

conversation of "The Young Lady" and "The Young Gentleman." As you will see in the first letter in the next section, he found another related word for the stories. He called them "epicleti."

This word may refer to an invocation to the Holy Ghost (*epiklesis*) still used in the Eastern Church but not in Roman Catholic ritual. In this *epiklesis*, the Holy Ghost is besought to transform the consecrated wafer of bread and the wine into the body and blood of Christ. As Joyce explained to his brother Stanislaus, "there is a certain resemblance between the mystery of the mass and what I am trying to do . . . to give people a kind of intellectual pleasure or spiritual enjoyment by converting the bread of everyday life into something that has a permanent artistic life of its own . . . for their mental, moral, and spiritual uplift."

The word "epicleti" has another related meaning in Greek, which Joyce may have considered. An *epiklesis* can also refer to a reproach or an imputation. And *epikletos* can mean "summoned before a court," or "accused." Thus the epicleti may be considered the accused, summoned up by Joyce to stand trial as specimens of Irish paralysis. The two great priestly powers of transubstantiation and judgment of the sinful were both relished by Joyce in bringing these Dubliners before us in their flesh of words.

## The Evidence of the Letters

In this section the editors have brought together materials from Joyce's correspondence which tell the story of *Dubliners*. It is something like a *Dubliners* story, this story of *Dubliners* which Joyce himself called "A Curious History"—it is a tale of paralysis and frustration ending in anguish and anger. At least, that part of it which deals with Joyce's nine-year struggle to get his book published certainly is that sort of tale—worthy of the book itself. But there is more in this correspondence than a record of futility. Here we can find Joyce's own thoughts on the purpose of his book, its style and its plan. We can see the author as a young man of twenty-two or -three, beginning to compare himself to other English and Continental writers of fiction and to measure his work against theirs. We can get a sense of Joyce the man in these letters which should help us to understand the meaning of his work.

The letters that follow are mainly written by Joyce himself, his principal correspondents being his brother Stanislaus and Grant Richards, the London publisher who first accepted *Dubliners* in 1906 but did not publish it until 1914. The central part of this correspondence is the exchange between Joyce and Richards over

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the alleged obscenity of Joyce's book. The letters of both men are brought together here for the first time, though they have previously been published separately. In his side of this exchange Joyce clearly reveals the wit and the care for his art which are so scrupulously controlled in the stories themselves.

One of these letters, "A Curious History" (281-282), was printed by a number of newspapers to which Joyce sent copies. In 1917, with a preface added by Ezra Pound, it was published as a separate pamphlet by the American publisher of *Dubliners*, B. W. Huebsch. From the first American edition of *Dubliners* in 1916 through his entire career, Joyce had an association with Huebsch far happier than the dealings with English and Irish publishers chronicled in these letters. It was finally through the association of B. W. Huebsch with The Viking Press that *Dubliners* and most of Joyce's other works came to be published by Viking. Joyce's gratitude to his first American publisher was such that he caused to be put into the contract for his last work, *Finnegans Wake*, the following statement:

If at any time during the continuance of this agreement Mr B. W. Huebsch should sever his connection with the said Viking Press and either set up publishing on his own account or acquire interest in another firm of publishers than the Viking Press, then the said Author shall have the option of transferring the benefits of this contract to such new firm.

Fortunately, no such division between Huebsch and Viking came to pass, and the present critical edition continues the association between the name of Joyce and The Viking Press.

(The letters are presented as documents, devoid of annotation and commentary, but the student who refers to the "Chronology" on pp. xiii-xviii should have no difficulty in following them. The full texts of Joyce's letters, together with helpful notes and commentary, may be found in the *Letters of James Joyce* [Vol. I ed. Stuart Gilbert, Vols. II and III ed. Richard Ellmann, New York: The Viking Press, 1966], hereafter referred to as *Letters*. All of

Richards' side of the correspondence appeared in *Studies in Bibliography*, ed. Fredson Bowers [Charlottesville, Va.: University of Virginia, 1963], Vol. XVI, pp. 139-60.)

*From a Letter to Constantine Curran, August 1904*

... I am writing a series of epicleti—ten—for a paper. I have written one. I call the series *Dubliners* to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city. Look out for an edition de luxe of all my limericks instantly. More anon

*From Various Letters to Joyce's Brother Stanislaus in 1905*

... Your satirical surprise at my proposed 'dedication' of 'Dubliners' to you arises, I imagine from an exaggerated notion you have of my indifference to the encouragement I receive. It is difficult for anyone at my age to be indifferent. I am not likely to die of bashfulness but neither am I prepared to be crucified to attest the perfection of my art. I dislike to hear of any stray heroics on the prowl for me. . . . [February 28.]

... While I was attending the Greek mass here last Sunday it seemed to me that my story *The Sisters* was rather remarkable. The Greek mass is strange. . . . [April 4.]

... I send you tomorrow the fifth story of 'Dubliners' that is, 'The Boarding-House'. You are to dispose of it if you can to an English or American paper. I have a copy by me. I have also written the sixth story 'Counterparts' and shall send it to you on Saturday if I have made a copy by then. It is my intention to complete 'Dubliners' by the end of the year and to follow it by a book 'Provincials'. I am uncommonly well pleased with these stories. There is a neat phrase of five words in *The Boarding-House*: find it. . . . [July 12.]

... Many of the frigidities of *The Boarding-House* and *Counterparts* were written while the sweat streamed down my face on to the

handkerchief which protected my collar. . . . Is it possible that, after all, men of letters are no more than entertainers? These discouraging reflections arise perhaps from my surroundings. The stories in *Dubliners* seem to be indisputably well done but, after all, perhaps many people could do them as well. I am not rewarded by any feeling of having overcome difficulties. Maupassant writes very well, of course, but I am afraid that his moral sense is rather obtuse. The Dublin papers will object to my stories as to a caricature of Dublin life. Do you think there is any truth in this? At times the spirit directing my pen seems to me so plainly mischievous that I am almost prepared to let the Dublin critics have their way. All these pros and cons I must for the nonce lock up in my bosom. Of course do not think that I consider contemporary Irish writing anything but ill-written, morally obtuse formless caricature.

The struggle against conventions in which I am at present involved was not entered into by me so much as a protest against these conventions as with the intention of living in conformity with my moral nature. There are some people in Ireland who would call my moral nature oblique, people who think that the whole duty of man consists in paying one's debts; but in this case Irish opinion is certainly only the caricature of the opinion of any European tribunal. To be judged properly I should not be judged by 12 burghers taken at haphazard, judging under the dictation of a hidebound bureaucrat, in accordance with the evidence of policeman but by some jury composed partly of those of my own class and of my own age presided over by a judge who had solemnly forsworn all English legal methods. But why insist on this point? I do so only because my present lamentable circumstances seem to constitute a certain reproach against me. [July 19.]

