

LITERARY SUBTERFUGE IN JOHN GLASSCO'S

MEMOIRS OF MONTPARNASSE

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ABSTRACT

Based on the differences between holograph manuscript and published book, this thesis demonstrates that John Glassco invested his Memoirs of Montparnasse with literary subterfuge, transforming it into an autobiographical novel. Fictional transformation pervades the premise on which the narrative is founded, the dialogue, the plot structure, the characterizations, and the events themselves, making it impossible to discriminate, finally, between fact and fiction in both manuscript and book. The subterfuge establishes a distinctive position for Glassco in Canadian literary history, that of a twentieth-century successor to the literary dandies, aesthetes, and decadents of nineteenth-century England and France. Three points of comparison made implicit in the book but explicit in the manuscript tighten these lines of affiliation: Glassco's repudiation of his class, the value he assigns to youth, and his exploration of sexual practice.

RÉSUMÉ

Basée sur les différences entre Memoirs of Montparnasse et son manuscrit olographe, cette thèse démontre que John Glassco a investi ce livre d'un subterfuge littéraire, le transformant ainsi en roman autobiographique. Cette transformation fictive pénètre la prémisse sur laquelle le récit est fondé, de même que le dialogue, la structure de l'intrigue, les caractérisations, et les événements eux-mêmes, rendant donc impossible la distinction du réel et de l'imaginaire chez l'un ou l'autre de ces deux textes, manuscrit ou livre. Le subterfuge fixe Glassco dans une position distincte de l'histoire littéraire canadienne, c'est à dire d'un écrivain du vingtième siècle, succédant aux artistes décadents, aux esthètes et dandys littéraires du dix-neuvième siècle français et anglais. Cette affiliation est solidifiée par trois points de comparaison implicites dans le livre mais explicites dans le manuscrit: la valeur que Glassco accorde à la jeunesse, la répudiation de sa classe, et ses diverses expériences sexuelles.

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For Marguerite Whitney--Song

I loved you early, lost you soon:
With promise that I never knew
You passed like a spring afternoon;
Wake me to a dream and follow you.

But music that comes and softly goes
In wild-flower meadows from the breeze
And summer odours half disclose
The richer world one never sees,

And as the south wind lovingly
Beers in its breath a sweeter spring;
So now your image turns for me
To the shadow of some lovelier thing.

John Glasco¹

PREFACE

Memoirs of Montparnasse has generally been accepted as what John Glasco presents it to be--a book of memoirs about Paris in the twenties, written on the scene and shortly thereafter but not published until nearly forty years later. The book's dust-jacket first announced it to be "an unsurpassed account of . . . a famous milieu" with "the freshness and total recall of recent experience." Critics, reviewers, even others who were there at the time have agreed, praising the book for its veracity.

The argument I present in this study of Memoirs of Montparnasse is twofold. First, I contend that Glasco deliberately invested the book with literary subterfuge to such an extent that it ought to be considered an autobiographical novel, not a book of non-fiction memoirs. Second, I argue that the nature of this subterfuge establishes Glasco as a twentieth-century Canadian successor to the literary dandies, aesthetes, and decadents of nineteenth-century England and France. At the heart of this study, therefore, is what I am calling literary subterfuge. My aim is to establish, and to account for, its existence.

"Subterfuge" is Glasco's word; he uses it to describe what he finds lacking in Robert McAlmon's autobiographical works. I will be employing the definition found in Webster's Third New International Dictionary: "deception by artifice or stratagem to conceal, escape, avoid, or evade." The "deception" originates in that Memoirs of Montparnasse is not what Glasco presents it to be. "Artifice" pervades the

premise on which the book is founded, the dialogue, the plot structure, the characterizations, and the events themselves. What Glassco strives to "escape" is a reality he finds insufficient. Instead, he longs to realize an imaginative ideal.

Before presenting the two halves of my argument in Chapters III and IV, I will identify, in Chapter I, those aspects of Memoirs of Montparnasse that raise questions about what kind of book it must be, and I will survey the relevant criticism on this issue. In Chapter II, I will then describe the book's holograph manuscript, and I will derive from it an account of how Glassco must have written Memoirs of Montparnasse.

As will soon become apparent, this study is based on the differences between published book and holograph manuscript, and on some of Glassco's papers. I am grateful, therefore, to the staffs of the Public Archives of Canada and the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections at McGill University for their help in my examination of unpublished material. I am happy to thank Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis at McGill and Mr. William Toye, Glassco's literary executor, for permission to include quotations from these sources in my study. I also wish to thank Robert Weaver, for his response to my letter of inquiry, and Robert Lecker, for allowing me to make use of a preliminary copy of Fraser Sutherland's bibliography of works by and about John Glassco. I am most appreciative of the help and encouragement I received from William Toye. He was generous in providing me material; our discussions and his responses to my letters of inquiry proved to be very useful. First and last, I am grateful to Louis Dudek for his patience and for his inspiration.

I. PERSPECTIVES

John Glassco gives his reader much cause to suspect that Memoirs of Montparnasse may not be what he presents it to be. Those familiar with his work know that Glassco is an aesthetic trickster with a penchant for guile. He has, for instance, written several works of stylistic pornography, attributed them to writers long dead, and then written scholarly introductions to some of these works under his own name.¹ He admits to eleven pseudonyms.² This facet of his reputation raises the question: Are there any tricks in Memoirs of Montparnasse?

Furthermore, both in the "Prefatory Note" and in the text, Glassco identifies the model he had in mind while writing to be George Moore's Confessions of a Young Man. It is a classic example of literary subterfuge. We now know that, because Moore continually revised it from the time it was first published (1887) until it appeared in the Uniform Edition of his work (1923), there exist nine distinct versions of his book. Moreover, according to Susan Dick, editor of the annotated, critical edition, it "is filled with details which break with fact as often as they conform to it."³ Glassco's model is, then, an autobiographical novel, much-revised and half-invented, rather than a book of memoirs that faithfully chronicles events.

However, the reader who does not know Moore's book, or one coming to Glassco's work for the first time, must raise an eyebrow when, early in Memoirs of Montparnasse, Glassco openly confesses that he has always

been "an accomplished liar." In response to a letter from his father asking about the progress of his literary career, he conceals his interest in surrealism and instead claims that he is studying the novels of Thomas Love Peacock, hoping that his father will approve and continue his financial support. Rationalizing this sleight of hand, he says that "The only deception as far as my father was concerned lay in the fact that this author was not, as I implied, a new discovery of mine; but I wished to give the impression of breaking new ground." To conclude this unsettling episode, Glassco makes a confession that resonates throughout the entire book:

Here I must admit that I was always, though mainly in self-defence, a great practitioner of deceit. My father's ferocious attachment to truth, and his insistence on my speaking it at all times and in spite of the direst consequences had made me an accomplished liar at an early age; the constant need for lying had in fact sharpened my invention and contributed enormously to my enjoyment of the highest forms of poetry.⁴

If as Glassco admits, he is "an accomplished liar," and if "the constant need for lying" has sharpened his invention, can Memoirs of Montparnasse be honest? Can the work of a self-confessed liar be taken as truth, especially when he derives a need to lie from his own rejection of his father's "ferocious attachment to truth?"

Later, when Robert McAlmon moves in to share a Paris studio with him and Graeme Taylor, Glassco reads two of McAlmon's published books, A Companion Volume and Village. His reaction heightens the discerning reader's suspicions about what kind of book Memoirs of Montparnasse must be. He dislikes them primarily because they are straightforward recollections of actual events, and he reveals instead his preference for what he calls "invention" or "subterfuge." For Glassco, in other words, that something memorable happens is not sufficient cause to write it down.

For the result to be worth reading, he implies, recollection needs to be embellished. About A Companion Volume and Village, he comments:

I found it hard to say what I thought of them. I would have liked to admire them but it was impossible. They were obviously literal transcripts of things set down simply because they had happened and were vividly recollected. There was neither invention nor subterfuge. (NM, p. 79)

These four warning signals--Glassco's reputation as a trickster, his choice of a much-revised blend of fact and fiction for a model, his open confession of always having been a liar, and his implied preference for invention or subterfuge over literal transcripts of vividly recollected events--all raise the question of whether or not Memoirs of Montparnasse ought to be taken for what Glassco claims it is. Nevertheless, most reviewers and critics have accepted as true his story of how it came into print, and they have accepted the book for what it presents itself to be--memoirs: a factual, historical account written by someone who personally experienced the events described.

In his "Prefatory Note" to the book, dated October 1969, Glassco claims that the text is virtually unchanged from the original manuscript he drafted nearly forty years earlier. He specifies that he wrote the first three chapters in Paris in 1928 when he was eighteen years old, the remaining twenty-three chapters in Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital during three months of the winter of 1932-33 while awaiting a crucial operation. He then says that, after barely surviving the thoracoplasty which saved him from advanced tuberculosis, "I turned away from my youth altogether. I did not look at the manuscript again for thirty-five years." When the book is finally published, he asserts:

I have changed very little of the original. The revision amounts to the occasional improvement of a phrase and, in

the case of the first chapter, the excision of some particularly fatuous paragraphs; also, for reasons of discretion I have given several characters fictitious names. Nothing else has been altered or omitted. (194, p. xiii)

Nearly everyone who has written about Memoirs of Montparnasse has taken Glasco's account of its genesis and route to publication at face value. Thus, William French writes in The Globe and Mail Magazine: "Glasco resisted the temptation to rewrite or edit the memoirs Except for a very occasional minor improvement, they appear as he wrote them almost forty years ago."⁵ Some critics even identify Glasco's refusal to revise his manuscript as the source of what they call the book's greatest strength, its "actuality." Leon Edel, in his introduction to Memoirs of Montparnasse, states that the book has "the fascination of a long-buried artifact suddenly turned up by a spade." If, he continues, it "is more modest than most of the Montparnasse memoirs, it is more immediate--possessing almost the effect of 'instant' memory, total recall. The other memoirs (I have read I believe most of them) look back from middle life."⁶ George Woodcock, reviewing the book for Canadian Literature, writes: "the best thing of all about Memoirs of Montparnasse is their sheer contemporaneity, their glittering freshness Glasco's [recollections] are nearer to the time than almost any book written on the great days of Montparnasse."⁷ Malcolm Cowley, the noted authority on this era, makes the assessment most forcefully. Reviewing Memoirs of Montparnasse for The New Republic, he states that "Glasco's book, published from a manuscript nearly forty years old, is fresher and truer to the moment than the others" of this genre. "Glasco," he continues "was writing on the very scene, then soon after leaving it, so that events boldly happen instead of being reconstructed." Cowley concludes that "We should be grateful for having it in the

original state," because "it presents the most accurate picture of Montparnesse that I have seen; this is the way it was."⁸

Of all those who have written about the book, only two have taken issue with Glasco's claim to have altered very little of his original manuscript, Louis Dudek and John Lauber. Reviewing Memoirs of Montparnesse in The Gazette [Montreal], Dudek compares the first chapter of the book with the 1929 version published in Paris in the literary magazine This Quarter. He finds that "not a single sentence in the two is identical, unless it be a few spoken words attributed to others and even these are somewhat recast." Dudek concludes that "The original chapter was charmingly juvenile, mere apprentice work; from it we learn how well John Glasco was able to write in 1928, at the age of eighteen. In the Memoirs of Montparnesse we see how he can write in 1970, at the age [of] sixty."⁹ Dudek implies, therefore, that Glasco did revise and rewrite his manuscript for publication.

For his article in an issue of Canadian Literature devoted to autobiography, John Lauber also compares the two versions of the first chapter and rejects Glasco's claim to have altered very little of the original. "In fact," he says, "a continuous passage of 3½ pages (out of 12), describing the last night in Montreal, was dropped; gratuitous anti-semitic remarks were omitted; diction was sharpened and colloquialized; telling details were added." He concludes that "Study of Glasco's revisions demonstrates that the Memoirs were the product of conscious art, not only in their texture, but in their shape and focus."¹⁰ Lauber suggests, therefore, that Glasco consciously and artfully revised and rewrote his manuscript.

Although neither Dudek nor Lauber accepts Glasco's claim that the published book is virtually unchanged from the original manuscript, several of the critics who have taken Glasco at his word on this point do suggest that he has fictionalized some of the book's contents. They seem to suspect that he imagined or invented, rather than recollected, parts of the book. Malcolm Cowley, John Moss,⁶ and William H. New,¹¹ for instance, call attention to the novelistic qualities of Memoirs of Montparnasse. Yet this observation is not sufficient to imply that Glasco fictionalized the contents of the book, because he himself invites such an interpretation. When he first decides to write his memoirs, Glasco announces that he will strive to achieve the narrative form of a novel. "I've already abandoned surrealism," he says in the first chapter of the book, "and decided to write my memoirs--not a journal but a record of my life written in chapters, like one of George Moore's books--to impose a narrative form on everything that has happened since we left Montreal" (MH, p. 4). With this statement Glasco precludes any suggestions that because the book is written in a novelistic form its contents are fiction. He maintains that even though he is imposing a narrative structure on events, the memoirs are still a record of what he has experienced since leaving Montreal.

Going a cautious step farther are Louis Dudek, John Lauber, Paul Showers, and Leon Edel. Both Dudek and Lauber are careful to distinguish between challenging the way in which Glasco says the book came about and challenging the authenticity of the memoirs themselves. About the latter, Dudek says: "Not that these Memoirs are all inventions. They report actual doings and meetings with famous men."¹² Similarly, Lauber maintains that there is no "pure invention."¹³ However, as indicated by

their use of qualifiers--not all inventions, no pure invention--both Dudek and Lauber imply that they suspect some invention in the contents of Memoirs of Montparnasse. Dudek concludes that "the dialogue has been much heightened, the skills of story telling are manifest, and various kinds of 'subterfuge' can be detected or suspected."¹⁴ Referring to the aesthetic discussions and monologues in the book, Lauber says, "The greater part of those speeches must have been invented."¹⁵ Paul Showers, a staff writer for The Times Sunday Magazine [New York], agrees with Lauber on this point. Reviewing Memoirs of Montparnasse for The New York Times Book Review, Showers indicates that he too doubts the authenticity of the dialogue but dismisses his suspicions as unimportant. He says:

It is quite possible that all the people John Glassco met and listened to actually didn't say everything he attributes to them with quite the same bright, polished assurance. But when he set down his memoirs, he was capable of such amusing flights of repartee, and that is all that matters now.¹⁶

Leon Edel, in his introduction to Memoirs of Montparnasse, implies that he knows more than he is saying and that he too suspects fictionalization. Fusing a word associated with fact to one associated with fiction, he calls the book an "autobiographical picaresque." He suggests a comparison to the Mémoires of Saint-Simon, a work of art as well as a work of history. Again mingling a word that implies subjective distortion with one that implies objective accuracy, he concludes--suggestively but enigmatically--that "it is a delightful form of nostalgia--and of truth."¹⁷

Finally, the most direct charges that Glassco has fictionalized the contents of Memoirs of Montparnasse come from Sanford J. Smoller and Michael Gnarowski. For his biography of Robert McAlmon, Adrift Among Geniuses, Smoller draws on Glassco's memoirs. He finds, however, that

they are not completely reliable for his purpose, concurring with Lauber and Showers that "the accuracy of the dialogue is questionable." "Moreover", he adds, "Glasco seemed to telescope time, as a novelist might do, for emphasis and structural unity, and thus the chronology is unreliable." Smoller concludes that "Memoirs of Montparnasse" is thus fictionalized history. But where it fails in verity, it succeeds in verisimilitude."¹⁸ Gnarowski, a personal friend of Glasco's, makes his statement in a most telling way. In his A Concise Bibliography of English-Canadian Literature, he lists Memoirs of Montparnasse not under "Autobiography" or even under "Autobiographical," but instead under "Prose Fiction."¹⁹

II. THE MANUSCRIPT

The holograph manuscript of Memoirs of Montparnasse proves that Glasco's account of the book's genesis and route to publication as stated in his "Prefatory Note" amounts to deliberate literary subterfuge. Furthermore, the manuscript and some related documents make it possible to reconstruct a more accurate version of how the book came about. Glasco did not write it in 1932-33, nor did he finish, at age twenty-two, the project he had left off four years before. There was no completed manuscript for him to revive thirty-five years later. Instead, he wrote it in 1963-65, resurrecting, at age fifty-four, the project he had abandoned over thirty years earlier. Before submitting it for publication in 1969, however, he thoroughly revised and rewrote his manuscript into typescript. Despite what he says in the "Prefatory Note"--that at age eighteen, "I wanted to compose my own Confessions of a Young Man à la George Moore, and felt I simply could not wait, as Moore did, for the onset of middle age" (MH, p. xiii)--Glasco did exactly that.

Located in the Public Archives of Canada, the manuscript draft of the published book consists primarily of the six scribbles to which Glasco refers several times in Memoirs of Montparnasse. Under the heading "December 1932, Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal," in the first of the italicized passages about his current surroundings, Glasco states that he is resuming work on the fourth chapter of his memoirs four years after he finished the third chapter in Paris. He says: "I have a pen,

six blank oilcloth-covered scribblers, perfect mental clarity, freedom from pain, and there's a whole month before me. And so I resume" (HM, p. 27). Near the end of the book, he says that he has drawn up a will "in which I have left everything, including the six scribblers in which this book is written, to Graeme" (HM, p. 237).

Each scribbler is clearly labeled in Glasco's handwriting "Scribbler #1, Scribbler #2, etc. Only #4 and #6, however, are oilcloth-covered. Scribblers #3 and #5 are black spiral notebooks with "Cahier d'Exercices, Reliure Spirale" embossed on the cover; #2 is an orange spiral notebook with "Rhodia" printed on the cover; #1 consists solely of unlined manilla paper. Their contents show that Glasco drafted them in consecutive order, #1 beginning with Chapter 2 preceded by plans for the entire book, #6 ending with the "Epilogue" followed by a few self-contained episodes that he inserted into earlier chapters. On three occasions, a chapter begun in one scribbler concludes in the next, and there are direct references back to #1 in #2, #3, and #5 as well as a reference back to #5 in #6. Accompanying the scribblers are a slightly edited original of the "Extract from an Autobiography" from This Quarter and thirty-three separate sheets of various sizes and colours--mostly 22 cm. by 28 cm. yellow--on which Glasco jotted plans, notes, and inserts. For documents supposedly fifty years old, the entire manuscript is of a conspicuously contemporary appearance and in suspiciously excellent condition.

Three kinds of internal evidence prove, however, that Glasco could not have written the scribblers in 1932-33. First, and sufficient in itself, is the stylus used in all six. They were written with various ball point pens. The first workable ball point pen was not patented

until 1937. Although it gained popularity in Great Britain during 1938-39, it did not achieve worldwide acceptance until the mid-1940s. Therefore, Glasco could not have written the manuscript in ball point pen until some years after the he says he did. Furthermore, the handwriting in all six scribblers is the same, and it is consistent with that of Glasco's later life. However, he states in his "Prefatory Note" to Memoirs of Montparnasse that he can hardly recognize his handwriting of the 1932-33 period. It is, in fact, markedly different. The discrepancy between the two--the handwriting of the scribblers and that of documents from the early 1930s in his papers--demonstrates that the scribblers do not date from this era.

Second, on one of the additional sheets in the manuscript, Glasco made some preliminary notes for the chapter in which he describes his adventures as a male prostitute. Parts of these notes he then used verbatim in the scribblers: some in the more specific plans in #1, some in the scene itself in #6. He must have drafted the scribblers, therefore, after he made the preliminary notes on the separate sheet. The other side of this sheet, however, is a printed poster advertising the Foster Horse Show (founded by Glasco) for Sunday July 27th, 1958. Thus he could not have written his scribblers until 1958.

Third, two references to Morley Callaghan reveal that Glasco could not have drafted the manuscript until 1963. In the top margin of page eighty-one, Scribbler #3, Glasco wrote a note to himself and circled it. The handwriting and ink match that of the text at this point, showing that Glasco did not add his note later. He jotted it down while writing this part of the manuscript. The note contains the following arithmetic: 11 words per line x 33 lines per page = 363 words per page;

363 x 245 pages = 88935. Alongside this multiplication is the statement "Callaghan's book is 90,000 words."¹ Of all Morley Callaghan's books, the one that most nearly fits this description is That Summer in Paris. It ends on page 255, but it begins on page nine. Thus it has 245 pages of text. It has approximately eleven words per line, but only thirty-two lines per page. While enumerating lines, however, Glassco may well have miscounted; he was, after all, making an estimated, not an exact word-count. Still, none of Callaghan's other books comes anywhere near as close to Glassco's description. The one to which he is referring, then, is almost certainly That Summer in Paris. It is, of course, natural that Glassco would compare his work to Callaghan's own memoirs of Montpernesse. However, That Summer in Paris was not published until 1963. Glassco could not have counted its words, lines, and pages until then. His note in the margin reveals, therefore, that he could not have written his scribbles until 1963.

The other reference to Callaghan occurs in a passage from the manuscript that Glassco significantly revised for the book. In both, the scene is Paris; Glassco, Stanley Dahl, and Graeme Taylor (whom Glassco calls George Graham in the manuscript) have just returned from Nice. Callaghan, called Corley Mulligan in the manuscript (Glassco changed his name back to Morley Callaghan in typescript), meets them at a tabac and, not having seen them for six months, fills them in on his news. The final version of this scene appears on page 154 of the book; the manuscript version reads as follows:

He came up and sat down. He was much more assured now, and more smartly dressed; but the warmth and naive charm were the same. By now, he told us, he had managed to meet Fitzgerald, Michael Arlen and Helena Rubinstein; Bob [McAlmon] had taken him to dinner with Joyce; and his new novel was almost finished. But he was especially pleased

to have boxed with Hemingway in a local gymnasium about a week before, and to have succeeded in either knocking the great man down or giving him a nosebleed: it was not clear which.

He was thrilled by his triumph, but played it down quite modestly. In his quiet way, he was even able to invest the experience with a kind of mystical quality which was genuinely touching. For Corley was not, after all, a person to whom many things happened: this might be, I thought, the reason for the curious tone of his books--what gave them the slightly aggrieved and often querulous air of a man who had always felt himself somehow excluded from life, and which, in his own case, gives us the picture of a pensive yearling bull who is obliged to look at the rest of the herd over a pasture fence.

"Well," said George after he had left, "I'm glad he pested Hemingway."

We agreed it was peculiarly fitting that the master had been bested in the ring by a much smaller man and an even worse novelist of his own virile school. (MS. IV, 77-78)

At this point in the manuscript, Glasco and Taylor continue with a longer version of their discussion about Hemingway's work than appears in the book. They return to the subject of Callaghan one page later, and Glasco concludes, "Anyway, I'm glad Corley had something happen to him." George responds, "It's a real break for him. He'll be talking about it for the next thirty years, bless his heart" (MS. IV, 79).

Here, Glasco provides a footnote in the same way he does on page seventy-four of the book, when he gives an English translation of Jean Cocteau's poem "Batterie." After the word "heart," he enters a superscript number 1. Then, at the bottom of the page he writes: "¹ This prediction has been fulfilled." After the word "fulfilled" is the date "1964" in parentheses, but it is deleted in the same ink. Glasco did not add this footnote later; he recorded it as part of the text while writing this section of the manuscript. The superscript number 1 is not crowded into the line, and Glasco even left room for the footnote itself at the bottom, stopping the text several lines short as he does on no other page.

Taylor's prediction that thirty years later Callaghan would still be talking about his boxing match with Hemingway was fulfilled, of course, in That Summer in Paris, where it constitutes the climactic scene of the book. The prediction and the footnote, neither of which appears in the final Memoirs of Montparnasse, direct a satiric barb at Callaghan, mocking the sense of self-importance he derived from his boxing match with Hemingway not only at the time but also thirty years later, when he wrote his memoirs. The logical basis for Glasco's note that the prediction has been fulfilled is that he has already read That Summer in Paris, which he could not have done until 1963. The note itself, therefore, not just the canceled date, indicates that Glasco could not have drafted his manuscript until Callaghan's memoirs were published.

Furthermore, these two references to That Summer in Paris, when seen in light of both the entire manuscript and some correspondence between Glasco and Leon Edel, suggest that Callaghan's book is what finally motivated Glasco to write Memoirs of Montparnasse. Edel wrote his introduction at Glasco's request. In his original typescript, he made only a terse reference to Callaghan, saying "The passage of Buffy and Graeme through Montparnasse was brief; it was cleverly satirized at the time in Morley Callaghan's unkind tale, 'Now that April's Here.' These memoirs fill out the story and set it straight."² In the letter accompanying his typescript, however, Edel gave Glasco "carte blanche" to change "any word or sentence [that] displeases you."³ When the page proofs came out, this section had been altered to read as follows:

The passage of Buffy and Graeme through Montparnasse was brief; it was quite cleverly satirized at the time in Morley Callaghan's unkind tale, "Now that April's Here," and much later they were made the object of some rather spiteful ridicule in his That Summer in Paris: their grace and inouciance seem to have always irritated the "serious"

novelist from Toronto. These memoirs fill out the story and set it straight.⁴

Presumably Glasco made the addition, even though it is not to be found on his copy of Edel's introduction, as are his many other changes. Edel, too, assumed this to be the case, for he wrote back to Glasco:

I have seen proof and have left a number of your alterations; but some of the things you added seemed to me not quite in my style or my character--so I made a few changes. Mainly I altered the whole Callaghan passage to give him the indirect rather than direct riposte, (is that the word?). I said that I had met him and he was very young, very robust, very Toronto, so how could he understand the insouciant hedonism of the two young Montrealers? And I said that your memoirs correct his caricature. I also removed my allusion to his "cleverness." It was low cleverness actually. However I think we had better stand now on the thing--and I am delighted that you approved of it.⁵

That Glasco does not, in subsequent correspondence, deny having made the change provides further evidence that the addition was his. What finally appears in the book corresponds verbatim with the page proofs that Edel corrected.

The passage of Buffy and Greene through Montparnasse was brief; it was satirized at the time in Morley Callaghan's unkind tale, "Now that April's Here." I recall a long café session with Callaghan. I found him very young, very robust, very Toronto, and thus foreign to the insouciant hedonism of the young Montrealers. These memoirs help correct his caricature. (MM, p. x)

The tone of the remark about Callaghan that was added to Edel's original introduction harmonizes with the tone of the sections concerning Callaghan in Glasco's scribbles. In the addition, he is said to be spiteful and intimated to be an irritable man who ridicules others from his self-styled position as a serious artist, a small man. In the manuscript, Glasco presents him as being much more earnest, naive, and cheap than he is in the book. He also portrays him as much more of an "urban hick" and a "literary rubberneck," as Bob McAlmon calls him, who is out

of place in the bright milieu of Montparnasse. This more explicit disparagement is evident in the previously cited passage from the manuscript in which Callaghan tells of his boxing match with Hemingway. Here, Glassco portrays him as a lackluster mediocrity, someone to whom not many things happen. He calls him "an even worse novelist" of Hemingway's virile school. The tone of his work, he asserts, has "the slightly aggrieved and often querulous air of a man who had always felt himself somehow excluded from life." The image he presents of Callaghan, that of "a pensive yearling bull," suggests immaturity and awkwardness. When he revised and rewrote his manuscript, however, Glassco greatly softened the bluntly satiric portrait into a subtle and cleverly understated one, himself preferring to give Callaghan the indirect rather than direct, as Edel puts it, riposte.

In light of the evidence that Glassco wrote his manuscript after reading That Summer in Paris, both his addition to Edel's introduction and his original depiction of Callaghan in the scribblers suggest that two motives finally resolved him to revive his memoirs. The first was a desire to even the score. That Summer in Paris not only belittles Glassco, it reveals explicitly that Callaghan modeled the two pitiable characters in "Now that April's Here" on him and Graeme Taylor. Together, these two works present a mocking, burlesque caricature of them. By calling attention to Callaghan's "rather spiteful ridicule" in what he added to Edel's introduction, Glassco makes it clear that he felt the offence. His resentment is manifest not only in the sarcastic tone of his addition to Edel's remark about Callaghan but also in his more explicitly satiric portrait of Callaghan in the scribblers. Because both strike back, they logically arise from a desire to even the score. To do

so, Glasco first had to revive his own memoirs, where he could turn the tables on Callaghan.

