Chapter: III

The Artistic Development of Stephen Dedalus in

James Joyce’s A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

“The supreme question about a work of art is
out of how deep a life does it spring.”

— James Joyce, Ulysses

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man is an autobiographical novel which describes the growth of James Joyce from early childhood to the stage in his manhood when he was ready to take up his selected vocation of an artist. The hero is named Stephen Dedalus and the novel describes his struggles from childhood to early adolescence. He felt that a true artist must not have any loyalty except to his vocation as an artist. The novel, therefore, describes how Stephen broke the bonds which bound him to his family, his country and his church.

Before entering into the world of an artistic development of Stephen Dedalus, the researcher would prefer to have a glimpse of an evolution and making of the novel - A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. The present section of this chapter explores and elaborates some significant features of the novel as they are essential to delineate the development of Stephen Dedalus as an artist.

James Joyce used to write very slowly, measuring and weighing each word, and revising the manuscript very frequently. The writing of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man in its various forms told about a decade. At the end of the novel two dates are mentioned: Dublin 1904 and Trieste 1914. He started writing it in 1904 and finished the final draft in 1914. The serial publication of the book in its final form started on the 2nd of February, 1914 in The Egoist.

First Form

James Joyce started writing this novel at the suggestion of his brother, Stanislaus. It was called The Portrait of the Artist. It was a mixture of essay and narrative. It was written in a crude and extravagant style. The writer appears in these pages as a defiant
artist fighting against a hostile world. It was submitted to the magazine, Dana, in 1904 and rejected by them. The editor said that ‘he could not print what he did not understand.’

**Second Version: Stephen Hero**

James now rejected the first form and started writing the book as an autobiographical novel. He wanted to write this novel on the basis of his own experiences and attitudes. He was probably inspired by Samuel Butler’s *The Way of All Flesh* and the autobiographical works of Augustine, Goethe and Newman. He described many events of his life in great detail. It had a massive plan. It was to consist of 63 chapters. By 1907 he had written about 1000 pages and it was only half finished. Soon he got disgusted with it and he called it ‘rubbish’. He abandoned the book and burnt a portion of it.

**The Third Version**

James now decided to write a short book, about one-third of the length of the earlier work, in five chapters only. He decided to take only that material from Stephen Hero which threw light on the development of the young artist. In the earlier version he had described in detail many incidents which threw light on the condition of Ireland. These were now omitted. There the emphasis was on the man and his environment. In *A Portrait* the emphasis is on the artist and he has included only those incidents which show the evolution of the artist.

In order to become a true artist Stephen had to turn a deaf ear to many voices which claimed his allegiance. The first was the voice of his parents asking him to contribute to the improvement of the fallen financial state of the family. His mother wanted that he should stay at home. There was also the call to be true to the country. Irish patriots wanted that all literary men should help in the renaissance of Irish art and literature. There was also the call of the Roman Catholic Church asking him to become a clergyman. He had to resist all these calls and break all allegiances in order to become a true artist. How he did all this and made himself fit for the vocation of an artist is described in this novel.

The first three chapters had been written by April, 1908. Then the book was put aside for six years. Due to the pressure of Ezra Pound *The Egoist* agreed to print it in serial form in 1914. Then James completed the novel and the last pages reached Ezra
Pound in August 1915. It appeared in book form in America in 1916 and in England the following year.

**Mixed Reception**

At first James Joyce found it very difficult to get a publisher for this novel. It was only because of the high praise given to it by Ezra Pound that *The Egoist* agreed to print it serially. Ezra Pound said that it contained the best prose of the decade and was one of the few works that showed creative invention. When it appeared in book form it baffled the reviewers and critics. It was a new type of work and so the reviewers, who applied the old standards to it, found numerous faults in it. They said that it was one-sided because it considered everything only from the point of view of Stephen. *The Nation* called Joyce “a new writer with a new form.”

**A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man as an Autobiography**

When *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* first appeared it was regarded by the critics as a thinly-veiled autobiography. There were a lot of points of similarity between James and Stephen. They had similar families and friends. They lived in the same places, attended the same schools and left Ireland at the same time. They were both artists in the making who felt that their genius had no chance of progress in the stifling atmosphere of their family, their country and their church. Their natures were similar. They were both egocentric and introverts.

The personality of Stephen is founded on the author’s personality. The events which shaped James Joyce were similar to those which shaped Stephen. The novel traces his spiritual development which proceeds on the same lines as the author’s own progress. James’s childhood experiences were similar to those of Stephen.

**The Title**

Joyce selected the title of this novel very carefully. Every word, including the articles, is significant and appropriate. It is a portrait of the artist. It is not the portrait of any artist or a typical artist. It is a portrait of the artist (Joyce himself).

James told Frank Budgen, “Many writers have written about themselves. I wonder if any one of them has been as candid as I have” (Stewart. 130). It is, therefore, obvious that the artist whose portrait he wanted to draw was himself.
The last four words are also significant. It shows the progress of the artist while he was a young man. It begins when Stephen was a small child and traces his progress up to the time of his early adolescence when he is ready for his vocation as an artist.

**His Friends**

James Joyce has not even changed the names of the schools which he and Stephen attended. Both have the same school fellows under their real names. Even when he changes the names, his father and mother and his university friends were immediately recognized under their pseudonyms in the book. So the author’s intention definitely was to base the book on his own life.

**His Method**

James Joyce has not transferred the facts of his life straight into the novel. He took the happenings of his own life and selected some of them for inclusion in *A Portrait*. He left out some of his experiences and dramatized and fictionalized the rest. The incidents are not true to Joyce’s life in all details but the spirit is the same.

James Joyce had decided to become an artist but he was pulled in different directions. The environment of Dublin and Ireland was not congenial to the progress of a dedicated artist. His father was a most irresponsible person and the family was sinking deeper and deeper into poverty. Thus the atmosphere of his house was most uncongenial to his progress. The attitude of the people of Ireland towards their leaders and their writers was most disgraceful. The church wanted to make him a priest. But its order, rigidity and passionless life did not suit him at all. So he had to leave the land and go somewhere else in order to fulfil his ambition of becoming a dedicated artist. These experiences of the author are reflected in the life of Stephen as well.

James Joyce has followed the same method as has been described by Stephen for the creative process. He says, “The aesthetic image is life purified in and re-projected from the human imagination.” Stephen is the young Joyce “purified in and re-projected from the human imagination of the mature artist” (Balinisteanu. 32). He tried to create an image of beauty “out of the gross earth.” The experience of the author is the “gross matter” or the raw material out of which Stephen’s life has been shaped. The author’s own life and experiences were thoroughly refined in order that they might take their proper place in this work of art.
Not an Exact Autobiography

_A Portrait_ is, however, not an exact autobiography. James Joyce was a witty and gay person. But Stephen is represented as always serious. Many of the incidents described in this book happened not in the life of the author but in those of his friends. For instance, J. F. Byrne, the model for Cranly, stated when the book appeared that it was he and not Joyce who discussed with the Dean of Studies the art of lighting fires. Stephen refused to mimic the Rector of Belvedere in a school play but Joyce did so when he was a student there. Moreover, Joyce himself was far more affectionate to his parents than Stephen who is not even grateful to his father for sending him to good schools and to the university.

Variety of Styles

In this novel at places Joyce adopted the style of naturalism which he had learnt from continental masters. He does not himself tell us anything about Stephen. We are to learn about the hero only through his consciousness. The author does not give us any information about Stephen’s childhood. He only tells us what Stephen remembers about his early days. The opening sentence gives us an idea about this new technique. “Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along, the road met a little boy named baby tuckoo” (Joyce. 1).

But the style changes a little later. The author gives us the information about the Vance family: “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” (Joyce. 4). But Eileen was a Protestant and it would be a sin for a Roman Catholic to marry a Protestant girl. So his mother said, “O, Stephen will apologise.” Dante said, “If he does not apologise the eagles will come and pull out his eyes.” A critic has said, “Stephen Dedalus is presented to us with an unexampled intimacy and immediacy, it is true that this is achieved at some cost to the vitality of the book as a whole. Here, as later in parts of _Ulysses_, we are locked up firmly inside Stephen’s head, and there are times when feel like shouting to be let out” (Stewart. 135).

Joyce has not constructed this novel on a set pattern. There is a wide variety of styles and techniques in this book. In different parts of the novel he appears to be a realist or a symbolist or psychological novelist.
Symbolism

James Joyce writes in a realistic style but he makes full use of symbols and motifs. For instance, Stephen’s defective eyesight becomes a symbol and recurs again and again. In the very beginning Dante tells him to apologize otherwise the eagles will come and pull out his eyes. He cannot play well because of his defective eyesight. His spectacles are broken and so he cannot do work in the class. Because of this he is unjustly punished by Father Dolan. Father Dolan says that his guilt is to be seen in his eyes. The symbols thus present a complexity of ideas. According to William M. Schutte the more one reads the novel the more one gets impressed by the subtlity and the pervasiveness of his use of motif and symbol. When, for example, we read on the second page of the text that “the evening air was pale and chilly and after every charge and thud or the footballers the greasy leather orb flew like a heavy bird through the grey light,” we may recognize simply an effective descriptive sentence. Only when we read the final phrases in the light of the many other references to flying birds and flying men, when we recognize that the word ‘greasy’ takes on particularly unsavoury connotations as the novel progresses and when we discover that ‘chilly’ is the first in a subtly insinuated series of references to heat and cold which gradually prepare us for the knowledge that Stephen is coming down with influenza only when we recall all of these matters do we grasp the full import of the innocent-looking piece of descriptive prose.

The Name of the Hero

A word should be said about the name which Joyce gives to his hero. St. Stephen was the first Christian martyr. Stephen, the artist, also becomes a martyr. Ireland and the Roman Catholic Church try to crush down his spirit and put him in a cage and he has to fly away from these in order to follow his chosen vocation as an artist.

The surname, Dedalus, is derived from the pagan myth of Daedalus and his son Icarus. Daedalus was kept in a prison along with his son. He devised wings for both of them and by attaching these to their bodies they escaped from prison. Daedalus reached a safe place but Icarus was a proud person and so he flew very high towards the sun, the wax with which the wings were attached to the body melted due to heat and he fell down in the sea and was drowned. Stephen is like Daedalus because he devised the means of escaping from Ireland which was like a prison to him. Stephen is also like Icarus in the
matter of his pride. Due to his pride he is alienated from his family, his nation and his church and he goes into voluntary exile to escape the domination of all three of them.

