

# A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN



JAMES JOYCE

*With a New Introduction by*  
Langdon Hammer



**SIGNET CLASSICS**



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# Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)  
[Copyright Page](#)  
[Epigraph](#)  
[Introduction](#)

[ONE](#)  
[TWO](#)  
[THREE](#)  
[FOUR](#)  
[FIVE](#)

[SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY](#)

Born in Dublin, Ireland, **James Joyce** (1882-1941) studied philosophy and languages at the Dublin College of the Royal University. He left Ireland in 1902 and went to Paris, but upon learning that his mother was dying, he returned to Dublin in 1903. After his mother's death, Joyce taught school in Dublin and met Nora Barnacle, the woman who would be his lifelong companion. Joyce and Nora left Ireland in 1904 and traveled to Trieste, where Joyce taught languages at the Berlitz School. An attack of rheumatic fever in 1907 caused his vision to worsen throughout his life. Apart from one trip back to Dublin in 1912, Joyce spent the rest of his life on the Continent. Wealthy patrons subsidized his writing, and Joyce became the most influential novelist of the twentieth century. His writings include *Chamber Music* (1907), *Dubliners* (1914), *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), *Exiles* (1918), *Ulysses* (1922), *Pomes Penyeach* (1927), and *Finnegans Wake* (1939).

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*Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes.*

—Ovid  
*Metamorphoses,*  
*VIII, 188*

## Introduction

*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, like most great autobiographies, moves forward in time until it turns in a circle and we find that it ends where it began. It is, in other words, the story of the creation of the author, the artist, who tells the story. This narrative circle is suggested by the history of its composition implied in the simple names and dates on the last page: “Dublin 1904/Trieste 1914.” Dublin, the capital of Ireland and his place of birth, is the city in which James Joyce started the novel (*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* began as a big, baggy manuscript called *Stephen Hero*); and Trieste, on the coast of the Adriatic, is the city in which he completed it a decade later, an Irish expatriate who had chosen, just as his young hero does in the closing pages of this book, to “fly by” the “nets” of “language, religion, nationality.” Joyce’s novel is the sublime, high-tech vehicle of that flight.

Ezra Pound, the American modernist poet, wrote to Joyce praising *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* when he read it in manuscript: “I think the book hard, perfect stuff.” Himself an expatriate who was dedicated to the highest standards of verbal craft, Pound noted those final place-names and dates and the long period of writerly labor that they point to: “It is the ten years spent on the book, the Dublin 1904, Trieste 1914, that counts,” Pound wrote. Yet, to the readers who rejected the manuscript for British publishers (*A Portrait of the Artist* appeared first in the United States), the novel was anything but wellmade. To Edward Garnett, the estimable man of letters who advised the London firm of Duckworth and Company, Joyce’s *Portrait* was not “hard” and “perfect”; he called it “too discursive, formless, unrestrained,” and “‘unconventional’ ” to merit print. He summarized his objections: “this MS. wants time and trouble spent on it, to make it a more finished piece of work, to shape it more carefully as the product of the craftsmanship, mind and imagination of an artist.” How could a novel that epitomized craft for Pound seem so to lack it for Garnett?

Late in the novel, explaining his theory of art, Joyce’s young hero Stephen Dedalus gives us a way to think about the innovative form of *Portrait* that excited Pound and vexed Garnett. With Scholastic precision (Aristotle and Aquinas are the thinkers behind him), Stephen enumerates three types of literature. The first is lyrical, by which Stephen means the simplest verbalizing of emotion, “a rhythmical cry.” The second form is epical; now the artist (this is Stephen’s term, rather than “author”) “broods upon himself” and channels his own emotion “round and round the persons and the actions” he describes. The third type is dramatic; in this case the artist’s emotion fully enters his characters, imbuing them with a “vital force” that is independent of him. The dramatic work (which, as Stephen thinks of it, may include novels and poems as well as works for the stage) is in this sense free-standing, autonomous. These three forms constitute a progression in which the artist is increasingly removed from the work of art until, in relation to his creation, he resembles God in relation to His. That analogy is the climax of Stephen’s theory:

The personality of the artist, at first a cry or a cadence or a mood and then a fluid and lambent narrative, finally refines itself out of existence,

impersonalises itself, so to speak. The esthetic image in the dramatic form is life purified in and reprojected from the human imagination. The mystery of esthetic like that of material creation is accomplished. The artist, like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.