The second motive that must have determined him was a desire to achieve what Callaghan had achieved. The critical and commercial success of That Summer in Paris could not have been lost on Glasco. He had, after all, begun and then abandoned his own memoirs over thirty years before. As late as 1960, he still expressed, in his journal, the hope of writing "one best-selling volume of memoirs."⁶ He knew he had a story to tell. Reading That Summer in Paris, he must have realized that he had as much of a literary success available to him. It must have confirmed what he first began to suspect in Paris in 1928, that he could wring from his experiences "one best-selling volume of memoirs." That Summer in Paris gave Glasco, therefore, another reason to revive them, one that soon came to surpass by far his motivation to even the score. He softened his bluntly satiric portrait of Callaghan, but he worked long and hard to develop his memoirs into a work of art. By presenting him a vision of the critical and commercial success he could achieve, That Summer in Paris enabled Glasco to summon forth the conviction to revive his long-abandoned project and the strength to follow it through to completion.

In two ways, then--first, by disclosing Glasco's resentment at Callaghan's ridicule and his desire to turn the tables; second, by proving that he wrote his scribbles after reading That Summer in Paris--the manuscript and related documents suggest that Callaghan's book of memoirs provoked Glasco to write his own. He himself reveals that he began to draft his manuscript the same year That Summer in Paris was published, 1963.

While working on the scribblers, Glassco kept meticulous count of the words he had written, circling figures in the text and making calculations in the margins. In fact, near the end of the manuscript, in a sentence that does not appear in the book, he even says, "I love to count the words and am childishly pleased to find there are now almost 100,000 of them" (MS. VI, 65). Perhaps his sense of childish pleasure stems partly from having surpassed Callaghan's output. In any case, his handwriting and ink again demonstrate that he did not add the figures later. He recorded the arithmetic of his word-count the same day that he wrote the corresponding section of text. Most of these figures he simply labels "tonight." On three occasions, however, he goes further. On page seventy-three of Scribbler #3, he writes "450 tonight Jan. 24, 1964"; on page eighty-seven of the same scribbler he writes, "600 tonight. (Jan. 29, 3:30 a.m., 1964)"; and on page thirty-eight of Scribbler #5, he dates his word-count "tonight May 23 '64."

Several other dates, although they do not reveal when Glassco wrote a particular section of text, still show that he drafted most of the manuscript in 1964. Next to some pencilled notes on the back of the Foster Horse Show poster, for instance, he writes in black ball point "--Dec. '64 None of this used." One of the separate sheets, entitled "M.O.M. Notes," on which he jotted down some of the many aliases found in the book, he dates "Dec. 3, '64." The first page of the first scribbler, which is a general outline of events to be included in various chapters, provides several examples. In red ball point in the lower right hand corner of this page, he writes "Only unused notes are now on pp. 4, 5, 6, Foster Horse Show sheet, 38 + attached sheets + 39 (Feb. 14, '64)." In black ball point he later deletes the "4, 5" "+ attached sheets," and

"(Feb. 14, '64)," redating the note first "June 22, '64" then "July 15, '64."

Although at four places in the manuscript Glasco recorded dates from the 1930s, their spurious appearance reveals that they are a thinly disguised attempt to make the scribblers seem as though he had written them thirty years earlier. He could not have recorded these four dates at the time each specifies. At the end of Chapter 14, he writes "finished Feb. 23, 1933" (MS. IV, 21). He added the last two digits, however, after blocking out two he had previously set down. The nineteen and the thirty-three are separated, thus, by a square of black ink. The ink of the digits as well as the square is that of a ball point pen, proving that Glasco could not have recorded this date until well after 1933. Later, at the end of the "Epilogue," he writes "(first draft finished Sept. 8, 1934, 4 a.m.)." He then begins the first chapter afresh, writing "Chapter I (New) begun Oct. 1, 1934" (MS. VI, 68). The ink is again that of a ball point pen. Also, since he has stated that he wrote the original manuscript in 1932-33, not 1934, something is amiss. Moreover, the third digit in both years has been changed, to all appearances from a six to a three. Even more obviously, he added the fourth date long after the time it specifies. On the first page of the first scribbler, he writes "begun R.V.H. 1932." Glasco recorded this note, however, in red magic marker. Magic markers were not manufactured until 1951. None of these four dates, therefore, can be taken at face value. Together, they suggest that sometime after he completed the manuscript, Glasco hastily and half-heartedly tried to bring his scribblers into ostensible but inauthentic accord with his account of when he wrote them. To do so, he added the "begun R.V.H. 1932" at the beginning. In

the middle he changed a date from what was most likely 1964 to 1933. At the end, he altered the third digits of two years, thereby changing what appears to be 1964 to the incongruous 1934.

Furthermore, what all the dates reveal--that John Glassco actually wrote his manuscript draft of Memoirs of Montparnasse in 1964--is confirmed by a letter he wrote to his friend Michael Gnarowski on 5 December 1964. In it he says:

Sorry not to have answered your letter of November 25 before this. I have been slaving at my MEMOIRS OF MONT-PARNASSE, trying to finish it before the reaction set in. I just made it in time, because now it's just 300 pages that I can't read. Gestation and birth-pains are always bad--but it's worse when you open your eyes and see a little Mongol.⁷

The birth metaphor is important to notice here because it contradicts Glassco's claim to have resurrected the manuscript. It indicates instead that he has just finished writing the first complete draft.

Finally, although it is difficult to trust someone who is so much the aesthetic trickster, we can probably trust most of an extraordinarily telling document Glassco added to the end of the manuscript. I accept the essence of it as honest, despite evidence to be mentioned later of a touch of subterfuge here too, because it concurs with the opinion of his manuscript he expressed in his letter to Michael Gnarowski and because it explains the five year gap between the completion of the manuscript and the publication of the book. In its entirety, this "Note for Memoirs of Montparnasse," as Glassco titles the separate yellow sheet on which it is written, reads as follows:

This book is the result of an attempt, made in the winter of 1964-65, to put into some coherent and consecutive form the mass of notes, reminiscences and jottings produced during the six months I spent in the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, over thirty years before, when I was undergoing a series of operations for pulmonary tuber-

culosis. These notes were intended, at the time, to be a kind of testament of youth which, though made in the shadow of death, was to be of a light-hearted and frivolous nature.

The attempt to make a proper book of these fragments, so many years later, appears to me to have been a total failure: the gaiety and élan which were sought after turned into a tedious flippancy, the satire into cheap and often vulgar malice, the humour into flatness, the hero into an unconvincing liar and an intolerable coxcomb.

Seeing it at last in typescript, I found the book so foolish, weak and disgraceful that I decided never to submit it for publication, and have adhered to that decision.

My disappointment in this work has been considerable. I ask myself how I could have written it, how I could have so wasted my time. But no matter . . .

The fact that everything related in it is circumstantially true is no excuse for its tone. It is a thoroughly bad book.

Knowlton, November 17, 2 a.m., 1965.

The manuscript and related documents make it possible, finally, to establish a more accurate account of how John Glasco must have written Memoirs of Montparnasse. He did not, as he says he did, write the first three chapters in Paris in 1928, the remaining twenty-three chapters in Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital in 1932-33, and then resurrect the manuscript over thirty years later to have it published virtually unchanged. The "Extract from an Autobiography" published in This Quarter demonstrates that he did begin the project in Paris in 1928. In his final "Note for Memoirs of Montparnasse," however, he says that during his 1932-33 hospital stay, he produced only a confused "mass of notes, reminiscences, and jottings." These do not appear to have survived.

In his later life, Glasco was careful to save any literary papers he thought could be of value. If, as he claims, these notes survived until 1965, he logically would have sold them along with the manuscript. Some "notes, reminiscences, and jottings" do survive; they accompany the scribbles. But these originate in the 1963-65 period. Furthermore, in

his "Intimate Journal, 1934-1961" Glassco makes no mention of the "mass" that he produced during his hospital stay, even though some entries logically call for him to do so. On 29 July 1934, for instance, he writes:

about four days ago Greene came out and suggested I should continue those old Memoirs of mine, and make some money. I suddenly saw how a good book might be made of them--frank + "all myself" as I was back in those years--in fact became tremendously enthusiastic and next day wrote 500 words, the next 700, which I think are quite good.⁸

Two entries but four months later, on 29 November 1934, he records his disappointment that "I decided long ago to give up the Memoirs of a Young Man, and after all my enthusiasm."⁹ He does not mention the project again until 16 September 1960, when he notes his still unfulfilled ambition to write "one best-selling volume of memoirs." For three reasons, therefore, Glassco's hospital notes present a problem: first, despite his compelling inclination to save and sell his papers, these do not survive; second, those which have survived originate in 1963-65; and third, despite entries which logically call for him to do so, he makes no mention of them in his journal. One might almost suspect that these notes never existed. Or perhaps Glassco destroyed them. Perhaps he is referring, instead, to his early attempts to write the book. But these early drafts do not appear to have survived either. Perhaps he destroyed them too. What is important, finally, and what is certain, is that regardless of the form his hospital notes took, regardless of whether or not they ever existed, the book as we know it is the result of Glassco's efforts in the 1960s, not the 1930s.

Since he was already at work on Chapter 12 on 24 January 1964, he must have revived the project in late 1963. It appears, as was demonstrated earlier, that the success of Morley Callaghan's That Summer in

Paris, with its satiric caricature of Glassco, is what finally motivated him to begin. From the start, he decided to write his memoirs as though he had written them in 1928 and 1932-33, but he did not try to give his scribblers the appearance of having been written at that time. Only later, after he finished the manuscript, did he return to it and superficially alter the beginning, the end, and one point in the middle, to make the scribblers seem to conform to his account of their origin. At first he intended to use a slightly edited version of the "Extract from an Autobiography" in This Quarter as Chapter 1, but as Louis Dudek and John Lauber have shown, he thoroughly revised and rewrote it instead. In the scribblers, Glassco even noted to himself that it ought to be revised "passim." Also, Chapters 2 and 3 are part of Scribbler #1. They do not come to us, therefore, from Paris in 1928, but from Canada in 1963.

Glassco finished his first draft approximately a year after he started. It constitutes, however, the skeleton of the published book. Sometime between the date he completed the holograph manuscript, December 1964, and the date he submitted his final typescript to Oxford University Press, March 1969, he revised and rewrote this draft. He added and deleted passages; he thoroughly edited the prose from beginning to end. Exactly when he did this is unclear. In any case, he was so disappointed with the results he had achieved by November 1965 that he set the project aside, resolving never to submit it for publication.

As early as June 1964, however, he had been taking preliminary steps toward publication. His friend A. J. M. Smith already knew, at that time, what he was writing. On 18 June 1964, Glassco wrote to Smith, thanking him "for mentioning Tender Juvenal [a working title for Memoirs of Montparnasse] to Bob Weaver. He wrote asking to see an extract, and

I'm sending him four to choose from."¹⁰ There is no evidence, however, that Glassco then sent him the four extracts, and Weaver cannot remember having received any at this time.¹¹ In his "Personal Journal, 1965-1969," however, Glassco reveals that he did send a completed typescript of Memoirs of Montparnasse to his New York literary agent in early 1965. By June it had been returned as, in a phrase Glassco seems to quote from the cover letter, "not likely to be of interest to a publisher." In his journal, Glassco discloses that "The force of this rejection was multiplied beyond endurance by the fact that the book was a reflection of myself, my whole youth, the Paris I loved and the period when I'd been happy." He was particularly dismayed by the agent's remarks "that it seemed 'non-persuasive' (i.e. unconvincing, i.e. mendacious), and that the 'exposé' element was unaffecting." The entire response, concludes Glassco, "numbed" him.¹² In November, he then wrote his "Note for Memoirs of Montparnasse" and abandoned the project.

He resurrected it for the second time in 1968, submitting six excerpts that were then accepted and published by The Tamarack Review.¹³ Again it appears that a published book of memoirs about Paris in the 1920s, Kay Boyle's revised edition of Robert McAlmon's Being Geniuses Together, motivated Glassco to revive his own. After The Tamarack Review took the excerpts, William Toye, one of Tamarack's founding editors and the Editorial Director of Oxford University Press Canada, asked him to submit the full typescript of his completed memoirs. OUP had previously published his second volume of poetry, A Point of Sky, and was in the process of publishing The Poetry of French Canada in Translation, the anthology edited and largely translated by Glassco.

He submitted the typescript on 10 March 1969. In his cover letter to Toye, he wrote that he was sending a copy of Being Geniuses Together under separate cover, noting that "I don't really think it's very good, mostly name-dropping and faded literary gossip, but I thought it might interest you in connection with the period."¹⁴ In the letter accompanying the McAlmon-Boyle book, he then pointed out the pictures of him it contains and said "But the whole text is really most disingenuous, 'genteel' and lacking in frankness. This was not the twenties!"¹⁵ Two things suggest, then, that Being Geniuses Together motivated him to submit his own memoirs: first, the McAlmon-Boyle book was published in 1968; second, Glassco found it weak and misleading. Reading it, he must have realized that what he had written was at least as deserving of publication. Such a realization would explain why, despite his 1965 decision never to submit Memoirs of Montparnasse for publication, he changed his mind and sent excerpts to The Tamarack Review in 1968 soon after Being Geniuses Together was published.

Toye was so impressed with Glassco's completed typescript that he decided, even though it did not fit into the categories of work usually put out by Oxford University Press, to publish it immediately. He sent Glassco a contract on 21 March 1969. A rigorous editor who is known for bringing about extensive revisions of the typescripts he edits, Toye felt in this case that Memoirs of Montparnasse required only fine-tuning. In a letter to the director of The Atlantic Monthly Press, he noted that the typescript needed minor changes in "punctuation, expression, and detail" and that he "found it necessary to ask Buffy to rework or clarify several passages and to write a piece on Kiki."¹⁶ It was Toye who suggested that the hospital passages be put in italics, and the change pleased Glassco

very much. Thus the major differences between holograph manuscript and published book do not result from demands made by his publisher, but rather from Glasco's own deletions, additions, revisions, and editing. On 14 February 1970, over forty years after he began writing them as a teenager in Paris, John Glasco, at age sixty-one, finally saw the publication of Memoirs of Montparnasse.

III. FROM MEMOIRS TO AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL

Study of the differences between holograph manuscript and published book proves that Glasco did fictionalize Memoirs of Montparnasse; it ought to be regarded not as a book of memoirs, but rather as an autobiographical novel. The manuscript makes it possible to examine the process of composition Glasco followed. Doing so reveals that literary subterfuge pervades the book. It reveals fictional transformation at work in four key areas: in the premise on which the book is founded, in the dialogue, in the plot structure, and most importantly, in the characterization.

The real date of composition, 1963-65, is sufficient in itself to demand that Memoirs of Montparnasse be considered an autobiographical novel. In the book, Glasco presents himself as a hospitalized young man awaiting an operation which he has only a fifty-fifty chance of surviving. He resumes work on the autobiography that he started four years earlier, while events are still fresh in his memory, so that he can relieve "the dreary round of boredom, pain, fear, and sobriety" (MM, p. 296) that makes up his day. He sets out "to record and in a sense relive, a period of great happiness" (MM, p. xiii), calling his efforts "the book of my youth, my golden age" (MM, p. 27). He says:

I keep on writing this book for the best reason in the world: to recapture a little of the brightness of those days when I had health and spirits; for that brightness even seems to gild these long dreary days. As I write, I escape this applegreen room, I forget the ache of my sawn ribs and my fear of death, and every day when I finish my

quote of pages I have a sense of accomplishment, of not having wasted what little time I may still have to live. (MM, p. 239)

This self-portrait is an imagined one; it runs counter to fact. When he wrote his manuscript, as the scribblers prove, Glasco was not a young man in the shadow of death recalling events that took place only three years before; he was a mature artist in the most productive era of his life recollecting his youth more than thirty years later. In 1932-33, the supposed time of composition, he at the most jotted down some haphazard notes and reminiscences. The published depiction of his thoughts, feelings, and motives for writing may very well be accurate, perhaps in regard to John Glasco age twenty-one, perhaps in regard to John Glasco age fifty-four. However, the image of a precocious young man who, thinking he may soon be dead, forges within three months a refined book of memoirs out of his hospital pain and boredom, his fear of death, and his resplendent memories, is fiction. Because this premise at the heart of the book is an imagined one, Memoirs of Montparnasse rests on a fictional foundation.

Proof that subterfuge pervades the book's dialogue is found in a 1966 issue of the little magazine Yes. Entitled "JOHN GLASSCO: 2 poems, a translation and a diary," eleven pages of Yes 15 are devoted to Glasco's work. Two sections of the diary, which he calls "Maxims and Moral Reflections," bring a telling light to bear on the dialogue in Memoirs of Montparnasse. In the first, dated 1960, Glasco asks himself:

Why are so few good joyful poems written? (The gloomy far outnumber them.) Shelley's Skylark, Hopkins' Glory be to God, Pippa's Song, Wordsworth's rainbow poem, Bridges' Awake, my heart--and perhaps only as many more? And these are not only not their best, but have all something either febrile, forced or hysterical.

Can joy itself, then, be a fever, a hysteria, an unnatural state of mind? Say, a kind of drunkenness. (Why

Baudelaire said, "Man, be always drunken!") For if the poet--the true and only spokesman of man's reality--is more at home in sorrow, then man's real home is there too. (Why he sings, Jerusalem, my happy home.)

In the second, dated 1962, Glassco speculates to himself that:

"The sinner is at the very heart of Christianity,"--Péguy. So too is the criminal at the heart of the law. The majestic honeycomb of law, its splendid buildings, the panoply of its actioning, wigs, robes, etc., all its wonderful expense of time, effort, study, judgment, ambition, its honours, titles, revenues--all based on the outcast, the sinister misguided creature in the dock.¹

Corresponding with these "Maxims and Moral Reflections" from Glassco's diary are two passages from Memoirs of Montparnasse. When he and Graeme Taylor attend a party given by the editor of transition, Eugene Jolas, they hope to meet transition's most celebrated contributor, James Joyce. Instead Glassco meets, among others, "the famous photographer and surrealist painter" Narwhal (a pseudonym for Man Ray [MM, p. 34]), Ford Madox Ford, and André Breton. After learning that Glassco writes poetry, Ford asks him if his poems are "sad or joyous," and Glassco answers "Mostly joyous, I'm afraid." The subsequent conversation testifies to the subterfuge in the dialogue of Memoirs of Montparnasse. "Admirable," says Ford. "I was talking to Willie Yeats the other day":

"about the communication of joy in poetry. Why should it, we were both wondering, be so much more difficult--and therefore so much more seldom attempted--than the communication of sorrow? It is not so in prose. Dickens is at home in either joy or sorrow. Meredith excels in the former, as do the naturalists like White, Jefferies, Buckland and Waterton. But why is there so little joy in poetry?"

"There must be some in Shakespeare," said Narwhal.

"Yes, but only in the songs, my dear fellow. He knew that joy is something instantaneous, it cannot be held for more than a moment. One does not sift and handle the shining grains, one lets them pour out with a single gesture." His hand moved like a sower's. "But Willie and I were asking ourselves what was the most joyous modern poem in English. And do you know, we couldn't think. What is your opinion, my young friend? Come now, tell me." He placed his fingers together like a schoolmaster. "A joyous English poem."

"Shelley's 'Skylark'? Hopkins' 'Pied Beauty'? Of course they're not exactly modern."

"Good try, good try! But no." He shook his head. "No there's something febrile, almost hysterical, in those two. They just won't do. No," he repeated with enormous satisfaction, "there isn't one. All modern poetic effusions of joy are definitely unbalanced. Very well. Now, if poetry expresses the reality of existence--as I believe, along with Willie Yeats, it does, and as I hope you will too, my young friend--it follows that the experience of joy is in the nature of a fever, of hysteria, and not a well-founded natural human experience or condition. Therefore we can say: joy itself is hysteria, a drunkenness, an unnatural state."

"Would you say that was why the French poet Baudelaire said, 'Man, be always drunken'?" asked Narwhal.

"Undoubtedly. You've hit it. The poet, you see--who is essential, veritable man, as we know--is more at home in sorrow. And a further and irrefragable proof of this can be found in that dreadful hymn, 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' which is sung by thousands of my benighted countrymen on Sundays." (MM, p. 36)

Glassco's encounter with André Breton at this same party further testifies to the subterfuge in the dialogue of Memoirs of Montparnasse. When he is taken to meet Breton, Glassco finds him "holding forth to a small group of disciples."

"Péguy has assured us," he was saying, "that the sinner is at the very heart of Christianity. He is probably right, though that is of no importance. What is really important is that the criminal is at the very heart of the law. It's obvious: the law could not exist without the criminal. But the debt is so seldom acknowledged. This enormous, majestic and complicated apparatus of law--its pretentious, portentous buildings; its army of policemen, detectives, bailiffs, turnkeys; the panoply of its actioning, with its fortunes and honours accruing to its practitioners; the fund of learning, effort and ambition it expends and sets in motion--all this would disappear in a flash but for the poor wretch on whom it all depends, the criminal, the poor stupid crook, the shifty-eyed devil in the dock." (MM, p. 33)

What Glassco has done is self-evident. He has taken his own maxims and moral reflections, which he recorded in his diary during 1960 and 1962, developed one into a discussion, the other into a monologue, and attributed the first to "a well-known English man of letters" (MM, p.

36), the second to a famous French surrealist. These passages are not, therefore, what they seem to be, statements made by Ford and Breton at a party in 1928. Instead, they are Glassco's own notions expanded into fictional conversations. Cross-referencing the diary and the book proves that they come from Glassco's imagination in 1963-65, not from his memory in 1932-33.

Valid, then, are the doubts expressed by critics about the authenticity of the book's dialogue: Sanford J. Smoller's statement that "the accuracy of the dialogue is questionable," Louis Dudek's observation that "the dialogue has been much heightened," even John Lauber's conclusion that the "greater part of [the aesthetic discussions and monologues] must have been invented."

Moreover, the two examples suggest that the subterfuge is even more far-reaching than these critics suspected. What Glassco has done here, invented whole passages of dialogue, reverberates powerfully throughout the entire book. It raises the rhetorical question: "What else could he have done?" Given that he wrote the manuscript not a mere three years after the events described, but over thirty years after, it is impossible to believe that, even with the help of notes, he could have accurately remembered and recorded the extensive passages of speech in Memoirs of Montparnasse. At best, he could have faithfully rendered favourite sayings, a few particularly memorable statements, or the general spirit of the ideas that are expressed in the dialogue. The words actually spoken throughout the book, he could only have imagined and invented.

The subterfuge in the plot structure comes to light in the discrepancies between the sequence of events that Glassco first planned and

the one that finally emerged. The plot he envisioned differs from the one he wrote in ways that again attest to fictional transformation. The differences reveal that Glassco did not consider himself obligated to recount an accurate chronology. Instead, he felt free to rearrange events and to shrink their temporal framework. In so doing, he created, rather than recollected, the book's final design. The plot structure of Memoirs of Montparnasse constitutes, therefore, the imagined pattern of a novel instead of the historical pattern of an autobiography.

Glassco originally envisioned his book in three parts. Part I was to consist of four chapters, the first of which would be, as he outlined on page one of Scribbler #1, "as written--to revise 'This Quarter' version slightly." He later cancelled the word "slightly" and replaced it with "passim." His notes for Chapter 2 reveal that it was to consist of "Boat trip. The Canadian Traveller. London. George Moore. Paris, + night with A. Dehn." The contents of Chapter 3 would then be: "Paris. The Jules César in Montparnasse. Literary parties. Affair with K.B. [Kay Boyle]. Cut off allowance by Father. Work as call-man in M.A.'s [Martha Arlington's] brothel." The last chapter in Part I was to include "Princess of Sarawak. Her book. Interleave with the studio on rue Broca--Hiler, the Blackbirds, Anita, Michael Arlen, F. S. Fitzgerald. Poems in transition, Man Ray. Princess' conversion to Catholicism. End with Lord Alfred Douglas" (MS. I, 1).

After Glassco began to write Part I, he must have discovered that he had outlined much more than four chapters' worth of material. He made no outline for Part II; he just continued to write. He did, however, draft plans for the "last third" of the book, one of whose working titles was 2-20, on four separate sheets of yellow paper. Because they call

for sections that would have been strikingly different from the book as we know it, I include them here shorn of irrelevant and redundant detail.

Chaps. 10 + 11. Nice (winter 1928-29) . . . publication of 1st chap. of '2-20' in "This Quarter." . . . Our bunk from Nice. In Paris, our quarrel over Stanley, made the subject of Callaghan's story. Our reconciliation. Next day I get letter from my father cutting off my allowance We decide to stick it out in Paris Life becomes rather dreary I go into keeping with Mrs. Mary Warfield for a week, her apt. in the rue Galilee--but she is such an intolerable bluestocking, such a lover of everything meretricious, that I walk out Then G. gets letter his father is dying. He returns home as a "distressed Canadian," intending to work in Montreal, make a little money, + so come back. I was left alone. Our farewell at the Gare du Nord. I was suddenly + immensely alone.

Chap. 12. Very desolate in the studio. I moon about the quarter dispiritedly. Eat very little. Winter is coming (the winter of 1929-30). The stock-market has crashed. Mrs. Warfield goes home: a general exodus of the Americans. One day I see Gwen Le Gallienne, who is given the pseudonym Daphne Berners in the book] She is heart-broken, + as lonely as I. We go to bed together in the studio She has a little money from her family in England, on which we decide to live out the winter. An American couple rent my own studio next door + I move in with Gwen Things get boring. Two months later Gwen suddenly takes off for Marseilles, hearing Yvette [Ledoux, her lover, who is given the pseudonym Angela Martin in the book] has come back, dismissed by Malkine. I realize I will have to leave her studio. I pass a few nights under the Pont Neuf (the weather having turned suddenly mild), quite happy because I have just heard from Pound that he is taking the 2nd chapter of my book for Exiles + promising 500 francs (i.e. \$20.00). End chap on a note of descriptive ecstasy of the dawn viewed from under the Pont Neuf.

Alongside these plans for Chapter 12, Glassco wrote, "Cancel all this. True but not interesting." He must have changed his mind, however, because in the book the episode with Gwen is part of Chapter 20 and the scene under the Pont Neuf is part of Chapter 24, both as they are outlined here.

Chap. 13. I meet Ivan Nikolenko + pose for pornographic pictures. . . . Then get work as call man in Martha Arlington's brothel on the rue Blanche. . . . Xmas in the brothel. . . . End with my discovery that I have gonorrhea.

Chap. 14 (winter 1929-30) Offered job by Princess. Her household. Kay is writing her memoirs, Relations + Complications, for her I do typing, odd-jobs, take the Princess out dancing. Not a kept man, just a lapdog. Her conversion to Catholicism. My visits to the Deudet's. . . . Lord A. Douglas comes to stay with her. I have an affair with him (my first experience of homosexuality—I find it as stupid as Gwen found fornication). . . . Also meet Joseph Crustacé (Cocteau) + have an affair of one night. . . . His burst of despair: "Nobody loves me!" Also the old man of about 70 who takes me to a bar, discusses all manner of perversion, + then offers me 1,000 francs to go with him to his hotel room, (this was A. E. Housman: do not identify him) where he fondles me ineffectually all night long, pays, makes appointment in the same bar for the next night. But I did not keep the appointment, + found out long afterward that the old man was one of the most revered + bucolic poets of England, and my belated tribute to him lies in the title of this book.² I go to Longchamps with Bosie Douglas. My quarrel with him there, + my meeting with Peggy, [Margaret Whitney], my great love.

Chap. 15 Peggy + I + spring in Paris (this is spring 1930). She has money from her husband, who is getting a divorce from her. I try to seduce her, but am unsuccessful until one evening we + an English couple go to a blue movie in Montmartre (rue Fontaine), where Peggy + I see the movie taken of me six months before. This excites her so much that I succeed in sleeping with her that night for the first time. She: "My movie star!" This was the most unfortunate thing that ever happened to me, + set in motion the whole train of events by which I lost my head + my health + which ended in my finding myself in this hospital. She + I take my old studio at 147 rue Broca, + life becomes a marvellous song. We decide to go to Spain (summer 1930), where P. meets Roland Hayes + betrays me with him. I develop t.b., leave Majorca in fall, hardly caring whether I live or die, and check in at the American Hospital.--Dr. Gross--Helene Olotsky.

Return to Montreal in spring of 1931. End with being about to undergo thoracoplasty at R.V.H. in fall of 1931. Dr. Archibald tells me I have only a 50-50 chance of surviving. George's desolation, love, + suffering to be shown. However, I have a feeling all will be well.