. . . If *Dubliners* is published next spring I hope to be able to help you to get out of your swamp. Do you think it will make money? Nora is writing today to Aunt Josephine. I would be glad of some news of your house generally. Do you think an English publisher will take *Dubliners*? Is it not possible for a few persons of character and culture to make Dublin a capital such as Christiania has become? Is Cosgrave going to become a dispensary doctor by sac-

Moralist

erdotal favour? Are you going to become a despised clerk? I hope to be able to prevent this—but what about myself? [September 1.]

. . . I am much obliged for your careful criticisms of my stories. Your comparison of them with certain others is somewhat dazzling. The authors you mention have such immense reputations that I am afraid you may be wrong. . . . I hardly think, arguing from the conditions in which they are written, that these stories can be superlatively good. I wish I could talk to you fully on this as on many other subjects. Your remark that *Counterparts* shows a Russian ability in taking the reader for an intracranial journey set me thinking what on earth people mean when they talk of 'Russian.' . . . [September 18.]

*A Letter to William Heinemann (London publisher),  
September 23, 1905*

Dear Sir, I have almost finished a book which I would like to submit to you. It is called 'Dubliners.' It is a collection of twelve short stories. Each story is perhaps of 1800 or 2000 words. The book is not a collection of tourist impressions but an attempt to represent certain aspects of the life of one of the European capitals. I am an Irishman, as you will see by the name. I am anxious that the book should be published as soon as possible and this is the reason why I offer it to you beforehand. I shall be much obliged if you will tell me whether you would like to read it or not and excuse me if my request is an unusual one.

*From a Letter to Stanislaus Joyce, September 1905*

Dear Stannie Please send me the information I ask you for as follows:

*The Sisters:* Can a priest be buried in a habit?

*Ivy Day in the Committee Room:*—Are Aungier St and Wicklow in the Royal Exchange Ward? Can a municipal election take place in October?

*A Painful Case:*—Are the police at Sydney Parade of the D divi-

sion? Would the city ambulance be called out to Sydney Parade for an accident? Would an accident at Sydney Parade be treated at Vincent's Hospital?

*After the Race*—Are the police supplied with provisions by government or by private contracts?

Kindly answer these questions as quickly as possible. I sent my story *The Clay* (which I had slightly rewritten) to *The LITERARY World* but the cursedly stupid ape that conducts that journal neither acknowledged it nor sent it back. This kind of thing is maddening. Am I an imbecile or are these people imbeciles. . . . Will you read some English 'realists' I see mentioned in the papers and see what they are like—Gissing, Arthur Morrison and a man named Keary. I can read very little and am as dumb as a stockfish. But really I think that the two last stories I sent you are very good. Perhaps they will be refused by Heinemann. The order of the stories is as follows. *The Sisters*, *An Encounter* and another story which are stories of my childhood: *The Boarding-House*, *After the Race* and *Eveline*, which are stories of adolescence: *The Clay*, *Counterparts*, and *A Painful Case* which are stories of mature life: *Ivy Day in the Committee Room*, *A Mother* and the last story of the book which are stories of public life in Dublin. When you remember that Dublin has been a capital for thousands of years, that it is the 'second' city of the British Empire, that it is nearly three times as big as Venice it seems strange that no artist has given it to the world. I read that silly, wretched book of Moore's 'The Untilled Field' which the Americans found so remarkable for its 'craftsmanship.' O, dear me! It is very dull and flat, indeed: and ill written.

*From a Letter from Stanislaus Joyce to James Joyce,  
October 10, 1905*

. . . It seems to me that your book 'Dubliners' is becoming almost as important as your novel. 'Ivy Day in the Committee Rooms' is accurate, just, and satisfactory. It is original too. I don't think that this which forms so great a part of Dublin, of Irish life has been done before by an artist. To a stranger your differentiation of char-

acter would seem nothing less than marvellous. And the poem—the 'turn' in this case—is entirely Irish. Aunt Josephine prefers 'A Painful Case' to any of the others but slight as that story is I think it is too big for the form you use. My sense of proportion leads me to prefer 'Ivy Day in the Committee Rooms' or 'Counterparts.' People will think 'A Painful Case,' a story of passionate natures. People who want to be amused by what they read—that large class—will not find many of them to their taste. 'The Boarding-House,' perhaps, though the title is more like the title of a picture. Cosgrave said: 'How delicate he is on the point!' I find the intellectual serenity and ease with which you draw out these burgesses a relief after Turgenev's painful and unhappy analysis. But what is the meaning of writing one half of a story about 'Joe and Leo Dillon' and the other half about a sodomite, named by me for convenience sake 'the captain of fifty'? To call it 'An Encounter' will hardly link the two parts together. However I would not wish for a good deal that this type were missing in Dubliners. Do you write out of rough copy of these stories? Like a Shakespeare manuscript there is scarcely ever a correction in them and yet I can hardly imagine that that astonishing unravelling of the sodomite's mind was written offhand. The sensation of terror—you were afraid he might catch you by the ankles—is cleverly put in. . . .

*From a Letter to Grant Richards, October 15, 1905*

. . . The second book which I have ready is called *Dubliners*. It is a collection of twelve short stories. It is possible that you would consider it to be of a commercial nature. I would gladly submit it to you before sending it to Messrs Constable and, if you could promise to publish it soon, I would gladly agree. Unfortunately I am in such circumstances that it is necessary for me to have either of the books published as soon as possible.

I do not think that any writer has yet presented Dublin to the world. It has been a capital of Europe for thousands of years, it is supposed to be the second city of the British Empire and it is nearly three times as big as Venice. Moreover, on account of many circumstances which I cannot detail here, the expression 'Dub-

liner' seems to me to have some meaning and I doubt whether the same can be said for such words as 'Londoner' and 'Parisian' both of which have been used by writers as titles. From time to time I see in publishers' lists announcements of books on Irish subjects, so that I think people might be willing to pay for the special odour of corruption which, I hope, floats over my stories.

*A Letter to Grant Richards, February 20, 1906*

Dear Mr Grant Richards: I am glad that you are pleased with *Dubliners*. As for the terms you offer me I may say that perhaps it would be best for me to put myself in your hands. I am sure that you will deal with me as generously as you can. As a matter of fact my future work in which you seem to be interested is largely dependent on an improvement of my financial state. I have written nearly a thousand pages of a novel but I have had little leisure, comfort or prospects for continuing it.

I should like to know when you propose to publish the book, in what form and at what price. If you will let me know I can send you the last story I have written—unless perhaps you have as superstitious an objection to the number thirteen as you seem to have with regard to Ireland and short stories in general.

*A Letter from Grant Richards to James Joyce,  
April 23, 1906*

Dear Mr. Joyce,

I am sorry, but I am afraid we cannot publish "The Two Gallants" as it stands; indeed, the printers, to whom it was sent before I read it myself, say that they won't print it. You see that there are still limitations imposed on the English publisher! I am therefore sending it back to you to ask you either to suppress it, or, better, to modify it in such a way as to enable it to pass. Perhaps you can see your way to do this at once.

