

**“I come back to stand here, a revenant”:
Brian Moore’s “Returned Yank” Travel Writing
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Unlike those who left then, I come back to stand here, a revenant, seeing the present but remembering a far more vivid past.

– Brian Moore, “County Donegal” (1989)

Brian Moore, who left Ireland more or less for good in 1943, is often more readily associated with permanent emigration, as described in *An Answer from Limbo* (1962) and repeated in a later essay, “The Writer as Exile” (1976), than with short trips, leisure travel or tourism:

The night boat’s hooter echoed up the lough: fog closing in. [. . .]. Old hands had bagged the benches: the rest of us sat on our suitcases. Bottles of stout went around and a pale girl in black (home for a death in the family?) sang in a choir-loft contralto: “Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen.” [. . .] The last channel buoys slipped past the porthole. Ireland invisible. At sea.¹

Moore invocation of the “night boat” or “boat train” to Euston as a poignant symbol of the migrant’s journey out of Ireland recurs in mid-twentieth century Irish literature in works such as John McGahern’s *The Barracks* (1963) and John B. Keane’s *Self-Portrait* (1964).² But Moore’s oeuvre contains a significant set of nonfiction essays that are explicitly framed as “travel writing.” He contributed four pieces to *Holiday* magazine: two on Montreal (1959, 1961), one on Belfast (1964) and one on the Dublin Horse Show (1969). He wrote at least nine articles for *Travel & Leisure* between 1975 and 1986.³ He also contributed three essays to the *New York Times’s The Sophisticated Traveler*, which began publishing in March 1983 as the twice-yearly part 2 of the Sunday magazine.⁴ Nonfiction writings in other venues could also be described as travel writing. “Monster Fishing” (1961), “Housekeeping in Ireland” (1962) and “Bloody Ulster: An Irishman’s Lament” (1970) all appeared in *Atlantic Monthly*, the first two in “Pleasures and Places,” a regular subsection of the magazine’s “Accent on Living” department. “A New Look at Canada” (1962) was published in the travel section of *British Vogue*.⁵ He penned the text for a Time-Life book on Canada (1963). “County Donegal” appeared in Donovan Wylie’s photo book *32 Counties* (1989).⁶

Indeed, throughout his extensive oeuvre, Moore evinces a keen awareness of the trends and tensions in the expanding travel and leisure industry. His nascent writing career at the *Montreal Gazette* (1948-52), which coincides almost exactly with the beginning of the post-war boom in travel and vacationing, saw him tasked with the hotel beat and, subsequently, become shipping reporter,⁷ for which role he interviewed passengers embarking on or disembarking from ships at Montreal harbour. His early novels are notable for their fascination with the spaces of modern travel such as hotels and airports. In *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* (1955), Judith, who has romantic designs on a returned emigrant she erroneously believes is a successful hotelier in the U.S., consults books about New York at the library in Belfast and is struck by the grandeur of New York's hotels: "five times as big as the Grand Central, the Royal Avenue, or even the Gresham in Dublin."⁸ She even daydreams herself the subject of a society announcement of the sort Moore himself wrote for the *Montreal Gazette*: "Mr and Mrs James Madden, of New York, sailed from Southampton yesterday in the *Queen Mary*. Mr Madden is a prominent New York hotelier and his bride is the former Judith Hearne, daughter of the late Mr and Mrs Charles B. Hearne, of Ballymena."⁹ In *An Answer from Limbo*, Eileen Tierney, newly arrived in New York from Belfast, experiences Idlewild Airport as the epitome of modernity:

The taxi moved out under lights suspended from long aluminium stalks, past vistas of glass, poured concrete and steel, past a file of airport buses, past a modern chapel with an airplane propeller on its wall, past a glass and concrete heating plant which revealed intestines of huge, multi-coloured machines, past aircraft in long parade rows, past a confusion of signs, into the swirling patterns of traffic circles and a highway's several lanes.

The scene strikes Eileen as "the future made present and real."¹⁰ For her son, too, the airport reminds him of everything that Belfast – whose signs are so legible, so banal – is not. The world of "moving staircases, electric eyes, efficient loudspeakers" has now become familiar to him: "Exile now means exile from this."¹¹

In line with the special issue's commitment to elucidating some of Moore's less well-known works, this article takes seriously Michael Cronin's assertion that the literature of migration and diaspora has overshadowed Irish travel writing in scholarly commentaries, with the potential danger that "only certain forms of movement are privileged in analysis": "The permanent move to Canada but not the sojourn in Sicily, the emigrants' letters home

from Australia but not the visit to Berlin, become objects of critical inquiry.”¹² Indeed, Moore’s definitive moves (from Belfast to Canada in 1948; from Canada to the U.S. in 1959) have been emphasised at the expense of his briefer (but substantial and frequent) trips to and within Europe, North America, Australia and elsewhere. Considering Moore’s travel writing about Ireland in particular, the article argues that Moore adopts a highly self-conscious “Returned Yank” persona to negotiate some of the tensions of travel writing itself. One such tension is that between “traveler” and “tourist” which, as James Buzard notes, became perceptible around the middle of the nineteenth century, with the former increasingly associated with “boldness and gritty endurance under all conditions” and the latter viewed as “the cautious, pampered unit of leisure industry.”¹³ Related to this is the often uneasy juxtaposition of sentimental and nostalgic views of a particular destination (in this case, Moore’s homeland) and a counter impulse to inform and educate. Moore ultimately complicates the implied dual positionality of the Returned Yank (Irish / American) through his own multiple subject positions: a Canadian citizen living (from 1959) in the U.S.; a Northern Irish Catholic writing about competing versions of Irishness in both the Republic and Northern Ireland. Focusing on three prominent spaces in Moore’s Irish travel writing – Belfast, the West of Ireland and the Anglo-Irish “Big House” – the article explores the ways in which Moore fashions a “travel writing” self that is just as fictitious as any of the characters in his novels, enabling him to simultaneously meet the expectations of his U.S. editors and readers and satisfy his own urge to inform, educate and subtly critique some of the clichés of travel writing about Ireland. More broadly, it advocates for the expansion of Irish periodical studies to encompass a wider range of magazines, including *Holiday* (1946-77), *Venture* (1964-71) and *Travel & Leisure* (1971-). While Irish Studies scholarship has been enriched in recent years by the increasing attention paid to (particularly Irish) periodicals at mid-century, travel magazines remain an underexplored resource.¹⁴

Irish Travel Writing and the “Returned Yank”

Travel writing as a subcategory of Irish literature has not received a lot of scholarly attention. Cronin notes that in spite of “the continual presence of the travel genre” in Irish writing of the long twentieth century, travel writing in English and Irish “has been almost singularly absent as a distinct category from books, dictionaries, guides and anthologies of twentieth-century Irish literature.”¹⁵ Lack of anthologisation is matched by the comparative

absence of scholarly engagements. Raphaël Ingelbien, writing in 2018, affirms that a book-length introduction “that attempts a systematic overview of Irish travel writing through the ages does not yet exist.”¹⁶ This is partly due to uncertainty over what constitutes “Irish travel writing”: does it include non-Irish writers describing Ireland, of which there are a wealth of examples?¹⁷ Or is it exclusively work by Irish writers about Ireland and other places? Ingelbien specifies that his understanding of the term is “travel accounts emanating from Ireland, rather than produced by foreign travelers visiting Ireland.” Moreover, he suggests that the definitional fuzziness around Irish travel writing may be attributed in part to the fact that it sometimes intersects with an enormous body of work relating to migration and diaspora. While his focus is “on texts dealing with places that are described by an Irish outsider’s perspective, whether that outsider is a tourist, explorer, pilgrim, or other visitor,” he acknowledges that travel writing and the literature of migration inevitably overlap “when Irish diasporic subjects visit Ireland itself.”¹⁸ It is this aspect of Moore’s writing with which the present essay concerns itself.

