ENGLISH LITERATURE: HONOURS THESIS.

TWISTING WOUNDS OF DOUBT FROM DESIRES FOR RADIANCE:
Spiritual Struggles in the Art of Fyodor Dostoevsky
and James Joyce.

I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the
world. The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man: James Joyce.

*And a strange thing happened; while they ceased completely to believe in
their lost bliss, dismissing it as a fairy tale; they longed so much to
become happy and innocent once more that they capitulated to their own wishes
and, like small children, proceeded to worship their longings. They built
countless temples, deified their own wishful thought, and prayed to it. And
although they were certain that their wishes could never come true, they
worshipped them with tears in their eyes* "The Dream of a Ridiculous Man."
Fyodor Dostoevsky.

MAGGI PHILLIPS.
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SYMBOLS FOR TEXTS:

Fyodor Dostoevsky:

TI..... The Idiot.
TD..... The Devils.
BZ..... The Brothers Karamazov.
DRM ... "The Dream of a Ridiculous Man."

James Joyce:

D..... Dubliners.
PA..... The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.
U..... Ulysses.
TWISTING WOUNDS OF DOUBT FROM DESIRES FOR RADIANCE: Spiritual Struggles in the Art of Fyodor Dostoevsky and James Joyce.

I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world. *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: James Joyce.

"And a strange thing happened; while they ceased completely to believe in their past bliss, dismissing it as a fairy tale, they longed so much to become happy and innocent once more that they capitulated to their own wishes and, like small children, proceeded to worship their longings. They built countless temples, deified their own wishful thought, and prayed to it. And although they were certain that their wishes could never come true, they worshipped them with tears in their eyes." *The Dream of a Ridiculous Man.* Fyodor Dostoevsky.

Ineffable, intangible, grasped in pain, exalted in love, the Christian faith along cultural lines is a human absolute that bows to no authority but its own miraculous, wilful and desiring self, and still it can fail. Quintessentially, faith's considerable hold on imagination is utterly human, which, without denying or affirming the existence of God, makes faith a perceptual frame to be chosen or rejected. Furthermore the will that generates faith must be active as Francis Jeanson emphasises in a study of Sartre's thought:

*The idea of God is not in our possession. It does not lie with us to encounter this idea once and for all, we do not have the idea of God: we must continually give it back to ourselves in the choice we make of this or that moral course*[Jeanson: 1972:274].
Viewed simplistically beneath the thunder and excesses of their fiction, drawing distillations from texts wondrously contaminated by impure and disturbing contradictions, faith for Fyodor Dostoevsky vibrates from the heart, whereas for James Joyce, faith, on the roundabout of denial and transcendence, is the prerogative of the mind. Characteristic of poetic/aesthetic natures generally, Dostoevsky and Joyce accentuate, explicitly or implicitly, the significance of beauty in their concept of faith and hence when doubt challenges that faith, the resultant visions are terrible and insupportable. Dostoevsky and Joyce's novels create fictional radiance while paradoxically immersed in the darkness of doubt, a radiance perhaps with which to confront and vanquish the anguish in their own souls, or minds. Each author's world view of divinity thus pivots on a triad axis, involving interstices of conflict between moral, cultural, theological, sexual, psychological, aesthetic and narrative issues. It is the objective of this essay to examine the struggle toward the light in Dostoevsky's The Idiot, The Devils(also known as The Possessed), The Brothers Karamazov and "The Dream of a Ridiculous Man" and Joyce's Dubliners, The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and Ulysses. In following Dostoevsky to the depths of torment and suffering and Joyce through his arduous commitment to create the mind's brilliant trek, we may find that instead of Gods and Christs, our guides have been passionate and compassionate holy, and unholy, fools, wrestling with and against faith.
...IF GOD EXISTS, THEN I, TOO, AM IMMORTAL!

The infinite and the immeasurable is as necessary to man as the little planet which he inhabits. Fyodor Dostoevsky: The Devils.
Rum idea; eating bits of a corpse. James Joyce: Ulysses.

Terrors arising from the finite nature of the human condition, its suffering and futility, create the need for appeasement or fulfilment through some form of ultra-reality, or as it is known, spiritual and/or religious belief. As Peter Berger notes something in our sensory and mental processes "demands interpretations that not only satisfy theoretically but give inner sustenance in meeting the crisis of suffering and death" and answers to "a burning desire for ... redemption"[Berger:1971:40 & 66]. For over two thousand years, men and women have constructed and practised the meanings and symbolism generated out of the Jewish struggle to be the "chosen people", and the appearance on earth of a remarkable man and his extraordinary life. Jesus Christ as gift to the elect, gave through his teaching and parables the gift of a new church and revivified meanings in the old religion. His incarnation, sacrifice and resurrection acted as the bedrock of Christianity, sanctifying humankind and imbuing them with a deep sense of reality in the promise of a heavenly afterlife. In the intervening history, the incarnate Word has sustained many dreams, witnessed
many divisions, satisfied alternative directions and generally experienced its oneness succumb to myriad patterns, two branches of which lead directly to Dostoevsky and Joyce, the Russian Orthodoxy and Jesuitical Roman Catholicism. Since faith imposes firm perceptual frames that influence the substance of reality, we need to look into the conceptual premises of each version of Christianity, so that we can, in Joycean terms, peer into the firmament of each writer's seeing.

Known in a Eurocentric context, as a primitive branch of Christianity, Orthodoxy, its customs and values travelled historical processes from Greece across the vast lands of Russia to establish its relatively decentralised system deeply in people's cultural experience on the basic tenet that faith "is a supernatural, not a natural act ... [whereby] the Grace of God [is] in the Christian soul"[Crim:1981:552]. This divine and undefinable aspect saturates the primarily biblical language of orthodox worship in the mystical "apophatic" or negative: God is described in the Eucharist Prayer as "Ineffable, INconceivable, INvisible, INcomprehensible, ever-existing and eternally the same"[Ibid:553]. Considered to be a faculty higher than reason, faith consequently is the sole means of realising God's presence in the self and in the figurative reality assumed in Christ. Rituals stress incarnation, wherein a new and perfect humanity, Christ, unites two separate realities forever. "God became man so that man might become divine", making this "deification" the goal of Christian life[Crim:1981:553].
Dostoevsky both assumes the truth of these principles and questions them from a multitude of angles and arguments, from Alyosha seen as a realist for whom "faith is not born from miracles, but miracles from faith" [BK:26], to Ivan's nihilism, bluntly stating the equivocal "[t]here would be no civilization at all if God had not been invented" [BK:134]. When Dostoevsky repeatedly locates the heart as the place of faith, he moves closer to the Russian mystics, who like Tikhon and Zosima, believe variously in

"immediate communion of man with God, a universal, exclusively affective, subjective religion without dogmas and Church, based on immediate illumination by the Holy Ghost and on the pronouncements of the interior word in the spirit of man" [kulishkoff:1977:105].

This view lies counter to some contemporaneous accounts of his allegiance to the Church proper and to Cross and Livingstone's perception of Dostoevsky as one of the forerunners of modern Dialectical theology in which "the consciousness of salvation [is] the free gift of God to the weak and miserable and the refusal to admit any co-operation between God and man ... not from man to God but [from] God to man ... [and therefore a] complete absence from religion of reason and will, and the moral effort that flows from them" [Cross & Livingstone:1983:422]. Though many characters, like Stavrogin, Rogozhin and Dmitri, behave as if will and moral effort are superfluous, and rationality is a dangerous manifestation of godless materialism, Dostoevsky insists with the Christ of Ivan's poem, "The grand Inquisitor", Alyosha, Myshkin and Zosima, that
will must be a free, moral choice, for the sinner as well as for the saint. Orthodox concepts do not thus entirely determine Dostoevsky's world view; they are rather the starting points of heart and incomprehensibility from which his tireless dialectic surges, so that we can forever remake the "secret, and mysterious sense of our living bond with the other world, with the highest heavenly world, and the roots of our thoughts and feelings are not here but in other worlds"[BK:320].

The same story, turned almost literally on its head, is at the crux of Jesuit belief as a teaching and proselyting sect of Roman Catholicism, for their faith, after St Augustine's principle, "thinking with the giving of assent" demands an act of will, based on reason[Cross & Livingstone:1983:499]. In Catholicism, original sin, pertinently for Joyce, the unimaginable and excessive pride of the rebellious angels, alienates man from God without totally corrupting him. Moreover, man has a moral obligation to cooperate in his salvation, especially through confessional practices. At the centre of the Church's life is the Eucharist, the ritual partaking of the pascal meal, which denotes an unbloody repetition of the sacrifice of Calvary[Abingdon: 1981:629]. Christ, in the ritual of transubstantiation, is believed to be really present in what appears as bread and wine, creating much intellectual flesh for Joyce's insatiable wit and soul. In its socio-political structure, Catholicism, unlike the more localised authority practised in Orthodoxy, is highly hierarchical, patriarchal and centralised in the power of the Pope in Rome.
However, in spite of the mysteries, rigid rituals and dogmas, catholicism developed a strong line of philosophical theorists, who like St Thomas Aquinas have had immeasurable influence on the intellectual status of the religion. Over and above what Stephen attributes to Aquinas in *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Joyce is indebted to this master of the mind for the founding of the artist's alternative yet vital faith. Aquinas begins his lengthy study into every facet of religious life and meaning with faith:

"In the first place, then, this great and glorious fruit is gathered from human reason — namely, that it demonstrates the existence of God: "By the greatness of the beauty and of the creature the Creator of them may be seen, so as to be known thereby .... In the next place, reason shows that God, in a way belonging only to Himself, excels by the sum of all perfectionism— that is, by an infinite wisdom, from which nothing can be hidden; and also by a supreme justice which no affection of evil can touch, but the very truth itself, which cannot deceive or be deceived. Further, it is a clear consequence of this that the human reason obtains for the word of God full belief and authority ... [for an] obedience that is altogether reasonable"[Aquinas:ix]

"The fact is that revelation includes things knowable in principle as well as things that can never be understood in this life" [McInerny:1982:161] as Aquinas firmly states, is of utmost significance to Joyce's sensibility and personal background, since acceptance relies first and foremost on belief's capacity to arrest his mind. Moreover, given the passing of a few centuries of attrition and invention, Aquinas' tone, thought and language still shine in the fiction of an artist who parodies and proclaims, riddles and defames, and yet remains in awe before "the greatness of the beauty", its endless possibility, its intrinsic knowability.
The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit. [U:573].

