



I have read Gissing's *Demos: A Story of English Socialism*.<sup>1</sup> Why are English novels so terribly boring? I think G. has little merit. The socialist in this is first a worker, and then inherits a fortune, jilts his first girl, marries a lady, becomes a big employer and takes to drink. You know the kind of story. There is a clergyman in it with searching eyes and a deep voice who makes all the socialists wince under his firm gaze. I am going to read another book of his. Then I will try Arthur Morrison and Hardy: and finally Thackeray. Without boasting I think I have little or nothing to learn from English novelists.

I have written to A.J.<sup>2</sup> asking her to send me *By the Stream of Kilmeen* [sic] a book of stories by Seamus O'Kelly—you remember him. He was in the degree class with me.<sup>3</sup> I also asked her to try to lay hands on any old editions of Kichham, Griffin, Carleton, H. J. Smyth & c, Banim<sup>4</sup> and to send me a Xmas present made up of tram-tickets, adverts, handbills, posters, papers, programmes &c. I would like to have a map of Dublin on my wall. I suppose I am becoming something of a maniac. I am writing to her today to know how you spell Miss McCleod's (?) Reel.<sup>5</sup> I have also added in the story *The Clay* the name of Maria's laundry, the *Dublin by Lamplight Laundry*: it is such a gentle way of putting it.<sup>6</sup> I expect there will be no holding the Marquis of Lorne whenever he sees my book?<sup>7</sup>

I suppose you read about Skeff and his papa-in-law?<sup>8</sup> They harangued student Dublin from a car outside the University Buildings and U. Coll., because *God Save the King* was played on the organ. 'There was a lady in the vehicle,' the paper says. David said he was proud that day of Nationalist Dublin. I am glad you have a suit at last. Did Bertelli never write after that time? Item. A lamp chimney here costs one lira!

<sup>1</sup> George Gissing, *Demos* (London, 1886).

<sup>2</sup> Mrs William Murray (Aunt Josephine).

<sup>3</sup> Joyce was confusing Seamus O'Kelly (1891-1918), who had no connection with University College, Dublin, and Seamus O'Kelly, his fellow student. The former O'Kelly had just published *By the Stream of Kilmeen* (Dublin and London, October 1906). He wrote plays and a novel as well as stories, and was prominent in the nationalist movement. Joyce wrote a footnote for Herbert Gorman, *James Joyce*, p. 181, testifying to his 'great admiration for another story of O'Kelly, "The Weaver's Grave".'

<sup>4</sup> Charles Joseph Kichham (1826-1882), Irish novelist and poet. Gerald Griffin (1803-1840), Irish novelist and dramatist. William Carleton (1794-1869), Irish novelist and story writer. Perhaps Patrick James Smyth (1826-1885), Irish patriot and a member of the Young Ireland group. He was not a writer, however. John Banim (1798-1842), Irish novelist.

<sup>5</sup> This detail, probably intended for 'The Dead', was not used.

<sup>6</sup> The allusion is explained on p. 192.

<sup>7</sup> Joyce's uncle, John Murray (d. 1911), who was supposed to resemble the statesman, the Marquis of Lorne (1845-1914). See p. 192. Murray was a model for Joe Donnelly in 'Clay'.

<sup>8</sup> Francis Sheehy-Skeffington and David Sheehy.

I am still suffering from this indigestion. The druggist gave me last night a box of rhubarb pills and told me I should see a doctor if it did not get better. It is about four or five days since I had the pleasure of defecating. I believe this is the result of my sedentary life. I was always accustomed to walking a good deal.

You ask me what I would substitute for parliamentary agitation in Ireland. I think the *Sinn Féin* policy would be more effective. Of course I see that its success would be to substitute Irish for English capital but no-one, I suppose, denies that capitalism is a stage of progress. The Irish proletariat has yet to be created. A feudal peasantry exists, scraping the soil but this would with a national revival or with a definite preponderance of England surely disappear. I quite agree with you that Griffith is afraid of the priests—and he has every reason to be so. But, possibly, they are also a little afraid of him too. After all, he is holding out some secular liberty to the people and the Church doesn't approve of that. I quite see, of course, that the Church is still, as it was in the time of Adrian IV, the enemy of Ireland: but, I think, her time is almost up. For either *Sinn Féin* or Imperialism will conquer the present Ireland. If the Irish programme did not insist on the Irish language I suppose I could call myself a nationalist. As it is, I am content to recognise myself an exile: and, prophetically, a repudiated one. You complain of Griffith's using Gogarty & Co. How do you expect him to fill his paper: he can't write it all himself. The part he does write, at least, has some intelligence and directness about it. As for O.G. I am waiting for the *S.F.* policy to make headway in the hope that he will join it for no doubt whatever exists in my mind but that, if he gets the chance and the moment comes, he will play the part of MacNally and Reynolds.<sup>1</sup> I do not say this out of spleen. It is my final view of his character: a very native Irish growth, and if I begin to write my novel again it is in this way I shall treat them. If it is not far-fetched to say that my action, and that of men like Ibsen &c, is a virtual intellectual strike I would call such people as Gogarty and Yeats and Colm the blacklegs of literature. Because they have tried to substitute us, to serve the old idols at a lower rate when we refused to do so for a higher.

