Chapter V:
The Use of Narrative Techniques in
*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

The consummate version of *Stephen Hero* was published in 1916 with the altered title *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. The remarkable change in the title does not remain confined to the mere garb of the narrative; on the contrary, the reconstructed final version undergoes a radical change in style and techniques along with merciless deletion and reduction of thematic contents, making it a totally new kind of fiction. Joyce seems to have shaken off the conventional techniques used in the earlier version, to which the surviving fragment published posthumously as *Stephen Hero* bears evidence to, like the grave clothes the mourners spurn after the burial is over.

*A Portrait*, as Mark Schorer points out, “...analyses its material rigorously, and it defines the value and the quality of its experience not by appended comment or moral epithet, but by the texture of the style” (394). He elaborates how the style undergoes a concomitant change with the growth of the young artist to match his changing perceptions in the different stages of his artistic development. Riquelme also discovers “a much richer, more complex stylistic and structural texture” in *A Portrait* and *Ulysses* than in *Stephen Hero*. He perceptibly seeks the rationale of Joyce’s deployment of the changed style:

Part of the new complexity arises from Joyce’s developing a differential style for capturing the shifting quality of memory; part of it arises from a narrative structure that emphasizes repetition rather than continuous, chronological development (116).
It is not a linear narrative like the surviving fragment of its earlier version which is narrated in chronological sequences. And the narrative perspective in *A Portrait* is kept rigorously restricted to the consciousness of a quasi-autobiographical central protagonist instead of an omniscient narrator whose voice is almost always heard in every page of *Stephen Hero*. Both the versions are episodic but the consummate version represents, in Riquelme's words, "an orienting pattern" (117) for the protagonist Stephen's development in a systematic manner shedding the amorphousness of life that surfaces in the fragmented version. The pull of real experiences proves too strong on the sensitive Stephen who comes much closer to Joyce to be remoulded into artistic stuff presented in a matching language and style that are later evolved to precisely capture the contours of the later Stephen's consciousness. Burgess, as I have cited in the preceding chapter, emphatically points out the imperative of Joyce's choosing an innovative style to match his subject matter by giving up the conventional style of *Stephen Hero* as well as the mostly pedestrian and "grey" prose style adopted to narrate the stories of *Dubliners* (65). As his later fictional works betray, Joyce goes on developing new styles and the process starts in *Dubliners* in his deployment of a "style of scrupulous meanness" (L11 134) to match the poverty and paralysis of Dubliners excepting, of course, "The Dead". The distinctive style of the closing story prepares us, to some extent, for the stylistic change that startles as well as impresses us in *A Portrait*; similarly the diary entries that close the novel pave the way for the full development of the stream of consciousness technique exploited in *Ulysses*. Again Joyce's playing with language in manifold ways might have been the motivation of bringing about a metamorphosis in the structure and texture of the English language in his final ground breaking work *Finnegan's Wake*. Hugh Kenner
traces the origin of Joyce’s evolutionary theme consummated in his masterpiece *Ulysses* in different parts of *A Portrait* calling them “lyric anticipations of the dense epic... to come...” (30).

*A Portrait* “opens amid elaborate counterpoint” and hence Kenner attributes the term “contrapuntal” to the opening of the narrative, the opening two pages of which, “terminating in a row of asterisks, enact the entire action in microcosm” (32-3). As to the style of the narrative, Burgess’s description of the language, as exploited by Joyce, as ‘opaque’, which implies a “self-referring” language, in contrast to the ‘transparent’ language used by most of his predecessors seems apt (16). The opacity of his language makes his texts readerly and open to diverse interpretations of the readers and thus Joyce’s texts have proved to be an inexhaustible treasure house for scholars down the decades. His texts rely on qualities of inexplicability, unpredictability, inexhaustibility... we can... never come to the end of our reading of them. We can never say, for example, ‘*A Portrait* has yielded up all it has to offer me; I can put it down with a satisfying feeling of completion and finality. (Attridge 2)

Ellmann considers *A Portrait* to be “in fact the gestation of a soul, and in the metaphor Joyce found his new principle of order... The sequence became primarily one of layers rather than of years” (307-8). A discussion of the novel requires us to find our direction through the valuable observations made by a galaxy of great minds who have contributed to unravel the maze constructed by Joyce with so meticulous care like Shakespeare. Critics like Goldberg and Goldman have delved into the text of *A Portrait* to conclude that the author has really been “refined out of existence” from his work as the celebrated assertion of Stephen makes us believe. The oft-quoted sentence “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”, which occurs in Chapter V of *A Portrait* (233), seems to have served as the pole star in helping many a critic in navigating through the text. Parrinder traces the origin of this assertion in Flaubert’s *Letters* and argues emphatically that the narrative “brings the doctrine of impersonality to bear in an area which Flaubert himself had never attempted. It sets out to be an impersonal or ironic autobiography” (86). My humble attempt would be to show whether Joyce’s deployment of innovative narrative strategies has enabled Joyce in achieving absolute impersonality that Burgess has also vigorously vouched for in his celebrated book *Joysprick*.

Kershner appears to have destabilized the critical consensus as to Joyce’s attaining total objectivity by applying Bakhtinian ‘dialogism’ to his texts. Bakhtin’s silence regarding Joyce notwithstanding, Kershner pertinently represents “the fully realized, wholly distinctive qualities of the characters’ voices, each of them held in dialogical tension with the narrative voice of the author” (18) by analysing the discourses of his fiction. He thinks that Joyce’s application of dialogism attains a significant dimension in his portrayal of Stephen’s perennial struggle with competing voices rendered in his free indirect discourses. And Bakhtin’s particular interest is “in the area of interpenetration of authorial voice and character’s voice, such as is found in the quasi-internal monologue of ‘style indirect libre” (19). As I have already shown in the preceding chapters that Joyce’s favourite mode of speech and thought presentation is free indirect discourse or ‘Style Indirect Libre’ which he uses in *Dubliners* and in *Stephen Hero* too, but in *A Portrait* this
mode of discourse becomes too predominant. This novel creates the stance of being unmediated in many parts giving us the flavour of reading a totally different kind of fiction from what we have so far read excepting the fictional works of Virginia Woolf and Dorothy Richardson. Some critics have classified it as a ‘Central Consciousness’ novel and some have described the novel as an example of ‘Figural Narration’, the latter categorization made by Stanzel (62), to underline the fact that in A Portrait everything is filtered through the consciousness of the central character categorized as the ‘reflector’ of the narrative. “...What is dramatized is his mental record of everything that happens. We see his consciousness at work on the world” (Booth 162-3). Fowler, being a stylistician, focuses his attention on the language of A Portrait and succinctly says that

...The language is always obviously Stephen's and not the narrator's...; the continuous dramatization of the hero's mind - as baby, schoolboy, adolescent - implies the suppression of the narrating voice, and behind that, the dissociation of authorial values. (100)

A Portrait, published in 1916, is not, as Gifford observes,

informed by an analogy as complex and sustained as the analogy to The Odyssey in Ulysses, but there is the presence of Ovid's story of Daedalus and Icarus...and the recurrent pattern of Daedalian (or rather Icarian) flight and fall, which seems to provide the overall structural rhythm of the novel. (129)

Gifford translates the single line epigraph cited in the title page of the novel, which occurs in Ovid's Metamorphoses, (VIII: 188), in the following words 'And he sets his mind to work upon unknown arts'. The line refers to Daedalus's creation of wings for his and his son Icarus's escape from the "Cretan Labyrinth and from Crete. Daedalus in Greek means 'cunning artificer', and in Greek mythology Daedalus is the archetypical personification of the inventor-sculptor-architect..." (130-1). The epigraph cited seems to
embody the guiding motivation that propels Joyce's protagonist Stephen to translate the mythological Daedalus-Icarus's flight into reality circumscribed by limitations that try to subvert his aspirations. *A Portrait* portrays the young artist's perennial struggle to extricate himself from the tangled nets of religion, country and language that Dublin, the incarnation of paralysis, spreads to entrap her inhabitants as we have seen in the stories of *Dubliners*. But the novel depicts the protagonist Stephen's resolution to fly from Dublin, it does not represent, as Gifford claims, the consequent fall that befalls his mythical model Icarus. In fact, if we construe the word metaphorically, we may apply it to the consummate self of Stephen who reappears in *Ulysses* wallowing in Dublin, the "centre of paralysis" (LII 134).

The narrative technique deployed by Joyce to represent the portrait of the young artist destabilizes our conventional expectation of opening a fictional world as we are exposed to a child's discourse seeming to capture a recapitulated past:

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

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

He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt. (3)

We are at a loss to evaluate the language exploited by Joyce in the cited sentences above. We wonder if we are to take the child's discourse at its face value and decode it as Katie Wales does to analyse the opening as an example of "simple lexical repetition...to suggest the unsophisticated mind (of a child) and also the unsophisticated style of a story
told to children”. Wales, of course, rightly points out that Joyce wants to show at the very beginning of the novel how Stephen’s artistic, intellectual and emotional development is “inextricably involved with his response to language”. And she further adds that Joyce extensively exploits a rhetorical scheme like ‘epanodos’ which consists in the repetition of a sentence in inverse order “in A Portrait as part of the representation of Stephen’s subjectivity” (56-8). The opening long sentence furnishes an example of the rhetorical scheme ‘epanodos’ and it objectively renders the ‘subjectivity’ of Stephen. And the extract has an autobiographical ring as attested by a letter John Joyce wrote to Joyce in 1931:

...I wonder do you recollect the old days in Brighton Square, when you were Babie Tuckoo, and I used to take you out in the Square and tell you all about the moo-cow that used to come down from the mountains and take little boys across? (L III 212)

The referent of Baby Tuckoo is authentically established in this letter, but ‘the moocow’ in Irish refers to “the most beautiful of cattle” and stands for “an allegorical epithet for Ireland” (Gifford 131). Hence we may construe A Portrait as Stephen’s protracted encounter with the allegorical ‘moocow’. However, the story, as recounted by Gifford, tells of the supernatural white cow that “takes children across to an island realm where they are relieved of the petty restraints and dependencies of childhood and magically schooled as heroes before they are returned to their astonished parents and community” (131-3). Since Joyce’s style grows more allusive as he matures as a novelist and A Portrait initiates the allusive style consummated in Ulysses, it is likely that Joyce intends to allude to the supernatural belief in the benign cow prevalent at that time in the
community he grows up in. Besides, the story is compatible with the focal point of the novel and the mindset of Stephen that we are to explore shortly.

As to the discoursal quality of the cited opening lines, they are couched in ‘Free Indirect’ mode as the pronominal forms ‘his’ and ‘he’ appear to indicate. The opening asterisked part which plays the expository role of the novel like the opening scene of a drama is put into the ‘Free Indirect’ mode of discourse. But the songs and the rhythmic beats of the dance ‘he’ dances and the child Stephen’s repetition of sounds picked up from his mother’s and Dante’s remonstrations are rendered in a ‘Free Direct’ style:

His mother said: O, Stephen will apologise.
Dante said: O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes.
Pull out his eyes,
Apologise,
Apologise,
Pull out his eyes.

Wales pertinently remarks that this rhythmic representation of sounds betrays how Stephen translates the “infant sense of wonder” in language as “vocables”, stated in *Stephen Hero* (32, 36), into practice in *A Portrait* (58). The child Stephen’s first poetic ordering of sounds makes his choice of the artistic vocation later convincing. The opening section presents in a microcosm the world he would have to encounter to fulfil his dream of flight. We hear about his parents, Uncle Charles and Dante—the persons he would come in close contact with in the narrative.
In the manner in which he opens the opening story “The Sisters” and “Eveline”, he
withholds the name of the protagonist for some time and it is near the middle of the
second page of the narrative that the referent of ‘he’ is specified when Joyce spells out
the name ‘Stephen’. This is also a deviation from the novelistic norms established by his
predecessors.

The opening section represents the dawning of Stephen’s five elemental senses along
with the development of his cognitive faculties, which are linguistically captured:

When you wet the bed first it is warm then it gets cold. His mother put on the oilsheet. That
had the queer smell. His mother had a nicer smell than his father... Uncle Charles and
Dante...were older than his father and mother but Uncle Charles was older than Dante.(3)

The narrative then dwells on the child’s awareness as to the contrast between the colours
maroon and green signifying the opposition between Michael Davitt and Charles Stuart
Parnell. He is yet to fathom the fierce political divide between these political leaders. He
is initiated by his mother and Dante, who lives with them, into the complex religious
divide which he is unlikely to grasp properly at this stage of his consciousness, but his
fascination with the word ‘apologise’, a difficult word for him, seems to remain confined
to its rhythmic potential with ‘pull out his eyes’. But we, the readers, decode political and
religious significances of the colours and the words that Stephen cites out of a precocious
child’s irresistible attraction for colours and sounds that exert a powerful impact on his
growing consciousness. “The audible soothes the visible disturbs...sight corresponds to
the phantasms of oppression, hearing to the imaginative life” (Kenner 33). Stephen seems
to capture his artistic growth by unfolding the magic spell that words cast on his
developing sensibilities. “Sensation and sensibility are at their height in the child; its thin,
tender membrane of perception is constantly being stabbed by objects, words, and events that it does not understand. In lieu of understanding, the child 'notices' "(McCarthy 83-4).