Thus, Joyce’s aim in writing this book was to show the evolution of a young man into an artist. He, therefore, selected for inclusion in this book those incidents of his life which were likely to show this evolution and left out those incidents which did not serve this purpose. He also invented certain incidents which would show this evolution better. The framework of this novel is the author’s own early life but he made any change which was required in the interests of the artistic presentation of Stephen’s character.

The Artistic Development of Stephen Dedalus

*A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man* is the story of the growth of Stephen from a creature to a creator. It shows the development of the child into a young man ready to take up his mission as an artist. All his experiences and mental conflicts are faithfully recorded. He wants to pursue the vocation of an artist and he feels that he can do it only if he is free of all commitments. He is tied by family, religion and country but he arranges to get himself freed from all these ties. He wants to have no loyalty except to his art. One by one he throws off all those things which shackle his mind. He struggles to free himself from all bonds and finally leaves his family and his country and goes into exile.

Childhood – The Fear of Authority

The novel opens with the recording of the first impressions of Stephen as a small child. These things are described in the language of children and in the manner in which a child’s mind works. These impressions are described as they have survived in the consciousness of the child. He was called Baby Tuckoo by his father and he had told him the story of “moocow coming down along the road” (Joyce, 1). He remembers that his father had a hairy face. He also remembers that his mother had a nicer smell than his father. She used to sing and he used to dance. He remembers that he once wetted the bed and his mother put an oil sheet which had a queer smell.

The ‘conscience of his race’ as it appears in the world of his own childhood and adolescence and youth is uniformly corrupt and brutal. Even in the little prelude giving impressionistic glimpses of his earliest memories, fear of authority is one element in the atmosphere—a “He hid under the table” and the only way to escape cruel punishment is to submit: “Pull out his
eyes/Apologies.” The little boy is surrounded by adults with rigid readymade standards of all conduct and values, and he must conform. At Clongowes external reality shapes itself into a world of unintelligible and confusing codes, of secret guilt and vague sins, of a mob of shouting, pushing fellow creatures, ‘the whirl of the scrimmage’, of snobbish values—your father must be a magistrate—and of gross injustice whereby you are shouldered into a slimy ditch if you won’t consent to swap a little snuffbox for a chestnut. Stephen, however, triumphs over all this in the final sequence, where he is unjustly beaten by the sadistic Father Dolan. His shame and rage drive him to report the cruelty to the rector. He is exonerated; his schoolmates applaud his rebellion and he feels ‘happy and free.’ (Drew. 24)

The Dedalus family consisted of Stephen’s father, Simon Dedalus; mother, May Dedalus; and brother and sisters; two relatives, uncle Charles and Mrs. Riordan (Dante). Stephen’s struggles begin even while he is a child. The fear of authority is instilled in him even while he is a baby. The grown-ups have rigid standards of conduct to which he must conform.

Stephen Wanted to Marry Eileen – a Protestant Girl

We are told that he had to hide under the table and the only way to escape punishment was to submit. In a childish way he thinks that he would marry Eileen when he grows up. But Eileen is a Protestant and so he is told that if he marries her the eagles will come and pull out his eyes.

His mother said:

—O, Stephen will apologize.

Dante said:

—O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes. — (Joyce. 4)
At Clongowes College

Rough and Unsympathetic – School Boys

When he goes to Clongowes College he finds that the boys are rough and unsympathetic. Stephen meets several students of varied temperaments. Rody Kickham was a decent fellow but Nasty Roche was a stink. Their fathers were magistrates but Stephen’s father was a gentleman. Wells was a bully whereas Fleming shared Stephen’s loneliness. Stephen is bullied by the stronger boys and he feels miserable. Wells ridicules him when he affirms that he kisses his mother before going to bed and when he denies it. The misery of Stephen is revealed in the following conversation between the two. Wells came to Dedalus and said:

—Tell us, Dedalus, do you kiss your mother before you go to bed?

Stephen answered:

—I do.

Wells turned to the other fellows and said:

—O, I say, here’s a fellow says he kisses his mother every night before he goes to bed.

The other fellows stopped their game and turned round, laughing. Stephen blushed under their eyes and said:

—I do not.

Wells said:

—O, I say, here’s a fellow says he doesn’t kiss his mother before he goes to bed.

They all laughed again. Stephen tried to laugh with them. He felt his whole body hot and confused in a moment. What was the right answer to the question? He had given two and still Wells laughed. (Joyce. 12)
Thus Stephen was not happy in the surroundings of the institution of learning. He felt homesick. He began to dream of holidays at home. He longed to be at home and lay his head on his mother’s lap.

Stephen increased his knowledge about geography and language. But he was not at home in sums. His sense of isolation increased with the increase in knowledge though in the beginning he did not know what politics meant and where the universe ended. He studied hard but the memory of home haunted him.

He turned to the flyleaf of the geography and read what he had written there: himself, his name and where he was.

Stephen Dedalus

Class of Elements

Clongowes Wood College

Sallins

County Kildare

Ireland

Europe

The World

The Universe

That was in his writing: and Fleming one night for a cod had written on the opposite page:

Stephen Dedalus is my name,

Ireland is my nation.

Clongowes is my dwellingplace

And heaven my expectation. (Joyce. 14)

He prayed to God to bless his father and mother, little brothers and sisters, Dante and Uncle Charles and spare them to him.
God bless my father and my mother and spare them to me!

God bless my little brothers and sisters and spare them to me!

God bless Dante and Uncle Charles and spare them to me! (Joyce. 18)

The Game of Football

The other students played the game of football but Stephen crept about from point to point on the fringe of the line, out of the sight of his prefect, out of the reach of the rude feet, feigning to run now and then. He felt his body small and weak amid the throng of the players and his eyes were weak and watery. There was a mad scrimmage on the football field and Stephen had to remain on the fringe of the field.

Immediately there is a transition to the children’s playground at Clongowes Wood, the child’s earliest experience of a community other than that of the home. Again the auditory impression is predominant—sounds heard, words spoken—and the life-directed attempt of the young mind is to understand their meaning in relation to each other and in relation to a governing design. There are the ‘strong cries’ of the boys and the ‘thud’ of their feet and bodies; then comes a quick succession of references to special oddnesses in the names of things. To the child’s labouring apprehension, which assumes all names to have intimate and honest connections with reality, the name ‘dog-in-the-blanket’ for the Friday pudding must represent something about the pudding which is real and which other people know but which is obscured from him; it may have more than one meaning, like the word ‘belt’, which means a strap on a jacket and also, ‘to give a fellow a belt’: or it may have complex, mysterious, and terribly serious associations with destiny, understood by others but dark and anxious to himself, like his own name, Stephen Dedalus, which Nasty Roche says is ‘queer’ with a queerness that puts the social status of Stephen’s father in doubt. Through words the world comes to Stephen; through the words he hears, he gropes his way into other people’s images of reality. Doubts and anxieties arise because the words and phrases are disassociated, their context frequently arbitrary, like that of the sentences in the spelling book:
Wolsey died in Leicester Abbey

Where the abbots buried him.

Canker is a disease of plants

Cancer one of animals.

The sentences in the spelling book at least make a rhythm, and a rhythm is a kind of pattern, a ‘whole’ of sorts; they are therefore ‘nice sentences’ to think about. But the threatening overwhelming problem is the integration of all the vast heap of disassociated impressions that the child’s mind is subjected to and out of which his hopeful urgency toward intelligibility forces him, entirely lonely and without help, to try to make superior rhythms and superior unities. (Van Ghent. 63)

Stephen’s Dreams about His Own Death

Once Stephen was shoved into the watery ditch by a bully, Wells, He fell ill and was sent to the infirmary. He wrote to his mother to take him home:

Dear Mother,

I am sick. I want to go home. Please come and take me home. I am in the Infirmary.

Your fond son,

Stephen. (Joyce. 24)

He wondered if he would die. He might die before his mother came. He imagined his funeral, mass in the chapel and burial in the little graveyard. Even he said over to himself the song that Brigid had taught him.

Dingdong! The castle bell!

Farewell, my mother!

Bury me in the old churchyard

Beside my eldest brother.

My coffin shall be black,
Six angels at my back,
Two to sing and two to pray
And two to carry my soul away. (Joyce. 25)

Certainly Wells would also be there but nobody would look at him. Then Wells would be sorry for what he had done.

Stephen’s dreams about his own death is an identification with the death of the Irish leader Parnell. This section concludes with a note of imagined sadness on the death of Stephen in dream.

. . . He is dead. . . .

—Parnell! Parnell! He is dead!

They fell upon their knees, moaning in sorrow. (Joyce. 29)

Politics at the Time of a Christmas Dinner

He returns home during the holidays which he had always dreamt of. He sits down happily to his first Christmas Dinner with his mother, father, uncle Charles, John Casey and aunt Mrs. Riordan Dante. But Stephen’s happiness is marred when a religious-political squabble starts between aunt Dante and Mr. John Casey. The quarrel starts with an offhand remark of Mr. Dedalus about election addresses in church. He utters casually, “I will pay your dues, father, when you cease turning the house of God into a polling booth” (Joyce. 34). Mr. John Casey says identically,

—We go to the house of God in all humility to pray to our Maker and not to hear election addresses. (Joyce. 34)

Aunt Dante defies their remarks and says,

It is religion. They are right. They must direct their flocks. It is a question of public morality. A priest would not be a priest if he did not tell his flock what is right and what is wrong. (Joyce. 34)

Mr. Dedalus insists that the priest must stop preaching politics from the Altar. He is a Parnellite and blames the Roman Catholics for his death. Mrs. Dedalus pleads for peace. She says, “For pity sake let us have no political discussion on this day of all the
days of the year” (Joyce. 35). Uncle Charles also supports her and cries, “Quite right. Now Simon, that's quite enough now. Not another word now” (Joyce. 35). But none listens to either Mrs. Dedalus or Uncle Charles. Tempers rise high. Mr. Dedalus and Mr. John Casey raise invectives against the Roman Catholic Bishops who were considered servants of the English. Aunt Dante screams in their defence. She asserts that they are the Lord’s anointed. They are an honour to their country. She cannot tolerate that the pastors of the Church be flouted. But Mr. Casey and Mr. Dedalus remind her the torturous death of their religious political advocate Parnell. He says that the priests and the Priests pawn broke Parnell’s heart and hounded him into his grave. But Dante asserts that they behaved rightly. Mrs. Dedalus again tries to pacify the explosive tempers and says, “Can we be free from these dreadful disputes?” (Joyce. 38) Uncle Charles also pleads mildly, “Can we not express our opinions whatever they are without this bad temper and this bad language?” But Dante replies loudly, “I will defend my church and my religion when it is insulted and spit on by the renegade Catholics” (Joyce. 38). All this dirty squabble continues till aunt Dante leaves the room disgusted and frustrated. But Stephen, the child, sits terrified and listens to the explosive arguments in a state of bewilderment. He had returned home to find warmth, peace and happiness. But this dream is shattered in the atmosphere of religious disputes.

