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On His Honor: George Moore and Some Women

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IN JULY of 1934, Joseph Hone, at work on his biography of George Moore, learned that the novelist's brother, Maurice, had received a most kind and affectionate letter of condolence from an American woman, Honor E. Woulfe, posted from Green Bay, Wisconsin. So he wrote asking if she perhaps had any of Moore's letters, or perhaps could supply him with memories of her friend. When Hone's query arrived, Honor Woulfe was no longer in Wisconsin; eventually, it was forwarded to her in Chicago. She had suffered setbacks, been the victim of accidents; not until late February in 1936 did she answer Hone's letter, and by then the biographer was preparing the final state of his manuscript for Macmillan. Yes, she had some of his letters (thirteen in all),¹ and she had her memories; what part of these might interest Hone, she could not say. She herself had written an essay on the kindly side of Moore, a side lost in the small set of hoary old anecdotes about him, told by Whistler and Wilde, Yeats and Susan Mitchell, depicting Moore as ignorant, gauche, malicious, or sexually inept. She knew another Moore altogether.

Such remarks naturally excited the biographer. Hone had an April deadline for final insertions of new material, and he was eager to get whatever Honor Woulfe could tell him. On March 10, he sent off a more specific list of questions. Would she send him her essay as a guide to the kindly Moore? Could he quote from it? Could he publish letters GM had written her? Was there perhaps a portrait of her in one of Moore's writings and when did their relation begin? Only one of GM's friends had failed to be helpful, Hone wrote (thinking of Lady Cunard); all the others had been most kind—surely Honor would be too, he implied.

No doubt, Maurice Moore and Hone both suspected that this Honor Woulfe, so kindly disposed to the kindly Moore, was the original of "Honor" in "Euphorion in Texas." This tale seems the most far-fetched,

the most bizarre of GM's fantasies. The ageing novelist sits in "an hour of firelight and memory," dreaming over letters that lie in his Sheraton bookcase, little packets of correspondence from women who, having read his books, wrote to seek his love.² There was "Gabrielle," a lady from Austria, who asked him to come to Vienna and register under the name of Mr. Dayne, GM's pseudonym in the first editions of *Confessions of a Young Man*; "Emily," an Australian who after coming to Europe in her teens and marrying a man without charm from Frankfurt, asked the author of *Evelyn Innes* to meet her in a little town in Bavaria where she had earlier held assignations with a young lover; and an "American poetess" who sent the author snapshots of herself bathing in a mountain stream, and then, years later, met him in a Paris hotel. Searching for the letters of the American poetess, GM comes upon handwriting that he's nearly forgotten, that of Honor, a woman from Texas, who came from Austin to Dublin in order to conceive a child by the author of *Sister Teresa*, so that she might bring a great literature to Texas. Most of the story dwells upon the awkward and delicate, but quite touching negotiations between the nervous and idealistic American on her high mission, and the even more nervous but deeply flattered author. However, after his long account of the episode of the woman from Texas, he leaves little doubt that, in spite of this nearly disabling nervousness, they managed very well together during her six weeks in Dublin, and she left carrying his child back to America. What's more, she tells GM before going that he has been very kind, the very man she had expected from his books.

"Conventional English education," Max Beerbohm observed of Moore's habits of amorous recollection, "instils into us a prejudice against that kind of disquisition."³ The prejudice is apparent in many of those who have written about GM's literary autobiographies. In *Portraits: Real and Imaginary*, published in 1924, Ernest Boyd claimed that "credible witnesses assert that on the night when Mr. Moore's visitor from Austin, Texas, was supposed to have called on her strange mission, no lady entered that now famous eighteenth-century house in Ely Place, Dublin, except a certain prominent Irish author of mature years, whose age and respectability place her beyond the scope of the experiment."⁴ Moore's story inspired further capriccios of cruel gossip. Yeats liked to confide to Gogarty that he had it on good report that GM had been impotent for some time, and, with bizarre snobbery, he added that Moore's sexual experiences were all among women of the lower orders, never with a proper lady. And not long after the publication of "Euphor-

ion in Texas," Susan Mitchell published her famous gibes that a woman would be safe on a desert island with George Moore; if some men kiss and tell, Moore tells but doesn't kiss.⁵ Malcolm Elwin carried this spirit of ridicule into the scholarly tradition in *Old Gods Falling*, one of the first literary histories to treat Moore's work in depth. Personal satire has remained a part of the literary criticism of Moore's works: many still assume a moralistic, sceptical, condescending, and snide attitude to the author who made such a display of his private life to the public. The assumption seems to be that to tell frank stories of love is bad, to tell such stories of one's own experience is worse, and to tell imaginary ones as if they were true is worst of all.⁶ These are the penalties paid for breaking taboos, taboos instilled by "conventional English education."

Hone could perhaps have cleared up the complex and awkward, but also very central, matter of Moore as a lover. However, he knew from the experience of Charles Morgan that he would get little help from Lady Cunard, the great love of GM's life. Though he was authorized by Moore himself, Morgan's ambition to write a candid and novelistic biography, with women and art its chief themes, was squelched by Lady Cunard, who would give Morgan neither letters—not one of the thousands GM had written her—nor the least little reminiscences of her forty-year-long affair with him. There was little likelihood that other women still alive would be any more tolerant of being described as the mistress of George Moore. Indeed, even the dead could complain: the son of Pearl Craigie wrote Hone a stiff letter upon publication of the biography, demanding a retraction of Hone's already circumspect statement of Moore's relations with Mrs. Craigie. As a biographer, Hone was legally bound by English libel laws from exposing certain kinds of truth, much less speculating about possibilities (the possibility, for instance, that GM was the father of Lady Cunard's child).⁷ The result of Hone's own predisposition as an Anglo-Irish gentleman, the fears of his informants, and the state of the law made the biographer as cautious, tactful, and reserved as Moore himself was transgressive, indiscreet, and fantasticating.

If, temperamentally and professionally, Hone and Moore belonged to different worlds, Hone was nevertheless prepared to go a long way across this divide to meet his subject and do him justice. In Honor Woulfe, Hone could well have thought he had come across a woman friend of Moore's who was willing to step forward and clear up the factual basis of one of GM's outlandish stories, while also providing a point of view at once intimate and sympathetic. When Hone received his last

letter from Honor Woulfe, he must have already written that Moore “spoke of the lady from Texas . . . as a real being, and so she certainly became to those who heard him tell the story so often. . . . It may be that the narrative he was building up became so real to him that it became at last a part of his memory.”⁸ This suggests that the lady from Texas was not real, but only a character conjured up by a habitual raconteur, who liked to tell stories that made his friends uncomfortable. After hearing from Honor Woulfe, Hone returned to his manuscript to add that the details of Moore’s stories “must certainly be often accepted with reserve. To take the example of ‘Euphorion in Texas’: an American woman on a visit to Dublin was frequently with him at Ely Place, but she had not come to Dublin for the purpose he described.”⁹ So great is Hone’s tact, so cool his understatement, that he will not name that purpose, or describe the story other than to say it is “strange.” Then on the following page, without saying that the sentences come from the “lady from Texas” (just from “the victim of one of [GM’s] literary indiscretions”), Hone quotes Honor Woulfe’s tribute from her 24 February 1936 letter: “it is not of the artist I speak and not the artist I mourn but the friend whose heart and human sympathy I saw worthy beneath the mask of life.” Hone apparently never received her essay, “George Moore and the Amenities,” printed here for the first time, or copies of the letters she possessed. These were never published, but found their way to a New York bookdealer, from whom they were purchased by the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center in Austin, Texas, where they remain.¹⁰ It will be seen that they throw a kind of light upon both the character of Moore as a lover and the factual basis of “Euphorion in Texas.”

