within the time the second edition of the Confessions (1904) -- in which "Edmund Dayne" became "George Moore" -- was beginning to circulate. It is no wonder, then, nor is it paradoxical, that in "Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages" (1907) Joyce calls Moore "an intellectual oasis in the Sahara of the false spiritualistic, Messianic, and

⁸⁰Image and Experience, p. 198. He also goes further to show that the similarity in texture between the two works is "a matter of common discipleship:" Walter Pater. See footnote 40.

⁸¹See Ellmann, James Joyce, pp. 259-260, where he shows how Joyce used Vain Fortune in "The Dead." See also, Philip L. Marcus, "George Moore's Dublin 'Epiphanies' and Joyce," James Joyce Quarterly, V (Winter, 1968), 157-161, where Moore's treatment of Dublin in Parnell and his Ireland and A Drama in Muslin is shown to anticipate "the vision of Dublin life found in Joyce's own early work." (p. 157)

⁸²My Brother's Keeper, p. 98. See also, Letters, pp. 74-75, 81.

detective writings whose name is legion in England,⁸³ when called upon to defend his native land and art to the Italians. Joyce never found Moore really objectionable, and although he often lumped Moore with second-class writers (or first-class writers whom he did not care for), it is obvious that he did respect the older artist's life and work in many ways. Joyce approved of Moore's denunciation of censorship,⁸⁴ since he too fought and won the artist's battle with the philistine. He sent Moore a copy of A Portrait,⁸⁵ and his "open-letter" on the English Players in Zurich.⁸⁶ Moore, however, did not subscribe to Ulysses or Work in Progress (he died before Finnegans Wake was published); moreover, when it had been suggested that Joyce improved his friend Dujardin's technique of the "monologue intérieur," he wrote in a letter to Joyce dated 10 May 1930: "In England we didn't believe that any discovery has been made. We think, rightly or wrongly, that the monologue interieure [sic] existed from time immemorial."⁸⁷ Clearly Moore was

⁸³Critical Writings, p. 171.

⁸⁴Joyce, Letters, II, 409.

⁸⁵Ibid., II, p. 386.

⁸⁶Joyce, Letters, II, p. 441.

⁸⁷Ibid., II, p. 197. Moore could be a bit facetious here, because his friendship with Dujardin would lead us to assume he knew and respected Les Lauriers Sont Coupés, which Joyce praised. For a discussion of the technique of the interior monologue in both Moore and Joyce, see Chapter V.

capable of the same critical petulance as Joyce, for he also sent "a furious letter" on "Anna Livia Plurabelle" to which Joyce replied "sweetly and suavely" -- and ironically: "Old men have a right to their anger . . ." ⁸⁸ Yet when Moore died he sent a wreath to the funeral ⁸⁹ and remarked:

I hope that I behaved towards him during the three or four visits I paid him with the respect due to his age, personality and achievements. ⁹⁰

Neither of the two was famous for giving in -- especially in literary matters, where they seldom took suggestions or advice seriously -- so that the slightest hint of praise is often very telling. Joyce, as we have seen, knew Moore well and probably saw in The Untilled Field an idea which he, the budding young artist, could perfect. Although he was young, he was also self-assured; since Moore was not Joyce he was, therefore, improvable. During that important year of 1906 he read The Lake and mocked Moore's use of symbolic technique. But, as Ellmann wisely points out, the ending of this novel inspired the visionary scene at the end of the fourth chapter of A Portrait, where Joyce transmutes Father Gogarty's secular baptism in the lake, with a stagnant pool and a fluttering curlew, into the vision of life as art

⁸⁸ Ibid., I, p. 304.

⁸⁹ Ibid., I, p. 333.

⁹⁰ Ibid., I, p. 334.

heightened by water and bird imagery. "Joyce winnowed Moore of the preposterous; he found him a good man to improve upon."⁹¹ Moore's career, on the other hand, was firmly established and his ideals on art long articulated before Joyce appeared on the scene. In many ways Joyce was an "upstart" to the older man, but Moore found time to note that there was more than simple "novelty" in the "preposterously clever" work of the young Joyce.⁹² His approval is guarded, but also frankly wonder-struck:

The only book of Joyce's that I have read is a collection of stories called "Dubliners," some of them are trivial and disagreeable, but all are written by a clever man, and the book contains one story, the longest story in the book and the last story⁹³ which seemed to me perfection whilst I read it! I regretted that I was not the author of it. But this story, which I am sure you would appreciate as much as I did, does not prove that Joyce will go on writing something like a masterpiece. A talent, musical, literary, or pictorial is a pale fluttering thing that a breath will extinguish . . . Of the novel⁹⁴ I know nothing.⁹⁵

⁹¹Ellmann, James Joyce, p. 243.

⁹²Joyce, Letters, II, p. 112.

⁹³"The Dead," of course.

⁹⁴A Portrait.

⁹⁵A.L.S. to Sir Edward Marsh dated 3 August 1916 in the Berg Collection, New York Public Library. Printed in Letters, II, 380-381.

When he did finally read A Portrait, his remarks in a conversation with Barrett H. Clark were far from praiseworthy:

"Someone else once sent me his A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, a book entirely without style or distinction; why, I did the same thing, but much better, in The Confessions of a Young Man. Why attempt the same thing again unless you can turn out a better book?"⁹⁶

Even though Moore does not like Joyce's later work, he is conscious of what Joyce is trying to do in A Portrait, for he had done the same thing: he had re-created the story of his own youthful apprenticeship to art.

But did Joyce know the Confessions well? I hope to show in the next chapter -- in a comparative discussion of technique -- that Joyce, who knew Moore's other work in such detail, did indeed know Moore's most widely acclaimed book. Graham Hough feels that A Portrait could not have been "quite the same in 1916 if it had not been for the prior existence of Moore's Confessions of a Young Man in 1886."⁹⁷

⁹⁶ Intimate Portraits, p. 110. In the original typescript carbon of his interview in the Berg collection he demonstrates that he is, at least, consistent, and that he feels Joyce simply did not fulfill his early promise -- a possibility which had been predicted: "His Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man is very commonplace. I did a better book in the Confessions of a Young Man, so why try to do it again unless you improve? . . . Dubliners contained some fairly good work."

⁹⁷ Image and Experience, p. 197.

Franc Dominic Zingrone, after showing how Joyce shares Moore's desire to portray himself in his book, points out that the Confessions and A Portrait are "psychological novels" with a difference:

Both have employed their own young selves, their early development and concern for aesthetic values, as the material for a new achievement in art.⁹⁸

John Eglinton, in *Irish Literary Portraits*, points out quite perceptively that A Portrait "is no more a novel than is Moore's Confessions of a Young Man."⁹⁹ In other words, they are clearly identical in intention, and -- as he certainly hints -- in execution. Marius the Epicurean has been criticized as scarcely a novel, also, and it is surely no accident that the two books closest to Pater's self-portrait should be so evaluated. All three books are different from the novels written contemporaneously to them: all three are self-portraits of the apprentice artist.

⁹⁸"The Thematic Structure of James Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," Unpublished Ph.D. thesis, State University of New York at Buffalo, 1966, p. 102.

⁹⁹p. 142.

Chapter V

THE TECHNIQUES OF RECREATION

Since we have attempted to show that Marius the Epicurean, Confessions of a Young Man and A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man are really self-portraits of the apprentice artist, we must now consider the techniques each author uses simply because they are elements shared by the three books. First I will discuss the technique of point of view in the three novels, thus broadening the conclusions made about the relationships between the three writers and their personae made in Chapters I - III and discussing them side-by-side. Next, I will investigate a technique which all three writers use, called by Pater "vision," by Moore "echo-augury" and by Joyce "epiphany." That such a discussion should take place is supported by the similarities in the definitions the three men give to the heightened moments of awareness which give structure to their apprenticeships. Pater, for instance, calls Marius's "visions" moments "high-pitched, passionately coloured, intent with sensation, and a kind of knowledge which, in its vivid clearness, was like sensation . . ." (M.E., II, 21) Moore defines his "echo-auguries" as "words" which "heard in an unlooked-for quarter, that is to

say, without any appeal to our reason, impel belief."

(Confessions, pp. 7-8) Joyce, finally has this famous definition of an "epiphany:" "a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself."¹ It is clear that all three technical devices were more than simply devices as such: they were also original experiences of the authors, unsought, yet of lasting influence, so lasting that they are included in the apologias much as they actually occurred when Pater, Moore and Joyce were still apprentices.

I would like then to discuss two other similar techniques: style, and how it is used quite subtly in the three books, and thematic set-pieces. While considering technique, moreover, we will keep in mind at all times that one of the most important reasons for discussing Moore and Joyce is to show Pater as forerunner, to prove that in his ability to tell the story of his own apprenticeship as well as in the theme he is distinctly modern, a literary innovator of more than historical interest, and therefore worth the sensitive reading critics are now beginning to give him. Also we will try to show, as precisely as possible, how Moore and Joyce not only demonstrated their own originality and genius, but also perfected a genre and techniques which they inherited from Pater, and perfected them so idiosyncratically that it is often quite difficult to discern the source.

¹Stephen Hero, p. 211.

A) Point of view

I think that we have already distinguished the three books one from another to note exactly how they differ in point of view. Pater had tried to disguise himself in Marius, but could not. Even Aurelian Rome was not far enough in time and place to hide the fact that Marius was essentially Pater fulfilling in a work of fiction the promise of the "Conclusion." It is difficult to see how he could have tried harder to efface himself, but it soon became obvious that biographical as well as literary details were included to make this most ambitious "imaginary" portrait not imaginary at all. Marius is at once an explanation and an apology for the Paterian way of life even though Pater's reticence often makes it difficult to distinguish between fiction and fact. It must be remembered that Marius is a kind of watershed in Pater's career. It could be said without exaggeration that most of his earlier work was in some way a preparation for his greatest literary effort. The "philosophy" of the "Conclusion" is, as he tells us in the note to the third edition of The Renaissance, dramatized in Marius; the fictional techniques and the disguised autobiography of his first few imaginary portraits are implemented and expanded in the longer novel. Pater was forty-six when Marius was first published (1885); he lived only nine years longer, and during that time wrote

seven additional imaginary portraits² as well as the unfinished Gaston de Latour (1888). His apprenticeship -- the events of his early life up to, say, twenty-seven years of age, when Marius and Emerald die -- is twenty years behind him, and he must retrace events which happened half a lifetime prior to their re-telling in the novel. It is, consequently, rather easy for him to distance his own youth in time and place, for he is not as intimately involved in its life-facts as he had been twenty years earlier. The intimate relationship between Pater and his persona can be established only after close scrutiny, even though those who know Pater through his works are instantly aware of how deeply autobiographical Marius really is.

Moore wrote his Confessions when he was thirty-five (during the year 1887) and was, consequently, closer to his own literary apprenticeship than was Pater to his. As a matter of fact, the events covered in the Confessions occurred during the years 1873-1880 (in Paris) and 1881-1883 (in London) -- thus bringing the end of the book within four years of the time in which it was written. He is working on the novel A Modern Lover when the Confessions ends. George Moore cannot distance himself from his persona as Pater had done. He was too close to his own life, too involved in the struggle for his art to place the story of his own literary

² The four collected in Imaginary Portraits (1887), "An English Poet" (1891), "Emerald Uthwart" (1892), and "Apollo in Picardy" (1893).

apprenticeship in another time or in another place. His Confessions is apparently franker than Pater's, for in Marius the persona is manipulated by the author and interpreted by the author to a greater extent. This fact becomes even more apparent when we recall that he even dropped the disguise of a pseudonym, "Edwin Dayne," in the 1904 and 1916 editions of the Confessions. Moore's "disguise," as we have shown, was quite different than Pater's: irony and chronological distortion.

If Moore's "modernity" is a questionable thing at present, surely it is because critics have missed the subtlety of this "disguised" autobiography -- since it is written in the first person, unlike Marius or A Portrait -- thinking his Confessions an absolutely open book. Thus, apparently ignoring all the facts as they exist, U. C. Knoepfelmacher suggests that, unlike Joyce, Moore was not an off-shoot of Pater because Pater's innovations were, in a sense, beyond the capabilities of Moore and the Edwardians.³ But surely this is missing something. Can we, perhaps, over-stress Moore's "confessional" tone? Moore, it is true, is an egoist, but, as John Freeman notes, "of all confessed egoists among English writers, none has written more fully or more deceptively concerning himself than George Moore."

³"Historicism as Fiction: Motion and Rest in the Stories of Walter Pater," Modern Fiction Studies, IX (Summer, 1963), 148. See Noël, p. 169, for an entirely contradictory appraisal.

He writes, indeed, with seeming frankness, but that frankness must not mislead you into forgetting that he studied himself anxiously, adding here, brightening or diminishing there, and thus applying to autobiography the spider-like ingenuity of the novelist.⁴

We must not forget, in other words, that in Moore, according to Dorothy Hoare, "the artistic and the personal self exist as it were on different levels,"⁵ and that he, too, was primarily the artist, not the confirmed extrovert. Noël's careful study of the Confessions should clarify Moore's position as technician; he was in his own time a seminal figure and an innovator of such stature that he was for years one of the leading avant-garde writers in England.

Joyce wrote A Portrait from 1904 to 1914 (including the first draft, Stephen Hero). He was, then, even younger than Moore (thirty-four) when his self-portrait was first published. He, too, was incapable of distancing himself from his apprenticeship -- which, in a sense, is still going on when the novel ends -- although he made an ambitious effort to reduce the sprawling, diary-like, quite literal Stephen Hero to a tightly constructed work of art. Joyce, concerned with the development of Stephen Dedalus as artist of words, pared his persona of all inessentials -- as he says at the end of A Portrait that the artist, aloof and superior, was said to

⁴ A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of his Work (London: T. Werner Laurie, 1922), p. 3.

⁵ Some Studies in the Modern Novel (London: Chatto and Windus, 1938), p. 133.

view his creations while objectively paring his fingernails -- to the point where Hugh Kenner can say he became apprentice artist rather than human being.⁶ Stephen Hero is pure realism; it has none of the sophisticated devices for artistic unity which makes A Portrait the great work of art it is. A good example of the contrast between the more strictly autobiographical early version, and the more highly selective finished product is the way in which Stephen presents his aesthetic theory of "applied Aquinas." Theodore Spencer admirably discusses this contrast in his Introduction to Stephen Hero,⁷ and he shows exactly how Joyce subtly shifted his point of view in A Portrait, in a sense distancing himself from the facts as they actually occurred. In Stephen Hero, Stephen is personally involved in his aesthetic, presenting it in the form of a public lecture to his college's literary society. The theory is developed carefully and with great effort over a long period of time and is frequently intercepted by other episodes. Moreover, it does not occupy a crucial place in the young artist's development -- it is not really even climactic -- being but one episode among many others. In A Portrait, however, Stephen is really beyond becoming personally involved with his theory of art. His entire program is presented in an extended conversation with Lynch

⁶In "The Portrait in Perspective."

