A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

James Joyce

JAMES JOYCE

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TRAIT RTIST UNG MAN

Edited by

Hans Walter Gabler *with* Walter Hettche

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INTRODUCTION

The seminal invention for James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* was the narrative essay "A Portrait of the Artist."[1] The essay survives in Joyce's fair hand (fair as originally written out, that is, before becoming much overlaid by revision and by extended deletions that indicate the text's re-use in later writing), in a copybook belonging to his sister Mabel, and bears the date 7/1/1904.[2] Submitted to the literary magazine *Dana* (as likely as not in the very copybook), it was rejected within less than a fortnight. According to Stanislaus Joyce in his *Dublin Diary*,[3] the rejection would seem to have spurred Joyce on to conceiving of an autobiographical novel, the opening chapters of which he wrote in the space of a couple of weeks. Stanislaus, moreover, claims that while sitting together in the kitchen on James Joyce's 22nd birthday, 2 February 1904, as James was sharing his plans for the novel with him, it was he, Stanislaus, who suggested as title *Stephen Hero*. Accepting this claim, Joyce scholarship has been led by Richard Ellmann's interpretation of Stanislaus's account (see *JJ*, pp. 144–149) into taking it entire, and at face value. We have all persistently overlooked May Joyce's letter to James Joyce of 1 September 1916, in which she recalls James Joyce reading the early chapters to their mother when they lived in St. Peter's Terrace, and the younger siblings used to be all put out of the room.

[1] "A Portrait of the Artist" is currently most conveniently available in: James Joyce, *Poems and Shorter Writings*, ed. R. Ellmann, A. Walton Litz and John Whittier-Ferguson. London: Faber and Faber, 1991, pp. 211–218. The original is photographically reprinted in James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. A Facsimile of Epiphanies, Notes, Manuscripts, and Typescripts*. Prefaced and Arranged by Hans Walter Gabler. New York and London: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1978 (=vol. [7] of *The James Joyce Archive*, 63 vols., General Editor Michael Groden), pp. 70–85.

[2] i.e., January 7th, 1904.

[3] Stanislaus Joyce, *The Complete Dublin Diary*, ed. George H. Healey. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1971, pp. 11–13.

May used to hide under the sofa to listen until, relenting, James allowed her to stay (*Letters*, II, 382–83).[4] This intimate personal memory puts the beginnings of Joyce's art in a different perspective. It suggests that he started his autobiographical novel almost a year earlier than has hitherto been assumed, probably some months at least before August 1903 when his mother died. The impulse thus seems to have sprung very immediately from his first experience of exile in Paris in 1902/03. "A Portrait of the Artist" of January 1904 can appear no longer as seminal for *Stephen Hero*. Rather, defined as the conceptual outline for *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* that it has always been felt to be, it stands out as Joyce's first attempt to break away from his initial mode of autobiographical fiction. Against Stanislaus Joyce's idealizing of his brother's triumphant heroism in defying *Dana*, we sense instead the stymying effect of that first public rejection. Digging his heels in, and continuing to write *Stephen Hero*, as in fact he did, was a retarding, even perhaps a retrogressive stage in Joyce's search for a sense of his art and a narrative idiom all his own. *Stephen Hero* was to falter by mid–1905, by which time it was through *Dubliners* that Joyce was freeing himself from its fetters.

In the course of 1904, Joyce wrote three stories for *The Irish Homestead*, "The Sisters," "Eveline" and "After the Race." They were the beginnings of *Dubliners*. With eleven chapters of *Stephen Hero* written, its immediate continuation preconceived and ideas for further stories for *Irish Homestead* contribution in his head, Joyce left Dublin with Nora Barnacle on 8 October 1904 for Zurich, a destination that was to be changed en route for Trieste, and Pola. During Nora's pregnancy, Joyce carried *Stephen Hero* forward through its "University episode"–the only fragment of it which survives–and, closely coinciding with the birth of Giorgio Joyce, he suspended work on it in June 1905.[5] From mid–1905, Joyce turned wholly to the writing of *Dubliners*. The protracted

[4] Again, I wish to thank John O'Hanlon and Danis Rose for their help and advice in preparing these present editions of *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

[5] The surviving "University episode" fragment of 11 chapters – XV to XXV – was postumously edited (erroneously as Chapters XV to XXVI) by Theodore Spencer in 1944 and subsequently augmented by the text of a few stray additional manuscript pages. (James Joyce, *Stephen Hero*. Edited from the Manu-

endeavour, throughout 1906, to get the collection published ran insistently foul even as, in 1906/07, he capped the sequence with "The Dead."