Could it be that there is no trace of Aquinas, or of the exultant ecstasy of knowledge penetrating mysteries, in this compelling poetic line?

REMAIN WITH CHRIST IN THE GULF OF DEWS.

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.... if it were mathematically proved to you that truth was outside Christ, you would rather remain with Christ than with truth?" [19:255].

Did he then accept as an article of belief the theory of astrological influences upon sublunary disasters?

It seemed to him as possible of proof as of confutation and the nomenclature employed in its selomographical charts as attributable to verifiable intuition as to fallacious analogy: the lake of dreams, the sea of rains, the gulf of dews, the ocean of fecundity. [U:578].

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The value of faith, whether Russian or Irish, whether of the heart or of the mind, dissipates unless it is meaningful to the ferment of personal life experience. Both Dostoevsky and Joyce, as biographical evidence and concerns emerging in their fiction indicate, suffered personal crises which, alongside times of social turmoil, shaped their thought and imagination simultaneously around and within desires for, and apprehension of, faith. Art and life
do differ, but in many instances they are interdependent, at least in the same way that miracles presuppose faith, bringing the intensity of one to the dimension of the other, for despite Stephen's artist who, "like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails"[PA:397], creators cannot but leave their likeness in their creations. Singling out particular incidents behaviour and emotional attachments from Dostoevsky and Joyce's background will demonstrate how significant the re-writing of life can be to those artists, and later to their public.

Dostoevsky spent his boyhood under co-existent fear and persuasion from an "insanely despotic father and a gentle downtrodden mother, whose meekness alternated with hysteria"[Lampert: 1973:227]. The introspection, reading voracity and romantic inclinations of youth were rudely shaken by an event of violent incomprehensibility; his father's murder committed by a group of his own outraged serfs. E. Lampert(1973) claims that the incident induced Dostoevsky's first epileptic fit, though others attribute the trigger of the on-going disease to the after-shock of the mock execution which indelibly marked his consciousness. Arrested along with other members of a secret utopian society for being engaged in treasonable activities, Dostoevsky and his companions were sentenced to death. The czar's reprieve was read just one minute before the first three prisoners were due to face the firing squad.
In *The Idiot*, Dostoevsky, through Myshkin's acute interest in all things relative to the divide between madness and sanity, rewrites this experience when time is severely limited and life stretches incredibly out of its familiar proportions. Beneath Myshkin's animation, Dostoevsky's authorial irony and self-reflexivity is clearly heard:

> Take a soldier and put him in front of a cannon in battle and fire at him and he will still hope, but read the same soldier his death sentence *for certain*, and he will go mad or burst out crying. Who says that human nature is capable of bearing this without madness? Why this cruel, hideous, unnecessary, and useless mockery? Possibly there are men who have sentences of death read out to them and have been given time to go through this torture, and have then been told, You can go now, you've been reprieved. Such men could perhaps tell us. It was of agony like this and of such horror that Christ spoke. No, you can't treat a man like that! [Dostoevsky:1955:47-8].

They did, suggests the offstage voice, and no doubt they always will treat human life so mercilessly. Whatever the factual connection, between reality in the last moment before death and the ecstatic visions experienced prior to epileptic fits, or between the son of a murdered man and his adult portrayal of "higher realism" on a nexus of crime, these elements acquire symbolic fusion in Dostoevsky's fiction. Thus, the sacred moments that sign-post madness and a bout of epilepsy, join with the psychic extremities of victimization and the pressures, or "strains", which force murderers into action, to form patterns of significance from life into fiction. This triangle of experience haunts Dostoevsky's art, and his faith, with its heightened sensory awareness at both ends of the ethical scale, binding injustice and crime in contradiction and interchangeable dualities. Enclosing love and
suffering, goodness and evil, the triangular boundaries keep splintering into the inherent doubleness of experience, or as
Prince Sh. sadly reminds Myshkin:

"it is not easy to achieve heaven on earth, and you seem to count on it a little: heaven is a difficult matter, Prince, much more difficult than it seems to your excellent heart" [11:376-7].

Over Dostoevsky's desire for the rarefied ideal, or even for a sense of stable, unequivocal values, crawls the disease of earthly existence and a man who craves acceptance and fame and yet feels humiliated by such ambitions, who suffers ignominiously during years of penal servitude in Siberia, yet plants irreversible spiritual strength and compassion in his heart. This man writes in his notebooks that reality "is not reducible to the existent; a great part of it is contained in the shape of a latent, as yet unuttered future" [as quoted in Lampert: 1973: 227], and then behaves sado-masochistically with women, violates poverty by gambling, incites family and political quarrels, champions the Russian soul and writes compulsively about other "sick and spiteful" characters. He knew too well himself, that his identity could never be an unified whole, yet his fiction reveals a fierce courage to pursue a holistic and holy future. If Ivan Karamazov can reduce humanity to ineffectual creatures futilely grasping love in some delusion of immortality, or Dmitri confess to a murder he did not commit, or if Nastasya Filippovna's dazzling beauty is unbearably founded on abuse and the double-edge of pride and shame, then paradox can affect ultimate expressions of faith and compassion drawing them
from surprisingly simple actions, like Zosima bowing down before Dmitri and the silent Jesus kissing the Grand Inquisitor's "bloodless, ninety-year-old lips[BK:262]. Against the tide of Dostoevsky's inchoate world of crime, injustice and irrational behaviour, and in spite of the terrible threat of unbelief, the master heart places his serene, childlike, "touched by God" characters, Myskin and Alyosha, centre stage on the shifting sands. He knows that they will be trapped in suffering, and end in human disasters beyond their capacity to transcend, yet he believes in the Christ in their hearts and in the luminosity they will attain. Religious painters create icons from the divine presence within: Myshkin and Alyosha are narrative icons given by God to Dostoevsky's faith. In the following passage, Myshkin falters in his explanation of faith to Rogozhin, as they stand under Holbein's gruesome painting of Christ's mutilated body under the cross. The portrayal of death in the picture acquires the role of a dark and sinister symbol, even an obverse icon, emanating from the dark house of doubt and infecting the denouement of the novel. Its presence is never totally expunged, not even by the Prince's enduring goodness:

"the essence of religious feeling has nothing to do with any reasoning, or any crimes and misdemeanours or atheism; ... But the important thing is that you will notice it most clearly in a Russian heart, and that's the conclusion I've come to!"[71:261].

It is not through ignorance that Myshkin fails to enlighten, but because truth resides in the heart where language flows in a medium
other than words.

In contrast, words constitute Joyce's truth. Language is an interminable font, sacred and sacrilegious and able to purify the most worn and tired human soul. Joyce's youth is strongly marked by a compulsive love-hate relationship with his father, whose profligacy abused his mother's devout personality and led the family from a comfortable middle-class life-style to abject, and for the young James, shameful poverty. John Stanislaus Joyce's glorious singing voice and gift of conversational wit redeem him somewhat for the son unable to resist the charms of sound and the daring flights of language. Joyce enshrines his father's qualities and flaws in the fictional portrait of Simon Dedalus in *Ulysses* and in the intellectual trinity Joyce struggles to construct between, the Father, father and son, when both father and son are clearly less than spiritually adequate to the task. Poverty as mentioned, crossed the trauma of puberty and seems to have helped push the young, highly religious boy over the threshold to the local brothels, only subsequently to withdraw and repent in excessive displays of self-flagellation. The ideas on sin, which Joyce imbibed from his formal education in the hands of the Jesuit order, revolved on graphic and fearsome horrors of hell, cowing the boy to submission, until he saw through the irrational processes by which the brothers inflicted their "awful powers" in the name of God. At the same time, the Jesuits being respected and disciplinary academics led Joyce to Aquinas, to a passion for the beauty words could evoke, and to an awareness of the unusual potential of his
inquiring mind. As he matured however, he saw less of the advantages of his religious schooling and more of the unjust punishments that the religious order condoned. Joyce must have suffered, or seen others grapple with the pain and indignity of simply being powerless, in episodes like Stephen's caning in *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, delivered because the brother disbelieves the account of his broken spectacles. Graduation coincided with a rebellion against inflexible and arcane practices, when Joyce "believed that sin was the invention of the clergy" and that "his writing would convert the bread of life into something that would have an artistic life of its own"[O'Connor:1984:174].

Women, their sexuality, beauty and ability to procreate, also fired his imagination, not so much perhaps for themselves, but for his relationship to them. Nora, his wife reputedly saved him from his relentless will which propelled the mind to dangerous heights, and, on the other side, his mother challenged his conscience with guilt for denying her, a peaceful and religiously pure death. She slips into our reality as the tormenting ghost across the pages of *Ulysses*. Compared with Dostoevsky, the early Joyce denigrates women who fail before the matchless standard of the "immaculate virgin", caused to a great extent, I suggest, by the cultural lens imposed by catholicism. Whereas orthodoxy accepts Mary as the earth mother, catholicism accentuates her virginity, and subsequently creates an alienating distance between the procreative sexuality of the human female and her divine image. The gap both
qualifies the significant role of the male in religious concepts of creation and increases tendencies to undervalue the woman on earth. Joyce's literature traces the struggle of his male ego's engagement in the problem until arriving at a resolution in his verbal creation of Molly, who purifies *Ulysses* with a sort of orgasmic flow of fecund and natural language suggestive of a massive earth goddess. Not as a falling and faulty Eve, but as an affirming muse of life, Molly coalesces the ordinary and the miraculous, and generates a faith embracing the magnitude of the knowable and the mysterious. It is to Molly-born-of-Joyce that Anderson's words should speak:

> where all was one --- where, though good and evil were not the same, they were both aspects of his lord, who had become the sacramental, monomythic design of all the 'reality of experience'"[Anderson:1967:114].