✓ The many differences between the structure of Glasco's original plan and the structure of the published book point out two kinds of subterfuge in the plot of Memoirs of Montpernasse. First, while he was writing the manuscript, Glasco condensed the period of time he spent

abroad. In the plans, he leaves Montreal in February of 1928 and returns in the spring of 1931. In the book, he still leaves in February of 1928 but returns in the spring of 1930. Thus, he prunes a full year from the time in which the sequence of events takes place. Noteworthy examples of how he does it are evident near the story's end. After Greene departs for home, Glassco has an affair with their lesbian friend Gwen LeGallienne.³ She is "heartbroken and as lonely as I," because her lover has just abandoned her. In his plans, Glassco says that he lives with Gwen for two months, and "things get boring." In the book, however, he lives with her for only two weeks. He thereby cuts a month and a half from the story. Then, Glassco fuses two characters into one. In his plans, the women he calls Mrs. Warfield and Peggy are two separate individuals. Mrs. Warfield is the one with whom he goes into keeping for a week after his father cuts off his allowance. According to his notes, "she is such an intolerable bluestocking, such a lover of everything meretricious," that he walks out on her. Later he says that when the stock market crashes, she returns home to America. Peggy, on the other hand, is his "great love," whom he meets only after Mrs. Warfield has left. He identifies her as the one who takes him to Spain, betrays him with another lover, and abandons him to his tuberculosis. He notes that this takes place in the summer of 1930 after the two of them had lived together in Paris during the spring. In the manuscript, however, he changes the names of both these women to Mrs. Porterhouse, and in Memoirs of Montparnasse, he finally calls this character Mrs. Quayle. In the book, therefore, Glassco has an affair with one woman for fewer than six months, an affair interrupted by his stay with the Princess while recovering from gonorrhea, instead of the two separate affairs called for in his original

plans. Together, these affairs with two different women, one before, one after his stay with the Princess, span a period of time over a year long. What Sanford J. Smoller suspected, therefore, that "Glassco seemed to telescope time, as a novelist might do," is true. While writing, he condensed the time during which the described events take place from three years to two.

Second, even though Glassco held to the general pattern of his overall outline while writing, he did arrange and rearrange the specific order of events within it. In his original plans for Chapter 3, for instance, he first wrote that the letter from his father cutting off his allowance arrived "after I had been in Paris for four months, that is in June" (MS. I, 5). This would be June 1928. In these same plans, he later changed the number of months from four to seventeen, the time from June to September 1929, and instead had his father cut the allowance in half two months after his arrival in Paris. He then planned to incorporate the letter completely cutting off his allowance back into the story before Grasse leaves, but in the book he does not include it until after Grasse leaves. Glassco also pushed the early high point of the affair with Kay Boyle from Chapter 3 into the middle of the book as he added other, more preliminary events to the beginning. What he did with the brothel scene is most striking. He originally intended to use it in Chapter 3, just before living with the Princess as her lapdog, ending the chapter with Christmas in the brothel. He then moved this episode from the first to the final third of the book, including in his notes for Chapter 13, "Xmas in the brothel." This would then be Christmas 1929 instead of 1928. He still intended to place this episode right before his residence with the Princess. In the book, however, he uses it in the chapter after he leaves her.

Also, after he finished his original draft, Glasco wrote out several self-contained episodes and marked them for insertion at various points in the manuscript. What he did with one of them, his description of the Edgar Varese concert, is just as telling as what he did with the brothel episode. First, he wrote it with himself and McAlmon attending, using it in the final third of the book. He then transferred it to the first third, replacing McAlmon with Kay Boyle, and using it as an episode in their affair. Again, what Smoller suspected about Memoirs of Montparnasse, that its "chronology is unreliable," is true. While writing, Glasco rearranged the order of events, thereby creating, instead of recollecting, the pattern that finally emerged.

The evidence made available by the manuscript proves, therefore, that subterfuge pervades the plot structure of Memoirs of Montparnasse. It shows that Glasco felt free to condense the time in which events take place, to fuse separate individuals into one character in order to do so, to rearrange the specific order of events, even to transfer whole episodes from one part of the book to another. These are the practices of a novelist striving to create imaginative art, not those of an autobiographer striving to recount accurate memoirs. In particular, he seems to have created, not recollected, the tragic ending of the book by combining events from different and separate times. To establish the swift and unified plummet toward death at the conclusion, he incorporates his experience as a call man from the first third of his original plans, he forges two mistresses into one femme fatale, and he even has himself contract gonorrhea from her, not--as his original plans indicate--from his work as a call man early in the book.

The area in which subterfuge plays its most important role, however, is characterization. In ways that again testify to fictional transformation, the characters of the book differ from their original incarnations in the scribblers. Here too, Glasco adopted the approach of a novelist instead of a memoirist. While revising his manuscript, he so refined his portraits of the people he met thirty years earlier that he made them more the stylized characters in imaginative art than the historical portraits in recollected memoirs. A good example of how he approached characterization surfaces through the discrepancies between the manuscript and book versions of Robert McAlmon.

In the book, Glasco portrays him as almost overwhelmingly cynical and bitter. He points out, however, that McAlmon conducts himself "with such an absence of conviction that one could not take him seriously" (MM, p. 51). Furthermore, Glasco maintains that his candour and rudeness, as well as his vanity and loneliness, do give him a certain charm. Still, on only a few occasions does he suggest that beneath McAlmon's caustic and contemptuous surface there lies a tender and loving heart. At the end of their first riotous evening together, for instance, he shows the hard-boiled exile breaking down into a lost, lonely, and homesick out-cast. He weeps quietly, moaning "I have no home. No home." Helpless, he then asks the sentimentally incongruous question, "Where's my sister?" with "tears streaming down his cheeks" (MM, p. 61). Later, when McAlmon, Glasco, and Taylor visit Ethel Moorhead in Monte Carlo, McAlmon, in his typically scornful manner, deprecates Emmanuel Carnevali's Journal, selections of which Moorhead is publishing in her last issue of This Quarter. Glasco concludes this episode, however, by saying: "I only learned much later that Bob had been helping her support Carnevali, who

was in an advanced encephalitic condition, for the past two years. There were facets of Bob's character that he kept carefully concealed" (MM, p. 132).

Moreover, the source of McAlmon's interest in Glasco and Taylor is an elusive one in the book. Glasco makes it clear that McAlmon is out to discover and promote young writers, and McAlmon does encourage him to work at his memoirs. He gets the first chapter published in This Quarter; he pushes him to finish the second chapter so that he can send it to Ezra Pound for The Exile; he even says that he will publish the entire book himself if Glasco can keep up the quality. Glasco also suggests, however, that the source of his attention is homosexual attraction. Shortly after he meets McAlmon, he says:

It soon appeared that his chosen role was to be the fatherly or avuncular, and I began to hope he was more vain of being seen with young men than actually covetous of their favours. This hope was dispelled by a burly, moonfaced man, dressed in baggy tweeds and with his necktie clewed by a gold pin [Hemingway], who came noisily into the bar and greeted our table with a loud, "Well, Bob, up to your old tricks again?" (MM, p. 52)

That Glasco's early hope is dispelled indicates McAlmon is covetous of young men's favours rather than merely vain of being seen with them. The proof of his dispelled hopes comes at the end of the evening, when he and Graeme take the now helpless McAlmon back to their studio. After installing McAlmon in his own bed and sharing Graeme's, Glasco wakes up a few uncomfortable hours later to find that McAlmon "had made his way between Graeme and me and I began to wonder if he had been quite as helpless as he appeared to be in the Coupole bar" (MM, pp. 61-62).

Later, McAlmon does share living quarters with Glasco in both Nice and Paris, but there is no indication of any homosexual attraction. Still, two more hints suggest that it is what prompts his concern for

Glassco. When Morley Callaghan asks him why McAlmon writes well about "fairies," Glassco dissimulates, suggesting that he knows much more than he is willing to reveal. He says, "I tried to give the appearance of someone forming a considered judgment. 'He just has a natural sympathy for everything eccentric'" (MM, p. 100). Then, after Glassco tells Diana Tree that McAlmon might publish his book, she responds, "By God, I think he's crazy enough about you to do it" (MM, p. 111).

In the manuscript, on the other hand, there is no doubt about the source of McAlmon's interest in Glassco. Soon after they first meet, Glassco identifies him as a homosexual and perceives that McAlmon is attracted to him. These recognitions prompt him to say, "I had discovered a few years earlier that I had a curious and irresistible attraction for homosexuals, that they automatically considered me one also, and there wasn't anything I could do about it." He then decides to let McAlmon "determine the quality of our intercourse" (MS. II, 57-58). Later that evening, just before they enter the Sal des Chiffoniers, McAlmon says to him "You'll be a blooming wildflower in this dump. Where did you get that complexion? I bet you only shave once a week." Glassco infers that "This remark, accompanied by a shy but unequivocal caress, gave some indication of how the evening was supposed to end" (MS. II, 61-62). The evening does end, in the manuscript, in a fashion far less suggestive, far more explicit, than it does in the book. Instead of noting only that McAlmon had squeezed between him and Greame in the single bed and wondering if he had actually been as helpless as he seemed to be earlier, Glassco concludes:

But the final proof of McAlmon's incredible vitality was apparent less than four hours later, when I woke to find him in our bed; now quite nude and pressed against my back, he was sleeping soundly, but the signs of his pleasure were

already clotting coldly on my hinderparts. Cursing, I slipped back into my own bed, leaving him with George. (MS. II, 80)

In the manuscript, then, it is clear from the start that the basis of their relationship is McAlmon's homosexual attraction to Glasco. It stays that way until the very end. In the penultimate chapter of the book, McAlmon, when he returns to Paris, rescues Glasco from his life of dissipation as a call man in the brothel. Glasco moves into his apartment, but again there is no indication of any homosexuality. In the manuscript, however, Glasco goes into keeping at this point. McAlmon shows him off in public and is openly affectionate. In his outline for this chapter, Glasco even noted that "At last he is able sette himself sexually with me" (MS. VI, 34).

Between this beginning and end, there is more of the same in the manuscript. Glasco explains that one reason his affair with Kay Boyle was doomed was because "we had no settled place to make love: she kept moving restlessly from one friend's place to another, while Bob's jealousy made it impossible for me to entertain her in the studio" (MS. III, 77). The most striking illustration of what motivates McAlmon's concern for Glasco is a conversation that takes place between the two on the train to Nice. Glasco eliminated this section while revising his manuscript. In it he portrays McAlmon as openly covetous of a steady homosexual relationship with him and willing to endure great expense to arrange it. With Grasse gone in search of food and only two minutes left before the train leaves, McAlmon makes his pitch. He begins by asking about Grasse:

"Suppose he doesn't make it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if he doesn't, that's our chance, isn't it? To get off by ourselves, make the wheels go round. Look, how

long are you going to have George hanging around your neck? Sure, he's a great fellow--but what's he got to offer you? He's got no talent or money, he's just a possessive, Presbyterian half-assed bisexual who's got his hooks into you. You could go places, you're beautiful, brilliant, you've got the loveliest body in the world. Why don't we give George the air? I'll pay his way back to Montreal. Then we'll do the Riviera together, go down to Rapallo and see Pound, go to Greece, the Far East, wherever you want, then back to Paris and publish your book. I'll get the money from my mother-in-law."

The train was beginning to move. From the corner of my eye I saw George running along the platform with a big paper bag. Bob was leaning forward staring at me.

"Allright," I said. "If George doesn't get back on the train, it's a deal. It will be a kind of sign, a leading. I'd like to see the Parthenon."

At that moment Bob turned pale and fell back in his seat. I wondered whether it was from terror or joy. I knew his horror of self-commitment was almost as great as mine, and I couldn't be sure whether he regretted his offer or not.

I never knew after all, for George came panting into the compartment with his paper bag. (MS. III, 82-83).

The manuscript not only reveals the nature of McAlmon's interest in Glassco much more explicitly, it also reveals the other side of McAlmon's personality, the loving and tender side, more openly. From the start, Glassco portrays him as having a genuine sympathy and affection for those people he considers literary. He says early on that it "won my heart" (MS. II, 65). Also, he has McAlmon step outside his chosen role of bitter and cynical exile more often in the manuscript than the single occasion in which he has him do so in the book, when McAlmon breaks down at the end of his first evening with Glassco and Taylor. In the manuscript, these moments are not occasioned in public by excessive drinking. Instead, Glassco shows McAlmon struggling with his feelings of being a lost and lonely outcast, privately and sober. The most poignant moment of pathos occurs when Glassco is being kept by him after leaving the brothel. Then, he reports:

Bob seemed happy also. At last he was able to flaunt me in public as his friend; he also liked to see me strolling and lolling around the apartment in the nude, and would caress me from time to time with genuine affection. His lovemaking was, however, neither frequent nor ardent, which was a relief, for as a lover he was singularly inept; he was given rather to fatuous weeping when we were in bed together: at these times I was overcome with compassion and would stroke his head with genuine sympathy.

"What in the hell is everything all about?" he kept asking. "Look at me, nobody cares bugger-all for my work. Or for me." (MS. VI, 38-39)

Later in this conversation McAlmon sighs, "How do you get to be loved?" (MS. VI, 40).

The contrast, then, between the book version of McAlmon and the manuscript version reveals the subterfuge of characterization in Memoirs of Montparnasse. As Glassco portrays him in the scribblers, McAlmon is a vain and scornful man in public, in private a confused and insecure loner dismayed by apprehensions that no one cares for his work or for him, almost a pathetic figure. Although he poses as an active homosexual, he is in fact fatherly or avuncular, without a strong sex drive. As portrayed in the book, however, McAlmon only seems to be a fatherly or avuncular homosexual, but Glassco intimates that he is not. Similarly, he only suggests that McAlmon's caustic and contemptuous appearance hides a lost and emotional man who, sick at heart, longs for a home. What Glassco did while revising his scribblers into typescript was to refine and stylize his portrait of Robert McAlmon. He eliminated virtually all exposition of the private, inner man, leaving only the public persona and some hints of what lies beneath it. The manuscript, especially with its candour about McAlmon's sexuality, private thoughts, and personal feelings, resonates with honesty. The book, with what it leaves unsaid, its subtlety, and its suggestiveness, resonates with artifice. The subterfuge leads to the conclusion that Glassco fictionalized the characters in

the book. Evidence for this conclusion is the strongest, and its consequences for an understanding of the book most telling, in the case of Glassco himself, the central character of his memoirs.

Again, the differences between manuscript and book reveal the subterfuge. In the book, Glassco presents himself as a hedonist in the making. Depressed by the "round of lifeless facts" that marks his undergraduate days at McGill University, he protests, "I was only seventeen and had the sense of throwing my time and my youth into a void." "My real problem," he explains, "was a combination of precocity, impatience, and inability to take in anything more from books. I already existed in a climate of restlessness, scorn, frequent ecstasy and occasional despair." This state of mind, when coupled to his "despise of everything represented by the business world, the city of Montreal and the Canadian scene," motivates him to flee (MM, p. 1).

Immediately upon his arrival in Paris, having escaped the city of his birth and childhood, he experiences "the warm, prosy, comfortable, feeling of having somehow come home" (MM, p. 19). Soon, in fact, he becomes "enslaved by the beauty of Paris" (MM, p. 28). To describe its spirit, he points to three qualities that attract him so powerfully: "its playfulness, its refreshing candour, and its refusal to bow the knee in any house where shallow thoughts are delivered in deep voices" (MM, p. 41). Here Glassco recognizes and begins to articulate his ideal. "For the first time," he says:

I can feel the movement of my thoughts, the pulse of my youth--as you're supposed to at eighteen. I'm lucky to be here, in this city that I love more and more every day. What do I mean to do with my youth, my life? Why, I'm going to enjoy myself. (MM, p. 4)

This decision starts Glassco on his epicurean path. Near its end, after his father cuts off his allowance and the stock market crashes, his friend Sidney Schooner [Hilaire Hiler] counsels him to return to Montreal because "without any money at all you won't be a free agent. A civilized man must be able to divide his energies between three pursuits--society, art, and sex" (MM, p. 182). The life he has lived up to this point indicates that Glassco only partly agrees. He numbers three slightly different pursuits as his own: "leisure, gormandise, and sexual gratification." He calls them by other names too: "greed, sloth and sensuality--the three most amiable vices in the catalogue" (MM, p. 147). Together, they spell happiness for him. While basking on the beaches of Nice, dreaming of sex and fine food, he says:

Happiness was still the rule of my existence, a thing to be grasped and enjoyed by right; and hunger and sensuality too. All at once my desire became centred on the image of a woman--calm, warm, voluptuous, and willing--and then by an association of pleasure that was absurd but impossible to resist, on the mysterious prospect of a whitebait pie, something I had never tasted. (MM, p. 116)

Contrary to what Schooner says, art presents Glassco with a real problem. It interferes with his pursuit of pleasure. Arriving in Paris, he says "I mean to write, of course--but not too much," summing up his point of view with the maxim "Literature isn't so important as life" (MM, p. 4). Whenever he then faces a choice between "the toilsome life of art" and "the primrose path of present enjoyment," he finds that he has already made his decision; "The important thing in life was to have a good time" (MM, p. 145). Writing, however, soon becomes an obstacle to having a good time. When he, Greene, and McAlmon visit Luxembourg, Glassco says, "Life seemed very pleasant to me and I began to feel that if I could only get rid of my itch for writing I might be quite happy"

(MM, p. 67). Then, after they return to Paris, he disavows writing completely. For him it has now become more than just an obstruction to pleasure; it has become--along with Montreal, the Canadian scene, and everything represented by the business world--one of the life-denying forces that he rejects. While talking to Morley Callaghan about literature in a Montmartre cabaret, Glassco says to himself:

I had once again the salutary sense of the abyss that yawns for everyone who has embraced the literary profession-- everyone from Molière to George Gissing: literature, like every other form of gainful employment was just another trap. (MM, p. 102)

With this statement, however, he has still not solved his problem. That he continues his sporadic attempts to write his memoirs compromises even this resolution.

One reason literature puts Glassco in such a dilemma is that, because he feels himself inexperienced with the serious aspects of life, he believes himself unfit to write. His predicament indicates that there is another side to his personality in the book, a side at odds with that of the precocious hedonist he presents himself to be. Like the other side of Robert McAlmon's personality, however, it is only suggested in the book, not fully revealed. In Luxembourg, for instance, after struggling to write the third chapter of his memoirs and then giving up with a sense of relief, he attributes the failure to his lacking an "extensive view of life." He maintains that he has "no experience of anything but ecstasy":

I had never known despair or anguish, which I looked on as literary expressions. I had not endured hunger, frustration, illness or chastity; these were the afflictions of others. I had nothing on my conscience and had never wept except from loneliness, fright, or boredom. How then was I qualified to write? Could I go on treating life as an amusing spectacle, a kind of joke? The only serious emotions I had were connected with my sense of the hideously

fleeting passage of my own happiness," of the mortal beauty of everything I saw, of the inexorable progression of my own body to decay and death; but the conclusions to be drawn from these seemed neither original nor profound. I was at last faced with the fact that the only thing bothering me was not having enough money and that all I desired in a literary way was not to be a bore. (MM, p. 70)

Here, Glassco admits that even though he treats life as an amusing spectacle, he does have serious emotions; like McAlmon, he is even given to occasional, fatuous weeping. His emotions are of a most serious, a most painful kind. He acutely senses the fleeting nature of his youth and all happiness, the inevitability of the death that destroys all beauty. His later characterization of boredom is even more suggestive. "With me," he says, "boredom takes on the darkest hues and quickly develops into the deepest depression, plunging me in a mood where the past seems entirely wasted and the future without any promise" (MM, p. 78). This statement indicates, contrary to his claim never to have known despair or anguish, that he has experienced feelings of utter futility and hopelessness.

In the end, however, Glassco uses these suggestions of a more serious and melancholy side of his personality to reinforce his sole commitment, "to remain on the surface of life" (MM, p. 102). Because I know that tomorrow I die, he seems to believe, I will eat, drink, and make love today. With his resolution not to be a literary bore, he pledges to avoid the dark hues of futility and hopelessness that colour depression. Others then take him at his word, his public approach to life, and deny him entrance to its more serious areas. Together, his precocity, his pursuit of pleasure, and his determination not to be a literary bore even disqualify him from belonging to a generation. "I had often been troubled," he explains:

by the feeling of not belonging in any age-group at all.
As a boy whose tastes far outran his years, I was never at

home among my contemporaries; on the other hand a certain enthusiasm, even a foolish ebullience of spirits--a kind of irreverence and thoughtless feeling for the superficially absurd--made me quite unfit for serious conversation with adult persons for whom life was necessarily a grave business. (MM, p. 40)

Glassco presents himself, therefore, as destined for the epicurean life by his temperament, by his decision to enjoy his youth, and by the restrictive attitudes of others. Paradoxically, what he calls his great limitation--lacking an extensive view of life--is both a result of and a reason for his devotion to pleasure. His decision to pursue present enjoyment does not allow him to experience the underside of life, resulting in his narrow point of view. In turn, this limited vision presents him no alternative to life on the surface. He simply cannot, for instance, force himself to lead the life of a writer. Believing that the important thing is to have a good time, determined to enjoy his youth, he can follow no other path than that of pleasure.

Ironically, this path finally does lead him to the underside of life with a vengeance. It almost leads him to his death. Here he suffers the despair, anguish, hunger, frustration, illness, chastity, and guilt with which he was unacquainted. He endures the progressive degradation of poverty, prostitution, disease, rejection, and disfigurement. As he does so, his vision broadens. He wins the extensive view of life that he previously lacked. Only then, even if it is in a hospital bed, can he lead the life of a writer. Yet even after he returns to his detested Montreal, despite "the dreary round of boredom, pain, fear, and sobriety" that makes up his day, even though his back "is badly disfigured by rib-section and . . . one shoulder is already two inches higher than the other," he presents himself as essentially unrepentant and unchanged. Claiming that aside from his back and shoulder, "the rest of me is pretty much the same," he says:

My spirit, above all, is as sprightly as ever. This is to say, I suppose I have learned nothing and forgotten nothing and will return to habits of dissipation with the same appetite--but on the other hand I have promised myself to do so with a little more caution, and to fall in love with a little less abandon next time, if possible. (MM, p. 236)

The ironic "if possible" that flags the end of this statement implies that the moderation of "a little more caution" and "a little less abandon" is not, in fact, possible for him. He realizes that his hedonistic philosophy of life does not resound with much authority when issued from the advancing shadow of death, but he still maintains that his own bad luck and want of moderation should not "altogether vitiate these arguments in favour of a youth of wine and roses" (MM, p. 147).

The portrait of Glasco presented in the manuscript, however, is far different from the one published in Memoirs of Montparnasse. First, details scattered throughout the scribblers reveal a young man not nearly as precocious, as sophisticated, and as scornful as the book would have us believe. In the original version of the first chapter published in This Quarter, Glasco does not abandon home and university, determined to write poetry, as defiantly as he does in the book. Instead, after telling his father that he refuses to attend McGill any longer, he humbly wants to know "would he allow me to write."⁴ Also, in this "Extract from an Autobiography," it is not the resigned and embarrassed father who offers his wayward son an allowance of a hundred dollars a month to "live more discreetly" while pursuing his literary career. Instead, Glasco records in the original version that "After a month or so I patched up a peace with my father, with whom I pleaded that I be given an allowance which I could afford, and be left to my own devices."⁵ Then, in the scribblers, he is not so much the rising young man of letters who visits the old master, George Moore, to pay his respects, but more the hero-

worshipping teenager who feels "like falling on my knees" when he meets his idol (MS. I, 15). In Paris, he is not the sophisticated young man of the world who easily makes the acquaintance of and immediately feels himself at home with the exile artists. Instead he is a shy and polite youngster who, only when "drunk enough," feels "capable of such an impertinence" as introducing himself to Adolf Dehn (MS. I, 18). Nor is he the scornful critic of others' work, à la Bob McAlmon, who sneers when he meets Willa Torrence [Djuna Barnes], "I had read two of her novels and found them emotional to the point of hysteria, but I complimented her on her latest effort" (MM, p. 40). He is, rather, the less sure of himself, more polite newcomer who equivocates, "I had read Djuna Barnes' A Book and Ryder, and liked them both but with certain reservations. I thought them overly mannered. 'I enjoyed Ryder,' I said" (MS. II, 19). In his affair with Kay Boyle, he is not the sophisticated young man of the senses who sums up their first sexual union with "We looked into each other's eyes with rapture: we had become lovers" (MM, p. 108), but rather the impressionable and romantic younger man who gushes: "We looked into each other's eyes with rapture; I was hardly able to believe that we were now lovers. Of the party that followed, and how we all got home, I remember nothing" (MS. III, 73). In Nice, while watching a blue movie with Graeme, McAlmon, and Sally and Terence Marr [Peggy Guggenheim and Laurence Vail], he is not the experienced sensualist who casts a blasé eye at the proceedings and coolly describes the action of the film, but rather a hot-blooded youth, "enthralled" by what he sees, who admits "I was genuinely excited and said so" (MS. III, 104). Finally, in his initial encounter with Stanley Dahl, he is not the discreet seducer, but rather a flirting teenager, disappointed in his own adolescent banter. Glasco eliminated the scene in revision.

"I thought you were a darned French boy," she said. "But now, don't go pretending you're American. You're bloody English."

"God forbid. I swear I'm not."

"Prove it."

"This is a bit of luck," I said, producing my passport. "There you are."

She looked at the cover, her eyes widening. "Canadian. Well for God's sake. How do I know you didn't steal it? You look capable of anything."

"If you'll let me sit with you, we can go into all that," I said, moving my chair and saucer quietly to her table.

"Look, no funny business. Allright, let me see that passport."

"Sure, but let me look at yours too. Fair is fair."

"Like fun it is. I'm not picking you up."

I handed her my passport. She looked closely at the horrible photograph, then at my name, then at me. "O.K. pretty boy. You're in."

"I wish I were."

She flushed angrily. "Now just what do you mean by that?"

"I wish I were only in your good graces, that's all. Look, I'm not poison, I've been trying to speak to you for the last two weeks, I admire you, I think you're beautiful, I'd like to be friends with you."

"I thought you were a fairy."

"Well, you thought I was English too. I can prove you were wrong again, if you want."

"Boy, you're a fast worker, I'll say."

I was suddenly conscious of an immense discouragement. The reiteration of stock phrases, the tedious juvenile repartee, was becoming tedious: it was like talking to a waitress. But then I looked at her deep brown eyes, the plump curve of her cheek, the small blue-white teeth, the sad pre-Raphaelite mouth, and I rallied. (MS. IV, 15-16)

Furthermore, in addition to being less precocious, sophisticated, and scornful, in the manuscript Glasco has vastly different feelings about Paris. According to the scribblers, even though he still experiences "the feeling of being truly at home" when he arrives (MS. I, 17), soon thereafter he encounters the exact opposite, feelings of being completely out of place. When he attends his first literary party, he is dismayed to find that it does not measure up to those he has known in Montreal. He puts his disappointment bluntly, saying "it seemed rather

stupid, with no one but would-be Bohemians, hangers on of the arts and silly society women. Compared to many parties in Montreal it had in fact, to begin with a rather strident, hollow tone" (MS. I, 29). More than a month later, when he attends the party given by Eugene Jolas, he specifies what it is about Paris that dismays him. He finds the city thronged with ambitious and egotistical spotlight seekers who care nothing about him; and even though he cares nothing about them either, he feels that he has become part of the crowd. They inflict upon him a sensation of boredom and futility that leads him to wonder what he is doing in Paris. They prompt him to resolve never to become part of any movement. Having come to this party hoping to meet James Joyce, disappointed at learning he will not be there, he says, "I told myself I would not give up hope" of meeting him:

But the next minute I was suddenly engulfed by a wave of absolute boredom set in motion by all these chattering faces, by this spate of egoism and miniscule ambition in which I had somehow been caught up, this curious, sickening sense of the horrible appearance of things. It was not that I had too much to drink, but that all at once I felt myself drained, dispossessed, faced with the pointlessness of all gatherings, groups and societies. None of these people cared about me, nor I about them. And what did I care about seeing James Joyce--any more than I cared about seeing, for instance, Babe Ruth? Why had I come here, why had I come to Paris at all? At that moment I had no interest in literature, in an activity which now seemed simply a channel of self-aggrandisement, a means of pushing oneself past others into an infinitely receding limelight, the occasion of a contest. I had never felt this way before: the experience was one of utter dismay. (MS. II, 8-9)

Glassco recovers from his melancholia when introduced to Man Ray. He then enjoys the rest of the party and ends up being driven home by Georges Pol [Marcel Noll]. Finally, he records his conclusion about Paris, saying "from then on we felt much more at home in a city which is after all, like all big cities, only too likely to present a cold and careless face to strangers" (MS. II, 15).