The narrative technique used in the second part of chapter I undergoes a change represented through a shift in the linguistic structuring of discourses deployed here. The child-like rendering of experiences suddenly turns into coherent discourses seemingly made by a closely observing presence:

The wide playgrounds were swarming with boys. All were shouting and the prefects urged them on with strong cries...He kept on the fringe of his line, out of 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 players and his eyes were weak and watery. (4)

The speaker of the sentences cited is unlikely to be Stephen as the logical progression and complex structuring of them indicate. Besides, the linguistic markers of the second cited sentence to point to the voice of an overseeing presence seem to be Stephen's cautious keeping on the 'fringe' of his line and 'feigning to run now and then'. The last quoted sentence captures his feeling as the verb 'felt' serves as an indicator, but the speaker does not seem to be Stephen, though it is an intimate rendering of his inner mind. Thus we cannot fully subscribe to the view that the language is always unmistakably of Stephen's. The author's discourse penetrates not only the 'Free Indirect' thought presentation of Stephen in the retention of the pronominal forms of 'he' and the consistent use of past tense in rendering his speech and thoughts, but in certain full length sentences. Absolute impersonality appears to be a myth and even in Ulysses Joyce does not try to efface the narrator even though he widely exploits the 'Stream of Consciousness' technique to couch Stephen's, Bloom's and Molly Bloom's internal monologues. What he achieves in
A Portrait is to intermingle Stephen’s discourses with those of the narrator and avoid judgemental words to express his attitude or reaction to the incidents as far as possible.

The sentences that follow the cited sentences above seem to be Stephen’s from their informal structure and convincing boyish diction and content:

Roddy Kickham was not like that: he would be captain of the third line all the fellows said. Roddy Kickham was a decent fellow but Nasty Roche was a stink. Roddy Kickham had greaves in his number and a hamper in the refectory. Nasty Roche had big hands. He called the Friday pudding dog-in-the-blanket. (4-5)

The language here captures a little boy’s rendering of the new world he now inhabits consisting of ‘good’ and ‘bad’ boys as a child normally divides and discriminates his associates. The repetition of the name in the subject position in three consecutive sentences betrays that Stephen is still a child and thus provides a linguistic clue that the discourse belongs to him. We wonder whether ‘Nasty’ is really the first name of the boy or it is an attribution of Stephen’s to make the name compatible with his nature rendered by the word ‘stink’. He establishes the superiority of Roddy Kickham to Nasty Roche by adding that Roddy has, as decoded by Gifford, “shin guards in his locker and a supply of food delicacies with which he can supplement the school meals” (135). Stephen’s description of Nasty Roche characterized by his having ‘two big hands’ is convincingly childlike and thus we have no problem in locating the speaker in the cited lines above.

His associates in the residential Jesuit school at Clongowes, which we are not formally told about, work as mediators to a few slang words like ‘belt’, ‘suck’, ‘wax’ and ‘to peach on’ and make him grapple with the word ‘kiss’. Words enable him gradually to gain access into the complex world he would be inhabiting shortly. They also activate his memory which unceasingly moves to and fro in the whole narrative making him
remember things that have a lasting impact on his consciousness. His mother and Dante, as Julienne H. Empiric argues, “are the initial mediators between Stephen and his ‘worlds’: they catalyze the development of conscience” (11-2). That is why he disapproves of the application of the slang usage of the common word ‘belt’ in such utterances as “I’d give you such a belt in a second” and “Give Cecil Thunder a belt”. He comments: “That was not a nice expression” and immediately remembers his mother who advises him not to talk to the “rough boys of the college”. The memory of his mother elicits his expression in his ‘Free Direct Discourse’: “Nice mother!” and evokes in his mind the image of his crying mother kissing him when she says goodbye to him in the boarding school. He couches in his ‘FID’ (I’d be using the shortened forms) his childish judgement that she “…was a nice mother but she was not so nice when she cried” (5). His father also initiates him, to some extent, to the usage of the slang idiom when he asks him “never to peach on a fellow” and later we would hear his father using slang words in his conversations.

The narrative structure of Portrait is a ‘fluid succession of presents’ (though each present is narrated in the past tense) linked by an evolutionary process, which shows the development of Stephen’s identity and his accumulated memory. Each phase in the succession of presents is a tightly constructed narrative unit, which may seem sharply discontinuous with what comes before and after it...Linking the episodes is a series of evolutionary chains of images and themes. (Parrinder 89-90)

His memory revisits the playground with which the second part opens showing him once again as a passive onlooker of the game played by the energetic and stronger fellows. His passivity is captured in the passive construction in which it is rendered:

He was caught in the whirl of a scrimmage and, fearful of the flashing eyes and muddy boots, bent down to look through the legs. The fellows were struggling and groaning and their legs were rubbing and kicking and stamping...He ran after them a little way and then stopped. It was useless to run on. (6)
Excepting the first part of the cited first sentence, all other sentences are in the active. The second sentence consisting of so many -ing verbs is foregrounded, which seem to capture the excitement of the active participants watched by Stephen, who is represented in his ‘fearful’ state by a closely observing presence noting that he runs after them ‘a little way and then stopped’. But the last cited sentence appears to couch his words betraying his sense of futility. The narrative thus goes on showing the penetration of the narrator’s language into the dominant voice of Stephen who mostly renders his experiences in his own discourse.

His introvert nature is revealed in his wistful longing to spend time in the cosier “studyhall than out there in the cold”. The lighted castle evokes the memory of the legend about Archibald Hamilton Rowan, an Irish nationalist, who is supposed to have taken shelter at Clongowes Wood Castle to save his life from the chasing British troops about 1794 (Gifford 136). The tale of escape fascinates him from the early stages of his consciousness and makes him discover an affinity between the castle and Leicester Abbey situated in London, where “Cardinal Wolsey died in 1530” (Gifford 136). Stephen reads about this abbey in Doctor Cornwall’s Spelling Book prescribed for his standard and the “…nice sentences” of the book “…were like poetry but they were only sentences to learn the spelling from” (6). His cognitive faculty has developed to make him discriminate between what is poetry and what is like poetry. His memory reconstructs the lived moments of his past taking recourse to a continuous chain of words that unlock the floodgate of his audiovisual sensations. Stephen’s intimate rendering of his relishing the
warmth lying on the hearth rug before the fire is immediately followed by a repelling feeling as the cosiness of basking the warmth reminds him of its antonymic sensation of ‘cold’ and makes him shiver "...as if he had cold slimy water next his skin". This shivering sensation stirs in his memory the nightmarish experience he has had when a bully like Wells shoulders him into the square ditch and he transcribes it in his ‘FID’: “How cold and slimy the water had been!” (7). The narrative technique used in the second part of chapter I is to transmit the immediacy of sensation to a chunk of felt moments culled from the seemingly inexhaustible storehouse of Stephen’s memory. Temporal distance is obliterated through the stance created by the magical fabric of language built on the superstructure of words garnered from his mundane experiences.

Stephen’s cognitive growth is captured in his appropriating the “ugly” sound the word “suck” creates on his sensitive aural sense to the sound he hears in the lavatory of the Wicklow hotel when the dirty water is flushed through the hole in the basin. He discovers the correlation between the words “cold and hot” printed on the taps with the cold and hot water that comes out respectively from them and creates the alternate sensations of cold and hot in him. He connects the feeling of cold with the chilling air of the corridor and hears a musical sound when the gas is lit in the evening. He goes on grappling with words and imaginatively applying them in different contexts as when Flemming asks him if he is sick in his “breadbasket”, he feels “...he was not sick there” but “...he was sick in his heart if you could be sick in that place”. It seems he becomes aware of the apparent incompatibility of the word ‘sick’ with heart and the stance of speaking to somebody addressed as ‘you’ strikes us. His mental sickness may emanate from his growing feeling
of humiliation for his inferior social status as his father is not a magistrate like perhaps Nasty Roche’s father. Stephen again feels confused when he responds in the affirmative to Wells’s question if he kisses his mother before going to bed, Wells and others start laughing at this confession and his negative reply too is greeted by their laughter. He wonders what the right answer is and thinks that Wells must know it as he is in a higher standard. But he does not like the expression in Wells’s face and repeats the incident of his shouldering Stephen into the cold and slimy water of the ditch. The word ‘kiss’ casts such a spell on his mind that he goes on thinking if it is right or wrong to kiss his mother and tries to relate the word to the manner in which his mother puts her face down to his face. This is how he grapples with the connotation of words that gradually help him to explore the world of reality. What is foregrounded is the repetitive linguistic structure Joyce uses to repeat his recollected experiences that consolidate his grasp of the complex world he is posited in.

The second section of the opening chapter represents his childlike attempt to connect himself to the universe transcending the finite boundaries of his existence. Unable to concentrate on his Geography lessons, his attention shifts to his geographical exploration of his own self from the enumeration of different places with different names in his book:

Stephen Dedalus
Class of Elements
Clongowes Wood College
Sallins
County Kildare
Ireland
Europe
The World
The Universe (12)
He discovers himself when he reads his cosmic address from the bottom to the top and affirms: “That was he”. Stephen’s realization of what Benstock calls his “definite and concrete self” is an indicator of his growth (123). His imaginative mind makes him wonder “What was after the universe?...was there anything round the universe to show where it stopped before the nothing place began?” His futile effort to locate the boundary of the universe leads him to think of God who only knows about this mystery and the word ‘God’ stirs his mind to explain in a simple way befitting his blossoming boyish consciousness that “God was God’s name just as his name was Stephen” (13).

The narrative technique employed by Joyce to depict the highly sensitive Stephen’s tortuous entry into the world of reality through a series of words and structures that mostly match the stage of his consciousness deviates markedly from the trodden path of narrating a story followed by his predecessors and many of his contemporaries. As sounds of words enact sense to Stephen’s grappling mind, the colours also enable him to enter the intricate world of politics to which the child has already been initiated in the opening section. This is how Joyce renders the growing Stephen’s struggle to understand the world of politics to which the picture of the green earth poised amid the maroon clouds diverts him:

He wondered which was right, to be for the green or for the maroon, because Dante had ripped the green velvet back off the brush that was for Parnell one day with her scissors and had told him that Parnell was a bad man...That was called politics. There were two sides in it: Dante was on one side and his father and Mr. Casey were on the other side but his mother and uncle Charles were on no side. Every day there was something in the paper about it. It pained him that he did not know well what politics meant... (13-4)
Joyce narrates the cited sentences in Stephen’s ‘FID’ which constitutes an integral aspect of his narrative technique. The consistent use of the past tense and the third person pronominal forms makes his discourses indirect, but the retention of informal features like the positioning of the adverbial ‘one day’ not in its usual slot and the use of ‘no’ instead of the expected ‘neither’ make the discourses free like colloquial speech imparting to them an intimacy and flow of monologues. However, the extract tells us about Stephen’s exposure to the print media operating as a mediator between him and the outside world of politics which also has its share in moulding his consciousness and, to some extent, building his conscience. When he falls sick as a result of his exposure to the cold and slimy water of the ditch, he is shifted to the infirmary and wonders if he would die before his mother comes to take him home. He visualizes the “dead mass” that would be held at the chapel for him “...like the way the fellows had told him it was when Little had died” (22). Then he has a vision of how Parnell’s corpse is brought by a ship to the harbour thronged by a multitude of his countrymen and discovers himself:

...lift his hand towards the people and heard him say in a loud voice of sorrow over the waters:-He is dead. We saw him lying upon the catafalque.

A wail of sorrow went up from the people.

Parnell! Parnell! He is dead!

...And he saw Dante in a maroon velvet dress and with a green velvet mantle hanging from her shoulders walking proudly and silently past the people who knelt by the water’s edge. (25)

Stephen’s vision appears to be based on reality excepting the last part dealing with Dante’s indifference to Parnell’s death, seemingly imagined by him. This is what Seamus Deane, the editor of the text of A Portrait I have been citing from, adds to in his notes to the text: “Parnell’s body was brought from England, where he died, to Dun Laoghaire
(then Kingstown) on 11 October. It was met by a large and grieving crowd…” (n 283).
The visionary reaction of Stephen to Parnell’s death betrays how political events impinge on the consciousness of the boy and the Christmas dinner episode consolidates his initiation into political conflicts that sharply divide his family members. Goldman pertinently observes how “pro and anti Parnell feelings could split families” as shown by Joyce through the dramatized “socio-political dissensions round the Christmas dinner table” (19-20).