Before reaching this point, Joyce runs the gamut of experiences in faith, from conventional acceptance, rejection, taking the vows of art with all the discipline of a priest, to a position which Brown describes as a Blakean "heretical caste of thought"; an ideological perspective that provides Joyce with the fertile ground for his radical "re-reading" of sacred texts[Brown:1985:162]. Joyce thus rebels with the full force of pride not against the catholic religion and the tenets of faith that the Bible acclaims and Aquinas meticulously reinforces, but against the Irish Church at the turn of the century with its overload of meaningless and prohibitive dogma. "It is not
difficult, for example, to imagine St. Augustine[or St. Aquinas] and Joyce changing places"[Raleigh:1987:117]. Although Joyce intrinsically trusts the mind's authority, he is no more free of contradiction, ambiguity and paradox than is Dostoevsky, except that the chaos he evokes is mapped, or mappable, and is finally encompassed in his cosmological understanding, whereas Dostoevsky's chaos tends to the unpredictable and pulls away from the luminous holistic desire in his heart. Raleigh's sketch of Joyce's mental powers highlights its formidable comprehensiveness:

"Joyce had a mind both Irish-Catholic-Jesuitical and catholic that was simultaneously highly schematic .... enamoured of detail .... a connoisseur of chaos .... addicted to mysteries and puzzles .... inerterestingly and deeply archaic and superstitious .... and was both haunted and fascinated by madness and the thin line that exists between reason and unreason"[Raleigh:1987:96].

To complete the portrait, I would add Joyce's fusion of sexuality and divinity which overflows from Ulysses as it must, because like the story of creation itself, there will always be mysteries to unravel in the re-telling, the re-reading and the re-writing.
THE HIGHER IMAGE, THE SILKEN CRY.

... until now neither their wisdom nor the arbor of their hearts has been able to create another, higher image of man and his dignity than the image shown by the old Christ. [BK:171]

Their cry was shrill and clear and fine and falling like threads of silken light unwound from whirling spools. [PA:465].

Notions of beauty are inextricably embedded in faith, to the extent that the human propensity for pleasurable feelings, objects and ideas may constitute one means of defining faith. After all, there is something in the imaginative image of the divine, which presupposes that humanity is not satisfied with its lot, not merely in terms of an escape from suffering and death, but because there seems to be a condition, or a promise of something aesthetically more pleasing, than life tied to earth can provide. This line of thought assumes that beauty exists in this world and so enables the imagination to project its perfected or everlasting form into the other reality. On a slightly different tact, Victor Hugo's manifesto on art discusses one human truth that tends to evade our everyday desires and daydreams, reminding us of our inability to support beauty for any extended length of time:

Sublimity unrelieved, he finds, denies an audience's natural need to rest a little, "even from beauty"; hence the value of the grotesque as a pause, a term of comparison, a point of departure from which one rises toward the beautiful with fresher and keener perception [Ranger:229].
Like goodness, and its reliance on evil for definition and intrinsic reality, beauty exists only in relation to the unpleasurable, to ugliness, the grotesque and vile filth. The impossibility of beauty to be an absolute is at the core of Dostoevsky's comic short story, "The Dream of a Ridiculous Man", where the dream of paradise on earth is conceived, for humans to corrupt. Poignant, and disturbing, the tale told by a clownish narrator issues a soul destroying message that I will pursue further in "Tricky Convolutions". Twist the definition of beauty another way and we face the paradox of pleasure with a licence to overstep moral limits. Stravogrin embodies an extreme variant of this idea, scanning the will to pleasure over almost all possibilities between heaven and hell, while Dmitri Karamazov, on a fundamentally more human scale, wrestles with his intense sensuality and moral weakness, crying, "Beauty is a fearful and terrible thing! Fearful because it's undefinable, and it cannot be defined, because here God gave us only riddles"[BK:108]. Riddles, constructing puzzles and more riddles, makes it difficult for Myshkin to pass judgment on beauty, especially when that radiance glows in an as-yet-undiscovered loved one. He evades the question: "I'm afraid I am not ready yet. Beauty is a riddle"[TI:105], and so the riddles accumulate, while beauty roams far in the restless Dostoevskian heart.

Equivalent perplexities pervade Joyce's narratives, for although beauty is the pivot to Stephen's theory on art, the end result of a transcendence in "applied Aquinas", shows the theory's
inferiority, when compared to the beauty of Joyce's art. Admittedly the "beautiful" of Stephen's artistic epiphanies is deliberately or naively limited, though its abstract language is paradoxically less precise than a poetic metaphor. Perhaps Joyce intends to catch us out, highlighting Stephen's explanation of momentous discovery, when we should be watching the scene in its entirety. Lynch's lack of enthusiasm, except when women enter Stephen's pedantic gaze, suggests that Joyce parodies his self-styled character. Nevertheless, the passion behind the theorising is not to be ignored either. Truth is not beauty, but in this case, a restriction, which Stephen places on the "beautiful":

Truth is beheld by the intellect which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the intelligible; beauty is beheld by the imagination which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the sensible. The first step in the direction of truth is to understand the frame and scope of the intellect itself, to comprehend the act itself of intellection ...... The first step in the direction of beauty is to understand the frame and scope of the imagination, to comprehend the act itself of aesthetic apprehension. Is that clear? [FA:351]

The passage demonstrates a command of the philosophical enterprise and, at the same time, the difficulty of containing the pleasurable in a meaningful definition. Ultimately, the beautiful flourishes in immediacy, not through tracking back and forth across the brain connecting first steps to comprehension of the act itself, especially when that act is the unmanageable beast of the imagination. Nothing more than the vitality and diversity of Ulysses is needed to testify that beauty works in odd and unexpected ways and is not liable or accountable to any theory, except, and this is important, if you are James Joyce, and the
pursuit of the impossible pleases you immensely.

To return now to the significance of beauty to divine imagery in the novels, the pinnacle of which is Dostoevsky’s quality of holiness, love. In contemplating his beloved Elder, Zosima, possibly the most godlike of all Dostoevskian characters, Alyosha recognises that,

“he is holy, in his heart there is the secret of renewal for all, the power that will finally establish the truth on earth, and all will be holy and will love one another, and there will be neither rich nor poor, neither exalted nor humiliated, but all will be like the children of God, and the true kingdom of Christ will come.” That was the dream in Alyosha’s heart. [88:31].

Love indeed is the final word and opening to other realities for Dostoevsky, as curiously it is too in Ulysses. They both advocate active love, but where in Dostoevsky the gladness of love centres on the divinity in leaf, bird or even sinner, and must therefore be inordinate and unfaltering, in Joyce-via-Molly its vitality and uplifting value lies in the juxtaposition of sexuality and the mystery of creation.

What Dostoevsky means by love, given selflessly to fellow humans, is compassion, which is itself, a significant element in Dostoevsky’s understanding of beauty, expressed often in the actions or thought of minor characters like Mrs Yepanchin, Vanya, Aglaya, Lise and her frantic mother, Stravrogin’s mother, Shatov, Versilov and the ineffectual old Stephan Verkhovensky who bumbles and mutters through hot air, but is not mistaken when he cries out that,
With this, all his former verbal flatulence is forgiven and Stephan is cherished for a vision that strangely captures an unrealisable truth. Similarly, Mrs Yepanchin's personality provokes our pleasure, even though her unstable concentration and excitable judgements should at times be reprimanded. Like Stephan, she carries her faults magnanimously, as only one with such a generous spirit, childlike and fanciful could. The suffering of such characters is comical, and counteracts the tragedy of the genuinely broken souls. Mary Lebyatkin's madness, Shatov's delirium, burning up with shame for his incompetence and deep love, while his wife groans in labour, Ippolit confronting the fear of his imminent death with confession and plans of suicide, Ilyusha attacking Alyosha's finger in a ferocious bid to redeem his father's shame; they all contribute to the amalgam of beauty in the soul. One buries his head in exhausted frenzy, another speaks out, or heeds the notes of charity in the dust, and so humanity, vulnerable and noble, wild and penitent cry out in their "terrible beauty". Dostoevsky, like his two Christlike characters, invariably finds something in the deficient human personality to admire, yet there are a few prominent exceptions, one being the utter soulless Peter Verkhovensky.

Peter is the black and vacuous joker on life, an extreme rationalist and individualist, who plays with the fears and torments of others to fabricate a political sect out of nothing,
presumably because power, in a pseudo imitation of God, is the only sustenance for his being. Manipulative cunning of this kind embodies the satanic of Dostoevsky's "our times", personifying inhumanity in an existence beyond doubt. In the scene where Peter Verkhovensky discloses his plan to elevate Stravrogin to the role of Ivan the Crown-prince and centrepiece of his ambitious political artifice, Peter literally becomes the devil. He claims to find Stavrogin beautiful and continues:

"I suppose you must be suffering, and suffering genuinely, too, because of your simple-mindedness. I love beauty. I am a nihilist, but I love beauty .... You don't insult anyone, and everyone hates you; you look on everyone as your equal, and everyone is afraid of you." He suddenly kissed his hand. A shiver ran down Stavrogin's spine and he snatched his hand away in dismay.[10:426].

Stavrogin's reaction reveals how odious the suggestion is, tempting the daemonic dimension in himself with his own negative and amoral powers. Impressions of the temptation of Christ pervade the scene at the same time, because Stavrogin's ambivalency is the consequence of Dostoevsky's measure of sensation against revelation. With a disturbing irony, Stravogin's quest for sensation begins spiritually:

"Mr. [Stephen] Verkhovensky succeeded in touching some of the deepest chords in his little friend's heart and in evoking in him the first and still vague sensation of that eternal and sacred longing which many a chosen spirit, having once tasted and experienced it, will never afterwards exchange for some cheap feeling of satisfaction.[10:54].

