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Ireland’s Catholic Church played an important role in the turn-of-the-century nationalism that shaped James Joyce’s identity and writing; yet it also played an important part in preventing that nationalism from achieving its goals of autonomy and cultural independence. For Joyce, this was particularly evident in the dialects and thought structures of Ireland’s hybrid language practices. As he demonstrates through the character of Stephen Dedalus, the protagonist of A Portrait, this linguistic hybridity was a direct result of the authority and influence of both liturgical and confessional discourse in an Ireland dominated by the priesthood. Overcoming these discourses thus became a necessary part of achieving the kind of liberating cosmopolitan identity that Irish autonomy required. Yet as Stephen readily shows, moving beyond the Church requires more than simply taking up a position against it. Indeed, as in the theories of Frantz Fanon, Mikhail Bakhtin, and Homi Bhabha, the reclamation of one’s language requires re-imagining it as both a pluralistic contact zone of heterogeneous languages and a model of power where the binary divisions
between one people and another are cultivated and exposed. As a result, Stephen, like the neo-pagan nationalism of Renaissance Celticism, remains locked in a struggle for an authenticating self-expression while Joyce ably shows the limitations of such an expression in the purview of internationalism and multicultural politics. The tensions between thus comprise a dynamic and systematic critique of the repressiveness of both Church discourse and Irish nationalism at a time when nationalist Ireland and Catholic Ireland were becoming synonymous representations of one another.
Confessing Ireland: The Colonial Politics of Irish Catholicism in James Joyce’s *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

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Confessing Ireland: The Colonial Politics of Irish Catholicism in James Joyce’s
A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

1. Introduction

In 1910, after having already witnessed the rejection of two Home Rule Bills, James Joyce observed that Ireland’s colonial moorings were working as a double bind against its bid for autonomy: “For seven centuries [Ireland] has never been a faithful subject of England. Nor, on the other hand, has it been faithful to itself.”¹ This criticism of Ireland’s dual disloyalty, to itself and to English imperialism, ambivalently positions Ireland’s nationalist program as the essentializing and deeply mythologizing center of an internally fissured, hybridistic, and subaltern “Irish” identity. Frantz Fanon, who revisited similar themes in his well-known work, Wretched of the Earth, attributes this to the problematic set of relations put in place by colonialism:

Colonial domination, because it is total and tends to oversimplify, very soon manages to disrupt in spectacular fashion the cultural life of a conquered people. This cultural obliteration is made possible by the negation of national reality, by new legal relations introduced by the occupying power, by the banishment of the natives and their customs to out-lying districts by colonial society, by expropriation, and by the systematic enslaving of men and women.²

Naturally, this process of cultural dislocation was to find its expression in the turn-of-the-century Irish nationalism that shaped Joyce’s identity and writing.³ As Marjorie Howes and Derek Attridge emphasize in their introduction to Semicolonial Joyce, the discourse of the colonized often functions as imperial derivative by inverting and mirroring the intellectual structures of the cultural aggressor.⁴ This was certainly true
for colonial Ireland, which developed a racial, cultural, and national self-definition directly out of the pejorative and objectifying labels of Anglo-English discourse.

As Joyce’s attitudes matured, however, he became increasingly aware that the Irish Renaissance far too often substituted “authenticity” as a red herring for something that was clearly more complex and interwoven than initially acknowledged. “[After] six centuries of armed occupation and over a hundred years of legislation,” he remarked, “it was pointless searching for a thread that [had] remained pure, virgin, and uninfluenced by the other threads nearby.”\(^5\) Nowhere was this more apparent for Joyce than within the hybrid status of Ireland’s language. As he writes in “The Home Rule Comet” (1910):

[Ireland] entered the British dominion without forming an integral part of it. It almost entirely abandoned its language and accepted the language of the conqueror without being able to assimilate its culture or to adapt itself to the mentality of which this language is the vehicle.\(^6\)

For Joyce, Ireland’s semicolonial status would continue to work against its self-expression until the national fictions of the Celtic renaissance could better reflect Ireland’s complex modern culture. As he would inquire in “Ireland: Island of Saints and Sages” (1907), “What race or language (if we except those few which a humorous will seems to have preserved in ice, such as the people of Iceland) can nowadays claim to be pure?”\(^7\)

Joyce’s position on the capability of Ireland’s hybrid language proved to be an unpopular one however. Indeed, the ‘language question’ and its divisive responses continued to constitute a significant portion of the cultural nationalism Joyce inherited. Many, following the ideas of Hyde (Douglas Hyde, scholar and co-founder of the Gaelic League), felt that Ireland’s future remained bound up in the languages
of its past; to lose those expressive traditions would mean losing all sense of what it meant to be Irish. Yet Joyce was skeptical of the League's efforts to resurrect the Irish language, and became intrigued, instead, with the subversive possibilities of the colonizer's language. The English vernacular of the working-class characters in Dubliners (1914), for example, noticeably works at reversing the cultural and linguistic authority of Anglo-Saxonist discourse: just as Joyce's stories strategically refuse the cultural authority of the Anglo-English language, they simultaneously explore the benefits and possibilities of that language in a style and expression consistent with the Irish experience.

Later, Joyce was to call the possibilities of Anglo-Saxonist discourse into question, using his well-known novel, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1914), to situate and engage Ireland's English vernacular as a symptom of religious and colonial influence. In a decisive moment in A Portrait, for instance, Stephen Dedalus contemplates the way in which the dean, a Catholic Englishman, takes up the word "tundish." Although "tundish" is, in fact, an English word, the dean thinks of it instead as Irish, remarking, "Is that called a tundish in Ireland? I never heard the word in my life" (165). Convinced that the word is nothing more than a localized construction of "funnel," the dean vows to "look that word up" as he repeats it "yet again" (165). Invariably, this overzealous desire to familiarize himself with the Irish language exposes the dean's hidden desire—particularly as a priest and an Englishman living in Dublin at the turn-of-the-century—to own and command the very discourses he has himself worked to displace. Stephen, seizing the symbolic
implication of this co-optation, thus begins to envision the dean as a “vigilant foe”
and slips into the space of colonial Other:

The language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine. How
different are the words home, Christ, ale, master on his lips and on
mine! I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. His
language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired
speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them
at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language (166).

As this passage shows, Stephen’s suspicions lay bare one of the more subtle pitfalls
of colonial discourse: the colonized as colonized must reclaim not only their identity,
but also the corollary means of articulating that identity if they are to be truly freed
from colonial oppression.

This sense of reclamation or production of postcolonial self must also include
the Church, however, since Stephen’s attempts to become the cosmopolitan artist are
just as bound by Catholicism as they are by British Imperialism. In fact, considering
the importance of Ireland’s Catholicism to both the Celtic Renaissance and the
English response, I find it somewhat problematic to situate the English/Irish binary
without also pairing it with the Anglican/Catholic binary. As Lyons points out, “It is
not always realized how active and ubiquitous the Catholic Church was in the
generation before the First World War”;10 indeed, to any English observer, Ireland
would have appeared at once “deeply [and] ostentatiously, Catholic.”11 Yet the
Church was not, for Joyce, the hallmark of Irish identity that many Irish nationalists
claimed it to be; it was “the enemy of Ireland.”12 “The missionary and the pocket-
bible come some months ahead of the arrival of the army and machine guns,” Joyce
observed in his landmark essay, “Ireland: Island of Saints and Sages”: “I do not see
what good it does to fulminate against English tyranny while the tyranny of Rome
still holds the dwelling place of the soul.” 

Clearly, Joyce saw the Church as an imperial instrument, a “papal crown,” to accompany the “British one” in the ongoing process of Ireland’s colonial subjugation. Yet only recently has criticism shown these fears to be well founded. In Edward Said’s *Culture and Imperialism*, for instance, it is suggested that

> Both are supported and perhaps even impelled by impressive ideological formations that include notions that certain territories and people require and beseech domination, as well as forms of knowledge affiliated with domination.

Of course, Said has in mind the broader categories of colonialism and imperialism rather than the circumscribed subheadings of Church and State. However, as David Spurr surmises, the corollary discourses of both Church and State affirm their presence and importance by filtering themselves through synonymous “rhetorical strategies of repetition and self-idealization” in order to “establish a political and ethical order.” Therefore, “what begins as a rational argument for moral and racial superiority... develops rapidly into a fervent invocation of shared ideals.” In other words, colonization, be it spiritual or otherwise, assimilates: people deemed less fortunate are given the opportunity to improve—economically, culturally, and spiritually—provided they internalize and invoke the ideals of the colonizer.

My contention here then is that Joyce was well aware of this and used *A Portrait* as a sustained and systematic commentary on the imperial nature of Ireland’s Catholic Church. Indeed, the full upshot of Stephen’s Catholic orientation suggests an increasing imperial likeness developed (and protested) over the course of the novel: as he moves from the Word’s symbolic power; to the Jesuit priest’s paralyzing influence; to confessional discourse; to a transcendent sense of freedom, Stephen
increasingly confronts the Church as an instrument of colonial rule. As such, the novel records Stephen’s increasing indebtedness to the methods and utterances of a Church discourse that prevents him from attaining the cultural and linguistic authority he claims in the closing pages.

Situating the Church as an imperial structure, however, flew directly in the face of what Kiberd calls “the alarming new tendency of Catholic Ireland to equate itself with nationalist Ireland” in the years leading up to the formation of the Free State. 17 Indeed, the Gaelic League, which, despite its ecumenical goal to unify Protestancy and Catholicism under the auspices of deanglicization, became, as Willard Potts notes, “essentially an all Catholic organization” by as early as 1902.18 Moreover, it was no secret, even then, that prominent members such as Father O’Gowney, Father O’Hickey, and Eoin MacNeill suffused the League with a healthy dose of their own morally situated agenda. In fact, MacNeill appeared unflinching in revealing the League’s attitudes about the ‘new’ national consciousness and its indebtedness to nineteenth century Irish Catholic dogma, remarking, “When we learn to speak Irish we soon find that it is what we may call essential Irish to acknowledge God, His presence, and His help, even in our most trivial conversation.”19 MacNeill’s willingness to essentialize the Irish along the lines of his own religious convictions characterizes the notoriously intermingled relationship between neo-Gaelicism and orthodox Irish-Catholicism.

The tendency within Ireland’s national movements to conjoin religion and politics infuriated Joyce however—a reaction well documented in the famous Christmas dinner scene in the opening chapter of Portrait. To the anti-colonial and
anti-clerical Joyce, the duopolistic rule of Rome and England helped end Charles Stewart Parnell’s promising leadership of the Irish Parliamentary Party (IPP) following the sensational divorce case between William O’Shea, Irish Home Rule MP, and Katherine O’Shea, Parnell’s longtime paramour, in 1889. Within a year, the Home Rule Party had split and Parnell’s tenure as party leader had all but ended. More disastrous for many of Ireland’s Home Rulers and their peaceful efforts toward nationhood was the consequent distaste among many Irish Catholics toward parliamentary politics. As Conor Cruise O’Brien observes in his in-depth study, *Parnell and His Party*, “the ‘Parnell split’ was much more than a mechanical division of a party and a people. It represented and it brought about a profound psychological split. The emotional ‘residues’ and intellectual ‘combinations’ that Parnellism had equivocally joined now flew apart.”

Constitutionalism thus gave way to an increasingly violent radicalism among Ireland’s most fervent nationalists. For these individuals, the harmonious promise of an Ireland-England alliance had all but dissolved. For Parnell’s remaining followers, however, their remained only a sense of betrayal that prompted an embittered and deeply felt apoliticalism that would occasionally emerge, as it did during the Joyces’ Christmas Eve dinner in 1901, among shouts and tears:

[Joyce’s] father and John Kelly raged and wept over Parnell’s betrayal and death, and Dante Conway, full of venomous piety, left the table. The argument was so acrimonious that the Vances heard it along the street...Mrs. Conway left the house for good four days later. A more important after-effect was that for the Joyces, father and son, all was bathos now in Ireland; no politician and no politics were worth fighting for.
For nine-year-old Joyce, this was to serve as a political awakening into what Stephen later terms the “nightmare” of Irish history (U 34). Indeed, in Joyce’s young, classically influenced mind this disillusionment inspired a poetic invective against Tim Healy for his involvement in Parnell’s downfall, “Et Tu, Healy,” which was published locally by his father. Eleven years later, Joyce remained bitter, writing in “The Shade of Parnell” (1912) that, “They [the Irish] did not throw him to the English wolves: they tore him apart themselves.” Political betrayal consequently served to further the ambivalence of both father and son toward Church politics; in particular, it fostered within them a deep distrust regarding the political power of the Catholic clergy.

This sense of betrayal and its debts to Ireland’s anti-Anglican Catholic insurgency were to become deeply embedded within Joyce’s criticisms of Irish nationalism. His animosity towards British imperialism and orthodox Catholicism strengthened during his Jesuit education (Clongowes Wood College [1888-1893], followed by his time at Belvedere College [1893-1898] and University College, Dublin [1899-1902]). And as he engaged the Revivalist literature of his contemporaries, Joyce came to see that literary popularity required conscious political subordination to a Protestant-dominated, mythic-minded nationalist ideology—a step he was unwilling to take. As Dominic Manganiello observes in Joyce’s Politics, Joyce’s interaction with Ireland’s Literary Renaissance led him to fear that “in dealing solely with Irish themes and producing only Irish plays, [the Renaissance] ran the risk of becoming ‘all too Irish’.”
Indeed, the Irish Literary Society of London (1891), formed by W.B. Yeats and T.W. Rolleston, and its Dublin counterpart, the National Literary Society (1893), embraced the Gaelic League's romantic assertion that rural Ireland was authentic Ireland by further reconstructing the peasant as authenticated Irishman. The principal aim of the Literary Renaissance was to publicize Irish legend, text, and folklore. However, since its key players consisted primarily of, as Edward Norman terms it, the "rump of the Protestant ascendancy," the conservative power of nationalist Ireland was slow in giving its support. Indeed, few of its members were even literate in Irish making their efforts to re-write Gaelic folklore in the language of the oppressor suspect to the widespread doubt and skepticism of the very rural peasantry it aimed to empower. The result was a general rift between the aims and outcomes of the revival.

Writers such as Yeats and John Millington Synge sought to do more than simply embalm the literary past; they hoped to bring past themes into the present and infuse the national consciousness with a literary heritage. For Yeats, the 'otherness' of Ireland's authentic past was itself a site of modernity—a sentiment Emer Nolan observes, writing, "When rendered into English, and appropriately edited or embellished, this 'revived' Gaelic literature could offer as exotic and exciting an art as any devised by a fin-de-siècle London coterie." In contrast to Yeats' modernist aims, however, pan-Celtic revivalism continued to align a romanticized sense of the spiritual and noble peasantry within a mythic-minded aristocracy of pagan priests. As Potts observes, "their commitment to plays about Irish subjects typically meant not only writing plays about Catholics but also incorporating Catholic accents and diction." In this way, Yeats—as well as his peers—did as much to reproduce the
stereotypic linkage of the Irish *qua* Catholic as had been done to ecumenically deface it.

For example, Yeats’s *The Countess Cathleen*, performed on May 8, 1899, notoriously drew “a storm of booing and hissing” for its portrayal of the peasantry as a mob of ignorant and superstitious opportunists. The play’s Faustian theme transforms the indoctrinated-but-penniless public into a thriving marketplace by ascribing souls a monetary value and thus portends that while the famine-plagued peasantry had little in the way of material sustenance, they could at least rely upon their Catholic principles. This was not enough however to placate an audience that remained thoroughly sold upon Hyde’s purist Irish politics. Indeed, the audience’s antipathy, excepting Joyce, hinged upon the notion that the play heretically demoted Christianity from the doctrinal to the symbolic, thwarting the very principles the mythic-minded Catholic Revivalists’ had prized within the Irish peasant *qua* authenticating hero. Assessing the divisive nature between Yeats’s aims, which Joyce applauded, and the majority of the attending audience’s adverse response, Emer Nolan writes,

> For its author, *The Countess Cathleen* offered a creative image of rural Ireland, and revealed a deep spiritual truth about Irish aristocratic valour. However, for a significant sector of Irish Catholic opinion, it represented an unacceptable slur, and a grotesque caricature of a peasantry for whom in fact religion was never secondary to material survival.\(^{27}\)

The severity of this charge is well-observed by Potts, who writes that, “it was an article of faith among Catholic Revivalists that, having had the least contact with English culture, the Irish peasant was the purest embodiment of everything Irish.”\(^ {28}\)

Along these lines, the UCD student protesters published a letter appearing in the
Freeman’s Journal two days later denouncing the play as “not Irish.” “The characters are ludicrous travesties of the Irish Catholic Celt,” they added before concluding that the “Dublin Catholic students of the Royal University... protest against an art, even a dispassionate art, which offers as a type of our people a loathsome brood of apostate.” Consequently, it was against this widespread sectarianism that Joyce lamented, “Nothing can be done until the forces that dictate public judgment are calmly confronted.” The exigency and scope of that project would be no small task. Within a year, a similar public outcry was recorded after Synge’s Ibsenesque play, In the Shadow of the Glen (1903). Arthur Griffith, founder of Sinn Féin and its newspaper United Irishmen, responded, “Cosmopolitanism never produced a great artist nor a good man yet and never will.” For Griffith, as with many in the Irish Renaissance, “When it ceases to be national, it will also cease to be artistic, for nationality is the breath of art.”

Joyce, unwilling to subjugate his art to any institutional body, remained antagonistic to Griffith’s essentialism. In fact, nine months after the staging of Yeat’s The Countess Cathleen, he gave voice to his budding cosmopolitan humanism by reading his essay, “Drama and Life,” before the Royal University’s Literary and Historical Society. As Joyce saw it, the realm of literature “was a spacious realm” that required writers and themes currently situated elsewhere, well beyond the revival’s literary canon: Henrik Ibsen, Wagnerian myth, universal life experience, and Hellenism. There was no celebration of the Irish peasant, no Gaelic folklore or Irish poetry in Joyce’s rigorous and highly ornamental essay; rather, by referencing drama as “essentially a communal art and of widespread domain,” Joyce points towards the
concentrically larger spheres of Europe and the universal human experience as solutions to Ireland’s “faery” “traditions of Romance.” Only here, he portended, could Ireland’s artists “understand our true position” and relate the un-Romanticized individual to universal aspects of humanity rather than maintain the “Philistine...traditions of [pan-Celtic] Romance.”33 Joyce consequently reasoned that Ireland’s future was not, as revivalist nationalism contended, in the ashes of its past or within the subaltern identity of the Other, but rather within the polyvalence of cultural relativism and liberal humanism. This ideology naturally put Joyce at odds with many of his peers, and when he published “Ibsen’s New Drama” later that year (April 1900), Irish readers of the *Fortnightly Review* were generally apathetic, if not antagonistic. Indeed, the disparity between Joyce and the Irish “rabblement” had reached a point where he felt that he could achieve little more while in Ireland, and in October of 1902, he left for Paris with intentions of entering medical school.

Whereas Irish nationalism sought the vestiges of a pre-modern past within the annals of Gaelic history, Joyce’s Stephen Dedalus, who undergoes similar exile between *Portrait* and *Ulysses*, engages similar pre-modern vestiges by negotiating an identity out of the Greek culture. Undoubtedly, Stephen’s neo-Hellenistic reliance upon Continental tradition seeks to repudiate parochial pan-Celticism’s ideological tenets; however, by negotiating Ireland’s conscience out of the annals of a glorified past, be it Gaelic of Hellenistic, he adopts a methodological approach consistent with the retrospective strategy of the Celtic revival. As Fanon reminds us, the turning of the national consciousness backwards to concentrate some insular and imaginary parent culture is a customary impulse the native intellectual must overcome:
The desire to attach oneself to tradition or bring abandoned traditions to life again does not only mean going against the current of history but also opposing one's own people... The artist who has decided to illustrate the truths of the nation turns paradoxically towards the past and away from actual events. What he ultimately intends to embrace are in fact the cast-offs of thought, its shells and corpses, a knowledge which has been stabilised once and for all. But the native intellectual who wishes to create an authentic work of art must realise that the truths of a nation are in the first place of its realities.  

For Fanon, the art of the native intellectual requires an understanding of, and a responsibility toward, the contemporary struggles of his nation's people. Yet Joyce's *Portrait* fails to do this; instead, it ambiguously unites cosmopolitan relativism and cultural revivalism by infusing within the framework of Stephen's aspiring modernism the mythological referent of the Greek hero, Daedalus. Stephen's wholesale rejection of pan-Celticism's essentialist historiography—or as Vincent Cheng writes, "its nostalgia for a pre-modern and uncontaminated past that somehow authorizes and defines the authenticity and essence of the cultural present"—invariably becomes subverted by Stephen's parallel efforts to nominalize himself in the ashes of Homeric myth as "Stephaneforos!" (150). Subsequently, by consulting Daedalus as the artificer of his own conscience, he fails to embody Fanon's conception of the native intellectual by embracing "the castoffs of [Hellenic] thought, its shells and corpses, a knowledge which has been stabilised once and for all."

Yet this is not immediately apparent. Indeed, Stephen's early self-analysis in *Portrait of the Artist* yields an ontology more closely aligned with that of Joyce's cosmopolitanism. For instance, while struggling with the toponymy of the New
World in his geography lesson at Clongowes, Stephen develops a hierarchical scale that egoistically locates him at the center of a widening concentric macrocosm:

_Stephen Dedalus_

_Class of Elements_

_Clongowes Wood College_

_Sallins_

_Country Kildare_

_Ireland_

_Europe_

_The World_

_The Universe_ (27)

The decision to position Ireland directly within Europe rather than within the British empire suggests the relativist perspective Joyce advocated in his political writings—even if Stephen’s scale tends to demonstrate early nationalist leanings (6 out of 9 locations are oriented within Ireland). This apparent nationalism aligns him with the character Fleming, who synthesizes Stephen’s list into verse on the opposite page of his geography book:

_Stephen Dedalus is my name,_
_Ireland is my nation._
_Clongowes is my dwellingplace_
_And heaven my expectation_ (27).