**An Unjust Punishment**

Stephen was knocked down by the cycle of a senior student on the cinder track and his spectacles were broken. Stephen’s eyes were weak. The doctor advised him not to read anything till he got now glasses. He wrote to his parents to send him a new pair. Father Arnall excused him from studies for a week. During the writing lesson he sat with his arms folded.

In the next period Arnall came to teach them Latin. Fleming gave a very stupid answer and so Arnall ordered him to kneel in the centre of the class because he was one of the idiest boys he had ever met. Just then Father Dolan, the Prefect of Studies, entered the class with his pandybat. He gave six smacks of the pandybat on each hand of Fleming. He then turned to Stephen and asked him why he was not writing. Stephen was so frightened that he could not give any reply. He then asked Father Arnall why he was not writing.
Father Arnall explained that he had exempted him because he had broken his glasses. Father Dolan asked him in a loud voice where he had broken his glasses. Stephen was blinded with fear and just blurted out, “The cinderpath, sir” (Joyce. 58). Father Dolan shouted that he was a “lazy little schemer” and “a lazy idle little loafer” (Joyce. 58). He was ordered to hold out his hand and he was given several smacks of the pandybat. Stephen felt as if his hands were burning. The extreme pain brought tears to his eyes. “The other hand!” shouted the Prefect of Studies. Then there was a rain of the pandybat on this hand. Then he was asked to kneel down. Stephen felt very great pain but more than that he felt the shame of having been called a “schemer” and an “idle loafer” before the whole class when he had been exempted from the work by Father Arnall.

After the class the other students instigated him to report the matter to the Rector because very great injustice had been done to him. Fleming, Cecil Thunder, Nasty Roche and several others all said that it was unfair and cruel and he must report the matter to the Rector. At first he was afraid that the Prefect of Studies would punish him still more if he reported against him. But then he decided that he would report the matter and so he walked up boldly to the office of the Rector. The Rector had a kind-looking face. Stephen told him what had happened. The Rector said, “It is a mistake and I shall speak to Father Dolan myself” (Joyce. 68). Stephen thanked him and came out of the room.

Stephen joined the other students on the playground. They closed round him and asked him what had happened. He told them what he had said and what the Rector had said. They all shouted, “Hurroo!” They caught their caps and sent them spinning high in the air. They made a candle of their locked hands and hoisted him up among them and carried him along till he struggled to get free. They gave three groans for Baldyhead Dolan and three cheers for Father Conmee, the Rector.

Stephen was happy and free but he decided that he would not be proud with Father Dolan. He would be very quiet and obedient. But this happiness ends very soon when he is told that the Rector was treating the whole episode as a joke.

**Stephen Fascinated by the Story and Mercedes**

In the evenings Stephen read a translation of *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Alexander Dumas. He was fascinated by the story and Edmund Dante became in his mind a symbol of the strange and the terrible. At night he built an image of that wonderful
island on the parlour table with bits of paper. He was fascinated by Mercedes whom Dante loved in the beginning. On the way to the mountain there was a big house and he imagined that Mercedes lived in it. He imagined himself as taking part in various adventures and he formed an image of himself grown older and sadder and rejecting her finally as the count had done.

Financial troubles--withdrawal from Clongowes:

When September came Stephen realized the changes that were taking place in the family fortunes. His school was to reopen but he was not to be sent to Clongowes as it was an expensive school. Many small changes were taking place in the house due to his father's financial difficulty and this upset his boyish conception of the world. The practice in the park came to an end when Mike Flynn was admitted to a hospital. Aubrey started going to school. All the boyish adventures came to an end.

Stephen felt a strange unrest in his life. He tried to cheer himself up by thinking of Mercedes but he felt greatly disturbed. The noise of children at play annoyed him. He now felt more keenly than ever before that he was different from the rest. He did not want to participate in games. He wanted to meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which he saw in his imagination. He felt sure that he would meet her one day and at that magic moment “all weakness and timidity and inexperience would fall from him in that magic moment” (Joyce. 77).

Stephen’s father was now in great financial difficulties. He had to sell off most of the furniture and other household articles and move to a smaller house in Dublin. One day two vans came to their house and most of their goods were taken away. Stephen understood that his father had enemies and so it was necessary for them to leave their earlier place. The comforts of Blackrock were gone and they moved into a bare and cheerless house in Dublin.

Stephen was very sad. He saw poverty in the house and that made him very angry with life. He was also angry with himself for being the prey of foolish impulses. The change of circumstances had, however, not broken the spirit of Stephen’s father. He said to Stephen:
—There's a crack of the whip left in me yet, Stephen, old chap, said Mr. Dedalus, poking at the dull fire with fierce energy. We're not dead yet, sonny. No, by the Lord Jesus (God forgive me) not half dead. (Joyce. 78)

The Girl in the Tram

One day Stephen attended a children's party at Harold cross. The children danced and romped noisily and though he tried to share their merriment, Stephen felt himself a gloomy figure and did not take part in the games. After he had sung his song he withdrew into a snug corner of the room and began to taste-the joy of his loneliness. But one girl attracted his attention. His heart was excited when she looked at him. He tried to hide from other eyes the feverish agitation of his blood. When the party was over he walked with her to take the tram. Her fresh warm breath and the sound of her shoes on the road gave him great joy.

The tram which they took was the last tram and there were very few passengers. There was perfect silence everywhere. He sat on the upper step and she on the lower one. She came up to his step many times and once or twice stood close to him. He felt that he should catch hold of her when she came to his step and kiss her. Nobody was looking. Perhaps she too wanted him to catch hold of her and kiss her. She reminded him of Mercedes and Eileen. But though he desperately wanted to hold her and kiss her he found himself unable to do so. She got down from the tram and he was left alone in it. He felt that he had missed an excellent opportunity. He was annoyed with himself and he showed his annoyance by tearing the ticket into bits.

The most striking attenuation occurs in the character of Elmma Clery. In the Hero fragment, she is a healthy, middle-class girl who studies Gaelic with enthusiasm, flirts with priests, and is only confused and offended by Stephen's unconventional offer of himself. In the Portrait, however, we are told nothing of her appearance and are never allowed a clear conception of her as an individual. The Gaelic lessons shrink to an Irish phrase-book, the flirtation becomes a bitter recollection in Stephen's mind, associated with the scorn he feels for the church, and there is only the barest hint of the circumstances of the rejection. The girl herself is never more than a shadowy presence—a provocative glance or speech, a shawled head, 'fresh warm breath', laughter and tapping footsteps, a sash.
or a nodding hair ornament. Her eternalization extends even to her name, which in the Portrait becomes ‘E—C—.’ (Drew. 212)

**His Poem**

The next day he decided to write a poem to this girl. He took a sheet of paper and by force of habit wrote at the top of the page the Jesuit motto: A.M.D.G. Then he wrote the title of the poem: to E—C—. He had seen similar titles in the poems of Byron. When he had drawn an ornamental line below the title he fell into a day-dream and began to draw diagrams on the cover of the book. He recalled that on the morning after the discussion at the Christmas dinner table he had sat down to write a poem on Parnell. But he had failed to write a poem and had only ended up by writing a list of some of his classmates. He was afraid that he might fail on this occasion also but by brooding on the incident he gained confidence. He dropped all unimportant things. The verses only described the night, the balmy breeze and the maiden lustre of the moon. Some undefined sorrow was hidden in the hearts of the lovers. They stood in silence beneath the leafless trees and when the moment of farewell came, the kiss, which had been withheld by one, was given by both. Stephen wrote the letters L.D.S. at the foot of the page and hid the book. Neither he nor the girl appeared vividly in the poem.

**At Belvedere**

Stephen joined Belvedere College and did well there. He became known as very proficient in essay writing. In the 2nd year he was elected secretary to the gymnasium. He was given the role of a farcical teacher in a play to be staged at Whitsuntide in the school. Stephen had been given this role on account of his stature and grave manners. Heron, one of his schoolmates, suggested to him that in playing the part of the teacher he should imitate the Rector of the school. That would create good fun.

Heron introduced his friend Wallis to Stephen. Wallis was a dandy. Heron told Wallis that Stephen was a very sober boy. He did not smoke; he did not go to bazaars and he did not flirt. Heron, however, said that Stephen was a sly dog. Stephen was upset because Heron had said this in the presence of a stranger. Heron continued that Stephen has been throwing dust in the eyes of all of them. He had come to know that Stephen was carving on a secret love affair with a pretty girl. Heron was, of course, referring to the girl (E-C-) with whom Stephen had travelled in the tram about two years ago. Stephen
did not like the indelicate reference to that girl in the presence of a stranger. Stephen, however, admitted that he was in love with that girl and thus the episode ended.

The Charge of Heresy:

Stephen recalls an incident which happened towards the close of his first term in Belvedere College. Being a sensitive boy he was deeply touched by the squalid way of life of Dublin. Essay writing was his chief source of delight. Every Tuesday he used to submit an essay to Mr. Tate, the English master, and these essays were greatly admired by the teacher. On one Tuesday, however, the teacher was rather unhappy. He pointed out that there was a heresy in Stephen’s essay. There was a sensation in the class. Mr. Tate said that perhaps Stephen did not know that what he wrote amounted to a heresy. It was about the creator and the soul. Stephen had written, “Without a possibility of approaching nearer” (Joyce. 95). The teacher said that that was heresy. Stephen explained that he meant “......without a possibility of ever reaching” (Joyce. 95). Mr. Tate said that then it was not a heresy and he returned the essay to Stephen.

