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LAST POST



**A Literary Journal from the
Ford Madox Ford Society**

LONDON • NEW YORK

LAST POST

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Ford Madox Ford Society**

Two: Spring 2019

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And my continuing thanks to our anonymous peer reviewers.

Paul Skinner
Editor

Editorial

Walking in a field last month, I was reminded of Ford Madox Ford – hardly an unusual occurrence, to be sure, certainly with the printer’s deadline for this issue of *Last Post* coming up fast. But consider: I was walking, wading rather, through long grass and clover – but also tall thistles. The River Wye ran nearby and the southern end of the Golden Valley was even closer. Perhaps above all, I was in border country.

Gringoire, in *No Enemy*, walks with ‘immense, joyful strides’ downhill through the thistles. And ‘an innumerable company of swallows flew round him, waist high, just brushing the thistledown.’ The same scene occurs in *A Man Could Stand Up–*, Tietjens with his long strides, the swallows, the thistles concealing the bodies of the dead that are attracting the flies. If the field through which I was walking lacked the corpses (as I devoutly hoped), the swallows had certainly appeared to me a little earlier, though not in that precise location, and I had too a fainter memory of Ford’s 1916 poem ‘The Iron Music’, with its ‘Dust and corpses in the thistles’, with larks rather than swallows there.

Ford’s poem, though written in Albert, in northern France, mentions Tintern, Chepstow, the River Wye and the Golden Valley; another poem, ‘The Silver Music’, also mentions Chepstow and the Wye. Max Saunders suggests that both may have been prompted by Ford’s liaison or flirtation with a Miss Ross, of whom practically nothing seems to be known (beyond

Violet Hunt's 'a clerk at 25/- a week'). The place names point to what was probably the strongest point of reference since border country, it's always seemed to me, is where Ford spent the greater part of his life, depending of course on the breadth and flexibility of your understanding of 'borders'. Chronologically, socially, artistically, politically – even in terms of reception and reputation – Ford occupies that liminal territory. Often, when driving, we moved seamlessly—minute by minute as Mr Yeats might say—not only between counties but countries also, which seemed entirely apposite, while the house in which we stayed was surrounded by fields, hedged or fenced because of the sheep, and offering an almost constant sense of things – goldfinch, rabbit, pheasant – glimpsed but not clearly seen at the edges of the extensive garden, again a sensation perfectly familiar to some Fordian readers.

Borders and glimpses are most explicitly in evidence here in the collection reviewed by Seamus O'Malley, concerned as it is with the issue of periodization, specifically in the years of the Victorian/ Modernist divide, that productive but often bewildering debate. But between, say, literary and historical explication, realism and its step-children, the threatening political shadows of the 1930s and the contemporary world, border country is discernible here in several other pieces, I believe.

We're always keen to hear from readers with sugges-

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tions, comments, opinions, complaints, corrections, requests for information, queries of any kind. *Last Post* is designed as a collaborative enterprise in both directions, so do please get in touch.

Paul Skinner

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The Ford Madox Ford Society's website is:
<http://www.fordmadoxfordsociety.org/>

A Brief Bibliographical Excursion

As many of our readers will know, the Ford Madox Ford Society website features a section entitled 'Critical Writing on Ford' which, through the laudable efforts of Dr. Emma Doolan, attempts to keep pace with new books, articles and theses which concern themselves wholly or partly with discussion of Ford's life and writings. <http://www.fordmadoxfordsociety.org/critical-writing-on-ford.html>

Older references are also turned up from time to time, sometimes in the course of, at first glance, quite unrelated reading, and two of them are mentioned here.

I've been reading a book of essays by Greg Gerke, *See What I See*, recently released by the Birmingham-based publisher Splice. Part of the book's dedication reads 'in memory of Bill Gass, The Master', and Gass is a powerfully recurring presence in the book, as he is in the celebrated collection *The Presence of Ford Madox Ford*, edited by Sondra J. Stang (University of Pennsylvania Press, 1981). Gass has a fine essay there called 'The Neglect of *The Fifth Queen*' and is also the first contributor named in the book since Stang begins her 'Acknowledgements' thus: 'I wish to thank William Gass for his enthusiasm and help in planning this volume, for enlarging my idea of what its direction and scope ought to be, and for being the first to offer an essay.' It was a configuration oddly echoed five years later, when the special 'Ford Madox Ford' issue of the journal *Antaeus* was guest edited by

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Sondra Stang and opened with a lengthy contribution, 'Ford's Impressionisms' by William H. Gass (*Antaeus* 56, Spring 1986, 12-33).

Late last year, the Literary Hub website featured 'William Gass on 12 of the most important books in his life from literary criticism to "books to go to bed with"', extracted from the recently published *The William H. Gass Reader* (Knopf, 2018). Gass praises, unsurprisingly, *The Fifth Queen* trilogy, 'the masterful epistemological novel *The Good Soldier*' and the *Parade's End* tetralogy, noting that Ford was also 'a wonderful memoirist' and a great editor. He recalled talking to a group of British university students years before and asking their opinion of Ford, only to find that fewer than a handful had ever heard of him: 'No wonder the empire fell into decay.' Gass praised the efforts of, particularly, Stang, in promoting Ford but asserted that 'he is still not accorded the position he deserves.' Of *Some Do Not . . .*, published in the year of his birth (Gass was born 3 July 1924 and died on 6 December 2017), he added: 'I still think it is the most beautiful love story in our language. It is a modern love story, with this astonishing difference: everything is treated with profound irony except the love itself.' <https://lithub.com/william-gass-on-12-of-the-most-important-books-in-his-life/>

DAVENPORT: I was of the opinion, while they were alive, that the greatest living writers in English were Samuel Beckett and Eudora Welty.

INTERVIEWER: Is it safe to say that you're rating

Welty more highly than most critics would?

DAVENPORT: I hope so. She is the only writer we have who writes like Joyce.

John Jeremiah Sullivan, 'The Art of Fiction 174: Guy Davenport', *Paris Review* 163 (Fall 2002).

Robie Macauley, who wrote the introduction to the Knopf omnibus edition of *Parade's End*—and other pieces on Ford Madox Ford—remembered of his time at Olivet, when Ford and Janice Biala were living and working there in the late 1930s: 'He always told us to read a new author named Eudora Welty, who was about the best young American writer he'd come across.'¹

Welty was one of the writers that Ford tried hardest to get published in the last years of his life. Katherine Anne Porter spoke highly of Welty's stories, prompting Ford to write and ask to see some of her work. After reading it, he suggested to Welty that she submit her stories to his British publisher, Stanley Unwin, and himself wrote to Unwin, saying that, while he knew about 'the usual objection' to short stories, Welty's 'seem to me to be of such great beauty and so beautifully written that you might possibly make an exception for them.'²

Unwin never did publish Eudora Welty but her stories were already winning prizes and her first collection, *A Curtain of Green*, appeared in 1941, with an introduction by Porter. Her first novel, *The Robber Bride-*

A Brief Bibliographical Excursion

groom, followed a year later.

In 1970, Welty began a correspondence with Kenneth Millar, who wrote under the name of Ross Macdonald: he had praised her recent novel, *Losing Battles*, and their increasingly close friendship lasted until Millar's untimely death, from Alzheimer's Disease, in 1983.

In the spring of 1971, Welty mentioned to Macdonald that she was writing a review of Arthur Mizener's biography of Ford: 'I'm not sure if I can stand Arthur Mizener on Ford, anyway [. . .] I've been reading all the Ford I can, to get a little balance.' In his reply, Macdonald mentioned having seen a part of the biography and being struck by 'what seemed to me its rather dull antipathy towards its subject.' It is a fairly widely held view now that, while Arthur Mizener made some valuable contributions to the body of biographical work on Ford, what queers the pitch is that he really disliked Ford and ends up not believing a word he says, hardly the best frame of mind to foster insight and understanding. Ford had to wait another couple of decades before Alan Judd and Max Saunders corrected the Mizener view.

Another of Macdonald's friends was Richard W. Lid, whose book, *Ford Madox Ford: The Essence of His Art* had appeared in 1964, dedicated 'To Kenneth Millar'. Macdonald's letter went on to mention this: 'Dick wrote his own book on Ford—an analysis of the ma-

for novels which I think is the best thing done on him so far. Could be I'm prejudiced: I worked on it with Dick—*this in confidence*—and in fact he dedicated it to me. So when you told me you were involved with Ford, it closed another circle, dear Miss Welty, with a tinkle. But it's no coincidence, is it? All writers admire *Parade's End* and love *The Good Soldier*, and hate to see them fall into fumbling hands, unimaginative hands.'³

Thanking him for his letter—and Macdonald's own copy of Lid's book which he'd sent her—Eudora Welty said it was just what she needed 'at this very point, when Mizener in his jovial disparagement was about to get me down.' She claimed to see the traces of Macdonald's work on the chapter devoted to *The Good Soldier*, 'in the awareness of what Ford is doing in that marvelous book', adding: 'I don't need to tell you I undertook the review not for love of Mizener but for love of Ford.'⁴

Eudora Welty's review of Mizener's biography is included in *The Eye of the Story*, a selection of essays and reviews. In that book, the review is immediately followed by her appreciation of Macdonald's *The Underground Man*: 'In our day it is for such a novel as *The Underground Man* that the detective form exists. I think it also matters that it is the detective form, with all its difficult demands and its corresponding charms, that makes such a novel possible.'⁵

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We know how greatly Ford appreciated Welty's writing: I like to think that he would have admired Macdonald's work too—those novels that Hugh Kenner had accurately described as 'fables of modern identity'.⁶

Notes:

1 Quoted in Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life*, two volumes (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), II, 514.

2 *Letters of Ford Madox Ford*, edited by Richard M. Ludwig (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1965), 310. Sondra Stang, editor, *The Ford Madox Ford Reader* (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1986), 510-512.

3 Suzanne Marrs and Tom Nolan, editors, *Meanwhile There Are Letters: The Correspondence of Eudora Welty and Ross Macdonald* (New York: Arcade Publishing, 2015), 11, 12.

4 *Meanwhile There Are Letters*, 13.

5 Eudora Welty, *The Eye of the Story: Selected Essays and Reviews* (London: Virago Press, 1987), 258: review of Mizener, *The Saddest Story: A Biography of Ford Madox Ford*, 241-250; review of *The Underground Man*, 251-260. The book is dedicated 'To Kenneth Millar'.

6 Hugh Kenner, 'Classics by the Pound', in *Mazes*

(Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1995), 123. As Kenner predicted in this 1982 essay, the Library of America did eventually include Macdonald on their list of the country's 'best and most significant writing': three volumes, containing eleven novels, appeared between 2015 and 2017.

Fordian News

Ford / Conrad collaborations in the Ukraine.

Tempora Publishers in Kyiv have just launched the first volumes (translations of *Almayer's Folly*, *An Outcast of the Islands* and *The Secret Agent*) in a new Ukrainian edition of the works of Joseph Conrad. The edition will also include Conrad's collaborations with Ford: *The Inheritors* and *The Nature of a Crime* will be published together in one volume; *Romance* will be published in a separate volume. The volumes are currently in the process of being translated by Andriy Bondar. Bondar was one of the most popular poets on the Kyiv poetry scene in the late 1990s and early part of this century. In 1997, he won first prize in the literary competition organised by Smoloskyp publishing house, and his first volume of poems, *Spring Heresy*, was published by them the following year. This was followed by *Truth and Honey* (2001) and *Primitive Forms of Ownership* (2004). More recently, he has published a volume of poems, *Lenten Songs* (2014), a collection of essays, *Carrot Ice* (2012), and a volume of short prose pieces, *And For Those In the Graves* (2016). Bondar is a prolific translator from English and Polish into Ukrainian. His recent translations from English into Ukrainian include Peter Pomerantsev's *Nothing Is True And Everything Is Possible* (2015). In addition, Bondar is a renowned columnist and critic, writing a regular column in *The Mirror Weekly*. His recent book of short prose pieces, *Cere-*

bro (2018), won the annual BBC-Ukraine prize. Ford Madox Ford is little-known in Ukraine. Perhaps these translations will serve to introduce him to a wider readership.

Our thanks to Robert Hampson, who has also written the general introduction for the edition: ‘Joseph Conrad and Modernism’, in which Robert mentions the collaborative works and cites Ford’s *Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance* and *The English Novel*.

‘The nearest thing to Ford Madox Ford in drama’

Susannah Clapp’s review (in *The Guardian*, 16 March 2019) of *Betrayal*, part of the Pinter revival at the Adelphi starring Zawe Ashton, Charlie Cox and Tom Hiddleston, began by describing the play as ‘The nearest thing to Ford Madox Ford in drama’. Fordians will already be familiar with this pairing, from Angus Wrenn’s “Long Letters about Ford Madox Ford”: Ford’s Afterlife in the Work of Harold Pinter’, in *Ford Madox Ford’s Literary Contacts*, edited by Paul Skinner (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2007), 225-235. There, Wrenn explores the ways in which, in Pinter’s *Betrayal* (1978; filmed in 1982), his techniques ‘can be seen as corresponding to Ford’s narrative method in *The Good Soldier*’: its ‘unreliability’, its fluid treatment of chronology. There are also similarities of subject matter, of course, a man conducting a love affair with his best friend’s wife—and the issue of paternity.

<https://www.theguardian.com/stage/2019/mar/16/betrayal-harold-pinter-tom-hiddleston-review-waitress-musical-adelphi>

Ford and Lawrence

The ‘Interesting links about books and reading’ section of the *Guardian’s* books blog focused on Ford’s discussion of his first encounter with the writing of D. H. Lawrence, specifically his analysis of the opening paragraph of ‘An Odour of Chrysanthemums’ (*Mightier Than the Sword* 100-104; *Portraits From Life* 72-75).

<https://www.theguardian.com/books/books-blog/2019/apr/29/tips-links-and-suggestions-what-are-you-reading-this-week>

The Merchant Ivory Quartet

The Merchant Ivory film of Jean Rhys’s novel *Quartet*, for which Isabelle Adjani (as Marya) won Best Actress at the 1981 Cannes Film Festival, has just been released in a restored version by the Cohen Media Group. The film also stars Alan Bates as Heidler, Maggie Smith as his wife Lois and Anthony Higgins as Marya’s husband Stefan.

Quintet: Five Versions of Ford Madox Ford

Harry Ricketts

Ken Barrington, the great England and Surrey cricketer of the 1950s and 60s, was famous for his malapropisms; in one of his best-known, he described how a bowler might put a batsman ‘in two-man’s land’.¹ ‘Two-man’s land’: that sounds exactly like Ford country, an imaginative space where he took up permanent residence, wherever he might happen to be geographically: London, Germany, Sussex, Paris, the South of France, America. The well-known pen-portraits by fellow-writers like Ezra Pound, Ernest Hemingway, Jean Rhys and Robert Lowell mostly fail to grasp this essential aspect of Ford.

Pound’s imagistic vignette in *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* (1920) presents post-WWI Ford in bucolic retreat from the ‘world’s welter’, living with ‘a placid and uneducated mistress’. Pound may dub Ford the ‘stylist’, but the focus is firmly on the latter’s non-literary accomplishments and situation: his ‘succulent cooking’, his ‘sagging’, leaky thatch roof, his door with ‘a creaking latch’.² Even if we take the snapshot to imply what a major writer has been reduced to, the final impression is nonetheless one of a diminished figure being faintly patronised.

Which is ironic, because being patronising is one of the charges levelled against Ford himself in ‘Ford Madox Ford and the Devil’s Disciple’ in *A Moveable*

Feast (1964), Hemingway's posthumously published, mean-spirited, account-settling memoir of literary life in Paris in the 1920s.³ Here almost all of those in the artistic *monde* whom Hemingway had known, and who had in many cases befriended and helped him, are shown to have been petty, pathetic and pusillanimous in comparison to the high-minded, long-suffering and manly young genius himself. The painter and writer Wyndham Lewis has the eyes of 'an unsuccessful rapist'; Scott Fitzgerald is a cheap drunk, obsessed with his health and the size of his cock; Gertrude Stein is a hypocrite and a lazy writer; T. S. Eliot, perhaps because, unlike Hemingway, he did not take part in the war, is referred to as 'the Major'; even Pound, 'the most generous writer I have ever known and the most disinterested', is portrayed as much too partisan about his friends' work and a klutz as a boxer. The thumbnail sketch of Ford is among the most poisonous; Ford is characterised as a wheezing self-important liar and a fat snob with bad breath.

Hemingway, the sensitive young apprentice, is sitting in a favourite café, the Closerie des Lilas, 'watching the light change on the trees and the buildings'. He is approached by Ford, 'breathing heavily through a heavy, stained mustache and holding himself as upright as an ambulatory, well clothed, up-ended hogs-head'. His eyes are 'a washed-out blue under colorless lids and eyebrows'. Ford orders, then fussily re-orders a drink. Hemingway sits upwind of him, so as to avoid his breath. Ford invites Hemingway to a party at an

address the latter already knows well, but which Ford nevertheless keeps reiterating. When the drinks arrive, Ford claims his order is wrong. A 'rather gaunt man wearing a cape' passes, vaguely looks towards the table; Ford 'cuts' him, claiming the man to be Hilaire Belloc. Hemingway tries to remind himself that Pound thinks Ford 'really a good writer' and one who must be excused because of his 'very bad domestic troubles'. Ford delivers a disquisition on who is or is not a gentleman and why one 'cuts' some people and not others: "A gentleman," Ford explains, "will always cut a cad", but not a 'bounder', because a gentleman would not know a 'bounder'. Hemingway asks whether an American can be a gentleman. Ford concedes that John Quinn, the art patron, might conceivably be a gentleman, also certain ambassadors. Was Henry James a gentleman? ("Very nearly"). Why then, asks Hemingway, is Ford talking to him: "I'm drinking with you as a promising young writer. As a fellow writer in fact." Ford departs. Another friend of Hemingway's appears; 'the gaunt man in the cape' passes. Hemingway tells the friend it is Hilaire Belloc and that Ford earlier 'cut' him. The friend tells him it is really "Aleister Crowley, the diabolist ... the wickedest man in the world."

So, not only is Ford an unmitigated liar, snob and know-it-all, but he has even failed to recognise whom he is 'cutting', with the implication that he has, by his own definition, proved himself both a cad and a bounder. In its own terms, the sketch remains a cruel-

ly funny spike of revenge (though the poet Basil Bunting, who knew both writers in that period, calls it an “unlaughable caricature”).⁴ No doubt, Ford was often condescending, including to Hemingway, and something like this scene, or some composite version of it, very probably took place. What Hemingway deliberately, and ungratefully, omits, however, is any larger context. Most notably, that Ford had indeed taken a serious interest in Hemingway as ‘a fellow writer’ and, through his editorship of the *transatlantic review*, had published the latter’s early stories and, more generally, given significant support to his embryonic literary career.