The same thing has to be done with two passages marked in blue pencil on page 15 of "Counterparts."

Also—you will think I am very troublesome, but I don't want

the critics to come down on your book like a cart load of bricks—I want you to give me a word that we ["T" crossed out in ink] can use instead of 'bloody' in the story "Grace."

*A Letter to Grant Richards, April 26, 1906*

Dear Mr Grant Richards: You tell me that the printer to whom you sent my story *Two Gallants* before you read it yourself refuses to print it and therefore you ask me either to suppress it or to modify it in such a way as to enable it to pass. I cannot see my way to do either of these things. I have written my book with considerable care, in spite of a hundred difficulties and in accordance with what I understand to be the classical tradition of my art. You must therefore allow me to say that your printer's opinion of it does not interest me in the least. Moreover, I cannot alter the passages which are marked in blue pencil in the story *Counterparts* nor can I suggest any other word than the word 'bloody' for the story *Grace*.

I intended to send you today the fourteenth and last story of the book, *A Little Cloud* which is now ready. I shall not do so, however, until I hear from you in reply: and I am also retaining the MSS of the two stories which you sent me. If in your next letter you tell me that you can see your way to print my book as I have written it and that you have found a printer who will endanger his immortal soul to that extent I shall then send you the three stories together. If you decide differently you can send me back the other eleven stories and we can consider the matter at an end. Naturally, I should be sorry if our relations ended in such a way. It would be almost a disaster to me but I am afraid the service which you ask me to do for your printer's conscience is not in my power.

*A Letter from Grant Richards to James Joyce,  
May 1, 1906*

Dear Mr. Joyce,

Either I must have expressed myself carelessly in my letter to you or you must have misunderstood what I said. I told you what

the printer had said not because I cared about his opinion as his opinion, or cared a bit about his scruples, but because if a printer takes that view you can be quite sure that the booksellers will take it, that the libraries will take it, and that an inconveniently large section of the general public will take it. You have told me frankly that you look to your future being helped by your literary work. The best way of retarding that result will most certainly be to persist in the publishing of stories which—I speak commercially, not artistically—will get you a name for doing work which most people will regret. You will understand that it is not my view which has to dictate our conduct in this matter. It is both the effect which your persistence would have on the commercial possibilities of the book, and the effect that the publication of that book as it now stands in manuscript would have on our business generally. It would be easier to explain to you why I think you are taking a wrong course when you refuse either to make any alterations or to suppress the stories if I could have the opportunity of talking the matter over with you. I hope, however, that this letter will show you that from the point of view of policy there are two sides to the matter, and that you will see your way to alter the position you have taken up. In any case, please put on one side the idea that you seem to have, that I am at all interested in our printer's conscience.

*A Letter to Grant Richards, May 5, 1906*

Dear Mr Grant Richards, I am sorry you do not tell me why the printer, who seems to be the barometer of English opinion, refuses to print *Two Gallants* and makes marks in the margin of *Counterparts*. Is it the small gold coin in the former story or the code of honour which the two gallants live by which shocks him? I see nothing which should shock him in either of these things. His idea of gallantry has grown up in him (probably) during the reading of the novels of the elder Dumas and during the performance of romantic plays which presented to him cavaliers and ladies in full dress. But I am sure he is willing to modify his fantastic views. I

would strongly recommend to him the chapters wherein Ferrero examines the moral code of the soldier and (incidentally) of the gallant. But it would be useless for I am sure that in his heart of hearts he is a militarist.

He has marked three passages in *Counterparts*:

'a man with two establishments to keep up, of course he couldn't. . . .'

'Farrington said he wouldn't mind having the far one and began to smile at her. . . .'

'She continued to cast bold glances at him and changed the position of her legs often; and when she was going out she brushed against his chair and said "Pardon!" in a Cockney accent.'

His marking of the first passage makes me think that there is priestly blood in him: the scent for immoral allusions is certainly very keen here. To me this passage seems as childlike as the reports of divorce cases in *The Standard*. Or is it possible that this same printer (or maybe some near relative of his) will read (nay more, actually collaborate in) that solemn journal which tells its readers not merely that Mrs So and So misconducted herself with Captain So and So but even how often she misconducted herself with him! The word 'establishment' is surely as inoffensive as the word 'misconducted.'

It is easier to understand why he has marked the second passage, and evident why he has marked the third. But I would refer him again to that respectable organ the reporters of which are allowed to speak of such intimate things as even I, a poor artist, have but dared to suggest. O one-eyed printer! Why has he descended with his blue pencil, full of the Holy Ghost, upon these passages and allowed his companions to set up in type reports of divorce cases, and ragging cases and cases of criminal assault—reports, moreover, which are to be read by an 'inconveniently large section of the general public.'

There remains his final objection to the word 'bloody.' I cannot know, of course, from what he derives the word or whether,

in his plain blunt way, he accepts it as it stands. In the latter case his objection is absurd and in the former case (if he follows the only derivation I have heard for it) it is strange that he should object more strongly to a profane use of the Virgin than to a profane use of the name of God. Where is his English Protestantism? I myself can bear witness that I have seen in modern English print such expressions as 'by God' and 'damn.' Some cunning Jesuit must have tempted our stout Protestant from the path of righteousness that he defends the honour of the Virgin with such virgin ardour.

As for my part and share in the book I have already told all I have to tell. My intention was to write a chapter of the moral history of my country and I chose Dublin for the scene because that city seemed to me the centre of paralysis. I have tried to present it to the indifferent public under four of its aspects: childhood, adolescence, maturity and public life. The stories are arranged in this order. I have written it for the most part in a style of scrupulous meanness and with the conviction that he is a very bold man who dares to alter in the presentment, still more to deform, whatever he has seen and heard. I cannot do any more than this. I cannot alter what I have written. All these objections of which the printer is now the mouthpiece arose in my mind when I was writing the book, both as to the themes of the stories and their manner of treatment. Had I listened to them I would not have written the book. I have come to the conclusion that I cannot write without offending people. The printer denounces *Two Gallants* and *Counterparts*. A Dubliner would denounce *Ivy Day in the Committee-Room*. The more subtle inquisitor will denounce *An Encounter*, the enormity of which the printer cannot see because he is, as I said, a plain blunt man. The Irish priest will denounce *The Sisters*. The Irish boarding-house keeper will denounce *The Boarding-House*. Do not let the printer imagine, for goodness' sake, that he is going to have all the barking to himself.

I can see plainly that there are two sides to the matter but unfortunately I can occupy only one of them. I will not fall into the error of suggesting to you which side you should occupy but

it seems to me that you credit the printer with too infallible a knowledge of the future. I know very little of the state of English literature at present nor do I know whether it deserves or not the eminence which it occupies as the laughingstock of Europe. But I suspect that it will follow the other countries of Europe as it did in Chaucer's time. You have opportunities to observe the phenomenon at close range. Do you think that *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* would not have been denounced by a manager of the middle Victorian period, or that a publisher of that period would not have rejected a book by George Moore or Thomas Hardy? And if a change is to take place I do not see why it should not begin now.

