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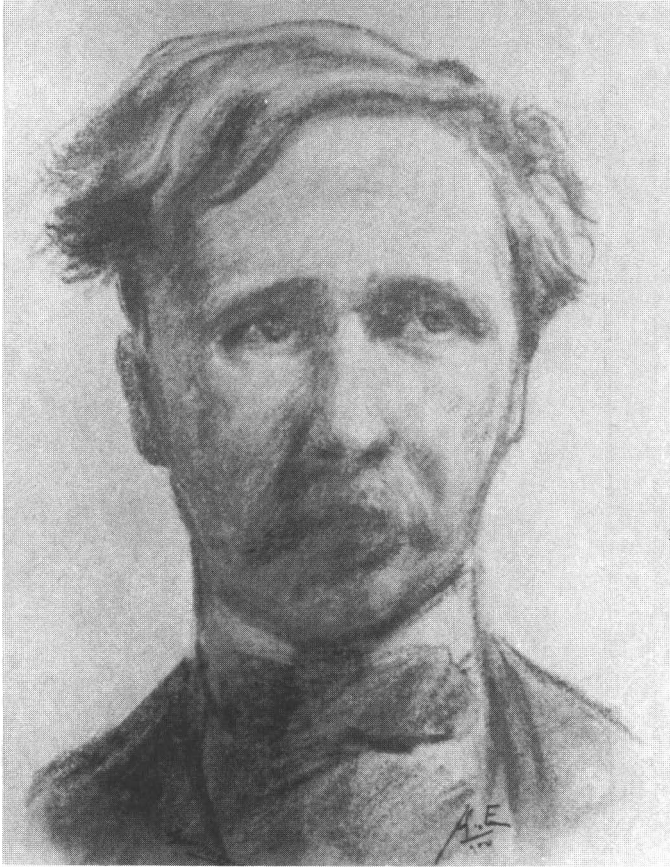
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George Moore and the Amenities

HONOR E. WOULFE

From the Harry Ransom Humanities
Research Center

IT HAS BEEN the fashion in writing of George Moore to dwell upon the acerbities attributed to him, passing over his genial and tender characteristics. Let a man acquire a reputation for a special kind of wit, and like a flock of sheep the raconteurs play continually on this one stop, never troubling to sound the keys up and down the musical instrument. No better illustration of this method can be quoted than the constant sameness of talks on Whistler, or Oscar Wilde and now of George Moore. A few anecdotes told about a man are not sufficient to give a just estimate of his character or disposition. The human and soft side of George Moore has been overlooked or ignored. The episode of taking off his clothes when a child and running naked before his nurse, seems to be the sum total of illumination on his early behavior. It is a rather silly illustration—for no child exists who has not delighted in this abandon and defiance—speaking both literally and figuratively. Later came the oft repeated bon mot of Susan Mitchell, “Some men kiss and tell—Mr. Moore tells but does not kiss.”

I first met George Moore in 1907. He was then living at 4 Ely Upper Dublin and I was at the Standard Hotel in Harcourt St. The Abbey theatre was out of its swaddling clothes and enjoying the strength and pride of growing youth. It was beginning to be conscious that the eyes of the world turned its direction. George Moore was no longer actively engaged in the movement, but his mind reverted continually to the drama, for he was laboring to bring Elizabeth Cooper (1913) into being, taking up and putting down the play, which later on became “The Coming of Gabrielle.” The second act was obstreperous, and knowing my predilection for the theatre and dramatic form he discussed his difficulties with me, hoping that I would find the elucidation for this evasive second act. He railed at Mrs. Craigie for getting him involved in

this particular play. He would pace the floor in irritable outbursts saying "I wish she had let me alone. I am not a dramatist, I am a novelist. I wish I had never heard of this play—there is no flow to it. What is wrong with it? Can't you tell me what is wrong with it? My brain is weary thinking on it. It has soured on me. It is fresh to you. Give me your opinion. Try at it for me." It was out of this mood and this appeal that I did try. I wrote the second Act—which did not harmonize with his play at all—I could not catch up his characters nor his manner of speech—I never got inside the feeling of the play—and consigned my effort to the flames in the fireplace. We then spent several evenings going thru the play point by point; I reading it aloud and suggesting more action and shorter speeches—for in the first draft the speeches were very long; but no matter what was done with it, it remained artificial and stilted, and yet the theme was good and true theatre; finally it was set aside till the form ripened in his mind and it eventually came forth in the finished acting form of its present perfection. He conquered the difficulties that had caused him so many annoyances and had earned the right to add Dramatist to his profession and support the claim.

I often dined with him at Ely Place in a simple and informal manner. After a days work composing and dictating to a secretary he seemed glad of the diversion of such company as I afforded, where there was no matching of wits and no effort to keep the machinery of the brain at the scintillating point where it would emit darts of impressive fire but instead he found relaxation in my company, and no doubt amusement at my naive look at Life.

He made excellent coffee and took just pride in this accomplishment; so after dinner when this ceremony had been performed with its cathedral like sacredness and attention, we sat and sipped our coffee and smoked and chatted together looking into the glowing coals in the fireplace, until the flame died out of them when he would replenish the fire from the coal-scuttle close by—the very same one, no doubt, that served O'Neill Russell for a cuspidor.

It was in this atmosphere that George Moore unfolded to me the idea of "The Story Tellers Holiday" and telling out an idea was to him a sacred rite, never hurried, and seldom left unfinished. He would often go back in the recital to polish off a sentence or to correct a phrase his hands always being used to emphasize or enlarge, or in some way color the spoken word. It must have been a habit carried over from his days of painting—but wherever acquired there is no doubt his hands were

eloquent and expressive. In later years they became heavy and lost their speaking quality. He inquired of me about a publisher for this group of Tales. He said he was afraid one of his brothers would get ahead of him if he did not protect them by having them printed. I recommended Mr. Kennerly of New York—but the first edition was published privately in New York and I think later used by Boni and Liveright—in the Carra edition. This was perhaps ten years later—

In a letter before me he says “My work now is a book to be called “A Story Tellers Holiday.” It consists mainly of poetical improprieties; the language used plainer than Chaucer; but I am sure you will like these stories written for the most part in peasant idiom.”

These stories were banned in Ireland, and quite an ado made in America over their circulation. Till the public censors, like the monks in Brownings poem were “checked—taught what to see and not to see being simple bodies”—and the restrictures withdrawn from the Poetical Improprieties.

The Brook Kerith too was shaping in his mind at this time, called then I think, By Kedar’s Stream—Well I recall the telling of this tale. We were walking thru Stephens Green—enroute to my hotel, the hour near midnight. A certain benediction seems to hover over this particular spot of Dublin for me, perhaps because I associate it with pleasant friendships. Tom Kettle among others; for it was here that this delightful and brilliant young Irishman recited to me the verses of Dora Sieger-son—heard by me for the first time.

The recital, however, of the Brook Kerith, by George Moore was neither soothing nor poetic but quite hair-raising and told with much dramatic gusto. The first conception of the story had more to do with Paul than Jesus; the ultimate end was that after many years Paul comes upon Jesus quietly herding sheep by Kedars Stream—his mind recovered after a long lapse of memory. Paul incensed and outraged at the untruth he has spent a lifetime spreading—the false gospel he has unwittingly promulgated, in a phrensy of passion takes Jesus by the throat—and thus a terrible tragedy is enacted. I recoiled from this ending of the final meeting of the Disciple and the Master, and argued that neither Christians nor non-Christians would be pleased with it; for strange as it may seem, we are so constituted that we like our legends—traditions—even our history to be left undisturbed, wrapped up in the dreams or poetry in which they first came to us. George Washington and

the cherry tree—St. Patrick and his snakes—we cherish them as they are in their familiar habiliments.

Our chats or talks ranged over a variety of subjects in those early Dublin days. Coming from Texas he took it for granted that I should be an authority on the art and artifice of cow-punching, cattle branding, and the amazing intricacies of the lariat as exhibited by a Will Rogers. In this, of course, he found me uninformed and vastly ignorant.

I regret my treacherous memory that made no mental record of utterances that would now be illuminating if I could recall them; he would sit by the hour arranging and giving forth sentences, ideas, plots and plans while I sat and listened. His outspoken soliloquy demanded no reply. He was composing, not for my benefit but for his own creative urge. Just to know some one was listening helped him to create; a tantalizing problem was solved, and obstacles rolled away in the flow of words.

I recollect the anxiety “he had on him” regarding the language to put into *The Brook Kerith*. He formulated a variety of sentences trying to decide between the Bible idiom and other forms of speech. Sometimes a bit of impromptu fun was the result. I wish I could remember a limerick thus composed in Bible language, on one such occasion, over which he laughed immoderately and which embarrassed me. I belonged to the blushing variety in those days, this perhaps heightened the nip of the story for him, for there is no doubt but that he was able to put a sly wink into the most chaste episode.

He was very fond of a cat that often served as a subject for wit and words. This cat had a square masculine face which G.M. had watched change from the innocence of youth to the lordly boastful contour of the conquering hero of many successful escapades of backyards and unprotected females. This Tom would call from the garden at the back and his master would open the window to let him in; then G.M. improvising a story would wonder what his legal status would be if this daring cavalier should visit the nun’s garden close by and there encounter a susceptible female pussy, and thus bring immorality into the sacred confines of the Celibates garden. Could he be hailed into court as an accessory to the fact etc—Such pleasant tom-foolery as this broke the hard driving labor he put constantly into his work. I do not think he found a great deal in life to laugh at, and so was obliged like a conjurer to pull out of his own mind the humor that seasoned his days for him.

Huneker speaks of the Pathos of Distance; quoting Nietzsche “Dis-

tance lends pathos, bathes in rosy enchantment the simplest events of a mean past." It is this enchantment of the past that overflows and inundates all of George Moore's meditations and rhapsodies. What are the *Memoirs of a dead Life* but this haunting rosy enchantment; and is it this same pathos of distance that comes upon me tonight—that brings George Moore before me, not as the renowned Man of Letters but as the small boy desperately trying to find his place in the big world, seeking pathetically for the warmth and affection that he knew existed but that was always just beyond him; this mirage, this enveloping approval he longed for all his life, and never despaired of finding.

After Dublin came London: I like to think I was always welcome at 121 Ebury St. My frequent flitting back and forth between America and Europe was a source of wonder to George Moore, who hated traveling as much as I liked it. On one such visit to London I had come directly from a trip to the City of Mexico, where I had the good fortune to be received at the Castle of Chapultepec by Diaz and thru his interpreter was regaled with folk lore tales of early days; legends passed from tongue to tongue thru the centuries. Looking out from the broad gallery of the Castle we could see distinctly, the two mountains, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl the masculine and feminine lovers—who keep open eyes upon each other guarding the sacred relationship—they have pledged one to the other—tho they are unable to come together in a close embrace—neither can they draw apart from each other. A very monotonous situation—my interesting interpreter remarked.

George Moore was interested in what I had to say of Mexico. My mind was full of this appealing country. I wanted to record my hot impressions of its romance and tragedy in a drama. The inevitable Maximilian and Carlotta came up for discussion, which in turn evoked a description of Edouard Manet's picture "The Execution of Maximilian." But modern Mexico did not greatly interest him, his mind traveled back into the days of Cortez, and the introduction of Catholicism and priests into the country, and far beyond that to Mitla and its ruins. Antiquity and the far away was always a magnet to him. Mexico and the Spanish language raised the subject of the bible in Spain, George Borrow's ingenious distribution of the Gospels, the Bishop and his ring. Was there a drama here? What about the Basque people themselves, the Gypsies, the trading in donkeys, the old woman offering her daughters to the missionary, not quite understanding his refusal and aloofness from her courtesy etc-etc- all good material for a Moore meditation and disserta-

tion. The evening and part of the night hours sped happily along under the spell of the improvisation upon this theme. How desperately I now deplore that I had not developed some of the Boswell traits; but it never occurred to me that in those casual chats, spreading over a long period of time—that gems of unpremeditated wit, humor and worth, with a particular flavor of their own have been lost to the record of the man's personality. Even the scraps of paper and hastily written notes have gone the way of my carelessness. By accident almost I have preserved 16 or 18 letters, some of which I quote for the pleasure of admirers of this indefatigable worker who never rested from his task of observing life, prying into its hidden nooks and crannies and recording his findings. Consciously and unconsciously the building went on; the germs of all his books lay ripening in his mind a long time before they came forth in their finished form.

I remember very definitely telling him the story, that years after came out as "Euphorian in Texas" and included in "The Memoirs of my Dead Life" but George Moore was not the begetter of the child so aesthetically invited, but rather, that distinction belongs to a Professor in Munich and the original idea and execution of the project was consummated by a rich young woman of Chicago. The story was embroidered to fit into the Texas environment, and it fell upon fertile soil where it has continued to thrive by its transplanting. I would certainly like to claim having brot to Texas a great literature either via Munich or Dublin but like Barrie's "The old Lady shows her medals" I am afraid "Truth would out." Even a prosecuting Attorney cannot always invent circumstantial evidence—and so I must relinquish all claims of having advanced the culture of Texas—by way of the written word, called Literature.

A letter dated Oct. 21—1914 has this in it; "I am sending you the English Review. The number contains a story by me, Euphorian in Texas, which cannot fail to interest you. Several letters came from Texas asking for more precise information regarding Euphorian."

A few days later the periodical reached me and when I read the story was not greatly impressed by it—It did not seem then to me nor does it seem now the equal of the other Memoirs. A friend who had previously read Euphorian came into my Shop to see me and laughingly asked me where my son was hidden away; I answered in the same banter "Oh he is up on a ladder somewhere seeking out a first edition of his Papa's Confessions, you see he is only two days old and cannot yet reach the high shelves" and so the little joke was carried on—

This same theme was destined to give George Moore no little annoyance later on. He seemed obsessed with a determination to see it developed into a long character study and continued to try to convince me I was the person to do it, but I felt no inclination for the task.

After quite a lapse of time when again in London I found him in a state of great agitation over Euphorian. He explained and elaborated his grievance. An American journalist, he said, had nearly ruined him, ruined, ruined—he repeated—almost shouting the ominous word, as he paced over the Aubusson carpet telling in detail how this American had inveigled him into signing a contract of collaboration that reflected upon him as a man of letters and would have irretrievably injured his reputation. He was saved from this disaster at the eleventh hour.

This scene as he confessed it and acted it would have been a good vaudeville skit; he ended by saying the oft repeated assertion: "I like the American Women; they are charming and intelligent. I get on beautifully with them—but the American men—I do not understand them our ways are different."

On August 16—1915, I had this letter.

I was beginning to think that I should never hear from you again. Your flights into London and your flights out of London are so sudden. One of these days you will return and will not fail to come to see me. This note for it must be no more than a note or I shall miss the mail, is to tell you that I often think of you and the baby who I suppose is now growing up 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.

I am writing just as usual. The only difference in my life now from what it was, is that I am writing my last book and the name of it is 'The Brook Cherith'. Goodbye my dear friend and don't leave me so long again without a letter

Here again is another letter dated November 16—1915.

My dear Honor;

I received your letter this morning and it warmed my heart. What should we do in this cold world were there no women in it? Women are the warmth that help men to live. Your kind affectionate letter pleased me more than I can express in words; but shall we ever meet again over a fire. I am so pleased that you have not forgotten our long talks. As soon as I have finished *The Brook Cherith* I'll see to the *Improper Stories*, to be published at 2£ a volume, and as soon as I have time I'll write to the publisher whose name you have sent me. A new edition of "*The Memoirs of My Dead Life*" is coming out including *Euphorian* in Texas. If I can I'll send you the

advertisement (proof) of *The Brook Cherith* next Saturday and perhaps you will send it on to Mr. Kennerly.

Just possible that I'll start lecturing after Christmas. I shall if the *Brook Cherith* attracts attention. The subject will be the New Testament—a work that nobody ever reads—only the opinions of the clergy concerning it are known. The *Brook Cherith* lies outside of the Bible narratives but it does not contradict them except in this, that in my story Jesus does not die on the cross. There seems to have been a good deal of doubt at the time regarding the death of Jesus. The two legends that I develop are that Jesus was an Essene and that he preached afterward in Judea. These legends are as old as the Gospels themselves. But my lecture will tell of Paul whom I place before all men—he is my Hero, not Jesus.

Those who know George Moore will recognize the Moorishism of his letters and also his reference to 'this will be my last book' but there was never a last book, for he knew well that pursuing writing was the life germ to him; even as early as the Whistler days, that quick witted man took his measure; he said to him "I suppose that nothing matters to you but your writing," and Moore commenting upon it said, "His words went to the bottom of my soul frightening me, and I have asked myself again and again if I were capable of sacrificing brother, sister, mother, fortune, friend for a work of Art. One is near madness when nothing matters but one's work." Well nothing did really matter to him but his work, but he was not near madness. This insatiable passion saved him, in truth, and gave to the world of letters a significant contribution to the English novel.

The greatest achievement of George Moore was the making of himself; for he had to make himself before he could construct his Literature.

He knew the price he had to pay, the creature comforts he would have to sacrifice; no doubt there were times when his heart dwelt wistfully upon the "obedient wife and the extraordinary son" and a fleeting envy of other men possessed him; but he carried on courageously and did not stop to whine over the might have beens, and who will question but that the end justified the means?

I cannot by the wildest flight of fancy envisage him as a family man. It is indeed far more incongruous than to picture Doris of *The Lover's* of Orelay as "expecting."

Apropos of *The Lovers* a little incident comes back to me. One night in Dublin—G.M. searched for and found a letter of long ago posted in Vienna and written by an American Journalist, who waxed rhapsodic over the Orelay affair and was consumed with a desire to know if so poetic a love episode were true. The script of this very long letter was

beautiful in itself—Too beautiful G.M. said to be destroyed. He asked me to read it aloud to him. He sat back in his arm chair and closed his eyes, dreaming no doubt of the drives in the Ilex lined lanes of the quaint old town.

When I had finished the letter he came out of his reverie, saying half petulantly—“Why should he be so insistent upon wanting to know if it is true or not? It is a beautiful tale and beautifully told. That should be sufficient. We do not question Balzac with an idle question nor ask Flaubert what experience led him to write *Madame Bovary*.”

His impulsive wayward disposition was one of his chief charms. I remember many instances of flagrantly unconventional behavior; this child-like breaking of the rules, amused but did not irritate me, as it did many of his friends. At one time I had come unexpectedly into London and was staying at the Cecil Hotel. I sent him a note that I was in town. That same night at eleven o'clock when I was fast asleep, there was brot to me a message saying George Moore was awaiting me in the drawing room. I dressed hastily and went down. He greeted me effusively holding both my hands, which was a usual gesture with him, saying “I have been in the country for a few days. I just returned and had your note. I came at once. I could not wait until the morning. Tell me what has been happening in your life; are you in love again or just out of love? Do sit down and tell me.” All this without taking a breath. Is it not refreshing to find so youthful an attitude in the aging artist. Probing the heart, taking an X ray of the emotions was one of his abiding obsessions or shall I say occupations? I was quite accustomed to it, and must have been a great disappointment to him in regard to my love affairs. If I had any I could not undress my soul on demand nor pour forth my answers with the abandon in which he hurled the questions at me; however I always had a seemingly innocent means of escape for I would bring the inquiry back to his writing. What was he conceiving; what had he just brought forth? In this particular case it was *Salve*, the second of the *Trilogy*. I had had the *Ave*. The next afternoon at tea in Ebury St. he hunted for a copy of *Salve* for me and finding only the one his Brother Colonel Maurice Moore had marked for corrections in spelling or grammar, he gave me that.

In 1924 I was in London when the primere of the American play *Sun Up* was given. Miss Lula Volmer, the author of the play and I had gone over on the same boat and were staying at the same hotel. In a few days after my arrival I sent a note to George Moore telling him I was in town.

In a reply came a telegram asking me to dinner that evening at Ebury St. He had no telephone so notes or telegrams were the only means of communication.

That evening over our coffee I told him of this Folk Play of the Carolina Mountaineers—and compared it to Synge's plays. He said he had given up seeing plays they were all so tiresome with no originality either in the writing or the acting. I contended that this play was an exception. That it had a new theme. That it presented the untutored, primitive people in all simplicity; the Carolina Mountain people being as distant from modern as are the Aran Islanders. The mother character in *Sun Up* is as tragic and more starkly brave than the mother in *Riders to the Sea*.

The thing caught his fancy. He wanted to go to see it, and suggested that I get stall seats for the next night; the opening night, but made it a condition that he would sit with me and the author. We could then explain expressions unknown to him—and if the play was worthy he would write it up for the papers. He asked me innumerable questions about the people in these forgotten recesses of the hills, their bitter feuds and the moonshine business. Their vernacular was strange to him—ah yes—a sort of new language for him. He would go to this first night of *Sun Up*. He seemed as happy over it as a child anticipating a picnic, and I was thrilled in the thought of seeing what the play would do to him, his reaction to it. It was a long jump from "Aphrodite in Aulis" upon which he was then working—to the moonshine district of the Carolinas.

When I got back to the hotel that night I went to find Lula Vollmer, but she was at the theatre where they rehearsed till near morning, as Lucille La Verne, the magnificent widow Cagle of the play had just arrived from Hollywood, detained there to finish a screen drama. The next day alas! not a seat to be had; the house was sold out completely. I then had the unpleasant experience of going to George Moore to explain the unfortunate situation. It was the only time he was ever peevish with me and unreasonable—He did not say so, but I felt he thought it was in some way my fault that no seats could be had. My own disappointment was bitter and I regret to this day that we did not see this play together. A fortunate interruption gave me an opportunity of leaving shortly after my fatal message that afternoon. The son of Ludovic Halevy came in and I hope he dispelled the temporary clouds that I had unwittingly brot in my wake.

Upon another occasion we had a little squall come between us on

account of the drama; the subject this time being George Bernard Shaw. I do not remember the year, but I recall I was staying at The Strand Palace Hotel. I had gone to a matinee to see Fanny's first play and when I got back to the hotel George Moore was sitting in the lobby waiting for me, apparently enjoying the heterogeneous crowd passing in and out. He had been out walking and had just dropped in casually. When I told him where I had been—his first comment was—'and do you tell me you remained thru the whole of it'? I answered, not only had I stayed but that I had enjoyed it immensely. He looked at me open eyed as tho I were some hopeless moron. He said he had attempted to see it once but could not sit thru more than the first act. It bored him immeasurably and was an insult to any one using the brain even slightly. From this he launched forth into an analysis of Shaw and his works even dragging in the fact that he had married a rich wife. I demurred against this extraneous matter. Our rather animated talk must have been not quite in the confessional key, for later in the evening a friend of mine asked me who was the distinguished gentleman scolding me so vigorously; to which I replied he was not angry with me but with Shaw who had seduced my intelligence.

Seduced was a word especially favored in George Moore's vocabulary. He pronounced it with great unction and in such a variety of shades and meanings that it could express a full gamut of speculations.

In relating the reception in Paris of his French lecture on Shakespeare he told of an intellectual and handsome Priest with whom he had delightful converse; they formed at once a mutual admiration society. Perhaps they never met but this one time, but telling it he would say "I could scarcely tear myself away from him, he was so charming. To make his acquaintance, alone, was worth the journey to Paris. Ah yes! he almost seduced me—he almost seduced me." Meaning of course that for the sake of this fascinating conversationalist he could almost submit to embrace his religion; but the way he rolled the word Seduced under his tongue and the juicy sound he gave it made "rich music in the ear."

In his writings, and often in talks, George Moore expressed his annoyance with the stage—, but like a ghost that would not go down it was an ever recurring subject between us. I was in London when he was finishing "Ulick and Soracha"—He read me much of the story from the printers proofs and quoted a great deal of it from memory. The episode of Ulick carrying off the Nun from the convent, getting her out the window, Taghd and the pet goose, the wild boar chasing and charging

in the forest, gave him the greatest delight in the telling. His laughter overflowed thru the recital making the meaning of his words "lost in the folds of his style." Friends acquainted with the inner humor which often broke thru his mental meditations will recognize the scene. Before this we had been talking of a play I had in mind, an adaptation from Balzac for a well known actor in Hollywood; but Moore was seized with the idea that Ulick and Soracha was the vehicle for him. When his book was off the press would I return to London and we would work it out together. What did I think of it? Balzac had done nothing better than this would be. Again our ideas of the stage were as far asunder as the two poles. I labored to make clear my reasons for the unsuitability of his story for the screen. He ended with a sigh and the usual words "No doubt you are right. No doubt you are right." He could not see that the inherent and intrinsic value of most of his fine compositions are not transferable to the stage, without destroying the very quality which constitutes their outstanding excellence.

As the love of the stage tormented him, I believe his love of Ireland came back in recurrent waves to pierce his reveries with melancholy and pride mingled. The pathos of distance again; the rosy enchantment enveloping the fertile imagination. He often spoke of the beauties of nature near and around Dublin in words of the tenderest appreciation. A letter dated from the Shelbourne Hotel, June 2, 1917 says in part—

Your letter was forwarded from London and reached me in the city in which I first met you. A city now engarlanded in Lilac Laburnum with the three hawthornes, the white, the pink, and the rose all claiming together our admiration, and your letter seemed to me part of the season.

Pictures were often the subject of the spoken memories that filled the evenings when we sat together. He was tolerant of my talk of Browning's Art Poems, Fra Lippo Lippi and Andrea del Sarto and listened to my descriptions of the frescos of del Sarto which had sent me on a pilgrimage into Italy to hunt out in small cities, the walls of cloisters made sacred by the brush of the "faultless" painter who put the virgin look into the face of his fair Lucretia.

Of his own house and the impressionists paintings mellowed into their surroundings, it is superfluous to speak; for who is capable of creating the atmosphere of love and appreciation that he gives to each and every one of them. For hours he has communed with them and for years he has lived with them. Edouard Manet—the well beloved; Monet's flooded meadows with willows in the mist; Condor, Berthe

Morisot, Daubigny, Mark Fisher, all of them his companions in the twilight.

His portrait painted by Sir William Orpen I do not recall having seen till my last visit at Ebury St. It hung in the front room on the main floor in a conspicuous place—. The attitude of this portrait is one of extreme lassitude, complete relaxation, the tired man dropped into a chair. Some one had mentioned to Moore a portrait they had seen of me painted by Charles Curran of New York, some years ago. He asked me what it was like, what coloring, what pose; I described it. A life sized figure, done in mauve and pale green, against a background of a tapestry from the looms of Herter. I assumed the pose, adding that I held a peacock feather, thus and so. At this he exploded—A peacock feather, detestable, ridiculous; why did I permit such a silly composition, etc., etc. I staunchly defended my peacock feather and looking across at his Orpen asked how he came to take that pose, and for the first time in my life, dared to criticize a picture in George Moore's presence. I challenged him to define, explain and justify this portrait. Who proposed this lackadaisical attitude. It was in truth an accident he said. He and Orpen had tried out many positions full face, side view, right and left, head raised, lowered, till finally quite wearied, he dropped into a chair in despair, when Orpen cried out—We have it—we have it and so the picture got its pose. Thinking back now I know I like this picture exceedingly, but for the moment it was my weapon of defense.

I think the one undeviating admiration of his life was Edouard Manet. He said he recognized him as the great new force in painting. Night after night he sat in the Nouvelle Athenes longing to speak to Manet—or be spoken to by him. Finally Manet, one night came to his table where he was making notes for an article, and asked if he was interrupting him—thus, the friendship began—which lasted thru a lifetime—A chance word would draw forth from Moore a dissertation on Manet and his mode of painting. He was ever ready to reiterate the statement that Manet's was the most beautiful painting in the world and so thru-out his life he carried the flag of Manet's superiority and hurled and furlled it upon all occasions.

He painted George Moore many times and also made many sketches which he destroyed. The first Manet of Moore is one I remember hanging in his house at Ely Upper in Dublin. This is the portrait that A.E. (George Russell) could not bring himself to praise, and indeed it has a wild look.

I know of 3 Manet's of Moore in this country, there may be many others—Of those three—I like best the one in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Another was exhibited in the Chicago Art Institute in the L. L. Coburn collection, and is now in the Fogg Museum at Harvard. The third is in a loan collection in the Chicago Art Institute, the lender anonymous and date of painting indefinite—marked French Impressionist.

I have generously been given permission to use prints from the paintings I mention, their chief attraction, apart from the drawing is the coloring which I cannot reproduce.

One must remember that Manet painted Moore in his flamboyant period, when as a young dandy, he was dashing about Paris, the yellow gold of his hair, and his Irish valet adding the high lights to a subject ready for recording on canvas.

Memory is a treacherous thing, and after the passage of years the demarcation between facts and fancies, becomes perilously close. A crowd of half formed remembrances of insignificant things flood my recollections of Moore; with me he was never trailing his coat in the dust and challenging one to step upon it; a belligerent attitude he is said to have assumed with many. He speaks of himself as being as shy as a wren in a hedge row. I think there is more than a grain of truth in the statement. Oft times, no doubt he assumed a confidence he did not feel. We all do for that matter. Delsarte the French philosopher summed it up in this phrase; "Conscience weakness assumes a strong attitude" and this truth is amplified in Moore's behavior, time and again. He often protected himself with a show of bravery while inwardly hesitant, if not actually trembling. I recall innumerable small happenings to corroborate this.

I did not see him for some few years preceding his death, but I recall very definitely the last evening I dined at Ebury St. When leaving he helped me on with my coat. It was a mole skin wrap, and feeling the softness of the fur, he asked me what it was. When I told him he examined it noting the numerous small skins it took to make the garment—then exclaimed in a pensive tone "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."

For a moment I felt as tho I had done the slaughtering with my own hands, his voice was as hopelessly sad as tho he were speaking of the death of a friend and I noticed then that he had fallen into a chair in the

very attitude of the Orpen portrait, hanging just behind him. He continued to ruminate "Life is one continuous killing; the fowl we had for dinner—the asparagus—the clothes we wear—the shoes we walk in; everything animate and even inanimate has its degree of life, which it surrenders—somehow, sometime. But this is a useless speculation and too sad, yes it is all too sad."

He realized then, that I was standing and apologized for keeping me waiting, he had asked me if I cared to walk part way to my hotel. He wanted to exercise having worked all day.

Before putting on his coat and hat he took a long look at me and said a strange thing. I have not forgotten the words nor the intonation. He called me Norah. Never before had he called me Norah—I do not know how he came to change my name so suddenly; but he said with the Irish inflection which sometimes broke thru his speech, "Ah Norah—Norah—why did you not stay in London all these years and write? How often I have told you what do to. You come and tell me stories and plays but you do not put them down on paper" and I with my lame excuse spoke of duty to family, business, the tragedies that upset ones plans etc—and his reply was "You are like my brother Maurice. You are like the Colonel. Duty and family are two big words with him. I do not understand you—no I do not understand you"—and half angry with me we left his house and walked a long way saying little. It was the quietest walk we ever had together.

Was his mind reverting to the mole skin coat or had it brot a train of thot that made words futile and colorless. Whatever the reverie I did not break thru it. I had no premonition it would be the last time we should meet in London or on the earth, but it was.

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