Ford as ‘cad’ is one of the accusations levelled against his fictional surrogate, Hugh Heidler, in Rhys’s novel *Quartet* (1928): “He’d take any advantage he could – fair or unfair. Caddish he is,” reflects Marya (*aka* Rhys), as her affair with Heidler begins to fall apart.⁵ Rhys’s portrait of Ford in Paris is considerably subtler than Hemingway’s, and in its way more damning. This is because Heidler/Ford is presented as the one entirely self-serving member of the *ménage à trois* with Lois/Stella Bowen and Marya/Rhys. In a style as pared back and almost as minimalist as Hemingway’s, small details, actions and turns of speech constantly reveal Heidler as a cold, self-pitying, hypocritical predator, obsessed with keeping up appearances, and, even at one point, likened to a vampire (‘It’s as if all the blood in my body is being drained, very slowly, all the time, all the blood in my heart’). By contrast,

Marya is consistently cast as a naïve, waiflike, penniless victim, adrift in Paris, with a husband in jail, and at the mercy of both Heidler and the equally conniving Lois (*aka* Ford's then partner, Stella Bowen).

One repeated image, which occurs to Marya, is that of a cat playing with a mouse: "It's so nice to think that the little thing enjoys it too," said the lady, watching her cat playing with a mouse.' The twist here is that in a masochistic way Marya does enjoy being played with by Heidler. A related image of Marya's situation is that of a young fox in a cage, with which she viscerally identifies:

Up and down it ran, up and down, and Marya imagined that each time it turned it did so with a certain hopefulness, as if it thought that escape was possible. Then, of course, there were the bars. It would strike its nose, turn and run again. Up and down, up and down ceaselessly. A horrible sight, really.

Heidler is portrayed as a misogynist and not even a good lover: 'His hands were inexpert, clumsy at caresses; his mouth was hard when he kissed. No, not a lover of women, he could say what he liked.'

Quartet is not a memoir, of course, though clearly a *roman à clef*, a bio-fiction which is closely, if selectively, based on the interactions of Rhys, her husband 'John' Lenglet, Ford and Bowen, as biographies of Rhys and Ford confirm. What is left out (again) is the literary

dimension, an omission belatedly remedied by Rhys in her 1979 *Paris Review* interview, where she makes a point of emphasising that ‘Ford wasn’t at all the way Hemingway described him’ and that he had ‘helped [her] more than anyone else’.⁶ As indeed he had.

Unlike Hemingway and Rhys, Lowell had no unpaid dues to settle in his retrospective poem, ‘Ford Madox Ford’. He had known the novelist briefly, if concentratedly, in the late 1930s, not long before Ford’s death. The poem, first published in 1954 and collected in *Life Studies* (1959), is something of a neglected *tour de force*.⁷ On first reading, it seems to anticipate aspects of the yet-to-be-published Hemingway version. The ‘study’ presents Ford as a portly, ‘huffing’, larger-than-life figure, more fatuous than impressive, variously likening him to a whale, a fish, a mammoth, an elephant and a horse. It begins in impressionistic, irregularly rhymed free verse with the novelist recalling how, during a golf match involving Lloyd George, he ‘cut the puffing statesman down to size’, the classic Ford tall story capped off with the punchline: “‘Otherwise, / I would have been general of a division.’” Lowell, like Hemingway, sums up this and other anecdotal snippets as ‘lies’. Ford, it is admitted, has been prolific, but remains largely unread: ‘the bales of your left-over novels buy / less than a bandage for your gouty foot.’

Read more carefully, the poem offers a more nuanced tribute, if one well this side of idolatry. At line thir-

ty-two, there is a sudden shift, a shaping up, as it were, as the poem concludes with an (almost regular) Petrarchan sonnet. For all the continuing metaphorical exuberance ('mammoth mumbler') and the hyperbolic comparisons ('Timon and Falstaff'), the shift, in addition to showing off Lowell's virtuosity, is an acknowledgement (as much as anything through the shift in form) that Ford in his own fashion was, as the poem says, a 'master', part of the tradition. The sonnet is also, for the Fordian, an understated nod to the Tietjens-McKechnie sonnet competition in *No More Parades* and to Ford's own sonnet evenings in Paris. The final lines drop the cartoonlike elaborations, balancing riddling admiration with a straightforward appreciation of Ford's human qualities and his end:

I'm selling short
your lies that made the great your equals. Ford,
you were a kind man and you died in want.

Of the four writers here, Lowell is the only one ('Timon and Falstaff'), who shows some understanding of Ford's duality. But only Ford's lover for more than a decade, the painter Stella Bowen, shows a real grasp of this aspect. Pound might label her Ford's 'placid and uneducated mistress'. Her rival Rhys might claim that, as Lois, '[Bowen] gave a definite impression of being insensitive to the point of stupidity - or was it insensitive to the point of cruelty?'⁸ Bowen's autobiography *Drawn from Life* (1941) suggests someone quite different, nowhere more so than in the shrewdly

Harry Ricketts

generous pages about Ford and about Rhys. She obviously came to know all about 'two man's land': 'he could show you two sides simultaneously of any human affair, and the double picture made the subject come alive, and stand out in a third-dimensional way that was very thrilling.'⁹ That is the positive, enlarging, inspiriting side.

The more dismaying side emerges when Rhys becomes 'Ford's girl':

Life with Ford had always felt to me pretty insecure. Yet here I was cast for the role of the fortunate wife who held all the cards, and the girl for that of the poor, brave and desperate beggar who was doomed to be let down by the bourgeoisie.

These contrasting roles up to a point recall Marya's view in *Quartet*; equally, they strongly imply a (not so 'thrilling') 'double picture' of the situation, as it was very probably also offered to Bowen at the time by Ford as well as Rhys. This impression is reinforced a page or two later, after the affair with Rhys has ended and, following two trips to America, Ford announces to Bowen that he has formed 'a sentimental attachment to an American lady whom he proposed to visit every year. He thought that our Paris ménage could go on just the same in between-whiles ...' To which Bowen adds: 'but I did not. I wanted to belong to myself.'

Bowen, the non-writer of this quintet, was ironically

the one who best understood Ford's 'two man's land'. And it has to be said that it was a two *man's* land, in which and for which women who got close to Ford tended to suffer. At the same time, it is that capacity to imagine and hold the 'double picture' which make possible John Dowell's complex, unstable narration, which make possible (and somehow plausible) the torturedly honourable positions Christopher Tietjens so vehemently maintains:

“I have always held that a woman who has been let down by one man has the right - has the duty for the sake of her child - to let down a man. It becomes woman against man: against one man. I happened to be that one man: it was the will of God. But you were within your rights. I will never go back on that. Nothing will make me, ever!”¹⁰

Out of context it sounds dotty, but that's what it's like in two man's land.

Notes

1 Quoted in Mike Brearley, *The Art of Captaincy* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1985), 71.

2 Ezra Pound, *Selected Poems* (London: Faber, 1975), 104. Pound often mentions Ford in his letters and often rather condescendingly. The plaudits are mostly reserved for Ford as an editor of literary journals rather than as a novelist. As he told one correspondent in 1937: 'F.M. Ford wasted 40 novels, as I see it, excel-

Harry Ricketts

lent parts merely buried in writing done at his second best.' See D. D. Paige, editor, *The Letters of Ezra Pound 1907-1941* (London: Faber and Faber, 1951), 390.

3 Ernest Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast* (New York: Bantam, 1970), 79-89, 109, 111-112, 110.

4 Quoted in Alan Judd, *Ford Madox Ford* (London: Flamingo, 1991), 149.

5 Jean Rhys, *Quartet* (London: Penguin, 1973), 84, 121, 49, 124, 92. The most detailed, scrupulous and fascinating account of Ford's and Rhys's affair is to be found by combining the version in Carole Angier's *Jean Rhys: Life and Work* (London: Andre Deutsch, 1990) with that in Max Saunders's *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996).

6 *The Paris Review Interviews, volume III* (New York: Picador, 2008), 203, 202.

7 Robert Lowell, *Life Studies* (London: Faber and Faber, 1972), 63-64. Lowell's collection *History* (1973) also contains two (much slighter) poems about Ford: "Ford Madox Ford" and "Ford Madox Ford and Others".

8 Rhys, *Quartet*, 48.

9 Stella Bowen, *Drawn from Life* (London: Virago,

1984), 62, 167, 169.

10 Ford Madox Ford, *Some Do Not. . .* (1924; edited by Max Saunders, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2010), 215.

The Bad Nauheim Hotels in *The Good Soldier*: A Re-evaluation

Andrew Gustar

Ford Madox Ford's novel *The Good Soldier* is partly set in and around the German spa town of Bad Nauheim between the years 1904 and 1913. Three hotels in Bad Nauheim are mentioned in the novel: the Englischer Hof, the Hotel Regina, and the Hotel Excelsior. In the Norton Critical Edition of the novel, they are described as follows:

Englischer Hof: 'Probably Hotel d'Angleterre, now the Deutscher Hof, a substantial private hotel on a tree-lined street, at 1 KÜchlerstrasse, one block from the Kurpark and baths'.

Hotel Regina: 'A few yards from the Englischer Hof and on the same street at 8 KÜchlerstrasse.'

Hotel Excelsior: 'Grander than the Englischer Hof and Hotel Regina, the Excelsior was within easy walking distance of them but still modest in comparison with Grand-Hotel Kaiserhof or Grand-Hotel Metropole and Monopole. Ford places characters in establishments exactly reflecting their social status rather than their wealth'.¹

Following a recent visit to Bad Nauheim, I concluded that these locations and descriptions do not appear to be consistent with the historical evidence, or with certain passages in the novel. This essay discusses these inconsistencies and proposes an alternative hypothe-

sis for the locations.

Ford started writing *The Good Soldier* in December 1913, and it was published in March 1915.² He had visited Bad Nauheim in the summer of 1910, and subsequently spent some time living in nearby Giessen during 1910-11, so probably knew the town reasonably well.³

The Norton edition includes photographs of the Hotel d'Angleterre and the Hotel Excelsior (172). The building in the Excelsior photograph is now the Villa Royal at 7 Bahnhofsallee, halfway between the baths and the railway station.⁴ In the last few years, Villa Royal has been restored to its former *Jugendstil* glory, and the process has been documented on its website, which includes several historic photographs and copies of press articles. One photograph, probably from the 1930s, clearly shows it as 'Hotel Excelsior'.⁵

(See photo, page 24)

An article about the restoration in the *Wetterauer Zeitung* of 13 February 2007 states: 'Von Historismus und Jugendstil geprägt, wurde das imposante Gebäude 1893 als Villa Stockhausen gerichtet, 1898 erweitert und in Villa Royal umgetauft. Nachdem ein weiterer Ausbau 1928 erfolgte, wurde das Haus in der Bahnhofsallee 7 zum Hotel Royal Excelsior / Kurhotel Excelsior.' ['Influenced by historicism and Art Nouveau, the imposing building was converted into Villa Stockhausen in 1893, extended in 1898 and renamed

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Villa Royal. After further extension in 1928, the house in Bahnhofsallee 7 became Hotel Royal Excelsior / Kurhotel Excelsior.’] ⁶

Villa Royal was not, therefore, the Excelsior Hotel until well after Ford wrote *The Good Soldier*. In the 1907 *Visitors Guide to Bad Nauheim* it is listed as the ‘Royal Pension’ – a guest house providing full-board, but not a hotel.⁷ Prior to the 1928 extension, a photograph on the Villa Royal website indicates that it was rather smaller, consisting of just the corner section of the building shown on the opposite page.⁸

The German Jewish history website <http://www.alemannia-judaica.de> further confuses the issue. It reproduces the following short advertisement from the *Allgemeine Zeitung des Judentums* of 10 August 1921:



The Hotel Hohenzollern, according to a Baedeker guide of 1911,⁹ was at 25 Ludwigstrasse, halfway between the baths and Kuchlerstrasse where the Norton edition locates the other two hotels. Baedeker calls it the ‘Bittong’s Hotel Hohenzollern’, so it was certainly not branded Excelsior in 1911. Perhaps, as subsequently with the Villa Royal, the Excelsior name was added following the work to which the ‘neu renoviert’

in the advertisement refers.¹⁰

So there does not appear to have been a real 'Hotel Excelsior' in Bad Nauheim at the time of the novel. The names 'Hotel Regina' and 'Englischer Hof' are also absent from the contemporary sources.

Baedeker (1911) is one such source, listing 22 hotels and boarding houses in Bad Nauheim, giving exact addresses for all but five. The Meyer's Reisebuch of the Rhinelands of 1911 has a similar list to Baedeker's.¹¹ The 1907 English language *Visitors Guide to Bad Nauheim* has lists of 19 'Recommended Hotels', 4 'Jewish Hotel-Restaurants', and 83 'Lodgings and Boarding Houses'. Most of these have full addresses and can be located on a modern map (allowing for a few changes of street names).

Hotels also advertised in guides to the baths and treatments at Bad Nauheim. Groedel (1899) has a section of half-page advertisements for hotels, including half a dozen not mentioned in the 1907 *Visitors Guide*.¹² Bradshaw (1904) also mentions a few hotels in Bad Nauheim, though none not covered elsewhere.¹³ Hotels are also shown in some old photographs and postcards of the town, although the exact locations and dates are often hard to identify.¹⁴

None of these sources from 1899-1911 mentions a Regina, Englischer Hof or Excelsior. The Excelsior we have already discussed. 'Englischer Hof' could simply

be a German name for the Hotel d'Angleterre. There was, and still is, a Haus Regina at 8 KÜchlerstrasse, which currently operates as an assisted-living retirement home. The building is marked on maps of the time, although none of the guides list it as a hotel or boarding house.¹⁵

It appears that the identification of these hotels in the Norton edition was based on finding actual buildings with similar names. There is a Haus Regina, but it was not a hotel. There was a Hotel d'Angleterre at 1 KÜchlerstrasse, with a plausibly similar name to the Englischer Hof. And there was a Hotel Excelsior at 7 Bahnhofsallee, but not until 1928. In addition, as I shall argue below, the location of these hotels is inconsistent with other geographical descriptions in the novel.

The simple explanation for these discrepancies is that the names of the hotels in *The Good Soldier* are fictitious. Nevertheless, they may well be based on real hotels. To track them down, we must examine geographical clues in the novel itself. Although Ford and his characters are often unreliable in their narratives, real places are realistically portrayed elsewhere in his writings, and it is reasonable to assume that the geographical descriptions in the novel are based on his good knowledge of Bad Nauheim when he was writing the novel in 1913-14.

Several clues in the novel can help to locate the hotels

that Ford had in mind. The most useful passage is:

I could find my way blindfolded to the hot rooms, to the douche rooms, to the fountain in the centre of the quadrangle where the rusty water gushes out. Yes I could find my way blindfolded. I know the exact distances. From the Hotel Regina you took one hundred and eighty-seven paces, then, turning sharp, lefthanded, four hundred and twenty took you straight down to the fountain. From the Englischer Hof, starting on the sidewalk, it was ninety-seven paces and the same four hundred and twenty, but turning lefthanded this time. (*GS* 22)

It is worth including the deleted section that immediately follows the above passage, that appears in the Cornell manuscript of the novel (see *GS* 211):

From the end of the tennis courts to Florence's seat after she had been at Nauheim a week was exactly five hundred steps; from the same place to a seat higher up the hill—she was allowed so much to extend her walk during the second week—was just seven hundred and fifty. From the same place to the steps of the Casino, by the path Dr Bittelmann told us to take during the fourth week was exactly seven hundred and fifty. And so on . . .

The clear implication of this description of the route is that there was a simple 420-pace straight-line route direct to the fountain at the centre of the quadrangle of the Sprudelhof (Bad Nauheim's Art Nouveau bath house complex). The two hotels (Regina and Englischer Hof) were then 187 paces and 97 paces re-

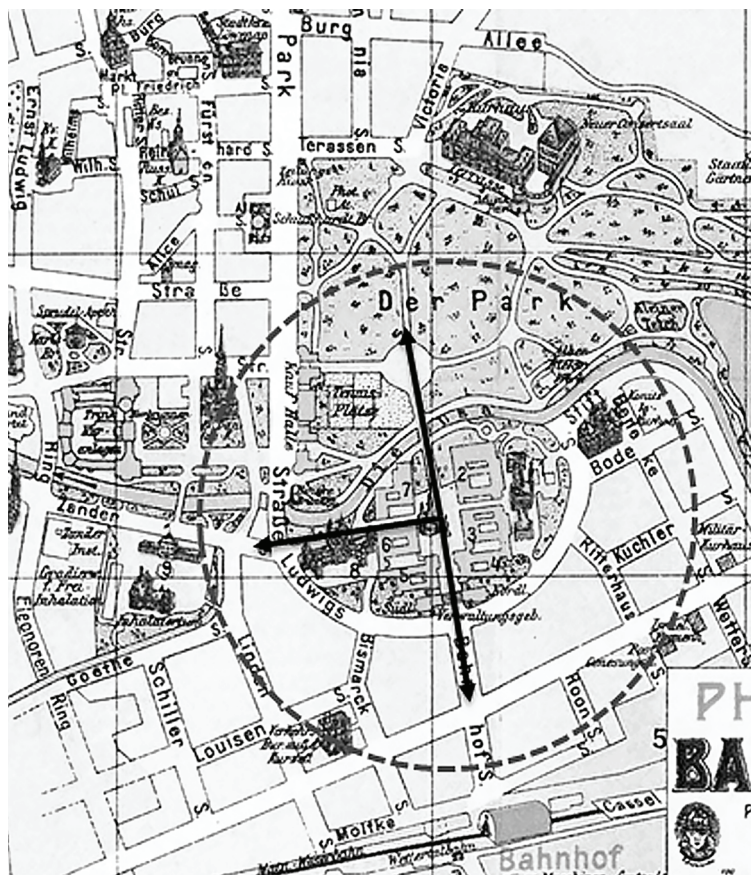
spectively from the end of this route.