The artist as God—at last absent, withdrawn from the completed work (an idea Joyce took from a letter by Gustave Flaubert). But notice also that Stephen imagines God as an artist, or more specifically as an aesthete, a dandy, who reminds us of Stephen himself at this stage of the novel: finicky, aloof, “paring his fingernails.”

Over its decadelong composition, the creator of *Portrait* refined almost out of existence a key device of novelistic convention: the narrator. What do narrators do? They frame stories. They provide transitions. They tell us how we are to feel about what happens. In a sense they translate the action for us. And what *Portrait* demands is that we do without transitions and translations. This is what made the novel feel formless to Garnett and “perfect” and “hard” to Pound. For Garnett and readers like him were trained on the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English novel, and they expected to find a civil, even sociable presence at the center of a book, a host who invites his readers into the world of the book and who makes us feel at home there, even if that world is an uneasy or upsetting one. (Garnett was no Philistine: he was a supporter of Joseph Conrad, D. H. Lawrence, and other contemporaries of Joyce, but the modern fiction he admired is much closer to nineteenth-century models than Joyce’s.) Pound in contrast was the exponent of the new aesthetic of modernism in which the aim was to show, not tell, the reader what was going on. For Pound and modernists like him, the most refined, most fully worked-through form was impersonal. Such a form places us in the literary work just as we find ourselves daily in the world: we are forced to make sense of it without a guide.

To be sure, it is not that there is no narrator in *Portrait*. But Joyce’s narrator does not impose his opinions or suggest to us what ours should be; he is either removed from the story in the manner of Stephen’s aesthete-God, or oddly absorbed into it, to such an extent that it is hard to see him. The first page of the novel demonstrates the method:

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo....

Who is speaking this baby talk and to whom? More information follows in the next paragraph:

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

Now it is clear that the first paragraph (“Once upon a time”) consisted of a quotation. It is the father of that “him” in the second paragraph who begins the novel with the first words of a bedtime story. To explain the point to us, Joyce moves out of the bedtime story and into third-person narration. But Joyce’s third-person narrator is not so distinct from his character. He speaks from the point of view of the child, and he speaks in words the child might use (“he had a hairy face”).

What Joyce is doing is representing the process of cognition by which a child, listening to a story in which he has a part, begins to recognize himself and the features

of the world around him. But rather than merely describe this process to us, Joyce requires us to participate in our own version of it. So we collect and process information alongside the child, over his shoulder. This is the third paragraph:

He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

Now the child has been named and taken into the story. The story continues, as the moocow continues down the road; and as it goes, it takes in more of the world around the child in the form of a neighbor, the alliteratively named Betty Byrne, and the evidently memorable braided lemon candy she sold. But rather than build any further, it breaks off at this point. Then, without explanation, another quotation follows, this time not a story but a snatch of song lyrics: “*O, the wild rose blossoms / On the little green place.*” Again the narrator intervenes to speak for the child in his growing self-awareness: “He sang that song. That was his song.” As he puts these simple verbal fragments together and claims them for his own, the child is learning who he is. And the reader learns about him in more or less the same way.