In the book, on the other hand, it takes an event as depressing as Stanley Dahl's departure for him to slight Paris as "an awful city" (MM, p. 156). Still, it is an emotional and temporary outburst. Only after he enters the hospital in Montreal does he rationally yet reluctantly admit that Paris may not be, in fact, what he has made it out to be. Here, Graeme brings him to see that he was in love with a dream he called Paris, "a dream of excellence and beauty, (one that does not exist anywhere in real life" (MM, p. 238).

In the manuscript, then, the other side of Glassco's feelings about Paris is revealed much sooner, almost at the very start, and made much more explicit. He is not as enthralled by the city as he is in the book. To a stranger, he finds it cold and uncaring. He says that, in this regard, it is no different from any other big city. He is even dismayed and repelled by much of what he finds there, especially the petty egoism of the literary exile movement. For him, in short, Paris is a hollow and indifferent place, as well as the abode of beauty and pleasure.

Also, in the manuscript Glassco is more earnestly concerned about his writing, more reluctant to forego his literary ambitions in favour of present enjoyment. In the scribbles, when he lights upon the idea of writing his memoirs, he openly expresses real enthusiasm for the project, rather than the flint description of intentions he relates in the book. At first he does not feel, as he does later, too close to events to relate them in proper perspective. Instead, he finds the key to a "real book," as opposed to a "tiresome journal," in the close proximity. He envisions himself including everything, but eliminating the dross, letting the form evolve into the crystalized pattern of poetry. His hopes

are implicit but high. Optimistic expectations of success ring in what he says.

This is not going to be a tiresome journal—no, it will be a record of my life written in chapters, like a real book, a story that has just begun. I will impose a narrative form on everything that has happened to me since I left Montreal last February. I'm going to relate everything as a novelist would, leaving out all the stupid parts, letting the pattern evolve from the intuitive sense of form that a poet has. I've been told I have a sense of form: if so, I learned it from writing surrealist poetry long ago, in the school where one sees that all poetry is nothing but feeling and form—an emotion which crystallizes into a beginning, a middle and an end. So I am going to write these memoirs of a young man in Paris, in this year of 1927, chapter by chapter, as things happened and will happen. There will be no end to them that I can see. But now, when I am still close to everything, is the time to begin. (MS. VI, 69)

Glassco's later disappointment with the project, which is only suggested in the book, is just as clear as his early optimism. In the manuscript, he is much harder on himself, confessing that the results of his efforts do not measure up to his expectations. Two months after he first decided to write his memoirs, he works at them only on occasion. When the example of Morley Callaghan's regular work habits embarrasses him, he returns to the project with such renewed vigour that he finally completes the third chapter. He then admits, however, that what he has written, especially when compared to Callaghan's work, has keenly discouraged him. "I would have liked to show my entire work-in-progress to Corley," he says:

but remembering his own stories, with their wonderful technique and polish, I had not the courage: this book of mine seemed so random an affair, so formless, so amateur, that I could almost anticipate his stern and kindly verdict, and see him shaking his head. (MS. III, 53)

Meanwhile, in the manuscript Glassco is not as comfortable pursuing pleasure instead of his literary ambitions. The scribbles make it evident that his conscience bothers him and that he feels guilty about choosing

the "primrose path of present enjoyment" over "the toilsome life of art." He rationalizes, when not writing, that he is gathering material. To assuage his conscience while becoming a regular on the Parisian café circuit, he says "I told myself I was lying fallow" (MS. II, 17).

The most striking difference in the manuscript, however, is that Glassco himself is not fully the carefree hedonist he seems to be in the book, where only once does he say no to an adventure. He declines the opportunity to make a pornographic movie, explaining "I thought I was getting a little too deep in petty crime. I could not forget I was a foreigner without an identity card" (MM, p. 210). In the book, this consideration gives him pause, but only on occasion. In the manuscript, however, he has a more traditional sense of responsibility. He says no, more often. For instance, in a particularly vivid and comic scene that Glassco eliminated from the scribbles in his revisions, he does refuse another opportunity. Here, he is cautious and conventional. In the book, the expedition to the Bal des Chiffoniers, a dancing for homosexuals, comes to an abrupt end when he becomes nauseous from a Cuban cigarillo given him by the ferocious looking Negro who seizes upon him as a dance partner, a cigarillo he says "must have been fortified" (MM, p. 55). The manuscript version of this scene is far different. Here, Glassco does not inhale the smoke because it is too strong. There is no mention of its being "curiously perfumed" as it is in the book. When McAlmon discovers the Negro is interested in literature, he strikes up a conversation about Thomas Hardy. Glassco reports that "the poetry of [the Negro's] words struck me."

But at this point I felt his hand on my knee, and looking at his black face I felt the force of that aesthetic prejudice which so tragically severed me from the members of his race. He was just too shiny: the thought of that enor-

mous pink-lined mouth being applied to any part of me was unwelcome. And with an inspired but typical crassness he murmured, "My organ has been greatly admired, sir. It measures nine inches in excitement. Well?"

I lowered my eyes, shot a look of caution from him to Bob and back again, and murmured, "Give me your address."

"No, no, give me yours."

I whispered Raymond Duncan's address in St. Cloud, as the first one that came to my mind."

"And your name?"

"Bliss Carman."

"What a poetical name! A harbinger of delight."

"Yes, write to me."

"Another dance first?"

"No, no."

"What are you two cooking up?" said Bob petulantly, "A trip to Wessex? Look, Hardy, lay off that child, he's bespoken. Aren't you?" he said to me.

"I am my own woman, well at ease," I said, and suddenly realized I was fearfully drunk. The room seemed to be whirling and dipping in its blaze of lights. I felt myself turning white, and had a horrible sensation of wanting to faint. George half picked me up and led me to the door, where a few breaths of air restored me. (MS. II, 65-66)

Glassco's sudden realization that he is "fearfully drunk" here is as much an excuse for his loss of composure at the homosexual advance as the drugged cigarillo is. Even though he regrets not being able to take up the offer, calling his aesthetic prejudice against the Negro "tragic," he feels faint at the unwelcome prospect.

Even when he does undertake an adventure in the manuscript, he often does not proceed in as unreserved a manner as he does in the book. His conscience speaks to him more often and more forcefully. He feels guilty, for instance, about his plan to seduce Emily Pine. Her name is a pseudonym for Thelma Wood, whom Glassco identifies as the model for Robin Vote in Djuna Barnes's Nightwood and as "a fatal woman, at least as far as [Djuna Barnes] was concerned" (MS. II, 18). At one point he temporarily decides to abandon his scheme because it is taking too much time. "Moreover," he adds in the manuscript, "I asked myself why I should contribute to the distress of [Djuna Barnes], a woman whom I liked and

admired and who was probably even now agonizing over the disappearance of her feckless friend" (MS. II, 30).

Glassco's conscience speaks to him even more loudly in the manuscript about matters never mentioned in the book, procreation and birth control. His concern isolates, in fact, a most important reason for the demise of his affair with Kay Boyle, here called May Fry. He says:

We were never happy unless we were in bed: there, it is true, we performed wonderful feats of inventiveness and endurance; but as soon as we got up we would begin to argue. Worse than this, however, was the fact that after a week or so I had, while making love to her, the impression of being a kind of phonographic needle which produced a music audible to her alone: her loins still rotated, thrust and withdrew--occasionally with such violence as to make me skip a groove--but now with little pleasure to myself and still less, I began to suspect, to her; our performances took on the air of an exercise devoted, on her part, to some fictive goal, perhaps the goal of some anonymous baby. That baby was, as far as I know, never realized; but at every moment of crisis I remember beginning to be vaguely concerned over the little putative life I was perhaps heedlessly engendering--for the solemn and rather alarming thing about May Fry was, as I at last realized, that for her the real purpose of the act of love was not pleasure but procreation. The very idea froze the blood in my veins. (MS. III, 76)

Here, Glassco does portray himself as a young sybarite for whom the sole purpose of sex is pleasure. Still, at every ejaculation he admits to vague concerns that he may be carelessly fathering a child. His final realization that the purpose of sex to Kay Boyle is procreation, not pleasure, nearly paralyzes him with fear. His conscience, then, even more than their arguments, motivates him to bring this long dreamed of affair to an end.

When he, Graeme, and Stanley Dohl form a sexual ménage à trois on the Riviera, Glassco again reveals that he is not as cavalier and nonchalant in his escapades as he would have us believe. In the book, when Graeme and Stanley first sneak into her room together to make love, after

she and Glassco had been a couple for some time, he says only that, "My feelings for the next half-hour were mixed. I wondered if it might not be easier if they were not quite so close by; then I decided it really made no difference. I was relieved when Graeme appeared" (MM, p. 146). At this point in the manuscript, however, even though he and Graeme have worked out this entire scenario in advance so they can share Stanley, Glassco is much more explicit about his emotions. He admits to feeling "a twinge of jealousy" but tries to suppress it. He even resorts to having a few drinks to make himself feel better. What he says reveals him to be much more susceptible to being hurt.

My feelings on this occasion were mixed. Although not naturally a possessive type, I found myself disturbed rather more than I had thought I would be. The sensation of being supplanted was not altogether pleasant: I wondered if it might be better if they were not quite so close at hand; then I reflected that it really made no difference; and at last I decided it was, after all, preferable for things to take place in the same building, simply because the setting was more familiar and my own exclusion not so emphasized. After a few more brandies I felt better; but it was a relief when George came up at last, carrying his trousers over his arm. (MS. IV, 44)

It is indeed a sensitive and cautious Glassco, not an insouciant and cavalier one, who concludes the incident by saying, "You know, George, this situation is potentially dangerous. We've got to keep everything on an even keel, or someone is going to get hurt" (MS. IV, 45).

Later in the manuscript, there is also evidence that Glassco has more of a sense of responsibility for his future. He worries about where the life he has been living will lead. He regrets some of the things he and Graeme have done precisely because of what the consequences could be--jail. He explicitly states his concerns after they force Monsieur Gaucher to pay Glassco for writing Contes en Crinoline. Again, the manuscript version of this incident is significantly different from the book

version. After Gaucher informs them that the contract Glassco signed was not legal, he does not, as he does in the book, merely throw them the contents of his wallet in response to Graeme's sitting down on his desk and saying, "We're not leaving before you pay Even if we have to stay here all night" (MM, p. 171). Instead Glassco relates that:

At this point it was George who lost his temper. He pulled Monsieur Gaucher's coat down over his shoulders and clapped his hand over his mouth. I saw his wallet in his breast pocket and picked it out.

"This is not a robbery," I said, stifling my rage. "It is simply an anticipation of legal proceedings--without trouble, delay or expense to either of us. You owe me 2,000 francs, and you're paying it."

"2,500 francs," said George. "You're forgetting the collection charges."

"I think we can waive those," I said. "In fact, we'll have to. There's only 1,735 francs here. Just hold Monsieur Gaucher there, and I'll give him a receipt."

"Why bother?" said George. "We haven't any stamps to make it legal."

"Perhaps he has some in his desk. I'll just take a look."

Monsieur Gaucher twisted and strained as I went through his desk. I found a sheet of yellow 50-centime fiscal stamps under a collection of pornographic pictures. On a sheet of his own office stationery I made out a receipt for 1735 francs, on account, affixed a stamp and signed my name on it with the date. The expression on his face as I pocketed his bank-notes was simply horrible.

"You still owe me 265 francs and three copies of *Contes en Crinoline*, Monsieur Gaucher," I said. "I'll send you my bill. Come on, George, let's get out of here."

"Excrements," hissed Monsieur Gaucher. "Gangsters. You have not heard the last of this believe me."

"Oh, keep your drawers closed."

"Canadian bullies."

We walked quietly up the rue des Saint-Pères and into the boulevard Saint-Germain.

"You know, George," I said, "we're getting pretty tough. I mean, we're skirting a life of crime. We've already run out on a hotel-bill, assaulted a taxi-driver, and just pulled something pretty close to a robbery. If we keep on like this, we'll end up in the Santé." (MS. V, 18-19)

Ironically, it is just before his hedonistic way of life reaches its high point in the book--when he abandons everything, including his

work and all his friends, for the constant sex, "unlimited alcohol and endless dalliance" (MM, p. 238), of life as Mrs. Quayle's kept lover--that Glassco displays most clearly in the manuscript the other side of his personality. At this point in the scribbles, even though he is living with Robert McAlmon as his "kept boy," Glassco expresses his misgivings about the situation. In doing so, he reveals that "middle class standards," as much as he would like to banish them, still hold sway in his moral outlook. During McAlmon's party for the Blackbirds, confesses Glassco:

I began to feel the beginnings of a certain discomfort over my situation as a kept boy. This was a sentiment that did me no credit, + I can only ascribe it to what I imagined was the attitude of people like Lord Hector. Why their opinion should have mattered anything to me I could hardly say. There was no reason why Bob McAlmon + I should not be living together: we were friends, as we had always been; the fact that he had a good deal of money, and I had none, should have made no difference, and in fact it made none in the eyes of anyone for whose opinion I really cared. I have to make the confession that for a few minutes I was insensibly influenced by middle-class standards, and felt slightly disreputable. I am ashamed to say this, but it was so. (MS. VI, 52-53)

Although he claims that such sentiments do him no credit, Glassco cannot escape his feelings of shame and discomfort at being kept. In spite of his most objective reasoning, he still feels "slightly disreputable." In short, as much as he would like to renounce traditional and conventional standards, he simply cannot. In fact, his moral malaise then serves to reinforce within him more traditional and conventional ambitions. It induces him to resolve anew to make something of himself. He concludes:

Perhaps the only worthy aspect of this feeling was that it threw me back on myself + bred in me a sudden fresh resolution to produce some kind of literature, to amount to something by the efforts of intelligence + industry rather than by the exploitation of personal attributes--though why, for any man or woman, the latter should be so depreciated in comparison with the former is a mystery. (MS. VI, 53)

Later that night, Glassco leaves McAlmon, only to go into keeping with Mrs. Porterhouse. Paradox as it may appear, he then makes it even more clear that he is not completely given over to present enjoyment, an indulgent young epicurean unconcerned about tomorrow. Instead, he shows himself to be a potential bourgeois in the making, his detested father's natural son. First he says he does not think it wise (a favourite word of his father's) to indulge one's dreams. Then he reveals that he does have hopes for the future. His vision of paradise, in fact, seems to be at odds with the kind of adventurous life he has pursued thus far. The heart of his dream lies in a notion that never crosses his mind in the book--marriage. He even takes stock of the practical considerations. His only reservation, doubt that Mrs. Porterhouse would remain faithful to him, indicates that he wants a settled and monogamous existence. Dr. Bussar prompts this revelation when Glassco comes for one of his last gonorrhea treatments. In response to his inquiry about Mrs. Porterhouse's progress, the doctor says, "I think she is very fond of you. Have you ever thought of marrying her?" Glassco responds:

"If I did, it would be no more than a dream. I don't think it wise to indulge one's dreams. I am doing my best to forget her."

But the seed of the idea was sown. I found myself imagining what it would be like to be married to Mrs. Porterhouse. It was like a vision of paradise, and for the first time I began to examine my eligibility as a husband. True, I was almost ten years younger than she was, and she appeared to have a good deal of money. On the other hand, I was healthy, intelligent, personable, amorous, and was due to inherit almost a hundred thousand dollars in six years under the will of my maternal grandfather, a bewhiskered old pirate who had cornered the personal-surety business in Canada by methods into which it is better not to inquire. The dubious factor as far as I was concerned, was whether I would not be a perpetual cuckold; and for her, it would be the probability of supporting me in idleness for the next six years. On the whole, the prospects were not alluring for either of us. But I could not put the project out of my mind: I was more hopelessly in love than ever. (MS. V, 74-75)

No doubt Glassco's vision of paradise is rooted in his devotion to pleasure. Still, what is clearly evident at this point in the manuscript is the other side of the cavalier young hedonist, a side that embraces the traditional values of his bourgeois heritage--marriage, faithfulness, and wealth--values which he seems to reject throughout the book.

Perhaps love is the most important of these values. In the book, Glassco portrays himself as immune to it until he finally falls "hopelessly in love" with Mrs. Quayle (HM, p. 179). In the manuscript, however, he is clearly susceptible to it long before. When Stanley abandons him and Graeme to live with Daphne Berners in her Paris studio, for instance, Glassco is not, as he is in the book, the young stoic who takes a long, sad bus ride but does not disclose his feelings. Instead, he is the spurned lover who grieves, "Oh Stanley, Stanley, we were so happy, and now you are leaving. What will that place on the rue Dequerre be without you? It was bad enough as it is--but now I can't face it" (MS. IV, 85). He later concludes, "her absence was almost unbearably painful" (MS. IV, 87).

Furthermore, in the original version of the first chapter, the "Extract from an Autobiography" published in This Quarter, he confesses to feelings of love from the very start. When Graeme takes final leave of his girl-friend in Montreal, Glassco says, "I myself had no one to sentimentalise over, because the only person I loved was coming with me."⁶ Proof of his love is even more clear in the scribbles after Graeme leaves him to return to Montreal. Glassco then meets Daphne, tells her that Graeme just left, and confesses "At that moment the tears came pouring quietly from my eyes" (MS. V, 26). Nowhere in the book does he cry.

Finally, after Glassco himself has returned to Montreal, he is not, in the manuscript, as unrepentant and unchanged as he presents himself to be in the book. On the one hand, he is much more sentimentally attached to Paris. He longs to return despite fears that it would be emotionally difficult for him. When he remembers, in his hospital bed, the studio he and Graeme sublet from Daphne and Angela, he mourns that "I should like to go back there some time, even at the risk of shedding tears for the vanished happiness I enjoyed in it" (MS. II, 44). On the other hand, as even this brief passage suggests with its allusion to his "vanished" happiness, Glassco is much more bitter in the manuscript about what has happened to him than he lets on in the book. In an extraordinary passage that he eliminated during revision, he graphically describes the physical horrors to which he is subject in the hospital; he lets loose his anger and frustration at his doctors; he contemptuously scorns both death and the possibility that the powers of medicine may keep him alive; he sneers at the motives of his doctors; he even sardonically calls himself nothing more than a bad smell. The bitter tone of his diatribe is powerful and poignant. Railing against what he calls the stupidity of suffering, he says:

The horror of the great hollow needle which the doctor will drive into my back tomorrow or the next day is still my main preoccupation, coupled with my anger that he never seems able to strike the right spot to find the hideous green pus they are trying to draw from my lung into a bottle. . . . Dying is not at all difficult; I have nearly done it myself, they tell me, several times. I feel no gratitude to the marvels of science for keeping me alive: these men, its servants, I know them, I see their cold eyes fixed on my labouring chest, I see them murdering the wretched fly who comes to drink the drop of spilled blood from the transfusion-bottle whose tube is attached, from time to time, to my arm. I have had two operations for tuberculosis, and the third is still on the skids. The important thing is not me, it is my life; it will be a feather in someone's cap if I live: they would do the same thing for

any poor bum. Mind you, I am not complaining: I am only saying it is all the same to me if I live or die. . . . The smells in this place are awful, but my own is worst of all. It is this damnable pus that keeps leaking out of my side all the time. How did I get here, how did I turn out to be simply a recumbent odour, a stink above ground? (MS. II, 99-101)

Many of the character traits that make up this other side of Glasco's personality that is so evident in the manuscript and so hidden in the book come together in a long episode that Glasco eluminates while revising his scribbles into typescript. A detailed account of "the bunk" that he, Grass, and Stanley do to escape their hotel bill in Nice, I will include it in its entirety because the account reflects so many of the traits that Glasco plays down in the book. Throughout this episode in the manuscript, the other side of his personality prevails. He is much more the sensitive, cautious, and proper adolescent with the traditional values of his bourgeois heritage than he is the carefree, adventurous, and rebellious epicurean leading a life devoted to present enjoyment. He is the hesitant partner in the bunk, ashamed of what he is doing, frightened of its possible consequences, distressed about what it all means, and unsure of what to do. When Grass first comes up with the idea, Glasco expresses his reluctance right away. "I was worried about doing a bunk in a foreign country" he says; "the risks were so much greater" (MS. IV, 52). Grass dismisses his worries, however, and convinces him it is the thing to do. But when Grass tells him they will have to leave his recess coat behind, he becomes a sentimental teenager, "growning 'thaw a heart'" (MS. IV, 52). He then confesses that, until they tell Stanley of their plan and she reacts with enthusiasm, he "was nervous and dispirited" about his part in the bunk. Even Stanley notices that he is "on edge" and tries to put him more at ease (MS. IV, 53, 56).

Most importantly, just before the plan goes into operation, the meaning that he divines in what is happening fills him with such a sense of futility and desolation that he wonders what has and will become of him. He experiences a state of great distress similar to the one he experienced at Eugene Jolas's party. Once again, he is an earnest youth utterly dismayed by what he is doing with his life. He resorts to drinking in order to lift his spirits. Then the bunk itself takes on the comic and trivial air of an adolescent prank. Glasco begins his manuscript account of the episode after Stanley has hysterics and falls asleep in their room five hours before they are to leave.

I remained sitting beside her, feeling a terrible sense of desolation. The utter pointlessness of life loomed up larger and larger: what was I doing here? What were either of us doing, where were we going, how had we fallen into this situation where we were simply obliged to engineer a shameless and symbolic escape? All that was clear was that we were running away: the action was purely negative. With a sensation of horror it struck me that I was nineteen, and the years were slipping by.

At this point I remembered there was still some kirsch left, and sipped it slowly until three o'clock. I was feeling a little better when I roused Stanley.

The room was still full of moonlight, and we did not even need the flashlight. But there were so many suitcases that we would have to make two trips to get them downstairs. We crept down with the first load and left it inside the front door; then, going upstairs, Stanley gave an exclamation.

"I'm losing my shoes," she whispered.

"Take them off then, till we get up again."

Back in the room she looked angrily at her bare feet. "I was wearing those old beach shoes, I thought they'd be just the thing. But they've spread, they're much too big, they keep falling off. What'll I do?"

"Try wearing them over these socks of mine," I said, taking them off. "Look, we've got to hurry."

"I think they'll do now," she said. "Damn it all, this is just the kind of thing that would happen."

"It doesn't matter. Let's take the rest of the stuff. Easy now."

We made the second descent quietly enough. I opened the front door and looked out: the coast was clear.

"Now just sling the laundry bag over your shoulder," I said, "and take those two suitcases. I'll look after the others."

I fastened the other four bags over my shoulder with a trunk strap, porter-fashion, and we set out along the street. I suddenly thought it was the most foolhardy plan ever devised: if anyone saw us, we would simply be taken for robbers.

But I was wrong. We passed two men on the street, who didn't give us a second look. I had forgotten that Frenchmen are given to stalling their own business, especially at night, and that everywhere in France people carry things on their back at all hours.

"Oh damn," said Stanley, stopping, "there goes one of my shoes again."

"Forget it," I said, "we've only got another hundred yards to go."

"I'll ruin your sock." She was spluttering with nervous laughter. "Oh my God, there goes the other."

"And a good thing too. Now you just travel Indian style. Come on. We're on the trail. Hush!"

"Gee, now I feel really primitive. I'm your barefoot squaw."

"Watch out for stones."

"My God, these bags are heavy. I've got to put them down for a second. Hey, wait for me!"

"Damn it all, Stanley, don't you put those bags down. It's only around the corner now. Come on!"

"Don't go so fast!"

"Allright," I said, slowing up. I guess there's no hurry now." I looked back and saw no one. "We'll make it allright."

"Of course we will. But what if George isn't there with the taxi?"

"He'll be there. You don't know George."

"The old reliable. You boys are certainly a pair of pals. I never saw anything like it in my life. Jesus, those bags are killing me."

"Here we are."

The taxi was waiting at the corner, its lights dimmed. George was leaning casually on the door, talking to the driver. He turned as we came up.

"You're right on time," he said to me in French. "Now get the stuff aboard. There's lots of time."

The driver looked at us calmly as we heaved the bags into the front seat. "Seven pieces," he said. "That's 14 francs extra, you know."

"Of course," said George as we all got in. "Now take us to the Café Victor Hugo, please."

"Agreed," said the driver, starting his motor. "It's a fine night, isn't it?"

"A beautiful night," I said. "Spring will soon be here."

"Your woman has lost her shoes, I see."

"She is always losing things," I said. "She is an artist."

"Oh I see, I see! Well then, let us roll."

We chugged off down the avenue de la Californie. The moonlit streets were deserted, and the city looked beautiful at this hour. Every now and then I caught a glimpse of the shimmering ocean on our right: it was curious to be taking leave of the Mediterranean in this way.

As we approached the centre of the city there were more lighted cafés: in France, it seems, there are always people who stay up all night. At last we reached the Café Victor Hugo: it stood some distance from the railway station.

"No," George called to the driver. "Take us to the station first, please."

"You won't find a porter at this hour," said the driver as he stopped at the baggage-room.

"No matter."

We unloaded the bags to the sidewalk. The driver also got down.

"100 francs," he said quietly.

"Nonsense," said George, "We agreed on 25. With the baggage, that makes 39. With a pourboire of 4 francs, that makes 43. Here it is."

"100 francs." He grinned. "57 francs for my discretion."

"In what quarter?"

"Any quarter. The police-station, for instance."

"Absurd. We are honest people. Poor, you see, but honest."

"You have a lot of baggage for poor people."

"It is all our worldly goods. We wander from place to place, living as we can. We are artists, bound for Italy. Come, my friend, accept these 43 francs, and join us for a drink or two at the Victor Hugo. Madame will pay you for your discretion with a song."

"Ha, ha! The lady is a singer as well, eh? Well, let us go to the café. For a few songs I will button up my discretion."

"What's all this?" said Stanley. "Do I have to play for this geezer?"

"He's putting on the bite. I'm sorry, I thought he was allright. These all-night cabbies are all the same."

"Why don't we give him his price?" I said.

"He might want more in an hour or so. We've just got to jolly him along. It's the safest way."

"Stanley strummed a few chords, smiling revishly at the driver. "Come on," she said in English, "I'm game, you louse."

"First we'll get the bags into the station," said George.

The driver helped us carry them on to the railway platform. They'll be allright here," he said. The train for Bordighera doesn't arrive until 7 o'clock."

We all went into the Victor Hugo. I was so furious with this piece of degrading blackmail that I could not trust myself to speak: my head was singing, my eyes felt as if they would pop out of my head.

After the first round of drinks I had control of myself. Stanley began playing a French waltz, and the driver clapped his hands in time. A few men gathered, and called for an encore.

"You've got the tickets?" I said to George quietly.

"Yes. And the trunks are checked. But the train doesn't leave for almost two hours."

"I'm getting mad."

"So am I. But take it easy. I'll fix this man before we leave if I can. Don't forget, he thinks we're crossing the border. Just drink light, you'd better stick to beer."

The next two hours were extremely boring. After a while the driver became quite gallant with Stanley, and started buying her drinks. She looked appealingly at me; all I could do was shrug my shoulders. George gnawed his lips with vexation; I could see, moreover, that he was almost exhausted, and his black eye gave him an almost frightening expression.

Fifteen minutes before our train time, however, I realized he was in complete control of the situation. He began speaking very earnestly to the taxi-driver.

"Where can we get something to eat?" he asked. "The train doesn't leave till seven, and we are starved."

"Madame is hungry also?" said the driver. "Then let us all go to the casse-crouste around the corner. First, however, we must pay here."

The bill came to 20-odd francs.

"That is your affair," said the driver, grinning. "I will buy madame a sandwich, from the goodness of my heart."

George paid the bill, and we left the Café Victor Hugo, a place I earnestly hoped never to see again.

"Now, where is the casse-crouste?" said George, as we all walked into the gray light of the street.

"Only a few steps from here," said the driver, turning the corner.

I already knew what was going to happen, but I was surprised by the speed and force with which George punched him first in the neck, then, as he was falling, behind the ear. The man gave a gasp and lay where he fell. "What a relief," said George, "to get that over with. It just had to be done." I could see he was shaking all over.

"My God, said Stanley, "you didn't kill him, did you? Come on, let's get out of here."

"Just a minute," I said. "I'll make sure he's all-right." I leaned down; he was breathing loudly.

Then we made for the station. We just had time to shift our bags to the other side of the platform before the train came in. We climbed into a third-class carriage and waited in a kind of dream of agony until the train started. George was as pale as death, and Stanley looked as if she were about to faint. I too, although superficially less disturbed, was conscious of a deep depression of spirits: I felt the auspices were not good. (MS. IV, 59-68)

Particularly striking, at the end of this episode, is the image of a guilt-ridden Glassco, fearful that he may have been involved in a death, anxiously leaning over the taxi-driver to see if he is still alive, a man with whom he was furious, moments earlier, for a piece of blackmail he called "degrading." The image casts doubt on his claim to being "superficially less disturbed" by events than his friends are. Most likely, the experience renders him more visibly shaken than he cares to admit. He too probably looks, like Stanley, as if he were about to faint, and, like Graeme, as pale as death. He does confess to a deep depression of spirits as to what the episode means about the direction his life has and is taking. It may as well be his own self, not the unconscious taxi-driver, over whom he leans with such shame, fear, and dismay.

