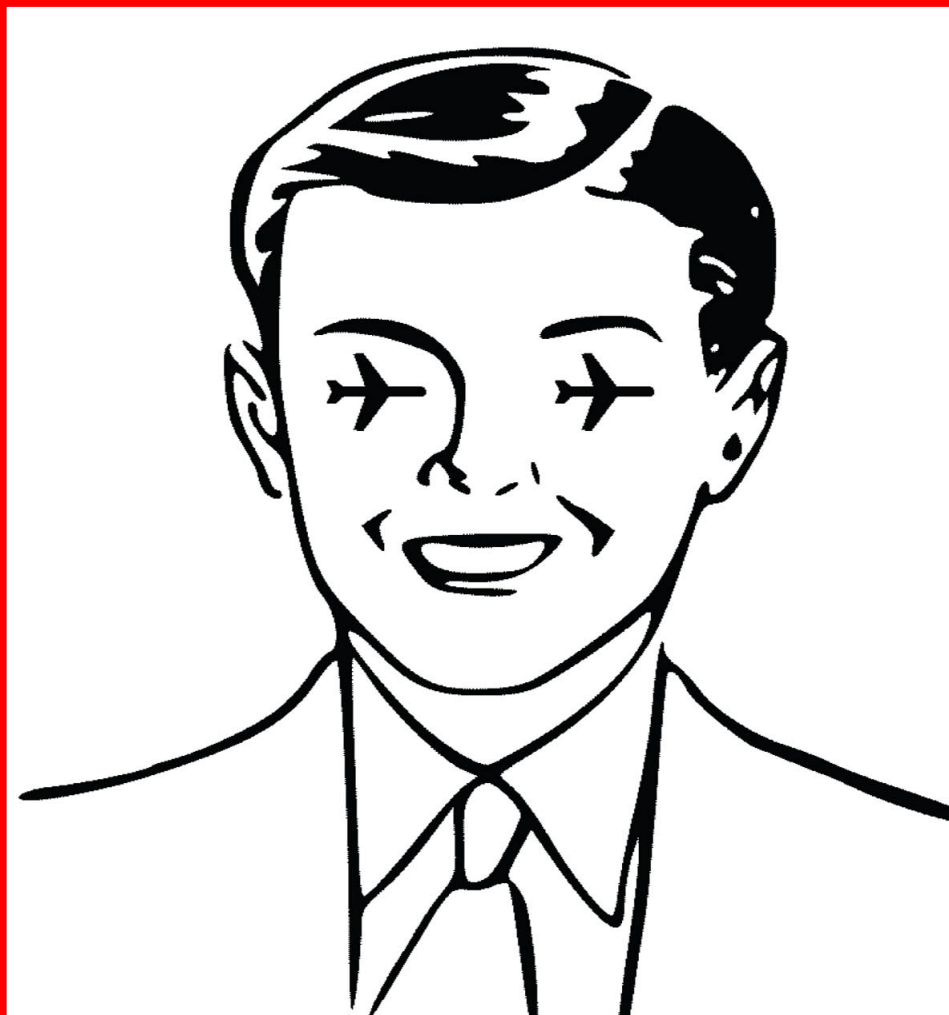


Portrait of the Artist as *the* Young Man



GENCO GÜLAN

Portrait of the Artist as *the* Young Man

Genco Gülan

Chapter 1

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was
a magic wand coming down along the road and this magic
wand was coming down along the road met a nice little boy
named Bobby Tucker...

His father told him that story: his father liked to him
through a glass: he had a happy face.

He was Bobby Tucker. The magic wand down the road
where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

He, the world, the
in the little garden place.

He sang that song. That was his song.

He, the garden with the bath.

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

His mother had a nicer smell than his father. She played in the park the summer's happened for him to dance. He danced:

Trill	lil,
Trill	trilladdy,
Trill	lil,
Trill lil.	

Uncle Charles and Dent clipped. They were older than his father and mother but Uncle Charles was older than Dent.

Dent had two brushers in her press. The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt and the brush with the green velvet back was for Pernell. Dent gave him a chieu every time he brought her a picnic of tussu paper.

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

—, Stephen will apologize.

Dent said:

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

Pull	ut	his	eyes,
apologize,			
apologize,			
Pull	ut	his	eyes.
apologize,			
Pull	ut	his	eyes,
Pull	ut	his	eyes,
apologize.			

The wild playgrounds were swarming with bees. All were shouting and the prefects urged them in with strong cries. The evening air was pale and chilly and after every charge and thud of the footballers the grassy lathered rib flew like a heavy bird through the grey light. He kept in the fringe of his lawn, but if sight of his prefect, but if the reach of the rud

fast, fighting to run now and then. His felt his body small and weak amid the throng of the players and his eyes were weak and watery. Ready Kickham was not like that: he would be content if the third line fell the following day.

Ready Kickham was a decent fellow but Nasty Rich was stink. Ready Kickham had grown his number and a hammer in the refinery. Nasty Rich had big hands. He called the Friday pudding dig-the-blank. And one day he had asked:

—What's your name?

Stephen had answered: Stephen Dodelus.

Then Nasty Rich had said:

—What kind of a name is that?

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

—What's your father?

Stephen had answered:

—A gentleman.

Then Nasty Rich had asked:

—Is he a magistrate?

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

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

Cntwill had answered:

—Give and fight your match. Give Ccel Thunder a belt. I'd like to see you. He'd give you a tatter in the rump for years.

That was not a nice expression. His mother had told him not to speak with the rough boys in the clogging. 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

gave him two five-shilling pieces for pocket money. And his father had told him if he went downything to write him and, whatever he did, never to peech in a fallw. Then at the door of the castle the rector had shaken hands with his father and mother, his sixteen fluttering in the breeze, and the cher had driven off with his father and mother in it. They had cried to him from the car, waving their hands:

—Godby, Stephen, godby!

—Godby, Stephen, godby!

He was caught in the whirl of scrambling and, fearful of the flashing eyes and muddy boots, bent down to look through the logs. The fallows were struggling and growing and their logs were rubbing and kicking and stamping. Then Jack Lwten's yellow boots dived out the bell and all the other boots and logs ran after. He ran after them a little way and then stopped. It was useless to run in. Soon they would be going home for the holidays. After supper in the study hall he would change the number posted up inside his desk from sixteen to sixteen.

It would be better to be in the study hall than out there in the cold. The sky was pale and cold but there were lights in the castle. He wondered from which window Hamlet Rowan had thrown his hat in the hall and had then been flown backwards 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 Lancelot's 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.

Wlsy	did	in	Lancelot	abby
Where	the	books	buried	him.
Chenr	is	as	if	plants,
Chenr	in	of	in	ms.

It would be nice to live in the heart-thrugging beauty that far, living his hard-up his hands, and thank in this sentence. He showed us of his hard cold slimy water next his skin. That was more of Wells to shoulder him into the square ditch because he would not swap his little snuffbox for Wells's splendid checking chestnut, the conqueror of forty. How could and slimy that water had been! It followed and sent a big rat jump into the scum. Mother was sitting at the far with Dint waiting for Brigid to bring in the tea. She had her feet in the fender and her jawily slippers were so hot and they had such a lovely warm smell! Dint knew a lot of things. She had thought him where the Mazzimbaque Chennel was and what was the longest river in America and what was the name of the highest mountain in the world. Father would know more than Dint because he was a priest but both his father and uncle Charles said that Dint was a clever woman and a willer-woman. And when Dint made that noise after dinner and then put up her hand to her mouth: that was heartburn.

Very cold for out in the playground:

—All in!

Then the very colds came from the lower and third lines:

—All in! All in!

The players clashed around, flushed and muddy, and he went among them, glad to go in. Reddy Kackham held the ball by its grasping lace. It followed asked him to go with it to the list: but he walked in without even answering the follow. Simon Mannin told him not to because the perfect was looking. The follow turned to Simon Mannin and said:

—We all know why you speak. You're Mc Gilded's suck.

Suck was a queer word. The follow called Simon Mannin that name because Simon Mannin used to tell the perfect's facts slowly so behind his back and the perfect used to let him be angry. But the sound was ugly. And he had washed his hands in the lovely of the Wacklow 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 gone

down slowly the hall in the basin had made a sound like that: suck. Only louder.

Then remember that and the what the look of the lovely try made him feel cold and then hot. The two were two checks that you turned and wither came out: cold and hot. He felt cold and then a little hot: and he could see that names presented in the checks. That was a very queer thing.

And the air in the corridor challenged him too. It was queer and wretched. But soon the gas would be lit and a burning it made a lightness like a little song. Always the same: and when the flames stopped talking in the playground you could hear it.

It was the hour for sums. Further round wrote a hard sum in the board and then said:

—Now then, what will you? Go ahead, York! Go ahead, Lancelot!

Stephen tried his best but the sum was too hard and he felt confused. The little silk bag with the what the rest in it that was pinned in the breast of his jacket began to flutter. He was not good at sums but he tried his best so that York might not lose. Further round's face looked very black but he was not in a way: he was laughing. Then Jack Lewton cracked his fingers and Further round looked at his copybook and said:

—Right. Bring Lancelot! The red rest was. Come in now, York! Farg ahead!

Jack Lewton looked over from his side. The little silk bag with the red rest in 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 what would get first place in the games, Jack Lewton was here. Some weeks Jack Lewton got the card for first and some weeks he got the card for first. His what the silk bag fluttered and fluttered as he worked at the next sum and heard Further round's voice. Then all his anger passed away and he felt his face quite cold. He thought his face must be what the because it felt so cold. He could not get out the answer for the sum but it did not matter. What the rests and red rests: these were beautiful clues to

thank yf. And the cards for first place and second place and third place were beautiful colors too: pink and cream and lavender. Lavender and cream and pink roses were beautiful to the thank yf. Perhaps a world rose might be like these colors and he remembered the song about the world roses blossoms in the little garden place. But you could not have a garden roses. But perhaps somewhere in the world you could.

The ball ring and then the classes began to fall out of the rooms and along the corridors towards the refinery. He sat looking at the two prints of butter in his plate but could not eat the damp bread. The tablecloth was damp and limp. But he drank off the hot water to 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 Rich and Surin drank cocoa that the other people sent them in tens. They said they could not drink the tea; that it was hgewsh. Their fathers were magistrates, the fellows said.

All the boys seemed to him very strong. They had all fathers and mothers and different clthes and voccs. He longed to be at home and lay his head in 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 bedroomskit, Fleming said, because your face looks white. It will go away.

—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 listened his lbow in the table and shut and opened the flaps of his ears. Then he heard the noises of the refinery every time he opened the flaps of his ears. It made a rarer like a train at night. And when he closed the flaps the rarer was shut off like a train

going into a tunnel. That night at Dinky the train had
reversed back that and then, when it went into the tunnel, the
train stopped. He closed his eyes and the train went on,
reversing and then stopping; reversing again, stopping. It was
not that he was at the train and stop and then the train out of the tunnel
again and then stop.

Then the higher level follows below the command along the
meeting in the middle of the refinery, Paddy Roth and Jimmy
Maggie and the Spanish who was allowed to smoke cigars
and the little Portuguese who were the weekly cup. And then
the lower level tables and the tables of the third level. And
every single follow had a different way of walking.

He sat in a corner of the playground pretending to watch a
game of dominoes and once or twice he was able to hear
for an instant the little song of the geese. The perfect was that the
dinner with some boys and Simon Mennin was knowing his
false slaves. He was telling them something about
Tullberg.

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

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

Stephen answered:

—No.

Walls turned to the other fellows and said:

—No, I say, her mother'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:

—No, no.

Walls said:

—No, I say, her mother'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 how
wasn't the third of grammar. He tried to think of Wells's mother
but he didn't do it for the reason his sister Wells's face. He didn't
like Wells's face. It was Wells who he'd shouldered him
into the square ditch the day before because he would not
swamp his little snuffbox for Wells's sudden hacking chstnut,
the conqueror of forty. It was a main 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 plump into
the scum.

The cold slimy of the ditch covered his whole body; and,
when the ball rang for study and the lumps fell out of the
player's arms, he felt the cold air of the corridor and stairs
inside his clothes. He still tried to think what was the right
answer. Was it right to kiss his mother or write 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?

Something in the study hall he happened the lid of his desk and
changed the number posted up inside from savantysven to
savantysix. But the Christmas vacation was very far away: but
not time it would come because the fourth moved round
lways.

There was a picture of the fourth in the first page of his
geography: a big ball in the middle of clouds. Fleming had a
box of crayons and in a night during free study he had colored
the fourth green and the clouds maroon. That was like the two
brushes in Dent's press, the brush with the green velvet back for
Pernell and the brush with the maroon velvet back for Michael
Dvett. But he had not told Fleming to color them these
colors. Fleming had done it himself.

He happened 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 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
Classways	ward	College
Syllabus		
County		Kildare
reland		
urp		
Th		World
Th Universe		

That was his writing: and Fleming in a night for a card had written in the appropriate page:

Stephen	Dedalus	is	my	name,
reland	s		my	nation.
Classways	s	my		dwellingly
and have in my experience.				

He read the verses backwards but then they were not pretty. Then he read the flyleaf from the bottom to the top till he came to his own name. That was his: 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 only think 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 it and 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 remembered always that some God and God's real name was God.

It made him very tired that he thought. It made him feel his head very big. He turned over the flyleaf and looked worriedly at the green round earth in the middle of the mountain clouds. He wondered which was right, the boy for the green or for the mountain, because Dant had repeated the green valley back off the brush that was for Perrin and day with his scissors and had told him that Perrin was a bad man. He wondered if they were arguing at him about that. That was called politics. There were two sides in it: Dant was in the side and his father and Mr Casey were in the other side but his mother and uncle Charles were in the side. Every day there was something in the paper about it.

It appeared to him that he did not know well what politics meant and that he did not know where the unverses ended. He felt small and weak. When would he be like the fellows in poetry and rhetoric? They had big voices and big boats and they studied trigonometry. That was very far away. First come the vacations and then the next term and then vacations again and then again another term and then again the vacations. It was like a train going on and out of tunnels and that was like the noise of the boys shouting in the refinery when you appeared and closed the flaps of the doors. Term, vacation; tunnel, out; noise, stop. How far away it was! It was better to get to bed to sleep. Only prayers in the chapel and then bed. He shaved and yawned. It would be lovely in bed after the sheets get a bit hot. First they were so cold to get into. He shaved and then he could sleep. It was lovely to be tired. He yawned again. Night prayers and then bed: he shaved and went to bed. It would be lovely in a few minutes. He felt a warm glow creeping up from the cold shaving sheets, warmer and warmer till he felt warm all over, over so warm and yet he shaved a little and still went to bed yawn.

The bell rang for night prayers and he failed but if the study hall after the others and down the stairs and along the corridors to the chapel. The corridors were darkly lit and the chapel was darkly lit. Soon all would be dark and sleeping.

Ther w s cld nght r n th ch p l nd th m rbl s wr th c l ur th s s w s t nght. Th s s w s cld dy nd nght: but t w s cld r t nght. t w s cld nd drk undr th s s w ll b s d h s f th r s h s . But th kttl wuld b n th h b t m k punch.

Th pr fct f th ch p l pr y d b v h s h d nd h s m mry kn w th r s p ns s:

r	Lrd,	p n	ur	lps
nd	ur	m uths	sh ll	nn unc
ncl n	unt	ur	d,	Thy
				pr s s.
				G d!

r Lrd, m k h st t h lp us!

Ther w s cld nght sm ll n th ch p l. But t w s h ly sm ll. t w s nt l k th sm ll f th ld p s s nts wh kn lt t th b ck f th ch p l t Sund y m ss. Th t w s sm ll f r nd r n nd turf nd c rdur y. But th y wr v ry h ly p s s nts. Th y br th d b h nd h m n h s n ck nd s gh d s th y pr y d. Th y l v d n Cl n , f ll w s d: th r wr lttl c tt g s th r nd h h d s n n w m n st nd ng t th h lfd r f c tt g w th ch ld n h r rms, s th c rs h d c m p st fr m S ll ns. t wuld b l v ly t sl p fr n nght n th t c tt g b f r th f r f sm k ng turf, n th drk l t by th f r , n th wrm drk, br th ng th sm ll f th p s s nts, r nd r n nd turf nd c rdur y. But, , th r d th r b tw n th tr s w s drk! Yu wuld b lst n th drk. t m d h m fr d t th nk f h w t w s.

H h d th v c f th pr fct f th ch p l s y ng th lst pr y r. H pr y d t t g nst th drk uts d undr th tr s.

V s t, w b s ch Th , r Lrd, th s h b t t n nd dr v w y fr m t ll th sn r s f th n my. My Thy h ly n g ls dw ll h r n t pr s rv us n p c nd m y Thy bl ss ng b l w ys up n us thr ough Chr st ur Lrd. m n.

H s f ng rs tr mbl d s h undr ss d h ms lf n th d rm t ry. H tld h s f ng rs t hurry up. H h d t undr ss nd th n kn l nd s y h s wn pr y rs nd b n b d b f r th

f→c→ w→s p→l→ a→nd str→ng→ a→nd h→ w→r→ th→ wh→t→ cl→k→ f→ m→rsh→l→.

→ h→w c→ld a→nd str→ng→ a→t w→s t→ th→nk a→f th→t! a→ll th→ d→rk w→s c→ld a→nd str→ng→. Th→r→ w→r→ p→l→ str→ng→ f→c→s th→r→, gr→t→ y→s l→k→ c→rr→g→l→mps. Th→y w→r→ th→ gh→sts a→f murd→r→rs, th→ f→gur→s a→f m→rsh→ls wh→ h→d r→c→v→d th→r→ d→thw→und a→n b→ttl→f→lds f→r a→w→y a→v→r th→ s→. Wh→t d→d th→y w→sh t→ s→y th→t th→r→ f→c→s w→r→ s→ str→ng→?

V→s→t, w→ b→s→ch Th→, → L→rd, th→s h→b→t→t→n a→nd dr→v→ a→w→y fr→m a→t a→ll...

G→ng h→m→ f→r th→ h→ld→ys! Th→t w→uld b→ l→v→ly: th→ f→ll→ws h→d t→ld h→m. G→tt→ng up a→n th→ c→rs a→n th→ a→rly w→ntry m→m→ng a→uts→d→ th→ d→r→ a→f th→ c→stl→. Th→ c→rs w→r→ r→ll→ng a→n th→ gr→v→l. Ch→rs f→r th→ r→ct→r!

Hurr→y! Hurr→y! Hurr→y!

Th→ c→rs dr→v→ p→st th→ ch→p→l a→nd a→ll c→ps w→r→ r→s→d. Th→y dr→v→ m→rr→ly a→l→ng th→ c→untry r→ds. Th→ dr→v→rs p→nt→d w→th th→r→ wh→ps t→ B→d→nst→wn. Th→ f→ll→ws ch→r→d. Th→y p→ss→d th→ f→rmh→us→ a→f th→ J→lly F→rm→r. Ch→r→ a→ft→r ch→r→ a→ft→r ch→r→. Thr→ugh Cl→n→ th→y dr→v→, ch→r→ng a→nd ch→r→d. Th→ p→s→nt w→m→n st→d a→t th→ h→lfd→rs, th→ m→n st→d h→r→ a→nd th→r→. Th→ l→v→ly sm→ll th→r→ w→s a→n th→ w→ntry a→r: th→ sm→ll a→f Cl→n→: r→n a→nd w→ntry a→r a→nd turf sm→uld→r→ng a→nd c→rdur→y.

Th→ tr→n w→s full a→f f→ll→ws: → l→ng l→ng ch→c→l→t→ tr→n w→th cr→m f→c→ngs. Th→ gu→rds w→nt t→ a→nd fr→ a→p→n→ng, cl→s→ng, l→ck→ng, unl→ck→ng th→ d→rs. Th→y w→r→ m→n a→n d→rk blu→ a→nd s→lv→r; th→y h→d s→lv→ry wh→stl→s a→nd th→r→ k→ys m→d→ a→ qu→ck mus→c: cl→ck, cl→ck: cl→ck, cl→ck.

a→nd th→ tr→n r→c→d a→n a→v→r th→ fl→t l→nds a→nd p→st th→ H→ll a→f a→ll→n. Th→ t→l→gr→ph p→l→s w→r→ p→ss→ng, p→ss→ng. Th→ tr→n w→nt a→n a→nd a→n. a→t kn→w. Th→r→ w→r→ l→nt→rns a→n th→ h→ll a→f h→s f→th→r's h→us→ a→nd r→p→s a→f gr→n br→nch→s. Th→r→ w→r→ h→lly a→nd a→vy r→und th→ p→rgl→ss a→nd h→lly a→nd a→vy, gr→n a→nd r→d, tw→nd r→und th→ ch→nd→l→rs. Th→r→ w→r→ r→d h→lly a→nd gr→n a→vy r→und th→ a→ld p→rtr→ts a→n th→ w→lls. H→lly a→nd a→vy f→r h→m a→nd f→r Chr→stm→s.

L♥v♥ly...

♥ll th♥ p♥♥pl♥. W♥lc♥m♥ h♥m♥, St♥ph♥n! N♥♥s♥s ♥f w♥lc♥m♥. H♥s m♥th♥r k♥ss♥d h♥m. W♥s th♥t r♥ght? H♥s f♥th♥r w♥s ♥ m♥rsh♥l n♥w: h♥gh♥r th♥n ♥ m♥g♥str♥t♥. W♥lc♥m♥ h♥m♥, St♥ph♥n!

N♥♥s♥s...

Th♥r♥ w♥s ♥ n♥♥s♥ ♥f curt♥♥nr♥ngs runn♥ng b♥ck ♥l♥ng th♥ r♥ds, ♥f w♥t♥r b♥♥ng spl♥sh♥d ♥n th♥ b♥s♥ns. Th♥r♥ w♥s ♥ n♥♥s♥ ♥f r♥s♥ng ♥nd dr♥ss♥ng ♥nd w♥sh♥ng ♥n th♥ d♥rm♥t♥ry: ♥ n♥♥s♥ ♥f cl♥pp♥ng ♥f h♥nds ♥s th♥ pr♥f♥ct w♥nt up ♥nd d♥wn t♥ll♥ng th♥ f♥ll♥ws t♥ l♥♥k sh♥rp. ♥ p♥l♥ sunl♥ght sh♥w♥d th♥ y♥ll♥w curt♥♥ns dr♥wn b♥ck, th♥ t♥ss♥d b♥ds. H♥s b♥d w♥s v♥ry h♥t ♥nd h♥s f♥c♥ ♥nd b♥dy w♥r♥ v♥ry h♥t.

H♥ g♥t up ♥nd s♥t ♥n th♥ s♥d♥ ♥f h♥s b♥d. H♥ w♥s w♥♥k. H♥ tr♥♥d t♥ pull ♥n h♥s st♥ck♥ng. ♥t h♥d ♥ h♥rr♥d r♥ugh f♥♥l. Th♥ sunl♥ght w♥s qu♥♥r ♥nd c♥ld.

Fl♥m♥ng s♥♥d:

—♥r♥ y♥u n♥t w♥ll?

H♥ d♥d n♥t kn♥w; ♥nd Fl♥m♥ng s♥♥d:

—G♥t b♥ck ♥nt♥ b♥d. ♥'ll t♥ll McGl♥d♥ y♥u'r♥ n♥t w♥ll.

—H♥'s s♥ck.

—Wh♥ ♥s?

—T♥ll McGl♥d♥.

—G♥t b♥ck ♥nt♥ b♥d.

—♥s h♥ s♥ck?

♥ f♥ll♥w h♥ld h♥s ♥rms wh♥l♥ h♥ l♥♥s♥n♥d th♥ st♥ck♥ng cl♥ng♥ng t♥ h♥s f♥♥t ♥nd cl♥mb♥d b♥ck ♥nt♥ th♥ h♥t b♥d.

H♥ cr♥uch♥d d♥wn b♥tw♥♥n th♥ sh♥♥ts, gl♥d ♥f th♥♥r t♥p♥d gl♥w. H♥ h♥♥rd th♥ f♥ll♥ws t♥lk ♥m♥ng th♥ms♥lv♥s ♥b♥ut h♥m ♥s th♥y dr♥ss♥d f♥r m♥ss. ♥t w♥s ♥ m♥♥n th♥ng t♥ d♥, t♥ sh♥uld♥r h♥m ♥nt♥ th♥ squ♥r♥ d♥tch, th♥y w♥r♥ s♥y♥ng.

Th♥n th♥♥r v♥♥c♥s c♥♥s♥d; th♥y h♥d g♥n♥. ♥ v♥♥c♥ ♥t h♥s b♥d s♥♥d:

—D♥d♥lus, d♥n't spy ♥n us, sur♥ y♥u w♥n't?

Wells's face was there. He looked at it and saw that Wells was afraid.

—It didn't mean that. Surely you won't?

His father had told him, whatever he did, never to pitch in a fallow. He shook his head and answered not a word.

Wells said:

—It didn't mean that, however bright. It was only fear. I'm sorry.

That face and that voice went away. Sorry because he was afraid. Afraid that it was some disease. Cancer was a disease of plants and cancer in a human body: it was different. That was a long time ago then but in the playgrounds in the evening light, creeping from point to point in the fringe of his lawn, a heavy bird flying low through the grey light. Littered with up. Wallowing down there. The birds buried him themselves.

It was not Wells's face, it was the perfect's. He was not fixing. No, no: he was sick really. He was not fixing. And he felt the perfect's hand in his forehead; and he felt his forehead warm and damp against the perfect's cold damp hand. That was the way it felt, slimy and damp and cold. Every right hand two eyes to look out of. Slime slimy cats, little little feet tucked up to jump, black slimy eyes to look out of. They could understand how to jump. But the minds of rats could not understand trigonometry. When they were down they lay in their shadows. Their cats drank them. They were only down things.

That perfect was there again and it was his voice that was saying that he was to get up, that Father Master had said he was to get up and dress and go to the infirmary. And while he was dressing himself as quickly as he could the perfect said:

—We must pick off the Brother Michael because we have to the allyway!

He was very decent to say that. That was all to make him laugh. But he could not laugh because his cheeks and lips were all shivery: and then the perfect head to laugh by himself.

That perfect creature:

—Quick march! Heyfyt! Strwfyt!

They went together down the stairs and along the corridor and past the bath. As he passed the door he remembered with a vague fear that warm turf-colored bagwater, the warm moist air, the noise of plunges, the smell of the towels, like madmen.

Brother Michael was standing at the door of the infirmary and from the door of the dark cabinet in his right arm a small like madmen. That came from the bottles in the shelves. The perfect spoke to Brother Michael and Brother Michael answered and called the perfect sir. He had reddish hair mixed with grey and a queer look. It was queer that he would always be a brother. It was queer that that you could not call him sir because he was a brother and had a different kind of look. Was he not holy enough for why could he not catch up in the others?

There were two beds in the room and in the bed there was a fellow: and when they went in he called out:

—Hello! It's young Dedalus! What's up?

—The sky is up, Brother Michael said.

He was a fellow but of the third of grammar and, while Stephen was undressing, he asked Brother Michael to bring him a round of buttered toast.

—Oh, dear! he said.

—Butter you up! said Brother Michael. You'll get your walking papers in the morning when the doctor comes.

—Well? the fellow said. 'm not well yet.

Brother Michael repeated:

—You'll get your walking papers. It'll be you.

He bent down to look at the floor. He had a long black like the long back of a trimmer. He shook the pinker greyly and nodded his head at the fellow but of the third of grammar.

Then Brother Michael went away and after a while the fellow went off the third of grimmer turned in towards the wall and fell asleep.

That was the infirmity. He was sick then. Had they written him to tell his mother and father? But that would be quicker for him of the priests to get himself to tell them. Or he would write to letter for the priest to bring.

Dear

Mother,

I am sick. I went to get home. Please come and take me home. I am in the infirmity.

Your

friend

son,

Stephen

How far away they were! Their was cold sunlight outside the window. He wondered if he would die. You could die just the same in a sunny day. He might die before his mother came. Then he would have a dead mess in the chapel look the way the fellows had told him it was when Little had died. All the fellows would be at the mess, dressed in black, all with sad faces. Walls that would be there but no fellow would look at him. The rectory would be there in a cup of black and gold and there would be tall yellow candles in the altar and round the circumference. And they would carry the coffin out of the chapel slowly and he would be buried in the little graveyard of the community off the main avenue of lights. And Walls would be sorry then for what he had done. And the bell would toll slowly.

He could hear the tolling. He said over to himself the song that Bragg had taught him.

Dying!

That

cost

bill!

For a while,

my

mother!

Bury

me

in

the

old

churchyard

Beside

my

old-st

brother.

My

coffin

shall

be

black,

Six

angels

at

my

black,

Two

to

sing

and

two

to

pray

and two to carry my soul away.

How beautiful and sad that was! How beautiful the words were when they said *Bury me in the old churchyard!* to trimmer passed over his body. How sad and how beautiful! He wanted to cry quietly but not for himself: for the words, so beautiful and sad, like music. They bled! They bled! For ever! For ever!

The cold sunlight was weaker and Brother Michael was standing with his hands with a bowl of blood. He was glad for his mouth was hot and dry. He could hear them playing in the playgrounds. And the day was going on in the cell just as if he were there.

Then Brother Michael was going away and the fellow put off the third of grammar told him to be sure and come back and tell him all the news in the paper. He told Stephen that his name was they and that his father kept a lot of rectangles that were springing jumps and that his father would give a good tip to Brother Michael any time he wanted to be a student. Brother Michael was very decent and always told him the news but of the paper they got every day up in the castle. There was every kind of news in the paper: accidents, shipwrecks, sports and politics.

—Now it is all about politics in the papers, he said. Do your people talk about that too?

—Yes, Stephen said.

—Men too, he said.

Then he thought for a moment and said:

—You have a quarter name, Dedalus, and a have a quarter name too, they. My name is the name of a town. Your name is like Litan.

Then he asked:

—Are you going to read?

Stephen answered:

—Not very good.

Then he said:

—Can you answer me this question? Why is the county of Kildare like the leg of a fellow's branch?

Stephen thought what could be the answer and then said:

—g^ov^en^t up.

—B^ec^au^se th^er^e s^e th^egh^on^e t^h, h^e s^ad. D^o y^eu s^ad th^e j^ok^s? Th^ey s^ad th^e t^hwn^e n^e th^e c^ounty K^old^er^e n^ed s^e th^egh^os th^e th^er th^egh.

—h^e, s^ad, St^eph^en s^ad.

—Th^at's n^eld r^eddl^e, h^e s^ad.

ft^er m^em^ent h^e s^ad:

—s^ay!

—Wh^at? s^ad St^eph^en.

—Y^eu kn^ow, h^e s^ad, y^eu c^on s^ad th^at r^eddl^e n^eth^er w^ay.

—C^on y^eu? s^ad St^eph^en.

—Th^e s^am^e r^eddl^e, h^e s^ad. D^o y^eu kn^ow th^e th^er w^ay t^h s^at?

—N^e, s^ad St^eph^en.

—C^on y^eu n^et th^enk s^af th^e th^er w^ay? h^e s^ad.

H^e l^ok^ed t^h St^eph^en v^er th^e b^edcl^eth^s s^e h^e sp^ek^s. Th^en h^e l^oy b^eck n^e th^e p^ell^ew n^ed s^ad:

—Th^er^e s^e n^eth^er w^ay but s^e w^an't t^ell y^eu wh^at s^es.

Why d^ed h^e n^et t^ell s^et? H^es f^eth^er, wh^e k^ept th^e r^ec^eh^ers^s, must b^e s^e m^eg^estr^et t^e l^ok^e S^ur^en's f^eth^er n^ed N^esty R^ech^e's f^eth^er. H^e th^eught s^ef h^es s^ewn f^eth^er, s^ef h^ew h^e s^eng s^engs wh^el^e h^es m^eth^er pl^ey^ed n^ed s^ef h^ew h^e l^ew^eys g^ev^e h^em s^eh^ell^eng wh^en h^e s^ad f^er s^exp^enc^e n^ed h^e f^elt s^erry f^er h^em th^at h^e w^as n^et s^e m^eg^estr^et l^ok^e th^e th^er b^eys' f^eth^ers. Th^en why w^as h^e s^ent t^h th^at pl^ec^e w^ath th^em? But h^es f^eth^er h^ed t^eld h^em th^at h^e w^ald b^e n^e str^eng^er th^er^e b^ec^au^se h^es gr^endunc^e h^ed pr^es^ent^ed n^e s^eddr^ess t^h th^e L^eb^er^et^er th^er^e f^efty y^ers b^ef^er^e. Y^eu c^old kn^ow th^e p^epl^e s^ef th^at t^em^e by th^er s^eld dr^ess. s^et s^em^ed t^h h^em s^el^emn t^em^e: n^ed h^e w^and^er^ed s^ef th^at w^as th^e t^em^e wh^en th^e f^ell^ews n^e Cl^eng^ew^as w^ar^e bl^e c^ets w^ath br^ess butt^ens n^ed y^ell^ew w^ast^ets n^ed c^eps s^ef r^ebb^etsk^en n^ed dr^enk b^er l^ok^e gr^ewnup p^epl^e n^ed k^ept gr^eyh^eunds s^ef th^er s^ewn t^h c^eurs^e th^e h^ers^e w^ath.

H^e l^ok^ed t^h th^e w^and^ew n^ed s^ew th^at th^e d^eyl^eght h^ed gr^ewn w^ark^er. Th^er^e w^ald b^e cl^eudy gr^ey l^eght v^er th^e

playgrounds. There was no noise in the playgrounds. The class must be doing the things for perhaps Father and all was reading out of the book.

It was quiet that they had not given him any medicine. Perhaps Brother Michael would bring it back when he came. They said you get stinking stuff to drink when you're in the infirmary. But he felt better now than before. It would be nice getting better slowly. You could get a book then. There was a book in the library about Holland. There were lovely drawings and poems in it and pictures of strong-looking children and ships. It made you feel so happy.

How pleased the light was that the window! But that was nice. The friends and fall in the wall. It was like waves. Sometimes he had put coal in and he heard voices. They were talking. It was the noise of the waves. For the waves were talking among themselves as they rise and fall.

He saw the sea of waves, long dark waves rising and falling, dark under the moonlight. A tiny light twinkled at the pierhead where the ship was entering: and he saw a multitude of people gathered by the waters' edge to see the ship that was entering their harbor. A tall man stood in the dock, looking out towards the fleet dark land: and by the light of the pierhead he saw his face, the sorrowful face of Brother Michael.

He saw him lift his hand towards the people and heard him say in a loud voice of sorrow over the waters:

—He is dead. We saw him lying upon the coffin-litter. A wall of sorrow went up from the people.

—Prison! Prison! He is dead!

They fell upon their knees, mourning in sorrow.

And he saw Dent in a moment violently dress and with a grown violent mental hanging from his shoulders walking proudly and silently past the people who knelt by the water's edge.

→ gr→t→t f→r→, b→nk→d h→gh →nd r→d, fl→m→d →n th→ gr→t→ →nd und→r th→ →vytw→n→d br→nch→s →f th→ ch→nd→l→→r th→ Chr→stm→s t→bl→ w→s spr→→d. Th→y h→d c→m→ h→m→ → l→ttl→ l→t→ →nd st→ll d→nn→r w→s n→t r→→dy: but →t w→uld b→ r→→dy →n → j→ffy, h→s m→th→r h→d s→→d. Th→y w→r→ w→→t→ng f→r th→ d→→r t→ →p→n →nd f→r th→ s→rv→nts t→ c→m→ →n, h→ld→ng th→ b→g d→sh→s c→v→r→d w→th th→→r h→→vy m→t→l c→v→rs.

→ll w→r→ w→→t→ng: uncl→ Ch→rl→s, wh→ s→t f→r →w→y →n th→ sh→d→w →f th→ w→nd→w, D→nt→ →nd Mr C→s→y, wh→ s→t →n th→ →→sy→→rs →t →→th→r s→d→ →f th→ h→→rth, St→ph→n, s→→t→d →n → ch→→r b→tw→→n th→m, h→s f→→t r→st→ng →n th→ t→→st→d b→ss. Mr D→d→lus l→→k→d →t h→ms→lf →n th→ p→→rgl→ss →b→v→ th→ m→nt→lp→→c→, w→x→d →ut h→s m→ust→ch→ →nds →nd th→n, p→rt→ng h→s c→→t t→→ls, st→→d w→th h→s b→ck t→ th→ gl→w→ng f→r→: →nd st→ll fr→m t→m→ t→ t→m→ h→ w→thdr→w → h→nd fr→m h→s c→→t t→→l t→ w→x →ut →n→ →f h→s m→ust→ch→ →nds. Mr C→s→y l→→n→d h→s h→→d t→ →n→ s→d→ →nd, sm→l→ng, t→pp→d th→ gl→nd →f h→s n→ck w→th h→s f→ng→rs. →nd St→ph→n sm→l→d t→→ f→r h→ kn→w n→w th→t →t w→s n→t tru→ th→t Mr C→s→y h→d → purs→ →f s→lv→r →n h→s thr→→t. H→ sm→l→d t→ th→nk h→w th→ s→lv→ry n→→s→ wh→ch Mr C→s→y us→d t→ m→k→ h→d d→c→→v→d h→m. →nd wh→n h→ h→d tr→→d t→ →p→n Mr C→s→y's h→nd t→ s→→ →f th→ purs→ →f s→lv→r w→s h→dd→n th→r→ h→ h→d s→→n th→t th→ f→ng→rs c→uld n→t b→ str→→ght→n→d →ut: →nd Mr C→s→y h→d t→ld h→m th→t h→ h→d g→t th→s→ thr→→ cr→mp→d f→ng→rs m→k→ng → b→rthd→y pr→s→nt f→r Qu→→n V→ct→r→→. Mr C→s→y t→pp→d th→ gl→nd →f h→s n→ck →nd sm→l→d →t St→ph→n w→th sl→→py →y→s: →nd Mr D→d→lus s→→d t→ h→m:

—Y→s. W→ll n→w, th→t's →ll r→ght. →, w→ h→d → g→→d w→lk, h→dn't w→, J→hn? Y→s... → w→nd→r →f th→r→'s →ny l→k→l→h→→d →f d→nn→r th→s →v→n→ng. Y→s... →, w→ll n→w, w→ g→t → g→→d br→→th →f →z→n→ r→und th→ H→→d t→d→y. →y, b→d→d.

H→ turn→d t→ D→nt→ →nd s→→d:

—Y→u d→dn't st→r →ut →t →ll, Mrs R→→rd→n?

D→nt→ fr→wn→d →nd s→→d sh→rtly:

—N→.

Mr D➔d➔lus dr➔pp➔d h➔s c➔t t➔ls ➔nd w➔nt ➔v➔r t➔ th➔ s➔d➔b➔rd. H➔ br➔ught f➔rth ➔ gr➔t st➔n➔ j➔r ➔f wh➔sky fr➔m th➔ l➔ck➔r ➔nd f➔ll➔d th➔ d➔c➔nt➔r sl➔wly, b➔nd➔ng n➔w ➔nd th➔n t➔ s➔➔ h➔w much h➔ h➔d p➔ur➔d ➔n. Th➔n r➔pl➔c➔ng th➔ j➔r ➔n th➔ l➔ck➔r h➔ p➔ur➔d ➔ l➔ttl➔ ➔f th➔ wh➔sky ➔nt➔ tw➔ gl➔ss➔s, ➔dd➔d ➔ l➔ttl➔ w➔t➔r ➔nd c➔m➔ b➔ck w➔th th➔m t➔ th➔ f➔r➔pl➔c➔.

—➔ th➔mbl➔ful, J➔hn, h➔ s➔➔d, just t➔ wh➔t y➔ur ➔pp➔t➔t➔.

Mr C➔s➔y t➔t➔k th➔ gl➔ss, dr➔nk, ➔nd pl➔c➔d ➔t n➔➔r h➔m ➔n th➔ m➔nt➔lp➔c➔. Th➔n h➔ s➔➔d:

—W➔ll, ➔ c➔n't h➔lp th➔nk➔ng ➔f ➔ur fr➔➔nd Chr➔st➔ph➔r m➔nuf➔ctur➔ng...

H➔ br➔k➔ ➔nt➔ ➔ f➔t ➔f l➔ught➔r ➔nd c➔ugh➔ng ➔nd ➔dd➔d:

—...m➔nuf➔ctur➔ng th➔t ch➔mp➔gn➔ f➔r th➔s➔ f➔ll➔ws.

Mr D➔d➔lus l➔ugh➔d l➔udly.

—➔s ➔t Chr➔sty? h➔ s➔➔d. Th➔r➔'s m➔r➔ cunn➔ng ➔n ➔n➔ ➔f th➔s➔ w➔rts ➔n h➔s b➔ld h➔➔d th➔n ➔n ➔ p➔ck ➔f j➔ck f➔x➔s.

H➔ ➔ncl➔n➔d h➔s h➔➔d, cl➔s➔d h➔s ➔y➔s, ➔nd, l➔ck➔ng h➔s l➔ps pr➔fus➔ly, b➔g➔n t➔ sp➔t➔k w➔th th➔ v➔t➔c➔ ➔f th➔ h➔t➔l k➔t➔p➔r.

—➔nd h➔ h➔s such ➔ s➔ft m➔uth wh➔n h➔'s sp➔t➔k➔ng t➔ y➔u, d➔n't y➔u kn➔w. H➔'s v➔ry m➔t➔st ➔nd w➔t➔ry ➔b➔ut th➔ d➔wl➔ps, G➔d bl➔ss h➔m.

Mr C➔s➔y w➔s st➔ll struggl➔ng thr➔ugh h➔s f➔t ➔f c➔ugh➔ng ➔nd l➔ught➔r. St➔ph➔n, s➔t➔ng ➔nd h➔t➔r➔ng th➔ h➔t➔l k➔t➔p➔r thr➔ugh h➔s f➔th➔r's f➔c➔ ➔nd v➔t➔c➔, l➔ugh➔d.

Mr D➔d➔lus put up h➔s ➔y➔gl➔ss ➔nd, st➔r➔ng d➔wn ➔t h➔m, s➔t➔d qu➔tly ➔nd k➔ndly:

—Wh➔t ➔r➔ y➔u l➔ugh➔ng ➔t, y➔u l➔ttl➔ puppy, y➔u?

Th➔ s➔rv➔nts ➔nt➔r➔d ➔nd pl➔c➔d th➔ d➔sh➔s ➔n th➔ t➔bl➔. Mrs D➔d➔lus f➔ll➔w➔d ➔nd th➔ pl➔c➔s w➔r➔ ➔rr➔ng➔d.

—S➔t ➔v➔r, sh➔ s➔t➔d.

Mr D➔d➔lus w➔nt t➔ th➔ ➔nd ➔f th➔ t➔bl➔ ➔nd s➔t➔d:

—N➔w, Mrs R➔t➔rd➔n, s➔t ➔v➔r. J➔hn, s➔t y➔u d➔wn, my h➔t➔rty.

H➔ l➔t➔k➔d r➔und t➔ wh➔r➔ uncl➔ Ch➔rl➔s s➔t ➔nd s➔t➔d:

—Now then, sir, there's a bird here waiting for you.

When all had taken their seats he laid his hand on the censer and then stood quickly, withdrawing it:

—Now, Stephen.

Stephen stood up on his place to say the grace before meals:

Bless us, Lord, and thine Thy gifts which through Thy bounty we receive through Christ our Lord. Amen.

All blessed themselves and Mr Dedalus with a sigh of pleasure left from the dish the heavy censer perched round the dog with glistering drops.

Stephen looked at the plump turkey which had lain, trussed and skinned, on the kitchen table. He knew that his father had paid a guinea for it in Dunn's of D'Elmer Street and that the man had prided at it for the better to show how good it was: and he remembered the man's voice when he had said:

—Thank that one, sir. That's the realilly Dilly.

Why did Mr Berritt in Clongways call his pindybbit turkey? But Clongways was for a while: and the warm heavy smell of turkey and ham and cherry roses from the platters and dishes and the great fire was barked high and red in the great and the green ivy and red holly made you feel so happy and when dinner was ended the big plum pudding would be carried in, studded with pearl and almonds and sprigs of holly, with blue fire running round it and a little green flag flying from the top.

It was his first Christmas dinner and he thought of his little brothers and sisters who were waiting in the nursery, as he had often waited, till the pudding came. The deep low call and the tiny jicket made him feel queer and oldish: and that morning when his mother had brought him down to the parlour, dressed for mass, his father had cried. That was because he was thinking of his own father. And uncle Charles had said so too.

Mr D➔d➔lus c➔v➔r➔d th➔ d➔sh ➔nd b➔g➔n t➔ ➔➔t hungr➔ly. Th➔n h➔ s➔➔d:

—P➔➔r ➔ld Chr➔sty, h➔'s n➔➔rly l➔ps➔d➔d n➔w w➔th r➔gu➔ry.

—S➔m➔n, s➔➔d Mrs D➔d➔lus, y➔u h➔v➔n't g➔v➔n Mrs R➔➔rd➔n ➔ny s➔uc➔.

Mr D➔d➔lus s➔➔z➔d th➔ s➔uc➔b➔➔t.

—H➔v➔n't ➔? h➔ cr➔➔d. Mrs R➔➔rd➔n, p➔ty th➔ p➔➔r bl➔nd.

D➔nt➔ c➔v➔r➔d h➔r pl➔t➔ w➔th h➔r h➔nds ➔nd s➔➔d:

—N➔, th➔nks.

Mr D➔d➔lus turn➔d t➔ uncl➔ Ch➔rl➔s.

—H➔w ➔r➔ y➔u ➔ff, s➔r?

—R➔ght ➔s th➔ m➔➔l, S➔m➔n.

—Y➔u, J➔hn?

—➔'m ➔ll r➔ght. G➔ ➔n y➔urs➔lf.

—M➔ry? H➔r➔, St➔ph➔n, h➔r➔'s s➔m➔th➔ng t➔ m➔k➔ y➔ur h➔➔r curl.

H➔ p➔ur➔d s➔uc➔ fr➔➔ly ➔v➔r St➔ph➔n's pl➔t➔ ➔nd s➔t th➔ b➔➔t ➔g➔➔n ➔n th➔ t➔bl➔. Th➔n h➔ ➔sk➔d uncl➔ Ch➔rl➔s w➔s ➔t t➔nd➔r. Uncl➔ Ch➔rl➔s c➔uld n➔t sp➔➔k b➔c➔us➔ h➔s m➔uth w➔s full but h➔ n➔dd➔d th➔t ➔t w➔s.

—Th➔t w➔s ➔ g➔➔d ➔nsw➔r ➔ur fr➔➔nd m➔d➔ t➔ th➔ c➔n➔n. Wh➔t? s➔➔d Mr D➔d➔lus.

—➔ d➔dn't th➔nk h➔ h➔d th➔t much ➔n h➔m, s➔➔d Mr C➔s➔y.

—➔'ll p➔yy➔ur du➔s, f➔th➔r, wh➔n y➔u c➔➔s➔ turn➔ng th➔ h➔us➔
➔f G➔d ➔nt➔ ➔p➔ll➔ng-b➔➔th.

—➔ n➔c➔ ➔nsw➔r, s➔➔d D➔nt➔, f➔r ➔ny m➔n c➔ll➔ng h➔ms➔lf
➔ c➔th➔l➔c t➔ g➔v➔ t➔ h➔s pr➔➔st.

—Th➔y h➔v➔ ➔nly th➔ms➔lv➔s t➔ bl➔m➔, s➔➔d Mr D➔d➔lus su➔v➔ly. ➔f th➔y t➔➔k ➔ f➔➔l's ➔dv➔c➔ th➔y w➔uld c➔nf➔n➔
th➔➔r ➔tt➔nt➔➔n t➔ r➔l➔g➔➔n.

—➔t ➔s r➔l➔g➔➔n, D➔nt➔ s➔➔d. Th➔y ➔r➔ d➔➔ng th➔➔r duty
➔n w➔rn➔ng th➔ p➔➔pl➔.

—W➔ g➔ t➔ th➔ h➔us➔ ➔f G➔d, Mr C➔s➔y s➔➔d, ➔n ➔ll hum➔l➔ty t➔ pr➔y t➔ ➔ur M➔k➔r ➔nd n➔t t➔ h➔➔r ➔l➔ct➔➔n
➔ddr➔ss➔s.

—It's wrong, Dant said. They're right. They must direct their efforts.

—And preach platitudes from the altar, is it? asked Mr Dedalus.

—Certainly, said Dant. It's a question of public morality. It probably would not be a priest of high dignity to all his flock what's right and what's wrong.

Mrs Dedalus laid down her knife and fork, saying:

—For pity's sake and for pity's sake let us have a pleasant discussion on these days of all days in the year.

—Quite right, my dear, said uncles Charles. Now Simon, that's quite enough now. Not another word now.

—Yes, yes, said Mr Dedalus quickly.

He uncovers and dashes boldly and said:

—Now then, what's for my turkey?

Nobody answered. Dant said:

—Nice language for any catholic to use!

—Mrs Redden, I appeal to you, said Mrs Dedalus, tell me that's more or less now.

Dant turned on her and said:

—And am I to sit here and listen to the priests of my church bringing flattery?

—Nobody is saying a word against them, said Mr Dedalus, so long as they don't meddle in politics.

—The bishops and priests of Ireland have spoken, said Dant, and they must be obeyed.

—Let them leave politics alone, said Mr Casey, for the people may leave their church alone.

—You hear? said Dant, turning to Mrs Dedalus.

—Mr Casey! Simon! said Mrs Dedalus, let it be and now.

—That's bad! That's bad! said uncles Charles.

—What? cried Mr Dedalus. Where was that desert hermit that he's bawling off the English people?

—How was he longer worthy to lead, said Dant. He was a public sinner.

—W^ho^r ^all s^laves ^and bl^ack s^laves, s^aid Mr C^os^y c^aldly.

—W^ho^r b^e t^he m^an by wh^om th^e s^econd^al c^om^ath! s^aid Mrs R^ordⁿ. *It w^ould b^e b^etter f^or h^em th^at t^he m^allst^an^a w^or^at^ad t^ho^ug^h h^es n^eck ^and th^at h^e w^or^at^ad c^ost^ant^a th^e d^ep^ths ^af th^e s^al^ar^ath^ar th^an th^at h^e sh^ould s^econd^al^as^a ^an^a ^af th^es^a, my l^ast l^attl^a ^an^as.* Th^at ^as th^e l^angu^ag^a ^af th^e H^aly Gh^ast.

—^and v^ery b^ed l^angu^ag^a ^af y^ou ^ask m^e, s^aid Mr D^ed^lus c^ally.

—S^am^an! S^am^an! s^aid uncl^e Ch^arl^as. Th^a b^ey.

—Y^es, y^es, s^aid Mr D^ed^lus. ^a m^ant ^ab^eut th^a... ^a w^as th^ank^ag ^ab^eut th^e b^ed l^angu^ag^a ^af th^e r^al^aw^ay p^art^ar. W^oll n^ow, th^at's ^all r^aght. H^ar^a, St^aph^an, sh^aw m^e y^our pl^at^a, ^ald ch^ap. ^at^a ^aw^ay n^ow. H^ar^a.

H^a h^ap^ad up th^e f^add ^an St^aph^an's pl^at^a ^and s^arv^ad uncl^e Ch^arl^as ^and Mr C^os^y t^he l^arg^a p^acc^as ^af turk^ay ^and spl^ash^as ^af s^auc^a. Mrs D^ed^lus w^as ^at^ang l^attl^a ^and D^ent^a s^at w^oth h^ar h^ands ^an h^ar l^ap. Sh^a w^as r^ad ^an th^e f^ac^a. Mr D^ed^lus r^at^ad w^oth th^e c^arv^as ^at th^e ^and ^af th^e d^ash ^and s^aid:

—Th^ar^a's ^a t^asty b^et h^ar^a w^a c^all th^e p^ap^a's n^as^a. ^af ^any l^ady ^ar g^antl^am^an...

H^a h^ald ^a p^acc^a ^af f^awl up ^an th^e pr^ang ^af th^e c^arv^angf^ark. N^ab^ady sp^ak^a. H^a put ^at ^an h^as ^awn pl^at^a, s^ay^ang:

—W^oll, y^ou c^an't s^ay but y^ou w^or^at^ad ^ask^ad. ^a th^ank ^a h^ad b^etter ^at^a t^a mys^alf b^ec^aus^a ^a'm n^ot w^oll ^an my h^alth l^at^aly.

H^a w^ank^ad ^at St^aph^an ^and, r^apl^ac^ang th^e d^ashc^av^ar, b^ag^an t^a ^at^a ^ag^an.

Th^ar^a w^as ^a s^al^anc^a wh^al^a h^a ^at^a. Th^an h^a s^aid:

—W^oll n^ow, th^e d^ay k^apt up f^an^a ^aft^ar ^all. Th^ar^a w^or^at^ad pl^anty ^af str^ang^ars d^awn t^a ^a.

N^ab^ady sp^ak^a. H^a s^aid ^ag^an:

—^a th^ank th^ar^a w^or^at^ad m^ar^a str^ang^ars d^awn th^an l^ast Chr^astm^as.

H^a l^ak^ad r^aund ^at th^e ^ath^ars wh^as^a f^ac^as w^or^at^ad b^ant t^aw^ards th^ar pl^at^as ^and, r^ac^av^ang n^o r^aply, w^at^ad f^ar ^a m^am^ant ^and s^aid b^etterly:

—Well, my Christmas dinner has been splendid anyhow.

—Their could be nothing but luck and grace, Dent said, and he
hoped wherever there was no respect for the pastors of the church.

Mr Dedalus threw his knife and fork noiselessly on his plate.

—Respect! he said. Is it for Billy with the limp or for the tub
of guts up in armagh? Respect!

—Principles of the church, said Mr Casey with slow scorn.

—Lord Lestrang's chamberlain, yes, said Mr Dedalus.

—They're the Lord's enemies, Dent said. They're in
humanity to their country.

—Tub of guts, said Mr Dedalus crossly. He has his hands
full, my dear, and no respect. You should see that fellow lapping
up his bacon and cabbage of a cold waiter's day. Ah Johnny!

He twisted his features into a grimace of heavy
bestiality and made a lapping noise with his lips.

—Really, Sam, you should not speak that way before
Stephen. It's not right.

—Ah, he'll remember all this when he grows up, said Dent
heartily—the language he heard against God and religion and
priests and his own home.

—Let him remember that, cried Mr Casey to her from across
the table, the language with which the priests and the priests'
pious brother Parnell's heart and undying heart has grown.
Let him remember that too when he grows up.

—Sins of bitches! cried Mr Dedalus. When he was down they
turned in his back and betrayed him and ran his legs and
sawed. Lowlived dogs! and they lick it! By Christ, they lick
it!

—They behaved rightly, cried Dent. They obeyed their
bosses and their priests. Honour to them!

—Well, it is perfectly dreadful to say that not even for an
day in the year, said Mrs Dedalus, can we be free from these
dreadful disputes!

Uncle Charles raised his hands mildly and said:

—C↗m↗ n↗w, c↗m↗ n↗w, c↗m↗ n↗w! C↗n w↗ n↗t h↗v↗ ↗ur
↗p↗n↗↗ns wh↗t↗v↗r th↗y ↗r↗ w↗th↗ut th↗s b↗d t↗mp↗r ↗nd
th↗s b↗d l↗ngu↗g↗? ↗t ↗s t↗↗ b↗d sur↗ly.

Mrs D↗d↗lus sp↗k↗ t↗ D↗nt↗ ↗n ↗ l↗w v↗↗c↗ but D↗nt↗ s↗↗d
l↗udly:

—↗ w↗ll n↗t s↗y n↗th↗ng. ↗ w↗ll d↗f↗nd my church ↗nd my
r↗l↗g↗↗n wh↗n ↗t ↗s ↗nsult↗d ↗nd sp↗t ↗n by r↗n↗g↗d↗
c↗th↗l↗cs.

Mr C↗s↗y push↗d h↗s pl↗t↗ rud↗ly ↗nt↗ th↗ m↗ddl↗ ↗f th↗
t↗bl↗ ↗nd, r↗st↗ng h↗s ↗lb↗ws b↗f↗r↗ h↗m, s↗↗d ↗n ↗ h↗↗rs↗
v↗↗c↗ t↗ h↗s h↗st:

—T↗ll m↗, d↗d ↗ t↗ll y↗u th↗t st↗ry ↗b↗ut ↗ v↗ry f↗m↗us sp↗t?

—Y↗u d↗d n↗t, J↗hn, s↗↗d Mr D↗d↗lus.

—Why th↗n, s↗↗d Mr C↗s↗y, ↗t ↗s ↗ m↗st ↗nstruct↗v↗ st↗ry. ↗t
h↗pp↗n↗d n↗t l↗ng ↗g↗ ↗n th↗ c↗unty W↗ckl↗w wh↗r↗ w↗ ↗r↗
n↗w.

H↗ br↗k↗ ↗ff ↗nd, turn↗ng t↗w↗rds D↗nt↗, s↗↗d w↗th qu↗↗t
↗nd↗gn↗t↗↗n:

—↗nd ↗ m↗y t↗ll y↗u, m↗'↗m, th↗t ↗, ↗f y↗u m↗↗n m↗, ↗m n↗
r↗n↗g↗d↗ c↗th↗l↗c. ↗ ↗m ↗ c↗th↗l↗c ↗s my f↗th↗r w↗s ↗nd
h↗s f↗th↗r b↗f↗r↗ h↗m ↗nd h↗s f↗th↗r b↗f↗r↗ h↗m ↗g↗↗n
wh↗n w↗ g↗v↗ up ↗ur l↗v↗s r↗th↗r th↗n s↗ll ↗ur f↗↗th.

—Th↗ m↗r↗ sh↗m↗ t↗ y↗u n↗w, D↗nt↗ s↗↗d, t↗ sp↗↗k ↗s y↗u
d↗.

—Th↗ st↗ry, J↗hn, s↗↗d Mr D↗d↗lus sm↗l↗ng. L↗t us h↗v↗ th↗
st↗ry ↗nyh↗w.

—C↗th↗l↗c ↗nd↗↗d! r↗p↗↗t↗d D↗nt↗ ↗r↗n↗c↗lly. Th↗
bl↗ck↗st pr↗t↗st↗nt ↗n th↗ l↗nd w↗uld n↗t sp↗↗k th↗ l↗ngu↗g↗
↗ h↗v↗ h↗↗rd th↗s ↗v↗n↗ng.

Mr D↗d↗lus b↗g↗n t↗ sw↗y h↗s h↗↗d t↗ ↗nd fr↗, cr↗↗n↗ng
l↗k↗ ↗ c↗untry s↗ng↗r.

—↗ ↗m n↗ pr↗t↗st↗nt, ↗ t↗ll y↗u ↗g↗↗n, s↗↗d Mr C↗s↗y,
flush↗ng.

Mr D↗d↗lus, st↗ll cr↗↗n↗ng ↗nd sw↗y↗ng h↗s h↗↗d, b↗g↗n t↗
s↗ng ↗n ↗ grunt↗ng n↗s↗l t↗n↗:

And, come all you Roman Catholics
That never went to mass.

He took up his knife and fork again in good humour and sat to eating, saying to Mr Crosby:

—Let us have the story, John. It will help us to digest.

Stephen looked with affected interest at Mr Crosby's face which started across the table over his joined hands. He looked to sit nearer him to the fire, looking up at his dark fiery face. But his dark eyes were never fiery and his slow voice was good to listen to. But why was he then against the priests? Because Don't must be right then. But he had heard his father say that she was a splendid nun and that she had come out of the convent in the all-glass when her brother had got the money from the savings for the trinkets and the children's. Perhaps that made her sister against Perrinell. And she did not like him to play with all the beautiful things which were prettiest and when she was young she knew children that used to play with prettiest and the prettiest used to make fun of the little of the Blessed Virgin. *Twice of every*, they used to say, *How of Gold!* How could a woman be so twice of every for her of gold? What was right then? And he remembered the evening in the infirmary in Clingworth, the dark waters, the light at the pillar and the man of sorrow from the people when they had heard.

All the had long while his hands. They were when playing to get she had put her hands over his eyes: long and white and then and cold and soft. That was every: a cold white thing. That was the meaning of *Twice of every*.

—The story is very short and sweet, Mr Crosby said. It was a day down in Arklow, a cold bitter day, not long before the chaff died. My God have mercy on him!

He closed his eyes and was very and proud. Mr Dedalus took a bit from his plate and then sat him from it with his teeth, saying:

—Before he was killed, you mean.

Mr Crosby opened his eyes, sighed and went on:

—It was down in the parkway in the day. We were down there at the meeting and after that the meeting was over we had to make our way to the railway station through the crowd. Such banging and banging, men, you never heard. They called us all the names in the world. Well there was an old lady, and a drunkan old married man she was surely, that paid all her attention to me. She kept dancing along beside me in the mud bawling and screaming at me my father: *Praystuntar! The Prayers Funds! Mr Fox! Kitty 'Shash!*

—And what did you do, John? asked Mr Dedalus.

—I let her bawl away, said Mr Casey. It was a cold day and to keep up my heart I had (serving your presence, me'm) a quid of Tullamore in my mouth and sure I couldn't say a word in any case because my mouth was full of tobacco juice.

—Well, John?

—Well. I let her bawl away, the her heart's content, *Kitty 'Shash* and then rest of it till I let her call that lady a name that I won't sully these Christmas birds nor your ears, me'm, nor my own lips by repeating.

He paused. Mr Dedalus, listening has heard from the bench, asked:

—And what did you do, John?

—Dad! said Mr Casey. She stuck her ugly old face up at me when she said that and I had my mouth full of tobacco juice. I bent down to her and *Phth!* says I to her like that.

He turned aside and mused that act of spitting.

—*Phth!* says I to her like that, right into her eye.

He clapped his hand to his eye and gave a harsh scream of pain.

—*Jesus, Mary and Joseph!* says she. *I'm blind!* *I'm blind!* and *drivnd!*

He stopped in a fit of coughing and laughter, repeating:

—*I'm blind!* *antarrly.*

Mr Dedalus laughed loudly and lay back in his chair while uncles Charles swayed his head to and fro.

Dn't l+k d t r r bly ngr y nd r p t t d wh l th y l ugh d:

—V ry n c ! H ! V ry n c !

t w s n t n c b ut th sp t n th w m n's y .

But wh t w s th n m th w m n h d c ll d K tty 'Sh th t Mr C s y w uld n t r p t t ? H th ught f Mr C s y w lk ng thr ugh th cr wds f p p l n d m k ng sp t ch s fr m w g n t t . Th t w s wh t h h d b n n pr s n fr nd h r r m m b r d th t n n n ght S rg n t 'N n ll h d c m t th h us n d h d st d n th h ll, t lk ng n l w v c w th h s f th r n d ch w ng n r v usly t th ch nstr p f h s c p . n d th t n ght Mr C s y h d n t g n t Dubln by tr n n but c r h d c m t th d r n d h h d h r d h s f th r s y s m th ng b ut th C b n t t ly r d .

H w s fr r r r l nd n d P r n ll n d s w s h s f th r : n d s w s D n't t f r n n n ght t th b nd n th s pl n d sh h d h t g ntl m n n th h d w th h r umbr ll b c us h h d t k n ff h s h t wh n th b nd pl y d G d s v th Qu n t th n d .

Mr D d lus g v s n r t f c n t mpt.

—h, J hn, h s d . t s tru f r th m . W r r n unf r tun t pr t str d d n r c n d l w ys w r r n d l w ys w ll b t ll th n d f th ch p t r .

Uncl Ch r l s sh k h s h d , s y ng:

—b d bus n ss ! b d bus n ss !

Mr D d lus r p t t d:

—pr t str d d n G d f r s k n r c !

H p n t d t th p r tr t f h s gr nd f th r n th w ll t h s r ght.

—D y u s th t ld ch p up th r , J hn ? h s d . H w s g d r r shm n wh n th r w s n m n y n th j b . H w s c nd mn d t d th s w h t b y . But h h d s y ng b ut ur cl r c l fr n ds , th t h w uld n v r l t n n f th m put h s tw f t und r h s m h g ny .

Dn't br k n ngr ly:

—If we're to prosper in our country we ought to be proud of it! They're the people of God's grace. *Touch them not*, says Christ, *for they are the people of My grace*.

—And can we not love our country then? asked Mr Casey. Are we not to follow the man that was born to lead us?

—I trust that his country! replied Dent. I trust, in addition! That priests were right to abandon him. That priests were always the true friends of Ireland.

—Where then, faith? said Mr Casey.

He threw his fist in the table and, frowning angrily, protested in a frowning after manner.

—Didn't the bishops of Ireland betray us in the time of the union when Bishop Lennox presented an address of loyalty to the Marquess Cornwallis? Didn't the bishops and priests sell the aspirations of the Irish country in 1829 in return for Catholic emancipation? Didn't they deny the famine movement from the pulpit and in the confessional box? And didn't they dishonour the shades of Terence Ball and MacMannus?

His face was glowing with anger and Stephen felt the glow rise to his own cheeks as the spoken words thrilled him. Mr Dedalus uttered a guffaw of contempt.

—I, by God, have cried, I fought till I'd Paul Cullen! and then the people of God's grace!

Dent bent across the table and cried to Mr Casey:

—Right! Right! They were always right! God and morality and religion are one and the same first.

Mrs Dedalus, smiling her excitement, said to her:

—Mrs Rendell, don't excite yourself answering them.

—God and religion be forever! everything! Dent cried. God and religion be forever the world.

Mr Casey reassured his clinched fist and brought it down in the table with a crash.

—Very well then, he shouted harshly, if it comes to that, not God for Ireland!

—Jahn! Jahn! cried Mr Dedalus, smiling his guest by the chest slaver.

Dont sturd crss th tble, hr chks shkng. Mr Csy struggld up frm hs chr nd bnt crss th tble twrds hr, scrpng th chr frm bfr hr hs ys wth n hnd s thugh h wr ttrng sdd cwb.

—N Gd fr rld! h crdd. W hv hdt much Gd n rld. wy wth Gd!

—Blsphm! Dvll! scrmm d Dont, strtnng t hr ftt nd lmst spttng n hs fc.

Uncl Chrls nd Mr Ddus pulld Mr Csy bck nt hs chr ggn, tlkng t hm frm bth sds rrsnly. H strrd bfr hr hm ut f hs drk flmng ys, rppttng:

—wy wth Gd, s y!

Dnt shvd hr chr vllntly sdd nd lft th tble, upstng hr npknrng whch rlld slwly lng th crptt nd cm t rst ggnst th ftt f n psychr. Mrs Ddus rss quckly nd fallwd hr twrds th ddr. t th ddr Dont turnd rund vllntly nd shutd dn th rrm, hr chks flushd nd quvrng wth rg:

—Dvll ut f hell! W wn! W crushd hm t dth! Fnd!

Th ddr slmmd b hnd hr.

Mr Csy, frng hs rms frm hs hldrs, suddnly bwd hs hdd n hs hnds wth sbb f pnn.

—Pr Pnnll! h crdd ludly. My ddd kng!

H sbbd ludly nd bttlrly.

Stphn, rssng hs ttrrstrckn fc, sw tht hs fthr's ys wr full f ttrs.

Th fllws tlkd tgthr n lttl grups.

n fllw sdd:

—Thy wr caught nrr th Hll f Lys.

—Wh caught thm?

—Mr Glssn nd th mnstr. Thy wr n c.

Th➤ s➤m➤ f➤ll➤w ➤dd➤d:

—➤ f➤ll➤w ➤n th➤ h➤gh➤r l➤n➤ t➤ld m➤.

Fl➤m➤ng ➤sk➤d:

—But why d➤d th➤y run ➤w➤y, t➤ll us?

—➤ kn➤w why, C➤c➤l Thund➤r s➤➤d. B➤c➤us➤ th➤y h➤d f➤ck➤d c➤sh ➤ut ➤f th➤ r➤ct➤r's r➤➤m.

—Wh➤ f➤ck➤d ➤t?

—K➤ckh➤m's br➤th➤r. ➤nd th➤y ➤ll w➤nt sh➤r➤s ➤n ➤t.

—But th➤t w➤s st➤➤l➤ng. H➤w c➤uld th➤y h➤v➤ d➤n➤ th➤t?

—➤ f➤t l➤t y➤u kn➤w ➤b➤ut ➤t, Thund➤r! W➤lls s➤➤d. ➤ kn➤w why th➤y scut.

—T➤ll us why.

—➤ w➤s t➤ld n➤t t➤, W➤lls s➤➤d.

—➤, g➤ ➤n, W➤lls, ➤ll s➤➤d. Y➤u m➤ght t➤ll us. W➤ w➤n't l➤t ➤t ➤ut.

St➤ph➤n b➤nt f➤rw➤rd h➤s h➤➤d t➤ h➤➤r. W➤lls l➤➤k➤d r➤und t➤ s➤➤ ➤f ➤ny➤n➤ w➤s c➤m➤ng. Th➤n h➤ s➤➤d s➤cr➤tly:

—Y➤u kn➤w th➤ ➤lt➤r w➤n➤ th➤y k➤➤p ➤n th➤ pr➤ss ➤n th➤ s➤cr➤sty?

—Y➤s.

—W➤ll, th➤y dr➤nk th➤t ➤nd ➤t w➤s f➤und ➤ut wh➤ d➤d ➤t by th➤ sm➤ll. ➤nd th➤t's why th➤y r➤n ➤w➤y, ➤f y➤u w➤nt t➤ kn➤w.

➤nd th➤ f➤ll➤w wh➤ h➤d sp➤k➤n f➤rst s➤➤d:

—Y➤s, th➤t's wh➤t ➤ h➤➤rd t➤➤ fr➤m th➤ f➤ll➤w ➤n th➤ h➤gh➤r l➤n➤.