This verse arranges Stephen’s list into a narrative of salvation, lifting him from his home—his dwellingplace—to heaven by way of the nation. As such, it complicates Stephen’s egoistic sense of self by positioning him as both an Irishman and a Jesuit at a time when the tenor of Irish nationalism was noticeably Catholic.

Stephen’s Catholicness thus becomes an integral part of his engagement with (and rejection of) conventional Irish nationalism. As Jonathan Mulrooney observes in
his theopolitical examination “Stephen Dedalus and the Politics of Confession.”
Stephen’s “lyric self-narration...relies on Catholic modes of expression” to the
noticeable “exclusion of all other [modes of expression] and marks the surrounding
text’s multiple narrative techniques as a more authentic Irish form.” For Mulrooney,
Stephen’s lyric self-narration reveals “The limitations of Stephen’s confessional
lyricism [and] thus represent[s] to Joyce’s readers the inadequacy of essentialist
notions of Irish identity, and the need for critical engagement with the nation’s
complex cultural legacies.”36 By realizing that Joyce “[saw] religion as inseparable
from the politics of nationalism and empire in Ireland” as Cheng does, one can
interpret Stephen’s inability to cast off the parochial language of orthodox
Catholicism as an inability to move beyond the politics of Irish nationalism.37
Stephen’s embedded role within the greater narrative structures of Hellenism,
orthodox-Catholicism, and Irish nationalism thus positions him as a character who is
situated directly against, rather than in line with, the enabling lens of Joyce’s anti-
colonial agenda.

Indeed, contrary to the mythography of Daedalus, Joyce was well aware of the
problems embedded within hybrid traditionalism. In “Day of the Rabblement” (1901),
for example, his diatribe against the Irish Literary Theatre’s subordination to the
ecclesiastical discourse of nationalist Catholicism, he observes that the artist who
panders to “the popular movement [literary revivalism]...inherits a will broken by
doubt and a soul that yields up all its hate to the first caress.”38 With similar
disaffection, he openly chastised the Theatre’s audience for being “placid,” “intensely
moral,” and, above all, “the most belated race in Europe.”39 He correspondingly
refused to condone the Theatre’s willingness to surrender to the “popular will” following the vitriolic reception of Yeat’s *The Countess Cathleen.* For Joyce, a successful art “must look abroad” for its literary model, not “surrender to the trolls” and “cut itself adrift from the line of advancement.” The Irish artist needed to look beyond the ‘authenticating’ politics of Catholic-minded nationalism if he was to grant Ireland any longstanding status as a cultural power. As he writes in “Saints and Sages”:

> The ancient national spirit that spoke throughout the centuries through the mouths of fabulous seers, wandering minstrels, and Jacobin poets has vanished from the world with the death of James Clarence Mangan...One thing alone seems clear to me. It is high time Ireland finished once and for all with failures. If it is truly capable of resurgence, then let it do so or else let it cover its head and decently descend into the grave forever.

As this passage shows, Joyce stood clearly against the “failures” and fables of literary revivalism. His choice to confer upon Stephen the burden of the Western tradition thus becomes suspect.

In fact, it tends to excise Stephen from the strictly autobiographical relationship normatively attributed to him in Joyce studies. Certainly, Joyce reinforced the autobiographical interpretation by blurring the lines between himself and Stephen early on. For example, the name Stephen Daedalus first appeared as Joyce’s signature in three stories printed in *The Irish Homestead,* a dairy cooperative newspaper. This signature also began to appear in some of the early letters he wrote soliciting financial aid from his friends and acquaintances. Concurrently, Joyce was developing the character of Stephen Daedalus as his alter ego in his autobiographical essay, “A Portrait of the Artist,” which was submitted (and quickly rejected) in 1904
to a new Irish periodical entitled *Dana: A Magazine of Independent Thought*, which was co-edited by Frederick Ryan and W. K. Magee [John Eglinton]. Indeed, Joyce did little in terms of Stephen’s early development to dissuade readers from seizing upon the autobiographical relationship between Stephen and himself. Yet the gaps between the author and his fictive persona remain vast; so vast, in fact, that the interpretive value of positioning Stephen as Joyce appears insufficient as we continue to explore, demystify, and demythologize the real import of Joyce’s art and its efforts to expose and undermine the colonial resemblances of Ireland’s Catholic Church.
2. Onerous Discourses: Unraveling the “Fantastic Fabrics” of Stephen’s Mind

Ellmann observes that “A Portrait of the Artist” allowed Joyce to “become an artist by writing about the process of becoming an artist, his life legitimizing his portrait by supplying the sitter, while the portrait vindicated the sitter by its evident admiration for him.” In other words, as this observation announces, the artist of Joyce’s portrait forecasts the close and complementary relationship he was to have with Stephen for at least the next fourteen years. Indeed, when Ryan and Magee initially rejected “A Portrait of the Artist,” Stanislaus remarked that Joyce “thinks that they rejected it because it was all about himself.” In Stanislaus’s opinion, Magee felt a certain level of “antipathy” toward Stephen. This certainly appears to be the case given Magee’s remarks in a reflective essay a few years later, wherein he characterizes Joyce as a “portentous” “man of meticulous remembrance” with a “pompous” style that appeared altogether “exactly like his artist hero Stephen Dedalus.” Motivated rather than discouraged, Joyce immediately began writing the lengthy manuscript of Stephen Hero, which, in the surviving manuscripts, demonstrates his early experimentation with the free and indirect style he was to utilize so masterfully in A Portrait.

In terms of characterization, the immensity of the work was perhaps only overshadowed by the metaphorical scope of its hero, Stephen Daedalus. As Ellmann notes:

To suggest the Christian and pagan elements of his mind, even to the point of absurdity, Joyce called himself Stephen Daedalus (then, to make it a little less improbable, Stephen Dedalus) after Christianity’s first martyr and paganism’s greatest inventor. Stephen would be a saint of literature, and like Daedalus would invent wings to soar
beyond his compatriots, and a labyrinth, a mysterious art based on cunning.\textsuperscript{45}

Such grandiose ambition certainly allowed Joyce to “aggrandize his characters and his country” in a manner that connected Ireland with the European continentalism he had so unsuccessfully championed a few years earlier.\textsuperscript{46} Yet his decision to burden Stephen with the mythographic substructure of Daedalus, the Greek hero, also appears to indict this continentalism for its backward-looking neo-Hellenism. As such, Stephen represents in many ways the muddle that Joyce must overcome as he broaches an increasingly modern set of literary techniques. In fact, in light of these resemblances and departures, Stephen may be better described as Joyce’s doppelgänger rather than his portrait.

Of course, this claim is not without its complications. For example, after discussing a reader’s skepticism concerning the emergence of his new hero, \textit{Ulysses’} Leopold Bloom, in 1918, Joyce famously confided to Frank Budgen that, “Stephen no longer interests me to the same extent,” explaining, “He has a shape that can’t be changed.”\textsuperscript{47} Budgen was to witness this shift as a purely artistic one—one made by a maturing Joyce who finds Bloom’s age and experiences a fitting answer to Stephen’s unapologetic egoism. Indeed, Joyce tended to further this view, telling Budgen, “Some people who read my book, \textit{A Portrait of the Artist} forget that it is called \textit{A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man}.” Budgen later would add that Joyce “underlined with his voice the last four words of the title.”\textsuperscript{48} Budgen’s interpretive record of Joyce’s increasing ambivalence toward Stephen has certainly stood firm. As Vincent Cheng remarks, “While Stephen appears to be, like Joyce, a pacifist and a cosmopolite, it is also clear in \textit{Stephen Hero} and \textit{Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man}
Man] that Stephen is not quite Joyce, but a ‘young man’ with ideas and with rather arrogant pretensions to being an artist. However, to claim that Joyce’s dispossession of Stephen is a decision rooted chiefly in stylistic or psychological maturity ignores the political apparatus of Stephen’s design and its proximity to Joyce’s own politics.

Deconstructing the normative parallelism between Joyce and Stephen consequently requires a better understanding of Stephen’s character, precisely as it exists in relation to Joyce’s struggle for modernity. Unfortunately, traditional scholarship resists interpreting Stephen as anything more than a slowly evolving sketch of Joyce and his ‘apolitical’ artistic aims. For example, William York Tindall, a canonical Joyce scholar, writes that one of the major differences between Stephen Hero and Portrait is in the former’s treatment of Stephen: “Commonly taken at his own estimate, Stephen, not victim here but hero, seems another person entirely.” He goes on to say that the Stephen of SH, unlike his ‘alienated seclusion’ in Portrait, is “lost in a crowd of facts and friends.” This simply isn’t true. Stephen is forced to confront the shortcomings of his egoism in the latter pages of Stephen Hero, and as such, becomes the locus rather than the vehicle of Joyce’s nicely polished looking glass.

For example, overpowered by his loneliness and faced with his inadequacy regarding Emma Clery, his childhood sweetheart, Stephen succumbs to a paralyzing self-doubt:

Even the value of his own life came into doubt with him. He laid a finger upon every falsehood it contained: [an] egoism which proceeded bravely before men to be frightened by the least challenge of the conscience, freedom which could dress the world anew in [the]
vestments and usages begotten of enslavement, mastery of an art understood by few which owed its very delicacy to a physical decrepitude, itself the brand and sign of vulgar ardours (SH 162).

This self-doubt manifests itself in a kind of sexual awakening, but only in the terminology of the damned:

Cemeteries revealed their ineffectual records to him, records of the lives of all those who with good grace or bad grace had accepted an obvious divinity. The vision of all those failures, and the vision, far more pitiful, of congenital lives, shuffling onwards amid yawn and howl, beset him with evil: and evil, in the similitude of a distorted ritual, called to his soul to commit fornication with her (162).

On the one hand, this passage calls into question Stephen’s sexual potency. On the other hand, it intriguingly reproduces the racialized discourses and idées reçues of fin de siècle English caricature; certainly, the Manichean “good grace”/”bad grace” form of ethics he inscribes within the shuffling corpses suffuses an oddly moralized undercurrent of bestialized violence into the nightmarish “howl,” “congenital...evil,” and ritualistic “similitude” of the macabre dreamscape. Indeed, the abjection and foreboding of Stephen’s tableau exemplifies and—rather paradoxically—reproduces the various racialized (and decidedly racist) portrayals of the Irishman qua “wild” savage and infantilized “Paddy.” Of course, Stephen’s dualistic temperament is far from unorthodox. Spurr testifies that “the obsessive debasement of the Other in colonial discourse arises not simply from fear and the recognition of difference, but also, on another level, from a desire for and identification with the Other which much be resisted.” In fact, as L.P. Curtis outlines in his landmark study, Anglo-Saxons and Celts, there is an urgent—indeed excessive—need in colonial discourse to systematically differentiate “the plump and robust...John Bull” from “the wretched figure of lean and bony Pat”: 
Where the Celt was child-like, the Anglo-Saxon was mature; instead of emotional instability, he could boast of self-control; he was energetic not lazy, rational not superstitious, civilized not primitive, clean not dirty, ready to forgive not vengeful, and prepared to live under the rule of law.\textsuperscript{53}

Stephen's treatment of the 'native' Irishman similarly embraces the rhetoric of colonial differentiation. Indeed, the "pitiful" corpses lazily "yawn" and inhumanly "howl" before "shuffling," like John Tenniel's lethargic \textit{Irish Frankenstein}, towards the image of the innocent E.C.\textsuperscript{54}

Accordingly, while English accounts alleged that the native Celt possessed a wildly "vivid...imagination," as English ethnologist D. Mackintosh noted in an essay in 1866,\textsuperscript{55} he was also likely to become haunting, as the novelist Charles Kingsley suggests in a letter to his wife in 1860:

But I am haunted by the human chimpanzees I saw along the hundred miles of horrible country. I don't believe they are our fault. I believe there are not only many more of them than of old, but that they are happier, better, more comfortably fed and lodged under our rule than they ever were. But to see white chimpanzees is dreadful; if they were black, one would not feel it so much, but their skins, except where tanned by exposure, are as white as ours.\textsuperscript{56}

Stephen's tableau conveys similar imagination and horror. For instance, his figurative language serves on the one hand to position the nightmare of Ireland's history as an imaginative "vision" which he needs only to wake up from to escape. On the other hand, however, the vision of Ireland's dead heroes simultaneously threatens to "beset him with [the same type of] evil" desire that prompted those heroes to "dress the world anew in [the] vestments and usages begotten of enslavement" (162). Ultimately, however, "the vision of all those failures" compels Stephen, like Kingsley, to extend a pretentiously humanistic "pity" toward their
"congenital [i.e. indigenous] lives" (162) as he voyeuristically wanders toward the "sluttish streets which are called old Dublin" (176).

Yet, if the imaginative scope of Stephen’s tableau appears problematic as it takes up the tropes and attitudes of an explicitly anti-Irish racial rhetoric, the telescoping agency of its gaze appears only increasingly more so. Indeed, as he visually accesses the Church cemetery to identify its falsehoods and failures, Stephen appears to be at once both the observer (“Cemeteries revealed their ineffectual records to him”) and the object of observation (“Even the value of his own life came into doubt”). Accordingly, he appears to move beyond the nightmare of Ireland’s history in recognizing its failures and falsehoods only to return to it through the “museumizing imagination” of his gaze.57 His ambivalence appears well founded, however, given the complexity situating the real and metaphoric space of the Irish cemetery. For instance, he would have been well aware that the cemeteries of modern Ireland signify not only a national history rife with misfortune and oppression (the very impetus of Celtic Revivalism), but an explicitly Catholic history which promotes and fortifies a societal schema of reverence and ecclesiastical partisanship.58 In other words, while the cemetery conjures up various well-known images reflecting Ireland’s historical failures, especially, for Stephen, in the fallout surrounding Parnell’s political decline, it simultaneously reflects the Church’s prevailing agency over the life and afterlife of the Irish Catholic. Faced with such a potentially subjectifying trap, Stephen’s attempts to position himself tenuously within and beyond the lens of his Gothic tableau become decidedly more understandable. However, it becomes quite clear that he is more of a Catholic Irishman than an
imperial onlooker when his mounting guilt causes him to turn away from his initial sexual desire and confess that “The vision ...called...his soul to commit fornification with her.” Indeed, Stephen’s Jesuitical ontology causes him to become, like the reanimated corpses of his vision, a by-product of, rather than a cure for, Ireland’s spiritual paralysis.\textsuperscript{59} Even if we attempt to wait out Stephen’s neurosis in hopes that he will attain the de-colonizing transcendence many critics promise, we find that he instead routinely slips back into the “holy silence of ecstasy” of his Jesuit beginnings (\textit{P} 152).\textsuperscript{60}

Stephen’s underlying commitment to the priestly control of Irish Catholicism consequently informs his role throughout \textit{A Portrait}. Wavering between the secularity of cosmopolitan art and the salvational narrative of orthodox Catholicism, Stephen continually, if unconsciously, reproduces the ceremonial gestures of the Church. In fact, given his inability to construct himself beyond these lines, he appears unlikely, if not unable, to escape the cultural labyrinth of Dublin \textit{qua} Daedalus, the fabulous artificer. Certainly, Joyce deemed this escape necessary in order to become an effective artist. As he remarks at the close of “Rabblement,” “Until he has freed himself from the mean influences about him—sodden enthusiasm and clever insinuation and every flattering influence of vanity and low ambition—no man is an artist at all.”\textsuperscript{61} Thus, unlike James Clarence Mangan, whom Joyce criticized as “the type of his race” whom “History encloses...so straightly that even his fiery moments do not set him free from it,” the modern artist must remain not only autonomous, but affectless.\textsuperscript{62}
Even within Stephen's aesthetic theory, which is described at the close of the novel, 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" (187). For Stephen, this transcendent knowledge is effective only when the artist moves from the lyrical, in which he "presents his image in immediate relation to himself," by way of the epical, "wherein he presents his image in mediate relation to himself and to other," to the dramatic, in which, "he presents his image in immediate relation to others" (186). Wanting to fashion himself as Daedalus, the artist who soars above the labyrinth of social entrapments, Stephen is noticeably aware of the solipsistic fallacy informing his conception of the lyrical: "He who utters it is more conscious of the instant of emotion than of himself as feeling emotion" (186). Yet he remains ultimately unable to move beyond the lyrical and engage a truly acolonial, modern worldview. In fact, as Mulrooney observes, Stephen is "so acculturated to conceive himself as a confessional being that he cannot forsake lyric expressions of his experience for an aesthetic form manifesting an interplay of conflicting social realities." Consequently, by book's end Stephen is unable to realize the dramatic mode of art he has championed precisely because of his indebtedness to the traditions of orthodox Christianity, Western history, and perhaps most damagingly, a Catholic-nationalist sense of Irishness as metaphysical and transcendent.

This is evident in his closing diary entries, where, as Ellmann observes, Stephen has no one to communicate with but himself. As such, the journal demonstrates the solipsistic moorings of Stephen's lyricism, and his turn towards the
asocial "desire to press in [his] arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world" (216). Indeed, as Mulrooney eloquently suggests, "Stephen Dedalus, disciple in the sodality of beauty, committed intellectually to an art that valorizes the dissolution of the egotistical artist, is in the end as entrapped as ever he was in a psychic cloister fashioned by Catholic self representation."65 This is strongly apparent in Stephen's two final entries:

26 April: Mother is putting my new 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! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.

27 April: Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead (218).

Despite the position he takes up against the Church, which he vigorously pursues throughout the novel's final section, Stephen cannot help but reproduce the parochial and appropriative rhetoric of his youth. Indeed, his promise to "forge" in his soul "the uncreated conscience" of the Irish race readily appears to take up the cultural humanism of Church discourse, especially as it sets out to cultivate, improve, and control Ireland's incipient identity as the Daedalean hero of European culture. Yet, for all of its humanistic aspirations, there remain aspects of his goal that remain noticeably indebted to the darker imperative of colonial expansion: he not only seeks to administer a program of widespread cultural improvement, he aims to bring Ireland's populace under the influence of his own experiences. As Spurr observes, culture and colonization are closely linked in the overarching theme of colonization: "the colonial situation is characterized by 'the domination imposed by a foreign
minority, 'racially' and culturally different, over a materially weaker indigenous majority in the name of a racial (or ethnic) and cultural superiority." As he duplicitously sets out to free "his race," Stephen accordingly takes on the "threefold calling" of colonialism: "that of nature, which calls for the wise use of its resources; that of humanity, which calls for universal betterment; and that of the colonized, who call for protection from their own ignorance and violence." Thus, while he aims to fly by the nets of "nationality," "language," and "religion" in Chapter 5, he noticeably fails to recognize the limits, or even the complete irrelevance, of those nets in the process of one's self-making (177). Instead, he appears to engage in the practice of inflating those nets, via the language of aesthetics, into pervasive cultural indicators of Irish art.

The diary entries also mimetically serve to reproduce the essentializing discourses of Irish nationalism by promising to unify Ireland's disparate masses under the possessive phrase, "my race." In fact, Stephen often portrays himself as, "a lone Irish troubadour rebelling against cultural oppression with an uncritical alliance to a falsely essentialized identity." This, of course, clearly works against Joyce's own political views, which were articulated in "Saints and Sages" seven years prior to the publication of Portrait:

"Our civilization is an immense woven fabric in which very different elements are mixed, in which Nordic rapacity is reconciled to Roman law, and new Bourgeois conventions to the remains of a Siriac religion. In such a fabric, it is pointless searching for a thread that has remained pure, virgin and uninfluenced by other threads nearby." It is through this diversity that Joyce is able to dismiss nationalism as "a useful fiction" which finds "its basic reason for being in something that surpasses, that
transcends, and that informs changeable entities such as blood or human speech.”
Terry Eagleton has similarly noted that “Any emancipatory politics must begin with
the specific..., but must in the same gesture leave it behind.” Indeed, Joyce shares
Home Rule’s desire for de-colonization and self-rule, but he also realizes that the
fictive imaginings centering the supposed bulwarks of Irish nationalism—i.e.
authenticity, homogeneity, and geographic locality—reproduce rather than repudiate
the exclusionary agency of imperialist politics. Stephen, on the other hand, becomes
grounded in the fictive framework of cultural independence, convinced that his “race”
will become the homogeneous reflection of his own “reality of experience” (218).

In looking forward, Stephen’s outcome is indeterminate at the beginning of
Ulysses; however, as Molrooney indicates, “The Stephen of ‘Telemachus’ is the man
to whom the journal-child is father.” As we might expect, he returns from Paris by-
and-large a failed poet: unable to realize his artistic vision due, in large part, to his
colonial moorings. Cheng’s assessment of “Telemachus” similarly casts Stephen as a
colonial—indeed colonized—figure: “The young man who declared his non serviam
at the end of A Portrait has not yet found his freedom from servitude and usurpation.
As with so many Irish émigrés—as with Joyce himself—Stephen must seek it
elsewhere—somewhere, or some site, beyond discursive constructions of cultural
essence and colonial stereo-types.” Stephen’s exile is thus idealistic and ephemeral.
His sense of the nation is decidedly geographical when, as Bloom later points out, “A
nation is the same people living in the same place...Or also living in different places”
(U 331). In other words, to overcome—or fly by—the nets of nation, race, and
language, Stephen will have to do more than merely flee to Paris, he will also have to
overcome his spatialized sense of nationality as geography and grapple with the historical, political, and cultural inventions that mark the nation as an "imagined community."  