THE EMERGING NOVEL

The time devoted to the writing of *Dubliners*, culminating in "The Dead," was the gestation period of a fundamentally new conception for the autobiographical novel. Suspending it in 1905 had, as became apparent by 1907, been tantamount to aborting the 63-chapter project of *Stephen Hero* in favour of beginning afresh the five-chapter novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* Chapter I was written between 8 September and 29 November 1907. Reworked from *Stephen Hero*, it omitted entirely the seven initial chapters of that novel—those dealing with Stephen's childhood—and opened with Stephen going to school (cf. *JJ* 264). We may assume[6] that the Chapter I version of autumn 1907 included neither the overture of the novel as eventually published, nor the Christmas dinner scene (which at first apparently belonged with material taken from *Stephen Hero* to construct Chapter II of *A Portrait*). By 7 April 1908, the new novel had grown to three chapters, but was making no further progress. In early 1909, it was sections of a work he had become despondent of that Joyce gave a fellow writer to read. Ettore Schmitz, or Italo Svevo—he was, at

script in the Harvard College Library by Theodore Spencer. A New Edition, incorporating the Additional Manuscript Pages in the Yale University Library and the Cornell University Library, edited by John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon. New York: New Directions, 1963.) The *James Joyce Archive*, vol. [8], collects and reprints photographically the "University episode" and the stray manuscript pages.

The writing of *Stephen Hero*, its relation to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and its posthumous publication are briefly surveyed – albeit still in accordance with the Stanislaus Joyce / Richard Ellmann view of the origins – in the Appendix to Hans Walter Gabler, "The Seven Lost Years of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*," in Thomas F. Staley and Bernard Benstock, eds., *Approaches to Joyce's 'Portrait.' Ten Essays*. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1976, pp. 53–56. An edition reworked from the ground, based on the doctoral dissertation of Claus Melchior (Munich, 1988), is in preparation.

[6] For what follows, see my in-depth analysis in "The Seven Lost Years ..."; and "The Christmas Dinner Scene, Parnell's Death, and the Genesis of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*," *James Joyce Quarterly* 13 (1975–76), 27–38.

the same time, Joyce's language pupil—in a letter of 8 February 1909 proffered supportive criticism of Chapters I-III, in versions prior to those known from the published book, plus a draft opening of Chapter IV. Specifically—if inference may be trusted—the Christmas dinner scene was still apparently in Chapter II, and the conclusion of Stephen's confession in Chapter III was yet unwritten. Schmitz's response encouraged Joyce to complete Chapter IV and begin Chapter V. Yet this precipitated an apparently more serious crisis. Sometime in 1911, Joyce threw the entire manuscript as it then stood—some 313 manuscript leaves—in the fire.[7] Instantly rescued by a family fire brigade, it apparently suffered no real harm and was kept tied up in an old sheet for some months before Joyce "sorted [it] out and pieced [it] together as best [he] could" (*Letters* I, 136). This involved developing and rounding off Chapter V, thoroughly revising Chapters I-III and shaping the novel as a whole into a stringent chiastic design. It was an effort of creation occupying Joyce for over two, if not an ample three years. On Easter Day 1913, he evisaged finishing the book by the end of the year, but completing it spilled over into 1914. The surviving fair copy bears the date line "Dublin 1904 | Trieste 1914" on its last page. Yet the date '1913' on the fair copy's titlepage indicates that Joyce's Easter Day confidence was substantially grounded. Chapter IV, together with the opening pages of Chapter V, survive from the manuscript thrown in the fire, while Chapters I-III and V in the fair copy postdate the crisis of 1911. Since Chapter I as we have it was written out later than Chapters II and III, and since, in turn, sections of the Chapter V manuscript appear to coincide

[7] It was not the *Stephen Hero* manuscript, therefore, as a persistent legend would have it, but an early *Portrait* manuscript that was thus given over to the flames, a fact which a careful reading of Joyce's letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver of 6 January 1920 confirms (*Letters* I, 136). The year 1911 was a year of deep despondency for James Joyce. After intense proof-reading on *Dubliners* in the summer of 1910, any hopes of seeing the collection published were dashed by letters from George Roberts both in June and December. Roberts refused to perfect the edition if "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" was not revised – which Joyce wouldn't do (see in more detail the "Introduction" to the critical edition of *Dubliners* in the companion volume to this, pp. 11–15). No solution was discernible. It was the second radical setback in the effort to publish *Dubliners*. If this contributed to Joyce's act of despair of throwing the *Portrait* manuscript in the fire, as we assume it did, it would seem even more likely in retrospect that Joyce was shaken, rather than buoyed up, by the rejection of "A Portrait of the Artist" in 1904.

with the fair copy of Chapter III through fol. 100, 'putting together' the extant final manuscript meant writing out Chapters I-III afresh after revision, incorporating Chapter IV and the beginning of Chapter V from the earlier manuscript, and completing Chapter V. The stages may have been something like V/III, II, I, followed by the insertion of the final version of the Villanelle episode in Chapter V, and the writing of the end of Chapter III, as finishing touches. If this represents Joyce's work on the novel from 1912 to perhaps early 1914, it was undoubtedly in 1913, as the manuscript titlepage indicates, that the design, and much of the text, was essentially realised.

