



*The most amusing collaboration in the literary movement was described by Moore. Subject for the collaboration was the legend of Diarmuid and Grainne:*

Moore was to write it in French; Lady Gregory would then translate his French into English; Taidg O'Donoghue would then translate the English into Irish and then Lady Gregory would translate the Irish into English! After that Yeats would put style upon it ...!



*In 'Hail and Farewell' Moore reprinted some of the French text for this play (Diarmuid and Grainne) – his explanation was:*

It was the only way he could convince the reader that 'two such literary lunatics as Yeats and myself existed, contemporaneously, and in Ireland, too ...'



*Moore speaking of his cousin, Edward Martyn, said:*

That fellow has no feelings. He quite genuinely believes that I'm damned and he's not even sorry for me!



*Sarah Purser said about George Moore's 'confession books' 'The Confessions of a Young Man' and 'Memoirs of my Dead Life':*

Some men kiss and tell; Moore tells but doesn't kiss.



*Moore sent a copy of his life of Christ to his friend AE. ‘You’ll like this better than any of my books,’ he wrote. AE replied:*

On the contrary, I like it less than any of your books. Jesus converted the world; your Jesus wouldn’t convert an Irish County Council.



*Few writers mocked George Moore more than the beautiful poet and wit, Susan Mitchell. In her life of Moore she devoted one chapter to Moore—the artist. It must be one of the shortest chapters ever published. Here it is:*

Nobody in Ireland has ever seen any of Mr Moore’s paintings except AE to whom he once slyly showed a head, remarking that it had some ‘quality’. AE remained silent.



*Susan Mitchell:*

It has been said to me that Mr Moore had enough credulity to make him a bishop.



*Moore once wrote that his brother Maurice was the only member of his family who was a gentleman. To which Miss Mitchell replied:*

Mr Moore is an amazingly truthful person.



*Sir Walter Scott was travelling across an Irish ferry and put his hand in his pocket for sixpence for the ferryman. All he had was a shilling. ‘Take it, Pat,’ he said, ‘and you’ll give me the sixpence back another time’.*

Sure, and may your honour live to get it.



*From Dublin Opinion, Ireland’s leading humour Journal:*

In the old-fashioned novel the hero didn’t kiss the heroine until the last page. Now he kisses her on the dust jacket.

Money talks, but you can’t hold on to it long enough to start a conversation.