2.1. Poor Dogsbody: A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Jesuit

As Seamus Deane has noted in Celtic Revivals, it is well known that Joyce felt himself "the slave of two masters, one British and one Roman." However, while there is a rather vast literature actively positioning Joyce's later work within and against the Irish/English dialectic, there seems a comparatively scant (and relatively dated) body of criticism examining Joyce's work in relation to that other master—"the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church" (U 20). This seems to stem, in part, from a general reluctance among Western scholars to identify Irish Catholicism as an imperial structure; nevertheless, there is reason to believe, as Cheng suggests, that Joyce, like Stephen, thought of the Church "precisely in terms of militaristic and imperial rule." Joyce was certainly well aware of the falsely dichotomizing colonial logic extent in ecclesiastic discourse (e.g. the Irish Catholic on one pole and the nativist Celt on the other); solving this false dichotomy, however, proved problematic, since it took up the same colonizer/colonized dialectic overloading its corollary discourse—Irish/British nationalism.

The Church's criticism of Parnell after the O'Shea divorce proceedings in 1890, for example, led many, including Joyce and his father, to wonder if Ireland's ecclesiastic moorings weren't in fact turning Ireland into "an eternal caricature of the serious world." On the other hand, as Mulrooney observes—and as Joyce was also
well aware—the Celtic renaissance’s “wholesale rejection of Catholicism merely exchanged one problem for another” by “constructing a national fiction equally ill-equipped to represent Ireland’s complex modern culture.” Incidentally, there is a tendency in Joyce’s work, as David Lloyd attests in his reading of *Ulysses*, “Adulteration and the Nation,” to “dismantle voice and verisimilitude in the same moment” that it ambivalently “insists…on a deliberate stylization of dependence and inauthenticity, a stylization of the hybrid status of the colonized subject as of the colonized culture.” Indeed, Joyce’s work attempts to destabilize and reconfigure Ireland’s colonial situation by parodying both colonizer and colonized, and shows that if racial caricature was the modus operandi for institutional authority to debase and depower the impetus of Ireland’s will, then it was also the means of inversely subverting that authority.

While it has not been widely customary to afford Joyce such explicit political involvement, he was undoubtedly intrigued with, as Deane notes, “the fictive nature of politics.” For example, commenting upon a local newspaper clipping in a letter to Grant Richards in 1906, Joyce readily observed the undercutting possibilities of a caricatured artistic style: “The style of the caricaturist will show you how artistic they are: and you will see for yourself that the Irish are the most spiritual race on the face of the earth.” Indeed, and almost as if on cue, this observation reflects the sharp increase in comic weeklies and monthlies in Dublin at the close of the nineteenth century, which included *Zozimus* [1870-1872], *Zoz* [1877-8], *Pat* [1879-83], *Ireland’s Eye* [1874-82], and, among others, *The Irish Figaro* [1890-1901]. As Curtis notes, many of these periodicals sought to reverse some of the more prominent
stereotypes of London's 'comic' art scene by drawing "English ape-men" ("a vicious gorilla") and "Irish angels" ("the epitome of Irish masculinity"). Caricature in and of itself, however, would not prove to be the consummate end-all solution to Ireland's ecclesiastical moorings. As Joyce himself concluded in "Ireland: Island of Saints and Sages" (1907), "a revolution is not made from human breath." 

Indeed, as Mikhail Bakhtin has observed in The Dialogic Imagination, the literary tendencies of a caricatural art often work to expose the synchronous and dialogic relationships between language and reality. As a result, caricature enables the reader to become aware of the various difficulties and challenges involved in taking full possession of one's language since the word "becomes 'one's own' only when the speaker populates it with his own intention, his own accent, [and] when he appropriates the word, adapting it to his own semantic and expressive intention." Put simply, the caricaturist sets out to reclaim his or her own voice by ripping "the word away from its object," which, as Bakhtin notes, "forces us to experience those sides of the object that are not otherwise included in a given genre or a given style." Of course, the difficulty of such linguistic reclamation becomes noticeably complicated within the novel, since its content is inseparable from its form:

Authorial speech, the speeches of narrators, inserted genres, the speech of characters are merely those fundamental compositional unities with whose help heteroglossia can enter the novel; each of them permits a multiplicity of voices and a wide variety of their links and interrelationships (always more or less dialogized). In effect, this means that the more a character develops, the more the reader is made aware that "Every concrete utterance of a speaking subject serves as a point where centrifugal and centripetal forces are brought to bear." Thus, the narrator narrates
only to become, in turn, “narratized” and the character speaks but only to become, in turn, “dialogized,” or spoken through by the various pre-determined discursive practices his or her speech employs. In doing this, the reader is shown the heterogeneity of the word, allowing him or her to reclaim it from the centrifugal forces that continually subdue it: the strategies and strata of language are laid bare; the inclusiveness of “any normative-centralizing system of unitary language” breaks apart; and the dynamics of language become open to the intentions and accents of others.

Joyce, like Bakhtin, explores the novelistic elements of narrative voice, dialogism, and heteroglossia in his own “chapter of [Ireland’s] moral history.” In fact, as Cheryl Herr has famously observed in Joyce’s Anatomy of Culture, “In Joyce’s fiction, all power is discursive.” A Portrait of the Artist, for example, readily demonstrates the complexity of Stephen’s discursive role as he becomes narrated into being over the course of the novel: not only is he the product of Joyce’s free and indirect style—he is the novel’s most noticeable object (character) and discursive subject (narrative). Yet Stephen’s role is also parodic since he dually serves, in Joyce’s caricatural style, as a representational object (qua Catholic-minded Irish artist) and a point of reclamation (which subsequently allows Joyce to subvert the one-sidedness of Jesuitical discourse). Ultimately, of course, this allows Joyce to divorce his own language from its ecclesiastical moorings as he takes up the impetus of artistic modernism.

On one hand, positioning A Portrait within the genre of literary caricature challenges the traditional reception of it as a pure (if complex) example of the
Bildungsroman. If it maintains, in any traditional sense, the genre of the Bildungsroman or the modernist Künstlerroman, it does so at the cost of autobiographical integrity: as a parodic portrait, Joyce succeeds despite, and directly because of, Stephen's failure. On the other hand, the caricatural aim of Joyce's art demands a scrutinizing attention to language and its socio-historical contexts (that is, to the episteme of Joyce's cultural climate) that the theoretical lens of cultural poetics often replaces with more straightforward anthropological or historical readings. Yet, Stephen has remained problematic specifically because of his tenuous, even duplicitous, position within and against the confessional practices of orthodox Irish Catholicism. Indeed, rather than expropriate himself from the ecclesiastical language practices of his youth, Stephen instead tends to mimic these practices while attempting to repudiate their ecclesiastical authority. As a result, and as R.B. Kershner appropriately observes in *Joyce, Bakhtin, and Popular Literature*, Stephen clearly becomes "a product of heteroglossia" as he attempts to appropriate the languages that in turn appropriate him. Thus over and above developing Stephen's artistry, *A Portrait* tends to focus upon the overlapping discourses that helped shape turn-of-the-century conceptions of Irishness. As Mary Lowe Evans notes:

Stephen's confessional behavior in *A Portrait* demonstrates that one form of power wielded by a central, identifiable authority seems to have given way to another amorphous and devious one exerting pressure from all sides. For even as Stephen extricates himself from his entangling alliance with the Church, he falls into the net of a type of humanism whose dogmas (especially about so-called 'normal' sexuality) thoroughly determine how Stephen will conduct his life and his art.

Subsequently, *A Portrait* demonstrates that, for Stephen, ecclesiastical authority coalesces with colonial authority, threatening to bankrupt his discursive identity
through the very language practices that allow him to articulate his freedom. Thus, while Stephen’s Catholicism exists intra-nationally, he nevertheless remains locked, like Fanon’s colonist and nativist, “in an extraordinary reciprocal homogeneity.”

Of course, such colonial bankruptcy is understandable since, as Bakhtin reminds us, reclaiming one’s identity through the language of another is a tenuous and often insurmountable task:

Language is not a neutral medium that passes freely and easily into the private property of the speaker’s intentions; it is populated—overpopulated—with the intentions of others. Expropriating it, forcing it to submit to one’s own intentions and accents, is a difficult and complicated task.

Yet Bakhtin also affirms that “the poet must assume a complete single-personed hegemony over his own language, he must assume equal responsibility for each one of its aspects and subordinate them to his own, and only his own, intentions.” Thus, Stephen faces a difficult task: he must not only reclaim a unified and wholly self-possessed identity through the language of the imperial aggressor, but even more onerously, if he is to caricaturize and ostensively bankrupt the aggressor’s appropriative language, he must make this reclamation through the debilitating and highly self-subjugating mode of confessional discourse.

By default, then, Stephen’s apostasy relies heavily upon an ambiguous hybridity that both mocks and mimics the vestiges of ecclesiastical authority. However, this impulse appears deeply flawed since aping of authority hardly denotes possessing it. Indeed, as Mulrooney observes, Joyce’s portrayal of Stephen “publicly rejects Catholic nationalism’s claims to speak for all Ireland, even as it resists the solution of transnationalism by manifesting a sustained engagement with [Ireland’s]
Catholic discourses." By casting Stephen's apostasy as a "sustained engagement," Mulrooney readily demonstrates that Stephen neither relinquishes nor deflates the initial authority the Church exercises over him. Instead, ecclesiastical discourse becomes a colonizing force, which, as Cheng contends, aims to "deny [Stephen] personal autonomy and personal home rule":

"For Stephen, religion is a very major element within the hegemonic powers of institutional authority which would hold sway and empire over him—not only because of the Church's direct role in Irish politics (as in the Parnell affair) and in betraying the Irish cause,... but also because the Church represents for Stephen a generalized authority and empire over his mind and person." 

Suggesting religion as colonial extension may seem manifest in the moralizing and civilizing tropes long associated with empire; however, by framing Stephen's apostasy within the broader discursive space of decolonization, I hope to reveal his indebtedness to the circularity of colonial logic and call into question any possible form of autonomy he might attain by the novel's end.

Stephen's authority over the world around him ironically peaks in the novel's opening pages. Yet uninitiated in the languages of Catholicism, Irish nationalism, and literary Romanticism, he positions himself clearly at the center of the narrative:

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

*He* sang that song. That was *his* song.

*His* mother had a nicer smell than *his* father (19, emphasis added).

This authority is quickly de-centered, inculcated, and changed, however, as he becomes increasingly aware of the "manycoloured and richly storied" linguistic prism which surrounds him: "Was it right to kiss your mother or wrong to kiss your
mother?” (26); “God was God’s name just as his name was Stephen” (27); “which was right, to be for the green or for the maroon?” (27). Of course, Stephen’s choices are not always so clearly dichotomized. For example, when he composes a simple poem beneath the kitchen table, he appears to undermine, by way of the poem’s repetition, rhyme, and rhythm, the discursive force of the periphery conversations that surround him (e.g. the conversations concerning his incipient sexual attraction to Eileen Vance, the “queer”-ness he associates with wetting the bed, and Dante’s eye-for-an-eye retributive view of justice):

When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen. He hid under the table. 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._

_Apologise,
Pull out his eyes,
Pull out his eyes,
Apologise_ (20).

While this early lyric appears to effectively, if temporarily, dismantle the threatening ecclesiastical (and psychosexual) language of his mother and Dante, it also shows Stephen rapidly becoming appropriated within it. For instance, although rearranged, his poem still reproduces the _lex telionis_ system of Dante’s ethics wherein he “will apologise” or “eagles will come and pull out his eyes.” More explicitly, his poem owes a great deal, both structurally and semantically, to Old Testament scripture:
The eye that mocketh at his father,  
and despiseth to obey his mother,  
the ravens of the valley shall pick it out,  
and the young eagles shall eat it (Proverbs 30:17).

Given that Stephen is only three or four at this point in the novel, this is likely only second-hand knowledge. Yet his uptake and re-articulation of this knowledge tends to, in turn, demonstrate his increasing subordination to pre-existing ecclesiastical discursive practices. In other words, and as Bakhtin correspondingly suggests, Stephen’s “Consciousness finds itself inevitably facing the necessity of having to choose a language.”

As Stephen will soon realize, however, there is a stark difference between choosing a language and owning it. Indeed, as he remarks rather pragmatically in *Stephen Hero*, “Words...have a certain value in the literary tradition and a certain value in the market place—a debased value.”

Given the dialogic nature of language, however, it seems highly fanciful to develop a taxonomic and qualitative system based explicitly upon localized contexts when, as Bakhtin suggests, “Each word tastes of the context and contexts in which it has lived its socially charged life [making] all words and forms...populated by [the] intentions [of others].” In other words, context consists not only of individual speech acts, but also of the speaking individual and his or her position in the broader headings of race, class, and gender.

For instance, a little later on in Stephen’s development, Simon Dedalus announces at the Christmas Eve dinner table, “We are an unfortunate priestridden race and always were and always will be till the end of the chapter” (45). In light of Stephen’s nascent Jesuit education, his father’s slippery idiomatic use of “chapter” suggests that the imperative of Church authority operates both within *and* beyond
Stephen's narrative; that is, both within the literary tradition and within the literary market place. For instance, "chapter" not only denotes a textual or temporal unit, but also denotes, in the context of Simon's anti-clericism, "a regular meeting of the canons of a cathedral or collegiate church or of the members of a religious house," as well as the more inclusive "body of canons of a cathedral or collegiate church." Consequently, the layered meanings inscribed within Simon's use of "chapter" implicitly call attention to the canonical influence on Ireland's historical chapter as well as upon Stephen's narrative chapter. These slippery nuances tend to illustrate the inherent difficulties in situating any original or authentic identity out of the minefield of colonial discourse without "making a mockery of the notion of an 'original' or an 'authentic' copy." Moreover, the semantic instability wherein Joyce's metafictive utterances "refer at once to both product and process, to both character and author," portends challenging difficulties for Stephen as he attempts to "father himself through language" As Kershner suggests, "consciousness is always language...[and] the processes of perception and interaction with the human world are always dialogical." Thus, if Stephen fathers himself through a language mимetically reproducing the liturgical, theological, and confessional discourses of orthodox Irish Catholicism, then he is likewise—to use a readily available pun—Fathered by language. As a result, the representation of Stephen's "narratization"—the ways in which he is inscribed through the very discourse he employs—becomes manifest not only in his language but in all of the modes of his consciousness.
Such ecclesiastical arrogation is well-illustrated, for example, during Stephen’s first encounter with Clongowes Woods’ prefect of studies, Father Dolan. Stephen, having broken his glasses, forgoes the day’s Latin lesson with the permission of Father Arnell. Upon Dolan’s entrance, however, Stephen is dubbed a “Lazy little schemer” and an “idle little loafer” for evading the exercise and, in response, swiftly punishes him with his pandybat (55). This injustice causes Stephen to entertain the unsettling possibility that although “the prefect of studies was a priest” he was also “cruel and unfair”—a potentially enlightening notion that is taken up by his peers who request him to “tell the rector on [Father Dolan]” as they have democratically “declared that Dedalus had been wrongly punished” (57). Of course, it is important to note here, as Kershner suggests, that “For long stretches, during this phase of his development, Stephen’s thoughts simply are not his own.”109 For while he ultimately acts on the impulse to tell, the impulse is hardly his own, demonstrating his deep-seeded dependence upon language to not only represent consciousness, but to inform it as well: “Stephen felt his heart filled by Fleming’s words” (57); “every fellow had said that it was unfair” (58); “Yes, he would do what the fellow had told him” (58); “the fellows had told him to go” (59). Thus, while Stephen’s appeal to the rector appears successful—allowing him to temporarily grasp the fallibility of the priesthood—he remains, by chapter’s end, entrenched in the “very quiet and obedient” mannerisms of his Order, aiming to “do something kind for [Father Dolan] to show him that he was not proud” (62).

Stephen’s prevailing timidity thus serves to appropriate him within Church discourse; after all, timidity, by its very nature, reflects a certain level of obedience.
Indeed, as the society’s founder St. Ignatius Loyola makes quite clear in his prescriptive *Thesaurus Spiritualis*, the model student is to be “most outstanding in the virtue of obedience.”\(^{110}\) There is little, however, keeping Loyola’s demanded sense of “obedience” from becoming an all-out disciplinary program; in fact, given Father Dolan’s punitive role, this seems altogether likely. As Foucault suggests in *Discipline and Punish*, institutional discipline routinely risks becoming “a scale of control”—that is, it risks becoming a subtle but co-optative force exerting an “infinitesimal hold over the [subject’s] active body.”\(^{111}\) In other words, as Foucault goes on to suggest, the rhetoric of obedience is controlling and simultaneously constraining—at once dominating and productive:

> [I]t dissociates power from the body; on the one hand, it turns it into an ‘aptitude’, a ‘capacity’, which it seeks to increase; on the other hand, it reverses the course of the energy, the power that might result from it, and turns it into a relation of strict subjection.”\(^{112}\)

Whereas discipline prescribes, obedience measures, and the Jesuit subject, as facsimile, becomes increasingly absorbed within “the marionette life which the Jesuit himself lives as a dispenser of illumination and rectitude” (*SH* 187). Stephen’s timidity thus functions as an illustration of the depowering nature of ecclesiastical authority, which is maintained, at least initially, by the “faint glimmer of fear...of the preacher” (*Por* 104).

Belvedere’s retreat, which annually honors its patron saint (and proselytizing “true conqueror” [101]), Francis Xavier, works to galvanize this early fear. Father Arnell, Stephen’s former Latin instructor, reappears to demand strict “obedience to His word” (109); promising “that if men obey the word of His church they would still enter into eternal life”; of course, should they disobey, “there remained for them an
eternity of torment: hell" (110). Subsequently, the retreat inculcates Stephen with an immediate devotion to “resolute piety” (132) and “rigorous discipline” (134). The retreat also reinforces the Church’s linguistic authority over him by demanding Stephen’s obedience to “the Eternal Word” (109), “His word” (109), and “the word of His church” (110). Consequently, this emphatic and hierarchal differentiation between the Church’s word and Stephen’s own word not only inflates the notion that difference denotes identity, but, in addition, appropriatively marks this difference as an opportunity “to confirm in holiness those who are in a state of grace, to strengthen the wavering, [and] to lead back to the state of grace the poor soul that has strayed” (122).

Of course, Stephen has been acclimated to the Church’s hegemonic authority for quite some time now. For instance, during the Christmas Eve dinner conversation, Dante repeatedly affirms the sacredness and power of Ireland’s clerical language:

—The bishops and priests of Ireland have spoken, said Dante, and they must be obeyed...

—Woe be to the man by whom the scandel cometh! said Mrs Riordan. It would be better for him that a millstone were tied about his neck and that he were cast in to the depths of the sea rather than that he should scandalize one of these, my least little ones. That is the language of the Holy Ghost!
—And very bad language if you ask me, said Mr. Dedalus coolly.
—Simon! Simon! said uncle Charles. The boy.
—Yes, yes, said Mr Dedalus. I meant about the...I was thinking about the bad language of that railway porter (40).

—The more shame to you now, Dante said, to speak as you do...
—Catholic indeed! reported Dante ironically. The blackest protestant in the land would not speak the language I have heard this evening (42).
As these conversations demonstrate, Dante's subordination to the ecclesiastical 'word' threateningly aims to inculcate, define, and hierarchize Stephen's self-expression. In other words, the disenfranchising nature of Catholic discourse becomes, as Kershner suggests, the crux of Stephen's "religious crisis" wherein he eventually must recognize "that his own language is a hybrid, that he is 'spoken through' even in his private thoughts, in a sort of mental ventriloquy."\(^{114}\)

The Christmas dinner conversation thus epitomizes Ireland's ecclesiastical discourse and conveys a threatening but pervasive cultural ethos not all that dissimilar from those discursive confabulations of Anglo/Irish nationalism. Certainly, both discourses establish themselves by formulating antithetical discourses, limiting and excluding, and therefore creating opportunities for alternative means of expression. As Foucault has suggested, discourse unites power and knowledge in an imperfect series of "discontinuous segments"; thus, while discourse often functions as an instrument of power, it can also be a point of resistance: "Discourse transmits and produces power; it reinforces it, but also undermines and exposes it, renders it fragile and makes it possible to thwart it."\(^{115}\) Indeed, the elder Dedalus appears to have discovered this when proclaiming, "We are an unfortunate priestridden race...A priestridden Godforsaken race" (45). His juxtaposition of 'priestridden' and 'race' effectively yokes the parochialism of the Catholic clergy to broader (discursive) inferences regarding the Irish as a "race," and thus suggests the collusion between Church and empire.\(^{116}\) John Casey, following Dedalus's lead, takes this up further, violently cataloguing those instances, which, for him, have noticeably retarded Ireland's progress towards Home Rule:
Didn’t the bishops in Ireland betray us in the time of the union when bishop Lanigan presented an address of loyalty to the Marquess Cornwallis? Didn’t the bishops and priests sell the aspirations of this country in 1829 in return for catholic emancipation? Didn’t they denounce the fenian movement from the pulpit and in the confessionbox? And didn’t they dishonor the ashes of Terence Bellow MacManus? (45)

For he and Casey, the Catholic Church and the British state are analogous representations of imperial authority, since both threaten national and racial consciousness by hegemonically controlling the will of the Irish public.

