CHAPTER IV: DEVELOPMENT OF STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS
TECHNIQUE IN JAMES JOYCE'S NOVELS
James Joyce occupies an important position in the history of modern English fiction. His works *A Portrait of the Artist as an Young Man* and *Ulysses* appear in the list of "hundred best books" - along with the works of Sophocles, Homer and Dante. The publication of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*, was a significant event in the history of modern English novel. Joyce possessing an incomparable mastery of words, succeeded above all writers in 'capturing the atmosphere of the mind'. 1 With Joyce's appearance in modern fiction, the inward turning penetrated to the deepest recesses of mental experience. He is the fountainhead of the stream of consciousness novel. The four major books - *Dubliners*, *The portrait*, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* - together represent the entire career of Joyce. And one can see that Vico and Bruno, Homer and Dante, Freud and psychoanalysis, Dublin and Irish history have all left their impressions on his writings. But his basic theme is the life of man. He succeeded in working out an epiphany of mankind with a profound sense of the mystery and power of death. As the most self-conscious artist, Joyce attempted to confer upon language a complete autonomy and endeavoured to create a verbal vision of life. From the comparative

simplicity of *Dubliners* and *The Portrait*, Joyce advanced to the complexity of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. Each of the books is connected with the others. The early part of *Dubliners* anticipates *Finnegans Wake*, the last book. And *Finnegans Wake* returns to the matter of *Dubliners*. For Joyce the proper study was mankind. In *Dubliners*, Joyce in a series of epiphanies describes the most crucial, and revealing moments in the lives of trivial and commonplace characters.

James Joyce read *Dujardin’s Les Lauriers Sont Coupés*. He was profoundly impressed by its narrative technique. From the first word to the last, the reader found himself inside the mind of the principal character. It is as largely proportioned a work as *Ulysses*. Joyce himself announced that his stream of consciousness stemmed from Edouard Dujardin’s. While Joyce proclaimed his debt to Dujardin, Dujardin proclaimed his debt to Joyce.

*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* published in 1916, is an autobiographical novel. It is the story of a boy bewitched by words. Joyce suits the prose of each chapter to the mental age and tastes of Stephen Dedalus growing up. The novel is a moving study of the development in Stephen, first of sensitivity and then of discrimination. "As an insight into childhood and adolescence it is admirable, though the narrative moves in a series of sketches, leaving
out large chunks of experience, and though Stephen Dedalus is an unusual person." 2

The Portrait is an epiphany - a definite insight into and showing forth - of the author himself as a young man and is meant to be a fragmentary clue to the real meaning of life taken as a whole. The book was earlier entitled Stephen Hero. The changes made by Joyce in the final draft which was published as A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, are a clear indication of the growth and development of his technique. In The Portrait Joyce founded the technique he needed to capture the individuating rhythm of fluid succession of presents which constitute the past. In the Dubliners Joyce had more or less followed the technique of objective presentation, either of a character or an episode. But in The Portrait we get a more controlled and specific focus and much more concentration and intensity of presentation.

The technique which Joyce developed is designed to reveal the essential nature of the consciousness of Stephen Dedalus. In The Portrait, Joyce wishes to share with his reader not only what 'Stephen apprehends at any one point in his career, but also how he apprehends'. 3 The action moves from present to present in the chronological progress


of the potential artist toward maturity. The style of the novel then subtly modulates to reflect inevitable changes in the quality of Stephen's apprehension of the world about him.

In a very real sense, the style of any one section is Stephen at a particular point in time. And the styles of the sections taken together constitute the individuating rhythm which is Joyce's portrait of the Artist as a young man. 4

The Portrait has some claim to be considered as a substantial work, with an illuminating place in the development of Joyce's writing and it certainly has a curious interest of closely defining the whole basic structure of Joyce's personality. And the mature Portrait is of superior artistic significance. Its opening lines show its technique. Like Leopold Bloom in Ulysses, Stephen in The Portrait is the sum total of so many fleeting sensations and memories, changing thoughts and all sorts of associations. Joyce gives The Portrait an appropriate beginning.

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

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

4 Ibid.
He was baby tuckoo. The moo-cow came
down the road where Betty Byrne lived:
she sold lemon platt.

O, the wild rose blossoms
On the little green place
He sang that song. That was his song.

O, the green wothe botheth

When you wet the bed first it is warm
Then it gets cold. His mother put on
The oil-shirt. That had the queer smell.

His mother had a nicer smell than his
Father. She played on the piano the
Sailor's hornpipe for him to dance.
He danced:
Tralala lala
Tralala tralaladdy
Tralala lala
Tralala lala. 5

These opening lines of The Portrait give us a fine illustration
of baby-talk. Joyce here gives a direct rendering of the
consciousness of baby-Stephen. The method used here is
expressive of a child's consciousness. The initial
adverbial phrase of the opening sentence, 'once upon a time,'
"establishes such a timeless, mythical past which is meaningful
to the infant mentality only in subjective, non-rational
terms, simply as 'a very good time'." 6 Here the thoughts
are disjunctive, punctuation is erratic and often non-existent.
"Arbitrary juxtaposition of concrete and sensual phrases
abounds. The most momentary and immediate thoughts appear

5 James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

6 Peter Manso, "The Metaphoric Style of Joyce's Portrait,"
one after another in timeless, spaceless, relationships; fact and fable merge montage-like in an indefinite past lacking in distinction or differentiation." 7 The definite pronouns, subject and object are significant only as generic kinds or types rather than understood phenomena located in time and space. The young Stephen hears and thinks of 'a moo-cow' and 'a nice-n-s little boy'.

