

THE TROUBLES IN JOYCE'S DUBLIN: POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS AND
LITERARY HEGEMONY IN *ULYSSES* AND *A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A
YOUNG MAN*

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Literary scholarship on Joyce does not address something fundamental in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: the relationship between modernity, postcoloniality, and religion. It may be helpful to think of the final act of *A Portrait* as the announcement of departure from convention. What precedes Stephen's announcement, however, is a lucid explanation of all that is murky, all that demanded the departure, that point where postcoloniality and modernism intersect. The "departure" is artistic, geographical, and political. In Joyce, it is difficult to separate religion from politics. It is always there; not only as part of a moral equation, but also a political one; to speak of colonialism in Ireland is to speak of both British Imperialism and the Roman Catholic Church. The central conflicts on the character level in *A Portrait* are those of identity and mode of expression, conflicts that arise from the influence of Britain and the Church. Joyce's major subsequent works, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, attempt to examine and resolve these conflicts, thus furthering the interconnectedness of modernity and postcolonialism. Before discussing what we mean by "Modern" or "Postcolonial," I will offer that the final "entries" in *A Portrait*, themselves a departure from the conventional third person narrative, are both an affirmation of what will follow and a denunciation of what had been:

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.

(*Portrait* 275-6)

On the one hand, we have the “new secondhand,” and on the other we have Stephen’s resolution to the haunting conflicts and constraints of postcolonial identity and expression: “to forge in the smithy of [his] soul the uncreated conscience of [his] race” (276). By appealing to the “old artificer,” he is not only seeking to create a new conscience, but also a culture and art that transcends the confines and influence of the imperial powers that consumed and confused that which could be considered “Irish”. The need for “new” that arises from this crisis of personal and national identity is at the heart of Joyce’s contribution to modernism.

Modernism, as defined by Peter Barry, is comprised of five essential characteristics: first, a new emphasis was placed on impressionism and subjectivity, on *how* we see as opposed to *what* we see (exemplified perhaps no more thoroughly than in Joyce’s use of the stream of consciousness technique); secondly, modernism marks a movement away from the objectivity of third person omniscient external narration, “fixed narrative points of view and clear cut” morality; third, the distinctions between genres is blurred, novels take on conventions of poetry and become more lyrical as poems become more prose-like; next, there is a growing fondness for “fragmented forms, discontinuous narrative, and random-seeming collages of disparate materials; and, finally, a tendency towards “reflexivity” arises, and poems, plays, and novels become more conscious of their own nature (82). The overall shift in the modernist mode of expression is one towards experimentation and innovation. While many of the tenets of modernism are present throughout *A Portrait*, they exist as a reaction to the postcolonial issue of establishing identity in the wake of conquest. What we are left with then in the end, is the postcolonial promise of modernity: the necessary creation of the new, resulting from the inability to reclaim a past that is intrinsically “Irish” in Joyce’s estimation. In creating “the new,” Joyce doesn’t neglect Ireland’s colonial past, or “the old,” but rather he acknowledges it in such a way

that it can negotiate with the present and the future. Nor for that matter does he ignore the influence that one culture can have on another: Joyce's modernism is cosmopolitan in this regard. Both language itself and the way the characters talk about language speak to this end. Among a great many other things, *A Portrait* provides a thorough examination of colonial influence on language, the motivation for that influence, and the effect that influence had on the Irish. Joyce's crowning achievements in prose innovation in the high modernist form derive from these very issues of language, identity, and mode of expression. It is also important to note that before we can consider mode of expression, there must be the ability of expression, which is to say that certain conditions must exist, certain needs must be met, in order for this to be possible.

While the origin of postcolonial criticism can be traced back at least as far as 1961, to Franz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*, it did not emerge as a distinct category until the 1990s. Edward Said's *Orientalism*, published in 1978, is perhaps the seminal work that paved the way for contemporary postcolonial theory. Fanon argued that in order for a colonized people to find a voice and an identity, they must first reclaim their past and that they must subsequently begin to dismantle the colonialist ideology that devalued that past. In *Orientalism*, Said argues that "Eurocentric universalism" condescends that what is European, or Western, is superior and anything that can be considered "other," is inferior. Berry writes of Said: "the East becomes the repository or projection of those aspects of themselves which Westerners do not choose to acknowledge (cruelty, sensuality, decadence, laziness, and so on). At the same time, and paradoxically, the East is seen as a fascinating realm of the exotic, the mystical and the seductive...the people there being anonymous masses, rather than individuals, their actions determined by instinctive emotions (lust, terror, fury, etc.) rather than by conscious choices or

decisions” (193-4). In essence, the “native” is treated as either childlike or savage, or some combination of the both. At the same time, the native land is treated very often in Western literature as an exotic theater; a romantic or horrific playground of adventure whose reality doesn’t exist outside of the West’s interpretation or entertainment. It does this so effectively, in fact, that literature itself can not only foster, but serve as an agent of empire. Language is a significant concern of postcolonial criticism. Any conquest of land must assume a certain and profound conquest of the native culture: languages are tainted or lost, traditions are influenced, and, in fact, the colonized are almost always driven either by force or by economic necessity to adopt some measure of the culture of the colonizer.

Traditional postcolonial approaches to Joyce focus on a sense of “Irishness” that exists in binary opposition to British Imperialism. Both the political reality and the idea of British colonialism are present in all of Joyce’s major works. *Dubliners*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* all speak to “Irishness” in terms of its relationship to Britain. The sociopolitical distance created by this polarizing initiative exists not solely as a construction separating Ireland from its colonial oppressors; it also creates a divide among the Irish themselves. Indeed, it becomes evident that there is a second imperial force the Irish must negotiate with—the Roman Catholic Church. We see the internal agony created by this struggle most intimately in the semi-autobiographical character, Stephen Dedalus, and we see its self-destructive sociopolitical manifestation most visibly in the Charles Stewart Parnell passages. Parnell is present (and perhaps prevalent) in each of these works, and he symbolizes both the Irish opposition to colonial British rule and the divisive interior ideologies that sustain the disunity necessary for Ireland to remain under British sovereignty.

Beyond the economic and power motives of the imperial government and Ireland's self-defeating relationship to the Catholic Church, there is a third power structure at work in Joyce's novels: the role of literature and language. Logical progression would suggest that in order to view literature through a postcolonial lens, the postcolonial reader must explore how language and literature themselves can act as agents of empire. When the dust settles on Joyce's Dublin, it envelops itself around an intricate network of political, religious and literary hegemony that renders its inhabitants paralyzed; oftentimes unaware of their own involvement in a power structure they helped to create and actively maintain.

Because Ireland is often overlooked in terms of postcolonial studies, it seems necessary to address the linchpin issue of whether or not Irish literature can be read in this context. Joycean scholarship owes its history (and his canonical prowess) to liberal humanism and, indeed, the large majority of current criticism centers on "the academy's estimation of Joyce as a revolutionary prose innovator within a high modernist context" (Cheng 81). In his essay, "Of Canons, Colonies, and Critics: The Ethics and Politics of Postcolonial Joyce Studies," Vincent Cheng argues that academia often attempts to subvert the "politicization and postcolonializing" of Joyce and other Irish canonical figures in order to maintain, or restore, the bifurcation of literature and politics (85). Ironically, this closely mirrors the issue of keeping language and politics separate in the case of the Parnell argument. Cheng answers the question, "are the Irish postcolonial?" by stating: "Yes, of course the Irish are post colonial, the Irish culture is, of course, an appropriate subject for postcolonial studies; it would be an insult borne out of ignorance to maintain that Ireland's geographical as well as racial proximity to England made it any less a victim of imperialism" (84). Cheng takes this further and posits that not only is the attempt to depoliticize Joyce by disavowing credibility to a postcolonial reading, but that "the

elevation of an Irish-Catholic colonial writer like Joyce into the pantheon of the modernist greats...was rather insidious; it shifted attention away from the manifest political content and ideological discourse” of his works by “emphasizing his inarguably potent role and influence in stylistic revolution” (82). Yet, on some level, this is precisely what Joyce was doing—his modernism is a condition of his postcoloniality, not something separate from it—the ‘new’ is a result of a fractured sense of national identity and reaction against the prudish constraint on form and content.