However, while Dedalus and Casey appear initially capable of undermining Dante’s ecclesiastical discourse, their alternative to that discourse appears at once both violent and self-debasing, and as such, tends to mitigate any potential lesson they may have otherwise passed on to Stephen, their watchful audience. For instance, soon after the start of the Christmas dinner, Simon, who earlier impersonated the bald and warted “Christy” (37), “twist[s] his features into a grimace of heavy bestiality and ma[kes] a lapping noise with his lips” to imitate that “tub of guts up in Armagh,” Rev. Michael Logue (archbishop of Armagh from 1887-1924) (41). Later, as Casey tells his story about the “drunken old harridan” (43), Simon “lift[s] his head from the bone” (44) to laugh and “snort” (45) in dog-like fashion, and even dubs Stephen a “little puppy” (38). Meanwhile, the “dark” and “fiercely” faced Casey begins to raise and lower his hands—one of which is disfigured—in increasingly agitated and apish gestures: “He clapped his hand to his eye and gave a hoarse scream of pain; “He threw his fist on the table and, frowning angrily, protruded one finger after another”; “Mr Casey raised his clenched fist and brought it down on the table with a crash” (44-46). By the end of the scene, he becomes so
irascible that his arms have to be restrained "from both sides" as he stares out from "dark flaming eyes" (46). The manner and appearance of Dedalus and Casey’s dissent parodies and performs the roles afforded by such epithets as "simionized Celt" and "white Negro"—creating an image that permeates Stephen’s consciousness and re-appears during the retreat when he has his “monstrous dreams” of “apelike creatures” (167). Simon and Casey’s volatile behavior was, though justly felt, precisely what typified, qualified, and confirmed English attitudes regarding the Simionized Celt, which L.P. Curtis records in *Apes and Angels*:

...the disorderly conduct of some Irishmen in Britain seemed to confirm the notion that Irish Celts were a subrace or people with habits antithetically opposed to English norms of thought and behavior. Nothing fed the Victorian stereotype of the wild, melancholic, violent, and reckless Irish Celt more dramatically than the...political and social unrest which English tourists and officials found in Ireland. Politicized, these assumptions led many English observers to conclude that the Irish Celt was “unfit for the management of his own affairs,” and caused one writer in the *Edinburgh Review* to write in 1844, “All real law is an object of hatred to the mass of the Irish people.” Indeed, as Curtis observes, the dominant English perception was that the Irish Paddy “posed a more serious threat to himself and those with whom he lived than to Irish landlords and English officials.” To parody these images means to consciously acknowledge and invert them: the anger expressed stems from the irreconcilability of a complex political landscape made worse by the colonizer’s diplomatic policy. Yet, Stephen’s “terrorstricken face” at the end of the scene suggests that Casey and Simon do in fact pose a kind of threat. And while that threat may not explicitly register with Stephen along Anglo/Irish lines (although it may,
considering the omission of England in the flyleaf of his geography book at Clongowes [27]), it certainly registers with him morally.

Furthermore, Father Arnell’s sermon soon positions sinners, like Simon and Casey, as “beasts of the field, nay worse than the beasts of the field for they, at least, are but brutes and have not reason to guide them” (113). Although emanating from very different political positions, there is little, if any, difference between the racialized portrayals of the Catholic transgressor in liturgical discourse and the Irish Caliban in England’s racialist discourse, since both take on the attributes of a bestialized, brutish, and ignorant sub-human monster. Moreover, there is little doubt that nine-year-old Stephen would have—on the whole—recognized and understood the ramifications of Simon and Casey’s heretic table talk; after all, as Sullivan clearly notes, the Jesuits of Clongowes “were not conducting a school for young rebels, agitators, or a revolutionary breed of native patriots.” Indeed, they concerned themselves instead with their students’ religious instruction, which remained “the raison d’être of the whole Jesuit system of education.” It seems likely then that Stephen would have encountered the first rule within the Exercises’ prescriptive chapter “Rules of the Orthodox Faith,”

Always be ready to obey with mind and heart, setting aside all particular views, the true spouse of Jesus Christ, our holy mother, or infallible and orthodox mistress, the Catholic Church, whose authority is exercised over us by the hierarchy of its pastors.

To do otherwise risked committing a mortal sin, which was punishable by hell’s everlasting torment of flames, infection, and confinement. As a result, while Stephen’s silence provides little, if any conclusive evidence regarding the cause of his terror, it appears, nonetheless, as yet another symptom of his underlying fear against
disobedience. Indeed, as one of his prayers reflects earlier, Stephen fears "the snares of the enemy," which reflects, in this case, the recalcitrant aims of his father's brand of Parnellian nationalism (29, 30).

In any case, Stephen's sense of terror persists into the next section when he learns that several of his peers have been caught smuggling with Simon Moonan and Tusker Boyle. Athy's "queer" (strange/sexually deviant) narrative come to typify, rather dramatically, the perilous and perverse alternatives to Stephen's collective assumptions regarding Catholic dogma (49). In fact, moored to an overarching confessional impulse, he immediately becomes compelled to justify, explain, and hermeneutically interpret Athy's story: "It was a joke, he thought" (49); "He wanted to ask somebody about it" (49); "Perhaps that was why they were there because it was a place where some fellows wrote things for cod" (50). The exegetic progression of Stephen's response to Athy's story reflects what Gerald Doherty determines in "The Art of Confessing" as the two main ways in which confession feeds into narrative discourse: "First it connects narrative plots to a guilty secret, an abrasive stigma or stain that incites further narration to justify and explain it...Second, confession generates a fascination with hermeneutics." On one hand, by compulsively justifying and explaining the significance and meaning of "smuggling," Stephen assumes the role of the confessor. On the other hand, however, Stephen's confessional role implies a transgressive one (since the disavowal of sin implies its previous existence), extending rather than purely absolving the sins of Moonan and Doyle. Stephen, in fact, has been developing his role as "a lazy little schemer" (55) for some time and his self-portrayal as stigmatized Other.
All the boys seemed to him very strange. They had all fathers and mothers and different clothes and voices (24)

Stephen tried to laugh with them. He felt his whole body hot and confused in a moment (26)

...he was afraid. Afraid that it was some disease (31)

The deep low collar and the Eton jacket made him feel queer and oldish (39)

The above passages readily yoke him to Tusker Doyle and his guilty secret which Stephen then urgently seeks to interpret and understand (“By thinking about things you could understand them” [49]).

The ecclesiastical structures of the transgressional and confessional thus become circumscribed within Stephen’s consciousness. For instance, when he initially hears of the incident, Stephen erroneously is led to believe that the boys have broken into the altar wine—an image that immediately makes him feel strongly ill at ease:

Stephen stood among them, afraid to speak, listening. A faint sickness of awe made him feel weak. How could they have done that? He thought of the dark silent sacristy. There were dark wooded presses there where the crimped surplices lay quietly folded. It was not the chapel but still you had to speak under your breath. It was a holy place...A strange and holy place (47).

In addition to demonstrating his passivity, Stephen’s reaction immediately suggests that despite the anti-clericalism of his father and Casey, he is, like Dante, deeply indebted to the Church’s ecclesiastical authority, or, as he likely understood it, its prevailing shroud of mystery. With such phrases as “faint sickness,” “weak,” “dark,” and “strange,” Stephen’s consciousness reveals itself as immobilized by the same moral paralysis Joyce chastises Dublin for in a letter in 1904: “I call the series
Dubliners to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city." By simultaneously developing Stephen’s interior sense of spiritual reverence with an outward display of weakness and silence, Joyce likewise contextualizes Stephen’s identity with the ineffectuality afflicting Dublin’s Catholic mass.

Stephen’s piety is not, however, the primary factor threatening the possibility of his later role as a poet and creative being. The potentially disengendering and disfiguring moral discourse situating the Jesuit student’s sexual prohibitions are, for Joyce, perhaps most threatening, as is demonstrated by his decision to link Stephen and Athy through the peculiar markings of their “queer name[s]” (34). In fact, Stephen is, from the novel’s opening pages, fascinated with queerness: “The oilsheet...had the queer smell” [19], “the two cocks that you turned...[were] very queer” [23], the corridor “was queer and wettish” [23], “The sunlight was queer and cold” [31], and so on and so forth. Yet, he never fully joins the beatic strangeness characterizing the “dark silent sacristy” with the perversity of the “long long chocolate train [which is “full of fellows”] with cream facings” [30] until he encounters Athy’s “queer” narrative regarding Simon Moonan and Tusker Boyle. The joining of these discourses, however, works to silence, depower, and disorient Stephen as he begins his “retreat” toward the sanctuary of Ireland’s Catholic Church. Indeed, as he and his peers silently mull over Athy’s claim, Stephen connects both “Lady” Boyle’s epithet, “Tusker” (“Boyle had said that an elephant had two tuskers instead of two tusks”), and his tendency to be “always at his nails, paring them” with Eileen’s “long thing cool white hands” that were “like ivory; only soft” (49). The rhetoric Stephen uses to situate Boyle as sexual androgyne and colonial Other directly
reflects the status quo of Church discourse in Ireland at the turn-of-the-century. Indeed, as Foucault remarks in *The History of Sexuality*, “The nineteenth-century homosexual became a personage, a past, a case history, and a childhood, in addition to being a type of life, a life form, and a morphology, with an indiscreet anatomy and possibly a mysterious physiology.” Subsequently, and as Foucault goes on to suggest, “Homosexuality appeared as one of the forms of sexuality when it was transposed from the practice of sodomy onto a kind of interior androgyny, a hermaphrodisim of the soul.”

Stephen readily suggests this by casting Boyle’s effeminacy and homoeroticism as an unseen spiritual malaise against which sits “the meaning of *Tower of Ivory*” (49) (a reference taken from the Litany of Our Lady that he initially makes several pages earlier in regards to the Virgin Mary [43]).

Of course, Stephen’s willingness to parrot the Church’s discriminatory ethos also works, in turn, to increase his indebtedness toward it. As Spurr points out, one of the trademarks of colonial discourse is that it “appropriates territory, while it also appropriates the means by which such acts of appropriation are to be understood.” Indeed, as Stephen later recalls in Chapter 5, “*India mittit ebur*” [India sends ivory] was “One of the first examples that he had learnt in Latin” in a curriculum that “bound his mind like the words of a spell” and “shriveled” his soul “among heaps of dead language” (157). The parallel this observation draws between the ivory trade and the Jesuit discourse of his youth suggests an understanding of the exploitive collusion between religion and empire that appears readily capable of exposing its appropriative agenda. However, while Stephen articulates this in the novel’s final chapter, his recollection of Mr. Gleeson, the adjudicator in the smuggling case,
demonstrates it far earlier. Indeed, in observing Athy’s “knuckled inky hands,” Stephen is momentarily reminded of Gleeson’s “fattish white hands” which are “clean,” “strong,” and “gentle,” but “terribly long,” “pointed,” and “cruel” as they command “the high whistling sound of the cane” (51). And “though he tremble[s] in cold and fright to think of” their threatening purpose, he nevertheless feels “a feeling of queer quiet pleasure inside” as he imagines their gentleness and strength. Mr. Gleeson’s horrifying ivory nails and powerful (but reassuring) hands thus threaten to dominate, humiliate, and debase him, albeit in the name of moral edification and atonement. On the one hand, this ambiguity successfully works to reproduce the complexities embedded within, as well as those complexities derived from, the colonizer’s cultural humanism, which, as Spurr observes, works to unite “the intellectual and moral qualities of Europe with the material wealth of the tropics” under the colonizer’s “gesture of ‘human solidarity.’” On the other hand, it seems unlikely, given his age and experience thusfar in the narrative, that Stephen capably recognizes these colonial similarities. The “queer quiet pleasure” he derives from Gleeson’s “white fattish hands,” for instance, internalizes, rather than lays bare, the Church’s role as colonizing presence. Not only does his pleasure cast the Church’s humanizing guidance and discipline as a benevolent response, it plaintively appeals to that response by affecting the corporeal and spiritual malaise of the androgynous (and “queer”) “Lady” Boyle. Indeed, Stephen is far too concerned with the outward appearances of things to explore their potential meanings, just as he is far too caught up in the “sound” of words to gain “through them...glimpses of the real world about him” (64).
This is not to say that Stephen, even in his youth, desists altogether from trying to understand the linguistic complexities surrounding him. Confronted with the new terminology of “smuggling” in Athy’s story, for example, he momentarily turns “to ask somebody about it” but, on second thought, falls back into silent contemplation, remarking that “By thinking about things you could understand them” (49). Taken at face value, this appears promising; yet, this is not the case. As he begins to think about the incident, he cannot help but regress back into an ethical sense of wonder and fear:

Perhaps that was why they were there because it was a place where some fellows wrote things for cod. But all the same it was queer what Athy said and the way he said it. It was not a cod because they had run away. He looked with the others in silence across the playground and began to feel afraid (50).

As this passage illustrates, his effort to interpret and understand the smuggling case only works to strengthen, and further inculcate within him, the readily available dichotomies of ecclesiastical discourse (e.g. fear and queerness, sexual purity and perversity, and right and wrong). Indeed, rather than come to any independent or objective understanding of “smuggling,” he falls back instead upon the methods and structures of moral allegory, which are readily established for him in Spiritual Exercises: “fear...is very useful and often even necessary to raise man from sin...and preserve the union of pure love.”

The added irony of Stephen’s impulse to think about things is that he is seldom not thinking about things. In almost every case, however, his thought patterns lead him away from the kind of understanding he affects to possess as someone altogether “different from others” (66). Indeed, rather than distance him from the
“weakness,” “timidity,” and “inexperience” of the playful Jesuit students around him, his thoughts show him to be their willing counterpart: a confessional being hyper-consciously self-aware of himself as both a Jesuit and a sinner (67). As Jonathan Mulrooney notes, Stephen is almost “constantly in [a] state of self-examination and narration” as he catalogues every action as good and evil and [defines] his identity solely within the parameters of Catholicism’s master discourse...[which ultimately makes him] so acculturated to conceive of himself as a confessional being that he cannot forsake lyric expression of his experience for an aesthetic form manifesting an interplay of conflicting social realities.135

As a result, if he is to overcome his Catholic moorings to “meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld” (66), then he must first overcome his unceasing desire to participate in that “obligatory and exhaustive expression” of the morally self-conscious individual.136

Yet the powerful religious retreat that immediately follows prevents this. Indeed, we instead find Stephen returning to the ecclesiastical dichotomies of the smuggling scene as he once again confronts a threatening world of perversity, only this time, by way of a bad dream. While trying unsuccessfully to forget his sins “in the act of prayer,” he slips into a surrealistic dreamscape littered with “canisters and clots and coils of solid excrement” (124). As he surveys the scene, six “goatish creatures with human faces, horneybrowed, lightly bearded and grey as indiarubber” enclose him within “slow circles” and “soft language” (124-5). While the imagery clearly evokes the homoerotic by way of its phallo-centricism (“stiff growth,” “thrusting upwards their terrific faces”), anality (“excrement,” “tails besmeared with stale shit,” “circles round”), and overall bestiality, it also serves as a moralistic fable
further illustrating the dichotomy between ecclesiastical purity ("The air of heaven!") and hellenic-paganistic perversion (the "stinking, bestial, malignant" satyrs [125]). This dichotomy, of course, sits at the center of confessional discourse wherein confession not only absolves, but purifies:

If we claim to be without sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just and will forgive us our sins and purify us from all unrighteousness. If we claim we have not sinned, we make him out to be a liar and his word has no place in our lives (1 John 1:8-10).

It should be of little to no surprise then that confession informs much of Stephen’s narrative; after all, not only is confession the Catholic’s vehicle to freedom but, more specifically, and as Mulrooney suggests, “Stephen cannot go beyond the practice of lyrical confession because he will in the same act dismantle the only self he has ever known.”

Indeed, confession seems inherent within the architectonics of the narrative, which, as Foucault observes, reflects a broader “metamorphosis in literature” from the “heroic or marvelous narration of ‘trials’ of bravery or sainthood to a literature ordered to the infinite task of exacting from the depths of oneself, in between the words, a truth.” Interestingly enough, this movement from a heroic literature to a heuristic literature of self-disclosure and self-examination directly stems from the penitent sacrament of the Catholic confession, whereby avowal comes to signify acknowledgment, liberation, and truth. The narrative interlocutor thus becomes a rigorous truth teller dependant upon verisimilitude—or more specifically, transgressive avowal—to corroborate, reconstruct, and disseminate not only a record of what happened, but more explicitly, a record of how and why it happened. In other
words, as Gerald Doherty asserts, confession "transforms narrators into professional
diagnosticians, who incessantly decode and interpret signs of transgressive behavior." Thus, while Stephen rarely steps into the confessionbox in the narrative, the obligatory and exhaustive mode of his narration certainly suffices.

For instance, it is interesting to note the confessional qualities of Stephen's thoughts before ever setting foot in the confessionbox in Chapter 3:

Confess! Confess! It was not enough to lull the conscience with a tear and a prayer. He had to kneel before the minister of the Holy Ghost and tell over his hidden sins truly and repentantly...Confess! He had to confess every sin. How could he utter in words to the priest what he had done? Must, must. Or how could he explain without dying of shame? Or how could he have done such things without shame? A madman, a loathsome madman! Confess! O he would indeed to be free and sinless again! Perhaps the priest would know. O dear God! (126).

As this passage readily shows, priestly intervention is not only desirable for Stephen, but absolutely necessary if he is to be saved from the death, shame, and madness connoted by his sinful behavior: "He had to kneel" and "He had to confess." Indeed, without the aid of confession, he might become pejoratively reinscribed as one of the damned: "apelike," "brutelike" (167), "leprous," "nameless" (112), and "goatish" (124). As a result, while he immediately views his overall confession in terms of freedom and purification, he is nonetheless forced—at least initially—to diagnose and define his sinfulness in a language of physiognomic resemblances. In fact, he not only transfigures his body into a topological map localizing the symptoms of his transgressive abjectness, but like the imperial ethnographer, he insists that these physical features portend a latent character and temperament that is potentially threatening to the untrained eye. He stresses, for instance, that his sinfulness epitomizes a disease, which is "willfully" transmitted "through his own body" (126).
Accordingly, he reiterates that he has sinned through “that part of the body,” “the serpent, the most subtle beast on the field,” “a bestial part of the body,” which is fully autonomized and “able to understand bestially and desire bestially” (126); likewise, it “desires in one instant and then prolongs its own desire instant after instant, sinfully (126).” While it is certainly true that Stephen’s serpent discourse serves as a highly imaginative method of sexual disclosure, it also serves as an emasculating disfiguration: his penis is no longer his own—no longer under his control or part of his body as it becomes instead part of “the body” (126). Yet he appears altogether unaware of this. Indeed, his diagnostic self-analysis instead prompts him to interpret the spiritual significance and origination of his body’s sexual desire in a kind of theological manner: “But how so quickly?...But does that part of the body understand or what?... Was that then he or an inhuman thing moved by a lower soul than his soul?” (126). Naturally, these questions allow him to contemplate God’s love and grace: “How beautiful must be a soul in the state of grace when God looked upon it with love!” (127). As a result, while Stephen’s movement from guilt to investigation, investigation to avowal, and avowal to absolution positions him as a confessional being, his confessionalism—viz., his systematic self-commodification—tends to collude with the appropriative aims of Church authority. In other words, Stephen’s confessional discourse effaces its own mark of appropriation by re-configuring itself as a restorative response, which answers the putative appeal of his ecclesiastically colonized body and conscience.

This psychic colonization only becomes further magnified during his actual confession. As he “blindly” enters the confessional, he kneels in “silent gloom”
cowering before “the white crucifix suspended above him” (129). Meanwhile, the priest, half-hidden behind the grating, sits “averted from him, leaning upon a hand,” reposed while Stephen bows his head and repeats the Confiteor “in fright.” The scene accordingly conveys the hierarchy of space in a nearly panoptic mode—a mode which becomes completed through the confessional act wherein Stephen (as discloser) is discursively seen while his observer (as disclosee) remains discursively unseen. This coincides with the director’s later comments that:

No king or emperor on this earth has the power of the priest of God. No angel or archangel in heaven, no saint, not even the Blessed Virgin herself has the power of a priest of God: the power of the keys, the power to bind and to loose from sin, the power of exorcism, the power to cast out from the creatures of God the evil spirits that have power over them, the power, the authority, to make the great God of Heaven come down upon the altar and take the form of bread and wine! (140-141).

Although Stephen is (albeit unconvincingly) able to dismiss these comments as “proud musings” later on in the novel, he appears initially trapped beneath them, overburdened with the inescapable weight of his shame: “shameful thoughts, shameful words, shameful acts” (128). Of course, his sense of shame only works to further enmesh him within the paralysis of Joyce’s “Dear Dirty Dublin,” since both his soul (“stifling and helpless”) and his blood (which murmurs “like a sinful city summoned from its sleep to hear its doom”) work to internalize that shame along explicitly Irish lines (128).

In addition, his willing disclosure noticeably affirms the regulatory power of the confessional and of the celibate priest who, as Lowe-Evan suggests, “maintains social control ‘by regulating sexual life.’” As Foucault has likewise observed, “it is in the confession that truth and sex are joined through the obligatory and exhaustive
expression of an individual secret”145 Accordingly, just as Stephen’s pre-confessional Confiteor dramatically halts at “my most grievous fault” [sic], Stephen’s confession culminates with the admittance of what he perceives as his most transgressive sin: his sexuality (130):

—Anything else, my child?

There was no help. He murmured:
—I...committed sins of impurity, father.

The priest did not turn his head.
—With yourself, my child?

—and...with others.

—With women, my child?

—Yes, father.

—Were they married women, my child?

He did not know (130).

As this dialogue shows, Stephen’s onanism and sexual activity noticeably stand as elicited productions (“Anything else, my child?”), and as such, further demonstrate the power circumscribed within the priest’s role. This tends to parallel Foucault’s own observation regarding confessional discourse, wherein the “agency of domination does not come from the one who speaks (for it is he who is constrained), but from the one who listens and says nothing.”146

While there is little doubt that Stephen’s sexualized avowal is a corroborated production, it is decidedly more difficult to discern why. Perhaps, as Mary Lowe-Evans suggests, the priest’s probing inquiries are aimed at discerning whether “Stephen’s sin is the sin of masturbation (a contraceptive sexual practice) or adultery
(a potentially reproductive act)." The Church certainly exhibited an increasing agitation towards France’s declining birth rates in and around 1886—a concern which prompted Confessors abroad to “make prudent and discreet inquiries when there was a well-founded suspicion that a penitent was addicted to the sin of Onanism.” However, it is worthwhile to mention that the priest’s continued probing tends to transform the confessional itself into a site of desire and the auricular mode of that confession into a sexual (and sexually stimulating) discourse. As Foucault initially notes, before going on to complicate the politics of sexual repression, “If sex is repressed...then the mere fact that one is speaking about it has the appearance of a deliberate transgression.” This seems to be the case as Stephen’s disclosure overburdens him:

His sins trickled from his lips, one by one, trickled in shameful drops from his soul festering and oozing like a sore, a squalid stream of vice. The last sins oozed forth, sluggish, filthy. There was no more to tell. He bowed his head, overcome (130).

