Detailed Summary with Critical Comments on *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

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CHAPTER-1

Reminiscences of the Earliest Period

The novel begins with the recollection of some of the earliest reminiscences of the child, Stephen Dedalus. He recalls how his father often told him the story of moocow getting down the road and who met a good boy named 'baby tuckoo'. It was the nickname of the child. He also remembers that he used to sing a song about the blossoming of wild rose. He has recollections of pissing in his bed and of his uncomfortable feeling when the bed got cold. His mother started putting an oil-sheet in his bed, but it stinked like anything. His mother smelt better than his father. She often played on the hornpipe and Stephen would dance to its tune. Uncle Charles and Stephen used to clap their hands together. They were both older than his parents. Dante had two brushes, one had maroon back and another had green velvet back. The maroon brush was for Michael Davitt and the green for the patriot Parnell.

The Vances resided in number seven. They had a baby named Eileen. It seems that Stephen misbehaved towards this girl for which he was told to apologise. At that time he was hidden under his table. He was told that if he did not apologise, the eagles would take his eyes out.

Memories Related to the School Playground

He recalls those large school playgrounds crowded with boys. They were all shouting and the monitors were inspiring them with loud cries. The evening air was very chilly. Stephen hid himself among the players, so that his monitors would not notice him. Sometimes he pretended to be running. He found himself small and weak among the swarm of players. Rody Kickham was a strong boy. He was expected to be the captain of the third line. He was a nice boy. He was not like Nasty Roche who was a terrible person. Nasty Roche had once asked Stephen his name, and when Stephen told him his name, he said that it was a name he never heard before. He asked Stephen about his father. Stephen told him that his father was a gentleman. Nasty's father was a magistrate. While playing, Stephen remembered his mother had forbidden him to play with rough and notorious boys. She wept a lot when she parted from him. His father had told him that if he ever needed anything he should write home and

ask for it. He advised him never to peach on* any of his fellows whatever the case. They had waved their hands from the cat. While Stephen was lost in such thoughts, he was caught in the crowd of the running players with their boots smeared in mud. They were struggling, groaning and rubbing their legs, kicking and stamping. Jack Lawton had caught hold of the ball and others chased him. Stephen also ran behind them for sometime but stopped after some time. He started thinking about going home in the holidays. He felt that it would be good to retire in bed after the games and the prayer. He shivered and considered it mean of Wells to push him into the ditch of muddy water. He again started recollecting the days spent at home. He recalled his mother sitting near the fire and waiting for tea, resting her foot on the fender and putting on nice jewelly slippers. Dante knew so many things. She had taught Stephen about Mozambique Channel, about the longest river in America, and the name of the highest mountain in the moon. Stephen had no doubt that his teacher, Father Arnall knew more than Dante because he was a priest, but she was still a clever and scholarly woman.

The End of the Game

By this time the game was over. The monitors directed all the boys to go in. A student told Rody Kickham to give the ball a last kick. Simon Moonan warned him not to kick because the monitor was looking at them. The first boy turned to Moonan and told him that he was McGlade's 'suck'. This seemed an odd word for Stephen. He did not like the word as it seemed to him disgusting. Stephen had once washed his hands in the lavatory of a hotel and his father pulled the stopper by the chain and the muddy water went down slowly in the hole of the basin and made a sound like 'suck'. As he recalled the hotel lavatory he felt 'cold' and then 'hot' because there were two taps in the lavatory marked 'hot' and 'cold'. The gas would soon be lit and as it burns it would create a sound like a song. When there was absolute silence among the boys in the playroom, one could hear this sound caused by the burning gas.

Memories of Classroom

It was the time for solving sums. Father Arnall wrote a complicated sum on the board and asked the class to solve it. There was a competition between the two groups in which the class had been divided—the Yorkists and the Lancastrians. Red and white roses were used as signs representing the groups. Stephen was not good at sums but he did not wish his group to lose; Jack Lawton was good at solving sums and thus his group won. Stephen recalled all the bets about who would stand first in the Elements class. Lawton stood first for some weeks, and for some other Stephen himself had been first. Stephen was unable to get the answer of the next

*to peach on—to complain against someone

sum but he lost interest and thought that it was not very important. Both roses—of white and red colour looked beautiful. The colours of the cards given to the students who stood first, second and third were pink, cream and lavender. All of the cards were looking equally beautiful. Stephen knew the song about the wild rose and wondered if wild roses were of pink, cream and lavender colours. He wondered that there was no green rose or that it might be found at some place in the world.

Memories Related to the Refectory

The bell rang and the boys came out of the classrooms and went to the dining hall. Stephen sat looking at the butter in his plate but could not swallow the damp bread. The table cloth was also wet and loose, rather limp. The tea was hot and Stephen drank it. Nasty Roche and Saurin drank cocoa which was sent to them from home. They could not have the tea which they called 'hogwash'. Stephen was missing his home and wanted to go back and lie down in his mother's lap. Because this was not possible, Stephen wished that play, study and prayer would soon end so that he could retire in bed. He drank another cup of tea; when Fleming asked him: "What's up? Do you have a pain? What's wrong with you? Are you feeling sick ?" Stephen replied that he was not feeling well. Actually he was not feeling sick in the common way but sick at heart. The senior students came fo the middle of the room. One of them, whose name was Spaniard was allowed to smoke cigars. The juniors also came there. Everybody had his own style of walking. Stephen sat in the corner of the playroom in order to make others believe that he was watching the game of dominoes which was being played. Wells came near Stephen and asked him to tell them if he kissed his mother every night before retiring to bed. Stephen replied that he did. Wells said in loud voice to everybody in the room that there was a student who kissed his mother everynight before going to bed. Everyone laughed at him. Stephen felt embarrassed and said that he did not kiss his mother. Wells announced this also and again everybody laughed. Stephen failed to understand what was wrong with his answer, or where he was at fault because they laughed at both his replies. He thought that Wells must have known the correct answer because he was the senior most student. He disliked Well's face.

Stephen Falls ill

Stephen did not like Wells because once Wells had pushed him into a ditch of muddy, cold water. Everybody had regarded it as a mean act on the part of Wells. A fellow had once seen a big rat jump into the scum. His whole body had been covered with cold slime. He fell severely ill. There was much sympathy for Stephen. Wells told him not to make any complaint against him because he did not mean to push him into the

(1) – a gathering in the catholic church offered for the repose of the soul or souls of one or more deceased persons – also called requiem mass.

ditch. Stephen was not only scared to report but remembered what his father had told him at the time of parting that he should never peach on anybody whatever happened to him. Thus he told Wells that he would not go to register any complaint against him. Stephen was afraid that he might be suffering from some disease. He recalled lines from a book about canker being a disease of plants and cancer one of animals. This time Stephen was not pretending, he was really ill. The monitor touched his forehead and felt it very hot. Stephen felt hot and damp. The monitor told him to dress up because he was going to the infirmary. He was very sympathetic to him.

a hospital [roomed on someone]

At the Infirmary

Brother Michael was in the infirmary at that time. There were two beds. The second bed was occupied by a senior student whose father was the owner of race horses. Michael told the student that the doctor would ask him to leave the infirmary the next morning, but he insisted that he was still not fine. Stephen wondered whether they had informed his parents about his illness. Perhaps a priest would go personally with Stephens' letter to inform them. He even formed the letter in his mind. Stephen wondered if he was going to die. If he died, they would hold a dead mass for him, as they did when another student had died. All the students would gather at the mass (1) dressed in black. Wells also would come filled with repentance for what he had done. They would lead his coffin slowly out of the church and bury him in a small graveyard. He could almost hear the mourning bell.

Stephen's Father

Stephen recalled his father who often sang songs when his mother played on the hornpipe. His father always gave him a shilling (2) whenever he asked for a sixpence. Stephen was feeling sorry for his father because he was not a magistrate like the fathers of his other friends. Father had told Stephen that his name was not unpopular at Clongowes because his grand uncle had presented an address to the liberator there, fifty years ago. Stephen found it strange that he had not been given any medicine at the infirmary. He did not wish to be well very soon, it seemed to him nicer to get well slowly. He was feeling better. Stephen observed the reflection of the flames of the fire and thought they looked like waves as they fell on the walls. Stephen thought that someone was speaking or it was the waves talking among themselves as they rose and fell. Stephen saw a sea of waves, long dark waves, going up and down, dark under the moonlit night. Several men were standing on the sea-shore waiting for the ship that was entering the harbour. A tall man was standing on the deck, he was looking out to the land. When light fell on the man's face, Stephen

imagined

(2) – a unit of money used in Britain until 1971, equal to 12 pence old pence.

saw he was no one else but Michael. He waved his hands to the people and shouted that he was dead—that Parnell was dead. Everyone felt heart broken as they heard this. Stephen saw Dante in a maroon velvet dress moving silently through the people who knelt by the shore. All this was fancied by Stephen because of some previous experiences that were still fresh in his mind.

The Grand Christmas Dinner

On the occasion of Christmas, a grand dinner had been arranged. Dante and Mr. Casey were invited as guests. Stephen said his grace and the dinner started. There was a fat turkey for dinner. Stephen remembered that Mr. Barrett in Clongowes called his pandybat a turkey and wondered why did he so. It was for the first time that Stephen was given permission to join the elders at Christmas dinner, and he thought of his younger brothers and sisters who were in the nursery and would have to wait for their dinner till the plum pudding was brought in. In the course of their conversation Mr. Casey told the incident of a man who objected to his priest bringing in politics in his sermon. This made the conversation turn into a bitter controversy over religion and politics.

The Argument

The subject of discussion was the famous Irish patriot Parnell who was reproached by the church when it came to light that he had relations with a married lady, though the woman later got a divorce and Parnell married her then. Dedalus and Casey were steadfast followers of Parnell. Dante also believed him but she had turned bitterly against him after the discovery of his illegal relationship with a women. She did not like Casey telling a story that denounced the priests. She said it was good for the priests to lead their flock in religion and somewhere else. She further said that one goes to the church in order to pray, not to listen to election speeches. Dante argued that priests were responsible for maintaining public mortality. Uncle Charles tried to change the topic, but he failed. Dante again said that she could not sit and hear the priests of her church being insulted. Dedalus said that they were not against the priests as long as they kept out of politics. He said that his Christmas dinner had been spoiled but Dante said that fortune and grace could not live in the house where religion was mocked. She said that Stephen would recall when he grew up that God and religion were mocked in his house. Casey replied that he would also remember that the priests and their pawns had harrassed Parnell and hounded him into his grave. Dedalus got angry and called such people sons of bitches. Dante argued that they were right, they were only showing their faithfulness and loyalty as priests and clergymen. Dante further said that she would not remain silent when

phrasal verb - to angrily complaint someone ~~after~~ his wrongdoings.

Catholics insulted and spat at religion. At this point, Mr. Casey said that he would tell a story about a well known spit.