Like the great nineteenth-century masters of Naturalism, such as the French novelists Balzac and Zola, Joyce takes a de-idealizing, almost clinical approach to psychological experience, insisting on the material base of our fine feelings. In Joyce, however, the emphasis is less on the determining force of the body or social class and circumstance (although body and society both count for a good deal with him) and more on language, the material of thought. Language in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is the means by which Baby Tuckoo apprehends his world and in time becomes Stephen Dedalus. It is the instrument of his self-making. But language means more than this in *Portrait*: it is an object of sense perception in itself, a primary fact, the very ground of consciousness. And the effect of Joyce’s acute concentration on the linguistic basis of mental process, from the first page of the novel forward, is to denaturalize it. Preventing us from ever taking it for granted, Joyce makes us perceive language (his language, our language, any language) as something fundamentally strange.

That English was, in a sense, a stranger’s language must have promoted this attitude in Joyce. In the fifth and final chapter of the novel, Stephen Dedalus has a jovial-seeming and yet tense exchange with the dean of studies in his Dublin college. The two of them worry philosophical distinctions of great intellectual subtlety, before they stumble on the fact that the two of them refer to the same ordinary object by two different words. To the dean, an Englishman, the device used to fill an oil lamp is called a “funnel,” while to Stephen, an Irishman, it is known by an archaic English word: it is a “tundish.” Although Stephen may have an incipient mastery of Aristotle and Aquinas that rivals the dean’s, he and the Englishman use different words for a simple, everyday object, and their understanding of each other’s speech falters. The exchange prompts bitter reflection. Stephen says to himself about the dean:

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

Yet Stephen knows that, for him at least, learning Irish is no solution to the problem. His friend Davin, a committed nationalist, is learning Irish, and he urges the project on him along with his political mission. But Stephen rejects Davin's nationalism:

—My ancestors threw off their language and took another, Stephen said. They allowed a handful of foreigners to subject them. Do you fancy I am going to pay in my own life and person debts they made? What for?

Besides, Joyce's *Portrait* teaches us that any speech is "acquired speech," and that it is the nature of language to be for any speaker at once "familiar and so foreign."

The repeated word that describes the strangeness of words in the opening pages is "queer." "You are McGlade's suck," little Stephen overhears one boy say to another at school. "Suck was a queer word," Stephen thinks. The boy whom he hears use it means that the other boy, one Simon Moonan, is subservient to an older boy, McGlade; American kids today might call him a "suck-up." At the same time, like "smuggling" and other bits of schoolboy slang we find in the first chapter of *Portrait*, "suck" has an aura of sexual experiment about it. Stephen, looking at the boys around him (or rather, *listening* to them), perceives these intimations of social hierarchy and sexual relationship at best dimly. The word is "queer" because it gestures to a world that is both his and not his, a world he has only just entered. Moreover, "suck" confusingly refers to other things as well. Articulated by a quick intake of breath, "suck" sounds like the action it describes when Stephen calls to mind the water disappearing in the sink of a hotel room (lodgings in which, like language itself, a boy might feel simultaneously at home and not at home). This memory of a sound triggers another linguistic observation: the sink had two faucets or "cocks," one labeled "hot" and one labeled "cold." This helpful alignment of word and thing is satisfying to Stephen, we surmise, after the meaning of words has seemed so instable. But then, Stephen recalls, the water that came out of the cock labeled "hot" was cold, and then only "a little hot." So even this correspondence between word and thing is less than perfect. Meanwhile, Joyce does not underline the association, unrecognized by Stephen but very possibly operative in his mind, between those "cocks," which is of course a slang term for penis, and the sexual meaning of "suck." The mischievous narrator, hardly visible in this passage, simply leaves the words there for us to make the connection.

Stephen is encountering the uncertain, arbitrary relation between words and things. We feel this in the case of names in particular. It is tempting for us to suppose that the names of Joyce's characters have, like so much of the action in the novel, a basis in his life. And if we look into the rolls of Clongowes Wood College (the name of Joyce's elementary school is the name of Stephen's too), we find many of the names we find in *Portrait*. But Simon Moonan is not among them. And Rody Kickham, who did attend Clongowes and who appears in *Portrait*, seems almost like the invention of a novelist: what better name could there be for a tough boy we meet on the playing field?