The widely discussed famous Christmas dinner opens the third section of the opening chapter. It initiates a marked change in the narrative technique as the mode changes from the monologic rendering of Stephen’s thoughts, feelings, emotions and his sensitive reactions to incidents and interactions with his school fellows to a predominantly dramatized representation with minimal narration. Stephen’s mental and intellectual growth is manifested in his feeling of being promoted to the dinner table from the nursery where his “little brothers and sisters” are waiting now as “he had often waited, till the pudding came”. The language captures his awareness of growing older: “The deep low collar and the Eton jacket made him feel queer and oldish…” (29). A heated debate ensues and Stephen discovers that his father and Mr. Casey are on one side and Dante is on the other. It starts with the issue of the Church’s meddling in politics which Mr. Simon Dedalus and Mr. Casey vehemently object to and Dante strongly defends the priests for discharging their moral duty. But soon the discussion leads to the injustice inflicted on Parnell who is, according to Dante, “a public sinner” (31) and hence deserves the treatment meted out to him. At this Mr. Simon Dedalus grows furious and his language
crosses the boundary of decency despite his wife's utmost effort to stop him. And he ridiculesthe language of the Holy Ghost cited by Dante calling it a "very bad language" comparable to that of the railway porter. This is how he condemns and curses those priests who, as Mr. Casey indicts in a restrained language, "broke Parnell's heart and hounded him into his grave": "-Sons of bitches!...When he was down they turned on him to betray him and rend him like rats in a sewer. Lowlived dogs! And they took it! By Christ, they took it!" (33). Thus Stephen is exposed not only to the labyrinth of political hostilities, but also to the curses and onslaughts couched in the typical bad language used by the Dubliners represented by his father.

Stephen gets thoroughly confused being exposed to the attacks and counter attacks of the hostile points of view about the Church and Parnell. He is fond of Mr. Casey as "his dark eyes were never fierce and his slow voice was good to listen to". He is baffled to think "...why was he then against the priests? Because Dante must be right then. But he had heard his father say that she was a spoiled nun..." (34) He feels puzzled but he now understands why Dante objects to his playing with the Protestant Eileen as she has heard Protestants making fun of the litany of the Blessed Virgin. Phrases like 'Tower of Ivory' and 'House of Gold' applied to the Blessed Virgin Mary make Stephen fumble to think "How could a woman be a tower of ivory or a house of gold?" But his maturing imagination soon dispels his confusion enabling him to connect the phrases to his experienced reality:

Eileen had long white hands. One evening when playing tig she had put her hands over his eyes: long and white and thin and cold and soft. That was ivory: a cold white thing. That
was the meaning of 'Tower of Ivory' (35) ... Her fair hair had streamed out behind her like gold in the sun... 'House of Gold'. (43)

Stephen explains in a simplistic way matching a slightly grown up boy that by thinking of things we can understand them. His ruminations about the significance of Catholic litanies which, ironically, the image of his Protestant playmate helps him untangle and are evoked in the midst of the heated debate between the two warring sides and her image is repeated a few pages later as the cited page numbers above show. The Christmas dinner scene ends in a chaos and melancholic note leaving Mr. Casey crying loudly for his "dead king Parnell", Simon Dedalus "full of tears", and Dante "shoving her chair violently aside" and slamming the door behind her. Stephen shares his father's sentimental outbursts regarding Parnell as his vision of the departed leader in the preceding section testifies to, but what leaves him totally confounded is his father's vitriolic criticism of the Church and the priests as it is his father who has sent him to a Jesuit school. Parrinder, a very perceptive Joyce scholar, seems to have overlooked and erroneously interpreted the pronoun 'he' in the sentence he cites as referring to Stephen: "He was for Ireland and Parnell and so was his father..." (37), as here Joyce appears to have referred to Mr. Casey and his father, both of whom are alluded to in the immediately preceding paragraph (Parrinder 106). Besides, Stephen is too young still to subscribe to such a firm stand; this sentence seems to embody his argument that despite the common mission of all the members and friends of his family, he can not make out the cause of their vituperative exchanges. But his exposure to hostile points of view definitely helps him grasp, to some extent, the political divide that splits his relatives and friends.
The objectivity that Joyce betrays in representing the raging political controversy regarding Parnell and the interference of the Church with politics in the third section of the opening chapter reaches the culminating point in the fourth section of the chapter. The narrative technique Joyce adopts here amply manifests his attainment of impersonality that becomes a focal point of his aesthetics making him reject the narrative of *Stephen Hero*. The section opens dramatically with the detection of a sacrilegious act of drinking the altar wine as well as stealing cash from the rector’s room by some of the boys and Wells acts as the informer. Stephen stands among the fellows discussing it but he is afraid to speak. "A faint sickness of awe made him feel weak. How could they have done that?...It was a holy place" (40). Stephen distances himself from most of the boys as his referring to the boy who first reports it as "one fellow", "the same fellow" and subsequently as "the fellow who had spoken first" (39-40) indicates. He seems to be aware of his distinct identity from the "the fellows" who "talked together in little groups" (39), to none of which he feels he belongs. As in the playgrounds, he is always on the 'fringe' and later on we would find that he always feels like an 'outsider' in the family he is born into. He is an acute observer and active listener capable now of contextualising the abstract and abstruse words to objective reality and thus imbues them with a subjective colour. *A Portrait* represents how Joyce portrays a fictional world by incessantly playing with words particularly in the opening chapter and hence we agree with what Mudrick observes about 'prose fiction' in which "...the words are the only visible structure of the fictional event, the event comes to us only through the words that constitute it, and doubtless the more precise the language...the more fictionally effective the event" (101).
We would see how Joyce effectively renders an important incident that perhaps helps Stephen move faster in the graph of his growth. Stephen is exempted from writing by his class teacher Father Arnall as his glasses are broken, but Father Dolan, the prefect of studies considers it to be a lame excuse and asks him to come to him calling him a "lazy little schemer". Though he is "blinded by fear and haste", he lifts his eyes "in wonder and saw for a moment Father Dolan's whitegrey not young face, his baldy whitegrey head...and his nocoloured eyes looking through the glasses". His monologic query is also rendered "Why did he say he knew that trick?" The impression he gathers looking at his paralysed features reinforced by the reiterated use of 'grey', which in Joyce, as we have discovered, stands for paralysis, prepares him, to some extent, for what awaits him. This is how the intensity of Stephen's physical sensations of acute pain is linguistically transmitted:

A hot burning stinging tingling blow like the loud crack of a broken stick made his trembling hand crumple together like a leaf in the fire: and at the sound and the pain scalding tears were driven into his eyes. His whole body was shaking with fright, his arm was shaking and his crumpled burning livid hand shook like a loose leaf in the air. A cry sprang to his lips, a prayer to be let off. But though the tears scalded his eyes and his limbs quivered with pain and fright he held back the hot tears and the cry that scalded his throat. (51)

What surprises us and draws our admiration is the narrative strategy adopted by Joyce who cautiously restricts himself to the role of a mere recorder of the atrocity perpetrated on a very young boy by a beastly administrator entrusted with the duty of supervising studies. Besides, he is a 'Father'-an epithet attributed to such a heartless monster underlines the hollowness of the religious hierarchy and the basic tenets of Catholicism. Stephen perhaps learns in this hard way why his father maligns the priests in such a
coarse language. The narrator or the author transcribes through the words, structures and images how Stephen feels subjected to the inhuman physical torture. Burgess bestows high acclaim on the style exploited by Joyce to render the episode in the following sentences:

The power of this is undoubted, but the source of the power is not easy to explain: magic remains a genuine property of art. Still, one ought to observe that much of the excruciating effect springs from objectivity, from an unwillingness to allow the author's own indignation to intrude. Then there is the elemental simplicity of the vocabulary, which emphasizes the elemental shock of pain. There is no finicking attempt to vary the words used: 'scald' appears three times, an apt word worthy to be repeated, since it combines the elements of fire and water. Stephen's passivity is pointed by the two references to his hand as a leaf-once in the fire, once in the third element, air... The passivity is present in his tears: he does not cry...the tears are 'driven into his eyes'...the cry springs to his lips. (66-7)

Burgess hardly leaves anything to be added to comment on Joyce's rendering of Stephen's agony which the passive constructions seem to foreground reducing him to a 'patient' state while the initial position of the subject is appropriated by inanimate entities like 'blow', 'tears' and 'cry'. We notice all the -ing verbs denoting action are attributed in the first cited sentence to 'blow' and his hand qualified by the simple adjectives like the repeated 'crumpled' and 'burning' and 'livid' seems to be severed from his body like a 'loose leaf' flying in the air. The images create such a strong impact because of their mundane and homely nature. What seems spectacular about Joyce's art is how he invokes cosmic elements through simple words and images and thereby enhances the impact of the rendered episode. His language betrays his attitude and makes explicit comments redundant.
Repetition is an important feature of Joyce’s narrative technique, and it becomes a common thread in all the three early works I have been discussing in this thesis. The onslaught of Father Dolan’s does not stop with the cited sentences as he repeats his stinging blow on the other hand with the same atrocity. Joyce resorts to repetition of almost the same words to reproduce the burning sensation of pain to which he adds the present participial adjective “maddening”. The agony is so intense that Stephen can no longer stop the flood gate of his accumulated tears and it gives rise to shame and fear making him “…burst out into a whine of pain” (52). Even after the beating stops, we hear the same -ing verbs but they are now ascribed to the pain that Stephen feels and Joyce seems to underline the fact that the shock and pain momentarily rob him of the instinctive capacity to feel even. The haunting sensation of pain leading to a feeling of shame and insult lingers in him for quite some time and the narrative strategy of foregrounding his reaction is repetition. Stephen harps on the injustice meted out to him unjustly by using evaluative words in his monologic utterances: “It was unfair and cruel…” for four times in a single paragraph to show how upset he is at this public humiliation (53). The technique of repetition throws ample light on the super sensitivity of the introvert Stephen, but it constitutes an important aspect of Joyce’s style throughout the narrative.

Stephen is touched by the empathy voiced in his classmate Flemming’s protest at the injustice “…to pandy a fellow for what is not his fault” (53), even though the latter has also been subjected to torture by the Father. He is soothed by his promise that he would not stand it and approach the rector to seek redressal. Though his name strikes his classmates as unusual, he hears some senior students saying “The senate and the Roman
people declared that Dedalus had been wrongly punished”. The allusion may be inaccurate as Daedalus is exiled from Athens for murdering his nephew Talus out of jealousy after discovering his extraordinary talents for invention (Gifford 131). But his first name “Stephen, after the first Christian martyr” was “stoned to death outside the walls of Jerusalem…” (Gifford 135). However, the wide recognition of the unjust treatment he receives at the hand of the Father emboldens him to meet the rector and tell him that he has been “wrongly punished”. He rummages his knowledge of history and the tales based on historical incidents to justify his decision. The stream of thought that flows like a river in Stephen’s mind touches on diverse strands he remembers but the refrain that rankles in his mind is that his punishment “was unfair” and this is what “every fellow” says (55). He vacillates for some time whether he would go to the rector or proceed to the playground with others when he approaches the door leading to the rector’s room. He overcomes his dilemma and enters the rector’s room with his heart beating fast but the rector’s “kindlooking face” restores, to some extent, his confidence. The rector listens to his complaint and promises to talk to Father Dolan about him and warmly shakes hands with him. His feeling of triumph makes him walk “faster and faster” and then run “quicker and quicker” to his classmates to tell them about his victory (59-60). They celebrate his victory by hoisting him up and giving three cheers for Father Conmee, the rector.

The narrative technique used to render the closing part differs from that deployed to represent what precedes it. It shows a distinct movement towards change inside the character’s mind and also in his comprehensive awareness of what is far and what is near.
This is how the narrative shifts to the "...soft grey air" that penetrates his soul and dispels all rancour and bitterness from his mind and the 'grey' colour associated with bleakness and paralysis sheds, for the first time perhaps, its typical connotation as the resultant emotional change it appears to generate indicates:

He was alone. He was happy and free; but he would not be anyway proud with Father Dolan. He would be very quiet and obedient: and he wished that he could do something kind for him to show him that he was not proud. (60-1)

His melancholy mood undergoes a transformation making him feel, for the first time 'happy and free' and ushering in a concomitant change in his accumulated hostility towards Father Dolan. He betrays a definitive growth in his temperament in which the seeds are sown to enable him to overcome eventually the kinetic emotions and attain stasis as he propounds later in his aesthetic theory. Thus the boyish consciousness prepares the soil for the future blossoming of the artistic temperament in him in the chapters that follow.