Cheng’s observation that Joyce’s works have fallen into a kind of canonical hegemony warrants more discussion; however, there are two important elements missing from Cheng’s argument that must first be addressed: most importantly, his argument of racial proximity between Irish and English does not take into account its historical inaccuracy, specifically in terms of the collective English perception of the Irish from the middle ages through the early twentieth century; secondly, Cheng’s argument is incomplete insofar as it does little to answer the more complex question as to where Ireland can be positioned in the colonial spectrum and, perhaps more importantly, *why*. Derek Attridge and Marjorie Howes answer the former question with the title of a journal they co-edited in 2000: *Semicolonial Joyce*. The title was chosen with great precision from *Finnegans Wake*. In the sixth chapter, Shaun appears as Professor Jones and lectures on the superiority of space of time. Attridge and Howes write: “To gain his audience’s attention for the fable of The Mookse and The Gripes by which he means to exemplify this hierarchical opposition,” and the character Professor Jones announces: “Gentes and laitymen, fullstoppers and semicolonials, hybrids and lubberds! (FW 152.16)” (Attridge & Howes 1). In typical Joyce fashion, we are presented with a single sentence that includes

paragraphs worth of meaning that seem to codify Joyce's positioning of the Irish within the paradigm of colonial thought. Attridge and Howes 'interpret' this Wakean line as follows:

With his customary brilliance, Joyce here articulates in a single phrase a variety of binary oppositions that divide human communities. A gender opposition is obvious in the half-heard phrase "Gentleman and ladies" and class distinction is present in the appeal to "high-breds and low-breds," the latter conflated with the equally derogatory "lubbers." Religious difference is evoked in the allusion to "Gentiles" and "laity," the first suggesting a Jewish classification, the second a Christian one – and both terms implying exclusion from a defined religious group, and thus the contrast between insiders and outsiders. Working in concert with all these is a categorization disguised under the familiar distinction between full stops and semicolons: the opposition between permanent and temporary inhabitants of a colonized country, or "stoppers" and "colonials." (1)

In this single sentence, Joyce introduces a wide variety of distinct communities and sets the stage for how these communities coexist in one space. Not only is the colonial question raised in this quintessentially modernist work, but also those of gender, class, religion, and language itself.

Unlike Cheng, Attridge and Howes find Joyce's placement in the body of works we call postcolonial more ambiguous. In their estimation, "this passage reveals one of the reasons why Joyce's writings can be called 'semicolonial': in their dealings with questions of nationalism and imperialism they evince a complex and ambivalent set of attitudes, not reducible to a simple anticolonialism but very far from expressing approval of the colonial organizations and methods under which Ireland had suffered during a long history of oppression, and continued to suffer during his lifetime" (3). Attridge and Howes also take into account Joyce's allusion to punctuation, providing further evidence that his handling of political matters is often inseparable

from his interest in language (3). Perhaps what is most valuable about the introduction to *Semicolonial Joyce*, however, is the succinct but important summary of where Joyce fits into postcolonial studies and where he does not. Setting aside, for a moment, the admittedly ubiquitous nature of postcoloniality, particularly in terms of where the “post” comes into play, Attridge and Howes introduction to *Semicolonial Joyce* attempts to categorize the major questions that arise when discussing Joyce in a colonial context. First, there is the question of whether or not it is appropriate to categorize the entire centuries long relationship between Ireland and Britain colonial, particularly at a time when most critics use “postcolonial” and “Third World” almost interchangeably, as though it were a politically correct euphemism. Secondly, “one version of the postcolonial rests upon a dichotomy between the West and the non-West, and the other invokes an opposition between colonizer and the colonized” (Attridge & Howes 7). Here we see the distinction between the importance of Eurocentrism versus something independent from Western ideology and based more broadly on conquest. This demarcation may serve as the dividing line between “Orientalism” and a more generic explanation of imperial power structures.

Attridge and Howes find another reason that Ireland’s relationship to postcoloniality is that Ireland belongs in many ways on both sides of each dichotomy. “While Ireland under British rule was underdeveloped and deindustrialized compared to England,” Attridge and Howes write, “twentieth-century Ireland had far more in common with Europe than Africa or Asia in terms of economic performance and living standards...and in social, cultural, and religious terms Ireland is clearly of the West rather than opposed to it” (8). Attridge and Howes go on to discuss various other dichotomies and semantic arguments regarding the postcoloniality of Ireland, but it is here where I depart from their argument. The former argument presupposes

that the colonized must be objectively perceived as an “other” in juxtaposition with the colonizer in order to suffer the fate of native populations discussed in, say, Said’s *Orientalism* or Fanon’s *Wretched of the Earth*. Ireland’s sense of “Irishness” during its existence as a British colony does not easily fit into a clearly established objective or subjective reality. It is for this reason that Stephen was forced to forge “the uncreated conscience of [his] race.” Ireland’s being “of the West” is ultimately unimportant because of this confusion of identity and conscience: Britain was a Western empire and it used on Ireland the same weapons from the same arsenal that it wielded on the rest of the world. So, for that matter, did the Roman Catholic Church.

Said notes in *Culture and Imperialism* that the Irish were not considered white by the British. He writes: “The idea of English racial superiority became ingrained; so humane a poet and gentleman as Edmund Spenser in his *View of the Present State of Ireland* (1596) was boldly proposing that since the Irish were barbarian Scythians, most of them should be exterminated” (222). In an essay entitled “Race, Class and the Imperial Politics of Ethnography in India, Ireland and London, 1850-1910,” Kavita Philip examines this “idea of English racial superiority” more completely and her findings are far more frightening than the racist suggestions of a poet. Philip’s research regarding the scientific theories of race during the latter half of the 19th century is most troublesome not simply because of the “construction of fictions about foreign natives,” but “the belief that the science of the day revealed truths about the inherent character of populations” (289). Philip further notes:

While political considerations often operated explicitly in the formative stages of scientific knowledge, once ethnological stereotypes were reported in official tracts, supported by masses of data, they passed into the apolitical realm of incontrovertible

scientific fact. Evidence of their conditions of production erased, they passed into the domain of cultural belief. (289)

The net effect of this kind of racism transcends the idea of English racial superiority and advances on to a level of imperial justification that is not only palatable to the British subjects, it is, as Kipling noted, their burden. Philip explains this in terms of the Irish problem:

“stereotypical representations of the Irish as barbaric, primitive, and simian date back to the twelfth century, and were no less politically motivated then—serving as a justification for Henry II’s invasion of Ireland...the nineteenth-century stereotype was different from its predecessors only in being supported by the scientific theories of the time” (295). Descriptions of the Celts from the mid-nineteenth century included references to their being “the missing link between the gorilla and the Negro,” the Irish as “being for squalid filth and raggedness,” and as for Ireland itself, J.W. Jackson noted that “it was a moral fossil, like India, the only difference being that India is a civilised, while Ireland is a barbarous fossil” (Philip 296-297). In an attempt to understand Joyce and his works it is important to consider the prevailing attitude towards his people during the time period he was writing about. The air of English superiority is heavy in Joyce’s works and is present even in the systems of power that the Irish adopt from the British.

The idea of exterminating the Irish did not end with Edmund Spenser in the 16th century; in fact, it arguably came to fruition during the 19th century Irish Potato Famine, not long before Joyce’s birth. In an essay entitled “Dumbness and Eloquence: A Note on English as We Write It in Ireland,” Seamus Deane writes of a study the Irish government commissioned in 1947, the centenary of the Famine’s worst year. Deane notes:

Two convictions dominate what was remembered [of the Irish Famine’s worst year].

One was that the Famine did indeed have a genocidal dimension. Genocide was of a

piece with traditional British government policies towards the Irish Catholic majority. The other, sometimes felt to be compatible with the belief in genocidal intent, sometimes not, sometimes entirely independent of it, was that there must have been a radical fault in Irish civilization, and most especially in the Irish-speaking civilization, that allowed it to succumb so completely to the potato blight and all its attendant ills. Some of the old people interviewed – and necessarily, they were on average an elderly group – believed or remembered that their predecessors had believed that the Famine was a punishment from God; and whatever the responsibility of the British government or of anybody else, that it ultimately constituted a divine judgment on a way of life that did not deserve to survive and that had to be expunged. (109)

Most interesting here is not the possible genocidal intent, disregard or justification of the British, but the Irish willingness to accept that it was God's will for them to die. The most resounding note of religious hegemony is the native population's willingness to die for Britain's imperial agenda, all the while believing it to be penance for their sins against their God. To address the question of how the famine could be part of Britain's imperial agenda, it is important to consider that the famine served to both make it easier to control the Irish and to promote the spread of the English language and make the Gaelic language obsolete, changing what Deane calls "Old Ireland" in exchange for the emerging "Modern Ireland." Dean ponders the question of what the famine *meant* to the British: while it was 'terrible' to lose lives, in the long run the country would benefit from economic reform and the adopting of the English language (110).

What is still more disturbing, however, is the possibility of genocidal policy on the part of the Church. "To a much lesser extent, but still notably there," Deane writes, "is also [the] belief that the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in advertising people to accept their fate

and to resign themselves to God's will robbed the victims of their urge to resist and therefore allowed the export of food from the country and the evictions and clearances to take place without serious opposition" (10). Here Joyce's "two masters," the Roman Catholic Church and the British Empire, work one with the other against the native Irish population. Their religion suppressed any large scale resistance and the dissemination and decimation of their population allowed for the virtual destruction of their native language.

The influence of these two masters, specifically their respective suppression and condescension, caused a large degree of the inner conflict we see in the Stephen of *A Portrait*, particularly visible in the dialogue that Stephen has with the British Dean of Studies, which will be discussed later; however, it is perhaps articulated most vividly in *Ulysses* with Stephen's encounter with the character Haines in the Martello Tower. The first three episodes of *Ulysses*, "The Telemachiad," form a microcosm of the three most prevalent hegemonic forces in Joyce's Dublin. The superiority and condescension of the British is portrayed most vividly and completely in the character of Haines. Haines is an Oxford educated friend of Stephen Dedalus and Buck Mulligan who appears first in the initial episode ("Telemachus"). Stephen and Buck are living in a Martello Tower near Kingstown Harbor and Haines pays them a visit. Haines almost inevitably says something either blatantly racist or unconsciously condescending each time he speaks. He is anti-Semitic, pompous, often completely unaware of (and always unwilling to take responsibility for) his views toward British colonial involvement in Ireland. In an important section of dialogue, Joyce ties together the two colonial powers that Ireland is subject to, and his feelings towards both:

-You're not a believer are you? Haines asked. I mean, a believer in the narrow sense of the word. Creation from nothing and miracles and a personal God.