But the students were not satisfied. They wanted to get some pretext to punish Stephen. A few days later Heron, Boland and Nash stopped him on the road in the evening. They started talking about books. Stephen was surprised because Boland was the dunce and Nash the idler of the class. They asked him whom he considered the best prose writer. Stephen replied that he thought that Cardinal Newman was the best prose writer. They could not object to that because Cardinal Newman was a highly respected Catholic writer.

—And who is the best poet, Heron? asked Boland.

—Lord Tennyson, of course, answered Heron.

—O, yes, Lord Tennyson, said Nash. We have all his poetry at home in a book.

At this Stephen forgot the silent vows he had been making and burst out:

—Tennyson a poet! Why, he’s only a rhymester!

—O, get out! said Heron. Everyone knows that Tennyson is the greatest poet.
—And who do you think is the greatest poet? asked Boland, nudging his neighbour.

—Byron, of course, answered Stephen.

Heron gave the lead and all three joined in a scornful laugh.

—What are you laughing at? asked Stephen.

—You, said Heron. Byron the greatest poet! He’s only a poet for uneducated people.

—He must be a fine poet! said Boland.

—You may keep your mouth shut, said Stephen, turning on him boldly. All you know about poetry is what you wrote up on the slates in the yard and were going to be sent to the loft for.

Boland, in fact, was said to have written on the slates in the yard a couplet about a classmate of his who often rode home from the college on a pony:

As Tyson was riding into Jerusalem He fell and hurt his Alec Kafoozelum.

This thrust put the two lieutenants to silence but Heron went on:

—In any case Byron was a heretic and immoral too.

—I don’t care what he was, cried Stephen hotly.

—You don’t care whether he was a heretic or not? said Nash.

—What do you know about it? shouted Stephen. You never read a line of anything in your life except a trans, or Boland either.

—I know that Byron was a bad man, said Boland.

—Here, catch hold of this heretic, Heron called out. In a moment Stephen was a prisoner.

—Tate made you buck up the other day, Heron went on, about the heresy in your essay.

—I’ll tell him tomorrow, said Boland.
—Will you? said Stephen. You’d be afraid to open your lips.

—Afraid?

—Ay. Afraid of your life.

—Behave yourself! cried Heron, cutting at Stephen’s legs with his cane.

It was the signal for their onset. Nash pinioned his arms behind while Boland seized a long cabbage stump which was lying in the gutter. Struggling and kicking under the cuts of the cane and the blows of the knotty stump Stephen was borne back against a barbed wire fence.

—Admit that Byron was no good.

—No.

—Admit.

—No.

—Admit.

—No. No. (Joyce. 97-99)

Stephen, however, bore no malice towards his tormentors. He was not angry with them. All the descriptions of fierce love and hatred which he had read in books seemed to him unreal.

The Play

Stephen made a reputation in the school for essay-writing. He was elected secretary to the gymnasium. He was given a role in the Whitsuntide play which was to be staged in the institution. He was given the part of a farcical pedagogue. He did not like this part. He hoped that the girl whom he adored would come to see the play. But she did not come. His family came to see the play. At the end of the play he made an excuse to his family for not being able to accompany them and he ran across the road and then began walking hastily without knowing where he was going. He was filled with desire because the girl had not come. After some time he reached a spot where the smell of horse-piss and rotten straw greeted him. That made him calm and he went home.
Visit to Cork

Simon Dedalus had to sell some property in Cork and so he went there by train and took Stephen with him. Simon also took his son to visit Queen’s College where he had studied. In the Anatomy theatre he saw the word ‘Foetust’ cut several times on a desk. That startled him. His father told him stories about his classmates which he had told the members of his family many times. The visit only bored Stephen.

Stephen Wins a Prize

Stephen won a prize in an essay competition. He used the money to pull the family out of the normal squalor of their lives. He purchased presents for all the members and took them to the theatre. But the money was soon spent and the family went back to its usual misery.

His First Sin

Stephen was very much depressed due to the drab atmosphere of his home and his school. Although he was only sixteen he had a strong sexual urge. One day he went to a street where there were many brothels. One young woman invited him to her room. He surrendered himself to her body and mind. After this initial experience he started going to the prostitutes quite frequently.

In the environment of an uncomprehending family, of casuistical priests, of vulgar, insensitive, tormenting schoolboys, Stephen struggles to keep his identity. He finds himself bombarded with exhortations urging him to be athletic and patriotic, a good son, a ‘decent fellow’ and ‘a good Catholic above all things’. His only escape is in daydream. Meanwhile, the demands of his growing body subdue everything else. The experience with the harlot, which ends the second chapter, though so different from his dreams of romance, is again expressed as a triumph. It is an initiation. The yellow gas flames burn ‘as if before an altar’, the groups of women in the street appear ‘arrayed as for some rite’. With a sense of joy and relief “he surrenders body and mind to the experience” and feels suddenly “strong and fearless and sure of himself.” (Drew. 31)
More Sins

After his first taste of sin Stephen was overpowered by lust. After nightfall he would approach the squalid quarter of the brothels with fear and joy. Visits to the whores became a regular part of his routine.

At his first violent sin he had felt a wave of vitality pass out of him. He feared that his body or soul would be maimed by the excess. No part of his body or soul had been maimed but a dark peace had been established between them. He felt that his soul was unfolding itself sin by sin.

Stephen now realized that he was committing terrible sins. He knew that while he stood in danger of eternal damnation for the first sin alone, by every succeeding sin he multiplied his guilt and his punishment. He could not hope to gain anything from prayer when he knew that his soul lusted after its own destruction. He felt that his sin was too grievous to be atoned for.

On the wall of his bedroom hung an illuminated scroll, the certificate of his prefecture of the College of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He felt that his position was very false. He realized the truth of the sentence of Saint James that he who offends against one commandment becomes guilty of having worked against all other commandments. From the sin of lust all other deadly sins had risen. Greed arose from it because one needed money for purchasing unlawful pleasure. Lust also leads to envy, anger, gluttony and sloth.

Saint Francis Xavier

The Rector announced that there would be a Retreat in the school from Wednesday afternoon to Friday in honour of Saint Francis Xavier, the patron saint of the school.

A Retreat was the time for rest and spiritual meditation. A saint had the power to intercede with God on behalf of his disciples. He would also give strength to a sinner to confess his sins.

Father Arnall, who had been Stephen’s teacher at Clongowes, came to deliver special sermons during the Retreat. The sight of Father Arnall brought before his mind all the memories of his life at Clongowes and his soul became like a child’s soul.
Father Arnall first explained that ‘Retreat’ meant a withdrawal from the cares of this world in order to examine the state of our conscience and reflect on the mysteries of holy religion. He said that if there were any sinners among them they should repent for their sins and become better men. This Retreat should be a turning point in the lives of poor souls. This speech had a profound effect on Stephen. He realized that he was a great sinner and it was his duty to repent for his sins.

Death and Judgment

The next day Father Arnall spoke on death and judgment. He said that while a man lived in this world God would be merciful to him and if he sincerely repents for his sins he would be pardoned by God. But when a person dies God is only just. He said:

His voice is heard even at the farthest limits of space, even in the bottomless abyss. Supreme Judge, from His sentence there will be and can be no appeal. He calls the just to His side, bidding them enter into the kingdom, the eternity of bliss prepared for them. The unjust He casts from Him, crying in His offended majesty: DEPART FROM ME, YE CURSED, INTO EVERLASTING FIRE WHICH WAS PREPARED FOR THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS. O, what agony then for the miserable sinners! 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 is too late: the just turn away from the wretched damned souls which now appear before the eyes of all in their hideous and evil character. O you hypocrites, O, you whitened sepulchres, O you who present a smooth smiling face to the world while your soul within is a foul swamp of sin, how will it fare with you in that terrible day?

And this day will come, shall come, must come: the day of death and the day of judgement. It is appointed unto man to die and after death the judgement. Death is certain. The time and manner are uncertain, whether from long disease or from some unexpected accident: the Son of God
cometh at an hour when you little expect Him. Be therefore ready every moment, seeing that you may die at any moment. Death is the end of us all. Death and judgement, brought into the world by the sin of our first parents, are the dark portals that close our earthly existence, the portals that open into the unknown and the unseen, portals through which every soul must pass, alone, unaided save by its good works, without friend or brother or parent or master to help it, alone and trembling. Let that thought be ever before our minds and then we cannot sin. Death, a cause of terror to the sinner, is a blessed moment for him who has walked in the right path, fulfilling the duties of his station in life, attending to his morning and evening prayers, approaching the holy sacrament frequently and performing good and merciful works. For the pious and believing catholic, for the just man, death is no cause of terror. Was it not Addison, the great English writer, who, when on his deathbed, sent for the wicked young earl of Warwick to let him see how a Christian can meet his end? He it is and he alone, the pious and believing Christian, who can say in his heart:

O grave, where is thy victory?

O death, where is thy sting? (Joyce. 139-140)

Stephen felt that every word of this sermon was directed against him. The whole wrath of God was directed against his foul and secret sin. The preacher’s knife had probed deeply into his diseased conscience and he felt that his soul was festering in sin. The sordid details of his orgies came before his eyes. A cold sweat came to him as he thought of his sins.

In his next sermon Father Arnall spoke of the fall of Satan and the fall of man and his redemption and the horrors of hell. Satan was the brightest of the angels but he fell because of the sin of pride. Then God created Adam and Eve. He gave them the Garden of Eden to live but ordered them not to eat the forbidden fruit. They did the sin of disobedience and were punished by being brought to the earth. Their progeny were all sent to hell. Then Jesus came. He was troubled by the people and in the hour of his suffering he founded the Catholic Church which could save people from hell.
The company of the sinners fills everyone with horror. Father Arnall appealed to all his ‘young brothers in Christ’ not to commit any sins and if they commit any sin they should repent for it at the earliest. He wished that it should not be the lot of anyone present there to be sent to eternal damnation on the Day of Judgment.

This sermon had a terrible effect on Stephen. He felt that he had died and had been judged a great sinner and was being sent to hell. He could almost feel that he had not died. There was still time for him to repent and be pardoned.