⁷Pp. 14-15.

and, as Spencer says, "the intellectual integrity and hardness of Stephen's ideas are contrasted with the coarse speculations and comments of his companion." In A Portrait

Stephen merely expounds his views;
we are made to feel that he is so
convinced of their truth that it
doesn't in the least matter to him
whether anybody else agrees with
him or not. Cold fish that he is,
he is above approval or disapproval;
he is already prepared for "silence,
exile and cunning."⁸

The Stephen Dedalus in A Portrait is just as surely James Joyce as the Stephen Dedalus in Stephen Hero, but, although A Portrait is still a very personal book, Joyce has succeeded in eliminating some of the emotional attributes of his earlier, more literally painted, persona. The Stephen in Stephen Hero is a warmer, more sensitive human being than the Stephen in A Portrait, but A Portrait is clearly a better book even with the dehumanization of the adolescent ur-artist. What is left after Joyce's excisions is truly a "portrait" of the young artist without a superfluous drop of paint -- somewhat like Pater's shorter imaginary portraits, but far more complex and more of an artistic achievement for that. Many critics go even further and say that Joyce finally detached himself from the story of his own

apprenticeship.⁹ Yet this, surely, is going too far. Stanislaus Joyce, in My Brother's Keeper, writes about James:

One consequence of his scorn of falsity and secrecy, collective and individual, written or acted, was his determination to maintain the closest relation between his life and his work, while yet remaining free to create artistically, unhampered by the shackles of autobiography.¹⁰

Joyce, being what he was, was incapable of severing himself from his own self-portrait because it was, like Marius, like the Confessions, an apologia for his entire way of life. He does what any artist must do who wants to recreate his apprenticeship without being literal, without identifying himself absolutely with his persona; he does what Pater does in Marius and what Moore does in the Confessions: he re-makes his life according to a pattern, a pattern which focuses

⁹In addition to Rubin, Kenner, and Booth, previously mentioned, see Maurice Beebe, Ivory Towers and Sacred Founts (New York University Press, 1964), p. 265; Homer Obed Brown, "The Early Fiction of James Joyce: The Biography of a Form," Unpublished Ph.D. thesis, Johns Hopkins University, 1966, wherein Stephen, the author feels, can be shown to be simultaneously detached from and a victim of the world; Philip L. Handler, "James Joyce: From Hero to Artist," Unpublished M.A. thesis, Columbia University, 1955, in which the author shows how Joyce evolved an aesthetic in Stephen Hero and used it in A Portrait; Shelley Cleburn Reece, "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man: Its Narrative Art and its Origins," Unpublished Ph.D. thesis, University of Nebraska, 1967, in which the author shows, I do not think with great effect, how A Portrait is nothing like the materials of experience with which the artist worked.

¹⁰p. 148.

exclusively on -- as the title tells us -- the young artist. Joyce puts into practice and perfects the theory of art formulated by Stephen Dedalus, apprentice.

B) Vision, echo-augury and epiphany

One can recapture the entire journey of Marius by sampling the frequent moments of "vision" which occur at every crucial point in the novel. It is through these epiphanic insights into life that Pater, in the garb of Marius, becomes the artist: they are central to the book -- its "story," its meaning, and its technique.

A "vision" brings to Marius those moments where he can burn with a hard, gem-like flame, and which mold his daily life into a work of fine art -- so perfect in its apprehension of what is most refined that it becomes as ideal as the purest sensations it perceives. The "Conclusion" tells us that a stream of sensations passes continually through our senses, and that the "wisest" can sort this myriad data and pick out only the most refined and aesthetically pleasurable of them, thus filling his life with the purest, most perfect of experiences. In Marius¹¹ this definition is carried even

¹¹In Gaston there is a definition of the vision that is interesting because it leads Pater to show how prose -- equally capable of expressing the "inscape" of experience -- can be as effective in exciting the emotions as verse:

In art, as in poetry, there are "transports" which lift the artist out of, as they are not of, himself; for orators

one step further: the "vision" is the insight, aesthetic because heightened and perfect, into the essence of life itself; into "the pleasure of the 'Ideal Now'" where "certain moments . . . were high-pitched, passionately coloured, intent with sensation, and a kind of knowledge which, in its vivid clearness, was like sensation . . ." -- where one could apprehend "the world in its fullness," and have "a vision, almost 'beatific,' of ideal personalities in life and art," (M.E., II, 21-22) especially if possessed of a nature as sensitive and as conscientious as Marius's. The novel is, in a sense, a series of chapters charting the course of Marius's heightened moments, and after each new revelation, a different stage -- higher and more complex -- is ushered in.

In point of fact, all the crucial moments in the apprenticeship of the artist are heightened by visions. Marius, on the road to Rome at nineteen years of age, is

also, 'those extraordinary motions which sometimes carry them above their design.' Himself, "in the necessity and heat of combat," had sometimes made answers, that went "through and through," beyond hope. The work, by its own force and fortune, sometimes outstrips the workman. And then, in defiance of the proprieties, whereas poets sometimes "flag, and languish in a prosaic manner," prose will shine with the lustre, vigour and boldness, with "the fury" of poetry. (pp. 100-101)

shocked into seeing the evil of the universe, which he had tried to forget, by an apparently harmless physical event, for instance:

From the steep slope a heavy mass of stone was detached, after some whisperings among the trees above his head, and rushing down through the stillness fell to pieces in a cloud of dust across the road just behind him, so that he felt the touch upon his heel. That was sufficient, just then, to rouse out of its hiding-place his old vague fear of evil -- of one's 'enemies' -- a distress, so much a matter of constitution with him, that at times it would seem that the best pleasures of life could but be snatched, as it were hastily, in one moment's forgetfulness of its dark besetting influence.
(M.E., I, 165-166)

In this case, as in every other, the vision is a natural event which causes in a Paterian youth of grave temperament an acute self-awareness apparently beyond the facts as they appear. In the same chapter, while still on the way to Rome, Marius "surrendered himself, a willing subject, to the impressions of the road," and became, Pater tells us, like a "modern romantic traveller" -- undoubtedly Pater himself -- seeing into the nature of things through the power of his senses. The raw materials of poetry were all around him, and he could not help but see, in another moment of awareness, exactly how he might, at this stage of his development, produce a work of art:

the presentable aspects of inmost thought and feeling became evident to him: the structure of all he meant, its order and outline, defined itself: his general sense of a fitness and beauty in words became effective in daintily pliant sentences, with all sorts of felicitous linking of figure to abstraction. It seemed just then as if the desire of the artist in him -- that old longing to produce -- might be satisfied by the exact and literal transcript of what was then passing around him, in simple prose, arresting the desirable moment as it passed, and prolonging its life a little. -- To live in the concrete! To be sure, at least, of one's hold upon that! -- Again, his philosophic scheme was but the reflection of the data of sense, and chiefly of sight, a reduction to the abstract, of the brilliant road he travelled on, through the sunshine. (M.E., I, 164-165)

Through the apprehension of the concrete -- especially the sense of sight -- Marius is able to "reduce to the abstract" and achieve an illumination of the very nature of his life-work. "Sight" leads to "insight." Even though he had said in the "Conclusion" that "experience itself -- not the fruit of experience" should be the end of sensations and ideas, Pater, in Marius shows how self-knowledge is the most important result of the vision, for it is that alone which shapes the direction of the apprenticeship to art, regardless of the mechanics of the trade. "The Will as Vision" is, in the entire novel, the most absorbing and, perhaps structurally the most crucial chapter; in the course of one day

Marius learns more about himself and his future aspirations than his entire stay at Rome, amid philosophers and royalty, had provided. As he walked out on that day, "as if by favour of an invisible power withdrawing some unknown cause of dejection from around him, he enjoyed a quite unusual sense of self-possession -- the possession of his own best and happiest self." (M.E., II, 62) The revelation he receives on this special day ends a phase of his life -- his public life at Rome as epicure and devotee of philosophical enquiry -- and sets the stage for his emotional willingness to see the beauty of Christian liturgy and worship. After this day, his life in the book, when not actively seeking out Cecilia's home and its comfort, is one of constant rejection of nearly every aspect of existence which had formerly fascinated him: euphuism, philosophical argument, pagan services, and even his beloved White-Nights. "Might the will itself be an organ of knowledge, of vision?" asks Marius, and answers in the affirmative. "Himself -- his sensations and ideas -- never fell again precisely into focus as on that day, yet he was the richer by its experience." (M.E., II, 71)

In the peculiar and privileged hour, his bodily frame, as he could recognize, although just then, in the whole sum of its capacities, so entirely possessed by him -- Nay! actually his very self -- was yet determined by a far-reaching system of material forces external to it, a thousand combining currents from earth and sky. Its seemingly active

powers of apprehension were, in fact, but susceptibilities to influence. The perfection of its capacity might be said to depend on its passive surrender, as of a leaf on the wind, to the motions of the great stream of physical energy without it.¹² And might not the intellectual frame also, still more intimately himself as in truth it was, after the analogy of the bodily life, be a moment only, an impulse or series of impulses a single process, in an intellectual or spiritual system external to it, diffused through all time and place -- that great stream of spiritual energy, of which his own imperfect thoughts, yesterday or today, would be but the remote, and therefore, imperfect, pulsations? (M.E., II, 68-69)

The self, so long the measure of things -- and still their only judge -- is made to bow before a greater force playing on his "susceptibilities to influence." Instead of actively seeking certain kinds of impressions, he is made to realize, he must learn to become more passive and let the most meaningful come to seek him, filtering through the veil of personality from the source of each unique thing. After this central "vision" he becomes so much in tune with reality that he sees, totally for the first time, how the life of pure sensation -- even that of art -- is incomplete unless it includes a hint of what is beyond. It is not surprising

¹²It is clear from this passage exactly how passive the ur-artist is to a "vision." As with Moore's "echo-auguries" and Joyce's "epiphanies," the heightened moment comes from without and impresses itself upon the receptive intelligence. It can not be deliberately sought, and, as a matter of fact, requires a complete abnegation of the will in order to exercise its peculiar effect.

that the next major development comes "some years later" when he gets his first glimpse of Christianity and begins to contrast the present with the past, for "the experience of the fortunate hour" -- notice how quickly a "vision" takes place, yet how ineradicably etched on the personality it becomes --

seeming to gather into one central act of vision all the deeper impressions his mind had ever received, did not leave him quite as he had been. For his mental view, at least, it changed measurably the world about him, of which he was still indeed a curious spectator, but which looked farther off, was weaker in its hold, and, in a sense, less real to him than ever. (M.E., II, 75)

His next "vision," then, comes when he is first introduced to Christianity through Cornelius, the knight of Christ, who hid for years his true identity. Yet even when Marius first met him on the road into Rome, there was an aura about him, a certain magic which won its way into the heart of the naive boy from Pisa coming to the Eternal City at the age of nineteen. Cornelius's armor, the tools of his trade as warrior, had, from this first meeting, something quite un-warlike about it, and it stirred in Marius a prefigurement of the new set of values which would one day present themselves to him in another dress, at another place:

It was here, to while away the time, that Cornelius bethought himself of displaying to his new friend the various articles and ornaments of

his knightly array -- the breastplate, the sandals and cuirass, lacing them on, one by one, with the assistance of Marius, and finally the great golden bracelet on the right arm, conferred on him by his general for an act of valour. And as he gleamed there, amid that odd interchange of light and shade, with the staff of a silken standard firm in his hand, Marius felt as if he were face to face, for the first time, with some new knighthood of chivalry, just then coming into the world. (M.E., I, 170)

Much later, Marius contrasts Cornelius's kind of arms with the carnage going on before his eyes on the floor of the Colosseum -- the wedding games organized to celebrate a political marriage. Upon this occasion -- the first time he shows active disdain for Aurelius and his stoic philosophy, so highly esteemed by his contemporaries -- he recalls the dressing scene, and how "every object of his knightly array seemed to be but sign or symbol of some other thing far beyond it." (M.E., I, 233) While dis-enchanted with the "stifling forest" of Roman life, he encounters another "vision" -- the Church of Cecilia's house. Here, led by the allegorical Cornelius, in "this strange new society" he found "if not the cure, yet the solace or anodyne of his great sorrows . . . which made his life certainly like one long 'disease of the spirit.'" (M.E., II, 107)

It was still, indeed, according to the unchangeable law of his temperament, to the eye, to the visual faculty of the mind, that those experiences appealed -- the peaceful light and shade, the

boys whose very faces seemed to sing, the virginal beauty of the mother and her children. But, in this case, what was thus visible constituted a moral or spiritual influence, of a somewhat exigent and controlling character, added anew to life, a new element therein, with which consistently with his own chosen maxim, he must make terms. (M.E., II, 106-107)

And make terms he did. After listening to the essentially negative dialogue of Chapter XXIX, for instance, in which Lucian proves how difficult it is to know anything with surety, Marius walks out at evening musing on nihilism, noting how true this lesson was in his own case: for of all the "wisdom" and experience he had accumulated in his seven or so years at Rome, none had proved useful to him, especially now, at a moment of deep spiritual poverty, when he needed it most. In a highly symbolic chapter ending -- reminiscent of the ominous fadeouts occurring frequently in Conrad's Lord Jim, especially at the end of key scenes and dramatic confrontations -- Pater presents a touching pathetic fallacy in a highly evocative manner.

A blood-red sunset was dying angrily, and its wild glare upon the shadowy objects around helped to combine the associations of this famous way, its deeply graven marks of immemorial travel, together with the earnest questions of the morning as to the true way of that other sort of travelling, around an image, almost ghastly in the traces of its great sorrows -- bearing along for ever, on bleeding feet, the instrument of its punishment -- which was all Marius could recall distinctly of

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a certain Christian legend he had heard. The legend told of an encounter at this very spot, of two wayfarers on the Ap-pian Way, as also upon some very dimly discerned mental journey, altogether different from himself and his later companions -- an encounter between Love, literally fainting by the road, and Love 'travelling in the greatness of his strength,' Love itself, suddenly appearing to sustain that other. A strange contrast to anything actually presented in that morning's conversation, it seemed nevertheless to echo its very words -- 'Do they never come down again,' he heard once more the well-modulated voice: 'Do they never come down again from the heights, to help those whom they left here below?' -- 'And we too desire, not a fair one, but the fairest of all. Unless we find him, we shall think we have failed.' (M.E., II, 170-171)

Marius's search, which occupies the last quarter of the book, culminates as he is led to Cecilia's house by Cornelius. Here he discovers a bond of fellowship growing up between them for which he could find no parallel in his own experience, even in the dearest memories of his boyhood idol, Flavian.

