

bat to the Spaniard, saying "You save me from the shame of being the last in Europe." [?] The official, astounded at this, invited me to come back and repeat it! The which I declined. How I detest these insolent whores of the bureaucracy [sic]. How do the people permit such arrogance. They are all the same. I must however try to save myself these scenes. I have lost two hours and my dinner. By the way, I presume you have sent me something by post: as this will only carry me to Monday morning. I wish I was not so weak physically sometimes. I have more need of a hector than Renan.

JIM

Do not overlook the pith of this card.

To GRANT RICHARDS

MS. Harvard

23 September 1906

Via Fratitina 52, II, Rome

Dear Mr Grant Richards, I have been waiting all the week for a letter from you with regard to my book. The month of September is now nearly over and I am still uncertain of its fate. I write to you now because I wish that this suspense of mind in which I live at present may come to an end one way or the other. I need scarcely assure you how disheartening it is for me to see (as I see) that yet another season is going by without my book being published. And I think you will not accuse me of being importunate if I ask you to write me definitely on receipt of this letter.

Faithfully yours  
Jas A Joyce

To STRANISLAUS JOYCE

MS. Cornell

25 September 1906

Via Fratitina 52, II, Rome

Dear Stannie, At present Monday morning I am anxiously waiting for a remittance from you. My assets are two centesimi as yesterday I had to get shaved and to pay a laundry bill and to buy medicine for Georgie who has a bad cold on his chest. I wrote yesterday again to G.R. a pressing letter asking him to reply by return of post. I sent you yesterday the U.I. with an article by Gogarty of which I hope you will appreciate the full flavour.<sup>1</sup> The part about the chummies is particularly rich.<sup>2</sup> I

<sup>1</sup> Oliver Gogarty wrote the first of three articles on 'Ugly England' in *Sinn Féin*, 15 September 1906. The others appeared on 24 November and 1 December 1906. He signed them all 'O.G.'

<sup>2</sup> Gogarty's final paragraph said of the English common man, 'In his righteousness he has called out with holy horror against the immorality of the French nation, rejoicing meanwhile like the publican that his own house is clean. When the facts of the case are only too clear to anyone who has the unblinded eye to see them, that it is this English

am delighted to see that this is only an instalment. Aunt J has left off sending me Skeffington's paper<sup>1</sup> or writing at all. I must be a very insensible person. Yesterday I went to see the Forum. I sat down on a stone bench overlooking the ruins. It was hot and sunny. Carriages full of tourists, postcard sellers, medal sellers, photograph sellers. I was so moved that I almost fell asleep and had to rise brusquely. I looked at the stone bench ruefully but it was too hard and the grass near the Colosseum was too far. So I went home sadly. Rome reminds me of a man who lives by exhibiting to travellers his grandmother's corpse. Isn't it strange that O.G. should be anathemising ugly England just when I wanted to be in an English watering-place. As for the eating houses which must be erected for Sludge:<sup>2</sup> O.G. should travel a little in beautiful Italy and artistic France. Mrs G mustn't have been very entertaining while in England since O.G. found time to write those two columns. I notice by the way that Colm isn't earning his money lately. At any rate he hasn't contributed any peaballs to the U.I. for a long time. On the way home from the Forum being very tired I went into a Dominican church where I found a comfortable straw chair. I watched two nuns at confession. Confession over confessor and penitents left the church in the direction of the cloister. But the nuns came back very shortly and knelt down beside me. Then vespers began. Then there was the rosary. Then there was a sermon. The gentleman who delivered this addressed most of his remarks to me—God knows why. I suppose I looked pious. I didn't wait for benediction. While listening to the service a most keen regret seized me that I could not gain for myself from historical study an accurate appreciation of an order like the Dominicans. I think my policy of substracting oneself and one's progeny from the church is too slow. I don't believe the church has suffered

monster that demands and supports whatever indecencies Paris can produce. He cries out again at the godlessness of the foreign Governments regarding their treatment of those women who associate with their soldiers and he points to his own virtuous forbearance, when all the time, for anyone who cares to buy it, he has published a book—too sordid and too lost to see his own hypocrisy—wherein are statistics to prove, if any proof were needed, that his own army is rotter and more immoral than any or all of the armies in Europe put together. And also as he remains with his eyes devoutly lifted he cannot perceive that at his very feet in India are slave-compounds, where women are incarcerated with more than the horrors of a harem to be debauched at the good pleasure of the Army, a body of men who, as their own statistics show, are already more than half leprous from venereal excess. So concentrated are Sludge's thoughts on prayer that he never has time to realise the fact, however he may denounce it in others, that his Army at home is in a condition so immoral as not to leave even room for such hesitation as that which preceded the destruction of Sodom.