All the differences between the young man portrayed in the manuscript and the one portrayed in the book lead to the conclusion that Glassco coloured his own characterization in Memoirs of Montparnasse with literary subterfuge. The manuscript shows that what he did with McAlmon he did to an even greater extent with himself. While revising the scribbles into typescript, he so refined his own portrait that he made himself more the stylized character in an imaginative work of art than the historical personage in a recollected book of memoirs. He fictionalized his own self-portrait. No wonder he could say, as he does in the "Prefatory Note" to the book, "This young man is no longer myself: I hardly recognize him, . . . and in my memory he is less like someone I have been than a character in a novel I have read" (MM, p. xlii).

As depicted in the manuscript, Glassco is a study in ambivalence. Leaving Montreal, he is both defiantly precocious and humbly conventional. In Paris, he is both at home and out of place, both attracted and

repelled by what he finds there. As a writer, he is both ambitious and reluctant to work; even though he maintains that "literature isn't so important as life," he is also determined to become "a celebrated man of letters." Throughout his years abroad, he is both a carefree epicurean unreservedly devoted to enjoying his youth and an earnest teenager anxiously concerned about what role to play in life. Back in Montreal awaiting his crucial operation, he is both the unrepentant and unchanged believer in a youth of wine and roses as well as the sentimental and bitter victim of his own indulgence. In the manuscript, in short, he is a much more ordinary adolescent. He virtually personifies a leading trait of those years--ambivalence. He experiences conflicting thoughts and feelings about nearly every aspect of his life. Only partly, then, not fully, is he what Robert McAlmon calls him in Being Geniuses Together, at age eighteen "much the oldest, most ironic, and disillusioned of the three of us."⁷ Only partly, not fully, is he what Leon Edel calls him in the introduction to Memoirs of Montparnasse, a picaresque who "must have imbibed sophistication with his mother's milk."⁸ Only partly, not fully, is he even what he calls himself, a flippant, conceited hedonist committed to living on the surface of life. The manuscript shows that all these assessments are one-sided. They are half truths, therefore, because they fail to take into account the other side of Glassco's personality that is revealed so clearly in the manuscript--the sincere, impressionable, and earnestly proper side.

While revising his scribbles into typescript, Glassco so downplayed the conventional and so enhanced the exotic that from the original rendition of himself in the manuscript he created a significantly different persona which he presents as himself in the book. The essence of

both versions is the same. However, because he eliminated telling sections of his scribbles, and because what is only suggested in the book is fully explicit in the manuscript, the two John Glasscos are distinctly different versions of the same individual. For his own self-portrait, then, as for the portrait of Robert McAlmon, the manuscript, with its candid and explicit description of sexuality, of private thoughts, and of personal feelings, resonates with honesty. The book, with what it leaves unsaid, with its subtlety, and with its suggestiveness, resonates with artifice. Even the open contradictions in the life of an ambivalent adolescent--those which are scattered throughout the scribbles but refined out of existence in the book--shift authenticity from the Memoirs to the manuscript. The differences between the two self-portraits testify to Glassco's belief in what he calls "the truth" that he learned from reading Casanova: "that man is not only a living creature but the person of his own creation" (MM, p. 188). In Memoirs of Montparnasse, John Glassco is not only the living creature described throughout, but a person of his own creation thirty-five years later.

The literary subterfuge in the characterization, in the plot structure, in the dialogue, and in the premise on which the narrative is based, demands that another issue be addressed--the events of the book. Did they actually take place or were they invented? Is there subterfuge here too? Because so much of the book is personal reminiscence of an era that expired over sixty years ago, the question is difficult to answer in detail and with certainty. Again, however, the manuscript and some related documents lead to a general conclusion. They show that Glassco did not hesitate to invent occurrences. In the book, for instance, he says that his poem "Conan's Fig" was accepted by Eugene Jolas for publi-

cation in transition. He calls it, "my first good surrealist poem" which, in forty lines, "records the impressions gained from sitting in a disused attic in spring" (MM, p. 10). In the manuscript, he calls this poem "Bats in a Cream Figure," numbering its lines at fifteen, not forty (MS. I, 20). Neither, however, was ever published in transition. But Glassco does leave himself a way out of this contradiction to fact. In the book, he says only that the poem was accepted, not that it was actually published in transition. There is no such escape, however, from his claims for two other poems. He says, in the book, they were published together "in Bilge, a bright, irrational little magazine edited by Arthur Loewenstein." One, entitled "Nobody's Fool," is a hybrid Shakespearean sonnet that Graeme assembled from all the first lines of surrealist poems Glassco had written. The other is a sonnet to Paris, inspired by Arthur Symonds's translation of Les fleurs du mal, written "in the same hybrid manner" (MM, p. 29). In the scribblers, on a separate sheet entitled "Precis of Fillers for M. of Montparnasse," Glassco reveals that Bilge is a pseudonym for Tambour. It was edited by Harold J. Salemsen and published in Paris during 1929-30. Yet nothing that resembles these two poems ever appeared in Tambour. Later, in his bound copy of page proofs for Memoirs of Montparnasse, Glassco notes that over thirty years later he used the sonnet to Paris as lines fifty-seven through seventy in his poem "The Day" from A Point of Sky.⁹ Glassco admits to this kind of event-fabrication in his "Personal Journal, 1965-1969." He reveals how extensive it is, and how much of a moral burden it is, by writing:

one quarter of this book was lies. This is what I have been trying to avoid saying, even to myself. I never met Frank Harris (it was Graeme who did, + told me about it later); Man Ray never discussed Jane Austen with me; Joyce held no conversation with me about Ulysses or "Gob" (he did attack Richardson); Ford's conversation is more than

half fabricated . . . Ah, confession is good for the soul.
Already I feel better.¹⁰

Even more telling than this confession, however, are the episodes included in Glassco's original plans but not recorded in either the book or the manuscript. They reveal, no matter how one looks at them, just how deeply rooted the subterfuge of events must be. Did Glassco have one night homosexual affairs with Jean Cocteau and A. E. Housman? His plans disclose that he did, but neither character even appears in the manuscript or book narratives. Was his relationship with Bosie Douglas a homosexual one? He says it was, in his plans, but there is no such indication in either narrative. Did he make a blue movie with the first woman he calls, in the scribblers, Mrs. Porterhouse? In the plans, he maintains that he did, but he turns down the opportunity in both the manuscript and book narratives. Did Ezra Pound accept the second chapter of his memoirs for The Exile? He says yes in his plans, but whether or not he even submitted it is left unclear in the narratives; nothing by Glassco ever appeared in The Exile. Are the events recorded in Morley Callaghan's short story "Now that April's Here" true? In his plans, by intending to include a fight between him and Graeme over Stanley, Glassco implies that they are. There is no such fight, however, in either narrative, and Glassco only says in the book that Callaghan's story was "Not very good, was it? Rather nasty--and it's full of holes" (MM, p. 221).

Either way, subterfuge lies at the heart of events in both the manuscript and the book. On the one hand, if these episodes actually did take place, then Glassco decided not to include them despite his first intentions to do so. In that case, he deliberately suppressed occurrences he originally considered important to his memoirs. The subterfuge would consist, then, of concealed events. On the other hand, if these

episodes did not take place, then Glassco clearly felt free while planning his memoirs to manufacture occurrences. In that case, even though he decided not to include these particular ones, he did not eliminate them all. His account of having poems published in transition and Bilge, as well as his confession that "one quarter of this book was lies," show that he allowed some fabricated events to remain in both the manuscript and the book. The subterfuge consists, then, of imagined events presented as actual ones.

Moreover, even though the scribblers resonate with more honesty and less artifice than the book does, they cannot be taken at face value either. Literary subterfuge colours events in the manuscript the same way it colours those in the book. In both, Glassco included fictive occurrences and perhaps concealed actual ones. In both he claims to be writing his memoirs while the events are still fresh in his mind, forging them out of his hospital pain and boredom, his fear of death, and his resplendent memories, only three years after he started them. Since the scribblers date from 1963-65, not from 1932-33, subterfuge colours the premise on which both the book and the manuscript are founded. Also, the published dialogue corresponds closely to that in the scribblers. What is true for the book, therefore--that its dialogue could only have been imagined--is true for the manuscript as well. What Glassco has his characters actually say in the scribblers could only have come from his imagination in 1963-65, not from his memory in 1932-33. Finally, subterfuge pervades the plot structure of the manuscript just as it does in the book. The discrepancy between the sequence of events that Glassco originally planned and the one that he first recorded in his scribblers shows that he arranged and rearranged the order of occurrences, thereby crea-

tively inventing instead of strictly recollecting the pattern of his manuscript.

Still, despite all the subterfuge, events that actually took place make up the backbone of both the scribbles and the published book. Others who were in positions to know confirm that Memoirs of Montparnasse is based on fact. Glassco did meet Morley Callaghan, Robert McAlmon, and Kay Boyle. Their own memoirs, supported by photographs, testify not only to their friendships with Glassco, but also to the authenticity of much that is recorded in Memoirs of Montparnasse. Callaghan confirms that Glassco and Taylor were living and writing in Paris in 1929. He calls them "inseparable companions, very understanding of each other, soft spoken with a mocking opinion about everybody. They were writers."¹¹ He also verifies that they knew McAlmon, who calls them "bright little devils," but that the friendship does not prevent their snickering at his work. Callaghan also acknowledges that he wrote "Now that April's Here" about Glassco and Taylor.¹² In this story, the two main characters leave Paris not long after their arrival, to pass the winter on the Riviera. There, they do a bunk to escape paying a hotel bill, and after returning to Paris in the spring, they even share a girl-friend whom they had known on the Riviera. In his half of Being Geniuses Together, Robert McAlmon confirms that he lived with Glassco and Taylor in Nice after having known them in Paris, "when they spent a year in the Quarter." He too verifies their literary ambitions, saying that in Nice, "each of us was writing: Graeme a family novel, I a thing called 'The Politics of Existence,' which is still going on, and Buffy some memoirs."¹³ In her half of Being Geniuses Together, Kay Boyle calls Taylor and Glassco McAlmon's disciples or protégés. She ascertains that, along with the major figures of the

literary exile movement in Paris, they attended several parties at the large cafés. She too maintains that McAlmon, Glassco, and Taylor were "particularly adept" at ridiculing the work of others. She also confirms that while she was ghost-writing the memoirs of the Princess, Glassco "had been hired by the Dayang Mude to help me with the final typing of her book."¹⁴ Although she has Glassco leaving the household at the end of each day instead of living there, as he says he did, she does verify that he was rarely paid.

Furthermore, notes that Glassco made in the scribbles present the image of a writer scouring his memory, trying to keep his memoirs "true." For instance, on an additional sheet entitled "M.O.M. Notes," he writes "Jolas's house not to be at 'Colombe-les-2-eglises' but 'outside Paris.' Was it really there? can't remember." Near the end of the manuscript, when McAlmon and Glassco visit James Joyce, McAlmon calls Joyce "the old Irish tenor." Then Glassco notes in the manuscript "? Irish tenor (what was the word Bob used? My memory is going.)" (MS. VI, 78). While planning this scene, Glassco wrote "Meeting with Joyce (was it in winter of 1929 or 1930? Can't remember--make it '29. Were he and Nora married then? She wasn't there--was she in the hospital? Think so--(say she was)." At the end of his plans for the episode with Joyce, Glassco instructed himself "To put all these things together--keep it true" (MS. VI, 74). All this marginalia shows that Glassco wanted to stay faithful to fact, whether it was the accuracy of Jolas's address, the precise words McAlmon used, the correct date of his meeting with Joyce, the right reason for Nora's absence, or even what actually transpired during his meeting with Joyce. For two reasons, however, he could not. First, his memory would not allow him to realize his goal. Almost forty years

later, he simply could not recollect all he wanted. The manuscript shows that when his memory failed him, he wrote what made the most sense according to his narrative. Second, he could not deny his impulse to create. The episode with the revered Joyce demanded the special instructions to "keep it true"; no similar directions appear anywhere else in the manuscript. Even so, Glasco could not resist the urge to invent. He confesses in his "Personal Journal, 1965-1969" that "Joyce held no conversation with me about Ulysses or 'Gob.'" That he could not confine himself to the facts in this episode suggests that he could not strictly recount events throughout the narrative, feeling elsewhere no special obligation to "keep it true."

Thus the contradictions to fact in both the manuscript and the book, the events originally planned but not included in the narratives, the testimony of others, and his own marginalia, all lead to the general conclusion that Glasco coloured actual events with literary subterfuge. In the final "Note for Memoirs of Montparnasse" that he added to his manuscript, he says that "everything related in it is circumstantially true." In his prose as well as his poetry—in all his writing—Glasco was a careful, subtle, and ironic stylist; his use of the word "circumstantially" here could not be more significant. Others verify that the backbone of events related in the book is true, but the manuscript proves he imaginatively transformed that backbone into a living body. What Glasco must mean by "circumstantially," therefore, is something like "true but not essentially true," an accepted definition according to Webster's Third New International Dictionary. The irony reinforces what he admits in the book, always having been "a great practitioner of deceit." In the manuscript he goes even further at this point, confessing that at

one time he was "quite incapable of differentiating truth from falsehood" (MS. II, 17).

Literary subterfuge pervades, in the end, the entire book: the premise on which it is founded, the dialogue, the plot structure, the characterization, and the events themselves. The conclusion is clear; Glassco thoroughly fictionalized Memoirs of Montparnasse. It is not a book of memoirs, but rather an autobiographical novel.

Nevertheless, he held to his story of having written the first three chapters in Paris in 1928, of having written the rest while awaiting a crucial operation in Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital in 1932-33, of having ignored the manuscript for thirty-five years, and of finally having it published virtually unchanged. He presents the finished product as a book of memoirs in which there is a minimum of artifice. When he asked Leon Edel to write the introduction, he even went so far as to claim:

What Oxford University Press want is to see underlined a certain artistic form and wholeness which they find in the book, something which distinguishes it from the usual collection of anecdotes of the 20's fortified by name dropping.

I had no conscious intention of giving it a literary shape, but must have done so without having known it.¹⁵

Such a direct contradiction of fact presents a last but most important problem. How are we to account for the subterfuge? Glassco's papers offer an immediate but superficial explanation. He had serious doubts about the worth of his book, and the subterfuge enabled his mature self to pass the responsibility for it to his younger self. He makes his misgivings clear in the "Personal Journal, 1965-1969." After learning that his New York literary agent thinks the completed manuscript "not likely to be of interest to a publisher," Glassco himself calls it "a

piece of cheap, frivolous, backstairs gossip, a false, vulgar, conceited, adolescent, amateurish book."¹⁶ Later, after Memoirs of Montparnasse is revised and published, he excuses himself to Geoffrey Wagner by writing, "I only hope the book amuses you. It's admittedly rather frothy--but you must remember it was written in my nonage!"¹⁷

But Glassco did not add the subterfuge after he finished the manuscript; he invested his scribblers with it from the moment he began to write. Therefore, even though he did seek to evade full responsibility for a book he judged so harshly, his doing so does not explain why he incorporated the subterfuge from the start, without having a manuscript of any quality, good or bad, for which to account. Because the fictional transformation begins at once, its source must be more than a later rationalization for disappointing results.

The scribblers themselves, however, lead to a more satisfying account of the subterfuge, one that does explain why he embraced it from the very start. In so doing, they establish a distinctive position for Glassco in Canadian literary history. The manuscript ties him even more closely to the European dandies, aesthetes, and decadents that he mentions in the book--from Théophile Gautier through Charles Baudelaire to George Moore--than does the book itself. It reveals that Glassco's commitment to one of their fundamental artistic beliefs and practices is the source of the literary subterfuge, the fictional transformation, in Memoirs of Montparnasse. In the end, therefore, the manuscript situates him in this line of artistic influence. It establishes him as a twentieth-century Canadian successor to the literary dandies, aesthetes, and decadents of nineteenth-century England and France.

IV. ACCOUNTING FOR THE SUBTERFUGE

In the preface to his collection of three novellas, The Fatal Women, Glassco himself acknowledges that "Around 1934" he "came under the renewed influence of Huysmans, Pater, Villiers, Barbey d'Aurevilly and other of the so-called decadents."¹ Yet very few critics have noted this influence in his work, and only one has called attention to it in Memoirs of Montparnasse. In his review of The Fatal Woman, George Woodcock argues that, like the literature of the decadent period, Glassco's three novellas cultivate "a private world impossible of realization."² In The Oxford Companion to Canadian Literature, Woodcock extends the comparison into Glassco's poetry and other prose works, asserting that "the combination of the bucolic and elegiac modes" in the poetry "links him . . . to the decadent writers of the 1890s." Some of the poems, he then concludes, "evoke the philosophy of the nineteenth century dandy and decadent (Brummel, Baudelaire, Wilde) that is also evident in his prose writings."³ According to Frank Davey, one of these prose works, Glassco's completion of Aubrey Beardsley's Under the Hill, re-creates "the language and sensibility of the English Decadent period." Like Woodcock, Davey further affiliates Glassco to this era by stating that, "his explicit philosophical comments" in the poetry "suggest the pain of life can be made endurable by being transformed into art--an idea reminiscent of the 'Life imitates Art' dictum of Oscar Wilde."⁴ Neither Woodcock nor Davey, however, points out this influence in Memoirs of Montparnasse.

Only Louis Dudek does. In Glassco's hedonistic philosophy of life, his commitment to impulse over reason, his sybaritic exuberance, and his frightened sense of all youth, happiness, and beauty steadily advancing to decay and death, Dudek discerns "the very touchstones of fin-de-siècle Decadence, the aesthetic flower of gentility."⁵

Indeed, as presented in Memoirs of Montparnasse, the pattern of Glassco's experience conforms to the standard anatomy of a dandy, an aesthete, a decadent. Born to a high standing in society, he rebels against his class and its values to pursue instead the beauty of art for art's sake. Determined to be a poet, he turns his back on McGill University and "everything represented by the business world." With horror he recounts the prospects that his parents hold for his future: "My father had always wanted me to take up law: he pictured me in the robes of a judge. My mother, for her part, would have liked me to enter the church: she saw me as a bishop" (MM, p. 3). To escape, however, Glassco must have their financial support, and subsequently he does not renounce his economic and social advantages. Only with a parental allowance can he flee, and only with that allowance coupled to a favourable exchange rate can he give himself over to the appreciation of beauty. In Paris, he discovers that with his hundred dollars a month, he and Graeme:

were much richer than in Montreal. Here I must say that I don't think the rate of exchange is always given its proper importance as an element in the charm of Paris: to be able to live well on very little money is the best basis for an appreciation of beauty anywhere, and I think we admired the city all the more because we could now eat and drink almost as much as we liked. (MM, p. 14)

Indulging in the dandy's love of town, he soon becomes "enslaved by the beauty of Paris." By the time he must return to Montreal, he feels himself "fully implicated in the Paris of Villon, Nerval, and Baudelaire, in

an existence that would have been meaningless without the city" (MM, p. 216). In his approach to life, therefore, Glassco embraces a fundamental decadent paradox; he dissociates himself from materialist society, yet he pursues many of its refinements: fine food, drink, and--above all--beauty.

All the while, he spurns what he hates most, boredom, which is indeed the wellspring of dandyism, aestheticism, and decadence. He avoids anyone he considers dull or tedious, associating instead with those who practice the wit of epigram and paradox to mock serious values. He meets and expresses his admiration for such survivors of the English decadence as Frank Harris and Richard Le Gallienne as well as George Moore. Moore he hails as "my literary god," "for me the first writer of the age" (MM, p. 10-11). When asked to type for Le Gallienne, he is "filled with awe" (MM, p. 158). Harris he praises as "an inspired liar," calling My Life and Loves "the best mixture of adventure, documentation and sheer nastiness ever written The book had such life it already breathed immortality" (MM, p. 121). He also expresses his admiration for the precursor of French decadence, the Marquis de Sade, agreeing with Narwhal's judgement that "Sade is perhaps the most interesting writer in France since Marceline Desbordes-Valmore. (We'll be hearing a lot about him very soon. He's the forerunner of all the Freivogeln" (MM, p. 35). Glassco even calls upon the soul of the first French decadent, Théophile Gautier, for comfort and help not only in overcoming his passion for Mrs. Quayle, but also in pursuing, instead, the beauty of pure form (MM, p. 181). And twice he reveals the influence on his thought of the philosopher who was most influential to the fin-de-siècle writers of both England and France --Schopenhauer.⁶

In a philosophical reverie of his own, Glassco envisions "damnation" as "a plateau of absolute boredom." He concludes "that the modern philosophers had not taken sufficient account of man's apprehension of beauty" (MM, p. 214). "Earnestness" he therefore calls "deadly" (MM, p. 102), professing that his only commitment is to remain uncommitted. Instead, he claims that his only experience is "ecstasy" (MM, p. 70), a word redolent of dandyism, aestheticism, and decadence. It invokes the beliefs of Walter Pater, who defines "success in life" as "To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy."⁷ In light of this definition Glassco's inability to lead a writer's life testifies to his inheritance of another of Pater's beliefs, that "With this sense of the splendour of our experience and of its awful brevity, gathering all we are into one desperate effort to see and touch, we shall hardly have time to make theories about the things we see and touch."⁸ Glassco--with his sense of "the hideously fleeting passage of my own happiness, of the mortal beauty of everything I saw, of the inexorable progression of my own body to decay and death" (MM, p. 70)--gathers himself into a desperate effort to see and touch "the surface of life" (MM, p. 102). He hardly has time to write about it.

Evident in Memoirs of Montparnasse, then, in addition to the "very touchstones of fin-de-siècle decadence" that Dudek perceives--Glassco's hedonistic beliefs, his sybaritic exuberance, and his sense of inexorable decay--we find even more of the movement's distinctive qualities: Glasco's rebellion against his class and its values, his paradoxical quest for its refinements, his veneration of beauty, his love of town, his rejection of the Victorian earnestness and materialism that for him spell boredom, and his belief in ecstasy as a way of life. Throughout

the book, by expressing his admiration for many literary figures of that era, he further reveals his ties to them. The manuscript, however, makes the connection even more explicit by developing more fully three fundamental points of comparison. In its presentation of these issues--Glassco's repudiation of his class, his emphasis on the value of youth, and his exploration of sexual practice--the manuscript tightens the lines of affiliation.

Literary dandyism, aestheticism, and decadence--although there is still considerable dispute as to precisely what the terms signify, critics have now come to focus on what these notions have in common. They agree that a rejection of society's prevailing standards is fundamental to all three. In her survey of The Dandy: Brummel to Beerbohm, Ellen Moers traces the evolution of dandyism from England, where its original ideal was "distressingly personal," to France, where it became "an abstraction, a refinement of intellectual rebellion." Thus, by the end of the 1800s, the dandy had come to be defined and idealized according to "what he was not: not middle-class and drab, not philistine and stupid, not buried in the tedious undistinguished existence of those who merely lived out their time in the bourgeois century."⁹

In his study of Aestheticism, R. V. Johnson also discerns rebellion in that movement's underpinnings. He observes that the word "'Aestheticism' came to stand for certain ideas about life and art--ideas which then assumed a distinct form, and presented a new and serious challenge to more traditional and conventional ideas." He specifies that one source of the movement was:

revulsion against certain features of Victorian society--
against vulgar materialism, with its elevation of (in

modern terms) gross national product as the criterion of civilization; against the toleration of ugliness; against the utilitarian spirit which disparaged intellectual pursuits; against the puritan moralism which conceived the good life solely in terms of "doing good," in a material sense, and avoiding evil--in a sense which some held to be narrow and arbitrary.¹⁰

Martin Green fuses the words dandy and aesthete together in his Children of the Sun: A Narrative of "Decadence" in England After 1918. He perceives that aestheticism "is very often found, habitually found, in alliance with dandyism."¹¹ Thus, although the two notions are separable, "frequently the same person is both. Very often the two phases are alternative ways of embodying the same idea, the same temperamental drive."¹² What unites the two is "the desire to affront everything settled and conventional."¹³ The idea, the temperamental drive they embody, is "a turning of the back on the old forms of seriousness and power" in favour of culture as characterized by "ornament and brilliancy, playfulness and youthfulness."¹⁴

As the title of Green's book suggests, in this regard the dandy-aesthete is closely related to the decadent. One of the specific traits characteristic of his French incarnation is what Jean Pierrot calls in The Decadent Imagination, 1880-1900, a "fundamental rejection of the world and a reality regarded as intolerable by man in general and the artist in particular."¹⁵ Richard Gilman, in his history of the word Decadence: The Strange Life of an Epithet, specifies that in France, "the cumulative testimony of the era's keenest minds was to its commonplace-ness, the insipidity of its most triumphant enterprises, the dullness that emanated from its 'health.'" French decadence constitutes, therefore, "a grave, passionate rebuke to the philistines."¹⁶

So too does English decadence. Holbrook Jackson, in The Eighteen Nineties, argues that "all so-called decadence is civilisation rejecting through certain specialised persons, the accumulated experiences and sensations of the race."¹⁷ Like his French counterpart, the English incarnation spurns, according to Gilman, "utilitarian ideals,"¹⁸ and, according to Jackson, "a century of material pressure and scientific attainment," "the ennui of conventions," and "stupid philistinism."¹⁹

At the heart of these three artistic movements, then, there lies repudiation. The dandy, the aesthete, and the decadent all rebel against prevailing social norms. These they perceive to be vulgar, ugly, insipid, and sterile--the results of an oppressively rational and material approach to life. What distinguishes each from the others, however, are the ends to which they subsequently devote themselves. The dandy responds by cultivating self; the aesthete, art; and the decadent, perversity. These distinctions I will develop later; for the moment, I want to establish that all three are rebels, and that all three rebel against much the same reality. What motivates their shared insurrection is a more deeply unifying feature, a shared vision and judgement. Each perceives his enemy to be the philistine, sometimes called the bourgeois. For each, the philistine becomes a straw man embodying the prevailing standards of the age. In his devotion to values that are material rather than intellectual, utilitarian rather than aesthetic, the philistine is earnest and proper with no sense of beauty or style; he is, in short, a prig and a bore. Judgement rendered is to repudiate him and all that he stands for.

In Memoirs of Montparnasse, John Glasco allies himself with the literary dandies, aesthetes, and decadents against the philistines when

he voices his "despise of everything represented by the business world," expresses his horror at the prospect of becoming a socially respected judge or bishop, and flees to Paris determined to become a poet. In the manuscript, however, Glassco takes his stand even more forcefully and makes his position more explicit. There, he announces his rejection of the very cornerstone of bourgeois society--work. In his plans for the brothel chapter, Glassco, upon receiving the letter from his father cutting off his allowance and urging him to return to Montreal, writes: "Dismay. 'Dear George, I know what this means. He wants me to go back to work. Well, I will die rather than work'" (MS. I, 5).

Glassco expounds and amplifies his beliefs about work throughout the long passage from the manuscript in which he rails against "the stupidity of suffering" from his bed in the Royal Victoria Hospital. Here, he attacks his own version of the philistine. For him, the unemployed worker in the Great Depression embodies the bourgeois values that he repudiates. Take his job away from him, implies Glassco, and you reveal the lifeless and meaningless nature of those values. "These are now the early thirties," he begins his bitter denunciation:

and they tell me a terrible depression stalks the land, that everywhere there is misery, discouragement, hunger, that people are even dying of cold. I try to tell myself that I am involved in the guilt of all this, but it is no use. I feel still remote from the sufferings of others: they are not yet my concern, if they ever will be What does it matter to me if people are out of work? Why do they want to work anyway? I am told that being unemployed destroys their self-respect. How absurd! What a revelation of bourgeois values. If a man cannot live without working he had better die. . . . Those other poor bastards outside, unemployed, standing outside soup-kitchens, it's not the same thing for them, they're losing what they call their self-respect, and a good thing too. It's a good thing for a man to beg, as I've found out: it makes him understand the only sacred thing is his own physical needs. Think of those stupid self-respecting heroes of Gissing's, those down-at-the-heels Oxford men, too proud to beg,

treating their white-collars like haloes, dying by their own degrees. How dumb can you get, as McAlmon would say. It's also a good thing for a man to prostitute himself, I've done that too: it shows him that his body has some commercial value, it's something to be proud of, he can live by it as long as it's not positively deformed--his sex and his orgasm have a price, and their sale leaves him the little bit of leisure he needs to create + to enjoy the supreme pleasure of giving something for nothing, something only paid by his own pride, until he understands that the whole system of human exchange is summed in the fact, which I now announce, lying here in this hospital, that nothing is worth anything unless it's given away.