An irreplaceable "sacred longing" evolves into the fatal flaw that leads Stavogin to his atrocities. In his appended confession to the Elder Tikhon at the novel's end, Dostoevsky indicates that
despite the vulgarity and ugliness of his sins --- the worst being
the rape of a young girl who then dies of the shame --- the seeds
of repentance are germinating in Stavrogin's heart, which is all
God's bounteous love asks of the sinner. His subsequent suicide
defies any resolution to his heart's torment, leaving him in the
novel under a cloud of ominous ambiguity. Orthodoxy's peculiar and
frightening empathy for sinners, retains the possibility of beauty
in Stavrogin's character, an aspect which is totally effaced in
Peter's amorality.

Dostoevsky's attention focuses generally on the inner
strengths and failures of the human being, but with certain women
he turns to the mask of beauty, which obscures troubled or sinful
inner realities. When the Prince sets his eyes for the first time
on Nastasya Filippovna's portrait, he intuits something of the
torture of her soul:

He was even more struck by the extraordinary beauty of her face and by something else in it.
There was sort of an immense pride and scorn, almost hatred, in that face, and, at the same
time, also something trusting, something wonderfully good-natured; this striking contrast
seemed almost to arouse a feeling of compassion as he looked at it. That dazzling beauty was
quite unbearable --- the beauty of that pale face, those hollow cheeks and burning eyes ---
a strange beauty.[77:167-8].

The piercing insight, exhibited by the saintly characters, enables
Dostoevsky to probe the "moral ambiguity of beauty, [and] the
internal discontinuity of beauty and the good"[Zenkovsky:142],
besides embroiling the protagonists in disastrous events beyond
their control. Under the dictates of his compassion, the Prince
offers Nastasya peace from the agony of her shame through the
pretext of marriage. Unfortunately though he possesses the vision and selfless qualities of sacrifice and absolute forgiveness, he is unable to persuade the sufferers around him that his actions are really what he claims them to be. In human understanding, genuine honesty is unbelievable, and thus, idiotic, while external beauty is invariably a veneer, attracting lust and harbouring pride and revenge. The Prince dies with the beauty, lust and pride that his goodness failed to reconcile.

Unlike Dostoevsky, Joyce portrays the psyche through external means. He gathers a mass of imagery, symbolism and sound and shuffles them into meaningful --- or obscure ---- configurations, which then reappear as metaphorical and/or idiomatic language on a printed page. For a man who experiments in what became know as a "stream of consciousness" evocation of reality, this may seem an odd supposition, but things, objects, colours, sounds, odours and so forth are his tools for ideas, feelings and the shape of the beautiful, at least once he has discarded Stephen's abstract theoretical language of The Portrait of the Artist. Consider this description of the Virgin Mary in Stephen's prayer, with that of Nastasya's above and the contrast is quite striking, for Dostoevsky employs emotional strokes, where Joyce depends on the shape of the visible world:

And now thy very face and form, dear mother, speak to us of the Eternal; not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star which is thy emblem, bright and musical, breathing purity, telling of heaven and infusing peace ... in the dark night, across the bleak wilderness guide us on to our Lord Jesus, guide us home[PA:327]
Perhaps the distinguishing characteristics return to the epistemological fundamentals of their creeds, the heart versus the mind, the internal versus the external, or the dichotomy of the treacherous human beauty beside the unending beauty of humans creating with the refined mind and natural sexuality? Though the Dostoevskian passage is the Prince's unspoken reaction to beauty, the narrative style, as distinct from the type of language, imitates dialogue, for which Dostoevsky is justifiably renowned, whereas poetry, in the traditional sense, dominates Stephen's prayer, even to its use of traditional imagery, "morning star", "breathing purity", "bleak wilderness" and so on. In *Ulysses*, Joyce transcends the traditional, yet the blueprint remains in Bloom's bizarre, yet fresh with the-things-and-acts-of-life, consciousness as he surveys the graveyard:

*Shores in Turkish graveyards. Learn anything if taken young. You might pick up a young widow here. Run like that. Love among the tombstones. Rumes. Spice of pleasure. In the nub of death we are in life. Both ends meet. Tantalising for the poor dead. Smell of grilled beefsteaks to the starving. Showing their vitals. Desire to gryg peoples. Molly waiting to do it at the window. Eight children he has anyway. [U:5.8]*

Even the move from "morning star" to "grilled beefsteaks", from the sacred image to profane perspectives on tombstones, cannot destroy the poetic pulse that drives the ideas and the character of Bloom himself. Pleasurable language and a compassionate and humble man weave macabre and human delight within an intangible sense of a rolling infinity of life meeting death meeting life. Neither Joyce nor his language are ultimately definable, yet even when words are shifted to obey other laws, styles and mechanics, they trail their
lingering poetic glow. "On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles, dancing coins"[U:2.30], comes alive again in Bloom's answer to the question of why he deferred improving Stephen's ideas on hygiene, "The incompatibility of aquacity with the erratic originality of genius"[U:17.550], because Joyce impassioned with words wrote both. The beauty Joyce creates with words entails many aspects but first and foremost it emanates from his love for them.

Beauty is not synonymous with the object of faith or sacred perspectives, but the loveliness, the dazzling, the holy, love and even the beefsteak, in the Joycean context, are suffused with values humans place on a life they desire to be everlasting and true. Much could be said about cultural differences, divergent Christian preference for the awesome and punishing Jehovah, and most especially on the issue which Joyce wrests from his masculine pride to affirm, the exigency of sexual duality in divine imagery, to answer Father Faissy's enigmatic proposal about the inevitability of the "old Christ" as the sacred image, yet the question is valid. Even Dostoevsky's failure to make Myshkin and Alyosha succeed, does not invalidate the extra-ordinariness of the living symbol of meekness and inordinate love. Rather, absolute sanctity may not as yet be comprehensible to the limited and contrary nature of the human soul.
ITS WHATNESS LEAPS TO JOY.

... culminating in a great calm, full of serene and harmonious joy and hope, and full of understanding and the knowledge of the final cause[II:258].

Her eyes had called him and his soul had leaped at the call. To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life. A wild angel had appeared to him ..."[PA:357-8]

Dostoevsky's ecstatic moments of vision prior to the total unconsciousness of epileptic fits and Joyce/Stephen's conception of epiphanies, as theoretical touchstones for revelation through art are idiosyncratic aspects in each artist's thought and experience, that I suggest are peculiarly related, even though one is the result of a biological defect and the other, a conscious product of the mind. In each case an intensity of experience occurs on the threshold of some sort of change: in Dostoevsky, the mind moves from a state of health to a state of disease, while in Joyce the imagination passes from a peripheral interest to an integrated apprehension of the "WHATNESS" or aesthetic essence of a thing. Most importantly, both experiences are extraordinary moments of piercing insight, inexplicably more profound and luminous than normal ocular vision. These mutual characteristics in turn form the basis of the anthropologic state known as liminality, or threshold experiences in the processes involved in "rites of passage"[Van Gennap:1960]. Victor Turner's study of neophyte engagement in the respective rituals led him to formulate a theory in which the "anti-structure", or behaviour ignoring or opposing
the norms of social structure, involves powers considered "in rites all over the world, to be more than human powers, though they are invoked and channelled by the representatives of the community" [Turner: 1977:106]. Within the "anti-structure", Turner extrapolates and defines an element, which he calls "communitas", being that sense of "humankindness", attained in immediacy and spontaneity during transgressions or dissolutions of the "norms that govern structured and institutionalized relationships and is accompanied by experiences of unprecedented potency" [Ibid:128]. Turner likens this process of social recharging to "prophets and artists ... who strive with a passionate sincerity to rid themselves of the cliches ..... and enter into vital relations with other men in fact or imagination" [Ibid:128]. In drawing parallels between liminality/communitas, epileptic visions and epiphanies, I suggest that in different ways Dostoevsky and Joyce used or crafted their illuminations for themselves, their art and their faith on a fundamental human need for ritualistic recharging and/or purifying experiences.

Myshkin's visions involve a two way validation, for they provide a kind of tangible mystery on which the "holiness" of his personality is hinged and, at the same time, authorise the sanctity in Myshkin's and Dostoevsky's physical flaws, although not without the dialectic of disease and debilitation. Marc Slonim notes that traditionally epilepsy is "the sacred illness of prophets and mystics" [Slonim:1964:286], an allusion of which is part of the Prince's explanation (and Kirillov's too), of the time aberrations
found in those flashes of reality:

"this is the very second in which there was not enough time for the water from the pitcher of the epileptic Alonzo to spill, while he had plenty of time in that very second to behold all the dwellings of Allah"[Q:2:258].

Neurology concedes nothing decisive about epilepsy, except that its sufferers maintain the "nervous system in a highly impressionable and malleable state of receptivity"[Frank:1983:194]. The latter suggests a tendency for epileptics to interpret feelings of abnormal elation through values and imagery of those subjects most pleasurable and significant in their lives, which for Dostoevsky is the Christocentric lens he trains on immortality. With no option but to endure epilepsy, Dostoevsky, whether self-consciously or intuitively, tipped the scales of an ambiguous affliction toward faith and gave Myshkin the moral argument to support his choice:

"What if it is a disease?" he decided at last, "What does it matter that it is an abnormal tension, if the result, if the moment of sensation, remembered and analysed in a state of health, turns out to be harmony and beauty brought to their highest point of perfection, and gives a feeling, undivined and unheard of till then, of completeness, proportion, reconciliation, and an ecstatic and prayerful fusion in the highest synthesis of life ... that ... he could not doubt, nor even admit the possibility of doubt"[Q:2:258-9].

Signalling an imminent attack of epilepsy, Kirilov's "moments of eternal harmony", excitedly discussed with a distracted Shatov, add pathos to his mangod decision, for he keenly desires to say with God, "Yes, it is true --- it is good"[TD:586]. In eliding lucid moments of hope and birth, Shatov's "great and incomprehensible mystery", with death in an awful unravelling of events planned with chill precision by the archdevil Peter, Dostoevsky throws The
Devils metaphorically into the stupor, spiritual darkness and insanity of the disease itself. Again Dostoevsky's polemic asserts the problematic duplicity of ideas, tipping the scales away from sanctity until moored in irreversible evil, when Smerdyakov uses the disease as an alibi for murder.