The readers' knowledge of Stephen is going to come to them mediated through his own developing consciousness. This consciousness is to be the theatre of whatever drama the book attempts to present. At the same time it is a territory sufficiently broad for the exercise of the naturalism which Joyce has been learning from continental masters. Yet with a bare naturalism he was no longer content and on the second page of The Portrait Joyce puts unobtrusively into operation a different sort of machinery.

The Vances lived in number seven. They had a different father and mother. They were Eileen's father and mother. When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen. He hid under the table. His mother said:

- O, Stephen will apologise.

Jente said:

- O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes.

7 Ibid.
Pull out his eyes,
Apologise,
Apologise,
Pulled out his eyes.

Apologise,
Pulled out his eyes,
Pulled out his eyes,
Apologise.

The whole *Portrait* is an apologia; at the same time its cardinal assertion is that Stephen will not apologise; rather he awaits the eagles. The first two pages enact the entire action in a microcosm, as Hugh Kenner remarks. Joyce's brother records that in the first draft of *A Portrait*, Joyce thought of a man's character as developing from an embryo with constant traits. Joyce acted upon this theory with his characteristic thoroughness and his subsequent interest in the process of gestation. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is thus the gestation of a soul. The book begins with Stephen's father and, just before ending, it depicts the hero's severance from his mother. From the beginning the soul is surrounded by liquids, urine, slime, and seawater. In the first chapter the foetal soul is for a few pages only slightly individualized, the organism responds only to the primitive sensory impressions, then the heart forms and musters its affections, the being struggles toward some unspecified, uncomprehended culmination. It is

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flooded in ways it cannot understand or control. It gropes toward sexual differentiation. In the third chapter shame floods Stephen's whole body as conscience develops. At the end of the fourth chapter the soul discovers the goal towards which it has been mysteriously proceeding - the goal of life. The final chapter shows the soul fully developed and ready for its journey.

Right from the beginning of *The Portrait* one can see the operative principle of Joyce's art in the story itself. Stephen's childish experiences of life consist at first of fragments. He comes to understand them to the extent that he can relate and order them. Real and imaginary objects, events, sensations, words, desires, fears, prohibitions, threats, puzzling and terrible scenes, associations, all cohere for the child in more and more complex patterns.

To master language is for Stephen, as it was for Joyce, only the outward aspect of a deeper effort. He has to strike a balance between his inner life of desires, hopes and fears (the values that shape his aspirations and actions), and the outer life of cold and warmth, threats and praise, political and religious pressures (the hard facts that resist him and force him constantly to discipline his inner life and reform his values more objectively). He has to balance a necessary engagement with the
outer world and a necessary separation from it. Only by doing so can he orientate himself – or rather define his self – adequately in relation to it.

In chapter I, the controlling emotion is fear, and the dominant image is of Father Dolan and his pandybat.

- Why is he not writing, Father Arnall?
- He broke his glasses, said Father Arnall, and I exempted him from work.
- Broke? What is this I hear? What is this your name is? said the prefect of studies.
- Medalus, sir.
- Out here, Medalus. Lazy little schemer. I see schemer in your face. Where did you break your glasses?

Stephen stumbled into the middle of the class, blinded by fear and haste.

- Where did you break your glasses?
- repeated the prefect of studies.
- The cinderpath, sir.
- Ahoho! The cinderpath! cried the prefect of studies. I know that trick.

Stephen lifted his eyes in wonder and saw for a moment Father Dolan's whitegrey not young face, his baldy whitegrey head with fluff at the sides of it, the steel rims of his spectacles and his noncoloured eyes looking through the glasses. Why did he say he knew that trick? 10

This passage is a fine example of Joyce's epiphany. Through the stream of consciousness of Stephen, Joyce depicts a harsh world and its reality. The treatment meted out to him by Father Dolan gets into the mind of Stephen and stay

10 James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, pp. 49-50.
there to recur in *Ulysses* 'Lazy little schemer' is not just an ordinary expression. It goes deep down into Stephen's consciousness. And again

Stephen closed his eyes and held out in the air his trembling hand with the palm upwards. He felt the prefect of studies touch it for a moment at the fingers to straighten it and then the swish of the sleeve of the soutane as the pandybat was lifted to strike. A hot burning stinging tingling blow like the loud crack of a broken stick made his trembling hand crumple together like a leaf in the fire: and at the sound and the pain scalding tears were driven into his eyes. His whole body was shaking with fright, his arm was shaking and his crumpled burning livid hand shook like a loose leaf in the air. A cry sprang to his lips, a prayer to be let off. But though the tears scalded his eyes and his limbs quivered with pain and fright he held back the hot tears and the cry that scalded his throat. \(^{11}\)

Here Joyce uses hypotactic syntax to endow the rational consciousness of his hero, who when struck experiences more than mere sensation. The pandybat's blows call up multiple associations of several distinct kinds: the auditory sensations of the 'loud crack of a broken stick,' the visual images of a 'leaf in the fire' and 'a loose leaf in the air'. Similarly, his cry of pain becomes 'a prayer to be let off'. The phenomena provoke multiple responses in accord with a consciousness which now

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harbours divers experiences. Stephen's new mentality is caught in Joyce's change of sentence length and punctuation. Terms such as 'in the air' and 'at the fingers,' appearing in the first and second members, serve to particularize the experience of pandying by anchoring it in physical action and also by slowing the rhythm of these individual sentences. The repetition of such terms as 'leaf', 'fire', 'scalding', 'shaking', 'quivered', and 'hand' suggests Stephen's imaginative impressionism.