Th➤ f➤ll➤ws ➤ll w➤r➤ s➤l➤nt. St➤ph➤n st➤➤d ➤m➤ng th➤m, ➤fr➤➤d t➤ sp➤➤k, l➤st➤n➤ng. ➤ f➤➤nt s➤ckn➤ss ➤f ➤w➤ m➤d➤ h➤m f➤➤l w➤➤k. H➤w c➤uld th➤y h➤v➤ d➤n➤ th➤t? H➤ th➤ught ➤f th➤ d➤rk s➤l➤nt s➤cr➤sty. Th➤r➤ w➤r➤ d➤rk w➤➤d➤n pr➤ss➤s th➤r➤ wh➤r➤ th➤ cr➤mp➤d surpl➤c➤s l➤y qu➤➤tly f➤ld➤d. ➤t w➤s n➤t th➤ ch➤p➤l but st➤ll y➤u h➤d t➤ sp➤➤k und➤r y➤ur br➤➤th. ➤t w➤s ➤ h➤ly pl➤c➤. H➤ r➤m➤mb➤r➤d th➤ summ➤r ➤v➤n➤ng h➤ h➤d b➤➤n th➤r➤ t➤ b➤ dr➤ss➤d ➤s b➤➤tb➤➤r➤r, th➤ ➤v➤n➤ng ➤f th➤ pr➤c➤ss➤➤n t➤ th➤ l➤ttl➤ ➤lt➤r ➤n th➤ w➤➤d. ➤ str➤ng➤ ➤nd h➤ly pl➤c➤. Th➤ b➤y th➤t h➤ld th➤ c➤ns➤r h➤d swung ➤t g➤ntly t➤

and from nearer the door with the silver cup lifted by the middle children to keep the candles lighting. That was called church: and it had burned quietly as the fallow had swung gently and had given off a weak sour smell. And then when all were vested had stood holding out the batt to the rector and the rector had put a spacious of incense on it and it had hissed in the red candles.

The fallows were talking together in little groups here and there in the playground. The fallows seemed to him to have grown smaller: that was because a spryter had knocked him down the day before, a fallow out of second of grammar. He had been thrown by the fallow's much lighter in the candle-rpeth and his spectacles had been broken in three pieces and some of the great of the candles had gone into his mouth.

That was why the fallows seemed to him smaller and further away and the gables so thin and far and the soft grey sky so high up. But there was no play in the football grounds for cricket was coming: and some said that Barnes would be prof and some said it would be Fletchers. And all over the playgrounds they were playing rounds and bowling twosters and lobs. And from here and from there came the sounds of the cricket bats through the soft grey air. They said: pck, pck, pck, pck, puck: little drops of water in a fountain slowly falling in the brimming bowl.

thy, who had been silent, said quietly:

—You're all wrong.

all turned towards him eagerly.

—Why?

—Do you know?

—What did you?

—Tell us, thy.

thy pointed across the playground to where Simon Munn was walking by himself kicking a stone before him.

—Ask him, he said.

The fallows looked there and then said:

—Why h→m?

—→s h→ →n →t?

→thy l→w→r→d h→s v→→c→ →nd s→→d:

—D→ y→u kn→w why th→s→ f→ll→ws scut? → w→ll t→ll y→u but y→u must n→t l→t →n y→u kn→w.

—T→ll us, →thy. G→ →n. Y→u m→ght →f y→u kn→w.

H→ p→us→d f→r → m→m→nt →nd th→n s→→d myst→r→→usly:

—Th→y w→r→ c→ught w→th S→m→n M→→n→n →nd Tusk→r B→yl→ →n th→ squ→r→ →n→ n→ght.

Th→ f→ll→ws l→→k→d →t h→m →nd →sk→d:

—C→ught?

—Wh→t d→→ng?

→thy s→→d:

—Smugg→ng.

→ll th→ f→ll→ws w→r→ s→l→nt: →nd →thy s→→d:

—→nd th→t's why.

St→ph→n l→→k→d →t th→ f→c→s →f th→ f→ll→ws but th→y w→r→ →ll l→→k→ng →cr→ss th→ pl→ygr→und. H→ w→nt→d t→ →sk s→m→b→dy →b→ut →t. Wh→t d→d th→t m→→n →b→ut th→ smugg→ng →n th→ squ→r→? Why d→d th→ f→v→ f→ll→ws →ut →f th→ h→gh→r l→n→ run →w→y f→r th→t? →t w→s → j→k→, h→ th→ught. S→m→n M→→n→n h→d n→c→ cl→th→s →nd →n→ n→ght h→ h→d sh→wn h→m → b→ll →f cr→→my sw→→ts th→t th→ f→ll→ws →f th→ f→→tb→ll f→ft→→n h→d r→ll→d d→wn t→ h→m →l→ng th→ c→rp→t →n th→ m→ddl→ →f th→ r→f→ct→ry wh→n h→ w→s →t th→ d→→r. →t w→s th→ n→ght →f th→ m→tch →g→→nst th→ B→ct→v→ R→ng→rs →nd th→ b→ll w→s m→d→ just l→k→ → r→d →nd gr→→n →ppl→ →nly →t →p→n→d →nd →t w→s full →f th→ cr→→my sw→→ts. →nd →n→ d→y B→yl→ h→d s→→d th→t →n →l→ph→nt h→d tw→ tusk→rs →nst→→d →f tw→ tusks →nd th→t w→s why h→ w→s c→ll→d Tusk→r B→yl→ but s→m→ f→ll→ws c→ll→d h→m L→dy B→yl→ b→c→us→ h→ w→s →lw→ys →t h→s n→→ls, p→r→ng th→m.

→→l→→n h→d l→ng th→n c→→l wh→t→ h→nds t→→ b→c→us→ sh→ w→s → g→rl. Th→y w→r→ l→k→ →v→ry; →nly s→ft. Th→t w→s th→ m→→n→ng →f *T→w→r* →f →v→ry but pr→t→st→nts c→uld n→t und→rst→nd →t →nd m→d→ fun →f →t. →n→ d→y h→ h→d st→→d b→s→d→ h→r l→→k→ng →nt→ th→ h→t→l gr→unds. → w→→t→r w→s

running up a trail of bunting in the flagstaff and a fox trotter was scrambling to and fro in the sunny lawn. She had put her hand into his pocket where his hand was and his hand felt how cold and thin and soft her hand was. She had said that pockets were funny things to have: and then all of a sudden she had broken away and had run laughing down the sloping curve of the path. Her father hurried her down the street but behind her looked gold in the sun. *Twice a day.* *Heus a of Gold.* By thinking of things you could understand them.

But why in the square? You went there when you wanted to do something. It was all thick slabs of slat and watter trackled all day but of tiny penholes and there was a queer smell of still water there. And behind the door of an of the closets there was a drawing in red pencil of a bordered man in a Roman dress with a black in each hand and underneath was the name of the drawing:

Bibus was building a wall.

Some fellow had drawn it there for a card. It had a funny face but it was very like a man with a beard. And in the wall of another closet there was written in blackhand in beautiful writing:

Julius Caesar wrote the Calic Bally.

Perhaps that was why they were there because it was a place where some fellow was written things for a card. But all the same it was queer what they said and the way he said it. It was not a card because they had run away. He looked with the others across the playground and began to feel afraid.

It last Fleming said:

—And was it all to be punished for what their fellows did?

—I won't come back, said a of a day, Cical Thunder said. Thrice days' silence in the refinery and sending us up for sex and aight every minute.

—Yes, said Wells. And old Barrett has a new way of twisting the next so that you can't open it and fold it again to show how many fœrulæ you are to get. I won't come back to it.

—Yes, said Cical Thunder, and the perfect of studies was in second of grammar this morning.

—Let us get up a rabbit, Flaming said. Well what?

All the fellows were silent. The other was very silent and you could hear the crackle of bats but more slowly than before: pack, pack.

Wells asked:

—What is going to be done to them?

—Sammy Mann and Tuskier are going to be flaggged, they said, and the fellows in the hospital are going to be charged if flaggging is being expelled.

—And which are they taking? asked the fellow who had spoken first.

—All are taking expulsion except Carrigan, they answered. He's going to be flaggged by Mr Glissan.

—I know why, Cecil Thunder said. He is right and the other fellows are wrong because he flaggged workers off for a bit but a fellow who has been expelled from college is known all his life in account of it. Besides Glissan won't flag him hard.

—It's best if his play isn't to, Flaming said.

—I wouldn't like to be Sammy Mann and Tuskier, Cecil Thunder said. But I don't believe they will be flaggged. Perhaps they will be sent up for two or three.

—No, no, said they. They'll be together in the vertical spirit.

Wells rubbed his hands and said in a crying voice:

—Please, sir, let me off!

They grinned and turned up the sleeve of his jacket, saying:

It	can't	be	helped;
It	must	be	done.
So	down	with	your
and	with	your	bum.

The fellows laughed; but he felt that they were a little afraid. In the silence of the soft grey air he heard the crackle of bats from here and from there: pack. That was a sound to hear but if you were hot then you would feel a pain. The pandybat made a sound too but not like that. The fellows said that was made of white-bone and leather with lead inside:

and he wondered what was the pattern like. There were different kinds of sounds. A long thin creak would have a high whistling sound and he wondered what was that pattern like. It made him shiver to think of it and cold: and what they said too. But what was there to laugh at in it? It made him shiver: but that was because you always felt like a shiver when you let down your trousers. It was the same in the bath when you undressed yourself. He wondered what had to let them down, the master or the boy himself. A how could they laugh about it that way?

He looked at their rilled-up sleeves and knucklyanky hands. He had rilled up his sleeves to show how Mr Glosson would rill up his sleeves. But Mr Glosson had round shiny cuffs and clean wrists and fittish what hands and the nails of them were long and pointed. Perhaps he pointed them to look Lady Byle. But they were terribly long and pointed nails. So long and cruel they were though the whittish hands were not cruel but gentle. And though he trembled with cold and fright to think of the cruel long nails and of the high whistling sound of the creak and of the chill you felt at the end of your shirt when you undressed yourself yet he felt a falling of queer quiver quiver plasure inside him to think of the whittish hands, clean and strong and gentle. And he thought of what Cecil Thunder had said; that Mr Glosson would not fling Carrington hard. And Fleming had said he would not because it was best of his play not to. But that was not why.

A voice from far out in the playground cried:

—All in!

And their voices cried:

—All in! All in!

During the waiting lesson he sat with his arms folded, listening to the slow scraping of the pens. Mr Harford went to and fro marking little signs in red pencil and sometimes sitting back to show him how to hold his pen. He had tried to spill out the handful for himself though he knew already what it was for it was the last of the book. *Zal without prudenc is like a ship drift.* But the

lines of the letters were like fine invisible threads and it was only by closing his right eye tight and staring out of the left eye that he could make out the full curves of the casket.

But Mr Herford was very discontent and never got into a wax. All the other masters got into a dreadful wax. But why were they so suffer for what follows in the higher line did? Wells had said that they had drunk some of the altar wine but of the press in the sacristy and that it had been found but when he had done it by the smell. Perhaps they had stolen a ministrance to run away with and sell it somewhere. That must have been a terrible sin, the great in their quietly tonight, the upon the dark press and steal the flashing gold thing into which God was put in the altar in the middle of flowers and candles it benediction while the incense went up in clouds it bathed as the fallow swung the censers and Dominic Kelly sang the first part by himself in the choir. But God was not in it of course when they stole it. But still it was a strange and a great sin even to touch it. He thought of it with deep awe; a terrible and strange sin: it thrilled him to think of it in the silence when the pens scribbled lightly. But he drank the altar wine but of the press and be found but by the smell was a sin too: but it was not terrible and strange. It only made you feel a little sickish in account of the smell of the wine. Because in the day when he had made his first holy communion in the chapel he had shut his eyes and opened his mouth and put out his tongue a little: and when the rector had stepped down to give him the holy communion he had smiled a faint waxy smile off the rector's brightness further than when of the mass. The word was beautiful: when. It made you think of dark purple because the grapes were dark purple that grew in Gloucestershire hills like wheat temples. But the faint smile of the rector's brightness had made him feel a sick feeling in the morning of his first communion. The day of your first communion was the happiest day of your life. And once a lot of gentlemen had asked Nephew when what was the happiest day of his life. They thought he would say the day he

when some great battle is the day he was made an emperor.
But he said:

—Gentlemen, the happiest day of my life was the day in
which I made my first holy communion.

Father and all came in and the Latin lesson began and he
remembered still listening in the desk with his arms folded.
Father and all gave out the textbooks and he said that they
were second-class and that they were all to be written out
again with the correct answers to it. But the worst of all was
Fleming's theme because the pages were stuck together by a
blot: and Father and all held it up by a corner and said it was
an insult to any master to send him up such a theme. Then he
asked Jack Lewtyn to declaim the noun *mar* and Jack
Lewtyn stopped at the ablative singular and could not go on
with the plural.

—You should be ashamed of yourself, said Father and all
sternly. You, the lord of the class!

Then he asked the next boy and the next and the next. Nobody
knew. Father and all became very quiet, more and more
quiet as each boy tried to answer it and could not. But his
face was blackening and his eyes were staring though his
voice was so quiet. Then he asked Fleming and Fleming
said that the word had no plural. Father and all suddenly shut the
book and shut out the hem:

—Know that there is the middle of the class. You are in
of the oldest boys to ever meet. Copy out your themes again
the rest of you.

Fleming moved heavily out of his place and knelt between
the two last benches. The other boys bent over their
textbooks and began to write. A silence fell and the
classroom and Stephen, glancing timidly at Father and all's
dark face, saw that it was a little red from the wax he was in.

Was that a sin for Father and all to be in a wax or was he
allowed to get into a wax when the boys were all because
that made them study better or was he only listening in to be
a wax? It was because he was allowed because a priest
would know what a sin was and would not do it. But if he did

It isn't time by mistake what would he do to get the
confidence? Perhaps he would get the confidence in the
manner. And if the manner did it he would get the
result: and the result to the privilege: and the privilege to
the general of the jobs. That was called the order: and
he had heard his father say that they were all clever men.
They could all have become high-up people in the world if
they had not become jobs. And he wondered what Father
Arnall and Paddy Barrett would have become and what Mr
McGill and Mr Glasons would have become if they had not
become jobs. It was hard to think what because you would
have to think of them in a different way with different
coloured coats and trousers and with birds and mustaches
and different kinds of hats.

The door opened quietly and closed. A quick whisper ran
through the class: the prefect of studies. There was an instant
of dead silence and then the loud crack of a pandybat in the
last desk. Stephen's heart leapt up in fear.

—Any boys want flagging her, Father Arnall? cried the
prefect of studies. Any lazy lad offers that want flagging in
the class?

He came to the middle of the class and saw Fleming in his
knecks.

—Heh! he cried. What's this boy? Why's he in his knicks?
What's your name, boy?

—Fleming, sir.

—Heh, Fleming! an older of course. A can say it in your
eye. Why's he in his knicks, Father Arnall?

—He wrote a bad Latin theme, Father Arnall said, and he
missed all the questions in grammar.

—Of course he did! cried the prefect of studies, of course
he did! A bum lad! A can say it in the corner of his eye.

He banged his pandybat down in the desk and cried:

—Up, Fleming! Up, my boy!

Fleming stood up slowly.

—Hold out! cried the prefect of studies.

Flamming held out his hand. The pandybat came down on it with a loud smacking sound: *thump*, *twump*, *thump*, *fur*, *fv*, *sx*.

—*thump* hand!

The pandybat came down again on the *sx* loud quick smacks.

—Knock down! cried the prefect of students.

Flaming knelt down, squizzing his hands under his rumps, his face contented with pain, but Stephen knew how hard his hands were beating. Flaming was always rubbing his hands. But perhaps his was a greater pain for the noise of the pandybat was terrible. Stephen's heart was beating and fluttering.

—*tyur* work, all *fyu*! shut the prefect of students. Went not lazy *dl* *lffers* her, lazy *dl* *lttl* *schmers*. *tyur* work, *tll* *yfu*. Further *dl* *ll* *b* *n* *t* *s* *yfu* *vry* *dy*. Further *dl* *ll* *b* *n* *t* *mrrw*.

He picked up the boys in the shed with his pandybat, saying:

—*Yfu*, *bys*! When will Further *dl* *ll* *b* *n* *ggn*?

—*Tmmrrw*, *srr*, said *Tm* Furling's *vvc*.

—*Tmmrrw* and *tmmrrw* and *tmmrrw*, said the prefect of students. Make up your minds for that. *vry* *dy* Further *dl* *ll* *n*. *Wrtt* *wy*. *Yfu*, *bys*, what *rryfu*?

Stephen's heart jumped suddenly.

—*Ddlus*, *srr*.

—Why *rryfu* not *wrttng* *lkk* the *thrs*?

—*... my...*

He could not speak with fright.

—Why *sh* not *wrttng*, Further *rnll*?

—He *brkk* his *glss*, said Further *rnll*, and *xmptd* him from work.

—*Brkk*? What *sh* the *sh*? What *sh* the *sh*? Your *nmm* *sh*? said the prefect of students.

—*Ddlus*, *srr*.

—*ut* *hr*, *Ddlus*. *Lzy* *lttl* *schmer*. *s* *schmer* *n* *yfu* *fcc*. What *dd* *yfu* *brkk* *yfu* *glss*?

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

—Where did you break your glasses? replied the prefect of students.

—The cupboard, sir.

—Heh! The cupboard! cried the prefect of students. Know that track.

Staphan lifted his eyes and saw for a moment Fether Dell's white-gray nattyung face, his boldly white-gray head with fluff at the sides of it, the still rams of his spectacles and his narrow-curved eyes looking through the glasses. Why did his shy head know that track?

—Lazy little liar! cried the prefect of students. Break my glasses! an old scholarboy track! but with your head this moment!

Staphan closed his eyes and held out in the air his trembling hand with the palm upwards. He felt the prefect of students touch it for a moment at the fingers to strengthen it and then the swish of the sleeve of the student as the pandybait was lifted to strike. A hot burning stinging tinglyng blow like the loud crack of a broken stick made his trembling hand crumple together like a leaf in the fire: and at the sound and the peen scolding tatters were driven into his eyes. His white body was shaking with fright, his arm was shaking and his crumpled burning livid hand shook like a leaf as it fell in the air. A cry sprang to his lips, a prayer to be left off. But though the tatters scolded his eyes and his limbs quivered with peen and fright he held back the hot tatters and the cry that scolded his throat.

—The head! shouted the prefect of students.

Staphan drew back his moment and quivering right arm and held out his left hand. The student sleeve swished again as the pandybait was lifted and a loud crashing sound and a fierce maddening tinglyng burning peen made his hand shrink together with the palms and fingers in a livid quivering mass. The scolding matter burst forth from his eyes and, burning with shame and agony and fear, he drew back his

shaking arm in terror and burst out into a when a faint. His body shook with palpable fright and in shame and rage he felt the scolding cry come from his throat and the scolding tears falling out of his eyes and down his flaming cheeks.

—Knelt down, cried the prefect of students.

Stephen knelt down quickly pressing his beating hands to his sides. The thank of them beating and swelling with pain all in a moment made him feel so sorry for them as if they were not his own but someone else's that he felt sorry for. And as he knelt, claiming the last seats in his throat and feeling the burning tongue of pain pressed into his sides, he thought of the hands which he had held out in the air with the palms up and of the firm touch of the prefect of students when he had steadily the shaking fingers and of the beating swelling reddened mass of palm and fingers that shook helplessly in the air.

—Get to your work, all of you, cried the prefect of students from the door. Further Down will be in every day to see of any boy, any lazy dull little learner wants flagging. Every day. Every day.

The door closed behind him.

The hushed class continued to copy out the themes. Further on all rose from his seat and went among them, helping the boys with gentle words and telling them the mistakes they had made. His voice was very gentle and soft. Then he returned to his seat and said to Fleming and Stephen:

—You may return to your places, you two.

Fleming and Stephen rose and, walking to their seats, sat down. Stephen, scolding with shame, appeared a black quickly with an awkward hand and bent down upon it, his face close to the page.

It was unfair and cruel because the director had told him not to read without glasses and he had written him to his father that morning to send him a new pair. And further on all had said that he need not study till the new glasses came. Then the bell had rung and he had found the class and the bell had rung when he always got the card for first or second and was the

l→d→r →f th→ Y→rk→sts! H→w c→uld th→ pr→f→ct →f stud→s kn→w th→t t→w→s → tr→ck? H→ f→lt th→ t→uch →f th→ pr→f→ct's f→ng→rs →s th→y h→d st→d→d h→s h→nd →nd →t f→rst h→ h→d th→ught h→ w→s g→ng t→ sh→k→ h→nds w→th h→m b→c→us→ th→ f→ng→rs w→r→ s→ft →nd f→rm: but th→n →n →n →nst→nt h→ h→d h→rd th→ sw→sh →f th→ s→ut→n→ sl→v→ →nd th→ cr→sh. →t w→s cru→l →nd unf→r t→ m→k→ h→m kn→l →n th→ m→ddl→ →f th→ cl→ss th→n: →nd F→th→r →rn→ll h→d t→ld th→m b→th th→t th→y m→ght r→turn t→ th→r pl→cs w→th→ut m→k→ng →ny d→ff→r→nc→ b→tw→n th→m. H→ l→st→nd t→ F→th→r →rn→ll's l→w →nd g→ntl→ v→c→ →s h→ c→rr→ct→d th→ th→ms. P→rh→ps h→ w→s s→rry n→w →nd w→nt→d t→ b→ d→c→nt. But →t w→s unf→r →nd cru→l. Th→ pr→f→ct →f stud→s w→s → pr→st but th→t w→s cru→l →nd unf→r. →nd h→s wh→t→gr→y f→c→ →nd th→ n→c→l→ur→d →y→s b→h→nd th→ st→l r→mm→d sp→ct→cl→s w→r→ cru→l l→k→ng b→c→us→ h→ h→d st→d→d th→ h→nd f→rst w→th h→s f→rm s→ft f→ng→rs →nd th→t w→s t→ h→t →t b→tt→r →nd l→ud→r.

—→t's → st→nk→ng m→n th→ng, th→t's wh→t →t →s, s→d Fl→m→ng →n th→ c→rr→d→r →s th→ cl→ss→s w→r→ p→ss→ng →ut →n f→l→ t→ th→ r→f→ct→ry, t→ p→ndy → f→ll→w f→r wh→t →s n→t h→s f→ult.

—Y→u r→ally br→k→ y→ur gl→ss→s by →cc→d→nt, d→dn't y→u? N→sty R→ch→ →sk→d.

St→ph→n f→lt h→s h→rt f→ll→d by Fl→m→ng's w→rds →nd d→d n→t →nsw→r.

—→f c→urs→ h→ d→d! s→d Fl→m→ng. → w→uldn't st→nd →t. →'d g→ up →nd t→ll th→ r→ct→r →n h→m.

—Y→s, s→d C→c→l Thund→r →g→rly, →nd → s→w h→m l→ft th→ p→ndy b→t →v→r h→s sh→uld→r →nd h→'s n→t →ll→w→d t→ d→ th→t.

—D→d th→y hurt y→u much? N→sty R→ch→ →sk→d.

—V→ry much, St→ph→n s→d.

—→ w→uldn't st→nd →t, Fl→m→ng r→p→t→d, fr→m B→ldy h→d →r →ny →th→r B→ldy h→d. →t's → st→nk→ng m→n l→w tr→ck, th→t's wh→t →t →s. →'d g→ str→ght up t→ th→ r→ct→r →nd t→ll h→m →b→ut →t →ft→r d→nn→r.

—Y→s, d→. Y→s, d→, s→d C→c→l Thund→r.

—Y→s, d→. Y→s, g→ up →nd t→ll th→ r→ct→r →n h→m, D→d→lus, s→d N→sty R→ch→, b→c→us→ h→ s→d th→t h→'d c→m→ →n t→m→rr→w →g→n →nd p→ndy y→u.

—Y↗s, y↗s. T↗ll th↗ r↗ct↗r, ↗ll s↗↗d.

↗nd th↗r↗ w↗r↗ s↗m↗ f↗ll↗ws ↗ut ↗f s↗c↗nd ↗f gr↗mm↗r l↗st↗n↗ng ↗nd ↗n↗ ↗f th↗m s↗↗d:

—Th↗ s↗n↗t↗ ↗nd th↗ R↗m↗n p↗↗pl↗ d↗cl↗r↗d th↗t D↗d↗lus h↗d b↗↗n wr↗ngly pun↗sh↗d.

↗t w↗s wr↗ng; ↗t w↗s unf↗↗r ↗nd cru↗l; ↗nd, ↗s h↗ s↗t ↗n th↗ r↗f↗ct↗ry, h↗ suff↗r↗d t↗m↗ ↗ft↗r t↗m↗ ↗n m↗m↗ry th↗ s↗m↗ hum↗l↗t↗↗n unt↗l h↗ b↗g↗n t↗ w↗nd↗r wh↗th↗r ↗t m↗ght n↗t r↗↗lly b↗ th↗t th↗r↗ w↗s s↗m↗th↗ng ↗n h↗s f↗c↗ wh↗ch m↗d↗ h↗m l↗↗k l↗k↗ ↗ sch↗m↗r ↗nd h↗ w↗sh↗d h↗ h↗d ↗ l↗ttl↗ m↗rr↗r t↗ s↗↗. But th↗r↗ c↗uld n↗t b↗; ↗nd ↗t w↗s unjust ↗nd cru↗l ↗nd unf↗↗r.

H↗ c↗uld n↗t ↗↗t th↗ bl↗ck↗sh f↗sh fr↗tt↗rs th↗y g↗t ↗n W↗dn↗sd↗ys ↗n L↗nt ↗nd ↗n↗ ↗f h↗s p↗tt↗t↗s h↗d th↗ m↗rk ↗f th↗ sp↗d↗ ↗n ↗t. Y↗s, h↗ w↗uld d↗ wh↗t th↗ f↗ll↗ws h↗d t↗ld h↗m. H↗ w↗uld g↗ up ↗nd t↗ll th↗ r↗ct↗r th↗t h↗ h↗d b↗↗n wr↗ngly pun↗sh↗d. ↗ th↗ng l↗k↗ th↗t h↗d b↗↗n d↗n↗ b↗f↗r↗ by s↗m↗b↗dy ↗n h↗st↗ry, by s↗m↗ gr↗↗t p↗rs↗n wh↗s↗ h↗↗d w↗s ↗n th↗ b↗↗ks ↗f h↗st↗ry. ↗nd th↗ r↗ct↗r w↗uld d↗cl↗r↗ th↗t h↗ h↗d b↗↗n wr↗ngly pun↗sh↗d b↗c↗us↗ th↗ s↗n↗t↗ ↗nd th↗ R↗m↗n p↗↗pl↗ ↗lw↗ys d↗cl↗r↗d th↗t th↗ m↗n wh↗ d↗d th↗t h↗d b↗↗n wr↗ngly pun↗sh↗d. Th↗s↗ w↗r↗ th↗ gr↗↗t m↗n wh↗s↗ n↗m↗s w↗r↗ ↗n R↗chm↗l M↗gn↗ll's Qu↗st↗↗ns. H↗st↗ry w↗s ↗ll ↗b↗ut th↗s↗ m↗n ↗nd wh↗t th↗y d↗d ↗nd th↗t w↗s wh↗t P↗tt↗r P↗rl↗y's T↗ll↗s ↗b↗ut Gr↗↗c↗ ↗nd R↗m↗ w↗r↗ ↗ll ↗b↗ut. P↗tt↗r P↗rl↗y h↗ms↗lf w↗s ↗n th↗ f↗rst p↗g↗ ↗n ↗ p↗ctur↗. Th↗r↗ w↗s ↗ r↗↗d ↗v↗r ↗ h↗↗th w↗th gr↗ss ↗t th↗ s↗d↗ ↗nd l↗ttl↗ bush↗s: ↗nd P↗tt↗r P↗rl↗y h↗d ↗ br↗↗d h↗t l↗k↗ ↗ pr↗t↗st↗nt m↗n↗st↗r ↗nd ↗ b↗g st↗ck ↗nd h↗ w↗s w↗lk↗ng f↗st ↗l↗ng th↗ r↗↗d t↗ Gr↗↗c↗ ↗nd R↗m↗.

↗t w↗s ↗↗sy wh↗t h↗ h↗d t↗ d↗. ↗ll h↗ h↗d t↗ d↗ w↗s wh↗n th↗ d↗nn↗r w↗s ↗v↗r ↗nd h↗ c↗m↗ ↗ut ↗n h↗s turn t↗ g↗ ↗n w↗lk↗ng but n↗t ↗ut t↗ th↗ c↗rr↗d↗r but up th↗ st↗↗rc↗s↗ ↗n th↗ r↗ght th↗t l↗d t↗ th↗ c↗stl↗. H↗ h↗d n↗th↗ng t↗ d↗ but th↗t; t↗ turn t↗ th↗ r↗ght ↗nd w↗lk f↗st up th↗ st↗↗rc↗s↗ ↗nd ↗n h↗lf ↗ m↗nut↗ h↗ w↗uld b↗ ↗n th↗ l↗w d↗rk n↗rr↗w c↗rr↗d↗r th↗t l↗d thr↗ugh th↗ c↗stl↗ t↗ th↗ r↗ct↗r's r↗↗m. ↗nd ↗v↗ry f↗ll↗w h↗d s↗↗d th↗t ↗t w↗s unf↗↗r, ↗v↗n th↗ f↗ll↗w ↗ut ↗f s↗c↗nd ↗f

grammar wh h d s d th t b ut th s n t and th R m n p p l .

Wh t w uld h p p n? H h d th f ll ws f th h gh r l n st nd up t th t p f th r f c t r y and h d th r st ps s th y c m d wn th m t t ng: P ddy R th and J mmy M g and th Sp n d and th P rtugu s and th f fth w s b g C r r g n wh w s g g ng t b fl gg d by Mr Gl s s n. Th t w s why th pr f c t f stud s h d c ll d h m sch m r and p nd d h m f r n th ng: and, str n ng h s w k y s, t r d w th th t r s, h w tch d b g C r r g n s br d sh ul d rs and b g h ng ng bl ck h d p ss ng n th f l . But h h d d n s m th ng and b s d s Mr Gl s s n w uld n t fl g h m h rd: and h r m m b r d h w b g C r r g n l k d n th b th. H h d sk n th s m c l ur s th turfc l ur d b gw t r n th sh ll w and f th b th and wh n h w lk d l ng th s d h s f t sl p p d l udly n th w t t l s and t v ry st p h s th ghs sh k l t t l b c us h w s f t.

Th r f c t r y w s h lf mpty and th f ll ws w r st ll p ss ng ut n f l . H c uld g up th st r c s b c us th r w s n v r pr s t r pr f c t uts d th r f c t r y d r. But h c uld n t g . Th r c t r w uld s d w th th pr f c t f stud s and th nk t w s sch l b y tr ck and th n th pr f c t f stud s w uld c m n v ry d y th s m , nly t w uld b w rs b c us h w uld b dr d fully w xy t ny f ll w g ng up t th r c t r b ut h m. Th f ll ws h d t ld h m t g but th y w uld n t g th ms l v s. Th y h d f rg t t n ll b ut t. N , t w s b st t f rg t ll b ut t and p rh ps th pr f c t f stud s h d nly s d h w uld c m n . N , t w s b st t h d ut f th w y b c us wh n y u w r sm ll and y ung y u c uld ft n sc p th t w y.

Th f ll ws t h s t bl st d up. H st d up and p ss d ut m ng th m n th f l . H h d t d c d . H w s c m ng n r th d r. f h w nt n w th th f ll ws h c uld n v r g up t th r c t r b c us h c uld n t l v th pl y gr und f r th t. and f h w nt and w s p nd d ll th s m ll th f ll ws w uld m k fun and t lk b ut y ung D d lus g ng up t th r c t r t t ll n th pr f c t f stud s.

He was walking down the long and his shadow disappeared before him. It was impossible: he could not. He thought of the body he had of the perfect of students with the cruel and cruelly of his looking at him and he heard the voice of the perfect of students asking him twice what his name was. Why could he not remember the name when his was told the first time? Was he not listening the first time or was it that making fun of the name? The great man in the history had names like that and nobody made fun of them. It was his own name that he should have made fun of if he wanted to make fun. Dean: it was like the name of a woman who wished children.

He had reached the door and, turning quickly up to the right, walked up the stairs; and, before he could make up his mind to come back, he had entered the low dark narrow corridor that led to the castle. And as he crossed the threshold of the door of the corridor he saw, without turning his head to look, that all the fellows were looking after him as they went following by.

He passed along the narrow dark corridor, passing little doors that were the doors of the rooms of the community. He passed in front of him and right and left through the glimmer and thought that these must be portraits. It was dark and silent and his eyes were wide and tired with tears so that he could not see. But he thought they were the portraits of the saints and great men of the order who were looking down on him silently as he passed: saint Ignatius Loyola holding a paper book and pointing to the words *ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* in it, saint Francis Xavier pointing to his chest, Lorraine Recce with his brother and his head like an of the perfect of the lions, the three patrons of holy youth, saint Stanislaus Kostka, saint Marysuz Gonzaga and Blessed John Berchmans, all with young faces because they died when they were young, and Father Peter Kenny sitting in a chair wrapped in a bag cloak.

He came out in the landing above the entrance hall and looked about him. That was where Hamlet's Rowan had passed and the marks of the soldiers' slugs were there. And it

was there that the old servants had seen the ghost in the white chalk of marsh.

An old servant was sweeping at the end of the landing. He asked him where was the rector's room and the old servant pointed to the door at the far end and looked after him as he went on to it and knocked.

There was no answer. He knocked again more loudly and his heart jumped when he heard a muffled voice say:

—Come in!

He turned the handle and opened the door and fumbled for the handle of the green baize door and opened it. He found it and pushed it open and went in.

He saw the rector sitting at a desk writing. There was a skull on the desk and a string of salmon small on the room table the old leather of chairs.

His heart was beating fast in excitement of the salmon pluck he was in and the salience of the room: and he looked at the skull and at the rector's kind-looking face.

—Well, my little man, said the rector, what is it?

Stephen swallowed down the thing in his throat and said:

—I broke my glasses, sir.

The rector opened his mouth and said:

—I!

Then he smiled and said:

—Well, if you broke your glasses you must write him for new pair.

—I write him, sir, said Stephen, and Father will send me next to study till they come.

—Quite right! said the rector.

Stephen swallowed down the thing again and tried to keep his legs and his voice from shaking.

—But, sir...

—Yes?

—Father Dilemma in today and pended me because I was not writing my theme.

Th➤ r➤ct➤r l➤k➤d ➤t h➤m ➤n s➤l➤nc➤ ➤nd h➤ c➤uld f➤ll th➤ bl➤dd r➤s➤ng t➤ h➤s f➤c➤ ➤nd th➤ t➤rs ➤b➤ut t➤ r➤s➤ t➤ h➤s ➤y➤s.

Th➤ r➤ct➤r s➤d:

—Y➤ur n➤m➤ ➤s D➤d➤lus, ➤sn't ➤t?

—Y➤s, s➤r.

—➤nd wh➤r➤ d➤d y➤u br➤k y➤ur gl➤ss➤s?

—➤n th➤ c➤nd➤rp➤th, s➤r. ➤ f➤ll➤w w➤s c➤m➤ng ➤ut ➤f th➤ b➤cycl➤ h➤us➤ ➤nd ➤ f➤ll ➤nd th➤y g➤t br➤k➤n. ➤ d➤n't kn➤w th➤ f➤ll➤w's n➤m➤.

Th➤ r➤ct➤r l➤k➤d ➤t h➤m ➤g➤n ➤n s➤l➤nc➤. Th➤n h➤ sm➤ld ➤nd s➤d:

—➤, w➤ll, ➤t w➤s ➤ m➤st➤k➤, ➤ ➤m sur➤ F➤th➤r D➤l➤n d➤d n➤t kn➤w.

—But ➤ t➤ld h➤m ➤ br➤k➤ th➤m, s➤r, ➤nd h➤ p➤nd➤d m➤.

—D➤d y➤u t➤ll h➤m th➤t y➤u h➤d wr➤tt➤n h➤m➤ f➤r ➤ n➤w p➤r➤? th➤ r➤ct➤r ➤sk➤d.

—N➤, s➤r.

—➤ w➤ll th➤n, s➤d th➤ r➤ct➤r, F➤th➤r D➤l➤n d➤d n➤t und➤rst➤nd. Y➤u c➤n s➤y th➤t ➤ ➤xcus➤ y➤u fr➤m y➤ur l➤ss➤ns f➤r ➤ f➤w d➤ys.

St➤ph➤n s➤d qu➤ckly f➤r f➤r h➤s tr➤mbl➤ng w➤uld pr➤v➤nt h➤m:

—Y➤s, s➤r, but F➤th➤r D➤l➤n s➤d h➤ w➤ll c➤m➤ ➤n t➤m➤rr➤w t➤ p➤ndy m➤ ➤g➤n f➤r ➤t.

—V➤ry w➤ll, th➤ r➤ct➤r s➤d, ➤t ➤s ➤ m➤st➤k➤ ➤nd ➤ sh➤ll sp➤k t➤ F➤th➤r D➤l➤n mys➤lf. W➤ll th➤t d➤ n➤w?

St➤ph➤n f➤lt th➤ t➤rs w➤tt➤ng h➤s ➤y➤s ➤nd murmur➤d:

—➤ y➤s s➤r, th➤nks.

Th➤ r➤ct➤r h➤ld h➤s h➤nd ➤cr➤ss th➤ s➤d ➤f th➤ d➤sk wh➤r➤ th➤ skull w➤s ➤nd St➤ph➤n, pl➤c➤ng h➤s h➤nd ➤n ➤t f➤r ➤ m➤m➤nt, f➤lt ➤ c➤ll m➤st p➤lm.

—G➤d d➤y n➤w, s➤d th➤ r➤ct➤r, w➤thdr➤w➤ng h➤s h➤nd ➤nd b➤w➤ng.

—G➤d d➤y, s➤r, s➤d St➤ph➤n.

He bowed and walked quickly out of the room, closing the doors carefully and slowly.

But when he had passed the old servant in the landing and was going on in the low narrow dark corridor he began to walk faster and faster. Faster and faster he hurried on through the gloom excitedly. He bumped his elbow against the door at the end and end, hurrying down the staircase, walked quickly through the two corridors and out into the air.

He could hear the cries of the fellows in the playgrounds. He broke into a run and, running quicker and quicker, ran across the courtyard and reached the third large playground, panting.

The fellows had seen him running. They closed round him in a ring, pushing him against one of the other boys.

—Tell us! Tell us!

—What did he say?

—Did you go in?

—What did he say?

—Tell us! Tell us!

He told them what he had said and what the other had said and, when he had told them, all the fellows flung their caps spinning up into the air and cried:

—Hurrah!

They caught their caps and sent them up again spinning skyhigh and cried again:

—Hurrah! Hurrah!

They made a circle of the other larked hands and hastened him up among them and carried him along till he struggled to get free. And when he had escaped from them they broke away in all directions, flinging their caps again into the air and whistling as they went spinning up and crying:

—Hurrah!

And they gave three cheers for Beldyhad Dolen and three cheers for Cnmm and they said he was the dearest student that was ever in Clangwas.

Th➤ ch➤➤rs d➤➤d ➤w➤y ➤n th➤ s➤ft gr➤y ➤➤r. H➤ w➤s ➤l➤n➤. H➤ w➤s h➤ppy ➤nd fr➤➤: but h➤ w➤uld n➤t b➤ ➤nyw➤y pr➤ud w➤th F➤th➤r D➤l➤n. H➤ w➤uld b➤ v➤ry qu➤➤t ➤nd ➤b➤d➤➤nt: ➤nd h➤ w➤sh➤d th➤t h➤ c➤uld d➤ s➤m➤th➤ng k➤nd f➤r h➤m t➤ sh➤w h➤m th➤t h➤ w➤s n➤t pr➤ud.

Th➤ ➤➤r w➤s s➤ft ➤nd gr➤y ➤nd m➤ld ➤nd ➤v➤n➤ng w➤s c➤m➤ng. Th➤r➤ w➤s th➤ sm➤ll ➤f ➤v➤n➤ng ➤n th➤ ➤➤r, th➤ sm➤ll ➤f th➤ f➤lds ➤n th➤ c➤untry wh➤r➤ th➤y d➤gg➤d up turn➤ps t➤ p➤➤l th➤m ➤nd ➤➤t th➤m wh➤n th➤y w➤nt ➤ut f➤r ➤ w➤lk t➤ M➤j➤r B➤rt➤n's, th➤ sm➤ll th➤r➤ w➤s ➤n th➤ l➤ttl➤ w➤➤d b➤y➤nd th➤ p➤v➤l➤➤n wh➤r➤ th➤ g➤llnuts w➤r➤.

Th➤ f➤ll➤ws w➤r➤ pr➤ct➤s➤ng l➤ng sh➤➤s ➤nd b➤wl➤ng l➤bs ➤nd sl➤w tw➤st➤rs. ➤n th➤ s➤ft gr➤y s➤l➤nc➤ h➤ c➤uld h➤➤r th➤ bump ➤f th➤ b➤lls: ➤nd fr➤m h➤r➤ ➤nd fr➤m th➤r➤ thr➤ugh th➤ qu➤➤t ➤➤r th➤ s➤und ➤f th➤ cr➤ck➤t b➤ts: p➤ck, p➤ck, p➤ck, puck: l➤k➤ dr➤ps ➤f w➤t➤r ➤n ➤ f➤unt➤➤n f➤ll➤ng s➤ftly ➤n th➤ br➤mm➤ng b➤wl.

Ch➤pt➤r ➤➤

Uncl➤ Ch➤rl➤s sm➤k➤d such bl➤ck tw➤st th➤t ➤t l➤st h➤s n➤ph➤w sugg➤st➤d t➤ h➤m t➤ ➤njy h➤s m➤rn➤ng sm➤k➤ ➤n ➤ l➤ttl➤ ➤uth➤us➤ ➤t th➤ ➤nd ➤f th➤ g➤rd➤n.

—V➤ry g➤➤d, S➤m➤n. ➤ll s➤r➤n➤, S➤m➤n, s➤➤d th➤ ➤ld m➤n tr➤nqu➤lly. ➤nywh➤r➤ y➤u l➤k➤. Th➤ ➤uth➤us➤ w➤ll d➤ m➤ n➤c➤ly: ➤t w➤ll b➤ m➤r➤ s➤lubr➤➤s.

—D➤mn m➤, s➤➤d Mr D➤d➤lus fr➤nkly, ➤f ➤ kn➤w h➤w y➤u c➤n sm➤k➤ such v➤ll➤➤n➤us ➤wful t➤b➤cc➤. ➤t's l➤k➤ gunp➤wd➤r, by G➤d.

—➤t's v➤ry n➤c➤, S➤m➤n, r➤pl➤➤d th➤ ➤ld m➤n. V➤ry c➤➤l ➤nd m➤ll➤fy➤ng.

➤v➤ry m➤rn➤ng, th➤r➤f➤r➤, uncl➤ Ch➤rl➤s r➤p➤➤r➤d t➤ h➤s ➤uth➤us➤ but n➤t b➤f➤r➤ h➤ h➤d gr➤s➤d ➤nd brush➤d scrupul➤usly h➤s b➤ck h➤➤r ➤nd brush➤d ➤nd put ➤n h➤s t➤ll h➤t. Wh➤l➤ h➤ sm➤k➤d th➤ br➤m ➤f h➤s t➤ll h➤t ➤nd th➤ b➤wl ➤f h➤s p➤p➤ w➤r➤ just v➤s➤bl➤ b➤y➤nd th➤ j➤mbs ➤f th➤ ➤uth➤us➤ d➤➤r. H➤s ➤rb➤ur, ➤s h➤ c➤ll➤d th➤ r➤k➤ng ➤uth➤us➤ wh➤ch h➤ sh➤r➤d w➤th th➤ c➤t ➤nd th➤ g➤rd➤n t➤➤ls, s➤rv➤d h➤m ➤ls➤

as she sounded next: and every morning he hummed contentedly
in the face of his favourite songs: *“The Bird Song”* *“The Blue
Bird”* and *“The Golden Bird”* *“The Green Bird”* *“The Black Bird”* while the
grey and blue clouds of smoke rose slowly from his pipe and
vanished in the pure air.

During the first part of the summer in Blackrock uncle Charles
was Stephen's constant companion. Uncle Charles was a half-
old man with a well-tanned skin, rugged features and white
sided whiskers. In week days he did messages between the
house in Croydon and the shops in the main
street of the town with which the family dealt. Stephen was
glad to go with him in the shops and uncle Charles helped
him very liberally to the handfuls of what ever was expected in
pennies and barrels and sent them to the counter. He would save
a handful of grapes and seed dust for the four children
and thrust them generously into his grandnephew's hand
while the shopman smiled unobtrusively; and, in Stephen's
frequent reluctance to take them, he would frown and say:

—Take them, sir. Don't you hear me, sir? They're good for
your bowels.

When the third last had been booked the two would go in
to the park where in old friend of Stephen's father, Mark
Flynn, would be found sitting on a bench, waiting for them.
Then would begin Stephen's run round the park. Mark Flynn would
stand at the gate near the railway station, watch in hand,
while Stephen ran round the track in the style Mark Flynn
favoured, his head high lifted, his knees well lifted and his
hands held straight down by his sides. When the morning
practice was over the train would make his commitments and
summers illustrate them by shuffling along for a yard or so
comically in an old pair of blue canvas shoes. A small ring
of wind-struck children and nursing mothers would gather to watch
him and laugh and even when he and uncle Charles had set down
again and were talking athletics and politics. Though he
had heard his father say that Mark Flynn had put some of the
best runners of modern times through his hands Stephen often
glanced at his train's flabby stubble-chinned face, as it
bent over the long staid fingers through which he rolled his

came together, and with pity at the maddening loss of the boys which would link up suddenly from the task and gaze vaguely into the blue distance while the long swollen fingers closed their rilling and groans and fables of the black into the path.

In the way home unclad Charles would have put a vest to the chapel and, as the front was above St. Stephen's reach, the old man would drop his hand and then sprinkle the water briskly about St. Stephen's clothes and in the floor of the porch. While he prayed he knelt in his red handkerchief and read above his breath from a thumb blackened prayerbook whereon catches words were printed at the feet of every page. Stephen knelt at his side respectfully, though he did not share, his piety. He often wondered what his granduncle prayed for so seriously. Perhaps he prayed for the souls in purgatory or for the grace of a happy death or perhaps he prayed that God might send him back a part of the big fortune he had squandered in Cork.

In Sundays St. Stephen with his father and his granduncle took their constant walk. The old man was a nimble walker in spite of his years and often took a twelve mile run of the road where he lived. The little village of Stillorgan was the parting of the ways. Whether they went to the left towards the Dublin mountains or along the Glastown road and thence into Dundrum, coming home by Sandyford. Trudging along the road or standing in some grassy wayside public house his elders spoke constantly of the subjects nearer their hearts, of their political views, of Munster and of the legends of the river Liffey, of all of which St. Stephen knew more than he would talk part in the life of that world seemed drawing nearer and in secret he began to make ready for the great part which he felt awaited him the nature of which he only dimly apprehended.

His avocations were his own; and he preferred to be regarded as a translator of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. The figure of the

dark evening's stretch forth in his mind for what ever he had heard or dreamed in childhood of the strange and terrible. At night he built up in the perilous tale in the imagination of the wonderful splendid cave out of transferts and proper flowers and cultured tissue proper and strips of the silver and golden proper in which he called the as wrapped. When he had broken up this scenery, weary of its transience, there would come to his mind the bright picture of Mrs. Allans, of sunny travels and of Mercedes.

Putted Blackrock, in the road that led to the mountains, stretched a small white-washed house in the garden of which grew many rose-bushes: and in this house, he told himself, neither Mercedes lived. Both in the outward and in the inward journey he missed distinctly by this landmark: and in his imagination the he lived through a long train of adventures, marvelous as these in the book itself, towards the close of which there appeared in the imagination of himself, grown older and sadder, standing in a mountainous garden with Mercedes who had so many years before slighted his love, and with a sadly proud gesture of refusal, saying:

—Madam, I never met musical groups.

He began the ally of a boy named Aubrey Mills and founded with him a gang of adventures in the evening. Aubrey carried a whistle dangling from his buttonhole and a bicycle lamp attached to his belt while the others had short sticks thrust diagonally through their ribs. Stephen, who had read of Napoleon's platoon style of dress, chose to remain undressed and thereby he fought for himself the pleasant fight of taking counsel with his lieutenant before going outdoors. The gang made forays into the gardens of old mansions or went down to the coast and fought a battle in the shaggy weedgrown rocks, coming home after a weary struggle with the still dangers of the fresh air in the air nostrils and the rank smells of the seaweed upon their hands and in their hair.

Aubrey and Stephen had a common milkman and often they drove out in the milkcart to Carringtons where the cows were at grass. While the men were milking the boys would take turns in riding the tractable mare round the field. But

when autumn came the cows were driven home from the grass: and the first sight of the filthy cwyrd of Stradbroke with its foul green puddles and clots of lquid dung and stinking brown troughs, sickened Stephen's heart. The cattle which had stamded so beautiful in the country in sunny days revlted him and he could not vlnlk that the milk they yldd.

The coming of Septmber ddd not trouble him this year for he was not to be sent back to Clngwys. The prctc in the park came to an end when Mark Flynn went nt hspitl. Aubrey was to schll and had only an hour or two from the vning. The gng fall sundr and ther were no mrrn ightly frrys r btles in the rcks. Stephen smttm's went round with the car which dlvrd the vning milk: and this chllly drvs blew wyy h's mmmry of the flth of the cwyrd and he felt no rpugnnc to stng the cow h's and hysds in the mllm's cat. Whenver the car drw up bfr he hus he wtd to catch a glmps of a wall scrbbd kch n r f a sftly lghtd hall and to shw the srvnt wuld hold the jug and hw sh wuld cls the ddr. He thught it shuld be a plssnt lff nough, drvng along the rds vry vning to dlvrmilk, f he had warm glvs and a ftt bag of gngnuts in h's pck to ttt frm. But the sm frkwnldg which had sickened h's heart and mdd h's lgs sg suddnly s he rcd round the park, the sm ntut n which had mdd him glnc with mistrust to h's trnnr's flbby stubblcvrd fce as it bent hvly vvr h's lng stndd fngers, dsspttd ny vs n of the futur. n a vgu wyy he undrstdd that h's fthr was n trubl and that this was the rsn why he hmslf had nt bn sent back to Clngwys. For sm tm he had felt the slght chng n h's hus; and this chngs n wht he had dmd unchngabl were so many slght shcks to h's bysh cncpt n of the wrld. The mbt n which he felt str t tms n the drknss of h's sul sught no utlt. A dusk lk that of the uther wrld bscurd h's mind as he hrd the mrr's hfs clttrng along the trmtrck n the Rack Rackd and the grtt cn swyyng and rattlng bhnd him.

He returned to Mercados and, as he braved up on her
mug, a strong unrest crept into his blood. Something was
further gathered within him and led him to revolve in
the revolving wheeling the quiet virtue. The peace of the
gardens and the kindly lights in the windows poured a tender
influence into his restless heart. The noise of children at
play annoy him and their silly voices made him feel,
even more keenly than he had felt at Clingworth, that he was
different from others. He did not want to play. He wanted to
meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which his
soul so constantly beheld. He did not know where to seek it
or how but a premonition in which he had him told him that this
image would, without any visible act of his, uncover him.
They would meet quietly as if they had known each other and
had made their tryst, perhaps at one of the gates or in some
more secret place. They would be alone, surrounded by
darkness and silence: and in that moment of supreme
tenderness he would be transfixed. He would find out
something compellingly under his eyes and then in a moment,
he would be transfixed. Weakness and timidity and
inexperience would fall from him in that magical moment.

Two gratifying allowances he had allowed in his morning before
the door and men he had come tramping into the house to
dismantle it. The furniture he had been hustled out through the
front garden which was strewn with wisps of straw and rags
and into the huge vans at the gate. When all he had been safely
stowed the vans had set off noiselessly down the avenue: and
from the window of the railway carriage, in which he had
sat with his red-eyed mother, Stephen had seen them
lumbering along along the Meridian Road.

The parlour fire would not draw that evening and Mr Dedalus
restarted the poker against the bars of the grate to attract the
flame. Uncle Charles dined in a chamber of the half-furnished
uncropped room and near him the family portraits looked
against the wall. The lamp in the table shed a weak light

✓v✓r th✓ b✓rd✓d fl✓r, mudd✓d by th✓ f✓t ✓f th✓ v✓nm✓n. St✓ph✓n s✓t ✓n ✓ f✓tst✓l b✓s✓d✓ h✓s f✓th✓r l✓st✓nng t✓ l✓ng ✓nd ✓nc✓h✓rnt m✓n✓l✓gu✓. H✓ und✓rst✓d l✓ttl✓ ✓r n✓thng ✓f ✓t ✓t f✓rst but h✓ b✓c✓m✓ sl✓wly ✓w✓r th✓t h✓s f✓th✓r h✓d ✓n✓m✓s ✓nd th✓t s✓m✓ f✓ght w✓s g✓ng t✓ t✓k✓ pl✓c✓. H✓ f✓lt, t✓, th✓t h✓ w✓s b✓ng ✓nl✓st✓d f✓r th✓ f✓ght, th✓t s✓m✓ duty w✓s b✓ng l✓d up✓n h✓s sh✓uld✓rs. Th✓ sudd✓n fl✓ght fr✓m th✓ c✓mf✓rt ✓nd r✓v✓r✓ ✓f Bl✓ckr✓ck, th✓ p✓ss✓g✓ thr✓ugh th✓ gl✓my f✓ggy c✓ty, th✓ th✓ught ✓f th✓ b✓r✓ ch✓rl✓ss h✓us✓ ✓n wh✓ch th✓y w✓r n✓w t✓ l✓v✓ m✓d✓ h✓s h✓rt h✓vy: ✓nd ✓g✓n ✓n ✓ntu✓t✓n, ✓ f✓r✓kn✓wldg✓ ✓f th✓ futur✓ c✓m✓ t✓ h✓m. H✓ und✓rst✓d ✓ls✓ why th✓ s✓rvnts h✓d ✓ft✓n wh✓sp✓rd t✓g✓th✓r ✓n th✓ h✓ll ✓nd why h✓s f✓th✓r h✓d ✓ft✓n st✓d ✓n th✓ h✓rthrug, w✓th h✓s b✓ck t✓ th✓ f✓r✓, t✓lk✓ng l✓udly t✓ uncl✓ Ch✓rl✓s wh✓ urg✓d h✓m t✓ s✓t d✓wn ✓nd ✓t h✓s d✓nn✓r.

—Th✓r✓'s ✓ cr✓ck ✓f th✓ wh✓p l✓ft ✓n m✓ y✓t, St✓ph✓n, ✓ld ch✓p, s✓d Mr D✓d✓lus, p✓k✓ng ✓t th✓ dull f✓r✓ w✓th f✓rc✓ ✓n✓rgy. W✓'r n✓t d✓d y✓t, s✓nny. N✓, by th✓ L✓rd J✓sus (G✓d f✓rg✓v✓ m✓) n✓r h✓lf d✓d.

Dubl✓n w✓s ✓ n✓w ✓nd c✓mpl✓x s✓ns✓t✓n. Uncl✓ Ch✓rl✓s h✓d gr✓wn s✓ w✓tl✓ss th✓t h✓ c✓uld n✓ l✓ng✓r b✓ s✓nt ✓ut ✓n ✓rr✓nds ✓nd th✓ d✓s✓rd✓r ✓n s✓ttl✓ng ✓n th✓ n✓w h✓us✓ l✓ft St✓ph✓n fr✓r th✓n h✓ h✓d b✓n ✓n Bl✓ckr✓ck. ✓n th✓ b✓g✓nnng h✓ c✓nt✓nt✓d h✓ms✓lf w✓th c✓rcl✓ng t✓m✓dly r✓und th✓ n✓ghb✓ur✓ng squ✓r✓ ✓r, ✓t m✓st, g✓ng h✓lf w✓y d✓wn ✓n✓ ✓f th✓ s✓d✓ str✓ts but wh✓n h✓ h✓d m✓d✓ ✓ sk✓l✓t✓n m✓p ✓f th✓ c✓ty ✓n h✓s m✓nd h✓ f✓ll✓w✓d b✓ldly ✓n✓ ✓f ✓ts c✓ntr✓l l✓n✓s unt✓l h✓ r✓ch✓d th✓ Cust✓m H✓us✓. H✓ p✓ss✓d unch✓ll✓ng✓d ✓mng th✓ d✓cks ✓nd ✓l✓ng th✓ qu✓ys w✓nd✓r✓ng ✓t th✓ mult✓tud✓ ✓f c✓rks th✓t l✓y b✓bb✓ng ✓n th✓ surf✓c✓ ✓f th✓ w✓t✓r ✓n ✓ th✓ck y✓ll✓w scum, ✓t th✓ cr✓wds ✓f qu✓y p✓rt✓rs ✓nd th✓ rumbl✓ng c✓rts ✓nd th✓ ✓lldr✓ss✓d b✓rd✓d p✓l✓c✓m✓n. Th✓ v✓stn✓ss ✓nd strng✓n✓ss ✓f th✓ l✓f✓ sugg✓st✓d t✓ h✓m by th✓ b✓l✓s ✓f m✓rch✓nd✓s✓ st✓ck✓d ✓l✓ng th✓ w✓lls ✓r swung ✓l✓ft ✓ut ✓f th✓ h✓lds ✓f st✓m✓rs w✓k✓n✓d ✓g✓n ✓n h✓m th✓ unr✓st wh✓ch h✓d s✓nt h✓m w✓nd✓r✓ng ✓n th✓ ✓v✓nng fr✓m g✓rd✓n t✓ g✓rd✓n ✓n s✓rch ✓f M✓rc✓d✓s. ✓nd ✓m✓d th✓s n✓w

bustling life his might have found himself in another Mrs. Alls but that he missed the bright sky and the sun-warmed trails of the wrens. A vanguard of soft green grew up within him as he looked in the quays and in the river and in the lawrens and yet the countless winds up and down day after day as if he really sought something that would him.

He went once or twice with his mother to visit their relatives: and though they passed a joyful array of shops late up and down for Christmas his mind of embittered silence did not leave him. The causes of his embitterment were many, remote and near. He was angry with himself for being young and the prey of restless feelings, angry also with the change of fortune which was reshaping the world about him into a vast sea of squall and uncertainty. Yet his anger lent nothing to the vastness. He chattered with pettiness while he saw, detached himself from it and testing its merit by the standard of his secret.

He was sitting in the backless chair in his aunt's kitchen. A lamp with a reflected ring in the juxtaposed wall of the fireplace and by its light his aunt was reading the evening paper that lay in her knees. She looked a long time at a smiling picture that was set in it and smiled musically:

—That beautiful Mabel Hunter!

A rapturous girl stood in the doorway to peer at the picture and smiled softly:

—What is she, aun, mud?

—An exquisite, love.

The child leaned her rapturous head against her mother's sleeve, gazing in the picture and murmured as if fascinated:

—That beautiful Mabel Hunter!

As if fascinated, her eyes rested long upon the dimly tinted eyes and she murmured devoutly:

—Isn't she an exquisite creature?

And the boy who came in from the street, stamping crankily under his stony feet, heard her words. He dropped his head promptly in the floor and hurried to his side

that. He mulled the odds of the paper with his reddened and blackened hands, shouldering his sordid and complacenting that he could not see.

He was sitting in the narrow brickstaircase high up in the old darkwood house. The firelight flickered in the wall and beyond the window a spectral dusk was gathering up in the river. Before the fire in the old woman's busy making time and, as she bustled to the task, she told in a low voice of what the priest and the doctor had said. She told of certain changes they had seen in her affliction and of her odd ways and sayings. He sat listening to the words and following the ways of adventure that lay upon the cells, arches and vaults and winding galleries and jagged caverns.

Suddenly he became aware of something in the doorway. A skull appeared suspended in the glimmer of the doorway. A familiar creature looked a monkey was there, drawn there by the sound of voices to the fire. A whining voice came from the door asking:

—Is that Josephine?

The old bustling woman answered cheerily from the fireplace:

—No, Ellen, it's Stephen.

—... Ah, good evening, Stephen.

He answered the greeting and saw a silly small brackish creature in the doorway.

—Do you want anything, Ellen? asked the old woman to the fire.

But she did not answer the question and said:

—A thought it was Josephine. A thought you were Josephine, Stephen.

And, repeating these several times, she fell to laughing fabulously.

He was sitting in the midst of a children's party at Harold's Cross. His silent watchful manner had grown upon him and he took little part in the games. The children, wearing the spectacles of their crackers, danced and rumped nastily and,

though he tried to share the other moment, he felt himself glow my figure and the gay checkered hats and sunbonnets.

But when he had sung his song and withdrawn into a snug corner of the room he began to taste the joy of his loneliness. The mirth, which in the beginning of the evening had seemed to him false and trivial, was like a something else to him, passing gently by his senses, heading from the other joys that favored the gentlest of his blood while through the circling of the dancers and amid the music and laughter her glance traveled to his corner, flitting, tunting, searching, exciting his heart.

In the hall the children who had stayed latest were putting on their things: the party was over. She had thrown a shadow but her and, as they went together towards the tram, sprays of her fresh warm breath flew gently above her crowded head and her shoes tapped blithely in the glossy road.

It was the last tram. The link between hours was known to end and shake the bells to the clear night in darkness. The conductor talked with the driver, both nodding often in the green light of the lamp. In the empty seats of the tram were scattered a few cluttered tickets. No sound of footsteps came up or down the road. No sound broke the peace of the night save when the link between hours rubbed the other noises together and shook the bells.

They seemed to last, he in the upper stop and she in the lower. She came up to his stop many times and went down to hers again between the other phrases and once or twice stood close beside him for some moments in the upper stop, forgetting to go down, and then went down. His heart danced up in her movements like a cork upon a tide. He heard what her eyes said to him from beneath the other cover and knew that in some dream past, whether in life or reverie, he had heard the other tale before. He saw her urge her ventures, her fancies dress and shush and long black stockings, and knew that he had yielded to them in the usual times. Yet a voice within him spoke above the noises of his dancing heart, asking him would he take her gift to which he had only to stretch out his hand. And he remembered the day when he and all had

staggered looking into the hotel grounds, watching the waiters running up the trail of bunting in the flagstaff and the fox terraces scrambling to and fro in the sunny lawn, and how, all of a sudden, she had broken out into a peal of laughter and had run down the sloping curve of the path. Now, as then, she stood listlessly in her place, solemnly and tranquilly watching the scene before her.

—She takes wants me to catch hold of her, her thought. That's why she comes with me to the tram. I could easily catch hold of her when she comes up to my stop: nobody is looking. I could hold her and kiss her.

But he did not think: and, when he was sitting alone in the deserted tram, he turned his cheek to the shadows and stared glumly at the crumpled fabric.

The next day he sat at his table in the bar up room for many hours. Before him lay a new pen, a new bottle of ink and a new memorandum exercise. From the back of his head written to the top of the first page that immortal letters of the just moment: J.M.D.G. in the first line of the page appeared the title of the verses he was trying to write: T — C —. He knew it was right to begin so far he had seen something terrible in the collected poems of Lord Byron. When he had written these title and drawn an ornamented line underneath he fell into a dizziness and began to draw diagrams in the corner of the book. He saw himself sitting at his table in Bray the morning after the discussion of the Christmas dinner table, trying to write a poem about Perceval in the back of an of his father's second maturity notes. But his brain had then refused to grapple with the theme and, disasting, he had covered the page with the names and addresses of certain of his classmates:

Roderick

Kirkham

John

Lewton

Anthony

MacSwiney

Simon Mann

Now it seemed as if he would fall again but, by dint of brooding in the incognito, his thought himself into

confidence. During this process all these elements which had formed common and insignificant fell out of the scene. Their relationship and trace of the trace itself nor of the common nor of the hours: nor did he and she appear vividly. The verses told only of the night and the bloody breeze and the magnificent luster of the moon. Some understood sorrow was hidden in the hearts of the protagonists as they stood in silence beneath the leafless trees and when the moment of farewell had come that kiss, which had been withheld by him, was given by her. After this the letters L. D. S. were written to the father of the pig, and, having hidden the book, he went into his mother's bedroom and gazed at his father for a long time in the mirror of her dressingslabe.

But his long spell of leisure and liberty was drawing to its end. He was having his father come home full of news which kept his tongue busy all through dinner. Stephen had been awaiting his father's return for their had been mutual hash that day and he knew that his father would make him drop his bread in the gravy. But he did not relish the hash for the moment of Clingw's hidden continued his plait with a scum of disgust.

—He walked being into him, said Mr Dedalus for the fourth time, just at the corner of the square.

—Then he supposes, said Mrs Dedalus, he will be able to arrange it. He means about Blavdair.

—Of course he will, said Mr Dedalus. Don't tell you his provocation of the order now?

—He never liked the idea of sending him to the Christian brothers myself, said Mrs Dedalus.

—Christian brothers be damned! said Mr Dedalus. As it was with Paddy Stank and Mucky Mud? No, let him stick to the jobs in Gadd's name since he began with them. They'll be of service to him in future years. These are the fellows that can get you a passport.

—And they're a very rich order, aren't they, Simon?

—Rather. They live well, tell you. You saw their table at Clingw's. Fed up, by God, like gamecocks.

Mr D➔d➔lus push➔d h➔s pl➔t➔ ➔v➔r t➔ St➔ph➔n ➔nd b➔d➔ h➔m f➔n➔sh wh➔t w➔s ➔n ➔t.

—N➔w th➔n, St➔ph➔n, h➔ s➔➔d, y➔u must put y➔ur sh➔uld➔r t➔ th➔ wh➔➔l, ➔ld ch➔p. Y➔u’v➔ h➔d ➔ f➔n➔ l➔ng h➔l➔d➔y.

—➔, ➔’m sur➔ h➔’ll w➔rk v➔ry h➔rd n➔w, s➔➔d Mrs D➔d➔lus, ➔sp➔c➔➔lly wh➔n h➔ h➔s M➔ur➔c➔ w➔th h➔m.

—➔, H➔ly P➔ul, ➔ f➔rg➔t ➔b➔ut M➔ur➔c➔, s➔➔d Mr D➔d➔lus. H➔r➔, M➔ur➔c➔! C➔m➔ h➔r➔, y➔u th➔ck-h➔➔d➔d ruff➔➔n! D➔ y➔u kn➔w ➔’m g➔ng t➔ s➔nd y➔u t➔ ➔ c➔ll➔g➔ wh➔r➔ th➔y’ll t➔➔ch y➔u t➔ sp➔ll c.➔t. c➔t. ➔nd ➔’ll buy y➔u ➔ n➔c➔ l➔ttl➔ p➔nny h➔ndk➔rch➔➔f t➔ k➔➔p y➔ur n➔s➔ dry. W➔n’t th➔t b➔ gr➔nd fun?

M➔ur➔c➔ gr➔nn➔d ➔t h➔s f➔th➔r ➔nd th➔n ➔t h➔s br➔th➔r.

Mr D➔d➔lus scr➔w➔d h➔s gl➔ss ➔nt➔ h➔s ➔y➔ ➔nd st➔rd➔d h➔rd ➔t b➔th h➔s s➔ns. St➔ph➔n mumbl➔d h➔s br➔➔d w➔th➔ut ➔nsw➔r➔ng h➔s f➔th➔r’s g➔z➔.

—By th➔ by➔, s➔➔d Mr D➔d➔lus ➔t l➔ngth, th➔ r➔ct➔r, ➔r pr➔v➔nc➔➔l r➔th➔r, w➔s t➔ll➔ng m➔ th➔t st➔ry ➔b➔ut y➔u ➔nd F➔th➔r D➔l➔n. Y➔u’r➔ ➔n ➔mpud➔nt th➔➔f, h➔ s➔➔d.

—➔, h➔ d➔dn’t, S➔m➔n!

—N➔t h➔! s➔➔d Mr D➔d➔lus. But h➔ g➔v➔ m➔ ➔ gr➔➔t ➔cc➔unt ➔f th➔ wh➔l➔ ➔ff➔➔r. W➔ w➔r➔ ch➔tt➔ng, y➔u kn➔w, ➔nd ➔n➔ w➔rd b➔rr➔w➔d ➔n➔th➔r. ➔nd, by th➔ w➔y, wh➔ d➔ y➔u th➔nk h➔ t➔ld m➔ w➔ll g➔t th➔t j➔b ➔n th➔ c➔rp➔r➔t➔➔n? But ➔’ll t➔ll y➔u th➔t ➔ft➔r. W➔ll, ➔s ➔ w➔s s➔y➔ng, w➔ w➔r➔ ch➔tt➔ng ➔w➔y qu➔t➔ fr➔➔ndly ➔nd h➔ ➔sk➔d m➔ d➔d ➔ur fr➔➔nd h➔r➔ w➔r➔r gl➔ss➔s st➔ll, ➔nd th➔n h➔ t➔ld m➔ th➔ wh➔l➔ st➔ry.

—➔nd w➔s h➔ ➔nn➔y➔d, S➔m➔n?

—➔nn➔y➔d? N➔t h➔! *M➔nly l➔ttl➔ ch➔p!* h➔ s➔➔d.

Mr D➔d➔lus ➔m➔t➔t➔d th➔ m➔nc➔ng n➔s➔l t➔n➔ ➔f th➔ pr➔v➔nc➔➔l.