Of course you find my socialism thin. It is so and unsteady and ill-informed. You are wrong, however, in supposing that the intellectuals taught Labriola socialism. Intellectualism, instead, is a partial develop-

<sup>1</sup> Leonard MacNally (1752-1820) and Thomas Reynolds (1771-1832) were informers, notorious for having betrayed the United Irishmen. MacNally also betrayed Robert Emmet. In *Ulysses*, p. 15 (14), Stephen refers to Mulligan, modelled mostly on Gogarty, as Ireland's 'gay betrayer'.

ment, an alloy of sociological liberalism, of the original socialism which was really nothing but the manifesto of a class. Ferri, for example, seems a more intellectual and capable person than Labori. But the latter contends that interest in psychiatry and criminology and literature and religion are beside the question. He wishes to hasten *directly* the emergence of the proletariat. And to do this he would include in his ranks Catholics and Jews, liberals and conservatives. We were speculating one day at Barcola how much was spent in military and naval defence by England. The revenue income is £141,000,000-0-0 and the amount spent on army and navy is 66 millions: 47%. The revenue of Italy is 1700 million lire and of this 400 millions is spent on army and navy: 23%. England however has a vast territory to protect and, at least, possesses a powerful empire. Italy against the outlay of  $\frac{1}{4}$  of her revenue has an impoverished illiterate population, medieval sanitation, a terrible accumulation of taxes, and an army and navy which would probably fetch a few hundred pounds in a lottery. Of course, all this money does not go into the warchest. Japan, the first naval power in the world, I presume, in point of efficiency, spends three million pounds per annum on her fleet. Italy spends more than twice as much.

Do you think there would be any use in my writing to Charlie? I wanted him to make some inquiries for me. What is their address? I wrote to A. J. at 4 Northbrook &c.—was that right? A letter from Soc. of Authors this morning saying they have to consider the claims of older members &c &c. I am waiting to hear from Symons! I want an English dictionary badly. I don't know how I could correct proofs at present.

Georgie is very well and fat. He spends his day pulling about papers clothes and shoes. He is cursed frequently by both his parents for mislaying the comb and the sponge or the towel or my hat or shoes: and when asked where it is he points to the ceiling or the window and says 'Ja!' The other evg I began to talk to Nora about something serious (!!!): but he wouldn't allow it. He made such a noise that we had to stop and talk to *him*. His latest phrases are 'Bua! (brucia!)' 'Lalia! (Giornale d'Italia)' 'Abace! (In braccia)' and 'Ata! (In terra)'. The two last he alternates very frequently. He also says 'Appetito!' and 'Addio!' The papers I put aside for you he usually tears up.

I shall let you know in a few days how we are getting on with our new arrangement. Do you ever read the *Daily Mail*. A fellow named Edgar Wallace writes in it sometimes a farcical column: it is very funny. I am

<sup>1</sup> A seaside suburb of Trieste, noted for its swimming establishment, rowing clubs, and wineshops.

labouring at the end of *Demar*. Gissing's effort to be just to his socialist protagonist is very distressing. I read that a Dublin solicitor was found poisoned in London when he was about to be struck off the rolls. The bottle bore the label *Starke's Medical Hall*.<sup>1</sup> No wonder, begod, if it was as bad as his verses.

I wish someone was here to talk to me about Dublin. I forget half the things I wanted to do. The two worst stories are *After the Race* and *A Painful Case*. When I have done reading the authors I said do you think I ought to read the Russians seriously or the Danish writers? Write a long letter.

Jim

Another purgative on Friday cost me L1.-! The box of pills cost 80c.—  
Viva Italia! Avanti Savoia!

TO STANISLAUS JORCE

MS. Cornell

13 November 1906

Via Frattina 52, 11<sup>o</sup>, Rome

Dear Stannie, I have been expecting a letter from you this long time. I have had no reply either from Aunt J or from Symons. There was a Jewish divorce case on last week in Dublin which would have interested me very much but of course nobody thought of sending me a paper.<sup>2</sup> I have received *Sinn Féin* and *The Leprichann*. The editor<sup>3</sup> of S. F. alludes to the British army as the only mercenary army in Europe. I suppose he prefers the conscription system because it is French. Irish intellectuals are very tiresome. Italy, at least, has two things to balance its miserable poverty and mismanagement: a lively intellectual movement and a good climate. Ireland is Italy without these two. I see that the Irish National Theatre season is on at present: a triple bill of which the good Lady Gregory supplies two items.<sup>4</sup> A play by a man named William Boyle<sup>5</sup> makes the dramatic critic of S. F. think of Ibsen. I am reading another book by Gissing *The Crown of Life*.<sup>6</sup> Here are two samples of his way of writing: 'Arry, in fact, to use a coarse but expressive phrase, was a hopeless blackguard' 'When he left, which he did later in the day (to catch a train) the conversation resumed its usual course &c.' His books remind me of what Effore calls *Pastefazoi*?<sup>7</sup> I perceive that my first opinion of him was founded on pure good nature, nothing else. After

<sup>1</sup> See p. 59, n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Griffith.

<sup>3</sup> William Boyle's play, *The Mineral Workers*, was presented at the Abbey Theatre on 20 October 1906.

<sup>4</sup> George Gissing published *The Crown of Life* in 1899.

<sup>5</sup> 'Noodles and beans,' a favourite Trieste dish.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 194, n. 3.

<sup>4</sup> *The Gaol Gate* and *The Canarans*.

<sup>5</sup> William Boyle's play, *The Mineral Workers*, was presented at the Abbey Theatre on 20 October 1906.

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