

# 7

## Analysis of Chapter V

Chapter V, by far the longest chapter of the novel, is divided into four sections spanning Stephen's university days and culminating in his preparations to leave Ireland. It begins with a section that formalizes the subject matter of Stephen's last epiphanic experience into a general theory of aesthetics based on the perceptual process. As one would expect, language figures heavily in the theory's inherent model of mind. By focusing on Stephen's train of thought, the narrative in section 5.2 reveals a mind conforming to that model in the act of creation: after a dream, Stephen awakens and composes a villanelle. In the section that follows, Stephen walks with Cranly, discussing whether he should make a confession to please his mother. Stephen finally rejects all submissions to social or religious forms that he finds meaningless or that infringe upon his integrity. The scene ends when both Stephen and Cranly realise that their friendship is an empty bond and that their former relationship is at an end. The final section is composed of entries from Stephen's journal, the last of which records his determination to

achieve through his vocation as artist the spiritual and aesthetic potential of Ireland. To do so, he realizes that he must leave Ireland.

During the first four chapters of the novel, a number of experiences and images develop associative links that grow in complexity and richness. In the final chapter the process culminates both abstractly and experientially. The abstract culmination of this process is the aesthetic theory; however, in and around that theory associations among images expand and coalesce into organic patterns that reflect Stephen's mind. Instrumental in this process—both theoretically and experientially—is language itself; the list of most frequent images in the chapter underscores its relevance and importance. *Word* and *voice* rank second and fourth on the list while language, which was not included as an image, occurs some eleven times in Chapter V out of a total of twenty-six for the novel. In all, there are some 187 images in Chapter V that relate to language. The prominence of *art* images indicates the particular orientation of language as medium for art. Since the theoretical aspects of the aesthetics have been discussed, emphasis in the discussions that follow will be on images and their associative relations.

#### Most Frequent Images of Chapter V

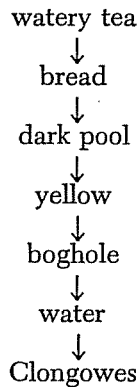
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walk  
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laugh  
round  
god  
soft  
woman

Section 5.1 begins with a breakfast scene in the Dedalus household:

He drained his third cup of watery tea to the dregs and set to chewing the crusts of fried bread that were scattered near him, staring into the dark pool of the jar. The yellow dripping had been scooped out like a boghole and the pool under it brought back to his memory the dark turf-coloured water of the bath in Clongowes. (p. 174)

The train of associations is clear:



*Bread, tea, and yellow* are all part of the associative link with Clongowes, but images connoting stagnant water—*dark pool, boghole, and turfcoloured water*—are the major factor responsible for stimulating this train of thought (there are six images suggesting water in these two sentences). The chain of associations among *water/boghole/yellow/excrement/food* is very different in connotations from those of the *sea* images in the last chapter. There, *moving water* was closely linked emblematically with Stephen's mind as well as the life cycle in general; here, the *stagnant water* group suggests excrement and death (the latter coming from Stephen's memory of the dead rat floating in the ditch). At this stage of development *water* is tied in Stephen's mind to both groups: sometimes he may be conscious of only one, but the other chain of associations is present and active below the surface of his consciousness. This paradoxical linking of *water/yellow/life/death/excrement/creative force* winds its way through the section before playing a major role during Stephen's statement of his aesthetic theory.

As Stephen walks toward town, he is aware of specific relations among images and experiences as well as the mental processes that embody and produce them. Behind the house he hears the screams of a mad nun:

—Jesus! O Jesus! Jesus!

He shook the sound out of his ears by an angry toss of his head and hurried on, stumbling through the moldering ofal, his heart already bitten by an ache of loathing and bitterness. His father's whistle, his mother's mutterings, the screech of an unseen maniac were to him now so many voices offending and threatening to humble the pride of his youth. He drove their echoes even out of his heart with an execration. (pp. 175-76)

Earlier, the auditory sense—the sense most immediately related to language—served as the major epistemic sense for Stephen. Here Stephen reverses the process: he uses language to block auditory sensory impressions that raise offending associations:

The rainladen trees of the avenue evoked in him, as always, memories of the girls and women in the plays of Gerhart Hauptmann; and the memory of their pale sorrows and the fragrance falling from the wet branches mingled in a mood of quiet joy. His morning walk across the city had begun, and he foreknew that as he passed the sloblands of Fairview he would think of the cloistral silvertined prose of Newman, that as he walked along the North Strand Road, glancing idly at the windows of the provision shops, he would recall the dark humour of Guido Cavalcanti and smile, that as he went by Baird's stonecutting works in Talbot Place the spirit of Ibsen would blow through him like a keen wind a spirit of wayward boyish beauty. (p. 176)

Literature for Stephen is not something to be merely enjoyed or trifled with; living in his present circumstances, he survives by escaping into aesthetic idealism. By the chapter's end, Stephen would probably embrace such experiences, but with a different kind of detachment.