The Story of Casey

a town in Ireland

Mr. Casey said that it happened on a cold day in Arklous, not long before Parnell's death. They were at a meeting and thereafter had to go to the station passing through the crowd. People insulted them and called them all kinds of ugly names. There was an old lady who was drunk and who paid all her attention to Casey and kept weeping and screaming into his face. He let her bawl away. His mouth was filled with tobacco, thus he was unable to speak. Then, that lady used a specific ugly expression for Kitty O'Shea. Casey bent down to her and allowed all the tobacco juice to come out from his mouth fight into her eyes and face. She screamed that she had been 'blinded and drownded.' Everyone except Dante laughed at this joke. Dedalus remarked bitingly that the Irish were a Godforsaken and priest-ridden race. His own grandfather would never allow a priest to sit with him at his table. Dante agreed that they were a priest ridden race and said that they should be proud of it because priests are the apple of Christ's eye. She wanted God and religion to be everywhere. Casey said that after considering the disgraceful act of priests, he thought it better that Ireland should not have either God or religion. They had too much of God and must do away with him now. Dante, in anger left the room. At the door, she turned back and shouted that they had been victorious because they put Parnell to death. He was a monster from hell.

Punishment for Broken Glasses

Stephen was hit by a cyclist on the cinder track and his glasses broke. The doctor advised him not to study till he got new glasses. He wrote a letter to his father and asked for new glasses. Father Arnall had exempted him from studies for a week. He was the Latin teacher. He asked a question that no one was able to answer. He got very angry. Stephen wondered whether teachers were allowed to get angry or whether they also had to confess their sins like others. Right then the prefect of studies, Father Dolan got in. He had a pandybat with him. He asked Father Arnall whether there were any boys in his class who needed to be punished in front of everyone. He saw Fleming kneeling on the floor. He asked Father Arnall why Fleming was being punished. When he learnt that he had not written Latin theme properly and was not good at studies, he asked Fleming to get up. Then he punished him with six smarting cuts of pandybat on both hands. He warned the class that he would come again the next day to punish all the idlers and plotters. Thereafter, he noticed that Stephen was not writing. Father Arnall explained the reason and said that doctor had advised Stephen not to study at least for one week because

his glasses were broken. Father Dolan said that it was just an excuse and gave Stephen two extremely painful cuts with the pandybat. He warned all the students that he would come everyday, and left the classroom.

Stephen Decides to Report the Incident

All the students considered Stephen's punishment an injustice. Some of them advised Stephen to report against Father Dolan to the rector. Stephen knew it very well that these boys were very much afraid of Father Dolan and would never report against him themselves. Stephen thought it better to report because Father Dolan might get more tyrannical. Somehow he gathered courage and approached the rector in the castle.

Meeting with Rector

The rector asked Stephen why he had come. Stephen began by telling him that his glasses had broken. The rector said with kindness that he should inform his parents. Stephen told him that he had alredy written to them for a new pair. Father Arnall had excused him from studies till his new glasses arrived. But Father Dolan had pandied him because he was not writing his assignment. While telling the rector all these things he was about to shed tears and his face had become red. The rector said that Father Dolan might have been mistaken. He told Stephen to tell Father Dolan that the rector had exempted him from studies. He promised to talk to Father Dolan personally. Stephen came out after thanking him.

Its Impact

Stephen ran to the playground where everyone was curious to know what happened. Stephens told them everything that happened between him and the rector. All the boys were overwhelmed with joy. They flung their caps into the air out of happiness. They locked their hands together and lifted Stephen up and gave three cheers for the rector and three groans for Father Dolan. Stephen felt triumphant but decided not to be proud with Father Dolan but humble and obedient.

Critical Comments

The first among the important features given in Chapter 1 is that of light and darkness which has symbolic significance. Stephen is presented as preoccupied with light and darkness at a very innocent age.

This preoccupation reflects his search for knowledge and insight. The second feature is mythic. Stephen's surname 'Dedalus' is mythical and it confounded his classmates. As we proceed through the story, we can see that Stephen identifies himself more and more with Daedalus—of the

Confused

myth. The last paragraph of the novel is intended to be Stephen's invocation to Daedalus. It surprises us that early in the novel Stephen is somehow made to live apart from the people among whom he lives. This reflects that he is going to be a sensitive artist. The contrast between Stephen and his mates is made very remarkable. The heated argument at the Christmas dinner brings out the discord not only in the family of Dedalus but in Ireland itself. Joyce suggests that there is something painfully wrong with the Irish concept of morality. This is especially evident in the debate on Parnell, and his illicit relationship with a married woman. Another significant point is that of guilt and punishment. Stephen is told that if he does not apologize for his misbehaviour, an eagle will come and take out his eyes. Later in the novel, the eagle is replaced by the horrors of hell as described by the priest in his sermon related to 'hell- fire'. Another motif is that of the quest for a father. We notice in the beginning of the novel that the surroundings in which Stephen lives instils in him a sense of insecurity so that he is always in search of someone whom he can regard as a father (substitute of his real father). His earliest substitutes was uncle Charles, and later he finds such substitutes in his friends and teachers. Later in the novel Cranly would be the substitute of his father.

CHAPTER-2

Uncle Charles

Uncle Charles was smoking such strong tobacco that Dedalus asked him to smoke outside the house at the end of the garden. Uncles Charles happily accepted the suggestion, though there was a heap of rubbish outside the house and the only companion there was a cat. Uncle Charles made himself worthy by going on errands to the market. When Stephen was at home he used to accompany uncle Charles to the market. Uncle Charles always picked up apples and other things to eat that were displayed in open shelves in the shops and forced Stephen to eat them. The shop-keepers did not like it but they never protested against this practice of uncle Charles. His other activity was to learn racing on the track under the coaching of the trainer Mike Flynn. Although he was appreciated by Dedalus, he did not fascinate Stephen very much. He looked very funny whenever he ran because of his remarkable belly. Uncle also took Stephen to the church and because Stephen was not tall enough to reach the font, uncle Charles used to sprinkle water upon Stephen from the font. When he offered prayers, he knelt on his red handkerchief and read audibly from the prayer book whose pages were blackened with use. Stephen often wondered why his uncle prayed with such immense sincerity and gravity. He thinks that uncle Charles might be praying for the souls in purgatory or for a peaceful and painless death, or he may be praying

in order to get back the fortune he had squandered away. On Sundays, Stephen, his father and uncle Charles used to go for long walks, as long as ten or twelve miles. Stephen used to listen carefully and attentively when the elders talked about the things in which they took interest, generally politics or the legends of their own family. Whenever Stephen did not understand a word, he repeated it to himself till he grasped the word by heart. He felt that the time when he would participate in these activities of the world as a grown up and matured man was approaching him.

His Imagination

Stephen had read a translation of *The Count of Monte Cristo.* The count had formed a terrible and forceful image in his mind. He imagined that Mercedes resided in a certain house on the road that led to the mountains. During his walks he took this house as a mark of the distance that he had covered. In his fantasy, he lived through a series of adventures. At the end of these reveries he saw himself growing older and distressed, deserting his beloved as the count had done. Stephen joined a group of adventurers with a boy named Aubrey Mills. They attacked the gardens of old maids, or went down to the old castle and fought mock battles there. Aubrey and Stephen drove in the milk-car to Carickmines, where the cows grazed. During autumn cows were kept indoors and for Stephen the dirty cowherd, with puddles of liquid dung and steaming bran troughs were extremely repelling. The cows had looked beautiful in the open countryside but now Stephen could not tolerate even their milk.

Retreat from Clongowes

When Stephen came home things had changed. Stephen was not to be sent back to Clongowes. Because Mike Flynn was hospitalised the running lessons came to an end. Aubrey was at school and was free only for an hour or two in the evenings. The gang was no more and there were neither visitings to gardens nor the fights on the rocks. Stephen went with the milk-car and overcame his repulsion for the cattle. He fancied that it would be a good life if he had to deliver milk, provided his hands were in gloves and pocket full of gingernuts. Stephen was dimly aware that his father was in pain and that this was the reason why he had not been sent back to school. He noticed several little changes in the house that appalled him because he had never fancied those changes to be possible. He often dreamt about Mercedes but a strange uneasiness would creep into his blood. The noise of children at play irritated him and he lost his interest in games. He wished to find in the real world, the etheral image that he had formed in his mind. He did not know where or how to find it, but he felt certain that one day he would find this image without any conscious effort on his part. They would meet calmly and peacefully as if they had known each other for a very long

time. They would meet in the solitude covered with darkness and silence and, in that moment of grand tenderness he would be transformed.

Reminiscences of Dublin

One morning two great caravans stopped before their door. Men came into the house and took all the furniture. Everything was taken out of the house and put into the vans. The vans drove away in the direction of Dublin. Stephen saw them from the window of the railway carriage. He finally understood that his father had enemies who compelled them to quit their earlier home. He had a premonition that there was going to be a big fight and that he would be needed to take part in this battle. The change from the convenience and comfort of Blackrock, the journey through the grim foggy city, the thought of the bare and gloomy house in which they were now to reside made him unhappy. He had an intuition that the future would be even, more dismal and dreary. He now realised why their servants often whispered in corners. Charles had become so eccentric that he could not be sent on errands any longer. Stephen now found himself more free than he used to be at Blackrock. In the beginning Stephen satisfied himself by walking round the square or going half-way down the streets. Later, he roughly memorised the map of the city and walked down the central road till he approached the custom house. He walked among the ducks and the quays. There were bundles of merchandise piled along the walls or pulled high out of the holes of steamers. All this made the city seem amazingly new to him. His previous uneasiness returned. He was discontented with himself for being the victim of stupid impulses and also with the unexpected change in their situation which made it seem probable that their life now would be insecure and miserable. He recorded patiently what he underwent detaching himself from it and experiencing its disgrace in privacy.

Streams of Thoughts related with the Girl in the Tram

Stephen had gone to a children's party at Harold's Cross. He kept silent and did not take much part in the games. Children were revelling around him and though he did his best to share their happiness yet his sorrow did not quit him. After singing a song he withdrew into a cosy corner of the room. He started enjoying his loneliness. The merry-making that had annoyed him earlier began to seem pleasing now. When the party was over, he went towards a tram and a girl went with him. He could smell her fresh warm breath as she walked by him. It was the last tram of the evening and even the horses seemed to understand it. Stephen was on the upper step and the girl was on the lower. There was silence all around. The girl would come to his step and go back to her own, sometimes staying at his step for long time. Stephen had understood the suggestions conveyed through her eyes. She wanted him to hug and kiss her. He now realized

what Eileen had wished him to do when she had run away from him with laughter. No one would notice them but Stephen stood at his place without paying any attention to her and rejected the silent offer of that girl. He tore his ticket into pieces and stared unhappily at the footboard of the horse tram.

Stephen's Attempt to Write a Poem

Next day, Stephen sat at his table in order to compose a poem. As according to his habit he wrote letters of the Jesuit motto on the top of the page. He wrote "To E—C—" as the title for the poem. He knew this was the most agreeable way to start a poem. He had seen likewise titles in the poems of Byron. When he had written the title and drawn a decorative line under it, he fell into a reverie and started drawing diagrams on the cover of the book. He recalled sitting at his table in the morning after the Christmas dinner and trying to come up with a single line poem on Parnell. But he could not compose and thus started writing the names of his school mates. There was the chance of another failure but by meditating over the incident he tried to gain confidence. As he meditated over the incident, all that was insignificant got erased and only the significant and essential remained. The poem told only of the night and the fragrant breeze and the bright light of the impressive moon. Some undefined sorrow was hidden in the hearts of the two leading figures of the poem, who stood in silence under the barren trees. When the time of farewell came the man gave the kiss from which the real Stephen had withdrawn. After composing the poem Stephen hid the book. He went to his mother's bedroom and looked at himself in the mirror of the dressing-table for quite a long time.