But perhaps those poor starving bastards outside just haven't anything to give, to communicate, no experience of beauty, no art, no words, no love. Perhaps they are hoarding their love for their wives and snout-nosed children: if that's what they love + want, that experience of possession + spurious immortality, then let them pay for it in sweat + tears + hunger + loss of self-respect: they may even have the thrill of being martyrs, and that's something after all, each of them can be a little secular Christ with his burden of family woes. Perhaps they can arrive at some enjoyment of it. (MS. II, 98-101)

Here, Glassco further dissociates himself from the prevailing social norms of the day. Even though he tries to tell himself he is involved in "the guilt" of misery, discouragement, hunger, and death brought on by the depression, he still feels aloof from "all this" and "remote from the sufferings of others." He implies that they will never be his concern. That people are out of work does not matter to him. He scoffs at the bourgeois notion that a man loses his self-respect when he becomes unemployed, maintaining instead that if a man cannot live without working, he is better off dead.

Like the dandy, therefore, what distinguishes Glassco is what he is not. He situates himself outside the drab, tedious, stupid, and ugly existence of the day. He defines himself by his repudiation of it. In so doing, he reveals what Martin Green calls the dandy's cynicism "about many things in which most men and women find the good, the true, and the beautiful. Marriage and the home are values as dubious to him as are

responsibility and business success."²⁰ Glassco too rejects such traditional standards, denouncing as virtually worthless the "experience of possession" and the "spurious immortality" that he associates with a wife and children.

Like the aesthete, he turns, in his defiance, to art. He embraces precisely what he finds absent from the life of his unemployed worker, his philistine: the experience of beauty, art, words, and love. Instead of wealth and family, he values "the little bit of leisure he needs to create," in order to communicate and give.

Like the decadent, he also turns, in his defiance, to perversity. Declaring "that nothing is worth anything unless it's given away," he embraces a "whole system of human exchange" that perverts standard bourgeois practice. For him, "the supreme pleasure" consists not of acquiring anything, but rather of "giving something for nothing." To him, "the only sacred thing" is not family, home, wealth, country, or religion, but rather a man's "physical needs." He claims, therefore, that it is good for a man to beg and to prostitute himself, because doing so will strip him of his pretentious self-respect and teach him that his body, as opposed to his work, has commercial value. In the end, therefore, this bitter denunciation of the philistine exemplifies one of the great slogans of fin-de-siècle dandyism, aestheticism, and decadence, épater le bourgeois.

Two other passages from the manuscript also reveal more explicitly than does the book Glassco's rejection of his class and its values. Martin Green observes that literary dandies and aesthetes rebel against "both their fathers' and their mothers' modes of seriousness."²¹ Throughout Memoirs of Montparnasse, Glassco makes no secret of his rebel-

lion against his father, but he has very little to say about his mother. In the manuscript, however, he makes known his rebellion against her too. While recounting his adventures in Paris from his hospital bed in Montreal, he happens to mention the "instantaneous, mindless, all-forgiving, unasking love which is bestowed for a few years by mothers." The words shatter his reminiscence and compel him to consider, instead, his present situation. They prompt another diatribe, this time a paradoxical one. "This early love," he says:

is something which I neved had, + I have the advantage of that infantile deprivation. My mother never cared for me, thank God. Now, she never even comes to see me in this hospital. And for this I am profoundly thankful. Lying here with a lung full of bacilli, often in hideous discomfort, occasionally in violent pain, I am at least spared the horror of that spurious pumped-up sympathy of one's closest blood-relation, that curious mixture of the egoism and false emotion of self-sacrifice, possessiveness + gloating which mark a mother's feeling for an adult son who may be about to die. I am as lucky as an animal or a bird. In fact, I owe everything to my mother, to her indifference which has never asked any return. God bless her + keep her away from me in this time of trial. (MS. VI, 40-41)

By stating that he feels "as lucky as an animal or a bird," Glassco gives voice to one of his own values--freedom. In fact, by stating that he owes "everything" to his mother, he suggests that her indifference to him, "which has never asked any return," is the very source of the freedom he now enjoys and longs to maintain. By neglecting him, she has released him from any sense of filial responsibility to please her or conform to her expectations. He is thankful that she never cared for him because in doing so, she has entitled him to feel no obligations to her. The "infantile deprivation" of her love thus becomes his "advantage." By denying him her love, she has, in effect, allowed him to become "the person of his own creation." Glassco is thankful, moreover, that his mother

never comes to see him now, "in this hospital." Were she to do so, not only would the visit be hypocritical--"spurious," "pumped-up," and false"--it would also limit his sense of independence from her. Paradoxically, therefore, this passage constitutes both a denunciation of his mother and a proclamation of freedom. On the one hand, he spurns her for her indifference to him; on the other, he blesses her for it, because it has granted him the freedom he treasures. The passage gains significance when seen in context of what precedes it.

Earlier in the manuscript, Glassco expresses more than just rebellious feelings against the person of his mother. When Graeme must seek passage back to Montreal, Glassco accompanies him to the Canadian embassy in Paris. They find it in a wealthy neighbourhood where Glassco observes "a few beautiful, melancholy children . . . escorted by nannies," and comments that the area "smelled of money, fatigue + ineptitude." He describes it as "a kind of hell."

God preserve me from this world, I thought. I don't want to destroy it, it's already a kind of punishment for everyone who lives here, the penalty of riches, the inalterable sentence of fear + exclusion, the price of the freedom from worry about having enough to eat. I don't mind rich people, in fact I come from them myself, my mother has half a million dollars. It's absurd, and she lives in a stupid castle on Cedar Avenue: worrying about the tablemaids who are systematically breaking all her mother's china and stuffing the pieces in the finest set of garbage-cans that money can buy; sending her diamonds to be cleaned at Birks; wearing knots to her forehead over the hand-cut Scotch slates on the roof which are always breaking, the velvet portieres which the sun is rotting, + the old elm-trees which have to be braced like paraplegics every spring + sadded with some kind of black medicinal cement; now + then thinking, I'm afraid, of her unwanted son (oh Archie, couldn't you control yourself? whom she has tried to forget since he was born + who has embraced the literary life because there was nothing else for him to do. MS. V. 22

Again, Glassco draws attention to his mother's indifference, calling himself "her unwanted son . . . whom she has tried to forget since he was

born." Here, however, he extends his rejection of her to include her mode of seriousness as well. He presents it as a material one--one circumscribed by wealth, its concerns, and its conventions--and he renounces it too. He calls this world, her world, "a kind of punishment" because it sentences one to fear of and exclusion from what lies outside the circle of riches. He indicts it as "absurd." For him, what lies within the circle is lifeless, "a kind of hell." He not only asks preservation from it, he also seeks to escape it. Because there is "nothing else for him to do," he embraces "the literary life." Boredom, as well as repudiation, motivates his flight to art. His treasured freedom, then, is more than just freedom from his mother; it is freedom from her world--the very world to which he was born--and a way of life she represents.

The manuscript reveals more thoroughly than does the book, therefore, not only that Glassco is a rebel, but also that the nature of his rebellion allies him with the literary dandies, aesthetes, and decadents of nineteenth-century England and France. It demonstrates, more explicitly and more forcefully, that he shares their vision and their judgement. In the manuscript, he makes it clear that what they rejected, he rejects. Here, the repudiation so fundamentally characteristic of them is just as fundamentally characteristic of him. He too perceives the prevailing standards of his day to be vulgar, ugly, insipid, and sterile--the results of an oppressively material and rational approach to life. He too renounces these norms. He articulates this vision and judgement by spurning his mother and her mode of seriousness, by defining and denouncing his version of the philistine, and by rejecting the cornerstone of bourgeois society--work. Thus, Glassco's repudiation of his class and its values in the manuscript firmly establishes what it only suggests in

the book--his affiliation to literary dandyism, aestheticism, and decadence.

The second point of comparison through which differences between manuscript and book more clearly reveal this affiliation concerns the value of youth. Again, the manuscript highlights what the book only suggests--this time a veneration of youth. In doing so, it ties Glassco even more closely to literary dandyism. From the dandy's defiance, there typically springs, in his celebration of self, a celebration of youth. In Oscar Wilde's literary dandyism, for instance, Ellen Moers discerns "an obsession with youth, Youth terrible in its beauty, fatal in its attraction." She argues that "Youth-worship did serve Wilde as an inspiration," and she demonstrates that the theme informs much of his work. To conclude her argument, she draws attention to one of Wilde's "Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young." She writes, "'The condition of perfection is stillness,' runs Wilde's dandy maxim; 'the aim of perfection,' it concludes, 'is youth.'"22

Martin Green contends that this kind of devotion to and reverence for youth is characteristic not just of Wilde, but of all dandies. He observes that in general dandyism is a young man's style of being, but that:

some men, neither young nor beautiful themselves, adore those who are, wear similar clothes, and cultivate the same insolent or defiant style; other men, past the age for personal dandyism, transfer to art and style in art the feeling they formerly devoted to their bodies' beauty; yet other men, never interested in young men's beauty themselves, become passionate connoisseurs of the luxury consumed by that insolent style, the objets d'art and objets de luxe created for it.²³

All, Green argues, are manifestations of dandyism. What unites them is what he calls "the simplest psychological fact at the root of this cult" --"worship of the male adolescent."²⁴ At the root of literary dandyism, then, there lies not only repudiation, but also a veneration of youth.

In Memoirs of Montparnasse, both John Glassco and Graeme Taylor intimate that they too regard youth from the dandy's point of view. They suggest, in fact, that their pilgrimage to Paris stems from a devotion to youth. One of the sentiments that motivates Glassco's flight from Montreal is his "sense of throwing . . . my youth into a void" (MM, p. 1). One of his reasons for feeling at home in Paris is that here, "For the first time I can feel . . . the pulse of my youth--as you're supposed to at eighteen" (MM, p. 4). While visiting George Moore in London, Graeme reveals his reverence for youth when he praises Moore's account of his own pilgrimage to Paris, Confessions of a Young Man. He calls it "a book that will never date, it's a kind of statement of youth for all time, a youth in which we all partake somehow. Only people who are never young could find it dated" (MM, p. 12). The manuscript, however, gives more emphasis to these hints of youth-worship. Here, two other characters, Gwen Le Gallienne and Kay Boyle, reveal that they too venerate youth, and Glassco articulates his own reverence more fully.

Le Gallienne believes that Glassco virtually personifies youth. She claims that he will always be young because his youthfulness springs not just from his age but from his personality. She suspects that he will somehow be spared the effects of ageing, perhaps by dying an early death. When she chances upon him at a restaurant filled with wealthy middle-aged patrons, where he has stopped for a drink while despondently wandering through Paris after Graeme's departure, she tells him, "You

know, you don't belong in this place, you're much too young." "I suppose I am," he admits:

"But if I were ten years older it would make no difference."

"Yes, you're right. You have a kind of purity--or rather simplicity--that would always rule you out. I don't think you'll ever really grow up, I mean you'll never be the age of all these horrible creatures. You don't know how lucky you are. You + Stanley + Yvonne."

"Wrong. We're not lucky at all, we'll always feel like children and think of the effect when we're fifty. We'll just be ridiculous, without ballast or dignity."

"Oh, I don't know. Stanley and Yvonne may not weather too well, they'll probably be a pair of rouged old cacklers in time. But you've got brains, and you're rather hard in a nice kind of way. You'll make out. But don't worry about getting old, I have a feeling you're not going to live past thirty." (MS. V, 26-27)

Evident in Le Gallienne's remarks here are undercurrents of the dandy's attitude toward youth. She associates it with purity and simplicity. In so doing, she suggests that their opposite, corruption, typifies maturity. To age, according to her, is to eventually become horrible. Not to grow up is to be lucky.

Kay Boyle suggests that she too endorses the dandy's veneration of youth when she gives voice to the joy she derives from Bastille Day revelry. It borders on ecstasy and stems from the value she ascribes to being young. From her vantage point in the horse-drawn carriage where she and Glassco are soon to become lovers for the first time, she surveys the festivities. Surrounded by celebration, she intimates that what she celebrates most is youth. "Oh, this is heavenly," she says, "Only think, we're both so young" (MS. III, 72).

Glassco articulates these values more directly and at greater length. Despite his protests to Gwen Le Gallienne that not to age is "not lucky at all" because it subjects one to always feeling like a child

and eventually renders one ridiculous, "without ballast or dignity," he too subscribes to the dandy's youth-worship. He makes his reverence clear at both the beginning and the end of his European adventure. When he attends Eugene Jolas's party soon after his arrival in Paris, he discovers that he has become caught up in an ambitious and self-aggrandizing literary crowd in which no one truly cares for him. His response reveals what tops his hierarchy of values. "I sat down in a corner," he reports, "and tried to tell myself that I was still young, that nothing mattered but that." Then, he even enhances the premier position he has granted youth by concluding that this thought fills him "with a kind of negative ecstasy" (MM, II, 9).

Near the end of the manuscript, Glassco implies that if he had returned to Montreal with Graeme as a distressed Canadian, he would not be where he is now--in a Royal Victoria Hospital bed. Graeme counters that Glassco could not have brought himself to leave because "You were in love with Paris + with all the people, the sounds + the smells. You were in love with a dream." When Graeme leaves, Glassco admits that he is right.

It was a dream of excellence, beauty + verity I was in love with, something that doesn't exist anywhere. In no city in the world, even in Paris, is there any hope of realizing the dream of youth: the quiet plum-blue light of her evenings, the noisy, dusty light of her neons, these are not enough. But nothing is enough, no scene is sufficient to youth, which desires a climate, buildings, people that never were in the world. And now I am perhaps in the position of being obliged to leave even that insufficient world. (MS. VI, 62)

Here, one last time, Glassco expresses the dandy's devotion and reverence. He asserts that youth is what gave rise to his dream. He associates youth with "excellence, beauty, and verity." He concludes that even though it yearns for these ideals, they cannot be made real in this "insufficient world."

In the manuscript, then, all three characters place youth on a pedestal. Gwen Le Gallienne suggests that Glassco personifies the purity and simplicity of youth. She implies that to age is to become horrible, that not to grow up is to be lucky. Kay Boyle intimates that youth is what she celebrates most. And Glassco professes early on that being young is all that matters. He resigns himself, at last, to accept that there is no hope of realizing anywhere the ideals to which youth aspires --excellence, beauty, and verity. For him, youth finally ascends beyond reach.

It is important to remember, moreover, that in the manuscript as well as in the book, Glassco invented the statements these characters make. Their comments come to us not transcribed from their own mouths in 1928-32, but from Glassco's imagination in 1963-65. What he has them say, therefore, must to some extent reflect his own sensibility. That they all subscribe to the dandy's veneration of youth indicates that the reflection is a true one, not an ironic one.

Furthermore, in his preface to the book, Glassco himself made a telling remark, only to have it edited out before publication. Here, he claims "youth" to be one of "his true subjects."²⁵ In light of the lines Glassco gave to himself, to Gwen Le Gallienne, and to Kay Boyle in the manuscript--lines which place youth on a pedestal--this remark suggests that one of Glassco's purposes in writing was, indeed, to express a veneration of youth. One of his true subjects, then, is really youth-worship. Evidence from the last chapter of both the manuscript and the book supports this conclusion. As he nears the end of his account, Glassco says:

I keep on writing this book for the best reason in the world: to recapture a little of the brightness of those

days when I had health and spirits; for that brightness even seems to gild these long dreary days. As I write, I escape this ugly applegreen room, I forget the ache of my sawn ribs and my fear of death, and every day I have a sense of accomplishment, of not having wasted what little time I may still have to live. (MM, p. 239; MS. VI, 64-65)

To escape his current plight and to relive his youth are, in short, his reasons for writing. Given, however, that Glassco actually wrote these lines in 1963-65, not 1928-32, I find it impossible to believe that the sentiments expressed here apply only to the time of his hospital confinement. How can they not also reflect his sensibility at the time he wrote these words? They suggest, therefore, that Glassco still subscribed to the dandy's veneration of youth over thirty years after the time during which he claims to have written his memoirs. They imply, moreover, that his memoirs comprise a testament to the value of youth. Perhaps the passing years are just what led him to articulate this true subject. In any case, these words reinforce the conclusion to which the lines give to Gwen Le Gallienne, Kay Boyle, and Glassco himself all attest. The manuscript, more explicitly and more forcefully than the book, makes it clear that Glassco shares in the dandy's veneration of youth. In doing so, it again tightens the lines of affiliation between Glassco and literary dandyism.

The third point of comparison evolves from the most pronounced differences between manuscript and book--those that concern sexuality. Indeed, the accounts of sexual activity in the scribblers provide the most vivid evidence of Glassco's affiliation to literary dandyism, aestheticism, and decadence. In the book, his presentation of sexual concerns is discreet, subtle, and finally elusive. In the manuscript, however, it is candid, explicit, and unequivocal. When he revised his

scribblers into typescript, Glassco expurgated nearly all of the many direct representations of sexual activity. Again, therefore, the scribblers fully disclose what the book only suggests. They reveal specifically and develop thoroughly four sexual traits that ally Glassco with the literary dandies, aesthetes, and decadents of nineteenth-century England and France--narcissism, androgyny, homosexuality, and perversion.

Narcissism is a distinguishing feature of both the decadent and the dandy. Jean Pierrot contends that it follows naturally from the decadent's repudiation of prevailing social norms. "Professing as they did," he argues:

a fundamental idealism that led them to challenge, if not to deny outright, the reality of the external world, the decadents were quite naturally predisposed to turn in upon the self, upon their own consciousness, representing as it did the only reality remaining to them after the shipwreck of the external and illusory world.

"The decadent," concludes Pierrot, "is thus quite naturally given to introspection and narcissism."²⁶

So too is the dandy, asserts Martin Green, but he argues in the reverse direction. He regards narcissism not as the natural result of repudiation, but as its very source. By nature, observes Green, dandies worship Narcissus; he defines dandyism, therefore, as a manifestation of the myth. "In its simplest form," he argues, "the young man loves his own beauty and makes that love insolently manifest in his clothes, posture, manners, conversation, judgments, imposing on everything a style that defies the 'mature' values of his father and mother."²⁷ "We can certainly see dandyism," he concludes, "as rooted sexually in narcissism."²⁸ According to Green, therefore, the dandy's defiance of his class and its values springs from his narcissism, while according to Pierrot, the decadent's narcissism follows from that defiance. Either

way, narcissism is a fundamental characteristic of both dandyism and decadence.

On one occasion in Memoirs of Montparnasse, love of self is subtly ascribed to Glassco by Caridad de Plumas. When he tells her of his passion for Mrs. Quayle, she attributes it to narcissistic sources. "You should realize," she tells him:

it is not this American woman you love--it is her imago, which is in turn only an imaginative projection or radiation of your own other self. You are plagued by your double identity, you wish to adore your passive self, at the same time as you wish to be rejected by it, for reasons which are your own business. (MM, p. 184)

According to Caridad, Glassco's passion for Mrs. Quayle masks a "wish to adore" himself. She contends that he has imaginatively transformed her into an expression of his own identity. Within Glassco's love of Mrs. Quayle, therefore, Caridad discerns self-love.

In the manuscript, however, evidence of narcissism emerges not only more often but also in ways that are more telling. Again one must remember that Glassco did not transcribe dialogue soon after it was spoken. He imagined it more than thirty years later. What his characters say, therefore, must to some extent reflect his own sensibility within theirs. Surely the validity of this assumption is borne out in Caridad's remark, which appears verbatim in both the manuscript and the book. Even though Glassco presents her as an expert in matters of love and sex, she is still a semiprofessional cocotte, not a learned, up-to-date psychiatrist. It is highly unlikely that she would have expressed an erudite, Jungian interpretation of Glassco's passion for Mrs. Quayle. Furthermore, given that Glassco recorded the analysis he attributes to her not in 1928, when she allegedly spoke it, but rather in 1965, how can

her comment not reflect his own retrospective analysis, probably more than it does hers? It would seem, therefore, that a mature Glassco discerns narcissism in his youthful self, but has another character express the insight.

In the manuscript, there are more of these comments which Glassco attributes to others but which also reflect his mature awareness of his youthful narcissism. Here, for instance, Caridad prompts Glassco to confess his passion for Mrs. Quayle with a more succinct allegation of narcissism. She says: "I ask myself, 'What is a young man's greatest problem?' and I answer, 'It is love, of course.' Then I say, 'But this young man is too vain to fall in love'" (MS. V, 51). Robert McAlmon makes a similar, though less direct charge. He sneers, "And you don't like that do you?" when Glassco says that Stanley never looks at him (MS. IV, 4).

Narcissism, however, appertains not only to the youthful protagonist, but also to the mature memoirist. The manuscript makes it clear that a love of self continued to inspire Glassco even when he was composing his scribbles. Other characters, for instance, praise his beauty in the manuscript. That Glassco has them do so reflects his own persistent love of his body's youthful beauty. McAlmon calls him "a blooming wildflower" and tells him "you're beautiful . . . you've got the loveliest bahdy in the world" (MS. III, 83). When Kay Boyle first tries to seduce him, she whispers "Déar heart, I want you You are sweet, and you look so Olympian tonight" (MS. III, 32). Glassco even has Ethel Moorhead express a physical attraction to him. He notices "the gleam in her eye which bespeaks what is so often the only sexual weakness left to maiden ladies, a kind of tender and diffident voyeurism." He has her tell him

that in a colony of inverted young women" he "may make another conquest" (MS. IV, 9, emphasis added).

Furthermore, in the manuscript Glassco himself gives voice to a preoccupation with his own beauty. While admiring Laurence Vail's looks, he bemoans that he has not, "alas," inherited his grandfather's nose, a "magnificent predatory beak" (MS. III, 93). Later, after posing naked for postcard photographs, he praises the results as "the best thing of their kind I had ever seen," and confesses that, "I found the sight of them gave me a great feeling of pride" (MS. VI, 25). Glassco even asserts, in a line that he later cancelled in the manuscript, "I was one of the best-looking young men I had ever seen" (MS. II, 97).

Of all the lines he gives to other characters, however, those spoken by Gwen Le Gallienne are the most redolent of narcissism in Glassco's own sensibility. The night they meet, she brings him back to her apartment for what she calls a party. When he undresses before her and her lover, Yvette Ledoux, Gwen exclaims "My, what a nice young man you are! God, he's only eighteen--and just look . . ." (MS. I, 28). Later, when she has him model in the nude for a drawing, Glassco reports that she found his "contours unsympathetic." What she says amounts to praising with faint damnation. Because he puts the words in her mouth, what she says also amounts to self-praise. "It's no use," begins Gwen, "throwing down her crayon":

"Your body is just too classic. Michelangelo would have liked it, he might have done you as some kind of bloody faun. I can't use it, you're just too damn graceful--all your lines are too trite and Maillol. Your behind, for instance, is so beautiful it's tedious."

"Sorry."

"Even your genitals are on a reduced scale--I never saw anything so unassertive, so Greek."

"You're speaking as an artist, of course."

"And as a woman too, by God. They're nice, damn nice --but your body hasn't any modern significance."

"Balls."

"My dear boy, don't get me wrong. Your nudity is the kind the 18th century would have loved, but never dared draw. The school of Watteau did you in costume: romantic, epicene, making a bow or strumming a lute." (MS. V, 31-32)

Still, the most convincing evidence of Glassco's narcissism emerges, in the manuscript, when he acknowledges his homosexual experiences. Indeed, when he does so, he virtually avows love of self. In the book, Glassco always positions himself outside the circle of homosexual activity with which he occasionally comes into contact. Even though he visits homosexual dancings, and even though he intimates that McAlmon is sexually attracted to him, Glassco presents himself as strictly heterosexual. At no time in Memoirs of Montparnasse does he engage in homosexual practices. In the manuscript, however, the issue is much more complex.

Here, from start to finish, many characters automatically assume from his appearance that Glassco is a homosexual. Soon after he arrives in Paris, for instance, he visits the Gipsy Bar with Gwen and Yvette. He finds it "full of hard-faced young lesbians + desperate-looking old women." When he is introduced to one of the latter, who is "wearing a man's evening dress + a monocle," she immediately announces, "Ah, I can see you are one of us" and then drinks to his health (MS. I, 25). Later that spring, while trying to seduce Velma Flood, who is called Emily Pine in the book, Glassco discovers that she too has made the same assumption. When he persuades her to dance, she leans close to him and murmurs, "You really do care for men, don't you? . . . I thought so" (MS. II, 34). In Nice, when Glassco introduces himself to Stanley, telling her that for two weeks he has been trying to speak with her, she answers, "I thought you were a fairy" (MS. IV, 16). And when he, Graeme, and Stanley return to Paris, she begins to cut her hair short and dress like a man. Glassco then acknowledges that "when we appeared in quarters

where we were not known, we were automatically taken for a trio of homosexuals" (MS. IV, 74).

Glassco summarizes his predicament when he first meets Robert McAlmon. In response to McAlmon's calling him and Graeme "lovebirds," he says: "I had discovered a few years earlier that I had a curious and irresistible attraction for homosexuals, that they automatically considered me one also, + there wasn't anything I could do about it." He then makes the confession he never broaches in the book. At its end, he assents to his own narcissism. "Like most youths," he begins:

I had of course already had a number of homosexual experiences, but they had been quite one-sided + I had found the practices and postures which they involved stupid + inadequate, and the conjunctions highly uncomfortable: I was seldom approached a third or fourth time. In other words, I was so utterly heterosexual and had even so little revulsion towards the male organ that the sight of one in erection simply made me think of a hat-peg, + in repose of a hot dog. But I would never have thought of refusing my person to any man who really wanted it, for neither my tender-heartedness nor my vanity was proof against a desire which so appealed to one + so flattered the other. (MS. II, 57-58)

That Glassco confesses in the manuscript to what he tacitly denies in the book--participation in homosexual activity--is indeed striking. His confession, however, proves to be a paradox. On the one hand, he denounces homosexual "practices and postures" as "stupid," "inadequate," and "highly uncomfortable." On the other hand, he claims that he would never refuse his body "to any man who really wanted it." What enables Glassco to sustain the contradiction is self-love. Even though he describes himself as "utterly heterosexual," he submits to homosexual advances because he finds them flattering. He will suffer what he dislikes, he will even temporarily become what he is not, because homosexual advances appeal to his "vanity." Such vanity is a telling manifestation of narcissism.

Near the end of the manuscript, Glassco reaffirms this assessment. In Paris, while living with McAlmon as his "kept boy," Glassco ponders what it means to be kept. His argument develops into a poignant tribute to McAlmon, but it ends with a brief reflection of his own role. He again acknowledges, with his last line, that much of his motivation for entering into such a relationship is rooted in love of self. "The life of a kept person," he begins:

is somehow associated with stupidity, laziness, absence of shame + a submission to unwelcome desires--in a word, with the stigma of common prostitution. This view is unjust, untrue, and extremely stupid in itself: no man or woman is kept by another except for the best reason in the world, that of his or her own charm, responsiveness + genuine affection; the bond is much more vital + valid than the legal sanction of marriage, simply because it can be severed at any time; as for the money involved, that is so much a matter of chance that it carries no weight at all: many rich people are worthy of being kept, + many poor ones incapable of being so. If I had been as rich as Bob, and he as poor as I, our positions would have been reversed but essentially the same: I would have felt delighted + honoured to support him, for the best reasons in the world--because I liked and admired him, was touched by his loneliness, amused by his humour, impressed by his frankness + honesty + stimulated by the unflinching though unformulated anarchy of his views: his was the most genuine personality I have ever known. I was, in fact, so fond of him that I could endure his pathetic sexual fumbling with a complaisance that was almost maternal, and was only too happy to lend myself to whatever fictive role he wanted to cast me in--not out of condescension or compassion, but simply because the sight of his satisfaction gave me in the end a feeling of achievement, comfort + peace. The affections have much to do with egoism, + very little with sex. (MS. VI, 53-54)

Glassco is concerned here not only with the sexual transaction between a keeping lover and a kept beloved, but also with the entirety of their relationship. In the previously cited passage, he revealed the pride he takes in another man's sexual desire for his body. In this passage, he expounds and qualifies that disclosure by suggesting that he takes even

greater pride in the other's esteem for his entire person. He contends that he is "kept" not only because of his "exceptional" or vocative beauty, but also because of his "charm," that is, his "personality," which, he argues, is a "powerful attraction" that is "important for being kept" (102). Therefore, he is able to find some relief that he does not feel "kept" only because of his "beauty" (102).