<sup>1</sup> *Dialogue of the Day*. See p. 147, n. 6.

<sup>2</sup> Gogarty calls the English common man by the name of 'Sludge' instead of 'John Bull'. He complains of the inordinate English esurience, and says their 'only gospel is the news of dinner'.

vally from the number of her apostates. An order like this couldn't support their immense church with rent &c on the obolos of the religious but parsimonious Italian. And the same, I expect, in France. They must have vast landed estates under various names, and invested moneys. This is one reason why they oppose the quite unheretical theory of socialism because they know that one of its items is expropriation.

I received today in the nick of time your remittance of 17 Lire. The only fear I have now is that they won't pay me on the 29th. With this money I can get along till Thursday eve. Kindly let me know how much I am to send you back on the 1st and in what manner. I will wait to see if I am to be continued here and if so I will go to the B.S.<sup>1</sup> about you. Do you think I should waste 2 lire on buying a book of Gissing's—ought I buy a volume of Bret Harte? I have often confessed to you surprise that there should be anything exceptional in my writing and it is only at moments when I leave down somebody else's book that it seems to me not so unlikely after all. Sometimes thinking of Ireland it seems to me that I have been unnecessarily harsh. I have reproduced (in *Dubliners* at least) none of the attraction of the city for I have never felt at my ease in any city since I left it except in Paris. I have not reproduced its ingenuous insularity and its hospitality. The latter 'virtue' so far as I can see does not exist elsewhere in Europe. I have not been just to its beauty: for it is more beautiful naturally in my opinion than what I have seen of England, Switzerland, France, Austria or Italy. And yet I know how useless these reflections are. For were I to rewrite the book as G.R. suggests 'in another sense' (where the hell does he get the meaningless phrases he uses) I am sure I should find again what you call the Holy Ghost sitting in the ink-bottle and the perverse devil of my literary conscience sitting on the hump of my pen. And after all *Two Gallants*—with the Sunday crowds and the harp in Kildare street and Lenehan—is an Irish landscape. The fuss made about Gorky, I think, is due to the fact that he was the first of his class to enter the domain of European literature. I, not having Gorky's claim, have a more modest end. Ibsen himself seems to have disclaimed some of the ruminosity attaching to *A Doll's House*. He said testily to one Italian interviewer, if you can believe the I.I.'s 'But you people can't understand it properly. You should have been in Norway when the

<sup>1</sup> Berlitz School.

<sup>2</sup> This was evidently Bret Harte's *Gabriel Conroy* (Boston and New York, 1903), which provided Joyce with a name for the hero of 'The Dead', and influenced his description of the snow in that story. See Gerhard Friedrich, 'Bret Harte as a Source for James Joyce's "The Dead"', *Philological Quarterly* XXXII. 4 (October, 1954) 442-44.

<sup>3</sup> *Irish Independent*. Ibsen had died on 23 May 1906.

Paris fashion journals first began to be on sale in Christiania'. This is really my reason for constantly plaguing reluctant relatives at home to send me papers or cuttings from them. I wish there was an Irish Club here. I am sure there are ten times as many Irish and American-Irish here than Scandinavians. By the way, how did stupid old Ibsen make out the bit here? Teaching is impossible: he must have been in some German office.