The first two chapters measure the boy's world as the boy begins to discover himself in it. With delicate precision, Joyce catches the child's impulses, his puzzling, even frightening environment, and the gap between the two. The first chapter gathers to a climax in his appeal to the Rector of his school for justice. The second chapter traces out more complex impulses and fantasies in him as external reality seems correspondingly more complex and more grimy. He protects himself by silent aloofness. He develops romantic yearnings. His yearnings for beauty and love do represent a need that his environment cannot answer. The environment can only drive him into shame and guilt and deeper isolation and finally into the arms of the whore.

The vague nineteenth century romanticism which gives birth to Stephen's dream of Mercedes is reflected in the
language of the passage describing it. The peace of the gardens and the kindly lights in the windows poured a tender influence into his restless heart. Later on when Stephen is in the throes of lust, the rhythm is sinuous and decadent:

He felt some dark presence moving irresistibly upon him from the darkness, a presence subtle and murmurous as a flood filling him wholly with himself. Its murmur besieged his ears like the murmure of some multitude in sleep; its subtle streams penetrated his being. His hands clenched convulsively and his teeth set together as he suffered the agony of its penetration. 12

The Portrait makes a distinctive landmark in modern literature and what contributed most to the confusion of its early readers is the comprehensive way in which its style reflects the developing consciousness of the artist-hero.

The theme of The Portrait, a young artist's alienation from his environment, and what he becomes shaped by home, religion and country, is explored and evaluated through different methods as Stephen Dedalus moves from childhood through boyhood into maturity. The early part of the novel is written something like the stream of consciousness of Ulysses, 'as the environment impinges directly on the

12 Ibid., p. 100
consciousness of the infant and the child, a strange, opening world which the mind does not yet subject to questioning, selection, or judgement. But this style changes as the boy begins to explore his surroundings. As his sensuous experience of the world is enlarged, it takes on heavier rhythms and a fuller body of sensuous detail until it reaches an emotional climax which marks Stephen's rejection of domestic and religious values. Then gradually the style subsides into the austerer intellectuality of the final sections as he defines to himself the outlines of the artistic task which is to usurp his maturity. A highly self-conscious use of the method defines the quality of experience in each of the sections of the book. What happens to Stephen is a progressive alienation from the life around him and by the end of the book, the alienation is complete.

In the third chapter of the novel Joyce lays bare the ugly spirit of Irish catholicism as Stephen experiences it. The division in Stephen between matter and spirit, between his lust and his correspondingly sentimental idealism become more and more clearly reflected. Crude, legalistic, authoritarian, based upon the subtle

materialism of terror, the sermons on Hell are calculated to produce such a reaction as Stephen's - a wild flight back to sexual horror and guilt. The images of Satan uttering his 'non serviam'; the image of the Redeemer calling men to a new Gospel; the pains of Hell for those who will not submit; and above all, the conception of his soul's vocation as a destiny at once necessary and liberating, the one way to fulfill his nature and achieve salvation, a task to which Stephen must direct all physical and moral effort and whose demands in turn impose a shape upon his life.

In the fourth chapter Stephen discovers his vocation. Having discovered, Stephen allows his imagination to its flight.

Now, at the name of the fabulous artificer, he seemed to hear the noise of dim waves and to see a winged form flying above the waves and slowly climbing the air. What did it mean? Was it a quaint device opening a page of some medieval book of prophecies and symbols, a hawklike man flying sunward above the sea, a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve and had been following through the mists of childhood and boyhood, a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being? 14

*Stephen, having had the vision of himself as the Artificer,*

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the winged man climbing the air of certitude and the wide glimmering vistas of art, must make sure of his flight. So Joyce presents him 'completing the severing of ties and analyzing, defining, testing the artistic and intellectual equipment which is to bear him up in his flight'.

The last chapter shows the inevitable consequences of his vision. The university, the aesthetic theory, the poem, and the last interview with Cranly are the major materials of this long and important chapter, where Stephen stands fully revealed.

As Hugh Kenner has remarked, each of the chapters of The Portrait concentrates on one of the major problems of Stephen Dedalus, that is the clash of the ego vs authority in chapters I, III, and V, and the clash of Dublin vs the dream in chapters II and IV. Stephen Dedalus, created by Simon Dedalus (who represents the fatherland), rebels against father in order to become Stephen Dedalus. He wants to become a better creator than father. He will become a kind of Simon, but in exile. Towards the end The Portrait takes the form of a diary.