As Cronin notes, a travel writer writing about his or her own country raises an interesting question: “Are they native informants letting the outside reader-ethnographer know what it is the natives really think about the place or are they engaged in a conversation with other natives about the very nature of the representations of the land of their birth?”¹⁹ A writer such as Moore, who settled abroad and produces travel writing about his or her home country, complicates the issue further. I have written elsewhere of the pervasiveness of the Returned Yank in the Irish cultural imagination in the second half of the twentieth century, a trend that encompasses “the importance of the figure of the returnee to Irish tourism in the 1950s.”²⁰ This imagined figure was “the driving impetus behind some of Ireland’s most well-known touristic endeavours and festivals,” including *An Tóstal* (1953-58), the *Rose of Tralee* (1959-), *Mary from Dungloe* (1967-) and *The Gathering* (2013).²¹ Moreover, as Luke Gibbons notes, the worldwide success of the Returned Yank film *The Quiet Man* (dir. John Ford, 1952) “coincided with the establishment of Bord Fáilte, the Irish Tourist Board, in July 1952” and “it acted as a blueprint for subsequent travelogue films promoting Ireland as a tourist attraction.”²² Even when not explicitly the target market for touristic initiatives, the returnee is always, as Srilata Ravi puts it, “a traveler-tourist participating unconsciously in the tourism culture of the homeland.”²³ It is in this context, then, that I read what I am calling Moore’s “Returned Yank travel writing”: those articles

and essays about Ireland in which Moore capitalises on “the returnee’s unique status as both cultural insider and outsider” to translate his native country to an assumed U.S. readership.²⁴ Indeed, fictional Returned Yanks recur in Moore’s novels: James Madden in *Judith Hearne*, the off-page Michael Kelleher in “Grieve for the Dear Departed” (1959) and Jamie Mangan (strictly speaking, an Irish Canadian) in *The Mangan Inheritance* (1979). Moore was aware, then, of the ambivalence and flexibility of this figure, who is “often positioned somewhere between Prodigal Son and tourist” and who is repeatedly described as existing “between worlds.”²⁵

Perhaps the exemplary mid-century Returned Yank travel essay is John McNulty’s “Back Where I Had Never Been” (1949). In it, McNulty describes a two-month visit to his parents’ native country and self-consciously distances himself from a particular diasporic version of Ireland and Irishness common in the United States: Blarney Castle, Mother Machree and “long-distance Irish patriotism expressing itself in great blasts (verbal) against the English” in the Third Avenue bars McNulty was known to frequent.²⁶ (It’s possible Moore had McNulty in mind when, in *An Answer from Limbo*, Brendan refers to “those few Third Avenue bars which were not yet the martini haunts of *New Yorker* sentimentalists.”)²⁷ Of course, in rejecting one iteration of Irishness, McNulty embraces another, equally fictive, one. He is in search of an Ireland he deems more authentic, one transmitted to him in the “the white-cottage, burning-peat reveries of years.”²⁸ He finds it at a seanchaí’s (traditional storyteller’s) home in County Kerry, a cottage with “white-washed walls, the turf fire burning, the dogs and the children at their ease upon the floor, the furniture simple and scrubbed, many holy pictures, pictures cheaply made but sincerely revered, upon the walls.”²⁹ As the title of the article captures eloquently, a Returned Yank travelling to Ireland (in this case, for the first time) may experience conflicting emotions: a strong identification with a homeland that they have never seen first-hand. As McNulty puts it, “A stranger I was in a country I felt was my own.”³⁰ In April 1963, *Holiday* devoted a special issue to Ireland just two months before John F. Kennedy’s visit to his ancestral homeland. Joe McCarthy, in “The Ireland in my Blood,” opens by citing his friend McNulty’s article as a prelude to the account of his own first-time visit to Ireland. Like McNulty, who consults the famous Third Avenue saloonkeeper, Irishman Tim Costello, for advice before departing for Ireland, McCarthy has his own encounter with Costello – but in County Offaly rather than in New York. While the essay features such staples of touristic representations of the time (turf fires

and horse-drawn transport), its depiction of Ireland is not uncritical. It notes the outsized influence of the Catholic Church on many aspects of Irish life. It also reports the shocking failure of the Irish government to preserve Daniel O’Connell’s home at Caherdaniel, County Kerry.³¹ (The following year, the house was transferred to the Commissioners of Public Works, with renovation work completed in 1967).³²

These essays originally appeared in the *New Yorker* and *Holiday*, respectively, a fact that highlights the paucity of scholarly commentary on (Irish) travel writing published in magazines. One notable exception is Cronin’s essay on *Ireland of the Welcomes*, the bimonthly magazine begun in 1952 by Fógra Fáilte and still running today (albeit it now owned by IrishCentral.com). Noting the impressive list of prominent Irish writers who contributed to early issues of the magazine – Benedict Kiely, Dora Sigerson Shorter, Brendan Behan, O’Faoláin, Lord Dunsany, Donagh McDonagh and the Reverend Francis Mahony – Cronin asks whether the decision “to write for a magazine promoting Irish tourism, among other things, [is] a sordid Faustian pact, a cynical sacrifice of principle to the punt, a shameless example of the subordination of the dissenting voice to the promptings of self-interest?” On the contrary, Cronin concludes, such a reading would “grossly simplify the actual prose itself and perpetuate reductionist readings of how writing, tourism and identity mesh in tourist publications.”³³ Still, as Cronin argues, a feature of travel magazines is “generic leakage” in which “literary prose, advertising copy and real estate hype, for example, become indistinguishable.” To what extent does Moore succumb to “the pressure of stereotype on the sentences of the penman”?³⁴

Indeed, focusing on Moore’s magazine travel writing provides an additional angle on his vexed position in relation to “commercial” versus “literary” writing. He was famously dismissive of the seven pulp novels he published between 1951 and 1957, five of them under pseudonyms, and “vainly hoped that no one would unearth these ephemeral works and decipher the pseudonyms.”³⁵ Perhaps, for Moore, travel writing represented a happier amalgamation of commercial and literary interests. After all, he was often in august literary company in the pages of *Holiday*, *Atlantic Monthly* and *Travel & Leisure* magazines. And writing for these magazines was lucrative: when *Holiday* commissioned the Belfast essay in 1961, they offered him \$1000 for the article plus \$200 expenses.³⁶ In 1974, he was paid \$1500 (less his agent’s fee of 10%) for his first *Travel & Leisure* essay on Irish country hotels.³⁷

Building on Cronin's work, this essay explores Moore's work in three magazines, two of them explicitly targeted at U.S. travellers. *Holiday*, part of the Curtis Publications stable of magazines (along with the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post*), launched as a monthly magazine in 1946 and was edited almost from the outset by Ted Patrick until his death in 1964. By 1956, it was maintaining a substantial circulation of about 850,000.³⁸ The magazine sought to capitalise on the post-war economic boom in the U.S., the possibility of transatlantic air travel and an increased public interest in and appetite for vacationing. In 1956, James Playsted Wood noted that it combined "some of the glamour of *Vogue*, some of the substance of *National Geographic*, some, though it is worn unsurely, of *The New Yorker's* urbanity."³⁹ Moore, who never managed to place a single story in the *New Yorker* (despite his best efforts), may have been attracted to *Holiday's* sophistication and its ability to attract a stellar roster of contributors, which included some of the most celebrated writers of the day: E.B. White, Mary McCarthy, John Cheever, William Faulkner, John Steinbeck, William Carlos Williams, Shirley Ann Grau, Langston Hughes, Gwendolyn Brooks, Jack Kerouac, Joan Didion and many more. Among them were a number of Irish writers.⁴⁰ In 1949, Frank O'Connor contributed a (now infamous) cover story about Ireland, the outrage at which led to *Holiday's* editorial team having to write to Ireland's Department of External Affairs to explain the process by which the article was commissioned, written and published.⁴¹ Some of *Holiday's* editorial team – including Caskie Stinnett and Pamela Fiori – moved to *Travel & Leisure* after it began publishing in 1971 as American Express's new bimonthly membership magazine.⁴² By 1975, *Travel & Leisure* had progressed to a paid subscription magazine, with over 600,000 subscribers.⁴³

Unlike *Holiday* and *Travel & Leisure*, "special interest" magazines that are products of the post-World War II era, *Atlantic Monthly* long predates them and is a general interest – it publishes articles on current affairs, culture and lifestyles as well as fiction and poetry – rather than a travel magazine. Some of the U.S.'s most eminent writers, including Ralph Waldo Emerson, Herman Melville, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Nathaniel Hawthorne, signed its mission statement in November 1857. This magazine had the kind of Boston Brahmin history and gravitas valued by Moore as he negotiated the transition from "pulp" to "serious" writing. He published several short stories in *Atlantic Monthly* and when, in 1955, the Atlantic Monthly Press picked up *Judith Hearne* for U.S. publication, Moore wrote

delightedly to his friend, Bill Weintraub, “I’m an Atlantic man now. [. . .]. I join the Sitwells and publish from Boston.”⁴⁴

“Belfast is, first and last, a battleground”