A messenger announced that confessions were being heard in the Chapel. Stephen felt that he must confess his sins but he could not make his confession in the school. Father Arnall concluded his sermon by appealing to all those who had committed sins to come to God, confess their sins and repent for them.

By the time Stephen reached his room, his hands were cold and he felt that he was seriously ill. He felt that he was a great sinner and he was not worthy to be called God’s child. He had a terrible dream in which he saw that he was in hell in the midst of devils. He woke up in fright. He felt that God had given him an idea of his hell. He had a vomit. He prayed to God. He wept for the innocence he had lost.

When evening came he went out and kept walking through narrow streets. He must confess all his sins. It was very difficult and very embarrassing but he had to do it. After walking a lot of distance he asked one woman whether there was any chapel there. She directed him. He entered the church. One old clergyman was listening to the confessions of the penitents. Stephen waited. Then his turn came and he walked into the box. The priest asked him:

—How long is it since your last confession, my child?

—A long time, father.

—A month, my child?

—Longer, father.

—Three months, my child?

—Longer, father.

—Six months?
—Eight months, father.

He had begun. The priest asked:

—And what do you remember since that time?

He began to confess his sins: masses missed, prayers not said, lies.

—Anything else, my child?

Sins of anger, envy of others, gluttony, vanity, disobedience.

—Anything else, my child?

There was no help. He murmured:

—I... committed sins of impurity, father.

The priest did not turn his head.

—With yourself, my child?

—And... with others.

—With women, my child?

—Yes, father.

—Were they married women, my child?

He did not know. His sins trickled from his lips, one by one, trickled in shameful drops from his soul, festering and oozing like a sore, a squalid stream of vice. The last sins oozed forth, sluggish, filthy. There was no more to tell. He bowed his head, overcome.

The Priest was silent. Then he asked:

—How old are you, my child?

—Sixteen, father.

The priest passed his hand several times over his face. Then, resting his forehead against his hand, he leaned towards the grating and, with eyes still averted, spoke slowly. His voice was weary and old.
—You are very young, my child, he said, and let me implore of you to give up that sin. It is a terrible sin. It kills the body and it kills the soul. It is the cause of many crimes and misfortunes. Give it up, my child, for God’s sake. It is dishonourable and unmanly. You cannot know where that wretched habit will lead you or where it will come against you. As long as you commit that sin, my poor child, you will never be worth one farthing to God. Pray to our mother Mary to help you. She will help you, my child. Pray to Our Blessed Lady when that sin comes into your mind. I am sure you will do that, will you not? You repent of all those sins. I am sure you do. And you will promise God now that by His holy grace you will never offend Him any more by that wicked sin. You will make that solemn promise to God, will you not?

—Yes, father.

The old and weary voice fell like sweet rain upon his quaking parching heart. How sweet and sad!

—Do so my poor child. The devil has led you astray. Drive him back to hell when he tempts you to dishonour your body in that way—the foul spirit who hates our Lord. Promise God now that you will give up that sin, that wretched wretched sin.

Blinded by his tears and by the light of God’s mercifulness he bent his head and heard the grave words of absolution spoken and saw the priest’s hand raised above him in token of forgiveness.

—God bless you, my child. Pray for me. (Joyce. 177-179)

When he reached home he was very happy. He slept happily. Next morning he went to school and when he knelt before the altar he felt that he was sinless and his body was pure. He was sure that God would enter his purified life. The past was past. A life of grace and virtue had begun for him.

In Stephen’s experience with the prostitute the natural man—or adolescent rather—prevails. The mature Joyce, who is writing the book reports with deadpan irony the methods of the church to produce repentance. The sermons, addressed by the Jesuit father to his ‘dear little
brothers in Christ’, are the crudest appeal to fear. They describe the physical and mental tortures devised by the infinite love of God for his erring children. Stephen, however, perceives no irony. Under the direct emotional onslaught he feels “a terror of spirit as the hoarse voice of the speaker blew death into his soul.” In an agony of self-abasement he seeks confession, and then goes home ‘holy and happy’, assured that “this was not a dream from which he would awake. The past was pest.”

Stephen throws himself into schemes for spiritual regeneration which are heroic in their aspirations. Joyce is openly ironic as he looks back on his young self and describes some of the absurd disciplines he practiced. At the same time he knows very well that the mysteries of religion and its rituals are akin to those of art. He is not ironic when he speaks of Stephen’s awe before “the divine gloom and silence wherein dwelt the unseen Paraclete, whose symbols were a dove and a mighty wind...the eternal, mysterious secret Being to whom as God, the priests offered up mass once a year, robed in the scarlet of the tongues of fire.” The flying figure of the hawklike man and his own ‘deliverance to the winds’ while his soul is ‘souring sunward’ is the secular parallel to the worship of the Holy Ghost. Yet the priest who suggests he may have a religious vocation is part of the evil ‘conscience of his race’ that threatens him. Hugh Kenner has pointed out how the details of this scene are an unspoken comment on the church. The priest stands with his back to the light and the light itself is fading, which makes his head look like a skull. His hands are “slowly dangling and looping the cord of the blind” (making a noose for Stephen’s neck). As he goes out, the priest’s face seems ‘a mirthless mask reflecting a sunken day’. Only when Stephen has put that vision of the future behind him and has asserted his right to go to the University does the vision of his vocation come, with its sense of exultant ecstasy. (Drew. 36)

Stephen now became a very pious man. Everyday appeared to be sacred to him. He went to church early in the morning. His daily life was laid out in devotional areas. He became very regular in prayers and penances. In this way he thought that the years that he was going to suffer in purgatory would be reduced. He carried the rosary in his pocket and he repeated the name of God while he was walking along the streets.
He offered prayers in the chapel thrice a day so that he might grow strong in each of the three theological virtues of faith, hope and love. He prayed on all the seven days, so that he could drive out of his soul, the seven deadly sins which had defiled it in the past.

He believed that God had loved his individual soul with divine love from eternity. Everything on the earth appeared to him to be an expression of divine love. His own life seemed to be a part of the divine purpose and he cheerfully bore the burden of pieties, masses, prayers, sacraments and mortifications.

- To mortify his sense of sight he made it a rule to walk in the street with downcast eyes. He did not look to the right or the left or behind. He never looked at any woman. To mortify his hearing he never sang or whistled. He did not run away from noises. To mortify his smell he subjected himself to unpleasant odours.
- To mortify his taste he ate very simple food and observed all the fast days of the church.
- To mortify his sense of touch he never consciously changed his position in bed and he sat in the most uncomfortable positions. He remained on his knees throughout the mass except at the gospels and he carried his arms stiffly by his side.
- He made a tremendous effort of will to control his anger if his mother sneezed or if he was disturbed in his devotions.

But now he had a sensation of spiritual dryness and desolation. Sometimes he got the feeling that his soul had fallen unawares. He got frequent temptations but he conquered all these by praying at each temptation. When he committed some small sin and he confessed it his confessor asked him to name some sin of his past life before absolution was given to him. He named it with humility and shame and repented of it once more. It humiliated and shamed him to think he would never be wholly freed from his earlier sin. But the surest sign of his repentance was that he had amended his life.

**Offer of Priesthood**

One day he was called by the Director. At first the Director talked to him on different themes. Then he told him that he had called him to speak on a very important subject. The priest asked him whether he had ever thought of joining the order. Stephen
replied that he had sometimes thought of this. Than the priest said that in a college like theirs there was probably one boy or two or three boys whom God calls to the religious life. Such a boy is known for his piety and is chosen as a prefect by his fellow sodalists. The Director then said that Stephen was perhaps the boy in the College whom God had designed to call to Himself.

The priest said:

To receive that call, Stephen, said the priest, is the greatest honour that the Almighty God can bestow upon a man. No king or emperor on this earth has the power of the priest of God. No angel or archangel in heaven, no saint, not even the Blessed Virgin herself, has the power of a priest of God: 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. What an awful power, Stephen! (Joyce. 194-195)

Stephen’s first reaction was of pride that he had been selected for this great honour. He had often imagined himself a priest. He listened in reverent silence to the priest’s voice offering him secret knowledge and secret power. The Director told him to pray to God to enlighten his mind. He must make up his mind to join the order after very careful consideration, for “once a priest always a priest” (Joyce. 197). The priest took Stephen to the church so that they could pray together.

In the crucial invitation scene, it is probably significant that it is the priest who stands in darkness, who is associated with the blind, whose face is like a skull and so presumably sightless, who stands in shadow in the sunset. Two things of importance are happening here. The first is simply that the images of sightlessness which surround the priest (along with the emphasis on his hands and other elements—like coldness and wetness) remind Stephen of his past unpleasant experiences with priests. As if to drive home the point, Joyce even has Stephen recall the beatings and badgering he has taken. These motifs, then, are both Stephen's motivation for and Joyce’s explanation of Stephen’s rejection of the priesthood. Yet they also work in this scene to show that now, for perhaps the first in the
Portrait, Stephen is gaining a certain control of himself and of his environment. In the past, for example, the cold, clammy hands were objects of fear; here Stephen simply notes them. But more important, it is the priest and not Stephen who is in darkness. Up to this point, Stephen has been literally or figuratively blinded—with tears, with loss of glasses, with closed eyes, and so on—in his most crucial moments. In this decisive scene, Stephen sees—he sees despite his awareness of his previous sins, despite the audacity of thinking that he might reject the priesthood. Or, to put the matter differently, he remembers his sins, contemplates a rejection of the Church, and neither apologizes nor is struck blind, Dante’s prophecy, which has been rigorously fulfilled on every similar occasion, is not fulfilled here. (Lemon. 48)

Stephen thought that a grave, ordered and passionless life awaited him, a life without material cares. He was terribly confused. He instinctively felt repelled by the cold and ordered life of a Jesuit priest. He was shy by nature and the pride of his spirit had always made him stand apart from every order. If he said, “Yes” his freedom would be gone forever. He saw himself rising in the cold of the morning and going for early mass and trying vainly to struggle against the sickness of the stomach through prayers. His destiny was to live away from social or religious orders. The wisdom of the priest’s appeal did not touch him. He was destined to learn his own wisdom apart from others. All the memories of his life in the two Jesuit schools came to his mind and he was repelled by the type of life these priests led.