The question brings up the larger issue of the relation between Joyce's life and his fiction. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is an autobiography, but it is also a novel. It refers to the author's life, but it is a fiction. The mixed nature of the book's genre is important. It is not merely that Joyce has changed names so as to disguise real people about whom he has unpleasant things to say, or to fill in some of memory's inevitable gaps. The book's status as a novel is not a convenience. Rather, it is

something won in the course of the story. For Joyce approaches experience as it is framed and filtered by various verbal structures, from the father's "Once upon a time" to the diary entries at the end of the book; and the necessary outcome of the story is the young man's taking charge of language—of its codes, conventions, and accumulated associations, all that Stephen is at first shut out from or merely subject to. To take charge of language is to use it to give his own names to things and so to begin to reshape reality, not simply to record or reflect it. Joyce's autobiography, in short, had to take the form of a novel.

Joyce disliked quotation marks. He indicates quoted speech by the use of a dash, following the style of French and Italian books. The choice is partly a modernist affectation. But there is a point to it, which is related to the status of the narrator. Joyce composed his novel as a collage of texts and voices, which he thrusts before us without even the framing device of quotation marks. It has the effect of objectifying quoted language, at the same time that we are brought up close to it, without mediation. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is the history of its hero's changing relation to the words around him. For in addition to quotations from particular texts (the bits of Ben Jonson's poetry that Stephen likes to quote, for instance), the novel is full of quoted language that has no particular source, but that constitutes samples of *kinds* of discourse—which we might call pastiche. The bedtime story is the first example of such pastiche. In the course of the novel, Joyce pastiches discourses from many sources: daily life, business, the schoolyard, philosophy, sentimental fiction, poetry, and of course Roman Catholic theology and devotional practice, in which Stephen is educated every day at school. The book's most striking pastiche, sustained over several pages, is Father Arnall's sermon on sin and damnation, which takes up the large part of chapter three. Here, once more without the comfort of a narrator's framing gestures to introduce or interrupt the torrent of words, we sit with Stephen in the front bench of the chapel and take in a terrifying vision of the Hell awaiting sinners like ourselves. It is a vision created out of all the fire-and-brimstone sermons by Jesuit priests from the sixteenth century onward, and it is something Stephen suffers, something that he is subject to.

The sermon has its intended effect on Stephen, and at the start of chapter four, we find the penitent young man considering the priesthood. The call to the priesthood that Stephen experiences takes the place of (and redeems) the siren call of the prostitutes he visited in chapter three. Now he ponders his name as it would appear dignified with the credentials of his teachers from the Society of Jesus: "The Reverend Stephen Dedalus, S.J." Joyce relates his thoughts: "His name in that new life leaped into characters before his eyes and to it there followed a mental sensation of an undefined face or colour of a face," a face "shot with pink tinges of suffocated anger." That face is enough to pull him up short: Stephen has always conceived himself "as a being apart in every order," and he is not about to be absorbed into the church, which he knows would suffocate him. This decision is the turning point of the book; for when he rejects the priesthood, Stephen Dedalus discovers his true calling. At the same time, he unlocks the secret of his curious name.

"You have a queer name, Dedalus," says a boy at school (Athy, who has a queer name too). Other characters remark on the unlikely, patently non-Irish surname in what becomes a running gag in the novel. Where does the name come from? What is

its meaning? These questions point to others: where does Stephen come from, and who is he really? There is an initial clue in the Latin epigraph to the novel, which is the first quotation in the book. It comes from the account in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* of the inventor Daedalus, who, the epigraph says, applied "his mind to obscure arts." Daedalus built the labyrinth for King Minos of Crete, and he made the wax wings with which he and his son, Icarus, escaped by flying from that island—until his son, disregarding his father's warning, flew too close to the sun and fell to his death in the sea on his melted wings. So Ovid's story is part of the resonance of Stephen's surname. His first name is ordinary, but it too has a suggestive source. St. Stephen, a Greek Jew, was the first Christian martyr, who was stoned for blasphemy—a fate that Stephen might seem to invite in his repudiation of the church.

