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Dostoevsky and Joyce Write the Transcendent Soul: "the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new souring impalpable imperishable being" (*Portrait* 169).

by

Diana Pranger, B.A. Honours

A thesis submitted to
the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research
in partial fulfilment of
the requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts

Carleton University
Ottawa, Ontario
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Chair

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'C. MacFarlane', written over a horizontal line.

Department

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Thesis Supervisor

CARLETON UNIVERSITY
September 15, 2000

Abstract

This study will centre on the question of how the writers Fyodor Dostoevsky and James Joyce write the soul in their respective novels, *Crime and Punishment* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. The attempt to write the soul is an endeavour that aligns these two highly respected novelists with mystical writers from the past and present. By way of an in-depth analysis of the artistic use of silence, punctuation, internal dialogue and natural imagery, it will be shown that both authors respect the elusive and paradoxical nature of the transcendent soul of individuals and nations, while simultaneously fulfilling the artist's need to constantly express the experiences of reality.

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Introduction

Language Fails

I see without sight, I understand without intelligence, I feel without feeling, I taste without taste; I know neither shape nor dimension, yet without seeing I see so divine a preparation that all words concerning perfection, cleanness or purity which I uttered before now seem to me to be naught but mockery and fable in comparison with this truth and honesty. The sun which had appeared bright to me before now seems dark. That which seemed sweet now seems bitter, because all sweetness and beauty become spoilt and corrupt by contact with creatures. Afterwards, when the creature is purged, purified, and transformed in God, then is seen that which is pure and true; and this vision which strictly speaking is not seen, and neither be thought nor spoken of.

(Saint Catherine of Genoa, Reinhold 362)

It could be said that for many mystics, the term 'mystical writing' is an oxymoron. As the above quotation eloquently points out, there is an inability for a person inclined towards "the mysterious ways of spiritual life" (*Portrait* 223) to rely on language to communicate an understanding of things transcendental. In the category of the transcendent one comes into contact with such states or beings as God, love, existence, the soul, etc. These things are understood by the mystics to be a part of, and yet beyond human reality and therefore

uncontainable in its language, for mystics “have always declared, implicitly or explicitly, their distrust in these modes of communication” (Underhill 22). At the same time, language, both vocal and written, is considered the most effective form of communication despite its limitations. In this relationship between language and the reality from which the mysterious ways of the universe can not be extracted a paradox is formed. It is to this paradox that the mystical writer dedicates his or her work, to write the transcendent while remaining constantly aware of its intrinsically ineffable nature.

Evelyn Underhill states in her work entitled *Mysticism* that the central concern of the mystic lies “not in logic but in life” (24). To be a mystical writer, one must step beyond the need to understand concretely the world in terms of order and logic. The experience of life is not dictated by simple binaries of right or wrong, black or white, but is instead viewed as a rhythmic oscillation which is sometimes calm, sometimes chaotic. It is the soul of the individual that travels on this oscillating path as it is connected to the human experience of the world while at the same time remaining separate, *beyond*, it. For Fyodor Dostoevsky and James Joyce, two thinkers and novelists concerned with the mystical state of the soul, the limitation of words is something with which both must contend. As artists they must grapple with the need to express their individual understanding of reality and life in their art.

The results of these artists’ interaction with such notions as the soul, the individual, language, and reality are seen in Joyce’s *A Portrait of the Artist as a*

Young Man and Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. In these two novels we have exhibited two artists' attempts to create when "[l]ife has taken the place of logic and something quite different must be worked out" (*Crime and Punishment* 464). In fact, in the attempt transcendental language may necessarily lie beyond the constraints of logic (Sells 3-4). How Joyce and Dostoevsky write the soul is the focus of the following thesis.

Chapter One will discuss mystical writing in general with specific reference to Michael Sells' presentation of the language of 'unsaying'. Using diary entries and letters written by Dostoevsky and Joyce, the scene will be set for an in-depth analysis of how the condition of the soul, and how to express that soul, are major concerns for both writers. Chapter Two is dedicated to how Joyce and Dostoevsky specifically write the soul. The way in which the authors make use of such elements as silence, internal dialogue, punctuation, and recurring images in their novels is the major thread of this chapter. Some comment is also made on how these elements, because of their illogical and elusive nature, are thoroughly agreeable to a mystical writer who longs to write "an inner world of individual emotions mirrored in perfectly lucid supple periodic prose" (*Portrait* 167). Chapter Three, while putting Joyce and Dostoevsky into historical context in their respective countries and cultures, will address the issue of the chaotic and close-knit relationship of religion and politics in Russia and Ireland. It will be suggested, again based on personal and critical writings by both men, that they desire to write the soul of their nations. The souls of

Russia and Ireland lie in as much a precarious state as the souls of Raskolnikov and Stephen. Dostoevsky's paradoxical idea of the self-sacrificing Russian and Joyce's oscillating understanding of the soul of Ireland remain ambiguous as mystical and illogical language is used to represent the soul of a nation.

Chapter One: Joyce, Dostoevsky and the Transcendent Soul

Stephen Dedalus, priestly poet, sinner saint, tells his soon to be discarded friend Lynch that “[t]o speak of [beautiful] things and to try to understand their nature and, having understood it, to try to slowly and humbly and constantly to express, to press out again, from the gross earth or what it brings forth, from sound and shape and colour which are the prison gates of our soul, an image of the beauty we have come to understand - that is art” (*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* 206). This compelling assertion points to three intriguing issues for those interested in the subject of the writer of literature as an artist. First it points out that artists have a desire to present a view, or understanding of reality. Second, Stephen proposes that what is pivotal to any understanding of life and reality is not the experience of the senses but of the human soul. Third, it alerts us to the problematic position in which the human soul desiring expression finds itself. While art invariably contains a combination of ‘sound’, ‘shape’, and ‘colour,’ Stephen notes that these elements, though necessarily helpful, are also limiting. The soul is something *beyond* the reality of the senses, beyond words, and yet these are the means by which the soul is understood and expressed. This is where the mystery and the paradox of the artistic endeavour begin.

Fyodor Dostoevsky and James Joyce are two novelists concerned with the soul of human beings. More so, they commit themselves to the exploration of how one is able, *if* one is able, to express the conditions of a soul. Dostoevsky

advises his contemporaries to follow the “precious rule that an uttered word is silver and the unuttered one is gold” (*Diary* v.1 98). In a short treatise, “A portrait of the Artist”, which sketches the beginnings of a character who would soon mature into Stephen Dedalus, Joyce describes the young artist as speaking “in words that seemed an echo of their closing” (*PAYM: Facsimile* 101). Both of these statements hold within them a precarious and oppositional relationship with which the literary artist must contend. How can a word be a word if it is unuttered? What form would or could this unuttered word take? How can a word be a beginning and an ending, to close on itself just as it is being released? What both these novelist are drawing attention to is the difficulty of writing the soul, of trying to describe something abstract with what would appear to be concrete (i.e. words). This is the paradox of writing at which Dostoevsky and Joyce excel: that of contemplating and presenting the complexities of the soul by way of a complex, yet mysteriously comprehensible, artistic form, the novel. Through Joyce’s *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Dostoevsky’s *Crime and Punishment* and their respective literary musings I will centre in on the characterization of each novel’s ‘hero’. As each author’s use of words (language) and images are made apparent and further investigated an understanding of the art of writing the soul will be gained.

The Novel and the “real world” (*Portrait* 92)

How does an artist choose a genre by which to present an understanding of life? It may be a simple answer in that Joyce could not paint nor could

Dostoevsky sculpt. Yet perhaps the genre is chosen more by how conducive it is to the comment an artist wants to make on life. This would explain Joyce's defence of his novel *Ulysses* to those who asked for one:

explain to him the method (or methods) of madness but these methods are so manifold, varying as they do from one hour of the day to another, from one organ of the body to another, from episode to episode, that [...] I could not attempt to reply [...]. The elements needed will only fuse after prolonged existence together. I confess that it is an extremely tiresome book but it is the only book which I am able to write at present.

(*Letters*, ed. Gilbert 128-29)

The novel, unlike a poem or a painting which typically deal with moments, allows the artist to move within a larger time frame in which characters and societies can be developed, analysed, and presented. The next question would then be with what kind of life, what extent of reality, is the novelist going to concern him/herself?

One major element which separates the novel from other genres is its capacity to contain a plot. Granted, dramas have this capability as well, yet I would not necessarily separate the two in terms of the desired aim of both to make a comment on the intricacies and complexities of life. Joyce considers drama as:

the interplay of passions to portray truth; drama is strife, evolution, movement in whatever way unfolded; it exists, before it takes form, independently; it is conditioned but not controlled by its scene.[...] However subdued the tone of passions may be, however ordered the action or commonplace the diction, if a play or a work of music or a picture presents the everlasting hopes, desires and hates of us, or deals with a symbolic presentment of our widely related nature, albeit a phase of that nature, then it is drama. (*The Critical Writings of James Joyce*, "Drama and Life" 41)

In terms of the plot of drama present in the literary novel, Joyce brings to the foreground important issues. A novel, if it is to be concerned with life, deals with 'movement,' a change from one position to another, be it progressive or regressive. At the same time Joyce stresses that while drama must have physical elements of language, props, physical nature, and sensory observations, there is something beyond these elements that motivate the dramatics, the life, of the novel. This is highlighted by Joyce's use of the words 'everlasting,' which means that the passions of human life are beyond our finite time, and the word 'independently' which means that these passions belong to something stronger than the physical realm. This is emphasized in a life altering moment as Stephen has his first encounter with a prostitute. "[H]is lips parted though they would not speak" (*Portrait* 101), and though the vocal words elude him, those same lips become "the vehicle of a vague speech, and between them

he felt an unknown and timid pressure, darker than the swoon of sin, softer than sound or odour”(101). Instead of exchanging words that are given and received by way of the senses, an impression of feeling and desire is expressed as Stephen’s soul is more affected than his body. This makes the true action of the drama, the novel, not external but internal.

The novel began its rise of importance as an artistic form in the eighteenth century. One could make the argument that history and the novel are very closely connected. John Orr (12) and Michael Bell (2) both make note of the simultaneous rise of the novel with an expanding middle class, ‘bourgeois’, society. As an art form the novel was mainly dedicated and praised for its capacity to present ‘real’ life. This does not mean that the novels of the time were simply commentaries on the physical world in which they were to take place. Readers expect the reality of the world in which they are a part reflected in a novel. In the interaction and the attempt to understand this artistically presented reality they try to understand their own world (Danow 5; also Bell 8-9). There was a necessity for the novel to be ‘true,’ to be realistic, and this realism demanded a true representation of the sentiments of its characters. “[I]n the moral seriousness of the nineteenth-century novel do we find the essential basis of realism” (Orr 12). Michael Bell describes this even further in his analysis of the novel entitled *The Sentiment of Reality* (a phrase taken from Thackeray): “[T]he sentiment of reality points to the unescapable tension underlying all realist fiction; the narrative is designed to affect the reader’s moral sensibility yet

should be a truthful, unmanipulative representation of reality" (1). Subjects such as the morality (the choice between right and wrong), the sentiments, and the desires of an individual and society are inseparable from the realistic plot of the novel and have become an integral part of its tradition (Bell 4-6, 117).