Note that Ford (or rather Dowell, the novel's narrator) says that both routes from the hotels require a left turn. The final phrase 'turning lefthanded *this time*' suggests that it should be a turn in the opposite direction from that previously described – so it seems reasonable to assume that one of the two 'lefts' should be a 'right'. This might be a simple typographical error, or a deliberate mistake on Dowell's part. Ford was exactly six feet tall,¹⁶ so his average stride length would have been about 30 inches.¹⁷ This gives the following approximate distances for the figures mentioned above:

Paces	Distance (Metres)
97	75
187	140
420	320
500	380
750	570

To locate the starting points at the hotels, it is sensible to consider possible routes in the reverse direction. There are three directions in which 320m can be walked in a straight line from the fountain in the centre of the baths. The first is to head east, uphill out of the Sprudelhof, along Bahnhofsallee towards the station. The second leads west into the Kurpark. The third option is to go south, through an archway between the bathhouses, along the access road 'Zu den

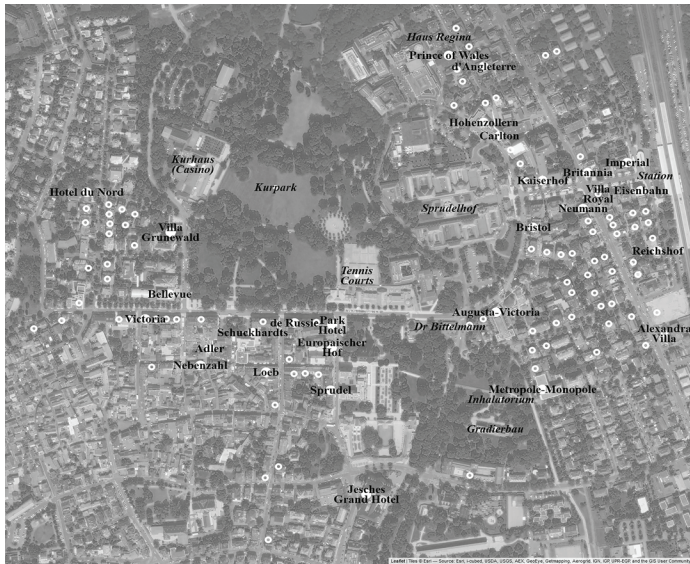
Sprudeln', and then across Parkstrasse into Zanderstrasse. The map below, a detail from the Pharus-Plan of 1912, illustrates these options (note that the map is oriented so that 'up' is west rather than north).¹⁸



The arrows show the three possible directions described above from the centre of the Sprudelhof. The dotted circle marks a distance of 320m (420 paces) from the fountain. K uchlerstrasse, where the Norton edition locates the Regina and Englischer Hof, is to the north (right) of the baths. Although the distance is about right, there is no straight-line route. There never appears to have been a direct route from the central fountain in this direction. Even before the Sprudelhof complex was built in its current form during the years 1905-11, contemporary maps show that such a path would have been blocked by the long building (one of the bathhouses from the original development) on the northern side of the complex. Ford would have been aware of the recent reshaping of the baths complex (he has Dowell half-remembering the ‘white half-timbered chalets’ of the previous baths as he recalls the group’s first visit in 1904), but it was not relevant for the purposes of his pace-counting.¹⁹

Before discussing the hotels suggested by Dowell’s pacing, it is worth looking at the location of the hotels in Bad Nauheim, as listed in the various sources mentioned above.

This is a satellite view (pictured on page 32) of Bad Nauheim (with north being up, this time), showing all hotels and boarding houses listed in the Visitors Guide, Baedeker, and the other sources from the period 1899-1911. The Hotels (named) are the large discs, Villas and ‘Pensions’ (mostly unnamed) are the smaller



rings, and other places mentioned in this essay are marked as smaller dots and named in *italics*.²⁰ There were clearly a great many places to stay, clustered in the area between the baths and the railway station, and along the southern and western sides of the Kurpark. There is some doubt over whether Villa Grunewald (on the left) was actually a hotel at the time.²¹ Jesche's Grand Hotel (at the bottom) did not appear in the Visitor's Guide, as it had only recently opened when William Van Duzer Lawrence stayed there in the summer of 1913.²² The large building on the western side of the Kurpark (just above Villa Grunewald) was the Kurhaus, the complex that housed the 'Casino' that is mentioned in the novel. The actual casino closed in 1872 and the building (still known by its former name) was used as a theatre and concert hall (*GS* 79 n.5).²³

Let's consider the three direct routes from the Sprudelhof fountain. On the route to the east, 420 paces take us almost to the station. There are plenty of hotels and boarding houses in the vicinity. However, the following passage (just before the 'paces' extract quoted above) suggests that the Englischer Hof was near the public gardens and within view of the baths complex:

whilst poor Florence was taking her morning bath, I stood upon the carefully swept steps of the Englischer Hof, looking at the carefully arranged trees in tubs upon the carefully arranged gravel whilst carefully arranged people walked past in carefully calculated gaiety, at the carefully calculated hour, the tall trees of the public gardens, going up to the right; the reddish stone of the baths – or were they white half-timber chalets? (*GS 22*)

A location near the railway station is not compatible with this description. It is hard to see the public gardens or Sprudelhof (unless looking directly down Bahnhofsallee), and the trees of the gardens would be below the observer, so would not 'go up' to the right.²⁴

Pacing in the opposite direction takes us to the middle of the Kurpark, close to a fork in the path. To the right is the Kurhaus, another 140m or so, which is consistent with the '187 paces' although not with the 'sharp' turn that Ford describes on the route from the Hotel Regina. The Kurhaus was not a hotel (although it is now), so is an unlikely candidate for Hotel Regina, especially as it is also the location of the Casino. On the left fork, a path leads to Parkstrasse (a too-far 180m or

so), very close to Schuckhardts Hotel and, a little further, the Bellevue and the Hotel de Russie. Although these hotels do not quite fit the description, they are close to the public gardens with (perhaps, through the trees) a view of the Sprudelhof.

A variant on the western route is to extend the initial 420 paces to the crossroads of paths about 80 paces (60m) further down the left-hand fork towards Parkstrasse. A right turn at this junction takes you close to Villa Grunewald as the possible location of the Regina, at roughly the right distance (although there is doubt over whether this was a hotel at the time). A left turn leads directly to the Hotel de Russie on Parkstrasse, although the distance, at 150m, is twice as far as the desired 97 paces. This reading is perhaps more plausible, although it does require some stretching of Dowell's distances.

The third route, heading south from the fountain, is more promising. A 320m walk takes you in a straight line through an archway, along a minor road, across the junction with Parkstrasse, and a little way down Zanderstrasse, which is bordered on both sides by public gardens. Turning right, through the gardens, leads in about 220m to the Park Hotel and the Europäischer Hof (next door) at the northern end of Kurstrasse. Turning left, through the park on the other side, leads either to the Hotel Metropole-Monopole (140m), or, nearer and with a sharper left-hand turn, the Hotel Augusta-Victoria (120m).²⁵

Apart from the distance to the Park Hotel, which is much too far to cover in 97 paces, this option fits the directions and distances well, and is consistent with being near the public gardens. A view of the Sprudelhof would perhaps have been possible from the steps of the Park Hotel. The Park Hotel is also just opposite the tennis courts which, in the deleted passage quoted above, is where Florence starts her walk – which would make sense if that is where she was staying. 500 paces from the Parkstrasse end of the tennis courts might put ‘Florence’s seat’ near the junction of paths close to the north-east corner of the Kurhaus. 250 paces further would take her uphill to the junction with what is today Nördlicher Park, but at the time was part of the Kurpark.

The deleted passage mentions a Dr Bittelmann. There was indeed a Dr Bittelmann operating in Bad Nauheim at the time – he is mentioned in Ford’s lover Violet Hunt’s travelogue *The Desirable Alien* of 1913.²⁶ The 1907 Visitors Guide lists him at 1 Ludwigsstrasse, which would have been on Dowell’s direct route to and from the baths, and close to both hotels.

During the spring and summer of 1910, just before Ford left England for Germany, *The Times* published short weekly advertisements for two hotels in Bad Nauheim – the Park Hotel and the Metropole. These may or may not have been among the hotels at the top of Ford’s mind when he visited Nauheim that August,

although he would certainly have become familiar with them during his time there and on subsequent visits. The route that Dowell describes (not quite accurately) in the novel is the most direct course between the baths and these hotels. The 'Englischer Hof' was perhaps based on the Park Hotel, with its fictional name based on the hotel next door, the Europäischer Hof. The 'Hotel Regina' may well have been based on the Hotel Augusta-Victoria, the name of which may simply have reminded Ford of Queen Victoria.²⁷ In this case, Dowell's directions from the Regina should have been 'turning sharp, right-handed', with those from the Englischer Hof remaining correctly 'turning lefthanded this time'.

Violet Hunt wrote in her account of their visit to Bad Nauheim that she and her chaperone 'the Countess' stayed at 'a smart hotel – Bittong's' (by which she meant Bittong's Hotel Hohenzollern,²⁸ as listed by Baedeker at 25 Ludwigsstrasse), while Ford (whom she refers to as 'Joseph Leopold') stayed in 'some Hotel Alexandre or other, but he ate with us, and called ... every morning at Bittong's for one or the other of us ladies'.²⁹ She is probably referring to Alexandra Villa, a boarding house listed in the 1907 Visitors Guide at 17 Frankfurterstrasse – a little way south on the road that crosses Bahnhofsallee.³⁰ This is half a mile from the Hohenzollern, giving Ford several options for his 10-minute morning stroll to Violet's hotel. One of these routes, via Lindenstrasse, would have included the 187+420 paces of the route Dowell describes from

the Augusta-Victoria to the Sprudelhof.

We are left with the mystery of the fictional Hotel Excelsior. The Regina and Englischer Hof are only mentioned once early in the novel (in the passages already quoted), in the context of the Dowells' first visit to Nauheim in 1904. The Excelsior is mentioned by name a couple of times later in the book, and several incidents take place in its dining room and corridors, so it might have been the hotel that the Dowells and Ashburnhams usually frequented on their subsequent annual visits. It is instructive to examine the information on Bad Nauheim's hotels given by Baedeker in 1911, summarised in the table on page 38:

Three hotels, which Baedeker names but gives no details for, are omitted from this table.³¹ The first six, marked with asterisks, are in Baedeker's '*beachtenswert*' ['noteworthy'] category. The three hotels with prices marked with a '+' – the Metropole, Park Hotel and Augusta-Victoria – also had a dozen or so rooms with en-suite bathrooms available for typically 6–15 Marks more than the prices shown. The last six (from Irene onwards) are listed as 'Private residences and Pensions' and only offered full board.

If the Regina and Englischer Hof were based on the Augusta-Victoria and Park Hotel respectively, then it is likely that the Excelsior was also one of the larger, more expensive, up-market establishments. Dowell admits to being very wealthy, and he also indicates

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<u>Hotel</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>No of Rooms</u>	<u>Full Board (Marks/night)</u>
Kaiserhof *	Bahnhofsallee 4	160	12-20
Metropole & Monopole*	Goethestrasse 4	92	10-20 +
Bristol *	Ludwigstrasse 19	90	10-16
Park Hotel *	Kurstrasse 2-4	150	10-16 +
d'Angleterre *	Küchlerstrasse 1	80	12-30
Augusta-Victoria *	Ludwigstrasse 7	150	11-19 +
B i t t o n g ' s H o t e l Hohenzollern	Ludwigstrasse 25	110	10-25
Carltonhotel	Ludwigstrasse 27	80	10-16
Sprudelhotel	Kurstrasse 13-15		7-10
Britannia	Bahnhofsallee 6		7
Imperial	Bahnhofsallee 10	52	7-14
Europäischer Hof	Kurstrasse 5-7	105	7-10
Hotel du Nord	Burgallee 22	40	8.5-13
Irene	Parkstrasse 38	20	7.5-10
Schneider's Privathotel Viktoria	Parkstrasse 34	26	8.5-12
Villa Hubertus	Goethestrasse 2	40	9-14
Villa Waldersee	Küchlerstrasse 7	25	8-10
Villa Warburg	Küchlerstrasse 3	20	6.5-12
Walwer	Karlstrasse 19	15	4-7

that the Ashburnhams (particularly Leonora) led an affluent lifestyle, or at least had aspirations to be seen as such, despite the financial problems that took them to India.³² Of the remaining hotels in the 10+ Marks price bracket, the Kaiserhof was at the bottom of the road from the station, near the entrance to the Sprudelhof; the Carlton and Hohenzollern were next to each other on the northern part of the semi-circular Ludwigsstrasse that goes around the edge of the Sprudelhof, with the d'Angleterre, as already discussed, a street further back; the Bristol was on the southern section of Ludwigsstrasse, quite near the Sprudelhof entrance; and the Metropole-Monopole was a little way down Goethestrasse, opposite the public gardens that contained the *Inhalatorium* (now the Public Library) and the first of Nauheim's extraordinary *Gradierwerke*.³³

What does the novel say about the Excelsior? The most detailed description is of the dining room:

I have forgotten the aspect of many things but I shall never forget the aspect of the dining-room of the Hotel Excelsior on that evening—and on so many other evenings. Whole castles have vanished from my memory, whole cities that I have never visited again, but that white room, festooned with papier-maché fruits and flowers; the tall windows; the many tables; the black screen round the door with three golden cranes flying upward on each panel; the palm-tree in the centre of the room; the swish of the waiter's feet; the cold expensive elegance; the mien of the diners as they came in every evening—

their air of earnestness as if they must go through a meal prescribed by the Kur authorities and their air of sobriety as if they must seek not by any means to enjoy their meals—those things I shall not easily forget. (*GS* 23-24)

This is clearly the dining room of a large and up-market hotel. Although there are a few old postcards and photographs of Bad Nauheim hotel dining rooms, I have not found any matching this description or that allow hotels to be eliminated from our enquiries. Dowell mentions the hotel proprietor is a ‘Monsieur Schontz’, but I cannot find this (or a similar name) in any of the sources.

Later, Dowell recalls that ‘Leonora [. . .] visited every one of the public rooms of the hotel—the dining-room, the lounge, the *schreibzimmer* [writing-room], the winter garden. God knows what they wanted with a winter garden in an hotel that is only open from May till October’ (*GS* 58). Unfortunately none of the contemporary guides gives any information on the existence or otherwise of these features. However, Violet Hunt mentioned that the Bittong (i.e. the Hohenzollern) had ‘no proper lounge’,³⁴ so we can eliminate that one from our enquiries.

There are a few geographical clues regarding the Excelsior. Just before the passage quoted above (*GS* 58), Dowell reports that the hotel manager ‘said that Mrs Maidan [had] paid her bill, and had gone up to the station to ask the Reiseverkehrsbureau [travel agen-

cy] to make her out a plan for her immediate return' (*GS* 57).³⁵ The phrase 'up to the station' suggests that she was starting some way down Bahnhofsallee, which leads uphill to the station – perhaps the Kaiserhof or one of the hotels on Ludwigsstrasse. It does not seem to be an appropriate phrase for somebody starting at the Metropole, for example.

A location around the end of Bahnhofsallee is supported by the following passage, describing the route taken by Edward and the girl to the Casino:

You will remember I said that Edward Ashburnham and the girl had gone off, that night, to a concert at the Casino and that Leonora had asked Florence, almost immediately after their departure, to follow them and to perform the office of chaperone. Florence, you may also remember, was all in black, being the mourning that she wore for a deceased cousin, Jean Hurlbird. It was a very black night and the girl was dressed in cream-coloured muslin. That must have glimmered under the tall trees of the dark park like a phosphorescent fish in a cupboard. You couldn't have had a better beacon.

And it appears that Edward Ashburnham led the girl not up the straight allée that leads to the Casino but in under the dark trees of the park (*GS* 79).

The route is described firstly as 'under the tall trees of the dark park', as if that would be the normal route – i.e. the 'straight allée that leads to the Casino' – and then Edward's unexpected diversion into the trees is

mentioned. The obvious route from the Kaiserhof (or nearby hotels) to the Casino would be through the courtyard of the Sprudelhof, and across the Kurpark on the straight path (bearing gently to the right) that leads directly to the Kurhaus.

This route is a continuation of Bahnhofsallee – one of only two streets in central Bad Nauheim with the ‘allee’ suffix (the other being Burgallee, which runs north-south a couple of streets behind the Kurhaus). There are three other possible candidates for the ‘straight allée’ to the Casino. One would be Terrassenstrasse, the road from Parkstrasse which leads north directly to the Kurhaus. This is not near any of our large up-market hotels, but it would be on a sensible ‘main-road’ route to the Casino from the Metropole or one of the hotels on Parkstrasse, for example. Also possible would be the path across the southwest corner of the Kurpark from near the Hotel de Russie. A third possibility would be the path from the northern end of Ludwigsstrasse, although contemporary maps suggest that there was no crossing over the River Usa to reach this path from Ludwigsstrasse: a bridge is shown in 1898 and 1927, but not in 1906-13, so it may have been a casualty of the Sprudelhof redevelopment work.

The novel mentions annual dinners with the Grand Duke of Nassau Schwerin, who reminded Dowell of ‘the late King Edward VII’ (*GS* 31). The locations are not specified, but it is possible that the Grand Duke

stayed in the same hotel as the Dowells and Ashburnhams and that these dinners were held there.

This would be tenuously consistent with an advertisement for the Grand Hotel Kaiserhof in Groedel (1899, p.178), which describes itself as ‘Patronized by Royalties’, and having facilities including ‘Electric light throughout, Lift, Splendid terrace, Tennis ground, Restaurant Français’.

On balance, based on these clues, the Kaiserhof – the largest hotel in Bad Nauheim, and among the most expensive and luxurious – seems the most likely for Ford to have used as the model for the ‘Excelsior’ – Latin for ‘more elevated’ (perhaps a reference to Edward and Leonora’s aspirations). Meyer’s *Reisebuch* singles it out for special praise as a ‘vornehmes Haus I. Ranges’ – a distinguished house of the first rank.

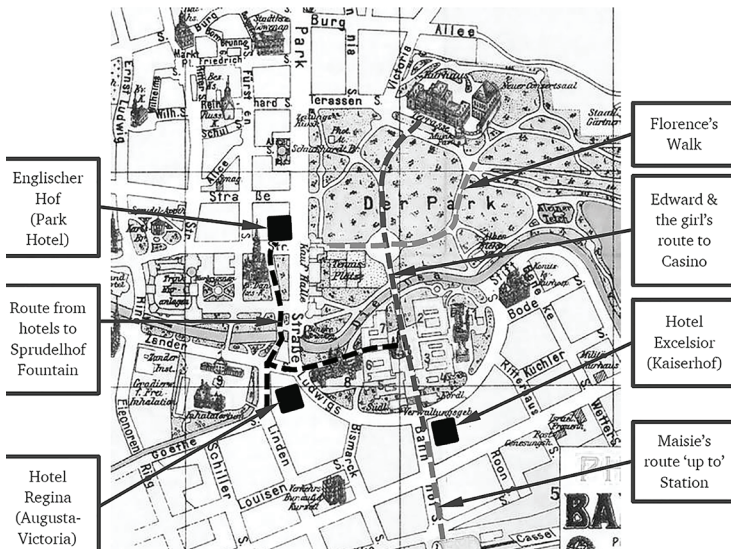
To quote Dowell, ‘I have, I am aware, told this story in a very rambling way so that it may be difficult for anyone to find their path through what may be a sort of maze’ (*GS* 124).

So, to summarise:

The locations of the Hotel Regina, Englischer Hof and Excelsior Hotel described in the Norton edition of *The Good Soldier* are not consistent with the contemporary sources relating to Bad Nauheim, or with geographical and other details mentioned in the novel. Tracing the route described in the novel suggests

that the most likely candidates for the fictional Hotel Regina and the Englischer Hof are respectively the Hotel Augusta-Victoria (at 7 Ludwigsstrasse) and the Park Hotel (at 2-4 Kurstrasse, on the corner with Parkstrasse). Analysis of various clues within the novel points towards the fictional Hotel Excelsior most likely having been based on the Grand Hotel Kaiserhof (at 4 Bahnhofsallee).