As Stephen walks toward the university, his mind wandering freely among the literary fragments, allusions, and images embedded within it, he evokes an interesting self-image: he sees himself as a monk. The proximity of this image to the nun could suggest an association with the whole *religious/priest/retreat* motif; that association, however, is not supported. Instead, there is implied a dedication to some as-yet-undefined dogma not by a novice of a cloistered order but by a viewer, if not participant, of the rough reality of society. Images of Stephen as a religious per-

sonage external to any formal religious order are repeated a number of times throughout the chapter, emphasizing the degree of relevance his chosen vocation has for him.

As his walk continues, Stephen focuses his attention once again on the images and bits of language that enter through his senses :

Every mean shop legend bound his mind like the words of a spell and his soul shirvelled up, sighing with age as he walked on in a lane among heaps of dead language. His own consciousness of language was ebbing from his brain and trickling into the very words themselves which set to band and disband themselves in wayward rhythms :

The ivy whines upon the wall  
 And whines and twines upon the wall  
 The ivy whines upon the wall  
 The yellow ivy on the wall  
 Ivy, ivy up the wall.

Did any one ever hear such drivell? Lord Almighty! Who ever heard of ivy whining on a wall? Yellow ivy: that was all right. Yellow ivory also. And what about ivory ivy? (pp. 178-79)

The disdain he feels for the frozen and dead slogans desecrating shop fronts is similar to that he he feels for his own mental processes. *Language* 'trickling' into words or combinations of words is especially deplorable because of the association with the trickling water in the square at Clongowes. Later, Stephen compares with disgust his own mental habits and functions with lice and vermin, the latter suggesting disgust similar to his earlier reaction to the rat in the boghole. A literary critic could find many things wrong with these lines of poetry, but Stephen's specific criticism is revealing. It is not the stretching of visual associations in "yellow ivy" or "yellow ivory" or even "ivory ivy"

that displeases him; it is "ivy whining" that he cannot accept. The first three images could exist in the real world; the fourth cannot. As a child, Stephen toyed with the notion of a green rose. There, he merely passed over the question of its existence; here, his relation with the physical universe is far too important to be trivialized by such linkings. To join *whining* with *ivy* would be a synesthetic association of sense attributes. Similar fusions have been presented by Joyce and accepted by Stephen, but only at moments of epiphanic intensity, not in casual, everyday experiences or verse. Free associations of this sort may be permissible, but only so long as wordplay is not confused with reality: "The word now shone in his brain, clearer and brighter than an ivory sawn from the mottled tusks of elephants. *Ivory, ivoire, avorio, ebud*" (p. 179). Art must be faithful to realistic detail: the mode of thought that could produce such distorted verse is literally excremental in Stephen's mind. The paradoxical closeness of aesthetic ideal and excremental baseness first suggested by associative patterns of images becomes a thematic counterpoint in Stephen's conversation with Lynch that follows.

Language also influences Stephen's social experiences. Indeed, most of his relations with his school friends are affected by language. His initial impression of Davin is shaped by the latter's speech:

—Do you remember, he asked, when we knew each other first? The first morning we met you asked me to show you the way to the matriculation class, putting a very strong stress on the first syllable. You remember? Then you used to address the jesuits as father, you remember? I ask myself about you: *Is he as innocent as his speech?* (p. 202)

Similarly, Stephen's relation with the prefect takes a decided turn for the worse when the cleric uses the word *funnel* instead of *tundish* :

The little word seemed to have turned a rapier point of his sensitiveness against this courteous and vigilant foe. He felt with a smart dejection that the man to whom he was speaking was a countryman of Ben Jonson. He thought :

—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. (p. 189)

In the diary Stephen indicates the impact the experience made on him :