Through Stephen, Joyce claims the discovery of "epiphany" as an aesthetic theory derivative from Aquinas' philosophical arguments on beauty in a religious context, mixed with Platonic notions of the quintessential radiance of truth and Shelley's metaphor on the poetic inspiration of the glowing, then fading coals. *Stephen Hero*, the blueprint for *The Portrait of the Artist*, gives a full account of what Stephen means by epiphany:

CLARITAS is QUODITAS. After the analysis which discovers the second quality the mind makes the only logically possible synthesis and discovers a third quality. This is the moment which I call epiphany. First we recognise that the moment is one integral thing, then we recognise that it is an organized composite structure, a THING in fact: finally, when the relation of the parts is exquisite, when the parts are adjusted to the special point, we recognise that it is THAT thing which it is. Its soul, its whiteness, leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance. The soul of the commonest object, the structure of which is so adjusted, seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany"[quoted in Beebe:1973:168].

For all its intellectual precision, even for its possible practical application to the writing of *Dubliners*, the epiphany can be seen as Joyce's formal response to his release from the grip of sin and retribution and his growing awareness of a licence to create something new out of the masters, he has absorbed and continues to love. Speculating on fiction, which in many ways conceals and reveals Joyce's actual thought, can be misleading, yet in my reading of *The Portrait of the Artist*, epiphanies depend on the
conjunction of incidents with psychological states of anxiety to provoke revelations. In some moments then, the sensitized mind, as with epileptics, is peculiarly receptive to illuminative experiences.

Pious exhaustion leaves Stephen in vacuous moods, until walking out in the light of day, his dissembling scriptural love stimulates an intense contemplation on words, his words, and their relation to his weak eyesight, to colour, rhythm, myth and all in the sensory and symbolic world, including his name, Dedalus, the great artificer. In moments beyond logic, he realises that he "would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul ... a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable"[PA:356]. His mental flight continues above his school friends fooling down at the beach, it breaks free from the guilt and shame of his body, and flies to the sea and the sight of a girl in the natural world, "near to the wild heart of life"[PA:357]. The girl catalyses Mary's spiritual majesty with the forbidden orgasmic pleasures of earthly procreation, merely by being there, in the sea, in the moment.

This acute joy, I see as Stephen's vital epiphany, deeply embedded with religious significance and an infinitude of unfolding flowers and waves of radiance and harmony. In Stephen's fictional life it marks the change to Ulysses, where his ego disseminates and gives
way to Joyce's faith in the community and the multiplicity of experience.

Structurally, *Ulysses* features as the apotheosis of the Joycean narrative through epiphany. His authorial odyssey begins in restraint, shaping the stories in *Dubliners* on a single idea which he tests, separates into causal parts, and then reforms in a synthesis which unmasks the naked essence of the idea in a moment of realisation. For example, Mr Duffy's personality in "A Painful Case" encapsulates a type of loneliness that fails to recognise, until it is too late, that mannered isolation is a form of sexual depravity. Trapped in his egotism, Duffy ruins his one chance of friendship and warmth by turning away from Mrs Sinico's timid advances. Only after she throws herself under a train, and he cringes at the sight of park lovers while still in his state of repressed shock, can he grasp something of the truth:

> Those venal and furtive loves filled him with despair. He gnawed the rectitude of his life; he felt that he had been an outcast from life's feast. One human being had seemed to love him and he had denied her life and happiness; he had sentenced her to ignominy, a death of shame[0:110].

His bleak future promises only penance in a loneliness he can never escape. Similarly, Gabriel Conroy experiences a unique insight into the proximity of life and death, this time by Joyce's juxtapositions of melody as celebrations, parties and thoughts of infidelity onto melody evoking the memory of the death of Gretta's first love Micheal Fury, and folding back connections, so places Gabriel's desire to make love, on Gretta's grief for a dead love.
As the parts coalesce in his consciousness, Gabriel moves beyond the grief and shame to death living in life:

His soul had approached the region where dwell the vast hostile of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence. His own identity was fading out into a grey impenetrable world: the solid world itself, which these dead had once live reared and lived in, was dissolving and dwindling... His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of the last end, upon all the living and the dead[0:202].

This structural unity proved useful to Joyce in the Dubliners, though it is by no means the only form of linkage or power source in a collection of stories which glimpse the gathering paralysis of life in that city. For our purposes however, Joyce's next narrative move crafts a series of epiphanies into a continuous work, which examines the development of the artist who created those short stories, and, if viewed retrospectively, acts as the necessary threshold to the logical expansion and literary revolution which is Ulysses. Constructed on maps of inlaid, intersecting, overlapping, colliding epiphanies and symbols, Joyce's massive achievement, Ulysses, makes the epiphany, as a structural device, superfluous.

Analogous to the life-death continuum, Joyce's epiphanies can be defined from two interactive yet distinct perspectives, that of revelation and of narrative structure. Parallels with liminality and communitas, and with Dostoevskian epilepsy are relevant only to the revelatory sense, when Joyce's mind and imagination transcend normal perceptions and germinate the seeds of change, from epiphany as theory and practice, to epiphany as the threshold to an
alternative and audacious understanding. Possibly Joyce did not fully recognise the change himself, until the chubby and meek mannered Bloom walked carefully alive out of the page. Bloom appears an odd sort of hero to be the fruit of revelation, but he is the fictional result of Joyce's recharged and purified faith, exposing the dependency of Joyce's heretical position on the paradoxically enduring image of meekness and love.

DAMNED GOOD AND EVIL.

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There is nothing more seductive for man than the freedom of his conscience, but there is nothing more tormenting either. [BK:254]

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Faith, as stressed in the introduction, is a perceptual frame requiring constant reaffirmation that often costs the faithful much torment, courage and despair. With all their differences in creed, historical position, culture and personality, Dostoevsky and Joyce both grieve for a humanity destined to suffer and inflict, burdens of injustice, cruelty, poverty, greed, ugliness and selfish depravity. Both men lived in times of socio-political turmoil; Dostoevsky in Russia's retarded movement from feudalism to industrialism, and subsequent signs of rebellion and rational
socialist utopias, and Joyce, in Ireland's post-Parnell lethargy, when the Church and the British threatened to efface Irish nationalism and cultural identity. Hell more than heaven wielded power over their people's lives: scepticism rather than faith was in the air. Their reaction to the suffering neither could avoid, differed principally in their relationship to authoritative reason, which proved to be Joyce's inimitable strength and Dostoevsky's near submission to doubt. Dostoevsky's struggle to sustain his orthodox faith enters his fiction after the experience of the mock execution, growing in intensity and significance till it pours its full emotional force and rational argument into The Brothers Karamazov. Nothing is finally resolved in the circular battle between heart and head, except if you trust absurdity and go with Dostoevsky's rapture to,

Kiss the earth and love it, tirelessly, insatiably, love all men, love all things, seek this rapture and ecstasy. Water the earth with the tears of your joy, and love those tears. {BK:6.322}.

On the other hand, Joyce's spiritual struggle changed from the self-centred, torrid oscillations between sin and retribution of his boyhood years, through a period of clear-cut renunciation, when Stephen/Joyce channel all questing strength to art, and onto the Ulysses years with Stephen, desperate to establish himself into a masculine sacred and profane trinity, and Joyce preparing him for other triads, most significantly the one that joins him to the Blooms. In Ulysses, Stephen must somehow appease his mother's ghost, while Joyce settles into the complexity he creates to
interminably question God's existence, sexuality and creation. He finds the Blooms, the divinity in their human-ness and Joyce, if not Stephen's artistic maturity.

One of the main issues for debate in Dostoevskian studies is a characteristic fragmentation of his psychological self, and/or of his protagonists' selves. This fragmentation occurs because of Dostoevsky's apparent tendency to shape characters on ideas. Rene Welleck, for example, describes the phenomenon as a process whereby "ideas incandesce, concepts become images, personalities, symbols or even myths"[Welleck:1962:6], or in Lampert's estimation, "ideas are experiences of his characters ... and/or mental forces"[Lampert:1973:253]. Further commentaries suggest that in The Brothers Karamazov for example, Dostoevsky splits his psychological make-up five ways, making Fyodor Pavlovich an excessive sensualist, Ivan the intelligent rationalist, Dmitri the man of passions, Alyosha the spiritualist and Smerdyakov, the brutal product of ignorant materialism. These Karamazovs do manifest such distinguishing traits, and discuss particulars about themselves within the novel, but as people living out ideas, or ideas determining character, they are infinitely and significantly more complex. In a letter to his brother, Dostoevsky comments on the duality intrinsic to his style. "It is the commonest of human traits: my duality was throughout my life my great torment and my great delight"[as quoted in Slonim:1964:281]. Slonim picks up on the implication of Dostoevsky's first confession and continues:
The tragedy of all his heroes lies in this duality. It is not only a great part of human nature, but perhaps it is the nature of things as well. The human soul is a battleground for the combat between God and Devil; the Antichrist rises against Christ; everywhere the interplay of opposite elements maintains the universe in dynamic instability"[Shenim:1954:281].

Faced with this duality, analysts also extricate the related practice of doubling to explain Dostoevsky's ambiguous ideas and characterization:

emotions of the self, of hypertrophied divided consciousness poised between two equally valid moral, spiritual, or intellectual opposites: Ivan Karamazov and the devil, Ivan Karamazov and Smurdychuk, Ivan Karamazov and Aleasha, Ivan Karamazov between Christ and Anti-Christ, and so on"[Lampert:1973:246].