As sexually stimulating as it is cathartic, Stephen’s confession visibly agitates the priest as he passes “his hand several times over his face” before didactically lecturing Stephen on the “dishonourable and unmanly” nature of masturbation (130). On one hand, the sexual confession serves as a threatening cotangent—a “squalid stream of vice” like the “queer” sucking of dirty water down the lavatory drain which in turn gives one a “very queer feeling.” On the other hand, however, it also epitomizes the crisis Stephen faces as the Church’s moral dependant (a “suck,” like Simon Moonan [“McGlades’s suck”] [23]). This being the case, Stephen’s “unmanly” sin serves to reinscribe him, à la Tusker Boyle, as a physically and spiritually malformed androgyne; yet, it also casts him as a helpless victim pleading for the moralizing
authority of the priest. The priest’s absolution thus serves as a gift, which is seen as a token of God’s mercy:

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

Blinded by his tears and by the light of God’s mercifulness he bent his head and heard the grave words of absolution spoken and saw the priest’s hand raised above him in token of forgiveness (130).

As Stephen’s response illustrates, the delineation of the sinner as sinner is never more evident than at the moment immediately following the absolution. After all, while Stephen has received the priest’s token of forgiveness, he can hardly claim it as his own, since every good Catholic knows that sin originates in man and the solution for that sin originates within the Church. As a result, the absolution serves to vindicate Stephen from his sinfulness while further assimilating him within an entire constellation of ecclesiastical images:

His soul was made fair and holy once more, holy and happy.

It was beautiful to live if God so willed, to live in grace a life of peace and virtue and forbearance with others.

Till that moment he had not known how beautiful and peaceful life could be.

He knelt there sinless and timid and he would hold upon his tongue the host and God would enter his purified body (131).

Stephen subsequently becomes the emblematic vehicle of the Church’s social and spiritual values, a willing bi-product of ecclesiastical reform. As a result, he is bound to his Order and relegated to its most subservient duties qua Clongowes’s Brother Michael, the figure who only a few years earlier brought both doubt and suspicion to
a far more skeptical Stephen: “Was he not holy enough or why could he not catch up on the others?” (32).

Stephen’s confessional experiences convey how the Church’s rhetoric of absolution helped consolidate Ireland’s Catholics within its moralizing mission. The absolution repeatedly reminds the confessor, for example, that maintaining the values of the Church requires “symmetrically” reproducing its cultural ethos: “His life seemed to have drawn near to eternity; every thought, word and deed, every instant of consciousness could be made to revibrate radiantly in heaven” (132). Indeed, as Stephen’s confessor warns him, “You cannot know where that wretched habit will lead you or where it will come against you” (130). The unannounced and unforeseeable consequences of sin thus urge the subject to enact an increasingly debilitating mode of “self-surveillance” wherein, as Garry Leonard testifies, “overt punishment turns into an apparently benign form of discipline” through which “disciplinary power appears in the guise of love or self-expression.”

Correspondingly, Stephen’s theopathic devotion positions the faithful Catholic subject as ecclesiastical suzerain: for while his body is the temple of the Holy Spirit (the “invisible grace pervading and making light his limbs” [141]), it is also the agency of sin (understanding and desiring “bestially” [126]). Self-oppression therefore becomes a means of explicitly preserving the “beautiful,” “holy,” and “happy” sanctity of Stephen’s loaned soul (131) while abstemiously quieting the “flame” (150) and the “riot of his blood” (152).

As a result, Stephen develops a three-tiered self-edification program in the following chapter that both polices his actions and preserves his soul. In the first tier,
Stephen uses the readily available taxonomy of the liturgical calendar to conduct a daily regimen of "resolute piety": "Sunday was dedicated to the mystery of the Holy Trinity, Monday to the Holy Ghost, Tuesday to the Guardian Angels, Wednesday to Saint Joseph, Thursday to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, Friday to the Suffering Jesus, Saturday to the Blessed Mary" (132). Stephen's project, although self-enforced, readily serves to bring him under the control of ecclesiastical authority; not only does he demonstrate a propensity toward being the good, pious Irish Catholic, but he also actively affirms the ideology and imperative of the Church's affected cultural humanism by willingly internalizing and effectualizing it. As a result, Stephen's piety not only positions him as catechized Church subject, but more importantly, it positions him as inculcated Jesuit student.

The second tier of Stephen's self-regimented taxonomy correspondingly reflects his increasing need to succeed at being not only the pious Christian, but the proper Jesuit student:

Every morning he hallowed himself anew in the presence of some holy image or mystery. His day began with an heroic offering of its every moment of thought or action for the intentions of the sovereign pontiff and with an early mass,...His daily life was laid out in devotional areas. By means of ejaculations and prayers he stored up ungrudgingly for the souls in purgatory centuries of days and quarantines and years; yet his spiritual triumph... 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...he drove his soul daily through an increasing circle of works of supererogation (132).

As in the confession, wherein power resides with the unseen listener rather than the observed speaker, Stephen's agency is exhaustively jeopardized by the shadow of ecclesiastical control: he is always "in the presence of some holy image or mystery";
“His daily life was laid out”; and “he could never know how much temporal
punishment” to administer. Accordingly, it is the unseen presence of the Church’s
authority that drives “his soul daily through an increasing circle of works of
supererogation” rather than any autonomous or internally engendered will to power
(132).

This becomes unmistakably apparent in his final and most rigorous taxonomy,
which enacts a self-disciplined system of sensory “mortification” as he strives “to
undo the sinful past” (134):

Each of his senses was brought under a rigorous discipline. In order to
mortify the sense of sight he made it his rule to walk in the street with
downcast eyes, glancing neither to right nor left and never behind
him...To mortify his hearing he exerted no control over his voice
which was then breaking, neither sang nor whistled and made no
attempt to flee from noises which cased him painful nervous
irritation...To mortify his smell...whenever it was possible he
subjected himself to ["a certain stale fishy stink like that of
longstanding urine"]...[T]o the mortification of touch...he never
consciously changed his position in bed, sat in the most uncomfortable
positions, suffered patiently every itch and pain, kept away from the
fire, remained on his knees all through the mass except at gospels, left
parts of his neck and face undried so that the air might sting them
and...carried his arms stiffly at his sides like a runner and never in his
pockets or clasped behind him (134-5).

This debilitating mode of self-discipline relies heavily upon The Spiritual Exercises,
which as Mulrooney recounts, “require both ‘a daily particular examination of
conscience’ in which the exercitant ‘should demand an account of himself with regard
to the particular point he has resolved to watch in order to correct himself and
improve’ and a ‘general examination of conscience’ in which the exercitant is to
‘demand an account of [his] soul from the time of rising up to the present
examination’ by fully considering sins of ‘thoughts,’ ‘words,’ and ‘deeds.”’
Stephen's disciplinary program is consequently beset with the imperative ethos of ecclesiastical control; only, rather than "preach to the Indians"—baptizing them, à la Ignatius Loyola, as a "great soldier of God" or a "true conqueror" (101), Stephen appears content to win over, edify, and subjugate himself as ordained and subordinated Church commodity.

In any event, Stephen's disciplinary program appears intrinsically deduced from "the one omnipresent perfect reality" of the "divine" (134). As he himself suggests, "The world for all its solid substance and complexity no longer existed for his soul save as a theorem of divine power and love and universality" (134). On account of this desire to maintain an ecclesiastically oriented worldview wherein "he saw the whole world forming one vast symmetrical expression of God's power and love," he is constructed, arranged, and ordered by the priesthood's "awful," "omnipresent," and thus panoptic mode of power, which he feigns but ultimately fails to appropriate for himself (140). Accordingly, and as Foucault has shown, power—ecclesiastical or otherwise—is by default engendering: "power produces; it produces reality; it produces domains of objects and rituals of truth," and most importantly, it produces "the individual and the knowledge that may be gained of him."¹⁵⁵ Yet, while power produces, it also "excludes," "represses," "censors," "abstracts," "masks," and "conceals."¹⁵⁶ Disciplinary power is thus not just a corrective method of control, but a system—a schema—of forging the individual's sense of reality. Consequently, Stephen will ultimately not be able to simply "cast off" the Church and its psychological imprints as he so adamantly claims.
Indeed, many of his thoughts testify to the contrary. His conception of the priesthood *qua* panoptic power surfaces, rather unmistakably, during those moments wherein he imaginatively positions himself as “the Reverend Stephen Dedalus, S.J.” (143):

He longed for the minor sacred offices, to be bested with the tunicle of subdeacon at high mass, to stand aloof from the altar, forgotten by the people, his shoulders covered with a humeral veil, holding the paten within its folds, or, when the sacrifice had been accomplished, to stand as deacon in a dalmatic of cloth of gold on the step below the celebrant, his hands joined and his face towards the people, and sing the change *Ite, missa est* (141).

Stephen’s desire to usurp the authority of the priest while simultaneously remaining “forgotten” and “aloof” appears initially contradictory, just as his desire to settle for the “minor sacred offices” contradicts his desire to sing before the congregation while cloaked in gold. In fact, some readers may find that these contradictions anticipate Stephen’s apostasy—that his conception of the priest as a performance artist mocks, rather than extols, the agency of the priesthood. While such readings are, in their own right, worthwhile, they are far from complete, if only for the fact that they tend to overlook the explicitly Catholic orientation of Stephen’s inherited conception of power. For instance, like the confessor, Stephen privileges a veiled, or obstructed, economy of sight wherein he sees but remains unseen. Likewise, the garments that conceal him metonymically double the power of Christ by hiding in their folds the paten (the plate on which the Eucharistic bread is served). The priest subsequently holds the keys to the transgressor’s salvation: he holds the divine right to possess those keys, to withhold them, or to dole them out as he sees fit. Such power demands
the subject's obedience—a lesson Stephen has certainly encountered and internalized by way of his Jesuit education.

We are told, for instance, that Stephen has received “only two pandies” during his years at Conglowes and Belvedere, and yet “He had never once disobeyed or allowed turbulent companions to seduce him from his habit of quiet obedience: and, even when he doubted some statement of a master, he had never presumed to doubt openly” (139). Admittedly, these “proud musings,” as Stephen himself labels them, are intended to be read ironically: by facing the extent of his subordinacy, he initializes the process of moving beyond it. Yet, this intellection—or avowal—serves to also reconfirm Stephen’s avid belief in, and subsequent obedience to, the meritorious power of confession: by naming his weaknesses, he can free himself of them. Indeed, the climax of his Jesuit experiences—his invitation into the priesthood—hinges upon this notion that confession yields substantial rewards, or at least the promise of such rewards. Likewise, as soon as he confesses that he was once “a muff in Clongowes” (139), the director asks him to join the priesthood, “the greatest honour that the Almighty God can bestow upon man” (140).

It is of little surprise then that the “secret knowledge and secret power” attained through confession both excite and disturb Stephen when he contemplates the director’s offer. While he realizes the power inscribed within the priest’s role, he realizes the transgressive impulse of coveting that power and the dangerous temptation circumscribed within it (142). On the one hand, he would be “as sinless as the innocent”—a stark contrast to “the sinful longings and sinful thoughts and sinful acts of others” to which he would have once belonged, and which he would now preside
Over (142). In addition, he would be “rendered immune” from both the sin-laden “lips of women and of girls” (142) and the sexual temptation that once onerously shamed him (“Shame covered him wholly” [128]). As a priest he accordingly imagines not only having power over himself and others, but freedom from the sinful impulses of his potential subjects. Yet, Stephen also notes, “the chill and order of the life repelled him” (143). Indeed, he repeatedly emphasizes the defunct sterility of the priest’s “grave,” “ordered,” and “passionless life” (143), all of which become manifested in the director’s skeletal features, gestures, and “grave and cordial voice”:

The director stood in the embrasure of the window, his back to the light, leaning an elbow on the brown crossblind and, as he spoke and smiled, slowly dangling and looping the cord of the other blind... The priest’s face was in total shadow but the waning daylight from behind him touched the deeply grooved temples and the curves of the skull” (137).

Thus, while the priesthood confers power, it also confers the incorporeal “alien”-ness (162) of that power, which manifests itself not in “profane joy” (152), but within “cerements shaken from the body of death” (150).

In response, Stephen soon forges his identity as a modern artist, “a priest of the eternal imagination,” which is an epithet that conjoins, by way of its very syntax and ideology, the roles and legacies afforded to both the Catholic priest and the secular artist (192). Indeed, the ambiguity connoted within his evolving conception of himself as a priestly artist becomes noticeably manifest within the symbolic imagery that surrounds his well-known encounter with the bird girl. For instance, the scene concluding Chapter 4 begins with Stephen pacing back and forth between Byron’s publichouse and the gate of Clontarf Chapel (146). His vacillations between the secular and the spiritual spaces of the pub and the chapel (a rather false
dichotomization given the Church and the pub’s infamous role in the politics and culture of patriarchal Ireland) externalize his already well-formed double-mindedness regarding “The Reverend Stephen Dedalus, S.J.” (143) and “Stepheneforos ...the name of the great artificer whose name he bore” (150). While his incessant pacing works to bring this double-mindedness out into the open, it further serves to refine and reposition it in divergent ways. That is to say, that while Stephen imagines himself dialectically caught up between the sacred and the profane, he is more readily involved in the forking nationalist projects of deanglicization and parliamentary politics, cultural revivalism and political institutionalism. As a result, and as Nolan rightly cautions, “Dedalus’s commitment to ‘escape,’ ‘flight,’ or exile should not be appropriated too quickly for a familiar depoliticized individualism.”

For instance, his thoughts wander toward the broader mythology of pan-Celtic nationalism by way of a fragment of “fitful music” which he hears while walking along Clontarf Road toward Dublin Bay. This music, though imagined (“It seemed to him that he heard notes of fitful music” [146, emphasis added]), serves to evoke and animate the “wayward instinct” (147) locked within the “riot of his blood” (152):

> It was an elfin prelude, endless and formless: and, as it grew wilder and faster, the flames leaping out of time, he seemed to hear from under the boughs and grasses wild creatures racing, their feet pattering like rain upon the leaves. Their feet passed in pattering tumult over his mind, the feet of hares and rabbits, the feet of hinds and hares and antelopes (146)

Because it invokes a Debussian “whole-tone-scale melody,” Gifford suggests that this “elfin prelude” echoes the avant-garde aesthetic climate of fin de siècle Europe, a footnote that readily supports Stephen’s advancement into continental modernism. However, while this might be true of the song itself, Stephen’s interpretation of it
seems noticeably situated elsewhere. The enflamed wild, rustic pastoral he imaginatively attaches to the song, for instance, tends to reproduce, rather than move beyond, the mythologizing, pre-Christian aims of pan-Gaelic nationalism à la Yeats’s _Celtic Twilight_ phase. Indeed, the urgent pace of the song’s wild flames and “pattering” creatures smacks of the Celtic revival’s rigorous attempts to situate the purity and innocence of Ireland’s racial and mythological past (the Citizen’s “Inisfail” in _Ulysses_ [293-4]) against the “bloody brutal Sassenach” (_U_ 324) who displaced (and replaced) that past with ruthless barbarity. While I am not suggesting that Stephen has adopted his peers’ nationalist sympathies, the imaginative and authorizing power of Irish myth and folklore does appear to influence Stephen more then he is initially aware. Indeed, the flames and fae of the “frantic music” reconfigure Stephen’s past (qua “baby tuckoo”) with an authenticating impulse not all that dissimilar from the revival’s own sentimental and nostalgic yearnings. Not only does the music enable him to recall his own utopian beginnings (“the mists of childhood and boyhood” [149]), wherein he befriends “a moocow,” celebrates “the wild rose blossoms” (“the geen wothe boheth” [19]), and dances to his mother’s music, but the music also compels him to recall the inculcating violence of Dante’s eagles, Wells’s bullying, and Arnell’s fiery hell, which has thus far shaped his hybrid identity as D(a)edalus.

Of course, no sooner does Stephen appear caught up within the revisional gestures of Irish nationalism than he vacillates back toward the shibboleths of Catholicism. Indeed, Stephen quickly demonstrates that the song has forced him to additionally realize that “the oils of ordination would never anoint his body,” a realization that does not fill him with joy or resolve, but with uncertainty: “He had
refused. Why?” (147). Although he does connect the overweening pride of the revival with the pride of the priesthood’s “secret knowledge and secret power,” he remains decidedly unwilling, or perhaps even unable, to dismiss Catholicism as just another childish fantasy. Instead, as he encounters—and in turn reifies—the “infrahuman” sea (148) qua liturgical icon, his Catholicism works to noticeably overtake not only his psyche (“a faint stain of personal shame and commiseration” [147]), but the architectonics of the narrative.

Perhaps, as his mother asserts in *Stephen Hero*, he is awakening to the possibility that his Catholicism is not only a symptom of acculturation, but also, in a rather nationalistic sense, a symptom of genetic inheritance: “None of your people, neither your father’s nor mine, have a drop of anything but Catholic blood in their veins” (134). Indeed, after verbally renouncing the “graveclothes” (150) of the priesthood, he makes mention of an interior psychology and exterior physicality (the “inner world of individual emotions” [148] and the “mystery of his own body” [149]), which cannot be so easily “harmonized in a chord” (or in accord) with his incipient modernism (147). The symbol of the bridge—the vehicle of Stephen’s seaworthiness—thus takes on significant importance here, not only because it affords Stephen the means to pass over the “dreaded” sea of his libidinous desires, but because it also allow him to reconnect with his more potent and self-engendering childhood memories:

A faint click at his heart, a faint throb in his throat told him once more of how his flesh dreaded the cold infrahuman odour of the sea (148).

A veiled sunlight lit up faintly the grey sheet of water (148).
He heard a confused music within him as of memories and names which he was almost conscious of but could not capture even for an instant (148).

When you wet the bed first it is warm then it gets cold. His mother put on the oilsheet. That had the queer smell (19).

[His mother] played on the piano the sailor’s hornpipe for him to dance (19).

Certainly, these recollections exhibit a “faint” and “confused” impressionism reminiscent of Flaubert’s early writings. As such, not only do they provide a bridge between “baby tuckoo” and “Dedaelus,” the “hawklike man flying sunward above the sea” (149), but they also give credence to Stephen’s incipient modernism, which he has, until now, only “dimly apprehended” (65). Yet, the imagistic impressionism of these recollections also unpackages another important characteristic of Joyce’s bridge motif; namely, while bridges unify, they also differentiate, arrange, and mark out by pronouncing the existing differences between two contrapuntal reference points while throwing them contemporaneously into relief. Stephen’s passage along the narrow footbridge between Clontarf Road and the Bull Wall correspondingly represents more than just the unification of his past and future; the footbridge serves as symbol for the Janus face of Stephen’s dichotomized (and dialogized) conscience, which has persisted, and looks to continue persisting, well on into his later, supposedly more autonomous years:

There were two cocks that you turned and water came out: cold and hot (23).

Was it right to kiss his mother or wrong to kiss his mother? (26)
He wondered which was right, to be for the green or for the maroon (27).

He wondered who had to let them down, the master or the boy himself (51).

The question of honor was raised...to shield others from blame or beg them off (82).

Does a tiny particle of the consecrated bread contain all the body and blood of Jesus Christ or a part only of the body and blood? (100)

Did he love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and colour? Or was it that, being as weak of sight as he was shy of mind, he drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language manycoloured and richly storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supple periodic prose? (148)

As these fragmentary monologues illustrate, Stephen remains yet unaware of the real power behind the symbol of the sea: its mutable adaptability. As he exemplified earlier by way of his inability to solve the question of kissing one’s mother, Stephen has not yet understood the double bind of dichotomized thought: he remains either St. Stephen or Parnell, a sacred or profane hero unable to realize the potency of being both and neither. Certainly, his most immediate dichotomy situates language, and his corresponding fascination with it, along similarly false and narrow trajectories: it is either musical or symbolic, historical or psychological—never is it amorphously everything and everywhere because, as he muses earlier, “Only God could do that” (27). Stephen is thus, like Hamlet (his literary touchstone in Ulysses), caught up in a world of dichotomized being—to be or not to be—and, as a result, can only fear the “shallow swirling water” beneath the binary (and deeply moralistic) world he has fashioned for himself.
The identity of Stephaneforos likewise owes a great deal to the axiological ethos of Irish Catholicism, especially in regards to Stephen's most potent symbol, the hawk. Fully anticipated and prefigured by Dante's eagles in the novel's opening pages, the "hawklike man" of Stephen's aims appears nothing more than an imitation of ecclesiastical power as he later is willing to remember it (20). Thus, while Stephen reluctantly acknowledges the prefiguration of the hawk symbol by musing that "he had been born to serve and had been following [the symbol of the hawklike artist] through the mists" of both his childhood and boyhood, he remains decidedly unwilling to consider its multiple and disparate meanings beyond that of Daedalus, "the fabulous artificer" (149). Yet, given the Jesuitical and obedient nature of Stephen's childhood, the phrase "born to serve" articulates an identity that is prefigured, not only by Greek myth or secular politics, but more predominantly by the ecclesiastical Word. Indeed, Dante's eagles are not an augury of flight and artistic fancy at all. They instead personify and embody a machinery of justice that has demanded Stephen's obedience from the novel's outset. Of course, Dante's eagles are only one of several avicular motifs utilized by and slowly developed within the novel's threatening ecclesiastical discourse. Clongowes's Mr. Barrett, for instance, dubs his pandybat "a turkey" (38); Father Dolan is a "baldy head" eagle (59); the Jesuits are "gamecocks" (72); Heron, Stephen's rival during his years at Belvedere, has both "a bird's face" and a "bird's name" (76); and the "Paraclete" (the soul) is "a dove and a mighty wind" (133). Ultimately, the "hawklike man" is only the culmination of a now well established and ecclesiastically situated theme, and serves,
like the bridge motif, to further unify and dichotomize Stephen under the fissured auspices of the priestly artist.