Something in the southwest wind, combining with their own intention, favoured increasingly, as the hours wore on, a serenity like that Marius had felt once before in journeying over the great plain towards Tibur -- a serenity that was to-day brotherly amity also, and seemed to draw into its own charmed circle whatever was then present to eye or ear, while they talked or were silent together, and all petty irritations, and the like, shrank out of existence, or kept certainly beyond its limits. (M.E., II, 94)

Seeing, even in his diary, recollections of "tears in things," how the only remedy for man's "capacity for suffering" was "the power of sympathy" and the sense of spiritual union, he re-affirms the hope of his finest moment of vision even at the nadir of despair. Recalling again the "well-remembered hour" when the panorama of his entire life and the end of his torturous quest focused in "perfect harmony" there on the road, he makes his strongest emotional commitment to the new hope of Christianity.

In the mere clinging of human creatures to each other, nay! in one's own solitary self-pity, amid the effects even of what might appear irredeemable loss, I seem to touch the eternal. Something in that pityful contact, something new and true, fact or apprehension of fact, is educed, which, on a review of all the perplexities of life, satisfies our moral sense, and removes that appearance of unkindness in the soul of things themselves, and assures us that not everything had been in vain. (M.E., II, 184)

Marius's career - his sensations and ideas -- is revealed by his "visions." Indeed, the structure of the novel is in part determined by the frequency of these heightened moments: at every major step of life (as a schoolboy on the way to Rome, as a serious student at the court, as an intellectual probing the appeal of Christianity) the "vision" he experiences in some way defines the direction in which he is to go.

Moore, in his Confessions of a Young Man, used a technique similar to Pater's "vision" in order to heighten certain important steps in his persona's apprenticeship to art. He called them "echo-auguries" because, whenever they occurred, he saw in them a hint of his future as artist as well as a recurrent reminder (or echo) of the inevitable direction his quest was carrying him in. The phenomenon of "echo-augury," as we have already seen him define it, is potent and influential because "words heard in an unlooked-for quarter, that is to say, without any appeal to our reason, impel belief." (Confessions, pp. 7-8) Just as Pater used moments of vision to heighten each important juncture in Marius's life of sensations and ideas, so Moore uses the "echo-augury" to show each significant literary influence on his early life as apprentice, especially those he encountered in Paris.

His first echo-augury occurred at the age of eleven, when he realized that he must obey a "cry" that would become "more persistent" as he grew older. "I learned to follow it with increasing vigour, and my strayings grew fewer and the way wider." (p. 2) It was, of course, the lure of the aesthetic life. Shelley ("my soul's divinity") and Byron were his early masters, "the ripening influences of years otherwise merely nervous and boisterous." (p. 3) Shelley, especially, "not only gave me my first soul, but led to all its first flights." Then, at sixteen or so, after being

expelled from school and becoming acquainted with painting in London, a friend advised him that he would have to go to France in order to become an artist, and, therefore, to improve the self -- "not the self that was then mine, but the self on whose creation I was enthusiastically determined." (p. 10) His father's death "freed" him at eighteen ("with life and France before me!" -- and one should add, a sufficient amount of money) to make his pilgrimage:

France! The word rang in my ears and gleamed in my eyes. France! All my senses sprang from sleep like a crew when the man on the look-out cries, "Land ahead!" Instantly I knew I should, that I must, go to France, that I would live there, that I would become as a Frenchman. (p. 8)

France did not disappoint him, and, indeed, he was introduced first to the revolution in pictorial art, and then to the revolution in prose and poetry which enlivened the intellectual society he was immersed in. He tells us of the "Nouvelle Athènes," of Manet, Cabanel; but more frequently he tells us about his literary influences, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Gautier, Flaubert, Goncourt. When he decided to replace the easel with the pen, moreover, his first great master was Zola, the father of Moore's naturalism. Zola's proclamations in the periodical Le Voltaire converted Moore to an aesthetic which dominated his "naturalistic" novels (such as Vain Fortune and Esther Waters -- the ones Joyce admired so much); even the Confessions, so often

exaggerated and highly imaginative, is filled with naturalistic description (his boarding house in London, for instance) which would not have come about if he had continued to write the decadent poetry or the Scribean plays he was then working on.¹³

One day . . . I took up the Voltaire. It contained an article by M. Zola. Naturalism, la verite, la science, were repeated some half-a-dozen times. Hardly able to believe my eyes, I read that you should write, with as little imagination as possible, that plot in a novel or a play was illiterate and puerile, and that the art of Scribe was an art of strings and wires, etc. I rose up from breakfast, ordered my coffee, and stirred the sugar, a little dizzy, like one who received a violent blow on the head.

Echo-augury! Words heard in an unexpected quarter, but applying marvelously well to the besetting difficulty of the moment. The reader who followed me so far will remember the instant effect the word "Shelley" had upon me in childhood, and how it called into existence a train of feeling that illuminated the vicissitudes and passions of many years, until it was finally assimilated and became part of my being; the reader will also remember how the mere mention of the word "France" awoke a vital impulse, even a sense of final ordination, and how the irrevocable message was obeyed, and how it led to the creation of a mental existence.

And now for a third time I experienced the pain and joy of a sudden and inward light. Naturalism, truth, the new art, above all the phrase,

¹³This is yet another indication of how Moore deliberately distorted his apprenticeship, for the poetry he said he gave up for Zola's naturalism was actually written years after he read the articles in Le Voltaire. See Chapter II.

"the new art," impressed me as with a sudden sense of light. I was dazzled, and I vaguely understood that my "Roses of Midnight" were sterile ec-centricities, dead flowers that could not be galvanized into any semblance of life, passionless in all their passion. (pp. 90-91)

The irony of this passage -- as well as its structural import -- is obvious. As we noted in Chapter II, irony in the Confessions is a function of Moore's temperament and, more important, of point of view -- he uses it as a "disguise." It would be impossible to compare the "vision" and the "echo-augury" without noting this distinct difference in tone. Pater distanced his autobiography by placing it in another time, Moore distanced the Confessions by assuming the mask of the satirist and the jaunty apprentice, even though it is clear that he is just as serious about his life and his art as was Pater. The irony infuses and permeates the thematic echo-auguries as it does all else.

Moore's "mental existence" -- the continuum of art-experience and art-thought which defined the path of his aesthetic apprenticeship -- reaches another plateau with Balzac, "the great moral influence" of his life. He is so overwhelmed by his fourth echo-augury that he immediately compares Balzac to Shakespeare, to the detriment of the latter -- again assuming a pose quite in keeping with the "ironic" Moore who was wont "to instantly form an opinion and assume at once a violent attitude" in the course of his Paris adventure. Moore -- who calls himself "a sensualist in literature" -- felt Balzac enkindle in him "the old passion" and "the first ecstasy" once again, and saving the confused

apprentice from "the shoaling waters of a new aestheticism, the putrid mud of naturalism, and the faint and sickly surf of the symbolists." (pp. 100-101)

Thinking of him, I could not forget that it is the spirit and not the flesh that is eternal; that as it was thought that in the first instance gave man speech, so to the end it shall still be thought that shall make speech beautiful and rememberable. The grandeur and sublimity of Balzac's thoughts seem to me to rise to the loftiest heights, and his range is limitless; there is no passion he has not touched, and what is more marvellous, he has given to each in art a place equivalent to the place it occupies in nature; his intense and penetrating sympathy for human life and all that concerns it enabled him to surround the humblest subjects with awe and crown them with the light of tragedy. (p. 101)

Balzac's "grandeur and sublimity" and his "sympathy" are two abiding literary passions in Moore, too; the former explain his desire in later life to write prose epics on chronologically distant themes and people, and the latter led him to write about a character antipathetic to him in every way -- Esther Waters, whose model is the maid, Emma, in the Confessions -- and present her to the reader as a benevolent human being.

The next few chapters of the Confessions depict the society Moore dissected with his newly acquired critical

norms.¹⁴ The Nouvelle Athènes and "café" education, the impressionist painters and the symbolist poets, and then, after his return to England, "tavern culture," "Respectability," "villainism," "the music hall," and the circulating libraries of Mudie and Smith -- "at once the symbol and glory of villainism" -- with which he waged unremitting warfare. English literature, too, especially fiction, was read critically for the first time. Henry James, Howells, Meredith, and Stevenson are sampled before Moore reads Marius the Epicurean and has his last awakening. Marius is "the book to which I owe the last temple of my soul;" the Confessions -- "the story of the artistic development of me, George Moore" -- is indebted to Pater's disguised autobiography, and the recognition of the debt occurs at a crucial moment in the book. After Moore reads Marius he is an aspiring English prose artist; before that he was not.¹⁵

¹⁴It must be noted here that Moore is also judging the shaping influences of his career in retrospect, and, therefore, that the assessments presented in the book need not have been those which Moore the apprentice held at the time he first encountered the men and the books in the Confessions.

¹⁵The following passage appears at first to be inconsistent. Moore seems to be leaving out France as a moment of vision, and substituting Gautier for Zola, relegating the naturalistic writer to a "minor" role. It is easy to see why he might have eliminated France from this list, because he is telling about artists who have given him a "vision of life" -- many of whom were French. But the substitution of Gautier is more informative, for this critical judgment could only have come with reflection. Mademoiselle de Maupin, the book he associates "intimately" with Marius, is discussed with Pater rather than with the French writers

Well I remember when I read the opening lines, and how they came upon me sweetly as the flowing breath of a bright spring. I knew that I was awakened for a fourth time, that a fourth vision of life was to be given to me. Shelley had revealed to me the unimagined skies where the spirit sings of light and grace; Gautier had shown me how extravagantly beautiful is the visible world and how divine is the rage of the flesh; and with Balzac I had descended circle by circle into the nether world of the soul, and watched its afflictions. Then there were minor awakenings. Zola had enchanted me with decoration and inebriated me with theory; Flaubert had astonished me with the wonderful delicacy and subtlety of his workmanship; Goncourt's brilliant adjectival effects had captivated me for a time, but all these impulses were crumbling into dust, these aspirations were etiolated, sickly as faces grown old in gaslight.

I had not thought of the simple and unaffected joy of the heart of natural things; the colour of the open air; the

because its effect can only be gauged at this late date (1885). It is once again worth noting how Moore deliberately distorts the chronology of his apprenticeship, for as we have seen earlier, he was supposedly writing A Modern Lover (published in 1883) at the end of the Confessions.

In my mind these books will always be intimately associated; and when a few adventitious points of difference are forgotten, it is interesting to note how firm is the alliance, and how cognate and co-equal the sympathies on which it is based; the same glad worship of the visible world, and the same incurable belief that the beauty of material things is sufficient for all the needs of life. Mr. Pater can join hands with Gautier in saying -- je trouve la terre aussi belle que le ciel, et je pense que la correction de la forme est la vertu. And I, too, am of their company -- (pp. 212-213)

many forms of the country, the birds flying -- that one making for the sea; the abandoned boat, the dwarf roses¹⁶ and the wild lavender; nor had I thought of the beauty of mildness in life, and how by a certain avoidance of the wilfully passionate, and the surely ugly, we may secure an aspect of temporal life which is abiding and soul-sufficing. A new dawn was in my brain, fresh and fair, full of wide temples and studious hours, and the lurking fragrance of incense; that such a vision of life was possible I had no suspicion, and it came upon me almost with the same strength, almost as intensely, as that divine song of the flesh --
Mademoiselle de Maupin . . .

But "Marius the Epicurean" was more to me than a mere emotional influence, precious and rare though they may be, for this book was the first in English prose I had come across that procured for me any genuine pleasure in the language itself, in the combination of words for silver or gold chime, and unconventional cadence, and for all those lurking half-meanings, and that evanescent suggestion, like the odour of dead roses, that words retain to the last of other times and elder usage. (pp. 211-213, italics mine)

It is clearly a sign of Moore's devotion to style at this point that he equates two such dissimilar books as Mademoiselle de Maupin and Marius the Epicurean. Pater could never offer the same world-view as Gautier, and Marius is, as we have shown, far from being only a celebration of the joys of sensation. Moore, it can be seen, is awakened by Pater to a new appreciation of life and of style which Gautier had first presented to him years before: to a realization that life itself is a work of art, and that the style with which we

¹⁶ Pater, remember, kept a dwarf-rose tree in his rooms.

live bears some resemblance -- in its attention to beauty, tempo, and order -- to the style with which we write. He saw in Marius especially an apprenticeship to art composed with consummate artistry, a book where theme and technique showed the mark of the same labor,¹⁷ and he wanted to follow: "'Marius' was the stepping-stone that carried me across the channel into the genius of my own tongue." (p.213) From that point on, to the end of the book, he is a writer. Indeed, the very last sentence of the book depicts him in the midst of writing a novel.

It is again necessary to point out how Moore's "echo-auguries" as structural devices differ from Pater's "visions." The fact that Moore can change his mind at mid-stream -- a conception foreign to Pater's calculatedly constructed novel -- indicates how different his free-ranging confessions

¹⁷One must recall here what Moore said about Pater in the "Preface" to the 1916 edition of the Confessions, xiii:

Pater always held the end in view; and his rule of life never to separate himself wholly from his art came out of an instinct; his art was to him what the nest is to the sitting bird; were he to remain away for long, he might find the nest disarrayed or himself might be changed. The sights and sounds of the outer world might have rendered his own original aim less desirable -- to raise literature to the condition of music. . . . he felt that he must never separate himself wholly from his art. He was, therefore, always at composition: comma, semicolon, dash, note of exclamation and interrogation always before his eyes.

are from the apologia of his master: the story of George Moore, apprentice, tells all, and also tells how all shifts as life proceeds. Moore's tone and point of view differ in this respect from those of Pater, just as Moore's age at the time his book was written and his identification with his persona -- as we have shown above -- differ from Pater's. Once again, the "echo-auguries" reflect the man who experienced them -- a man different in age, interests and temperament from the Marius who saw "visions."