Dualities multiply across Dostoevsky's heterogeneous communities and join forces with the sense of authorial freedom exhibited by the characters, to form the basis of Mikhail Bakhtin's theory on the dialogism of modern fiction. Dostoevsky is Bakhtin's paradigmatic example of a dialogic novel, since he "successfully permits his characters to have the status of an "I" standing over against the claims of his own authorial other"[Holquist:1990:34]. Bakhtin claims that the polyphonic nature of texts, when many voices exert opposing forces, involves a process whereby characters define themselves on what others say in the dialogic relationship, or, "[they] perceive the world through the time/space of the self AND through the time/space of the other"[Holquist:1990:35]. Against the stabilizing pull of convention and the releasing dynamics of innovation and revolt, the unstable "self", rather than fixed character, seeks its tenuous balance. Although Bakhtin's theory offers insight into those moments when Dostoevsky pushes an
idea to its extremity, allowing for example, Stavrogin to go over the edge of the pleasure principle, Dostoevsky nonetheless controls the narrative threads, holding characters back from their anarchistic inclinations. Regardless of how deeply doubt, or disbelief, infects some souls, the absurd and the serene remain and transcend in deed or memory the psychic devastation. If only by the slightest thread, the "Authority" of Christ and love do curtail unending possibilities, as Detweiler suggests all religious perspectives must[Detweiler:1989:xii].

Considering Dostoevsky's preoccupation with the diverse problems arising from human and divine relations, I suggest that an alternative analysis of the characterization/ideas complex could be based on the triangular grid of crime, victimisation (or injustice) and faith, previously drawn from Dostoevsky's personal background. The triangle represents the major themes pursued in each novel, and constitutes the focal linchpins of each character's fundamental idea. For instance, Alyosha's character evolves from the idea of a perfect faith which has to react in some way to the murder of his father. Within the triangle lie the most prominent oppositional issues, that engage the idea of the character in interaction, by means of behaviour or dialogue, with other ideational characters; love and suffering, good and evil, and the heart and the head. Thus, Alyosha meets Katerina Ivanovna, whose abiding idea is victimisation to Dmitri's brash bravado, for a crime her father had committed, though, and this is where the dualities play their devilish part, by the time of their conversation, the victim
professes love for her victimizer, who is consequently the victim of a love twisted by false faith and goodness, and so on. Each element, of the initial triangle or the contained issues are vulnerable to duality, the negative side of which invariably exposes some aspect of doubt, or of a faithless life. While it is unnecessary to retrace Dostoevsky's creative practices for each character in this way, I believe that the novels, through such a process, find every whichway to test faith by the head and the heart. In his reply to the critics after the publication of The Brothers Karamazov, Dostoevsky cried, just like an Ippolit: "... these thickheads did not dream of such a powerful negation of God ... I do not believe like a fool (fanatic) ... such powerful negation as I have lived through"[quoted Lampert:1973:234]. Maybe, schemes of structure, ideas moving around in fictional flesh and neat puzzles of duality fail to capture the essential man of faith with his feet skidding on the "whirlpool", as he himself explains in an extract from Diary of a Writer:

the urge for negation in a man ... negation of everything, of the most sacred thing in his heart, of his highest ideal, of all that his people hold most sacred — which he has always revered, but which has suddenly become, as it were, an insupportable burden for him. ...... the kindest man may suddenly somehow turn into a lustsome debauchee and criminal; it is only a matter of his getting caught up in this whirlwind, in the fatal whirl of convulsive and momentary self-negation and self-destruction, so peculiar to the Russian character at certain crucial moments.(1873, 'Vles') [quoted in Fanger:1967:224]

Eliseo Vivas then writes, "a thinker who distrusted the intellect as deeply as Dostoevsky did ... is not a man who could have systemised his views, even if he had tried"[Vivas:1962:73]. Yet in
another paradox, Dostoevsky accuses himself and his own intellectual capacity which is sufficiently potent to generate disturbing and complex designs on doubt and human nature. Never isolated totally from his heart, this ongoing tension in his rational thought, is equally the steadfast compassion he feels for his "thinking" doubters, Ippolit, Kirilov and Shatov in different shades, and Ivan Karamazov. Unlike the extreme cynic, Peter Verkhovensky, they do not exploit humankind in a condition without God, but watch instead the horrors of the void.

Kirilov and Shatov are a memorable duo, in spite of the short appearances Dostoevsky allocates them in The Devils, fundamentally because they display magnanimity and fallibility in equal measures in response to the burning issues of belief. Forthrightly from his trembling soul, Shatov believes in Russia, the Greek Orthodox Church, the body of Christ and Russia's role in the second coming, but there remains a crucial barrier to cross. His scrupulous honesty permits him but a murmur, in reply to Stavrogin's pressing question;

"But in God? In God?"
"I -- I shall believe in God."[TD:259]

Orthodoxy's marriage of human and divine essences in Christ, the God-man, prompts the idea of a reversal to man-god, which is Kirilov's character's fateful idea. Pursued lifelong, or so he feels, by God, Kirilov is a curious mixture of an individualist who is deeply concerned that humanity find the happiness, the Creator
desired for His creations. His utopian spirit believes that man must freely conquer pain and fear, and act on the divinity in himself, his self-will, to become a god. On this premise, he concludes that man's true man-god identity can only be realisable in a time "when it makes no difference whether to live or not to live"[TD:125]. Thus Kirilov hatches his suicide plan, which though faulty, is conceived for the physical transformation of earth and man. Consequently, when Kirilov's Quixotic bid for freedom is reduced to a false cover-up for the murder of his friend Shatov, Dostoevsky achieves another devastating collision between good and evil, evoking an image of human feebleness and abiding hopefulness snatched up in the claws of those who have mutilated the divinity of their souls. Moments before he takes his life, Kirilov hesitates in his resolve, but then continues:

"God is necessary, and so must exist. .......
But I know that He exists and can't exist ......
But don't you understand that a man with two such ideas cannot go on living? ..."[TD:611]

The God-man's sacrifice is not enough to prevent man's dual nature from splitting into two unbearable parts.

If Myshkin's disease infuses him with belief, then his dark mirror image, Ippolit, suffers a terminal illness that spawns doubt in a terrible and visible image. As one of Dostoevsky's boys who are given insupportable crosses to bear, Ippolit rebels against his fate, his consumption, his loveless family background and his loneliness with the conflicting and fertile resources of mind and aching heart. He encourages nihilist plots, rebuffs Myshkin and
Mrs. Yepanchin's affections and dresses his personality in the bitterest tones, when, as Myshkin perceives, his soul craves forgiveness and love, and most importantly, that others accept his gift of such to them. Ippolit finally writes a confession and plans suicide to convey the struggle of his spiritually thirsting heart with the figments of a monstrous and inescapable evil. Terror really begins when he sees Holbein's Christ and feels that the picture contains "no trace of beauty"[TI:446]. Christ suffered, so the Church argues, as realistically as is shown in that picture, for Christ was subject to all the laws of nature, that inflict agony, decomposition and degradation. This icon of unspeakable despair causes Ippolit to feel as if nature were

some enormous, implacable, and dumb beast ... or ... some huge engine of the latest design, which has senselessly seized, cut to pieces, and swallowed up --- impassively and unfeelingly --- a great priceless Being, a Being worth the whole of nature and all its laws, worth the entire earth, which was created solely for the coming of that Being![TI:447].

In Ippolit's imagination, this Satanic image, festers in an earth already maddened by inordinate suffering. Ippolit's delirious dreams recall the picture and force him to ask, "Can anything appear in a vivid image that has no image?" Here, plainly if cruelly, is Dostoevsky's skeleton idea for Ippolit. What meanings and events would follow from a faith victimized by the powers of an underworld that oppress, not with satanic wickedness and cunning, but with a "dark, deaf-and-dumb creature"?[TD:450] Ippolit, in disgust, opts for suicide, to avoid submission to an illogical and humiliating power. Myshkin calms the rage and despair in his soul,
yet Ippolit will still raise that terrible question of an image's genesis, whichever side of the radiance it stands.

Ivan Karamazov bears the notable distinction of being Dostoevsky's most just and articulate doubter. Encapsulating Tikhon's observation that the "absolute atheist stands on the last rung but one before most absolute faith"[TD:679], Ivan rebels against irredeemable human cruelty and abject suffering. With oratorical persuasion, choosing children as his first weapon of defence, Ivan pours out his heart and mind to the audience par excellence, Alyosha. Citing numerous examples of children who are flogged, kicked, starved, locked away and abused, Ivan torments Alyosha's boundless forgiveness when he tells of the crazy general who ordered his wolfhounds onto a small, naked boy in front if his helpless mother's eyes.

Who wants to know this damned good and evil at such a price? The whole world of knowledge is not worth the tears of that little child to 'Dear God'. I'm not talking about the suffering of grown-ups, they ate the apple and to hell with them, let the devil take care of them all, but these little ones![BK:242].

Ivan finds no excuse for innocent suffering, when in fact that suffering, and related sin and retribution are incomprehensible concepts for small minds. How can he thus accept the architect who builds, on the pain of little children, a grand plan of resurrection? The unanswerable question, Alyosha lays at the feet of Christ, who gave his blood to "forgive all and for all", to him who listens silently in Ivan's poem, "The Grand Inquisitor".

Built on the premise that the original Christ gave humanity a
burden far outreaching their moral and emotional means, the freedom to choose between faith and doubt, Ivan's story describes Christ's return to earth and imprisonment by the Grand Inquisitor. The old man chastises Christ for his lack of insight and confesses to the Catholic Church's correction of Christ's mistakes, explaining the method whereby people attained freedom within parameters set by the "directives of the intelligent spirit, the dread spirit of death and destruction"[BK:261]. Control lies in "miracle, mystery and authority", the three attributes with which the devil tempted Christ and which the Inquisitor claims are vital to human peace of mind. The story, with layers upon layers of dualities, accusations and pleas, actually depicts the territory beyond doubt, for the corrected Christ is a fake, fleshed out by the greatest sinner of pride, Satan himself. Since it is Ivan's story, a plea for human justice and a protest against divine imposition of freedom, the ending is surprisingly undercut with a compelling sadness, in which the Dostoevskian light still glows. Christ's only response to the terrible emptiness of the tale, is the kiss on the old man's lips, quantifiable solely in the God-man's infinite compassion, and in the absolute freedom of choice, entrusted still, to the Inquisitor. "The kiss burns in his heart, but the old man holds to his former idea", like Ivan, and perhaps like Dostoevsky too.
SHAKING AND BENDING THE SOUL.

Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me alone. The ghostcandle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down. Stephen. [U:1.9]

The young Joyce, and perhaps an even younger Stephen, mark their passing in fierce flames borrowed from the Jesuit hell. Proportions scale large, and intensely introverted, in a youth headed for the firmament, who contemplates that "[b]eside the savage desire within him to realize the enormities which he brooded upon nothing was sacred"[PA:290]. He invites sin, desires to transgress the forbidden taboos, "to force another being to sin with him and to exult with her in darkness"[PA:291], then tempts hell, while trembling at its irrational power's threats to suffocate his imagination and reasoning mind. Not until he tastes excess, till he rebels from the "jellylike mass of liquid corruption ... nauseous loathsome decomposition .... fetid carcasses.... sulphurous brimstone which burns ... forever with unspeakable fury"[PA:310], can Stephen rest awhile with the Virgin, and divine light. After his epiphanic revelation, the imagery, desires, excesses of rebellion and conformation are directly transferred to the struggle of his artistic creativity and Ulysses. Though I cannot address the labyrinths of interlocking movement, the subtleties of clustered words, flung stars, intellectual
arguments, mirrored and reversed in the sands of another chapter, all of which bear some significance in Joyce's quest to find the meaning beneath his linguistic brilliance, I do wish to draw attention to a few relevant aspects of this amazing novel.

The issue of his mother's forgiveness is vital to Stephen, and crucial to Joyce's faith in himself, his art and his God, for he, like any Dostoevskian character, must find his compassion and trust utterly in its reality. It is his mother also, who ties him to the sea, to the fluid contours of Ireland and the mighty frame of his creation. He has to accept his mother's creation, he himself, and find the imagery acknowledging her power, the feminine power, not the temptress, nor the virgin, nor the poet's muse, not even just the reproductive womb, but all this and more. While discussing Joyce's mother and his gradual loss of Catholic faith, Harry Levin notes that the request to join in the prayers at the woman's deathbed, came from an uncle, not from the mother herself, making the fictional version, Joyce's means to heighten the significance of his refusal[Levin:1991:14]. Her ghost and its "breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes"[U:1.5], beckons with a bittersweetness as it reproaches, touches his love while it stings his pride, ... or is it his fear? Disbelief should treat rituals as meaningless gestures, not as Stephen's paradoxical behaviour would have them be, somehow dangerous and sacrilegious. Though I agree in part with Ulick O'Connor, when he claims that Joyce's act of refusal seems to have unleashed "the ruthlessness of the artist who will put his art
above family and country"[O'Connor:1984:242], there is always something in his swagger and disproportionate will, of the small wondering boy and the troubled man, seeking trust and fulfilment. Though still waving the ashplant of rebellion, Joyce's letter to Nora Barnacle reveals the hurt, and the tenderness too:

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My mind rejects the whole present social order and Christianity --- .... My mother was slowly killed, I think, by my father's ill-treatment, by years of trouble and by my cynical frankness of conduct. When I looked on her face as she lay in her coffin --- a face grey and wasted with cancer --- I understood that I was looking on the face of a victim and I cursed the system which made her a victim[quoted in O'Connor:242].
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Joyce extends the problematic relationship, with his mother and her intrinsic inter-relatedness to religion, far wider than in the intermittent appearances of the evocative ghost. Sometimes the reference is direct, catalysed by incidents which provoke memories. Helping Cyril Sargent, the boy and "a crooked signature with blind loops and a blot"[U:2.23], Stephen as teacher and narrative voice, elides pity for the boy and mother, with grief for his mother, reflections on language steeped with religious symbolism and pathos in his own, self derision.

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Ugly and futile: lean neck and thick hair and a stain of ink, a snail's bed. Yet someone had loved him, borne him in her arms and in her heart. But for her the race of the world would have trampled him underfoot, a squashed boneless snail. She had loved his weak watery blood drained from her own. Was that then real? The only thing in life?[U:23].
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The boy's shaky writing --- or is it Stephen's? --- tackles unwittingly, symbols moving "in grave morrice, in the mummery of their letters, wearing quaint caps of squares and cubes", as Stephen's mind like a pen-nib penetrates Medieval darkness "shining
in brightness which brightness could not comprehend"[Ibid]. It is virtually impossible to unweave the symbolic tension, which courses through the epiphanic moment, because lives are riveted there, and history, literatures and small ineffectual hearts, grown paradoxically significant, too. The mother, his, and the whole time of mothers, is gone, "scarcely having been", resting now in stars above a fox who "scraped in the earth, listened, scraped up the earth, listened, scraped and scraped"[Ibid]. A powerful sense of a world and love gone hopelessly wrong weighs heavily, on the one lonely, and self-deceived being, scraping to retrieve the loss.

Indirectly, the intimately personal mother, gains a place in every discussion of generalised motherhood, especially in the mother's labour and hardwon birth, which is both the backcloth and subject matter of the male carousing in "The Oxen of the Sun". Who but Joyce could have declared:

Mark me now. In women's womb word is made flesh but in the spirit of the maker all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away. This is the postcreation[U:14,320].

Of all the ambiguous feelings Joyce holds for his mother, the most perturbing is his envy for her ability to create the child which he is, for tangled therein are all the puzzles of masculinity and paternity, that confront a man so bent on controlling his own destiny. The focus on female reproduction, in this chapter forms the crossover axis of the Joycean endeavour; focus changes from the genius-to-be son, Stephen, to the everyman humanist and father, Bloom; from mother-ghost and the dust womb of sin-trapped love to
mother earth woman, Molly; from artifice to life, and cast-out religious institutions to divine essence in mind and matter. Changes evolve gradually and depend a great deal on Molly's final, and unending, yes for affirmation, resounding over and above the experimentation and obscurity of language in the final chapters.

I agree with Thornton's reading of the difficult question raised by Joyce's linguistic acrobatics, when he observes that,

the most stable and pervasive mode of authorial ---- of Joyce's presence ---- in the novel is not the "speaking voice" of an episode, but in the very characters and events and structures themselves[Thornton:1987:245].

To establish characters as barometers of the novel's values, Joyce must firstly flesh them out as lifelike beings engaged in activities that are comprehensible and even endearing, in a language which keeps within the bounds of convention. With the relationship between characters and readers forged, Joyce can impose linguistic obstacles, like distorting lenses upon the action, which according to Thornton, conveys Joyce's wish, "to show us the insufficiency or inappropriateness of these various styles to the underlying subject matter of the novel"[Thornton:1987:250]. Whether this was Joyce's intention or not, Thornton's reading is a valuable way into the difficult parts of the text. Many critics argue, and this perfectly in keeping with the Stephen/Joyce demands on the mind, that the introduction of language experimentation is mostly due to virtuosity and an obsessive fascination with structural overlays. In each of these readings, language is metaphorically another protagonist of the novel, the one who
determines Molly's answer to the stilted catechistical burnout of "Ithaca" .... Where?

Yes because he never did a thing like that before as ask to get his breakfast in bed with a couple of eggs ... [U:18.688].

.... and in that release life spills its curiosities, foibles, failures and joys, fluidly quirky and ultimately overwhelming. The matter-of-fact, formally non-poetical and non-religious vocabulary and freeform style implies, that Joyce stripped himself of cultural vestments and opted for the nudity of nature, or more correctly, after the purification, and in every sense, Joyce merges the end of *Ulysses* with its beginning. In saying this, I am extending and contradicting the evolutionary changes from Stephen to Bloom, and so forth, as above. Such is the nature and culture of *Ulysses*. Molly overwhelms the mother-ghost, but she cannot efface her, nor the ache of the never-to-be-changed action in the psyche of the artist and the man.

**Ulysses** is bedevilled with triads, consciously, symbolically, and, at times, painfully. "The most potent as well as one of the most archaic of the primary magic numbers", three, looms in Joyce's consciousness, as vividly as duality pervades Dostoevsky's, from the godhead of the Father, Mother, Son, which is also the human family, to Aristotle's gloss, "The Triad is the number of the whole, inasmuch as it contains a beginning, a middle, and an end." [Raleigh:1987:98-99]. In Joyce's life, the human family is firstly displaced by the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, the
masculine hierarchy, reached through the intercessions of the Virgin Mary, for the mother of God is yet to earn her place in the holy triune. With such a stamp on his imagination, Joyce in Dedalus armour quips on the allure of "a necessary evil":

Fatherhood, in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to begotten. On that mystery and not on the madonna which the cunning Italian intellect flung to the mob of Europe the church is founded and founded irremovably because founded like the world, macro and microcosm, upon the void.

Under loops of backhand irreverence, in timebuckles linking Stephen to Shakespeare, to Hamlet and ghost, to son begetting father, the fooling Joyce really aims to break the triune mystery, not so much to attain or destroy the ingrained cultural symbol, but to give his creation the power of religious creation, directly from the begetter to the begotten. When the novel opens its heart to Leopold Bloom, Joyce is on his way to founding the new triune, on the old three faces of God, the creator, the redeemer, and the prohibitor. The emergent trinity, of earth mother, humanist and artist must free the ties of "nationality, language and religion"[PA:386], and then revivify and glorify them, to maintain the fluid heterogeneity which makes Ulysses "a kind of symbolic absolution of [the] universal human condition"[Raleigh:1987:120], and of the private Joyce too.
TRICKY CONVOLUTIONS, QUAFFING NECTAR WITH GODS.

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Dreams seem to be controlled by wish rather than reason, the heart rather than the head --- and yet, what clever, tricky convolutions my reason sometimes makes while I'm asleep! [DRM:211].