Here are these locations on the 1912 map below:



These hotels are larger and more up-market than those identified in the Norton edition.³⁶ Despite the comment, quoted at the start of this essay, that 'Ford places characters in establishments exactly reflecting

their social status rather than their wealth', it would appear that, rather, the choice of these expensive hotels was more influenced by the Dowells' actual wealth and the Ashburnhams' aspirations to be seen as such.

In the period immediately before writing the novel, Ford had spent a fair amount of time in and around Bad Nauheim, and it would have been fresh in his memory. It is not a large town, and he would certainly have been familiar with its hotels and geography. Although there are some inconsistencies in Dowell's account, it seems likely that any irregularities are deliberate on Ford's part. The confusion lies with Dowell, and contributes to our judgement of his reliability as a narrator.

I have not attempted to engage with the literary interpretation of *The Good Soldier*, but simply to piece together the evidence at face value. This re-evaluation of the geographical locations and routes will hopefully be of value in understanding and interpreting the narrator's complex, sometimes inconsistent and non-linear account of the plot.

Notes:

1 Ford Madox Ford, *The Good Soldier* (1915; edited by Martin Stannard, second edition, New York: Norton, 2012), 22fn., 23fn; hereafter *GS*.

2 Ford's dedicatory letter to Stella Ford (*GS* 3) gives the start date as 17 December 1913; Ford's fortieth

birthday.

3 Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life*, two volumes (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996). See I, 313 for the first discussion of the visit to Bad Nauheim, while chapter 21 (338–345) covers Ford’s time in Giessen, including his visit to Nauheim with Ezra Pound in August 1911 (341).

4 The photograph was identified on satellite images by the distinctive pattern of dormer windows in the roof.

5 Reproduced from <http://www.villa-royal-bad-nauheim.de/03c1989ba80caaa05/>

6 See <http://www.villa-royal-bad-nauheim.de/images/zeitungsauschnittwzvom130207.jpg>

7 *Visitors guide to Bad-Nauheim*. Bad Nauheim Verkehrs-Commission. 1907. Available at <https://archive.org/details/b28079309>. The hotels and lodgings are listed on pp.92-94.

8 See <http://www.villa-royal-bad-nauheide/031989ba80ca8c01/03c1989ba912f01f3/03c-1989ba912foaf5/d003.html>

9 Baedeker, K. *Nordwest-Deutschland. Handbuch für Reisende* (Leipzig: Baedeker, 1911). Available at: <https://archive.org/details/nordwest-deutschlookarl>. For Bad Nauheim, see 360-361.

10 It is tempting to speculate that either the Hohenzollern or the Villa Royal adopted the 'Excelsior' name to capitalise on the success of *The Good Soldier*, although I have found no evidence for this.

11 *Meyer's Reisebücher: Rheinlande*, 13th edition (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut, 1911), 17-19 for Bad Nauheim.

12 Groedel, I. M. *Bad-Nauheim : its springs and their uses, with useful local information and a guide to the environs* (Friedberg: Bindernagel, 1899). Available at: <https://archive.org/details/b28105059>

13 B. B. Bradshaw, *Bradshaw's dictionary of mineral waters, climatic health resorts, sea baths, and hydropathic establishments* (London: Kegan Paul, 1904): available at <https://archive.org/details/bbradshawsdictiooobraduoft>. For Bad Nauheim see 208-210.

14 There are many old photographs at <https://www.crowdfunding-bad-nauheim.de/online-museum/villen-hotels-und-prachtstrassen/>.

15 The earliest reference to it I have found is as 'Sanatorium Regina' in a small leaflet, 'Bad Nauheim: Pauschalkuren 1956/7', part of the Margo Wolff Collection. Available at https://archive.org/details/margowolff_5_reel05. For the 'Pauschalkuren'

[package cures] leaflet see 507-508.

16 See Ford Madox Ford, *Return to Yesterday* (1931; Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1999), 204: 'I am exactly six foot in height.'

17 <http://livehealthy.chron.com/determine-stride-pedometer-height-weight-4518.html> for a formula for stride length based on height. Six feet corresponds to a typical stride of 76cm, or 30 inches.

18 This and other maps are available at <https://www.crowdfunding-bad-nauheim.de/online-museum/forschung-heilung-lehre-und-kur/>

19 The footnote to this sentence (*GS* 22) describes Ford as 'struggling with the documentary detail' here. This is debatable, as Ford would probably have been very familiar with Nauheim's baths and their recent history in 1913.

20 Addresses are plotted on this map based on current street numbering. By triangulating modern addresses and aerial photographs against old maps, descriptions, postcards and photographs, this seems to be much the same as the street numbering 100 years ago, although there might be one or two small discrepancies in the placement of the markers.

21 This is where Elvis Presley stayed during his period in Germany doing National Service, a point that

features highly in Bad Nauheim's current tourist brochures.

22 W. V. D. Lawrence, *A diary: and reminiscences portraying the life and times of the author* (Poughkeepsie, New York: A.V. Haight, 1922). Available at <https://archive.org/details/cu31924029858820>. On his stay at Nauheim, see 198-206.

23 It is marked as *Neuer Konzertsaal* on the Pharus Plan above.

24 This description is also difficult to justify for a location on KÜchlerstrasse, which is away from any public gardens and would have had its view of the Sprudelhof blocked by other buildings.

25 The Augusta-Victoria appears to have had a north entrance on Ludwigstrasse and a south entrance, facing the public gardens, on Lindenstrasse, which is the better match for these directions. Photographs of both aspects of the Augusta-Victoria are at <https://www.crowdfunding-bad-nauheim.de/online-museum/villen-hotels-und-prachtstrassen/> (although the commentary refers to 'Luisenstrasse' rather than 'Lindenstrasse' – surely a mistake, as Luisenstrasse is a block further east).

26 Violet Hunt, *The Desirable Alien at Home in Germany* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1913). Available at <https://archive.org/details/desirablealien->

atoohuntiala. Dr Bittelmann is mentioned on p.93. The book includes two chapters and many footnotes by Ford.

27 There was another Hotel Victoria in Bad Nauheim, at the other end of Parkstrasse. The road running from the south side of the Kurhaus was Victoriastrasse (now Auguste-Viktoria-Strasse), and there was even a Britanniastrasse running parallel to it, one block south (now Franz-Groedel-Strasse).

28 There is an advertisement in Groedel (1899) for Bittong's Hotel Bristol, although it subsequently became simply the Hotel Bristol. The Hohenzollern was the only hotel using the Bittong name at the time Ford and Hunt were there.

29 Violet Hunt, *The Flurried Years* (London: Hurst & Blackett, 1926): available at <https://archive.org/details/flurriedyearsoohuntuoft>. The quoted passage is from p.132.

30 See https://www.picclickimg.com/d/l400/pict/372304785668_/52435603-6350-Bad-Nauheim-Villa-Alexandra-1903.jpg for a postcard of Villa Alexandra from 1903.

31 These were the Prince of Wales, the Eisenbahn Hotel and the Reichshof. The Prince of Wales was on K uchlerstrasse; the Eisenbahn was directly opposite the station; and the Reichshof was a little way south

‘noteworthy’ hotels. The Eisenbahn and Reichshof were towards the bottom of Baedeker’s list: Meyer’s Reisebuch describes them both as ‘bürgerlich’ [‘middle-class’].

32 See, for example, GS 13, where Dowell says: ‘Yes, Leonora was extraordinarily fair and so extraordinarily the real thing that she seemed too good to be true. You don’t, I mean, as a rule, get it all so superlatively together. To be the county family, to look the county family, to be so appropriately and perfectly wealthy; to be so perfect in manner—even just to the saving touch of insolence that seems to be necessary. To have all that and to be all that! No, it was too good to be true.’ Later (GS 51), he describes the return from India with Mrs Maidan thus: ‘So it had looked very well—the benevolent, wealthy couple of good people, acting as saviours to the poor, dark-eyed, dying young thing.’

33 These are long, tall wooden structures covered in bundles of brushwood (typically blackthorn), through which the salty spa water is made to cascade, creating an effect not unlike ‘sea air’. Several are still in existence and operational.

34 *The Flurried Years*, 132.

35 The Pharus Plan shows a *Verkehrsbureau* on the corner of Louisenstrasse and Bismarckstrasse, rather than at the station. This may or may not be the same

Andrew Gustar

as the *Reiseverkehrs-bureau*.

36 Although, based on Baedeker's prices, the Hotel d'Angleterre was perhaps the most exclusive hotel in Bad Nauheim at the time.

Ford's Reading II: 'A boy of from twelve to eighteen of fairly advanced family...': school-boy reading

Helen Chambers

Ford's literary essays and full length critical works all implicitly involve acts of recent reading or re-reading, whether his structured programme of homework for *The March of Literature* (1939), or his slanted recollections of long ago reading in the short reflective work *The English Novel* (1930).¹ This is most noticeable in the last main chapter, dealing with the period from the mid-Victorians to Joseph Conrad, a chapter rich in memories of reading, including the influence of various family members.

Ford's mother Cathy Hueffer, daughter of Ford Madox Brown and herself a painter, was particularly influential. Juliet Soskice, Ford's sister, recalled how their mother created at 90 Brook Green, Hammersmith, a hospitable environment for reading, arranging the books attractively on the shelves.² Titles that Cathy Hueffer recommended, and which Ford listed in *The English Novel*, included 'Silas Marner, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Sidonia the Sorceress*, *Lorna Doone*, *The Woman in White*, *The Moonstone*, *Diana of the Crossways* and *Far from the Madding Crowd*.' Ford then adds charmingly: 'But then my mother was "advanced" and never wore a crinoline' (EN 108).

That Ford had read Emily Brontë's novel we know from when he recalled how the now elderly Cathy Hueffer 'folded up the telegram from the War Office, placed it in the fly-leaf of her novel—it was *Wuthering Heights*—folded herself deep into her armchair and shawl, put on her spectacles and said "You know Fordie, I think you're perfectly wrong when you say Heathcliff is overdrawn".³ During an air raid over London she stayed resolutely by the window, engrossed in re-reading *Lorna Doone*, Ford's childhood favourite about which he claimed 'as a boy I could have written the whole of *Lorna Doone* by heart' (*IWN* 80).

We know, both from Max Saunders' and Alan Judd's biographies, and directly from *The English Novel* (109), the extent to which Ford's reading was also highly influenced in various ways by Ford Madox Brown (his maternal grandfather) and William Michael Rossetti (his maternal uncle). Ford claimed to have detested the works of Dante from a very young age, 'because his figure was forced upon my attention by my relatives and connections, the Rossettis, at an age when my sole diet consisted of rusks sopped in milk.'⁴ Although some of this formative reading has already been discussed in detail by Max Saunders,⁵ some of the commentaries in *The English Novel* are worth highlighting. Ford, at least in retrospect, thought that his grandfather was 'more advanced' than either of his parents, as he recommended that Ford at seventeen (by then at University College School) read '*Madame Bovary*, *Tartarin de Tarascon*, and *Tartarin sur les*

Alpes. He was pleased when at school they gave us the *Lettres de mon Moulin* of Daudet, and a little later made me read *Roderick Random*, *Humphrey Clinker*...My uncle William Rossetti gave me *The Castle of Otranto*, *Caleb Williams*, *Frankenstein*' (EN 109). This list also alluded to Wilhelm Meinhold's *The Amber Witch*. Ford had much earlier, in *Ancient Lights*, first mentioned *Sidonia the Sorceress* (1848).⁶ He had probably read this story, written by a German priest and featuring sixteenth-century witchcraft and sexual domination, in the 1849 translation by Oscar Wilde's mother. Both of Meinhold's works had become very popular, including with William Morris and his circle. *Sidonia* was the subject of a painting by Edward Burne-Jones, and the book was expensively re-issued in 1893 by the Kelmscott Press, with a lavish design and elaborately illuminated capital letters. *The Amber Witch*, when reprinted in 1895, was illustrated by Burne-Jones' son, Philip. It may well have been these images which populated the young Ford's imagination and which he recalled as an adult.

Ford's schooling was also influential in shaping his reading habits. As noted briefly in my first column piece, some aspects of Ford's early formative reading can be attributed to Pretoria House, its enlightened directors Alfred and Elisabeth Praetorius, other staff, the curriculum, library and general culture. Ford was a boarder from 1881 to 1889 at this unusual co-educational school in Folkestone, where conversation was carried on in three languages (English, French

and German) on consecutive days. I have however not so far been able to unearth from local history sources any detailed information about the school and its library. While Ford learnt to speak French early from his father, the level at which French, as well as German language and literature, were formally taught at Pretoria House must have been high. Ford's future wife Elsie Martindale, also a pupil at this school, becoming Ford's girlfriend and soulmate there, clearly must have had a solid grounding in French. She was later able to undertake what were the first competent and thoroughly readable translations into English of some of Maupassant's short stories (Duckworth 1903), without having, during her adolescence and early adult life, spent any prolonged periods of time in France.

The preface to Ford's *Collected Poems* (1914) includes several pages about his schoolboy reading, probably at both Pretoria House and University College School.⁷ He writes: 'As boys we—I and my friends—read Shakespeare with avidity, Virgil to the extent of getting at least two Books of the Aeneid by heart, Horace with pleasure and Ovid's Persephone Rapta with delight. We liked very much the Bacchae of Euripides—I mean that we used to sit down and take a read in these things sometimes apart from the mere exigencies of the school curriculum.' There is a curious remark in what is a very interesting review of teenage boys' poetry reading. Ford says that they could not read the works of the troubadours, yet he elsewhere had claimed to

have read his father's book on them before the age of twelve, so maybe he was, as an adolescent and perhaps under peer group pressure, simply rejecting this type of poetry. Conversely though, Ford notes that it was only as a teenager that he first read the poems of his maternal aunt Christina Rossetti.

Ford's appreciation, already apparent in his transgressive childhood reading of penny dreadfuls, of the satisfaction of reading a book he had personally saved up to buy, is again apparent when he writes how he discovered pirated editions of American writers. 'I remember still with delight the shilling edition—it was bound in scarlet paper—in which I first purchased at the age of fourteen in a place called Malvern Wells, Artemus Ward's *Among the Mormons*, Sam Slick's *The Clockmaker*, Mark Twain's *Mississippi Pilot*, Carleton's *Farm Ballads* [...]. And, though I was ready at the injunctions of my family to read Lope da Vega or Smollett, nothing would have induced me to spend sixpence on taking out from a circulating library the three-volume novels of William Black, Besant and Rice [...] when by saving up my pocket-money I could buy for a shilling—or ninepence net—the *Biglow Ballads* or *Hans Breitmann*' (EN 110-111).⁸

Ford had a solid classical education both at Pretoria House and at University College School. In *It Was the Nightingale* he recalled his residual love for and annual re-reading of the plays of Euripides. 'These two [the *Bacchae* and *Alcestis*] were drummed into me at

school, and until 1914 I used to read the Bacchae and at least Alcestis' address to her bed once, and possibly more often, every year' (*IWN* 132). As far as we know Ford did not visit the Mediterranean littoral, that 'single, limpid, blue line of the sea' (*GTR* 22: which he recalled from his early childhood exposure to visual arts) until 1913 with his then lover Violet Hunt. Those coastal landscapes of Provence which he knew best, first seen from Harold Monro's villa at Saint-Jean-Cap Ferrat, and later from Villa Paul in Toulon, and also the sunny provincial towns of neighbouring Languedoc where he sat in the cafés of Beaucaire and in Daudet's Tarascon, were to become one of the preferred settings and spaces for his mid-career writing and reading. Together with the many other spaces and places in which he read for work and pleasure, these will form the subject of the next column.

Notes:

1 Henceforth cited as *EN* (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1997).

2 Juliet M. Soskice, *Chapters from Childhood* (London: Selwyn Blount, 1921), 201-202.

3 Ford, *It Was the Nightingale* (London: Heinemann, 1934), 253; henceforth *IWN*.

4 Ford, *Great Trade Route* (London: Allen and Unwin, 1937), 14; henceforth *GTR*.

5 Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life*, two volumes (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), I, 33-35.

6 Ford Madox Ford, *Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1911), 182.

7 Ford, *Collected Poems* (London: Max Goschen, 1913 [dated 1914]), 20-24.

8 Ford probably meant James Russell Lowell's *Biglow Papers* (1848) and Charles Godfrey Leyland's *Hans Breitmann's Ballads* (1871, numerous reprints), said to be modelled on Lowell's work.

‘One of the main passions of humanity’: Furnishing Ford

Paul Skinner

‘Leave the furniture out! Or leave me out at least.’
—Ford Madox Ford¹

The last part of *A Man Could Stand Up*— opens with a statement, a situation, over which many novelists must groan in envy. ‘Coming into the Square was like being suddenly dead’—though this is not the sentence’s end. It continues: ‘it was so silent and so still to one so lately jostled by the innumerable crowd and deafened by unceasing shouts.’ Then: ‘The shouting had continued for so long that it had assumed the appearance of being a solid and unvarying thing: like life. So the silence appeared like Death.’ Now Valentine Wannop has ‘death in her heart’. After all, she is ‘going to confront a madman in a stripped house’.²

That single word ‘stripped’ performs some heavy lifting here. The house has been stripped of Christopher Tietjens’ wife, its aspect, however superficial, of family home – and its furniture. There is also some elegant transference: the relationship between Tietjens and Valentine, one hitherto primarily between two of those who ‘do not’, has been stripped of much of its social decorum and its deference to worries about ‘reputation’ (*SDN* 149). She is going alone to meet a married man in his house, more, a ‘madman’: one of *Parade’s End’s* many reversals since, for much of the

novel, Tietjens has seemed a sane man in a madhouse.