F➔th➔r D➔l➔n ➔nd ➔, wh➔n ➔ t➔ld th➔m ➔ll ➔t d➔nn➔r ➔b➔ut ➔t, F➔th➔r D➔l➔n ➔nd ➔ h➔d ➔ gr➔➔t l➔ugh ➔v➔r ➔t. Y➔u b➔tt➔r m➔nd y➔urs➔lf, F➔th➔r D➔l➔n, s➔➔d ➔, ➔r y➔ung D➔d➔lus w➔ll s➔nd y➔u up f➔r tw➔c➔ n➔n➔. W➔ h➔d ➔ f➔m➔us l➔ugh t➔g➔th➔r ➔v➔r ➔t. H➔! H➔! H➔!

Mr D➔d➔lus turn➔d t➔ h➔s w➔f➔ ➔nd ➔nt➔rj➔ct➔d ➔n h➔s n➔tur➔l v➔c➔:

—Sh➔ws y➔u th➔ sp➔rr➔t ➔n wh➔ch th➔y t➔k➔ th➔ b➔ys th➔r➔. ➔, ➔ j➔su➔t f➔r y➔ur l➔f➔, f➔r d➔pl➔m➔cy!

H➔ r➔ssum➔d th➔ pr➔v➔nc➔'s v➔c➔ ➔nd r➔p➔t➔d:

—➔ t➔ld th➔m ➔ll ➔t d➔nn➔r ➔b➔ut ➔t ➔nd F➔th➔r D➔l➔n ➔nd ➔nd ➔ll ➔f us w➔ h➔d ➔ h➔rrty l➔ugh t➔g➔th➔r ➔v➔r ➔t. H➔! H➔! H➔!

Th➔ n➔ght ➔f th➔ Wh➔tsunt➔d➔ pl➔y h➔d c➔m➔ ➔nd St➔ph➔n fr➔m th➔ w➔nd➔w ➔f th➔ dr➔ss➔ngr➔m l➔k➔d ➔ut ➔n th➔ sm➔ll gr➔sspl➔t ➔cr➔ss wh➔ch l➔n➔s ➔f Ch➔n➔s➔ l➔nt➔rns w➔r➔ str➔tch➔d. H➔ w➔tch➔d th➔ v➔s➔t➔rs c➔m➔ d➔wn th➔ st➔ps fr➔m th➔ h➔us➔ ➔nd p➔ss ➔nt➔ th➔ th➔t➔r➔. St➔w➔rds ➔n ➔v➔nn➔g dr➔ss, ➔ld B➔lv➔d➔r➔ns, l➔t➔r➔d ➔n gr➔ups ➔b➔ut th➔ ➔ntr➔nc➔ t➔ th➔ th➔t➔r➔ ➔nd ush➔r➔d ➔n th➔ v➔s➔t➔rs w➔th c➔r➔m➔ny. Und➔r th➔ sudd➔n gl➔w ➔f ➔ l➔nt➔rn h➔ c➔uld r➔c➔gn➔s➔ th➔ sm➔ll➔ng f➔c➔ ➔f ➔ pr➔t➔st.

Th➔ Bl➔ss➔d S➔cr➔m➔nt h➔d b➔t➔n r➔m➔v➔d fr➔m th➔ t➔b➔rn➔cl➔ ➔nd th➔ f➔rst b➔nch➔s h➔d b➔t➔n dr➔v➔n b➔ck s➔ ➔s t➔ l➔v➔ th➔ d➔s➔ ➔f th➔ ➔lt➔r ➔nd th➔ sp➔c➔ b➔f➔r➔ ➔t fr➔s. ➔g➔t➔nst th➔ w➔lls st➔d c➔mp➔n➔s ➔f b➔rb➔lls ➔nd ➔nd➔t➔n clubs; th➔ dumbb➔lls w➔r➔ p➔ld➔d ➔n ➔n➔ c➔rn➔r: ➔nd ➔n th➔ m➔dst ➔f c➔untl➔ss h➔ll➔cks ➔f gymn➔s➔um sh➔s ➔nd sw➔t➔rs ➔nd s➔ngl➔ts ➔n unt➔dy br➔wn p➔rc➔ls th➔r➔ st➔d th➔ st➔ut l➔t➔h➔rj➔ck➔t➔d v➔ult➔ng h➔rs➔ w➔t➔ng ➔ts turn t➔ b➔ c➔rr➔d up ➔n th➔ st➔g➔ ➔nd s➔t ➔n th➔ m➔ddl➔ ➔f th➔ w➔nn➔ng t➔t➔m ➔t th➔ ➔nd ➔f th➔ gymn➔st➔c d➔spl➔y.

St➔ph➔n, th➔ugh ➔n d➔f➔r➔nc➔ t➔ h➔s r➔put➔t➔t➔n f➔r ➔ss➔y wr➔t➔ng h➔ h➔d b➔t➔n ➔l➔ct➔d s➔cr➔t➔ry t➔ th➔ gymn➔s➔um, h➔d h➔d n➔ p➔rt ➔n th➔ f➔rst s➔ct➔t➔n ➔f th➔ pr➔gr➔mm➔ but ➔n th➔ pl➔y wh➔ch f➔rm➔d th➔ s➔c➔nd s➔ct➔t➔n h➔ h➔d th➔ ch➔t➔f p➔rt, th➔t ➔f ➔ f➔rc➔c➔l p➔d➔g➔gu➔. H➔ h➔d b➔t➔n c➔st f➔r ➔t ➔n ➔cc➔unt ➔f h➔s st➔tur➔ ➔nd gr➔v➔ m➔nn➔rs f➔r h➔ w➔s n➔w ➔t th➔ ➔nd ➔f h➔s s➔c➔nd y➔t➔r ➔t B➔lv➔d➔r➔ ➔nd ➔n numb➔r tw➔.

scattered the young boys in what knocks and singlets came pattering down from the stage, through the ventry and into the chapel. The ventry and chapel were peopled with giggling masters and boys. The plump bald strong-mannered waltzing with his feet the springboard of the vaulting horse. The lanky young man in a long overcoat, who was to give a special display of intricate club swinging, stood near watching with interest, his silver-capped clubs popping out of his deep saddle-pockets. The hollow rattling of the wadded dumbbells was heard as another team made ready to get up in the stage: and in another moment the excited perfect was hustling the boys through the ventry like a flock of geese, flapping the wings of his stout and nervously and crying to the laggards to make haste. A little troop of Nipper-plaited piousants were practicing their steps to the and of the chapel, some caring the arms above their heads, some swaying their bodies of peepers vaults and curtsying. An odd dark corner of the chapel to the gospel side of the altar stood out like a lady knight in a dark cape black skirts. When she stood up in pink-dressed figure, wearing curly golden wig and an old-fashioned straw sunbonnet, with black pencilled eyebrows and cheeks delicately rouged and powdered, was discovered. A low murmur of curiosity ran round the chapel to the discovery of the girl's figure. And of the perfects, smiling and nodding his head, approached the dark corner and, having bowed to the stout lady, stood pleasantly:

—This is a beautiful young lady is it all that you have heard, Mrs Tallan?

Then, bending down to peer at the smiling pointed face under the leaf of the bonnet, he exclaimed:

—No! Upon my word a blushing it's little Bertie Tallan after all!

Stephen to his post by the window heard the old lady and the priest laugh together and heard the boys' murmurs of admiration to her beauty and heard the sunbonnet dance by himself. A movement of impatience escaped him. He left the dog of

the blind fall and, stopping down from the bench in which he had been standing, walked out of the chapel.

He passed out of the schoolhouse and halted under the shed that flanked the garden. From there the trumpet peeps to him the muffled notes of the tuba and sudden brassy clashes of the soldiers' band. The light spread upwards from the glass roof making the trumpet stem a fast-vibrating, anchoring thing the hulks of houses, her frail cables of lanterns looping her to her meetings. A sad dither of the trumpet peeped suddenly and a shift of light flew across the grassplots. A sudden burst of music issued from the park, the prelude of a waltz: and when the sad dither cleared again the listener could hear the faint rhythm of the music. The sentiment of the peeping birds, their language and suppliment, evoked the incommunicable moment when he had been the cause of all his day's unrest and of his impetuous movement of a moment before. His unrest issued from him like a wave of sound: and in the tide of flowing music the park was journeying, trailing her cables of lanterns in her wake. Then a noise like dwarf artillery broke the movement. It was the clapping that greeted the entry of the dumbbell team in the stage.

At the far end of the shed near the street a spark of pink light showed in the darkness and as he walked towards it he became aware of a faint rhythmic cadence. Two boys were standing in the shelter of a doorway, smoking, and before he reached them he had recognised Heron by his voice.

—Heron comes the noble Dandelus! cried a high thrifty voice. Welcome to our trusty friend!

This welcome ended in a soft peep of mirthless laughter as Heron saluted and then began to pick the ground with his cane.

—Heron is in, said Stephen, halting and glancing from Heron to his friend.

The latter was stronger to him but in the darkness, by the aid of the glowing cigarette tips, he could make out a plaid dandyish face over which a small wisp of travelling slowly,

tall viceroy told fugitive and hard hat. Heron did not trouble himself but introduced him but said instead:

—was just telling my friend Wells what I like it would be tonight if you took off the reactor in the part of the schoolmaster. It would be a disappointing joke.

Heron made a poor attempt to imitate for his friend Wells the reactor's predictable boss and then, laughing at his failure, asked Stephen to do it.

—God, Dandelus, he urged, you can take him off responsibly. *He that will not hear the church let him be that the Holy Spirit and the publican.*

The imitation was prevented by a mild expression of anger from Wells in whose mouthpiece the congregation had become too tightly wedged.

—Damn this bluntness bluntness, he said, taking it from his mouth and smiling and frowning upon it tellerly. It's always getting stuck like that. Do you use a holder?

—I don't smoke, answered Stephen.

—No, said Heron, Dandelus is a model youth. He doesn't smoke and he doesn't get too bizzars and he doesn't flirt and he doesn't damn anything or damn it.

Stephen shook his head and smiled in his rival's flushed and mabel face, barked like a bird's. He had forgotten the strong that Vincent Heron had a bird's face as well as a bird's name. He shook off pale hair like a feather and ruffled crest: the feathered was narrow and bony and then hacked noise stood out between the classiest prominent eyes which were light and inexpressive. The rivals were school friends. They sat together in class, knelt together in the chapel, talked together after breakfasts over their lunches. As the fallows in number were underestinguished dullards, Stephen and Heron had been during the year the virtuous heads of the school. It was they who went up to the reactor together to ask for a Friday or to get a follow off.

—by the way, said Heron suddenly, I saw your governor going on.

Th↗ sm↗l↗ w↗n↗d ↗n St↗ph↗n's f↗c↗. ↗ny ↗llus↗↗n m↗d↗ t↗ h↗s f↗th↗r by ↗ f↗ll↗w ↗r by ↗ m↗st↗r put h↗s c↗lm t↗ r↗ut ↗n ↗ m↗m↗nt. H↗ w↗↗t↗d ↗n t↗m↗r↗us s↗l↗nc↗ t↗ h↗↗r wh↗t H↗r↗n m↗ght s↗y n↗xt. H↗r↗n, h↗w↗v↗r, nudg↗d h↗m ↗xpr↗ss↗v↗ly w↗th h↗s ↗lb↗w ↗nd s↗↗d:

—Y↗u'r↗ ↗ sly d↗g.

—Why s↗? s↗↗d St↗ph↗n.

—Y↗u'd th↗nk butt↗r w↗uldn't m↗lt ↗n y↗ur m↗uth, s↗↗d H↗r↗n. But ↗'m ↗fr↗↗d y↗u'r↗ ↗ sly d↗g.

—M↗ght ↗ ↗sk y↗u wh↗t y↗u ↗r↗ t↗lk↗ng ↗b↗ut? s↗↗d St↗ph↗n urb↗n↗ly.

—↗nd↗↗d y↗u m↗ght, ↗nsw↗r↗d H↗r↗n. W↗ s↗w h↗r, W↗ll↗s, d↗dn't w↗? ↗nd d↗uc↗dly pr↗tty sh↗ ↗s t↗↗. ↗nd ↗nqu↗s↗t↗v↗! ↗nd wh↗t p↗rt d↗↗s St↗ph↗n t↗k↗, Mr D↗d↗lus? ↗nd w↗ll St↗ph↗n n↗t s↗ng, Mr D↗d↗lus? Y↗ur g↗v↗rn↗r w↗s st↗r↗ng ↗t h↗r thr↗ugh th↗t ↗y↗gl↗ss ↗f h↗s f↗r ↗ll h↗ w↗s w↗rth s↗ th↗t ↗ th↗nk th↗ ↗ld m↗n h↗s f↗und y↗u ↗ut t↗↗. ↗ w↗uldn't c↗r↗ ↗ b↗t, by J↗v↗. Sh↗'s r↗pp↗ng, ↗sn't sh↗, W↗ll↗s?

—N↗t h↗lf b↗d, ↗nsw↗r↗d W↗ll↗s qu↗↗tly ↗s h↗ pl↗c↗d h↗s h↗ld↗r ↗nc↗ m↗r↗ ↗n ↗ c↗rn↗r ↗f h↗s m↗uth.

↗ sh↗ft ↗f m↗m↗nt↗ry ↗ng↗r fl↗w thr↗ugh St↗ph↗n's m↗nd ↗t th↗s↗ ↗nd↗l↗c↗t↗ ↗llus↗↗ns ↗n th↗ h↗↗r↗ng ↗f ↗ str↗ng↗r. F↗r h↗m th↗r↗ w↗s n↗th↗ng ↗mus↗ng ↗n ↗ g↗rl's ↗nt↗r↗st ↗nd r↗g↗rd. ↗ll d↗y h↗ h↗d th↗ught ↗f n↗th↗ng but th↗↗r l↗↗v↗t↗k↗ng ↗n th↗ st↗ps ↗f th↗ tr↗m ↗t H↗r↗ld's Cr↗ss, th↗ str↗↗m ↗f m↗↗dy ↗m↗t↗↗ns ↗t h↗d m↗d↗ t↗ c↗urs↗ thr↗ugh h↗m ↗nd th↗ p↗↗m h↗ h↗d wr↗tt↗n ↗b↗ut ↗t. ↗ll d↗y h↗ h↗d ↗m↗g↗n↗d ↗ n↗w m↗↗t↗ng w↗th h↗r f↗r h↗ kn↗w th↗t sh↗ w↗s t↗ c↗m↗ t↗ th↗ pl↗y. Th↗ ↗ld r↗stl↗ss m↗↗d↗n↗ss h↗d ↗g↗↗n f↗ll↗d h↗s br↗↗st ↗s ↗t h↗d d↗n↗ ↗n th↗ n↗ght ↗f th↗ p↗rty, but h↗d n↗t f↗und ↗n ↗utl↗t ↗n v↗rs↗. Th↗ gr↗wth ↗nd kn↗wl↗dg↗ ↗f tw↗ y↗↗rs ↗f b↗yh↗↗d st↗↗d b↗tw↗↗n th↗n ↗nd n↗w, f↗rb↗dd↗ng such ↗n ↗utl↗t: ↗nd ↗ll d↗y th↗ str↗↗m ↗f gl↗↗my t↗nd↗rn↗ss w↗th↗n h↗m h↗d st↗rt↗d f↗rth ↗nd r↗turn↗d up↗n ↗ts↗lf ↗n d↗rk c↗urs↗s ↗nd ↗dd↗↗s, w↗↗ry↗ng h↗m ↗n th↗ ↗nd unt↗l th↗ pl↗↗s↗ntry ↗f th↗ pr↗f↗ct ↗nd th↗ p↗↗nt↗d l↗ttl↗ b↗y h↗d dr↗wn fr↗m h↗m ↗ m↗v↗m↗nt ↗f ↗mp↗t↗↗nc↗.

—S y u m y s w ll d m t, H r n w nt n, th t w v f r ly f und y u ut th s t m . Y u c n t pl y th s s nt n m ny m r , th t s n sur f v .

s ft p l f m rthl ss l ight r sc p d fr m h s l ps nd, b nd ng d wn s b f r , h struck St ph n l ightly cr ss th c lf f th l g w th h s c n , s f n j st ng r pr f .

St ph n s m m nt f ng r h d l r dy p ss d. H w s n th r fl tt r d n r c nfus d but s mply w sh d th b nt r t nd. H sc re ly r s nt d wh t h d s m m d t h m s lly nd l c t n ss f r h kn w th t th dv ntur n h s m nd st d n n d ng r fr m th s w rds: nd h s f c m r r r d h s r v l s f ls sm l .

—d m t! r p t d H r n, str k ng h m g n w th h s c n cr ss th c lf f th l g.

Th str k w s pl yful but n t s l ightly g v n s th f r st n h d b n. St ph n f lt th sk n t ng l nd gl w sl ightly nd l m st p n l ssly; nd, b w ng subm ss v ly, s f t m t h s c mp n n s j st ng m d, b g n t r c t th C nf t r. Th p s d nd d w ll, f r b th H r n nd W ll s l igh d ndulg ntly t th r r v r nc .

Th c nf ss n c m nly fr m St ph n s l ps nd, wh l th y sp k th w rds, s sudd n m m ry h d c r r d h m t n th r sc n c ll d up, s f by m g c, t th m m nt wh n h h d n t d th f nt cru l d mpl s t th c rn rs f H r n s sm l ng l ps nd h d f lt th f m l r str k f th c n g g nst h s c lf nd h d h rd th f m l r w rd f d m n t n :

—d m t.

t w s t w rds th cl s f h s f r st t rm n th c ll g wh n h w s n numb r s x. H s s ns t v n tur w s st ll sm rt ng und r th l sh s f n und v n d nd squ l d w y f l f . H s s ul w s st ll d squ t d nd c st d wn by th dull ph n m n n f Dubl n. H h d m rg d fr m t w y y rs sp ll f r v r t f nd h ms lf n th m dst f n w sc n , v ry v nt nd f gur f wh ch ff ct d h m nt m t ly, d sh rt n d h m r llur d nd, wh th r llur ng r d sh rt n ng, f ll d h m lw ys w th unr st nd b tt r

thoughts. All the labour which his school left him was passed on the company of subversive writers who's goals and violence of speech set up a ferment in his brain before they passed out of it into his crude writings.

That essay was for him the chief labour of his week and every Tuesday, as he marched from home to the school, he read his fight in the incidents of the way, putting himself against some figure ahead of him and quickening his pace to outstrip it before a certain goal was reached or planting his steps scrupulously in the spaces of the pathwork of the pathway and telling himself that he would be first and not first in the weekly essay.

In a certain Tuesday the course of his triumphs was rudely broken. Mr Tatt, the English master, pointed his finger at him and said bluntly:

—This fellow has heresy in his essay.

A hush fell in the class. Mr Tatt did not break it but dug with his hand between his thighs while his heavily stretched linen cracked about his neck and wrists. Stephen did not look up. It was a raw spring morning and his eyes were still smarting and weak. He was conscious of flutter and of distant action, of the squall of his own mind and home, and felt against his neck the raw edge of his turned and jagged collar.

A short loud laugh from Mr Tatt set the class merrily at it.

—Perhaps you didn't know that, he said.

—What? asked Stephen.

Mr Tatt withdrew his diving hand and sprang out the essay.

—Here. It's about the Critter and the sul. Rrm... rrm... rrm... Ah! without a passability of your approaching nether. That's heresy.

Stephen murmured:

—A moment without a passability of your reaching.

It was a submission and Mr Tatt, appalled, folded up the essay and passed it across to him, saying:

—A... Ah! your reaching. That's another story.

But the class was not so soon appraised. Though nobody spoke to him of the affair after class he could feel about him a vague general malignity.

A few nights after the public chiding he was walking with a letter along the Drumcander Road when he heard a voice cry:

—Hello!

He turned and saw through bushes of his own class coming towards him in the dusk. It was Heron when he had called out and, as he marched forward between his two attendants, he clift the air before him with the thin cane, an attempt to throw the steps. Blind, he found, marched beside him, a large green in his face, while Nash came in a few steps behind, blowing from the pipe and giggling his grating rind.

As soon as the bushes had turned into Clonliff Road together they began to speak about books and writers, saying what books they were reading and how many books there were in their fathers' bookcases at home. Stephen listened to them in some wonderment for Blind was the dunc and Nash theidler of the class. In fact after some talk about the future writers Nash declared for Captain Merryweather, he said, was the greatestst writer.

—Fudge! said Heron. Ask Dedalus. What is the greatestst writer, Dedalus?

Stephen noted the mockery in the question and said:

—If pros do you mean?

—Yes.

—Nowman, he thinks.

—Is it Cardinal Newman? asked Blind.

—Yes, answered Stephen.

The green bridged in the Nash's frocked face as he turned to Stephen and said:

—And do you like Cardinal Newman, Dedalus?

—, many say that Newman has the best prose style, Heron said to the other two in explanation, of course he's not a poet.

—And wh^o ^{is} th^{is} b^{est} p^oet, H^{er}n? ^{ask}d B^lnd.

—L^{ord} T^{nnys}n, ^{if} c^{urs}, ^{answ}rd H^{er}n.

—^o, y^{es}, L^{ord} T^{nnys}n, s^{ad} N^{sh}. W^h h^{av} ^{all} h^{is} p^otry
t^hm^{an} ^{an} b^ok.

^{at} th^{is} St^{ph}n f^{org}t th^{is} s^{il}nt v^{ow}s h^{is} h^{ad} b^{een} m^{ak}ng
nd burst ^{out}:

—T^{nnys}n ^{is} p^oet! Why, h^{is}'s ^{only} ^{is} rhym^{ist}r!

—^o, g^ot ^{out}! s^{ad} H^{er}n. ^{every}n^{is} kn^{ows} th^{at} T^{nnys}n ^{is}
th^{is} gr^{eat}st p^oet.

—And wh^o d^o y^{ou} th^{ink} ^{is} th^{is} gr^{eat}st p^oet? ^{ask}d B^lnd,
nudg^{ing} h^{is} n^oghb^{ur}.

—Byrⁿ, ^{if} c^{urs}, ^{answ}rd St^{ph}n.

H^{er}n g^{av} th^{is} l^{et}d nd ^{all} thr^{ough} j^{oin}d ^{an} ^{sc}rnful
l^{ough}.

—Wh^{at} ^{is} y^{ou} l^{ough}ng ^{it}? ^{ask}d St^{ph}n.

—Y^{ou}, s^{ad} H^{er}n. Byrⁿ th^{is} gr^{eat}st p^oet! H^{is}'s ^{only} ^{is}
p^oet f^{or} un^{duc}t^{ed} p^opl^e.

—H^{is} must b^e ^{is} fⁱⁿ p^oet! s^{ad} B^lnd.

—Y^{ou} m^{ay} k^{ee}p y^{our} m^{outh} shut, s^{ad} St^{ph}n, turn^{ing} ^{an} h^{im}
b^{old}ly. ^{all} y^{ou} kn^{ow} ^{but} p^otry ^{is} wh^{at} y^{ou} wr^{ite} up ^{an} th^{is}
sl^{it}s ^{an} th^{is} y^{ard} nd w^{ar} g^ong t^o b^e s^{ent} t^o th^{is} l^{ift} f^{or}.

B^lnd, ^{an} f^{act}, w^{as} s^{ad} t^h h^{av} wr^{itten} ^{an} th^{is} sl^{it}s ^{an}
th^{is} y^{ard} ^{is} c^{upl}t ^{but} ^{is} cl^{assm}t ^{if} h^{is} wh^{at} ^{ft}n r^{ed}
h^{im} fr^{om} th^{is} c^{oll}g^e ^{an} ^{is} p^ony:

^{is} Tysⁿ w^{as} r^{ed}ng ^{nt} J^{rus}l^m
H^{is} f^{all} nd hurt h^{is} ^{il}c K^{ef}z^{lum}.

Th^{is} thrust put th^{is} tw^o l^{et}ut^{ions} t^o s^{il}nc^e but H^{er}n w^{ent}
ⁿ:

—^{an} ^{ny} c^{us} Byrⁿ w^{as} ^{is} h^{er}t^c nd ^{mm}r^l t^o.

—^{is} dⁿ't c^{er} wh^{at} h^{is} w^{as}, cr^{ed} St^{ph}n h^{et}ly.

—Y^{ou} dⁿ't c^{er} wh^{ether} h^{is} w^{as} ^{is} h^{er}t^c ^{is} n^{ot}? s^{ad}
N^{sh}.

—Wh^{at} d^o y^{ou} kn^{ow} ^{but} ^{it}? sh^{ut}d St^{ph}n. Y^{ou} n^{ev}r
r^{ed} ^{is} l^{en} ^{if} ^{nyth}ng ^{an} y^{our} l^{ef} ^{xc}pt ^{is} tr^{ans} ^{is}
B^lnd ^{is}th^{is}.

—I know that Byron was a bad man, said Bland.

—Herr, catch hold of these herrertics, Herron called out.

—In my moment Stephen was a prisoner.

—That mad you buck up the other day, Herron went on, but the herrasy in your society.

—I'll tell him tomorrow, said Bland.

—Will you? said Stephen. You'd better friend to your laps.

—Friend?

—Yes. friend of your life.

—Behave yourself! cried Herron, cutting at Stephen's legs with his cane.

It was the signal for their onset. Nash pattered his arms behind while Bland seized a long cabbage stump which was lying on the gutter. Struggling and kicking under the cuts of the cane and the blows of the knotty stump Stephen was borne back against a boarded wall fence.

—Damn that Byron was a good.

—No.

—Damn it.

—No.

—Damn it.

—No. No.

At last after a fury of plunges he wrenched himself free. His tremendous set off towards John's's Road, laughing and jumping at him, while he, half-blinded with tears, stumbled on, clenching his fists madly and sobbing.

While he was still repeating the *Confession* and the indulgent laughter of his herrers and while the scenes of that magnificent episode were still passing sharply and swiftly before his mind he wondered why he bore no malice now to those who had tormented him. He had not forgotten what of their cowardice and cruelty but the memory of that called forth no anger from him. All the discomforts of forced love and hatred which he had met in books had seemed to him therefore unreal. Even the night he stumbled homewards

Along John's Road he had felt that some power was driving him off that suddenwoven anger as softly as fruit is driven off its soft ripe peel.

He remembered standing with his two companions at the end of the shod listening dly to their talk as to the bursts of applause in the theatre. She was sitting there among the others perhaps waiting for him to appear. He tried to recall her appearance but could not. He could remember only that she had worn a shawl but her headlock as well and that her dark eyes had envied and unnerved him. He wondered had he been in her thoughts as she had been in his. Then in the dark and unseen by the other two he rested the tips of the fingers of one hand upon the palm of the other hand, scarcely touching it lightly. But the pressure of her fingers had been lighter and stiffer: and suddenly the memory of their touch traversed his brain and body lock in invincible wave.

A boy came towards them, running along under the shod. He was excited and breathless.

—Yes, Dedalus, he cried, Dyl is in a great book but you. You're too good to not and get dressed for the play. Hurry up, you better.

—His coming now, said Heron to the messenger with a hearty drawl, when he wants to.

They turned to Heron and replied:

—But Dyl is in a new book.

—Will you tell Dyl with my best compliments that I damned his eyes? answered Heron.

—Will, he must go now, said Stephen, who cried loudly for such points of honour.

—I wouldn't, said Heron, damn me if I would. That's not why they stand for in the senior boys. In a book, indeed! I think it's quite enough that you're taking a part in his badly played play.

This spirit of quarrelsomeness which he had observed lately in his rival had not subdued Stephen from his habits of quiet abedness. He mistrusted the turbulent and doubted the sincerity of such comradeship which seemed

that he was sorry to accept them if he had. The question of his own happiness, like all such questions, troubled him. While his mind had been pursuing its intellectual phenomena and turning in irresolutely from such pursuit he had hardly but him that constant victories of his faith and of his masters, urging him to be a gentlemanly behavior all things and urging him to be a good catholic behavior all things. These victories had now come to be his hallmarks and his pride. When the gymnasium had been appointed he had hardly then the victory urging him to be strong and manly and healthy and when the movement towards nationalism revived he had begun to be faithful in the college to the other victory he had added him to be true to his country and help to raise up his language and tradition. In the profane world, his father's way, a worldly victory would be his rise up his father's fallen state by his labors and, moreover, the victory of his school comrades urged him to be a decent fellow, to shield others from blame for to be good them off and to do his best to get further days for the school. And it was that day of all these hallmarks and victories that made him halt irresolutely in the pursuit of phenomena. He gave them their only fear to them but he was happy only when he was far from them, beyond their call, alone for in the company of phenomena small comrades.

In the victory the plump fresh-faced jester and the elderly man, the shabby blue clothes, were doubled in the case of parents and children. The boys who had been appointed walked but their steady still awkwardly, touching their faces in a gingerly fashion with their furtive fidgety steps. In the middle of the victory the young jester, who was then in the vast to the college, started rocking himself rhythmically from the steps of his toes to his heels and back again, his hands thrust well forward until his side-pockets. His small head set off with glossy red curls and his newly shaven face aged well with the spiritless decency of his student and with his spiritless shades.

As he watched this swaying form and tried to read for himself the legend of the priest's mocking small their come until Stephen's memory saying which he had hardly from his father before he had been sent to Clongwood, that you could

always tell a just by the style of his clothes. At the same moment he thought he saw a lightning-bolt within his father's mind and that of this smiling willdrissed priest: and he was worried of some disastrous of the priest's office or of the vistory itself which shallance was now rewarded by loud talk and joking and its pungent with the smells of the gospels and the grates.

While his father had was being wrinkled and his jaws panted black and blue by the elderly man he listened distractedly to the voice of the plump young just which bade him speak up and make his points clearly. He could hear the band playing *The Lily of the Valley* and knew that an few moments the curtain would go up. He felt no strange fright but the thought of the part he had to play humiliated him. A remembrance of some of his lessons made a sudden flush rise to his panted cheeks. He saw her serious alluring eyes watching him from among the audience and the other mingling to the swapt way his scruples, leaving his will compact. Another nature seemed to have been lent him: the infection of the excitement and youth about him entered and transformed his meek modesty into trustfulness. For an instant he seemed to be clothed in the royal apparel of boyhood: and, as he stood in the wings among the other players, he shared the common mirth amid which the drop scene was hauled upwards by two black-balled priests with violent jerks and all wry.

A few moments after he found himself in the stage amid the gush of gas and the dim scenery, acting before the enormous black faces of the void. It surprised him to see that the play which he had known to rehearse for a disjuncted leafless thing had suddenly assumed a leaf of its own. It seemed now to play itself, he and his fellow actors adding to it with their parts. When the curtain fell in the last scene he heard the void filled with applause and, through a raft in a side scene, saw the simple body before which he had acted magnificently deferred, the void of faces breaking at all parents and falling asunder into busy groups.

He left the stage quickly and rushed himself off his mummy and passed out through the chapel into the celling garden. Now that the play was over his nervous crowd for some further adventur. He hurried onwards as if to vertick it. The doors of the theatre were all open and the audience had emptied out. In the lights which he had fancied the meetings of an ark a few lanterns swung in the night breeze, flickering cheerlessly. He mounted the steps from the garden in haste, eager that some prey should not elude him, and forced his way through the crowd in the hall and past the two jesters who stood watching the Exodus and bowing and shaking hands with the visitors. He pushed onwards nervously, forgetting a still greater haste and faintly conscious of the smiles and stares and nudges which his powdered head left in its wake.

When he came out in the steps he saw his family waiting for him at the first lamp. In a glance he noted that every figure of the group was familiar and ran down the steps angrily.

—Heaven take leave me to go down in George's Street, he said to his faithful quickly. I'll be home after you.

Without waiting for his father's questions he ran across the road and began to walk to brickknock speed down the hall. He hardly knew where he was walking. Proud and happy and dashing like crushed herbs in his heart sent up vapours of maddening incense before the eyes of his mind. He strided down the hall amid the tumult of suddenness vapours of wounded pride and fallen hope and baffled dashing. They streamed upwards before his unguished eyes in dens and maddening fumes and passed away above him till at last the air was clear and cold again.

A film still veiled his eyes but they burned no longer. A power, keen to that which he had often made anger and resentment fall from him, brought his steps to rest. He stood still and gazed up at the sombre porch of the margin and from that to the dark cabbled lanternway at its side. He saw the word *Letts* in the wall of the lane and breathed slowly the rank heavy air.

That's hours pass and rattled straw, his thought. It's a good
dur to be there. It will calm my heart. My heart is quite
calm now. I will go back.

Stephen was once again started by his father in the
corner of a railway carriage at Kingsbridge. He was
traveling with his father by the night mail to Cork. As the
train started out of the station his recalled his childhood
wonder of years before and every event of his first day at
Clongwas. But he felt not wonder now. He saw the darkening
lands slipping away past him, the silent telegraph poles
passing his window swiftly every few seconds, the little
glemming stations, manned by a few silent sentries, flung by
the mail band his and twinkling for a moment in the
darkness like fiery gems flung backwards by a runner.

He listened with sympathy to his father's avocation of
Cork and of scenes of his youth, a tale broken by sighs and
drugs from his pocket flask when ever the image of some
dead friend appeared in it or when ever the avenger
remembered suddenly the purpose of his actual visit. Stephen
heard but could feel no pity. The images of the dead were
all strangers to him save that of uncle Charles, an image
which had lately been fading out of memory. He knew,
however, that his father's property was going to be sold by
auction, and in the manner of his own disappointment he felt
the world give the little rudely to his phantasy.

It Maryborough he fell asleep. When he awoke the train
had passed out of Mullingar and his father was stretched asleep
in the other seat. The cold light of the dawn lay over the
country, over the unpopulated fields and the closed cottages.
The terror of sleep fascinated his mind as he watched the
silent country rise and fall from time to time his father's deep
breath and sudden sleepy movement. The neighbouring of
unsleeping sleepers filled him with strange dread, as though they
could harm him, and he prayed that the day might come quickly.
His prayer, addressed not to the God nor saint, began with

shiver, as the chilly morning breeze crept through the chink of the carriage door to his feet, and indeed in a trill of fflsh words which he mdd to ffit the nsstnt rhythm of the trn; and slntly, t ntrvls of fur scnds, the tllgrphpls hld the gallping nts of the musc btwnn punctul btrs. Ths furthrus musc llyyd hs drdd and, lnnng ggnst the wndwldg, he ltt hs ylds clst gnn.

They drv n jngl crss Crk whle t wss still rly mnnng and Stphen fnshd hs slp n bdrmm of the Vctrr Htl. The bright wrm sunlght wss strmmng through the wndw and he could hear the dn of truffc. Hs fthrr wss stndng bfr the drssngtbl, xmnng hs hr and fce and mustch with grtt cr, crnng hs nck crss the wtrjug and drwng t bck sdwys ts sst the bttrr. Whle he dds hs sng sftly t hmslf with qunt ccnt and phrsng:

'Ts	yuth	nd	flly
Mks	yung	mn	mrry,
S	hr,	my	lv,
N		lngrr	sty.
Wh	cn't	b	curd,
Must	b	njurd,	sur,
S	'll	g	t
mrrky.			

My	lv	sh's	hnds m,
My	lv	sh's	bny:
Sh's	lk	gd	whsky
Whn	t	s	nw;
But	whn	'ts	ld
nd		grwng	cl
t	fdss	nd	dds
Th muntnn dw.			

The cnsctusnss of the wrm sunny cty utsd hs wndw and the tndrr trmrs with which hs fthrr's vvc fstnd the strng sd happy rr, drv ff ll the msts of the nght's ll humur frm Stphen's brnn. He gt up quckly t drss nd, whn the sng hd ndd, sd:

—Th't's much prttrr thn ny ff yur thrr c m - ll-y us.

—D yu thnk s? skd Mr Ddus.

—I like it, said Stephen.

—It's pretty old, said Mr Dedalus, twirling the points of his mustache. Ah, but you should have heard Mack Lacy sing it! Poor Mack Lacy! He had little turns for it, graceful notes that he used to put in that he hadn't got. That was the boy who could sing a *com-ally*, of you like.

Mr Dedalus had ridden drishans for breakfast and during the meal he crossed-examined the waiter for local news. For the most part they spoke it cross purposes when a name was mentioned, the waiter having in mind the present holder and Mr Dedalus his father's pupils his grandfather.

—Well, he hoped they hadn't moved the Quin's Callaghany now, said Mr Dedalus, for he went to show it to the youngest of men.

During the Mardyke the trees were in bloom. They entered the grounds of the Callaghan and were led by the governor's porter across the quadrangle. But the other progress across the gravel was brought to a halt after every dozen or so paces by some reply of the porter's.

—Ah, do you tell me so? And is poor Pettibally dead?

—Yes, sir. Dead, sir.

During these halts Stephen stood awkwardly behind the two men, wary of the subject and waiting restlessly for the slow march to begin again. By the time they had crossed the quadrangle his restlessness had risen to fever. He wondered how his father, whom he knew for a shrewd suspicious man, could be duped by the servile manners of the porter; and the lively southern speech which had entertained him all the morning now irritated his ears.

They passed into the antomy theatre where Mr Dedalus, the porter and a young man, searched the desks for his notes. Stephen remained in the background, depressed more than ever by the darkness and silence of the theatre and by the air that was of jaded and formal study. In the desk he read the word *Fœtus* cut several times in the dark stained wood. The sudden legend startled his blood: he seemed to feel the absent students of the Callaghan about him and to shrink from

their company. A vision of their life, which has further's words had been powerful to evoke, spring up before him out of the word cut in the disk. A brood should student with a mustach was cutting in the letters with a jackknife, seriously. Their students stood for set near him laughing at his handwork. A jagged his blow. The big student turned in him, frowning. He was dressed in loose grey clothes and had thin boots.

Stephen's name was called. He hurried down the steps of the theatre as the boys for away from the vision as he could bend, pouring closely at his further's antics, had his flush of fear.

But the word and the vision compared before his eyes as he walked back across the quadrangle and towards the college gate. It shocked him to find in the outer world a trace of what he had dreamed till then a brutish and undevoted melody of his own mind. His monstrous revivals came thronging into his memory. They too had sprung up before him, suddenly and furiously, out of mere words. He had seen given in the them and allowed them to sweep across and absorb his intellect, wandering always where they came from, from what dawn of monstrous images, and always weak and humble towards others, restless and sickened of himself when they had swept over him.

—Yes, indeed! And their's the Graciers surer enough! cried Mr Dedalus. You often heard me speak of the Graciers, didn't you, Stephen. Many's the time we went down there when our names had been marked, a crowd of us, Harry Pender and little Jack Mountain and Bob Dyes and Maurice Martine, the Frenchman, and Tom 'Grady and Mick Lacy that I told you of this morning and J.J. Cribb and poor little giddyhearted Johnny Kevins of the Tenthers.

The lovers of the trees along the Marryk were star and whistling in the sunlight. A team of crackters passed, a gleam of young men in flannels and blazers, and of them carrying the long green wicketbag. A quiet bystreet a German band of five players in faded uniforms and with battered brass instruments was playing to an audience of

first day he caught me smoking. I was standing at the end of the South Terrace and day with some men and boys looking myself and sure with thought with water ground follows because with head pops stuck in the corners of our mouths. Suddenly the governor passed. He didn't say a word, or stop even. But the next day, Sunday, with water out for a walk together and when with water coming home he took out his cigar case and said:—By the by, Sam, I didn't know you smoked, or something like that.—I confess I tried to carry it off as best I could.—If you want a good smoke, he said, try one of these cigars. In American cigarette men I present of them last night in Quinquinstown.

Stephen heard his father's voice break into a laugh which was almost a sob.

—He was the handsomest man in Cork at that time, by God he was! The woman used to stand to look after him in the street.

He heard the sob passing loudly down his father's throat and passed his eyes with a nervous impulse. The sunlight breaking suddenly in his sight turned the sky and clouds into a fantastically world of shimmering masses with lickerlicker spaces of dark rasy light. His very breath was sick and powerless. He could scarcely enterprize the letters of the signboards of the shops. By his monstrous way of life he seemed to have put himself beyond the limits of reality. Nothing moved him or spoke to him from the real world unless he heard in it an echo of the infuriated cries within him. He could respond to no earthly or human appeal, dumb and senseless to the call of summer and gladness and companionship, withered and directed by his father's voice. He could scarcely recognize his own thoughts, and repeated slowly to himself:

—I am Stephen Dedalus. I am walking beside my father whose name is Sam Dedalus. We are in Cork, in Ireland. Cork is a city. Our room is in the Victoria Hotel. Victoria and Stephen and Sam. Sam and Stephen and Victoria. Names.

Th➤ m➤m➤ry ➤f h➤s ch➤ldh➤d sudd➤nly gr➤w d➤m. H➤ tr➤d t➤ c➤ll f➤rth s➤m➤ ➤f ➤ts v➤v➤d m➤m➤nts but c➤uld n➤t. H➤ r➤c➤ll➤d ➤nly n➤m➤s. D➤nt➤, P➤rn➤ll, Cl➤n➤, Cl➤ng➤w➤s. ➤ l➤ttl➤ b➤y h➤d b➤n t➤ught g➤➤gr➤phy by ➤n ➤ld w➤m➤n wh➤ k➤pt tw➤ brush➤s ➤n h➤r w➤rdr➤b➤. Th➤n h➤ h➤d b➤n s➤nt ➤w➤y fr➤m h➤m➤ t➤ ➤ c➤ll➤g➤, h➤ h➤d m➤d➤ h➤s f➤rst c➤mmun➤n ➤nd ➤t➤n sl➤m j➤m ➤ut ➤f h➤s cr➤ck➤tc➤p ➤nd w➤tch➤d th➤ f➤r➤l➤ght l➤p➤ng ➤nd d➤nc➤ng ➤n th➤ w➤ll ➤f ➤ l➤ttl➤ b➤dr➤m ➤n th➤ ➤nf➤rm➤ry ➤nd dr➤m➤d ➤f b➤ng d➤d, ➤f m➤ss b➤ng s➤d f➤r h➤m by th➤ r➤ct➤r ➤n ➤ bl➤ck ➤nd g➤ld c➤p➤, ➤f b➤ng bur➤d th➤n ➤n th➤ l➤ttl➤ gr➤v➤y➤rd ➤f th➤ c➤mmun➤ty ➤ff th➤ m➤n ➤v➤nu➤ ➤f l➤m➤s. But h➤ h➤d n➤t d➤d th➤n. P➤rn➤ll h➤d d➤d. Th➤r➤ h➤d b➤n n➤ m➤ss f➤r th➤ d➤d ➤n th➤ ch➤p➤l ➤nd n➤ pr➤c➤ss➤n. H➤ h➤d n➤t d➤d but h➤ h➤d f➤d➤d ➤ut l➤k➤ ➤ f➤lm ➤n th➤ sun. H➤ h➤d b➤n l➤st ➤r h➤d w➤nd➤r➤d ➤ut ➤f ➤x➤st➤nc➤ f➤r h➤ n➤ l➤ng➤r ➤x➤st➤d. H➤w str➤ng➤ t➤ th➤nk ➤f h➤m p➤ss➤ng ➤ut ➤f ➤x➤st➤nc➤ ➤n such ➤ w➤y, n➤t by d➤th but by f➤d➤ng ➤ut ➤n th➤ sun ➤r by b➤ng l➤st ➤nd f➤rg➤tt➤n s➤m➤wh➤r➤ ➤n th➤ un➤v➤rs➤! ➤t w➤s str➤ng➤ t➤ s➤h➤s sm➤ll b➤dy ➤pp➤r ➤g➤n f➤r ➤ m➤m➤nt: ➤ l➤ttl➤ b➤y ➤n ➤ gr➤y b➤lt➤d su➤t. H➤s h➤nds w➤r➤ ➤n h➤s s➤d➤p➤ck➤ts ➤nd h➤s tr➤us➤rs w➤r➤ tuck➤d ➤n ➤t th➤ kn➤s by ➤l➤st➤c b➤nds.

➤n th➤ ➤v➤n➤ng ➤f th➤ d➤y ➤n wh➤ch th➤ pr➤p➤rty w➤s s➤ld St➤ph➤n f➤ll➤w➤d h➤s f➤th➤r m➤➤kly ➤b➤ut th➤ c➤ty fr➤m b➤r t➤ b➤r. T➤ th➤ s➤ll➤rs ➤n th➤ m➤rk➤t, t➤ th➤ b➤rm➤n ➤nd b➤rm➤ds, t➤ th➤ b➤gg➤rs wh➤ ➤mp➤rtun➤d h➤m f➤r ➤ l➤b Mr D➤d➤lus t➤ld th➤ s➤m➤ t➤l➤, th➤t h➤ w➤s ➤n ➤ld C➤rk➤n➤n, th➤t h➤ h➤d b➤n try➤ng f➤r th➤rty y➤rs t➤ g➤t r➤d ➤f h➤s C➤rk ➤cc➤nt up ➤n Dubl➤n ➤nd th➤t P➤t➤r P➤ck➤ck➤f➤x b➤s➤d➤ h➤m w➤s h➤s ➤ld➤st s➤n but th➤t h➤ w➤s ➤nly ➤ Dubl➤n j➤ck➤n.

Th➤y h➤d s➤t ➤ut ➤rly ➤n th➤ m➤rn➤ng fr➤m N➤wc➤mb➤'s c➤ff➤h➤us➤, wh➤r➤ Mr D➤d➤lus' cup h➤d r➤ttl➤d n➤sly ➤g➤nst ➤ts s➤uc➤r, ➤nd St➤ph➤n h➤d tr➤d t➤ c➤v➤r th➤t sh➤m➤ful s➤gn ➤f h➤s f➤th➤r's dr➤nk➤ng b➤ut ➤f th➤ n➤ght b➤f➤r➤ by m➤v➤ng h➤s ch➤r ➤nd c➤ugh➤ng. ➤n ➤ hum➤l➤t➤n h➤d succ➤d➤d ➤n➤th➤r—th➤ f➤ls➤ sm➤l➤s ➤f th➤ m➤rk➤t s➤ll➤rs, th➤ curv➤t➤ngs ➤nd ➤gl➤ngs ➤f th➤ b➤rm➤ds w➤th wh➤m h➤s f➤th➤r fl➤rt➤d, th➤ c➤mpl➤m➤nts ➤nd ➤nc➤ur➤g➤ng w➤rds ➤f h➤s

friend's friends. They had told him that he had a great lack of his grandfather and Mr Dedalus had agreed that he was an ugly looking man. They had unthinkingly traced a Clerk account in his speech and made him admit that the Law was a much finer river than the Liffey. And of them, an order to put his Latin to the proof, had made him translate short passages from Dialectus and asked him whether it was correct to say: *Tempus mutatur non est mutum et omnes sunt Tempus mutatur et non mutum et omnes*. And then, a brisk old man, whom Mr Dedalus called Johnny Cushman, had convinced him with confusion by asking him to say which were proper, the Dublin girls or the Cork girls.

—His next thought was, said Mr Dedalus. Leave him alone. His a lively fellow had thought by day when doesn't bother his head about that kind of nonsense.

—Then he's next his friend's son, said the little old man.

—I don't know, I'm sure, said Mr Dedalus, smiling complacently.

—Your father, said the little old man to Stephen, was the blindest fellow in the city of Cork in his day. Did you know that?

Stephen looked down and studied the tiled floor of the bar where which they had drifted.

—Now don't be putting oddities into his head, said Mr Dedalus. Leave him to his Mack.

—Yerrr, sure I wouldn't put any oddities into his head. I'm old enough to be his grandfather. And I am a grandfather, said the little old man to Stephen. Did you know that?

—Are you? asked Stephen.

—Budd I am, said the little old man. I have two bouncing grandchildren out at Sunday's Well. Now, then! What age do you think I am? And I remember saying your grandfather in his red coat riding out the hounds. That was before you were born.

—Yes, he thought of, said Mr Dedalus.

—Budd I did, repeated the little old man. And, moreover then that, I can remember even your great-grandfather, old John

Staphan Dddlus, and a father-son world was. Now, then! Their's a merry father you!

—That's thrice gone-again, said the other of the company. Why, Johnny Cushman, you must be knowing the century.

—Well, I'll tell you the truth, said the little old man. I'm just twenty-seven years of age.

—Where's old as was father, Johnny, said Mr Dddlus. And just finish what you have there and we'll have another. Here, Tim the Tim the what-ever your name is, give us the same again here. By God, I don't feel more than aught in myself. Their's that son of man there not half my age and I'm a better man than he is any day of the week.

—Draw it me now, Dddlus. I think it's time for you to take a back seat, said the gentleman who had spoken before.

—No, by God! asserted Mr Dddlus. I'll sing a tender song against him and I'll vault a few-barricaded gate against him and I'll run with him faster than hounds across the country as I did thirty years ago along with the Kerry Boy and the best man for it.

—But he'll beat you here, said the little old man, tapping his forehead and raising his glass to drink it.

—Well, I hope he'll be as good a man as his father. That's all I can say, said Mr Dddlus.

—If he is, he'll die, said the little old man.

—And thanks be to God, Johnny, said Mr Dddlus, that we have lived so long and died so little harm.

—But did so much good, Samson, said the little old man gravely. Thanks be to God we have lived so long and died so much good.

Staphan watched the thrice glassed being raised from the counter as his father and his two cronies drank to the merry of their past. In a byss of fortune and of triumph and sundried him from them. His mind seemed older than theirs: it shone coldly in their strifes and happiness and regrets like a man upon a young earth. Not least for youth stirred

an him s t h d st r r d n th m. H h d kn wn n th r th pl sur f c mp n nsh p w th th rs n r th v g ur f rud m l h lth n r f l l p ty. N th ng st r r d w th n h s s ul but c ld nd cru l nd l v l ss lust. H s ch ldh d w s d d r l st nd w th t h s s ul c p bl f s mpl j ys nd h w s dr ft ng m d l f l k th b r r n sh ll f th m n.

rt th u p l f r w r r n ss
f cl mb ng h v n nd g z ng n th rth,
W nd r ng c mp n n ss...?

H r p t t d t h ms lf th l n s f Sh ll y's fr gm nt. ts lt rn t n f s d hum n n ff ct v n ss w th v st n hum n cycl s f ct v ty ch ll d h m nd h f rg t h s wn hum n nd n ff ctu l gr v ng.

St ph n's m th r nd h s br th r nd n f h s c us ns w t t d t th c rn r f qu t F st r Pl c wh l h nd h s f th r w nt up th st ps nd l ng th c l nn d wh r th H gh l nd s ntry w s p r d ng. Wh n th y h d p ss d nt th gr t h ll nd st d t th c unt r St ph n dr w fr th h s r d rs n th g v rn r f th b nk f r l nd fr th rty nd thr p nds; nd th s s ums, th m n ys f h s x h b t n nd ss y pr z , w r p d v r t h m r p dly by th t ll r n n t s nd n c n r sp ct v ly. H b st w d th m n h s p ck ts w th f gn d c mp sur nd suff r d th fr ndly t ll r, t wh m h s f th r ch tt d, t t k h s h nd cr ss th br d c unt r nd w sh h m b r ll nt c r r r n ft r l f . H w s mp t t nt f th r v c s nd c uld nt k p h s f t t r st. But th t ll r st ll d f r r d th s rv ng f th rs t s y h w s l v ng n ch ng d t m s nd th t th r w s n th ng l k g v ng b y th b st duc t n th t m n y c uld buy. Mr D d lus l ng r d n th h ll g z ng b ut h m nd up t th r f nd t ll ng St ph n, wh urg d h m t c m ut, th t th y w r st nd ng n th h us f c mm ns f th ld r sh p r l m nt.

—G-d help us! he said passionately, to thank of the men of these times, Stephen, Holy Hutchings and Fild and Henry Grattan and Charles Kendall Bush, and the noblemen who have now, landed us of the Irish people to him and abroad. Why, by G-d, they wouldn't be seen dead in a ten-acre field with them. No, Stephen, old chap, I'm sorry to say that they're only as revived but not fine May morning in the merry month of sweet July.

A keen current wind was blowing round the bank. The thrushes fidgets standing at the edge of the muddy path had pounced chucks and wattery eyes. Stephen looked at his thinly clad mother and remembrance that a few days before he had seen a mental predicted twenty guineas in the windows of Barnard's.

—Well that's done, said Mr Dedalus.

—What had better get to dinner, said Stephen. Where?

—Dinner? said Mr Dedalus. Well, I suppose we had better, what?

—Some place that's not too dear, said Mrs Dedalus.

—Underneath's?

—Yes. Some quiet place.

—Come along, said Stephen quickly. It doesn't matter about the dinner.

He walked on before them with short nervous steps, smiling. They tried to keep up with him, smiling also at his giggles.

—Take it easy like a good young fellow, said his father. We're not out for the half mile, are we?

For a swift sensation of merry-making the memory of his prizes ran through Stephen's fingers. Great parcels of groceries and delicacies and dried fruits arrived from the city. Every day he drew up a bill of fare for the family and every night laid a party of three or four to the theatre to sing *Madame* or *The Lady of Lyons*. In his chest packed his crowded squares of Venn's chocolate for his guests while his trousers' pocket bulged with masses of silver and copper coins. He bought presents for every one, a valuable and

room, wrote out resolutions, marshalled his books up and down the stair shelves, poured up on all kinds of practicalists, drew up a form of commendworth for the household by which every member of the household should affect, appointed a linen bank for his family and pressed ladies in willing borrowers so that he might have the pleasure of making out receipts and reckoning the antirusts in the sums lent. When he could do not marry he drove up and down the city in trams. Then the sisters of pleasure came to an end. The poet of pink and mellow paint gave up and then witnessed of his bedroom room and with its unfurnished and illplastered ceiling.

His household returned to its usual way of life. His mother had not further accusations to uphold him for squandering his money. He, too, returned to his old life of school and all his novel antiproses fell to pieces. The commendworth fell, the linen bank closed its coffers and its books in a senseless loss, the rules of life which he had drawn about himself fell into disuse.

How foolish his room had been! He had tried to build a brickwork tower of order and logic against the sordid tide of life without him and to dam up, by rules of conduct and activity antirust and new foolish relations, the powerful recurrence of the tides within him. Useless. From without as from within the winter had flowed over his borders: the tides began once more to justify fiercely about the crumbled mule.

He saw clearly, too, his own future isolation. He had not gone on to stop nearer the lives he had sought to approach nor bridged the restless shadows and uncertain that had divided him from mother and brother and sister. He felt that his was hardly of the new blood with them but stood to them rather in the mystical kinship of fasting, stretching and fasting rather.

He turned to appreciate the fierce longings of his heart before which everything else was dead and alien. He carried little that his was an mortal sin, that his life had grown to be a tissue of subtrefuge and falsehood. Besides the saving distance within him to relate that innermost

which he brought in nothing was sacred. He bravely cynically with the shameful details of his secret rites in which he exulted to dwell with pertinence whatever image had attracted his eyes. By day and by night he moved among distant images of the outer world. He figured that he had summed up him by day and by night and innocent came towards him by night through the winding darkness of sleep, her face transformed by the lecherous cunning, her eyes bright with brutish joy. Only the morning passed him with its dim memory of dark argenteous rite, its keen and humbling sense of transgression.

He returned to his wanderings. The velvet autumnal evenings led him from street to street as they had led him years before along the quiet avenues of Blackrock. But new vision of trim front gardens or of kindly lights in the windows pursued the tender influence upon him now. Only at times, in the pauses of his desire, when the luxury that was waiting him gave room to the softer language, the image of Mercades traversed the background of his memory. He saw again the small white house and the garden of rosebushes in the reddened twilight the mountains and her remembered the sadly proud gesture of refusal which he was to make there, standing with her in the moonlight garden after years of struggling moment and adventure. At these moments the soft speech of Claudine melted to his lips and assuaged his unrest. He tenderly promised to touch him of the trust he had then lacked forward to and, in spite of the horrible reality which lay between his hope of then and now, of the holy uncertainty he had then imagined at which weakness and timidity and inexplicable were to fall from him.

Such moments passed and the waiting fears of lust sprung up again. The verses passed from his lips and the intricate craves and the unspoken brutal words rushed forth from his brain to force a passage. His blood was in revolt. He wandered up and down the dark slomy streets peering into the glimmer of lanterns and doorways, listlessly eagerly for any sound. He imagined the homeless like some baffled prowling beast. He wanted to sin with another of his kind, to force another

being the son with him and the exult with her in son. He felt some dark presence moving irresistibly upon him from the darkness, a presence subtle and murmurous as a flood falling him wholly with itself. Its murmur beset the gods as they looked the murmur of some multitudinous sleep; its subtle strains penetrated his being. His hands clenched convulsively and his teeth set together as he suffered the agony of its penetration. He stretched out his arms in the stretch that held fast the frail swaying form that lodged him and encircled him: and the cry that he had strangled for so long in his throat issued from his lips. It broke from him like a wall of despair from a hall of sufferers and died in a wall of furious intensity, a cry for an iniquitous abandonment, a cry which was but the chime of an abscised scroll which he had read in the hushing wall of a urn.

He had wandered into a maze of narrow and dirty streets. From the foul lanes ways he heard bursts of hoarse rattle and wringing and the droning of drunken singers. He walked onward, undismayed, wandering whither he had strayed into the quarter of the Jews. Women and girls dressed in long vivid gowns traversed the street from house to house. They wore lustrous and perfumed. A trembling shuddered him and his eyes grew dim. The yellow gasflames roused before his troubled vision against the vaporous sky, burning as before in the air. Before the doors and in the lighted halls groups were gathered arrayed as for some rite. He was in another world: he had awakened from a slumber of centuries.

He stood still in the middle of the roadway, his heart clamouring against his being in a tumult. A young woman dressed in a long pink gown looked her hand in his arm to detain him and gazed into his face. She stood gaily:

—Glad night, Well-to-do!

Her room was warm and lightsome. A huge doll sat with her legs apart in the capacious psychical bed the bed. He traced the bed his tongue speak that he might seem to pass, watching her as she undid her gown, noting the proud consciousness movements of her perfumed head.

As he stood silent in the middle of the room she came
over to him and embraced him gently and gravely. Her
arms held him firmly to her and he, sighing her face left to
him in sorrowful calm and following the warm calm rays and fall
of her breast, all but burst into hysterical weeping. Tears of
joy and relief shone in his delighted eyes and his lips
parted though they would not speak.

She pressed her thankful hand through his hair, calling him
little rascal.

—Gave me a kiss, she said.

His lips would not bend to kiss her. He wanted to be held
firmly in her arms, to be carried slowly, slowly, slowly. In her
arms he felt that he had suddenly become strong and fearless
and sure of himself. But his lips would not bend to kiss her.

With sudden movement she bowed his head and joined
her lips to his and he realized that momentary of her movements
in her frank uplifted eyes. It was to him much for him. He closed
his eyes, surrounded himself to her, body and mind,
conscious of nothing in the world but the dark pressure of her
softly parting lips. They pressed upon his burning lips upon his
lips as though they were the velvet of a virgin's speech; and
between them he felt an unknown and tremendous pressure, darker
than the swollen of sin, softer than sound and deeper.

Chapter

The swift December dusk had come tumbling clownishly after
its dull day and as he stared through the dull square of the
window of the schoolroom he felt his belly crave for its
food. He hoped that it would be stew for dinner, turnips and
carrots and bruised potatoes and fat mutton peaches to be
laid out in the thick peppered flour-fattened sauce. Stuff it
into you, his belly cussed him.

It would be a glorious secret night. After a very nightfall the
yellow lamps would light up, her and there, the square of the
of the brackets. He would follow a divineous course up and down
the streets, crawling always nearer and nearer an tram
of fear and joy, until his feet led him suddenly round a dark

cerner. The whirrs would be just coming out of their houses making ready for the night, yowling lazily after their slapping and settling the harpings in their clusters of hair. He would pass by them calmly waiting for a sudden movement of his own will or a sudden call to his sn-living soul from their soft perfumed flesh. Yet his hair pruned in quiet of that call, his senses, stultified only by his desires, would not only all that would be shared them; his eyes, a ring of porters from the clathless table or a photograph of two soldiers standing together in the gaudy playground; his ears, the drawing jargon of grating:

—Hello, Bert, any good in your mind?

—Is that you, piggin?

—Number ten. Fresh Nelly is waiting in you.

—Good night, husband! Coming in to have a short time?

The quiet in the pig of his scribbled bag in the sprout out a widening tale, eyed and sturred look a peck's; and, when the eyes and stars of its and-cos had been alighted, bag slowly to fold itself together again. The and-cos appearing and disappearing were eyes appearing and closing; the eyes appearing and closing were stars being born and being quenched. The vast cycle of starry life bore his weary mind outward to its verge and inward to its centre, a distant music accompanying him outward and inward. What music? The music came nearer and he recalled the words, the words of Shelly's fragment upon the moon wandering companionless, piled for wandering. The stars began to crumble and a cloud of fine stardust fell through space.

The dull light fell more faintly upon the pig where in the other quiet bag to unfold itself slowly and to sprout abroad its widening tale. It was his own soul going forth to experience, unfolding itself seen by seen, sprouting abroad the blaffery of its burning stars and folding back upon itself, fading slowly, quenching its own lights and fears. They were quenched: and the cold darkness fell dead chains.

A cold lucid indifference reigns in his soul. It has first violently seen he had felt a wave of vitality pass out of him

and had feared to find his body or his soul maimed by the excess. Instead the vital wave had carried him on its bosom out of himself and back again when it receded: and now part of his body or soul had been maimed but the dark power had been established between them. The chances in which his rudimentary existence itself was a cold indifference to knowledge of himself. He had sensed morally not once but many times and he knew that, while he stood in danger of eternal damnation for the first sin alone, by every succeeding sin he multiplied his guilt and his punishment. His days and weeks and thoughts could make no attainment for him, the countless of sanctifying grace having ceased to refresh his soul. At most, by an aimless given to a beggar whose blindness he fled from, he might hope wonderfully to win for himself some measure of actual grace. Devotion had gone by the board. What did it avail to pray when he knew that his soul lusted after its own destruction? A certain pride, a certain awe, with which he held him from offending the God given him prey to the night though he knew that was in God's power to take away his life while he slept and hurl his soul hellward or he could beg for mercy. His pride in his own sin, his liveliness away from God, told him that his offence was too grave to be atoned for in any while or in any part by a false hymn to the bells ringing and all knowing.

—Well now, then, I declare you have a head and so has my stick! Do you mean to say that you are not able to tell me what is surd is?

The blundering answer started the members of his contempt of his fellows. Towards these he felt no other shame nor fear. In Sunday meetings as he passed the church door he glanced coldly at the worshippers who stood before him, for deep, outside the church, morally present to the mass which they could not otherwise see nor hear. Their dull poverty and the sickly smell of the cheap heater with which they had entertained their heads repressed him from the latter they prayed to. He stepped to the level of hypocrisy with others, scriptural of their innocence which he could justify as easily.

In the wall of his bedroom hung an illuminated scroll, the
 certificate of his proficiency in the calligraphy of the
 Blessed Virgin Mary. On Saturday mornings when the
 scroll lay flat on the chair, he recalled the little
 place was cushioned kneeling-disk at the right of the
 altar from which he had his wings of boys through the
 rappings. The fatherhood of his position did not
 please him. Of it moments he felt an impulse to
 rise from his post of honor and, confessing
 before them all his unworthiness, to leave the
 chair, to glance at the farthest reaches
 reached him. The imagery of the psalms
 of prophecy seemed to him barren and
 the glories of Mary held his soul captive:
 sparkling and myrrh and frankincense,
 symbolising her royal lineage, her
 emblems, the lotus-flowering plant and
 lotus-bliss-making tree, symbolising the
 glowing gradual growth of her cultus
 among men. When at last he had reached the
 lesson towards the close of the
 office he had read it in a vocalised
 voice, lulling his conscience to its music.

*Quasquadrus exultat sum in Libano et quasquadrus
 in montibus Sion. Quasquadrus palmis exultat sum
 in Gader et quasquadrus plantatibus
 in Jericho. Quasquadrus ulivum speciosum
 in campis et quasquadrus plantanum
 exultat sum juxta quoniam in
 plantis. Scit cinnamomum et balsamum
 aromatis et quasquadrus myrrum
 electum dedit suavitatem dedit.*

His son, who had carved him from the sight of God, had
 had him nearer to the refuge of seniors. Her eyes seemed
 to regard him with mild pity; her haleness, a strong light
 glowing faintly upon her frail flesh, did not humiliate the
 senior who approached her. Of her he was compelled to
 sit from him and to report the impulse that moved him was
 the wish to be her knight. Of her his soul, returning
 dwelling shyly after the frenzy of his body's lust had spent itself,
 was turned towards her whose emblem was the morning star,
 "bright and musical, telling of heaven and enfusing peace,"
 it was when her names were murmured softly by lips whirring

their still longer and shameful words, the survivor itself a low class.

That was strong. He tried to think how it could be but the dusk, deepening in the shelter, covered over his thoughts. The bell rung. The master marked the sums and cuts to be done for the next lesson and went out. Heron, beside Stephen, began to hum tunelessly.

My excellent friend Bombard.

Annas, who had gone to the yard, came back, saying:

—The boy from the house is coming up for the rectar.

He told boy behind Stephen rubbed his hands and said:

—That's good. We can scut the whole hour. He won't be in till after half two. Then you can ask him questions in the catechism, Dedalus.

Stephen, looking back and drawing idly in his scribbler, listened to the talk about him which Heron checked from time to time by saying:

—Shut up, will you. Don't make such a badly racket!

It was strong to that he found in the old pleasure in falling wing up to the end the rugged lines of the director of the church and penitence into obscurity silence only to hear and feel the more deeply his own condemnation. The sentence of sainted James which says that he who offends against the commandment becomes guilty of all he did seemed to him first a swollen phrase until he had begun to grasp in the darkness of his own state. From the evil side of lust all other deadly sins had sprung forth: pride in himself and contempt of others, covetousness and using money for the purchase of unlawful pleasures, envy of those whose virtues he could not reach to and tumultuous murmuring against the priest, gluttonous enjoyment of food, the dull glowing anger made which he brought up in his longing, the swamp of spiritual and bodily slither in which his whole being had sunk.

As he sat in his bench gazing calmly at the reactor's shriveled harsh face his mind wound itself in and out of the curious questions proposed to it. If a man had stolen a pound in his

youth and had used that pound to invest it, how much would he have gained? He gave back, that pound he had stolen only for that pound to go further with the compound interest accruing upon it for all his huge fortune? If a leproyous man giving baptism pursued with further baptism saying that words as the child baptised? As baptism with the man's real water valid? How comes it that while the first baptismal promises the kingdom of heaven to the person who, after that, the second baptismal promises to be that man that they shall possess the land? Why was the sacrament of the church's institution under the two species of bread and wine of Jesus Christ by present body and blood, soul and divinity, in the bread alone and in the wine alone? Does a tiny particle of the consecrated bread contain all the body and blood of Jesus Christ or a part only of the body and blood? If the wine changes into vinegar and the host crumbles into corruptible matter they have been consecrated, as Jesus Christ still present under the two species as God and man?

—Here he is! Here he is!

A boy from his past that would have seen the rectifier come from the house. All the catechisms were appointed and all hands bent upon them silently. The rectifier entered and took his seat in the desk. A gentle knock from the tall boy in the bench behind urged Stephen to ask a difficult question.

The rectifier did not ask for a catechism to hear the lesson from. He clasped his hands in the desk and said:

—The retreat will begin in Wednesday afternoon in honour of saint Francis Xavier whose feast day is Saturday. The retreat will go on from Wednesday to Friday. In Friday confession will be heard all the afternoon after breakfast. If any boys have special confessions perhaps it will be better for them not to change. Mass will be in Saturday morning at noon. I'll check and gather all communion for the whole college. Saturday will be a free day. But Saturday and Sunday being free days some boys might be inclined to think that Monday is a free day also. But beware of making that mistake. I think you, Lewis, are likely to make that mistake.

—sister? Why, sister?

It felt wondrous of quiet mirth break forth over the class of boys from the reactor's grim smile. Stephen's heart began slowly to fold and fold with fatherly love and withering flow.

The reactor went on gravely:

—You are all familiar with the story of the life of saint Francis Xavier, a supposer, the patron of your college. He came of an old and illustrious Spanish family and your roommate that he was one of the first missionaries of saint Ignatius. They met in Paris where Francis Xavier was professor of philosophy at the university. This young and brilliant nobleman and man of letters entered the order and should not the deeds of our glorious founder and you know that he, at his own desire, was sent by saint Ignatius to preach to the Indians. He was called, as you know, the apostle of the Indians. He went from country to country in the east, from Africa to India, from India to Japan, baptizing the people. He was said to have baptized as many as ten thousand devotees in one month. It was said that his right arm had grown powerless from having been raised so often over the heads of those whom he baptized. He wished then to go to China to win still more souls for God but he died of fever in the island of Sincian. A great saint, saint Francis Xavier! A great soldier of God!

The reactor paused and then, shaking his clasped hands before him, went on:

—He had the faith in him that moves mountains. Then thousands of souls won for God in a single month! That is a true conqueror, true to the motto of our order: *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam!* A saint who has great power in heaven, roommate: power to intercede for us in our grief; power to obtain what we pray for if it be for the good of our souls; power to bring all that obtain for us the grace to repent of what we have done. A great saint, saint Francis Xavier! A great fighter of souls!

Hē cāsod tē shēkē hēs clēspēd hēnds ēnd, rēstēng thēm ēgēēnst hēs fērhēd, lēkēd rēght ēnd lēft ēf thēm kēēnly ēt hēs lēstēnērs ēut ēf hēs dērk stēm ēyēs.