It is a very interesting fact that the Confessions has as a climactic moment the effect of Marius on Moore. Nothing could be more fitting, for of all the works of art which shaped Moore's career, Pater's disguised autobiography was most certainly one of the most significant. Moore recognizes his master in two ways; he includes Marius in his story, placing it at the seminal place it deserves; he then writes the same kind of book, showing his life and his style wedded in a work of art worthy of the echo-augury which inspired it.

Joyce's "epiphanies," unlike Pater's "visions" or Moore's "echo-auguries," have received a tremendous amount of critical attention.¹⁸ Of all the critics writing on the

¹⁸See, for instance, Irene Hendry, "Joyce's Epiphanies," in James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism, ed. Seon Given (New York: Vanguard, 1948), pp. 27-46; Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain, Joyce, the Man, the Work, the Reputation, pp. 122-123; Florence Walzl, "The Liturgy of the Epiphany Season and the Epiphanies of Joyce," PMLA, LXXX (Sept., 1965), 436-450; Thomas Zaniello, "The Epiphany and the Object-Image Distinction," James Joyce Quarterly, IV (Summer, 1967), 286-288.

subject, however, Robert Scholes seems to offer the one interpretation of the epiphany which is most consistent with Joyce's intention.¹⁹ He does not consider the epiphany an artistic device, but rather as an actual event in Joyce's life through which he experienced insight.

His own epiphanies were all recordings of actual experiences or moods. None were invented. In fact, by his own definition, they could not be invented but had to be recorded.²⁰

In this sense they are remarkably like Pater's "visions," and, as Tindall points out,²¹ like Gerard Manley Hopkins's "inscapes." Stanislaus Joyce, in My Brother's Keeper, explains exactly what James meant by the epiphany:

Another experimental form which his literary urge took . . . consisted in noting of what he called 'epiphanies' -- manifestations and revelations. Jim always had a contempt for secrecy, and these notes were in the beginning ironical observations of slips, and little errors and gestures -- mere straws in the wind -- by which people betrayed the very things they were most careful to conceal. Epiphanies were always brief sketches, hardly ever more than some dozen lines in length, but always very accurately observed and noted, the matter being so slight. This collection served him as a sketch-book serves an artist, or as Stevenson's note-book served him

¹⁹See "Joyce and the Epiphany," Sewanee Review, LXXII (1964), 484-489; "The Epiphanies of Joyce," PMLA, LXXXII (March, 1967), 152-154; and his very useful The Workshop of Daedalus, (with Richard M. Kain), especially Section I.

²⁰"The Epiphanies of Joyce," op. cit., p. 152.

²¹James Joyce, p. 120.

in the formation of his style. . . .
 My brother's purpose was different
 and his angle of vision new. The rev-
 elations and importance of the sub-
 conscious had caught his interest.
 The epiphanies became more frequently
 objective and included dreams which
 he considered in some way revelatory.²²

Joyce's own definition in Stephen Hero (he does not define the term nor use the word in A Portrait, he simply uses the events themselves) would seem to corroborate his brother's testimony: they are actual, often apparently insignificant, events (or dreams) which Joyce witnessed or experienced.

Joyce does not call the epiphany a technique:

By an epiphany he [Stephen] 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.²³

After some "applied Aquinas" -- the three things requisite for beauty in Stephen Hero and A Portrait are wholeness ("integritas"), symmetry ("consonantia"), and radiance ("claritas") -- Stephen decides that it is the "quidditas" or "whatness" of a thing that really matters.

This is the moment which I call epiphany. First we recognize that the object is one integral thing, then we recognize that it is an organized composite structure, a

²² Pp. 124-125.

²³ P. 211.

thing in fact: finally, when the relation of the parts is exquisite, when the parts are adjusted to the special point, we recognize that is that thing which it is. Its soul, its whatness, leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance. The soul of the commonest object, the structure of which is so adjusted, seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany.²⁴

The epiphany, then, like Pater's "vision" or Moore's "echo-augury,"²⁵ is an actual experience incorporated into the work of art to explain an important step in the apprenticeship. A look at the four epiphanies from A Portrait singled out by critics will quickly establish this fact. Though a few critics have merely noted that a similarity exists between Pater's "vision" and Joyce's "epiphany,"²⁶ no one has ever undertaken an extended parallel study. It should be clear after the investigation below that the relationship between the two writers is far from superficial.

²⁴p. 213.

²⁵No one has ever shown a direct correspondence between "epiphany" and "echo-augury." Philip L. Marcus, "George Moore's Dublin "Epiphanies" and Joyce," James Joyce Quarterly V (Winter, 1968), 157-161, hints at the possibility but never mentions the Confessions. Richard Ellman, James Joyce, p. 242, points out that the end of Moore's The Lake could have inspired the epiphany at the end of Chapter IV of A Portrait. Both facts were mentioned in Chapter IV above.

²⁶See James Hafley, "Walter Pater's Marius and the Technique of Modern Fiction," pp. 100-101; Frank Kermode, Romantic Image (New York: Vintage, 1967), p. 2; U.C. Knoepfelmacher, "Historicism as Fiction: Motion and Rest in the Stories of Walter Pater," p. 149; Gerald Cornelius Monsman, Pater's Portraits, p. 84.

When the young Stephen sees his father standing beside "a plump freshfaced Jesuit" at Clongowes, he notes instantaneously how each heightens the other's superficiality.

As he watched this swaying form and tried to read for himself the legend of the priest's mocking smile there came into Stephen's memory a saying which he had heard from his father before he had been sent to Clongowes, that you could always tell a Jesuit by the style of his clothes. At the same moment he thought he saw a likeness between his father's mind and that of this smiling welldressed priest: and he was aware of some desecration of the priest's office or of the vestry itself, whose silence was now routed by loud talk and joking and its air pungent with the smells of the gasjets and the grease. (p. 84)

Marius saw Cornelius's benevolence beneath his war-like armor; Joyce, too, sees through the outer man into the inner, although he is here being ironic. It is often apparent that sight for both Pater and Joyce is antecedent to vision: the one sense more capable than any other of affording "insight." Both authors promote "the capacity of the eye," in Pater's phrase; we have seen how frequently Marius's record of his visual impressions leads to a vision of the tears in things.²⁷

²⁷ It would be wise to note here that Moore praised Gautier in the Confessions for opening up the physical world to him, and that he treasured Mademoiselle de Maupin because of this. Yet it would be misleading to compare Moore with Pater on the use of the sense of sight. Moore emphasizes the sense of hearing far more in his descriptions -- he hears voices rather than sees visions (note the nature of his "echo-auguries"). In this respect, he is like the older

The young Stephen, too, becomes aware of a sorrow which up to that point had been contained within the walls his ego had erected between him and the data his senses were recording when he sees the word "foetus" carved upon a classroom desk. Notice how similar the shock here is to Marius's horror of snakes, to the world of moral as well as physical corruption which their very sight evokes. It is a hard way for both young artists to realize that life is filled with filth, but their eyes have quite literally made them "see" what they had, as Pater would say, formerly put by. Stephen and Simon Dedalus are at Queen's College, and while his father searches for the initials he had carved in a desk as a student, Stephen waits off to the side.

Stephen remained in the background, depressed more than ever by the darkness and silence of the theatre and by the air it wore of jaded²⁸ and formal study. On the desk before him he read the word Foetus cut several times in the dark stained wood. The sudden legend startled his blood: he seemed to feel the absent students of the college about him and to shrink from their company. A vision of their life,

Joyce, whose love of music and whose near blindness made his auditory sense acute and, in Finnegans Wake, more important than his visual sense. Joyce's definition of "epiphany" is here telling: it is a manifestation of speech, not sight. Moore's life-long interest in cadence is indicated in the fact that his "epiphanies" in the Confessions are entirely verbal.

²⁸"Jaded" is a word current in the language of Pater, especially in Marius.

which his father's words had been powerless to evoke, sprang up before him out of the word cut in the desk.

. . .
But the word and the vision capered before his eyes as he walked back across the quadrangle and towards the collegegate. It shocked him to find in the outer world a trace of what he had deemed till then a brutish and individual malady of his own mind. His recent monstrous reveries came thronging into his memory. They too had sprung up before him, suddenly and furiously, out of mere words.

. . .
Stephen walked on at his father's side, listening to stories he had heard before, hearing again the names of scattered and dead revellers who had been the companions of his father's youth. And a faint sickness sighed in his heart. He recalled his own equivocal position at Belvedere, a free boy, a leader afraid of his own authority, proud and sensitive and suspicious, battling against the squalor of his life and against the riot of his mind. The letters cut in the stained wood of the desk stared upon him, mocking his bodily weakness and futile enthusiasms and making him loathe himself for his own mad and filthy orgies. The spittle in his throat grew bitter and foul to swallow and the faint sickness climbed to his brain so that for a moment he closed his eyes and walked on in darkness. (pp. 89-91)

Sight leads to "vision" in another way, too, for religion comes to both Pater and Joyce through the senses, especially the optical. Just as Pater responds so warmly to the tenderness of the ritual of the mass at Cecilia's

house, so Stephen, after the torment induced by the eloquent retreat sermons he hears at Belvedere, quite literally "sees" his way back into the Church. We watch in fascination as the ciborium, the symbol of Christianity and Christian ritual, comes to him at the end of Chapter III, for his surrender to the sight of God -- the host suspended above his tongue -- is yet another epiphany, another insight into his own nature and temperament.

The entire fourth chapter of A Portrait is an extended preparation for the final epiphany on the beach. Stephen cannot be chained long to the daily devotional habits he imposes on himself after his "conversion," for his susceptibilities, like Pater's, will always be shaped more by the warmth and immediacy of the physical world than by a moral imperative. We know, because we know what kind of person he is, that his new way of life is not permanent, and we now see his "fall" from a love which was very cold, because abstract, to a devotion to the purely physical which was immediate and strong. In this respect he goes beyond Pater, for unlike the quiet don of Brasenose, who was attracted by the "sympathy" and charity of Christianity, Joyce is too proud to become a servant of the servants of God. His temperament prevents him from seeing the charm of humility, whereas Pater's nature was clearly in tune with the meekness of his fellow worshippers at St. Austin's Priory and,

vicariously through Marius, at Cecilia's house. Stephen Dedalus, therefore, refuses the "power" of the priesthood offered by the rector, his mother's last attempt to hold on to him, his life as an ordinary Irish student. Joyce's writing at the end of Chapter IV (strongly permeated by Paterian stylistic devices) is extremely evocative, and the images of flight (coupled with the mythical exploration of his name) carry Stephen to the symbolic land of art. He will be the high priest of art, creating "proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul" something new, "a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable." (p. 170) The sense of conviction and the absolute assurance of insight remind one here of Marius's great "vision" described in the chapter, "The Will as Vision." There Pater showed how the powerful presence of the benevolent force of the universe became apparent to Marius in a "fortunate hour" when creation communicated with him in the countryside. Marius discovered something that day on the hills outside of Rome which inevitably changed his life, for his conception of the universe, and of his place in it, was enlarged to include an answer to the tears in things. Stephen, too, standing there on the beach, reaches the climactic moment of his life -- the climactic point of the book, and the real beginning of his serious apprenticeship to art as well - and it is only

fitting that his insight is enhanced by his ability to see the significance of the real world. This epiphany is the center of A Portrait, the moment for which his adolescence had been a preparation, and the point from which his development as an artist is measured. He is alone on the beach, and he sees a young girl bathing out in the water, delicate, soft, and "touched with the wonder of mortal beauty:"

He turned away from her suddenly and set off across the strand. His cheeks were aflame; his body was aglow; his limbs were trembling. On and on and on and on he strode, far out over the sands, singing wildly to the sea, crying to greet the advent of the life that had cried to him.

Her image had passed into his soul for ever and no word had broken the holy silence of his ecstasy. Her eyes had called him and his soul had leaped to the call. To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life! A wild angel had appeared to him, the angel of mortal youth and beauty, an envoy from the fair courts of life, to throw open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory. On and on and on and on! (p. 172)

If the epiphanies cited above from A Portrait were not enough to convince the reader that Joyce was acquainted with Pater's techniques in Marius, the epiphanies of Joyce's own apprenticeship,²⁹ the "gestures" and "phases of the mind"

²⁹O. A. Silverman, ed., James Joyce's Epiphanies (University of Buffalo: Lockwood Memorial Library, 1956), records 22 of these. Scholes and Kain, in The Workshop of

and "speeches" and dreams recorded long before he incorporated them into his published writings, also illustrate verbal and thematic parallels with the works of Pater. The idylls and the dreams (numbers 2, 3, 8, 23, and 29 in The Workshop) are Paterian in style and tone, and the narrator deliberately distances himself from the actual event as it occurs much as Pater views his own life events by deliberately standing away from Marius. But one epiphany in particular stands out as worthy of attention, because it almost slavishly echoes the cadences and themes of Pater's The Renaissance.³⁰ Since we have already seen that Joyce's very definition of the epiphany is Paterian,³¹ it should not surprise us that one of the epiphanies also had the same source:

She stands, her book held lightly at her heart, reading the lesson. Against the dark stuff of her dress her face mild-featured with downcast eyes, rises softly outlined in light; and from a folded cap, set carelessly forward, a tassel falls along her brown ringletted hair . . .

What is the lesson that she reads -- of open, of strange inventions, or the legends of martyrs? Who knows how deeply meditative, how reminiscent is this comeliness of Raffaello?³²

Dedalus, implement this collection from other sources; the total number is 40. The one cited below is number 12 in the Silverman collection and number 39 in The Workshop. Ellmann James Joyce, incorporates a few previously uncollected epiphanies in his biography.

³⁰This passage, in some particulars, reminds one of the descriptive scene on the beach -- the great epiphany -- just discussed also.

³¹See Chapter IV, Section B.

³²Workshop, p. 49.

C) Style

It is style which most clearly establishes Marius as Pater's persona. Pater's reputation as a prose stylist, from Saintsbury to Fraser,³³ has always been strong enough for debate, and even though his detractors have screamed "precious," "involuted," and "sluggish" at him, his own unique phraseology and sentence structure have established a permanent niche for him in any discussion of the art of Victorian prose. Yet no one has ever shown how Pater uses style as a structural device in Marius (as Moore uses his own history of "echo-auguries" to illumine the path of his conversion to prose in the Confessions, or as Joyce uses Dedalus's perception of, reaction to, and facility with words as a theme in A Portrait) to tell us something about character enrichment. For the evolution of Marius's various reactions to various "styles" indicates his spiritual evolution to and from certain "sensations and ideas;" the models he rejects or accepts, the opposing points of view he investigates, filtered always through his unique personality, are mirrored in the way he or his acquaintances write and speak.