But my main business here is with Fordian furniture. One of the primary documents in the case, and one often cited, is Ford's 1920 letter to Ezra Pound. Ford writes from Coopers, the cottage in Bedham which his share of the sale of the film rights to *Romance* plus some of Stella Bowen's capital enabled them to buy. They actually moved there in September. Stella, heavily pregnant, 'stripped thirteen layers of paper off the living-room walls' and, with a small axe, 'chopped away all the worm-eaten bits from the old oak beams'. She remarked later that 'it is quite easy to get used to living in a cock-eyed house and to manoeuvring your furniture on the bumps and hollows of a brick floor.'³ Interiors and furnishings would, not unreasonably, have been at the forefront of Ford's mind as he responded to Pound's collection of essays, *Instigations*, published in April 1920 by Boni and Liveright. While one of the most significant items for Pound was the appearance between hard covers of Ernest Fenollosa's 'The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry', which Pound had managed to place in the *Little Review* in the autumn of 1919 after several years of fruitless advocacy, Ford's main focus was clearly on the major essay on Henry James, previously published in the *Little Review* in August 1918.⁴

Referring to Ford's 1914 book on James, Pound comments: 'Hueffer says that James belauds Balzac. I cannot see it',⁵ adding: 'It was natural that James should

write more about the bulky author of *La Comédie Humaine* than about the others; here was his richest quarry, here was there most to note and to emend and to apply so emended to processes of his own. From Maupassant, De Goncourt or Baudelaire there was nothing for him to acquire.' Then: 'His [James's] dam'd fuss about furniture is foreshadowed in Balzac, and all the paragraphs on Balzac's house-furnishing propensities are of interest in proportion to our interest in, or our boredom with, this part of Henry James's work.'⁶

'[H]aving no taste for bric a brac,' Ford wrote in his reply to Pound, 'you hate to have to read about this passion...But it is one of the main passions of humanity...' He added: 'You might really, just as legitimately object to renderings of the passion of LOVE, with which indeed the FURNITURE passion is strongly bound up...'⁷ As indeed it is, not excluding Ford's own books, long before the tetralogy.⁸ Noting that he had been 'treated badly' by both men and women, Ford likened men to wolves, with a tendency to run in packs. 'The women on the other hand went about their jobs of stealing my furniture or my reputation or whatever it was they wanted,—they went about it as solitary beasts of prey, silently but much more efficiently.'⁹

In the aftermath of Ford's elopement with Elsie Martindale, Olive Garnett would recall in her diary (Monday 2 July 1894) that the couple 'had decided to go down to Hythe this evening & look for a house'. Ford's brother Oliver was to ride down on his bicycle '& there

was an idea that a habitation might eventually be found somewhere near the Romney Marsh.' Following the death of Ford's grandfather, Ford Madox Brown, Cathy Hueffer's house in Hammersmith was proving too small for them and the extra furniture inherited from Brown. Also, Olive added, 'Ford & Elsie want to make a home for themselves.'¹⁰

The provision of furniture, however defined, may be crucial to the making (or not making) of a home—the poet and playwright Ronald Duncan would later recall of his elopement with Rose-Marie: 'The only furniture we had was a primus stove and an Arab horse'¹¹—but the domestic setting itself may occur in unfamiliar or dangerous contexts. This is one crucial difference between the perspectives on furniture of Pound and Ford: that the latter had been a serving soldier in the recent war while Pound had not, though he did volunteer and also placed himself 'at the disposal of the American government.'¹² At one point in *Undertones of War*, Edmund Blunden remarks, 'The officers had a cottage with no window-glass, but with the best wire-netting bunks that I had yet seen (and I was a close observer of such furniture)'.¹³

The theme of Tietjens and furniture is pursued throughout the war and, indeed, throughout the tetralogy, even prior to its narrated action. Four months before the opening scene of *Some Do Not. . .*, Tietjens had announced to his friend Macmaster that his wife Sylvia had left him, saying too that he was letting the

house ‘and warehousing the furniture’ (*SDN* 10). But even before this, the text sets out its complex stall, beginning with the definite article (it will end, many hundreds of pages later with the first person singular, in quotation marks), proceeding with a bracketed clause which refers to nation, class and occupation, and closing its opening sentence with a phrase, ‘the perfectly appointed railway carriage’ that might provoke a good deal of interrogation (*SDN* 3).¹⁴

That carriage is the first of the many significant interiors that *Parade’s End* contains, and its furnishings are closely attended to: the leather straps to the windows, the mirrors, the ‘bulging upholstery’, the faint smell of ‘admirable varnish’. Some, perhaps all, of these details carry varying symbolic weights, as does the carriage itself—the smoothness and speed of its progress and, crucially, the unalterable direction of its travel—and Ambrose Gordon is surely right to assert that ‘each such boxed-in interior. . . comes to suggest all the rest’.¹⁵ Yet all these interiors are, primarily, themselves: railway carriage, army hut, hotel room, all are clearly seen and placed and rendered, before they stand—if they do—for anything else.

The first hint of Tietjens’ own expertise occurs at the beginning of Chapter III, when, in contrast to Macmaster’s laborious attempts on ‘the difficult road to connoisseurship’, Tietjens is said to possess the unsettling ability to ‘tell the beastly thing was a fake by just cocking an eye at it’. As Max Saunders points out

in a note to this passage, while Tietjens' abilities in this regard are of primary importance in *Last Post*, where dealing in old furniture earns him his living, 'it also indicates his good judgment in telling the genuine from the sham' (*SDN* 57-58 and n.). This is true but that phrase 'just cocking an eye at it' points suggestively towards a quality possessed by *Ford* which is often remarked upon. Violet Hunt recalled showing the editor of the *English Review* a sheaf of stories:

'He said suddenly, pausing at the middle one:
"I'll take this."
I said, "But you haven't read it!"'¹⁶

Ford himself wrote: 'I have accepted manuscripts by unknown writers after reading the first three lines. This was the case with D. H. Lawrence, Norman Douglas, (Percy) Wyndham Lewis, and H. M. Tomlinson. In the case of Mr. Hemingway I did not read more than six words of his before I decided to publish everything that he sent me. Of course he had been recommended to me' (*IWN* 299).¹⁷

Furniture is everywhere in *Parade's End*, sometimes as an absence remarked upon and acknowledged as meaningful; and the frequently inextricable interaction of reminiscence, recorded history and fiction in the writing of Ford's—and of others'—that deals with the war years is obliquely commented on by Elif Baturman, reviewing Orhan Pamuk's 'Museum of Innocence' (the building related to his 2008 novel): 'It

occurred to me that the novel, though fiction, isn't uniformly fictional. Endings are fake, because nothing in real life ever ends; characters are composites, because real people are either too close to you or too far. But the furniture and clothes: that stuff must almost all be real. There's no way Balzac invented all that furniture. All those soaring ambitions and human destinies are just a pretext for telling the truth about the sofas and the clocks'.¹⁸

In *Some Do Not*. . . , Mrs Satterthwaite, Sylvia's mother, is 'extremely indifferent to her surroundings' but insists on having 'a piece of furniture for her papers' (35). When Father Consett is trying to persuade Sylvia to go into 'retreat for a month or two' in a convent near Birkenhead, he points out that 'you can have your own furniture' (52-53). Once Macmaster reaches Mr Duchemin's rectory, he views it as 'the ideal English home'. As for Mrs Duchemin, 'Few women had ever made so much impression on Macmaster'. In the Duchemin drawing-room, the furniture is, 'as to its woodwork, brown, old, with the rich softnesses of much polishing with beeswax' (68). At breakfast, Tietjens takes 'a look at Mrs Duchemin' and considers her 'infinitely commonplace and probably a bore' (111). By way of contrast, here is Tietjens in the cottage of Mrs Wannop and Valentine: 'He liked this house; he liked this atmosphere; he liked the frugality, the choice of furniture, the way the light fell from window to window' (147).

In Part II of *Some Do Not. . .*, Sylvia reflects on their new apartment, ‘two floors of a great building’, a ‘great white drawing-room, with fixings that she knew were eighteenth-century and to be respected. For Tietjens [. . .] had a marvellous gift for old furniture: he despised it as such, but he knew it down to the ground.’ She thinks also of Tietjens furnishing her friend Lady Moira’s ‘new, little house’, doing so at a quarter of the estimate of Sir John Robertson, ‘the specialist’, who subsequently took ‘a great fancy’ to Tietjens, eventually proposing that they go into partnership together (188-191).¹⁹ When his brother Mark asks what Christopher has done with the money left to him by their mother, Christopher details the sum settled on his son and the amount lost in Russian securities; of the remaining three thousand pounds, “Except for some furniture I bought for my wife’s rooms,” Christopher said, “it went mostly in loans” (262). And when Valentine asks what he will do after the war, Tietjens replies that he’ll go into the old furniture business (290).

Some of this is, in fact, foreshadowed in the last novel Ford published before embarking upon the Tietjens novels. In *The Marsden Case*, Mr Podd is described as ‘less of a publisher than a glorified dealer in old furniture’, currently engaged in a lawsuit ‘with an American senator about spurious Chippendale chairs’. George Heimann’s sister has advanced her furniture to cover the costs of a luxurious edition of Heimann’s translation of Professor Curtius’s *The Titanic* and one piece of that furniture has fetched two hundred pounds ‘from

the United States senator, Pappenheim.’²⁰

In *No More Parades*, while Tietjens has received no letters from home nor even a bill, he has been sent ‘Some circulars of old furniture dealers. They never neglected him!’ This is an autograph revision to the text (30 and 253 n.34). Sylvia, watching Christopher read his letters, thinks of Groby as ‘A man’s place, really, the furniture very grim’ (159). More suggestive, perhaps, is Perowne’s telling Sylvia that Tietjens never even goes to Suzette’s (the bawdy house in Rouen), “‘Except once to fetch out some miserable little squirt of a subaltern who was smashing up Mother Harde- lot’s furniture. . . . ’” (129). It’s tempting to connect this with Valentine’s reflection early in *A Man Could Stand Up*— that the end of the war is ‘a crack across the table of History’ (17), a fracturing of what is usually assumed to be constant, solid and always there. Although, even before the outbreak of war, in the summer of 1914, when “‘looping the loop” was a society craze’, the Royal Automobile Club staged a Looping the Loop Party, ‘with all the furniture upside down, Charles Coborn singing a song while standing on his head and the courses of a long meal eaten in reverse order, from dessert to hors d’oeuvres.’²¹ In R. H. Mottram’s *The Spanish Farm Trilogy 1914-1918*, Dormer reflects that, in 1914, the Germans ‘had finally kicked over the tea-table of the old quite comfortable life.’ That strikingly domestic and interior piece of furniture is in itself a reminder of the many instances of Ford’s usage of ‘tea-tray’.²²

As early as the second page of *A Man Could Stand Up*—, in the long and disordered telephone conversation between Valentine and Lady Macmaster, the absence of Tietjens' furniture is mentioned as being reported by the porter at the building where he lives. 'Had pawned his furniture, no doubt', Valentine thinks, not having consciously grasped at this point the identity of the man being discussed. The lack of furniture recurs at least half a dozen times—in all but one, coupled with Tietjens' apparent failure to recognise the hall porter, evidence of his disturbed state of mind. Realising that she is talking to the former Edith Ethel Duchemin, Valentine immediately recalls that woman's 'impressive taste in furniture' (14).

Elsewhere, she speculates on the possibility or, indeed, probability that Christopher's lack of furniture is down to Sylvia. 'If it had really been that fellow's wife who had removed his furniture what was there to keep them apart? He couldn't have pawned or sold or burnt his furniture whilst he had been with the British Expeditionary Force in the Low Countries! He couldn't have without extraordinary difficulty! Then . . . What should keep them apart?' (49). Towards the end of the novel, in the almost empty house, she catches sight of 'words on paper'. The pencilled words read: 'A man could stand up on a bleedin' 'ill!' The typed words begin: "Mrs. Tietjens is leaving the model cabinet by Barker of Bath which she believes you claim. . . ." (191). She stops reading – yet, 'There was nothing now between them. It was as if they were

already in each other's arms. For surely the rest of the letter must say that Mrs Tietjens had removed the furniture' (192).²³

Her first sight of Tietjens after the war is of a man 'charging down the steps, having slammed the front door. And lopsided. He was carrying under his arm a diminutive piece of furniture. A cabinet' (183). He is going to sell it but first lets Valentine into the house: she sees 'Pompeian red walls scarred pale-pink where fixed hall-furniture had been removed' (184). Tietjens is, she decides as she goes up the great stone staircase, 'quite noticeably mad, rushing out, lopsided, with bits of furniture under his arm and no hat on his noticeable hair. Noticeable! That was what he was. He would never pass in a crowd!' (189).²⁴

That cabinet ('by Barker of Bath') has its own strand of story, running on into *Last Post*, involving the antiques dealer Sir John Robertson's refusal to honour his previous offer for it; the accuracy or otherwise of ascribing the creation of that cabinet to Barker; and Christopher's eventual procurement of money from Marie Léonie.²⁵ Tietjens' likely future role as 'old furniture dealer' is, though, formally established here, in the 'empty house', as he speaks to Valentine's mother on the telephone: "I've heard of an antiquity shop near Bath. No special regularity of life is demanded of old furniture dealers. We should be quite happy!" (211).

Of course, one crucial piece of furniture here is absent: the conventional marital bed. Or rather, there is a camp bed which Tietjens has moved against the wall. ‘That was his thoughtfulness. He did not want these people to have it suggested that she slept with him there. . . . Why not?’ (213). In her mind, it is her ‘nuptial couch’ – ‘What an Alcestis!’ she thinks as she watches three officers bouncing about on it (214). Sara Haslam discusses the relevance of Euripides’ tragedy here: the play that Ford translated soon after the war’s end (*AMCSU* xlv-xlvi). The address of Alcestis to her bed was a passage that Ford said that he read very often up to 1914 (*IWN* 132):

But when she came to her own chamber and to her own bed, then indeed the tears poured down her face. [. . .] So she kissed the bed whilst the tears fell upon it. And she went away, and she came back again; and she lay down upon the bed as if she would never leave it. Over and over again she did it. ²⁶

In *Last Post*, the focus of the bed has moved to Valentine’s impending childbirth; but it is also upon the bed in which Mark Tietjens lies, in his outdoor shelter, a structure strikingly similar to that described by Ford’s estranged wife Elsie in articles he had published in the *English Review* on the far side of the war, of—one might say—several wars.²⁷ At the end of the novel, Christopher returns from Yorkshire holding a fragment of Groby Great Tree and announces that

Mark's bedroom at Groby is wrecked and half the wall down (*LP* 203). Like Edward Ashburnham's ceremonial sword shrinking to the penknife with which he kills himself in *The Good Soldier*, so the great tree is reduced to a piece of wood, the great panjandrum Sir Mark Tietjens to a mute, bedridden figure and Groby—at least its wall—diminished by half. Then too the old furniture expert Christopher Tietjens, who once purchased for next to nothing at a cottage sale 'the Hemingway bureau' which turned out to be 'a lost "piece" that the furnishing world had been after for many years' (*SDN* 190) is first encountered on Armistice Day by Valentine charging down the steps of his house, 'carrying under his arm' that 'diminutive piece of furniture' (*AMCSU* 183), the 'idiotic jigamaree' on which his brother Mark, on that same day, declines to lend him a penny – though willing to make him the gift of a cheque for a thousand pounds (*LP* 118).²⁸

There's a certain irony in Pound's fulminating over the 'dam'd fuss' about furniture to be found in James or Balzac—or, indeed, his friend Ford. A month before his wedding to Dorothy Shakespear, Pound wrote to her: 'Fat Ford is going to give us six High Wycombe chairs, if that's the proper sort of small chair. He says it gives tone.'²⁹ In his Paris studio at 70bis rue Notre Dame des Champs, Pound 'nailed undressed boards together to construct tables and chairs, and made them firm by the simple efficiency of a design that had been known in ancient China'.³⁰ Sylvia Beach recalled being invited to see Pound's furniture, 'all made by

himself', James Joyce's comment on this being that a cobbler should stick to his last.³¹ Then too, there was a famous occasion in October 1923, when Ford, Pound, James Joyce and John Quinn were photographed together. In Ford's recollection of the occasion, Quinn repeatedly sympathises with Ford for the position he's in. 'I said it was not as uncomfortable as it looked. The chair I was in had been made by Mr. Pound during his cabinet-making stage. It was enormous, compounded of balks of white pine, and had a slung canvas seat so large that, once you sat down, there you lay until someone pulled you out.' Ford adds that, 'I struggled on that chair-bottom like a horse that had fallen down on a slippery street' – but he was rescued by 'the ravishingly beautiful' Jeanne Robert Foster, who assisted Quinn in his concerns and would be immensely helpful to Ford too, managing 'the American side of the *transatlantic review* to perfection' (*IWN* 274, 275).³²

At just this time, Ford was preparing for publication of the *transatlantic review*: the first two issues featured a republication of his third and final collaboration with Joseph Conrad, *The Nature of a Crime*, which had first been serialised in the *English Review*. It would appear in book form in September 1924, the month following that in which Conrad died and two months before the publication of Ford's *Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance*, the epigraph of which was a quotation from Conrad's preface to *The Nature of a Crime*. Ford's own preface, like Conrad's, stressed the memory lapses concerning the origins of the story

in which both men took refuge for their different reasons. He alluded to those rare occasions on which he reread the books he had written, when ‘nearly all the phrases come back startlingly to my memory, and I see glimpses of Kent, of Sussex, of Carcassonne—of New York, even; and fragments of furniture, mirrors, who knows what?’³³

‘Leave the furniture out’? For neither Christopher Titjens nor his creator was that a realistic option.

Notes:

1 ‘This cryptic phrase probably means something like “no need to go into details: you get the picture”; though it might be equivalent to “Let alone the furniture!” implying that the “respectability” of Victorian bourgeois domesticity seemed hypocritically to license such earnest justifications of adultery’: see Max Saunders’ note in his edition of *Some Do Not*. . . (1924; Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2010), 22n: hereafter *SDN*.

2 Ford Madox Ford, *A Man Could Stand Up*— (1926; edited by Sara Haslam, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2011), 183: hereafter *AMCSU*.

3 Stella Bowen, *Drawn From Life* (1941; London: Virago Press, 1984), 72, 71.

4 The three *Little Review* pieces drew on earlier appearances of some material in the *Egoist* (January 1918) and *Future* (April 1918).

5 Ford does comment that James has ‘continued to manifest what is almost a reverence for Balzac’, tracing this to an early influence, but stresses rather the differences between the two writers: *Henry James* (London: Martin Secker, 1914 [though dated 1913]), 108.

6 Ezra Pound, ‘Henry James’, *Literary Essays*, edited by T. S. Eliot (London: Faber, 1960), 308-309. Pound was still using furniture metaphors in 1923: referring to Alexander Pope as ‘eighteenth-century settee made from primitive statue, not the least the monolith, but a good settee, illustrating the taste of an epoch.’ Of Homer, he wrote: ‘Very little ornament. Ruggedness, no effect of furniture polish’. See his ‘On Criticism in General’, *Criterion*, I, 2 (January 1923), 153, 154. See Guy Davenport’s comment that James ‘could make furniture eloquent, and saw the mute symbols in interior decoration that grow in uneasy interest the more we look at them Victorians’: *Questioning Minds: The Letters of Guy Davenport and Hugh Kenner*, edited by Edward M. Burns, two volumes (Berkeley: Counterpoint Press, 2018), I, 275.

7 See *Pound/Ford: The Story of a Literary Friendship*, edited by Brita Lindberg-Seyersted (London: Faber, 1982), 44-45. Pound’s ‘Canto VII’ (first published in the *Dial* in August 1921), borrowing a few ‘furniture’ phrases from Flaubert, draws on precisely the passage of *Un Coeur Simple* which Ford had specified six years earlier: “‘Un Coeur Simple’”, *Outlook*

(London), XXXV (5 June 1915), 738-739; reprinted in Ford's *Between St Dennis and St George* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1915), 203. Also considering *Un Coeur Simple*, Hugh Kenner remarks, 'It was Flaubert who taught readers of fiction to read furniture': *Ulysses* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1982), 144.