Both McNulty and McCarthy cover substantial ground in Ireland: Cork, Kerry, Dublin, Offaly, Kilkenny, Mayo, Galway... but neither of them visits Northern Ireland. This section focuses on Moore’s two travel essays about Belfast: “The People of Belfast” (*Holiday*, 1964) and “Bloody Ulster” (*Atlantic Monthly*, 1970). If the 1964 essay casts Moore’s home city in a more positive light than his first two Belfast-set novels do, the advent of the Troubles in 1969 sees Belfast transformed from a pedestrian-friendly city into an urban nightmare. Moore’s agent, Willis Kingsley Wing, was first approached by *Holiday* in 1958 and, given the high fees the magazine paid its authors, urged his client to take the assignment.⁴⁵ After contributing two articles about Montreal to *Holiday*, Moore’s diary entry of 29 December 1960 records that “Holiday sent thanks for fixes and said v. eager to have more stuff – ‘meaningful and timely articles abt American places’ – Please write soon –.”⁴⁶ He responded by pitching pieces about Yaddo and Miami Beach, neither of which came to anything. In April 1961, however, Moore wrote to *Holiday* suggesting three Irish destinations: 1) Shannon 2) Aran Islands 3) Belfast.⁴⁷ They chose the third of these, which Moore wrote during the summer of 1961. Mary Panzer notes that *Holiday* sought to be “not simply a guide to new vacation spots” but “to educate and enlighten.”⁴⁸ Indeed, *Holiday*’s feedback to Moore in August 1961 was that “they liked Belfast but want 2 pages on social, economic religious stuff.”⁴⁹ Moore’s article duly begins with a primer on Northern Ireland’s history, demography and ongoing sectarian divisions: “Belfast is, first and last, a battleground; no month passes without skirmish and sortie.” Emphasising Belfast’s industrial history in shipbuilding and linen production, Moore resists portraying the city as an obvious tourist destination. For the arrival at Belfast port by ship, there are “no guides or touts, no promise of sight-seeing or visits to monuments.”⁵⁰ (The claim is belied by an accompanying image, by renowned photographer Slim Aarons, showing a local tour operator advertising his wares at Belfast port). Unlike in Dublin, no “poets, playwrights or revolutionaries” are commemorated in the city’s statues. Instead, “The grim countenances, stoic under the attacks of wheeling pigeons, are those of mayors, shipbuilders, scientists and, above all, of those powerful Protestant divines who made Belfast a university city and a Presbyterian

stronghold.”⁵¹ Moreover, this is not “the Ireland of Synge, Joyce or Yeats”; it resembles more closely “postwar England, Northern version.”⁵² Moore portrays Belfastians as a forthright, blunt people, “despisers of cant” who have no truck with “the equivocations so cherished by our age.”⁵³ It was perhaps partly for this reason that the essay was poorly received in his home city: the *Belfast Telegraph* discussed Moore’s *Holiday* essay in an article titled “Novelist flays his native Belfast.”⁵⁴

However, Moore also professes his admiration for these qualities: with this “hatred of equivocation,” he writes, “goes a friendliness, a sense of things in their place, which always makes me feel at home.”⁵⁵ Indeed, the Belfast of the *Holiday* article is a much warmer and convivial place than that portrayed in his first two “literary” novels. For James Madden, the Returned Yank in *Judith Hearne* (1955), Bellevue Park, under Cave Hill, is “formal, unlovely,” its “amusements a mere glimmer of Palisades or Coney Island [that had] already disappointed him.” Arriving by bus on a wet day, “the lawns, the cafés, the approaches to the park were deserted” and Madden stays only fifteen minutes before taking the bus back to the city centre.⁵⁶ In “The People of Belfast,” however, Moore describes a more social scene on a Sunday: “Buses labeled ‘Bellevue’ are packed with people off to the municipal pleasure park under the mountain.” Courting couples get into cars and head for the “quieter reaches of the hills for long hours of parked dalliance among the quiet hedges of Buttermilk Looney.”⁵⁷ In *The Feast of Luperca* (1957), Diarmuid Devine boards a crowded bus full of men returning from the dog track at Celtic Park, a scene that emphasises his loneliness and isolation: “Loud voices told how Ballina Champion had trapped wide and had been beat out at the turn. [. . .]. Going home, the wages lost, the wife waiting. A barney about money because Ballina Champion trapped wide behind a ten-to-one shot and some ould dog that came to Celtic Park in a tram car walked off with the race.” When he disembarks the bus, he catches a glimpse of himself in a shop window, “a ghostly face,” and thinks of his rooms, “dark, quiet and empty.”⁵⁸ In “The People of Belfast,” however, Moore happily embraces the melee: he takes the bus to Celtic Park, relishes the competition that unfolds between Ballyhornan Warrior and Bohermore Chief and admonishes his readers that “No traveler to Belfast should miss the dogs” for what the experience offers: “chase, poetry, grace and excitement.”⁵⁹ The contrast between the Belfast of his first two novels and “The People of Belfast” suggests that Moore was profoundly aware of his readership: *Holiday* may well have wished “to educate and

enlighten” but it was, after all, a travel magazine and the drabness of Belfast in Moore’s early novels is accordingly translated into a more tourist-friendly version of the city in his *Holiday* essay.

In 1964, Moore’s Belfast hardly exemplified the Ireland of touristic lore; but nor was it the grim city of his early novels. Five years later, U.S. agents and publishers were clamouring for work “on the political trials and tribulations of Ulster.” In August 1969, Perry Knowlton of Curtis Brown, New York (Brian Friel’s and Moore’s agency) wrote to Friel:

We’ve been reading, with a combination of confusion and dismay, all the front page accounts in the New York Times of the crisis in Northern Ireland. Do you think that you’d have anything in print to say about it? Do you think that someone like Bernadette Devlin would be interested in going immediately to work on a short book for the American market, with simultaneous contracts for hardcover and mass distribution soft cover editions? Do you think she’d come out from behind the barricades to do it? Would you have any idea as to how we’d go about asking? But I think you might want to prepare your own thoughts on the subject, for when you get over here, a lot of people will surely be asking.⁶⁰

The proliferation of questions suggests Knowlton’s giddy desire to capitalise on a U.S. readership eager for “insider” accounts of the escalating Troubles. Earlier that summer, Kiely’s “Ulster After the Bludgeons” had appeared in *The Nation*. *Harper’s* published a profile of Bernadette Devlin by Sara Davidson in January 1970. Given Knowlton’s enthusiasm for material about the Troubles, he must have been glad to receive from Moore in April 1970 a draft of what was later published in *Atlantic Monthly* as “Bloody Ulster: An Irishman’s Lament.” Intended for an issue of the Belfast-based little magazine *Threshold*, to be edited by John Montague, Moore wanted to sell the essay first in the U.S., preferably to *Harper’s*. However, he anticipated (correctly) that *Harper’s* might reject it given the recent appearance of Davidson’s piece. As he wrote to Montague: “after all how much Irishry can the public stand?”⁶¹

Such comments reveal Moore’s canny awareness of the growing market for Troubles-focused essays in the U.S. (He was paid \$750 for the essay).⁶² This reality raises questions about the extent to which “Bloody Ulster” is invested in exaggerating the otherness of Belfast for its U.S. readership. The article is framed as travel writing through Moore’s explicit acknowledgement that he and his companions are “tourists” who are

“sightseeing these troubles.”⁶³ The most striking aspect of “Bloody Ulster,” when compared with “The People of Belfast” is that Moore is a pedestrian in the earlier essay. The city centre is “only a five-minute walk” from the port at which his cross-channel steamer docks.⁶⁴ On Royal Avenue, “passersby are going round the corner to Smithfield, the flea market.” “Cross from Smithfield market into a side street,” Moore advises, and you will discover one of Hugh McAlevey’s old betting shops.⁶⁵ The Queen’s University is “some fifteen minutes’ walk from the city center.”⁶⁶ The article concludes with “one last stroll through [Belfast’s] streets on a Sunday,” which sees Belfast’s citizens “walk out from grime and smog into the nearby joys of the countryside”: “Gamblers, drinkers, dancers – you will find all of them among these sedate strollers moving to the rim of town.”⁶⁷

In 1961, Moore travels around Belfast on foot or by bus; in 1970, he arrives by – and doesn’t emerge from – his brother-in-law’s car. “We are driving in on a wet afternoon from the town of Lurgan,” Moore begins, “where I spent the night at my sister’s house.” It is a telling shift: through repeated references to car travel, Moore reinforces the sense of a rupture with the walkable Belfast of 1961. The strangeness of a city transformed by conflict and the presence of the British Army is underscored by car-friendly changes wrought on the city’s topography. Approaching the city via the M1, Moore is disoriented: “Coming off this new motorway, I do not know what part of the city we are in.”⁶⁸ In a discussion of two later Irish travelogues, Desmond Fennell’s *A Connaught Journey* and Colm Tóibín’s *Walking Along the Border*, both 1987, Cronin emphasises the importance of deceleration “as a way of revealing the inner tensions and complexities” of contested territories: Fennell travels through the West of Ireland mostly by bicycle and Tóibín walks the border between the Republic of Ireland and Northern Ireland.⁶⁹ In Belfast in 1970, however, Moore “stare[s] out the window of [his] brother-in-law’s car,” with the site of his childhood home coming into view as the car “comes down the Crumlin Road and turns into the familiar rotunda of Carlisle Circus.”⁷⁰ The turns of phrase “We drive on” and “My brother-in-law drives on” and “Driving down Clifton Street” become a refrain and the essay even ends with a driving metaphor: “The wheel has come full circle.”⁷¹ The implication is clear: Belfast is now unsafe for pedestrian tourists.

