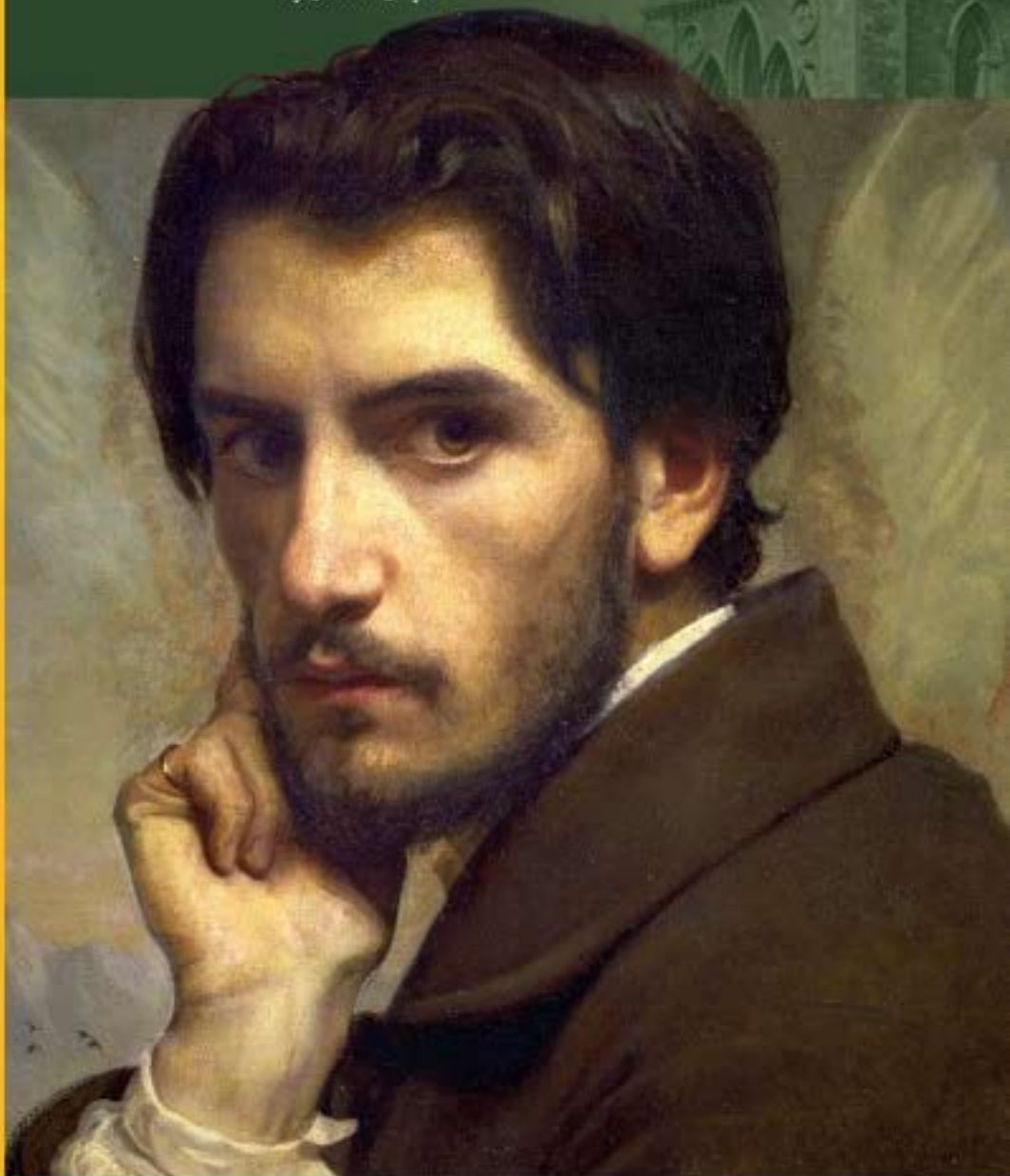


A  
PORTRAIT  
OF THE ARTIST AS A  
YOUNG MAN

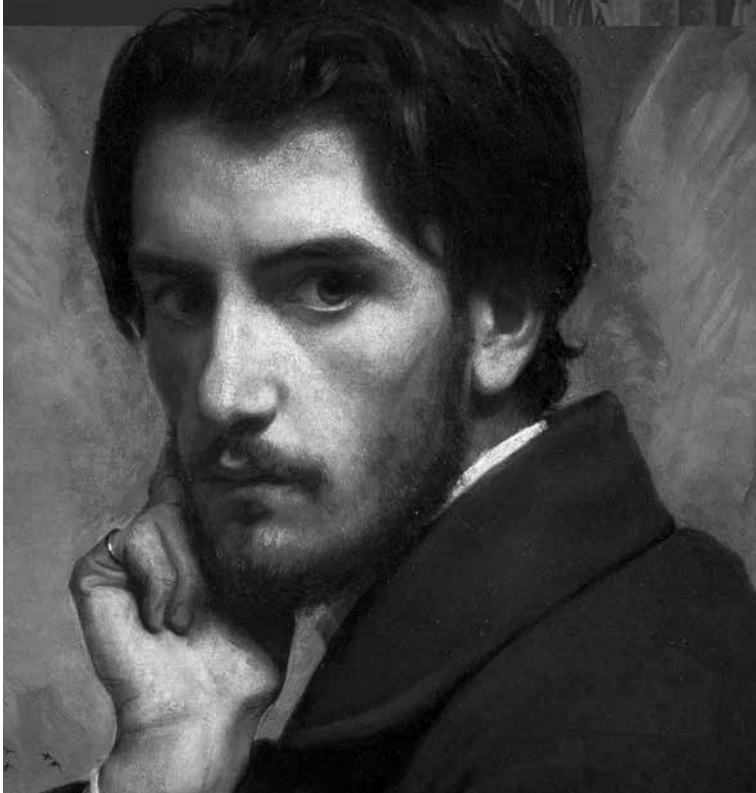
by James Joyce



PRESTWICK HOUSE LITERARY TOUCHSTONE CLASSICS

UNABRIDGED WITH GLOSSARY AND NOTES

A  
PORTRAIT  
OF THE ARTIST AS A  
YOUNG MAN



J a m e s J o y c e



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BY JAMES JOYCE

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# Notes

## What are literary classics, and why are they important?

A literary classic is a work of the highest excellence that says something important about life and the human condition—and says it with great artistry. It has withstood the test of time and is not bound by any specific time, place, or culture. For this reason, a classic is considered to have universal appeal and significance. It speaks to us today as forcefully as it spoke to readers when it was first written, and its power will continue to give future generations new perspectives on life.

*James Joyce*

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J A M E S J O Y C E



James Augustine Aloysius Joyce was born in Dublin, Ireland, on February 2, 1882, into a Roman Catholic household. Joyce's father had failed at various types of employment, and he struggled to keep up the façade that the family still belonged to the comfortable middle-class. At sixteen, Joyce entered University College in Dublin, where he soon began to write a few lyric poems. During these early years, Joyce developed an anti-religious sentiment, especially toward the conservatism of the Church; this continued throughout his life. He graduated in 1902 and went to Paris for a year, returning in time to comfort his mother shortly before she died. Two years later, he went abroad again, this time with the woman he would eventually marry, Nora Barnacle, the inspiration and model for Molly Bloom, the heroine of Joyce's most important book, *Ulysses* (1922).

# Pointers

## READING POINTERS

### Reading Pointers for Sharper Insights

At the beginning of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, James Joyce makes use of the Roman poet Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which contains the legend of Dædalus and Icarus; this reference provides a foreshadowing of and a structure for Joyce's semi-autobiographical novel. (You should notice immediately that the protagonist in *Portrait* is named Stephen Dedalus.)