Stephen’s duplicitous role as Daedalus becomes even more readily apparent when he encounters the young female bather. Endowed with “the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird,” she incites the “riot of his blood” in “an outburst of profane joy” (151). Simultaneously, however, she serves as an instrument of “holy” and “heavenly” “silence”—a “dove” orienting Stephen to the promise of a new, and explicitly purified life in the mode of Noah’s biblical divination (152; Genesis 8:11). This bird girl consequently serves to position Stephen as a liturgical subject who remains deeply embedded within a noticeably Church-based worldview. This double-bind is, of course, nothing new. In fact, the scene only reaffirms what many close readers have already realized: Stephen, like Noah, has been adrift in a world of dualisms and rising tides for quite some time (viz. the compounding nets of Church and State discourse). In fact, Stephen’s desire to voyage “high over Ireland” and “beyond the Irish Sea” (147-8) as he makes his way toward Dublin’s harbour directly recalls the Whitsuntide play, wherein he boards the “festive ark, anchored amid the hulks of houses, her frail cables of lanterns looping her to her moorings” (75). Certainly, the “squad of christian brothers” walking “two by two” (147) across the footbridge recalls the elements of a decidedly Christian, if qualitatively Catholic, setting. Yet, if Stephen tends to immerse himself within the sights and sounds of well-known biblical allegory, he remains divisively unwilling to appropriate its hero. Noah is, by ordained right, readily able to escape the nets around him. “[T]he shallow swirling water under the bridge,” instead, overwhelms Stephen’s thoughts (147) as a
“flying squall” of “darkening and crisping” storm clouds gather in the distance (148). Consequently, and as “Proteus” will later demonstrate ("Waters: bitter death: lost” [U 46]), Stephen’s augur is not Daedalus at all, but Icarus, the disillusioned son who falls, self-defeated, into the sea. It is not surprising then, given his false sense of origination, that Stephen should ultimately fail to fully appropriate the cultural legacies of the bird girl or, as he will correspondingly demonstrate later, the “batlike soul” of a pregnant country-woman from the Ballyhoura hills (161). Indeed, he instead appears deadset upon the promise of Daedelus’s pagan beginnings, unaware that, as Bloom later remarks in “Ithaca,” “originality, though producing its own rewards, does not invariably conduce to success” (U 684).

Accordingly, rather than lay claim to the bird girl’s sexual license in order to free himself from the abstemious constraints of Irish Catholicism, Stephen relapses back into those constraints by way of his hyper-moralizing conscience. For instance, he initially describes the bird girl’s legs as “pure,” but quickly adds that she has “a sign upon the flesh”—a flesh, rendered rather coincidentally, as “softhued as ivory” (151). Aside from situating her body within the dichotomized rhetoric of confessional purification, ivory, which has thus far served as the quintessential “sign upon the flesh” for sexual deviancy and commodification, suggests, à la Tusker Boyle and the ivory-nailed Mr. Gleeson, that Stephen remains yet incapable of regarding the sexual being as anything other than either an ephemeral purity (such as E.C.) or a queer materiality (151). The bird girl thus does not serve, in the allegorical mode of Noah and the Ark, as a dove that reunites Stephen with the earth; instead, she becomes a kind of seabird that reaffirms Stephen’s fall into the “snares of the world.”
In effect, the bird girl threatens Stephen in the same manner as Dante's eagles: if he fails to apologize for his voyeuristic watching, he may lose his eyes, or in Freudian discourse, his masculinity. Indeed, while the bird girl incites Stephen's sense of "profane joy," she also serves to heighten the neurotic ambiguity of his augured identity à la St. Stephen and the Greek hero, Daedalus. Accordingly, as a "girlish" youth with a "heavenly" body, the bird girl epitomizes the problematic boundaries Stephen faces as he attempts to become both an artist and a young man in the cultural climate of fin de siècle Ireland (151-2). While it remains relatively true that he neither claims to be a celibate priest nor a Romantic-based aesthete, he inherently, if unintentionally, takes up the legacies of both as he forges himself "out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new impalpable imperishable being" (149).

Of course, there is little, if any, consensus regarding why Stephen remains immediately unable to appropriate the bird girl's pose of amorality. For example, Vicki Mahaffey suggests that a "comic naiveté" enfolds Stephen's attempts to become the Daedelean artist: "it is when Stephen would affect an appreciation of purely carnal or sensual knowledge that his expressions become most chaste and chastened."\(^{159}\) However, I find that the term "naiveté" tends to overlook the extent of Stephen's hybridity. If anything, the term naiveté situates the crux of Stephen's duplicity as a latent immaturity, when, in fact, it more accurately stems from the role he plays as ventriloquizing heteroglot. For instance, he attempts to position the bird girl as both a sexual and a secular being, yet his language, in its Jesuitic indebtedness, configures her instead as an ecclesiastical icon, "a wild angel...the angel of mortal youth and beauty" (152). Of course, language not only expresses consciousness, it
also actively shapes it. Thus it should be little surprise that, rather than simply, albeit
voyeuristically, savor her as an artistic subject, Stephen’s language instead construes
the bird girl along the lines of the Church’s influence. After all, it is along these very
lines that she appears so readily able to extend, rather than rescind, the “faint stain” of
his “personal shame” (147): “He turned away from her suddenly and set off across
the strand. His cheeks were aflame; his body was aglow; his limbs were trembling”
(152). Likewise, though he professes a sense of “profane joy” wrapped up within her
shamelessness, he cannot help but recoil from that wanton sexuality to a conscience
dichotomized by “the vast indifferent dome and the processes of the heavenly bodies”
above him, and the “earth” fading into darkness beneath him (152). Indeed, he
repeatedly affirms and avows that the girl excites “his soul” rather than his body as
she “throw[s] open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the wants of
error and glory.” Admittedly, this rhetoric reveals a youthful and romantic sensibility
representative of the “artist as a young man.” Yet, to call this sensibility his fatal flaw
is not only problematic, it is set against the novel’s textual evidence. Indeed, his
rhetoric appears, on one hand, highly apologetic: by reconfiguring the sexuality of the
scene as a moment of spiritual catharsis, he justifies and defends his visual
participation while simultaneously anticipating its latent “wrongness.” On the other
hand, however, his rhetoric reproduces the priestly discourses he has thus far
encountered: by positioning his repose as kind of sexual immunity, he reproduces the
priest’s special ability to remain “immune mysteriously from the sins, the sinful
longings and sinful thoughts and sinful acts, of others” (142). Consequently, the end
of Chapter 4 readily anticipates Stephen’s inability to move beyond the Jesuitical
discourses of his youth as his perspective becomes flooded by, and wholly unable to navigate beyond, the ebb and flow of ecclesiastical discourse (195).

2.2. "Guerilla" Warfare: St. Stephen and the Snares of the Word

It is well known that the revival’s essentializing aims forced Ireland’s people to become “Irish” in predestined ways—that is, *mutatis mutandis*, in ways predetermined by the purview of imperialist discourse. As Joyce was readily aware, the revival’s decline into an explicitly corroborated—and highly self-contradictory—sense of freedom meant subscribing to an identity that was readily predicated by the stereotypes and caricatures positioned against it. Stephen takes up this binding irony in the novel’s final chapter as he sets himself against what he perceives as Ireland’s cultural and religious moorings: “the cycles,” and their lingering cultural value in Ireland’s political landscape, and “the Roman catholic religion” (159). Yet, rather than move beyond the essentializing tropes of Ireland’s Anglo-Irish colonial discourse, he instead tends to reproduce them. Indeed, for him, the prototypical Irishman is nothing more than a Firbolg and a fenian caught up in “the hidden ways of Irish life” (159). Accordingly, in order to understand and ultimately counter these secret ways, he feels that he must first identify and observe them *à la* Douglas Hyde, the English dean, or *Ulysses*’ ethnographic Haines. From Stephen’s standpoint, this certainly appears feasible. After all, one can hardly fault him for his tenebrous view of Irish life, given the numerous complexities and contradictions of revivalist discourse both at home and abroad. Nevertheless, he maintains this view as he uses
its rhetorical perspective (whereby rural Ireland becomes authentic Ireland) to justify his response as a modern-minded artist.

This readily causes him, on one hand, to play out the part of the Irish nationalist. Indeed, his more resentful criticisms of Home Rule politics focus their attack upon the widespread complacency and betrayal routinely working against Home Rule rather than upon any of the ideas or aims underpinning its existence. We can see this as he ponders the collusion between the Church (by way of its Jesuit “aliens”) and the historical legacy of Ireland’s political failures, wherein he laments that “the Ireland of Tone and of Parnell seem[s] to have receded in space” (162). Like his father, he fears that it has become, instead, a cultural cliché invoked willy nilly like the “tawdry tribute” of a French bystander’s homemade sign, which hangs its banal “Vive l’Irlande” over the centenary slab-laying ceremony for Theobold Wolfe Tone, the very hero whom France failed in events leading up to his capture and subsequent suicide in 1798 (161).

Yet, no sooner does Stephen condemn Ireland for her ready-made political sympathies than he retreats into a comparatively affected sense of Irish pride. The English dean is a “foe,” a “countryman of Ben Jonson” (166). “The language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine” he contests, “How different are the words home, Christ, ale, master on his lips and on mine! I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit” (166). Accordingly, when Davin questioningly attacks Stephen’s wavering allegiance, “What with your name and your ideas...Are you Irish at all,” Stephen hotly responds, “Come with me now to the office of arms and I will show you the tree of my family” (176). Indeed, Stephen appears deeply
resolved in claiming Ireland as his nation, attesting, “This race and this country and this life produced me” (177). Affecting similar national-mindedness, he rebukes Ireland’s past inhabitants for willfully allowing “a handful of foreigners to subject them,” before criticizing its subsequent political organizations for continually betraying the leaders most likely to free them from that subjugation:

No honourable and sincere man, said Stephen, has given up to you his life and his youth and his affections from the days of Tone to those of Parnell but you sold him to the enemy or failed him in need or reviled him and left him for another. And you invite me to be one of you. I’d see you damned first (177).

Ironically, it is directly out of this deep-seated nationalism that Stephen claims to be readily capable of flying “by” the “nets” of nationality, language, and religion.

In a different, but similarly duplicitous way, Stephen criticizes the Church only to later affect its tenets. Indeed, as he searches for a language to suit his artistic role, he appears noticeably more priestlike than patriotic. Rather than pursue the autonomy of his new identity in a strictly non-secular discourse, for example, he reverts instead to the language of Church baptism: “The soul is born...a slow and dark birth, more mysterious than the birth of the body.” This arguably refers back, on the one hand, to Temple’s mention of Jean Jacques Rousseau in a discussion several pages earlier (175). Admittedly, Stephen appears to have this in mind to at least some degree as he correspondingly imagines the soul’s unsalvageable induction into Irish society: “When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight” (177). Of course, if he follows through with these Romantic attitudes, he risks reproducing the retrogressive gestures of the Celtic revival; Rousseau, as so many of Ireland’s cultural revivalists were to argue later, felt that the
solution to civilization existed within the natural and primitive values of a pristine
and simplified past rather than its unfettered future. That said, the language of the
soul also recalls that “great fisher of souls,” saint Francis Xavier (101), whose annual
retreat embraces a similar Rousseauean philosophy as it trains the Jesuit student to
“withdraw for a while from the cares of...life [and] the cares of this workaday
world...in order to examine the state of [his] conscience, [and] reflect on the
mysteries of holy religion” (103). Consequently, whether initialized in the rhetoric of
Rousseau or Xavier, this ambiguity plainly demonstrates that Stephen has yet to
articulate himself or his artistic ideals in rhetoric cleanly situated beyond Church
discourse.

Yet the Church continues to provide an essentializing referent for Stephen as
he aspires toward a fully autonomous and self-created identity. During their final
exchange, for example, Cranly makes it a point to inform Stephen of his Jesuitical
nature, remarking, “It is a curious thing...how your mind is supersaturated with the
religion in which you say you disbelieve” (207). This observation proves well
founded. For instance, Spiritual Exercises would have told Stephen that “The flight of
the soul is directed without being shackled” (xiv). Accordingly, the obedient student
should “resolve to fly from all that God forbids—mortal sin, venial sin, and the
occasions of both” (37-38) since, as Mathew has written (6: 24), “No one can serve
two masters” (148). Of course, if flight was the answer, it was also the potential
transgression. As the Exercises instruct, it was Lucifer’s misguided sense of “liberty”
and pride that brought about his “ruin” (39-40). Ironically, then, Stephen’s promise,
as “the servant of two masters...the imperial British state and the holy Roman
catholic and apostolic church" (U 20), to "fly by those nets" of nationalism, language, and religion (Por 177) unmistakably reproduces, rather than dismisses, the salvation narrative of Jesuit pedagogy. As such, his liberating aesthetic remains fundamentally incapable of announcing itself in a language that is outside of Church discourse.

This is clearly at work in the section containing Stephen's villanelle. Rather than move beyond the Jesuitical language of his youth, he instead clings to the "enchantment" of the "soul" as he wakes "slowly, fearing to awake wholly" from the "dream or vision" in which he "had known the ecstasy of seraphic life" (188). Accordingly Christ-like, he encloses his artistic process within Mary's conception of the Word-Made-Flesh: "The instant of inspiration... flashed forth like a point of light"; "In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh" (188); "The verses passed from his mind to his lips, and, murmuring them over, he felt the rhythmic movement of a villanelle pass through them" (189). Yet, as his poem descends "from the virgin's chamber," accompanied by "choirs of...seraphim...falling from heaven" toward the "altar" of the world, he becomes, in turn, a priest wielding calmly the "swinging swaying smoking censer" of his poem, which has correspondingly become "a ball of incense" and "an ellipsoidal ball." His creative outburst thus gives way to sanctimonious rapture as he chants (or "murmur[s]...over and over") the remainder of his poem into being before abruptly falling into a "baffled" and priestlike silence (189). Accordingly, rather than empower him as Daedalean artist, the ecclesiastical indebtedness of his language has instead silenced him, pushing him back into the role he fleetingly abandoned earlier as "The Reverend Stephen Dedalus, S.J." (143).
With this role come the various discursive traps and pitfalls thusfar ascribed to it. Indeed, like the confessional discourse informing the novel’s earlier chapters, Stephen’s sense of rapture quickly gives way to a meditative and confessionary self-examination. For instance, while reflecting upon “that night at the carnival ball,” he replays the following conversation with E.C.:

—You are a great stranger now.
—Yes. I was born to be a monk.
—I am afraid you are a heretic.
—Are you much afraid? (190)

The ambiguous position he takes up in this dialogue as both the heretic and the monk ("willing and willing not to serve") reflects an ambiguity well demonstrated in earlier chapters, and which becomes reflected again in his role as “a priest of the eternal imagination” (192). Here, it works to connect Stephen with the “heretic franciscan” Gherardino da Borgo San Donnino, who, although imprisoned and deprived of his priestly powers for heresy, worked nonetheless to restore the original austerity of his Order.162 On one hand, and in a brief moment of rather promising insight, Stephen realizes that his anger against the Church, like that of Gherardino’s, works “also [as] a form of homage” (191). Yet, rather than bear this out in his following thoughts, he appears to form a fetishistic attachment towards his final question, which in its penetrating directness (“Are you much afraid?”) readily imitates the priest’s power over the penitent transgressor.

To say that Stephen still covets this power is clear-cut; to say that he recognizes this as such appears less so. Indeed, as he falls back into contemplating the
sexualized and discursive power of the confessional—imagining E.C. whispering her “innocent transgression in the latticed ear of a priest”—he appears visibly fascinated with these “secret” modes of priestly power as they become, in turn, appropriated into his new artistic sense of self (191):

To [the priest] she would unveil her soul’s shy nakedness, to one who was but schooled in the discharging of a formal rite rather than to him [Stephen], a priest of the eternal imagination, transmuting the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of everliving life (192).

The exculpatory power of the priest, however, gives way to a neurotic display of “bitter and despairing thoughts,” which he “painfully” transfers into his villanelle. Accordingly, rather than act upon his artistic desires, he instead cloisters himself away from the “common noises, hoarse voices, [and] sleepy prayers” around him (192). On one hand, this serves to cut off the conversations that threaten to embed him within the moral authority of Church discourse. Yet, this monastic reclusion also leads him regressively back towards a noticeably confessional discourse. For example, his initial sense of guilt (“He began to feel that he had wronged her”) prompts him to contemplate E.C.’s purity (“A sense of her innocence”) only to further affirm the confessional agency of that purity (“an innocence he had never understood till he had come to the knowledge of it through his own sin” [193]). His villanelle consequently comes directly out of this confessional “glow of desire” as it pleads, rather ironically, for E.C. to give up her “ardent ways” and embrace the existential and sexualized reality surrounding her (193). Stephen’s villanelle admittedly conveys a desire to appropriate Ireland’s priest-dominated discourse into the language of his own poetic discourse—“the loveliness which has not yet come
into the world” (216). Yet, if he commands such a discourse, there seems little within his poetic language that he can truly claim as his own.

Stephen’s tendency to express himself in the language of the Church falls in line with his willingness to adopt, for his own self-expression, the language of others. As Kershner notes, Stephen seems less likely the producer of poetic expression than the receptacle of it: “Stephen is a product of his listening and reading, an irrational sum of the texts, written and spoken, to which he has been exposed.” In *Stephen Hero*, for instance, he is “often hypnotised by the most commonplace conversation” (26). In fact, his “treasure-house” consists of rather conventional texts and discourses readily available to anyone living in Dublin at the turn-of-the-century: Freeman and William Morris’s prose, Skeat’s *Etymological Dictionary*, liturgical discourse, and words found “at haphazard shops, on advertisements, [and] in the mouths of the plodding public” (30). As such, and as he willingly concedes, his “deliberate, unflagging” practice of mimetically “piecing together meaningless words and phrases with deliberate unflagging seriousness,” works to enclose him within, rather than move him beyond, a “house of silence” (30). Stephen’s “consciousness of language” correspondingly works to silence him within *A Portrait*:

[H]e would recall the dark humour of Guido Cavalcanti..., Baird’s stonecutting works..., the spirit of Ibsen..., Ben Jonson..., the spectral words of Aristotle or Aquinas...The lore...of [his] youth was only a garner of slender sentences from Aristotle’s poetics and psychology and a *Synopsis Philosophiae Scholasticae ad menem divi Thome* (155).

Indeed, this literateness turns on him, leaving him “in the vesture of a doubting monk,” “his tongue...heavy,” wrapped in “pride of silence,” to become, in MacCann’s words, “an antisocial being, wrapped up in [him]self” (156). This
becomes further apparent during his walk along North Strand Road on his way toward University College wherein

he found himself glancing from one casual word to another on his right or left in stolid wonder that they had been so silently emptied of instantaneous sense until every mean shop legend bound his mind like the words of a spell and his soul shrivelled up, sighing with age as he walked on in a lane among heaps of dead language (157).

To a certain degree, Stephen’s reliance upon the dead languages of ecclesiastical discourse reproduces the antiquated impracticalities of the Gaelic League and its corresponding efforts to revive the Irish language. And while he refuses to partake in the University’s league class (despite Davin’s pleas to the contrary [176]), he nevertheless remains, like the vast majority of Ireland’s petite bourgeoisie, a “shy guest at the feast of the world’s culture” (158).

It is thus no coincidence that Stephen is most appropriated when he would otherwise appear most liberated. The very language and ideology comprising Stephen’s aesthetic theory, for example, depends upon the apostolic patois of Thomist discourse. As he readily informs Lynch, his theory is little more than “applied Aquinas” (182): “So far as this side of esthetic philosophy extends,” he concedes, “Aquinas will carry me all along the line” (182). Yet, his reliance upon Aquinas proves inimical to his attempts at forging an autonomous and self-created identity. As William T. Noon establishes in his landmark study, *Joyce and Aquinas*, the Jesuit *Ratio* assigned “a privileged position to the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas” and Stephen would have had “numerous contacts with Aquinas’ philosophical and theological ideas through catechisms, sermons, conversations on politics and economics, interpretations of novels or poems, and so forth.”164 Thus,
given its ecclesiastical moorings, his aesthetic theory appears to be far less of an artistic manifesto than the manifest expression of a deeply internalized Jesuit education.

This becomes more apparent after closer inspection. Indeed, for Stephen, his aesthetic theory stems from clearly defined moral sensibilities ("We are right and they are wrong" [180]) whereby the artist, out of an obligatory responsibility, "press[es]... out... from the gross earth or what it brings forth...[his] image of beauty" (180). In like fashion, the components of his theory ("wholeness" [integritas], "harmony" [consonantia], and "radiance" [quidditas])165 reflect noticeably colonial values and strategies that serve to resituate him as moral or cultural proselytizer: both programs seek to identify, assimilate, and perfect the primitive or unenlightened individual by progressively isolating (distinguishing), classifying (arranging), and acculturating him within a universalizing ideology (185). Certainly, it is with such colonial-mindedness, wherein he seeks to overlay his image over the rest of Ireland, that Stephen sets out to "forge in the smithy" of his soul the yet "uncreated conscience" of the Irish "race" (218).