Leaving the manuscript behind in Trieste when he moved to Zurich in 1915, he retrieved it in 1919 and presented it to Harriet Shaw Weaver for Christmas (*Letters* I, 136). She disposed of the Joyce manuscripts she possessed towards the end of her life and, respecting Nora Joyce's objection to her intention of depositing the *Finnegans Wake* papers in Ireland, she presented the fair copy of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* instead to the National Library of Ireland in 1951.

THE SERIALISATION

On 15 December 1913, Ezra Pound wrote to Joyce asking whether he had anything publishable that he could place for him in any of the British or American journals with which he had connections.[8] He had heard about the young Irish writer exiled in far-away Trieste through Joyce's fellow Irishman in London, W. B. Yeats. During those vital London years of his passion to discover the new writers and promote the new literature, Pound was specifically associated with *The Egoist* (formerly titled *The Freewoman* and *The New Freewoman*) under the editorship of Dora Marsden. With the concurrent prospect of Grant Richards finally publishing *Dubliners*, it was the new novel that Joyce wanted Pound and *The Egoist* to consider. To provide copy, he gave his autograph out to be typed, beginning with what was available of it towards the end

[8] *Pound/Joyce*. The Letters of Ezra Pound to James Joyce, with Pound's Essays on Joyce. Edited ... by Forrest Read. New York: New Directions, 1967, pp. 17f.

of 1913, and was also first required. The typed first chapter arrived in London in mid-January. Ezra Pound responded enthusiastically on 19 January.[9] The second chapter, typed by a second typist, followed in late March 1914. *The Egoist* undertook the serialisation and began to run *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in brief fortnightly installments on, as it happened, 2 February 1914, Joyce's 32nd birthday. The third-chapter typescript reached London on 21 July 1914, as the time approached when it would be needed as *Egoist* copy. The likeliest explanation for the staggered arrival of the chapters is that Joyce was spreading the typing costs. Chapters IV and V in typescript were sent to London only in November, and became available indeed only after a hiatus in the serialisation. This would seem to have been due to the wartime situation. Eventually mailing it not from Trieste, but from Venice, Joyce appears to have held back the Chapter IV-V typescript until he felt sufficiently reassured both that *The Egoist* would continue to appear—even as it had changed from fortnightly to monthly publication—and that it would be safe to dispatch the typescript.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man appeared in installments in *The Egoist* from 2 February 1914 to 1 September 1915. Owing to difficulties the printers made for fear of prosecution, *The Egoist* employed three printers in succession, and even so the text did not escape cuts from printer censorship. The first paragraph of Chapter III, a couple of sentences in the bird-girl conclusion to Chapter IV, and a brief dialogue exchange about farting plus the occurrence (twice) of the expression "ballocks" in Chapter V were affected. James Joyce did not read proof on the *Egoist* text.[10] Nor, beyond Chapter II, did he receive the published text to read until sometimes many weeks or months after publication. (The wartime disturbances in communication, again, are the obvious reason.) Nevertheless, he spotted the censorship cuts immediately, was able to provide the missing fourth-chapter sentences *verbatim* from memory and insisted on an entirely uncensored text for the book publication.

[9] See *Pound/Joyce*, p. 24.

[10] Except possibly on the second and third installments; see Hans Walter Gabler, "Towards a Critical Text of James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*." *Studies in Bibliography* 27 (1974), 1–53; pp. 44 f.

TOWARDS THE FIRST EDITION

In the spring of 1915, several months before the run of the *Portrait* installments in *The Egoist* ended, Harriet Weaver, assisted by Ezra Pound, and soon by J. B. Pinker, the well established literary agent who in May 1915 added Joyce to his extensive list of authors, embarked upon a protracted search for a British publisher of the novel in book form. Grant Richards had the right of first refusal, contracted with the publishing of *Dubliners*, and declined. Martin Secker and, after long deliberation, Gerald Duckworth followed suit. Ezra Pound's attempts to interest John Lane—who in 1936 was to publish *Ulysses*—and the tentative approach that Viola Hunt made at Pound's instigation to T. Werner Laurie, were unsuccessful. Duckworth's rejection of January 1916 was based on the reader's report of Edward Garnett which documents how categorically *A Portrait*'s construction and style were beyond the expectations, and therefore the powers of perception, of a most esteemed literary reader of the time.[11] Nor did the book fare better by William Heinemann, who in mid-1916 was given it for consideration, even though Harriet Weaver had on 30 November 1915 already proposed founding The Egoist Ltd. expressly to publish *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Yet, just as the established British publishers had refused to take on the novel, British printers now proved unwilling to touch it uncensored. (The recent legal proceedings against D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow* no doubt influenced their attitude.) The course that remained for Harriet Weaver was to look to the United States in the hope of arranging with an American partner to supply her with import sheets for a British edition. The promise of a satisfactory arrangement with John Marshall collapsed when Marshall absconded to Canada. It was with B. W. Huebsch of New York that a joint venture finally succeeded.