The closing two short paragraphs initiate a new tone and element in the narrative which so far concentrates on Stephen's groping after the complex reality with the help of words he structures into discourses to comprehend the world. The narrative technique too seems to undergo a change indicating Stephen's cognitive growth as he is captured enjoying nature for the first time in the whole chapter. He repeats the adjectives to emphasize his relishing the evening air and this is how he renders the gratification of his olfactory sense which has so far been limited to specified objects he comes into direct contact with, but now it transcends the limited boundary:
The air was soft and grey and mild and evening was coming. There was the smell of evening in the air, the smell of the fields in the country where they digged up turnips to peel them when they went out for a walk to Major Barton’s, the smell there was in the little wood beyond the pavilion... (61)

Stephen hears the sounds coming from the playgrounds where he is never an active participant possibly because of his feeble physique and he prefers the quiet of the study hall to the noise and vigorous movement the players make in the earlier parts of the narrative, but now the mature protagonist seems to enjoy the sounds of the ball and cricket bats. Sound again enacts sense for him as he defines the sound taking resort to Onomatopoeia: “...pick, pack, pock, puck”. But it is not mere sound but their affinity he discovers with other sounds, like a budding poet, that enchants him: “...like drops of water in a fountain falling softly in the brimming bowl” (61). Stephen’s commitment to himself to develop obedience, “the cardinal virtue in the Jesuit vow from St. Ignatius’s point of view” (Gifford 155), fills his heart to the brim with happiness like ‘the brimming bowl’ that produces the soothing effect like soft music. It reminds us of Gabriel’s listening to the soft falling of incessant snow on the universe in “The Dead” that consummatesthis transformation. But the close of the opening chapter of A Portrait initiates the remarkable change in the boyish sensibility of the potential artist the curve of whose emotion is depicted throughout the narrative.

The second chapter opens on a different note from that of the opening chapter positing Stephen in the environment of his home in Blackrock where Uncle Charles is his “constant companion” (62). The narrative strategy employed in this chapter appears to be more inclusive than that used in the first chapter as we hear the voices of other characters
though the focal point is Stephen through whose eyes we get glimpses of others. But in the opening chapter barring the third section representing the Christmas Dinner imbroglio, it is Stephen’s consciousness that occupies the centre stage and all other characters who throng around him are dwarfed by his dominance, others are as he sees them “to have grown smaller” when his glasses are broken (41). We are told about Uncle Charles’s features and daily routine of visiting the shops and then to the park accompanied by Stephen. There he meets an old friend of his father about whom we hear his assessment that, to our surprise, is couched in a mature discourse which can hardly be recognized as that of the boy Stephen who mostly uses simple words and constructions.

This is how his opinion is rendered:

Though he had heard his father say that Mike Flynn had put some of the best runners of modern times through his hands Stephen often glanced with mistrust at his trainer’s flabby stubblecovered face, as it bent over the long stained fingers through which he rolled his cigarette, and with pity, at the mild lustreless blue eyes which would look up suddenly from the task and gaze vaguely into the blue distance while the long swollen fingers ceased their rolling and grains and fibres of tobacco fell back into the pouch. (63)

Of course, all sentences are not so winding, but we cannot help noticing the change in the complicated structuring of the long sentence. Besides, the speaker appears to be some one else who observes Stephen closely and discovers ‘mistrust’ and ‘pity’ in his glance. The details of Flynn’s face, eyes and fingers and his activities are closely watched by Stephen but his reaction seems to be rendered by the invisible narrator. Though the opening chapter is a discontinuous rendering of the awakening of his elemental senses through a chain of words culled by his memory, the intimate and informal presentation of whatever surfaces in his mind imparts some sort of immediacy to the moment captured annihilating the seemingly vast temporal distance. But the narrative technique of the second chapter
makes the rendering much more formal and the speaker more often appears to be an outside presence we may call the implied author or narrator, though his voice is almost muted and substantially differs from that of the conventional narrator as we have heard in *Stephen Hero*. However, we find Stephen who is not to be sent back to Clongowes now charting his own course of learning by avidly listening to his elders discussing Irish politics or talking about "...the accounts of reprisal and repression" associated with Munster, "the southern of the four ancient provinces of Ireland", with "a long history of vigorous resistance to British dominion..."(Gifford158), or about their family legends. His method of learning words is rendered thus:

Words which he did not understand he said over and over to himself till he had learned them by heart: and through them he had glimpses of the real world about him. The hour when he too would take part in the life of that world seemed drawing near and in secret he began to make ready for the great part which he felt awaited him, the nature of which he only dimly apprehended. (64)

Burgess interprets this extract as a clear manifestation of Stephen's growth as he is able to produce longer sentences containing subordinate clauses and his "...vocabulary admits abstractions". He discovers the stamp of Stephen's "...reading nineteenth -century literature of the staider kind" in the last clause of the cited portion: '...the nature of which he only dimly apprehended' (66). That he is reading nineteenth century fiction is revealed in the following paragraph of the cited extract and we learn that he pores over "a ragged translation" of Alexandre Dumas's *The Count of Monte Cristo* published in 1844. But it is not clear what kind of literature of the century is implied by Burgess by the phrase 'of the staider kind' which influences Stephen's style of rendering his thoughts. He seems to have Walter Pater in mind as his influence on Joyce is a critical commonplace in Joyce criticism. However, the speaker does not seem to be Stephen as the information that he
has ‘glimpses of the real world about him’ through words is unlikely to emanate from the character and the closing relative clause appears to be added to by the implied author delving into Stephen’s mind.

He seems to have grown up as his reference to his childhood in the past perfect tense indicates and the romantic spell that the novel *The Count of Monte Cristo* casts on his romantic mind: “The figure of that dark avenger stood forth in his mind for whatever he had heard or divined in childhood of the strange and terrible” (64-5). The protagonist of the novel Edmond Dantes is unjustly arrested on his wedding night so that the conspirators can take away his beloved Mercedes and he is imprisoned in a dungeon from where he escapes after fourteen years. He discovers an immense treasure in a cave on the island of Monte Cristo and then proceeds towards Paris to avenge his wrongs. “After he escapes..., Dantes is repeatedly described as strikingly pale with dark eyes and jet black hair” (Gifford 158-9).

Stephen is so much moved by this tale of adventure and separation of the lover from the beloved that he imagines himself as the hero of the tale and visualizes Mercedes and enacts the scene of the lovers’ meeting and how Dantes refuses even fruits offered by his former beloved. He is captured in playing the role of Napoleon too whose plain style of dress impresses him and this appropriation of favourite roles manifests that he is an adolescent like the boy-narrator of “Araby”.
The second chapter depicts the gradual development in Stephen’s mind of his intense longing for love. This is how the author unravels the evolving consciousness of his protagonist who no longer derives sufficient sustenance from his imaginary substitute for Mercedes and feels a “strange unrest” creeping into his blood:

He wanted to meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld. He did not know where to seek it or how: but a premonition which led him on told him that this image would, without any overt act of his, encounter him. They would meet quietly as if they had known each other and had made their tryst, perhaps at one of the gates or in some more secret place. They would be alone, surrounded by darkness and silence: and in that moment of supreme tenderness he would be transfigured. (67)

The narrative technique of representing the evolutionary change in Stephen’s consciousness is the introduction of contrary impulses in him. He seems to believe in predestination which makes him confident as to his attainment of what he craves for so intensely, but it is a ‘premonition’ that assures him of his ‘encounter’ with that image in reality and that they would be ‘alone’ in a dark and silent ambience enabling him to ‘transfigure’. We wonder if his exposure to romantic fiction breeds such absurd threads of thoughts in his mind.

The narrative technique employed in the second section, as in the four sections of the opening chapter, does not provide any linking episode to connect it to the preceding section and thus we find that discontinuity is an important facet of Joyce’s narration. His strategy of subverting the conventional continuity in narration is what makes his representation so different that of his predecessors and some of his contemporaries too. The abstraction and complexity that mark the last paragraph of the opening section of the second chapter is replaced by stark realism in the second section matching the thematic
content rendered here. But the shift of their residence that is shown in the second section is somewhat hinted at in the last but one paragraph of the preceding section and hence the section is not totally unlinked to what precedes it. Stephen understands “in a vague way” that his father is in trouble and that is why he has not been sent back to Clongowes and is shocked by “the slight changes” he discovers in his house (66-7). He now witnesses the chaos that the dismantling of furniture and other items causes and notices the red eyes of his mother. The narrative realistically portrays how his sensitive mind is moved at this sudden change of residence: “The sudden flight from the comfort and revery of Blackrock, the passage through the gloomy foggy city, the thought of the bare cheerless house in which they were now to live made his heart heavy...” (68). The discourse mixes direct and indirect features, as it consistently does throughout the narrative, the qualifying word ‘heavy’ seems to belong to the implied author, as Stephen is unlikely to use this word to describe his mental state, but the proximate deictic ‘now’ appears to emanate from the immediate experience of the character. Besides, ‘now’ is not used in an indirect sentence which in the cited discourse retains other features like the past tense form of the verb and third person personal pronoun. Though Dublin where they now stay is “a new sensation” to him, his mood of embitterment does not leave him; besides, he misses Uncle Charles’s company as he has become “witless”. The causes of his embitterment are thus rendered:

He was angry with himself for being young and prey of restless foolish impulses, angry also with the change of fortune which was reshaping the world about him into a vision of squalor and insincerity. Yet his anger lent nothing to his vision. He chronicled with patience what he saw, detaching himself from it and tasting its mortifying flavour in secret. (69-70)
Stephen’s anger is foregrounded by means of repetition and the implied author seems to add that he patiently records what he sees with detachment which a character is unlikely to say about the manner of representing his experience ‘with patience’. However, Joyce appears to indicate the method he wants to adopt to objectify his own life through this fictional work. Besides, this is an important stage in Stephen’s growth as he is able to perceive the ‘restless foolish impulses’ that possess his mind and his simultaneous awareness of the grim reality of his life sharpens his artistic sensibility. Goldberg calls *A Portrait* an “autobiographical drama” in which Stephen’s consciousness is “both the stage and the protagonist...and its growth...the action” and Joyce has to “convey the successive stages of Stephen’s awareness of life...as he actually experienced it” (48).

Stephen’s gradual change of mood is captured when he attends a children’s party at his aunt’s place at Harold’s Cross when “...her glance travelled to his corner, flattering, taunting, searching, exciting his heart”. This is a deviant narrative technique of introducing a character substituting the name with the possessive pronoun ‘her’ without preparing a minimal ground for her appearance. The informal way of referring to her without naming her seems to indicate that the point of view from which this fragment of his remembered past is rendered is unmistakably that of Stephen who records his sensuousness in a totally different manner from that of his counterpart in *Stephen Hero*:

His heart danced upon her movements like a cork upon a tide. He heard what her eyes said to him from beneath their cowl and knew that in some dim past, whether in life or in revery, he had heard their tale before. He saw her urge her vanities,...and knew that he had yielded to them a thousand times. Yet a voice within him spoke above the noise of his dancing heart, asking him would he take her gift to which he had only to stretch out his hand (72).
The discourse of the Stephen of *A Portrait* strikes us as much more mature and complex than the corresponding discourses in *Stephen Hero* which are vibrant with the density and intensity of the younger Stephen’s emotion. But the more refined and artistic Stephen who speaks in the cited sentences is able to control his tumultuous heart without much difficulty by viewing her not as an individual but as a representative figure of womanhood. We wonder if the flirting nature of women that characterizes them for Stephen is what gives rise to a ‘premonition’ in his mind earlier, and he really meets the Mercedes of his vision, as he has believed he would, but the voice he hears seems to warn him. He discovers a similarity between his childhood mate Eileen and her and does not respond to her apparent plea to “catch hold of her”. The narrative captures Stephen in the recapitulated moment thus: “Now, as then, he stood listlessly in his place, seemingly a tranquil watcher of the scene before him” (73). We cannot help noticing how the Stephen of *A Portrait* has purged himself in a tranquil manner of the emotions and passions that rage in the heart of the immature Stephen of the incomplete version of the novel. Peake aptly discovers the conflict and struggle in the later Stephen “between the natural human desire and the strange withdrawal of his temperament” (87). The detachment Stephen speaks of earlier seems to be really attained and practised by him in reality and the verse he consequently composes betrays the essence of impersonality that he later propounds in his aesthetic theory. This is how he transmutes his experience into his verses:

> During this process all these elements which he deemed common and insignificant fell out of the scene. There remained no trace of the tram itself...nor did he and she appear vividly. The verses told only of the night and the balmy breeze and the maiden lustre of the moon. Some undefined sorrow was hidden in the hearts of the protagonists as they stood in silence...and when the moment of farewell had come the kiss, which had been withheld by one, was given by both. (74)
What Stephen declines to her is consummated in his verses. Joyce’s rendering of his deleting ‘common and insignificant’ details does not seem ironic as he himself has sieved the elaborate love affair that he depicts in the earlier version and retains what he considers indispensable to construct the portrait of the artist as a young man. In fact he changes the focus too as in *Stephen Hero* it is Stephen who asks Emma to spend a night of mad love before being separated for ever. It seems Joyce wants to purge the recreated Stephen of all kinetic desires, of all excesses that mark his predecessor. Even her name is reduced to bare initials that appear as the title of his verse ‘To E—C—’ (73).