He walked up the lane leading to his house. The sour stink of rotted cabbages came to him from the kitchen gardens on the rising ground above the river. He thought also of the misrule and confusion of his father’s house. This confusion of his house and the stagnation of vegetable life were preferable to him when compared to the cold order and symmetry of the life of the Jesuits. On coming to his house he learnt from his brothers and sisters that they were to move to another house. His father’s inability to earn money was forcing them into smaller and smaller houses. Only discarded crusts of bread and the last portion of watered tea remained at the bottom of the glass jars remained which did service for tea cups. The children started singing but Stephen saw the tone of weariness in their chorus. Even before they had set out on life’s journey they seemed to be the way.
Stephen decided that he must have his freedom even if it meant poverty and confusion. He therefore, gave up the idea of becoming a priest of the church.

Is his rejection of the priesthood a triumph, a tragedy, or merely a comedy of errors? Most readers, even those who follow the new trend of reading Stephen ironically, seem to have read it as a triumph: the artist has rid himself of one of the chains that bound him. To Caroline Gordon, this is a serious misreading. “I suspect that Joyce’s Portrait has been misread by a whole generation.” She sees the rejection as “the picture of a soul that is being damned for time and eternity caught in the act of foreseeing and foreknowing its damnation”, and she cites in evidence the fall of Icarus and Stephen’s own statement to Cranly that he is not afraid to make a mistake, “even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake and perhaps for eternity, too.” Well, which Portrait do we choose, that of the artistic soul battling through, successfully to his necessary freedom, or that of the child of God, choosing, like Lucifer, his own damnation? No two books could be further from each other than the two we envision here. There may be a sufficient core of what is simply interesting to salvage the book as a great work of sensibility, but unless we are willing to retreat into babbling and incommunicable relativism, we cannot believe that it is both a portrait of the prisoner freed and a portrait of the soul placing itself in chains. (Booth. 328)

Alienation from his mother

His father now decided to send him to the University. But his mother was opposed to this idea. He had been alienated from his father long ago. Now an antagonism against his mother developed in his mind. This antagonism passed away and he became dutiful again but he could not help feeling that he was now alienated from his mother also forever.

Stephen’s Walk towards the Sea Shore

Stephen started walking towards the sea. As he passed on to a thin wooden bridge he saw a squad of Christian Brothers. He tried to look at their uncouth faces with ease
and indifference but a faint expression of personal shame and self-pity appeared on his face.

From the bridge he passed towards land. He looked upwards and saw the seaborne clouds. They were of various colours. Some were of sunrise gold, some had the russet and green of apple orchards, and some were of the colour of azure of waves. He has, however, not so much impressed by their colour as by their poise and balance. In his own case his inner world of emotion was mirrored perfectly in a lucid, supple, periodic prose.

“Stephenos” - “Daedalus”

He heard a confused music within him as of memories and names which he was conscious of but could not capture even for an instant. Then the music seemed to recede and he heard the voices of his schoolmates.

—Hello, Stephanos!

—Here comes The Dedalus!

—Ao! Eh, give it over, Dwyer, I’m telling you, or I’ll give you a stuff in the kisser for yourself... Ao!

—Good man, Towser! Duck him!

—Come along, Dedalus! Bous Stephanoumenos! Bous Stephaneferos!

—Duck him! Guzzle him now, Towser!

—Help! Help! Ao! (Joyce. 207)

One called him “Stephenos” which meant “one crowned with wreaths”. Another called him “Daedalus”, the cunning inventor who had fixed wings to his body and tried to fly high. As he flew towards the sun the wax with which he had fixed the wings to his body melted and he fell down in the sea. The boys were making fun of him but the comparison with the fabulous artificer whose name he bore flattered him. It seemed to be a prophecy. He saw a hawklike man flying sunward above the sea. He saw himself flying upward like the mythical Daedalus.

This was the symbol of “the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable thing” (Joyce. 209). His heart trembled, a wild spirit came over his limbs as though he was soaring upwards.
His body became purified and radiant. He heard the call of life to his soul. This was different from the inhuman voice that had called him to the church. He had become conscious of his destiny as an artist. He had made up his mind to become an artist and not a priest.

He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, as the great artificer whose name he bore, a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable. (Joyce. 210)

There was a lust of wandering in his feet. He was standing on the beach. He could see warm isles of sand above the shallow tide. Along the shallow current of the beach there were light clad figures, wading in the water. There was a long rivulet in the strand. It mirrored the high drifting clouds. A new wild life was singing in his veins. His boyhood was at an end. He was alone. He was free to do what he liked. He was unheeded, happy and near to the wild heart of life. He was alone and young and wild hearted in the midst of a sea harvest of shells and tangle and light clad figures of children and girls.

A Girl on the Sea Shore – Stephen’s Inspiration to Become an Artist

A girl stood before him in midstream, alone and still, gazing out to sea. It seemed as if magic had changed her into the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird. Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane’s. Some seaweed was clinging to her flesh. Her thighs were bared up to the hips and they were of the colour of ivory. Her bosom was soft and slight like the breast of a dove. Her long hair was girlish and her face was wonderfully beautiful.

She was alone and still, gazing out to sea. When she felt his presence and realized that he was looking at her as if he worshipped her, she allowed him to gaze at her without shame or wantonness. For a long time she suffered his gaze and then quietly withdrew her eyes from him. She gently stirred the water with her foot. The first faint noise of gently moving water broke the silence. Her cheeks seemed to be red. “Heavenly God!” cried Stephen, in an outburst of profane joy (Joyce. 212).

Stephen turned away from her and started walking across the strand. His cheeks were burning, his limbs—were trembling. Her image had passed into his soul forever. He was in an ecstasy. Her eyes had called him and his soul had leaped at the call. The work before him now was “to live,
to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life” (Joyce. 213). A wild angel had appeared to him and she had opened before him the gates of all the ways of error and glory.

Through his encounter with the girl on the beach Stephen is converted from the worship of things divine to the worship of things earthly . . . The significance of this inverted conversion is to a great extent communicated by symbolism which expresses opposition to Catholicism through association with a markedly secular rose. Throughout the experience, Stephen’s most frequent adjective is ‘wild’, indicating both rebellion and release, and echoing the ‘wild rose’ with which he identified himself in infancy. The girl, recalling Mercedes, is suggestive of Beatrice; like Beatrice, she has come as a messenger of ultimate truth, and like Beatrice, she will guide Stephen by her eyes to his vision of ineffable glory. But going beyond Mercedes, the girl on the beach is a now avowedly sensual Beatrice, and the vision to which her inspiration leads will be an avowedly secular vision; ‘Her eyes had called him and his soul had leaped at the call . . . 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.” (Seward. 173)

He continued to walk for a long time. Evening had come. He turned towards land. He found a sandy corner and he lay down there so that the silence of the evening might still the riot of his blood. He closed his eyes and went to sleep. He felt a strange rapture in his sleep. He woke up after a long time and recalled the rapture of his sleep, and sighed at its joy. The moon was shining in the sky and the tide was flowing. He left for home. He had realized that his destiny was to be an artist.

**Stephen at the University**

**Stephen Became Lazy**

Stephen had now joined the University. He had become lazy. He got up from bed late in the morning and generally became late for his classes. The financial position of the family had deteriorated. The children got only watery tea and some crusts of fried
bread for breakfast. The alarm clock was in a battered state and ran an hour and twenty five minutes fast.

One day Stephen got up late as usual. By the time he finished his breakfast it was twenty past ten. His classes began at 10 a.m. So he was already late for his classes. He was in a dirty condition. So his mother had to scrub his neck, nose etc. His father blew a hair-splitting whistle from above. He asked angrily whether the lazy boy had gone to the University. A girl told him a lie that he had gone and then made a sign to her brother to hurry up. His mother was sorry that he had joined the University. It had changed him for the worse. He wished good morning to everybody and quickly left the house.

Stephen is baptized by wading in the sea, and he feels the regenerative power of the sacrament. He feels “a new wild life.....singing in his veins” and wonders, "where was his boyhood now? Where was the soul that had hung back from her destiny to brood alone upon the shame of her wounds...?"

At the opening of Chapter V Stephen already has passed from baptism through ordination, and is saying mass. Contrasting with the Shelleyan swoon of the baptism and its ecstatic aftermath in the final pages of Chapter IV, the first sentence of Chapter V is a rhetorical change of pace.

He drained his third cup of watery tea to the dregs and set to chewing the crusts of fried bread that were scattered near him staring into the dark pool of the jar.

Important as this deflation is to the stylistic structure of the novel, however, the sentence is at least as important because it introduces the symbol of the Eucharist—specifically, as we shall see, of the Eucharist in the Maundy Thursday Mass. The tea and bread are paralleled by the cocoa which Stephen drinks with Bloom in the cabmen’s shelter and at 7 Eccles Street in the Eumaeus and Ithaca episodes of Ulysses. After Stephen has consumed his breakfast of bread and tea, he takes up “idly one after another the blue and white dockets...” of his pawn brokers. These represents the communion wafers. After he has fingered them, he puts them aside and gazes “thoughtfully at the aid of the box (i.e., the
tabernacle) speckled with louse marks.” Then his sister Maggie, representing the acolyte of the mass, prepares the water for the purification of his fingers, a ceremony which follows directly after the second ablation in the Mass. (Anderson. 126)

**Stephen’s Walk towards the University and College Friends**

The lane was waterlogged and full of heaps of wet rubbish. He passed near the nuns’ madhouse. He heard a mad nun screeching, “Jesus! O Jesus! Jesus!” (Joyce. 216) Stephen became very bitter because of his father’s angry whistle, his mother’s admonition, the rubbish in the street and the mad nun’s cries.