You tell me in conclusion that I am endangering my future and your reputation. I have shown you earlier in the letter the frivolity of the printer's objections and I do not see how the publication of *Dubliners* as it now stands in manuscript could possibly be considered an outrage on public morality. I am willing to believe that when you advise me not to persist in the publication of stories such as those you have returned to me you do so with a kind intention towards me: and I am sure you will think me wrong-headed in persisting. But if the art were any other, if I were a painter and my book were a picture you would be less ready to condemn me for wrong-headedness if I refused to alter certain details. These details may now seem to you unimportant but if I took them away *Dubliners* would seem to me like an egg without salt. In fact, I am somewhat curious to know what, if these and similar points have been condemned, has been admired in the book at all.

I see now that my letter is becoming nearly as long as my book. I have touched on every point you raise in order to give you reason for the faith that is in me. I have not, however, said what a disappointment it would be to me if you were unable to share my views. I do not speak so much of a material as of a moral disappointment. But I think I could more easily reconcile myself to such a disappointment than to the thousand little regrets and self-reproaches which would certainly make me their prey afterwards. Believe me, dear Mr Grant Richards, Faithfully yours

*From a Letter from Grant Richards to James Joyce,  
May 10, 1906*

Dear Mr. Joyce,

Many thanks for your letter. If I had written your stories I should certainly wish to be able to afford your attitude; but as I stand on the publisher's side, I feel most distinctly that for more than one reason you cannot afford it. You have written a book which, whether it sells or whether it does not, is a very remarkable and striking piece of work; certainly it is what you wanted it to be—a chapter of the moral history of your country. But a book is not written nowadays to any real effect until it is published. You won't get a publisher—a real publisher—to issue it as it stands. I won't say that you won't get somebody to bring it out, but it would be brought out obscurely and in such a way would be certain to do no good to your pocket and would hardly be likely to get into the hands of any but a few people. After all, remember, it is only words and sentences that have to be altered; and it seems to me that the man who cannot convey his meaning by more than one set of words and sentences has not yet realized the possibilities of the English language. That is not your case. . . .

*A Letter to Grant Richards, May 13, 1906*

Dear Mr Grant Richards, I am sorry that in reply to my letter you have written one of so generalising a character. I do not see how you can expect me to agree with you about the impossibility of publishing the book as it is. Your statement that no publisher could issue such a book seems to me somewhat categorical. You must not imagine that the attitude I have taken up is in the least heroic. The fact is I cannot see much reason in your complaints.

You complain of *Two Gallants*, of a passage in *Counterparts* and of the word 'bloody' in *Grace*. Are these the only things that prevent you from publishing the book? To begin at the end: the word 'bloody' occurs in that story twice in the following passage:

—At dinner, you know. Then he has a bloody big bowl of cabbage before him on the table and a bloody big spoon like a shovel etc . . .

This I could alter, if you insist. I see no reason for doing so but if this point alone prevented the book from being published I could put another word instead of 'bloody': But this word occurs elsewhere in the book, in *Ivy Day in the Committee-Room*, in *The Boarding-House*, in *Two Gallants*:

—'And one night man, she brought me two bloody fine cigars &c'—

*Two Gallants*

—'Here's this fellow come to the throne after his bloody owl' mother keeping him out of it till the man was grey . . . &c'—

*Ivy Day in the Committee-Room*

—'if any fellow tried that sort of game on with his sister he'd bloody well put his teeth down his throat, so he would' &c

*The Boarding-House*

The first passage I could alter. The second passage (with infinite regret) I could alter by omitting the word simply. But the third passage I absolutely could not alter. Read *The Boarding-House* yourself and tell me frankly what you think. The word, the exact expression I have used, is in my opinion the one expression in the English language which can create on the reader the effect which I wish to create. Surely you can see this for yourself? And if the word appears once in the book it may as well appear three times. Is it not ridiculous that my book cannot be published because it contains this one word which is neither indecent nor blasphemous?

The objections raised against *Counterparts* seem to me equally

trivial. Is it possible that at this age of the world in the country which the ingenuous Latins are fond of calling 'the home of liberty' an allusion to 'two establishments' cannot appear in print or that I cannot write the phrase 'she changed the position of her legs often'? To invoke the name of Areopagitica in this connection would be to render the artist as absurd as the printer.

You say it is a small thing I am asked to do, to efface a word here and there. But do you not see clearly that in a short story above all such effacement may be fatal. You cannot say that the phrases objected to are gratuitous and impossible to print and at the same time approve of the tenor of the book. Granted this latter as legitimate I cannot see how anyone can consider these minute and necessary details illegitimate. I must say that these objections seem to me illogical. Why do you not object to the theme of *An Encounter*, to the passage 'he stood up slowly saying that he had to leave us for a few moments &c . . .'? Why do you not object to the theme of *The Boarding-House*? Why do you omit to censure the allusions to the Royal Family, to the Holy Ghost, to the Dublin Police, to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, to the cities of the plain, to the Irish Parliamentary Party &c? As I told you in my last letter I cannot understand what has been admired in the book at all if these passages have been condemned. What would remain of the book if I had to efface everything which might give offence? The title, perhaps?

You must allow me to say that I think you are unduly timid. There is nothing 'impossible' in the book, in my opinion. You will not be prosecuted for publishing it. The worst that will happen, I suppose, is that some critic will allude to me as the 'Irish Zola'. But even such a display of the critical intellect should not be sufficiently terrible to deter you from bringing out the book. I am not, as you may suppose, an extremely business-like person but I confess I am puzzled to know why all these objections were not raised at first. When the contract was signed I thought everything was over: but now I find I must plunge into a correspondence which, I am afraid, tends only to agitate my nerves.

The appeal to my pocket has not much weight with me. Of course I would gladly see the book in print and of course I would

like to make money by it. But, on the other hand, I have very little intention of prostituting whatever talent I may have to the public. (This letter is not for publication). I am not an emissary from a War Office testing a new explosive or an eminent doctor praising a new medicine or a sporting cyclist riding a new make of bicycle or a renowned tenor singing a song by a new composer: and therefore the appeal to my pocket does not touch me as deeply as it otherwise might. You say you will be sorry if the book must pass from your list. I will be extremely sorry. But what can I do? I have thought the matter over and looked over the book again and I think you are making much ado about nothing. Kindly do not misread this as a rebuke to you but put the emphasis on the last word. For, I assure you, not the least unfortunate effect of this tardy correspondence is that it has brought my own writing into disfavour with myself. Act, however, as you think best. I have done my part. Believe me, dear Mr Grant Richards, Faithfully yours

*A Letter from Grant Richards to James Joyce,  
May 16, 1906*

Dear Mr. Joyce,

I will try to be more categorical. First, though, let me see if I cannot remove a misconception that exists in your mind as to our attitude. My admiration for your book is a thing entirely apart, and necessarily so, from my conviction as to what is wise or not wise for us to publish. Personally I prefer the word 'bloody' in the places in which it occurs to any word you could substitute for it since it is, as you say, the right word; on the other hand a publisher has to be influenced by other considerations. Personally I have no objection to the other stories we have discussed, although I may say that in their present form they would damage their publisher. We are, for various reasons into which I need not go at this distance, peculiarly liable to attack. However, you concede the alteration of the troublesome word in "Grace"; well and good. You concede it in "The Two Gallants"; you concede it in "Ivy Day in the Committee Room"; leave it in "The Boarding House."