However, appropriating Ireland is not escaping it. Indeed, as the "nimble pleaders" of Stephen Hero inquire, "Could he assert that his own aristocratic intelligence and passion for supremely satisfying order in all the fervours of artistic creation were not pure Catholic qualities?" (205). And "during the formulation of his artistic creed,"

had he not found item after item upheld for him in advance by the greatest and most orthodox doctor of the Church and was it anything but vanity which urged him to seek out the thorny crown of the heretic while the entire theory, in accordance with which his entire artistic life
was shaped, arose most conveniently for his purpose out of the mass of Catholic theology? (205).

These questions immediately prompt Stephen’s disdain, yet they adequately point out his continued reliance upon Catholic tenets and ideas for the advancement and articulation of his own self-expression. They also go a step further in laying bare the dialogic lines through which he maintains those tenets and ideas. Indeed, as Stephen informs Lynch, “Perhaps Aquinas would better understand me better than you” (Por 182) since not only is he a like-minded poet (“He was a poet himself”), musician (“He wrote a hymn for Maundy Thursday” [183]), and philosopher (“Aquinas will carry me” [182]), but he is also an audience ordained within and readily administered through the fabric of Church discourse. As such, Aquinas serves not only as a philosophical touchstone, but also as yet another priestly figure capable of providing Stephen with “the secret knowledge and secret power” he has coveted as a confessionary being.

In a different, but no less effective way, Cranly helps strengthen Stephen’s dialogic relationship with the tenets and ideas of Church doctrine. Indeed, largely dissatisfied with Lynch, whom Stephen feels is of an inferior “culture,” Stephen instead turns to Cranly, who earlier takes on the role of priestly confessor:

Why was it that when he thought of Cranly he could never raise before his mind the entire image of his body but only the image of a severed head or deathmask, crowned on the brows by its stiff black upright hair as by an iron crown. It was a priestlike face, priestlike in its pallor, in the widewing nose, in the shadowings below the eyes and along the jaws, priestlike in the lips that were long and bloodless and faintly smiling: and Stephen, remembering swiftly how he had told Cranly all the triumphs and unrest and longings in his soul, day after day and night by night, only to be answered by his friend’s listening silence, would have told himself that it was the face of a guilty priest
who heard confessions of those whom he had no power to absolve but that he felt again in memory the gaze of its dark womanish eyes (156).

In many ways, Stephen reads in Cranly what he remains unwilling to read in himself. Here, for instance, Stephen confines him to the confessionbox, but affords him the freedoms of the sinner ("guilty," "no power to absolve," "dark womanish eyes"). He recognizes Cranly’s priestly resemblances ("priestlike face, priestlike in its pallor," "priestlike in the lips," "the face of a guilty priest who heard confessions") but readily recognizes the misleading inadequacies of these resemblances ("he had a glimpse of a strange dark cavern of speculation, but at once turned away from it"). To Stephen, these resemblances affect a certain familiarity he has little difficulty confiding within, even though he envisions those moments of confidence later as explicitly confessional.

Yet, when Stephen comes upon Cranly in the National Library, he noticeably seeks out the confessional rather than the friendly conversation. As he watches Cranly play chess, "inclining his ear like that of a confessor," for example, he suddenly remarks, "Cranly, I want to speak to you" (196). Here the scene replays Stephen’s earlier confessional experience. As before, he is forced to wait, as if to remind him that the locus of power resides with the listener rather than the speaker. Accordingly, his wait is characterized by a meditative state of contemplation whereupon he notices the "secret and enflaming" darkness around and within him: "the verse with its black vowels and its opening sound, rich and lutelike," "the language of memory," "Old phrases, sweet, only with a disinterred sweetness," "a curious phrase from Cornelius a Lapide" (201-2). Briefly, Stephen flirts with understanding himself as Bakhtian heteroglot—his mind host to the polyphony of
voices he has acquired as an Irish-born Jesuit ("His mind bred vermin"). Yet rather than recognize the symbolic inference of his own metaphor (since, as he suggests, symbolism is only "mere literary talk" [185]), he retreats instead into the conversation around him, playing the part of linguistic parasite.

When Stephen finally obtains Cranly's attention, he immediately begins disclosing his transgressions, reproducing the dialogic qualities of his initial confession:

—Cranly, I had an unpleasant quarrel this evening.
—With your people? Cranly asked.
—With my mother.
—About religion?
—Yes, Stephen answered.
After a pause Cranly asked:
—What age is your mother?
—Not old, Stephen said. She wished me to make my easter duty.
—And will you?
—I will not, Stephen said.
—Why not? Cranly said.
—I will not serve, answered Stephen (206).

—I...committed sins of impurity, father.
—The priest did not turn his head.
—With yourself, my child?
—And...with others.
—With women, my child?
—Yes, father.
—Were they married women, my child?...
—How old are you, my child?
—Sixteen, father (130).

The rhetorical structures of these two conversations identically depict otherwise divergent discourses. Indeed, in both, Stephen is an informant. In the latter, for instance, Cranly collaboratively elicits Stephen's non serviam and positions it, like
the confessed impurity of the earlier avowal, as a sin. Likewise, both conversations take up women who work to further magnify Stephen’s sense of sin while becoming, in themselves, objects for further discussion. There is also an irony in his discussion with Cranly that is absent from its counterpart: if he has truly ceased believing in the Church, as he claims, then he should have no difficulties fulfilling his Easter Duty. Yet, Stephen refuses, intoning that he “would [rather] beg first” before committing sacrilege (212). Cranly quickly seizes upon Stephen’s answer, observing that he has failed to achieve the true indifference needed to escape his Catholic background, “Freedom!...But you are not free enough yet to commit a sacrilege.” Stephen response, though committed, fails to fully answer this charge: “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 defense the only arms I allow myself to use, silence, exile and cunning” (213). As we have seen, this answer has yet to become manifested in Stephen’s actions; in fact, it tends to only raise more problems. On one hand, and as Cranly readily recognizes, Stephen’s avowal to run from the Church demonstrates a very narrow sense of it. Indeed, as Cranly suggests, church infers “the whole mass of those born into it” and not simply, as Stephen seems to interpret it, “the stone building nor even the clergy and their dogmas” (212). Cranly is thus right to inform his friend that “There are many believers who think as you” (212). On the other hand, Stephen’s tactics of silence (“bearing tidings secretly” [162]), exile (“among aliens” [162]), and cunning (“the shifts and lore and cunning of the world” [163]) are
spelled out not within the secular discourse of aesthetics, but within the lesson books
and sermons of his Jesuit education.

As a result, Stephen would be better served by recognizing that, as Mulrooney
suggests, he is “so acculturated to conceive of himself as a confessional being that he
cannot forsake lyric expressions of his experiences for an aesthetic form manifesting
an interplay of conflicting social realities.”168 Indeed, as Stephen reclaims the first
person in his closing journal entries, he becomes correspondingly bound to the mode
of private confession:

24 March: Began with a discussion with my mother. Subject: B.V.M.
Handicapped by my sex and youth. To escape held up relations
between Jesus and Papa against those between Mary and Son. Said
religion was not a lying in hospital. Mother indulgent. Said I have a
queer mind and have read too much. Not true. Have read little and
understood less (214).

25 March, morning: A troubled night of dreams. Want to get things
off my chest.

A long curving gallery. From the floor ascend pillars of dark
vapours. It is peopled by the images of fabulous kings, set in stone.
Their hands are folded upon their knees in token of weariness and their
eyes are darkened for the errors of men go up before them for ever as
dark vapours...They peer at me and their eyes seem to ask me
something. They do not speak (215).

14 April: John Alphonsus Mulrennan has just returned from the west
of Ireland...He told us he met an old man there in a mountain cabin.
Old man had red eyes and short pipe. Old man spoke Irish...said:

—Ah, there must be terrible queer creatures at the latter end of the
world.

I fear him. I fear his redrimmed horny eyes. It is with him I must
struggle all through this night till day come, till he or I lie dead,
gripping him by the sinewy throat till...Till what? Till he yield to me?
(217).
These entries catalogue Stephen’s incessant desire to confess those characteristics of himself that he remains unable to overcome. He confesses, for example, the false gestures (“To escape held up relations”) and inadequacies (“Have read little and understood less”) that have thus far worked against his attempts at autonomy. Similarly, he reflects upon Mulrennan’s rural Irish perspective “from the west of Ireland,” which he, in turn, knows nothing about. He also demonstrates a desire to confess (“Want to get things off my chest.”) his fears (“I fear him. I fear his redrimmed horny eyes.”), his uncertainty (“Till what? Till he yield to me?”), and the crippling self-awareness that has thusfar estranged him from the west of Ireland (“They peer at me and their eyes seem to ask me something”). Ultimately, his commitment to confession reveals that he remains yet unable to move beyond himself and the heuristic and hermeneutic impulses of his perpetual self-examination; at the very least, this commitment casts a significant cloud over his abilities to forge the “uncreated conscience” of racial consciousness unless he considers himself, as Mulrooney notes, a “race of one.”  

Yet, if Mulrennan’s “old man” from the West readily works to paralyze Stephen in the gestures of a latent confessionalism, he just as readily serves to show how actively engaged Stephen is with the myths and ideologies of the Gaelic Revival. Indeed, the peasant serves for Stephen, on one hand, as a potent symbol of Irish identity, whether as the augur of a pure Irish culture or as the dialectic opposite of an equally impure modernity. On the other hand, however, Stephen’s depiction of the peasant clearly shows that he is not yet free of the nets of “nationality, language, and religion.” Admittedly, Stephen’s rhetoric takes up a romantic lyricism reminiscent of
Coleridge’s “Rime of the Ancient Mariner,” which subsequently serves to position him in a poetic tradition situated well beyond Ireland’s folk songs. Incidentally, however, this only puts a deceptive face on an otherwise obvious allusion to Dante’s threatening eagles (who are, perhaps, the “terrible queer creatures at the latter end of the world”) in the opening pages: “O, Stephen will apologise...O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes” (20). For instance, Stephen persists in feeling the need to “struggle” with the peasant “till he or I lie dead,” and yet he remains unable to articulate the outcome of such a struggle: “Till what? Till he yield to me? No. I mean him no harm.” His tendency to see only the dichotomous struggle between himself and the peasant reaffirms his Jesuit ethos, which casts the world in “one vast symmetrical expression of God’s power” (134). Moreover, the peasant’s “redrimmed horny eyes,” beak-like “short pipe,” and “sinewy throat” all feed into Stephen’s account of him as a threateningly “terrible queer creature” who sits poised in his “mountain cabin” like Dante’s hovering eagles, awaiting his apology, which he ultimately offers when adding, “No. I mean him no harm.” If Stephen is as deeply committed to becoming a modern artist as he claims, then he should have no reason for maintaining the peasant’s image; instead, he finds himself in his 16 April entry deep within the “spell of arms and voices,” promising to set out amidst the “shaking... wings of their exultant and terrible youth” (218). In other words, the peasant comes to symbolize Stephen’s own “terrible youth” and suggests that he remains yet unwilling to let it go and overcome it.

By the same token, Stephen’s journal entries demonstrate an indebtedness to the “psychic cloister” of Catholic self-representation. Indeed, Stephen’s willingness
to consider himself “Free. Soulfree and fancyfree” (214) becomes noticeably undermined by way of his diary’s near-exclusive reliance upon Catholic modes of expression. On 21 March, for instance, Stephen imagines that “The exhausted loins [of Cranly’s parents] are those of Elisabeth and Zachary,” the Biblical parents of John the Baptist (214, Mathew 3). On 2 April, he again refers to Cranly, who was born in County Wicklow south of Dublin, by claiming to have “discovered him,” “Shining quietly behind a bushel of Wicklow bran” (216, Matthew 5: 14-14). And, of course, on 14 April, he makes an allusion to the Hebrew biblical narrative of Jacob and the angel when writing, “It is with him I must struggle all through this night till day come” (217, Genesis 32: 24-30).

If Stephen’s diary tends to epitomize the extent to which his rhetoric is prefigured by the confessional, it also serves to illustrate the degree to which he remains caught up, like Jacob, in a struggle for spiritual edification. For instance on 21 March, he expresses uncertainty regarding “saint John at the Latin gate,” the Feast that jointly celebrates both St. John the Evangelist and St. John the Baptist (the respective before and after of liturgical discourse [214]). He is also “puzzled” by the “relations between Jesus and Papa against those between Mary and her son” (214). According to Stephen, God’s role as the Father clearly transcends the maternal role of the Blessed Virgin Mary, despite the popular preoccupation with the latter among many Irish and other Roman Catholic cultures. Most noticeably his latent Catholic underpinnings surface when he re-emphasizes that he is unable to repent (“Cannot repent” [216]), which demonstrates not only his overarching inability to look beyond the falsely confining dichotomies of ecclesiastical discourse, but also his overarching
desire to situate himself explicitly within the scope of its boundaries. As a result, he appears, like Cranly, readily capable of taking on the fate of John the Baptist as he becomes a kind of metaphorically “decollated precursor” attempting to “pick the lock” of his own liberation, only to remain permeated by the “locusts and wild honey” of liturgical discourse (214).

Yet for all of his language’s shortcomings, Stephen remains resolutely set against both the Church and the mythic nationalism particularizing Revivalist conceptions of Irish identity. Correspondingly, Stephen aligns himself first and foremost along the lines of a strict antagonism. For instance, on 20 March, Cranly is portrayed as the ‘child of exhausted loins,’ only to become on 21 March, ‘the precursor,’ to be overcome (214). On 24 March, Stephen’s religious discussion with his mother, ‘Subject: B.V.M.’ only serves to reaffirm his unwillingness to repent. Likewise, on 6 April, he dismisses Michael Robartes, the subject of Yeats’s nostalgic poem “He Remembers Forgotten Beauty,” (216), only to extend his condemnation to all things English on 13 April, exclaiming, ‘Damn the dean of studies and his funnel! What did he come here for to teach us his own language or to learn it from us? Damn him one way or another’ (217).

In other words, Stephen’s antagonism forces him into the kind of dichotomized choices he has faced all along. By promising to forge within his soul, from his experiences, the non-existent substance of his race, Stephen becomes, like the very imperial authority he seeks to overthrow, the affirmative mould from which all racial identity is cast. However, as an artist in exile, decidedly apart from Irish experience and identity, Stephen can only hope at best to round out what the Irishman is not; but
this too seems unlikely given Stephen’s embedded Catholic-structured consciousness and habit of self-denial.

As Cheryl Herr observes, Stephen’s narrative “places the church at the heart of the culture’s predilection for binaries such as good/evil, human/animal, saved/damned, and liberated/entrapped.” Indeed, his narrative “portrays the community’s belief that the moral and spiritual dichotomies of religious doctrine provide intellectual power over existential ambiguities.” It seems highly problematic, then, to envision Stephen as consciously situated beyond Ireland’s cultural legacies since,

To be truly free, the artist would have to exist absolutely apart from society, but if it were possible for him to move beyond the nets of culture, Stephen would cease to be even an incipient artist; he would have no conceptual codes with which to accomplish the artist’s work of transformation.

His freedom remains instead a vain chimera prefigured by, and deeply indebted to, both Ireland and Catholicism.
3. Conclusion

This study has attempted to position Stephen Dedalus as a deeply politicized device wrought from Joyce’s early and sustained engagement with the politics and issues of fin de siècle Ireland. Indeed, Stephen allows Joyce to confront and critique many of the discursive pitfalls he decries in his other writings: the dialectical enterprise of colonial politics; Irish nationalism and the nightmarish history of Home Rule politics; cultural, racial, and linguistic essentialism; and the moralizing power of Ireland’s Catholic Church. Moreover, by positioning Stephen within and against these issues, Joyce also maps out the dialogical framework of Ireland’s disparate struggle for a liberating cosmopolitan identity.

In addition, this study has been engaged in exploring Stephen’s heteroglossia. The dialogic nature of Stephen’s character—which is steeped in the language practices of the Catholic Church, Irish nationalism, continental modernism, and the essentialist discussions of both the Self and the Other—imbues him with a protean versatility that reverses and refutes the monolithic structure of an absolute and inherent “Irish” race or culture. As such, he serves to remind us that Joyce envisioned the notions of race, culture, and language in complex and heterogeneous ways that were situated well beyond the dialectical binaries of colonial discourse. As his political writings attest, Joyce envisioned the Irish as “an immense woven fabric in which very different elements are mixed.” “In such a fabric,” he writes, “it is pointless searching for a thread that has remained pure, virgin, and uninfluenced by the other threads nearby.”173 His work thus stands against the fictions of racial authenticity and alterity—of absolute difference and harmonized indifference—as it
correspondingly takes up, instead, the various and intersecting complexities of Ireland as a diverse and dynamic discourse community.

Yet, Joyce’s work just as readily problematizes the effects and capabilities of this dialogic heteroglossia. As Stephen’s narrative repeatedly shows, the heteroglot willingly serves as an extension of the discourses he facilitates until he is able to, as Bakhtin writes, “populate [those discourses] with his own intentions, his own accent, [that is] when he [becomes capable of] appropriat[ing] the word, adapting it to his own expressive and semantic intention.”174 Put another way, the colonized native must do more than simply talk (or write) back using the words and discourses handed down to him through the rhetoric of colonial authority; he must locate the problems and limitations circumscribed within those words and discourses and contest their authority and power. As such, he must not simply respond, he must analyze and critique his ability to respond. To do otherwise risks perpetuating those discourses as they continue to submerge and silence him, altogether drowning him out in the self-affirming rhetoric of empire’s affected cultural humanism.

Only by re-engaging and contesting language can we hope to reclaim it and free it from its pre-existing intentions and meanings. Joyce’s texts are especially useful in this way. Most notably in his later works—Ulysses and Finnegan’s Wake—he explores the abundant possibilities of a language that some would rather “throw away.” Even in his earlier works, we find Joyce grappling with the seminal ideas of this larger aim. Indeed, Stephen, like Ulysses’s Throwaway, appears poised for failure: he is given a name that aligns him all too closely with the backward looking principals of Ireland’s literary revivalists; he increasingly becomes subjectified in the
discourses surrounding him; in distancing himself from the institutions and patrons of those languages, he finds himself increasingly alone and misunderstood; and ultimately his sense of victory only feeds these misunderstandings as he becomes further entangled within the nets he sets himself against. It is quite possible that, given enough time, Stephen would, like Throwaway, emerge victorious; yet, this does not have to happen for Joyce to realize his political and ideological aims.

In fact, the character of Stephen continues to afford us the possibilities Joyce inscribed within him. Through Stephen, we can confront the difficulties and complexities involved in “narrating the nation.” We can reclaim his narrative as a dialogical site of interpenetrating heterogeneities, which, in turn, can help complicate and enrich our understanding of not only Irish culture, but of all peoples and populations caught in the penumbra of decolonization and incipient self-reclamation. As a result, such explorations of Stephen’s character should only intensify and deepen as we continue to engage and explore the discursive spaces of cultural politics, minority studies, and colonial/post-colonial scholarship.
Notes


5 CW 146, 118.

6 CW 159.

7 CW 118.

8 As Ellmann recounts, Joyce did enroll in a League class at University College Dublin, but Joyce “gave them up because Patrick Pearse, the instructor, found it necessary to exalt Irish by denigrating English” (Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce*, revised edition [Oxford: Oxford UP, 1983] 61).

9 The conversational exchanges that take place within such stories as “Two Gallants,” “Clay,” and “Ivy Day in the Committee Room” accordingly work to, as Harry Levin observes, “mitigate the sordid realities of Joyce’s book” as they highlight and explore the expressive possibilities of Dublin’s working-class English dialect (Harry Levin, *James Joyce: A Critical Introduction* [Norfolk: New Direction Books, 1941] 33).


11 Lyons 17.

12 Letter to Stanislaus Joyce, November 6, 1906, Ellmann 237.

13 CW 116, 125.

14 CW 122.


17 Kiberd 7.

18 Willard Potts, Joyce and the Two Irelands (Austin: University of Texas Press, 2000) 11.

19 Lyons 80.


21 Ellmann 34.

22 CW 196.

23 Manganiello 28.


26 Potts 10.

27 Nolan 49.

28 Potts 15.

29 Ellmann 754.

30 CW 50.

31 Quoted in Lyons 67.

32 Lyons 67.

33 CW 23-8.

34 Fanon 180-1.


37 Cheng 59.

38 *CW* 52.

39 *CW* 50-51.

40 *CW* 50.

41 *CW* 125-6.

42 Ellmann 144-5.

43 Quoted in Ellmann 147.


45 Ellmann 148.


48 Budgen 60.

49 Cheng 67.


52 Spurr 80.

54 See *Apes and Angels* 43.


56 From Charles Kingsley’s *His Letters and Memories of His Life* (London, 1877) reprinted in Curtis 84.

57 Benedict Anderson rightly observes that the sacred spaces of the Other have “invited” the colonial gaze and its “museumizing imagination” for centuries as it transforms those spaces and their neatly enframed personages into exploitable commodities. He goes on to note that both “museums and the museumizing imagination are profoundly political” (Benedict Anderson, *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Spread of Nationalism* [New York: Verso, 1991] 178).


59 Of course, the seeds of such moralism were also predicated in Douglas Hyde’s deanglicizing nationalism, which invariably criticized Ireland’s “mass-culture” for the “vulgarization of popular taste.” In fact, Kiberd attributes the main thrust of deanglicization to Hyde since—to provide one example—he “encouraged the ‘use of Anglo-Irish literature instead of English books, especially instead of English periodicals’ due to their demoralizing effect. Hyde, outspoken and well-publicized, demanded his fellow Irishmen to “set [their] face firmly against penny dreadfuls, shilling shockers, and, still more, the garbage of vulgar weeklies like *Bow Bells* and the *Police Intelligence*” (144). While Stephen’s cosmopolitanism positions him against Hyde, it is nevertheless interesting to note the similarities between them as a kind of lingering testimony to Stephen’s “Irish” sympathies.