Stephen Go to a New School

One morning Stephen came to know from the conversation of his parents that he would be admitted to a new school. His father had met his friend who had good connections with the Jesuits and Stephen could get a free admission there at the Jesuit school named Belvedere College. Maurice, Stephen's younger brother would also go to school along with him. Mr. Dedalus said that he had a talk with the rector and was happy to learn that Stephen had gathered enough courage to go to him and report against Father Dolan's wrong punishment. The rector did not mind Stephen's coming to him and called him a spirited boy.

The Play at Whitsuntide

At Whitsuntide a play was to be staged. Stephen had been elected as a secretary to the gymnasium because he was known as a good student. His

role was to be that of a humourous teacher in the second of the plays to be staged. He did not like his role at all. Heron and the other boys teased him over his girlfriend. He made the boys laugh by reciting the words of the ritual of confession. The boys advised him to pack his role more fun by copying the manner of the rector of the school. They even imitated his accent before Dedalus to make him understand how they wanted it to be done. After the play Stephen felt very much wretched and distressed and lied from his parents who had come to see it.

The Accusation of Heresy

Teachers liked the weekly essays of Stephen. But one week the English teacher remarked that he had found heresy in the essays of Stephen. He suggested that it might be probable that he had done it unknowingly and without any intention to commit heresy. When Stephen requested to know where the teacher had noticed this heresy, the teacher told him where he had said that it was impossible for the soul to come nearer to the creator. Stephen said what he had meant was reaching and not coming close to the God. The teacher was satisfied with this interpretation. Unfortunately few classmates were not ready to forgive Stephen so easily. They pursued him after the classes. They asked him to tell them as to whom he considered the greatest writer. Stephen replied that he thought Cardinal Newman to be the greatest among the prose-writers. They could not object to this because Newman was a famous Catholic. Then they asked him whom he considered the greatest poet while at the same time telling him that Tennyson was the greatest poet. Stephen said that he thought Tennyson to be master of rhymes and not a poet at all. He thought that Byron was the most eminent poet. They argued that Byron was a heretic. Stephen said that he did not care for his heresy. On hearing this, they caught hold of him and thrashed him with a stalk of cabbage that one among them had taken out of the gutter. However, Stephen did not feel any anger towards them in spite of their callous behaviour. The names of the students were Heron, Boland and Nashe.

The Travel to Cork

Stephen's father had to visit Cork to sell off some property that he had there. During this visit Stephen also went with him. His father took him to University College and told him about various incidents of the time when he had been there as a student. But Stephen felt bored. He found no interest in his father's tiresome talk and self appraisal. His father sang a song to himself:

'Tis youth and folly
Make young men marry,
So here my love, I'll
No longer stay.
What can't be cured, sure,
Must be injured, sure,
So I'll go to
Americay.
My love she's handsome,
My love she's bony:
She's like good whisky
When it is new;
But when 'tis old
And growing cold
It fades and dies like ,
The mountain dew.'

The tone of this song lightened Stephen's mood.

Stephen and the Whore

One evening Stephen happened to pass through a narrow and muddy street. He could hear shouts and unpleasant noise coming out of the houses. Stephen wondered whether he had committed any mistake by coming into this part of the city. He could see several girls and women putting on long gowns moving from house to house. Before the doors and in brightened halls he could see several groups of people who seemed to have come together as if for some ritual. For Stephen it seemed as if he had entered a new world; as if he had arisen from the sleep of centuries. He stood in the middle of the road very still. A young lady putting on a long pink gown laid her hand on his arm and looked into his eyes very lovingly and lustfully. She told him to come in. Stephen entered a very warm and pleasant room. He stood silently in the middle of the room and the woman started putting off her clothes. Thereafter she caressed him and lowered her lips in order to be kissed. But Stephen would not proceed. The woman suddenly pulled down his head and pressed her own lips on Stephen's. Stephen closed his eyes and surrendered himself completely to her.

Critical Comments

Delineation of Dublin

The second chapter begins by focussing upon the three faces of Dublin—its music, sport and religion: "The first is exhibited via uncles

Charles singing sentimental ballads in the outhouse; the second via Stephen's ritual run around the park under the eye of a super-annuated trainer, which his uncle enjoins on him as the whole duty of a Dubliner; the third via the clumsy piety of uncle Charles, kneeling on a red handkerchief and reading above his breath "from thumb blackened prayer book wherein catchwords were printed at the foot of every page". This Trinity of themes is unwound and entwined throughout the chapter, like a net woven round Stephen: "it underlies the central incident, the whitsuntide play in the Belvedere Chapel (religion), which opens with a display by the dumbbell team (sport) preluded by sentimental waltzes from the soldier's band (music)".

Analogy

Chapter 2 deals with the similarity between Stephen's present experiences and those he had gone through in the past. This analogy covers the characters also: "While he is waiting to play his part, Stephen is taunted by fellow-students, who rally him on a fancied love-affair and smiting his calf with a cane bid him recite the *Confiteor*. His mind goes back to an analogous incident, when a similar punishment had been visited on his refusal to "admit that Byron was no good." The further analogy with Father Dolan is obvious; love, art, and personal independence are thus united in an ideogram of the prepossessions Stephen is determined to cultivate in the teeth of persecution."

The Ironic Contrast

Chapter 2 also deals with the ironic clash between the world of Stephen's dreams and that of the contemptible reality that he encounters in Dublin: "The dream-world Stephen nourishes within himself is played against manifestations of music, sport, and religion throughout the chapter. The constant ironic clash of Dublin vs the dream animates Chapter 2, as the clash of the ego vs. authority did Chapter 1. All these themes come to focus during Stephen's visit with his father to Cork. The dream of rebellion he has silently cultivated is externalized by the discovery of the word Foetus carved in a desk by a forgotten medical student." Stephen contemplates: "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 monstrous reveries came thronging into his memory. They too had sprung up before him, suddenly and furiously, out of mere words."

Defiant Thoughts

Stephen's search for reality, first, takes the shape of rebellion: "The possibility of shame gaining the upper hand is dashed, however, by the

sudden banal intrusion of his father's conversation ("When you kick out for yourself, Stephen, as I daresay you will one of these days, remember, whatever you do, to mix with gentlemen...."). Against the standards of Dublin his montrous reveries acquire a Satanic glamour, and the trauma is slowly diverted into a resolution to rebel. After his father has expressed a resolve to "leave him to his Maker" (religion), and uttered to "sing a tenor song against him" (music) or "vault a fivebarred gate against him" (sport), Stephen muses, watching his father and two cronies drinking to the memory of their past." He perceives: "An abyss of fortune or of temperament sundered him from them. His mind seemed older than theirs: it shone coldly on their strifes and happiness and regrets like a moon upon a younger earth. No life or youth stirred in him as it had stirred in them. He had known neither the pleasure of companionship with others nor the vigour of rude male health nor filial piety. Nothing stirred with his soul but a cold and cruel and loveless lust."

After his last futile endeavour to compromise with Dublin on Dublin's terms ("The pot of pink enamel paint gave out and the wainscot of his bedroom remained with its unfinished and ill plastered coat") Stephen wildly cultivates his rebellious views and while moving "among distorted images of the outer world," drops lastly into the arms of prostitutes. "The holy encounter he had then imagined at which weakness and timidity and inexperience were to fall from him" becomes an inversion of Father Dolan's and uncle Charles' religion: his arrival into the night-town is depicted with startling evocations of a Black Mass like in *Ulysses*; "The yellow gasflames arose before his troubled vision against the vapoury sky, burning as if before an altar. Before the doors and in the lighted halls groups were gathered array as for some rite. He was in another world: he had awakened from a slumber of centuries."

Advancement of Themes

As Stephen's story is disclosed, themes move forward as new themes join them: "Each chapter in the *Portrait* gathers up the thematic material of the preceding ones and entwines them with a dominant theme of its own. In Chapter 3 the fear pandybat motif is present in Father Arnall's crudely, materialistic hell, of which even the thickness of the walls is specified; and the Dublin vs. dream motif has ironic inflections in Stephen's terror-stricken broodings, when the dream has been twisted into a dream of holiness, and even Dublin appears transfigured." He thinks of spiritual beauty: "How beautiful must be a soul in the state of grace when God looked upon it with love!"

"Frowsy girls sat along the curbstones before their baskets. Their dark hair trailed over their brows. They were not beautiful to see as they crouched in the mire. But their souls were seen by God; and if their souls

were in a state of grace they were radiant to see; and God loved them, seeing them."

Stephen's Quest for a Father-Figure

In Chapter 2, it is clearly revealed that Stephen's relationship with his father was not happy and harmonious: "This problem of paternity becomes a major theme in Joyce's work and is generally referred to as the *Search for the father motif.* This theme has become almost a twentieth-century pre-occupation and is prominent in the work of Thomas Wolfe, William Faulkner and D.H. Lawrence to mention only a few. Joyce's heroes invariably suffer because of their relationship to a father figure, whether it be priest, teacher, or actual father. Stephen's psychological search for a father is more fully developed in *Ulysses,* but the theme has its roots in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* Joyce's own experiences with his father were not like that of Stephen's. "Simon Dedalus is a continual source of humiliation and disappointment to his son; 'Any allusion made to his father by a fellow or by a master put his claim to rout in a moment! Stephen remains to the end the unforgiving son who views his father as an improvident foster parent." Joyce had used this motif because of its universal significance particularly in the modern world: "Just as in the ancient myth of Daedalus and Icarus, Joyce is interpreting the modern day problem as that of the son against the father for the mastery of the universe. On this symbolic level, the father figure becomes a kind of initiatory priest who should guide the son into the larger adult world. Simon Dedalus, like most, of Joyce's fictional fathers is a glaring failure in this regard. Thus, in reversing the classic pattern, Joyce is able to comment ironically on modern man."

Mother-Figure

Stephen's first sexual experience is very much significant because we know that "he has developed a silent aloofness in an effort to escape the moral cheapness of his world, and his yearning for love and beauty lead him into the arms of a whore". But in Stephen's first, sexual experience we see that he is still a child and that the woman is really playing a mother role. Joyce's heroes are always both sons and lovers, and his heroines are generally very maternal." It is only externally that this experience gives him maturity and companionship. But inwardly he is still lonely. "Stephen's moral growth continues along with his delusions of maturity and his social alienation. The soul's incurable loneliness was another obsession of Joyce's and Stephen is the embodiment of that estrangement which constantly measures the distance between souls, and between the ideal and the reality." This sense of loneliness once again indicates the fact that Stephen is a potential artist as he is too sensitive in his attitude to things and persons around him.