-There's only one sense of the word, it seems to me... You behold in me, Stephen said with grim displeasure, a horrible example of free thought.

...

-After all, I should think you are able to free yourself. You are your own master, it seems to me.

-I am a servant of two masters, Stephen said, an English and an Italian.

-Italian? Haines said.

-And a third, Stephen said, there is who wants me for odd jobs.

-Italian? Haines said again. What do you mean?

-The imperial British state, Stephen answered, his color rising, and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church.

-I can quite understand that, he said calmly. An Irishman must think like that, I daresay. We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly. It seems history is to blame.

...

-Of course I'm a Britisher, Haines's voice said, and I feel as one. I don't want to see my country fall into the hands of German jews either. That's our national problem, I'm afraid, just now.

(*Ulysses* 16-18)

By designating blame to a historical context while speaking of the current troubles between the Irish and English, Haines sidesteps his own responsibility and further compounds the condescending attitude towards "these wild Irish," as Henchy describes them in "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," and Haines does in *Ulysses* (19). Haines is representative of the collective

English condescension towards the Irish. He is the Englishman who thinks the Irish “ought to speak Irish in Ireland” (12), irrespective of the forces that led them to speak English in the first place. English, in this way serves to hinder the exoticism that Haines feels towards his immersion in Irish culture, while at the same time promoting his colonial/educational prowess. When the milk woman comes to the tower, Haines speaks to her in Irish; however, although the milk woman is Irish, she mistakes it for French, thus illustrating the shockingly strong linguistic impact British colonialism had on Ireland’s mother tongue, as well as the arrogant and elitist attitude of the Briton Haines. In an essay entitled “Silencing Stephen: Colonial Pathologies in Victorian Dublin,” Tracey Teets Schwarz points out that it has also been proposed [by Edna Duffy] that “the old woman may not be as dispossessed of her language as most readers of Joyce initially assume. . .she may be feigning ignorance in order to dupe—and resist—those who would collect her as some sort of national specimen” (245). The passage reads as follows:

-Do you understand what he says? Stephen asked her.

-Is it French you are talking, sir? The old woman said to Haines.

Haines spoke to her again, a longer speech, confidently.

-Irish, Buck Mulligan said. Is there Gaelic on you?

-I thought it was Irish, she said, by the sound of it. Are you from the west, sir?

-I am an Englishman, Haines answered. (*Ulysses*, 12).

In his book *The Subaltern Ulysses*, Enda Duffy notes Haines’ position as the imperial traveler in search of exotic and romantic experiences. Haines, “thinking that here he should not miss an opportunity for folklore gathering,” he writes, “has attempted to address the old woman in Irish” (Duffy 50). Equally important to Haines’ motivation to speak Irish, which is notably absent from the text, is the old woman’s response. On the one hand, this can be interpreted such as

that the Irish have had their language stripped away from them so completely by the colonizing power that they don't even recognize the language when it is repeated back to them by the very agents of the colonizing power that all but eradicated the language from the consciousness of the native population. As Duffy notes, "virtually all critics have found that the fact that in an Irish novel the only character who speaks Irish is an Englishman highly ironic" (50). He also points out that while her interpretation changes from "Is it French?" to "I thought it was Irish" may be interpreted as "servile compliance...a desire at all costs to agree" with the "gentleman," but that it is entirely possible that in looking Haines over, she determined that he was not Irish and knew "very well that he was not a western peasant or tweed-clad Irish revivalist, the two groups likely to be speaking the language at the turn of the century" (50). Haines' disappointment that the first peasant he encounters does not speak Irish, and it is very likely she doesn't, is perhaps more interesting than his naivety. Here again, we see not only evidence of the Irish people's colonial imposed embarrassment towards their own culture and language, but also the sense that it is somehow their fault that the colonial traveler can no longer enjoy the egocentric exoticism of impressing upon the natives their familiarity with that culture they are largely responsible for destroying.

It is here, in this linguistic and cultural schizophrenia, that Joyce epitomizes both the conditions of modernity and postcoloniality. While Joyce is often accused of political ambivalence, it might be more useful to place his politics in a contextual and theoretical framework, rather than to dismiss his disenfranchisement with the idea of "Irishness" as ambivalence. In other words, he did not choose the language of *Dubliners* or *A Portrait of the Artist*, rather it chose him: the fractured identity was historically terrestrial; whereas his negotiation between the resistance, adoption, and ultimate reinvention of that language—and in

fact, language itself—is a testament to his self-perceived incongruity with what he judged to be a stifling culture that was decidedly non-Irish. The postcoloniality of Joyce’s writings is intimately associated with the “High Modernist” accolades that Cheng claims subverted that same political ideology. To ground this statement, let us look at M.H. Abrams’ remarks concerning “Modernism” itself in his *Glossary of Literary Terms*: “The specific features signified by ‘modernism’ [involve] a deliberate and radical break with some of the traditional bases not only of Western art, but of Western culture in general...important precursors of modernism, in this sense, are thinkers who had questioned the certainties that had supported traditional modes of social organization, religion, and morality, and also the traditional ways of conceiving the human self” (175). Further, according to Abrams’ book, T.S. Eliot wrote in a review of *Ulysses* that “the inherited mode of ordering a literary work, which assumed a relatively coherent and stable social order, could not accord with ‘the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history’” (175). Joyce’s exile was multifaceted insofar as it not only allowed him to escape the dual empires that sought to control both conscience-as-control and dissenting knowledge-as-power. Still, it is complicated to consider Joyce’s view of Ireland not as a native land he couldn’t return to, but one whose very existence had been polluted to an unrecognizable form by centuries of imperial interference and the native Irish deference to that interference.

A Portrait of the Artist does not end in ambivalence, but rather an affirmation of a new Ireland that is inseparably associated with modernism and reinvention. The culmination of the Dedalus/Joyce experiment is not creation from nothing, but rather creation from everything: the all-encompassing past, present, and future that we see co-existing in an essentially non-linear time frame in *Finnegans Wake*. The final sentence of *A Portrait* provides evidence of that

lineage: “Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead” (276). He refers here, it seems, both to his father as representative of old Ireland, as well as to his namesake, Daedalus, the skilled artist, architect, sculptor and inventor from ancient Greek mythology who was sentenced to exile where he thereupon built the “Labyrinth for Minos,” from which he himself would ultimately have to escape by building his own wings, attached by wax, and taking flight to Sicily (Grimal 117). It is worth reemphasizing that Joyce’s autobiographical character has a Greek and not an Irish name, signifying the importance of antiquarian Greece, if not the antiquary in general, and that the most influential book in shaping of, and the subsequent reshaping of, Stephen is the bible. This association to classical antiquity and the biblical canon is critical not only in understanding the thematic origin and character motivation in Joyce’s works, it is also an important illustration of the interconnectedness of modernism and postcoloniality. While the influence of the classics is evident throughout the work of the “High-Modernists,” particularly in the case of Joyce, Eliot, and Pound, its influence is perhaps less obvious in the field of postcolonial theory. The extent of academic disregard of the classics in postcolonial criticism is unfortunate. Whether directly or indirectly, the classics are as influential on postcolonialism as they are on High Modernism. T.E. Lawrence, for example, cites ancient Greek epics as fueling him with the desire for conquest and exotic adventure as the ultimate mode of self-actualization. Similarly, we learn of Stephen in *A Portrait*: “there was a lust of wandering in his feet that burned to set out for the ends of the earth” (184). Stephen is not entirely innocent of holding romanticized notions of traveling to far off lands and becoming an artificer. Accepting the novel as a semiautobiographical work, we know the same is true of Joyce, who left Ireland in his early 20s scarcely to return. Joyce modeled *Ulysses*, a text both overtly postcolonial and supremely modernist, after Homer’s *Odyssey*. The relationship between

literature and wanderlust and/or adventure nevertheless plays a crucial role in the negotiation of the colonial mindset among the colonized, the colonial traveler and the colonial agent. While this speaks directly to the larger issue of motivation, which will be discussed later, it is also a byproduct of a privileged education in an increasingly modernist world.