The difference in the novels of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century and those written by Dostoevsky and Joyce lies in the condition of the soul. For writers such as Sterne (*A Sentimental Journey*) or Richardson (*Pamela*) the moral code, by which feeling was expressed, was very much determined by societal acceptance of the Christian religion. What was good for the soul, what saved it or damned it, was understood and upheld by society. The novel, while reflecting the tension between good and evil, had to answer to strict guidelines as to the development of the soul of its characters. For those writing after societal adherence to religion began to be questioned, the state of the soul, the question of its very existence and therefore its representation, was surrounded by "a multitude of cloudy circumstances" (*Portrait* 217). Nevertheless, literary artists such as Goethe, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky and Joyce (Orr 4, Bell 111-113) have continued in the attempt to present the soul in literature. What has changed for them is the fact that now that the "moral solution of the question" (*Crime and Punishment* 60) is no longer strictly dictated "[t]he overall effect is that the twin questions of literal veracity and emotional sincerity are raised but seem to be raised for the express purpose of leaving them open" (Bell 117).

Already noted has been Joyce's realization that there is something in life, in drama, that is beyond the physical experience of this world. It is this 'beyondness' that motivates his writings. Yet the question still remains, if the soul is indeed 'open' and 'beyond', how does the artist present this? There are many choices to make and it is on the matter of these choices that literary artists are evaluated. Bakhtin makes one such criticism of the novels of Dostoevsky.¹ While correctly praising Dostoevsky as a novelist who "perceives and represents every thought as the position of a personality" (*Problems* 7) Bakhtin does not fully give Dostoevsky the credit he deserves as the author of novels and the creator of characters that have an identity.

The problem of Bakhtin's critique of Dostoevsky is that Bakhtin examines the 'heroes' of his novels as closed individuals. The characters have a fixed, a static, personality. Bakhtin in fact praises Dostoevsky for his ability to write characters who are so strong as to render them completely separate from the author/creator. In this view the hero, such as Raskolnikov, or Joyce's Stephen, becomes free individuals and thereby begins to decide his own fate (*Problems* 4-5, 41, 62). This is what Bakhtin describes as the 'polyphonic novel,' which he attributes to Dostoevsky. I am the last to take praise away from Dostoevsky, yet here I would redirect it. Like Bakhtin I would say that Dostoevsky is "a great artist

1. Bakhtin's critique of Dostoevsky is just as valid in a discussion of Joyce's novels of which, though I disagree with much of his argument, M. Keith Booker makes note of in the pairing of the two in his book entitled *Joyce, Bakhtin, and the Literary Tradition*.

of the idea [...while being] reminded that the image of the idea is inseparable from the image of the person, the carrier of that idea" (68). Bakhtin uses this point to emphasize the strength of the character, but I would use it instead to stress the creative strength of Dostoevsky to write the soul of the individual. Insofar as it is impossible to separate the ideas of the character from the character it is equally futile to separate the created identity from the author/creator. This is not to say that Raskolnikov is Dostoevsky or that Stephen is Joyce, but rather that these characters are an expression of aspects of the conscious, and most likely unconscious, of the novelists. Hence the artistic choices made by the author are of the utmost necessity in the creation of any character who is an expression of the soul.

"A thought, drawn into an event, itself becomes part of the event and takes on the peculiar character of an 'idea -feeling' or 'idea-force' which creates the inimitable uniqueness of the 'idea' in Dostoevsky's creative world" (Bakhtin, *Problems* 7). On this point I would have to agree with Bakhtin, but with a different understanding of the consciousness of Dostoevsky and his characters. The creator of a realistic novel must necessarily contend with the influence of the outside, empirical word. At the same time the main preoccupation should be to present how that world is taken into, affected and influenced by what Bakhtin would call the conscious but what I would describe as the soul of the character. The above quotation is once again too closed as an explanation. In it there is only one thought, one event, one idea. Joyce warns that "it is this doctrine of

idealism [(of good vs. bad, black vs. white, out vs. in)] in art which has in notable instances disfigured manful endeavour, and has also fostered a babyish instinct to dive under the blankets at the mention of the bogey of realism" (*Critical Writings*, "Drama and Life" 45). The realism of identity, of the soul, is fluid, messy, and complex with a "resistance to conscious articulation" (Bell 125). There is no one, perfect reality. "[T]here is no such reality [as is], never has been because, to man, the substance of things is inaccessible, while he apperceives nature as it reflects itself in his idea after having passed through his senses. This is why one should give more leeway to the idea without fearing the ideal.[...]The ideal, indeed, is also a reality as legitimate as current reality [...], these themes (almost fantastic) are as real and as necessary to art and man as current reality" (Dostoevsky *Diary* v.1 83). Dostoevsky's ideal is not a matter of perfection as much as it is the striving towards knowledge and expression of the reality of the soul. Where the true artistry of Dostoevsky and Joyce lies is in the representation of the 'beyondness' (the 'fantastic') of the soul. These two artists' heroes are not "foreign" (Bakhtin, *Problems* 9) entities created by the novelist but are realistic comments on both authors' understanding, be it correct or incorrect, of a soul-filled identity. The soul is not simply 'foreign' because it is inside the individual and at the same time larger than the individual. Therein lies the paradox of the soul, being part of the realistic, empirical world and yet transcending it. The attempt to express that which is beyond the expressible (not being contained by language and yet using and influencing it) is what drives the

artistic endeavour of Joyce and Dostoevsky.

Expressing the Inexpressible

Bakhtin states of Dostoevsky's hero that "we do not see him, we hear him" (*Problems* 43). Once again this view is too simplistic, especially considering that we are discussing an artist who put more value in the unuttered word than the uttered. What makes Dostoevsky and Joyce such accomplished novelists is their ability to write the soul, the "organ of man's spiritual consciousness" (Underhill 54). Dostoevsky proclaims in a letter to his brother that "[l]ife is everywhere; life is in us, and not in the world outside us" (Catteau 117). If existence and the soul, two elusive and yet pressing conceptions that have intrigued humans for centuries, are so complex as to be in and out and around us at the same time and, by what would appear to be their very nature, contradict themselves, how are they expressible? Already we have discussed the need artists feel to portray the ineffable soul as the essential element of reality; that "[t]he personal reality that subsists in the gaps between our more conscious moments is the ultimate domain of authenticity" (Bell 125). It is to the preoccupation of humans to attempt the writing of the soul, of existence, and even God, that we will now turn our discussion.

According to Michael Sells in his thought-provoking book on the *Mystical Languages of Unsayings* there are three possible responses to the attempt to express the elusive, or, in other words, the paradox of naming that which is beyond noumenal naming (what Sells terms as *aporia*, 2). The first possible

response is silence; the second is realizing that there are two naming sources, the human/earthly naming and also God/other-worldly naming; the third is realizing that there is no way around the “dilemma” which leads, as Sells puts it, “to a new mode of discourse, the discourse of ‘unsaying’” (*apophasis*, 2). While Sells primarily discusses mystical religious writings, his observations are of great use for us. The topics of existence, God, love are of the same category as the soul in that they are contradictory, paradoxical phenomena. To paraphrase Sells, each of the just stated ‘conceptions’ (for lack of a better word) are left in a paradox of stating its being in the very act of asserting its non-being. The soul, which contains more within it than such terms as ‘psyche’ or ‘personality’, achieves its fulfilment in the moment it goes “beyond itself” (Underhill 360; also Reed 119). Comparable is an ontological argument as put forward by St. Anselm or Descartes which states that the very conception of a perfect and transcendent being demands the understanding that perfection includes existence. The soul ultimately achieves union, perfection, when it becomes a non-thing. Sells examines the writings of other mystical writers who go so far as to say that in the term God, and other transcendent beings and states of being, are included existence and non-existence. God, and the soul, are beyond existence and are therefore “nothing or no-thing” (Sells 7). Yet, in becoming a ‘no-thing’ it becomes, and therefore exists, as something ‘else’. What this ‘else’ is exactly is completely ambiguous and therefore terribly difficult to prove or disprove, just as the ontological arguments of St. Anselm and Descartes

continue to be debated. To express this we must use the 'mystical language of unsaying', which, just as God and existence contradict themselves, asserts its saying in its unsaying— it, like the soul, becomes something that is both beyond and something that is inextricable contained within (see Sells 7). This is Sells' choice number three, the practice of using a language that is as complex and paradoxical as that which it is trying to express.

What this new language is most often trying to express is some knowledge of or insight into a soul, the conscious and, perhaps more importantly, the mysterious unconscious of an individual. This knowledge is bound up in a paradoxical state (or what Sells may classify as the dilemma of existence) and once a person becomes aware of this state of 'beyondness', he or she achieves "mystical union" (7). What evokes this knowledge is a "meaning event" in which the subject's (the soul's) "essence is identical with existence, but such identity is not only asserted, it is performed" (Sells 9). What produces such a moment in which a person's existence is both questioned and asserted can be any number of things. Sells proposes that in "apophatic mystical texts, there is indeed a sense of the extraordinary, but the extraordinary, the transcendent, the unimaginable, reveals itself as the common" (7). This is what makes this language of 'unsaying' so relevant to the novels of Dostoevsky and Joyce, for they deal so frequently with the everyday as well as the mystical. The phenomenal and the noumenal are bound together and are inseparable from their conception of reality.

Dostoevsky, Joyce, and the Soul

Before embarking on a discussion of how these mystical writers and authors such as Dostoevsky and Joyce write the soul, it is first necessary to establish that the soul of a character is of primary importance in the art of these two novelists. The simple fact that the word 'soul' occurs 202 times in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (Smith 256), second only to the word 'God' (228 times) (Smith 246), should make any reader mindful of its importance. How either author would define the soul is not a question, I believe, is answerable. In fact it is the very abstractness of the soul, how it seems to avoid any strict definition and yet has been a wide-spread preoccupation in the history of the world, that makes it so intriguing and worthy of consideration for these artists and us. At the present time I will go only so far as to re-state that the soul of a person can be aligned with the personality, the identity, of that person. His or her soul is that which motivates desires, not as in base desires as in the ones for survival, but the desire to love, be loved, to be drawn by beauty, repulsed and yet intrigued by the ugly and disturbing, etc. The soul is not static but is constantly being influenced and is influencing the souls of others. Those that do not recognize this "do not like the living process of life: they have no use for the *living soul*. The living soul demands life, the living soul will not submit to the mechanism, the living soul must be regarded with suspicion, the living soul is reactionary" (*Crime and Punishment* 217). At the same time, many may argue that there is an aspect to the soul that is unchanging, that there is an inextricable

essence to a person, what makes a person her or him and no other. Once again we have the soul facing a paradox of being unchanging and yet fluent or malleable. In each musing on the soul though, it becomes apparent that the soul is just as important to the experience of reality by a human as any sensory experience of reality.