Throughout “Bloody Ulster,” Moore reflects self-consciously on his own “unique status as both cultural insider and outsider.” On the one hand, he is a privileged spectator, equipped with knowledge and memories accumulated during the first 22 years of his life. I

have noted elsewhere that Returned Yank narratives of the Troubles often position the figure “as a kind of ghost or revenant – the past in the present,” a device that “contests accounts of twentieth-century Irish history that seek to demarcate the national conflicts of the 1920s from those of the 1970s.”⁷² In “Bloody Ulster,” Moore deploys childhood memories to emphasise the pre-history of the Troubles: longstanding sectarian attitudes that have now spilled over into violent confrontation. In the present day, Moore recounts seeing Bernard Hughes bakery vans barricading either end of a street “against Orange intruders.” The sight precipitates a memory from his childhood: his father chastising his mother for buying bread from Ormeau bakery. “Hughes and Kennedy are the Catholic bakers,” his father said, holding up the offending loaf. “I don't care if it's a few pennies more,” he continued, “We shouldn't buy from Ormeau. They're Protestant bakers.”⁷³ He and his fellow travellers pass a mural saying “Up the I.R.A.” but, Moore wonders, “Was it painted thirty years ago? Or last night?”⁷⁴

On the other hand, Moore's apparently privileged access to information about Belfast and the Troubles is complicated by the fact that he sought – and received – confirmation on several points of fact from his sister, Una, who lived in Lurgan. On file at the University of Calgary are lists of queries Moore sent to Una, with the latter returning the questionnaires with blanks completed.⁷⁵ Moore's outsidership is perceptible in the published article, too, when he positions himself an onlooker to the civil unrest unfolding in Belfast. “Who am I to talk?” he asks, self-consciously: “A Catholic who is no longer a Catholic, an Ulsterman who holds a Canadian passport and lives in California, an Irishman who has lived longer out of Ireland than he lived in it.”⁷⁶ Ethical questions surrounding the touristic and/or journalistic gaze are expressed in “Bloody Ulster” through recurring references to cameras. As Christine St. Peter notes, many Troubles narratives are underpinned by “a concern about the distorting effects of media representations that search out episodes of violence for public consumption”; fictional characters “watch as northern lives are reduced to cartoons in the TV images, radio reports and newspaper stories that flow into their homes, even as they flow outward to an aghast world.”⁷⁷ Television, Moore writes in “Bloody Ulster,” is “the agitprop of modern revolt.” While the civil unrest witnessed in 1970 had plenty of historical precedent in Northern Ireland, notably in 1935, what is different, according to Moore, is that there are now television cameras to capture events as they unfold and beam them around the world. As a result, the television

camera is almost an object of worship for today's protestors, who "dutifully incline [their banners] in the direction of the television camera: the devout making obeisance toward their altar."⁷⁸ But Moore is not a neutral commentator on the role of the camera in creating and transmitting images. He consumes them: "These are the British soldiers I saw last summer, advancing across the tiny screen of a portable television set in my living room in California, six thousand miles from here."⁷⁹ He also creates them: "I lean out of the car window, thinking to take a photograph" but, when a soldier warns him off, he "lower[s] [his] camera."⁸⁰ Moore's research materials for the article contain a photograph of the Bernard Hughes vans barricading the street, evidence that, despite the soldier's intervention, Moore did manage to snap a picture.⁸¹

Much of the essay is rendered in dispassionate prose using Americanisms that establish Moore as a transatlantic visitor to Belfast (paving stones have been "uprooted from the sidewalks"; ongoing sectarian divisions are the "same old garbage").⁸² In a lengthy italicised passage towards the end of the essay, however, Moore recalls the thrill of July Twelfths of his youth, when he and his siblings had a privileged view of the Orange parade, given his childhood home's location opposite the central Orange Hall. In this section, Moore's relinquishes Americanisms and uses a demotic more readily associated with Northern Ireland, referring to "young lads" and a "wee man." Of the noise of the beating drums, he writes: "you wouldn't hear the world end for the terrible bloody din of it."⁸³ After their efforts, the Orangemen have "a terrible thirst on them."⁸⁴ Thus, Moore's insider/outsider status is embedded even in the structure and language of the essay.

"A Remote, Bleak, and Beautiful Land": The West of Ireland

Moore's diary reveals that he wrote both "The People of Belfast" (17-25 July) and "Housekeeping in Ireland" (1-15 August), about Connemara, during a summer visit to Ireland in 1961. Given that, in Moore's imagination, the West of Ireland signifies the antithesis of Northern Ireland, the proximate composition of these works is noteworthy. Of course, the West of Ireland occupies a privileged place in touristic discourses of Ireland. As Giulia Bruna argues, for Revivalist artists and activists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, "the rural and most westward spots in the West of Ireland, where Irish was still more widely spoken, became a pilgrimage site"; Revivalist writers "glorified these western shores in their writings as a means to reconnect with a more 'authentic'

Irishness.”⁸⁵ Such representations of the West exerted an outsized influence on subsequent touristic discourses of Ireland. In 1952, O’Faoláin wrote in *Ireland of the Welcomes* that Revivalists “have done as much to narrow as to intensify our enjoyment of Ireland. They have over-concentrated on the picturesque West.”⁸⁶ Moore’s imagined West encompasses the counties of Connaught as well as County Donegal, on Ireland’s Northwest coast. His earliest travel essay about the West of Ireland, which appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in 1962, describes the previous summer, which the Moores spent in Oughterard, Co. Galway at a house owned by the actress Barbara Bel Geddes and her husband, Wink Lewis.⁸⁷ This, according to Moore, is “the Sicily of Ireland, a remote, bleak, and beautiful land where Irish is still many country people’s first and native tongue.”⁸⁸ In “Housekeeping in Ireland,” Moore arguably succumbs to what Cronin calls “the pressure of stereotype on the sentences of the penman” more than in any other of his magazine travel writings.⁸⁹ In it, he describes a series of misadventures and characters that could have come straight out of *The Quiet Man*: an intrepid gardener who chauffeurs the Moores the 150 miles from Cobh to Oughterard “at a steady thirty miles an hour” in a Morris Minor;⁹⁰ a Garda who is a reckless driver and causes a head-on collision with the Morris Minor, to the glee of onlookers; curious but kindly locals who are “infinitely garrulous” and whose speech is peppered with clichéd Irishisms;⁹¹ and even a maid who announces that it’s “A nice soft day” as she “bicycles up to the house to start work in a drizzling mist.”⁹²

What is perhaps most striking about “Housekeeping in Ireland” is that it alludes to some of the most established touristic tropes regarding Ireland, familiar from representations as diverse as McNulty’s and O’Connor’s – gatherings around a turf fire, thatched cottages, horse-drawn transport – but tweaks them slightly for a readership accustomed to comfortable, even luxurious, travel. The house the Moores occupy in Oughterard has eight bedrooms and is “large and grand” – but it has a thatched roof.⁹³ The Moores do not travel around the countryside in a horse-drawn cart, but the inefficient Morris Minor is the next best thing. At the end of the essay, Moore notes that as householders rather than tourists (they stayed two months in the area), they had “spent many evenings sitting before a stranger’s turf fire while someone fetched an accordion and a woman of the house began one of those haunting emigrant refrains which link Ireland with every Irish family’s second country, America.”⁹⁴ Like McNulty’s article, which emphasises in positive terms Ireland’s premodernity – in Ireland, they “do all the [. . .] things

we used to do but don't seem to do any more"⁹⁵ – Moore's Connemara compensates for what it lacks in modern conveniences: "if our house had no laboursaving appliances," Moore writes, it merely proved "that one energetic girl with a dustpan and broom was superior to the most ingenious device dreamed of by American know-how."⁹⁶