In the second of the two passages, he argues that he is kept "the art of entering into a relationship with others" as a "expression of narcissism" (102). He argues, in the first, that he enters into a "relationship" with a homosexual "because of the desire to be kept" (102). In the second, he acknowledges again that he is kept "to endure what he calls 'pathetic sexual fumbling.'" This time, however, he reveals that the proceedings lend even greater support to his ego. He concedes that by satisfying McAlmon's homosexual desire, he attains a sense of "achievement, comfort + peace." When taken together, then, these passages make two things clear. First, Glassco derives from being kept important feelings of self-esteem. Second, these feelings originate not only in what he perceives to be the attractions of his physical beauty but also in what he perceives to be the appeal of his entire person. By allowing himself to be kept, therefore, Glassco makes these perceptions manifest. Another man expresses them, and he assents to them. To enter into a kept relationship is to realize the love which he contends his beauty and charm warrant. To a large extent, love of self motivates him into keeping.

Finally, when Glassco first confesses to participation in homosexual activity, he acknowledges his "vanity." When he argues his case

for being kept, he acknowledges that his affections "have much to do with egoism." Both "vanity" and "egoism" are partial definitions of narcissism. Although he prefers not to use the word, he does avow the qualities of self-love that the word signifies. In these two passages, therefore, Glasco himself confirms what is implicit in both the lines of dialogue he attributes to others and the unspoken thoughts he ascribes to himself--connotations of narcissism in his own sensibility.

In the manuscript, then, Glasco cuts an androgynous figure. Because he manifests love of self, because other characters assume from his appearance that he is a homosexual, and because he engages in sexual relations with both men and women, he fits the definition of an androgyne that A. J. L. Busst employs in his critical survey, "The Image of the Androgyne in the Nineteenth Century." According to Busst, an androgyne is "a person who unites certain of the essential characteristics of both sexes and who, consequently, may be considered as both a man and a woman or as neither a man nor a woman, as bisexual or asexual."²⁹ Other critics agree that a fascination with the androgyne is a distinguishing feature of literary decadence in nineteenth-century England and France. In The Idea of Decadence in French Literature, 1830-1900, A. E. Carter observes that "By the eighties, Romanticism's mal du siècle had become androgynism." He asserts that it is often described as one of the "symptoms of decadence."³⁰ In The Romantic Agony, Mario Praz observes that "the fashion for the Androgyne . . . assumed alarming proportions only in the second part of the century."³¹ He asserts that "the androgyne ideal was the obsession . . . of the whole Decadent Movement."³² It is A. J. L. Busst, however, who offers the most discriminating insight into the connection between androgyny and literary decadence. Although he allows

that there was "continuous and widespread interest"³³ focused on the androgyne during the nineteenth century, he maintains that "artists and writers were engrossed with the image and the conception of such a person"³⁴ during every other age as well. Such continuity reflects, according to Busst, "the permanence of the notion of androgyny within the human mind itself."³⁵ Instead, he argues that the image of the androgyne undergoes a profound evolution during the 1800s. He demonstrates that the image which predominated during the early part of the century was "above all a symbol of virtue"--"optimistic because it symbolized solidarity, fraternity, communion, continuity of progress, trust in the future, in God and in the fundamental goodness of man."³⁶ Busst then demonstrates that the image of the androgyne which predominated during the latter part of the century was, however, "above all a symbol of vice."³⁷ This image is pessimistic, concerned mostly with sex, and representative of "not only promiscuity, but indeed all sorts of perversions": especially "homosexuality, sadism, and masochism."³⁸ This, then, is the image of the androgyne that has come to be regarded as a distinguishing feature of literary decadence. The same image pervades Glassco's manuscript. The scribblers depict, more vividly than does the book, an androgynous Glassco's excursions into a world of vice characterized by homosexuality, sadism, and masochism.

In 1963, when Glassco first started to outline his memoirs, he intended to make no secret of his participation in homosexual activity. In his original notes for Chapter 2, for instance, he wrote:

George's affection for me was not altogether platonic. I did not care for this, but he was so devoted, so amusing + clever + resourceful that I put up with it, + even managed to simulate some interest of my own in proceedings which were never for me other than boring + incomprehensible. (MS. I, 3)

Even though Glassco did not include this statement in the narrative, where he makes no mention of ever engaging in homosexual activity with Graeme, homosexuality is nevertheless a prominent issue in the manuscript. It is also one of the thematic concerns that critics most often cite as a distinctive feature of decadent literature in nineteenth-century England and France. In the introduction to his anthology Sexual Heretics: Male Homosexuality in English Literature from 1850 to 1900, Brian Reade contends that there was in England "a discernible wave of homosexual subculture, beginning around 1850 and closing shortly after the Wilde trials of 1895."³⁹ He argues that a serious concern for homosexual emotions during the period "is notable in a growing spate of literary effusions."⁴⁰ In The Decadent Imagination, 1880-1900, Jean Pierrot argues that in France, homosexuality was one of the perversions with which "the art and literature of the period dealt most often."⁴¹ He asserts that, "First and foremost, of course, fin-de-siècle literature brought out into the open the homosexuality already more or less apparent in the work of Gautier and Baudelaire."⁴²

From Reade, furthermore, comes the insight with the most direct bearing on Glassco's manuscript. He affirms that homosexuality is tied to aestheticism, not just to decadence. "In the mid-1880s," discerns Reade:

the admission of [homosexual] sentiments . . . grew into a belief that the more acute sensibility of the "artistic temperament" was often allied to the frustrated senses of the homosexual. To be homosexually inclined thus became one of the secondary qualifications for declaring oneself an "artist."⁴³

In his scribbles, Glassco twice depicts himself subscribing to this very belief. He too associates an artistic temperament with homosexual inclinations. He begins to articulate this notion in Luxembourg, after Mc-

Almon reads the first chapter of his memoirs. He then asks Glassco, "How come you're always getting pushed into bed with George? If you're a homo don't be ashamed of it." Having already perceived McAlmon's own homosexual inclinations, Glassco does not answer. He does, however, explain his silence.

It seemed unwise to admit we were not homosexual, for two reasons: the first was that, deprived of the voyeuristic fillip he received from the thought, and often the sight, of us sleeping in one bed, he might walk out of our lives just when I was beginning to value his personality even more than his financial assistance; the second was that I was, at that time, rather ashamed of not being so sophisticated as to be homosexual; I felt being normal was naive. (MS. III, 1-2)

Later, when he shares living quarters with Graeme and McAlmon in Nice, Glassco expounds on this notion.

What a nuisance it was, I thought, not to be a homosexual! I truly deplored the waste of opportunities open to me in the domestic situation I was in, but could not change my nature or my tastes. I have heard that men in prison enter into homosexual relationships, *faute de mieux*: I am quite ready to believe they do, but I fail to see how they can. I am not repelled by male contacts, I am simply indifferent. This is, in fact, as great a disappointment to me as my total want of appreciation of painting. Pictures, like men, mean nothing to me; . . . the world of pure design is, alas, as closed to me as that of homosexuality. And this is, as I have said, both a grief and a nuisance, like any deprivation. (MS. IV, 1-2)

In light of Reade's analysis, these two passages make manifest Glassco's aestheticism. When taken together, they disclose his longing to be homosexual. They also reveal that he associates homosexual inclinations with artistic sensibility. To be "normal," he believes, is to be "naive," with all the word's connotations of artlessness. "To be homosexual," however, is to be "sophisticated," with all the word's connotations of culture. He compares his lack of interest in homosexual activity with his indifference to painting. That he appreciates neither men

nor pictures dismays him. He laments that both the world of homosexuality and "the world of pure design" are closed to him. What motivates his longing to be homosexual, then, is his aesthetic sensibility. He believes that being homosexual would make him sophisticated, not only in the sense of "worldly," but also in the sense of "cultured." He subscribes, therefore, to what Brian Reade identifies as a distinctive feature of fin-de-siècle aestheticism--the belief that "to be homosexually inclined" is a secondary qualification for "declaring oneself an 'artist.'"

By the end of the year, however, Glassco has drastically changed his opinion of homosexuality. At this point in the manuscript, he is living with McAlmon as his kept lover, McAlmon having rescued him from the life of a male prostitute in a Paris brothel for middle-aged women. Glassco then unleashes another of his diatribes.

Homosexuals, as such, bore me to suffocation. Their affections seem so desultory, inconstant and capricious: they are always quarrelling, always unsatisfied; they incorporate the worst features of women--their spitefulness, love of gossip, sense of envy + preoccupation with status. I feel sure these faults can only be cured by some legal form of marriage between them: this would give them the security + recognition they crave, + would box them up in the same way as wives + husbands. Their relationships would thus be regularized, dulled + conventionalized, + approximate those of heterosexuals; they could forget about their apparent differences from other men, and they would find that sex is as tedious + unsatisfactory for them as for anyone else, + could get on with whatever other purpose they have in life.

Bob was not as limited as this. His sexuality was not strong, and I even began to envy him its weakness. (MS. VI, 41-42)

That Glassco denounces here those men whose ranks he previously longed to join is indeed striking. Perhaps even more significant, however, is that in doing so he also decries heterosexuality. Both forms of sexual activity, he sneers, are "tedious + unsatisfactory." His weariness and dis-

affection even cause him to envy McAlmon's diminished libido. In short, he has had it with sex. His double denunciation, however, raises an obvious question: What has occasioned such a turnabout? Less than a year before, he had proclaimed in both the manuscript and the book that "As a youth of barely eighteen I was finding my passions a great problem. This is the age when one has an inexhaustible interest in sex and it seems the most important thing in life" (MM, p. 80; MS. III, 19). The key to answering the question is hidden in Glassco's denunciation. He implies, in this passage, that for him sex has become restrictive and confining. His choice of words betrays his attitude. Homosexuals bore him "to suffocation." Heterosexual relations are regular, dull, and conventional. Marriage serves to box up a husband and wife. To engage in sexual activity, therefore, whether homosexual or heterosexual in nature, is to renounce some of one's freedom. Sex, according to Glassco, is a trap. The manuscript reveals that his sense of confinement, along with its attendant tedium and dissatisfaction, stems from his excursion into a form of sexual perversion, algolagnia.

In his article "Fierce Midnights: Algolagniac Fantasy and the Literature of the Decadence," Jerry Palmer demonstrates that a concern for the sexual attraction of either suffering or inflicting pain is a distinctive aspect of decadent sensibility. Within "certain well-known themes of 'the literature of Decadence,'" he discerns the presence of algolagniac motifs. Tracing and analyzing such motifs, Palmer⁴³ argues that they are "to be found not only in pornography but more generally, albeit in disguised forms, in the literature" of the period.⁴⁴ Although he maintains that algolagnia was "certainly not . . . a new taste in real life,"⁴⁵ he stresses that there was an "absolute increase in the number

of algolagniac texts" in the second half of the nineteenth century.⁴⁶ One of the most prominent of the motifs that he analyzes is flagellation. Concurring with the conclusion drawn by the bibliographers he cites, Palmer asserts that in both the English and French decadent periods "the quantity of flagellation literature increased."⁴⁷ He affirms, therefore, that flagellation is a distinctive motif in "the literature of Decadence." Because it is also a prominent feature in the manuscript of Memoirs of Montparnasse, it too allies Glassco with the literary decadents of fin-de-siècle England and France.

In the scribblers, Glassco recounts at length his first experience with flagellation. It transpires in Stanley's apartment on the Riviera. The first time he calls upon her, she plays the song "Careless Love" for him on her ukelele. When he asks her to play something more, her response starts their relationship on a circuitous route toward his desired goal--intercourse. For Glassco, as well as for Stanley, the preliminary attractions prove to be exciting. She refuses to play another song. "No," she tells him:

"I don't want to."

The sudden crossness of her tone was surprising. Then I saw she was looking at me with a strange brightness in her eyes, panting like a child of ten.

"I won't," she said challengingly.

"You won't, eh?"

"You can't make me."

I had the sensation of being carried into some kind of fictive world, some scene of make believe whose tone + dimensions made a strong but puzzling demand. It was like being suddenly handed a role. I said nothing, looking at her with attention.

"You can't make me," she repeated rudely.

"I see. You're not a real artist at all. You won't play unless you feel like it. That means you don't practise. You need a regular routine."

"That's what you say. That's what my music-master used to say too. But he made me practise, he made me. Do you know how? He used to beat me--with his riding-whip."

"Good for him. That's what you need, I guess." I was beginning to grasp things. "You need a good beating."

"Yes," she said breathlessly.

"Very well then. Either you play for me, or I give you a beating. Come on, what's it to be?"

"I don't want to play. I won't."

"Then I'll make you. I don't even need a riding-whip either."

"There's one in my bedroom."

"So much the better. Bring it here."

"No."

"Bring it here, I said." I was wondering what I would do if she refused: although by now well settled in my part, I did not welcome the prospect of an actual scuffle with this muscular girl.

She got up slowly, her eyes fixed on me in histrionic despair, and went into her bedroom. When she came out again she was bare to the waist; cringing, she proffered me a hunting-crop.

"Aha," I said, deciding to play the piece by ear from now on, "so you're shameless as well as idle! Well then, my girl, you must take the consequences. Bend over."

She spread her feet + touched her toes. "Please," she whispered, "not too hard."

"No more than you deserve," I said firmly, feeling like Squeers in Nicholas Nickleby. "But no less."

After the fourth stroke she began to cry. It was a curious sound--at once desolating, pathetic + spurious. The satin trousers suddenly struck me as superfluous, and I told her to take them off.

"Oh, do I have to? Please, don't be cruel."

"I'm not cruel. This hurts me as much as it does you. Come now, down with them."

The trousers fell to the floor. I saw the pale pink welts on this pair of buttocks which had been tantalizing me for so long, and experienced a kind of ecstasy. I struck her twice more. She howled, swinging her hips.

"That's enough," I said. "Now you're going to be sent to bed. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I've been a naughty girl. Don't go away."

"No. Into bed with you, now."

"You'll come + kiss me, and tuck me in?"

"More than that, Stanley."

Half an hour later we had another glass of her abominable milk + biscuits.

"You know," she said, looking at me over the rim of her jelly-glass, "I think we're going to be real friends. I'm so glad you're not a poet." (MS. IV, 24-27)

Later in the manuscript, Glassco confirms that he does derive sexual pleasure from beating Stanley. While discussing the experience with Graeme, he admits that her "ritual of submission," her "bad little girl act," excites him. Confessing that he finds such appeal "irresistible,"

he declares: "she inflamed my imagination even more than my senses, and the one pricked on the other in an unbreakable progression reinforced by simple affection + stupid pride" (MS. IV, 42-43). But as Graeme first observes, and Glassco himself acknowledges, the proceedings are taking their toll on him. Stanley is "insatiable in all matters of the senses," claims Glassco; her "appetite for flagellation" is "of epic proportions." While she is "blooming like a rose," he begins to lose weight and to feel fatigued. Graeme observes that he is starting "to look like someone who takes too many Turkish baths--sort of wilted." Glassco admits, "I had even taken to napping in the afternoon, like an old man" (MS. IV, 41-42). As for Graeme, he announces, "I wouldn't mind having a whack at Stanley myself." Glassco thinks it "a brilliant idea" (MS. IV, 43), and together they work out a plan to share her in a flagellant ménage à trois. Stanley assents, delighted at the prospect of two lovers. In the manuscript, Glassco concludes that "A full account of this first séance cannot, alas, be given, but we all ended up in the one bed and, having flaunted a number of provisions of the criminal code, fell asleep towards dawn" (MS. IV, 46-47). In the book, however, Glassco admits only that his and Graeme's relationship with Stanley "became more complex" (MM, p. 146). Nowhere in Memoirs of Montparnasse does he make any mention of flagellation.

In the manuscript, furthermore, even though he does derive sexual pleasure from the experience, Glassco's involvement with flagellation does not release within him any sadistic impulses. Instead, it releases masochistic ones. They too ally him with the literary decadents of nineteenth-century England and France. Critics have often identified masochism as a distinctive concern in much decadent literature. The one who

demonstrates the connection most thoroughly is Mario Praz in his The Romantic Agony. He also summarizes the relationship of masochism to decadence most succinctly. Observes Praz, "It is curious to follow the parabola of the sexes during the nineteenth century." He concludes: "The male, who at first tends toward sadism, inclines, at the end of the century, towards masochism."⁴⁸

Just as he did with his participation in homosexual activity, Glassco makes no secret of his masochistic inclinations in the scribblers. When he, Graeme, and Stanley return from Nice to Paris, she enters into a lesbian relationship with Gwen Le Gallienne, whom Glassco calls Daphne Le Large at this point in the manuscript. He knows that she too is experienced in flagellation because he once heard her threaten to "spank" her previous lesbian lover, Yvette, and he saw the leather strap she keeps for the occasion. When Stanley decides to replace her two male lovers with the one female, Glassco infers that Daphne has assumed the sexual pleasure of beating her. Sitting alone with Daphne in the Café Buffalo, Stanley having gone to get her few possessions, Glassco feels the tables turn. He discovers what it is to be in Stanley's shoes when he tells Daphne that he thinks he will stop writing. She answers "Don't be a fool. Bob says you're good. All you need is someone to take you in hand." Her statement begins to reverse for him the roles he and Stanley had previously played. Daphne, he reports:

looked so handsome + authoritative in her felt hat + cape that I had a sudden wild desire for her. She reached out a hand, the wrist encircled by a silver chain-bracelet, + gripped my arm. "That's all you need, my boy. Somebody to make you toe the mark."

I was weak with a curious kind of lust I had never known before. I looked for an instant at Daphne's beautiful set face, + realized with amazement that I wanted her to beat me + take me to bed with her instead of Stanley. (MS. IV, 83-84)

Later in the manuscript, after Graeme has returned to Montreal, Glassco shares Daphne's studio apartment with her. For several weeks they engage in straight heterosexual relations. Glassco admits, however, that "this was not what I really wanted from Daphne. I never dared tell her that I wanted her to beat me: that would have had to have come from her own desire + impulsion." Her strap, he concludes, "lay coiled on the dressing-table" MS. V, 32'. Finally, from his hospital bed in Montreal, Glassco makes it clear that he both recognizes and accepts his masochism. Looking back over his life in Paris, he makes another confession that he never broaches in the book, and he considers its practical consequences. "In those days," he begins:

I was romantic, even sentimental. Now, in this hospital, I'm simply obsessed by sex: it's all I can think of. But it's not Velma or Yvonne or May Fry or the girl in the rhinestone choker or Mrs. Porterhouse or even Stanley around whom my reveries are formed. It is Daphne Le Large --but not as she was when we actually slept together: that memory means nothing. It is Daphne as she was that wet morning in the Café Buffalo, in her felt hat + raincape; it is Daphne saying "you need someone to make you toe the line," + remarking that she was going to flagellate Stanley's behind. I can't understand this: it is a real surprise. It seems I am a masochist.

I realize this is going to complicate my love-life a good deal from now on: it will mean a lot of looking around + entail a tremendous waste of time. In fact it's a thorough nuisance. However, I must face the facts: I've simply got to find some woman to beat me, that's all. How I'm to go about this I've no idea. I suppose I'll have to advertise, just as if I wanted to buy an antique automobile or sell a rare breed of dog. Well, that can wait: I still have this 50/50 operation. (MS. IV, 86)

Critics agree, furthermore, that the most conspicuous manifestation of masochism in decadent literature is the appearance of the femme fatale. They argue that she is the obsession of the age and that her prominence betrays masochistic inclinations in decadent sensibility. Jerry Palmer contends, for instance, that the representation of the "Fatal Beauty should be equated with masochism."⁴⁹ By stressing, more-

over, that she is "one of the well-known themes of the 'literature of Decadence,'"⁵⁰ he spells out the connection between masochism, the fatal woman, and decadent sensibility. He argues that, "Although she is far from unknown in the early century, it is in the late century, and especially in the Decadent Movement, that the *femme fatale* acquired her real clarity of outline."⁵¹ Both Richard Gilman and Jean Pierrot concur. Gilman identifies her image as a major element in the "atmosphere of Decadent imagination."⁵² Pierrot contends that the image of woman to occur most frequently in decadent literature "is the *femme fatale* or siren luring those who love her and those she loves to their deaths."⁵³

Again, however, the argument with the most direct bearing on Glassco's scribblers comes from Mario Praz. Not only does he demonstrate that the prominence of the fatal woman is a distinguishing feature of decadent literature in both fin-de-siècle England and France, he also enumerates "the elements which were destined to become [her] permanent characteristics." He compares her to a spider and to a praying mantis, killing "the male whom she loves." He also compares her to a flame that attracts and burns "the moth destined for sacrifice," her lover. According to Praz, "sexual cannibalism" defines her and is "her monopoly." Her lover "is usually a youth, and maintains a passive attitude: he is obscure, and inferior either in condition or in physical exuberance" to the *femme fatale*. He falls in love with her "because she is unattainable." For him, "the knowledge of her body is an end in itself, beyond which life has nothing to offer."⁵⁴

In the manuscript of Memoirs of Montparnasse, when Glassco confesses to Caridad de Plumas his passion for Mrs. Quayle, whom he calls here Mrs. Porterhouse, Caridad infers that she must be a "fatal woman."

He admits that "she is fatal enough--to me at any rate" (MS. V, 52). Glassco's depiction of Mrs. Porterhouse in the scribbles makes it clear that she is one indeed. Here she displays all the characteristics that Mario Praz ascribes to the femme fatale from the moment she sets out to seduce Glassco. He recounts their first sexual liaison at length. Not only does Mrs. Porterhouse initiate it, she immediately takes control of the proceedings and directs them throughout, not for their mutual pleasure but solely for her own. Calling him "dear boy," she manipulates his youth. Glassco, as Praz puts it, "maintains a passive attitude." He does what he is told. Mrs. Porterhouse reveals, on the other hand, her sexual cannibalism. She requires him to be silent; she makes no attempt to please him; and she denies him, in the end, any sexual fulfilment of his own. At her moment of orgasm, she retreats into self, into a kind of "animal lust," seemingly oblivious to his very presence let alone his pleasure. She thrives on the experience, the ritual invigorating her and filling her with energy. She has no need to rest before indulging herself again. By the end of their first sexual séance, she has reduced him to a drone who goes through the motions to satisfy her, who achieves no satisfaction himself, and who begins to sink into a worrisome depression. When he first tries to take her in his arms, she responds:

"No, no. I want you in my own way." She began smelling me all over, with short sniffs--my hair, hands, chest + neck. "I think odour is very important," she murmured, "I like your odour--you smell like a peach." She kept on sniffing. "Là-bas, you smell like a tablecloth that's been in the sun. Lovely. But your clothes have a little too much salt. Go into the bathroom + take them off, like a dear boy. I want to smell you all over."

I was glad I had taken a bath the day before. When I came back she asked me to lie down on the sofa; she then smelled me from top to toe. I was beginning to be much less excited, but that did not seem to bother her at all. Her face had taken on a closed, rapt expression; she no longer touched me with her hands: all her senses seemed to

be concentrated in her nose. Every now + then her leather dressing-gown fell open, giving glimpses of a thin, pinch-buttocked, tiny-breasted body which was curiously like a boy's: her nipples were large and almost black, her pubic region was shaved clean. She herself now gave off an intoxicating odour of cuir de russie, a scent in which her dressing-gown had been apparently steeped. After a while she asked me to turn over and pried my buttocks apart.

"Look" I said, "it's going to be a little nutty there, you know. I'm sorry, but that's how it is."

"Will you please stop talking. I know what I like."

I relaxed, + she inhaled deeply.

"Ah-h," she murmured. It was full minute before she spoke again. "Let's go to bed now, and copulate. Come into the bedroom."

The bedroom was small + dim; it seemed to be completely done in a dark leather--walls, furniture, cushions + curtains; it had the invigorating smell of a saddler's shop. It was obviously not used for sleeping; the wide bed was covered with a black polished leather that could have been calf or goat. Mrs. Porterhouse slipped out of her dressing-gown + lay down on her back.

"Look at me until you're ready," she said. "No, don't touch me. Keep your hands off me! I'm all ready. Take your time, I can wait. I like to wait. Stroke yourself if you have to. I like that too."

The sight of her small white body, spread eagled now in an attitude of invitation + surrender, had roused me so that I had no need to excite myself: all I wanted was to take her as soon as possible. To please her, however, I made a few passes as I stood beside the bed; she looked at me steadily, + her face began working with a kind of animal lust, her jaws opening + closing slowly like a stranded fish.

"Now," she muttered, her voice sounding as if her mouth was full of saliva. "Put your sex into mine. Copulate with me."

I did so, lowering myself on her with care. I had divined she wanted as little bodily contact as possible. Her whole body was tensed in resistance.

"Don't let me feel your weight," she said in the same quivering voice. "Don't try to kiss me. Just copulate."

As I was doing so she kept making comments of a clinical nature on the act we were performing, stressing its physiological aspect: her terminology was extraordinarily precise + erudite, I had the impression of listening to a medical textbook. The experience was curiously stimulating by its very coldbloodedness. I had never enjoyed myself more.

"I am close to orgasm," she remarked after a while. "Don't join me, please. I like to enjoy it by myself."

Selfish bitch, I thought. But I did as she asked. Her crisis was astounding: she shook, leaped, doubled up like a jackknife, stiffened, offered + withdrew like some kind of pornographic marionette for almost half a minute;

her arms remained outspread, her fists clenching + unclenching, her head thrown back, the cords of her neck straining while she gasped out a few appropriate medical expressions.

By then she was so sodden + relaxed there was no question of my being able to reach any consummation of my own. I made a few half-hearted attempts, then gave up.

"Would you like another cup of soup?" she asked, sitting up.

"Very much," I said. "But hadn't you better rest for a few minutes?"

"Not at all. I am now full of energy." She got into her dressing-gown. "I'll bring some sandwiches too. Which would you like--pâté, lobster or chopped egg? They are all prepared."

"In that case I would like one of each."

After eating + drinking we copulated again. It was the same story. I was beginning to get tired of the one-sided arrangement. "Look," I said, "I'd like to have an orgasm myself, if you don't mind."

"My dear boy, you shall. I am being a perfect pig, I know. But I've never been so well suited before: it's been an ideal conjunction. I want to see a lot of you from now on. Let's have another cup of soup, + then you shall have your pleasure. Coitus interruptus, of course."

"Oh, alright."

It was not much fun: I had the sensation of going through the movements mechanically, like a dredge, and when it was all over I felt a great melancholy descending on me. I tried to tell myself it was simply the effect of the soup wearing off; but I already knew it was more than that. (MS. V, 38-42)

The something more proves to be, in the book as well as in the manuscript, love. In both, Glassco claims that this first encounter results in his falling "hopelessly in love" with Mrs. Porterhouse/Quayle (MM, p. 179; MS. V, 43). In Memoirs of Montparnasse, I find Glassco's account of this love to be the least convincing aspect of the book, because he establishes very little basis for it. In his scribbles, however, Glassco not only makes his love more plausible by recounting its sexual foundation; in so doing he also demonstrates more clearly that Mrs. Porterhouse is indeed a femme fatale. In the book, Glassco certainly implies as much; he even has Caridad call her a mangeuse d'hommes (MM, p. 183). But he makes his case more explicit and more thorough in the

manuscript by disclosing that his love is doubly rooted in sex. First, Mrs. Porterhouse reveals herself to be a fatal woman by establishing a sexual hold on her victim and maintaining it throughout the course of their relationship. By submitting to her perverse will, he in turn reveals his masochistic inclinations. As cold-blooded as he finds their first encounter to be, Glassco confesses, "I had never enjoyed myself more." He will soon develop a compulsive lust for her. Second, even though she allows Glassco sexual access to her body, Mrs. Porterhouse manages to deny him any feeling of fully possessing her. She prevents him, as much as as possible, from touching her. She completely prohibits his kissing her. Soon, the desire to do so will obsess Glassco. She thus renders herself, in the end, unattainable. To excite and to elude are crucial to the femme fatale. By demonstrating that she does both, the scribblers confirm, again more explicitly and more forcefully, what Memoirs of Montparnasse suggests--that Mrs. Quayle/Porterhouse is indeed a fatal woman.

In the book, for instance, immediately after their first sexual liaison, Glassco asks himself how he could possibly have fallen in love with Mrs. Quayle. He declares that what he feels for her is the "first pure love" he has felt for any woman since "a little girl with ringlets whom I loved in kindergarten." He then manifests ever so gently the workings of masochism in his sensibility by speculating that he loved her "perhaps because she used to kick my shins under the table where we used to cut out coloured paper." To the question "Why do I love Mrs. Quayle?" he then answers, "Because she has really done the same thing." He concludes by asking himself the suggestive question, "Don't I love her because she is incapable of loving me?" (MM, p. 180).