³³G. S. Fraser, in an essay collected in The Art of Victorian Prose, ed. Horace Levine and William Madden (New York: Oxford University Press, 1968), pp. 201-223, presents the most recent evaluation of George Saintsbury's classic analysis -- in metrical form -- of passages from The Renaissance (in A History of English Prose Rhythm, 1912).

We see Marius's first consciousness of words and style while under the influence of Flavian. His early obsession with euphuism, with language as a thing of beauty apart from context, marks the first steps of an egocentric dilettante interested only in the most vivid impressions he could open himself up to in life and in art. The finest example of euphuistic prose is, of course, the exquisite set-piece on the story of Cupid and Psyche, deservedly one of the most impressive and famous sections of the novel. Pater makes both the influence and Marius's reaction quite clear.

The Metamorphoses of Apuleius, coming to Marius just then, figured for him as indeed The Golden Book: he felt a sort of personal gratitude to its writer, and saw in it doubtless far more than was really there for any other reader. It occupied always a peculiar place in his remembrance, never quite losing its power in frequent return to it for the revival of that first glowing impression. (M.E., I, 93-94)

Marius next samples the style of Stoicism at court, both in the severe public speeches and private writings of Marcus Aurelius, and in the sonorous oratory of Cornelius Fronto. Notice how reserved the emperor's rhetoric is compared to that of Apuleius or Flavian:

'Thou hast been a citizen in this wide city. Count not for how long, nor repine; since that which sends thee hence is no

uprighteous judge, no tyrant, but Nature, who brought thee hither; as when a player leaves the stage at the bidding of the conductor who hired him. Sayest thou, "I have not played five acts?" True! but in human life, three acts only make sometimes an entire play. That is the composer's business, not thine. Withdraw thyself with a good will; for that too hath, perchance, a good will which dismisseth thee from thy part.'
(M.E., I, 210-11)

Notice, too, how Pater captures the eloquence of Fronto, the public orator:

-- the world is as it were a commonwealth, a city: and there are observances, customs, usages, actually current in it, things our friends and companions will expect of us, as the condition of our living there with them at all, as really their peers or fellow-citizens. Those observances were, indeed, the creation of a visible or invisible aristocracy in it, whose actual manners, whose preferences from of old, become now a weighty tradition as to the way in which things should or should not be done, are like a music, to which the intercourse of life proceeds -- such a music as no one who had once caught its harmonies would willingly jar. (M.E., II, 10)

Marius's reactions to philosophical prose is mirrored in his own philosophical speculations, which culminate eventually in his rejection both of euphuism and the beliefs of the emperor. The next style encountered is at the house of a poet-friend -- the first of the "two curious houses" -- where the eloquent Apuleius, the author Marius's Golden

Book, the model of his euphuism, and another reciter of "well-turned periods" presents a Plationic myth which Marius, disturbed at that time by a devouring pessimism, cannot accept. As in his earlier flirtation with euphuism, words here are more important than the ideas they express, and Marius, on the verge of witnessing the highly sensuous mass at the second "curious" house of Cecilia, is disturbed by this flatulent oratory based upon the flimsiest, the most abstract experiences: it is all about as real to him now as the "felicities" he once loved in the story of Cupid and Psyche. His second encounter with Apuleius becomes, then, his final rejection of words for their own sake. The dialogue between Hermotimus and Lucian, occurring as it does after Marius becomes enticed by Christianity, only further emphasizes his rapid development away from language qua language, experience qua experience. For here, after thousands of words -- some of them highly philosophical and erudite -- nothing is accomplished, the result of an argument on philosophy is a negation of philosophy; the result of words without much significance is a rejection of what they stand for. Contrasted with this elaborate set-piece, quite brilliantly I believe, is the very "plain" "Epistle of the Churches of Lyons and Vienne," which appears only a few pages later.

'But this blessed one, in the very midst of her "witness," renewed her strength; and to repeat, I am Christ's! was to her rest, refreshment, and relief from pain. As for Alexander, he neither uttered a groan nor any sound at all, but in his heart talked with God. Sanctus, the deacon, also having borne beyond all measure pains devised by them, hoping that they would get something from him, did not so much as tell his name; but to all questions answered only, I am Christ's! For this he confessed instead of his name, his race, and everything beside. . . . But Christ, paining in him, set forth an example to the rest -- that there is nothing fearful, nothing painful, where the love of the Father overcomes. (M.E., II, 192-193)

The simplicity and sincerity of this brief letter, so unlike the normally complicated, highly qualified, Paterian sentence, coupled with its force and its impact on the soul of the susceptible Marius, here achieves the desirable interaction of verbal and character thematic development. Implicit in this moment is Marius's dawning realization of his future commitment side-by-side with his conscious rejection of the past, for he now knows that the true power of words lies in conviction not in rhetoric, and the contrast between the two styles, like the contrast between the two world-views, is solidified firmly in his mind.

The Paterian style, as we showed in Chapter I, does more than mirror the theme of Marius, however. Since the book is truly a self-portrait, Marius thinks, talks and

writes like Pater. The "well-turned periods" are indicative of the kind of person who has written them, being as they are soft, halting, filled with qualifiers and modifiers, with parenthetical expressions such as "I believe," "in that case," or "perhaps," with idiosyncratic exclamations such as "Well!" and "Nay!" His periods and paragraphs are circuitous, hard to digest for a long period of time at one sitting, yet continually fresh and enchanting. As G.S. Fraser illustrated at length in his study of Pater's style,³⁴ there are many elements of Pater's language which can be isolated as his own unique, stylistic effects.³⁵ In addition to his analysis, Fraser prints Saintsbury's prosaic notation of a couple of Paterian passages in order to strengthen the contention that Pater wrote his prose as artistically and as carefully as a poet wrote a poem. The following excerpt from the Leonardo essay in The Renaissance, commented upon both by Saintsbury and Fraser, is an excellent example of the kind of mannerisms which have come to be associated with Pater.

He who thus penetrated into the most
secret parts of nature preferred always
the more to the less remote, what,
seeming exceptional, was an instance

³⁴"Walter Pater: His Theory of Style, His Style in Practice, His Influence." See footnote 33 above.

³⁵Fraser prints Max Beerbohm's brilliant parody of Pater -- the finest of many -- which was originally published in the essay "Diminuendo." See The Works of Max Beerbohm.

of law more refined, the construction about things of a peculiar atmosphere and mixed lights. He paints flowers with such curious felicity that different writers have attributed to him a fondness for particular flowers, as Clement the cyclamen, and Rio the jasmine; while at Venice there is a stray leaf from his portfolio dotted all over with studies of violets and the wild rose. In him first appears the taste for what is bizarre or recherché in landscape; hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, hedged roofs of trap rock which cut the water into quaint sheets of light -- their exact antitype is in our own western seas; all solemn effects of moving water; you may follow it springing from its distant course among the rocks on the heath of the "Madonna of the Balances," passing as a little fall into the treacherous calm of the "Madonna of the Lake," next, as a goodly river below the cliffs of the "Madonna of the Rocks," washing the white walls of the distant villages, stealing out in a network of divided streams in "La Giaconda" to the sea-shore of the "Saint Anne" -- that delicate place where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the untorn shells lie thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never rise, are green with grass grown fine as hair. It is the landscape, not of dreams or of fancy, but of places far withdrawn, and hours selected from a thousand with a miracle of finesse. Through his strange veil of sight things reach him so; in no ordinary night or day, but as in faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water.³⁶

³⁶This passage is printed by Fraser with Saintsbury's markings (pp. 216-217), but he does not analyze it.

There are many idiosyncrasies of Pater in this passage: the parenthetical expression and the appositional comma to divide a long sentence into short phrasal units ("seeming exceptional," "as Clement the cyclamen, and Rio the jasmine;"); the dash to prolong a sentence ("-- their exact antitype is in our own western seas;" "-- that delicate place where the wind passes . . ."); what Fraser calls "the generation of a sequence and climax of images from an abstraction"³⁷ ("a peculiar atmosphere;" "mixed lights;" "a miracle of finesse;"); the sequence of short, slow-moving words which make the Paterian phraseology so languid and sad ("and the untorn shells lie thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never rise, are green with grass grown fine as hair."); and finally, as Saintsbury first pointed out,³⁸ how Pater's diction of "surprise" has an immense effect on the cadence ("sheets of light;" "strange veil of sight") and how Pater makes ordinary expository prose "glide"³⁹ by subtly balancing parallel rhythms, often climactically at the end of a paragraph ("but as in faint light of eclipse, or in some deep brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water").

³⁷Ibid., p. 212.

³⁸Ibid., p. 218.

³⁹Ibid., p. 216.

Pater worked hard at his language, revising and deleting a phrase to qualify his meaning so that it was perfect in its own way, yet never offensive or dogmatic. Like the author, the language of Marius the Epicurean is always sensitive, and highly mannered.

Moore, in the Confessions, also uses style as structure, marking the various steps of his apprenticeship with rhetorical interjections and direct addresses replete with "thees," "thous" and "didsts." It is as if he is telling us to stop and take note of what is happening at that point, for it will have considerable consequence later. The Confessions is strewn with these passages of over-blown diction, and like Pater's subtle modulation of style in Marius they often indicate by verbal echo the influence then enchanting him.

Very early in his life his father died and "freed" him to embark upon his pilgrimage to France. Moore writes a eulogy which shows his sorrow and, ironically at the same time, his happiness in his new found freedom:

O, my father, I, who love and reverence
 nothing else, love and reverence thee;
 thou art the one pure image in my mind,
 the one true affection that life has not
 broken or soiled; I remember thy voice
 and thy kind, happy ways. All I have of
 worldly goods and native wit I received
 from thee -- and was it I who was glad?
 No, it was not I; I had no concern in
 the thought that then fell upon me un-
 bidden and undesired; my individual
 voice can give you but praise and loving

words, and the voice that said, "I am glad" was not my voice, but that of the will to live which we inherit from elemental dust through countless generations. Terrible and imperative is the voice of the will to live: let him who is innocent cast the first stone.
(pp. 8-9)

Moore uses these stylistically heightened moments quite frequently throughout the Confessions, but it is not until we come to Chapter VII that we actually see "style" used functionally. In Chapter VI Moore had presented a brief survey of the most significant poets and poetic theorists then alive in France. Symbolism and impressionism were in vogue, and he says that he had written a derivative volume of poems called "Roses of Midnight." The next chapter presents, in a highly evocative style, the story of his affair with "a woman of thirty." The language of this impressionistic set-piece illustrates some of the new stylistic techniques he had inherited from his masters, especially Mallarmé, whose prose poem "Forgotten Pages" he translates later in Chapter XIV.

A last hour of vivid blue and gold glare; but now the twilight sheds softly upon the darting jays, and only the little oval frames catch the fleeting beams. I go to the miniatures. Amid the parliamentary faces, all strictly garroted with many-folded handkerchiefs, there is a metal frame encased with rubies and a few emeralds. And this chef d'oeuvre of antique workmanship surrounds a sharp, shrewdish, modern face, withal pretty. Fair she is and thin. (pp. 81-82)

Style here is also structural, for Moore is showing us what and how he conceived creative writing to be at this time, when he was busy on "Roses of Midnight."

Later eulogies are given to Cabaner ("Cabaner! The world knows not the names of those who scorn the world; somewhere in one of the great populous churchyards of Paris there is a forgotten grave, and there lies Cabaner." pp. 111-112) and Emma, his maid. She is of especial importance because Esther Waters, Moore's finest naturalistic creation, is modelled upon her. Again, the over-blown diction punctures the narrative to stress a change of direction: he has now forsaken the more "precious" rhythms and subjects of his early derivative poetry in favor of a more natural diction fitted to a more earthy subject.⁴⁰ Emma has "sweet, natural goodness" and an "expression of perfect and unfailing kindness" rather than the lure of an older woman.

I shall never forget your kind heart
and your unfailing good humour; you
were born beautifully good as a rose
is born with perfect perfume; you
were as unconscious of your goodness
as the rose of its perfume. (p. 168)
Dickens would sentimentalize or
laugh over you; I do neither. I
merely recognize you as one of the
facts of civilisation. (p. 165)⁴¹

⁴⁰We noted earlier, in Chapter II, that Moore, in terms of his own life, was not at all providing a literal transcription. As Noël clearly demonstrates, Moore was actually under the influence of Zola before he encountered the symbolist poets.

⁴¹This point of view is common to all three writers, for all of them are operating outside of or at war with the moral conventions of the novel. See a discussion of this idea below, in Section D.

This recognition led, of course, to Eather Waters.

Moore presents two brief perorations at the end of the Confessions, when he had symbolically reached his thirtieth year.⁴² One is addressed to the "hypocritical reader," the other to the "young men" to whom he is yielding up the world. Both passages are, in a sense, swan songs, because he is telling us in effect that he is resigning his role as "young man" -- again symbolically -- to become the young artist.

The feast is over for me, I have
eaten and drunk; I will yield my
place; do you eat and drink as I
have; do you be young as I was.
I have written it!⁴³ (pp. 270-271)

The book ends as he is sitting at the table, haggard and outworn," to continue writing his novel.

⁴²It is instructive to note that not only Marius -- and the other figures in Pater's imaginary portraits -- but Moore here and Stephen Dedalus are all very young when their apprenticeship ends. Joyce, for instance, left Ireland at twenty-two, yet even in Ulysses, when we see Stephen later (perhaps a couple of months later) than we did in A Portrait, his persona is still in Dublin.

⁴³The mock-religious language of this passage -- where Moore is clearly bestowing the blessing of the priest of art on his followers as the priest of God would bestow his blessings on his parishioners -- is partially iconoclasm on Moore's part, partially due to his desire to shock his "hypocritical reader." Yet we cannot forget in this respect

Joyce's use of words and diction as structure has been noted so many times before⁴⁴ that it would seem difficult to add anything here. As in our discussion of the epiphany, however, it is not our purpose to contribute new insights into Joyce's A Portrait, but rather to show that there were forerunners in the writing of the self-portrait of the apprentice artist who used devices and techniques which Joyce perfected. Joyce did know both Marius and the Confessions, so that certain parallels between the three books need not be a surprise. Yet his remarkable and complex thematic use of language must surely be the one inherited technique which he perfected to the point where he made it completely his own. Critics have shown how Joyce made a

how Pater often couched his aesthetics in a terminology which bordered on the pontifical, and how Joyce quite vividly makes Stephen reject the religion of the Jesuits to become a novitiate in the ministry of art. Creative activity is often "against the grain," but I feel that Pater, Moore and Joyce are attempting to do more than simply shock: they are, indeed, convinced that art is, in its power and glory, at least as important as the religious values and language they deliberately clothe it in.