As the 1960s became the 1970s, Moore's writing increasingly depicts the West of Ireland as a refuge from his benighted home city. In so doing, Moore leans heavily – but often knowingly – on Revivalist tropes. Fifteen years after the Moores' sojourn in Oughterard, Moore told an audience at York University in Toronto that he had been invited by RTÉ to participate in a documentary about Belfast. "I had not been back to Belfast since 1971," Moore recounted, "when, after two days walking around the city streets, I became unaccountably depressed and fled south to the safety and beauty of Connemara."⁹⁷ Indeed, in his 1975 article for *Travel & Leisure* about Irish country hotels, Moore observed that "the rumble of civil strife far away in the North belongs in another country, causing no ripple on the surface of life in these villages [in Connemara]."⁹⁸ In his final essay, which was commissioned by *Granta* and widely published after his death in 1999, Moore wrote of his desire to be interred in the same "humble burial ground" as Bulmer Hobson, near Roundstone, County Galway. The coincidence of discovering, in this remote location, the grave of this fellow Belfastman, who was a friend of his father and uncle, elicits memories of Moore's childhood. Belfast, "its configuration changed by the great air raids of the blitz, its inner city covered with a carapace of flyovers, its new notoriety as a theater of violence, armed patrols and hovering helicopters" is now "another city, a distant relative to that Belfast which in a graveyard in Connemara filled my memory with a jumbled kaleidoscope of images fond, frightening, surprising and sad." Gurteen Cemetery – with its links to Belfast and Moore's childhood through Hobson but sufficiently remote from contemporary Belfast – leads Moore to realise, with apparent earnestness, that "I would like to come home at last to be buried here in this quiet place among the grazing cows."⁹⁹ However, such a reading is complicated by Moore's acknowledged admiration for and indebtedness to James Joyce whose story, "The Dead" (1914), famously invokes an Oughterard graveyard to draw attention to Dubliners' tendency to romanticise the West of Ireland. At the end of the story, snow falls "upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried."¹⁰⁰ Gabriel Conroy, the metropolitan subject who writes newspaper articles Miss Ivors classifies as "West Briton" in inclination, decides that the time has come "for him to

set out on his journey westward,” having been enticed by the romantic tale his wife, Gretta, recounts of her beau, Michael Furey, who died for love of her aged just seventeen.¹⁰¹ Read in this context, Moore’s reflections on Gurteen Cemetery emerge as less straightforwardly sentimental and nostalgic.

“County Donegal,” an essay in a photo book by Donovan Wylie, is seemingly Moore’s most sentimental Returned Yank essay. Published in 1989, the book features meditations by Irish writers on all thirty-two Irish counties, some of which are predictable pairings (Edna O’Brien on Co. Clare; Kiely on Co. Tyrone; John McGahern on Co. Leitrim); some, like Moore’s, more unexpected. In it, Moore reflects on the summer holidays he spent as a child with his mother’s family in Creeslough. These holidays provided a respite from Ulster (here equated with six rather than nine counties), with “its sectarian hatreds and discriminations.”¹⁰² This is an idealised landscape. Like Connemara, rural Donegal is presented as timeless: “Unlike my native Belfast, Creeslough has not changed [. . .].” This is the “enchanted place of my early summers.”¹⁰³ This is “an older Ireland, a place where life was elemental and harsh, yet close to a reality which was timeless and true.”¹⁰⁴ Donegal is Moore’s “Tir-na-Nog, my land of eternal youth.”¹⁰⁵ Even here, however, Moore smuggles in knowing allusions to the seductive power of nostalgia. Whereas, in his 1964 Belfast essay, Moore’s adopted persona contrasts with that of James Madden, this essay sees Moore self-consciously inhabit the Returned Yank character from his 1955 novel, a gesture that ultimately undermines the apparent sincerity of the elderly Moore’s retrospective depiction of Creeslough. When he lived in New York, Madden remembered Creeslough, his home village, warmly: “How often he’d thought of it in the years when he rode the subway trains, when he stared across Times Square on rainy afternoons. How he had seen it in his memory, transformed, a vision of peace and a slow peaceful way of living.” He dreamed of buying a piece of land back home: “The little place went Hollywood in his mind. The fields grew green, the cottage was always milk-white, the technicoloured corn was forever stoked, ready for harvest.”¹⁰⁶ But, when he eventually returned to Donegal, the “reality” he encountered was the locals exploiting his drink-buying largesse and ignoring him when he stopped buying: “All a million miles away from what he knew. He had no place there.”¹⁰⁷ Such demythologisation is absent from “County Donegal” but is legible to a careful reader of Moore’s work. Moreover, even amid this “enchanted landscape,” Moore observes “ruined, abandoned cottages.” In stark contrast to the “always milk-white” cottage of Madden’s

reverie, these habitations provide evidence of the locality's population haemorrhage due to emigration. Unlike those who left in the 1920s and 1930s, when Moore was a child, Moore has returned, "a revenant, seeing the present but remembering a far more vivid past."¹⁰⁸

"Man's Monuments": The Big House

In "County Donegal," Moore muses briefly on what has been gained and lost through tourism. Doe Castle, a fifteenth-century structure close to his maternal relatives' home at Creeslough, was "abandoned" when he was a child, "its ruined ramparts and winding stone stairs a magical fort in which I could play for hours, alone." Some fifty years later, "its battlements meticulously restored," the castle has become a tourist attraction, complete with a "car-park" and "camera-bearing German and English tourists."¹⁰⁹ Doe Castle was acquired by the Office of Public Works in 1934 under the National Monuments Act (1930). Under the Act, a "national monument" was defined as "a monument or the remains of a monument the preservation of which is a matter of national importance by reason of the historical, architectural, traditional, artistic, or archaeological interest attaching thereto."¹¹⁰ But, as Mairéad Carew notes, the Office of Public Works, was faced in the 1930s and 1940s with what they called a "Big House problem": whether or not to preserve historic buildings that represented a longstanding British colonial presence in what was now the Irish Free State. Carew concludes that, "politics played a part in the designation of monuments are being 'worthy' and 'national' and therefore deserving of attention, or 'nasty' and 'anti-national' and therefore eligible for destruction."¹¹¹ As a result, hundreds of Irish country houses were "abandoned, dismantled and demolished" in the decades after independence.¹¹² Attitudes towards the Irish country house underwent a gradual shift from about 1957 on, according to Emer Crooke. Encouraged by modernising civil servants such as T.K. Whitaker, the Troubles in Northern Ireland (which created an association, distasteful to many, between anti-British sentiment and violent atrocities) and the eventual accession of Ireland to the EEC, the country house "began to be viewed and repackaged as part of the European built heritage rather than as a remnant of the historically-loaded British domination of Ireland." This reconfiguration "was also motivated by a new eagerness to assimilate these historical mansions into the national heritage where they were beginning to show their value as tourist attractions."¹¹³ Bord Fáilte's 1970 figures "showed that

numbers visiting Irish country houses and gardens had been increasing and they realised the potential for them as draws for domestic and international visitors.”¹¹⁴

Consistent with Crooke’s identification of 1957 as the moment when attitudes towards the Irish country house began incrementally to change, it was around this time that *Ireland of the Welcomes* began publishing occasional articles about the Big House. The July/August 1956 issue contained a feature on the “Powerscourt Demesne” in County Wicklow and the Jul/Aug 1957 issue carried an essay by Brian Fitzgerald, author of *The Anglo-Irish; Three representative types: Cork, Ormonde, Swift, 1602-1745* (1952), on “The Big House.”¹¹⁵ Fitzgerald’s article concludes: “If you penetrate within that grey stone wall, and drive up the long, tree-shaded avenue to the mansion, it is unlikely that the door will be opened by a liveried footman.” No longer inhabited by wealthy landlord, “the Big House has now in many instances become the home of nuns, agricultural students, or schoolchildren.”¹¹⁶ In 1958, the Irish Georgian Society was founded by Desmond and Mariga Guinness with a mission to protect “buildings of architectural merit in Ireland.”¹¹⁷ Also in 1958, *Holiday* published Elizabeth Bowen’s “Bowen’s Court,” in which the author rhetorically converts historical Ascendancy economic and political power into contemporary “intellectual wealth” derived from her own status as a writer, the library’s “book-lined walls” and the house’s literary visitors: Eudora Welty, Evelyn Waugh, Virginia Woolf, O’Faoláin, O’Connor and others.¹¹⁸ Still, Bowen does not shy away from the “[c]omplex race memories” of “conflicts” and the 1920s Troubles stirred in “us two Irish” (herself and O’Faoláin), she, “whose first Irish ancestor had come from Wales, he descended from the ancient inhabitants of the land.”¹¹⁹ Bowen’s Court was demolished the following year. The 1963 special “Ireland” issue of *Holiday* featured the Big House quite prominently. It included a ten-page photo-feature on “The Aristocrats,” which, accompanied by photographs by Slim Aarons of descendants of both Irish High Kings and British planters, explains briefly to readers the “ethnic anomaly” that is the Anglo-Irish.¹²⁰ Meanwhile, Ludwig Bemelmans’s “Visit to an Irish Castle” recounts the invitation extended to the author by Aileen Stux-Rybar (née Guinness) to stay at her home, Luttrellstown Castle. This article describes a world very different from the austerity of Bowen’s Court in 1958, a world of butlers and footmen, horse-riding, grand parties and midnight jaunts to Conolly’s Folly which, at the time, was undergoing restoration by the Irish Georgian Society. Desmond and Mariga Guinness

impress upon Bemelmans – which he duly reports in the article – the importance of lobbying for “legislation to provide funds to keep these treasures from going to pieces.”¹²¹

