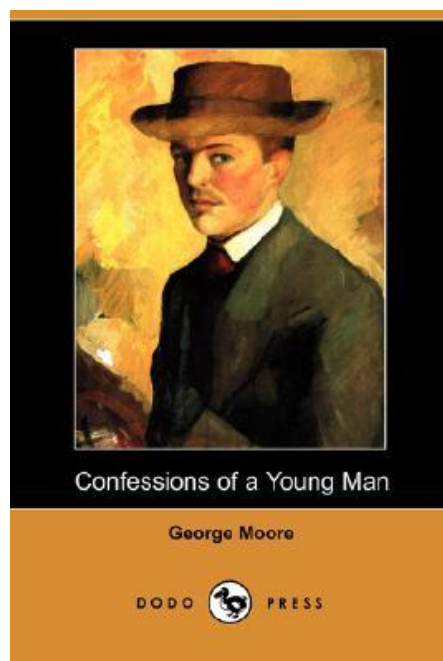




Confessions of a Young Man

George Moore

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George Augustus Moore (1852-1933) was an Irish novelist, short story writer, poet, art critic, memoirist and dramatist. His first book, a collection of poems called *The Flowers of Passion*, had appeared in 1878 and a second collection, *Pagan Poems*, followed in 1881. His first novel, *A Modern Lover* (1883), was banned in England because of its, for the times, explicit portrayal of the amorous pursuits of its hero. His next book, *A Mummer's Wife* (1885) is widely recognized as the first major novel in the realist style in the English language. Other realist novels by Moore from this period include *Esther Waters* (1894), the story of an unmarried housemaid who becomes pregnant and is abandoned by her footman lover, and *A Drama in Muslin* (1886), a satiric story of the marriage trade in Anglo-Irish society. His 1887 novel *A Mere Accident* is an attempt to merge his symbolist and realist influences. He also published a collection of short stories: *Celibates* (1895). In 1913, he traveled to Jerusalem to research background for his novel *The Brook Kerith: A Syrian Story* (1916).

Confessions of a Young Man Details

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Sketchbook says

Moore's 'confessions' are aesthetic. If there's more, you'll have a soul struggling to rid itself of Victorian morality. Of landed gentry, Moore moved fr Ireland to Paris in his 20s hoping to be a painter. He immersed himself in Degas, Manet and discussed Gautier, Baudelaire at his Montmartre haunt until dawn. This memoir was finished in his early 30s after he decided to become a writer. He first tried journalism which he found stifling: "I longed to give a personal shape to something and this could not be achieved in an article." His memoir is youthfully all over the place, at times, but it's stuffed with alluring ideas.

He prefers Marlowe to Shakespeare, his literary ideal is Balzac, and why, he asks, must Henry James avoid decisive 'action' -- why is everything suppressed? Respectability is a "killing octopus," he avers; education destroys humanity, the masses only appreciate conventionality, "home" is the antithesis of freedom, books attract us like people (often for the same reasons) and art reflects the "the spirit of an age."

When it comes to the flesh, he grabs us by the collar: "Hypocritical reader," he zaps, "if you had the courage and money to lead a fast life, wouldn't you do so?"

Best remembered of youth in Paris: "The smells of every hour. Eggs frizzling in butter, the pungent cigarette, coffee and cognac, the fragrant odour of absinthe; and the steaming soup."

A worldling whose work was admired by Joyce-Stein, he became friends with the American culture maven Carl Van Vechten whose extravagant novel "Peter Whiffle" he somehow inspired. Whiffle even has an orange cat named George Moore. Says Peter Whiffle: "I've come to the conclusion that the only thing to do was live, just as fully as possible." The sentiment belongs to George Moore and I don't mean the cat.

Richard Epstein says

There are those who claim to have finished books by George Moore, but I don't believe them.

ErinG says

George Moore writes of a man [himself] in his twenties, searching for his passion. First, its art, then realizing it wouldn't work for him, he switches to reading and writing. Its a very honest book, from the insight of a privileged young man in a different time. I enjoyed his opinions and critiques of the authors he's read and how they changed throughout his twenties. I gave it three stars only because he was so arrogant and unlikeable.

L. O'Neil says

For its era -- 1900s turn of the century -- this narrative offers insight to lifestyles of gay dandies and man about town a century ago, told through the POV of a character who believes himself a literary phenomenon. Snoozed through some passages about protagonist's hero worship of close friend.

Peer says

First 40 or 50 pages are promising, then arrogance enters to spoil the rest of the book.

Libri & says

Per leggere la recensione vai su:
<http://letteraturaecinema.blogspot.it...>

Nate says

roundup from 3.5 stars, kind of half memoir and half musings on art, culture etc. never read any of moore's other stuff so i really can't comment on his body of work here aside from this. jumps around to subjects rather frequently, the most interesting are his thoughts on literature, which includes the highest praise of balzac. his personal life is less interesting as he comes across as a rich, arrogant dick, but i guess almost any artist from 19c and before had to have that persona

Mike says

Lively report from early 20th c Paris & London.

hilites:

39..why could i not live without an ever-present and acute consciousness of life? why could i not love, forgetful of the ticking of the clock in the perfumed silence of the chamber?

49..Degas' innovations

75..miniature of a beauty of 30. He dreams of Pleasure and he is offered Duty.

94..Manet & Degas in a cafe

105..Whistler the least Impressionistic

106..reproach of Millet...always the same thing, the same peasant, the same sabot, the same sentiment.

109..Oh, for excess, for crime. I would give many lives to save one sonnet by Baudelaire....

England's greatest son (Cromwell) was the personification of injustice

131..Emma the maid ****I have spoken angrily to you, but never did that sweet face of yours lose its expression of perfect and unfailing kindness...doglike

Life in your case meant this: to be born in a slum, and to leave it to work 17 hours a day in a lodging-house; to be a Londoner, but to know only the slum in which you were born and the few shops in the Strand at which the landlady dealt.

133..sublime stupidity!
134..a mule...a drudge too horrible for anything but work
136..a young man in a house full of women
138..a club is dull
142..artistic decadence of London
143..artistic atrophy is benumbing us, we are losing our finer feeling for beauty.
179..the devil with literature
182..the real genius for love lies not in getting into, but getting out of love.
183..twitter-like exchange
212..Mummer worship...celebrity of actors ...very TMZ!
239..Balzac...the elegance of life exists mainly in the waist.

Samuel Parker says

Moore's false modesty disintegrates as the narrative progresses, leaving the reader with an insightful, if somewhat egoistic, read about art and life in Paris circa the late 19th century.

Some writerly trivia: In his day George Moore regarded Joyce, his younger compatriot, with distaste: : "Take this Irishman Joyce, a sort of Zola gone to seed. Someone recently sent me a copy of Ulysses. I was told I must read it, how can one plow through such stuff?... Joyce, Joyce, why he's nobody - from the Dublin docks: no family no breeding." (Taken from Moore's unpublished letters)