THE BOOK EDITIONS

B. W. Huebsch had become aware of James Joyce through Grant Richards who throughout 1916 negotiated with him to publish

[11] Garnett's report is quoted in *JJ* 403–4.

Dubliners in the United States with sheets imported from England. (The edition was brought out in December 1916, only a few weeks before that of *A Portrait*.) He was alerted to *A Portrait* through E. Byrne Hackett, an Irish-American bookseller and small-scale publisher to whom, on Ezra Pound's recommendation, Harriet Weaver had sent a set of tearsheets from *The Egoist*. Hackett forwarded these to Huebsch, who on 16 June 1916 offered "to print absolutely in accordance with the author's wishes, without deletion" (*Letters* I, 91). Providing him with copy to allow him to do so was now the trans-Atlantic challenge. The Hackett tearsheets, although provided with slips and marginal additions restoring the censored passages, were uncorrected. A fully marked-up set of tearsheets was in the hands of John Marshall with corrections by Joyce himself in Chapters I and II, authorial corrections transferred into Chapters III and IV by Harriet Weaver from lists Joyce had sent her,[12] and Chapter V in the original typescript. All attempts failed to obtain them for Huebsch. On 6 September 1916 Harriet Weaver sent him a substitute copy with Chapters III and IV marked up according to Joyce's lists, but Chapters I, II and V corrected merely on the strength of her own recollection of Joyce's changes or, with respect to Chapter V, merely her unaided impressions. Huebsch wisely refused to start printing from this copy, awaiting rather the receipt of Chapters I, II and V in exemplars Harriet Weaver had concurrently sent to Joyce freshly to mark up. These she was able to forward to Huebsch in late September. They reached New York on 6 October, and on 17 October Huebsch confirmed that the book was in the hands of the printer. The printer's copy—set EC-A according to Chester G. Anderson's sigla—is made up of Chapters I, II and V with James Joyce's autograph corrections plus some clarifications of these in Harriet Weaver's hand, and Chapters III and IV marked up in Harriet Weaver's hand alone from Joyce's lists.[13] On the typesetting for the book, no proofreading other than Huebsch's house-proofing was

[12] They are still extant and bound in with another set of *Egoist* tearsheets now in the British Library; see my "Towards a Critical Text...," pp. 3–15.

[13] This corrects Anderson's description of them as corrected entirely in Joyce's hand (Chester G. Anderson, "The Text of James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*." *Neuphilologische Mitteilungen* 65 (1964), 160–200; p. 188) and confirms the inference drawn in my "Towards a Critical Text ...," p. 19.

feasible. Joyce was pressing for publication in 1916; this was even stipulated in the publishing contract. On 29 December, a few copies were ready and bound to justify the date 1916 on the first edition titlepage. In January 1917, the edition was on the American market, and 768 sets of sheets (for the 750 ordered), printed as a separate issue by stop-press alteration of the titlepage, arrived in London to be bound and marketed by The Egoist Ltd.

Joyce found the first edition extensively in need of correction. By 10 April 1917 he had drawn up a handwritten list of 'nearly 400' changes which he sent to Pinker to be typed and forwarded in ribbon copy and carbon by two successive posts to Huebsch in New York. Yet by the time they arrived, Huebsch had already printed "a second edition from the first plates" unaltered. Harriet Weaver, who was also considering a second edition, refrained from extending her joint venture with Huebsch when she discovered that freshly imported sheets would not contain Joyce's changes. She obtained the carbon copy of the corrections, augmented its 364 entries by another 17 items from a list of 70 corrections which she herself had prepared—the remaining 53 items on that list coincided with Joyce's own corrections—and used it to mark up an exemplar of the English first edition (American sheets) as printer's copy for the reset English second edition published under the imprint of The Egoist Ltd. in 1918. (Harriet Weaver later gave this copy to the Bodleian Libary in Oxford, where it is now shelved.) The third English edition under the Egoist imprint published in 1921 was bibliographically another issue of the first American edition. It once more used sheets imported from the United States. Huebsch had, in reprinting for the third time, forgotten or chosen to disregard the ribbon copy of Joyce's 1917 corrections which he still held (and which, decades later, he gave to the Poetry Collection of the State University of New York in Buffalo, where they still survive).