16 April : Away ! Away !
The spell of arms and voices : the white arms of roads, their promise of

close embraces and the black arms of
tall ships that stand against the
moon, their tale of distant nations.
They are held out to say: We are alone.
Come. And the voices say with them: We
are your kinsmen. And the air is thick
with their company as they call to me,
their kinsman, making ready to go,
shaking the wings of their exultant
and terrible youth.

26 April: Mother is putting my new second
hand clothes in order. She prays now, she
says, that I may learn in my own life and
away from home and friends what the heart
is and what it feels. Amen. So be it.
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.

27 April: Old father, old artificer, stand
me now and ever in good stead.

Dublin 1904
Trieste 1914. 16

The method here, is associative and the words are being
compressed. These fragments from a diary seemed to
disappoint the expectation of a strong ending, but they
provide the final revelation which every stream of
consciousness writer aims at. His rebellion is done and
his search for and achievement of form sufficient to forge
the uncreated conscience of his race is just begun. "The
book has achieved its form, the most satisfying relations

16 James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,
pp. 252-253.
of the intelligible and the sensible, its wholeness, harmony, and radiance." 17

Joyce's next novel _Ulysses_ published in 1922, was planned to be a sequel to _The Portrait_. As in Virginia Woolf's _Mrs. Dalloway_, the action of _Ulysses_ covers one specific day - rather less than the whole twenty four hours in Dublin in 1904. Joyce is out to show nothing less than all life, all history contained in a single day. "He is writing Virginia Woolf's _Between the Acts_ on a gargantuan scale" 18 though _Ulysses_ preceded that novel by almost twenty years. _Ulysses_ represents the most complete reaction against the main tendencies of the well-made novel. It represents a complete break with the entire historical tradition of the novel. It has hardly more of a plot than _Tristram Shandy_. In _Ulysses_, there is no plot but a series of everyday occurrences serving as a framework. Stephen Dedalus, Irish poet and school master, has a talk with his friends in the tower where he is living; conducts a class at his school; visits newspaper office with an article on the foot-and-mouth disease written by his master. Then he discusses Shakespeare with friends in the library; takes

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part in a conversation with the medical students in a maternity hospital; gets drunk and visits a bawdy house, goes home with Leopold Bloom and takes a cup of cocoa before saying goodnight. Leopold Bloom, Jewish canvasser for advertisements and amateur scientist, gets breakfast for his wife Marion. He visits the post office, receives a letter from a girl-friend; goes to a funeral; writes a letter to his girl-friend in the bar of a hotel; is kicked out of a saloon by a violent anti-Semite. He sits on a bench and has a mute flirtation with a sentimental young girl; goes with Stephen Dedalus to Nighttown and takes him home for a cup of cocoa; goes to bed with his wife and puts himself to sleep with pleasant thoughts. Marion Bloom indulges in a long reverie in which she reviews her own emotional history and her relations with her husband, ending up with a vivid recall of the first time she said yes to him.

The whole record has the most amazing air of reality. The principal characters are intimately known, their past history, their habits mental and physical, even their motivation from moment to moment. The book lacks dramatic action or issue. There is no murder, no robbery, no trickery or force.

The only and nearest approach to story is the striking up of a kind of friendship between Stephen Dedalus and
Leopold Bloom. Stephen's father in the flesh is an unsatisfactory person. And Bloom's dearly loved son had died in early childhood. Now each has a need for his psychological complement in the father-son relation. So, when Bloom picks up Stephen from a gutter in Nighttown and takes him home for a friendly chat and a cup of cocoa, one can say that the story reaches a sort of culmination. And Bloom-Stephen relation was intended to correspond to the Odysseus - Telemachus relation in the Odyssey.

The early pages of Ulysses read like an immediate sequel to The Portrait. Not only is the life of Stephen Dedalus resumed but also there is an absolute continuity of manner, mood and method. The high and uncertain note struck at the end of The Portrait ('Welcome, 0 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') has been muted by the death of Stephen's mother. The interval has filled Stephen's mind with new knowledge, has changed him from a provincial Irish boy into an educated European. He is changed by the circumstances of his mother's death, given him a heavier burden of guilt. This guilt stays throughout Stephen's future life."
Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coat-sleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown grave-clothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffed he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting. 13

Few pages later the sentences in this passage are repeated with slight variation. Still later one finds Stephen reflecting that even the deplorable, the scraggy and bespectacled boy had once a mother who loved him - then another faint echo of the image returns to his consciousness.

Ugly and futile: lean neck and tangled hair and a stain of ink, a snail's bed. Yet someone had loved him, borne him in her arms and in her heart. But for her the race of the world would have trampled him under foot, a squashed boneless snail. She had loved his weak watery blood drained from her own. Was that then real? The only true thing in life? His mother's prostrate body the fiery Columbanus in holy zeal

bestrode. She was no more; the
trembling skeleton of a twig burnt
in the fire, an odour of rosewood
and wetted ashes. 20

The theme of Stephen's guilt broaden into one of the main
currents which run through the book and a smaller stream
flows from this particular image to all the images of death
evoked in Bloom by the funeral of Paddy Dignam.