That *tundish* has been on my mind for a long time. I looked it up and find it English and good old blunt English too. 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 the other! (p. 251)

Often, the thrust of social intercourse is defined by language; for example, as Stephen stands outside his class with some schoolmates,

a lean student with olive skin and lank black hair thrust his face between the two, glancing from one to the other at each phrase and seeming to try to catch each flying phrase in his open moist mouth. (p. 196)

Later, Stephen refutes a point of argument with the remark: "Keep your icon. If we must have a Jesus, let us have a legitimate Jesus" (p. 198). Those present react to his state-



ment not on the logical or semantic level, but the rhetorical: "By hell, that's a good one! said the gipsy student to those about him. That's a fine expression. I like that expression immensely" (p. 198).

The impact of language on Stephen's mind evokes a metaphor with interesting associations: "The heavy lumpish phrase sank slowly out of hearing like a stone through a quagmire. Stephen saw it sink as he had seen many another, feeling its heaviness depress his heart" (p. 195). The association between rude language and quagmire suggests a relation between such language and the bogwater of the ditch that epitomized Stephen's traumatic experiences at Clongowes. That *language* can carry the same impact now as the *cold water* did then is indicated in another verbal exchange between Cranly and Temple. When Temple calls Cranly a "ballocks," Stephen watches his attempt to laugh off the injury:

The gross name had passed over it [Cranly's face] like foul water poured over an old stone image, patient of injuries: and, as he watched him, he saw him raise his hat in salute and uncover the black hair that stood up stiffly from his forehead like an iron crown. (p. 232)

Trivial social intercourse as well as trivial habits of mind that produces images such as whining ivy are epitomized by language. The metaphoric link through language with earlier images suggesting fear and excrement indicates just how repugnant both are to him. It is from this mental and social quagmire that Stephen now attempts to raise himself. His goal is his vocation; his means is the aesthetic theory.

The emphasis on the psychological aspects of the theory is reflected in the number of images that suggest the mind or the perceptual process. In Chapter I, the context of ex-

perience from which the epiphanic experience arose and to which it returned was closely related to the *brimming bowl* image; the last two passages quoted above suggest a similar, although desecrated, image of mind. Both contain bodies of water into which sensory experiences enter and slowly disappear as they sink lower and lower. Before Stephen begins his walk with Lynch, "a tide began to surge beneath the calm surface of Stephen's friendliness" (p. 203); immediately after the discussion, Stephen's "mind, emptied of theory and courage, lapsed back into a listless peace" (p. 216).

As they walk along, one of Lynch's favorite figures of speech is to swear in *yellow*. To Stephen's taunting offer of a cigarette Lynch responds "damn your yellow insolence" (p. 204). When Stephen begins to talk about Aristotle and aesthetics, Lynch interrupts him: "Stop! I won't listen! I am sick! I was out last night on a yellow drunk with Horan and Goggins" (p. 204). Just before Stephen lists the three modes of perception, Lynch calls MacCann a "sulphuryellow liar." In their discussion, there are a total of five references to *yellow*, all metaphoric. The association between *yellow* and *excrement*, emphasized earlier in the section, forms an ironic base on which the aesthetic theory is developed. This link is further reinforced by other images from the excrement group present here:

You also told me that when you were a boy in that charming carmelite school you ate pieces of dried cowdung.

Lynch broke again into a whinny of laughter and again rubbed both his hands over his groins but without taking them from his pockets.

—O I did! I did! he cried. (p. 205)

As their walk continues, Lynch makes repeated references to *excrement*; to characterize another classmate, Lynch la-

ments "To think that that yellow pancakeeating excrement can get a good job. . . and I have to smoke cheap cigarettes!" (p. 211). During the height of the discussion of aesthetics, Stephen asks:

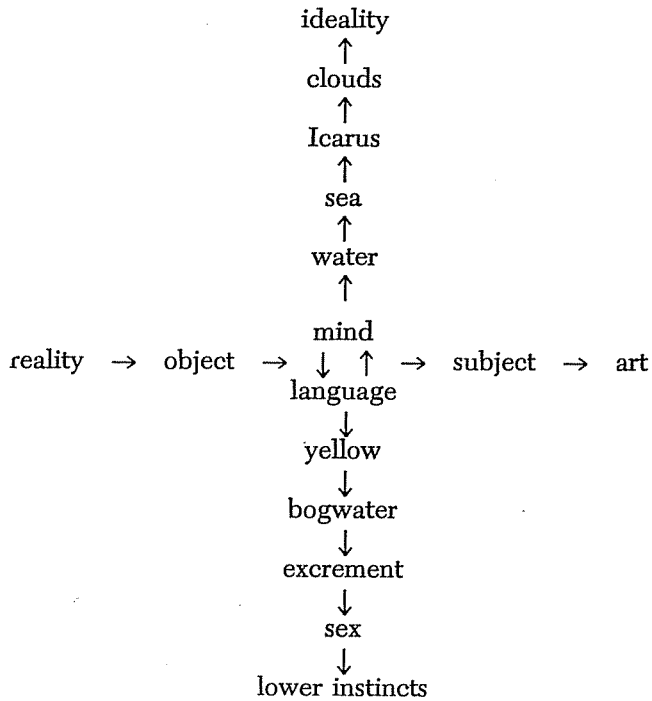
Are you following?

—Of course, I am, said Lynch. If you think I have an excrementitious intelligence run after Donovan and ask him to listen to you. (p. 212)

The strong association among *Lynch*, *yellow*, and *excrement* is extended to include language (sulphur-yellow liar) and the mind itself in the image *excrementitious intelligence*. The distance in connotation between Lynch's talk and Stephen's statements of lofty, idealized art is great. Joyce perhaps intended to undercut Stephen's self-image through irony; there is no indication, however, that Stephen regards this difference in any way other than the realistic difference that separates their minds and personalities. From Stephen's point of view, any irony present would be cosmic: the irony that beautiful art (epiphany) is cast in the normal, the everyday, even the "excremental" realms of experience.

If we map the relations among the major images present, we see that this orientation of opposite values among images forms a balanced whole. See figure 7.1.

Figure 7.1



The theory itself seeks to resolve mind and language, both in the argument presented and in the imagery present. *Lynch's* language is associated with *yellow*, *bogwater*, and *sex*, all implying, for Stephen, the lower instincts. Mind is associated with images of water—especially the *brimming bowl* and the *sea*—and in turn with *Icarus*, *clouds*, and *ideality*. *Water* images appear on both sides of the diagram, but with widely different connotations. The total associative pattern, embodied in a single mind, contains contrary and opposite facets at the same time; at epiphanic moments the “ends” meet, the cycle is completed, and these contraries coalesce into an orientation of mind that is distinctly more

mature and more complex. We have seen this pattern in the narrative of *Portrait*; here we see its theoretical development.

Before considering section 5.2, we should note an associative pattern that becomes important later. During the lecture on physics, the priest distinguishes between the words *ellipse* and *ellipsoidal*. Moynihan picks up the words and makes a joke, associating the latter with testicles: "What price ellipsoidal balls! Chase me, ladies, I'm in the cavalry!" (p. 192). This link between pure geometric form and the testicles appears again in section 5.2, when Stephen is composing the villanelle.

Section 5.2 has been ignored by most critics of *Portrait* or simply dismissed as the scene in which Stephen composes a bad poem. On one level the aesthetic quality of this idealized, romantic villanelle creates an irony that undercuts Stephen's aesthetic as a theory of art. (Should we seriously consider the abstract theories of someone who writes poetry of this sort?) On other levels, the poem and the section are interesting and important. We are given a sustained view of Stephen's thoughts as images float in and out of his consciousness before coalescing and precipitating into verse. The associative relations among these images are dramatically clear and comprehensive; we see links between this and virtually all previous epiphanic experiences. The experience, then, represents an epitome of Stephen's life brought into focus by the process of artistic creation; it is the culmination of the accumulative process operating since the beginning of the novel. Second, we are given a chance to verify the aesthetic theory in action. Since Stephen has just awakened, the images that furnish the substance of the poem are already in his mind and the initial stage of perception—

wholeness—is bypassed. Evident, however, are the analytic and recognition stages, characterized earlier as harmony and radiance.