Quaffing nectar at mess with gods golden dishes, all ambrosial. Not like a tenner lunch we have, boiled mutton, carrots and turnips, bottle of Allsop. Nectar imagine it drinking electricity; god's food. [U:8.144]

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The comic nerve in both writers, though stylistically and structurally different in nature, provides the constant pressure of doubt and suffering generated in their work, with a kind of release valve and highlights the dichotomy of two men, who pursue ideals of spiritual and/or aesthetic purity only to find themselves in league with compassionate holy, and un-holy, fools. Another element, which I can but touch on here, is the possibility of a theoretical relationship between comic and supernatural or spiritual realities, raised by Peter Berger in his book, A Rumour of Angels. Like Joyce and Aquinas, Berger works on discernible evidence to qualify the probable existence of a benevolent, supernatural presence. He argues that characteristic comic "discrepancy, incongruity, and incommensurability", between man and the universe, can be encapsulated in the idea that "The comic reflects the imprisonment of the human spirit in the world .... [so in] laughing at the imprisonment of the human spirit, humour implies that this
imprisonment is not final but will be overcome"[Berger:1971:90]. The ageless knight, Don Quixote, archetypical comedian of the European heart, fights his incongruous battles and embodies the plight and paradoxical power of a spirit whose magnitude cannot fit "in a world to which he does not belong, enclosed in everyday reality as in a prison"[Berger:1971:92]. Berger fails to emphasise the immortality and influence of this comic spirit through literary and human history, thus he neglects the significance of Quixote's, Christ-like progeny. Myshkin, Alyosha and the Ridiculous Man owe their genesis to the Don, who Dostoevsky considered, The most complete flawless character in Christian literature is Don Quixote .... flawless only because he is ridiculous .... There is evocation of compassion in the reader for the mocked, and for selfless goodness. The mystery of humour lies in the evocation of this kind of compassion[Dostoevsky quoted in Lampert:1973:251].

Let the irrepressible spirit fly wider, change costume and creed, and there is Bloom, chatting to the cat, relishing "cut liverslices", re-conceiving graveyards, romance and rescuing needy boys, all in a day's walk in Dublin. Zack Bowen argues that, Bloom plays a comic Panza to Stephen's Quixote. While both are funny characters, Panza's simplicity, grubby earthiness, and will to survive provide the realistic vital background for the Don's demented projections[Bowen:1987:162].

Valid as the earthiness motif may be, I believe that there is greater value in perceiving Bloom's role as "the traditional comic picture of the spiritual misfit"[Bowen:1987:164], a retiring Quixote, a well-fed holy fool, or even, with Myshkin and Alyosha,
another Christ-man of humility and compassion. Scarred by a life in which his father suicides, his boy child Rudi dies, and his Jewish origin fosters isolation and abuse, Bloom carries on magisterially, infusing "common things with uncommonness" [Ellmann:1987:12], while doubting his capacity to accomplish the tasks, life demands of him. Stephen may fool around like a stand-up comic, with mind gags in unlimited supply, but apart from occasional lapses, as with the boy, when his feelings join his artistry, Stephen is, like his name, an artificer, and not a Bloom, who organically flowers out of the muck and beauty of the earth, drinking god's nectar.

Dostoevsky's comic vitality emanates from the radiance of faith, dancing and dodging potential chaos and suffering with the certitude of the absurd, often to a tempo made famous by his successor, Samuel Beckett. Laughter and foolishness become insane ways to transcend the hollow pursuits of doubt, and turn the hopeless into tragi-comic nobility. "The Dream of a Ridiculous Man" exemplifies this aspect of Dostoevsky's writing, to the point that he almost tricks his reader, unwittingly over the tragic abyss. Circular in structure, the little tale is narrated by a ridiculous man who knows the Truth, but finds it problematic, since he is "the only one to know the Truth!"[DRM:202]. Methodically reasoning on the emptiness and gloom of his existence that nobody, not even he himself, cares about, he plans the favoured exit, suicide. In true Dostoevskian logic, he sits down to the task and slips into a dream that transports him to Truth, paradise before
the Fall, though not without bewailing the loss of earthly suffering and love along the way. In this idyllic place, the beautiful people "didn't strive to find the meaning of life, because their own lives were full of meaning", communicated and known through love[DRM:216]. Instead of temples, they "had a sort of tangible, live, and constant communication with the universal Whole. They had no faith", for they totally accepted happiness in life and death[DRM:218]. Saturated in wonder, he confesses, "The truth is that --- well, that I ended up by corrupting them all ..."[DRM:220]. So, from a harmless joke, the first white lie and then the compass of sins, these once beautiful people began to suffer and "worship their longings"[DRM:221]. Forgetting lost innocence, they praised suffering, so, although ambivalently, he decides to confess his guilt, prepared even to suffer martyrdom on a cross. Laughter is all he receives for his efforts. Waking from the dream, he rushes out to "preach the Truth, for I've seen it with my own eyes, I've seen it too in its glory"[DRM:224]. Unfortunately, he cannot,

"organize a paradise on earth, because I cannot convey it in words. After my dream, I lost the words that could convey it. At least the most important, indispensable ones. But never mind, I'll go and speak tirelessly, for I've seen it with my own eyes, although I'm unable to tell what it is that I've seen"[225].

Despite his parting words, "If everybody wanted it, everything could be arranged"[DRM:226], the terrible sham of turntable vacuity is exposed, beneath the impossible, yet unshakable, spirit of the preacher. Written near the end of his life(1877), "The Dream"
brings the force of doubt, for the man who preached truth within his art, into fearful proportions. Is he questioning too, his own loss of words, doubting his art, as well as his faith? Unable to predict history's contrary patterns, Dostoevsky would never know how lost his words were to be, in the heart of the world and in the genesis of many more ridiculous preachers.

COMPASSION, IMPALPABLE, IMPERISHABLE.

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who was the first person in the universe before there was anybody that made it all who ah that they dont know neither do I so there you are they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow ... [U:18.643]

Compassion was the chief and, perhaps, the only law of human existence"[TI:263]

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In the conceptual gap between, an icon of the suckling mother Mary, embodying the faith of the Orthodox Church on earth and the ethereal image of the Blessed Virgin's "joyful and sorrowful and glorious mysteries"[PA:335], many tears, raptures and rebellions struggle for life. One heart throbs against the grit and another head struggles amid the vapours of knowledge and the pungent tastes of being; Alyosha sees with his heart, "something as firm and immovable as this heavenly vault descend into his soul"[BK:363], and Bloom, having weighed the nightskies in his thought, considers "[t]hat it was not a heaventree, not a heavengrot, not a
heavenbeast, not a heavenman. That it was a Utopia, there being no known method from the known to the unknown"[U:17.575]. The heart that desires and the intellect that believes, are the main conceptual drives behind the work of Dostoevsky and Joyce. They build on the faith of their branch of Christianity, creating a sanctity in being; Dostoevsky cherishes freedom of choice and bears its arduous cross, while Joyce wilfully penetrates the labyrinths of knowledge and then remakes the Word. Beauty, re-affirmed by visions ignited by seizures and psychic abandonment released in lambent imagery, form intermittent thresholds of liminal experience to refurbish faith in Christ and in art. Ambivalence continually clouds their purposes and strains to drag Dostoevsky away from the light, or incite Joyce to further revolt in the steelhard case of himself.

The contours of Dostoevsky's faith fill with luminous and valiant inner essences, with gestures of gratitude and sacrifice for love, yet grace turns quickly and unpredictably, so that thoughtless whims or calculated crimes, irrational suffering and rationalist scorn, cut deep holes of darkness in the light. Joyce's early passions yield to the beauty of things, to nature, and religious-literary imagery and symbolism, all of which he encapsulates in his word mass. Later he struggles to relinquish some of the poetry and delight in the words for their own sake, and delves for meanings to articulate a faith, stretching the micro and macrocosmic span, fusing virgin and earth goddess, desiring perfection and settling for the perfect imperfect, Leopold Bloom.
Words and characters dissolve in Dostoevsky's ideas, that in turn depend, perhaps, on a triangular grid of faith, victimization and crime, in interdependent relationship with, the existential questions that pervade the human condition, and the nimble interference of his dividing dualistic mind. There rests another aspect of Dostoevsky and words, that provides an interesting counterpoint with Joyce. As master magician of language, creator, manipulator, imitator of the sound and enigmas of words, whose literary output includes *Finnegan's Wake*, Joyce can be seen as an artist, on a mission to purge all determinacy from linguistic impulses. Dostoevsky, however, though he was certainly prolific by most standards, understood words as concrete units of ideas, which he mostly conveyed through dialogue, and, the ideational instability of dialogism. In "The Dream", Dostoevsky touched on a loss of words. Listen now to Ippolit's monologue and wonder how far the feverish boy about to die, speaks for the struggle of his creator:

In every idea of genius or in every new human idea, or, more simply still, in every serious human idea born in anyone's brain, there is something that cannot possibly be conveyed to others, though you wrote volumes about it and spent thirty-five years in explaining your idea; something will always be left that will obstinately refuse to emerge from your head and that will remain with you forever; and you will die without having conveyed to anyone what is perhaps the most vital point of your idea[11:433].

The boy's desperate tones betray, I believe, a man fearful that his great designs wrought in ideas would be misunderstood, and a loneliness, that spoke a world to life and death, compassion and
agony, faith and doubt. He wrote his life between fever and rapture, writing to forge into the ongoing momentum of ideas a boundless forgiveness to cover the gaping wound of doubt. In the end, despite Alyosha's laughter and joy shared with the boys, and the searing value of compassion, Dostoevsky's struggle to touch the luminous stars seems to have failed, unlike Joyce, who exhausted, near blind and aching to find a way out the impasse of his daughter's mental illness, is ironically confident in his fictional achievements. The only tiny grain with ash-breath, which could not be embraced by his evolved faith in the world, is the old guilt cut into the heart of the boy who once sang *Love's Bitter Mysteries* to his adoring mother. Perhaps the grain acted as a leitmotiv, for an enormity of guilt, his words could not pronounce?
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