For Dostoevsky and Joyce, the soul, that which constitutes the identity of a person, is the most real element in human experience. To venture towards understanding the soul, to examine its intricacies, is what Dostoevsky concludes to be the main undertaking for any spiritually minded individual, anyone interested in things beyond the corporeal. "There are unexpressed, unconscious ideas which are merely strongly felt. There are many such ideas and they are, as it were, fused with the soul of man. They also exist in a nation at large, and in mankind taken as a whole. In endeavouring to interpret these concealed ideas consists the whole energy of the existence of the people" (*Diary* v. 1, 14). Not for a moment does Dostoevsky consider this endeavour as being simple. Quite the contrary is true (*Diary* v.1, 2). The complexity of the soul can often drive one in many directions. It is often messy and unclear. The artist may feel the need to present a socially accepted view of reality, one contrived to make life neat and orderly when it is anything but. Dostoevsky urges his fellow artists to set free the "images which, of their own accord, are evoked from his soul" (*Diary* v.1, 80). Here again we are presented with the view that the soul is something greater, something beyond, a strictly empirical reality.

Similarly, Joyce professes in one of his letters that he “ shall try [him]self against the powers of the world. All things are inconstant except the faith of the soul, which changes all things and fills their inconstancy with light” (*Letters* Gilbert ed., 53). Joyce believes his soul to be stronger than the world. In other words, one could say that by its very power of influence the soul, while still a part of human existence, is beyond the power of the world. What is most striking in Joyce’s discussions on the soul is how he distinctly connects it with mystical spirituality. Before writing *Portrait* Joyce wrote a short collection of spontaneous moments of conversation, dreams and events which he entitled *Epiphanies*. These moments were thought to contain within them some miraculous and mystical knowledge, to the point of almost being a religious moment. Then there is what could be described as a miraculous moment of understanding for the ‘pre-mature Stephen’:

His heaven was suddenly illuminated by a horde of stars, the signature of all nature, the soul remembering ancient days. Like an alchemist he bent upon his handiwork, bringing together the mysterious elements, separating the subtle from the gross. For the artist the rhythms of phrase and period, the symbols of word and allusion, were paramount things. And was it any wonder that of this marvellous life, wherein he had annihilated and rebuilt experience, laboured and despaired, he came forth at last with a simple purpose— to reunite the children of the spirit, jealous and long-

divided, to reunite them against fraud and principality. A thousand eternities were to be reaffirmed, divine knowledge was to be re-established (*PAYM: Facsimile 101*).

This excerpt is filled with mysterious opposites and yet this is what drives the artist. The soul is beyond time, beyond the constraints on the body, and it is the soul that produces his art.

One could even go so far as to state that the soul is the inspiration for the writings of these two men. This is perhaps best illustrated by the words of Joyce. In his notes for his *Epiphanies* Joyce has a set of three joined moments together in succession. The first section has a large portion reproduced in the final version of *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man*. In the version in *Epiphanies* he writes of the 'she' with no name (*Facsimile 48*). In the version in *Portrait* the she becomes the "soul [who] seemed to answer with the same inaudible voice, surrendering herself" (152) (this should immediately bring to mind the 'unsaying' language proposed by Sells). If the soul is the she of *Portrait*, and given that many of the words are identical it would not be erroneous to conclude that the she of *Epiphanies* is the soul as well. Given this possibility it makes the third section of these joined epiphanies an interesting comment on the influence of the soul on the artist:

She comes at night when the city is still. She comes from her ancient seat to visit the least of her children, mother most venerable, as though he had never been alien to her. She knows

his inmost heart, therefore she is gentle, nothing exacting, saying, I am susceptible of change, and imaginative influence in the heart of my children. Who has pity for you when you are alone among the strangers. Years and years I have loved you when you lay in my womb. (*PAYM: Facsimile 49*)

The soul then becomes a kind of muse. She helps the artist create while ironically enough he is creating a vision of her ('susceptible of change', 'imaginative'). It is another paradox of stating existence in non(or pre)-existence. It is the soul on which Joyce focuses his art.

The Soul-Full Novel

By looking at the notes of either of these artistic writers it becomes obvious that both are attempting to write the soul of the individual. This becomes most apparent by the comments made about the main characters of the novels by their creators. In *The Notebooks for Crime and Punishment* there is a section entitled "*The Chief Anatomy of the Novel*" where the author makes one of the numerous notes to himself:

After the illness, etc. It is absolutely necessary to establish the course of things firmly and clearly and to eliminate what is vague, that is, explain the whole murder one way or another, and make its character and relation clear. Only then start on the second part of the novel: Clash with reality and the logical outcome in the law of nature and duty. (58)

It is Raskolnikov who must live in the clash between reality (which entails the force of the identity and the soul), and the historical and empirical influences around him. Dostoevsky claims that the main idea behind his novel is the notion of suffering: “the knowledge of life and consciousness (that is, that which is felt immediately with your body and spirit, this is, through the whole vital process of life), is acquired by experience *pro and contra*, which one must take upon one’s self” (188). So Raskolnikov is torn between questions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, and whether or not he is beyond the notion of such things as “unsuspected and unexpected feelings torment his heart” (*Notebooks* 172).

Raskolnikov’s soul is tormented, his identity unclear. How then does Dostoevsky write this un-contained and indefinable soul? The precarious position of the artist attempting to do so is interestingly illustrated by the words of Dostoevsky, where he wrote that at times “it is hard for me to explain in full my thought” while a translators note at the bottom of the page states the same line as: “I (...) give it now the artistic form in which it has formed itself, but form” (*Notebooks* 172). What is most interesting in both these statements is the ineffability that Dostoevsky confronts as an artist attempting to write Raskolnikov’s mind and soul. One translation points to how the artist is left to do with language what he can (to express the inexpressible) while the other lets the soul (what Joyce would see as his inspiration) ‘speak’ for itself and drive the narrative. Neither option is conclusive.

Dostoevsky is completely aware of the mysteries of the soul. Michael Holquist, in *Dostoevsky and the Novel*, states that Dostoevsky was “a writer at a time when literature is defined in Russia as the paramount source of insight into identity” (28). His choice of language and images must then reflect the identity of his characters. He insightfully approaches the task as he contemplates his hero after the crime is committed : “When he is walking, a whirlwind. No, that was not stupidity; it was not youth; it was not chance; but it was a conviction, a disrespect for his own self” (*Notebooks* 49). A whirlwind of options for motivation flow in as they flow out. The language and the image complement each other in the movements of his mind and soul. It is to this, the artistic writing of the soul, that the next chapter of this analysis will be dedicated.

Joyce’s thoughts on Stephan Dedalus also give insight into the author’s interest in the soul. Under the title of most of the editions of Joyce’s *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* one finds a quotation from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*: “Et ignotas animus dirigit artes” (VIII, 188), which can be translated as, “He turned his thinking to unknown arts.” In Joyce’s notes for *Portrait*, in the section dedicated to characterization, this is also the first thing he has written under Stephen’s name (*PAYM: Facsimile* 115). This makes clear some aspects of Stephen’s identity. He is interested in the mysterious or he would not ‘turn’ himself to the ‘unknown’; he is interested in the ability to express his soul and its movements; he is also intrigued by the unknown and the experiences of life that lie beyond the senses. All of these factors make Stephen a good candidate for

our analysis both as a created identity and an identity that wants to create.

Yet, where does the soul fit in with respects of Joyce's conception and creation of Stephen? One does not need to go beyond Joyce's notes. In Joyce's manuscript characterization of Stephen he outlines the character's anxiety caused by "the growing pains of his soul in the pain full process of life" (*PAYM: Facsimile* 117). Here is the soul in movement, inextricable from any notion of life. On the soul and art Joyce states Stephen "shrank from [?] the features of his soul for he feared that no everlasting image of beauty could shine through an immature being.[...] He desired to be not a man of letters but a spirit expressing itself through language" (*PAYM: Facsimile* 115, 118-19). The ineffability of language and yet the necessity to express his soul is paramount to Stephen. As such, it will be interesting to see in the next chapter of this essay, not only how Joyce attempts to write the soul, but how Stephen aspires to express his identity and soul which are "glimpsed only in the interstices of the text, in the tension between the saying and the unsaying" (Sells 8).

Chapter Two : Joyce's and Dostoevsky's 'vague', 'unuttered words'

How the writer, dramatist, or the poet writes the mysteriously sacred elements of life, those things which are transcendent and yet recognized as inseparable from human understanding and experience of reality, is an issue that has gained philosophical and academic attention in recent decades. What has been a major concern on the subject is the recognition that language itself is limited and can only articulate so much of human experience (Wolosky 11, Kane 13). There is much of human experience that can not be defined by a simple one to one relationship of one word = one meaning (in other words, one sign = one signifier). For this reason, Dostoevsky stresses the importance of the unuttered word in portraying a realistic view of human existence. In a realistic human portrayal there is necessarily the presence of the mysterious or the "fantastic":

I [Dostoevsky] have my own view of reality (in art) and what most people call almost fantastic and exceptional is for me sometimes the very essence of the real. Everyday trivialities and a conventional view of them, in my opinion, are not only short of realism but even contrary to it- In every newspaper you come across reports of the most real facts which at the same time are most extraordinary. To our writers they seem fantastic, and they take no account of them; and yet they are reality, because they are *facts*. (from letter of Dostoevsky, Linner 54)

This reality includes external events produced by humans as well as the movements of the individual soul of a person. Dostoevsky is constantly noted for his preoccupation with the motivations and actions of people, specifically criminals. The soul, the personality, of a person and the fantastic and mysterious events that form, and are formed, by that person are best written, not by externally driven plots, but by the silent workings of a character's mind. Joyce, who was also absorbed with portraying the spirit, the soul, of people, conveyed information of a realistic character through the often dizzying action of the mind. At times this personal information goes beyond any knowledge that Stephen himself comprehends. This chapter will be dedicated to each author's ability to use the unuttered word to express the ambiguous nature of the soul.

In terms of the unuttered word many categories are meant. What is not meant by the unuttered word is any external word that is spoken by the protagonist (again, this paper will be narrowed to a discussion based on Stephen and Raskolnikov). Sells tells us that "when apophatic language is able to fuse -- in however a fleeting or partial manner -- the subject or "being" into pure act, it generates a semantic intensity that overflows standard linguistic structures and limits" (31). This means that the unuttered can take many forms that may not fit specifically into the guidelines of language. It may be a requirement for the unuttered to step out of the boundaries of language. "For the artist the rhythms of phrase and period, the symbols of word and allusion, were paramount things" (*PAYM : Facsimile* 101). What then are the 'symbols', 'words',

and 'phrases' employed to write the unuttered words of the soul? Perhaps the most effective and efficient way to explain the varying modes of the unuttered that this paper will centre on is to list them:

1. Silence.

Many literary artists have turned to the notion of expressible silence after realizing the limitation of language to comment realistically on the full dimensions of human experience. A further examination of varying scholarly reactions to silence will be touched upon here, yet, not much has been said on *how* silence is written. Therefore, this section will be dedicated to the way in which each author uses silence to 'speak' for the soul without words; to show the way in which moments of silence are specifically mentioned by the author to make further comment on the limited nature of language to relate feelings; also, on the way in which stylistic use of punctuation is used to represent silence as a production of the complexities of the soul.