In chapter four, having made his decision, he walks beside the sea, dwelling on a phrase of nineteenth-century poetry: "A day of dappled seaborne clouds." Into his poetic reverie break the voices of his friends, who are splashing out in the water:

—Hello, Stephanos!

—Here comes The Dedalus!

This is another scene of calling, only here it is "the call of life to his soul not the dull gross voice of duties and despair, not the inhuman voice that had called him to the pale service of the altar." The men's voices are playful, secular, sensual, familiar. They hail Stephen by his mythic name, stimulating a new vision in which his future life is linked to poetic legend: "Now, at the name of the fabulous artificer, he seemed to hear the noise of dim waves and to see a winged form flying above the waves and slowly climbing the air ... a hawklike man flying sunward above the sea, a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve ..."

That vision prophesies Stephen's flight from Ireland at the end of *Portrait*, an exile he undertakes in pursuit of literary art. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is a spiritual autobiography, modeled on stories of Christian conversion. But Stephen finds his vocation by turning away from religion and toward literary art, which is defined in his case as a calling to work in and on language itself. He becomes an artificer, a novelist, who manipulates verbal codes and finds the mythic meanings in names. To recast the real in language is, Joyce's imagery of flight implies, to get off the ground, to leave home, to stand apart. There is an analogy here between such flight and the creating of a free-standing, autonomous artwork, Pound's "hard, perfect," impersonal text—from which the author, or at least his surrogate the narrator, has all but disappeared. The effect is that much more powerful when, as in *Portrait*, the story from which the author disappears is the story of his own creation.

—Langdon Hammer

# ONE

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nice little boy named baby tuckoo....

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

He was a baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

*O, the wild rose blossoms*

*On the little green place.*

He sang that song. That was his song.

*O, the green wothe botheth.*

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

His mother had a nicer smell than his father. She played on the piano the sailor's hornpipe for him to dance. He danced:

*Tralala lala*

*Tralala tralaladdy*

*Tralala lala*

*Tralala lala.*

Uncle Charles and Dante clapped. They were older than his father and mother but uncle Charles was older than Dante.

Dante had two brushes in her press. The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt and the brush with the green velvet back was for Parnell. Dante gave him a cachou every time he brought her a piece of tissue paper.

The Vances lived in number seven. They had a different father and mother. They were Eileen's father and mother. When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen. He hid under the table. His mother said:

—O, Stephen will apologise.

Dante said:

—O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes.

*Pull out his eyes,*

*Apologise,*

*Apologise,*

*Pull out his eyes.*

*Apologise,*

*Pull out his eyes,*

*Pull out his eyes,*

*Apologise.*

The wide playgrounds were swarming with boys. All were shouting and the prefects urged them on with strong cries. The evening air was pale and chilly and after every

charge and thud of the footballers the greasy leather orb flew like a heavy bird through the grey light. He kept on the fringe of his line, out of sight of his prefect, out of the reach of the rude feet, feigning to run now and then. He felt his body small and weak amid the throng of players and his eyes were weak and watery. Rody Kickham was not like that: he would be captain of the third line all the fellows said.

Rody Kickham was a decent fellow but Nasty Roche was a stink. Rody Kickham had greaves in his number and a hamper in the refectory. Nasty Roche had big hands. He called the Friday pudding dog-in-the-blanket. And one day he had asked:

—What is your name?

Stephen had answered:

—Stephen Dedalus.

Then Nasty Roche had said:

—What kind of a name is that?

And when Stephen had not been able to answer Nasty Roche had asked:

—What is your father?

Stephen had answered:

—A gentleman.

Then Nasty Roche had asked:

—Is he a magistrate?