8 See, for instance, *Ford Madox Ford, The Benefactor: A Tale of a Small Circle* (Brown, Langham & Co., 1905), 115: 'If he had to support Dora it meant selling his furniture.' In *The Good Soldier: A Tale of Passion* (1915; edited by Max Saunders, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2012), 135, Leonora has 'saved' Edward in part by letting Branshaw 'furnished'. For another contemporary grappling with the love-furniture conjunction, see Chapter XXVI ('A Chair') of D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love* (1920). As Seamus O'Malley reminded me, Virginia Woolf's Lily Briscoe, thinking of Mr Ramsay's work, always visualises 'a large kitchen table', while Mrs Ramsay is conscious of the 'crazy ghosts of chairs and tables whose London life of service was done', transplanted to their holiday home: *To the Lighthouse* (1927; edited by David Bradshaw, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006), 22, 25.

9 Ford Madox Ford 'Women and Men—I: Honour', *Little Review*, IV, 9 (January 1918), 27. Wolves run through a good deal of Ford's work, visible in at least a dozen of his books and articles.

10 *Olive and Stepniak: The Bloomsbury Diary of Ol-*

ive Garnett 1893-1895, edited by Barry C. Johnson (Birmingham: Bartletts Press, 1993), 95. In the context of Elsie's removal from Winchelsea to Aldington fourteen years later, Max Saunders comments: 'It was not to be the last time that Ford, like Tietjens, lost his furniture': *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life*, two volumes (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), I, 236.

11 Ronald Duncan, *All Men Are Islands: An Autobiography* (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1964), 178.

12 See A. David Moody, *Ezra Pound: Poet, A Portrait of the Man & His Work. Volume I: The Young Genius, 1885-1920* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2007), 261 (and 462 n.); Mary de Rachewiltz, 'Fragments of an Atmosphere', *Agenda*, 17, 3-4-18, 1 (3 issues: Autumn-Winter-Spring 1979-1980), 158: 'The reply from the office of the Military Attaché in London has been preserved.'

13 Edmund Blunden, *Undertones of War* (1928; edited by John Greening, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2015), 42.

14 On the opening paragraph of the novel, see Paul Skinner, 'Ford Madox Ford and Ezra Pound: Responses to Crisis' (Diss., University of Bristol, 1992), 238-247.

15 Ambrose Gordon, Jr., *The Invisible Tent: The War Novels of Ford Madox Ford*, (Austin: University of

Texas Press, 1964), 115.

16 Violet Hunt, *The Flurried Years* (London: Hurst & Blackett, 1926), 21. In Hunt's novel *Their Lives*, to which Ford contributed a preface, 'Somewhere in Belgium', signed 'Miles Ignotus' and dated September 1916, one of the Radmall daughters, Virgilia, proves, at the autumn sales, to be 'exceedingly proficient in bargaining; she had what Mrs. Radmall called "the furniture mind".' See *Their Lives* (London: Stanley Paul, 1916), 163.

17 Ford adds that he read three verses of Pound's 'The Goodly Fere' and ten lines of a Cummings poem before deciding to publish them. Pound's poem appeared in the *English Review* for October 1909 but it was not his first appearance there: Ford had published 'Sestina: Altaforte' in the issue of June 1909.

18 Elif Batuman: 'Diary: The Museum of Innocence', *London Review of Books*, 34, 11 (7 June 2012), 39.

19 A passage deleted from *No More Parades* has Tietjens telling General Campion that he'll make a living as an old furniture dealer and that he has 'a certain gift for it. I can detect fakes extraordinarily without knowing how.' The name of the 'specialist' who has offered to take him into partnership is given there as 'Sir James Donaldson'. Ford may have felt that some of this was too explicit: see Ford Madox Ford, *No More Parades* (1925; edited by Joseph Wiesenfarth, Man-

chester: Carcanet Press, 2011), 277 n.116: hereafter *NMP*.

20 Ford Madox Ford, *The Marsden Case: A Romance* (London: Duckworth, 1923), 2, 7, 8. ‘Pappenheim’ bears a recognisable if distant family resemblance to the de Bray Papes in *Last Post*.

21 E. S. Turner, *Dear Old Blighty* (London: Michael Joseph, 1980), 141. In *A Man Could Stand Up*—Tietjens asks one of his men if he ever heard Coborn singing ‘The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo’: *AMCSU*, 96 and n.

22 R. H. Mottram, *The Spanish Farm Trilogy 1914-1918* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1927), 732. The trilogy comprises *The Spanish Farm* (1924); *Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four!* (1925); and *The Crime at Vanderlynden’s* (1926). On this and related instances, see *Some Do Not. . .*, 42n. Ford’s ‘tea-trays’ extend back as far as his first-published book, *The Brown Owl* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1891), 88, 111.

23 As Gordon, *Invisible Tent*, 82, remarks: ‘What had kept them apart was the furniture and all that the furniture represented’.

24 On noticeability (or its opposite), see Ford, *Thus to Revisit* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1921), 202, 203, and Paul Skinner, ‘Ford Madox Ford and the Unnoticeable Things’, in Robert Hampson and Max

Saunders, editors, *Ford Madox Ford's Modernity*, International Ford Madox Ford Studies 2 (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2003), 287-302.

25 See Ford Madox Ford, *Last Post* (1928; edited by Paul Skinner, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2011), 116-118, 180, 188: hereafter *LP*.

26 'The Alcestis of Euripides: freely adapted for the Modern Stage' (written 1918-1919), unpublished typescript, 17-18: with thanks to The Ford Madox Ford Collection, # 4605, Division of Rare Books and Manuscripts, Cornell University Library, Michael Schmidt and the Ford Madox Ford Estate.

27 See, particularly, Elsie Martindale, 'The Art of Dining', *English Review*, II, i (August 1909), 88-92.

28 Of course, the superficially most striking diminishment in *Last Post* is that of Christopher as character and as voice. Absent in a direct sense—though constantly alluded to, remembered, spoken and thought of—until the penultimate page of the novel, he speaks just nineteen words.

29 *Ezra Pound and Dorothy Shakespeare: Their Letters, 1909-1914*, edited by Omar Pound and A. Walton Litz (London: Faber and Faber, 1985), 322.

30 A. David Moody, *Ezra Pound: Poet: A Portrait of the Man and His Work: Volume II: The Epic Years*

1921–1939 (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2014), 30. Ford and Bowen moved into a studio at 84 rue Notre Dame des Champs, found for them by Nina Hamnett, in the autumn of 1925. See Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life, II*, 289. Guy Davenport made himself a table modelled on one Pound had built for his apartment, as Erik Reece recalls in his afterword to *The Guy Davenport Reader* (Berkeley: Counterpoint, 2013), 407.

31 Sylvia Beach, *Shakespeare and Company* (1959; Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1991), 26–27.

32 See also Richard Londraville and Janis Londraville, editors, *Dear Yeats, Dear Pound, Dear Ford: Jeanne Robert Foster and Her Circle of Friends* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 2001), on Foster and Quinn, as well as Foster and Ford.

33 Ford Madox Ford and Joseph Conrad, *The Nature of a Crime* (London: Duckworth, 1924), 8. That single word ‘mirrors’, frequently deployed in Ford’s writings, should alert us to the ways in which furniture does *not* serve merely as realist backdrop but often with a sense of ‘sceptical witness’, as Alexandra Harris wrote of Elizabeth Bowen in *Romantic Moderns: English Writers, Artists and the Imagination from Virginia Woolf to John Piper* (London: Thames & Hudson, 2010), 54.

Meghan Hammond

Letter from America: Thoughts on a Swastika

Meghan Hammond

‘We are waiting, all over the world to see whether our Mediterranean Christianity which has come to an end where Naziism [sic] prevails will not everywhere else glissade over the edge of the globe and leave us facing a universal Wodin-plus-Nietzscheism.’—Ford Madox Ford in 1937.

I found a swastika on a bus stop.

I was writing in a coffee shop down the road from my house in Chicago, staring out the window across a busy intersection. My eyes settled on the unmistakable shape of a swastika, perhaps four inches square, drawn on a bus stop bench.

As I recall, I focused on it for some time, sure I must be wrong. It seemed that if it were a swastika, one of the many pedestrians would pause in shock. Nobody paused. But it was indeed a swastika.

I asked the barista for a Sharpie and impatiently waited for the traffic to thin so I could cross the street. No matter how hard I pressed, the sharpie ink wouldn't adhere on top of the swastika. It was now just a black swastika highlighted with streaks of gray. When I gave up in frustration and walked back across the street, I noticed several people staring at me out the windows of their cars. I saw their faces trying to work out what

was happening. I could tell they hoped I was not the person who had drawn the swastika.

I went to a toy store next to the coffee shop and purchased a pack of dinosaur stickers for \$6.50. I then went back across the street and covered the swastika with cartoon diplodocuses.

If I had found this swastika three years ago, I would have thought nothing of it. Or next to nothing. It would have angered and disgusted me for a moment before I dismissed it as the lark of a powerless, solitary idiot.

I see a lot of anti-fascist notices in my neighborhood, taped to light posts and stuffed inside free newspaper displays. By my estimate, anti-fascist activity in my area outnumbers fascist activity by about 1000 to 1. Still, that single swastika made me feel like I was surrounded by fascists.

Where could they be lurking in my urban utopia of tattooed moms and feminist dads? It seemed unlikely that Neo-Nazis and other white supremacists were gathering in my neighborhood's many mezcaterias, local breweries, or small-batch distilleries. The new high-rise buildings built for young professionals might house a Republican or two, but swastika-doodling Nazis? Perhaps hordes of local fascists were emerging from basement apartments at three in the morning to scrawl their swastikas on bus stops?

My fear had little to do with any change in the actual number of white supremacists in my region—although hate crimes have risen under the Trump administration—and more to do with the fact that I’m now paying attention. That’s not something I like admitting. It’s an admission of the ignorance that my privilege affords me.

Ford travelled through much of the United States in 1937, while the Depression still raged and the world sensed the imminent conflict that Ford didn’t live to see. He wrote about an America that sounds all too familiar to me. It’s a country where the poverty you might come across as you pass ‘is like a burden on your shoulders.’ It’s a country where even in the seemingly affluent regions and towns, ‘You gather that what most lacks to them is the feeling of security.’ Ford compared the feeling of America in this era to his time in the Great War, saying ‘we have only once before known a similar quality of subconscious dread. The writer was once marching a half battalion into the line in the Salient.’

Poverty and anxiety have always existed alongside the great wealth and optimism of my country. So too have white supremacy and the people who promote it. Those people are empowered by Trump, but they will not shrivel and disappear when he leaves office. They’ll be here until the day I die. Until long after my children die, I imagine. I have nothing but contempt for those people, but it isn’t they who truly scare me.

I spent last autumn canvassing for a Democratic congressional candidate in suburban Illinois. That candidate won, unseating a long-time Republican representative. His district, like many suburban districts in my country, reversed its course in the 2018 election. Like many of my fellow Americans, I drew a good measure of hope from that election. It helped me, a person deeply cynical about institutional power, develop a little faith in the fail-safes built into our democracy.

But as I knocked on doors in that affluent swath of Chicago suburbs, I spoke to dozens of people who said the only issue they care about is their property tax rate. These people did not care that their federal income taxes were, at that very moment, being used to subsidize detainment camps for children on our southern border.

They are the ones who scare me. It is they who truly empower the idiot who would draw a swastika on a bus stop in one of the most left-leaning neighborhoods in the United States. It is their intellectual torpor and ethical vacantness that allows the lone idiot to become two, then three, then more.

Ford Madox Ford

London Re-Visited

Ford Madox Ford

The quality, the age, the condition, the appearance of the green vegetables and fruits displayed for sale in the London markets, and their paucity and lack of variety, are appalling.

That is the major consideration that springs to my mind.

I am asked to set down—for all the world as if I were in an upstate, hick town across the Atlantic—my impressions of our poor old charlady among metropolitan cities. Since July 1916 I have been domiciled anywhere else than in London. That makes just twenty years. London for me is a stretch of territory beginning, say, at Kew in the West and gradually broadening out into a triangular shaft contained by Folkestone on the S.E. and Newhaven on the S.W. I am aware that that is not all in the administrative County of London, thank you. But in all that territory you cannot stand up on a hillock without seeing a red-brick villa, and eighty per cent of the food there eaten comes out of cans, or is borne to the market in refrigerators and “treated” with preservatives mostly of pheno-phenyl origins. It differs physically from New York and Greater New York in that all its villas have, down each side of the slopes of their gables, white veillettes of painted deal—I don’t know the architectural name for these devices. Otherwise, if you were dropped in one

or other of the Oranges or Bronx Park there would be nothing to show that you were not in Greater London, or if you were dropped in the residential portions of Croydon, Sevenoaks, or Three Bridges there would be nothing to show you were not in Greater New York. You would see the same stores with the same packet goods in their windows, the same ranges of red-brick apartment blocks, the same long-distance buses, the same profusion of same-looking flivvers. There are, of course, fewer mules, plough-oxen, and coloured people than you will see in the South. Nevertheless, the other day, when our bus had laboriously climbed the hill from the station to the central *Place* of Tunbridge Wells, London, S.E.96, and we were turned out on to the sidewalk, I gripped the hand of my transatlantic companion and exclaimed:

“Good God. . . .” I regret to have used that expletive, but the emotion was too strong. So, “Good God,” I exclaimed, “we’ve made a mistake and got to Knoxville, Tennessee. . . .” You would have said the same if you had lately made a two-thousand mile bus-trip in the regions south of the Mason and Dixon line. . . . There were the Five and Ten and the stores showing Grand Rapids Furniture and the sprinkling of farmers with the hayseed dropping from their stetsons and the four cinema palaces displaying the names of Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich. . . .

But indeed, just before that that same patient and amiable inhabitant of Manhattan had exclaimed, on

seeing for the first time Piccadilly Circus from a bus-top:

“Hully Gee. . . . What’s this? Columbus Circle?” . . . And, indeed, since, when you really come to look at it, all the architecture is so completely obscured by publicity that the house-fronts are altogether hidden, and since publicity all the world over is nearly identical, there was really nothing to show that amiable alien that he was not on a bus top in a rather off-colour circular area—in the city of his birth rather than mine. What in the world is there to show the Westerner that when he stands in Coventry Street he is at the heart—that he can feel the very heart-beats of an empire that is four times as mighty as his own . . . that upon that spot are fixed the eyes and the aspirations of five hundred millions of his fellow human beings? We never look at it, so how should we know that it is merely a rag-bag, just like East Fourteenth Street, of jumble-shops, tube entrances, cheap teashops, and the photographs of remarkably divested . . . skirts? So that, when we *do* come to look at it, ourselves for the moment, not Londoners, but in the mood of intelligent and observant foreigners, we are astounded to discover what an immense, unending, indistinguishable, and undistinguished Cromwell Road plus Caledonian Market our majestic city really is. Of course, there are spots. My intelligent friend from the Bronx declares that the Horse Guards Parade, with the little Whitehall Palace behind it, is one of the most beautiful and affecting areas in the world. . . . Not even the

Admiralty, with its air of being an 1870 hydropathic establishment, and the intolerably dirty brick of the backs of Downing Street, can hurt that white beauty. You don't see them. . . . And that, for Londoners, is the real note of London—that we never see her. We go engrossed from Balham to the Strand and, thinking our own thoughts, we have no glances to spare for the landscape.

So that when you ask me what outward changes I observe in a London that I have not seen for twenty years, after three months of her, I answer, rather offensively, that there aren't any. I am aware intellectually that the Crown that should watch over the beauties of London as a mother tends the looks of her young daughter . . . that whilst I was away the Crown, as ground-landlord, has converted Nash's Regent Street into a thoroughfare beside which Hammer-smith Broadway is dignified. But I don't really feel it in my bones. I suppose I never really looked at Regent Street whilst she was there in her pride. Indeed, if the Crown should—and it would be so like the Crown that one is amazed that she hasn't already done it—convert the British Museum into a pink marble Corner Shop, throwing out its mouldy contents somewhere up Hendon way, I should hurry past it on my way to my publishers, a little impressed by all that pink marble, thinking how convenient it must be for the nippies and their admirers . . . and completely forgetting what before stood there. You can't expect the Londoner to take much stock in corner lots and battlefields. What

is important for me is that when in my fidelity I go to the barber's to whom I have always gone, the man who cuts my hair reminds me that he first did that for me in 1897 and that in 1906 I gave him the winner for the Cesarewitch. And Gurney's, the naturalist's, in Uxbridge Road, where half a century ago—but *more* than half a century ago—I bought my first rabbit. . . . Yes, his daughter is still there and the same white, pink-eyed half lop, smelling, in the same old, battered cage, the same corner that timorously it always used to smell. . . . And Shepherd's Bush Green is still there; and Brook Green; and the Goldhawk Road . . . and I . . . and Whitehall and Palace Green and Lambeth Palace and St. Bartholomew's the Great and Blackfriars Bridge . . . and you . . . and he . . . and she . . . and the bootblacks in Charing Cross Station Yard and Hampstead Pond. . . . Well, then, what more do you want? . . . Do you want to impress me with the idea that our city is progressive?

Of course every charlady has now and then to buy a new pair of elastic, spring-sided boots . . . a new petticoat even. . . . But does she change the jet ornaments or the plush bonnet that give her her distinctive air? Or her soul? Never! . . . Or leave the family? . . . Perish the horrible thought. She will be there long, long after. . . . Yours will be Kensal Green? . . . Mine, I'm afraid will have to be Woking. . . . On one and the other may she drop 'er markit bunch 'v karslips!

But when it comes to the Londoner. . . . Ah, that. . . .

And the two-pennyworth of greens. . . .

You know . . . when I got out of my commuter's—*anglicé* suburban, though you couldn't tell the difference—train at Charing Cross yesterday, I thought I had gone mad. Or that London had gone mad and thought she was Manhattan. Or that the crowd had gone clean batty and imagined that the land was really fit for heroes. . . . You know they don't say Sir every fifth word any more. Not the porter; not the ticket-collector; certainly not the cop, who, leaning his elbow on the corner of the balustrade of Trafalgar Square, swings his night stick as if it were a clouded cane, draws in the best Balliol what time he keeps a hundred buses waiting for his sign:

“You wouldn't, old bean, be there any more if you did. . . . *Nullum vestigium*, you know, either *retrorsum* or any other way. . . .”

The amiable and patient New Yorker aforementioned had asked him if you behaved before the white tin lines and swirls in the pavement as you do between the studs of the *passages clouttés* of Paris, and I had interpreted that question.

And I can't tell you how I like it.

I left for ever the city—the beloved city—of my birth . . . to be explicit, somewhere in Sussex, London, S.W.142 . . . firstly because I could not stand the intolerable

greenness, the metallic solidness of the stifling trees, the fields cushioned as are pork-chops with fat . . . and, of course, the climate. . . . And then, because I could not find anyone left to talk to. . . . But how much more because I could no longer stand!

“Nice cut off the joint, sir. . . . Yessir, nosir, nice spring greens. . . . Nosir? Nosir, yessir. . . . Pinter draft. . . . Yessir. . . .”