Stephen and his brother Maurice are sent to Clongowes and we hear about the latter in only the second part of the second chapter in the speeches of his parents. Maurice modelled on Stanislaus, Joyce’s own brother who plays a key role in his life as his biographers confirm and innumerable letters he writes to him bear evidence to, is almost obliterated from *A Portrait*. But in *Stephen Hero* he makes a significant presence and the rationale of leaving him out appears to be Joyce’s concentration on the evolution of Stephen’s consciousness and retention of what is essential to depict his growth. Stephen’s sister Isabel whose death at a very young age moves him tremendously in *Stephen Hero* is completely wiped out from the final version of the novel. Even his mother does not have as dominant a presence in *A Portrait* as she has in the fragmented version. The aesthetic principle that Joyce appears to adhere to in the final version is objectivity and economy that enable him to write a new work of fiction based broadly on his life.
The narrative technique employed in the third part of the second chapter is to compress details that fill pages of *Stephen Hero* to tell about the essay that he writes and we find Joyce devoting part of a clause to refer to that phase of his life:

Stephen, though in deference to his reputation for essay-writing he had been elected secretary to the gymnasium, had had no part in the first section of the programme but in the second section he had the chief part, that of the farcical pedagogue. He had been cast for it on account of his stature and grave manners for he was now at the end of a second year at Belvedere and in number two. (77)

So much information is packed into the cited two sentences that the passage of quite sometime is hinted at as he seems to have been promoted from Clongowes to Belvedere. The speaker of the cited discourse appears to be the implied author as Stephen is unlikely to use the phrase and word "in deference to his reputation" and "grave" about himself, the implied author or author-narrator adds these details to provide some sort of a link between what precedes and what follows. We may call it a narrative compulsion to bridge the dents in narration that are, of course, deliberately built into Joyce's narratives making many a critic detect "gnomonic" structures in his short stories as well as novels. The boy narrator of "The Sisters" refers to the term "gnomon" as defined by the Alexandrian Greek geometrician, Euclid, which denotes "...what is left of a parallelogram when a similar parallelogram containing one of its corners is removed" (Gifford 29).

The narrative technique deployed here as elsewhere in the narrative betrays the operation of double temporal perspectives—one provided by the present of his narration and the other excavated from the recesses of his memory. This is perhaps what Milan Kundera implies when he says that Joyce's fiction probes "the elusive present" (5). Stephen meets
his classmate Heron, accompanied by his friend Wallis, who slightly refers to his father as his “governor” and calls Emma “ripping” and tries to insult him by saying repeatedly “You are a sly dog, Dedalus!” (80-1). Though a momentary anger overtakes him at these indelicate allusions, it passes fast arousing a similar scene of the past in his mind when he was attacked mercilessly by Heron, Boland and Nash for contending that Cardinal Newman is the best prose writer and Lord Byron the best poet. He remembers his teacher Mr. Tate detecting heresy in his essay for denying that the soul could ever come closer to divine perfection. Stephen could appease his teacher by twisting the language of his contention, though his classmates attacked him believing that he is a heretic. But he discovers, to his surprise, that even the memory of that “malignant episode” does not give rise to any malice in him towards his tormentors. Hence he seems to believe that the concepts of fierce love and hatred dealt with in books are “unreal” (87). The image of Emma has not left his mind the whole day of the performance as he is sure that she would come to the play. He never names her but guesses that she is “perhaps waiting for him to appear”. Then he tries to recall her appearance but fails, he “could remember only that...her dark eyes had invited and unnerved him. He wondered had he been in her thoughts as she had been in his”. He even tries to feel the touch and pressure of her hands which “had been lighter and steadier: and suddenly the memory of their touch traversed his brain and body like an invisible warm wave” (87).

The narrative technique used by Joyce represents a pattern of contrast as we have seen Stephen’s vision of Mecedes at the close of the first part of the second chapter is contrasted by the great yellow caravans that he sees entering his house at Blackrock for
dismantling it. Here the spell of Stephen’s reverie is shattered by the messenger who calls him to get dressed for the performance. And again we find the juxtaposition of the contradictory impulses that pull his mind and his apparent rejection of the voices he hears from the real world:

While his mind had been pursuing its intangible phantoms and turning in irresolution from such pursuits he had heard about him the constant voices of his father and of his masters, urging him to be a catholic above all things. These voices had now come to be hollowsounding in his ears. (88)

Stephen goes on enumerating other voices he hears asking him to be true to his country and help in the revival of his native tongue and traditions and the worldly voice to extend a supporting hand to his father to overcome the perennial financial problems plaguing him. But his “phantasmal comrades” ultimately win in the constant tug of war that rages in his mind between the demands that reality makes on him and the pursuit of phantoms that he relishes. The close of the third section represents a similar juxtaposition of his tumultuous mind in which “pride and hope and desire like crushed herbs in his heart sent up vapours of maddening incense before the eyes of his mind” and his breathing of “horse piss and rotted straw” which, he believes, would calm his battered mind. The assertions that end this section that his heart is “quite calm now” and he would go back seem to underline how the mundane reality dispels his disappointments, the causes of which remain unspecified (91). This is also a calculated strategy adopted by Joyce to leave many things shrouded in mystery and this is what makes his texts open-ended to be interpreted by the readers who can no longer remain passive recipients of things made crystal clear by the narrator.
The fourth section posits Stephen beside his father on his trip to Cork to sell his property listening to his evocation of his scenes of youth without sympathy. Even the images of the dead, excepting that of Uncle Charles, seem strange to him and fail to evoke pity in him. This part is also realistically rendered arousing in him a feeling of terror to see his father and others sleeping on the seats of the coach and he prays addressing neither to God nor to a saint for the dawning of the day. But his father’s tuning of a “strange sad happy air” drives away all the ill humour from his brain. Then he accompanies his father to the Queen’s College he has studied in and enters the anatomy theatre where Mr. Dedalus searches the desks for his initials. Stephen’s feeling of depression in the dark room is replaced by a shocking sensation when he reads the word “Foetus cut several times in the dark stained wood”. The narrative captures his repulsion in the following sentences:

The sudden legend startled his blood: he seemed to feel the absent students of the college about him and to shrink from their company. A vision of their life, which his father’s words had been powerless to evoke, sprang up before him out of the word cut in the desk. (95)

Stephen longs to leave the theatre so that he can distance himself from the vision which revives his own “recent monstrous reveries” in his memory. He feels that they also spring up “suddenly and furiously, out of mere words” (95). The word engraved in the wood keeps on haunting him as if staring upon him “mocking his bodily weakness and futile enthusiasms and making him loathe himself for his own mad and filthy orgies...and the faint sickness climbed to his brain so that for a moment he closed his eyes and walked on in darkness”. His father’s voice giving vent to his pride that he “mixed with fine decent fellows” and that every one of them “could do something” and his advice to him “...to
mix with gentlemen” sounds so hollow in his ears that he feels “...dejected...” His sickness is rendered in his inability to respond to any “earthly or human appeal” as he has grown dumb and insensible to the call of summer and gladness and companionship. His benumbed state renders him incapable of recognising “as his his own thoughts” and hence, he repeats slowly to himself his identity and locates himself in Cork: “I am Stephen Dedalus. I am walking beside my father whose name is Simon Dedalus. We are in Cork, in Ireland.” (98).

Stephen discovers that “the memory of his childhood suddenly grew dim” and the world of memory he inhabits in the opening chapter is partly reproduced nevertheless in the stream of thoughts that flow in a continuous unimpeded chain. The narrative here dwells on his conscious effort “to call forth some of its vivid moments” which elude him now and he can only recover some names who play a crucial role in moulding his mental contour (98). Thus he can unearth some lived moments of his bygone days he spends in the infirmary remembering Parnell’s death and the sensations evoked in his mind at that time correlating them to the present of his feeling:

He had not died but he had faded out like a film in the sun. He had been lost or had wandered out of existence for he no longer existed. How strange to think of him passing out of existence in such a way, not by death but by fading out in the sun or by being lost and forgotten somewhere in the universe! (99)

We hear his ‘Free Indirect’ thought in the cited lines above and wonder if he is alluding to Icarus who flies too close to the sun and invites his destruction. The narrative again reverts to the mundane level describing his following his father “meekly” from bar to bar on the evening Mr. Dedalus’s property is sold. At the close of the section the narrative
again makes inroads into his consciousness making him realise the "abyss of...temperament that sundered him" from his father and his cronies. "His mind seemed older than theirs: it shone coldly on their strifes and happiness and regrets like a moon upon a younger earth...Nothing stirred within his soul but a cold and cruel and loveless lust". He repeats to himself Shelley's lines from 'To the Moon' to depict his weariness and loneliness, but it makes him forget "his own human and ineffectual grieving" (102). We wonder if he, like Shelley, seeks refuge in the soothing world of imagination from the grim reality he is surrounded by. The section closes portraying his solace in Shelley's flight on the wings of imagination and thus the alternating rhythms of the realistic and visionary impulses are interwoven through the language constituting aspects of the style of the narrative.

Joyce's narrative technique constantly wavers between the reality bites and imaginary heights as the next section opens on a mundane plane representing his visit to the bank to draw the money "of his exhibition and essay prize" (102). He is accompanied by his father, mother and his brother, but he gets impatient to hear the bank personnel and his father chatting. We notice a change in Stephen who feels for his thinly clad mother in the biting cold of October and remembers to have seen a mantle at twenty guineas in a shop. His liberal spending of his money on consumer goods and visits to the theatre indicate the broadness of his mind and his sympathy for his deprived family members. But the money is soon exhausted for his lavish spending and he returns to the familiar rhythm of his life of penury. But soon the realization dawns on him that he
had not gone one step nearer the lives he had sought to approach nor bridged the restless shame and rancour that divided him from mother and brother and sister. He felt that he was hardly of the one blood with them but stood to them in the mystical kinship of fosterage, fosterchild and fosterbrother. (105)

Hence it seems the change that he betrays at the beginning of the section is only a momentary weakness which he shortly overcomes to pave the way for his artistic growth as an artist, as he later proclaims, must not show kinetic emotions. He feels free from the bonding shackles of home and “cared little that he was in mortal sin...” (105). The section closes with his visit to a prostitute who asks him to kiss her but his lips “would not bend to kiss her”. The narrative portrays his desire “…to be held firmly in her arms, to be caressed slowly, slowly, slowly. In her arms he felt that he had suddenly become strong and fearless and sure of himself. But his lips would not bend to kiss her” (107).

The repetition of the word ‘slowly’ three times seems to capture the rhythmic rise of his emotion and how his timidity falls from him like the shedding of a snake’s skin instilling into him strength and succour. He gradually surrenders himself to her and her lips “pressed upon his brain as upon his lips as though they were the vehicle of a vague speech...darker than the swoon of sin, softer than sound or odour” (108). The second chapter ends on the heightened note of his sexual consummation rendered through an elevated language, as the first chapter closes depicting his moral victory rendered in a language matching his stage of boyhood. The language of the second chapter captures his cognitive and emotive growth represented through more complex linguistic structures to which repetition imparts elegance than those used in the opening chapter. Wales detects an “envelope pattern” in repeating the same sentence at the beginning and the end of the paragraph that precedes the closing paragraph and the use of “alliteration and
synaesthesia" in the last sentence of the chapter partly cited above enables Joyce to underline Stephen’s “new sensations” (61). Synaesthesia, culled from Psychology, seems here to consist in the sensation that the pressure of the prostitute’s lips on his lips produces in his brain, the kissing working as the stimulus here.

The third chapter opens on a realistic note bringing Stephen down to earth with his feeling of hunger couched in a simple language: “...he felt his belly craved for food”. The narrative strategy adopted here is to depict the gloominess that the “the swift December dusk” which “had come tumbling clownishly after its dull day...” ushers in around the ambience of the school through a realistic style matching the mental state of Stephen. The mood of exultation that elevates his spirits at the close of the preceding chapter leaves him giving way to his noting “keenly all that wounded or shamed...” his senses “stultified only by his desires” (109). It seems ironic that Stephen has to take part in the school retreat immediately after his sexual contact with the prostitute and the memory of the “squalid...brothels” (109) inhabited by the prostitutes gives rise to a feeling of weariness. A note of repentance seems to invade his mind and a “cold lucid indifference reigned his soul”. He realizes that he

had sinned mortally not once but many times and 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. His days and works and thoughts could make no atonement for him, the fountains of sanctifying grace having ceased to refresh his soul. (110-1)

Stephen understands the futility of his prayers as he knows that his soul “lusted after its own destruction” and that his homage would be a “false” one arising out of a heart filled with “pride of his sin” and “loveless awe of God”, “the Allseeing and Allknowing” (111).
However, he occupies the cushioned kneeling desk at the right of the altar to lead his wing of boys through the responses to the “collection of prayers, consisting of psalms and lessons…said on Saturdays in the Roman Catholic Church” (Deane n296). We hear that the “imagery of the psalm of prophecy soothed his barren pride” and the “glories of Mary held his soul captive…” When Stephen has to read the lesson towards the close, he “read it in a veiled voice, lulling his conscience to its music”. The narrative style gradually rises to betray his partial spiritual awakening, even though the memory of the “…lewd kiss” still assails his soul. But it is alternated by a realistic style positing him in the dusky school room when he hears the ringing of the bell and his imaginative spell is broken by the clarion call of the realistic world given by his teacher saddling him with tasks. Memories relentlessly haunt him rendering it difficult for us to determine the temporality of the retrieved moments.