In recent years, regardless of the neglected Miss Woulfe, the air of preposterous male mendacity has been removed from the anecdotes in the story leading up to the episode with Honor. When David Eakin and Robert Langenfeld published *George Moore’s Correspondence with the Mysterious Countess*, it became clear that the woman from Vienna certainly existed outside the bounds of “Euphorion in Texas,” and in just the shape of her character in that story. Cecile Gabrielle, Baronne Franzi Ripp, was a tall red-haired divorcee of twenty-eight when she began to write Moore in November of 1903. She had, by her own account, the “small, witty eyes” and freckles Moore gives her in “Euphorion.” And on 2 January [1904], she writes him the letter from which he quotes in the story, inviting him to come to Vienna and register at a hotel under

the name of Mr. Dayne.¹¹ In her thirty surviving letters to Moore, Gabrielle is a perfectly charming flirt, telling the middle-aged author that she is "one of his women," and truly in love with him, though maybe not willing to be his lover (she'd rather wait till she's a widow, then propose marriage to him),¹² and then maybe again she would be his lover. Still, just as in the story, GM can never quite take the trouble to go from Bayreuth to Vienna to see her; or Paris, Venice, Munich, Regensburg, or Nuremberg, for they discussed meeting in cities all over central Europe. He has spent his life writing books, which means in effect, sitting at a desk year after year smoking cigars, and even the best photograph, he fears, would only crush her desire for him.¹³ He is not, any longer, the character in a love adventure; he is the author. So he prefers to take some of the bright, mischievous passages from her letters and put them into the play he is writing about her, along the lines of "Cyrano de Bergerac," a comedy of love and authorship—*Elizabeth Cooper*, later rewritten as *The Coming of Gabrielle*. She remained an opportunity for speculative pleasure only—and this is just how she is represented in "Euphorion in Texas." If anything, GM toned down the excitements of the subtle, calculating eroticism with which she addressed him; and dwelt more heavily upon the hesitations of the ageing would-be amorist.

With the publication of Helmut Gerber's *George Moore on Parnassus*, it became clear that two of the other packets of letters in the Sheraton bookcase really existed. First, the pathetic tale of "Emily," who came from Australia to study singing at Leipzig, is taken from GM's correspondence with Emily Lorenz, except here Moore made amendments, presumably in the name of discretion: the real Emily is American, not Australian, and she was carried off by her husband to an unhappy marriage in Hamburg, not Frankfurt. Second, thanks to Gerber's edition, we can now give a name to the American poetess: she is Hildagarde Hawthorne, granddaughter of the novelist. After considerable wheedling from Moore, she did send him snapshots of herself bathing amid the rocks of a mountain stream. The first photos disappointed Moore: they were badly lit.¹⁴ He wished to see her long legs, her backside, all in the light of the sun. Once he has those, he wants a front view.¹⁵ As with Gabrielle, then again with Emily, Moore is frankly fearful of meeting this female admirer. They are all young, and he is old (mid 50s by then); they are lovely, and he is not. More importantly, around this time of his life, GM feared he had spun the last silk from his "little reel of love." He conceded as much to Lady Cunard in 1906, and, of course, in the last

volume of *Hail and Farewell* (published March 1914), he let the whole world know that he had become impotent: he was now like the priest and the bullock, a celibate by destiny, however, not choice.¹⁶

If he could not be the lover of these young women, or could not be sure of serving with honor in that office, then at least he could figure as a strange sort of father confessor, "consultant rather than practitioner."¹⁷ For instance, he urged Hilda Hawthorne to write of her adventures camping with a Hungarian boyfriend, and then, learning of troubles about virginity, counselled her about forms of intercourse that would not threaten her with pregnancy. In the end, he preaches to her about what a natural and good thing cunnilingus can be—far superior, he claims, to the common act "which grocers perform at midnight in the middle of a four poster."¹⁸ Love for Moore only becomes an art when it ceases to be reproductive. Indeed, he is happiest when sex is polymorphous: that is, when it is transferred from genital intercourse to touch and talk, to sight and speculation, to future prospects or long retrospection, where it can be indefinitely prolonged through thought. Sex that is only speculative, or better yet, speculations that are sexualized, he preferred to the brief deed of procreation.

The fact is, the psychological reality behind these anecdotes, and the real content of those packets of letters, is more *outré*, more strangely exquisite, more profoundly funny, than anything in GM's fond memoirs in "Euphorion in Texas," and it turns out to be even more alarming that Moore was not the lover of these women than it would be if he had been.

Readers of the letters may well smirk as much as original readers of the story, and speak of GM as nothing more than a dirty old man; however, one would have to add that GM's female correspondents are naughty young women, for they certainly enjoyed teasing the imagination of their favorite author. He had written his way into their thoughts, and they were now returning the compliment, with a vengeance. Hilda Hawthorne, having already sent him those artistic photos of herself, confided to him that she was frantically in love with a foreigner, which sent the poor old man downstairs to dig out the photos from their hiding place—"It must be splendid," he sighed, the third man in the tent with Hilda and her Hungarian.¹⁹ Moore was certainly, as Charles Morgan came to see, "a voyeur and a tactilist."²⁰ Nancy Cunard told a remarkable story of GM. When he was in his 70s, she in her 20s, he asked her to show him her naked back, just to look, he begged. His wish gratified ("O you are slim as a weasel!"), he was utterly thankful.²¹ He admired

women in marble, women in the pink oils of Manet or Boucher, women in photos, and women in the flesh. He liked to kiss and palpate and, maybe most of all, just to gaze upon the bodies of women. And some women, it seemed, accepted the adoration of the old connoisseur, but he certainly feared they would want more from him than his considered attention and his deeply intimate conversation.²² So, when they beckoned, he did not go to Vienna; he never took the train to Frankfurt.

It is true, however, that he did chance a visit to Paris to meet Hilda Hawthorne, just as he claims in "Euphorion in Texas." A year before the publication of the story, he wrote to Lady Cunard (imagine the complexities of this confession) that "One of your countrywomen, an admirer of my writings, arrived in Paris . . . [and] wrote to me begging me to come over to see her naked. She enclosed a photograph and what do you think, I went and found her waiting for me in a hotel sitting-room. 'So my Irishman has come,' she said rising."²³ This is the same peekaboo use of detail that GM employs in "Euphorion in Texas," where he says only that the American poetess bade him farewell, after an "immemorial afternoon," saying " 'And now I cease to be a naked woman for you'."²⁴ These remarks by Hilda Hawthorne, one from a letter, the other from the story, like bookends to the assignation, suggest volumes in between, but they say in fact nothing of what went on in the Hotel Continental, Paris, in August of 1913.²⁵ Whatever it may have been, those hours provided matter for many months of meditation. Her words—like her snapshots, like those little packets of love letters, the garter and lace handkerchief of the woman from 17 Cathedral Street, Baltimore—are amulets of magical power for the ageing novelist, queer little idols (like those he makes in "Bring in the Lamp") to put off thoughts of death and stimulate an appetite for life.²⁶

If we were to scoff that Moore was perverse, he would add, yes, "feminine" and "perverse."²⁷ Should one say that Moore was a voyeur, he would be glad to discourse like Cabanel on the moulding and tint of female flesh. A reader still angry and shocked could accuse him of impotence, and Moore's logical response would be astonishment: isn't that what he has been writing about for years—the failure of power with the years, the rebirths of desire in imagination, its curious byways? His particular *metier* as a writer is to see himself at once as the oddest of men and as a representative human, who in his self-discovery has found us all out. But were the reader or critic to say that nothing in "Euphorion in Texas" is true, that it is all a lie, then that would be a mistake:

Gabrielle, Emily, the American poetess, and Honor too all appear in his books much as they did in his life.

In "Euphorion from Texas," Honor is thought by Agnes the maid to be about twenty-five or twenty-six she comes from Austin, the storyteller later learns, where she and her two sisters run a store that sells general goods. In fact, Honor E. Woulfe came from Waco, Texas. When she met Moore in 1907, she may well have been in her mid-twenties. I have not been able to discover a record of her birth, but her sister Aileen was born in 1884; her sister Marie in 1881; Honor could have been born about the same time, even though her mother was then in her late thirties. Margaret Woulfe, widow of Richard, was born in Ireland in the Famine year of 1846, and died on 23 January 1908.²⁸

Honor also had a brother, Daniel, not mentioned in the story. In the 1904-1905 Waco Business Directory, he is listed as the proprietor of Woulfe & Company, the family store at 419 Austin Street. It was not so much a general store as a bookstore, newsstand, and stationery shop. In fact, Honor Woulfe stocked Moore's books and tried to increase their circulation in Texas.²⁹ By 1919, at the time of Daniel's death, the name of the shop had been changed to the Woulfe Book and Gift Shop.³⁰

The family was Roman Catholic. According to the *Fall and Puckett Funeral Records, 1892-1931*, Honor's mother Margaret was interred at the Holy Cross Cemetery, after a service by Father Clancy of St. Mary's Catholic Church.³¹ Honor's sister Aileen was baptized in a Catholic Church in Lebanon, Missouri, in 1884, and married to H. S. McCall in St. Mary's Catholic Church, Waco. Daniel, however, was buried in Park Lawn Cemetery, a non-denominational graveyard. At any rate, there is no real reason to doubt that Honor decided to become a nun at age eighteen, and then withdrew after two years, as Moore reports in the story. Other than that Honor is still listed as a resident of Waco in the 1919-20 city directory, living with her unmarried sister Marie, there is not much more to be learned of the heroine of "Euphorion" from Waco city directories, census indexes, wedding announcements, and obituaries. However, from Moore's letters to Miss Woulfe, and her essay about him, it is clear that she was more than a shop assistant at one of Waco's three booksellers.

As she says in her essay, Honor Woulfe loved theatre and wanted to be a playwright; she also had plenty of money to "flit back and forth between America and Europe."³² After her first visit to Ireland in 1907, memorialized in "Euphorion," she returned overseas in the summer of

1911.³³ Not knowing that six months earlier (in February 1911) Moore had moved to Ebury Street, London, she failed to renew her acquaintance. In a 19 December [1911] letter, GM wishes she had done so; he still remembers as a highlight of his years in Upper Ely Place the “glitter of white shoulders and a fleece of soft pale brown hair” of the woman from Texas. GM observes sadly that a taxi would have brought her to him across London. By the time Moore wrote, however, Honor had returned to the USA, where she now resided on Riverside Drive in New York, near Columbia University.

A year later, in January of 1913, she returned to London, where she stayed at the Strand Palace Hotel. GM pestered her for not paying him a visit during the first days of her stay, and he sent her his address once again. When she did visit on January 22, “a night of snow and rain,” he was “away in the country in a filthy village,” where he had hoped to recover from a cold. Now back at 121 Ebury Street, he is still too miserable to call on her, but, he says, “if your evening be dismal and blue, come down here to talk to me a while.”³⁴ This letter is as unthreatening as it is uninviting. From the evidence of her essay, she made her call. During their talk, when Moore’s line of questioning became too personal, she found an “innocent means of escape” by changing the topic to his writing, and the recent appearance of *Salve*, published the previous October. Unable to find a clean copy, GM gave her the one that Maurice Moore had corrected.³⁵ Perhaps it was also on this occasion that GM told her of his spring 1910 lecture in Paris on Shakespeare and Balzac, and the charming young priest there who very nearly—imagine the peril!—*seduced* his intelligence.³⁶

In the spring of 1914, she wrote again, this time from Waco to say that she would be making what was by now her annual visit to London. In his April 16 reply, without being either expansive or intimate, Moore welcomes her letter and says he looks forward to seeing her. Perhaps it was in anticipation of her visit that he began “Euphorion in Texas,” which was published in the July 1914 issue of the *English Review*. On 21 October 1914, Moore writes Honor in Waco, sending the July *English Review*: “The number contains a story by me,” and he slyly adds, “Euphorion in Texas . . . cannot fail to interest you.”

“Interest” is breathtaking understatement, but by then Honor already knew the story, at least in outline. After all, she had been the one who told it to Moore in the first place. In her essay, she says that during their first meeting, the spring in Dublin 1907, she had related to Moore

"the story of a rich young woman of Chicago" who went to Munich in search of a certain professor to convey through her body his intelligence to the New World. Moore saw a kind of parallel in his own relations with Honor, sufficient at least to exploit the rich comic possibilities of Waco coming to Upper Ely Place.

I think that Moore read "Euphorion" to her shortly before its publication in July, during her summer visit to London.³⁷ In "George Moore and the Amenities," Woulfe says that Moore "was obsessed with a determination to see ["Euphorion"] developed into a long character study," and at this time, he tried to convince her she was the person to do it.³⁸ For years Moore had been intrigued by the artistic possibilities of a half-imaginary, half-real diptych, in which a man would write of a woman, and a woman of a man, elaborating a deep game of desire.³⁹ (Knowing nothing of Texas but cartoons of lariats, broncos, and cowboys with six-shooters, he could not work up the background himself.) There is no sign, either in her essay or in any of Moore's letters to Honor Woulfe, that she took offense at his having made use of her name, her state, her physical description, or her intimacy with him; however, even if she wished to write plays, she was content to leave the composition of improper tales to him.

Still, the idea seemed a good one to Moore, and it would not leave him alone. If Honor would not do it, he would search for another.⁴⁰ Sometime in the winter of 1915, at a dinner party in Mary Hutchinson's flat in London, Moore thought he had come upon a ghost-writer for Honor's autobiography. While chatting with Henry Tonks, he was introduced to a wealthy young Quaker from Philadelphia, James Whitall, who began by saying, "I've come from America with the hope of meeting you."⁴¹ This is very much the same way Honor introduced herself to GM in "Euphorion in Texas." When Whitall said that he wanted to write yet had no subject, GM was ready to give him one. After all, like Honor, Whitall would be able to tell of how GM's novels struck an American admirer, made one intimately acquainted with the personality of the author as it emerged, first one side, then another, in the telling of stories, and finally caused the reader, at least the truly devoted reader, to risk a great change in life—to cross the sea, leave family and church behind, for a splendid personal gesture. To this extent, at least, Honor's story could be Whitall's story. So the day after Hutchinson's party, GM called on Whitall to offer him the chance to collaborate in writing the story of the mother of Euphorion, a pleasant form of collaboration in which "the man

who smokes the cigarette doesn't try to take the pen out of the other fellow's hand." "[T]he Cigarette can help the Pen," GM promised, "if the Pen can write, much more than many people think for."⁴² Three weeks later (24 March 1915), Moore had a formal memorandum of agreement drawn up, with four stipulations: 1. GM would provide a scenario for a story to complement "Euphorion," but from the woman's point of view; 2. Whitall would write it with GM's approval and consultation, but GM would take no public responsibility for his role; 3. the money would be shared equally; 4. the agreement would lapse in December 1915, if Whitall did not finish his story.

How Literature Came to Texas was not to prove a masterpiece, and it left James Whitall a somewhat exhausted and discouraged young man. In many respects, however, GM was as good as his word. Through the spring, summer, and fall of 1915, he met with Whitall for frequent story conferences, more often, indeed, than Whitall might have liked. Moore "was not one to take the sting out of an unfavorable criticism."⁴³ He spent one morning reading Whitall's manuscript back to him "in a voice that made every lapse an unforgivable offense"; on Whitall's next visit, he suffered an attack of nerves standing in front of the buzzer at 121 Ebury Street, and walked up and down the street before returning to enter and take his medicine. Moore also wrote Whitall lengthy letters scripting the narrative, chapter by chapter. (The best things in the final manuscript are taken directly from GM's letters.) As the work progressed, the master went over his pupil's manuscript, in all its stages, pencilling in phrases, and, more often, red-pencilling out paragraphs.⁴⁴ But there is only so much the Cigarette can do; this Pen just could not bring Honor to life.

The scheme, of course, was cockamamie from the start, but that was its charm as well. GM, never having been to the USA, and knowing little of it, assumed that a male American Quaker from Philadelphia would know all about the life of a female American Catholic from Waco. But Whitall knew nothing of Texas, and not much more of Dublin, two of the chief locations for the novel. In order to be able to make use of his own experiences, Whitall gave Honor a Quaker youth in Waco, and then used Maryland as the scene of Honor's brief experience as a novice in a nunnery, but these additions just elaborate the inessential. The sections, many and long, that tell of Honor's childhood among the Quakers, her stay with Aunt Fanny in Maryland, and life in the family business—these are awkward, dull, and seemingly endless.⁴⁵ When Whitall drags

in Aunt Fanny's black servant, "that dear old darkie," Alden, even the dedicated scholar of George Moore, longs to turn the pages unread. Once upon a time, "pickaninny" dialect phonetically spelled may have seemed charming ("We'se gwine take keer you doan' git homesick, aint it so, Miss Fanny?"), but happily that day has passed. The story picks up when "Honor" writes about her experience of GM's books and the growing sense of liberation and mission they give her—these are the chapters most completely scripted by GM. The scene in Dublin is also amusing, partly because it is tightly wedded to GM's original story, partly because it is the climax of *How Literature Came to Texas*, the punchline of the poker-faced novel.

But Whitall shies away from the tone of mingled preposterousness and ingenuousness that the story requires. It is odd that he should have so completely identified with the hero of *Confessions of a Young Man*, which Whitall clearly took as a guide to life, and, later, as a model for *English Years*. The young Moore startles by his devilish absurdity, his desperation to *épater le bourgeoisie*, no matter what the cost to his own dignity. And if he is willing to treat himself with wild irony, he is no less free with his friends, now former friends, or his lovers, now former lovers. In his own autobiography (a beautifully phrased book), Whitall is always the nice rich American Quaker boy, well connected abroad, with one cousin married to Bernard Berenson, and another to Bertrand Russell. When his collaboration with GM begins, he at once aches to tell his mother of his triumph, and dreads to tell her of the character of the story he has agreed to write. Later on, when Moore suggests he visit the Selfridge's to "study underclothing" before writing of Honor's toilet before her first dinner with the Irish novelist, Whitall thinks the suggestion absurd, impossible, bewildering, and for a married man, unnecessary.⁴⁶ Actually, it is wonderfully comic: the method of Zola applied to the matter of Romance. There was no way, however, to instill in the young man from Philadelphia a gusto for sexual matters. Whitall has the squeamishness of his other artistic hero, Henry James. Socially—again on the model of the American novelist—Whitall is bent on achieving a correct English deportment with regard to the classes. His various English servants he treats with condescending humor; the notables, however, are quotables. They say things he'll never forget, or that he wishes he could now remember. The main impression Whitall conveys is a wry sense of his meek unworthiness, while the main impression Edward Dayne/George Moore conveys is his tremendous

ambition, which, if famished slightly of discernible talent, will nonetheless succeed, through luck and force of personality. In sum, one man is modest; the other, immodest. And if there was ever a tale that required an utterly disembarassed imagination, it is *How Literature Came to Texas*.

Oddly enough, from the start Whitall could not believe that Honor Woulfe existed. Lying awake at night, he suspected that GM was just manipulating him to "refute the popular belief that Moore was one of those who 'did not kiss, but told'."⁴⁷ At any rate, his friends Hilda Doolittle and Richard Aldington warned that Moore was an "unpleasant old man" who was "certain to play . . . some nasty trick." When he first brought up his plan, GM had offered to show his young ghost-writer some of Honor's letters. After months of work, his inspiration flagging, Whitall called at Ebury Street to ask if he might have a look at something Honor wrote. Moore went upstairs, opened drawers, and fumbled among what Whitall says he is sure GM expected him to believe were packets of love letters. After five minutes, Moore returned empty-handed, but sat down to speak feelingly of Honor and her son, who, though an ocean away, were "more real than my poor flesh and bones in the chair facing him, and bound to him by the closest of all ties."⁴⁸ It was a consummate performance, Whitall had to admit, but it still only partially convinced him of Honor's reality.

Yet in fact Honor had regularly kept in touch with GM during this time. In the early summer of 1915, while Whitall and Moore were halfway through their manuscript, she may have been his guest on one of her sudden flights into London, and on August 6, in a jesting, affectionate way, he wrote upon her return to Waco: "I often think of you and the baby who I suppose is now growing into a fine boy. But will he become a cow puncher or will he found a literature in Texas remains to be seen. I would prefer him to write music. Do write and tell me if he shows any aptitude. If he stands up at the piano and composes." HD and Aldington were not wrong: GM played intricate games, and he liked others to play parts in his fantasy life, or at least to enjoy the show. Here it is not impossible that Moore was trying to induce Honor Woulfe to answer in the spirit in which he wrote ("Yes, little 'Orion' as we call him has just leapt off his pony, come into the parlor, and played a few bars of the Walkyrie theme on the pianola," etc.). Moore could then use her reply to firm up the faith of his failing collaborator.

When Honor answered, sometime in November 1915, her letter, even

if it did not mention "Euphorion," was full of warmth. Moore replies that "Your kind and affectionate letter pleased me more than I can express in words," and ends suggesting that they can love one another even though they lie on opposite sides of the Atlantic.⁴⁹ In memory of their relation, Moore says he had gone back over "Euphorion" for the new edition, adding a "few sentences of sensual gratification." In the story's first edition, during his second evening with Honor, "she was kneeling in my black satin arm-chair, with her face leaned against the back. . . , her pale golden hair drawn up into a knot and fastened with a large tortoise-shell comb, polished so highly that I could see myself in it as I bent over, and, drawing her face up to mine, tasted the nectar of her lips." In the new edition, Moore changed "lips" to "tongue." "An unbelievable amendment," according to Charles Morgan, the deplorable work of GM's "demon of glitter and shoddiness."⁵⁰ If Honor would have blushed, she would also have liked it. She was encouraging GM at this time to publish the "improper stories" of medieval monks and nuns that he had told her long ago in Dublin. Indeed, she wrote Moore that she had found him an American publisher willing to undertake that sort of manuscript. It may be no accident that a few days later he received a letter from T. R. Smith, who worked for Boni and Liveright, the eventual publishers in the USA of the first edition of those "poetical improprieties," *A Story-Teller's Holiday*.⁵¹

In "George Moore and the Amenities," Woulfe recollects seeing GM when he was sorely exercised over an "American journalist" (that is, James Whitall) who "had nearly ruined him, ruined, ruined—he repeated—almost shouting the ominous word," by "inveigling him into signing a contract of collaboration that reflected upon him as a man of letters." *Inveigle* is good: if anyone was a pigeon in this con-game, it was Whitall. What had happened between the summers of 1915 and 1916 is this: GM, though still disturbed by the staccato rhythms of Whitall's book, approved of the revised first draft. In May 1915 he could say to his young collaborator, "I like our book."⁵² During August, GM wrote Whitall from Westport Lodge in County Mayo proposing an amusing chapter on Honor reading his books, with her interest peaking when she reads "The Lovers of Orelay."⁵³ In the fall, Whitall turned his attention to a translation from the Greek poet Leonidas, and his belief in the GM project flagged. But Moore was patient. In late October or November, he performed for Whitall's benefit the little parlour scene, a melodrama about the dear woman and child across the sea. This inspired Whitall

sufficiently to carry on, but he did not complete the finished text until March 1916, several months after the December deadline in their contract (Moore was then free to withdraw his permission to make use of his characters in "Euphorion" and his scenario for *How Literature Came to Texas*). On March 17, William Heinemann, GM's publisher, told Whitall he found the book "interesting," but that it required "careful consideration."⁵⁴ Part of this consideration involved sending Sydney Pawling, Heinemann's partner, around to Ebury Street to explore all the angles of this affair with Moore. It is clear from his 24 April [1916] letter to John Lloyd Balderston, an American acquaintance of both Whitall and Moore, that GM had begun to get cold feet.⁵⁵ Whitall, away on a trip to the USA, wonders why GM has not answered his letters, presumably about *How Literature Came to Texas*. Moore gives Balderston two reasons for his silence: first, he does not have Whitall's address in America; second, "it is generally the tone that leaves that writer"—in short, the style of the book was a disappointment. Still, Moore hung fire, and for month after month did not give his collaborator the bad news.

Presumably, Honor Woulfe saw him during that summer of 1916 when he was struggling to find a way to justify his desertion of Whitall. Moore then acted out for her his "vaudeville skit" about the American man who was trying to "irretrievably injure his reputation."⁵⁶ (One wonders if GM slyly enjoyed seizing the role of endangered innocence, when that part properly belonged to Honor herself.) Finally, "at the eleventh hour," as Honor says, in October of 1916, Sydney Pawling called on Moore to force the issue. After this meeting, Pawling wrote Whitall blaming Moore for dropping the book,⁵⁷ and Moore wrote blaming the publisher: "Pawling takes my view that publication of the book in its present form would please nobody and he quoted many experienced readers who all take the same view. You know I have told you again and again that my name should be left out. With my name left in, the book could never achieve anything more than a small literary scandal. It is strange that you cannot see it from this point of view." Whitall was naturally flabbergasted. Literary scandal was Moore's meat and potatoes. From the start, it was Moore's idea, not Whitall's, to write the story around the author of "Euphorion"; he had nudged, pushed, and dragged the young American through the composition from start to finish. Why Moore did not simply tell the truth—i.e., the book was very poorly written—is a mystery. But when Whitall went round to Ebury Street to protest, he was met with Moore's "vacant-eyed disinclination to discuss

the matter."⁵⁸ Moore had often sacrificed friendship for artistic effect; he never sacrificed artistic principle for friendship.

Honor Woulfe and George Moore kept up their friendship right through the final years of his life. Theatre was a common interest, and then, as old friends, they cheered one another's successes, pitied one another's failures. She was in London for the premier of Lula Volmer's *Sun-Up* in May 1925, a play she managed to get Moore excited about, and then could not get him a ticket to, leaving the old man to suppress a fit of the sulks.⁵⁹ In October 1925, she was again in London, but in the interval had suffered a failure of some sort—whether in a theatrical enterprize, or her bookstore, the record does not show. Moore condoled with her as one who "knows what it is like to lay aside palette and brushes and find another outlet for energy."⁶⁰ Honor was apparently still maintaining an interest in theatre, because Moore begs her to send, after her return to the States, a report on the New York production of *The Coming of Gabrielle*.⁶¹ In the following years, Honor Woulfe moved for a time to Hollywood, where she enjoyed some success working on films. On 21 January 1932, a year before his death, Moore wrote her there to congratulate her on having won recognition for her work; as for himself, he now knows his last novel, *Aphrodite in Aulis*, is not a great book.⁶²

Their final meeting occurred, Honor Woulfe remembers, a few years before his death. It was on that occasion that she described her portrait by the New York painter, Charles Curran,⁶³ and had the lovely little tiff with GM over the proper pose: he didn't care for her peacock feather; and she was bold enough to dislike, in the picture by Orpen, his slump of bewildered exhaustion. During that visit too, she had her last dinner with the old man, when, at her departure, as he caressed the fur of her wrap, desire was swallowed up in pity for all the "poor little moles, hundreds of harmless little creatures, trapped and bartered, hunted and slain, to make a wrap to cover the soft shoulders of my lady."⁶⁴ Her sympathy for that bewilderment, her pity for that exhaustion, comes through sincerely in her essay, and is the best testament to the depth of their twenty-five year long friendship.

One letter not quoted by Honor Woulfe spells out most completely the character of that friendship. Discussion of it will take us back for some final speculations regarding the factual basis of "Euphorion in Texas." Moore is writing from Dublin in June 1917, where he had gone to work on *A Story-Teller's Holiday*, the book of stories he had begun to work up

ten years earlier, during his long evenings with Honor by his Upper Ely Place fireside. He is even now deeply grateful for her love: "a divine recompense sex is," he writes, "for the tedium of life":⁶⁵

An extraordinary mystery it is that men should love women as much as they do and a still more extraordinary mystery women should love men and cherish a memory year after year. But it is certain that it is so. . . . Your letter could not have been written were we sexless—no man could have written it and yet there is no memory of sexual love in it—on the surface it is a plain sea of friendship affectionate friendship if you will but there are depths in it that friendship's plummet cannot sound—forgive this grandiloquent phrase. The letter before me is the letter of a woman to a man whom she knew to be a man, and this letter is the letter of a man to a woman whom he knew to be a woman. A sexual memory is a wonderful memory, it transcends all other memories and I am sorry for those who have not tasted the poetry of sex. . . .⁶⁶

It was natural that Moore's imagination should feed once again upon the memory of their Dublin affair. Now that he was writing down the stories of Liadin and Curithir, the Nuns of Crith Gaille, and the great ascetic Father Scothine, he must have thought back over the delicious June nights of 1907, when he had "seduced the intelligence" of the woman from Texas by telling her naughty tales of holy Ireland. Kuno Meyer had given Moore the hint for the collection by telling him one evening that the Irish Church used to encourage Christians to believe that they would be rewarded in the next world in proportion to the temptations they had conquered in this one, so that the holiest of the faithful would seek out the stiffest and most sinful temptations.⁶⁷ By way of entertaining Miss Woulfe, Moore then developed the hint into stories like one about the nuns who, to gain greater glory for Marban, a travelling monk, give him an opportunity to overcome enormities of temptation. One by one, from the Mother Abbess to the youngest and fairest Luachet, the nuns take their place in a locked room with Marban. They give him the temptation of the thighs and the temptation of the breasts; they make him face them and feel them; but, in the end, exploring freely his body, they find him as slack as a boy, no restlessness at all, such as they would find in the holy men from Bregen, a monastery over the hill.

Or maybe Moore told her the story of Father Scothine, who, after dieting on acorns half his life, and running from the devil, decided finally to seek him out, in order to gain the greater triumph, and so spent his Saturday nights between the two lovely daughters of a neighboring shepherdess. But when Brenainn, sent by the Bishop to investigate this practice, attempts to undergo the same trial, he has to climb down into

the cold waters of the cistern, half an hour at a time, between the trials of leapfrog and naked dancing to the hornpipes. Another example of a tale of desire mounting more majestically by being blocked is the tale of Liadin and Curithir, who fall helplessly in love, and seek the advice of an old hermit on an island in Lough Carra. To prove to them that they do not understand their own feelings, he asks them if they would rather be free to look their fill upon one another all the day, or to talk whatever talk is in their heart all through their night. He gives them their first choice, and then their second, but both experiments fail to teach them that it is really God—who can't be found in word, or sight, or touch—that most deserves their love. The next night, given permission to lie side by side, with an altar boy for a sword between them, they trick the boy, and sate themselves upon one another. This last tale is a bit uncharacteristic of the cycle: in all of them, love does not lead to childbirth, and in most, desire does not lead to intercourse . . . indeed, through much of the "Nuns of Crith Gaille," Marban is a miracle of heroic holiness because he does not so much as get an erection.

Now what was the character of the woman who listened to Moore tell such tales of an evening? And what did GM mean by telling her these tales, rather than others? She was no prude, but a woman of wealth, culture, and humor. Before coming, she liked the maker of Owen Asher; she was ready to be fond of the hero of "The Lovers of Orelay," that superb mock-epic sex farce. Afterwards, she would go on never to marry or finally settle, but to have more than one affair, and to live in New York, Chicago, and Hollywood, as well as Waco and Austin, Texas. Moore told her these tales to excite her, of course; but also to win her acceptance of his peculiar form of sexual sensibility, one that was both feverish and funny, openly experimental but also thwarted from reproductive courses. There can be no doubt that she enjoyed him, for all his oddities. Her essay itself reveals a sort of motherly understanding of Moore: he is not so confident as he makes out, she says, quoting Delsarte: "Consci[ous] weakness assumes a strong attitude." He was "inwardly hesitant," she goes on, "if not actually trembling." As his lover, Honor Woulfe sensed Moore's fear of failure behind his extravagant naughtiness, and she forgave it; or rather, she overcame it.

One can also ask what Honor Woulfe intended by telling George Moore the story of the woman from Chicago. In the circumstances, she must have sensed that such a tale would raise certain expectations, expectations GM might fear he could not fulfill. She could be the wealthy

American woman, but could he be the Professor from Munich? In any case, as lovers, talking freely of love through the evenings, the topic of a possible child would be hard to avoid. It makes a rather rich comedy: in the parlour, the American woman tells a story of conception, and the Irish novelist in turn regales her with a story cycle of “the poetry of sex” when it “transcends” reproduction.⁶⁸

There was, of course, no child, but by a magnificent psychological trope, Moore in writing “Euphorion” converted his inward hesitation into a masterly triumph of paternity. He becomes the perfect author/lover/father, chosen by a discerning reader/mistress/mother over James or Meredith, Swinburne or Yeats.⁶⁹ He gives her the child she wants, and she leaves him, without complaint, in the peace and solitude he needs. In fact, psychological fact anyway, George Moore and Honor Woulfe did become the father and mother of “Euphorion” (mythical child of Love and War), the fictive idea, embodied in a tale, nurtured by her approval and his continuing interest, enlarged by the episode—a stillborn sibling—of *How Literature Came to Texas*, and then through the declining years of his life, recollected in renewed tenderness as a “divine recompense” for “the tedium of life.”

Notes

Editor's Note: Drawings of Moore facing both this article and the following essay by Woulfe are from the private collection of Edwin Gilcher. We are grateful for his permission to reproduce them. Opposite page 423, *George Moore*, by William Orpen. Opposite page 447, *George Moore*, a pastel by A.E. (George William Russell), dated 1900.

Acknowledgements: One of the pleasures of writing about GM is that it ultimately brings you into contact with Moore's bibliographer, Edwin Gilcher, one of the saints in the world of letters. And, if you are lucky, Ed will introduce you to Clinton Krause, another bibliophile with a passion for accuracy. Ed is a semi-retired journalist and Clint works for the Vermont DMV, but one would search long and hard before finding university professors more learned in early modern English literary history, or more dedicated to the common pursuit of truth. Working with them on this essay has made things both easy and delightful for the one of us who is taking credit for its authorship.

1. In her essay, “George Moore and the Amenities,” Woulfe mentions having “sixteen or eighteen letters” (7), but only thirteen survive at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center in Austin, Texas (HRHRC).

2. George Moore, *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, Author's Edition (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1920), 252. “Euphorion in Texas” was first published in *The English Review*, July 1914. It was then inserted between “Bring in the Lamp” and “Sunday Evening in London” in the Second English edition, November 1915. The story was slightly revised for the Second American (Author's) edition, from which I quote. See Edwin Gilcher, *A Bibliography of George Moore* (DeKalb: Northern Illinois University Press, 1970), 71-77, for the publishing history of the volume.

3. Max Beerbohm, “George Moore,” *Atlantic*, December 1950, 35.

4. Ernest Boyd, *Portraits: Real and Imaginary* (New York: George H. Doran, 1924), 229. Dublin

rumours are deeply mischievous: who is the prominent, mature, Irish lady author? One is meant to think for a moment of Lady Gregory as the model of a woman in search of a literary stallion.

5. Susan Mitchell, Review of *Héloïse and Abélard* in *The Dial*, September 1921, 351-54; *George Moore* (Dublin: Maunsel, 1916), 47.

6. Elwin complains that Moore not only tells tales that shouldn't be told, but that he adds imaginary embellishments; his lovers, Elwin snidely suggests, were only cocottes, French models of a mercenary spirit. And Elwin queerly concludes that because women seem to have liked GM, he therefore cannot have been an "amorist"; around a real Don Juan, women remain on their guard. See *Old Gods Falling* (New York: Macmillan, 1939), 47.

7. In fact, Moore himself, by creating doubt as to whether he is inventing or recollecting, offered a kind of protection for his former lovers from public scrutiny, and for himself against their lawyers, should they object to his depiction of them. Thus, Moore uses only first names, or false names, for his female subjects, or slightly alters their cities of origin or nationalities; he insinuates through slight indications the nature of a relation, or exaggerates a small episode in a longer history of the relationship, or introduces as central to an otherwise accurate account a bizarre and entirely fictive element. All this play with the plain fact—the common work of any novelist who draws from live models—not only leads to the deep entertainment of art, but also secures for the author safety from the law of libel. No one was more adept than GM at making fact seem fancy, and fancy fact, at the boundary of the legally and socially permissible.

8. Joseph Hone, *The Life of George Moore* (New York: Macmillan, 1936), 266. In his list of acknowledgements, Hone identified her as "Honor Wolfe."

9. *Ibid.*, 265.

10. According to the HRHRC collection files, the group of thirteen letters from Moore to Woulfe was acquired through the James F. Drake bookstore in New York sometime before 1964, although the exact date of acquisition is unclear.

11. David B. Eakin and Robert Langenfeld, *George Moore's Correspondence with the Mysterious Countess* (English Literary Studies: University of Victoria, 1984), 46-48.

12. Gabrielle to GM [20 December 1903] Sunday; Eakin and Langenfeld, 37-41.

13. GM to Gabrielle, 24 December [1903]; Eakin and Langenfeld, 45-46.

14. GM to Hilda Hawthorne, 4 July [1908]; Berg 52B2507; Gerber, 148.

15. GM to Hilda Hawthorne, 11 July [1908]; Berg 52B2508; Gerber, 148-49.

16. George Moore, *Vale. Hail and Farewell*, Richard Allen Cave, ed. (Gerrard Cross, Bucks: Colin Smythe; Washington, DC: Catholic University of America Press, 1985), 602-609.

17. *Ibid.*, 601.

18. GM to Hilda Hawthorne, 16 November 1907; Berg 52B2495; Gerber, 142-43.

19. GM to Hilda Hawthorne, 29 September [1910]; Berg 52B2505; Gerber, 186. It is actually not clear that the lover in question is the Hungarian: a 30 March [1910] letter indicates that her affair with the Hungarian is over. Perhaps she writes of a new romance, perhaps the old one revived.

20. Charles Morgan to C. D. Medley, 28 February 1933; *Selected Letters of Charles Morgan* (London: Macmillan, 1967), 107. Morgan explains in interesting detail why the sort of biography that Moore wanted to have written, and Morgan wanted to write, was impossible to publish in the 1930s: "I have, as yet, scarcely touched the fringe of his personal life, but I have learned enough to know that it cannot be described [this recently after the events]. It doesn't in the least shock me. It was part of the nature from which his art sprang, is continually reflected in his writings, and is therefore of the utmost importance. But even to suggest publicly to what extent he was a voyeur and a tactilist and the special coldness or detachment of his sexual approaches would be to raise a British outcry. And what is the good of presenting him as he was *not*? Better to leave it."

21. *Nancy: Poet, Indomitable Rebel, etc.* (London and Melbourne: Macmillan, 1967), 107.

22. GM to Gabrielle, 24 December [1903]; Eakin and Langenfeld, 45-46.

23. GM to Lady Cunard, 23 August [1913]; *Letters to Lady Cunard, 1895-1933*, edited with an introduction and notes by Rupert Hart-Davis (Soho: London Square, 1957), 84. It may be that GM is trying to twit Lady Cunard because she had recently taken up with Sir Thomas Beecham, during a country house visit when Moore was also one of the guests—a galling change in their relations, though by no means the end of GM's relationship with her.

24. George Moore, *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1920), 255.

25. Helmut Gerber believes that the meeting meant disillusionment for both Moore and Hawthorne (Gerber, 279 n.1), but in the 19 December 1913 letter he cites as evidence, GM simply says, "I have not forgotten anything of our meeting in France; either accident or you contrived it so artfully that it is not likely I shall ever forget it" (Gerber, 283). What occurred, by accident or contrivance, during their meeting which is so unforgettable? We cannot be sure whether he was cheated of his hopes, or whether those hopes—whatever they were—happened to be providentially fulfilled, but he continues to write her long afterwards, ten more letters in all, each one full of affection. In the spring of 1914, he says that he found her "a very interesting woman and a very winning woman and it would give me a great deal of pleasure to meet you again" (Gerber, 287). This is a little formal, perhaps, and perhaps should not have needed to be said if everything went swimmingly, but it does not testify to disillusionment.

26. *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, 237. (Moore Hall Edition, London: Heinemann, 1921), 237.

27. George Moore, *Confessions of a Young Man*, Susan Dick, ed. (Montreal: McGill-Queens University Press, 1974), 76. It may be that what makes critics (male critics, especially) so eager to scoff at GM the *roué* is that he combines mock-epic treatment of machismo with an elaborate dramatization of performance anxiety and male impotence. These secrets of the boudoir, though known well enough to women, make all men uneasy.

28. *Fall and Puckett Funeral Records, 1892-1931*, John M. Usry, comp. (1974); published by Central Texas Genealogical Society, 636.

29. GM to Honor Woulfe, 21 October [postmark 1914]; 121 Ebury Street; addressed to Waco, Texas; ALS; HRHRC. "I am obliged to you for trying to further the sale of my books in Austin."

30. Obituary of Daniel M. Woulfe, Waco News Tribune, 19 February 1919, 3; Waco Directory, 1919-1920, 504.

31. However, Mack Mullins, who carried out this research into the Woulfe family history for me, was told by the St. Mary's church secretary, his personal friend, that Margaret Woulfe was not really a Catholic, meaning, perhaps, that she was not a practicing Catholic.

32. Honor Woulfe, "George Moore and the Amenities," TMS, 20 pp., nd, HRHRC; Austin, Texas; 6.

33. GM to Honor Woulfe, 19 December [1911]; 8 ALS, 5 TLS to Woulfe, Honor E.; 1 nd, 6 incd; [1908]-1932; HRHRC, Austin, Texas.

34. GM to Honor Woulfe, 24 January 1913; 121 Ebury Street; addressed to Strand Palace Hotel; ALS, ps; HRHRC, Texas.

35. "George Moore and the Amenities," 12.

36. *Ibid.*, 14.

37. Moore's attempt to get Honor Woulfe to rescript "Euphorion from Texas" as her own autobiography had to occur after the story was written, and before Moore employed James Whitall to write it on Honor's behalf—that is, after April 1914, and before March 1915. Since Moore sends Honor Woulfe a copy of the story in October, she must not have been in London after July 1914, when she could have acquired her own copy of the story in *The English Review*. Therefore, they most likely met in the early summer of 1914.

38. "George Moore and the Amenities," 8.

39. The correspondence of Mathilde and Richard Wagner perhaps gave Moore the idea of intersecting stories, and he proposed to Lady Cunard that they should write one another unrepresentable and highly imaginative letters, each as long as a *Times* letter to the editor, for final public presentation. But GM's use of Virginia Crawford's letters in *The Lake*, and the letters of Cecile Gabrielle, Baroness Franzi Ripp,

in *The Coming of Gabrielle*, are still earlier sports of the same *jeu d'esprit*. The notions that now obsessed Moore were first, to narrate one romantic episode from a male and female point of view; second, to provide for an implausible episode a plausible narrative (if readers of "Euphorion" thought no woman would do such a thing, GM would help them imagine just what sort of woman would).

40. Edwin Gilcher pointed out to me that Woulfe and James Whitall were not the only ones to consider writing a companion tale to "Euphorion." In his review of Whitall's *English Years*, Ernest Boyd recalls that he too gave the idea a try: "I remember the date, because Moore sent me the magazine and I was at once fired with the idea of writing the woman's side of the adventure. I did so; Moore criticized it not too harshly, but convinced me that my story did not sound like the writing of a woman" ("Mainly About Moore," *Saturday Review of Literature*, 7 December 1935). It is not clear from this account whether Boyd claims to have first thought of the idea, or only first tried to execute it.

41. James Whitall, *English Years* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Company, 1935), 85 ff. Whitall's chronology appears to be incorrect: he places his first meeting with Moore around November 1914, and says that GM followed up this meeting with a visit three days later; the day after that visit, Moore formally offered to collaborate in a letter. That letter, however, is clearly dated 5 March 1915, so the whole rapid-fire sequence of events should probably be moved forward to late February and early March 1915.

42. GM to James Whitall, 5 March 1915; 121 Ebury Street; rs; Virginia; rpt. in *English Years* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Company, 1935), 92.

43. *English Years*, 119.

44. James Whitall [pseud., "Honor Landis"], *How Literature Came to Texas*, the original manuscript, 240 pp., quarto, with corrections in pen and pencil in the autograph of George Moore; University of Virginia.

45. Some episodes in *How Literature Came to Texas* may tell us something of the life of Honor Woulfe in Waco. For instance, "Honor" tries to improve the tone of "Crowville" by giving evening lectures about the books she sells. I have not yet checked the Waco News Tribune for announcements of such lectures.

46. GM to Whitall; 6 September 1915; 121 Ebury Street; Virginia; *English Years*, 132.

47. *English Years*, 90.

48. *English Years*, 138-39.

49. GM to Honor Woulfe, 16 November [postmark 1915].

50. Charles Morgan, "George Moore: A Centenary Appreciation," *The Listener* (23 February 1952), 350-51.

51. GM to T. R. Smith, 18 November 1915; *George Moore on Parnassus*, 301; GM to Honor Woulfe, 2 June 1917.

52. *English Years*, 121; GM to Whitall; nd; 121 Ebury Street; ALS; Virginia. Whitall places this letter before his departure for Surrey in Whitsuntide; i.e. mid-May 1915.

53. GM to Whitall; Sunday [7 August? 1915]; Westport Lodge; ALS; Virginia; *English Years*, 121-22.

54. Whitall seems to base his belief that Heinemann was "prepared to publish the book" upon this letter, which simply states Heinemann's interest, but also his intention to move slowly and, at the least, to ask for modifications. Later letters from Moore and Pawling to Whitall make it clear that Heinemann sent the manuscript out to "many experienced readers"—a time-consuming process (see *English Years*, 173 ff; GM to Whitall, 4 October 1916; ALS; Virginia).

55. Moore may have by then gotten a negative report from Heinemann's readers. When working on a manuscript, he never was a good judge of its quality, and would one day think it better than Balzac, and the next day think it utter trash.

56. "George Moore and the Amenities," 8-9.

57. Sydney Pawling to Whitall; 20-21 Bedford Street, London; addressed to Vale End, Albury, Surrey; TLS, bs; Virginia. GM would not grant Whitall copyright permission to make use of his name or that of his characters.

58. *English Years*, 175. Without the approval of the author of "Euphorion," Whitall was unable to place the manuscript with a publisher, and it finally came to rest in the Special Collections department of the University of Virginia Library. A few weeks after Moore's final refusal, he sent Whitall a note asking him to call. Appearing at 121 Ebury Street, Whitall found GM perfectly natural, without any sign of an attack of conscience. They remained acquainted for years. Heinemann also made amends for the fiasco: five years later, he gave Whitall a job as a publisher's reader.

59. "George Moore and the Amenities," 12-13. The London production of "Sun-Up" at the Vaudeville Theatre is reviewed in the *New York Times*, 5 May 1925. It continued to play there at least through 13 August 1925, when the King and Queen attended a performance.

60. GM to Honor Woulfe; 2 October [postmark 1925]; 121 Ebury Street; addressed to Regents Palace, Piccadilly; ALS; HRHRC; Austin, Texas. In a personal communication to me, Edwin Gilcher hypothesized that Honor Woulfe may then have been part of the travelling production staff for American plays, perhaps an attendant upon the star, or an assistant to the producer.

61. Edwin Gilcher does not have a record of any performance of the play after the three July 1923 performances at St. James's Theatre, London (*A Bibliography of George Moore*, 107), though a 10 August 1925 letter to Barret H. Clark also anticipates a NYC production of the play in the autumn (*George Moore on Parnassus*, 701-702). These plans apparently fell through, a common enough fate of GM's theatrical schemes.

62. *Aphrodite in Aulis* was published by Heinemann 1 December 1930; see *A Bibliography of George Moore*, 136.

63. Charles Curran, 1861-1942, grew up in Ohio, then studied at the Academie Julian (where Moore was a student in the 1870's) in the late 1880's. After his return to the USA, he frequently depicted American landscapes inhabited by fairies, whimsical pictures elaborately finished; later he became a well-known portrait painter, and Secretary of the National Academy of Design. His works were shown in annual exhibitions of the New York Historical Society, the National Academy of Design, and the Pennsylvania Academy. His "Portrait of Rita," exhibited by the NAD in 1924, resembles this portrait of Honor Woulfe: a woman in a green dress, draped with a red shawl, is depicted with a brilliantly painted parrot in the background.

64. "George Moore and the Amenities," 18-19.

65. GM to Honor Woulfe; 2 June 1917; Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin; addressed to Green Bay, Wisconsin; HRHRC, Austin.

66. Never a man to be jealous, and always one to be a happy onlooker on love, Moore ended by asking her to tell him "about your work and your lover or your lovers if you are fortunately in love or have been."

67. Ernest Longworth, "Preface," *A Story-Teller's Holiday* (New York: Liveright, 1929), viii.

68. It is not possible to say whether this is the misunderstanding between them that Moore mentions in his first letter to Honor Woulfe: "A little misunderstanding arose between us in Dublin and the fault lay neither altogether with you nor with me. About this misunderstanding, which I regret, I propose we shall never speak again. That will be the better way. You have apparently forgiven me and I have nothing to forgive. You were mistaken that was all and—but enough has been said" (GM to Honor Woulfe, 2 March [ah 1908]; HRHRC, Texas).

Such broad language could cover a hundred misunderstandings: that she thought he wanted her to collaborate in revising *The Coming of Gabrielle*, or that he thought she wanted him to collaborate in making a child; that he meant her to come to dine on Wednesday, or stay till Christmas; that she thought he wished her to play some improper role, when he only wished her to think this in the case that she was willing to consent.

69. It is no accident that Moore lists three men really over the hill in 1907 (Swinburne and Meredith died in 1909; James in 1916), one of whom was in fact homosexual, and another latently so, while in *Hail and Farewell*, Moore had just raised publicly questions about Yeats's sexual maturity (*Hail and Farewell*, Cave, ed.; 544).