Poor Dignam! His last lie on the
earth in his box. When you think
of them all it does seem a waste of
wood. All gnawed through. They
could invent a handsome bier with a
kind of panel sliding let it down
that way. Ay but they might object
to be buried out of another fellow's.
They're so particular. Lay me in my
native earth. Bit of clay from the
holy land. Only a mother and deadborn
child ever buried in the one coffin.
I see what it means. I see. To
protect him as long as possible even
in the earth. The Irishman's house
is his coffin. 21

Joyce's method in this section of the novel is associative.

Bloom continues his associative thoughts.

A corpse is meat gone bad. Well and
what's cheese? Corpse of milk. I
read in that Voyages in China that the
Chinese say a white man smells like a
corpse. Cremation better. Priests
dead against it. Devilling for the
other firm.... Ashes to ashes. Or
bury at sea. Where is that Parsee

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20 Ibíd., p. 27.

tower of silence? Eaten by birds.
Earth, fire, water. Drowning they
say is the pleasantest. See your
whole life in a flash .... Flies
come before he's well dead. Got
wind of Dignam. They wouldn't care
about the smell of it. Saltwhite
crumbling mush of corpse; smell, taste
like raw white turnips. 22

In the above passages taken from the Hades section, early
in Ulysses, Bloom attends the funeral of an old acquaintance.
Here the unsolemn seriousness of Joyce's best work is
apparent. The descriptive prose is economical, original and
vivid, but the main narration is through Bloom's consciousness.
And in this way he makes the reader feel a strong compassion
for Bloom himself and for the dead man. This is true of
Virginia Woolf's remarks that Joyce endeavours to reveal the
flickerings of the innermost flame which flashes its messages
through the brain through the medium of language.

How now, sirrah, that pound he lent
you when you were hungry?
Marry, I wanted it.
Take thou this noble.
Go to! You spent most of it in Georgina
Johnson's bed, clergyman's daughter.
Agenbite of wit.
Do you intend to pay it back?
O, yes.
When? Now?
Well ... no.
When, then?
I paid my way. I paid my way.
Steady on. He's from beyant Boyne water.
The northeast corner. You owe it.

22 Ibid., p. 114.
Wait. Five months. Molecules all change. I am other I now. Other I got pound.
Buzz. Buzz.
But I, entelechy, form of forms, am I by memory because under everchanging forms,
I that sinned and prayed and fasted.
A child Conness saved from pandies.
I, I and I. I.
A. E. I. O. U.
- Do you mean to fly in the face of the tradition of three centuries? John Eglinton's carping voice asked. Her ghost at least has been laid for ever.
She died, for literature at least, before she was born.
- She died, Stephen retorted, sixtyseven years after she was born. She saw him into and out of the world. She took his first embraces. She bore his children and she laid pennies on his eyes to keep his eyelids closed when he lay on his deathbed.
Mother's deathbed. Candle. The sheeted mirror. Who brought me into this world lies there, bronzelidded, under few cheap flowers.
Liliata rutilantium.
I wept alone. 23

In the national library, Dublin, Stephen Dedalus elaborates his clever theory regarding Shakespeare's Hamlet. The whole episode gleams with allusions to the contemporary writers of the Celtic revival, as also to the Elizabethans themselves. But the above extract is an illustration of the technique of associative flashback. Stephen hears an inner voice and argues with it. He thinks of his mother, of

23 Ibid., pp. 189-190.
Mr Deasy’s worldly-wise advice, of the pantybat of
Father Dolan and how he was saved from further humiliation
by Father Connee, and his own helplessness at the death of
his mother

_Ulysses_ could be regarded as the most thoroughly
documented novel in the language. Where the background of
Dublin is concerned it could be even used as a guide-book
to the city. No place in fiction has ever been re-created
in such detail. It is recreated in the detail of one
particular day in history. Part of Joyce’s triumph is the
intensely living quality he gives to his Dublin. It is like
an element in which the characters live — it pervades them,
flows through them, all the time, for it is through them,
as they walk its streets and are aware of its impinging on
the periphery of their consciousness, that the reader
principally knows it.

His smile faded as he walked, a heavy
cloud hiding the sun slowly, shadowing
Trinity’s surly front. Trams passed one
another, ingoing, outgoing, changing.
Useless words. Things go on same; day
after day; squads of police marching out,
back: trams in, out. Those two loonies
mooching about. Dignam carted off. Mina
Purefoy swollen belly on a bed groaning
to have a child tugged out of her. One
born every second somewhere. Other dying
every second. Since I fed the birds five
minutes. Three hundred kicked the bucket
Other three hundred born, washing the
blood off, all are washed in the blood of
the lamb, bawling maaaaa.

Cityfull passing away, other cityful
coming, passing away too. Other coming
on, passing on. Houses, lines of houses,
streets, miles of pavements, piledup
bricks, stones .... Piled up in cities,
worn away age after age. Pyramids in
sand. Built on bread and onions. Slaves.
Round towers. Rest rubble, sprawling
suburbs, jerrybuilt, Kerwan's mushroom
houses, built of breeze. Shelter for the
night. 24

A large range of Dublin is focussed in this way through the
consciousness of Bloom. He is detached from his society as
well as immersed in it. What he sees, he sees straight.
He sees the Dubliners in the newspaper office orating about
war, history, justice for Ireland. He observes also the
machines that help carry their ideals through the whole of
society. He observes the minute details of Dublin and its
activity. They become part of his stream of consciousness.