In "Counterparts" I have no feeling about the allusion to 'two establishments [?]; the other phrase must really come out.

On consideration I should *like* to leave out altogether "The Encounter."

"The Two Gallants" should certainly be omitted. Perhaps you can omit it with an easier mind since originally it did not form part of your book.

The difficulties between us, therefore, narrow themselves down, since you have come some little way to meet me, and I hope now they will disappear entirely. Believe me, dear Mr. Joyce, Sincerely yours,

*A Letter to Grant Richards, May 20, 1906*

Dear Mr Grant Richards: You say that the difficulties between us have narrowed themselves down. If this be true it is I who have narrowed them. If you will recall your first letter you will see that on your side they have broadened a little. While I have made concessions as to the alteration of a word in three of the stories you are simply allowing me to use it in a story where, not having noticed it until I pointed it out to you, you had not objected to it. Moreover you now say that you wish to leave out altogether the story *An Encounter*. You said nothing of this in your first letter and it was I, again, who pointed out to you the 'enormity' in it. It is true that you concede one of the disputed passages in *Counterparts* but, inasmuch as you say you have no feeling on the subject, I suppose the concession costs you much less than those I have made cost me.

I mention these facts in order that you may see that I have tried to meet your objections. We are agreed now about *Grace*, *Ivy Day in the Committee-Room* and *The Boarding-House*. There remain only the second passage in *Counterparts* and the story *Two Gallants*. I invite you to read the former story again. The incident described is (in my opinion, if that counts for anything) essential. It occurs at a vital part of the story and, if it is taken out, the effect at the end is (in my opinion) lost. However (you see that it is really I who narrow the difficulties between us) if you can point out to

me expressly any word or phrase which I can alter without omitting the incident, much as I dislike to do so, I will try again to meet you.

I have agreed to omit the troublesome word in *Two Gallants*. To omit the story from the book would really be disastrous. It is one of the most important stories in the book. I would rather sacrifice *five* of the other stories (which I could name) than this one. It is the story (after *Ivy Day in the Committee-Room*) which pleases me most. I have shown you that I can concede something to your fears. But you cannot really expect me to mutilate my work!

You state your objection to *An Encounter* (an objection I was imprudent enough to provoke) so mildly that I imagine this will not be one of our difficulties. In all seriousness I would urge the interference of the printer as soon as possible if my book is not to dwindle into a pamphlet, for each bout of letters, as it brings some little concession from my side, brings also some little new demand from yours. And as I have told you all along I am convinced that your fears are exaggerated. Many of the passages and phrases over which we are now disputing escaped you: it was I who showed them to you. And do you think that what escaped you (whose business it is to look for such things in the books you consider) will be surely detected by a public which reads the books for quite another reason?

I regret very much that the interview you suggested earlier in the correspondence is impossible. I believe that in an interview I could much more easily defeat whatever influences you in holding your present position. As for the disastrous effect the book would have if published in its present form it seems to me such a result is more likely to hit me than you. Critics (I think) are fonder of attacking writers than publishers; and, I assure you their attacks on me would in no way hasten my death. Moreover, from the point of view of financial success it seems to me more than probable than [*sic*] an attack, even a fierce and organised attack, on the book by the press would have the effect of interesting the public in it to much better purpose than the tired chorus of imprimaturs with which the critical body greets the appearance of every book which is not dangerous to faith or morals.

You cannot see anything impossible and unreasonable in my position. I have explained and argued everything at full length and, when argument and explanation were unavailing, I have perforce granted what you asked, and even what you didn't ask, me to grant. The points on which I have not yielded are the points which rivet the book together. If I eliminate them what becomes of the chapter of the moral history of my country? I fight to retain them because I believe that in composing my chapter of moral history in exactly the way I have composed it I have taken the first step towards the spiritual liberation of my country. Reflect for a moment on the history of the literature of Ireland as it stands at present written in the English language before you condemn this genial illusion of mine which, after all, has at least served me in the office of a candlestick during the writing of the book.

*A Letter from Grant Richards to James Joyce,  
June 7, 1906*

Dear Mr. Joyce,

An answer to your last letter to me has been delayed owing to my taking a brief Whitsuntide holiday.

Heaven knows that we want to do everything that you want us to do, but for various reasons, which it would take too long to write down, our hands are to some extent tied. If this business were mine it would be a different thing.

But I did notice very clearly "An Encounter" when I first read the manuscript, and we were at that time told by our adviser that we ought to get you to omit it. I was in doubts about it, but came to the conclusion that it was unnecessary to do so. But matter which to a large section of the public will seem questionable is cumulative in its effect, and when I came to read "The Two Gallants" I saw that to publish the book with that story as you had written it would be to draw attention to other things in the book which would otherwise pass. Perhaps you can re-write "The Two Gallants"—although I don't suppose you will. Still, in producing one's first book it is just as well to be guided by somebody's advice, and I don't honestly think that you could have a more competent

adviser on the matter than I am. We cannot publish the book as it stands; that I am afraid is clear. We can only publish it with the alterations or omissions that so far I have suggested. If it were I who was publishing the book, admiring it as I do, I might be willing to bear any attack, organized or otherwise. But an attack on this house at the present moment, and on such a subject, would be extremely damaging.

Your letters make me wish to meet you, and they make me wish to have your book as you have written it among my own that I value; but they cannot blind me to the impolicy of the attitude you are taking up. Believe me, dear Mr. Joyce, Sincerely yours,

*A Letter to Grant Richards, June 10, 1906*

Dear Mr Grant Richards, I see by reference to letters that you were sending the book to the printers two months ago. Its transit, however, has been delayed by a copious and futile correspondence which my original reply to your objections certainly did not provoke. This correspondence has been a cause of great and constant worry to me and I now recognise how useless it has been.

I pointed out to you clearly in my last letter that it was I who had made efforts to narrow down the difficulties between us, difficulties which, I think, it would have been much wiser to raise at an earlier stage. I am unable to gather from your letter of this morning whether you hold to your first claims of six weeks ago or whether you agree to the concessions I made in my letter of a fortnight ago. I will ask you to let me know this definitely.

