From *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

James Joyce

(1) There was a long rivulet in the strand: and, as he waded slowly up its course, he wondered at the endless drift of seaweed. (1) Emerald and black and russet and olive, it moved beneath the current, swaying and turning. (2) The water of the rivulet was dark with endless drift and mirrored the highdrifting clouds. (3) The clouds were drifting above him silently and silently the seatangle was drifting below him; and the grey warm air was still: and a new wild life was singing in his veins. (4)

(2) Where was his boyhood now? (5) Where was the soul that had hung back from her destiny, to brood alone upon the shame of her wounds and in her house of squalor and subterfuge to queen it in faded cerements and in wreaths that withered at the touch? (6) Or where was he? (7)

(3) He was alone. (8) He was unheeded, happy and near to the wild heart of life. (9) He was alone and young and wilful and wildhearted, alone amid a waste of wild air and brackish waters and the seaharvest of shells and tangle and veiled grey sunlight and gayclad lightclad figures of children and girls and voices childish and girlish in the air. (10)

(4) A girl stood before him in midstream: alone and still, gazing out to sea. (11) She seemed like one whom magic had changed into the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird. (12) Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane's and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh. (13) Her thighs, fuller and softhued as ivory, were bared almost to the hips where the white fringes of her drawers were like feathering of soft white down. (14) Her slate-blue skirts were kilted boldly about her waist and dovetailed behind her. (15) Her bosom was as a bird's, soft and slight, slight and soft as the breast of some dark-plumaged dove. (16) But her long fair hair was girlish: and girlish, and touched with the wonder of mortal beauty, her face. (17)

(5) She was alone and still, gazing out to sea; and when she felt his presence and the worship of his eyes her eyes turned to him in quiet sufferance of his gaze, without shame or wantonness. (18) Long, long she suffered his gaze and then quietly withdrew her eyes from his and bent them towards the stream, gently stirring the water with her foot hither and thither. (19) The first faint noise of gently moving water broke the silence, low and faint and whispering, faint as the bells of sleep; hither and thither, hither and thither: and a faint flame trembled on her cheek. (20)

(6) —Heavenly God! cried Stephen's soul, in an outburst of profane joy.— (21)

(7) He turned away from her suddenly and set off across the strand. (22) His cheeks were aflame; his body was aglow; his limbs were trembling. (23) On and on and on and on he strode, far out over the sands, singing wildly to the sea, crying to greet the advent of the life that had cried to him. (24)

(8) Her image had passed into his soul for ever and no word had broken the holy silence of his ecstasy. (25) Her eyes had called him and his soul had leaped at the call. (26) To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life! (27) A wild angel had appeared to him, the angel of mortal youth and beauty, an envoy from the fair courts of life, to throw open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory. (28) On and on and on and on! (29)

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