You see . . . in the nice easy old coat of a metropolis of our hot youths and vigorous manhoods you were ruling class. Because you did not wear reach-me-downs. You drifted about on your easy affairs all over that great, easy, befogged space to a perfect hailstorm of yessir-nosirs.

I don't know what claim you . . . or it would be more polite here to say “I” . . . I don't, then, know what claim I had to be called ruling class—I or the people with whom I drifted about. We were, I suppose, mostly intelligentsia with a sprinkling of the sons of rich manufacturers and some definitely lower middle-class arrivistes. At any rate, there we were, and there was London. We were, that is to say, of the class of which Fascists the world over are made . . . persons laying claim without hereditary rights—or any other rights—to rule. . . . And a pretty hell of a mess we made of things for London, the fields of Flanders . . . and the Universe.

Well, that is all gone and the real lower middle-class, as it were, naked and unashamed, has the ball of the world in its hands.

Don't let people persuade you into believing that London is being Americanized. In all externals, Tunbridge Wells exactly resembles Knoxville, Tennessee. But not because Tunbridge Wells imitates Knoxville—no, because they have grown up together towards a similar set of social circumstances. If America had never existed and had “nized” nothing, the great changes that have taken place in the externals of the Home Counties and the insignificant pullings down and rebuilding that have disturbed a little the surface of inner London must have followed exactly the course they have taken. . . . Wherever you look abroad about the world, the processes have been exactly the same—it is the same in all the forty-eight states of the North American Republic; the same in Haïfa of the Jews; in Algiers; in Buenos Aires; in the European Fascist States. Even in France, in the one town that has never felt the crisis and in the last ten years has increased in population by 150 per cent . . . even there, as I know to my discomfiture, the whole beautiful countryside is covered with a pox of villas, the flivvers and radios swarm, the handicrafts have disappeared, the shops are filled with canned goods; and cinemas display everywhere the names of Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich. The lower middle-class there, too, has taken command and demands elbow room, air-light, leisure . . . great quantities of bread, and an infinity of circuses.

London has it indeed over all the other cities and communities because of the extraordinary kindness, good humour, instruction, education even of its lower middle-classes. . . . And their political consciousness.

That, believe me, is the great change. It is one perhaps more perceptible to a returned wanderer than to the settled resident, for it has come no doubt gradually enough. Perhaps most of all it is visible to the foreigner, for it was pointed out and materialized for me by the New Yorker, who asked whether Piccadilly Circus was not Columbus Circle. I had been merely dazed by the softness of all my London contacts . . . the softness, the cheerfulness, the gaiety even, the solitudes. It was the amiable Manhattanite who pointed out that if external London was nothing to write home about, the vast populations were what he called Christist in a degree to be found nowhere else in the world.

The Londoner, said that Transatlantic, had arrived near the stage when, having pretty well settled what he wanted, he was preparing to do without rulers. It was impossible to imagine a more impressive collection of dumb-bells and left-overs than were provided by H.M. Government and H.M. Opposition between them. A photograph of the lot of them impressed you with the idea that you were looking at a group-picture of the better-behaved inmates of Bellevue—as who should say Bethlem Hospital. And their political records were none of them more cheerful. But the

Hoare-Laval incident had proved that their constituents considered that they were there to do only what they were told. New York and Paris, the one quite lately and the other in a not very remote past, had proved by national landslides that they were profoundly dissatisfied with their old-gang governments. But all they had done had been to install new governments by immense majorities without dictating the course that those governments were to pursue. Those were dangerous manifestations of despair rather than of the determination that national conditions should be ameliorated. For if those great government majorities failed to give to their constituents the relief that they wanted, there would remain nothing but armed revolutions by means of which to put things right. That was what had happened in Spain. The Londoner, on the other hand, had said: "We want so-and-so and so-and-so—and that muy pronto." If their government did not give them what they asked for they had only to go on, at general elections, kicking out one collection of bell-wether faced incapables after another until they got the servants they wanted. And they would get them and they would be servants.

Be that as it may—and it has happened to me not infrequently—to find that political thinkers' predictions turn out right when my own have proved egregiously wrong—London, now that the fause thieves have had their talons a little pared has, like Rokehope, become a pleasant place. But I am aware that in all its vast expanse not a soul will be found to agree with what I

have here set down, so that here still I could find no one to talk to. . . . And I raise my eyes shudderingly towards the windows and clutch at my neckcloth. . . . Oh, heavens, the trees. . . . Solid, varnished, metallic masses like the trees that come out of the boxes of tin soldiers, shutting out all air, all light, all hope, all thoughts but those of suicide. . . . And, oh heavens, oh heavens, the rain and the sodden hay and the pallid grass pushing through its matted swathes. . . . And the voices of my family not drowned even by the plashing of the innumerable glass rods of the incessant rain. . . . Coming home from market, they are, and cheerful at their triumph. They have found half a peck of two-month-old peas . . . from South Africa, as large as grape-shot and nearly as hard. Item: three carrots as long as your forearm, of last Christmas's growth, of a type meant for New Zealand's ponies. Item: half a pound of mushrooms of artificial growth, completely without aroma and more than half desiccated. . . . And they consider that a triumph. . . .

And you consider that a frivolity on my part. But it isn't. For the last twenty extra-mural years of my life I have been the Peter the Hermit of the Small Producers' movement. For centuries craftsmen used to sing "By Hammer and Hand All Art doth stand." For two decades I have been singing to the Lower Middle Classes: "Without Dibble and Hoe you'll stop below" . . . singing it to two continents and seven nations between Monte Carlo and Seattle. The collapse of the Machine Age is at hand, and unless with their kitch-

en garden implements the nice Lower Middle Class is prepared to await what shall succeed it, they must all, in a new Dark Ages, wear the iron collar of serfdom. . . . And that for good. Moreover, if they do not have a sufficiency of fresh, real, green vegetables, their digestions must suffer, and so their brains . . . and their nerveless fingers must fall from the plough-handles of affairs . . . Mr. Hitler—don't forget that—like the rhinoceros, the gorilla, the bull, the stallion, and all the fiercest beasts of the world, is a VEGETARIAN . . . whilst London's vegetable supplies are the worst in the world.

I shut my eyes and see the market of my—*provençal*—home town.

Shaded by vast planes from the incredible sunlight, the stalls of the market women go, each touching each, for a mile and a half of colour and incessant laughter. . . . And Belle Dame, *essayez donc mes pastèques*, and Beau Monsieur, *regardez mes pamplemousses*. . . . And piles of melons spread across whole streets; and five nectarines from a five-foot high pyramid are sold for one franc or threepence-halfpenny; and gipsy children steal skirtsful of mandarines and no one to say them nay. . . . And here are displayed sixty-eight varieties of vegetables and salads and nineteen kinds of fruits—each one of them not two hours out of the earth or off the tree. . . . And this market supplies a marine township of not 200,000 inhabitants . . . fine, stout, laughing seamen and their wives and concubines and

quartermasters and commandants. . . .

And I open my eyes and think of the Cleveland Market—the only one in a radius containing a million and a quarter of human beings of whom every fourth soul is a wizened, weazened, dim-eyed consequence of 1914-18. And I remember three months of despairing wrestling to get a few gigantic, putrient sprahs, or a bagful of decaying spuds from the pestilential stalls of malignant-faced costers who appear as if they would rather you lay dead at their feet than that they sold you their sprahs. . . . And, yes, Mr. Hitler is a vegetarian . . . and a member of the lower Middle Classes who have inherited the earth and the power thereof, at that. What chance is there then for you, my poor, nice, lovely kind, infinitely . . .

And I sing out to the depressed expatriate from Manhattan:

“Ho, Peter the Bronxian Eremite . . . the die is cast. . . Get you at once to the top of Primrose Hill and raise on high your fiery cross. We must begin right now the New Pilgrimage of the Children . . . and of such adults as can be found to leave their fog-filled *parages*. . . ”

We must lead a two-million-fold meinie of those for whom it is not too late, down to the land where blooms the olive flower. . . . There they will be welcomed by a population as kindly as themselves. . . . And there you shall see those children grow like bay-trees, and the

red earth grow green as it grew before the advancing feet of Persephone. And you shall see joy come into the patient eyes of the elders. . . . And we will take with us Whitehall Palace and set it up near—but not too near—the Palace of the Popes at Avignon; and St. Bartholomew the Great and set it up near—quite near—St. Trophime’s at Arles, because it will bear the comparison. . . . Oh, and the Round Pond, to rejoice the Camargue and its aridities; and the Oval, so that we may show the bowls players under the planes what you can do with a googly; and the ELEPHANT AND CASTLE for the edification of the loungers on the Cannebière at Marseilles; and the Marble Arch, to keep company with the Arch of Titus at Orange . . . and, of course, some Corner Shops, for fear we should feel homesick at first . . . and Westminster Abbey to be buried in and a traffic cop, with his white sleeves, to stand in front of the Parliament buildings at Aix-en-Provence, lest we forget . . . and, naturally, some umbrellas to complete the prehistoric collections of the Musée Arlaten at Arles. . . . And . . . Oh yes, we will leave New Regent Street and the New Adelphi and the Ruling Classes and the Mother of Parliament Front Benches for Mr. Hitler to plunder and play with . . . and so that he may not follow us.

And when the last trains leave Lyons—the great expresses going south—“London only” shall cry the porters on the platforms as they used to do at Paddock Wood when I was a boy. “London only” . . . London, Var!

Only we must be quick about it.

“*But*,” says painedly the patient New Yorker, “you aren’t taking the wild-fowl from the lake in St. James’s Park. . . . Why leave out the nicest feature of your whole lugubrious wen?”

So I suppose, for the future, the lives of the flamingoes in the pools in the Camargue will be much less peaceful.

Notes:

First published in *London Mercury*, XXXV (December 1936), 177-184. With thanks to Michael Schmidt and the Ford Madox Ford Estate.

Ford Madox Ford and the City (volume 4 of the International Ford Madox Ford Series, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2005), edited by Sara Haslam, includes a fine essay by Brian Groth, ‘Ford’s Saddest Journey: London to London 1909-1936’. He begins with *The Soul of London*, the Ford title unsurprisingly most in evidence in the collection, and the 1909 essay ‘The Future in London’, included in W. W. Hutchings’ two-volume work, *London Town: Past and Present*. He then reads Ford’s ‘London Re-visited’, the editor notes in her introduction, ‘as a corrective vision of the city which looks very different due to where Ford himself stood at this time of his life, as well as to contemporary European politics.’

Brian Groth's essay is available for download on the Ford Madox Ford website: <http://www.ford-madoxfordsociety.org/international-ford-madox-ford-studies.html>

Simon Petherick

Some speculations on convents in *The Good Soldier*

Simon Petherick

Most devotees of Ford Madox Ford's finest achievement, *The Good Soldier*, will agree that the search for autobiographical clues is ultimately a fairly redundant exercise when one compares the satisfactions to be had from allowing the text to speak for itself. As the late Roger Poole noted in his celebrated essay of 1990, the 'deconstructive disbelief in a locus of originating intention is more "essentialist" than any form of questioning of it.'¹

However, as part of the process of taking authority away from the author and allowing primacy to the text, the trail of clues and red herrings - a trail of such complexity that it has perhaps never been bettered in English fiction - inevitably leads us to speculations which return us to the more prosaic grounds of autobiography.

I would like to offer a few thoughts in that vein on the subject of convents in the novel.

What do we read? Firstly, the doomed Maisie Maidan writes to Leonora in her valedictory letter: 'You should not have done it, and we out of the same convent...'² Secondly, we know that Leonora attended a convent in England up until she returned home to Ireland aged eighteen. Thirdly, we know that Nancy attended a con-

vent in England from the age of thirteen to eighteen.

What of it? Well, for a start, of all the many quite extraordinary (many have said unlikely) plot components of the novel, the fact that Leonora and her husband should decamp to India for a few years to allow her to restore the family's damaged finances, and while they are there Edward should take a sentimental fancy to the wife of a brother officer who just so happened to attend the same convent school as his wife.... And then, of course, the poor woman must die.

Let's move on. The text very much encourages us to believe that Nancy attended the same English convent as Leonora, without being absolutely explicit on the matter. The biggest clue is when Dowell as narrator says of Leonora's youth: 'She had been one of seven daughters in a bare, untidy Irish manor house to which she had returned from the convent I have so often spoken about' (GS 107). Up until this point in the text, the only convent that Dowell has 'spoken so much about' is Nancy's.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion, therefore, that the text is encouraging us to believe that all three women attended the same convent. This, in any other novel, might be construed as being unlikely; in *The Good Soldier*, it should set us on our toes and encourage us to be extra vigilant.

Dowell, in his sentimental conversation with Nan-

cy in Nauheim, reports that the girl provides us with some clear identification. Firstly, she says ‘our school played Roehampton at Hockey.’ In 1904, a convent school hockey team would not have travelled far for a competitive game, which must place the school within a reasonable distance of Roehampton. A page or so later, Dowell indulges in one of his nod-and-a-wink giveaways: ‘Just for the information I asked her why she always confessed, and she answered *in these exact words*: “Oh, well, the girls of the Holy Child have always been noted for their truthfulness” (GS 100, my emphasis).’ Why does Dowell make such a point of signposting this information?

Back to autobiography. We know that Ford’s two daughters were educated for a time at a convent on the south coast: the Convent of the Holy Child, St Leonards. Max Saunders reports that Ford visited his daughters there in 1910.³

The Society of the Holy Child Jesus was founded in England in 1846 by Cornelia Connelly. Cornelia, née Peacock (1809-1879) was the daughter of a Presbyterian Philadelphian (ring any bells?) named Ralph William Peacock. In 1831 she married the Reverend Pierce Connelly, an Episcopalian Protestant who quixotically decided, quite soon after their marriage, that he would convert to Catholicism. This both he and Cornelia did in 1835, confirming their new allegiance by relocating to Rome.

However, the Connellys faced the problem of celibacy: they already had two children which would make Pierce's chances of enrolling as a Catholic priest pretty slim. So they moved back to America where Pierce got a job teaching English at a Jesuit college and Cornelia taught music. At this point, their lives became yet more complicated (in a positively Ford-like way). Firstly, their fourth child Mary died aged six months after being pushed into a vat of boiling sugar by the family's Newfoundland dog, a development probably beyond even Ford's imagination.

Then Pierce decided that his vocation lay as a Catholic priest and the only way for him to pursue this was to renounce his marriage and family and assume the life of a celibate. Back they went to Rome, where the helpful Pope Gregory, after gaining Cornelia's approval, formally annulled the marriage, thus freeing Pierce to pursue his ordination which then led him to England and a job as Chaplain to Lord Shrewsbury. Cornelia, now herself avowedly celibate and formally separated from her husband, followed in his footsteps with the children and set up her own household in Derby.

Here, Cornelia set up the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, a Jesuit-informed convent for young girls. Pierce, meanwhile, became so infuriated by Cornelia's independence that he kidnapped his children from her and took them to Rome with him to try and persuade the Pope to put *him* in charge of the Society. Cornelia moved her convent from Rugby to St Leonard's and

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was then obliged to defend a notorious legal case, 'Connelly vs Connelly', initiated by Pierce in an attempt to bring Cornelia to heel and return her to her previous conjugal status.

The case became famous in England. Cornelia ultimately won a Pyrrhic victory after the intervention of the Privy Council but still lost guardianship of her children whom the increasingly demented Pierce trailed after him from Rome to America while he fulminated against the Catholic church in a series of ever more furious tracts.

Ford Madox Ford would have been very well aware of the Connelly vs Connelly case. The parallels with his own life must have struck him: his wife Elsie's legal case against him to restore their conjugal status was almost a precise mirror image of Pierce's against Cornelia.

Cornelia established one more convent in England, that of the Holy Child at Mayfield, in Sussex. It was here that she died in 1879.

Back to the text. We know that we are to understand that Leonora and Nancy and Maisie all attended the same convent, a convent which came under the Order of the Society of the Holy Child and which was geographically close enough to play hockey against a Roehampton School. It is possible therefore, either that the convent lurking within Ford's creative

subconscious was the Mayfield convent (a distance of 50 miles from Roehampton); or that he elided his knowledge of the Holy Child Order (both from his own daughters' education and from his awareness of the Connelly vs Connelly case) with another Roehampton convent, that of the Society of the Sacred Heart. I suspect the latter is more likely and that the convent which still stands in Roehampton is in effect the subconscious model for the convent in the novel.

But more importantly, what of the significance of this tangled web for our own appreciation of the text? Firstly, I would suggest that the apparently unlikely statement that Maisie attended the same convent as Leonora is in fact a signifier: it encourages us to associate Leonora and Nancy with the same convent, even though our narrator very deliberately refuses specifically to do so. And why, therefore, would our narrator wish to encourage us in that speculation? Could it be because he wants us to identify a reason why Nancy attended the same convent as Leonora? Did she in fact attend it because her true mother -- Leonora -- insisted upon it and placed her there in order that she could watch over the spiritual development of her own child?

Let us allow the text to wash over that speculation and return us to the endless sea of possibilities which the novel still represents. One thing is for sure: when Ford wrote *The Good Soldier* he quite literally threw everything of himself into it to create his masterpiece.

Notes:

1 Roger Poole, 'The Real Plot Line of Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier*: An Essay in Applied Deconstruction', *Textual Practice*, 4:3 (Winter 1990), 391-427.

2 Ford Madox Ford, *The Good Soldier: A Tale of Passion* (1915; edited by Max Saunders, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2012), 61; hereafter *GS*.

3 Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life*, two volumes (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), I, 317.

The Journal of a PhD Student: Following in Ford's Footsteps

Gillian Gustar

In the previous issue of this journal, I shared the insights gained from taking a quantitative approach to the initial phase of my research. I finished with a promise that I would share the joys of moving off a paper trail, and literally following in Ford's footsteps. Of course, the journey began on paper.

My research is concerned with how Ford represents 'madness' in his novels and to what effect.¹ Close reading of his novels alerted me to ideas about madness which are less common today. This struck me as important. If I want to argue about the effects of Ford's representations, then I need to know what shaped them. Exploring what Ford might have known and understood about madness would offer different interpretive possibilities than reading from a current vantage point.

There are several excellent histories of madness which have helped me to establish the ideas and thinking prevalent at the time Ford was writing.² Of course, Ford also had direct experience on which to draw. For instance, Max Saunders discusses Ford's exposure to Conrad's creative depressions,³ and Ford himself wrote about his nervous breakdown and treatment at continental spas.⁴

It was Ford's claims about this treatment which took me to Germany in June last year. During research about Marienberg cold water spa in Boppard, a place which Ford described as 'the most horrible of all the monstrous institutions that had tortured me,'⁵ I discovered a newspaper review of a recently published book on the history of the spa.⁶ Several attempts to buy a copy of the book from the VVV failed.⁷ I failed even to get a response.

It was the perfect excuse for a holiday to Germany which would involve a visit to Boppard, in the hope of purchasing the book. Of course, once we had decided on the Rhine area, the option to detour to Bad Nauheim, the setting for much of *The Good Soldier*, was irresistible. We flew to Frankfurt which was much like any other major European city in a summer heat-wave, vibrant but exhausting, and we were glad to move on.