In his essay “Between Filiation and Affiliation: The Politics of Postcolonial Memory,” Kevin Whelan distinguishes between ‘Right’ modernism, which suggests “a unified, authentic Western Culture, of hierarchy and social order, with an organic cultural identity,” and ‘Left’ modernism, that was “uncompromisingly avante-garde and determinedly political...it celebrated the urban not the rural, and delivered it in the hybrid multiplicity of a fragmented tradition (100). It is what Whelan refers to as ‘Left’ modernism that concerns Joyce’s fractured identity. “An Irish deep past no longer existed,” Whelan writes, “it had been eviscerated by a dual colonialism – the English and the Roman...so thorough was the evacuation that an indigenous Irish culture could no longer be resuscitated even by a determined policy of cultural revival – to believe otherwise was to live in a world of Gaelic kitsch, by ‘the broken lights of ancient myth’ (100). This, Joyce could not do. Being thus estranged from any kind of authentic identity and the reality that there is a certain measure of inability to reclaim one’s past (as Fanon suggests as the primary means towards reestablishing a sense of “Irishness”), Whelan asserts that Joyce’s most profound insight is that “the Irish in this condition are not deprived of modernity; they literally embody it...their provincialism and alienation is central to the condition of modernity, not its benighted opposite...to be colonized is also to be modern” (100). Alienation and the inability to effectively communicate are common themes in modernist literature; however, Joyce’s politics evolve in tandem with his prose in such a way that the two become inseparable. For Joyce, all roads lead to *Finnegans Wake*, a book that arguably epitomizes everything modernism sought to

accomplish. Cheng's argument that Joyce's notoriety as a prose innovator overshadowed his politics is, at least in part, not seeing the forest for the trees. The experimental language of *Finnegans Wake* is a microcosm of the macro-political result of imperialism. In other words, it is the destruction of individual indigenous cultures rebuilt using collected fragments of all languages, cultures, and histories. This is his answer back to a Babelian God and British Imperialism.

In *Dangerous Knowledge: Orientalism and Its Discontents*, Robert Irwin admittedly writes that his book “would not have been written but for Edward Said’s earlier book *Orientalism*” (3). *Orientalism*, Irwin argues, is “a work of malignant charlantry in which it is hard to distinguish honest mistakes from willful misrepresentations” (4). He then refutes or, in many cases, ignores the central arguments posed by Said in favor of vindicating “Orientalism” from its pejorative associations and legitimizing it as an innocuous and righteous field of study. To be fair, Irwin does not argue that there are blatantly racist works that have found their way into the canon of western literature: both authors, for example, acknowledge Kipling as a purveyor of the most damaging aspects of imperialism and the Western attempt to dominate the East. The most valuable aspect of Irwin’s book is also, perhaps, the most ambiguous: his discussion of the origins of Orientalism. “As we shall see,” he writes, “Orientalism developed in the shade of the much grander discourses of the Bible and of the classics...the work [Orientalists] did was heavily influenced by work done in biblical exegesis, literary criticism, historiography and other grander disciplines, and sometimes, on the other hand, the research done by Orientalists had implications for the way the Bible or Homer was read, or it shed some light on how languages in general evolved” (2-5). Interestingly, then, he claims that “Orientalism either begins in the sixteenth century...or if not quite so early as that, then no later

than the early seventeenth century...I shall briefly discuss what might be mistakenly interpreted as evidence of Orientalism in antiquity and the Middle Ages, before rushing on to the seventeenth and later centuries” (6-7). By skipping forward, as he ultimately does, in order to highlight what he perceives to be positive contributions of Orientalists to political and cultural life, Irwin ignores the deeply ingrained psychological and hegemonic weaponry that is often deployed via literatures, languages, and religions.

While Irwin accuses Said of being inconsistent regarding the origin of Orientalism, he contends that Said argued that it began with “the work of French and British scholars in the late eighteenth century,” and that, further, “the discursive formation was not restricted to scholars, as imperialist administrators, explorers and novelists also participated in, or were victims of, this discourse” (3). In terms of analysis, Irwin maintains that “*Orientalism* is not a history of Oriental studies, but rather a highly selective polemic on certain aspects of the relation of knowledge and power” targeted towards a Western readership and executed primarily by academics, explorers, and novelists (281-282). Irwin’s chief objection to Said’s work, however, seems to be his interpretation that, according to Said, “the West possesses a monopoly over how the Orient may be represented” and that “it is only possible to talk of representations of the Orient, as the Orient has no objective reality, being merely a construct of Orientalism” (3). Here, it seems, Irwin spirals into a totalitarian semantic tangent of his own, one that fails to differentiate “the invented orient,” or misrepresented “other,” from the actual, a reality untainted by the exotic mysticism so often created by literature and religion.

In terms of the Irish problem in Joyce’s writing this distinction is critical, as these misrepresentations of the Irish are endemic not only to the British, but also to the Irish themselves. For Stephen, the Roman Catholic Church represented the control of conscience. At

the beginning of *A Portrait*, this control is inwardly directed and seemingly self-imposed; however, the Stephen we see at the end of the novel perceives this control very differently—as something distinct and unnatural to his constitution and, perhaps more importantly, to the constitution of his country. Ultimately, he views the consciousness of the Irish people as having been willingly co-opted by both the British and the Church. So ingrained and stifling have these subjugating forces become that Stephen must ultimately leave Ireland in order to learn what it means to be Irish. Once again, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* ends with this realization:

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. (275-6).

Setting aside for now the possible implications of “new secondhand clothes,” it is worthwhile to more closely examine this idea that the conscience of the Irish was manufactured by the Romans and the English and that the Irish adopt these foreign power structures and allow them to stifle any sense of self beyond imperial influence. Even the Fenians are guilty of this delusion.

When Stephen thinks, in consideration of his conversation with the English Dean of Studies, “the language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine,” it is not entirely ambivalent (*Portrait* 205), nor should we see his ultimate decision to expatriate himself in order “to forge in the smithy of [his] soul the conscience of [his] race” (276). Language and empire are inextricably connected in these texts and it would be a mistake to misinterpret this uneasiness with ambivalence. If *A Portrait* represents the catalyst for the perfection of a particular

language, then the *Wake* represents a referendum on language itself. Joyce is often referred to by critics as “metropolitan,” “urban,” or “cosmopolitan,” as opposed to “rural” or “provincial.” Intimate though he may be with the metropolitan, he is distinctively aware of the provincial, as is evidenced by his inclusion of the elderly milk woman in the first episode of *Ulysses*. What Joyce chooses to exclude from that scene is as important, if not more important, than what he includes. Joyce’s education and middle-class status, and by extension Stephen’s, place him at an advantage among his peers. Stephen’s privilege exceeds even that of his siblings, whom we learn very little about beyond this fact, and it shouldn’t go without note that he adopts many of the elitist attitudes of a colonial power. He discounts his friend Davin’s involvement with the Fenian movement as ineffectual and frivolous and he expresses clear prejudice against MacAlister, a fellow student from Ulster in the north of Ireland. Stephen is not immune to the viral spread of an imperial arsenal, perhaps because he has the ability of expression afforded to him by this privilege, and therefore the ability to attain what the twentieth century psychologist Abraham Maslow termed self-actualization: “The voice, the accent, the mind of the questioner offended him and he allowed the offence to carry him towards willful unkindness, bidding his mind think that the student’s father would have done better had he sent his son to Belfast to study and have saved something on the train fare by doing so,” suggesting that the people in Northern Ireland are less intellectually evolved than those in the south. Stephen is immediately aware, however, of his guilt:

That thought is not mine, he said to himself quickly. It came from the comic Irishman in the bench behind. Patience. Can you say with certitude by whom the soul of your race was bartered and its elect betrayed—by the questioner or by the mocker? Patience...It is

probably in his character to ask such a question at such a moment in such a tone and to pronounce the word science as a monosyllable. (210)

Joyce's self-awareness of this dichotomy may arguably mitigate some of the damages caused by the influence of colonial thought; however, it also makes a profound statement about the propagation of a privilege based ideology. Both Joyce and Stephen are students of a colonial education centered around Greek and biblical texts, the very foundations upon which British colonial education were built. "British University life," Irwin writes, "was dominated by biblical studies and the classics...from the late eighteenth century onwards there was a revival of interest in Greek and Roman culture" (159). Taking this into account, it is interesting to note that not only does Joyce turn to Greek mythology to name his autobiographical character in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, he then names and models his subsequent novel after the most famed Greek epic. If we accept Joyce as being metropolitan, escaping all intricacies, and if we accept the milk woman of *Ulysses* or MacAlister of *A Portrait* as being provincial, what Seamus Deane calls "the problematic issue of representation" still exists. "Metropolitan sophistication and eloquence," he writes "is usually the index of hypocrisy, moral vacuity, absence; native inarticulacy, even though it be often associated with a degree of slyness or low cunning, is usually the index of authentic feeling, the more so in ratio to the degree of inarticulacy" (Deane 114). Metropolitan or not, Deane makes note of some of the more problematic issues surrounding the linguistic aspect of colonialization:

It is not at all surprising that in any colonial situation, the mastery of the language of the colonizer, and the tense situation between that and the language(s) it displaces, should be so critical an issue for writers in particular. Further, the displacement of Irish by English, which is one of the consequences of the Famine, allies the loss of language with tragedy;

but equally, it allies the loss of language with the arrival of modernity or, at least, it the arrival of the conditions that made both modernization and modernity possible in Ireland.

(Deane 114-115).