He discovers his “arid pleasures in following up to the end the rigid lines of the doctrines of the church and penetrating into obscure silences only to hear and feel the more deeply his own condemnation” (113). Stephen starts groping into “the darkness of his state” and realizes all the more keenly “…the swamp of spiritual and bodily sloth in which his whole body had sunk”. Still the rector’s “shrewd hard face” makes his mind “wound itself in and out of the curious questions proposed to it” (113). But his announcement and explanation of the retreat makes Stephen’s heart slowly “to fold and fade with fear like a withering flower”. The rector continues his introduction of Saint Francis Xavier, the patron of the college, describing him as “a great saint…a great soldier of God” for having faith in him that “moves mountains”. He is, as the rector goes on adding, “a true
conqueror" as he hath won ten thousand souls for God in a month, “true to the motto of our order…” (115). When Stephen hears that the saint has enormous power, “above all to obtain for us the grace to repent if we be in sin”, his heart had withered up like a flower of the desert…” (116). The impact of the rector’s speech is represented through the transformation that the linguistic form of the image undergoes in the process. The ‘withering’ flower gets ‘withered’ symbolising his fear that turns into terror now filling his mind and making it parched like a desert flower.

The second part of the third chapter opens with a quotation from the book of Ecclesiastes, seventh chapter, fortieth verse, which is, “Remember only thy last things and thou shalt not sin for ever” (116). Father Arnall enumerates the four last things which are “death, judgment, hell and heaven” about which he intends to put before the congregation of students “some thoughts” during the annual retreat signifying a total “withdrawal” from worldly cares (117). This section is entirely devoted to the Father’s amplifications of the significance of retreat and the four last things are cited, according to Gifford, not in Ecclesiastes but in “Ecclesiaticus…included in the Protestant Apocrypha” (185). It is also a widely discussed section foregrounded for the series of quotations enshrined in it. Helene Cixous comments on the style of “The Almost Complete Bodily Transposition…” of the retreat sermon “…which breaks in upon Stephen’s consciousness with its images of stereotyped terror…” in the following words:

…the style is that of objective reality in order to mark its strangeness to-and difference from –the subject. By using a piece of completely foreign prose, Joyce suppresses the central awareness of Stephen’s consciousness for the length of the sermon. This on the one hand gives Hell a much more autonomous (and thus more concrete) existence and on the other confers upon this horrible world enough strength…to invade Stephen’s consciousness and cause bewilderment and alienation. (73)
The remark on the episode is succinct, but Joyce does not wholly ‘suppress’ the consciousness of Stephen, as we hear periodically the reactions emanating from his God-fearing young mind for which the sermon appears to be intended. This phase depicting his exposure to the tenets of Catholicism betraying its cruelty and hollowness forms an important step enabling him to make the ultimate choice of his vocation and equipping him for the eventual rejection of the offer of priesthood. However, the formal religious discourse compressed in two sentences that open the second section is immediately followed by a long paragraph focussing on the working of Stephen’s sensitive mind. He notices the Father, his “old master”, minutely and discovers paleness in his face and hoarseness in his voice. The present moment registering his immediate impressions is succeeded by his recapitulation of his life at Clongowes and the things and incidents associated with it. We witness the operation of his double temporal perspectives which characterize the narrative throughout. The speaker seems to be the implied author who reports Stephen’s journey through the memory lane and the closing sentence bears the stamp of the presence of the author’s voice: “His soul, as these memories came back to him, became again a child’s soul” as the character is unlikely to make such an observation about him. The religious discourses in the recognisably formal and stilted language continue for quite long through five paragraphs initially, interrupted by a long one devoted to Stephen’s perceptions and the paragraph that follows it seems to portray his relentless “terror of spirit as the hoarse voice of the preacher blew death into his soul” on the second day of the retreat. So we find that his consciousness is not relegated to the background to foreground, according to Cixous, the stale sermons.
We discover rather the alternating operation of the realistic style marked by the mundane odour of the dinner that he eats after attending the sermons on the first day. The style of the religious discourse differs substantially from the subjective discourses of Stephen as Father Arnall’s citations evidently belong to the register of religion making use of “rhetoric of an artfully crafted and elegant kind, appropriate to pulpit oratory…” (Wales 62). The contrast underlined by Joyce in the second section of chapter III appears to be between the natural and spontaneous language of Stephen and the artificial and contrived language of religious discourses. Parrinder’s perceptive evaluation of the sermons seems apt and hints at the rationale of the religious authority in using such discourses:

Starting out from the commonplaces of Christian doctrine, the sermons tease out the implications of these doctrines with a literalness and realism which amount in the end to a grotesque perversion of reason. When Father Arnall discourses on eternity, for example, his purpose is to make the brain reel dizzily..., in fact to torture it. The more vivid the listener’s imagination, the more he is likely to be stunned and -given the social authority vested in the Church-inoculated against any further questioning of the eternal verities. (112)

The Father portrays the predicament of the sinners much more elaborately than the rewards of the pious and harps on the inevitability of death and the Day of Judgment to allot each and every individual the place he deserves. His language is marked by a monotonous repetition of persuasive words and structures to move the listeners prone to sin and change them:

Death is certain...Death is the end of us all. Death and judgment, 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. (122-3)
We see how the sensitive soul of Stephen smarts and reacts in the paragraph that immediately follows it. He feels that

Every word of it was for him. Against his sin, foul and secret, the whole wrath of God was aimed. The preacher's knife had probed deeply into his diseased conscience and he felt now that his soul was festering in sin. Yes, the preacher was right. God's turn had come. (123)

We hear his free indirect discourses that serve as 'portals' to his thoughts tormenting him incessantly. A little later he feels that shame rises from his smitten heart and floods his whole being. He seems to visualize the image of Emma—the first time we hear him articulating her name—and "...the flood of shame rushed forth anew from his heart. If she knew to what his mind had subjected her or how his brutelike lust had torn and trampled upon her innocence!" (124) This phase of repentance gives way to his vision of the Blessed Virgin who seems to have forgiven him and Emma and showers her blessings on them to be united and be happy together. The narrative goes on juxtaposing Stephen's realistic and visionary impulses couched in two distinct styles marked by his subjectivity. But in this section he is exposed to the "affective rhetoric" of the religious discourses (Wales 62), which are incremental in their unrelenting attack on his sensitive soul as the sermons proceed portraying hell vividly and enumerating the spiritual pains that culminate in the "eternity of hell" (142). However, the preacher succeeds in bringing about a momentary change in him as manifested in his repeating "the act of contrition, phrase by phrase, with fervour" and he bows his head "praying with his heart" (146). The section comes to a close resonating with the reiterated vows of contrition.
The third section opens with the persistent sighs of his soul that seems to traverse “...through a region of viscid gloom” and he is constantly haunted by the fiends watching him. He seems to hear the periphrastic utterance from their voices:

We knew perfectly well of course that although it was bound to come to the light he would find considerable difficulty in endeavouring to try to induce himself to try to endeavour to ascertain the spiritual plenipotentiary and so we knew of course perfectly well- (147)

The discourse that implies its interminable nature by its incompleteness is probably the resonance of the discourses that constantly assail his auditory sense in the preceding section and the labyrinthine structure also echoes the complexity of the unending sermons. This section like the preceding one appears to maintain temporal continuity in depicting the gradual growth of his consciousness. However, he somewhat overcomes his fear and enters his room intending to pray but physical unrest, chill and weariness beset him making him unable to weep over his sins which surprisingly elude him now. His mood undergoes quick fluctuations reviving his awareness that he has sinned deeply against heaven, he is seized again by a carping doubt whether he, Stephen Dedalus, has done those things. His conscience dispels his momentary doubt.

Stephen, as Wales pertinently argues:

is ‘moved’ in the kinetic sense to repent of his lustful life and moved in the emotive sense to be overcome by remorse and guilt. It is typical of Stephen’s hyperemotionalism and hypersensitivity that his loathing is described in terms of expressive lexical repetitions and onomatopoeia: he has a hallucinatory vision... (63)

This is how Joyce renders the repelling vision of hell that Stephen hallucinates:

A field of stiff weeds and thistles and tufted nettlebunches. Thick among the tufts of rank stiff growth lay battered canisters and clots of solid excrement... An evil smell, faint and
foul as the light, curled upwards sluggishly out of the canisters and from the stale crusted dung.
Creatures were in the field...creatures were moving in the field, hither and thither...they moved hither and thither trailing their long tails behind them...(148)

The aftermath of his exposure to the sermons and the consequent repentance seem to have shut for some time the main channels of his mind, which are his imagination and memory, and the language of the cited sentences betrays the poverty of his thought and expression. The banality of his language is foregrounded here portraying to us the realm of hell reserved for his sinful soul. We hear his agony in his free indirect discourse in his confirmation to himself that “…the stinking, bestial, malignant” hell inhabited by the goatish fiends is “For him! For him!” (149)

Stephen confesses his sins, but instead of approaching one of the priests at Belvedere he visits a chapel with this purpose. Having made the confessions, he feels that 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” (156). But he feels a human touch in the weary old voice of the affectionate priest “…upon his quaking parching heart” making him utter in his free indirect discourse: “How sweet and sad!” Parrinder justly says that “this priest represents another face of the Church, not the inhuman rigour of spiritual exercises but the promise of communion and spiritual peace in exchange for penitence and submission to authority” (113-4). Stephen feels conscious of an “invisible grace pervading” his whole being making him savour his simple and beautiful life and plan his delicious breakfast after the communion on the following morning. His language is imbued in the ecstasy of his soul as he is transposed in a dreamlike state purged of all sins
and impurities when the priest administers communion: "Another life! A life of grace and virtue and happiness! It was true. It was not a dream from which he would wake. The past was past" (158). Thus the chapter ends on a note of jubilation, though it starts dully on a realistic note and its central part resounds with the sounds and furies of Hell assailing the auditory sense of Stephen.

The fourth chapter represents the continuous stream of idealistic thoughts that Stephen tries to practise in reality and imagines himself as one of the early devout Christians in Rome "...when Christians were still being persecuted and therefore worshipped secretly in the catacombs beneath the city" (Gifford 204). But his imaginary vision of being an ideal worshipper does not last long as doubts as to the extent of his achievement pierce his mind. The structure of his language seems to reflect his misgivings about the labyrinthine realm of religion he aspires to win by means of his "heroic offering" which implies the practice of the devout Catholics to pray daily for the pope, the Church and others associated with it. This is what we hear him or the author uttering his apprehension:

...yet the spiritual triumph which he felt in achieving with ease so many fabulous ages of canonical penances did not wholly reward his zeal of prayer since he could never know how much temporal punishment he had remitted by way of suffrage for the agonising souls: and, fearful lest in the midst of the purgatorial fire,...his penances might avail no more than a drop of moisture, he drove his soul daily through an increasing circle of works of supererogation. (159)

The author takes resort to a mundane image culled from the commercial world to compare the manner of his devotional exercises: "...he seemed to feel his soul in devotion pressing like fingers the keyboard of a great cash register and to see the amount of purchase start forth immediately in heaven, not as a number but as a frail column of
incense or as a slender flower" (160). The worldly Simile merges into a visionary image of ‘a frail column of incense or a slender flower’-realistic and visionary impulses exert a simultaneous pull on his mind. Flowers, particularly the colours of rose, almost become a motif in the narrative and we are reminded of his early fascination with the variety of colours of roses: “White roses and red roses...lavender and cream and pink roses were beautiful to think of...But you could not have a green rose...” (9). Now the rosaries he says constantly get transformed into “coronals of flowers of such vague unearthly texture that they seemed to him as hueless and odourless as they were nameless” (160). We notice how his imaginative mind brought under a rigorous discipline of Catholicism is compelled to visualize flowers robbed of their natural colour, fragrance and name that cast such a lasting spell on his childhood consciousness. The strenuous efforts he makes to “mortify” (162-3) his five senses which unfold the rich world to his childlike consciousness help him to “amend” (166) his life at such an enormous cost that we have reasonable grounds to be sceptical about their longevity.