In the manuscript, however, Glassco makes this self-interrogation more specific, more telling of his masochistic submission to the power of a fatal woman. To answer the same question about his love for Mrs. Porterhouse, "Why indeed?", he speculates: "because she is so epicene, perverse, untouchable? In a word because she is incapable of loving me?" He then confirms these intimations that she has, for him, one of the fatal woman's key attributes, inviolability. He wants more than sexual intercourse with her; he also wants what she denies him. "The point is," he concludes, "I want to kiss her, to kiss her tight little sisterly mouth she withholds so chastely. Her virginity is oral. I would be wildly jealous of any man who kissed her. Does any man kiss her?" (MS. V, 44-45). Because she will not allow him to do so, Glassco is thus unable fully to possess her. As his longing to kiss her attests, one reason he has fallen in love with Mrs. Porterhouse is that, as Mario Praz puts it, "she is unattainable." It is one of the features that makes her a fatal woman.

Later, while they both undergo cures for gonorrhea and consequently do not see each other, Glassco reaffirms this to be one of the appeals by which she holds him in thrall. When, despite his resolutions to forget her, he telephones Mrs. Porterhouse for the first time since informing her of the disease, he is stricken "once more . . . with love and adoration." In the book, he admits that "I had no thought for anything but the mouth, the odour, the body of Mrs. Quayle" (MM, p. 202). In the manuscript, however, he again goes further. He confesses that the sound of her voice renders him "almost dizzy." He bemoans that "However brief the days were, it would be an age of time before I saw her small dark-tipped breasts, her narrow haunches, her shaven mound, + assailed once

again the invincible chastity of her lips" (MS. VI, 10). Here again, Glassco testifies that for him Mrs. Porterhouse is ultimately unattainable. Even though they have already had sexual intercourse, he still thinks of her as chaste, as a virgin, because she refuses to let him kiss her.

Also evident in this passage, however, is the other source of Mrs. Porterhouse's status as *femme fatale*--the sexual hold she has on Glassco. By enumerating her sexual features, he reveals his lust for the transaction she promises. Later again in the manuscript, he reaffirms that this is the other appeal by which she holds him in thrall. He confesses to feelings of being "pursued," even while living with McAlmon as his "kept boy," "Pursued by the image and thought of Mrs. Porterhouse, about whom I was dreaming nightly and for whom I had such an obsession of fidelity + romantic love that I was impelled to masturbate while thinking of her rather than sleep with other women." He tells himself, while completing his "solitary exercises," that "Greater love hath no man than this" (MS. VI, 42). Glassco decided not to include this passage in the book.

Another confession that he decided to omit, however, resolves the issue for good, confirming that one of the two sources of his love for Mrs. Porterhouse is indeed the sexual hold she has on him. This one virtually embodies Mario Praz's inference that knowledge of the fatal woman's body is, for her young lover, "an end in itself, beyond which life has nothing to offer." Glassco confesses as much by recounting the vision that impels him to abandon everything so as to become Mrs. Porterhouse's kept lover. "The experience of looking out over Paris on a winter night," he begins:

is hardly worth recording: it has been done so many times before. My own vision, however, had a difference: it was not of the city at all, but of the black frosty sky above it, where I had an extraordinary vision of Mrs. Porterhouse's vagina, shining as if in the interior sky of my mind like a planet, detached from her body + haloed by flames. I saw it then as an absolute of this world, of my whole life, something eternal, unchangeable, of unique + unquestionable value. It was the only thing that counted. To communicate with it, touch, penetrate + be lost in it, was the only important thing, + combined a desire surpassing even the physical: it was a thing of worship in itself, not an abstraction like the word God or a symbol like the cross, but the very living, tangible stuff of a new + greater divinity of my very own, something that was not only made for my lips but that would respond to their contact in a way in which God does not respond to our prayers. (MS. VI, 55)

This passage makes it clear, finally, that Mrs. Porterhouse's stature owes as much to Glassco's attitude as it does to her own attributes. So it is with the fatal woman and her lover. This corollary to the theory of the femme fatale is stated most precisely by Jerry Palmer: "The man who is destroyed by the Fatal Beauty is destroyed, so to speak, from within." Palmer specifies, "it is his own appetite . . . that is as much responsible for his fate as the woman herself."⁵⁵ The manuscript discloses that Glassco's love for Mrs. Porterhouse stems from the sexual transaction she promises and the sexual fulfilment she withholds. The desire, however, takes its origin not within her, but within him. He is the one predisposed to her appeal. He is the one who indulges himself in it. Thus his scribbles bear witness to a statement Glassco was to make in 1974, in the introduction to his collection of three novellas, The Fatal Woman. There, he affirms that "She has been, indeed, a lifelong prepossession of mine." "The Fatal Woman," he concludes, "has been and remains my constant Muse."⁵⁶

On four counts, then, the exploration of sexual activity in the manuscript allies Glassco more closely than does the published text with

the literary dandies, aesthetes, and decadents of nineteenth-century England and France. First, the scribblers manifest the workings of narcissism in Glassco's sensibility, and narcissism lies close to the heart of both literary dandyism and decadence. Second, the manuscript portrays Glassco as an androgynous figure, and one of the most distinctive images in decadent literature is that of the androgyne. Third, the kinds of homosexual experience that Glassco acknowledges in the scribblers are redolent of both literary aestheticism and decadence: they disclose his linking homosexual inclinations to artistic sensibility, and they lead him into a world of sexual perversion. Fourth, this excursion then presents the most striking evidence of his affiliation to literary decadence. Indeed, what distinguishes the decadent from the dandy and the aesthete is that while all reject prevailing social norms, the decadent turns from his repudiation to cultivate perversity--sexual perversions chief among them. As Richard Gilman points out, the word "decadent" is often taken as a synonym for "sexually perverse."⁵⁷ Holbrook Jackson lists "Perversity" as the first of his "chief characteristics of the decadence" in England.⁵⁸ He specifies that "sex-inquisitiveness awoke slumbering aberrations in some [writers] and suggested them to others, with the result that definite perverse practices became associated with the 'advanced' movement."⁵⁹ In France, asserts Jean Pierrot, "Decadent literature took delight in describing various types of perversion."⁶⁰ A. E. Carter affirms that "Sexual perversions, in fact, are the chief ingredient" in many works of French decadent literature.⁶¹

But the sexually perverse role that Glassco assumes at the end of his manuscript is the refuge not only of the decadent, but also of the dandy and the aesthete. Ellen Moers discerns the appearance, near the

end of the fin-de-siècle, of "a new kind of masculine foil which combined the aesthete, the decadent and the dandy." She contends, furthermore, that he provides for "the amusement and gratification of the New Woman." "More playthings than heroes," concludes Moers, "these gentlemen are actually 'kept men.'"⁶² She could well be describing Glassco at the end of his manuscript--a kept man; a combination of aesthete, dandy, and decadent.

V. CONCLUSION

In the end, however, Glassco's affiliation to the literary dandies, aesthetes, and decadents of nineteenth-century England and France is not grounded in his manuscript's depiction of sexual activity. Nor is it based on the veneration of youth that his scribblers manifest more openly and ardently. Nor is it founded on his more explicit and forceful repudiation, in the manuscript, of the prevailing social norms that he depicts as philistine. No, these three points of comparison serve to tighten the lines of affiliation. What serves to establish them is, first and foremost, the subterfuge. In the first half of this study, I sought to demonstrate how literary subterfuge pervades Memoirs of Montparnasse, including the premise on which the book is founded, the dialogue, the plot structure, the characterizations, even the events themselves. I argued, furthermore, that subterfuge also pervades the scribblers, making it impossible, finally, to discriminate between fact and fiction in both the book and the manuscript. Literary subterfuge is thus the leading quality made manifest by the scribblers. It is just as prominent a feature of literary dandyism, aestheticism, and decadence. What I have been calling literary subterfuge, however, went by another name at the end of the nineteenth century. Comprising its meaning was the meaning of the word "artifice."

To the dandies, aesthetes, and decadents of fin-de-siècle England and France, "artifice" signified whatever is created, cultivated, and

civilized as opposed to whatever is natural, normal, and primitive--be it a pose, a giant orchid grown in a hot-house, or a work of literature. "Artificiality," observes A. E. Carter, "by its very essence--an effort to alter and improve Nature--is a manifestation of will-power."¹ It is a trademark of the era, one of the chief characteristics that Holbrook Jackson discerns in English decadence.² In French decadence, asserts Carter, "Artificiality is the dominant note of the period: it appears everywhere." Like Jackson, he calls it "the chief characteristic of decadent sensibility."³

Futhermore, the devotion to artifice defines not only the decadent, but also the dandy and the aesthete. Ellen Moers discerns in much literature of fin-de-siècle England one of the distinctive "themes from the dandy tradition: worship of . . . the artificial."⁴ Holbrook Jackson maintains that "the artificiality of the period . . . was essentially a form of dandyism."⁵ In reverse order, A. E. Carter reaffirms this very point in regard to much literature of fin-de-siècle France, in which dandyism, he claims, "is another form of artificiality."⁶ As for the aesthete, his devotion to artifice is virtually tautological. His cultivation of art amounts to a cultivation of artifice for, as Jean Pierrot observes, "art is identified with the artificial."⁷

What brings a telling light to bear on Glassco, however, is not just the prominence of artifice, but also the reason for that prominence in literature written by dandies, aesthetes, and decadents. For each, artifice provides a route out of the social norms they all repudiate so vehemently, the standards they all denounce as bourgeois and philistine. Each devotes himself to artifice, in short, as both a means of defiance and a means of escape. Critics from Arthur Symons, in his 1904 Studies

in Prose and Verse, to those of the present day have subscribed to various forms of this interpretation. The two who articulate it most precisely are R. K. R. Thornton and Jean Pierrot. In his study of the English decadent, Thornton contends that his "crucial distinguishing feature . . . is the nature of his retreat from reality." What constitutes the path of retreat, he argues, is "Art and artifice . . . the one way of going beyond the world while remaining in some way of it."⁸ Jean Pierrot affirms that this retreat from reality is just as distinguishing a feature of the French decadent. He specifies that the response manifests idealism, "which was clearly one of the period's key words."⁹ He too argues that art and artifice provide the means of escape. Decadent sensibility, he concludes, was "to make of the imagination a kind of higher power by means of which the world's reality could be transformed."¹⁰ What both Thornton and Pierrot identify as a "crucial distinguishing feature" of the decadent--that his devotion to artifice stems from his commitment to transcend bourgeois reality--also holds true, by definition, for the dandy and the aesthete. They too renounce prevailing social norms and embrace artifice--one as it applies to self, the other as it applies to art--in the name of transcendence.

Together, Memoirs of Montparnasse, the scribblers, and some correspondence make it clear that Glassco held to this very belief, an underlying tenet of literary dandyism, aestheticism, and decadence. He too embraced artifice as a means of realizing an ideal that lies above and beyond our material world. In both the book and the manuscript, he belies external reality by linking art back to invention, back to deceit. He not only confesses to always having been "an accomplished liar," he asserts that "the constant need for lying had in fact sharpened

my invention and contributed enormously to my enjoyment of the highest forms of poetry" (MM, p. 38). In both manuscript and book, he denies the import of appearances, professing himself to be a disciple of Bishop Berkeley's principle that "to be is to be perceived." He calls Berkeley his favourite philosopher, the only one "who has grasped the real truth of the appearances of things and the proper role of man in the universe" (MM, p. 106). But he asserts that he has an advantage over Berkeley in that his own beliefs are not fixed on the cornerstone of Deity. He states that "all life and indeed the whole universe of phenomena existed only as a kind of mistake, an accident, an interruption of nothingness" (MM, p. 213). Thus, when he is writing and begins to recount "just what had happened," he calls that, being "reduced" (MM, p. 117). Thus he renounces such worldly goals as marriage, work, ambition, money, and prestige as "so many pairs of weighted diver's shoes." In doing so, however, he reveals his longing for transcendence. "If they had been wings," he admits, "I would have assumed them gladly" (MM, p. 102). He again gives voice to his idealism at the end of his European adventure. Looking back over his time in Paris, "the years in which I really lived" (MM, p. 27), he admits that "they were not enough." This world, he concludes, is "insufficient." His dream of excellence and beauty, he concludes, is just that, a dream. It "does not exist anywhere in real life," not in any "city or society in the world," not even in the Paris of his golden age (MM, p. 238).

Two items of correspondence not only confirm this evidence of idealism in both the book and the manuscript, they also reveal that Memoirs of Montparnasse itself comprises an attempt to realize that ideal. When Glassco submitted his completed typescript to Oxford Univer-

sity Press, he briefly compared his memoirs to those of Robert McAlmon and Kay Boyle. "The method of my own book," he wrote in his cover letter to William Ioye, "is quite different: to recapture the spirit of those days, not display its bones. And to tell a real story."¹¹ His remark resonates with idealism. Glassco's commitment is not to what he calls "the bones" of those days. Instead, his commitment is to something more evanescent, something that transfuses those days, something that he calls spirit. Ten days later, Glassco explained himself more fully in a letter to Kay Boyle.

You see, I look on the real value of "memoirs" as being not so much a record of "what happened" as the re-creation of the spirit of a period in time. The first approach is so often simply tedious, faded literary gossip, name-dropping, disconnected anecdotes, etc. . . . The second approach is that of Rousseau, Casanova and George Moore. None of them felt tied to historical truth; they were all liars and produced works of art by invention. Who cares about it now? Who knows, for instance, whether Casanova's "Henriette" even existed? Yet she lives. I don't compare myself to them, naturally, but my book is in their style.¹²

For Glassco, the bones of an era are its history, its record of "what happened." They are not his concern; "historical truth" is not his concern. He is drawn, rather, by spirit, by the vital force that colours and impels persons and events. To re-create that spirit is to produce a work of art. For the sake of that ideal, Glassco devotes himself to lying, to invention. Literary subterfuge becomes a form of artifice. These, he believes, will enable him to realize his ideal. They ultimately transform Memoirs of Montparnasse and the scribblers into narratives of extraordinary artifice.

Thus Glassco reveals his commitment to "going beyond the world while remaining in some way of it," his commitment to imagination as "a kind of higher power by means of which the world's reality could be

transformed." Thus he confesses his allegiance to artifice, to literary subterfuge. This is the belief that allies him, first and foremost, with the literary dandies, aesthetes, and decadents of nineteenth-century England and France. It is one of their most distinguishing characteristics. This is the belief that establishes the lines of affiliation from Glassco back to them. It is not a belief that he developed late in life. Such idealism is evident in his art as early as 1933, when he revised a poem written for Marguerite Whitney, who was to inspire his recreation of the character he calls Mrs. Quayle in Memoirs of Montparnasse. The poem serves as the epigraph to this study. In it Glassco states that for him, her image has turned "to the shadow of some lovelier thing." Memoirs of Montparnasse bears witness to what he calls "the richer world one never sees."

NOTES

EPIGRAPH

¹ John Glassco, "To Marquerite Whitney--Song," Unpublished poem, revised 1933, Public Archives of Canada, John Glassco Papers, MG30 D163. I am grateful to William Ioye for permission to include this unpublished poem as the epigraph to my study. No further use of it may be made without his permission.

I. PERSPECTIVES

¹ The works of stylistic pornography he wrote under a pseudonym are Squire Hardman, The English Governess, The Temple of Pederasty, and Fetish Girl. Under his own name, Glassco wrote scholarly introductions to Squire Hardman and The Temple of Pederasty. See Fraser Sutherland, John Glassco: An Essay and Bibliography (Downsview, Ont.: ECW, 1984), pp. 49-53.

² Glassco lists the pseudonyms in Contemporary Poets of the English Language, ed. Rosalie Murphy (New York: St. James, 1970), p. 423.

³ Susan Dick, ed., Confessions of a Young Man, by George Moore (Montreal: McGill-Queen's Univ. Press, 1972), p. vii.

⁴ John Glassco, Memoirs of Montparnasse (Toronto: Oxford Univ. Press, 1973), p. 38. All further references to this work (MM) appear in the text.

⁵ William French, "Pursuing a Dream in Paris Remembered," rev. of Memoirs of Montparnasse, by John Glassco, The Globe and Mail Magazine [Toronto], 7 March 1970, p. 16.

⁶ Leon Edel, "Introduction," in Memoirs of Montparnasse, by John Glassco (Toronto: Oxford Univ. Press, 1973), pp. ix, x.

⁷ George Woodcock, "Literary Worlds and their Denizens," rev. of Memoirs of Montparnasse, by John Glassco, Canadian Literature, No. 44 (Spring 1970), p. 68.

⁸ Malcolm Cowley, "We Had Such Good Times," rev. of Memoirs of Montparnasse, by John Glassco, The New Republic, 25 Dec. 1971, pp. 27, 28.

⁹ Louis Dudek, "A Decadent in Canada in the 1970s? Yes!" rev. of Memoirs of Montparnasse, by John Glassco, The Gazette [Montreal], 7 Feb. 1970, p. 40.

¹⁰ John Lauber, "Liberty and the Pursuit of Pleasure: John Glassco's Quest," Canadian Literature, No. 90 (Autumn 1981), pp. 66, 67.

¹¹ See John Moss, Sex and Violence in the Canadian Novel: The Ancestral Present (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1977), p. 33; W. H. New, "John Glassco," in Contemporary Novelists, ed. James Vinson, 2nd ed. (New York: St. James, 1976), p. 526; and Cowley, p. 27.

¹² Dudek, p. 40.

¹³ Lauber, p. 68.

¹⁴ Dudek, p. 40.

¹⁵ Lauber, p. 69.

¹⁶ Paul Showers, rev. of Memoirs of Montparnasse, by John Glassco, The New York Times Book Review, 29 Nov. 1970, p. 28.

¹⁷ Edel, "Introduction," pp. x, xi.

¹⁸ Sanford J. Smoller, Adrift Among Geniuses: Robert McAlmon, Writer and Publisher of the Twenties (University Park, Pa.: The Pennsylvania State Univ. Press, 1975), p. 358.

¹⁹ Michael Gnarowski, A Concise Bibliography of English-Canadian Literature, rev. ed. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1978), p. 46.

II. THE MANUSCRIPT

¹ John Glassco, MS. draft of Memoirs of Montparnasse, Public Archives of Canada (hereafter PAC), John Glassco Papers, MG30 D163 vol. 1, Scribbler #3, p. 81. All further references to the manuscript appear in the text; each is identified by scribbler and page number (MS. III, 81). References to the separate sheets are also identified in the text. I am grateful to William Teye for permission to quote from the manuscript and from the other documents I cite in the Public Archives of Canada. No further use of any quotation from material in the PAC may be made without his permission.

² Leon Edel, TS. draft of "Foreward" to Memoirs of Montparnasse, p. 5, PAC, Glassco Papers, vol. 2.

³ Leon Edel, Letter to John Glassco, 28 Oct. 1969, PAC, Glassco Papers, vol. 2.

⁴ "Rev. Page Proof Nov. 5, 1969," p. x, PAC, Glassco Papers, vol. 2.

⁵ Leon Edel, Letter to John Glassco, 7 Nov. 1969, PAC, Glassco Papers, vol. 2.

⁶ John Glassco, "Intimate Journal, 1934-1961," p. 160, McGill University Libraries, Dept. of Rare Books and Special Collections, Glassco Papers, Box 2.

⁷ John Glassco, Letter to Michael Gnarowski, 5 Dec. 1964, PAC, Glassco Papers, vol. 4.

⁸ John Glassco, "Intimate Journal, 1934-1961," p. 29, McGill University Libraries, Dept. of Rare Books and Special Collections, Glassco Papers, Box 2.

⁹ John Glassco, "Intimate Journal, 1934-1961," p. 32, McGill University Libraries, Dept. of Rare Books and Special Collections, Glassco Papers, Box 2. It is interesting to note that Glassco's first working title for the book is Memoirs of a Young Man, echoing George Moore's Confessions of a Young Man. "Montparnasse" appears in the title only after much time has passed and others have published their own records of this period, making "Montparnasse" the catchword for the era. Thus, even the title of the book subtly attests to literary subterfuge.

¹⁰ John Glassco, Letter to A. J. M. Smith, 18 June 1964, McGill University Libraries, Dept. of Rare Books and Special Collections, Glassco Papers, Box 2.

¹¹ Letter received from Robert Weaver, 24 Aug. 1983.

¹² John Glassco, "Personal Journal, 1965-1969," p. 2, PAC, Restricted Glassco Papers. I am grateful to William Toye for providing me a copy of this entry in the journal and for allowing me to include quotations from it.

¹³ John Glassco, "Memoirs of Montparnasse," The Tamarack Review, No. 49 (First Quarter 1969), pp. 5-26; "Memoirs of Montparnasse," The Tamarack Review, Nos. 50-51 (Second Quarter 1969), pp. 5-19.

¹⁴ John Glassco, Letter to William Toye, 10 March 1969, Glassco Correspondence, Oxford University Press, Toronto. I am grateful to Oxford University Press Canada and to Glassco's literary executor, William Toye, for allowing me to read this correspondence and for granting me permission to quote from it. No further use of any quotation from the files of correspondence at Oxford University Press may be made without permission from William Toye.

¹⁵ John Glassco, Letter to William Toye, 13 March 1969, Glassco Correspondence, Oxford University Press, Toronto.

¹⁶ William Toye, Letter to Peter H. Davison, 31 March 1969, Glassco Correspondence, Oxford University Press, Toronto.

III. FROM MEMOIRS TO AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL

¹ John Glassco, "Maxims and Moral Reflections," Yes, No. 15 (Sept. 1966), n. pag.

² The title to which Glassco is referring here is 2--20, an allusion to Housman's poem "When I was One-and-Twenty." One of Glassco's other working titles for the book, Tender Juvenal, refers to Love's Labour's Lost, I, ii, 12-15. However, it too can be interpreted as a subtle tribute to Housman, who edited Juvenal.

³ In the manuscript, Glassco identifies Gwen as the stepdaughter of Richard Le Gallienne (MS. IV, 87).

⁴ John Glassco, "Extract from an Autobiography," This Quarter, No. 4 (Spring 1929), p. 198.

⁵ Glassco, "Extract from an Autobiography," p. 199.

⁶ Glassco, "Extract from an Autobiography," p. 204.

⁷ Rober McAlmon, Being Geniuses Together, rev. Kay Boyle (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1968), p. 307.

⁸ Edel, "Introduction," p. vii.

⁹ John Glassco "Memoirs--Bound Copy of Page Proofs with Drawing and Photos and Correspondence," PAC, Glassco Papers, vol. 2.

¹⁰ John Glassco, "Personal Journal, 1965-1969," p. 4, PAC, Restricted Glassco Papers.

¹¹ Morley Callaghan, That Summer in Paris (Toronto: Macmillan, 1963), p. 91.

¹² Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 132.

¹³ McAlmon, Being Geniuses Together, p. 307.

¹⁴ Boyle, Being Geniuses Together, p. 332.

¹⁵ John Glassco, Letter to Leon Edel, 10 Oct. 1969, PAC, Glassco Papers, vol. 2.

¹⁶ John Glassco, "Personal Journal, 1965-1969," p. 3, PAC, Restricted Glassco Papers.

¹⁷ John Glassco, Letter to Geoffrey Wagner, 16 March 1970, PAC, Glassco Papers, vol. 4.

IV. ACCOUNTING FOR THE SUBTERFUGE

¹ John Glassco, "Preface," in his The Fatal Woman (Toronto: Anansi, 1974), p. 11.

² George Woodcock, "Private Fantasies: Collective Myths," rev. of The Fatal Woman, by John Glassco, The Tamarack Review, No. 65 (March 1975), p. 94.

³ George Woodcock, "Glassco, John," The Oxford Companion to Canadian Literature, ed. William Toye, (Toronto: Oxford Univ. Press, 1983), p. 301.

⁴ Frank Davey, From There to Here: A Guide to English Canadian Literature Since 1960, Our Nature--Our Voices II (Erin, Ont.: Porcépic, 1974), p. 122.

⁵ Dudek, p. 40.

⁶ Glassco makes reference to Schopenhauer on pages 106 and 213 of Memoirs of Montparnasse. For a discussion of Schopenhauer's influence on fin-de-siècle literature, see John A. Lester, Jr., Journey Through Despair, 1880-1914 (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1968), p. 64; and Jean Pierrot, The Decadent Imagination, 1880-1900, trans. Derek Colman (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1981), pp. 56, 60.

⁷ Walter Pater, The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry (1910; rpt. New York: Macmillan, 1967), p. 236.

⁸ Pater, p. 237.

⁹ Ellen Moers, The Dandy: Brummel to Beerbohm (London: Secker & Warburg, 1960), p. 13.

¹⁰ R. V. Johnson, Aestheticism, The Critical Idiom, No. 3 (London: Methuen, 1969), pp. 1, 41.

¹¹ Martin Green, Children of the Sun: A Narrative of "Decadence" in England after 1918 (New York: Wideview, 1980), p. 7.

¹² Green, p. 11.

¹³ Green, p. 8.

¹⁴ Green, p. 14.

¹⁵ Jean Pierrot, The Decadent Imagination, 1880-1900, trans. Derek Colman (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1981), p. 239.

¹⁶ Richard Gilman, Decadence: The Strange Life of an Epithet (New York: Farrer, Straus, and Giroux, 1975), pp. 83-84.

¹⁷ Holbrook Jackson, The Eighteen Nineties: A Review of Art and Ideas at the Close of the Nineteenth Century (New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1914), p. 77.

- 18 Gilman, p. 120.
- 19 Jackson, pp. 78, 133, 84.
- 20 Green, p. 10.
- 21 Green, p. 6.
- 22 Moers, pp. 305, 307, 308.
- 23 Green, p. 7.
- 24 Green, p. 6.
- 25 John Glassco, IS. "Preface" for Memoirs of Montparnasse, p. 2, PAC, Glassco Papers, vol. 2.
- 26 Pierrot, p. 122.
- 27 Green, p. 7.
- 28 Green, p. 10.
- 29 A. J. L. Busst, "The Image of the Androgyne in the Nineteenth Century," in Romantic Mythologies, ed. Ian Fletcher (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1967), p. 1.
- 30 A. E. Carter, The Idea of Decadence in French Literature, 1830-1900 (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1958), p. 105.
- 31 Mario Praz, The Romantic Agony, 2nd ed., trans. Angus Davidson (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1951), p. 175.
- 32 Praz, p. 332.
- 33 Busst, p. 4.
- 34 Busst, p. 1.
- 35 Busst, p. 6.
- 36 Busst, p. 39.
- 37 Busst, p. 39.
- 38 Busst, p. 55.
- 39 Brian Reade, "Introduction," in Sexual Heretics: Male Homosexuality in English Literature from 1850 to 1900, ed. Brian Reade (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1970), p. 3.
- 40 Reade, p. 7.

41 Pierrot, p. 142.

42 Pierrot, p. 136.

43 Reade, p. 31.

44 Jerry Palmer, "Fierce Midnights: Algolagniac Fantasy and the Literature of the Decadence," in Decadence and the 1890s, ed. Ian Fletcher, Stratford-Upon-Avon Studies, No. 17 (London: Edward Arnold, 1979), p. 90.

45 Palmer, p. 93.

46 Palmer, p. 95.

47 Palmer, p. 92.

48 Praz, p. 206.

49 Palmer, p. 97.

50 Palmer, p. 90.

51 Palmer, p. 96.

52 Gilman, p. 101.

53 Pierrot, p. 138.

54 Praz, pp. 205-06.

55 Palmer, p. 97.

56 Glassco, The Fatal Women, pp. i, iv.

57 Gilman, p. 12.

58 Jackson, p. 76.

59 Jackson, p. 154.

60 Pierrot, p. 133.

61 Carter, p. 105.

62 Moers, p. 311.

V. CONCLUSION

1 Carter, p. 12.

2 Jackson, p. 76.

3 Carter, p. 22.

4 Moers, p. 288.

5 Jackson, p. 132.

6 Carter, p. 45.

7 Pierrot, p. 166.

8 R. K. R. Thornton, "'Decadence' in Later Nineteenth Century England," in Decadence and the 1890s, ed. Ian Fletcher, Stratford-Upon-Avon Studies, No. 17 (London: Edward Arnold, 1979), p. 28.

9 Pierrot, p. 78.

10 Pierrot, p. 10.

11 John Glassco, Letter to William Toye, 10 March 1969, Glassco Correspondence, Oxford University Press, Toronto.

12 John Glassco, Letter to Kay Boyle, 19 March 1969, PAC, Glassco Papers under preliminary accession.

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