Regardless of the old woman's motives, Haines was clearly trying to both impress the woman with his extensive education and ability to "go native." The irony that his knowledge is rendered useless by the same imperial presence to which he serves as an agent, is entirely lost on him. So much so that he is disappointed in the Irish, rather than the English for allowing their language to be lost, thus preventing him from staging his own exotic theater. While Ireland is nearest among Britain's imperial arm, it nevertheless expresses great resistance to colonial rule and this creates the idea that the Irish can be treated as *the other* by the English, and vice versa. In this way, Haines is not entirely unlike Fowler and Pyle in *The Quiet American*, Fielding in *A Passage to India*, Kim in Kipling's novel of the same name, or even Marlowe in *Heart of Darkness*; the same basic attitude exists. In varying degrees, each of these characters has preconceived, selfish, and often racist notions of the subjects of their imperial power. When these romanticized ideas fail to meet the fantastical expectations of a colonizer it typically results in disappointment and/or anger. In light of this, the colonized must not only deal with the degradation caused by this arrogance, but also with the lingering aftermath of a resistance to colonial rule (even if the resistance proves successful). Even in winning, something is lost. In the case of Ireland (as is the case with most victims of colonialization), the cost was their language, their sense of cultural and moral identity and, in some cases, their pride. Tragically, perhaps, in a novel as "Irish" as Ireland can provide, "the language of the real, in all its rigour, is Irish," but that language must emerge as silence: "It is the language of modernity" (Deane 118).

To return to the concept of ability of expression and the conditions necessary for the prevailing ideologies to survive, it seems necessary and fair to pause and distinguish between the colonial agent and the colonial traveler. Haines, for example, is an iconic representative example of the colonial traveler. His interests are not to promote the subjugation of the Irish people and yet his presence there perhaps enforces the underlying motivation behind the imperial people that support their government in acting in the interests of empire. The questions surrounding the origins and maintenance of these motivations demand attention. It has been well noted, most clearly and expansively in Edward Said's book, *Orientalism*, that the West holds romanticized and oftentimes racist views of the East. The real question then is where did the West acquire these romanticized notions? Does it expand beyond general human curiosity? In 1970, Abraham Maslow hypothesized that human behavior is influenced by a hierarchy of five classes of needs, or motives, which are listed below:

- Biological, such as food, water, oxygen, activity, and sleep.
- Safety, such as being cared for as a child and having a secure income as an adult.
- Belongingness and love, such as being part of various social groups and participating in affectionate sexual and nonsexual relationships.
- Esteem, being respected as a useful, honorable individual.
- Self-actualization, which means becoming all that one is capable of. People motivated by this need explore and enhance relationships with others, follow interests for intrinsic pleasure rather than status or esteem, and are concerned with issues affecting all people, not just themselves.

(Bernstein 360)

Bernstein also notes that according to Maslow's model, "needs at the lowest level of the hierarchy must be at least partially satisfied before people can be motivated by higher-level goals" (360). This speaks to the importance of privilege in the establishment of a postcolonial "new," that correlates directly to the condition of modernity as a means of expression.

Bernstein's one noted exception to Maslow's hierarchy is interestingly concerned with British imperialism: "the motivation of people deeply involved in political and moral causes seems to defy Maslow's hierarchy; in 1981, Bobby Sand and eight others starved themselves to death protesting British Rule in Northern Ireland" (361). In *Educational Psychology*, Anita Woolfolk writes of Maslow's humanistic approach to motivation:

In the 1940s, proponents of humanistic psychology such as Carl Rogers argued that neither of the dominant schools of psychology, behavioral or Freudian, adequately explained why people act as they do. Humanistic interpretations of motivation emphasize such intrinsic sources of motivation as a person's needs for "self-actualization" (Maslow, 1970, 1968), the inborn "actualizing tendency" (Rogers & Freiberg, 1994), or the need for "Self-determination" (Deci, Vallerand, Pelletier, & Ryan, 1991). So from the humanistic perspective, to motivate means to encourage peoples' inner resources—their sense of competence, self-esteem, autonomy, and self-actualization. Maslow's theory is a very influential humanistic explanation of motivation. (249)

Woolfolk's analysis of Maslow's model help to illustrate its more performative aspects. "Self-actualization is Maslow's term for self-fulfillment, the realization of personal potential," she notes, and for this to be possible, each of the lower needs must be met before advancing to this higher need (249). To understand the psychology of literary and linguistic agents of empire, it

seems we should start by understanding their motivation. Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs provides an excellent framework to understand how these romanticized notions of colonial territories arise, as well as how these texts influence and encourage other authors or agents of empire to work to seek similar adventure, either in imagination or in reality. Maslow labeled the higher level needs—"intellectual achievement, then aesthetic appreciation, and finally self-actualization—being needs," and suggested that unlike lower level needs, these 'being needs' can never be completely satisfied, "when they are met, a person's motivation does not cease; instead, it increases to seek further fulfillment" (249). In the introduction to *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, T.E. Lawrence writes: "All men dream: but not equally. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake in the day to find that it was vanity: but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dream with open eyes, to make it possible" (24).

Haines, Lawrence and Kipling are wealthy Englishmen. This raises a more complex issue; for, if it were not for a certain amount of privilege would it be possible to "dream by day"? Abraham Maslow would call his self-actualization. If we cross-examine the Maslow model of the Hierarchy of Needs with this particular kind of romantic self-actualization, we can perhaps better understand colonial psychology. T.E. Lawrence was admittedly motivated into his romantic self-actualization through literature and Kipling undoubtedly fostered romanticized notions of foreign lands in his readers. What then is the role of art and literature? Who reads and who writes these adventure stories? On the most basic level, one must have the time and opportunity to become sufficiently educated to read and write, as Stephen was.

It is equally important to understand Haines as a character coming out of this tradition. He is an Oxford educated young man who we know has money, as Buck Mulligan continually

urges Stephen to “touch him for a guinea,” and his financial capability as the colonial traveler. Haines has been given sufficient treatment for his guilt in the collective condescension that the English feel towards the subjects of their colonial rule; however, not much attention has been paid to the underlying motivation behind this attitude. In other words, to borrow Zadie Smith’s phrase, “the shit is not the shit, the pigeon is the shit,” which is to say we may better understand Haines if we understand the sociopolitical system that produced him. While blaming Haines or the Dean of Studies for condescension is appropriate, it does little to resolve what is truly at stake.

Moreover, in this struggle for identity, the colonized often facilitate the will of the colonizer by allowing this cultural and moral confusion to self-destruct its own movement to resist colonization. Stephen Dedalus’s attitude towards religion is a result of his catholic upbringing and the relationship that the church had with politics. This is exemplified in Joyce’s *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man* through the denunciation of Parnell by many Irish-Catholics, setting them in opposition to other nationals who felt that they had turned their back on a great leader in the fight for home rule. In an introduction to *Portrait*, Seamus Dean writes: “Parnell is...the leader who almost redeemed the Irish from their oppression; but what he revealed was that the oppression was not inflicted by the English alone; the Irish had introjected the oppression; they had become experts in oppressing themselves” (*Portrait* xxxii). Joyce venomously addresses this issue in his essay, “The Shade of Parnell.” Joyce writes of Parnell: “In his last proud appeal to his people, he implored his fellow-countrymen not to throw him to the English wolves howling around him. It redounds to the honour of his fellow-countrymen that they did not fail that desperate appeal. They did not throw him to the English wolves: they tore him apart themselves” (196).

In the famous “Christmas dinner” scene in *A Portrait of the Artist*, we see the two imperial forces that Stephen, and in fact all of Ireland, is “servant to” simultaneously working against the Irish people. Particularly damaging to Stephen, his father, and other Parnell supporters, is that they see precisely what Dean writes about in his introduction: their fellow Irish citizens destroying Parnell, the single most polarizing figure in the effort to unify the Irish people and their greatest hope of establishing an independent Irish state. During the Christmas dinner scene, Stephen’s father and Mr. Casey argue with Dante over Parnell, his affair with Kitty O’Shea, and the subsequent betrayal of Parnell by his Roman Catholic compatriots. Mr. Dedalus and Mr. Casey grow intensely angry as they argue with the indignant Dante. During the exchange, Dante says of Stephen, who is growing frightened in overhearing them: “Oh, he’ll remember all this when he grows up...the language he heard against God and religion and priests in his own home.” Mr. Casey replies: “Let him remember too...the language with which the priests and the priests’ pawns broke Parnell’s heart and hounded him into his grave,” to which Mr. Dedalus adds, “Sons of bitches!...When he was down they turned on him to betray him and rend him like rats in a sewer. Lowlived dogs!” (33). Conversely, Dante feels that Parnell was “a traitor to his country...an adulterer!” and that “the priests were right to abandon him. The priests were always the true friends of Ireland” (38). Schwarze writes that while Stephen tries to remember happier times when the Irish were united in their concentrated efforts to secure home rule, the uneasiness, disunity and anger now pervades not only the dinner table, but all of Ireland. “With Parnell’s fall,” Schwarze writes, “the union he forged fractured; in the Dedalus dining room, faces darken in anger, voices quivre with rage, and fists crash onto the table. That this is Christmas dinner...intensifies the violence and causes the scene to reverberate with irony” (247). In effect, the colonized Irish create a moral hierarchy that mirrors and, more importantly, serves

the same imperial force that subjugates them. The religious ideologies of the Catholics act, here, as an agent to another empire, that of the British. Escaping their colonial condition becomes of less importance than maintaining a kind of internal moral authority that pits religious hegemony against the need for social reform.