By the early 1970s, then, interested U.S. readers had been accessing articles about the Big House in a variety of travel magazines for over a decade. Indeed, on 17 June 1968, Moore had lunch with Patricia Bodsworth of *Holiday* in advance of his trip to Ireland to write his essay about the Dublin Horse Show. His diary records: “Lunch w/ HOLIDAY eds: Patricia Bodsworth. Suggest – Castles piece – Ireland.”¹²² The article never materialised. However, Moore published two travel essays, both in *Travel & Leisure*, in which the Big House looms large: “They Don’t Look Like Hotels!” (1975) and “Unexpected Ireland” (1986). The first of these may be productively compared with a 1971 article in *Venture* on “the movement to preserve Georgian architecture in Ireland.”¹²³ Mentioning Castletown (County Kildare), Bantry House (County Cork) and Westport House (County Mayo) specifically, the article directs interested travelers to the New York offices of Bord Fáilte and the Irish Georgian Society for information on “the twenty or more historic houses open to the public.” Entirely absent from Huddell’s article is any sense of the economic and political power historically wielded by the properties’ owners. The “lavishly decorated period rooms” – with their impressive marble staircases, elaborate tapestries and *objets d’art* – exist in a kind of ahistorical vacuum.¹²⁴ By comparison, Moore’s “They Don’t Look Like Hotels!,” acknowledges that the Big Houses now converted into luxury hotel accommodation allow visitors to “slip back in time and live like Anglo-Irish lords in those long Edwardian summers at the turn of the century” – but it also imparts historical detail elided in Huddell’s piece. Before he gets to the hotels themselves, he opens by noting the “long-abandoned cottages” that dot the Connemara landscape. Like in “County Donegal,” these cottages evoke the social ruptures caused by “Famine and emigration.” The “poignant stillness [that] haunts these splendid landscapes” may be appealing to tourists but it also bespeaks a history of dispossession and exile that a converted Big House hotel would almost certainly not advertise. In the hotels themselves, Moore notes, “you will probably be living the sort of life lived by some un-Irish former owner with a name like Featherington-ffrench.” The native Irish “rarely owned large estates and those few who did were allowed to retain them only after pledging allegiance to their English conquerors.” Rather, the estates were more usually owned by “the families of Cromwellian soldiers who, for the help in subduing the natives, were dowered with large tracts of plundered Irish land by England’s Lord Protector.” After

this brief history lesson, Moore describes what Renvyle House, Longfield House, Cashel House, Newport House and Ballymaloe House can offer those who wish to “live as the ‘quality’ did” while they holiday in Ireland.¹²⁵

In August 1985, when Moore was commissioned to write an article on County Cork for *Travel & Leisure* (“Unexpected Ireland,” 1986), the brief provided by the magazine was very clear:

The piece itself will describe all the enchantment of Cork - - and your particular connection with it. And tell readers, too, that this part of the country has, in addition to all that lush, green charm, palm trees and an almost Mediterranean feel in some parts, the bonus of good hotels and fine restaurants (you have Adrian’s memo as a starting point). Cork city just celebrated its 800th anniversary, which you might want to mention as well.¹²⁶

Accordingly, Moore describes on the very first page how the “Gothic splendors of seascape, wild moors and awesome mountain vistas” of County Cork coexist with “Italian gardens of lush semitropical plants, palm trees and giant hydrangeas.”¹²⁷ Moreover, tourists have enabled the county to transform from “a place of thatched cottages, turf fires, tea and soda bread” into “a realm of elegant country house hotels, surrounded by clipped lawns and exotic shrubbery, serving vintage wines and *nage de poissons* with a standard of service worthy of the Ritz.”¹²⁸ Ever the professional – and in receipt of \$2500 for his 3000-word piece plus \$3411.99 in expenses – Moore certainly delivered on *Travel & Leisure’s* instructions.¹²⁹

However, like in “County Donegal” and “They Don’t Look Like Hotels!,” Moore’s essay ultimately exceeds the brief, albeit in subtle ways. The Big Houses Moore describes in this article are Fota House, “centrepiece of a great ornamental showplace and a splendid example of Regency architecture”;¹³⁰ Bantry House, with rooms “filled with the paintings, tapestries and furnishings collected on many grand tours of Europe”;¹³¹ Muckross House; Longueville House; and Mallow Castle. However, he also visits Cobh’s docks, which “were the last sight of Ireland” for “generations of emigrants to the United States.” Noting Sir Walter Raleigh’s association with Youghal, he reminds readers that it was the “failure of the potato crop in the 19th century that caused the great famine and subsequent waves of Irish emigration to Boston and New York.”¹³² At Dunmanus Bay, he recounts seeing “the ruins of stone cottages abandoned some 140 years ago in the days of the famine.” Their doors were

closed forever “when their occupants turned their backs on home and set off the long walk to Cork and the boat to America.” The juxtaposition of such cottages with, in the next paragraph, “the huge ancestral home of the earls of Bantry,” is a jarring reminder of how the affluence of the latter way of life was intimately bound up with the penury of the former.¹³³ He concludes that the loving restoration of Mallow Castle, “the seat of our former overlords” is a recognition that “now, at last, we have come to terms with our turbulent past. Man’s monuments also have their place amid the haunting, wild beauties of County Cork.”¹³⁴ In so doing, he appears to paraphrase a quotation – source unknown – transcribed in his notes for this trip. Of Doneraile Court in north Co. Cork (which doesn’t appear in the published article), he handwrites: “being restored by Irish Georgian Society” and quotes: “In Ireland’s future is an acceptance and a re-construction of her past and the restoration of this Great House is perhaps a symbol of that new sense of history.”¹³⁵ For Moore, “that new sense of history” does not mean ignoring the inequalities of the past. Admiration for the architectural splendour, opulent interiors and beautiful gardens of Irish country houses is comingled with a history lesson in what the plantation economy begat: Famine and mass emigration.

Conclusion

White-washed thatched cottages, turf fires and horse-drawn transport loom large in mid-century touristic representations of Ireland and Moore is not above invoking them, particularly in “Housekeeping in Ireland,” presumably to please a U.S. readership. However, Moore’s travel writing about Ireland is often more knowing and critical than it first appears. Through meaningful allusions to his own work and that of others, and by drawing attention to the realities of Famine and mass emigration, Moore invites careful readers of his travel essays to find an “unexpected” Ireland. Ultimately, the “generic leakage” that Cronin describes is an enabling way of understanding the travel writing produced not just by Moore but also by his Irish contemporaries. Friel’s “A Fine Day at Glenties,” for example, appeared in *Holiday* in its special “Ireland” issue in April 1963. Alternately categorised as a “travelogue” and a “short story” by Friel’s critics, it contains fictional characters but enough factual detail to ensure that Glenties, Co. Donegal – with the plaque conferred by the Irish Tourist Board naming it Ireland’s tidiest town mentioned three times – emerges as a visitor-friendly destination.¹³⁶ Edna O’Brien published at least three articles in *Venture*;¹³⁷ Kiely

wrote several travel features for *The Lamp: A Catholic Family Magazine*.¹³⁸ To conclude, then, I urge future scholars to pay attention to the untold wealth of Irish travel writing contained in the dusty pages of magazines such as *Holiday*, *Venture* and *Travel & Leisure* and to consider the complex balance of commercial, literary and political concerns such work exhibits. How might a thoroughgoing analysis of such work complicate and enrich our understanding of Irish writing beyond the confines of the novel, poem, play and short story?