In the myth, the father, Dædalus, fashions wings for himself and his son, Icarus, so they can fly to freedom from their imprisonment in the Labyrinth. The father warns Icarus to avoid flying too high because the heat of the sun would melt the wax holding the feathers on the wings. However, astonished and fascinated by the flight, Icarus does, indeed, fly too high, and the father watches in torment as his son falls into the sea.

Joyce's main character, Stephen Dedalus, grows through the stages of his life, at times amazed by the "truth" of it and fascinated by the experiences that lead him to higher levels of understanding and inspiration. One thing he says he has always known about himself is that he is "different from others." As he "soars" into uncharted areas, he is unafraid of exploring every circumstance that presents itself. Stephen questions the religion, restrictive sexuality, customs, politics, and philosophy of his upbringing and of Ireland in order to be true to his perceptions of himself as an artist of his own making.

Rather than writing a conventionally organized novel that moves chronologically and transitions from one occurrence smoothly into another, Joyce depicts Stephen Dedalus' life through events that are significant in their own right. All moments are important in and of themselves, but they are more important because they echo the past and foreshadow the future. The narrator's use of vocabulary, diction, and sentence structure reflects Stephen's growth and maturity. Note the immaturity of the writing in the first chapter and how it contrasts but also complements Joyce's language and themes in later chapters.

Much of the literary importance of *Portrait* stems from Joyce's use of moments that evoke an epiphany. In common usage, an epiphany indicates a sudden moment of realization or understanding that comes from an intense experience. Stephen's epiphanies, however, occur during everyday



A  
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*“Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes.”*

Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VIII., 18.†

C H A P T E R I

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

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

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

*O, the wild rose blossoms  
On the little green place.*

He sang that song. That was his song.

*O, the green wothe botheth.*

†Terms marked in the text with (†) can be looked up in the Glossary for additional information.

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

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

*Tralala lala,  
Tralala tralaladdy,  
Tralala lala,  
Tralala lala.*

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

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

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

—O, Stephen will apologise.

Dante said:

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

Pull out his eyes,  
Apologise,  
Apologise,  
Pull out his eyes.

Apologise,  
Pull out his eyes,  
Pull out his eyes,  
Apologise.

\* \* \* \*

The wide playgrounds were swarming with boys. All were shouting and the prefects urged them on with strong cries. The evening air was pale and chilly and after every charge and thud of the foot-ballers the greasy leather orb flew like a heavy bird through the grey light. He kept on the fringe of his line, out of sight of his prefect, out of the reach of the rude feet, feigning to run now and then. He felt his body small and weak amid the throng of players and his eyes were weak and watery. Rody Kickham was not like that: he would be captain of the third line all the fellows said.



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

—What is your name?

Stephen had answered: Stephen Dedalus.

Then Nasty Roche had said:

—What kind of a name is that?

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

—What is your father?

Stephen had answered:

—A gentleman.

Then Nasty Roche had asked:

—Is he a magistrate?

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

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

Cantwell had answered:

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

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

—Goodbye, Stephen, goodbye!

—Goodbye, Stephen, goodbye!

He was caught in the whirl of a scrimmage and, fearful of the flashing eyes and muddy boots, bent down to look through the legs. The fellows were struggling and groaning and their legs were rubbing and kicking and stamping. Then Jack Lawton's yellow boots dodged out the ball and all the other

boots and legs ran after. He ran after them a little way and then stopped. It was useless to run on. Soon they would be going home for the holidays. After supper in the study hall he would change the number pasted up inside his desk from seventyseven to seventysix.

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 Hamilton Rowan had thrown his hat on the haha and had there been flowerbeds at that time under the windows. One day when he had been called to the castle the butler had shown him the marks of the soldiers' slugs in the wood of the door and had given him a piece of shortbread that the community ate. It was nice and warm to see the lights in the castle. It was like something in a book. Perhaps Leicester Abbey<sup>†</sup> was like that. And there were nice sentences in Doctor Cornwell's Spelling Book. They were like poetry but they were only sentences to learn the spelling from.