The rain laden trees of the avenue evoked in him memories of the women in the plays of Gerhard Hauptmann. He also thought of the “cloisteral silver-veined prose of Newman”, “the dark humour of Guido Cavalcanti” (Joyce. 217). The spirit of Ibsen “blew through him like a keen wind” (Joyce. 241). A song of Ben Jonson came to his lips. He also thought with pleasure of the dainty songs of the Elizabethans. He felt tired of the search for the essence of beauty in the words of Aristotle and Aquinas. Sometimes he felt that the spirit of beauty folded him like a mantle. Then he found himself in the midst of common lives amid the squalor and noise and sloth of the city. He heard a clock striking eleven. It made him think of MacCann, a college fellow who had said to him,

Dedalus, you are an antisocial being, wrapped up in yourself. I am not. I am a democrat and I will work and act for social liberty and equality among all classes and sexes in the United States of the Europe of the future. (Joyce. 218)

He was already late for the English and French classes. He thought of what must have been taught in the English class. They must have talked of definitions and examples or dates of birth and death of authors, their chief works and favourable and unfavourable criticism of their works. He thought of his friend Cranly. When he thought of Cranly he could only form an image of his head and face. His face was priest like. He had told Cranly about all the “tumults and unrest and longings in his soul” (Joyce. 220). Cranly had listened to all this silently. He thought of some verses but they were in “wayward rhythms” (Joyce. 220). He thought of absurd images like “ivy whining on a wall” (Joyce. 220). He was reminded of some Latin words and verses he had learnt at school.
He came near the grey block of Trinity. He saw the droll statue of the national poet of Ireland. He was reminded of his friend Davin, a peasant student. He recalled that he used to make fun of Davin but he did not take it ill. He used to call him “Stevie” (Joyce. 222). The young peasant worshipped the sorrowful legend of Ireland. His attitude towards Ireland and towards the Roman Catholic Church was that of a dull-witted loyal serf. He had no love for English culture and as for the rest of the world he knew only about the foreign legion of France in which he spoke of serving. Stephen used to call him one of the “tame geese” (Joyce. 223).

A girl selling flowers stopped him and urged him to buy a bunch of flowers. He told her that he had no money and he walked on towards the University.

**Discussion on Aesthetics**

It was too late to go to the French class and so he went to the Physics theatre. He saw the Dean of Studies bending before a large grate and trying to light a fire. Stephen asked him whether he could help him. The priest said, “Mr. Dedalus, there is an art in lighting a fire. We have the liberal arts and we have the useful arts. This is one of the useful arts. (Joyce. 228)” Stephen said, “I am sure I could not light a fire” (Joyce. 229). The Dean said: “You are an artist, Mr. Dedalus. The object of the artist is the creation of the beautiful” (Joyce. 229).

He then asked, “This fire before us will be pleasing to the eye. Will it therefore be beautiful?” (Joyce. 229) Stephen replied, “In so far as it is apprehended by the sight, which I suppose means here aesthetic intellection, it will be beautiful...So far as it satisfies the animal craving for warmth fire is good. In hell however it is an evil.” The Dean said, “You have certainly hit the nail on the head” (Joyce. 230).

—These questions are very profound, Mr Dedalus, said the dean. It is 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 in as much as all thinking must be bound by its own laws.

—Ha!
—For my purpose I can work on at present by the light of one or two ideas of Aristotle and Aquinas.

—I see. I quite see your point.

—I need them only for my own use and guidance until I have done something for myself by their light. (Joyce. 231)

Stephen remarked that one difficulty in aesthetic discussion is to know whether words are being used according to the literary tradition or according to the tradition of the marketplace. He gave the example of the use of the word ‘detain’ in the literary sense by Newman. The Dean used the word ‘funnel’ of the lamp. Stephen asked him whether he meant ‘tundish’. The teacher asked him whether the funnel was called ‘tundish’ in Ireland. Stephen replied that it was called ‘tundish’ in England. He was surprised that the Dean who came from England did not know that word.

The Dean added that one must distinguish between the beautiful and the sublime. One should also distinguish between moral beauty and material beauty. The Dean’s advice to Stephen was that he must take his degree and then proceed with his aesthetic theory and speculations. Then the Dean went away to oversee the arrival of the first Arts class.

**Stephen did not Sign the Appeal**

Stephen then went to the Physics class. The professor gave a formula and then proceeded to give various symbols and calculations. He explained the difference between elliptical and ellipsoidal. He also explained that the wires in modern coils were made of a compound called

After the class Stephen met Cranly, Temple, Moynihan, MacCann and Davin. MacCann wanted them to sign an appeal for universal brotherhood. He shouted, “Three cheers for universal brotherhood” (Joyce. 244). Stephen did not sign the appeal. He seemed to be a non-believer. He said, “If we must have a Jesus, let us have a legitimate Jesus” (Joyce. 245). MacCann said, “Dedalus, I believe you are a good fellow but you have yet to learn the dignity of altruism and the responsibility of the human individual” (Joyce. 246).
Stephen Condemning Ireland

Stephen said that Ireland was full of informers. Davin asked “Why are you always condemning the Irish? Are you Irish at all?” Stephen replied that he was definitely Irish. “Then be one of us,” Davin said. “Why don't you learn Irish?” Stephen said that the Irish had betrayed all their leaders from Tone to Parnell. Davin told him that a man’s country always came first “Ireland first, Stevie. You can be a poet or mystic after” (Joyce. 252). Stephen asked him, “Do you know what Ireland is?” Then he himself gave the reply, “Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow” (Joyce. 252).

Stephen’s Aesthetic Theory

Stephen now got an opportunity to expound his aesthetic theory. He told Lynch that Aristotle had not defined pity and terror. He was going to tell him his definition of these terms. Stephen then expounded his theory.

Pity is 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. 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. If a girl dies in a road accident the newspapers call it ‘tragic death’ but it is far from pity and terror and so strictly speaking, it is not ‘tragic.’ (Joyce. 254)

The Tragic Emotion

The tragic emotion is a face looking two ways, towards terror and pity. Both of them are phases of the tragic emotion. The true tragic emotion is static. The feelings excited by improper art desire or loathing are kinetic. 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 didactic are, improper arts. The aesthetic emotion is, therefore, static. The mind is arrested and raised above desire and loathing.

Stephen explained that the desire and loathing excited by improper aesthetic means are really unaesthetic emotions not only because they are kinetic in character but also because they are not more than physical. Our flesh shrinks from what it dreads and responds to the stimulus of what it desires by a purely reflex action of the nervous system. Our eyelid closes before we are aware that the fly is about to enter our eye. Stephen told...
Lynch that in the same way his flesh responded to the stimulus of a naked statue but it was simply a reflex action of the nerves. Beauty expressed by the artist cannot awaken in us an emotion which is kinetic or a sensation which is purely physical. It awakens an aesthetic static, an ideal pity or an ideal terror, a static called forth, prolonged and at last dissolved by what Stephen called the rhythm of beauty.

Stephen explained that 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. To try slowly and humbly and constantly to express from sound and shape and colour which are the prison gates of our soul, an image of the beauty we have come to understand that is art.

Lynch asked Stephen what art was. “Art,” said Stephen, “is the human disposition of sensible or intelligible matter for an aesthetic end.” (Joyce. 257) “Aquinas,” said Stephen, “says that that is beautiful the apprehension of which pleases.” (Joyce. 257)

Plato said that beauty is the splendour of truth. The true and the beautiful are akin. Truth is beheld by the intellect which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the intelligible; beauty is beheld by the imagination. The first step in the direction of truth is to comprehend the act itself of intellecction. (Joyce. 258)

Lynch asked him, “But what is beauty? Is it something we see and like?” Stephen wanted to explain this with an illustration. He took the beauty of women for an example. The Greeks, the Turks, the Chinese, the Copt, the Hottentots all admire a different type of female beauty. But all men admire the organs of women which are connected with her function of bringing up children. Stephen told Lynch that he admired the great flanks of the statue of Venus because he thought that she could bear very strong off springs and he admired her great breasts because he felt that she would give good milk to her children.

Stephen added that though the same object may not appear beautiful to all people, all people who admire a beautiful object find in it certain relations which satisfy and coincide with the stages themselves of all aesthetic apprehension. These relations of the sensible, visible to different people through different forms, are the qualities of beauty.

Stephen said that MacAllister called his aesthetic theory ‘applied Aquinas’. Aquinas could help him that far. But when they came to the phenomena of artistic
conception, artistic gestation and artistic reproduction, Stephen said that he required a new terminology and a new personal experience.

He quotes a casual sentence from Aquinas on which he erects the elaborate structures of his argument: *Pulchra sunt quae visa placent*: that is beautiful the apprehension of which pleases. The word ‘visa’, he says, can cover aesthetic apprehensions of all kinds, but vague as it is, it is nevertheless “clear enough to keep away good and evil which excite desire and loathing.” In other words, the distinction between the spiritual and the kinetic appetites is used primarily to keep aesthetics and morals distinct: kinetic ends, he argues, are quite improper in the spiritual realm of beauty and art. The conclusion to be drawn from all this is simple but fundamental: didacticism, which is directly moral, and pornography, which is directly immoral, are equally invalid categories in aesthetics. Stephen, like the young Joyce, sweeps away both the praise and the criticism of the pious as equally irrelevant to the true business of art and of the artist. But we might well notice that Stephen (like many other similar theorists) falls straight into the trap such distinctions may conceal. He manages at one stroke to cut art off from all ‘physical’ responses—and by implication from any moral activity of the whole man. When the mature Stephen talks about kinesis in Ulysses, this assumption is abandoned and the term takes on a rather different, and more satisfactory, meaning. In the Portrait, however, he is caught in a fallacy he does not perceive, in a way that Joyce himself was not. Stephen makes no distinction between moral values and the values of morality, presumably because he cannot see any; he is, as we realize, too much in revolt against his society, too much concerned with his individual destiny. The result is hardly surprising.

Already, at the very outset of his theory, in trying to explain the activity for the sake of which he must reject his society, he fails to see that art is far more complex than his theory, and more complex because it necessarily engages human sympathies, rejections, feelings, thoughts and judgments, even as it gives them another value in ordering them. (Goldberg. 76)
After a little interruption from Donovan who told them about the examination results of their friends, Stephen continued his explanation about beauty. He said that the most satisfying relations of the sensible must correspond to the necessary phases of artistic apprehension. Three things are needed for beauty—wholeness, harmony and radiance.

Stephen illustrated these concepts by taking the example of a basket which a butcher’s boy was hanging inverted on his head. Stephen explained that in order to see that basket your mind first of all separates the basket from the rest of the visible universe. The first phase of apprehension is a bounding line drawn about the object to be apprehended. An aesthetic image is presented to us either in space or in time. Its aesthetic image is first luminously apprehended. It is apprehended as one thing or as one whole. You apprehend its wholeness.