⁴⁴See, for instance, Hugh Kenner, "The Portrait in Perspective," in James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism, ed. Seon Givens (New York: Vanguard, 1948), pp. 132-174, and Dorothy van Ghent, "On A Portrait," in Form and Function (New York: Holt, Rinehart, Winston, 1953), pp. 267-276, for general discussions of Joyce's structural manipulation of language.

large number of recurrent motifs,⁴⁵ mythical patterns,⁴⁶ and even tone⁴⁷ into structural devices, but no one can read A Portrait and come away impressed unless he is aware of the linguistic accomplishment this book truly is. The basic themes of the novel are powerfully conceived because of Joyce's power of words: the cold-hot paradox and all the sensations of smell, taste and touch which enrich the life of young Stephen; the admit-apologize-non serviam theme which gets more significant as the book progresses, and more effective because Stephen becomes more eloquent in his expression of it. Stephen's obsession with words and their meaning -- "belt," "suck," "Dieu" and "God," "Athy,"

⁴⁵In addition to Kenner and van Ghent noted above, see Grant H. Redford, "The Role of Structure in Joyce's Portrait," Modern Fiction Studies, IV (Spring, 1958), 21-30. All three studies are reprinted in Joyce's Portrait: Criticisms and Critiques, ed. Thomas E. Connolly (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1962). See also, Sidney Feshback, "A Slow and Dark Birth: A Study of the Organization of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," James Joyce Quarterly, IV (Summer, 1967), 289-299.

⁴⁶Jane H. Jack, "Art and A Portrait of the Artist," and Barbara Seward, "The Artist and the Rose," both in Connolly; Diana De Turo Fortuna, "The Labyrinth of Art: Myth and Ritual in James Joyce's A Portrait," Unpublished Ph.D. thesis, Johns Hopkins University, 1967; Frank Dominic Zingrone, "The Thematic Structure of James Joyce's A Portrait," Unpublished Ph.D. thesis, State University of New York at Buffalo, 1966.

⁴⁷See Lee T. Lemon, "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man: Motif as Motivation and Structure," Modern Fiction Studies, XII (Winter, 1966-67), 439-450; Bryan Reddich, "The Importance of Tone in the Structural Rhythm of Joyce's Portrait," James Joyce Quarterly, VI (Spring, 1969), 201-218.

"wine," and "tundish," to name just a few -- became, when he decided to be an artist, the writer's obsession with the mot juste:

Words which he did not understand
he said over and over to himself
till he had learnt them by heart:
and through them he had glimpses
of the real world about him.
(p. 62)

Words are more than the materials of a writer in A Portrait: they inspire and they intrigue as well as express. The stages of Stephen's mastery of words mark the steps of his apprenticeship; moreover, for, as Joyce's career amply illustrates, the writer is one who creates new worlds with words, even to the extent of modifying language in order to capture the essence of thought processes and dreams. Language, in other words, is more than theme, it is the most important structural device in the book.

In his definition of the epiphany, Joyce notes that it is the vulgarity of speech through which he receives sudden spiritual manifestations. Unlike Stephen Hero, A Portrait traces these verbal awarenesses by recapturing the style of each stage of the apprentice's journey. Stephen Hero is written uniformly -- there is no appreciable change in style from one crisis or climax to another. In A Portrait, however, Joyce uses a variety of styles in order to represent technically exactly what

verbal influences are operating at certain times. For instance, Stephen talks baby-talk and has an adolescent fascination with words in Chapter I, he thinks like a romantic youth in Chapter II, he adopts Christian phraseology as well as Christian habits in Chapter III, he talks and ruminates like an idealistic young aesthete in Chapter IV, and he assumes the superciliousness and the energy of the proud artist-in-exile, artist-in-isolation in Chapter V. A Portrait is not only about the apprenticeship of a writer, it is a picture of every verbal influence he encounters.

Three extended examples from A Portrait, among the many available, will suffice to show how Joyce used words as a structural motif as well as a theme.⁴⁸ The first is the most obvious, for it is the moment when Stephen experiences the epiphany on the beach. The words he has cherished throughout his life -- including his own name -- become sacred objects, for they are now the tools of his own trade.

Now, as never before, his strange name seemed to him a prophecy. So timeless seemed the grey warm air, so fluid and impersonal his own mood, that all ages were as one to him. . . . 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

⁴⁸Hugh Kenner ably demonstrates how the first three pages of A Portrait are a linguistic microcosm which includes in abbreviated form nearly every major aspect of Joyce's entire literary career, (in "The Portrait in Perspective"). Like Moore's Confessions, A Portrait is the genesis of its author's literary career.

the waves and slowly climbing the air. What did it mean? Was it a quaint device opening a page of some medieval book of prophecies and symbols, a hawklike man flying sunward above the sea, a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve and had been following through the mists of childhood and boyhood, a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being?⁴⁹
(pp. 168-169)

"He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul," thinks the young Stephen, and Chapter V of A Portrait is a record of his first efforts in this direction. The very words which marked his apprenticeship are used by him to create new works of art. It is noteworthy, moreover, that now, as a young artist, Stephen's reactions to life are expressed in a diction which is self-consciously literary.

Evening had fallen when he woke and the sand and arid grasses of his bed glowed no longer. He rose slowly and, recalling the rapture of his sleep, sighed at its joy.

He climbed to the crest of the sand-hill and gazed about him. Evening had fallen. A rim of the young moon cleft the pale waste of sky like the rim of a silver hoop embedded in grey sand; and the tide was flowing in fast to the land with a low whisper of her waves, islanding a few last figures in distant pools. (p. 173)

In Chapter V the young artist Stephen, now firmly committed to a life of "silence, exile, cunning," writes a villanelle to Emma Clery. It is the first real production of

⁴⁹Compare this passage to that in footnote 61 below.

his new-found craft, and he is intensely serious about it. "O what sweet music! His soul was all dewy wet." "His soul was waking slowly, fearing to wake wholly." "O! In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh."⁵⁰ (p. 217) As Pater had previously shown, the artist's devotion to his craft, and to the power and mystery of words themselves, resembles the priest's devotion to God and to the divine service which translated the physical into the spiritual. Words are the vestments of thought, and Stephen will become, through his growing mastery of them, a priest to art -- a brilliant thematic touch for he had once thought of becoming a priest to God. "And then? The rhythm died away, ceased, began again to move and beat. And then? Smoke, incense ascending from the altar of the world." (p. 218) Using the "radiant image of the eucharist" to mirror his plaintive love cries, he feels himself becoming "a priest of the eternal imagination, transmuting the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of everlasting life." (p. 221) Whatever we might think of the poem as a work of art in its own right, I do not think Joyce wanted us to mistake Stephen's intensity or seriousness, even if it does appear slightly ludicrous. The poem is to him more than a product of the artist at this stage of his development -- every neophyte is too wrapped up in his pursuit of the

⁵⁰ See footnote 43 above. Moore's transmutation of religious language might appear at first to be more abrasive, but its position on the last page of the Confessions, when Moore is now the young artist, would seem to preclude irony.

ideal to step back and view himself or his productions objectively. Joyce may be poking a little fun at his persona as a young man (although Joyce, for all his great sense of humor, never laughed at his work or his mission), but Stephen certainly sees no joke in "the liquid letters of speech, symbols of the element of mystery," which "flowed forth over his brain." (p. 223) The poem is printed complete, and it is obvious that Joyce wants us to see this as an accomplishment, a step in Stephen's apprenticeship. He has now produced something -- his imagination and his passion have finally molded a work wholly separate from his being. Stephen is no longer simply a devotee; he has now offered his first genuine sacrifice.

The last few pages of A Portrait record Stephen's diary.⁵¹ Again Joyce gives us the product, not merely the process; art is progressing from the personal to the impersonal according to his own formula, for here we do not see into the person of the artist directly, but rather through his own record. I believe that many of the problems which the critics note about the "ambiguity" of the last

⁵¹ Again the similarity among the three books is striking; the only time Marius speaks in the first person is, like Stephen, in his diary ("Sunt Lacrimae Rerum") at the end of the novel. Moore's Confessions, written throughout in the first person, has nevertheless a very personal dialogue very close to the end of the book between "Conscience" and "I". In all three cases, it is only at the very last stage of the apprenticeship that the ur-artist truly speaks his own language.

chapter of A Portrait can be effectively solved if we see exactly how Joyce is using his persona and how he is using diction as theme. Budgen and Tindall⁵² stress the ironic nature not only of the title of the book -- they feel that Joyce is looking back at himself, no longer a "young man" with full objectivity -- but also in Joyce's entire treatment of his own career. The artist, they say, is not really an artist, but partly sham, and the language "deflates" the pomposity of the youth, for Joyce is using a deliberately -- and ludicrously -- heightened language to tell us what Stephen is really like: a make-believe aesthete, the artist as "counterfeiter" (Tindall, especially, stresses the pun on the word "forge") and "faker." Wayne C. Booth, in a chapter entitled "The Problem of Distance in A Portrait of the Artist,"⁵³ tells us that Joyce's relation to Stephen is ambiguous because the distance between writer and persona is blurred by the language in Chapter V, some of it clearly a kind of derivative Paterism. These assertions have been answered by several critics, who point out that Joyce is using language to mark the step from first awareness to fulfillment,⁵⁴ or that Joyce uses style for "commingling

⁵²Budgen, James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses, p. 60; Tindall, James Joyce, pp. 16-17, and A Reader's Guide to James Joyce (New York: Noonday, 1959), pp. 65-69.

⁵³The Rhetoric of Fiction (University of Chicago Press, 1961) pp. 323-336.

⁵⁴Mark Shorer, "Technique as Discovery," The Hudson Review, I (Spring, 1948), 78-80.

irony and affection" for Stephen,⁵⁵ or that Joyce's tone at the end of the book has clearly separated author and hero.⁵⁶ The predominant viewpoint is, however, that Joyce is treating Stephen ironically at the end, and this leads, of course, to the popular opinion that Chapter V is the weakest part of the novel.⁵⁷ I do not accept the inter-

⁵⁵James Naremore, "Style as Meaning in A Portrait of the Artist," James Joyce Quarterly, IV (Winter, 1967), 341.

⁵⁶Bryan Reddich, "The Importance of Tone in the Structural Rhythm of Joyce's Portrait."

⁵⁷Hugh Kenner was the first critic to say this, but Louis D. Rubin, Jr., in The Teller in the Tale (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1967), gives the fullest defense of this position. A Portrait, he tells us in the chapter "A Portrait of a Highly Visible Artist," is about the development of a young boy's consciousness "told to us by a story-teller who most probably was once that young boy." (p. 157)

The reader responding to the presence of the "implied author," senses that whatever Stephen Dedalus's difficulties and however callous his youth, eventually Stephen is going to become a novelist. (p. 160)

Yet Rubin, after recognizing that Joyce is, to a large extent, Stephen -- "he is very much not effaced, very much present and active, and highly interested in letting the reader know he is there." (p. 146) -- goes on to show that Chapter V is not a sympathetic treatment of his youth, but rather an ironic one for Joyce distinguishes between himself, the artist -- "so strikingly formal, so self-consciously and conventionally literary" (p. 158) -- and the crude young boy he once was. Both "the difference and the similarity" between Joyce and his persona are maintained constantly throughout the book until Chapter V, when Joyce becomes too conscious of his role as artist and not conscious enough of the work of art:

No longer do we have the sense of an authorial persona creating a story, looking back upon himself when young; instead we are all too conscious of the flesh-and-blood James Joyce laboring to give order and meaning to recalcitrant material. (p. 163)

pretation which has Joyce laughing at himself at the end after he had so sympathetically plotted the course of his development to that point: Joyce never laughed at himself. Nor do I accept the view that the end of the book is inferior because Joyce is apologizing instead of creating: the entire A Portrait -- and, indeed, his entire career -- was devoted to defending his stand on art and life, a stand which, like Stephen's in Chapter V, admitted no relaxation and generated unremitting contempt for everything which got in its way. Nor, finally, do I feel that the end of A Portrait is dramatically inferior to the rest of the book, nor that it is less interesting because Stephen himself is too egocentric and overly serious.⁵⁸ The last five pages, then -- the diary -- are, in my opinion as structurally and thematically brilliant as the first two in many ways,⁵⁹ for here all the major themes are reiterated by Stephen as aesthete (admit-apologize-rebellion, Irish Catholicism-art). But more important, language itself becomes epiphanic in intensity, for Stephen, obsessed by words alone, raises it to a sacramental dignity, rejecting love, family, friends, country and religion to be an artist. Words, at the beginning of the book, became not only a

⁵⁸ Hugh Kenner says that Stephen lacks a sense of humor, and that the last part of the novel is weaker because of that. I feel that this point is really irrelevant, for Joyce was surely not interested in making Stephen likeable.