2. Internal dialogue.

As silence is not verbally expressed (it is *not* heard), neither are the thoughts that are expressed in the minds of Stephen and Raskolnikov. These thoughts are instrumental in presenting more information about the soul of either character than any spoken words could. Here we will examine how the author specifically alerts the reader to the importance of such 'unuttered words' as well as examining some of the themes that concern the protagonists, ie. that the condition of each man's soul is of great importance to both men. This section

will also deal with the stylistic use of punctuation to signal certain moods and tones attributed to the main protagonists.

3. Images.

If language is limited, how then does one present the transcendent and ineffable? There has been much said on the preoccupation of the mystical in literature throughout the ages (Sells, Nalbantian), and yet little is said specifically on what methods are employed to present the soul and its complexities. In this section particular images, most of which are natural images, used by the authors in relation to the soul and identity of their characters will be indicated. Also, some speculation as to the pertinence of these chosen images as expressions of the soul will be made.

Silence and Transcendence

“Actions speak louder than words”; “A picture is worth a thousand words.” These are just two common and intriguing expressions. They are often used without thought, but perhaps more time should be given to their meaning. Societies around the globe depend upon language (words) in order to communicate. It could even be argued that varying languages have helped strengthen the cultures of many countries. Yet, there remains the proposition that language can not communicate all of human experience. Some people may suggest that they can read a person’s identity, their soul, in another’s eyes. Others protest that a person’s actions are a more trustworthy basis for insight into a person’s soul than any information that person would vocally give about

themselves. Both of these situations occur in silence, as if recognizing the inability of the soul to be transferred into words.

When all is said and done though, people still feel the need to communicate personal and shared experiences. From this exchange of information, some growth of identity, of soul, will hopefully be achieved. Therefore, we have the arrival of the paradox. While discussing what he calls the seven words of silence, Rudy Wiebe offers "writing" as the final, seventh, word: "The mystery of writing is that writing is words made in silence"(18). Writing communicates without verbal articulation, as does a silent glance or gesture. The mystery lies in the paradox of language:

In daily life, to read and hear implies that language, far from giving us the fullness of things in which we live, is cut off from them for it is a language of signs, whose nature is not to be filled with what it aims for but to be empty of it. Its nature is not to give us what it wants to have us attain, but to make it useless to us by replacing it, and thus to distance things from us by taking their place, and taking the place of things not by filling itself with them but by abstaining from them. The value and dignity of everyday words is to be as close as possible to nothing. Invisible, not letting anything be seen, always beyond themselves, always on this side of things, a pure awareness crosses them, so discreetly that it itself can sometimes be lacking. Everything then is nullity. And yet,

understanding does not stop occurring; it even seems that it attains its point of perfection. What could be richer than this extreme destitution. (Blanchot 76)

This immediately brings us back to Sells and his discussion of the transcendent being of God and the issue of existence.² The mystics argue God's existence in His very non-existence. As Blanchot, who is concerned with the mysterious nature of language, says, language is just as paradoxical. It asserts itself just as it cancels itself out. If one adopts this form of reasoning, then language is the best complement for discussing the transcendent soul. At the same time, silence is just as conducive to communicating the ineffable by way of its mysterious nature (Danow 17). Silence is an absence of communication that can not help but relay some form of information, be it truthful or assumed deductions. It asserts in its non-assertion. At the same time, as Holly E. Parker suggests in her article "Language as a Mask for Silence Two Seemingly Antithetical Authors: Kazantzakis and Joyce", there exists "a moment of silence enabling each protagonist to recognize his true spiritual self running beneath the [...] confusion of reality" (248). Silence, separate from the constraints of logic, allows one to gain more understanding of oneself and the full-compass of reality (i.e. the

2. While reminiscent of Sells in that I am speaking of the transcendent and mystical, I approach silence in a different way. I read Sells's thoughts on silence as reaction to the mystical which makes no comment, meaning that one can respond to the transcendent by dismissing it. The silence that I address here is the kind of silence that speaks in not-speaking.

inclusion of the mystical as a part of reality).³ Therefore silence is a very favourable means in which to address the soul. "Whereas ambiguity, indistinctness, and opacity are generally considered liabilities of discursive symbolism, impending communication, they are the assets that tender nonverbal symbolism a perfect medium for revealing the multiplicity of human responses antithetical to time, place, and clarity" (Kane 13).

Silence, for mystics, most often occurs in moments of contemplation, the goal of which is transcendence (Underhill 335). "[S]ilence embodies a rejection of language, and there is a strong connection between the myth of paradise and the removal of the veil of language (Angel 55). To reject language is to move beyond, to transcend, the world. It could be argued, as noted by Leonard Angel, that the mystic may employ silence in order to keep transcendental knowledge sacred and pure. More noteworthy though is Angel's numerous examples of moments in which people are torn between two opposing desires or emotions which leave them in "praxiological conflict" (45) resulting in silence. I would argue that this is the type of state the mystic, and all artists concerned with the transcendent soul find themselves. Silence is a result of a person, a soul, surrounded by paradox as emotions and desires which pull one in varying and opposing directions. At the same time, the soul itself is a paradox as contains an individual's "whole personage" (Underhill 330) while it simultaneously belongs to

3. Though here I would state that I think that Joyce or Dostoevsky would not agree that, because of its ambiguous nature, one could fully know one's soul.

that which is beyond the material and sensory world.

The Protagonists and the Limitation of Words

He had never in his life before experienced so strange and desolating a feeling, and the most painful thing about it was that it was a feeling, an immediate sensation, and not knowledge or intellectual understanding

(Crime and Punishment 87).

Though not much can be found similar in the lives of Stephen Dedalus and Raskolnikov, both spend most of their respective lives (as presented in the novels) as students or identified as students. In other words, they are collectors, and even 'exchangers', of information and therefore crave truths on which to base understanding and scholastic recognition. In this realm, knowledge takes precedent over feelings, as the above quotation aptly points out. When education begins it is based on many one-to-one correlations. For this reason, much of Stephen's earliest understandings of the reality around him is very binary. Because Wells is in a higher grammar class than he, Stephen assumes that Wells is wiser (knowledge=wisdom) (14). The word play left in his book by a friend makes him think that where a person lives is directly connected to who he is (person=place) (15-16). Furthermore, there are only "two sides" (17) to politics, a great man *a/ways* has a great name (55), and God is equal to a big thought (16). Every word or image has its perfect complement or perfect opposite. As Stephen grows older he begins to question this simple view of

language. He looks at his friends as those who “had taken refuge in the number and noise from the secret dread in their souls. But he, apart from them and in silence, remembered in what dread he stood of the mystery of his own body” (168). There is a ‘dread’ involved in the awareness of the limitations of language because there is so much that Stephen, as an artist and scholar, feels a need to communicate.

When we first encounter Raskolnikov he is already surrounded by silence: “He had cut himself off from everybody and withdrawn so completely into himself that he now shrank from every kind of contact” (1). He has come to doubt the binaries on which society has come to rely and he continues to doubt them throughout the novel; such things as right and wrong, justice, morality, familial duty, religion, and the need to communicate are not easily understood and agreed upon. For Raskolnikov, “words and exclamations were not a sufficient outlet for his agitation” and “infinite loathing” (6). For Stephen, like Raskolnikov, language offers no comfort or satisfaction. As his experiences of life alter, at the sound of any “casual” word Stephen’s “soul shrivelled up, sighing with age as he walked on in a lane among heaps of dead language. His own consciousness of language was ebbing from his brain” (178-79). The language that both men had been taught to rely on, now does not sufficiently express the reality they encounter.

Even while both men feel language leaving them, passions, fears and desires, the movements of their souls, continually surface and beg for release

and expression of some kind. Dostoevsky frequently makes the reader aware of Raskolnikov's inability to speak what he feels in his soul (194, 345, 372). And although for a time Stephen is drawn to religion and what he believes to be its beautiful words and images, he later views the Catholic priesthood as offering nothing but meaningless language (162, 285). As an artist, as a human soul, he longs to find a way to express "the inarticulate cries and the unspoken brutal words [which] rushed forth from his brain to force a passage" (99). Language in and of itself is never quite satisfactory.

Dostoevsky strongly impresses on the reader how silence can often work stronger than language. Raskolnikov, after one of his many fervent speeches, thinks that it is quite possible that "now he could never talk *at all*, to anybody. The impact of this tormenting idea was so strong that for a moment he completely lost himself" (194). One could say that he loses himself in silence, which has its positive and negative aspects. When silence speaks, something paradoxical is taking place. When one wants to portray the extremities of the soul, silence perhaps is the best mode of discourse. Silence is most prevalent in *Crime and Punishment* in moments of interaction with the two main catalysts to Raskolnikov's mind and soul, Sonya and Svidrigaylov. It is in the highly emotionally charged scenes involving combinations of these three characters which Dostoevsky infuses with time that passes in silence in a way that, I would argue, optimally portrays the very turbulent state of the soul. With Svidrigaylov, who could be either Raskolnikov's nemesis or doppelganger, there is barely ever

a conversation between the two in which silence does not take place, sometimes even to the extreme of ten minutes passing without a word being exchanged (236, 243, 409). At these times the two men not only try to gauge an understanding of the other's soul ("measuring each other with their eyes" (409)), but their own soul as well: Svidrigaylov of Raskolnikov, hours before he kills himself: "he wants to live *too much!*" (422). In this way silence is mystical as it allows the characters moments of introspective silence.

With Sonya, silence has a very strong effect on the state of Raskolnikov's soul while at the same time being the vehicle of its expression. Silence begins as a threat to Raskolnikov. Questions about Lizaveta which Sonya directs to him, he answers with silence (270) as he fears Sonya's reaction, but to a greater degree he fears the reality of his actions and their consequence in terms of what they reveal about himself. For this reason, when he later confesses the murder to Sonya, we are told of different moments of silence, some lasting up to five minutes (345). Here too the silence becomes "unendurable" (345) to him as his soul is thrown from one desire to another, from love to hate, from pride to forgiveness. It is in the silence that the complexities of his soul become almost palpable and yet remain elusive. As the relationship between these two individuals grows and as Raskolnikov moves closer towards some peace within himself, silence becomes an even stronger communicant of the soul. After his dream in prison and after months of self-inflicted seclusion from true personal contact, Raskolnikov believes he has gained some understanding of himself and

the pleasures and dangers of the world. Instead of verbally communicating this to Sonya, this understanding is exchanged in a look which "at once, in that instant, she understood.[...] They tried to speak; but could not.[...] Love had raised them from the dead, and the heart of each held endless springs of life for the heart of the other" (463). This expression of the immaterial soul is beyond the realm of words.

Silence plays a significant role in the developing mind and soul of Stephen Dedalus. While Stephen is still young "[w]ords which he did not understand he said over and over to himself till he had learned them by heart: and through them he had glimpses of the real world about him. The hour when he too would take part in the life of the world seemed drawing near and in secret he began to make ready for the great part which he felt awaited him the nature of which he only dimly apprehended"(62). In a world easier to understand by means of binary relationships, words still hold a power over Stephen. What is noteworthy here as well is how there is a 'secret' which holds the promise of something, though he has no notion as to what it may be. This notion is like the soul which is felt but not concretely apprehended. The silence that Stephen encounters as he matures is ambiguous as it speaks without speaking, yet he does not face the fearful side of silence as much as Raskolnikov does. In Stephen's silence there is more peace; one could even define it as a miraculous, religious peace of sorts. In one moment of epiphany, produced by the sighting of the girl on the beach, "her image had passed into his soul for ever and no word

had broken the holy silence of his ecstasy. [...] He halted suddenly and heard his heart in the silence" (172). This is just one of the numerous times that silence brings to him a greater understanding of himself and the world around him (69, 152) "offering him secret knowledge and secret power"(159).