The second section of chapter IV represents an important phase of his life when he is asked by the director if he has ever felt “within” himself, in his “soul”, “a desire to join the order” as he is the boy in the college “whom God designs to call to Himself”. This part seems to be a continuation of what precedes it as it is the reward that his performance in the college as an obedient student discharging deftly the duties of the prefect of what the director calls “Our Blessed Lady’s sodality” (170). The period of penances intervenes between the two episodes and takes place in the theatre of his soul and the impact of the sermons too is registered in his soul and hence the director is
unlikely to know about these inner developments in Stephen. This offer gives rise to almost an insurmountable dilemma in his mind which undergoes a momentary fascination with the coveted role of conducting confessions. But his instinct that wakes in his mind after protracted ruminations and visualizations warns him against acquiescing in the grand proposal of the director as “the chill and order of the life repelled him” (174). He remembers the faces of the priests he has met on wintry mornings, which create the impression of being “…eyeless and spurfavoured and devout, shot with pink tinges of suffocated anger”. Stephen realizes that his “destiny was to be elusive of social or religious orders” and that he “was destined to learn his own wisdom apart from others or to learn the wisdom of others himself wandering among the snares of the world”. The narrative strategy used is to slowly depict the blossoming of the consciousness of the artist wading through the swampy ground of life reminded by various voices that he constantly hears around him. He knows that he would fall as the snares of the world are its ways of sin. His conviction is couched in the repeated use of the different forms of the word ‘fall’ in his assertion: “Not to fall was too hard, too hard: and he felt the silent lapse of his soul, as it would be at some instant to come, falling, falling, but not yet fallen, still unfallen but about to fall” (175).

The section touches on the naked reality of the poverty stricken life led by his siblings who are shown sitting round the table which displays “…only the last of the second watered tea remained in the bottoms of the small glass-jars and jampots which did service for teacups”. And he notices “discarded crusts and lumps of sugared bread…lay scattered on the table…and a broken ivory handle was stuck through the pith of a ravaged
Stephen is moved to a sudden instinct of “remorse” at the sight of deprivation and thinking about the privileges he enjoys for being the eldest and is taken aback to find no sign of “rancour” in their faces (176). His brothers and sisters are almost strangers to him and they respond in a strange discourse to convey to him that his parents are out in search of a house “because the boro lad boro lord boro will boro will boro put boro us boro out boro”. Immediately his mind recovers a fragment from his Belvedere days when a boy ‘named Fallon...’ had often asked him with a silly laugh why they moved so often” (177). However, he establishes some sort of a communion with his siblings by participating with them in the air Oft in the Stilly Night, “a popular song by Thomas Moore (1779-1852), Ireland’s national bard” (Deane n305). The author underlines his shock when “he was listening with pain of spirit to the overtone of weariness behind their frail fresh innocent voices”. The artist in Stephen transmutes the particular echo of weariness into “…an endless reverberation of the choirs of endless generations of children...” marked by the “recurring note of weariness and pain”. The section comes to a close thus on an elevated style sustained by the incorporation of some lines from Newman who discovers a similar note “in the broken lines of Virgil” (177). The section opens with an admixture of the mundane rendering of the director’s “slowly dangling and looping the cord” of the blind enabling Stephen to see his ‘deeply grooved temples and the curves of the skull” (166) and his heightened discussion of the “Dominican and Franciscan orders...” (167). It ends too portraying Stephen’s spiritual progression from the sight of the squalor in the life of his brothers and sisters producing initially remorse for them and then empathy for all suffering children of all ages. The comprehensive vision prepares him for the artistic vocation he opts for finally.
The final section of chapter IV opens dramatically with the impatient assertion emanating from Stephen’s consciousness in his free indirect discourse that he “could wait no longer” (178)- the sentence closes the paragraph too and thus constructs the “envelope pattern” (Wales 61) of the opening part of the section. He has been waiting long for his father’s return from the University College, Dublin with information about it, but growing impatient he sets off for the Bull, “a sea wall” (Gifford 216), walking fast “lest his father’s shrill whistle might call him back...” His mother’s hostility conveyed through her “listless silence” pricks him more sharply than his father’s pride and he is made “aware dimly and without regret of a first noiseless sundering of their lives”. The narrative portrays the opposing curve in his emotional index too-his proximity to his family strengthening his familial bond is invariably followed by his repulsion towards his blood relations engendering in him an aloofness and independence paving the path for his artistic growth. However, his “escape by an unseen path” enables him not merely to physically escape the hold of his parents and the Church on him but also to let loose his creative mind from the shackles of the world. He has a hunch of the “new adventure” that awaits him (178).

His memory now shifts to the aesthetic realm helping him quote a phrase from Hugh Miller’s The Testimony of the Rocks, though he misquotes him by turning Miller’s ‘breeze-borne’ into ‘seaborne’: ‘A day of dappled seaborne clouds’ (Deane n306). This appears to signal a marked change in the narrative technique as the phrase makes him discover a harmony between it and the day of the liberation of his spirits. We hear him
delving into the mystery of the basic components of expression: “Words. Was it their colours?...No, it was not their colours: it was the poise and balance of the period itself” (180). He wonders in a discourse that approximates the ‘Free Direct’ mode. And the self-directed query that follows seems to manifest his stronger fascination with the aural impact of words created by their rhythmic rise and fall than their visual impact subsuming their content segment. His mature consciousness appears to prefer contemplating “…an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supple periodic prose” over “…the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language manycoloured and richly storied” (180-1). It seems the style he has been using so long to render his world of sensations through visual chains and layers do not satisfy him any longer as the auditory impact draws him more. That perhaps explains why his ‘new adventure’ is embodied in terms of “notes of fitful music...an elfin prelude, endless and formless…” (179). The ‘fitful music’ Stephen hears “is an echo of the avant-garde aesthetic climate of the 1890s, the climate in which Stephen seems so thoroughly immersed as he composes his ‘villanelle’ in V: B…” (Gifford 218).

The collective banter of the wading adolescents he recognizes and hears calling him distorting his name, instead of enraging him, flatters his “mild proud sovereignty” since “now, as never before, his strange name seemed to him a prophecy”. He seems to have an ‘epiphany’, but the term is effaced in A Portrait, as the name of the “fabulous artificer”, Dedalus, makes him “hear the noise of dim waves and to see a winged form flying above the waters and slowly climbing the air”. He feels as if “he were soaring sunward” and his heart trembles “in an ecstasy of fear...and...flight”. His body also gets purified and is
“delivered of incertitude and made radiant and commingled with the element of the spirit”. The word “radiant” is repeated three times to represent how his whole being is suffused with a divine brightness (183). Chapter IV

is the most significant for Stephen’s artistic development, for it is here that he becomes aware of his true vocation. It is the shortest chapter, and the density of emotive rhetoric is particularly striking, especially in the final section. He is struck by the symbolism inherent in his name, Dedalus, and is emotionally transposed. (Wales 63)

Stephen’s imaginary flight infuses considerable confidence in him, he feels as if his soul has been reborn from the grave of his boyhood, “spuming her graveclothes”. He utters “Yes” three times to confirm his confidence in himself to “create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul...” (184). He starts wading into the water of a long rivulet of the sea feeling lonely but happy and his proximity to the wild heart of life makes him absorb the beauty of the silently drifting clouds mirrored in the water and the variegated hues of the seaweed drifting, swaying and turning beneath the current with an artist’s eye. His language is marked by “assonance and alliteration” which “intensify his sensations” and the use of “and” eleven times in a sentence is, according to Wales, suggestive of “spontaneity and impulse” (64):

He was alone and young and wilful and wildhearted, alone amid a waste of wild air and brackish waters and the seaharvest of shells and tangle and veiled grey sunlight and grayclad lightclad figures, of children and girls and voices childish and girlish in the air (185).

The author’s and Stephen’s language and point of view seem to converge as the narrative portrays the gradual blossoming of the artistic consciousness. His vision of the girl in midstream, “alone and still, gazing out to sea” consummates his epiphany signalling the delicate and evanescent moment of his realization. His rich imagination enables him to
metamorphose the girl into a "...strange and beautiful sea-bird" (185). Bird is a recurring image in *A Portrait* symbolizing probably the motif of freedom, besides its implication of the mythical wings empowering Dedalus and Icarus to fly from bondage. Stephen’s ecstasy is linguistically conveyed through his ‘Free Direct Discourse’: “Heavenly God!” - the outburst is Stephen’s but the reporter appears to be the author who adds “…cried Stephen’s soul, in an outburst of profane joy” (186). The character is unlikely to use the word ‘profane’ to qualify his joy and ecstasy to reiterate that they are totally divorced from any religious contamination. He seems to listen to the call communicated through her eyes which seem to transmit the message to the artist in Stephen: “to live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life!” His Muse partakes of the unearthly angelic feature of wildness as well as the earthly and temporal attributes of mortal youth and beauty unlocking to his consciousness “…in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory” and bids him to proceed “on and on and on and on!” (186). Joyce’s narrative technique seems to posit Stephen simultaneously on the hard rock of reality and the feathery bed of imagination and thus he is more akin to the skylark of Wordsworth than to Shelley’s.

Chapter V depicts Stephen amidst the squalor of his home draining his “third cup of watery tea to the dregs” and chewing the crusts of fried bread scattered near him. When he stares into the dark pool of the jar, he remembers once again “the dark turfcoloured water of the bath in Clongowes”. This representation of the double temporal perspectives betraying the oscillation of Stephen’s consciousness appears to be an important facet of Joyce’s narrative art. We notice, however, that the more mature he grows, the farther
recede the concrete memories of his childhood and boyhood which dominate the narrative of the opening chapter. The realistic portrayal of the scrubbing of his neck, the folds of his ears and the “interstices of his nose” is rendered in detail. Even the lid of the box containing pawntickets is “speckled with lousemarks” underlining the shabbiness of his home (188-9). He leaves his home assailed by the screech of a mad nun through a path strewn with “heaps of wet rubbish” with a feeling of “loathing and bitterness” (189).

But Stephen tries to drive the echoes of his “father’s whistle, his mother’s mutterings, the screech of an unseen maniac...offending and threatening to humble the pride of his youth” out of his aching heart to concentrate on the literary styles that resound in his ears. His imaginative mind discovers an association between the “rainladen trees of the avenue” and the female characters of Gerhart’s Hauptmann, and as he passes “the sloblands of Fairview” (189) which are “the tidal flats where the Tolka river enters Dublin Bay” (Deane n307), he remembers “the cloistral silverveined prose of Newman”. Similarly his walk along the North Strand Road reminds him of the “dark humour of Guido Cavalcanti” and when he crosses “Baird’s stoncutting works in Talbot Place the spirit of Ibsen would blow through him like a keen wind, a spirit of wayward boyish beauty...” His mind rummages “the spectral words” of Aristotle and Aquinas to cull the essence of beauty and when he gets tired of his incessant pursuits, he tries to derive pleasure from the “dainty songs of the Elizabethans” (189-90). The imaginary associations he discovers are mostly based on contrasts or remote allusions as in the case of Ibsen the reference, as Deane adds, is to Joyce’s remark on the sculptor Rubek’s wife in When We Dead Awaken as ‘a breath of keen air’ (n307). However, this is how the
would-be artist Stephen constructs a parallel world to counter the repelling effects of the dingy reality on his artistic consciousness.

Memory now assumes the role of subsuming his associates instead of his sensations as we hear him citing MacCann's words of accusations along with a visualization of his "squat figure in a shooting jacket..." calling him "an antisocial". We are reminded of his protracted interactions with the Nationalist MacCann in *Stephen Hero*. The narrative technique adopted here as elsewhere is that of compressing details of his lived past which traverse his mind like flashbacks. The present moment of his remembering gets merged and blurred with the retrieved past. We are not sure when he blurts out: "Eleven! Then he was late for that lecture too" whether he talks of the present moment or the recapitulated day of the past. However, the stream of his memory continues to pass through his mind, and we come to know about Cranly to whom he divulges "all the tumults and unrest and longings in his soul, day after day and night after night, only to be answered by his friend's listening silence" (192). Then he remembers his friend Davin, "the peasant student" (195), an ardent supporter of the Gaelic League, who tells him about the gripping experience of his life to be invited by a pregnant half clad peasant woman to bed one night when he knocks at her door for a glass of water. The woman in retrospect strikes Stephen "as a type of her race and his own..." (198) and this remark betrays, to some extent, his attitude towards the women.

The concluding chapter represents Stephen's long conversation with the dean in whom he sees "the silent soul of a Jesuit look out at him from the pale loveless eyes" (201). He
defines beauty by quoting Aquinas and Aristotle but discovers that the priest is too blunt to follow his aesthetic discussions. Though the dean’s face looks like “an unlit lamp”, he explains to him the difference in the implication of words in the context they are used by citing a sentence from Newman. His disappointment notwithstanding, he feels “with a smart dejection” that “the language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine...His language, so familiar and so foreign will always be for me an acquired speech...” (205).