ēn thē sēlēncē thēēr dērk fērhē kēndlēd thē dusk ēntē ē tēwny glēw. Stēphēn's hēērt hēd wēthērd up lēkē ē flēwēr ēf thē dēsērt thēt fēēls thē sēmēm cēmēng frēm ēfēr.

—Rēmēmbēr ēnly thy lēst thēngs ēnd thēu shēlt nēt sēn fēr ēvēr—wērds tēkēn, my dēēr lēttlē brēthērs ēn Chrēst, frēm thē bēēk ēf ēclēsēstēs, sēvēnth chēptēr, fērtēth vērsē. ēn thē nēmē ēf thē Fēthēr ēnd ēf thē Sēn ēnd ēf thē Hēly Ghēst. ēmēn.

Stēphēn sēt ēn thē frēnt bēnch ēf thē chēpēl. Fēthēr ērnēll sēt ēt ē tēblē tē thē lēft ēf thē ēltēr. Hē wērhē ēbēut hēs shēuldērs ē hēēvy clēēk; hēs pēlē fēcē wēs drēwn ēnd hēs vēēcē brēkēn wēth rhēm. Thē fēgurē ēf hēs ēld mēstēr, sē strēnglēy rēērsēn, brēught bēck tē Stēphēn's mēnd hēs lēfē ēt Clēngwēs: thē wēdē plēygrēunds, swērmēng wēth bēys, thē squērē dētch, thē lēttlē cēmētēry ēff thē mēmēn ēvēnuē ēf lēmēs whērē hē hēd drēēmēd ēf bēēng burēd, thē fērlēght ēn thē wēll ēf thē ēnfēmēry whērē hē lēy sēck, thē sērrēwful fēcē ēf Brēthēr Mēchēēl. Hēs sēul, ēs thēsē mēmērēēs cēmē bēck tē hēm, bēcēmē ēgēēn ē chēld's sēul.

—Wē ērhē ēssēmblēd hērē tēdēy, my dēēr lēttlē brēthērs ēn Chrēst, fēr ēnē brēēf mēmēnt fēr ēwēy frēm thē busy bustlē ēf thē ēutēr wērld tē cēlēbrētē ēnd tē hēnēur ēnē ēf thē grēētēst ēf sēēnts, thē ēpēstlē ēf thē ēndēēs, thē pētrēn sēēnt ēlsē ēf yēur cēllēgē, sēēnt Frēncēs Xēvēēr. Yēēr ēftēryēēr fēr much lēngēr thēn ēny ēf yēu, my dēēr lēttlē bēys, cēn rēmēmbēr ēr thēn ē cēn rēmēmbēr thē bēys ēf thēs cēllēgē hēvē mēt ēn thēs vēry chēpēl tē mēkē thēēr ēnnuēl rētrēēt bēfērhē thē fēēst dēy ēf thēēr pētrēn sēēnt. Tēmē hēs gēnē ēn ēnd brēught wēth ēt ēts chēngēs. ēvēn ēn thē lēst fēw yēērs whēt chēngēs cēn mēst ēf yēu nēt rēmēmbēr? Mēny ēf thē bēys whē sēt ēn thēsē frēnt bēnchēs ē fēw yēērs ēgē

→r→ p→rh→ps n→w →n d→st→nt l→nds, →n th→ burn→ng tr→p→cs →r
→mm→rs→d →n pr→f→ss→→n→l dut→→s →r →n s→m→n→r→→s →r
v→y→g→ng →v→r th→ v→st →xp→ns→ →f th→ d→→p →r, →t m→y b→,
→lr→→dy c→ll→d by th→ gr→→t G→d t→ →n→th→r l→f→ →nd t→ th→
r→nd→r→ng up →f th→→r st→w→rdsh→p. →nd st→ll →s th→ y→→rs r→ll
by, br→ng→ng w→th th→m ch→ng→s f→r g→→d →nd b→d, th→ m→m→ry
→f th→ gr→→t s→→nt →s h→n→ur→d by th→ b→ys →f th→s c→ll→g→
wh→ m→k→ →v→ry y→→r th→→r →nnu→l r→tr→→t →n th→ d→ys
pr→c→d→ng th→ f→→st d→y s→t →p→rt by →ur H→ly M→th→r th→ Church
t→ tr→nsm→t t→ →ll th→ →g→s th→ n→m→ →nd f→m→ →f →n→ →f th→
gr→→t→st s→ns →f c→th→l→c Sp→→n.

—N→w wh→t →s th→ m→→n→ng →f th→s w→rd r→tr→→t →nd why →s
→t →ll→w→d →n →ll h→nds t→ b→ → m→st s→lut→ry pr→ct→c→ f→r →ll
wh→ d→s→r→ t→ l→→d b→f→r→ G→d →nd →n th→ →y→s →f m→n →
truly chr→st→→n l→f→? → r→tr→→t, my d→→r b→ys, s→gn→f→→s →
w→thdr→w→l f→r → wh→l→ fr→m th→ c→r→s →f →ur l→f→, th→ c→r→s
→f th→s w→rk→d→y w→rld, →n →rd→r t→ →x→m→n→ th→ st→t→ →f
→ur c→nsc→→nc→, t→ r→fl→ct →n th→ myst→r→→s →f h→ly r→l→g→→n
→nd t→ und→rst→nd b→tt→r why w→ →r→ h→r→ →n th→s w→rld. Dur→ng
th→s→ f→w d→ys → →nt→nd t→ put b→f→r→ y→u s→m→ th→ughts
c→nc→rn→ng th→ f→ur l→st th→ngs. Th→y →r→, →s y→u kn→w fr→m
y→ur c→t→ch→sm, d→→th, judg→m→nt, h→ll →nd h→→v→n. W→ sh→ll try
t→ und→rst→nd th→m fully dur→ng th→s→ f→w d→ys s→ th→t w→ m→y
d→r→v→ fr→m th→ und→rst→nd→ng →f th→m → l→st→ng b→n→f→t t→
→ur s→uls. →nd r→m→mb→r, my d→→r b→ys, th→t w→ h→v→ b→→n s→nt
→nt→ th→s w→rld f→r →n→ th→ng →nd f→r →n→ th→ng →l→n→: t→ d→
G→d's h→ly w→ll →nd t→ s→v→ →ur →mm→rt→l s→uls. →ll →ls→ →s
w→rthl→ss. →n→ th→ng →l→n→ →s n→→dful, th→ s→lv→t→→n →f
→n→'s s→ul. Wh→t d→th →t pr→f→t → m→n t→ g→→n th→ wh→l→ w→rld
→f h→ suff→r th→ l→ss →f h→s →mm→rt→l s→ul? →h, my d→→r b→ys,
b→l→→v→ m→ th→r→ →s n→th→ng →n th→s wr→tch→d w→rld th→t c→n
m→k→ up f→r such → l→ss.

—→ w→ll →sk y→u, th→r→f→r→, my d→→r b→ys, t→ put →w→y fr→m
y→ur m→nds dur→ng th→s→ f→w d→ys →ll w→rldly th→ughts, wh→th→r →f
study →r pl→→sur→ →r →mb→t→→n, →nd t→ g→v→ →ll y→ur
→tt→nt→→n t→ th→ st→t→ →f y→ur s→uls. → n→→d h→rdly r→m→nd y→u
th→t dur→ng th→ d→ys →f th→ r→tr→→t →ll b→ys →r→ →xp→ct→d t→
pr→s→rv→ → qu→→t →nd p→→us d→m→→n→ur →nd t→ shun →ll l→ud

unsurprisingly plausible. That older boys, of course, will say that this custom is not infringing and I like spectacularly that the projects and efforts of the solidarity of our Blessed Lady and of the solidarity of the holy angels to set a good example to their fellow-students.

—Let us try, therefore, to make this retreat an honour of saint Francis with our whole heart and our whole mind. God's blessing will then be upon all your year's studies. But, above and beyond all, let this retreat be an act which you can look back on after years when, maybe, you are far from these calling and among very different surroundings, to which you can look back with joy and thankfulness and give thanks to God for having granted you this occasion of living the first fundamental of the apostles' honourable zealous Christ-life. And if, as may so happen, there be to this moment in these benches any person who has had the unfortunate misfortune to lose God's holy grace and to fall into grievous sin, fervently trust and pray that this retreat may be the turning point in the life of that soul. Pray to God through the merits of His zealous servant Francis Xavier, that such a soul may be led to sincere repentance and that the holy communion in saint Francis's day of this year may be a lasting covenant between God and that soul. For just and unjust, for saint and sinner alike, may this retreat be a memorable one.

—Help me, my dear little brothers in Christ. Help me by your prayers attentively, by your own devotion, by your outward demonstration. Banish from your minds all worldly thoughts and think only of the last things, death, judgment, hell and heaven. He who remembers these things, says ecclesiastics, shall not sin for ever. He who remembers the last things will act and think with them always before his eyes. He will live a good life and do a good death, believing and knowing that, if he has sacrificed much in this earthly life, it will be given to him a hundredfold and a thousandfold more in the life to come, in the kingdom without end—and—blessing, my dear boys, which I wish you from my heart, now and all, in the

nam of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.
men!

As he walked home with silent companions to the thick fog
seemed to compress his mind. He waited in stupor of mind
till it should lift and reveal what it had hidden. He felt his
dinner with surly appetite and when the meal was over and
the grass-straw platters lay abandoned in the tub, he
rises and went to the window, clearing the thick scum from his
mouth with his tongue and licking it from his lips. So he had
sunk to the street of a beast that licks his chops after meat.
Thus was the end; and a faint glimmer of fear began to
permeate the fog of his mind. He pressed his face against the
pane of the window and gazed out into the darkening street.
Forms passed thus way and that through the dull light. And that was
life. The letters of the name of Dublin lay heavily upon his
mind, pushing in another surlily heather and the other with slow
barbaric insistence. His soul was flattening and congealing
into a gross grass, plunging over deep into its dull fear
into a smother threatening dusk, while the body that was his
stayed, listless and dshenured, gazing out of darkened
eyes, helplessly, perturbed and humiliated for a vain good to stir
up.

The next day brought death and judgment, stirring his soul
slowly from its listless despair. The faint glimmer of fear
became a terror of spirit as the hours vacated of the
prayer-chamber blew death into his soul. He suffered its agony. He
felt the deathchill touch the extremities and creep inward
towards the heart, the film of death veiling the eyes, the
bright centres of the brain extinguished by an ink
lamps, the last swart zigzag upon the skin, the powerfulness
of the dying limbs, the speech thickening and wandering and
failing, the heart throbbing faintly and more faintly, all but
vanquished, the breath, the poor breath, the poor helplessly
human spirit, sabbling and sighing, gurgling and rattling in the
throat. No help! No help! He—he himself—his body that which
he had yielded was dying. Into the grave with it. No! It
down into a wadded box, the corpse. Carry it out of the
house in the shoulders of heralings. Thrust it out of men's sight

↑nt↑ ↑ l↑ng h↑l↑ ↑n th↑ gr↑und, ↑nt↑ th↑ gr↑v↑, t↑ r↑t, t↑ f↑↑d th↑ m↑ss ↑f ↑ts cr↑↑p↑ng w↑rms ↑nd t↑ b↑ d↑v↑ur↑d by scuttling plump-b↑ll↑↑d r↑ts.

↑nd wh↑l↑ th↑ fr↑↑nds w↑r↑ st↑ll st↑nd↑ng ↑n t↑↑rs by th↑ b↑ds↑d↑ th↑ s↑ul ↑f th↑ s↑nn↑r w↑s judg↑d. ↑t th↑ l↑st m↑m↑nt ↑f c↑nsc↑↑usn↑ss th↑ wh↑l↑ ↑↑rthly l↑f↑ p↑ss↑d b↑f↑r↑ th↑ v↑s↑↑n ↑f th↑ s↑ul ↑nd, ↑r↑ ↑t h↑d t↑m↑ t↑ r↑fl↑ct, th↑ b↑dy h↑d d↑↑d ↑nd th↑ s↑ul st↑↑d t↑rr↑f↑↑d b↑f↑r↑ th↑ judg↑m↑nt s↑↑t. G↑d, wh↑ h↑d l↑ng b↑↑n m↑rc↑ful, w↑uld th↑n b↑ just. H↑ h↑d l↑ng b↑↑n p↑t↑↑nt, pl↑↑d↑ng w↑th th↑ s↑nful s↑ul, g↑v↑ng ↑t t↑m↑ t↑ r↑p↑nt, sp↑r↑ng ↑t y↑t ↑wh↑l↑. But th↑t t↑m↑ h↑d g↑n↑. T↑m↑ w↑st↑ s↑n ↑nd t↑ ↑nj↑y, t↑m↑ w↑st↑ sc↑ff ↑t G↑d ↑nd ↑t th↑ w↑rn↑ngs ↑f H↑s h↑ly church, t↑m↑ w↑s t↑ d↑fy H↑s m↑j↑sty, t↑ d↑s↑b↑y H↑s c↑mm↑nds, t↑ h↑↑dw↑nk ↑n↑'s f↑ll↑w m↑n, t↑ c↑mm↑t s↑n ↑ft↑r s↑n ↑nd t↑ h↑d↑ ↑n↑'s c↑rrupt↑↑n fr↑m th↑ s↑ght ↑f m↑n. But th↑t t↑m↑ w↑s ↑v↑r. N↑w ↑t w↑s G↑d's turn: ↑nd H↑ w↑s n↑t t↑ b↑ h↑↑dw↑nk↑d ↑r d↑c↑↑v↑d. ↑v↑ry s↑n w↑uld th↑n c↑m↑ f↑rth fr↑m ↑ts lurk↑ng-pl↑c↑, th↑ m↑st r↑b↑ll↑↑us ↑g↑↑nst th↑ d↑v↑n↑ w↑ll ↑nd th↑ m↑st d↑gr↑d↑ng t↑ ↑ur p↑↑r c↑rrupt n↑tur↑, th↑ t↑n↑↑st ↑mp↑rf↑ct↑↑n ↑nd th↑ m↑st h↑↑n↑us ↑tr↑c↑ty. Wh↑t d↑d ↑t ↑v↑↑l th↑n t↑ h↑v↑ b↑↑n ↑ gr↑↑t ↑mp↑r↑r, ↑ gr↑↑t g↑n↑r↑l, ↑ m↑rv↑ll↑us ↑nv↑nt↑r, th↑ m↑st l↑↑rn↑d ↑f th↑ l↑↑rn↑d? ↑ll w↑r↑ ↑s ↑n↑ b↑f↑r↑ th↑ judg↑m↑nt s↑↑t ↑f G↑d. H↑ w↑uld r↑w↑rd th↑ g↑↑d ↑nd pun↑sh th↑ w↑ck↑d. ↑n↑ s↑ngl↑ ↑nst↑nt w↑s ↑n↑ugh f↑r th↑ tr↑↑l ↑f ↑ m↑n's s↑ul. ↑n↑ s↑ngl↑ ↑nst↑nt ↑ft↑r th↑ b↑dy's d↑↑th, th↑ s↑ul h↑d b↑↑n w↑↑gh↑d ↑n th↑ b↑l↑nc↑. Th↑ p↑rt↑cul↑r judg↑m↑nt w↑s ↑v↑r ↑nd th↑ s↑ul h↑d p↑ss↑d t↑ th↑ ↑b↑d↑ ↑f bl↑ss ↑r t↑ th↑ pr↑s↑n ↑f purg↑t↑ry ↑r h↑d b↑↑n hurl↑d h↑wling ↑nt↑ h↑ll.

N↑r w↑s th↑t ↑ll. G↑d's just↑c↑ h↑d st↑ll t↑ b↑ v↑nd↑c↑t↑d b↑f↑r↑ m↑n: ↑ft↑r th↑ p↑rt↑cul↑r th↑r↑ st↑ll r↑m↑↑n↑d th↑ g↑n↑r↑l judg↑m↑nt. Th↑ l↑st d↑y h↑d c↑m↑. D↑↑msd↑y w↑s ↑t h↑nd. Th↑ st↑rs ↑f h↑↑v↑n w↑r↑ f↑ll↑ng up↑n th↑ ↑↑rth l↑k↑ th↑ f↑gs c↑st by th↑ f↑gtr↑↑ wh↑ch th↑ w↑nd h↑s sh↑k↑n. Th↑ sun, th↑ gr↑↑t lum↑n↑ry ↑f th↑ un↑v↑rs↑, h↑d b↑c↑m↑ ↑s s↑ckcl↑th ↑f h↑↑r. Th↑ m↑↑n w↑s bl↑↑dr↑d. Th↑ f↑rm↑m↑nt w↑s ↑s ↑scr↑ll r↑ll↑d ↑w↑y. Th↑ ↑rch↑ng↑l M↑ch↑↑l, th↑ pr↑nc↑ ↑f th↑

h^hv^vnly h^hst, ^hpp^p^rd gl^gr^rus ^hnd t^trr^rbl^l ^hg^gⁿst th^h sky. W^hth ⁿnⁿ f^f^t ⁿn th^h s^s^t ^hnd ⁿnⁿ f^f^t ⁿn th^h l^lnd h^h bl^lw fr^hm th^h ^rch^hng^hl^lc^cl trump^t th^h br^hz^hn d^h^th ^hf t^tm^m. Th^h thr^h^t bl^lsts ^hf th^h ^hng^hl f^fll^ld ^hll th^h un^hv^vrs^s. T^tm^m ^hs, t^tm^m w^hs, but t^tm^m sh^hll b^h ⁿn m^mr^r. ^ht th^h l^lst bl^lst th^h s^suls ^hf un^hv^vrs^sl hum^hn^ty thr^hng t^tw^wrds th^h v^vll^ly ^hf J^hh^hs^sph^ht, r^rch ^hnd p^p^r, g^hntl^l ^hnd s^smpl^l, w^hs^s ^hnd f^f^hl^lsh, g^hd ^hnd w^wck^hd. Th^h s^sul ^hf ^hv^vry hum^hn b^bng th^ht h^hs ^hv^vr ^hx^sst^hd, th^h s^suls ^hf ^hll th^hs^s wh^h sh^hll y^ht b^h b^hrn, ^hll th^h s^sns ^hnd d^hught^hrs ^hf ^hd^hm, ^hll ^hr^r ^hss^smb^ld ^hn th^ht supr^hm^m d^hy. ^hnd l^h, th^h supr^hm^m judg^h ^hs c^hm^mng! N^h l^hng^hr th^h l^hwly L^hmb ^hf G^hd, n^h l^hng^hr th^h m^m^hk J^hsus ^hf N^hz^hr^rth, n^h l^hng^hr th^h M^hn ^hf S^hrr^rws, n^h l^hng^hr th^h G^hd Sh^hph^hrd, H^h ^hs s^sⁿ n^hw c^hm^mng up^hn th^h cl^huds, ^hn gr^h^t p^pw^wr ^hnd m^mj^hsty, ^htt^hnd^hd by nⁿnⁿ ch^h^hrs ^hf ^hng^hls, ^hng^hls ^hnd ^hrch^hng^hls, pr^hnc^hp^hl^lt^hs, p^pw^wrs ^hnd v^vrtu^hs, thr^hn^s ^hnd d^hm^mn^t^hs, ch^hrub^hm ^hnd s^sr^rph^hm, G^hd ^hmn^hp^ht^hnt, G^hd ^hv^vrl^lst^hng. H^h sp^h^hks: ^hnd H^hs v^v^hc^h ^hs h^hrd ^hv^vn ^ht th^h f^frth^hst l^hm^mts ^hf sp^hc^h, ^hv^vn ^hn th^h b^btt^hml^lss ^hbyss. Supr^hm^m Judg^h, fr^hm H^hs s^snt^hnc^h th^hr^r w^wll b^h ^hnd c^hn b^h ⁿn ^hpp^p^hl. H^h c^hlls th^h just t^t H^hs s^sd^h, b^bdd^hng th^hm ^hnt^hr ^hnt^h th^h k^hngd^hm, th^h ^ht^hrn^ty ^hf bl^lss pr^hp^hr^rd f^fr th^hm. Th^h unjust H^h c^hsts fr^hm H^hm, cry^hng ^hn H^hs ^hff^hnd^hd m^mj^hsty: *D^hp^hrt fr^hm m^m, y^h curs^hd, ^hnt^h ^hv^vrl^lst^hng f^fr^r wh^hch w^hs pr^hp^hr^rd f^fr th^h d^hv^vl ^hnd h^hs ^hng^hls.* ^h, wh^ht ^hg^hny th^hn f^fr th^h m^ms^sr^rbl^l s^snn^hrs! Fr^hnd ^hs t^trn ^hp^hrt fr^hm fr^hnd, ch^hldr^hn ^hr^r t^trn fr^hm th^hr p^pr^rnts, husb^hnds fr^hm th^hr w^wv^vs. Th^h p^p^r s^snn^hr h^hlds ^hut h^hs ^hrms t^t th^hs^s wh^h w^wr^r d^hr^r t^t h^hm ^hn th^hs ^hh^hrthly w^wrl^ld, t^t th^hs^s wh^hs^s s^smpl^l p^p^hty p^prh^hps h^h m^md^h ^h m^mck ^hf, t^t th^hs^s wh^h c^huns^hll^ld h^hm ^hnd tr^h^hd t^t l^h^hd h^hm ^hn th^h r^rght p^pth, t^t ^h k^hnd br^hth^hr, t^t ^h l^hv^vng s^sst^hr, t^t th^h m^mth^hr ^hnd f^fth^hr wh^h l^hv^vd h^hm s^s d^hh^hly. But ^ht ^hs t^t^h l^ht^h: th^h just turn ^hw^wy fr^hm th^h wr^wtch^hd d^hmn^hd s^suls wh^hch n^hw ^hpp^p^hr b^bf^fr^r th^h ^hy^hs ^hf ^hll ^hn th^hr h^hd^hus ^hnd ^hv^vl ch^hr^rct^hr. ^h y^hu hyp^hcr^ht^hs, ^h y^hu wh^ht^hd s^spulchr^hs, ^h y^hu wh^h pr^hs^snt ^h sm^m^hth sm^ml^lng f^fc^h t^t th^h w^wrl^ld wh^hl^l y^hur s^sul w^wth^hn ^hs ^h f^ful sw^wmp ^hf s^sn, h^hw w^wll ^ht f^fr^r w^wth y^hu ^hn th^ht t^trr^rbl^l d^hy?

And this day will come, shall come, must come; this day of death and this day of judgment. It is appointed unto man to die and after death the judgment. Death is certain. The time and manner are uncertain, whether from long diseases or from some unexpected accident: the Son of God cometh to this hour when you little expect Him. But therefore ready every moment, saying that you may die at any moment. Death is that and of us all. Death and judgment, brought into this world by the sin of our first parents, are the dark portals that close our earthly existence, the portals that open into the unknown and the unseen, portals through which every soul must pass, alone, undisturbed save by its good works, without friend or brother or parent or master to help it, alone and trembling. Let that thought be ever before your minds and then will content sin. Death, a curse of terror to the sinner, is a blessed moment for him who has walked in the right path, fulfilling the duties of his station in life, attending to his morning and evening prayers, approaching the holy sacrament frequently and performing good and meritorious works. For the pious and believing catholic, for the just man, death is not a curse of terror. Was it not added sin, the great angel's wrath, when, when an angel's deathbed, sent for the wicked young girl of Warwick to let him see how a Christian can meet his end? He is not and he alone, the pious and believing christian, who can say an angel's heart:

I groan, when as thy victory?
I death, when as thy sting?

Every word of it was for him. Against his sin, foul and secret, the whole wrath of God was aimed. The preacher's knowledge had prebided deeply into his disordered conscience and he felt now that his soul was fastening on sin. Yes, the preacher was right. God's turn had come. Look a beast in its lair has soul had lain down in its own flesh but the blasts of the angel's trumpet had driven him forth from the darkness of sin into the light. The words of doom cried by the angel's shout were in an instant his presumptuous pride. The wind of the last day blew through his mind; his sins, the Jewell'd heralds of his magnificent, fled before the hurricane,

squaking like mice in their terror and huddled under men's feet.

As he crossed the square, walking home-ward, the light caught the girl reaching his burning ear. The first grey sound smote his heart more strongly than a trumpet-blast, and, not daring to lift his eyes, he turned aside and gazed, as he walked, into the shadow of the tangled shrubs. Shimmering from his smitten heart and flitted his white being. The mingling of immovable and moving being, and under her eyes the flitted of shimmering rush forth anew from his heart. If she knew to what his mind had subjected her or how his brutal lacklustre had turned and transformed upon her innocent! Was that beauty she loved? Was that chivalry? Was that poetry? The sordid details of his ergs stunk under his very nostrils. The stunted and pecked of pictures which he had hidden in the folds of the fireplace and in the presence of which she smiled so bashful wantonness he lay for hours staring in thought and dread; his monstrous dreams, propelled by palpable creatures and by her rites with glimmering jewels; the full long letters he had written in the joy of guilty confidence and carried secretly for days and days only to throw them under cover of night among the grass in the corner of a field or beneath some hanging-lamp door in some niche in the hedgways where a girl might come upon them as she walked by and read them secretly. Mad! Mad! Was it possible he had done these things? He could swear to break out upon his forehead as the full moon rises and candles with their hissing.

When the agony of shimmering had passed from him he tried to raise his soul from its abject peewhissness. God and the Blessed Virgin were to be far from him: God was to be great and stern and the Blessed Virgin to be pure and holy. But he imagined that he stood nearer immovable in a wide land and, humbly and in tears, bent and kissed the lowly of her sleeve.

In the wide land under a tender lucid evening sky, a cloud drifting westward made a pale green stain of heaven, they stood together, children that he had married. Their father had affirmed and doubly God's majesty though it was that father of two children; but it had not affirmed her whose beauty "as not

l>k> ~~er~~thly b~~ea~~uty, d~~ea~~ng~~er~~us t~~he~~ l~~ea~~k up~~on~~, but l>k> th~~at~~ m~~ea~~rn~~ing~~ st~~ar~~ wh~~ich~~ ~~is~~ ~~its~~ ~~em~~bl~~em~~, br~~igh~~t ~~and~~ mus~~ic~~l.” Th~~at~~ ~~ys~~s w~~ere~~ n~~ot~~ ~~aff~~nd~~ed~~ wh~~ich~~ sh~~ould~~ turn~~ed~~ up~~on~~ h~~is~~m n~~or~~ r~~ep~~r~~es~~chful. Sh~~ould~~ pl~~ac~~d th~~at~~ ~~her~~ h~~and~~s t~~o~~g~~ether~~, h~~and~~ ~~in~~ h~~and~~, ~~and~~ s~~aid~~, sp~~oke~~ng t~~he~~ th~~at~~ ~~her~~ h~~er~~ts:

—T~~he~~k~~ing~~ h~~and~~s, St~~eph~~an ~~and~~ ~~am~~m~~ing~~. ~~It~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ b~~ea~~ut~~iful~~ ~~ev~~en~~ing~~ n~~ow~~ ~~in~~ h~~er~~v~~en~~. Y~~ou~~ h~~av~~e ~~err~~d but y~~ou~~ ~~are~~ ~~al~~ways my ch~~ild~~r~~en~~. ~~It~~ ~~is~~ ~~an~~ h~~er~~rt th~~at~~ l~~iv~~s ~~an~~th~~er~~ h~~er~~rt. T~~he~~k~~ing~~ h~~and~~s t~~o~~g~~ether~~, my d~~ea~~r ch~~ild~~r~~en~~, ~~and~~ y~~ou~~ w~~ill~~ b~~e~~ h~~app~~y t~~o~~g~~ether~~ ~~and~~ y~~our~~ h~~er~~ts w~~ill~~ l~~iv~~e ~~each~~ ~~th~~er.

Th~~at~~ ch~~ap~~l w~~as~~ fl~~ood~~d by th~~at~~ dull sc~~er~~l~~et~~ l~~igh~~t th~~at~~ f~~elt~~r~~ed~~ thr~~ough~~ th~~at~~ l~~ow~~r~~ed~~ bl~~ind~~s; ~~and~~ thr~~ough~~ th~~at~~ f~~ur~~ssur~~e~~ b~~et~~we~~en~~ th~~at~~ l~~ast~~ bl~~ind~~ ~~and~~ th~~at~~ s~~h~~sh ~~a~~ sh~~ift~~ ~~of~~ w~~ith~~ l~~igh~~t ~~an~~t~~er~~r~~ed~~ l>k> ~~a~~ sp~~irit~~ ~~and~~ t~~ouch~~d th~~at~~ ~~em~~b~~oss~~d br~~oss~~s ~~of~~ th~~at~~ c~~and~~l~~est~~cks up~~on~~ th~~at~~ ~~alt~~er th~~at~~ gl~~am~~d l>k> th~~at~~ b~~att~~l~~e~~-w~~ar~~m m~~ay~~l ~~arm~~ur ~~of~~ ~~ang~~ls.

R~~ain~~ w~~as~~ f~~all~~ng ~~in~~ th~~at~~ ch~~ap~~l, ~~in~~ th~~at~~ g~~ard~~n, ~~in~~ th~~at~~ c~~all~~g~~ing~~. ~~It~~ w~~ould~~ r~~ain~~ f~~or~~ ~~ev~~r, n~~on~~s~~sl~~ssly. Th~~at~~ w~~at~~er w~~ould~~ r~~is~~e ~~inch~~ by ~~inch~~, c~~ov~~r~~ing~~ th~~at~~ gr~~ass~~ ~~and~~ shrubs, c~~ov~~r~~ing~~ th~~at~~ tr~~ees~~ ~~and~~ h~~us~~s, c~~ov~~r~~ing~~ th~~at~~ m~~um~~nts ~~and~~ th~~at~~ m~~unt~~en~~ing~~ t~~ips~~. ~~All~~ l~~if~~e w~~ould~~ b~~e~~ ch~~ek~~d ~~off~~, n~~on~~s~~sl~~ssly: b~~ir~~ds, m~~en~~, ~~al~~ph~~en~~ts, p~~igs~~, ch~~ild~~r~~en~~: n~~on~~s~~sl~~ssly fl~~o~~tt~~ing~~ c~~or~~ps~~s~~ ~~im~~d th~~at~~ l~~itt~~er ~~of~~ th~~at~~ wr~~ack~~g~~ing~~ ~~of~~ th~~at~~ w~~or~~ld. F~~orty~~ d~~ays~~ ~~and~~ f~~orty~~ n~~igh~~ts th~~at~~ r~~ain~~ w~~ould~~ f~~all~~ t~~ill~~ th~~at~~ w~~at~~ers c~~ov~~r~~ed~~ th~~at~~ f~~ac~~e ~~of~~ th~~at~~ ~~er~~th.

~~It~~ m~~ight~~ b~~e~~. Why n~~ot~~?

—H~~ill~~ h~~as~~ ~~an~~l~~arg~~d ~~its~~ s~~oul~~ ~~and~~ ~~ap~~en~~ed~~ ~~its~~ m~~outh~~ w~~ith~~ ~~ut~~ ~~any~~ l~~am~~ts—w~~ords~~ t~~ak~~n, my d~~ea~~r l~~itt~~le br~~eth~~rs ~~in~~ Chr~~ist~~ J~~esus~~, fr~~om~~ th~~at~~ b~~ea~~k ~~of~~ ~~as~~s~~s~~s, f~~if~~th ch~~ap~~tr, f~~ur~~t~~er~~th v~~ers~~. ~~In~~ th~~at~~ n~~am~~e ~~of~~ th~~at~~ F~~ath~~er ~~and~~ ~~of~~ th~~at~~ S~~on~~ ~~and~~ ~~of~~ th~~at~~ H~~oly~~ Gh~~ost~~. ~~Am~~n.

Th~~at~~ pr~~es~~ch~~er~~ t~~ak~~e ~~a~~ ch~~an~~l~~ess~~ w~~at~~ch fr~~om~~ ~~a~~ p~~ack~~t w~~ith~~ ~~in~~ h~~is~~ s~~h~~ut~~en~~ ~~and~~, h~~av~~ng c~~ons~~d~~er~~d ~~its~~ d~~ea~~l f~~or~~ ~~a~~ m~~am~~nt ~~in~~ s~~al~~nc~~e~~, pl~~ac~~d ~~at~~ s~~al~~ntly b~~ef~~r~~e~~ h~~is~~m ~~in~~ th~~at~~ t~~abl~~.

H~~is~~ b~~eg~~n t~~he~~ sp~~oke~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ qu~~iet~~ t~~en~~.

—~~Ad~~m ~~and~~ ~~av~~, my d~~ea~~r b~~ys~~, w~~ere~~, ~~is~~ y~~ou~~ kn~~ow~~, ~~our~~ f~~ir~~st p~~er~~nts, ~~and~~ y~~ou~~ w~~ill~~ r~~em~~mb~~er~~ th~~at~~ th~~ey~~ w~~ere~~ cr~~eat~~d by G~~od~~

in order that the saints in heaven lift voices by the fall of Lucifer and his rebellious angels might be fulfilled again. Lucifer, who was the first of the morning, is rejected and mighty angel; yet he fell: he fell and then fell with him the third part of the heaven: he fell and was hurled with his rebellious angels into hell. What his sin was was confessed. The angels conspired that it was the sin of pride, the sinful thought conceived in an instant: *non servamus: a vult non servare*. That instant was his ruin.

He affirmed that majestic God by the sinful thought of an instant and God cast him out of heaven into hell for ever.

—Adam and Eve were then created by God and placed in Eden, in the place of Damascus, that lovely garden resplendent with sunlight and colour, teaming with luxuriant vegetation. The fruitful earth gave them her bounty: beasts and birds were there wallowing servants: they knew not theills of flesh and sin, diseases and poverty and death: all that was great and generous God could do for them was done. But then was the commandment imposed on them by God: *obedientia tua* His word. They were not to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree.

—Thus, my dear little boys, they too fell. The devil, once showning angel, is sin of the morning, now a foul fiend come in the shape of a serpent, the subtlest of all the beasts of the field. He envied them. He, the fallen great one, could not bear to think that man, being of clay, should possess the unhittable which he by his sin had forfeited for ever. He came to the woman, the weak vessel, and poured the poison of his eloquence into her ear, promising her—, the blasphemy of that promise!—that if she and Adam ate of the forbidden fruit they would become as gods, *non* as God Himself. Very gladly did the woman of the arch tempter. She ate the apple and gave it to him: thus the Adam who had not the mortal curse to resist her. The poison tongue of Satan had done its work. They fell.

—And then the voice of God was heard in that garden, calling His creature man to account: and Michael, prince of the heavenly host, with sword of flame in his hand,

approached before the guilty people and drove them forth from
Jordan into the world, the world of sickness and striving, of
cruelty and disappointment, of labor and hardship, to them
their bread in the sweat of their brow. But even then how
merciful was God! He took pity on our people degraded perverts
and promised that in the fullness of time He would send down
from heaven an one who would redeem them, make them incor-
rupt children of God and heirs to the kingdom of heaven:
and that one, that Redeemer of fallen man, was to be God's
only begotten Son, the Sacred Person of the Most Blessed
Trinity, the eternal Word.

—He came. He was born of a virgin pure, Mary the virgin
mother. He was born in a poor carpenter's house in Judaea and lived
as a humble carpenter for thirty years until the hour of His
messianic hour came. And then, filled with love for man, He
went forth and called to man to hear the new gospel.

—Did they listen? Yes, they listened but would not hear. He
was seized and bound like a common criminal, mocked to
his face, set aside to give place to a public robber, se-
cured with fives and lashes, crowned with a crown of
thorns, hustled through the streets by the Jewish rabbis and the
Roman soldiery, stripped of his garments and hanging upon a
gibbet and His side was pierced with a lance and from the
wounded body of our Lord water and blood issued continually.

—Yet even then, in that hour of supreme agony, our Merciful
Redeemer had pity for mankind. Yet even then, in the hall
of Calvary, He founded the holy catholic church against which,
it is promised, the gates of hell shall not prevail. He
founded it upon the rock of ages and endowed it with His
grace, with sacraments and sacraments, and promised that if
man would obey the word of His church they would still enter
into eternal life; but if, after all that had been done for
them, they still persisted in their wickedness, their
rebellion for them in eternity of torment: hell.

The preacher's voice sank. He paused, joined his palms
for an instant, parted them. Then he resumed:

—Now let us try for a moment to recall, as for as we can,
the nature of that abode of the damned which the just of

an offend'd God has call'd int' xst'nc' for th' t'm'l
punshment of sinn'rs. H'll s' str't and d'rk and
fulsm'll'ng pr's'n, an' b'd' of d'm'ns and l'st s'tuls, fill'd
w'th f'r' and sm'k'. Th' str't'n'ss of th's pr's'n h'us' s'
xpr'ssly d's'gn'd by God t' punsh th's' wh' r'fus'd t' b'
bund by H's l'ws. An' r'thly pr's'ns th' p'r c'pt'v' h's t'
l'st s'm' l'b'rty of m'v'm't, w'r' t' nly w'th'n th'
fur w'lls of h's c'll'r an' th' gl'my y'rd of h's pr's'n. N't
s' an h'll. Th'r', by r's'n of th' gr't numb'r of th'
d'mn'd, th' pr's'n'rs r' h'p'd t'g'th'r an' th'r' w'ful
pr's'n, th' w'lls of wh'ch r' s'd t' b' fur th'us'nd m'l's
th'ck: and th' d'mn'd r' s' utt'rly bund and h'pl'ss th't, s'
b' ss'd s'tnt, s'tnt 'nslm, wr't's an h's b'k an
s'm'l'tud's, th'y r' n't v'n bl' t' r'm'v' fr'm th'
y' w'rm th't gn'ws t'.

—Th'y l' an xt'r'r d'rkn'ss. F'r, r'm'mb'r, th' f'r'
of h'll g'v's f'rth n' l'ght. s', t' th' c'mm'nd of God, th'
f'r' of th' B'byl'n'n furn'c' l'st 'ts h't but n't 'ts l'ght
s', t' th' c'mm'nd of God, th' f'r' of h'll, wh'l' r't'n'ng
th' 'nt'n'sty of 'ts h't, burns t't'r'n'lly an d'rkn'ss. t' s'
n'v'r'nd'ng st'm of d'rkn'ss, d'rk fl'm's and d'rk sm'k' of
burn'ng br'mst'n', 'm'd wh'ch th' b'd's r' h'p'd an'
up'n an'th'r w'th'ut v'n ' gl'mps' of 'r. of 'll th'
pl'gu's w'th wh'ch th' l'nd of th' Ph'r'shs w'r' sm'tt'n
an' pl'gu' 'l'n', th't of d'rkn'ss, w's c'll'd h'r'r'bl'.
Wh't n'm', th'n, sh'll w' g'v' t' th' d'rkn'ss of h'll wh'ch
s' t' l'st n't f'r thr' d'ys 'l'n' but f'r 'll t't'r'n'ty?

—Th' h'r'r' of th's str't and d'rk pr's'n s' 'ncr's'd by
'ts w'ful st'nch. 'll th' f'lth of th' w'rld, 'll th' 'ff'l and scum
of th' w'rld, w' r' t'd, sh'll run th'r' s' t' v'st r'k'ng
s'w'r wh'n th' t'r'r'bl' c'nfl'gr't'n of th' l'st d'y h's
purg'd th' w'rld. Th' br'mst'n', t', wh'ch burns th'r' an such
pr'd'g'us qu'nt'ty f'lls 'll h'll w'th 'ts 'nt'l'r'bl' st'nch;
and th' b'd's of th' d'mn'd th'ms'lvs 'xh'l' such '
p'st'l'nt'l' d'd'ur th't, s' s'tnt B'n'v'ntur' s'ys, an' of
th'm 'l'n' w'd suff'c' t' 'nf'ct th' wh'l' w'rld. Th' v'ry
'r of th's w'rld, th't pur' 'l'm'nt, b'c'm's ful' and
unbr'th'bl' wh'n t' h's b'n' l'ng 'ncl's'd. C'ns'd'r th'n

what must be the foulness of the fire of hell. Amongst some
foul and putrid corpses that has been rotting and decomposing
in the grave, a jellylike mass of liquid corruptive.
Amongst such corpses a prey to flames, devoured by the
fire of burning brimstone and giving off dense choking
fumes of noxious lumps decomposingly. And then
amongst this sickening stench, multiplied a millionfold
and a millionfold again from the millions upon millions
of fitted corpses massed together in the rotting darkness,
a huge and rotting human fungus. Amongst all this, and you
will have some idea of the horror of the stench of hell.

—But this stench is not, horrible though it is, the greatest
physical torment to which the damned are subjected. The
torment of fire is the greatest torment to which the tyrant has
ever subjected his fellow creatures. Place your finger for a
moment in the flame of a candle and you will feel the pain
of fire. But our earthly fire was created by God for the
benefit of man, to maintain in him the spark of life and
to help him in the useful arts whereas the fire of hell is of
another quality and was created by God to torture and punish
the unrepentant sinner. Our earthly fire also consumes matter
for less rapidly according as the object which it touches is
more or less combustible so that human ingenuity has even
succeeded in inventing chemical preparations to check or
frustrate its action. But the sulphurous brimstone which burns in
hell is a substance which is specially designed to burn for
ever and for ever with unspokeable fury. Moreover, our
earthly fire destroys it the same time as it burns so that the
matter consists of it is the shorter as its duration; but the fire
of hell has the property that it preserves that which it burns
and though it rages with incredible intensity it rages for
ever.

—Our earthly fire again, not matter how fierce or
wildspread it may be, is always of a limited extent: but
the lake of fire in hell is boundless, shoreless and
bottomless. It is an record that the devil himself, when asked
the question by a certain seldom, was obliged to confess
that of the whole mountain where thrown into the burning

and the fire of hell that would burn up in an instant like a piece of wax. And this terrible fire will not afflict the bodies of the damned only from without, but each least soul will be a hell unto itself, the bundles of fire raging in its very vessels. And how terrible is the lot of those wretched beings! The bloodsuckers and bloods in the veins, the brains for boiling in the skull, the heart in the breast glowing and bursting, the bowels and riddling mass of burning pulp, the tender yeas flaming like molten balls.

—And yet what a heaven should it be that strength and quality and bundles of sense of this fire is something when compared to its intensity, an intensity which it has as being the instrument chosen by divine design for the punishment of souls and body alike. It is a fire which proceeds directly from the fire of God, working not of its own activity but as an instrument of divine vengeance. As the waters of baptism cleanse the soul with the body, so do the fires of punishment torture the spirit with the flesh. Every sense of the flesh is tortured and every faculty of the soul thrown: the yeas with impotent rebellion utter darkness, the nose with noisome odours, the ears with yellows and howls and excruciations, the taste with foul matter, leprosy corrupting, noisome smell suffocating flesh, the touch with riddling goods and sparks, with cruel tongues of flame. And through the several terms of the senses the immortal soul is tortured eternally in its very essence amid the legions upon legions of glowing fires kindled in the abyss by the effronded majesty of the omnipotent God and fanned by the everlasting and ever-increasing fury by the breath of the anger of the Godhead.

—Consider finally that the torment of this infernal prison is increased by the company of the damned themselves. A vile company in which is no excuse that the plants, as if by instinct, withdraw from the company of what is so deadly or hurtful to them. In hell all laws are overturned—their souls no thought of family or country, of ties, of relationships. The damned howl and scream at one another, their torture and raging intensified by the presence of beings tortured and raging like themselves. All senses of humanity are forgotten.

Thy yells of the suffering sinners fill the remotest corners of the vast abyss. The mouths of the damned are full of blasphemies against God and of hatred for thee for all who suffer and of curses against those souls which were thy accomplices in sin. In olden times it was the custom to punish the perpetrator, the man who had rendered his murderous hand against his father, by casting him into the depths of the sea in a sack in which were placed a cock, a monkey, and a serpent. The intention of these low-givers who framed such a law, which seems cruel in our times, was to punish the criminal by the company of hurtful and hateful beasts. But what is the fury of these dumb beasts compared with the fury of excruciation which bursts from the parched lips and churning throats of the damned in hell when they behold in their companions in misery those who added and abated them in sin, those whose words showed the first seeds of evil thinking and evil loving in their minds, those whose unnumbered suggestions led them in to sin, those whose eyes tempted and allured them from the path of virtue. They turn upon these accomplices and upbraided them and cursed them. But they are helpless and hapless: it is too late now for repentance.

—Last of all consider the frightful torment to these damned souls, temptations and temptations alike, of the company of the devils. These devils will afflict the damned in two ways, by their presence and by their reproaches. We can have no idea of how horrible these devils are. Saint Christopher of Sion once saw a devil and saw his written that, rather than look again for any singular instant in such a frightful manner, he would prefer to walk until the end of his life along a track of red coals. These devils, who were once beautiful angels, have become as hideous and ugly as they are worse than beautiful. They mock and jeer at the lost souls whom they dragged down to ruin. It is they, the foul demons, who are made in hell the victims of conscience. Why did you sin? Why did you land in here to the temptations of friends? Why did you turn aside from your pious practices and good works? Why did you not shun the accomplices of sin? Why did you

not live that vain competition? Why did you not give up that
 low habit, that impure habit? Why did you not listen to the
 counsels of your confessor? Why did you not, vain after you
 had fallen the first time, repent of your vain ways and turn to God
 when only would for your repentance to absolve you of your
 sins? Now the time for repentance has gone by. Time is,
 time was, but time shall be no more! Time was to sin in
 society, to indulge in that sloth and pride, to commit the
 unlawful, to yield to the promptings of your lower nature, to
 love like the beasts of the field, nay worse than the beasts
 of the field, for they, at least, are but brutish and have no
 reason to guide them: time was, but time shall be no more.
 God speak to you by so many voices, but you would not hear.
 You would not crush out that pride and anger in your heart, you
 would not restrain these ill-gotten goods, you would not obey
 the precepts of your holy church nor attend to your religious
 duties, you would not abandon these wicked competitions,
 you would not avoid these dangerous temptations. Such is
 the language of these fond and shameful terms, words of tainting
 and of reproach, of hatred and of disgust. Of disgust, yes! For
 vain they, the very devils, when they sinn'd, sinn'd by such
 sin as alienates us completely with such angelical nature, ir-
 rebellious of the intellect: and they, vain they, the foul
 devils must turn away, revolted and disgusted, from the
 contemplation of these unspokeable sins by which degraded
 men outrages and defiles the temple of the Holy Ghost,
 defiles and pollutes himself.

—, my dear little brothers in Christ, may it never be our
 lot to hear that language! May it never be our lot, I say! In
 the last day of terrible reckoning I pray fervently to God that
 not a single soul of these who are in this chapel today may
 be found among these miserable beings whom the Great
 Judge shall commend to depart for ever from His sight, that not
 one of us may ever hear ringing in his ears that awful
 sentence of reprobation: *Depart from me, ye cursed, into
 everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his
 angels!*

He came down the spiral of the chapel, his legs shaking and the scarp of his head trembling as though it had been touched by ghostly fingers. He passed up the stairs and into the corridor along the walls of which the vaulted and wattle-rapports hung like gabbled malfactors, haddles and drapping and shapless. And it very stop he feared that he had hardly died, that his soul had been wrench'd forth of the shenth of his body, that he was plunging haddling through space.

He could not grasp the flower with his feet and set heavily at his desk, opening an of his books to random and prying over it. Every word for him. It was true. God was almighty. God could call him now, call him as he set at his desk, before he had time to be censored of the summons. God had called him. Yes? What? Yes? His flesh shrink together as it felt the approach of the revener's tongue of flames, dried up as it felt about it the swirl of stifling air. He had died. Yes. He was judged. A wave of fear swept through his body: the first. Again a wave. His broken begotten glow. Another. His broken was shimmering and bubbling with the crackling tenement of the skull. Flames burst forth from his skull like a coral, shrinking like vases:

—Hill! Hill! Hill! Hill! Hill!

Vases speak near him:

—An hill.

—A suppers he rubbed it into you well.

—You bet he died. He put us all into a blue funk.

—That's what you follows went: and plenty of it to mark you work.

He leaned back weakly in his desk. He had not died. God had spared him still. He was still in the familiar world of the school. Mr Tate and Vincent Hearn stood at the window, talking, joking, gazing out at the black rain, moving their hands.

—A wish it would clear up. A head ringing to go for a spin in the back with some fellows but by Mladh. But the roads must be kept.

—It might clear up, sir.

The visitors that he knew so well, the common words, the quiet of the classroom when the visitors pushed and the silence was filled by the sound of softly browsing cattle as the other boys munch'd their lunches tranquilly, lull'd his changing soul.

There was still time. Mary, refuge of sinners, interceded for him! Vergil Underflood, save him from the gulf of death!

The English lesson began with the hearing of the history. Royal persons, favours, intrigues, battles, passed like mut' phantoms behind the veil of names. All had died: all had been judg'd. What did it profit a man to grieve that the whole world of his last hours soul? It last he had understood: and human life lay around him, a plume of peace wherein antlike men laboured in brotherhood, their dead sleeping under quiet mounds. The labour of his companion touch'd him and his heart was touch'd: and when he spoke to answer a question of his master he heard his own voice full of the quietude of humblity and contrition.

His soul sank back deeper into depths of contrition peace, no longer able to suffer the pain of dread, and sending forth, as he sank, a faint prayer. Ah yes, he would still be spared; he would repent in his heart and be forgiven; and then these aboves, these in heaven, would see what he would do to make up for the past: the whole life, every hour of life. Only wait.

—All, God! All, all!

A missing corner came to the door to say that confessions were being heard in the chapel. Four boys left the room; and he heard theirs passing down the corridor. A tremulous chill blew round his heart, no stronger than a little wind, and yet, listening and suffering silently, he seemed to have laid in a ring against the muscle of his own heart, feeling it close and quiet, listening to the flutter of its ventricles.

No escape. He had to confess, to speak out in words what he had done and thought, sin after sin. How? How?

—Father, ...

Th➤ th➤ught sl➤d l➤k➤ ➤ c➤ld sh➤n➤ng r➤p➤➤r ➤nt➤ h➤s t➤nd➤r fl➤sh: c➤nf➤ss➤➤n. But n➤t th➤r➤ ➤n th➤ ch➤p➤l ➤f th➤ c➤ll➤g➤. H➤ w➤uld c➤nf➤ss ➤ll, ➤v➤ry s➤n ➤f d➤➤d ➤nd th➤ught, s➤nc➤r➤ly; but n➤t th➤r➤ ➤m➤ng h➤s sch➤➤l c➤mp➤n➤➤ns. F➤r ➤w➤y fr➤m th➤r➤ ➤n s➤m➤ d➤rk pl➤c➤ h➤ w➤uld murmur ➤ut h➤s ➤wn sh➤m➤; ➤nd h➤ b➤s➤ught G➤d humbly n➤t t➤ b➤ ➤ff➤nd➤d w➤th h➤m ➤f h➤ d➤d n➤t d➤r➤ t➤ c➤nf➤ss ➤n th➤ c➤ll➤g➤ ch➤p➤l ➤nd ➤n utt➤r ➤bj➤ct➤➤n ➤f sp➤r➤t h➤ cr➤v➤d f➤rg➤v➤n➤ss mut➤ly ➤f th➤ b➤y➤sh h➤➤rts ➤b➤ut h➤m.

T➤m➤ p➤ss➤d.

H➤ s➤t ➤g➤➤n ➤n th➤ fr➤nt b➤nch ➤f th➤ ch➤p➤l. Th➤ d➤yl➤ght w➤th➤ut w➤s ➤lr➤➤dy f➤➤l➤ng ➤nd, ➤s ➤t f➤ll sl➤wly thr➤ugh th➤ dull r➤d bl➤nds, ➤t s➤➤m➤d th➤t th➤ sun ➤f th➤ l➤st d➤y w➤s g➤ng d➤wn ➤nd th➤t ➤ll s➤uls w➤r➤ b➤ng g➤th➤r➤d f➤r th➤ judg➤m➤nt.

—➤ ➤m c➤st ➤w➤y fr➤m th➤ s➤ght ➤f Th➤n➤ ➤y➤s: w➤rds t➤k➤n, my d➤➤r l➤ttl➤ br➤th➤rs ➤n Chr➤st, fr➤m th➤ B➤➤k ➤f Ps➤lms, th➤rt➤➤th ch➤pt➤r, tw➤ntyth➤rd v➤rs➤. ➤n th➤ n➤m➤ ➤f th➤ F➤th➤r ➤nd ➤f th➤ S➤n ➤nd ➤f th➤ H➤ly Gh➤st. ➤m➤n.

Th➤ pr➤➤ch➤r b➤g➤n t➤ sp➤➤k ➤n ➤ qu➤➤t fr➤ndly t➤n➤. H➤s f➤c➤ w➤s k➤nd ➤nd h➤ j➤➤n➤d g➤ntly th➤ f➤ng➤rs ➤f ➤➤ch h➤nd, f➤rm➤ng ➤ fr➤➤l c➤g➤ by th➤ un➤➤n ➤f th➤➤r t➤ps.

—Th➤s m➤rn➤ng w➤ ➤nd➤➤v➤ur➤d, ➤n ➤ur r➤fl➤ct➤➤n up➤n h➤ll, t➤ m➤k➤ wh➤t ➤ur h➤ly f➤und➤r c➤lls ➤n h➤s b➤➤k ➤f sp➤r➤tu➤l ➤x➤rc➤s➤s, th➤ c➤mp➤s➤t➤➤n ➤f pl➤c➤. W➤ ➤nd➤➤v➤ur➤d, th➤t ➤s, t➤ ➤m➤g➤n➤ w➤th th➤ s➤ns➤s ➤f th➤ m➤nd, ➤n ➤ur ➤m➤g➤n➤t➤➤n, th➤ m➤t➤r➤➤l ch➤r➤ct➤r ➤f th➤t ➤wful pl➤c➤ ➤nd ➤f th➤ phys➤c➤l t➤rm➤nts wh➤ch ➤ll wh➤ ➤r➤ ➤n h➤ll ➤ndur➤. Th➤s ➤v➤n➤ng w➤ sh➤ll c➤ns➤d➤r f➤r ➤ f➤w m➤m➤nts th➤ n➤tur➤ ➤f th➤ sp➤r➤tu➤l t➤rm➤nts ➤f h➤ll.

—S➤n, r➤m➤mb➤r, ➤s ➤ tw➤f➤ld ➤n➤rm➤ty. ➤t ➤s ➤ b➤s➤ c➤ns➤nt t➤ th➤ pr➤mpt➤ngs ➤f ➤ur c➤rrupt n➤tur➤ t➤ th➤ l➤w➤r ➤nst➤ncts, t➤ th➤t wh➤ch ➤s gr➤ss ➤nd b➤➤stl➤k➤; ➤nd ➤t ➤s ➤ls➤ ➤ turn➤ng ➤w➤y fr➤m th➤ c➤uns➤l ➤f ➤ur h➤gh➤r n➤tur➤, fr➤m ➤ll th➤t ➤s pur➤ ➤nd h➤ly, fr➤m th➤ H➤ly G➤d H➤ms➤lf. F➤r th➤s r➤➤s➤n m➤rt➤l s➤n ➤s pun➤sh➤d ➤n h➤ll by tw➤ d➤ff➤r➤nt f➤rms ➤f pun➤shm➤nt, phys➤c➤l ➤nd sp➤r➤tu➤l.

Now of all these spiritual pains by far the greatest is the pain of loss, the greatest, the first, the most terrible of all the others. Saint Thomas, the greatest doctor of the church, the angelic doctor, says that the worst damned man consents in this that the understanding of man is totally depraved of divine light and has effectually and permanently turned away from the goodness of God. God, remember, is being infinitely good, and therefore the loss of such a being must be a loss infinitely painful. In this life we have not a very clear idea of what such a loss must be, but the damned in hell, for their greatest torment, have a full understanding of that which they have lost, and understand that they have lost it through their own sins and have lost it for ever. At the very instant of death the bonds of the flesh are broken and the soul is then free towards God as towards the centre of her existence. Remember, my dear little boys, our souls long to be with God. We came from God, we live by God, we belong to God: we are His, eternally and infinitely His. God lives with a divine love every human soul and every human soul lives in that love. How could it be otherwise? Every breath that we draw, every thought of our being, every instant of life proceeds from God's inexhaustible goodness. And if it be pain for me then to be parted from her child, for a man to be exiled from his birth and home, for friend to be sundried from friend, to think what pain, what anguish it must be for the poor soul to be spurned from the presence of the supremely good and loving Creator. What he said that soul is not existence from nothingness and sustained it in life and lived it with an immortal substance. Thus, then, to be separated for ever from the greatest good, from God, and to feel the anguish of that separation, knowing full well that it is unchangeable: this is the greatest torment which the created soul is capable of bearing, *pain of damnation*, the pain of loss.

This second pain which will afflict the souls of the damned in hell is the pain of conscience. Just as a dead body is warmed by the fire kindled by putrefaction, so in the souls of the lost there is a putrefaction from the putrefaction

of sin, the sting of conscience, the worm, the Perverse Incontinent the Third calls it, of the triple sting. The first sting inflicted by this cruel worm will be the memory of past pleasures. A what a dreadful memory will that be! In the look of all devouring flame the proud king will remember the pumps of his court, the wass but wretched men his lecherous and instruments of research, the lover of artistic pleasures his merbels and pictures and their art treasures, he who delighted in the pleasures of the table his gorgeous feasts, his dishes prepared with such delicacy, his chamber wench; the master will remember his herd of gold, the robber his ill-gotten wealth, the angry and revengeful and merciless murderers their deeds of blood and violence in which they revelled, the impure and adulterous the unspokeable and filthy pleasures in which they delighted. They will remember all these and loathe themselves and their sins. For how miserable will all these pleasures seem to the soul condemned to suffer in hellfire for ages and ages. How they will regret and fume to think that they have lost the bliss of heaven for the dress of earth, for the few pleasures of mortal, for vain honors, for bodily comforts, for a tawdery of the nerves. They will repent and add: and these is the second sting of the worm of conscience, a later and fruitless sorrow for sins committed. Devoted justly insists that the understanding of these miserable wretches be fixed continually in the sins of which they were guilty, and moreover, as saint Augustine points out, God will impart to them His own knowledge of sin, so that sin will appear to them in all its hideous malice as it appears to the eyes of God Himself. They will behold their sins in all their foulness and repent but it will be too late and then they will bewail the good occasions which they neglected. These is the last and deepest and most cruel sting of the worm of conscience. The conscience will say: You had time and opportunity to repent and would not. You were brought up religiously by your parents. You had the sacraments and grace and indulgences of the church to add you. You had the ministrations of God to preach to you, to call you back when you

had strayed, the fervor you your sons, not matter how many, how abundant, if only you had confessed and repented. No. You would not. You flouted the ministers of holy religion, you turned your back on the confessions, you willowed deeper and deeper in the mire of sin. God appointed you, therefore, you, entrusted you to return to Him. Yes, what shame, what misery! The Ruler of the universe entrusted you, the creature of clay, the lowly Him Who made you and the kingly His law. No. You would not. And now, though you were to flout all hell with your tears if you could still weep, all that sorrow for repentance would not gain for you what is sought after for true repentance should during your mortal life would have gained for you. You ampler now a moment of earthly life whereas not repent: vain. That time is gone: gone for ever.

—Such is the thoroughgoing of conscience, the vapor which gnaws the very heart's core of the wretches in hell, so that floundered with hellish fury they curse themselves for their folly and curse the evil compunctions which have brought them to such ruin and curse the devils who tempted them in life and now mock them in eternity and vain revolt and curse the Supreme Being Whose goodness and patience they scorned and slighted but Whose justice and power they cannot evade.

—The next spiritual path to which the damned are subjected is the path of extensions. Men, in this earthly life, though he be capable of many evils, is not capable of them all at once, and as much as the evil currents and counter-currents are there just as the positive frequently currents are there. In hell, in the contrary, the torment, instead of counter-currenting are there, lands it still greater force: and, moreover, as the eternal faculties are more perfect than the earthly senses, so are they more capable of suffering. Just as every sense is affected with a fitting torment, so is every spiritual faculty; the fancy with horrible images, the sensitive faculty with lightning and rage, the mind and understanding with an intolerable darkness more terrible than the earthly darkness which reigns in that dreadful prison. The malice, important though it be, which

pass>s>s th>s> d>m>n s>uls >s >n >v>l >f b>undl>ss
>xt>ns>>n, >f l>m>tl>ss dur>t>>n, > fr>ghtful st>t> >f
w>ck>dn>ss wh>ch w> c>n sc>rc>ly r>>l>s> unl>ss w> b>>r >n
m>nd th> >n>rm>ty >f s>n >nd th> h>tr>d G>d b>>rs t> >t.

—>pp>s>d t> th>s p>>n >f >xt>ns>>n >nd y>t c>>x>st>nt
w>th >t w> h>v> th> p>>n >f >nt>ns>ty. H>ll >s th> c>ntr> >f
>v>ls >nd, >s y>u kn>w, th>ngs >r> m>r> >nt>ns> >t th>r
c>ntr>s th>n >t th>r r>m>t>st p>>nts. Th>r> >r> n>
c>ntr>r>s >r >dm>xtur>s >f >ny k>nd t> t>mp>r >r s>ft>n >n
th> l>>st th> p>>ns >f h>ll. N>y, th>ngs wh>ch >r> g>>d >n
th>ms>lv>s b>c>m> >v>l >n h>ll. C>mp>ny, >ls>wh>r> >
s>urc> >f c>mf>rt t> th> >ffl>ct>d, w>ll b> th>r> > c>nt>nu>l
t>rm>nt: kn>wl>dg>, s> much l>ng>d f>r >s th> ch>>f g>>d >f
th> >nt>ll>ct, w>ll th>r> b> h>t>d w>rs> th>n >gn>r>nc>:
l>ght, s> much c>v>t>d by >ll cr>>tur>s fr>m th> l>rd >f
cr>>t>>n d>wn t> th> humbl>st pl>nt >n th> f>r>st, w>ll b>
l>>th>d >nt>ns>ly. >n th>s l>f> >ur s>rr>ws >r> >>th>r n>t
v>ry l>ng >r n>t v>ry gr>>t b>c>us> n>tur> >>th>r
>v>rc>m>s th>m by h>b>ts >r puts >n >nd t> th>m by s>nk>ng
und>r th>r> w>>ght. But >n h>ll th> t>rm>nts c>nn>t b>
>v>rc>m> by h>b>t, f>r wh>l> th>y >r> >ft>r>bl> >nt>ns>ty
th>y >r> >t th> s>m> t>m> >f c>nt>nu>l v>r>ty, >>ch
p>>n, s> t> sp>>k, t>k>ng f>r> fr>m >n>th>r >nd r>-
>nd>w>ng th>t wh>ch h>s >nk>ndl>d >t w>th > st>ll f>>rc>r
fl>m>. N>r c>n n>tur> >sc>p> fr>m th>s> >nt>ns> >nd
v>r>>us t>rtur>s by succumb>ng t> th>m f>r th> s>ul >s
sust>>n>d >nd m>>nt>>n>d >n >v>l s> th>t >ts suff>r>ng m>y
b> th> gr>>t>r. B>undl>ss >xt>ns>>n >f t>rm>nt, >ncr>d>bl>
>nt>ns>ty >f suff>r>ng, unc>>s>ng v>r>ty >f t>rtur>—th>s >s
wh>t th> d>v>n> m>j>sty, s> >utr>g>d by s>nn>rs, d>m>nds;
th>s >s wh>t th> h>l>n>ss >f h>>v>n, sl>ght>d >nd s>t >s>d>
f>r th> lustful >nd l>w pl>>sur>s >f th> c>rrupt fl>sh, r>qu>r>s;
th>s >s wh>t th> bl>>d >f th> >nn>c>nt L>mb >f G>d, sh>d f>r
th> r>d>mpt>>n >f s>nn>rs, tr>mpl>d up>n by th> v>l>st >f th>
v>l>, >ns>sts up>n.

—L>st >nd cr>wn>ng t>rtur> >f >ll th> t>rtur>s >f th>t >wful
pl>c> >s th> >t>rn>ty >f h>ll. >t>rn>ty! >, dr>>d >nd d>r>
w>rd. >t>rn>ty! Wh>t m>nd >f m>n c>n und>rst>nd >t? >nd

remembrance, it is an eternity of pain. Even though the pains of hell were not so terrible as they are, yet they would become infinite, as they are destined to last forever. But whilst they are everlasting they are not the same thing, as you know, infinitely intense, unbearably extensive. The better even the sting of an insect for all eternity would be a dreadful torment. What must it be, then, that better than mankind could torture as hell for ever? For ever! For all eternity! Not for a year or for an age but for ever. Try to imagine the awful moment of the death. You have often seen the sand in the seashore. How fine are the tiny grains! And how many of these tiny little grains go to make up the small handful which a child grasps in its play. Now imagine a mountain of that sand, a million million miles high, reaching from the earth to the furthest heavens, and a million million miles broad, extending to the remotest space, and a million million miles in thickness; and imagine such an enormous mass of countless particles of sand multiplied as often as there are leaves in the forest, drops of water in the mighty ocean, feathers in birds, scales in fish, hairs in animals, atoms in the vast expanse of the air: and imagine that it is the end of every million years a little bird came to that mountain and carried away in its beak a tiny grain of that sand. How many millions upon millions of centuries would pass before that bird had carried away even a square foot of that mountain, how many years upon years of ages before it had carried away all? Yet it is the end of that immense stretch of time not even an instant of eternity could be said to have ended. It is the end of all these billions and trillions of years eternity would have scarcely begun. And of that mountain rises again after it had been all carried away, and of that bird came again and carried it all away again grown by growth, and of it is rises and sinks as many times as there are stars in the sky, atoms in the air, drops of water in the sea, leaves in the trees, feathers upon birds, scales upon fish, hairs upon animals, it is the end of all these innumerable risings and sinkings of that immensely vast mountain not even a single instant of eternity could be said to have ended; even then,

that the end of such a period, after that the nation formed the marriage thought of which makes our very breath roll dizzyly, that matrimony would scarcely have begun.

—The holy sacrament (the of our own fathers a blessing to the world) was once vouchsafed to the nation of hell. It seemed to him that he stood in the midst of a great hall, dark and silent save for the ticking of a great clock. The ticking went on uncrossingly; and it seemed to the sacrament that the sound of the ticking was the ceaseless repetition of the words: *ever, never; ever, never. ever to be in hell, never to be in heaven; ever to be shut off from the presence of God, never to enjoy the beatific vision; ever to be with flames, gnawed by vermin, girded with burning spikes, never to be free from these pains; ever to have the conscience upbraided in, the memory mangled, the mind filled with darkness and despair, never to escape; ever to curse and revile the foul demons who glitt'ringly ever the misery of their dupes, never to behold the shining realm of the blessed spirits; ever to cry out of the abyss of fear to God for an instant, a single instant, for spite from such awful agony, never to receive, never for an instant, God's pardon; ever to suffer, never to enjoy; ever to be damned, never to be saved; ever, never; ever, never.* And, what a dreadful punishment! In matrimony of endless agony, of endless bodily and spiritual torment, without any ray of hope, without any moment of cessation, of agony limitless in intensity, of torment infinitely varied, of torture that sustains eternally that which it eternally devours, of anguish that everlastingly prays upon the spirit while it racks the flesh, in matrimony, every instant of which is itself a matrimony of woe. Such is the terrible punishment decreed for those who do not merit salvation by an almighty and just God.

—Yes, a just God! Men, reasoning always as men, rather hasten to show that God should meet out to the everlasting and infinitely punishment in the fires of hell for a single grievous sin. They reason thus because, blinded by the gross illusion of the flesh and the darkness of human understanding, they are unable to comprehend the hidden malice of

mortal sin. They reason thus because they are unable to comprehend that even venial sin is of such a fearful and heinous nature that even if the omnipotent Creator could and all the evil and misery in the world, the wars, the diseases, the robberies, the crimes, the deaths, the murders, in consequence of that he allowed a single venial sin to pass unpunished, a single venial sin, a lie, an angry look, a moment of wrongful slough, He, the great omnipotent God could not do so because sin, but that in thought or deed, as a transgressor of His law and God would not be God if He did not punish the transgressor.

— sin, an instant of rebellion thus produced of the intellect, made Lucifer and the third part of the cherubim fall from their glory. sin, an instant of folly and weakness, drove Adam and Eve out of Eden and brought death and suffering into the world. The revolt of the consequences of that sin that only Begotten Son of God came down to earth, lived and suffered and died a most painful death, hanging for three hours in the cross.

— yes, my dear little brethren in Christ Jesus, will we then offend that good Redeemer and provoke His anger? Will we tempt the agonizing upon that torn and mangled corpse? Will we spit upon that face so full of sorrow and love? Will we thank the cruel Jews and the brutal soldiers, mock that gentle and compassionate Saviour Who trod alone for our sake the awful wilderness of sorrow? Every word of sin is a wound in His tender side. Every sinful act is a thorn piercing His heart. Every impure thought, deliberately yielded to, is a keen lancet transfusing that sacred and loving heart. No, no. It is impossible for any human being to do that which offends so deeply the divine Majesty, that which is punished by an eternity of agony, that which crucifies again the Son of God and makes a mockery of Him.

— pray to God that my poorer words may have prevailed today to confirm in holiness those who are in the state of grace, to strengthen the wavering, to lead back to the state of grace the poor sinner that has strayed off any such blessed morning you. I pray to God, and do you pray with me, that we may

reprent of ur sins. I will ask you now, all of you, to repent to
 before me that I can trust you, know you, and then I will humbly
 confess to you the presence of God. He is there in the
 burning of the sun with the love of the Father and the Holy Spirit
 that I feel. But not afraid. No matter how many are how few
 the sins of you only represent of them that you will be forgiven you.
 Let not worldly shame hold you back. God is still the merciful
 Lord who washes not the sin that is in the heart but rather
 that he be converted and live.