CHAPTER-3

Self-Condemnation

After that experience Stephen visited the brothels frequently and in fact became quite a familiar face in that part of the city. But he was perpetually haunted by the sense of sin. Since the first visit he felt that vitality had passed out of his soul. Drained and listless, he was now able to make a detached assessment of himself. He was aware that he had committed grievious sin, not once but many times, and that he was now eternally damned. There was no penance that could wash away his sins. Prayer was useless because he could not forget that he had wilfully and knowingly caused the destruction of his own soul. Thus he found himself in terrible awe of God. He was sure that his sin was too serious to be forgiven.

Retreat in Honour of Saint Francis Xavier

A three day retreat was to be arranged in the school in honour of the patron saint of the school St. Francis Xavier. The rector said that the saint came of an eminent Spanish family. He was one of the first disciples of Saint Ignatius. Both Ignatius and the patron saint had met in France when Francis Xavier was a professor of philosophy. His mind was possessed by the preachings of Saint Ignatius. In accordance with his own wishes, he was sent to India in order to preach Christianity to Indians. He was called the apostle of the Indies. He travelled from country to country in the east, from Africa to India, India to Japan spreading the word and baptizing people. It is said that he had baptized around ten thousand converts in one month. People said that his right arm became powerless because he had raised it innumerable times to put it on the heads of those whom he baptized in order to bless them. He wanted to go to China with the purpose of baptizing more people but he died of fever on an Island.

The Meaning of Retreat

The rector interpreted the meaning of the retreat. It was the most appreciable practice for all who longed to lead before God and man a purely Christian life. Sometimes it denoted the retraction from the worries and cares of our life, in order to scrutinize the state of our conscience and meditate upon the mysteries of true religion and to comprehend why we are sent into this world. He told them that in the course of those few days, he would talk to them particularly on the last four subjects that he had marked. These subjects were mentioned in their books of catechism— death, judgement, hell and heaven. He wanted them to comprehend these concepts completely, so that they may extract the maximum benefit from

the retreat. He told them that they had been sent to the world for one thing and just one thing—it was to perform God's holy will and rescue dying souls. The only worthy and important thing in the world was the salvation of soul. Nothing in the whole world was capable of compensating the loss of one's soul. He told them to keep aside all worldly cares during the period of retreat. They should pay all their attention to the condition of their souls. He asked them to maintain peace and pious conduct and not to create any unpleasant situation. They were asked to keep away from worldly pleasures. The elder boys were told to look after the maintenance of peaceful conduct and customs. They were asked to see that the customs were not violated. He called upon the officers of the two sodalities to set a good example. These words mortified Stephen for he was an office bearer of one of these sodalities : the sodality of our Blessed Lady. They must attend upon the retreat faithfully and wholeheartedly. God will then bless them in their studies during the whole year. This retreat would become the foundation of a true Christian life that they would later recall with pride and delight. He specially prayed for those students who had lost God's grace by having committed a grievious sin. Stephen could not forget how closely these words applied to his personal life.

Rector's Speech on Death and Judgement

The next day, the rector gave his speech on death and judgement. Stephen's soul was stirred awake from the state of listhessness into which it had sunk. His fear now turned into great terror as he heard the dry and harsh voice of the rector. He felt touched by the immense coldness of death which deadens his vital senses one by one like lamps extinguished one by one. Stephen could feel all the actions and reactions of a dying struggling man as described by the rector. He felt as if he was close to death and soon his mortal body would be placed into the grave, to be eaten by worms and moulder into dust. After that, the rector started speaking about judgement. Though the friends of the dead man would be still around his bed yet his soul would be examined by God. At the last moment of life on earth, the whole of his life flashed before the eyes of the dying man, but before he could reflect on it, the body would die and leave the soul to stand terrified before the judgement seat of God. God who had long been merciful, would then judge without mercy. He had long been patient, pleading with the sinful soul, giving it time to repent, sparing it yet awhile. But that time had gone. There was a time to sin and to enjoy, to scoff at God and at the warnings of his holy church, to defy his majesty, to disobey his commands, to hoodwink one's fellow men, to commit sin after sin and to hide one's corruption from the sight of men. But that time was over. Now it was God's turn: and he was not be hoodwinked or deceived. Every sin would then come forth from its

lurking place, the tiniest imperfection and the most heineous atrocity alike. What did it avail then to have been a great emperor, a great general, a marvellous inventor, the most learned of the learned? All would be as one before the judgement seat of God. He would reward the good and punish the wicked. One single instant was enough for the trial of a man's soul. After a particular judgement was over the soul would be sent to the abode of bliss or to the prison of purgatory or hurled howling into hell."

After this particular judgement there would also be a general judgement, in which God's justice would be justified in the eyes of everybody. This could happen on doomsday. On doomsday stars would fall from the sky, the luminous sun would become a sackcloth of hair, the moon would become bloodred. The sky would be "as a scroll rolled away." Then archangel Michael would appear glorious and terrible against the sky. He would have rested one foot on the sea and the other on the ground and blown his trumpet three times indicating the death of time itself. At the third sound of the trumpet, the souls would get up and go near him. The majestic judge would then appear. He would be no longer the merciful Jesus, but God Almighty in his perfect power. His voice would reach the farthest limit of space and the bottom of the sea. "Supreme Judge, from his sentence there will be and can be no appeal." He would call the good and just to his side, permitting them to enter his kingdom, the eternity of bliss which has been made for them. He would then cast away the unjust into the perpetual fire. Then, the souls of sinners would be in immeasurable agony. "Friend is torn apart from friend, children are torn from their parents, husbands from their wives. The poor sinner holds out his arms to those who were dear to him in this earthly world, to those whose simple piety perhaps he made a mock of, to those who counselled him and tried to lead him on the right path, to a kind brother, to a loving sister, to the mother and father who loved him so dearly." But it would be too late. The good would go away from the damned sinners whose misdeeds now lay revealed to everybody. "Death is certain..... cometh at an hour when you little expect Him..... Death is the end of us all. Death and judgement brought into the world by the sin of our first parents.....". It is only a true Christian who could mock at death at the end. For example Addison said in his heart at the last moment:

O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

The Fall of Adam and Eve

God had created Adam and Eve to occupy the vacant places in heaven after the expulsion of Lucifer and his rebellious followers. Once, Lucifer was the son of the morning, a glorious angel, yet he fell with a third part of the heavenly host of angels. Theologians said that he had committed the

sin of pride when he made the statement that he would no longer serve God. The moment of this haughty arrogance was his ruin for ever. Adam and Eve were created and put in the garden of Eden. Eden was brimming with vegetation and fruits. Birds and beasts were the servants of Adam and Eve. Only one condition was imposed on them, they were forbidden to taste the fruit of knowledge. But they were thrown away because they disobeyed the God. They were instigated by the Devil against God. He approached them in the shape of a serpent. He was jealous of Adam and Eve and in order to hurt God he came to tempt them to sin. He met Eve first and tempted her against God. They were told that if they ate the fruit of the forbidden tree, they would be equal to God. They would be like God himself. Eve became the victim of this temptation. She gave the fruit to Adam also who could not gather enough moral courage to say 'no'. Thus, they were thrown away from Eden and Devil proved successful in his plait. Then God called upon his creatures to account for the sin they had committed. Michael had driven away the sinful couple with a blazing sword in his hand. Adam and Eve, were driven to the mortal world—the world of disease, struggle, where they had to earn their food with the sweat of their toil.

Paradise Regained

God was merciful and kind to them (Adam and Eve) and promised "that in the fullness of time, he would send down from heaven one who would redeem them, make them once more children of God and heirs to the kingdom of heaven : and that one, that Redeemer of fallen man, was to be God's only begotten son, the second person of the most blessed trinity, the Eternal Word." Jesus came to the world and preached his gospel, very few among the listeners followed his preaching. Various people made fun of him and called him a criminal. Ultimately he was crucified. A crown of thorns was put on his head, his side was pierced with a lance and the blood trickled out perpetually from the wound. Even in this moment of supreme pain, the Redeemer had sympathy for mankind. "Yet even there, on the hill of calvary, he founded the holy catholic church against which, it is promised, the gates of hell shall not prevail. He founded it upon the rock of ages and endowed it with His grace, with sacraments and sacrifice, and promised that if men would obey the word of His church they would still enter into eternal life but if, after all that had been done for them, they still persisted in their wickedness, there remained for them an eternity of torment : hell."

How the Sinners would be Punished

The rector asked the students to realize the nature of hell. Hell was created by the supreme God. Hell is a dark and foul smelling prison, the

residence of demons and lost souls. It is filled with fire and smoke. The prison on earth at least provides space to the culprits to move in but in hell, the number of damned soul is so great that they are utterly bound and helpless. The thickness of the walls of hell is four thousand miles. It was written by a holy man that condemned souls were held together so closely that they were incapable of removing from their eye the worm that might be gnawing at it. There is utter darkness. The fire of hell gives out no light. It is immensely hot but it keeps on burning perpetually in darkness. It is darkness all around—dark flames, dark smoke, of burning sulphur. Amidst that the bodies are heaped one upon another without even any tiny space for air. Of all the plagues that once afflicted Pharoahs, the plague of darkness was most horrible. In hell the plague of darkness is everlasting.

The Horrible Picture of Hell

The horrors of hell are intensified by the unbearable foul that prevails there. All the garbage and filth of the world ran there in a vast sewer. The noxious odour is caused by the huge hulk of sulphur that is burning there all the time. Even the bodies of sinners produce a foul smell, it is so bad that even one of them would be sufficient to infect the entire world. Therefore, one could fancy how unbearable the foul air of hell must be.

The Fire of Hell

Stench is not only the source of torment in hell, the torment of fire is far more intense. Even in this world the greatest pain a tyrant can inflict on his fellow creatures is to put them on fire. One can experience the torment of fire even by putting a finger on its flame for a shortwhile. Fire on earth was created for the advantage of man, but the fire of hell was made to torture and torment the unrepentant sinners. The fire on earth burns according to the nature of the fuel. Moreover, man has invented some substances that can put off fire. But the sulphur that burnt in hell had been made to keep burning with undying intensity. It is everlasting, but fire on earth burns only for a short duration. The fire in hell can not be confined, it extends over an infinite space. It is said that the Devil declared that if a whole mountain was thrown into the fire of hell it would burn up like a piece of wax instantly. This fire would not just affect the body of the sinners externally, but each condemned soul would embody hell and fire would be blazing in its very vitals. It is not possible to describe the agony of these damned persons. The blood boils in their veins, their brain within the skull, the heart within the breast, intestines turn a red hot mass of burning pulp and the delicate eyes flame like the soothing balls. This fire is greatly intense because it comes from the fury of God. It torments the body and soul equally.

The Gathering of the Damned

The agony produced by hell is further aggravated by the perennial company of other sinners. Bad company is so contemptible even on earth that even plants retreat instinctively from what is venomous. In hell, damned souls howl and shout, upon each other, every damned soul screams and thus the torment becomes more intense. Even the farthest corners of hell are echoed by the cries of the damned. As they suffer they utter curses upon God whom they think is the cause of their sufferings. They reproach their own souls which were their partners in sin.