The second stage, harmony, consists of breaking the image down into its componets, which later fuse in the third step, radiance. Thinking of Emma, Stephen sees her image break into images of a number of women :

Rude brutal anger routed the last lingering instant of ecstasy from his soul. It broke up violently her fair image and flung the fragments on all sides. On all sides distorted reflections of her image started from his memory: the flower-girl in the ragged dress with damp coarse hair and a hoyden's face who had called herself his own girl and begged his handsel, the kitchengirl in the next house who sang over the clatter of her plates with the drawl of a country singer the first bars of *By Killarney's Lakes and Falls*, a girl who had laughed gaily to see him stumble when the iron grating in the footpath near Cork Hill had caught the broken sole of his shoe, a girl he had glanced at, attracted by her small ripe mouth as she passed out of Jacob's biscuit factory, who had cried to him over her shoulder :

—Do you like what you seen of me, straight hair and curly eyebrows? (p. 220)

This catalogue of associated image componets contains fragments of most of the women Stephen has known; here they coalesce in his mind to form a single, more realistic image of Emma. In her are traits of all women : “perhaps the secret of her race lay behind those dark eyes, upon which her long lashes flung a quick shadow” (p. 221). She is one part ideal-ity and many parts flirt and hoyden. The resolution of these diverse characteristics—ranging from the ideal to the common—reminds Stephen of the eucharist and thereby produces an image for the poem—not of Emma, or any other woman, but a eucharistic hymn. The manner in which these

components of women are synthesized into a religious image is quite abstract. The eucharist represents the fusion of spirit and matter, the ideal and the physical. The specific form, the auditory image of hymn, is a manifestation of this phenomenon in art. A similar process is involved in Stephen's realization of the diverse and contradictory associations with other women that shape his image of Emma. Similarly, they precipitate into an art form, the villanelle. Thus the image of the eucharistic hymn carries connotations much more personal and complex than those suggested by its religious denotation. Stephen's conscious realization of the complexity of this train of associations produces anger in him but also several lines of verse:

The radiant image of eucharist united again in an instant  
his bitter and despairing thoughts, their cries arising unbroken  
in a hymn of thanksgiving.

Our broken cries and mournful lays  
Rise in one eucharistic hymn. (p. 221)

Earlier, with the *whining ivy image*, the increasing importance of language for Stephen was evident; the structure of images and ideas expressed in words must actually exist on some level. That level where these lines from the villanelle exist and on which they must be verified as "real" is the continuity of Stephen's personality. Verse that is subject to verification with regard to self as opposed to society or the physical universe Stephen termed *lyric* in the discussion with Lynch; the villanelle fits that definition. Because of the intensely personal dimensions of this experience, the lines of the next stanza—

While sacrificing hands upraise  
The chalice flowing to the brim—

suggest that it is Stephen's self or mind—the brimming bowl earlier suggested mind or personality—that is being sacrificed to their love, their life, his art.

While the chalice suggests a link between this experience and the pandybat epiphany, other images establish ties with later epiphanies. As Stephen awakes from a dream :

His soul was all dewy wet. Over his limbs in sleep pale cool waves of light had passed. He lay still, as if his soul lay amid cool waters, conscious of faint, sweet music. (p. 217)

The images *dew, wet, cool waves, sweet music*, as well as the act of awakening from a dream suggest the epiphanic experience on the beach where the image of the girl fused with sea and bird in the image *seabird*. The train of associations is also linked with the aesthetic theory as Stephen remembers the phrase *an enchantment of the heart* (p. 217). The result here is an intensely emotional experience :

The instant flashed forth like a point of light and now from cloud on cloud of vague circumstances confused form was veiling softly its afterglow. O! In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh. Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin's chamber. An afterglow deepened within his spirit, whence the white flame had passed, deepening to a rose and ardent light. That rose and ardent light was her strange wilful heart, strange that no man had known or would know, wilful from before the beginning of the world: and lured by that ardent roselike glow the choirs of the seraphim were falling from heaven. (p. 217)

The sequence is extended by *light* and *rose* images to the religious epiphany of Chapter III where these two images stood emblematically for the entire experience. The residue of all these experiences combine and coalesce with the phrase from Galvani in the lines of verse :



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

Components of these experiences have been objectified, "made flesh" in the process of being transformed into art.

Images from the confessional epiphany remain strong, mixing with images from a different epiphany:

The roselike glow sent forth its rays of rhyme; ways, days, blaze, praise, raise. Its rays burned up the world, consumed the hearts of men and angels: the rays from the rose that was her wilful heart.

Your eyes have set man's heart ablaze  
And you have had your will of him.  
Are you not weary of ardent ways? (p. 218)

*White hot rays* that set hearts ablaze and consume the world suggest both the searing heat of the pandybat as well as the super-intense fires of hell. A link between these two groups of associations and the epiphany on the beach appears in the next stanza:

Smoke, incense ascending from the altar of the world.