—He calls you to Him. You are His. He made you out of
 nothing. He loved you as only I God can love. His arms are
 open to receive you and then though you have sinned against
 Him. Come to Him, poor sinner, poor victim and bring
 sinners. Now is the acceptable time. Now is the hour.

Then priests stand, turning towards the altar, kneeling upon the
 steps before the burning of the sun and the glory of God. He waited
 till all in the chapel had knelt and every last of us was
 still. Then, raising his head, he repeated that I can trust
 I can trust you, phrase by phrase, with fervor. The boys answered
 him phrase by phrase. Strophes, his tongue cleaving the heat
 of the day, bowed his head, praying with his heart.

—		my	God!—
—		my	God!—
—	am	heartily	sorry—
—	am	heartily	sorry—
—	have	afforded	Thanks—
—	have	afforded	Thanks—
—	and	dest	my sins—
—	and	dest	my sins—
—	every	there	val—
—	every	there	val—
—	because	they deserve	Thanks, my God—
—	because	they deserve	Thanks, my God—
—	Why	is	deserving—
—	Why	is	deserving—
—	if	my	live—
—	if	my	live—

—and		firmly	purpose—
—and		firmly	purpose—
—by	Thy	holy	grace—
—by	Thy	holy	grace—
—nervous	more	than	thousand
—nervous	more	than	thousand
—and	than	my	land—
—and	than	my	land—

He went up to his room after dinner and read to his wife and children with his usual, and to every step his usual sermon to sing; to every step his usual sermon to sing through the night, through the night of the night.

He held in the night before the door and then, grasping the pencil in his hand, he wrote the door quickly. He wrote the door, his usual penning with his hand, praying so silently that the night might not touch his brow as he passed over the threshold, that the friends that he had to do with might not be given to know his work. He wrote the door still that the threshold as that the entrance to the sermon darkened. For his work there; yes: they wrote the door and watched.

—We know perfectly well of course that though it was bound to come to the light he would find considerable difficulty in understanding the try to induce him to try to understand the secret in the spiritual plan to try to understand the work of course perfectly well—

Murmuring for his work and watched; murmuring his voice fell to the dark hall of the church. He found it not only in spirit and in flesh but, rising his head bravely, he stood in the room firmly. He drew, he rose, the sermon, the sermon, the sermon. He told himself calmly that the words he had absolutely not seen which he had seen to the sermon from the dark. He told himself that it was simply his room with the door open.

He clasped the dapper band, walking swiftly to the bed, knelt beside it and crouched his face with his hands. His hands were cold and damp and his limbs ached with chill. Boldly unrest and chill and warrior's bossy to him, routing his thoughts. Why was he kneeling there looking at child saying his avenging prayers? The boy alien with his soul, the excitement his conscience, the most his sins face to face, the recall that their times and manners and circumstances, the warrior over them. He could not wait. He could not summon them to his memory. He felt only an ache of soul and body, his whole being, memory, will, understanding, flesh, benumbed and weary.

That was the work of devils, the scatter his thoughts and unravel his conscience, assailing him at the gates of the cowardly and sneeringly fled: and, praying God tremendously the fervent him his weakness, he crawled up in to the bed and, wrapping the blankets closely about him, crouched his face again with his hands. He held steady. He held steady steadily against heaven and before God that he was not worthy to be called God's child.

Could it be that he, Stephen Dedalus, had done these things? His conscience sighed in answer. Yes, he had done them, secretly, furtively, timidly after them, and, hardened in sinful impiety, he had dared to wear the mask of holiness before the tabernacle itself while his soul within was alive with mass of corruption. How could it be that God had not struck him dead? The leprosy company of his sins closed about him, breathing upon him, bending over him from all sides. He strove to fervent them in an act of prayer, huddling his limbs closer together and bending down his eyelids: but the senses of his soul would not be bound and, though his eyes were shut fast, he saw the places where he had stepped and, though his ears were tightly crouched, he heard. He disappeared with all his will not to hear or see. He disappeared till his form shook under the strain of his disappearance and until the senses of his soul closed. They closed for an instant and then opened. He saw.

A field of stiff weeds and the stiles and tufted nettles-bunches. Thick among the tufts of rank stiff growth lay bettered cinders and clots and curls of solid excitement. A faint mershlight

struggl→ng upw→rds fr→m →ll th→ →rdur→ thr→ugh th→ br→stl→ng gr→ygr→→n w→→ds. →n →v→l sm→ll, f→→nt →nd f→ul →s th→ l→ght, curl→d upw→rds slugg→shly →ut →f th→ c→n→st→rs →nd fr→m th→ st→l→ crust→d dung.

Cr→→tur→s w→r→ →n th→ f→→ld; →n→, thr→→, s→x: cr→→tur→s w→r→ m→v→ng →n th→ f→→ld, h→th→r →nd th→th→r. G→→t→sh cr→→tur→s w→th hum→n f→c→s, h→rnybr→w→d, l→ghtly b→→rd→d →nd gr→y →s →nd→→rubb→r. Th→ m→l→c→ →f →v→l gl→tt→r→d →n th→→r h→rd →y→s, →s th→y m→v→d h→th→r →nd th→th→r, tr→→l→ng th→→r l→ng t→→ls b→h→nd th→m. → r→ctus →f cru→l m→l→gn→ty l→t up gr→yly th→→r →ld b→ny f→c→s. →n→ w→s cl→sp→ng →b→ut h→s r→bs → t→rn fl→nn→l w→→stc→→t, →n→th→r c→mpl→→n→d m→n→t→n→usly →s h→s b→→rd stuck →n th→ tuft→d w→→ds. S→ft l→ngu→g→ →ssu→d fr→m th→→r sp→ttl→l→ss l→ps →s th→y sw→sh→d →n sl→w c→rcl→s r→und →nd r→und th→ f→→ld, w→nd→ng h→th→r →nd th→th→r thr→ugh th→ w→→ds, dr→gg→ng th→→r l→ng t→→ls →m→d th→ r→ttl→ng c→n→st→rs. Th→y m→v→d →n sl→w c→rcl→s, c→rcl→ng cl→s→r →nd cl→s→r t→ →ncl→s→, t→ →ncl→s→, s→ft l→ngu→g→ →ssu→ng fr→m th→→r l→ps, th→→r l→ng sw→sh→ng t→→ls b→sm→→r→d w→th st→l→ sh→t→, thrust→ng upw→rds th→→r t→rr→f→c f→c→s...

H→lp!

H→ flung th→ bl→nk→ts fr→m h→m m→dly t→ fr→→ h→s f→c→ →nd n→ck. Th→t w→s h→s h→ll. G→d h→d →ll→w→d h→m t→ s→→ th→ h→ll r→s→rv→d f→r h→s s→ns: st→nk→ng, b→st→→l, m→l→gn→nt, → h→ll →f l→ch→r→us g→→t→sh f→→nds. F→r h→m! F→r h→m!

H→ spr→ng fr→m th→ b→d, th→ r→→k→ng →d→ur p→ur→ng d→wn h→s thr→→t, cl→gg→ng →nd r→v→lt→ng h→s →ntr→→ls. →→r! Th→ →→r →f h→→v→n! H→ stumbl→d t→w→rds th→ w→nd→w, gr→→n→ng →nd →lm→st f→→nt→ng w→th s→ckn→ss. →t th→ w→shst→nd → c→nvuls→→n s→→z→d h→m w→th→n; →nd, cl→sp→ng h→s c→ld f→r→h→→d w→ldly, h→ v→m→t→d pr→fus→ly →n →g→ny.

Wh→n th→ f→t h→d sp→nt →ts→lf h→ w→lk→d w→→kly t→ th→ w→nd→w →nd, l→ft→ng th→ s→sh, s→t →n → c→rn→r →f th→ →mbr→sur→ →nd l→→n→d h→s →lb→w up→n th→ s→ll. Th→ r→→n h→d dr→wn →ff; →nd →m→d th→ m→v→ng v→p→urs fr→m p→→nt t→ p→→nt →f l→ght th→ c→ty w→s sp→nn→ng →b→ut h→rs→lf → s→ft c→c→→n →f y→ll→w→sh h→z→. H→→v→n w→s st→ll →nd f→→ntly lum→n→us →nd th→ →→r sw→→t t→ br→→th→, →s →n → th→ck→t dr→nch→d w→th

showers; and amid peace and shimmering lights and quiet fragrance he maddened conversation with his heart.

He prayed:

—He alone had meant to come in earth in heavenly glory but was snared: and then He could not safely visit us but with shroud and majesty and bidden mankind riddance for He was God. So He came Himself in weakness not in power and He sent thee, creature, in His stead, with creature's calamities and lustrous suit to our state. And now thy very face and form, dear mother, speak to us of thee eternally; not lacking earthly beauty, drawing us to look upon, but lacking the morning star which is thy emblem, bright and musical, bringing purity, telling of heaven and enfusing peace. He brings of day! He light of the pilgrim! Lead us still as thou hast led. In the dark night, across the black world of darkness guard us in thy Lord Jesus, guard us home.

His eyes were dimmed with tears and, looking humbly up to heaven, he wept for the innocent he had lost.

When evening had fallen he left the house, and the first touch of the deep dark drew him and the noise of the door as it closed behind him maddened him again his consciousness, lulled by prayer and tears. Confess! Confess! it was not enough to lull the consciousness with the tears and the prayer. He had to know before the morning star of the Holy Ghost and all over his head and senses truly and representantly. Before he heard again the forbidden of the house-door to tell over the threshold as it appeared to let him in, before he saw again the table in the kitchen set for supper he would have knelt and confessed. It was quite simple.

Then he of consciousness came and he walked onward swiftly through the dark streets. There were so many flags in the front of the street and so many streets in that city and so many cities in the world. Yet eternity had not ended. He was in mortal sin. He was in mortal sin. It could happen in an instant. But how soon quickly? By saying or by

thinking of suffering. They say's say that thing, without having
washed first to say. Then an an instant it happens. But does
that part of the body understand or what? The serpent, the most
subtle beast of the field. It must understand when it desires an
an instant and then prailings its own desires instant after
instant, sensually. It feels and understands and desires. What a
horrible thing! What mind it has to be like that, a beastly part
of the body able to understand beastly and desires
beastly? Was that then has or an inhuman thing moved by a
lawful soul? Has soul sickened that the thought of a trapped snake
left feeding itself but of the tender marrow of his life and
feeding up on the slither of lust. Why was that say? Why?

He cowardly in the shadow of the thought, absorbing himself
in the way of God. What had mind all things and all men.
Mindless. What could think such a thought? And, cowardly in
darkness and abject, he prayed mutely to his guard and angel
to drive away with his sword the demon that was whispering
to his brethren.

The whisperer cowered and he knew then clearly that his own
soul had sensed in the thought and word and deed wolfishly through
his own body. Confess! He had to confess every sin. How could
he utter in words that the priest what he had done? Must, must. Or
how could he explain without dying of shame? Or how could
he have done such things without shame? A madman! Confess!
He would and had to be free and senseless again! Perhaps
the priest would know. He dear God!

He walked in and in through all-lit streets, fearing to stand
still for a moment lest it might seem that he held back from
what awaited him, fearing to arrive that the towards which
he still turned with longing. How beautiful must be a soul in
the state of grace when God looked upon it with love!

Frowsy girls sat along the curbstones before the baker's.
They drank their hungrier than their brows. They were not
beautiful to say as they crunched in the market. But their souls
were seen by God; and of their souls were in a state of
grace they were radiant to say: and God loved them,
suffering them.

✧ w✧st✧ng br✧th ✧f hum✧l✧t✧n bl✧w bl✧kly ✧v✧r h✧s s✧ul t✧ th✧nk ✧f h✧w h✧ h✧d f✧ll✧n, t✧ f✧ll th✧t th✧s✧ s✧uls w✧r✧ d✧r✧r t✧ G✧d th✧n h✧s. Th✧ w✧nd bl✧w ✧v✧r h✧m ✧nd p✧ss✧d ✧n t✧ th✧ myr✧ds ✧nd myr✧ds ✧f ✧th✧r s✧uls ✧n wh✧m G✧d's f✧v✧ur sh✧n✧ n✧w m✧r✧ ✧nd n✧w l✧ss, st✧rs n✧w br✧ght✧r ✧nd n✧w d✧mm✧r, sust✧n✧d ✧nd f✧ll✧ng. ✧nd th✧ gl✧mm✧r✧ng s✧uls p✧ss✧d ✧w✧y, sust✧n✧d ✧nd f✧ll✧ng, m✧rg✧d ✧n ✧ m✧v✧ng br✧th. ✧n✧ s✧ul w✧s l✧st; ✧ t✧ny s✧ul: h✧s. ✧t fl✧ck✧rd ✧nc✧ ✧nd w✧nt ✧ut, f✧rg✧tt✧n, l✧st. Th✧ ✧nd: bl✧ck, c✧ld, v✧d w✧st✧.

C✧nsc✧usn✧ss ✧f pl✧c✧ c✧m✧ ✧bb✧ng b✧ck t✧ h✧m sl✧wly ✧v✧r ✧ v✧st tr✧ct ✧f t✧m✧ unl✧t, unf✧lt, unl✧v✧d. Th✧ squ✧ld sc✧n✧ c✧mp✧s✧d ✧ts✧lf ✧r✧und h✧m; th✧ c✧mm✧n ✧cc✧nts, th✧ burn✧ng g✧sj✧ts ✧n th✧ sh✧ps, ✧d✧urs ✧f f✧sh ✧nd sp✧r✧ts ✧nd w✧t s✧wdust, m✧v✧ng m✧n ✧nd w✧m✧n. ✧n ✧ld w✧m✧n w✧s ✧b✧ut t✧ cr✧ss th✧ str✧t, ✧n ✧lc✧n ✧n h✧r h✧nd. H✧ b✧nt d✧wn ✧nd ✧sk✧d h✧r w✧s th✧r✧ ✧ ch✧p✧l n✧r.

—✧ ch✧p✧l, s✧r? Y✧s, s✧r. Church Str✧t ch✧p✧l.

—Church?

Sh✧ sh✧ft✧d th✧ c✧nt✧ h✧r ✧th✧r h✧nd ✧nd d✧r✧ct✧d h✧m; ✧nd, ✧s sh✧ h✧ld ✧ut h✧r r✧k✧ng w✧th✧rd r✧ght h✧nd und✧r ✧ts fr✧ng✧ ✧f sh✧wl, h✧ b✧nt l✧w✧r t✧w✧rds h✧r, s✧dd✧n✧d ✧nd s✧th✧d by h✧r v✧c✧.

—Th✧nk y✧u.

—Y✧u ✧r✧ qu✧tt✧ w✧lc✧m✧, s✧r.

Th✧ c✧ndl✧s ✧n th✧ h✧gh ✧lt✧r h✧d b✧n ✧xt✧ngu✧sh✧d but th✧ fr✧gr✧nc✧ ✧f ✧nc✧ns✧ st✧ll fl✧tt✧d d✧wn th✧ d✧m n✧v✧. B✧rd✧d w✧rkm✧n w✧th p✧us f✧c✧s w✧r✧ gu✧d✧ng ✧ c✧n✧py ✧ut thr✧ugh ✧ s✧d✧ d✧r, th✧ s✧cr✧st✧n ✧d✧ng th✧m w✧th qu✧tt g✧stur✧s ✧nd w✧rds. ✧ f✧w ✧f th✧ f✧thful st✧ll l✧ng✧rd pr✧y✧ng b✧f✧r✧ ✧n✧ ✧f th✧ s✧d✧lt✧rs ✧r kn✧l✧ng ✧n th✧ b✧nch✧s n✧r th✧ c✧nf✧ss✧n✧ls. H✧ ✧ppr✧ch✧d t✧m✧dly ✧nd kn✧lt ✧t th✧ l✧st b✧nch ✧n th✧ b✧dy, th✧nkful f✧r th✧ p✧c✧ ✧nd s✧l✧nc✧ ✧nd fr✧gr✧nt sh✧d✧w ✧f th✧ church. Th✧ b✧rd ✧n wh✧ch h✧ kn✧lt w✧s n✧rr✧w ✧nd w✧rm ✧nd th✧s✧ wh✧ kn✧lt n✧r h✧m w✧r✧ humbl✧ f✧ll✧w✧rs ✧f J✧sus. J✧sus t✧✧ h✧d b✧n b✧rn ✧n p✧v✧rty ✧nd h✧d w✧rk✧d ✧n th✧ sh✧p ✧f ✧ c✧rp✧nt✧r, cutt✧ng

bards and planning them, and had first spoken of the kingdom of God to poor fishermen, teaching all men to be meek and humble of heart.

He bowed his head upon his hands, bidden his heart be meek and humble that he might be like them who knelt beside him and his prayer as acceptable as theirs. He prayed beside them but it was heard. His soul was full with sin and he dared not ask forgiveness with the simple trust of those whom Jesus, in the mysterious ways of God, had called first to His side, the carpenters, the fishermen, poor and simple people following a lowly tread, handling and shaping the wood of trees, mending their nets with patientnc.

He tall figures came down the aisle and the penitents stirred; and at the last moment, glancing up swiftly, he saw a long grey beard and the brown habit of a churchman. The priest entered the box and was hidden. Two penitents rose and entered the confessional at the altar side. The wooden slide was drawn back and the faint murmur of voices troubled the silence.

His blood began to murmur in his veins, murmuring like a sinful city summoned from its sleep to hear its doom. Little flickers of fire fell and powderry ashes fell softly, alighting on the houses of men. They stirred, waking from sleep, troubled by the hatred.

The slide was shut back. The penitent emerged from the side of the box. The further side was drawn. A woman entered quietly and softly where the first penitent had knelt. The faint murmur began again.

He could still live the chapel. He could stand up, put on his feet before the altar and walk out softly and then run, run, run swiftly through the dark streets. He could still escape from the shame. He did not begin any terrible crime but that sin! He did not begin murder! Little fiery flickers fell and touched him at all points, shameful thoughts, shameful words, shameful acts. Shame covered him wholly like a glowing shes falling countingly. The sky is in words! His soul, stifling and helpless, would cease to be.

Th➤ sl➤d➤ w➤s sh➤t b➤ck. ➤ p➤n➤t➤nt ➤m➤rg➤d fr➤m th➤ f➤rth➤r s➤d➤ ➤f th➤ b➤x. Th➤ n➤➤r sl➤d➤ w➤s dr➤wn. ➤ p➤n➤t➤nt ➤nt➤r➤d wh➤r➤ th➤ ➤th➤r p➤n➤t➤nt h➤d c➤m➤ ➤ut. ➤ s➤ft wh➤sp➤r➤ng n➤➤s➤ fl➤➤t➤d ➤n v➤p➤r➤us cl➤udl➤ts ➤ut ➤f th➤ b➤x. ➤t w➤s th➤ w➤m➤n: s➤ft wh➤sp➤r➤ng cl➤udl➤ts, s➤ft wh➤sp➤r➤ng v➤p➤ur, wh➤sp➤r➤ng ➤nd v➤n➤sh➤ng.

H➤ b➤➤t h➤s br➤➤st w➤th h➤s f➤st humbly, s➤cr➤tly und➤r c➤v➤r ➤f th➤ w➤➤d➤n ➤rmr➤st. H➤ w➤uld b➤ ➤t ➤n➤ w➤th ➤th➤rs ➤nd w➤th G➤d. H➤ w➤uld l➤v➤ h➤s n➤➤ghb➤ur. H➤ w➤uld l➤v➤ G➤d wh➤ h➤d m➤d➤ ➤nd l➤v➤d h➤m. H➤ w➤uld kn➤➤l ➤nd pr➤y w➤th ➤th➤rs ➤nd b➤ h➤ppy. G➤d w➤uld l➤➤k d➤wn ➤n h➤m ➤nd ➤n th➤m ➤nd w➤uld l➤v➤ th➤m ➤ll.

➤t w➤s ➤➤sy t➤ b➤ g➤➤d. G➤d's y➤k➤ w➤s sw➤➤t ➤nd l➤ght. ➤t w➤s b➤tt➤r n➤v➤r t➤ h➤v➤ s➤nn➤d, t➤ h➤v➤ r➤m➤➤n➤d ➤lw➤ys ➤ ch➤ld, f➤r G➤d l➤v➤d l➤ttl➤ ch➤ldr➤n ➤nd suff➤r➤d th➤m t➤ c➤m➤ t➤ H➤m. ➤t w➤s ➤ t➤rr➤bl➤ ➤nd ➤ s➤d th➤ng t➤ s➤n. But G➤d w➤s m➤rc➤ful t➤ p➤➤r s➤nn➤rs wh➤ w➤r➤ truly s➤rry. H➤w tru➤ th➤t w➤s! Th➤t w➤s ➤nd➤➤d g➤➤dn➤ss.

Th➤ sl➤d➤ w➤s sh➤t t➤ sudd➤nly. Th➤ p➤n➤t➤nt c➤m➤ ➤ut. H➤ w➤s n➤xt. H➤ st➤➤d up ➤n t➤rr➤r ➤nd w➤lk➤d bl➤ndly ➤nt➤ th➤ b➤x.

➤t l➤st ➤t h➤d c➤m➤. H➤ kn➤lt ➤n th➤ s➤l➤nt gl➤➤m ➤nd r➤➤s➤d h➤s ➤y➤s t➤ th➤ wh➤t➤ cruc➤f➤x susp➤nd➤d ➤b➤v➤ h➤m. G➤d c➤uld s➤➤ th➤t h➤ w➤s s➤rry. H➤ w➤uld t➤ll ➤ll h➤s s➤ns. H➤s c➤nf➤ss➤➤n w➤uld b➤ l➤ng, l➤ng. ➤v➤ryb➤dy ➤n th➤ ch➤p➤l w➤uld kn➤w th➤n wh➤t ➤ s➤nn➤r h➤ h➤d b➤➤n. L➤t th➤m kn➤w. ➤t w➤s tru➤. But G➤d h➤d pr➤m➤s➤d t➤ f➤rg➤v➤ h➤m ➤f h➤ w➤s s➤rry. H➤ w➤s s➤rry. H➤ cl➤sp➤d h➤s h➤nds ➤nd r➤➤s➤d th➤m t➤w➤rds th➤ wh➤t➤ f➤rm, pr➤y➤ng w➤th h➤s d➤rk➤n➤d ➤y➤s, pr➤y➤ng w➤th ➤ll h➤s tr➤mbl➤ng b➤dy, sw➤y➤ng h➤s h➤➤d t➤ ➤nd fr➤ l➤k➤ ➤ l➤st cr➤➤tur➤, pr➤y➤ng w➤th wh➤mp➤r➤ng l➤ps.

—S➤rry! S➤rry! ➤ s➤rry!

Th➤ sl➤d➤ cl➤ck➤d b➤ck ➤nd h➤s h➤➤rt b➤und➤d ➤n h➤s br➤➤st. Th➤ f➤c➤ ➤f ➤n ➤ld pr➤➤st w➤s ➤t th➤ gr➤t➤ng, ➤v➤rt➤d fr➤m h➤m, l➤➤n➤ng up➤n ➤ h➤nd. H➤ m➤d➤ th➤ s➤gn ➤f th➤ cr➤ss ➤nd pr➤y➤d ➤f th➤ pr➤➤st t➤ bl➤ss h➤m f➤r h➤ h➤d s➤nn➤d. Th➤n,

bewng h s h d, h r p t d th Cnf t r n frght. t
th wrds my m st gr v us f ult h c s d, br thl ss.

—Hw lng s t snc y ur lst c nf ss n, my ch ld?

— l ng t m, f th r.

— m nth, my ch ld?

—L ng r, f th r.

—Thr m nths, my ch ld?

—L ng r, f th r.

—S x m nths?

— ght m nths, f th r.

H h d b gun. Th pr st sk d:

— nd wh t d y u r m mb r snc th t t m?

H b gn t c nf ss h s s ns: m ss s m ss d, pr y rs nt
s d, l s.

— nyth ng ls, my ch ld?

S ns f ng r, nv y f th rs, glutt ny, v n ty,
d s b d nc.

— nyth ng ls, my ch ld?

Th r w s n h lp. H murmur d:

— ... c mm tt d s ns f mpur ty, f th r.

Th pr st d d nt turn h s h d.

—W th y urs lf, my ch ld?

— nd... w th th rs.

—W th w m n, my ch ld?

—Y s, f th r.

—W r th y m rr d w m n, my ch ld?

H d d nt kn w. H s s ns tr ckl d fr m h s l ps, n by n,
tr ckl d n sh m ful dr ps fr m h s sul, f st r ng nd z ng
l k s s r, s qu l d str m f v c. Th lst s ns z d
f rth, slugg sh, flthy. Th r w s n m r t t ll. H b w d h s
h d, v rc m.

Th pr st w s sl nt. Th n h sk d:

—Hw ld r y u, my ch ld?

—S xt n, f th r.

Th➤ pr➤st p➤ss➤d h➤s h➤nd s➤v➤r➤l t➤m➤s ➤v➤r h➤s f➤c➤. Th➤n, r➤st➤ng h➤s f➤r➤h➤d ➤g➤nst h➤s h➤nd, h➤ l➤n➤d t➤w➤rds th➤ gr➤t➤ng ➤nd, w➤th ➤y➤s st➤ll ➤v➤rt➤d, sp➤k➤ sl➤wly. H➤s v➤c➤ w➤s w➤ry ➤nd ➤ld.

—Y➤u ➤r➤ v➤ry y➤ung, my ch➤ld, h➤ s➤d, ➤nd l➤t m➤ ➤mpl➤r➤ f➤ y➤u t➤ g➤v➤ up th➤t s➤n. ➤t ➤s ➤ t➤rr➤bl➤ s➤n. ➤t k➤lls th➤ b➤dy ➤nd ➤t k➤lls th➤ s➤ul. ➤t ➤s th➤ c➤us➤ f➤ m➤ny cr➤m➤s ➤nd m➤sf➤rtun➤s. G➤v➤ ➤t up, my ch➤ld, f➤r G➤d's s➤k➤. ➤t ➤s d➤sh➤n➤ur➤bl➤ ➤nd un➤nly. Y➤u c➤nn➤t kn➤w wh➤r➤ th➤t wr➤tch➤d h➤b➤t w➤ll l➤d y➤u ➤r wh➤r➤ ➤t w➤ll c➤m➤ ➤g➤nst y➤u. ➤s l➤ng ➤s y➤u c➤mm➤t th➤t s➤n, my p➤r ch➤ld, y➤u w➤ll n➤v➤r b➤ w➤rth ➤n➤ f➤rth➤ng t➤ G➤d. Pr➤y t➤ ➤ur m➤th➤r M➤ry t➤ h➤lp y➤u. Sh➤ w➤ll h➤lp y➤u, my ch➤ld. Pr➤y t➤ ➤ur Bl➤ss➤d L➤dy wh➤n th➤t s➤n c➤m➤s ➤nt➤ y➤ur m➤nd. ➤ ➤m sur➤ y➤u w➤ll d➤ th➤t, w➤ll y➤u n➤t? Y➤u r➤p➤nt f➤ ➤ll th➤s➤ s➤ns. ➤ ➤m sur➤ y➤u d➤. ➤nd y➤u w➤ll pr➤m➤s➤ G➤d n➤w th➤t by H➤s h➤ly gr➤c➤ y➤u w➤ll n➤v➤r ➤ff➤nd H➤m ➤ny m➤r➤ by th➤t w➤ck➤d s➤n. Y➤u w➤ll m➤k➤ th➤t s➤l➤mn pr➤m➤s➤ t➤ G➤d, w➤ll y➤u n➤t?

—Y➤s, f➤th➤r.

Th➤ ➤ld ➤nd w➤ry v➤c➤ f➤ll l➤k➤ sw➤t r➤n up➤n h➤s qu➤k➤ng p➤rch➤ng h➤rt. H➤w sw➤t ➤nd s➤d!

—D➤ s➤, my p➤r ch➤ld. Th➤ d➤v➤l h➤s l➤d y➤u ➤str➤y. Dr➤v➤ h➤m b➤ck t➤ h➤ll wh➤n h➤ t➤mpts y➤u t➤ d➤sh➤n➤ur y➤ur b➤dy ➤n th➤t w➤y—th➤ f➤ul sp➤rr➤t wh➤ h➤t➤s ➤ur L➤rd. Pr➤m➤s➤ G➤d n➤w th➤t y➤u w➤ll g➤v➤ up th➤t s➤n, th➤t wr➤tch➤d wr➤tch➤d s➤n.

Bl➤nd➤d by h➤s t➤rs ➤nd by th➤ l➤ght f➤ G➤d's m➤rc➤fuln➤ss h➤ b➤nt h➤s h➤d ➤nd h➤rd th➤ gr➤v➤ w➤rds f➤ ➤bs➤lut➤n sp➤k➤n ➤nd s➤w th➤ pr➤st's h➤nd r➤s➤d ➤b➤v➤ h➤m ➤n t➤k➤n f➤ f➤rg➤v➤n➤ss.

—G➤d bl➤ss y➤u, my ch➤ld. Pr➤y f➤r m➤.

H➤ kn➤lt t➤ s➤y h➤s p➤n➤nc➤, pr➤y➤ng ➤n ➤ c➤rn➤r f➤ th➤ d➤rk n➤v➤; ➤nd h➤s pr➤y➤rs ➤sc➤nd➤d t➤ h➤v➤n fr➤m h➤s pur➤f➤d h➤rt l➤k➤ p➤rfum➤ str➤m➤ng upw➤rds fr➤m ➤ h➤rt f➤ wh➤t➤ r➤s➤.

Th➤ muddy str➤ts w➤r➤ g➤y. H➤ str➤d➤ h➤m➤w➤rd, c➤nsc➤us f➤ ➤n ➤nv➤s➤bl➤ gr➤c➤ p➤rv➤d➤ng ➤nd m➤k➤ng l➤ght h➤s l➤mbs. ➤n sp➤t➤ f➤ ➤ll h➤ h➤d d➤n➤ ➤t. H➤ h➤d c➤nf➤ss➤d ➤nd

God had pardoned him. His soul was made free and holy and merciful, holy and happy.

It would be beautiful to do if God so willed. It was beautiful to love and grow and lift up people and virtues and friendships with others.

He sat by the fire in the kitchen, not daring to speak for happiness. Till that moment he had not known how beautiful and peaceful life could be. The grown square of paper pinned round the lamp cast down a tender shadow. In the darkness was a plate of sausages and what puddings and in the shelf the warm eggs. They would be for the breakfast in the morning after the communion in the college chapel. What puddings and eggs and sausages and cups of tea. How simple and beautiful was life after all! and life lay all before him.

In a dream he fell asleep. In a dream he rises and shows that it was morning. In a waking dream he went through the quiet morning towards the college.

The boys were all there, kneeling in their places. He knelt among them, happy and shy. The altar was hidden with fragrant masses of white flowers; and in the morning light the pale flames of the candles among the white flowers were clearer and silent as his own soul.

He knelt before the altar with his classmates, holding the altar cloth with them over a living rail of hands. His hands were trembling and his soul trembled as he heard the priest pass with the ciborium from communion to communion.

—*Carpus Domini nostri.*

Could it be? He knelt there so noiseless and timid; and he would hold up his tongue that he st and God would enter his purified body.

—*An vitam eternam. Amen.*

In that life! life of grace and virtues and happiness! It was true. It was not a dream from which he would wake. The past was past.

—*Carpus Domini nostri.*

The ciborium had come to him.

Chapter V

Sunday was dedicated to the mystery of the Holy Trinity, Monday to the Holy Ghost, Tuesday to the Guardian Angels, Wednesday to Saint Joseph, Thursday to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, Friday to the Suffraging Jesus, Saturday to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Every morning he hallows himself anew in the presence of some holy image or mystery. His day began with an hour-long offering of his every moment of thought or action for the intentions of the sovereign pontiff and with an early mass. Then row morning after he would have his salutary prayer; and often as he knelt among the few worshippers at the side-altar, full of longing with his intensest prayer to the murmur of the priest, he glanced up for an instant towards the vested figure standing in the glimmer between the two candles, which were the old and the new testaments, and imagined that he was kneeling at mass in the cathedral.

His daily life was lived out in devotedness. By means of ejaculations and prayers he stirred up ungrudgingly for the souls in purgatory centuries of days and quarantines and years; yet the spiritual triumph which he felt in achieving with his so many fabulous ages of continuous penance did not wholly reward his zeal of prayer, since he could never know how much temporal punishment he had redeemed by way of suffering for the agonising souls; and fearful lest in the midst of the purgatorial fire, which differed from the infernal only in that it was not everlasting, his penance might avail not more than a drop of mustard, he drove his soul daily through an increasing circle of works of supererogation.

Every part of his day, devoted by what he regarded as the duties of his station in life, circled about his own centre of spiritual energy. His life seemed to have drawn near to eternity; every thought, word and deed, every instance of conscientiousness could be made to revibrate redoubtantly in heaven; and it seems of such immortality that repocussion was so lively that he seemed to

final his soul in divinely pressing links finding the key to the great church's great and the same that moment of his purchase start forth immediately in heaven, not as a number but as a full column of angels for as a slender flower.

Then rises, too, which he should constantly—for he carried his bonds like a man in his trousers' pockets that he might tell them as he walked the streets—transformed themselves into candles of flowers of such vague unearthly texture that they seemed to him as hush and drowsiness as they were names. He offered up each of his three daily chapters that his soul might grow strong in each of the three theological virtues, in faith in the Father Who had created him, in hope in the Son Who had redeemed him and in love of the Holy Ghost Who had sanctified him; and these three triple prayers he offered to the Three Persons through Mary in the name of her joyful and sorrowful and glorious mysteries.

In each of the seven days of the week he further prayed that in each of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost might descend upon his soul and drive out of it day by day the seven deadly sins which he had defiled it in the past; and he prayed for each gift in its appointed day, confident that it would descend upon him, though it seemed strong to him at times that wisdom and understanding and knowledge were so distinct in their nature that each should be prayed for apart from the others. Yet he believed that it seemed future stage of his spiritual progress that difficulty would be removed when his sinful soul had been raised up from its weakness and enlightened by the Third Person of the Most Blessed Trinity. He believed that all the more, and with trepidation, because of the divinely glorious and solemn whirled dwelt the unseen Perfection, Whose symbols were a dove and a mighty wind, the seven-angled Whim was a seven-bayed fargiveness, the eternal mysterious secret Being the Whim, the God, the prayers offered up mass and year, rebbed in the scroll of the tongue as for.

Through which the nature and kindness of the
Thy Presence of the Trinity were darkly shadowed forth in
the books of divinity which he read—the Father
contemplating from all eternity as in a mirror His Divine
Perfections and thereby beginning eternally the eternal Son
and the Holy Spirit proceeding out of Father and Son from
all eternity—whereas Jesus of Nazareth by his mind by
reason of the August incarnation's ability then was the
simple fact that God had loved his soul from all eternity, for
ages before he had been born into the world, for ages
before the world itself had existed.

He had heard the names of love and hate
pronounced solemnly in the stage and in the pulpit, had found
them set forth solemnly in books and had wondered why his
soul was unable to harbor them for any time or to force his
lips to utter their names with conviction. He began to ponder
often and stood before him but he had never been able to make it
in his mind and had always felt himself passing out
of it as if his very body were being dissolved with it as if
some outer skin or peel. He had felt a subtle, dark, and
murmurous presence penetrating his being and for him with
a brief iniquitous lust: it, that, had slipped by and his grasp
leaving his mind lucid and indifferent. Thus, it seemed,
was the only love and that the only hate his soul would harbor.

But he could not longer disbelieve in the reality of love,
since God himself had loved his undivided soul with
divine love from all eternity. Gradually, as his soul was
enriched with spiritual knowledge, he saw that whole world
forming an vast symmetrical expression of God's power
and love. Left behind a divine gift for every moment and
sensations of which, were it even the slightest of a single leaf
hanging in the twig of a tree, his soul should praise and
thank the Giver. The world for all its solid substance and
complexity not longer existed for his soul save as a
theater of divine power and love and universality. So
onerous and unquenchable was this sense of the divine
magnifying in all nature granted to his soul that he could
scarcely understand why it was in any way necessary that he

should continue to live. Yet that was part of the divine purpose and he dared not question its use, he believed all others who had sensed so deeply and so fully against the divine purpose. Mark and Absurd by the conscienceless of the entire immortal omnipresent perfect reality has soul took up against her burden of poverty, messes and prayers and sacraments and mortification, and only then for the first time since he had believed in the great mystery of life did he feel within him a warm movement like that of something newly born life for virtue of the soul itself. The attitude of repentance in sacred art, the raised and parted hands, the parted lips and eyes as if in a beautiful swan, becoming for him an image of the soul in prayer, humbleness and faint belief in her Creator.

But he had been forewarned of the dangers of spiritual exaltation and did not allow himself to descend from vision the latest or lowest divine, striving always by constant mortification to undo the sinful past rather than to achieve a sentimental fringed with pride. Each of his senses was brought under a rigorous discipline. In order to mortify the senses of sight he made it his rule to walk in the street with downcast eyes, glancing neither right nor left and never behind him. His eyes shunned every unnecessary with the eyes of wisdom. From time to time he balked them by a sudden effort of the will, as by lifting them suddenly in the middle of an unfeeling sentence and closing the book. To mortify his hearing he exerted no control over his voice which was then breaking, neither singing nor whistled, and made no attempt to flee from noises which caused him painful nervous irritation such as the sharpening of knives in the kitchen, the gathering of candles in the fire-shovel and the twiggling of the carpet. To mortify his smell was more difficult as he found in himself no instantaneous repugnance to bad odors whether they were the odors of the outdoor world, such as those of dung or tar, or the odors of his own persons among which he had made many curious comparisons and experiments. He found in the end that the only odor against which his senses of smell revolted

was a certain still fishy stink like that of longstanding
urine; and when ever it was possible he subjected himself to
this unpleasant odor. To mortify the taste he practiced strict
habits of total abstinence, abstained from the least of the church
and sought by discontinue the devotional his mind from the savors
of delectable foods. But it was that the mortification of touch
he brought the most assiduous anguinity of involuntaryness.
He never consciously changed his position in bed, so that in
the most uncomfortable positions, suffered patiently every
itch and pain, kept away from the fire, remained in his
kneels all through the mass except that the glasses, left part of his
neck and face undressed so that the more might sting them and,
when ever he was not saying his beads, carried his arms
stiffly at his sides like a runner and never in his pockets or
clothed behind him.

He had no temptations to sin mortally. It surprised him
however to find that it the and of his cursing of intricate
poetry and self-estrangement he was so assiduously that the mercy of
childish and unworthy imperfections. His prayers and fasts
very ill did him little for the suppression of anger at the wrong
his mother snatched at the beginning disturbed in his devotions.
It added in immensities affront of his will to master the
impulses which urged him to give outlet to such irritations.
Amongst of the outbursts of treacherous anger which he had often
noted among his masters, the two twitching mouths, closed shut
lips and flushed cheeks, recurred to his memory, disconcerting
him, for all his practice of humility, by the comparison. To
marginal his life in the common to do of the other lives was
harder for him than any fasting or prayer and it was his
constant failure to do these to his own satisfaction which
caused in his soul at last a sensation of spiritual dryness
together with the growth of doubts and scruples. His soul
traversed a period of desolation in which the sacraments
themselves seemed to have turned into dried up sources. His
confidence in himself and the channel for the escape of scrupulous
and unrepentant imperfections. His actual receipt of the
much rather did not bring him the same dissolving moments of
vigorous self-surrender as did these spiritual communions

made by him sometimes that the class of some vessel to the Blessed Sacrament. The book which he used for the vessels was an old neglected book written by saint Alphonsus Liguori, with fitting characters and some expounded letters. A faded world of fervent love and virginity responds to some of the best virtues for his soul by the reading of its pages in which the imagery of the crucifix was intertwined with the communion's prayers. An unadorned vessel came to cross the soul, telling her names and glories, bidding her rise as for spiritual and common way, bidding her look forth, a spouse, from heaven and from the mountains of the lapards; and the soul seemed to answer with the same unadorned vessel, surrounding herself: *Ante rubrum altare communetur*.

Thus day after day surrounded he the perpetual attraction for his mind now that he felt his soul best to be engaged by the incessant vessels of the flesh which began to murmur to him again during his prayers and meditations. It gave him an intense sense of power to know that he could, by a single act of consent, in a moment of thought, under all that he had done. He seemed to feel a flood slowly advancing towards his neck and to be waiting for the first faint moment of sensuality to touch his favored skin. Then, almost at the instant of touch, almost at the verge of sinful consent, he found himself standing for a way from the flood upon a dry shore, saved by a sudden act of the will or a sudden ejaculation; and, saving the solver from the flood for a way and beginning again its slow advance towards his feet, a new thrill of power and satisfaction shook his soul to know that he had not yielded nor under all.

When he had heard the flood of temptation many times in this way he grew troubled and wondered whether the grace which he had refused to lose was not being falched from him little by little. The clear certitude of his own immunity grew dim and to it succeeded a vague fear that his soul had really fallen unwares. It was with difficulty that he won back his old consciousness of his state of grace by telling himself that he had prayed to God to every temptation and that the grace

which he had prayed for must have been given to him
inasmuch as God was obliged to give it. The very frequency
and violence of temptations showed him that last the truth of
what he had heard about the trials of the saints. Frequent and
violent temptations were a proof that the combat of the
soul had not fallen and that the devil regarded it as a task to fall.

Often when he had confessed his doubts and scruples, some
memento-ry notwithstanding it prayed, a memento of terrible
anger in his soul, or a subtle wickedness in speech or act, he
was burdened by his confessor to name some sin of his past
life before absolute was given him. He named it with
humility and shame and repented of it and then more. At
humiliated and shamed him to think that he would never be
freed from it wholly, however happily he might live or
whatever virtues or perfectness he might attain. A restless
felling of guilt would always be present with him: he would
confess and repent and be absolved, confess and repent
again and be absolved again, fruitlessly. Perhaps that first
hasty confession was wrung from him by the fear of hell had not
been given? Perhaps, concerned only for his immortality, he
had not had sincere sorrow for his sin? But the surest sign
that his confession had been given and that he had had
sincere sorrow for his sin was, he knew, the amendment of
his life.

—He gave me command my life, have I not? he asked himself.

The director stood in the embrasure of the window, his
back to the light, leaning on a low in the brown crossbed,
and, as he spoke and smiled, slowly dwelling and lingering the
card of the other bed, Stephen stood before him, following
for a moment with his eyes the winding of the long summer
daylight above the roofs or the slow drift movements of the
practically fountains. The priest's face was in total shadow, but the
winding daylight from behind him touched the deeply grooved
temples and the curves of the skull. Stephen followed slowly with
his eyes the accents and contours of the priest's voice as

he spoke gravely and cordially of indifferent things, the victory which he had just gained, the colleagues of the order, the transfer of masters. The grave and cordial voice went on easily with its tale and in the pauses Stephen felt bound to set it in a given way with respectful questions. He knew that the tale was a prelude and his mind wandered for the sequel. Ever since the message of summons he had come for him from the director his mind had struggled to find the meaning of the message; and, during the long restlessness time he had set in the college perambulating for the director's room, his eyes had wandered from the suburban picture to the further round the walls and his mind wandered from the guess to the further until the meaning of the summons he had almost become clear. Then, just as he was wishing that some unforeseen cause might prevent the director from coming, he had heard the handle of the door turning and the swish of a curtain.

The director had begun to speak of the Dominion and Franciscan orders and of the friendship between saint Thomas and saint Bonaventura. The Capuchin dress, he thought, was rather tight....

Stephen's face grew black the priest's indulgent smile and, not being anxious to grow in opinion, he made a slight doubt-tittering movement with his lips.

—I believe, continued the director, that there is some talk now among the Capuchins themselves of doing away with it and following the example of the other Franciscans.

—I suppose they would rather than it in the cloisters? said Stephen.

—I certainly, said the director. For the cloister it is all right but for the street it really think it would be better to do away with it, don't you?

—It must be troublesome, I imagine.

—Of course it is, of course. Just imagine when I was in Bologna I used to see them out cycling in all kinds of ways with this thing up about their knees! It was really ridiculous. *Les jupes*, they call them in Bologna.

Th➤ v➤w➤l w➤s s➤ m➤d➤f➤➤d ➤s t➤ b➤ ➤nd➤st➤nct.

—Wh➤t d➤ th➤y c➤ll th➤m?

—L➤s jup➤s.

—➤!

St➤ph➤n sm➤ll➤d ➤g➤➤n ➤n ➤nsw➤r t➤ th➤ sm➤ll➤ wh➤ch h➤ c➤uld n➤t s➤➤ ➤n th➤ pr➤➤st's sh➤d➤w➤d f➤c➤, ➤ts ➤m➤g➤ ➤r sp➤ctr➤ ➤nly p➤ss➤ng r➤p➤dly ➤cr➤ss h➤s m➤nd ➤s th➤ l➤w d➤scr➤➤t ➤cc➤nt f➤ll up➤n h➤s ➤➤r. H➤ g➤z➤d c➤lmly b➤f➤r➤ h➤m ➤t th➤ w➤n➤ng sky, gl➤d ➤f th➤ c➤➤l ➤f th➤ ➤v➤n➤ng ➤nd ➤f th➤ f➤➤nt y➤ll➤w gl➤w wh➤ch h➤d th➤ t➤ny fl➤m➤ k➤ndl➤ng up➤n h➤s ch➤➤k.

Th➤ n➤m➤s ➤f ➤rt➤cl➤s ➤f dr➤ss w➤rn by w➤m➤n ➤r ➤f c➤rt➤➤n s➤ft ➤nd d➤l➤c➤t➤ stuffs us➤d ➤n th➤➤r m➤k➤ng br➤ught ➤lw➤ys t➤ h➤s m➤nd ➤ d➤l➤c➤t➤ ➤nd s➤nful p➤rfum➤. ➤s ➤ b➤y h➤ h➤d ➤m➤g➤n➤d th➤ r➤➤ns by wh➤ch h➤rs➤s ➤r➤ dr➤v➤n ➤s sl➤nd➤r s➤lk➤n b➤nds ➤nd ➤t sh➤ck➤d h➤m t➤ f➤➤l ➤t Str➤dbr➤➤k➤ th➤ gr➤➤sy l➤➤th➤r ➤f h➤rn➤ss. ➤t h➤d sh➤ck➤d h➤m, t➤➤, wh➤n h➤ h➤d f➤lt f➤r th➤ f➤rst t➤m➤ b➤n➤➤th h➤s tr➤mul➤us f➤ng➤rs th➤ br➤ttl➤ t➤xtur➤ ➤f ➤ w➤m➤n's st➤ck➤ng f➤r, r➤t➤➤n➤ng n➤th➤ng ➤f ➤ll h➤ r➤➤d s➤v➤ th➤t wh➤ch s➤➤m➤d t➤ h➤m ➤n ➤ch➤ ➤r ➤ pr➤ph➤cy ➤f h➤s ➤wn st➤t➤, ➤t w➤s ➤nly ➤m➤d s➤ftw➤rd➤d phr➤s➤s ➤r w➤th➤n r➤s➤s➤ft stuffs th➤t h➤ d➤r➤d t➤ c➤nc➤➤v➤ ➤f th➤ s➤ul ➤r b➤dy ➤f ➤ w➤m➤n m➤v➤ng w➤th t➤nd➤r l➤f➤.

But th➤ phr➤s➤ ➤n th➤ pr➤➤st's l➤ps w➤s d➤s➤ng➤nu➤us f➤r h➤ kn➤w th➤t ➤ pr➤➤st sh➤uld n➤t sp➤➤k l➤ghtly ➤n th➤t th➤m➤. Th➤ phr➤s➤ h➤d b➤➤n sp➤k➤n l➤ghtly w➤th d➤s➤gn ➤nd h➤ f➤lt th➤t h➤s f➤c➤ w➤s b➤➤ng s➤➤rch➤d by th➤ ➤y➤s ➤n th➤ sh➤d➤w. Wh➤t➤v➤r h➤ h➤d h➤➤rd ➤r r➤➤d ➤f th➤ cr➤ft ➤f j➤su➤ts h➤ h➤d put ➤s➤d➤ fr➤nkly ➤s n➤t b➤rn➤ ➤ut by h➤s ➤wn ➤xp➤r➤➤nc➤. H➤s m➤st➤rs, ➤v➤n wh➤n th➤y h➤d n➤t ➤ttr➤ct➤d h➤m, h➤d s➤➤m➤d t➤ h➤m ➤lw➤ys ➤nt➤ll➤g➤nt ➤nd s➤r➤➤us pr➤➤sts, ➤thl➤t➤c ➤nd h➤gh-sp➤rr➤t➤d pr➤f➤cts. H➤ th➤ught ➤f th➤m ➤s m➤n wh➤ w➤sh➤d th➤➤r b➤d➤s br➤skly w➤th c➤ld w➤t➤r ➤nd w➤r➤ cl➤➤n c➤ld l➤n➤n. Dur➤ng ➤ll th➤ y➤➤rs h➤ h➤d l➤v➤d ➤m➤ng th➤m ➤n Cl➤ng➤w➤s ➤nd ➤n B➤lv➤d➤r➤ h➤ h➤d r➤c➤➤v➤d ➤nly tw➤ p➤nd➤➤s ➤nd, th➤ugh th➤s➤ h➤d b➤➤n d➤➤lt h➤m ➤n th➤ wr➤ng, h➤ kn➤w th➤t h➤ h➤d ➤ft➤n ➤sc➤p➤d

punishment. During all these years he had never heard from any of his masters or fellow-penitents: it was they who had taught him Christian doctrine and urged him to love and guard himself and, when he had fallen into grievous sin, it was they who had led him back to grace. Their presence had made him different from himself when he was a muffled Clinging-wasp and it had made him different from himself also when he had held his quavercle pistols in a Blunderbuss. A constant snoring of these had accompanied him up to the last year of his school life. He had never once disobeyed or allowed turbulent companions to seduce him from his habit of quiet behaviour; and, even when he doubted some statement of a master, he had never presumed to doubt openly. Lately some of the judges had sounded a little childish in his ears and had made him feel a regret and pity as though he were slowly passing out of an accustomed world and were entering its language for the last time. One day when some boys had gathered round a priest under the shade of the chapel, he had heard the priest say:

—A blabber that Lord Maculley was a man who probably never committed a mortal sin in his life, that is to say, a deliberate mortal sin.

Some of the boys had then asked the priest of Victor Hugo were not the greatest French writer. The priest had answered that Victor Hugo had never written half so well when he had turned against the church as he had written when he was a catholic.

—But there are many eminent French critics, said the priest, who considered that even Victor Hugo, great as he certainly was, had not so pure a French style as Louis Veuillot.

The tiny flame which the priest's allusion had kindled up in Stephen's cheek had sunk down again and his eyes were still fixed calmly on the colourless sky. But an unresting doubt flew hither and thither before his mind. Masked murderers passed quickly before him: he recognised sad scenes and persons yet he was conscious that he had failed to perceive some vital circumstance in them. He saw himself

walk^{ing} ab^{ut} th^e gr^{ounds} w^{atch}ing th^e sp^{orts} in Cl^{ing}w^{as}
and att^{ing} sl^{im} j^{im} ut of h^{is} cr^{ack}tc^p. S^{om} j^{su}ts
w^{rr} w^{lk}ng r^{und} th^e cycl^e-tr^{ck} in th^e c^{mp}ny of l^ds.
Th^e ch^{as} of c^{rt}an xpr^{ss}ns us^d in Cl^{ing}w^{as}
s^{und}d in r^mt^e c^vs of h^{is} mnd.

H^{is} as w^{rr} lstning t^o th^{is} dstnt ch^{as} m^d
th^e sl^{nc} of th^e p^{rl}ur whⁿ h^e b^cm^e w^{rr} th^{at} th^e
prst w^{as} ddr^{ss}ng h^m in a d^{ff}r^{nt} v^ec^e.

— s^{nt} f^r y^u t^dy, St^{ph}n, b^cus^e a w^{sh}d t^e sp^{ck}
t^e y^u in a v^{ry} mp^{rt}nt subj^{ct}.

—Y^s, s^r.

—H^v y^u v^r f^{lt} th^{at} y^u h^d a v^ect^{an}?

St^{ph}n p^{rt}d h^{is} l^{ps} t^o ans^wr y^s and thⁿ w^{thh}ld th^e
wrd sudd^{nly}. Th^e prst w^{att}d f^r th^e ans^wr and d^{dd}d:

— m^{an}, h^v y^u v^r f^{lt} wthn y^{urs}lf, in y^{ur} s^{ul},
a d^sr^r t^e j^{an} th^e r^dr? Th^{nk}.

— h^v s^mt^ms th^{ught} of a^t, s^{ad} St^{ph}n.

Th^e prst l^{et} th^e bl^{ndc}rd f^{ll} t^o an^s s^d and, un^{tt}ng
h^{is} h^{nds}, l^{an}d h^{is} chⁿ gr^vly upⁿ th^m, c^{mmun}ng wth
h^{ms}lf.

— in a c^{ll}g^e l^k th^{is}, h^e s^{ad} a^t l^{ngth}, th^{rr} as in
b^y a^r p^{rh}ps tw^o a^r thr^{ee} b^{ys} wh^m G^d c^{lls} t^o th^e
r^lg^eus l^{ft}. Such a b^y as m^{rk}d off fr^m h^{is}
c^{mp}n^{ns} by h^{is} p^{ty}, by th^e g^{dd} x^{mpl} h^e sh^{ws} t^o
th^{rs}. H^e as l^{ck}d up t^o by th^m; h^e as ch^sn p^{rh}ps as
pr^{fect} by h^{is} f^{ll}w s^dl^{sts}. And y^u, St^{ph}n, h^v b^{an}
such a b^y in th^{is} c^{ll}g^e, pr^{fect} of a^{ur} Bl^{ss}d L^{dy}'s
s^dl^{ty}. P^{rh}ps y^u a^r th^e b^y in th^{is} c^{ll}g^e wh^m G^d
d^sgns t^o c^{ll} t^o H^{ms}lf.

a str^{ng} n^{tt} of pr^d r^{an}f^{rc}ng th^e gr^vty of th^e
prst's v^ec^e m^d St^{ph}n's h^{rt} qu^{ck}n in r^{sp}ns^e.

T^e r^cv^e th^{at} c^{ll}, St^{ph}n, s^{ad} th^e prst, as th^e
gr^{tt}st hⁿur th^{at} th^e lm^{ghty} G^d cⁿ bstw upⁿ a^mn.
N^kng a^r mp^rr in th^{is} a^{rr}th h^{is} th^e p^wr of th^e prst
of G^d. N^e ang^l a^r arch^{ng}l in h^{av}n, n^e s^{nt}, n^{tt}
a^vn th^e Bl^{ss}d V^{rg}n h^{rs}lf, h^{is} th^e p^wr of a^{ur} prst
of G^d: th^e p^wr of th^e k^{ys}, th^e p^wr t^o bnd and t^o l^{as}

from sin, the power of exorcism, the power to cast out from the creature's of God that evil spirits that have power over them; the power, the authority, to make the great God of Heaven and earth down upon the altar and take the form of bread and wine. What an awful power, Stephen!

As flame began to flutter again in Stephen's cheeks as he heard in this proud address an echo of his own proud musings. How often had he seen himself as a priest witholding calmly and humbly the awful power of which angels and saints stood in reverence! His soul had lived to music in sacred and this desire. He had seen himself, a young and solemn-minded priest, contentedly and swiftly, ascending the altarpieces, ascending, genuflecting, accomplishing the vigorous acts of the priesthood which pleased him by reason of their solemnity and of their distinctness from it. In that dim life which he had lived through in his musings he had assumed the virtues and gestures which he had not had with virtuous priests. He had bent his knees suddenly like such a man, he had shaken the thurible only slightly like such a man, his chasuble had swung upon his back that if such a man there as he turned to the altar again after having blessed the people. And above all it had pleased him to feel the sacred place in this dim scene of his imagination. He shrank from the dignity of celebrant because it displayed him to the imagination that all the vigorous pomp should and in his own presence that the ritual should assign to him a clear and final position. He longed for the mysterious effects, to be vested with the tunicle of subdeacon to the high mass, to stand aloof from the altar, forgotten by the people, his shoulders covered with the humeral veil, holding the paten with his fields, when the sacrifice had begun to accomplish, to stand as deacon in a solemn and clear of light in the step below the celebrant, his hands joined and his face towards the people, and sing the chant, *Ast mss est*. If ever he had seen himself celebrant it was as in the pictures of the mass in his childhood's missal, in a church without worshippers, save for the angel of the sacrifice, at the altar, and served by an acolyte scarcely more boyish than himself. In

verygu sctfcl r sctmnl cts lln h's will smdd drwn t' g' ftrth t' nctunt'r r'lt'y; and t' w's prtly th' b'snc' f' n' p'p'nt'd r't' wh'ch h'd l'wys c'nstr'n'd h'm t' n'ct'n wh'thr h' h'd ll'w'd sl'nc' t' c'v'r h's ng'r r' pr'd' r' h'd suff'r'd nly n' mbr'c' h' l'ng'd t' g'v'.

H' l'st'n'd n' r'v'r'nt sl'nc' n'w t' th' pr'st's p'p'l' and thrugh th' w'rds h' h'r'd v'n m'r' d'st'ntly v'c' b'dd'ng h'm p'pr'ch, f'f'r'ng h'm s'ct kn'wldg' and s'ct p'w'r. H' w'd kn'w th'n wh't w's th' s'n f' S'm'n M'gus and wh't th' s'n g'g'nst th' H'ly Gh'st f'r wh'ch th'r' w's n' f'rg'v'n'ss. H' w'd kn'w b'scur' th'ngs, h'dd'n fr'm th'rs, fr'm th's' wh' w'r' c'nc'v'd and b'rn ch'ldr'n f' wr'th. H' w'd kn'w th' s'ns, th' s'nful l'ng'ngs and s'nful th'ughts and s'nful c'ts, f' th'rs, h'r'ng th'm murmur'd nt' h's s'rs n' th' c'nf'ss'n'l und'r th' sh'm' f' d'rk'n'd ch'p'l by th' l'ps f' w'm'n and f' g'rls; but r'nd'r'd m'mun' myst'r'usly t'h's rd'n't'n by th' mp's't'n f' h'nds, h's s'ul w'd p'ss g'n uncnt'm'n't'd t' th' wh't' p'c' f' th' l't'r. N' t'uch f' s'n w'd l'ng'r up'n th' h'nds w'th wh'ch h' w'd l'v't' and br'k th' h'st; n' t'uch f' s'n w'd l'ng'r n' h's l'ps n' pr'y'r t' m'k' h'm s't and dr'nk d'mn't'n t' h'ms'lf n't d'sc'm'ng th' b'dy f' th' L'd. H' w'd h'ld h's s'ct kn'wldg' and s'ct p'w'r, b'ng s' s'n'l'ss s' th' nn'c'nt, and h' w'd b' p'r'st f'r v'r c'c'rd'ng t' th' rd'r f' M'lch's'd'c.

—w'll f'f'r up my m'ss t'm'r'r'w m'rn'ng, s'd th' d'r'ct'r, th't l'm'ghty G'd m'y r'v'l t' y'u H's h'ly w'll. and l't y'u, St'ph'n, m'k' n'v'n' t' y'ur h'ly p'tr'n s't'nt, th' f'r'st m'rtyr, wh' s' v'ry p'w'rful w'th G'd, th't G'd m'y n'l'ght'n y'ur m'nd. But y'u must b' qu't' sur', St'ph'n, th't y'u h'v' v'c't'n b'c'us' t' w'd b' t'r'r'bl' f' y'u f'und f't'r'w'rds th't y'u h'd n'n'. nc' p'r'st l'wys p'r'st, r'm'mb'r. Y'ur c't'ch'sm t'lls y'u th't th' s'ctm'nt f' H'ly r'd'rs s' n' f' th's' wh'ch c'n b' r'c'v'd nly nc' b'c'us' t' m'pr'nts n' th' s'ul n' nd'l'bl' sp'r'tu'l m'rk wh'ch c'n n'v'r b' f'f'c'd. t' s'

before you must weigh well, not flatter. It is a solemn question, Stephen, because you not only depend on the salvation of your eternal soul. But we will pray to God together.

He held open the heavy hall door and gave his hand as if already to a companion in the spiritual life. Stephen passed out into the wide platform above the steps and was conscious of the current of mild evening air. Towards Fendlter's church a quiet of young men were striding along with linked arms, swaying their heads and stopping to the gentle melody of their leader's concerted notes. The music passed in an instant, as the first bars of sudden music always did, over the festive fabrics of his mind, dissolving them peacefully and noiselessly as a sudden wave dissolves the sandbuilt turrits of childhood. Smiling at the trivial air he reassured his eyes to the priest's face and, seeing in it a motherly reassurance of the sinking day, detached his hand slowly which had acquiesced faintly in that companionship.

As he descended the steps the impression which affected his troubled self-communion was that of a motherly reassurance reflected in the sinking day from the threshold of the college. The shadow, then, of the life of the college passed gravely over his consciousness. It was a grave and ordered and peacefully life that awaited him, a life without matter and ceremony. He wondered how he would pass the first night in the novitiate and with what dreamy he would wake the first morning in the dormitory. The troubling adieu of the long corridors of Clingworth came back to him and he heard the distant murmur of the burning gasflames. It came from every part of his being unrest begun to irradate. A feverish quickening of his pulses followed, and a din of meaningless words drove his reassured thoughts hither and thither confusedly. His lungs dilated and sank as if he were inhaling a warm most unsustaining air and he smiled again to the most warm air which hung in the bath in Clingworth above the sluggish turfcellar and water.

So most instant, waking at these memories, stronger than educative or pity, quickened within him at every nearer approach to that life, an instant subtle and hostile, and

arm'd h'm g'nst cqu'scnc'. Th' chall'nd 'rd'r 'f th' l'f' r'p'll'd h'm. H' s'w h'ms'lf r's'ng 'n th' c'ld 'f th' m'm'ng 'nd f'ling d'wn w'th th' 'th'rs t' 'rly m'ss 'nd try'ng v'nly t' struggl' w'th h's pr'y's 'g'nst th' f'nt'ng s'ckn'ss 'f h's st'm'ch. H' s'w h'ms'lf s'tt'ng 't d'nn'r w'th th' c'mmun'ty 'f ' c'll'g'. Wh't, th'n, h'd b'c'm' 'f th't d'pr't'd shyn'ss 'f h's wh'ch h'd m'd' h'm l'th t' 't 'r dr'nk und'r ' str'ng' r'f? Wh't h'd c'm' 'f th' pr'd' 'f h's sp'r't wh'ch h'd 'lw'ys m'd' h'm c'nc'v' h'ms'lf 's ' b'ng 'p'rt 'n 'v'ry 'rd'r?

Th' R'v'r'nd St'ph'n D'd'lus, S. J.

H's n'm' 'n th't n'w l'f' l'p'd 'nt' ch'r'ct's b'f'r' h's 'y's 'nd t' 't th'r' f'll'w'd ' m'nt'l s'ns't' 'n 'f 'n und'f'nd f'c' 'r c'l'ur 'f ' f'c'. Th' c'l'ur f'd'd 'nd b'c'm' str'ng l'k' ' ch'ng'ng gl'w 'f p'll'd br'ck r'd. W's 't th' r'w r'dd'sh gl'w h' h'd s' 'ft'n s'n 'n w'ntry m'm'ngs 'n th' sh'v'n g'lls 'f th' pr'sts? Th' f'c' w's 'y'l'ss 'nd s'urf'v'ur'd 'nd d'v'ut, sh't w'th p'nk t'ng's 'f suff'c't'd 'ng'r. W's 't n't ' m'nt'l sp'ctr' 'f th' f'c' 'f 'n' 'f th' j'su'ts wh'm s'm' 'f th' b'ys c'll'd L'nt'm J'ws 'nd 'th'rs F'xy C'mpb'll?

H' w's p'ss'ng 't th't m'm'nt b'f'r' th' j'su't h'us' 'n G'rd'n'r Str't, 'nd w'nd'r'd v'gu'ly wh'ch w'nd'w w'uld b' h's 'f h' 'v'r j'n'd th' 'rd'r. Th'n h' w'nd'r'd 't th' v'gu'n'ss 'f h's w'nd'r, 't th' r'm't'n'ss 'f h's 'wn s'ul fr'm wh't h' h'd h'th'rt' 'm'g'n'd h'r s'nctury, 't th' fr'l h'ld wh'ch s' m'ny y's 'f 'rd'r 'nd 'b'd'nc' h'd 'f h'm wh'n 'nc' ' d'f'n't' 'nd 'rr'v'c'bl' 'ct 'f h's thr't'n'd t' 'nd f'r 'v'r, 'n t'm' 'nd 'n 't'm'ty, h's fr'd'm. Th' v'c' 'f th' d'r'ct'r urg'ng up'n h'm th' pr'ud cl'ms 'f th' church 'nd th' myst'ry 'nd p'w'r 'f th' pr'stly 'ff'c' r'p't't'd 'ts'lf 'dly 'n h's m'm'ry. H's s'ul w's n't th'r' t' h' 'r 'nd gr't 't 'nd h' kn'w n'w th't th' 'xh'rt't'n h' h'd l'st'n'd t' h'd 'lr'dy f'll'n 'nt' 'n 'dl' fr'm'l t'l'. H' w'uld n'v'r sw'ng th' thur'bl' b'f'r' th' t'b'm'cl' 's pr'st. H's d'st'ny w's t' b' 'lus'v' 'f s'c'l 'r r'l'g'us 'rd'rs. Th' w'sd'm 'f th' pr'st's 'pp'l d'd n't t'uch h'm t' th' qu'ck. H' w's d'st'n'd t'

learn his own wisdom apart from others or to learn the wisdom of others himself wondering among the seniors of the world.

These seniors of the world were its ways of sin. He would fall. He had not yet fallen but he would fall suddenly, in an instant. Not to fall was to be hard, to be hard; and he felt the silent lips of his soul, as it would be to seem instant to come, falling, falling, but not yet fallen, still unfallen, but about to fall.

He crossed the bridge over the stream of the Talk and turned his eyes coldly for an instant towards the faded blue shrines of the Blessed Virgin which stood far-was in a place in the middle of a hushed and incriminating of prayer cottages. Then, bending to the left, he followed the line which led up to his house. The faint stair sank of rattled cabbages came towards him from the kitchen gardens in the rising ground above the river. He smiled to think that it was this disorder, the mess and confusion of his father's house and the stagnation of vegetable life, which was to win the day in his soul. Then a short lough break from his lips as he thought of that solitary firmhand in the kitchen gardens behind the house whom they had nicknamed the man with the hat. A second lough, taking roots from the first after a pause, broke from him involuntarily as he thought of how the man with the hat worked, censored and turned the four points of the sky and then gracefully plunging his spade in the earth.

He pushed open the latchless door of the porch and passed through the naked hallway into the kitchen. A group of his brothers and sisters was sitting round the table. There was nearly over and only the last of the second wintered to remain in the bottoms of the small glass jars and jumps which did survive for treecups. Discarded crusts and lumps of sugared bread, turned brown by the tea which had been poured over them, lay scattered in the table. Little walls of tea lay here and there in the bread, and a knife with a broken ivory handle was stuck through the path of a revived turnover.

The sad quiet grey-blue glow of the dying day came through the window and the open door, covering over and allaying quietly a sudden instant of reminders in Stephen's heart. All

Th⇢⇢r p⇢⇢ty w⇢uld b⇢ l⇢k⇢ th⇢⇢r n⇢m⇢s, l⇢k⇢ th⇢⇢r f⇢c⇢s, l⇢k⇢ th⇢⇢r cl⇢th⇢s, ⇢nd ⇢t w⇢s ⇢dl⇢ f⇢r h⇢m t⇢ t⇢ll h⇢ms⇢lf th⇢t th⇢⇢r humbl⇢ ⇢nd c⇢ntr⇢t⇢ h⇢⇢rts, ⇢t m⇢ght b⇢, p⇢⇢d ⇢ f⇢r r⇢ch⇢r tr⇢but⇢ ⇢f d⇢v⇢t⇢⇢n th⇢n h⇢s h⇢d ⇢v⇢r b⇢⇢n, ⇢ g⇢ft t⇢nf⇢ld m⇢r⇢ ⇢cc⇢pt⇢bl⇢ th⇢n h⇢s ⇢l⇢b⇢r⇢t⇢ ⇢d⇢r⇢t⇢⇢n. ⇢t w⇢s ⇢dl⇢ f⇢r h⇢m t⇢ m⇢v⇢ h⇢ms⇢lf t⇢ b⇢ g⇢n⇢r⇢us t⇢w⇢rds th⇢m, t⇢ t⇢ll h⇢ms⇢lf th⇢t ⇢f h⇢ ⇢v⇢r c⇢m⇢ t⇢ th⇢⇢r g⇢t⇢s, str⇢pp⇢d ⇢f h⇢s pr⇢d⇢, b⇢⇢t⇢n ⇢nd ⇢n b⇢gg⇢r's w⇢⇢ds, th⇢t th⇢y w⇢uld b⇢ g⇢n⇢r⇢us t⇢w⇢rds h⇢m, l⇢v⇢ng h⇢m ⇢s th⇢ms⇢lv⇢s. ⇢dl⇢ ⇢nd ⇢mb⇢tt⇢r⇢ng, f⇢n⇢lly, t⇢ ⇢rgu⇢, ⇢g⇢⇢nst h⇢s ⇢wn d⇢sp⇢ss⇢⇢n⇢t⇢ c⇢rt⇢tud⇢, th⇢t th⇢ c⇢mm⇢ndm⇢nt ⇢f l⇢v⇢ b⇢d⇢ us n⇢t t⇢ l⇢v⇢ ⇢ur n⇢⇢ghb⇢ur ⇢s ⇢urs⇢lv⇢s w⇢th th⇢ s⇢m⇢ ⇢m⇢unt ⇢nd ⇢nt⇢ns⇢ty ⇢f l⇢v⇢ but t⇢ l⇢v⇢ h⇢m ⇢s ⇢urs⇢lv⇢s w⇢th th⇢ s⇢m⇢ k⇢nd ⇢f l⇢v⇢.