He crept about from point to point on the fringe of his line, making little runs now and then. But his hands were bluish with cold. He kept his hands in the sidepockets of his belted grey suit. That was a belt round his pocket. And belt was also to give a fellow a belt. One day a fellow had said to Cantwell:

—I'd give you such a belt in a second.

Cantwell had answered:

—Go and fight your match. Give Cecil Thunder a belt. I'd like to see you. He'd give you a toe in the rump for yourself.

That was not a nice expression. His mother had told him not to speak with the rough boys in the college. Nice mother! The first day in the hall of the castle when she had said goodbye she had put up her veil double to her nose to kiss him: and her nose and eyes were red. But he had pretended not to see that she was going to cry. She was a nice mother but she was not so nice when she cried. And his father had given him two fiveshilling pieces for pocket money. And his father had told him if he wanted anything to write home to him and, whatever he did, never to peach on a fellow. Then at the door of the castle the rector had shaken hands with his father and mother, his soutane fluttering in the breeze, and the car had driven off with his father and mother on it. They had cried to him from the car, waving their hands:

—Goodbye, Stephen, goodbye!

—Goodbye, Stephen, goodbye!

He was caught in the whirl of a scrimmage and, fearful of the flashing eyes and muddy boots, bent down to look through the legs. The fellows were struggling and groaning and their legs were rubbing and kicking and stamping. Then Jack Lawton's yellow boots dodged out the ball and all the other boots and legs ran after. He ran after them a little way and then stopped. It was useless to run on. Soon they would be going home for the holidays. After supper in the studyhall he would change the number pasted up inside his desk from seventyseven to seventysix.

It would be better to be in the studyhall than out there in the cold. The sky was pale and cold but there were lights in the castle. He wondered from which window Hamilton Rowan had thrown his hat on the haha and had there been flowerbeds at that time under the windows. One day when he had been called to the castle the butler had shown him the marks of the soldiers' slugs in the wood of the door and had given him a piece of shortbread that the community ate. It was nice and warm to see the lights in the castle. It was like something in a book. Perhaps Leicester Abbey was like that. And there were nice sentences in Doctor Cornwell's Spelling Book. They were like poetry but they were only sentences to learn the spelling from.

*Wolsey died in Leicester Abbey*

*Where the abbots buried him.*

*Canker is a disease of plants,*

*Cancer one of animals.*

It would be nice to lie on the hearthrug before the fire, leaning his head upon his hands, and think on those sentences. He shivered as if he had cold slimy water next his skin. That was mean of Wells to shoulder him into the square ditch because he would not swop his little snuffbox for Wells's seasoned hacking chestnut, the conqueror of forty. How cold and slimy the water had been! A fellow had once seen a big rat jump into the scum. Mother was sitting at the fire with Dante waiting for Brigid to bring in the tea. She had her feet on the fender and her jewelly slippers were so hot and they had such a lovely warm smell! Dante knew a lot of things. She had taught him where the Mozambique Channel was and what was the longest river in America and what was the name of the highest mountain in the moon. Father Arnall knew more than Dante because he was a priest but both his father and uncle Charles said that Dante was a clever woman and a wellread woman. And when Dante made that noise after dinner and then put up her hand to her mouth: that was heartburn.

A voice cried far out on the playground:

-All in!

Then other voices cried from the lower and third lines:

-All in! All in!

The players closed around, flushed and muddy, and he went among them, glad to go in. Rody Kickham held the ball by its greasy lace. A fellow asked him to give it one last: but he walked on without even answering the fellow. Simon Moonan told him not to because the prefect was looking. The fellow turned to Simon Moonan and said:

—We all know why you speak. You are McGlade's suck.

Suck was a queer word. The fellow called Simon Moonan that name because Simon Moonan used to tie the prefect's false sleeves behind his back and the prefect used to let on to be angry. But the sound was ugly. Once he had washed his hands in the lavatory of the Wicklow Hotel and his father pulled the stopper up by the chain after and the dirty water went down through the hole in the basin. And when it had all gone down slowly the hole in the basin had made a sound like that: suck. Only louder.