In 1924, Jonathan Cape took over *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and published the 'fourth English edition,' which, in strict bibliographical terms, was the book's third edition. With the proofing and revising of *Ulysses* fresh in his memory, Joyce appears to have proof-read the Jonathan Cape *Portrait* more thoroughly and consistently than any other of his books after their first publication. None of the actual corrected proofs have been pre-

served, but he mentions reading proof on the Cape edition on two separate occasions in letters to Harriet Weaver in the summer of 1924, from Saint-Malo. On 11 July, he reports on work done before he left Paris, which involved resisting suggested censorial cuts –Sylvia Beach records her "amazement at the printer's queries in the margins"[14]–and insisting on the removal of the "perverted commas ... by the sergeant-at-arms" (*Letters* III, 99f.). The letter of 11 July refers to an enclosure to demonstrate that Cape had complied on both counts–that is, agreed to print without cuts, and reset all dialogue–and thus suggests that Joyce received two sets of proof in Paris. On 16 August, he reports that he has sent off revises to Cape. Unless these were the second proofs which by inference he received in Paris, Joyce would thus have read three rounds of proof on the Cape edition. This marked the end of his attention to the text of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in his lifetime.

This edition

The present edition is a copy-text edition of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Its copy-text is the text in James Joyce's faircopy holograph, preserved in the original in the National Library of Ireland and photographically reprinted in the *James Joyce Archive*.[15] To establish the critical text and the apparatus, the surviving fragments of the typescript, the surviving *Egoist* galleys, the *Egoist* serialisation (1914–15), the first edition (B. W. Huebsch,

[14] Sylvia Beach, *Shakespeare and Company* (1960), p. 56.

[15] James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, MS 920 and 921 in the holdings of the National Library of Ireland.
James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. A Facsimile of the Final Holograph Manuscript*. Prefaced and Arranged by Hans Walter Gabler. 2 vols. New York & London, Garland Publishing, Inc., 1977 (=vols. [9] and [10] of the *James Joyce Archive*).
The photoreprint in the *James Joyce Archive* provides a reliable reproduction of the textual record of the original manuscript. For the terminological distinction between textual, inscriptional and material record in originals and visual copy, see my essays "On Textual Criticism and Editing: The Case of *Ulysses*." in: *Palimpsest: Editorial Theory in the Humanities*, ed. George Bornstein and Ralph Williams (University of Michigan Press); and "What *Ulysses* Requires" in *PBSA* (both forthcoming in 1993).

1916), the second edition (The Egoist Ltd., 1918), and the third edition (Jonathan Cape, 1924) have been collated against the fair copy; and the marked-up *Egoist* tearsheets, the surviving separate lists of corrections, Harriet Weaver's marked-up printer's copy for the 1918 British edition, and published and unpublished correspondence itemizing textual changes have been checked. From the textual materials so collated and assembled, the edited text has been constituted.[16] Apart from emending obvious slips of the pen and authorial copying errors, it maintains the wording, spelling and punctuation of the copy-text. Yet onto this have been grafted: first, the author's revisions, few in number, effected successively in the typescript, the serialisation and the book editions of 1916, 1918 and 1924; second, the authorial, or authorially instigated, restyling of capitalization and compound formation without hyphens (i.e., compounds in one word or two words) achieved successively in the book editions; third, the styling of dialogue with opening flush-left dialogue dashes only, as realised by authorial direction in the Jonathan Cape edition of 1924. According to the general concept of copy-text editing, the text in this edition is thus a critically eclectic text.

The textual situation which obtains for *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*—draft material preceding the fair copy has not been preserved, nor was the text extensively revised in its straight passage from fair copy to print—suggests a mode of critical editing substantially different from that devised for James Joyce's *Ulysses*.[17] The methodology of copy-text editing holds out the requisite technical procedures. It stipulates that, from the transmission, the text in one document—or 'copy'—be selected as edition base text. By conventionalised operations of critical editing, the base text, or copy-text, is then transformed into the edited text. The principal rule of method is to follow the base text in spelling and punctuation, as well as in such related features as paragraphing, word division, capitalizing or italicizing. A critically

[16] Except for letters, all manuscript materials relevant to the constitution of the text have been photographically reprinted in *The James Joyce Archive*, vols. [7], [9] and [10].

[17] James Joyce, *Ulysses. A Critical and Synoptic Edition*, prepared by Hans Walter Gabler with Wolfhard Steppe and Claus Melchior. 3 vols. New York & London, Garland Publishing, Inc., 1984; ²1986.

edited text, however, is not a diplomatic text: it does not aim at being faithful to the base text in all its inscriptional or graphic peculiarities such as slips of the pen, misspellings or printing errors, nor in false starts (other than reporting them in the apparatus), spacings, lineation or pagination. Therefore, subsidiary rules regulate the altering of the (base or) copy-text.

Altering the base text means emending it, and emendation in copy-text editing is double-natured. In one respect, emendation removes the base text's imperfections and transmissional corruption. It corrects (or may correct) authorial misspellings, or restores words accidentally dropped from a manuscript copy; or corrects copying, typing or printer's errors, or undoes house-styling and other effects of the text's fashioning by publishers' editors. In another respect, emendation replaces good and authentic readings of the base text by their respective authorial revisions—equally good and authentic, but superseding the base-text readings by authorial intervention and change—as found in authoritative document texts other than the base text. In other words, the copytext-edited text —as against, say, a version-edited text—is not definable in relation to any one historical document (whereas the base text, or copy-text, is of course so definable). It is, rather, an eclectic text, constituted by grafting authentic (succeeding) textual revisions onto the authentic (preceding) substratum of the copy-text.