The Demons in Hell

The torment of the damned is made more miserable by the presence of demons. A pious woman who had once seen a devil wrote that she would prefer to walk on a track of red-hot coals for the whole of her life but would never like to see that sight again. These demons are ugly and hideous. They make fun of and jeer at the damned souls whom they drag to their destruction. They become the inner voices of the souls. They ask the sinner why they had committed sins. Now there is no opportunity to repent. The devils themselves had sinned against God. But even they are revolted by the sight of those who did not repent when they had time. Then, the rector prayed that it might not happen to be their lot to be thrown into hell.

Stephen's Confession of Sin

This sermon deeply affected Stephen, it touched the very depth of his conscience. He decided to go to a priest and confess his sins. The priest was very kind and full of pity and compassion. He told him not to repeat the sin of impurity. He was still too young. Sin "kills the body and it kills the soul. It is the cause of many crimes and misfortunes..... It is dishonourable and unmanly. You can not know where that wretched habit will lead you or where it will come against you..... Pray to our mother Mary to help you... Pray to our Blessed Lady when that sin comes into your mind..... And you will promise God now that by His holy grace you will never offend Him anymore by that wicked sin. You will make that solemn promise to God, will you not ?" He further said that the devil had misled him. Now Stephen should drive him back to hell whenever he tempted him to commit a sinful act. After the absolution Stephen knelt down in a corner to say his prayer of penance. He felt renewed, with a fresh life full of grace, purity and delight.

Critical Comments

Sin : The Theme

The most repetitive theme of Chapter 3, according to Hugh Kenner, is that of sin. The reconciliation in these terms between the outer world and the desires of Stephen, he believes, is too inadequate to need commentary; and it makes clear as nothing else could the hopeless inversion of his attempted self-sufficiency. It also underscores his persistent sin. "A fugue-like opening plays upon the Seven Deadly Sins in turn : gluttony is in the first paragraph ("'Stuff it into you, his belly counselled him"), followed by lust, then sloth ("A cold lucid indifference reigned in his soul"), pride ("His pride in his own sin, his loveless awe of God, told him that his offence was too grievous to be atoned for"), anger ("The blundering answer stirred the embers of his contempt for his fellows"); finally, a recapitulation fixes each term of the mental catalogue in a phrase, enumerating how 'from the evil seed of lust all the other deadly sins had sprung forth'."

Stephen's Theological Obscurity

Beside the theme of sin is the theme of punishment. Stephen is presented as not only an acute judge of himself but also as a severe castigator of himself: "Priest and punisher inhabit Stephen himself as well as Dublin: when he is deepest in sin he is most thoroughly a theologian. A paragraph of gloomy introspection is juxtaposed with a list of theological questions that puzzle Stephen's mind as he awaits the preacher : 'Is baptism with mineral water valid? How comes it that while the first beatitude promises the kingdom of heaven to the poor of heart, the second beatitude promises also the meek that they shall possess the land?..... If the wine change into vinegar and the host crumble into corruption after they have been consecrated, is Jesus Christ still present under their species as God and as man?

-Here he is ! Here he is !

'A boy from his post at the window had seen the rector come from the house. All the catechisms were opened and all heads bent upon them silently.' Wine changed into vinegar and the host crumbled into corruption fits exactly the Irish clergy of 'a church which was the scullery-maid of Christendom'. The excited 'Here he is! Here he is!' following hard on the mention of Jesus Christ and indicating nothing more portentous than the rector makes the point as dramatically as anything in the book, and the clinching sentence, with the students suddenly bending over their catechisms, places the rector as the vehicle of pandybat morality." Doubts of sin and punishment are linked with those of damnation and salvation and Stephen's obsession with these questions reveals the seriousness with which he takes life. At this stage, Stephen's conviction is a fervent one in spite of the fact that doubts and questions arise in his mind. Hugh Kenner observes the significance of Stephen's doubts: "The last of the theological

questions is the telling question. Stephen never expresses doubt of the existence of God nor of the essential validity of the priestly office and he talks of a 'malevolent reality' behind these appearances—but the wine and bread that were offered for his veneration were changed into vinegar and crumbled into corruption. And it was the knowledge of that underlying validity clashing with his refusal to do homage to vinegar and rot that evoked his ambivalent poise of egocentric despair. The hell of Father Arnall's sermon, so emotionally overwhelming, so picayune beside the horrors that Stephen's imagination can generate, had no more ontological content for Stephen than had 'an eternity of bliss in the company of the Dean of studies'."

Most Vital Conflict

The most crucial theme in Chapter 3 is that of the conflict between reality and illusion. Stephen's concern with this conflict indicate his progress towards maturity. "The conflict of this central chapter is again between the phantasmal and the real. What is real—psychologically real, because realized in Stephen's anguish and remorse and its context in the life of the flesh. What is phantasmal is the "heaven" of the Church and the "good life" of the priest. It is only fear that makes him clutch after the latter at all: his reaching out after orthodox salvation is, as we have come to expect, presented in terms that judge it." Stephen takes the decision to confess: "The wind blew over him and passed on to the myriads and myriads of other souls on whom God's favour shone now more and now less, stars now brighter and now dimmer, sustained and failing, merged in a moving breath. One soul was lost; a tiny soul: his. It flickered once and went out, forgotten, lost. The end: black cold void waste.

Consciousness of place came ebbing back to him slowly over a vast tract of time unlit, unfelt, unlived. The squalid scene composed itself around him; the common accents, the burning gas-jets in the shops, odours of fish and spirits and wet sawdust, moving men and women. An old woman was about to cross the street, an oilcan in her hand. He bent down and asked her was there a chapel near."

The waste world of flickering stars is the best Stephen has been able to do towards a fancied grasp of the communion of Saints sustained by the Almighty : "unlit, unfelt, unlived" explains briefly why it has very little hold on him. once fear had gone. Likewise relevant is the vision of human temporal occupations the sermon inspires : "What did it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lost his soul? At last he had understood: and human life lay around him, a plain of peace whereon ant like men laboured in brotherhood, their dead sleeping under quiet mounds."

Picture of Hell

The priest's description of hell is hair-raising but it is so grotesque that it makes one suspect that Joyce's intention is ironical and satirical as well. Hugh Kenner remarks that "to maintain the life of grace amidst nature, sustained by an cramped a vision of nature's life, would mean maintaining an unbearable tension. Stephen's philosophic bias, his firm resolve to understand the purpose of his existence exclude his following the double standard of the people of Dublin, to live both the life of nature and the life of grace, he must enjoy an imaginative grasp of their relationship which omits neither. "No one doth will against his will", says Saint Augustine, "even though what he doth be well," and Stephen's will is firmly yoked to his understanding. And there is nobody in Dublin who can help him achieve understanding. Father Arnall's sermon excludes rather than secures a desirable outcome for it follows the rule of pandybat morality and the materialism of Dublin. Its only probable influence on Stephen is to stir his sleeping conscience into a frenzy. The interpretation of Hell as "a strait and dark and loathsome prison," a house of demons and lost souls, filled with fire and smoke, with walls four thousand miles thick, its condemned souls packed in so tightly that "they are not even able to remove from the eye the worm that gnaws it," is too monstrous; and the hair-raising list of pains—pain of loss, pain of conscience (divided into three heads), pain of extension, pain of intensity and eternity—is given in a brainlessly analytic manner that effectively prevents any corresponding heaven from possessing any reality at all.

The Centre of Morality

The priest's sermon on hell is considered as the moral centre of the novel, and it makes Stephen's rejection of his religion in Chapter 5 all the more dramatic : "It serves the same thematic purpose as Father Mapple's sermon on Jonah in *Moby Dick* or Ivan's legend of the Grand Inquisitor in *The Brothers Karamazov*." Joyce is dealing with a theme that was of remarkable significance to the last, generation : "The question of eternal punishment was of great theological interest in the latter part of the nineteenth century. There were numerous tracts and sermons on the subject printed at this time and Joyce, no doubt, had access to the accounts of various religious writers". However, the chapter is a combination of Joyce's reading and his personal experiences at the Jesuit schools that he attended. "He had an extraordinary memory, and he was able to draw from his own first hand recollections of similar retreats he had attended as a boy. And although his account has been criticized for being a rather incomplete and one-sided picture of such a retreat, it is still an astonishingly accurate reflection of nineteenth century Irish Catholic thought on the subject."

Humour

The sermon on Hell though terrifying, is not devoid of the touches of humour : "We should be aware that Joyce intended a certain amount of humour in the 'lire and brimstone' ranting of the preacher and Stephen's heart-rending remorse. Joyce viewed Stephen with sympathy but also with a detachment that allowed him to find some humour in the young adolescent's soul struggles."

Significance of the Retreat

The retreat is symbolically significant for Stephen : "On the symbolic and mythic level, this three day retreat could be viewed as Stephen's trip to a mythic underworld. The journey of the mythic hero generally includes a physical or mental crisis in which he experiences the torments of hell. This ancient pattern is as old as the Bible and as universal as eastern and western mythology. Such a descent or journey is in the tradition of Jonah's entry into the belly of the whale, of Joseph in the well, and the three day entombment of Christ. Stephen retreat (journey to hell) lasts three days during which he is led verbally by the priest through the torments of hell. And, like the hero of myth, Stephen comes back from his journey with a boon or elixir. In his case, it is an expansion of consciousness and a change of heart".

CHAPTER-4

Stephen, Devotee of God

Stephen's life now revolved around prayers and acts of piety. He dedicated his Sundays to the mystery of Holy Trinity, Mondays to the Holy Ghost, Tuesdays to the Guardian Angels, Wednesdays to Saint Joseph, Thursdays to the most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, Fridays to the Suffering Jesus and Saturdays to speculating on the Holy Virgin. Each morning he sanctified himself in front of some pious image or mystery. The cold breeze of the morning renewed his desire for a sacred life. He knelt down at the side altar along with some other worshippers who were present there. He fully devoted himself to God. He offered prayers all the time for the souls in purgatory, though he did not know how much of their torment was lightened by his prayers. Each thought, action and word of his, was full of piety. He said the rosary all the time keeping the beads in his trousers' pocket. He offered everyday each of the three chaplets so that his soul may become more virtuous. Each day of the week he prayed that one of the seven blessings of the Holy Ghost might be granted to him and destroy the seven deadly sins out of his mind, though it amazed him

that gifts like wisdom, knowledge, understanding should be treated so differently that they had to be prayed for on different days. Now he had become able to believe in the reality of God's love for His creation.

Stephen was greatly troubled by the thought that passions like anger had not deserted him completely. He had been cautioned that a consciousness of spiritual elevation was not without its hazards because it might obstruct the way of continued piety, so he tried to mortify and subdue his senses so that they may not overpower him and mislead him. In order to discipline his sense of sight he made it a rule to walk with eyes looking downward. His eyes avoided any confrontation with the eyes of women. In order to mortify his hearing, he exercised no control over his voice which was then breaking, he neither sang nor whistled and did not attempt to go away from noises that caused painful nervous irritation. Mortifying the sense of smell seemed to him very difficult because he found that he had no inherent repulsion for bad odours. He discovered ultimately that the only odour that he disliked was the foul and stale stink of fishes, it was like long-held urine. He put himself to this repugnant smell whenever it was possible. To mortify the sense of taste he practised restraint in eating, and attentively observed all the fasts of the church. He manifested maximum spirit of inventiveness in mortifying his sense of touch. He never consciously changed his position while sleeping, sat in the most uncomfortable postures, patiently suffered pain and itching, kept far from the warmth of the fire, and exposed his neck to the chilly wind, and put his arms by his sides, never putting it into the pocket. He did not feel any temptation to indulge in sex.