To remember that and the white look of the lavatory made him feel cold and then hot. There were two cocks that you turned and water came out: cold and hot. He felt cold and then a little hot: and he could see the names printed on the cocks. That was a very queer thing.

And the air in the corridor chilled him too. It was queer and wettish. But soon the

gas would be lit and in burning it made a light noise like a little song. Always the same: and when the fellows stopped talking in the playroom you could hear it.

It was the hour for sums. Father Arnall wrote a hard sum on the board and then said:

—Now then, who will win? Go ahead, York! Go ahead, Lancaster!

Stephen tried his best but the sum was too hard and he felt confused. The little silk badge with the white rose on it that was pinned on the breast of his jacket began to flutter. He was no good at sums but he tried his best so that York might not lose. Father Arnall's face looked very black but he was not in a wax: he was laughing. Then Jack Lawton cracked his fingers and Father Arnall looked at his copybook and said:

—Right. Bravo Lancaster! The red rose wins. Come on now, York! Forge ahead!

Jack Lawton looked over from his side. The little silk badge with the red rose on it looked very rich because he had a blue sailor top on. Stephen felt his own face red too, thinking of all the bets about who would get first place in elements, Jack Lawton or he. Some weeks Jack Lawton got the card for first and some weeks he got the card for first. His white silk badge fluttered and fluttered as he worked at the next sum and heard Father Arnall's voice. Then all his eagerness passed away and he felt his face quite cool. He thought his face must be white because it felt so cool. He could not get out the answer for the sum but it did not matter. White roses and red roses: those were beautiful colours to think of. And the cards for first place and second place and third place were beautiful colours too: pink and cream and lavender. Lavender and cream and pink roses were beautiful to think of. Perhaps a wild rose might be like those colours and he remembered the song about the wild rose blossoms on the little green place. But you could not have a green rose. But perhaps somewhere in the world you could.

The bell rang and then the classes began to file out of the rooms and along the corridors towards the refectory. He sat looking at the two prints of butter on his plate but could not eat the damp bread. The tablecloth was damp and limp. But he drank off the hot weak tea which the clumsy scullion, girl with a white apron, poured into his cup. He wondered whether the scullion's apron was damp too or whether all white things were cold and damp. Nasty Roche and Saurin drank cocoa that their people sent them in tins. They said they could not drink the tea; that it was hogwash. Their fathers were magistrates, the fellows said.

All the boys seemed to him very strange. They had all fathers and mothers and different clothes and voices. He longed to be at home and lay his head on his mother's lap. But he could not: and so he longed for the play and study and prayers to be over and to be in bed.

He drank another cup of hot tea and Fleming said:

—What's up? Have you a pain or what's up with you?

—I don't know, Stephen said.

—Sick in your breadbasket, Fleming said, because your face looks white. It will go away.

—O yes, Stephen said.

But he was not sick there. He thought that he was sick in his heart if you could be sick in that place. Fleming was very decent to ask him. He wanted to cry. He leaned his elbows on the table and shut and opened the flaps of his ears. Then he heard the noise of the refectory every time he opened the flaps of his ears. It made a roar like a

train at night. And when he closed the flaps the roar was shut off like a train going into a tunnel. That night at Dalkey the train had roared like that and then, when it went into the tunnel, the roar stopped. He closed his eyes and the train went on, roaring and then stopping; roaring again, stopping. It was nice to hear it roar and stop and then roar out of the tunnel again and then stop.

Then the higher line fellows began to come down along the matting in the middle of the refectory, Paddy Rath and Jimmy Magee and the Spaniard who was allowed to smoke cigars and the little Portuguese who wore the woolly cap. And then the lower line tables and the tables of the third line. And every single fellow had a different way of walking.

He sat in a corner of the playroom pretending to watch a game of dominos and once or twice he was able to hear for an instant the little song of the gas. The prefect was at the door with some boys and Simon Moonan was knotting his false sleeves. He was telling them something about Tullabeg.