Joyce uses the stream of consciousness method most
thoroughly in his treatment of Marion Bloom. She enters
the novel as a character in her own right only at the end
of the book. Her thoughts poured out pell-mell, form its
tremendous climax. She is in bed at night, relaxed, drowsy

24 Ibid., p. 164.
after love, isolated from any contact with the world outside, so that the flow of her thoughts, her erotic reverie, her memories of love, and her speculations about bloom and Dedalus can proceed in spate, unchecked, uninhibited and unpunctuated. Here James Joyce seems to agree with Dorothy Richardson that 'feminine prose' should be unpunctuated.

... the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of seed cake out of my mouth and it was leap year like now yes 16 years ago my God after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the mountain yes so we are flowers all a woman's body yes that was one true thing he said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what woman is and I knew I could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure I could leading him on till he asked me to say yes and I wouldn't answer first only looked out over the sea and the sky I was thinking of so many things he didn't know of Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester and father and old captain Groves and the sailors playing all birds fly and I say stoop and washing up dishes they called it on the pier and the sentry in front of the governors house with the thing round his white helmet poor devil half roasted and the Spanish girls laughing in their shawls and their tall combs and the auctions in the morning the Greeks and Jews and the Arabs and the devil knows who else from all the ends of Europe and Duke street and the fowl market all clucking outside Larby Sharons and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep and the vague fellows in the
cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps
and the big wheels of the carts of the
bulls and the old castle thousands of
years old yes and those handsome Moors
all in white and turbans like kings asking
you to sit down in their little bit of a
shop and Fiona with the old windows of the
posadas glancing eyes a lattice hid for her
lover to kiss the iron and the wineshops
half open at night and the castanets and
the night we missed the boat at Algeciras
the watchman going about serene with his
lamp and 0 that awful deepdown torrent 0
and the sea the sea crimson sometimes
like fire and the glorious sunsets and the
figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes and all
the queer little streets and pink and blue
and yellow houses and the rosegardens and
the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses
and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a
Flower of the mountain yes when I put the
rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls
used or shall I wear a red yes and how he
kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought
well as well him as another and then I asked
him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he
asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain
flower and first I put my arms around him
yes and drew him down to me so he could feel
my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was
going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes. 25

The whole episode is an unpunctuated reverie of Molly Bloom
and one of the best examples of sustained writing in the
stream of consciousness technique. Molly's thoughts flow
on uninterrupted and Joyce devotes forty five unpunctuated
pages to record them. With the abandonment of punctuation,

there seems to be a more consistent attempt to reproduce
the stream of consciousness. The thoughts are no longer
broken by objective statements in the third person, they
glide on and into each other until consciousness is
finally overcome by sleep. This lack of any kind of
objective statements in this chapter is made possible
only by the peculiar consciousness Joyce has here chosen
to communicate. "Molly Bloom's thoughts need no
punctuation because, lying in bed, action has been
eliminated." 25 The stream of consciousness method can
only come into play in its purest form when consciousness
is no longer an active apprehension of the present but a
mode of recollection and impulse divorced from actual
activity.

This last episode begins and ends with the word 'yes'
and this affirmation beats out a steady refrain throughout
all her thoughts. It is evident that Leopold Bloom is the
last man in Molly's thoughts. Love's old sweet song
associated with Bloom's proposal to Molly under the
Moorish wall becomes at last a song of affirmation of
life itself. The psychologist C.G. Jung has expressed
amazement at the depth of understanding which Joyce displays

25 Arnold Kettle, An Introduction to the English Novel
in *Ulysses*, of the thoughts and desires of a woman.

The ending of *Ulysses* requires special observation.

Like *War and Peace* Joyce's novel ends with a woman as the incarnation of the eternal, unchanging, elemental life of the flesh .... For Joyce the triumph of the female, Marion Bloom, is the triumph of mysterious forces, of that which will remain living when men, the lovers of decay and death, have been completely swept away by history. 27

*Ulysses* is a continuation of the technical experimentation of Joyce. In *The Portrait*, Joyce had achieved a sharp but sympathetic irony. In *Ulysses* he achieved his youthful ideal of the perfect manner of art.

If *The Portrait* was a turning point in Joyce's career, *Ulysses* was its fruit. In *Ulysses* he brought together all his main concerns and placed them in relation to each other - the texture and shape of society, the place of the individual in it and his search for identity. Joyce's stream of consciousness technique undoubtedly represents the mental life of his characters. His treatment of Bloom and Stephen clearly owes a great deal to the psychological discoveries of the last century and to the technical devices of novelists and poets over the same period.

Freud, Frazer and Flaubert obviously stand behind *Ulysses*.