Silent Utterances of the Soul

Both authors stylistically give as much weight to the silent, internally spoken words of Stephen and Raskolnikov's thoughts as they do to the external words. Joyce demarcates the externally spoken words of his characters (in *Portrait*) with dashes (the first occurrence being by his mother on page 8 and by Stephen on page 9). These dashes also signal the silent sayings of Stephen (63, 70, 86, 135, 189). Dostoevsky alerts the reader to the importance of Raskolnikov's thoughts by giving them a 'voice,' a silent voice, with the use of quotation marks (already on page one) through-out the novel. This might seem like a small point to make, but it is in these silent thoughts that most of the turbulent action of these novels, which could be termed as psychological novels, takes place. Silence works in two ways as it allows the protagonists contemplative moments, but also as it becomes a non-verbal expression of transcendence when language does not suffice.

It is also the habit of both authors to impregnate their texts with moments in which, with the help of strategically chosen punctuation, the narration of the novel mirrors the emotion of Stephen and Raskolnikov. As Stephen watches the girl on the beach, Joyce writes : "On!On! His heart seemed to cry" (170). These

words are not the direct thoughts of Stephen because they are not given dashes. This is just one of the many moments in which the narration tells us more about Stephen than Stephen himself can reveal. Other moments can be found in which Stephen's amazement or disgust are reflected in the narration, often with exclamation points (179, 217). Dostoevsky also makes the reader aware of the state of Raskolnikov's soul through his use of the exclamation point. Again, these are not Raskolnikov's thoughts as they are not in quotation marks, but they are moments that reveal his terror ("horrible, horrible!" (6)) and, oft times, relief ("Freedom!", and "They were already close; only one flight still lay between them- and suddenly, salvation!" (73)). Bakhtin may argue that these are incidences of either writer's polyphonic writing ability. I would argue though, that these emotionally punctuated instances are not so much the strong consciousness of Stephen and Raskolnikov breaking through the text, as if separate from the creation of the authors, as much as they are the writers' further comments on the souls that they have created. As the creators of these characters, granted characters with very strong and complex identities, it is not hard to think that Joyce and Dostoevsky would have insight into their motives, choices, and desires that the characters themselves may at times not have.

Stephen's Soul in Joyce's Unuttered Words

More than Dostoevsky, Joyce writes Stephen's soul in the developing narration of the text. As Stephen ages, his awareness and understanding of the world around him and himself change. The written style of *A Portrait of the Artist*

as a *Young Man* changes accordingly. This creative phenomenon will be analysed as an example of the unuttered in literature as the choice of Joyce to do so mirrors, not the physical and external actions of Stephen, but the movements of his soul.

To go into any depth on the subject of Joyce's predilection to change the narration to make a comment on the character being created seems unnecessary and obvious as so much has been written on the subject. The way in which *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* begins, with its child like voice of "Once upon a time", "nicens little boy named baby tuckoo....", and "moocow" (7) has been studied in academic institutions for decades now as an example of modernist writing. Yet, in terms of how it enlightens the reader to the complexities of Stephen's soul, some points should be made, especially as it pertains to a later discussion on images and Stephen's soul. As a child Stephen believes that in "thinking of things you could understand them " (43). Before becoming disillusioned by language, Stephen's "boyish conception of the world"(64) is based on the act of associating the meaning of words with their empirical attributes. Warm things are good, cold things are bad (17; 19, 45). Other words are directly connected with the human sensory experience of sound ("suck" 11, "kiss" 15). What is most interesting is that in the very moments in which Stephen gains understanding of how language works, he also begins to see how ambiguous it is: "That was a belt around his pocket. And belt was also to give a fellow a belt" (9). One word can mean many things and can be

connected to varying images. As Stephen comes into contact with more and more images, his reliance on external words decreases. Silent voices and moving images can help him gain mystical wisdom about the world more than words:

He heard a confused music within him as of memories and names which he was almost conscious of but could not capture even for an instant; then the music seemed to recede, to recede, to recede: and from each receding trail of nebulous music there fell always one long-drawn calling note, piercing like a star the dusk of silence. Again! Again! Again! A voice from beyond the world was calling. (167)

The above quotation is also an example of how Joyce presents the movements of Stephen's soul as they happen to him. The comment made is not Stephen's understanding of what is happening to him as much as it is Joyce making his readers aware of Stephen's changing awareness and relationship with, and to, the world around him. As a learning child first coming in contact with the world and its language, the narration which speaks of Stephen is dizzying as one thought leads to another, one sentence leading abruptly to another (10-11). The narration of Chapter Four begins as a list of routine as Stephen is in the midst of a life of pious, religious order. Joyce interestingly contrasts this paragraph with a sentence following the list which tells the reader that in this religious life Stephen is searching for "some holy image of mystery" (147). It is

as if Joyce were giving the reader an ironic insight into Stephen's soul, one that Stephen does not have. The contrast of the pedantic list of his life with what he desires to find in that life seems to predict that this choice of venue towards deeper understanding is vacuous. This is further exemplified when Joyce abruptly inserts the phrase "The Reverend Stephen Dedalus, S.J." (161) into the narration after a discussion with a priest on the subject of Stephen's possible vocation in the priesthood, a calling which one would assume would bring Stephen's soul some peace. Instead the stark phrase jolts the reader as much as it does Stephen. Its letters and form seem empty, without the meaning and comfort that Stephen expects them hold. Again, Joyce makes the reader, and Stephen, aware of the surface nature of words and how they do not necessarily affect the soul of an individual in a positive way.

Paradoxically, as a writer, Joyce must use words to present Stephen's soul. An excellent example of such a moment is the following:

He would fall. He had not yet fallen but he would fall silently, in an instant. Not to fall was too hard, too hard: and he felt the silent lapse of his soul, as it would be at some instant to come, falling, falling but not yet fallen, still unfallen but about to fall. (162)

Joyce's repetitive use of the word "fall" stresses the action of the fall of Stephen's soul. More than Stephen knows, Joyce points to not only the inevitability of the fall, but even the coming necessity of the fall. As Stephen falls away from the pious life, he falls away from a life controlled by words and order.

Life is anything but simple and ordered. While in a later conversation with a fellow schoolmate, Stephen is strongly advised to put aside “[m]etaphors” and “[c]ome to facts” (197). Stephen has moved into an awareness of the ambiguous nature of language. When Stephen the artist does compose a villanelle Joyce describes the moment of inspiration and the creation in the following phrase: “like a cloud of vapour or like waters circumfluent in space the liquid letters of speech, symbols of the element of mystery, flowed forth over his brain” (223). Words and their meaning are not concrete but fluid. This is why the narration changes so dramatically in the last section of Chapter Five. Joyce chooses to present Stephen’s soul in the form of a diary in the first person. The reader is in Stephen’s soul. Thoughts and images are disjointed and change from day to day. “Vague words for vague emotions” (251). Stephen, who is working towards being an artist of “the reality of experience” (253), is moving away from words. It is interesting to note that in the last few entries in the journal Joyce employs ellipses, moments of silence, in his text (252); ellipses which show up very seldom in this text compared to other of Joyce’s works. Words are not enough to express what Stephen is feeling in his soul. It does not seem to be a coincidence that as Stephen leaves to be an artist in “silence, exile, and cunning” (*Portrait* 247), the words of the novel end.

Raskolnikov’s Soul in Dostoevsky’s “...”

There are numerous example in which Dostoevsky’s narrative is suited towards Raskolnikov’s tumultuous emotions as in the following sentence: “A new

and irresistible sensation of boundless, almost physical repulsion for everything around him, an obstinate, hateful, malicious sensation, was growing stronger and stronger every minute" (93). The adjectives add on top of each other just as Raskolnikov's feelings of disgust mount higher and higher. While this is proof of Dostoevsky's expressive and descriptive ability, what I would like to concentrate on instead is Dostoevsky's use of ellipsis to show the oscillating desires of Raskolnikov's soul.

In *Russian Punctuation* there are two stated uses for ellipses, or "three full stops" as they are called in this grammar book. The first use is in "unfinished statements" while the second use is to "indicate hesitation in speech" (37). As such, ellipses are a valuable tool for Dostoevsky as Raskolnikov, who moves from pride, to disgust, to love, to hate, to suffering, hardly knows what he is feeling most of the time, his thoughts wandering as much as he physically wanders. The state of his soul will not be pinned down any more than he will. While the philosophical debate on the ellipsis may be separate, and much larger, than any discussion on grammatical ellipses (ie. the "..."), Eli Rozik in his essay on ellipsis and metaphors makes an important point. He writes that the "purposeful omission of words/signs, which are necessary for the completion of a sentence and, in fact, are elliptically present...[is] vital for the text to make sense" (77). While speaking more of the way in which verbal and nonverbal metaphors work by suggesting the presence of words and meanings that are not physically present in a text(word or visual), Rozik's statement can also be

applied to Dostoevsky's use of ellipses. I am suggesting that the use of the "...", in other words the apparent *absence* of words, tells the reader more about Raskolnikov than any words could possibly achieve. It is the ambiguity of the "..." which best reflects the ineffability of soul. As the mystic is often left in silence, so is the artist who writes the soul.

Dostoevsky does not limit his use of ellipses to any certain moments. One could argue that they are in fact used quite liberally. Every time they are employed, though, is suggestive of so much while being the epitome of the unuttered. On the very first page of the novel into the second we are shown Raskolnikov's "thinking...fantastic nonsense" (2), suffused with "...". His thoughts continue in this way on the next page as the neurotic facets of his identity become apparent: "It would be noticed a mile off, and remembered...that's the point: it would be remembered afterwards, and it would be evidence...I must be as inconspicuous as possible...Trifles are important!...Trifles like this can bring disaster" (3). His thoughts take on this form throughout the novel as his emotions crescendo and decrescendo on the scale of his identity. That ellipses are found in his external language must be commented on as well. After a moment of peace and intimacy with his family, Raskolnikov abruptly rejects his family. In this unclear speech of twenty-two lines there are thirteen separate "..." (264). Raskolnikov's own feelings towards his family, even his understanding of himself as to how much he can take ("I don't feel well, I am not easy..."(264)), are so confused that he can not put them into words. Words are in fact insufficient to

encompass the spectrum of his emotions. This is why the unuttered is paramount in Dostoevsky's portrayal of Raskolnikov.