Copy-text editing thus telescopes a textual development into one text, the edited text. Under, and on account of, its method of procedure, such an eclectically edited text is never an historical, but is always an ideal text, a text as it never historically existed. (Indeed, though assumptions and methods of critical editing may vary, no critically edited text is a text as it ever historically existed.) To produce such an ideal text by textual scholarship and critical editing is commonly justified by the claim that, as edited, it fulfills the author's (final) intentions. But this means putting an ideological perspective on the procedural solution of a pragmatic task. From the outset, an editor faces the situation that an author's intentions may be considered fulfilled in a general way in each manifest historical documentation of the text—say, an accomplished draft, a fair copy, the printer's copy, the first edition, each authorially revised edition. The document texts provide the editor with an historical series of intentional moments. Copy-text editing

as it has methodologically evolved is recognised as one way of solving the pragmatic task of reconciling these successive moments. It observes authorial intention and invokes it as a superior consideration in each instance of adjudicating authenticity in variant readings among the documented states of the text. Yet the legitimacy is moot of claiming final authorial intention for the resulting editorial product. At the most, an edited text may claim to represent a text of composite authenticity. This is a claim which the textual situation for *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* permits.

In the present critical edition, the copy-text provides spellings, (a dearth of) capitalization, and a pattern of punctuation – in the delicate and rhythmically aware balance of colons, semicolons and above all a light use of commas – that are James Joyce's rather than those of a typist or printer's compositor. Being a fair copy derived from drafts, it must be assumed to hold its share of authorial copying mistakes. Since the preceding drafts are no longer extant, these may be undiscernable. But those discernable are few, and as easy to spot as to repair. In the course of the early printing history, on which Joyce took direct or mediated influence, a few verbal revisions were introduced, moreover, which are clearly identifiable so as to be established, by emendation of the copy-text, as valid readings for the edited text. Yet the early printing history also brought about verbal and non-verbal alterations – changes in substantives and accidentals – which Joyce in part positively embraced, in part perhaps approved, or which he sometimes may have acquiesced in and occasionally let pass in silent protest – or which he never noticed. It is the editor's critical task to survey these and to declare rules and procedures for their admission or rejection in establishing the edited text.

The largest contingent of textual variants editorially to contend with are some 371 substantive differences between the fair copy and the serialisation. Some are verbal changes, but the majority manifest themselves as absences of faircopy words and phrases from the serialised text. The fair copy carries no direction for changes or cuts. Did the author cut and change in the largely lost typescript (he couldn't have done so in proof, since he did not proof-read the serialisation), or are the absences typist's and/or compositor's errors of omission? The analytical studies of the

question undertaken have put the onus on the typist, or typists.[18] Again and again, the figures of verbal repetition in the intricate rhetoric of the *Portrait* prose would seem to have caused the copyist to lose his place, and the arrangement of the text in the visual image of the faircopy pages appears often enough to have induced such eyeskip.

Once the typist has been identified as the main perpetrator of the 371 substantive changes between fair copy and serialisation, a very clear pattern emerges by which a small group of 18 variants out of the total of 371 may be critically singled out as Joyce's revisions.[19] The present edition emends its copy-text by these 18 revisions, but upholds it for the remaining 353 instances where the serialisation, and all subsequent printings before Chester G. Anderson's edition of 1964, departed from it. In so doing, our edition asserts the authenticity of the text of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as it stands in Joyce's holograph fair copy. Whether it thereby also fulfills the author's final intention is ultimately unanswerable. There is no getting away from the facts that a) the typescript passed under Joyce's eyes (although there is strong indication that he only attended to queries marked by a thin lead pencil—Stanislaus Joyce's?—and did not read the typed text, and hence did not catch the typist's omissions at this initial stage); b) Joyce carefully prepared the serialised text as printer's copy for the first American edition; c) he similarly attended to the first-edition text, aiding Harriet Weaver in preparing printer's copy for the first English edition; and d) read two or three rounds of proof on the Jonathan Cape typesetting of 1924. What is recoverable as authorial intention from these rounds of authorial attention to the text is only what becomes positively manifest as written-in authorial revision, or as external instruction (e.g., in directions or comments by letter): the large-scale restoring of, and thereby the overall desire to restore, the manuscript punctuation; the changing of the manuscript system of capitalisation and compound formation; the introduction of a few verbal changes; and finally the insistence, for the 1924 edition, on the dialogue marking by initial dashes—instead of the "perverted commas" which Jonathan Cape had set

[18] Chester G. Anderson, "The Text ...," pp. 171–178; Hans Walter Gabler, "Towards a Critical Text ...," pp. 31; 39–47.