Then you apprehend it as balanced part against part within its limits. You feel the rhythm of its structure. In other words, the synthesis of immediate perception is followed by the analysis of apprehension. Now you apprehend it as a thing. You apprehend it as complex, multiple, divisible, separable, made up of its parts and their sum, harmonious. The radiance of a thing is the whatness of a thing. This supreme quality is felt by the artist when the aesthetic image is first conceived in his imagination. The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the aesthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind which has been arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony, is the luminous silent static of aesthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition which Galvani called ‘the enchantment of the heart’.

Art divides itself into three forms:

1. Lyrical form. Here the artist presents his image in immediate relation to himself.

2. Epical form. Here he presents his image in relation to himself and to others.

3. Dramatic form. Here he presents his image in immediate relation to others.

The lyrical form is the simplest verbal vesture of an instant of emotion. It is a sort of rhythmical cry.
The epical form emerges when the artist prolongs and broods upon himself as the centre of an epical event. The narration is no longer personal. The personality of the artist passes into the narration itself.

In the dramatic form, the artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.

Stephen’s exposition of his aesthetics to Lynch in Chapter V is the intellectual climax of the novel. Stephen is here an ordained priest of art proclaiming the gospel of art. As he says of himself, he is “.....a priest of eternal imagination, transmuting the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of ever living life.” But to understand his priesthood, we must understand his conversion and baptism. When, in Chapter IV, the director of University College suggests that Stephen should consider becoming a Jesuit, Stephen decides that he will “never swing the horrible before the altar as priest.” But late? As he walks along the beach, he hears “...the call of life to his soul not the dull gross voice of the world of duties and despair, not the inhuman voice that had called him to the pale service of the altar.” He is born again, and his soul arises from the “...grave of boyhood, spurning her grave clothes.” He feels that his calling and election are sure, and he immediately accepts his vocation “Yes! Yes! He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul.....a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable.” (Anderson. 126)

The Girl (E—C—)

A fine rain began to fall. Stephen and Lynch hurried towards the library and took shelter under the arcade of the library. Lynch whispered to Stephen that his beloved was also there. Stephen saw that this girl (E—C—) was standing there with a few companions. He thought bitterly of the days when she was flirting with a priest. The students were discussing where young doctors had the best chance of succeeding. The rain had now stopped and she was preparing to go away with her companions.

Stephen thought that perhaps he had judged her too harshly. It was possible that her heart was simple and willful like a bird’s heart.
Next morning when he got up he wrote some stanzas of a villanelle in her honour. He had written verses again to her after ten years. Ten years earlier he and she had travelled by the same tram. It was the last tram and the horses knew it. They stood on the steps of the tram, he on the upper, and she on the lower. She came up to his step many times and went down again and once or twice remained beside him forgetting to go down again. A little later he found her flirting with a priest and he became angry with her. Now he began to feel that he had wronged her. A sense of her innocence moved him almost to pity her. He now thought of sending these verses to her but changed his mind. The verses were as follows:

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. (Joyce. 278-279)

**Birds**

Standing on the steps of the library building Stephen watched the birds that were flying all round. His heart was by the sobs and reproaches of his mother. The singing of birds soothed his heart. He imagined himself as an augur in an ancient temple. He thought of the hawk like man (Daedalus) whose name he bore soaring out of his captivity. A sense of the fear of the unknown moved in the heart of his weariness. What birds were they? Perhaps they were swallows who had come from the south: He thought that birds always leave the homes they had built to wander. They were symbols of departure or of loneliness. Stephen thought of the hostile reaction of the audience on the occasion of the staging of Yeats’s play, The Countess Cathleen, at the opening of the national theatre. He walked to the University where he met Cranly and Dixon. Cranly was reading a book called *Diseases of the Ox*. As they crossed the hall a man of dwarfish stature met them. He was fond of reading the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The dwarf (called Captain) was the product of an incestuous love. E—C—happened to pass that way. Cranly greeted her and she bowed to him across Stephen. A suspicion arose in Stephen’s mind that there was some intimacy between Cranly and this girl. But he tried to drive her away from his mind. He almost smelt her body. He felt very bitter. He thought, “Let her go and be damned. She could love some clean athlete” (Joyce. 292).

The curious thing about the technique here, and the source of a major portion of the structural unity in the Portrait, is the fact that the same motifs are used throughout—both before and after Stephen’s decision not to become a priest....I want to note an important thematic function of this handling of the motifs. I am oversimplifying somewhat, but before the decision and the mock baptism, Stephen's actions are derivative rather than
creative. Or, to state this more generally, his experiencing of his own experience has been totally conditioned by the persons, things, and events around him. In the first half of the Portrait birds and flying objects are unpleasant because they are seen as variants of Dante’s eagle, waiting to sweep down and blind Stephen for any transgression. And (perhaps a partial oversimplification), because Stephen expects to be blinded for his transgressions, he actually is—on numerous occasions. Dante’s curse, as it were, is removed only when Stephen literally “sees” birds and girls and everything else with his own eyes. And, of course, the ability to see in its largest sense, to experience freely and accurately and directly, is absolutely necessary if Stephen is to become the kind of artist he wishes to be. (Lemon. 62)

The friends started discussing things like hell and heaven. Temple asked, “If Jesus sends the children to this world, why does the church send them to hell if they die unbaptized?” (Joyce. 294)

Stephen walked on alone. He stood outside Maple’s hotel. He thought of the patricians inside the hotel. He wondered how he could touch their conscience so that they might breed a race less ignoble than their own.

Joyce’s Portrait is also an investigation of this kind: appropriately so, for the ‘artist’ whose youthful portrait the book is, is at the end to find his vocation in language; and the shape determined primarily by the associations of words. We follow in the circumstances of the boy’s life the stages of breakdown and increasing confusion in his external environment, as his home goes to pieces, and the correlative stages of breakdown in his inherited values, as his church and his nation lose their authority over his emotions. Very early the child’s mind begins to respond to that confusion by seeking in itself, in its own mental images, some unifying form or forms that will signify what the world really is, that will show him the real logic of things—a logic hopelessly obscure in external relations. His mental images are largely associations suggested by the words he hears, and in intense loneliness he struggles to make the associations fit into a coherent pattern. (Van Ghent. 61)
The Dedicated Artist is Born

Stephen told Cranly that he had an unpleasant quarrel with his mother that evening. His mother wanted him to perform his Easter duty. Cranly said that he was an excitable man. He asked Stephen about his religious beliefs. Stephen had no faith in his religion.

Although Stephen Dedalus in both Stephen Hero and the Portrait assumes his isolation, he surrounds himself with friends and family to whom he can confide it. When he rebels he hastens to let them know of his rebellion so that he can measure their response to it. He searches for disciples who must share his motives vicariously. As he demands increasing allegiance from them, step by step, he brings them to the point where they will go no further, and their refusal, half anticipated, enables to feel forsaken and to forsake them. He buys his own for Holy head, but claims to have been deported. Yet his mother prepares his clothing for the journey; she at any rate does not break with him. Of this young man it may be safely predicted that he will write letters home. (Ellmann. 54)

Cranly then asked him whether his mother had been happy. It was obvious that she had gone through a lot of suffering. He asked Stephen whether he would not save her from suffering by doing something she desires. After all it is only a form, nothing else. By doing what she desires he would set her mind at rest. Cranly told him that whatever else may be unsure in this world, a mother’s love is not. But Jesus had treated his mother with scant courtesy and he was a conscious hypocrite.

Stephen did not believe at all in the rituals of the Roman Catholic Church. Cranly then asked Stephen whether he intended to become a Protestant. Stephen replied that he had lost faith but not his self-respect. There was no point, he felt, in giving up an absurdity (Roman Catholicism) which is logical and coherent, to embrace an absurdity (Protestantism) which is illogical and incoherent.

Chapter V of the Portrait is controlled by three principal symbols: the Daedalus myth; the poet as God—creator, redeemer, and priest; and the betrayal—crucifixion. In addition to subsuming many lesser symbols, these three are themselves related. While Icarus in the Daedalus story is
an analogue for the flight of the artist from home, nation and church into exile: “Old father, old artificer” Daedalus corresponds to God the Father and Creator. God the father is united with Christ, the son, who as the Word joins in creation and as the first priest becomes a creator in Joyce’s special sense. Christ, the creator, as a young man, is betrayed and crucified in a way which corresponds to the betrayal of the artist as a young man by his family, his national society and his church. The Daedalus element has been, in general, clear from the beginning. (Anderson. 125)

As they moved slowly along the avenues they heard a servant girl singing the song, Rosie O’Grady. She was singing it very sweetly in the midst of her work. The two friends were deeply touched by the refrain of the song:

And when we are married,

O, how happy we’ll be

For I love sweet Rosie O’Grady

And Rosie O’Grady loves me. (Joyce. 306)

“There’s real poetry for you,” said Cranly. “There’s real love” (Joyce. 306). Stephen now told Cranly that he had decided to leave Ireland. His aim was to discover the mode of life or of art whereby his spirit could express itself in unfettered freedom. He said to Cranly very emphatically:

I will not serve that in which I no longer believe whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church; and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use--silence, exile and cunning. (Joyce. 309)

He said that in pursuing his goal he was not afraid to be alone. He was also not afraid of making a mistake, even a great mistake. He would even take the risk of becoming separate from all others. He was even prepared for a situation in which he might not have a single friend. His only pursuit was pure art.

When his mother expresses the hope that he would learn in his life of exile, away from home and friends, what the heart is and what it feels, his reply is “Amen. So be it.”
He says that he is going “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.” Then he leaves his land with an invocation to Daedalus, his mythic ancestor: “Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead” (Joyce. 317).

Conclusion

Stephen has to pass his young age in fear of authority. He is an individualist who cannot mix freely with boys at school who are all different from him. The squalor of his family depresses him. The political controversies of Ireland confuse him. Physical urges take him into the arms of prostitutes. Sermons on sin and hell-fire frighten him and he becomes pious. Then the Director wants to make him a priest. This would look after his material needs and satisfy his pride but the artist in him revolts at the thought of his being confined to the passionless life of a Jesuit priest. He rejects the offer of priesthood and secures his freedom to pursue the vocation he has chosen for himself. He leaves the land and becomes a priest of the imagination.

Thus A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man depicts the life of Stephen’s continuous revolts against a unfamiliar environment at home, in school, at the University, in church and in the country and he finally determines to go into voluntary isolation to be evolved into a dedicated artist who owes attachments to nothing but his art.
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