Silent, Ambiguous Images: The Artist as he "pours his soul so freely"
(Portrait 95)

He was different from others.[...] He wanted to meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld. He did not know where to seek it or how: but a premonition which led him on told him that this image, would, without any overt action of his, encounter him.[...] They would be alone surrounded by darkness and silence, and in that moment of supreme tenderness he would be transfigured. Weakness and timidity and inexperience would fall from him in that magic moment. (*Portrait 65*)

What is being described here is a very mystical moment for Stephen. It is a moment in which his soul, which is transcendental, will move closer into a supreme state of transcendence. This moment is found in 'darkness and silence' which is another way of saying that it is unknowable and, therefore, inexpressible. What I would like to turn to now is a discussion of images and the mystical. I will look at how images are used to express the transcendental in two ways in *Crime and Punishment* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. First these images will be addressed in terms of their appropriateness in expressing the soul; what is in the nature of these images that make them conducive to a

discussion of the soul. Second, they will be addressed as silent expressions in that the images that Joyce and Dostoevsky use most frequently are images portraying the movement of their main protagonists' souls.

There are a multitude of images employed by mystical writers and those poets and authors who are concerned with the soul of people. Some of the most common images are water, the sun, and fire (Sells 6). Plotinus described the ineffable by way of white heat (Sells 14) and overflowing water (Sells 28). Other mystics were also drawn to the image of spilling water (mystical writers such as John the Scot and Ibn Arabi (Sells 54; 83)). Many mystics even mixed images of water and fire, light and darkness, in order to write the soul (see *Souls Afire*). Two stanzas from Saint John of the Cross' poem "The Song of the Soul" best illustrate this point:

In darkness, on a night
 Inflamed with love and sweet anxiety,
 O daring! O delight!
 I left-none noticed me-
 My house was yielded to tranquillity....

And when the dawning flung
 Her wind among His locks and spread them wide,
 His gentle fingers clung- O tide

Of ecstasy in which my senses died! (Reinhold 307,308)

Light and darkness are meshed with fire and water into an almost unimaginable state of being, or even non-being ('my senses died'). These types of images are infused throughout poetry dedicated to writing the soul. Suzanne Nalbantian goes through the different periods of poetry to argue that the soul, while always remaining a preoccupation of poets, seems to have lessened in its power even to the point of becoming numb and negative (137). I would not concur with such a statement, since authors such as Joyce and Dostoevsky are still read and studied, attesting to the continued importance and influence of the theme of soul in literature. What Nalbantian does make extensive note of are the many images used to present the soul. The post-Symbolists preferred to present the soul as winter (section entitled "The Winter of the Soul"). The soul is like a boat (106), like light (101), like the sea (Baudelaire) (51), or like the dark (Keats) (47). These are just a few instances. And while Nalbantian and Sells successfully point out some of the main images used in mystical and soul-full writing, neither fully examine why such images are chosen.

Silence is one of the chosen ways in which to speak the ineffable. The soul, as already discussed in relation to Sells, is ineffable in that it confirms its existence in its very non-existence; or, as it is for mystics, it is something that can not be figured out, or reasoned out, because it is "pure reason" (Underhill 25). It is unknown yet present (Molnar 458). "Silence remains at the core of what we have been calling world, and it is perceived everywhere in the things

that surround us [...] trees, flower , the sky , the ground" (Blodgett and Coward 4). The images of the sun/light and water do not speak and yet they convey so much. What makes them so useful in presenting the soul is the way in which they are paradoxical themselves. Donald R. Dickson puts it beautifully when he writes that "water can be used to describe a variety of experiences: the soft, comforting dew of grace; the raging floods of affliction; the harshness of spiritual thirst; annihilation in the waters of the deep; and so forth" (67). It is the ways in which water can create life and destroy it, by the way it works in degree and extremes, that make it an affable image when discussing the soul. Light works much the same. As sunlight it encourages growth, and as fire it can sustain life with warmth, and yet it too can kill. Then there is also the religious and literary trope of the refining fire. Both light and water are images which can assert and negate. When speaking of Dostoevsky's descriptions of the interiors of characters' room Catteau suggests that "[t]hey are signs of the convulsion, stifling, mutilation and infirmity of souls. Beyond the social criticism, Dostoevsky is orchestrating the spiritual dissection and the moral tragedy of his heroes" (391). What water and light do that these interior descriptions do not is mirror the full complexities of the soul as it experiences the variety of emotions instead of just one facet of them. They are, like silence, completely obliging images when expressing the transcendent.

Water

Water works in two paradoxical ways in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Discussing the water imagery in this novel, Richard Ellmann suggests that the water is a kind of embryonic fluid that Stephen must work his way through (Ellmann 307). As Stephen moves through the liquid, he in essence gives birth to himself, to his own soul (309). It is hard to ignore all the water imagery in the novel, yet I would not give it the optimistic meaning that Ellmann does; I do not read the novel as simply composed of moments of cause and effect that help create a 'perfect' and finished Stephen. When Joyce writes of the image of water in relation to the soul and identity of Stephen, it is either as an image which induces communication or confusion. It is not the soul in a necessarily progressive state but an often oscillating state. As an active force of communication, water imagery takes two forms. There are some moments in which water literally speaks to Stephen: "They were talking. It was the noise of the waves. Or the waves were talking amongst themselves as they rose and fell" (26-27; 41, 171). What the water actually says to Stephen we are never told, but Joyce does tell us at times when Stephen reacts to what the water silently says: his soul feels "an outburst of profane joy" (171). The second way in which water imagery communicates in the novel is in its direct connection with Stephen's creative thoughts which are as "numerous as a flood" (100). When emotions run high, when his soul is elevated, climatic state, water images are "simmering and boiling" (125) or carrying his troubles away (75). Stephen's soul at the moment in

which he actually creates art in the form of a villanelle is described as being "all dewy wet" (217): "A spirit filled him, pure as water, sweet as dew, moving as music" (217). Here we have water helping Stephen become an artist in expressing the unknown soul.

Water also has the ability to confuse and destroy. At times when Stephen feels his soul is tempted, or down-cast and confused, it is dragged down by water (77, 126, 152). Then there is also the paradox of water which leaves Stephen not knowing where he stands, the sands swept from under him:

He had tried to build a breakwater of order and elegance against the sordid tide of life without him and to dam up, by rules of conduct and active interest and new filial relation, the powerful recurrence of the tides within him. Useless. From without as from within the water had flowed over his barriers: their tides began once more to jostle fiercely above the crumbled mole. (98)

Water is inside and outside, both sides moving fiercely as if trying to join together. Stephen fights the desires of his soul, perhaps even denying its existence, while it yearns to transcend. The oscillating soul, according to Plotinus, "must be changed, no longer himself nor self-belonging; he is merged with the Supreme, sunken into It, one with it; only in separation is there duality" (Reinhold 34). The moving waters show how Stephen is fighting against himself in order to transcend into a higher identity.

The water imagery in *Crime and Punishment* is positive and negative as well. What joins the positive and the negative is the unpredictable movement of the images which mirrors the mysterious aspects of Raskolnikov's soul. Most often his emotions in relation to others are described in overwhelming, flood-like images which "[h]e did not so much understand with his mind as feel instinctively" (87) which overcome his entire being (87, 94, 345, 348, 350, 377). At times when Raskolnikov feels peace, or normal, however that may be classified, he is floating on a smooth "flow of [...] thoughts" (370). The springs that spontaneously 'well' up within him give him a surge of confidence and power (159). Though the waters that are used in respects of Raskolnikov may not produce outward products of creativity, as they sometimes do with Stephen, they do more than adequately present the whole gamut of his soul's desires and fears.

Light

Catteau suggest that Dostoevsky's use of "the slanting rays of the setting sun are not so much a symbol as a mystagogic sign, whereby the hero is initiated into a mystery" (429). When the light imagery is not external but internal as it further describes the movements of a character's soul, the result is no less mysterious. As water has its dual and paradoxical nature, so does light.

The light imagery in *Portrait* works in both creative and destructive ways. What is interesting in Joyce's use of the imagery is that the light sources that he writes most frequently about are paradoxical in themselves. The moon is a light

source, yet it does not produce its own light but simply reflects the light of the sun. Stephen himself is likened to this 'false' light source on various occasions (95, 96). In this form he is like a soul stuck in a stalemate, "dead or lost" (96), not being able to affect or be affected by the world around him. Other times "his own soul [was] going forth to experience, unfolding itself sin by sin, spreading abroad the balefire of its burning stars and folding back upon itself, fading slowly, quenching its own lights and fires" (103). Though maybe not entirely numb as he is filled with fluctuating movement, he is none the less left in a place of confused stasis as he moves forward and back upon himself. It is the soul in transcendental nothingness. In moments of intuition and inspiration that "flashed forth like a point of light" (217) in his mind and soul, "the world perished about his feet as if it had been fireconsumed: and thereafter his tongue grew heavy and he met the eyes of others with unanswer-ing eyes for he felt the spirit of beauty had folded him round like a mantle and that in revery at least he had been acquainted with nobility" (177). Once again we have an instance of language not being able to contain transcendent changes. Light helps show the inspiration of Stephen, of how quickly the soul can be touched and moved as an "afterglow deepened within his spirit" (217), but light can also be written as absence of light, where the artist is left in the dark as to how to represent the life around him.

There does not seem to be a moment's peace for the soul of Raskolnikov. The imagery of lights in the novel are constantly 'flashing' into the perplexed,

sometimes unsuspecting, mind and soul of Raskolnikov. Most often these emotions or thoughts take the form of lightning, or some other instantaneous shape (62-63, 66, 75, 88, 200, 378, 443). Most of these moments come when Raskolnikov is caught off guard, times when he believes he knows himself and can perhaps believe that he is an 'extraordinary man', but then something occurs which throws his false sense of stability into question. When Raskolnikov believes that Porfiry has figured out what he was done, "He knows!" flashed through his brain like lightning" (212). But there are also the times in which lightning is used to describe thoughts which bring Raskolnikov closest to communicating his emotions and thoughts with others (85, 381, 464). While it may be true that "[t]he storm with its darkening cloud, its thunder and raging cataracts is a magnificent example of scenery fused with tragedy of the hero" (Catteau 394) in the novels of Dostoevsky, even more brilliantly revealed are the storms within the souls, of which emotions are simply a part, of the character. The storms in which the flashes occur are the meeting of cold and warm fronts, a meshing, or mashing, of two opposites. This is why the lightning in Raskolnikov is so important. It portrays the good and the bad, the paradox of the two working against and with each other to create a soul.

The amount of images within these novels which are masterfully employed to present succinctly the mysterious tendencies of the soul are numerous and effective to say the least. In fact, probably even too many to mention. The one other recurrent image that is used by both Joyce and

Dostoevsky in their works respectively which bears a mention is the cloud (Joyce: 86, 98, 164, 217; Dostoevsky: 66, 77, 370, 381). While the images of light and water show how the soul moves from one extreme to the other, and is often caught in a place in between, the image of the cloud stresses the ambiguity and mysteriousness of the soul even more. The cloud functions in much the same way in both novels as it brings to the foreground both protagonists' bafflement at their own misunderstanding of themselves ("he could not understand whence he had acquired so much cunning, especially as his mind seemed momentarily to cloud over and he lost all consciousness of his own body" (*Crime and Punishment* 64)) or the world around him. Both men can only hope, perhaps futilely, that the "thick fog [which] seemed to compass his mind [...] would lift and reveal what it had hidden (111). Yet, it would seem, that it is the very nature of the transcendent, the soul, to remain, partly if not wholly, hidden.