[19] See Gabler, "Towards a Critical Text ...," pp. 31–35.

in first proof (*Letters* III, 99 f.)—and the placing of these dashes flush left with the margin. In all these respects of positive restoration and change, the edited text realises a textual authenticity backed by final authorial intention. It cannot, and does not, however, claim to do so in respect of the typist's omissions of faircopy text. Here, on the strength of the manuscript, the edited text overrides the tradition of the text in pre-publication and published transmission as, between 1914 and 1924, it passed repeatedly under Joyce's eyes. In restoring the typist's omissions, this edition asserts the authenticity of the manuscript. The edited text is thus a critically eclectic text of composite authenticity.

On the textual surface, the edition here offered does not essentially differ from the edition advocated in 1974;[20] where minutely it does, the difference lies in that it adheres without exception to the rule of hypothesis by which the omissions of manuscript text from the typescript/*Egoist* text are due to the typist and refrains from realising editorially the few instances of authorial cuts which, within a limited area of Chapter III, it seemed possible critically to isolate.[21] While the critical distinction remains an attractive possibility, the possible critical gain would not outweigh the real loss in editorial consistency. But even though this is the copy-text edition which, on the grounds of its textual documentation and pattern of transmission, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* requires, the thinking behind the methodological option has developed since I put forward my first notions of how to realise it.

Under the premises of critical eclecticism, and its formal concomitants of copytext-editing procedures, to propose, as the result of scholarly editing, a text of composite authenticity amounts to a refocussing of the objective of the methodology. As indicated, the orthodox goal of copy-text editing has been a text fulfilling the author's final intentions. The shift in the editorial attitude and approach advocated is from an overriding orientation towards the author to an orientation dominantly towards the text. To be sure, common denominators remain. The edited text of composite authenticity does not neglect or deny the author: both final intention and composite authenticity are author-related concepts. And, on

[20] Gabler, "Towards a Critical Text ...," p. 53.
[21] Gabler, "Towards a Critical Text ...," pp. 36–38.

the other hand: the text of final intention as well as that of composite authenticity, since eclectically arrived at, are at bottom editorial constructs. Nevertheless, there are clear distinctions. In the endeavour to establish final authorial intention, the editor will engage primarily with the author and the ultimate authority with which the author is taken to endow the text. Under such premises, the text is seen as dependent on, and functionally as subordinate to, the author. In striving for an edited text of composite authenticity, by contrast, the editor engages primarily with the text in the cross-currents of its processes of composition, revision and transmission.[22] In the dialectics of writing and rewriting which characterize these processes, the author becomes as much a function of the text as the text of the author, and 'ultimate authority,' if not indeed both notionally and practically unattainable, resides in the text. What the concept of the text of composite authenticity foregrounds is the aporia of all critical editing, namely that an edited text is always an editor's text. This is particularly true of an eclectically edited text, the conventional invocation of the author and (final) intentions notwithstanding: an author's text (rather than an editor's), as definable historically and in terms of compositional structure, can by definition not result from eclectic assembly. This is the second aporia that must be faced: theory would categorically rule out the construction of an eclectic text; yet in practical terms, a critically eclectic text established by the rules of copy-text editing is, under the given circumstances of documentation and transmission, the optimal solution of the pragmatic task of editing a work such as James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

The text of this edition, while offered as a reading text broadly within the standards and conventions of modern professional printing and publishing, endeavours yet to maintain the character of a scholarly edited text in preserving essential features of irregu-

[22] Under the premises of such engagement, the edition of *Dubliners* (see the companion volume to this edition) does not, because it cannot, aim for a text of composite authenticity. Its edited text is oriented towards authorial writing and the history of the text. This follows from the different textual situation obtaining for *Dubliners*, and is a theoretical repositioning not in kind, but in degree, responding to the pragmatic givens of editorial practice.

larity in the authorial writing of the copy-text. Word forms and word divisions, spellings, capitalisation and punctuation have been neither normalised nor modernised, nor have typographical matters such as abbreviations or ellipses been standardised. The emendations undertaken,[23] or the refusals to emend, are recorded in the apparatus, with a few specific exceptions. The absence or presence of full stops after 'Mr' and 'Mrs' is not noted, nor are quotation marks (inverted [or, as Joyce called them, "perverted"] commas) surrounding dialogue speech reported, except when joined with emended punctuation. Full stops lacking in the copy-text at the end of paragraphs have been supplied silently. At the end of dialogue speech they have been silently supplied only where the copy-text original is wholly unmarked, or marked by a dash only. Joyce's intermediate dialogue dashes have been explicitly emended. Taken together, this means that Joyce's manuscript habits of marking off the segments of dialogue speech by dashes have neither been followed, nor fully recorded. The patterns and effect of the manuscript mode of setting out dialogue is illustrated, and may be studied, in the draft and fair-copy texts from autographs included in the section "Manuscript Traces" to the critical edition of *Dubliners*, or of course directly in the *James Joyce Archive* photoreprint of the *Portrait* holograph. The convention adopted in this edition's main text, however, is that of flush left opening dialogue dashes only. It is the typographical solution answering to Joyce's own strong views on the marking of dialogue which, in print, and at his forceful instigation, was realised in the third edition of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1924) and has now become the common feature of the critically edited texts of *Dubliners*, *A Portrait* and *Ulysses*.