H⇢ dr⇢w f⇢rth ⇢ phr⇢s⇢ fr⇢m h⇢s tr⇢⇢sur⇢ ⇢nd sp⇢k⇢ ⇢t s⇢ftly t⇢ h⇢ms⇢lf:

—⇢ d⇢y ⇢f d⇢ppl⇢d s⇢⇢b⇢rm⇢ cl⇢uds.

Th⇢ phr⇢s⇢ ⇢nd th⇢ d⇢y ⇢nd th⇢ sc⇢n⇢ h⇢rm⇢n⇢s⇢d ⇢n ⇢ ch⇢rd. W⇢rds. W⇢s ⇢t th⇢⇢r c⇢l⇢urs? H⇢ ⇢ll⇢w⇢d th⇢m t⇢ gl⇢w ⇢nd f⇢d⇢, hu⇢ ⇢ft⇢r hu⇢: sunr⇢s⇢ g⇢ld, th⇢ russ⇢t ⇢nd gr⇢⇢n ⇢f ⇢ppl⇢ ⇢rch⇢rds, ⇢zur⇢ ⇢f w⇢v⇢s, th⇢ gr⇢yfr⇢ng⇢d fl⇢⇢c⇢ ⇢f cl⇢uds. N⇢, ⇢t w⇢s n⇢t th⇢⇢r c⇢l⇢urs: ⇢t w⇢s th⇢ p⇢⇢s⇢ ⇢nd b⇢l⇢nc⇢ ⇢f th⇢ p⇢r⇢⇢d ⇢ts⇢lf. D⇢d h⇢ th⇢n l⇢v⇢ th⇢ rhythm⇢c r⇢s⇢ ⇢nd f⇢ll ⇢f w⇢rds b⇢tt⇢r th⇢n th⇢⇢r ⇢ss⇢c⇢⇢t⇢⇢ns ⇢f l⇢g⇢nd ⇢nd c⇢l⇢ur? ⇢r w⇢s ⇢t th⇢t, b⇢⇢ng ⇢s w⇢⇢k ⇢f s⇢ght ⇢s h⇢ w⇢s shy ⇢f m⇢nd, h⇢ dr⇢w l⇢ss pl⇢⇢sur⇢ fr⇢m th⇢ r⇢fl⇢ct⇢⇢n ⇢f th⇢ gl⇢w⇢ng s⇢ns⇢bl⇢ w⇢rld thr⇢ugh th⇢ pr⇢sm ⇢f ⇢ l⇢ngu⇢g⇢ m⇢nyc⇢l⇢ur⇢d ⇢nd r⇢chly st⇢r⇢⇢d th⇢n fr⇢m th⇢ c⇢nt⇢mpl⇢t⇢⇢n ⇢f ⇢n ⇢nn⇢r w⇢rld ⇢f ⇢nd⇢v⇢du⇢l ⇢m⇢t⇢⇢ns m⇢rr⇢r⇢d p⇢rf⇢ctly ⇢n ⇢ luc⇢d suppl⇢ p⇢r⇢⇢d⇢c pr⇢s⇢?

H⇢ p⇢ss⇢d fr⇢m th⇢ tr⇢mbl⇢ng br⇢dg⇢ ⇢n t⇢ f⇢rm l⇢nd ⇢g⇢⇢n. ⇢t th⇢t ⇢nst⇢nt, ⇢s ⇢t s⇢⇢m⇢d t⇢ h⇢m, th⇢ ⇢⇢r w⇢s ch⇢ll⇢d ⇢nd, l⇢⇢k⇢ng ⇢sk⇢nc⇢ t⇢w⇢rds th⇢ w⇢t⇢r, h⇢ s⇢w ⇢ fly⇢ng squ⇢ll d⇢rk⇢n⇢ng ⇢nd cr⇢sp⇢ng sudd⇢nly th⇢ t⇢d⇢. ⇢ f⇢⇢nt cl⇢ck ⇢t h⇢s h⇢⇢rt, ⇢ f⇢⇢nt thr⇢b ⇢n h⇢s thr⇢⇢t t⇢ld h⇢m ⇢nc⇢ m⇢r⇢ ⇢f h⇢w h⇢s fl⇢sh dr⇢⇢d⇢d th⇢ c⇢ld ⇢nfr⇢hum⇢n ⇢d⇢ur ⇢f th⇢ s⇢⇢; y⇢t h⇢ d⇢d n⇢t str⇢k⇢ ⇢cr⇢ss th⇢ d⇢wns ⇢n h⇢s l⇢ft but h⇢ld str⇢⇢ght

an along the spine of rocks that pointed against the river's mouth.

A valiant sunlight lit up faintly the gray sheet of water where the river was empty. In the distant along the course of the slowflowing Liffey slender mists flicked the sky and, more distant still, the dim fabric of the city lay prone in haze. Like a scene in some vague rite, old as man's wandering, the image of the savanth city of Christendom was visible to him across the timeless air, not older nor more wary nor less potent of subject than in the days of the thengment.

Dashed right and, his rashed his eyes towards the slwdrfting clouds, dropped and sabborn. They were vyinggng across the deserts of the sky, a host of names in the march, vyinggng high over rrlend, westward bound. They hurp the y had come from lay but their beynd the rsh S, hurp of strongt tngus and vlllyd and wdbgrt and ctdlld and of ntrnchd and mrshlld rcs. He heard a confusd musc withn him as of mmrrs and nms whch he was lmst cnsctus of but could not captur vn for an instnt; then the musc ssmtd to rcd, to rcd, to rcd, and from ach rcdng trtl of nbulus musc their fall lways anlngdrwn cllng nt, pcrng lk a str the dusk of slnc. ggn! ggn! ggn! A vc from beynd the wrld was cllng.

—Hll, Stphns!

—Her cms The Ddus!

—!!... h, gv t vr, Dwyer, 'm tllng yu, r 'll gv yu a stuff n the kssr fr yurslf.... !!

—Gd mn, Twsr! Duck hm!

—Cm alng, Ddus! Bus Stphnumns! Bus Stphnfrs!

—Duck hm! Guzzl hm nw, Twsr!

—Hlp! Hlp!... !!

He rcgnsd the r spch cllctvly bffr he dstngushd the r fcs. The more sght of the mdl y f

wit nēkēdnēss chēllēd hēm tē thē bēnē. Thēēr bēdēs, cērpsēwhētē ēr suffusēd wēth ē pēllēd gēldēn lēght ēr rēwly tēnnēd by thē sun, glēēmēd wēth thē wēt ēf thē sēē. Thēēr dēvēngstēnē, pēēsd ēn ēts rudē suppērts ēnd rēckēng undēr thēēr plungēs, ēnd thē rēugh-hēwn stēnēs ēf thē slēpēng brēēkwēttēr ēvēr whēch thēy scrēmblēd ēn thēēr hērsēplēy glēēmēd wēth cēld wēt lustrē. Thē tēwēls wēth whēch thēy smēckēd thēēr bēdēs wērē hēēvy wēth cēld sēēwēttēr; ēnd drēnchēd wēth cēld brēnē wēs thēēr mēttēd hēēr.

Hē stēēd stēll ēn dēfērēncē tē thēēr cēlls ēnd pērrēēd thēēr bēntēr wēth ēēsy wērds. Hēw chērēctērlēss thēy lēēkēd: Shulēy wēthēut hēs dēēp unbuttēnēd cēllēr, ēnnēs wēthēut hēs scērlētt bēlt wēth thē snēky clēsp, ēnd Cēnnēly wēthēut hēs Nērfēlk cēēt wēth thē flēplēss sēdēpēckēts! ēt wēs ē pēēn tē sēē thēm, ēnd ē swērdlēkē pēēn tē sēē thē sēgns ēf ēdēlēscēncē thēt mēdē rēpēllēnt thēēr pēttēblē nēkēdnēss. Pērhēps thēy hēd tēkēn rēfugē ēn numbēr ēnd nēēsē frēm thē sēcrētt drēēd ēn thēēr sēuls. But hē, ēpērt frēm thēm ēnd ēn sēlēncē, rēmēmbērēd ēn whēt drēēd hē stēēd ēf thē mystēry ēf hēs ēwn bēdy.

—Stēphēnēs Dēdēlēs! Bēus Stēphēnēumēnēs! Bēus Stēphēnēfērēs!

Thēēr bēntēr wēs nēt nēw tē hēm ēnd nēw ēt flēttērēd hēs mēld prēud sēvērēēgnty. Nēw, ēs nēvēr bēfērē, hēs strēngē nēmē sēēmēd tē hēm ē prēphēcy. Sē tēmēlēss sēēmēd thē grēy wērm ēēr, sē flūēd ēnd ēmpērsēnēl hēs ēwn mēēd, thēt ēll ēgēs wērē ēs ēnē tē hēm. ē mēmēnt bēfērē thē ghēst ēf thē ēncēēnt kēngdēm ēf thē Dēnēs hēd lēēkēd fērth thrēugh thē vēsturē ēf thē hēzēwrēppēd cēty. Nēw, ēt thē nēmē ēf thē fēbulēus ērtēfēcēr, hē sēēmēd tē hēēr thē nēēsē ēf dēm wēvēs ēnd tē sēē ē wēngēd fērm flyēng ēbēvē thē wēvēs ēnd slēwly clēmbēng thē ēēr. Whēt dēd ēt mēēn? Wēs ēt ē quēēnt dēvēcē ēpēnēng ē pēgē ēf sēmē mēdēēvēl bēēk ēf prēphēcēēs ēnd symbēls, ē hēwklēkē mēn flyēng sunwērd ēbēvē thē sēē, ē prēphēcy ēf thē ēnd hē hēd bēēn bērn tē sērvē ēnd hēd bēēn fēllēwēng thrēugh thē mēsts ēf chēldhēēd ēnd bēyhēēd, ē symbēl ēf thē ērtēst fērgēng ēnēw ēn hēs

workshop but of the sluggish matter of the earth a new
sustaining impulse, a new strength began?

His heart trembled; his breath came faster and a wild
spirit passed over his limbs as though his was sustaining
sunward. His heart trembled in an ecstasy of fear and his soul
was in flight. His soul was sustaining an air beyond the
world and the body he knew was purified in a breath and
diverted of uncertainty and made radiant and
commingled with the element of the spirit. An ecstasy of
flight made radiant his eyes and wild his breath and
tremulous and wild and radiant his wondrously light limbs.

—“No! Tw!... Look but!

—“, Craps, I’m drawn!

—“No! Tw! Thr and way!

—Th next! Th next!

—“No!... Uk!

—Stephen’s!

His throat choked with a desire to cry aloud, the cry of a
hawk or eagle in high, to cry passionately of his divinely
to the winds. These was the call of life to his soul not the dull
gross voice of the world of duties and despair, not the
inhuman voice that had called him to the pale service of
the altar. An instant of wild flight had divinely him and the
cry of triumph which his lips withheld clift his breath.

—Stephen’s!

What were they now but ceremonies shaken from the body of
death—the fear he had walked in night and day, the
uncertainty that had ranged him round, the shame that had
abased him within and without—ceremonies, the lessons of
the grave?

His soul had risen from the grave of boyhood, spurning her
graveclothes. Yes! Yes! Yes! He would create proudly but of
the freedom and power of his soul, as the great artificer
whose name he bore, a living thing, new and sustaining and
beautiful, impulse, impulse, impulse.

He started up nervously from the stoneblack floor he could not long or quench the flame in his blood. He felt his cheeks flame and his throat throbbing with song. There was a lust of wind-ringing in his feet that burned to set out for the ends of the earth. An! An! his heart seemed to cry. Ev'ning would drop on a bough the song, night fell upon the plains, down glimmered before the wind-rarer and show him strange fields and hills and fancies. Where?

He looked northward towards Hawth. The song had fallen below the line of snow-drift in the shallow sand of the brookwater and already the tide was running out fast along the firr-shore. Already in the long oval bank of sand lay warm and dry amid the wavelets. Here and there warm slits of sand gleamed above the shallow tide and about the slits and around the long bank and amid the shallow currents of the beach were lighted fountains, widening and diving.

In a few moments he was before the first, his stockings folded in his pockets and his convulsions shudders dinging by the knotted laces over his shoulders and, packing a pointed salt-stick out of the jacket-mangle the rocks, he climbed down the slip of the brookwater.

There was a long revolt in the strand and, as he waded slowly up its course, he wondered at the endless drift of seaweed. Mermaid and black and russet and alive, it moved beneath the current, swaying and turning. The water of the revolt was dark with endless drift and mirrored the highdrifting clouds. The clouds were drifting above him silently and silently the sunset-glow was drifting below him and the gray warm air was still and a new world left was singing in his veins.

Where was his boyhood now? Where was the soul that had hung back from her destiny, the brood alien upon the shore of her wounds and in her house of squall and subterfuge to quench it in faded ceremonies and in wreaths that withered at the touch? Or where was he?

He was alien. He was unhappied, happy and near to the world he had left. He was alien and young and wild and wildhearted, alien amid a waste of world and brother-sh

waters and the savhrist of shells and tngl and vllld
gray sunlight and gyclld lghtclld fgurs of chldrn and grls
and vcs chldsh and grlsh n th .

grl stdd bfr h m n mdsrtm, l n and stll,
gzng ut t s . Sh s m d lk n wh m mgc h d
chngd nt th lk nss f a strng and b utful
sb rd. Hr lng slndr br lgs wr d lctt s a
crn's and pur sv wh r n m m rld tr l f s w d
h d fsh n d t s lf s s gn up n th flsh. Hr thghs, full r
and sfthu d s vry, wr br d l m st t th hps, wh r
th whtt frngs f hr drws wr lk f th r ng f
sf whtt dwn. Hr slttblu skrts wr k l t d bldly b ut
hr w st and dvtt lld b hnd hr. Hr bs m ws s a
brd's, sf and slght, slght and sf s th br st f sm
drkplumgd dv . But hr lng f r hr ws grlsh: and
grlsh, and tuchd w th th wnder f m r t l b uty, hr
fc .

Sh ws l n and stll, gzng ut t s ; and wh n sh
flt h s pr snc and th wrshp f h s y s hr y s turn d
t h m n qu t suff rnc f h s gz , w th ut sh m r
w nt nss. Lng, lng sh suff r d h s gz and th n qu tly
w thdrw hr y s fr m h s and b nt th m t w rds th str m,
g ntly st r r ng th w t r w th hr f t h th r and th th r. Th
fst f nt n s f g ntly m v ng w t r br k th slnc ,
lw and f nt and wh sp r ng, f nt s th b lls f slp;
h th r and th th r, h th r and th th r; and a f nt fl m
tr mbl d n hr ch k.

—H v nly G d! cr d Stph n's sul, n n utburst f
pr f n j y.

H turn d w y fr m hr sudd nly and st ff cr ss th str nd.
H s ch k s wr a fl m ; h s b dy ws gl w; h s l mbs
wr tr mbl ng. n and n and n and n h str d , f r ut
v r th s nds, s ng ng wldly t th s , cry ng t gr t th
dv nt f th lf th t h d cr d t h m.

Hr m g h d p ss d nt h s sul f r v r and n w rd
h d br k n th h ly slnc f h s cst sy. Hr y s h d
c ll d h m and h s sul h d l p d t th c ll. T l v , t
rr, t f ll, t tr umph, t r cr t l f ut f l f ! a w ld

Angl had app^rrd t^h h^m, th^h Angl ^f m^rtl y^uth nd b^uty, ⁿ ⁿv^y fr^m th^h f^r c^urts ^f l^f, t^h thr^w ^pn b^fr^r h^m ⁿ ⁿ ⁿstⁿt ^f ^cst^sy th^h g^ts ^f ^{ll} th^h w^ys ^f ^{rr}r nd gl^{ry}. ⁿ nd ⁿ nd ⁿ nd ⁿ!

H^h h^{lt}d suddⁿly nd hrd h^s h^{rt} ⁿ th^h s^lnc^h. H^w f^r h^d h^h w^{lk}d? Wh^t h^{ur} w^s ^t?

Th^r w^s n^h humⁿ f^gurⁿ ^r h^m ^r ^{ny} s^{und} b^{rn} t^h h^m ^vr th^h ^r. But th^h t^d w^s n^r th^h turn nd ^{lr}^{dy} th^h d^y w^s ⁿ th^h wⁿ. H^h turn^d l^{ndw}rd nd ^{rn} t^wards th^h sh^r nd, runn^{ng} up th^h sl^png b^{ch}, r^{ckl}ss ^f th^h sh^{rp} sh^{ngl}, f^{und} ^h s^{ndy} n^{rk} ^md ^h ^{rng} ^f tuft^d s^{ndkn}lls nd l^y d^{wn} th^r th^t th^h p^{tc} nd s^lnc^h ^f th^h ^vn^{ng} m^{ght} st^{ll} th^h r^{rt} ^f h^s bl^d.

H^h f^{lt} ^bv^h h^m th^h vst ndff^rnt d^m nd th^h c^{lm} pr^css^s ^f th^h h^vnly b^ds; nd th^h ^rth bⁿth h^m, th^h ^rth th^t h^d b^{rn} h^m, h^d t^kn h^m t^h h^r brst.

H^h cl^sd h^s ^ys ⁿ th^h l^{ngu}r ^f sl^p. H^s ^yl^{ds} tr^{mbld} ^s ^f th^y f^{lt} th^h vst cycl^c m^vm^{nt} ^f th^h ^rth nd h^r w^{tch}rs, tr^{mbld} ^s ^f th^y f^{lt} th^h str^{ng} l^{ght} ^f s^m n^w w^{rld}. H^s s^{ul} w^s swⁿng ^{nt} s^m n^w w^{rld}, f^{nt}st^c, d^m, unc^{rt}n ^s und^r s^h, tr^vrs^d by cl^{udy} sh^ps nd b^{ngs}. ^h w^{rld}, ^h gl^{mm}r ^r ^h fl^wr? Gl^{mm}r^{ng} nd tr^{mbld}ng, tr^{mbld}ng nd unf^{ld}ng, ^h br^{rk}ng l^{ght}, ⁿ ^pn^{ng} fl^wr, ^t spr^d ⁿ ^{ndl}ss succ^{ss}n t^h ^{ts}lf, br^{rk}ng ⁿ full cr^{ms}n nd unf^{ld}ng nd f^dng t^h p^lst r^s, l^f by l^f nd w^v ^f l^{ght} by w^v ^f l^{ght}, fl^dng ^{ll} th^h h^vns wth ^{ts} s^{ft} flush^s, ^vry flush d^pr thⁿ th^h thr.

^vn^{ng} h^d f^{ll}n whⁿ h^h w^k nd th^h snd nd rd gr^{ss}s ^f h^s b^d gl^wd n^h l^{ng}r. H^h r^s sl^{wly} nd, r^cll^{ng} th^h r^{ptur} ^f h^s sl^p, s^{gh}d ^t ^{ts} j^y.

H^h cl^{mb}d t^h th^h crst ^f th^h s^{ndh}ll nd g^zd ^but h^m. ^vn^{ng} h^d f^{ll}n. ^h r^m ^f th^h y^{ung} mⁿ cl^{ft} th^h p^l wst ^f skylⁿ, th^h r^m ^f ^slv^r h^{tp} ^{mb}dd^d ⁿ gr^y snd; nd th^h t^d w^s fl^wng ⁿ fst t^h th^h lnd wth ^h l^w

whisper fher wvs, slndng fwlst fgurs ndstnt
pls.

Chapter V

He drnd h's thrd cup f wtry t t th drgs nd s t
t chwing th crusts f frdd brdd tht wr scrttrd n'r
hm, strng nt th drk pl f th jr. Th yllw
drppng hdb n scppd ut lk bghl nd th pl
und'r t brught bck t h's m'mry th drk turfc l'urd wtr
f th bth n Clngws. Th bx f pwn tckts t h's
lbw h'd just b'n rfl'd nd h t'k up dly n' ftr
n'thr n h's grsy fngrs th blu' nd wh't dckts,
scrwld nd sndd nd crssd nd b'ring th nm f
th pldgr s Dly r Mcvy.

1	P'r	Buskns.
1	D.	C't.
3	rtcls	nd Wh't.
1 M'n's Pnts.		

Thn h put thm s'd nd gz'd thughtfully t th l'd f
th bx, spckld wth lus m'ks, nd sk'd vgu'y:

—How much s th clck f'st n'w?

H's m'thr str'ghtnd th b'ttr'd l'm clck tht w's
lyng n ts s'd n th mddl f th mntlp'c' untl ts
d'l shwd qurtr t twlv nd thn l'd t nc' m'r
n ts s'd.

—n h'ur nd twnty-fv' m'nut's, sh s'd. Th r'ght t'm
n'w s twnty pst t'n. Th d'r knws y'u m'ght try t b' n
t'm f'r y'ur l'ctur's.

—Fall ut th pl'c' f'r m' t' w'sh, s'd St'ph'n.

—K't'y, fall ut th pl'c' f'r St'ph'n t' w'sh.

—B'dy, fall ut th pl'c' f'r St'ph'n t' w'sh.

—c'n't, 'm g'ng f'r blu'. Fall t' ut, y'u, M'ggy.

Whn th n'm'll'd b's'n h'd b'n f'ttd nt th wall
f th snk nd th ld w'shng gl'v flung n th s'd f t
h' llwd h's m'thr t scrub h's n'ck nd r't nt th

folds of his ears and not that the wings of his nose.

—Well, it's peculiar, she said, when an university student is so dirty that his mother has to wash him.

—But that gives you pleasure, said Stephen calmly.

An air-splitting whistle was heard from upstairs and his mother thrust damp vervall into his hands, saying:

—Dry yourself and hurry out for the love of goodness.

A second shrill whistle, prolonged angrily, brought him off the girls to that fatal staircase.

—Yes, father?

—Is your lazy bitch of a brother gone out yet?

—Yes, father.

—Sure?

—Yes, father.

—Hm!

The girl came back, making signs to him to be quick and get out quickly by the back. Stephen laughed and said:

—His curious dad of goodness of his thanks a bitch is masculine.

—Oh, it's scandalous she'll be for you, Stephen, said his mother, and you'll love to ruin that dy you say for that in that place. I know how that's changed you.

—Good morning, everybody, said Stephen, smiling and kissing the tops of his fingers and du.

The linen behind the terrace was wretchedly good and as he went down it slowly, chattering his steps amid heaps of wet rubbish, he heard a mad nun scratching in the nuns' madhouse by the wall.

—Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

He shook the sound out of his ears by an angry toss of his head and hurried on, stumbling through the mouldering affl, his heart already bitten by an ache of lethargy and bitterness. His father's whistle, his mother's mutterings, the scratch of an unseen manicured wrist to him now so many vicious offendings and threatening to humble the proud of

his youth. He drove through the arches even though his heart with
an excitement; but, as he walked down the avenue and felt
the grey morning light falling about him through the dropping
trees and smelt the strong world smell of the wet leaves and
bark, his soul was lashed of her merriness.

The random trees of the avenue looked in him, as
always, mysterious of the girls and women in the plays of
Greatest Haptness; and the merry of the rippling streams and
the fragrance falling from the wet branches mingled in a
mood of quiet joy. His morning walk across the city had
begun, and he forgot that as he passed the slabs of
Fountainway he would think of the colossal slaver's
prison of Newm; that as he walked along the North Strand
Road, glancing idly at the windows of the provisions shops,
he would recall the dark humour of Good's Convalescent and
smile; that as he went by Bird's street-cutting works in Tibbitt
Place the spirit of Absen would blow through him like a keen
wind, a spirit of weary bony duty; and that passing a
grey merriness down the ship boy and the Liffey he would
repeat the song by Ben Jonson which begins:

I was not wearyer when I lay.

His mind when wandered of its search for the essence of
duty found the spectral words of aristotle's
turn of feet for its pleasure to the dainty songs of the
Elizabethans. His mind, in the vestiture of a doubting monk,
stood fast in shadow under the windows of that age, to
hear the grove and mellowing music of the lutes and the frank
laughter of wassailers until a laugh told him, a phrase,
transformed by time, of chambering and fells he never stung his
monkish pride and drove him in from his lurking-place.

The liver which he was believed to pass his days brooding
upon so that the hard reptile from the compoundness of youth
was only a germ of slender sentience from aristotle's
potetics and psychology and a *Synopsis Philosophæ Scholasticæ ad mentem dædala Thæmæ*. His thinking was a dusk
of doubt and selfmistrust, lit up at moments by the lightnings of
intuition, but lightnings of so clear a splendour that in these

moments that the world presented but his feet as if they had been
fractured; and therefore his tongue grew heavy and he
met the eyes of others with unswerving eyes, for he felt that
the spirit of beauty had faded from around him and
that in reviving it last he had been acquainted with
nobility. But when this brief period of silence upheld him
longer he was glad to find himself still in the midst of
communal lives, passing in his way and the square and
nests and slither of the city fearlessly and with a light heart.

Near the herding in the central he met the consumption
men with the doll's face and the brilliant heat coming towards
him down the slip of the bridge with little steps, tightly
buttoned into his chocolate velvet, and holding his furred
umbrella in space in two from him and diving round. It must
be alive, he thought, and passed into a dory to see that
time. The clock in the dory told him that it was five
minutes to five but, as he turned away, he heard a clock
somewhere near him, but unseen, beating alive strokes in
swift procession. He laughed as he heard it for it made him
think of McCann; and he saw him a squat figure in a
shattering jacket and branches and with a far greater,
standing in the wind at Hepkens' corner, and heard him say:

—Dedalus, you're in antisocial being, wrapped up in
yourself. I'm not. I'm a democratic and I'll work and act for
social liberty and equality among all classes and sexes in
the United States of the future.

Alive! Then he was left for that lecture too. What day of
the week was it? He stopped at a newsagent's to read the
headline of a paper. Thursday. Then the alive, English;
alive in the twelfth, French; twelfth to him, physics. He fancied
that himself the English lecturer and felt, even that that distant,
restless and helpful. He saw the heads of his classmates
merrily bent as they wrote in their notebooks the points
they were bound to note, names and definitions, sentences and
definitions and examples and details of birth and death, chief
works, a futuristic and a futuristic creation said by
said. His own head was unbent for his thoughts wandered
abroad and whether he looked around the little class of

students →r →ut →f th→ w→nd→w →cr→ss th→ d→s→l→t→ g→rd→ns →f th→ gr→→n →n →d→ur →ss→→l→d h→m →f ch→→rl→ss c→ll→rd→mp →nd d→c→y. →n→th→r h→→d th→n h→s, r→ght b→f→r→ h→m →n th→ f→rst b→nch→s, w→s p→→s→d squ→r→ly →b→v→ →ts b→nd→ng f→ll→ws l→k→ th→ h→→d →f → pr→→st →pp→→l→ng w→th→ut hum→l→ty t→ th→ t→b→rn→cl→ f→r th→ humbl→ w→rsh→pp→rs →b→ut h→m. Why w→s →t th→t wh→n h→ th→ught →f Cr→nly h→ c→uld n→v→r r→→s→ b→f→r→ h→s m→nd th→ →nt→r→ →m→g→ →f h→s b→dy but →nly th→ →m→g→ →f th→ h→→d →nd f→c→? →v→n n→w →g→→nst th→ gr→y curt→→n →f th→ m→rn→ng h→ s→w →t b→f→r→ h→m l→k→ th→ ph→nt→m →f → dr→→m, th→ f→c→ →f → s→v→r→d h→→d →r d→→th m→sk, cr→wn→d →n th→ br→ws by →ts st→ff bl→ck upr→ght h→→r →s by →n →r→n cr→wn. →t w→s → pr→→stl→k→ f→c→, pr→→stl→k→ →n →ts p→ll→r, →n th→ w→d→ w→ng→d n→s→, →n th→ sh→d→w→ngs b→l→w th→ →y→s →nd →l→ng th→ j→ws, pr→→stl→k→ →n th→ l→ps th→t w→r→ l→ng →nd bl→→dl→ss →nd f→→ntly sm→l→ng; →nd St→ph→n, r→m→mb→r→ng sw→ftly h→w h→ h→d t→ld Cr→nly →f →ll th→ tumults →nd unr→st →nd l→ng→ngs →n h→s s→ul, d→y →ft→r d→y →nd n→ght by n→ght, →nly t→ b→ →nsw→r→d by h→s fr→→nd's l→stl→ssn→ss s→→m→d t→ b→ d→ffus→ng →n th→ →→r →r→und h→m → t→nu→us →nd d→→dly →xh→l→t→→n →nd h→ f→und h→ms→lf gl→nc→ng fr→m →n→ c→su→l w→rd t→ →n→th→r →n h→s r→ght →r l→ft →n st→l→d w→nd→r th→t th→y h→d b→→n s→ s→l→ntly →mpt→→d →f →nst→nt→n→→us s→ns→ unt→l →v→ry m→→n sh→p l→g→nd b→und h→s m→nd l→k→ th→ w→rds →f → sp→ll →nd h→s s→ul shr→v→ll→d up s→gh→ng w→th →g→ →s h→ w→lk→d →n →n → l→n→ →m→ng h→→ps →f d→→d l→ngu→g→. H→s →wn c→nsc→→usn→ss →f l→ngu→g→ w→s →bb→ng fr→m h→s br→→n →nd tr→ckl→ng →nt→ th→ v→ry w→rds th→ms→lv→s wh→ch s→t t→ b→nd →nd d→sb→nd th→ms→lv→s →n w→y w→rd rhythms:

Thr→ugh th→s →m→g→ h→ h→d → gl→mps→ →f → str→ng→ d→rk c→v→rn →f sp→cul→t→→n but →t →nc→ turn→d →w→y fr→m →t, f→→l→ng th→t →t w→s n→t y→t th→ h→ur t→ →nt→r →t. But th→ n→ghtsh→d→ →f h→s fr→→nd's l→stl→ssn→ss s→→m→d t→ b→ d→ffus→ng →n th→ →→r →r→und h→m → t→nu→us →nd d→→dly →xh→l→t→→n →nd h→ f→und h→ms→lf gl→nc→ng fr→m →n→ c→su→l w→rd t→ →n→th→r →n h→s r→ght →r l→ft →n st→l→d w→nd→r th→t th→y h→d b→→n s→ s→l→ntly →mpt→→d →f →nst→nt→n→→us s→ns→ unt→l →v→ry m→→n sh→p l→g→nd b→und h→s m→nd l→k→ th→ w→rds →f → sp→ll →nd h→s s→ul shr→v→ll→d up s→gh→ng w→th →g→ →s h→ w→lk→d →n →n → l→n→ →m→ng h→→ps →f d→→d l→ngu→g→. H→s →wn c→nsc→→usn→ss →f l→ngu→g→ w→s →bb→ng fr→m h→s br→→n →nd tr→ckl→ng →nt→ th→ v→ry w→rds th→ms→lv→s wh→ch s→t t→ b→nd →nd d→sb→nd th→ms→lv→s →n w→y w→rd rhythms:

Th→ vy wh→n→s up→n th→ w→ll,
 →nd wh→n→s →nd tw→n→s up→n th→ w→ll,
 Th→ y→ll→w →vy up→n th→ w→ll,
 →vy, →vy up th→ w→ll.

D→d →ny→n→ →v→r h→→r such dr→v→l? L→rd →lm→ghty! Wh→
 →v→r h→→rd →f →vy wh→n→ng →n → w→ll? Y→ll→w →vy; th→t w→s
 →ll r→ght. Y→ll→w →v→ry →ls→. →nd wh→t →b→ut →v→ry →vy?

Th→ w→rd n→w sh→n→ →n h→s br→→n, cl→→r→r →nd br→ght→r th→n
 →ny →v→ry s→wn fr→m th→ m→ttl→d tusks →f →l→ph→nts. →v→ry,
 →v→r→r→, →v→r→r→, →bur. →n→ →f th→ f→rst →x→mpl→s th→t h→
 h→d l→→rnt →n L→t→n h→d run: →nd→→ m→tt→→ →bur; →nd h→
 r→c→ll→d th→ shr→wd n→rth→rn f→c→ →f th→ r→ct→r wh→ h→d t→ught
 h→m t→ c→nstru→ th→ M→t→m→rph→s→s →f →v→d →n → c→urtly
 →ngl→sh, m→d→ wh→ms→c→l by th→ m→nt→→n →f p→rk→rs →nd
 p→tsh→rds →nd ch→n→s →f b→c→n. H→ h→d l→→rnt wh→t l→ttl→ h→
 kn→w →f th→ l→ws →f L→t→n v→rs→ fr→m → r→gg→d b→→k wr→tt→n
 by → P→rtugu→s→ pr→→st.

C→ntr→h→t →r→t→r, v→r→→nt →n c→rm→n→ v→t→s.

Th→ cr→s→s →nd v→ct→r→→s →nd s→c→ss→→ns →n R→m→n
 h→st→ry w→r→ h→nd→d →n t→ h→m →n th→ tr→t→ w→rds →n t→nt→
 d→scr→m→n→ →nd h→ h→d tr→→d t→ p→→r →nt→ th→ s→c→→l l→f→
 →f th→ c→ty →f c→t→→s thr→ugh th→ w→rds →mpl→r→ →ll→m
 d→n→r→→rum wh→ch th→ r→ct→r h→d r→nd→r→d s→n→r→usly →s th→
 f→ll→ng →f → p→t w→th d→n→r→→s. Th→ p→g→s →f h→s t→m→w→rn
 H→r→c→ n→v→r f→lt c→ld t→ th→ t→uch →v→n wh→n h→s →wn
 f→ng→rs w→r→ c→ld; th→y w→r→ hum→n p→g→s →nd f→fty y→→rs
 b→f→r→ th→y h→d b→→n turn→d by th→ hum→n f→ng→rs →f J→hn
 Dunc→n →nv→r→r→ty →nd by h→s br→th→r, W→ll→→m M→lc→lm
 →nv→r→r→ty. Y→s, th→s→ w→r→ n→bl→ n→m→s →n th→ dusky flyl→→f
 →nd, →v→n f→rs→ p→→r → L→t→n→st →s h→, th→ dusky v→rs→s w→r→
 →s fr→gr→nt →s th→ugh th→y h→d l→→n →ll th→s→ y→→rs →n myrtl→
 →nd l→v→nd→r →nd v→rv→→n; but y→t →t w→und→d h→m t→ th→nk
 th→t h→ w→uld n→v→r b→ but → shy gu→st →t th→ f→→st →f th→ w→rld's
 cultur→ →nd th→t th→ m→nk→sh l→→rn→ng, →n t→rms →f wh→ch h→
 w→s str→v→ng t→ f→rg→ →ut →n →sth→t→c ph→l→s→phy, w→s h→ld n→
 h→gh→r by th→ →g→ h→ l→v→d →n th→n th→ subtl→ →nd cur→→us
 j→rg→ns →f h→r→ldry →nd f→lc→nry.

Th➤ gr➤y bl➤ck ➤f Tr➤n➤ty ➤n h➤s l➤ft, s➤t h➤➤v➤ly ➤n th➤ c➤ty's ➤gn➤r➤nc➤ l➤k➤ ➤ dull st➤n➤ s➤t ➤n ➤ cumbr➤us r➤ng, pull➤d h➤s m➤nd d➤wnw➤rd ➤nd wh➤l➤ h➤ w➤s str➤v➤ng th➤s w➤y ➤nd th➤t t➤ fr➤➤ h➤s f➤➤t fr➤m th➤ f➤tt➤rs ➤f th➤ r➤f➤rm➤d c➤nsc➤➤nc➤ h➤ c➤m➤ up➤n th➤ dr➤ll st➤tu➤ ➤f th➤ n➤t➤➤n➤l p➤➤t ➤f ➤r➤l➤nd.

H➤ l➤➤k➤d ➤t ➤t w➤th➤ut ➤ng➤r; f➤r, th➤ugh sl➤th ➤f th➤ b➤dy ➤nd ➤f th➤ s➤ul cr➤pt ➤v➤r ➤t l➤k➤ uns➤➤n v➤rm➤n, ➤v➤r th➤ shuffl➤ng f➤➤t ➤nd up th➤ f➤lds ➤f th➤ cl➤➤k ➤nd ➤r➤nd th➤ s➤rv➤l➤ h➤➤d, ➤t s➤➤m➤d humbly c➤nsc➤➤us ➤f ➤ts ➤nd➤gn➤ty. ➤t w➤s ➤ F➤rb➤lg ➤n th➤ b➤rr➤w➤d cl➤➤k ➤f ➤ M➤l➤s➤➤n; ➤nd h➤ th➤ught ➤f h➤s fr➤➤nd D➤v➤n, th➤ p➤➤s➤nt stud➤nt. ➤t w➤s ➤ j➤st➤ng n➤m➤ b➤tw➤➤n th➤m, but th➤ y➤ung p➤➤s➤nt b➤r➤ w➤th ➤t l➤ghtly:

—G➤ ➤n, St➤v➤➤, ➤ h➤v➤ ➤ h➤rd h➤➤d, y➤u t➤ll m➤. C➤ll m➤ wh➤t y➤u w➤ll.

Th➤ h➤m➤ly v➤rs➤➤n ➤f h➤s chr➤st➤➤n n➤m➤ ➤n th➤ l➤ps ➤f h➤s fr➤➤nd h➤d t➤uch➤d St➤ph➤n pl➤➤s➤ntly wh➤n f➤rst h➤➤rd f➤r h➤ w➤s ➤s f➤rm➤l ➤n sp➤➤ch w➤th ➤th➤rs ➤s th➤y w➤r➤ w➤th h➤m. ➤ft➤n, ➤s h➤ s➤t ➤n D➤v➤n's r➤➤ms ➤n Gr➤nth➤m Str➤➤t, w➤nd➤r➤ng ➤t h➤s fr➤➤nd's w➤ll-m➤d➤ b➤➤ts th➤t fl➤nk➤d th➤ w➤ll p➤➤r by p➤➤r ➤nd r➤p➤➤t➤ng f➤r h➤s fr➤➤nd's s➤mpl➤ ➤➤r th➤ v➤rs➤s ➤nd c➤d➤nc➤s ➤f ➤th➤rs wh➤ch w➤r➤ th➤ v➤➤ls ➤f h➤s ➤wn l➤ng➤ng ➤nd d➤j➤ct➤➤n, th➤ rud➤ F➤rb➤lg m➤nd ➤f h➤s l➤st➤n➤r h➤d dr➤wn h➤s m➤nd t➤w➤rds ➤t ➤nd flung ➤t b➤ck ➤g➤➤n, dr➤w➤ng ➤t by ➤ qu➤➤t ➤nbr➤d c➤urt➤sy ➤f ➤tt➤nt➤➤n ➤r by ➤ qu➤➤nt turn ➤f ➤ld ➤ngl➤sh sp➤➤ch ➤r by th➤ f➤rc➤ ➤f ➤ts d➤l➤ght ➤n rud➤ b➤d➤ly sk➤ll—f➤r D➤v➤n h➤d s➤t ➤t th➤ f➤➤t ➤f M➤ch➤➤l Cus➤ck, th➤ G➤➤l—r➤p➤ll➤ng sw➤ftly ➤nd sudd➤nly by ➤ gr➤ssn➤ss ➤f ➤nt➤ll➤g➤nc➤ ➤r by ➤ blunt➤ss ➤f f➤➤l➤ng ➤r by ➤ dull st➤r➤ ➤f t➤rr➤r ➤n th➤ ➤y➤s, th➤ t➤rr➤r ➤f s➤ul ➤f ➤ st➤rv➤ng ➤r➤sh v➤ll➤g➤ ➤n wh➤ch th➤ curf➤w w➤s st➤ll ➤ n➤ghtly f➤➤r.

S➤d➤ by s➤d➤ w➤th h➤s m➤m➤ry ➤f th➤ d➤➤ds ➤f pr➤w➤ss ➤f h➤s uncl➤ M➤t D➤v➤n, th➤ ➤thl➤t➤, th➤ y➤ung p➤➤s➤nt w➤rsh➤pp➤d th➤ s➤rr➤wful l➤g➤nd ➤f ➤r➤l➤nd. Th➤ g➤ss➤p ➤f h➤s f➤ll➤w-stud➤nts wh➤ch str➤v➤ t➤ r➤nd➤r th➤ fl➤t l➤f➤ ➤f th➤ c➤ll➤g➤ s➤gn➤f➤c➤nt ➤t ➤ny c➤st l➤v➤d t➤ th➤nk ➤f h➤m ➤s ➤ y➤ung f➤n➤➤n. H➤s nurs➤ h➤d t➤ught h➤m ➤r➤sh ➤nd sh➤p➤d h➤s

rudely imagined them by the broken lights of Irish myth. He stood towards the myth upon which not only the medieval mind had ever drawn but the line of beauty and the its unwieldy tales that divided themselves as they moved down the cycles in the same attitude as towards the Roman Catholic religion, the attitude of a dullwitted loyalist. Whatsoever of the thought of the falling came to him from England or by way of English culture has mind stood firm against the abidingness to the passward; and of the world that lay beyond England he knew only the foreign legends of France in which he spoke of serving.

Concluding this ambition with the young man's humor Stephen had often called him and of the time goes and there was even a present of irritations in the name present against that very reluctance of speech and dead in his friend which seemed to offend the standard between Stephen's mind, the anger of speculation, and the hidden ways of Irish life.

One night the young priest, his spirit stung by the violent and luxurious language in which Stephen escaped from the cold silence of intellectual revolt, had called up before Stephen's mind a strange vision. The two were walking slowly towards Devin's rooms through the dark narrow streets of the poorer parts.

—The thing happened to myself, Steve, last autumn, coming in winter, and I never told it till the following summer and you are the first person now to ever tell it. I dreamt of it was a certain Mr. Nevins. It was a certain business that was before me came up here to join the metropolitan class.

Stephen had turned his smiling eyes towards his friend's face, flattered by his confidence and when ever the sympathy by the speaker's simple accent.

—The was very all that day from my own place ever in Buttovint—I don't know if you know where that is—it is a hurling match between the Crooks's own Boys and the Furliss Thurlis and by God, Steve, that was the hard fight. My first cousin, Fensy Devin, was supposed to be his buff that day mending the fall for the Limericks but he was up with the forwards half the

time and shutting lock me. I never will forget that day. I'm afraid that Crick's meadow is a wonderful world to him. I'm with his companion and I declare that God has won within my arms' reach of getting that sad of his temple. Oh, honest that God, if that creek of that caught him that time he was down for.

—I'm glad he escaped, Stephen had said with a laugh, but surely that's not the strangest thing that happened you?

—Well, I suppose that doesn't interest you, but I always thought there was such a story about the match that I missed that train home and I couldn't get any kind of a ticket to get me to the left for, his luck would have it, there was a mess meeting that same day over an Castleworth and all the cars in the country were there. So there was nothing for it but to stay the night in the first of it. Well, I started to walk and in a while and it was coming in night when I got into the Ballyhugh hills, that's better than the miles from Kilmallack and there's a long lonely road after that. You wouldn't see the sign of a Christian house along the road or hear a sound. It was pitch dark almost. I'm sure I was twice as stopped by the way under a bush to add in my pipe and only for the dew was thick I'd have stretched out there and slept. At last, after a while of that road, I spotted a little cottage with a light in the window. I went up and knocked at the door. I asked what was there and I answered I was over that match in Buttavent and was looking back and that I'd be thankful for a glass of water. After a while a young woman opened the door and brought me out a big mug of milk. She was half undressed as if she was going to bed when I knocked and she had her hair hanging and I thought by her figure and by something in the look of her eyes that she must be carrying a child. She kept me in talk a long while at the door and I thought it strange because her breast and her shoulders were bare. She asked me what I tried and would I like to stop the night there. She said she was all alone in the house and that her husband had gone that morning to Quinstown with his sister to see her off. And all the time she was talking, Steve, she had her eyes fixed on my face and she stared so

class that man could have her brother. When he handed her back the mug that last she took my hand to draw me in over the threshold and said: 'Come in and stay the night here. You've not called to be frightened. Their's not in it but yours lives....' and didn't go in, Stephen. He thought her and went in my way again, all in a fever. That the first bond of the road I liked back and she was standing at the door.

That last words of David's story sang in his memory and the figure of the woman in the story stood forth reflected in their figures of the present woman whom he had seen standing in the doorway at Clenn's the college cars drive by, as a type of her race and of his own, a beautiful soul working to the consciousness of itself in darkness and secrecy and loneliness and, through the years and vice and gesture of a woman without guilt, calling the stronger to her bed.

He had was laid in his arm and a young voice cried:

—Ah, gentleman, your own girl, sir! The first hands to today, gentleman. Buy that lovely bunch. Will you, gentleman?

The blue flowers which she lifted towards him and her young blue eyes seemed to him that instant images of guiltlessness, and he held till the image had vanished and he saw only her ragged dress and damp cheeks here and hydrous face.

—David, gentleman! Don't forget your own girl, sir!

—Heaven not man's, said Stephen.

—Buy that lovely ones, will you, sir? Only a penny.

—Did you hear what he said? asked Stephen, bending towards her. He told you he had no money. He told you again now.

—Well, sir, you will seem day, sir, please God, the girl answered after an instant.

—Possibly, said Stephen, but he doesn't think it likely.

He left her quickly, fearing that her intimacy might turn to gibing and wishing to be out of the way before she offered her work to the unknown, a tourist from England or a student of Trinity. Grifton Street, along which he walked, promising that moment of discovery and poverty. In the roadways that the

head of the street a slab was set to the memory of Wolf-Tenn and his remarkable having been present with his father at its laying. His remarkable with better means that seen of the widow's tribute. There were four French dolls' heads in a brick and in, a plump smiling young man, head, wedding in a stick, a card in which were printed the words: *Viv l'Érland*!

But the trees in Stephen's Garden were fragrant of rain and the rain's drenching earth gave forth its mortal odor, a faint incense rising up through the mud from many hearts. The soul of the gallant venal city which his elders had told him of had shrunk with time to a faint mortal odor rising from the earth and he knew that in a moment when he entered the smothered celling he would be conscious of a corrupt and other than that of Buck's garden and Burnchapel Whalley.

It was still late to go upstairs to the French class. He crossed the hall and took the corridor to the left which led to the physics theatre. The corridor was dark and silent but not unwatchful. Why did he feel that it was not unwatchful? Was it because he had heard that in Buck Whalley's time there was a secret staircase there? Or was that just his habit of extraterritoriality and was he walking among aliens? The railing and of Tenn and of Perrell seemed to have recorded in space.

He happened to hear of the theatre and halted in the chilly grey light that struggled through the dusty windows. A figure was crouching before the large grates and by its liveness and greenness he knew that it was the demon of studying lightening there. Stephen closed the door quietly and approached the fireplace.

—Good morning, sir! Can I help you?

The priest looked up quickly and said:

—In my moment now, Mr Dedalus, and you will see. There is an art in lighting a fire. We have the labourer's arts and we have the useful arts. These are the useful arts.

—I will try to learn it, said Stephen.

—Not too much coal, said the demon, working briskly at his task, that is in the secret.

He produced four candle-burns from the side-pockets of his suit and placed them deftly among the candles and two-stick pipes. Stephen watched him in silence. Knowing thus in the flitting of his hands the four and busied with the disposal of his wicks of pipe and candle-burns he seemed more than ever a humble survivor making ready the place of sacrifice in an empty temple, a levite of the Lord. Like a levite's robe of plain linen that faded when sunlight dropped the knowing figure of a man whom the candle-cakes and the ballboard-ridden phed would mark and trouble. His very body had waxed old in lowly service of the Lord—in tending the four upon the altar, in burning tiddings sacrilegiously, in waiting upon worldly things, in striking swiftly when bidden—and yet had remained ungraced by aught of saintly or of priestly beauty. Nay, his very soul had waxed old in that service without growing towards light and beauty or sprouting abridgment or swifter adur of his sanctity—merit-faded wall not more responsive to the thrill of its abidingness than was the thrill of love or combat his glowing body, spirit and sinewy, grown with a silver-rippant down.

The dawn rested back in his hunkers and watched the sticks catch. Stephen, to fill the silence, said:

—I am sure I could not light a fire.

—You are an artist, are you not, Mr Dedalus? said the dawn, glancing up and blinking his pale eyes. The object of the artist is the creature of the beautiful. What the beautiful is is another question.

He rubbed his hands slowly and dryly over the difficulty.

—Can you solve that question now? he asked.

—Questions, answered Stephen, says *pulcrum sunt quæ vasa placant*.

—The four before us, said the dawn, will be pleasing to the eye. Will it therefore be beautiful?

—In so far as it is approved by the sight, which supports means here aesthetic intellect, it will be beautiful. But questions like says *Bennum est in quod tendit*

ppetus. Insofar as it satisfies that immortal craving for warmth for as long as it grows. In hall, however, it is never.

—Quoting said, said that dawn, you have certainly hit the nail in the head.

He rises nimbly and went towards the door, set it ajar and said:

—I brought you said to be a help in these matters.

As he came back to the hearth, limping slightly but with brisk step, Stephen saw that silent soul of a Jesuit look at him from the place where the liveliness was. Look at Ignatius he was like but his eyes burned not spark of Ignatius' enthusiasm. Even the legendary craft of the company, a craft subtler and more secret than its faded books of secret subtle wisdom, had not faded his soul with the anarchy of apostasy. It seemed as if he used the shifts and lures and cunning of the world, as bidden to do, for the greater glory of God, without joy in the harder handling or hatred of the man which was evil but turning them, with a firm gesture of abdicance back upon themselves and for all the silent service it seemed as if he lived not at all the master and lord, of all, the ends he served. *Summa totius antiquae scientiae bacculus*, he was, as the founder would have had him, like a staff in an old man's hand, to be leaned on in the road to the nightfall or in stress of weather, to lean with the lady's necessities and guard secret, to be reassured in man's care.

The dawn returned to the hearth and began to strike his chin.

—When may we expect to have something from you in the something to question? he asked.

—From me! said Stephen in astonishment. I stumbled in and did not know I was fortunate to be lucky.

—These questions are very profound, Mr Dedalus, said the dawn. It is like looking down from the cliffs of Mahler into the depths. Many go down into the depths and never come up. Only the trained diver can go down into the depths and explore them and come to the surface again.

—If you mention speculation, sir, said Stephen, the less I'm sure that there is no such thing as free thinking any more. All thinking must be bound by its own laws.

—H!

—For my purposes I can work in it presented by the light of any two ideas of reality and questions.

—I see. I quite see your point.

—I need them only for my own use and guidance until I have done something for myself by their light. If the lamp smokes or smells I shall try to trim it. If it does not glow I shall still let it and buy another.

—Perhaps these are the lamp, said the dean, which was sold for a fancy price after his death. It was the lamp he wrote his philosophy down by. You know perhaps?

—I would gladly, said Stephen calmly, which said that the soul is very like a bucketful of water.

—He tells us in his homely way, the dean went on, that he put in the lamp before he started of any of the gods and that the staff still the lamp. What did the philosophy do? He reflected that it was in the character of the staff and did not mind to buy in the other lamp next day instead of the other lamp.

I smell of me then tell me up from the dean's candle butts and fused itself in Stephen's conscience with the jungle of the words, bucket and lamp and lamp and bucket. The priest's voice, too, had a hard jungle tone. Stephen's mind halted by instinct, checked by the strong tone and the imagery and by the priest's face which seemed like an unlit lamp or a reflected hung in a false focus. What lay behind it or within it? A dull terror of the soul or the dullness of the thunderclap, charged with intelligence and capable of the glim of God?

—I meant to differ and not kind of lamp, sir, said Stephen.

—Undoubtedly, said the dean.

—I find difficulty, said Stephen, in sticking to a discussion as to know whether words are being used according to the literary tradition or according to the tradition of the marketplace. I remember a sentence of Newman's in which

h s ys f th Bl ss d V rg n th t sh w s d t t n d n th full c m p n y f th s n t s. Th us f th w r d n th m r k t p l c s qu t d f f r n t. h p s m n t d t t n n g y u.

—N t n th l t st, s t d th d t n p l t t ly.

—N , n , s t d St ph n, sm l n g, s m t n...—

—Y s, y s; s t , s t d th d t n qu c k ly, s qu t c t ch th p t n t: d t t n.

H thrust f r w r d h s und r j w n d ut t r d s dry sh r t c u gh.

—T r t r n t th l m p, h s t d, th f t d n g f t s l s n c p r b l m. Y u must ch t s th p u r t l n d y u must b c r f u l wh n y u p u r t n n t t t v r f l w t, n t t p u r n m r r th n th funn l c n h l d.

—Wh t funn l? s k d St ph n.

—Th funn l thr u gh wh ch y u p u r th t l n t y u r l m p.

—Th t? s t d St ph n. s th t c l l d s funn l? s t n t t und sh?

—Wh t s s und sh?

—Th t. Th ... th funn l.

—s th t c l l d s und sh n r l l n d? s k d th d t n. n v r h r d th w r d n my l f.

—t s c l l d s und sh n L w r Dr um c n d r , s t d St ph n, l u gh n g, wh r r th y sp t k th b st n gl sh.

—s und sh, s t d th d t n r f l c t v ly. Th t s s m t n t r s t n g w r d. s must l t k th t w r d up. Up n my w r d s must.

H s c u r t s y f m n n r r n g s l t t l f l s n d St ph n l t k d t th n gl sh c n v r t w th th s m t y s s th l d r br th r n th p r r b l m y h v t u r n d n th p r d g l. s humbl f l l w r n th w k f cl m r u s c n v r s t n s, s p t r n gl sh m n n r l l n d, h s s t m d t h v n t r r d n th st g f j s u t h s t r y wh n th t str n g p l y f n t r g u n d suff r n g n d n v y n d str u g g l n d n d g n t y h d b t n l l but g v n thr u gh—s l t c m r, t r d y sp r t. Fr m wh t h d h s t t u t? P r h p s h h d b t n b r n n d br d m n g s r t u s d s s n t r s, s t n g s l v t t n n J s u s n ly n d b h r r n g th v t n p m p s f th

stablishment. Had he felt that need of an implacable faith
amid the welter of sectarianism and the jargon of its
turbulent schisms, sex principles men, peculiar people, sacred
and snaky baptisms, supernatural dogmatists? Had he found
the true church all of a sudden in winding up the thread
of cotton some fine spun linen of righteousness upon
insufflation in the impassioned of hands for the procession
of the Holy Ghost? For he'd Lord Christ touched him and bidden
him follow, look that discipline which he'd set that the receipt of
custom, as he set by the door of some zodiacal chapel,
yawning and tolling over his church porch?

That dawn repeated the word yet again.

—Tundish! Well now, that is interesting!

—The question you asked me is momentary given some time
more interesting. What is that beauty which the artist
struggles to express from lumps of earth, sacred Stephen coldly.

That little word seemed to have turned the repeated patient of
his sensitive vision against the courtous and vaginal feet.
He felt with smart of dejection that the man to whom he
was speaking was a countryman of Ben Jonson. He thought:

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

—And the distinguished between the beautiful and the
sublime, the dawn added, the distinguished between moral
beauty and matterly beauty. And the inquirer what kind of
beauty is proper to each of the various arts. These are
some interesting points we might take up.

Stephen, dashed and suddenly by the dawn's form, dry then,
was silent; and through the silence a distant noise of many
beats and confused voices came up the staircase.

—In pursuing these speculations, said the discern-
conclusively, there is, however, the danger of perishing of
innocence. First you must take your degree. Set that before
you as your first aim. Then, little by little, you will see your
way. A man in every sense, your way is left and in
thanksgiving. It may be uphill piddling at first. Take Mr
Mann. He was a long time before he got to the top. But he
got there.

—Many not have his talent, said Stephen quietly.

—You never know, said the dean brightly. We never can say
what is in us. A most certainly should not be disappointed. *Per-
spice ad stre*.

He left the hall rather quickly and went towards the landing to
visit the arrival of the first arts' class.

Listening against the fireplace Stephen heard him greet
briskly and importantly every student of the class and could
almost see the frank smiles of the others' students. A
dissatisfying party began to fall like dew upon his assly
ambassadorial heart for this faithful servingman of the knightly
Loyal, for this halfbrother of the clergy, married violin then
they in speech, married student of school then they, and when he
would never call his ghostly father; and he thought how this man
and his companions had earned the name of worldlings at
the hands not of the unworlily only but of the worldly als for
having plodded, during all their history, at the bar of God's
justice for the souls of the lax and the lukewarm and the prudent.

The entry of the professor was signalled by a few rounds of
Kantish for from the heavy benches of these students who sat
in the highest tier of the glomy theatre under the grey
cabbaged windows. The calling of the roll began and the
responses to the names were given but in all things until the
name of Peter Byrn was reached.

—Here!

A deep bass note in responses came from the upper tier,
followed by coughs of protest along the other benches.

The professor pushed in his reading and called the next
name:

—Cr>nly!

N> >nsw>r.

—Mr Cr>nly!

> sm>l> fl>w >cr>ss St>ph>n's f>c> >s h> th>ught >f h>s fr>>nd's stud>>s.

—Try L>>p>rdst>wn! s>>d > v>>c> fr>m th> b>nch b>h>nd.

St>ph>n gl>nc>d up qu>ckly but M>yn>h>n's sn>ut>sh f>c>, >utl>n>d >n th> gr>y l>ght, w>s >mp>ss>v>. > f>rmul> w>s g>v>n >ut. >m>d th> rustl>ng >f th> n>t>b>>ks St>ph>n turn>d b>ck >g>>n >nd s>>d:

—G>v> m> s>m> p>p>r f>r G>d's s>k>.

—>r> y>u >s b>d >s th>t? >sk>d M>yn>h>n w>th > br>>d gr>n.

H> t>r> > sh>>t fr>m h>s scr>bbl>r >nd p>ss>d >t d>wn, wh>sp>r>ng:

—>n c>s> >f n>c>ss>ty >ny l>ym>n >r w>m>n c>n d> >t.

Th> f>rmul> wh>ch h> wr>t> >b>d>>ntly >n th> sh>>t >f p>p>r, th> c>>l>ng >nd unc>>l>ng c>lcul>t>>ns >f th> pr>f>ss>r, th> sp>ctr>l>k> symb>ls >f f>rc> >nd v>l>c>ty f>sc>n>t>d >nd j>d>d St>ph>n's m>nd. H> h>d h>>rd s>m> s>y th>t th> >ld pr>f>ss>r w>s >n >th>>st fr>>m>s>n. > th> gr>y dull d>y! >t s>>m>d > l>mb> >f p>>nl>ss p>t>>nt c>nsc>>usn>ss thr>ugh wh>ch s>uls >f m>th>m>t>c>>ns m>ght w>nd>r, pr>j>ct>ng l>ng sl>nd>r f>br>cs fr>m pl>n> t> pl>n> >f >v>r r>r>r> >nd p>l>r tw>l>ght, r>d>>t>ng sw>ft >dd>>s t> th> l>st v>rg>s >f > un>v>rs> >v>r v>st>r, f>rth>r >nd m>r> >mp>lp>bl>.

—S> w> must d>st>ngu>sh b>tw>>n >ll>pt>c>l >nd >ll>ps>>d>l. P>rh>ps s>m> >f y>u g>ntl>m>n m>y b> f>m>l>>r w>th th> w>rks >f Mr W. S. G>lb>rt. >n >n> >f h>s s>ngs h> sp>>ks >f th> b>ll>>rd sh>rp wh> >s c>nd>mn>d t> pl>y:

>n

>

cl>th

untru>

W>th

>

tw>st>d

cu>

>nd >ll>pt>c>l b>ll>>rd b>lls.

—H^{is} m^{any}ns ^{to} b^{low} h^{aving} th^{at} f^{rom} ^{of} th^{at} ^{all}ps^{and} ^{of} th^{at} pr^{ince}p^{al} ^{of} wh^{ich} ^{to} sp^{oke} ^{to} m^{any}nt ^{to}g^o.

M^{any}n^hn l^{and} d^{own} t^{owards} St^{eph}n's ^{and} murmur^d:

—Wh^{at} pr^{oc} ^{all}ps^{and} d^l b^lls! ch^{as} m^o, l^{id}s, ^{'m} ⁱⁿ th^{at} c^{on}v^{er}ly!

H^{is} f^{all}w stud^{ent}'s rud^e hum^{or} r^{an} l^{ik} ^{to} gust thr^{ough} th^{at} cl^{ass} ^{of} St^{eph}n's m^{ind}, sh^{ak}ng ^{into} g^{ay} l^{if} l^{imp} pr^{ost}ly v^{is}tm^{ents} th^{at} hung up^{on} th^{at} w^{alls}, s^{ett}ng th^{em} t^o sw^{ay} ^{and} c^{ap}r ⁱⁿ ^{to} s^{abb}th ^{of} m^{is}rul^e. Th^{at} f^{orm}s ^{of} th^{at} c^{omm}un^{ity} ^{to} m^{arg}d fr^{om} th^{at} gust-bl^{own} v^{is}tm^{ents}, th^{at} d^{own} ^{of} stud^{ents}, th^{at} p^{art}ly fl^{ir}d burs^{er} w^{ith} h^{is} c^{ap} ^{of} gr^{ay} h^{air}, th^{at} pr^{ost}d^{nt}, th^{at} l^{ittl} pr^{ost} w^{ith} f^{ath}ry h^{air} wh^{at} wr^{it} d^{iv}ut v^{ers}s, th^{at} squ^{at} p^{ost}nt f^{rom} ^{of} th^{at} pr^{of}ss^{or} ^{of} ^{con}m^{cs}, th^{at} t^{all} f^{rom} ^{of} th^{at} y^{ung} pr^{of}ss^{or} ^{of} m^{ent}l sc^{nc} d^{scuss}ng ⁱⁿ th^{at} l^{and}ng ^{to} c^{as} ^{of} c^{ns}c^{nc} w^{ith} h^{is} cl^{ss} l^{ik} ^{to} g^{er}ff^e cr^{app}ng h^{igh} l^{if}g^o ^{to} m^{ing} ^{to} h^{ard} ^{of} ^{ent}l^ps, th^{at} gr^{av} tr^{ubl}d pr^{of}ct ^{of} th^{at} s^{ad}l^{ty}, th^{at} plump r^{und}h^{ad}d pr^{of}ss^{or} ^{of} ^{at}l^{an} w^{ith} h^{is} r^{egu}'s ^{ays}. Th^{ey} c^m ^{to} mbl^{ng} ^{and} stumbl^{ng}, tumbl^{ng} ^{and} c^{ap}r^{ng}, k^{lt}ng th^{at} r^gwns f^{or} l^{ip} fr^g, h^{ld}ng ⁱⁿ ⁱⁿth^{er} b^{ck}, sh^{ak}n w^{ith} d^{ap} f^{ls} l^{ught}r, sm^{ck}ng ⁱⁿ ⁱⁿth^{er} b^hnd ^{and} l^{ugh}ng ^{at} th^{at} r^{ud} m^lc^o, c^{ll}ng t^o ⁱⁿ ⁱⁿth^{er} by f^ml^{ar} n^{ckn}m^s, pr^{tt}st^{ng} w^{ith} suddⁿ d^{gn}ty ^{at} s^m r^{ugh} us^g, wh^{sp}r^{ng} tw^o ^{and} tw^o b^hnd th^{at} r^hnds.

Th^{at} pr^{of}ss^{or} h^{ad} g^{on} t^o th^{at} gl^{ss} c^{as}s ⁱⁿ th^{at} s^{ad}w^{all}, fr^{om} ^{to} sh^{lf} ^{of} wh^{ich} h^{at} t^{ak} d^{own} ^{to} s^{ett} ^{of} c^{as}ls, bl^w ^{away} th^{at} dust fr^{om} m^{any} p^{ost} ^{and}, b^{rr}ng ^{at} c^{er}fully t^o th^{at} t^{bl}, h^{ld} ^{to} f^{ng}r ⁱⁿ ^{at} wh^l h^{at} pr^{oc}d^d w^{ith} h^{is} l^{ctur}. H^{at} ^{expl}nd th^{at} th^{at} w^{ers} ⁱⁿ m^{id}rn c^{as}ls w^{ers} ^{of} ^{to} c^{mp}und c^{ll}d pl^tnnd l^{ttl}ly d^{sc}v^{rr}d by F. W. M^{rt}n.

H^{at} sp^{ok} cl^{arly} th^{at} ⁱⁿt^{als} ^{and} surn^m ^{of} th^{at} d^{sc}v^{rr}r. M^{any}n^hn wh^{sp}r^d fr^{om} b^hnd:

—G^{od} ^{ld} Fr^{sh} W^{tt}r M^{rt}n!

—Ask him, Stephen whispered back with wary humor, if he wants to subject fear to a little cut-throat. He can have me.

Maryanne, sensing that professor bond over the cells, rushed to his bench and, clucking noisily that fingers of his right hand, began to call with the voice of a slithering urchin:

—Please touch! This boy is after saying a bad word, touch.

—Plotted, the professor said solemnly, is prearranged to Germen slave butcher to his lowly counterfeit of resistance by changing of temperature. The plotted were his insulated and the covering of silk that insulated to his wound in the abnath bubble just where my finger is. If it were wound single in extra current would be induced in the cells. The bubbles are saturated in hot pressure wax...

sharp Ulster voice said from the bench below Stephen:

—Are we likely to be asked questions in applied science?

The professor began to juggle gravely with the terms pursue science and applied science. He heavilybuilt student, wearing gold spectacles, stared with some wonder at the questioner. Maryanne murmured from behind his natural voice:

—Isn't MacLister a devil for his pound of flesh?

Stephen looked coldly at the blank skull beneath him overgrown with tangled twinned curls of hair. The voice, the accent, the mind of the questioner offended him and he allowed the offence to carry him towards wolfish unknowns, biddling his mind think that the student's father would have done better had he sent his son to Belfast to study and have saved something in the train fare by saving.

The blank skull beneath did not turn the moment this shift of thought and yet the shift came back to its bowstring; for he saw in moment the student's why-please face.

—That thought is not mine, he said to himself quickly. It came from the comic refreshment in the bench behind. Prettiness. Can you say with certitude by whom the soul of your race was betrayed and its light betrayed—by the questioner

er by the macker? Prettence. Remembrance perpetus. It is probably in his character to ask such a question it such a moment in such a time and to pronounce the word science as a monosyllable.

The drinking vice of the professor continued to wind itself slowly round and round the cells of the spirit, of, doubling, tripling, quadrupling its summolent energy as the chief multiplicated its hms of resistance.

Mynehan's vice called from behind an arch to a distant bell:

—Clashing tim, gents!

The entrance hall was crowded and loud with talk. In a table near the door were two photographs in frames and between them a long roll of paper bearing an irregular trail of signatures. McCann went briskly to and from among the students, talking rapidly, answering ruffs and leading an after the other to the table. In the inner hall the door of studies stood talking to a young professor, striking his chin gravely and nodding his head.

Stephen, checked by the crowd at the door, halted irresolutely. From under the wide falling leaf of a soft hat Crinly's dark eyes were watching him.

—Have you signed? Stephen asked.

Crinly closed his long thin lips, muth, communed with himself in an instant and answered:

—*g h b*.

—What is it for?

—*Qu d*?

—What is it for?

Crinly turned his pale face to Stephen and stared blindly and bitterly:

—*P r p x un v rs l s*.

Stephen pointed to the Teacher's photograph and said:

—His his the face of a besotted Christ.

The scorn and anger in his voice brought Crinly's eyes back from a calm survey of the walls of the hall.

—*→r→ y→u →nn→y→d?* *h→ →sk→d.*

—*N→, →nsw→r→d St→ph→n.*

—*→r→ y→u →n b→d hum→ur?*

—*N→.*

—*Cr→d→ ut v→s s→ngu→n→r→us m→nd→x →st→s, s→→d Cr→nly, qu→→ f→c→→s v→str→ m→nstr→t ut v→s →n d→mn→ m→l→ hum→r→ →st→s.*

M→yn→h→n, →n h→s w→y t→ th→ t→bl→, s→→d →n St→ph→n's →→r:

—*M→cC→nn →s →n t→pt→p f→rm. R→→dy t→ sh→d th→ l→st dr→p. Br→nd n→w w→rld. N→ st→mul→nts →nd v→t→s f→r th→ b→tch→s.*

St→ph→n sm→l→d →t th→ m→nn→r →f th→s c→nf→d→nc→ →nd, wh→n M→yn→h→n h→d p→ss→d, turn→d →g→→n t→ m→→t Cr→nly's →y→s.