Above the flame the smoke of praise  
Goes up from ocean rim to rim  
Tell no more of enchanted days.

Smoke went up from the whole earth, from the vapoury ocean, smoke of her praise. The earth was like a swinging swaying censer, a ball of incense, an ellipsoidal ball. (p. 218)

Along with the discordant association with the pandybat experience suggested by the *fire* images, the image of the ellipsoidal ball carries rude sexual connotations suggested

earlier by Moynihan's joke. Thus, the imagery keeps this seemingly rhapsodic and idealistic poem firmly linked in Stephen's imagination with experiences that cover every level of reality from the base to the ideal. All of these diverse associations in Stephen's mind coalesce and are embodied in this poem.

As Stephen is able to comprehend and come to terms with this complexity of associations that are part of his experience and his personality, his self-awareness grows. He is able to see the role that art plays in the perceptual process as well as the importance of perception for art. The section gives both an insight into the structural relations within Stephen's mind and verification of the second and third stages of apprehension as they relate directly to art and to epiphanic experience.

The graph of richness of imagery (2.7) indicates the level of intensity this particular experience has for Stephen. While radiance is inherent in all apprehension, only at moments where there are concentrations of images with strongly personal, diverse if not contradictory associations does the synthesis take place that produces the "enchantment of heart" that marks true epiphany. The composition of this poem is such an instance. The only scene in Chapter V with a higher concentration of imagery is that in which Stephen examines the lines about ivy, searching for the relation between physical reality and language or verse. After that, the level of intensity diminishes before rising during the present section. It again decreases steadily in 5.3 and 5.4 until just before the conclusion of the novel.

Section 5.3 is the last scene in which the reader sees Stephen actually engaged in social intercourse; after this,

Stephen's interactions with others are revealed only through his journal. The matter of the section is Stephen's final conversation with Cranly. As they talk, Stephen's sense of the increasing importance of language as shaper of reality becomes apparent. This close germinal relation between language and thought and language and art prepares the reader for Stephen's final social withdrawal preparatory to the actual physical withdrawal from Ireland that Stephen alludes to but never makes.

As the section opens, Stephen is standing with friends on the steps of the library looking up at the birds flying in the evening sky:

He watched their flight: bird after bird: a dark flash, a swerve, a flash again, a dart aside, a curve, a flutter of wings. He tried to count them before all their darting quivering bodies passed: six, ten, eleven: and wondered were they odd or even in number. Twelve, thirteen: for two came wheeling down from the upper sky. They were flying high and low but ever round and round in straight and curving lines and ever flying from left to right, circling about a temple of air. (p. 224)

Stephen sees structures in their flight as they circle about an imaginary temple.<sup>1</sup> The imposition of form over physical reality was most apparent in Chapter II; here Stephen attempts to deal with an area of experience of which he is unsure:

And for ages men had gazed upward as he was gazing at birds in flight. The colonnade above him made him think vaguely of an ancient temple and the ashplant on which he leaned wearily of the curved stick of an augur. A sense of fear of the unknown moved in the heart of his weariness, a fear of symbols and portents, of the hawklike man whose name he bore soaring out of his captivity on osierwoven wings, of Thoth, the god of writers, writing with a reed upon a tablet

and bearing on his narrow ibis head the cusped moon. (p. 225)

As in Chapter IV, Stephen identifies with the soaring birds through his name, Dedalus. There, in the flush of realization his feelings were of liberation, destiny, and sureness; here, he is less sure. The note of fear, reminiscent of the fear associated with birds in Chapters I and II, is here the abstract fear of the unknown. His determination is just as strong as it was in Chapter IV but it is tempered by a realistic sense of caution for what lies ahead. In the context of vocation, the temple at which Stephen sees himself a devotee is the temple of art. Stephen perceives his destiny, but his realization is not without uncertainty and apprehension.