Stephen's Conversation with the Director

One day the director of the college had called Stephen and asked him if he had ever felt the call of becoming a Jesuit. He further said that such a call comes to only one or two students whose lives were of extraordinary piety and dedication. Stephen replied that though he had thought about it yet he had not arrived at any final decision. The priest said that such a call was a matter of pride for any Christian. A priest of God was more powerful than an angel, more even than the Blessed Mary herself, as he had "the power of the keys, the power to bind and to loose from sin, the power of exorcism, the power to cast out from the creatures of God the evil spirits that have power over them, the power, the authority, to make the great God of Heaven come down upon the altar and take the form of bread and wine." Stephen listened to the words of the director with deep reverance. He felt a voice telling him to go and pick up the gifts of secret knowledge. He would bo able to understand the secrets hidden from others. He would be able to hear the confessions of girls and women but still remain unstained in soul by virtue of being a priest. In spite of so much secret power he would remain innocent and uncontaminated.

Stephen's Disillusionment

But the dream of power soon gave way to an overpowering feeling of repulsion for the strictly disciplined and monotonous life of a priest. He imagined himself rising in the chill of morning and going for early mass and trying in vain to bear the fainting sickness of the stomach during prayers. He assumed himself sitting at dinner with the whole college community. He knew that he was too shy; his shyness might stand in the way of his performance of the duties of priesthood. He always wanted to stand apart from every order. Moreover, he did not like the idea of being addressed as 'The Reverend Stephen Dedalus'.

Epiphany

Stephen was standing at the sea-shore. There were many people swimming. He took off his clothes and went towards the water. The tide was low and isles of sand were gleaming here and there. There was a long rivulet in the strand. While wading in it he saw seaweed emerald, black russet and olive in colour visible beneath the current. The water was dark because it reflected the dark clouds swaying softly over him. The air was warm and still. Stephen felt that he was no longer a boy. He was all alone, unnoticed "amidst a waste of wild air and brackish waters and the seaharvest of shells and tangle and veiled grey sunlight and gayclad lightclad figures, of children and girls and voices childish and girlish in the air."

A girl was standing before him midstream. She was alone and silently gazing out to sea. She seemed to him a magically strange beautiful sea bird. "Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane's and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh. Her thighs, fuller and softhued as ivory, were bared almost to the hips where the white fringes of her drawers were like featherings of soft white down. Her slateblue skirts were kilted boldly about her waist and dovetailed behind her. Her bosom was as a bird's soft and slight, slight and soft as the breast of some dark plumaged dove. But her long fair hair was girlish: and girlish, and touched with the wonder of mortal beauty, her face." When the girl felt that Stephen was looking at her with admiration, she turned her look towards him boldly without any shame or wantonness. She felt his gaze for a long time and then quietly withdrew her eyes again towards the sea. She softly disturbed the water with her foot moving it here and there. The faint sound of stirring water broke the silence. Stephen felt an intensely profane joy. He turned away from her all of a sudden 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." The image of the girl

had passed into his soul forever and holy silence of his ecstasy had not been broken by any word. Her eyes had called him and Stephen's soul had leaped at 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 !" He stopped suddenly. He did not know how long a distance he had covered nor was he aware of the time. There was no one around him and no sound was there to be heard. The tide was about to turn and dusk was approaching. He moved towards the land. He did not mind the sharp shingle on the sloping shore as he ran. He found a sandy nook amid a ring of tufted sandknolls and lay down there so that the peace and silence of the evening might still the riot of his blood of the sky above him seemed to be a vast indifferent dome. Beneath, was the earth, that had given him birth and taken him to her bosom. He closed his eyes because of the langour of sleep. His eyelids trembled as if they felt the vast cyclonic movement of the earth and her watchers, as if they felt, the strange light of some new unfamiliar world. His soul was swooning into some new world, "fantastic dim, uncertain as under sea, traversed by cloudy shapes and beings." He fell asleep and woke up when evening had fallen. A rim of the moon was seen in the sky and the tide was flowing swiftly to the land.

Critical Comments

Symbolic Meaning

The aspirations of Stephen have a symbolic significance, since "Stephen is identified with both Icarus and Daedalus as the *mythic motif* weaves in and out of the imagery. At times he is like the crafty inventor, Daedalus, imprisoned in the labyrinth (Dublin) but devising a plan of escape. At other times he is like the rebellious and impetuous son, Icarus. Stephen predicts his fall, a fall symbolic of that of Icarus : 'He would fall.... he would fall silently, in an instant.' At the end of the chapter, during Stephens epiphany, he becomes convinced that his name, Dedalus, is a prophecy of the end he is to serve—a symbol of the artist and a call to life. He will create, with the power and freedom of that great artificer, Daedalus." Thus there are suggestions of the flight of Daedalus and the fall of Icarus.

Stephen's Quest for a Father-Figure

Stephen's search for a father continues: "For Joyce, the individual and national search for the father are rooted in the same psychological soil. When Stephen speaks of the disorder, the mis rule and confusion of his

had passed into his soul forever and holy silence of his ecstasy had not been broken by any word. Her eyes had called him and Stephen's soul had leaped at 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 !" He stopped suddenly. He did not know how long a distance he had covered nor was he aware of the time. There was no one around him and no sound was there to be heard. The tide was about to turn and dusk was approaching. He moved towards the land. He did not mind the sharp shingle on the sloping shore as he ran. He found a sandy nook amid a ring of tufted sandknolls and lay down there so that the peace and silence of the evening might still the riot of his blood of the sky above him seemed to be a vast indifferent dome. Beneath, was the earth, that had given him birth and taken him to her bosom. He closed his eyes because of the langour of sleep. His eyelids trembled as if they felt the vast cyclonic movement of the earth and her watchers, as if they felt, the strange light of some new unfamiliar world. His soul was swooning into some new world, "fantastic dim, uncertain as under sea, traversed by cloudy shapes and beings." He fell asleep and woke up when evening had fallen. A rim of the moon was seen in the sky and the tide was flowing swiftly to the land.

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Stephen's Quest for a Father-Figure

Stephen's search for a father continues: "For Joyce, the individual and national search for the father are rooted in the same psychological soil. When Stephen speaks of the disorder, the mis rule and confusion of his

father's house, he is referring not only to Simon Dedalus but also to Ireland itself. Joyce consciously cuts himself away from nationalist movements and social crusades out of a sense of futility and disillusionment." Stephen is here representative of Joyce.

Epiphany

The culminating point of the story occurs as Stephen walks along the sea beach : "His moment of spiritual revelation or epiphany is signalled by the sight of a lovely girl standing in the water. She is a symbol of futurity for Stephen, and her presence announces an impending spiritual rebirth for him. The baptismal quality of the experience is emphasized by the water imagery."

The moment signifies a revelation for Stephen, the soul's awakening from a long sleep : "Now Stephen sees himself clearly for the first time. He knows what he must do with his life. He has been called to another kind priesthood, that of the artist. For Stephen, the life of the church would have meant order but a denial of the senses, a renunciation of life. Instead, he will seek an affirmation of life in the power of words to confer an order and life of their own."

Invocatory Style

In the epiphany episode Joyce's style of writing takes the form of invocation rather than description : "He is working with the sound and rhythm of words, and as he spins his sentences the meanings of the words slip into the background. Their meaning is not particularly important to his aesthetic purpose. Stephen, voicing Joyce's own position, remarks that he is not sure whether he loves the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their association of legend and colour!" Thus Stephen is identical with Joyce in his attitude to words and language.

Stephen's Relation with Church

Stephen's connection with church is on the pattern of association and dissociation. Hugh Kenner talks about its significance : "Stephen's unstable pact with the church, and its dissolution, follows the pattern of composition and dissipation established by his other dreams : the dream for example of the tryst with "Mercedes", which found ironic reality among harlots."

It parallels his previous attempt to "build a breakwater of order and elegance against the sordid tide of life without him," whose failure, with the consumption of his money, was epiphanized in the running dry of a pot of pink enamel. At that time, "He bought presents for everyone, overhauled his rooms, wrote out resolutions, marshalled his books up and down their shelves, pored over all kinds of price list."

This is paralleled by his quest for spiritual elevation : "His daily life was laid out in devotional areas. By means of ejaculations and prayers he stored up ungrudgingly for the souls in purgatory centuries of days and quarantines and years .... He, offered up each of his three daily chaplets that his soul might grow strong in each of the three theological virtues....On each of the seven days of the week he further prayed that one of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost might descend upon his soul." He had opened a "loan bank" for the family out of which he had pressed loans on willing borrowers "that he might have the pleasure of making out receipts and reckoning the interests on sums lent." Similarly he prayed for souls in purgatory that he might take delight in the victory of "achieving with ease so many fabulous ages of canonical penances." Both reflections are parodies on the principle of economy of grace; both are endeavours, corrupted by motivating self interest, to make peace with Dublin on Dublin's own terms and conditions; and both are short lived.

We observe that action in the novel follows a rhythmical pattern in all the chapters. Each chapter ends with a synthesis and triumph which is destroyed by the chapter that follows : "As this precise analogical structure suggests, the action of each of the five chapters is really the same action. Each chapter closes with a synthesis of triumph which the next destroys. The triumph of the appeal to Father Conmee from lower authority, of the appeal to the harlots from Dublin, of the appeal to the Church from sin, of the appeal to art from the priesthood (the bird-girl instead oh the Virgin) is always the same triumph raised to a more comprehensive level. It is an attempt to find new parents; new fathers in the odd chapters, new objects of love in the even. The last version of Father Conmee is the "priest of the eternal imagination"; the last version of Mercedek is the "lure of the fallen seraphim." But last version of mother is that of one who prays on the concluding page "that I may learn in my own life and away from home and friends what the heart is and what it feels."

The Role of Female Characters

Like *Dubliners* and *Exiles*, the function of the female role in this novel *Portrait* is to explain masculine desires rather than to arouse it. Thus the complicated function in the book of physical love : the physical is the analogue of the spiritual, as St. Augustine stated in his *Confessions*. This affection moves between St. Augustine and St. John : the prostitute of Babylon and the Bride of Christ. The link between the two is a complex one and Stephen wavers in perpetual tension between them.

Stephen's Dream of Women

Stephen's vision of women is symbolically significant. It is significant that the imagery in Stephen's amorous poem is religious in nature. His

desire which takes shape in the vision of Monte Cristo's Mercedes, "to meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld" draws him toward the whore. "In her arms he felt that he had suddenly become strong and fearless and sure of himself," and side by side towards the vaguely spiritual contentment represented with paralleled vagueness by the wraithlike E—C—, to whom he writes two poems. The Emma Clery of *Stephen Hero*, with her loud forced manners and her desirable physicality was refined into a wraith with initials to parallel an intangible Church. She is all the time associated with the image of the Blessed Virgin and of the heavenly Bride. The torment that she causes him is the torment that his heresy causes him. His flirtation with her is his flirtation with Christ. His profane villanelle draws its imagery from religion—the incense, the eucharistic hymn, the chalice—and her heart, like Dante's image, is a rose, and in her appreciation "the earth was like a swinging swaying censer, a ball of incense."