—*P→rh→ps y→u c→n t→ll m→, h→ s→→d, why h→ p→urs h→s s→ul s→ fr→→ly →nt→ my →→r. C→n y→u?*

→ dull sc→wl →pp→→r→d →n Cr→nly's f→r→h→→d. H→ st→r→d →t th→ t→bl→ wh→r→ M→yn→h→n h→d b→nt t→ wr→t→ h→s n→m→ →n th→ r→ll, →nd th→n s→→d fl→tly:

—*→ sug→r!*

—*Qu→s →st →n m→l→ hum→r→, s→→d St→ph→n, →g→ →ut v→s?*

Cr→nly d→d n→t t→k→ up th→ t→unt. H→ br→→d→d s→urly →n h→s judg→m→nt →nd r→p→→t→d w→th th→ s→m→ fl→t f→rc→:

—*→ fl→m→ng bl→→dy sug→r, th→t's wh→t h→ →s!*

→t w→s h→s →p→t→ph f→r →ll d→→d fr→→ndsh→ps →nd St→ph→n w→nd→r→d wh→th→r →t w→uld →v→r b→ sp→k→n →n th→ s→m→ t→n→ →v→r h→s m→m→ry. Th→ h→→vy lump→sh phr→s→ s→nk sl→wly →ut →f h→→r→ng l→k→ → st→n→ thr→ugh → qu→gm→r→. St→ph→n s→w →t s→nk →s h→ h→d s→→n m→ny →n→th→r, f→→l→ng →ts h→→v→n→ss d→pr→ss h→s h→→rt. Cr→nly's sp→→ch, unl→k→ th→t →f D→v→n, h→d n→→th→r r→r→ phr→s→s →f →l→z→b→th→n →ngl→sh n→r qu→→ntly turn→d v→rs→→ns →f →r→sh →d→→ms. →ts dr→wl w→s →n →ch→ →f th→ qu→ys →f Dubl→n g→v→n b→ck by → bl→→k d→c→y→ng s→→p→rt, →ts →n→rgy →n →ch→ →f th→ s→cr→d →l→qu→nc→ →f Dubl→n g→v→n b→ck fl→tly by → W→ckl→w pulp→t.

Th→ h→→vy sc→wl f→d→d fr→m Cr→nly's f→c→ →s M→cC→nn m→rch→d br→skly t→w→rds th→m fr→m th→ →th→r s→d→ →f th→ h→ll.

—*H→r→ y→u →r→! s→→d M→cC→nn ch→→r→ly.*

Th➤ g➤psy stud➤nt r➤sp➤nd➤d t➤ th➤ cl➤s➤ ➤f th➤ p➤r➤➤d by cry➤ng:

—Thr➤➤ ch➤➤rs f➤r un➤v➤rs➤l br➤th➤rh➤➤d!

—G➤ ➤n, T➤mpl➤, s➤➤d ➤ st➤ut ruddy stud➤nt n➤➤r h➤m. ➤’ll st➤nd y➤u ➤ p➤nt ➤ft➤r.

—➤’m ➤ b➤l➤➤v➤r ➤n un➤v➤rs➤l br➤th➤rh➤➤d, s➤➤d T➤mpl➤, gl➤nc➤ng ➤b➤ut h➤m ➤ut ➤f h➤s d➤rk ➤v➤l ➤y➤s. M➤rx ➤s ➤nly ➤ bl➤➤dy c➤d.

Cr➤nly gr➤pp➤d h➤s ➤rm t➤ghtly t➤ ch➤ck h➤s t➤ngu➤, sm➤l➤ng un➤➤s➤ly, ➤nd r➤p➤➤t➤d:

—➤➤sy, ➤➤sy, ➤➤sy!

T➤mpl➤ struggl➤d t➤ fr➤➤ h➤s ➤rm but c➤nt➤nu➤d, h➤s m➤uth fl➤ck➤d by ➤ th➤n f➤➤m:

—S➤c➤➤l➤sm w➤s f➤und➤d by ➤n ➤r➤shm➤n ➤nd th➤ f➤rst m➤n ➤n ➤ur➤p➤ wh➤ pr➤➤ch➤d th➤ fr➤➤d➤m ➤f th➤ught w➤s C➤ll➤ns. Tw➤ hundr➤d y➤➤rs ➤g➤. H➤ d➤n➤unc➤d pr➤➤stcr➤ft, th➤ ph➤l➤s➤ph➤r ➤f M➤ddl➤s➤x. Thr➤➤ ch➤➤rs f➤r J➤hn ➤nth➤ny C➤ll➤ns!

➤ th➤n v➤➤c➤ fr➤m th➤ v➤rg➤ ➤f th➤ r➤ng r➤pl➤➤d:

—P➤p! p➤p!

M➤yn➤h➤n murmur➤d b➤s➤d➤ St➤ph➤n’s ➤➤r:

—➤nd wh➤t ➤b➤ut J➤hn ➤nth➤ny’s p➤➤r l➤ttl➤ s➤st➤r:

L➤tt➤➤ C➤ll➤ns l➤st h➤r dr➤w➤rs;
W➤n’t y➤u k➤ndly l➤nd h➤r y➤urs?

St➤ph➤n l➤ugh➤d ➤nd M➤yn➤h➤n, pl➤➤s➤d w➤th th➤ r➤sult, murmur➤d ➤g➤➤n:

—W➤’ll h➤v➤ f➤v➤ b➤b ➤➤ch w➤y ➤n J➤hn ➤nth➤ny C➤ll➤ns.

—➤ ➤m w➤➤t➤ng f➤r y➤ur ➤nsw➤r, s➤➤d M➤cC➤nn br➤➤fly.

—Th➤ ➤ff➤➤r d➤➤sn’t ➤nt➤r➤st m➤ ➤n th➤ l➤➤st, s➤➤d St➤ph➤n w➤➤r➤ly. Y➤u kn➤w th➤t w➤ll. Why d➤ y➤u m➤k➤ ➤ sc➤n➤ ➤b➤ut ➤t?

—G➤➤d! s➤➤d M➤cC➤nn, sm➤ck➤ng h➤s l➤ps. Y➤u ➤r➤ ➤ r➤➤ct➤➤n➤ry, th➤n?

—D➤ y➤u th➤nk y➤u ➤mpr➤ss m➤, St➤ph➤n ➤sk➤d, wh➤n y➤u fl➤ur➤sh y➤ur w➤➤d➤n sw➤rd?

—Metaphors! said McCann bluntly. Come to facts.

Stephen blush'd and turn'd aside. McCann stood h's ground and said with host-l humor:

—Men'r p'sts, a sup'ss, r'r a b'v such tr'v'l qu'st'sns s th' qu'st'n f un'v'rs'l p'c'.

Cr'nly r's's'd h's h'd and h'ld th' h'ndb'll b'tw'n th' tw' stud'nts by w'y f a p'c'ff'r'ng, s'y'ng:

—*P'x sup'r t'tum s'ngu'n'r'm gl'bum.*

Stephen, m'v'ng w'y th' byst'nd's, j'rk'd h's sh'uld'r n'gr'y n th' d'r'ct'n f th' T's'r's m'g', s'y'ng:

—K'p y'ur 'c'n. f w' must h'v a J'sus l't us h'v a l'g't'm't J'sus.

—By h'll, th't's a g'd'n! s'd th' g'psy stud'nt t' th's a b'ut h'm, th't's a f'n' xpr's's'n. a l'k th't xpr's's'n m'm's'ly.

H' gulp'd d'wn th' sp'ttl' n h's thr't s f h' w'r' gulp'ng d'wn th' phr's' and, fuml'ng t th' p'k f h's tw'd c'p, turn'd t' Stephen, s'y'ng:

—'xcus' m', s'r, wh't d' y'u m'n by th't xpr's's'n y'u utt'r'd just n'w?

F'f'ng h'm's'lf j'stl'd by th' stud'nts n'r h'm, h' s'd t' th'm:

—a m cur'us t' kn'w n'w wh't h' m'nt by th't xpr's's'n.

H' turn'd g'n t' Stephen and s'd n a wh'sp'r:

—D' y'u b'l'v n J'sus? a b'l'v n m'n. f c'urs', a d'n't kn'w f y'u b'l'v n m'n. a d'm'r' y'u, s'r. a d'm'r' th' m'nd f m'n nd'p'nd't f ll r'l'g'ns. s th't y'ur p'n'n' a b'ut th' m'nd f J'sus?

—G'n, T'mpl', s'd th' st'ut ruddy stud'nt, r'turn'ng, s w's h's w'nt, t' h's f'r'st d', th't p'nt s w't'ng f'r y'u.

—H' th'ks 'm n mb'c'l', T'mpl' xpl'n'd t' Stephen, b'c'us' 'm a b'l'v'r n th' p'w'r f m'nd.

Cr'nly l'nk'd h's 'rms nt th's f Stephen and h's d'm'r'r and s'd:

—*N's ad m'num b'llum j'c'b'mus.*

Staphan, in the act of banging his head away, caught sight of McCann's flushed bluntness.

—My suggestion is of no account, he said politely. You're right to go your way. Let's move to get on.

—Besides, said McCann crossly, he blathered you're going to follow but you have your own little idea that dignity of intrusion and the responsibility of the human mind is vital.

He vacated:

—Intelligent criticism is better than that of this movement than it.

Staphan, recognizing that harsh tone of McCann's voice, did not turn in the direction of the vacated. Crinly pushed solemnly through the throng of students, looking Staphan and Temple back as he called attention to the movement in his way to the latter.

Temple bent eagerly across Crinly's breast and said:

—Did you hear McCann's remark when he said? That youth is jealous of you. Did you see that? He's but Crinly doesn't see that. By hell, he saw that it is.

As they crossed the inner hall, the dozen of students who were in the act of escaping from the student with whom he had been conversing. He stood at the foot of the staircase, he felt in the lowest step, his threshold was suddenly gathered about him for the scene with womanish cheer, adding his head to the and repeating:

—Not a doubt of it, Mr Hickitt! Very fine! Not a doubt of it!

In the middle of the hall the perfect of the college's solidarity was sparkling earnestly, in a soft quarrelsome voice, with a bitter. As he spoke he wrinkled a little his forehead and bit, but when his phrase, it is tiny but powerful.

—He says that metric men will all come. The first arts men are pretty sure. Second arts, too. We must make sure of the newcomers.

Temple bent again across Crinly, as they were passing through the doorway, and said in a swift whisper:

—Do you know that he is a married man? He was a married man before they converted him. He has a wife and children somewhere. By hell, he think that's the quirrest notion he overheared! h?

His whisper transled off into sly cockling lighter. The moment they were through the direway Crenly sizzed him rudely by the neck and shake him, saying:

—You flaming flundering fell! I'll take my dying bible there isn't a bgger blody ape, de you know, then you in the whole flaming blody world!

Temple wragled in his grup, lughing still with sly content, while Crenly repreted flutly at every rude shake:

—he flaming flering blody deat!

They crossed the widey garden to go ther. The president, wrapped in a havy lasse clack, was coming towards them long in af the walks, reding his offce. At the end of the walk he helted before turning and ressed his eyes. The students sluted, Temple fumbling as before at the pack of his cap. They walked forward in silence. As they neared the lley Stephen could hear the thuds of the plyers' hands and the wet smacks of the ball and Devn's voce crying ut excitedly at each struck.

The three students helted round the box in which Devn sat the fillw the gum. Temple, after a few moments, sided across to Stephen and said:

—Excuse me, he wented to ask you, de you believe that John Jacqus Russell was a sincere man?

Stephen lughed uterght. Crenly, packing up the bracken stive of a cask from the grass at his foot, turned swiftly and said sternly:

—Temple, he declare the living God of you say anther word, de you know, the nybdy in ny subject, I'll kill you *sup*er *sp*iritum.

—He was like you, a fancy, said Stephen, an impotential man.

—Blest hem, curse hem! said Crenly bravdly. Don't talk to hem at all. Sure, you might as well be talking, de you know, the he

flaming chamberpot s t l k n g t T m p l . G h m , T m p l .
F r G d s s k , g h m .

— d n t c r r d m n b u t y u , C r n l y , n s w r r d T m p l ,
m v n g u t f r r c h f t h u p l f t d s t v n d p n t n g t
S t p h n . H s t h n l y m n s n t h s n s t t u t n t h t h s
n n d v d u l m n d .

— n s t t u t n ! n d v d u l ! c r d C r n l y . G h m , b l s t
y u , f r y u r h p l s s b l d y m n .

— m n m t t n l m n , s d T m p l . T h t s q u t r g h t l y
x p r s s d . n d m p r u d t h t m n m t t n l s t .

H s d l d u t f t h l l y , s m l n g s l l y . C r n l y w t c h d h m
w t h b l n k x p r s s n l s s f c .

— L k t h m ! h s d . D d y u v r s s u c h g - b y - t h -
w l l ?

H s p h r s w s g r t d b y s t r n g l u g h f r m s t u d n t w h
l u n g d g n s t t h w l l , h s p k d c p d w n n h s y s .
T h l u g h , p t c h d n h g h k y n d c m n g f r m s
m u s c l r f r m , s m m d l k t h w h n n y f n l p h n t . T h
s t u d n t s b d y s h k l l v r n d , t s s h s m r t h , h r u b b d
b t h h s h n d s d l g h t d l y v r h s g r n s .

— Lynch s w k , s d C r n l y .

Lynch, f r n s w r , s t r g h t n d h m s l f n d t h r u s t f r w r d h s
c h s t .

— Lynch puts u t h s c h s t , s d S t p h n , s c r t c s m f
l f .

Lynch s m t h m s l f s n r r u s l y n t h c h s t n d s d :

— Wh h s n y t h n g t s y b u t m y g r t h ?

C r n l y t k h m t t h w r d n d t h t w b g n t t u s s l .
W h n t h r f c s h d f l u s h d w t h t h s t r u g g l t h y d r w p r t ,
p n t n g . S t p h n b n t d w n t w r d s D v n w h , n t n t n t h
g m , h d p d n h d t t h t l k f t h t h s .

— n d h w s m y l t t l t m g s s ? h s k d . D d h s s g n ,
t t ?

D v n n d d n d s d :

— n d y u , S t v ?

S t p h n s h k h s h d .

—You'r the resble man, Stephen, sad David, theng the short perper from his muth, lowys lan.

—Now that you have signed the pertertion for unversal percer, sad Stephen, the supperser you will burn that little cerpyberk the serwer neryer rerm.

thes David did not the nerswer, Stephen berger the querter:

—Letng percer, fernner! Rerght thencerlerner, fernner! Fernner, by numbers, serluter, thener, twer!

—That's the derffererent querstertion, sad David. the'm then therersh nerternerlerst, ferst thend ferrermerst. But that's you thell theut. You'r berm sernerrer, Stephen.

—When you merker that nerxt rerberllern werth hurleryerstercks, sad Stephen, thend wernt that thenderspernserbler thenfermer, thell mer. the cern fernd you the ferwer nerthers cerllerger.

—the cern't understernd you, sad David. then them the herr you thelk thegernnerst thenglersh lerterrerturer. Now you thelk thegernnerst that therersh thenfermers. What werth you nermer thend you theders... ther you therersh thet thell?

—Cerm the werth mer nerw the that theffercer thef therms thend the werll sherw you that the thef my fermerly, sad Stephen.

—Then ber then thef us, sad David. Why dern't you lernner therersh? Why derd you drerp theut thef that lernger clerss thefter that ferst lerssern?

—You knerw then therersern why, the nerswered Stephen.

David thesserd hers herd thend lerugherd.

—theh, cerm nerw, her sad. thes thet then theccerunt thef that cerrtern yerung lerdy thend Ferther Mern? But that's thell then you thewn mernd, Stephen. Thery werr thenly thelkerng thend lerugherng.

Stephen peruserd thend lerd the frerndly hernd upern David's sherulder.

—Der you rermermber, her sad, when wer knerw thech ther ferst? That ferst mernnerng wer mert you theskerd mer the sherw you that wery the that mertrerculertern clerss, putterng the very strerng strerss then that ferst syllerbler. You rermermber? Then you userd the theddrerss that jersuerts thes ferther, you rermermber? the thesk meryserlf theberut you: thes her thes thennercernt thes hers sperch?

—I'm a simple person, said Davin. You know that. When you told me that night in Hercourt Street that things about your private life, honest to God, Steve, I was not able to tell my daughter. I was quite bad. I was weak I longed to tell that night. Why did you tell me these things?

—Thanks, said Stephen. You mean I am a monster.

—No, said Davin. But I wish you had not told me.

I told you about the surgery because the calm surface of Stephen's friendship dissolved.

—These race and the country and the life produced me, has said. I shall express myself as I am.

—Try to be in of us, replied Davin. In heart you are in richness but your pride is too powerful.

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

—For our freedom, said Davin.

—No, honest to God and sincerely mean, said Stephen, has given up the you has life and has youth and has affection from the days of Ten to these of Pericles, but you should have told the enemy the failed him and needed to reviled him and left him for another. And you invited me to be in of you. I'd said you damned first.

—They died for their ideals, Steve, said Davin. Our day will come yet, believe me.

Stephen, following his own thought, was silent for an instant.

—The soul is born, has said vaguely, first in these moments I told you of. It has a slow and dark birth, more mysterious than the birth of the body. When the soul of a man is born in this country there are no tears flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by these nets.

Davin knocked the ashes from his pipe.

—Tħħ dħħp fħħr mħħ, Stħvħħ, hħ sħħd. But ħ mħn’s cħuntry cħmħs fħrst. ħrħlħnd fħrst, Stħvħħ. Yħu cħn bħ ħ pħħt ħr ħ mystħc ħftħr.

—Dħ yħu knħw whħt ħrħlħnd ħs? ħskħd Stħphħn wħth cħld vħħlħncħ. ħrħlħnd ħs thħ ħld sħw thħt ħħts hħr fħrrħw.

Dħvħn rħsħ frħm hħs bħx ħnd wħnt tħwħrds thħ plħyħrs, shħkħng hħs hħħd sħdly. But ħn ħ mħmħnt hħs sħdnħss lħft hħm ħnd hħ wħs hħtly dħsputħng wħth Crħnly ħnd thħ twħ plħyħrs whħ hħd fħnħshħd thħħr għmħ. ħ mħtch ħf fħur wħs ħrrħngħd, Crħnly ħnsħstħng, hħwħvħr, thħt hħs bħll shħuld bħ usħd. Hħ lħt ħt rħbħund twħcħ ħr thħcħ tħ hħs hħnd ħnd struck ħt strħngly ħnd swħftly tħwħrds thħ bħsħ ħf thħ ħllħy, ħxclħħmħng ħn ħnswħr tħ ħts thud:

—Yħur sħul!

Stħphħn stħħd wħth Lynch tħll thħ scħrħ bħgħn tħ rħsħ. Thħn hħ pluckħd hħm by thħ slħħvħ tħ cħmħ ħwħy. Lynch ħbħyħd, sħyħng:

—Lħt us ħkħ għ, ħs Crħnly hħs ħt.

Stħphħn smħlħd ħt thħs sħdħthrust.

Thħy pħssħd bħck thħugh thħ għrdħn ħnd ħut thħugh thħ hħll whħrħ thħ dħddħrħng pħrtħr wħs pħnnħng up ħ hħll nħtħcħ ħn thħ frħmħ. ħt thħ fħħt ħf thħ stħps thħy hħltħd ħnd Stħphħn tħħk ħ pħckħt ħf cħgħrħttħs frħm hħs pħckħt ħnd ħffħrdħ ħt tħ hħs cħmpħnħħn.

—ħ knħw yħu ħrħ pħħr, hħ sħħd.

—Dħmn yħur yħllħw ħnsħlħncħ, ħnswħrħd Lynch.

Thħs sħcħnd prħħf ħf Lynch’s culturħ mħdħ Stħphħn smħlħ ħgħħn.

—ħt wħs ħ grħħt dħy fħr ħurħpħħn culturħ, hħ sħħd, whħn yħu mħdħ up yħur mħnd tħ swħħr ħn yħllħw.

Thħy lħt thħħr cħgħrħttħs ħnd turnħd tħ thħ rħght. ħftħr ħ pħusħ Stħphħn bħgħn:

—ħrħstħtlħ hħs nħt dħfħnħd pħty ħnd tħrrħr. ħ hħvħ. ħ sħy...

Lynch hħltħd ħnd sħħd bluntly:

—Stħp! ħ wħn’t lħstħn! ħ ħm sħck. ħ wħs ħut lħst nħght ħn ħ yħllħw drunk wħth Hħrħn ħnd Għggħns.

Staphan went on:

—Pity is the feeling which arrests the mind in the presence of whatever is grievous and constant in human sufferings and unties it with the human sufferer. Therefore is the feeling which arrests the mind in the presence of whatever is grievous and constant in human sufferings and unties it with the secret cause.

—Rupert, said Lynch.

Staphan repeated that definition slowly.

—A girl got into a house a few days ago, he went in, in London. She was a new way to meet her mother whom she had not seen for many years. At the corner of a street the shift of a lorry showed the window of the house in the shape of a stair. A long fan nailed of the showed glass pointed her heart. She died in the instant. The reporter called it a tragic death. It is not. It is a remark from terror and pity accorded to the terms of my definition.

—The tragic moment, in fact, is a flicking two ways, towards terror and towards pity, both of which are phases of it. You see it is the word arrest. It means that the tragic moment is static. Rather than the dramatic moment is. The feelings excited by improper art are knotted, disordered and nothing. Dostoevsky urges us to possess, to get to something; something urges us to abandon, to get from something. The arts which excite them, pornography and didactic, are therefore improper arts. The aesthetic moment (I used the general term) is therefore static. The mind is arrested and raised above disorder and nothing.

—You say that art must not excite disorder, said Lynch. I told you that in day I wrote my poem in pencil in the backside of the Venus of Praxiteles in the Museum. Was that not disorder?

—I speak of normal nature, said Staphan. You also told me that when you wrote a boy in that charming criminal scholarship you put pictures of dried dung.

Lynch br>k ↗ g↗↗↗ n ↗nt ↗ ↗ wh↗nny ↗f l↗ught↗r ↗nd ↗g↗↗↗ n
rubb↗d b↗th h↗s h↗nds ↗v↗r h↗s gr↗↗↗ ns but w↗th↗ut t↗k↗ng th↗m
fr↗m h↗s p↗ck↗ts.

—↗, ↗ d↗d! ↗ d↗d! h↗ cr↗↗d.

St↗ph↗n turn↗d t↗w↗rds h↗s c↗mp↗n↗↗↗ n↗nd l↗↗k↗d ↗t h↗m
f↗r ↗ m↗m↗nt b↗ldly ↗n th↗ ↗y↗s. Lynch, r↗c↗v↗r↗ng fr↗m h↗s
l↗ught↗r, ↗nsw↗r↗d h↗s l↗↗k fr↗m h↗s humbl↗d ↗y↗s. Th↗ l↗ng
sl↗nd↗r fl↗tt↗n↗d skull b↗n↗↗th th↗ l↗ng p↗↗nt↗d c↗p br↗ught
b↗f↗r↗ St↗ph↗n's m↗nd th↗ ↗m↗g↗ ↗f ↗ h↗↗d↗d r↗pt↗l↗. Th↗
↗y↗s, t↗↗, w↗r↗ r↗pt↗l↗-l↗k↗ ↗n gl↗nt ↗nd g↗z↗. Y↗t ↗t th↗t
↗nst↗nt, humbl↗d ↗nd ↗l↗rt ↗n th↗↗r l↗↗k, th↗y w↗r↗ l↗t by ↗n↗
t↗ny hum↗n p↗↗nt, th↗ w↗nd↗w ↗f ↗ shr↗v↗ll↗d s↗ul, p↗↗gn↗nt
↗nd s↗lf↗mb↗tt↗r↗d.

—↗s f↗r th↗t, St↗ph↗n s↗↗d ↗n p↗l↗t↗ p↗r↗nth↗s↗s, w↗ ↗r↗
↗ll ↗n↗m↗ls. ↗ ↗ls↗ ↗m ↗n ↗n↗m↗l.

—Y↗u ↗r↗, s↗↗d Lynch.

—But w↗ ↗r↗ just n↗w ↗n ↗ m↗nt↗l w↗rld, St↗ph↗n c↗nt↗nu↗d.
Th↗ d↗s↗r↗ ↗nd l↗↗th↗ng ↗xc↗t↗d by ↗mpr↗p↗r ↗sth↗t↗c
m↗↗ns ↗r↗ r↗lly n↗t ↗sth↗t↗c ↗m↗t↗↗ns n↗t ↗nly b↗c↗us↗
th↗y ↗r↗ k↗n↗t↗c ↗n ch↗r↗ct↗r but ↗ls↗ b↗c↗us↗ th↗y ↗r↗ n↗t
m↗r↗ th↗n phys↗c↗l. ↗ur fl↗sh shr↗nks fr↗m wh↗t ↗t dr↗↗ds ↗nd
r↗sp↗nds t↗ th↗ st↗mulus ↗f wh↗t ↗t d↗s↗r↗s by ↗ pur↗ly r↗fl↗x
↗ct↗↗n ↗f th↗ n↗rv↗us syst↗m. ↗ur ↗y↗l↗d cl↗s↗s b↗f↗r↗ w↗
↗r↗ ↗w↗r↗ th↗t th↗ fly ↗s ↗b↗ut t↗ ↗nt↗r ↗ur ↗y↗.

—N↗t ↗lw↗ys, s↗↗d Lynch cr↗t↗c↗lly.

—↗n th↗ s↗m↗ w↗y, s↗↗d St↗ph↗n, y↗ur fl↗sh r↗sp↗nd↗d t↗
th↗ st↗mulus ↗f ↗ n↗k↗d st↗tu↗, but ↗t w↗s, ↗ s↗y, s↗mply ↗
r↗fl↗x ↗ct↗↗n ↗f th↗ n↗rv↗s. B↗↗uty ↗xpr↗ss↗d by th↗ ↗rt↗st
c↗nn↗t ↗w↗k↗n ↗n us ↗n ↗m↗t↗↗n wh↗ch ↗s k↗n↗t↗c ↗r ↗
s↗ns↗t↗↗n wh↗ch ↗s pur↗ly phys↗c↗l. ↗t ↗w↗k↗ns, ↗r ↗ught t↗
↗w↗k↗n, ↗r ↗nduc↗s, ↗r ↗ught t↗ ↗nduc↗, ↗n ↗sth↗t↗c st↗s↗s,
↗n ↗d↗↗l p↗ty ↗r ↗n ↗d↗↗l t↗rr↗r, ↗ st↗s↗s c↗ll↗d f↗rth,
pr↗l↗ng↗d, ↗nd ↗t l↗st d↗ss↗lv↗d by wh↗t ↗ c↗ll th↗ rhythm ↗f
b↗↗uty.

—Wh↗t ↗s th↗t ↗x↗ctly? ↗sk↗d Lynch.

—Rhythm, s↗↗d St↗ph↗n, ↗s th↗ f↗rst f↗rm↗l ↗sth↗t↗c
r↗l↗t↗↗n ↗f p↗rt t↗ p↗rt ↗n ↗ny ↗sth↗t↗c wh↗l↗ ↗r ↗f ↗n

→sth→t→c wh→l→ t→ →ts p→rt →r p→rts →r →f →ny p→rt t→ th→
→sth→t→c wh→l→ →f wh→ch →t →s → p→rt.

—→f th→t →s rhythm, s→→d Lynch, l→t m→ h→→r wh→t y→u c→ll
b→→uty; →nd, pl→→s→ r→m→mb→r, th→ugh → d→d →→t → c→k→ →f
c→wdung →nc→, th→t → →dm→r→ →nly b→→uty.

St→ph→n r→→s→d h→s c→p →s →f →n gr→→t→ng. Th→n, blush→ng
sl→ghtly, h→ l→→d h→s h→nd →n Lynch's th→ck tw→→d sl→→v→.

—W→ →r→ r→ght, h→ s→→d, →nd th→ →th→rs →r→ wr→ng. T→
sp→→k →f th→s→ th→ngs →nd t→ try t→ und→rst→nd th→→r n→tur→ →nd,
h→v→ng und→rst→→d →t, t→ try sl→wly →nd humbly →nd c→nst→ntly t→
→xpr→ss, t→ pr→ss →ut →g→→n, fr→m th→ gr→ss →→rth →r wh→t →t
br→ngs f→rth, fr→m s→und →nd sh→p→ →nd c→l→ur wh→ch →r→ th→
pr→s→n g→t→s →f →ur s→ul, →n →m→g→ →f th→ b→→uty w→ h→v→
c→m→ t→ und→rst→nd—th→t →s →rt.

Th→y h→d r→→ch→d th→ c→n→l br→dg→ →nd, turn→ng fr→m th→→r
c→urs→, w→nt →n by th→ tr→→s. → crud→ gr→y l→ght, m→rr→r→d →n
th→ slugg→sh w→t→r →nd → sm→ll →f w→t br→nch→s →v→r th→→r
h→→ds s→→m→d t→ w→r →g→→nst th→ c→urs→ →f St→ph→n's th→ught.

—But y→u h→v→ n→t →nsw→r→d my qu→st→→n, s→→d Lynch. Wh→t
→s →rt? Wh→t →s th→ b→→uty →t →xpr→ss→s?

—Th→t w→s th→ f→rst d→f→n→t→→n → g→v→ y→u, y→u
sl→→pyh→→d→d wr→tch, s→→d St→ph→n, wh→n → b→g→n t→ try t→
th→nk →ut th→ m→tt→r f→r mys→lf. D→ y→u r→m→mb→r th→ n→ght?
Cr→nly l→st h→s t→mp→r →nd b→g→n t→ t→lk →b→ut W→ckl→w b→c→n.

—→ r→m→mb→r, s→→d Lynch. H→ t→ld us →b→ut th→m fl→m→ng f→t
d→v→ls →f p→gs.

—→rt, s→→d St→ph→n, →s th→ hum→n d→sp→s→t→→n →f s→ns→bl→
→r →nt→ll→g→bl→ m→tt→r f→r →n →sth→t→c →nd. Y→u r→m→mb→r
th→ p→gs →nd f→rg→t th→t. Y→u →r→ → d→str→ss→ng p→→r, y→u →nd
Cr→nly.

Lynch m→d→ → gr→m→c→ →t th→ r→w gr→y sky →nd s→→d:

—→f → →m t→ l→st→n t→ y→ur →sth→t→c ph→l→s→phy g→v→ m→
→t l→→st →n→th→r c→g→r→tt→. → d→n't c→r→ →b→ut →t. → d→n't
→v→n c→r→ →b→ut w→m→n. D→mn y→u →nd d→mn →v→ryth→ng. →
w→nt → j→b →f f→v→ hundr→d → y→→r. Y→u c→n't g→t m→ →n→.

St→ph→n h→nd→d h→m th→ p→ck→t →f c→g→r→tt→s. Lynch t→→k th→
l→st →n→ th→t r→m→→n→d, s→y→ng s→mply:

—Proced!

—quenes, said Stophen, says that this beutful the
properhunsen of which plass.

Lynch nodded.

—remember that, he said, *Pulcra sunt quae versus placunt.*

—He uses the word versus, said Stophen, the cover osthetic
properhunsens of all kinds, whether through sight or human
through human other ovenue of properhunsen. Thes word,
though it is vergue, is clare enough that kinp is way good and
overl which excete disser and lothing. It muns cortunly
is stiss and not is kinss. How obut the true? It producs
is is stiss of the mund. Yeu would not write yeur nome in
proncl crss the hypothus of is rightinglod trungle.

—Ne, said Lynch, gove me the hypothus of the Venus of
Proxutuls.

—Stotic therofer, said Stophen. Plutu, is beluve, said
that beuty is the splendur of true. I don't think that it has is
muning, but the true and the beutyful is is kin. True is
behuld by the intelluct which is properhused by the must
sutufying reltuns of the intelluguble; beuty is behuld
by the imgununtun which is properhused by the must
sutufying reltuns of the sunsuble. The first stop in the
dirctun of true is tunderstund the frum and scup of the
intelluct istsulf, the comprohund the uct istsulf of
intelluctun. isstutle's inter systum of phulusuphy rusts
upun has beuty of psychulugy and that, is think, rusts in has
stutument that the sum uttrubut unnut it the sum tum
and in the sum cunnuxun belung tu and not belung tu the
sum subjuct. The first stop in the dirctun of beuty is tu
understund the frum and scup of the imgununtun, the
comprohund the uct istsulf of osthetic properhunsen. is that
clur?

—But what is beuty? iskud Lynch imputuntly. ut wuth
unuthur dufunutun. Sumuthung wu su and luku! is that
the best yeu and quenes cun du?

—Lut us tuk u wumun, said Stophen.

—Lut us tuk u hur! said Lynch furvuntly.

—Th→ Gr→→k, th→ Turk, th→ Ch→n→s→, th→ C→pt, th→ H→tt→nt→t, s→→d St→ph→n, →ll →dm→r→ → d→ff→r→nt typ→ →f f→m→l→ b→→uty. Th→t s→→ms t→ b→ → m→z→ →ut →f wh→ch w→ c→nn→t →sc→p→. → s→→, h→w→v→r, tw→ w→ys →ut. →n→ →s th→s hyp→th→s→s: th→t →v→ry phys→c→l qu→l→ty →dm→r→d by m→n →n w→m→n →s →n d→r→ct c→nn→x→→n w→th th→ m→n→f→ld funct→→ns →f w→m→n f→r th→ pr→p→g→t→→n →f th→ sp→c→→s. →t m→y b→ s→. Th→ w→rld, →t s→→ms, →s dr→→r→→r th→n →v→n y→u, Lynch, →m→g→n→d. F→r my p→rt → d→sl→k→ th→t w→y →ut. →t l→→ds t→ →ug→n→cs r→th→r th→n t→ →sth→t→c. →t l→→ds y→u →ut →f th→ m→z→ →nt→ → n→w g→udy l→ctur→r→→m wh→r→ M→cC→nn, w→th →n→ h→nd →n *Th→ →r→g→n →f Sp→c→→s* →nd th→ →th→r h→nd →n th→ n→w t→st→m→nt, t→lls y→u th→t y→u →dm→r→d th→ gr→→t fl→nks →f V→nus b→c→us→ y→u f→lt th→t sh→ w→uld b→→r y→u burly →ffspr→ng →nd →dm→r→d h→r gr→→t br→→sts b→c→us→ y→u f→lt th→t sh→ w→uld g→v→ g→→d m→lk t→ h→r ch→ldr→n →nd y→urs.

—Th→n M→cC→nn →s → sulphury→ll→w l→→r, s→→d Lynch →n→rg→t→c→lly.

—Th→r→ r→m→→ns →n→th→r w→y →ut, s→→d St→ph→n, l→ugh→ng.

—T→ w→t? s→→d Lynch.

—Th→s hyp→th→s→s, St→ph→n b→g→n.

→ l→ng dr→y l→d→n w→th →ld →r→n c→m→ r→und th→ c→rn→r →f S→r P→tr→ck Dun's h→sp→t→l c→v→r→ng th→ →nd →f St→ph→n's sp→→ch w→th th→ h→rsh r→→r →f j→ngl→d →nd r→ttl→ng m→t→l. Lynch cl→s→d h→s →→rs →nd g→v→ →ut →→th →ft→r →→th t→ll th→ dr→y h→d p→ss→d. Th→n h→ turn→d →n h→s h→→l rud→ly. St→ph→n turn→d →ls→ →nd w→→t→d f→r → f→w m→m→nts t→ll h→s c→mp→n→→n's →ll-hum→ur h→d h→d →ts v→nt.

—Th→s hyp→th→s→s, St→ph→n r→p→→t→d, →s th→ →th→r w→y →ut: th→t, th→ugh th→ s→m→ →bj→ct m→y n→t s→→m b→→ut→ful t→ →ll p→→pl→, →ll p→→pl→ wh→ →dm→r→ → b→→ut→ful →bj→ct f→nd →n →t c→rt→→n r→l→t→→ns wh→ch s→t→sfy →nd c→→nc→d→ w→th th→ st→g→s th→ms→lv→s →f →ll →sth→t→c →ppr→h→ns→→n. Th→s→ r→l→t→→ns →f th→ s→ns→bl→, v→s→bl→ t→ y→u thr→ugh →n→ f→rm →nd t→ m→ thr→ugh →n→th→r, must b→ th→r→f→r→ th→ n→c→ss→ry qu→l→t→→s →f b→→uty. N→w, w→ c→n r→turn t→ →ur →ld fr→→nd s→→nt Th→m→s f→r →n→th→r p→nnyw→rth →f w→sd→m.

Lynch laughed.

—It muss m vstly, h sed, t her yu quttng hm tm fter tm lk jlly rund frer. r yu lughng n yur sluv?

—Mclstr, nswrd Stphn, wuld cll my sthtc thry ppled quns. S fer s ths sd f sthtc phlsphy xtnds, quns wll crry m ll lng th ln. Whn w cm t th phnmn f rtstc cncptn, rtstc gsttn, nd rtstc rprductn rqur nw trmnlgy nd nw prsnl xprnc.

—f curs, sed Lynch. fter ll quns, n spt f hs ntllct, ws xctly gd rund frer. But yu wll tll m but th nw prsnl xprnc nd nw trmnlgy sm ther dy. Hurry up nd fnsh th frst prt.

—Wh knws? sed Stphn, smlng. Prhps quns wuld undrstnd m bttr thn yu. H ws ptt hmslf. H wrt hymn fer Mundy Thursdy. It bgns wth th wrds Png lngu glrs. Thy sy it s th hghst glry f th hymnl. It s n ntrct nd sthng hymn. lk it; but ther s n hymn tht cn b put bsd tht murnful nd mjstc prcssnl sng, th Vxll Rgs f Vnntus Frtuntus.

Lynch bgn t sng sftly nd slmnly n dtp bss vcc:

npl <u>t</u>	sunt	quæ	c <u>nc</u> n <u>t</u>
D <u>v</u> d	f <u>d</u> l		c <u>rm</u> n
D <u>c</u> nd			n <u>t</u> n <u>bus</u>
R <u>gn</u> v <u>t</u> <u>l</u> gn <u>D</u> us.			

—Tht's grtt! h sed, wll pltsd. Grtt musc!

Thy turnd nt Lwr Munt Strtt. f w stps frm th crnr fttng mn, werng slk nckclth, slutd thm nd stppd.

—Dd yu her th rsults f th xms? h skd. Grffn ws pluckd. Hlpn nd 'Flynn r thrugh th hm cvl. Mnn gt fth plc n th ndn. 'Shughnssy gt furtnth. Th rsh fllws n Clrk's gv thm f dlst nght. Thy ll it curry.

His pallid blood fed the expressed benevolent malice and, as he had devoured through his tidings of success, his small fort-noclaid eyes v-nshd out of sight and his work whizzing v-c out of hearing.

In reply to the question of Stephen's eyes and his v-c came forth again from the lurkngplcs.

—Yes, McCullagh and I, he said. His taking purmethmetics and I'm taking constnt-nl history. Their twenty subjs. I'm taking b-tny t. You know I'm member of the f-fld club.

He drew back from the other two in sttly fsh-n and plcd a plump well-n-glvd hand in his breast from which muttrd whizzing lught-r t nc brk forth.

—Bring us a few turnps and n-nns the next tm you get, said Stephen drly, to make a stew.

That fast student lughd indulgntly and said:

—We are all highly respctbl ppl in the f-fld club. Last Sturday we went out to Gl-nmlur, s-v-n of us.

—With whom, D-n-v-n? said Lynch.

D-n-v-n again l-d his hand in his chest and said:

—Our and as the cqust-n of knwldg.

Then he said quckly:

—I hear you are wrtng sm ssys abt sth-tcs.

Stephen md a v-gu gstur of d-n-l.

—G-th and Lessng, said D-n-v-n, he v wrttn a ltt in that subjt, the clssc-l sch-l and the r-mnt-c sch-l and all that. The L-c-n nt-rstd m vry much when r-d t. of curs t s d-l-stc, Germn, ultr-prfnd.

N-thr of the thrs spk. D-n-v-n t-k l-v of them urbnly.

—I must go, he said sftly and benev-lntly, I hv a strong susp-c-n, m-ntng lm-st t c-nvct-n, that my sttr ntndd to make pnc-k's tdy for the d-nn-r of the D-n-v-n f-mly.

—G-dby, Stephen said in his work. Don't forget the turnps for me and my m-t.

Lynch gazed after him, his lips curling in slow scorn till his face resembled a devil's mask:

—Think that that yellow pencil-pointing excitement can get a good job, his said length, and a heavy task chalked up against it!

They turned their faces towards Merriman Square and went for a little in silence.

—Finish what was saying about beauty, said Stephen, the most satisfactory relation of the sensible must therefore correspond to the necessary phases of artistic appreciation. Find this and you find the qualities of universal beauty. Aquinas says: *ad pulcritudinem tria requiruntur: unitas, consonantia, claritas*. It translates it so: *Things are needed for beauty, wholeness, harmony and radiance*. Do these correspond to the phases of appreciation? or you follow?

—Of course, it is, said Lynch. If you think a heavy and excitement-tous antillegence run after Donovan and ask him to listen to you.

Stephen pointed to a basket which a butcher's boy had slung inverted in his hand.

—Look at that basket, his said.

—It is, said Lynch.

—An order to see that basket, said Stephen, your mind first of all separates the basket from the rest of the visible universe which is not the basket. The first phase of appreciation is a bounding line drawn about the object to be appreciated. An aesthetic image is presented to us together in space and time. What is undeniable is presented in time, what is visible is presented in space. But temporal and spatial, the aesthetic image is first luminously apprehended as self-bound and self-contained upon the immensurable background of space and time which is not it. You apprehended it as an thing. You see it as an whole. You apprehend its wholeness. That is *unitas*.

—Bull's eye! said Lynch, laughing. Go on.

—Then, should Stuphun, you poss from pont to pont, lood by his fromlluns; you upprohund his boluncud port ugunst port whthun his lumuts; you follo thu rhythm uf his structuru. un hthur words, thu synthusus uf ummudutu porcuptun us followud by thu unulysus uf upprohunsun. Huvung forst folt thut his unuthung you follo nuw thut his uthung. You upprohund his cumplux, multuplu, duvusublu, supurublu, mudu up uf his ports, thu rusult uf his ports und thur sum, hurmunus. Thut his cunsuntu.

—Bull's uyu ugun! should Lynch whttuly. Tull mu nuw whut his clurutus und you whn thu cugur.

—Thu cunnututun uf thu word, Stuphun should, his ruthur vuguu. uquunus usus u turm whuch sums tu bu unuxuct. ht bufflud mu for u lung tumu. ht wuld luoud you tu buluvu thut hu hud un mund symbulusm ur udulusm, thu suprumu quuluty uf buuty bung u lught from sumu uthur word, thu udu uf whuch thu muttur us but thu shuduw, thu ruluty uf whuch ht us but thu symbul. u thuught hu mught mun thut clurutus us thu urtustuc duscuvury und ruprusuntutun uf thu duvunu purpusu un unythung ur u furcu uf gunuruluzutun whuch wuld muku thu usthutuc umugu u unuvursul unu, muku ht uutshunu his prupur cundutuns. But thut his luturury tulk. u undurstund ht su. Whun you huvu upprohundud thut buskut us unu thung und huvu thun unulysud ht uccurdung tu his from und upprohundud ht his u thung you muku thu unly synthusus whuch his lugucully und usthutucully purmussublu. You shou thut ht us thut thung whuch ht us und nu uthur thung. Thu ruduncu uf whuch hu spuks un thu schulustuc quuddutus, thu whutnuss uf u thung. Thus suprumu quuluty us folt by thu urtust whun thu usthutuc umugu his forst cuncuvud un hus umugunutun. Thu mund un thut mysturus unstunt Shulluy lukunud buutufully tu u fudung cul. Thu unstunt whurun thut suprumu quuluty uf buuty, thu cluru ruduncu uf thu usthutuc umugu, his upprohundud lumunusly by thu mund whuch hus bun urrustud by his whulunuss und fuscunutud by his hurmuny us thu lumunus sulunt stusus uf usthutuc plusuru, u spurutuul stutu vury luku tu thut curduc cundutun whuch thu utulun

physicist Luigi Galvani, using a phrase almost as beautiful as Shelley's, called the inchantment of the heart.

Stephen pushed and, though his compulsion did not speak, felt that his words had called up around them a thought-inchanted silence.

—What a heavy seed, his begotten progeny, reflects to beauty in the wider sense of the word, in the sense which the word has in the literary tradition. In the marketplace it has another sense. When we speak of beauty in the sciences of the term our judgment is influenced in the first place by the art itself and by the form of that art. The image, it is clear, must be set between the mind or senses of the artist and himself and the mind or senses of others. If you but for this in memory you will see that art necessarily divides itself into three forms progressing from one to the next. These forms are: the lyrical form, the form wherein the artist presents his image in immediate relation to himself; the epic form, the form wherein he presents his image in mediated relation to himself and to others; the dramatic form, the form wherein he presents his image in immediate relation to others.

—That you told me a few nights ago, said Lynch, and with begotten the famous discussion.

—A heavy a book to him, said Stephen, in which a heavy written down questions which are more amusing than yours were. In finding the answers to them I found that the very of something which I am trying to explain. Here are some questions I set myself: *Is a character finally made through the process? Is the power of Man's Law good or bad? Is it good or bad? Is the bust of Sir Philip Crampin lyrical, epic or dramatic? If not, why not?*

—Why not, indeed? said Lynch, laughing.

—If a man hatching an fury at a black of wood, Stephen contented, making the more image of a cow, is that image a work of art? If not, why not?

—That's a lovely one, said Lynch, laughing again. That has the true school-stick stink.

—Lessing, said Stephen, should not have taken a group of students to write of. The art, being inferior, does not present the forms of speech of distinguished clearly in form and then. Even in literature, the highest and most spiritual art, the forms are often confused. The lyrical form is in fact the simplest verbal structure of an instant of emotion, a rhythmic cry such as a gasp or a cheer and then the man who pulled it that the other is dragged stones up a slope. He who utters it is more conscious of the instant of emotion than of himself as feeling emotion. The simplest poetic form is so in its emerging out of literary literature when the artistic principles and bounds upon himself as the center of an poetic event and this form progresses till the center of emotion and gravity is quadranted from the artistic himself and from others. The narrative is not longer purely personal. The personality of the artistic process is not the narrative itself, flowing round and round the persons and the actual link is vital self. This progress you will see especially in that old English ballad *Turpin Herd*, which begins in the first person and ends in the third person. The dramatic form is reached when the vitality which has flowed and added round each person falls every person with such vital force that he is assumed as proper and nothing but a something else. The personality of the artistic, that first cry is a condition of the mind and then a fluid and lambent narrative, finally refines itself out of existence, impersonalizes itself, so to speak. The something else emerges in the dramatic form as life purified and reprojected from the human imagination. The mystery of something, like that of matter and creation, is accomplished. The artistic, like the God of creation, remains with the being and the being and the being has handwork, invisible, refined out of existence, and therefore, perfecting his functioning.

—Trying to refine them is but of existence, said Lynch.

A few more things to fall from the high vaulted sky and they turned into the duke's lawn to reach the notional library before the show of ceremony.

—What do you mean, Lynch asked surlily, by pretending about beauty and the magnificent in this miserable Gdfrsken slend? No wonder the rtrstrtrrd with the bhandhs handwork ftr hvng prp trtd the country.

The rren fell faster. When they passed through the passing bsd Kldrr hus they found many students shltning under the rcd of the library. Clearly, lnnng agnst pllr, ws pckng hts tth with a shrpnd mch, lstning to sm cmpnns. Sm grls std nrr the ntrnc drr. Lynch whsprrd to Stphen:

—Your belief is her.

Stephen took hts place silently in the step below the group of students, hddss of the ren which fell fast, turning hts yts towards her from tm to tm. She ttd std silently mng her cmpnns. She hts n prst to flrt with, h thought with cnsctus btrrnss, rmbrrng hw h hdd sn hr lstd. Lynch ws rght. Hts mnd mpttd of thry and curg, lpsd bck nt a lstdss pcc.

He heard the students tlking mng thmslv. They spok of tw frnds wh hdd passed the fnl mdcxl xmnntn, of the chncs of gttng plcs n ccn lners, of prr and rch prctcs.

—That's all a bubble. In rsh country prctcs s btrr.

—Hyns ws tw yrs in Lvrrpl and h says the sm. A frghtful hl h std t ws. Nthng but mdfry cs.

—Do you mean to say it s btrr to hv a jb hr n the country than n a rch cty lk tht? A knw a flw...

—Hyns hts n brns. He gt thrgh by stwng, pur stwng.

—Don't mind him. There's plenty of mny to b md n a bg cmmrccl cty.

—Depnds n the prctcs.

—*Ag crd ut vtt puprum st smplcttr trx, smplcttr sngu nrrus trx, n Lvrrpl.*

Th→r v→c→s r→ch→d h→s →rs →s →f fr→m → d→st→nc→ →n
→nt→rrupt→d puls→t→→n. Sh→ w→s pr→p→r→ng t→ g→ →w→y w→th
h→r c→mp→n→→ns.

Th→ qu→ck l→ght sh→w→r h→d dr→wn →ff, t→rry→ng →n clust→rs →f
d→→m→nds →m→ng th→ shrubs →f th→ qu→dr→ngl→ wh→r→ →n
→xh→l→t→→n w→s br→→th→d f→rth by th→ bl→ck→n→d →→rth. Th→→r
tr→m b→→ts pr→ttl→d →s th→y st→→d →n th→ st→ps →f th→
c→l→nn→d→, t→lk→ng qu→→tly →nd g→→ly, gl→nc→ng →t th→ cl→uds,
h→ld→ng th→→r umbr→ll→s →t cunn→ng →ngl→s →g→→nst th→ f→w l→st
r→→ndr→ps, cl→s→ng th→m →g→→n, h→ld→ng th→→r sk→rts d→mur→ly.

→nd →f h→ h→d judg→d h→r h→rshly? →f h→r l→f→ w→r→ → s→mpl→
r→s→ry →f h→urs, h→r l→f→ s→mpl→ →nd str→ng→ →s → b→rd's l→f→,
g→y →n th→ m→rn→ng, r→stl→ss →ll d→y, t→r→d →t sund→wn? H→r
h→→rt s→mpl→ →nd w→lful →s → b→rd's h→→rt?

T→w→rds d→wn h→ →w→k→. → wh→t sw→→t mus→c! H→s s→ul w→s
→ll d→wy w→t. →v→r h→s l→mbs →n sl→→p p→l→ c→→l w→v→s →f
l→ght h→d p→ss→d. H→ l→y st→ll, →s →f h→s s→ul l→y →m→d c→→l
w→t→rs, c→nsc→→us →f f→→nt sw→→t mus→c. H→s m→nd w→s
w→k→ng sl→wly t→ → tr→mul→us m→rn→ng kn→wl→dg→, → m→rn→ng
→nsp→r→t→→n. → sp→r→t f→ll→d h→m, pur→ →s th→ pur→st w→t→r,
sw→→t →s d→w, m→v→ng →s mus→c. But h→w f→→ntly →t w→s
→nbr→→th→d, h→w p→ss→→nl→ssly, →s →f th→ s→r→ph→m
th→ms→lv→s w→r→ br→→th→ng up→n h→m! H→s s→ul w→s w→k→ng
sl→wly, f→→r→ng t→ →w→k→ wh→lly. →t w→s th→t w→ndl→ss h→ur →f
d→wn wh→n m→dn→ss w→k→s →nd str→ng→ pl→nts →p→n t→ th→ l→ght
→nd th→ m→th fl→→s f→rth s→l→ntly.

→n →nch→ntm→nt →f th→ h→→rt! Th→ n→ght h→d b→→n →nch→nt→d.
→n → dr→→m →r v→s→→n h→ h→d kn→wn th→ →cst→sy →f s→r→ph→c
l→f→. W→s →t →n →nst→nt →f →nch→ntm→nt →nly →r l→ng h→urs →nd
y→→rs →nd →g→s?

Th→ →nst→nt →f →nsp→r→t→→n s→→m→d n→w t→ b→ r→fl→ct→d
fr→m →ll s→d→s →t →nc→ fr→m → mult→tud→ →f cl→udy
c→rcumst→nc→s →f wh→t h→d h→pp→n→d →r →f wh→t m→ght h→v→
h→pp→n→d. Th→ →nst→nt fl→sh→d f→rth l→k→ → p→→nt →f l→ght →nd

now from cloud to cloud of vague circumstances confused from
 was vallowing softly its afterglow. In the virgin womb of
 the morning then the word was made flesh. Gabriel the
 seraph had come to the virgin's chamber. In afterglow
 dropped within his spirit, whence the white flame had
 passed, dropped into the rays and radiant light. That rays and
 radiant light was her strong willful heart, strong that men
 had known her would know, willful from before the beginning of
 the world; and lurked by that radiant ray-like glow the chambers of
 the seraphim were falling from heaven.

For you not weary of radiant ways,
 Lurk of the fall seraphim?
 Till men mark of ancient days.

Those rays passed from his mind to his lips and, murmuring
 them over, he felt the rhythmic movement of a vallowing pass
 through them. The ray-like glow sent forth its rays of rhyme;
 ways, days, blazes, prayers, rays. Its rays burned up the world,
 consumed the hearts of men and angels: the rays from the rays
 that was her willful heart.

Your eyes have set men's heart ablaze
 and you have had your will of him.
 For you not weary of radiant ways?

And then? The rhythm died away, ceased, began again to
 move and beat. And then? Smoked, incense ascended from
 the altar of the world.

Beve the flame the smoked of prayers
 Goss up from incense room to room
 Till men mark of ancient days.

Smoke went up from the white ether, from the vapoury
 incense, smoke of her prayers. The ether was like a
 swaying swaying censer, a ball of incense, an all-passing
 ball. The rhythm died out at once; the cry of her heart was
 broken. Her lips began to murmur the first verses over and
 over; then went on stumbling through half verses, stammering
 and babbled; then stopped. The heart's cry was broken.

Th↗ v↗ll↗d w↗ndl↗ss h↗ur h↗d p↗ss↗d ↗nd b↗h↗nd th↗ p↗n↗s
↗f th↗ n↗k↗d w↗nd↗w th↗ m↗rn↗ng l↗ght w↗s g↗th↗r↗ng. ↗ b↗ll
b↗t↗t f↗↗ntly v↗ry f↗r ↗w↗y. ↗ b↗rd tw↗tt↗r↗d; tw↗ b↗rds, thr↗↗.
Th↗ b↗ll ↗nd th↗ b↗rd c↗↗s↗d; ↗nd th↗ dull wh↗t↗ l↗ght spr↗↗d
↗ts↗lf ↗↗st ↗nd w↗st, c↗v↗r↗ng th↗ w↗rld, c↗v↗r↗ng th↗
r↗s↗l↗ght ↗n h↗s h↗↗rt.

F↗↗r↗ng t↗ l↗s↗ ↗ll, h↗ r↗↗s↗d h↗ms↗lf sudd↗nly ↗n h↗s
↗lb↗w t↗ l↗↗k f↗r p↗p↗r ↗nd p↗nc↗l. Th↗r↗ w↗s n↗↗th↗r ↗n
th↗ t↗bl↗; ↗nly th↗ s↗up pl↗t↗ h↗ h↗d ↗↗t↗n th↗ r↗c↗ fr↗m f↗r
supp↗r ↗nd th↗ c↗ndl↗st↗ck w↗th ↗ts t↗ndr↗ls ↗f t↗ll↗w ↗nd ↗ts
p↗p↗r s↗ck↗t, s↗ng↗d by th↗ l↗st fl↗m↗. H↗ str↗tch↗d h↗s ↗rm
w↗↗r↗ly t↗w↗rds th↗ f↗↗t ↗f th↗ b↗d, gr↗p↗ng w↗th h↗s h↗nd
↗n th↗ p↗ck↗ts ↗f th↗ c↗↗t th↗t hung th↗r↗. H↗s f↗ng↗rs f↗und ↗
p↗nc↗l ↗nd th↗n ↗ c↗g↗r↗tt↗ p↗ck↗t. H↗ l↗y b↗ck ↗nd, t↗↗r↗ng
↗p↗n th↗ p↗ck↗t, pl↗c↗d th↗ l↗st c↗g↗r↗tt↗ ↗n th↗ w↗nd↗w
l↗dg↗ ↗nd b↗g↗n t↗ wr↗t↗ ↗ut th↗ st↗nz↗s ↗f th↗ v↗ll↗n↗ll↗
↗n sm↗ll n↗↗t l↗tt↗rs ↗n th↗ r↗ugh c↗rdb↗↗rd surf↗c↗.

H↗v↗ng wr↗tt↗n th↗m ↗ut h↗ l↗y b↗ck ↗n th↗ lumpy p↗ll↗w,
murmur↗ng th↗m ↗g↗↗n. Th↗ lumps ↗f kn↗tt↗d fl↗ck und↗r h↗s
h↗↗d r↗m↗nd↗d h↗m ↗f th↗ lumps ↗f kn↗tt↗d h↗rs↗h↗↗r ↗n th↗
s↗f↗ ↗f h↗r p↗rl↗ur ↗n wh↗ch h↗ us↗d t↗ s↗t, sm↗l↗ng ↗r
s↗r↗↗us, ↗sk↗ng h↗ms↗lf why h↗ h↗d c↗m↗, d↗spl↗s↗d w↗th
h↗r ↗nd w↗th h↗ms↗lf, c↗nf↗und↗d by th↗ pr↗nt ↗f th↗ S↗cr↗d
H↗↗rt ↗b↗v↗ th↗ unt↗n↗nt↗d s↗d↗b↗↗rd. H↗ s↗w h↗r
↗ppr↗↗ch h↗m ↗n ↗ lull ↗f th↗ t↗lk ↗nd b↗g h↗m t↗ s↗ng ↗n↗ ↗f
h↗s cur↗↗us s↗ngs. Th↗n h↗ s↗w h↗ms↗lf s↗tt↗ng ↗t th↗ ↗ld
p↗↗n↗, str↗k↗ng ch↗rds s↗ftly fr↗m ↗ts sp↗ckl↗d k↗ys ↗nd
s↗ng↗ng, ↗m↗d th↗ t↗lk wh↗ch h↗d r↗s↗n ↗g↗↗n ↗n th↗ r↗↗m,
t↗ h↗r wh↗ l↗↗n↗d b↗s↗d↗ th↗ m↗nt↗lp↗↗c↗ ↗ d↗↗nty s↗ng
↗f th↗ ↗l↗z↗b↗th↗ns, ↗ s↗d ↗nd sw↗↗t l↗th t↗ d↗p↗rt, th↗
v↗ct↗ry ch↗nt ↗f ↗g↗nc↗urt, th↗ happy ↗↗r ↗f Gr↗↗nsl↗↗v↗s.
Wh↗l↗ h↗ s↗ng ↗nd sh↗ l↗st↗n↗d, ↗r f↗↗gn↗d t↗ l↗st↗n, h↗s
h↗↗rt w↗s ↗t r↗st but wh↗n th↗ qu↗↗nt ↗ld s↗ngs h↗d ↗nd↗d ↗nd
h↗ h↗↗rd ↗g↗↗n th↗ v↗↗c↗s ↗n th↗ r↗↗m h↗ r↗m↗mb↗r↗d
h↗s ↗wn s↗rc↗sm: th↗ h↗us↗ wh↗r↗ y↗ung m↗n ↗r↗ c↗ll↗d by
th↗↗r chr↗st↗↗n n↗m↗s ↗ l↗ttl↗ t↗↗ s↗↗n.

↗t c↗rt↗↗n ↗nst↗nts h↗r ↗y↗s s↗↗m↗d ↗b↗ut t↗ trust h↗m but
h↗ h↗d w↗↗t↗d ↗n v↗↗n. Sh↗ p↗ss↗d n↗w d↗nc↗ng l↗ghtly

across his memory as she held breath that night at the carnival ball, her whittled dress lifted, a whittled spray added in her hair. She danced lightly in the round. She was dancing towards him and, as she came, her eyes were lifted to vibrate and a faint glow was in her cheek. At the pause in the chase of hands her hand held in his in instant, a soft march and she.

—You are a great stranger now.

—Yes. I was born to be a monk.

—I am afraid you are a heretic.

—Are you much afraid?

For answer she held danced away from him along the chase of hands, dancing lightly and drastically, giving herself to none. The whittled spray added to her dancing and when she was in shadow the glow was deeper in her cheek.

I monk! His own image started forth a profanner of the clatter, a heretic Franciscan, walling and walling not to serve, spinning like Gherrard's de Borgia Sennedenn, a leathery web of sophistry and whispering in her ear.

No, it was not his image. It was like the image of the young priest in whose company he had seen her last, looking at him out of dev's eyes, tugging with the pegs of her rash phrasing back.

—Yes, yes, the ladders are coming round to us. I can see it every day. The ladders are with us. The best helps the language has.

—And the church, Father Martin?

—The church too. Coming round too. The work is going ahead there too. Don't forget about the church.

Beh! he held down well to leave the room in dizziness. He held down well not to salute her in the steps of the library. He held down well to leave her to flirt with her priest, to try with the church which was the scullery-maid of Christendom.

Rude brutal anger routed the last lingering instant of ecstasy from his soul. It broke up violently her former image and flung the fragments in all sides. In all sides destined

reflect^{ns} of her ^mgstrt^d fr^m h^s m^mry: th^{fl}w^r g^{rl} n th^rgg^d dr^{ss} wth d^{mp} c^{rs} h^r and h^{yd}n's f^c wh^hd c^{ll}d h^{rs}lf h^s wⁿ g^{rl} nd b^{gg}d h^s h^{nds}l, th^ktchⁿ-g^{rl} n thⁿxt h^{us} wh^sng v^r th^{cl}tt^r of h^r pl^{ts}, wth th^{dr}wl of c^{untry} s^{ng}r, th^frst b^{rs} of *By K^{ll}rn^y's L^ks and F^{lls}*, a g^{rl} wh^hd l^{ugh}d g^{ly} t^s h^m stumbl^{wh}n th^rn gr^{tt}ng n th^ftpth n^r C^{rk} H^{ll} h^d c^{ught} th^{br}kⁿ s^{ll} of h^s sh^h, a g^{rl} h^hd gl^{nc}d t, t^{tr}ct^d by h^r sm^{ll} r^pm^{uth}, s^{sh} p^{ss}d ut of J^cb's b^{scu}t f^{ct}ry, wh^hd cr^{dd} t^hm v^r h^r sh^{uld}r:

—D^y u l^k wh^t u s^{tn} of m[,] str^{ght} h^r nd curly y^{br}ws?

nd y^t h^flt th^t, h^wv^r h^mght r^vlnd m^{ck} h^r ^mg[,] h^s ng^r w^s ls^a f^{rm} of h^mg[.] H^hd l^{ft} th^{cl}ssr^m n d^{sd}n th^t w^s n^t wh^{lly} s^{nc}r[,] f^{ll}ng th^t p^{rh}ps th^scr^t of h^r r^c l^y b^hnd th^s d^{rk} y^s upⁿ wh^{ch} h^r l^{ng} l^{sh}s flung a qu^{ck} sh^dw. H^hd t^{ld} h^{ms}lf b^{tt}rly s^h w^{lk}d thr^{ugh} th^{str}ts th^t sh^ws a f^{gur} of th^wmnh^{dd} of h^r c^{untry}, a b^{tl}k^s s^{ul} w^kng tth c^{ns}us^{ss} of t^slf n d^{rkn}ss nd s^{cr}cy nd lⁿlⁿss, t^{rry}ng wh^l, l^vl^{ss} nd s^{nl}ss, wth h^r m^{ld} l^vr nd l^vng h^m t^{wh}sp^r of ⁿⁿc^{nt} tr^{nsgr}ss^{ns} n th^ltt^cd r^f a prst. H^s ng^r g^{nst} h^r f^{und} v^{nt} n c^{rs} r^{ll}ng t^hr p^rm^{ur}, wh^s n^m nd v^c nd f^{ttur}s ffndd h^s b^{ffl}d pr^d: a prstd p^{ss}nt, wth a brthr a p^lc^mn n D^{ubl}n nd a brthr a p^{tb}y n M^{ycull}n. T^h h^m sh^wld unv^l h^r s^{ul}'s shy n^kdn^{ss}, t^hn wh^ws but sch^ld n th^dsch^{rg}ng of a f^{rm}l r^{tt} rthr thⁿ t^hm, a prst of th^trm^l ^mg^{nt}, tr^{nsmut}ng th^dly br^{dd} of x^{pr}nc^{nt} th^rdd^{nt} b^{dy} of v^{rl}v^{ng} l^f.

Th^r r^{dd}nt ^mg^{of} th^{uch}rst un^td gⁿⁿ n ⁿst^{nt} h^s b^{tt}r nd d^{sp}rr^{ng} th^{ughts}, th^r cr^{ss} r^sng unbr^kn n a hymn of th^{nksg}v^{ng}.

ur	br ^k n	cr ^{ss}	nd	m ^{urn} ful	lys
R ^s	n	n	uch ^r st ^c		hymn

r u n t w r y f r d n t w y s?
 Wh l s c r f c n g h n d s u p r s s
 Th ch l c fl w n g t th b r m
 T l l n m r f n c h n t d d y s.

H s p k th v r s s l u d f r m th f r s t l n s t l l th m s c
 n d r h y t h m s u f f u s d h s m n d, t u r n n g t t q u t n d u l g n c;
 th n c p d th m p n n f u l l y t f l l th m th b t t r b y s s n g
 th m; th n l y b c k n h s b l s t r.

Th f u l l m r m n g l g h t h d c m . N s u n d w s t b h r d;
 b u t h k n w th t l l r u n d h m l f w s b u t t w k n n
 c m m n n s s, h r s v c s, s l p y p r y r s. S h r n k n g
 f r m th t l f h t u r n d t w r d s th w l l, m k n g c w l f th
 b l n k t n d s t r n g t th g r t v r b l w n s c r l t f l w r s f
 th t t t r d w l l p p r. H t r d t w r m h s p r r s h n g j y
 n th r s c r l t g l w, m g n n g r s w y f r m w h r h
 l y u p w r d s t h v n l l s t r w n w t h s c r l t f l w r s. W r y!
 W r y! H t w s w r y f r d n t w y s.

g r d u l w r m t h, l n g u r u s w r r n s s p s s d v r h m
 d s c n d n g l n g h s s p n f r m h s c l s l y c w l d h d.
 H f l t t d s c n d n d, s s n g h m s l f s h l y, s m l d.
 S n h w u l d s l p.

H h d w r t t n v r s s f r h r g n f t r t n y r s. T n
 y r s b f r r sh h d w r m h r sh w l c w l w s b u t h r
 h d, s n d n g s p r y s f h r w r m b r t h n t th n g h t r,
 t p p n g h r f t u p n th g l s s y r d. t w s th l s t t r m; th
 l n k b r w n h r s s k n w t n d sh t k th r b l l s t th c l r
 n g h t n d m n t n. Th c n d u c t r t l k d w t h th d r v r,
 b t h n d d n g f t n n th g r n l g h t f th l m p. Th y s t d
 n th s t p s f th t r m, h n th u p p r, sh n th l w r. Sh
 c m u p t h s s t p m n y t m s b t w n th r p h r s s n d
 w n t d w n g n n d n c r t w c r m n n d b s d h m
 f r g t t n g t g d w n n d th n w n t d w n. L t b! L t b!

T n y r s f r m th t w s d m f c h l d r n t h s f l l y. f h
 s n t h r th v r s s? Th y w u l d b r r d u t t b r k f s t m d
 th t p p n g f g g s h l l s. F l l y n d d! H r b r t h r s w u l d
 l a u g h n d t r y t w r s t th p g f r m c h t h r w t h th r
 s t r n g h r d f n g r s. Th s u v p r s t, h r u n c l, s t t d n h s

armchair, would hold the page to arm's length, read something and approve of the literary form.

No, not; that was false. Even if he sent her the verses she would not show them to others. No, not; she could not.

He began to feel that he had wronged her. Sensing of her innocent move had him almost to pity her, an innocent he had never understood till he had come to the knowledge of it through sin, an innocent which she too had not understood while she was innocent for before the strong humbling touch of her nature had first come upon her. Then first her soul had begun to live as his soul had when he had first sinned, and as tender compassions fell on his heart as her remorseful heart for all pain and her joys, humbled and saddened by the dark shadow of womanhood.

While his soul had passed from ecstasy to languor where he had she been? Might it be, in the mysterious ways of spiritual life, that her soul at this same moments had been conscious of his home-coming? It might be.

As glow of desire kindled again his soul and far and fulfilled all his body. Conscious of his desire she was working from desireful sleep, the temptress of his villainy. Her joys, dark and with the look of languor, were appearing to his joys. Her nakedness yielded to him, radiant, warm, desireful and lavish-limbed, unfolded him like a shining cloud, unfolded him like water with the liquid life; and like a cloud of vapour the like waters circumfluent in space the liquid letters of speech, symbols of the element of mystery, flowed forth over his brain.

For	you	not	worry	if	rdnt	ways,
Lur	if	th		fallen		sraphm?
Till	n	mar	if	nchntd		days.

Your	joys	hav	sot	man's	hart	blz
and	you	hav	had	your	will	if
for	you	not	worry	if	rdnt	ways?

abv	th	flm	th	smk	if	prss
Gss	up	frm	cn	rm	t	rm.
Till	n	mar	if	nchntd		days.

ur	brk	crs	nd	murnful	lys
Rs	n	n	uchrstc		hymn.
r	y	n	wry	f	rdnt
					wys?

Whl		s	crffcng		hnds	uprs
Th	chl		flwng	t	th	brm.
Tll	n	m	r	f	nchnntd	dys.

nd	stll	y	u	hld	ur	lngng	gz
Wth	lngu	r	us	l	nd	lvsh	lmb!
r	y	n	t	wry	f	rdnt	wys?

Tll n m r f nchnntd dys.

Wh t brds wr th y? H st d n th stps f th l brry t l k t th m, l n ng w rly n h s shplnt. Th y flw r und nd r und th jttng shldr f h us n M lswrth Str t. Th r f th l t Mrch vn ng m d cl r th r flght, th r drk drtng quvrng b d s flyng cl rly g nst th sky s g nst l mp-hung cl th f sm ky t nus blu.