*Ulysses* is a book which pours along for seven hundred and thirty five pages, a stream of time of seven hundred and thirty five days which all consists in one single and senseless every day of Everyman, the completely irrelevant 16th day of June 1904, in Dublin—a day on which, in all truth, nothing happens. The stream begins in the void and ends in the void. Is all of this perhaps one single, immensely long and excessively complicated Strindbergian pronouncement upon the essence of human life, and one which, to the reader’s dismay, is never finished? Perhaps it does touch upon the essence of life; but quite certainly it touches upon life’s ten thousand surfaces and their hundred thousand colour gradations. 28

*Ulysses* differs from *The Portrait* in its elaboration, display, technical variousness and virtuosity. It also mirrors deeper response to the whole spectacle of enjoying and suffering humanity. *Ulysses*, the record of a single day, exhausts the exploration of the waking mind. *Finnegans Wake*, the formidable work to the creation of which Joyce devoted the last fifteen years of his life is the record of a single night. And it proposes to interpret, with an equal exhaustiveness, the nature and content of the mind asleep. To the creation of it Joyce was encouraged by the drift of contemporary psychological speculations. The method he

used in *Finnegans Wake* is what had developed gradually and inevitably out of the method of *Ulysses*. The philopohies of Giordano Bruno and Giambattista Vico, which support the *Wake*’s structure, were familiar to Joyce from his early reading in Dublin and Trieste. Many of the themes of *Finnegans Wake* are foreshadowed in *Ulysses*.

The vast scope and intricate structure of *Finnegans Wake* give the book a forbidding aspect of impenetrability. It is a dense and baffling jungle, trackless and overgrown with wanton perversities of form and language.

Multiple meanings are present in every line; interlocking allusions to key words and phrases are woven like fugal themes into the pattern of the work. *Finnegans Wake* is a prodigious, multifaceted monomyth, not only the 'cauchemar' of a Dublin citizen but the dreamlike saga of guilt-stained, evolving humanity. 29

As the enormous map of *Finnegans Wake* begins slowly to unfold, characters and motifs emerge, themes become recognizable and Joyce’s vocabulary falls more and more familiarly on the accustomed ear.

The Mookse and The Gripes,
Gentes and laitymen, fullstoppers and semicolonials, hybreds and lubbers!

Sins within a space it wast ere wohned
a Mookse. The onesomeness wast alltolonely,

archum sits like, broady oval and
a Mookse he would a walking go
(My hood! cries Antony Romeo), so
one grandsumer evening, after a great
morning and his good supper of gammon
and spittish, having labelled his
eyes, pilled his nostrils,
vaasticated his ears and palliumed
his throats, he put on his impermeable,
seized his impugnable, harped on his
crown and stepped out of his immobile
De Rure Albo (socalled becaul it was
chalkfull of masterplasters and had
borgeously letout gardens strown with
cascadas, intacostecas, horthoducts
and currycombs) and set off from
Ludstown a spasso to see how badness
was badness in the weirdest of all
pensile ways.

As he set off with his father's sword,
his Lancia spezzata, he was girded on,
and with that between his legs and his
tarkeels, our once in only tragspear,
he clanked, to my clinking, from veetoes
to threetop, every inch of an immortal. 30

This passage is an illustration of _Finnegans Wake_ 's
style and language and method followed by James Joyce
towards the end of his literary career to push language
to its extreme and make it almost incomprehensible to the
common man. The amazing virtuosity of Joyce as a master
of language is nowhere more apparent than in _Finnegans Wake_.

Can't hear with the waters of. The
chittering waters of. Flittering
bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are
you not gone abone? What Thom Malone?
Can't hear with bawk of bats, all thim

---

liffeying waters of. No, talk
save us! My foos won't moos. I
feel as old as yonder elm. A tale
told of Shaun or Sham? All Livia's
daughters sons. Dark hawks hear us.
Night! Night! My ho head halls, I
feel as heavy as yonder stone. Tell
me of John or Shaun? Who were Sham
and Shaun the living sons or daughters
of? Night now! Tell me, tell me, elm!
Night night! Telmetale of stem or stone.
Beside the rivering waters of,
hitherandthithering waters of. Night! 31

This passage forms the concluding paragraph of the Anna
Livia chapter. The whole book turns out to be a dream.
The dream draws out its sustenance from many mythologies
and is woven out of the wildest vagaries of the human
imagination. The gossip of the two washer-women on the
banks of the Liffey comes to an end when everything is so
sleepy that even the 'hitherandthithering waters' of the
river throw up sprays of sweet goodnights.

Ulysses was an attempt to present directly the thoughts
and feelings of a group of Dubliners through the whole
course of a summer day. Finnegans Wake is a complementary
attempt to render the dream fantasies and the half-unconscious
sensations experienced by a single person in the course of
a single night. But the consciousness of this single person
in a dream is the consciousness of a whole human race.

31 Ibid., pp. 215-216.
The novel is an immense poem of sleep. The hero of *Finnegans Wake* is Scandinavian with a Scandinavian name — Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker. He is somewhere between fifty and sixty, blond and ruddy, with a walrus mustache, very strong and fat. When embarrassed, he has a tendency to stutter. He has gone bankrupt. He is married to a woman named Ann, a former salesgirl. They are both Protestants in a community of Catholics. He feels himself like Bloom in *Ulysses*, something of an alien among his neighbours.