⁵⁹ This beginning-end relationship has never been fully explored to my knowledge.

structural device, but the theme, the structural device which incorporates and subsumes all the others. Stephen's progress from "baby tuckoo" to aesthete had been recorded with such accuracy and honesty, that it seems incredible to say here that Joyce is now making fun of his persona all of a sudden. We believe that Dante gave Stephen "a cachou every time he brought her a piece of tissue paper." We believe Stephen when he tells us that "Rody Kickham was a decent fellow but nasty Roche was a stink." We believe the impact of the retreat sermon upon the impressionable boy of sixteen.⁶⁰ Yet we are told not to believe Stephen

⁶⁰ It would be hard to believe that a boy who thought he had sinned mortally would not be affected by the following passage:

Consider then what must be the foulness of the air of hell. Imagine some foul and putrid corpse that has lain rotting and decomposing in the grave, a jelly-like mass of liquid corruption. Imagine such a corpse a prey to flames, devoured by the fire of burning brimstone and giving off dense choking flames of nauseous loathsome decomposition. And then imagine this sickening stench, multiplied a millionfold and a millionfold again from the millions upon millions of fetid carcasses massed together in the reeking darkness, a huge and rotting human fungus. Imagine all this and you will have some idea of the horror and the stench of hell. (p. 120)

To Stephen, the idea of a sensual hell was especially appalling, and he became the victim of vivid nightmares.

in Chapter V because Joyce has made him quite deliberately the object of gentle satire. Stephen hero the object of Joycean irony! On the contrary, A Portrait ends, in technique, much as it began, with Stephen's verbal response to and echo of the world. The Stephen who is writing the diary, however, is firmly apprenticed to the one interest that pervaded every moment of his life. He is now becoming an artist, "soul free and fancy free," pressing into his arms "the loveliness which has not yet come into the world." (p. 251)

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.⁶¹
(pp. 252-253)

The "fabulous artificer" of the great epiphany on the beach -- the other example of words becoming not only the subject of the artist but the method of designing his awareness of their power -- is here recalled, and the last words in the book mark Stephen Dedalus's final transition to the aesthetic life, his final break with the past, his final "flight" -- as his symbolic name had forecast -- to the world of art: "Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead." (p. 253)

⁶¹Compare this passage to the one commented upon in footnote 49 above, wherein we saw Stephen as "the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being" --

D) Interior conversation and set-pieces

There is, for all intents and purposes, no dialogue in Marius the Epicurean ("A Conversation not Imaginary" is more of a set-piece than an actual experience). The book is made to speculate on the hero's fate, as one might speculate on the meaning of -- to choose Pater's most famous enigma -- the Mona Lisa. It is not a naturalistic or realistic novel, but rather an exhaustive picture of Marius's shifting allegiances, although his character or "face" remains basically the same, for the focus is on the internal development of the young artist -- the self-portrait of the apprentice. Fixed at the center of every one of Pater's fictional works is the subject, and so it is in Marius (as it is in Moore's Confessions and Joyce's A Portrait), where there is little drama since the author has plotted out the course so completely in advance (he has already lived through it) that every turn has been foreshadowed by recurrent thematic motifs. (Stephen's "epiphany" on the beach is the perfect example). What appears at first to be a sudden and irrevocable turning-point has been prepared

yet another example of the absolute centrality of this epiphany on the beach to the structure of the apprenticeship as well as a clear illustration of how Joyce conceived of words as a structural device throughout the book. Here is Stephen, the young artificer, the proud creator in isolation -- and the essence of Joyce, too, as artist.

for in actuality by themes dealing with submission, language and sight, here converging into one moment of crystalline insight. Marius, then, like Stephen, is not characterized as such, for he is the portrait being shaped, and his reactions to each new sensation and idea, each new dab of paint, so to speak, are more significant because they tell us how they shape his destiny and his craft, not how his personality works. A series of stimuli literally pricks an artist into being: the emphasis is on the apprenticeship only and Marius (and its successors) are tightly organized around the central figure, each step carefully plotted and pieced to explain and enrich the phenomenon who emerges. Gerald Cornelius Monsman, in Pater's Portraits, points out how Pater's minimal dialogue and characterization (first noted by Percy Lubbock in The Craft of Fiction) anticipates Joyce's stream of consciousness technique because the "mental process is the focus of treatment."⁶²

The set-pieces -- speeches, excerpts from books, etc. -- make us stop and ponder. In Marius there are six minor and three major extended, autonomous, and, for all intents and purposes, removable passages. The minor ones (a summary of The Golden Ass just before the legend of Cupid and Psyche, the sailing of the ship of Isis, Fronto's encomium on sleep, his discourse on the commonwealth of the

⁶²P. 32.

mind, the little Platonic fable related at the house of the aristocratic poet, and the epistle describing the persecution of the French Christians) serve a thematic purpose, often illustrating, each in its own language, the topic then occupying Marius's mind, and occurring at nearly every significant stage of his journey. The major ones, however, like the epiphanies, are more than thematic; they are revelatory, for they illustrate not only what Marius has found interesting, but why -- capturing the essence of euphuism (the precious story of Cupid and Psyche), stoicism (Aurelius's discourse to the Senate and the people of Rome), and Marius's philosophical nihilism (the dialogue between Hermotimus and Lucian). It is quite obvious that, as the hero ponders, Pater intends us to ponder also, for these set-pieces define the stages of the ur-artist's growth. Moreover, as Monsman admirably shows in his study, the mythic pattern Pater uses in Marius, far subtler than critics had formerly noted, depends upon his expansion of certain set-pieces -- the Cupid and Psyche episode in particular -- throughout the novel. Their value to Marius's apprenticeship at the moment they occur is clear, of course, but their value to the thematic structure of the book is just as important: according to Monsman,⁶³ the ambiguity of Marius's quest is cleared up if we realize that Pater is presenting Marius's maturation to

⁶³See pp. 84-98 especially.

goodness in terms of an evolving mythic pattern -- an expansion of the beauty and love theme first encountered in the Cupid and Psyche story and fulfilled in the Christian mass at Cecilia's house.⁶⁴ The Cupid and Psyche episode is, in every way, structurally and thematically, very modern; in its subtlety, on the many levels upon which it functions, as a reflection of Marius's quest and as a dramatization of his personality, it is far beyond any symbol in A Portrait -- even that of Stephen's last name.

The self-portrait, then, is not a day-to-day recollection of events, but an artistic re-ordering of experience by the author viewed after the fact. The set-pieces are more than goal-posts by which to judge the accomplishments of the ur-artist, but are themselves aesthetic experiences most influential in shaping his literary tastes.⁶⁵ However dynamic the self-portrait of the apprentice artist gets, -- it does become lively in the hands of Moore and stimulating in the pages of Joyce -- it is in conception essentially static, for everything in it, like the final cause in apologetics, inevitably returns back to its creator, bestowing glory by the way.

⁶⁴Joyce, we must remember, also has a mythical pattern in A Portrait based upon the flight of Dedalus, the fabulous artificer. Ulysses, of course, is Joyce's supreme effort at mythic patterns.

⁶⁵As Moore's "echo-auguries" are the chief revelations of works of art which shaped his career.

The portrait, moreover, becomes in the hands of Pater very impressionistic, for all the set-pieces are in one way or another examples not only of Pater's style but of Paterian criticism, and Pater is one of the fathers of "impressionism" in English. Since Marius is a persona of Pater, his projection into Aurelian Rome, it is safe to say that his "impressions" are Pater's -- they tell us how Pater reacted to physical, mental and spiritual stimuli and what he thought significant enough to include in the history of his "sensations and ideas." The portrait is not like a photograph: certain features are heightened, others subdued; there is a medium through which we view the subject -- the temperament of the artist viewing him first. Pater's apprenticeship to art is, therefore, a portrait of himself disguised superficially, and told through the veil of his own impressions. Marius is an intensely personal book.

It is also a very modern book. As Hafley points out,⁶⁶ Marius is an "education towards hope," and its meaning "as art" is "not in its philosophy *per se* but its drama;"

Pater establishes a thoroughgoing tension between character and circumstance, sensibility and sense, which subsumes the dramatic conflicts and paradoxically resolves them in its own irresolution.⁶⁷

⁶⁶"Walter Pater's Marius and the Technique of Modern Fiction."

⁶⁷Ibid., pp. 103-104.

The "Paterian relative" is not only a view of life, but also a fictional technique. The "private-public fusion" is presented ironically, and character becomes "indefinable, endlessly mobile, ultimately diverse."⁶⁸ Marius the Epicurean, upon close examination, is a novel and, for its time, an unconventional work of fiction. It is, in contrast to the two-volume Victorian novel, non-melodramatic. You do not really have to sympathize or even empathize with the hero, you simply have to experience all that he has experienced. Pater offers in the book a different conception of the relationship of the artist to value systems and the prevalent ethical codes of his day, too, for the reader's reaction to both characters and codes is not as important as a full exploration of the issues. Instead of assuming norms of behavior, Marius samples all he can find; instead of choosing between alternatives, Marius (like Montaigne, one of Pater's favorite literary models, the greatest writer of the personal essay) suspends his judgement and invites the reader to do so too.⁶⁹ Marius is one Victorian novel which lies beyond all Victorian conventions; it doesn't follow a formula, it doesn't defend, tacitly or otherwise, a certain set of values. It is truly a "portrait," a pure work of art dissociated in time and in place and in values from

⁶⁸ Ibid., p. 104.

⁶⁹ Joyce, later, rejects the codes, breaks the laws, and chooses exile before submission, but then Joyce was always a rebel whereas Pater was not.

every other book written in the penultimate decade of the nineteenth century, for the "aesthete," the ur-artist in life, is presented dramatically, the hero being detached as far as possible in "point of view" from his persona,⁷⁰ so far, in fact, that few critics have ever felt the necessity of calling Marius an autobiography.

Another aspect of Marius which is "modern" is the fact that Marius himself, like all the fictional characters who are his lineal descendants, is a man in isolation. The visions and the set-pieces help us see him alone, distanced from our world even by the point of view which the author chooses to use as a mask, experiencing the different "sensations and ideas" that life has to offer.

We have noted that Marius, the Confessions, and A Portrait are essentially impressionistic books, and here we see the major reason why. It is certainly not because all three men resemble each other in critical principles and language, with Pater again as forerunner, for that is already clear. All three books emphasize the quest itself, not the

⁷⁰As we have seen, Joyce resembles Pater more in this respect than does Moore. Pater made his life over in Rome, and Joyce made over the confessional Stephen Hero into a "portrait": both books are works of art significantly distanced from straight autobiography. Moore's Confessions, as the title indicates, is apparently franker, whereas in the portrait the subject is manipulated by the author and interpreted by the author to a greater extent. But all three writers are offering apologias for their careers, and even the Confessions is far from being pure autobiography.

end of the quest: Pater samples every impression and ideology, Moore every work of art, Joyce every experience. They must be free to sample what they will and choose whatever way of living the aesthetic life which best suits them. Drama, as it is normally conceived, does not exist in the self-portrait of the apprentice artist, then, for drama implies that every element is working towards a resolution, not that every element is, in a sense, autonomous. Drama, in other words, implies a climax, but the goals of Marius, the Confessions, and A Portrait are so clearly indicated by the purpose for which the book was written in the first place, that the drama lies elsewhere. There is no mystery in an artist's story of his own apprenticeship: there is no suspense. The drama of these three books lies in the steps to the goal, in the ideas, impressions and ideals which fulfill the artist's hunger. The "portrait" focuses on one aspect of the total picture at a time -- as an artist will paint a hand, then a nose, then an eye -- and each of these steps, in turn, make up the whole picture, each in its own way is another dab of paint which makes a sketch (the story of the artist's apprenticeship itself) into a finished work of art (the book about his own life).

Moore's use of thematic set-pieces is perhaps even more transparent than Pater's, for, like the Cupid and Psyche episode in Marius, many of his pages are "detachable" in a

broad sense, even though they are thematically necessary. Moore, like Pater again, almost never has dramatized conversation: nearly all of his confrontation scenes are presented in the form of "imaginary conversations," -- stylized often as distinctly as the Hermotimus-Lucian dialogue in Marius -- a literary genre which he was later to develop with great artistry and style. The Confessions reminds one of Marius because all characters, all art theory, all experience circles around the apprentice; he is the center of the book; nothing happens unless we see it happen directly to him. Drama in its conventional sense is totally out of place.

The set-pieces explain every serious step of his apprenticeship. He gives a brief survey of contemporary French literature (Chapter VI), and then proceeds to write an extended prose poem in the style of Mallarmé (Chapter VII). Villiers de L'Isle-Adam relates a short story of Balzac's (Chapter VIII), called by Moore only a few pages before "the great moral influence of my life." (p. 103) A long letter from a girl friend of his (Chapter X) is used quite subtly to contrast his old way of life with the new, for she is writing from Paris at the Rue de la Tour des Dames, describing his belongings at auction while he is in -- as he puts it -- "hateful London" saying "good-bye . . . to my past life." Now in England he prints, almost as a

purgative action, some of the poems he had written in French (Chapter XI), a symbolic farewell both to verse and to the language which had nourished his artistic impulses. Lodged firmly in the Strand, a devotee not of the Nouvelle Athènes but of English tavern culture and English villaism, he reproduces a brief conversation between himself and Emma, the servant girl at his boarding house who later became the model of Esther Waters (Chapter XII). Stylistically, this passage mirrors his handling of dialogue in his naturalistic novels: it is a forecast of his future as artist since, when the Confessions end, he is ostensibly writing A Modern Lover (1883),⁷¹ his first novel. To illustrate his fascination with prose style -- a fascination which lasted for half a century and which engendered countless revisions in search of the mot juste -- he prints "Forgotten Pages," a prose poem by Mallarmé (Chapter XIV), and uses Mallarmé's own critique of it to explain his own rationale:

"The poem in prose is the form, above all others, they prefer; handled by an alchemist of genius, it should contain in a state of meat the entire strength of the novel, the long analysis and the superfluous description of which it suppresses . . ." (p. 218)

⁷¹The dialogue in Chapter XV between "Conscience" and "I," as we have seen, makes this clear, for "Lewis Seymour" is mentioned by name. See p. 249.

Here again is an "echo-augury," for the latter part of his life was spent in trying to write an English prose epic. The extended dialogue between "Conscience" and "I" in Chapter XV takes stock of what he has accomplished by his "thirtieth year." He is working on a novel, we find out, which will not be pleasant reading for most Englishmen because it will war with many pre-conceived notions of what is morally right and wrong. But this set-piece tells us even more. To Moore, "nothing really matters . . . but art." (p. 251) It is fitting then, that the chapter ends with "I" projecting the idea of the Confessions, the work which will explain precisely why art alone matters to him, and to offer the aesthetic life as an exciting alternative to British villaism. Before the book ends, there is one more "imaginary conversation" which tells us something more about the man who wrote the book. "We all want notoriety," he exclaims. (p.263) Yet when confronted by the possibility of a duel, he backs down, even though fame is in the offing. At the end as at the beginning, in England as well as in France, art is still the prime concern for Moore, however egocentric and extroverted he really was.

By pointing out the succession of set-pieces in the Confessions as we have done, we may be over-simplifying a very complicated work. Unlike Marius and A Portrait, which are essentially straightforward books, the story line of

the Confessions is constantly interrupted by the author's memories, predictions, generalizations on art, on literature, on the drama, his aphorisms, his discussions (in the form of short articles or essays) on art and on education. Unlike Pater and Joyce, who deliberately distance themselves from their personae, Moore is disguising himself by being apparently more "open" than he really is. He is revealing his attitudes and his norms by posturing, by exaggerating, by adopting the mask of the satirist. The Confessions is a montage of experiences, ideas, opinions, appraisals and descriptions presented, as he said he meant it to be, ironically -- with tongue in cheek. When he receives a letter from his agent -- an "odious epistle" -- which informs him that he must return to England in order to straighten out the financial matters of his land-holdings, for instance, he immediately thinks:

That some wretched farmers and miners
should refuse to starve, that I may
not be deprived of my demi-tasse at
Tortoni's, that I may not be forced
to leave this beautiful retreat, my
cat and my python -- monstrous.
(p. 142)

In the rich chapter, "The Synthesis of the Nouvelle Athènes," Moore constantly shifts mood, tense, emphasis and subject in kaleidoscopic fashion: he orders dinner, meditates on art and life -- "life is only an accident - art is eternal" (p. 118) -- reproaches Zola, talks about the pleasure of

breaking poetic rules, and attends a dinner for Julien given by his pupils -- all within about a page (pp. 118-119). The Confessions is a book rich not only in subject matter, but also in the technical virtuosity with which the many shifting subjects are captured.