I have nothing further to add to what I have written in defence of my book but I may repeat that, in my opinion, you have allowed yourself to be intimidated by imaginary terrors. You may have difficulties of which I know nothing for I imagine it is not public opinion which deters you. My bag of suggestions is nearly empty but I present you with this last one. Buy two critics. If you could do this with tact you could easily withstand a campaign. Two just and strong men, each armed with seven newspapers—*quis sustinebit?* I speak in parables.

As regards me, I leave this delightful city at the end of next

month and go to Rome where I have obtained a position as correspondent in a bank. As the salary (£150 a year) is nearly double my present princely emolument and as the hours of honest labour will be fewer I hope to find time to finish my novel in Rome within a year or, at most, a year and a half. I mention this because in a former letter of yours you were kind enough to inquire about my financial position. Believe me, dear Mr Grant Richards, Faithfully yours

*A Letter from Grant Richards to James Joyce,  
June 14, 1906*

Dear Mr. Joyce,

You are under a misapprehension: your book did go to the printers'; they set up a page, which happened to be a page of "The Two Gallants"; they kicked at its nature and it was that that made me read ["it" crossed out] the story, which I had not done previously, and that made me go into the whole question.

I think that if you read the letters that have passed between us you will see exactly what we are willing to put our name to and what we dare not put our name to. It remains, therefore, for you to decide.

Turn specially to the letter of May 16th, which was written in answer to certain concessions on your part. Presumably you are still willing to make those concessions, as detailed in paragraph 1.

In "Counterparts" there is a phrase that must come out if we are to publish the book.

We should like to omit entirely "An Encounter", but if you will give way on the other points we will give way on this.

"The Two Gallants" must be omitted unless you can re-write it in the sense suggested in my letter of June 7th.

Unfortunately as things stand at present you cannot buy one critic of importance, to say nothing of two; sometimes I wish one could! Also, the habit of multiple reviewing has gone out.

I am very happy to hear of your engagement in Rome. In Rome at least you seem to be nearer to London, and more likely to come over; anyhow, I am more likely to be in Rome than I am

to go to Trieste. And whatever happens to this book, which is giving you and me the writing of so many letters, I hope you will give us the opportunity of reading the novel. Believe me, dear Mr. Joyce, Sincerely yours,

*A Letter to Grant Richards, June 16, 1906*

Dear Mr Grant Richards, I have turned to your letter of May 16th last and particularly to the first paragraph where I read that in consideration of three omissions conceded by me you allowed me to retain a word originally written in one of the stories. These three concessions I am still disposed to make on certain conditions.

The second paragraph of the same letter contains a withdrawal of one of your objections and a statement that one other phrase in the story under discussion should come out. In that story there are two other phrases marked by somebody's blue pencil: and in reply to your letter I stated that I was disposed to modify the passage but that I could not omit it. You now say that one of the two phrases must come out and I presume you choose this solution in preference to the one proposed by me, namely, a modification of the passage which contains the two phrases objected to. I am still disposed to make either concession that is, either to modify (without omitting) the passage or to allow you to cancel whichever of the phrases you prefer to cancel on certain conditions.

The third paragraph of your letter of 16 May stated that you wished to omit another story of the original book but that you would not insist on this if I gave way on the other points. I replied by making the concessions mentioned above.

In the fourth and fifth paragraphs of the same letter you said that the story *Two Gallants* should certainly be omitted adding that you supposed I could omit it with an easier mind since it did not form part of the original book. I replied to this by pointing out that I had already agreed to make an omission in that story, that it was one of the most important stories in the book in my opinion, that I saw no way in which it could be re-written and that its omission would mean in my opinion a mutilation of the

book. I am still disposed to make the omission I agreed to make of the word 'bloody' in that story if you are disposed to include it in the book.

I suppose you are now quite clear as to my present position. The concessions which I made in reference to the original book I made solely with a view to the inclusion of *Two Gallants*, which, if it did not actually form part of the original book, you knew to be in preparation and finally wrote for when the book was going to press. If you cannot possibly include *Two Gallants* with the omission I volunteered to make the motive which would induce me to make the other concessions disappears and I am disposed to allow you to print the book without it as I originally wrote it though, as I have told you, I regard such an omission as an almost mortal mutilation of my work.

The spectre of the printer which I thought I had laid rises again in your letter of 14th instant. This apparition is most distasteful to me and I hope he will not trouble the correspondence again. I do not seek to penetrate the mysteries of his being and existence, for example, how he came by his conscience and culture, how he is permitted in your country to combine the duties of author with his own honourable calling, how he came to be the representative of the public mind, how he happened to alight magically on what he was designed to overlook, and (incidentally) why he began the process of printing my book at the third page of the sixth story, numbered in the manuscript 5A. These for me are mysteries and may remain so. But I cannot permit a printer to write my book for me. In no other civilised country in Europe, I think, is a printer allowed to open his mouth. If there are any objections to be made the publisher can make them when the book is submitted to him: if he withdraws them he pays a printer to print the book and if he cannot withdraw them he decides not to trouble the printer by asking him to print the book. A printer is simply a workman hired by the day or by the job for a certain sum.

I am delighted and surprised to learn that nowadays it is impossible to buy a critic of importance. Evidently since I left the British Isles some extraordinary religious revolution has

taken place. I expect to hear shortly that the practices of self-stultification and prostitution have gone out of fashion among authors.

In the last paragraph of your letter you seem to suggest the possibility of our meeting in Rome. I should be glad of such a meeting as correspondence on debated points appears to me most unsatisfactory. However, by dint of exchanging six or seven letters, I hope we have now arrived at a clear understanding of our respective attitudes.

In conclusion I thank you for replying to me so quickly and will be glad if you will answer this with equal promptness. Believe me, dear Mr Grant Richards, Faithfully yours

*A Letter from Grant Richards to James Joyce,  
June 19, 1906*

Dear Mr. Joyce,

Your manuscript is presumably the only one with which you are dealing at the present moment; it is one of several dozen with which we are dealing and about which we are corresponding, and although when I started writing to you I remembered perfectly well the different points, some of them now are less clear in my memory. However, I have looked again at that part of the manuscript that we have here and at your letters, and it seems to me that the best course will be for you to make the alterations to the extent that you are willing to make them and in the sense suggested by me, and return the manuscript to me, when, if I understand your concessions aright, the book will no doubt be able to go to the printer. With this object I am sending back to you to-day by registered post the balance of the manuscript.

In "Counterparts" you say you are disposed to modify the passage to which I specially drew attention, but you will not omit it. Of course I do not know how far your modification will go; in any case, I should not care to take the responsibility of cancelling any passage with my own pen.

As to "The Two Gallants," you say that I knew it to be in preparation. But I had no idea of its character. Return it, however,

with the omission that you volunteer to make and I will see whether, in the hoped for event of the book going to the printer, it can be included, as I should certainly prefer, knowing your views.

In brief: when I get your stories back I will re-read the whole manuscript and will judge it then afresh. Perhaps, too, with your modifications and read in their proper context, the passages may seem to me less likely to attract undesirable attention.