In section 4.3 there was an interesting contrast between Stephen's earlier indecision, represented by linear *hither-and-thither* movement, and his epiphanic insight on the beach supported by images of circularity implying organic union and the fusion of opposites. The circular path of the birds, here associated with Stephen's own concept of art, offers a rather abstract contrast with other theories of perception:

Why was he gazing upwards from the steps of the porch, hearing their shrill two fold cry, watching their flight? For an augury of good or evil? A phrase of Cornelius Agrippa flew through his mind and then there flew hither and thither shapeless thoughts from Swedenborg on the correspondence of birds to things of the intellect and of how the creatures of the air have their knowledge and know their times and seasons because they, unlike man, are in the order of their life and have not perverted that order by reason. (p. 224-25)

Literal linear movement has been transformed into thoughts—Swedenborg's correspondence theories. His correspondences are linear, one-to-one, between entities in the physical

world and their correspondent images in the ideal world; but there is no sense of resolution or coalescence between Swedenborg's two levels.<sup>2</sup> The sterility of such thought—suggested by linear motion between dialectical poles—stands in opposition to circular or helical images suggesting the organic resolution of opposite connotative strains so fundamental to Stephen's theory of epiphany and art.

The level of validation for Stephen's lyrical villanelle was his own past experiences and the configurations of images within his own mind. At a time when he is withdrawing from social intercourse, there is the danger that his art may become solipsistic; but this is not the case. As he and Cranly walk along, they hear a voice singing:

Behind a hedge of laurel a light glimmered in the window of a kitchen and the voice of a servant was heard singing as she sharpened knives. She sang, in short broken bars, *Rosie O'Grady*.

Cranly stopped to listen, saying:

—*Mulier cantat.*

The soft beauty of the Latin word touched with an enchanting touch the dark of the evening, with a touch fainter and more persuading than the touch of music or of a woman's hand. The strife of their minds was quelled. The figure of a woman as she appears in the liturgy of the church passed silently through the darkness: a whiterobed figure, small and slender as a boy and with a falling girdle. Her voice, frail and high as a boy's, was heard intoning from a distant choir the first words of a woman which pierced the gloom and clamour of the first chanting of the passion:

—*Et tu cum Jesu Galilaeo eras.*

And all hearts were touched and turned to her voice, shining like a young star, shining clearer as the voice intoned the preproxyton and more faintly as the cadence died.  
(p. 244)

Stephen's reaction to the words and the experience, one of aesthetic pleasure, is different from Cranly's:

—There's real poetry for you, he said. There's real love. He glanced sideways at Stephen with a strange smile and said: —do you consider that poetry? Or do you know what the words mean?—I want to see Rosie first, said Stephen. (pp. 244-45)

The experience has been moving for both. Cranly desires to objectify his experience by fiat—to declare the objective quality and validity of the song on the basis of his reactions to it. Stephen, too, has derived personal pleasure from the experience, but the question of aesthetic value must now be determined not just by his own reactions and associations. Poetry that transcends the level of lyric must hold up to verification against the physical world, the objective dimension of experience.

This necessity is extended to language in general. It is language that joins and resolves the dichotomy between subjective and objective experience. In this role, it is an important aspect of Stephen's identity and his relation with objective experience. As they walk along, Cranly urges Stephen to make a meaningless confession to please his mother:

—Your mother must have gone through a good deal of suffering, he said then. Would you not try to save her from suffering more even if . . . or would you?

—If I could, Stephen said. That would cost me very little.

—Then do so, Cranly said. Do as she wishes you to do. What is it for you? You disbelieve in it. It is a form: nothing else. And you will set her mind at rest. (p. 241)

Stephen's reply is an icy silence. To make an insincere confession would be a violation of his integrity. Words—as was evident with the *whining ivy* image—are too closely related

to identity to be used lightly and without meaning.

In sections 5.2 and 5.3, Stephen looks both inward toward the subjective continuum of experience and outward toward the objective world to verify the structural relations among language images. The subjective is emphasized in the villanelle, the objective in the song about Rosie O'Grady. *Language* functions broadly over the interface between both realms of experience, embodying the associative patterns among images that permeate the conscious and subconscious minds. It is *language* that unites and organizes this complex into an organic unity.

Section 5.4, composed of entries from Stephen's journal, represents the objectification of his subjective state—his thoughts and experiences rendered in language. This is Stephen's final step away from the meaningless talk of his school friends and the life in Dublin he finds impossible; alternately, he is willing to exist alone, without a single friend if necessary, to maintain his integrity and to preserve his vocation.