The relationship between religion and empire is not a recent one. In his book *Guns, Germs, and Steel*, Jared Diamond notes that “the spreads of government and of religion have thus been linked to each other throughout recorded history, whether the spread has been peaceful...or by force. In the latter case it is often government that organizes the conquest, and religion that justifies it” (266). Art and literature then follow suit, it would seem, and take over the promotional aspects of conquest: they can either serve as an advertisement to convince a society that its conquest was right or that it was wrong, or it can strip the issue of its morality entirely and objectify it as adventure. Again, we see life imitating art. A reader becomes infatuated with adventure stories and the urge to create a new adventure story in which he or she serves as the protagonist soon develops, which, if successful, will add to the progeny of that self-realizing canon.

While the religious and socio-political factors seem somewhat clear and certainly unhidden, the issues of language and, to a greater extent, literature, are more complex and warrant a more thorough investigation. Diamond notes, as Said does, the relationship between knowledge and power. “Knowledge brings power,” he writes, “Hence writing brings power to modern societies, by making it possible to transmit knowledge with far greater accuracy and in far greater quantity and detail, from more distant lands and more remote times” (215). What Diamond doesn’t mention, but which is necessarily implied, is that writing can also transmit disinformation, or false knowledge, from distant lands. This serves as an important distinction

between Diamond's theory of the relationship between knowledge and power and Said's. For Diamond, knowledge brings power; whereas, Said would argue that power produces knowledge. This is an important factor to consider as it takes into consideration that knowledge can be insidiously manipulated to accommodate the power structure that produces it. Still, a historian's analysis of this relationship proves useful to evidence its depth. Knowledge transmitted through writing has been associated with empire for thousands of years, and later, through literature.

Diamond writes:

Nineteenth-century authors tended to interpret history as a progression from savagery to civilization. Key hallmarks of this transition included the development of agriculture, metallurgy, complex technology, centralized government, and writing. Of these, writing was traditionally the one most restricted geographically: until the expansions of Islam and of colonial Europeans, it was absent from Australia, Pacific islands, subequatorial Africa, and the whole New World except for a small part of Mesoamerica. As a result of that confined distribution, peoples who pride themselves on being civilized have always viewed writing as the sharpest distinction raising them above "barbarians" or "savages."
(215)

If the language problem is addressed in *Ulysses* with Haines' disappointment that the Irish do not "speak Irish in Ireland" (12), it is addressed more thoroughly in *A Portrait of the Artist*. Here, the English dean of studies talks to Stephen about an Irish word he finds particularly interesting. Stephen ultimately finds the dean's presentation of this fascination with the word somewhat condescending and leads him to question his knowledge and use of the English language, the language of his colonial oppressor, which he knows more intimately than his own:

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. (Portrait 205)

Notwithstanding the obvious political weight of Stephen's thoughts on colonial language subversion and domination, it is an interesting choice of words he considers. Home, Christ, ale and master all speak to this same power struggle. Home, to Stephen, is a very complicated issue. In *A Portrait*, "home" is localized from the Universe to the self (12), but it is most clearly identified as the Dedalus household as a model for Ireland: a place riddled with political and religious tension, the looming struggle with poverty and, in Stephen, an emerging struggle of self—the problem of establishing identity. Stephen's religious conflict is intimately tied to its relationship to Irish self-suppression. Even the name of God, to Stephen, is the outcome of imperial power:

God was God's name just as his name was Stephen. *Dieu* was the French for God and that was God's name too; and when anyone prayed to god and said *Dieu* then God knew at once that it was a French person that was praying. But though there were different names for God in all the different languages in the world and God understood what all the people who prayed said in their different languages still God remained always the same God and God's real name was God. (Portrait 13)

This seems to suggest that although Stephen's concept of God was a being or essence that understood all languages, the native language of God is English and God by any other name is a translation of that being or essence's true name. Joyce, it seems, used his character Stephen

Dedalus to either equate the two concepts (the idea and influence of God as a coexisting and cooperating force with British imperialism) or to illustrate the extreme and pervasive depth of colonial influence so that even God is English. Either way, the implications are powerful. This is particularly important when considered in terms of context. Joyce's work, both in setting and in date of publication, predates the Second Vatican Council, held in four sessions spanning from 1962 to 1965. After Vatican II, Catholic mass was conducted in native languages; however, until the 1960s, mass was given in Latin: the language spoken in the Roman Empire and preserved by the Roman Catholic Church. In Stephen's conception of the hierarchy of power, Britain reigns supreme. Powerful and influential as it is, the church does not speak the language of God, the English do. This raises the more important postcolonial question: what language should the Irish speak?

Chinua Achebe discusses this issue in an African context in "The African Writer and the English Language;" however, his ideas can be applied equally to the Irish problem. By the time of Joyce's novels, English had replaced Irish as the dominant language in Ireland and, although he knew many languages, English was the first language of Joyce himself. Achebe argues that although British imperialism is not working in the interest of the native populations it seeks to colonize, and although the net effect is racism and subjectivity, the colonized can use the English language to their benefit. "There is certainly a great advantage to writing in a world language" (431), Achebe writes, "the real question is not whether Africans could write English but whether they ought to...for me there is no other choice. I have been given this language and I intend to use it" (434). By substituting "Africans" with "Irish," this could have as easily been written by Joyce himself. Similarly, in "The Occasion for Speaking," George Lamming states: "England

had acquired, somehow, the divine right to organize the native's reading, it is to be expected that England's export of literature would be English. Deliberately and exclusively English" (27).

In his essay, "Traveling with Joyce: Derek Walcott's Discrepant Cosmopolitan Modernism," Charles W. Pollard makes an argument in support of the English language as a means to a kind of literary globalism that allows the artist to transcend traditional confines of literary geography: "the artist must be both a father and a mother to the work of art. Stephen's vision of the artist is a self-authorizing figure who transcends the need for origins, the tracing of genealogies, or the imitation of literary predecessors" (206). Despite Cheng's recognition of the marginalization of Joyce's political ideology in support of canonical concerns of artistic innovation and the rejection of existing conventions that Pollard refers to, the more controversial issue is the idea of escaping origin. In other words, can Joyce be considered colonial; or postcolonial; or is he global, or "metropolitan," as Pollard suggests? Cheng argues that "Joyce is a 'true' colonial author and not a metropolitan writer—and it is important and necessary to study him as such" (96). Pollard's idea of a "global Joyce" centers on his works being written in English, but he doesn't remove from them the political importance of his reaction to British and Catholic imperialism.

Joyce received a colonial education and, to a large degree, owes the structure and content of his novels to this education. To take this further, we can consider Said's statement that "Partly because of empire, all cultures are involved in one another; none is single and pure, all are hybrid, heterogeneous, extraordinarily differentiated, and unmonolithic" (xxv). This is statement as much about modernity as postcoloniality, and Joyce, in fact, gives this statement its most comprehensive literary and artistic merit. If nothing else, *Finnigans Wake* speaks to this end. Joyce's dream-speak is the convergence of *all-time* and *all-culture*; it is both timeless and

cyclical, empires rise and fall with Vichian reliability. Similarly, *Ulysses* is a product of imperialism and speaks to it both directly and indirectly.

Notwithstanding the economic and power motives of the imperial governments, the subjects of this colonizing force hold romanticized, and often racist, notions of the colonized. To examine the cause of this mental construction, it is perhaps more important to look at literatures than at histories to understand the psychology of colonial thought. *Ulysses* begins creating colonial conditions with its title. *The Odyssey* is the quintessential adventure story of men fighting in exotic, far-off lands that they are trying to return from with exciting stories to tell. Telemachus, the son of Odysseus (Ulysses), is used as a model for Stephen, but his name is also used as the title of Joyce's first chapter. "Telemachus" translates literally to "far-away fighter." In the Telemachus Chapter of *Ulysses*, Stephen says, "It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked lookingglass of a servant" (6). Stephen is making a critical allusion to Oscar Wilde's argumentative dialogue, "The Decay of Lying." Wilde writes:

Paradox though it may seem—and paradoxes are always dangerous things—it is none the less true that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life... This interesting phenomenon... is usually attributed to the influence of literature on the imagination... He is Fact, occupied as Fact usually is, with trying to reproduce Fiction, and what we see in him is repeated on an extended scale throughout the whole of life.

(30-32).

By taking Wilde's assertion that "Life imitates art far more than Art imitates life" and applying it to a colonial situation (i.e. Ireland's subjection to the British rule), Joyce is making a very early postcolonial argument about cultural hegemony that Said discusses at length in *Culture and Imperialism*. Further, the influence of literature is a large factor motivating the authors of the

romanticized, exotic and oftentimes racist texts discussed in Said's earlier work, *Orientalism*. T.E. Lawrence, for example, was admittedly driven, at least in part, by this influence. "I was moved by curiosity," Lawrence writes, "*Superflumina Babylonis*, read as a boy, had left me longing to feel myself the node of a national movement" (p. 661). The idea of seeking adventure in exotic lands pervades postcolonial and "orientalist" literature and with a bit of ironic self-reflection it becomes evident that literature itself plays a crucial role in the promotion of this ideology. In *Ulysses*, Haines knowledge of the Irish language could suggest he was familiar with Gaelic literature, or perhaps it was the romanticizing of another foreign land that led to his ultimate disappointment that Ireland was not "Irish" enough. What is clear, however, is that certain conditions must be met in order for these ideologies to exist.