Chapter Three: The National Soul of a “spiritual race” (Joyce, *Letters* 63):

“undefined sorrow was hidden in the[ir] heart” (*Portrait* 71)

If one were to input two terms, one being ‘soul’ and the other being the name of a country, into a library catalogue search, intriguing results come up on the screen. For instance, “soul and China”, “soul and Russia”, and “soul and England”, respectively, each yields six publications in the form of a book held by the library at Carleton University. The combination of ‘soul’ and the United States of America results in an astounding twenty seven substantial texts on how music, art, politics and business affect the soul of that country. While Nalbantian concludes in 1977 that the soul is becoming less instrumental and influential in society as reflected in the work of select poets, this exercise in library search would suggest otherwise. The soul is still of much concern, not only in how it is intricately connected to the identity of the individual, but also in the identity of a nation.

It is not an uncommon practice to look at literature with respects to cultural identity, for as Joyce puts it, “[n]ations have their egos, just like individuals” (*Critical Writings* “Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages”, 154). In fact, studies on folk tales by scholars such as Richard M. Dorson and Alan Dundes have had an significant impact on how myths and folktales are analysed and compared as comments made on the peoples’ understanding of their own national identity (Dorson 46, Dundes 10). Though the subject of the soul may be

ineffable, it none the less is something to which people continue to turn their attention. I would like to concentrate in this chapter on the apparent *necessity* exhibited by culturally aware and concerned authors such as James Joyce and Fyodor Dostoevsky in addressing the matter of soul and identity, not only in the singular forms of Stephen and Raskolnikov, but also in the larger matter of their respective native countries, Ireland and Russia. Both nations have 'sorrowful' histories in which the people were individually and collectively tormented by the tumultuous relationship between religion and politics. It is in the personal writings of Dostoevsky and Joyce and the two novels assessed so far in this paper that one gathers an impression of the perceptions and concerns about a complex national identity. At the same time, one ascertains that the authors are constantly aware of the transcendental nature of the soul of that nation and the way in which that nation may ultimately escape complete definition. I would argue that the endings of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Crime and Punishment* point to the fact that it may be the very nature of humans to seek understanding and enlightenment on the subject of the soul, yet since human language can not contain such a mysterious phenomenon, the soul of a nation will also remain ambiguous and elusive to human comprehension: the soul itself exists within and, meanwhile, *beyond* the sensory world.

The 'Sorrowful' Past of Two Souls

The intricate history and culture of Russia and Ireland have had much to do with the forming of any cultural identity that each country claims to have. The

introduction of two different versions of Christianity had a profound effect on the language, literature, and politics of both. In putting into context the tumultuous history of both countries until and at the time that Joyce and Dostoevsky began and continued their careers, we will begin to see how influential this past and present religious and political unrest was on the literary consciousness of both men.

Russia

Russia was converted to Eastern Orthodox Christianity in 988. According to legend, the conversion proceeded methodically. Vladimir decided that he needed an institutional religion to unite the peoples of Russia (to this time the main religion was pagan, with the people worshipping household, natural, and ancestral spirits). He systematically sent out emissaries to research the various world religions: Judaism, Western Catholicism, Eastern Catholicism, and Asian religions. Reports were brought back and because of the beauty of the services and the churches, which were believed to be a reflection of the greatness of the Eastern Orthodox God, this religion was chosen. At the same time, there were political advantages to Vladimir's choice of that religion as trade between Kievan Rus and Byzantium was strong and the earlier introduction of an alphabet and a mode of writing by Eastern Orthodox missionaries Cyril and Methodius made the acceptance and transition to this religion less complicated. The conversion was swift as Vladimir destroyed the pagan idols and set up new religious monuments. It was also decreed that all citizens were to be baptized as Vladimir had been

before marrying the sister of the ruler of Byzantium. While on the surface the acceptance of the new religion was swift and complete, the myths and pagan religions with their spirits and superstitions remained with the peasants (MacKenzie and Curran 44-48).

Adhering to a different form of religion, especially with a dissimilar alphabet and language than the majority of Europe, had its affect on the culture of Russia. Not until Peter the Great (1682-1725) did change within the culture truly occur. It was Peter's contention that Russia must become more Europeanized. This meant adopting 'Western' ways in matters artistic, political, architectural, educational and economic (Channon and Hudson 45-46, 58). It was the influence of the West that led to much confusion in the church and its doctrines and regulations. Synods were called for in which ceremony and doctrine were questioned and finally agreed upon (the Hundred Chapter Council). The results of these meetings produced a "great Schism" (Byford 215) in the church. New, more 'western' views were rejected by Old Believers, or 'Raskolniks', who did not concur with changes such as the spelling of the name of Jesus, the number of fingers used when making the sign of the cross, the number of Hallelujahs sung in a service, and whether or not a man should shave his beard (Byford 216-20). While tolerated on some levels, on others Old Believers were persecuted for their beliefs, which led to much strife between Old Believers and those who adopted the new precepts.

Much of this dissension and disagreement lasted well into the nineteenth century when this religious debate took in a larger sphere of politics and education. While the Old Believers were suspicious of Western ways, the Slavophiles were completely against them. In the mid 1800's , when the debate between the Slavophiles and the Westerners was at its peak, questions as to how much influence Western culture should have on Russia were at the centre of intellectual debate. Westerners accused Slavophiles of concentrating too much on myth and the supremacy of the church. Slavophiles, on the other hand, accused the opposition of depending solely on the materialistic and scientific. In other words, they ignored the faith, the *soul*, of the people (Riasanovsky 28-29, 94, 157-58). Many felt that one could not extract the spiritual aspects of life from reality. The character Svidrigaylov in *Crime and Punishment* suggests that "[t]he minds of the Russian people in general are broad [...] like their country, and extraordinarily inclined to the fantastic and the chaotic" (416). Russia was a nation torn between two theologies which affected not only their political and academic circles, but also the social circles in which each citizen was accepted and welcomed. The sorrow felt was acute and much chaos experienced.

This is the framework in which Dostoevsky was writing. Dostoevsky's sympathies inclined towards the Slavophiles, because, I would argue, of similar ideologies between them. It was the Slavophiles' belief, as expounded by Konstantin Aksakov, that the "Russian people is free, it has no state element in itself, it contains nothing relative" (letter of Aksakov in Riasanovsky 121). Russia

is free, in other words, and proclaims its identity in its non-identity. Or as Nicholas Riasanovsky puts it, they ideologically adhere to a "principle of opposition, on the rhythm of thesis-antithesis- and synthesis: everything might be posited against something else" (65). Russia, in this understanding, becomes everything and nothing at the same time. In other words, Russia transcends the rest of Europe. Perhaps this is why Russians paradoxically believed that while they should stay separate from the West, the West should necessarily recognize and respect them (Riasanovsky 62). It is Russia in the state of a paradox, of self-assertion in self denial, that would interest Dostoevsky so much, for this is his understanding of humans and suffering. This is where we will momentarily turn our discussion; the soul is a paradox just as the soul of Russia as understood by Dostoevsky is a paradox.

Ireland

As religion has had a large role in Russian history and thought, so it played no less a significant part in Ireland's history. Like Russia, the Irish could be said to have experienced a late conversion to Christianity with the arrival of St. Patrick, though he was not the first missionary to arrive on their shores. Up to this point (432 AD) the majority of Ireland's population practised a mysterious and archaic religion lead by the druids. The druids strongly fought the influence of the new religion which did not truly gain prominence until the sixth century. (Somerset Fry 32-35). Even still, the power of Ireland's myths and legends continued to influence the people, which is evident in their oral literature now

recorded in written form (e.g. *Táin Bó Cuailnge*). Even as the Christian stories of saints and martyrs entered into their culture, the mysterious influence of the druids and their religion remained a constant element. One can look at Ireland as a culture who's "narrative [is] composed of various myths and versions of reality" (Herr 6)

Up to the arrival of St. Patrick, influence from other cultures was quite non-existent. After his arrival there was even a period in 800 AD which Edmund Curtis calls the "The 'Golden Age of Ireland'", when Ireland was unified in its laws, language and religion (19-21). Then the influences from foreign countries began and have continued to be, what many would consider, a thorn in the side of the Irish people. In 1155 came the invasion of Henry II and England, an invasion which was sanctioned by the pope (Curtis 45), and from this point on the rift of politics and religion is interchangeable with the historical developments of this country. To list all the changes in rulers in England and the impact this had on Ireland would be long, and not completely necessary for our purposes. It is well enough to point out that as various kings and queens succeeded to the throne in England, the sympathies towards Catholicism or the Church of England fluctuated as well. With the majority of its citizens being Catholic these movements were greatly felt in Ireland as the native Irish tried to hold on to their culture and religion.

Needless to say, the reaction of the Irish to British rule was oppositional, even revolutionary, from the first king's visit to the time of Joyce, and beyond.

At the time that Joyce was beginning his writing career, Ireland was in a very tenuous state. Proposed Home Rule Bill after Home Rule Bill was turned down and there was even disagreement and unrest amongst those fighting for Ireland's freedom. With the Parnell controversy the Church was very influential in motivating the sentiments of the Irish people. It could be suggested that the constant opposition from England and her church made the average Irish citizen hold onto his or her Catholicism even more, perhaps partly as just another point of contention strengthening the desire for autonomy. When the Church decided to turn against Parnell and not support him (he was involved with a married woman) the Irish people were told to do the same. Many did, for as Catholics they had little choice, but many mourned the loss. The Irish movement continued without Parnell, "perhaps the most formidable man that ever led the Irish" (Joyce, *Critical Writings* "Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages" 162), but the loss of his influence was felt. Many Irish people, longing for freedom from British rule, could not forget the sorrow caused at the death of Parnell and other Irish heroes, many of whom were family members lost for the cause. Joyce begins his writing career at a time when the Irish long for freedom, long to be the great nation they once were and could be again. One of the results of this fight was the revival of Irish literature, language and myth lead by such Irish literary greats as Lady Gregory and Yeats. For an Irish writer who wanted to be recognized and successful, this literary movement was something that Joyce had to confront. Some critics have judged Joyce's critiques and refusal to join this revival as his

complete disinterest in Ireland's history and trouble. What this chapter will argue is that Joyce was not disinterested with the plight of Ireland, he was in fact quite knowledgeable of its past and current movements. He could not, though, adopt a simplistic and positivistic view of Ireland for he saw its soul as being both ignorant and enlightened. As a transcendent soul, Ireland was probably incapable of definition, but this still did not prevent Joyce from examining its surface movements and depths.

Dostoevsky and the Russian Soul

Dostoevsky was writing at a time when the Russian notion of identity was debated between two opposing groups. This meant not only personal identity but national identity as well. This is why Dostoevsky's "The Idea of the Novel" in his *Notebooks for Crime and Punishment* is very illuminating in a discussion about the soul of Russia:

Man is not born for happiness. Man earns his happiness, and always by suffering. There's no injustice here, because the knowledge of life and consciousness (that is, that which is felt immediately with your body and spirit, this is, through the whole vital process of life), is acquired by experience *pro and contra*, which one must take upon one's self. (188)

Life, the Russian soul, as Dostoevsky understands it, finds its identification in a paradox for two reasons. "[T]hat the main and most fundamental spiritual quest of the Russian people is their craving for suffering" (*Diary* v.1, 36) is the first

paradox. It is the Russian peoples' "longing for self-sacrifice" (*Diary* v.1, 424) that will make her into a great nation. It is in self-denial that she will come into herself and find her true identity. Once again it is assertion in non-assertion, existence in non-existence.