The narrative strategy of the last chapter is to present Stephen’s friends through remembered scraps of his past interactions with them. This is a dramatic method creating the stance that they are taking place at the moment of narration. We are introduced to Cranly and Moynihan as he remembers attending a class of Mathematics with them. Then the memory of his difference with his friends on the issue of signing for universal peace in the “Peace Rescript” issued by the Tsars of Russia (Deane n314) arises in his memory. We hear Stephen wondering whether the words he recollects “…would ever be spoken in the same tone over his memory” (211). Thus it becomes evident that the incidents rendered in detail in Stephen Hero are processed and compressed by his memory in A Portrait. Stephen is so different from his friends that he is an enigma to Davin who confesses to him: “I can’t understand you...One time I hear you talk against English literature. Now you talk against the Irish informers. What with your name and your ideas...[author’s ellipses] Are you Irish at all?” (219) Stephen tries to explain his stand to Davin by telling him that “when the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I
shall try to fly by those nets”. He continues his abstruse lecture and adds “Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow” even after Davin expresses his incomprehensibility (220). In the same vein, Stephen goes on discussing aesthetics with Lynch even though the latter protests saying “bluntly:— Stop! I won’t listen! I am sick”. He makes the tall claim that he has defined pity and terror which Aristotle leaves undefined. We wonder if Joyce uses irony here, but the serious lecture that Stephen gives to Lynch makes the author’s attitude ambivalent. Stephen differentiates between kinetic emotions and aesthetic emotions, the former refer to “desire or loathing” and “the arts which excite them are improper arts, the latter refer to the effect that tragic or dramatic art creates and are “static” (222). He considers dramatic art to be the highest kind of art as the personality of the artist “…finally refines itself out of existence, impersonalises itself…” (233). Stephen’s protracted aesthetic discourse is punctuated by witty and down-to-earth rejoinders from his listener and does not tire us. The justification of presenting his theory in full seems to portray the growth of the artist who emerges as a confident speaker here from his role of an observer and listener in the preceding chapters and is able to compose verses in the second section of the chapter. However, the section comes to a close after he has a glimpse of Emma, who is again referred to as ‘she’ and in A Portrait we hardly find him talking to her as she also forms a chunk of his memory and is processed there like his friends. Doubts still prickle his memory as his self-directed queries reveal:

...if he had judged her harshly? If her life were a simple rosary of hours, her life simple and strange as a bird’s life, gay in the morning, restless all day, tired at sundown? Her heart simple and wilful as a bird’s heart? (235)
The technique deployed by Joyce may be called a ‘musical technique’ as throughout the narrative we find Joyce using phrases and words like the ‘refrain’ of music. The imagery of bird is a recurring motif in the novel, probably symbolising purity here.

Stephen wakes up from a dream or vision in which “...he had known the ecstasy of seraphic life” and doubts if it is an instant of enchantment only or of “...long hours and days and years and ages” (235). He ecstatically discovers that in the “virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh” enabling him to write a villanelle which is “a nineteen-line poem of five tercets and a closing quatrain, with only two rhymes repeating in the pattern...” (Deane n320-1). The verse is written addressing his beloved and starts thus:

Are you not weary of ardent ways,
Lure of the fallen seraphim?
Tell no more of enchanted days... (236)

His mind wanders to the parlour of Emma’s house he used to visit and sing at her request. He remembers a rare occasion on which they talked and she called him a “heretic”, though he told her that he was born to be a “monk”. In his effort to construct his own image as a monk, he is reminded of the young priest in whose company “he had seen her last, looking at him out of dove’s eyes...” (238). Fragments of Father Moran’s tall claim that ladies are the best helpers of the Gaelic Revival Movement and the Church’s commendable role in it seem to rankle in his memory and his reaction to leave the room in disdain comes back to his memory. He remembers to have left her to “flirt with her priest” (239). This scrap of his memory fills him with rancour dispelling the residual
feeling of ecstasy in his soul. But he realizes that his anger is also a sort of homage to her, though he considers her representing the womanhood of her country. What upsets Stephen is Emma’s rejection of him who is “a priest of eternal imagination, transmuting the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of everlasting life” preferring a petty priest “schooled in the discharging of a formal rite...” (240).

His claim to be an artist endowed with ‘eternal imagination’ can be accepted but the latter part of his tall claim that he is capable of transmuting his mundane experiences into enduring literary expressions is still a mere potentiality as excepting his ‘villanelle’ he has not yet proved his literary worth. He appears to be immature yet and Joyce is likely to view him with ironic detachment, but we do not have any linguistic clue as the author is only indirectly present in the free indirect discourses and in the sparing use of judgmental words. Thus *A Portrait* has shown Joyce capable of ‘refining’ himself almost ‘out of existence’ as Stephen propounds in his literary theory.

What elevates the Stephen of *A Portrait* from his counterpart in *Stephen Hero* is the change that takes place in him in his feeling of repentance for his unjust treatment of Emma:

He began to feel that he had wronged her. A sense of her innocence moved him almost to pity her, an innocence he had never understood till he had come to the knowledge of it through sin,...and a tender compassion filled his heart as he remembered her frail pallor and her eyes... (241-2)
He forgives her and his artistic sensibility enables him to imagine that she enfolds him "like a shining cloud,... like water..., like a cloud of vapour..." and his sexual desire attains a cosmic dimension and spiritual quality (242).

This section of chapter V bears ample evidence of the strong influence that Walter Pater (1839-94), Ernest Dowson (1867-1900), Arthur Symons (1865-1945) and his contemporary W.B. Yeats exert on Joyce's style. The echoes of Pater's "poeticized prose" and the stamp of the influence of his aesthetic philosophy characterize the style in which the section is written (Gifford 257-61). It is a commonplace of Joyce scholars to show the affinities between the poetic prose of particularly the second section of chapter V and Pater's essays, but the closing part incorporating the diary entries probably demonstrate how Joyce tries to revert to an original style which he consummates in *Ulysses*.

The final section of the novel preceding the diary entries opens with Stephen watching minutely the flight of the birds. Incremental repetition marks the narration here too and the word 'fly' in its different manifestations is repeated like the 'refrain' in a musical piece. The narrative technique becomes once again 'musical'. He sees the birds "flying high and low... and ever flying from left to right, circling about a temple of air" (243). Deane explains the allusion to the phrase 'a temple of air' in the following words: "In Roman divination the sky was divided into sections, each called a templum. The flight of birds in the templum was a basis of prophecy" (n322). Stephen probably reads the prophecy of his eventual flight from his native country in the flight of the birds. The
“inhuman clamour” created by the fluttering wings of the bird “soothed his ears” assailed “insistently” by his mother’s sobs and reproaches from the human world. But he is moved by a fear of “the unknown…a fear of symbols and portents, of the hawklike man whose name he bore soaring out of his captivity on osierwoven wings, of Thoth, the god of writers…” (244). Stephen’s recollections embody his extensive exposure to mythologies of different countries and make his emergence as an artist quite convincing.

In the closing section Stephen divulges to Cranly about his resolution to leave Dublin. When Cranly presses him to tell him what he really wants to do, he tells him in unambiguous terms:

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. (268-9)

Stephen continues to demystify his stand to his friend to whom he says he has confessed many a time before that he does not fear to be “alone” and is not afraid “to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake and perhaps as long as eternity too”. Cranly tries to make him realize the real meaning of the word “alone” and consider its implication in life “to have not even one friend”. When he repeats “…not to have any one person…who would be more than a friend, more even than the noblest and truest friend a man ever had”, Stephen takes some moments to decode his reference. We hear in his free indirect discourse as Cranly’s words move him strongly: “Had he spoken of himself, of himself as he was or wished to be?” He watches his face for some time and discovers a “cold sadness” in it, which confirms to him that Cranly has spoken of “his own
loneliness...he feared" (269). Still he asks him to be responded to by his silence again. 

The narrative part of A Portrait comes to a close with the ambiguity in Cranly's assertion which, of course, soothes Stephen who is shown again in his human traits. A Portrait opens betraying the warmth of the father and the narrative strategy adopted at the end is to foreground the touching farewell of two friends.

The diary entries that follow the asterisked part closing the narration are also of immense significance to understand Stephen, at least, to some extent. Levenson has devoted a whole essay to delve into the labyrinth provided by Joyce in the form of diary entries which form an integral part in the narrative techniques exploited by Joyce. As the temporal references of the narrative are mostly elusive, we can at least discover him to engage with time. Joyce seems to continue the process of the evolution of the artistic consciousness through Stephen's entries in his diary. What strikes us first and foremost is the abrupt change in the mode of narration as the third person discourses give way to the first person discourses as the prerequisite of the genre is to incorporate the intimate thoughts of the person who writes a diary. The new genre exploited at the end of the novel posits Stephen in a new mode of living when he is free from the shackles of the pronominal 'he' and past tense which are obligatory for the free indirect discourses or 'Thoughts' to express the streams of thoughts that flash on and pass through his mind. He breaks loose from the authorial control on his modes of expression. His growth into his own self is certainly a great testimony to the growth of his consciousness. This might be the primary rationale of ending the narrative with diary entries. The new genre gives him a foretaste of the unfettered freedom he has been craving for quite long as the diary
provides a private space to the sensitive soul to give vent to his thoughts as and when he
wants to.

Deane points out Stephen Dedalus’s emergence in the last pages of the last chapter of the
novel as the ‘I’ who will:

...forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race” (175). The switch
from the neuter third-person narrator, commanding a discourse...dominated by quotation,
repetition and carefully constructed rhythmical effects, to a first-person whose discourse is
by comparison disjointed, careening from petty local detail to the declaration of his solemn
ambition, is dislocating for the reader… (vii)

Stephen seems really to be reborn with a patriotic zeal referring to the Irish as ‘my race’
which is a remarkable shift in his stand as he ridicules MacCann in Stephen Hero and is
poles apart from him and Davin in A Portrait and does never support their nationalistic
fervour. Davin even expresses his suspicion wondering if he is Irish at all. Joyce’s exiled
life bears eloquent testimony to his deep rooted love for Dublin as all his literary
masterpieces centre around the country he forsakes physically but his mental proximity
and bond with his motherland have only increased with the passage of time. Stephen’s
individual aspiration assumes a communal dimension in his commitment to ‘forge’ the
conscience of his community, however idealistic and unattainable that pledge may sound.

What attracts us is the freshness of the language of the entries he records on the dates he
enumerates. He writes about his long talk with Cranly who attacks him “on the score of
love for one’s mother” (270). He records his disappointment for not having seen her since
that night, the reference is evidently to Emma. His mother who has a skeletal appearance
in the text comes back to his record on 24 March and he has an intimate discussion with
her. Her allegation that he has a "queer mind" and has read too much is countered by his humble submission that he has "read little and understood less" (271). This humility is also a new facet of his personality. Even the topic of religious faith is recorded in such a way that she seems to have forgiven him, despite being a devout Catholic herself. We are reminded of the hot exchanges he has had with his mother on his loss of faith in *Stephen Hero*. Stephen records on 26 April that his mother "is putting my secondhand clothes in order. She prays now, she says, that I may learn in my own life and away from home and friends what the heart is and what it feels. Amen. So be it. Welcome, O life!..." (275). Thus we discover many missing links and dents in the narrative by the informal records made in his diary which prove to be a powerful narrative strategy resorted to by Joyce at the end of *A Portrait*.

The diary entries echo his abstruse thoughts too as we hear him referring to the philosophical thought that "the past is consumed in the present and the present is living only because it brings forth the future"-recorded on 6 April (273). Even his romantic thoughts are couched through allusions to Yeats's poem 'Michael Robartes Remembers Forgotten Beauty' and he records the reverse of the theme of the poem and writes: "...Not this. Not at all. I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world"-written on 6 April (273). He records his meeting with Emma on 15 April and talks to her, though in the novel he is rarely seen speaking to her. She asks him if he still writes poetry. He talks rapidly of himself and his plans. "She shook hands ...and ...said she hoped I would do what I said". Stephen writes his reaction to his interaction with Emma:
Now I call that friendly, don’t you?
Yes, I liked her today. A little or much? Don’t know. I liked her and it seems a new
feeling to me. Then, in that case, all the rest, all that I thought I thought and all that I felt I
felt, all the rest before now, in fact... O, give it up, old chap! Sleep it off! (275).

On 16 April he writes “Away! Away!” as he hears the call of roads and ships to embark
on his journey (275). The diary entries come to a close on 27 April after invoking “Old
father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead” (276). Stephen here seems to
refer to the fabulous artificer whose name is a symbol of the artist and in the narrative he
alludes to him several times. But we are struck by the fact that the novel opens with the
father’s imaginative rendering of a story that lingers in the memory of the child Stephen’s
consciousness, it ends with the invocation of the spiritual father who would empower him
in his literary explorations that he aspires to embark on now in his liberated state. He is
about to forsake the ‘nets’ but the ‘net’ of language entwines him more inextricably as he
proceeds on the tortuous path of artistic creation. And he would shortly discover that his
country and religion have spread their roots too deep into his consciousness, like a
banyan tree, to be ever severed.
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