The problem of Joyce is further complicated precisely because he is a canonical author. Cheng writes that "by appropriating a white canonical author like Joyce to represent the colonial and postcolonial conditions...are we not replicating an imperialist paradigm by letting an already-dominant canonical author take up some of the scarce academic space allotted to native, ethnic, and postcolonial" writing (93). Cheng seemingly resolves this issue by claiming that while Joyce is "deservedly postcolonial," the academic community must be vigilant, and successful, in its efforts to ensure he does not replace "other native voices" (102). In effect, Joyce's success in acquiring such an esteemed and unshakeable position in the canon of English literature has not only served as a subterfuge to his legitimacy as a postcolonial writer.

In order to understand the influence of the Catholic Church as a power structure, it is important to understand the basis upon which Judeo-Christian dogma was built, which includes, but is no way limited to, its most crucial element—the principal hegemonic tools at its disposal, Heaven and Hell. To understand Stephen, we must understand his relationship to Heaven and

Hell, as well as the church's. It is a biblical concept; however, it also operates as a method of control, one that often serves the Roman Catholic empire, and by extension, the British, far more than it serves the Irish people. The origin of Hell is disputed among theologians, however, it exists in some form or another among nearly all Western religions. Popular Christian tradition maintains that the origin of Hell involves the fallen angel Lucifer, who through excess of pride was cast out of heaven. Often referred to in the New Testament as Satan, Lucifer's origin is somewhat ambiguous; however, it is generally believed that although vague allusions have been suggested in the Old and New Testament, the most detailed account of Lucifer and other fallen angels appear in poetic works ranging from the Homeric tradition to Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Through art, literature and tradition, many practitioners of Roman Catholicism, as well as Protestants, embraced the allegory as theological fact. Ostensibly, Lucifer and his band of fallen angels were rebels in an attempt to overthrow a kingship (or God, whom Stephen often refers to in *A Portrait* as, "His Majesty") that they felt treated them unfairly. The result of this failed revolution was eternal damnation and unimaginable terror. Humankind's origin in Judeo-Christian doctrine can be traced back to the Old Testament story of Adam and Eve, whom share a fate similar to Lucifer's, insofar as both have fallen from grace for transgressions against God, or "His Majesty," as Stephen occasionally addresses "Him." Adam and Eve were thrown out of the Garden of Eden for their inability to resist the temptation to eat from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. They were subsequently removed from their Arcadian paradise and forced to face the evils of the world, as well as the possibility of eternal damnation, for trying to be equals of God. If a colonial/postcolonial critic were to step back and examine these two "falls," which are fundamental to Judeo-Christian dogma, as literature, the signifiers of imperial agenda would be undeniable, both textually and extra-textually. In other words, if we accept Said's notion

regarding the direct relationship between knowledge and power, is it not interesting that God punishes those who seek knowledge? Is it not also interesting in a postcolonial context that an eternity of unimaginable horrors awaits all those who show any degree of dissent towards the “Lord of Lords,” or “King of Kings”? This, all pretending that it is fiction. The mere suggestion that it is indeed fiction would bring about this same end, eternal suffering. To speak of the Bible extra-textually then, it would seem like an unassailable method of control over a native population. It would also mean that whomever suggested such a thing was not only a heretic, but one of the worst order. In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, we see this method of control in excruciating detail with Joyce’s twenty-page description of Hell, delivered through the sermon of the preacher during the retreat that Stephen and his classmates attended. The preacher begins the ‘hell sermon’ with the origins discussed above:

Adam and Eve, my dear boys, were, as you know, our first parents and you will remember that they were created by God in order that the seats in heaven left vacant by the fall of Lucifer and his rebellious angels might be filled again. Lucifer, we are told, was a son of the morning, a radiant and mighty angel; yet he fell: he fell and there fell with him a third part of the host of heaven: he fell and was hurled with his rebellious angels into hell. What his sin was we cannot say. Theologians consider that it was the sin of pride, the sinful thought conceived in an instant: *non servium: I will not serve*. That instant was his ruin. He offended the majesty of God by the sinful thought of one instant and God cast him out of heaven into hell for ever. (126)

The theological principle that Stephen and his classmates, and all ardent adherents of Catholicism, are inculcated with herein is that rebellion against God is a crime punishable by banishment to “hell for ever.” While the idea of hell may seem abstract to most Judeo-Christian

practitioners, the Jesuit priest's explanation is elaborate and extensively horrific. To clarify what fortune holds for those who exhibit even "one instant" of rebellious thought, much less action, the priest distinguishes between the "physical torments" and the "spiritual torments" of hell. An excerpt of the "physical torments" reads as follows:

Hell is a straight and dark and foulsmelling prison, an abode of demons and lost souls, filled with fire and smoke. The straitness of this prisonhouse is expressly designed by God to punish those who refused to be bound by His laws. In earthly prisons the poor captive has at least some liberty of movement...Not so in hell. There by reason of the great number of the damned, the prisoners are heaped together in their awful prison, the walls of which are said to be four thousand miles thick: and the damned are so utterly bound and helpless that...they are not even able to remove from the eye a worm that gnaws on it...Consider then what must be the foulness of the air of hell. Imagine some foul and putrid corpse that has lain rotting and decomposing in the grave, a jellylike mass of liquid corruption. Imagine such a corpse a prey to flames, devoured by the fire of burning brimstone and giving off dense choking fumes of nauseous loathsome decomposition. And then imagine this sickening stench, multiplied a millionfold and a millionfold again from the millions upon millions of fetid carcasses massed together in the reeking darkness, a huge and rotting human fungus. Imagine all this and you will have some idea of the horror of the stench of hell. But this stench is not, horrible though it is, the greatest physical torment to which the damned are subjected. The torment of fire is the greatest torment which the tyrant has ever subjected his fellow creatures...but our earthly fire was created by God for the benefit of man...whereas the fire of hell is of

another quality and was created by God to torture and punish the unrepentant sinner.

(128-130)

While the physical description of hell continues at length, the “spiritual torments” eclipse the physical agonies described above:

Now of all these spiritual pains by far the greatest is the pain of loss, so great, in fact, that in itself it is a torment grater than all the others...God, remember, is a being infinitely good and therefore the loss of such a being must be a loss infinitely painful...to feel the anguise of that separation, knowing full well that it is unchangeable, this is the greatest torment which the created soul is capable of bearing, poena damni, the pain of loss...the second pain which will afflict the souls of the damned in hell is the pain of conscience. Just as in dead bodies worms are engendered by putrefaction so in the souls of the lost there arises a perpetual remorse from the putrefaction of sin, the sting of conscience...they will behold their sins in all their foulness and repret but it will be too late and then they will bewail the good occasions which they neglected...You implore now a moment of earthly life wherein to repent: in vain. That time is gone: gone for ever...The next spiritual pain to which the damned are subjected to is the pain of extension...For while they are of terrible intensity they are at the same time of continual variety, each pain, so to speak, taking fire from another and reendowing that which has enkindled it with a still fiercer flame....Boundless extension of torment, incredible intensity of suffering, unceasing variety of torture—this is what the divine majesty, so outraged by sinners, demands...Last and crowing torture of all the tortures of that awful place is the eternity of hell...Eternity! What mind of man can understand it?...at the end of that immense stretch of time not even one instant of eternity could be said to have

ended. At the end of all those billions and trillions of years eternity would have scarcely begun...Ever to be in hell, never to be in heaven...ever to be eaten with flames, gnawed by vermin, goaded with burning spikes, never to be free from those pains; ever to have the conscience ubraid one, the memory enrage, the mind filled with darkness and despair, never to escape, ever to curse and revile the foul demons who gloat fiendishly over the misery of their dupes...ever to cry out of the abyss of fire to God for an instant, a single instant, of respite from such awful agony, never to receive, even for an instant, God's pardon; ever to suffer...An eternity of endless agony, of endless bodily and spiritual torment, without one ray of hope, without one moment of cessation...Such is the terrible punishment decreed for those who die in mortal sin by an almighty and a just God. (137-144)

Joyce's tremendously extensive description of hell, one uninterrupted passage that encompasses nearly one-tenth of the novel, is a poignant representation of the psychological weaponry employed by the church in order to instill obedience in its followers, the servants of the church. Certainly in the pages that follow we see the powerful psychological impact that this event has on Stephen as he undergoes the "mortification of the senses," his attempt to repent for his sexual encounters with women and his lascivious thoughts after descending into near madness after having heard the priest's sermon on hell and being determined this punishment was postmarked and in the mail, if it hadn't been delivered already.