Stephen's Relation with Emma

Stephen's relation with Emma is also rejected. The woman becomes the Church. His dream of greeting Mercedes with "a sadly proud gesture of refusal"—"Madam, I never eat muscatel grapes." is fulfilled when he rejects his Easter communion. In one encounter, Emma's eyes speak to him from beneath a cowl.

"The glories of Mary held his soul captive," and the temporary appeasement of his lust and his spiritual thirst is achieved as he reads the lesson from the *Songs of Solomon*. During the period of his repentance she acts as fictitious meditator: "the image of Emma appeared before him" and, feeling remorse, "he imagined that he stood near Emma in a wide land and, humbly and in tears, bent and kissed the elbow of her sleeve." Like the Beatrice of Dante she represents in his earthly experience the Church Triumphant of his spiritual dream. And when he steps back from her because she seems to be flirting with Father Moran, his anger is couched in the anti clerical terms of his apostasy: "He had done well to leave her to flirt with her priest, to toy with a church which was the scullerymaid of Christendom." It appears as if Stephen rejects Ireland for the only reason that a girl is found to flirt with a priest. Simultaneously it is also made clear that the church as it exists falls far short of Stephen's ideal.

The Culminating Point

Stephen's ecstatic discovery of his vocation at the close of Chapter 4 is of course the climax of the novel. "His heart trembled; his breath came faster and a wild spirit passed over his limbs as though he were soaring sunward. His heart trembled in an ecstasy of fear and his soul was in flight. His soul was soaring in an air beyond the world and the body he

knew was purified in a breath and delivered of incertitude and made radiant and commingled with the element of the spirit. An ecstasy of flight made radiant his eyes and wild his breath and tremulous and wild and radiant his windswept limbs.

—One! Two! ... Look out!—

—O, I types, I'm drowndedl—"

The Rapturous Exultation

The exclamatory speeches of course are those of the bathers but their tomb suggestion of Stephen's Icarian "soaring sunward" is not intended to escape us : divers have their own "ecstasy of flight, and Icarus was "drowndedl" The imagery of Stephen's rapture is drawn from several sources, the skylark of Shelley, Icarus, the virtuous and glorified body of the Resurrection, and a tremulousness suggestive of adolescent sexual dreams which, according to Freud, are frequently dreams of flying. The whole eight page passage is organized with great variety of rhetoric and incident, but we can not help observing the limits set on vocabulary and figures of thought. The triteness of "radiant his eyes and wild his breath and tremulous and wild and radiant his windswept face" is intensified by its recurrence. "But her long fair hair was girlish : and girlish, and touched with the wonder of mortal beauty, her face." The key word is of course 'Ecstasy' This riot of feelings match with no vocation definable in mature terms, the paragraphs are based upon images of irresponsible movement: "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."

CHAPTER-5

Stephen at the University

Stephen joined the university. He had become lazy and his parents often scolded him for that. Several times he got late for the lectures. His father called him "a lazy bitch." Once Stephen was still at home when Mr. Dedalus asked where he was. Stephen's younger sister told him that he had left for his classes and then told Stephen to go out from the back door. Stephen's mother said that it was a matter of shame that he had changed for the worse after joining the university. The street through which he had gone through was water-logged, and there were heaps of rubbish. Thus he had to walk very carefully. Beyond the wall there was a madhouse of nuns. A mad nun was screeching there. She cried repeatedly : "Jesus! O Jesus! Jesus!" To Stephen it seemed that the rebukes of his parents and

the scream of the mad nun were all voices that wanted to humble the pride of his youth. His heart was full of loathing and bitterness. As he walked down the streets, he felt the grey morning light falling on him through the dripping trees. He could smell the strange wild smell of the wet leaves, and felt that his soul had been freed of its plight. The rain-laden trees stimulated in him memories of girls and women in the plays he had read. He reached the university around eleven, so that he got late for that lecture. He stopped to read the placard at the shop of a newsagent. He remembered the time table. It was English from ten to eleven, French from eleven to twelve, physics from twelve to one. He wondered how it must have been in the English class. The heads of the students meekly bent as they took down notes—nominal definitions, important definitions and examples, dates of birth and death, major works and positive and negative criticism side by side. He remembered his friend Cranly whose face was like that of a priest. Stephen had confided in Cranly who had listened to everything silently. Stephen fancied that he was a guilty priest who had heard confession but was powerless to grant absolution.

The Story of Davin

One of Stephen's friends, Davin told him what happened to him once after he had seen a hurling match in Buttervant and he had missed the last train home. He went to a cottage and asked for some water. After sometime a young woman opened the door and brought him a big mug of milk. She was half dressed and her hair was left open. Her physical appearance indicated that she was pregnant. She kept on speaking to Davin for quite a long time at the door of the cottage. It astonished Davin because her breast and shoulders were uncovered as she stood at the door. She told him that if he was feeling exhausted and liked to stay, he could halt there for night. There was nobody else in the house, her husband had gone away somewhere. All the time she was so close to him that he felt her warm breath on his face. She was staring at him all the time. When he returned the empty mug she held his hand and drew him over the threshold and told him to spend the night there in the cottage with her. He did not enter the cottage, but thanked her and went away.

Stephen's Views on Art

Because Stephen got late for the French lecture, he went to the physics theatre. The teacher was bent before the huge grate and trying to light a fire. He greeted Dedalus and said that the art of lighting a fire was different from the liberal arts. He remarked that Stephen was a real artist. Stephen replied that the job of the artist was the creation of the beautiful. He asked Stephen to explain the meaning of beautiful. Stephen said that Aquinas had defined beautiful as *"Pulcra sunt que visa placent.* ('We call

that beautiful which pleases the sight'). The dean then asked whether fire should be regarded as beautiful because it gave pleasure to the eyes. Stephen replied, "In so far as it is apprehended by the sight, which I suppose means here aesthetic intellection, it will be beautiful. But Aquinas also says *Bonum est in quod tendit appetitus* ('The good is that which all things desire'). In so far as it satisfies the animal craving for warmth fire is a good. In hell however it is an evil". The teacher said that Stephen had hit the nail on the head. Then he asked Stephen when he would say something more on the aesthetic question. Stephen was astonished and said that he stumbled upon an idea or two once in a fortnight if he was fortunate. The teacher said that these were deep philosophical questions. It was like "looking down from the cliffs of Moher* into the depths. Many go down into the depths and never come up. Only the trained diver can go down into those depths and explore them and come to the surface again."

"If you mean speculation, sir, said Stephen, I also am sure that there is no such thing as free thinking inasmuch as all thinking must be bound by its own laws." He himself could work at present with the assistance of one or two ideas of Aquinas and Aristotle. He used them as lamps until he had created something of his own. If the lamp smoked or smell he would try to trim it or if necesary, change it. He pointed out that one problem in the aesthetic question was the fact that one could not be certain whether words were being used in the sense which literary tradition had given them, or in accordance with the usage of the market-place. He mentioned Newton's use of the word 'detain' in its literary sense, but unfortunately the dean also at first missed the point. He again talked about the lamp and said that feeding the lamp is also an interesting problem. "You must choose the pure oil and you must be careful when you pour it in not to overflow it, not to pour in more than the funnel can hold." Stephen did not understand the meaning of word funnel and when the dean explained the meaning, he pointed out that the Irish used the word 'tundish' for funnel. The word 'tundish appeared very strange to the teacher.

The Discussion Ends

The discussion about art was concluded after some more expressions of wonder on the part of the dean regarding the word 'tundish'. Stephen said that the point at issue was—"What is the beauty that the artist struggles to express from lumps of earth." The dean added that the point was also about the difference between the sublime and the beautiful, between moral beauty and material beauty. It was also to be inquired as to what sort of beauty was proper to each of the several arts. Then the dean said in a tone of conclusion that these interesting points might be taken up by them but first Stephen must take his degree.

* Cliffs of Moher—Dramatic

Stephen and his Friend Lynch

Stephen discussed his aesthetic theory with his friend Lynch. He said to Lynch that he had defined the words 'pity' and 'terror' that had been left undefined by Aristotle. Then he gave the two definitions. He interpreted pity as the "feeling which arrests the mind in the presence of whatsoever is grave and constant in human sufferings and unites it with the human sufferer." He defined terror in the following manner : Terror is the feeling which arrests the mind in the presence of whatsoever is grave and constant in human sufferings and unites it with the secret cause." He explained his definition by taking the example of the death of a girl in a traffic accident. He said that though a newspaper had reported the incident as very tragic yet it was not all that tragic because it arrested neither pity nor terror in his sense of the terms." The tragic emotion, in fact, is a face looking two ways, towards terror and towards pity, both of which are phases of it. You see I used the word *arrest*. I mean that the tragic emotion is static. Or rather the dramatic emotion is. The feelings excited by improper art are kinetic, desire or loathing. Desire urges us to possess, to go to something; loathing urges us to abandon, to go from something. These are kinetic emotions. The arts which excite them, pornographical or didactic, are therefore improper arts. The aesthetic emotion (I use the general term) is therefore static. The mind is arrested and raised above desire and loathing." He further said that art awakened or ought to awaken an aesthetic stasis, an ideal pity or an ideal terror, a stasis prolonged and at last dissolved by the rhythm of beauty. Here Stephen defined rhythm: "Rhythm is the first formal aesthetic relation of part to part in any aesthetic whole or of an aesthetic whole to its part or parts or of any part to the aesthetic whole of which it is a part."

Lynch then asked him to give the definition of art. Stephen was a bit annoyed and reminded him that he had already defined art when Cranly also was present. But again he defined that : "Art is the human disposition of sensible or intelligible matter for an aesthetic end."

The Characteristic Features of Beauty

After few interruptions, their discussion was, resumed. Stephen pointed out that Aquinas had given three conditions for the apprehension of beauty—wholeness, harmony and radiance. He wondered whether they corresponded to the phases of apprehension. He then indicated a basket that a butcher's boy had inverted over his head. To see the basket, the mind first excluded the basket from the rest of the universe. The first phase of apprehension is thus a limiting line that is drawn around the object that is to be apprehended. An aesthetic image is presented either in space or in time. "What is audible is presented in time, what is visible is presented in space. But, temporal or spatial, the aesthetic image is first

luminously apprehended as selfbounded and selfcontained upon the immeasurable background of space or time which is not it. You apprehend it as one thing. You see it as *one* whole. You apprehend its wholeness. That is *integritas.*"

Harmony or *Consonantia*

The second phase of apprehension of any object is the analysis of one's apprehension. One passed from one point to another led by its formal lines. One understood it "as balanced part against part within limits", one felt the "rhythm of its structure..... Having felt that it is one thing you feel now that it is a thing. You apprehend it as a complex, multiple, divisible, separable, made up of its parts, the results of its parts and their sum, harmonious. That is *consonantia* or harmony.