In A Portrait Joyce, unlike Moore, is more straightforward in his presentation of the apprenticeship to art on the realistic level. He is very selective in the use of facts from his own life, and, as in most other cases, a comparison of A Portrait and Stephen Hero indicates exactly how much detail he did decide to leave out. The chronicle of his family's social and economic deterioration -- treated at great length in Stephen Hero -- is reduced to some naturalistic description or deduced from the attitudes of the characters in A Portrait. Stephen's brother, Maurice -- Stanislaus in real life -- is excised completely. Emma Clery, Stephen's sweetheart, is reduced to Emma, or even more cryptically, E.C. Stephen's definition of the epiphany, his elaborate preparation of his aesthetic, his address to the college's literary society, as well as a number of other life-facts, are likewise eliminated. A Portrait is truly a skeletal book: it retains only the barest plot, it reduces its preliminary sketch to half its size, it excises pages upon pages of interesting data because they are irrelevant. A Portrait is a succession of memorable moments, of seminal set-pieces, not a daily chronicle.

Joyce, too, used the thematic set-piece with great effect. We have already seen how brilliantly he used the scene in our discussion of language as structure; how the villanelle is thematically a climax in his career, for it marks the first product of the apprenticeship; how his diary at the very end of the book is thematically the complement and fulfillment to the first pages of the book, where Stephen's heightened response to words is forcefully generated; how the great epiphany on the beach -- the climax in the development of Stephen's young life as aesthete which brings every element in the novel together -- is thematically the watershed scene before which Stephen is only young man and after which he is young artist. There are other set-pieces, and they, too, illustrate Stephen's growth as artist and the impact of language on his delicate (Paterian) sensibility.

For instance, the powerful Christmas scene when Stephen was home from Clongowes not only introduced the themes of politics and religion, but also marked the beginning of his growth away from them to something else. The three sermons which he heard at Belvedere when he was sixteen, although they turned him aside from the flesh to God temporarily, again had a long-range effect quite opposite to the immediate one. The dark brilliance of the preacher's picture of hell needs no comment; it is, perhaps, the most "dramatic" moment in the entire novel (if we for the moment forget where the

real drama lies); it is vivid, it is forceful. But ultimately Stephen will see beyond these words and note how cold, how false, this religious view of life really is. These scenes mark yet another step away from mother church, and the horrible dream of sin (how different from the Paterian "swoon" of sin at the end of Chapter II) impresses upon his consciousness not only the foulness of hell, but ultimately the bleakness of the religion which conceived of it in the first place. He tells all this to Cranly, and their one-sided conversation very late in the book marks Stephen's final break with fatherland and family as well as with the Catholic Church. Reminiscent of Moore's use of the "rigged" situation, this section of the novel presents literally what the diary at the end of the book transmutes into image and symbol. One other conversation, just prior to this, depicts Stephen declaiming his "applied Aquinas" theory of art to the cynical Lynch.⁷² Here is the aesthetics which has invited such voluminous commentary: in these pages can be found his theory of the epiphany implied (it was spelled out in Stephen Hero), as well as his lyrical-dramatic, subjective-objective formula which critics have used to analyze Joyce's own literary development. It is enlightening to note, again, how the set-piece, the

⁷²In Joyce's own life, this argument was presented in a paper delivered before the Historical and Literary Society of the University and transcribed as such into Stephen Hero. Again, autobiography becomes art.

picture which stops the apprentice in motion for an important step in his maturation, is used by Joyce as it was used by Pater and by Moore.

Much has been written about Joyce's experimentation with the interior monologue, with what Dorrit Cohn calls more precisely "narrated monologue."⁷³ Yet, strange as it may seem, only a handful of critics have even noted the fact that Pater and Moore could have anticipated him even in this very sophisticated technique. Edouard Dujardin, Moore's friend and Joyce's admitted teacher, was supposed to have written the first book to use this device effectively in Les Lauriers Sont Coupés. Derek Bickerton, however, attempts to show how Joyce, for the most part, developed his own technique through experimentation rather than borrowing.⁷⁴ From what has been said about the innovations which Pater introduced in fictional technique, though, I do not believe it is too far-fetched to suggest that Joyce saw in Marius's stream of "sensations and ideas" a hint of the monologue intérieur.⁷⁵ Cohn describes "narrated monologue" as "the rendering of a character's thoughts in his own idiom, while maintaining the third person narration." It "enables the author to recount the

⁷³"Narrated Monologue: Definition of a Fictional Style," Comparative Literature, XVIII (Spring, 1966), 97-112.

⁷⁴James Joyce and the Development of the Interior Monologue," Essays in Criticism, XVIII (January, 1962), 32-46.

⁷⁵See Monsman, Pater's Portraits, p. 32.

character's silent thoughts without a break in the narrative thread." Moreover, "the knowledge of the narrator is limited to the psyche and field of perception of that character at the moment of narration."⁷⁶ Cohn goes on to show how Joyce is one of the acknowledged masters of this technique, and demonstrates from A Portrait how the narrated monologue can be lyric (when there is a fusion of author and character) and from Ulysses how the narrated monologue can be ironic (when there is a distance or mock-identification between author and character).⁷⁷ Is not the "lyric fusion" what Pater is doing in Marius, and, perhaps with greater subtlety, what Moore is doing in the Confessions? Dorothy Hoare, in her comparison of Moore and Joyce as novelists, points out how Moore's techniques often anticipate Joyce's more elaborate development of them.⁷⁸ Moore, she says, is like

Virginia Woolf in his analysis of mental processes, the spring and irrelevance of thoughts; and in his awareness of the way in which the mind, while focusing centrally on one thing, is yet conscious of a vast and sliding stream of impressions and sensations at the periphery.⁷⁹

⁷⁶Cohn, pp. 98, 106.

⁷⁷Ibid., p. 111.

⁷⁸In Some Studies in the Modern Novel, pp. 133-147.

⁷⁹Ibid., p. 136.

Moore takes the experience of his hero, in other words, and focuses on it, literally attempts to reduplicate the thought processes of his persona in the extended self-meditation which is the Confessions. Richard Ellmann, too, points out how Joyce saw the possibilities of the interior monologue in Moore -- most probably through their mutual friend, Edouard Dujardin -- when he was beginning to write his great later works.⁸⁰ As Noël clearly demonstrates, -- using Moore's critical technique as an example -- Moore's apparent inconsistencies, his apparent contradictions, are neither negligent nor absurd, for he "desintègre la critique à tel point qu'il fait ce qu'on pourrait appeler un courant de conscience littéraire. Tout est did sous l'impulsion du moment."⁸¹ In a letter from Moore to Dujardin quoted in the latter's Le Monologue Intérieure, Moore comments: 'C'est . . . la petite vie de l'âme dévoilée pour la première fois.'⁸² It is the hero's mental journey that Moore is recording, and it is the Confessions which presents his most sophisticated attempt at the interior monologue:

Avec ses nuances ici admiratives
là satiriques, elle [la critique]
s'intègre même à un flot de réminiscences autobiographiques, à une entreprise d'auto-glorification. Tout nous est donné, à part quelques intermèdes et apostrophes au lecteur,

⁸⁰James Joyce, p. 368.

⁸¹George Moore: L'Homme et L'Oeuvre, p. 165.

⁸²Quoted in Ibid., p. 166.

dans un sorte de long monologue de bavard narquois et solitaire. En fin de compte, le lecteur a, ou peu s'en faut, l'impression d'interpréter les paroles d'un rêveur éveillé qui reconstruit le temps. Il y a là une innovation d'importance.⁸³

Joyce limits dramatized conversation -- his typography excludes the quotation mark in favor of the dash -- and it is obvious that he is not concerned with dramatic character interaction, or, for that matter, with character development in its usual sense, but rather with presenting a series of scenes with Stephen Dedalus at the center. A page of A Portrait, even when conversation of some kind is going on, does not look like a page out of a novel. Like the Confessions, A Portrait focuses on steps, on process: it is filled with examples of narrated monologue. One example of many occurs in Chapter I, when Stephen meditates upon his punishment at the hands of Father Dolan. After he is hit with a pandybat for not having his glasses, the young boy embarks on an extended denunciation of the priest, and the incremental repetitions of "wrong, unfair, unjust, and cruel" heighten the mental agony induced by the physical. There are many others: the meditation on sin in Chapter III, the walk on the beach in Chapter IV (which anticipates the more famous Proteus episode in Ulysses), the meditation

⁸³Ibid.

on the villanelle in Chapter V. In technique, A Portrait is one of the most sophisticated and experimental apprentice novels ever written.

CONCLUSION

As we have shown above, Pater's Marius, Moore's Confessions, and Joyce's A Portrait are apologias for their authors' careers. Pater, in his reticent fashion, presents the stream of "sensations and ideas" which helped to shape Marius into the artist as apprentice, the ur-artist. Marius is not really a novel in the ordinary sense, but a series of personalized, dramatized essays charting the course of a literary apprentice leading the life which Pater first described and defended in the "Conclusion" to The Renaissance. Pater can never be identified with Marius, however, before extended analysis. Moore's Confessions, on the other hand, is jaunty, ironic and bold. The artist's apprenticeship is traced, his purpose more subtly disguised. We get what the title promises, an overt apology for his career, even though we are mistaken if we assume that everything that happens in the book happened precisely that way to Moore some years earlier. Although he is certainly less reticent than Pater, he is equally aware that pure autobiography is scarcely a work of art: it is closer to a diary. Joyce's A Portrait, when compared to Stephen Hero, is so self-consciously a defense of his career that critics have

accused it of being overly solemn, pretentious, pompous and dull. His apologia, however, is so sincere, so serious -- Stephen is the hero as artist -- that the distance Joyce has placed between himself and his persona -- the "irony" of focus so many critics are eager to call our attention to -- evaporates as Stephen Dedalus gets closer to becoming James Joyce: Joyce satirized neither himself nor his calling.

All three novels are apologias for their authors' apprenticeship, and the personae who appear before us are, in all essentials, identical with their creators. Marius is, like Pater, reflective, reticent, a devotee of his physical impressions, sensitive, and very serious. He is, like nearly all of Pater's fictional creations, a type of character who mirrors the "epicureanism" which is so permanently stamped as Pater's own philosophy of life. He learns, like Pater, that the career of the ur-artist is traced in the record of his most vivid sensations and his most memorable ideas; as he tells us in the "Conclusion:" to "burn" always is to achieve "success" in life. And true success, the filling up of our moments with the most vivid pulsations, is found in the life of the artist -- the "wisest" of men, who spends his time courting the most rewarding experiences of "art and song." Marius the Epicurean is the defense of Pater's aesthetic and the record of its formation. Moore, as we know him in his other autobiographical books, in Avowals, Hail and Farewell, Memoirs of

My Dead Life, Conversations in Ebury Street, and the numerous personal essays he published throughout his lifetime, is more personal in tone than Pater, it is true, but the Confessions is also more than simply a record of his life-experiences -- as Marius is of Pater's -- but also of the very works of art which made him, first, an artist, and second, the kind of artist he was. Moore was seldom reticent; as a matter of fact, if anything he often exaggerated his life rather than understated it. "Edwin Dayne" -- or "George Moore" in the later editions of the Confessions -- surely shares both the personality and the quest of his creator, even if in minute details he was closer to what Moore wanted the public to see him as rather than Moore as he really was. We see him almost exclusively as a young artist hungering after his calling, sampling the works of his forerunners. Stephen Dedalus is closer to Joyce as a person in Stephen Hero than in A Portrait. He is more human in the earlier work, invested with Joyce's sensitivity, humor and prejudices. A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man is -- as the title clearly states -- not a record but a recreation of his young life, a complete re-fashioning of life-events into art-events. It is -- as Pater's portraits are -- a picture, not a photograph, of the young Joyce as artist first, and then as young man. Joyce has modified his youth more drastically than Pater -- who merely placed himself in a vague new environment --

or Moore -- who selected almost exclusively the literary influences on his career -- by focusing tightly on those phenomena which produced the artist, squeezing out all the superfluous elements of personality, event and background in order to make his portrait of the young artist boldly outlined. Chiaroscuro and three-dimensionality are not of primary importance.

Our comparative study of the three books has, we hope, helped clarify the place of each of the three writers in the history of modern British literature. Pater's modernity is becoming more and more evident: Moore's modernity surely needs the able defense Noël's study provides at the present time, and, I am sure, will soon be vindicated in a variety of ways as critics begin to see beneath his bluster to the heart of the artist. Joyce's position in the twentieth century is permanent and high. Art is and ever must be subtle, various, experimental, and the artist often finds nothing more exciting to explore than his own life. Pater, Moore and Joyce all retell the story of their own apprenticeship to art. In so doing, as Henry James so incisively puts it in "The Art of Fiction," they explored the most important facts of life in revealing the workings of their minds.

Experience is never limited, and it is never complete; it is an immense sensibility, a kind of huge spiderweb of the finest silken threads suspended in the chamber of consciousness, and catching every air-borne particle in its tissue. It is the very atmosphere

of the mind; and when the mind is
imaginative -- much more when it
happens to be that of a man of genius --
it takes to itself the faintest hints
of life, it converts the very pulses
of the air into revelations.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STATEMENT

I was born on 17 June 1942 in New York City. I was raised in Brooklyn, where I attended parochial elementary and secondary schools. In 1960 I entered Manhattan College, Riverdale, from which I graduated in 1964 with a B.A. in English. In July, 1964 I began my graduate work in The City University of New York's Doctoral Program, taking an M.A. in English from Brooklyn College in 1965.

I was married in August, 1966. Since September 1966 I have been teaching full-time at St. John's University in the English Department, while completing my requirements for the Ph.D. degree at the Graduate Center of The City University of New York. In September, 1970 I will have the rank of Assistant Professor. I presently reside in Long Island City, Queens.