Then he went away from the door and Wells came over to Stephen and said:

—Tell us, Dedalus, do you kiss your mother before you go to bed?

Stephen answered:

—I do.

Wells turned to the other fellows and said:

—O, I say, here's a fellow says he kisses his mother every night before he goes to bed.

The other fellows stopped their game and turned round, laughing. Stephen blushed under their eyes and said:

—I do not.

Wells said:

—O, I say, here's a fellow says he doesn't kiss his mother before he goes to bed.

They all laughed again. Stephen tried to laugh with them. He felt his whole body hot and confused in a moment. What was the right answer to the question? He had given two and still Wells laughed. But Wells must know the right answer for he was in third of grammar. He tried to think of Wells's mother but he did not dare to raise his eyes to Wells's face. He did not like Wells's face. It was Wells who had shouldered him into the square ditch the day before because he would not swop his little snuffbox for Wells's seasoned hacking chestnut, the conqueror of forty. It was a mean thing to do; all the fellows said it was. And how cold and slimy the water had been! And a fellow had once seen a big rat jump plop into the scum.

The cold slime of the ditch covered his whole body; and, when the bell rang for study and the lines filed out of the playrooms, he felt the cold air of the corridor and staircase inside his clothes. He still tried to think what was the right answer. Was it right to kiss his mother or wrong to kiss his mother? What did that mean, to kiss? You put your face up like that to say goodnight and then his mother put her face down. That was to kiss. His mother put her lips on his cheek; her lips were soft and they wetted his cheek; and they made a tiny little noise: kiss. Why did people do that with their two faces?

Sitting in the studyhall he opened the lid of his desk and changed the number pasted up inside from seventyseven to seventysix. But the Christmas vacation was very far away: but one time it would come because the earth moved round always.

There was a picture of the earth on the first page of his geography: a big ball in the middle of clouds. Fleming had a box of crayons and one night during free study he had coloured the earth green and the clouds maroon. That was like the two brushes in Dante's press, the brush with the green velvet back for Parnell and the brush with the maroon velvet back for Michael Davitt. But he had not told Fleming to colour them those colours. Fleming had done it himself.

He opened the geography to study the lesson; but he could not learn the names of places in America. Still they were all different places that had those different names. They were all in different countries and the countries were in continents and the continents were in the world and the world was in the universe.

He turned to the flyleaf of the geography and read what he had written there: himself, his name and where he was.

*Stephen Dedalus  
Class of Elements  
Clongowes Wood College  
Sallins  
County Kildare  
Ireland  
Europe  
The World  
The Universe*

That was in his writing: and Fleming one night for a cod had written on the opposite page:

*Stephen Dedalus is my name,  
Ireland is my nation.  
Clongowes is my dwellingplace  
And heaven my expectation.*

He read the verses backwards but then they were not poetry. Then he read the flyleaf from the bottom to the top till he came to his own name. That was he: and he read down the page again. What was after the universe? Nothing. But was there anything round the universe to show where it stopped before the nothing place began? It could not be a wall but there could be a thin thin line there all round everything. It was very big to think about everything and everywhere. Only God could do that. He tried to think what a big thought that must be but he could think only of God. God was God's name just as his name was Stephen. *Dieu* was the French for God and that was God's name too; and when anyone prayed to God and said *Dieu* then God knew at once that it was a French person that was praying. But though there were different names for God in all the different languages in the world and God understood what all the people who prayed said in their different languages still God remained always the same God and God's real name was God.

It made him very tired to think that way. It made him feel his head very big. He turned over the flyleaf and looked wearily at the green round earth in the middle of the maroon clouds. He wondered which was right, to be for the green or for the maroon, because Dante had ripped the green velvet back off the brush that was Parnell one day with her scissors and had told him that Parnell was a bad man. He wondered if they were arguing at home about that. That was called politics. There were two sides in it: