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Cahiers du Centre d'Études Irlandaises

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I

GEORGE MOORE

Trois regards sur son œuvre
Cinquante ans après sa mort

LES MINIATURES DANS *CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG MAN*

Goethe rapporte la pratique suivante, de règle dans la marine anglaise :

> « Tous les cordages de la flotte royale, du plus fort au plus faible, sont tressés de telle sorte qu'un fil rouge les parcourt tout entiers et qu'on ne peut l'en extraire sans que l'ensemble se défasse et le plus petit fragment permet encore de reconnaître qu'il appartient à la Couronne » (1).

Tout texte est ainsi tressé de plusieurs fils de couleurs différentes, flamboyants ou ternes, réapparaissant à intervalles plus ou moins proches, et étreignant les autres fils plus ou moins étroitement. Par son ambition même, *Confessions of a Young Man* invite le lecteur à rechercher ces fils. Une telle lecture semble facilitée et même sollicitée par le narrateur lui-même, qui accumule au cours des années tout un appareil critique venant commenter le texte d'origine. Mais la rouerie même de ces indications se révèle progressivement. On découvre alors une œuvre infiniment plus concertée qu'elle ne prétend l'être. Malgré ambiguïtés et contradictions (volontaires ou non) une certitude s'impose : ce roman d'apprentissage est, comme bien souvent, l'apprentissage d'une écriture, « the story of the artistic development of me, Edward Dayne » (2). A plusieurs reprises, l'histoire de ce développement est décrite comme une digestion d'éléments extérieurs. L'apprentissage, loin d'être solitaire et autonome, se nourrit sans cesse d'autrui.

> « Never could I interest myself in a book if it were not the exact diet my mind required at the time, or in the very immediate future. The mind asked, received and digested. So much was assimilated so much was expelled » (3).

Une telle technique s'explique par la nature même de l'écrivain George Moore, mais surtout par les conditions historiques dans lesquelles il se trouve. Tout comme Huysmans dans *A. Rebours*, il lui faut faire le point de toutes les esthétiques composant sa culture pour élaborer la

sienne propre. S'adressant à un double idéal, Cabaner, le narrateur déclare non sans emphase :

> « The roar and dust of the daily battle of the Realists was continued, under the flush of the sunset, the arms of the Romantics glittered, and pale spiritual symbolists watched and waited, none knowing yet of their presence. In such an hour of artistic convulsion and renewal of thought thou wert, and thou wert a magnificent rallying point for all comers, it was thou who didst theorise our confused aspirations » (4).

Cette noble tâche ne va pas sans risques, et il est malaisé d'être le réceptacle d'esthétiques agonisantes sans se laisser contaminer par elles au lieu de les transmuter en une langue inouïe jusqu'alors. La tentation du plagiat menace sans cesse, difficile à écarter, elle se fait pressante et de plus en plus séduisante, provoquant un véritable débat intérieur.

> « I
> If I am sensitive to and absorb the various potentialities of my age, am I not of necessity a power ?
> Conscience
> To be the receptable of and the medium through which unexplained forces work, is a very petty office to fulfil. Can you think of nothing higher ? » (5).

Pour mieux suivre George Moore se débattre avec ces enrichissantes mais aliénantes influences, plusieurs fils peuvent être choisis. Le nôtre ne se signale à l'attention que par sa discrétion ; dans un texte où les fausses confidences ont plaisir à égarer, il est trop ténu pour ne pas être utile. Ce fil rouge (au propre comme au figuré si l'on en croit l'étymologie) est le mot « miniature » tour à tour substantif et adjectif. Son emploi dans le texte, toujours métaphorique à une exception près, se répartit avec régularité et d'une manière stratégique. Dans la plupart de ses occurrences, le mot désigne un type d'écriture, et à part l'écriture dramatique, chaque genre venant tenter le narrateur se trouve représenté par le mot « miniature ».

Cette métaphore ouvre et ferme le texte en désignant le genre autobiographique. Le narrateur est identifié à une courtisane vieillie et son récit à une miniature la représentant à la fleur de l'âge, et qu'elle contemple avec nostalgie :

> « My melancholy is like her's — the ancient light-o'-love (...) When she sits by the fire in the dusk, a miniature of her past self in her hand » (6).

Les *Confessions* ainsi introduites dans une des Préfaces, s'achèvent sur la même image :

> « The vainest woman that ever looked in a glass never regretted her youth more than I, or felt the disgrace of middle-age more keenly. She has her portrait painted, I write these confessions » (7).

Dans les deux cas, l'image souligne avec complaisance la tonalité vespérale très « fin de siècle » de l'œuvre, nuançant de nostalgie l'ardeur toute juvénile du narrateur, atténuant sa spontanéité et sa fraîcheur, de la même manière que, dans la Dédicace, le fard teintant les joues de la Jeunesse révèle qu'elle est morte. Si l'on choisit parmi tous les motifs exprimant la décadence et la mort (fin du jour, fin de l'année, fin de la vie, fin du siècle) les images complémentaires du fard de la vieillesse et de la miniature de la jeunesse, on peut suivre de plus près George Moore dans sa recherche d'une langue propre. Le fard de la vieille femme à la miniature (« the ancient light-o'-love who wears a wig and reddens her cheeks ») (8) et le fard de la mémoire dont George Moore peint les joues de sa jeunesse morte « pour qu'elles prissent l'exacte ressemblance de la vie » insistent sur le caractère délibérément inauthentique des *Confessions* (9). Mais ce motif du fard a d'autres significations qui n'apparaissent que bien plus tard dans le texte, lorsque le narrateur introduit et traduit des poèmes en prose de Mallarmé qu'il vient de retrouver dans une vieille revue. L'introduction de ces traductions dans le texte est singulière. Sa structure est celle d'une mise en abyme, comme disent les héraldistes, l'introduction paraphrasant le texte même des poèmes en prose, si bien que le lecteur hésite quant à l'identité de l'auteur :

> « Stay, I remember I have some numbers of 'La Vogue' ». One of the numbers contains, I know, « Forgotten Pages ». I will translate word for word preserving the very rhythm, one or two of these miniature marvels of diction :
> (...)
> « I was reading, therefore, one of those dear poems (whose paint has more charm for me than the blush of youth)... » (10).

Grâce à ce texte composite et ambigu où s'unissent pour désigner l'écriture poétique la métaphore de la miniature et celle du fard de la femme vieillie, on peut s'approcher davantage de la nature et de la limite de l'entreprise autobiographique dans *Confessions of a Young Man*. Il s'y définit l'idéal d'une écriture décadente, précieuse, et condensée jusqu'à l'essence. Le terme de décadence est ici à prendre au sens propre : George Moore souhaite que son texte vienne s'inscrire au point de bascule où une civilisation mourante s'apprête, dans les convulsions, à donner naissance à ce « nouveau » que cherchait désespérément Baudelaire, et qu'évoque Mallarmé :

> « the dying poetry of the last moments of Rome, but before it has breathed

at all the rejuvenating approach of the barbarians, or has begun to stammer the infantile latin of the first Christian poetry » (11).

Ce point de bascule est situé au plus profond du passé grâce au redoublement opéré par la mise en abyme dans la mise en scène introduisant les traductions de Mallarmé : la datation, les poèmes mentionnés dans le poème en prose, « those dear poems » paraît d'autant plus ancienne qu'elle est repoussée dans le temps par la datation des poèmes de Mallarmé eux-mêmes, tels que les présente George Moore, retrouvant les vieux numéros de « La Vogue » où ils ont été publiés. Mais leur caractère d'ancienneté est aussi accentué par la désignation de « miniature » qui les accompagne. Le mot prend ici à la fois son sens d'adjectif et son sens de substantif, donnant à l'écriture poétique la rareté d'un manuscrit médiéval. Comme pour Des Esseintes, la beauté plastique de l'enluminure « en lettres onciales, coloriées, relevées (...) de points d'or » (12) est ici le signe même de sa beauté spirituelle. Après Mallarmé et Huysmans, George Moore affirme son rêve d'une écriture précieuse condensée jusqu'à absolu, « concrete essence, osmazone of literature, essential oil of art » (13). Mais en tentant de réaliser ce rêve d'une écriture « miniature » (avec les résonances diverses de ce mot) George Moore s'aperçoit qu'il fait un long détour qui retarde le moment où il trouvera sa propre voix.

En effet, des textes dont l'importance stratégique est aussi décisive que l'ouverture et la fin des *Confessions* sont aliénés par une image dictée de l'extérieur inspirée par les poèmes en prose de Mallarmé. On comprend mieux dès lors la fonction des *Confessions*. Elles constituent un exercice de style pour aller aussi loin que possible dans l'appropriation puis le rejet de langues autres. L'écriture autobiographique se nourrit de l'écriture poétique qu'elle intègre et dépasse, aboutissant alors à un troisième genre, le roman.

Comment caractériser ce passage par l'écriture poétique, et comment en justifier la nécessité ? Il semblerait que pour George Moore la tentation poétique soit une réponse (provisoire) à son interrogation sur sa langue d'écrivain, l'anglais ou le français. Il est significatif à cet égard que chaque poème inséré dans *Confessions* soit précédé d'une remarque sur le bilinguisme, ou plutôt la difficulté de maîtriser les deux langues, comme si écrire en vers dans l'une ou l'autre langue, pouvait être une ébauche de solution. Ainsi les poèmes « The Sweetness of the Past » et « Nostalgia » sont-ils introduits par ces mots :

> « I have heard of writing and speaking two languages equally well : This was impossible for me, and I am convinced that if I had remained two more years in France I should never have been able to identify my thoughts with the language I am now writing in, and I should have written as an alien (...)

> For when I returned from Paris my English terribly corrupt with French ideas and form of thoughts, I could write acceptable English verse but even ordinary newspaper prose was beyond my reach » (14).

Le même genre d'explication encadre les poèmes en français « Nuit de Septembre », « Pour un tableau de Lord Leighton » (15), « Pour un tableau de Rubens » et « Vers d'album », présentés comme exemples du manque de connaissance que leur auteur a du français et de l'anglais et de son incertitude quant à la nationalité de sa muse, « my only doubt was whether my muse was French of English » (16).

Mais s'il insère ces tentatives poétiques dans le texte autobiographique proprement dit, George Moore le fait d'une manière doublement distanciée qui indique bien que l'écriture poétique ne constitue pour lui qu'un brouillon de son œuvre à venir. Par le même redoublement que celui qui introduisait les poèmes en prose de Mallarmé, « Forgotten Pages », ces poèmes appartiennent à un passé d'autant plus lointain qu'ils sont à la fois présentés comme des erreurs de jeunesse et placés sous le signe du bon vieux temps comme l'indiquent leurs titres « The Sweetness of the Past » ou « Nostalgia ». Cette inscription dans le passé les valorise mais en même temps les réduit à des documents, curiosités littéraires plutôt qu'œuvres dignes de ce nom. L'autre distanciation, elle aussi à la fois valorisante et réductrice, consiste à citer des traductions de poèmes, celles de Mallarmé par exemple. On y retrouve l'intérêt pour un genre littéraire, mais aussi comme une dérobade par rapport à son appropriation. Les incertitudes provoquées par l'introduction ambiguë de ces traductions accentuent encore l'impression du lecteur d'être confronté à un texte sans auteur, à force d'en avoir trop. Car c'est finalement cette surabondance des références qui empêche l'écriture poétique d'être viable. Ces références encombrantes sont aussi bien d'ordre pictural que d'ordre littéraire. Les titres mêmes des poèmes (« Pour un tableau de Lord Leighton », « Pour un tableau de Rubens ») montrent assez ce qu'ils doivent à leurs modèles picturaux. Quant à l'assujettissement aux modèles littéraires, il se fait de deux manières.

D'une part, si l'on s'en tient aux deux poèmes que l'on vient de citer, on remarque qu'ils reproduisent une forme superbement mise au point par Baudelaire dans « Les Phares » et à laquelle s'est également essayé Proust dans ses « Portraits de Peintres ». Mais si l'on considère d'autre part les poèmes de George Moore dans leur ensemble, on constate que chacun d'eux est en fait un pastiche de l'un des poètes français qu'il admirait. Même les commentaires critiques qu'il consacre à ces poètes sont des pastiches. Ainsi sa rêverie sur le crépuscule (17) verlainien (qui inspire plusieurs moments des *Confessions)* est tout simplement une traduction des pages d'*A. Rebours* sur le même sujet. Lorsque George

Moore écrit « Never shall I forget the first enchantment of 'Les Fêtes Galantes'. Here all is twilight » (18) et qu'il cite quelques vers du poème « Les Ingénus », il se souvient de Des Esseintes (19) admirant Verlaine pour avoir « su exprimer de vagues et délicieuses confidences à mi-voix, au crépuscule » et citant exactement le même quatrain : « Le soir tombait, un soir équivoque d'automne... ».

Après être allé jusqu'au bout des possibilités de la traduction, du pastiche et du plagiat dans le domaine poétique, George Moore est prêt pour commencer son apprentissage d'une autre écriture, l'écriture romanesque. Le compte rendu qu'il fait de cet apprentissage utilise, lui aussi, l'image de la miniature. Il s'agit du chapitre 5, rêverie sur le roman balzacien : « the little oval frames catch the fleeting beams. I go to the miniatures » (20). Parmi les portraits, il retrouve celui de la « femme de trente ans ». A ce point de l'apprentissage, on est loin encore de l'appropriation d'une langue personnelle, et la mauvaise conscience du pasticheur vis-à-vis du modèle est même explicite :

> « Balzac has written some admirable pages on this subject ; my memory of them is vague and uncertain, although durable as all memories of him must be (...) There is no fear of plagiary. He cannot have said all ; he cannot have said what I want to say » (21).

Une telle affirmation n'est qu'une manière inversée d'exprimer la sensation, propre à toute écriture décadente, de venir trop tard dans un monde trop ancien. Peut-être la solution consiste-t-elle à inventer un genre nouveau conciliant écriture poétique et écriture romanesque ? « I felt the naturalisation of the « Roses of Midnight » (recueil de jeunesse) would prove a difficult task. I soon found it an impossible one » (22). Finalement, George Moore se consacre exclusivement au roman, en faisant table rase de toutes les références qui l'encombrent.

Après Balzac et Zola, il lui faut éclipser les romanciers de langue anglaise qui ont fixé les règles du genre. Les pages critiques du chapitre 10 ont cette fonction. On y remarque deux références picturales, l'une implicite, l'autre explicite, destinées à dévaloriser les romanciers qu'elles désignent. La première est une assimilation de l'univers romanesque de Henry James et du portrait mondain de Whistler (23), la seconde une allusion évidente au portrait de Stevenson par Whistler, « a consumptive youth weaving garlands of sad flowers with pale, weak hands » (24). Les sentiments mitigés de George Moore pour l'œuvre de Whistler permettent de penser que ces références ont ici pour fonction de réduire la portée de l'œuvre de James ou de Stevenson. Parallèlement, on assiste à une libération par rapport à d'autres modèles trop encombrants, les peintres. Il est indéniable que les impressionnistes ont aidé George Moore à préciser sa vision du monde. C'est en visitant leurs expositions qu'il apprend lui-même comment donner à voir. Mais il se contente tout d'abord de restituer des tableaux impressionnistes tels quels, au lieu de créer ses propres images. Tout se passe comme s'il découpait des tableaux impressionnistes dans le réel ; il peint la Gare du Nord comme Monet (« The great and melancholy Gare du Nord ») (25), les bals musettes comme Renoir (« the clangour of the band, the unreal greeness of the foliage, the thronging of the dancers, and the chattering of women ») (26) et l'absinthe comme Manet (27). Ce n'est qu'à la fin de son apprentissage littéraire qu'il utilise la technique impressionniste pour évoquer un objet original qui soit une création personnelle, le personnage d'Emma. La création de ce personnage marque une libération définitive par rapport à tous les modèles. S'il rappelle certaines silhouettes de Degas, il n'appartient pas en propre au répertoire de ce peintre. Pas davantage n'est-il issu d'un univers romanesque déjà existant. La symétrie entre les deux figures féminines, la femme de trente ans (Chapitre 5) et Emma (Chapitre 9), accentue encore l'autonomie de la seconde. Désormais, George Moore, en possession de sa langue propre, peut ambitionner d'égaler ou de surpasser les plus grands. Ainsi peut-il déclarer à son personnage : « Dickens would sentimentalise or laugh about you. I do neither » (28). Désormais, il sait utiliser ses modèles, peintres ou écrivains, en les faisant oublier. L'écriture des *Confessions* rend possible celle de l'œuvre romanesque : « I shivered ; the cold air of morning blew in my face, I closed the window and sitting at the table, haggard and overworked, I continued my novel » (29). Après tant de soirées et de nuits encombrées par autrui, temps fertilement perdu, le matin créateur peut commencer (30).

Ainsi la métaphore de la miniature représente dans le texte les différents genres littéraires tentant le narrateur, et permet de suivre son apprentissage d'écrivain. A cet effet, elle se charge de significations multiples : symbolisant l'écriture autobiographique, elle en exprime la tonalité nostalgique et la féminité sous-jacente. Cette féminité est exorcisée par un déplacement de la figure du narrateur des *Confessions* (qui avoue lui-même sa propre dualité) (31) aux figures des héroïnes des romans que George Moore écrit par la suite. Parallèlement, en symbolisant l'écriture poétique, la métaphore permet de définir l'idéal d'une écriture du détail et de la subtilité condensée et précieuse à l'extrême.

Mais il existe dans les *Confessions* une dernière occurrence où le mot de « miniature » s'entend au sens propre. Il s'agit du chapitre 8, où la féminité du narrateur jusqu'alors reléguée à l'arrière-plan apparaît en pleine lumière par l'appropriation du récit par une voix féminine. Ce chapitre est presque entièrement dû à une narratrice qui y relate la vente aux enchères des biens du narrateur, après son départ précipité de Paris pour Londres. Parmi les objets vendus et rachetés par la narratrice, se trouve

une miniature qu'elle renvoie au narrateur : « I sent you the miniature, and I hope you will not let it be sold again ». Si l'on accepte l'idée que l'anecdote (à fondement biographique) a une portée symbolique quant à l'apprentissage de l'écriture, on peut y lire la précarité même des genres mis à l'essai dans *Confessions of a Young Man*. Cette miniature ainsi rachetée, envoyée, pour être abandonnée de nouveau et revendue, peut représenter l'appropriation puis la mise à l'écart-provisoire ou non — de genres comme l'autobiographie, la poésie ou le roman. Si l'on se place dans la perspective de *Confessions of a Young Man*, l'itinéraire, partant de l'autobiographie, traverse l'écriture poétique pour arriver au roman. Si le point de vue tente d'embrasser l'ensemble de l'œuvre, on s'aperçoit finalement qu'aucun des trois genres symbolisés ici par la miniature n'est abandonné ou privilégié aux dépens des autres : le roman et l'autobiographie dominent sans conteste, mais l'ultime perfection de « Forgotten Pages » ne cesse de hanter l'écrivain George Moore (32), soucieux de donner à sa prose la qualité et la densité qu'il a admirées chez Mallarmé.

Pascale GUILLOT-McGARRY.

NOTES

1. Goethe, *Les Affinités Electives*, Aubier - Flammarion, Paris 1970, t. 11, p. 26 et 27.
2. G. Moore, *Confessions of a Young Man*, McGill - Queen's University Press, Montréal et Londres 1972, p. 165.
3. Id. p. 62.
4. Id. p. 107.
5. Id. p. 223.
6. Id. p. 37.
7. Id. p. 217.
8. Id. p. 37.
9. Id. p. 33.
10. Id. p. 169 et 170.
11. Id. p. 170. George Moore traduit ici très fidèlement « Plainte d'Automne ». S. Mallarmé, *Œuvres Complètes* NRF Gallimard, Paris 1945, p. 270.
12. J.K. Huysmans, *A. Rebours*, 10/18 UGE, Paris 1975, p. 300.
13. G. Moore, op. cit. p. 171.
14. Id. p. 130.
15. Id. p. 206 et 207.
16. Id. p. 207.
17. De même que l'automne est la saison mentale de toute littérature décadente, le crépuscule en est l'heure mentale. Toutes les nuances de la lumière déclinante apparaissent dans les *Confessions :* « dusk », « twilight », « sunset », « a last hour of vivid blue and gold glare », « lamplight », « moonlight », « dawn » (op. cit. p. 87, 88, 89), pour aboutir au matin blafard de la dernière page.
18. George Moore, op. cit. p. 87.
19. J.K. Huysmans, op. cit. p. 287.
20. George Moore, op. cit. p. 89.
21. Id. p. 89.
22. Id. p. 96.
23. Id. p. 151.
24. Id. p. 164.
25. Id. p. 55.
26. Id. p. 60.
27. Id. p. 102.
28. Id. p. 134.
29. Id. p. 192.
30. Lors d'une relecture tardive, George Moore montre qu'il a parfaitement conscience de l'importance de *Confessions of a Young Man* dans la genèse de son œuvre romanesque : « The book is a sort of genesis. The seed of everything I have written since will be found herein. A friend once said to me, « you always had *Esther Waters* in your mind », and when I asked him what he meant, he said « well, she is in *Confessions of a Young Man* ». (...) Then I understood that the servant girl Emma must have given rise to the story. » (op. cit. p. 44).
31. « Jamais auparavant l'âme d'un homme n'avait été si embrouillée avec celle de la femme ; et pour expliquer l'anormal de cette sympathie sexuelle, je ne puis qu'imaginer qu'avant ma naissance il y avait eu quelque hésitation sur le sexe » (op. cit. p. 255).
32. Le Chapitre 21 de *Lewis Seymour and some women* est par exemple consacré à une rencontre des deux héros avec Mallarmé qui leur fait cadeau d'une édition rare de son œuvre, puis tente de leur faire comprendre la signification de certains poèmes.

P. G.McG.

THE « HOME SICKNESS »
OF GEORGE MOORE

A distinction has been made recently between *The Untilled Field* and *The Lake* — one being connected with a return to Ireland, meaning the land and its people, while the other is in a deeper and more Bachelardian sense the return to memories (1). Indeed ; but one may also underline the particularly significant *presence* of essential elements in the short stories, considered collectively or severally, not so much as possible, probable or certain influences on other Irish writers — critics are well aware of this (2) — but as vital architectural parts of a whole. It is with this in mind that I shall discuss some facets of the thematic patterns and form of « Home Sickness », and possibly contribute to shading a little more finely some critics' assessments of this story (3). My remarks will be based on the revised text of the final version of *The Untilled Field (4) ;* here nothing detracts from the powerful thematic suggestion of « Home Sickness » : it is no longer « enclosed », as John Cronin puts it, referring to the stories in the 1903 edition (5), « within the argumentative boundaries provided by ' In the Clay ' and ' The Way Back ' » (6), in other words within a frame work of polemical themes. In the 1931-1932 versions of *The Untilled Field* the framework is now based on the condition of the expatriate, and the notion of « home sickness » is more clearly apparent as one of the component strains running through the great thematic undertow in Moore's works, of which the writer may or may not have been fully aware.

*
* *

The story, one may remember, relates how James Bryden returns to Ireland on his doctor's advice, after thirteen years in a bar-room in a Bowery slum. Certain places and people emerge from his memory as he rediscovers them, but the countryside now seems desolate and neglected, and the people poor and depressing, although he enjoys quiet times fish-

ing in the lake. He seems at one stage to be integrating into the village life, for he joins in the dancing and is on the point of marrying Margaret Dirken. He cannot, however, accept the rule of the parish priest over the villagers' lives and their submission to him. So when, in the shape of a letter from America, the call comes for him to go back to the bar-room, he escapes from what would now clearly be a prison for him and returns to the noise, smell and excitement of the Bowery. In some ways, however, he has never left Ireland, for his native countryside and his Irish love rise up in his mind more clearly than anything else in his old age.

In this variation on what was already, in 1903, the well-known, even well-worn theme of the Irish emigrant (7), we instantly recognize the stereotype of a returning exile and his « commuter » status (8). But there are ironic overtones here to sustain Moore's realistic approach to what is in fact his own problem, and his intention of debunking romantic notions about the exile's « home ». At the same time the reader is made aware of the tremendous and fundamental seriousness underlying the Irishman's dilemma. Bryden is different from other « commuters » in that he apparently never dreamed of returning to the country he loved ; did he even love it ? It does not occur to him to go back before the doctor suggests this, which is not one of the most prevalent motives for the exile's return, in spite of the « cousin » in *Salve* who came home for a rest (9). The suggestion is accepted with little enthusiasm by Bryden, who seemingly has not thought a great deal about his native village and its people during his time in America (10). When the story begins he is already in the alien land, unlike the Feeneys in Liam O'Flaherty's « Going into Exile » who are preparing to leave Ireland, or Paddy in Bryan MacMahon's « Exile's Return », who arrives back from England with the start of the story. Moore can in this way remind his readers of what, very commonly, is the emigrant's real lot, although there are those who, like Stephen in Daniel Corkery's « Rock-of-the-Mass », are able to climb the socio-professional ladder elsewhere.

It is true that at the end of « Home Sickness », America proves to be the land of liberty or fulfilment that every emigrant seeks, and that in several other stories in *The Untilled Field* the same widely-held belief is expressed directly or by implication, in « The Exile », for instance, « Some Parishioners », « A Letter to Rome », and particularly « So On He Fares » where in the very first paragraph the canal leads to the Shannon and thence to the sea and the ships. But it is the reverse of the country where the streets are paved with gold, as it is popularly supposed to be, or even shown to be in « Patchwork », « The Wedding Feast », or « The Window ». America at the beginning of « Home Sickness » is the squalid environment of the Bowery slum, the unhealthy milieu of the bar-room with its drink and noise, and far from making his fortune James Bryden

has to work long hours and ruin his health to earn a living. So the return of the emigrant it is, but not that of the poor boy who has made good.

Neither does the letter from America play its traditional role, that of sending money for those at home, either to help ease the poverty of the family or to pay the fare out of another of its members ; and the call home is no longer that sent from Ireland by mother or wife, so commonly sentimentalized in ballads and popular custom. Ironic, too, is the anti-romantic presentation of Bryden's yearning for his bar-room ; no mists coming in from the sea here, but the smell of the slum outweighing all that is connoted by the grouped « Atlantic » and « western headland » :

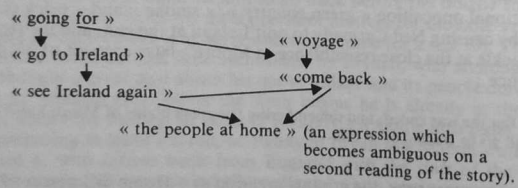
> « The smell of the Bowery slum had come across the Atlantic, and had found him out in this western headland » (11).

At this stage in the course followed by the Irish exile, his dream is not of the green hillside but of the rowdy atmosphere of the bar. The situation is comparable to that in « The Wild Goose », where the ironic projection is carried a degree further ; Moore makes a mockery of the conventional opposition « green country »/« smoke » and « brick chimneys » by causing Ned Carmady to quit Ireland at the end, and the reader will chuckle at the close resemblance to Moore's later account of his own experience :

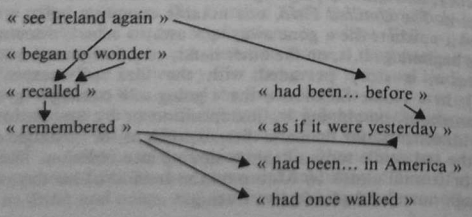
> « But the war ended, and remembering the green plains of Meath I said : ' I will go to Ireland ! ' » (12).

At the same time, the gradual creation in « Home Sickness » of the melancholy atmosphere of the Irish country-side, as well as of unsettled state of mind characteristic of the returned exile, is accomplished through structural devices with which the student of Moore is familiar. One of these is the introduction and growth of the journey/departure theme, in repetition and echo form. It is to be found, in groupings of different frequency, and with varying degrees of concentration, in virtually all the stories in *The Untilled Field,* one notable exception being « The Wedding Gown », where the « gone away »/« away » echo is discernible only near the beginning. It is, on the other hand, very freely used in « So On He Fares », a story pervaded with the idea of escape and freedom (13). In « Home Sickness » the « going »/« coming » groups are used throughout, combining by juxtaposition or by association or suggestion with other major thematic threads, such as the nostalgic echo of the past, the sad gentle sense of things sinking into oblivion. There is no sardonic or frontal attack by Moore on the Ireland of his day, all is carried through nuanced and selective tracing.

Examples of how Moore proceeds may be taken from the first pages (14). The « going » theme — that of the man unable to stay — appears before there is any question of Bryden's leaving America (« going for long walks »). The more precise notion of « voyage » is introduced by the words of the doctor, who then tells him to « go to Ireland ». The echo will therefore already be in position, as it were, when Bryden remembers the villagers « going every morning to the big house » (sic). Almost immediately, the idea of « coming back » also appears (« You will come back a new man »). America is thus announced, at this early point, as « home », and Bryden's eventual path foreshadowed as well, for he will come back a new man, even if the story is to demonstrate the force of the « unchanging, silent life ». Simultaneously, « come back » awakes echoes of the traditional « Come Back to Erin » theme, which links Bryden to the stock emigrant situation. In the meantime Bryden's and the reader's consciousness has perceived the word « Ireland » which is caught up and sent out again in a new sentence, this time with added subjective meaning, revealing more about Bryden and taking its place in the intertexture of memory and the existence of the past with « see... again » :



The strand thus introducing the constant survival of memory — the thing remembered, the act of remembering, the faculty of remembering — is not, in its turn, allowed to drop, but is reiterated and reaffirmed, as Bryden moves on, now with individual words or groups of words, now by the use of the Past Perfect continually throwing the mind back (15) :



The additional use of the Past Frequentative Form merges the thread of past time into that of exile, intimating the unplumbed depths of Bryden's memory :

> « ... he was not affected when he heard that Mary Kelly, who used to go to do the laundry at the Big House, had married ; he was only interested when he heard she had gone to America » (16).

The turning-point in the evolution of Bryden's response to Ireland is when he begins to « wish himself back » in America (p. 37), for it is a sign that he is already on his way home. The following line « And when they left the house » marks the tiny progress made, however imperceptibly, by the idea of departure. This becomes more insistent with the description of his urge to leave during his first night in Duncannon ; it will be formulated later with unconscious irony by the priest : « You had better go to America » (p. 43), and Bryden retorts, unaware that he is expressing his deep desire : « If that is intended for me, sir, I'll go back tomorrow » (p. 44). The letter in fact, echoing the doctor's words, and now using the verb « come » from the American side for the first time since Bryden's arrival, merely prods him into a course of action which the organization of the story is by that time showing to be unavoidable.

It is at this juncture that the *necessity* of « going away » from Ireland and « going back » to his home in America is clearly expressed, the two ideas separately at first, then almost simultaneously as they fuse :

> « He must go away from this place — he must get back to the bar-room » (p. 46).

As he recognizes how sharply he is divided from Margaret, so do the verbs « go » and « come » fulfil other functions. « I shall have to go over there », he says (p. 47), as if intending to be absent for a short time only. The first « I shall come back », spoken by Bryden, serves to illustrate his inability to tell Margaret the truth. When she uses the same verb, it is clear that « back » embodies for each different and incompatible conceptions of their future, and of their reasons for living. The repetitions of the word finally make Margaret comprehend the true significance of « coming back » for James and the inevitability of his departure. In the following paragraph (p. 48) the term is re-echoed, but it now alternates with others (« hoping », « did not think », « asked himself »), as Bryden's surface hesitations are shown to have no weight.

The harmony of the composition depends largely on the varying rapidity of the movement, the later rhythms standing out in contrast to the slow beginning, in which the slightly monotonous melancholy with which the story is penetrated is particularly well caught :

« And he began to wonder how the people at home were getting on » (p. 32).

The paragraphs following the arrival of the letter from America contain the mounting sense of urgency which expresses the near-panic in Bryden's heart. He is pulled at from opposing sides at one and the same time. From being nearly trapped in Ireland, he is now relentlessly pursued by his life in America :

« ... found him out... (...) being hunted... (...) hunted him down... » (pp. 45-46).

Parallel to this and inseparable from it is his awareness of the fatality making his flight inescapable, brought home by the repeated :

« ... yet he must go... (...) that he must go away... (...) I shall have to go over there... (...) must go... (...) will have to... (...) have to hurry... » (pp. 45, 46, 47).

Then the instant of suspense and its implication of what is at stake if he misses the train subsides into the slower pace of the arrival in New York with its impression of security and promise of fulfilment :

« He would miss the train if he waited another minute, and he ran on. And he would have missed the train if he had not met a car. Once he was on the car he felt himself safe — the country was already behind him. The train and the boat at Cork were mere formulae ; he was already in America.

« And when the tall skyscraper stuck up beyond the harbour he felt the thrill of home... » (17).

This in turn moves to the serene last paragraph, with what Frank O'Connor calls its « cool and sympathetic intelligence » (18). Similar treatment is given to the end of « The Wild Goose », although with different accentuation, refined into more intangible effect by its expressing the instinctive, and perhaps more radically significant :

« He left early the next morning before she was awake in order to save her the pain of farewells, and all that day in Dublin he walked about possessed by the great yearning of the wild goose when it rises from the warm marshes, scenting the harsh north through leagues of air, and goes away on steady wing-beats. But he did not feel he was a free man until the outlines of Howth began to melt into the grey drift of evening » (19).

I shall not dwell here on the nature imagery in « Home Sickness » except to note once more that Moore was probably writing *The Lake* when the first edition of *The Untilled Field* was published, and that the

complex mesh of suggestion and symbol in that book (20) may be traced in embryonic form in our story. It is in fact the only one which, if taken out from the rest of the collection, involves lake symbolism sufficiently meaningful to stand alone, consisting in more than the passing mention it appears to be in « The Exile » and « The Wedding Gown » (21). The lake figures in the introductory pages as one of the main elements in Bryden's returning memories, and begins to play a progressively more recognizable part when Bryden and Mike walk around it on their way to the village, witnessing the workings of memory, and necessarily quickening them (p. 34). Later it is the centre point in Bryden's imagined vision of the desolate countryside (p. 38), and is subsequently to assist at and therefore be associated with his state of being at odds with his environment and his incapacity to adapt (p. 39). The lake's life is glimpsed, with the ducks and the reeds talking together — contentedly, we imagine — and this life continues to exist while time is passing for Bryden. There are glimpses, too, of its past in the time of ancient Ireland, and of the « still water » which will have deeper import at the end of the story. This, certainly, will take on enriched significance in *The Lake,* but « Home Sickness » could also be analysed through the lens of Bachelard's *L'eau et les rêves :*

« Le passé de notre âme est une eau profonde » (22).

The two lakes, one large and one small, are one instance in the story of « obvious symbolism », the charge levelled at Moore with respect to « In the Clay » (23) — for the mallard and the ducks naturally fly towards the larger lake, and the frog is caught on Bryden's fishing-line as Ned Carmady will be caught, for a time as he thinks, in « The Wild Goose » (24). Moore's point at this stage of his use of lake imagery, that one can never escape from the still waters of one's memory, is found at its most explicit at the end of « Home Sickness ».

The colours are the dominant ones of the west of Ireland, to be found so constantly in Moore's works : the stated blue of the limestone, of the hills, the green hill or hillside ; the indirect evocation by mention of the lake, the fields and boreens, the smoke (25). Only the frog is sharply marked by « its great white belly and its bright yellow back » (26).

*
* *

The opening lines of « Home Sickness », comparable in their density and seeming simplicity to those of Joyce's « The Sisters » and « Eveline », are exceptional in *The Untilled Field ;* it is the only story to engage the reader's attention so immediately by having a personal pronoun as the first word, a proper name not appearing until the second page. This sets a

tone which is both intimate and impersonal. At the same time, the identity of the protagonist is established rapidly, for the first three sentences are rich in information about him : his character and physical condition, his occupation, the socio-economic class to which he belongs, the difficulty of his struggle to survive in his urban milieu. The beginning of « The Wild Goose » has not at all the same directness, with its remark about the eternity of stone (« A shrine outlasts its creed », p. 217) which introduces a polemical note before anything is known about the speaker. « So On He Fares », too, opens with the allegorical « His mother had forbidden him to stray about the roads » (p. 201) ; by this it is made quite clear that the story will be shaded by the intrusive polemical mist that is increasingly to permeate Moore's work.

The polemical elements in « Home Sickness », however, are singularly controlled. The first indication of a neglected countryside is on the third page of the story (p. 34) ; on the fourth Bryden notices the emptiness of the village and the surrounding land, and the impression of ruin begins to be strengthened with the signs of the villager's poverty on the fifth. Only on the sixth page do we get clear evidence of Bryden's alienation from them, conveyed in the same mode of factual observation used throughout :

> « ... their talk was as depressing as their appearance, and he could feel no interest whatever in them » (27).

The priest, around whom Bryden's refusal will crystallize, does not appear before the eleventh page, and a few lines further on we are informed, and in such a way that this seems a natural state of affairs, that there do exist more broadminded parish priests, not far away :

> « She told him that they sometimes crossed over into another parish where the priest was not so averse to dancing... » (28).

Later, it is true, Bryden's search for the reason impelling him to reject Ireland narrows down to the priest and his tyranny over the pathetically ignorant people, but after that the priest is not mentioned again (29). In addition, he is not the only focusing point :

> « Looking up, he saw the scanty orchard, and he hated the spare road that led to the village, and he hated the little hill at the top of which the village began, and he hated more than all other places the house where he was to live with Margaret Dirken — if he married her » (30).

Even if geographical space, inhabitant, spiritual atmosphere cannot easily be dissociated, we are far here from the grossness of which Moore has been accused.

Several points of similarity may be noted between « Home Sickness » and « The Wild Goose » (31). Both of the central figures are Irish-born Americans who, with their American accent, feel as strangers in Ireland and approach the country as if it was a foreign and unfamiliar place : Bryden, now out of his element, is kept awake by the cackling of the geese, and experiences nightmarish terror on becoming aware of the loneliness of the surrounding countryside (p. 38) ; Ned Carmady asks himself « if he would like to live in this queer, empty country » (p. 238). The two men feel « safe » or « free » at the end. Both stories are illustrations of the anti-clerical theme, and use animal symbolism for the notion of being trapped and of possible or impossible escape — the frog in « Home Sickness », the trout in « The Wild Goose » (pp. 240-241).

Some of the differences are purely technical improvements in the longer story, such as the dialogue, less simplified, certainly, in « The Wild Goose », more polished, too intellectual sometimes, but providing more substantial filling-in to the outline of the characters :

> « ' But you don't look as if you wished me to stay '.
> ' Yes, Ned, I do — I shall miss you. Of course, it will be very lonely here without you, but perhaps it will be better. When you come back I shall have got back my figure, and perhaps you will like me better than ever. '
> ' You have so little confidence in my love, Ellen, that you only wish me to see you when you are looking... charming. '
> ' It seems to me, Ned, that if a woman wishes to retain a man's love when she marries such a man as you, he must only see her when — '
> ' But that isn't like you at all. My dear Ellen, you're crying ? What is the meaning of these tears ? '
> ' I don't know, Ned. It is foolish of me, and under this apple-tree, too, where we have spent so many pleasant hours. '
> ' In about six years there will be one who will appreciate the tree as we have never appreciated it. I can see the little chap running after the apples. '
> ' But, Ned, it may be a girl. '
> ' Then it will be like you, dear. ' » (32).

The question of plausibility may also be raised : Bryden, after a childhood spent in Ireland, should have known that « keeping company » was not the custom (pp. 41-42) ; Ned Carmady knows that if he flirts with Ellen he will have to marry her (p. 239).

The polemical disposition has, on the other hand, been developed to excess. Whereas « Home Sickness » contains no criticism, overt or otherwise, in its opening page, « The Wild Goose » shows Ned Carmady standing back and regarding Ireland with an amused and supercilious attitude. This story has lost the sober simplicity of tone and content which characterizes « Home Sickness » ; Ned Carmady is too obviously Moore

the controversialist, the themes are bombarded home, the favourite expressions are there, with their ironic contempt of the Irish peasant : « The finest herdsmen and the finest horsemen » (p. 220) ; « As well as the gift of herding they possess the gift of blasphemy » (p. 223) ; they will recur in later works (33).

« Home Sickness » is free of superfluity, includes no slightly clumsy explanatory detail like that in « The Exile », where Moore deems it necessary to inform the reader that somebody is minding the mare outside the station while the Phelans are on the platform (p. 29). To illustrate how the story has been pared down almost to its simplest form, one might compare passages from the 1903 Tauchnitz edition with those of the final text (34). I would stress one or two changes particularly relevant to the development of the thematic pattern.

On the whole the final version is far more tightly wrought, using fewer words, leaving out all that is not strictly to the point. The landlord/tenant picture on the first page is longer in the 1903 text, and includes historico-social considerations :

> « Upon this headland the peasantry had been given permission to build their cabins by former owners of the Georgian house standing on the pleasant green hill. The present owners considered the village a disgrace, but the villagers paid high rents for their plots of ground, and all the manual labour that the Big House required came from the village : the gardeners, the stable helpers, the house and the kitchen maids » (35).

This is to be modified into :

> « He could see the houses and the streets, and the fields of the tenants, and the Georgian mansion and the owners of it ; he and they had been boys together before he went to America. He remembered the villagers going every morning to the big house to work in the stables, in the garden, in the fields — mowing, reaping, digging, and Michael Malia building a wall » (36).

All is now recorded more faithfully from Bryden's point of view and follows the actual functioning of his memory. Similarly, details which are unimportant either for the furthering of the plot or the perception of the tonality are suppressed :

> « ... and while they walked, James proposed to pay Mike ten shillings a week for his board and lodging. He remembered the woods thick and well-forested » (37)

Becomes :

> « ... and while walking he remembered the woods thick and well-forested » (38) ;

here there is no interruption of the gradually pervading sense of yearning and the slow-moving current of Bryden's reverie. The over-explicit has also been removed :

> « He offered up a thanksgiving for his escape » (39)

originally preceded the sentence :

> « ... entered into negotiations for the purchase of the bar-room » (40).

Moore cannot be reproached with having cut too drastically, as with *The Lake* (41), for unlike Father Gogarty's case, the reason for Bryden's presence in Ireland is to rest, and this justifies his day-long thinking and dreaming.

The later edition serves the author's purpose more efficiently in the subtle affirmation of his themes through succeeding and correlative impressions. A striking example is the presentation of the « desolate country » theme when Bryden arrives in Duncannon. The earlier version runs thus :

> « ... the evening was fine, and he would meet many people coming home from the fair, some of whom he had known in his youth, and they would tell him where he could get a clean lodging » (42).

This disappears, to be replaced by only « a car » and « the boy » (p. 33) in what has truly become a deserted empty place ; Moore has eliminated what would have given life, and completeness, to the scene. It might seem at first that he has very slightly compensated for this later in the story : instead of meeting only the landlord « one morning » (Tauchnitz p. 45), Bryden in the later text does see other people :

> « ... whenever a peasant driving a cart or an ass or an old woman with a bundle of sticks on her back went by, Bryden kept them in chat, and he soon knew the village by heart » (43).

In fact these people do not betoken any form of hope or indeed of life ; they are one more detail of the picture of primitive existence that Moore has already started to unveil ; he has not placed any dynamic elements, he is simply sketching in more of the illustration. Another variation functions in a similar way :

« But Mike did not seem to be able to tell him much that was of interest » (44) ;

here the implication is that Mike talked a good deal, whatever he said ; in the 1931 text the last four words are omitted, suggesting that Mike had not even enough vitality to inform Bryden, the change is a further curtailing, a diminishing of the spark of life.

Other differences show a more subjective angle combined with greater simplicity and more effective directness, comparable to revisions of *The Lake* (45) :

« ... the loneliness of the country seemed to penetrate to his bones » (Tauchnitz p. 43)

is modified into :

« ... he seemed to realize suddenly how lonely the country was » (p. 38).

Alternately, the meaning of a word may be radically changed to bring the sentence more fully into line with the growth of the texture, as when Bryden begs of Mrs. Scully not to drive the chickens out of her kitchen :

« ... saying he did not mind them » (Tauchnitz p. 41).

This is replaced by :

« ... saying they reminded him of old times » (p. 35).

Finally the later text is more authentically « Irish » in the sense that lexical or syntactical changes are made which transform sentences or phrases into the particular English used in Ireland :

Tauchnitz	1931
« This has been a bad season » (p. 43)	« This has been a poor season » (p. 37)
« What kind of breakfast will he give me ? » (p. 44)	« What kind of a breakfast... » (p. 38)
« ... the work he was going to do » (p. 44)	« ... the work he was going to be at » (p. 38)

Lines are modified so as to discover more accurately a feature of the Irish character, such as the devious way of expressing an opinion, which

appears in a large number of portrayals of the Irish, from Synge through Somerville and Ross to Flann O'Brien (46) :

« You haven't done any mowing this many a year ; I don't think you'd be of much help. You'd better go for a walk by the lake, but you may come in the afternoon if you like and help to turn the grass over » (p. 44).

« It's a long time since you've done any mowing, and it's heavier work than you think for. You'd better go for a walk by the lake » (p. 39).

Thus with « Home Sickness » Moore has in a way carried out his original stated intention of providing models for future young Irish writers, the last version of the story being more perfected and more patently emanating from an Irishman. The irony of it is that by the time he had finished revising the text, he no longer even claimed to have the same object in view as he had ostensibly had in 1903.

This is not to say that there are no imperfections. To the reader familiar with the rest of Moore's work, those in « Home Sickness » must be quickly apparent. We find what was called even during Moore's lifetime : « ... our author's penurious trick of using familiar material over and over again » (47). The anti-clerical theme, to take one example, relatively muted though it may be, is the driving force behind Bryden's flight ; it is to reappear with increasing emphasis in other stories in *The Untilled Field* and in Moore's works thereafter ; it had been used at the very beginning of his literary career — Luther in *Martin Luther* (1879) is already denouncing « the chains of subtle sacerdotal tyranny » (48).

Two years after Freeman's reproach, Moore justified his « trick » in *Conversations in Ebury Street :* « ... whosoever writes much, repeats, and if I am guilty I apologize to all and sundry... » (49). This hardly suffices, on a stylistic level, to warrant the use of terms for the second or third time in the story, or terms which will be repeated in later works, which have not the significance of Wagnerian motives, and which do not take on significance by the simple fact of their being repeated. Cases in point — mainly descriptive details of the landscape or the peasants' lives — are : « there is no diet in them » (p. 37), an expression used twice in previous works (50) ; « had lost a mare and a foal worth forty pounds » (51) ; « scanty fields », « scanty orchards » (52) ; « ... they came to the village, and it looked a desolate place » (53) ; « bleak walls » (54). Moore does not even hesitate to use the same phrases in two succeeding stories in *The Untilled Field* itself (55). Truly one is never freed from the snares of the memory.

A more curious detail is the use of the word « peat » once in the story :

> « It was comfortable to sit by the mild peat fire watching the smoke of the pipes drifting up the chimney » (p. 36).

Moore, writing, one might say, as a young landlord, had already used this word in *Parnell and His Island* (56), naturally enough, for it had long been in use in England and among the Anglo-Irish landlord class, whereas the Celtic populations of Scotland, Cornwall and, notably, Ireland, speak of « turf », meaning « fuel » (57). In *A Drama in Muslin* we find both words, seemingly placed somewhat indiscriminately, for Mrs. Barton, the landlord's wife, throws « turf » on the fire, and « peat » is used in a description of a peasant scene (58). Yet Ascendancy short story writers of the period have « turf » in their scenes of Irish peasant life (59). In five out of the remaining fourteen stories in *The Untilled Field* « turf » is used to the exclusion of « peat » : « The Exile », « A Letter to Rome », « A Playhouse in the Waste », « The Wedding Gown » — where it may contribute to the « Irishing » of the story (60) — and « The Wild Goose ». In *The Lake,* « turf » appears at least five times, « peat » not at all (61). It surely is not, in « Home Sickness », a question of the point of view, for Bryden was born and bred in the village of Duncannon, and would have heard and spoken of « turf » all his life (Ned Carmady in « The Wild Goose » uses « turf », not « peat »). It seems strange, considering Moore's attention to the viewpoint, that he should have left this word, and that none of the revisions seem to have touched what could be termed a literary aberration. Moore had little inside knowledge of Irish life, but this slip of the pen, allowing that it is one, remains as far as I know unexplained.

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The fact that Moore exercised considerable care in the choice of his titles has already been commented upon (62), but it is particularly the case in « Home Sickness ». The recognized written form of the term meaning « a depressed state of mind caused by a longing for home when away » (63) is « home-sickness » or « homesickness » ; I have not found it elsewhere in two separate words. Moore has chosen to write the two substantives separately, and in doing so has indeed created a meaningful title, and one which has far more than a « dual » meaning (64), given the range of possible interpretations of « home » and « sickness » in the story.

Bryden's sickness — mental and/or physical illness or burden — is in

the first place *for* home, which is Ireland, the doctor evidently thinks, for the must miss his native land, consciously or not. As the story proceeds, « home » comes to mean America (« his sense sickened » p. 45), but in the end it is Ireland that he misses in the loneliness of his old age. The sickness is equally one which is born and grows *at* home : in America where he falls ill, in Ireland where he stays for a while, and again in America where he settles. Bryden is also sick *because of* home : his Irish home first, for the absence of the rural environment from his life is the cause of the unbalanced existence which he leads in the Bowery, and it is needed to cure him ; his American home is directly responsible for his physical condition. Spiritual sickness follows, due to the effect on him of the Ireland he experiences. His last sickness is that of nostalgic memory, because of the haunting presence of the past, which is Ireland. Finally, Bryden is sick *of* home, not so such the informal expression meaning : « disgusted or mortified by » (63), for this was still slang in the late nineteenth century, and doubtless Moore would not have used it ; the association, however, is there. Rather is it « thoroughly tired or weary of » (63) ; this was Bryden's state when he left the Bowery and again when he left Ireland for the last time.

The word « home » thus assumes its full meanings of geographical site, birthplace or land of dwelling, place of spiritual fulfilment, keeper or anchor of the memory.

We are not told why Bryden left Ireland when young, and we do not know whether his sickness existed at that time or not. We do, however, know the circumstances of Moore's departures from Ireland, which I will summarily recapitulate here. Born into the gentry class in County Mayo, then sent to boarding-school in England, he left his home in London when his father died to look for his artistic and intellectual home in France. He returned to England in 1880, and remained here, visiting Ireland at intervals, with several short stays in Paris, before participating in the direction of the Irish Literary Theatre Society in 1899. For nine years (1901-1911) he resided in Dublin, paying occasional visits to England and France. Then, unable to tolerate any longer life in Catholic Ireland, disappointed by the failure of his messianic role, he settled in England where he remained until his death in 1933, returning at irregular intervals to Ireland or Paris. He became himself an arch-commuter, and an exile among exiles. The parallel between his own life and that of James Bryden is strangely close when we recall that the story was first published in 1902, and that if Moore was already expressing his disenchantment and attacking the priest-ridden country in *The Untilled Field,* his definitive departure from Ireland did not take place until 1911. The road followed by the created character was a prefiguration of that of the artist.

Moore, as we know, like James Bryden, never left Ireland behind him, and Ireland never left him. This is self-evident when we consider his work from the point of view of the choice of content. He wrote on specifically Irish subjects in three different phases : the early years (1886-1889) of *A Drama in Muslin, Parnell and his Island, Mike Fletcher ;* the Irish period, between 1900 and 1905, when Moore was officially taking part in the Literary Renaissance, with *The Bending of the Bough, Diarmuid and Grania, The Untilled Field* and *The Lake ;* and the third stage during which he was looking back, commenting, and giving free rein to his gift for mockery, reminiscence and storytelling in *Hail and Farewell* and *A Storyteller's Holiday* (1911-1918).

A closer look, too, at the deeper and wider stratum of the whole of Moore's literary output can detect the constant presence of the « unchanging, silent life ». Most of his works of the pre-1900 period contain elements linking them to Ireland in some form or other, in one place or another. Such details come to mind as the hills, lakes and rivers, in England or elsewhere, in *A Mummer's Wife,* for instance, *Vain Fortune* or *Esther Waters,* as well as Moore's themes : departure and exile, loneliness, even anti-clericalism. In the Irish period these elements are used consciously. After 1911 when, apart from the aforecited books Moore wrote on subjects which to all appearances are unrelated to Ireland, such as *The Brook Kerith* or *Heloise and Abelard,* the thematic or symbolic patterns of « Home Sickness » are still to be found, more or less clearly delineated, like hidden springs, now apparently submerged, now reappearing, now only faintly discernible.

« One of Ireland's many tricks », Moore wrote in *Ave,* « is to fade away to a little speck down on the horizon of our lives, and then to return suddenly in tremendous bulk, frightening us » (65). « Home Sickness », a microcosmic point both in Moore's life and his works, already bears this out.

Ann CIPRIANI.

NOTES

1. Jean C. NOEL, « Rambling round *The Lake* with George Moore », *Cahiers du Centre d'Etudes Irlandaises,* Rennes, 1980, p. 72.
2. *Cf.* the growing number of studies devoted to Joyce's debt to Moore.
3. *Cf.* for example David NORRIS, « Imaginative response versus authority structures. A theme of the Anglo-Irish Short Story », *The Irish Short Story,* Publications de l'Université de Lille III, 1979, p. 47. The critical remarks on *The Untilled Fields* can hardly be applied to « Home Sickness ».
4. Colin Smythe edition, Gerrards Cross, 1976.
5. English edition. The only 1903 collection to which I have had access is the Tauchnitz edition.
6. John CRONIN, « George Moore ' The Untilled Field ' », *The Irish Short Story,* Publications de l'Université de Lille III, 1979, p. 119.
7. *Cf.* Patrick RAFROIDI, *L'Irlande et le Romantisme,* Publications de l'Université de Lille III, 1972, p. 194-195.
8. Dermot FOLEY, « Monotonously Rings the Little Bell », *Irish University Review,* Spring 1976, p. 60 : « First there was the escape from poverty or mediocrity, and finding abroad some sort of maturity ; to dream then of the day of return to the country they loved, and to curse it once they set foot in it again ».
9. *Salve,* Uniform edition, p. 125.
10. In the 1903 edition, Bryden could not even remember the face of one of the heroes of his youth (Tauchnitz, p. 39-40).
11. *The Untilled Field* (referred to henceforth as U.F.), p. 45.
12. U.F., p. 237.
13. U.F., p. 201 : « let the boats free » ; p. 202 : « run away from home », « take him away » ; p. 203 : « escape », « run away », etc.
14. U.F., pp. 32-33.34.
15. *Cf.* also Wilhelm SCHMID, *George Moore The Untilled Field,* Bern 1975, p. 151.
16. U.F., p. 37.
17. U.F., p. 48.
18. Frank O'CONNOR, *The Lonely Voice,* p. 36.
19. U.F., p. 280.
20. *Cf.* Richard CAVE, *A Study of the Novels of George Moore,* 1978, Eileen KENNEDY, « Design in George Moore's *The Lake* », 1972, Geert LERNOUT, « George Moore : Wagnerian and Symbolist », 1980, Jean C. NOEL, *op. cit.*
21. U.F., pp. 12, 174, 178, 185. The lake motive cannot be isolated however, in any one work.
22. Gaston BACHELARD, *L'eau et les rêves* (Corti 1978 edition), p. 74, and *cf.* Jean C. NOEL, *op. cit.*, p. 72 and p. 86 note 8.
23. David NORRIS, *op. cit.*, p. 47.
24. *Cf.* in « So On He Fares » the sudden introduction of « ' Look at the frog ! he's going to jump into the water ', said the little boy » (p. 212), which is neither artificial nor irrelevant, though it may be obvious symbolism.
25. U.F., pp. 32, 33, 34, 36, 38, 39, 49. « Grey » is only mentioned once : the hunchback's grey hair, p. 37.
26. U.F., p. 41. These two colours are those of the Papal Flag (*cf. The Lake,* Colin Smythe, 1980, p. 36, pp. 177-178).
27. U.F., p. 37.
28. U.F., p. 42.
29. One must also remember that Moore is evoking a situation which was not uncommon, to say the least, in turn-of-the-century rural Ireland (*cf.* for example Hugh BRODY, *Inishkillane : Change and Decline in the West of Ireland,* Penguin Books 1974, p. 28).
30. U.F., p. 46.
31. For differences between the original and revised editions of « The Wild Goose » see Royal A. GETTMANN, « George Moore's Revisions of *The Lake, The Wild Goose* and

Esther Waters », 1944, pp. 549-550 ; also Jean C. NOEL, *George Moore, l'homme et l'œuvre,* pp. 504-505.

32. U.F., p. 255.
33. *Salve,* p. 126 ; *A Storyteller's Holiday,* I. p. 17.
34. Wilhelm SCHMID, *op. cit.* has studied similar differences, notably for the linguistic changes.
35. Tauchnitz, pp. 38-39.
36. U.F., pp. 32-33.
37. Tauchnitz, p. 40.
38. U.F., p. 34.
39. Tauchnitz, p. 53.
40. U.F., p. 48.
41. *Cf.* GETTMANN, *op. cit.,* p. 548.
42. Tauchnitz, p. 39.
43. U.F., p. 39.
44. Tauchnitz, p. 42.
45. *Cf.* GETTMANN, *op. cit.,* p. 546.
46. *Cf. The Tinkers' Wedding, The Complete Experiences of an Irish R.M., The Third Policeman,* etc., in which examples abound.
47. John FREEMAN, *A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of his Work,* London, T. Werner Laurie, 1922, p. 101.
48. *Martin Luther,* London, Remington and Co., 1879, p. 100.
49. *Conversations in Ebury Street* (1924), London, Chatto and Windus, 1969, p. 174.
50. *A Drama in Muslin* (1886), London, Walter Scott, 1913, p. 125. *Parnell and his Island,* London, Swan Sonnenschern 1887, p. 64.
51. U.F., p. 37, and *cf. A Drama in Muslin,* p. 125, *Parnell and his Island,* p. 65.
52. U.F., pp. 38, 46, and *cf. Ave,* Uniform edition, p. 210 : « scant fields ».
53. U.F., p. 35, and *cf. Ave,* p. 203 : « desolate villages ».
54. U.F., p. 46, and *cf. Ave,* p. 13 : « bleak hillside », p. 200 : « bleak road ».
55. U.F., « The Exile », p. 20 : « the drains were choked with weeds », « Home Sickness », p. 34 : « the drains were choked... ».
56. *Parnell and his Island,* pp. 69, 108.
57. *Cf.* P.W. JOYCE, *English as we speak it in Ireland,* London, Longman, Green & Co., 1910. H.W. FOWLER, *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage,* 1926. *English Dialect Dictionary,* 1905. *Websters Third New International Dictionary,* 1961.
58. *A Drama in Muslin,* pp. 118, 290, 322.
59. *Cf.* E. OE. SOMERVILLE and Martin ROSS, « Lisheen Races, Second-hand » (1899) *op. cit.,* London, Sphere Books, 1970 : « turf » is used six times in this story, five times in narrative and once in peasant speech, « peat » not at all. John M. SYNGE, « An Autumn Night in the Hills », *Modern Irish Short Stories,* Penguin Books, 1981 : « turf » is used five times, peat not at all. Also *The Aran Islands* (1907), Oxford University Press, 1962 : « turf » is frequently used in the book, I do not think « peat » appears at all.
60. Expression used by Jean C. NOEL, « George Noore's Five Finger Exercises », *Cahiers du Centre d'Etudes Anglo-Irlandaises,* n° 1, 1976, p. 13.
61. 1921 text, Colin Smythe edition, 1980.
62. Eileen KENNEDY, « The Source for Moore's title, *The Untilled Field* », *English Literature in Transition,* Vol. 12, n° 3 (1969), p. 155. Also Jean C. NOEL, *George Moore l'homme et l'œuvre,* pp. 482 and 492.
63. Shorter Oxford Dictionary, 1973 edition.
64. Eileen KENNEDY, « Moore's *Untilled Field* (sic) and Joyce's *Dubliners* », Eire-Ireland V 3 (Autumn 1970), p. 86.
65. *Ave,* p. 29.

A.C.

GEORGE MOORE AND THE DRYAD
(A Reconsideration of « The Lovers of Orelay »)

I

G. Jean-Aubry having translated *Memoirs of My Dead Life* into French and got the book published by the firm of Grasset in 1922 (1), Moore paid him the compliment of introducing him into his *Conversations in Ebury Street* of 1924. Aubry's leave-taking as imagined by Moore has never, that I know, attracted the attention of Moore's critics. I myself confess to the oversight. Yet Jean-Aubry's parting words are rather startling :

> « *Aubry*... I really must tear myself away ; it's later than I thought it was. I lectured in Orelay and stayed in the hotel that you described in your Memoirs. The embroidered shirt that you wore in your great adventure is shown to sightseeing Americans, who, after having viewed the battlefield, depart silently in an awe that is almost religious.
>
> *Moore.* I remember the Cathedral, a dark and masculine monument, with voices chanting in the darkness — Vespers I think it was.
>
> *Aubry.* Impressive memories and accurate, no doubt, but I did not visit the Cathedral. The afternoon that I intended to devote to verifying your impressions wore away by a fire of pine cones in an old eighteenth century mansion listening to stories of the illustrious dead who spent their lives, or part of their lives, in Orelay. My informant was a librarian, daughter of a poet of old Provence, and I was moved by the sad story she told me of Stuart Mill, a political economist, whose wife died in Orelay. He loved her, it would seem, with love that was more than love, and for a long while, for weeks, mayhap months, he sat watching her tomb, which he could see from his window. Poe could have written the story, and two such stories make Orelay as remmeberable as Troy.
>
> *Moore.* When we have suffered a great, irreparable loss, the world seems small and insignificant, and our grief the only real thing in it. » (2).

This is evidently an amusing piece of imaginary conversation, but for all its apparent levity, it should not be dismissed contemptuously. When he wrote these lines, Moore must have intended to clear the mystery that he himself had built up eighteen years earlier round « The Lovers of Orelay », the central story in his *Memoirs*. The clue is Aubry's allusion to Stuart Mill's wife dying in Orelay. By 1924, Stuart Mill's own *Memoirs* had long made it known to the world that his wife having died in Avignon, was buried there, and that he bought a house out of the town walls, close to the cemetery (3). Orelay therefore is Avignon, and the fact, as I propose to show, is important to a right understanding of Moore's story.

Rumours have always been afloat concerning « The Lovers of Orelay ». In Edouard Dujardin's circle, for instance, it was said that Orelay *was* Avignon and also that the heroine of the story *was* Maud Burke, the future Lady Cunard. In the fifties, when I was trying to trace people who had known Moore in Paris, this had been mentioned to me by Madame Dujardin. But I did not feel entitled to make use of a mere rumour. Last in date of Moore's biographers, Helmut Gerber, writing in 1968, still put his opinion on this point very cautiously : « Orelay may be Avignon », he said, « and, although no conclusive evidence exists, the fictional Doris may be Lady Cunard » (4).

But to return to Stuart Mill's story of bereavement and mourning, it is no doubt an extraordinary story in which, as Aubry put it, love appears to be « more than love ». Yet, more important to Moore's readers is the remark that follows : « Two such stories make Orelay as rememberable as Troy ». The solemn quality of this, even if tinged with irony, echoes the exalted tone of his confidence of 9 January 1906 to Lady Cunard : « I am writing the Avignon episode, for it served to show me how inveterate my admiration and my love of you are » (5), an allusion of which it might be said without any paradox that its importance is proportionate to its inexplicitness. With Moore's use of the Stuart Mill and the Troy stories, plus the confidence in the letter under our eyes, it becomes evident that both Moore and Lady Cunard must have been deeply involved in « The Lovers of Orelay ». « The Lovers of Orelay » celebrates their own love and turns it into a companion story to all the greatest love stories in the annals of humanity.

Note that Moore must have had his tongue in his cheek when he proclaimed « two such stories make Orelay as rememberable as Troy ». He must have been as conscious as we all are that Avignon was made famous among places connected with love by the fourteenth century adventure of Petrarch and Laure. Moore's silence about Petrarch in both the *Conversation* with Aubry and « The Lovers of Orelay » cannot be interpreted to mean that he was not interested in this great figure of pre-

Renaissance days — what he has written elsewhere of Landor's portraits of Petrarch is proof to the contrary (6). In fact his not mentioning Petrarch in the present context can only signify that he is usurping Petrarch's place in the history of Avignon, or that he in imagination assumes his personality. If it were not so, why should George and Doris in the story enthusiastically determine to put up at a hotel going by the strange but glorious name : « Hotel des Valois ». The « splendid » (7) name, as Moore calls it, must have sent their minds like ours back to Petrarch's days. We must also admit that the mentioning Petrarch in the story would have made the fictional name Orelay useless, when part of the satisfaction for George Moore and Lady Cunard in 1906 must have consisted in the sharing a secret — and social conventions counselled secrecy. Only thirty years later, at the time of writing *Conversations,* did the ageing author come to feel that part of the fun then consisted in letting truth filter out.

In another respect still the conversationalist of 1924 differed from the memorialist of 1906. The conversationalist knew the South of France better than the memorialist. Although the exchange between Moore and G. Jean-Aubry is not meant as a descriptive passage, there Moore hits upon a beautiful synthetic phrase, and a living image of the cathedral surges up before our mind's eye : « a dark and masculine monument with voices chanting in the darkness ». In 1906 the allusions to the aspect of that same building were diffuse. They trickled out in exaggerated terms through the unreliable patter of a garrulous waiter. Besides, the 1924 comment on the circumstances : « Vespers I think it was », is not to be taken without a smile. In 1906 the pair of lovers had been too busy with their own selves to attend Vespers.

One good reason accounts for the differences in the descriptive elements : in 1906 Moore had most likely never seen Avignon, as he had, it seems, never travelled to the South of France. In 1922, not long before he wrote the *Conversations,* he was to admit as much in a letter to Lady Cunard : « I am going away to France, to the South, that I have never seen : Orange and Arles and Montauban famous because of Ingres » (8). Graphic descriptive qualities can hardly be expected to be outstanding in « The Lovers of Orelay », a remark that applies to Provençal coastal landscape just as much as to architectural features in Avignon. Hardly any of the place-names to start with, whether it be Plessy, Verlancourt or Orelay, sounds and looks authentic. But more strikingly details of both seascape and inland scenery remain very sketchy. Sea and sky no doubt are naturally enough said to be blue, but are presented as too uniformly so to look quite real. Moore reduces them to the condition of a mere « drop curtain » (9), or quite surprisingly, falls back upon his memories of the Fontainebleau forest when he tries to be suggestive, as in this :

« Even with the thought of Doris's kisses in my mind, I could admire the road and the curves of the bay, and the colour as beautiful as a Barbizon, for the twilight was gathering the sea and sky into one tone, or what seemed to be one tone » (10).

The Mediterranean flora is also much simplified : plane trees — that Moore, in his shaky French, obstinately calls « plantains » — palm trees, eucalyptuses and olives are mentioned once or twice. The only tree Moore lingers on is the ilex tree, the reason for this preference lying, it soon appears, in the literary and bucolic connotations of the name. A quatrain of short lines, which in the original edition of the *Memoirs* is rightly attributed to Shelley, rings in the hero's mind when he thinks of the ilex :

« Were not the crocuses that grew
Under that ilex tree,
As beautiful in scent and hue
As ever fed the bee ? »

Memory of Shelley of course hallows the image of the ilex tree. And then the ilex is traditionally the companion tree of dryads in Greek mythology. The beloved Doris being very much the « dryad mistress » (11) of the author, it soon appears that Moore's predilection for that tree is not so much a botanist's choice as a lover's.

II

This last remark is of importance. It leads us to guessing how freely historical truth may also have been treated by Moore (12). So, before re-reading « The Lovers of Orelay », we should be careful to recall established facts. In May 1894, Moore had recently been jilted by Pearl Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes in literature), and Maud's engagement to Prince André Poniatowski had also been broken some time before (12). Moore and Maud Burke, having met fortuitously, probably at the Savoy, fell in love at first sight. Moore at least, a man of 42, was, in John Eglinton's words, « carried away by the exuberance and youthfulness of this bright girl of 22 » (13). What followed immediately is not easily traced up with precision. Summer, it seems, found them for some time together on the continent, though Moore's letters of 1894 to correspondents in England do not clearly mention Maud being with him. The letter which he wrote to C.K. Shorter on August 29th 1894 shows that the pretext of the journey to Germany was Wagner. Yet he also did some sight-seeing and visited art exhibitions. The letter ends with : « My friend has just come to take me

out to see some sculptures » (14). Unfortunately no indication concerning the identity of that friend is given. The friend in question may have been some French Wagnerite like Edouard Dujardin, but may also have been... Maud Burke. Curiously Moore complains of solitude in the daytime : « Time except for a few hours every other evening in the opera house is dreary... inexpressibly dreary. I live without speech, and French and English are practically unknown... » Would not the more likely explanation be that the friend mentioned in the letter was Maud, but Maud chaperoned by her mother ? The presence of the mother would have been bound to make meetings less easy than the lover would have liked — though in the Orelay story he was to call her a « dear unsuspicious woman » (15).

It will perhaps be judged uncritical thus to introduce references to the narrative which is precisely in question. On the other hand variations from one version to another may actually allow historical facts to transpire through the very embarrassment of the writer. I note that in the original English edition and still in the American expurgated edition, Moore tells that after the first meeting in London, he joined Maud and her mother in Paris : « We became friends in Paris. She had written asking me to go and see her and her mother » (16). But curiously, in the following editions, right to the last one, the mother of the beloved is replaced by an aunt (17). Did Lady Cunard and Moore feel that the first version was indiscreetly too close to reality ? Curiously again G. Jean-Aubry's translation here follows version n° 1, but this translation of « The Lovers of Orelay » was not included in the first edition of the translated *Memoirs* (18), and when it at last came out in 1928, Moore had already shown in *Conversations* that he was no longer averse to letting actual facts transpire. All this should perhaps be pieced up with a reflection on the events of 1894 placed by Moore right at the beginning of the story : « A strange misadventure our love story had been, for Doris had given a great deal of herself, while denying me much, so much that at last, in despair, I fled from a one-sided love affair ; too one-sided to be borne any longer at least by me » (19).

Let us however resume our search for external evidence. A letter of Moore to Lena Milman shows him leaving Munich for Aix-les-Bains some time in September, a move which is confirmed by Moore's friend Paul Alexis' writing to Zola on 17 September 1894 « George Moore est accouru d'Aix-les-Bains » (20) — that was for the first performance of their play *Sycomore* at the Paris *Odeon* theatre. Confirmation of Maud's having been present by the side of Moore during at least part of that summer, in the end comes from Moore's much later correspondence. In their old age both Lady Cunard and Moore still recalled with intense emotion a

stay on the shores of Lake Bourget (which must mean a stay at Aix-les-Bains). In September 1928 Moore was to write to the beloved Lady : « Le Lac Bourget is as clear in my mind as your face and hands » (21) — and there is no indication anywhere that Moore may have gone to Aix any other time.

Some time in autumn, the pair must have returned to London (22), but then decided to part, though perhaps promising each other eternal friendship. On 17 April 1895, Maud married Sir Bache Cunard in New York. On 25 May of that same year, Moore was at Moore Hall for his mother's funeral, in a melancholy mood. The exchange of letters between Moore and Maud begins then, but, so far as can be judged from the extant collection of Moore's correspondence, for some nine years at rather long-drawn intervals, and though there are allusions to meetings of the pair, the tone of these missives is rather constrained. In 1900 however, while composing *Diarmuid and Grania,* Moore one day wrote : « Grania which is you is nearly done » (23). Then, four years later, the tone of his letters changed for good to exulting love, gratefulness and fervent admiration. That was on 6 October 1904, after Moore had spent part of the summer months at Nevill Holt, Lady Cunard's country residence (24).

A glance at the collection of these letters will, I think, usefully complete our knowledge of Moore's sentimental history. One of the striking features about them is their verbal effervescence, the fireworks of words generated by the excitement of love. This indeed seems to have been a natural irresistible urge in Moore. As if this artist in words could find no better way of showing his love of woman than by striving after verbal beauty. On April 25th 1908 he was to write to his beloved Lady :

> « I should like to write you a long letter, a letter full of long parenthetical sentences, commas everywhere and plenty of dashes, for only in such a style may emotions be expressed : and when I think of Holt emotions rather than thoughts rise up, and though they are intense, they are so vague that the world will not hold them. »

Ever since the summer of 1904, he had been coining metaphors to praise Maud's beauty, proclaiming his love, expressing the intoxication of love through an intoxicating incantation. October 1904 :

> « Dearest Primavera,
> ... I had a lovely time this summer... Few men have known all pleasures of spirit and sense and I have known them this summer that is gone, that has just passed behind us... »
>
> 26 January 1905
>
> « Dearest Maud, you are all I have, it is through you that I know that I am alive... Your mother thought of you as I think of you — hardly a human being ; you always seemed to us like a fairy, a sprite... you represent some dream, heroism or beauty, one of those everlasting states of consciousness which do dot die with the individual but pass from generation to generation, a beauty that never perishes, a fire that never wanes. Your mother always thought of you as Primavera — the idea is as much hers as mine. Dearest Primavera, it is sad to think that your mother has gone — only you and I really mourn her ; who else understands as we understand ? All the love I had for giving I have given you. »
>
> 13 July 1905
>
> « You can never — and for this I pity you — you can never form an idea of the wonder it is to me to see you — to think you and dream you. I do not know if it be the eternal idea of joy which you represent on earth, or its outward form that delights me most — the gold of your hair, your hand like a spray of fern...
> Would that I could restrain my pen, for you will not be won by exaltations... »

On January 9th 1906, in the letter in which he mentions that he is writing the Avignon episode, he also says :

> « You are a hard woman in many ways, but if you were less hard I don't think you would have held me captive such a long time ; I do not complain of my captivity — good heavens no ; it is the only allegiance I acknowledge, and man without an allegiance is like a ball of thistledown... »
>
> 3 November 1906
>
> « I think of you as I have always done, as a joy that knows no diminishing — you are the magic apple which however much one eats of it never grows less. »
>
> 30 March 1908
>
> « I discovered my ideal thirteen years ago, or what serves me as an ideal, and the eternal hunt ended so far as I was concerned... »

Much later, at the end of his life, the old man still wrote :

> 24 June 1930
>
> « ... When you are here there is but you to hear and to see, and this being so the marvellous orchid bloomed unobserved...
>
> Dearest woman, how can I thank ? You cannot tell me and I cannot imagine, for I have no more love to give ; you had it all years and years ago, but with the same love I am
>
> Yours always George Moore. »

The desire to embody the expression of his love into literary works was to the end of his life an incitement to writing. On 14 October 1932, a few months before he died, too weary and weak to add anything to the huge pile of words he had accumulated, he referred Lady Cunard to Chapters XXI and XXII of *Héloïse and Abélard,* saying :

> « In the woods round Franchard you will meet the hermit, who is I masquerading under the name of Gaucelm d'Arembert, and yourself under the name of Lady Malberge » (26).

Surely, so many declarations of love, love exultant, wondering, tender, affectionate, scattered over forty years, over half a life-time, until the last weary years of ailing old age cannot have been a mere show. « This man », as Maud's daughter, Nancy Cunard was to write, had « great respect for love » ; and as she added :

> « This was the very fibre of his nature — never mind all the elegant levity typified by those unforgettable words about two people unexpectedly in bed together : 'And did their hands stray ?' — never mind those extraordinary bouts of conventional prudery that would sometimes attack him, to the astonishment of all. As man and as artist, his respect for love, apart from 'passages' between people, was very true » (26).

That Moore should have written « The Lovers of Orelay » to celebrate his great love is in keeping with the image we have of him here. Unfortunately he never said in his letters that Doris impersonated Maud Burke, as he said that Grania and Lady Malberge were Lady Cunard. Yet these two avowals suggest that Moore was fond of introducing the person of the beloved into his fictional works. If we add to this the weight of the confidence about Avignon-Orelay, Helmut Gerber's surmise that Doris is Maud gains much in verisimilitude. I should also like to add that if, as Rupert H. Davis, the editor of Moore's letters, indicates, Maud Burke appears as Elizabeth in « Spring in London » and again in « Lui et Elles », the first two stories or chapters in the *Memoirs,* if we find her anonymously in « Resurgam » at the end of the book, the odds are that we shall also find her in the features of Doris.

III

A factual summary of « The Lovers of Orelay » will read very much like an anticlimax to Moore's prose. Yet for clarity's sake the events narrated in the story should be briefly recalled here : Five years after a not quite satisfactory love encounter with Doris, George Moore is still dreaming of her again and wondering what has become of her. A letter from Doris giving him to understand that he is somehow tenderly remembered, Moore rushes from Dublin to the South of France, where Doris is recuperating after some illness. They meet at Plessy, a Mediterranean sea-side resort. They wander about, sightseeing and telling each other what heart adventures and sorrows they have lived through in the interval between their first meeting and the present day. Kind-hearted Doris goes visiting poor old maids and blind women she has got acquainted with, and Moore accompanies her, meanwhile courting her... but Doris refuses herself until they decide to move to the old city of Orelay. There, at the Hotel des Valois, in an ideal setting, the pair of lovers enjoy the supreme felicities for three nights and three days. When the moment comes for them to leave, they quite forget the notion of time, she singing and playing Schumann's music on the piano, and he listening rapt in dreams. They miss their train and finally leave romantically for the next town on the way to Paris in an old time post-chaise. In Paris they part. Two years later Moore will hear that Doris has married and is « expecting ». This reads somehow like a scenario for some operetta by Offenbach... and I might add that in places the narrative achieves an Offenbach-like gaiety. At times Moore's allusions to Antiquity seem closer to the flippancy of *La Belle Hélène* than to the spirit of Greek mythology, and at Plessy, « dear little town of my heart », the lovers actually while the evenings away listening to Offenbach's music played by the town orchestra. This sets Moore dreaming of himself as Paris « returning from Mount Ida... after presenting in imagination the fairest of women with the apple » (27).

Yet Moore has invested much more in « The Lovers of Orelay » than these allusions and the scenario would suggest. His involvement transpires repeatedly and sometimes quite materially, as for instance through the time scheme of the events narrated. He begins by maintaining that his meeting of Doris is much older than his meeting of Maud. Doris is presented as « the girl I left in London more than seventeen years ago » (28). As this was being written in 1906, the first meeting of George and Doris is thus pushed back to 1889. But Moore insists also several times on the five years that have elapsed between the first meeting and the reunion at Plessy and Orelay. So the main events narrated, after all, take place in 1894. Doris is said to have been seventeen when Moore saw her for the first time, but, and this is essential, she is twenty-two the year of Orelay... like Maud when she first met George Moore in 1894. That the portrait Moore paints of Doris should represent her aged twenty-two, that the year of the Orelay meeting should be 1894 are significant facts. 1894 is indeed the climacteric year in Moore's own life. It may not have fulfilled all the lover's expectations, yet it is the year not to be forgotten when fate brought together Maud's destiny and his own. The story of

Orelay celebrates both this meeting of destinies and the love fulfilment of 1904 which had been hailed, as we have seen, in Moore's letters of that year. The Orelay story may be unreliable as history, yet much that was essential in the writer's life is embedded in that narrative. Truth in it is of the lyrical order — not of the historical order, as he makes believe when he writes : « these stories are memories not inventions » (29).

There is no lack of shifting of facts, of « inventions » in « The Lovers of Orelay », even leaving aside the general transposition of the love adventure to Mediterranean surroundings and the general compression of time that has just been noticed. The Polish prince, for instance, who is known to have played a part in Maud's life before her meeting with Moore, is transferred to Gertrude's (Mrs Craigie's) life : « A Pole whom she had met at the gambling tables at Monte Carlo, was pursuing her, threatening her that if he saw her with another man he would murder her and her lover ». Then, as if to wreak vengeance upon Pearl Craigie for jilting him, he sends Gertrude to an early death, imagining that « she married another man and died in his arms » (30). Actually Mrs Craigie did not succeed in marrying after breaking with Moore, and she died in August 1906, two months after *Memoirs of my Dead Life* were published. Feelings, and perhaps the desire to mislead unduly curious contemporary readers, may have commanded these tamperings with the actual facts.

Once at least feelings seem to have got the better of the story-teller's critical acumen. The pet theme of love's perduration into « perfect friendship » after the lovers' parting, is very dear to his heart. It is central to his love experience with Maud. It is the last note sounded in « Lui et Elles », and almost the first one in « The Lovers of Orelay » (31). This is all very well, but in order at all costs to recall that theme in the central part of the story Moore imagines himself answering Doris's questioning about his sentimental history during their years of estrangement with something that sounds rather like a deliberate lie. He is embarrassed by Doris's curiosity and admits trying to fit his answer to Doris's expectation :

> « / Doris / asked... with whom I had been in love during the past five years... And sighing a little, I spoke of an attachment that had lasted many years, which had come to an end at last ; and fearing that Doris would ask if it had come to an end through weariness, it seemed well to add that the lady had a daughter growing up : and that it was for the girl's sake that we decided to bring our love story to a close. We had however promised to remain friends » (32).

The effect of this, instead of magnifying the theme, is rather anticlimactic.

Truth to say, an attachment had occupied Moore's heart in the interval between 1895 and 1904, his love for Clara Christian, the painter who was to become Stella in *Hail and Farewell*. She had come to Dublin in 1901 at the same time as Moore, and decided to part with him in 1904, about the same time as Moore received an invitation to stay at Nevill Holt. She married Charles Mac Carthy, the City of Dublin architect, on January IIth 1905. Opinions have varied on Moore's treatment of this attachment in *Hail and Farewell*. Last in date, Richard Cave, in his annotated edition of Moore's trilogy, judges that the Stella pages in that book show « how discreet he [Moore] could be, when his affections were really engaged », so much so that Stella remains « an enigmatic figure ».

As far as the last quoted passage from the Orelay story is concerned, we must note that the circumstances imagined do not fit with actual facts. Clara Christian was not a married woman, neither was she the mother of « a daughter growing up », when Moore knew her. Unfortunate Clara was to die in childbirth on June 7th 1906 — the very month when the English edition of *Memoirs of My Dēad Life* was to come out.

One cannot help marvelling at the strange fate that caused both Pearl and Clara to die on dates so close to each other, and just when Moore was bringing his past back to life. The tragic coincidence must of course have escaped the notice of most of Moore's contemporary readers, but, as we now see it, this tragic coïncidence seems to reflect upon Moore's inventions in « The Lovers of Orelay » and cast a particularly ironical shadow over the paragraph we were considering.

Yet I think we should not give in to this impression and put the blame for it on Moore. Dates, if one looks closely at them show that the book must have been printed before the sad event took place. Clara died, as was said, on the 7th, and on June 16th periodicals were announcing that they had received *Memoirs of My Dead Life*.

To the altar of his love for Maud, Moore, so to speak, brought memories of his past loves as sacrificial offerings.

IV

One would look in vain for full length portraits of the beloved in *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, yet whoever has seen the photograph of twenty-two year old Maud which Rupert Hart-Davis has printed as a frontispiece to his edition of George Moore's *Letters to Lady Cunard* will

recognize her through the fictional disguise of the fragmentary portraits scattered about the pages. They bear witness to the writer's wonderment at this encounter of two personalities and to his persistent emotion whenever he looks back upon it. Here is Maud, first in the role of Elizabeth in « Lui et Elles », on the day of her first meeting with George Moore :

> « She came forward in the restaurant in fine health, high spirits, blonde hair and tiny hands to insist that I must remain to luncheon with her, incidentally with her company. Only such impulsiveness as hers could have overcome my reluctance, for I was minded to return to my writing, the only cure for my sickness. She must have divined it, and her kind heart must have told her that she could cure it, or it may have been that some book of mine stirred her imagination » (33).

And now in the part of Doris in « The Lovers of Orelay » :

> « Who was the master who painted cunning virgins in rose bowers ? The master of Cologne I think. But no matter, for Doris's hair was darker than the hair of those virgins, a rich gold hair, a mane of hair growing, luxuriously, the golden note continued in the eyebrows, in the pupils of the eyes, in the freckles along the little nose so firmly and so beautifully modelled about the nostrils. Nor was there ever a more lovely and affectionate mouth, weak and beautiful as a flower, and the long curving hands were delightful to hold... » (34).

These two evocations fit together, and so do the many metaphorical allusions prompted by enthusiasm and admiration that we find scattered on the stream of Moore's impressions. The most insistantly recurring of these images is that of the « dryad-mistress ». It is to be found in the very first story « Spring in London » : « If I had been... wise, she might have been my dryad mistress again, for she was certainly of dryad heredity » (35). Sometimes Moore hesitates between this dryad image and memories of feminine sensuous sprightliness as celebrated by eighteenth century painters :

> « It does not follow that because a woman sometimes reminds one of a dryad that she does not other times remind one of Boucher or Fragonard and that night Elizabeth seemed to me a very Fragonard, a plump Fragonard maiden as she sat up in bed reading, her gold hair in plaits and a large book in hand » (36).

In « The Lovers of Orelay » the imagery is still more varied. There Doris is said to be of fairy kin. Her beauty is a cameo-like beauty as « dainty as any Tanagra figure » (37). Comparisons with the arts are multiplied by emotions in the most exuberant and unexpected manner :

> « ' You must not talk to me of trains ', and overcome with Schumann-like longing and melancholy, I took her in my arms, overcome by her beauty. No Chelsea or Dresden figure was ever more dainty, gayer or brighter. She was Schumann and Dresden, but a Dresden of an earlier period than Schumann, but why compare her to anything ? She was Doris, the very embodiment of her name » (38).

One of the most striking images that surge in the lover's mind however is still that of the dryad or nymph, and the Mediterranean landscape here joins its suggestive power to that of feminine grace to multiply allusions to the mythic creatures :

> « I have always thought », Moore finally admits, « it must be a wonderful thing to believe in the dryad ». And also : « In those curved hands, in those long, transparent fingers, with long red nails, I see the nymph in my imagination though I may never see her with mortal eyes » (39).

The shock of blonde hair is also magnified into a mythological image in keeping with Mediterranean climes. It becomes a « golden fleece », and the lover, consequently, a new Jason (40). The imaginative stirring is more exuberant in the Orelay story than in « Spring in London », but under the name of « Doris », we do find the same inspiring figure as under the name of « Elizabeth ».

This central figure of the beloved girl is set off by another feminine presence that looms from the writer's past through the pages of the *Memoirs* — in « The Lovers of Orelay » no less than in « Lui et Elles ». I mean Pearl Craigie. In « Lui et Elles » she was the cold Agate. She is now Gertrude, and no less recognizable under that name whose literary connections are evocative of horrible treachery and cruelty. Then, Gertrude like Agate wears « French gowns and underwear that cost a fortune » : she is « middle class » but socially pretentious. Moore searches his mind for the epithet that will turn her into an epitome of unpleasantness. In « Lui et Elles », in spite of the expensive clothing, she is said to be « dowdy ». In the Orelay story he remarks more subtly : « Though never vulgar herself, [she] liked vulgar things. Her friends were vulgar... » (41).

Pearl Craigie's portrait is evidently introduced by Moore into his narratives as a foil to Doris's portrait. By contrast Doris appears as sprightly and winsome in the extreme — essentially the dryad. Yet Moore did not rest content with this evocation of Maud's outward attitudes and ways, and his narrative finally calls up a figure that has the complexity of life. We are made aware of the humane side of her personality. That she is wealthy goes without saying, but there is no showing off in her devoting much of her ample leisure to visiting pathetic solitary women. Yet, there is also a cold streak of judgement in her that we discover when the time

comes for her to settle in life. Sensibly, she prefers Albert, the man who will love only one woman, herself, to capricious Moore. This is what Moore in the story calls the « sterner » side (42) of Doris and in the letter of 6 January 1906, as we have seen, the « hard » streak in Maud. Yet again, compact of contradictions that she is, the very first moment she had seen Moore, she had acknowledged that he was « of her kin » (43). She is an artist. She sings well and plays the piano, and at the end of the stay at Orelay, she plays Schumann's music with a sensibility that coincides with Moore's. The portrait of Doris is life-like in the two senses of the term : it is identifiable and also it comes to life. Here for once sensibility and truth to fact seem to have played hand in hand.

As Moore put it after his confidence about the Avignon episode in his letter of 6 January 1906 to Lady Cunard, « The Lovers of Orelay » is, in addition to being an attempt at self exploration, « a story in honour » of her (44). A text that meant so much to its author undoubtedly deserves serious consideration, irrespective even of the artistic quality of the achievement. Neither glib eulogy, nor offhanded dismissal will do.

V

Unfortunately the critical history of that story as of the whole *Memoirs of My Dead Life* has been troubled from the very beginning by the misadventure of the bowdlerized American first edition (45), and the taint of immorality implied by this surgical operation has somehow outlived the age of Puritanism.

In 1922 John Freeman's *A Portrait of George Moore in a Study of his Work* seemed to fore-shadow a change of attitude concerning the unfortunate « Lovers of Orelay ». Freeman held that :

> « It is his crystalline coldness that robs our author's offence of offence, and makes the wantonness of this episode a purely intellectual adventure ».

This judgement undoubtedly cut both ways : it did exonerate Moore's story of the gravest reproach put forward by the followers of Mrs Grundy, but it negated all deep involvement of the author in the story, calling it a « garrulous simulation » (46). Even at that price, Moore was not rid of moralizing criticism.

In 1958, Malcolm Browne, in his *G.M. A Reconsideration,* still disposed summarily of « The Lovers of Orelay », seeing in this « famous scandalous story » a mere rewriting of one of Moore's *Pagan Poems* of 1881 (47). There is no denying similarities of scenes between this poem, « A Parisian Idyll » (48), and the story. A love triangle will always be a love triangle and a pair of lovers dreaming in front of a big log fire in a darkening room will also look very much like any other pair in the same posture. But Malcolm Browne's remark passed over a fundamental difference. « A Parisian Idyll » dealt merely with meretricious sexual relations. The young hero of that poem happens to have enough money in his pocket to pay for a good dinner and hopes that this added to his youthful looks will prove acceptable to a Parisian « cocotte » of his acquaintance, while the elderly man, whose kept mistress she is, is away — a situation which is treated very much in the realistic cynical way of Maupassant's stories. This is very different from what we find in « The Lovers of Orelay ».

Here mercenary love is out of the question. The story rests on the notions of irrepressible passion and love at first sight. This is lawless love no doubt, but free from any taint of meretriciousness. As for the moral problems involved in all love triangles, Moore does not ignore them. One whole page of the story is devoted to them. « All love stories », Moore notes, « are alike in this : they all contain what the reviewers call ' sordid details ' ». But not his own story more so than the story of Tristan, Iseut and King Mark, or the story of Wagner and Madame Wesendonck, or the story of Paris, Helen and Menelaus. A critic may resent the ironical tone of Moore's conclusion : « Dear me, when one thinks of it, one must admit that art owes a great deal to adultery » (49), but the page cannot be passed over without noting all through a polemical force that recalls the George Moore of *Literature at Nurse.* As we proceed in our reading of « The Lovers of Orelay » we are beginning to discover a complexity that Moore's early critics had not led us to expect.

In our late twentieth century, the conventions of Victorian puritanism having become notions of a remote past, it should be possible to investigate this complexity with a curiosity at once active and dispassionate. In 1965 A. Norman Jeffares wrote significantly : « The *Memoirs of my Dead Life*... contained more material likely to astonish, if taken seriously, rather than to shock » (50). Let us take this as an encouragement to proceed with the present rereading of the Orelay story.

Perhaps all obstacles have not been swept away, or rather their nature may have changed. It is to be feared nowadays that the current freedom of post-Freudian literature may have reversed prejudices. We should naturally try and avoid both extremes, avoid also all manichean

images in black and white. The Edwardian literary world cannot be defined by anything so simple as the opposition between strict purity and unbridled licence. Here I beg permission to quote an entry from Arnold Bennett's *Journals*, which I think is germane to our preoccupations. On Tuesday October 31st 1907, Bennett noted :

> « Apropos of the agitation for abolishing the Censor in England, it occurred to me that not even the advocates of freedom seek to justify the free treatment of sexual matters in any other than a high moral-pointing vein. The notion that sexual themes might allowably be treated in the mere aim of amusement does not seem to have occurred to anybody at all » (51).

This warns us, I think, that neither the reproach of gross oriental sensuality put forward by the manager of the American publishing firm of Appleton to justify the excisions, nor, it seems, Freeman's diagnosis of systematic cold intellectuality should be readily taken for granted.

VI

The first point that should be noted is Moore's own consciousness of the restrictions imposed on freedom of expression by the conventions of decency :

> « Her beauty saved me », says he of Doris, « and it is with regret that I cannot tell her beauty in every intimate detail, for what is so well worth telling as beauty ? » (52).

His descriptions of the beloved's body therefore remain incomplete :

> « It is not only the beauty of your face that I desire, but all your beauty, the pink breast flowers, the pretty forearms, the belly so daintily designed, the round thighs, the well jointed knees, the long calves, the sloping ankles, the thin, white-skinned feet... » (53).

Though limited, these sensuous notations were not acceptable to American Puritanism, and all such images were suppressed from the first American edition by the Bowdlerisers. It is important however that in the uncensored English first editon (and later in the States) Moore should have somehow succeeded, in spite of conventional reticence, in asserting the rights of the body.

Yet Moore is not a D.H. Lawrence, and could not in 1906 write like the author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. When the moment of the supreme felicities approaches, the reader's attention is cleverly and amusingly swerved from physical impressions to the level of feeling. All the lover's doubts about his ugliness and potency are, so we are told, of a sudden swept away : « Her beauty saved me ! » Physical possession is also said to partake of the nature of « ecstasy » (54). It is all beyond words therefore, and the narrator is spared the necessity of describing the orgasm.

To be true, a further limitation to the revelation of the human body in love should be noted. The luscious descriptive notations of Doris's body that have been quoted above, belong to the first part of the story, that is, before Doris gives in to her lover's entreaties. They partake therefore of the nature of dream images. When the lovers are on the brink of the sexual act, descriptive details assume the form of generalisations :

> « The beauty of a woman's arms when she opens them to you, the most beautiful movement in the world but one, and the pretty movement of the hips when she rolls herself over !... » (55).

Were it not for the love avowals in Moore's letters, passages of that sort would seem to support Freeman's interpretation of the Orelay story as pure intellectual concocting. In view of the information we now have about the biographical background to the story, plus the incidents that accompanied the first American publication, this interpretation no longer seems tenable. The odds are that Moore was simply forced to compromise with the currently accepted conventions of reticence. Sensuous notations undoubtedly lost warmth in the process, yet what was essential to him was the conveying the notion that love is an affair both of the senses and the heart, and this somehow he managed to do.

The heart, it should be added, remains all important to him. Chapter VI of the *Memoirs* contains an aphorism, that holds good for « The Lovers of Orelay » :

> « The fiercest spasm tells us little, and is forgotten, whereas a simple confidence is remembered years afterwards, and brings a lost love before us though she be underground, or a thousand miles away » (56).

In the Orelay story he does not fail to insist on « the desire of intimacy », on the « enchantment of intimacy » (57). His two lovers are shown communing through the music of Schumann, and cherishing together the precious memory of their first meeting, marvelling at the spontaneous recognition of kinship that brought them together :

« Our talk had gone back to years before, to the evening when I first saw her cross the drawing-room in a white dress, her gold hair hanging over her shoulders ; and in that moment as she crossed the room, I had noticed a look of recognition in her eyes ; the look was purely instinctive ; she was not aware of it herself, but I could not help understanding it as a look whereby she recognized me as one of her kin. I had often spoken to her of that look, and we liked speaking about it » (58).

Even the surroundings of love scenes are hallowed by this communion of souls, and paradoxically, the memorialist is led to consider that :

« One remembers everything better than the moment of ecstasy — the colour of the rooms, their shapes, the furniture, all is seen by me to-day as truly as if the reality were before me ; the very wood we burned in the great fireplace, the shapes of one log, how it fell into ashes at one end leaving a great knotted stump at the other, the moving of the candles into shadowy places so that the light should not fall upon our eyes — all these details are remembered, only the moment of ecstasy is forgotten » (59).

No wonder that in the same page Moore should have admitted that he was bewildered : « Like Pilate I asked myself what is truth. ». « The Lovers of Orelay » tells the enchantment, the bewilderment of love.

All along, the love story also beautifully illustrates how keen was Moore's sense of the passing of time, how constant with him the consciousness of mutability. Just before his lovers leave Orelay he gathers up impressions of this sort in a reflection which, for all its apparent Hellenism, is very Irish :

« The landscape about Plessy had transported us back into antiquity, making us dream of nymphs and dryads, but the gilt cornices and damask hangings and the salon at Orelay had made us dream of a generation ago, of the youth of our parents. Ancient conveys no personal meaning, but the out-of-date transports us, as it were, to the stern of the vessel, throws us into a mournful attitude ; we lean our heads upon our hands and, looking back, we see the white wake of the vessel with shores sinking in the horizon and the crests of the mountains passing away into the clouds » (60).

The metaphor of the exile gradually losing sight of the image of the mother country which the reflection finally introduces allows us to see how deeply Moore felt on this point.

Even in the first, Mediterranean part of the narrative, in spite of what is said there of Antiquity, he managed to keep this theme of mutability afloat on the stream of narrative. By multiplying encounters and small incidents all through that part of the story he called up images of old-maidish ladies whose lives have been sacrificed to ageing mothers, or

pathetic figures of blind women, moving images of dignified hard-upishness, also of human dignity preserved in spite of decaying health. But naturally Avignon-Orelay was the ideal locus where the many harmonics of the theme of time could be developed. Here it could be better integrated to the characters' own adventure, making the ambivalence of the writer's approach to the notion of time easily perceptible to the reader. As the images of mutability accumulate they surround the heroes' destinies with pathos, yet the very act of writing is also a challenge to time. It aims at achieving what men's traditional memory sometimes accomplishes for events and people out of the common... what men's traditional memory has accomplished for the love of Laure and Petrarch. By naming the hotel where the pair of lovers decide to put up « Hotel des Valois », Moore somehow symbolically abolished the distance between his and Maud's time and Petrarch's own days. The tampering with time began, as was shown above, by compressing the 1894 and 1904 sequences of autobiographical events into one. On the fictional level the operation was then carried one stage further. Fictional imagination manages to blurr the passing of the centuries. Time is arrested or negated. The lovers' final communing under the spell of Schumann's music introduces the last instance of the process. Their being ravished out of time carries no punishment with it, though they miss their train. They are allowed to leave Orelay in an old time post-chaise, in which again they seem to be re-enacting other famous lovers' adventures. The narrator mentions Lucien de Rubempré thus leaving Angoulême with Madame Bargeton, but the reader is free to think of Sterne and the French lady leaving Calais in their désobligeante... Are not Moore and Doris, in some mysterious way, just the eternal human couple ?

Yet the Avignon episode also stresses the pathos of mutability. This is effected through carefully calculated symbolical descents down the sequence of years : after singing Schumann and Schubert's lieder, « the music of the fifties », Doris plays late nineteenth century waltzes. The succession of styles in the salons and bedrooms in the Hotel des Valois, ranging from the Louis XV to the Napoleon III styles, also becomes a journey down time. In both cases we are brought down to the same « suranné... yester-year » which conveyed to Moore, as we have seen, the impression of decay-in-the-making far more vividly than the remoter periods (61).

The sufferings of the aesthete-lover when he laments the imperilling of the beloved's beauty by child-bearing, illustrates the merging of the two themes of love and physical mutability. But in this, « The Lovers of Orelay » is rather exceptional among the four stories in the *Memoirs* that were inspired by Maud, though the motif of the parting of lovers is present in all four. In « Resurgam » love is pure suffering. The abandoned

lover mourns for the girl that has fled to the other side of the Atlantic as he also mourns for his deceased mother. Yet suffering love is still love. In the Elizabeth episode of « Spring in London », the theme of love surviving in the form of « perfect friendship » is preparing. The episode might also be described as telling a story of lovers' parting rather than a story of blissful consummation. « Our love story was lived out in Paris », is Moore's dry statement of fact, and Elizabeth lucidly but coldly remarks : « If we were married we would be very happy for six months ». But she also begs : « But now swear that whatever befalls we shall always be friends » (62). The next story, « Lui et Elles » suggests that Moore must have sworn, for there, for the first time, we explicitly come upon the notion of love passing « into perfect friendship » (63).

This scene of course recalls the events of 1895 when Maud Burke went away to the States where she was to become Lady Cunard by marrying Sir Bache. Moore then did not know what pearl of future happiness lay hidden in the matrix of sorrow, but as soon as 1906, if we are to believe the *Memoirs,* he had found this out. The miraculous marriage of love and time was thus accomplished, memory being, according to « Spring in London », the go-between :

> « It is extraordinary how we can be transported into the past — in thought, everything is thought, all begins in thought and all returns to thought. Life is so illusory that it is hard to say whether we live in the past, or the present, or the future. » (64).

A French Symbolist might have conceived this explosion of idealistic fervour, yet we are left wondering whether Moore is not caught here in the act of pathetic self-deception. A few pages further down, a new interpretation of his great love will read like a piece of derisive quibbling :

> « We find divinity according to the temperaments we bring into the world. Some of us find it in Iaveh... the temperament I brought into the world caused me to find divinity one night in Elizabeth's bedroom... Love is God... how well it has been said by St John of the Cross who dared to speak of concupiscence with God, thereby shocking his readers... Heathen and Christian revelations have but one story to tell, the love of God for a mortal, and my story only differs in this that it concerns the love of a mortal for an immortal. Seekers of divinity we all are in secret... » (65).

Fumblings these successive interpretations must have been for the peculiar platonic conceptions of the 1921 novel *Héloïse and Abélard.* There, as one listens with Abélard to the teaching of Gaucelm the hermit, all the difficulties of being in love seem to have been solved by this platonism tinged with reminiscences of court love. The old man declares :

> « I am Gaucelm d'Arembert, whose soul is well known to be the Lady Malberge. I cannot call my love of her anything else, for it abides when all other things have passed... Or my love of her is my soul, if your mood, sir, is to split hairs. But, said Abélard, the soul is all spirit. My love is all spirit, Gaucelm answered. Was your love then unfleshly ? Abélard asked. By no means ; it was in my lady's bed that I came to know myself. I was nothing before I entered it, merely a man given over to vain commerce with every woman that took his fancy. And you have never wavered from your love ? Abélard inquired. Wavered from my love ? You might as well ask if I have wavered from my senses. All I see and hear is my Lady Malberge. She is the bird that sings within me ; she is the fruit that I taste — In memory, Abélard interposed. Memory is the truer reality, Gaucelm answered » (66).

Yet we discover elsewhere in that book that to Abélard and Héloïse love — even discounting the tragedy caused by Canon Fulbert — is not, for all its intensity, that simple, straightforward experience. The few words exchanged by the two lovers, when they stop for the night in a pine wood during their flight to Brittany, speak volumes :

> « We meet in this vale at night for love, but methinks that we must have met long, long ago in the ages back, perhaps before the beginning of time. This moment is but a moment in a love story without beginning and without end. It may seem to thee that I am talking only as the mad talk. But I am not talking, Abélard, I am thinking ; I am not thinking, Abélard, I am dreaming ; I am not dreaming, Abélard, I am feeling ; and in this moment I am consonant with the tree above me and the stars above the tree ; I am amid the roots of the hills. It may be, Abélard, that I am a little mad at this moment, but we are all too sane, and whoever has not passed from sanity to insanity has perhaps never tasted the final essence, the residuum of things. I would, too, that thou wert a little mad here in this vale, the dark trees above us, the stars shining through the tree-tops. And Madelon, Abélard answered, saying her beads in the vale. Thou wouldst strike a jarring note, for alas, we are divided, Héloïse answered sadly, and I am sorry that thou canst not love as I do » (67).

Surely « The Lovers of Orelay » also suggest that Moore must have felt that his love for Maud was « a moment in a love story without beginning and without end ». Yet should we not leave the last word to Héloïse's regrets : « Abélard, I would tell thee all things. I would have thee know me as God knows me ; but words are vain and oneself is a burden to oneself... » (68).

VII

If Moore had rested content with this picture of love, « The Lovers of Orelay » would have remained a fairly straightforward narrative in honour of the beloved Maud. The exploration of his own self however stirred more than precious love memories to life. A turmoil of his pet ideas was also roused by the searching...

Thus all along the first half of the story Moore seasoned his text with the neo-paganism which of late he had been preaching to his mother-country, as for instance in the lecture of 1905, later published as « Reminiscences of the Impressionist Painters ». As was so often the case with him, the moralist turned satirist, the butt of his attacks being the Christian Churches and their obsession with the sins of the flesh. More generally he would censure what survivals of Victorian moralism he came across in the Establishment of 1906. He censured the Church of England « for the belief... that refinement is in itself sinful » (69), just as in *The Untilled Field* he had run down the Catholic Clergy of Ireland for banishing all joy from the country. The reader of « The Lovers of Orelay » also discovers a Mentor-like George Moore, who demonstrates the conventional character of all moral laws to his young disciple, Doris :

> « Doris dear, aren't we funny creatures ? Whereas in the East a woman would be considered a very frivolous person if she discovered her bosom in the daytime, to say nothing of the evening ; but she may discover her feet, for it is customary to do so. So you see, Doris dear, that grammar is an abiding rock standing in the midst of ethical quicksands.
>
> Do you think then, said Doris, that what we have agreed to look upon as a sin to-day was once regarded as meritorious ?
>
> Undoubtedly and will again ».

Mentor naturally adapts his teaching to the personality of his elegant disciple. This is why, it seems, considerations on refinement hold so much importance in the new doctrine. This is best illustrated in the following paragraph :

> « At the bottom of his heart every Christian feels, though he may not care to admit it in these modern days, that every attempt to make love a beautiful and pleasurable thing is a return to paganism. In his eye the only excuse for man's love of woman is that without it the world would come to an end. Why he should consider the end of the world a misfortune I have never been able to find out, for if his creed be a true one, the principal use of this world is to supply hell with fuel. He is never weary of telling us that very few indeed may hope to get to Heaven. »

Upon this critical substructure a daring ethical theory can then be launched : « It is only with scent and silk and artifices that we raise love from an instinct to a passion... »

Many will think this too reminiscent of the Decadent Nineties, particularly so, as the theory is illustrated by a lengthy description of Doris's toilet table at the Hotel des Valois (70). Here, even, if Moore is not actually vieing with the Abbé Fanfreluche's description of Lady Helen's dressing room in Beardsley's *Under the Hill,* he comes I am afraid near defeating his own ends. What we actually hit upon here is only a manifestation of Moore's inveterate habit of covering himself up under more or less comic masks, whenever he is most intent on censuring his chosen victims, a process that always requires caution and tact. As he certainly wanted to impart a sort of rejuvenating gaiety to the narrative of the love experience and to dispel the grey cloud which the satirical passages threatened to cast over it, he felt compelled to push the comic effects close to clowning. This at times looks very much like walking along a razor-edge.

A pirouette I think finally saves him. By feigning to believe that all men are more or less turned into ridiculous creatures by modern clothing, he avoids the pitfall of solitary self-destruction. Women having to « take men as they are », Moore does not loose his power of seduction by being turned into a « zany » reduced to entering his beloved's bedroom in a ridiculous striped night-shirt just because Orelay hosiers don't sell pyjamas. The love adventure becomes very much, in Moore's own words, that of « Beauty and the Beast » (71). Thus, we might even say, « Beauty » is made more resplendent by being contrasted with the « Beast », and in the end the victory of middle aged George Moore, with all his physical imperfections, is far more moving and glorious than the easy success of the elegant, cynical « boulevardier » of old who paraded in « Parisian Idyll ».

With so much comic lightness displayed under our eyes, we might be tempted to dismiss as useless all consideration of the imperfections in intellectual coherency that we have detected here and there in the narrative. Yet, considering the involvement of the author in the story that struck us from the very first, it also seems difficult to overlook them.

Thus becoming aware that in his prophetic preachings, he had miscalculated the reactions of Doris's delicate sensibilities, Moore comments :

> « All that paganism, that talk about nymphs and dryads and satyrs and fauns frightened her. In the heat of the moment one says more than one intends, though it is quite well to insist that there is no such thing as our lower nature, that everything about us is divine. » (72).

The last phrase here : « everything about us is divine » is not a mere piece of equivocation on concupiscence. It repeats the philosophy of *The Lake,* a serious and humourless book, where it is said : « It has come to seem to me that we are too much in the habit of thinking of the intellect and the flesh as separate things, whereas they are but one thing ». Yet that monism which rejects any trace of the devil in our make-up, the pagan prophet cannot keep up right to the end of the story. A moment comes when he has to admit doubts and recognize the duality in human nature, and he is not then carelessly using current phrases. He insists that he is enjoying the sight of our physical nature foiling the spirit :

> « As this history can have but one merit, that of absolute truth, I confess that the subterfuge whereby Doris sought to justify herself to herself, delighted me. Perhaps no quality is more human than subterfuge. She might unveil her body — I was living in the hope of seeing her do so ; but she could not unveil her soul, not completely. We may only lift a corner of the veil ; he who would strip human nature naked and exhibit it displays a rattling skeleton, no more : where there is no subterfuge there is no life » (73).

This passage is not interesting only by the return to a sort of dualism, that it implies. The very strangeness of the phrasing of the latter half of it is startling : « She could not unveil her soul, not completely ; We may only lift a corner of the veil ; he who would strip human nature naked and exhibit it displays a rattling skeleton ». It is not so much at Moore's sense of the mystery surrounding human nature that I marvel here, but at the link established between the idea of perfect, complete consciousness and the image of death that follows. Is not Moore's linking up of spiritual life striving towards self-knowledge with this image of complete physical decay in death also a sort of subterfuge ?

An extraordinary encounter awaits the reader of the Orelay story : on page two, in steps... Balzac for a while ; and Balzac will again reappear at the end (74). He does not actually hold a role among the characters, yet his presence is unforgettable, and perhaps not without some bearing on the question just raised. In both instances, framing in so to speak his own story, Moore refers us to « Massimilla Doni », the first of Balzac's *Etudes Philosophiques,* commenting upon Balzac's text, and even quoting from it, to support his narrative at these two crucial moments. His subject is hardly broached, when of a sudden he wonders : « Doris must be married. Is she happily married ? Has she a baby ? O shameful thought ! » (75). At that point Balzac appears and the reader is invited to remember the conclusion of « Massimilla Doni ». The some twenty lines occupied by this reference to Balzac and his story end with :

> « My portrait of Doris should convince thee, reader, that it would be as disgraceful for Doris to be ' expecting ' as it was for Massimilla Doni. I like to think of all the peris and nymphs, the sylphs and fairies of ancient legend, all her kinsfolk gathering about her bed, deploring her condition, regarding her as lost to them — were such a thing to happen I should certainly be kneeling in spirit with them, and feeling just as Balzac did about Massimilla Doni, that it was a sacrilege that Doris should be ' expecting ' or even married ».

Here is certainly an idea that Moore wanted to impress on the reader as essential, so essential that he had to offer it under Balzacian guaranty, an impression that the last pages of « The Lovers of Orelay » still reinforce. When Moore there returned to the theme of woman's pregnancy, he was no longer content with merely referring to Balzac. He borrowed the last paragraph from the French text of « Massimilla Doni » and used it as a conclusion to his own story.

The trouble is that Moore's and Balzac's philosophies are poles apart. The view of life and of love that underlies « Massimilla Doni » would be best summed up in these words from *Le Lys dans la Vallée :*

> « L'homme est un composé de matière et d'esprit ; l'animalité vient aboutir en lui, et l'ange commence à lui. De là cette lutte que nous éprouvons tous entre une destinée future que nous pressentons et les souvenirs de nos instincts antérieurs dont nous ne sommes pas entièrement détachés : un amour charnel et un amour divin... » (76).

In spite of the fluctuations we have noticed in Moore's definitions of his own views, it is evident that this idea of a hierarchy of flesh and spirit is foreign to him. To Balzac the story of Massimilla and her friend Emilio is that of a fall from platonic love to sensuality, a fall even though the next story in *Etudes Philosophiques* « Gambara », shows them eventually to have got married. The Orelay story shows on the contrary that to Moore love of the body beautiful and love, let us say, of the spirit were both integral parts of Human Love.

By referring his readers to Balzac, Moore transformed them somehow into « worshippers of the ideal », a reassuring impression :

> « Durst remember, reader, how Balzac, when he came to the last page of ' Massimilla Doni ', declared that he dared not pursue the story to the end. One word, he says, will suffice for the worshippers of the ideal : ' Massimilla was expecting '... ».

This looks very much like verbal leger-de-main. The whole process is slurred over by a show of literary criticism bearing on the adequacy of Balzac's metaphoric language. He blames in particular the obscurity of the image in :

« tout le peuple des cathédrales gothiques... tout le peuple des figures qui brisent leur forme pour venir à vous artistes compréhensifs, toutes ces angéliques filles incorporelles accoururent autour du lit de Massimilla et y pleurèrent ».

In quite positivist fashion he wonders :

« What puzzles me is why statues should break their forms (form I suppose should be translated *mould)* — break their moulds — the expression seems very inadequate... »

Balzac's only justification lay of course in what Moore would not here mention : in his extreme idealism. To Balzac, and to those he calls « artistes compréhensifs », the ultimate real is the incorporeal. But in Moore's own use of Balzac's concluding paragraph, the peris, water-sprites and fairies actually weep solely on the consequences of pregnancy to the perfect forms of Doris.

Vindication of the body such as is offered in « The Lovers of Orelay » logically should rather imply that one should also welcome the transformations of the woman's body through maternity. Apparently, after expounding full blooded views of love, Moore sided away into the old aestheticism of the Nineties.

But the whole confusion is hidden away under subterfuge no less superb than Doris's when she kept up appearences while preparing to give in to Moore's entreaties.

VIII

That Moore should have accepted that a book in which he had invested so much should be published in an expurgated form in the States then comes as a surprise. But, when confronted with the decision of the conformist manager of the firm of Appleton, Moore reflected : « After all, is it not an honour to be Bowdlerised ?... And the day of the Bowdlerizer is a brief one !... » (77). Besides, while agreeing to the publication of the mutilated *Memoirs,* he had as a compensation stipulated that the text of the American edition should be preceded by what he called an « Apologia pro Scriptis Meis », forty-six pages in which he vindicated his work and « The Lovers of Orelay » in particular — and there lies for us an opportunity, not to be overlooked, of listening to the author's self-defence.

The polemist who had fought with such verve against the Vigilance Association at the time of the Vizetelli trial, here comes to the forefront again. The « Apologia » is given the form of a fictional debate with a sincere but narrow-minded young member of some charitable association. From the start, this correspondent is made to admit that *Memoirs of My Dead Life* is a sincere book, a point that Moore eveidently had at heart. This being registered, the youthful Puritan is allowed to launch his wildest reproach : « Your ' Memoirs ' are not only ' an exhibition ' of the immoral ; they are ' an incitement ' to the immoral. » (78). Moore's immediate counter-move then consists in proudly asserting the « messianic » nature of all his writings since *Esther Waters.* His opponent calls it « depreciating Christian morality and advocating a return to nature » (79). Precisely, says Moore, in *Memoirs of My Dead Life* just as much as in *Esther Waters,* in *Evelyn Innes* or in *The Lake,* he has been doing « moralist's » work, though not in the same tradition as his critic. The tradition he belongs to is that of William Blake and Théophile Gautier (80). And Moore makes no bones about proclaiming that « The Lovers of Orelay » in particular stresses the rupture with XIXth century Christian morality. But the reproach of gross materialism he cannot accept :

« In the Orelay adventure which horrified [... the Christian moralist], there was an appreciation of beauty which he has, I am afraid, rendered himself incapable of. Myself and Doris were spiritual gainers by the Orelay adventure. Doris' rendering of ' The Moonlight Sonata ' till she went to Orelay was merely brilliant and effective ; and have not all the critics in England agreed that the story in which I relate her contains some of the best pages of prose I have written » (81).

The judgements of the two opponents on « The Lovers of Orelay » are however as irreconcilable as their general standpoints, and Moore judiciously allows his correspondent to maintain :

« The perusal of the episodes [he means Doris' Orelay experiences] does certainly not ennoble me, it rouses sensuality, it lowers woman from a friend and help-meet into a convenience and a minister to pleasure. I am less able and less willing to think ' high ' after your book... » (82).

The slight touch of grandiloquence about this and the prurient imagination which is suggested by the central admission, naturally establish a smiling complicity between Moore and his readers.

Taking advantage of this, Moore then suggests that the social forces mustered behind the two champions are not perhaps so unequal as is generally imagined. Public opinion had lately shown extraordinary versatility. Zola and Ibsen, after being presented for so long as satanic voices

had, at the end of the nineties, been hailed as great artists and exponents of modernity without raising any protest from the Vigilance Association. Then comes a last fling recalling one of the ideas that were at the back of Moore's mind when writing *The Lake* and *The Untilled Field* : « Only some advanced members of the [Vigilance] Association are in favour of that complete separation of the sexes which obtains in Ireland in the rural districts » (83).

In order that Moore's assertions about the changing intellectual and moral outlook of the age should not be dismissed as wishful thinking, it should perhaps be recalled here that free-thinkers and heretics were actually active around him. To limit myself to a writer whom Moore appreciated, I would mention Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, the historian and Professor of Political Science at King's College. In 1905 his book *Religion : a Criticism and a Forecast* had been hailed by the critic of *The Athenaeum* as the work of « a man of genius ». « It should be read, he recommended, by all clerics » (84). In all fairness however, it must be admitted that the same critic did not feel quite sure that the book would attract crowds of readers among the general public. Yet there it was, supplying « to the agnostic without any creed — even theism — all the emotional and spiritual stimulus which devout believers derive from the Christian creed ». In 1896 that same Dickinson had already published another little book, *The Greek View of Life* (85). In that book that was to go through many reprints, Dickinson had from beginning to end compared Christian and Greek conceptions, insisting on the fact that for those Pagans, virtue « was not a hard conformity to a law felt as alien to the natural character : it was the free expression of a beautiful and harmonious soul ». This was speaking in terms Moore could have used. Writing of his own Edwardian adolescence, arch-sceptic Leonard Woolf was later to maintain :

> « No intelligent person any longer in practical affairs considered the possibility of God intervening to reward the virtuous or punish the sinner... People did of course still talk as if he could or might do so, but they acted as if he couldn't... all his powers had fallen from his hands into those of priests, the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Pope, of clergymen, churches and chapels »,

adding jokingly : « The only tolerable Gods were those of the Greeks because no sensible man had to take them seriously » (86).

This purpose of confrontation between the Christian and the Greek outlooks, it should be added, cropped up also in various fictional works. In those early years of the Edwardian period, E.M. Forster was writing short stories that humorously celebrated communion with the Great God

Pan, his fauns and dryads, a communion more conducive to happiness than obedience to the Ten Commandments (87).

Moore however was to discover that, even without mentioning the American misadventure, directly or indirectly, the Churches still had some influence on literary judgements. *Punch,* for instance, assuming the role of a champion of Christian morality, identified Moore's achievement with that of the lecherous Casanova who, « old and decrepit..., dwelt with peculiar gusto on those scenes of his variegated existence in which women had played a part, and did not hesitate for his own satisfaction to embroider and enlarge infamous adventures that fate had thrown in his way » (88). *The Athenaeum,* as might be expected, did not treat Moore so off-handedly, yet the critic of this weekly admitted having been little interested « in the sort of thing and man he [Moore] portrays » (89). Both *Punch* and *The Athenaeum* however were impressed by the quality of Moore's style. « There is plenty of pretty writing in the book », *Punch* said, and *The Athenaeum* more generously : « He writes with freedom always and nowadays with greater grace than he was wont to do. » Yet both failed to link this up with any deeper quality. They were content to allude to the « Gallic » inspiration of Moore — the common-place explanation. « An Irishman with a French soul », *Punch* called Moore, and « Gallic to the cravat » echoed the critic of *The Athenaeum.* Yet the latter was after all less simplistic than this formula of his suggests. He at least was aware of the humour and raillery spread over the *Memoirs,* and this is worth noting, even if he attempted to convey an idea of that humour and that raillery by means of a questionable comparison :

> « The imaginary person with whom Mr. Moore whimsically identifies himself might well be the hero of one of M. Pierre Louÿs' sentimental extravaganzas. »

This is gently poking fun at Moore. The George Moore of the *Memoirs* never can quite be compared with the nonchalant, hedonistic, and Rabelaisian King Pausole, nor with the extremely masochistic hero of *La Femme et le Pantin* (90). Yet the word « extravaganza » that the comparison introduced is worth noting. Some of the stories in *Memoirs* are, throughout, extravaganzas, as for instance « Euphorion in Texas » which tells how an American lady, a shop-keeper with pretensions to culture, paid a visit to Moore in Dublin, returning to her native Texas only when she was sure she was with child. Thus, in the form of Moore's progeny, Euphorion, was a literary future offered to Texas. The Orelay story contains nothing so wildly fantastic, yet in spite of the deep self-involvement, in spite of the avowed intention of erecting a monument to love, in spite of the airing of pet ideas on religion and morals, there too, fantasy is of frequent occurrence. That this sould have been noted by one of the first critics who dealt with the book is worth mentioning.

The mood of day-dreaming which, all through the *Memoirs* is the over-all rationale of narrative, allows free play to fancy even in a pretty straightforward story like « The Lovers of Orelay ». There, with extreme ease, Moore impersonates a good many different characters, the sighing lover, the conquering lover, the sensualist, the « zany », the social critic, the free-thinker preaching a return to pagan Greece, the literary critic. This protean quality is in itself amusing. In digging into the text as we have been doing to find the deeper themes we have been led to insist on the underlying seriousness. Yet in dreams, serious ideas develop an aptitude to comic or ironic disguise. This had to be recalled even though no stylistic study can be envisaged in the space of this article.

IX

One more look at *Conversations in Ebury Street* will bring the reconsideration of « The Lovers of Orelay » to a close. In addition to G. Jean-Aubry's parting confidences, another allusion to the Orelay story is to be found in Chapter XIV of that book, where Moore, speaking in his own name, compares « The Lovers of Orelay » with Laforgue's « Le Miracle des Roses ». He says :

> « There is a little of Laforgue in me : in « The Lovers of Orelay » I am near to Laforgue in his story of Ruth, dying amid tea-roses, the blood-red having been forbidden to her and to her poet, whose end was the same as hers, nearer than any other » (91).

Should we dismiss this allusion as completely and as readily as Ruth Z. Temple in her book, *The Critic's Alchemy ?* Should we say with her :

> « This is a resemblance which would have escaped even the assiduous literary source detective, and it need not be taken seriously. One notices here, as in so many other cases, the personal factors that dispose Moore to favorable criticism of the author » (92).

There is certainly a vast difference between Laforgue's consumptive heroine and Moore's dryad-like mistress. Yet the « thrill » he speaks of at opening *Les Moralités Légendaires* is more than a piece of self-advertising as expert in French literature. In his *Impressions and Opinions* of 1891, he had tried to justify his love for Laforgue's prose style in general, and more particularly in « Le Miracle des Roses ». « A style full of grace and fancy and incurably his own », he began by saying. And then the epithets he selected to give an idea of Jules Laforgue's talent were « delicious, delicate » soon to be completed with « evanescent as French pastry ». Laforgue also made him think of Watteau, but, here again, he commented : « I have called Laforgue a Watteau de café-concert because his imagination was as fanciful as that painter's, and because he adapted in his style the familiarity of the café-concert, transforming, raising it by the enchantment of his genius ». The idea of a writer in sum hiding his flights of imagination and sentiment under irreverent fancies, ironies and stylistic refinements. After all, this is not a bad representation both of Laforgue and Moore himself. In « Le Miracle des Roses » for instance, Laforgue had embedded an irreverent presentation of the Virgin's cult, a piece of anticlerical irony that Moore could appreciate.

And then, the fundamental theme of Laforgue's narrative is often the severance of love's mutual ties. In its absolute form, severance by death, this is the theme that underlies « Le Miracle des Roses ». But to Laforgue, apartness also seemed the condition of lovers upon whom no immediate threat of death was impending, as in that other *Moralité Légendaire,* « Pan et la Syrinx ». An apt myth metaphor this story is of the love pursuit, when the lover is an artist. It tells how Pan and the nymph Syrinx felt mutually attracted, but the pursuit of the nymph by the god ended on the brink of ecstasy. When Pan was on the point of catching her, Syrinx entrusted her soul to the reeds and vanished among them. Pan, picking up a handful of those reeds, turned them into the mythic pipe, and the tune he started blowing through it immediately brought about the perfect merging of the two lovers' souls. « Vous voyez bien vous-même », Syrinx says, « il n'y a que l'art ; l'art c'est le désir perpétué... ».

If anyone had remarked to Moore in 1906 that Laforgue's story was after all a fair representation of his destiny, he no doubt would have protested that he had at least carried the love pursuit one stage further than Laforgue's god, right to the supreme ecstasy. However, in the great bewilderment of his love affair with Maud, art was Moore's ultimate resource. His avowed double aim in writing « The Lovers of Orelay » was, as we have seen, self-exploration and the paying due homage to the dryad-like beauty of the beloved. But through writing, all the past moments of sexual fulfilment and intimate communion of souls, of wonderment in front of youthful feminine beauty, somehow acquired the comforting qualities of an ideal, perpetual present. « The Lovers of Orelay » illustrates the essential paradox of all autobiographical fiction in a fascinating way. Moore made full use of the facilities conventionally offered to autobiographers, playing upon the terms « history » and « story », trying to foist upon the reader the notion that his « memories » were « absolute truth », and « not inventions ». But this does not mean that we should, with John Freeman, consider « The Lovers of Orelay » as a complete hoax. A more satisfactory interpretation consists, it seems, in

considering that autobiographical fiction, by hiding the irrecoverable past under impressions of illusive immediacy answered Moore's subconscious wishes : the bitterness of the lovers' decision to part was blurred out in the process. In the process also, the image of himself as conquering lover of the dryad acquired a perennial potency upon Moore's mind that dissipated the sense of mutability. This being achieved, he betrayed his subconscious satisfaction by confessing before concluding that he was no longer interested in his story : « My mind is no longer engrossed in the story », a surprising but significant admission, stressing by contrast how deeply he must have been involved in all that preceded.

It should, I think, be conceded to Moore's censors, that « The Lovers of Orelay » does not achieve perfection as a narrative, perhaps because the writer, caught between the conscious intention of honouring the beloved, his subconscious urges, the turmoil of his sensibility, the desire to reject the conventions of contemporary society, and the necessity he was under of using some reticence, in places adulterated lyrical reminiscing by an excessive infusion of the merely polemic. For all that, there is a vitality in that fanciful story that holds the attention of the unprejudiced reader. It gives significance even to the trivialities of life. The whole man, George Moore, shows through the narrative.

Jean-C. NOËL.

NOTES

1. The first edition of this translation was published in the *Cahiers Verts* collection (Grasset). A second edition was printed in 1928. A note by the translator, p. 12 of this second edition informs us that : « Des obligations de librairie avaient amené la suppression du chapitre intitulé « Les Amants d'Orelay » dans l'édition française que nous avons donnée pour la série des « Cahiers Verts » en 1922 et qui fut rapidement épuisée. Celle-ci contient pour la première fois le volume anglais en son entier. »

The same note also indicates that the translator worked from the 1921 English edition, for which Moore had imagined a title page in 18th century style, that reads « *Memoirs of My Dead Life of Galanteries, Meditations and Remembrances, Soliloquies or Advice to Lovers, — with many miscellaneous Reflections on Virtue & Merit, By George Moore of Moore Hall Co Mayo.*

This title page of the London 1921 ed. is reproduced on p. 13 of the French 1928 ed.

2. *Conversations in Ebury Street*, Ebury ed., 1936, Ch. XIX, p. 260-I.

3. I could not refer to the English edition of John Stuart Mill's *Memoirs*, but in the French translation by M.E. Cazelle (Paris 1874) the facts will be found p. 240.

4. See my *George Moore, l'Homme et l'Œuvre*, 1966 ; p. 232 & 350. & H. Gerber : *George Moore in Transition*, p. 310. Possibly we were both of us incited to adopt this cautious attitude by the example of R. Hart Davis in his edition of George Moroe's *Letters to Lady Cunard, 1895-1933*. P. 48, he had written : « The name of Orelay was coined for G.M. by John Eglinton, who is certain that the actual town was Avignon. It is tempting to protract the interpretation of this reference, and to equate the Doris of the story with Maud, but further evidence is lacking ».

5. G.M. *Letters to Lady Cunard* (henceforward *LLC*), p. 47-48.

6. The pages of *Salve* devoted to Landor's conversations between Petrarch and Boccaccio on the subject of Dante prove Moore's great familiarity with both Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* and the poets in question. *Salve* (1914) is posterior to *Memoirs of my Dead Life*, but Moore had expressed admiration for Landor's prose long before *Memoirs of my Dead Life* was written. See « Since the Elizabethans », in *Cosmopolis*, for October 1896, and the pages from *Avowals* in *Pall Mall Magazine* for March 1904, p. 324.

7. See *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (henceforward to be designated in notes by the abbreviation *MMDL*. Note also that because of repeated revisions I shall have to refer the reader to four different editions to be designated by the conventional letters already used by E. Gilcher in his *Bibliography of GM*, i.e. : *A 29*, a for the first English ed. 1906 ; *A 29*, 2 a for the first American expurgated ed. ; *A 29*, d for the second American, Author's edition revised and expanded ; *A 29*, e 2 for the Ebury ed, 1936).

In the present instance : *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 185 ; *2 a*, p. 180 ; *d*, p. 170 ; *e 2*, p. 139.

8. *LLC*, 14 Feb. 1922, p. 121.

Note that Arles is only some 40 miles from Orange, and that Avignon is half way between these two towns. Needless to say that no hotel in Avignon is or was called « Hotel des Valois ». The Archivist for the Vaucluse department, M. de Font-Reaulx, writing to me in 1972, says that Moore's description of the Hotel des Valois might apply to the Hotel de l'Europe, Place Crillon (mentioned by Baedeker in *Le Sud-Est de la France du Jura à la Méditerranée*, 1897, but not described). As was his wont G.M. may have gathered information from friends, perhaps in this instance John Eglinton. The Hotel des Valois can also be considered as a transposition of Nevill Holt, Lady Cunard's mansion, ever dear to Moore since 1904. Parallel items suggesting this are : the entrance to the hotel in the form of a porch of which Moore says that it bears the mark of 18th century refinements « giving the hotel for a moment the look of an English country house » (same page as note 7), this to be compared with Nancy Cunard's description of the entrance to Nevill Holt in her *Memories of George Moore*, p. 19 : « Handsome indeed is the main entrance, that front porch with its crenelations ». Also, respectively, p. 191, 185, 174, 143 in our four editions of *MMDL* : « My adventure reminds me very much of the beginning of a romantic novel in which the wind blows aside a tapestry discovering a secret door. The tapestry lacked, but my eyes fell

suddenly on a crumpling in the wall paper. ' A door ', said I and unlatched. And pushing through I descended two steps... » This to be placed by the side of p. 21 in Nancy Cunard's book : « A great tapestry concealed a staircase between two [men in armour] ». Then, if all French styles of decoration are represented in the Hotel des Valois, Nevill Holt also has received additions from the time of King John to that of the Georges and that of Queen Victoria.

Baedeker may have furnished Moore some useful information about the Cathedral of which it is said : « La Cathédrale ou ND des Doms sur le rocher au nord de l'Ancien Palais est une église romane massive et sombre ». But according to the same Baedeker the only painting by David in the Museum was a sketch for his « Death of Bara », the Republican hero of the 1794 Vendée expedition ! « The Nymph of Orelay » attributed by Moore to David is an invention. The duration of the journey from Marseille to Avignon which Moore puts at five hours corresponds to the approximate duration given by Baedeker.

Nancy Cunard's *Memories of GM* has a photograph of GM at Sanary in 1922, proving that Moore did travel at that date to the South of France as announced in Moore's letter to Lady Cunard.

9. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 113 ; *2 a*, p. 112 ; *d*, p, 119 ; *e 2*, p. 93.
10. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 144 ; *2 a*, p. 141-2 ; *d*, p. 142 ; *e 2*, p. 114.
11. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 117 ; *2 a*, p. 116 ; *d*, p. 121 ; *e 2*, p. 95.

Shelley's lines are from « The Pine Forest of the Cascine near Pisa, the first draft of « To Jane : the Invitation », a poem of 1822, addressed to Mrs Jane Williams.

12. An interesting narrative of these events will be found in Rupert Hart Davis's « Introduction » to G.M. : *LLC*, p. 7-20. Hart-Davis there pieces together the different versions of the events that were written by Moore quoting in particular large portions from the Tauchnitz edition of the *Memoirs*, to which otherwise I should not have had access.

See also my *G.M., L'Homme et l'Œuvre*, p. 221-233.

13. John Eglinton, *Irish Literary Portraits*, 1935, p. 98-100.
14. Moore's letter to C.K. Shorter is in the British Museum Library, Ashley Ms, 3670, f 2.
15. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 222 ; *2 a*, p. 202 ; *d*, p. 199 ; *e 2*, p. 166.
16. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 154 ; *2 a*, p. 151.
17. *MMDL, d*, p. 150 ; *e 2*, p. 121.
18. See above note 1.
19. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 95 ; *2 a*, p. 95 ; *d*, p. 105 ; *e 2*, p. 80.
20. See Gerber, *G.M. in Transition*, p. 104, for a letter of GM to Lena Milman. Gerber fails to read the first element in the name « Aix-les-Bains ». Paul Alexis' letter helps clear the mystery. Ms of Alexis's letter in Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris ; ms : na, fr, 24510, f 457.
21. G.M., *LLC*, p. 168.
22. At least Moore's letters to Lena Milman show that he was in England in November. Gerber *G.M. in Transition*, 104-105.
23. G.M., *LLC*, p. 31.
24. G.M., *LLC*, p. 31-32.
25. G.M., *LLC*, p. 58, 33, 38, 42-43, 51, 55-56, 181, 194, the eight quotations from Moore's letters in that order. P. 16 of his Introduction to G.M.'s *Letters to Lady C*, R. Hart-Davis remarks : « In 1910 another took first place in Lady Cunard's affections. G.M.'s devotion was life-long ».
26. Nancy Cunard, *Memories of G.M.*, p. 116.
27. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 113 ; *2 a*, p. 112 ; *d*, p. 119 ; *e 2*, p. 93.
28. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 96 ; *2 a*, p. 96 ; *d*, p. 107 ; *e 2*, p. 81.
29. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 201 ; *2 a*, p. 221 ; *d*, p. 199 ; *e 2*, p. 166.
30. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 126-30 ; *2 a*, p. 124-9 ; *d*, p. 128-32 ; *e 2*, p. 102-105.
31. *MMDL, d*, p. 35 et 106. « Lui et Elles » not to be found in the other editions. Pour « The lovers of Orelay », see : *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 96 ; *2 a*, p. 96 ; *d*, p. 106 ; *e 2*, p. 81.
32. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 131 ; *2 a*, p. 129 ; *d*, p. 132 ; *e 2*, p. 106.

Concerning Clara Christian, see *Hail and Farewell*, 1 vol. ed. 1976, Richard Cave's Introduction p. 34, and notes, p. 697, 749.

Concerning date of publication of *MMDL, A 29, a*, see *The Academy*, June 16 1906, « Books Received ».

33. *MMDL, d*, « Lui et Elles », p. 33, not to be found in the other editions.
34. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 95-96 ; *2 a*, p. 95 ; *d*, p. 105 ; *e 2*, p. 80-81.
35. *MMDL, A 29, a*, nil ; *2 a*, nil ; *d*, p. 17 ; *e 2*, p. 8.
36. *MMDL, A 29, a*, nil ; *2 a*, nil ; *d*, p. 20 ; *e 2*, p. 12.
37. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 97, 119, 142 ; *2 a*, p. 97, 118, 140 ; *d*, p. 107, 123, 141 ; *e 2*, p. 82, 97, nil.
38. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 214 ; *2 a*, p. 195 ; *d*, p. 193 ; *e 2*, p. 160.
39. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 140, 178 ; *2 a*, p. 138, nil ; *d*, p. 140, 163 ; *e 2*, nil, 133.
40. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 106 ; *2 a*, p. 105 ; *d*, p. 113 ; *e 2*, p. 88.
41. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 121-130 ; *2 a*, p. 119-129 ; *d*, p. 124-132 ; *e 2*, p. 98-105.
42. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 222 ; *2 a*, p. 202 ; *d*, p. 200 ; *e 2*, p. 167.
43. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 154 ; *2 a*, p. 151 ; *d*, p. 150 ; *e 2*, p. 121.
44. G.M., *LLC*, p. 48.
45. This bowdlerized edition is *MMDL, A 29, 2 a*.
46. Freeman, *op. cit.*, p. 173.
47. Malcolm Browne, *op. cit.* p. 79.

Anthony Farrow in his *George Moore* (Twayne Authors Series, 1978) still takes his cue blindly from Browne and dismisses consideration of *MMDL* in four lines.

48. G.M., *Pagan Poems*, 1881, p. 20-26.
49. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 135 ; *2 a*, p. 133 ; *d*, p. 135 ; *e 2*, p. 109.
50. A. Norman Jeffares, *George Moore*, Writers and their Work Series, 1965, p. 30.
51. A. Bennett, *The Journals*, selected by F. Swinnerton, Penguin B., p. 155.
52. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 205 ; *2 a*, nil ; *d*, p. 186 ; *e 2*, p. 154.
53. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 178 ; *2 a*, nil ; *d*, p. 163 ; *e 2*, p. 133.
54. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 206 ; *2 a*, nil ; *d*, p. 186 ; *e 2*, p. 154.
55. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 205 ; *2 a*, nil ; *d*, p. 186 ; *e 2*, p. 154.
56. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 69 ; *2 a*, p. 68 ; *d*, p. 85 ; *e 2*, p. 61.

The chapter is entitled « Spent love » in a, d and e 2 and « Spent Loves » en 2 a. It is numbered VII in d.

57. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 187, 207 ; *2 a*, p. 181, nil ; *d*, p. 171, 187 ; *e 2*, p. 140, 155.
58. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 154 ; *2 a*, p. 151 ; *d*, p. 150 ; *e 2*, p. 121.
59. *MMDL*, see note 54 above.
60. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 219-220 ; *2 a*, p. 200 ; *d*, p. 197 ; *e 2*, p. 164-165.
61. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 219 ; *2 a*, p. 199 ; *d*, p. 197 ; *e 2*, p. 164.
62. *MMDL, A 29, a*, nil ; *2 a*, nil ; *d*, p. 14-15 ; *e 2*, p. 5-6.

Though these quotations are not to be found in the early editions that I used, they are re-writings of 1906 and can be found in more or less identical form in the Tauchnitz edition of that year, as also in the rough draft known as « the lost chapter » (see introd. by RHD to G.M. : *Letters to Lady Cunard*, p. 14-16). In this version G.M. is conscious that if they married, he could not give Elizabeth (i.e. Maud) the kind of bright worldly life she deserves, and he himself counsels they should part. The crowning feature in this version, later unretained, is a Nietzschean image that introduces the theme of destiny : « I knew quite well from the first that we were like two ships lying side by side in the harbour. »

63. *MMDL, A 29, d*, « Lui et Elles », p. 35.
64. *MMDL, A 29, a* nil ; *2 a*, nil ; *d*, p. 15 ; *e 2*, p. 7.
65. *MMDL, A 29, a* nil ; *2 a*, nil ; *d*, p. 21 ; *e 2*, p. 12.
66. G.M. *Héloïse and Abélard*, Ch. XXII ; the passage is given in full by Rupert Hart Davis, in an appendix to *Letters to Lady Cunard*, p. 196.
67. G.M. *Héloïse and Abélard*, Ch. XVI, p. 176.
68. Ibidem.
69. *MMDL, A 29*. For all quotations on the subject of refinement see *a*, p. 194-201 ;

2 a, reduced to one paragraph, p. 188, all allusions to religion suppressed ; *d*, p. 177-182 ; *e 2*, p. 145-151.

70. *MMDL, A 29, a*, 194 ; *2 a*, p. 188 ; *d*, p. 175 ; *e 2*, p. 145.
71. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 195, 202, 206 ; *2 a*, nil ; *d*, p. 177, 183, 186 ; *e 2*, p. 145-151.
72. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 148 ; *2 a*, p. 145 ; *d*, p. 117 ; *e 2*, p. 145.
73. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 181 ; *2 a*, p. 176 ; *d*, p. 166 ; *e 2*, p. 136.
74. For quotations from or concerning Balzac and « Massimilla Doni », see *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 97 & 233-4 ; *2 a*, p. 97 & 203-4 ; *d*, p. 107 & 200-1 ; *e 2*, p. 82, & 167-8.
75. *MMDL, A 29, a*, p. 97 ; *2 a*, p. 97 ; *d*, p. 106 ; *e 2*, p. 81.
76. Balzac, *Le lys dans la Vallée*.
77. *MMDL, A 29, 2 a*, « Apologia pro Scriptis Meis », p. XLVI.
78. *MMDL, A 29, 2 a*, « Apologia pro Scriptis Meis », p. XV-XVI.
79. *MMDL, A 29, 2 a*, « Apologia pro Scriptis Meis », p. XVIII.
80. *MMDL, A 29, 2 a*, « Apologia pro Scriptis Meis », p. XX.
81. *MMDL, A 29, 2 a*, « Apologia pro Scriptis Meis », p. XXI-XXII.
82. *MMDL, A 29, 2 a*, « Apologia pro Scriptis Meis », p. XXXVI.
83. *MMDL, A 29, 2 a*, « Apologia pro Scriptis Meis », p. XXXVII.
84. *The Athenaeum*, n° 4056, July 22 1905 : X - Review of *Religion, a Criticism and a Forecast*, by G.L. Dickinson (Brinsley Johnson, London).
85. G.L. Dickinson, *The Greek View of Life*, 1896, see p. I, 17, 36, 200. J. Hone, *The Life of George Moore*, 1936, p. 259, quotes a letter of G.M. to Lord Howard de Walden of 1905 expressing warm appreciation of « a little book » by Dickinson and of the writer's personality.
86. Leonard Woolf, *Sowing, an Autobiography, 1880-1904*, Hogarth Press 1967, p. 43-44.
87. See E.M. Forster : *The Celestial Omnibus*.
88. *Punch*, August 8 1906, p. 108 : « Our Booking Office, by Mr Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks ».
89. *The Athenaeum*, n° 4109, July 28 1906 : « Library Table : ' Memoirs of My Dead Life ' », p. 101-102.
90. Pierre Louÿs : 1898, *La femme et le Pantin ;* 1901, *Le Roi Pausole*.
91. G.M., *Conversations in Ebury Street*, Ebury ed., Ch. XIV, p. 168-9.
92. Ruth Z. Temple, *The Critic's Alchemy*, Twayne, N.Y., 1953, p. 253.

J.C. N.

II

XVIIIth CENTURY IRISHMEN IN FRANCE
(Continued from *Cahier 7)*

We are indebted to the Rev. Father D. O'Sullivan, C.P., Archivist, Passionist Fathers, Mount Argus, for kind permission to use Father John Kavenagh's manuscripts, and to Mr. D. O'Luanaigh, Keeper of the National Library, Dublin, for help in procuring micro-films of these manuscripts, also to Professor L.M. Cullen of T.C.D., for information on XVIIIth Century Wexford, and to Professor J. Brengues of Université de Haute-Bretagne, Rennes, for bibliographical information on Freemasonry.

JOHN KAVENAGH'S MASONIC BURLESQUE

In addition to the collection of his poems and the copies he made of his friend's letters, John Kavenagh's *Manuscript II* (1) contains two pieces of short fiction. The first one bears the title : « Letters from a Lady », and deals with a situation closely connected with the events he had lived through in 1774 and 1775 before leaving Co Wexford for the Irish Seminary in Nantes (2). As in all fiction of this type, the writer is supposed to be the friend and confidant of a pair of lovers that have been separated « by misfortunate circumstances », and to be transcribing them « faithfully from the originals in which », as he says, « the reader may with ease perceive how her virgin tender breast was intoxicated by the jarring elements of wakening passions and their contrary opposites ». « The conflicts of virtue and passion », so the author thinks, « will be found lively enough throughout the whole ».

This promise unfortunately is not one moment fulfilled. The style is so stiffly dignified that the lady's character does not come to life. A wish-fulfilling enterprise, the writing of these letters must have been for Kavenagh. The attitude of calm submission to a superior will following close upon impassioned avowals of love is probably what he unrealistically expected from Kitty O'Neill and did not find in her letters.

The other narrative (3) is sharply contrasted with these lofty and lifeless letters. It is somewhat rough of surface and undoubtedly still needs some polishing, yet is so unexpected in subject, so surprising in treatment, that one feels inclined to overlook the shortcomings. It bears no title, yet this is no oversight. Its thirty one pages are offered to us as if they were an excerpt from the author's autobiography, a pretension which it seems difficult to accept literally in spite of the care with which the author tries to convince the reader.

On page 6 of the manuscript, we have been informed that the young poet

« ... dreads for to subscribe his name
Lest he'ld be brought to scandal or to shame » (4).

In consequence, he has adopted a pen-name. Henceforward his poems will be attributed to a certain Sherebaum, a choice which he explains in a foot-note to this effect :

« ... that the reader may be truly satisfyed about the origin of the word *Sherebaum*, my intention here is to content him if I possibly can by the recital of a very strange event, which he will find at large in the latter end of this volume, p. 234. »

On that very page 234, the warning is renewed in similar terms before launching the reader into the recital of that « very strange event ». What the reader will find is

« A continuation of a very extraordinary event that befel our young poet, in the 18th year of his age, in which will appear what gave rise to his anonymous name *Sherebaum*, which he for several years afterwards passed under in a great number of his letters to his friends, correspondents, etc. »

This elaborate insistance actually does not prove the autobiographical quality of the narrative in question. For all we know, that narrative may have been pure fiction, and Kavenagh still have there culled the strange term *Sherebaum* which he was to turn into a pen name.

The reader will more easily judge of this, it seems, and also of all the problems pertaining to Irish cultural history involved in that curious piece of prose, after reading it. Here it is then, verbatim :

[A MASONIC BURLESQUE]

234 *Our youth in one of his earlier travels, by chance came to a small town late in the afternoon in the month of september, and having left behind him the Golden Lion near the entrance of the town, the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes on his right, and the Rising Sun on his left, which were both in the town, he did not seem contented with either of the three, supposing that he could not find in neither a good bed and supper (by their exterior appearance, as he was then a little fatigued and extremely hungry) so he passed by all three without making the least enquiry, in order to find a better inn than any of the former, at least, by its external appearance. In fine, having passed almost the length of a street, he espied the Sign of the Harp, the sight of which immediately roused up his fatigued spirits,*

235 *as it was the arms of Old Ireland, into which he no sooner entered than the landlord accosted him with a very low and reverential bow, saying : « Sir, I am your most humble servant, and pray what is your will, Sir ? » Our youth replied that a good supper and a good bed were two things he was in need of, and asked if the house cou'd afford him such. « Afford you such », said the landlord ! « a damn silly question, Sir, and somewhat odd besides ; I presume, Sir, you are a stranger to my house, not as I can remember to have seen you before ». « Indeed, Sir, this is the first time, but I hope it will not be the last, because th'exterior figure of your house, and the arms of Old Ireland hung out for a sign, induced me to enter here sooner than into sevral others which I passed by without seeming to have taken notice of them, and if chance will ever again conduct me hither, I promise you to not pass by without calling on you... » « Sir, I'll show you a room, and the best even in my house, pray follow me ; the evening is cold, will you have a fire, Sir ? » « Yes, and thank you too, and a mug of your best beer, if you please. » « Waiter, hallo ! » The waiter made no answer, as he was four appart-*
236 *ments backwards out of hearing. « Hallo, Peggy ! Are you there ? » « Coming, Master, what's your will ? » « Bring the gentleman a mug of the best beer on draught immediately with a seed cake, perhaps as he's weary after his walk he wou'd eat of it, and a pair of glasses. I myself will take a glass of it because 'tis good. Yes 'tis the best I have tasted these twelve months ! Quick, quick, Peggy, and light a fire for the young gentleman afterwards »... Whilst Peggy was down at the cellar drawing the beer, our young traveller cast his eyes around the chamber, the walls of which he found newly lined with paper of various dies : of the several, he found that yellow was the most predominent. The next object of his attention was the bed, the curtains of which were of a dusky hue, and composed of what is vulgarly called liney-wolsy or brown liney, of which the upper part appeared damaged by moths ; but the lower was altogether damaged by the spurs of some traveller, who had lain there, as he wiped his boots in them and doubtless his spurs, which left such sensible marks behind them. The third object which occupied our traveller's attention was the chamber window which was* a lead light & *which was deficient of two pains of glass only, one of which was supplied by a piece of*
237 *paper, and the other by an old stocking. The fourth was the looking glass over the chimney-piece, which had already received three wounds from end to end, or if you will, from top to bottom, which in its best days was purchased for not more than half a shilling or perhaps a groat. Before our youth had time to make further observations, Peggy entered with a mug of beer in one hand and a pair of glasses in the other, pursuant to her master's orders, all which she*

placed on an old oval table which had lost at least near six inches of one of its feet by age, rotten and decayed away, which defect Peggy supplied by claping a large stone under it which lay aside for that use in a corner of the chamber whenever the table was taken from the wall, which in my opinion was its more frequent support.

« Come Sir », said the host, « refresh yourself with a glass of the best beer in Christendom, now after your walk (filling him out a glass of it and another for himself, which he said was the second he had taken that day), for Sir, you are to know I never drink a drop in the forenoon, nor never in the afternoon before this hour. How do you find it, Sir, is it to your liking, is it to your taste, Sir ? » « Yes Sir, I find it quite agreeable to my palate, even the best I have found
238 *in my travels. » « Oh Sir, I know I cou'd please you. I have always something laid up in store for travellers whom I always treat with marks of civility beyond my common customers. Hallo ! Peggy, hallo ! » « Coming Master. What's your will Sir ? » « What you slut ! Don't you remember I call'd for a seed cake almost an hour ago for the gentleman, which you forgot to bring up. What a scull ! What a memory ! You have not as much brain in it as the old gander that walks yonder in the yard — pointing towards the yard. Besides I'm almost hoarse by all the hallo Peggy's I shouted out ! Ah you, you slut, I'll warrant you'll have the outside of the door, before the end of three days, if you'll not be more attentive to wait on the guests who honour me by coming to my house. What's become of the bell was here ? » « Sir, I never saw one in this chamber, nor any other in the house, only that which is in the large chamber n° 4. That I can prove on my oath, Master. » « Well Peggy, be gone, and wait below stairs, for we want no more of your chat, nor your oaths here. Go & prepare supper for the gentleman — what dost thou chuse for supper, Sir ? There is good beef-stakes, mutton-chops, bacon and collyflowers, a leg of lamb fit for roasting, and cram'd fowl. Sir, you have only to chuse, and you shall be well served. »*

239 *« Sir, I find you're well provided with excellent meats. The leg of lamb will serve me with a little sallad. » « Go down, Peggy, and spit the leg of lamb instantly, but bring me up another mug of beer first, and don't forget the sallad afterwards. » Peggy having punctually obeyed and executed her master's orders, retired downstairs to spit the leg of lamb, whilst the young traveller complained of too much air on one side which came from the broken window. « Ah Sir », said the host, « a confound'd damned buck cat, belonging to my next neighbour, broke it last night : but had I been near him when he entered, I assure you, Sir, he wou'd never break another after — hold Sir, I'll bung up the hole instantly, and damn me if he'll come*

again but I'll have his hide for the damage... » « Sir », said our traveller, « you seem to have good and fine appartments in your house : are all the rest so well ornamented as the present. » « Oh, good God ! Yes Sir, why not ; even some better in my opinion, and shou'd you doubt it, I'll let you see them, tho, I can assure you the judge of the circuit in his rounds and the high Sherif when ever they came by, they always called upon me, and spent a night with me.
240 *But of all the bed chambers in my house, which are twenty in number, Judge Patterson chose this we 're in for himself preferable to any of the rest, and always since the first time he passed here gave me notice by a letter before his arrival, aye a full week before his arrival, to keep this appartment ready for his coming, protesting always he never laid his sides on a better bed, nor never in his rounds throughout the province found so good accomodation as well for himself, as for his attendance and retinue... » « Sir, it appears very clear to me in consequence of what you have just now said, that your house is frequented from time to time by persons of the first distinction in the kingdom. » « Yes, Sir, and God be praised, such is chiefly owing to the good accomodation I have, and in particular my attentions to strangers and careful attendance invites them to call at the Irish Arms, and will you believe me, Sir, of eleven public houses in this town, the Irish Arms is the most esteemed and has a better practice than the other ten all together : for not a Justice of the Peace magistrate, nor a Lord who passes this way and*
241 *returning from Dublin but calls upon me. The Archbishop of Cashel himself lay here about a fortnight ago. And if you remember when the Vice Roy of Ireland Lord Townshend made the tour of the kingdom, he lay a night in this very appartment. And a great many other lords as well temporal as spiritual within these fifteen years, whose names I cannot now remember, Sir. Hallo Peggy, lay the table cloath. I expect to sup with the Gentleman in order to keep him company. I know the leg of lamb is very tender, so I'll make my supper on it, and tell your Mistress so that she may loose no time in waiting for me... » In fine supper was served, and the kettle applied to the fire side to keep the water warm which had been already boyled below stairs, in order to brew a bowl of punch after supper, which he said was his custom for several years before, to take a nip of punch after supper... Our young traveller, being somewhat hungry after his walk, eat heartily of the leg of lamb & sallad, both of which he found delicious in their species. The host, his companion,was not very greedy for flesh meat, but what he was deficient in eating, he recompenced it by drinking down three mugs of beer whilst at supper, observing to his guest before hand, that 'twas always an infallible rule with him « to wash the pot before he'd put down the meat ».*

242 *Supper being over and the nip of punch drank which was brewed to the quantity for each, the landlord retir'd and wished our traveller a good night and a pleasant repose. Our youth being now all alone, and somewhat fatigued, thought proper to benefit of the night to repose himself, for it just struck ten by the town clock as his host was wishing him a good night... Having stripped of his cloaths, and just ready to pop into bed, he bethought himself that he might have need before morning of a member-mug, or if you will, a chamber pot. Not having as yet urinated since he entered the inn. In consequence he put his hand under the bed, from whence he drew out a sort of one not altogether perfect, having lost the handle and about four inches in brea[d]th, near three deep, where the handle was formerly prefixed, and it almost full besides, for Peggy had forgot to empty it, upon which he called her by her name as he heard her master repeat it several times before. Peggy answered by her presence, who opened the chamber door softly enough to suspect she came to repair her neglect, which in fact was so, for she immediately appologized for pardon, which she obtained after a dozen of kisses with a promise to bring an entire one in its place.*

243 *Peggy kept her word : for she brought in a very neat one at eleven o'clock, which she showed to the young man, whom she awoke out of a profound sleep to let him know she kept her word. « Peggy », said he, « I must kiss you for that ». « Oh Sir », replied Peggy, « you are free enough of your kisses, but I see nothing besides ! Yes Sir, I'll not refuse to kiss you, and you may do what you please, provided you'll make no noise. You know what my master said this evening, how he give me the outside of the door on the first fault, wherefore if he hears us, I am surely undone, and I'll loose my service, Sir. » « Well then Peggy, said he, go your ways. I shou'd be very sorry you wou'd loose your service by my means. » Peggy retired far more discontented than when she entered, repeating : « I knew you were free enough of your kiss's but nothing besides. » Our youth having passed the rest of the night in a profound sleep until 7th o'clock the next morning, not being interrupted by either Peggy nor the neighbour's buck-cat, thought it time to rise and walk out in town to take a view of it and see the curiosities, but chiefly an old castle which he heard had been formerly the residence of one of the monarchs of Ireland, either of which he had not time to see on his arrival the evening before, and which was one of the*
244 *strongest motives of his journey thither. Having descend'd down stairs, the first person he met with was Peggy, who could scarce look at him when he bad her good morrow and desired her to prepare dinner for him at 12 o'clock precisely, that he wou'd go see the town and would not be back before 11 1/2 half, adding to take care*

of his little packet of shirts, stockings & pocket hankerchiefs, etc. which he left in the room. Peggy replied after some deliberation in the affirmative, saying : « We'll see in the end, yes, we'll see in the end... » Our youth after passing to the end of the first street after that in which he lay, espied the ruins of an old tower which was the same he so often heard to have been the residence of the monarch of Ireland, which he found unworthy of engaging a minute of his attention, and so went on further to view the opposite part of the town to which he entered. In fine, having walked through every street and lane in town, he return'd to the Irish Arms greatly dissatisfied, where he found his host who saluted him as he'done the eve before. « Well Sir, we have an excellent piece of corned beef & cabbage in the pot, a good loin of mutton & turnips in an other with a
245 *bag pudding ; do you think you can make a dinner on such Sir. » « I assure you Sir, I can dine on any one of them, provided there be a sufficient quantity for a hungry man. » « On my word », said the host, « there's enough in any one piece of them for any four reasonable stomached men. But you'll dine far better on the whole, and I shall have the honour of dining with you myself to keep you company, for I know 'tis not very agreeable for a young gentleman to dine all alone : a man is drowned up by his thoughts & reflections entirely when he's void of a companion. Serve up dinner quickly, Peggy. Do you hear how it strikes twelve by the church clock which is only five minutes advanced of the market-house one... » Dinner being served in a few minutes afterwards, the first dish, which was of corned beef & cabbage, was cut long & wide by each of the combatants, for it was excellent. The first heat being over without much discourse, our seeker of curiosities informed his host how he spent the forenoon to his great regret viewing a town which had nothing in it worth paying attention to. « You say true Sir », said the host,*
246 *« ther's very little in't worth a traveller's attention besides Christ's Church, the Session-house, the market-house, a new lodge for the Society of Freemasons, not as yet completely finished, and the Irish Arms where you are, which is one story higher than all th'other houses in town except those I have mentioned... » Our youth hearing him speak of a Freemason's lodge interrupted his host all of a sudden by some few interrogations on the veracity of his assertion on that subject : for you must understand our youth had from some time past a very warm intention of becoming a member of that Society, provided it cou'd be effected, and remain a secret to his parents & friends. Being now near fifty miles distance from either, he was willing to put his project in execution, without the least fear of a discovery, and in consequence made his host a confident of his resolution by an open and candid confession... The inn-keeper who was a subtile crafty rogue, as well in his nature of deceiving the*

young as old, as well as all those he had to deal with by his actual profession, told our youth that there was a Freemason's lodge in construction in town, which Sir, if you are diffident of what I have the honour of announcing to you, you have only to ask the Society
247 after dinner if I tell you a lye... (5) which you may actually find in the house, n° 7, in which they commonly sit and receive such as present themselves for becoming members of their Society » ; adding that he himself was a brother, « and if you will Sir », said he, « we'll make one of you in three snaps. Yes by Jove, in three snaps ! » « Pray Sir, will it cost me much to become one ? » « No, no, no Sir. We never receive money on that head, 'tis strictly forbidden since the beginning of the Order to receive a farthing : the whole, Sir, which is but a trifle to a gentleman, is paid in liquids, in large and deep bowls of punch, which in all may amount to only two guineas or fifty shillings. Yes two guineas only, Sir, an insignificant trifle, Sir. You may rely on my word, 'twill not cost you more here, Sir, because I'll speak in your behalf to the Precedent, which will lighten the matter. Yes one single word from me will lighten your expences at least one guinea. Sir, you have nothing to fear. »

Our youth by this time glowed with an ardour inconceivable of being immediately (if possible) enrowled in the catalogue of Freemasons : moreover as he found the expences wou'd not be as heavy as he imagined to himself, he therefore consented with alacrity, and
248 overjoyed at fiunding an opportunity so favourable as well in regard to his purse, as to his intention (which he wou'd have e'en then put in execution were it not for fear of his parents & friends, as I have already remarked) beseeched his host to introduce him to the Precedent, and to the Gentlemen his companions. The host replied he wou'd. « But Sir », said he, « I must first apprise Mr Precedent and the Gentlemen of your intentions, before I can have that honour. Moreover they are assembled this day here, which is their ordinary every Thursday to hold conference ; the present rowls on a Chapter of Mysteries, which is to commence at one o'clock, immediately after dinner, and at which I must assist ; but in half an hour it will be ended, when I shall descend and have the honour to usher you up to their appartment. Untill then Sir, I bid you adieu, the bell you hear rings for me, and calls me up. I beg Sir, I may be excused for half an hour, Sir », said he, « I am under an infinite number of obligations to you, and promise I shall never forget this your politeness. » The host went off immediately (for men of his occupation are generally self-interested) to a company who were in a large room
249 upstairs, composed of six hearty young men, to whom he communicated a scheme, which it seems he projected in less than the space of two minutes. The young men appear also on their side, to not have

been less active in the execution than the inventor, as will hereafter appear, so soon as they conceived an idea of his project. In fine, all things necessary (as I might say) being both concerted and prepared for the reception of a novice in the space of the half hour, the innkeeper came according to promise, and ushered our youth by the hand to the door of their appartment, which he tapt twice gently with his knuckle, but received no admitance before he tapt again quickly, articulating the following words « The Son of Solomon cometh », when one of the pretend'd Freemasons presently opened the door and gave admittance to our youth and his usher, who led him by the hand up to the fire-side, in order that he wou'd pay his respects to Master Precedent, who then sat next the fire in an armed chair, and with as much seeming state as an alderman, or a criminal judge of a circuit in the judgement seat, invested at the same time
250 with an apron and a trowel, near whose feet on the floor lay a square and compass one over and across the other, all which were furnished by the inn-keeper, for he was a joiner by trade, during his pretended absence at the conference on the Chapter of Mysteries. Our youth was not more surprised at the first view of these instruments than by the sight of a thousand figures delineated as well on the floor as all round on the wainscots in such a manner, that I am fully convinced, had the learned Sir Isaac Newton and Euclid been then present, their skill wou'd have been well tryed to find names for half the number... « Well, Sir, said the Precedent, art thou willing, in God's name, to become a Brother of the Honorable Fraternity of Freemasonry ? » « Yes Mester Precedent, in God's name, and may it seem pleasing to you. » « I pray you give a brimmer of punch to the Gentleman. Hallo waiter ! » « What's your will Sir ? » « Go fetch us up 24 bottles of your best Nannetan brandy, let each dozen, if you will, be add' like the baker's ; a round dozen of your stoutest and best Bordeaux claret ; 24 gallons of pure fresh water ; 4 loaves of sugar ; a dozen of English pipes and a pound of
251 Cut & Dry, with all the speed you can. » « Your orders Mr Precedent shall be executed in less than 5 minutes. » ... « Be pleased to sit down, Sir. Give the Gentleman a chair. » ... Our youth, having made a low bow to the Precedent, not being able to thank him, for he was in that moment tongue tied by fears & apprehensions, sat down ; but was not the space of five minutes on his chair, before all the aforesaid liquids & materials for making punch were conveyed into the appartment ; the servants who carried them had no sooner got their bottles without side than the door was locked by orders of the Precedent, and a curtain drawn to screen it... The ceremony was then announced by a full bumper all round, and a toast to the young man, after which the Precedent said : « May God help us in our undertakings, and may our young candidate be hereafter an

honour to the amiable and most honourable fraternity, which he is just now ready to enter. Sir, we are now ready to begin ; be not in the least daunted ; you are to suffer a little, but your sufferings will not be of any considerable duration. Strip off your cloaths Sir, for you must appear naked as when you came into this world. » ... Our youth after some deliberation, appeared stark naked on the floor, whom they tied with a rope under the arms, which hung from a pulley placed in the chimney for that purpose. « Now Sir, said the Pre-
252 *cedent, you must be suspend'd in the chimney so high as that your heels will only appear opposite the chimney piece. » Our youth having got his head in the chimney, they drew the rope, and in an instant he was poised to the aforesaid elevation, when the Precedent cryed out : « Tye your braces. » The Precedent then called for the* Cut & Dry *which lay on the table, and cast it by degrees on the embers, the smoke of which almost suffocated the young man, for there was scarce a passage left for the smoke as he almost stoped up the funnel of the chimney.*

« Well Bob, said the Precedent, does th'odour of th'incense I here burn beneath you, reach your senses ? » « Oh yes Sir, but only too well, and too strong Sir ! » « A bucket of water, said the Precedent ! » One of his comrades, who was standing by with a bucket of water between his hands waiting for the word of command, dashed it up against his buttocks, by which he was greatly refreshed. This part of the ceremony was repeated three times over before the Precedent bad them to untye their braces. « Let him down », said he, as he just thrust the end of the poker under th'embers.

Our young poet coming down from Olympus in a very sad condi-
tion, was no sooner on the floor than he asked the Precedent was all
253 *over ? « No, no, Sir. Not yet Sir ; ther's only a part over Sir ! » « Why then, I shall not be able to go through the other part, provided 'twill affect my senses as the former. » « Oh Sir, I promise 'twill not affect the same » and to prove which (taking the poker out of the embers) he said : « You'll immediately own it yourself. Hold Sir, a moment, but bear all with patience », laying the warm part of the poker on the thick part of his arm, which indeed only seared him a little. After which he applied it to his reins & buttocks, which he well brand'd e'er he took it off... « Well now Bob, all is over. You are at present almost as good and perfect a Freemason as I myself. Yes, and damn me too, but 'tis my real opinion, you'll be hereafter an honour to the Fraternity. Good God, Gentlemen ! What patience, what virtue, what humility throughout the whole in his sufferings ! I shall now kiss you Bob, as a tender and true mark*

of my esteem and friendship. A bumper after your fatigue ! And I have need of one also ! Put on your cloaths Bob, and wash yourself ! »

Bob, or our young Freemason, had no sooner wash'd himself from head to foot and his cloaths on, than he was prayed to sit down and pay attention to the various mystical significations and representations of the past ceremony. When the Precedent began thus :

254 *« You my dear Brother, Bob I may now call you with all safety and security, you are to understand that every part of the ceremony bears a mystical signification, or at least a representation of the things contained in the Old Bible, and first : By your appearing naked, is a true remembrance of Adam's state after he had eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree.*

2ly : Your ascension and descension up and down the chimney by a rope is truly a figurative tipe of Jacob's ladder, by which the angels descended to earth, and mounted back again to Heaven.

3ly : The incence which I burnt under you, is a figurative representation of that which Nadab & Abiu cast on prophane fire in the sight of the Lord.

4ly : The hot poker bears a twofold signification. The first is a real tipe of the Rod of Moses by its figure. The second by its heat represents to us that heat of Divine Ardour by which the Rod was turned into a serpent, and back from a serpent again into its pristine shape & matter, by which he confounded his antagonists the magi of Pharo, and proved thereby his worship of the Real and True Living God of Israël...

5ly : By the buckets of water, which you received on the buttocks, is a commemorative tipe of them which Rebecca drew for the servants and camels of Abraham, when he went to seek a wife for his son
255 *Isaac into Mesopotamia, which she afford'd to both in abundance and thereby refreshed them when they were almost suffocated by traveling and th'intense heat of the climate...*

6ly : The Apron and Trowel with which you see me invested, represent to us Hiram the king of Tyre who, as 'tis said, yield'd to Solomon wood and other materials for the construction of the Temple.

7ly : The Square implies manifold significations, such as to square our words with our actions, as our ancestors formerly done ; and

many other things which I shall here omit for brevity sake untill our next conference...

Give me a glass of claret and one of them pipes yonder, I pray you.

8ly : The Compass implies many significations in like manner : for example, the Compass marks out a real representation of the globe we inhabit, and divides it into empires, kingdoms and islands ; these it again subdivides into states, provinces, principalities and dukedoms ; these last it sub-sub-divides each into a thousand lesser parts... Is not the Compass, Bob, an admirable instrument ? For it not only does all I have said, but ten thousand other things besides.

256 *In another sense, by a simple circle which it forms at will, it surpasses the human understanding to define its essence. Yes Bob, it orders the faculties of man polished by it, to stay within bounds, by a sweep of ninety as round as the mould of my hat...*

9ly : By them figures you see on the floor is signified the mountains, hills, valleys and plains on the face of the earth. The intersected lines denote some of the principal rivers on the globe, and the distance vacant between them yonder denotes the different seas...

10ly : The chalks or figures, which you see all round on the wainscot, denote some the satalites, others the planets, the twelve zodiac signs and the lesser lights of Heaven.

11ly : By the primitive matter, of which this pipe you see me smoking, was formed out of, is represented that of which th'Almighty created our first parent Adam, tho I am certain He came not to old England to seek it. By its brittleness (breaking off a piece of its shank) the fragillity of fallen nature. By the bitterness of what it contains before the communication of fire, the vitals or interior of man. By the present situation now kindled, the ardour of his pas-
257 *sion. Finally by its quick consummation a real emblem of his life on earth... »*

The Precedent here made a pause whilst he took a good large tumbler of good Bordeaux, when he thus resumed by taking out his knife and stabbing the point of it in the table, he asked Bob (as he was pleased to call him) if he knew the signification of that sign... Bob answered he did not better than his mother who was then ten years in her grave. « Well then, I'll tell you », said the Precedent, « by that is understood a short cut or way to Boston, which I hope you'll never forget : and now Bob, what dost thou think of all those things I have just now said ? » « For my part, Mr. Precedent »,

replied Bob, « they all as yet seem as mysteries to me ; but I shall never forget th'incence and the hot poker which you applyed to my buttocks, and therewith stigmatised me. » ... « Neither should you Bob », said the Precedent, « for 'tis in that very point alone, the better part of the ceremony consists to constitute a Freemason. » Here Bob interrupted the Precedent, by asking him how he might know a Freemason from a man who was not, in fair, market, on the highway, or even at a lodge and by turning the question, he asked again how he might be known for one by those who were Freema-
258 *sons... » « Pogh, you fool ! Your faith appears very weak, & may I be damned (striking his hand on the table) I don't swear I may never see heaven, but you are already as true and as good a Freemason as I myself, but not so scient in the matter, nor why should you expect it either before you have read Hoffman's* Introductions and Instructions to Freemasonry, *and Oliver Hackets* Elements *on the same published only three years ago in London, embelished with cuts and figures, which if you'll read with attention for one year and frequent the clubs & conferences, and may I be damned a second time, & last of all, but 'tis my opinion you'll become one day Great Master of a Province, what we others call the Great and High Provincial, should I say the Mighty Master of the Kingdom entirely. But to answer your question which is altogether simple, whenever you'll appear at a lodge, you'll knock twice at the door, leaving a short interval of time between the two strokes. The door keeper will come who will never fail of casting you a sign if you are a stranger to him, whom you'll answer thus : tip the right side of your nose three times with the forefinger of your right hand, and say 'Hem ! hem ! hem ! SHEREBAUM', and I'll warrant you'll have admittance.*

259 *Landlord, give me a full goblet of that Bordeaux claret ! I am fatigued, I assure you Gentlemen, after all I've said and done. » The landlord, who stood during the ceremony behind the rest with a long staff or pole in his hand, on the head of which was screwed a large copper head which he took from the fire iron to represent a medal (for he was Medal Bearer at the ceremony) swore he was in need of a glass as well as another, and having laid his medal aside, he soon griped a bottle of Bordeaux which he instantly emptied into the Precedent's glass and his own, never quiting hold of it before he emptied it, each drinking a good health to the young Freemason, who thanked them with a reverential low bow. By this time a large copper full of water with a cock to it began to boyl, the fore-runner of a bowl of punch, which was immediately brewed, containing four bottles of brandy, three bottles of stout Bordeaux claret, and a sufficient quantity of sugar & water.*

« Well Gentlemen », said the Precedent, « here is now the true emblem of the Red-sea, let us see if we can wade across it... Come Bob, you shall taste of it before any other, may our enemies be
260 confound'd but you shall, and am extremely proud of meeting with such a subject as you promise to be. » 'tis true enough, Bob drank the first glass of the bowl as was requested he shou'd, which was no sooner done than the Precedent kissed him and the rest of the gentlemen, each in his turn of eldership, after which each sat down... Poor Bob was not long in his chair before he began to complain of his late sores, for the punch by this time began to make a sensation on them... The landlord who not only was a joiner by trade, but in his actual profession a deceivour in the first degree of mankind, pretended he was a doctor of the first class and made a regular course of studies in Edenborough, ran speedily down stairs and brought up with him a flask of olive oil which he gave the name, or call'd it by the name of Persian Baum ; said 'twas « an infallible remedy for all sores », and swore it cost him the sum of II guineas, and a shilling to the carrier, who brought it up from Dublin ; and having poured out a table spoon full of it, which he valued to a guinea, on account of its healing virtue and rarety, he applied it with plenty of salt to poor Bob's wounds, which at the first application smarted him to the quick.

261 « You may rely on my word Sir, that your sores will be healed before the sun will run four times round the world » meaning the space of four days thereby...

« Let us now drink », said the Precedent, « and make the best use we can of our time whilst here we stay. » Bowl came after bowl untill ten o'clock the next morning. When the last bottle of Nannetan was emptied, the Precedent, not seeing any more bottles coming in, asked the landlord which of them both would pay the bill, which was now just brought in by the waiter, and presented to the Precedent, who read down the sundry articles one after another untill he came to the bottom where he found the whole to amount only to the sum of £ 2 ''16 d10. And thinking it was not justly calculated, he went over it again in order he cou'd augment the sum, but cou'd not find any error ; « Gentlemen », said he, ''I never in my life saw a lighter bill on such an occasion, the whole only amounts to £ 2 ''16 d10, let us therefore have the parting bowl (I detest a dry reck'ning) and bring it up to even money, three pounds eight shill[s]. and three pence : three guineas Gentlemen, a meer trifle. For my part, I'll not go off with a dry reck'ning, think what you will on't Gentlemen, for 'twou'd be shameful to quit without the parting bowl... »

262 Here the inn-keeper whisper'd Bob : « You see Sir, the Precedent does not seem satisfied ; say you'll pay the whole. Yo see 'tis but one guinea more than I told you in the beginning, a trifle Sir, and with the guinea for the Persian Boam, will in all be only 4 guineas, besides five English shill[s] for your prior expences, which is a thing apart. Had you been made Freemason where I have been myself, 'twou'd cost you upwards of ten, on my word it wou'd, yes, upon my character. » ... « Mr Precedent », said Bob, « I second your thoughts. We shall have the parting bowl, if the house can afford it, e'er we'll part ; as to the whole lot, I will pay it myself every penny », puting his hand in his pocket from whence he drew out 4 guineas and 7 English shillings, said « Landlord, here is your reckening and an English shilling for Peggy and one for the waiter besides. »... « Sir, I return you a great many thanks, and when ever you'll come again to town, I hope you'll not forget to call on me ; you'll not forget the sign, the Irish Arms. » « What a nobleness of spirit, Gentlemen », said the Precedent. You see I was not deceived, when I told you I hoped our youth wou'd become a great man. Yes, I said a great man ! On my hon[r]., I'll write to our
263 Provincial in your favour, and acquaint him of your laudable dispositions ! My dear Bob, I must kiss you again. » In fine, bowl succeeded bowl untill the last penny of our youth's three guineas was spent in liquids which he had already counted down on the table and one besides for a table spoon full of Persian Boam, which in fact was nothing else than olive oil. 'twas now 12 o'clock when there was no more to be drank, nor nothing to pay, and when they all concluded to make a sort of dinner on mutton chops & beefstakes, which were prepared for them in the space of half an hour.

Bob was not less hungry than an-other at dinner, which he proved by eating near two pounds of the beefstakes and mutton chops, for which the Precedent did not admit him to pay one farthing, by paying for the whole himself and some mugs of beer, which was in all 4 sh[s]. and 10 pen. halfpenny. Bob being now altogether replete with beefstakes, mutton chops and stout beer, and elate by being invested as he truly & realy immagined, with the character of a Freemason, thought it time to take his leave of the company by announcing to them that his affairs did not admit him to delay longer, for which he was extremely sorry, with many other apologies, which I
264 will here pass over in silence. Upon which they all stood up and seemed to regret his sudden departure, they kissed him, and wished him a good journey. Bob betook himself homewards right well contented with his present state, till in fine he came to a town where he knew there was a Freemason's lodge, and to make an essay of his

knowledge in the art of Freemasonry he thought proper to inform himself where the lodge was situated, and arriving at the door, he tapt it as he was ordered, which was immediately open'd by the door keeper, who cast him a sign as he found him a stranger ; to which Bob answered by tiping his nose three times, saying « Hem ! Hem ! Hem ! Sherebaum. » *The true Freemason not knowing what he meant by his hems and Sherebaum, asked him if he was a true and accepted Freemason. Bob replied he was a true one ; but for having been accepted in a lodge he cou'd not tell. « Because », said he, « this is the first I ever entered my heels into. 'tis not yet two entire days since I have been made one in such a town (naming it) at the Irish Arms, and I think I 'm as good a Freemason as yourself Sir, at least they told me I was ». Upon a more strict enquiry than the former, poor Bob was convinced by five gentlemen of sd lodge of how he was deceived, for he told them the manner they made one of him, as he desputed with them the legality of his order, etc.*

265 *Bob, to have revenge of the cheat, returned to the Irish Arms, where he only found the inn-keeper, whom he prayed to take a walk without-side the town with him to a certain distance, to bear witness on a certain affair ; the inn-keeper acquiesced immediately, and went with him to the appointed spot, where our youth laid thousands on him with a crab-tree stick : head, back, belly and sides were soon in a sad condition ! The head had as many cuts on it as a buthcher's block, and back, belly and sides resembled the colour of black-ball, and scarce left the priest's share of life in him. Besides he made him refund back every penny of his 4 guineas, which he put in his pocket and returned home, and never since knew what Freemasonry was. But in memory of the pass word which the Precedent gave him, he ever since retained it, and subscribed himself in his letters to friends & relations (to whom he told his history of Freemasonry) under the ever memorable name of* Sherebaum.

FINIS

John KAVENAGH.

The parody of the masonic initiation ceremony is evidently the aspect of this narrative that flrt calls for comment. The feelings of a parodist may vary from mere amusement to hostility, and to guess at the reactions of the author without some sort of idea of the importance of Freemasonry in Irish life at the time would make the interpretation unreliable.

The recently published *Dictionnaire Universel de la Francmaçonnerie* peremptorily declares that practically all Irish villages had a masonic lodge in the XVIIIth century (6). In their *History of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons,* Lepper and Crossle are less affirmative. They point out that « all official records of the Grand Lodge of Ireland before 1760 and all minute books before 1780 » have been lost or destroyed (7). Yet what we need in the present instance is not so much a history of Irish Freemasonry viewed from inside, as images of current Irish reactions to that social and cultural phenomemon, Freemasonry. Lepper and Crossle's *History* itself is not lacking in such instances.

Going through their Chapter III, which deals with the period 1720-1768, we discover for instance that among the subscribers to the 1730 edition of Pennel's *Constitutions* there were gentlemen from Co. Wexford (8). Then with *The Pocket Companion for Freemasons* published in Dublin in 1735, we come upon another interesting piece of information. This little manual preserves a list of « Warranted Lodges in the Kingdom of Ireland ». There, under n° 17, we discover the following information : « Mr Richard Whiteacre's in Gorey, 27th of every month » (9). A few lines further down in the list, Arklow is also mentioned. Gorey, we know, is close to Anagh, and Arklow itself is not far from Gorey. One may be sure that once Freemasonry had found a foothold in these very small towns (Gorey to-day counts only some 3.000 inhabitants), it must have become a current topic for conversations in the vicinity. This circumstance can by itself account for Kavenagh's choice of theme. Close to him were readers that would readily welcome a story about Freemasonry. His parody would be accepted with a wink of amusement, and if others frowned with discontent, they would notwithstanding read it.

A few other circumstances we must also bear in mind. If Masonry had spread far and wide in eighteenth century Ireland, yet masonic halls were rare in the smaller towns. Lodge meetings were held either in the houses of rich people or in taverns. Besides, the more important meetings were reported in the press. So were the theatrical performances organised by the Lodges to procure funds for their charitable foundations, and so were certain solemn processions through towns on St John's day, when Masons bearing Masonic emblems marched in a body to Church. Gorey and Wexford may not have had periodicals of their own in the eighteenth century (10), yet one imagines that Dublin or other papers must have

found their way to Wexford town or Gorey from time to time. There, readers would come upon pieces of news that conveyed an idea of the social importance of Freemasonry, like the following, which is culled from *Pue's Occurences* for 3rd July 1756 :

> « June 24th 1756, Being St John-s day, the Freemasons of Roscommon Lodge (n° 247) met in said town and walked in procession to church where they heard an excellent sermon, and afterwards dined together at the Sun, where they spent the evening in drinking many loyal toasts » (11).

The said « loyal toasts » should not be overlooked. They naturally stress the link in mid-eighteenth century Ireland, between the Hanoverian dynasty, the Established Church, and those Free and Warranted Masons. No wonder then, the young poet's parents, staunch Catholics, should have looked askance upon contacts with Freemasons.

If the behaviour and fate of this young man in the story are simple — he disobeys the rules of conduct he has been taught, and is severely punished for the disobedience, both in his flesh and in his pride — the attitude of John Kavenagh, the writer, is not so easily ascertained. The burlesque exaggeration all through the main masonic episode seems to cast ridicule upon Masonic practice, and the reader may rightly link up Kavenagh's narrative with the trend of anti-masonic satire in eighteenth century Irish Literature. This tradition was of long standing, having been launched, it seems, by an anonymous pamphlet published in Dublin in 1725, in the form and under the title of *A Letter from the Grand Mistress of the Female Freemasons* (12). As it had come out on the back of the wave of controversy and agitation that followed *The Drapier's Letters,* it was by some attributed to Swift and twice reprinted in 1748 and 1762 (13). Most of its effects were drawn from the parody of the masonic use of secret formulas. Comic anecdotes meanwhile were multiplied by the periodical press, and may have gone on being repeated by word of mouth all through the century, titbits like the following which was launched by *Dickson's Old Dublin Intelligence* for January 4th 1728/9 :

> « London, December 24. Last Friday Night, at a certain Tavern not far from the Royal Exchange, there was a Lodge of Free Masons for accepting some new Members, when an unlucky accident happen'd, which had like to have discover'd the *Grand Secret ;* for one of the Probationers was so surpriz'd when they pull'd off his Hat and Perriwig, unbutonn'd his Collar and Sleeves, took out his Shoe-Buckles and stripp'd him to his Shirt that... he watch'd his Opportunity, upon seeing the Door of the Room half-open, and ran out into the Street, to the great Terror of the Oyster-Women, but was pursued by his Fraternity, who purswaded him with good Words to return back to the Lodge, and comply with the Rest of the Ceremonies of his Installation » (14).

Kavenagh's burlesque inventions may owe something to this, or to similar pieces of information.

He also had gathered more reliable, though elementary, information about masonic ritual. The words used by his « Precedent » show that he was aware of the importance of references to « The Old Bible » for Free and Accepted Masons. He also knew that Masonic initiation should symbolically refer to four elemental substances : earth, water, air, and fire, though as a parodist he insisted so much on the material aspect of things that the initiation was turned into absurd torture. On one point however, Kavenagh and his pseudo-Masons apparently were ignorant of what seems to have been a habit with XVIIIth century Masons in Ireland, that of toasting the Hanoverian king and the Established Church during their banquets, an oversight that would perhaps be accounted for by the Catholic upbringing of the author, an oversight which, we must also admit, passes unnoticed amidst the flow of words of the « Precedent's » endless speeches.

We of course must not forget that Kavenagh's story is no manual of Masonic behaviour. It is a farcical piece of writing, a burlesque, in which odious rogues play vulgar pranks upon a naive hero. These odious rogues are no real Freemasons, and the parody can reflect only indirectly upon Freemasonry. We must not forget either that if the hero is finally undeceived, it is by real Freemasons, respectable gentlemen this time. On the whole therefore, it seems legitimate to say that Young Kavenagh's curiosity was probably aroused by the development of Freemasonry around him. However, it is unlikely that he was attracted to the point of actually trying to join its ranks (this is merely the basic fiction that makes the farcical treatment possible), but neither does he seem, in spite of that farcical treatment, to have been moved by any violent hostility.

This reflection brings us back, after a detour, to our beginning, and to Kavenagh's own presentation of his intentions. Everything about this little story must have been consciously calculated, even the more extravagant features. This very extravagance is a wink at the reader to warn him that the autobiographical stance is mere fiction, but the real Kavenagh is at once hidden and revealed by the pseudo-biographical « mise en scène » round the pen-name.

Kavenagh, proud and shy young lover and poet, is here hiding away behind a fictional personality which is the embodiment of naivety — a naivety which is stressed not only through the masonic episode but all through the first half of the story in his dealings with the inn-keeper — and his final adopting of the meaningless word « Sherebaum » as a nickname finally reduces him metaphorically to the condition of a non-entity.

Nobody would think of blaming an elusive will-o'-the-wisp that goes by the name of « Sherebaum » for his timid departures from conventionally modest behaviour or for the proud avowals of his innermost convictions. The pen-name is a firmly built-in self-ironical excuse in particular for sentimental avowals. In other words, the weight of the comic in Kavenagh's narrative bears far more on the intimately personal than on the masonic element. After all the « Sherebaum » story is autobiographically significant, though it is so only indirectly, and so to speak at a second remove, not through the events it narrates.

And yet, if the spread of masonic lodges in eighteenth century Ireland had not been so general, or such a topic for conversation, Kavenagh would probably not have drawn his self-derisive images from that aspect of contemporary intellectual and social life. In this sense, his « Sherebaum » story is also a sign of the times.

Jean-C. NOEL.

NOTES

1. The reader will find a general introduction to Kavenagh's two manuscripts in our *Cahier n° 7*, for 1982, p. 73-103. John Kavenagh (1749-1825), hailed from C° Wexford, was ordained in 1774, educated in various hedge schools then at the Irish College in Nantes (1775), for a time chaplain in the French navy. Died a priest in c° Wicklow.

2. Several poems to Kitty O'Neill will be found in Ms II, p. 36 to 54, all dated 1774. « Letters written by a Lady », p. 103-113 of that same Ms.

3. Ms II, p. 234-265.

4. The short piece of verse to which these two lines belong is preceded by the remark : « The following written Sep^{r}. 13th 1773 ». Note that the pen-name « Sherebaum » is not only used as a signature. It is also found in the titles of poems dated 1773 and 1774. The date of the composition of the narrative of p. 234-265 is not given, yet in view of the previous indications, it must be admitted to have been written at the latest in 1773.

5. Three words have been cancelled at the bottom of p. 246 of the Ms, and the syntactical link with the paragraph that begins at the top of p. 247 is missing.

6. Daniel Ligou : *Dictionnaire Universel de la Francmaçonnerie*, Edit. de Navarre, Edit. du Prisme, Paris 1974, Article : « Irlande ».

7. John Heron Lepper & Philip Crossle : *History of the Grand Logde of Free and Accepted Masons*, vol. I (only vol. published). Dublin. Lodge of Research C.C., 1925. Ch. II, p. 52.

8. Lepper & Crossle, *op. cit.*, Ch. III, p. 88.

9. See : *Caementaria Hibernica. Being the Public Constitutions that have served to Hold together the Freemasons of Ireland*, Reissued with an Introduction by W.J. Chetwode-Crawley ; Dublin, Margate, 1895.

Fasciculus II (1735-1744) contains a facsimile reproduction of *A Pocket Companion for Free Masons*, Dublin 1735, in which see p. 76 : « A List of Warranted Lodges of the Kingdom of Ireland as they are registered in the Grand Lodge Books ».

10. No periodical from these towns *is* listed in R.R. Madden, *The History of Irish Periodical Literature from the end of the 17th to the Middle of the 19th Century*, 2 vols, 1867.

11. Quoted here after Lepper & Crossle, *op. cit.*, Ch. III, p. 100.

12. Facsimile text in Lepper & Crossle, p. 449-459.

13. In his edition of *Swift's Miscellaneous Pieces*, p. 358, M. Davis seems to reject the attribution to Swift.

14. Quoted here after Lepper & Crossle, *op. cit.*, p. 73.

J.C. N.

III

JAMES JOYCE

« Safe ! » : Bloom's Peristaltic Journey to the National Library

In both the Linati and Gorman-Gilbert schemas of *Ulysses,* Joyce describes the technique of the Lestrygonian episode as « peristaltic ». Chiefly a biological term, peristalsis denotes the wave-like action along the inner walls of intestines, the involuntary contractions of which force any contents onward. The process is most concretely illustrated as Bloom stands outside the display window of William Miller's plumbing shop and contemplates the advances in modern science's ability to trace the path of a foreign object through the intestines of a human being :

> Bare clean closestools, waiting, in the window of William Miller, plumber, turned back his thoughts. They could : and watch it all the way down, swallow a pin sometimes come out of the ribs years after, tour round the body, changing biliary duct, spleen squirting liver, gastric juice coils of intestines like pipes. But the poor buffer would have to stand all the time with his insides entrails on show. Science (1).

Though Joyce makes significant use of many biological processes of a peristaltic nature, he does not confine himself to the literal process. Rather, the reader sees, as if from parallactic viewpoints, a skillful handling of both the metaphorical and literal use of peristaltic movement. There is, metaphorically, Joyce's own view of Leopold Bloom as a figurative peristaltic movement forces him through the streets of Dublin during the lunch hour, into the Burton restaurant and Davy Byrne's pub, and finally to the museum of the National Library to inspect the anuses of sculptured goddesses. At the same time Bloom is being acted upon by his environment and by his own appetites, he witnesses a host of peristaltic actions on the literal, biological level, most of which are related to Joyce's declared organ of the episode : the esophagus. These actions of the more microcosmic world serve to accentuate and to intensify the more macrocosmic and peristaltic action operating on the protagonist.

The critics, in general, have minimized the importance of Joyce's declared technique. Of those who deal with it at all — and many have not

— Stuart Gilbert makes the most pointed, though unencompassing, comment : « This process is symbolized by Mr Bloom's pauses before various places of refreshment, the incomplete movements he makes towards satisfaction of the pangs of hunger which spasmodically urge him onward, and their ultimate appeasement » (2). Gilbert places the emphasis on one drive — hunger — and suggests that the peristalsis is chiefly an internal process. Clive Hart, on the otherhand, externalizes the technique and finds in the streets of Dublin the peristaltic thrust of the episode (3). Richard Ellmann offers a more inclusive interpretation of Bloom's movements and his motivations, but sidesteps the peristaltic question by concentrating on the two « headlands » of fleshliness and fleshlessness, between which Bloom must maneuver in much the same manner Odysseus did to escape the original Lestrygonians (4). A more accurate account of the peristaltic technique must account for both the external and internal stimuli which direct Bloom's path, at the same time acknowledging the multilevel implications of his journey and ultimate escape from Boylan into the National Library.

The structure of Bloom's peristaltic journey through the eighth episode easily falls into three separate phases. The first, and longest, traces Bloom's movements from outside the candy shop at the beginning of the episode to his entrance into the Burton restaurant, immediately following his decision that he « Must eat... Feel better then » (p. 168). It is during this phase that three different, and yet poignantly related, appetites — i.e., those of hunger, sexuality, and affection — have taken hold of Bloom and prepared the way for his attitude once inside the Burton restaurant. The second phase thus shows Bloom thoroughly disgusted with the « cannibalistic » behavior of his fellow citizens, after which he nobly stalks out of the gluttonous milieu. Hunger, however, does not allow all-too-human Bloom to forego lunch. Davy Byrne's pub is therefore his next stop, wherein he finds partial appeasement in a cheese sandwich with a glass of burgundy. Feeling better after his meal and a timely daydream of young love with Molly, he leaves the tavern and enters the third phase. Contentedly, he heads for the museum, stopping along the way to help a blind stripling across the street. His sense of contentment and security proves short-lived, however, when he sees the episode's final Lestrygonian, in the form of fashionably dressed Blazes Boylan.

Such, then, is the outline of Bloom's ostensibly unexciting noontime activities. The effect Joyce hoped to create by his peristaltic technique is to be found in the psychological impact on the protagonist. In the Linati schema Joyce identifies the « Sense (Meaning) » of this episode as « Dejection ». This epithet is particularly well suited to the first phase of Bloom's journey as he wanders listlessly through the bustling city, and as we reach the end of this phase we have Bloom's own affirmation :

> This is the very worst hour of the day. Vitality. Dull, gloomy : hate this hour. Feels as if I had been eaten and spewed (p. 164).

Bloom has certainly been consumed by the city, but it is not done with him yet. Perhaps the most important consequence of Bloom's low-energy state is the ripe condition it puts him in to be acted upon by his environment : indeed, to be « eaten » by it. If we consider the life-as-a-river metaphor which Bloom sets up (p. 153), then it is reasonable to see Bloom as a near-inert object cast adrift through the « intestines » of an urban peristalsis. The city as endless flux is most acutely realized near the end of the first phase, just before Bloom comments on this as the « very worst hour of the day » :

> His smile faded as he walked, a heavy cloud hiding the sun slowly, shadowing Trinity's surly front. Trams passed one another, ingoing, outgoing, clanging. Useless words. Things go on same ; day after day : squads of police marching out, back : trams in, out. Those two loonies [Breen and Farrell] mooching about. Dignam carted off. Mina Purefoy swollen belly on a bed groaning to have a child tugged out of her. One born every second somewhere. Other dying every second. Since I fed the birds five minutes. Three hundred kicked the bucket. Other three hundred born, washing the blood off, all are washed in the blood of the lamb, bawling maaaaaa.
>
> Cityful passing away, other cityful coming, passing away too : other coming on, passing on. Houses, lines of houses, streets, miles of pavements, piledup bricks, stones. Changing hands. This owner, that. Landlord never dies they say... (p. 164).

Bloom, as he himself well realizes, is part of this continuum ; but his own cognizance makes him less inert than first appearances might suggest. Clive Hart, in a reading of the episode which seems to have been tacitly accepted by other critics, suggests that Bloom is « swallowed up » by the metropolis which in turn tries « to digest him as he passes through its alimentary tract, the main street. » Ultimately, as Hart sees it, Bloom is « expelled from the city's anus, shaken, but as whole and undigested as when he started. » (5). The metaphorical contraction of Dublin's harsh, urban metabolic life is no doubt a significant factor in forcing its contents (one Leopold Bloom) onward and outward ; yet there is an equally important motivational factor which, at least for this one episode, will have far greater effects. The three appetites (hunger, sexuality, affection) gradually mount during Bloom's wanderings in the first phase of his peristaltic journey and culminate in (1) his decision to eat (2), his disgust at Burton's restaurant (3), his compromised repast at Davy Byrne's, and (4) his remembrance of a long lost tenderness in the arms of his now promiscuous wife.

From the opening lines about « a sugarsticky girl shovelling scoopfuls of creams for a christian brother » to the end of the first phase, references to food and odors abound. Bloom is constantly reminded by outside stimuli that the lunch hour has arrived. He witnesses an underfed Dedalus girl outside Dillon's auction room and conjectures that she « must be selling off some old furniture » to provide for the daily bread (p. 151). He buys a Banbury cake from a costermonger and feeds the « manna » to the ungrateful gulls below O'Connell Bridge (p. 153). Even Bloom's reveries and remembrances as he walks along are tangentially related to food or to food-associated images. He remembers Ben Dollard's « appetite like an albatross » (p. 154). He recalls a picnic ten years earlier on Sugarloaf mountain (p. 155). He criticizes the extravagant menu at the convent (and even confuses Mount Carmel with the sweeter « caramel ») (p. 155). Talking to Mrs. Breen outside Harrison's bakery, he whiffs the aroma of « newbaked jampuffs » (p. 157). Simultaneously, he witnesses a half-starved Arab « breathing in the fumes » to « deaden the gnaw of hunger » (p. 157). The outside stimuli soon trigger Bloom's internal sense of hunger and provide further impetus for his peristaltic trek to the restaurant, an impetus furnished by the autonomic nervous system rather than the central nervous system.

Bloom's appetites for sex and affection are not so easily demarcated, if only because Bloom himself has confused them. Though it may be argued that the need for affection is not a purely instinctual drive, this need in Bloom is clearly tied to his need for sexual fulfillment. As the episode progresses the two become more and more related for the protagonist. The reader becomes aware of both appetites operating in Bloom chiefly as a result of his fears and anxieties about Boylan's four-o'clock rendezvous with Molly. Bloom's first reference to Boylan in the Lestrygonian episode comes just after his contemplation of a charlatan doctor's advertisements for a venereal disease cure. Hurriedly, Bloom tries to assure himself that Boylan is not afflicted with this socially taboo disease, but he refuses to linger on the unpleasant subject : « Think no more about that. After one » (p. 154). Molly, however, is not long out of Bloom's thoughts. The five men working for Wisdom Hely's stationery store easily remind him of his own employment for the stationer, which in turn reminds him of his personal life at that time when he, Molly, and Milly lived on Lombard Street West. He recalls the lightheartedness of a picnic with Molly on Sugarloaf mountain, and concludes :

> Happy. Happier then. Snug little room that was with the red wallpaper, Dockrell's, one and ninepence a dozen. Milly's tubbing night. American soap I bought : elderflower. Cosy smell of her bathwater. Funny she looked soaped all over. Shapely too (p. 155).

Bloom is not, however, allowed indefinite repose in this revery. Joyce immediately intrudes to put Bloom back on his peristaltic journey by means of a one-sentence paragraph, the diction of which starkly contrasts with Bloom's romanticized memory : « He walked along the curbstone » (p. 155). Even Bloom himself resuming his thoughts, merely notes, « Stream of life » (p. 155) and goes on to new thoughts. We are never allowed to forget that Bloom is being « pushed » through this episode both by Joyce and by his own appetites.

As Bloom passes the *Irish Times* office we learn a little more about his appetites. We are reminded of the way in which his relationship with Martha Clifford developed. The advertisement had been for a « smart lady typist to aid gentleman in literary work » (p. 160), but Bloom's need subsequently proved more demanding than any secretarial skills might fulfill. We are told that he rejected Lizzie Twigg's reply to the advertisement even though she had the opproval of poet and mystic George William Russell (AE). Bloom's complaint against her is succinct : « No time to do her hair drinking sloppy tea with a book of poetry » (p. 160). The « literary etherial [sic] people » of AE's coterie, with their « dreamy, cloudy, symbolistic » manner (p. 166), will hardly do for the more fleshly Bloom.

As Bloom makes his way toward the Burton restaurant, we realize that his appetite for food is chiefly whetted by stimuli of the present environment, while his appetites for sex and affection are chiefly related to the past — though, of course, immediate circumstances tend to evoke his memories. Bloom uses memory, as Ellmann has noted (6), as a force against his uneasiness about Boylan and the appointed four-o'clock meeting. Yet Boylan never seems to be completely repressed, and often the memories take an unwanted turn :

> Wait. The full moon was the night we were Sunday fortnight exactly there is a new moon. Walking down by the Tolka. Not bad for a Fairview moon. She [Molly] was humming : the young May moon she's beaming, love. He [Boylan] other side of her. Elbow, arm. He. Glowworm's la-amp is gleaming, love. Touch. Fingers. Asking. Answer. Yes.

Stop. Stop. If it was it was. Must (p. 167). Hart maintains that Bloom is on the verge of a full acceptance of his cuckolded position with this consciously uttered last statement (7), yet Bloom's reaction at the very end of the episode seems to undercut seriously any acceptance he has come to. And certainly he has not resigned himself to his unwanted sexually ascetic life. Just as the first phase draws to a close, we are given two very important paragraphs of the episode which well illustrate Bloom's state of mind :

> High voices. Sunwarm silk. Jingling harness. All for a woman, home and houses, silk webs, silver, rich fruits, spicy from Jaffa. Agendath Netaim [advertisement for a Zionist colony]. Wealth of the world.
>
> A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore (p. 168).

The rich, sensuous imagery adroitly combines all three appetites which have been operating on Bloom and provides a fitting climax for the end of the first phase of his peristaltic journey. Ellmann points out that Joyce claimed to have spent hours on the last two sentences quoted above (8), and certainly the succinctness of the imagery intermingles Bloom's appetites in a very provoking crescendo. And it is precisely at this point that Bloom decides he « must eat ».

Joyce's « decoy » — identified as food in the Gorman-Gilbert schema — has successfully lured Bloom into the Burton restaurant, and the episode takes a dramatic turn at this point. The tone is immediately set as Bloom is rudely awakened from his sensual revery :

> His heart astir he pushed in the door of the Burton restaurant. Stink gripped his trembling breath : pungent meatjuice, slop of greens. See the animals feed (p. 169).

This is the literal world of the Lestrygonians, and Bloom's reaction — despite his hunger — is disgust : « Am I like that ? See ourselves as others see us » (p. 169). Indeed, the romantic revery with which the first phase ends can hardly be reconciled to the scene of « spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, men's beery piss, the stale of ferment » (p. 169).

Three major events occur in Davy Byrne's tavern, all of which are interrelated. After ordering, Bloom is confronted with Nosey Flynn's offensive questions. These questions, innocuously intended, carry doubly charged meanings for Bloom : « Who's getting it up ? »/« Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it ? » (p. 172). Flynn is of course referring to Molly's up-coming tour, but Bloom is nonetheless not allowed to forget his cuckolder. Bloom's ensuing repast of a Gorgonzola sandwich and a glass of burgundy proves more settling : « Mild fire of wine kindled his veins. I wanted that badly. Felt so off colour » (p. 174). His hunger appeased, Bloom's two remaining appetites for sex and affection dominate the final part of the episode. Mildly blissful and yet reminded by Flynn of his archenemy, Bloom now experiences his most important revery in the most frequently quoted passage of the episode :

> Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck.
>
> Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winepress grapes of Burgundy. Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth. Below us bay sleeping sky. No sound. The sky. The bay purple by the Lion's head. Green by Drumleck. Yellowgreen towards Sutton. Fields of undersea, the lines faint brown in grass, buried cities. Pillowed on my coat she had her hair, earwigs in the heather scrub my hand under her nape, you'll toss me all. O wonder ! Coolsoft with ointments her hand touched me, caressed : her eyes upon me did not turn away. Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spittle. Joy : I ate it : joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft, warm, sticky gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes. Pebbles fell. She lay still. A goat. No-one. High on Ben Howth rhododendrons a nannygoat walking surefooted, dropping currants. Screened under ferns she laughed warmfolded. Wildly I lay on her, kissed her ; eyes, her lips, her stretched neck, beating, woman's breasts full in her blouse of nun's veiling, fat nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me.
>
> Me. And me now.
>
> Stuck, the flies buzzed (pp. 175-76).

The two copulating flies, which both initiate and terminate the revery, recall the reader to the overall tone of the episode. It is by no means only an ethereal love of Molly which begets the very realistic, very animalistic images of the passage. Bloom's ten-year absence of conjugal relations underscores his need for Molly's physical affection. But, as Ellmann points out, the ostensibly vulgar note of two sexually aroused lovers sharing a half-masticated piece of cake is mollified by his obsessive love for Molly. « Love », Ellmann drolly notes, « animates his imaginative memory and allows him to bring forth a succulent tidbit from his mental larder » (9).

The buzzing of « stuck » flies also reminds us of Bloom's unfinished peristaltic journey. Contrasting his own gluttonous race with the race of gods, Bloom considers the biological functions (significantly just before he himself urinates) : « And we stuffing food in one hole and out behind : food, chyle, blood, dung, earth, food : have to feed it like stoking an engine. They [the statues at the museum] have no [anuses]. Never looked. I'll look today. Keeper won't see. Bend down let something fall see if she » (p. 176).

Leaving the tavern, Bloom continues through the streets of Dublin. He witnesses a vomiting dog devouring his regurgitated lunch (p. 179). He pauses before the window display of plumber William Miller to meditate on X-rayed intestinal contractions (pp. 179-80). Yet the most significant event of this final phase occurs just as he nears the museum. Descrying Boylan in the distance, the much-flustered Bloom takes every excited and hurried precaution to avoid being seen by this worst of the worst Lestrygonians :

> His hand looking for the where did I put found in his hip pocket soap lotion have to call tepid paper stuck. Ah, soap there ! Yes. Gate.
>
> Safe ! (p. 183).

It is no doubt ironically appropriate that Bloom should end his peristaltic journey through the bowels of Dublin by arriving at the anuses of sculptured goddesses ; yet a more serious issue is the legitimacy of his self-proclaimed safety. On the most literal level Bloom has evidently escaped being seen by Boylan, but he seems far removed from any safety on a psychological level. Stanley Sultan suggests that Bloom's frantic search of his pockets and comfort in finding the soap is « an attempt to find Molly secure » (10), since the soap has previously been purchased for his wife. Yet the adulterous meeting of the afternoon has not been cancelled, and Bloom has throughout the episode been all too aware of its imminence. If Molly is secure, the security will be short-lived, and Bloom knows it. The « safety » is, then, from Boylan, Boylan's appearance alone is a clue to his menacing nature. The first thing Bloom notices when he glimpses the distant stranger who just might be Boylan is his fashionable appearance : « Straw hat in sunlight. Tan shoes. Turnedup trousers. It is. It is » (p. 183). For a pudgy, middle-aged, and cuckolded man, this self-assured gallant on his way to a clandestine meeting is the minatory enemy *par excellence*. To meet him face to face, to have to talk with him would be a harrowing experience not readily welcomed by the unwilling Bloom. Most importantly, it would be the decisive undercutting of the romanticized memories of young love with Molly — which is, in fact, all that is still « safe » for the yet hopeful Bloom, however tenuous such safety might be. So Bloom, like his classical counterpart, has escaped ; and if Molly is not secure, at least the memory of her is. Boylan and Bloom's own fear have provided the last contraction to expel, at least temporarily, the protagonist from Dublin's constipated bowels.

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ENDNOTES

1. James Joyce, *Ulysses* (1934 ; rpt. New York : Vintage Books, 1961), pp. 179-80. All further references will be given parenthetically.
2. Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's « Ulysses »* (1930 ; rpt. New York : Vintage Books, 1958), p. 208.
3. Clive Hart, *James Joyce's « Ulysses »* (Sydney : Sydney University Press, 1968), pp. 55-56.
4. Richard Ellmann, *Ulysses on the Liffey* (1972 ; rpt. New York : Oxford University Press, 1973), pp. 74-81.
5. Hart, p. 55.
6. Ellmann, p. 78.
7. Hart, p. 56.
8. Ellmann, p. 77.
9. Ellmann, p. 80.
10. Stanley Sultan, *The Argument of Ulysses* (Columbus : Ohio State University Press, 1964), p. 132.

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