*Wolsey<sup>†</sup> died in Leicester Abbey  
Where the abbots buried him.  
Canker is a disease of plants,  
Cancer one of animals.*

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

A voice cried far out on the playground:

—All in!

Then other voices cried from the lower and third lines:

—All in! All in!

The players closed around, flushed and muddy, and he went among them, glad to go in. Rody Kickham held the ball by its greasy lace. A fellow asked him to give it one last: but he walked on without even answering the

## Glossary

### CHAPTER I

**“*Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes*”** – [Latin], from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, VIII; “applying his mind to obscure arts.”

**Michael Davitt** – (1846-1906) an Irish politician and leader in the Fenian Movement; he also was the founder of the Irish National Land League. Davitt served seven years in jail out of a fifteen-year sentence for attempted arms smuggling.

**Parnell** – Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-1891), a Protestant landowner and parliamentarian who grew to despise England; he was made president of Davitt’s Land League, which taught Irish tenant farmers to stand up for themselves. After serving some time in jail, Parnell became the leader of the Irish nationalist movement, a hero to the Irish people, and initial proponent of Home Rule. Parnell died in England, and his body was returned to Dublin for burial.

**the rector** – He was the priest in charge of Clongowes, the parochial school where Stephen was enrolled.

**Leicester Abbey** – a monastery in the borough of Leicester, near Birmingham, England

**Wolsey** – Thomas Wolsey (1475?-1530), a Cardinal and also a counselor to King Henry VIII; he failed to obtain the pope’s agreement to an annulment for Henry VIII and permission for the king to remarry, so Wolsey was accused of and tried for high treason against the King and tried, but he died before the trial finished.

**“seasoned hacking chestnut”** – a well-worn, prized chestnut or similar round object used in a game similar to marbles, in which one piece can be used over a long period, knocking out other “chestnuts”; the term also relates to another game, in which chestnuts are suspended from strings, with the object being to hit the nuts together until one string breaks.

**Mozambique Channel** – an arm of the Indian Ocean between southern Africa and Madagascar

**“suck”** – a type of boy who does favors for another, stronger, usually more senior boy; a lackey, a “gofer”

**“Wicklow”** – a county in Ireland

**“in a wax”** – a term to describe being in a rage over an incident; bothered; very annoyed

**“the red rose”** – This is a symbol that traditionally stood for a conquered Ireland.

**Dalkey** – a village in Dublin, Ireland

## Vocabulary

### CHAPTER I

abbot – the priest in charge of a monastery or church  
ablative – the case of a noun  
aspirations – hopes, ambitions  
baize – a type of napped woolen material  
benediction – a special ritual of reverence  
berretta – a square cap worn by a church high official  
bestiality – depraved animalistic behavior  
blasphemer – one who speaks against God  
bogwater – dirty sewer-like water  
boss – a raised metal structure surrounding a fireplace  
breeches – pants  
bum – a person's backside; buttocks  
cachou – a small breath-sweetener  
canker – a disease that causes decay in plant life  
canon – a clergyman  
carvers – a knife and fork used to carve turkey/roast  
catafalque – a framework supporting a coffin  
censer – a metal container for burning incense  
chanies – broken china  
cinderpath – a stone walkway  
cocks – (petcock) faucets  
cod – a joke  
contempt – haughty scorn or disrespect  
contorted – twisted  
course – to hunt  
crimped – folded  
decline – to give the forms of a noun  
dewlaps – loose folds of skin around chin and neck  
emancipation – freedom  
esplanade – a public walkway or grassy open clearing  
fecked – robbed secretly  
feigning – pretending  
fender – a protruding part of a fireplace guard  
ferulae – hits with a stick  
flouted – made fun of; insulted  
flyleaf – a blank page at the beginning or the end of a book  
foxing – playing a trick  
gallnuts – knotted lumps of bark on the outside of a tree  
greaves – shin guards  
grimace – a distorted facial expression  
grit – particles of sand or stone