You speak of the spectre of the printer, which you thought you had laid, rising again in my letter of the 14th. This is unjust. I referred to the printer in answer to a passage in your letter of June 10th, in which you spoke of the transit of the manuscript to his care having been delayed by copious and futile correspondence, in order to show you that the manuscript *had* been to the printer. You speak of his combining the duties of an author with his own honourable calling, and ask how he comes to be the representative of the public mind, and how he happened to alight magically on the particular passages that he did; and proceed to say that the printer is simply a workman hired by the day or by the job for a certain sum. That he should have alighted on that particular passage is a pure coincidence; your other points in this connection will be answered possibly by suggesting that you look inside any book, where you will find a printer's imprint. This is [sic] necessary. If a book is attacked as indecent the printer suffers also from the attack; and if it is sufficiently indecent he also is prosecuted.

There is, I believe, one further story which you design for inclusion in "Dubliners," but which, when this trouble arose, you kept back. Please send that also with the others. I hope there may be no question about that! Believe me, dear Mr. Joyce, Sincerely yours,

A Letter to Grant Richards, June 23, 1906

Dear Mr Grant Richards: I have received the manuscript safely. For the next few days I shall be engaged on a translation but

during next week I shall read over the whole book and try to do what I can with it. I shall delete the word 'bloody' wherever it occurs except in one passage in *The Boarding-House*. I shall modify the passage in *Counterparts* as best I can. Since you object to it so strongly. These are operations which I dislike from the bottom of my heart and I am only conceding so much to your objections in order that *Two Gallants* may be included. If you cannot see your way to publish it I will have only wasted my time for nothing. As for the fourteenth story *A Little Cloud* I do not expect you will find anything in it to object to. In any case I will send it back with the others, as you direct me.

Some of my suggestions may have seemed to you rather farcical: and I suppose it would be useless for me to suggest that you should find another printer. I would prefer a person who was dumb from his birth, or, if none such can be found, a person who will not 'argue the point.' But let that pass.

Your suggestion that those concerned in the publishing of *Dubliners* may be prosecuted for indecency is in my opinion an extraordinary contribution to the discussion. I know that some amazing imbecilities have been perpetrated in England but I really cannot see how any civilised tribunal could listen for two minutes to such an accusation against my book. I care little or nothing whether what I write is indecent or not but, if I understand the meaning of words, I have written nothing whatever indecent in *Dubliners*.

I send you a Dublin paper by this post. It is the leading satirical paper of the Celtic nations, corresponding to *Punch* or *Pasquino*. I send it to you that you may see how witty the Irish are as all the world knows. The style of the caricaturist will show you how artistic they are: and you will see for yourself that the Irish are the most spiritual race on the face of the earth. Perhaps this may reconcile you to *Dubliners*. It is not my fault that the odour of ashpits and old weeds and offal hangs round my stories. I seriously believe that you will retard the course of civilisation in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking-glass.

*From Various Letters to Joyce's Brother Stanislaus,  
October to December 1906*

... It is impossible for me to write anything in my present circumstances. I wrote some notes for *A Painful Case* but I hardly think the subject is worth treating at much length. The fact is, my imagination is starved at present. I went through my entire book of verses mentally on receipt of Symons' letter and they nearly all seemed to me poor and trivial: some phrases and lines pleased me and no more. A page of *A Little Cloud* gives me more pleasure than all my verses. ... [October 18]

... I have read Gissing's *Demos: A Story of English Socialism*. 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. asking her to send me *By the Stream of Kilmeen* [sic] a book of stories by Seamas O'Kelly—you remember him. He was in the degree class with me. I also asked her to try to lay hands on any old editions of Kickham, Griffin, Carleton, H. J. Smyth &c, Banim 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. 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. ... [November 6.]

... You ask me to explain ... the meaning of *Dublin by Lamplight Laundry*? That is the name of the laundry at Ballsbridge, of which

the story treats. It is run by a society of Protestant spinsters, widows, and childless women—I expect—as a Magdalen's home. The phrase *Dublin by Lamplight* means that Dublin by lamplight is a wicked place full of wicked and lost women whom a kindly committee gathers together for the good work of washing my dirty shirts. I like the phrase because 'it is a gentle way of putting it.' Now I have explained. ... [November 13.]

... I was today in the *Biblioteca Vittorio Emanuele*, looking up the account of the Vatican Council of 1870 which declared the infallibility of the Pope. Had not time to finish. Before the final proclamation many of the clerics left Rome as a protest. At the proclamation when the dogma was read out the Pope said 'Is that all right, gents?'. All the gents said 'Placet' but two said 'Non placet'. But the Pope 'You be damned! Kissmearse! I'm infallible!'. The two were, according to one account, the bishops of Capuzzo and Little Rock, according to another account, the bishops of Ajaccio and Little Rock. I looked up MacHale's life. He was bishop of Tuam and of somewhere else in *partibus*. They say nothing of his having voted at the Vatican Council. I shall continue there tomorrow and rewrite that part of the story. *Grace* takes place in 1901 or 2, therefore Kernan at that time 1870 would have been about twenty-five. He would have been born in 1848 and would have been only 6 years of age at time of the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception dogma 1854. I want now an account of the unveiling of Smith O'Brien's statue to see if MacHale was there. I can get all the dictionaries I want in the Bib. Vitt. Eman. (blast the long name) including a dict of English slang. What a pity I am so handicapped. ... [November 13.]

... One of Hardy's stories ... is about a lawyer on the circuit who seduces a servant, then receives letters from her so beautifully written that he decides to marry her. The letters are written by the servant's mistress who is in love with the lawyer. After the marriage (servant is accompanied to London by mistress) husband says fondly 'Now, dear J.K.-S-&c, will you write a little note to my dear sister, A.B X. etc and send her a piece of the wedding-

cake. One of those nice little letters you know so well how to write, love.' Exit of servant wife. She goes out and sits at a table somewhere and, I suppose, writes something like this 'Dear Mrs X—I enclose a piece of wedding-cake.' Enter husband—lawyer, genial. Genially he says 'Well, love, how have you written' and then the whole discovery is found out. Servant-wife blows her nose in the letter and lawyer confronts the mistress. She confesses. Then they talk a page or so of copybook talk (as distinguished from servant's ditto). She weeps but he is stern. Is this as near as T.H. can get to life, I wonder? O my poor fledglings, poor Corley, poor Ignatius Gallaher! [December 3.]

A Letter to Grant Richards,  
November 23, 1913

Dear Sir I sent you two years ago a copy of a letter which I sent to the press concerning my book *Dubliners*. Since then the book has had a still more eventful career. It was printed completely and the entire edition of 1000 copies was burned by the publisher. A complete set of printed proofs is in my possession. In view of the very strange history of the book—its acceptance and refusal by two houses, my letter to the present king, his reply, my letter to the press, my negotiations with the second publisher—negotiations which ended in malicious burning of the whole first edition—and furthermore in view of the fact that Dublin, of which the book treats so uncompromisingly, is at present the centre of general interest, I think that perhaps the time has come for my luckless book to appear.