Stephen, already intermittently plagued with religious guilt, has now fallen into near psychotic fear as the hell sermon rails against his conscience. That evening he awakes from a nightmare, throws the blankets aside in a rush to uncover his face and thinks via his narrative self, "That was his hell. God had allowed him to see the hell reserved for his sins: stinking,

bestial, malignant, a hell of lecherous goatish fiends. For him! For him!” (149). As Stephen slips deeper towards catatonia and intense religious doom and despair, it is important to remember that his condition cannot be dismissed as simple paranoia, baseless as the intricacies of piety may seem to nonbelievers, it is nevertheless a real and genuine fear—a terror—for Stephen, as at this point, the highest authority to which he bears allegiance has informed him that his natural tendencies, however innocuous they may outwardly be perceived to be, are nevertheless in his consciousness and, perhaps more importantly, in the consciousness of his peers, very real, and the ordinance for his sins was decreed in no subtle terms to be an eternity of unimaginable horror, unless he repented for his sins and suppressed his carnal impulses. Consequently, Stephen confesses his sins to the priest, who informs him, “As long as you commit that sin, my poor child, you will never be worth one farthing to God...And you will promise God now that by His holy grace you will never offend Him any more by that wicked sin. You will make that solemn promise to God, will you not” (156-157)? Stephen dutifully acquiesces and an enormous weight is very quickly lifted from his soul. Having confessed his sins, he escaped his terrible eternal fate, so long as he fulfilled his commitment to abstain from “impurity.” This evening, Stephen is at peace: “It would be beautiful to die if God so willed. It was beautiful to live if God so willed, to live in grace a life of peace and virtue and forbearance with others” (157). In an attempt to gain control over his sexual impulses, Stephen began a rigid program of abstinence of all pleasure and comfort, his “mortification of the senses.”

Under the strict discipline, he “made it his rule to walk in the street with downcast eyes...his eyes shunned every encounter with the eyes of women” (162-163), he found in terms of his sense of smell that “the only odour against which his sense of smell revolted was a certain stale fishy stink like that of a longstanding urine: and whenever it was possible he subjected

himself to this unpleasant odour” (163). He was most ingenious with “the mortification of touch,” sitting in “the most uncomfortable positions,” staying in the coldest corners of the room and trying at all times to remain physically uncomfortable in penance for his sins and in an effort to prevent him from being overtaken by emotions and impulses for which he already held a proclivity. The effort to overcome this most basic human impulse had begun to consume Stephen’s life. He is very effectively indoctrinated as a subject of the Roman Catholic Church, having surrendered not simply his freedom of expression, but also his freedom of thought—an incarceration more limiting, and potentially more psychologically damaging, than the confines of a prison cell.

Ultimately, what we have in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, at least in large part, is Joyce’s indictment of the Roman Catholic Church as an imperial force that prevents Irish freedom: freedom from Britain, freedom of thought and experience, and to freedom from religion itself. The Church’s dialectical relationship with the state did not begin and end with the Parnell incident; however, it is a fine representative example of its authority and its tendency to work more towards British aims than Irish ones. The motives of the clergy in denouncing Parnell, were it not simply the righteousness they claimed it to be, is largely speculative. Historically speaking, however, the most likely motive is power and wealth. In terms of governance, certainly the Roman Catholic Church resembles much more closely the British Empire than occupied Ireland. Indeed, the antithesis is more accurate—the British Crown would be more likely modeled after the Roman Catholic Church—and perhaps more importantly, they had for centuries marched hand in hand with the same aim, with mirrored justification and motivation, and an alarmingly similar power structure, across the globe to build an empire. With this in mind, it seems entirely reasonable that the Church wasn’t immediately ready, despite the

Protestant Reformation of England (and very possibly because of it), to relinquish its power to a protestant man already affectionately referred to as “the uncrowned king of Ireland.” The relationship between church and state is clearly not unique to the Irish problem, but the extremity of their influence upon one another is worth noting.

Roman Catholic tyranny not only undermined nineteenth and early twentieth century movements for Irish independence from Britain, it also stifled social and artistic freedoms that would aid in the creation of a national identity apart from that of Rome and Britain. Most obviously, perhaps, in terms of the control of knowledge, the Church’s influence on Ireland banned the books of its most famed author, who had devoted his life to writing about his country and the search for national and personal identity. “To his Irish countrymen,” Richard Ellmann writes of Joyce, “he is still obscene and very likely mad; they were the last of nations to lift the ban on *Ulysses*,” even England had legalized the book prior to Ireland, which gives further justification for Stephen’s declaration to Cranly that he would be leaving Ireland: “I will not serve that in which I no longer believe whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use—silence, exile, and cunning” (*Portrait* 268-269). Without any trace of ambivalence and with complete conviction in his young mind, Stephen has decided that he cannot function as an artist in Ireland and that he, therefore, must leave. After explaining to Cranly that he refuses to take communion, Cranly asks him if he fears “that the God of the Roman catholics would strike [him] dead and damn [him],” Stephen replies, “I fear more than that the chemical action which would be set up in my soul by a false homage to a symbol behind which are massed twenty centuries of authority and veration” (264-265). Clearly Stephen has come to resent with firm resolve the religion that he feels has

done so much harm to his country and to himself; however, he does not turn his allegiance from one empire to another. Cranly asks Stephen, “Then, you do not intend to become a protestant?” to which Stephen answers, “I said I had lost the faith...but not that I had lost self respect. What kind of liberation would that be to forsake an absurdity which is logical and coherent and to embrace one which is illogical and incoherent” (265). The use of the word “liberation” is important to understanding the immensely constrictive and damaging impact that Catholicism has had on Stephen. Equally important is the admittance, “I lost my faith,” insofar as it relates to Stephen’s liberation. In essence, he was liberated from a faulty conscience for betraying a power structure that he, along with a large number of his compatriots, had for a long time willingly allowed to control both his decisions and his emotional reactions to those decisions, which were at times so strong as to produce temporary physical and mental illness, which is to say nothing of the authoritarian governing apparatus of the Church as organization, which often used humiliation as means of exerting power and control. Consider, for example, Mr. Gleeson’s, Father Arnall’s, and Father Dolan’s penchant for flogging students its direct correlation to subjugation and colonial or penal authoritarianism:

-What is going to be done to them?

-Simon Moonan and Tusker are going to be flogged, Athy said, and the fellows in the higher line got their choice of flogging or being expelled.

-And which are they taking? Asked the fellow who had spoken first.

-All are taking expulsion except Corrigan, Anthony answered. He’s going to be flogged by Mr. Gleeson.

-Is it Corrigan that big fellow? Said Fleming. Why he’d be able for two of Gleeson!

-I know why, Cecil Thunder said. He is right and the other fellows are wrong because a flogging wears off after a bit but a fellow that has been expelled from college is known all his life on account of it.

(44)

The boys accept the power structure as second nature, fearfully showing very little resistance, some clearly fearful enough to accept expulsion as an alternative to the corporal punishment they'd been promised. After being excused from his writing lesson for breaking his glasses, a fragile young Stephen is given a flogging he neither understands nor deserves:

-Why is he not writing, Father Arnall?

-He broke his glasses, said Father Arnall, and I exempted him from work.

-Broke? What is this I hear? What is this your name is? Said the prefect of studies.

-Dedalus, Sir.

-Out here, Dedalus. Lazy little schemer. I see schemer in your face. Where did you break your glasses?

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

-Where did you break your glasses? Repeated the prefect of studies.

-The cinderpath, sir.

-Hoho! The cinderpath! Cried the prefect of studies. I know that trick....Lazy idle little loafer! Cried the prefect of studies. Broke my glasses! An idle schoolboy trick! Out with your hand this moment!

Stephen closed his eyes and held out in the air his trembling hand with the palm upwards. He felt the prefect of studies touch it for a moment at the fingers to straighten it and then the swish of the sleeve of the soutane as the pandybat was lifted to strike. A hot burning

stinging tingling blow like the loud crack of a broken stick made his trembling hand crumple together like a leaf in the fire: and at the sound and pain scalding tears were driven into his eyes...A cry sprang to his lips, a prayer to be let off. But though the tears scalded his eyes and his limbs quivered with pain and fright he held back the hot tears and the cry that scalded his throat.

-Other hand! Shouted the prefect of studies.

...

-Kneel down! Cried the prefect of studies.

Stephen knelt down quickly pressing his beaten hands to his sides...And as he knelt, calming the last sobs in his throat and feeling the burning tingling pain pressed in to his sides, he thought of the hands which he had held out in the air with the palms up and of the firm touch of the prefect of studies when he had steadied the shaking fingers and of the beaten swollen reddened mass of palm and fingers that shook helplessly in the air.

-Get at your work, all of you, cried the prefect of studies at the door. Father Dolan will be in every day to see if any boy, any lazy idle little loafer wants flogging. Every day. Every day.

(257-8)

Stephen's alienation and humiliation are only compounded. After working up the courage to speak with the Dean of Studies about the issue, the Dean assures him he will set the matter straight and is then betrayed by both the Dean and his own father as they laugh about his misfortune. If there is an ambivalence, it is certainly not regarding oppression. Quite the opposite, Stephen concludes he must leave these confining power structures in order to achieve liberation and to spread the wings that were his namesake: "to forge in the smith of my soul," he

writes, “the uncreated conscience of my race” (276). He is, in other words, abandoning allegiance to everything save his art. In so doing, he hopes to create a new conscience, one that is not dictated by the English or the Roman Catholic Church.

If *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is an indictment against the Catholic Church, then it is also an indictment against the Irish themselves for having capitulated to the demands and denunciations of their colonial oppressors: Britain and the Roman Catholic Church. More than anything else, however, it is an announcement of a more complex, but less limiting, future. It is the promise of modernity arising from the ashes of an alienated past, a past that could not be revived because it could not be remembered in any pure form. It is the answer to the postcolonial question of “what now?” Joyce’s answer seems to be: move onward, using all the tools at his disposal to create a new conscience and identity.

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