In the journal section, *language* plays a dual role. First it organizes and reflects Stephen's mental state, embodying the associative links among images within his mind. Although withdrawn from social interaction, Stephen's state is not solipsistic. The act of writing itself is an attempt to render his experiences in some external, objective form that can be verified. This rendering, however, is not art; it has no vitality of its own. The journal might appear to be dramatic art, according to Stephen's theory, in that the thoughts of the artist have solidified and the author is no longer visible within a social context. This is not the case; the section lacks a fictive world. It consists of impressions that

can "come alive" only in some specific mind that now, ironically, is withheld from the reader. For example: "22 March: In company with Lynch followed a sizeable hospital nurse. Lynch's idea. Dislike it. Two lean hungry greyhounds walking after a heifer" (p. 248). The tone of the passage is cold, wooden, detached. The section may foreshadow the interior monologue Joyce uses in the Molly Bloom soliloquy in *Ulysses*; there Molly's thoughts wander through myriad associations of past experiences but always return to the present physical reality—she is lying in bed with Bloom. Stephen's entries, however, lack that vitality; they appear to be fashioned after some external, abstract form of what a journal should be—comparable to Stephen's earlier unsuccessful attempts to imitate the running style Mike Flynn advocated—rather than the free and accurate expression of his own thoughts.

Stephen does not, however, view his present state of social suspension as permanent:

The spell of arms and voices: the white arms of roads, their promise of close embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon, their tale of distant nations. They are held out to say: We are alone. Come. And the voices say with them: We are your kinsmen. And the air is thick with their compay as they call to me, their kinsman, making ready to go, shaking the wings of their exultant and terrible youth. (p. 252)

He feels called to a new life. The image of arms is similar to the bidding arms of the prostitute in Chapter II; the call Stephen experiences now is just as strong as the call to his sexual instincts was then. As before, the call has ambivalent implications in Stephen's mind, indicated here by contrary *black* and *white* images. He is withdrawing from the meaningless relationships that restrict and hold him back, not



from the vitality of life: "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" (pp. 252-53). The "reality of experience" is the epiphanic perception of experience described in the aesthetic theory; the consciousness of the race is a new archtypal mind formulated in either a new language or a language that has been restructured—one in which words carry fresh, new meanings and connotations. Stephen assumes the task of creating this mind/language. To do so, he seeks strength from his namesake: "Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead" (p. 253). Stephen never completes this task; Joyce starts it in *Ulysses* and carries it to its logical conclusion in *Finnegans Wake*, where he literally takes the language apart syllable by syllable, before putting it back together to form a language of expanded and different associative relations. The detailed structure of this consciousness awaits a comprehensive examination.

If we look back at Chapter V, we see that the aesthetic theory of the first section develops in formal or abstract terms the matter of the final epiphany in Chapter IV, and, indeed, all such earlier experiences. This pattern of formalizing experience into habit or some abstract form has been present since the prostitute episodes of Chapters II/III. Following the statement of the theory, however, there is an interesting reversal of the pattern; in section 5.2 the theory leads to a meaningful personal experience, the villanelle, rather than the other way around.

Accompanying this increasing concern for art is a complex of images centering around language itself. Both theoretically and personally, language functions at the interface

between thought and reality, self and art. In terms of the personal dimension, language embodies and organizes the components of experience buried in the subconscious by reflecting semanticlike relations among images. Because of the close dependency between language and personality, language is capable of producing blunt emotional responses as strong as those earlier produced by the cold water of the ditch. On the objective side, it is language that will furnish the medium for Stephen's art.

In the last three sections of the novel we see in Stephen's awareness of language the personal realization of the psychological state inherent in the three modes of poetry described in the aesthetic theory. In 5.2 the relations among images embodied in the villanelle are correlated against the personality of the artist, Stephen; in 5.3, Stephen, by refuting Cranly's claim that subjective judgment is sufficient to determine beauty, insists upon the objective verification necessary for epic art; in 5.4, Stephen has socially refined himself out of existence. While Stephen has progressed through these three different states experientially, ironically he has yet to produce any significant art. In fact, the language of the journal indicates personal regression. The content of the aesthetic theory and the patterns observed imply that only when Stephen can consolidate experience and reality will he be capable of transcending the lyrical and producing great art. *Ulysses*, in part, extends Stephen's quest for an integrated personality. It is debatable whether he achieves it, but whether he does or not, the work of art is not forthcoming. In the final analysis, we must look to Joyce for art and accept Stephen as character.