It is in this 'doctrine' of self sacrifice that Raskolnikov's soul finds the most unrest. Sonya and Porfiry urge Raskolnikov to turn back to the faith that he held as a child, to turn back to God and the idea of suffering for the good of one's soul, in order to get away from the madness in which he lives (388). He resists such a suggestion on account of his pride. It is his pride that makes him laugh at his own impulse to pray (79). To pray is a sign of weakness, to doubt one's own strength of existence. While his pride persists, the fact that "[i]n his soul he was tormentingly conscious of a dreary feeling of eternal loneliness and estrangement"(87) is never completely distant from him. When Raskolnikov decides to take on his suffering he prostrates himself on the ground in a self-depreciating gesture of appeal for forgiveness and to make peace with the society he has offended. Dostoevsky writes of this moment in such a way as to make it sound like an out of body experience (445), as body and self are denied for the preservation of Russia and universal human-kind. This self-denial in order to gain ultimate freedom is at the centre of Dostoevsky's paradoxical understanding of life.

But there is also another aspect of the soul as a mysterious paradox that is apparent in *Crime and Punishment* and other of Dostoevsky's writings. This

paradox brings us back to a discussion on the ineffability of the soul and the limitation of human language to completely express that soul. Even after Raskolnikov confesses, his taking on of suffering is not complete. He shies away from the community of the prisoners and the relationship and comfort Sonya offers him. It is not until after the ambiguous dream that he truly begins to understand the magnitude of what suffering entails. It is interesting that this knowledge is produced by a dream, an alternate and mysterious form of reality. What takes place in the dream is significant as well. What should interest us the most is the fact that in the dream the world is being destroyed because "none could understand any other [...]. In places men congregated in groups, agreed together on some action, swore not to disband— and immediately began to do something quite different from what they themselves proposed" (461-62). As science, personal desires and will take precedent in human action, language becomes increasingly empty and confusing. It is only the "chosen handful of the pure" who can communicate and protect the human race, "but nobody had ever seen them anywhere, nobody heard their voices or their words" (462). These 'saviours', so to speak, move beyond language. Raskolnikov's dream, which motivates his conversion, suggests a reality which transcends language.

This points to a possible reading of the end of Dostoevsky's novel. Dostoevsky writes :

He did not even know that the new life would not be his for nothing, that it must be dearly bought, and paid for with great and heroic

struggles yet to come...

But that is the beginning of a new story, the story of the gradual renewal of a man, of his gradual regeneration, of his slow progress from one world to another, of how he learned to know hitherto undreamed-of reality. All that might be the subject of a new tale, but our present one is ended. (464-65)

That there are ellipses in this last section should alert the reader to at least one fact, that once again language can not express all of human experience. The ellipses also tell the reader that Raskolnikov's troubles are not over; that even though he has converted this does not mean a perfect life will unfold before him. This is why, I would argue, the novel ends in the way that it does. It is not that Dostoevsky is not a brilliant story-teller, but that he realizes that the culmination of Raskolnikov's soul is not something that this world and its language can contain. While believing that Russia's and Raskolnikov's soul lie in the practice of suffering, this too is something that Dostoevsky avoids defining completely. In essays, of which there are many, on the soul of Russia and a possible utopian society, Dostoevsky ends with such phrases as "This was merely a joke" (*Diary* v.2, 582) and "Who knows the ways of Providence?" (*Diary* v. 2, 365).

Dostoevsky must practice what he preaches and be humble in the knowledge that he, his art, and his language are limited even while his soul may be transcendent. Meanwhile, while "[m]an however, does not know his formula" (*Diary* v. 2, 1000) this does not stop, nor should it stop, artists such as

Dostoevsky from “plung[ing] straight into life” (*Crime and Punishment* 388) and into the soul’s mysterious depths.

Joyce “and the hidden ways of Irish life” (*Portrait* 181)

When responding in a letter to a comment made on his own opinions on the “chapter of the moral history of [Ireland]”, Joyce responds with: “I believe that in composing my chapter of moral history in exactly the way I have composed it I have taken the first steps towards the spiritual liberation of my country” (*Letters*, ed. Gilbert 62-3). In Joyce’s understanding, Ireland and its cities have souls (*Critical Writings* “Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages” 162; *Portrait* 184). Similar to Dostoevsky, a definition of this nation’s soul remains allusive. Nevertheless, to claim, as Emer Nolan does in his book *James Joyce and Nationalism*, that because Joyce does not give it a strict definition he therefore “transcends his nationality” (3) would be too quick an assessment of the situation. When one considers the many times that Joyce writes, not only in the words of Stephen Dedalus but also in personal letters expressing his own views, his desire to be an artist who writes the soul of his race (*Letters*, ed. Ellmann 248; *Portrait* 253) it would appear erroneous to deduce that race and nationalism were not a concern of his. Instead of viewing Joyce as ‘transcending’ nationalism in that he was somehow greater and, therefore, *beyond* the issue, I would suggest that Joyce recognized the paradoxical and transcendent state of the soul of Ireland; that it was a part of the reality in which he and other Irish people experienced while remaining mysteriously and ineffably apart from it.

Joyce's own opinions on Ireland and the Irish people are very confusing and therefore do not really allow for any conclusive statements or sentiments on his part. In letters he expresses towards Ireland love and educated concern (*Letters*, ed. Ellmann 276, 187) but also hate and disdain (*Letters*, ed. Ellmann 189, 255). In "Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages" he states that the Irish people are "backward and inferior" (*Critical Writings* 166). Even more striking a description is that of Ireland as "the old sow that eats her farrow" (*Portrait* 203; similar characterization of "Ireland" in *PAYM: Facsimile* 133). At the same time, Joyce believes that for Ireland "[t]here is still hope" (*PAYM: Facsimile* 135).

While Joyce does not promote patriotism and propaganda (Joyce, *Critical Writings*, "An Irish Poet" 86-87; Herr 6), he wants Ireland to gain strength as a nation. Joyce views the state in which Ireland finds itself as being predominately caused by the oppression of the Church and England. Cheryl Herr points out that "Joyce's narrative portrays the community belief that the moral and spiritual dichotomies of religious doctrine provide intellectual power over existential ambiguities" (253). The influence of the Church gave answers to the Irish people but did not allow any more questions and prided itself in extinguishing problematic ambiguities. As an artist writing the soul, Joyce demands more questions while recognizing the allusiveness of answers. The first hand-written comment listed under Joyce's characterization of Ireland for *Portrait* is as follows: "The learning is in the hands of the monks and their clerks and its art in the hands of the blacklegs [?] who still serve those ideas which their fellow

artists in Europe have rebelled against" (*PAYM: Facsimile* 133). In Joyce's understanding, Irish intellectuals and artists must be re-educated beyond the thought and art of England; must move beyond the "tyranny [which] occupies the palace of the [Irish] soul" (*Critical Writings*, "Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages" 173).

Joyce's stressing of the need for re-education becomes most apparent when one looks at Stephen's comments on and reaction to the 'words' of England and the Church. Stephen's soul is often negatively affected by the repetition of English ways in the city of Dublin (78) and also, more significantly, by the "hollow" (83) English language which he speaks: "I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. His [(the priest's)] language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech.[...] My soul frets in the shadow of his language"(189). Through Stephen, Joyce is expressing the desire and need to create, to use a phrase of Dostoevsky's, a "*new word*" (*Crime and Punishment* 2) or, to use Sells term, a language of 'unsaying' in which to communicate. If Joyce does have criticism for the Irish people, to which his often expressed loathing would attest, it is because Ireland has for too long "seemed humbly conscious of its indignity" (*Portrait* 180) while taking no action to rectify the situation. Joyce suggests that Ireland and its artists have simply mirrored the actions and art of England and the Church in "the cracked looking glass of a servant" (*PAYM: Facsimile* 134). I would not suggest that Joyce offers any strict guidelines as to how one would go about creating art which would reflect

Ireland's soul, but he does offer means in which to hope, and this means is as mysterious as the soul itself.

It is said at one of Stephen's childhood Christmas dinners that the Irish people "are an unfortunate, priestridden race and always were and always will be till the end of the chapter" (37). What is significant in this statement is the notion of the chapter, that there is more that can be written about Ireland's soul than the previous sorrowful chapter. This soul's future is as unpredictable as Stephen's. Though Ellmann argues that the end of the novel "the soul is released from its confinements, its individuality is complete" (307-8) I would disagree. Stephen is just starting his journey, as is the soul of the race which he wants to help create. Similar once again to Dostoevsky, this action, this creation, takes place in a paradox. Stephen must create his race by distancing himself from it (*Portrait* 84, 247), which Joyce himself thought was necessary for his own artistic purposes (*Letters*, ed. Ellmann 53). Joyce writes in one of Stephen's conversations:

The soul is born, he said vaguely, first in those moments I told you of. It has a slow and dark birth, more mysterious than the birth of the body. When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets. (203)

Stephen still longs to change the condition of the soul of his race while at the same time seeming to reject it. But if Ireland is what Joyce describes as that "in

which the most diverse elements are mingled" (*Critical Writings* "Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages" 165) then it is not surprising that Stephen reacts in a paradoxical fashion. It is in this paradox that he can hope for 'mystical union' (Sells) with the transcendent. How and if Stephen succeeds in writing his soul perhaps is not the right question to ask for the soul is 'dark' and 'mysterious'. Furthermore, it may be wrong to suggest that writing the complete soul of Ireland is something that Joyce can do. All an artist can really do is to accept the mystery of the endeavour and try "to forge in the smithy of [his/her] soul the uncreated conscience of [his/her] race" (*Portrait* 253). Like an alchemist combining varying and dissimilar elements to 'magically' create something new and mysterious, the artist must use paradoxical, and thereby transcendent, language to write the transcendent soul.

Conclusion

Dostoevsky writes that "the moral idea always emanated from mystical ideas, from the conviction that man is eternal, that he is not a mere earthly animal, but that he is tied to other worlds and eternity" (*Diary* v.2, 1000-01). Human beings, more specifically, human souls, are part of a reality which takes in the everyday and the fantastic. To communicate the transcendence of the soul is not a simple task. The ability to express the soul and its movements is deterred by the limitations of language. For this reason, sometimes silence, that which can speak without speaking, can take the form of an "inaudible voice [which can] caress [the] soul" (*Portrait* 152). Silence can be used to express what the soul longs to communicate to other souls. Meanwhile language, and images evoked by language, can express the soul to some extent if it takes the form of a 'language of unsaying'. As language is limited, so is the knowledge that human understanding can encompass on the subject of the ineffable soul. With each attempt to express the soul, the hope of more knowledge gained sustains the artist. For this reason, artists continue to paint, sculpt, compose, and write. In reading the works of Dostoevsky and Joyce we can gather some insight into the transcendent soul of individuals and nations, while simultaneously being reminded of the great scope of the mysteries of life.

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