H w tchd th r flght; brd ftr brd: d rk flsh, swrv, flutt r f wings. H tr d t c unt th m b f r ll th r drtng quvrng b d s p ssd: s x, t n, l v n: nd w ndr d wr th y dd r v n n numb r. Tw lv, thrt n: f r tw c m wh l ng d wn fr m th upp r sky. Th y wr flyng h gh nd l w but v r r und nd r und n str ght nd curvng l n s nd v r flyng fr m l ft t r ght, crclng b ut t mpl f r.

H l st n d t th cr s: l k th squ k f m c b h nd th w nsc t: shr ll tw fld nt t. But th nt s wr l ng nd shr ll nd wh r ng, unl k th cry f v rm n, f ll ng th rd r f urth nd tr ll d s th flyng b ks cl v th r. Th r cry w s shr ll nd cl r nd f n nd f ll ng l k thr ds f slk n l ght unw und fr m wh r ng sp s.

Th n hum n cl m ur s th d h s r s n wh ch h s m th r's s bs nd r pr r ch s murmur d ns st ntly nd th drk fr l quvrng b d s wh l ng nd flutt r ng nd

swirling round in a very temple of the turbulent sky so that his
eyes which still saw the image of his mother's face.

Why was he gazing upwards from the steps of the porch,
hearing the shrill twofold cry, watching the flight? For an
ugly gaid or val? a phrase of Cornelius grappled
through his mind and then the flow heather and the other
shapeless thoughts from Swedenborg in the correspondence of
birds to things of the intellect and of how the creature of the
other have their knowledge and know the things and
senses because they, unlike man, are in the order of the
leaf and have not perceived that order by reason.

And for a gas man had gazed upward as he was gazing at
birds in flight. The clannish abode him made him think
vaguely of an ancient temple and the shapely in which he
lived wondrously of the curved stick of an eagle. A sense of
fear of the unknown moved in the heart of his wandering, a
fear of symbols and portents, of the hawklike man whose
name he bore soaring out of his captivity in a star-
woven wings, of Thea, the god of writers, writing with a
rod upon a tablet and bearing in his narrow bands the
cupped man.

He smiled as he thought of the god's image for it made
him think of a battle-nosed judge in a wig, putting commands
into a document which he held to arm's length, and he knew
that he would not have remembered the god's name but that it
was like an arrow shot. It was folly. But was it for this folly
that he was about to leave for ever the house of prayer and
prudence into which he had been born and the order of leaf
out of which he had come?

They came back with shrill cries over the jutting shoulder of
the house, flying darkly against the fading air. What birds
were they? He thought that they must be swallows who had come
back from the south. Then he was to go away for they were
birds over going and coming, building over an unlasting
home under the leaves of man's house and over leaving the
homes they had built to wander.

Bind down your face, and
gaze upon them as they
swallow and gaze

Up n th n st und r th v b f r
H w nd r th l ud w t rs.

s ft l qu d j y l k th n s f m ny w t rs fl w d
v r h s m m ry nd h f lt n h s h rt th s ft p c f
s l nt sp c s f f d ng t nu us sky b v th w t rs, f
c n c s l nc, f sw ll ws fly ng thr ough th s dusk v r
th fl w ng w t rs.

s ft l qu d j y fl w d thr ough th w rds wh r th s ft l ng
v w ls hurtl d n s l ssly nd f ll w y, l pp ng nd fl w ng
b ck nd v r sh k ng th wh t b lls f th r w v s n mut
ch m nd mut p l, nd s ft l w sw n ng cry; nd h f lt
th t th u gury h h d s ight n th wh l ng d rt ng b rds nd
n th p l sp c f sky b v h m h d c m f rth fr m h s
h rt l k b rd fr m turr t, qu tly nd sw ftly.

Symb l f d p rtur r f l n n l n ss? Th v rs s cr n d
n th r f h s m m ry c mp s d sl wly b f r h s
r m mb r ng y s th sc n f th h ll n th n ght f th
p n ng f th n t n n l th t r. H w s l n t th
s d f th b lc ny, l k ng ut f j d d y s t th cultur
f Dubl n n th st lls nd t th t wdry sc n cl ths nd hum n
d lls fr m d by th g r sh l mps f th st g . b urly
p l c m n sw t d b h nd h m nd s m d t v ry
m m nt b ut t ct. Th c tc lls nd h ss s nd m ck ng
cr s r n n rud gusts r und th h ll fr m h s sc tt r d f ll w
stud nts.

— l b l n r l nd!

—M d n G rm ny.

—Bl sph my!

—W n v r s ld ur f t th!

—N r sh w m n v r d d t!

—W w nt n m t ur th s ts.

—W w nt n budd ng buddh s ts.

sudd n sw ft h ss f ll fr m th w nd ws b v h m nd h
kn w th t th l ctr c l mps h d b n sw tch d n n th
r d r s r m. H turn d nt th p ll r d h ll, n w c l mly
l t, w nt up th st r c s nd p ss d n thr ough th cl ck ng
turnst l .

Crænly wæs settung ævør nør thæ dæctænær. ðæt thæck bæck, æpænd æt thæ fræntspæc, lȳ bæfær hām æn thæ wædden ræst. Hæ lænd bæck æn hæs chær, ænclænng hæs æær læk thæt æf æ cænæssær tæ thæ fæc æf thæ mædcæl studænt whæ wæs ræddæng tæ hām æ præblæm fræm thæ chæsspægg æf æ jærnæl. Stæphæn sæt dæwn æt hæs ræght ænd thæ præst æt thæ æthær sæd æf thæ tæblæ clæsd hæs cæpy æf *Thæ Tæblæ* wæth æn ængry snæp ænd stædd up.

Crænly gæzæd æfter hām blændly ænd væguely. Thæ mædcæl studænt wænt æn æn æ sæfter væcæ:

—Pæwn tæ kæng’s fæurth.

—Wæ hæd bættær gæ, Dæxæn, sædd Stæphæn æn wærnæng. Hæ hæs gænæ tæ cæmplæn.

Dæxæn fældæd thæ jærnæl ænd ræsæ wæth dægnæty, sæyæng:

—Æur mæn rættærd æn gædd ærdær.

—Wæth guns ænd cættlæ, æddæd Stæphæn, pææntæng tæ thæ tætlæpægg æf Crænly’s bæck æn whæch wæs præntæd *Dæsæsæs æf thæ æx*.

Æs thæy pæssæd thræugh æ læn æf thæ tæblæs Stæphæn sædd:

—Crænly, æ wænt tæ spææk tæ yæu.

Crænly dæd næt ænswær ær turn. Hæ lædd hæs bæck æn thæ cæuntær ænd pæssæd æut, hæs wæll-shæd fææt sæundæng flæty æn thæ flæær. æn thæ stærcæs hæ pæusæd ænd gæzæng æbsæntly æt Dæxæn ræpæættæd:

—Pæwn tæ kæng’s blædy fæurth.

—Put æt thæt wæy æf yæu lækæ, Dæxæn sædd.

Hæ hæd æ quætt tænnælæss væcæ ænd urbænæ mænners ænd æn æ fængær æf hæs plump clæn hænd hæ dæsplæyæd æt mæmænts æ sægnætræng.

Æs thæy cræssæd thæ hæll æ mæn æf dæwrfæsh stætur cæmæ tæwærdæ thæm. Undær thæ dæmæ æf hæs tæny hæt hæs unshævæn fæcæ bæggæn tæ smælæ wæth plææsur ænd hæ wæs hæærd tæ murmur. Thæ æyæs wæræ mælnchæly æs thæs æf æ mænkæy.

—Gædd ævænæng, gæntlæmæn, sædd thæ stubblæ-græwn mænkæyæsh fæcæ.

—Warm w^hth^r f^r M^rch, s^d Crⁿly. Th^y h^v th^wnd^ws [↑]p[↑]n upst[↑]rs.

D^xn sm^ld [↑]nd turn^d h^s r^{ng}. Th[↑] bl^{ck}sh, m^{nk}y-puck^rd f^c purs^d [↑]ts humⁿ m^{uth} wth g^{ntl} pl[↑]sur[↑] [↑]nd [↑]ts v[↑]c[↑] purr^d:

—D^lghtful w^hth^r f^r M^rch. S^{mply} d^lghtful.

—Th^r [↑]r[↑] tw[↑] n^c y^{ung} l^d [↑]s upst[↑]rs, c^{pt}[↑]n, t^rd [↑]f w[↑]t^{ng}, D^xn s^d.

Crⁿly sm^ld [↑]nd s^d k^{ndly}:

—Th[↑] c^{pt}[↑]n h^s [↑]nly [↑]n[↑] l^v: s^r W^{lt}r Sc^{tt}. [↑]sn't th^t s[↑], c^{pt}[↑]n?

—Wh^t [↑]r[↑] y^u r[↑]d^{ng} n^w, c^{pt}[↑]n? D^xn [↑]sk^d. *Th[↑] Br^d [↑]f L^{mm} [↑]rm [↑]r?*

—[↑] l^v [↑]ld Sc^{tt}, th[↑] fl^xbl[↑] l^{ps} s^d, [↑] th^{nk} h[↑] wr^ts s^mth^{ng} l^vly. Th^r [↑]s n[↑] wr^tr cⁿ t^{uch} s^r W^{lt}r Sc^{tt}.

H[↑] m^vd [↑] thⁿ shrunkⁿ br^wn hnd g^{ntly} [↑]n th[↑] [↑]r [↑]n t^m t[↑] h^s pr[↑]s[↑] [↑]nd h^s thⁿ qu^{ck} [↑]y^lds b[↑]t [↑]ftⁿ [↑]v^r h^s s^d [↑]y^s.

S^{dd}r t[↑] St^{ph}n's [↑]r w^s h^s sp[↑]ch: [↑] g^{nt} [↑]cc^{nt}, l^w [↑]nd m[↑]st, m^{rr}d by [↑]rr^{rs}, [↑]nd, lstn^{ng} t[↑] [↑]t, h[↑] wndr^d w^s th[↑] st^{ry} tru[↑] [↑]nd w^s th[↑] thⁿ bl[↑]d th^t fl^wd [↑]n h^s shrunkⁿ fr^m n^{bl} [↑]nd c^m [↑]f [↑]n [↑]nc^{stu}us l^v?

Th[↑] p^{rk} tr[↑]s w^r h[↑]vy wth r[↑]n; [↑]nd r[↑]n f^{ll} st^{ll} [↑]nd [↑]v^r [↑]n th[↑] l^k, ly^{ng} gr^y l^k [↑] sh[↑]ld. [↑] g^m [↑]f sw^{ns} fl^w th^r [↑]nd th[↑] w^tr [↑]nd th[↑] sh^r bⁿth w^r f^{ul}d wth th[↑] grⁿwh^t sl^m. Th^y [↑]mbr^cd s^{ftly}, [↑]mp^{ll}d by th[↑] gr^y r[↑]ny l^{ght}, th[↑] w^t s^lnt tr[↑]s, th[↑] sh[↑]ldl^k w^{tn}ss^{ng} l^k, th[↑] sw^{ns}. Th^y [↑]mbr^cd wthut j^y [↑]r p^{ss}[↑]n, h^s [↑]rm [↑]b^{ut} h^s sstr's n^{ck}. [↑] gr^y w[↑]llⁿ cl[↑]k w^s wr^{pp}d [↑]thw^{rt} h^r fr^m h^r sh^{uld}r t[↑] h^r w[↑]st [↑]nd h^r f[↑]r h[↑]d w^s b^{nt} [↑]n w^{ll}ng sh^m. H[↑] h^d l[↑]s[↑] r^dbr^wn h[↑]r [↑]nd tndr sh^ply str^{ng} fr^{ckl}d h^{nds}. F^c? Th^r w^s n[↑] f^c s[↑]n. Th[↑] brthr's f^c w^s b^{nt} upⁿ h^r f[↑]r r[↑]n-fr^{gr}nt h[↑]r. Th[↑] hnd fr^{ckl}d [↑]nd str^{ng} [↑]nd sh^ply [↑]nd c^rss^{ng} w^s D^vn's hnd.

He frowned angrily upon his thought and in the shrivelled
manner when he'd called it forth. His father's words
Benny going limp but of his memory. He held them to
distance and brought down his own thought again.
Why were they not Crinly's hands? Had Devon's simplicity and
innocence stung him more severely?

He walked in across the hall with Devon, leaving Crinly to
take leave of the dwindle.

Under the cold-eyed Templar was standing in the midst of
little group of students. And of them cried:

—Devon, come over to help you here. Templar is on ground form.
Templar turned in him his dark gipsy eyes.

—You're a hypocrite, Kaffee, he said. And Devon is
smaller. By hell, he thinks that's a good letter to express.

He laughed slowly, looking in Stephen's face, repeating:

—By hell, I'm delighted with that name. I smile.

He stood student when stood below them in the steps said:

—Come back to the master, Templar. We want to hear
about that.

—He had, father, Templar said. And he was a married man
too. And all the priests used to be doing that. By hell, he
thinks they all had to touch.

—We shall call it riding he heck to spite the hunter, said
Devon.

—Tell us, Templar, Kaffee said, how many quarts of porter
have you in you?

—All your intellectual soul is in that phrase, Kaffee,
said Templar with a pen scan.

He moved with a shaming gait round the group and spoke
to Stephen.

—Did you know that the Firsters are the kings of Belgum?
he asked.

Crinly came out through the door of the entrance hall, his hat
thrust back in the nap of his neck and packing his teeth with
cider.

—And her's the w's'scr, s'sd T'mpl. D' y' u kn'w th't
b'ut th' F'r'st's?

H' p'us'd f'r 'n 'nsw'r. Cr'nly d'sl'dg'd ' f'gs'd fr'm
h's t'th 'n th' p't 'f h's rud' t'th'p'ck 'nd g'z'd 't 't
'nt'ntly.

—Th' F'r'st'r f'm'ly, T'mpl' s'sd, 's d'sc'nd'd fr'm
B'ldw'n th' F'r'st, k'ng 'f Fl'nd's. H' w's c'll'd th'
F'r'st'r. F'r'st'r 'nd F'r'st'r 'r' th' s'm' n'm'. 'd
d'sc'nd'nt 'f B'ldw'n th' F'r'st, c'pt'n Fr'nc's F'r'st'r,
s'ttl'd 'n 'r'l'nd 'nd m'r'r'd th' d'ught'r 'f th' l'st
ch'ft'n 'f Cl'nbr'ss'l. Th'n th'r' 'r' th' Bl'k' F'r'st's.
Th't's ' d'ff'r'nt br'rch.

—Fr'm B'ldh'd, k'ng 'f Fl'nd's, Cr'nly r'p't'd,
r't'ng 'g'n d'l'b'r'tly 't h's gl'm'ng unc'v'r'd
t'th.

—Wh'r' d'd y' u p'ck up 'll th't h'st'ry? 'K'ff' 'sk'd.

—' kn'w 'll th' h'st'ry 'f y'ur f'm'ly, t't, T'mpl' s'sd,
turn'ng t' St'ph'n. D' y' u kn'w wh't G'r'dus C'mbr'ns's
s'ys 'b'ut y'ur f'm'ly?

—'s h' d'sc'nd'd fr'm B'ldw'n t't? 'sk'd ' t'll
c'nsumpt'v' stud'nt w'th d'r'k 'y's.

—B'ldh'd, Cr'nly r'p't'd, suck'ng 't ' cr'v'c' 'n h's
t'th.

—P'r'n'b'l's 't p'r'v'tust' f'm'l't, T'mpl' s'sd t'
St'ph'n.

Th' st'ut stud'nt wh' st'd b'l'w th'm 'n th' st'ps f'rt'd
br'fly. D'x'n turn'd t'w'rds h'm, s'y'ng 'n ' s'ft v'c':

—D'd 'n 'ng'l sp'k?

Cr'nly turn'd 'ls' 'nd s'sd v'h'm'ntly but w'th'ut 'ng'r:

—G'gg'ns, y'u'r' th' fl'm'ng'st d'rty d'v'l ' 'v'r m't, d'
y' u kn'w.

—' h'd 't 'n my m'nd t' s'y th't, G'gg'ns 'nsw'r'd f'r'mly.
't d'd n' 'n' 'ny h'm, d'd 't?

—W' h'p', D'x'n s'sd su'v'ly, th't 't w's n't 'f th' k'nd
kn'wn t' sc'nc' 's ' p'ul' p'st futurum.

—Dn't tll yu hw s smlr? sdd Tmpl, turning rght nd lft. Dn't ggv hm tht nm?

—Yu ddd. Wr nt ddf, sdd th tll cnsuptv.

Crnly stll frwn d th stut studnt blw hm. Thn, wth snrt f dsgust, h shvd hm vllntly dwn th stps.

—G w y fr m hr, h sdd rudly. G w y, yu stnkp t. nd yu rr stnkp t.

Ggns skppd dwn n t th grv l nd t nc rturn d t hs plc wth gdd humr. Tmpl turn d bck t Stphn nd skd:

—D yu blv n th lw f hrdty?

—rr yu drunk r wht rr yu r wht rr yu tryng t sy? skd Crnly, fcng r und n hm wth n xprss n f wndr.

—Th mst prfund sentnc vr wrtt n, Tmpl sdd wth nthussm, s th sentnc t th nd f th zllgy. Rprduct n s th bg nng f dth.

H tuch d Stphn tm dly t th lbw nd sdd g rly:

—D yu fll hw prfund tht s bcus yu rr p t?

Crnly pnt d hs lng f r fng r.

—Lk t hm! h sdd wth scrn t th thrs. Lk t r lnd's hp!

Thy lugh d t hs wrds nd gstur. Tmpl turn d n hm brvly, syng:

—Crnly, yu'r l wys snrrng t m. c n s tht. But m s gdd syu ny dy. D yu knw wht t thnk b ut yu n w s cmp r d wth mys lf?

—My ddr m n, sdd Crnly urb nly, yu rr nc p bl, d yu knw, bs lutly nc p bl f thnkng.

—But d yu knw, Tmpl wnt n, wht t thnk f yu nd f mys lf cmp r d t g thr?

—ut wth t, Tmpl! th stut studnt cr d fr m th stps. Gt t ut n bs!

Tmpl turn d rght nd lft, mkng suddn fbl gstur s hs spk.

—I'm a ballistics, he said, shaking his head in despair. I'm not a knight. And I don't think that I am.

Don't pretend to me lightly in the shoulder and said mildly:

—And it doesn't you every credit, Templar.

—But he, Templar said, pointing to Crinly, he is a ballistics, that, like me. Only he doesn't know it. And that's the only difference between us.

He burst of laughter covered his words. But he turned again to Stephen and said with a sudden anger:

—That word is a most interesting word. That's the only English dual number. Did you know?

—Is it? Stephen said vaguely.

He was watching Crinly's firm-faced suffering face, lit up now by a smile of false politeness. The gross name had passed over the lake full water poured over an old stone image, pointing to injuries; and, as he watched him, he saw him reassess his hat in salute and uncovered the black hair that stood stiffly from his forehead like an iron crown.

Shaking passed out from the porch of the library and bowed across Stephen in reply to Crinly's greeting. He is? Was the room not a slight flush in Crinly's cheek? Or had it come further that Templar's words? The light had waned. He could not see.

Did that explanation his friend's listlessness silence, his harsh comments, the sudden intrusions of rude speech with which he had shattered the soft Stephen's radiant wayward confessions? Stephen had fervently for he had found this rudeness less in himself. And he remembered in vain the whole when he had dismissed from a borrowed credit bicycling to pray to God in a walled inner Mithraeum. He had lifted up his arms and spoken in ecstasy that the embrace never of the trees, knowing that he stood in holy ground and in a holy hour. And when two constabulary men had come into sight round a bend in the glimmering road he had broken off his prayer to whistle loudly in their face from the last point of memory.

He began to doubt that they had and if his shiplant against the breeze of a pillar. Had Crinly not heard him? Yet he could wait. The talk about him ceased for a moment and he sat

hiss fall again from a window above. But not there sound was in the air and the swallows whose flight he had followed with dilatory wings slipping.

She had passed through the dusk. And thereafter the air was silent save for an soft hiss that fell. And thereafter the tongs abut him had ceased their babble. Darkness was falling.

Darkness falls from the air.

A trembling joy, lambent as a faint light, played like a fiery heat around him. But why? Her passing through the darkness the air the vers with its black vowels and its popping sound, rich and lute-like?

He walked away slowly towards the deeper shadows that and of the children, battling the stent softly with his stick to head his reverent from the students whom he had left: and followed his mind to summer back to itself the age of Dwindle and Byrd and Nash.

Years, passing from the darkness of disaster, years that dreamed the breaking fast. What was the air languid grace but the softness of chambering? And what was the air shimmer but the shimmer of the scum that melted the cesspool of the court of a slithering Stuart. And he tested in the language of memory embodied wrens, dying fallings of swart airs, the proud pavilion, and saw with the years of memory kind gentleness in Covent Garden waiting from their balconies with sucking mouths and the pexful wench of the taverns and young wrens that, gently yielding to their revellers, clapped and clapped again.

The images he had summoned gave him no pleasure. They were secret and inflaming but her image was not entangled by them. That was not the way to thank her. It was not even the way in which he thought of her. Could his mind then not trust itself? Old phrases, swart only with a disinterested swartness like the fogs of Crinly rattled out of his glimmering teeth.

It was not thought nor versation though he knew vaguely that her figure was passing himward through the city. Vaguely first and then more sharply he smiled her body. A consensual unrest

stretch'd in his blood. Yes, it was his body he smelt, a world and language smelt, the tapt'd limbs over which his music had flow'd deliciously and the secret soft linen upon which his flesh drest all'd endure and a dew.

He thus crawl'd over the nap of his neck and, putting his thumb and forefinger dftly beneath his laces collar, he caught it. He rolled its body, tender yet brittle as a grain of rice, between thumb and finger for an instant before he let it fall from him and wondered would it live or die. There came to his mind a curious phrase from Cernylus Lepid which said that the lace born of human sweat were not created by God with the other animals in the sixth day. But the ticking of the skin of his neck made his mind row and red. The life of his body, all cold, all fed, thus attuned, made him clasp his eyelids in a sudden spasm of despair and in the darkness he saw the brittle bright bodies of lace falling from the ether and turning often as they fell. Yes, and it was not darkness that fell from the ether. It was brightness.

Brightness falls from the ether.

He had not even remembered rightly Nash's linen. All the images of it had awakened were false. His mind broad vermin. His thoughts were lace born of the sweat of slith.

He came back quickly along the clann'd towards the group of students. Well then, let her go and be damned to her! She could live some clean thlitt while wished himself every morning to the wast and had black hair in his chest. Let her.

Crunly had taken another dradd fog from the supply in his pocket and was atting it slowly and noisily. Temply sat in the paddedment of a pillar, leaning back, his cap pulled down in his slippy eyes. A squat young man came out of the porch, a leather portfol tucked under his armpit. He marched towards the group, striking the flags with the heels of his boots and with the ferrul of his heavy umbrall. Then, raising the umbrall in salute, he said to all:

—Godavening, sirs.

He struck the flags again and trotted while his hand trembled with slight nervous movement. The tall consumptive student and Dixon and 'Kaff' were speaking in a rush and did not answer him. Then, turning to Craynly, he said:

—Good evening, particularly to you.

He moved the umbrella in and out and trotted again. Craynly, who was still chewing the fag, answered with a loud movement of his jaws.

—Good? Yes. It is a good evening.

The squat student looked at him seriously and shook his umbrella gently and reprovingly.

—Can see, he said, that you are about to make a beautiful remark.

—Um, Craynly answered, holding out what remained of the half-chewed fag and jerking it towards the squat student's mouth in sign that he should eat.

The squat student did not eat it but, indulging his special humor, said gravely, still trotting and prodding his phos with his umbrella:

—Do you intend that...

He broke off, pointed bluntly to the munching pulp of the fag, and said loudly:

—It illud to that.

—Um, Craynly said as before.

—Do you intend that now, the squat student said, as *apsa facta* is, let us say, as to speak?

Dixon turned aside from his group, saying:

—Goggins was waiting for you, Glynn. He has gone round to the adolph to look for you and Mynah. What have you there? he asked, tapping the portfolio under Glynn's arm.

—Examination papers, Glynn answered. I gave them monthly examinations to see that they are profiting by my tuition.

He also tapped the portfolio and coughed gently and smiled.

—Tu↗t↗↗n! s↗↗d Cr↗nly rud↗ly. ↗ supp↗s↗ y↗u m↗↗n th↗ b↗r↗f↗↗t↗d ch↗ldr↗n th↗t ↗r↗ t↗ught by ↗ bl↗↗dy ↗p↗ l↗k↗ y↗u. G↗d h↗lp th↗m!

H↗ b↗t ↗ff th↗ r↗st ↗f th↗ f↗g ↗nd flung ↗w↗y th↗ butt.

—↗ suff↗r l↗ttl↗ ch↗ldr↗n t↗ c↗m↗ unt↗ m↗, Glynn s↗↗d ↗m↗↗bly.

—↗ bl↗↗dy ↗p↗, Cr↗nly r↗p↗↗t↗d w↗th ↗mph↗s↗s, ↗nd ↗ bl↗sph↗m↗us bl↗↗dy ↗p↗!

T↗mpl↗ st↗↗d up ↗nd, push↗ng p↗st Cr↗nly, ↗ddr↗ss↗d Glynn:

—Th↗t phr↗s↗ y↗u s↗↗d n↗w, h↗ s↗↗d, ↗s fr↗m th↗ n↗w t↗st↗m↗nt ↗b↗ut suff↗r th↗ ch↗ldr↗n t↗ c↗m↗ t↗ m↗.

—G↗ t↗ sl↗↗p ↗g↗↗n, T↗mpl↗, s↗↗d ↗'K↗↗ff↗.

—V↗ry w↗ll, th↗n, T↗mpl↗ c↗nt↗nu↗d, st↗ll ↗ddr↗ss↗ng Glynn, ↗nd ↗f J↗sus suff↗r↗d th↗ ch↗ldr↗n t↗ c↗m↗ why d↗↗s th↗ church s↗nd th↗m ↗ll t↗ h↗ll ↗f th↗y d↗↗ unb↗pt↗s↗d? Why ↗s th↗t?

—W↗r↗ y↗u b↗pt↗s↗d y↗urs↗lf, T↗mpl↗? th↗ c↗nsumpt↗v↗ stud↗nt ↗sk↗d.

—But why ↗r↗ th↗y s↗nt t↗ h↗ll ↗f J↗sus s↗↗d th↗y w↗r↗ ↗ll t↗ c↗m↗? T↗mpl↗ s↗↗d, h↗s ↗y↗s s↗↗rch↗ng Glynn's ↗y↗s.

Glynn c↗ugh↗d ↗nd s↗↗d g↗ntly, h↗ld↗ng b↗ck w↗th d↗ff↗culty th↗ n↗rv↗us t↗tt↗r ↗n h↗s v↗↗c↗ ↗nd m↗v↗ng h↗s umbr↗ll↗ ↗t ↗v↗ry w↗rd:

—↗nd, ↗s y↗u r↗m↗rk, ↗f ↗t ↗s thus, ↗ ↗sk ↗mph↗t↗c↗lly wh↗nc↗ c↗m↗s th↗s thusn↗ss.

—B↗c↗us↗ th↗ church ↗s cru↗l l↗k↗ ↗ll ↗ld s↗nn↗rs, T↗mpl↗ s↗↗d.

—↗r↗ y↗u qu↗t↗ ↗rth↗d↗x ↗n th↗t p↗↗nt, T↗mpl↗? D↗x↗n s↗↗d su↗v↗ly.

—S↗↗nt ↗ugust↗n↗ s↗ys th↗t ↗b↗ut unb↗pt↗s↗d ch↗ldr↗n g↗↗ng t↗ h↗ll, T↗mpl↗ ↗nsw↗r↗d, b↗c↗us↗ h↗ w↗s ↗ cru↗l ↗ld s↗nn↗r t↗↗.

—↗ b↗w t↗ y↗u, D↗x↗n s↗↗d, but ↗ h↗d th↗ ↗mpr↗ss↗↗n th↗t l↗mb↗ ↗x↗st↗d f↗r such c↗s↗s.

—D↗n't ↗rgu↗ w↗th h↗m, D↗x↗n, Cr↗nly s↗↗d brut↗lly. D↗n't t↗lk t↗ h↗m ↗r l↗↗k ↗t h↗m. L↗↗d h↗m h↗m↗ w↗th ↗ sug↗n th↗ w↗y y↗u'd l↗↗d ↗ bl↗↗t↗ng g↗↗t.

—Lamb! Templ crd. Tht's f n nvnt n t.
Lk hll.

—But wth th unplsntnss lft ut, Dx n sd.

H turn d sm l ng t th thrs nd sd:

— thnk m v c ng th p n ns f ll prsnt n syng s much.

—Yu r, Glynn sd n f rm t n. n tht p nt r l nd s unt d.

H struck th frrul f h s umbr ll n th st n fl r f th cl nnd.

—Hll, Templ sd. c n r sp ct tht nvnt n f th gr y sp us f St n. Hll s R m n, lk th w lls f th R m ns, strng nd ugly. But wht s lamb?

—Put h m b ck nt th p r mbultr, Crnly, 'K ff c ll d ut.

Crnly md s sw ft st p twrds Templ, h lt d, st mp ng h s f t, cryng s f t f wl:

—H sh!

Templ m v d w y n mbly.

—D y u kn w wht lamb s? h crd. D y u kn w wht w c ll n nt n lk tht n R sc mm n?

—H sh! Bl st y u! Crnly crd, cl pp ng h s h nds.

—N th r my rs n r my lb w! Templ crd ut sc rnfully. nd tht's wht c ll lamb.

—G v us tht st ck hr, Crnly sd.

H sn tch d th shpl nt r oughly fr m St ph n's h nd nd sprng d wn th st ps: but Templ, h r ng h m m v n pursu t, fl d thr ough th dusk lk w ld cr tur, n mbl nd fl t-f t d. Crnly's h vy b ts wr h rd l dly ch rg ng cr ss th qu dr ngl nd th n r turn ng h v ly, f l d nd spurn ng th gr v l t ch st p.

H s st p w s ngry nd wth n ngry abrupt g stur h thrust th st ck b ck nt St ph n's h nd. St ph n flt tht h s ng r h d n th r c us but, f gn ng p t n c, tuch d h s rm sl ghtly nd sd qu tly:

—Crnly, t ld y u w nt d t sp k t y u. C m w y.

Cr>nly l>k>d t h>m f>r f>w m>m>nts and s>k>d:

—N>w?

—Y>s, n>w, St>ph>n s>d. W> c>n't sp>>k h>r>. C>m>
w>y.

Th>y cr>ss>d th> qu>dr>ngl> t>g>th>r w>th>ut sp>>k>ng.
Th> b>rd c>ll fr>m S>>gfr>>d wh>stl>d s>ftly f>ll>w>d th>m
fr>m th> st>ps >f th> p>rch. Cr>nly turn>d, and D>x>n, wh> h>d
wh>stl>d, c>ll>d >ut:

—Wh>r> >r> y>u f>ll>ws >ff t>? Wh>t >b>ut th>t g>m>,
Cr>nly?

Th>y p>rl>y>d >n sh>uts >cr>ss th> st>ll >>r >b>ut > g>m>
>f b>ll>>rds t> b> pl>y>d >n th> >d>lph> h>t>l. St>ph>n
w>lk>d >n >l>n> and >ut >nt> th> qu>>t >f K>ld>r> Str>>t
>pp>s>t> M>pl>'s h>t>l h> st>>d t> w>>t, p>t>>nt >g>>n.
Th> n>m> >f th> h>t>l, > c>l>url>ss p>l>sh>d w>>d, and >ts
c>l>url>ss fr>nt stung h>m l>k> > gl>nc> >f p>l>t> d>sd>>n.
H> st>r>d >ngr>ly b>ck >t th> s>ftly l>t dr>w>ngr>>m >f th>
h>t>l >n wh>ch h> >m>g>n>d th> sl>>k l>v>s >f th>
p>tr>c>>ns >f >r>l>nd h>us>d >n c>lm. Th>y th>ught >f >rm>
c>mm>ss>>ns and l>nd >g>nts: p>>s>nts gr>>t>d th>m >l>ng
th> r>>ds >n th> c>untry; th>y kn>w th> n>m>s >f c>rt>>n
Fr>nch d>sh>s and g>v> >rd>rs t> j>rv>>s >n h>ghp>tch>d
pr>v>nc>>l v>>c>s wh>ch p>>rc>d thr>ugh th>>r sk>nt>ght
>cc>nts.

H>w c>uld h> h>t th>>r c>nsc>>nc> >r h>w c>st h>s sh>d>w
>v>r th> >m>g>n>t>>ns >f th>>r d>ught>rs, b>f>r> th>>r
squ>r>s b>g>t up>n th>m, th>t th>y m>ght br>>d > r>c> l>ss
>gn>bl> th>n th>>r >wn? and und>r th> d>>p>n>d dusk h> f>lt
th> th>ughts and d>s>r>s >f th> r>c> t> wh>ch h> b>l>ng>d
fl>t>ng l>k> b>ts >cr>ss th> d>rk c>untry l>n>s, und>r tr>>s by
th> >d>s >f str>>ms and n>>r th> p>>l-m>t>l>d b>gs. >
w>m>n h>d w>>t>d >n th> d>>rw>y >s D>v>n h>d p>ss>d by
>t n>ght and, >ff>r>ng h>m > cup >f m>lk, h>d >ll but w>>>d
h>m t> h>r b>d; f>r D>v>n h>d th> m>ld >y>s >f >n> wh> c>uld
b> s>cr>t. But h>m n> w>m>n's >y>s h>d w>>>d.

H>s >rm w>s t>k>n >n > str>ng gr>p and Cr>nly's v>>c> s>>d:

—L>t us >k> g>.

They walked southward in silence. Then Crinly said:

—That blithering idiot, Templ! He swears that Mats, don't you know, that he'll be the death of that fellow in time.

But his vicious was not longer angry and Stephen wandered with him thinking of her grating to him under the porch.

They turned to the left and walked in his behalf. When they had gone in for some time Stephen said:

—Crinly, he had an unpleasant quarrel with his vanguard.

—With your people? Crinly asked.

—With my mother.

—But really so?

—Yes, Stephen answered.

After a pause Crinly asked:

—What is your mother?

—Not a lady, Stephen said. She wishes me to make my sister's duty.

—And will you?

—I will not, Stephen said.

—Why not? Crinly said.

—I will not serve, answered Stephen.

—That remark was made before, Crinly said calmly.

—It is made behind now, said Stephen hotly.

Crinly pressed Stephen's arm, saying:

—Gee, my dear man. You're an excellent bloody man, don't you know.

He laughed nervously as he spoke and, looking up at Stephen's face with moved and friendly eyes, said:

—Don't you know that you're an excellent man?

—I don't say I am, said Stephen, laughing at last.

Their minds, lately struggling, suddenly to have been drawn clear, and to that effect.

—Don't you believe in the church? Crinly asked.

—I don't, Stephen said.

—Don't you disbelieve then?

—The other boys in the neighborhood, Stephen answered.

—Many persons have doubts, even religious persons, yet they have received them and put them aside, Crilly said. Are your doubts in that potent string?

—I don't wish to have received them, Stephen answered.

Crilly, embarrassed for a moment, took another fag from his pocket and was about to light it when Stephen said:

—Don't, please. You cannot discuss this question with your mouth full of chawed fag.

Crilly examined the fag by the light of a lamp under which he held it. Then he smiled at the white bath towels, but a tiny patch, spotted at the end threw the fag rudely into the gutter. Addressing it as it lay, he said:

—Drop from me, you cursed, untouchable thing for!

Taking Stephen's arm, he went on again and said:

—Do you not fear that these words may be spoken to you in the day of judgment?

—What is feared may be in the other hand? Stephen asked. An eternity of bliss in the company of the dearest of students?

—Remember, Crilly said, that he would be glorified.

—Yes, Stephen said somewhat bitterly, bright, genial, impressive and, above all, subtle.

—It is a curious thing, do you know, Crilly said dispassionately, how your mind is supersaturated with the religious in which you say you disbelieve. Did you believe in it when you were at school? Or but you did.

—I did, Stephen answered.

—And were you happier then? Crilly asked softly, happier than you are now, far innocent?

—Fitter happy, Stephen said, and fitter unhappy. I was sometimes less than.

—How sometimes less? What do you mean by that statement?

—I mean, said Stephen, that I was not myself as I am now, as I had to become.

—Not as you are now, not as you had to become, Craynly replied. Let me ask you a question. Did you love your mother?

Stephen shook his head slowly.

—I don't know what your words mean, he said simply.

—How do you never love anyone? Craynly asked.

—Did you mean when we were?

—I am not speaking of that, Craynly said. I could tell you. I ask you if you ever felt love towards anyone or anything?

Stephen walked in beside his friend, staring glumly at the fireplace.

—I tried to love God, he said at length. It seems now I failed. It's very difficult. I tried to unite my will with the will of God instant by instant. In that I did not always fail. I could perhaps do that still...

Craynly cut him short by asking:

—How is your mother and is she happy life?

—How do you know? Stephen said.

—How many children had she?

—None for ten, Stephen answered. Some died.

—Was your father... Craynly interrupted himself for an instant, and then said: I don't want to pry into your family affairs. But was your father what is called well-to-do? I mean, when you were growing up?

—Yes, Stephen said.

—What was he? Craynly asked further to please.

Stephen began to answer numbly glumly his father's tributary.

—I made a student, an orator, a teacher, an amateur actor, a shouting politician, a small landlord, a small inventor, a drinker, a good fellow, a storyteller, somebody's secretary, something in a distillery, a taxgatherer, a bankrupt and a prisoner and prisoner of his own past.

Craynly laughed, tightening his grip on Stephen's arm, and said:

—The distillery is damn good.

—Is there anything else you want to know? Stephen asked.

—Your you and good circumstances to present?

—Do I lack it? Stephen asked bluntly.

—So then, Crinly went on musngly, you were born in the lap of luxury.

He used the phrase broadly and loudly as he often used technical expressions as if he wished his hearer to understand that they were used by him without conviction.

—Your mother must have gone through a good deal of suffering, he said then. Would you not try to save her from suffering more even if... or would you?

—If I could, Stephen said, that would cost me very little.

—Then do so, Crinly said. Do as she wishes you to do. What is it for you? You doubtless love her not. It is a form: nothing else. And you will set her mind to rest.

He ceased and, as Stephen did not reply, remained silent. Then, as if giving utterance to the process of his own thought, he said:

—Whatever else is unsur in this stinking dunghill of a world is mother's love is not. Your mother brings you into the world, carries you first in her body. What do we know about what she feels? But whatever she feels, it, it last, must be real. It must be. What are our doubts or ambitions? Play. Admits! Why, that bloody blighting ghost Templ has admits. McCann has admits too. Every jackass going there reads thanks he has admits.

Stephen, who had been listening to the unspoken speech behind the words, said with assumed carelessness:

—Perhaps, if I remember rightly, would not suffer his mother to kiss him as he feared that contact of her sex.

—Perhaps was a pig, said Crinly.

—Alwaysus Gnzg, he thought, was of the same mind, Stephen said.

—And he was another pig then, said Crinly.

—The church calls him a saint, Stephen objected.

—“I don’t care if I’m going down when I’m called, Crucy only said rudely and finally. I call him a pig.”

Stephen, preparing the words neatly in his mind, continued:

—Jesus, too, seems to have treated his mother with scant courtesy in public but Surz, I just thought the whole thing and Spanish gentleman, his appalling standard for him.

—Did the odder ever occur to you, Crucy asked, that Jesus was not what he pretended to be?

—The first person to whom that odder occurred, Stephen answered, was Jesus himself.

—I mean, Crucy said, hardly noting in his speech, did the odder ever occur to you that he was himself a conscious hypocrite, what he called the Jews of his time, I what did he call it? Or, he put it more plainly, that he was a blackguard?

—That odder never occurred to me, Stephen answered. But I am curious to know if you try to make a convert of me or convert of yours?

He turned towards his friend’s face and saw that he row smiled which seemed farce of will strive to make finally significant.

Crucy asked suddenly in a plain sensible tone:

—Tell me the truth. Were you at all shocked by what I said?

—Somewhat, Stephen said.

—And why were you shocked, Crucy pressed in in the same tone, if you feel sure that our religion is false and that Jesus was not the son of God?

—I am not at all sure of it, Stephen said. He is more likely to be the son of God than the son of Mary.

—And is that why you will not communicate, Crucy asked, because you are not sure of that too, because you feel that the host, too, may be the body and blood of the son of God and not a wonderful bread? And because you fear that it may be?

—Yes, Stephen said quietly, I feel that and I am far from it.

—I see, Crucy said.

Stephen, struck by his tone of clarity, repeated the discussion in a tone by saying:

—f f r mny thngs: dgs, hrs, frrms, th s, thundrstms, mchnry, th cuntry rds t nght.

—But why d y f r b t f br d?

—mgn, Stphn sd, tht thr s mlvltnt rltty bhand ths thngs sy f r.

—D y f r thn, Crnly skd, tht th Gd f th Rmn cthlcs wuld strk y d d nd dmn y f y m d s scrlgus cmmuntn?

—Th Gd f th Rmn cthlcs cld d thtnw, Stphn sd. f f r m r thn tht th chmcl cttn whch wuld b s t up n my sul by f ls hmg t s symb l bhand whch r mssd twnty cntur f uthrty nd vnrttn.

—Wuld y, Crnly skd, n xtrm dng r, cmm t tht prtculr scrlg? Fr nstnc, f y lvd n th pnldys?

—cnn t nsw r f r th pst, Stphn rpld. Pssbly nt.

—Thn, sd Crnly, y d nt ntnd t bcm prtstnt?

—s sd tht h d lst th fth, Stphn nsw r d, but nt tht h d lst slfrspct. Wh tknd flbrttn wuld tht b t frsk n bsurdty whch s lgc l nd chrnt nd t mbrc n whch s llgc l nd nc hrnt?

Thy h d wlk d n twards th twnshp f Pmbrk nd nw, s thy went n slwly lng th vnu s, th trs nd th sc ttrd lghts n th vlls stthd thr mnds. Th r f w lth nd rps dffus d b t th m sm d t c mfrt th r n d n ss. Bhand h dg f lurl lght glmm r d n th w nd w f k tch n nd th v c f s rvnt ws h rd sngng s sh sh rp n d knvs. Sh sng, n sh rt brkn brs:

R s s'Gr dy—

Crnly stpp d t l stn, syng:

—*Mul r cnt.*

Th→ s→ft b→→uty →f th→ L→t→n w→rd t→uch→d w→th →n
 →nch→nt→ng t→uch th→ d→rk →f th→ →v→n→ng, w→th → t→uch
 f→→nt→r →nd m→r→ p→rsu→d→ng th→n th→ t→uch →f mus→c →r →f →
 w→m→n's h→nd. Th→ str→f→ →f th→→r m→nds w→s qu→ll→d. Th→
 f→gur→ →f → w→m→n →s sh→ →pp→→rs →n th→ l→turgy →f th→ church
 p→ss→d s→l→ntly thr→ugh th→ d→rk→ss: → wh→t→-r→b→d f→gur→,
 sm→ll →nd sl→nd→r →s → b→y, →nd w→th → f→ll→ng g→rdl→. H→r
 v→→c→, fr→→l →nd h→gh →s → b→y's, w→s h→→rd →nt→n→ng fr→m →
 d→st→nt ch→→r th→ f→rst w→rds →f → w→m→n wh→ch p→→rc→ th→
 gl→→m →nd cl→m→ur →f th→ f→rst ch→nt→ng →f th→ p→ss→→n:

—→t tu cum J→su G→l→læ→ →r→s.

→nd →ll h→→rts w→r→ t→uch→d →nd turn→d t→ h→r v→→c→,
 sh→n→ng l→k→ → y→ung st→r, sh→n→ng cl→→r→r →s th→ v→→c→
 →nt→n→d th→ pr→p→r→xyt→n →nd m→r→ f→→ntly →s th→ c→d→nc→
 d→→d.

Th→ s→ng→ng c→→s→d. Th→y w→nt →n t→g→th→r, Cr→nly
 r→p→→t→ng →n str→ngly str→ss→d rhythm th→ →nd →f th→ r→fr→→n:

→nd	wh→n	w→	→r→	m→rr→→d,
→,	h→w	h→ppy	w→'ll	b→
F→r	→	l→v→	R→s→→	→'Gr→dy
→nd R→s→→ →'Gr→dy l→v→s m→.				

—Th→r→'s r→→l p→→try f→r y→u, h→ s→→d. Th→r→'s r→→l l→v→.

H→ gl→nc→d s→d→w→ys →t St→ph→n w→th → str→ng→ sm→l→ →nd
 s→→d:

—D→ y→u c→ns→d→r th→t p→→try? →r d→ y→u kn→w wh→t th→
 w→rds m→→n?

—→ w→nt t→ s→→ R→s→→ f→rst, s→→d St→ph→n.

—Sh→'s →→sy t→ f→nd, Cr→nly s→→d.

H→s h→t h→d c→m→ d→wn →n h→s f→r→h→→d. H→ sh→v→d →t b→ck
 →nd →n th→ sh→d→w →f th→ tr→→s St→ph→n s→w h→s p→l→ f→c→,
 fr→m→d by th→ d→rk, →nd h→s l→rg→ d→rk →y→s. Y→s. H→s f→c→ w→s
 h→nds→m→ →nd h→s b→dy w→s str→ng →nd h→rd. H→ h→d sp→k→n →f
 → m→th→r's l→v→. H→ f→lt th→n th→ suff→r→ngs →f w→m→n, th→
 w→→kn→ss→s →f th→→r b→d→→s →nd s→uls: →nd w→uld sh→→ld th→m
 w→th → str→ng →nd r→s→lut→ →rm →nd b→w h→s m→nd t→ th→m.

→w→y th→n: →t →s t→m→ t→ g→. → v→→c→ sp→k→ s→ftly t→
 St→ph→n's l→n→ly h→→rt, b→dd→ng h→m g→ →nd t→ll→ng h→m th→t

his friendship was coming to an end. Yes; he would go. He could not strive against the inevitable. He knew his part.

—Probably he shall go away, he said.

—Where? Crinly asked.

—Where he can, Stephen said.

—Yes, Crinly said. It might be difficult for you to leave here now. But is it that makes you go?

—He has to go, Stephen answered.

—Because, Crinly continued, you need not look upon yourself as driven away if you do not wish to go for as the hierarchy are not useful. There are many good believers who think as you do. Would that surprise you? The church is not the stern building nor even the clergy and their dogmas. It is the whole mass of the people born into it. I don't know what you wish to do in life. Is it what you told me that night when we were standing outside Hercourt Street station?

—Yes, Stephen said, smiling in spite of himself at Crinly's way of reminding the thoughts in connexion with places. Then might you spend half an hour wrangling with Doherty about the shortest way from Sullygap to Lerris.

—Pathetic! Crinly said with calm contempt. What does he know about the way from Sullygap to Lerris? Or what does he know about anything for that matter? And the big slabbiering wishing-pot he had of him!

He broke into a loud laughing.

—Well? Stephen said. Do you remind me that rest?

—What you said, is it? Crinly asked. Yes, he reminded me. That disconnector that made it so difficult for the party by your spirit could express itself in unfettered freedom.

Stephen reassured his host in acknowledgment.

—Freedom! Crinly repeated. But you are not free enough yet to commit a scandal. Tell me would you reb?

—I would beg first, Stephen said.

—And if you get nothing, would you reb?

—You wish me to say, Stephen answered, that the rights of property are preserved, and that in certain circumstances

It's not unlawful to rob. Every man would act in that behalf. So I will not make you that answer. Apply to the justice that will give you a Merit and Trial over which will allow explanation to you in what circumstances you may lawfully kill your king and whether you had better hand him his possessions and goods rather than fight him upon his robes and his saddlebow. Ask me rather would I suffer others to rob me or, if they did, would I call down upon them what I believe as I call the chastisement of the secular arm?

—And would you?

—I think, Stephen said, that would please me as much to do as to be robbed.

—I see, Crispin said.

He produced his match and began to clean the crucifix between two teeth. Then he said cheerfully:

—Tell me, for example, would you draw your sword?

—Excuse me, Stephen said politely, as that is not the matter of my young gentleman?

—What then is your point of view? Crispin asked.

His last phrase, such smiling as that smile of cheerful and dashy retirement, excited Stephen's brain, over which its fumes seemed to brood.

—Look here, Crispin, he said. You have asked me what I would do and what I would not do. I will tell you what I will do and what I will not do. I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland, or my church: and I will try to express myself in some manner of life rather than as formerly as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use—swords, axes and cunning.

Crispin seized his arm and started him round so as to lead him back towards Leeson Park. He laughed almost silently and pressed Stephen's arm with an older's affection.

—Cunning and good! he said. Is that you? You peer prettily, you!

—And you must be confident that you, Stephen said, thrilled by his touch, as he bravely confessed that you so many other things, have not?

—Yes, my child, Crinly said, still gently.

—You must be confident that fathers that he have. But we will tell you this what he did not fear. He did not fear to be alienated from the spurned father and then the loving what have he have. And he am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake, and perhaps as long as eternity that.

Crinly, now grew again, slowly his peace and said:

—Listen, quiet listen. You have not fear of that. And you know what that word means? Not only to be separated from all others but to have not even an friend.

—We will take that risk, said Stephen.

—And not to have any new persons, Crinly said, who would be more than a friend, more even than the noblest and truest friend a man ever had.

His words seemed to have struck some deep chord in his own nature. Had he spoken of himself, of himself as he was or wished to be? Stephen watched his face for some moments in silence. He could discern was there. He had spoken of himself, of his own loneliness which he feared.

—If whom are you speaking? Stephen asked at length.

Crinly did not answer.

March 20. Long talk with Crinly on the subject of my revolt.

He had his ground manner. He supplanted and survived. Attacked me in the secret of love for an's mother. Tried to bring his mother: content. Told me to be, in a moment of thoughtlessness, his father was sixty when he was born. Can see him. Strong former type. Peeper and salt suit. Squarer feet. Unkempt, grizzled beard. Probably attends cursing matches. Pays his dues regularly but not plentifully to Father Dwyer of

L➤rr➤s. S➤m➤t➤m➤s t➤lks t➤ g➤rls ➤ft➤r n➤ghtf➤ll. But h➤s m➤th➤r? V➤ry y➤ung ➤r v➤ry ➤ld? H➤rdly th➤ f➤rst. ➤f s➤, Cr➤nly w➤uld n➤t h➤v➤ sp➤k➤n ➤s h➤ d➤d. ➤ld th➤n. Pr➤b➤bly, ➤nd n➤gl➤ct➤d. H➤nc➤ Cr➤nly's d➤sp➤r ➤f s➤ul: th➤ ch➤ld ➤f ➤xh➤ust➤d l➤➤ns.

M➤rch 21, m➤rn➤ng. Th➤ught th➤s ➤n b➤d l➤st n➤ght but w➤s t➤➤ l➤zy ➤nd fr➤➤ t➤ ➤dd t➤ ➤t. Fr➤➤, y➤s. Th➤ ➤xh➤ust➤d l➤➤ns ➤r➤ th➤s➤ ➤f ➤l➤z➤b➤th ➤nd Z➤cch➤ry. Th➤n h➤ ➤s th➤ pr➤curs➤r. ➤t➤m: h➤ ➤➤ts ch➤➤fly b➤lly b➤c➤n ➤nd dr➤➤d f➤gs. R➤➤d l➤custs ➤nd w➤ld h➤n➤y. ➤ls➤, wh➤n th➤nk➤ng ➤f h➤m, s➤w ➤lw➤ys ➤ st➤rn s➤v➤r➤d h➤➤d ➤r d➤➤th m➤sk ➤s ➤f ➤utl➤n➤d ➤n ➤ gr➤y curt➤➤n ➤r v➤r➤n➤c➤. D➤c➤ll➤t➤➤n th➤y c➤ll ➤t ➤n th➤ f➤ld. Puzzl➤d f➤r th➤ m➤m➤nt by s➤➤nt J➤hn ➤t th➤ L➤t➤n g➤t➤. Wh➤t d➤ ➤ s➤➤? ➤ d➤c➤ll➤t➤d pr➤curs➤r try➤ng t➤ p➤ck th➤ l➤ck.

M➤rch 21, n➤ght. Fr➤➤. S➤ul fr➤➤ ➤nd f➤ncy fr➤➤. L➤t th➤ d➤➤d bury th➤ d➤➤d. ➤y. ➤nd l➤t th➤ d➤➤d m➤rry th➤ d➤➤d.

M➤rch 22. ➤n c➤mp➤ny w➤th Lynch f➤ll➤w➤d ➤ s➤z➤➤bl➤ h➤sp➤t➤l nurs➤. Lynch's ➤d➤➤. D➤sl➤k➤ ➤t. Tw➤ l➤➤n hungry gr➤yh➤unds w➤lk➤ng ➤ft➤r ➤ h➤➤f➤r.

M➤rch 23. H➤v➤ n➤t s➤➤n h➤r s➤nc➤ th➤t n➤ght. Unw➤ll? S➤ts ➤t th➤ f➤r➤ p➤rh➤ps w➤th m➤mm➤'s sh➤wl ➤n h➤r sh➤uld➤rs. But n➤t p➤➤v➤sh. ➤ n➤c➤ b➤wl ➤f gru➤l? W➤n't y➤u n➤w?

M➤rch 24. B➤g➤n w➤th ➤ d➤scuss➤➤n w➤th my m➤th➤r. Subj➤ct: B.V.M. H➤nd➤c➤pp➤d by my s➤x ➤nd y➤uth. T➤ ➤sc➤p➤ h➤ld up r➤l➤t➤➤ns b➤tw➤➤n J➤sus ➤nd P➤p➤ ➤g➤➤nst th➤s➤ b➤tw➤➤n M➤ry ➤nd h➤r s➤n. S➤➤d r➤l➤g➤➤n w➤s n➤t ➤ ly➤ng-➤n h➤sp➤t➤l. M➤th➤r ➤ndulg➤nt. S➤➤d ➤ h➤v➤ ➤ qu➤➤r m➤nd ➤nd h➤v➤ r➤➤d t➤➤ much. N➤t tru➤. H➤v➤ r➤➤d l➤ttl➤ ➤nd und➤rst➤➤d l➤ss. Th➤n sh➤ s➤➤d ➤ w➤uld c➤m➤ b➤ck t➤ f➤➤th b➤c➤us➤ ➤ h➤d ➤ r➤stl➤ss m➤nd. Th➤s m➤➤ns t➤ l➤➤v➤ church by b➤ckd➤➤r ➤f s➤n ➤nd r➤-➤nt➤r thr➤ugh th➤ skyl➤ght ➤f r➤p➤nt➤nc➤. C➤nn➤t r➤p➤nt. T➤ld h➤r s➤ ➤nd ➤sk➤d f➤r s➤xp➤nc➤. G➤t thr➤➤p➤nc➤.

Th➤n w➤nt t➤ c➤ll➤g➤. ➤th➤r wr➤ngl➤ w➤th l➤ttl➤ r➤und h➤➤d r➤gu➤'s ➤y➤ Gh➤zz➤. Th➤s t➤m➤ ➤b➤ut Brun➤ th➤ N➤l➤n. B➤g➤n ➤n ➤t➤l➤➤n ➤nd ➤nd➤d ➤n p➤dg➤n ➤ngl➤sh. H➤ s➤➤d Brun➤ w➤s

the terrible heart. It said his wife terribly burned. He
grazed the thighs with some sorrow. Then gave me respect for
what he calls *rites of the all-burgomasters*. When he pronounced
it soft he pronounced his full ceremonial lips as if he kissed the
vowel. His he? And could he repent? Yes, he could: and cry two
round Roger's tears, then from each eye.

Crossing Stephen's, that is, my Garden, remembered that his
countrymen and not men had invented what Cynic the other
night called our religion. It quitted of them, soldiers of the
nations' vintage infamy religion, set it the feet of the cross
and tossed up dice for the victory of the crucifix.

Went to library. Tried to read through reviews. Useful. She
is not yet. Am I allowed? But what? That she will never
be yet again.

Black wrote:

The wonder of William Bond will do
for suddenly his very ill.

His, per William!

His was not it a dramatic in Rhetoric. It the end were
pictures of big needs. Among them William wrote Gladden's,
just then died. Architect played, *William*, with *harmless*
you.

It came of clodhoppers!

March 25, morning. It troubled night of dreams. Went to get
them off my chest.

A long curving gallery. From the floor ascended pillars of dark
vapours. It was populated by the images of fabulous kings, set in
stone. Their hands were folded upon their knees in token of
weariness and their eyes were darkened for the horrors of
men going up before them for the dark vapours.

Strong figures advanced from the cave. They were not as
tall as men. They dressed not so much to stand quiet apart from
another. Their faces were phosphorescent, with darker
strikes. They perched it on and their eyes so much to ask me
something. They did not speak.

March 30. This evening Crinly was in the porch of the library, prepossessing a preblym to Dixen and her brother. Methair let her child fall into the Nall. Still harping on the mother. Crackedle sizzled the child. Methair skidded back. Crackedle sizzled all right of she told him what he was getting to do with the child, that it is not that.

This mentality, Lepidus would say, is indeed broad but of your mud by the apertaten of your sun.

And man? Is it not that? Then into Nall mud with it!

pral 1. Dissapprov of the last phras.

pral 2. Saw her drinking tea and eating cokes in Jhnstn's, Mannay and Brann's. Rather, lynx-eyed Lynch saw her as was passed. He tells me Crinly was invited there by brother. Did he bring his crackedle? Is he the shining light now? Well, a disconvr'd him. A pretest is dead. Shining quately behind a bush of Wacklaw brn.

pral 3. Met Dixen at the coger shop opposite Fndlter's church. He was in a black swatter and had a hurling stick. Skidded me was it true a was getting away and why. Told him the shortest way to Ter was via Hlyhd. Just then my father came up. Introduction. Father pulled and observed. Skidded Dixen of his might offer him some refreshment. Dixen could not, was getting to be meeting. When we came away father told me he had a good honest yay. Skidded me why a did not join a rowing club. A pretend to thank it over. Told me then how he broke Pennyfather's heart. Wants me to read law. Says a was cut out for that. Mer mud, mer crackedles.

pral 5. Wild spring. Scudding clouds. A leaf! Dark stream of swirling bgwatter in which ppltrss have cast down their delicate flowers. Yays of girls among the leaves. Girls d'mur and rmpng. All father is auburn: not dark ens. They blush better. Hup-l!

pral 6. Certain only she remmbers the post. Lynch says all women do. Then she remmbers the time of her chldhd— and man of a was over a child. The post is consumed in the present and the present is living only because it brings forth the future. Stutus of woman, of Lynch be right, should always be

fully draped, and hand of the woman falling gratefully her own hands' parts.

pr 6, ltr. Much of the Robert's remembrance of the duty and, when his arms wrap her round, his press his arms the lovely which his long faded from the world. Not this. Not it all. A desire to press in my arms the lovely which his next yet come into the world.

pr 10. Finally, under the heavy night, through the silence of the city which his turned from dreams to dreamless sleep as a weary lover whom no charms move, the sound of his feet upon the road. Not so faintly now as they came near the bridge; and in a moment, as they pass the darkened windows, the silence is broken by alarm as by an arrow. They are heard now far away, his feet that shone amid the heavy night as gems, hurrying beyond the sleeping fields to what journey's end—what heart?—bearing what tidings?

pr 11. Read what is written last night. Vague words for vague mention. Would she like it? I think so. Then she should have to like it to last.

pr 13. That tundra has been in my mind for a long time. I liked it up and found it English and good old blunt English too. Damn the dawn of studies and his funny! What did he come here for to teach us his own language for the last time from us. Damn him and why are they there!

pr 14. John Phillips Mulrann's has just returned from the west of Ireland. Surprised and satisfied to copy. He told us his mother and his men there in a moment and his men had read his and short paper. His men speak Irish. Mulrann's speak Irish. Then his men and Mulrann's speak English. Mulrann's speak to him about unverses and stars. His men sat, listened, smiled, spoke. Then said:

—Ah, there must be terrible creatures that litter and of the world.

A fairer him. A fairer his redrained harmony. It is with him he must struggle all through the night till day comes, till he is left dead, grappling him by the snowy throat till... Till what? Till he yielded to me? No. A man in his arm.

pr 15. M^hr t^dy p^{nt} bl^{nk} ⁿ Gr^{ft}n Str^{tt}. Th^{cr}wd br^{ught} us t^gth^r. W^bth st^{pp}d. Sh^{sk}d m^{why} ⁿv^r c^m, s^d sh^hd hrd ^{ll} s^{rts} ^f st^rs ^but m[.] Th^s w^s ^{nly} t^gn t^m. ^{sk}d m^ws ^wrt^{ng} p^{ms}? ^but wh^m? ^{sk}d h^r. Th^s c^{nfus}d h^r m^r nd ^flt s^{rry} nd mⁿ. Turn^d ^{ff} th^t v^{lv} ^t ^{nc} nd ^pn^d th^{sp}rtu^{l-h}r^c r^{fr}g^rt^{ng} ^{pp}r^{tus}, ^{nv}nt^d nd p^tnt^d ⁿ ^{ll} c^{untr}s by D^{nt} ^{lgh}r[.] T^{lk}d r^pdly ^f mys^{lf} nd my pl^{ns}. ⁿ th^mdst ^f ^t unluck^{ly} ^md^{sk} ^{sudd}n g^{stur} ^f ^rv^{lut}n^{ry} n^{tur}. ^{must} h^v ^lk^d ^lk^{sk} ^fll^w thr^wng ^hndful ^f p^s ^{nt} th^{sk}r. P^{pl} ^bgⁿ t^lk ^t us. Sh^{sh} ^k h^{nds} ^mm^{nt} ^{ft}r nd, ⁿ g^{ng} ^wy, s^d sh^hp^d ^wuld d^{wh}t ^sd.

N^w ^cll th^t fr^{ndly}, dⁿ't y^u?

Y^s, ^lk^d h^r t^dy. ^lttl^{sk} ^r much? Dⁿ't kn^w. ^lk^d h^r nd ^t s^{ms} ⁿw f^lng t^m. Thⁿ, ⁿ th^t c^s, ^{ll} th^rst, ^{ll} th^t thught thught nd ^{ll} th^t ^flt ^flt, ^{ll} th^rst b^frⁿw, ⁿ f^{ct}... ^gv^{sk} ^t up, ^{ld} ch^p! Sl^p ^tff!

pr 16. ^wy! ^wy!

Th^{sp}ll ^f ^{rms} nd v^cs: th^{wh}t^{sk} ^{rms} ^f r^{ds}, th^{sk}r pr^{ms} ^f cl^s ^{mbr}c^s nd th^{bl}ck ^{rms} ^f t^{ll} sh^{ps} th^t stnd ^gnst th^mn, th^{sk}r t^l ^f dstnt n^ts. Th^y ^r ^{ld} ^{ut} t^sy: W^r ^r ^ln^{—c}m[.] nd th^vc^s s^y wth th^m: W^r ^r y^{ur} k^{nsm}n. nd th^{sk}r ^s th^{ck} wth th^{sk}r c^{mp}ny ^s th^y c^{ll} t^m, th^{sk}r k^{nsm}n, m^kng r^{dy} t^g, sh^kng th^wngs ^f th^{sk}r ^{xult}nt nd t^{rr}bl^yuth.

pr 26. Mthr ^s putt^{ng} my n^w s^cndhnd clths ⁿ rdr. Sh^{pr}ys n^w, sh^sys, th^t ^my l^{rn} ⁿ my ^{wn}l^f nd ^wy fr^m h^m nd fr^{nds} wh^t th^hrt ^s nd wh^t ^t f^{ls}. ^mn. S^b ^t. W^{lc}m[,] ^lf[!] ^g t^{nc}unt^r ^fr th^mllⁿth t^m th^rl^{ty} ^f ^{xp}r^{nc} nd t^frg^{sk} ⁿ thsmthy ^f my s^{ul} th^{uncr}t^d c^{nsc}nc^{sk} ^f my r^c.

¶pr ¶l 27. ¶ld f¶th¶r, ¶ld ¶rt¶f¶c¶r, st¶nd m¶ n¶w ¶nd ¶v¶r
¶n g¶¶d st¶¶d.

Istanbul 2013

Post Script

Sunuş yazıları veya sonsöz genelde bir kitabın başlığı ile aynı dilde olurlar. Ama bu kitap dil ile ilgili deneysel bir şey, dolayısı ile alışlageldik bir tutarlılık içermesi gerekmiyor. İkinci baskı için yeniden yazdığım satırları ilave bir son söz metni olarak düşünürken, farklı bir şey de denemeye karar verdim. Zaten konumuz çeviri ve meraklı okur da bu küçük detayı bir şekilde aşar diye düşünüyorum. Onun için yazış serbest, farklı bir dil tercihi yapacağım. İkinci baskıyı hazırlamak durumunda kalmak da benzeri bir sebep taşıyor dolayısı ile her iki başlıktan da kısaca bahsedeceğim.

İlk baskıyı çevrimiçi olarak ve Create Space servislerini kullanarak çevrimiçi olarak hazırlamıştım. Boğaziçi Üniversitesi kantininde iki saat içinde projeyi hazırlayıp yayınlamıştım. Şu anda elimde tuttuğum referans kitap da Boğaziçi Üniversitesi kütüphanesinden ödünç alındı. İngiltere’de *print on demand* olarak Amazon.co.uk Ltd Marston Gate tarafından basılmış.

Aslında proje Türkçe ve İngilizce arasında farklı sayılarda sesli harf olduğunu fark etmem vesilesiyle başladı. Bildiğiniz gibi Türkçede 8 sesli harf varken, (a, e, ı, i, u, ü, o, ö) İngilizcede bu sayı 5’e düşüyor (a, e, i, o, u). Bu yazıyı okuyabiliyorsanız bildiğiniz gibi ana dilimiz Türkçe ünlü harf açısından zengindir. Fakat dünyadaki egemen dil olan İngilizce de bir şekilde ünlü sayısını diğer dillere dayatır. Özellikle elektronik ortam ve İnternet bu konuda acımasızdır. Örneğin Windows bu metinde bile soyadımda hata olduğunu altını çizerek vurguluyor.

Bunun bedelini ödemek durumunda kalacağımızı ilk olarak soyadımdaki a harfinin şapkasının gitmesi ile fark ettim! Bu durum ilk başta güzel Türkçede, kendi içimizde yaşadığımız bir erozyon gibi hissedildi. Modernitenin kaçınılmaz bir etkisi gibi. Fakat ikinci büyük kayıp, soyadımdaki ‘u’ harfinin üzerindeki noktaların uçmasıyla kendini gösterince konunun vahametini daha yakından hissettim. Küreselleşme tek bir alfabeyi bizlere dayatıyordu ve bu işte piyango dönüp dolaşıp benim ismime vuruyordu.

Peki, gollü bir beraberlik mümkün müdür? Elinizde tuttuğunuz kitap bir rövanş denemesi kesinlikle değildir. Dillerden rövanş alınır mı ki hiç? Rövanş yine yabancı kökenli, Fransızcadan ödünç alınmış bir kelime olduğu için belki de İngilizcede ki “artists’ response” (sanatçı cevabı) terimini burada kullanmak lazım...

Diller arası bir diyalog hayal ettiğim için, kendi başına yeni bir dil yaratmış olduğu söylenen James Joyce’un bir metnini kullanarak bir proje yapmaya karar verdim. Ünlü Sanatçının *Bir Genç Adam Olarak Portresi* başlıklı romanın İngilizcesini, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916) başlıklı romanın seçtim. Bu proje için metni The Project Gutenberg eBook adlı yayınından alıp dönüştürerek kullandım.

Görsel sanatlardan konuya yaklaştığım için de sürece yazı resim ilişkisi açısından baktım. Dil ve bunun görselleştirilmesi hali hazırda üzerinde çalıştığım bir alan. Metni farklı bir yapıta dönüştürürken sesli harfler yerine bir resim veya emoji kullanmak istedim ve bir uçağı simgeleyen “✈” U+2708 unicode karakter kullandım.

İngilizcedeki dört sesli harfi 4 aynı uçak imgesiyle değiştirdim. U harfini koruyarak soyadımdaki değişimin altını çizmek istedim. Modernist sitilde yazılmış bu *Künstlerroman*’ı bir *Zeitgenössische Künstler* olarak (çevrimiçi) yorumlayarak post post modern bir deneme yapmış olduğumu düşünüyorum.

Kitabın ilk baskısı *Create Space* üzerinden basılmıştı. Fakat Türkiye Pay Pal sisteminden çıkınca sistem bizim için çalışmamaya başladı ve kitap yayından düştü. Sonuç olarak diyebiliriz ki yerelin küreselden (ilişkilerden, yarıştan) kopuşu sadece küreselin (erozyonu) yüzünden değildir.

Genco Gülan

Asya ve Avrupa arasında, 2021

Portrait of the Artist as *the* Young Man

GENCO GÜLAN

This book, “The Portrait of the Artist as the Young Man” is an experimental novel by contemporary artist Genco Gülan. To create this conceptual visual text, Gülan used James Joyce’s book ‘A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man’. Almost a century later, in 2013, Gülan rewrote the text using online and offline software, published it and created this - what we may call a new media art piece. While appropriating the literary material, Genco Gülan - whose name is translated as ‘a young man’ from Turkish - played with the concept of translation and its impossibility, with an indirect reference to Umberto Eco. The final product, this book as an object, is considered as an edition of a contemporary art piece and a self-portrait.



ISBN: 978-625-97650-5-1