Radiance or *Claritas*

The connotation of the word is not clear. Aquinas seems to have used an improper word. Probably, he had symbolism or idealism in mind, the greatest quality of beauty being a light from some other world, the idea of which the matter is but the shadow, the reality of which it is but the symbol. He might have meant that *claritas* is the artistic discovery and representation of the heavenly purpose in anything or a force of generalisation that would give a universal oneness to the aesthetic image. When one has apprehended the basket as one thing and then analyzed it in accordance with its form and apprehended it as a thing, one only makes the synthesis which is logically and aesthetically acceptable. One sees that it is that thing which it is and no other thing. This is called *claritas* or radiance.

Stephen's Villanelle

Stephen had composed a Villanelle in honour of the girl who came in his dreams. Ten years back Stephen had written a poem for her. He was not certain whether he should send that poem to her. Stephen's Villanelle is given here :

"Are you not weary of ardent ways,
Lure of the fallen seraphim ?
Tell no more of enchanted days.
Your eyes have set man's heart ablaze
And you have had your will of him.
Are you not weary of ardent ways ?
Above the flame the smoke of praise
Goes up from ocean rim to rim.

Tell no more of enchanted days.
Our broken cries and mournful lays
Rise in one eucharistic hymn.
Are you not weary of ardent ways ?
While sacrificing hands upraise
The chalice flowing to the brim.
Tell no more of enchanted days.
And still you hold our longing gaze
With languorous look and lavish limb
Are you not weary of ardent ways ?
Tell no more of enchanted days.

The Diary of Stephen

The novel *Portrait* ends with some entries from the diary of Stephen. The entries are dated and cover the period from March 30 to April 27. We learn from the diary that Stephen had seen the girl having tea and cake in Johnston's. Few classmates of Stephen were also present there. The diary also informs us that he met Davin at the cigar shop. Davin had asked Stephen if he was going away. If yes, then why ? Stephen's father told him that he thought Stephen was cut out for the law, but he did not agree with his father. The entry on April 11 tells us that the term 'tundish' was very much on his mind. In the dictionary, he found out that actually it was a good old English word and not an Irish word as he had thought it to be. The dean of studies was a fool for teaching his language without knowing it fully. On April 15, Stephen wrote that he met the girl face to face in Grafton Street. She asked him why he never came and said that she had heard all sorts of stories related to him. She asked him if he still wrote poems. He asked her if she knew whom he was writing about in his poems, This confounded her. Then Stephen assumed the spiritual heroic pose popularised by the Italian poet Dante. He spoke hurriedly of his plans and of himself. In the middle of his speech, he unexpectedly made a sudden gesture of a revolutionary nature. He thought that he must have appeared like a man throwing a handful of peas into the air. People started staring at him. On April 26 he wrote that his mother was keeping his clothes in order and was reconciled to his going away. She hoped that he might learn in his own life and away from friends and home what the heart is and what it feels. Then follows an apostrophe to life and a prayer to Daedalus :

> "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.
> Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead."

Thus Stephen Dedalus made the mythical Daedalus his patron as he went out into the vast world to gain experience, whether of glory or of failure and to set on the career of an artist.

Critical Comments

Self-Discovery

In Chapter 5 there is no physical or external action : "This final chapter which is the longest and most dense section of the book, chronicles Stephen's rebellion. In the course of nearly eighty pages of prose nothing really *happens* to Stephen in the sense of dramatic event occurring. The only 'action' which takes place is that seemingly endless walks which Stephen takes around the campus of the university, during which he expounds his thoughts and theories to his companions. But he is making progress on this journey of self- discovery."

Rejection of Country and Church

Joyce also had rejected his country and church as Stephen does in the novel: "One by one, Stephen knocks down these blocks to his future progress—family, church, and country. Through his conversation with Davin we observe Stephen's utter disinterest in the social and political problems of his country. Davin's ardent nationalism bores him. In this connection, it is interesting and a bit ironic that Joyce should spend the remainder of his life, nearly forty years, writing exclusively about the country and the people which he rejected so completely at the age of twenty." Cranly, who was earlier Stephen's spiritual-guru, is now reduced to the passive role of a listener : "In his conversation with Cranly, Stephen explains why he must disregard the dictates of his church and his family in order to achieve his purpose in life. The idealistic Stephen, seeking spiritual perfection in himself and in his religion, finds only organized materialism and superficial piety in the Church." This rejection is counterpoised by the positive preparation for the future in which Stephen is involved all the time :

> "On the positive side, while he is verbally tearing down the old order, Stephen is building up his own personal philosophy of life and an elaborate aesthetic theory. These are revealed by means of conversations with the dean of studies and another classmate, Lynch."

Cranley's Significant Role

In *Stephen Hero*, Joyce had clearly sketched out the role of Cranley. Cranley is someone very different from Stephen's other friends, because

of his serious and meditative nature. In fact he can be regarded as Stephen's father figure : *"The search for the father motif* is sounded again in the person of Cranly, Stephen's classmate and confidant. Stephen's description of Cranly in 'priest-like' terms points up the awe and respect with which he views Cranly. He becomes another kind of substitute father for the searching Stephen, and he comes closest to answering this psychological need in Stephen : "..he had told Cranly of all the tumults and unrest and longings in his soul, day after day and night by night, only to be answered by his friend's listening silence..."

The Role of Dean of Studies

The role of the dean of studies is very much like that of Cranly's: "Stephen's discussion with the dean of studies is interesting not only for the theories of art that are expounded but also for the fire and light metaphor which is developed". We recollect in Chapter 2 that Stephen's great-grandfather was referred to as a "fierce old fire eater". This image is played off with Stephen's remark to the dean of studies : "I am sure I could not light a fire." In the following pages Stephen says that he uses the concepts and ideas of Thomas Aquinas as a lamp to guide him in his journey to the depths of philosophy. Such examples of light and fire correlates the imagery of blindness that runs through the novel. The theme of weak vision, both spiritual and physical, is recurrent in the novel. It is obvious that the dean also strikes Stephen as an ideal substitute for his father : "The dean of studies voices a fatherly warning to Stephen in regard to his pursuit of knowledge: 'Many go down to the depths and never come up.' His cautioning tone and the water metaphor suggest the mythic relationship of the father Daedalus' to the impetuous novice, Icarus. Thus the position of Stephen is inverted here. Shortly afterwards the parallel with Daedalus himself is re-established. Stephen identifies with the Daedalus myth directly as he stands on the library steps gazing at the birds' flight above him. It reminds him of 'the hawklike man whose name he bore soaring out of his captivity.' " Stephen firmly decides to soar out of his captivity also.

Stephen's Views on Art

In the last chapter Stephen is shown as formulating his aesthetic principles but he does not become an artist by rejecting his church and country. In fact, Stephen does not become an artist at all: "Country, church, and mission are an inextricable unity, and in rejecting the two that seem to hamper him, he rejects also the one on which he has set his heart. Improving the work of nature is his obvious ambition ("But you could not have a green rose. But perhaps somewhere in the world you could"), and it logically follows from the aesthetic he expounds to Lynch.

It is a neo-Platonic aesthetic; the crucial principle of epiphanization has been withdrawn. He imagines that 'the loveliness that has not yet come into the world' is to be found in his own soul. The earth is gross, and what it brings forth is cowdung. Sound and shape and colour are 'the prison gates of our soul'; and beauty is something mysteriously gestated within."

The Gradual Development of Stephen

At the end of the fourth chapter, Stephen is still inconsistent in his ideas. He had to be brought into a final balance and shown to a certain degree as a being whose development was virtually ended "Unfortunately, the last chapter makes the book a peculiarly difficult one for the reader to focus, because Joyce had to close it on a suspended chord. As a lyric, it is finished in its own terms; but the themes of the last forty pages, though they give the illusion of focussing, don't really focus until we have read well into *Ulysses*. The final chapter which in respect to the juggernaut of *Ulysses* must be a vulnerable flank, in respect to what has gone before must be a conclusion. This problem Joyce didn't wholly solve; there remains a moral ambiguity (how seriously are we to take Stephen?) which makes the last forty pages painful reading."

Unstable Equilibrium

The equilibrium that is reached at the close of the novel is a precarious one : "Not that Stephen would stand indefinitely if *Ulysses* didn't topple him over; his equilibrium in Chapter 5, though good enough to give him a sense of unusual integrity in University College, is precarious unless he can manage, in the manager of so many permanent undergraduates, to prolong the college context for the rest of his life. Each of the preceding chapters, in fact, works toward an equilibrium which is dashed when in the next chapter Stephen's world becomes larger and the frame of reference more complex. The terms of equilibrium are always stated with disquieting accuracy; at the end of Chapter 1 we find : "He was alone. He was happy and free; but he would not be anyway proud with Father Dolan. He would be very quiet and obedient : and he wished that he could do something kind for him to show him that he was not proud."

In Chapter 1 the controlling emotion is fear, and the dominant image. Father Dolan and his pandybat : this, associated with the hangman-god and the priestly denial of the senses, was to become one of Joyce's standard images for Irish clericalism—hence the jack-in-the-box appearance of Father Dolan in Circe's nightmare imbroglio, his pandybat cracking twice like thunder. Stephen's comment, in the mode of Blake's repudiation of the God who slaughtered Jesus, emphasizes the inclusiveness of the image :

"I never could read his handwriting except His criminal thumbprint on the haddock."

Anticipation of *Ulysses*

In this concluding chapter, critics generally consent that Joyce was preparing the character of Stephen Dedalus for *Ulysses* ; "Some feel that the rather humourless pedantic turn that Stephen's personality takes in this last chapter makes him not an artist at all but merely an aesthete. Others believe that Stephen's entries in his journal indicate the beginnings of wisdom. At any rate, we leave Stephen in a somewhat unfinished state, ready to be polished off by Joyce in *Ulysses*." We get a strong feeling that he will overcome his loneliness and immaturity.

Flaws in the Character of Stephen

The fifth chapter does not present Stephen as having become a perfect artist. In fact, there are several notable flaws in Stephen's character. The most remarkable defect, as Hugh Kenner pointed out, is his entire want of humour at this stage, so much so that his solemnity makes us laugh. "The dark intensity of the first four chapters is moving enough, but our impulse on being confronted with the final edition of Stephen Dedalus is to laugh; and laugh at this moment we dare not; he is after all a victim being prepared for a sacrifice. His shape, as Joyce said, can no longer change. The art he has elected is not the slow elaborate art of satisfaction. 'On and on and on and on' will be its inescapable mode. He does not see the girl who symbolises the full revelation; 'She seemed like one whom magic has changed into the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird,' and he confusedly apprehends a sequence of downy and feathery incantations. What, in the last chapter he does see he sees only to reject, in favour of an incantatory 'loveliness which has not yet come into the world.' " Such a portrayal of Stephen seems intentional and does not indicate any artistic failure on the part of Joyce. Chapter 5 of *A Portrait* presents Stephen as a promising, young artist with the potential to develop further. He is shown as having reached an important phase; a phase he has to go through if he is to evolve into the mature artist that he becomes in *Ulysses*.