The Earwickers have three children — a girl named Isobel and two younger boys who are twins: Kevin and Jerry. It is a Saturday night in summer, after a disorderly evening. There has been a thunderstorm. Earwicker has gone to bed a little drunk. His night is troubled. He dreams about the day before, with a bad conscience and a sense of humiliation. Then as the night darkens and he sinks more deeply into sleep, he has to labour through a nightmare oppression. He and his wife are sleeping together. But he has no longer any interest in her as a woman. He is preoccupied now with his children. He confuse his first feeling for his wife with an erotic emotion aroused by his daughter. And his affection for his favourite son is almost acquiring homosexual associations. The horrors of guilt of his dream has been inspired by his feeling
for his children. The guilt is sexual. Since the women in the Wake are Anna Livia, Isobel and Kate, symbolic of wife, daughter and mother, it is obvious that Barwicker feels guilty over sexual desires toward his sexually attractive grown daughter. Behind this guilt lurks a recollection of the Oedipal obsession with mother while a child and even the social guilt regarding premarital relation with the woman who is now his wife. This is a "formless abstraction of fear and guilt without the series of tangible incidents which form the subject matter of the dream", 32

Joyce's reference to Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams* in *Finnegans Wake* is supported by ample evidence that he read the book with care and applied the technique of dream-work to the *Wake*. "And may he be too an interpidation of our dreams which we foregot at wiking when the morn hath razed out limpalove and bleakfrost chilled our ravery! Pook." 33


33 James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*, p. 338.
Finnegans Wake is a puzzle as dreams are puzzles—'elaborate, brilliant, purposeful puzzles, which constitute a universe quite unlike any we know or experience in waking life'. The dream universe is formed or structured differently from the mental universe of conscious life. The person in dream has no conscious control over his unconscious that is being displayed in the dream and as such the meanings are located in different places. "One explanation for the encyclopedic nature of Finnegans Wake is that the dreaming psyche attaches items of knowledge or information from the waking consciousness and invests them with totally different meanings."  

The very title Finnegans Wake implies Finnegans, that is every Irishman, is dead and activity in Ireland now is but Finnegans's wake. Joyce made this point at the end of The Portrait. Ireland for him was dead. He had to escape from it and recreate it from a distance. He succeeded in recreating it in the Dublin of Ulysses and Finnegans Wake. Joyce sees Dublin life as microcosm in Ulysses. This attempt goes further in Finnegans Wake. In Ulysses, Joyce sought variety of ways to reveal the consciousness of different

characters. In *Finnegans Wake* Joyce employs different levels not only within the narrative as a whole but within each word. In *Finnegans Wake* Joyce endeavours to use words like musical chords, saying several things at once in one instant. He completely discards chronology and sequence in time. "*Finnegans Wake* for all its six hundred pages, is meant to be thought of as an instantaneous whole ...." Its language is so multiple, so condensed and telescoped. For example he uses one word 'Gueness' combining 'Genesis' and 'Guiness'.

*Finnegans Wake* is the revelation of the goings on in that part of the mind which contains the raw and confused materials of consciousness. The events of the whole book take place in the minds of people who are in a state of dream, whether sleeping or waking. It is fitting as Mary Colum has remarked that as we spend at least one third of our lives in sleep and over two thirds of it in some state of dream, some writer should devote himself to exploring what take place in our minds and emotions during those periods and if we are to give any allegiance to the modern conception of literature as an attempt to portray


37 Ibid.
the whole of man. The whole scene in *Finnegans Wake* is the consciousness of the sleeper. The universe is reduced to the condition of sleep.

Night comes into the soul as a deliverance. It lets loose a multitude of unknown forces, memories, instincts and leashed secrets which now are not held back. Everything is possible. The frontiers of personality disappear. When the darkening sky, swarming with millions of stars, alters ordinary objects for the sleeper, these objects are sensed only as a chaotic memory and are apprehended through a magic mist which transforms them like a prism and gives them body dreamstyle. One circumvagates in a world of marvels and metamorphosis. The images are summoned up, brought together and separated according to internal laws and the different attractions of the body-cells. They are no longer subject to the logic of time and place. Things lose their edges, their contours; they fuse or divide like elements of a soluble nature or an unstable composition analogous to that of music. The sole reality in this shower of shadows is that which goes on in the mind of the sleeper....

*The Portrait* is a tale of evasion, a spiritual echo of the theme, the prisoner's escape from captivity. *Ulysses* marks a further stage of evolution and *Finnegans Wake* yet another milestone far beyond *Ulysses* on the road to freedom. The constraints now, not only of nationality and religion, but also of language, are broken through and the 'hawk-like man'

is freely soaring sunward, beyond and above the nets flung at his soul to hold it back from flight.

The stream of consciousness in *Finnegans Wake* begins at the point where the stream of consciousness in *Ulysses* left off — the point of falling asleep. For the last time one returns to Dublin where he spent an exhaustive day with Mr. Bloom, to spend an exhausting night with Mr. Earwicker. All of his adventures, like those of Bloom and Stephen under the spell of Circe, take place in the twilight regions of psychic fantasy. The dream vision is the shaping of the 'nonday diary' and all night's 'newseryreel'. The sleep in which it occurs, is the most intimate of experiences, is also the most universal. The nightmare from which Joyce was trying to awake is history which moves towards one great goal — the manifestation — the showing forth of the true and the real and the whole man and human race. It is manifested through one vast stream of consciousness.