This critical edition introduces for each chapter a through line numbering independent of the pagination that is identical also in the simultaneously published Vintage edition. In the printing, end-of-line hyphenation occurs in two modes. The sign '=' marks a division for mere typographical reasons. Words so printed should always be cited as one undivided word. The regular hyphen indi-

[23] It should be made quite clear that 'emendations' are to be understood as emendations of the copy-text, and not in terms of changes in relation to the previous, unedited or edited, editions; emendations, often drawing on the transmission, may in fact result precisely in agreement with the text in earlier print.

cates an authentic Joycean hyphen. For an understanding of the status, structure and function of the apparatus of this edition, the explications in the companion edition of *Dubliners* ("Introduction," pp. 24–32) may be profitably consulted.

The present edited text and that of Chester G. Anderson's Viking edition of 1964 do not drastically differ. Anderson was the first carefully to explore the Dublin holograph of *A Portrait*. Yet for his 1964 edition he was forced into textual compromises. These our edition eschews when merging in its edited text the words and punctuation of Joyce's fair copy with the changes in wording and restyling of capitalisation and compound formation of his later revisions for *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

Hans Walter Gabler

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Symbols and Sigla

The symbols employed in the apparatus sections of this edition describe characteristic features of the writing and indicate sequences of correction and revision within the fair copy that provides the edition's copy-text.

⟨ ⟩	authorial deletion in the course of writing
⌝1TEXT NEW1⌜	text inserted/changed at first level of revision
⟨⌝1⌜TEXT OLD⟩	text cancelled at first level of revision
⌝1⟨TEXT OLD⟩ TEXT NEW1⌜	text replaced at first level of revision
	The symbols ⌝ ⌜ delimit an area of change; a given number indicates the level, an additional letter identifies the agent ('A' = author; 's' = scribe)
∅	space reserved in the autograph
◇	erasure
▭	illegible character(s) or word(s)
|	line division in document

The document sigla employed in the apparatus sections are: MS, TS, Eg, 16, 18, 24, 64. The documents they refer to are reviewed in the »Introduction« (pp. 10–11) and identified in the opening footnote.

Following the lemma bracket in the emendations,

e indicates a unique emendation in this edition;

e: indicates a unique emendation partially supported by the document identified after the colon;

a prefixed to a document sigla (e.g., aEg, a16) indicates an authorial correction/revision in or to the document identified by the sigla.

A PORTRAIT *of the* ARTIST *as a* YOUNG MAN

Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes.

Ovid, Metamorphoses. VIII.188.

I

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 .....

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

He was 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 geen 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:

Copy-text: Holograph manuscript MS 920 and MS 921 at the National Library of Ireland (MS); Collated texts: proofs and published text of the serialisation in *The Egoist*, London 1914–1915 (Eg); first edition, New York 1916 (16); second edition, London 1918 (18); third edition, London 1924. (24); 1964 Viking edition in the 1968 Viking Critical Library printing (64).

12 *geen*] STET MS

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

30 He] PARAGRAPH STET MS

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 jacket. 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 good-bye she had put up her veil double to her nose to kiss him: and

59 Then] aEg; The MS, Eg

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

94 to look] ⌝to look⌜ MS 101 seventyseven] aEg; ⌝⟨◇seven⟩ seventy-seven⌜ MS; seventy-seven Eg 102 seventysix.] aEg; ⌝⟨◇six.⟩ seventy-six.⌜ MS; seventy-six. Eg 106 thrown--haha] aEg; jumped MS, Eg 106 had(2)] Eg; were MS

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 plop into the scum. He shivered and longed to cry. It would be so nice to be at home. 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

127–128 He--home.] STET MS

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 he 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:

146, 148, 150, 151 Moonan] aEg; Mangan MS, Eg

—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, girt 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

188 voice.] ⟨ni⟩ voice. MS

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:

228 night] ⌝1⟨◇⟩ night1⌜ MS 242 Moonan] aEg; Mangan MS, Eg

—Tell us, Dedalus, do you kiss your mother every night 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

246 every night] STET MS; CF 251 272 study] ^{71}(◇) study^{1r} MS

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

282 seventyseven] aEg; ⌝1⟨thir◇⟩ seventy-1⌜seven MS; seventy-seven Eg
283 seventysix.] aEg; ⌝1⟨◇⟩ seventy-1⌜six. MS; seventy-six. Eg
293 lesson;] lesson⟨:⟩; MS