Notes

¹ Brian Moore, *An Answer from Limbo* (1962; London: Flamingo, 1994) 29. See also Brian Moore, "The Writer as Exile," *Canadian Journal of Irish Studies* 2.2 (1976): 5-17.

² See Clair Wills, *The Best are Leaving: Emigration and Post-War Irish Culture* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2015) for further examples. The iconic status of the "boat train" lives on in paintings by Bernard Canavan and in Joseph O'Connor's *Cowboys and Indians* (1991).

³ These were on: Irish country hotels, Santa Barbara (both 1975), France (1976), Toronto (I have yet to identify this but it is mentioned in Moore's 1976 diary), the French Riviera (1977), the Monterey Peninsula (1981), Normandy (1982), a coastal drive between San Francisco and Los Angeles (1985) and County Cork (1986).

⁴ Moore's contributions were about California (1986, 1987) and Nova Scotia (1997). Michael Crowley's otherwise quite comprehensive bibliography of works by and about Brian Moore is patchy on Moore's travel writings. It only includes two *Travel & Leisure* articles and one of his *Sophisticated Traveler* essays.

The *Sophisticated Traveler* section of the *New York Times* also attracted other Irish writers: Hugh Leonard and Malachi Martin contributed to the first issue on 13 March 1983, with Leonard subsequently writing for the section several times. John McGahern published a piece in *The Sophisticated Traveler* entitled "Galway, Western Ireland's Lilted Heart," *New York Times* 14 May 1995: Sunday Magazine 36-44, 80.

⁵ Brian Moore, "A New Look at Canada," *Vogue* Jul. 1962: 82-87.

⁶ Brian Moore, "County Donegal," *32 Counties: Photographs of Ireland by Donovan Wylie with new writing by thirty-two Irish writers* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1989) 49-57.

⁷ Patricia Craig, *Brian Moore: A Biography* (London: Bloomsbury, 2004) 109.

⁸ Brian Moore, *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* (1955; Boston: Little, Brown, 1983) 30.

⁹ Moore, *Judith Hearne* 31.

¹⁰ Moore, *An Answer* 33.

¹¹ Moore, *An Answer* 31.

¹² Michael Cronin, "Minding Ourselves: A New Face for Irish Studies," *Field Day Review* 4 (2008): 185. (174-185)

¹³ James Buzard, *The Beaten Track: European Tourism, Literature, and the Ways to Culture, 1800-1918* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1993) 2.

¹⁴ See, for example, Frank Shovlin, *The Irish Literary Periodical, 1923-1958* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2003), Malcolm Ballin, *Irish Periodical Culture, 1937-1972: Genre in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2008), Elke D'hoker and Phyllis Boumans, "Moulding the Mid-Twentieth-Century Irish Short Story: Seán O'Faoláin and *The Bell*," *Irish Studies Review* 28.3 (2020) 287-304 and Boumans, "'In the Light of All This, Who Then Dares Call me a Provincial?': Bryan MacMahon's Short Stories in *The Bell*," *New Hibernia Review* 25.2 (2021): 45-59. There have also been a number of enabling studies of Irish writers and the *New Yorker* magazine by Ellen McWilliams (Maeve Brennan), Gráinne Hurley (Mary Lavin), Scott Boltwood (Brian Friel) and James D. Alexander (Frank O'Connor).

¹⁵ Cronin, "Minding Ourselves: A New Face for Irish Studies," 185.

¹⁶ Raphaël Ingelbien, "Irish Travel Writing," *Oxford Bibliographies Online*, 2018.

¹⁷ As Ingelbien notes elsewhere, "travel accounts that take Ireland as their object" have "now been comprehensively analyzed" (102). Raphaël Ingelbien, "Defining the Irish

Tourist Abroad: *Souvenirs of Irish Footprints Over Europe* (1888),” *New Hibernia Review* 14.2 (2010): 102-117.

¹⁸ Ingelbien, “Irish Travel Writing.”

¹⁹ Michael Cronin, “Home Truths: Language, Slowness and Microspecion,” *Travel Writing and Tourism in Britain and Ireland*, ed. Benjamin Colbert (Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2012) 220. (219-35)

²⁰ Sinéad Moynihan, *Ireland, Migration and Return Migration: The “Returned Yank” in the Cultural Imagination, 1952 to present* (Liverpool: Liverpool UP, 2019) 33.

²¹ Moynihan 13.

²² Luke Gibbons, *The Quiet Man* (Cork: Cork UP, 2002) 3-4.

²³ Srilata Ravi, “Diasporic Returnees and Francophone Travel Narratives,” *The Cambridge Companion to Postcolonial Travel Writing* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2017) 66. (65-78)

²⁴ Moynihan 45.

²⁵ Moynihan 59, 49.

²⁶ John McNulty, “A Reporter at Large: Back Where I Had Never Been.” *New Yorker* 10 Sept. 1949: 38. (35-55).

²⁷ Moore, *An Answer* 75.

²⁸ McNulty 48.

²⁹ McNulty 45.

³⁰ McNulty 53.

³¹ Joe McCarthy, “The Ireland in my Blood,” *Holiday* 33.4 (1963): 82-83, 175, 178-81, 184-87, 191-92, 196.

³² The formulation “Back Where I Had Never Been” also provided the subtitle to “The Three I’s: Ireland, Israel, Italy,” a three-part article about roots tourism that appeared in *Venture* 4.4 (1967). The “Ireland” section, “Ireland Face to Face,” was written by Joe McCarthy.

³³ Michael Cronin, “Next to Being There: *Ireland of the Welcomes* and Tourism of the Word,” *Irish Tourism: Image, Culture and Identity*, ed. Michael Cronin and Barbara O’Connor (Clevedon: Channel View, 2003) 186. (179-95)

³⁴ Cronin “Next to Being There” 182-83.

³⁵ William Weintraub, *Getting Started: A Memoir of the 1950s* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 2001) 34.

³⁶ Brian Moore, Diary entry, 18 Apr. 1961, Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas at Austin, Box 26, Folder 5.

³⁷ Brian Moore, Diary entry “August Cash Account,” HRC, Box 29, Folder 3.

³⁸ James Playsted Wood, *Magazines in the United States*, second ed., (New York: Ronald Press, 1956) 332.

³⁹ Wood 332.

⁴⁰ Between 1948 and 1966, O’Faoláin published at least 21 articles in *Holiday* magazine, most of them about places other than Ireland such as cities in Italy and the United States. Elizabeth Bowen, Malachy Hynes, Lord Dunsany, J.P. Donleavy, Seamus Kelly and Brian Friel also wrote for the magazine.

⁴¹ For discussions of the O’Connor controversy, see Irene Furlong, “A Renegade Irishman or Telling It as It Was?” *Foilsíú* 6.1 (2008): 5-18 and Eric G. E. Zuelow, *Making Ireland Irish: Tourism and National Identity since the Irish Civil War* (Syracuse: Syracuse UP, 2009) xxvi-xxix.

⁴² “Stinnett Joins Travel & Leisure,” *New York Times* 27 Jan 1971: 47.

⁴³ William D. Smith, “Advertising: Travel & Leisure With Price Tag,” *New York Times* 27 Aug 1975: 63.

⁴⁴ Qtd. in Craig 130.

⁴⁵ Brian Moore, Diary entry, 28 Nov. 1958, HRC, Box 26, Folder 2.

⁴⁶ Brian Moore, Diary entry, 29 Dec. 1960, HRC, Box 26, Folder 4.

⁴⁷ Brian Moore, Diary entry, 8 Apr. 1961, HRC, Box 26, Folder 5.

⁴⁸ Mary Panzer, “On *Holiday*,” *Aperture* 198 (2010): 50. (50-53)

⁴⁹ Brian Moore, Diary entry, 25 Aug. 1961, HRC, Box 26, Folder 5.

⁵⁰ Brian Moore, “The People of Belfast,” *Holiday* 35.2 (1964): 59. (58-63)

⁵¹ Moore, “The People of Belfast” 60.

⁵² Moore, “The People of Belfast” 61.

⁵³ Moore, “The People of Belfast” 59.

⁵⁴ “Novelist Flays his Native Belfast,” *Belfast Telegraph* 30 Jan. 1964: 5.

⁵⁵ Moore, “The People of Belfast” 60.

⁵⁶ Moore, *Judith Hearne* 43.

⁵⁷ Moore, “The People of Belfast” 63.

⁵⁸ Brian Moore, *The Feast of Lupercal* (1958; London: Palladin, 1990) 109.