60 For instance, Margaret Mills Harper suggests that “Irish nationalism, the Irish language movement, and the Catholic Church can be avoided, as Stephen nimbly does, to the extent that they are all political forces imposed upon an individual by external agents” (*The Aristocracy of Art in Joyce and Wolfe* [Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP, 1990] 23). Hugh Kenner and Lee T. Lemon have similarly envisioned Stephen’s freedom at the end of the novel. Kenner writes that “The ‘instant of emotion’ of which this 300-page lyric is the ‘simplest verbal vesture’ is the exalted instant, emerging at the end of the book, of freedom, of vocation, of Stephen’s destiny, winging his way above the waters at the side of the hawklike man” (“The Portrait in Perspective,” *Twentieth Century Interpretations of “A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,”* ed. William M. Schutte [Englewood Cliff, NJ: Prentice Hall, Inc., 1968] 26). In the same volume, Lemon argues that Joyce’s *Portrait* documents “both the motivation for Stephen’s change from a sensitive boy besieged by a hostile

61 CW 52.

62 “James Clarence Mangen (1902),” CW 59.

63 Mulrooney 173.

64 Ellmann also observes that this is “Joyce’s first interior monologue,” which further points towards the stylistic divide between Joyce and Stephen in that Stephen’s notebook is a means of confessing his solipsistic ontology to an imagined audience whereas Joyce used the interior monologue to convey the artist’s intimate understanding of the universal human experience (358).

65 Mulrooney 174.

66 Spurr makes reference to French anthropologist Georges Balandier in this quote (5-6).

67 Spurr 34.

68 Mulrooney 174.

69 CW 118.

70 CW 118.


72 Mulrooney 174.

73 Cheng 162.
Anderson explains that a nation is *imagined* "because the members of even the smallest nation will never know most of their fellow-members, meet them, or even hear of them, yet in the minds of each lives the image of their communion." Correspondingly, a nation is necessarily imagined as a *community*, "because, regardless of the actual inequality and exploitation that may prevail in each, the nation is always conceived as a deep, horizontal comradeship" (6-7).

Seamus Deane, *Celtic Revivals: Essays in Modern Literature 1880-1890* (London: Faber and Faber, 1985) 92. Of course, Deane quotes Stephen, who in *Ulysses* states that, "I am the servant of two masters... an English and an Italian" (U 20).

See, for instance, Clifford Geertz’s definition of "religion," which implies, but never develops the cultural stratagem of religion as a locus of administrative power:

(1) a system of symbols which acts to (2) establish powerful, pervasive, and long-lasting moods and motivation in men by (3) formulating conceptions of a general order of existence and (4) clothing these conceptions with such an aura of factuality that (5) the moods and motivations seem uniquely realistic ("Religion as a Cultural System," *The Interpretation of Cultures: Selected Essays* [New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1973] 90).

Cheng 60.

"Ireland: Island of Saints and Sages," CW 120; "James Clarence Mangen" 127.

Mulrooney 160.


Deane 105. For a discussion of various critical perspectives regarding Joyce’s politics, see Manganiello 1-42.

Joyce, "To Grant Richards," 23 June 1906 63.

*Apes and Angels* 68-75.

*CW* 126.


Bakhtin 55.
Bakhtin 263. For his discussion of the carnivalesque (expressed in terms of the chronotrope), see 158-258.

Bakhtin 272.

Bakhtin 272.

Joyce, “To Grant Richards,” 23 June 1906 62. I stress that I am not, anachronistically, attempting to position Bakhtin as a Joycean influence, or vice versa (see R.B. Kershner, Joyce, Bakhtin, and Popular Literature: Chronicles of Disorder [Chapel Hill: UNC Press, 1989] 1-21). I am, however, following Kershner’s lead in asserting that, “More than those of other novelists, Joyce’s characters speak themselves into existence, are seduced, appeased, threatened, annoyed, and shaped by the languages around them” and that “like Bakhtin, Joyce experienced censorship and formed a passionate attachment to ‘the language of the outlaw,’ the voice that sets itself in opposition to the dominant voice of the culture. But throughout his work, he gives the most scrupulous attention to intonation, accent, gesture, all the exactitudes of language interaction in the social dynamics of speech” (20).

Cheryll Herr, Joyce’s Anatomy of Culture [Urbana: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1986] 17. Herr envisions Ireland’s various institutional discourses as not only dominating “forms of communication” but also societal conventions; thus, through his “extensive use of allusions,” Joyce routinely engaged “narrative subversions of dominating discourse” (17-18).

Kershner 154. Kershner defines Bakhtin’s notion of heteroglossia [raznorečie] as “a conflicting multiplicity of languages” which, in their inter-relatedness, “defines a sort of logic” (16). Michael Holmquist similarly suggests in a footnote to The Dialogical Imagination that heteroglossia refers to “the base condition governing the operation of meaning in any utterance” which “insures the primacy of context over text” (428).


Fanon 69.

Bakhtin 294.

Bakhtin 297.

Mulrooney 161.

Cheng 58-59.
I use Cheng’s phrasing when referencing a “circularity of colonial logic.” He cites that “The relationship between racial and imperial attitudes was a self-sustaining cycle, for [referencing Michael Banton’s Racial Theories] ‘Popular beliefs in which superiority were probably conditioned by the success of Britain and other European countries in extending their influence over so much of the world’ (18-19). He later adds that, “The result of such logic is a romantic sentimentalization of all things Celtic and a consequent chauvinistic blindness to the specific permutations of actual conditions and social realities” (62) in favor of “the binary operations of a closed system of English/Irish, Saxon/Celtic opposition” (67).

Ellmann notes that Joyce owned a copy of Freud’s A Childhood Memory of Leonardo da Vinci, which he likely purchased between 1909 and 1911 (340). Freud, who links vultures to the castration complex, may be a direct source for Joyce’s treatment of this scene.

Bakhtin 295. He adds that, “With each literary performance, consciousness must actively orient itself amidst heteroglossia, it must move in and occupy a position for itself within it, it chooses, in other words, a ‘language.’ Only by remaining in a closed environment, one without writing or thought, completely off the maps of socio-ideological becoming, could a man fail to sense this activity of his own language, the conviction that his language is predetermined” (295). Stephen is clearly not “completely off the maps of socio-ideological becoming” and thus also falls subject to the predetermined language practices he encounters.


Bakhtin 293.

Merriam-Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary 10th ed. (Springfield: Merriam-Webster, 1993) 191. I use Webster’s for conciseness, but the OED records a similar, albeit more extensive, definition that clearly demonstrates the well-established use of the term in both its religious and secular usages by the 19th century. In addition, the OED suggests empire as “A head or division of the Acts of Parliament of a single session” and further as an ecclesiastic usage: “The word Chapter is sometimes used to signify a Decretal Epistle” (Oxford English Dictionary, vol. 3, 2nd ed. [Oxford: Oxford UP, 1989] 28-9). While I am aware that the phrase “to the end of the chapter” is well-established in meaning “to the end” or “throughout,” Joyce was undoubtedly aware of the various other connotations associated with chapter, and, as my reading demonstrates, makes use of those connotations in the thematic structure of the novel (29).

Kershner 16. Kershner references Bakhtin here, which he goes on to explain further in his own words, writing that "For Joyce as for Bakhtin, consciousness itself is all but identified through language, and both consciousness and language develop through interactive processes" (160).

Mary Lowe-Evans recounts that, "In fact, the practice of confessing privately and in detail originated in the Irish monasteries during the sixth century" and adds that, "Saint Columbus and his twelve monks (one set of the many prototypes for the Wake's twelve stately citizens, constant customers, and sour dozen of jurors) later spread the custom of private auricular confession abroad" (569). For explicit textual examples regarding the development of confession and Penance in Ireland, see Medieval Handbooks of Penance: A Translation of the Principal libri poenitentiales and Selections from Related Documents, ed. and trans. John T. McNeill and Helena M. Gamer (New York: Columbia UP, 1990).

Kershner 157. Kershner cites a passage at the beginning of this scene to exemplify his point, noting how Stephen tries "strange phrases in his mind, repeating them over and over, placing them within changing contexts, conjugating them as he would his Latin verbs: 'Was that a sin for Father Arnall to be in a wax or was he allowed to get into a wax when the boys were idle because that made them study better or was he only letting on to be in a wax?" (157).

Kevin Sullivan goes on to recount a broader statement of Ignatius's emphasis upon the "importance and preeminence of obedience" in the Jesuit curriculum:

I desire that you be most outstanding in the virtue of obedience...Let other religious orders surpass us in fasts and vigils and in all things else that, according to their own rule and discipline, they piously undertake; but in true and perfect obedience, and in the abdication of your own will and judgment, I especially desire that you who serve God Our Lord in this Society, be outstanding (Kevin Sullivan, Joyce Among the Jesuits, [New York: Columbia UP, 1958] 119).

The imprinting of this pedagogy reappears in Stephen at various other points in the novel, most notably in Chapter 2 when he shrinks away from the bombastic Heron, cognizant that, "This spirit of quarrelsome comradeship which he had observed lately in his rival had not seduced Stephen from his habits of quiet obedience" (82).

Foucault 138.

For instance, Frederic Jameson writes that "imperialism" means for us...[a]
necessary subordination or dependency...of an economic type" ("Modernism and
Imperialism," Nationalism, Colonialism, and Literature, 48). As Stephen has already
noted, discourse is invariably "of an economic type." And while Stephen values
marketplace discourse as inherently "debased," (SH 27) the aim of this essay is to
show that such discourse is more likely debasing.

Kershner 164.

Michel Foucault, The History of Sexuality, vol. 1 (New York: Vintage Books,

If perhaps an inverse demonstration of the Irish Catholic’s indebtedness to
ecclesiastical traditions, or at the very least to demonstrate the mutual
interconnectedness antecedent to fin de siecle juxtapositions of Celtic traditions and
Catholic authority, John T. McNeill and Helena M. Gamer observe that "a stream of
pre-Christian Celtic religious practices ran into the Christian expression of religion,
particularly in Ireland"; moreover, the auricular confession popularized in the sixth
century (by Irish monks) originates in the pre-Christian Celtic functions of the
"`acharya,' or spiritual guide" and the "`anmachara,' soul friend or confessor" (25).
McNeill ad Gamer conclude that these conditions are "so close as to point with
reasonable probability to a racial institution of great antiquity" (25)—further
demonstrating the mutual exclusiveness between highly antiquated perceptions of the
authentic Irishman and anti-Anglican Irish nationalism.

See Cheng’s section entitled “White Negroes” in which he traces Irishness as
antithesis to Britishness and follows the “consolidated tradition” of portraying “the
Irishman as a barbarian” (19-57). This is an excellent example of the debilitating
caricature Joyce was working against. For example, Cheng records how, in 1880,
Belgian political economist and essayist Gustave de Molinari reported that “English
newspapers ‘allow no occasion to escape them of treating the Irish as an inferior
race—as a kind of white negroes [sic]—and a glance at Punch is sufficient to show
the difference they establish between the plump and robust personification of John
Bull and the wretched figure of lean and bony Pat”’ (26).

Curtis suggests that these racial epithets were in common use during Joyce’s day
(1-15).

Curtis 21.

Anglo-Saxons and Celt 53, 59.

Curtis 53.
Sullivan 24, 45. In addition, the Clongowes Wood College “Prospectus” (reprinted in full by Sullivan) informed parents that:

The religious training of the boys in Doctrine and Morals forms the main feature of the education system of the Jesuit Father. A course of Religious Instruction, of which a programme is annexed, is obligatory on all—nor can anyone obtain a College Prize, Medal, or Distinction in any subject, who has failed in the prescribed examination in Religious Knowledge.

Good conduct, prompt obedience, and fair industry are expected from every pupil, and the Superiors reserve to themselves the right of removing from the College all who fail to satisfy them on these points (232).

Spiritual Exercises 248. In addition, and similarly as relevant, the “Rules of the Orthodox Faith” explicitly demand obedience and adherence to the authority and power of the Church:

10. To study to approve the decrees, the statutes, the traditions, the ordinances, the rites and customs of our fathers in the faith or of our supervisors. As to their conduct, although there may not be everywhere the integrity of moral which their ought, yet there is more scandal and disorder than utility in speaking against them in private conversations or public discourses. These sort of invectives only embitter the people and raise them against their princes and pastors; we must, then, avoid these reproaches, never incriminating absent master before their subjects. It would be better to address ourselves in private to those who have in their hands the necessary authority to remedy the evil (249).

11. To have a great esteem for the teachings of the Fathers and the theologians...They have had besides the ordinances and definitions of councils, the rules and constitutions of the holy Church; and the Spirit of God has powerfully assisted them in profiting by all these resources in order to direct the faithful in the ways of salvation (250).

13. To be with the Church of Jesus Christ but one mind and one spirit, we must carry our confidence in her, and our distrust of ourselves, so far as to pronounce that true which appeared to us false, if she decides that it is so; for we must believe without hesitation that the Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ is the spirit of His spouse, and that the God who formerly gave the decalogue is the same God who now inspires and directs His Church (250).
See *Spiritual Exercises* 60-78, 276-8. For example, the student is asked to imagine the sensual torments of hell in one particular exercise, which reads as follows:

1. **Application of the sight.** Consider in your mind the vast fire of hell; souls shut up in bodies of fire, as in an eternal prison; wicked spirits constantly employed in tormenting them.

2. **Application of the hearing.** Listen to the groans, the howls, the cries of rage, the blasphemies against Christ and His saints, the mutual maledictions of the damned.

3. **Application of the smell.** Imagine you the smell of fire, the brimstone, the infection which exhales from so many hideous corpses.

4. **Application of the taste.** Taste in spirit all the bitterness, the tears, the regrets, the remorse of the damned.

5. **Application of the touch.** Touch in imagination those devouring flames which in hell consume not only the bodies of the reprobate, but the souls themselves. What do you think of them? Could you inhabit these eternal furnaces for a few hours? 'Which of you shall dwell with everlasting burning?' (Is. 33.14) (78).


"Queer" most often means strange in Joyce's Ireland, yet it has recently been suggested that it also was used to describe the homoerotic. Elaine Showalter, for instance, writes, "the homosexual significance of 'queer' had entered English slang by 1900" (Elaine Showalter, *Sexual Anarchy: Gender and Culture at the Fin de Siecle* [New York: Viking, 1990] 112). For further reference, see Joseph Valente, "Joyce's (Sexual) Choices: A Historical Overview," *Quare Joyce* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 2001) 1-18 and Joseph Boone, *Tradition Counter Tradition: Love and the Form of Fiction* (Chicago: Chicago UP, 1987).

Loyola's *Spiritual Exercises* are also explicit about human sexuality, both in regards to the hierarchal ordering of sexual proclivity (celibacy/ordained matrimony/fornication) and the regulation of sexual normalcy. For example, it instructs its readers:

To have a great esteem for the religious state, and to give the preference to celibacy or virginity over the married state (149).
To approve of the religious vows of chastity...Let us remark in passing that we must never engage by vow to take a state (such e.g. as marriage) that would be an impediment to one more perfect; for a vow is essentially an engagement to perfection—the promise of a higher good, as theology says (149).

The beauty, the apparent sweetness of the forbidden fruit seduced our first parents: ‘they saw it was good to eat and fair in the eyes.’ And have not all your faults, at least your more grave ones, been sins of the senses? (45)

Of course, the precedent for policing human sexuality is well established in Ireland’s Penitential documents, which date back to St. Patrick’s medieval canons (See McNeill and Gamer 75-168).


129 Joyce, “To Constantine P. Curran,” (1904) 55. Similarly, and to further illustrate the negative connotations Joyce associated with Dublin’s moral paralysis, Joyce derides the Irish for being “the most spiritual race on the face of the earth” in 1906 and suggests they take “one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking-glass” (“To Grant Richards” [23 June 1906] 63-4).

130 Foucault 43.

131 Foucault 43.

132 Spurr 28.

133 Spurr 29.

134 *Spiritual Exercises* 251.

135 Mulrooney 171, 173.

136 Foucault 62.

137 Mulrooney 167. Stephen’s penitential nature is also well-established in Loyola’s *Spiritual Exercises*, which is similar in nature to *The Sodality Manual* (Dublin, 1886) Stephen used at Belvedere wherein it is written that the “Spiritual Exercises” are to help the student “learn to conquer himself; to free himself from evil passions; to reform the disorder, great or little, of his past life, and to regulate it for the future by a plan conformable to the Divine will” (ix). Of the many means “made use of” in the attainment of this lesson, “confession of sins, which puts an end to remorse and calms
disquiet" as well as "penance; and recourse to the advice of a director" are most in line with Ignatius's teachings (ix-x). As is well demonstrated in Portrait, the primary precursor to such confession is self-examination, an exercise which "St. Ignatius recommends...above all others, as [it is] without doubt the most conducive to a knowledge and reform of ourselves, the most favourable to reflection, and the least likely to lead to exaltation and enthusiasm" (xi). Moreover, "He wishes this examination to be made with exactness and frequently, but without exaggeration or scruple" (xi). For instance, one of the first exercises prescribed by the text is to contemplate, "was I the author of my own existence?"—a prescription Stephen takes up rigorously in his own narrative (21-22). The practice of self-examination is thus deeply indebted, for the Jesuit-trained Stephen, to Ignatius; moreover, it is explicitly antecedent to becoming a confessional being.

138 Foucault 59.

139 Foucault 59.

140 Doherty 658: Although Doherty focuses primarily on Dubliners, his initial attempt to situate Foucault's confessional narrator is important in establishing Joyce's evolving stream-of-consciousness technique as functioning beyond mere literary realism and in instead functioning as a socio-historic production mirroring Catholic modes of discourse which appropriate rather than liberate the individual's voice.


142 For instance, The Spiritual Exercises similarly juxtapose the discovery of transgression with the identification and excisement of "the infernal serpent":

When we have discovered the infernal serpent; when, by the evil result to which his insinuations always tend, we have discovered his diabolical purpose, it is very useful to go over again in spirit the way by which the temper led us, to take to pieces the plot he had so cleverly laid, to note by what specious pretexts he began to make us listen to him; how he succeeded by degrees in changing that pure taste, that spiritual sweetness, that perfect serenity which we enjoyed before, how he endeavoured to instill his venom into the soul. This study of his odious manœuvres will render us more capable of escaping them for the future (236).

The fact that Stephen sexualizes this exercise (whose purpose is to "submit...inspirations and thoughts to a strict and attentive examination") suggests that the highly transgressory role he ascribes his sexuality, like lapsarian Gospel,
equates man's fall from grace with a disobedient and shameful yielding to temptation via the serpent (see Genesis 3:1-13).


144 Lowe-Evans 569.

145 Foucault 61.

146 Foucault 62.

147 Lowe-Evans 570.

148 Lowe-Evans 570.

149 Foucault 6.

150 David Spurr observes a similar motifs in Henry Morton Stanley's expeditionary writings, wherein "Stanley's impression of the African's unlimited confidence in his design conforms to the convention which represents European invasion as the response to an appeal from less fortunate peoples, an appeal often combined with the theme of moral and political improvement." He continues, suggesting that "Colonial intervention responds to a threefold calling: that of nature, which calls for the wise use of its resources; that of humanity, which calls for universal betterment; and that of the colonized, who call for protection from their own ignorance and violence" (34).


152 Leonard 81. Kevin Sullivan notes that Stephen's systematic approach to his reform is an adaptation from *The Sodality Manual*, going so far as to write that, "The presumption, then, must be that *The Sodality Manual* is the primary, if not the exclusive, source of this entire section of *Portrait*" (138). This further illustrates the extent of Stephen's indebtedness to the linguistic practices of the Catholic Church, especially as dictated by the Jesuit Order. See Sullivan 136-142.

153 Foucault has shown in *Discipline and Punish* that the corrective impetus of the "pedagogical machine" is intrinsically designed "to permit an internal, articulated, and detailed control—to render visible those who are inside it;...to act on those it shelters, to provide a hold on their conduct, to carry effects of power right to them, to make it possible to know them, to alter them" (172).

154 Mulrooney 170.
Discipline and Punish 194.

Foucault 194.


Gifford goes on to say that while it is impossible to identify the song as Debussy’s, Stephen’s phrase ‘elfin prelude’ may further allude Debussy’s “Prélude à l’après-midi d’un faune” (“Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun,” 1892), which “Debussy said was ‘according’... to Mallarme’s poem, ‘L’Après-midi d’un faune’” (218).


Stephen’s namesake recalls the first Christian martyr, St. Stephen, who was stoned to death outside Jerusalem (A.D. 34). Also, see Por 144.

See Deane NCL 12-13 for a larger discussion along these lines.

See Gifford 264.

Kershner 162.


It is important to note here that “quidditas” is Stephen’s revision of Aquinas’s “claritas.” Stephen defines “claritas” as “the artistic discovery and representation of the divine purpose in anything or a force of generalisation which would make the esthetic image a universal one, make it outshine its proper conditions.” He dismisses this however as mere “literary talk” and replaces it with “the scholastic quidditas, the whatness of a thing.” The main difference is that quidditas relies upon an epiphanic “instant” or a moment of sublime apprehension whereas claritas relies upon a kind of “symbolism or idealism” to enter into a “luminous silent stasis of esthetic pleasure” (184). While this clarification does help Stephen move beyond the purview of Thomist discourse, it stresses with even more importance the necessity of the “spiritual state” in the process of artistic appreciation, which I find greatly diminishes the effect of his digression.

See above reference 53.
As Gifford notes, and as Stephen was well aware, “if Stephen, whose rebellion against religion has plunged him into mortal sin, were to act on Cranly’s suggestion and hypocritically conform and do his Easter Duty, he would be guilty of compounding his apostasy with sacrilege” (277).

Mulrooney 173.

Mulrooney 174. Ellmann similarly notes that Stephen ultimately has no one to communicate with but himself (JJ 358).

Mulrooney 174.

Herr 251.

Herr 251.

CW 118.

Bakhtin 293.
Works Cited