I have written a preface narrating objectively its history and as there are 100 orders ready for it in this city I am prepared, if need be, to contribute towards the expenses of publication—expenses which I presume will be lighter as the book will be set up from printed proofs.

Awaiting your prompt reply I am, dear sir Yours sincerely

Joyce's "Preface" to *Dubliners*, sent to  
Grant Richards November 30, 1913

#### A CURIOUS HISTORY

The following letter, which was the history of a book of stories, was sent by me to the Press of the United Kingdom two years ago. It was published by two newspapers so far as I know: *Sinn Féin* (Dublin) and the *Northern Whig* (Belfast).

To the Editor  
17 August 1911

Sir May I ask you to publish this letter which throws some light on the present conditions of authorship in England and Ireland?

Nearly six years ago Mr Grant Richards, publisher, of London signed a contract with me for the publication of a book of stories written by me, entitled *Dubliners*. Some ten months later he wrote asking me to omit one of the stories and passages in others which, as he said, his printer refused to set up. I declined to do either and a correspondence began between Mr Grant Richards and myself which lasted more than three months. I went to an international jurist in Rome (where I lived then) and was advised to omit. I declined to do so and the MS was returned to me, the publisher refusing to publish notwithstanding his pledged printed word, the contract remaining in my possession.

Six months afterwards a Mr Hone wrote to me from Marseilles to ask me to submit the MS to Messrs Maunsel, publishers, of Dublin. I did so: and after about a year, in July 1909, Messrs Maunsel signed a contract with me for the publication of the book on or before 1 September 1910. In December 1909 Messrs Maunsel's manager begged me to alter a passage in one of the stories, *Ivy Day in the Committee Room*, wherein some reference was made to Edward VII. I agreed to do so, much against my

will, and altered one or two phrases. Messrs Maunsel continually postponed the date of publication and in the end wrote, asking me to omit the passage or to change it radically. I declined to do either, pointing out that Mr Grant Richards of London had raised no objection to the passage when Edward VII was alive and that I could not see why an Irish publisher should raise an objection to it when Edward VII had passed into history. I suggested arbitration or a deletion of the passage with a prefatory note of explanation by me but Messrs Maunsel would agree to neither. As Mr Hone (who had written to me in the first instance) disclaimed all responsibility in the matter and any connection with the firm I took the opinion of a solicitor in Dublin who advised me to omit the passage, informing me that as I had no domicile in the United Kingdom I could not sue Messrs Maunsel for breach of contract unless I paid £100 into court and that, even if I paid £100 into court and sued them, I should have no chance of getting a verdict in my favour from a Dublin jury if the passage in dispute could be taken as offensive in any way to the late king. I wrote then to the present king, George V, enclosing a printed proof of the story with the passage therein marked and begging him to inform me whether in his view the passage (certain allusions made by a person of the story in the idiom of his social class) should be withheld from publication as offensive to the memory of his father. His Majesty's private secretary sent me this reply:

Buckingham Palace

The private secretary is commanded to acknowledge the receipt of Mr James Joyce's letter of the 1 instant and to inform him that it is inconsistent with rule for His Majesty to express his opinion in such cases. The enclosures are returned herewith

11 August 1911

Here is the passage in dispute:

—But look here, John,—said Mr O'Connor.—Why should we welcome the king of England? Didn't Parnell himself . . . ?—

—Parnell,—said Mr Henchy,—is dead. Now, here's the way I look at it. Here's this chap come to the throne after his old mother keeping him out of it till the man was grey. He's a jolly fine decent fellow, if you ask me, and no damn nonsense about him. He just says to himself:—*The old one never went to see these wild Irish. By Christ, I'll go myself and see what they're like.*—And are we going to insult the man when he comes over here on a friendly visit? Eh? Isn't that right, Crofton?—

Mr Crofton nodded his head.

—But after all now,—said Mr Lyons, argumentatively,—King Edward's life, you know, is not the very . . . —

—Let bygones be bygones.—said Mr Henchy—I admire the man personally. He's just an ordinary knockabout like you and me. He's fond of his glass of grog and he's a bit of a rake, perhaps, and he's a good sportsman. Damn it, can't we Irish play fair?—

I wrote this book seven years ago and, as I cannot see in any quarter a chance that my rights will be protected, I hereby give Messrs Maunsel publicly permission to publish this story with what changes or deletions they may please to make and shall hope that what they may publish may resemble that to the writing of which I gave thought and time. Their attitude as an Irish publishing firm may be judged by Irish public opinion. I, as a writer, protest against the systems (legal, social and ceremonious) which I have brought me to this pass. Thanking you for your courtesy, I am, Sir, Your obedient servant JAMES JOYCE

I waited nine months after the publication of this letter. Then I went to Ireland and entered into negotiations with Messrs Maun-

sel. They asked me to omit from the collection the story 'An Encounter', passages in 'Two Gallants', 'The Boarding House', 'A Painful Case', and to change everywhere through the book the name of restaurants, cake-shops, railway stations, public houses, laundries, bars and other places of business. After having argued against their point of view day after day for six weeks and having laid the matter before two solicitors (who, while they informed me that the publishing firm had made a breach of contract, refused to take up my case or to allow their names to be associated with it in any way.) I consented in despair to all these changes on condition that the book were brought out without delay and the original text were restored in future editions, if such were called for. Then Messrs Maunsel asked me to pay into their bank £1000 as security, or to find two sureties of £1500 each. I declined to do either; and they then wrote to me, informing me that they would not publish the book, altered or unaltered, and that if I did not make them an offer to cover their losses on printing it they would sue me to recover the same. I offered to pay sixty per cent of the cost of printing the first edition of one thousand copies if the edition were made over to my order. This offer was accepted, and I arranged with my brother in Dublin to publish and sell the book for me. On the morrow when the draft and agreement were to be signed the publishers informed me that the matter was at an end because the printer refused to hand over the copies. I then went to the printer. His foreman told me that the printer had decided to forego all claim to the money due to him. I asked whether the printer would hand over the complete edition to a London or continental firm or to my brother or to me if he were fully indemnified. He said that the copies would never leave his printing house, and that the type had been broken up and that the entire edition of one thousand copies would be burnt the next day. I left Ireland the next day, bringing with me a printed copy of the book which I had obtained from the publisher.

JAMES JOYCE

## A Letter to Grant Richards, May 7, 1915

Dear Mr Grant Richards I have received your letter of 29 April with statement of sales up to 31 December by which I see that 379 copies of *Dubliners* were sold in the United Kingdom. I was sorry that neither you nor I have gained anything. In your statement I see no mention of the 120 copies which I bought: I believe I owe you some small amount still which I could not remit owing to the outbreak of war. There is no mention also of the stories which the editor of the *Smart Set* appears to have bought. In any case these trifling sums would not change the position which is disastrous for both so far as I can see. . . .