⁵⁹ Moore, “The People of Belfast” 62.

⁶⁰ Letter to Brian Friel from Perry Knowlton, 20 Aug. 1969, Brian Friel Papers, National Library of Ireland, MS 37,210. Knowlton was then President of Curtis Brown, though Emilie Jacobson was Friel’s regular representative at that agency. Knowlton represented Moore from at least 1967 on.

⁶¹ Brian Moore, Letter to John Montague, 22 Apr. 1970, Brian Moore Fonds, Archives and Special Collections, MsC 31, University of Calgary, Box 4, Folder 5, 26.

⁶² Brian Moore, Diary entry, 25 May 1970, HRC, Box 28, Folder 4.

⁶³ Brian Moore, “Bloody Ulster: An Irishman’s Lament,” *Atlantic Monthly* 226.3 (1970): 58. (58-62)

⁶⁴ Moore, “The People of Belfast” 59.

⁶⁵ Moore, “The People of Belfast” 61.

⁶⁶ Moore, “The People of Belfast” 62.

⁶⁷ Moore, “The People of Belfast” 63.

⁶⁸ Moore, “Bloody Ulster” 58.

⁶⁹ Cronin, “Home Truths” 226.

⁷⁰ Moore, “Bloody Ulster” 58, 62.

⁷¹ Moore, “Bloody Ulster” 60, 62.

⁷² Moynihan 49.

⁷³ Moore, “Bloody Ulster” 59.

⁷⁴ Moore, “Bloody Ulster” 60.

⁷⁵ Moore asked Una to confirm street names, names of landmarks, the official title of the head of the Orange Order and typical anti-Catholic slogans used by Orange marchers, among other things. See Brian Moore Fonds, MsC 31, Archives and Special Collections, University of Calgary, Box 46, Folder 15.

⁷⁶ Moore, “Bloody Ulster” 58.

⁷⁷ Christine St. Peter, *Changing Ireland: Strategies in Contemporary Women’s Fiction* (Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2000) 95.

⁷⁸ Moore, “Bloody Ulster” 59.

⁷⁹ Moore, "Bloody Ulster" 58.

⁸⁰ Moore, "Bloody Ulster" 59.

⁸¹ The photograph is preserved in the Brian Moore Fonds, Archives and Special Collections, MsC 31, University of Calgary, Box 46, Folder 15, 3. Moore's interest in the relationship between photography and the Troubles resonates with Seamus Heaney's "Exposure" from *North* (1975). In it, the speaker reflects on what it means to have left a conflict zone, to have deliberately relocated elsewhere: "I am neither internee nor informer; / An inner emigré, grown long-haired / And thoughtful." Seamus Heaney, *North* (New York: Oxford UP, 1976) 73).

⁸² Moore, "Bloody Ulster" 58, 59.

⁸³ Moore, "Bloody Ulster" 61.

⁸⁴ Moore, "Bloody Ulster" 62.

⁸⁵ Giulia Bruna, *J. M. Synge and Travel Writing of the Irish Revival* (Syracuse: Syracuse UP, 2017) 6.

⁸⁶ Seán O'Faoláin, "The Counties of Cork," *Ireland of the Welcomes* 1.3 (1952): 11. (6-11).

⁸⁷ Craig 167.

⁸⁸ Brian Moore, "Housekeeping in Ireland," *Atlantic* Nov. 1962: 123. (118, 120, 123). The article was later condensed for *Irish Digest* 77.1 (Mar. 1963): 15-18.

⁸⁹ Cronin "Next to Being There" 182-83.

⁹⁰ Moore, "Housekeeping in Ireland" 118.

⁹¹ Moore, "Housekeeping in Ireland" 120.

⁹² Moore, "Housekeeping in Ireland" 123.

⁹³ Moore, "Housekeeping in Ireland" 118.

⁹⁴ Moore, "Housekeeping in Ireland" 123.

⁹⁵ McNulty 51-52.

⁹⁶ Moore, "Housekeeping in Ireland" 123.

⁹⁷ Moore, "The Writer as Exile" 5.

⁹⁸ Brian Moore, "They Don't Look Like Hotels!" *Travel & Leisure* Jul. 1975: 29. (29, 56).

⁹⁹ Brian Moore, "Bookend," *New York Times* 7 Feb. 1999: Book Review 27.

¹⁰⁰ James Joyce, *Dubliners* (1914; London: Penguin, 1992) 225.

¹⁰¹ Joyce 188, 225.

¹⁰² Moore, "County Donegal" 50.

¹⁰³ Moore, "County Donegal" 49.

¹⁰⁴ Moore, "County Donegal" 50.

¹⁰⁵ Moore, "County Donegal" 49.

¹⁰⁶ Moore, *Judith Hearne* 42.

¹⁰⁷ Moore, *Judith Hearne* 48-49.

¹⁰⁸ Moore, "County Donegal" 50.

¹⁰⁹ Moore, "County Donegal" 49.

¹¹⁰ National Monuments Act, 1930.

<https://www.irishstatutebook.ie/eli/1930/act/2/enacted/en/print>

¹¹¹ Mairéad Carew, "Politics and the Definition of National Monuments: the 'Big House problem,'" *Journal of Irish Archaeology* 18 (2009): 129. (129-39)

¹¹² Terence Dooley, "The Destruction of the Country House in Ireland, 1879-1973," *Lost Mansions: Essays on the Destruction of the Country House*, ed. James Raven (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2015) 57. (44-62)

¹¹³ Emer Crooke, *White Elephants: The Country House and the State in Independent Ireland, 1922-73* (Dublin: U College Dublin P, 2018) 194.

¹¹⁴ Crooke 163-64.

¹¹⁵ See "Powerscourt Demesne," *Ireland of the Welcomes* 5.2 (1956): 23-25, 41, 44 and Brian Fitzgerald, "The Big House," *Ireland of the Welcomes* 6.2 (1957): 6-10.

¹¹⁶ Fitzgerald 10.

¹¹⁷ "About Us," Irish Georgian Society, <https://www.igs.ie/about/our-profile>

¹¹⁸ Elizabeth Bowen, "Bowen's Court," *Holiday* 24.6 (1958): 190. (86-87, 190-193)

¹¹⁹ Bowen 191.

¹²⁰ "The Aristocrats: The great names of Ireland, whose history spans a thousand years," *Holiday* 33.4 (1963): 84-93.

¹²¹ Ludwig Bemelmans, "Visit to an Irish Castle," *Holiday* 33.4 (1963): 39 (33-36, 38-39)

¹²² Brian Moore, Diary entry, 7 Jun. 1968, HRC, Box 28, Folder 2.

¹²³ Lucy Huddell, "Open House to History," *Venture* 8.5 (1971): 46. (44-49)

¹²⁴ Huddell 48.

¹²⁵ Moore, "They Don't" 29.

¹²⁶ Letter from Ila Stanger to Brian Moore, 13 Aug. 1985, HRC, Box 22, Folder 3.

¹²⁷ Brian Moore, "Unexpected Ireland," *Travel & Leisure* Jul. 1986: 87. (86-107)

¹²⁸ Brian Moore, "Unexpected Ireland," *Travel & Leisure* Jul. 1986: 87. (86-107)

¹²⁹ The \$2500 payment is noted in Moore's 1986 diary, HRC, Box 32, Folder 2. The expenses cheque for \$3411.99 is in HRC, Box 35, Folder 6.

¹³⁰ Moore, "Unexpected Ireland" 91.

¹³¹ Moore, "Unexpected Ireland" 106.

¹³² Moore, "Unexpected Ireland" 91.

¹³³ Moore, "Unexpected Ireland" 106.

¹³⁴ Moore, "Unexpected Ireland" 107.

¹³⁵ Moore, "On trip to Ireland, nd (holograph notebook)," HRC, Box 21, Folder 4.

¹³⁶ Brian Friel, "A Fine Day at Glenties," *Holiday* 33.4 (Apr. 1963): 22, 24-26, 28, 30-31.

¹³⁷ See Edna O'Brien, "Dublin: The Unfinished City," *Venture* 2.4 (1965): 98-112. Friel's "The Last Word: The Drunken Border of Ireland" appeared in the same issue, after it had been rejected by *Holiday*. O'Brien also published articles in *Venture* on Amsterdam (Apr/May 1966) and Prague (Apr/May 1967). Moore was approached by *Venture* in 1965. On 29 January, he recorded in his diary: "[Wing's office] Said Venture asked if I'd do mag piece." See Brian Moore Papers, HRC, Box 27, Folder 4.

¹³⁸ See its November 1964, June 1966 and May 1967 issues, for example.