In my opinion Griffith's speech at the meeting of the National Council justifies the existence of his paper.<sup>1</sup> He, probably, has to lease out his columns to scribblers like Gogarty and Colm, and virgin martyrs like his sub-editor. But, so far as my knowledge of Irish affairs goes, he was the first person in Ireland to revive the separatist idea on modern lines nine years ago. He wants the creation of an Irish consular service abroad, and of an Irish bank at home. What I don't understand is that while apparently he does the talking and the thinking two or three fatheads like Martyn and Sweetman<sup>2</sup> don't begin either of the schemes. He said in one of his articles that it cost a Danish merchant less to send butter to Christiania and then by sea to London than it costs an Irish merchant to send his from Mullingar to Dublin. A great deal of his programme perhaps is absurd but at least it tries to inaugurate some commercial life for Ireland and to tell you the truth once or twice in Trieste I felt myself humiliated when I heard the little Galatti girl sneering at my impoverished country. You may remember that on my arrival in Trieste I actually 'took some steps' to secure an agency for Foxford tweeds there. What I object to most of all in his paper is that it is educating the people of Ireland on the old pap of racial hatred whereas anyone can see that if the Irish question exists, it exists for the Irish proletariat chiefly. I have expressed myself badly, I fear, but perhaps you will be able to get at what I mean. A Belfast linen company does a great deal of business in Rome through this bank. On the whole I don't think it fair to compare him with a stupid mountebank like Knickerbockers.<sup>3</sup>

Georgie's cold seems to be better. He can walk across the room by himself now and he has two new teeth. Certainly Rome must be very healthy. It is now noon and I am quite hungry. Last night, for example,

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Griffith, editor of *Sinn Féin*, gave the principal speech at the second annual convention of the National Council in the Rotunda in Dublin early in September 1906. He moved for a boycott of certain British goods for a scheme of primary and secondary education conducted on national principles, and for the creation of a national banking system and a national civil service.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Martyn (1859-1923), the playwright, was reelected president of the National Council, and John Sweetman (1844-1937?), Chairman of the Meath County Council (1902-08) and a former M.P., was elected a vice-president along with Griffith.

<sup>3</sup> Francis Sheehy-Skeffington.

for dinner I had soup, spaghetti al sugo, half a beefsteak, bread and cheese, grapes and a half litre of wine. The wine here is like water, poor stuff, in my opinion! The fruit is very dear. The stupid foreigners that come here in swarms put up the price of everything. Twenty years ago, I hear, it was much cheaper.

JIM

TO STANISLAUS JOYCE (Postcard)

MS. Cornell

Postmark 30 September 1906

Via Frattina 52, II°, Rome

I am sending you 60 Lire, and will write to you fully on this absorbing question tomorrow. Cannot send it today as the P.O. is closed. Have not replied to G.R.<sup>1</sup> but have written the whole account to Arthur Symons. I shall hope to write<sup>2</sup> to G.R. when Symons answers. Tomorrow I am going to interview an international jurist. Have been to the English consul who gave me the address of their adviser.

Georgie, I fear, has an attack of bronchitis. If not better tomorrow I will call in a doctor. What about the Celtic Fringe now? Only once more, love. Give it up, Jimmy, old boy.<sup>3</sup>

[Unsigned]

New item. The landlady has just raised the rent of our room. How thoughtful!

P.S. I have a new story for Dubliners in my head. It deals with Mr Hunter.<sup>4</sup>

TO STANISLAUS JOYCE

MS. Cornell

4 October 1906

Via Frattina 52, II°, Rome

Dear Stannie, I sent you on Monday 53 Lire and the sending of it cost

<sup>1</sup> Grant Richards wrote Joyce on 24 September that he could not publish *Dubliners*. 'You have certainly gone a good way to meet our objections to it—objections based on other people's prejudices and not on our own, as I have tried to make clear to you—but it still remains of a kind that would not, I think, be successful, that would prejudice the majority of its readers against its publisher, and would stand in the way of your gaining success with any future work.' He urged Joyce to send him the manuscript of his first novel, promising a decision within a fortnight of its arrival. If that were published, *Dubliners* might follow it.

<sup>2</sup> A phrase used by Richards.

<sup>3</sup> Joyce is probably replying to some encouraging phrases of Stanislaus Joyce in a letter from his brother that has not survived. Stanislaus may well have told him how dismayed the Celtic Fringe, that is, the fashionable writers in Dublin, would be when *Dubliners* appeared. 'Only once more, love,' would refer primarily to his sending out *Dubliners* to still another publisher, and 'Give it up, Jimmy,' would be Joyce's disheartened rejoinder.

<sup>4</sup> The story was to be entitled, 'Ulysses.' Joyce never wrote it, but, as he frequently said in later life, his book *Ulysses* had its beginnings in Rome. Alfred H. Hunter was a Dubliner, rumoured to be Jewish and to have an unfaithful wife.