It was a relief to arrive in Bad Nauheim. My diary entry records that it was very hot, very quiet and that we felt conspicuous dragging our wheelie bags down the virtually empty streets, just as Dowell claimed to have had a 'sense of almost nakedness – the nakedness that one feels on the sea-shore or in any great open space.'⁸ We dragged on, through the park where the original 'Kurhaus' was located. I wrote that the park was very manicured, and a little bit 'Stepford Wives'.⁹ It was all neat, tidy, a little too perfect, or as Dowell might have said, 'carefully arranged.' Even today, the build-

ing which once housed the Kurhaus and Casino has ‘carefully arranged trees in tubs’, as the photograph below shows.¹⁰



My first impression of Bad Nauheim, therefore, resonated with the picture Ford had painted for his readers. Of course, it is possible that my impressions had been primed by reading *The Good Soldier*, though I had deliberately not re-read it before the holiday. It is equally possible to argue that Ford’s impressionistic writing technique works extremely well in conjuring up the essence of a place for his readers. Either way, I was interested to see if the same resonance might exist between Ford’s descriptions of the spa which had ‘tortured’ him and other accounts. I became more determined to find the book on the history of Marienberg. I hoped it would give me material which confirmed or contradicted Ford’s account.

In all honesty, I should confess that I had established, before I left the UK, that a copy of the book was held in the Rheinische Landesbibliothek in Koblenz. I was very fortunate that the Library was willing to issue me with a library card on the spot, allow access to the book and provide facilities for me to copy key sections to take away with me. This proved to be invaluable as, in Boppard, I uncovered the fact that copies had been published only for the members of the V.V.V. and it was not possible to purchase one.

Ford claimed that the Marienberg spa he visited in 1904 was ‘a vast, gloomy building,’¹¹ yet Johann and Neubauer cite extracts from a 1903 work describing it as having ‘wide airy corridors,’ a ‘Spanish Garden’ and a range of entertainments including lawn tennis, billiards, croquet, and a well-supplied reading room.¹²

The photograph below shows it as it was in 1903. It was, in part, a tourist destination.



An advertisement markets it as a ‘pleasant stay for those in need of rest’ with ‘suitable equipment for the sick’ in a climatically beneficial area.¹³ The book also highlights that patient lists included ‘named high-ranking, well-heeled personalities from all over Europe and overseas.’¹⁴ It cites the novelists Edward George Bulwer-Lytton and Anna Sewell, the American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the Swedish writer Frederika Bremer and the medical writer Herbert Mayo as past patients. Ford’s description of it as gloomy may have been more a reflection of his mood, and that of other patients, than of the physical place and its facilities.

Of his other claims, however, there is supportive evidence. For example, Ford claims that he was ‘fed on pork and ice-cream and salad made with lemon juice and white of egg’¹⁵ and the book says that the diet of patients was ‘appropriate to the cure,’ and that for some disease conditions it might have restrictions.¹⁶ Although the book does not discuss treatment regimes, it states that there were ‘twelve full baths’¹⁷ and ‘nine showers’ which had devices to ‘let the jet act in any strength and direction’ and also ‘hip baths and foot baths.’ It is entirely possible that Ford’s treatment regime included a ‘fliessende Fussbad – a footbath of iced water’ three times a day. It is less certain that the iced water was ‘forced against the feet in a stream running ninety miles an hour.’¹⁸ It is worth remembering that Ford’s descriptions conveyed the feel of Bad Nauheim by using key details and chart-

ing a character's reaction to them. His memoirs do the same. It does not mean that his claims were entirely without foundation.

Kaltwasserheilanstalt Marienberg, the book which had taken me to Germany, offered encouraging support to the idea that Ford's memories carry the essence of truth. Alone, of course, it was not enough. It simply began the process of more focused research into what can be established about both Marienberg, and a Swiss spa in Mammern where Ford was also treated. This is ongoing work which will inform my thesis.

As the title of this article is 'Following in Ford's Footsteps' it seems appropriate to end not with commentary on published evidence, but with a brief note on what I learned from actually going to see the 'monstrous' building itself. It is still there, at one end of the town of Boppard, unused, derelict, and surrounded by overgrown gardens. We were able to wander freely around the outside of it, though entry to the building itself was unsafe. The sheer scale of the building makes it faintly forbidding. Standing in front of it, even in a June 2018 heatwave, it became easier to imagine why it might have felt 'gloomy' to Ford in November 1904. The photograph on the opposite page is Marienberg as we found it.

Somehow the fact that a bedraggled curtain had been left hanging in the upstairs window felt sad. It recalled something for me, from Ford's writing, about curtains



and windows, that I could not, in the moment, retrieve. I later found it in *No Enemy*. Ford wrote about the ruins around Armentières that what struck him as ‘in-finitely pathetic’ were the ‘innumerable lace curtains, that had shaded vanished windows, fluttering from the unroofed walls in the glassless window-frames.’¹⁹ His words had not stayed in my mind, but the sentiment had. I may have been following in Ford’s footsteps, but he was there with me.

Notes:

1 Specifically, the wider concept of ‘madness’, not the narrower ‘mental illness.’ Where the word ‘madness’ is used in this article it is taken to encompass mental illness.

2 For example, Roy Porter’s *Madness: A Brief History*

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(Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002) and Andrew Scull's *Madness in Civilisation: A Cultural History of Insanity* (London: Thames and Hudson Limited, 2015).

3 Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life*, Volume 1: *The World Before the War* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996). See chapter 8, '1899-1900: Collaboration'.

4 Ford Madox Ford, *Return to Yesterday*, (1931; Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1999): see Part 4, Chapter 3, 'Some Cures'.

5 Ford, *Return to Yesterday*, 203

6 Jürgen Johann and Berthold Neubauer, *Kaltwasserheilanstalt Marienberg - Memories of Magnificent Years* (Boppard: V.V.V., 2016).

7 Verkehrs- und Verschönerungs-Verein – translates as 'Traffic and beautification association' and is best understood as a local association whose objective is to enable 'Bopparders to be able to look proudly at their city and for strangers to feel at home with us.' - <http://www.vvv-boppard.de/>

8 Ford Madox Ford, *The Good Soldier* (1915; edited by Martin Stannard, London: Norton, 2012), 21-22.

9 *The Stepford Wives* was a 1972 satirical thriller by

Ira Levin made famous by a film of the same name in 1975. It depicts an apparently idyllic town in which overly perfect wives who submit to their husbands are suspected of being robots.

10 Ford Madox Ford, *The Good Soldier*, 22.

11 Ford, *Return to Yesterday*, 205.

12 *Kaltwasserheilstalt Marienberg*, 11, 38, 40.

13 *Kaltwasserheilstalt Marienberg*, 46.

14 *Kaltwasserheilstalt Marienberg*, 62.

15 Ford, *Return to Yesterday*, 205.

16 *Kaltwasserheilstalt Marienberg*, 36.

17 *Kaltwasserheilstalt Marienberg*, 32, 34.

18 Ford, *Return to Yesterday*, 205.

19 Ford, *No Enemy*, (1929; edited by Paul Skinner, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2002), 16.

Reviewed by Seamus O'Malley

Beyond the Victorian/Modernist Divide: Remapping the Turn-of-the-Century Break in Literature, Culture and the Visual Arts.
Anne-Florence Gillard-Estrada and Anne Besnault-Levita, editors. New York: Routledge, 2018, 253pp, illustrations.

Reviewed by Seamus O'Malley

In her contribution to the excellent recent essay collection *Beyond the Victorian/ Modernist Divide: Remapping the Turn-of-the-Century Break in Literature, Culture and the Visual Arts*, Melba Cuddy-Keane relates the earliest Oxford English Definition of the term 'period': 'The time during which a disease runs its course.' She continues, 'Perhaps, then, it's time to recover from the illness of periodization' (29). The volume, edited by Anne-Florence Gillard-Estrada and Anne Besnault-Levita, wrestles with the problem of the arbitrary dividing of cultural eras, while also acknowledging our need for them. Even Cuddy-Keane's essay, which uses a 'big data approach' (22) to historicize the narrative of a break, does not dismiss periodization altogether: 'We need a complex model of history that neither denies nor reifies change' (29). *Beyond the Victorian/Modernist Divide* does just that.

The book's Introduction frames the issue of periodization, first articulating why the divide between Victorian and modern is such a powerful one. While change occurs all throughout history, the notion of rupture or

'divide' is less common. The editors write, 'Instead of categorizing and generalizing period concepts, then, we might want to choose to historicize and individualize, whether the Victorians or the modernists, in order to recover the multiple cultural contexts and networks of discourse that gave rise to the theory of the Victorian/modernist break' (8). In modernist literature, Ezra Pound's dogmatic pronouncements, and the Bloomsbury Group's distancing from Victorian mores and aesthetics, served to erect a seemingly impenetrable barrier around the year 1901 (or 1910, or 1914). Such a generation revolt, typical across decades, became reified once the modernists and their champions ascended to positions of authority in academia and leading cultural outlets. The notion of modernism as a singularity reigned until the postmodern critiques of the 1970s, and then by the more historically-grounded schools of New Historicism and the emergence of New Modernist Studies, all of which have proven that narratives of a break have been overstated.

However, there are qualifiable changes that emerge with the new century, like advertising and propaganda, industrial warfare, or radio, and thus we do not want to lose the ability to think through the inevitable changes to cultural production across periods. The editors acknowledge the inevitable dichotomies that emerge in theorizing these years, but will 'attempt to see beyond them, rather than deny them'; 'our aim is not to erase the divide: we rather mean to re-historicize its construct and interrogate the basis for disci-

plinary and critical categories' (8, 9).

The volume succeeds so well at such a task because of the unity of its separate essays. This does not just feel like a collection of similarly-themed chapters, but rather a complex thesis collaboratively advanced by disparate scholars of British, American, and French literature and visual arts. The thesis is articulated, as I see it, in two ways. The first, as in the chapters on Charles Dickens, or Aestheticism, look back at Victorian culture for signs of what Georges Letissier calls 'proto-modernism' (55). The second, as in the chapters on Victorian motifs in Virginia Woolf or music in T. S. Eliot, find interesting nineteenth-century residues in works of canonical high modernism. The volume thus recognizes the reality of our categories of Victorian and modern, but thinks through them at the same time.

Of good use to some contributors are generic concepts that transcend historical divisions, as in Anne Besnault-Levita's probing investigation of the gothic and how the genre keeps resurfacing throughout the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Any history of the gothic cannot privilege rupture but rather 'dispersion,' as the gothic of Ann Radcliffe becomes the tonal cues of *Jane Eyre*, which becomes domestic interior design of the modernist period (44). Similarly, an interest in 'Greek form' equally marked the British Victorian Aestheticists like Albert Moore, as well as Bloomsbury theorists like Clive Bell and Roger Fry,

as explored by Gillard-Estrada (115).

Not surprisingly, two contributors have found Ford Madox Ford helpful in navigating both the divide between the two eras, and its theorization or articulation. This is partly due to Ford's family background, for, as Kathryn Holland argues in her study of the extended Strachey family, families are another network—like cafes, salons, publishing houses—that should be part of any cultural archaeology, so the Madox Browns and Hueffers can provide a fruitful site of research into intellectual currents. Ford doesn't just inherit a heavy Victorian lineage, he makes it the subject of so many of his books. Further, through his theoretical writings on Impressionism, he articulates what makes the modernist tradition different from that of Victorian realism. At the same time, Ford's own literary histories do not present a narrative of historical rupture—he avoids the term 'modernist'—but rather see coeval trends of the 'English nuvvle', sentimental and designed to entertain or instruct, and the 'Novel of Aloofness', concerned with form, as articulated in Letissier's chapter. It seems that Ford also desired to see beyond the divide.

Letissier uses Ford to read Dickens. He writes that Ford 'is a major transitory figure in any reflection on the shift between the Victorian Age...and Modernism' whose literary histories 'blur any cut and dried rupture between time periods' (55). In Ford's *The English Novel* and *The March of Literature* Flaubert was

clearly Ford's hero, but was Dickens his nemesis? Not quite, argues Letissier: 'Ford never comes to a definitive, unmitigated negative judgment towards his Victorian predecessor....in his very ambivalent judgment may be the seeds to reconsider the Victorian writer as proto-modernist' (58). We might think that Dickens's sentimentalism, his realism, and his lack of interest in deep interiority would make him anathema to Ford, but Letissier sees it otherwise. While Henry James objected to the 'overdrawn' nature of Dickens's characters, Ford wrote more charitably that 'It was a quality of his eye to see things overdrawn and in recording overdrawing, he was recording life as he saw it' (59). So was Dickens the first English Impressionist? Ford never quite makes up his mind about the eminent Victorian, but Letissier brings in other modernist experimenters to argue that Dickens was doing in dialogue what Joyce or Eliot would do with other forms: 'In Dickens's novel the monologue is contained within inverted commas' (61).

The following chapter, Charlotte Jones's examination of May Sinclair's wartime writings, also employs Ford as lens. Ford and Sinclair are such kindred spirits it's remarkable no one has yet paired them in an extended way (although neglected-until-recently is partly what makes them kin). Sinclair introduced Ford to Pound, was a regular at Ford's prewar gatherings, and defended him during his scandalous divorce proceedings ('If it's a question of volcanoes, I'd rather take a bungalow on the edge of *yours*, than row for five minutes

in the same boat with Mrs. Elsie Hueffer' (73)). While Ford was working on *The Good Soldier*, Sinclair was crafting her own deep psychological study *The Three Sisters*, and after the *BLAST* launch party she recorded her dislike for 'sets' or movements (69). *The Three Sisters*, like *The Good Soldier*, seems both exemplary of modernist experimentation, and also ill-suited for the loud aesthetics of Pound's Vorticism. 'In 1914, then, Ford and Sinclair are at similar points in their careers: established literary figures yet to produce their best and most radical works, poised on the cusp of avant-garde innovation and Victorian heritage' (73).

Sinclair also, like Ford, used Impressionist writing to describe the Great War, via her *Journal of Impressions in Belgium* (1915), of which she Fordianly asserted, 'This is a "Journal of Impressions", and it is nothing more' (72). She was only in Belgium for seventeen uneventful days, but like Ford, she used her work to not just describe her experience, but also the struggles with issues central to modernist war writing, like how to depict such a new and immense source of trauma, and Jones argues that her text 'should be read less as the transcription of a "real" experience than as a representational strategy revealing Sinclair's struggle to determine how art could or should represent this war; to negotiate the styles, methodologies and techniques it demands in order to ascertain what narrative of modernity it will form part of' (70). Impressionism was not a common mode for Sinclair, making

it all the more striking how she adopts it for wartime writing.

While Ford and his theorizings are useful to two contributors, it is Virginia Woolf who is the presiding spirit of the volume. This is not surprising, first because of the many Woolf scholars who contribute, but also due to Woolf's role as both champion of the 'break' ('On or about December 1910 human character changed') and careful chronicler of the Victorian era, most prominently in *To the Lighthouse*, *A Room of One's Own*, *Orlando*, and *The Waves*, plus her many book reviews of Victorian authors and subjects. Of particular note is Marie Laniel's brilliant handling of *To the Lighthouse*. She frames her essay with 'Adorno's description of genuine artworks as always embroiled in a critical relation with past traditions, which they contain as their own antithesis, reflecting both the past and the break with the past, without any denial of differences' (100). Woolf's novel thus 'contains' Victorianism (Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, the repeated references to Tennyson, etc.), but also the break with it, especially in the aggressively experimental 'Time Passes' chapter. These opposing forces are 'synthesized' in the final section, 'The Lighthouse', where father and son both reach their destination, and the young Lily Briscoe achieves her vision partly by evoking Mrs. Ramsay. Victorian tropes and ideas are 'seized in the process of its vanishing', and rather than a simple rejection of the past, or nostalgic return to it, Woolf 'succeeded in evolving a fictional form that evokes the past and its absence si-

multaneously, which does not merely break away with Victorianism but reflects the movement away from the past as part of its own process of self-definition' (108). Laniel's chapter would be more than satisfying on its own, but as part of this collection it adeptly encapsulates the volume's nuanced spirit.

We might borrow Laniel's conclusion and apply it to Ford's own 1920s modernist masterpiece *Parade's End*. Like *To the Lighthouse*, Ford's tetralogy 'contains' Victorianism, both as content (Macmaster's book on Rossetti), and also formally (the opening pages with their seemingly solid realistic rendering of the train, the most cherished of Victorian innovations). But the emergent modernist experimentation in the novel acts as the 'antithesis' to the Victorian. Are the two then optimistically 'synthesized', as Laniel argues happens in *To the Lighthouse*? I expect readers would diverge at this question, so will leave it to others, but such is the mental excitement generated by an excellent volume like this. But it is also worth contemplating what makes Ford's literary histories and theories, rather than his best novels, of use to contemporary scholars.

One final strength of *Across the Victorian/Modernist Divide* is its truly interdisciplinary nature. Three central essays explore visual arts, covering topics like Aestheticism, John Singer Sargent, and the 'Cole Circle' of Victorian industrial designers. Bloomsbury art and theory is central to these chapters, although never

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uncritically, as the quick dismissal of the nineteenth century is what many scholars are now trying to undo. Visual reproductions are few and low-quality, so be sure to read these chapters with a search engine handy. In any case, enjoy the rare instance of a collection of essays cohering into such a satisfying whole.

Notes on Contributors

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Andrew Gustar enjoys reading Ford, sometimes vicariously. He has a PhD in the use of statistical techniques to study the history of music, a topic which he pursues as an honorary associate with the Open University and on his website: *musichistorystats.com*.

Gill Gustar is a part-time doctoral student at King's College, London, with a background in applied social science and psychology. She is currently combining these interests in her research into how Ford represents madness in his novels.

Meghan Hammond is a writer living in Chicago. She has a PhD in English and American Literature from New York University. Ford Madox Ford is one of the featured subjects of study in her book *Empathy and the Psychology of Literary Modernism* (Edinburgh University Press).

Seamus O'Malley is Associate Professor of English at Stern College for Women, Yeshiva University. He is the author of *Making History New: Modernism and Historical Narrative*. He co-edited *Ford Madox Ford and America*, the *Routledge Research Companion to Ford Madox Ford* and *A Place Inside Yourself: The Comics of Julie Doucet and Gabrielle Bell*.

Simon Petherick is the author of three novels - *The Last Good Man*, *English Arcadia* and *The Damnation Of Peter Pan* - and is currently working on a new project centred upon *The Good Soldier*.

Harry Ricketts teaches English literature and creative writing at Victoria University of Wellington, New Zealand. He has published around thirty books, including two literary biographies and eleven collections of poems. He is a relatively late comer to Ford's work, but an increasingly compelled one

Paul Skinner has edited Ford Madox Ford's *No Enemy*, Carcanet's annotated critical edition of *Last Post* and the collection *Ford Madox Ford's Literary Contacts*. He is General Editor of *Last Post* and blogs at reconstructionarytales.wordpress.com